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MRS. EVERETT WILTSEE AND HER BABY SON:
FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT BY WILHELM FUNK.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVII

JANUARY, 1910

NUMBER 4

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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
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ARE WE BECOMING "CIVILIZED" TOO RAPIDLY: BY W. CARMAN ROBERTS



WHEN Frankenstein succeeded in constructing in his own image a man of cogs and levers so cunningly devised that it developed an independent life and certain embarrassing propensities of its own, the inventor's triumph marked the death-hour of his soul's tranquility. The creature of his own ingenuity assumed thenceforth a monstrous domination over his life. To one who pauses in the astounding onward swirl of our mechanical civilization long enough to take stock of his soul's assets, it must sometimes seem that the lot of modern man is not unlike that of Frankenstein. In the course of one fleeting century—a period sometimes spanned by a single human life—man's inventive genius has clothed him with powers which in the youth of our grandparents lay hidden beyond the farthest dreams of necromancy. Yet so readily by usage does the incredible become the commonplace, that today we are amazed, not that we have made of the lightning a messenger boy and a household servant, nor that we can chat in our own voice with friends hundreds of miles away or send an instantaneous message round the world by the pressing of a key, but rather that our forebears should so lately have lacked these conveniences. We accept without conscious wonder the mechanical and scientific miracles which are part of the fabric of our daily life; but are aroused to incredulous interest when reminded that all of this is relatively a mushroom growth, a palace of marvels raised by the genii in a single night.

Only when we view the past hundred years from a vantage point of imagined remoteness do we fully realize that they make up a century of physical progress so unparalleled as to savor of the miraculous. We have taught the sunlight to reproduce our features upon paper, steam to haul us swiftly and smoothly across continents and oceans, and electricity to turn night into day for us and to carry our messages to the ends of the earth in the twinkling of an eye. Focusing the results of a thousand discoveries in one engine of destruction, we have produced the super-dreadnought, beside which the most terrific and death-dealing dragon of romance would appear less

ARE WE BECOMING "CIVILIZED" TOO RAPIDLY?

formidable than a lady's lap-dog. With the submarine we have invaded the secret depths of the sea, with the aeroplane we have proclaimed our dominion in the sky. As our early ancestors broke the wild horse to the bridle, so we in this age have harnessed an explosive mixture of air and gasoline which bowls our automobiles smoothly and swiftly up hill and down dale. Everywhere in the field of transportation and communication the units of time and space have taken on changed values. Distances have steadily dwindled and are still diminishing before the growing onslaught of steam railroads, electric trolleys, motor cars, fast steamboats and aeroplanes. Even more astonishing has been the part played by the telegraph and telephone in our conquest of space. And in all these directions we have learned to expect new advances at any moment. Thus it seems only a day since we realized that wireless telegraphy had suddenly robbed shipwreck of half its terrors. Yet mingled with our appreciation of these and a thousand other facts of like nature which differentiate our age from its predecessors, is there never an uneasy suspicion that our individual growth is being subordinated to the marvelous mechanical civilization which we have created for our convenience and comfort? Having wrought a physical miracle is it not possible that a spiritual reckoning is being exacted?

IN THE case of Japan we have recognized and lamented the irrevocable price an ambitious people has had to pay for our own particular brand of progress. Watching that nation, with the facility of a vaudeville "lightning change" artist, cast off her ancient flowerlike civilization for the modern and materialistic substitute that we had to offer, we have wondered a little whether her bargain was not in some respects a bad one. But it has not occurred to us that our own case, while less spectacular, is perhaps not fundamentally different from that of Japan. We too, it may be, have paid in certain elusive treasures of the spirit for the thing we call progress.

Consider for a moment what advances, measured in purely material terms, the past century has witnessed, and the suggestion that man himself stands in some danger of being dwarfed by his own creations will seem less grotesque. There is not a field of human interest or activity which during that period has not felt the influence of changed conditions.

Thus in the home the flint and steel have made way for the friction match, the candle has been replaced by the kerosene lamp, and that again by gas and electricity. In the matter of heating the impersonal but efficient furnace, with certain appurtenances in the form of hot-water pipes or steam radiators, has taken the place of the

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companionable and beloved fireplace. It is almost startling to be reminded that so indispensable a comfort as the modern bathroom, with its unlimited supply of hot and cold water, is really very modern indeed. Linked by telephone to its neighbors near and far, and invaded, at all hours, through the medium of the daily paper, by the strident news of the outside world, the modern home has become less a secluded haven, a place of intimate personal significance, than of old. In the general bewildering flux of things we sometimes feel as though its sheltering walls are becoming transparent, and its hearthstones as unstable as a will-o'-the-wisp. In the big cities—and they, after all, focus and epitomize our civilization—the public restaurant and the apartment hotel are helping us to forget the meaning of home life. For the sake of the conveniences, the comforts, the luxuries, we are willing to sacrifice the personal equation. Having built a great impersonal machine for our convenience, we have grown dependent upon it, and now pay unconscious toll to it in individuality and independence. And we go on complacently reproducing our mistakes in their own image. Thus having achieved a certain standard of lavish tastelessness in a great caravansary like the Waldorf-Astoria, we can think of nothing better to do than to copy it in the interior fittings of an ocean steamship like the Mauretania.

The underlying effort of the age seems to be to find a highest common denominator for all classes of mankind, and to grow rich by catering to it. The attributes and tastes and idiosyncrasies which differentiate one personality from another are disturbing factors which complicate the age's problem in arithmetic, and as such are to be ignored for the present, and in time eliminated. The influence of this must be to make us more and more alike. The time was when the followers of the various callings and professions proclaimed themselves to the eye by distinctive features of costume. But the spirit of the age has changed this, and our fear of "being different" is reflected in a drab uniformity of dress.

PICTURE the consternation of an imaginative boy transplanted by some nameless magic from a New England farmhouse of a hundred years ago to the midrush of our present-day life! Taking New York as the focal point of our civilization, the center through which all the tendencies of an age pass in constant review, we will imagine such a boy, under the guidance of a metropolitan newspaper reporter, contemplating the multitudinous activities of that city. His sensations, we may surmise, would partake of the nature of a monstrous nightmare. We can picture him whirled from one point of interest to another, smothered and deafened in the

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subway, jostled and buffeted by the rush-hour crowds, shouted at in bullying tones by guards and conductors, and sent scurrying for safety by the insolent hooting of automobile horns, until he wonders whether he is a stray dog or a human being. From eight to nine in the morning he would see the hurrying human tide surging southward into the city's business section. From five to six or seven he would see the great current reversed, its units streaming toward rest or recreation. And looking into their faces he would ask, "Are these men or automata?"

Every field of human activity, it seems, bears in some form the insistent impress of the times. Even our art is affected by our restlessness and sense of hurry. In sculpture Rodin, who never finishes his work, and whose marbles capture movement where earlier masters limned repose, typifies the age. Photography has entered into rivalry with brush and pencil. In painting, the impressionists, pursuing the eternally fleeting phenomena of light, have opened new doors of beauty at the cost of much troubling of the artistic atmosphere. To architecture the age's contribution has been the many-storied steel-framed office building—the skyscraper. In the music of such men as Strauss or Debussy we catch the distinctive and disturbing note of our time. If poetry has any place in our scheme of things, we at least treat the poet as though he had none. From the hands of the craftsman hurry and commercialism have snatched his loved materials and tossed them to the insatiable machines, whence they issue as eloquent witness alike to the triumphs and to the shortcomings of a mechanical civilization. By grace of the advertiser we have the popular magazines, which purvey assorted information and entertainment prepared for speedy and effortless absorption, like the viands on a quick-lunch counter. These magazines, again, are straining breathlessly to keep up in timeliness and sensationalism with the pace set by the daily paper. Yet it seems even the hysterical methods of daily journalism are too slow, since it is said that the United States public "does not read the news—it reads headlines." We hear the lament that the modern newspaper is debauching the judgment and conscience of the American people. Is it not more accurate to say that it is the mirror which reflects more truly than anything else the strangely artificial social structure which we are so diligently rearing for our soul's discomfort?

In the field of thought the age's spirit of compromise is reflected in pragmatism, the newest of the philosophies.

In religion we have the restless hunger for new things, the mingling of the mystical with the utilitarian, in such modern movements as Christian Science, New Thought and Spiritualism.

ARE WE BECOMING "CIVILIZED" TOO RAPIDLY?

Our flustered educators, fearful lest some corner be left untilled in the ever-expanding field of human knowledge, have decreed that the child shall study a multitude of subjects. To this end they have so scattered their effort that an inevitable lack of thoroughness results.

IT WAS in the field of medicine and surgery, curiously enough, that our grandparents prophesied disaster. Thus when Simpson announced his discovery of chloroform, with its power to rob childbirth and surgery of most of their terrors, the thing was denounced from the pulpit by eminent divines, who predicted dire penalties to the race as the consequence of any effort to evade the terms of the curse under which man was driven from the Garden of Eden. Yet as a matter of fact, in this one field at least, it is difficult to see that our progress has cost us anything. Patent medicines, it is true, have had more than their fair innings in our day, but this is due solely to the greater facilities of advertising and distribution.

What, then, let us ask, has been the price of this century of unprecedented progress? To begin with, we have largely lost the sense of wonder, we have grown distrustful of enthusiasm, and have become somewhat cynical and superficial withal. We skim the surface of life, without time to make our impressions our own. We are on the way to become a spiritually impoverished people, somewhat lacking in the generous qualities which can sustain a great friendship or a splendid dream. We are ultra-sophisticated, yet easily deluded. In the place of zest, appreciation, we have acquired unrest. We are like men who, while following the chase, have forgotten what is the quarry. If it is happiness we are pursuing, who knows but what she has doubled on her tracks and is now behind us! Yet we strain breathlessly forward, never pausing to ask, "To what purpose?"

Having become cogs in the great machine that we ourselves have builded, how are we to snatch opportunity for thought, for contemplation, for the leisurely savoring of life, amid the ceaseless whirring of the wheels? Is mediocrity to be the price the race must pay for its civilization? The modern schedule leaves no time for the secretion of those by-products of the soul which give joy and distinction to life. In the past our great men, men who have been leaders through their red-blooded humanity, through the mellow opulence of their personal human qualities, have come to us in the first place from the country. There, in their youth, at least, they had opened their souls to the great fundamental mysteries and sweetness which envelop life and sustain it. But if the race continues to cut itself off more and more from this sustaining communion, where at last will we turn for leaders, or even for men?

PICTURES AT THE RECENT NEW YORK WATER COLOR EXHIBITION CHARACTERISTIC OF AMERICAN LIFE



THE inherent value of every art exhibition is the degree to which it is a revelation of the tastes of the community, granting, of course, that it is not a loan or retrospective exhibit. The usual annual water color, oil or black and white exhibition of any city or town not only reveals the state of mind of the artists who contribute the work, but of the public who flock (or otherwise) to view the contributions. For the quality of the collection of paintings inevitably more or less reflects current conditions, because the artist himself must be, whether unconsciously or no, influenced by these conditions; for the most individual man, the most eccentric reformer, the most progressive thinker, all belong to their own age and are products, even if reactionary, of that period. So if an artist is a part of the whole art movement, and if not a hermit, he must be influenced by general tendencies of the age in which he lives and works. However great a man's revolt from established standards, from classic conditions, it is a revolt born of his age and generation and possible only to a time which has developed the conventionalities which he is seeking to displace.

Hence it is inevitable that a man's reaction should be colored by the condition from which he reacts. A painter fleeing from the Royal Academy where he has been smothered with Victorian domesticity and middle-class sentimentality may thirst to break every tradition known to his old associates, but after he has destroyed and rebuilt and come into recognition and contentment at the Grafton Galleries, the critical observer finds that he is still definitely the English artist, belonging to his own age and generation in spite of his progress and individuality. Just as Zuloaga, with all his variation from the tradition of his fellow artists, is essentially a Spanish reactionary, quite different from the German or the French artist of his time, a man impossible to any other nation or even any other age of Spain.

But to dwell on the coast of Valencia is not to review the work of the recent exhibit of the Water Color Club in the twentieth year of its interesting progressive life. It is significant that we find in America, too, that the most violent reactionaries are essentially and vitally the outgrowth of America, of our conditions and our ways of experiencing life. And the more sincere a man is today, the more surely are his bypaths out into the woods and meadows of his own land. On entering the Academy rooms the first impression received



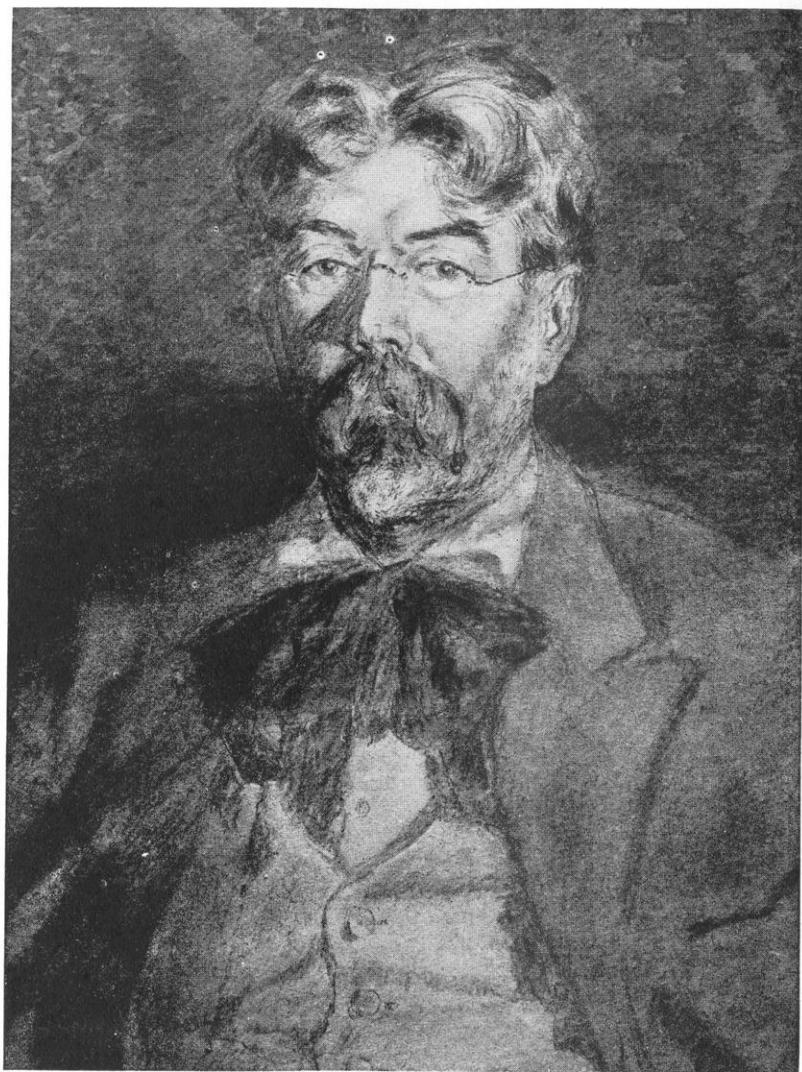
"THE TREE-TOP BABY": FROM A
WATER COLOR BY OLIVE RUSH.



"EVENING ON THE BAY": FROM A
WATER COLOR BY EDWARD DUFNER.



"WASH DAY": FROM A WATER COLOR
BY RHODA HOLMES NICHOLLS.



"PORTRAIT OF A FARMER-
ARTIST": BY HANNA RION.

AMERICAN NOTE IN WATER COLOR EXHIBIT

from the collected pictures was of a deep blue note that seemed to envelop the majority of the pictures like the atmosphere resting on far-off hills. Both the landscape and interior painters presented a majority of blue "canvases." There were blue draperies, blue wall spaces, blue hills, skies and rivers. Next to the sense of this pervasive luminous blue the most noticeable impression was of a definite genre note in the exhibition as a whole. A very small percentage indeed of the pictures were of foreign subjects, and the majority of those American were scenes depicting simple everyday conditions,—our own country life, our own town and city people—a girl, for instance, hanging out clothes, a squash plantation, the bread line in a great city, an Indian watching from the hilltop the flight of an eagle, laborers on their way home down a country lane, a university settlement home with children at the door, a baby in a cradle swinging from a tree top, busy wharves and lazy country roads, drifting clouds, fishing smacks, gentle brooks, cottage doorways; no café interiors or studios with nude models, not a Green Room with an irritated prima donna, not a confessional, not a garish church, not an unhappy lover or a restless wife reading problem letters. But plenty of outdoors everywhere and more children than you could count—throughout, a wide, clean, clear reaction from the old French tendencies in water color work. It is impossible to study this exhibition closely without a sense of how intimately it is related to the best expression of American life.

IF WE have been artificial in the past it is because we were afraid; we had no confidence in our own capacity to find enjoyment and to produce beauty. We were under the shadow of Puritanism, which means self-consciousness and self-depreciation. But our success in life, in science, in finance, and slowly in art, is reëstablishing American life on a foundation of greater naturalness, greater sincerity and greater understanding of what beauty really means. All this is told in the little water color show at the Academy rooms.

Perhaps in no way do we so fully understand the intimacy between the artist and his environment as in the various presentations of the ugly picturesqueness of New York City, as shown, for instance, in the sketches by Colin Campbell, by Elmer MacRae, by Jerome Myers. The art of such men makes very clear the way we as a people think and feel and exist. No one phase of life is particularly accented; there is no school of men who paint only poverty or viciousness, no well-developed group who refuse beauty to the river and bestow it upon the mountain peak, who find it in youth and ignore it in age. There is no pleader for green only, and no self-appointed prophet

AMERICAN NOTE IN WATER COLOR EXHIBIT

for red. There is rather just so much variety as life itself, our ordinary life of simple people, offers to the keen brush and cultivated eye of the modern seeker after truth.

Even the rather extraordinary infusion of blue throughout the pictures was not a fad or a whim, but instead a realization by our painters of the brilliant hard blue that dominates American atmosphere on sunshiny days—a pitiless blue which presents the world without *nuance*, exhilarating but merciless, a brilliance that is sometimes shadowed in fall and early spring, that trails off to rose and purple in Colorado, yellow in Arizona, but that regains its strength and persistence all along the Pacific Coast. In the past we have somehow been afraid of this extraordinary, dazzling atmosphere of America. It has seemed less lovely to us than the mists of the Holland lowlands and the French coast, than the fogs of England, than the green and rose of the Orient. So we have painted America in Dutch mists and English fogs and East Indian rose tints. We have been afraid and unwise and we have fumbled in our technique because of our lack of sincerity. Fortunately, we have finally grown to know that the only value possible in our art lies in presenting without subtleties, naked and unashamed, just the atmosphere which belongs to us, not forcing ourselves to dress to any foreign artistic past; for there is no greater error possible than any form of imitation in art, manners or customs. The imagination cannot stir unless it creates, and the public gives response only in proportion as the artist has power to communicate his own thrill.

The pictures from the Water Color Exhibit which are presented in this article are not in any instance the prize winning sketches, but they do emphatically illustrate the point we wish to make clear, that they represent a stage in the development of what may be truly characterized as American art. Not only in such externals as gestures and expression and the material conditions, but in presenting the attitude of the American people toward their conditions, toward themselves. And we grow to realize that there are no vital questions which may be asked concerning a nation, that it is not possible to answer in an art that is sincere.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: A HISTORY IN STONE OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AND OF THE LIFE FROM WHICH IT SPRANG: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD



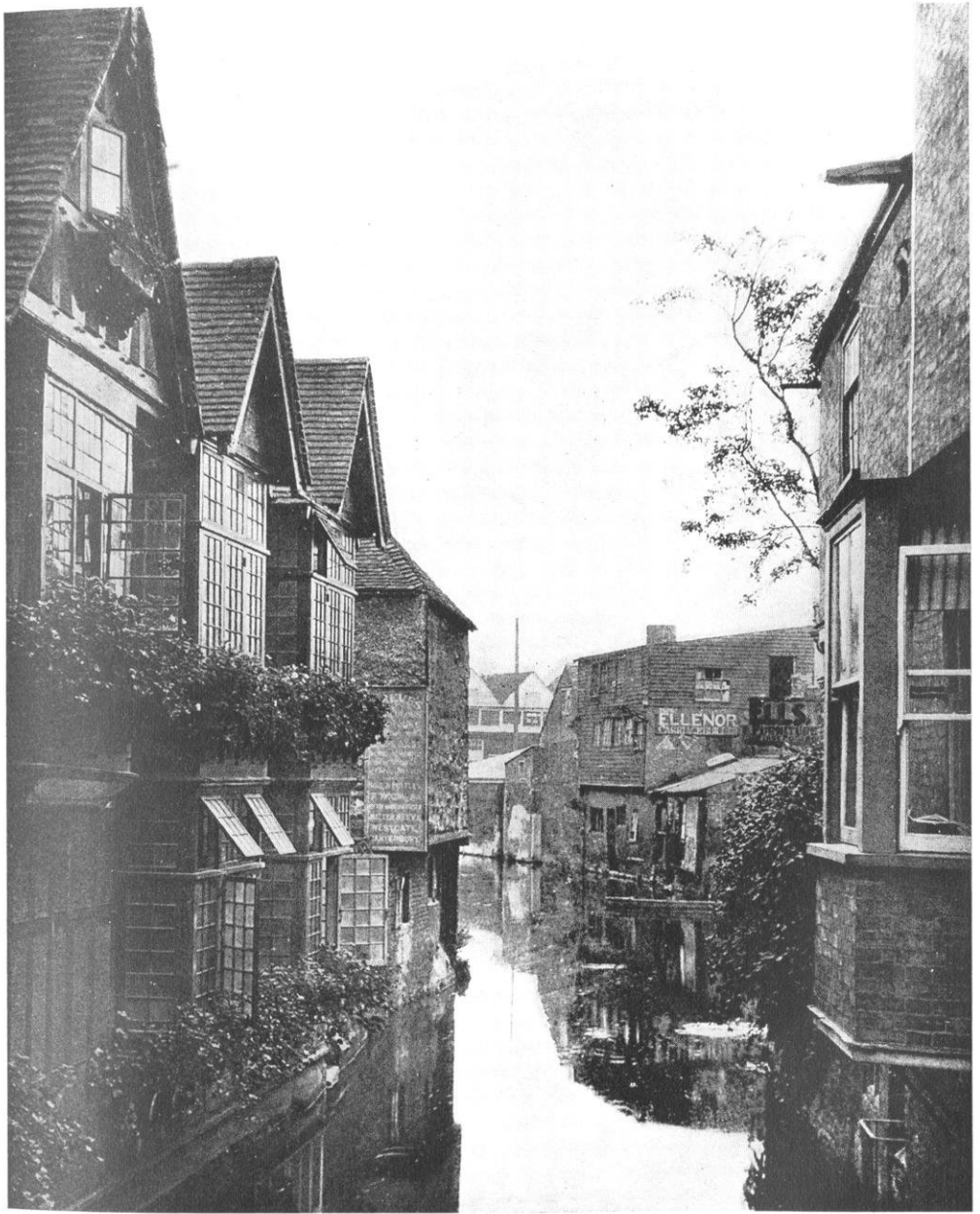
IF YOU want to catch and hold forever the finest essence of the thrill that comes to every traveler at the first sight of Canterbury, you will approach it by the old road of the pilgrims that winds through the Kentish hills and valleys to Harbledown. There, from the summit of one of the ring of hills that enclose the quiet valley of the Stour, you may catch your first glimpse of the ancient priestly city slumbering away the days of its majestic old age by the banks of the slow-flowing river. And it is well to look long, for there, lying in undisturbed repose amid these peaceful meadows, is the record in stone of the eventful centuries that went into the shaping of our lives today. Yet it is not alone the sense of a past which is common to all our race that grips us with a pang of pleasure so keen that it is almost pain, for that comes to us in almost any one of the gray, timeworn cities that have grown old and peaceful since the days when battles raged around their walls and they bore their share in the making of the nation's history. It is rather the appealing humanity of this quaint old town that huddles so closely around the walls of its stately cathedral, as if seeking protection beneath its shadow even while it guards with its body the sacred and beautiful House of God, into the making of which has gone all that is best and highest in the life of the community. Looking at it from the detached and more or less materialistic viewpoint of the twentieth century, this singleness of purpose, this absolute abnegation of self to a religious ideal, seems almost incredible. We read of the enormous power of the Church during the Middle Ages and of its absolute dominion over the souls of men, but as we look at Canterbury we realize that the ascendancy of the Church was based upon love as well as fear, and that to the simple minds of the people their cathedral was a visible symbol of heaven, a veritable temple of the Most High. No toil of brain or hand was grudged to the glorious work of making it beautiful. The dwellings of men were a different matter. They were of the things that perish, and so long as they served for shelter and defense they answered every purpose. So we see from the heights of Harbledown a city of low red-roofed houses, leaning together across the narrow streets or clustering closely around the little open squares where still stand the stone crosses that once served as sanctuaries for wandering merchants or places where heretics were taught the error of their ways, and,

THE STORY OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

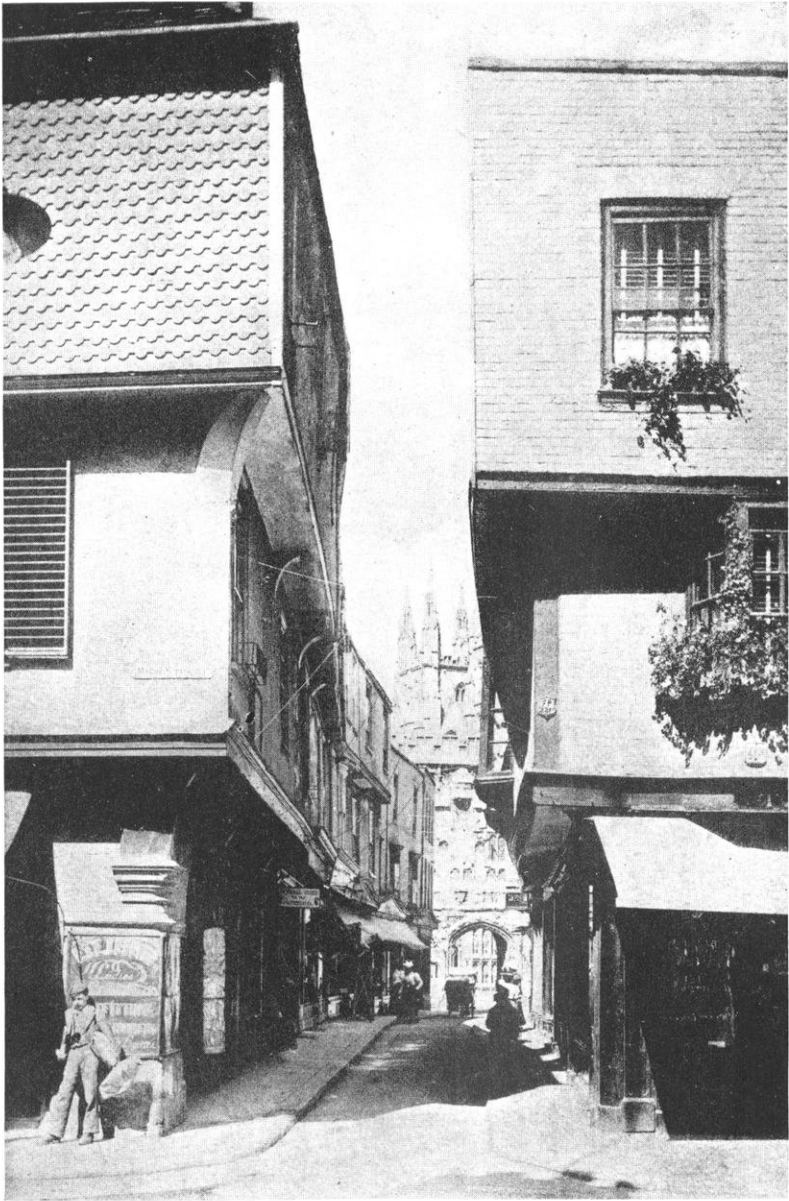
crowning it all, the gray cathedral rearing its splendid Gothic towers in the center of a noble stretch of green, shaded by great oaks and bounded by a massive stone wall that seems even now to warn all trespassers from the consecrated ground.

Strangely enough, this wall still stands, but we look in vain for the outer wall of the city, which was cast down in the days of Cromwell. The Lord Protector did not relish the fact that the citizens of Canterbury sturdily declared that they were "for God, King Charles and Kent" and would have no traffic with the Roundheads, so the six gates of the city were burnt and the greater part of the wall torn down by the Puritan troopers, leaving both the city and cathedral a prey to axe and torch. Yet, long before the Romans came to British shores, the little group of dwellings that even then were huddled together in the valley of the Stour went by the name of *Caer Ceint*, "The Fortified City of the Kentish Men," showing that Canterbury was a walled city before the history of England began. Others called it *Dur Whern*, "The City of the Swift Waters,"—evidence that in those days of its youth the sleepy Stour must have been more lively than it is now,—and this name was latinized by the Romans into *Durovernum*. It was only after the Saxons came that the town was called *Cantwaraburh*, meaning "The Chief City of Kent," and the chief city of Kent it has remained throughout all changes of name and nationality while generation after generation of men have lived within its walls, written thereon the record of their lives and vanished before the onslaught of other and stronger men.

ALTHOUGH the origin of Canterbury is lost in the mists of antiquity, leaving only an old legend of its founding by Lud Hudibras, it is known that the town was flourishing when the Romans conquered Britain half a century before the birth of Christ. Dig down eight or ten feet below its present level and you will find plenty of relics of the four hundred years of Roman civilization that followed its submission to the conquering legions. The centuries passed and the Romans sailed away, but Canterbury remained unshaken in her proud position as the chief city of Kent. There are old stories of ravages by the Danes and of conquest and occupation by the Saxons, but neither of these warlike races had the art to build a permanent record of its own lives and deeds into the city. Yet even in those days Canterbury was a cathedral town. The Saxon King Ethelred and his fair wife Bertha made it their favorite residence and late in the sixth century Ethelred founded both Christchurch, the predecessor of the present cathedral, and the monastery of St. Augustine, one of the earliest institutions of the English church.



SHOP OF THE CANTERBURY WEAVERS,
OVERLOOKING THE RIVER.



MERCERY LANE, LOOKING TOWARD
CHRISTCHURCH GATEWAY.

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And a Saxon city Canterbury remained, primitive, warlike and pious, until the coming of the Norman, when its real history began. William the Conqueror lost no time in appropriating the rich lands of Kent and, just four years after his landing in ten hundred and sixty-six, he had deposed Stigand, the Saxon Bishop of Canterbury, and installed in his stead Lanfranc, the Abbot of Caen. Like most French churchmen of his day, Lanfranc was a mighty builder, and in his English diocese he saw his chance to follow his favorite pursuit and to glorify God at the same time. Therefore, he had no sooner taken position of his new dignity than he pulled down the simple Saxon church erected by Ethelred, sent across the sea for squared blocks of the famous stone of Caen to be brought in swiftly sailing vessels, and began the building of the great cathedral.

Workers were plentiful when the Church commanded, and Lanfranc's cathedral was built within seven years, but his successors were builders as well and twenty years afterward Ernulph, the prior of the monastery attached to the cathedral, pulled down the whole east end of the church and rebuilt it on a more splendid scale. Even that did not satisfy, and Prior Conrad, who took up the reins of government at Ernulph's death, doubled the area of the building, finished the choir and decorated it with all the magnificence of the period. The cathedral was then considered finished, and in eleven hundred and thirty it was formally dedicated to the service of God, the kings of England and Scotland assisting at the splendid ceremony, as well as all the English bishops and nobles. But fortune frowned on the toils and ambitions of the builders, and, eight years after the emissaries of Henry the Second had killed Thomas à Becket within the sacred precincts, the cathedral was almost destroyed by fire. Only blackened ruins remained of Conrad's choir, and the old chronicles tell us of the uncontrollable rage and grief of the townsfolk at sight of the flames which were eating up the result of so many years of loving labor. But the service of God admitted of no cessation of effort. All the artisans the town afforded were pressed into service, craftsmen were summoned from all directions, and the rebuilding of the cathedral was begun almost before the ashes were cold. It was characteristic of the spirit of the age that the plans for the new edifice aimed at a still greater degree of splendor than had already been achieved. William of Sens, a famous French builder, was brought over by command of the king and given charge of the work. But it was only fairly under way when the luckless master-builder fell from a high scaffolding to the stone pavement below and was carried back to France, living indeed, but never to walk or work again. By this time the national pride of craftsmanship was asserting itself

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more and more against foreign influences, so the next builder summoned to take up the task was, as the old records say, "William by name, English by nation, small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest." This pithy description gives one an idea of how the building must have gone forward. No lagging was permitted under the rule of the English William, and six years after the work of Conrad had vanished in smoke and flame, the choir stood once more fair and complete.

IN THOSE days men wrought freely their own ideas and characteristics into the work of their hands, and so it is that the choir of Canterbury Cathedral is a history in stone of the Gothic architecture of that day. Below it stands the famous Norman crypt upon which rested Conrad's choir. This crypt was very little damaged by the fire, and so it remained, an enduring structure of low vaults and short sturdy pillars, fitted to bear enormous weight. And in their own way these pillars tell the story of both life and destruction, for each one stands as an evidence of the loving care and freedom of fancy of the workers, as well as of the tragedy which for a time arrested all the work, or rather diverted it into a more immediately necessary channel. Some of the pillars are carved with quaint primitive patterns, hewn into the stone by the small axe of the mason after the actual work of construction was done, and others are left plain or with the carving only begun. The capitals, which gave the chief opportunity for decoration, show even more definitely the way the work was carried on and the way it was interrupted. As the carving was all done after the stone was in place, the construction throughout the crypt is perfect,—as solid today as it was seven hundred years ago,—but the carved capitals, which represent the play of the builders after the actual work was done, tell a different story. No two are alike. Some show purely Norman ideas of decoration, others are even more primitive in character and still others are flowering into richer ornamentation of the Early English period. Some are complete, very elaborately and cunningly wrought, others are merely blocked in and many are left untouched. In some cases one, two and even three sides of the capital are decorated and the remainder left plain, showing that the work was arrested by the fire.

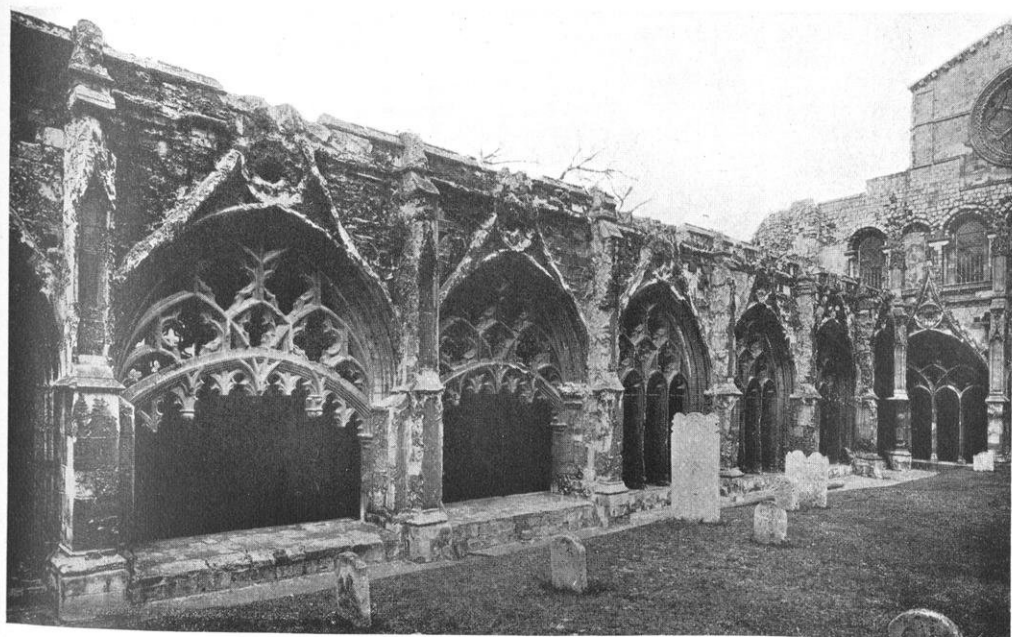
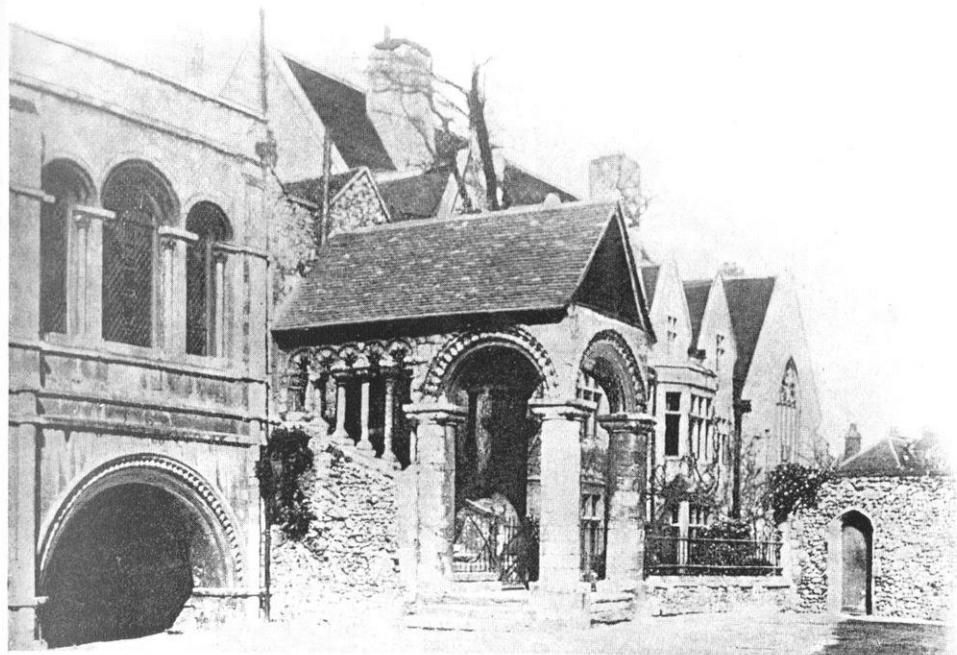
The choir itself shows in a still greater degree the commingling, not only of decorative ideas, but also of architectural forms. We see there the characteristics of Norman and Early English architecture standing side by side in the most friendly fashion. The builders preserved all they could of the original work of Conrad, so we see round and pointed arches used indiscriminately, plain and sculp-



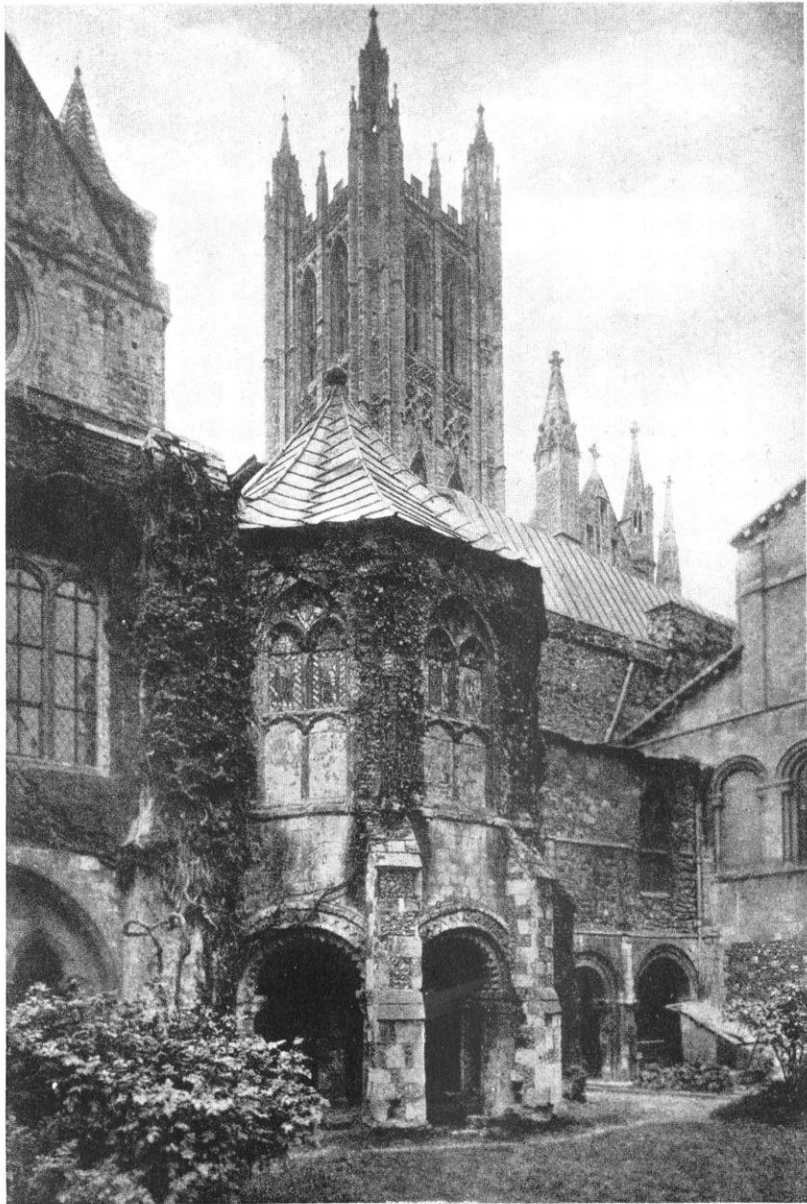
CHRISTCHURCH GATEWAY, THE ENTRANCE
TO THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE MONKS' BURYING GROUND, GIVING A GOOD VIEW OF THE CLOISTERS AND OF BELL HARRY TOWER.



THE NORMAN STAIRCASE, A PERFECT
EXAMILE OF NORMAN ARCHITECTURE.
THE GREAT CLOISTER, SHOWING THE
FINE EARLY ENGLISH ARCADE.



THE BAPTISTERY, SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT
OF ROOF LINES AND TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL.

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tured pillars standing together, and the old primitive carving brought into friendly relationship with the most delicately elaborate patterns chiseled in the stone. Men in those days were not possessed with the mania to destroy all work but their own. Rather, each craftsman felt such veneration for his craft that he scrupulously respected the achievements of other masters even while making no effort to found his own work upon precedents established by them. William of Sens therefore preserved as much as he could of the work of Conrad, and that acute honest craftsman, the English William, had equal reverence for what had been done by the French builder, although his own work expressed the English rather than the foreign spirit.

AFTER the rebuilding of the choir the cathedral remained as it was, with only minor changes and additions to the subsidiary monastic buildings, until the end of the fourteenth century, when Prior Chillenden, as indefatigable a builder as Lanfranc himself, rebuilt the nave and transept. Nothing remained of the original building of Lanfranc but the plinth of the side aisle walls, where the stones, reddened to rose-color by fire, still show bits of the old axed carving of his day. Prior Chillenden, like all the other builders, reflected truthfully the spirit of his time and so added one more chapter to the history of Gothic architecture as it is recorded in the walls and towers of Canterbury Cathedral. The style of the new nave and transept was a light Perpendicular and was kept intact throughout, forming a most interesting contrast to the mixture of periods seen in the choir. As one enters the nave through the historic south porch,—where from early Saxon days throughout the Middle Ages were heard and decided all disputes which could not legally be referred to the King's Court or to the tribunals of the several counties,—one is impressed at once with the immense height of the nave as contrasted with its length. This is due to the arrangement that makes Canterbury unique among all the cathedrals of England and of the Continent,—the placing of the choir on a much higher level than the floor of the nave. This arrangement was made necessary by the fact that the choir, as it now stands, was built over the old crypt and, as is usually the case, the meeting of a necessity became the means for an expression of the greatest beauty.

Moving forward between the rows of lofty pillars that spring up to support the dimly-seen vaulting overhead, you are confronted by the broad stone staircase leading up to the choir, which is shut away from the nave by the screen of wonderfully carved stone erected by Prior de Estria early in the fourteenth century. If morning or afternoon services happen to be in progress in the choir, the chances are

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that you will have ample time to study the details of the screen as well as of the pillars and vaulting of the nave and transept. Unless you have a special permit from the Dean to go through the cathedral alone and linger as much as you please, you are not allowed to go beyond the nave except under the guidance of a verger, who will repay any interest you may take in his cathedral with wonderful stories of its past, and at the same time keep a wary eye about him for the possible depredations of souvenir hunters. If you do enter the cathedral during service the enforced pause in your explorations is a blessing in disguise, for, as you walk quietly about in the gray twilight of the nave and hear the clear young voices of the choristers soaring upward to the great vaulted roof only to be sent back in soft waves of sound that seem to fill every corner of the vast building, you begin to realize something of the spell which the sacred service laid upon the simple, devout, emotional men and women of earlier times, and by the time the church is silent again you are one with the spirit of these old days and in a mood to comprehend every subtle meaning of the silent evidences the builders have left us of their beliefs and aspirations.

AND you will need the help of such a mood if you are reconstructing in fancy the interior glories of Canterbury Cathedral. Looked at from the outside, it is much the same today as it was in the days when pilgrims from all over Europe came with prayers and offerings. The many niches are empty now, for the statues which once occupied them have long been overthrown and destroyed, but the mellow gray stone, lichen-covered and crumbling as it is, is only the more beautiful for its great age, and the solemn splendor of the stately pile itself seems something beyond the reach of man's destructiveness. But inside there is only the shell left. The embroidered banners and rich hangings are all gone. The magnificent windows of the thirteenth century, smashed ruthlessly wherever they could be reached by Puritan pikes, stones, bullets, have been replaced by the crude brilliancy of modern stained glass, and the many richly-decorated chapels, altars and chantries have been swept away. Henry the Eighth did his royal worst by Canterbury Cathedral, and what he overlooked the Puritans finished. These pious vandals, led by an engaging character known as "Blue Dick," left hardly anything of the noble building but the bare walls and roof, and even the walls were defaced wherever they could be reached. Even the high altar, once covered with what the Puritans described as "the most idolatrous costly glory cloth," was hurled down and the whole place was ransacked for the spoils of war. In this day we feel

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these ravages rather than see them, for the work of restoration began soon after Charles the Second came to the throne and has been carried on ever since. With the single exception of the stained-glass windows, the work of restoring the ancient beauty of the cathedral has been most lovingly and judiciously done. Crumbling walls and towers have been rebuilt in exact accordance with the original style and with the same kind of stone, and where the old beauty could not be recalled the restorers have had the good sense to let it alone and leave either a bare space or some marvelous crumbling ruin.

On either side of the choir staircases lead up to the still higher level of the Trinity Chapel, where for three hundred and fifty years the shrine of Thomas à Becket stood as a lodestone to Christendom. Now only a mosaic pavement marks the site of the tomb which once towered aloft, supported upon marble arches and concealed under a covering which was raised at a given signal so that the glories of its piled-up gold and gems might blaze forth upon the awe-struck gaze of the kneeling worshipers. The tomb itself was covered solidly with the gold and rich jewels set into its walls and heaped upon it, for the offerings to the saint were many and costly. The story goes that a huge carbuncle, as large as half an egg, was at one time set in the side of the tomb. This was the somewhat unwilling gift of Louis the Seventh of France, who came to worship at the shrine, wearing in a ring the huge stone known as "The Regale of France." His conscience told him that the carbuncle ought to be offered to the saint, but vanity forbade, and, having given other rich offerings, he was turning away with the ring still upon his finger when the stone, of its own accord, leaped forth from the setting and fixed itself in the side of the tomb. After such a decided manifestation of the saint's wishes the king had nothing left to do but to submit with the best grace he might, and the Regale of France remained one of the chief ornaments of the shrine until the days of that somewhat drastic reformer, Henry the Eighth. Being a bit tenacious of the royal dignity and also not averse to enriching the royal treasury, Henry conceived the idea that the wealth of Thomas à Becket would do much more good to a live king than to a dead saint. As he was fond of doing things legally and disdained such crude and direct procedure as going down to Canterbury and helping himself, Henry hit upon the ingenious idea of swearing out a warrant for Thomas à Becket on behalf of Henry the Second, accusing the long-dead archbishop of rebellion, contumacy, treason and usurpation of the office of saint, and commanding him forthwith to appear at Westminster for trial. The warrant was duly read before the tomb and the saint was given thirty days to appear. As, for reasons best known to himself, he failed

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to do so, the trial was carried through with due formality, judgment awarded to Henry the Second, and Thomas à Becket was condemned. The decree was that his bones were to be removed from the tomb and burned, his name and the account of his miracles erased from every book and record in the kingdom, and, most vital point of all, his treasures to be escheated to the Crown. By royal clemency the saint's bones were buried instead of being burned, but his shrine was torn down and the treasure, twenty-six cart loads of it, was taken to London. Henry had the Regale of France set in a thumb ring, which he wore with much pious satisfaction.

That is why the Trinity Chapel is empty now of all save memories and the hollows worn in the marble floor by the knees of thousands of worshipers. Yet, steeped in the spirit of the place as one is by the time Trinity Chapel is reached, one only has to look up to where the Watch Chamber once stood on a lofty balcony between the pillars to see in fancy the glow of the fire that warmed it on bleak winter nights, and hear the soft tread of sandaled feet pacing to and fro as the monks kept guard over the shrine and its riches and saw that the troop of savage ban-dogs, tied in the chapel for a further safeguard, did not escape and wreak havoc throughout the building.

CLOSE by the shrine of Thomas à Becket and on the same level is the tomb of the Black Prince, whose fortunes were so closely bound up with those of Kent. Upon his marriage with his beautiful cousin Joan, affectionately called in the old chronicles, "The Fair Maid of Kent," the Black Prince founded a chantry in the crypt of the cathedral and left a clause in his will that his bones should be buried there. For many years after his death masses were sung day and night in the chantry for the repose of his soul, but his body, despite his expressed wish, was given a loftier place in the cathedral. The tomb is simple enough, but the effigy lying upon it is a marvelous piece of thirteenth-century bronze. It is said to be an accurate portrait of the gallant and well-beloved prince, and both the face and the strong, well-knit figure seem to vouch for the truth of this belief. High above the tomb hang the rusted fragments of the armor that he wore, relics that had to be guarded from robbers as assiduously as were the richest jewels of the neighboring shrine.

Standing here one notes an extraordinary feature in the construction of the cathedral,—the decided inward bend with which the walls turn toward each other at the end. This bend was necessitated by the fact that the towers of St. Anselm and St. Andrew both survived the fire, so that the walls of the new cathedral built upon the ruins had to be accommodated to them. To this reverent desire to preserve

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the work of former times is due the great interest and beauty of the building as seen from the outside. Within, one is confronted at every turn with a sense of vanished glories, but once out upon the green one feels that the cathedral, as it is today, differs very little from what it was at the end of the fifteenth century,—the time when it was completed by the building of the great central tower, generally called Bell Harry Tower, from the mighty Dunstan bell that hangs in its belfry.

This tower is one of the best examples in existence of fifteenth-century Gothic architecture, for it is not only most beautiful in design and construction, but shows in every line the lofty purpose that inspired its building. It is the crown and summit of the whole cathedral, and the eye is led up to it by that delightful arrangement of the roof lines and the subordination of lesser towers to the chief, that is so characteristic of the Gothic. On the north side the cathedral proper is so closely interwoven with the subsidiary buildings of the monastery and the cloister that it cannot be considered separately. The cloister, which incloses the old monkish burying ground, is a beautiful example of the early English arcade, decorated with a simple and noble design such as would come naturally to men of large and robust mind, working with big blocks and slabs of sandstone. Another architectural gem is the Norman staircase leading to the main gate of the Priors' Court. This is a perfect example of the Norman style in its purity, and is quite unrivaled in England. Lanfranc's wall of defense still encircles the whole cathedral close and separates it from the quietly busy life of the town. This crowds so closely against it that the great Christchurch Gateway, which forms the main entrance, has little shops clinging like barnacles to its massive sides. This gate shows the beauty of the later Perpendicular style. It was built early in the sixteenth century and is in fairly good preservation, although the central niche which originally held the large image of Christ is now empty.

In the old days Canterbury held many buildings devoted to ecclesiastical or semi-ecclesiastical purposes. At one time there were thirteen churches within its walls and three without, in addition to many monasteries, leper-houses, almonies, priories and hospitals; but of all these only the cathedral, the gateway and the towers of Westgate remain. The town has been destroyed and rebuilt over and over again, but through all the centuries its character has persisted. It is still a town of staid and industrious merchants and artisans, clustering close as of old under the shadow of its ancient gray cathedral, and he who views it with understanding may reconstruct from its life today the splendid history of its past.

A PLEA FOR THE OPERETTA AS A MEANS OF SINCERE MUSICAL EXPRESSION IN AMERICA: BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



IT IS not an accident that there is no grand opera in English—that is, opera written and composed by men who speak the English language, not grand opera translated into the English tongue. And it is not an accident that one of the greatest composers of operetta in the world, Sir Arthur Sullivan, was an Englishman, setting to music the inimitable English librettos of Gilbert, and that the chief composer in America today who writes for the stage, Victor Herbert, writes operettas. Grand opera, so largely and expensively produced in New York and also in other American cities, is composed by foreigners, almost always (save in such exceptions as Verdi's "Otello" and Puccini's "Madama Butterfly") to accompany foreign librettos, conducted by foreigners, and in a large measure sung by foreigners. It is not native to us or to England; it thrives on its lavish scale largely by virtue of its social aspect; for, great as our acquired interest is in grand opera, and more especially in certain grand opera singers, it could not be supported in its present magnificence for six weeks without the social backing. Meanwhile, without any social backing whatever, operettas of merit, when we get them, and musical comedies always, pursue their way in the commercial theater, despised oftentimes by the critics and those musically learned, but far more a part and parcel of our amusement life, reflecting far more our tastes and habits, than do the Metropolitan Opera House programmes and the fare afforded at Mr. Hammerstein's.

This is not an accident. It is an indication of racial traits. It should teach us that the cultivation of operetta as an art and a popular force in our community ought not to be left to Vienna, that it should be more seriously regarded here, more carefully cultivated, more worthily performed. The creation of one American operetta like Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" would be worth a dozen importations of "Madama Butterflys" and "Toscas" and "Salomes." The manager who should produce it would deserve far more credit, and he would probably gain no less reward.

Grand opera is a natural speech with certain races—as natural as it is possible for opera to be, which is an art based essentially on an unreality, the hypothesis that men and women sing their thoughts and feelings. This is notably the case with the Italians, in whose grand operas, far more than in their lighter pieces, the passions, and even the folk-tunes, of the people, find expression. It is true, also,

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of the Russians, in whose serious music of all kinds the folk-tune croons unceasingly. A German grand opera like "Der Freischütz" of Weber is national music, in a true sense. A Bohemian opera like "The Bartered Bride" rises from the native song and dance with delightful spontaneity. The French, always master craftsmen, have produced both light and serious opera, and both excellently well done; and neither, perhaps, quite spontaneous. The *opéra bouffe* of Offenbach, Lecocq and Audran followed, after all, the fairly formal rules of a "school," and in the serious operas of Massenet, just now so popular in New York, correctness is more noticeable than inspiration.

BUT England and Austria have found their musical expression on the stage almost exclusively in operettas. Johann Strauss, the "Waltz King," was also king of operetta; then there was Suppé, of "Boccaccio" and "Poet and Peasant," and but lately we have heard the old, heady rhythms again, caught the old wine and sparkle of Viennese life, in "The Merry Widow" of Lehar, and "The Chocolate Soldier" of Oscar Strauss, now deservedly popular on our American stage, even if its libretto is a travesty of Shaw's "Arms and the Man." These pieces from Vienna, musically based on the waltz, are as truly national as it is possible for stage music to be—they are as national as they are delightful, and because they are so sincere their tunes endure. And "Die Fledermaus" of Johann Strauss is as fresh today as it ever was, vastly fresher than that other Strauss' "Salome" will be fifty years hence.

In England the list of great composers is less than the lists of other nations. But England has an honorable musical history, and once was far in advance of the Continental world in musical knowledge and skill. John of Forneste's famous six-part glee, "Sumer is a-cumin in," composed in twelve hundred and thirty, was far beyond anything on the Continent. In Elizabeth's time music was a part of the education of every English gentleman, the musician was held in high regard, and the English ballads of that day reached a high point of perfection. Some of them have never, for fresh simplicity and for sheer magic of melody, been excelled in any land at any time. We still sing "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes," and dozens more. Then, due in part to the influence of the French ballet, in part to Italian musical influence, came the English masques. But, as Jonson and Milton surpassed the French ballet builders, the English musicians went far beyond mere Italian finish and correctness. The last of the seventeenth-century composers and the greatest English composer, perhaps, yet born, was Henry Purcell. Though opera, as we understand it, was then in its infancy, he developed the

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ballad and the masque till he wrote operas, such as "King Arthur" and "Dido and Æneas," which contained passages of great dramatic sincerity, beauty and power. But with the eighteenth century English music declined. The nation still demanded its native musical expression—nations always will. This was supplied by piecing together on a thread of spoken plot the popular ballads, as in the case of "The Beggar's Opera," with a text by Gay. English music, in the words of Sir Arthur Sullivan, "was thrown into the hands of the illustrious foreigners, Händel, Haydn, Spohr, Mendelssohn (so long the favorite composers of the English) and of the Italian opera, which exclusively occupied the attention of the fashionable classes, and like the great car of Juggernaut overrode and crushed all efforts made on behalf of native music."

It was significant that the rebirth of English music, almost two centuries after the death of Purcell, came along the lines in which it had excelled in the past—in church music on the one hand, of which Sir Edward Elgar is the present leading composer, and in popular music on the other hand; not, to be sure, in ballads, but in operetta (which is far nearer to masque than grand opera is, and demands, like the masque, a native text), where the songs none the less had the ballad ring and the appeal was not exotic; not to any fashionable classes, but to everybody, to the sane, merry-making spirit of the people. This side of the musical rebirth was accomplished by the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan. They occupy in the history of British music as important a place as the grand operas occupy in the musical history of Italy. They show the natural drift of the Anglo-Saxon temperament when it is applied to musical composition for the stage.

SULLIVAN, of course, did not invent his form. His first venture, "Cox and Box," was directly suggested and inspired by Offenbach. But he consciously wrought into his work the spirit of old English music, witness the song of the centurion in the second act of "Iolanthe," and he set to music English librettos, understandable and of interest to contemporary Englishmen, happy and sane and blithe. These operettas raged over America as they raged over England. For every person who heard and enjoyed grand opera in a foreign tongue, ten at least heard and enjoyed "Pinafore" and "Patience" and "The Mikado." Now, it is easy to say that those operettas were not so "deep" as grand opera, nor so "lofty." But just what does that mean? They were musically just as sound, certainly. They had the same tonic effect on musical taste. They did not stir the spectator as does "Don Giovanni," or Verdi's "Otello."



OSCAR STRAUSS, A LEADING COMPOSER
OF VIENNESE OPERETTA.



VICTOR HERBERT, THE LEADING COMPOSER
OF OPERETTA IN AMERICA.

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But can anyone in honesty say that they did not possess by their gay, honest humor a greater sincerity than "Lucia di Lammermoor," or Massenet's "Herodiade" or the wearisome bombasts of Meyerbeer or, yes, even this! the Teutonic outpourings of Wagner? And they reached in their day and interested and influenced a vastly greater number of people. They were native and near. They spoke the people's speech. They were our own. It seems absurd to suggest that they need any defense. Yet, in the eyes of a good many people today, who rush madly to hear Italian grand opera, operetta does need defense. It is still looked down upon, despised.

Much of it, of course, is despicable from any careful, artistic standpoint, for in lieu of real operetta our people, hungry for native, understandable and spontaneous stage entertainment with the accompaniment of music and rhythm, demand what we call musical comedy. The fact that at least one-third of the theatrical productions made in New York each season are musical comedies, however, does not prove that the taste of the people is vicious. Rather it proves what a real craving exists for the pleasant ministrations of music and rhythm, and also what a mighty influence the composers and librettists of operettas might exert. The enormous popularity of the Gilbert and Sullivan productions showed that the better the book and the better the music, provided it was real operetta music, blithe and fluent, the greater the patronage. The influence of "Patience" proved, indeed, how potent operetta may be as a weapon of satire. In later years the success of George Ade's "The Sultan of Sulu," though accompanied by music of little charm or significance, proved how keen a desire there really is for librettos which bite, which have wit and point, and make ironic comment on the affairs of the hour. Still more recently the whirlwind triumph of "The Merry Widow" showed that the interest in Sullivan was not a flash in the pan, that music with real melody and charm and grace is at all times more desired than the musical monstrosities of a G. M. Cohan. Musical comedy, as we call it, exists because the instinctive popular demand of the Anglo-Saxon public is not for grand opera—which is an exotic with us—but for appropriately blithe and sparkling music wedded to a comic or satirical text. Just as the "ballad operas" existed alongside of the imported music in England in seventeen hundred and thirty, so today in New York, side by side with German, French and Italian grand opera in two huge opera houses, half a dozen musical comedies constantly flourish, new ones replacing the old incessantly.

And they would exist just the same if the entire public were as musically "educated" as the most eloquent music critic desires. A people will follow their natural bent, in stage entertainments, as

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elsewhere. They will insist on wanting what they want when they want it. No horseshoe of diamonds or fashion, no golden voiced Caruso, no blare and sob of a mighty orchestra, can compensate for the pleasure which comes from a complete understanding of the text, from a sympathy with the national point of view of the play, from the tang of reality about it, the fun and the sparkle and the sting. The rhythmic sense, and the love of melody which is part of even our Anglo-Saxon natures, demand satisfaction in the theater. But they demand satisfaction through natural channels. Grand opera is not such a channel. There is no grand opera which is not exotic to English-speaking people. And when we cannot get the best we take second or third-rate musical plays, rather than none at all. Operetta is such a channel.

AND the lesson of all this is that if the heedless patrons of musical comedy need a more developed musical taste, so do the patrons of grand opera and the countless symphony concerts. It is only an undeveloped musical taste which can sneer at Sullivan, or the composer of "The Merry Widow," or Strauss of "The Chocolate Soldier," or Victor Herbert of "Babes in Toyland" and "The Red Mill." To the credit of that abused and despised creature, the American theater-goer, even the Tired Business Man, be it said they are not the ones who sneer! When the public can get a Sullivan or a Strauss or a Victor Herbert, time and again it has been proved that the public prefers these real musicians to the tune-carpenters. What has put the composition of musical comedy in England and America so largely into the hands of the mere tune-carpenters, the one-fingered composers of rag-time, is the attitude of the more musically educated classes, the worshipers of foreign grand opera, the people who think a dull symphony, just because it is a symphony, is by some mystic law thereby infinitely better music than the most inspired waltz or such a passage of sly musical delineation and captivating melody as the mock description of *Nanki Poo's* death in "The Mikado" or the letter song in "The Chocolate Soldier." This attitude has turned our native musicians away from what might be a natural expression of their talents and often caused them to break their hearts over unproduced grand operas or unappreciated symphonies, when they might be doing a vastly more useful work setting to appropriate rhythm and melody the American Sense of Humor.

For, after all, if grand opera is an exotic to us, this is in no small part due, surely, to our sense of humor. The Saxon imagination has a hard wall of reality about it, which accounts for our emotional reticence. It cannot quite follow grand opera, because

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for stage expression in concrete terms of the more serious passions it demands the realism of pure drama. We love—especially our women folks—to fancy we are wallowing in emotional responsiveness to those sobbing fiddles and sighing voices. But, really, our heads are always a little in the way of our hearts. It is never for us quite natural and convincing. In operetta, however, our heads consent to keep out of the way. Here our love of rhythm and melody can be satisfied to the full, and we do not take our pleasures sadly, but gaily, while the incidents of the hour are lightly touched upon by the text. And to the pleasure of music is added the pleasure of something native, something peculiarly our own, the pleasure, too, of seeing ourselves and others made fun of.

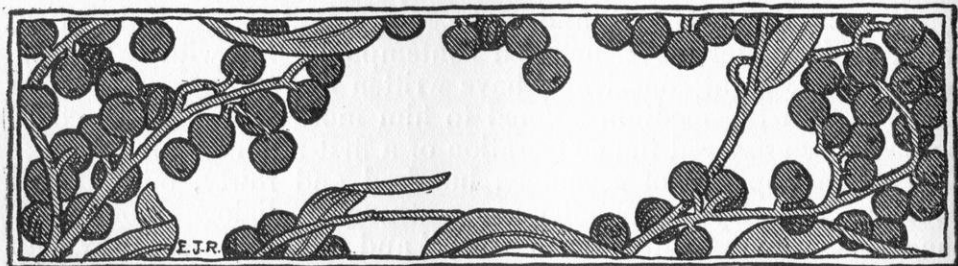
Gilbert was an ideal librettist not only because he was a skilled comic dramatist and a brilliant satirist, as in "Pinafore," but because in his lyric passages he possessed a verbal felicity and varied rhythmic scheme which were of incalculable aid to the composer. Sullivan himself has told how he always chose the rhythm of a passage before he composed the melody, and insisted on the importance of rhythm. Read, if you have the courage, the lyrics in any Broadway musical comedy, and see if you can fancy even Mozart getting out of them any but the most hackneyed rhythms. This is but one indication of the harm that has been done by the general contempt cast upon musical comedy by the musically "enlightened." Musical comedy cannot at present enlist the services of musical composers powerful and intelligent enough to insist upon better lyrics and closer coöperation between composer and librettist, nor upon librettists intelligent enough, as a rule, to train themselves in varied versification. Again and again Victor Herbert's scores have suffered from the lack of coöperation, and from the poverty of inspiration in the material he was called to set to music.

BUT this could be altered by the right coöperation of the right men, and the public which now flocks to second-rate pieces, because it must have some musical comedies, would flock in even greater numbers to native operettas, even as it flocked to "Pinafore" and "Robin Hood" and "The Merry Widow." Clyde Fitch, who, in his lighter plays, handled contemporary life with extraordinary felicity, might conceivably have written librettos of great charm and wit, had the medium seemed to him more dignified and could he have been assured the coöperation of a first-rate composer. Like the "ballad opera" of seventeen hundred and thirty, our musical comedies of today are popular songs strung on dialogue—only now the songs are not "Sally in Our Alley" and "Drink to Me only with

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Thine Eyes," but "I Love My Wife, but oh You Kid!" and "Bill Simmons." Are these songs the best ballads our native composers can write? Far from it! One can hardly conceive the exquisite, melancholy genius of MacDowell in the popular theater. But we have a score, at least, of song writers in America who could, in co-operation with a dramatist of wit and fancy, and we possess them, too! put forth operettas of musical distinction, popular appeal and substantial charm. What is needed to bring this about is not a greater education of the people, but a more catholic education of the musically elect, so that they shall realize the true importance of operetta and musical comedy, its national significance, and no longer sneer at the composer who writes it.

The drama in recent years in America has been creeping closer to contemporary life, till today we have a dozen native writers for the stage who know their trade and can depend on a public. We no longer go to Europe for the bulk of our plays. We have the material and the workmen to create native librettos. Musically, also, America has made vast strides in recent years, and now our native composers are no longer scorned at home and are no longer, either, without technical skill to match their aspirations. Why should not these two, playwrights and composers, join forces to create real musical stage works, in the native idiom—which is operetta or musical comedy—that would appeal to all classes, widen the appreciation of good music, give substantial pleasure, and help to increase the charm and dignity of the American stage? Grand opera is foreign, and we apparently want to keep it so. We will not submit to hearing it translated into English, let alone listening to it when it is composed by men of our race. Our musicians are doing themselves and us no good when they strain after this exotic fruit, and leave the native garden just without their door unhusbanded. The book and score of an American "Patience" would do more for music in America than a wilderness of grand operatic attempts, because such a work would be native and natural, the spontaneous expression of our people.



TOWN PLANNING IN THEORY AND IN PRACTICE: THE WORK OF RAYMOND UNWIN: BY THE EDITOR



WHEN a man is doing work that is significant in the furtherance of a movement toward better conditions in any phase of life, the record of his ideas and experience has always a special value, not only to other workers along the same lines, but to all who are interested in the general trend of thought and effort of which such work is merely one expression. For this reason we have thought it best to follow our review—published in the preceding number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*—of the garden city movement and the amazing progress it has made in England, with an account of the work of Mr. Raymond Unwin, who has perhaps done more than any other one man to win in his own country general recognition of the necessity of planning towns as well as individual houses, and of basing these plans upon the requirements of modern life,—by which is meant not merely what people can put up with in the way of surroundings, but what they really need for the development of the best possibilities in their own lives and in those of their children.

Fortunately, Mr. Unwin is a man who recognizes the necessity for putting into concrete form the principles which have shaped themselves under the pressure of struggle with actual conditions, believing that the record of each man's achievement adds just so much to the sum total of human experience in any given direction, and as such belongs to the world. Therefore, directly in connection with his active work in planning, laying out and superintending the building of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, Mr. Unwin has found time during the past two years to embody the results of both research and experience in a book which he calls "Town Planning in Practice." This book was published in England only two months ago and is not as yet to be obtained in America, but being largely the record of actual experience, we quote from it as having great practical value to all in this country who are interested in the planning of new towns, villages and suburbs and in the remodeling of those already in existence.

The subject of town planning should, by the very nature of things, awaken a more general response in America than it has in England because, no matter how great may be the need over there for some force to counteract the pernicious activities of the jerry-builder and the land speculator, the fact remains that England is an old and very conservative country, averse to change and cherishing even the faults

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in its time-honored traditions. Its building bylaws are like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and its cities and towns have most of them been established for centuries and so are not easily changed. In this country, on the contrary, we are apt to go to the other extreme and welcome change for its own sake, but at least we preserve an open mind toward almost every experiment that is recommended to us. We do not at all mind pulling down sections of our cities that we have grown to regard as particularly unwholesome and undesirable, and we are ready to try almost any reasonable method for the improvement of our rapidly growing suburbs. But so far we have introduced no special system into this work. We have many civic improvement leagues and associations of one sort or another for the promotion of better housing, for the establishment of parks and playgrounds, for the widening of streets and the planting of trees; but the possibilities of town planning, as applied to small towns and villages and to suburbs which serve largely for the homes of wage earners, have as yet hardly dawned upon us.

IN THE December number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, we gave some account of the work that Mr. Unwin and his associates are doing at Hampstead Garden Suburb, which is intended chiefly as a place of residence for working people who must be within easy reach of their employment in the city, and now we purpose to give a more definite idea of how this work is done, of the precedents upon which it is founded and of the qualifications of the leading architect for understanding the needs with which he has to cope. First of all, Mr. Unwin is not only a social worker but also a socialist, having been closely associated with William Morris for a number of years before the latter's death in eighteen hundred and ninety-six. Originally educated as a civil engineer, Mr. Unwin found that the work for which he was best fitted lay in the direction of town planning and housing reform, so to the technical equipment he already possessed he added a thorough training in architecture, feeling that nothing less than a combination of the two would enable him to put into actual form the ideas and theories he wished to express. Being a socialist, Mr. Unwin for a number of years lived and worked with the day laborers in the collieries up in Derbyshire, and it was this actual life among working people that gave him his complete understanding of their needs and of the kind of homes that would be at once practicable, comfortable, beautiful and suited to their means and their ways of living. In eighteen hundred and ninety-six he joined forces with Mr. Barry Parker, whose ideas of the housing problem and the needs of the people were entirely in sympathy with

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his own, and the firm of Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin began the work of town planning and good housing, for which it is now so widely known.

One of the earlier achievements of the firm was the planning of the Rowntree Garden Village at Earswick in Yorkshire. This was speedily followed by the planning of garden villages for the Leicester Anchor Tenants, Ealing Tenants and others, and then by the famous Garden City at Letchworth. The two partners have always worked in perfect accord, the special talent of each one supplementing that of the other. Mr. Unwin's natural bent is toward the laying out of the entire town, while Mr. Parker, being preëminently an architect, gives more attention to the planning of the houses. In nineteen hundred and one, Mr. Parker and Mr. Unwin collaborated in a book which set forth clearly and simply their combined experiences in the planning and building of houses based upon actual needs and suited to environment. This book, entitled "The Art of Building a Home," is fairly well known in this country. "Town Planning in Practice" is written wholly by Mr. Unwin, and deals exclusively with the laying out of towns. Because it tells more clearly the scope and purpose of the author's work than anything that could be written of it from an outside point of view, we are quoting from it freely, assured that it will be found full of valuable suggestion to people interested in the planning and improvement of towns and suburbs in this country.

Mr. Unwin takes the position that all civic art is inevitably the expression of civic life and that in this age we have almost forgotten how to make our towns beautiful because beauty is not now recognized as being among the necessities of our lives. He says: "We have become so used to living among surroundings in which beauty has little or no place that we do not realize what a remarkable and unique feature the ugliness of modern life is. We are apt to forget that this ugliness may be said to belong almost exclusively to the period covered by the industrial development of the last century. We do not find evidence of it before that period, in our own towns or in those of a character to be compared with our own in other countries. . . . In these old towns and streets we read as in an open book the story of a life governed by impulses very different from our own; we read of gradual growth, of the free play of imaginative thought, devoted without stint to each individual building; while the simplicity of treatment, the absence of decoration or ornament in the majority of cases, and the general use and skilled handling of the materials most readily accessible, tell of the usual avoidance of what could be called extravagance. Nevertheless, we are impressed by

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the generous use of material and labor revealed in the dimensions of the beams, in the thickness of the walls, and in the treatment of all necessary features, which suggest that two prominent elements in the tradition which influenced builders in old times were that the work should be well done, and that it should be comely to look upon when finished."

CONTRASTING this natural beauty with the cheap ugliness of our commercially-built modern towns and suburbs, Mr. Unwin urges that, as the planning and building of a town must by the very nature of things be a more or less complete expression of its life, such expression should first of all be sincere and direct. For example, it would be impossible to reproduce and most unwise to attempt to copy the kind of picturesqueness which resulted from the natural and apparently unconscious growth of the Mediæval towns, or the formal magnificence of the great cities of ancient civilization, but the principles upon which the ancient builders worked are undying, and from them may be developed new forms of beauty that express quite as spontaneously the conditions of our modern life. This beauty must come when we realize that it is a part of life and that all sincere living inevitably finds such expression of itself, but its coming may be hastened by the acknowledgment of our lack of the quality that produces it, and by honest efforts to build as well as we may according to our present needs.

Mr. Unwin holds, therefore, that the designer's first and most important duty is to study his town, his site, the people and their requirements before attempting to put his own ideas into effect. As he says: 'There is no need to fear that such a course will lead to commonplace designs, that it will check the flights of fancy, will subordinate the main effect to trivial convenience. . . . In this work we cannot rightly say that the practical considerations come before the artistic, or the artistic before the practical; they are interdependent and must be worked out together. But there is this difference between them, that the practical considerations are often fixed, while the artistic expression may take varying form. Drainage will not run up hill to suit the prettiest plan; nor will people, to please the most imperious designer, go where they do not want to go, or abstain from going where they must needs go, and from taking generally the shortest route to get there. Lines of drainage and of traffic may indeed be modified, but only within fairly narrow limits; and the planner who pits the form of his plan against the forces which define these limits will but wreck his scheme.'

He regards an exhaustive city survey as of the utmost importance



RAYMOND UNWIN, WHOSE WORK
IS THE PLANNING OF TOWNS.



TOP OF ASMUN'S PLACE, HAMPSTEAD GARDEN'S SUB-
URB, WITH CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN FOREGROUND.

HAMPSTEAD WAY: SOME OF THE FIRST HOUSES BUILT
ON THE ESTATE BY THE HAMPSTEAD TENANTS LTD.

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to a successful plan, this survey to show everything connected with the past development of the town,—supposing that the problem in hand is the remodeling of a town already in existence. This survey would show all places of historic value, general interest or special beauty, such as desirable natural features, noted public buildings and the like. Where the town to be dealt with is at all a large one, there should also be a careful survey made of general traffic; statistics should be prepared of its distribution and of the relative intensity from the different districts of the daily inward and outward flow of population. Also there should be particulars of local industries and of all existing drainage systems and water supplies. Any marked tendencies of town growth should be noted, with the indications afforded by them as to the most natural lines for future development. Also, conditions as to building materials and traditional methods of building found in the locality, types of trees and shrubs prevalent or suitable for planting, and any other characteristics which go to make up the individuality,—economic, historic and artistic,—of the town should be very carefully noted with a view to preserving and fostering such individuality. In connection with this, some estimate should be made of future requirements in the way of schools and other public buildings, and of parks, playgrounds and open spaces, so that suitable sites could be provided for them with general suggestions as to special spots of natural beauty which should be preserved or opened for enjoyment. All this should be done before any plan for new development is made. The city which intends to carry on its future development according to some well-defined idea must first know itself thoroughly; must understand its own needs and capacities, for on the thoroughness of this understanding will depend both the success of all its plans and the preservation of its individuality of character.

Mr. Unwin's own method of working is clearly shown in this connection, for he says: "Having secured all the needful plans and preliminary information and suggestions, the designer will study the site for himself, comparing and considering it in connection with the information and suggestions, and judging for himself the relative importance of each point. He will also have to judge how far the various conditions and tendencies brought to his notice are likely to prove permanent and how far they are likely to undergo modification in the future; for although it is the present needs for which immediate provision must be made, still in town planning, as in building, the work is of a permanent character and will remain through a long future. . . . As the designer walks over the ground to be planned he will picture to himself what would be the natural growth of the town or district if left to spread over the area. He will try to realize

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the direction which the main lines of traffic will inevitably take, which portions of the ground will be attractive for residences and which will offer inducements for the development of shops, business premises or industries. As he tramps along there will arise in his imagination a picture of the future community, with its needs and its aims, which will determine for him the most important points; and the main lines of his plan should thus take shape in his mind before ever he comes to put them on paper.

“An existing or probable railway station will at once give focus to the lines of traffic, and may be regarded as a center from which easy access should be provided to all parts of the town or district, a provision the character of which will be affected by all the existing highways or waterways. Existing bridges or points where the conditions are favorable for constructing bridges or subways over or under railways, rivers, or canals, will suggest themselves as additional center points in the system of roads to which they would naturally converge. The grouping of the town or suburb upon the hills or slopes available will also be thought out most readily on the spot; there, too, will be most easily selected suitable sites for factories, where they will have all the necessary facilities of rail and water carriage, and, if possible, where the prevailing wind will take the noise, dust, smell and smoke away from the town. . . . The selecting of suitable positions for central squares or *places* around which may be grouped, in some dignified order, such public buildings as may be required for municipal, devotional, educational or recreational purposes will be done on the site, and will require much thought. For such purposes places must be chosen that will not only offer adequate architectural possibilities, but will be suitable in character and position to form center points in the plan, at which it may be reasonable to hope the common life of the city or district will find a focus.

“The picture will grow in the designer’s mind as the various needs are considered and met; and all the while he is thinking out the main points of his problem he will be finding spots of natural beauty to be preserved, trees to be guarded from destruction, distant views from the town and views into it of the fine buildings he hopes some day to see rise on their allotted sites, to be kept open. There will be steep places to be avoided or overcome, the cost of roads always to be remembered, and a due relation to be maintained between this and the building areas opened up. But, while the problem seems to become more and more complicated, it is really solving itself; for every fresh need and every circumstance considered is a new formative agency, determining for the designer the lines of his plan;

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and his chief aim at first must be to determine and keep clearly before him the right proportional importance of each, and to give it due expression, and only when, on the ground, all these formative influences have been balanced, can the designer safely commence to draw out his design."

AS IS shown in the case of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, where a long wall defines the limits of the town and fixes the line of division between the ground that is free for building purposes and the ground which must forever remain no man's land because it is all man's land, Mr. Unwin finds a modern usefulness for the picturesque old city wall. No longer needed as a fortification, it may yet serve as a beautiful architectural feature and a boundary which lends shape and comeliness to the whole plan of the town. The boundary wall at Hampstead is broken by garden houses and by gateways which lead to flights of wide, shallow stairs, by means of which the terrace is approached from the heath. Such walls are not only decorative but could be used to great advantage in defining the limits beyond which a town may not encroach upon open ground. And the suggestion found in the ancient city wall may be extended to the gateways and entrances to different parts of the city, features which Mr. Unwin believes may also be modified to modern use as well as decoration, very much to the advantage of the town plan.

The main principles which govern town planning apply also to site planning, but it is Mr. Unwin's custom to treat them separately because in site planning the first consideration must be the arrangement of the buildings and the development of the site to the best advantage, whereas in town planning the first consideration must be the general conveniences of the town and the arrangement of the main roads. In planning a site, whether large or small, he holds that one of the most important things is the determining of the center point of the design. In any but very small sites there are likely to be required some buildings of a larger or more public character than the dwelling houses—such, for example, as churches, chapels, public halls, institutions, libraries, baths, wash houses, shops, inns or hotels and schools; and it would probably be well to group these at some convenient situation and of them to form a center for the scheme. Also he attaches great value to the little open spaces, spots where folk may repair from the bustle of the street to stop and rest a while; very small spaces may serve such purposes. Playing places for children may often be secured in the centers of building areas, and points where fine views are obtained and where the sunset can be seen can often be preserved by the devotion of a very small area of ground.

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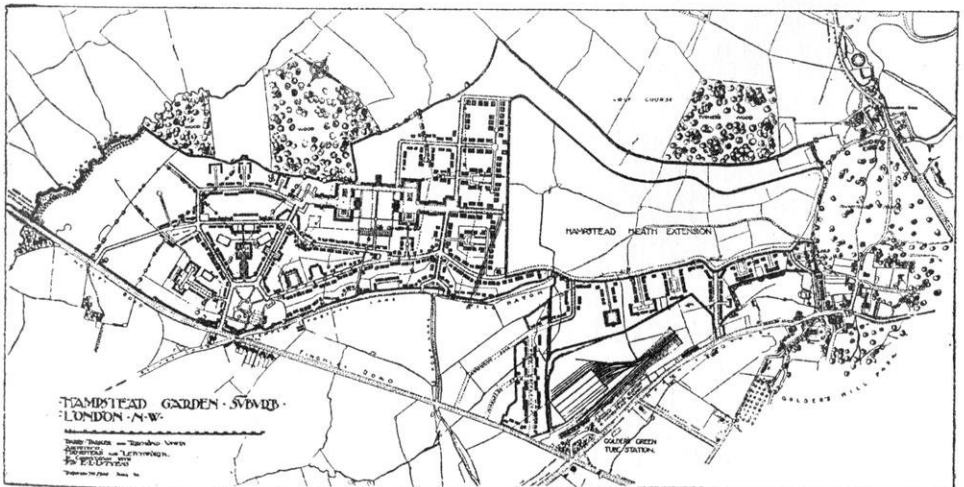
The intermingling of different classes, too, is a point upon which Mr. Unwin, as a close student of social conditions, lays great stress in planning a town. He regards the prejudices of people as naturally insufficient to justify the covering of large areas with houses of exactly the same size and type, and asserts that the growing up of suburbs occupied solely by an individual class is bad,—socially, economically and æsthetically. He regards this as due to the wholesale and thoughtless character of town development and foreign to English traditions,—as it certainly is to the democratic ideals of our own country,—and he asserts that it results very often in bad municipal government and unfair distribution of the burdens of local taxation, misunderstanding and want of trust between different classes of people, and in the development and exaggeration of differences of habit and thought. On the æsthetic side it leads to a dreary monotony of effect, both depressing and ugly. In planning new towns Mr. Unwin turns to the example of the English village, where all classes of houses are mingled along the village street or around the green, from the laborer's small cottage to the large house of the wealthy farmer, doctor or local manufacturer, and even at times the mansion of the lord of the manor. Therefore, though he may be planning a village that is expected to have mainly a working-class population, he still tries to arrange some attractive corner in which a few larger houses may be built; for example, an effort is thus made to induce a physician to live among his patients by affording him a suitable site for building, and an opportunity is given for those who have been successful in life and who have a little leisure to devote to the public work of the district, to live in suitable homes among others of lesser means.

IN PLANNING a site Mr. Unwin acts upon his belief that a great economy is effected by the laying out of simple carriage drives, from thirteen to twenty feet wide, in places where such a drive would serve for purposes quite as well as the costly and elaborate macadamized road with its flanking sidewalks. Where traffic is likely to be heavy, suitable provision is of course made for main roads, but where, as frequently happens, it is virtually certain that the road will only be used for the daily visits of the milkman's cart and by the people themselves, he thinks that a well-made track with a grass margin on either side, and in some cases a simple gravel or paved footway of narrow width for use in wet weather, is all that is needed, and that with the smaller amount of traffic over such a road the maintenance of wear and tear would be no greater than in the case of the wide and costly road usually required. Another important item in this kind of site planning is the care devoted to the backs of

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buildings, which Mr. Unwin treats as respectfully as he does the fronts, taking care that they are not only shapely and sightly in themselves, but that gardens are provided which give plenty of breathing room and a pleasant outlook from the rear of the house.

All the most careful plans of the town planner, however, would be seriously marred, if not actually destroyed, by the vagaries of individual owners and their architects, so Mr. Unwin emphasizes in his book the success of the plan tried at Letchworth, in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, and in the other villages in England which have been laid out according to modern ideas;—that of having the town planned as a whole in the first place, and then having the man who planned it made the head of a supervising board of architects whose business it is to see that every building put up is so designed as to preserve the harmony of the whole. He dwells also upon the advantages of grouping buildings where it is practicable, instead of scattering them,—a point of great importance in the planning of suburbs, as the monotony of the repetition of separate houses is but little relieved by variety in the individual houses, owing to the fact that no total effect in the street is produced. This grouping has been used in the district developed by the coöperative building associations that have come into prominence in connection with town planning. We have already described the advantages of this method of building, and to Mr. Unwin's mind the spirit of coöperation is the foundation upon which not only successful building of homes for the people, but the whole structure of successful town planning, must necessarily rest.



SPANISH LIFE AND LANDSCAPE AS PAINTED BY LUIS MORA

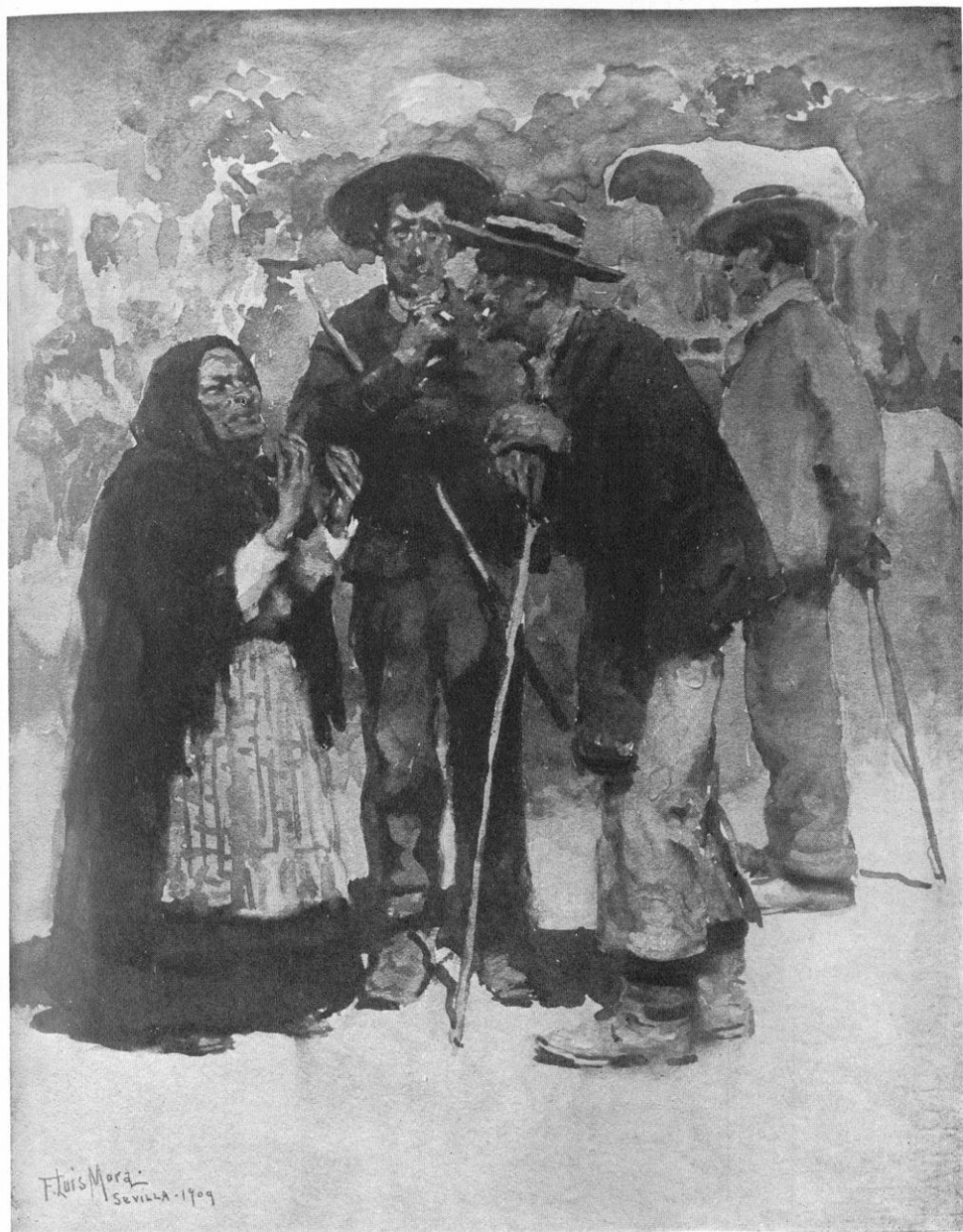


JUST how would one characterize the art of a man born in Barcelona, living his early days in Montevideo, whose father was a Spanish painter, whose mother was French, who had studied in New York a little, and Boston somewhat, and returned, homesick, to paint Spain at the age of twenty? That such a man should have a dual outlook upon life is inevitable, for what could bring about a more complex individuality than the blood of mixed Latin races, and on this superimposed the practical unromantic conditions of a modern bustling mercenary civilization such as America presents. Perhaps it is these very conflicting conditions in the life of Mr. Luis Mora that have evolved the unusual quality of his art, an art essentially Spanish in subject and feeling and wholly modern and American in expression.

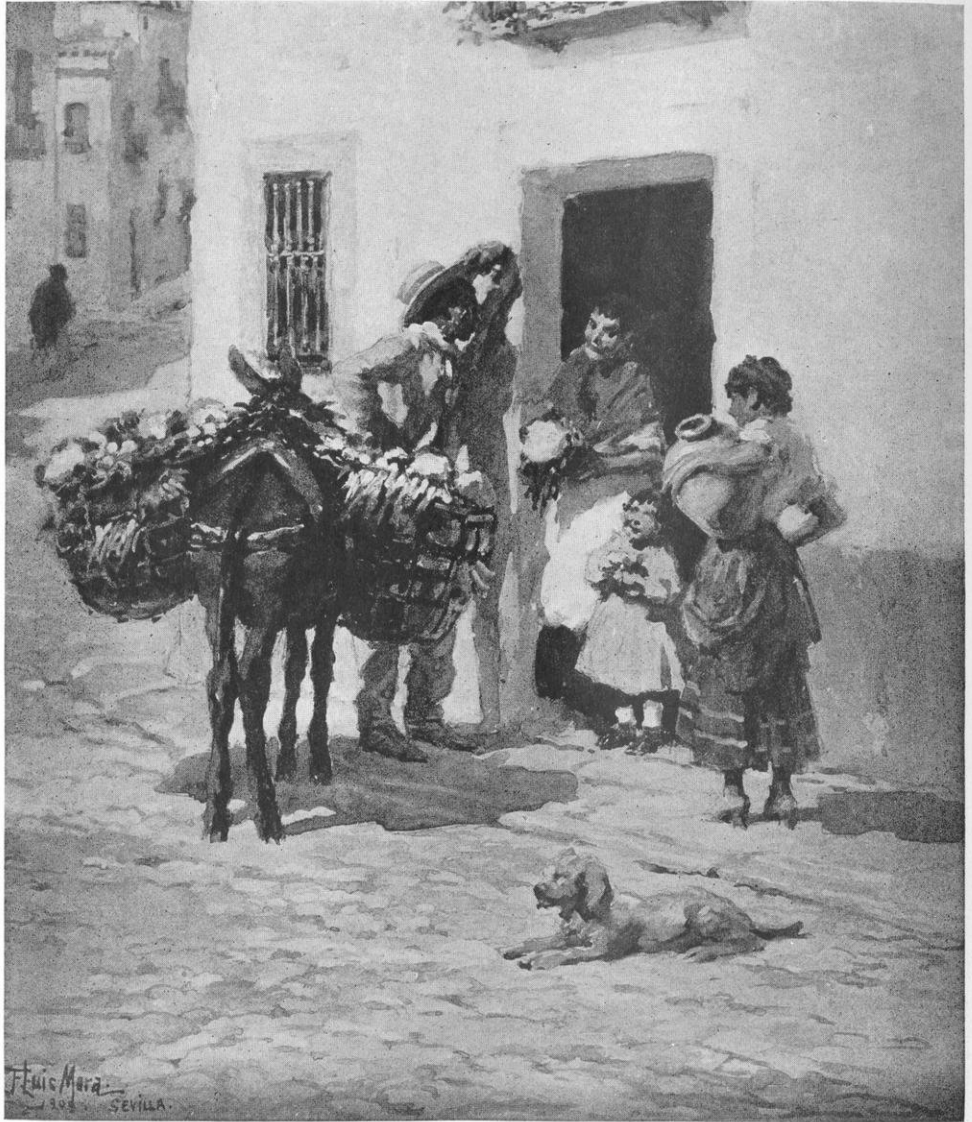
One feels that he is at one and the same time an observer of the Spanish life and a dweller therein, that his interest in the people as a type is wholly impersonal, and yet that on the other hand in his painting he is awakening within himself a latent potentiality for the carefree vagabondage of that land of the sun,—that as an artist he is in a way discovering himself in his models.

In Mr. Mora's earlier work,—which means only a few years back, for he is still a young man,—one feels most strongly his interest in the dramatic episode, of which Spanish life, ancient and modern, is but a consecutive presentation. The land itself, with the interwoven interest of history and picturesque landscape, does not appear in these paintings, except possibly as a necessary background, reserved and subdued, an involuntary right setting rather than a conscious presentation of something significant. It was the people, their personality, their brilliancy, that first counted with him, and his eager mind divined (or that inner sense of the artist interpreted) everywhere an insistent underlying racial motif, which he presented not so much into groups of people typical of the country, as in exciting episodes expressing the individual. Thus, his pictures were not so much character studies, as a presentation of situations which under given circumstances character may develop. He was seeking everywhere the mainsprings of human action under the control of tradition.

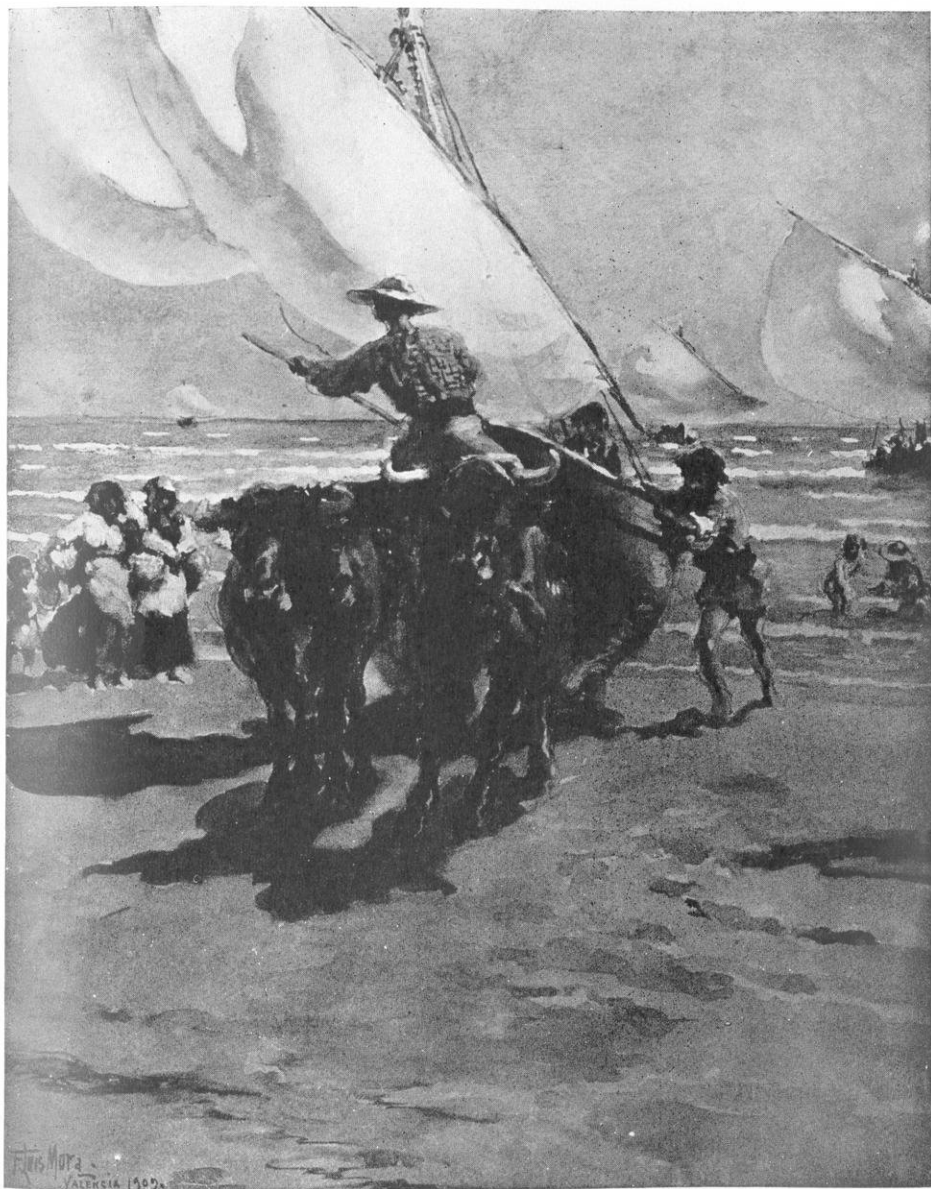
As one recalls the various stages of Mr. Mora's growth in his paintings, one feels that his interest in his art has been very normal. First of all came that vivid need of understanding people, the profound interest in the individual; then followed a desire for the expression of the immediate surroundings of these people, that is, presenting all of life, rather than a phase of it, and later he seemed



"CATETOS, SEVILLA": FROM A
WATER COLOR BY LUIS MORA.



"HUSTLING BUSINESS, SEVILLA": FROM
A WATER COLOR BY LUIS MORA.



"HAULING BOATS, VALENCIA": FROM
A WATER COLOR BY LUIS MORA.



"A SPANISH GYPSY":
LUIS MORA, PAINTER.

PAINTINGS OF SPANISH LIFE

to feel that possibly the environment itself told the story. And how would it well be possible to look into the old Spanish gardens which Mr. Mora has painted without a haunting memory of the people who have lived and loved and suffered there? They are gardens full of expression. They are intimate and friendly and possessing the lure that the emotional individual could not resist, and they have existed for centuries. How wide the response to this lure has been the atmosphere of the sun-drenched garden tells you as Mr. Mora paints it. In his later water-color sketches, too, one feels more essentially all of Spain, not the individual episode. His pictures show the way the life is lived there, the joy of outdoor existence, the intense interest in every opportunity which life holds, whether it is bargaining at the street corner under a wonderful old Moorish arch, whether it is watching a fountain in the garden of Alhambra or whether it is the joy of the blaze of color in the deep pool in the court of the Generalife, from which one looks out through Moorish arches over the old Spanish city. Spain is a dramatic nation in its inner personal life and in its wider political history. It exists from day to day emotionally and so it is not necessary, as perhaps Mr. Mora feels today, and as he did not feel ten years ago, to dwell so much upon the picturesque incident; for every phase of life, whether on the shore of Valencia, where the boats are being hauled up in splendid lines and masses of color, or whether in the face of the single woman of the desert there is felt and expressed that actuality of life which is intense and dramatic and unreasoning.

One canvas in oils, which, as I remember, is just called "The Gypsy Woman," is a half-length figure. There is no background, there are no pictorial accessories of any sort,—just a brown-faced woman looking straight out of the canvas at you. She has not been dressed for her picture, but the instinct of her race has helped her to just the right vivid tones which would enhance the immense and terrible tragedy of her face. You feel that she and her people have lived on desert stretches for generations, that she has looked over immeasurable spaces, that she has lived through immeasurable sadness, and yet there is no suggestion of a plea for pity in the fine indomitable beauty of this woman. In fact, the stretch of life about her has been so great, so wide, so terrible, perhaps, but so lacking in petty detail, that she gazes upon one almost with the look of a prophet or a poet whom life may surround but not encompass. You feel that she would not understand the ordinary conversation of life, she would only be able to speak of fundamental things,—of birth and life and death, the great joys and the great sorrows. You see the deserts back of her; they have made her a wanderer, without comfort for

PAINTINGS OF SPANISH LIFE

her children. It seems much to have painted such a woman as embodying her whole race—greater than the most vivid vitalized incident which more swiftly and picturesquely tells a story.

The quality of Mr. Mora's paintings of gardens is a thing one returns to again and again in memory, as one likes to see them over and over again in his studio. There is a very interesting handling of color in them, whether they are misty white in the haze of early morning, dew drenched, or whether the sun of the afternoon is slanting over them through open arches and gateways. There is always water in them from fountain or pool, and a light that seems to strike to the ground and then rise in a secondary reflection which diffuses the whole picture, as one feels light only in a tropical country. In these gardens there is Spain's past magnificence; there is sumptuous nature and a stirring sense of the voluptuous joy of both. The women are slow-moving and graceful, the children joyous, and behind all the radiance of these fine silent gardens hovers the shadow of a tragic, barbaric nation.

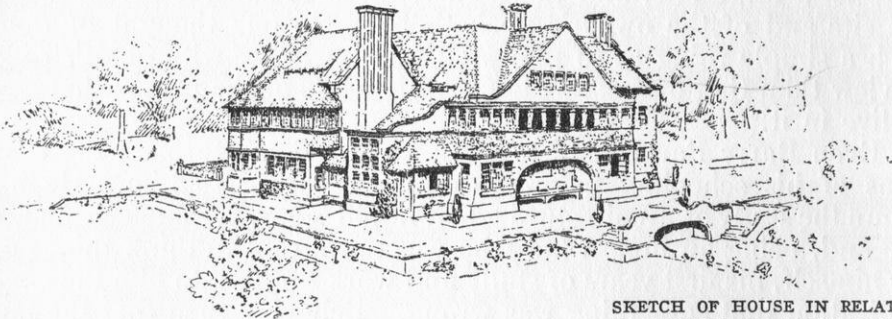
Of course, to the person more definitely interested in the human quality of life, it is a question whether in sacrificing his interest in episodic painting, in the showing of the pulsing passion of men and women, which Mr. Mora so vividly betrayed in his younger art, he is not paying too great a price for the wealth of beauty in his Spanish gardens. Will the world read in his wider interest in life as much that holds it and thrills it as in the former portrayal of the definite personal quality? And on the other hand, will the artist perhaps read more? After all, it is for each man to paint as he feels life holds the greatest truth for him. His interest must be most vital where he feels his vision of truth greatest, and so he must respond to his own inspiration with unqualified joy, and the world must follow him and gain from his expression the utmost that it is capable of receiving. In no other way may a man's art really progress, and it is only in such progress that his art may remain vital.

BARRY PARKER: AN ARCHITECT WHO DESIGNS HOUSES AS A WHOLE, AND ACCORDING TO NEED RATHER THAN PRECEDENT



THE names of Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin are so closely associated in our minds that it is as difficult to separate them from one another in our consideration of their work as it would be to separate them from the strong impulse that now exists in England to bring about the building of more beautiful, commodious and comfortable houses for people of moderate means,

as well as the planning and laying out of entire towns and suburbs made up of such houses, placed so that each may have its full allowance of air and sunshine and its outlook over spaces of green and through trees to pleasant distances, instead of the usual city prospect



SKETCH OF HOUSE IN RELATION TO GARDEN: BY BARRY PARKER.

of a paved street in front and a cramped and dreary backyard in the rear. We told something of their influence and achievement in the preceding number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, for no account of the development of garden cities and villages in England could be written without giving some idea of the work that is being done by these two men. Believing that the principles they have laid down for town planning and house planning are equally important in suggestive value to our own workers, we are in this number devoting separate articles to town planning, which is Mr. Unwin's speciality, and to house planning, which Mr. Parker has made his life work.

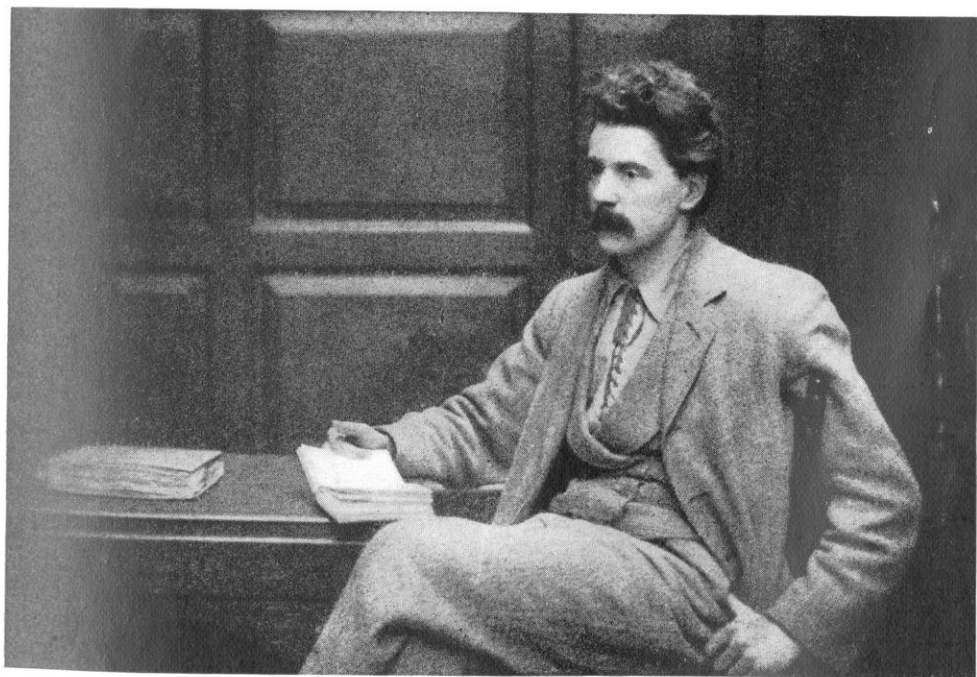
In connection with Barry Parker this phrase has more significance than it would have if applied to the average architect. Some years ago he wrote: "Architecture is rightly called a profession only when the architect advises his client what is best, and brings the whole weight of his knowledge and experience to persuade him from anything foolish, or in bad taste. When he produces to order some

THE WORK OF BARRY PARKER

plan of which he cannot approve, he is merely a merchant of plans." The writing of this was merely stating in succinct form a truth that everyone acknowledges. The secret of Barry Parker's power as a designer and his influence over the architecture of his own times lies in the fact that he has never failed to practice what he preaches.

When "The Art of Building a Home,"—a collection of essays and designs by both Mr. Parker and Mr. Unwin,—was published in nineteen hundred and one, it attracted a good deal of attention because it stated in clear and simple language other truths that everybody knew and admitted,—when they came to think of them. The trouble was that no one had seemed to think of them, or, if they were thought of, the pressure of convention and tradition was too strong to allow them to be put into practice. Architects planned houses after this or that traditional style, and when a small and inexpensive dwelling was required it was designed on much the same lines as a large one, and the plan reduced to suit the dimensions of the site and of the owner's pocketbook. No one thought of doing such a simple thing as to plan and build a house with no other idea in view than that of meeting the requirements of the people that were to live in it.

Even Barry Parker had to work his way back through the traditions of his schooling before this idea occurred to him. He had begun the study of architecture when he left school at nineteen years of age and, being an honest lad who was not afraid to think things out for himself, his first years of study and work brought to him the vague realization that something was wrong. Believing then that the fault lay in the crowding of heterogeneous elements into the building and furnishing of a house, he felt that the solution of the problem of modern domestic architecture might be found if the architect were empowered to direct the building, decorating and furnishing of the house he had planned, and to extend his influence down to the designing of the smallest details. He felt very strongly that even if an architect who happened also to be an artist and a conscientious craftsman should put all his skill, enthusiasm and inspiration into a design for a given house, his work would to a large extent be nullified by the discordant elements introduced by the furnisher, decorator, upholsterer and garden designer, all of whom must be called in to complete the establishment. Therefore, he evolved from his own experience the conviction that a house must be thought out as a whole; that the architect, if he is to do his best work in designing it, must be empowered to modify his plan in such a way as to adapt it to a scheme of furnishing and decoration which he must have had in mind from the beginning; and also that he must have power to



THE HOME OF BARRY PARKER IN
THE GARDEN CITY AT LETCHWORTH.
BARRY PARKER, THE ENGLISH ARCHITECT
WHO IS ALSO A CRAFTSMAN.



FRONT OF LIVING ROOM IN BARRY PARKER'S HOUSE,
SHOWING HALL AND ENTRANCE DOOR.

BACK OF SAME ROOM, SHOWING FIRESIDE NOOK
AND STAIRCASE.

THE WORK OF BARRY PARKER

complete this design by being given the supervision of the actual decorating and furnishing, so that it shall form an integral part of his conception of the house as a whole.

Feeling that this power would revolutionize the attitude of the architect toward his work, because it would bring about an understanding between architect and client that could not fail to establish a new and better basis for working, Mr. Parker had sufficiently the courage of his convictions to set about preparing himself to assume such power when the time should be ripe for him to do so. The education and experience he had already acquired were sufficient to show him that if an architect were to undertake to do good creative work in the designing of houses which should be his own idea from the first laying out of the floor plans to the last detail of decoration and furnishing, his training must be much broader and more complete than is usually considered necessary. In order to gain such thorough training for himself, he spent several years studying with men engaged in the different branches of design. One entire year was devoted to work among draughtsmen engaged exclusively in pattern designing such as is usually applied to carpets and wall papers. Other considerable terms were spent in gaining a technical knowledge of design and workmanship of different crafts and, in order to gain a solid background of general knowledge which would serve as a basis for good original work, he spent a long time in South Kensington Museum, studying closely the work of other ages and countries.

AS IS usually the case, the more he learned the more he felt his own limitations with regard to the practical side of the work in which he meant to engage, and, being determined not to remain contented with office and academic training, he spent three more years working upon buildings of one sort or another in the process of construction; acting in one instance as clerk of works and in another as a sort of pupil or assistant to the clerk of works. This gave him an opportunity to discuss and work out at first hand each problem as it arose, and to find the solution of each difficulty by working over it with the man in whose department it happened to be, whether architect, manager, foreman or one or another of the workmen. So, by patient work done with a full realization of the necessity for hard, practical experience, Mr. Parker fitted himself to cope with the problem of designing, building and decorating houses which, when finished, would be as entirely the expression of his own idea as a picture or a statue expresses the idea of painter or sculptor.

But, as often happens with a man who is growing rapidly and who has the courage to look things squarely in the face, Mr. Parker

THE WORK OF BARRY PARKER



SKETCH FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A COUNTRY HOUSE: BY BARRY PARKER.

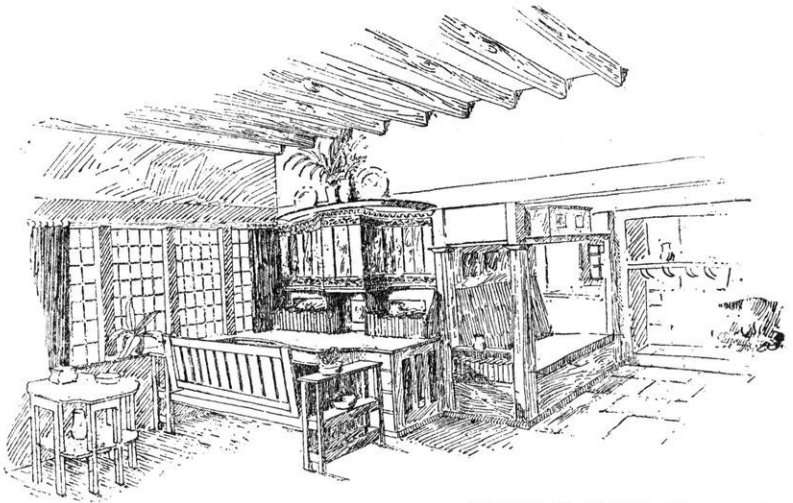
found when he had gained the equipment for the work he wanted to do that there was something lacking in the work itself; that it was not enough for an architect to create a beautiful and complete individuality in a house he might be given *carte blanche* to design. Something else was needed and that something was nothing less than a new spirit in architecture,—or rather

a reincarnation of the spirit which produced the great architecture of the times when architecture was a living art. So long as he was studying he was content to absorb and profit by the wonderful achievements of the past and to add to his sum of knowledge the lessons learned during each day's experience in actual building, but when he finally began the larger work for which he had been so long preparing, he came suddenly face to face with the need for a viewpoint entirely different from that which was prevalent, if any real vitality were to be brought into modern architecture. He saw that the chaos of precedent and prejudice encountered by every architect who undertook to design in any one of the traditional styles was to some extent passing away, but that as yet nothing had come to take its place.

Being a man who was accustomed to go straight to the root of each difficulty and to feel that for every problem there must be a solution if one could only find it, it was natural that he should hit upon the truth merely because he was honest enough to think his way back to the beginning of things. He felt that there was only one true way of going to work at the planning and building of the right kind of a house, and that was to build in the simplest and most direct way possible a house that would best fulfill the requirements of each particular case,—casting aside all fetters of precedent and tradition and trusting to direct and straightforward construction, frankly acknowledged and shown, to produce a more dignified and beautiful effect than was possible with any conventional design to which the actual arrangement, construction and functions of the building had

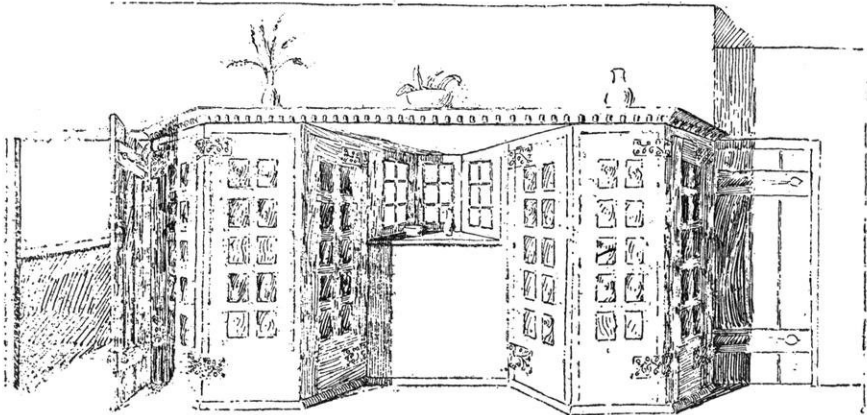
THE WORK OF BARRY PARKER

to be adapted as best they could. He came to see that the duty of the honest and conscientious architect was to take in imagination the building which he was asked to design, strip it of every feature with which it



SKETCH OF CORNER OF LIVING ROOM: BY BARRY PARKER.

could dispense and yet fulfill all requirements, then allow the replacement of only such of these features as could undoubtedly claim a right to exist because of their real use and meaning. This meaning might be strictly utilitarian or it might be the expression of pure intrinsic beauty, but it must be one or the other, because no decorative feature could claim a right to exist on any other grounds. Working along these lines he soon came to realize that whenever anything was given a form other than that which its simplest and most direct method of construction dictated, it suffered and was degraded also in design, for the essence and life of design lay in finding that form for anything which would, with the maximum of



SKETCH FOR WALL TREATMENT: BY BARRY PARKER.

THE WORK OF BARRY PARKER

convenience and beauty, be fitted for the functions it had to perform, and adapted to the special circumstances in which it must be placed.

ONCE possessed with this conviction there was no longer any question as to the character and scope of Barry Parker's work, or the rapidity of its growth. The principles that use and fitness alone must rule the planning and construction of all buildings, and that each building must be designed as a whole and that design carried out consistently down to the last detail of furnishing, are the main-springs of action in all his work and furnish the reason for the vitality and charm of everything he does. As to his actual method of working, the little pen sketches which illustrate this article give a better idea than could be given by any description. These sketches are all of one house and are meant to supplement the formal floor plans, elevations and details which serve to guide the builders. The sketches shown here are merely the working out of the architect's ideas of structural features and furnishing, and serve not only to define the relation of each part to the whole, but to make the entire design as clear to the owner of the house as it is to the architect himself. In fact, it is Mr. Parker's custom to seek the coöperation of the owner in every possible way, for by these means only can he gain the necessary information as to the tastes, needs and requirements of the family, for upon this he must base his design for the house. Bit by bit each detail is gone over with the owner, the architect modifying at times his ideas of beauty to the demands of utility, and the owner in other cases modifying his own needs for the sake of the harmony and beauty of the whole.

This is merely an example of Mr. Parker's private work, in which, of course, he is at liberty to give free rein to his fancy for gaining beautiful and unusual effects. The style of his public work we have already seen in the workmen's cottages, public buildings and detached or semi-detached houses at Letchworth and Hampstead Garden Suburb. His own house is a direct application of his idea of what a workman's dwelling should be. It is built in a delightful part of the Garden City at Letchworth, for he makes his home in the town which he has so largely helped to build, and in charm, simplicity and comfort it is an excellent example of the practicability of principles so simple and so true that the wonder is, not that they have been revived, but that they ever should have been forgotten.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We give this brief general review of Mr. Parker's ideas concerning the responsibility that lies with the architect, and also the way in which he himself meets this responsibility, to serve as an introduction to a series of articles by Mr. Parker himself which will be published in **THE CRAFTSMAN**, beginning in our next issue,—articles which will be found most suggestive both to architects and home builders.

AT HAYES-BARTON: THE BIRTHPLACE OF RALEIGH: BY EDNA BOURNE HOLMAN



THE first sound of a lamb's bleating carried us up the steep hedge to peep through at the absurdly big ears and awkward woolly legs of the little creatures. "Betimes I shall keep sheep," wrote Raleigh in London at the mercy of the Virgin Queen's whims, probably thinking of just such a February morning as this, when all the wide country was lively and busy with the frisking lambs. He was a many-sided man, and, as our historian Bancroft said, "limited in himself as many kinds of glory as were ever combined in an individual." It would take long to tell off on buttons, as children count, "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," the parts he played: some of them are "country gentleman, student, soldier, sailor, adventurer, courtier, favorite and spoilsman, colonizer, fighter, landlord, agriculturist, poet, patron of letters, state prisoner, explorer, conqueror, politician, statesman, conspirator, chemist, scholar, historian, self-seeker and martyr to patriotism." With all this comprehensive experience, he was always "a proper Devon man." He never lost his broad speech, for which Elizabeth had a liking, as well she might, considering what she owed those who spoke it. He was very fittingly employed on those days when it was his duty to dispense justice to his own countrymen from one of the wind-swept, fog-draped tors of Dartmoor. Few ever loved Raleigh but the men of Devon; that is, of his contemporaries. Posterity generally holds with Stevenson that there may have been nobler heroes than Sir Walter, but never a finer gentleman.

Even my small escort, driving an imaginary flock of sheep through the winding lanes with a bit of furze for a whip, found him attractive, and enthusiastically talked of him as a little boy tramping through the woods with his brother to the beach at Budleigh-Salterton, and learning from the sailors there about the far-away new America and about the building of toy ships and the sailing of real ones. The basis of all this was the famous painting by Millais, a really admirable starting-point for forming an acquaintance with Sir Walter, considering that the painter has suggested in the boy's face those dreams of the new world which became the passion of his life. Others sailed to America for gold; Raleigh, though he loved money, worked unceasingly and spent fortunes to found settlements there which should in time be of use to England; for instance, sending at least five expeditions just in search of the Roanoke colonists whom it turned out Powhatan had murdered. Those were the heroic days when men were "as near to heaven by sea as by land," when plundering Spanish ships was a sacred duty. Raleigh saw that the best way to curtail

THE BIRTHPLACE OF RALEIGH

Spain's power was to build up an English domain beyond the western ocean. Through his far-seeing patriotism it happened that we English-speaking people dominate the western hemisphere.

TO US Americans, as we knocked on the iron-studded, four-foot oak door at Hayes-Barton, it was interesting to reflect that the threads of our history were entangled with those of this secluded farmhouse. It was not imposing. The Raleighs, when they occupied it, were saving money. When the young Walter was spreading his cloak in the mud, and scribbling on the window-pane, "Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall," it will be remembered, he had his fortune to make. But his first home looked exceedingly substantial and friendly, and its thatched roof and gables, casement windows, and gray "cob" walls suited the landscape as if designed for the purpose. Inside the neat, round-topped wall, a wattled pen, which one of Shakespeare's shepherds might have made, protected a lamb and its mother. A brook told of small pinnacles and caravels which the lads of long ago must have launched in it.

The wife of the master-farmer who lives in the house now had lately been dealt with by her rector to the point of consenting to admit visitors. Accordingly we had tea in the large, low-studded room with the lambskin rugs, where the Raleighs entertained their friends. It still looks the part, although the huge fireplace has been boarded up, and partitions have been erected through the middle of the building to make a hallway. Everything is well-preserved, and few changes have been made. Some of the windows are new, as they were closed once because of the execrable window tax, and then reopened. In many places monster beams show. No two treads of the stairs were the same width. Although the farmer's wife had another belief, the room where Sir Walter was born probably looks from the front of the left wing, on the ground floor, out upon the woods. The small square room over the projecting central porch she assured us was Sir Walter's smoking room. 'Twas here, she said, that the servant threw water over him under the impression that he was afire. Our hostess took much pleasure in picturing the scene, and we forbore to endanger her business of "serving teas" by reminding her that Sir Walter left this house while still a small boy.

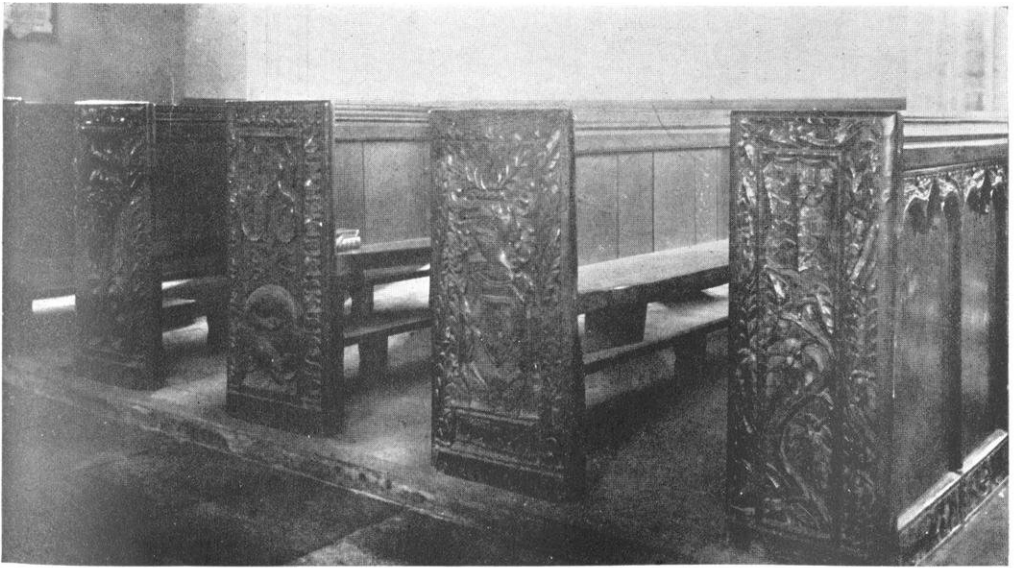
OUR hostess's greatest treasure was the original letter, recently discovered, in which Sir Walter, in the days of his mingled triumph and disappointment, tried to buy the old farm. Small wonder if he longed for this haven, in Durham House on the



THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF HAYES-BARTON: SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOME IN EAST BUDLEIGH, DEVON.



THE PARISH CHURCH AT EAST
BUDLEIGH, NEAR RALEIGH'S HOME.
GARDEN WALL ABOUT THE OLD
ESTATE OF HAYES-BARTON.



WINDOW IN THE ROOM IN WHICH RALEIGH WAS BORN.
CARVED PEW ENDS IN THE EAST BUDLEIGH CHURCH.



A VIEW OF HAYES-BARTON LOOKING UP
FROM THE POND: THE LINES OF THE OLD
THATCHED ROOF ARE OF SPECIAL BEAUTY.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF RALEIGH

Thames bank, which, after he had characteristically lavished vast funds on it, was twenty years later given back to its former owner. A still greater contrast to the simple farmhouse was that other strange home, the great cheerless stronghold by the busy Thames, the Tower of London. Perhaps, according to our estimates, he was not guiltless: "he was a man with a higher ideal than he attempted to follow." But the traditional English sense of justice seemed sadly crowded throughout the long story of his undoing, of his desperate attempt at suicide, of the appeals which he enclosed in apples and had thrown into the window of the fellow-prisoner who could have saved him of the strange trial in which, one present said, "Sir Walter served for a whole act and played all the parts himself," of the tragic-comic postponement of the executions which it pleased King James to arrange as he would have planned a court play.

Life in the Tower was a strange one for Raleigh and his faithful wife, and the servants, some of whom were Indians whom he had brought from Guiana. His younger son was born and grew to a sizable boy in the Tower. Raleigh had many visitors, and was permitted to stroll on the terrace, where, handsomely dressed and bejeweled as always, he attracted more sympathy among the crowds on the Tower wharf than ever in his life before. In an outhouse in the garden he had his laboratory, where he assayed the specimens of gold brought from Guiana from time to time. Year by year under his restless pen grew his *History of the World*, that deservedly admired literary monument. He became greatly respected as a chemist, almost as a wizard. To the noble Prince Henry he was a hero; their friendship might have meant liberty to Raleigh if the boy had lived.

Withal it was a cruel experience for anyone who had known the freedom of these meadows and moors near Hayes-Barton. He was like a ghost from another world when after twelve years he was released. But his boyhood dreams on the Budleigh-Salterton beach were strong within him still: his only thought was to make one more attempt, though his resources were badly shattered, to found a colony in the new world. With youthful enthusiasm he plunged into this last expedition, even before he embarked practically doomed by the bargaining between James and England's old enemy, Spain. Few sadder figures present themselves in history than the old, broken man, in the wilds of Guiana, the gold mine which was to have convinced James undiscovered, his son slain by the Spaniards, his faithful retainer, because of his upbraidings, a suicide.

Raleigh's career was full of dramatic contrasts. Not the least is that which comes to mind in the parish church at East Budleigh. It is a plain small edifice; its only treasures are the traces of the

A SONG OF CONTENT

Raleigh family in wood and stone; few travelers ever see it. Sir Walter worshiped there as a boy, in the pew which still bears the family arms. But he does not lie buried there. Many Americans visit his resting-place every year, in beautiful St. Margaret's, Westminster, near the spot on Old Palace Yard where he was "done to death by the basest king that ever sat on Britain's throne," for trying to plant a branch of the Angle-Saxon race in South America. The inscription reads:

"Should you reflect on his errors
Remember his many virtues
And that he was a mortal."

It should be supplemented by the words put into Raleigh's mouth as he stood ruined, in Guiana, by an American man of letters:

"Whether here
The manly law of England shall prevail,
Or else this tropic western hemisphere
Languish with slumb'rous Spain, is what we fought for."

A SONG OF CONTENT

ABOVE an emerald sea of sod
Blow linen sails like snow;
The floors are sanded, and the hearth
Gleams with an Altar's glow.

A wholesome smell of bread, new-baked;
The spinning-wheel's low hum;
These, with an hundred homely tasks,
Make of her day, the sum.

Yet search the whole world thro' and thro',
Her happiness to match,—
Her drowsy babe upon her breast,
His hand upon the latch!

EDITH VAUGHAN MICHAX

THE INTEREST IN CIVIC IMPROVEMENT: BY CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON



WHAT is the secret of the civic improvement hold? Why that wave of city and town improvement effort which is so conspicuously sweeping over the country? Certainly, the reform is needed. That, no doubt, is one great reason for it; but people—the masses that do not belong to the little band of faithful reformers—are not always so energetic about securing for the community, at considerable personal cost, the things the community ought to have. And civic improvement has always been a need—not less great at the beginning than now, though only in recent years has it led to energetic action. Today the movement is continent wide and has enlisted all sorts and conditions of people.

Here is the General Federation of Women's Clubs with a strongly organized civic committee. It appeals to its vast constituency for concerted effort, noting that "city-keeping is closely allied to housekeeping," and issuing to its clubs this wise injunction, "Study the needs of your municipality; then take up one phase of betterment and carry it to a finish." Here is the National Association of Real Estate Exchanges adopting as a part of its programme for the year the extension of "the improvement idea" through its many local exchanges. Here are Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade leading the movement. A recent president of the Chamber in Pittsburgh has said that a commercial organization must be broad enough to see that a city cannot be great commercially unless it be also civically great; that it should bring to civic questions the same earnestness and acumen which it brings to questions of commerce and of trade. "The employer finds that the social welfare of his men is absolutely a part of the welfare of his business." Here is the church pushing along the movement; here are the city, town and village, the ward and the street improvement clubs, the juvenile leagues. Here is Boston at one end of the country and Los Angeles at the other bringing out elaborate city-plan reports within a few weeks of each other; or, turning the other way, Winnipeg and Oklahoma City are rivaling one another in the elaborateness and beauty of new boulevards.

A writer in *THE CRAFTSMAN* a few months ago, Mr. W. L. Price, noted that mankind had "two major dreams—the Golden Age and the City Beautiful; two haunting aspirations." The one, he said, lies in the past; the other is in the future; and he thought the better of the dreams—the City Beautiful, the dream of achievement—could not be attained until it was the wish of all the people. He was right, and it would seem that the great progress of the last few years is

THE INTEREST IN CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

because the people—not the few, but the many and of all kinds—are wishing for it now. Why do they want it?

WE ARE a practical people, feverishly active for gains that we can see and only sometimes tired enough to let ourselves dream of the peace of the Golden Age that was. But the dream of achievement, the goal to which we press with effort and with sacrifice, must hold out to the popular imagination some reward more tangible than a pleasing of the senses with a vision of harmony and beauty. Pleasant as it would be to fancy that the world—the great world that goes to Coney Island, to department stores and moving picture shows—had grown artistic, we know that its taste is as crude as ever, its demands as little exacting as to art requirements.

It is not enough to say in explanation, as is so commonly said, that increased wealth and travel to Europe are responsible. The dream is not restricted to the few who are rich and traveled, the aspiration is that of the town which is small and poor, as well of the city which is mighty. In the present competition of cities, I would estimate that travel at home had done more to stir the mass of Americans than had travel abroad. As a people we do not like to be beaten by anyone, and least of all by the fellow or city whose opportunities are no better than our own. And travel between towns and cities and States, in our own country, has increased marvelously of late. We may indeed be globe trotters, but we are also continent racers. My own explanation is that the belief has grown up, rightly or wrongly, in the last few years that civic improvement is a term which comprehends so much as to be a well-nigh universal panacea.

Has one business or industrial interests? Civic improvement facilitates the transportation of merchandise by street and rail and water; it lessens wear and tear by the improvement of pavements; it broadens markets by the attraction of residents—transient and permanent; it increases the efficiency of labor, by the provision of a more wholesome environment, and the opportunities for healthful but inexpensive recreation.

Has one interest in sanitation? Pure air, pure food and pure water are among its objects; and better housing is one of its first desires. Public baths, clean pavements, clean yards are included in its propaganda, and it is one of the staunchest allies in the “white plague” fight.

Has one love for little children? The child is the special ward of the civic improvement effort. For him the playground is equipped, for him the school is made healthful, efficient, beautiful without and within; for him are the swimming holes in the parks, the skating

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ponds and toboggan slides, the ball grounds, the interplayground meets; and for the "little mother" are story-telling, sewing and singing, the swing, the flowers, and for her charges the sand-box. Civic improvement paints out the sign of "Keep Off the Grass."

Does one look back instead of forward? The worthy landmarks of the past are preserved; the historic sites are marked and the beauty of earlier architecture is revered.

Is one's interest in sociology? The playground, the park, the better housing make their appeal. The social center, the recreation house with its evening entertainments, the better factory surroundings, the folk dance, the many and various activities which are included in the growing social service of the parks, even the civic club itself in its essential democracy, all this is effort that will not be denied.

IS ONE'S interest in art and culture? Suppose it is music. There are the free band concerts in the parks. Or sculpture? There are the public statues and fountains. Or painting? There are the galleries, for which civic improvement strives, the mural decorations in the public buildings, the pictures in the schools. Or architecture? There are the monumental civic centers, the noble bridges, the encouragement of good design generally, the regulations imposed to protect it. Or is the interest in landscape art? There are the parks, the ornamental squares and open spaces, the improvement of grounds surrounding public and private buildings and the preservation of viewpoints and natural beauty.

Is one rich? To him appeal the drives, the increased splendor of environment, the great avenues. Is one poor? For him are the public gardens, the vacant lot cultivation and all that beauty and comfort and pleasure which is proffered to the citizens as a common possession.

Does one love animals? The drinking fountains on the streets, the sheep on park meadows, the birds and waterfowl, even the zoo and aviary make him a recruit.

Is one a craftsman? There are the street furnishings to interest him—name signs, light standards, trolley poles—all the fixtures of the common way.

Does one, without pretending to art, yet loving beauty and grace and fitness, feel affection for the city and town where men congregate, and desire to surround with pleasantness the lives of the people? He may enter the billboard fight, join the anti-smoke leagues, encourage the preventive work of the juvenile street-cleaning organizations, join the tree-planting societies and work to secure municipal control of the street trees and expert care for them.

THE INTEREST IN CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

Or is one simply a home-lover, declining the call of public questions? To such a one, the community appeals as his larger home, the home in which most of his waking hours are spent, the home which, far more certainly than the house in which he lives, his children will inherit. So he, too, for all his reticence, enlists under the banner of civic improvement.

WHAT wonder, then, that we find the movement absorbing all sorts and conditions of people? Considering it abstractly, we may scorn such cure-all pretensions; but we have no right to think of civic improvement abstractly. As each one of us has individual interests, so to each the civic improvement movement is an effort toward one concrete goal in particular—the bringing to pass of the definite object in which is his interest. Its appeal to masses of men is not because it will do so many things, but because in each separate case it attempts to realize one thing—the special object in which one is interested. In concentration on that one may ignore, or forget, all the other ends it strives to reach; while in the house next door one has, perhaps unconsciously, an ally, a neighbor, who also is a civic improvement champion for an entirely different reason. The fact is, the movement has come to embrace not a handful of idealists, but all persons who, according to their lights and in their own particular way, desire the physical betterment of a community. And, thank God, it is in the nature of most of us to want that!

We shall never have, we are told, the City Beautiful or a true civic art until that goal is the aim of all the people—in realization of Aristotle's ideal of the city as a place where men live a common life for a noble end. But may we not dare to hope that there is approach toward that ideal—"the noble end," civic betterment, "the common life," the life of the citizens of all sorts concerned in the realization of various phases of the general "noble end?" When this great idea is finely rendered, we shall have a great example of municipal art—a real City Beautiful. It will be beautiful in all its parts, in the sense that a machine is beautiful when perfectly adapted to its functions, as well as lovely to the artist's eye. That is the promise of the widening wave of civic improvement interest. However commonplace and practical may be the motives that severally lead men to take up the effort, the hope lies in the multitudes that are, in diverse but worthy aspiration, enlisting beneath its banner. The artists may now be few, but great artists are created by the great motives of a nation, and given the motive and given the people, civic art is sure to be born.

MARIE

O H, why is your merry laugh, Marie,
Made strange by an under sound?
It haunts my heart like the memory
Of a face I have never found.
*'Tis maybe you hear the crying drear
Of my baby underground.*

Why flows the golden wine, Marie,
So freely for your sake?
Can you drink of its joy so feverishly
With never an after-ache?
*'Tis my thirst from the tears I have drunk long years
No cup can ever slake.*

And why do you dance and sing, Marie,
Till the call of the wakening lark,
Till the morning star nods drowsily
And is only a smoldering spark?
*I'm the lamp at the head of his lonely bed,
For I know he fears the dark.*

And why when the laughter is gay, Marie,
And the midnight minutes fly,
Do you clutch your breast all suddenly
With a gasp and a startled cry?
*'Tis the biting drouth of his cold, small mouth,
That will hurt me till I die.*

ELSA BARKER.



A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE THAT SHOWS THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW IDEA

HOWEVER well founded may be a given theory of house planning, there is nothing like practical experience in building to show both its excellences and its defects. And if the designer be wise, every house that he builds adds to his stock of knowledge regarding the thousand and one details that go to make up the atmosphere of comfort and livableness that so essentially belongs to the right kind of a home.

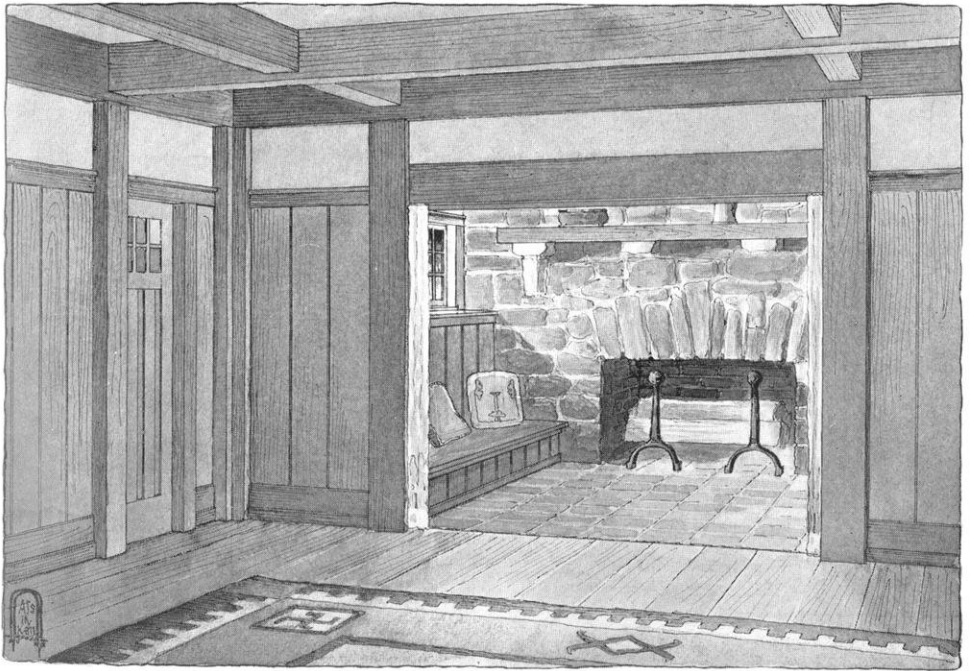
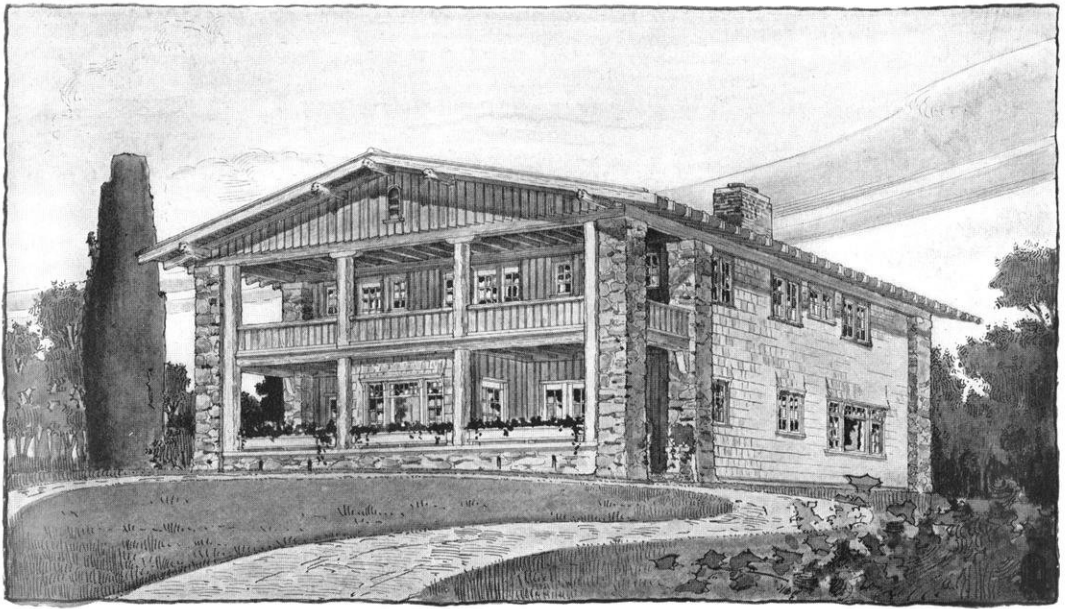
We had designed many Craftsman houses before we began actually to build them. These earlier plans carried our ideas into effect so far as we could tell on paper, but the plans themselves were given into the hands of local architects and builders, and in nearly all cases modified to suit the tastes and requirements of the owner, so that the experience gained through building them was not ours.

About a year ago, however, we began ourselves to superintend the building of certain Craftsman houses, and since then we have been able to put out what we regard as better plans than were ever achieved through purely theoretical work. And of these plans the one illustrated here seems to us to be, from all points of view, the best we have yet done.

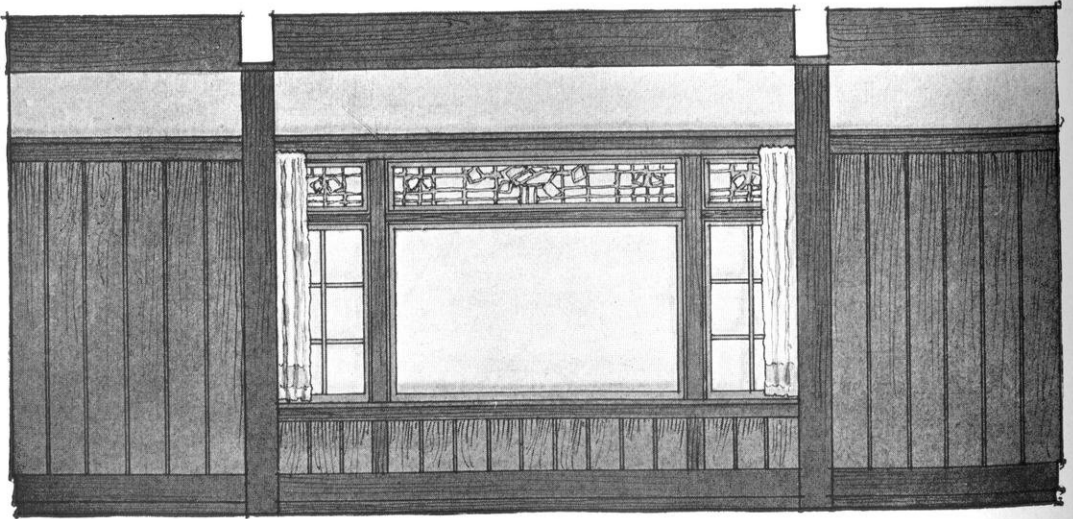
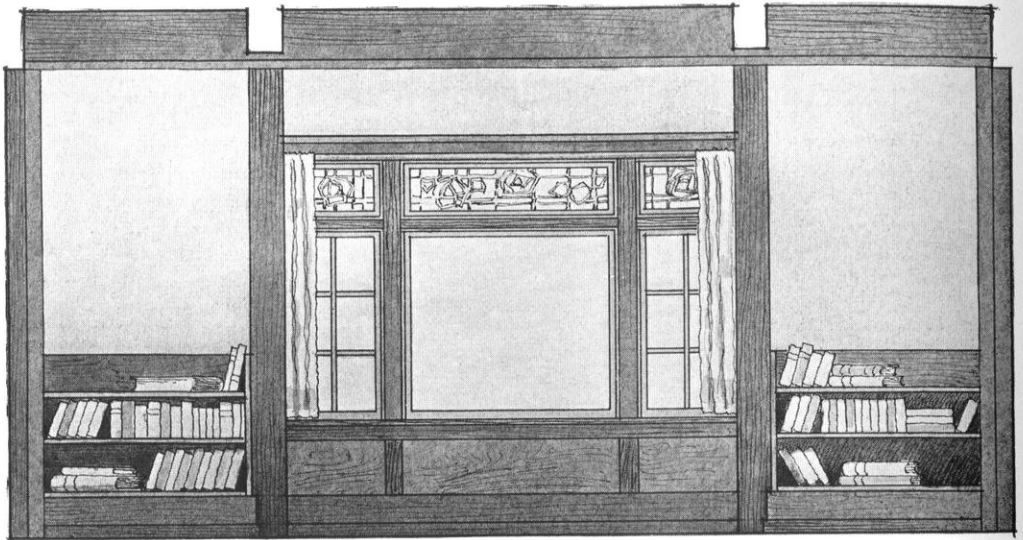
It goes without saying that this house is intended for the country or for some place where its surroundings will give it ample room, and where if possible it can stand on the top of a hill. Although it retains and improves upon the well-known

characteristics of the Craftsman house, such as the free and open arrangement of the interior, the care bestowed on everything that tends to make housework easier, and the typical Craftsman ideas of woodwork, decoration, furnishing and the use of color, it differs somewhat in exterior appearance; its straight lines, generous proportions, broad, low-pitched roof and deeply-recessed porches giving it almost a Greek look, although it shows none of the features of the traditional Greek architecture.

While the house, of course, can easily be adapted and modified to suit widely differing surroundings and all the varied individualities that go to make up the sum of the requirements of family life, we will describe it here just as it is being built on a wooded hillside in the mountainous part of New Jersey. As field stone and timber abound in this part of the country, the cost of building this special house has been greatly reduced by the fact that a large part of the material has been taken from the estate in the natural course of clearing the ground for use. All the timber used for the rafters and for the wooden pillars in front of the house, as well as for every part of the exterior woodwork where a rustic effect is desirable, has been obtained from chestnut trees that had to be cut down in any case because they were growing too thickly. In the same way the split field stone used for the foundation, the square pillars at the corners and the fire-



A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW IDEA.
CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM LOOKING INTO THE STONE FIREPLACE NOOK.



DETAIL OF WINDOW IN LIVING ROOM, SHOWING
ITS ADJUSTMENT TO THE BEAMS AND UPRIGHTS.
DETAIL OF WINDOW IN DINING ROOM, SHOWING
RELATION TO WAINSCOTING.

A NEW IDEA IN CRAFTSMAN ARCHITECTURE

place nook at the back, has been gathered from ground that needed clearing for cultivation, so that not only has it been convenient and economical to obtain a great deal of the material for this house from the ground upon which it stands, but the fact that such material has been extensively used gives to the building great individual charm and relates it very closely to the landscape.

The remainder of the wood used on the exterior is cypress. The sides of the house are covered with rived cypress shingles, and the walls, the balustrade of the upper veranda and the shallow gable that in its proportions shows so much the effect of a Greek pediment, are made of wide cypress boards, V-jointed and put together with broad dovetails where it is necessary to join the ends. The logs used for pillars and rafters are peeled, hewn to shape and then stained back to the color of the bark. In the case of the pillars the logs are hewn on four sides and the corners left with the irregular "wane" that retains something of the look of the growing tree. The rafters are also peeled and stained, but they are hewn only on top, leaving the under part in the natural round of the tree. One bit of pure decoration belongs so essentially to this kind of a house that the effect would seem lifeless and mechanical without it, that is the carving of the large purlins that support the wide roof where it overhangs the gables. The end of each one of these massive hewn timbers is carved in a rough impressionistic way into the rude semblance of an animal head. It is the kind of decoration that suggests itself and is so spontaneous and inevitable, used in this way, that it is hard to think of the house without it.

Where the windows are exposed to the weather the tops are protected by shallow hoods that spring out from the shingled walls and are a part of them, but most of the windows are sheltered either by the broad roof or by the porch. The roof itself is interesting because it shows what can be done by making the best of materials and conditions. The first thought

naturally would be a roof of either tiles, slates or shingles, as being best suited to this kind of a house, but the roof is much too low-pitched to permit the use of either slates or shingles, and in this case tiles would be too expensive. So, as the character of the house imperatively demands this kind of roof and no other, it was necessary to find for it some kind of roofing that would be both durable and interesting. We finally selected a waterproof and fireproof material called ruberoid, dull moss green in color. As this comes in long strips like carpeting, we stretched it over the roof from ridge pole to eaves, dividing the strips by the rafters which were allowed to project beyond the edge. Strips of board of the same width as these rafters were placed between and the roofing wound around these strips and fastened carefully on the under side, giving the effect of a heavy roll instead of a flat, sharp edge. On the top, thin saplings, flattened on the under side, are nailed over each rafter, breaking up the plain surface of the roof and giving a most interesting effect. The ridge pole is simply a timber treated in the same way as the saplings, that is, it is shaped on the side next to the roof and the rest of it is left in the natural round. All the construction is left exposed so far as is possible and is made to serve as decoration.

The arrangement of the interior will be best understood by a careful study of the floor plans. As will be noted, the long front veranda is divided into two smaller porches by building the entry out to the line of the pillars. A glass door opens from the living room upon each one of these porches, and the entry also has a glass door on either side. In summer time all these doors will stand open for the greater part of the time, and in winter both porches will be glassed in and used as sun rooms.

The entry, with its broad opening into the living room, seems almost like a recess in the larger room. The whole front of it is occupied by a group of windows and the window seat, from which one may look

A NEW IDEA IN CRAFTSMAN ARCHITECTURE

directly across the living room into the woods, through the big window on the staircase landing just below the level of the second floor.

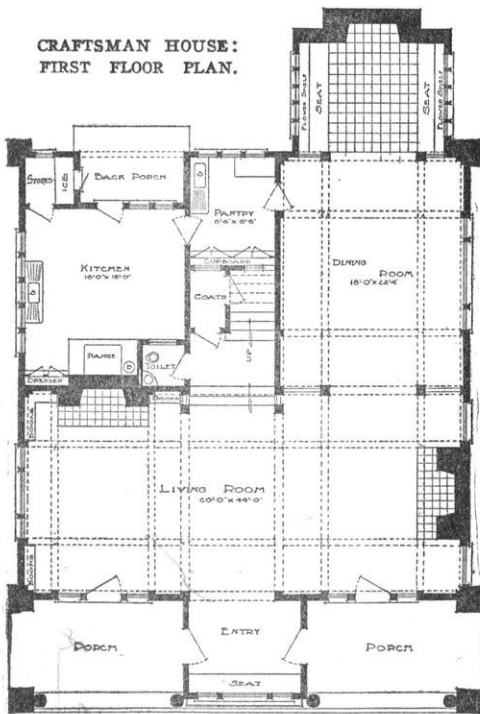
The entire arrangement of the lower floor gives this same sense of freedom, spaciousness and close relationship with outdoors. The living room and dining room, which are really one room, occupy the greater part of the house, and this big open space is made cheery and homelike by three ample fireplaces, all of which may be seen from the entrance. One of these fireplaces, at the left of the plan, stands close to the group of windows flanked by bookshelves, which we show in the detail drawing. Another is at the opposite end of the room, more than forty feet away, and the third takes up the entire end wall of the stone fireplace nook at the back of the house. This little stone addition, although really a part of the dining room, may be turned into a com-

fortable den by the mere drawing of a curtain. The nature of its construction is shown in the illustration. All the walls are of field stone and the fireplace is made a part of the end wall, which shows the stone clear to the ceiling. At the sides, the two high-backed seats come to the level of the window sills, and the grouped casement windows above take up the greater part of the wall space, so that there is not a preponderance of the rough stone. The floor is covered with Welsh quarries, which are also used to floor the two lower porches in the front of the house, the kitchen and the back porch.

All the woodwork on the lower floor is of plain-sawn oak, fumed and finished in the well-known Craftsman way, so that it takes on a clear luminous tone of brown in which there is just a suggestion of a greenish tone, while the silvery shimmer over the surface of oak planed by hand and finished in this way gives a shadowy grayness that is like an over-tone upon the brown. The arrangement of the ceiling beams is shown by the dotted lines seen in the floor plans, and also by the illustration which shows the stone fireplace at the back of the dining room. It will be noted that these beams are so placed that they are evidently the actual construction exposed and made decorative, and that this structural effect is carried out by the placing of the uprights which frame the windows, doors and other openings. All these uprights are put where they will support the beam that runs around the angle of the ceiling, just at the points where it is entered by the overhead beams. The illustration to which we have just referred gives an excellent idea of this construction, and it is further shown by the detail drawings of the windows in the living room and dining room, where the openings indicated in the corner beam, just above each of the uprights, show the introduction of the ceiling beams.

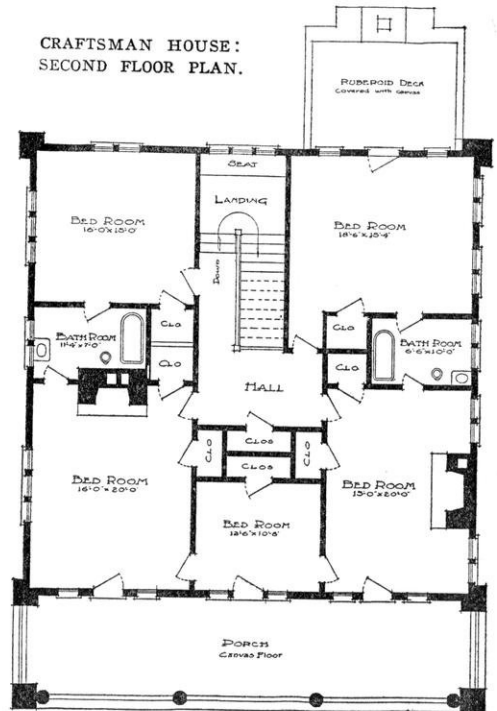
The construction of these windows is a thing worthy of careful study, because we have achieved in this case nothing less than the entire banishment of the window

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE:
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



A NEW IDEA IN CRAFTSMAN ARCHITECTURE

frame, which is essentially an artificial feature, tacked on to the outside of a wall and giving the window the effect of being a hole cut in the wall instead of a part of the construction of the house. These windows are made in groups of three, with a large square of plain plate glass in the middle, affording an absolutely unobstructed view. At either side are casement windows, and overhead are panels of leaded glass stained with reference to the light to be admitted. On the shady side of the house this glass shows a preponderance of brilliant sunshiny yellow, with accents of color that stand out like jewels, and on the sunny side the general color is more subdued, the yellow being shaded with a tone of greenish brown that softens the light so that it has about the same quality as that admitted by the brighter window. In the case of the dining room window the frame at the top is merely a continuation of the plate rail that caps the high wainscoting; the jambs are fitted directly into the uprights at either side, and the sill is the same as the top. The care to preserve a purely structural effect will be noted in the wooden framing that separates the different divisions of the window itself. In each case the lines of these inner uprights are carried to strips below to the level of the baseboard. As the beams project four inches beyond the surface of the wall, the curtain poles are sunk straight into the sides of them, doing away with the necessity for brackets or fixtures of any kind, and allowing the poles to be placed at a sufficient distance from the windows to let the curtains hang free. As the house is built, long low radiators stand directly in front of both these windows, and the wainscoting is brought out to form a sort of box that conceals the radiator, which stands close against the wall. This gives the effect of a very wide window sill at the top, but otherwise the presence of the radiator is hardly to be detected except for the fact that an open space, three or four inches in depth, is left at the bottom of the baseboard to provide for the circulation of air, and that the window sill is



practically an open screen. The walls in the dining room are wainscoted all around to the height of the frieze, but in the living room the whole wall surface left uncovered by the woodwork is plastered.

The upper part of the house is divided into five bedrooms, a central hall, two bath rooms and an ample number of closets. The front porch, which has a canvas floor and is sheltered by the solid parapet of wood, is intended for a sleeping porch and may either be left open or glassed in for the winter. The three front bedrooms open upon it and there is sufficient room for a long row of cot beds, upon which the entire family will probably sleep during the greater part of the year. A second porch that may be used either as an outdoor sleeping room or living room, is the deck at the back formed by the roof of the stone fireplace nook. This has a flat floor of ruberoid covered with canvas and is sheltered by the stone parapet.

TWO TYPICAL CALIFORNIA HOUSES, SHOWING VIGOR AND ORIGINALITY IN PLAN AND CONSTRUCTION: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

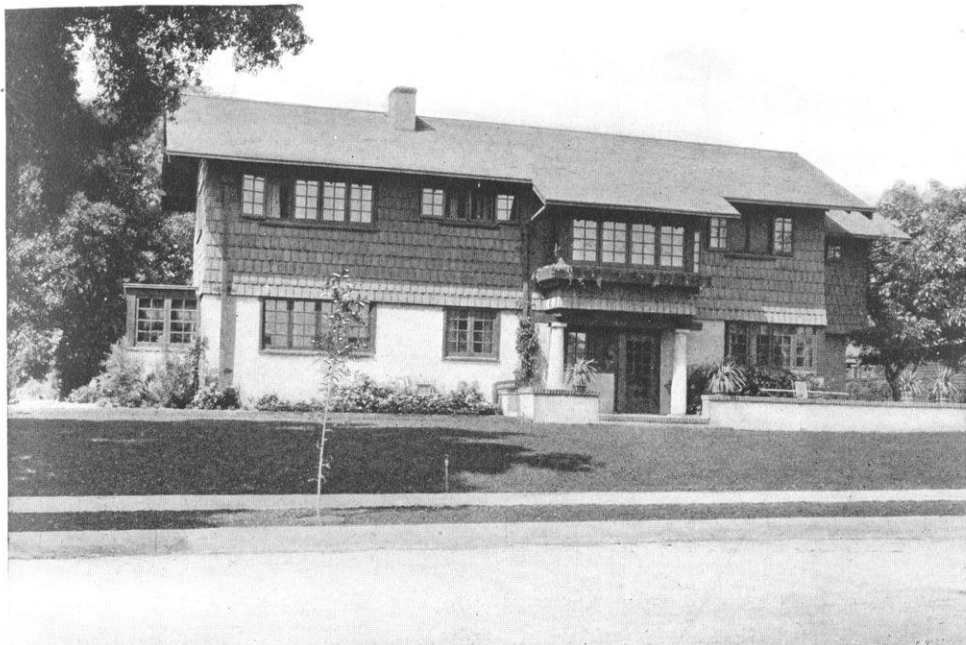
WE have often commented upon the sincere and vigorous spirit that, during the past six or eight years, has marked the building of dwellings in California. It unquestionably partakes of the strength and straightforwardness that characterize Western life, and even now it is an expression of these qualities so fearless and truthful that it bids fair to dominate the architecture of the whole country.

Chiefly owing to the mildness of the climate, which for nine months out of the year is almost unbroken sunshine, these California houses are built with direct reference to outdoor life. In fact, so much time is spent out-of-doors that the house seems in the nature of a sheltered inner court, a place for the family to gather for the sake of privacy and a certain intimate sense of home comfort, rather than an actual necessity. Therefore, almost unconsciously, the interiors of the houses are designed in such a way that the change from the outer freedom shall not be too abrupt. The rooms are pleasantly shaded, low ceilinged and spacious, the arrangement so open that there is no sense of being shut away into separate compartments, and the use of natural wood for interior woodwork and for much of the furniture completes the feeling of quiet harmony and unpretentious comfort that means nearly all the charm of home.

Both houses illustrated here are typical California dwellings. The first was designed by Mr. Timothy Walsh and was built in Pasadena for Mr. E. N. Wright. To anyone who knows California, the very name of Pasadena is one to conjure with, for the mere sound of it brings up a vision of the beautiful wide valley, green, tree-clothed and brilliant with flowers, that stretches itself luxuriously between the heights just outside of Los Angeles and the Sierra Madre Mountains beyond. No house in Pasadena is cramped for room,

for a Californian's garden is so much a part of his home that he would as soon think of being without walls or roof as without his lawn, trees and great clumps of semi-tropical growths.

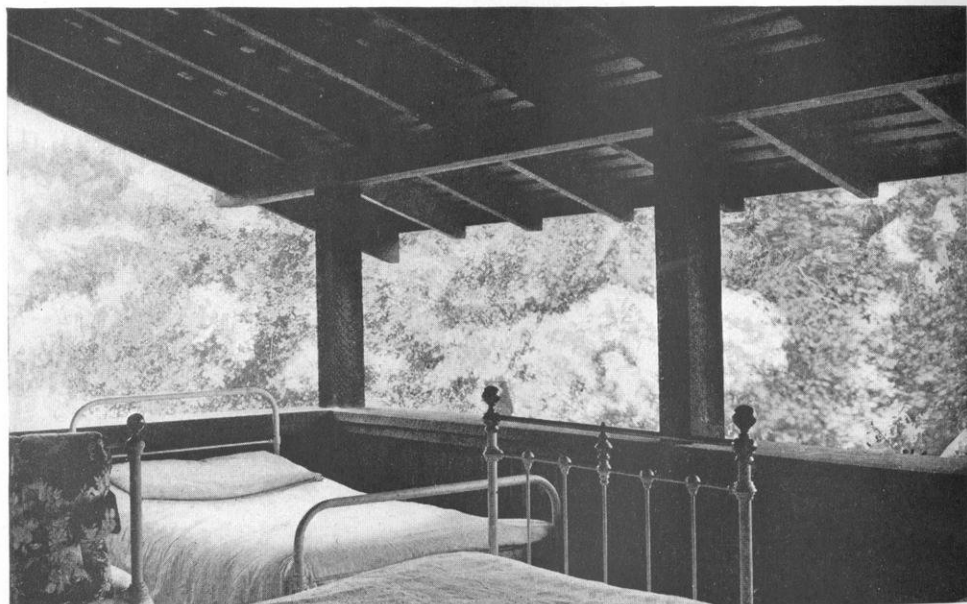
Therefore, it is but natural that this house should be built upon a large lot, giving plenty of room for the garden, which is shaded by magnificent live oaks. That there may be plenty of room in the rear, the house is built close to the street and placed so that all the trees,—with the exception of one standing in the curbing,—are in the rear, where their beauty and shape may be enjoyed in comparative seclusion. From the sleeping porches one may look out into the branches of these great trees, and the living porch is partially shaded by them, while the open greensward under the trees affords a glorious playground for the children. The large living porch is in the rear so that it can be used by the family with as much freedom from the public gaze as could be found within the house itself. In front a broad brick-paved terrace, sheltered by cement parapets, leads to the entrance, and this entrance, by the way, is one of the most dignified and symmetrical examples of construction that we have seen. On either side of the glass entrance doors is a massive cement pillar, across the top of which is laid the heavy square beam which affords support for the rafters that hold the glassed-in balcony above. The straightforward way in which the weight-carrying qualities of both pillars and beams are emphasized, and the extension of the roof to shelter the balcony, combine to make this a well-nigh perfect example of the decorative use of construction. The lower story of the house, the walls of the terrace and the pillars are built of gray cement with a pebbledash finish. No foundation is visible, the cement coming flush with the ground. A relieving note of color is given by the red brick coping of the terrace wall, and the same idea is repeated in the



Timothy Walsh, Architect
See Page 436

HOUSE OWNED BY E. N. WRIGHT, PASADENA,
CAL.

ENTRANCE TO MR. WRIGHT'S HOUSE, SHOW-
ING INTERESTING USE OF WOOD AND CONCRETE.



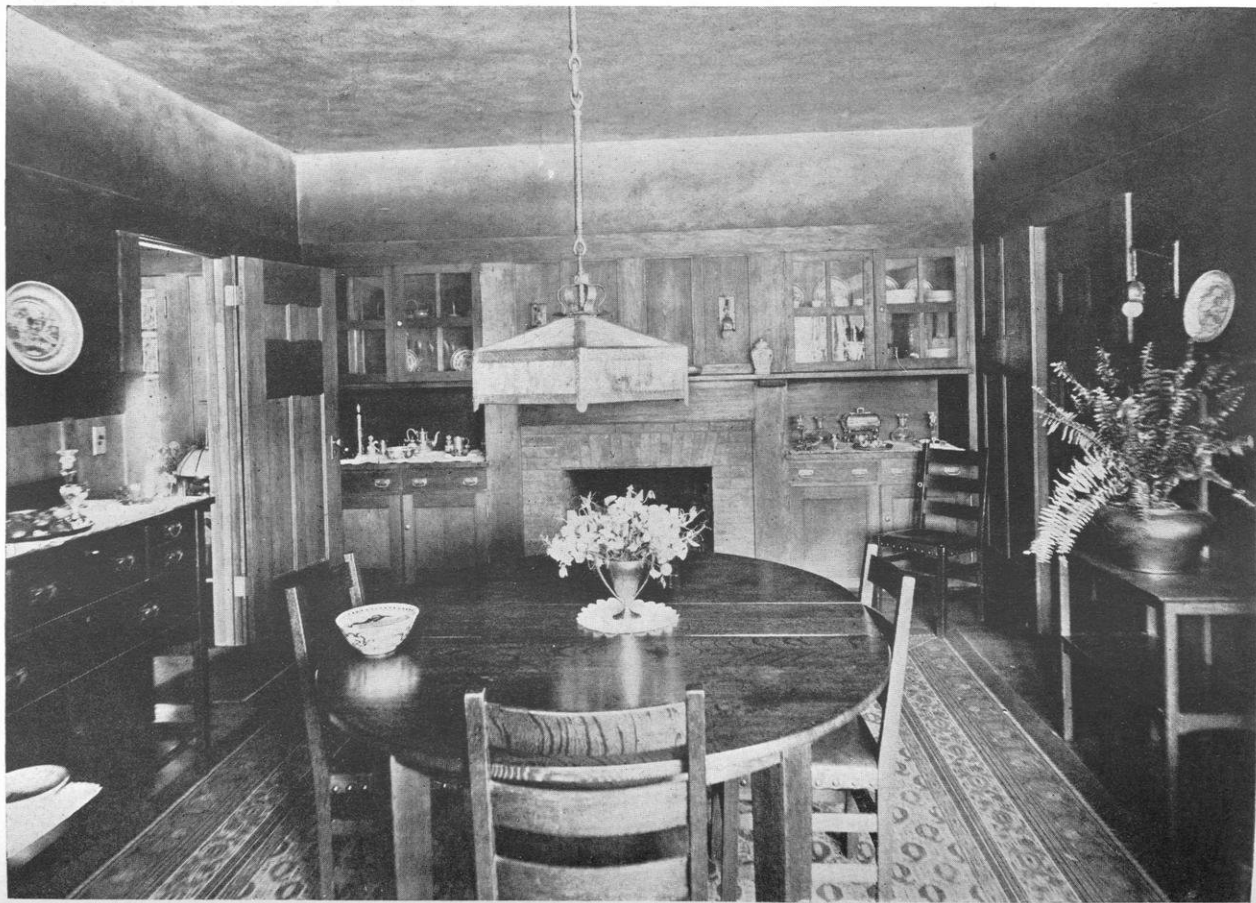
See Page 436

LOOKING ALONG THE TERRACE AT
THE FRONT OF MR. WRIGHT'S HOUSE.
OUTDOOR SLEEPING ROOM ON THE
UPPER PORCH.



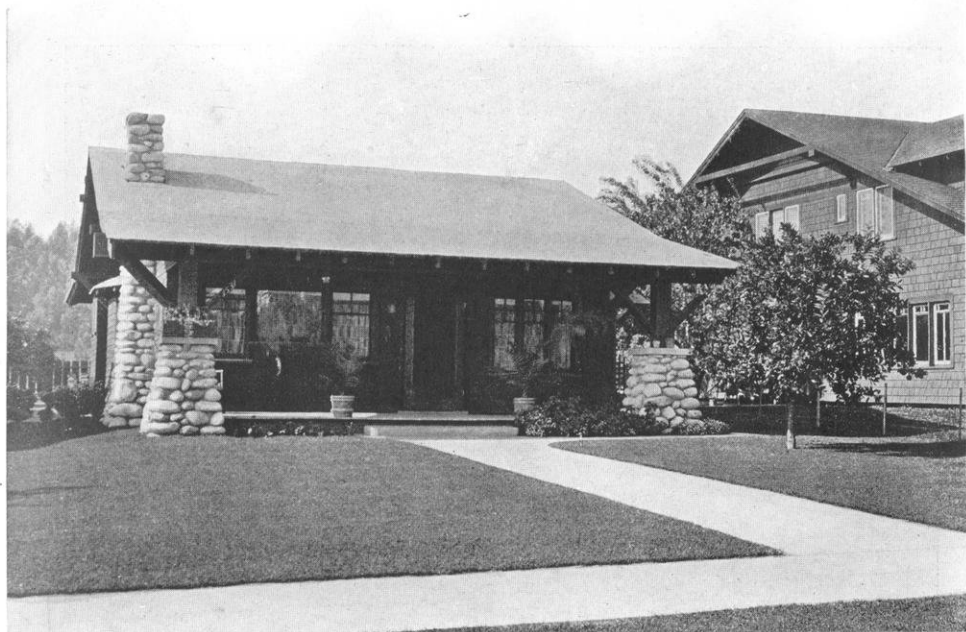
*From Photograph by Earnest Clearwater
See Page 436*

LIVING ROOM IN MR. WRIGHT'S HOUSE, WITH
GLIMPSE OF DINING ROOM THROUGH HALL.



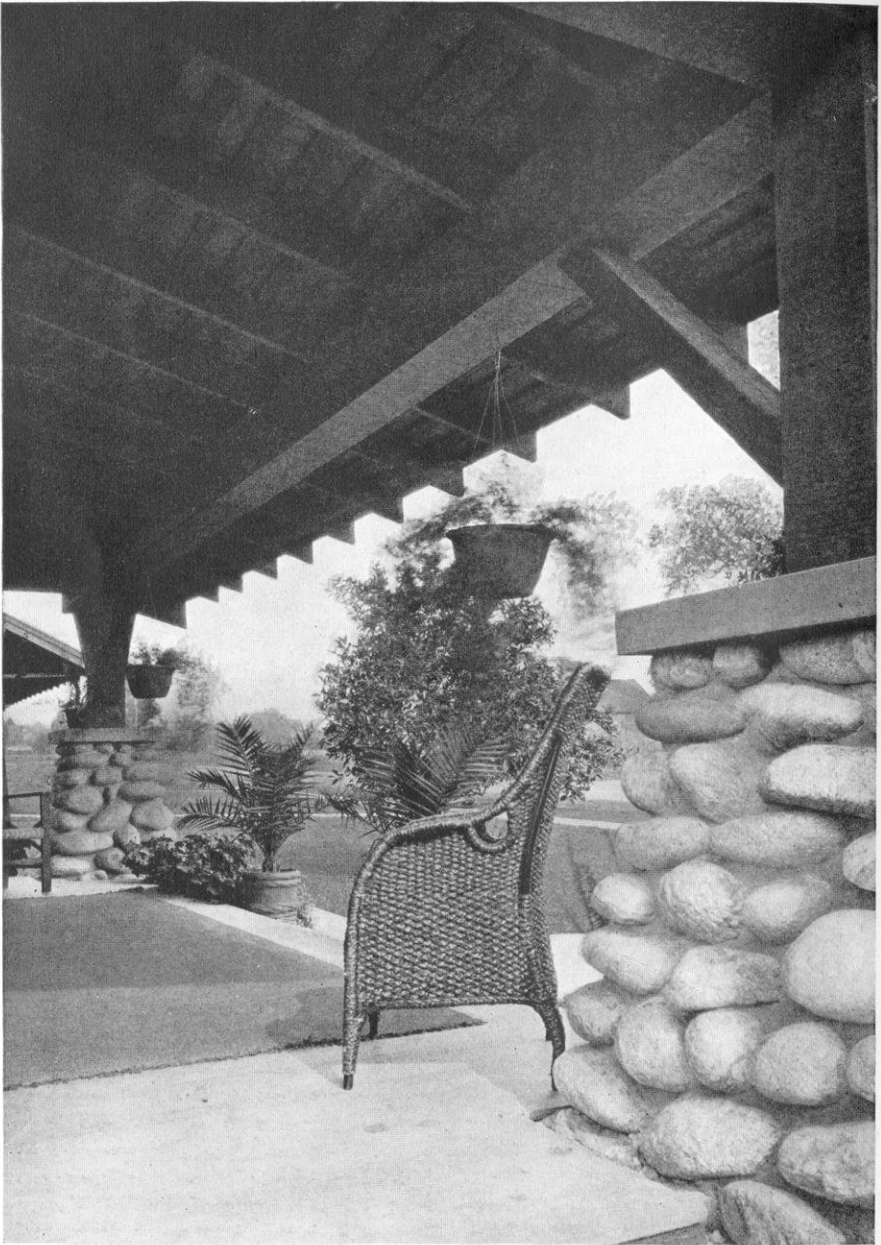
See Page 436

DINING ROOM IN MR. WRIGHT'S HOUSE, MOST SIMPLY AND EFFECTIVELY FINISHED IN WOOD.



G. Lawrence Stimson, Architect
See Page 443

WOOD AND STONE BUNGALOW OWNED BY MRS.
H. W. MASAC, PASADENA, CAL.; COSTING \$2,250.
LIVING ROOM IN MRS. MASAC'S BUNGALOW.



See Page 443

LOOKING ACROSS THE FRONT PORCH OF MRS. MASAC'S BUNGALOW: THE METHOD OF USING WOOD AND FIELD STONE CONVEY A SENSE OF DIGNITY AND STRENGTH.

TWO TYPICAL CALIFORNIA HOUSES

chimneys. This touch of red is the more needed because the upper part of the house walls is covered with rough weathered redwood shingles, which have sufficient color in themselves to demand a touch of color below.

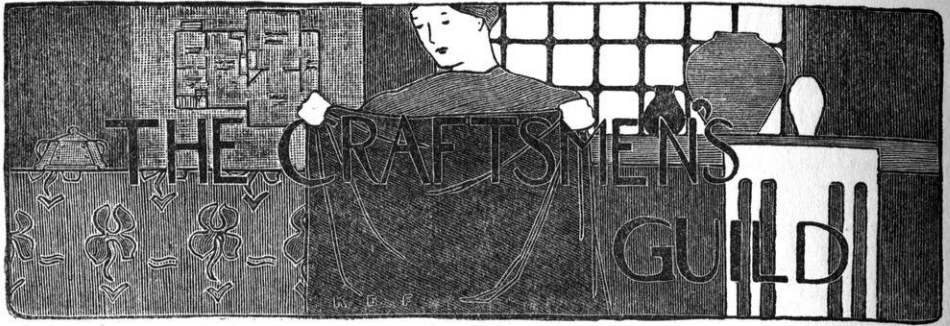
The interior of the house is all done in natural wood color and brown. All the woodwork is of cedar, the floors are of oak stained brown, and the plastered walls are oil tinted to a luminous shade of golden brown. The color scheme is based upon these tones and is carefully carried out in the furnishings and draperies.

The second house is a charming bungalow designed by Mr. G. Lawrence Stimson and owned by Mrs. H. W. Masac of South Pasadena. Its environment is of the same general character as that of Mr. Wright's house, and, although very different in character, it is quite as well suited to life in California. This bungalow is built on a fifty-foot city lot and faces the east. The exterior walls are sheathed with six-inch rustic clapboards painted moss green, and the shingled roof is painted silvery white, so that the color of the house is admirably in keeping with the faint grayish-white tints of the water-worn cobblestones which are used for the large chimney and the pillars that support the corner posts of the wide porch. These cobblestones are built up with admirable effect, the outward spread toward the ground giving a beautiful line as well as a satisfying look of strength and stability. Another good structural feature is seen in the big brackets that support the wide roof where it extends over the porch. A short, thick post rests upon the cement coping on top of each pillar, and the brackets on either side spring from these posts only a little above the level of the coping, affording a very strong support for the heavy square beam upon which the rafters rest. At the front of the house the roof line is unbroken, but at the back are two roof projections, sheltering the wide window seats in the living room and dining room.

Although the bungalow looks small, it

contains five large rooms with a hall, bath, screen porch, linen closet and plenty of clothes closets. The front door opens directly into the living room, which is of ample size and charmingly arranged. At one end is a ten-foot box window seat and at the other is the fireplace with its mantel of rough-hewn granite. The mantel shelf is merely a thick slab of Oregon pine, which is used for all the woodwork in the house. The ceiling of the living room is very interesting as it follows the roof line, and the box beams are reminiscent of old English rafters. The walls, to the height of a high wainscoting, are divided into panels by four-inch strips of pine, carefully selected for the beauty of its markings. All the woodwork is stained brown, and the plastered walls and ceiling are soft yellow.

The picture of the living room shows the opening into the dining room, which is merely the suggestion of a partition, the only barrier being the bookcases and the posts on either side of the space. The dining room floor is higher than that of the living room, an arrangement that is always delightful, and the dining room ceiling is a square dome supported by beams that extend upward from the four corners. The walls are paneled to the height of four feet and finished by a frieze of red plaster. All the woodwork in this room is stained a dull black, but any somberness is avoided by the rich color of the walls. Like the living room, the dining room has a ten-foot window seat, and at the west end of the room is a beautiful built-in buffet. The furnishings of this bungalow are full of color, which also is entirely in keeping with the coloring of California. Ample provision for outdoor life is found in the broad veranda, which is furnished for use as an outdoor living room, and there is plenty of space both in the front and the back for grass, trees and flowers. It is a bungalow pure and simple, but like most California houses of this description, it is built for a permanent home instead of a summer camp as is so often the case in the East.



HONITON AND THE REVIVAL OF LACEMAKING IN DEVON: BY KATHARINE LORD

ONE of the most intelligent and normal of the revivals of hand work in recent years has taken place in Honiton and the surrounding towns in Devon, England. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, lace was very generally used by the gentry and nobility, and the Lollards, fleeing to this corner of Devon from persecution in the Netherlands, found ready purchasers for the fairy product of their toil. For over four hundred years the making of this particular lace was one of the most profitable industries of the countryside.

Even a hundred years ago, it is said that as many as three thousand women and children in this district were making the lace, which has made the name of Honiton known the world over; but gradually the industry declined, until it was all but dead. Only the older women kept up their lace-making; the product got poorer and poorer, the designs deteriorating as they copied patterns from cheap wall papers or any machine-made lace that came to hand. At this crucial time the interest of the late Queen in preserving the arts of her country led to the encouragement of the older workers and eventually to the teaching of the younger generation.

A visit to the Devonshire lace district shows one, side by side, the older order of lacemaker, with pure tradition and inbred skill; the decadent and slipshod worker, who cannot "form" and whose ill-proportioned and shapeless sprigs are put to-

gether by the commercial quack and sold as "Honiton," and the young women who are doing really artistic work under the inspiration of the revival.

Some forty years ago, in Honiton a young married woman of education found herself suddenly thrown upon her own resources. As a girl she had learned to make lace for pleasure; now in this rapidly dying industry she saw a means of support, and seeking out the older lace workers, rescued some of the better designs, gradually built up a business which has had the success it deserves, and also has been of great importance in preserving this beautiful art. When Mrs. Fowler started her business, she met at first with many discouragements. The older workers were dying out, the younger women were not learning the art. The newly invented machines were turning out lace in great quantities and at prices that had become a serious menace to the hand-made article. The use of machine-made net for the appliqué form of the lace had become almost universal. Indeed, there seemed to be no one left who could make bobbin net.

Finally, by diligent inquiry in the country, one old woman was found, aged and feeble, who could make the net. But she could not teach anyone else, and at times seemed almost to have forgotten the process herself. After repeated attempts, Mrs. Fowler induced her to come in a carriage to town, and by encouraging her and watching every move, the art was finally

IT WAS IN THE QUAIN OLD HOUSES OF THE VILLAGE OF BEER THAT QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION DRESS WAS MADE, AND IT IS THE MEMORY OF THIS HONOR WHICH MAKES THE GRANDCHILDREN OF THE OLD LACE WORKERS SPEAK OF THEM WITH LOVING PRIDE AS APART FROM OTHER WOMEN.



THIS SHOWS A LACE MAKER'S SHOP IN ONE OF THE NARROW STREETS OF THE OLD ENGLISH TOWN OF SEATON, WHERE THE MAKING OF BEAUTIFUL LACE HAS BEEN ONE OF THE INDUSTRIES FOR OVER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS, AND WHERE LESS THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENTS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE.

IN ALMOST EVERY TINY HOUSE OF THE VILLAGE OF AXMOUTH ARE LACE WORKERS, AND MUCH OF THE LACE IS MADE OUT IN THE LITTLE GARDENS WHERE THE VEGETABLES ARE GROWN AND THE FLOWERS ARE CULTIVATED. AXMOUTH IS ONE OF THE OLD VILLAGES WHICH HAS NOT FORGOTTEN ITS TRADITIONS OF LACE-MAKING, AND WHICH HAS PRODUCED SOME FAMOUS PIECES OF OLD HONITON.



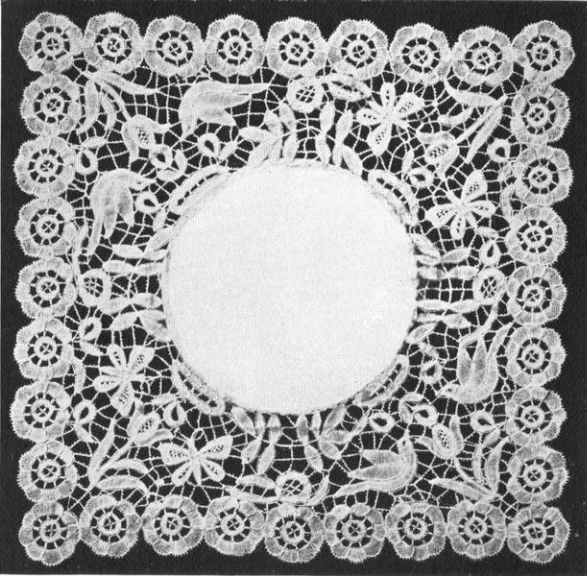


ONE OF THE MANY PICTURESQUE CORNERS OF THE OLD TOWN OF BEER, WHERE SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PILLOW LACE IS MADE.

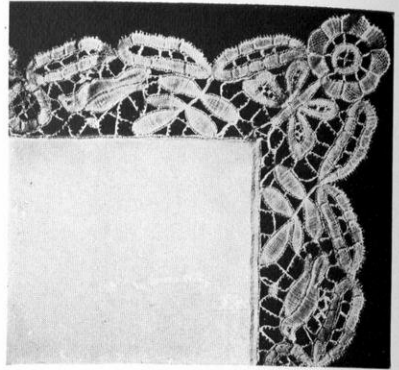


A VILLAGE STREET IN BRANSCOMBE, WHERE LACE-
MAKING IS ONE OF THE ESSENTIAL INDUSTRIES.
ANOTHER VIEW OF BEER, SHOWING THE PICTURESQUE
QUALITY OF THE TOWN, WITH ITS PLASTER COTTAGES
PROTECTED BY OLD THATCHED ROOFS.

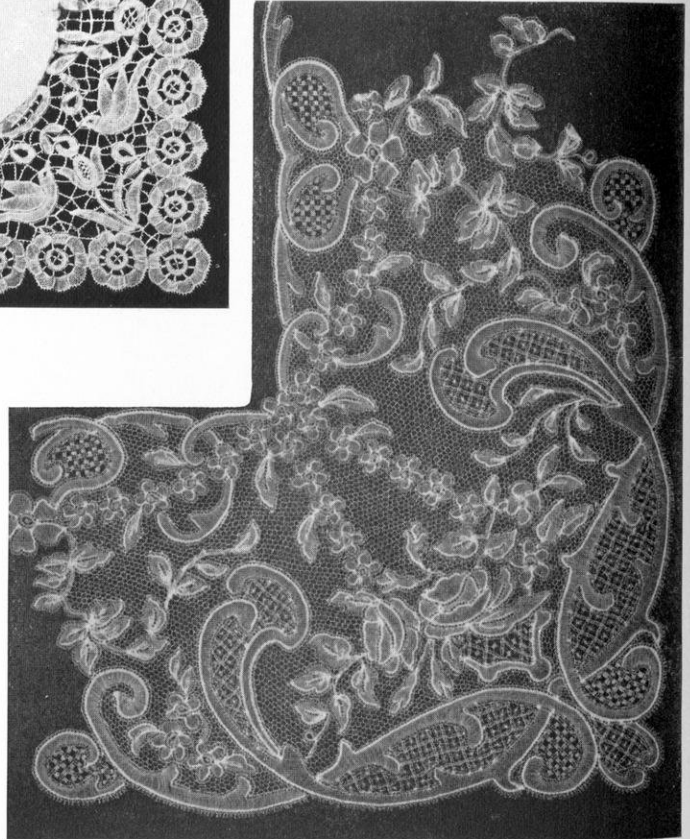
THIS GROUP OF PICTURES SHOWS SOMETHING OF WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED IN THE REVIVAL OF LACE WORK WHICH HAS TAKEN PLACE IN RECENT YEARS IN HONITON AND THE SURROUNDING TOWNS IN DEVON, ENGLAND. THROUGHOUT THIS DISTRICT ARE FOUND TODAY LITTLE GROUPS OF WOMEN WORKING WITH INTELLIGENCE AND ENTHUSIASM.



ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE OF THE SCHOOLS FOR THE REVIVAL OF LACEMAKING IS AT SHALDON, TEIGNMOUTH. THE LACE IN THIS GROUP OF PICTURES WAS MADE AT THIS SCHOOL AND IS AN EXCEEDINGLY GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE MOST SIMPLE OF THE MODERN WORK, THOUGH, OF COURSE, NOT SO FINE AS THE OLD PILLOW LACE OF THIS NAME.



THE MAKING OF MODERN HONITON LACE CAN BE LEARNED BY AN AMATEUR WITH VERY LITTLE PRACTICE, AND IS PROFITABLE BECAUSE IT CAN BE DONE WITH SO MUCH RAPIDITY AND WITHOUT GREAT FATIGUE.



A REVIVAL OF LACEMAKING

caught and taught to the others in the workroom. Six days later the old soul died!

It is only six years since the Devon County Council decided to give its influence to the revival of lacemaking, but already there are being held under the council ten daily and weekly classes for girls and children. In one case at least—at Beer—the teacher in the school is an elderly woman, one of the earlier generation of lacemakers. The classes are held in the school buildings or the guild houses connected with churches and are attended by the farmers' daughters and village women. A sojourn in the towns of Honiton or Beer makes one feel the human element inherent in the old crafts, and as one gets acquainted with the workers, one realizes the significance in their lives of the kind of work they are doing.

One of Mrs. Fowler's best workers at the present time is a woman of seventy, who has worked at the lace since she was eight years old. "I can't get about to work in the house, so I sits at it pretty much all day," is her simple explanation of an unceasing labor that would seem drudgery to many a younger woman.

Turning from the main street into a narrow winding lane, edged by dull pink and yellow plaster cottages, one comes to the open door of Mrs. Roderigo's cottage. A tiny garden is in front,—a few square feet crowded with old-fashioned blooms. Through the open door one sees a huge dresser or wall cabinet containing all the family china. On the other side of the room are the oven and open grate, in which a fire is burning cheerfully. At the window sits the old woman, her "pill" on a chair in front of her,—covered carefully with white cloths at sides and top, the pattern covered again with slips of transparent isinglass, and only the smallest possible space exposed. The bobbins are few even for an elaborate pattern, compared with the almost numberless bobbins of the Italian lacemaker, and are curiously carved and colored,—some with beads of colored wax on their ends to distinguish them

from their fellows. The thread is of the finest, looking like a mere cobweb, but it rarely breaks under the light "fingering" of the old woman, whose hands fly, tossing the bobbins to and fro in seemingly careless fashion, each swift movement contributing to the perfecting of a beautiful bit,—a flower, a leaf, or the gauzy wing of an insect or a butterfly. Mrs. Roderigo's comments on the degeneracy of the modern young person were amusing in the extreme. Asked if her granddaughter made lace,—"No, her would never learn," she said. "'Rather the washtub than the lace pins, Granny,' she said, 'rather the scrubbing brush and flannel than the pill.'"

The bobbins are not to the Devonshire woman mere meaningless tools, but have come to be associated with every phase of life of the workers. Lovers carved bobbins for their sweethearts with hearts, initials and even rhymes. A present of a ringed bobbin inscribed: "The ring is round and hath no end, so is my love for you, my friend," constituted almost a declaration. Some of the rhymes refer rather to the giver than to the lacemaker, and the girl who used a bobbin with the rhyme: "May God protect the sailor still from rocks and sands and every ill," was sure to have a sailor lover. Many old bobbins are to be seen carved with fishes, mermaids and other symbols of the sea.

One very fine example of the carver's art has on it ten ships and thirty-three fishes. One pious old soul at Branscombe uses a set of bobbins decorated with the sentences of the Lord's Prayer. The way the bobbins are almost always associated in some way with the heart history of the workers was shown by an old lacemaker at Axmouth. Being asked to sell her set of bobbins or exchange them for new and finer ones,—

"Oh, no, ma'am," she almost gasped in her astonishment at the suggestion. "I could not sell them. Why, no one knows how they comforted me in my sorrow." Years ago her little child had died, and for days and weeks her pillow stood untouched. She seemed in a state of apathy

A REVIVAL OF LACEMAKING

and could not be roused, until someone suggested that she make in lace a memorial card. In this labor of love she poured forth her grief, working the name and date, a picture of the little coffin, with the child standing beside it, the little shoes woven of its own golden hair. Grotesque in idea and crude in drawing as it was, it vividly explained the priceless nature of the bobbins with which the poor mother had woven it.

Though Honiton, because it is the market town, has given its name to the lace, most of it is made in the surrounding villages. Beer, Branscombe, Axmouth, all have their cottage lacemakers, and most of the villages have at least one collector or middleman, who buys the sprigs and either puts them together or sells them in turn to another dealer. The thatched cottages, their walls of white or faded pink plaster, stand just far enough from the street to allow the planting of a creeper or perhaps a single rose-bush. Through the street at one side runs its sewer, neatly curbed and flushed frequently from the quaint pump at the top of the street. On both sides are narrow courts and cobbled alleys, with sharp turnings and unexpected steps, while here and there a narrow space gives a glimpse of a garden or a tiny cottage tucked behind its larger neighbor. In such a one lives the old woman who teaches lacemaking in some of the schools, one of the few left who were alive at the time of Queen Victoria's coronation and wedding. For it was at Beer that Queen Victoria's coronation dress was made, and the memory of this honor still makes the old women of Beer wear their rue with a difference.

"Her worked on the Queen's dress," they will say, "but her's too old to see much now." And the grandchildren exhibit her with a loving pride as one apart from the common.

Honiton lace in its purest form is entirely a bobbin lace, made in very fine thread. There is one peculiarity of its making that differentiates it from most of the other bobbin laces. The figures, or

sprigs as they are called locally, are made separately, then basted on to a "shape" and joined with "brides" or fillings made also with the bobbins. In a later form the sprigs were applied to net, at first hand wrought, then machine made. A still later form uses a needle-point filling, but in all forms the sprigs are made first and usually put together by a different worker. It has always been the custom for the lacemakers to make the "sprigs" in their own homes and bring them to the shop, where only a few of the workers were employed at the joining. The rank and file of the workers would know only two or three patterns and do these throughout a lifetime.

This peculiarity of method, while it helped on the decadence in the design of the lace when it once started, because the putting together was often left to people of no artistic sense, was also a strong factor in the possibility of revival. In England the art of lacemaking died out more completely than in any Continental country, because there were no convents to keep alive the hand industries during that period when the machine product for a time almost crowded out hand work of any sort. The cottage workers began to prick over their own patterns, using inferior paper and doing the work carelessly and inaccurately until all beauty of line or proportion was lost. In many cases they essayed to make new patterns "from nature," and we find snails, cat's paws, frying pans, shells, bullock's hearts in unprejudiced combination with roses sprouting from ivy leaves and sunflowers, flanked by turkey tails, with perhaps a cock robin sitting amid the general confusion. But this very method of combination made it easy for the revivers of the lace to separate the wheat from the chaff and rescue many of the beautiful old figures.

The lace made during this period of degeneracy was called "rag" lace, the name given by the workers themselves, and it was distinguished by slipshod work as well as poor design. The work was done with as few bobbins as possible, the bars were loosely plaited, worked without pins or

A REVIVAL OF LACEMAKING

pearls and the fastening off of each pair of bobbins was dispensed with, the whole bunch being twisted and tied loosely and cut off. These loose ends, of course, worked out with the least wear and the lace was useless.

There are two kinds of industry carried on in this revival, the philanthropic, managed mostly by ladies of the county families in their own districts, and one or two of more businesslike character, these, too, in the hands of women, but women whose professional training has especially fitted them to put the industry on a business footing. One of the most unique of the revival schools is at Shaldon, Teignmouth. In October, 1904, this school was started with a capital of £1, the proceeds of a lace show.

And thus all through this district are found these little groups, working with intelligence and enthusiasm to make possible again in their countryside the healthful and gentle labor of the hands, which seems the natural activity of the wives and daughters of the tillers of the soil, and of those who "go down to the sea in ships."

The making of Honiton lace can be learned by the amateur, and after a little practice, the simpler sprigs made with considerable ease and rapidity. There are, of course, almost innumerable fancy fillings, which add greatly to the beauty of the work, and as the lacemaker progresses she will want to learn these. Many charming sprigs may be made, however, with the knowledge of only a few stitches,—namely, whole stitch, half stitch, turning stitch, plain hole, fancy hole, pearl pin and one filling stitch. The fillings all have names, more or less descriptive, as "brick filling," "toad in the hole," "swing filling," "blossom filling," etc.

The equipment required for making Honiton lace is a round flat pillow, very hard. From 10 to 13 inches across and

5 or 6 inches in depth makes a convenient size. The pillow may easily be made at home and can be stuffed with straw, bran, sawdust. It must be firm, but still admit the pins easily. There must be two detachable covering cloths, about 1 yard square of linen or print, which can be removed and washed. There are further required two small strips of transparent horn or isinglass, called sliders, which cover the work in progress, some parchment and checked paper for patterns, a needle pin, any ordinary No. 8 needle in a wooden handle; not less than three dozen bobbins, small and very light, lacemakers' pins, the smallest size made, and thread of two kinds—the sizes known as 14 skip to 17 skip being the most common, and the gimp or shiny thread, sizes 24 to 36. The novice, however, especially she who has not made any kind of pillow lace, may learn the stitches on a sampler, using the heavier bobbins, thread and pins used in the French and Italian laces, and, of course, increasing the size of the patterns accordingly. The lacemaker who is learning by herself, will thus avoid the discouragement incident to the inevitable breaking of the delicate thread by the learner, who has not a teacher at hand to make the difficult joining. When the handling of the bobbins has been learned and the whole and half stitch mastered, the beginner should then practice a little on the sampler with 8 skip thread and gradually go on to the finer numbers. Whole and half stitch and the plain braid are made the same as in the Italian and French laces, except that in Honiton, Brussels and other light laces the bobbins must be handled somewhat differently, being allowed to lie on the cushion and *lifted* one over the other, instead of being held in the hand or *thrown*, both of which methods would break the delicate thread.

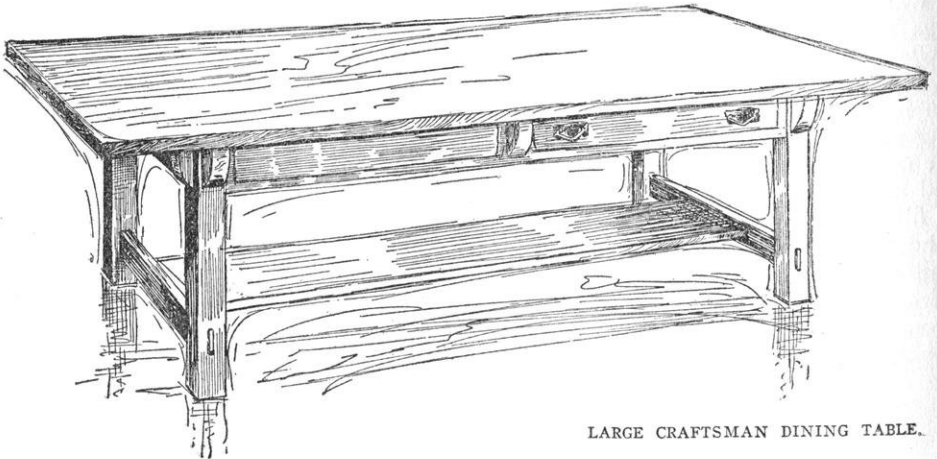
FURNITURE AND FIREPLACE FITTINGS FOR HOME CABINETMAKERS AND AMATEUR METAL WORKERS

THE models we have selected this month for amateur cabinetmakers and metal workers look rather ambitious, but they are really very easy to make, provided the worker has some knowledge of his tools and material and sufficient interest in his work to be painstaking about details.

The furniture is primarily intended to be made of quarter-sawn oak, because in The Craftsman Workshops we believe that our native white oak is the finest wood we have for the making of such plain, massive pieces. But of course the choice of wood depends largely upon the locality, the taste and requirements of the worker, and the surroundings in which the furniture is to be placed. In California, for example, the wood selected would probably be the native redwood which is used so much for interior woodwork and home-made furniture. And in other parts of the country the preference might easily be for some wood that would be less expensive than oak and not so difficult to obtain, especially if the furniture were to be used in a bungalow, a hunting or fishing camp, or a summer home.

The designs themselves, however, are

meant to inspire the making of beautifully finished furniture that will harmonize with well-appointed and even luxurious surroundings. The dining table, for instance, if made of fumed oak and with reasonable care as to workmanship and finish, would be at home in the handsomest dining room, provided the style of the room were such as to be in keeping with a severe, massive piece of furniture like this. The legs are made of fairly heavy squared timbers, mortised near the bottom to receive the tenons of the end rails. These tenons project through the outside of the posts, giving a little relief to the plain surface. The long lower shelf of the table is firmly mortised into the end rails and pinned with dowel pins. The two large drawers may be utilized for silver, linen and the like, and will be found very convenient. These drawers extend the entire width of the table, one pulling out on the right side and the other on the left. The wide top is supported upon large stout brackets fastened to the legs and to the center of the side rail. These brackets add much to the structural interest of the table, as they give the appearance as well as the actuality of support that is made necessary by the

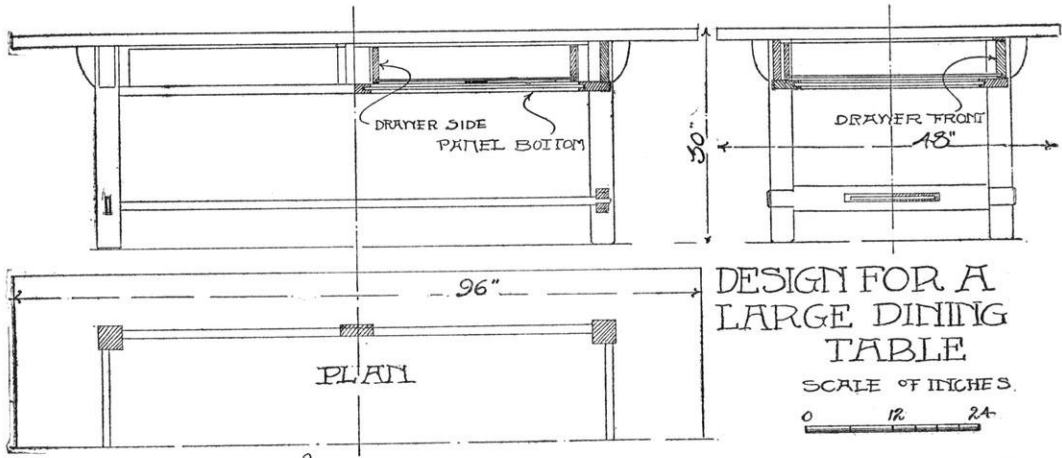


LARGE CRAFTSMAN DINING TABLE.

FURNITURE AND FIREPLACE FITTINGS

weight of the top. This top, which is 96 inches long and 48 inches wide, is made of wide boards, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick, and upon the selection and treatment of these boards depend a large part of the beauty of the piece. In making a table top like this it is quite as well for the home worker to call in the aid of machinery, because the joining of the boards is a particularly difficult task for the amateur. Indeed it may be said that an absolutely true joint of this

the piece has been completed, sandpapered smooth and the edges all softened so that there is no appearance of harshness or crudity, the wood should be given the color desired. If the direct application of ammonia is preferred instead of either fuming or staining, it should be put on with a sponge or brush, very strong ammonia (26 per cent.) being used. After the wood so treated is thoroughly dry from the first application it should be sand-

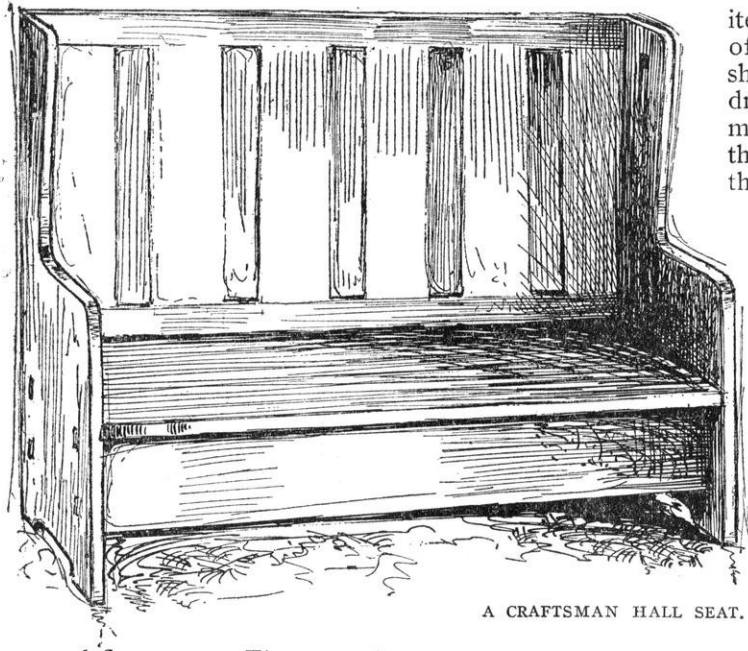


nature cannot be made by any save an exceptionally skilled and experienced joiner, so if it is possible for the home worker to get it done at some shop equipped for the purpose, it would be best to do so.

It goes without saying that the whole table, especially the top, should be finished with the utmost care, the surface of the wood being made very smooth both before and after the color is put on. In order to get the clearest and mellowest color effect, the oak should be fumed with strong aqua ammonia, but in case the home cabinet worker does not find fuming practicable or desirable it is possible to apply the ammonia directly to the wood, gaining something of the ripeness of tone given by fuming, or there are a number of good stains on the market that could be used on oak as well as on other woods. After

papered carefully with fine sandpaper, then a second coat of ammonia put on, followed by a second sandpapering. In case the wood is either fumed or darkened by the direct application of ammonia, the next step is to apply a coat of lacquer made of one-third white shellac and two-thirds German lacquer. If the color of the wood is considered dark enough this lacquer may be applied clear; if not, it may be darkened by the addition of a small quantity of stain. Care must be taken, however, to carry on the color so lightly that it will not grow muddy under the brush of an inexperienced worker. The danger of this makes it often more advisable to apply two coats of lacquer which contain a very little color. When this is done, sandpaper each coat with very fine sandpaper after it is thoroughly dry, and then apply one or more coats of

FURNITURE AND FIREPLACE FITTINGS



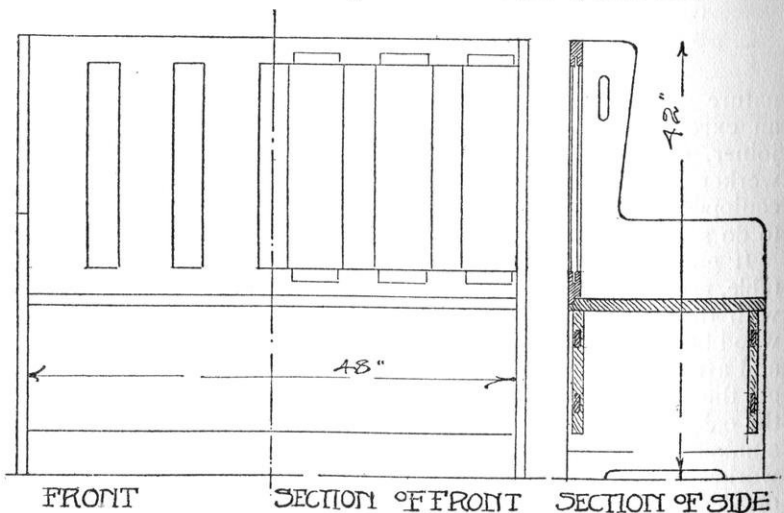
A CRAFTSMAN HALL SEAT.

ited space. The method of its construction is shown in the detail drawing, and the treatment and finishing of the wood is the same as that described in connection with the table. One especially interesting feature of the construction is the use of narrow panels and very broad stiles in the back, reversing the usual proportions of paneling. The plainness of the end pieces is relieved by the projecting ends of the tenons and by the opening cut in the

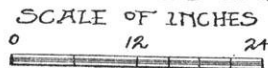
prepared floor wax. The same floor wax may be used at any time to freshen up the wood when the surface has become marred by wear.

The hall seat is not only a practical and effective piece of furniture for use in a hall or living room, but is quite simple enough to be undertaken by the home worker who has the most of his experience yet to gain. It is not an especially large piece, the width being only 48 inches, and the height to the top of the back 42 inches. The seat is 18 inches in depth, so that the piece will fit in a comparatively lim-

top for the double purpose of convenience in moving the seat, and of affording a necessary break in the plain, solid surface. In



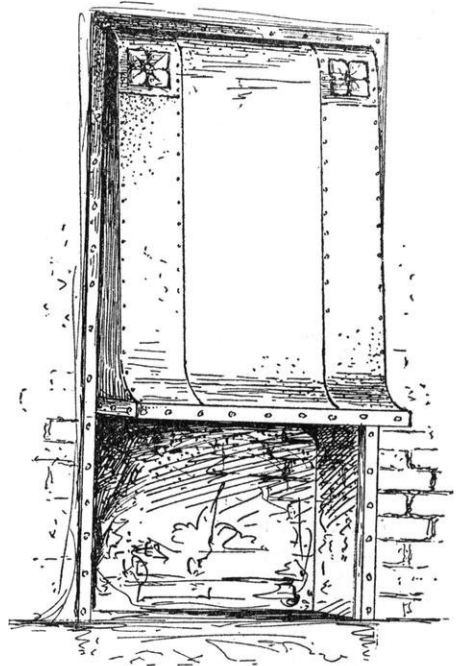
FRONT SECTION OF FRONT SECTION OF SIDE
DESIGN FOR A HALL SEAT



FURNITURE AND FIREPLACE FITTINGS

making this as well as all the other models offered for the use of home cabinet workers, we recommend great care in the choice of wood. If oak is selected it should be quarter-sawn and carefully kiln-dried, as it is thus less liable to check and warp. The drying can hardly be done at home, especially in the case of quarter-sawn oak, for it is the hardest of all woods to dry and requires the longest time. Fortunately it is always easy to obtain selected kiln-dried wood that is ready for the saw or plane.

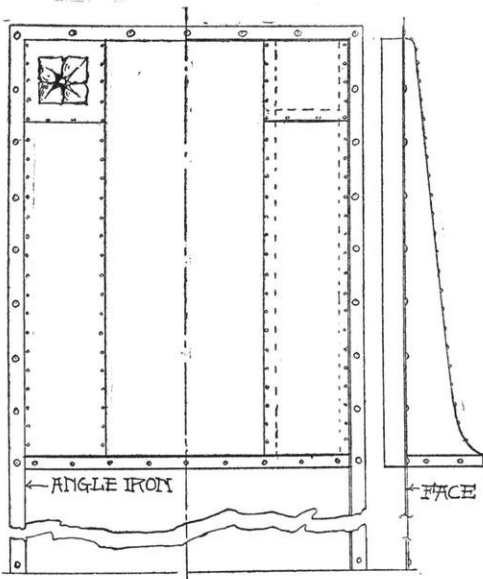
The third piece is a Craftsman hall mirror with the glass divided into three panels by the frame. This frame is of oak and is made, of course, with the mortise and tenon construction, the different parts being carefully doweled together. It is 48 inches wide by 25 inches in height, and the severity of the frame is relieved by the slight curve at the top which breaks the straight lines. A groove is left in the back of each section of the frame to hold the glasses, which should all be heavy beveled



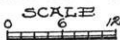
HOOD FOR A CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE.

mirrors. Small cleats, tacked to the frame, bind the glasses tightly into the grooves, then a back is laid on, covering all three mirrors, and is screwed firmly to the frame. The mirror is hung from either beam or picture rail by wrought iron chains fastened to hooks in the top of the frame. The hat and coat hooks at the bottom are very easily made by anyone who is at all used to metal work, or we can supply them if required, as they are made after designs that we use a great deal in The Craftsman Workshops.

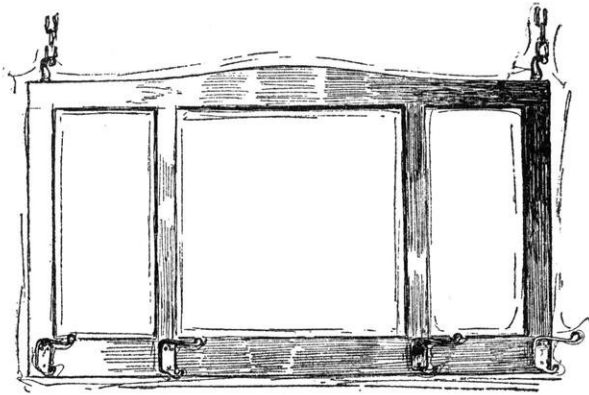
THE designs for metal work show a complete set of fireplace fittings, including shovel and poker, andirons and hood. For reasons that will be explained in connection with the hood, the shovel and poker are made with unusually long handles, and the poker has a hook near the tip for adjusting the burning logs. The length over all of both pieces is about 48



DESIGN FOR A HOOD



FURNITURE AND FIREPLACE FITTINGS



CRAFTSMAN HALL MIRROR.

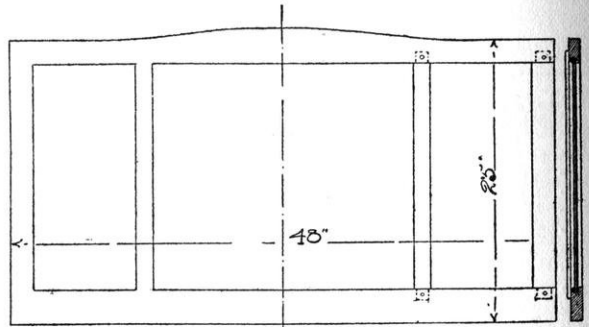
inches. The pieces themselves should be forged from a $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch iron rod, and the handles, which are to be made from heavier iron, are welded to this rod. The shovel is made of No. 12 gauge sheet iron and is riveted to the handle. The construction of both pieces is sufficiently simple to need no detail drawings or further instructions, as anyone who understands metal work will be able to make them from the illustration given here. The support for this fire set is a metal rest that is to be screwed to the chimneypiece at the side of the fireplace. The back plate of the holder is made of No. 12 gauge sheet iron and the arm is about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick by 2 inches wide. The ends of this arm are turned in so that there will be no sharp edge to catch the clothing of anyone brushing against it, and also because the line is much better with this curve at the ends.

The andirons are made after one of our favorite designs, which is selected for the use of amateur metal workers because it is not only graceful and structural in effect but very easily carried out. The andirons are 24 inches in height and the iron used is about 3 inches wide by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. The standard is made of one piece that is bent over at the top to admit the ring,

then pressed close together below, curved outward and joined again at the bottom where the ends curl around the foot and are brought together on the under side. The foot has a 14-inch spread and the iron of which it is made measures $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide by $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch thick. The shank iron at the back is fastened to the standard just above the foot. A shoulder is made on the shank iron, and a threaded bolt projects through the standard, where a nut is screwed to it, binding it tightly to the standard. The shape of the ring is shown by the illustration, and

the making of it will be readily understood.

The fireplace hood is not only a most decorative addition to the fittings of a fireplace, but in this case it serves the double purpose of preventing the fireplace from smoking and of greatly increasing its



DESIGN FOR A HALL MIRROR

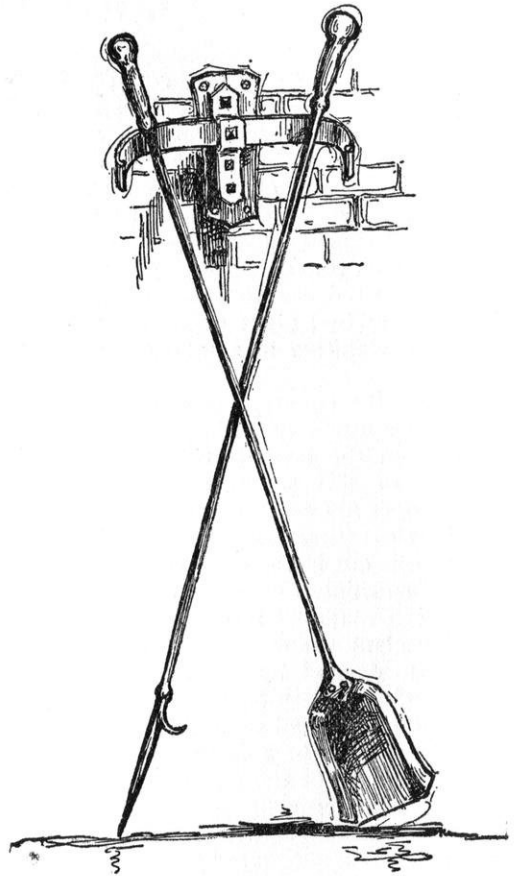
SCALE OF INCHES
0 6 12

heating capacity. The fireplace opening extends to the top of the hood, the natural result being that the fire heats the metal of the hood until it becomes a radiator. The hood is made of sheets of either copper or brass as desired, and the construction, as may be seen, is very simple, the chief care being taken to have all the joints tight. To insure this, asbestos should be placed between each joint before the riveting is done, so that when the

FURNITURE AND FIREPLACE FITTINGS

rivets are hammered tight the asbestos will be pressed in hard between the metal joints, making the hood absolutely tight. A 2-inch angle iron is fitted all around the fireplace opening and the hood is set into this frame and screwed through it to the brick. The edge of the hood is reinforced by a similar iron, and if a touch of decoration is required an embossed pattern may be hammered at the top of each of the side panels.

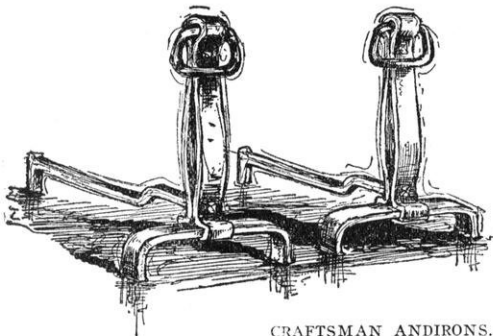
This hood is intended for a very large fireplace opening of the kind that is coming more and more into use, but it can be made to fit any sized opening quite as well. We have given no dimensions, because in each case the hood is to be fitted to the particular fireplace for which it is made, but this design can be adapted to almost any size or shape, the hood, of course, being either fastened to the chimneypiece above, or made shorter to fit a lower opening. A similar latitude may be used in making the andirons, which also in this case are intended for a large fireplace. They can be made quite as easily with the dimensions all reduced in proportion. The extra long poker and shovel are, of course, for use in a fireplace where the heat is radiated from the hood to such a degree that it is not comfortable to stand very close to it or to brush against it in mending the fire. If the hood were merely fastened to the brick or stone of the chimneypiece above the fireplace opening, it would not radiate so much heat, and the ordinary length of shovel and poker could quite as well be used, although these long



FIREPLACE FITTINGS.

ones are much more decorative as adjuncts to a fireplace large enough to take in good-sized logs.

To finish the surface of the iron and prevent it from rusting, the best and simplest method is to clean off the roughest part of the surface with an emery cloth and then rub over the whole piece with a cloth dipped in prepared floor wax. Let this wax burn into the metal as it will and when the iron shows signs of rusting clean off the worst of the rust with the emery cloth and give the piece another coat of wax. It is not advisable to take off the rust entirely, because under the wax treatment it adds great charm to the color of the iron.



CRAFTSMAN ANDIRONS.

THE BEST LIGHTING FOR COUNTRY HOUSES: SOME FACTS ABOUT ACETYLENE GAS

EVERY owner of a country home understands the difficulties involved in getting just the right system of lighting for that home,—a system that will be safe, clean, economical, that will give ample light of a good quality in such form that it may be used throughout the house as conveniently as gas and electricity are used, and that may be generated in an individual plant that shall not cost a sum prohibitive to a man of moderate means.

Where the country home is sufficiently close to a town or village to permit its sharing in the benefits of the municipal electric or gas plant, this problem of course does not exist, or at any rate is not specially pressing, but where the house in question is out in the open country or in a district so thinly settled that no effort has ever been made to install such a central lighting plant, the owner hitherto has been forced to depend for the most part upon the good old-fashioned kerosene lamp, unless he happened to be near enough to a trolley line to be able to run out a wire and tap a little of the electricity generated in its power house.

The one practicable alternative to either expensive or inadequate lighting was practically unknown until within the past six years. We refer to acetylene gas. Although the existence of this gas was discovered in 1836 by Edmund Davy, an English chemist who stumbled upon it accidentally while endeavoring to produce metallic potassium, he observed it merely as a rather remarkable by-product which was capable of decomposing water, with the evolution of a gas which contained acetylene. As chemistry is full of such accidental discoveries, nothing was done with this until 1862, when Woehler, the most famous chemist of his day, announced the discovery of the preparation of acetylene from calcium carbide, which he had made by heating to a very high temperature a mixture of charcoal with some alloy of zinc and calcium. Woehler

pointed out that this new gas burned with a brilliant but very smoky flame, and the new compounds were extensively studied and described by Berthelot in the same year.

Then for nearly thirty years these two substances were practically forgotten. During all this time acetylene was procurable only by the tedious methods which the early discoverers had used, with the result that even its name was known only to students of science, and it is perfectly safe to say that, up to 1892, few even of the professional chemists of the world ever saw an acetylene flame, much less dreamed of it as a commercial possibility.

But the laws governing the formation of acetylene were revealed as a consequence of the development of the modern electric furnace, which places in the hands of the investigator a means of bringing about, through intense heat, chemical changes never before known. Experiments were set on foot by Thomas L. Willson, an electrical engineer, at Spray, in North Carolina, which revealed the possibilities of calcium carbide as a commercial product. The discovery came through accident, as so many great discoveries do, but the accident led to the development of an artificial light more like sunshine than any that has as yet become known.

It was too tempting a field to remain unexploited, and many inventors rushed into it with only half-knowledge of its properties and very little understanding of the right way to handle it. The result was that acetylene got rather a bad name for being a dangerous compound that was liable to explode under very slight provocation, and that distanced ordinary illuminating gas both as to smell and asphyxiating qualities. Also, its production was so expensive that many people felt that they could not afford it, apparent as were the advantages of having a private gas plant in the cellar of one's country home.

But all that has been changed now. Both the production of the gas and the

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methods of using it have been improved, until within the last few years it has come to be one of the safest lights in existence, as well as the whitest and clearest, and both large and small generators, as well as portable lamps, have been brought to such a state of efficiency that now they are considered even "fool-proof."

The usual quickness of Americans to seize a new idea and put it to the test of practical application has induced such persistence in the adoption of acetylene lighting that, during the six years of trial and test of its efficiency, it has come into fairly wide use, so that at the present date we have more than three hundred and fifty towns lighted with acetylene, and plants have been installed in about two hundred thousand country homes, hotels, churches, stores, factories, hospitals, lighthouses, government army posts and other buildings where good lighting is required. Within a year or so from the present date it will unquestionably be in general use all over the country, for not only have the methods of generating the gas and using it for lighting purposes been improved to such a degree that both are now entirely safe and satisfactory, but at the end of another two years the patents covering the manufacture of calcium carbide will have expired, with the natural consequence that it can no longer be held as a monopoly, and the price will inevitably be greatly reduced.

Acetylene owes its first adoption into practical use to the bicycle lamp, for which it is still regarded as the best and safest light. The imperative necessity for having a searching white light in automobile headlights brought it still more into favor, and the ever-present need for some better method of lighting in country houses induced people to keep on trying it in spite of the many imperfections and even the danger of some of the earlier generators.

One of the worst of these disadvantages lay in the difficulty found in controlling the combination of the calcium carbide with water. Without such combination acetylene gas cannot be generated, and if too

much of the calcium carbide comes in contact with the water the natural result is the production of entirely too much gas, which is liable to explode and wreck things in its immediate neighborhood, very much as ordinary gas or gasoline will do. In some of the generators first used the water was fed into a hopper filled with calcium carbide. This, by the way, is a dry chemical substance made from lime and coal, and water acts upon it in a good deal the same way that it does upon unslaked lime. This substance is unaffected by shock, concussion or age, and solvents such as carbon sulphide, petroleum, chloroform or benzine make not the least difference to it, but if it is allowed to come in contact with water, or with any mixture containing water, an immediate and vigorous decomposition takes place, liberating large quantities of gas. Therefore, it will easily be seen that unless great care is taken with machines in which water is fed to a quantity of the carbide, considerable inconvenience and even danger might result. The same objection applies to machines which feed the carbide directly into the water, because a very slight accident, such as the blocking of the feed by an unusually large piece of carbide, or by any foreign substance, might serve to hold the valve open and so allow all the carbide to drop down into the water below, instead of being fed to it gradually, in quantities sufficient to generate only the amount of gas required for immediate use.

This difficulty has been overcome by the invention of a generator of which the leading feature is indirect feeding. The carbide falls into the upper part of a double oscillating or swinging cup, from that into the lower part and thence down into the water, so there is no direct connection between the carbide in the hopper and the water below. This regulates the amount of gas generated and makes explosions or other accident practically impossible.

Such a generator, which is a small compact machine not much larger than an ordinary stove, is generally permitted by

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The National Board of Fire Insurance Underwriters to be placed in the basement of any building without increasing the insurance, and when so placed it can be connected with the regular gas pipes running through the building. The cost of installation is not at all excessive; for example, a house of ten rooms can be equipped with an acetylene plant having a capacity of fifty lights for about \$200, including everything. The carbide can be obtained in watertight 100-pound cans at about 4 cents a pound, making the cost about the same as city gas at 80 cents per thousand cubic feet. The quality of the light, however, is very different, for the light from acetylene is pure white, more nearly approaching sunlight than any artificial light known.

Naturally, this quality makes it the most desirable of all lights for reading or working, as the absence of the red and yellow rays, and of flickering, which are the most frequent causes of all eye-strain, tend to decrease the many ills arising from this too common method of exhausting nerve forces. The effect of the light is just the same whether it is generated in large quantities for illuminating streets or large public buildings, or whether it is produced by a small twenty-five or fifty-light generator in the basement of an ordinary dwelling, or even by the tiny generator that is concealed within an ordinary portable lamp. There is no question as to its quality, or its desirability for general use. The only doubts that have interfered with its installation in many country homes have been the fear of explosion and the question of expense, and these are being rapidly removed by recent developments.

Taking it all in all, acetylene seems to be by far the best method yet discovered for lighting country houses. All the work required to keep the generator running and in good order is to clean out the tank and hopper and put in a fresh supply of water and carbide about once a week,—a very small thing compared with the perpetual trimming of lamps, the breaking of chimneys and the handling of dirty oil cans,

always an unpleasant item in the labors of housekeeping in the country. Provided the apparatus is attended to and charged during daylight hours only, and that the calcium carbide is kept in watertight oil cans where it is not exposed to the weather, there is no more danger in the use of one of these generators than there is in the use of electric light,—in fact not half as much, because there are no live wires to burn through the insulation and set fire to the house. Also, the use of an acetylene lamp has a double advantage over the old oil lamp, in that it not only gives a much better light than the best of them, but does away with the use of wick, chimney or mantle and will not explode or burn if it happens to be upset.

Modern improvements have gone even farther than to make acetylene gas practicable as well as desirable for lighting purposes, for they have made possible cooking by means of acetylene, a thing that a few years ago was thought to be entirely out of the question because of the danger from explosion, and also on account of the impossibility of securing suitable burners. The burner problem has been solved and such a measure of economy in heat production has been brought about that cooking by acetylene is now found to be entirely practicable and reasonably inexpensive. Excellent blue-flame burners are now to be obtained anywhere, and complete cooking ranges, equipped with a variety of such burners, are to be found in the stock of nearly every large dealer in hardware. Cookers, hot plates, chafing-dish heaters, in fact, stoves of every sort which have long been employed for coal gas are now adapted for acetylene and are used in thousands of homes. In addition to these we have acetylene water heaters, flame spreaders for heating flatirons, radiators for room heating, fireplaces and grates. It is literally true, and no longer the dream of the visionary enthusiast, that with the use of acetylene for lighting, cooking and heating, the out-of-town resident is placed in a position to enjoy conveniences equal with those of the city.

GOOD DOMESTIC RUGS THAT ARE WITHIN THE REACH OF PEOPLE WITH MODERATE MEANS

THE choice of the right kind of rug to complete a given scheme of decoration and furnishing is perhaps as important in its effects as any problem that confronts the home maker. A rug must be absolutely right in color, design and even texture, or it will throw the whole decorative scheme out of key, and one of the most frequent complaints we hear from conscientious and discriminating home-makers is of the difficulties they encounter in their efforts to get rugs that are at once beautiful, durable and not too expensive to come within the reach of a moderate purse.

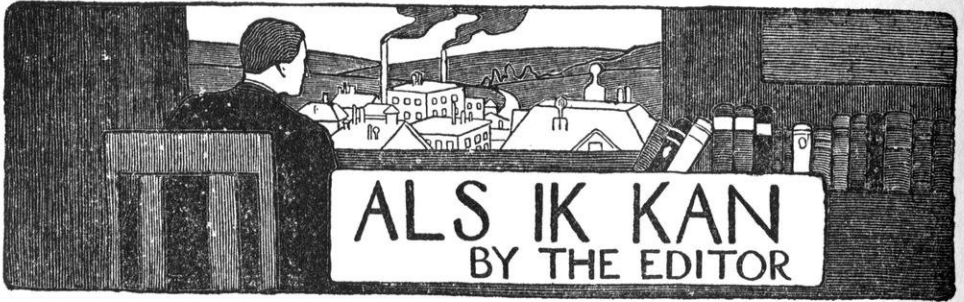
But perhaps the greater part of these difficulties arise from certain conventional prejudices. It goes without saying that the best of all known rugs are the ancient Orientals, with their wonderful dim rich coloring, their indescribable sheen and the wearing quality of which there seems to be no end. Therefore, the mind turns naturally to these as the one desirable thing. The difficulty is that a genuine old hand-tufted rug of Eastern workmanship is not only rare, but so expensive as to be absolutely out of the reach of all but wealthy people. It is true that our markets are flooded with modern Oriental rugs that at first sight seem to show many of the qualities of the really fine old ones, but it is also true, unfortunately, that the great majority of these rugs, although made by hand in the same countries that once produced the most beautiful rugs in the world, are none the less cheap modern imitations, dyed with aniline dyes and washed with chemicals that fade and blend the colors into a fairly good reproduction of those produced by the old vegetable dyes, but also weaken and ultimately destroy the materials of which the rug is made.

Therefore, it is not always safe to look to the modern Orient for our rugs, and the question is where to get something that will be soft and charming in color, well designed and durable, at a price that does not mean more than most of us can afford to pay. One answer has been found in

some of the Scotch and Irish rugs, which are hand tufted, deep piled and most attractive in color and design, but the duty on imported rugs makes these also fairly expensive, and in this country the mere process of hand tufting demands such high-priced labor that the domestic rugs of this character are hardly any cheaper than the imported ones. So we are forced to fall back upon some of the rugs woven in this country, and when we look at them carefully we find that the alternative is not such a bad one after all.

Some of these rugs are so cleverly woven that it would take an expert to tell the difference between them and the hand-tufted rugs, especially as they have the same advantage of a peculiarity in the pile that offers the least possible resistance to the foot and thus adds greatly to the wearing qualities of the rug. When made in this way the pile, like that of the old Oriental rug, gains in beauty with wear, as it acquires a sheen instead of growing shabby, and so gradually takes on a surface that blends all the colors very much as we see them blended in the famous rugs of the East.

Also we are improving in this country in the way of color and design. We have, to a large extent, abandoned the gaudy contrasts of bold patterns once so dear to the American heart, and in so doing have created a public demand that is encouraging the manufacturers more and more to produce rugs and carpets of subdued tones and good unobtrusive designs. Some of these are very simple, serving merely to break the plain surface. Others show traces of the influences of L'Art Nouveau, and still others are really amazing reproductions of good old Oriental rugs, which have been copied so exactly in weave, design and coloring that it would take an expert to tell the difference. While we naturally prefer the old hand-tufted rug, we nevertheless must admit that a good and durable modern reproduction of it, made in this country, offers a much better bargain than a bad imitation made in the East.



A NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO THE FRIENDS OF THE CRAFTSMAN

IT is a good old custom, that of beginning the new year with friendly greeting and good wishes to all with whom we have a sense of fellowship, and when this fellowship extends to thousands of people whom we have never seen, but whose sympathy and appreciation help to furnish the inspiration for each day's work, the custom grows to have a meaning even deeper than when it is limited to one's circle of personal friends, because the sum total of good will that we receive and give is so much greater.

We feel that the work we have so far been able to do through *THE CRAFTSMAN*, as well as the varied activities which have developed from the basic principle that, for want of a better term, we call the Craftsman idea, owe by far the greater part of their effectiveness to the fact that so many other people are working toward the same end. All these people are our friends, whether or not either of us is aware of the work the other is trying to do, and when we think into it deeply enough to realize that we are one and all borne along upon a great wave of world evolution, the trials and discouragements that come to each one, according to the measure of his conscience and his capacity, count for nothing in the face of the stupendous fact.

And yet it is all so simple. We have nothing new to teach or to learn except a full realization of the necessity for stripping our lives of much that we once deemed essential, but have now grown to

regard as merely artificial and cumbersome, and getting back to the simple and wholesome conditions of life and work that were ours in the beginning. The qualities that gave rise to them are still ours, but a certain amount of extravagance is the inevitable accompaniment of rapid progress. The rich soil that nourishes and develops a vigorous plant bears also a crop of equally fast growing weeds. In the first flush of success we do not easily discern the difference between the plant that should be cherished and the weeds that should be rooted out, but sooner or later we see it and take to weeding as energetically as we once watered and fertilized.

In our national life, so young, so strong, so swiftly growing, it is only natural that the weeds should have sprung up so plentifully that we sometimes fear lest the plant should be utterly destroyed. But if the soil be really rich and fertile, the wholesome growths persist in holding their own, and ultimately we get around to the much-needed weeding. We have been doing it pretty vigorously during the past few years, and in the process we have undoubtedly lopped off many healthy plants that might ultimately have borne good fruit. But with it all we are only beginning to get to the root of the trouble and to realize that if we want healthy growth we must get back to better-balanced conditions than those which have produced the weeds.

It seems only a few years since we heard the first utterances of the gospel of work,

NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO THE CRAFTSMAN'S FRIENDS

regarded not as a means toward an end but as an end in itself; not the toil of slaves struggling under the pressure of modern economical conditions to produce things for which there is no necessity, but the work that means freedom and development because it is well and heartily done to meet a real need. Yet, because these first utterances reminded people of a great truth which they have forgotten amid the thousand trivialities which cumbered their lives, the response was immediate and in the space of a very few years has become world wide.

This truth, that all vigorous and wholesome living is founded upon honest work done freely because it is needed, lies at the root of all that *THE CRAFTSMAN* has done and hopes to do in the future. We have advocated the restoration of handicrafts,—not because we have any quarrel with machinery as such, but because we believe that the ideals and standards resulting from thoughtless extravagance in the mechanical production of things are the cause of most of the evil that has fastened itself upon our national life. Therefore, we urge a return to the standards of work which prevailed in the days of handicrafts, because the only means we have of getting interest and joy out of what we do in every department of life lies in the training of that most sensitive and wonderful instrument, the human hand, to express the images conceived in the brain. From this skill all invention comes and all art, because direct creative work has been made possible, but if either invention or art cut loose from such straightforward and vital expression and let themselves go in the direction of lifeless reproduction and the senseless making of things merely for gain, the true meaning of work dies out and we have no longer a living art.

Although we are very young as a nation this is what has happened to us, and its evil effect upon our national life and character would have been irretrievable were it not that we are still near enough to primitive things to make us recognize the

truth when we see it. This is why the message of *THE CRAFTSMAN* has met with such widespread and friendly response. It has been said that this magazine, young as it is in years, has already done more than any other influence to bring about the development of a sincere expression in this country of both architecture and art, and that its power for good in suggesting better and sounder foundations for work, education and life grows with each month of its existence. The fact that people are thinking and saying this is the greatest encouragement that could come to anyone, and also it is proof that the truth, however inadequately uttered, will take root and flourish far and wide, because it is strong enough in itself to command the response.

We of the present day are greatly privileged, because we live in a period when conditions are not only changing but surely changing for good. Civilization after civilization has sprung up, attained its growth and dropped into decay, but the world has never seen a civilization like this of the twentieth century, because in this age of the world the everyday worker, the common man, is coming at last to his own. The old order, which allowed the favorite few to be borne aloft upon the shoulders of toiling thousands, is breaking up and passing away, and with it are going all the ideals and standards of life which grew out of it. In the days to come it is the man of the people, the man whose powers have been developed in the stern school of necessity, who will be the type of the age. It is all a part of the world's advance,—one of the higher phases in the development of the race. We caught a glimpse of it in the Middle Ages, when the workers banded themselves into guilds, established the free cities and so sounded the death knell of feudalism. But they had not learned how to use their power. Oppression begets oppression, and in the end the tyranny of the guilds bore almost as heavily upon the people as the tyranny of the nobles, so they also perished. Since then the workers have had to go through

PARIS FASHIONS AND AMERICAN WOMEN

another period of slavery,—slavery to the spirit of the age embodied in the machine. Now freedom is again at hand, and all the vast complex organizations of our present-day commercialism will ultimately be at the command of the man who works with his hands. The responsibility will be his. He may use his opportunity well or ill. If he fail to rise to it, it will simply mean that he is not yet ready to enter into his inheritance, but if he be sufficiently developed to grasp it and use it rightly, he will lay the foundation stones for a new civilization which shall be real and lasting be-

cause it rests upon the great principles of human work and human brotherhood.

We can only see the growth of the influences which are tending in this direction, but things move so rapidly nowadays we may live to see these influences strengthen until they embody themselves in a happier and more reasonable social order. It is toward this end that we are all working, and it is our common hope that the close of the year which is just beginning will bring renewed hope and vigor to us all through the realization that we are drawing nearer and nearer to the goal.

PARIS FASHIONS AND AMERICAN WOMEN

NOTHING in fashion is right until the Paris leaders say *cachet*." This is the point of view of one of the largest department stores in New York, and in showy type it recently headed a page of winter advertising. In substance thousands of American women, unquestionably many intelligent women, were told that they had neither judgment nor taste, that the only clothes suitable for them to wear were those designed by and adapted to the taste or whim of the French modiste. The American woman's knowledge of her own environment, her work or play, the customs of her country, the needs of her own personality, were apparently regarded as less than nothing. And it was impressed upon her that the only stamp of approval which she should regard as significant for her dress must come from Paris; that apparently she could not hope to be contented or happy or charming unless she studied the ways of French women and imitated them, regardless of the needs of her own life.

When once our minds are opened to the absolute absurdity of such a statement; when we stop to think how pretentious it is, how supercilious, how untrue, we marvel not a little at the apparent hypnotic power of the dictum of fashion, and we

wonder how it is that women can accept such statements as in any way bearing upon a rational, well-conducted life. What can it possibly matter to an intelligent American woman that a French woman, either belonging to the "high world" or the "half world," should select certain novelties of dressing as delightful? It is of importance to the French woman how she dresses, to what extent her clothes meet the kind of life she is living, but it cannot mean anything, not the smallest thing in the world, to the American woman, who should, by all natural laws of supply and demand, plan such clothes as she wishes, for her home, her kind of pleasure or her condition as a working woman.

And yet we are forced to believe that an established, well-managed business house, such as the one presenting the advertisement in question, would not pay the price of a whole page of cleverly written advertising unless it were absolutely confident of an enthusiastic response from the readers. For the object of modern advertising is to create a state of mind, to awaken a desire which the material advertised is to supposed to satisfy. Naturally, it is the purpose of the firm advertising to employ such methods as it has found by experience to be

PARIS FASHIONS AND AMERICAN WOMEN

most efficacious in bringing about the desired results, and when it is announced at an expense of many hundreds of dollars that the only way for American women to be well dressed is to follow closely and rapturously information from Paris, we may rest assured that the business firm is treading on safe ground and is quite certain that its appeal will bring the desired response. Such a firm must have studied well the kind of mind to which it is sending out this appeal; it must know just the exact way of creating a restless desire for foreign ideals. It is not that every woman has wanted French clothes, but that the writer of the advertisement knows how to make her want them, and knows just why her type of mind is likely to be easily influenced. An emphatic statement in print, addressed definitely to a certain clientele, has a most extraordinary magnetic power. It flatters the woman appealed to; it somehow forces her to desire to prove that she is the very cultivated person whom the newspaper advertisement assures her she is.

To show what confidence the writer of the advertisement referred to must have had in his power to create false standards and hypnotize the mind of woman, he further states that "every well-dressed woman must wear violet, a new shade that Paris has gone wild over," and then he offers "a handkerchief which you can't find nearer than Paris" and a "crepe which Paris says will conquer the fashion world." He assures confiding womankind that he has forty accomplished men in France buying foreign goods, the "latest," for American women, and he tells these women that they need not worry, because their taste will be guided in all matters, and that they need not fear that awful possibility of "purchasing a costume or a coat and waking up the next morning to find they have chosen a color or style which Paris has discarded forty-eight hours before." To avoid such an appalling calamity this benevolent institution will have its staff of people in Paris send fashion notices not only by mail, but by cable, that the "final note" in

fashion may be sounded in America, and that breathless women from one end of the continent to the other may be ready to avail themselves of every change which Paris whim suggests. "For we cannot," the advertisement states solemnly, "afford to have news of fashion changes a day too late."

Picture such a statement as that presented to sane human beings, to women who should know something of the needs of their own existence, who are wise and reasonable in many relations of life. It is ludicrous that such women should be told that they are waiting with bated breath for fashion cables from week to week. And this absurdity is not merely for butterfly women who think mainly of clothes, but for women who have homes to keep, children to bring up and friends to love. By what kind of reasoning does the advertising man take it for granted that he can make such reasonable persons restless and hysterical because there is a fresh fashion whim from Paris to exploit?

And even if we grant that there are women to whom dress is the main interest of life, women who feel that to some extent their kind of existence demands this interest, to whom life has not given the wider opportunities, even then the chances are, it would seem, that their interest would not be apt to center in *novelty* and *fresh eccentricity*, but that the more they thought about dress, the more inevitably they would come to crave some beauty of line, some opportunity for self-expression in lovely clothes, and having achieved this expression they would not wish to relinquish it instantly in order to avail themselves of the last cable from Paris. And yet the business man continues to advertise at an expense of many thousands annually; not only to the eminently fashionable woman, to the frivolous or the rich, this despot of fashion lays heavy hands also on the more sensible woman, the busy woman and the poor woman.

And how is it possible, one asks oneself again and again, that the response is suf-

PARIS FASHIONS AND AMERICAN WOMEN

ficient to justify this advertising? For the purpose of the advertiser is patent, obvious. His intention is to play upon the restless American spirit, to stimulate the latent hysteria of a nervous people to an incessant desire for change, to make a god of novelty, to awaken false ambition, to stir every meager passion, to put life on an artificial basis which ignores suitability, economy and beauty. And what can be more disastrous to the development and growth of the best in people than the constant, eager, unthinking desire for something new, however unsuited to life and however beyond the means of the purchaser? How tragic is the state of mind which responds to the plea that "one may not be a day behind the latest change of style in Paris." What understanding of real beauty is there left for such a woman, what happiness in the actual possessions of her life? What will become her of desire for harmony in dress, for expression of her own individuality, for a wish to adjust her life gracefully and pleasantly and quietly to her environment? And the inevitable result must be extravagance; and the aftermath of extravagance is, at the very last, disillusionment,—more often than not, disintegration.

It is startling to realize what a tremendous power is placed in the hands of the advertiser, a power to influence a part of an uneasy nation,—an influence which may be for good or may be wholly for evil; surely the latter, if the effort is to stimulate craving for the useless, the artificial, the whimsical. It is practically the power to commercialize the sensitiveness of the feminine world, for the quality which responds so alertly to the glowing appeal of the advertised word is a part of the same faculty which makes women more credulous, more sympathetic, more intuitive than men. And the advertising man as a student of human nature and an unconscious psychologist has realized the truth of this, and is using it as a very safe foundation on which to base his far-reaching subtle influence. Only through change of fashions, says this clever man,

may you be most lovely, most attractive, most successful, and the more naïve of womankind responds quickly, nervously to the appeal. She must have this mysterious "latest" thing, which, possessing, will bring to her all other necessary joys in life.

Perhaps the most subtle evil of this kind of advertising is that first of all it seeks to destroy a woman's confidence in her own wisdom. She is made to understand that she must abandon her own point of view and trust to the autocratic statement of the advertising man. She must be made anxious and nervous in order to be helped by this great and powerful institution, designed to solve all her sartorial problems. And this is done not that she may be really bettered, that she may be given things for her comfort and her happiness, which perhaps might have been impossible for her to achieve individually; this is not the deep, underlying reason of such advertising as we have quoted; it is to subvert common sense and reasonableness in women for the sake of money-making. If a woman is made discontented and unhappy about the conditions which ordinarily surround her life, it is supposed, and it is quite true psychologically, that she will be easily stimulated to spend money in order to reestablish her self-respect; she will make every effort to get the money to meet this demand, and the result will be that the rich woman will need a larger allowance and the poor woman higher wages, all that Paris may not speak in vain.

It should be easy to understand that the purpose of the fashion advertiser is to create false standards in order to make money, and the whole response to the advertising but a pitiful effort to adjust lives to these false standards. To exploit a great nation for small greed seems a tragedy which need only to be recognized to be averted. We know that we would not willingly give any response to this effort to stimulate wretchedness and extravagance to the destruction of our own ideals of peace and economy; we resent

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the spectacle as something injurious individually and disastrous nationally, for it is not only the one woman or groups of women who are hurt by such false ideals; it is the very stability of the nation that is threatened. If we permit ourselves to become the prey of every money-making charlatan at home and abroad, how can we hope eventually to hold the respect of other nations? If France may patronize our women, she will end by laughing at our statesmen; if we permit her to subvert our sense of beauty and override our inherent taste, she will eventually take us lightly in all social questions.

And that we may grow in our own self-respect and establish such standards as will insure the respect of others, we must so rehabilitate our common sense, and possibly our sense of humor, that a fashion cable is placed in its proper relationship to our lives. We must understand the value of creating for ourselves sincere standards of beauty and happiness, we must seek not more money for useless expenditures, but more economy in the wise use of moderate incomes. We should cease to clamor for higher wages to make possible more costly living and seek a greater simplicity in our lives that we may realize a truer enjoyment of life itself.

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WHEN Mrs. Gardner built her Palace of Art on the edge of the Fenway, it seemed to the Bostonians very far away. But now that region seems destined to be the artistic center of the future for the New England city. Later the New England Conservatory of Music and the new Symphony Hall were built on Huntington Avenue, and this fall has seen the opening of the new art museum and the new opera house on the same street.

Boston has every reason to be proud of both buildings. The new art museum—the newest in the world supposedly—has every possible advantage of modern enlightenment on the subject. The arrange-

ment of the rooms, their lighting is beyond criticism. The clear yet pearly effect of the Greek cast room, the wonderful placing of the cases of Cypriote glass so that every opalescent tint is disclosed, the hanging of the pictures, the very disposal of the great Buddha and the Greek fragment at the end of their respective corridors are harmonious and satisfying as these things have not been before. Recall the unclassified jumble of many of the foreign galleries—notably that of Dresden, where an imperishable work of art is surrounded and smothered by the ephemeral.

Apparently America is about to start upon the European operatic system in which each city has its own stock company. The history of American opera up to the present period has been practically that of New York opera. The Metropolitan company for some time has given weekly performances in Philadelphia and latterly in Brooklyn, and has gone at the end of the New York season on tour, an example followed to a more limited extent by the Manhattan opera company. But now Boston has its own opera house, and Chicago is following suit.

The new opera house in Boston—the building, that is to say—was the gift of Mr. Eben Jordan. The director is Mr. Henry Russel, no novice in operatic matters. It is supported by the subscription system. In the matter of acoustics and ventilation the new opera house is perfect. In fact, it is probably the best ventilated place of amusement in the world. May the example soon be followed by others! In the interior arrangement of the new opera house the first consideration has been the hearing and seeing. There are no posts in the way, and with the exception of some of the box seats, it is possible to see perfectly from every part of the house. There are two tiers of boxes beside the pillared *loges* at each side. The color is neutral and gold, and the upholstery a pleasing red, rich but not glaring. The lighting of the auditorium is not in any way a strain upon the eyes, and every possible accessory—arrangement of cloak rooms, exits,

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foyer, lounging room, business offices—has been thoughtfully planned.

The exterior is good but unpretentious, of red brick and white stone. Mr. Pratt's reliefs over the portal, illustrating music, the drama and the dance, are in blue and white.

In the scheme of the performances apparently the aim is that of the good ensemble of the European opera house rather than the "star" system inaugurated at the Metropolitan. Some of the Metropolitan singers appear there, and the company besides has a good-sized list of its own, some of them former members of the two New York opera companies. One excellent arrangement is the "Débutante Evenings" on Saturday nights, when the pupils of the Conservatory are given opportunity to acquire repertoire and stage experience and display their talents.

The orchestra is excellent, as were also the scenic effects of the only performance attended by the writer. The ballet upon that occasion would not compare with those of the Metropolitan, but then it is palpably unjust to compare it with an institution which literally pours gold into the hands of its Italian manager.

Not only Boston but America has reason to be proud of the good taste and common sense shown in the planning of these new buildings. After all, Boston is an American city in the sense that New York no longer is, and its new opera house is one of the places where one realizes it and is glad to do so. Not the least of these causes for pride lies in the good manners of the audience, who do not disturb their neighbors by going out or by conversation while the music is in progress, as is the objectionable New York custom.

THE opening of the New Theatre the afternoon of November sixth this last fall was an event—dramatic and social. Important people of church and state were present; all the arts and letters were represented by their master workmen; critics of note came from over the seas. For all over the world the people

had been told that this New Theatre was to be supported by the wealth of the great men of the city in order that all fetters should be removed from proper expression of the ideals of dramatic art. Plays were to be produced at last according to their merit. The cornerstone of this great new playhouse was to be art, not the box office. And the playhouse itself was to be the most beautiful, comfortable, intimate in the world,—a standard for the theaters of all American cities and foreign countries. A stock company was formed, culled from many other companies, and the few chosen were regarded as much honored. Premiere performances were announced, and the world drew near. From the beginning every effort was made to accomplish the original purpose. Millions were spent on the architecture, decorations and stage fittings. Wealth and ability were focused on the development of a theater "for the people." Everything that could be done by one class of society for the betterment and development of another was striven for in this house of the drama, and the result has been the greatest magnificence that has ever been presented in an American theater.

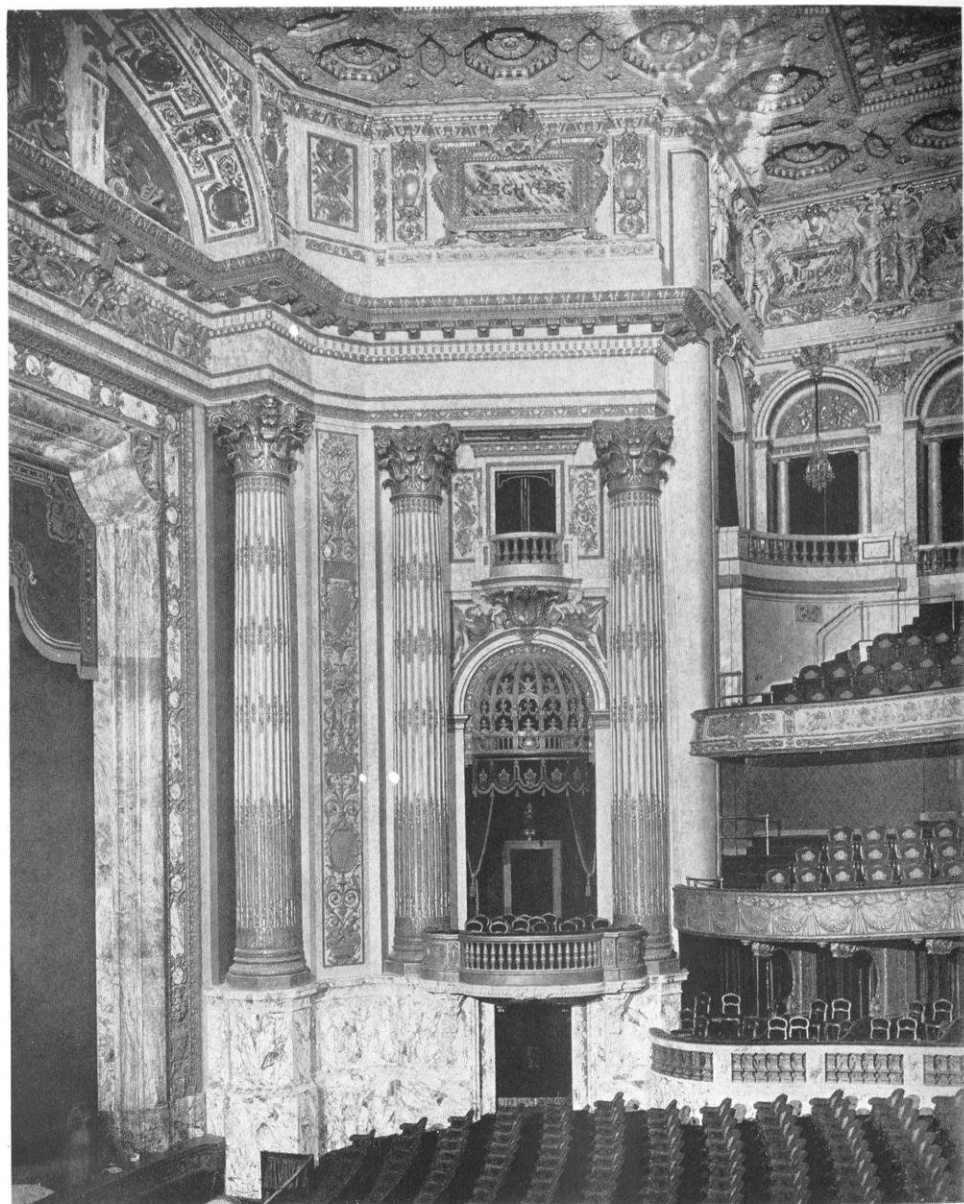
By many, the New Theatre is regarded as an achievement in architecture, decoration and opportunity for dramatic production. A variety of plays have been presented, from Shakespeare to Sheldon. Productions have been intelligent, often sumptuous. And the best play that America has seen in a number of years, "Strife," had its first production on this stage. Already of detailed praise and criticism there has been no end. There are admirers who can find absolutely no fault with architecture and decorations; there are critics who feel that the building itself does not enhance the beauty of its environment and that the interior is overgorgeous and without inherent beauty. These are questions which, of course, will be endlessly discussed and never settled.

To *THE CRAFTSMAN* there seems to be several questions which have not yet been asked, and which intrinsically relate to all



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THE NEW THEATRE, NEW YORK: CARRERE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS: INTERIOR DECORATIONS DESIGNED BY JAMES WALL FINN.



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A DETAIL OF THE AUDITORIUM OF THE NEW THEATRE
FACING THE GUESTS' BOX AT THE RIGHT, GIVING
AN IDEA OF THE ELABORATENESS OF THE DECORATION.

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great works of art which this country may produce. What have the people had to do with it? How much longer will the American people hope to develop in life merely as an audience? When will they wake up to the fact that the greatest art must have its birth in the heart of the people? And what permanent achievement can there be in any great movement for the benefit of the nation which is not achieved through the coöperation of the people as a whole? Must not eventually the people of this country as artists and craftsmen and playwrights and writers be a part and parcel of any dramatic organization which aims to present the best which can be accomplished in a nation? How can a few develop the art for the many? Will the many ever give great interest and enthusiasm without becoming workers themselves?

It always has seemed to us that any progress along these lines must have roots deep down in the soil of the nation; that art may never be a gift to the people, but its most vital and significant expression of the aims and aspirations of the people. That the people cannot be cultivated from the outside in, but that their only sincere development must be through their understanding and interest in the possibilities of their own achievement.

SO far two of the most significant features of the new art season in New York have been the remarkable exhibitions of the work of the old masters, starting with the showing of early Dutch painters at the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum (a rare collection indeed of Rembrandts, Frans Hals and the landscape men) and followed by the nine remarkable Van Dycks at the Knoedler Gallery. And yet it is said the season is scarcely under way, and that this is but a prophecy of the feasts of art to be presented to New York before springtime, and then we shall want real landscape and sweet-smelling flowers and hills to roam over instead of picture galleries. The subscribers to *THE CRAFTSMAN* will recall an

article on the Dutch collection which appeared in the November issue. At present it is so near the time of going to press that we are only able to make a note of the Van Dycks, and, as a matter of fact, so much has been written about this great Flemish portrait painter, both in the present and in the past, and so often we have heard reiterated the marvel of the color four hundred years old grown more beautiful with centuries, of the mystery and interest of this master's extraordinary painting of black, of the superb dignity and yet the intimacy of his work, that practically nothing remains to be said, except to mention the names of the men here in America who have been fortunate enough to secure for their personal collections the pictures of such rare value. Of the nine portraits, five are from the famous Cattaneo Van Dycks which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was reported to have secured two years ago. Three of these are now in the collection of Mr. P. A. B. Widener and two are owned by Mr. H. C. Frick. To Mr. Frick also belong the equally famous Van Dyck portraits of Franz Snyders and his wife, formerly in the collection of the Duc d'Orleans. It is said that none of these portraits has ever been shown in public before, save the Snyders pictures, which were once exhibited in Manchester in 1857. A more distinguished group of portraits by a famous master it would be difficult to find, even in Europe.

A collection of noteworthy pictures by Claude Monet has just been exhibited at the Durand-Ruel galleries. The showing includes some famous scenes of the Thames, the "Vue d'Etretat" and the much talked about water lily pictures, "Les Nymphéas," exhibited last year in Paris. Perhaps the most wonderful of the river pictures is the "Battersea Bridge," showing the Thames drenched with fog, ghostly men in mysterious boats appearing and disappearing in the gray mist, the Bridge curving faintly over the lost waters, and then a blaze of sun cutting the gray mist

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in two, gathering the water into crisp edges of glistening light, a torch flung from the sky down to the heavy wet earth. Back and forth the light quivers restlessly, vividly, an element more real than all the hidden huddled souls back in the shadows: life in essence and her chance creations. The great rock bridge at Etretat is one of the most interesting features of the exhibition. It has been seen in New York before, but as the interest of such art as Monet's does not depend upon that horrible word novelty, the lover of this man's work will rejoice at another opportunity of seeing such an important canvas, with its wonderful quivering mass of sea and the glowing sky reflected therein. The group of lily pictures are startling in their beauty and reality. Apart from Monet's power to caress the scene he paints back into the very arms of Nature, each pool resting deep in the bosom of the earth, each tree sprung from the fulness of the soil, each flower the essence and perfume of life, he is perhaps most marked of all as a master of color. His color is put on with a click where it should startle and hold, then with soft music where it is meant to allure and appeal, such marvelous understandings of the subtleties of art are his. Through his brush light is vivid or subdued, diffused, spectacular, wistful. He is one with Nature. Her secrets are stored in his soul. In the water lily pictures so many of these secrets are disclosed that one is held spell-bound at the magic of the work.

AS usual, the Macbeth Galleries have opened with interesting collections of worth while American art. One entire room is given up to an exhibition of the work of Mr. Albert P. Lucas. Because Mr. Lucas has lived much abroad, perhaps, his pictures are less well known to the general public than so unusual a presentation of a personal point of view toward life merits. Mr. Lucas's art does not suggest the question of *where* he has painted, what country or what life. For the charm of it rests almost wholly in his personal

interest in color, and the kind of imaginative way he uses it. It is not the material facts of life that he is seeking to put on canvas, but his own emotion over what has seemed most ineffably beautiful to him. To the lover of lyric poetry, of fairy stories, of MacDowell's music, these paintings will vastly appeal.

In a separate gallery Mr. Macbeth is also exhibiting a group of mural decorations by Mr. E. W. Deming. The subjects are Indian mythology, designed and painted for Mrs. H. P. Whitney and Miss Mary Harriman; for the latter canvases the scenes are laid in the country estate of the late E. H. Harriman. Here again is the personal equation, and the presentation through the equation of a most rare and thrilling imagination. Mr. Deming not only knows the daily life of the North American Indians as a friend and brother; but also the spiritual side of their life has become a part of his own, something to be uttered in art lovingly, reverently. His later fresco work has gone into a more delicate key, not because of any suggestion from Indian conditions or experience, but because the more ethereal note he wishes to sound in legend and story is more attuned to the subtler colors in his palette. The spirits of the earth are revealed faintly yet fluently in these pictures as they rise out of the water or sunrise, and they might equally suggest youth, spring or any essential fair fine beauty of life. The technique is as delicate and reserved as is essential to the subject, and is most convincing.

MR. J. P. Morgan has informed the Acting Director of The Metropolitan Museum that at the close of the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition he will leave all the pictures which he has contributed to the exhibition in the Museum as a loan. The list of these is as follows: "Landscape with Figures and Cattle," by Aelbert Cuyp; "Children Playing Cards," by Dirk Hals; "Girls with Cat," by Dirk Hals; "Michiel de Wael," by Frans Hals; "Portrait of a Lady," by Frans Hals; "Heer Bodolphe," by Frans

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Hals; "Vrouw Bodolphe," by Frans Hals; "Trevor Landscape," by Meindert Hobbema; "Holford Landscape," by Meindert Hobbema; "Two Women and Child in Courtyard," by Pieter de Hooch; "A Visit to the Nursery," by Gabriel Metsu; "Portrait of Himself," by Rembrandt; "Nicolaes Ruts," by Rembrandt; "A Young Painter," by Rembrandt; "Cottage under Trees," by Jacob van Ruisdael; and "Lady Writing," by Johannes Vermeer. Of the above pictures, three were exhibited in the Museum previous to the present exhibition, one was purchased since the opening of the exhibition, and twelve were sent over from London and Paris especially for it.

AN interesting exhibit of portraits by August Franzén was held early in December at the Folsom Galleries. Mr. Franzén's work has not been shown here for several years, and this collection covered the ground of most of his latest achievement. The place of honor was held by the portrait of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, which was painted in characteristic pose on deck, against the murky gray of sea and sky. Most of the other portraits shown held a distinct charm of treatment and color, the backgrounds in the portraits of some of the women being highly suggestive of English painting of the last century.

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THE freshness, sincerity and vitality of the work of that group of Scottish painters who form what is known as The Glasgow School has brought a new spirit into British art and has even had its effect upon the modern art of the Continent. This is apparent to anyone who makes a careful study of the yearly exhibitions in London, for even the Royal Academy gives places of honor to the pictures of these strong men of the North, and the independent exhibitions are largely made up of their work. Therefore, it is interesting to know something about

the personality and achievements of these men, and an authoritative handling of the subject will command almost as much interest among artists and art lovers in this country as it does abroad.

Comparatively little is known of the Scottish men except that they have painted pictures which are essentially of the North, rugged, virile, poetic, gloomy or joyous as the case may be, but always painted with a boldness of technique and a sincerity of expression that, when blended with the depth of insight that most of these men seem to have, gives them that strange fascinating quality which we are accustomed to associate with expressions of the Celtic temperament.

If you ask in London or Edinburgh for some book on Scottish painting you will find that there is but one that is regarded by the artists themselves as authoritative. That is "Scottish Painting: Past and Present," written about a year ago by James L. Caw, Director of the National Galleries of Scotland, and we are glad to say that it can now be obtained in America. It is a large book, amply illustrated with good reproductions of the most representative work of these men, and it gives not only a comprehensive history of the rise and development of Scottish painting, but is a just and discriminating criticism of its qualities. The first part is devoted to the precursors of the modern school and to the genre painters, landscape men and portrait painters that flourished from 1787 to 1860. The remaining and larger part of the book treats with fullest detail the rise of the modern men, beginning with the pupils of Robert Scott Lauder and ending with the brilliant painters of the younger generation. The final chapter, which treats of the subjective, emotional and technical characteristics of Scottish painting, is perhaps the most valuable of all, both to the artist and to the sincere lover of good painting. ("Scottish Painting: Past and Present." By James L. Caw. Illustrated with half-tone plates. 503 pages. Price, \$8 net. Imported by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

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UNQUESTIONABLY, most modern novels that are worth a second glance are studies in temperament. Sometimes a plot is added for the sake of affording a vehicle for the working out of the psychological problem, and again the plot is a mere thread uniting a group of people who act and react upon one another without any very definite results, much as they do in real life.

"Fraternity," by John Galsworthy, belongs to the latter type. It is a study of people who have become so refined and introspective that they cannot regard anything from the viewpoint of red-blooded humanity. Belonging to the upper classes in England, they take a vague, theoretical interest in the deplorable condition of the submerged thousands in London, but betray mimosa-like sensitiveness when circumstances threaten to involve them in real problems and to bring them, whether they will or no, in contact with real conditions. They are the husband and wife who have drifted apart for no reason whatsoever save that their rarefied temperaments, masked in an impenetrable shell of reserve, could not come into natural human relations with anything or squarely face any issue. Another middle-aged pair, although congenial enough as regards one another, are walled off from the world by a similar limitation of viewpoint, and the two young people in the book are drawn with biting sincerity as the product of just such artificial conditions. The whole spirit of the book is symbolized in the figure of the old man who lives apart from the world and holds himself entirely aloof from his fellow-men, because he is writing a great book on universal brotherhood. On the other side are coarse but human denizens of the slums, and one girl whose very naturalness and unrefined humanity might have saved some of the strained situations had she found anything as real as herself to appeal to.

The book is hardly a pleasant one, but is more than interesting and the chances are it would prove good wholesome read-

ing for people who are bitten with the mania for universal brotherhood in the abstract, while they cherish the most fastidious aloofness with regard to concrete cases. ("Fraternity." By John Galsworthy. 386 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

MANY writers have the power of arousing interest, not so many have charm and to fewer still is given the warm human quality of friendliness which seems to take the reader by the hand and lead him into many pleasant places,—not showing them to him or pointedly drawing his attention, but rather enjoying with him whatever pleasure there is, in much the same way that two sympathetic comrades share the delights of a new experience.

It is because he possesses this quality to a degree that is most unusual in the present impersonal age that we welcome with delight each new book from the pen of E. V. Lucas, because we know beforehand that it is of the kind that one tucks away to enjoy at leisure moments, but never feels compelled to read as a duty. One of the latest of these books is entitled "A Wanderer in Paris," and it is just what its name implies, a pleasant record of idle strollings through the city that everyone loves, comments that give a new viewpoint, or freshen the recollection of one already held, and delightful confidences regarding discoveries of quaint little out-of-the-way places that escape the researches of the traveler. One reads this book not for the information it contains but for the pleasure it gives,—of recollection or anticipation, as the case may be. To read it is to feel a strong temptation to book a passage in the next steamer and spend at least the Easter season in Paris. ("A Wanderer in Paris." By E. V. Lucas. Illustrated with color plates. 319 pages. Price, \$1.75 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

SOMETIMES a writer who is well known by certain well-defined characteristics that identify all his books sur-

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prises people by a sudden departure from the line he has apparently marked out for himself, and writes something that evidently has lain in the back of his brain all the time that he was doing his less significant work. Such a surprise is found in "The Hungry Heart," David Graham Phillips's latest novel. The title is so unfortunately chosen as to be almost ludicrous, and yet it is the keynote of the whole problem in psychology upon which the book is built. It is a story so true that one sees every day the possibilities of happenings similar to those that develop in the plot, for these, after all, are but the following out of a given situation to its logical conclusion.

The story is that of a self-centered young scientist who, by inheritance as well as temperament, holds the traditional masculine attitude toward woman; that is, he regards her as so much the weaker vessel that in his life she amounts to but little more than a plaything. With these views, it was unfortunate that the young man married a girl who possessed—in addition to a rather unusual mentality that had been trained to a high degree of efficiency—a temperament that made her anything but a negligible quantity. The usual thing happened—absolute lack of comprehension, linked with a complacent consciousness of the best possible intentions, on the part of the husband, and heartbreak, disillusionment, and finally revolt on the part of the wife. Then, of course, came the *tertium quid*, a well-bred, sympathetic young chap who was appreciative of all the qualities that the husband refused to see. Being a fearless and unusually truthful young woman, the wife decided in favor of the young man, and a good many unconventional things happened before she discovered that her second mistake had been worse than the first, and that a breach of the moral law, no matter how great the provocation, is sure to bring its own punishment.

The story is daringly told, with a candor that might prove shocking to people who cherish the proud consciousness that

they have kept intact their ignorance of the realities of life, but it rings so true that it is difficult to believe that it is entirely the invention of a novel-writer's brain. ("The Hungry Heart." A Novel, by David Graham Phillips. 502 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York.)

ONE of those delightful books which treat of art in such direct connection with history that it cannot be estimated apart from the conditions which create it is Haldane Macfall's "French Pastellists of the Eighteenth Century." The book is written not so much with the idea of giving a history of the pastellists as a picture of the times which inspired their delicate and charming art. Without being in the least trivial it is full of the gay gossip of the day, and the text is quite as interesting as are the fine color reproductions of famous pastel portraits with which it is illustrated. These reproductions are so well done that in some cases it is difficult to believe they are not original chalk drawings, and they are equally interesting because of the wonderful art with which they are done and the deliciously human stories they tell. The originals of these pictures belong in some of the most carefully preserved collections of Europe and they have been brought together and set forth here with a loving care and appreciation which is felt through every page of the book. ("French Pastellists of the Eighteenth Century: Their Lives, Their Times, Their Art and Their Significance." By Haldane Macfall, with 52 illustrations in color. 211 pages. Price, \$10.50 net. Imported by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

IN these days of trust-baiting and popular antagonism to the business methods of some of our money kings, "A Certain Rich Man," by William Allen White, should find a great many interested readers. It is the story of a man who started life as a ragged little boy in a Western town and who, by dint of thrift and a

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genius for trading, got a start in life which he used as a foundation for a career which seems to all of us wondrous familiar. We have seen the methods by which, as the head of a powerful trust, this man contrived to crush competition and to control legislation, described in many a flaming magazine and newspaper article aimed at one or another of the "malefactors of great wealth" who have evidently served as models for this portrait of *John Barclay*; but we have not seen the slow process of moral atrophy which formed a part of the price the man had to pay for his great possessions. Exposure came, and then indictment and trial, but these proved blessings in disguise, for they restored to the man something of his lost sense of the proportion of things.

The telling of the story is as quaint and discursive as that of "Vanity Fair," and around the main thread of the plot cluster a number of amusing and lovable minor characters, all sketched in so truly that anyone who has experienced frontier life, and who knows the sort of people one finds in a frontier town, seems to have been personally acquainted with them all. ("A Certain Rich Man." By William Allen White. 434 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

WE have just received from The Macmillan Company a catalogue of American and English classics which it is issuing in a pocket series for use in the secondary and graded schools. The text of each has received careful attention and has been edited with sound scholarship and judgment. Among the volumes will be found all the masterpieces mentioned in the standard college entrance requirements in English for the years 1909-1915, and each volume contains admirable notes and various helps for teachers and students. They are uniform size, $5\frac{3}{4}$ by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and are durably and prettily bound in gray cloth. We feel that this collection of books will be much appreciated by the student preparing for college in the public school,

who usually finds himself with a miscellaneous collection of reading to be done outside of the specified school work. This means scurrying about the town library to get the books needed before some other student, similarly placed, has procured them, or else it necessitates the expenditure of quite a large sum of money to buy the separate books in their usual form. Consequently, we wish to call attention to this edition, which, we should say, fills a long-felt want. ("Pocket Series of American and English Classics." Price, 25c. a volume. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

ONE of the best exercises for the development of mind and imagination in children is the getting up and acting of little plays, so "The House of the Heart," a book of plays designed for home and school use and written by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, is a valuable addition to literature for children. The book is made up of ten plays, suitable for all occasions. Most of them are fairy stories, with a meaning not too deeply hidden to be discovered and expressed by the young actors, and all are of a character to excite the interest of children and grown people alike. Full dramatic directions are given and suggestions for costuming and stage setting. ("The House of the Heart and Other Plays for Children." By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. 226 pages. Price, \$1.10 net. Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York.)

THE never-ending charm of Italy has been the theme of hundreds of books of travel. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that no one possessed with a gift for writing ever went to Italy without feeling an overmastering temptation to express, for the sake of others, something of the fascination which he himself has experienced. Yet because each different traveler looks at it from his own point of view, we get a fresh interest from every book that is written with enthusiasm and sincerity. Such a book is "The Spell of

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Italy," by Caroline Atwater Mason. It is less a book of travel than the result of a necessity for putting into words the vivid interest and pleasure of a first visit to the garden and treasure house of Europe. At first one is inclined to resent a little the introduction of the personal element, which gives the book a little of the semblance of a story, but after a bit one comes to see that this is a part of it and that the personality lends just the human feeling that adds zest to the enjoyment. In any case, it is impossible to read "The Spell of Italy" without feeling a homesick longing for the country itself. ("The Spell of Italy." By Caroline Atwater Mason. Illustrated. 393 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston, Mass.)

THREE of the little books in the "Masterpieces in Color" series, edited by T. Leman Hare, have been gathered into one volume called "The Great English Portrait Painters of the Eighteenth Century." The men whose work is thus grouped are Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney, and the grouping gives the student an excellent opportunity to compare the characteristics of three painters who belonged to the same period and painted the same class of subjects. The text and pictures are precisely the same as in the smaller books, and the grouping is evidently for the sake of convenience in studying the work of artists who come into fairly close relationship. ("The Great English Portrait Painters of the Eighteenth Century: Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney." From the Masterpieces in Color series. Edited by T. Leman Hare. Illustrated with color reproductions of the paintings. 80 pages of text. Price, \$2.00 net. Imported by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

WHEN we see the name of Elisabeth Luther Cary upon the title page of a book of art, we are apt to look through the book with an interest which is founded upon our knowledge of the sincerity and

wide culture of the writer. In her latest book, "Artists Past and Present," she has abandoned the more exhaustive biographies for which she is best known, and has given us instead an interesting collection of what she calls "random studies," mostly of modern painters. These will answer many a question asked by art lovers and students about the circumstances surrounding the lives of some of the painters who have roused their interest, and will at the same time increase that interest by a just appreciation of the leading characteristics of the work of this group of men and women. One chapter is devoted to Mary Cassatt, who is the only American represented; the others deal with some of the most interesting and strongly individual of the modern European painters, and the book ends with a chapter on the art of Sorolla and Zuloaga, as represented last winter at the Hispanic Museum in New York. ("Artists Past and Present." By Elisabeth Luther Cary. Illustrated. 176 pages. Price, \$2.50. Published by Moffatt Yard and Company, New York.)

IN "The Haven" Eden Phillpotts has given us another tale of simple English villagers, whose joys, sorrows and perplexities seem almost to belong to us, so convincingly are they told. This latest book is a story of fisher-folk, and the plot throughout is so subordinated to the psychology of the tale that the events seem to be what they really are,—the results of the interplay of human emotions, convictions and prejudices. One reads the book with interest, but unexcitedly, and lays it down with a pleasant sense of having passed a quiet summer in the little fishing village and of having come into close sympathy and understanding with the people. There are two humble little love stories that run along side by side like slender streamlets, but the main interest of the book centers around the opposing views of two old men, one of whom is a simple, stern, deeply pious fisherman, and the other a vagabond who, as he himself says,

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was born far in advance of his time. ("The Haven." By Eden Phillpotts. 323 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

THE third and last book in Maud Diver's trilogy of novels dealing with life in India is "Candles in the Wind," a story which shows the same general qualities as the two preceding books, "Captain Desmond, V.C.," and "The Great Amulet." Also some of the same characters appear, so that we have the pleasant sensation of meeting old acquaintances whom we have liked. The theme of the present story is the heartbreaking work of the men whose duty it is to guard the frontiers and suppress the constant little insurrections which threaten the peace of the empire and the life and welfare of everyone within reach of the seat of trouble. Another phase of Anglo-Indian life is also brought into prominence,—the question of the half-breed. The heroine of the story, an English girl, has married a clever Anglo-Indian physician without knowing that he was an Eurasian, and has come to India with no suspicion of her husband's social status or inherited qualities. Her realization of both brings a rough awakening, and her position is not pleasant until the man obligingly dies of the plague and leaves her free to marry a hard-working, clean-blooded young English officer who has distinguished himself on the frontier. The plot of the book is interesting, but the main value lies in the picture that is given of Anglo-Indian life stripped of the glamour of romance. ("Candles in the Wind." By Maud Diver. 392 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

IT is strange how, after years of work along many lines, an author will sometimes at the end return to his earlier manner and write a story very much like one he has written and cared for in his youth. A striking example of this is found in "Stradella," one of the last books of the

late F. Marion Crawford. This story, which deals with the love of a famous Sicilian singer for a young Venetian lady of rank, is strongly reminiscent of "A Roman Singer," and in many ways is as charming as the earlier book. It is a pleasant love story set in the swashbuckling days of the Italian Renaissance, and there is enough action in it to hold the interest of the most jaded reader. ("Stradella." By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated. 416 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

ROBERT Louis Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" and "An Inland Voyage" need no introduction or comment, but the fact that the stories are published in one volume of a size to slip in the pocket may be of interest to many readers who like to have some favorite book always with them. The fact that this little volume is carefully annotated makes it of special value to the student. It contains a brief sketch of the life of Stevenson, and a bibliography including everything that he has written. ("Travels with a Donkey" and "An Inland Voyage." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited with introduction and notes by Wilbur L. Cross. With frontispiece. 297 pages. Price, 25c. One of the Pocket Series of American and English Classics. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A story based on the problem of heredity, and the degree to which its influence may be altered by education and environment, is entitled "The House on the North Shore." It is not specially significant, nor does it offer any new ideas on the subject, but it is pleasantly written and gives some vivid pictures of Western life that are very true to nature, so it may be said to have fulfilled the first requirements of a story. ("The House on the North Shore." By Marion Foster Washburne. Illustrated. 287 pages. Price, \$1.25. Published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.)

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IT is a question as to whether grown people or children most enjoy Walter Crane's Picture Books. The imaginative quality in them makes a strong appeal to the childish mind, and the decorative quality appeals equally to the grown-up love of pictures. The latest of these delightful books is "The Song of Sixpence Picture Book," which contains the familiar nursery classic, the old story of the Princess Belle-Etoile and a number of other nursery rhymes, all illustrated in Walter Crane's own inimitable way. ("The Song of Sixpence Picture Book." By Walter Crane. Illustrated in color. 50 pages. Price, \$1.25. Published by the John Lane Company, New York.)

"PRECIOUS Stones" by W. Goodchild contains many descriptions and facts that make the book worth the reading to dealer, collector and layman alike. It is obvious that the author is a master of his subject and that no fantastic tales, either historical or about the value of the diamonds, rubies, emeralds, etc., he describes, are permitted to creep into his writing. Especially interesting is the chapter on the manufacture of artificial precious stones, written by Robert Dykes. After we read of the immense amount of labor and expense required to manufacture a diamond of even pin-head size we can look at our own small stones, comfortably certain that they will never depreciate in value. Craftsmen will find instructions to aid them in selecting stones of cheaper grade for their metal work. ("Precious Stones." By W. Goodchild, with a chapter on the Manufacture of Artificial Precious Stones by Robert Dykes. 310 pages. Price, \$2.00 net. Published by D. Van Nostrand Company, New York.)

"DUTCH Bulbs and Gardens," by Una Silberrad and Sophie Lyall, does not confine itself to the dry facts of bulb cultivation. There are delightful word pictures of Dutch life and many amusing anecdotes concerning the experiences of the authors in traveling through

the bulb country. The entire book is full of color and is cleverly and entertainingly written. The text accompanies twenty-four color plates from paintings by Mima Nixon, giving an unusually vivid impression of this beautiful industry. ("Dutch Bulbs and Gardens." By Una Silberrad and Sophie Lyall. 176 pages. Price, \$2.00. Published by Adam & Charles Black, London, England. Agent, The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"BEYOND the Skyline" is a collection of sixteen short stories by Robert Aitken. Most of these tell of the Englishman's life away from the restraint of home convention, under strange skies and grappling with adverse conditions. The plots are often weak, sometimes hackneyed, yet the red flowing blood in the veins of the men and women who act in the old, old situations stirs one to an interest such as the stories, as stories, could not create. There are two or three, though, that contain clever situations as well as living characters, and these are good enough to keep the more exacting reader from boredom. Taken as a whole it is a book with which anyone may be on the best of terms, yet hardly deserving of a discriminating reader's friendship. ("Beyond the Skyline." By Robert Aitken. 318 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

"AN Adventure in Exile" by Richard Duffy is one of those books of light fiction that appear every summer and which we use to while away the dog days. The same very "swagger" characters live in its pages; the hero, as always, is possessed of a "shaven well-molded face"; the heroine is as fair as we would wish. Situation after situation (many of them rather cleverly fancied) follow each other quickly and there are vigor and go enough in the book to hold our attention and interest. Part of the scene is laid in Paris and, more often than is usual, we are given a little of the charming atmosphere of the city that every traveler loves. ("An

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Adventure in Exile. By Richard Duffy. 360 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by B. W. Dodge & Company, New York.)

GEORGES Cain, the author of "Walks in Paris," is the curator of the Musee Carnavelet and as such is well equipped with a knowledge of historical Paris from which to write this book. In his company we visit many of the "sights," and after he has told us the usual guide's story he then takes us behind the scenes, as it were, and we learn of facts and conditions such as no Baedeker or other guide book contains. In fact, it is the historical side alone that seems to interest Mr. Cain, for in the whole book there is little of the charm or gaiety of the modern city, and before we have read the last page we are inclined to wish that his friend Victorien Sardou had collaborated with him and given to the book a touch of present-day human interest. ("Walks in Paris." By Georges Cain. Translated by Alfred Allison. 334 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

LADY Hollyhock and Her Friends," by Marguerite Coulson Walker, drawings by Mary Isabel Hunt, is an attractive little volume containing a marvelous collection of dolls made of every conceivable material from flowers to gingerbread. All the illustrations are accompanied by a description of how to make them, and a little story of how they came to be made. The little folks will find a great deal of amusement in trying to make the different dollies, especially Lady Hollyhock, and the elegant pansy ladies. ("Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends." By Marguerite Coulson Walker. Illustrated. 154 pages. Price, \$1.25. Published by Baker & Taylor Company, New York.)

AGentle Knight of Old Brandenburg," by Charles Major, is a historical novel in which the chief characters are Wilhelmina, the daughter of King Frederick William of Brandenburg, her brother, who was afterward Frederick

the Great, and other members of this most extraordinary court. The life at the palace was important enough in itself to make the historical account of it most entertaining reading, but the author of this book has tried to do more by weaving a love story through a few of the most striking situations. The book is entertaining reading, but at times the author takes rather too much license in dealing with his facts. ("A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg." By Charles Major. Illustrated. 378 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THE Children's Book of Art," by A. E. & Sir Martin Conway, contains beautiful reproductions in color of the old masters which would most appeal to a child's imagination and interest. The book is introduced by a chapter which, in a delightful manner, tells why pictures are interesting, and instructs the reader how to learn to appreciate them. The descriptions are in no way confusingly technical. They give the story of the pictures, name the characters that are represented in them and give some little history of the times which made such a picture possible. The book may be highly recommended for both private and public instruction in art. ("The Children's Book of Art," by A. E. & Sir Martin Conway. Illustrated. 202 pages. Price, \$2.00. Published by A. & C. Black.)

THE Arts of Japan," by Edward Dillon. This convenient little book is one of a series entitled "Little Books on Art," edited by Cyril Davenport. It gives a comprehensive, not too detailed, treatment of the various branches of Japanese art, from its prehistoric manifestations through its development in American times. The growing appreciation of the western hemisphere for the art of Japan insures a sincere welcome for this little book, which it thoroughly deserves. ("The Arts of Japan." By Edward Dillon. Illustrated. 212 pages. Price, \$1.00. Published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.)

