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JOHN MUIR

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Contents

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FOREWORD

THE CRAFTSMAN for March offers first on its table of contents a sketch of John Muir, a lover of Nature, unique in our country. One who, far from devoid of scientific learning, yet prefers the "manuscripts of God" to the books of men. Heredity, temperament and experience are together responsible for the solid contribution which he has made to the geological history of America; but his absorbing love of all forms of animal and plant life has been the chief factor in securing for us our magnificent National Parks. His descriptions of the fauna and the flora of the Yellowstone have become classics: rich in landscape word-pictures, sublime or enchanting; containing the vital portraits of many of our four-footed and our feathered friends; and written with no labor of the pen, in the flowing manner of a simple man, who "only speaks right on." Mr. Muir should not be suffered to lay down his pen, for he has a well-defined position among our lovers of Nature. He is unlike Thoreau, who seemed intent upon establishing relations between the spirit of the Universe and the soul of man. Nor does he resemble John Burroughs, whose eye and ear, one might believe from his notes upon birds and insects, are open to more delicate impressions than the organs of ordinary men. Nor is Mr. Muir distinctly scholarly like Bradford Torrey. But he is more impassioned than the others, and so quick in communicating his own thoughts, that the reader ends by believing them to be his own. The accomplishments, heroism and humor of this man entitle him to extended consideration.

A subject of current interest is treated in the article upon the mural paintings by Robert Reid, very recently placed in the Massachusetts State House. As the themes of these pictures are of intense patriotic interest, and as they are pronounced technical successes, it becomes a duty and a pleasure to present them in reproduction to the public.

With the current issue Mr. Gustav Stickley opens a series of articles under the title of "Home Training in Cabinet-Making." The long practical experience and the success of the author will insure for him an attentive hearing, as he shall describe the use of tools, the proper treatment of woods, and the principles governing construction.

In view of the not far distant spring, the Craftsman House, this month, takes the form of a Bungalow: a model from which the man of moderate fortune may build a comfortable and attractive summer dwelling; while persons of more restricted means will be interested in the designs for two Cottage Homes, the cost of which, in each instance, will fall below one thousand dollars.

As a whole, it is believed that the present number shows that advance upon its predecessors which is the necessary mark of a living enterprise.

JOHN MUIR: GEOLOGIST, EXPLORER, NATURALIST

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come wander with me," she said,
Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

THE words so long ago applied by Longfellow to the elder Agassiz, have an equal descriptive power when attached to the lonely student of the American glaciers. They are, perhaps, even truer of the Scotch-American, than of the Swiss, since the latter, although a pioneer in his chosen path of scientific progress, lived in direct and constant intercourse with a large body of co-workers and students, in an atmosphere of high culture; while the former, more than once, has vanished for years together, into the wilderness, reappearing on the margins of society, coming into sight upon farms, in mills and in factories, only when his wants have compelled him. The result of these lonely labors has been twofold for the country and for the world: first, the acquisition of extensive knowledge regarding the effects of the glacial period; second, the establishment, through the influence of his writings, of national reservations and parks, in which our American flora and fauna may pursue their lives unmolested. Either side of the result would have been a life-work, the parallel of which is accomplished by a handful of persons in a whole generation; while the union of the two distinct divisions of the attainment assures for Mr. Muir the recognition of scientists, together with the warmer gratitude of the people to whose instruction and pleasure he has so richly contributed. His work demanding the most intelligent and trained powers of observation, coupled with heroic courage, patience and self-abnegation, has been done with a quietness and modesty all unconscious of requirement, exaction, or hardship, and with an enthusiasm which claims no exterior reward.

The writings of this faithful, passionate lover of Nature have a quality of interest and charm almost beyond description. His words, until they are examined critically, pass unnoticed, since they are a transparent medium for the transmission of thought. The ideas, in

the first force of conception, seize the reader, who is swept onward, as through a constantly changing panorama of real scenery and amid the most varied and emphatic forms of animal life.

But enchanting as these writings are, their chief value lies in the fact that they offer a record of observation and experiment; that they are a solid contribution to scientific literature whose accuracy can not be assailed. The work of Mr. Muir stands much above his words, and it will be accepted as his most valid claim to the lasting gratitude of the world. This is as he would wish it to be, since his attitude toward the more passive forms of intellectual labor was well defined in his refusal to prepare himself for teaching his science: replying repeatedly to the alluring inducements offered him, by saying simply that he wanted to be more than a professor, whether noticed by the world or not; that there were already too many instructors as compared with the students in the field. With the same restraint he has confined his public utterances to two volumes and perhaps one hundred fifty comparatively short articles, the latter of which he has contributed through a period of three decades to the current literature of the country; the first one appearing in the New York Tribune during the year 1871, while his first book, "The Mountains of California," was delayed until 1894. Of this a competent critic wrote that "it should take high rank among the productions of American naturalists by reason of the information which it contains, and yet it reads like a romance." It were better to say that this book, like all other writings of its author, "reads itself"; that it quickens the pulse and enlivens the imagination of the one who follows its story, not with the fevered heat generated by fiction, but with a glow of mental enthusiasm akin to the physical sensation produced by the ascent into rarified air.

The work and the writings of the man constitute his best portrait and biography. The bare facts of life—birth, early education and preliminary effort—are, in this case, as in all distinguished careers, of small importance, except as they are plainly the cause of success, and as such interesting and instructive. Otherwise, if recorded, they form a kind of literary gossip which it is unjustifiable, or at least idle to propagate.

In the personal history of John Muir there occur a number of these effect-producing facts from which have flowed the streams of

his activity. Such, for instance, were his Scotch birth and the severe training in several languages which, begun in early childhood, in the Mother Country, gave him the industry and the persistence with which to pursue his lonely studies in the forests of the New World. The acquisition needed the opportunity to be developed, which came in the disguise of a hardship and of parental restraint of long duration; since, at the age of eleven, taken by his family to Wisconsin, at a period (1849), when life in that State could not be other than that of pioneers and colonists, he struggled against the forces of Nature for bare existence, under circumstances familiar to all readers of the romantic, legendary history of the West, which never fails to recall the Labors of Hercules: that cycle of fables which epitomizes the story of civilization in the adventures of a hero and demi-god.

The life of the boy and youth, John Muir—for these conditions prevailed for eleven years—was made difficult to the limit of endurance by the refusal of his father to allow him any but very early morning hours in which to pursue his studies. He thus records experiences from which those conscious of power may draw courage and inspiration for the death-combat against adversity.

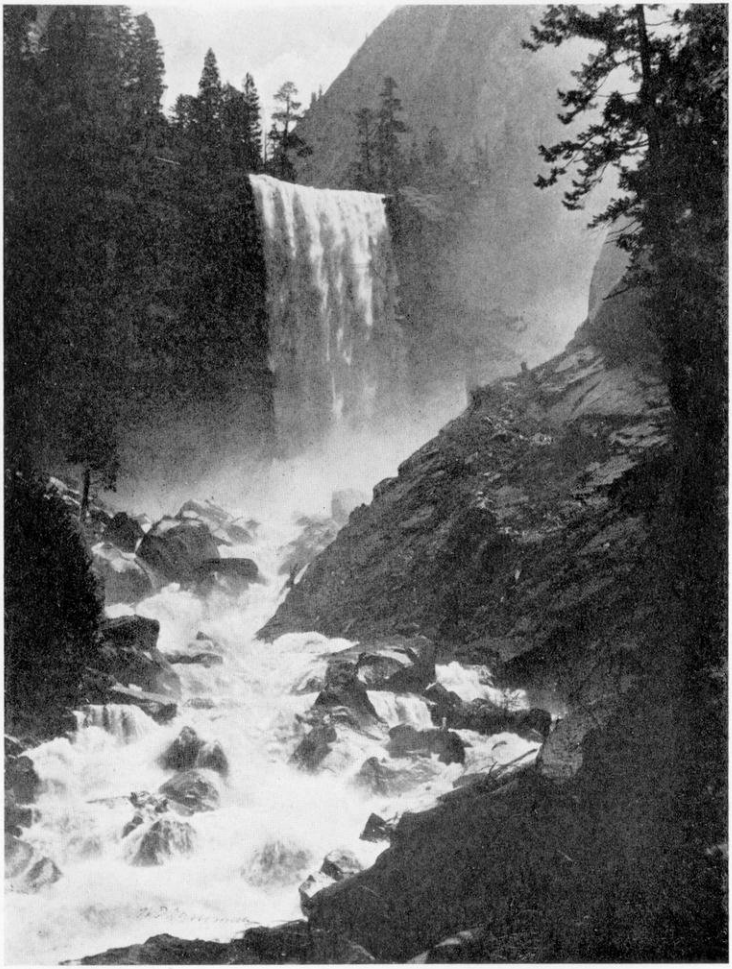
"It was winter," he writes, "and a boy sleeps soundly after chopping and fence-building all day in frosty air and snow. Therefore, I feared that I should not be able to take any advantage of the granted permission. For I was always asleep at six o'clock, when my father called. The early-rising machine was not then made, and there was no one to awaken me. Going to bed wondering whether I could compel myself to awaken before the regular hours, and determined to try, I was delighted, next morning, to find myself called by will, the power of which over sleep I then discovered. Throwing myself out of bed and lighting a candle, eager to learn how much time had been gained, I found that it was only one o'clock; leaving five hours before the work of the farm began. At this same hour, all winter long, my will, like a good angel, awakened me, and never did time seem more gloriously precious and rich. Fire was not allowed; so, to escape the frost, I went down into the cellar, and there read some favorite book—the Bible, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Shakspere, Plutarch's Lives, Milton, Burns, Walter Scott—or I worked out some invention that haunted me."

Thus closely set round with the hardest physical limitations, the

boy was furthermore open to the censure of his parent. Deeply interested in Scott, as was inevitable in one of his traditions, temperament and talents, he was constantly confronted by the fact that "Feyther did na believe in a laddie's readin' novels." And again, having carved from wood the most ingenious clocks fitted with automatic attachments for lighting the lamps and fires, he was reprimanded sharply for wasting his time upon "sic-like fol-der-rols"; while he feared even that "Feyther might deem it his duty to burn them."

Thus up to the age when the ordinary boy is about to leave college, this youth of the wilderness worked in solitude: missing the companionship which forms and polishes the man of the world; which fits the individual to fence, to thrust and parry with such invisible arms as are necessary to success in professional, social, and business life. But compensation for this loss was not wanting. The lonely boy escaped the routine which a hard and fast system always entails. He studied things in and for themselves, and was carried from attainment to attainment by pure enthusiasm for his subjects. He was hampered by no set tasks and feared no examinations. Through stress of circumstances, he gained the best, the only, preparation for a career of individual and most difficult scientific investigation in which self-reliance and judgment, as well as knowledge, were among the principal factors of success. At the age of twenty-two, as a consequence of a visit to the State Fair at Madison, undertaken in order to sell specimens of his wooden clocks and other devices, he entered the University in that town; choosing to devote himself to mathematics, geology, chemistry and botany, and casting aside from the beginning all expectations of a diploma. This action which, to-day, would have no special significance, was, in 1860, a proof of strong individuality and practical sense; since a single curriculum leading to a single degree was prescribed to all students, and even Harvard, the pioneer in college progress, was yet far from offering elective courses.

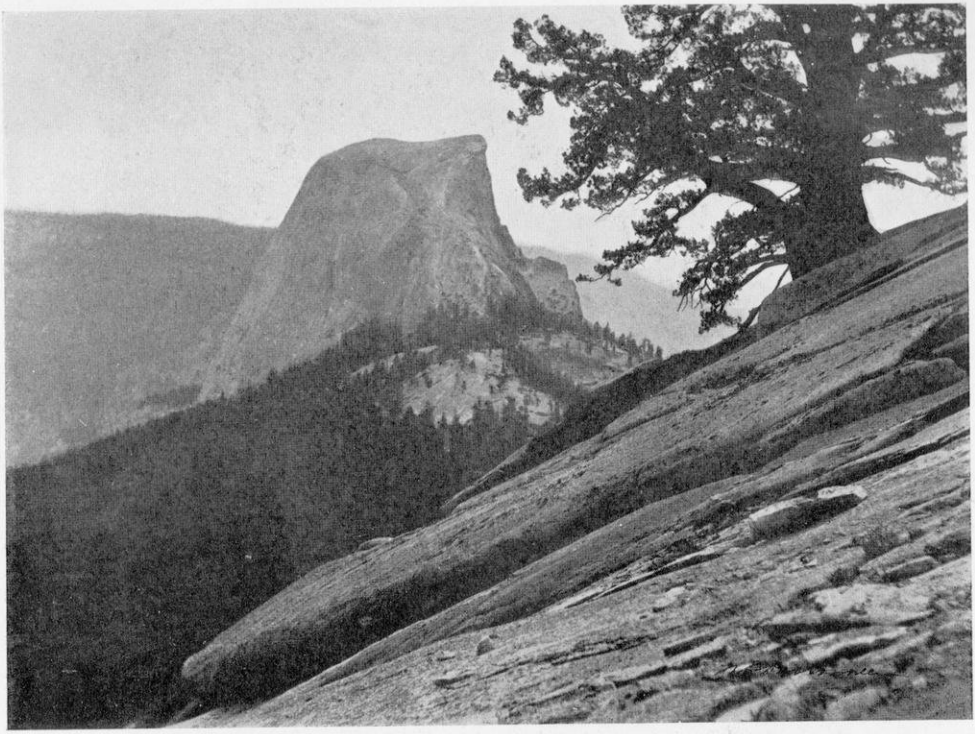
During Mr. Muir's studies at Madison there entered into his life the influence which is so often found working miracles in the early part of the careers of men destined to become famous: a guiding force, gentle, judicious and strong, which can proceed only from the sympathy, experience and protecting instinct of an elder and cultured woman. Isolation, the rude contact or the indifference of the world, poverty and hardship can often be forgotten, if only this influence be



VERNAL FALLS

"It is April. The falls respond gloriously to the ripe sunshine of these days. So do the flowers. I have written a song but dare not tell anyone as yet. I never can keep my pen perfectly sober when it gets into the bounce and hurrah of these falls, but it never has broken into rhyme before." *John Muir.*

Photograph by W. E. Dassonville, San Francisco



THE HALF DOME FROM CLOUD'S REST TRAIL

"The granite domes and pavement, apparently imperishable, we take as symbols of permanence, while these crumbling peaks, down whose frosty gullies avalanches are ever falling, are symbols of change and decay. Yet all alike, fast or slow, are surely vanishing away. Nature is ever at work building and pulling down, creating and destroying, keeping everything whirling and flowing, allowing no rest, but in rhythmical motion, chasing everything in endless song out of one beautiful form into another." *John Muir.*

Photograph by W. E. Dassonville, San Francisco

present to sustain, as we recognize it to have been during the formative period of the man and scientist with whom we are dealing. The wife of a professor at the University of Wisconsin encouraged and inspired the struggling student; urging him to experiment, investigate, explore, until he developed into his strong maturity. Then, according to the law of such cases, ceasing to be the inspiring cause of action, she became the confidant, the one friend who lent the willing ear, the attentive mind to the story of project and success, of the discoverer's exultation and of the hero's daring. Therefore, while the honor which attaches to the self-made man, can not be taken away from Mr. Muir, the gift of his personality and accomplishments to the Nation and the world is jointly due to himself, as the active, and the kindly enlightened woman, as the passive agent; each force being absolutely necessary to the other.

A vista into a long period of doubt and probation is opened by a letter written by Mr. Muir at the age of twenty-seven. From this a quotation will be effective, since it offers a contrast with the quiet, assured current of thought running joyously through the writings of the same man after the attainment of signal success. While yet the chief path of his life lay unmarked before him, he expressed himself:

"A life-time is so little a time that we die before we get ready to live. I should like to study at a college, but then I have to say to myself: 'You will die before you can do anything else.' I should like to study medicine that I might do my part in lessening human misery; but again it comes: 'You will die before you are ready, or able to do so.' How intensely I desire to be a Humboldt! But again the chilling answer is reiterated: 'Could we live a million of years, then how delightful to spend in perfect contentment so many thousand years in quiet study in college, so many amid the grateful din of machines, so many amid human pain, so many thousands in the sweet study of Nature, among the dingles and dells of Scotland, and all the other less important parts of our world.' Then, perhaps, we might, with at least a show of reason, 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' and look back upon our star with something of satisfaction . . . . In our higher state of existence, we shall have time and intellect for study. Eternity, with perhaps the whole unlimited creation of God as our field, should satisfy us, and make us patient and trustful; while we pray with the Psalmist: 'Teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto

wisdom'. . . .What you say respecting the littleness of the number who are called to the pure and deep commission of the beautiful all-loving Nature is particularly true of the hard-working people with whom I now dwell. In vain is the glorious chart of God in Nature spread out for them. 'So many acres chopped' is their motto. And they grub away amid the smoke of magnificent forest trees, black as demons and material as the soil they move upon. . . .In my long rambles, last summer, I did not find a single person who knew anything of botany, and but few who knew the meaning of the word; and wherein lay the charm which could conduct a man who might as well be gathering mammon, so many miles through these fastnesses to suffer hunger and exhaustion, was with them never to be discovered."

This melancholy view of life held by the young man was, a year later, changed to poignant grief by an accident whose results threatened the loss of his right eye. Then, yielding to his strongest impluse—the love of Nature—he subordinated to it the necessity of earning his bread. His sight seemed chiefly dear and valuable to him because it permitted him to enjoy the beauty of the external world, and his sorrow condensed into the single cry: "The sunshine and winds are working in all the gardens of God, but I, I am lost. I am shut in darkness."

But again, as in the case of his early hardships and solitude, the accident and a subsequent malarial fever were but the workings of destiny which slowly drew him to the place of his real labors. Scarcely recovered from his accident, he undertook a thousand mile tramp to Florida, sleeping for the most part in the open, from preference, as well as for reasons of economy. Weary, fasting and foot-sore, he never lost enthusiasm, and at the end of a fatiguing stage of his journey he wrote: "I have walked from Louisville, a distance of one hundred seventy miles; but, oh, I am repaid for all my toil, a thousand times over. . . . The sun has been among the tree tops for more than an hour, and the dew is nearly all taken back, and the shade in these hid basins is creeping away into the unbroken strongholds of the grand old forest. I have enjoyed the trees and scenery of Kentucky exceedingly. How shall I ever tell of the miles and miles of beauty that have been flowing into me? . . . .I am in the woods on a hill-top with my back against a moss-clad log. I wish that you could see my last evening's bedroom. . . .It was a few miles south of Louis-

ville where I planned my journey. I spread out my map under a tree, and made up my mind to go through Kentucky, Tennesee, and Georgia to Florida, thence to Cuba, and from that island to some part of South America. But it will only be a hasty walk. I am thankful, however, for so much."

In the failure of this project his last serious disappointment awaited him. Stricken with malarial fever, he lay prostrate for two months, after which he referred to himself as "creeping about, getting plants and strength": by this expression revealing, as usual, his love of Nature as his first impulse, and his realization of physical necessity as secondary. But he yet knew the value of health, and in the effort to regain it, he sailed for California, whence in the late summer following, he wrote that except for an occasional feeling of loneliness, the pleasure of his existence would be complete, and that he should remain upon the Pacific Coast for eight or nine months.

As he acknowledged, "Fate and flowers carried him to California," but the mountains held him until he read the story of the earth which lies sculptured in hieroglyphs upon their flanks. Making his entrance into the Golden State in his lesser qualities of naturalist and botanist, he described his first experiences and impressions with the ingenuousness of the old missionaries: setting aside all the severities of science and giving to his writing the savor of a wonder tale:

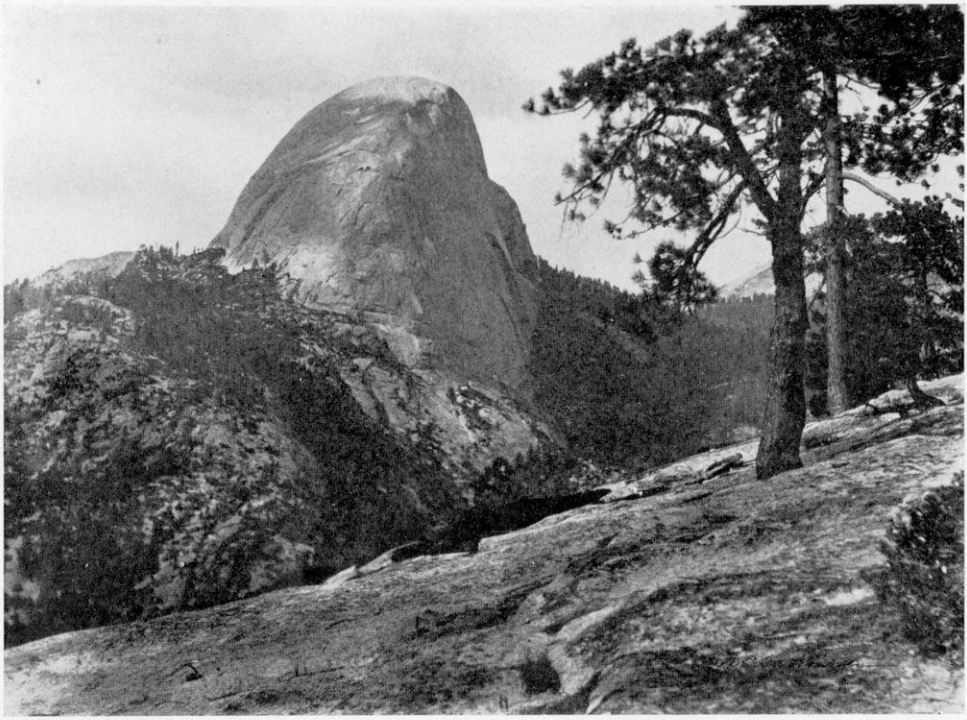
"Arriving in San Francisco in April, I struck at once into the country. I followed the Diabolo Foothills along the San José Valley to Gilroy: thence over the Diabolo Mountains to Valley of San Joaquin by the Pacheco Pass; thence down the valley opposite the mouth of the Merced river; thence across the San Joaquin, and up into the Sierra Nevada to the mammoth trees of Mariposa, and the glorious Yosemite; thence down the Merced to my present position in the county bearing the name of the river.

"The goodness of the weather as I journeyed toward Pacheco was beyond all praise and description: fragrant, mellow and bright, the sky was delicious—sweet enough for the breath of angels. Every draught of it gave a separate and distinct piece of pleasure. I do not believe that Adam and Eve ever tasted better in their balmiest nook. The last of the coast range foothills were in near view all the way to Gilroy. Their union with the Valley is by curves and slopes of inimitable beauty, and they were robed with the greenest grass and rich-

est light I ever beheld, and colored and shaded with myriads of flowers of every hue—chiefly of purple and golden yellow—and hundreds of crystal rills joined song with the larks; filling all the Valley with music like a sea, making it Eden from end to end.

"The scenery, too, and all of Nature in the Pass is fairly enchanting: strange and beautiful mountain ferns, low in the dark canyons, and high upon the rocky sunlit peaks; banks of blooming shrub; sprinklings and gatherings of garment flowers, precious and pure as ever enjoyed the sweets of a mountain home. Oh, what streams are there beaming, glancing, each with music of its own, singing as they go in shadow and light, onward upon their lovely changing pathways to the sea! And hills rise over hills, and mountains over mountains, heaving, waving, swelling, in most glorious, overpowering, unreadable majesty. At last, when stricken and faint, like a crushed insect, you hope to escape from all the terrible grandeur of these mountain powers, other fountains, other oceans break forth before you. For, there, in clear view, over heaps and rows of foothills is laid a grand, smooth, outspread plain, watered by a river, and another range of peaky, snow-capped mountains a hundred miles in the distance: that plain is the Valley of the San Joaquin, and those mountains are the Sierra Nevada. The Valley of the San Joaquin is the floweriest piece of world I ever walked: one vast, level, even flowerbed, a sheet of flowers, a smooth sea, ruffled a little in the middle by the tree fringing of the river, and here and there of cross streams from the mountains. Florida is a land of flowers; but for every flower creature that dwells in its most delightsome places, more than a hundred is living here. Here, here is Florida. Here they are not sprinkled apart with grass between as in our prairies, but grasses are sprinkled in the flowers; not as in Cuba, flowers piled upon flowers, heaped and gathered into deep glowing masses. But, side by side, flower to flower, petal to petal, touching but not entwined, branches weaving past and past each other, but free and separate: one smooth garment, mosses next the ground, grasses above, petaled flowers between.

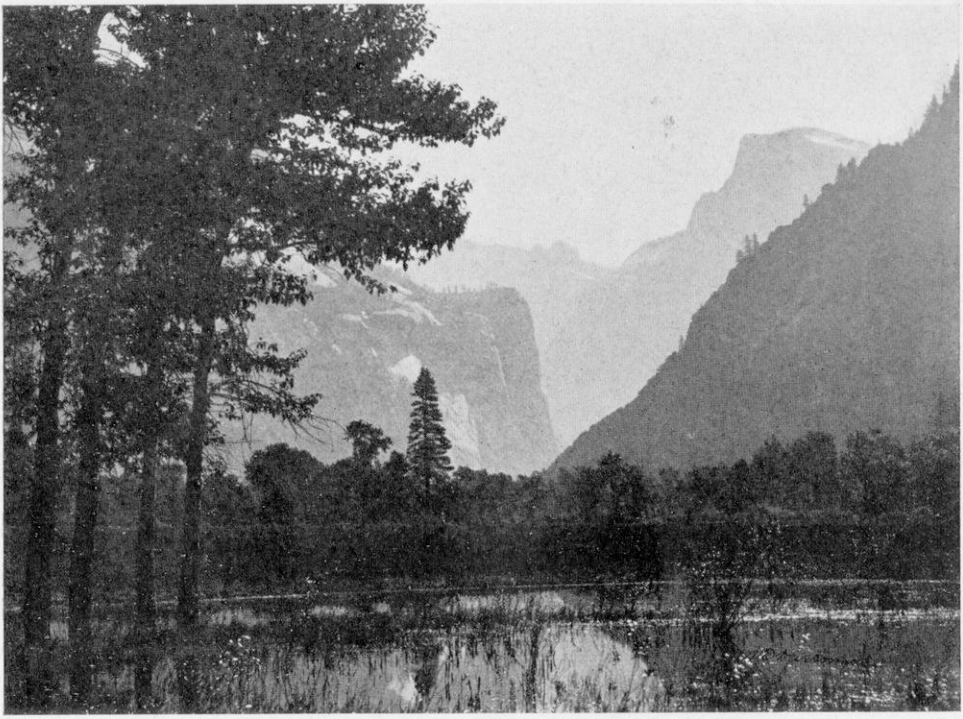
"Before studying the flowers of this valley, and their sky, and all their furniture and sounds and adornments of their home, one can scarce believe that their vast assemblies are permanent, but rather that, actuated by some great plant-purpose, they have convened from every plain and mountain, and meadow of their kingdom, and that the



HALF DOME FROM THE ILLILONETTE FALLS TRAIL

"To an observer upon this adamantine old monument in the midst of such scenery, getting glimpses of the thoughts of God, the day seems endless, the sun stands still. Much faithless fuss is made over the passage in the Bible telling of the standing still of the sun for Joshua. Here you may learn that the miracle occurs for every devout mountaineer—for everybody doing anything worth doing, seeing anything worth seeing. One day is as a thousand years, a thousand years as one day, and while yet in the flesh you enjoy immortality." *John Muir.*

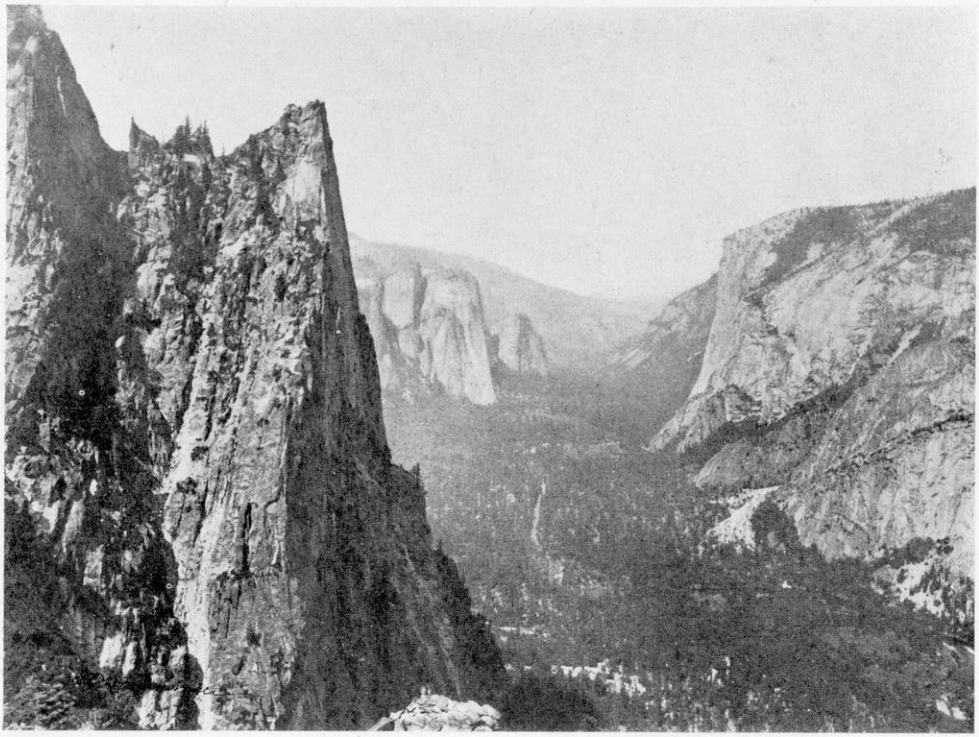
Photograph by W. E. Dassonville, San Francisco



YOSEMITE VALLEY IN THE EARLY MORNING

"Nowhere will you see the majestic operations of Nature more clearly revealed beside the frailest, most gentle and peaceful things. Nearly all the park is a profound solitude. Yet it is full of charming company, full of God's thoughts, a place of peace and safety amid the most exalted grandeur and eager enthusiastic action, a new song, a place of beginnings abounding in the first lessons of life, mountain-building, eternal, invincible, unbreaking order; with sermons in stones, storms, trees, flowers, and animals brimful of humanity." *John Muir.*

Photograph by W. E. Dassonville, San Francisco

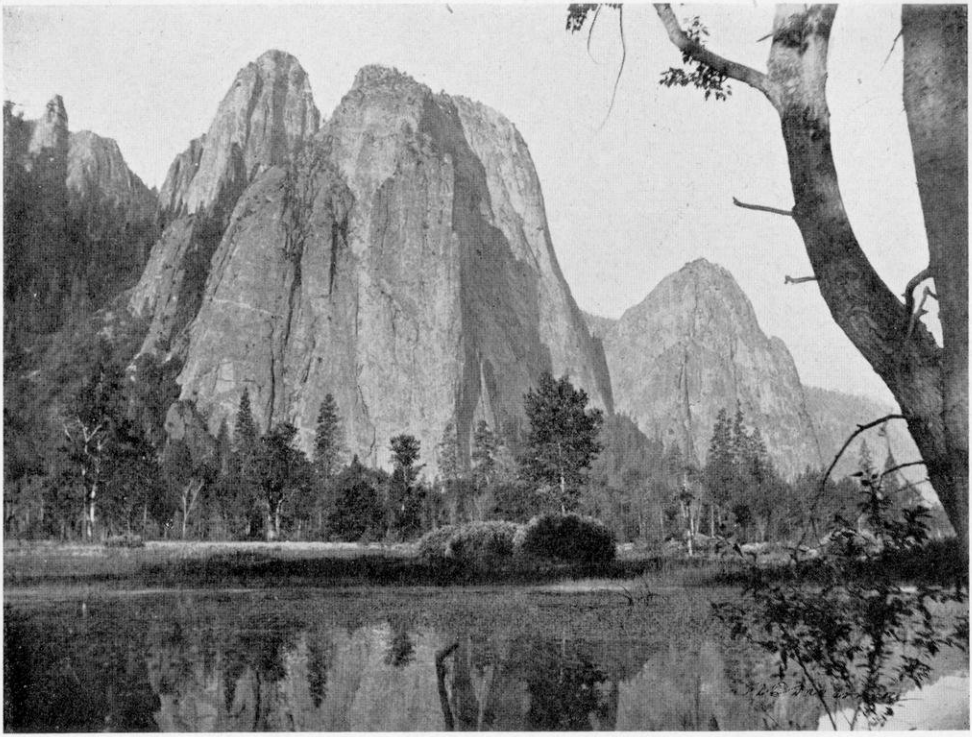


PROFILE CLIFF AND EL CAPITAN

"Not a peak, ridge, dome, canyon, lake basin, garden, forest, or stream but in some way explains the past existence and mode of action of flowing, grinding, sculpturing, soil-making, scenery-making ice. For, notwithstanding the post-glacial agents—air, rain, frost, rivers, earthquakes, avalanches—have been at work upon the greater part of the range for tens of thousands of stormy years, engraving their own characters over those of the ice, the latter are so heavily emphasized and enduring that they still rise in sublime relief, clear and legible through every after inscription."

John Muir.

Photograph by W. E. Dassonville, San Francisco



CATHEDRAL PEAK

"Cathedral Peak with its many spires and companion peaks and domes is to the southward ; and a smooth, billowy multitude of rocks, from fifty feet or less to a thousand feet high, which from their peculiar form seem to be rolling on westward, fill most of the middle ground. Immediately beneath you are the Big Tuolumne Meadows, with an ample swath of dark fine woods on either side, enlivened by the Young river, that is seen sparkling and shimmering as it sways from side to side, tracing as best it can its broad, glacial channel." *John Muir.*

Photograph by W. E. Dassonville, San Francisco

different coloring of patches, acres and miles, marked the bounds of the various tribe and family encampments."

The quotation just given, is chosen from the riches of a born *raconteur*. The thought is clothed in words approaching quaintness, and the style flowing on easily, suggests what Wordsworth so happily named "a quiet tune." Equally fascinating to the unlearned is the description of the Yellowstone National Park, published in Volume 81 of the Atlantic Monthly, in which Mr. Muir relates with expert clearness, free from clogging technicalities, the story of the natural drama of the region: dividing it into the successive acts wherein fire or water, in the form of volcanoes or glaciers, played the principal part, and giving to his writing a force and grandeur suggestive of Victor Hugo; as, for example, in the sentences:

"Now the post-glacial agents are at work on the grand old palimpsest of the park, inscribing new characters; but still in its main, telling features it remains distinctly glacial. The moraine soils are being leveled, sorted, refined, and re-formed, and covered with vegetation; the polished pavements and scoring and other superficial glacial inscriptions on the crumbling lavas are being rapidly obliterated; gorges are being cut in the decomposed rhyolites and loose conglomerates, and turrets and pinnacles seem to be springing up like growing trees, while the geysers are depositing miles of sinter and travertine. Nevertheless, the ice-work is scarce blurred as yet. These later effects are only spots and wrinkles on the grand glacial countenance of the park."

Again in the succeeding volume of the Atlantic (Number 82), there appears the article in which, perhaps, Mr. Muir reaches the climax of his lighter style. In "Among the Animals of the Yosemite," he describes the Sierra bear as one of the happiest of beings: "all the year round his bread is sure, for some of the thousand kinds that he likes are always in season and accessible, ranged on the shelves of the mountains like stores in a pantry. . . .A sheep, or a wounded deer, or a pig, he eats warm, about as quickly as a boy swallows a buttered muffin. After so gross a meal as this, perhaps the next will be strawberries and clover. . . .And, as if fearing that anything eatable in all his dominions should escape being eaten, he breaks into cabins to look after sugar and bacon. Occasionally, too, he eats the mountaineer's bed."

Here, although greed is the quality put forward, the subject of the sketch, far from being rendered repellent, becomes amusing and even attractive, through the application of a few well-chosen words.

A contrast to this portrait is offered by the subtile description of the Douglas squirrel, which reflects the darting motion, the very being of the sprightly creature. Of the representative of this species Mr. Muir says: "He is the most influential of the Sierra animals, although small, and the brightest of all the squirrels I know—a squirrel of squirrels, quick mountain vigor and valor condensed, purely wild, and as free from disease as a sunbeam. One can not think of such an animal ever being weary or sick. His fine tail floats now behind, now above him, level or gracefully curled, light and radiant as dry thistledown. His body seems hardly more substantial than his tail. The Douglas is a firm, emphatic bolt of life, full of show and fight, and his movements have none of the elegant deliberation of the gray. They are so quick and keen they almost sting the onlooker, and the acrobatic harlequin-show he makes of himself turns one giddy to see. . . . .He goes his ways bold as a lion, up and down and across, round and round, the happiest, merriest of all the hairy tribe, and, at the same time, tremendously earnest and solemn, sunshine incarnate, making every tree tingle with his electric toes. If you prick him, you can not think he will bleed. He seems above the chance and change that beset common mortals, though in busily gathering burrs and nuts he shows us that he has to work for a living, like the rest of us. I never found a dead Douglas. He gets into the world and out of it without being noticed; only in prime is he seen, like some little plants that are visible only when in bloom."

We could wish, in the interest of the people that all species of our fauna and flora might be described by the pen of Mr. Muir, since he clothes the dry bones of fact in most attractive form, and, to use the phrase of Addison, succeeds in making "knowledge amiable and lovely to all." But yet had he written more voluminously, had he been content to remain a simple naturalist, we should not have benefited by his studies of the effects of the glacial period. These researches entailed a decade of isolation, and difficult journeys in the Sierras and Alaska, as well as participation in the Corwin Expedition organized in 1881, to search for the ill-fated exploring vessel Jeannette. By this means, Mr. Muir was enabled to extend his observa-

tions to the Behring Sea and along the coast of Siberia; while, twelve years later, in 1893, he visited Norway and Switzerland further to examine the intensely interesting natural phenomena to the study of which he had given the best years of his life. His belief in the existence of living glaciers in the Sierras was at first combated by scientists of higher academic training, who had made these mountains the subject of their study, and the public was illy disposed to accept the assertions of a "sheepherder" against what appeared to be the authoritative statements of scholars like Whitney, King, Le Comte and Hoffman. "Therefore," wrote Mr. Muir, "although I was myself satisfied regarding the nature of these ice masses, I found that my friends distrusted my deductions, and I determined to collect proofs of the common arithmetical measured kind."

These proofs Mr. Muir gathered alone, often with great peril to his life, but always in the certainty that the truth would triumph. He ended by demonstrating the Sierra glaciers to be living, as determined by their motion, which he found simple means to verify. The correctness of his arguments, the sure foundation of his belief were acknowledged by the scientists who had questioned and challenged the lay intruder into their circle; the oldest University in the country conferred upon him an honorary degree; while the Western institution, at which he had acquired a working knowledge of the sciences, bestowed upon him a similar mark of approval. A glacier in Alaska has been called after him, and his memory will go down in scientific history as that of a man of real attainments: one whose name is attached to a discovery, and consequently must live as long as the fact or the thing discovered shall prove of interest or of use. His life-work, by no means ended, or even slackened, has yet passed beyond the period of struggle into that of achievement, variety and well-ordered quiet. He continues to observe Nature and to record his observations, relieving his study by the practical cares incident to the ownership of one of the largest cherry orchards of the world. In this position his practical sense, his close study of growth, his love for everything living make him most successful; while his broad Scotch humor, exemplified in a response to a summons to a scientific expedition among the Sierras, reveals a new and pleasing aspect of his character unsuspected by those who know him only through the facts of his career as geologist and naturalist. The summons came at the annual

gathering season, and the owner of the orchard was found by the messenger, at his post among heavily-laden trees. A shade of mock despair passed over his face, and picking a cherry, he exclaimed in his native dialect: "Dinna ye see that, mon? That red-faced, bald-headed, sleek, one-legged wretch? I'm an absolute slave to that divvil. So, I can na go, I can na go."

From this example and from many others of the kind which might be adduced, it is plain that the life which we have now considered at some length runs the whole gamut of existence, each note sounding clear and full: the austere, the strenuous and the sorrowful up to the highest notes of pure and simple gayety.

It remains but to accentuate two points: first, his responsiveness to the inspiring source of his endeavor, as witnessed in a descriptive letter to the lady previously mentioned, and here printed for the first time; second, his heroism, which, in an instance related by a friend, shows him to be of the purest blood of Alpine climbers: one in whom cowardice and selfishness have been eliminated through the contemplation of Nature clothed in her divine majesty. Reading this story of courage and devotion, one hears rising in his mind the themes of Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, and certain words of Robert Browning recur also to the memory as a fitting epitaph to John Muir, when he shall have "passed over to the majority":

> "He did too many grandnesses to note
> Much of the meaner things along his way."

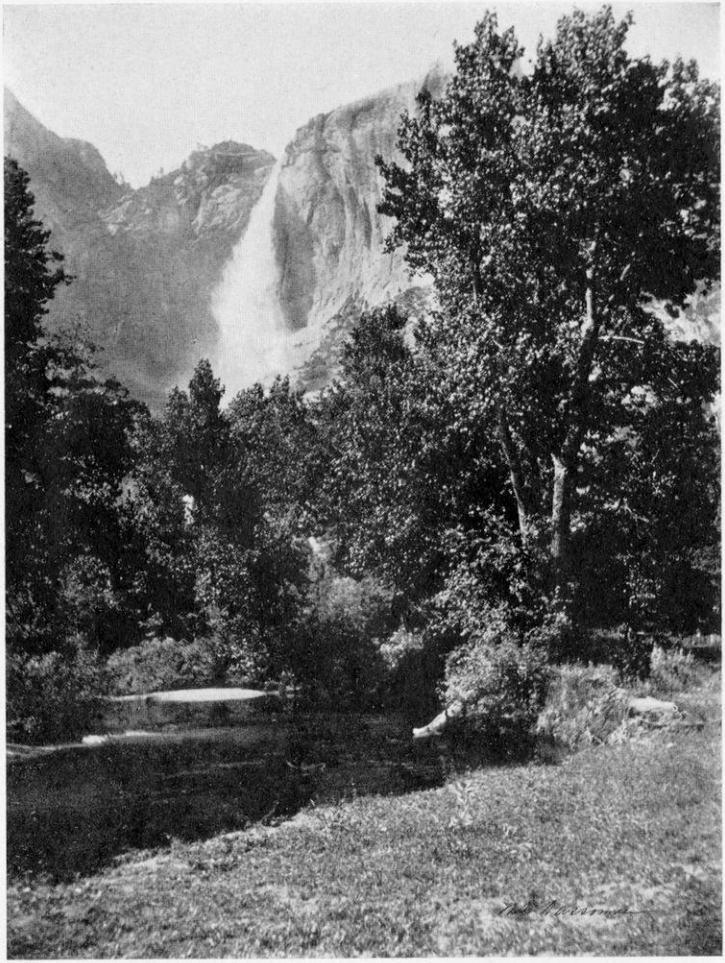
A LETTER FROM THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

HERE again (in the Yosemite Valley) are pine trees, and the wind, and living rock and water. I have met two of my ousels on one of the pebbly ripples of the river, where I used to be with them. Most of the meadow gardens are disenchanted and dead, yet I found a few mint spikes, and asters, and brave sunful golden-rod, and a patch of the tiny *minusculus* that has two spots on each lip. The fragrance, and the color, and the form, and the whole spiritual expression of golden-rod are hopeful and strength-giving beyond any other flower that I know. A single spike is sufficient to heal unbelief and melancholy.

THE THREE BROTHERS

"No wonder the Indians loved the Yosemite Valley. No wonder they named every salient dome and spire and lake and waterfall. No wonder they fought hard for its possession and wailed loud and long when strong and warlike foes dispossessed them. Pompompesus—the leaping frogs—which we call The Three Brothers, with the quietly flowing Merced at its feet, afforded the Indian rhapsodists a fine theme for one of their imaginative stories."

Photograph by W. E. Dassonville, San Francisco



YOSEMITE FALLS FROM THE MEADOW

"I have been wandering about among the falls and rapids studying the grand instruments of slopes and curves and echoing caves upon which those divine harmonies are played. Only a thin flossy veil sways and bends over Yosemite now and Pohono too is a web of waving mist. New songs are sung, forming parts of the one grand anthem composed and written 'in the beginning.'" *John Muir.*

Photograph by W. E. Dassonville, San Francisco

On leaving Oakland I was so excited over my escape that of course I forgot and left all the accounts I was to collect. No wonder and no matter. I am beneath the grand old pine that I have heard so often in storms, both in the night and in the day. It sings grandly now, every needle sun-thrilled, and shining, and responding tunefully to the azure wind.

When I left, I was in a dreaming, exhausted daze. Yet from mere habit or instinct I tried to observe and study. From the car window I watched the gradual transitions from muddy water, spongy tule, marsh, and level field, as we shot up the San José Valley, and marked, as best I could, the forms of the stream canyons as they opened to the plain, and the outlines of the undulating hillocks and headlands between. Interest increased at every mile, until it seemed unbearable to be thrust so flyingly onward, even toward the blessed Sierras. I shall study them yet, free from time and wheels. When we turned suddenly and dashed into the narrow mouth of the Livermore Pass, I was looking out of the right side of the car. The window was closed on account of the cinders and smoke from the locomotive. All at once, my eye seized a big hard rock not a hundred yards away, every line of which is as strictly and outspokenly glacial as any of the most alphabetic of the high and young Sierra. That one sure glacial word thrilled and overjoyed me more than you will ever believe. Town smokes and shadows had not dimmed my vision, for I had passed this glacial rock twice before, without reading its meaning.

As we proceeded, the general glacialness of the range became more and more apparent, until we reached Pleasanton, where once there was a great *mer de glace*. Here, the red sun went down in a cloudless glow, and I leaned back, happy and weary, and possessed of a life full of noble problems.

At Lathrop, we had supper and changed cars. The last of the daylight had long faded, and I sauntered away from the din, while the baggage was being transferred. The young moon hung like a sickle above the shorn wheatfields. Ursa Major pictured the Northern sky; the milky way curved sublimely through the broadcast stars, like some grand celestial moraine with planets for bowlders; and the whole night shone resplendent, adorned with that calm, imperishable beauty it has worn unchanged from the beginning.

I slept at Turlock, and, next morning, faced the Sierra, and set out through the sand on foot. The freedom I felt was exhilarating, and the burning heat, and thirst, and faintness could not make it less. Before I had walked ten miles, I was wearied and footsore, but it was real earnest work and I liked it. Any kind of simple, natural destruction is preferable to the numb, dumb apathetic deaths of a town.

Before I was out of sight of Turlock, I found a handful of glorious *hemizonia virgata* and a few specimens of the patient, steadfast *erigonum,* that I had learned to love around the slopes of Twenty-Hill Hollow. While I stood with these old dear friends, we were joined by a lark, and, in a few seconds more, Harry Edwards came flapping by with spotted wings. Just think of the completeness of that reunion: Twenty Hill Hollow *Hemizonia, Erigonum,* Lark, butterfly and I, and lavish outflows of genuine Twenty Hill Hollow sungold. I threw down my coat and one shirt in the sand; forgetting Hopeton, and heedless that the sun was becoming hotter every minute. I was wild once more, and let my watch warn and point as it pleased. Heavy wagon loads of wheat had been hauled along the road, and the wheels had sunken deeply and left smooth, beveled furrows in the sand. Upon the slopes of these sand furrows, I soon observed a most beautiful and varied embroidery: evidently tracks of some kind. At first, I thought of mice, but I soon saw they were too light and delicate even for the tracks of these little animals. Then, a tiny lizard darted into the stubble ahead of me, and I carefully examined the track he made, but it was entirely unlike the fine print-embroidery I was studying. However, I knew that he might make very different tracks, if walking leisurely; therefore I determined to catch one and experiment. I found in Florida that lizards, however swift, are short winded; so I gave chase and soon captured a tiny gray fellow, and carried him to a smooth sand-bed where he could embroider, without getting away into grass tufts or holes. He was so wearied that he could not skim, and was compelled to walk, and I was excited with delight in seeing an exquisitely beautiful strip of embroidery about five-eighths of an inch wide, drawn out in flowing curves behind him as from a loom. The riddle was solved. I knew that mountain bowlders move in music. So also do lizards, and their written music printed by their feet (moved so swiftly as to be invisible) covers the hot sands with beauty wherever they go. But

my sand embroidery-lesson was by no means finished. I speedily discovered a yet more delicate pattern on the sands, woven into that of the lizards. I examined the strange combination of bars and dots. No five-toed lizard had printed that music. I watched narrowly, down on my knees, following the strange and beautiful pattern along the wheel furrows, and out into the stubble. Occasionally, the pattern would suddenly end in a shallow pit half an inch across and an eighth of an inch deep. I was fairly puzzled, picked up my bundle and trudged discontentedly away; but my eyes were hungrily awake and I watched all the ground. At length, a gray grasshopper rattled and flew up, and the truth flashed upon me that he was the complementary embroiderer of the lizard. Then followed long, careful observation, but I never could see the grasshopper until he jumped, and after he alighted he invariably stood watching me with his legs set ready for another jump in case of danger. Nevertheless, I soon made sure that he was my man; for I found that, in jumping, he made the shallow pits I had observed at the termination of the pattern I was studying. But no matter how patiently I waited he wouldn't *walk,* while I was sufficiently near to observe—they are so nearly the color of the sand. I therefore caught one, and lifted his wing covers, and cut off about half of each wing with my penknife, and carried him to a favorable place on the sand. At first, he did nothing but jump and make dimples, but soon became weary and walked in common rhythm with all his six legs. My interest you may guess, while I watched the embroidery: the written music, laid down in a beautiful ribbonlike strip behind him. I glowed with wild joy, as if I had found a new glacier, copied specimens of the precious fabric into my note book, and strode away with my own feet sinking with a dull craunch, craunch, craunch, in the hot gray sand, glad to believe that the dark and cloudy vicissitudes of the Oakland period had not dimmed my vision in the least. Surely, Mother Nature pitied the poor boy and showed him pictures!

Happen what would, fever-thirst or sunstroke, my joy for that day was complete. Yet I was to receive still more. A train of curving tracks, with a line in the middle, next fixed my attention, and almost before I had time to make a guess concerning their author, a small hawk came shooting down vertically out of the sky, a few steps ahead of me, and picked up something in his talons. After rising thirty or forty feet overhead, he dropped it by the roadside, as if to show me

what it was. I ran forward and found a little bunchy field mouse, and, at once, suspected him of being embroiderer number three. After an exciting chase through stubble-heaps and weed-thickets, I wearied and captured him without being bitten, and turned him free to make his mark in a favorable sand bed. He also embroidered better than he knew, and at once claimed the authorship of the new trackwork.

I soon learned to distinguish the pretty sparrow-track from that of the magpie and the lark, with their three delicate branches and the straight scratch behind, made by the back curving claw dragged loosely like the spur of a Mexican *vacquero*. The cushioned, elastic feet of the hare frequently were seen mixed with the pattering, scratchy prints of the squirrels. I was now wholly trackful. I fancied I could see the air whirling in dimpled eddies from sparrow- and lark-wings, earthquake bowlders descending in a song of curves, snowflakes glinting songfully hither and thither. "The water in music the oar forsakes." The air in music the wing forsakes. All things move in music and write it. The mouse, lizard, and grasshopper sing together on the Turlock sands, sing with the morning stars.

Scarcely had I begun to catch the eternal harmonies of Nature, when I heard the hearty goddamning din of the mule driver; dust whirled into the sungold, and I could see the sweltering mules leaning forward, dragging the heavily piled wheat-wagons deep sunken in the sand. My embroidery perished by the mile, but the grasshoppers never wearied, nor the gray lizards, nor the larks, and the coarse confusion of man was speedily healed.

About noon, I found a family of grangers feeding, and remembering your admonition anent my health, requested leave to join them. My head ached with fever and sunshine, and I could not dare the ancient brown bacon, or the beans and cakes, but water and splendid buttermilk came in perfect affinity and made me strong. Toward evening, after passing through miles of blooming *hemizonia,* I reached Hopeton, on the edge of the oak fringe of the Merced. Here, all were yellow and woe-begone with malarial fever. I rested one day, spending the time in examining the remarkably flat, water-eroded Valley of the Merced, and the geological sections which it offers. In going across to the river, I had a suggestive time, breaking my way through tangles of blackberry and brier-rose, and willow. I admire

delicate plants that are well prickled, and, therefore, took my scratched face and hands patiently. I bathed in the sacred stream, seeming to catch all its mountain tones while it softly murmured and rippled over the shallows of brown pebbles. The whole river, back to its icy sources, seemed to rise in clear vision with its countless cascades, and falls, and blooming meadows, and gardens. Its pine groves, too, and the winds that play them, all appeared and sounded.

In the cool of the evening, I caught Browny and cantered across to the Tuolumne; the whole way being fragrant and golden with *hemizonia.* A breeze swept in from your Golden Gate regions over the passes, and across the plains, fanning the hot ground and drooping plants, and refreshing every beast and bird and weary plodding man. It was dark before I reached my old friend Delaney, but I was instantly recognized by my voice, and welcomed in the old, good, uncivilized way, not to be misunderstood.

All the region adjacent to the Tuolumne River, where it sweeps out into the plain, after its long eventful journey in the mountains, is exceedingly picturesque. Round terraced hills, brown and yellow with grasses and *compositae* and adorned with open groves of darkly foliaged live-oak, are grouped in a most open, tranquil manner, and laid upon a smooth, level base of purple plain; while the river bank is lined with nooks of great beauty and variety, in which the river has swept and curled, shifting from side to side, retreating and returning, as determined by floods, and the gradual erosion and removal of drift-beds formerly laid down. A few miles above here, at the village of La Grange, the wild river had made some astonishing deposits in its young days, through which it now flows with the manners of stately old age, apparently disclaiming all knowledge of them. But a thousand thousand bowlders, gathered from many a moraine, swashed and ground in pot-holes, record their history, and tell of white floods of a grandeur not easily conceived. Noble sections, nearly a hundred feet deep, are laid bare like a book, by the Mining Company. Water is drawn from the river, several miles above, and conducted by ditches and pipes, and made to play upon these deposits for the gold they contain. Thus the Tuolumne of to-day is compelled to unravel and lay bare its own ancient history, which is a thousandfold more important than the handfuls of gold sand it chances to contain.

I mean to return to these magnificent records in a week or two,

and turn the gold disease of the La Grangers to account, in learning the grand old story of the Sierra flood period. If these hundred laborious hydraulickers were in my employ, they could not do me better service, and, all along the Sierra flank, thousands of strong arms are working for me, incited by the small golden bait. Who shall say that I am not rich?

On I went up through the purple foothills to Coulterville, where I met many hearty, shaggy mountaineers, glad to see me. Strange to say, The Overland "Studies" have been read and discussed in the most unlikely places. Some numbers have found their way through the Bloody Canyon pass to Mono.

In the evening, Black and I rode together up into the sugar pine forests, and through the moonlight on to his old ranch. The grand, priest-like pines held their arms above us in blessing; the wind sang songs of welcome; the cool glaciers and the running crystal fountains added their greetings. I was no longer on, but in the mountains: home again, and my pulses were filled. On and on reveling in white moonlight spangles on the streams, shadows in rock hollows and briery ravines, tree architecture on the sky, more divine than ever stars in their spires, leafy mosaic on meadow and bank. Never had the Sierra seemed so inexhaustible. Mile on mile onward in the forest through groves old and young. Pine tassels overarched and brushed both cheeks at once. The chirping of crickets only deepened the stillness. About eight o'clock, a strange mass of tones came surging and waving through the pines. "That's the death song," said Black, as he reined up his horse to listen. "Some Indian is dead." Soon, two glaring watch-fires shone red through the forest, marking the place of congregation. The fire glare and the wild wailing came with indescribable impressiveness through the still, dark woods. I listened eagerly as the weird curves of woe swelled and cadenced, now rising steep like glacial precipices, now swooping low in polished slopes. Falling bowlders, and rushing streams, and wind tones caught from rock and tree were in it. When at length we rode away, and the heaviest notes were lost in distance, I wondered that so much of mountain nature should well out from such a source. Miles away, we met Indian groups slipping through the shadows on their way to join the death wail. Farther on, a harsh grunting and growling seemed to come from the opposite bank of a brook along which we

rode. "What? Hush! That's a bear," ejaculated Black, in a gruff, bearish undertone. "Yes," he said, "some rough old Bruin is sauntering this fine night, seeking some wayside sheep lost from migrating flocks." Of course, all night-sounds, otherwise unaccountable, are accredited to bears. On ascending a sloping hillock, less than a mile from the first, we heard another grunting bear, but whether or not daylight would transform our bears to pigs, may well be counted into the story.

Past Bower Cave we went and along a narrow winding trail in deep shadow. It was so dark that I had to throw the reins on Browny's neck and trust to his skill; for I could not see the ground, and the hillside was steep. A fine, bright tributary of the Merced sang far beneath us, as we climbed higher, higher, through the hazels and dogwoods that fringed the rough, black boles of spruces and pines. We were now nearing the old camping ground of the Pilot Peak region, where I learned to know the large nodding lilies *(L. pardalium),* so abundant along these streams, and the groups of alder-shaded cataracts, so characteristic of the North Merced Fork.

Moonlight whitened all the long fluted slopes of the opposite bank, but we rode in continuous shadow. The rush, and gurgle, and prolonged a-a-a of the stream coming up, sifting into the wind, was very impressive and solemn. It was here that you first seemed to join me. I reached up as Browny carried me underneath a big Douglas spruce, and plucked one of its long, plumy sprays which brought you in a moment from the Oakland dead. You are more spruce than pine, though I never definitely knew it until now. Here were miles and miles of tree scripture, along the sky: a Bible that will one day be read. The beauty of its letters and sentences have burned me like fire, through all these Sierra seasons. Yet I cannot interpret their hidden thoughts. They are terrestrial expressions of sun, pure as water and snow. Heavens! listen to the wind song! I am still writing beneath that grand old pine in Black's yard; and that other companion scarcely less noble, back of which I took shelter during the earthquake, is just a few yards beyond. The shadows of their boles lie like charred logs on the gray sand; while half the yard is embroidered with their branches and leaves. There goes a woodpecker with an acorn to drive into its thick bark for winter, and well it may gather its stores, for I can myself detect winter in the wind!

Few nights of my mountain life have been more eventful than that of my ride in the woods from Coulterville, when I made my reunion with the winds and pines. It was eleven o'clock when we reached Black's ranch. I was weary, and soon died in sleep. How cool, and vital, and re-creative was the hale young mountain air! On, higher, higher, up into the holy of holies of the woods. Pure, white, lustrous clouds overshadowed the massive congregations of silver fir and pine. We entered, and a thousand living arms were waved in solemn blessing. An infinity of mountain life. How complete is the absorption of one's life into the spirit of mountain woods! No one can love or hate an enemy here, for no one can conceive of such a creature as an enemy. Nor can one have any distinctive love of friends. The dearest and best of you all seemed of no special account, mere trifles. Hazel green water, famous among mountaineers, distilled from the pores of an ancient moraine, spiced and toned in a maze of fragrant roots. Winter does not cool it, nor summer warm it. Shadows over shadows keep its fountains always cool. Moss and felted leaves guard from spring and autumn frosts; while a woolly robe of snow protects from the intenser cold of winter. Bears, deer, birds, and Indians love alike the water and the nuts of hazel green; while the pine squirrel reigns supreme and haunts its incomparable groves like a spirit. Here a grand old glacier swept over from the Tuolumne ice fountains, into the basin of the Merced, leaving the hazel-green moraine for the food of her coming trees, and the fountains of her predestined waters.

Along the Merced divide, to the ancient glacial lake-bowl of Crane's Flat, was ever fir or pine more perfect? What groves! What combinations of green and silver-gray and glowing white of glinting sunbeams! Where is leaf or limb wanting; and is this the upshot of the so-called "mountain glooms and mountain storms?" If so, is Sierra forestry aught beside an outflow of Divine Love? These round-bottomed grooves sweeping across the divide, and adown whose sides our horses canter with accelerated speed, are the pathways of ancient ice-currents, and it is just where these crushing glaciers have borne down most heavily, that the greatest loveliness of grove and forest appears.

A deep canyon filled with blue air now comes in view on the right.

That is the valley of the Merced, and the highest rocks visible through the trees belong to the Yosemite Valley.

More miles of glorious forest, then out into free light and down, down, down, into the groves and meadows of Yosemite. The new wagon road has opened out some very striking views both up and down the Valley. How simple all the problems are that I studied last winter! Yet how hopeless seems the work of opening other eyes by mere words! No one will ever know the grandeur of this Sierra sculpture in its entirety, without the same study on the spot.

No one of the rocks seems to call me now, nor any of the distant mountains. Surely this Merced and Tuolumne chapter of my life is done.

I have been out on the river bank with my letters. How good and wise they seem to be! You wrote better than you know. All together they form a precious volume whose sentences are more intimately connected with my mountain work than any one will ever be able to appreciate.

AN ACT OF HEROISM

IN certain of his wanderings in Alaska, undertaken to further his study of glaciers, Mr. Muir was accompanied by the Reverend S. Hall Young, then a Presbyterian Missionary. Companions in privation and danger, the two men formed for each other a strong, close friendship which was destined to be tested by a dramatic incident nearly approaching the tragic.

It happened in Southern Alaska. On their approach to a mountain, twelve thousand feet, or more, in height, they decided to ascend it in order to observe the surrounding country. They left their canoe *cached* on the river banks below, and, visiting an Indian village near, asked the best way to make the summit. By this time, day was far spent and they resolved to stop for the night. They found good pasture for their horses, and, close by, scented beds of pine *spiculae* for themselves. In the morning, they planned to ascend as far as their horses could climb, then, to camp again for the night, and, on the following morning to push on, leaving the horses hobbled. They could return to camp by the next nightfall. They were successful the first day, and the next morning found them at the fire, preparing the meal

which was to fortify them for the ascent. "Those clouds over yon have a stor-rm inside their black coats, which, like as not, they'll spill before the day's over; but, mon, I ken ye luve a stor-rm in the mountains as I do mysel'," exclaimed Muir, lapsing into brogue, as he is wont to do, when his imagination is fired, or his heart touched. Fearlessly, even gaily, the two made their way over steep slopes of basic rock, distintegrating lava, and rough *scoriae,* pausing now and then to talk about some treasure trove, or to enjoy the superb vistas revealed by breaking clouds below.

Presently, other dark clouds gathered and scurried in armies over the heavens; the winds almost whirled the two travelers off their feet; rain, sleet, hail, and snow were poured upon them; but they pushed on, shouldering the storm, which buffeted them like a human adversary. Several times, the missionary was tempted to suggest their return, but one glance at his companion trudging ahead killed his impulse. He said nothing, and followed, until a still fiercer blast swept down the mountain and threw him off his feet, upon the face of a glacier, or sloping mass of frozen snow. Its slippery surface afforded him no hold, and it was impossible to arrest his rapid downward slide.

Unconscious of what had happened, Muir pushed on. At length, receiving no answer to a question twice repeated, he turned round and found himself alone, with no trace of his companion. He called aloud, but there was no response. Returning, he came to the tell-tale sliding tracks, and shouted again. Still there was no answer. Then, slowly, and realizing that upon each step depended both their lives, he cut his way along the tracks, which led to the edge of a precipice. He looked into the profound chasm and his heart sank, for no one, it seemed, could fall into that fearful place and escape. "Young, me friend, are ye there?" he called. A low moan answered him, and, suddenly, a rift in the storm permitted him to see on the face of the precipice, a kind of shelf, an out-thrust mass of rock or snow, upon which lay the body of his friend.

With masterly care and skill, step by step, Muir cut his way. Roused from his swoon, the missionary looked up, and tried to move, but his legs were paralyzed. He tried to stir his hand, but both shoulders were dislocated. "What would you do?" he wailed. "Go

back. I'm nearly dead. You can not get me out. Don't risk your life! For God's sake, go back!"

Another step was cut by the man above, "I'll gang back, me friend, by and by, when I'm ready. I'm no ready yet." Nearer and nearer he came, and at length stood by Young's side. "It is folly, it is madness, to come here," moaned the disabled man. "It will be worse to try to get me out. Go, and save yourself."

Muir knelt beside him, feeling out the hurts. "Well, mon, ye're certainly in a bad fix, but I'll get ye out. Can ye stand it if I hurt ye a little?"

"Don't, John, don't try. Go back and save yourself," pleaded the other.

But the stout-hearted Scot bent over him. "So," he said, and turned the wounded man on his face. Gripping Young's collar with his teeth, and getting astride of him, he slowly lifted his burden, as a panther lifts her young, and began to drag it up the sloping shelf. It was the only way.

Then the struggle began, in silence, save for the raging of the storm, the panting of Muir, the stifled moans of the man he was carrying. One step, two, three, four—his breath grew more labored; five, six, seven, eight—his fingers bled; nine—his right hand gripped the hole above, his left foot felt for its resting place, dislodging a piece of ice, which went bounding down to the depths below. In spite of the cold, his forehead and cheeks streamed with sweat. Heavier grew the now insensible load. Four more steps, each a convulsive effort. Now, there are but two,—can he go on? One more! It is taken! Rescuer and rescued roll over together beyond the bulwark of a protecting stone.

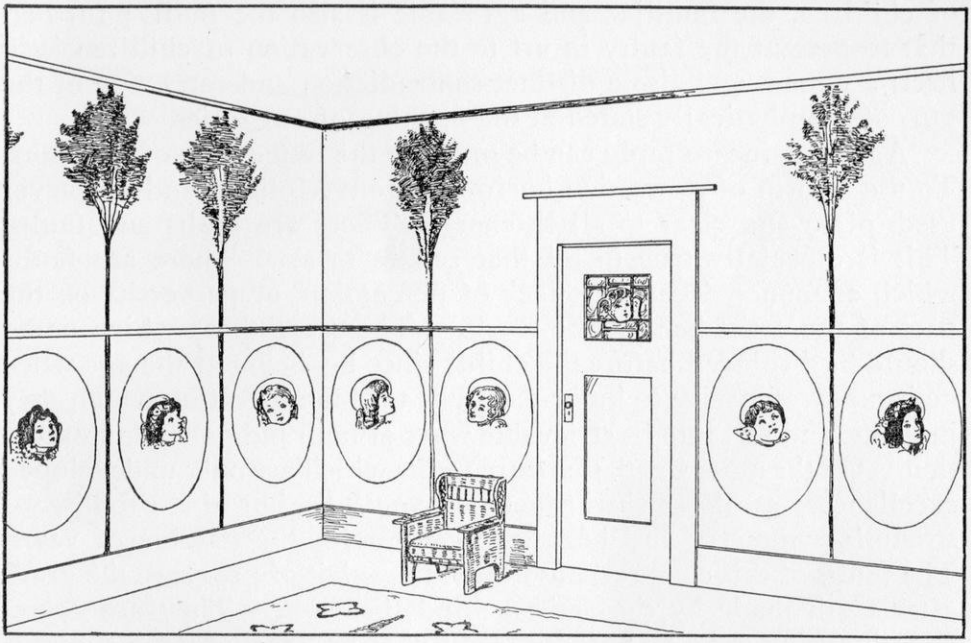
Then, when Muir, himself unconscious for a time, recovered, he placed his friend under shelter, packed the snow about him to ward off the storm, piled up a heap of stones as a landmark, and went for aid, which, having procured, he led the rescuers from the valley straight to the spot where Young lay, so unerring was his instinct and mountain wisdom. The missionary was carried below into the valley, where he was nursed back to health by Muir, who then returned to his work, unaware, like all heroes, that he had transcended the ordinary man in courage, kindness and constancy.

ART IN THE HOME AND IN THE SCHOOL: EXAMPLES CHOSEN FROM CERTAIN ITALIAN PRE-RAPHAELITE MASTERS

AS we continue our search for proper subjects to be employed in the mural decoration of school-room and nursery, we find the field broadening, and material lying where its presence would be least suspected. One such instance occurs in Italian Pre-Raphaelite art, against whose use for this purpose a plea of apparent justice might be urged. The faults of drawing and of perspective marking the works of these early painters might, in the opinion of many intelligent persons, bar them from an educative office. A not inconsiderable number of those who would accept the masterly, although strongly personal art of Boutet de Monvel, as capable of developing the faculties of aesthetic judgment, would reject the groping, unformed technique of the painters before Raphael, as containing an element of danger from which the eyes of children should be jealously guarded. They would revert to a principle to which, in the course of the present papers, allusion has already been made: namely, that the young student must be surrounded with good drawing, lest his peceptions be dulled or perverted. They might further argue that to accept early Italian art other than as a necessary link in the chain of evolution is an affectation; that its conventions are absurd, its human figures grotesque or pitiable, its choice and treatment of subjects mediaeval and tiresome.

But while those who so reason may have some knowledge of outline and perspective, some sound views of the function of art, they fail to take into account the mind of the child as compared with that of the adult. Indeed, as it has been said recently, the average mature person looks at the child as through a door of clouded glass, beyond which he can never pass. It is only the student of children who can even partially gain the youthful point of view. And yet again it may be said that it is the sympathetic, rather than the scientific student who is the more successful. The one whose imagination and personal memory are alert to seize the facts relative to child-existence, is assured of penetrating more deeply into the secrets of the undeveloped brain, than the one who proceeds by less inspired methods. In this study we have an instance of "the letter that kills, and of the spirit

that makes alive." In order to understand the child, the student must become one. He must retreat over the bridge of years, until he once more finds himself in a place where everything is untried, strange, wonderful; where he wishes to translate into his own terms all that lies about him: into words differing from those of the adult as far as his ideas differ from the well-defined conceptions of maturity; or yet into crude drawings which his elders ridicule, although he finds in them the most adequate representation, and the most suitable basis for



NUMBER I. A NURSERY SCHOOL ROOM, DECORATED WITH ADAPTATIONS FROM BOTTICELLI

his fancies. The child, in the belief of the kindergartners, repeats in small the history of the human race. He advances through successive stages to civilization; he seeks to discover and invent; his running away from school or home, his desire to live in a tent or booth of his own construction: all these tendencies are significant, since they reflect the actions and feelings of a progressive people.

According to this theory of development, the child must be a primitive artist, and such, as all know, he is. He therefore recognizes something kindred in the work of early artists: their crudity speaks to him in strong terms; while, on the contrary, perfection of

line, balance of composition and all other subtleties of the accomplished painter are for him a foreign language. He will pass by correctness, elegance and ultra-refinement to welcome eagerly that which is comprehensible and familiar to him.

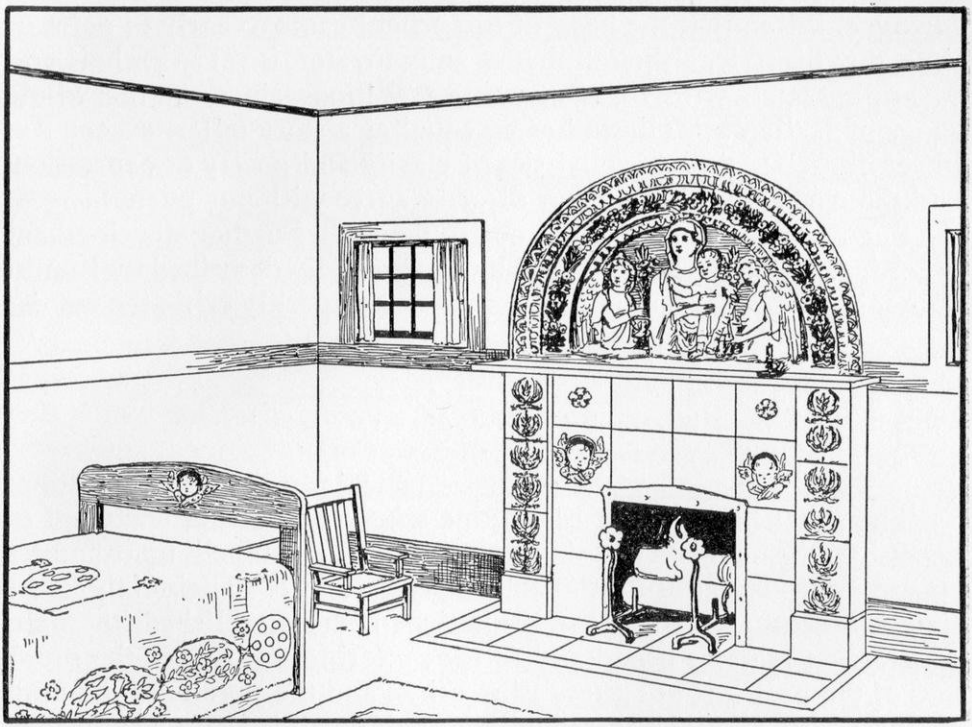
In these supporting statements which are justified by the experience of primary educators, the points of objection mentioned would now appear to be partially answered. But there are still those who will insist that, many times, in the case of adults as well as in the case of children, the familiar and agreeable is also the faulty; further, that to present the faulty in art to the observation of children is in itself a wrong, and also a distinct contradiction and retraction of the purpose emphatically stated at the opening of our series.

Again, a sincere reply can be made to the latter class of objectors. To use a form of expression borrowed from Molière, and whenever used, plain and clear to all listeners: There are faults and faults. This is especially true in all that relates to art. There are faults which announce decadence, lack of perception, or perversity on the part of the artist behind the work. These are those which never should be displayed before the child; since he, being at the age when he is most responsive to influences, will take the direction which they indicate, and fall into irretrievable ways of both judgment and execution. On the other hand, there are faults which are only undeveloped excellences, as the awkwardness of youth is but the promise of strength, symmetry and beauty to come with the passage of years. The faults of this class reveal vitality, the spirit of progress, the grasp after truth made by the artist behind the work. They are consequently fitting to be set before the child, as he, receiving their impulsion, will enter a sure path, and, by degrees, gain the qualities which change and advance the "primitive" into a possessor of technical skill.

The early Italians, it is admitted by all, were filled with "the life of the spirit"; while the later ones of their race were but degenerate copyists of grace and harmony, which in their weak hands dissolved into insipidity. It is well, therefore, that the former—or at least a choice among them—be brought to the attention of children: not indeed as representatives of a style, or a century, in a course of "historical art"; but by reason of the qualities which it has been the object of the preceding argument to present as insistently as possible. That is: because of their primitiveness to which the child responds as to the

call of another child; because, also, of what may be called their crude sap-like savor, which they derived and perennially preserve from the springtime of their racial art; finally, because their very limitations suggest ideas of advancement which it is much pleasanter and easier to follow than formulated rules and words of instruction.

But it is time to turn away from generalizations in order to indicate a judicious choice which may be made among the early Italian



NUMBER II. CHILD'S BEDROOM WITH POLYCHROME BAS-RELIEFS, AFTER LUCA DELLA ROBBIA

painters for our purposes of mural decoration. With this end in view, a too lengthy excursion into the beginnings of the Renascence can not be made; else we shall appeal only to the younger children, who, as a consequence of acquaintance with such models, will begin to interpret the world about them in a manner similar to that shown in a sketch-book famous throughout the United States, a few years ago, under the title of "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters": the author being the ten-year old daughter of Mr. Howells, the novelist,

who, during a winter passed in Florence, was, in childish fashion, an assiduous student at the Pitti and Uffizi Galleries; noting the impressions which she received with such comprehension of early art and such sympathy with it as to make her work really worthy of publication, either as a means of entertainment for artists, or as providing study-material for educators and psychologists.

The Giottesques should, therefore, be set aside, with the exception of their latest representative, Fra Angelico; although it is regrettable for the children that the head of this school came so early in point of time, that his style, although that of an innovator, is yet so archaic and so impregnated with the Byzantine tradition; since, in the whole range of Italian art, Giotto has no equal as a story-teller, except Raphael himself; while his qualities of clarity and poetry of expression, and those of a mural decorator directly agree with our purpose.

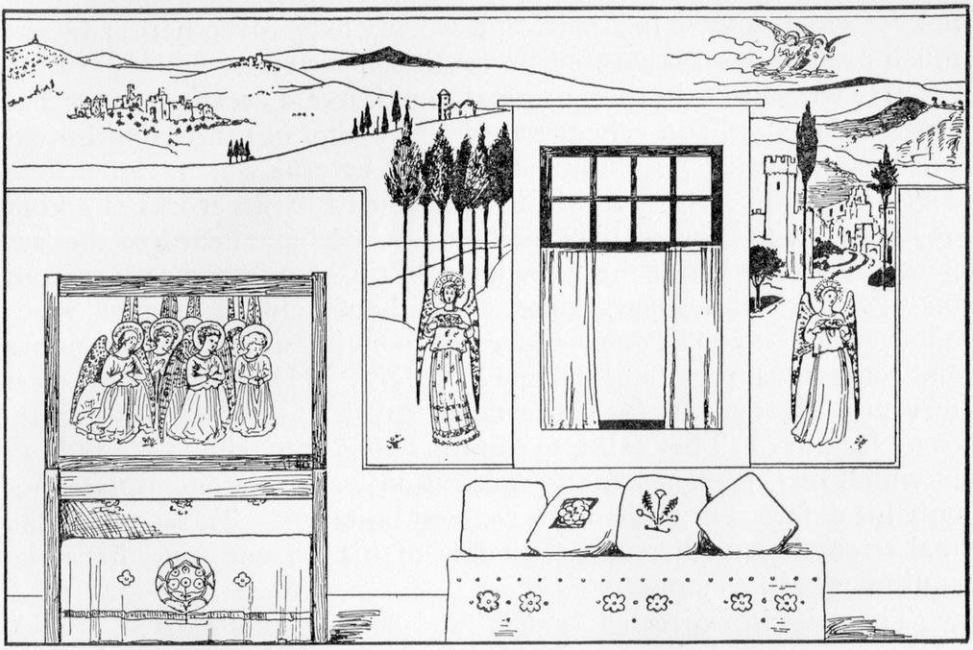
But genius and fervor are not sufficient. Further development is needed. The time is past which was so vividly described by Robert Browning, when he put into the mouth of a churchly critic the words:

> "Give us no more of body than shows soul!
> Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising God,
> That sets us praising—why not stop with him?
> Why put all thoughts of praise out of your head
> With wonder at lines, colors, and what not?
> Paint the *soul*, never mind the *legs* and *arms!*"

The great head of the Florentine school being thus excluded of necessity, the choice, for similar reasons, is confined to examples chosen from the latter half of the fifteenth, and the beginning of the sixteenth century. But these limitations being established, the field of selection remains broad and fertile; offering, as it does, the products of the prolific but austere Florentines and the suavity of the Umbrian School. Among these bodies of painters it is again necessary to make a choice; to select such as are most vigorous, most imaginative, or most decorative in the treatment of their themes. These restrictions would seem to imply and carry the very names of the artists adaptable to our purposes: Botticelli, because of his throbbing vitality; Fra Angelico, because of his undoubted inspiration; Benozzo Gozzoli, the pupil of the latter whose visions of the world were childlike dreams; Pinturicchio, the chief student of Perugino, decorative, seductive, and, like his master, having the instinct for large, airy composition and golden, transparent color; capable, too, of infusing into

his pictures a sense of reverie and ecstacy, which can not fail, in some measure, to communicate itself to those who study his works.

But as the objectors having ceased to oppose the use of Italian Pre-Raphaelite art for the instruction of children, may find a new cause for strictures in the selection of Botticelli, it is well to discuss briefly the artistic virtues and faults of this painter, in the hope to prove that he has been chosen here with reason, rather than from obstinacy or affectation. Botticelli, whose claims to mastership were disregarded



NUMBER III. A CHILD'S BEDROOM WITH DECORATIONS ADAPTED FROM FRA ANGELICO

during the eighteenth century, when only the effeminate Italian art of the Decadence pleased the cultured society of France, Germany and England, was rehabilitated by the English Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and their extended influence, as well as by the more exact, scientific spirit of the epoch-making Swiss-Italian critic, Morelli. He thus became almost the object of a cult from two widely differing parties, and his memory, at a late day, did not escape caricature: the wits putting his name "Sandro" on the lips of the "aesthetes," whose eyes "with fine frenzy rolling," indicated their souls as caught up to a

heaven of rapturous delight. But, in this case, as always, the affectation was a proof of the existence of the thing so falsified. The power of Botticelli is real; otherwise, the passion for him would have proved to be only a fashion. He has a force of attraction which fluctuates with the times, according as stolidity, or intensity predominates. His gifts and status as an artist have been recently recorded by a French critic, with great acumen and yet with a certain hostility which mars the justice of the report. But still, as no preceding writer, in so confined a space, has thrown so much light upon this artist, his opinion, not yet widely known in America, is worthy to be given here. Of the much praised, much censured Florentine he says:

"He was one of the most original of painters, a creative genius, but fantastic, restless, and vehement; an artist who, in his passion for expressive line, often overshot the mark, and became violent rather than suggestive. The very mixed pleasure caused by his works is a kind of nervous vibration or hyperaesthesia. We have heard of the 'superman,' a creation of the disordered brain of Nietzsche; Botticelli may be styled the 'super-painter.' Without being a colorist, without even desiring to be one, he succeeds in emphasizing the continuous and contagious *tremolo* of his line by color. . . .He has found his most fervent adorers among the neurasthenic spirits of the close of the nineteenth century. They fall into ecstatic swoons (for this is the fashion in which such persons express admiration), as they contemplate, not only his defects, but those of his coarsest imitators. To recognize the real strength and the subtile vitality of his art one must have the equipment of a connoisseur."

The criticism directed against "the neurasthenic spirits" is alas, accurate, although ill-natured; but equal truth is not contained in the final sentence. Botticelli's strength is perceived, if not thoroughly fathomed by the mere lover of pictures; for the disciple of Savonarola could not fail to set the mark of his sweeping impetuosity upon his canvases, as is evidenced in a manner none may gainsay in his best known work, the enigmatic composition arbitrarily named "Spring." Here, strength is aggressive to the point of violence, while vitality, far from being subtile, is frankly expressed; so that the modern observer, destitute of the qualities of the critic, after his first reluctance to accept the archaic drawing and conventions, will acknowledge the vigor and charm of the picture. Even more ex-

tended grounds for popularity can be claimed in behalf of the coloring of Botticelli, in spite of the statement of M. Reinach that "he was neither a colorist, nor desirous to become one." The rich cherry tone — sometimes introduced as a note, sometimes suffusing the canvas, as in an admirable *tondo* in the Academy of Florence — is so peculiar to Botticelli as to constitute a mark of authenticity always demanded by critics of the Morelli school, and accepted by them, together with the well-known bent hand with crooked fingers,

NUMBER IV. A SCHOOL ROOM DECORATED WITH PRINTS FROM THE WORKS OF BENOZZO GOZZOLI

the flat-bridged, triangular nose, and the figure of exaggerated height and slenderness. This beautiful color, if once seen, is always remembered. It is frankly used, and to appreciate it requires no "equipment of the connoisseur." It contains no Puvis de Chavannes subtlety, and can not even be thought of with the colors of mystery which the latter artist employed: such as azure, which, being the recessive tone of the atmosphere, the Greeks regarded as no color, and delicate violet, which, corresponding to the highest, shrillest notes of the violin, pass unnoticed by the untrained eye. On the contrary,

through the predominance of this one characteristic, agreeable, and not too subtile color, Botticelli makes appeal both to the critic, who is yet human, and to the individual, who follows only the call of his senses. He can, therefore, be regarded, not alone as a "painters' painter," as M. Reinach would make him, but also as one capable of addressing himself to all times and all classes of people, because there resides in his art something which is permanently true and appealing.

In behalf of the remaining artists here selected for representation no extended defence is necessary. Fra Angelico, limited in his genius and possessing that tranquillity which often accompanies, and is, perhaps, derived from limitation, is, by reason of these very characteristics, a painter pleasing to children. His repetitions which pall upon the adult, are of endless interest to those beginning to use their powers of observation. His suavity, which grows quickly monotonous to those experienced in the chances and changes of life, tends toward the creation of an atmosphere of peace and gentleness in which it is the child's right to live.

The qualities of the two minor painters, Benozzo Gozzoli and Pinturicchio, have already received brief allusion, and it remains but to indicate the reason for the introduction of examples from the sculptor, or rather the modeler of glazed polychrome bas-reliefs, Luca della Robbia. First of all, the medium in which he worked is most adaptable to our purpose; but more than this, his realism, his exuberance of spirit, his feeling for line and mass fit him to be an instructor of children. In the presence of his works despondency is impossible, and the buoyancy which flows so fully from the "Singing Boys," distils from the least of his creations. His power to please the people of to-day can be challenged by no person of judgment, and it is hoped that the argument made for his present companions may not fail to render them acceptable also.

A final word might be said in favor of the practicality of the proposed schemes of decoration, but this will be implied in the detailed descriptions which follow.

DECORATION FOR A NURSERY SCHOOL ROOM

This room shows a wainscoting treated with cream white enamel paint; the walls above being covered with paper in a light tan shade. Rising from the base-board and done in stencil upon both wainscot

and paper, a tree-*motif* divides the space into wide panels. This *motif,* adapted from a Botticelli landscape, is executed in reddish brown and pale gray-green; the former color showing in the boles, and the latter in the foliage. The panels are centered by large solar prints of Botticelli angel heads, colored according to the originals, cut in oval shape, and pasted to the wainscot. The backgrounds of the pictures are covered with silver paint, and the whole is varnished as a means of protection, and also to deepen the color.

NUMBER V. SCHOOL ROOM DECORATED WITH PRINTS CHOSEN FROM THE WORKS OF PINTURICCHIO

A DECORATIVE SCHEME FOR A CHILD'S BEDROOM

Here the walls are covered with canvas in soft gray-blue, and the chimney-piece is faced with tiles tinted to a rich ivory-white. Against this background the lunette-shaped mantel-back, formed of a plaster cast after Luca della Robbia, with its ornate floriated border, produces an excellent decorative effect. The cast which can be purchased in the required size at Caproni's, Boston, is set in, flush with the plaster, and colored in the tones of red and blue appropriate to the Madonna. The tiles facing the jamb, together with four others,

as shown in the picture, are painted, and afterward fired. The woodwork is of chestnut, having a soft, gray finish, with the floor of a darker shade; while the furniture of maple repeats the surface effect of softness, as well as the color of the remaining wood. The conventional cherub heads painted on the tiles, occur again in inlay on the head- and the foot-board of the bed; the polychrome decoration, here, as in the case of the cast and the mantel-tiling, resulting brilliantly against the neutral blue of the textiles.

A CHILD'S BEDROOM DECORATED WITH MOTIFS FROM FRA ANGELICO

The decoration in this instance is afforded by designs done in *appliqué* embroidery upon canvas; the walls, the stretcher across the reverse of the headboard of the bed, the couch-covering, and the pillows all displaying familiar figures, or flower-patterns, chosen from the prolific work of the Florentine monk. Among the details copied are landscapes from "The Martyrdom of St. Stephen," and "The Deposition," seen in the frieze, and brilliantly robed angels at either side of the window, from the "Madonna of Perugia."

DECORATIVE SCHEMES FOR A SCHOOL ROOM

The pictures here shown are large prints made from the works of Benozzo Gozzoli. They should be of a rich brown color, framed in woodwork of a still darker shade, and topped with a frieze in brownish yellow.

Another scheme for a similar purpose is suggested in the use of prints showing details from Pinturicchio and made to form high, narrow panels. Among the subjects adaptable are:

The Child and Dog, from "A Miracle of St. Bernard," Perugia;

The Christ-Child and the Infant St. John, from "The Holy Family," Siena;

The child St. John, from the Santa Maria fra Fossi, Perugia.

These prints, as the others before described, should be mounted upon the wall, and covered with glass. The pictures themselves will be admirable in effect if given a gray tone, with the frieze above in dull orange, the woodwork in dark gray, and the furniture in a lighter shade of the same color.

GOLDEN-RULE JONES, THE LATE MAYOR OF TOLEDO. BY ERNEST CROSBY. *Concluded*

IT is easy to collect many passages from the writings of Jones to show what his economic ideas were. They started out from his firm belief in the people. To an opponent he writes: "I believe in you though you do not believe in me. I believe in all of the people and I believe in them all of the time,—that is, I believe in the good, the God, the Divine, the Love principle that is at the heart of humanity. My hope for the nation and the race is in the patriotism, the love of the Whole, that is an outgrowth of this divine principle . . . ." Again he says, "I believe that we are all people—just people,—made of the same common kind of clay, inspired largely by the same hopes, the same longings, and having a common destiny. . . .Holding these beliefs, one can easily see that the idea of governing by force another man, whom I believe to be my equal in the sight of God, is repugnant to me. I do not want to do it. I can not do it. I do not want anyone to govern me by any kind of force. I am a reasoning being, and I only need to be shown what is best for me, when I will take that course or do that thing, simply because it is best, and so will you. I do not believe that a soul was ever forced toward anything except toward ruin." And unlike many reformers he included the rich and powerful in his love. He had no patience with class feeling of any kind. "The poor are not poor from choice. They deserve little or no credit for their safety from the dangers that property-owning brings. With scarcely an exception every one of them would be a millionaire if he had a chance. The disease of ownership infects us all." But he pitied from the bottom of his heart, the idle rich, who are "just as pitiable" as the poor man who can not find work. "These rich men's sons and daughters have a right to work, to have a share in the creative work going on around them." But this belief in the heart of all the people did not involve a belief in the wisdom of majorities. "There is really no foundation in fact," he tells his men, "for the great confidence that we have in majorities. . . .Indeed they have been oftener wrong in the great events of history than they have been right." And he cites the case of Jesus, of Luther at Worms, of Servetus, and Huss and Latimer and Ridley and Garrison and Lovejoy and John Brown. His political and social ideal was a "nation of friends," and he saw clearly

how monopoly stood in the way of its realization. "It is simply an inhuman cruelty," he writes, "to teach a child how to be useful in the world and then to turn it out to find every door of opportunity closed against it." "Could you maintain your self-respect while denied the right to a place to stand on the earth, as thousands of American citizens are to-day?" He contends that the right to work is "an inherent right like the right to breathe, like the right to be." The problem is how to secure for everyone "the right to labor and to receive the full, fair value of what we produce." "A day's wage will never be fair so long as an employer subtracts profit from it." And we see in Jones a tendency to regard physical labor as more strictly "labor" than mental labor. "The people are coming to realize," he says, "that the source of their wealth is through labor,—hard, sweating labor—and with this realization comes a revelation of the truth that those who do not labor do not produce wealth, all the fine-spun theories about brain-work and capital to the contrary notwithstanding." His immediate plan for improving conditions was to shorten the hours of labor and thus give the unemployed a chance to share in the work. "Divide the day," was his cry, and he wrote a song with this refrain. Then he preached the doctrine of public ownership, looking forward to the day when all industries should be owned and managed by the State, and he believed that the gathering of industries into trusts was a forerunner of the "co-operative commonwealth." But Mayor Jones was no economist and in a chapter on the "Trusts," he makes no mention of the protective tariff nor does he consider the various monopolies upon which they are based. He condemns competition root and branch, failing to distinguish the difference between competition under monopoly,—the struggle of fifty men to get into a life-boat which will only hold thirty,—and the natural competition of healthy industry under free conditions. In all this he followed the "scientific socialists," but they would have none of him on account of his hatred of classes and parties, and one of the leading socialists in Toledo, a doctor of high standing, was expelled from the party because he accepted an office from the Mayor. Although Mayor Jones repudiated all force, he still saw in the state "the only instrument through which the people may express their love for one another." His ideal was undoubtedly a state free from all imputation of force: he was delighted with the sign which he saw in the parks of Glasgow,

"Citizens, protect your property,"—"it was in such striking contrast to the 'boss' idea expressed in the order 'Keep off the Grass.'" He always had the family idea of the State and municipality before his eyes. Each citizen was to be "a member of a family which owns its own streets, which owns its own bridges . . . .water-works . . . .electric lighting-plants . . . .telephone and express and messenger service; a member of a family which owns and does everything for the family that can by any possibility be better done by collective than by private effort." He finds this family-feeling showing itself imperfectly already in asylums, hospitals and various similar institutions, and he anticipates a wonderful advance of the social conscience in the same direction in the near future. It is the first ray of the rising sun that he feels in his own heart, and it has already arisen. "Electricity has always been in the world," he says, "but its power was never utilized until the last few years." And so brotherhood is already here. Let us use it and apply it to our institutions. Charity is only a makeshift. "I want to knock the props," he writes, "clear out from under every person who is harboring the delusion that our charity institutions are evidences of civilization. They may be evidences that we are tending toward civilization; the very need of them is evidence that we are not civilized. The way to help the poor is to abandon a social system that is making them poor." He was always appalled in New York by the long row of wretched men who waited in line every night at twelve o'clock for the distribution of bread at a bakery opposite the hotel at which he usually stopped. Back of all external reforms, however, he looked for a reform of the heart. "We can not do better," he said, "until we *are* better." "Love is the only regenerative force. To teach love to individuals by personal kindness and helpfulness is to do well, and to mould love into law and thus uplift and enlighten a whole city is to do better." It was his hope that America would first undertake the practical application of his dreams. It was to be the "land of comrades," sung by Whitman, "the land of large thoughts, large hearts, and large conceptions of the value of every human soul." "America's task is to teach larger views of life and duty. We are to interpret that great word, *Humanity,* to the world." But he loved all nations, and his journeys in Mexico and Europe—extended as far as the oil-fields of Bulgaria, opened his heart to the foreigner.

It is quite likely that his idea of America's leadership was learned

from Walt Whitman, who, during the last years of Mayor Jones's life, had great influence over him. He had many favorite authors and his books are full of quotations from the Bible, William Morris, Edward Carpenter, Tolstoy, Lamennais, Mazzini, Victor Hugo, Bellamy, Mrs. Gilman, Herron, Longfellow, Browning and Lowell. But his special fondness was for poetry and of all the poets Whitman was for him the chief. A volume of "Leaves of Grass" lay beside a Bible on his desk and both books were well worn and pencilled. On the walls of his office were the portraits of most of these authors, but of Whitman there were two. I take a little credit to myself for Jones's acquaintance with Whitman, although I acted as a mere instrument. In the summer of 1897 Mr. B. Fay Mills invited a few kindred spirits to a beautiful spot on Lake George known as Crosbyside, and Mayor Jones was one of the party. Mills told me that he wished to persuade Jones to like Whitman, and we both agreed that the Mayor was about as nearly Whitman's ideal comrade-man as could be found and that it was a shame that he was not fond of "Leaves of Grass." So Mills contrived a plot according to which a dozen of us went up the funicular railway to the top of the mountain at the south end of the lake, and there in the midst of the most beautiful scenery and looking out on a glorious view he made me read selections from Whitman for a half-hour, ostensibly for the general benefit, but really with a solitary eye to Jones. When I finished, the Mayor remarked drily that he didn't call that poetry and that the kind of poetry that he liked was of the order of the lines:

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
> And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

And of such poetry he could recite pages from memory. The experiment seemed to be a total failure, but you never can tell, and soon I was delighted to find that Mayor Jones was quoting Whitman on all occasions and referring to him as the best-beloved of his teachers. I understand that Mills had followed up the first attack, undaunted by its lack of results, but I claim an humble place beside him as the introducer of Mayor Jones to Walt Whitman. He had a sentiment adapted from Whitman stamped on all the envelopes which he used in his correspondence, namely this: "I claim no privilege for myself or for my children that I am not doing my utmost to secure for all others on equal terms."

Devoted to poetry, like a true Kelt, Jones had something of the bard about him. He wrote many songs for his men to sing, and there is a simple power in some of his verses which gives them value. Here is a stanza from one of his songs:

"We speak the word patriotic,
We sing the song of the free,
And tell the tale of a new time,
Of a world that surely will be,
When men will live comrades and lovers,
All rancor and hate under ban,
And the highest and holiest title
Will be that you're known as a man.

CHORUS.

No title is higher than man,
No title is higher than man,
And the highest and holiest title
Will be that you're known as a man."

Another song is entitled "Freedom Day":

"Haste, oh haste, delightful morning
Of that glorious freedom day,
When from earth's remotest border
Tyranny has passed away.

REFRAIN.

Ever growing,
Swiftly flowing,
Like a mighty river,
Sweeping on from shore to shore,
Love will rule the wide world o'er."

The prose style of Mayor Jones is clear and forcible and he often uttered epigrams which summed up his thought tersely and vigorously. I cite a few of these aphorisms, collected here and there.

"If there were to be improvements in sucker-rods, why may we not reasonably expect that there is room for improvement in social relations?"

"It would pay us a thousand times better to provide work for our own people than to purchase insurrections from Spain."

"I was at a workhouse recently and while there saw one-third of the men confined in the prison working at the brick-machines for the revolting and blood-curdling crime of jumping on freight trains."

"The ideal robber, the lowest bidder."

"Charity is twice curst,—it curses him that gives and him that takes."

"What heresy can be more fallacious than the prevailing one that superior ability entitles one to the right to live at the expense of his fellows?"

"We tie a balloon to one man and a saw-log to another, and then declare that they have an equal chance to rise in the world."

"If millionaires were three miles high, if they were a class of higher beings upon whom we depended for our cleverest inventions . . . .then the tremendous disparities in matters of wealth might be overlooked."

"The best way to secure your own rights is to be diligent in securing the rights of others."

"The rich man has no neighbors,—only rivals and parasites."

"It is only a lower-natured man who can be dazzled by the bauble, gold. Men who have discovered the true wealth of mind and character care little for the wampum of commerce."

"I was born on foreign soil, but born an American. There are a lot of people born on American soil that are not yet half-way over from Europe."

I am rather surprised in making these excerpts to find evidences of a sense of humor in them, for I have always thought that Mayor Jones was deficient in that quality, or at least that he had small conception of the comic. I am not sure that the highest minds have a sense of humor. There is hardly a trace of it in the Gospels or in the sacred books of the East. If Francis of Assisi had been awake to the incongruous, many of his most touching acts would have been left undone, and humor, in the sense of fun, is conspicuous by its absence in the pages of Tolstoy. On the other hand it is a common trait of animals. I have a brindle-terrier who has a keen appreciation for a joke and joins heartily in any intellectual nonsense that he can understand. Mayor Jones belonged for the most part to that serious type of men, who, though overflowing with kindliness and good humor, hardly descend to the plane on which the sense of the comic disports itself.

It was a strange destiny which brought this man of Keltic, dreamy temperament into the business world and made him successful there. He was a machinist and an inventor and yet he saw clearly the drawbacks of machinery and longed for a world of artistic craftsmanship. "Machinery," he says, "has added speed and intensity and discomfort to production, so that many a factory-worker's life is almost equiva-

lent to imprisonment at hard labor. Consider what a machinist's work is like during the hot summer months. In spite of the intense heat, the murky, impure air, the deafening roar of machinery, the grime and sweat and dust, when every second seems a minute and every minute seems an hour, he is expected, for ten long, weary hours every day, to be as accurate as a jeweller and as energetic as a blacksmith. . . .A mechanic's work is not physical only. It is brain-work quite as much as the labor of many a professional man. . . .Machinery is almost driving some branches of art out of existence. It is leading us to lay stress on quantity, not quality. No nation could ever manufacture so many poor articles in so short a time as we can. The combination of machinery and long hours has worked against all that is artistic and original. As John A. Hobson says in 'The Evolution of Modern Capitalism': 'It must never be forgotten that art is the true antithesis of machinery. The essence of art is the application of individual spontaneous human effort. Each art product is the repository of individual thought, feeling, effort; each machine product is not.' The 'art' in machine-work has been exhausted in the single supreme effort of planning the machine; the more perfect the machine the smaller the proportion of individual art or skill embodied in the machine product. The spirit of machinery, its vast rapid power of multiplying quantities of material goods of the same pattern, has so overawed the industrial world that the craze for quantitative consumption has seized possession of many whose taste and education might have enabled them to offer resistance. Thus not only our bread and our boots are made by machinery, but many of the things we misname 'art-products.' "

For the last few years of his life Mayor Jones was a sufferer from asthma and he had one or two bad attacks of illness which were nearly fatal and left him a shadow of his former self. In search of health he adopted a system of physical culture and diet from which he undoubtedly obtained benefit. He fondly believed that he had cured himself, but no one who knew him could share this belief. He also began to sleep in the open air, putting a bed upon his verandah in Toledo, and there he slept every night, until a short time before his death, which occurred on July 12, 1904. The last time that I saw him was on a Sunday in the April or May before his death. He had come to New York with a delegation of city officials to study a

municipal question of water-works or something of the kind, and he stopped over for half-a-day at Rhinebeck to see me. He was delighted to find my wife and myself "camping out" in one or two rooms of the house in the absence of the rest of the family, and to join us in taking lunch in the kitchen. He thought that he was in perfect health and performed some feats on the parallel bars in the garden which I could not imitate, for he possessed great muscular strength. But illness was written upon his face, and going to his room for a half-hour's nap, he slept heavily for three hours and I had to rouse him so that he could catch his train. Not many weeks later came the telegram announcing his death.

His funeral, which I was unable to attend, was a wonderful sight. As his friend, Graham Taylor, said: "His spirit had been abroad before, strangely permeating and uniting his fellowmen, but never as upon that day." All places of business were closed and the houses were generally draped in black. His photograph, quotations from his speeches and songs, were displayed in shop windows. Some of the mottoes were taken from the Mayor's office, where he had hung his favorite quotations on the wall, including the text "Judge not, that ye be not judged," burnt in wood by his own hand. His body lay in state in Memorial Hall, where he had often addressed the people. Flowers came from all classes of citizens, from all nationalities and trades and associations. It was estimated that 55,000 men, women and children filed past the coffin to look in his face for the last time. A great procession of people followed the body to his home, and there 15,000 were gathered in the streets to await the funeral ceremony. In the procession were the labor unions, the policemen and firemen, the postmen, and officials of several cities, musical and fraternal and benevolent societies and a great throng of private citizens of both sexes and all ages, but as Mr. Taylor remarks, there was no military company or implement of war to mar the scene. The newsboys turned out to the number of 600 and their band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." At the funeral St. Paul's chapter on love was read from his own Bible and this was followed by his best-loved passages from his copy of "Leaves of Grass." There were several addresses and songs were sung by his workmen. In the cemetery thousands more were waiting at the grave, and as the earth fell upon his coffin a German singing society broke out into a farewell hymn. The crowd

in the streets stood for hours bare-headed in the hot sunshine, the tears rolling down the faces of many of them. So ended the life of Golden-Rule Jones, and after taking part in the funeral and seeing the wonderful outburst of popular sympathy for the man who had tried to live as a brother to all, Mr. Whitlock says suggestively: "It began to look as if there might be something in it after all."

And there was something in it. No one who has felt the thrill of brotherhood as expressed by such a man can doubt the reality of the force, any more than a man who has come into contact with a "live" wire can have doubts about the power of electricity. What are we to think of Mayor Jones? He made no claims to consistency. He only felt his way and from day to day did the best thing that he saw was practicable. He admitted that his conduct was far from perfect. "Your labor has made these things possible," he wrote to his men, "and I do not claim that a just distribution has been made even yet—indeed, I am sure that a *just* distribution can not be made under existing conditions, and the little I am doing is simply an earnest of my belief in the coming of a better day,—a day when democracy, liberty, equality and brotherhood will no longer be a dream, but an actuality." He disapproved of the patent-laws under which he manufactured his machines and appliances and declared that he would abolish these rights and all special privileges if he could. He had the utmost contempt for mere "things" as he called property, and his personal tastes were those of an anchorite. "With respect to the private property that I seem to be under the necessity of 'owning,' I have this to say," he writes, "I am doing the very best that I know to manage it for the best interest of all of the people—not the best that you know or that any other person may know, simply the best that I know"; and he invites suggestions from his political opponents. He is said to have left an estate of two or three hundred thousand dollars, and, although I understand that his schemes for betterment are to be carried out in his business by his widow and heirs, he would have been the first to acknowledge that his relations to men and things were not ideal, from his own point of view. He was called insincere and dishonest and a demagogue and a charlatan, as well as a lunatic, an anarchist and a crank. But he was, nevertheless, the very soul of sincerity. His political position was equally anomalous. Condemning force absolutely, he was still the head of the police department and a magis-

trate. I recall advising him to give up an office which seemed to conflict with his principles, but I am glad now that he did not follow my advice. He had to live his own life in his own way, and it taught a lesson which could not have been taught otherwise. He might have kept out of office. He might have turned over his shop to the men, who would have certainly failed. He might have relinquished his monopoly business and washed his hands of the dirt of trade. He might have given away his savings without the consent of his family. Perhaps in this way his conscience might have been clearer (although I doubt it), but he would have ceased to be a unique example of the attempt to apply the Golden Rule to an established order founded on what he called the Rule of Gold. I look upon him as a sort of visitor from some other planet where brotherhood and harmony have been realized in the common life, dropped down here in a semi-barbarous world and calmly taking his place in the midst of its crude and cruel institutions. And he had the manners of another planet, too, for of all the reformers I have ever seen or heard of, he is almost the only one who never uttered a harsh word against anyone, and he gently expostulated with me for being too inconsiderate. "Draw the sting," was his counsel to his political speakers. It was a quaint and moving spectacle, that of this childlike man making his way among men of the world and astounding them by his disingenuousness. Day by day he pointed out the iniquities of our organized social life and showed how impossible it was to realize our highest ideals and yet leave our social and industrial system unchanged. For a dozen years he was sowing the seed of a new harvest and we may be sure that it is silently ripening in many a heart. His was the everlasting effort to make the outer world fit the inner vision,—that effort after the impossible which is the essence of life itself. "I have done nothing as I believe," he said, "other than is the common practice of all who try to be at peace with themselves," but no individual can win that peace in a world full of ugliness and injustice. He can only strive and suffer and strive again. But while that peace may ever remain a vision, it is none the less continually reshaping the world more and more in its own image. And Mayor Jones had laid hold of the creative force itself. "Equal and exact justice can only come through perfect love," he says at the end of a Christmas letter to his men. "This is the force that is yet to rule and govern the world." And his life was a foretaste of the event.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF CERTAIN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

AN interesting phase of public architecture has recently appeared in America, consequent upon the religious movement known under the name of Christian Science. Being a departure, rather than a stage in evolution, the movement is untrammeled by tradition. As a result, the buildings demanded by it as places of instruction and worship, are free to develop into unusual forms.

The system inaugurated barely twenty-five years ago, and supported by an element of the people comparatively weak numerically, and possessed of no unusual wealth, has yet produced, scattered throughout the country, a large number of churches whose building costs have varied from fifty thousand to one million dollars. This fact, in the opinion of one of the most active workers in the movement, "witnesses a degree of liberality which is supported by something more than mere sentiment; since even duty struggles hard in its efforts to govern conduct, if there be no trustworthy promise of results." But as we are concerned with effects rather than with causes—furthermore with effects that are purely external—we shall leave these speculative questions, however interesting they may be, in order to consider the Christian Science churches from the architectural point of view. So regarded, they offer an interesting study as representative of the influences, more or less obscure, which have produced them.

From these numerous edifices there are here selected for illustration six churches situated at important points of the East, the Middle- and the Far-West; each structure being worthy of comment as an embellishment of the city in which it stands.

The first of these is the metropolitan (in the ecclesiastical sense), or mother church of the movement. Located in the Back Bay district of Boston, and erected nearly twenty years ago, it could not then well escape the influence of the style known as the "Richardson Romanesque"; since the fervor of enthusiasm manifested by the residents of this fine quarter, and indeed, by the whole city, for the magnificent pile of Trinity, had not yet lapsed into the quiet joy of possession. Still, the resemblance between the model and the later building, although sufficiently pronounced to be remarked by one ignorant of the traditions of the place and of architecture, does not give to the Chris-

tian Science Church the character of a servile imitation. The Spanish features of Trinity are here wanting and the Romanesque is of the German, rather than of the French type. The borrowed details serve necessary ends in their new position, and are in no wise thefts, or ornaments without function. The granite masonry, less pronounced than that of Trinity, because trimmed with another variety and shade of the same structural material, nevertheless stands boldly projected against the fine, clear atmosphere of Boston, which is that of a Northern Venice.

The exterior of this church is, therefore, conventional in character, although it must be insisted that it observes local, instead of purely ecclesiastical traditions. The interior, on the contrary follows the specific ideal of the movement, which is well expressed by the writer already quoted, when he says:

"Since Christian Science is devoid of mysticism and formalisms, and has no other mission than to give understanding to its students, its adherents are inclined to discard many time-honored customs, and to introduce entirely new designs for church auditoriums; planning simply for convenient and comfortable rooms wherein to congregate and hear the truth. These places of assembly are distinguished for extreme simplicity, for freedom from historic decoration, for the absence of pagan symbols adapted to ornamentation, and for the disregard of obsolete ideas: which features indicate that Christian Scientists have departed from tradition and are animated by a real and unfettered purpose."

In accordance with these ideas, we find the interior of the Boston church possessing the two typical features of a building of its class. First, it offers a spacious auditorium carefully planned as to acoustics, ventilation, seating capacity and means of entrance and exit; the sociability, the companionship of the people being indicated by a commodious vestibule or *foyer;* while there is an absence of all provisions for material entertainment, such as dining room and kitchen, which have become the usual dependencies of churches of certain denominations. Second, gratification to the eye has been abundantly assured by the use of beautiful material treated in a modern way, with special reference to the harmony of color. Mosaic and marble here play nearly as important a part as they did in the ancient Roman buildings, and yet their formality and coldness have been eliminated by a new

element not altogether definable, but partially due in the case of the auditorium to the use of a soft old rose tint in both the stone trimmings and the upholstery, and also to the effect of the curly birch from which the pews are made. Thus, the "Mother Church" in its interior, at least, may be regarded as a typical specimen of Christian Science architecture, although it is less rich and elaborate than many of the Western examples.

The Second Scientist Church of New York City offers a sharp contrast with the edifice just described. Conforming to the style of the French Renaissance, it is much more simple in detail than the usual structure of its class. Severely plain in plan, its decorative effect is secured by the placing, the relative proportion and the decorative treatment of the windows, as well as by the use of certain Greek ornaments, such as the *acroteria* and the dentils of the cornice. The crowning of the building by a copper dome capped with a lantern, clearly designed for interior effect, is, perhaps, an exterior feature whose presence is to be regretted, although its color and lustre show finely against the white marble facing of the building, which covers a steel frame. As a whole, this church may be regarded as an example of the new architectural treatment of the house of worship and religious instruction. It may, therefore, come under the calm stricture of the writer already several times quoted, when he says: "Without doubt, many of the Christian Science churches in their stately and sublime Grecian style are noteworthy specimens of architecture and ornamentation; but a distinctive building seems desirable: such as will enable the passer by to distinguish it from a city hall, or library; such as by its very appearance suggests its high and sacred purpose. I would, therefore, plead for what has been aptly designated as 'a church church.' The exterior should constitute a standing interest and invitation."

This criticism, just, according to the artistic standard which demands that the façade of any given building shall plainly announce its character, as temple, town-hall, law-court, or theatre, may be challenged from another point of view; for since the objector has elsewhere acknowledged that the typical Christian Science auditorium is "a simple class-room with furnishings suitable to its purpose, and decorations in harmony with Christian Science ideas," it follows that a churchly exterior would falsify, instead of defining the interior.

The classical plan found in the New York church is further emphasized in certain Western examples here chosen for illustration: a fact which has received the explanation that their designers "departed as far as possible from the ordinary, in the desire to make the outward appearance of the structure as new as the religion to be taught therein."

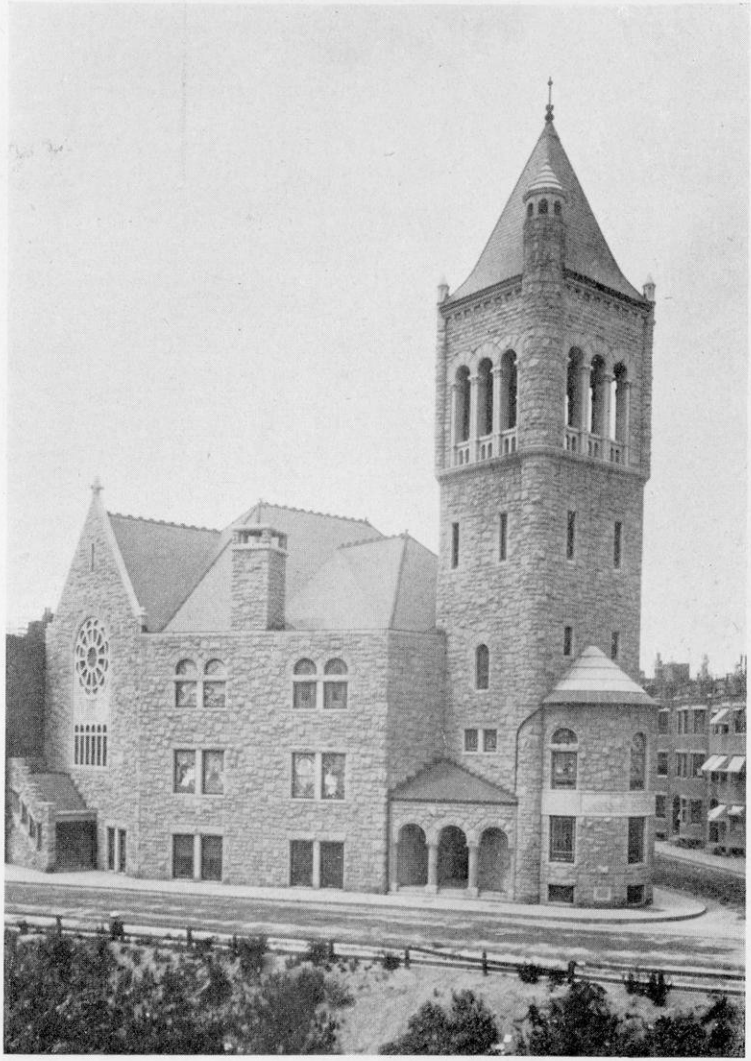
This explanation would hardly appear logical. It were, perhaps, better to say that the Christian Scientists, professedly a philosophic body, have reverted to classic models in the construction of their churches because architecture was the highest and most complete art of the people who developed philosophy from crude beginnings to a perfect science.

The classic type, as far as concerns the Orders, has been successfully and accurately treated in the First Church of Denver, Colorado. The Ionic temple-porch advanced not too boldly from the main structure, carries an exquisite sense of refinement which is increased by the pure white stone (lava) used as the structural material.

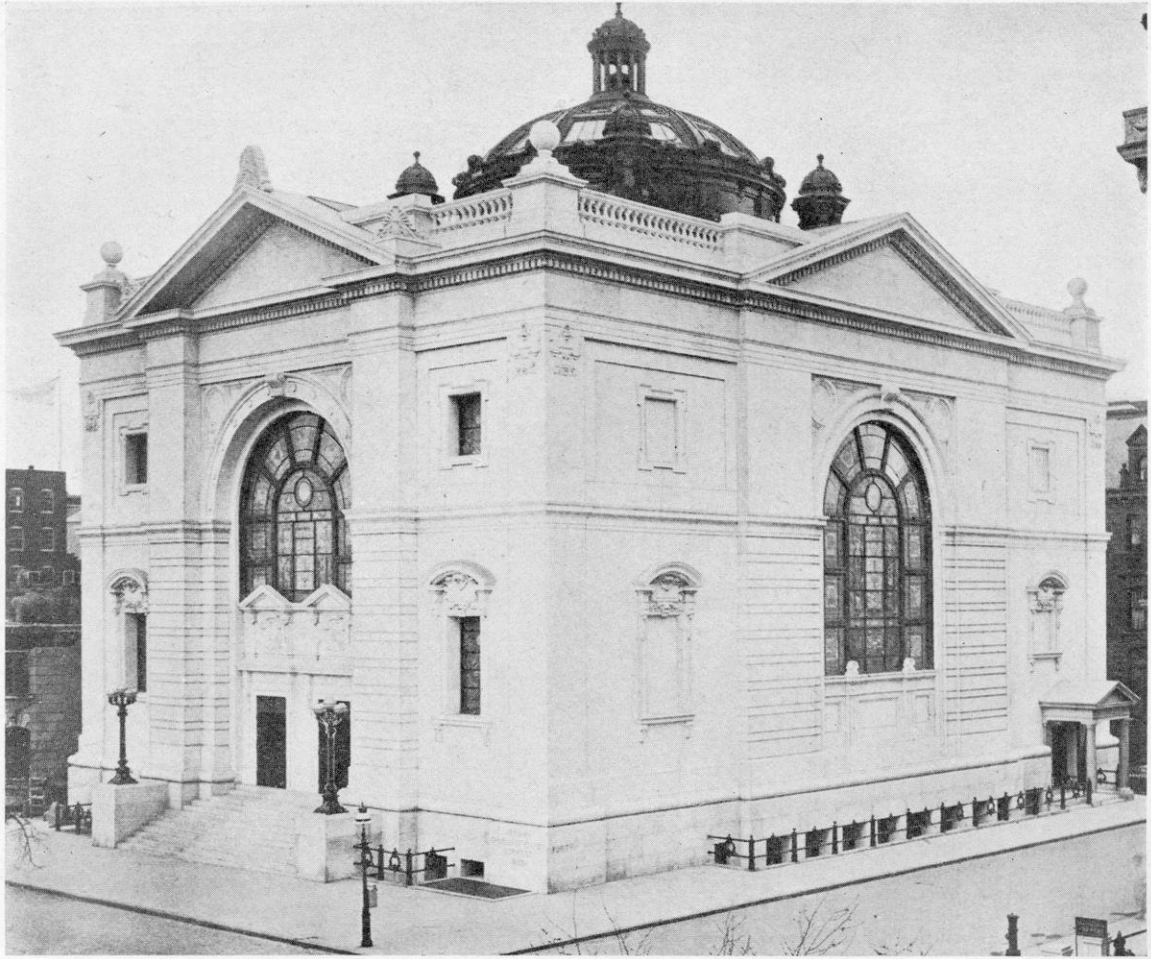
Another pleasing treatment of the Ionic Order occurs in the Second Church, Chicago. In this instance, while the porch is Grecian in effect, with its four free and two end engaged columns, the general appearance is that of a building which might have been erected in Rome. As a whole, the treatment is rich without over-elaboration; success being partially due to the moldings of strong, but not aggressive profile, which lead the eye by stages up to the summit of the dome.

The two final illustrations are those of edifices which suggest quite strongly the so-called Pantheon of Agrippa: one being the First Church, Cleveland; the other the Second Church, Kansas City. Choice between these examples is a matter of personal preference, although the greater force lies in the second structure showing a Doric portico with fine pediment; a prominent egg-shaped dome at the junction of the arms of the Greek cross which forms the plan; and a general gravity which is consistent with the first of the Classic Orders.

At the end of this series of illustrations, which might be indefinitely continued, it is evident that much refinement and taste, supplemented by no small originality, characterize that body of our people of which these churches are intended to be the highest aesthetic and spiritual expression.

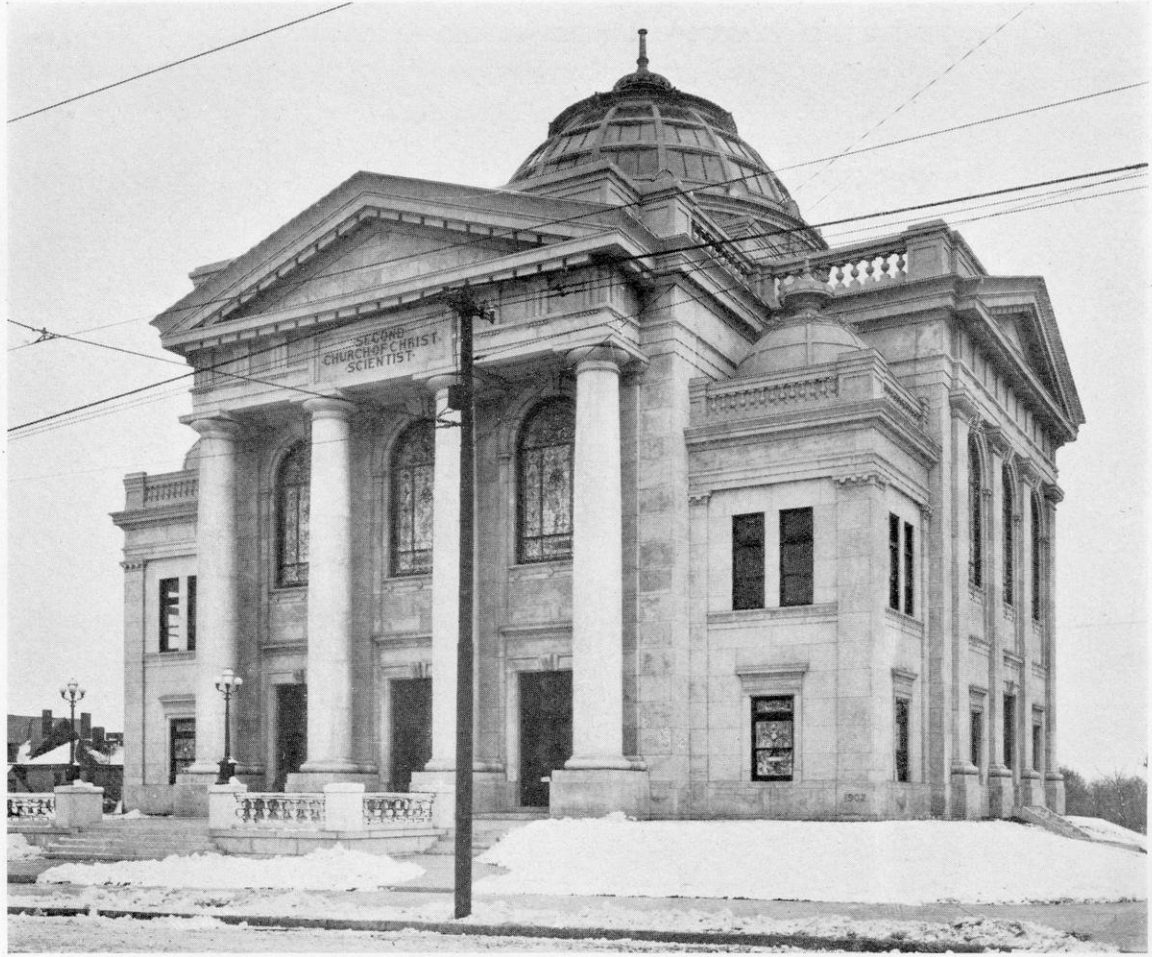


FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST; BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



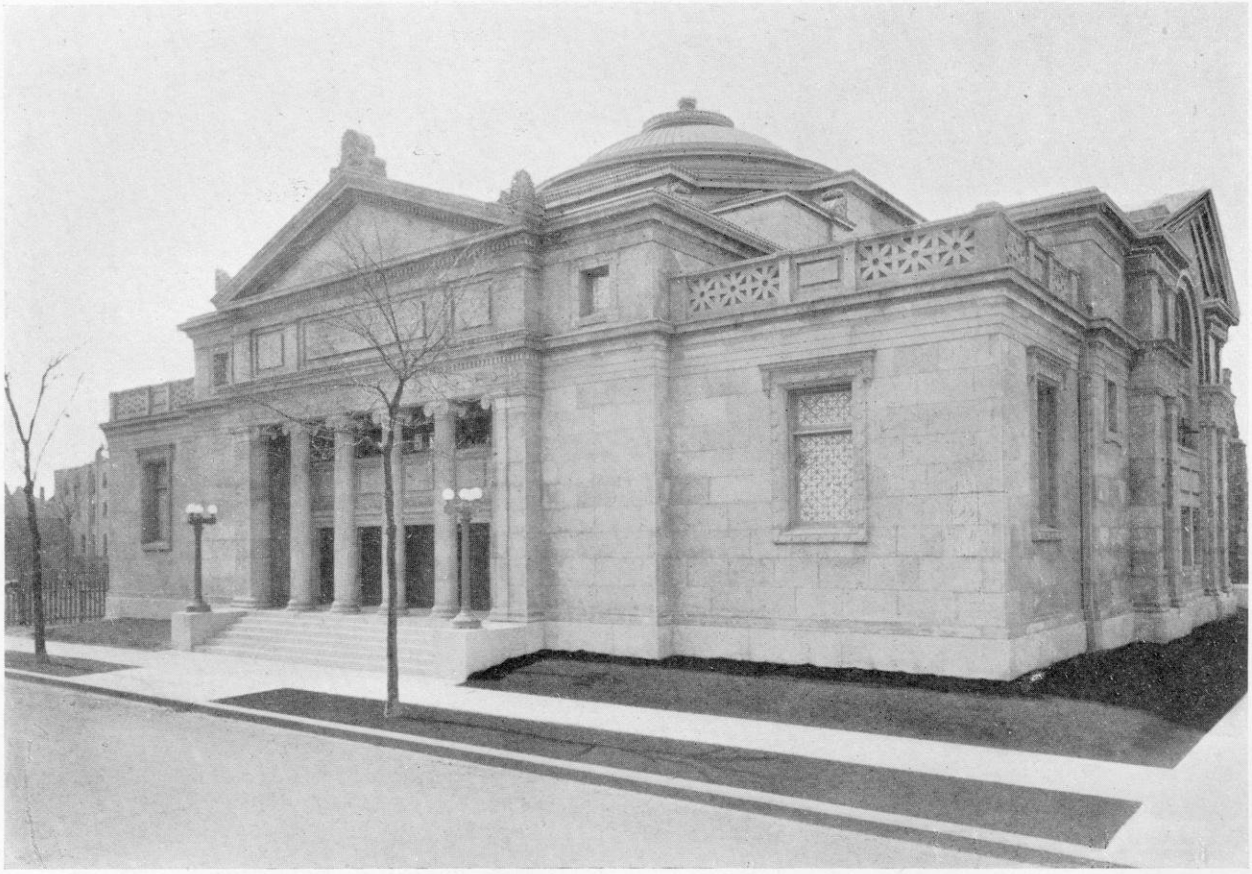
SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST; NEW YORK CITY

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST; DENVER, COLORADO



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST; KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST; CLEVELAND, OHIO



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST; CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE MURAL PAINTINGS BY ROBERT REID IN THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE. IRENE SARGENT

THE men chosen to decorate the enlarged, one might almost say the reconstructed Massachusetts State House, have received signal honor. With their smaller achievements, they yet invite comparison with those artists of ancient times whose names, and fragments of whose creations have come down to us, associated with the building of the most important public monuments. The hill upon which rises the Capitol of the old Bay State finds but two rivals in the whole course of profane history, if its political memories be considered. As Cicero said of the Roman Forum, here also: "Wherever we turn, we tread upon some trace of history." The son of the Commonwealth approaching the Pilgrim City by land or by sea, turns in love, pride and reverence to the mountain home of the old beacon of liberty, which now shows a crown of gold by day and a wreath of fire by night. Even the stranger, however traveled he may be, acknowledges that the site of these legislative halls is is one of the most imposing in the world, and that it commands the finest outlook of city and ocean in America. To commemorate by art in such a place the action of certain of the most enlightened, the purest-minded, and the most zealous of the founders of the nation, has fallen, as was fitting, to natives of the State, who are also three of the five most experienced mural painters of the country. Having therefore their sectional patriotism, as well as their artistic conception, to kindle their enthusiasm, they gave themselves heart and soul to their tasks, similarly to those Frenchmen who are called to aid in the decoration of the Panthéon or the Sorbonne.

As the visitor, entering from "the Bulfinch Front" of the State House, before devoting himself to specific study, casts an inclusive glance around the great staircase vestibule, and then, beyond, into the memorial hall, he is convinced of two facts. First, of the exceedingly rapid rise of American mural painting, and of the excellence of the men who now represent it. Second, of the deep indebtedness of this phase of art, as evidenced in its present stage, to Puvis de Chavannes. Before the time of that master, the creation of certain of these mural pictures would have been impossible, and even had they

been created, they would have been condemned, rather than admired. This is especially true of Mr. Reid's work in the vestibule, as well as that of Mr. Simmons in the Memorial Hall. Both artists, like Puvis, when he painted the "Genius of Light acclaimed by the Muses," the poets, and the philosophers, in the staircase hall of the Boston Public Library, have studied the architectural scheme and scale of the spaces with which they have dealt, the colors of the marbles by which their pictures were to be framed, and all details which could possibly affect them. By this means they have attained results quite different from the artists of a few years ago, who executed mural paintings largely after the manner of easel pictures; trusting to Fortune to place them in congenial surroundings of light and color. The fact of this minute study of conditions was received with interest when the decorations of the Boston Library were placed in position, and it is plain that this great example has produced fine results. Therefore, we find here, as in certain other recent instances, something more, something less than pictures: that is, true decorations, creating in the great spaces focal points which are produced as by natural gathering, increase and culmination, at certain spots, of lines, color and light; which are never aggressive, and become pictures and narratives only when closely questioned by the eye. We also find that Mr. Reid's decorations preserve the plane surface of the wall, instead of apparently cutting it by window-like openings, through which the pictures are seen; as is often the case, even in the work of excellent artists: For example, in the decorations of the Panthéon, Paris, including the panel by Bonnat, and excepting only the Legend of Sainte Geneviève, executed by Puvis de Chavannes. The wall in Mr. Reid's pictures is never dissolved. It is there in all its solidity; the pictures simply arresting the progress of the eye with agreeable episodes, as it travels up the vertical surface to seize the dimensions of the place. The artist has understood his task as one which could not be judged alone and was not to be accomplished by a brilliant *tour de force;* but rather as a work undertaken to continue, support and complete the architectural scheme; so that the first thought of one entering these spacious rooms is not commanded by the pictures, more than by the staircase, or the color-play of light, as it falls through the glazed opening in the ceiling of the circular Memorial Hall to glance upon the polished facing and floor. Thus the pictures prove that they are no ornaments detach-

able from the structural plan, and that in rupture from it, they and it would suffer equally.

From the foregoing facts it does not follow that Mr. Reid has subordinated himself to the detriment of his individuality. On the contrary, his known qualities as an artist were never more prominent than they appear in these difficult problems. He has come to be easily recognized by the frequenter of exhibitions as a painter enamored of the color blue, of cross lights, of reflections that displace local color, of the movement of shadow, of every effect and function of the atmosphere as a medium of transmission; of sunlight, moonlight and firelight.

In these subjects selected by the State House Commissioners, and pronounced unpromising in decorative possibilities by accomplished artists like Messrs. Walker, Simmons and Thayer, it is interesting to see how Mr. Reid has changed his restrictions into advantages. Indeed, he seems by both aptitude and experience to have been the one painter fitted to unify and harmonize this peculiar and complex scheme composed of elements apparently hostile to one another. Even to him the first subject assigned—that of James Otis arguing against the Writs of Assistance — seemed unattractive, until he was shown the letter written by John Adams to his friend and former law-student, William Tudor, in which the patriot describes the scene and the details of the great historical event, fifty-six years after its occurrence. The letter, written in order to serve as notes and basis for a commemorative painting, the artist for which Mr. Adams desired to find, is a proof of the dramatic quality of the scene; since the picture remained undimmed in the memory of the writer of the letter, from youth to old age. In this description two points were seized by Mr. Reid as capable of picturesque development: the fact that an open fire was alight in the Council Chamber, at the time of the argument, and that the five judges upon the bench were robed in scarlet. The first point gave opportunity for the emphatic use of his cross-light system of illuminating his canvases; while the second demanded the introduction of a leading color which he had successfully employed with a blue undertone lurking in the shadows, in such pictures as his "Red Coat" and "Gladiola." He foresaw a congenial task, and accepted the commission, which must be here quoted because of the clear explanation given by it of the actual frieze picture.

In the quaint formal English of the period Mr. Adams writes:

"Whenever you shall find a painter, male or female, I pray you to suggest a scene and a subject for the pencil.

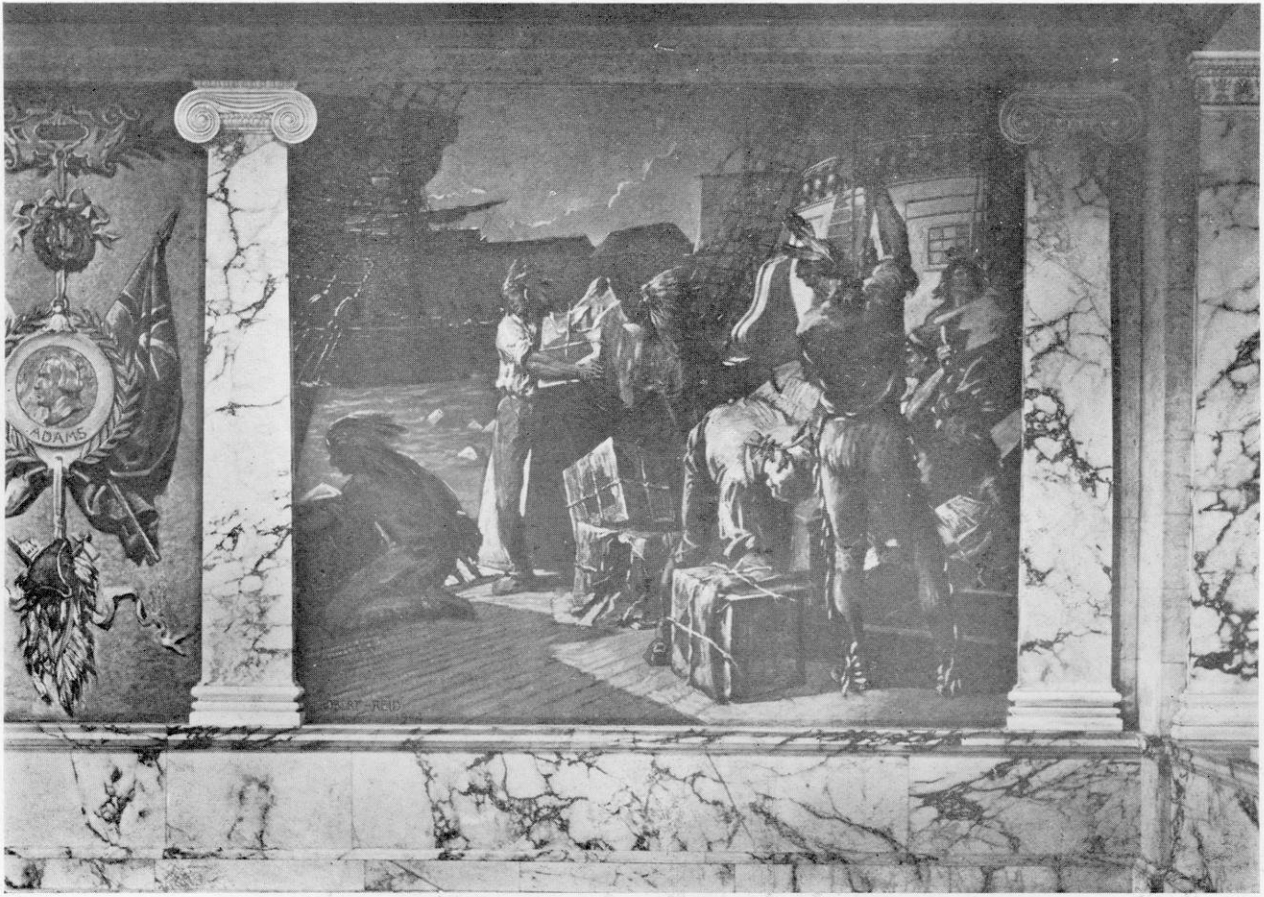
"The scene is the Council Chamber in the old Town House, in Boston. The date is the month of February, 1761, nine years before you entered my office in Cole Lane. As this was five years before you entered college, you must have been in the second form of Master Lovell's school. That Council Chamber was as respectable an apartment as the House of Commons or the House of Lords in Great Britain, in proportion, or that in the State House in Philadelphia, in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, in 1776. In this chamber, round a great fire, were seated five judges, with Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson at their head, as chief justice, all arrayed in their new, fresh, rich robes of scarlet English broadcloth; in their large cambric bands, and immense judicial wigs. In this chamber were seated all the barristers-at-law of Boston, and of the neighboring county of Middlesex, in gowns, bands, and tie wigs. They were not seated on ivory chairs, but their dress was more solemn and pompous than that of the Roman Senate, when the Gauls broke in upon them.

"In a corner of the room must be placed as a spectator and auditor, wit, sense, imagination, genius, pathos, reason, prudence, learning, and immense reading, hanging by the shoulders on two crutches, covered with a great cloth coat, in the person of Mr. Pratt, who had been solicited on both sides, but would engage on neither, being, as chief justice of New York, about to leave Boston forever. Two portraits, at more than full length, of King Charles the Second and of King James the Second, in splendid golden frames, were hung up on the most conspicuous sides of the apartment. If my young eyes or my old memory have not deceived me, those were as fine pictures as I ever saw; the colors of the royal ermines and long, flowing robes were the most glowing, the figures the most noble and graceful, the features the most distinct and characteristic; far superior to those of the King and Queen of France in the Senate Chamber of Congress, these were worthy of the pencils of Rubens and Vandyke. There was no painter in England capable of them at that time. They had been sent over without frames in Governor Pownall's time, but he was no admirer of Charles or James. The pictures were stowed away in a garret, among rubbish, until Governor Bernard came, who had them cleaned,

MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE

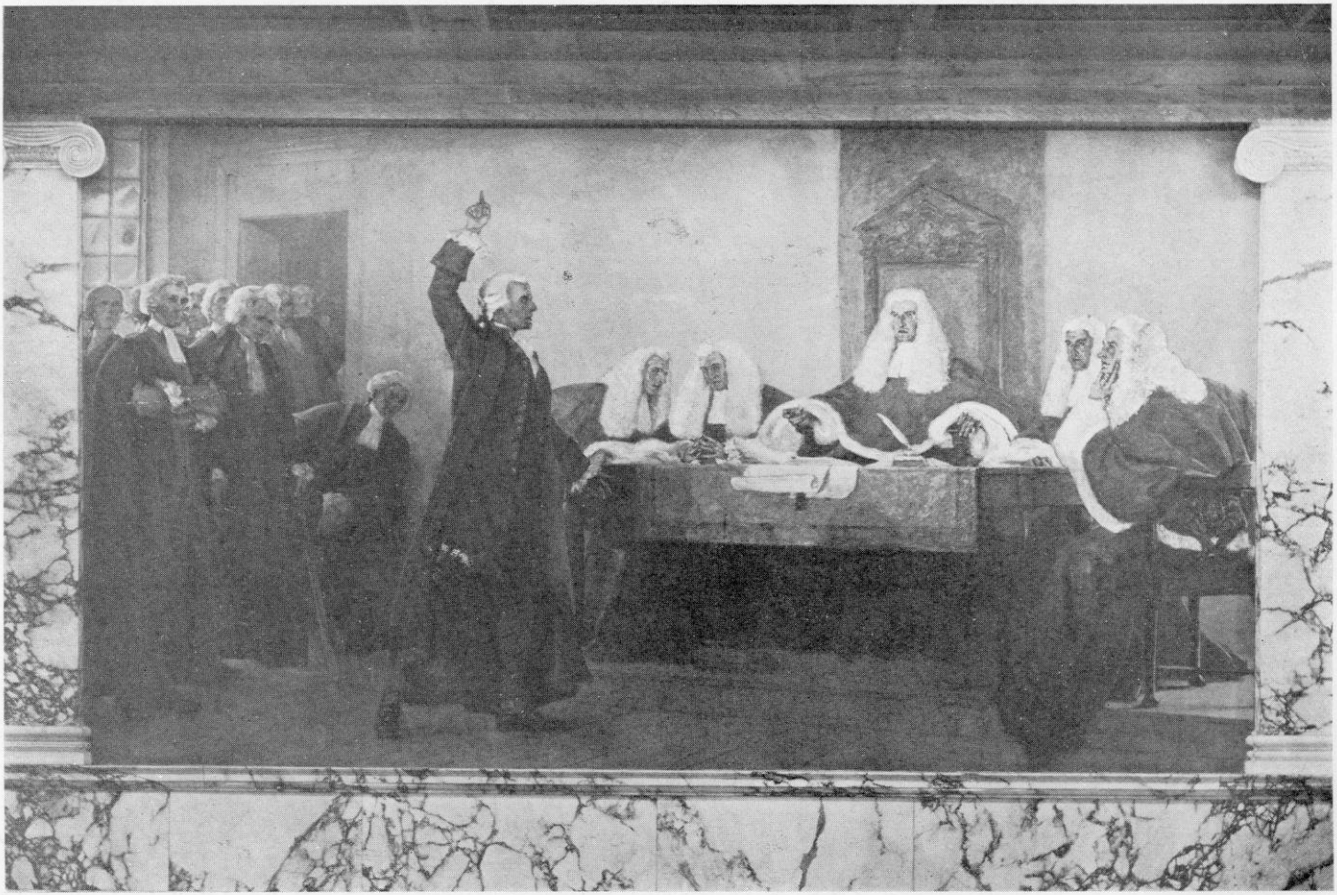
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

MURAL PAINTING BY ROBERT REID IN THE STAIRCASE HALL, MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE.



THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

MURAL PAINTING BY ROBERT REID IN THE STAIRCASE HALL, MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE.



JAMES OTIS ARGUING AGAINST THE WRITS OF ASSISTANCE

MURAL PAINTING BY ROBERT REID IN THE STAIRCASE HALL, MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE. CENTRAL PANEL

superbly framed, and placed in council for the admiration and imitation of all men, no doubt with the advice and concurrence of Hutchinson and all his nebula of stars and satellites."

Judged from this quotation, it is no wonder that the letter inspired the peculiar genius of Mr. Reid, who has given body to its indications, with the exception of the one regarding the royal portraits: a suggestion which, artistically impossible to follow — since the portraits would have made insignificant, trivial "spots" upon the canvas—is yet retained in the quotation, in order to show the artistic quality of Mr. Adams's description as well as the spirit of the times: the conflict of tyranny and insurrection, which produced a scene so truly dramatic and thrilling, so worthy of dramatic action.

Thus the letter was fitted to become the inspiration of a really modern picture: that is, one which is complete and attractive by reason of its composition, its color-scheme, its system of lights and darks; one that is not dependent upon the scene represented or the story told. But as the theme is here vitally patriotic, the picture gains an interest for Americans quite different from the sensuous pleasure which is excited by the masterly treatment of a difficult artistic problem. Therefore, to make clear the historical significance of the picture, and the reason for honoring it with a place in the State House a second quotation from Mr. Adams's letter is necessary. Regarding the events which occasioned the scene, he writes:

"When the British ministry received from General Amherst his dispatches announcing the conquest of Montreal, and the consequent annihilation of the French Government in America, in 1759, they immediately conceived the design, and took the resolution of conquering the English colonies, and subjecting them to the unlimited authority of Parliament. With this view, they sent instructions to the collector of the customs in Boston, Mr. Charles Paxton, to apply to the civil authorities for writs of assistance, to enable the customs officers to attend and aid them in breaking open houses, shops, ships, trunks, and packages of all sorts, to search for merchandise which had been imported against the prohibitions, or without paying the taxes imposed by certain acts of Parliament, that is, by certain parliamentary statutes, which had been procured to be passed from time to time for a century before, by a combination of selfish intrigues between West India planters and North American royal governors. These acts

never had been executed as revenue laws, and there never had been a time when they would have been or could have been obeyed as such.

"Mr. Paxton, no doubt, consulting with Governor Bernard, Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, and all the principal crown officers, thought it not prudent to begin his operations in Boston. For obvious reasons, he instructed his deputy collector in Salem to apply by petition to the Superior Court (November, 1760), then sitting in that town, for writs of assistance. Stephen Sewall was then chief justice of that court, an able man, an uncorrupted American, and a sincere friend of liberty, civil and religious. He expressed great doubts of the legality of such a writ, and of the authority of the Court to grant it. Not one of his brother judges uttered a word in favor of it; but as it was an application on the part of the Crown, it must be heard and determined. After consultation, the Court ordered the question to be argued at the next February term in Boston; namely, in 1761.

"In the meantime Chief Justice Sewall died, and Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson was appointed chief justice of that court in his stead. Every observing and thinking man knew that this appointment was made for the direct purpose of deciding this question in favor of the Crown, and all others in which it should be interested. An alarm spread far and wide. Merchants of Salem applied to Mr. Pratt, who refused, and to Mr. Otis, who accepted, to defend them against the terrible menacing monster, the writ of assistance. Great fees were offered, but Otis would accept of none. 'In such a cause,' said he, 'I despise all fees.' "

Mr. Adams follows with a description of the opening of the case; noting, in his usual pictorial style, the impression made by the advocates of each side. Finally, referring to the final speaker, he exclaims:

"But Otis was a flame of fire! With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away everything before him. American independence was then and there born; the seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sown to defend the vigorous youth. Every man of a crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take up arms against the writs of assistance. Then and there was enacted the first scene of the

first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child Independence was born. In fifteen years, namely in 1776, he grew up to manhood, and declared himself free."

Guided by this letter—in itself an enduring flame of patriotism, since it enabled an old man to pierce the gloom of a half-century and to see, as if still beneath his youthful eyes, the beginnings of our history as a nation—Mr. Reid has revealed himself sensitive to both the political and the artistic aspects of the scene. In subordinating his own art to that of the architect, or rather in associating decorative with structural principles, we have seen that he has been exceedingly successful. Considered independently as a decorative painter, without regard to the architectural scheme of the surroundings, he has in this case, shown himself to be no less effective. As may be seen from the illustration, the background of the picture represents a white wall broken only by a window, an open door, and the tall back of the judge's seat, behind which appears a breadth of drapery. What can not be inferred, however, is the warm reflection of an unseen open fire which is projected against this wide expanse. Nor can the play of the pale blue shadows cast by the figures, be described by mere words. At the right of the picture occurs a mass of scarlet created by the judges' robes: a rich and splendid color recalling that used by Veronese, in such compositions as his "Venice Enthroned," and his "Battle of the Giants." The faces of the judges, sharply defined against the extreme whiteness of the wigs and bands, show variations of the aristocratic type, the true judicial countenance. They are refined, haughty, thoughtful, or scornful; while the hands of these figures are equally expressive, as they are folded, clinched, or pressed against the cheek.

This part of the composition formal, dignified, stately in arrangement, carries the idea of silence. It leaves also upon the spectator an indefinable impression approaching the sinister, as if a Pontius Pilate were here portrayed as sitting in judgment.

The comparatively large space occupied by the judicial group, the opposition of upright and vertical lines made by its projection against the background, contrast admirably with the compactly massed figures of advocates and citizens standing at the left, and extending outward from the doorway into the space of a second room, as far as it can be seen. The firelight casts a ruddy glow upon certain figures of this

group, and the white of the judges' ermine, bands and wigs is echoed in the window with frosted panes, one of which, rubbed clear, shows a bright, red light coming evidently from a house opposite. This echo of color, and contrast of line and mass, added to that other more subtile quality resulting from the opposition of malignant calm with sympathetic interest, end by holding the spectator in suspense, as his eye, ceasing to sweep the canvas, fixes itself upon the figure forming the focus of the picture, which is so admirably placed in the foreground, and toward which are turned the two groups so different one from the other in massing and in color treatment. The orator, represented in profile and wearing gown and wig, receives upon his garments a complex play of light. His fine face, its muscles tense with emotion, and its sternness sharpened by high-bred delicacy, is directly contrasted with the inscrutable countenances of the judges; while it is supported by the faces of the group at the left: notably by that of the invalid leaning heavily on his crutches and skilfully placed directly behind the speaker at a proper distance to emphasize his strength, effort and exaltation by a relaxed frame and a drooping head. Otis is supposed to be pronouncing the words: "I will to my dying day oppose with all the powers and faculties God has given me, all such instruments of slavery on the one hand, and villainy on the other, as this writ of assistance is": a declaration which is made by the pictorial elements of line, mass and color so eloquently and simply, that its sense can not be misapprehended even if its detail be ignored. Therefore, whether considered as a feature of an architectural scheme, as an illustration of history, or yet in a purely pictorial aspect, the picture is worthy of its honorable position. The best appreciation of its value as yet offered lies in the words of the critic who said:

"It were easy to make of such an episode a melodramatic schoolbook illustration, or conventional historical 'machine' of academic quality, but these mediocrities have been tactfully evaded, or, rather, it is but justice to say, the historical spirit of the occasion has been well expressed in its typical aspect, without any trace of literal and commonplace realism, and, better still, expressed in monumental and decorative terms of great purity and distinction."

The picture of Otis pleading against the Writs of Assistance, was placed in its present position in December, 1901; there remaining on either side, three narrow spaces, enclosed by Ionic pilasters.

Three years later, that is, during the month of December of the year just past, through the removal of two of the pilasters—one on either side—four of the six narrow spaces were thrown into two: thus making room for two additional paintings, and leaving, between the latter and the central panel, ample place for conventional ornament which should complete and unify the frieze.

The principal subject being treated under the conditions of firelight, it followed that in the others no daylight effects could be employed. But these were almost as strongly prohibited by historical, as by artistic, requirements; since the Boston Tea Party and the Ride of Paul Revere are the two facts in the colonial history of Massachusetts best emphasizing the progress of the spirit of liberty which germinated in the plea of Otis. These subjects again afforded Mr. Reid wide opportunity for the use of his favorite cross-lights and the illumination which proceeds from a concealed source; also, for a free use of blue, in the moon-lighted atmosphere, which he has rendered—especially in the Paul Revere panel—in a way recalling the tranquil night-effect in Puvis de Chavannes' "Sainte Geneviève Watching over Paris." In both panels, the deep peace of Nature is strongly contrasted with the mad activity of the figures; the color aiding the line, and the sentiment completing the idea to be conveyed. What may be called the "fire motive" of the central painting is repeated in the left-hand panel by the lantern light coming from the house of the Middlesex farmer, catching the garments of the two figures as they advance from the door, and streaming upon the horse and rider. To define the course of this motive winding through the intricacies of the entire frieze is as interesting as to follow a Wagnerian music phrase through the changes of the orchestration. In the central painting, we find the red light playing against white, and casting over it a ruddy glow; also, refining the otherwise too great mass of scarlet by casting silhouettes of certain figures in cerulean blue; while, in the side panels, the same red light appears in such concentration as fits the general *decrescendo* of decorative effect, reaching the faintest *pianissimo* everywhere outside the immediate space, which is lighted, in the one case by the supposed lantern, and in the other from a source concealed in the hold of the ship. The flat treatment noted in the central picture, suffers no detriment in the side panels, and the frieze as now completed, in the opinion of those most familiar with the

place, adds apparent solidity to the wall. To quote the words of an accomplished local critic: "The tonal character of the decoration carries out the light and shade of the hall as conceived by the architect, prolonging and sustaining the interesting lights and darks of the marble columns around the upper part of the room, and the shadowy backgrounds of the corridors beyond."

Apart from the pleasure awakened by their technical success, these two subjects have a sentimental value for American spectators of all ages and conditions; since they deal with episodes more popularly known than the facts associated with the plea of Otis, and, further, they have each been treated by a beloved American poet. To the purely classic dignity of the central panel and the dramatic intensity of the Paul Revere, the Tea Party adds a note approaching the humorous, which completes and unifies the whole; rendering it "not too high or good for human nature's daily food." Mr. Reid's treatment of his theme is intensely modern. It is destined to become more and more pleasing as time shall pass. It fits admirably with its simple surroundings of black and white marble; the whole scheme—architecture, structural material and decoration—serving as a prelude to the rich coloring of Siena marble and peacock hues of glass, together with Mr. Walker's Raphaelesque rendering of the "Pilgrims Sighting Land," seen in vista beyond in the Memorial Hall.

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said: I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

My angel—his name is freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways, east and west
And fend you with his wing.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson: Boston Hymn.*

THE ANNA HUMMING BIRD: A MIDWINTER FAIRY IN FEATHERS. BY ELIZABETH GRINNELL

WERE I to select the most wonderful being with which I am acquainted, it could be no other than the humming bird. From a family numbering three or four hundred distinct individuals, all having similar characteristics, I choose the Anna hummer, for the reason that she has been my daily companion for many years, and that we know each other well. This species is said to have received its name from some ardent early bird lover who wished thus to honor Anna, Duchess of Rivoli; both male and female birds being designated in the same way.

Humming birds, like turkeys, are natives of America, mostly of South America; only one species, the Ruby-throat, being found East of the Rockies. To me they seem related to both birds and bees; having peculiarities common to both. Have not bees feathers? Have they not tongues wherewith to sip nectar? Are they not arborial, seldom so much as alighting on the ground, and do they not buzz, or hum, with the vibration of their wonderful wings in sad or happy rhythm, as the spell is on them? There are some species of hummers not much larger than bumble bees, but the Anna measures about three and one-half inches from tip to tip; this measurement including the slender, straight, black beak, which, for purposes of its own, is nearly an inch long.

Although very beautiful in outward appearance, the male bird does not appeal to my affection. His overcoat is brilliant green, while the lining, or under parts, are greenish white. The top of his head and the throat patch are of iridescent metallic hues of rose and bronze, changeable with greens. The green of the whole coat changes to indescribable hues whose exact nature is unknown. These hues remain unfaded after death, and so, in the days of the Incas, they were prized by royalty for ornamental robes; the little skins being sewed overlapping one another upon durable foundations. The metallic feathers on the head and throat are called scales, which they do resemble closely.

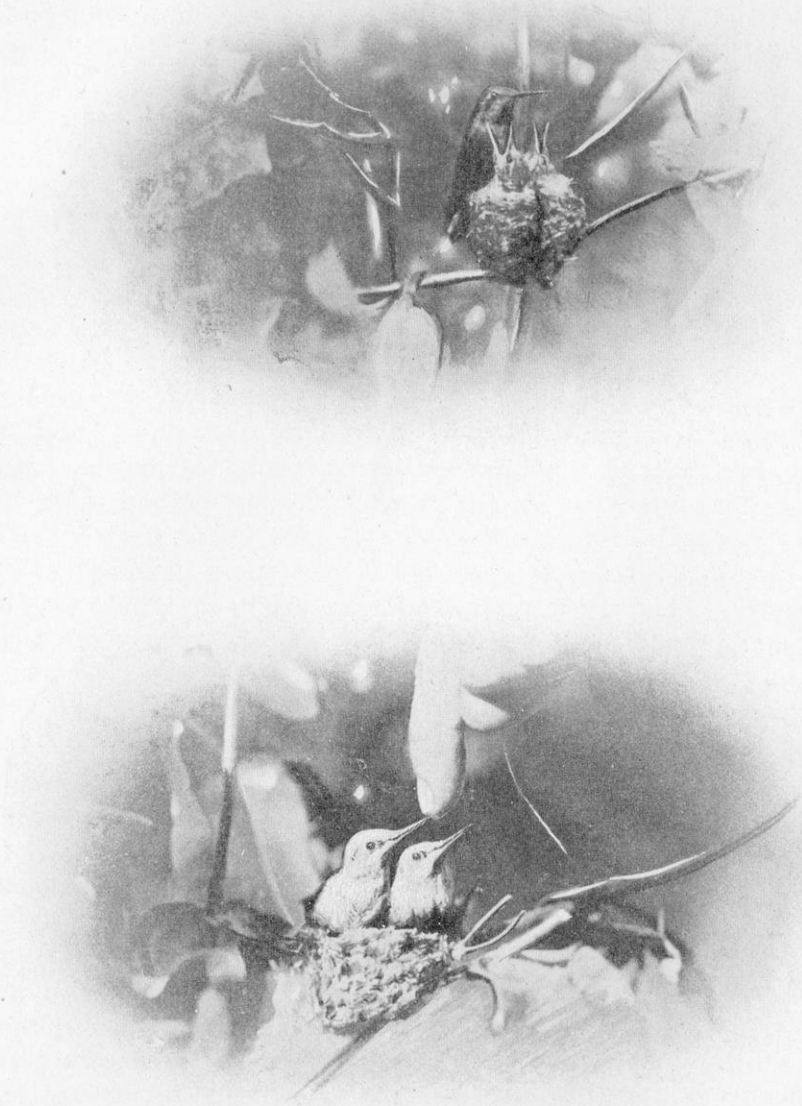
Now this gay Lothario has more polish than heart, for he cares for his sweetheart only during a brief season. As soon as the actual

cares of a prospective family confront him, off he goes to the distant fields for carousal among the wild flowers with other individuals of his own sex. Alone, yet resigned, as if she understood that she is better off without her mate at this trying time, little Anna works cheerfully and unceasingly in the interests of posterity.

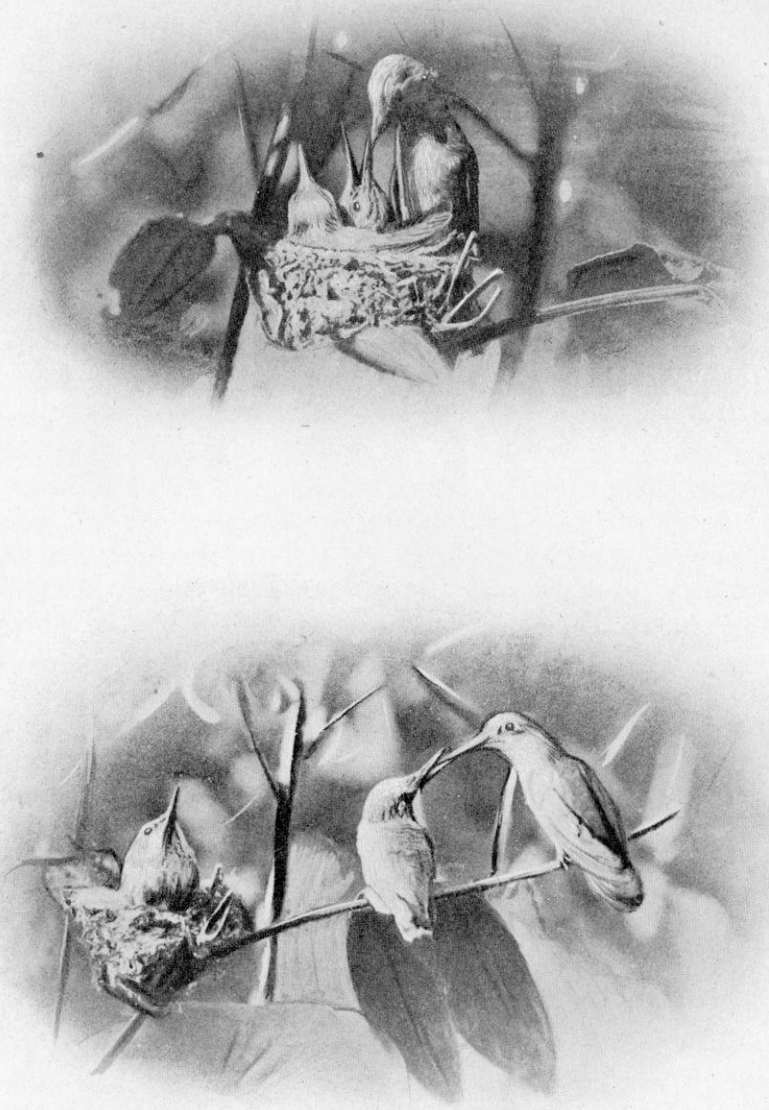
It is in the dead of winter that she begins her annual duties,—usually in December, and continuing as late as mid-August; rearing brood after brood fearlessly, although surrounded by foes in the shape of hawks, and owls, and shrikes, yes, and human depredators. In the case of winged foes, I will say that in some unaccountable way they do respect little Anna's affairs. Often the nests are in plain sight, yet never have I known one of them to be disturbed by larger birds. Anna herself, alone and unattended, is the soul of courage. I have seen her many times attack a mocking-bird, who, innocently enough, happened to come within her zone. And I have seen her drive away a great, gray tree squirrel from the vicinity of a tree upon which she had set up her tiny government claim. Not that she actually strikes any foe, but she makes him feel so "ashamed" with her reiterated "Tzp, tzp, tzp," repeated with emphasis in their very ears, and the constant whizzing vibration of her gauzy wings, that they retire.

Every year Anna builds her nest within my reach, and I watch unrebuked from start to finish this most remarkable achievement. It is the middle of December. Gentle rain has decked every living shrub and tree with matchless gems that flicker in the sun like jets from last night's rainbow. I hear a whirr of invisible wings, and see Anna gathering spider web from the hedge. She sustains herself upon nothing, save the vibration of her wings, while she snatches strand after strand of the finest thread. Then she whirrs past me, and I turn to look. At my very side, she pauses on her wings, and lays the thread upon a tiny crotch of a blue gum tree of last year's setting. Back and forth from hedge to nest, she flits, until a platform suitable to hold her feather-weight is properly formed. Then, returning with more web, she stands on the initial foundation of her future nest, and weaves about her, while she turns swiftly to form the cup with her breast. Soon she mingles lichens and plant-down with the web, or perchance fluffy white cotton which I have placed in her sight.

As soon as the nest is the size of an acorn saucer, Anna, "takes



"We like sugar too"
HUMMING BIRDS (from life)



Feeding the Young
HUMMING BIRDS (from life)

time by the forelock," and deposits two white eggs in the saucer, of the size and color of a couple of Boston beans, before they are baked; never more than two. Then, at intervals, while she is incubating the eggs, she adds to the nest brim; building it up about an inch in depth. And this continues after the birds have grown to mature size, the mother building as they grow, until, at last, the whole structure gives out at the rim by pressure of her returning feet, and the young leave the cradle. Often, do storms of wind and rain come down from the mountains, and threaten the frail structure. At these times, Anna never leaves the nest, but patiently she sits with the water running in streams off from her sheltering back and outspread wings, and dripping from the end of her magic beak. Sometimes I go out in the storm, if I know where to locate her, and spread a little shelter above the nest—an apron, or a sunshade—which my friend accepts gladly; she flying in under it, and out from it, with the confidence of an intimate. Often, the storm tears the fragile structure, and then Anna flies to the hedges for web between the showers, and repairs damages. In exactly ten days I peer into the nest in Anna's absence, and behold two little naked black beings too weak to lift their own heads, with bulging black eye-places no bigger than a pin head. Anna returns, looks confidently at me, and alights on the brim. Then, she lifts the tiny heads one at a time into proper place and feeds the babes of her affection.

I have spoken of the beak of this bird, but not of the tongue. The tongue is the marvel. It is double tubed, of the same length as the beak, or sheath. The two combined make a shaft long enough to reach into the nectar cups of our deepest flowers. If, perchance, the blossom be a trumpet indeed, Anna pierces it at the base and thrusts her tongue in from beneath. Through the tongue, she sips nectar and brings it home to her nurslings. I believe them to be fed exclusively upon nectar at first, although it is possible the mother mixes spider soup with the nectar. It was supposed that the hummers ate nothing save fluids saved up by the flowers; but now we know that small insects, gnats and garden spiders form a larger part of their food. When not in actual use, Anna's tongue is curled up at the base of the skull behind, as you have seen the tongue of certain moths curled under the chin outside. To return to my Anna: she fed the nurslings every fifteen minutes for many days. You can see, in the picture,

her beak far down the throat of the nursling. A twig of the tree appears longitudinally between the old bird and the young one which spoils the symmetry. But this can be excused, since this is probably the first photograph ever made of a hummer feeding her young. Later, the small birds were fed not oftener than every hour. I myself volunteered as nurse, and fed them with honey-water from my finger tips. They grew to know me and look for the between-meal lunch. In three weeks, they left the nest, the one a day preceding its mate, for the reason that the egg which contained it was deposited a day in advance of the other. The mother found and fed them for many weeks; they remaining in their birthplace site.

Often, before the babes had left the nest, I broke the twig from its holdings and carried it to other parts of the garden. The mother knew and followed me, nor was she frightened at all. On the contrary, all summer long, even after she had raised other broods, did she come to me and sip nectar from flowers that I held in my hand or between my lips. Often, did she assume to plunge into my open eyes for a bath, as she was in the habit of plunging into the dew in a curled-over rose leaf, but I closed my eyes.

To tell the story of Anna would take a book, and a season to write. Enough in this fragment to make a sojourner in the frozen East wish that he were in Anna's land for a single winter that he, too, might make the acquaintance of so etherial a creature.

Below, the noisy World drags by
In the old way, because it must,
The bride with heartbreak in her eye,
The mourner following hated dust:
Thy duty, winged flame of Spring,
Is but to love, and fly, and sing.

Oh, happy life, to soar and sway
Above the life by mortals led,
Singing the merry months away.
Master, not slave of daily bread,
And, when the Autumn comes, to flee
Wherever sunshine beckons thee!

—*James Russell Lowell: The Nest.*

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: NEW SERIES OF PRACTICAL TALKS ON STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING. BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

THE spirit and purpose of this series of articles on structural wood working is best expressed in the motto of THE CRAFTSMAN, "Als ik kan," and in beginning this friendly talk with the boys, young and older-grown,—it seems most natural to go back to the time when I was a boy and first learned to make things.

Although the boys of to-day are to be the men of to-morrow, there are many grown-ups whom I hope to interest in these practical talks illustrated with drawings and working plans as object lessons, that can be utilized by any boy or man who wishes to do something with his own hands and head, and to learn how to do things right by beginning right.

Country-born on a small farm in the Middle West, where most of the land was yet heavily timbered, I found myself at the age of twelve called upon to do all kinds of farm work in the summer, and to chop wood and draw it to the nearest market in the winter. With few aids other than natural resources we were obliged to depend upon ourselves for the commonest needs and comforts of life.

Under such conditions we could only think of making the necessary things in the most primitive and practical way. If we needed an axe-helve, an ox-yoke, a pair of bob-sleds or a pork barrel, we had to make them by hand; and in many cases we had even to make our own tools.

These things were made in a direct and substantial manner without any thought of ornament; and yet as I look back I can see that we worked out many beautiful shapes, especially in axe-helves and ox-yokes.

After many years and long experience I am free to own there was a deeper satisfaction in working out these simple forms which were put to practical use, than has come in later years from articles made for the exacting demands of modern taste. And so this thought comes up: When we come to make things ourselves and because they are needed, instead of depending upon the department store to furnish them, we shall not only find more pleasure in making them, but we shall also take more pleasure in possessing them.

In referring so frankly to my boyhood and experience, I do not forget that conditions have changed since then, and that I am addressing a later generation and many boys who are not compelled to work for a living so early in life, and are denied the privilege of earning by manual labor their own food, clothing and shelter, or to help to earn the comforts of life for the dear ones of the family.

While it is not necessary to return to primitive conditions of living, which demand that things shall be made to fit them, yet we can begin with primitive forms, which is always safe. In starting this way we begin right and have the structural instead of the non-structural always before us.

Too much stress can not be laid upon this principle, especially in the training of the young, and in spite of all the coddling influences of modern life, I still believe that the boys of to-day have the same good stuff in them, the same capacity for helpfulness and the same manly instincts of self-reliance of which strong men are made.

The natural and democratic impulses of the boy prompt him to friendly sympathy and liking for men who work, and work, honest, hard work has laid the foundations of the great achievements of the men who have shaped the past and are shaping the future of our country. I believe in the dignity of labor, useful, intelligent labor, but

instead of trying to tell the boys what they will never fully understand until they have done some real work in the world, and learned to take pride and to find pleasure in it, I will simply ask them to read a few pages in the lives of men whose names are familiar to us all: Men like Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, James A. Garfield, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, not to mention many others who have proved themselves truly great men in every walk and calling of life.

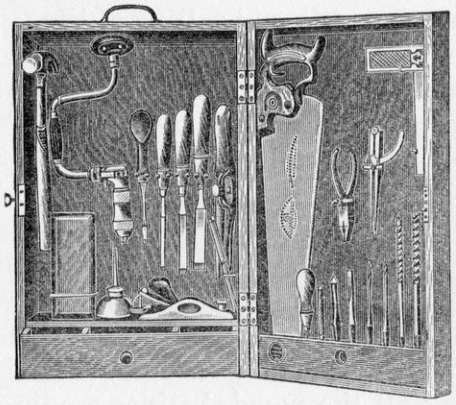
In almost every case the reader will see how proudly they refer to their humble beginnings, and the hard work done in boyhood. And right here I am tempted to quote a few lines from General Grant's story of his own early life: "When I was seven or eight years of age I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but I could drive,—the choppers loaded and some one at the house unloaded. When about eleven years old I was strong enough to hold the plow. From that age until seventeen, I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, plowing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school."

Many of the boys I hope to be able to interest and to persuade to learn how to do things for themselves, or for others, are those who are not driven by necessity to labor with their own hands, but who will, I trust, take up this work from choice, as many of their elders have done, who are not craftsmen by trade. These professional men and others find pleasure and relaxation during leisure hours in building something useful or working out some original notion, in that friendliest and most natural material that Nature has given to man for his shelter, and which enters so largely into the comforts and conveniences of the home.

The world has never found any substitute for wood in its many utilities and its natural beauty. Time and the forces of Nature have wrought out the many wonderful fibers and textures, and the almost endless variety of beautiful traceries in the grains and the interesting age-mark rings which keep the record of the birthdays of the forest trees.

THE FIRST LESSON IN STRUCTURAL WOOD-WORKING

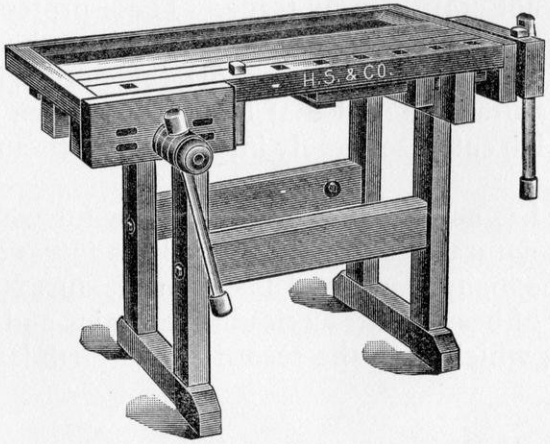
IN presenting this first study of the subject, six illustrations are given, including a dog kennel, a bird house, a small chair, an arm chair, a medicine cabinet and a wall cabinet, together with two cuts showing the work bench and a tool cabinet.



THE TOOL CABINET

Tools, few or many, you must have, and various sizes of tool cabinets are made and furnished at from five to ten dollars, upwards. The one shown in the cut costs $10.00 at retail. The work bench you will also need to buy, for you can not build it as it should be built for service, and the one shown is specially manufactured for the purpose, and costs $8.00.

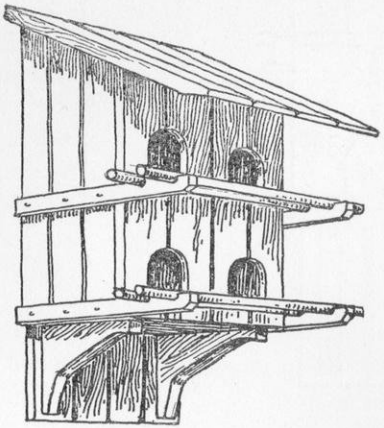
Each of the object illustrations is accompanied by brief but clear instructions, with working drawings and a mill bill. The latter is made out the same as for factory use, and if taken to the lumber manufacturer the materials can be all obtained cut to measure in the rough. Then with a little study, and the necessary tools, you will be ready to begin your part as a builder, selecting whichever article suits you best. Now do your best and make a workmanlike job, although it may be your first attempt.



THE WORK BENCH

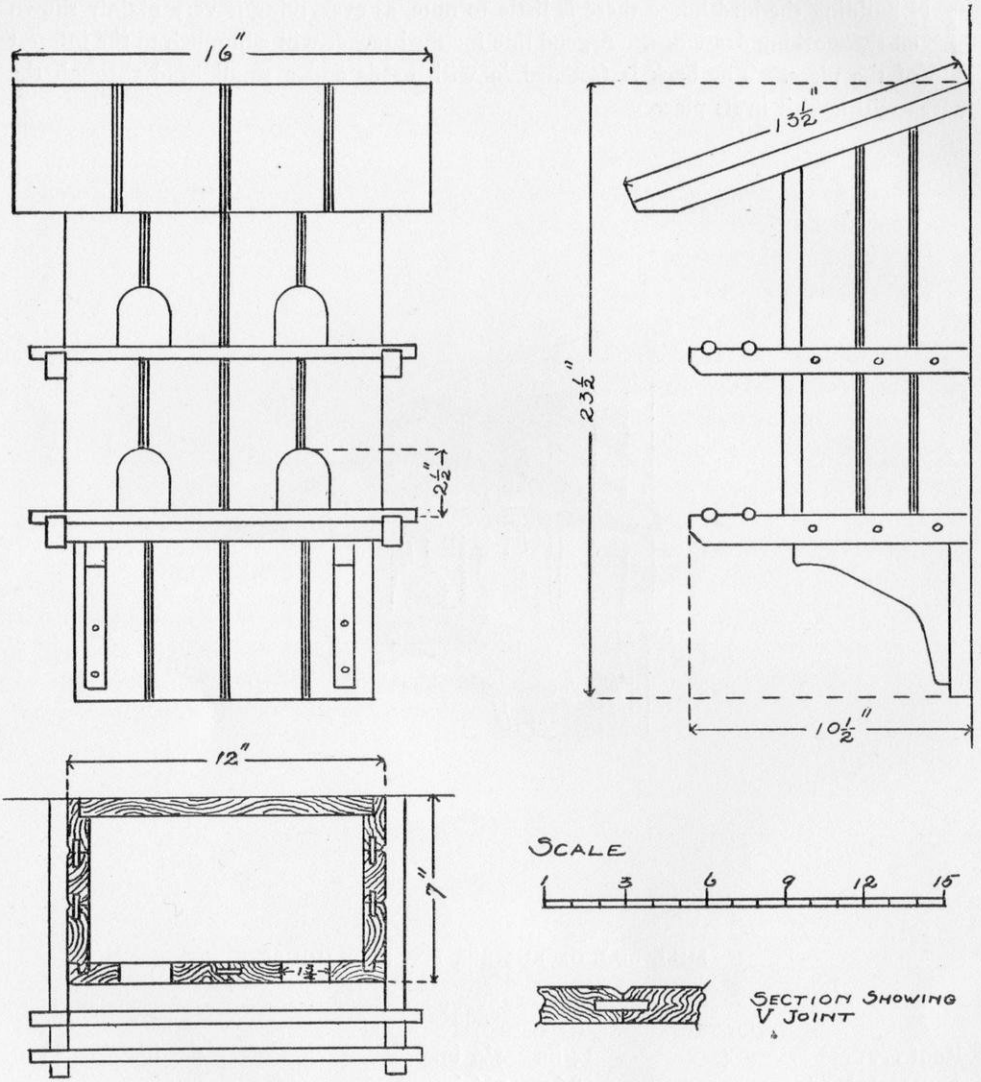
BIRD HOUSE

IN building the bird house there is little to note, as everything is very plainly shown on the working drawings. A good line for the bracket will add much to the interest of the piece. The back is fastened in with brads and a small brad through the perch will hold it in its place.



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR BIRD HOUSE

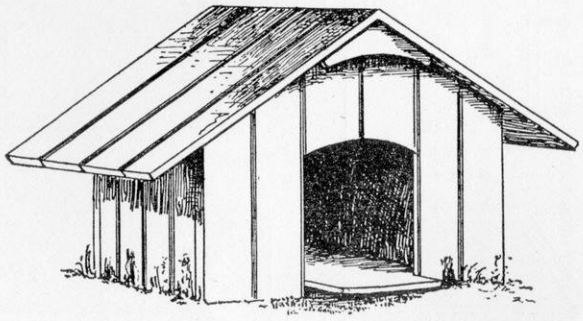
		Rough			Finish	
	Pieces	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Roof	4	14 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	¾ in.
Front and sides.	10	18 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	¾ in.
Back	4	24 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	¾ in.
Bottom & parti'n	2	12 in.	6¾ in.	1 in.	6½ in.	¾ in.
Side braces	4	12 in.	1¼ in.	1 in.	1 in.	¾ in.
Perches	4	16 in.	½ in.	½ in.	½ in.	diam.
Brackets	2	9 in.	6 in.	1 in.	pattern	⅞ in.



DESIGN FOR A BIRD HOUSE

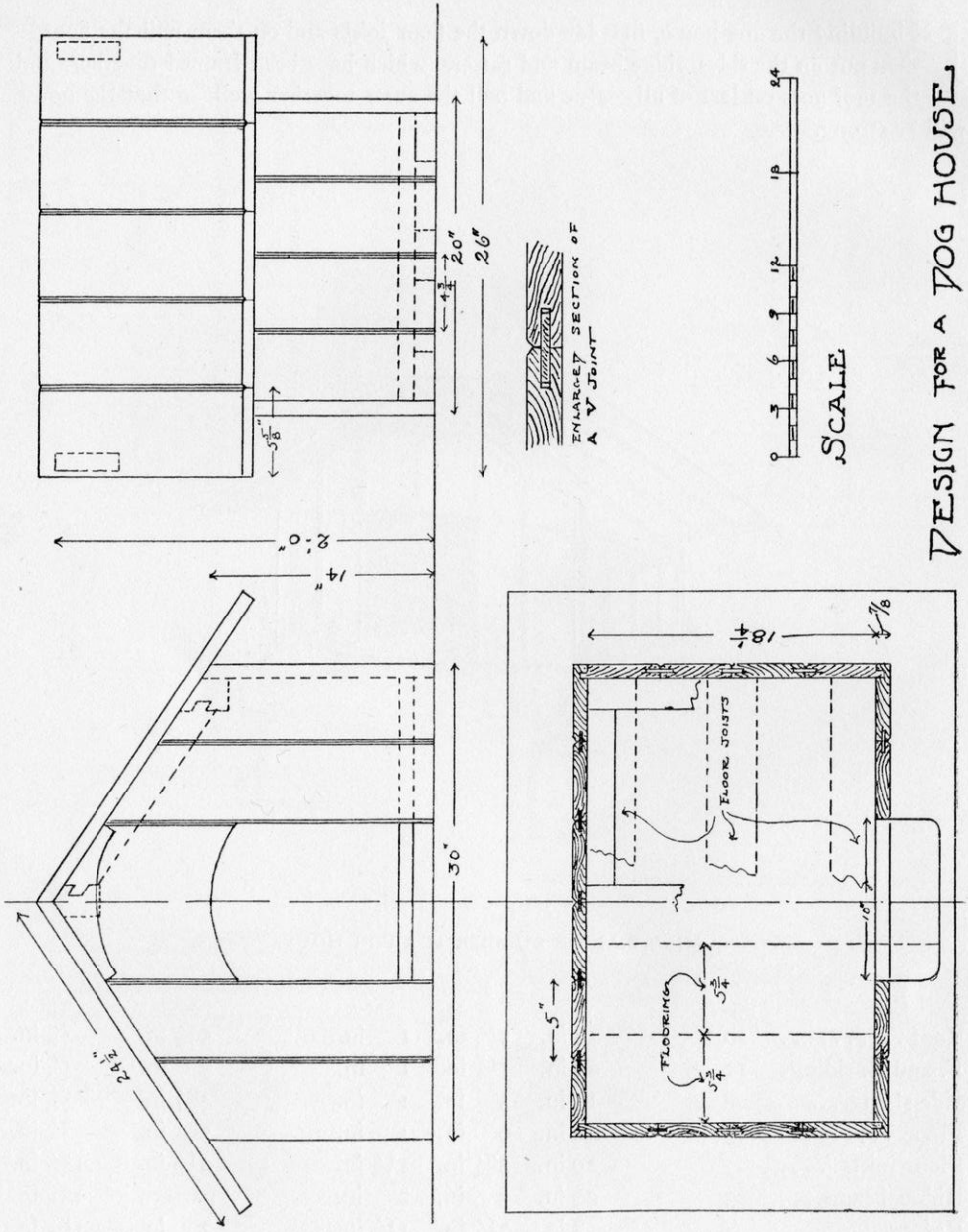
DOG HOUSE

IN building the dog house, first lay down the floor joists and on them nail the floor—then put on the sides, ridge beam and rafters, which have been framed together, and the roof goes on last of all—glue and nail the parts together well, so that the house will be strong.



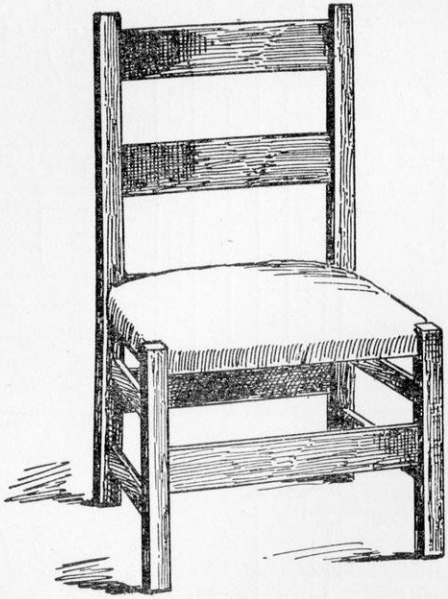
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR DOG HOUSE

		Rough			Finish	
	Pieces	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Roof	10	26 in.	5⅞ in.	1 in.	5⅝ in.	⅞ in.
F. and B. siding	12	23 in.	5¼ in.	1 in.	5 in.	⅞ in.
Side siding	8	15 in.	5 in.	1 in.	4¾ in.	⅞ in.
Floor	5	22 in.	6 in.	1 in.	5¾ in.	⅞ in.
Floor joists	3	29 in.	2¾ in.	1½ in.	2½ in.	1⅜ in.
Ridge beams	3	20 in.	3 in.	2 in.	pattern	1⅞ in.
Rafters	4	18 in.	2¼ in.	1½ in.	2 in.	1⅜ in.
Brackets	2	12 in.	5 in.	1 in.	pattern	⅞ in.


DESIGN FOR A DOG HOUSE
SCALE
0
3
6
9
12
18
24
ENLARGED SECTION OF A V JOINT
26"
20"
4½"
5½"
2'0"
14"
30"
24½"
18½"
⅞"
FLOOR JOISTS
FLOORING
5¾"
5"
10"

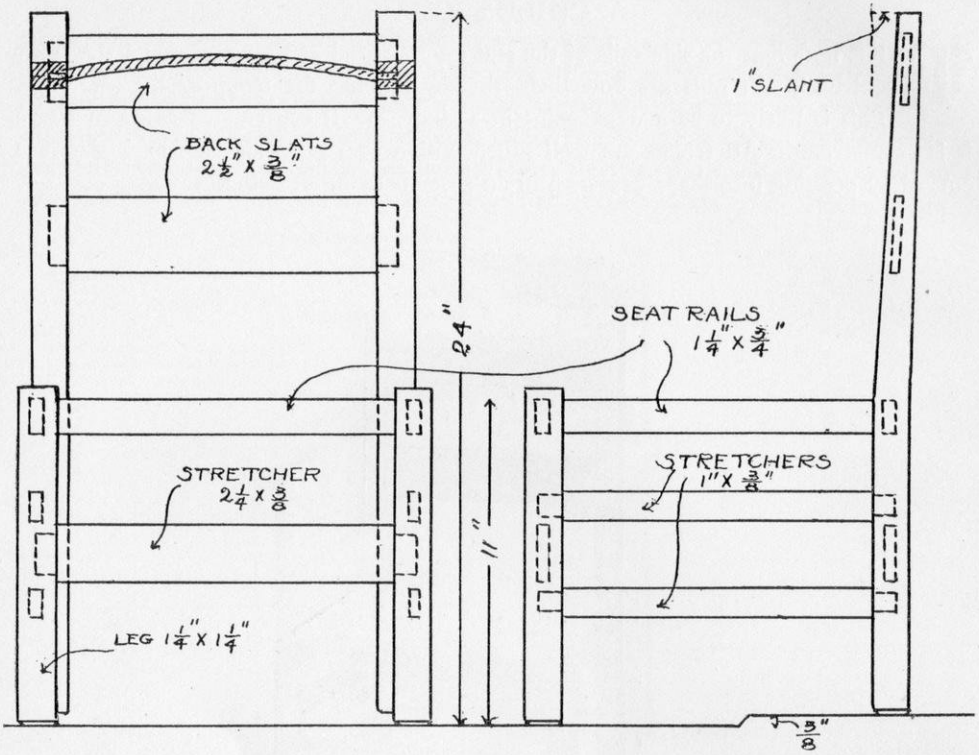
A CHILD'S CHAIR

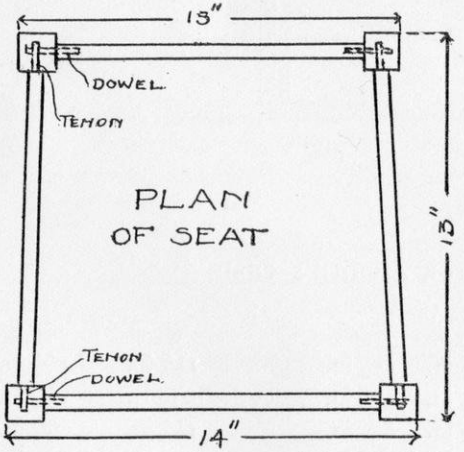
TAKE note that the side rails of the seat are morticed and tenoned—and the front and back seat rails are dowelled—thereby pinning the tenon of the side rails. This is likely to be a weak point in a chair, but if constructed as given above it is very strong. All tenons are well glued with warm glue, and the back slats are curved by pressing into shape as shown in an accompanying drawing.

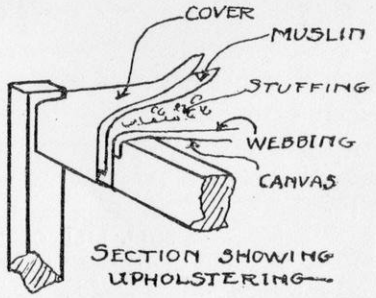


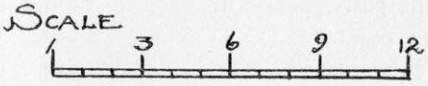
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR A CHILD'S CHAIR

		Rough			Finish	
	Pieces	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Front posts.....	2	12 in.	1½ in.	1½ in.	1¼ in.	1¼ in.
Back posts.....	2	25 in.	2 in.	1½ in.	cut to pattern	1¼ in.
Seat rails.....	4	13 in.	1½ in.	1 in.	1¼ in.	¾ in.
F. & B. stretcher	2	13 in.	2½ in.	⅝ in.	2¼ in.	⅜ in.
Side stretchers...	4	13 in.	1¼ in.	⅝ in.	1 in.	⅜ in.
Back slats.....	2	13 in.	2¾ in.	⅝ in.	2½ in.	⅜ in.





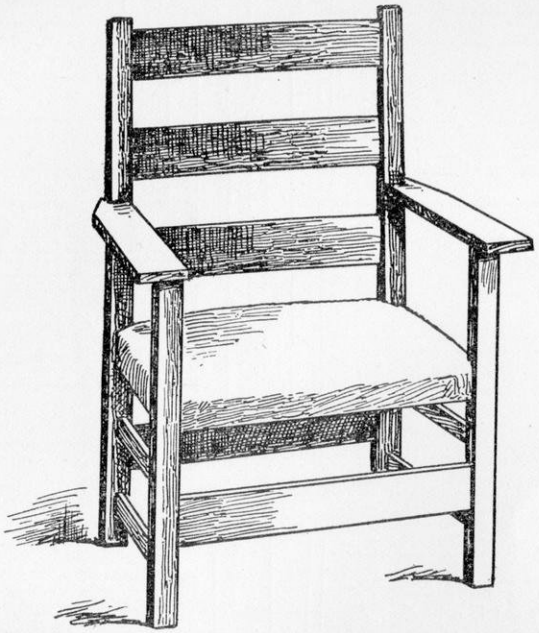




DESIGN FOR A CHILDS CHAIR

CHILD'S ARM CHAIR

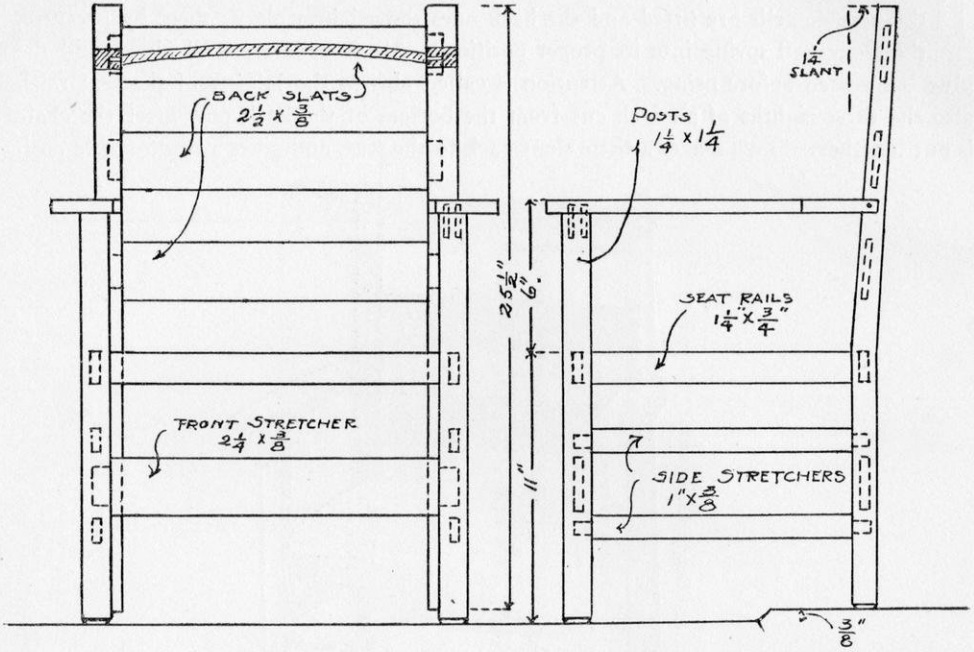
IN building this chair put all together excepting the arms, and when the glue is dry the arm dowells are fitted and the back ones shoved into place; then, by pressure, the front will spring into its proper position. All dowells are well glued, and the glue is warmed before using. Attention is called also to the joining of the seat rails, also the three-eighths of an inch cut from the bottom of the back post after the chair is put together. This makes a little slant back to the seat, and gives a comfortable posi-

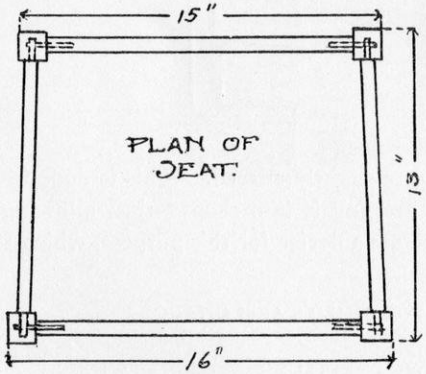


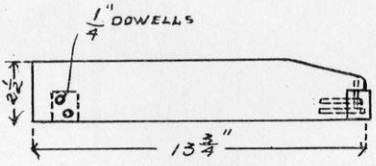
to the sitter. The back slats of the chairs are slightly curved. This is done by thoroughly wetting or steaming the wood and pressing it into shape—then allowing it to dry. The accompanying drawing will illustrate a device for this purpose, which for the amateur is quite as practical as a steam press.

MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR CHILD'S ARM CHAIR

		Rough			Finish	
	Pieces	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Front posts.....	2	18 in.	1½ in.	1½ in.	1¼ in.	1¼ in.
Back posts.....	2	26 in.	2 in.	1½ in.	pattern	1¼ in.
Seat rails.....	4	15 in.	1½ in.	1 in.	1¼ in.	¾ in.
F. & B. stretcher	2	15 in.	2½ in.	⅝ in.	2¼ in.	⅜ in.
Side stretcher...	4	13 in.	1¼ in.	⅝ in.	1 in.	⅜ in.
Back slats.....	3	15 in.	2¼ in.	⅝ in.	2½ in.	⅜ in.
Arms	2	15 in.	2¾ in.	⅞ in.	2½ in.	⅝ in.



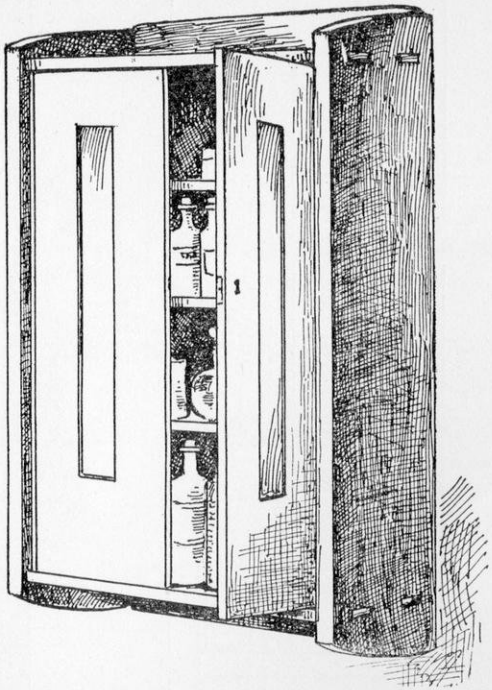




DESIGN FOR A CHILD'S ARM CHAIR

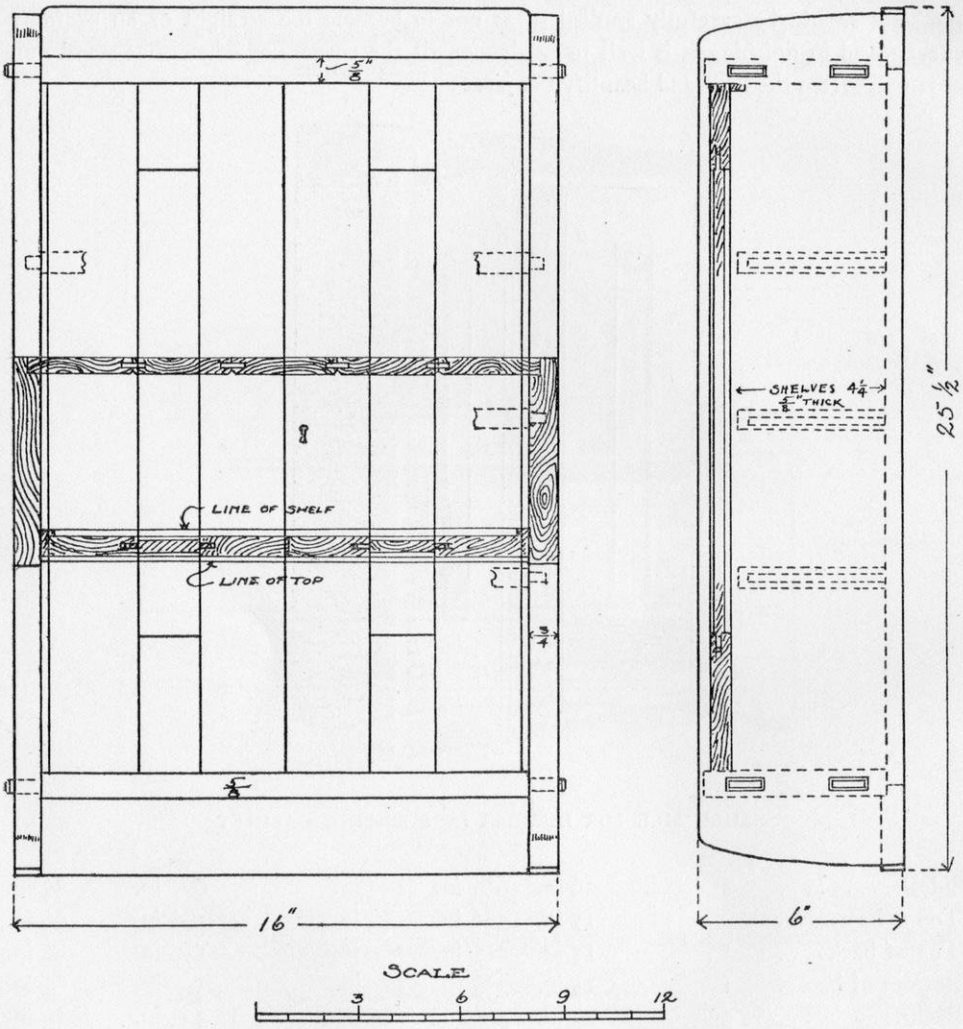
MEDICINE CABINET

IN the medicine cabinet, one or two things that it is well to call attention to are that the stiles of the doors are rabbited and the center left one is 3-16 wider than the one on the right side, to allow for this rabbit. The shape of the top and bottom of the sides should be carefully studied so as not to become too straight or an ordinary curve—and in finishing it is well to sandpaper all the corners or edges that stand out, as it will soften the lines and beautify the piece



MILL BILL FOR LUMBER IN MEDICINE CABINET

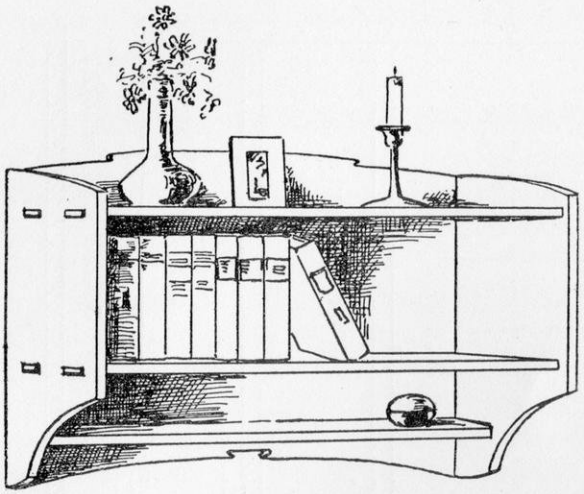
		Rough			Finish	
	Pieces	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Sides	2	26 in.	6¼ in.	1 in.	6 in.	¾ in.
Top & bottom	2	17 in.	5⅝ in.	⅞ in.	5⅜ in.	⅝ in.
Top of back	1	15 in.	2⅛ in.	1 in.	1⅞ in.	¾ in.
Bottom of back	1	15 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	¾ in.
Back	5	22 in.	3¼ in.	¾ in.	3 in.	½ in.
Stiles	4	21 in.	2¾ in.	⅞ in.	2½ in.	⅝ in.
Top rail	2	3 in.	3 in.	⅝ in.	2¾ in.	⅜ in.
Lower rail	2	3 in.	4¼ in.	⅝ in.	4 in.	⅜ in.
Shelves	3	16 in.	4½ in.	¾ in.	4¼ in.	⅝ in.
Door stops	2	21 in.	1¼ in.	¾ in.	1 in.	½ in.
Door stops	1	15 in.	¾ in.	½ in.	½ in.	¼ in.



DESIGN FOR A MEDICINE CABINET

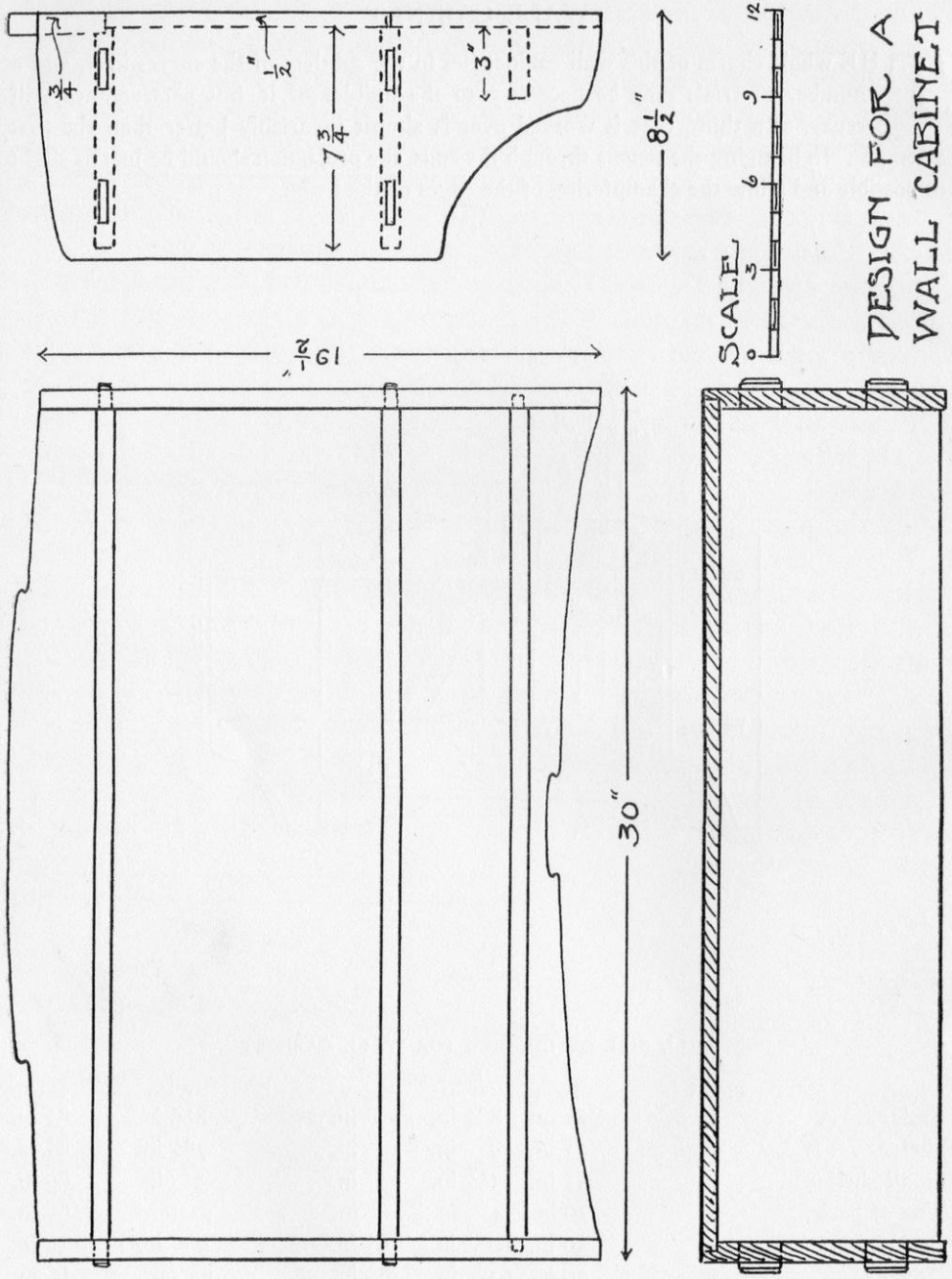
WALL CABINET

THE whole charm of this wall cabinet lies in the subtlety of the curves in it, and a number of trials may be necessary to the builder of it, but perseverance will repay, as a thing that is worked over is almost invariably better than the first attempt. In bringing the tenons through the ends, the projection should be just as slight as possible and allow the champfering of the edges of the tenon.



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR WALL CABINET

		ROUGH			FINISH	
	Pieces	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Ends	2	21 in.	8¾ in.	1 in.	8½ in.	¾ in.
Shelves	2	31 in.	8 in.	1 in.	7¾ in.	¾ in.
Small shelf	1	31 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅝ in.
Top of back	1	30 in.	4 in.	1 in.	pattern	¾ in.
Back	1	30 in.	10 in.	¾ in.	9¾ in.	½ in.
Back	1	30 in.	10 in.	¾ in.	pattern	½ in.


3/4"
1/2"
7 3/4"
3"
8 1/2"
SCALE
0
3
6
9
12
DESIGN FOR A
WALL CABINET
30"

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

At the outset of the series I have shown a variety of things in order to appeal to a wider audience, and to broaden the scope as much as possible, within the necessary limits. My purpose is to lay the foundation for an all-round equipment, that can be utilized to suit the requirements of individual aims and capacity, whether limited to the building of a dove cote, a piece of fine interior work or a house-boat.

In each case the structural qualities will be prominently brought out, and this feature should form the basis of our first lesson.

In the choice of woods it is important that we select the kind best suited to the requirements of the piece we are to make. If our article is to be plain and primitive in construction, as, for example, the child's chairs shown in our illustrations, woods should be chosen that have a texture and color quality, like the oak, chestnut, and brown ash, which, when properly finished, will be found to add much to the satisfying quality of the piece and make up for many seeming defects.

If the piece is to be exposed to the weather, as in the case of the bird house or dog kennel, cypress, spruce, California red wood and white cedar give the most pleasing effects when finished with the well known "shingle stains" or with linseed oil, to which the desired color has been added, and then left to weather.

This simple process of treating surfaces can be developed to a high degree of artistic tone and texture, and later in these talks I shall tell you something about how to select special woods for special purposes, and how to treat the surfaces in order to bring out all the natural beauty of the grain without destroying it with varnish, or hiding it under a coat of paint.

A CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW: CRAFTSMAN HOUSE SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER III

AS already the spring feeling, caused by the return of longer days and a warmer sun, is abroad over the world, the Craftsman House for March is presented in the form of a bungalow.

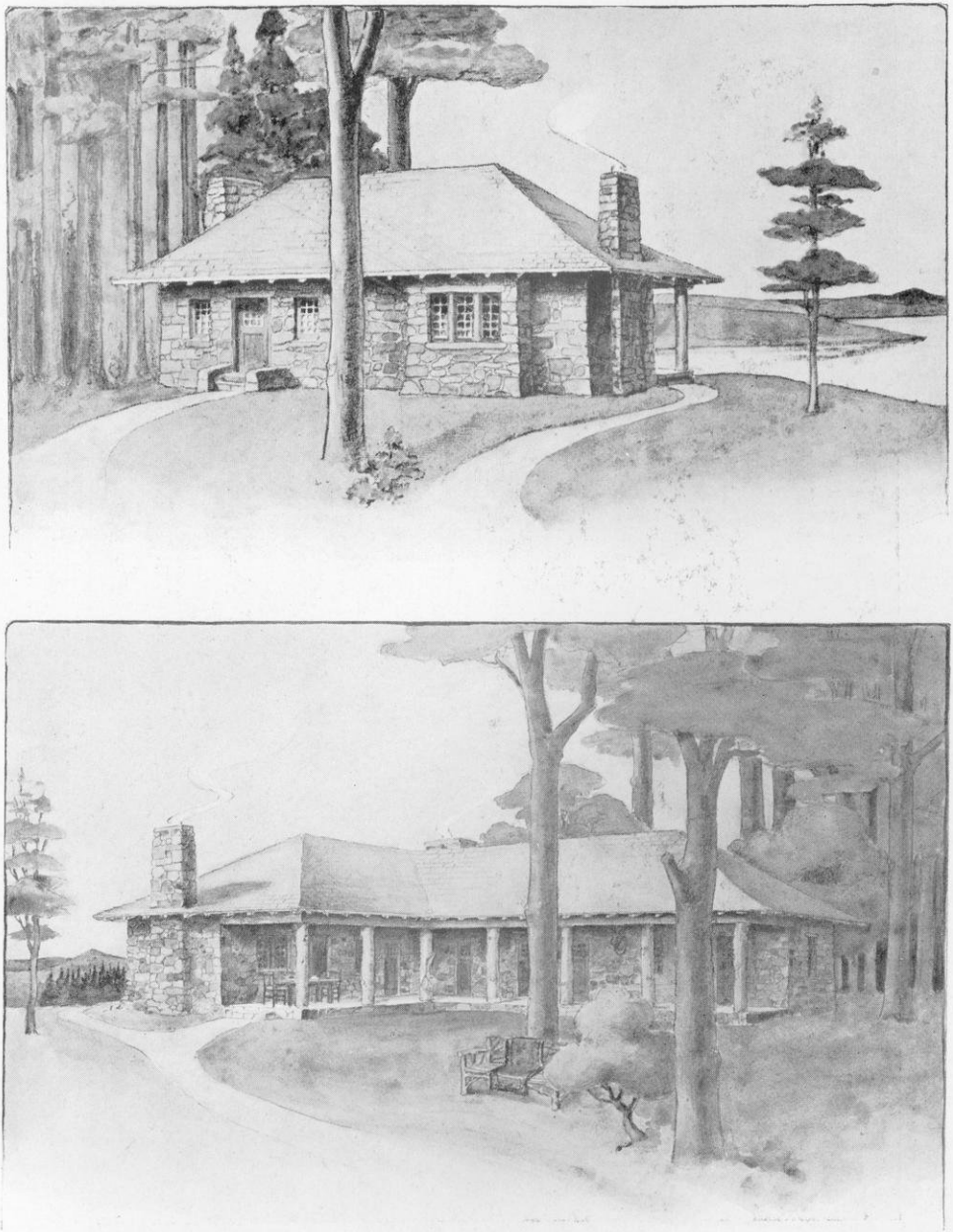
This is a structure of field stones set at random, and, with their weather stains and accretions, offering pleasing variations of color. It is provided with large chimneys and wide verandas: the latter arranged to front a lake and to have a southern and western exposure; the building itself facing the northwest. Of the two wings the eastern, containing the bedrooms, extends into the wooded portion of the land, in order to assure protection and coolness; while the western wing reaches out upon the clearing toward the lake.

The ground space occupied by the Bungalow is greater than that specified for many of the preceding Craftsman Houses, since the item, "cost of land," in this case, is not the first to be considered. The eastern wing has a frontage of sixty-four, and the western of forty-four feet, the verandas showing a width respectively of twelve and ten feet.

The drawings, therefore, display a long, low structure which is hospitable in aspect and grateful to the color sense. The walls of the bungalow, previously described, are topped by an overhanging roof covered with spruce shingles, which have been dipped in oil to produce a rich, warm color, and are laid wide to the weather.

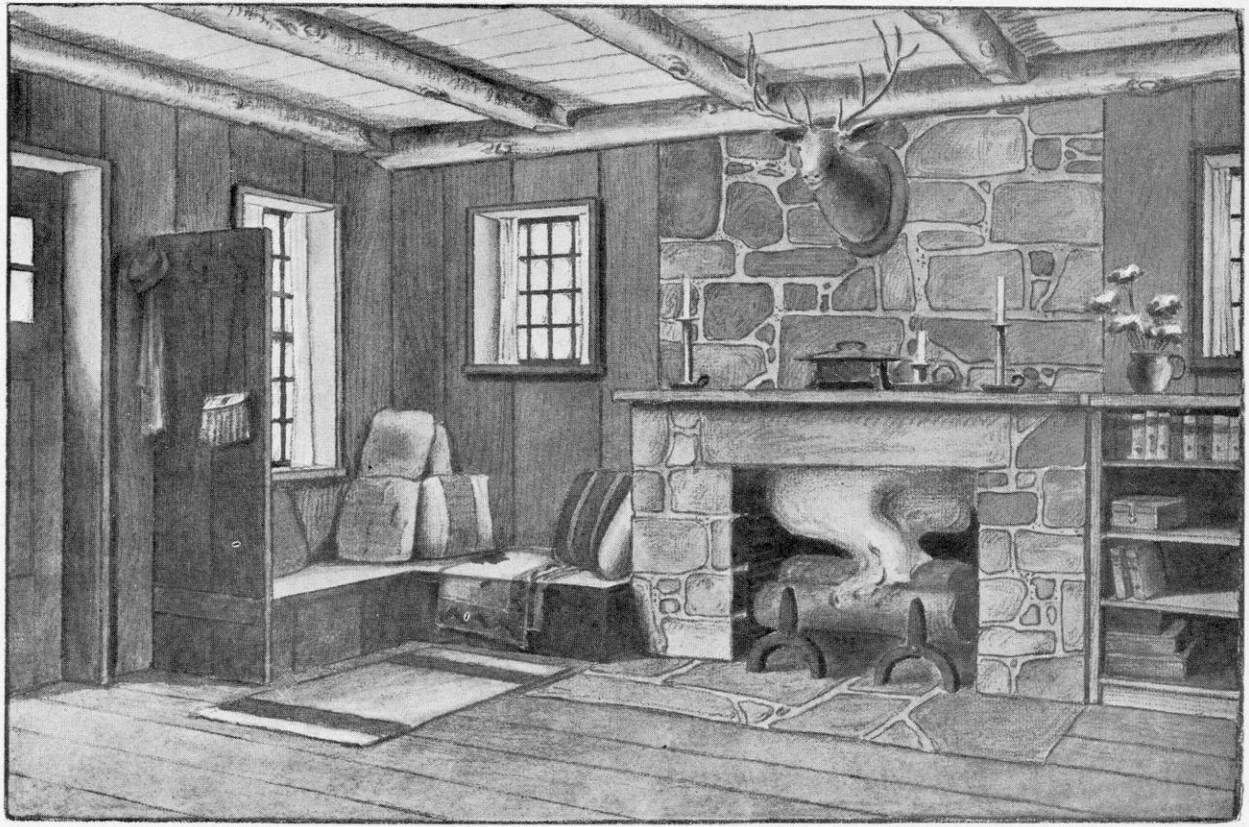
The entrance steps are of split cobbles laid in cement, as is also the floor of the verandas, the columns of which are boles of trees, trimmed not too smoothly, and left with occasional short limbs, in order to afford conveniences for the suspension of fishing tackle and other implements.

THE Interior is divided into a living room, a kitchen, and three bedrooms. The first of these, as is demanded in all similar buildings, is a large, comfortably arranged space; its dimensions being eighteen by eighteen feet. Its ceiling is traversed by a great beam at the angle of the wall, with smaller ones upon either side and running at right angles to it, (see plan); all these timbers being rough hewn, and having one side flat, on which to rest the ceiling boards, and their ends squared, so as to provide good joints.



A CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW: TWO EXTERIOR VIEWS

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905. NUMBER III

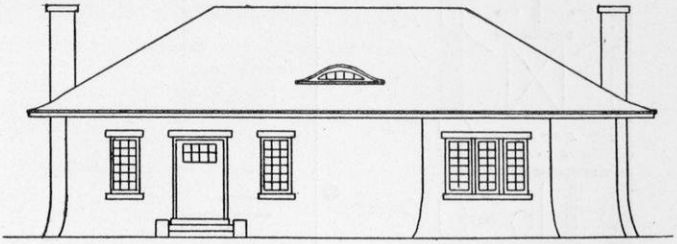


A CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW: LIVING ROOM

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905. NUMBER III

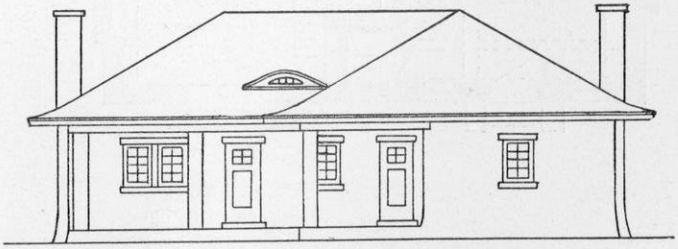
The walls are ceiled with two-inch planks showing wide V joints, and there are two large "built-in" seats with hinged tops, designed secondarily for storage purposes.

The fireplace, the chief feature of the room, like the exterior walls, is built of cobbles (split), laid up in mortar to which pigment has been added, in order to produce a uniformity of color with the stones themselves.



FRONT ELEVATION

The woodwork of the living room is of cypress, stained to a gray-brown, with the open bookcases and all movables matching it in material and stain. Small accessories to effect a color-scheme may be added in the form of Indian blankets, bright pillows, copper utensils and hand-wrought andirons, but the simpler the arrangement the more satisfactory it will remain.

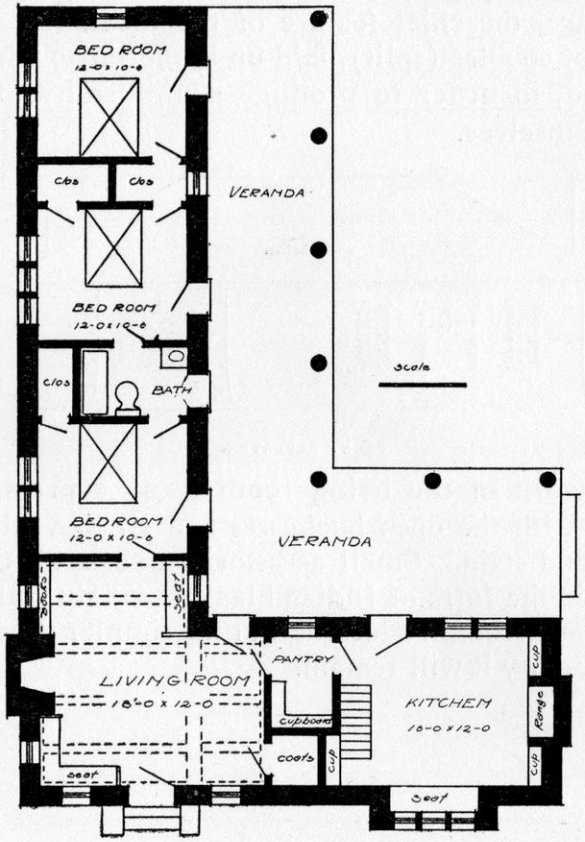


REAR ELEVATION

The living room gives entrance to the veranda, as also to an ample coat-closet and to the pantry.

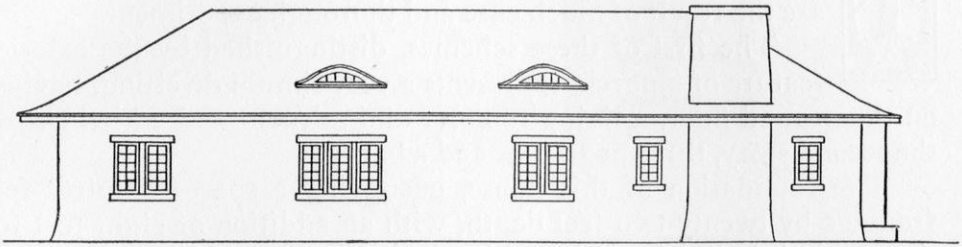
THE kitchen is planned as a large room (twelve by sixteen feet), to afford space and convenience for serving meals, when the weather does not permit the use of the open-air dining room provided by the niche portion of the veranda. Beside the necessary

A CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW



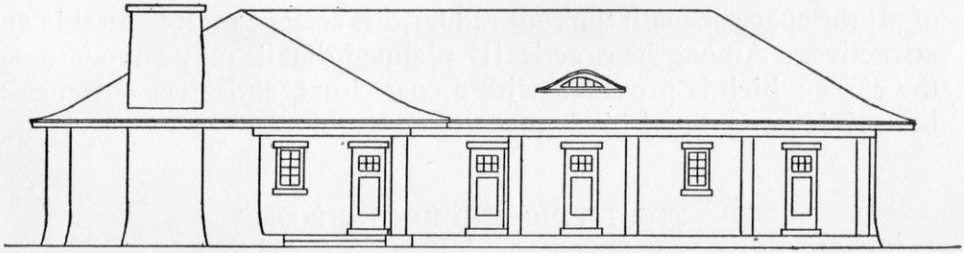
FLOOR PLANS OF THE CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER III

provisions for domestic service, the kitchen contains a large window seat, and from this room a staircase leads to the attic, divided into two low compartments which may be used for storage or as additional sleeping rooms.



SIDE ELEVATION

THE eastern wing of the bungalow, as has been already indicated, is occupied by three bedrooms, each having entrance from the veranda, a bath, a clothes closet, and connection with the other rooms; these arrangements making them quite as comfortable as the corresponding rooms in a city residence. In this portion of the house, the walls are plastered, and may be hung with paper, or decorated with water-color tint, according to the taste of the occupant.



SIDE ELEVATION

THE attractions of this bungalow, not inconsiderable upon paper, are much increased in the actual structure, the price of which is not prohibitive; as the cost in localities abundant in field stones should not exceed $2,000.

TWO COTTAGE HOMES

COTTAGE I

IN addition to the usual house, and separated from the series of which this forms a part, THE CRAFTSMAN presents, this month, building schemes for two inexpensive cottages, which are the result of much care and thorough experiment.

The first of these schemes, distinguished by the exterior feature of a porch, represents a very simple dwelling, having, on the ground floor, a living room, a dining room and a kitchen; on the second story, three bedrooms and a bath.

The foundation of this house, occupying a space of thirty feet frontage by twenty-two feet depth, with an addition of eight feet for the porch, is built of rubble; while the walls are shingled and stained to a moss green (Cabot's 303) : a practical manner of building assuring economical heating; since the shingles, when laid over building paper, offer a thick protection against cold and draughts.

All the exterior woodwork: shingles, door- and window-casings are given a single color with the view of producing a monotone effect, varied alone by the shadows cast from the widely projecting porch-roof.

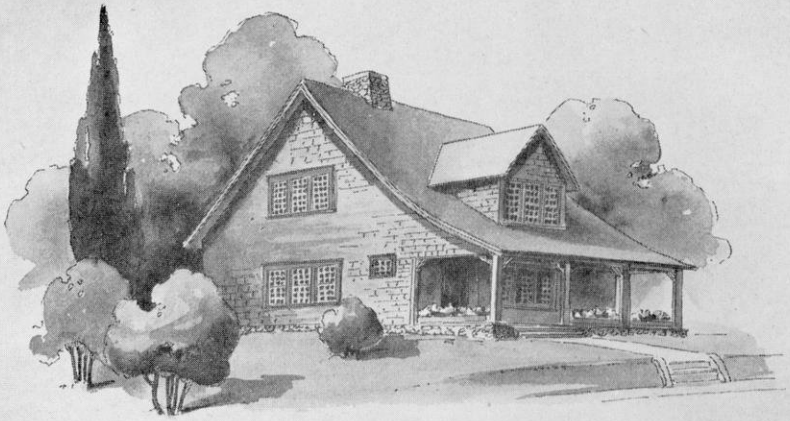
THE INTERIOR

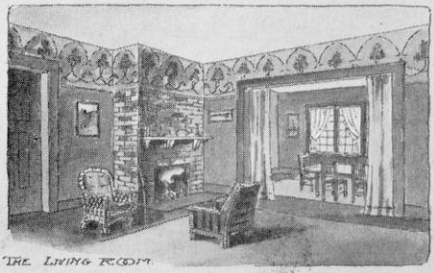
The Ground Floor—Convenient arrangement and the utilization of all the space beneath the roof render this cottage most habitable and attractive. Among its practically planned details may be mentioned the entry which is provided with a coat closet, and gives entrance to both living room and kitchen.

THE LIVING AND DINING ROOMS

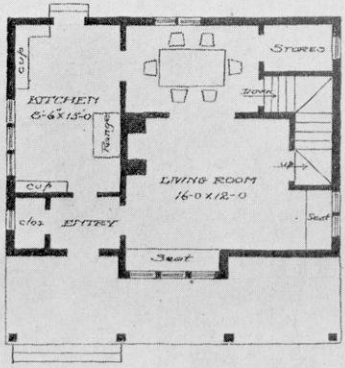
The first of these rooms, with dimensions of twelve by sixteen feet, contains a simple, but very pleasing fireplace built of brick, and two wide window seats; these features producing a result as effective as is usually attained at a cost of double the amount here expended.

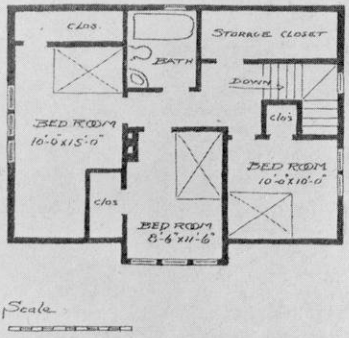
From the living room the staircase leads directly, but is provided with a door as a means of preventing draughts.





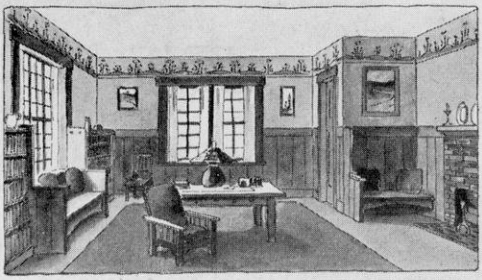
THE LIVING ROOM



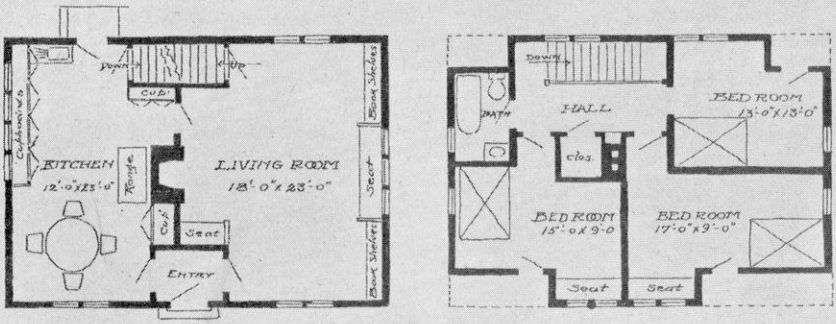


Scale

NEW COTTAGE SERIES. NUMBER I



THE LIVING ROOM



Scale

NEW COTTAGE SERIES: NUMBER II

The dining room, as shown by the drawing, is an alcove separated from the living room by a wide door-way. It has adjacent to it a large store-room, which in this type of dwelling, is a most useful provision.

THE KITCHEN

This room, having dimensions of eight and one-half by fifteen feet, receives abundant light from three windows cut upon one side. It is provided with all necessary facilities, and contains roomy cupboards.

THE SECOND STORY

The staircase, lighted by a window on the second landing, has, at its head, a closet to be used preferably as a place of storage; there being no attic, but simply ventilation space, beneath the roof.

Each bedroom is accompanied by a closet, and the single bath is conveniently reached from all of them.

The finish upon this floor, as throughout the house, is very simple; the walls being covered with either paper, paint, or tinted plaster, and the "trim" being of cypress for the first, and poplar for the second story.

The building costs of this cottage are estimated at $900.

COTTAGE NUMBER II

This house has a frontage of thirty-four feet, with a depth of twenty-four. The rooms contained in it are larger than those of the other dwelling; while the closets upon the second floor are not so ample: the space under the eaves alone being reserved for storage purposes, and one clothes-press arranged at the middle of the house.

The foundations, here, as in the preceding model, are of rubble, and the exterior walls are faced with shingles stained to a gray-green; thus offering an agreeable background for the grass-green door- and window-casings.

THE INTERIOR

The Ground Floor—The entry gives access to both living room and kitchen, the former of which is made attractive by an ample arch brick fireplace, at the left of which there is an ingle seat piled high with pillows. At the right, a door leads to the kitchen, and, at the angle, a second door opens upon the staircase. The side opposite the fireplace is occupied by a window-seat flanked with bookcases; the windows above the seat being mullioned, glazed with square panes, and hung with cream-white curtains. A wainscot of V-jointed boards of uneven width, with a simple flat heading and base, is carried around the room on a level with the mantel shelf and the tops of the book-cases. The wood "trim" (the same as in the first cottage) and the floors are stained to a warm brown; the walls are tinted or papered in gray-green, and topped by a paper frieze in green, golden yellow and cream; the ceiling shows a deep shade of the latter color; and the floor is covered with green grass-matting, or a plain Ingrain rug.

The kitchen extends the entire depth of the house and is designed to be used also as a dining room, after the manner of the old-time Dutch kitchens, which served the purposes of the entire first-floor of to-day. The most interesting detail of this room is the row of cupboards set below the windows, the ledge of which provides place for holding china and growing plants.

THE SECOND STORY

This portion of the house contains three bedrooms and a single bath; the two front rooms having seats fitted to the dormer windows, and offering pleasant places for study or work.

This cottage, while slightly more expensive than the first, in most localities of the United States, could be erected at an approximate cost of $1,000.

A SUGGESTION WITH AN INVITATION

THE new series of Cottage Homes, two designs and plans for which are given in this number, was called forth by requests from correspondents for something even less expensive than the charming suburban residence presented in the February number, and estimated to cost about $2,600.00.

The estimates for these first cottage plans are respectively $900 and $1,000, and THE CRAFTSMAN'S Architectural Department is prepared to furnish plans and specifications for comfortable cottages to cost considerably below the thousand dollar limit of the present series.

This fact has led to the suggestion, referred to elsewhere, that it may be possible to interest the philanthropic friends of humanity in attempting a practical solution of the home ownership problem for many, or even a few, industrious self-respecting artisans, laborers and others, whose families are compelled to live in the cramped, unsanitary and unhome-like tenement blocks, in the congested sections of the great industrial centers all over the country.

With all good will and good wishes for the success of worthy organized efforts for the improvement of the "tenement districts," it would seem as if there might be some broader field for individual effort, and discriminating philanthropy, in aiding and encouraging the building of these modest homes for the many who otherwise would seem to have no prospect of escape from their present environments. There are, without doubt, many readers of THE CRAFTSMAN who are both able and willing to join in such an effort, if they could be assured that there was no selfish or speculative scheme involved.

And this is the main point which we wish to emphasize, namely: That such a plan must begin in individual interest and personal knowledge of the facts in the case.

The kindly disposed, and fortunately able, to whom we have referred, would not find it difficult to discover within the limits of their personal acquaintance, some deserving man, with a family, who would appreciate and avail himself of good counsel and financial aid on the basis of a loan investment, which would enable him in time to become the owner of a home.

The rapid transit system has opened up vast tracts of cheap and accessible building sites, not yet corralled by the enterprising speculator, or promoters of suburban developments, and a little forethought with timely action, could easily secure the house lot and garden plot at merely nominal cost for the land.

It is not easy at the moment to define all the possibilities of this suggestion, but THE CRAFTSMAN offers this brief outline in good faith and will cordially welcome expressions of opinion from all to whom this thought may appeal.

As its own contribution to such a purpose and in the hope of enlisting the interest and coöperation of others, THE CRAFTSMAN will pledge itself in advance to furnish complete plans and specifications with working drawings for such cottages costing from $500 upward, free of charge to any responsible person or persons who will take this matter in hand.

To this end we cordially invite discus-

sion and suggestion from any source that will aid in some solution of the problem of how best to put such a plan in practical operation.

Will you not write us, giving us not only your impressions but any definite suggestion from your own standpoint, and if possible take the initiative in this movement, for it is only by the coöperation of others that THE CRAFTSMAN can hope to make its purpose generously and wisely helpful.

CHIPS

WITH the returning strength of the sun, in the days "when light grows large," as Tennyson so happily expresses it, The Craftsman takes a hopeful view of life. His mental, as well as his physical eye plunges into a medium of transparent gold. He searches for hopeful signs of the times, and sets himself to consider the many and great advantages which lie within the grasp of the common people.

As he reads the journals and all forms of periodical literature, he finds them scattered through with announcements of plans for civic improvement; for the advancement of municipal art; for the destruction of the slums; for the betterment of tenement houses; for everything, in fact, which sets the welfare and pleasure of the masses above the selfish interests and enjoyment of the few.

Then, the thought comes to him whether, after all, to be poor is so great a trial and cross, as we have been taught to believe it. Certainly such was once the case. The poor man was attached as by a cord and stake to the place in which he came to his miserable birth. No solace for his afflictions reached him, except such as was extended by unorganized philanthropy.

But now conditions are quite different. Through the multiplication of means of transit and communication, the poor man is no longer isolated, or separated wholly from his friends, however distant they may be. In our own country, he may have skilled medical treatment; his children profit by the same system of primary education as do the sons of the rich; the public library serves him with books for his instruction or recreation, and, at the same institution, he may consult the daily prints; the highest ambitions are as likely to be realized by his descendants as by those of the purest colonial blood. Further than this, as the years pass, the conditions limiting him, are bound to improve; whereas the poor man of past time, as far as his judgment could penetrate into the future, could see no path of escape, however thread-like, from the abasement and misery to which those of his name and blood were subjected. At the present moment, all is changed. The poor man, that is, if he be honest, able-bodied, laborious, courageous, ambitious, differs from the rich man only in the possession of means by which to provide himself with things of comfort or luxury. If he suffer from cold, hunger, from the narrowness and bareness of his lodging, these trials are hard to bear, when they are imposed or aggravated by the burdens of family, by failing health, or old age; but when they are not so imposed, they may be partially overcome through

POTTERY DESIGNED AND MADE BY MEMBERS OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS CLASSES OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS AND CRAFTS, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

(SEE "NOTES")

A CRAFTSMAN INTERIOR BY MILLER, STEWART & BEATON, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

efforts inspired by self-respect, and the desire inherent in everyone — although often existing in the latent state—to work out and achieve personality.

Again, the barest physical needs being satisfied, the desire for self-gratification expands so rapidly in practically all individuals, that luxury quickly appears there where, at first, only comfort was sought. Compared with culture and refinement, the taste for material pleasures is of inconceivably rapid growth, and the most subtile powers of judgment and discretion are required to distinguish between the legitimate demand and the false craving.

Therefore, as the Craftsman reasoned, it would, no doubt, be well for the happiness of all classes, that the City, the type of civilization and companionship, should follow the development toward which it is now tending: that to the deprivation of individuals, it should acquire the most important things of service and beauty. For then, broadly speakly, there would be no poor and no rich. The movement toward such a consummation has already begun. Centuries may be needed for its achievement, but meanwhile the life of the masses will constantly grow wider in opportunity and richer in real pleasures.

NOTES

WE shall be pleased to publish each month under this head all duly authenticated notices of responsible Arts and Crafts Exhibitions, Artist's Exhibitions, Craftsman's Institutes, Manual Training Summer Schools, and the like, if sent in time to be an item of news. Address Editor of the Notes, The Crafts man, Syracuse, N. Y.

In order to make Arts and Crafts workers familiar with the productions of other than their own societies, all such workers are invited to submit, for publication in THE CRAFTSMAN, photographs of any of their own work which is structural and artistic; each photograph to be accompanied by a full description of the object illustrated.

The Art Institute of Chicago is now holding an exhibition of the works of Chicago artists.

The following are among the contributors: Morth S. Baker, Charles E. Boutwood, Ralph Clarkson, Ethel Louise Coe, Eugenie Fish Glaman, William A. Harper, John C. Johansen, John Warner Norton, Pauline Palmer, Ada Walter Shulz, Anna L. Stacey, William Wendt.

A Summer School for Arts and Crafts will be opened on July 5 at Port Sherman, on Lake Michigan. The courses of study will cover a period of eight weeks; the school closing on August 30. The faculty as announced in the programme of the school consists of: Forrest Emerson Mann, Director of the Arts and Crafts Society, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Burton A. Mann, Director of the Columbus Arts and Crafts Society, Judson Decker, of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and Elizabeth Troeger, Supervisor of Drawing, Muskegon, Michigan.

Miss Florence Ellis, Corresponding Secretary of the Arts and Crafts Society, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, will gladly give

full information regarding courses, etc., to all those who are interested in the establishment of such a school. Address: 136 South Division street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

In accordance with the offer made in THE CRAFTSMAN for February, and repeated in this issue, we take pleasure in publishing the accompanying illustration, showing examples of hand-coiled pottery, designed and executed by members of the Arts and Crafts Classes of the Society of Arts and Crafts, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

An ordinary clay is employed in the class work, and experiments are made with a kiln and glazes, followed by lessons in the methods of casting and wheel work.

In speaking of the relationship which exists between this Society and the Grand Rapids public schools, Mr. Mann, its director, writes in a letter to THE CRAFTSMAN: "I know of no other organization of this kind having so intimate a connection with the public schools. This is brought about by the fact that Mr. William H. Elson, Superintendent of City Schools, is also President of the Arts and Crafts Society. Mr. Elson is thoroughly in sympathy with the educational value of handicraft in the public schools, and through his efforts the later lines of applied art, such as leather work, pottery, art metal, and basketry are being introduced into the manual training courses of this city.

"In this phase of the work Mr. Elson has the earnest support of the supervisors of drawing and manual training, together with that of the teachers who make up, for the most part, the classes in the Arts and Crafts Society, the total membership of which exceeds one hundred and fifty. "The lessons received in these classes are often repeated by the teacher to the children in her school. In this way, the public schools and the Handicraft Society work hand in hand for a simpler and more destinctive art quality in the work of the schools."

An Arts and Crafts school known as the Arts and Crafts Association of Greensboro, has been recently founded at Greensboro, North Carolina. The Association, under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. A. Hammel and Miss Julia Raines, holds its meetings Monday evenings from seven until ten o'clock and has for its object (to quote Mr. Hammel):

"To give to as many of the boys of Greensboro as can be accommodated an opportunity for instruction in designing and in various kinds of handicraft, such as Venetian iron work, knife work in wood, basketry, pottery, illuminating, work in copper, brass, leather, etc., and incidentally by their knowledge of how to make things, to come to appreciate the value and the beauty of hand work, and to encourage its production and circulation."

The school will be conducted on the club plan. Each article made will, after passing the approval of the instructors and receiving the stamp of the school, be sold in some one of the shops of Greensboro. One-half the net proceeds (after deducting cost of material and seller's percentage) will be returned to the maker of the article, the other half will be used towards the payment of the room rent.

The instructors will contribute their services free. Materials will be charged for at actual cost price. There will therefore be no expenses to meet except that for the rental of the room.

This expenditure will be met by donations from a large number of Greensboro's citizens. It is hoped that in a short time the school will be self-supporting.

Later, the Association expects to enlarge its enrollment, to include young women desirous of learning Arts and Crafts work.

REVIEWS

"ELECTRIC Lighting for the Inexperienced" is a hand book intended to explain as simply as possible the things about electric lights that every one who uses them or intends to use them should know. When the average man comes to consider the question of lighting his house by electricity, he is immediately confronted by a number of technical expressions which he does not understand. He is further called upon to decide a number of points which, because of his lack of experience in such matters, he finds himself incapable of deciding. The aim of this book is to help those who are in this predicament to a clearer idea of how a house should be wired, etc., to secure the best results.

Being intended primarily for amateurs, the language used throughout is as untechnical as accuracy will permit. The book is so tastefully bound that it is an ornament to the library as well as a valuable text book.

("Electric Lighting for the Inexperienced," New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; pages, 88; price, 75c net.)

In the bibliographical note at the close of the review of "Hispano-Moresque Ware of the Fifteenth Century," by A. Van de Put, which appeared in THE CRAFTSMAN for February, the name of the publisher was omitted. This interesting and instructive book is published by John Lane, New York city.

In THE CRAFTSMAN for February the publication of Daumier and Gavarni, issued by John Lane, was alluded to as the "International Studio for the Autumn of 1904." This title was, perhaps, a bit misleading and we wish to correct any erroneous idea which our readers may have gained.

"Daumier and Gavarni" is published by John Lane, New York, as a supplement to the *International Studio,* and forms no part of the regular edition which appears monthly.

The *Burlington Magazine,* as appears in the words printed on the cover, is truly a publication for connoisseurs; the number for January, 1905, being wholly made up of articles which are solid contributions to the critical literature of their respective subjects. In this embarrassment of riches, the student hesitates between "The Sculpture at Lansdowne House," by A. H. Smith; "Early Christian Art in the Roman Catacombs," by J. P. Richter; "Early Pictures in Dr. Carvalho's Collection," by Léonce Amandry, and "Opus Anglicanum," by Miss May Morris, who, as artist and writer, worthily continues her pater-

nal traditions. The illustrations of the articles mentioned are of great interest, especially those accompanying the paper upon the painting of "the primitives." The *Burlington Magazine* should be consulted in our libraries as a standard authority, since, allowance being made for the briefness of the articles, it contains the most authoritative writing upon the fine arts.

"The Romance of the Animal World," by Edward Selous. In his new book, Mr. Selous describes the members of the Animal Kingdom, from the lowest to the highest types.

Short stories—romances as the author calls them—are related about many interesting phases of animal life.

Mr. Selous explains that in writing his book he has followed three rules, namely: to start with the lowest forms of animal life, and to ascend the scale of intelligence until the highest form (the gorilla) is reached; to treat an animal, when possible, in its relations with other animals; lastly, to ignore the other two rules. In other words, he has presented his subject in his own way, which is one of real interest to lovers of Nature's pets. The book is well illustrated.

("The Romance of the Animal World," by Edmund Selous, Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company; pages, 330.)

"The Story of Art Throughout the Ages," by S. Reinach, translated from the French by Florence Simmons, is a complete survey of art from its origin to the nineteenth century.

Mr. Reinach, a member of the Institute of France, and a celebrated authority in all things artistic, is also the author of a learned study upon the sculptures of the Arch of Constantine. As an archeologist he is of equal note; his learning having thrown light upon many obscure and disputed points.

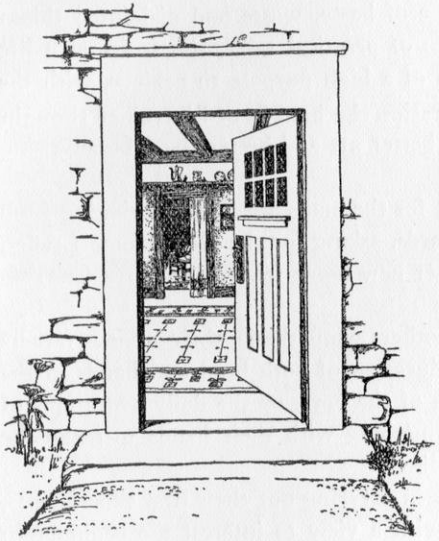
In this, his latest book, Mr. Reinach has condensed the maximum of information into the minimum of space. He gives the reader a clearer, more vital idea of an artist in a few lines than most authors are able to do in a whole treatise. His choice of words is extremely happy and vivid; fixing many times a principle in the mind of a student by an apt word, when a more elaborate, conventional description would only confuse him. For instance, he refers to the flying buttresses of Gothic Architecture as "crutches." With this descriptive word in mind, the student would, indeed, be dull who could forget the function of this important element in Gothic construction.

The book is very complete and profusely illustrated, and is one that anyone wishing to obtain a comprehensive knowledge of the History of Art, may read with great profit.

("The Story of Art Throughout the Ages," by S. Reinach, New York: Charles Scribners' Sons; size, 8½ by 6 inches; pages, 316.)

THE OPEN DOOR

"Welcome ever smiles."
—TENNYSON.



FROM month to month The Open Door swings wide open to THE CRAFTSMAN patrons, and rejoices that so many practical and timely suggestions find their way to its pages from the arts, crafts and industries naturally allied to its purpose in stimulating the home building ambitions of men, and appealing to the home making instincts of women. These brief descriptive articles throw interesting side lights upon the subject matter of the more formal business announcements, and should prove helpful and instructive to the reader as well as giving additional emphasis and value to THE CRAFTSMAN'S advertising pages.

In almost every case the manufacturers and dealers here represented issue attractive booklets or catalogues, well worth sending for as a matter of special or general information. The trifling cost of a postal card and the trouble of sending the address will prove a paying investment to all who wish to keep themselves well informed of what is latest and best in the several departments of the arts and crafts related to the home.

A collection of these trade brochures, easily gathered, makes an interesting reference library containing much that is worth knowing, and usually worth preserving for their artistic make-up and illustrations.

The mention of THE CRAFTSMAN when writing to its patrons will be heartily appreciated both as a courtesy and as a matter of business.

WORK AND PLAY WITH HEAD AND HANDS AT HOME

THE CRAFTSMAN greets its home-readers in this number with the first easy lesson in HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK, by Gustav Stickley, and though necessarily elemental and foundational at the outset, the treatment of the subject can not fail to interest the older-grown as well.

The starting point of any undertaking is, to start right, and it goes without saying that there is no higher authority in this country on the basic principles of structural cabinet work, thorough workmanship and sane art, that Mr. Gustav Stickley, the founder of The Craftsman Workshops, and the foremost demonstrator of the beauty of simplicity and structural honesty in all that relates to home-building and home-furnishing.

The objects selected for the series will not be limited to what are known as Mr. Stickley's designs, but will include the most structural examples from the established styles and extend finally to the house itself.

Rare as it may seem, in this commercial age of haste, waste and disjointed thinking, Mr. Stickley will give freely, in this series of practical talks, the fruits of a life time of study, hard work and enthusiasm born of a high purpose to achieve, with the sole aim of trying to give his own day and generation the benefit of his trained thought and ripe experience, in behalf of better homes, better art and better lives, because simpler and truer to Nature and art.

The beginning of this endeavor, begins well, for the mails are already bringing from all parts of the country a daily flock of postal cards, asking for the New Home Leaflet, announcing this series by Mr. Stickley, and other new home features in THE CRAFTSMAN for March.

Naturally the boys are curious, their good mothers sympathetic, their anxious fathers interested in this practical movement for the education of both head and hands in the home, without interruption to the school duties of the boys, or the daily avocations of men who have leisure and inclination to do something with their hands to make the home more homey and individual in its surroundings.

The boys will find pleasure instead of a task in carrying out these first experiments, the first subjects for which have been chosen with a view to interest the beginner in the things that a boy naturally likes.

The necessary equipment, as shown in the illustrations, can be readily obtained at a very moderate outlay, and in this connection we suggest that all interested should write to the well-known New York firm of tool makers, Messrs. Hammacher, Schlemmer & Company, for their illustrated catalogue and price list, which include working tool-cabinets for five, ten, fifteen dollars and upwards, with work benches from eight dollars upwards.

If readers of the Open Door, even those who have no boys in the family, will kindly call attention to this new feature of THE CRAFTSMAN, among their own circles of acquaintance, they will not only confer a favor upon THE CRAFTSMAN, but also be of real service to those who otherwise might not learn of the movement in time to take up the course as begun in this March number. All who may be interested in this practical course of training are earnestly invited by Mr. Stickley to write him frankly, making any suggestions that will add interest and value to the series.

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HOME BUILDERS AND SANITARY HEATING

From the mass of correspondence received from the members of the Homebuilders' Club and others, and relating to almost every conceivable phase of home building and equipment, the subject of sanitary heating is noticeably "conspicuous by its absence."

It would seem to be the general rule and practice to treat the heating apparatus as of

minor importance, to be left as an after consideration, and determined in many cases at haphazard. This may seem too sweeping an assumption, but the fact remains that too little thought is commonly given to the sanitary as well as the economical principles of housekeeping.

No other single appointment is so closely related to the health and comfort of the family as heating and ventilation, the quality and temperature of the air we breathe in the home, and as such the subject should be carefully and intelligently studied by the home builder.

THE CRAFTSMAN has no pet scheme to urge, but advocates pure air for breathing purposes, the avoidance of dust, foul gases and superheated air, by whatever system these results are obtained. As one means of self-education on this subject, a good beginning can be made at the cost of a postal card asking for the booklets intelligently describing the scientific principles and illustrating the practical methods employed by The Kelsey Heating Company, of Syracuse, New York, whose announcement will be found in the business pages of THE CRAFTSMAN.

This system, "The Kelsey Warm Air Generator" has been widely adopted and tested all over the country, and its common-sense principles can be easily understood with a little study of the subject, in connection with the radiating surfaces and interior construction, shown in the illustration, in the Company's announcement. The notion that "any old thing" will do that keeps a house warm, is out of date in this progressive age, and we commend the subject as an important factor in modern home-building. To keep the house warm and healthful is really the vital problem for thoughtful people to study and act upon; for the other class there are tropical climates to which they can emigrate if simply in search of heat in wholesale quantities and on easy terms.

ON FIRST IMPRESSIONS

On first impressions the architect, builder, decorator, or art lover in quest of a liberal education in art tiles and ceramic mosaics, might not select East Trenton as a natural environment of art products. The fact is, however, that first impressions would be wrong, and a trip to the Trent Tile Company, Trenton, New Jersey, would prove very convincing and in a broad way educational in all that makes for the latest and highest expressions of L'Art Nouveau, in the great line of original and artistic designs in Tile for "Everywhere and anywhere" produced by this Company.

Among their thousands of designs in Art or Embossed Tile, which cover all classes and styles of ornament, The Trent Tile Company is giving special prominence at present to their latest achievement, the "Della Robbia" effects that challenge admiration on sight. The use of tile for wainscotings, fire places, and decorative purposes is steadily increasing, and the beauty, elegance and durability of well chosen tile-work commends itself more and more since the true principles of art are beginning to dominate in the color effects and textures, as well as in designs for harmonious combination of decorative schemes.

An interesting contribution to the history of the tilewright's art and many beautiful illustrations in color facsimiles of the new Della Robbia and other tiles, will be found Messrs. Lawshe, father and son, are both experts with lifelong experience in tile manu- in the new illustrated catalogue now in press by The Trent Tile Company. The facture, and it is the unvarying rule of the Company to bring to their aid the best talent and the highest art obtainable in this country or Europe. The result is a recognized leadership in standard lines and a manifest triumph of art in their special productions. It will repay all interested in this subject to send a postal for the new brochure, which will be ready for mailing about the middle of March.

THE CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW

In fufillment of the announcements made in this department in the February number, "we point with pride" to the original and picturesque illustration of The Craftsman Bungalow in this issue, every outline and detail of which will appeal to that rugged instinct for the eternal fitness of things, which is and should be a ruling passion with nature lovers.

It goes without saying that this charming rural structure will harmonize with the natural environments of its location by the shore, the mountain or the forest dale.

The exterior expression is charming in its structural simplicity, and a little study of the interior arrangement will show careful consideration of all the details which make for comfort and convenience in these temporary abodes.

Full particulars of the materials, arrangement and cost of such a structure are given in the article which is the third in the Craftsman House Series of 1905. It should be remembered that free plans and specifications for this Bungalow are included in the annual subscription to THE CRAFTSMAN, three dollars a year.

COZY COTTAGE HOMES

Two charming examples of the new series of Cottage Homes which appear in this number will, we trust, commend themselves to the modest ambitions of many correspondents whose requests from time to time have called forth these illustrations of Craftsman ideas, expressed within the modest limits of a thousand dollars.

It would seem superfluous to expand upon this theme, as full details are given in the article accompanying the illustrations, but it is THE CRAFTSMAN'S further purpose as time goes on to invite attention to the development of the broad purpose of making possible the ownership of a modest, but comfortable home, for the thousands of toilers who are to-day huddled in unlovely and unhealthful tenements in congested metropolitan districts. Attention is called to the article on this subject, which will be found in this number. Two more of these cottages will be illustrated and described in the April number.

HOME CRAFT SUGGESTIONS IN SANITAS

Into the field of decoration has lately come a new material, a light-weight unglazed oil-cloth. The legitimate use for this innovation which is known in the commercial world as Sanitas, is the covering of walls. To a great extent, it has superseded paper since it has many advantages over paper which are readily patent to the homemaker. It is cleanly, sanitary, durable, and it is besides, beautiful both in design and color.

The fabric is flexible and in its undecorated surfaces lends itself to all sorts of home decoration. It makes admirable screens, the stoutness of its texture preserving from tears and scratches. Shirt-waist boxes, wood boxes, flower boxes, baby toilet boxes, may be covered and lined with it. It keeps out damp and moths, and shelters no dust or germs.

The surface of this material being oil paint, it is susceptible of any sort of after decoration. It takes stenciling in any medium, either oil paint, fresco colors or India ink. It is even possible to use the light-weight Sanitas appliqued on a heavier material of something the same character which being made in imitation leather, is known as Leatherole.

Samples and information cheerfully furnished upon application to Sanitas, The Citizens Central National Bank Building, 320 Broadway, New York.

LEONARD CLEANABLE ALL PORCELAIN REFRIGERATORS

The most striking thing about a Leonard Refrigerator is the spick and span brightness of it that makes you say, "How clean it looks."

That's how it's built—to be cleaned easily.

"How cool it looks," is the next thing the housewife says.

That's because it's a snowy white, relieved only by a few structural lines of art metal binding the refrigerator corners and the edges of the doors.

And the inside of a Leonard Refrigerator looks like an ice cavern. You can *feel* the coolness of it.

This refrigerator is built from the ground up of material that makes it practically everlasting. The steel used in its construction is covered with porcelain, fused so as to form one piece. The hinges and locks are made of solid cast brass, nickel plated, which never rusts nor corrodes.

Naturally every housekeeper wants a porcelain refrigerator, for she knows that it is more easily cleaned and can be kept cleaner and sweeter than any other. To those who can not afford an all-steel porcelain construction, a less expensive style is made by the same firm, built of polished oak with porcelain linings. The construction is the same and the lining is exactly the same, and either, with proper care, will last a life time. Note the advertisement in our business pages of the Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan, and send for their illustrated catalogue.

HAND WROUGHT ANDIRONS

With the general summer migration to forest, mountain and ocean, the large fireplace, so necessary to our ancestors, has grown in favor, until even the town house is provided with one, and the ingle nook, with its wide hearth, high mantel and quaint, old-fashioned andirons, is the focal point in many a carefully planned and beautifully furnished room.

In this connection the William Bayley Company of Springfield, Ohio, remarks:

"We have made, now and then, a few andirons for people of cultivated taste, have had frequent requests for sketches or photographs, so have prepared the patterns shown herewith, that we will duplicate on order. They are all good, honest designs, made of wrought material and done by hand—no two of them exactly alike. It is our intention to add new patterns from time to time, that we may always give you a varied and well selected assortment.

"We will still continue to execute special designs upon request, that will not be duplicated under any conditions. In writing for estimates, it is well to indicate approximately the amount of money you wish to spend. If your ideas have crystallized, send us a sketch or drawing to convey a better understanding than many words of explanation."

A WISE AND SAFE PROVISION

The Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia has made itself conspicuous by its original and comprehensive insurances. Its Self-Paying Life Insurance Policy makes insurance doubly strong. A man is only half insured without such protection, no matter what amount of insurance he may be carrying. Total disability made permanent through accident, disease or age is not permitted to rob the insured of the life insurance he has been carrying for years, or of his income on which he may be dependent. In other words, his income and all of his insurance of every kind are INSURED!

After one has read the Company's little red booklet, entitled "Self-Paying Life Insurance," he wonders why this simple, highly-needed kind of life insurance was not devised before, and can not fail to be convinced that it is *the* life insurance protection of the day. Its quick-selling qualities ought to make agents for it everywhere.

NURSERY PANELS AND PAPERS

The illustrations given in the business announcement of The W. H. S. Lloyd Company, in this issue, include sample panels of three new series by the English artist, Mr. John Hassall, and are joyously appropriate and interesting for the child's room. The primary intention of the design is obviously right, for here is something that can be understood and appreciated by the children, affording delight by suggestion and appeal to subjects with which they are familiar. The panels are five feet by nineteen and one-half inches each, and are intended to be hung about three feet from the floor with plain or colored paper above and below them.

The "Flower Dances" have a green background against which the figures of the dancers show out in full brightness and relief, while the series of Nursery Rhymes and "Noah's Ark" patterns in lower tones, are delightful in their genuine humor and action. Many other patterns of panels, friezes and nursery wall papers are shown at this establishment, 26 East 22nd Street, and an interesting illustrated pamphlet describing the series more in detail will be sent on application.

CLEAN AND BEAUTIFUL FLOORS

S. C. Johnson & Son, the "Hardwood Floor Authorities," of Racine Junction, Wisconsin, have spent twenty years in making floors and floor finishes exclusively, and their little booklet contains a full and practical treatise on the care and treatment of floors and interior work. The little booklet will be sent on application and will prove a valuable aid both to the builder and to the housekeeper. Their several preparations are given in the form of numbered prescriptions to meet the requirements of old floors or new, in all kinds of wood, and with full instructions for the application. Readers of the Open Door, in search of a liberal education on this subject, are advised to send for the booklet.

MORE ABOUT PEQUOT RUGS

Mr. Charles H. Kimball, the manufacturer of the Pequot Rugs, writes us that the enthusiasm shown at a recent exhibition in Norwich, Connecticut, and noted in these pages last month, is gradually spreading all over the country, as attested by many flattering letters from widely scattered sources. Strange as it may seem, shipments of Mr. Kimball's weaving have been sent to Delhi, India, the birthplace of rug weaving. The method of weaving these rugs is much the same as in old-fashioned rag carpets, and gives light, strong rugs in artistic designs and colorings. The Pequot Rugs will be found ideal floor coverings for the coming season at the shore or mountains, and will appeal to all who wish to combine genuine qualities of service with beauty of fabric and design.

OLD-FASHIONED TIN

Referring to the above phrase, we quote with pleasure the comment recently made by The N. & G. Taylor Company of Philadelphia. "People nowadays frequently refer to the 'old-fashioned tin,' both bright tin and roofing tin, but are people nowadays willing to pay for it? Is not the standard of tin plates now, both in bright tin—whether for cans or for utensils—and roofing tin—is not the standard at the very lowest? If a manufacturer makes the best article within his experience and knowledge, is the public willing to pay for it, or is it not likely that he will find his brand specified with bad company, and that inferior brands which can be sold at a handsome profit at a lower price will be used instead of his? We would like to inquire what encouragement a manufacturer has in these days of unlimited competition to make an 'old-fashioned tin.' It may be an acute satisfaction to him and a matter of keen pride to know he *is* making the very best brand

that can be made, but such knowledge will not keep his mills employed, as the public will substitute what *they* think will answer their purpose."

A NURSERY IN SANITAS

The design of a child's room shown in our business pages is only one of many novel and suitable schemes for wall covering and decoration of a nursery, or child's room, in Sanitas. Special attention is called to the sanitary advantages obtained in the use of this new artistic, health preserving and washable wall covering.

The little inky finger prints shown in the Sanitas staircase illustration of last month, emphasized only the ease with which all such stains can be removed by the simple application of a damp cloth, leaving the surface as perfect as before.

For a nursery this advantage is obvious, but is of minor importance when the additional facts are understood, namely, that walls covered with Sanitas are absolutely damp proof, moth proof, dust proof and more than all proof against the harboring of disease germs. Physicians and mothers will appreciate this safe-guarding of the little ones in the family from contagions following the usual household experience with diseases common to children. Write for a booklet, showing color specimens of these home decorations, to Sanitas, The Citizens Central National Bank Building, 320 Broadway, New York.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

The fifty-ninth annual report of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, made public by Jacob L. Greene, president of the company, shows a surplus of $4,828,696.64. Despite the heavy mortality of 1904, the company shows a saving of $252,823, with no outstanding contested claims.

The new business of the past year somewhat exceeded that of the preceding year and also exceeded the amount of business ceasing. In 1904 the company paid out to policy holders a total of $7,234,594.82. The ratio of expenses of management to the receipts for the year ended was 11.96 per cent. The corporate securities held by the company are shown to be worth $26,694,418, or $1,009,302 more than their cost.

A summary of the operations of the company for fifty-nine years shows that there was received from policy holders $232,759,264.33; returned to policy holders and their beneficiaries, $234,353,488.98, or $1,594,224.65 more than the amount received from them; with assets in hand of $65,224,841.53, and a surplus of $4,828,696.64 with which to meet a liability, actual and contingent, of $60,396,144.89 on $167,167,515 at risk on 70,454 policies.

FLEMISH ART POTTERY *(Céramiques de Flandres)*

A new and beautiful ware is now being produced in Belgium by the Association of Flemish Craftsmen and offered at astonishingly low prices in this country by the Association's representative, Mr. Edwin A. Denham.

The ancient methods are strictly adhered to in the production of this pottery, all of the work being done entirely by hand. No molds whatever are employed (except, of course, for the statuettes, bas reliefs and pieces of that kind). Each piece is thus endowed with a certain individuality of its own, not only as regards its coloring but, to a certain extent, its design and form as well.

By the rules of the Association none not born and bred in Flanders is allowed any part in the designing or production of *Céramiques de Flandres,* as the ware is called, the object being to preserve intact the unmistakable characteristics of the Flemish School of Art.

This revival of the old Flemish pottery industry is meeting with an enthusiastic reception in Europe. To introduce the ware here Mr. Denham has opened a Permanent Exhibition at 430 Fifth avenue, New York, where nearly 2,000 different models, practically all that have been turned out up to the present, are displayed.

The graceful simplicity of the forms, and the unfailing good taste displayed in the designs and the colorings of all of the pieces of this pottery, commend it to art lovers

As neither photographs nor descriptions can convey any idea of the coloring of the pieces, Mr. Denham offers to send any of them, subject to the purchaser's approbation.

CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS CATALOGUES

Frequent reference in these pages to trade literature to be had on application reminds us that a new and interesting edition of the Craftsman Workshops Catalogue is in press and will be ready for distribution by the time this issue reaches our readers. The new catalogue will be more representative in its artistic illustrations of cabinet-making and Craftsman furniture designed by Mr. Stickley, than any heretofore issued.

In the variety and characteristic features of these original designs, this catalogue is in itself an educational factor in the steadily broadening advancement of democratic art, based along all lines upon the fundamental principles of the beauty of simplicity and structural integrity, which in "last analysis" is simply: good taste, good sense, and good art in the best meaning of these unfortunately shopworn phrases.

Two other interesting catalogues are issued by The Craftsman Workshops, covering Hand Wrought Metal-Work and the Fabric and Needle-Work Department. Either of these new publications of the Craftsman Furniture, by Mr. Stickley, the Hand Wrought Metal-Work or the Needle-Work Catalogue will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. Our Home Leaflet is sent free upon application.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE CORNER

It is a source of regret to us, from month to month, that space limitation permits us to publish only a few of the many kind recognitions of THE CRAFTSMAN and its mission from correspondents all over the country. To those whose letters do not find place here THE CRAFTSMAN extends its assurance that every name has its place on its Roll of Honor, as that of a friend and co-laborer in the cause.

OPEN DOOR

A correspondent who is not yet ready to build writes: "Meantime, I build, in fancy, every plan that appeals to me, making such changes as I desire, and in that way am learning what is of lasting pleasure, so that when I do build on a *stone foundation,* I shall not make the mistakes of most home builders, and have, as a result, something I do not want. Your practical, simple plans appeal to me, and when I do finally make a home, it will be along those lines. The furnishings, those I do not make, I shall get from the Craftsman Workshops just as long as the purse holds out, and what I can not get, I shall wait for, for I will never again buy a piece of furniture because 'it will do,' but wait till I can get what I want."

From Mrs. Jerome B. Thomas, Baguio, Benguet, Philippine Islands: "We find THE CRAFTSMAN not only interesting and helpful in many ways and are most heartily in sympathy with the work it is doing.

"Our home, in the mountains of Benguet, is the summer capital of the Philippines and many people are building cottages for use during the hot season, so trying in the lowlands. THE CRAFTSMAN on our shelves has been much consulted in these matters by many of our friends, who contemplate building, and one neighbor who is using a great deal of pine furniture, made by hand by Japanese and Chinese carpenters, has subscribed for it for himself,—with results most pleasing to those of us who like to see even the simplest household things as beautiful as thought and a right knowledge of the principles of beauty and use can make them."

From Allen H. Eaton, Eugene, Oregon: "Let me take this opportunity to tell you that I am satisfied with each number of THE CRAFTSMAN that comes to my door, and feel proud that America is publishing such a splendid magazine along the line of arts and crafts development. The only other magazine that compares with yours, or rather ours, is the ———, the scope of which is broad and the work of which is of the highest order, and yet, if I had to deny myself of one of the publications, I would retain THE CRAFTSMAN as being the best magazine, practically considered, for an American to take. In this town there will be considerable building during the coming year. If you wish, you may send me some of your latest catalogues which would be of interest to home-builders. Always be free to ask me to do what I may for THE CRAFTSMAN and the ideas which it is doing so much to uphold and advance."

From Bernard McEvoy, Vancouver, B. C.: "I think THE CRAFTSMAN is a most refreshing periodical; it has about it an atmosphere of calm and sincerity; a voice crying in the wilderness it must be, but it appears to be a voice of power, and no doubt it will do much towards the education of the public in taste and simplicity.

I like the spirit of the magazine as a whole, it is not pharisaic or too didactic, rather it possesses a humane largeness of outlook that I can only compare to the sweetness of the dawn after the feverish phantom of an uneasy night."

From Mrs. O. A. Keach, Wichita, Kansas: "I am very glad that THE CRAFTS-

MAN has taken its place as one of the permanent high class magazines of the country. The knowledge that the general public has of it, is to me, quite remarkable. Even you, doubtless, have no idea of its influence, for the magazine is loaned to any number of people who gradually drop into line and do their building and furnishing partially, at least, according to the teaching therein contained. I think you know that I have always been a warm friend to THE CRAFTSMAN and each succeeding number is more 'lovable' than the last. The design and workmanship of the magazine are real pleasures. That it has been so successful, that it has even lived, is rather wonderful. For it has never had a 'Frenzied Finance' serial nor has it had the wickedness of the Standard Oil Company exploited to help increase its circulation. One would not have thought that such topics as you consider would appeal at all to any save the elect few. (Even though I must pay myself a compliment in saying so.) We recently had a club programme made up almost entirely from readings from THE CRAFTSMAN."

From Dr. Julian T. Hammond, Jr., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.: "THE CRAFTSMAN has been full of inspiration to me, helping me to better discern the truly beautiful and refined and to avoid the opposite both in my home life and my professional work, and cultivating higher aims in the performance of my duties. I wish you continued success."

From May B. Moulton, Supervisor of Drawing, Aurora, Ill.: "THE CRAFTSMAN is better than ever and we are enjoying it very much."

From William S. Starr, New London, Conn.: "We are very glad to renew our subscription for THE CRAFTSMAN. Check enclosed. We find it a great educator and both Mrs. Starr and I look for its coming with a great deal of pleasure. Wishing you all success."

From Myrtle Helen Randall, Talladega, Alabama: "I am intensely interested in the Arts and Crafts movement. THE CRAFTSMAN fills a long felt want in my own day's work and many of my fellow teachers are interested in it; especially the Craftsman House interiors."

From Clarence A. Chace, Whitman, Mass.: "I have a long time been a great admirer of William Morris and his ideas on art and labor, and your magazine just fills the bill to me. It is an evangel of the new gospel of beauty, honesty and simplicity. May you prosper largely."

From Helen Carmichael Robertson, New York City: "THE CRAFTSMAN has been a source of great pleasure and profit to me. With very many good wishes for THE CRAFTSMAN."

From S. T. Colman, Dunkirk, N. Y.: "Plans received. Will say that they are much better than some I paid $50.00 for last year. Am very much pleased with them."

OPEN DOOR

From Nellie A. Cook, Parkersburg, W. V.: "Thanking you for your nice letter and wishing you all success that I am sure you deserve, your magazine is so fine; it has the true ring in it. I wish every workman and craftsman could afford to subcribe to it. It has helped me wonderfully in my work and raised my hopes of success in my own undertakings."

From O. C. Fales, Chicago: "I beg to say that your magazine is highly valued by me and is a source of inspiration and great pleasure and is accomplishing a great good in educating the public in municipal and household taste and art."

From A. C. Wilmot, Chicago: "I wish to congratulate you upon the success of the past year and though it is quite unnecessary, to do likewise for the year to come. The magazine is not only a source of pleasure but an invaluable assistant to me and I am only too glad to pass the good word along at each and every opportunity. Congratulating you upon the success of the past year and confident of the continuance thereof."

From E. D. Scott, San Antonio, Texas: "I read the pages of THE CRAFTSMAN with wonder and pleasure,—wonder at the general and long continued prevalence of atrocities in our homes, which might so easily have been avoided, and pleasure because of the able manner in which you are conducting your crusade against ill taste and ugliness."

From J. Edward Kent, New Albany, Ind.: "I have been reading THE CRAFTSMAN for the past two years and have certainly enjoyed its many bright articles and suggestions on interior decorations, and hope in the near future to take advantage of the bound editions you are now offering."

From H. W. Graves, Indianapolis, Ind.: "While I am writing, may I be permitted to express my sincere appreciation of the magazine for 1904. It has been a constant pleasure to read each number as it has come, and my pleasure has been assured for the coming year by a renewal. I told you at the time of sending in my first subscription that I felt sure that I would find some plan and suggestion which I could use for myself and this hope has been and is being fulfilled."

From John W. Ashton, Washington, Pa.: "We have enjoyed THE CRAFTSMAN, and its aims are an inspiration to all workers, who sometimes lose heart. When compared with the flimsy stuff that the world is deluged with it is a joy to see so much earnest work.

From Mrs. A. W. Denny, Seattle, Washington: "Your magazine appeals to me more than any book I ever saw. . . .Your Home Department is certainly going to fill a great want."