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*Photograph by Eduard J. Steichen, New York*

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM M. CHASE

# THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME IX

MARCH · 1906

NUMBER 6

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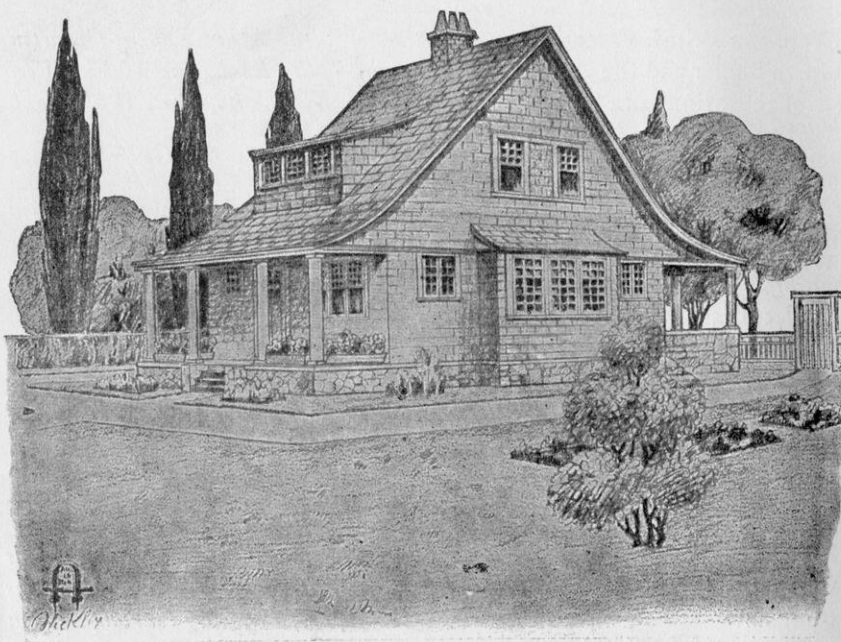
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# THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

## THE NATIONAL NOTE IN OUR ART—A DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN QUALITY DOMINANT AT THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY



HE first general impression of an art exhibition is of some one composite quality. On entering a room showing two hundred pictures you do not think of any one artist. The effect is of the mass, which may be light or dark, imaginative or realistic, mosaic or impressionistic.

Detail and contrast come later with the catalogue. At the one hundred and first exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts the dominating quality is distinctly and creatively American. There is a large simplicity in subject and treatment; the imagination of a new people investigating vast subjects; there is above all honesty—honesty of presentation, sincerity of execution.

It is already the oft-heard opinion of various serious art critics that this exhibition shows less the influence of foreign schools than any other collection of paintings and sculpture ever brought together in this country. Also that the character of the work is as a whole the highest ever shown, even at a Philadelphia Exhibition. It is as though after years of stumbling along an uneven road, of inquiring the way from foreign signposts, of isolated successes, of many backslidings, the American artist had finally, almost unexpectedly, "struck his gait"; had acquired the power, which comes from genius, from supreme skill, self-control and intuition, of converting himself into a medium for expressing the original art impulse of his country.

No artist ever creates a national art; the utmost the greatest genius can do is to help develop it, to make himself the means of interpretation, to render his mind so delicately responsive, his fingers so subtly expressive that the national imagination of his land can find in him a means of utterance. The personality of an artist counts only in making that utterance varied.

The reason a nation is sometimes slow in having a distinctive art of its own; the reason, in fact, that America has expressed herself with

## THE NATIONAL NOTE IN OUR ART

such seeming reluctance in painting as well as literature is because the men and women with plastic minds have all been following foreign roads that led to Paris, Munich and London, and when representing America at all were making this poor land seem like an ungainly, unwieldy imitation of Continental picturesqueness. Because America had not Dutch mists and English ruins and old Bavarian red and grey towns it was called unpaintable, and so we imitated and mimicked and caricatured foreign methods and subjects.

Ten years ago an American collector demanded on his walls paintings by Diaz, Daubigny, Cabanel, Meissonier, Corot if possible, and if he were of the most liberal turn of mind he might out of patriotism admit a single Inness. An American man who is collecting pictures today may have a French or Italian or English group of pictures, but the heart of his collection is made up of American artists,—a Twachtman of course, and as many of them as he can find. A Sargent if he can afford it, and some one of his family painted by Chase, a little group of Portsmouth pictures as Tryon loves that simple land, Cos Cob meadows as Childe Hassam has seen them, an autumn hill by Charlotte Coman, a wide spring meadow by J. Francis Murphy, a Spanish Girl in brilliant color by Louis Mora, and if fate is with him, a Whistler; Cecilia Beaux will paint his own portrait, and there will be a landscape by Groll, full of the mystery and poetry of the limitless plains and tumultuous sunsets of our Western landscapes.

The name of Groll forces one to speak of his work before going further. He perhaps as much as any other of the younger American artists is showing the world what a paintable country we have. He is doing for the Arizona plains what Millet did for the wide low fields about Barbizon. He is painting national characteristics into national landscapes. Groll has found for us the wild, strange beauty of our desert land, the fear of it, the dignity of its space, the terror of its desolation and the splendor of its color. He has forgotten the art of other worlds to help give birth to American art. He has swung into the American step with a fine free motion; his own country is truly "good enough for him," and with all reverence. Groll has been accused of careless technique, of "thinking too swiftly," and he does sometimes convey the impression that the end is greater than the means, as though he had too much to say to say it slowly.

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**A**LMOST without exception the artists represented at the Academy are Americans, and they have expressed both in painting and modeling that phase of life which has most vividly appealed to them as Americans. Where they have seen beauty in toil, as Mahonri Young does out in the West, in the man struggling to overcome the encroaching force of Nature, they have painted or modeled the toiler with muscles taut, growing as he struggles, progressing as he overcomes. It is no fairy story of toil in picturesque raiment that these men tell, but the man of the soil battling with the turbulent power which Nature uses to help progress by furnishing obstacles to conquer.

If reality is most clearly felt in the crowded metropolitan café, turbid with the fret of life, full of the color of contrast rather than harmony, seething with the unseen conflict between good and evil, the need of joy in the midst of sorrow, then the everyday people who fight the everyday battle in cities, as in Glacken's scene "In Mouquin's," are painted with all the sincerity of purpose, with all the subtlety of execution that Whistler would use for a moonlight nocturne or a breathless bit of beauty at sea.

If it seems good to reveal tendencies, to bring one into sympathy with the emotions of a people then a great artist like Cecilia Beaux, instead of painting a long moral treatise and explaining all the sentiments involved and how you should feel about it as a good Christian, just puts on canvas a living small child, not hurt or wounded or neglected, but an everyday child as a mother sees it, with all its lovable drollery, a child fresh from play, impatient of all but play, with no end of funny individual ways that twang on a woman's heart with memories, the child that a mother would try to make good with a laugh in her throat and tears in her eyes. How many homes this child has lived in, and how many mothers stop in front of Cecilia Beaux's "Portrait of a Child" with a heart welling with tenderness toward all childhood, all helplessness! There is no sentimental story told, no effort to stir up the feelings, no tricks, no dramatic outline. Emotion is presented as it is in life without any theatrical setting; but there is the insight into what makes for sweetness and tenderness, and there is the showing of it with supreme skill.

And this method of presenting, and appealing to the big things in life is not an exception in this exhibition. It is a matter of com-



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ment, the number of pictures of children painted with tenderness of feeling, understanding and graciousness, as well as infinitely expressive technique. There are paintings, portrait-busts, bas-reliefs, and miniatures, in which children figure in the most natural, love-stirring way. Every phase of delightful childhood is expressed and in so various a manner as to make convincing the inexhaustible charm of happy youth.

**I**T is an American trait, one of our most lovable traits, this appreciation of children; this understanding of their rare quality as individuals, their little separatenesses and their power to *dwell* in fairyland though perchance living in penury. No more genuine note has ever been struck in American art than the way in which Elizabeth Shippen Green paints her chubby, earnest, self-centered, fat-legged babies, with their serious interests in life, their absorption in that vast world known as the nursery. They occupy an entire wall in one room at the exhibit, and near them play, much more gaily and heedlessly, groups of Charlotte Harding's boys and girls. These are more grown up and less often enveloped in pinafores, and they have occasionally attained to the dignity of ankles. They know a prank or two, and have more animal spirits than one *passe-partout* frame can easily hold. They look with some astonishment at the demure, reserved babies in Jessie Wilcox Smith's illustrations of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," children inspired by the loveliest verse ever written to childhood. "There must be some dignity of manner when one is allowed to play in a Stevenson book," is the impression these funny shy little children seem to give you. They are children Stevenson would have loved.

Anita Leroy has added some small Dutch people to this children's room, who have no playthings but such odd, beautiful clothes. And scattered about the large galleries, in with landscapes and fluttering ballet girls and wives of artists doing graceful domestic tasks there are still more children. Louise Cox has painted some most hugable babies with nice ladies in red velvet to hug them, and there is a spirited group of children playing hare and hounds down a steep hillside, by H. M. Walcott, that is full of the joy of being young and lithe and indestructible. Sergeant Kendall has a lovely picture of a very young mother with two children who snuggle



*From the 101st Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

"THE SISTERS" BY WILLIAM M. CHASE



PORTRAIT OF JOHN S. SARGENT, R. A.



*From the 101st Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

"A VELE GONFIE" BY JOHN S. SARGENT  
PORTRAIT OF MRS. ROBERT M. MATHIAS



*From the 101st Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

"THREE PORTRAITS" BY SERGEANT KENDALL



*From the 101st Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

"MOTHER AND CHILD" BY LOUISE COX



*From the 101st Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

"JERSEY FISHERMEN" BY H. L. HILDEBRANDT



*From the 101st Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

"THE DAY'S WORK DONE" BY HENRY G. DEARTH



*From the 101st Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

"GIRL CROCHETING" BY EDMUND C. TARBELL





*From the 101st Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

"HARE AND HOUNDS" BY H. M. WALCOTT

## THE NATIONAL NOTE IN OUR ART

close to her affectionate arms, and Bessie Potter Vonnoh has modeled a modern Madonna, the baby a fat little mortal with a few potential features, in the arms of a fashionable mother, and all sorts of intimate affection between them. If artists really see into the heart of things and present the qualities which actually exist then America is teeming with beautiful mother-love, with happy childhood and the kindness that brings peace.

ONE looks in vain for the blight of the imitation impressionist which settled down over our fair galleries some ten years ago. Hills and vales draped in royal purple and indigo blue have vanished from the artist's physical geography, and sickly green cattle seem to have been crossed with a sturdier breed, and a return to rich Alderney hues. Throughout the exhibition there is no effort for startling effects. There are no groups of amazed beholders; but here and there two or three are gathered together in thorough enjoyment of some emotional mood of Nature, some fine struggle of primitive man, the peace of an Autumn hillside, the sparkle of a stream under a drooping pine branch, the tender pale green of an early orchard, a tree swaying in the wind or the porch of a house in rose season—whatever there may be of good report in woods or meadows, in harvest field or garden is given as the artist felt its beauty—things so simple that to love them seems like the A. B. C. of living, yet done out of the fullness of the seeing mind that feels in these glimpses of the outdoor world the thrilling call of Nature to man.

In the landscape work especially does the lay observer, perhaps even more than the art critic, feel the American note. The purpose of Inness has at last prevailed—to show our country in our art. Here and there in the exhibition a windmill may remind you that the artist has spent a happy vacation in Holland, or a Brittany coast line recalls an atmosphere all gold and grey blue; the Ouse and the Seine and the Isar still occasionally flow peacefully from frame to frame, but the important landscapes, the canvases that hold the widest attention, almost invariably breathe the American spirit in subject and treatment. Our own warm hills and orchards, our own clear, cold seas and repeating purple hills, Arizona and New England, give scenes that to-day rank our artists among the greatest landscape painters of the world.

## THE NATIONAL NOTE IN OUR ART

Cos Cob, Conn., where many of the most famous American landscape painters have worked, furnishes a number of interesting subjects. In this little inlet sea town Twachtman found inspiration for his last and best paintings, several of which are shown at this exhibit. "Winter" he has called one pale grey nocturne, the ghost of a February day. There is snow drifting through the air and the faint twilight world is hidden in soft grey mystery. "Sailing in the Mist" is a small canvas holding the beginning of a boundless gleaming sea. A tiny dory tosses on the crest of a wave that will bear it out through the quivering mists far away to that Land of Dreams which an artist always sees beyond deep sea veils. Twachtman's imagination had the big primitive quality of the North American Indian. He did not see wood nymphs as Corot found them in every quiet glade, or mermaids and monsters as Boecklin discovered them in the seas and fairy isles he painted. He was a poet, not a magician, and his work is saturated with the thrilling mystery that Nature awakens in the mind that is both simple and finely responsive.

Twachtman painted Nature just as he saw it, as Sargent paints a portrait, not seeking for mystery or temperament; but to genius seeking is never necessary, the mystery is always in the sea and woods as temperament is revealed in the face, the artist has only to paint what he *sees*, and he *is* great or small as he *sees* much or little.

Another Cos Cob artist, whose work is not unvaryingly at its best because of a too self-conscious mannerism, is Childe Hassam, who with his marine, "Summer Morning, Isle of Shoals," won the Walter Lippincott prize at the exhibit. There is a fine salt wind blowing through this landscape of fresh blue sea, one of the best Childe Hassam recently painted; and yet not as wholly delightful as a second academy picture called "A June Morning," which is full of the delight of the fresh beginning of Spring, with sunlight flickering through pale green trees, a fragrant picture with memories in it, or hope, according to one's age.

**T**HE three Whistlers which are owned by Mr. Freer have often been seen in New York and Boston; but somehow one never seems quite to have done them justice. They have the rare quality of always preceding your appreciation. The utmost understanding that you bring is inadequate. You have seen that faint elus-

## THE NATIONAL NOTE IN OUR ART

ive stretch of Baterssea Beach before, you have felt the evening mists lift and drift back before your astonished vision, and you have thought that you were realizing all of the strange escaping beauty; but when you return to the picture, you find in it a shade more wonder, an added depth to the deep blue night, a profounder pull at the heart from the intangible, impenetrable mystery of Nature.

Whistler's little "Blue and Gold Girl" is a picture that artists study most earnestly—a delicate nude figure so tenderly painted, composed of such subtle tones, the composition so quietly harmonious that the little slender body seems to be living and breathing in the gold and blue environment. There is the effect of life, yet with something mysterious and impalpable. A second marine is a night scene. In it, the effects of air and space are so delicately handled that only little by little does one find oneself enveloped in night. Whistler has painted here the miracle of Nature, the coming of night, as probably no other artist has ever done. One hesitates to say that Whistler has struck any especial American note. He is universal in his painting, as Wagner is in music.

In the same quiet, small room with the Whistlers is a collection of landscapes by a distinctive American artist, D. W. Tryon. They are all done from Dartmouth scenes, and they have that quality which in a person would be called lovable. They present a simple scene, often the same in a different mood, with the affection of a man intimate with Nature, and done with the masterly skill of one who would show Nature at her best. Abbot H. Thayer exhibits in this same room pictures of "Capri" and "Monadnock," strongly imaginative yet carefully composed and subdued in coloring. There is also a girl's portrait by Thayer, in his autumn-leaf tones and done with his large, sad technique.

When on the trail of the American tendency one should make a point of stopping long in front of the western landscape of Albert L. Groll, a young man comparatively unknown until the present exhibit, yet of such masterly power in the presentation of our vast western country that his picture of a wild American desert captured the gold medal for the best landscape submitted. The canvas is called "Arizona," and is hung on the line beside Sargent's brilliant portrait, and near Schofield's boldly done "Sand Dunes." Mr. Groll has reproduced with fine intuition and technical skill the terrible sweep

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of land and sky in the solitudes of the Arizona deserts. The land is treated in shadow. The horizon is marked by a narrow luminous streak of light, and then above are tumbling masses of storm clouds. There is a fine understanding of the impressive quality of space, and the whole is presented with a sense of dignity instead of the old panoramic manner of doing big landscapes.

Although Horace Walker is a Canadian, the feeling expressed in his landscapes is essentially that of the new American school. He evidently likes work and workers. Especially in outdoor work, in the wresting of bread from the earth, does he seem to find inspiration for virile pictures full of the spirit that makes toil stand for achievement. The landscape which forms the foundation and background of his toilers is full of glowing color. His men are strong with muscles used. They are awkward men in slouchy clothes, but they know how to work, how to breathe deep, how to conquer by strength. There is tragedy, too, in the sombre failure of some of the strugglers for existence.

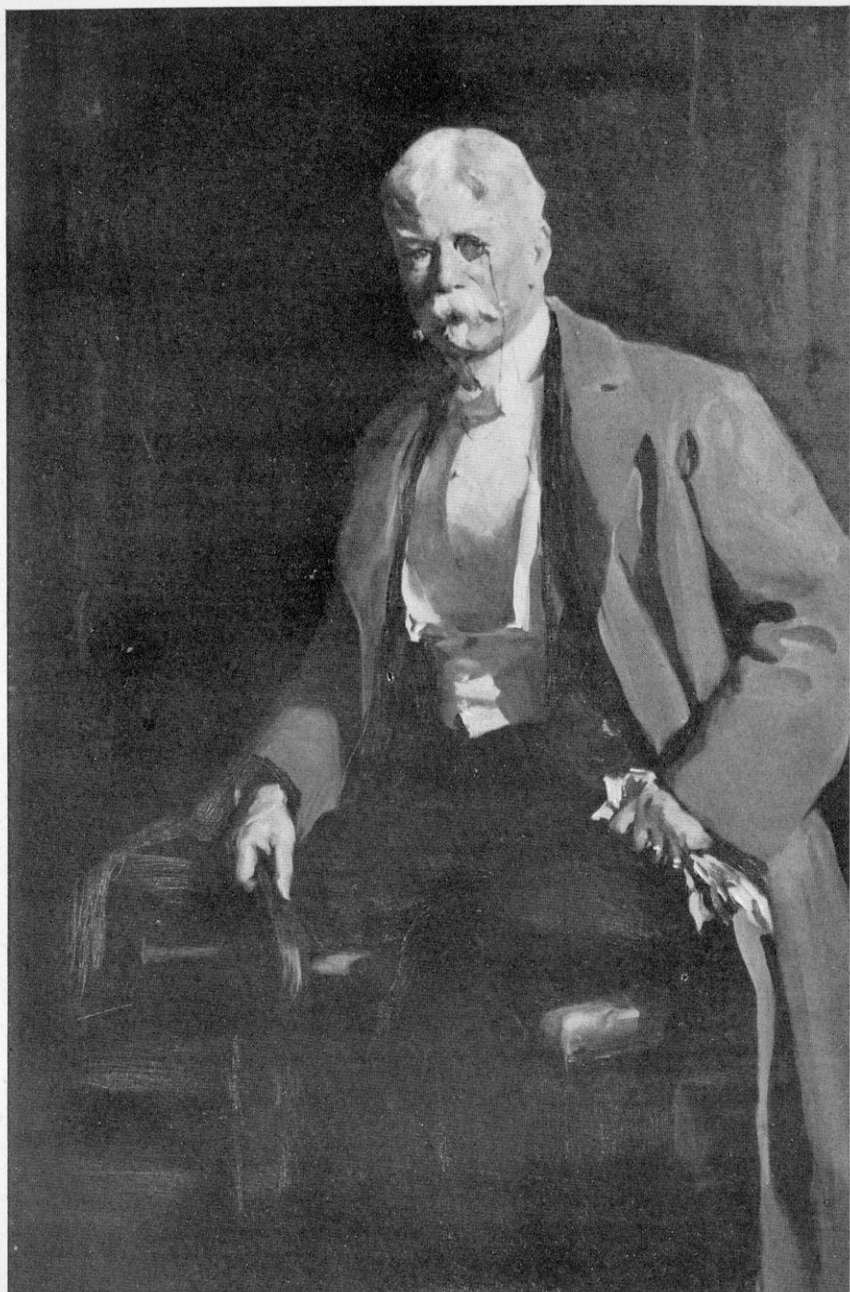
**I**N the portrait work of the exhibition, Sargent's two pictures stand preëminent. Best of all, perhaps the best of anything he has ever done, is his portrait of Mrs. M. L. Mathias. There is a fire and force in the figure that is incomparable. There is much black and little color, yet an instant impression of brilliancy. The face stands out in startling vividness against a black background that somehow suggests warmth. The head is turned back with a beckoning glance, and the figure has a sweep forward as though halting for a second in triumphant progress through life. There is a dangerous lure in the deep eyes, in the warm color, in the perplexing sensuous mouth. Never has that mystery of temperament known as personal magnetism been so frankly, so tormentingly stated. In sharp contrast, is Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Alexander—a cold, bald statement of feature facts, for each onlooker to realize with shocked surprise. It must take a certain splendid sort of courage for a middle-aged woman with whom life has battled to face Sargent's easel, for he indeed paints what he sees, what the sitter may have feared, but never dared to recognize.

William M. Chase, of whom one naturally thinks in close connection with Sargent, because of the latter's fine portrait of Mr. Chase



*From the 101st Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

"THE LAST KISS" BY AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN



*From the 101st Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

“CAPTAIN TRY-DAVIES”  
BY WILHELM FUNK

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in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has several typical pictures, the most distinctive of which is "The Sisters," a portrait of two high-bred young women, who give the impression of being more brilliant in painting than in character. The subject is conventionalized by a semi-decorative treatment that reminds one of the old English painters. The handling of the picture is, from the artist's point of view, perfection. The brush work is in Mr. Chase's most vigorous style, and the repeated color note most subtly treated.

Beside the consummate fineness and skill shown in Mr. Chase's work, Boldini's dashing portrait of Mrs. Harry Lehr seems positively melodramatic. The color throughout is keyed high, in clear blue and vivid burnt orange. There is an *élan* in the entire treatment that suggests work done at the highest pitch of nervous excitement; which, while fascinating, lacks the repose that one associates with the permanent quality of art.

The portrait work at the Academy is throughout preëminent in excellence. Cecilia Beaux, whom Chase ranks as the greatest woman artist in the world shows three canvases, and in them all her mastery of technique is such that one ceases to consider it. She creates so completely the illusion of reality in her subject, makes her genius so entirely a mere medium of expression that one forgets to praise.

Robert Henri, whose method of portrait painting is the obverse of Sargent's shows a lovely poetical "Woman in Black." His treatment is quiet and broad. He must paint with a sense of peace in his art, which oddly enough sometimes works out into an almost sensational effect. He paints sad emotions with quiet enjoyment and dramatic appreciation. It has been said that artists more than any other men marry the women they fall in love with. Perhaps this accounts for the many attractive canvases in which artists have painted their wives, sometimes with groups of adorable children, or reading, sewing, knitting, in various soft lights and appealing poses.

Irving P. Wiles has among his many interesting portraits a delightful one of his wife and daughter. Paul Ullman, who received the Temple prize of eighteen hundred dollars for his "Portrait of Madame Fischer," shows a far more interesting study, from the lay point of view, in the portrait of his wife sewing. The treatment in this distinctively living picture is swift and free, and there is charming interpretation in the graceful figure and soft, trailing garments.



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Edmund C. Tarbell's "Girl Crocheting" is a fine piece of interior painting, the girl's slender figure most sympathetically drawn in the rich sombre tones give one a sense of a peaceful home and a gentle soul. A picture full of vivid personality and gloomy yet harmonious color, is the figure study by F. V. Du Mond. It is called the "Net Mender," a full length figure of a slim girl poised for alert action, an elusive individuality, yet just a working girl. Frederick MacMonnies shows a "Portrait of Miss Petite" which has action and vividness, but does not quite make one glad he has left modeling for painting.

Wilhelm Funk is represented by two very dashing portraits, with color excellently handled and with a fine mastery of flesh painting. The hands in the painting of Captain Fry-Davies are worth the careful study of every artist. Few men since Franz Hals have painted such vital, strong characteristic hands. Somewhat of the valient old soldier's biography is told in the sensitive nervous grasp on the gloves, the grasp that would do all things strenuously. The Captain was painted at his own request in a "pink" hunting coat; to convert this mass of red into an interesting color note Mr. Funk draped the sturdy old shoulders with a sombre overcoat that left only a vivid repeated line of red to dominate the picture.

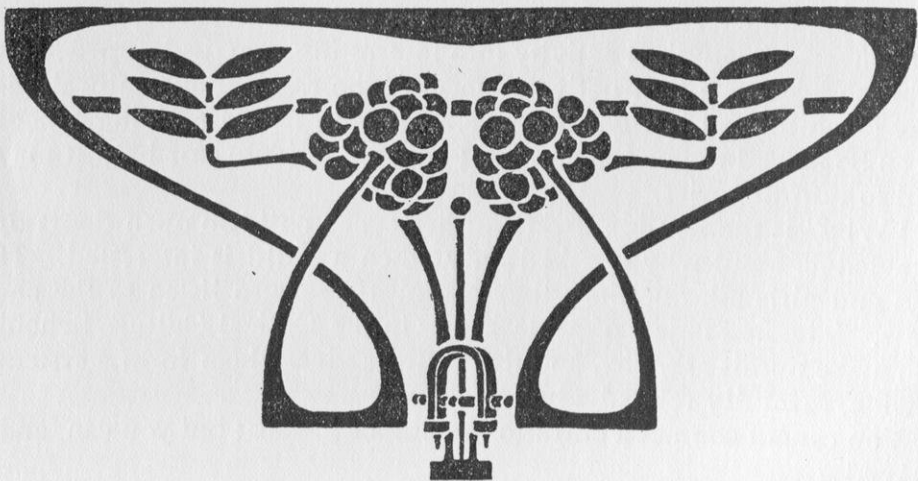
**I**N the rotunda, where the sculpture exhibit is displayed, hangs alone on a large wall space a western picture by Louis Akin, which is somewhat in the vein of Groll's method of treating American landscape. It is called "After Glow in the Grand Canyon." The picture is full of the suffused light that follows a brilliant sunset. The rocky, barren peaks are transfused with a melting rose and yellow glow that radiates up from the horizon, and drops deep in the crevices between the great stone ledges. Outline is but faintly felt in the wonderful quivering light, which one involuntarily waits to see creep into grey and then deepen into night. As yet Mr. Akin almost seems alone in his appreciation of the splendid paintable quality of these great waste stone hills.

A thoughtful art critic in Philadelphia has said of the sculpture exhibition in this collection that "it measures one of those great advances in art sometimes apparent in a single year." It is impossible to go through the room thoughtfully without feeling the work to be

## THE NATIONAL NOTE IN OUR ART

prophetic of an important position for American sculpture in the near future. It is impossible to recall a single instance of foreign imitation. The subjects are almost invariably in sympathy with the present American impulse toward outdoor life. The technique is essentially broad and free, and constantly one feels that intuitive quality which is essential in any work that aims to bring the simpler phases of life into relation with art. Mahonri Young's work has already been mentioned. His men are the pioneers who capture the land for industry. He models, as Horatio Walker paints, with that fine big understanding of the value of manual labor. Of equal importance but with a different method of expression is F. G. R. Roth's "Tramp," a failure in the field of labor.

Animal sculptors in this exhibit are on a level with the highest achievement along this line in any country. Among the most interesting animal modeling is that shown by Solon H. Borglun, Eli Harvey, and Anna V. Hyatt. There is no effort among these artists to bring about dramatic incidents remote from the lives of ordinary animals. They just present everyday tigers or bears or cats, playing or working or bringing up families as unobserved animals do in forest or farm-yard—ingenuous work that must have its rise in a genuine nation. Unquestionably the national note is being expressed as comprehensibly by American sculptors as in the most individual school of the ultra-American painters.



## LEARNING TO BE CITIZENS: A SCHOOL WHERE BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL CREEDS, RACES AND CLASSES OF SOCIETY WORK TOGETHER

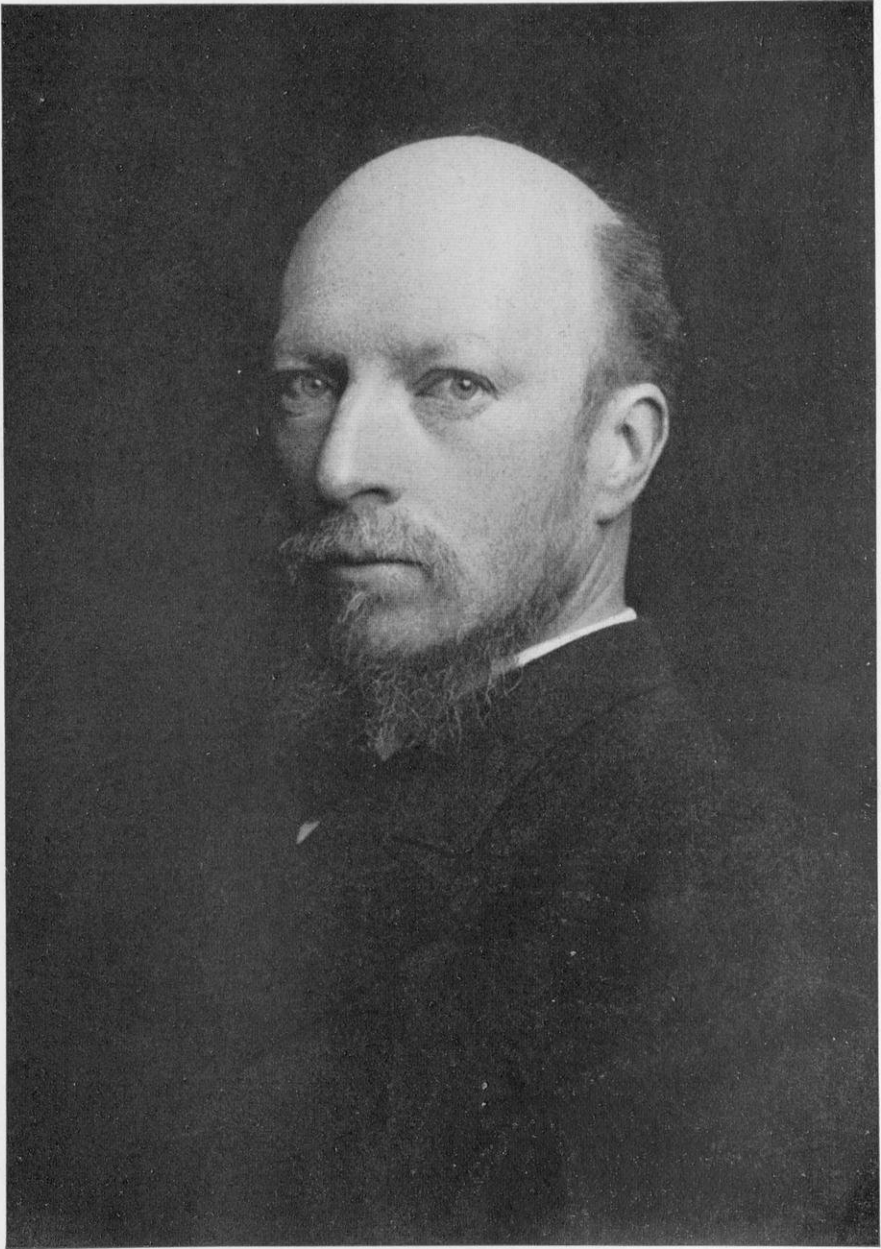


**R**IGHT in the heart of New York City, where aristocracy is striving with anarchy, capital with labor, opulence with simplicity, there is a school with five hundred pupils all working together to train heads and hands to become good citizens, whether boys or girls; to become good workers, whether lawyers or carpenters; to become earnest home-makers and State builders, whether rich or poor. There are no class separations in this school, no money distinctions; creeds are not recognized nor color lines permitted. The boy from the tenement district, who enters on a scholarship, has no more and no fewer privileges than the boy from Fifth Avenue who is brought to study by his valet; the girl from the negro quarter works side by side with the perfectly-groomed little heiress. Small scholars and big scholars, normal pupils and kindergarten babies work and play together, have gymnasium exercises, ethics, manual training and grammar school lessons, all as children of one family, with the same interests, the same ideals, and the need to understand one another in order to succeed in life.

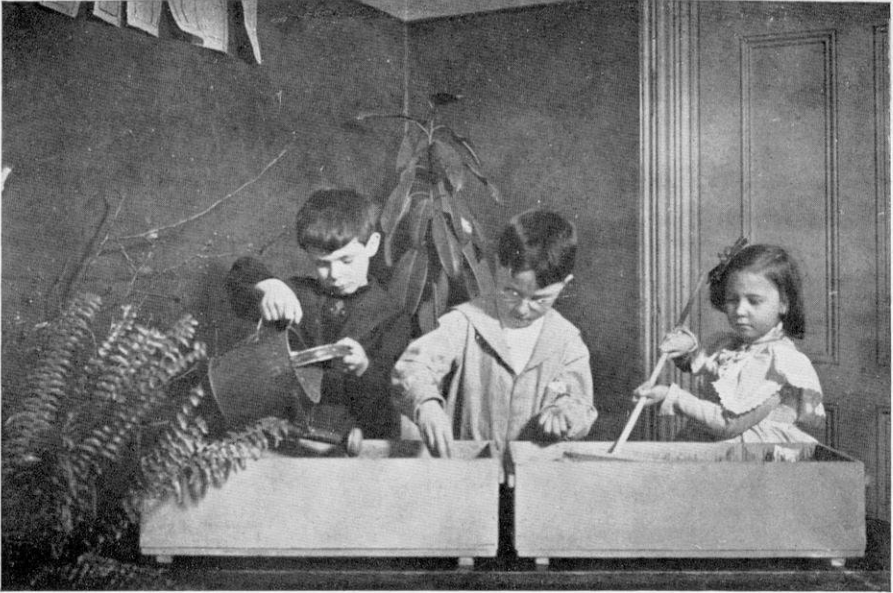
Every normal child in the world has a brain and body quivering with natural activity, is a born investigator, an inherent worker. If children have no right outlet for this activity it is pretty sure to seek wrong channels. If a boy cannot investigate any useful conditions about him, his energy is apt to be spent in vicious enterprise, if he cannot convert his physical activity into interesting practical efforts, it is liable to become a destructive agency. The tremendous natural energy of childhood has got to move. In the manual training school it can be moved to good advantage; without guidance or help it may lead to reformatories.

"Why" is the key Nature furnishes every child to open doors of knowledge. But why is asked only when a child is interested. If boys and girls ask questions they are pretty sure to listen to the answers. The first object of all teaching in the Ethical Culture School is to make pupils ask why, and the answers given them form a system of wide, carefully related education.

You cannot compel a child to remember lessons; but you can, and



DR. FELIX ADLER, FOUNDER OF THE ETHICAL  
CULTURE SOCIETY AND SCHOOL



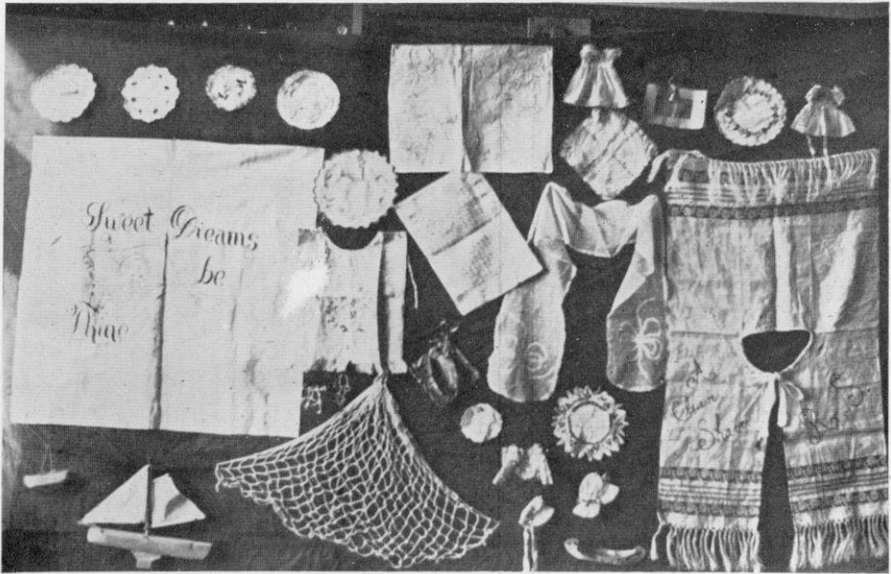
LEARNING HOW TO PLANT THINGS AND MAKE THEM GROW GREEN



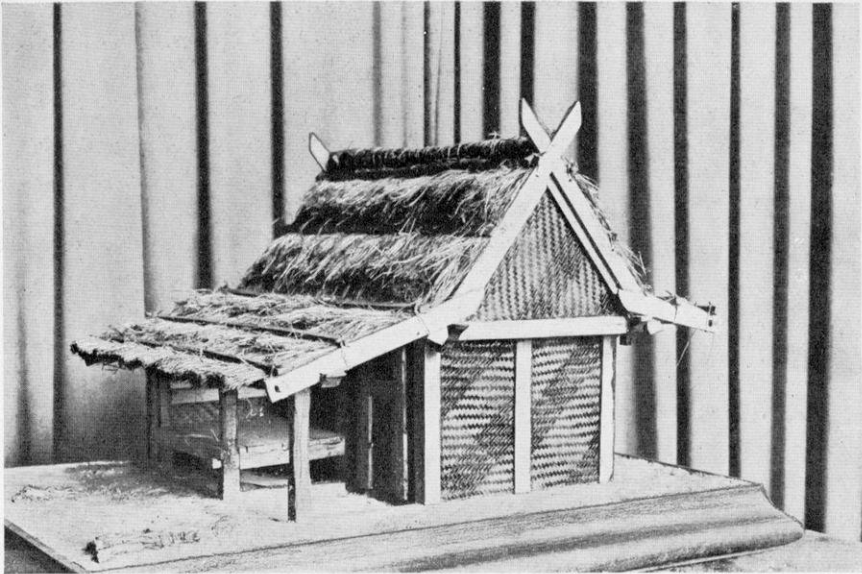
PLEASANT LESSONS THAT ARE LEARNED IN THE FIELDS AND WOODS



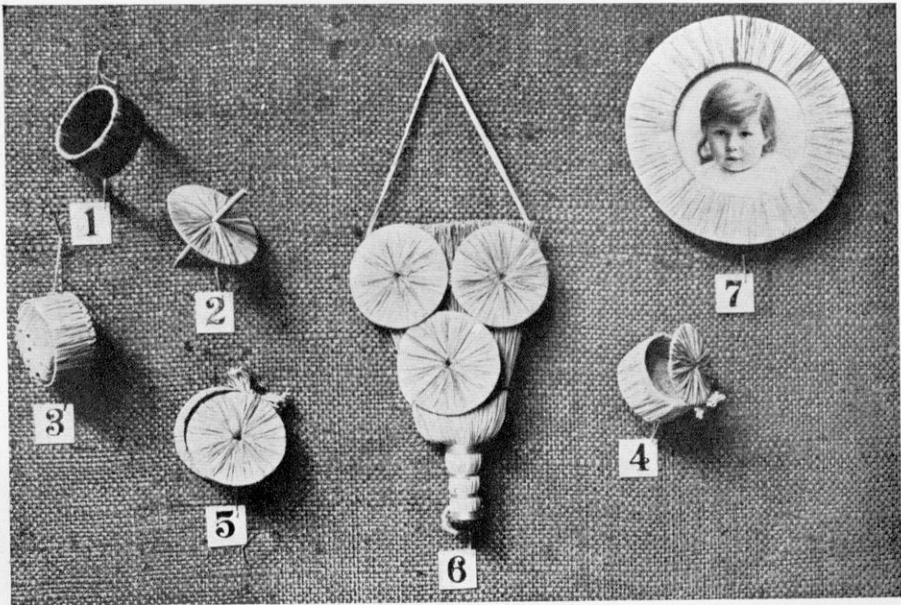
IRONING-DAY IN THE KINDERGARTEN



SOME OF THE THINGS LITTLE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO MAKE



A TINY RAFFIA HUT THAT SHOWS HOW PRIMITIVE PEOPLES LIVED



SOME RAFFIA WORK DONE BY THE SMALLEST FINGERS IN THE SCHOOL

## LEARNING TO BE CITIZENS

this school does, so interest a child in the history of the world that he really longs for information, is restless to ask his own questions, impatient to get his turn with the teacher. You cannot have enthusiasm in work or play without interest, and you cannot succeed without enthusiasm. Genius is nothing more than a combination of enthusiasm, inspiration and hard work. If you can stir a child's imagination you awaken an enthusiasm through interest, and then is seen the unusual spectacle of a child eager to study, eager to acquire information, eager to understand history and science in their relation to his everyday life.

For instance, no ordinary boy or girl, full of interrogation points, restless with growing energy, has any great longing to delve into the mysteries of dynamic force. Why should small foreheads wrinkle over such a weighty problem? But if Miss Curlylocks and Master Stumbleheels have worked together to make a water-wheel, "a real one that will run"; have sawed and chiseled and planed,—have been told wonderful tales about this piece of machinery that was in use back in the beginning of history,—have examined models of water-wheels, not half as good as their own, that have created industry for a nation,—then they are bound to ask questions. How can water run a wheel? Why does compressing it give force? How much will run *my* wheel? How can *I* tell how much force it takes? And thus the teacher has acquired an interested little audience for whom, through the simple, practical medium of manual training, he can make the theories of dynamic force a fairy story, yet full of instruction, rich with mental stimulus.

This is but a single example of this school's methods of awakening interest in young minds toward study, of teaching children to crave information, of using "why," Nature's key, to teach the biggest facts of the physical world—science, biology, mathematics, while showing their relation to everyday life and interest. There should be no gaps between what a child already understands and what a teacher wants him to remember.

**P**OSSIBLY the most fundamental principle in this scheme of instruction is Professor Adler's purpose to combine manual training with each grade of grammar school work; to associate the work of the hands with the work of the head in a way to make every



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child understand how head work and hand work are bound together. Children are taught that work is essential to their complete development; that they are entitled only to the success they work for; that they should be proud of knowing how to work. To separate manual training from the usual mental training would, in Professor Adler's estimation, be creating class distinction; it would be affording the embryo lawyer, the embryo musician, an opportunity to regard manual training as on a lower scale of business enterprise, and would also narrow the outlook of the artisan by shutting him away from the vital relation trade has to profession, industrial art to fine art, in the development of the world.

Every child who has gained respect for manual labor by working hard with his own hands in competition with other children and by studying at the same time the history of industrial art has learned the significance of hand work in the advancement of history, and is prepared to respect labor and laborers for the rest of his life. Not only is manual training essential to a proper understanding of the progress of civilization, but in Prof. Adler's mind it is the foundation of all permanent ethical culture.

From being a good worker a boy or girl learns to be a good scholar. If conscience is necessary in making a boat, why not in learning to spell or write? If concentration is important in thinking out a scheme to run a water-wheel, why not in doing mathematics in the class room? If a girl is neat and tidy in making a doll's cradle in the carpenter shop, why not be neat and tidy about her dress at home, about any housekeeping that falls to her lot in helping her mother? If the value of time is learned in bridge building, in athletics, in garden making, why should not the importance of estimating time carefully be acquired for all of life?

Children are trained in the carpenter shop, in the machine shop, in the wood-carving class, to see that bad work is unfair to themselves and to others, that shirking or hiding defects is dishonest and that it is as necessary to be frank and manly in business as it is in play, that there must be ethics in good craftsmanship, and that all ethical instruction is accumulative. Besides good craftsmanship in the shop, children are taught to consider the importance of helpfulness, courtesy, and attention. A bright boy gets on better than a dullard, a hard worker than a lazy chap, kindness brings a pleas-

## LEARNING TO BE CITIZENS

anter response than sullenness or bad temper, achievement meets approval. And so a boy is helped to discover for himself that there is a natural reward for personal morality. Good work is a term that stands in Professor Adler's mind for moral and mental quality as well as manual dexterity, and he believes that conscience as well as skill can be learned in the shop.

**T**HE foundation of all school interest in Professor Adler's idea of training, is history—the history of the world as a whole, from the beginning of time, starting with the home and working out to the nation and so out to the universe. Ancient history for children of six? Impossible! And under ordinary conditions, with usual methods of instruction, foreign history is a dull topic, even at sixteen. But when history is taught, by enabling children to live through the different historical periods, working in the manual training shops as primitive people worked; preparing food in the domestic science department after the manner of the earliest races; weaving or sewing or modeling, as Egyptians or early Romans or American Indians did centuries ago; when interest begins where life began and the progress of civilization is understood by re-living history in school work, then the study of it becomes a vivid, interesting game which awakens enthusiasm and satisfies intelligent curiosity.

For the smallest children just out of the kindergarten the history of the very earliest races is presented, and busy hours are spent in reproducing primitive modes of travel, of warfare, of shelter. Huts of the roughest sort are built; and after all the work and anxiety of creating a tiny raffia dwelling, even without the interruption of strikes and modern builder's difficulties, the smallest pupil can readily understand why a nomadic race should live in a tent which is easy to move, instead of in huts that are permanent, why people who roam about the world would never want to give up a beautiful hut that they had once built, why a tent that will fold away belongs naturally to a roving people.

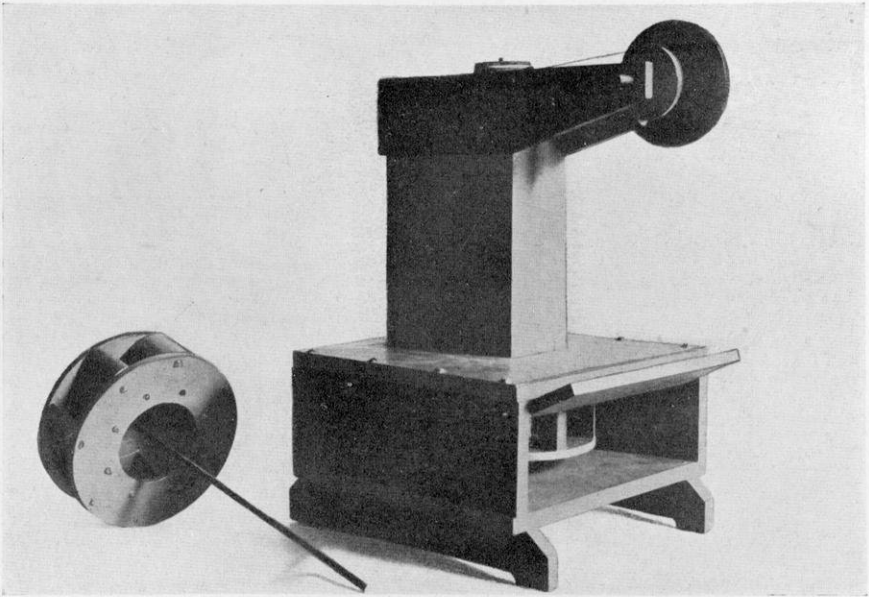
American history is specialized for all the children in the lower grades, and in every branch of work prepared for them Indian life figures prominently. In the manual training shops they make tents and canoes; in the domestic science classes they have absorbing times building camp fires as Indians built them by striking fire from a flint;

## LEARNING TO BE CITIZENS

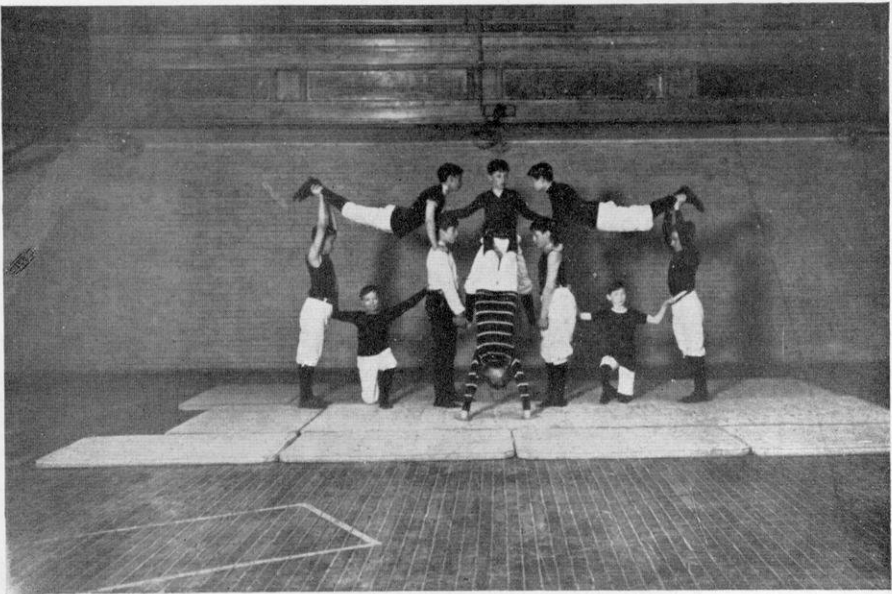
in due time they cook the corn and eat it, and then their attention will be called to the way in which Indian bread differs from modern bread, and also to the many changes in comfort of living that have been brought about by improvements in industrial arts.

At the same time in the fine art classes they model dishes of all sorts from old Indian pottery and decorate them with primitive designs. They weave Indian baskets in shapes and colors that squaws used long before Columbus came over and upset pleasant primitive ways. After they have built wigwams decorated with totems and woven rugs for the wigwams, modeled pottery for kitchen utensils and made themselves stone implements of war and industry, have evolved an Indian festival for which they have in the fine arts class designed costumes and painted scenery, have for that matter written a play from some incident in Indian history, they are not likely ever to forget the Indian in his relation to the development of the country, and the degree in which he has contributed to both fine arts and industrial arts. Simultaneously the grammar school rooms are teaching the home life of the Indians and their methods of government, their importance as a race and their relation to other nations. And so history is taught from grade to grade, with an ever widening range of subjects to meet the growing interests of the children. And the children themselves make their knowledge practical and permanent in the festivals which they originate and carry out for themselves at intervals through the school year.

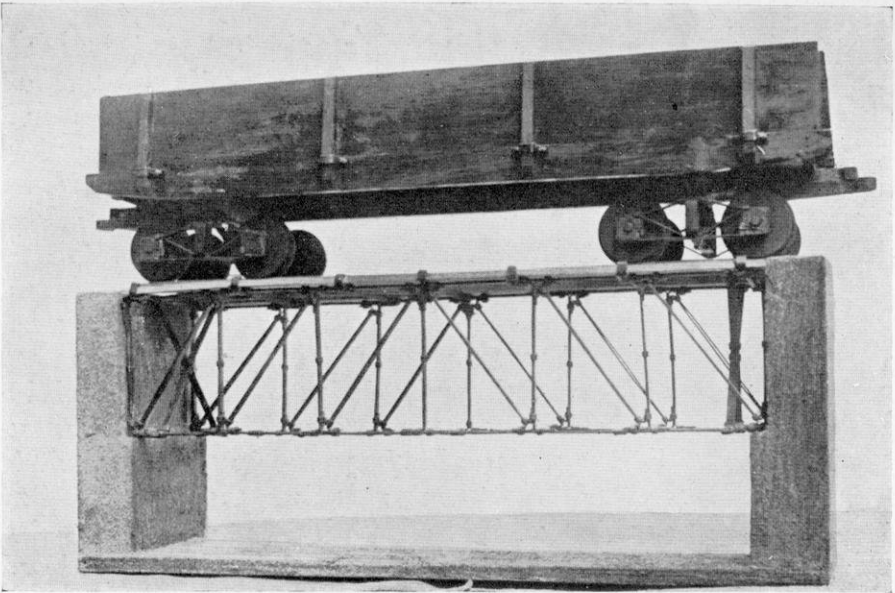
Possibly the fine arts department has been less absorbed into the history idea than is the work of any other class room. It is of course in close touch and sympathy with the school scheme of relating interest in every department. But at present, better results seemed to be gained by holding the art department more especially for the purpose of developing technical skill in modeling, drawing and designing, and in letting the children re-live the development of art in their art studies.. Children are taught how with brush or pencil to say what they think and show how much they are thinking by what they accomplish. And every student in the school must enroll in the art department and become familiar with the study of art by practical work. In this department, as well as in every other in the school, children are taught to appreciate what is beautiful rather than to originate what may be bad. After they understand the value of structural beauty



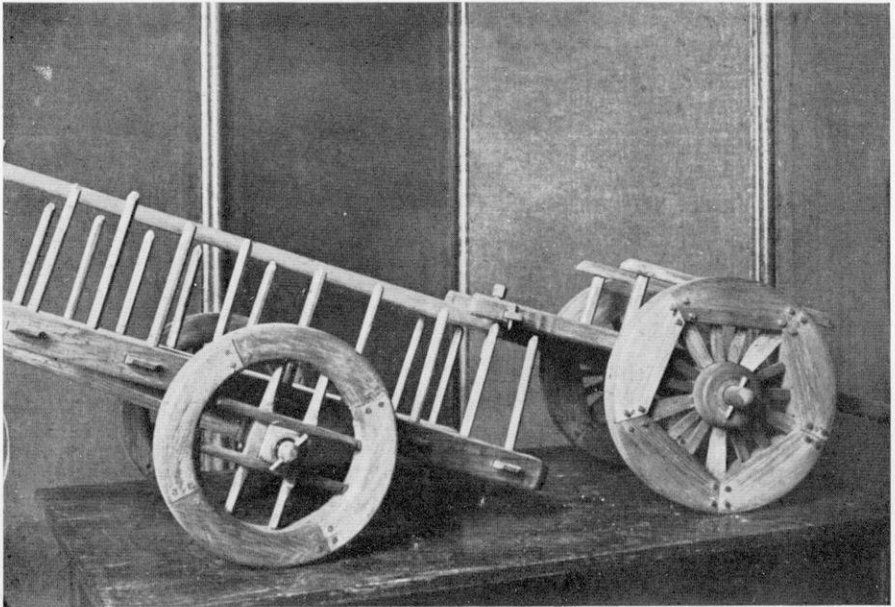
MODEL OF WATER-WHEEL MADE BY THE CHILDREN



HOW THE BOYS BUILD PYRAMIDS IN THE GYMNASIUM



MODEL OF TRUSS BRIDGE AND CAR MADE BY THE CHILDREN OF  
DR. ADLER'S SCHOOL



MODELS OF WEST INDIAN AND PERSIAN FARM CARTS, USED IN  
TEACHING HISTORY

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and purity in art and the relation of decoration to shape, then creative work is encouraged; but at first it seems sufficient to train young eyes to see beauty and little fingers to reproduce it. By this method creative ability has an opportunity to assert itself, and where there is no originality the pupil at least will have learned to understand the work of great masters and so to enjoy art.

**N**OW although the little children are generally under the impression that all this work is play, and the big children have become so interested in it as work that they are not conscious of fatigue, there is nevertheless a steady strain on muscle and nerve in the class room and shop, and so recess is arranged early in the day up on the roof, which is fitted up as a playground with outdoor games in winter and nature study gardens in summer. Professor Adler has some unique and very sensible ideas about physical culture work for growing children, and in the school there is a gymnasium in which these ideas are expressed. It is the work of the instructor not merely to increase muscle and endurance, but to make every child in the class think about the importance of health and strength in relation to the work they want to do in life. They are taught to know why they march and drill and swing dumbbells and the importance of standing right, breathing right; in fact they know exactly why they have half an hour of physical culture study every day in the week, and they like it and make the most of it; but it is no more important than building a bridge or cooking a loaf of bread or modeling an Indian jar in their scheme of happy work.

Nature study at this school is really a study of nature, not of popular authors. In the winter children collect and study the common rocks and minerals about New York; as soon as they are ready to be interested, there are,—not “lessons,” but discussions of soil and a study of Nature’s moods and expressions in this region, then there are indoor garden boxes, with soil of their own preparing, wherein early flowers bloom, and in the spring and fall there are excursions to the parks and out to the woods and fields, and some practical engineering is done out in the Bronx, and some questions of dynamics settled by a mill-race or a simple bridge. A summer walk to a boy or girl in the Ethical School becomes an excursion into fairy-land. You cannot stop that “Why” habit, and it furnishes young lives with material

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for much joyful playing and working. If the trees and the sky and the dust are all full of undiscovered rapture, what is more natural than to use Nature's key as a help to explore?

It seems quite reasonable in a school with this intention that music should not be put in the hands of pupils as a means of nerve discipline for sensitive adults. Professor Adler believes that music lessons for little children should consist of an effort to train the ear, to teach it how to hear every variation of subtle sound, because when the ear hears to its fullest capacity then the mind has a chance to appreciate; later, as in all the branches of study, music is specialized, the history of it is taught and the technicality of it is insisted upon and hard study for the sake of achievement expected. A little child sees life as a whole, as a mass of inseparable interests; age with thought, brings a tendency to separate, then to specialize. The entire scheme of education which Professor Adler has originated is first of all based upon the obviously simple truth that little children think "in the rough," that a desire to specialize comes only after the interest in detail has been awakened. As children learn to think, their individuality develops and any creative quality they have will assert itself without help.

**A**S has already been shown, character building is carried on in every room and shop in the school, whereas the definite class for ethical study is often devoted to talks on political integrity, duty to the state, the qualities involved in good citizenship, in honest social relations, and in a man's duty to his neighbor. The illustrations are most often drawn from Bible stories, stories of the lives of simple, struggling, working people. Much of the study of political conditions in the ethical classes is related to the general history work of the other class-rooms and the moral side of the growth of civilization is shown. The government of a country, good or bad, is taught along with the nation's art and industry. In these classes, patriotism is taken out of politics and woven back into love of country and desire to serve it, and to serve it in peace more often than in war. Through every department of the school,—musical, athletic, manual, nature study,—you are profoundly impressed with the fact that Professor Adler's idea is that the supreme end in education should be moral, that the most brilliant mental training without the adequate

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relation of ethics to education is without profit, without benefit to the individual and to the nation.

Professor Adler believes that in every child, no matter what his environment, there is latent the higher nature, the soul, and that it is the duty of school life to provide a rich soil for the development of the soul as well as the brain and body. And he does not believe, after thirty years of practical experience, that this can be accomplished in schools having a class distinction. "To be democratic," to quote his own words, "children must be impressed in their infancy with the democratic idea by facts, not merely by words; they must be taught to pay respect to merit, worth, manliness and achievement wherever they exist. Let the son of the banker work with the son of the mechanic in bridge-building, athletics, mathematics, and prove, not talk about, which is the 'better man.' When a boy lives in an atmosphere where social conditions can do nothing for him, where he wins or fails by his personal endeavor, in competition with children of all grades of life, he has learned the first big principle of true democracy—understanding people by working with them."

The school is kept from any possibility of being absorbed into a class educational institution by the fact that one-third of the pupils are there on free scholarships, furnished by members of the Ethical Society and by others interested in the school purpose. When, out of the five hundred pupils enrolled every year, at least one hundred and seventy-five are from the poorer walks of life, many from the poorest, snobbery can not easily gain a foothold. And yet the astonishing feature of this side of the school work is that there is no apparent effort to prevent any expression of snobbishness. The entire atmosphere seems not merely to repudiate class distinction but to obliterate it. The dainty little girl in fine linens doesn't seem to be trying to be nice to her little black comrade at the bench; they are simply fellow-workers, often with a balance of accomplishment in favor of the happy little daughter of Ham.

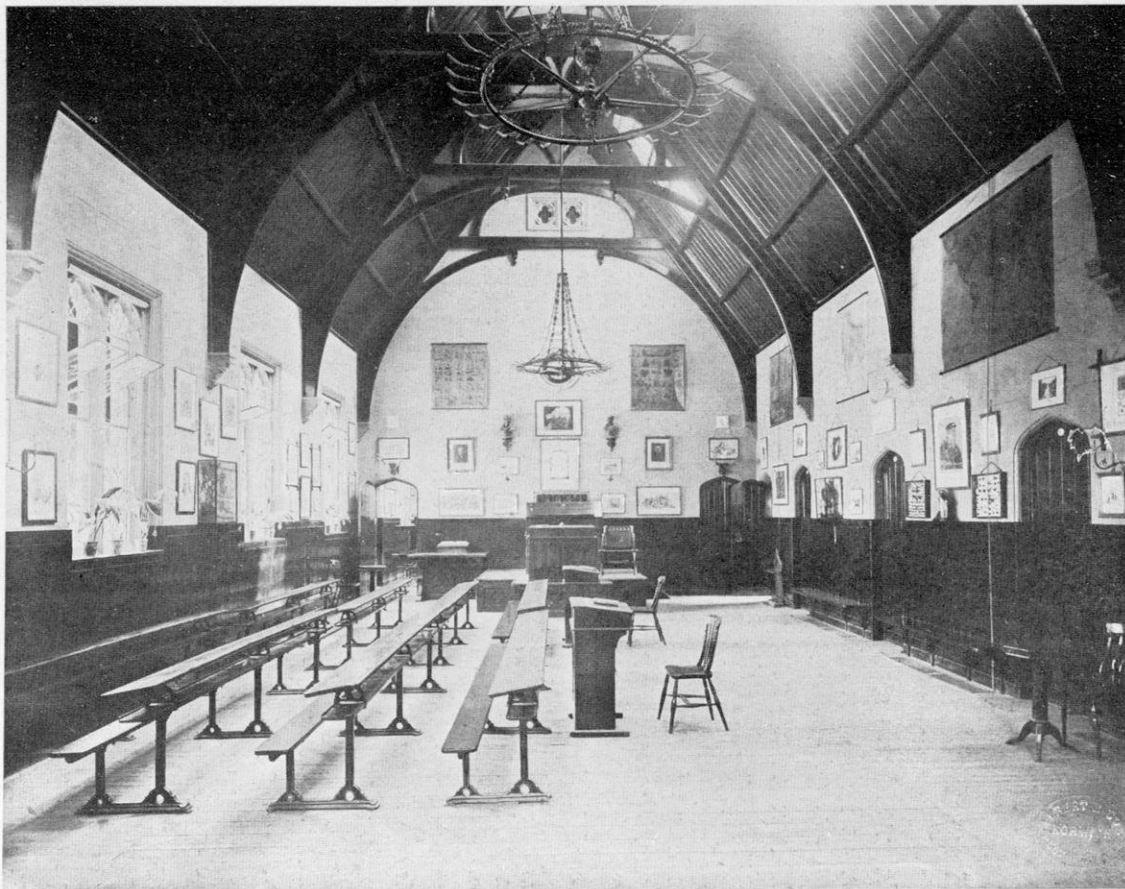
**I**T has taken thirty years of evolution to bring the school up to its present idea of democracy—thirty years of changes, of experimenting with theories, of testing principles. It was begun in the first place by Professor Adler wholly as a class school—of the poorest class. It was started in the Gas District, one of the worst slum



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sections of New York. Children were allowed to attend mainly because soup was served to the hungry little applicants for knowledge. Out of this condition grew its first title "The Soup School"; then as the children became interested it enlarged into the dignity of "The Poor Man's School"—still a class distinction. The final evolution was to the present title, The Ethical Culture School, founded on democratic principles—a school full of the spirit of friendliness and helpfulness, frankly declaring itself against commercialism, luxuriousness, pleasure seeking—a school for personal progress and to help the progress of the world.

Dr. Felix Adler is still the daily inspiration and helper of this school as well as the soul of the whole Ethical Culture movement in this country. In his talks at the school, in his public lectures on Sundays to the Ethical Society and in his various books on the subject of Ethical movements, he invariably expresses a religion, the essence of which is a profound practical democratic spirituality. Although Dr. Adler's name is most widely and intimately associated with the most explicit detail of moral education, week days as well as Sundays, he is also a worker in many other fields of life, or rather a worker in all the fields of life associated with the Ethical Culture principle of simple living founded on pure democracy. He is a busy successful worker in all public affairs that lead to the betterment of social life. A Hebrew by birth, his religion is universal and his interest in reform is for every race and creed. He was the inspiration of the Tenement House Committee in 1884 that led to the first erection of model tenements in New York. He was also the leading member of the Committee of Fifteen, was chairman of the National Committee on Child Labor, and is deeply concerned in arbitration between capital and labor. He is a profound sympathizer with workers for all peace movements. He is widely interested in all practical social settlement work, as well as a founder of social settlements. In the midst of this most crowded life as a helper of humanity, Dr. Adler has written many religious books, "Life and Destiny," "The Religion of Duty," and the "Essentials of Spirituality," books that are practical treatises on the duty of self-improvement for the sake of the individual, the sake of the home, the sake of the nation.



SCHOOL ROOM AT CARROW WORKS



SURROUNDINGS OF THE FACTORY,  
ROTARY PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY, ENGLAND



"THE RIVER COLNE FLOWS THROUGH THE PROPERTY"



COTTAGES AT BOURNVILLE  
INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE OF CADBURY BROS.

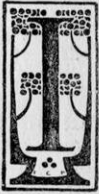


SEMI-DETACHED COTTAGES AT BOURNVILLE, ENGLAND



WORKROOM IN CANDY FACTORY

## SOCIAL WORK IN BRITISH FACTORIES: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON



IN England, as elsewhere, there are factories, good, bad and indifferent from a sociological standpoint. Those in the third class are, in the main, alike the world over; those in the second are rather better than the same kind in America, which is due largely to British industrial legislation. All English factories must measure up to a certain standard as regards sanitation and what may be called the impersonal side of industrial betterment, while factory inspectors are alert to see that the requirements of the law are complied with. The good, or improved, factories are very good indeed, ranging from those of such proportions that the plant and its employees form a town of no inconsiderable size, to smaller enterprises which are able to carry on social work upon a more personal basis because conditions are less complex.

The most complete scheme of English industrial betterment is found at Port Sunlight, just across the Mersey from Liverpool. Some years ago Messrs. Lever Bros. bought this tract of land, at that time covered with dilapidated, unsanitary houses. During the years since their factory has been located there a marvelous transformation has taken place; it is to-day one of earth's beauty spots externally, at the same time offering its inhabitants educational and social advantages of high order.

A man in the employ of Lever Bros. finds himself at work in a building having every appliance for comfort, light and ventilation. After the day's work is done he leaves the factory for a pleasant walk along well-kept streets shaded with fine old trees, past beautiful flower gardens surrounding the attractive cottages of his fellow workmen, until he reaches his own home with its quaint gables and tiny latticed windows, with perhaps a blossoming rose climbing over the doorway, or, it may be, boxes of fragrant, old-fashioned flowers adorning every window. He may rent a cottage like this for from six to eight shillings (\$1.50 to \$2.00) a week. His children may attend the excellent free village school; on Sunday he may take his family to service in the picturesque little church and during the week they may go to festivals, or lectures, or concerts in the village play-house.

If the employee is a girl she may find good board at a low price in the house provided for unprotected young girls; at noon she will have a substantial luncheon in the factory dining-room and, out of working-

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hours, may enjoy the privileges of the girls' club house. Various clubs invite her membership and social pleasures fill her spare time. And so, while Port Sunlight is remote from the large cities, there is no difficulty in holding a good class of employees because there is sufficient variety in its community life to satisfy the gregarious instincts common to us all.

**J**UST across the river, twenty minutes' ride from Liverpool, in Warrington, is another industrial betterment factory which manufactures soap and other toilet articles. As Warrington, a city of about sixty-five thousand inhabitants, has abundant housing accommodation for its working class population, Messrs. Joseph Crossfield & Sons find it unnecessary to concern themselves with building cottages for their employees, but instead are developing many social features peculiar to their needs.

The firm is an old one, having begun business years ago with an uncle of the present Messrs. Crossfield at its head. Factory conditions in those days were very different from what they are today. Lack of industrial legislation made an employer practically a czar among his people. The story is told that the original Crossfield made a rule that as long as fire was under the boilers the men could not leave work. It was his custom to place lighted candles there in order to keep the factory going in other departments where the boilers were not needed.

Very different is the factory to-day, for the managing director, thoroughly in sympathy with social service, not only welcomes new ideas in industrial betterment, but annually sends a committee to the continent as well as to different parts of England in search of the latest features for factory improvement. Recently such a committee visited the Berlin and Amsterdam Museums of Security to find out new inventions for safe-guarding machinery. As far as inventions of this kind have been applied to dangerous machinery, they are installed at the Crossfield factory already, but the firm is desirous of not only avoiding accidents, but of reducing the noise to a minimum. This can be done and is done with some of the machines; it is thought that it may be done with all, without detriment to the machine, or in any way interfering with efficiency or output. It is believed that, on the contrary, it will be beneficial to all concerned, for clanking ma-

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chinery causes nervousness, which impedes work and is likely to produce deafness, permanently injuring the worker.

The factory is operated by the most up-to-date electrical machinery. In the power house every precaution is taken to keep it in good order. To prevent the admission of dust the interiors are kept under "plus pressure" which requires considerable force to open a door, making the draught come from the inside instead of the outside, which would admit whatever dust there might be. In the machinery rooms, there are boards placed on the wall, painted black with space for every tool needed in repairing. To prevent delay by having to hunt up a misplaced tool these boards have the space for each one painted white so that a man can tell at a glance if all are at hand before he begins his work.

An efficient fire brigade is maintained, consisting of forty-six men chosen on account of their ability for such work and the nearness of their homes. The girls in all departments are regularly drilled in the quickest and calmest way of leaving the buildings at the sound of the fire signal. Each girl must rapidly and closely follow the one in front of her, but not touch her. Without confusion, one hundred and twenty girls can be out of a room in thirty seconds after the alarm.

The plant covers acres of ground, making necessary a system of railways within the works. As a precaution against accidents, railway shunters wear scarlet coats, and all passages leading to crossings are closed by chains which require a few seconds to unhook and to rehook after passing. Much attention is paid to education. No one under fourteen is employed. A few years ago it was found that only fourteen per cent. of those under seventeen were attending evening classes in Warrington. Wishing to raise the average and to encourage attendance, the firm offered to pay the fees for all school courses and to give a money prize to every one under seventeen years of age who could show a good report from his teacher. The year following this proposal found thirty-eight per cent. at school. The plan was then extended to all male employees under twenty, with the result that seventy-three per cent. then attended the evening classes. Much gratified at the success of this voluntary attendance, the firm decided that in future attendance upon evening classes should be compulsory. When "under twenty" is the compulsory limit, boys entering the factory at fourteen will thus have six years' schooling with fees paid and



## SOCIAL WORK IN BRITISH FACTORIES

an equal amount of cash as prize money. Just as much attention is paid to the education of the girls who are being induced to attend evening classes on the same plan, to learn needlework, cooking and housekeeping.

Turning to the lighter side of industrial betterment, a great deal of purely social work is done, encouraged by the company but managed by the employees themselves. It is the firm's policy to give every facility for the promotion of recreative features where a desire for them is manifested by the workers, to give suggestions, advice and money where needful, but to leave the active management entirely in the hands of the employees, rightly considering industrial betterment to be upon a more enduring basis under such circumstances.

Lectures, concerts, dances and plays are given in the pretty social hall which has yellow for the color scheme and is adorned with palms and ferns. The firm gave the hall, but the employees bought the plants, paid for the decorations and for the stage, with its shifting scenery, which occupies one end of the room. There are various athletic and social clubs, a dramatic society, gymnasium, lunch rooms for both men and women and a technical library.

Music is the most distinctive feature of the Crossfield works. In certain departments, where it does not interfere with factory routine, at stated hours during the day the girls sing while at work. It is very pleasant for a visitor to be greeted by such sweet old songs as "Bonnie Dundee" and "Blue Bells of Scotland." In the beginning the girls had formed a musical club taught by one of their number. Their interest and improvement were so marked that this year they are to have a musical director paid by the firm. The brass band, composed of men, took first prize at the National Brass Band contest at Crystal Palace in 1904, in competition with twenty-five others.

**A**T one time or another most of us have fallen victims to the postcard craze. While the making of picture postcards is a new industry it is one which has grown enormously. The idea originated with a German business man and a New York photographer. Their first venture in New York city was a failure. Being convinced of its practicability the German returned to his native land and succeeded in establishing the business there. Proving highly



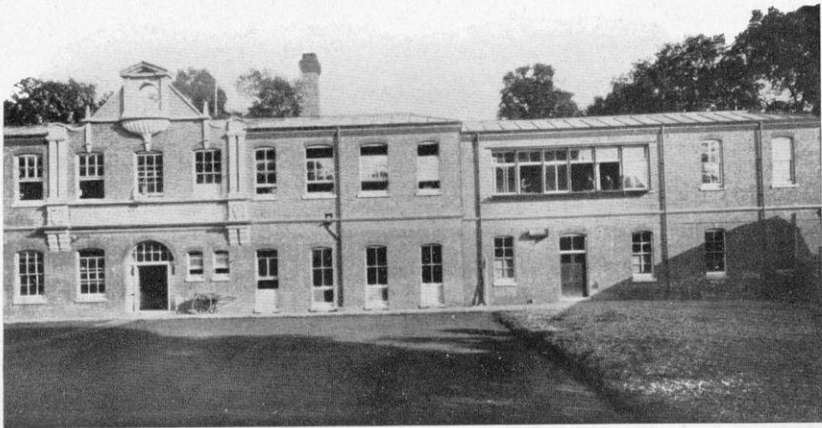
A STREET IN LEVER BROS. VILLAGE, PORT SUNLIGHT



GROUP OF WORKMEN'S COTTAGES IN PORT SUNLIGHT



IN THE CLUB GROUNDS AT COLNESIDE



ENTRANCE TO THE FACTORY, ROTARY PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

## SOCIAL WORK IN BRITISH FACTORIES

successful, a branch house was opened six years ago near London, at West Drayton, which has had phenomenal growth.

An industry which appeals, in all its processes, to the artistic sensibilities, it is not surprising that the Rotary Photographic Company is developing its social work along æsthetic lines. The Company recently purchased a large house, formerly a dwelling house, with beautiful grounds, made the necessary alterations, furnished it and turned it over to the employees for a club house. Colneside, as it is called from the little river Colne winding in and out through the grounds, is quite complete in all its appointments. Handsome parlors have wide windows opening on the lawn; there are game rooms, a billiard room, restaurant, reading room, bathrooms and several bedrooms for the convenience of the London force, which can enjoy the privileges of the club only occasionally and must remain over night when they go to West Drayton. A man and his wife are installed as caretakers, and the club is managed by a committee of nine, seven elected by the factory people, two by the directors.

The grounds are beautiful. Near the house are bright flower beds, further away is the tennis court, while fine old trees give an attractive setting to the whole. Many seats are placed under the trees, where readers may enjoy books from the club library or spend a restful hour. "These grounds are very pretty, I should think they would encourage matrimony," a visitor suggested. "We shall be glad if that does happen," replied a member of the firm. "Wouldn't that be rather bad for business?" "Well, as it is, we have marriages among our people. We regard it as a good thing when a man and a girl who have worked together for some time and have learned to know each other well, decide to spend the rest of their lives together. It is, moreover, an indication of a high moral standard in a factory when there are desirable marriages among the employees."

When the club house was ready to be turned over to them, the employees, unknown to the managers, gave their pennies and sixpences until enough money was subscribed to buy and present to the wife of the managing director a golden key with which to unlock the door the afternoon the house was declared open.

The unique feature of the Rotary Photographic Company is the practice of exchanging workmen between the German and English houses. One day a workman in the English factory asked if work

## SOCIAL WORK IN BRITISH FACTORIES

could be found for him in the German establishment, as he would like to see how a certain process was carried on there. As he could not be spared without having some one to take his place, the matter was taken up with the German house with the request that workmen from the two factories should, from time to time, substitute for one another. This was done and found to be such an excellent plan for the interchange of ideas that it has been kept up ever since. It is purely voluntary but very popular with the men.

**T**HE factory of Messrs. J. & J. Colman, at Norwich, which shares fame almost equally with the ancient cathedral, is known as Carrow Works. It has been there long enough to seem historic to the American mind. The town and all that it contains is old, even some of Messrs. Colman's employees living up to this peculiarity since there are seventy men who have been with them from forty to sixty years, one as long as sixty-seven years. The united service of these veterans amounts to more than three thousand four hundred years. Such faithfulness speaks volumes for the attitude of the firm to its men. Not all of the employees are old, however, nor are all of them men—hundreds of women and young girls earn their daily bread at Carrow Works. As may be expected, there are many social institutions for the benefit of these three thousand workers. Beginning with provision for safety there is a fire brigade, formed in 1881 after a disastrous fire in the factory. Composed of four paid firemen and six policemen, having the very best apparatus money can buy, its maintenance costs the company annually over \$10,000. In connection with it, is an ambulance department with dispensary and physician where first aid to the injured is given.

There are schools, not for children alone, but also for men and women, technical training classes, clubs, recreation grounds, library, reading room and savings bank. A trust fund of £2,000 a year was left by the late Mr. J. J. Colman as a pension fund for incapacitated employees with the express stipulation that it should in no way relieve the company of its responsibilities to the staff.

**A**T the cocoa works of Messrs. Cadbury Bros. at Bournville, near Birmingham, the force is about equally divided between men and young women. Believing that factory work for married women is harmful for the next generation, Messrs. Cadbury refuse to

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employ them. Further than this, they forestall the possibility of race suicide as far as in them lies, by requiring the young women to exercise regularly in the gymnasium under the direction of trained instructors. Classes in physical culture as well as gymnasium exercises are held in the company's time. Exercise is also required of male employees who have, in addition to their gymnasium, an open air swimming pool. As Cadbury Bros. are owners of acres of land at Bournville it is possible for them to make provision for sports, fields for the men, tennis courts and recreation grounds for the girls. The Saturday half holiday is universal in England. At that time and on holidays the country takes on the aspect of an immense pleasure ground, so numerous are the cricket fields, tennis courts, bowling greens and recreation grounds dotted with thousands of factory people taking healthful exercise in the open air.

The Cadbury cottages are more uniform in character, though somewhat different in type from those at Port Sunlight. Rents are about the same and the occupants get about as much for their money in the way of comfort and conveniences.

In their social work, British industrial betterment employers are not trying to accomplish unasked for philanthropy; on the contrary they consider it good business as money-making men to give employees the chance for doing the best work possible by seeing to it that factories are clean, healthful and comfortable. In providing recreative and educational opportunities, efficient, reliable, faithful workers are attracted, men and women who become identified with the firm's interests and who take personal pride in keeping up the factory's reputation for good work, justice and right industrial relations between employer and employee.

## THE OPERA SINGER AND THE AMERICAN AUDIENCE: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



THE season of opera at The Metropolitan has been characterized by one of our critics as the "unmusical season" and it is undeniable that the opera audience is the least cultured musically of any American music-attending audience. Opera here is a fashionable luxury first and a musical entertainment afterward. The audience comes and goes as it chooses; talking aloud during the performance—a practice that would not be tolerated at an orchestral concert or even in a first-class theatre—is customary in all parts of the house. It is difficult, often impossible, for the music lover to listen concentratedly, yet there is no protection against these destroyers of illusion. We have gathered together in our opera company a greater number of great artists than can be heard in any other one opera company in the world, yet the performances as a whole do not reach the standard of excellence that this fact gives us a right to expect and we are seldom permitted to enjoy our advantages intelligently. What is the difficulty?

In *The Art Work of the Future*, and again in a letter to Liszt, Wagner says: "Not the individual but the community alone can create works of art." That is to say, with direct application to operatic art,—until the community which forms the audience demands certain conditions, they will not exist. Of just what material, then, is the opera audience in our cosmopolitan city composed, what are its expectations and ideals, and how does it compare with the audience of other opera-attending countries?

To begin with, Americans go to the opera for many reasons besides love of music; they go because it is the fashion, to see each other, to satisfy a curiosity—at best, for the sake of a favorite singer.

The Italian goes to the opera because of a certain direct interest in the music, most often for the singer. He listens after his own fashion, which usually includes talking about and singing with the music while it is in progress—that singular canary-like impulse so essentially Italian! He becomes deliciously, deliriously excited over the tenor's high notes, applauds prematurely and with passion.

The French audience is patriotic to the verge of provincialism in its musical taste, and also, like the Italian and the American, tends to center interest—a less critical and reasonable interest—upon the individual singer. In Paris the conditions are only slightly better

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than in Italy; the claque at the Grand Opera is a shocking interruption to the performance.

The fashionable element in an English opera audience listens more quietly than the French, Italian, or American, but has less musical taste. Indeed, even the criticisms in the leading London papers are curiously unmusical in tone. One will read of "the stiffness of Herr Knoté," the "noble and finely sculptured figure of Mme. Ternina's Elizabeth" and learn—as the sole criticism upon the conducting of *Tristan* at the first performance of that opera—that "the band under Mr. Lohse played well," while if there is any comment upon the singer or musical interpretation it will be but the most hackneyed generalization. As the English music critics make use of musical terms in their books on the subject it would seem as if this terminology must be in the nature of a translation for the general reader.

The German audience—it will be conceded without argument—is the most musicianly in the world. The German goes to the opera for the sake of the opera alone. Ordinarily the cast is not announced in advance. The German clings to tradition and takes time to read-just his ideals; he is less enlightened upon the question of vocal art than is the sophisticated minority in America, but his motive is love of music, and not tenor or prima donna worship. To hear an opera in Germany is to hear it under ideal conditions for listening.

A so-called American audience, especially at a musical entertainment, is a more or less cosmopolitan audience, or at least an audience of mixed nationalities. Upon Italian opera nights there is a large percentage of Italians among the standees and in the upper galleries, and on German opera nights there is a goodly proportion of Germans throughout the house. At the single performance of *Fidelio* a few seasons ago the audience seemed to be entirely one of music lovers—principally of German extraction—and it was such a musically well-bred, interested assemblage as is seldom to be found within those aristocratic walls. Both Italians and Germans in this country seem to preserve their national characteristics as audience. The German listens in silence; the Italian takes his pleasure noisily. But, while the Italian opera-goer at home is extremely critical along certain lines, the average Italian in this country, unless he is a professional musician, is not of the class to bring operatic traditions with him, and



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in his case, patriotism is substituted for discrimination; for example, the same tribute of interruption was paid to Signor de Marchi, at best a third-rate singer, as to Signor Caruso, whose voice is phenomenal.

THE character of the audience in the upper galleries, where the subscription is smallest, varies noticeably with the opera. To illustrate,—begin with the family circle, popularly supposed to be the resort of the true music lover: a fair amount of experience of the heights and depths of the opera house will convince the impartial observer that it is the noisiest part of the house; noisiest on Italian nights, partly because many of the Italian operas do not call for sustained attention, but principally because of the predominance of that nationality upon these occasions—for, unfortunately, the Italian does not listen any more quietly, or permit his neighbor to do so—to *Aida*, *Othello*, *Cavalleria* or *Faust* than to *Rigoletto* and *Traviata*. The Italian audience that made Lohengrin come in twice with the swan is still unchanged. At the climax in *I Pagliacci*, when Canio discovers his wife's infidelity, Signor Caruso repeats accurately, with the song, the pantomime of the tragic discovery. The critics wonder "how such an artist as Signor Caruso can," etc., not seeming to realize that, being an Italian singer, Signor Caruso's art is confined to his use of his voice; for that development of culture which demands truth in opera interpretation is not yet dreamed of in the Italian's art philosophy. In this matter they are artistic children, hence do they talk, sing and applaud irreverently at their operas. An illustration of the kind of situation the Italian contingent in New York can create was given at a performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* several seasons ago. Upon this occasion it was the familiar *Intermezzo* that caused the patriotic frenzy (it was shortly after the Mascagni comic-opera-tragedy) and the composer's countrymen raised a bedlam of whistles and cat-calls such as one does not associate with the uptown theatre—least of all with this temple of art and fashion. The chorus came on and began to sing, (incidentally it is the moment of greatest suspense in the drama,) but the hoodlum din continued until the conductor stopped the chorus and repeated the well-worn melody.

At the Wagner operas, especially at performances of *The Ring*, there is a large percentage of the well behaved and musically inter-

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ested. The explaining student, however, although a being on a higher plane than the woman who has read of Calvé and Nordica in the newspapers, does not contribute to the enjoyment of her neighbor who would listen. A certain number of individuals of this class go to the operas as they would to a lecture, armed with books of motives, scores and electric candles, seeking acquaintance with Wagner's divine harmonies through the cheerless doorway of the schoolroom! They are often entirely unmusical in taste, and seem to feel—with the reasoning of the New England conscience—that it must be good for them because they don't like it. But here the intention, at least, is creditable.

There are those in a Wagner audience who pretend they like it because it seems to them distinguished; there are those who are so enamored of the idea that they feel the highest degree of enthusiasm although they do not recognize the motives when they hear them; there are those who like it without analysis and without knowledge,—and this last is surely the most promising state of the three.

At all performances there is, in the upper galleries and among the standees, a large percentage of those whose imaginations have become inflamed by the newspaper notoriety accorded to the principal singers, and who spend their time identifying and gossiping through Elsa's dream and Brünhilde's immolation. Their obtrusive interruptions are a desecration to the music lover, but equally with the music lover they have paid for the right to enjoy the opera in their own way, and, having no musically susceptible sensibilities to be violated, actually do not realize that they are ruining the pleasure of others of different tastes. The audience at the popular Saturday night performances is largely composed of this class—indeed it could scarcely be characterized as otherwise than uncouth; it is customary to hear full voice questions as to the singer's identity in the midst—preferably in the *piano* passages—of the most exquisite aria.

So much for the upper galleries and the occasional opera-goer. The floor and boxes represent the frankly social element; also that part of the audience without which opera would not exist. Every one has heard how this portion of the audience talks during the music, how it departs with silken rustle during the perfection of the *Aida* death duo, and hastens to the ball while Isolde's heart breaks in the final measures of the *Liebtestod*; but comparatively little men-

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tion is made of the subscriber's substantial and essential contribution. This, undoubtedly, would be the most difficult part of the audience to reform, for it is a stubborn, if squalid, fact that he who pays the piper calls the tune. The subscribers who make our luxurious system of opera possible, naturally feel their right to enjoy it in their own way. The American woman of millions would not be permitted to disturb a Bayreuth performance with her chatter, but here in her own opera house she may indulge in conversation with her neighbor during the unveiling of the Grail if she will. As a matter of fact the *Parsifal* audiences were rather better behaved, on the whole, than the average opera audience, although the good behavior was not so excessive or universal as the papers would have had us believe—but the fact remains true. It must be acknowledged also, that the social intercourse in the boxes and in the orchestra is less obtrusive than that in the upper galleries, because the boxes represent in a general way, a higher development of good breeding, or at least of sophistication, than the family circle, and the interruptions are less gross and offensive.

One wonders if, after all, there is no great number of the musically interested glad of the opportunity to hear the opera for a moderate sum. In any case the American attitude toward the opera singer is such that a number of sight-seers without a modicum of musical interest are attracted to the opera house to see the singers and the occupants of the boxes, and these, together with the social element, form the larger part of the audience; and for that reason, proper conditions for musical enjoyment do not exist. The community that creates works of art does not commune within the walls of the Metropolitan.

**A**ND the "individual" has been one of the most potent causes. It is, and always has been, a serious matter, this question of tenor and prima donna worship, this exaltation of the interpreter above the composer. The deification of the virtuoso was the cause of the decadence, or rather arrested development, of Italian opera. The opera singer is a being who has always had an enormous influence upon public taste and ideals. In the days when Wagner was struggling for opportunity to produce his operas his hopes were more than once dependent upon the caprice of a popular singer—a state of affairs inevitably fatal to art development. No music lover,

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needless to state, could wish to deprive the singer of just recognition; the interpretive genius should have recognition as well as the creative; even the singer's technical achievement can scarcely be over appreciated—for no art is more exacting in its demands upon the artist, no achievement has been paid for at a higher price. And the interpreter's art is ephemeral; all tribute is laid at once before his eyes. The recognition that posterity gives is but a shadowy thing of men's memories. Such interpretive genius as that of Mme. Ternina and Herr Reiss; such art as that of Mmes. Sembrich, Gadski, Lehmann and Schumann-Heink, and of M. de Reszke and Sig. Caruso, cannot receive too much appreciation. The fact to be regretted is that the tribute to the singer should be so often disproportionate and indiscriminate. Such an exaggerated form of tenor worship, for instance, as M. Jean de Reszke inspired, seeming to blind his admirers to any other quality or individual in the performance, is of little value in the promotion of musical culture. This introduction of the personal equation entails, necessarily, a more vivid prejudice on the part of the auditor than is contained in his attitude toward the composer. In a subtle and illegitimate way it enters into the Frenchman's choice, causing him to accept curious eccentricities in the matter of vocal art, as, for example, Mme. Breval, M. Alvarez and others who, happily, have not yet crossed the water. The German will go to hear the broken-down favorite and applaud vociferously even while acknowledging him "*ausgesungen*." We in America, less bizarre in taste and more critical than the French, and certainly less patient and faithful to past achievement than the German, in opera, as in all things, make personality of paramount importance. The deification of the tenor is almost as characteristic of the American as of the Italian. Frequently it brings about unjust and illogical results. In the matter of salary, for instance, a tenor engaged by Grau for two seasons for the French opera on the strength of his Parisian reputation—who was unpopular with our public therefore a financial loss to the management, and an artistic failure—received a larger salary than singers who were filling up the coffers of the box office.

It is instructive to consider by what means the singer's artistic success is to be estimated. It is not so obvious as one would suppose. Not safely by the applause,—for the New York audience is often unkindly inexpressive, and the demonstrative element is often indis-

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criminate; nor does the success of applause necessarily mean the success of critical estimation, for the admired of critics and musicians may receive but faint recognition from the auditorium, while some Italian singer, despised of musicians, may call out violent demonstrations from his enthusiastic countrymen. Also certain popular episodes in the operas are applauded without regard to the singer's interpretation, very much as the uncultured audience applauds the sentiment in lieu of the actor's art. For example, the repentant outbreak of Amneris in *Aida* and Ortrud's invocation to her heathen gods, whether sung with wild and terrible power by Schumann-Hienk, or stridently screamed by other Ortruds we have known, invariably receives the tribute of interruption. The singer's artistic success cannot be always determined by newspaper criticism, brilliant as much of it is. The critic's rhapsodies over Mme. Sembrich express the feeling of all unprejudiced musicians; but there is a soprano before the public who seldom receives unfavorable comment from the press and yet is placed far from the front rank by musicians.

**P**OPULARITY with the general opera-going public is not necessarily a proof of the singer's artistic value. It is interesting and instructive to investigate some of the reasons for these successes:

Mme. Sembrich is popular with this public, not because she is the greatest living singer of her class, but because her roulades tickle the ear that is closed to the perception of harmony, and because of her little personal communication with the audience,—an unvarying concomitant of the prima donna type, and, in her case, an expression of a personality dainty, gay and kindly.

Mme. Calvé came here bearing the essential foreign label. She had a voice and certain theatric tricks in the use of it that, together with some ability to produce crude effect, won her the reputation of being a great actress among those innocent of the seriousness of the art of operatic interpretation. Then too, *Carmen*, in which she made her success, is an opera which makes appeal even to the frankly unmusical.

The success of Mme. Nordica and Mme. Eames was largely personal in character; in the case of Mme. Eames her exceptional beauty was probably as potent a factor as her voice. In the case of both singers something of a belated spirit of patriotism undoubtedly con-

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tributed. For while the American singer may labor in vain for recognition in her own country at the beginning of her career, once let her return with the label of foreign approval upon her, and the fact of her nationality becomes suddenly important.

**T**HE artistic success and the popular, then, are not necessarily identical, although they may arrive at the same conclusion by different roads. The real success of the musical artist, as with every other, must lie in his valuation by the members of his own profession and in that of individuals educated in the appreciation of his art. Therefore, in proportion as the public becomes musically educated will the artistic success and the popular become alike in reason and result.

The personal popularity of the singer is a force to be reckoned with, for, as long as opera is upon a business basis, it will determine the choice of repertoire. When Calvé is here the announcement of *Carmen* is frequently to be read upon the bill boards. When Jean de Reszke was in the company there was a disproportionate allowance of *Faust*—disproportionate, that is, to its comparative musical value. The presence of Mme. Sembrich and Sig. Caruso serves to keep alive the early Italian operas and only such art as hers and such a voice as his can make this *confetti* endurable to the taste that has outgrown it. In the case of Mme. Sembrich it is difficult to deplore this preservation of the intrinsically unworthy, for if by art she keeps alive that which might otherwise be permitted to die, she also gives a lesson in vocal art whenever she sings. But it is to be regretted that there are box office objections to a more frequent production of Mozart operas, for her popularity with the unmusical public is such that it would undoubtedly be willing to endure the better music for her sake.

The success made by Mmes. Ternina, Gadski and Schumann-Heink, have been won in a way that seems to promise more for the growth of artistic perception in our audiences. Mme. Gadski's career, in particular, has furnished an interesting illustration of the relation between the singer and our audience. She has won her public quietly but surely. Proclaimed by no blare of trumpets, handicapped by lack of rehearsal and impossible stage management, the fact that such a success can be made is encouraging.

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**T**HIS exaltation of the individual is not entirely an influence for evil. The great artists who have come here have served to a certain extent to fix standards; for while an opera audience is not any more anxious to be educated in its choice of pleasure than any other audience, it yet receives insensibly a degree of growth in the power of discrimination. There are facts that seem contradictory; as, for example, the case of a singer whose voice has become a memory and whose art was always meretricious, who up to the time of her last appearance, still retained her hold upon the affections of the public, and there is another artist who won her general popularity here after she had begun to lose her voice. Yet as a general proposition it is true that our public will not permanently accept inferior singers and that it is beginning to have glimmerings concerning interpretation. Artistic conditions as a whole, however, it does not demand; and until it does there will be noise in the auditorium throughout the performance,—there will be insufficient rehearsal and blundering stage management. Mr. Damrosch and other thinkers on the subject believe that the way to interest the audience is to have the operas performed in English. It seems as if, in these circumstances, something would be lost, but perhaps more would be gained. In any case those most loath to lose the sentiment of the German text will be more than half reconciled when they read the sympathetic and poetic translations Mr. Meltzer has made, translations which, while retaining the essential rhythmic accent, yet preserve marvelously the feeling of the original.

Popular opinion is a force in America in matters small and great. It has almost entirely done away with the wearing of hats in the theatre. It has resulted in a decided improvement in the stage management in the opera house, it can be the means of our having better opera here than anywhere else in the world.

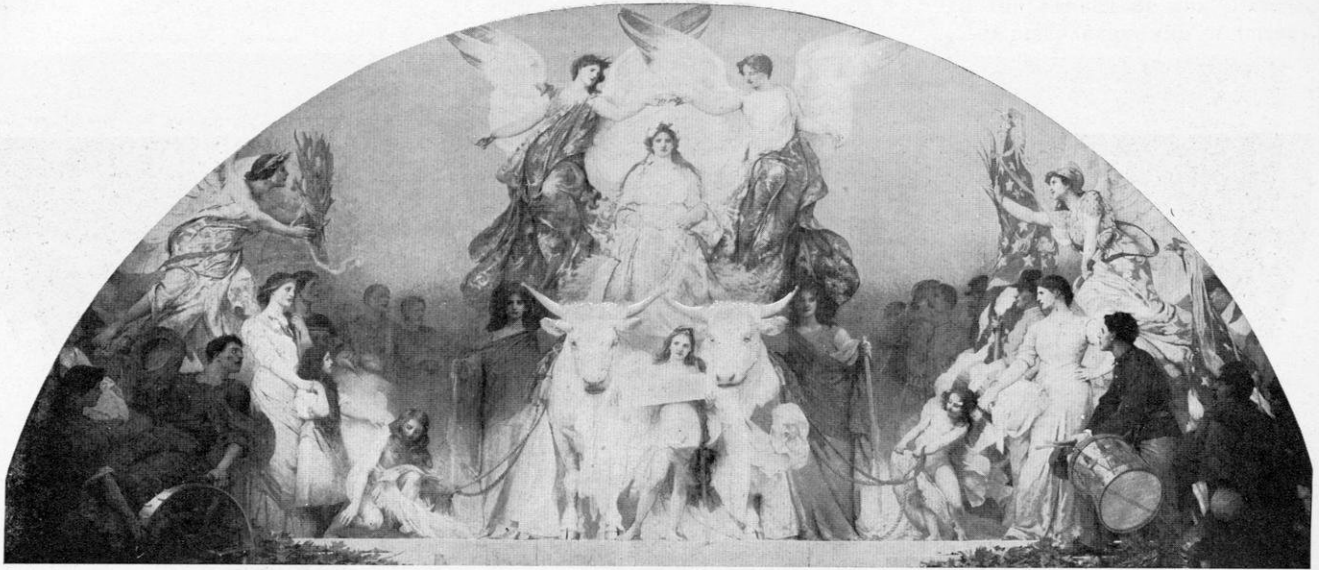
It is not probable that people can be led to prefer a glimpse of a Velasquez to a baking powder cherub, and it does not seem essential that the enjoyer of the barrel organ should require it to play the Ride of the Valkyries, but it does seem important that an art that represents the demand of luxury in our country should imply also the appreciation of culture so that the great artists who come to us or come from among us, should not feel American recognition and American indifference alike valueless and non-significant.



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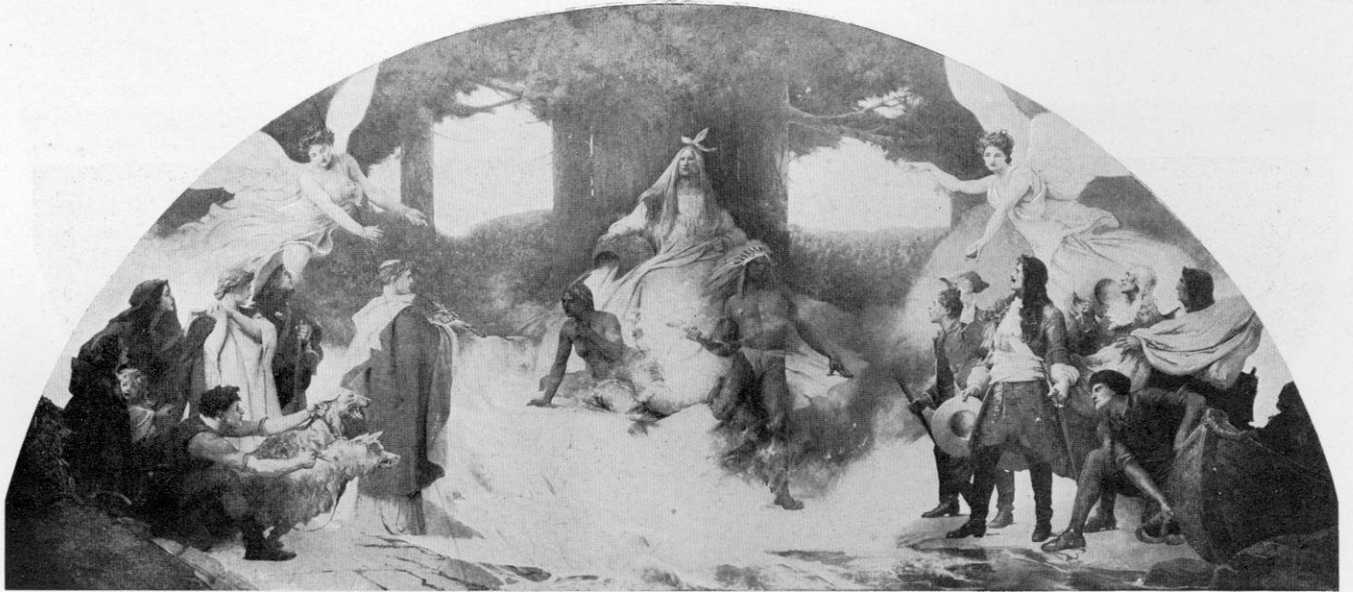
"YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW"  
BY H. O. WALKER





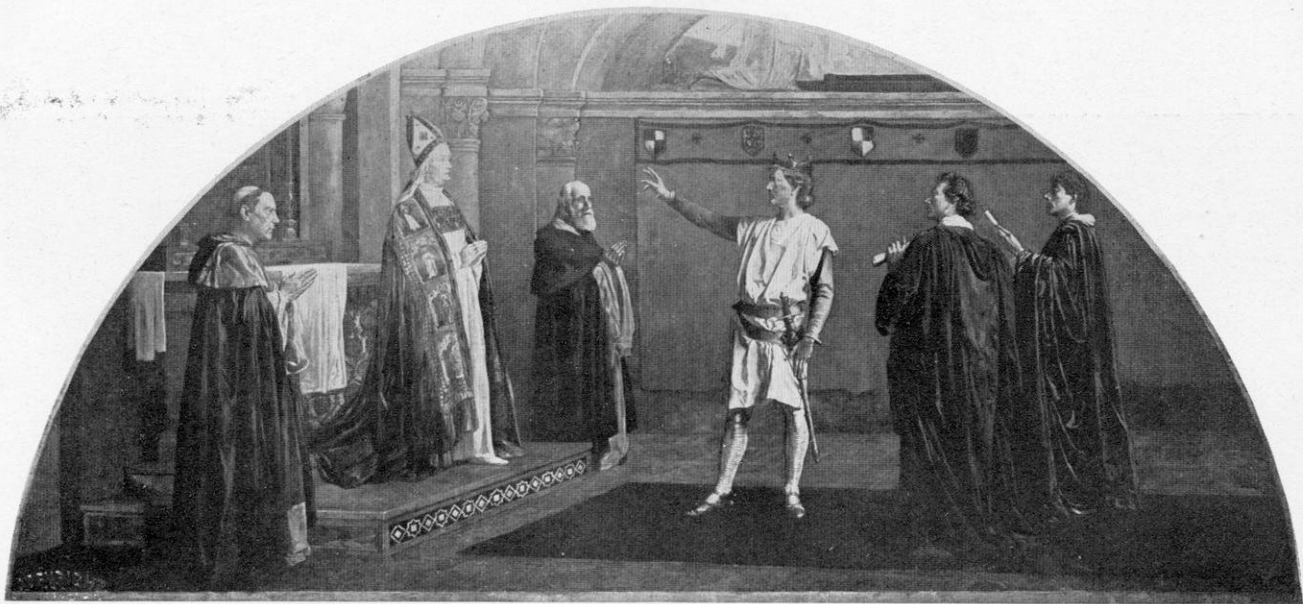
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“MINNESOTA, THE GRAIN STATE”  
BY E. H. BLASHFIELD



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“THE DISCOVERERS AND CIVILIZERS LED  
TO THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI”  
BY E. H. BLASHFIELD



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“THE ADJUSTMENT OF CONFLICTING INTERESTS”  
BY JOHN LA FARGE

# THE BEAUTIFUL INTERIOR OF THE MINNESOTA STATE CAPITOL: BY GRACE WHITWORTH



WO hundred and sixty thousand dollars have been expended for the mural decorations in Minnesota's new State Capitol. With that amount, the architect and State Capitol Commissioners have secured the paintings of the foremost men in this branch of art, and the united efforts of the latter in adorning the interior of this building places it among the very first in the United States as an expression of American decorative art. The entire plan for the color and decoration of the building has been under the direction of the architect, Mr. Cass Gilbert, and of Mr. Elmer E. Garnsey, of New York, who has to his credit the decoration of so many representative public buildings. Mr. Garnsey regards the interior of the Minnesota State Capitol as the finest piece of work, as a whole, that he has yet achieved, a success largely owing to the unusual understanding of color values possessed by the architect, Mr. Gilbert.

The public little realizes the vast amount of study and designing that is required on the part of the artist, in planning and executing the whole wall decoration for an immense building. To one man is commissioned the development of the harmonious whole. His system of decorating is studied out on as artistic and geometrical a scale as is the architect's plan in constructing the entire building. He must take into consideration the quality and color of marble used; the kind of stone, metal and woodwork,—these all bear their relations to the wall decorations. The whole color scheme and the different sized wall spaces are carefully considered; the type and size of painting or decoration decided upon; and the commissions then assigned to the artist best fitted to decorate certain lunettes or panels.

Many beautiful and costly stones and marbles are found throughout the Minnesota Capitol. But the basis of the entire color plan is the extensively used Minnesota Kasota stone. In color it is a variegated buff, so the wall decorations on corridors and rotunda, and the vaulting of both, are painted in colors complementary to this warm yellow. There are many strong colors used—a great deal of Pompeian red, deep blue, and gold—but the coloring is so blended that the whole effect is quiet in tone.

The great staircases of the rotunda are resplendent with mar-

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bles—Hauteville and Echaillon from France, Skyros from Greece, and Old Convent Siena and Breche Violette from Italy. In the large spandrels over the four arches of the rotunda are placed paintings by Mr. E. E. Simmons, representing: "The American Genius guided by Wisdom, following Hope"; "Wisdom banishing Savagery"; "Wisdom Breaking the Ground"; and "Wisdom as Minnesota, distributing her products." Between the twelve windows of the dome are panels decorated in deep blue by Mr. Garnsey, and in the small lunettes over each window he has painted the signs of the Zodiac.

**A**LL the first story corridor walls have panels in Pompeian red, bordered with yellow. The ground of the vaulted ceiling is painted in a tone relative to the trimmings of Kasota stone. The decorations are bands of grain and fruit in dull greens, reds and yellows, interspersed with circles and panels in blue or violet. The Governor's reception room is Venetian in style. It has a high oak wainscot with elaborate carving in dull gold. The remaining wall space and the ceiling are finished in gold. There are to be, in all, six historical paintings for this room. Two are already placed upon the walls: "The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux," by Mr. F. D. Millet, and "The Discovery of the Falls of St. Anthony," by Mr. Douglas Volk. The other four now being painted will represent Minnesota in Civil War scenes. The subjects are: "The Minnesota Regiment at Nashville," by Howard Pyle; "The First Regiment at Gettysburg," by Rufus F. Zogbaum; "The Fourth Regiment at Vicksburg," by F. D. Millet; and "The Second Regiment at Mission Ridge," by Douglas Volk.

In the second story corridors the same color scheme of deep blue, gold, and red, is carried out with different detail of decoration. There are two rows of panels along the walls between the pilasters. On the upper gilded panels are inscribed in letters of red quotations from the orations and writings of distinguished Americans, some of them being from statesmen born and reared on Minnesota soil. Pompeian red is the background of the other row of panels, bordered with decorations of grain, flowers and fruit, typical of the northwestern section of our country. All of these corridor decorations are the work of Mr. Garnsey.

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On this floor are the Senate Chamber, the Supreme Court Room, and the House of Representatives. Over the entrance to the Supreme Court Room is a large lunette by Mr. Kenyon Cox, representing, "Contemplation, Law, and Letters." Over the Senate entrance is another by Mr. H. O. Walker, in which are also three figures typifying, "Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow." Twelve other small paintings in these halls were designed by Mr. Garnsey, and, under his guidance, painted by Mr. Arthur R. Willett. These lunettes represent,—Milling, Stone Cutting, Winnowing, Commerce, Mining, Navigation, Hunting, The Pioneer, Sowing, Dairy Maid, Logging, and Horticulture.

The Senate Chamber is a square room finished in French Fleur de Peche marble, with its creamy ground and violet coloring; the furniture is mahogany and the leading colors in the decorations are ivory and gold with some old blue. Two beautiful mural paintings by Mr. E. H. Blashfield are placed in this Chamber: "The Discoverers and the Civilizers led to the Source of the Mississippi," and "Minnesota, the Grain State." Four other compositions, Freedom, Courage, Justice and Equality and the general decorations are the work of Mr. Garnsey.

The Senate Retiring Room—or recess room—is long and narrow with fireplaces at the ends, built of red Numidian marble. The ceiling is decorated with three medallions painted in violet-blue against a dull gold ground. The walls are wainscoted with oak and the panels above are a deep crimson and gold.

In the Supreme Court Room have just been placed the last two of the four great mural paintings by Mr. John La Farge. These are historical symbolisms typifying different periods in the development of law. Over the Judge's bench is the first of the series,—“The Moral and Divine Law; Moses receives the Law on Mt. Sinai.” On the opposite wall is the second,—“The Relation of the Individual to the State: Socrates and his friends discuss ‘The Republic,’ as in Plato's account.” At the right of the Supreme bench is placed the third,—“The Recording of Precedents: Confucius and his pupils collate and transcribe documents in their favorite grove.” And at the left is the final painting,—“The Adjustment of Conflicting Interests: Count Raymond of Toulouse swears at the altar to observe the liberties of the City, in the presence of the Bishops.” The series is

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considered by many to be the finest expressions of this preëminent American painter. As for the other decorations of this important room, the small dome in gold and a sparing use of gilt elsewhere, the Vermont white marble, and the mahogany furniture, make up the intentional simplicity of its general scheme.

**T**HE plan of the House of Representatives is semi-circular. The ceiling has a ground of gold. There is a frieze around the skylight ornamented in green, red and ivory, and the remainder of the ceiling has designs of foliage, emblems and eagles painted in the same tones. The walls are a gray-red, edged with a subdued yellow. The galleries have walls and ceiling in dull blue. Quotations from two of our country's great patriots are lettered in gold on the gallery arch over the desk of the Speaker. Two immense figures, "Record" and "History," on this side of the room, were designed by Mr. Garnsey and painted by Mr. W. A. Mackay. White Vermont marble and mahogany furniture,—found in the other rooms—are again used here.

The coloring of the House Retiring Room is somewhat similar to that of the Senate Retiring Room. The mantel and fireplace are red Numidian marble. The visible beams of the ceiling are painted in gold and the spaces between them are in old blue. Above the oak wainscot, instead of the crimson and gold panelled walls, as in the other retiring room, there is a wide frieze with a delightfully painted forest scene of trees, foliage, and flowers, that gives a tapestry-like appearance to the walls. "Measure not dispatch by the time of sitting but by the advancement of business," from Francis Bacon, is inscribed on a scroll above the mantelpiece.

In the dome corridors are panels representing Summer, Autumn, Winter and Spring, and four large lunettes typifying Mining, Transportation, Agriculture, and Stockraising—all by Mr. Garnsey. The individual paintings of the decorative arrangement are not alone of artistic value. Many will, for generations, serve as subjects for serious study. Most of them are either symbolically or realistically historical. Some are purely of one type, some a mingling of the two. Others are entirely allegorical.

## TOWN OR COUNTRY, FROM THE RUSTIC RENAISSANCE: BY GODFREY BLOUNT



FEW prophets of the simple life will deny that the revival of handicrafts is an integral factor in the larger Revival of the Future, and must be advocated, if with no anticipation of its becoming an immediate and general means of livelihood, yet as an educational influence of the greatest importance even at a time like the present, when our boasted industrial development has made it almost impossible for the handworker to compete with the factory in the production of anything useful, and in which the art of every old-fashioned industry threatens to become lost.

We are certainly beginning to realize how deeply our characters must be modified by the conditions under which our work is done, and that no amount of apparent economic advantage, whether to employer, employed, or the public at large, under the *régime* of the machine, can compensate for the loss of that true dignity and general intelligence which are only possible when the worker is free in the truest sense of the word. In other words, the question at issue, the question of hand labor as opposed to machinery, does not so much relate to the labor as to the laborer, not so much to capital, which is merely the tool, as to those who handle it. But few will take so serious a view of the case as myself. We live in an age in which the most desperate views of life jostle with anticipations of the most triumphant future. I am of neither party, because I am of both. I dare to criticize the present because I trust to the future; but I do not forget that the good times coming, for which I hope, must be the fruit of thought and action born of to-day.

The Handicraft movement is then to my mind intensely significant. That organized efforts to popularize handwork should be made in these days of triumphant mechanism is in itself a wonderful paradox; for how could anyone in his senses advocate a return to a practice diametrically opposed to what we honestly believed to be the path of progress, unless he recognized in it the first symptom of a revulsion of feeling which heralds a change in public opinion and conduct? If the finger of true civilization pointed unmistakably to the greater elaboration and the more extensive use of machinery, what excuse could be found for childish tinkering with discarded tools? It is true that the promoters of handicraft among



## TOWN OR COUNTRY

our peasantry adduce poor enough arguments to explain their purpose, such as its counteracting attraction to the public-house, the supplementing of exiguous wages, the occupation of winter evenings with the ingenious manufacture of useless knickknacks which it is not worth the machine's while to exploit. These are some of the inadequate arguments used to defend and explain the first signs of a wave of feeling which is probably all the stronger because it has grown spontaneously out of the nation's instinct for greater social health, and not in answer to a distinct appeal or for an isolated reason.

**T**HIS way of answering an unvoiced but none the less strong demand has been, it seems to me, characteristic of most great movements. If we do not, for instance, after nearly two thousand years, realize the exact want which Christianity supplied, and the exact message it has for us, still we instinctively feel that it did and does supply both, and will do so more and more as we learn to understand its principles, so that my only fear is not that I shall exaggerate, but that I may underrate, the motives of a movement in which we ought all to be deeply interested; not as a new method which one or two here and there can adopt to escape the cruel and vicarious sacrifice of the many for the few, which our civilization demands, but the very solution and conqueror of this un-Christian civilization itself, which, unless we solve it, will crush everybody in its indiscriminating grasp.

I maintain then that the Handicraft movement is much more serious and far-reaching than has yet been guessed, in spite of the amateurishness with which a great deal of it may certainly be charged. The ordinary conception of handicraft in a mechanical age like the present involves two ideas; the idea of making things by hand, and the idea of making them pretty. This appears to me a fairly accurate definition of the movement's quite laudable ambition, and a definition, too, which hides in it more than meets the eye, as I think we shall soon discover.

But people say, and say with some reason, that it neither makes useful things nor makes them particularly attractive; and this, they say, is because all useful things are made by machines and all pretty things by professional artists. This is a disheartening criticism more often inferred than expressed, and it is the more dangerous because, in a way, it has almost become a truth. The things we use are, as a

## TOWN OR COUNTRY

matter of fact, almost invariably made by machines; the things we admire, pictures, poems, plays, are the work of a profession of artists. We have come to believe that this is a satisfactory, or, at any rate, an inevitable state of things. It has a scientifically complete look about it, as if we had struck the bed-rock and arrived at a workable hypothesis about these matters; and yet it is just this complacent formula, this glib hypothesis, that we must deny and reject, for it has never yet been entirely true, and, pray God, may never become so.

**U**SEFUL things never used to be made by machines till machines were invented to make them; pretty things were never made for the public by a profession solely devoted to æsthetics, till the ordinary artisan had given up making them instinctively himself. The flaw that lies at the bottom of this formula, however, and which contaminates and retards the revival of handicraft, is that useful things and pretty things have nothing necessarily to do with each other; and the first law of any real revival and lasting renaissance of handwork, as opposed to machine work, is that such a distinction should cease to exist, and that a really useful thing must be considered a pretty one, and a thing which has no real use must be considered an ugly one.

Those of us who are in earnest, including perhaps a few politicians, are beginning to see that this country can only be saved, physically, mentally, and spiritually, by cultivating it. Soon we shall also realize that if a return to the land is the correct cure for over-crowding in the towns, the object of cultivating the land will not be the feeding of the towns but starving them, and the feeding of the new peasantry; and that only so far as the towns are making useful things, useful, that is to say, to the countryman, will the countryman consent to support the towns.

It is a question entirely of where you will have your population, in the country or in the town. You cannot have it in both, healthily, at the same time, and the mistake people make is that when they talk and think about the future, they don't seem able to see that these huge festers of manufacturing cities are quite unnecessary to the nation's true welfare or happiness, and persist in imagining that the agricultural revival will be perpetually saddled with the weight of them.

A return to the country must imply the decay of the town. If it

## TOWN OR COUNTRY

does not imply this it can be no true return. A return to the country with the corresponding decline of the town, must also mean a return to simplicity and handicraft, because, when the town ceases to be a burden on the countryman's back, he will have to make what he wants *by hand* in the country instead of having them made by machinery in town.

But, above all, a return to the country means the determination to be thorough-bred peasants and not mongrel ones. What we are most of us secretly hoping may happen is to be able to play at peasants, like Marie Antoinette, and live in garden cities that will combine all the advantages of town and country life, with the disadvantages of neither. Garden cities may be capital investments and convenient suburbs for people with hobbies and for week-end visitors; but no solution for the danger that has us by the throat, which is eating our heart out. The rural depopulation is our punishment, call it misfortune if you like; the city is our sin. No national revival or revivification is possible till we repent of our sin and return with some sort of conviction to the manners, if not to the faith, of our forefathers.

**T**HAT theory which I suppose our patriots of the manufacturing type hold, that our population is to be supported in its industrial slavery or artificial idleness by huge farms over sea worked first by foreign labor and finally by steam, has been so ruthlessly disemboweled by Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera" that we need not stay to discuss it. I only refer to it to prevent our associating the Revival of Handicrafts merely with a fashionable reaction against the machine's invasion of the domains of art, while all the time we are consciously or unconsciously furthering that invasion of the whole domain of life. Our instinct is beginning to rise in revolt against the great modern doctrine that use and beauty have nothing to do with one another. Each of these is a test as well as a definition of the other. What is really useful must also be beautiful. What is really beautiful must be useful too. God created it and called it good.

Nothing is more perplexing to the would-be reformer than the reverence people pay to a new custom as soon as its novelty has worn off. One would imagine, to hear people talk, that the industrial revolution of the last few decades has been a gradual evolution extending over eras of civilization. They laugh, such is their confidence,

## TOWN OR COUNTRY

at any serious plea for a simpler life as if it were a prehistoric ideal or insane prophecy, while as a matter of fact its memory should still be green; and then they proceed to build, on their own account, Utopias, whose realization would involve an infinitely greater change than any we poor reactionaries advocate, not only in the customs of our lives, but in the very constitution of our souls.

Scarcely a generation has passed away since those alterations began to take place in all our industries which, to their champion's imaginations, are going to set at naught the instincts and experiences of ages. Stretching back from the beginning of the century, so bedizened with euphemistic clap-trap, which we have just escaped from, for century beyond century, civilization beyond civilization, disgraced at times no doubt, as in Greece and Egypt, by conditions of production somewhat analogous to our own (results of slavery almost as stringent as that we uphold to-day), there has existed an unbroken understanding, or what used to be called a tradition, that what men made for their use should also be, nay, necessarily was, grateful to their eyes. A unity in manufacture existed, a loving and living partnership between the making of a thing and the making it beautiful; or rather, for even that gives a wrong impression, it was taken for granted that every artisan was also an artist, less by training and education than by instinct and the force of tradition and environment; and it was expected of him that what his hand fashioned his fancy should also grace.



## IDEALS

The Artist sat in the twilight's gloom,  
In his tapestried studio;  
With an open book, that he could not read  
By the flickering firelight's glow.

He murmured softly unto himself,  
"We are fallen on evil days,  
"For the trail of the serpent, which is of gold,  
"Disfigureth all our ways.

"We lend for hire the skill of our hands,  
"And we paint the commonplace;  
"The trite, the false and the tawdry things,  
"That appeal to a vulgar race.

"But I will paint for mine own delight,  
"The ideal of womanhood;  
"Supreme in grace, in beauty and form,  
"And joying in all things good."

Then through the world with his heart aflame,  
Like a shepherd seeking his sheep,  
He sought for the one who should bear alive  
The beauty he saw in his sleep.

The dreamy East to his longing eyes  
Let down the veil that she wore;  
The North and the South and the busy West,  
Laid bare the gems that they bore.

Yet, they showed him not what his soul desired,  
So he stayed him from the quest;  
And with eager hands, he took from each  
The part that he deemed the best.

From the West he filched the eyes of brown  
And the wavy sun-lit hair;  
From the South, the mouth with the scarlet lips,  
From the North, the bosom fair.

## IDEALS

In the Tropics he gained the rounded arm  
With the slender tapering hand;  
And the poise of languorous charm he caught  
In a far off sun-drenched land.

Till when Autumn came with her frosty nights,  
And crimson the foliage glowed,  
The dream that he dreamed was realized  
In the form that the picture showed.

And he called aloud to the Lover, "Come,  
"Behold the ideal portrayed;  
"Hast ever thy fancy conceived the half  
"Of the beauty here displayed?"

The Lover gazed for a little space,  
Then said, "Thou hast labored in vain,  
"For in the perfection of all its parts  
"Thou has lost what thou hopèd to gain.

"While the eyes of all who behold thy work  
"Shall charmed by its beauty be,  
"Their hearts and their minds will remain unmoved,  
"Through its lack of reality."

"Why prate of the real," the Artist cried,  
"Can it match the ideal in worth?  
"Can beauty be weighed by the actual,  
"Or bound down by thongs to Earth?"

"If thou worshipest only, the Thing that Is,  
"At the last thou wilt humbly bend,  
"At the shrine of the fruit of a worn-out world,  
"And it, as ideal, defend."

"Hast thou never heard," the Lover replied,  
"Of that, which is callèd Love?  
"My ideal is she whom I kissed last night,  
"While the stars looked down from above."

—O. R. Howard Thomson

# A LANDSCAPE PAINTER WHO HAS DISCOVERED THE COLOR VALUES OF WESTERN PLAINS: BY CLARA RUGE



PAINTERS of landscape are beginning at last to realize that riches hitherto undreamed-of await them in the western plains. The picture which received the gold medal at the exhibition this year of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, was "Arizona," a painting by Albert L. Groll. It is only a stretch of desert and sky and low-lying hills, but it glows like a gem with the indescribable, never-to-be-forgotten color of the Colorado Desert. To people who know nothing of the west except by description, the purple hills, copper and golden wastes of sand, dull grayish patches of sage-brush and mesquite, and pitiless, burning blue sky, seem like the exaggeration of extreme impressionism, but to those familiar with the desert, the blaze of color that dominates the picture almost to the exclusion of a sense of form, is absolute realism

Closely following the Academy Exhibition at Philadelphia, a private exhibition of Mr. Groll's work was given at the Schaus art gallery in New York. Here was shown an interesting group of the desert pictures, together with other examples of the artist's more familiar work here in the east. These earlier paintings show the awakening of perception and power of expression that has enabled him to depict so vividly the very heart of the west. They are studies of the familiar atmospheric effects of dawn, twilight, moonlight, mist, sunshine, starlight,—every mood and change of the day as it is seen at Cape Cod, Sandy Hook, Provincetown, or in Prospect Park and the urban and sophisticated Central Park. One especially noteworthy picture is as characteristic of night in the east as "Arizona" is of noon-day in the west. It bears the name of "The Milky Way," and was awarded a silver medal by the International jury at the St. Louis Exposition. The canvas shows simply a stretch of sand dunes at Provincetown,—gray and mysterious under a night sky thickly sown with stars. That is all, and yet there is majesty and mystery,—the feeling of the cool, quiet night and of the near sea lying tranquil under the stars. The strange gloaming light is so clear in its darkness that details seem to take shape under a steady gaze, as when the eyes become so used to the gloom that dimly-seen objects grow visible.

The same effect of clear darkness is seen in a picture of a little



PORTRAIT OF ALBERT L. GROLL





*Albert L. Groll*

"THE SANDSTORM"



*Albert L. Groll*

"ARIZONA," WINNER OF GOLD MEDAL FOR THE BEST LANDSCAPE  
AT PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY EXHIBITION



*Albert L. Groll*

"HARMONY IN SILVER"



*Albert L. Groll*

"A VILLAGE IN PENNSYLVANIA"



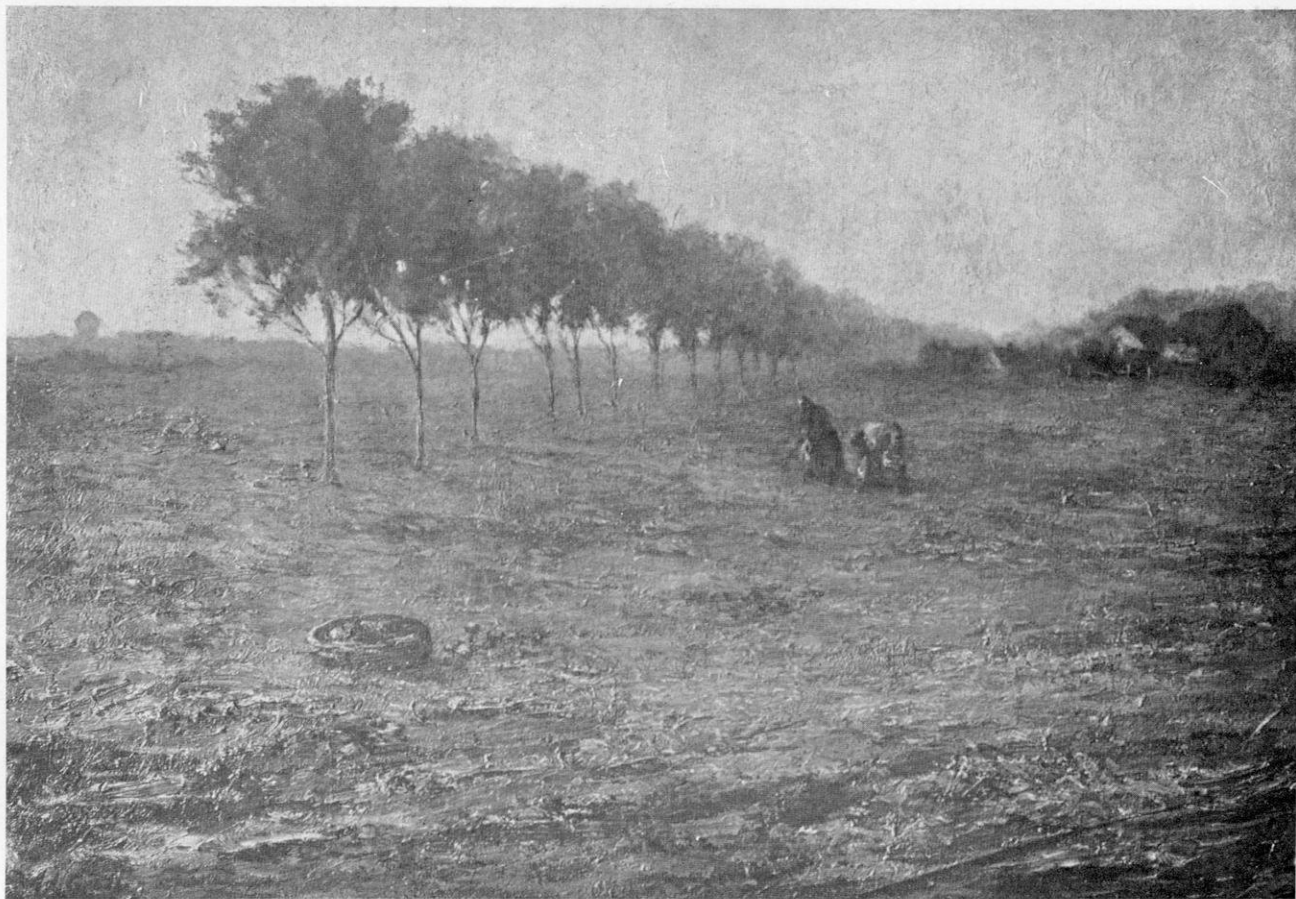
*Albert L. Groll*

"A BIT OF SANDY HOOK"



*Albert L. Groll*

"THE SILVER MOON"



*Albert L. Groll*

"THE GLEANERS"

## A PAINTER OF AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

lake in Central Park, only it is twilight instead of night. This picture is all green,—the strange, dark green of trees and grass in the half-light after the sun has gone down,—and its whole feeling is that of rest and coolness at the close of the day. Still more mysterious is a bit of meadow-land, shaded only by a thin, scattered row of slim young trees, and all bathed in the clear light of the full moon. It is just after a shower, and the silver light seems to bring a subdued sparkle from everything it touches.

The dawn-picture called "A Harmony in Silver" is the artist's own favorite of all his earlier work. It is well named, for it is an indeterminate mass of faint, silvery grays and greens, with hints of mother-of-pearl in the mists of early morning through which a suggestion of the landscape is dimly seen. The birches in the foreground form a rarely good bit of composition. In "A Bit of Sandy Hook" appears again the distinctive atmosphere of the eastern coast, with its cold greens and grays and the watery blue of its sky.

**I**T was because of his feeling for the subdued atmospheric effects of the east that the artist friends of Mr. Groll were inclined to think that his decision to go to the desert of Arizona and New Mexico with Prof. Stuart Culin of the Brooklyn Institute, would be merely a waste of time. Mr. Groll felt himself that his journey to the west meant only a much needed vacation, but his first glimpse of the desert, with its low-lying, almost monotonous forms and its flaming colors, set him almost feverishly at work lest he should lose something of the miracle of this new world that awaited an interpreter. He worked constantly for the three months of his stay, bringing home innumerable sketches and suggestions, and some finished pictures. Since his return to New York, the spell of the west has remained as potent as when he made his first sketches, and to this the art world owes "Arizona," and the group of blazing canvases, small and large, that formed the principal feature of the private exhibition in New York.

To all except a very few, the Arizona Desert has remained an undiscovered country to landscape artists, and any true picturing of it seems like glimpses of another world. Mr. Groll's virile handling of his colors, while it never oversteps the bounds which divide truth from exaggeration, is yet startling in its daring. In "The Sand-



## A PAINTER OF AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

storm" is an example of this fearlessness that is more striking even than in the tiny canvases that glow like flames with untempered purples, coppers, vermilions and blues. The air is filled with the whirling sand, sucked up in great sheets by the wind, and in this cloud is all the color of the desert showing through the dun shadow of the flying sand,—and a part of it. A glimpse of low purple hills is in the background, and the deep blue sky is felt, rather than seen, above and through the sand-cloud. Flaming sunlight filters through everything, increasing, rather than softening, the menace of the storm.

Another remarkable effect is obtained in "The Rising Sand-storm," where the light is less obscured, but where the sense of terror and resistless power is even greater, because more subtle and imaginative. Still more daring is "The Rainbow,"—such a rainbow as is never seen except in the mercilessly clear air of the desert. It is no gracious, delicately-tinted arch, but the end of a straight, many-colored flame, of which the upper end is lost in a lowering storm-cloud. The desert is shown in all its moods, placid or savage, bold or mellow, and to this visitor of three short months it has given up the secrets of its strange charm, withheld from painters for so many years.

Mr. Groll is still in the early thirties. Of German descent, he is a New Yorker by birth. Most of his student years were spent in Munich, where he paid much more attention to figure painting than to landscape. His preference, however, gradually turned more and more in the direction of landscape, both because it was more in the line of natural expression for him, and also for the more material reason that, in the early days of his struggle for recognition, there came a time when he could not afford models for figure pieces. Like most troubles and deprivations, this was a blessing under a somewhat harsh disguise, for it forced the young artist to find his models in the trees and rivers, hills and fields, where all beauty is free to him who has eyes to see, and so he came to his own.



## THE SCARLET TRAILS

C RIMSON and gold in the paling sky;  
The rampikes black where they tower on high,—  
And we follow the trails in the early dawn  
Through the glades where the white frosts lie.

Down where the flaming maples meet;  
Where the leaves are blood before our feet;  
We follow the lure of the twisting paths  
While the air tastes thin and sweet.

Leggings and jackets are drenched with dew;  
The long twin barrels are cold and blue;  
But the glow of the Autumn burns in our veins,  
And our eyes and hands are true.

Where the sun drifts down from overhead,  
(Tangled gleams in the scarlet bed)  
Rush of wings through the forest aisle—  
And the leaves are a brighter red.

Loud drum the cocks in the thickets nigh;  
Grey is the smoke where the ruffed grouse die.  
There's blackened shells in the trampled ferns  
When the white moon swims the sky.

—*Lloyd Roberts*

## THE SCULPTURED JEWELRY OF AN AUSTRIAN ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN

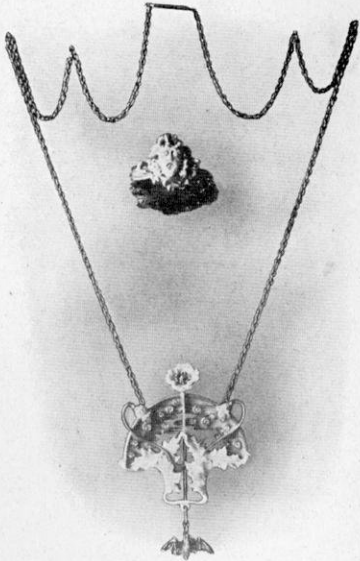
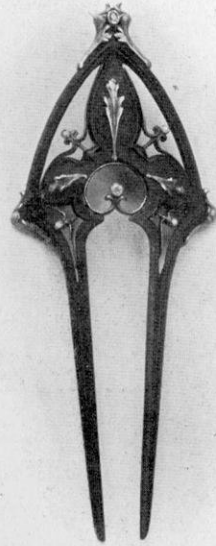
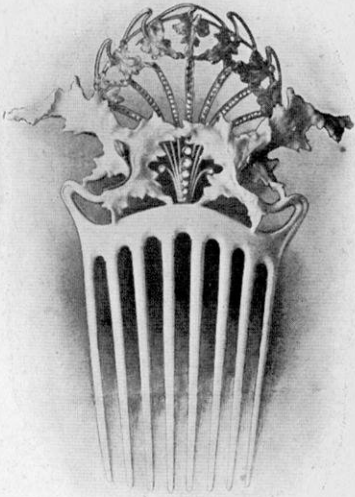


OWHERE among the many phases of the New Art movement, both in Europe and in this country, is found a keener feeling for the beauty that results from harmony between the uses of an object and its form and decoration, than in the work of some of the modern artist-jewelers. Under the leadership of Lalique and his fellows, a truer perception of the meaning of ornament, so familiar to both craftsmen and laymen in the days of purer and more natural taste, is beginning to dominate even the commercial spirit of our own age. A jewel is no longer regarded as fulfilling its entire mission if it expresses simply the extravagant sum it may have cost; it must be an *objet d'art*, made of materials that best express the thought that is to be worked out in metal or stone, and harmonizing with the purpose for which it is intended and with the individuality of the wearer.

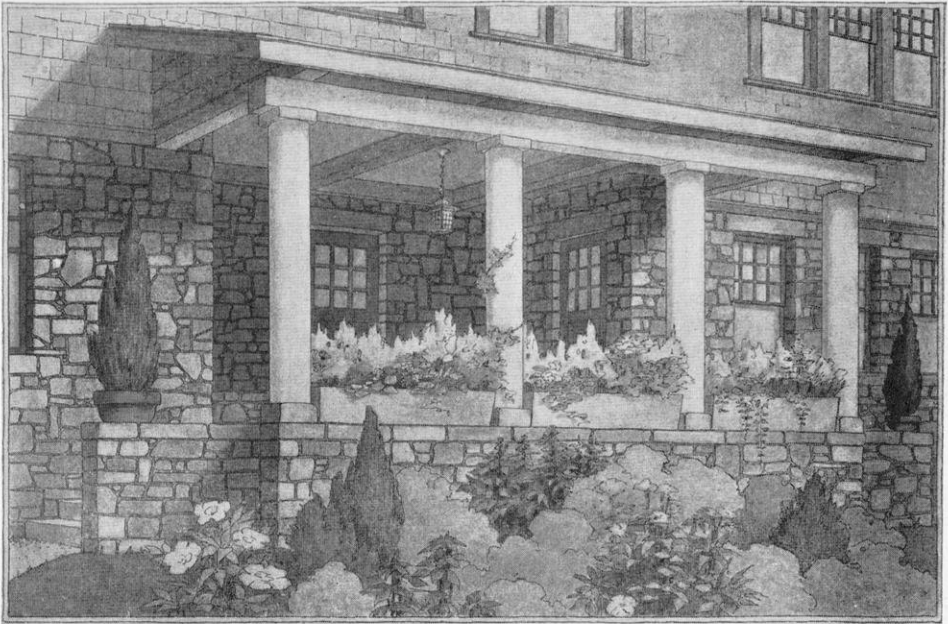
A young craftsman, whose work in this medium is gaining recognition for its originality and a certain sculpturesque quality, is Max Peinlich, an Austrian who received his training in the Imperial Museum of Arts and Crafts in Vienna and in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. His early bent toward sculpture soon changed to a more decided talent for the delicate, miniature effects of the jeweler's art, and he began, under the tuition of Gaillard, to work out his ideas of beauty by means of ivory, metal and gems.

Coming to America, he worked without gaining any wide recognition until the International Exhibition at St. Louis, where a case of jewels of his design and execution attracted much attention because of the force and originality of the ideas expressed and a certain plastic element in the workmanship that gave almost the effect of sculpture in miniature. It is reminiscent also of the sculptor's training that Mr. Peinlich prefers to work as much as possible in ivory and gold, producing jewels that are really tiny chryselephantine sculptures enriched with enamel and gems.

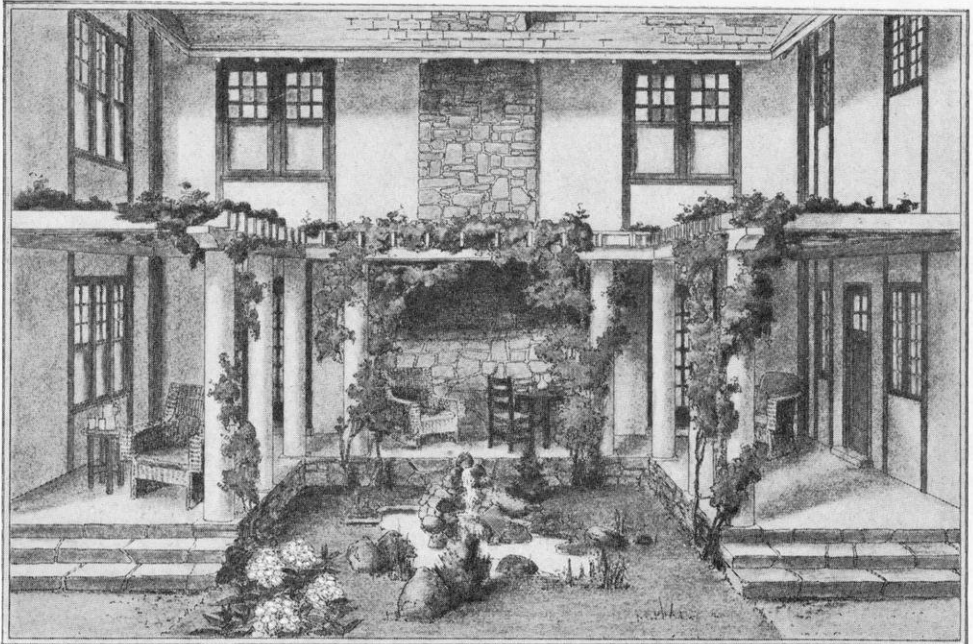
For instance, one pendant called "Night" shows a bat chiseled in gold, with poppy leaves and blossoms of ivory, and a small piece of dark-blue translucent enamel set with tiny diamonds to represent the starry sky. A comb made entirely of carved ivory and gold shows also the poppy leaves delicately carved. Another comb that is distinctly Gothic in form is made of ebony, relieved with gold and oxydized silver, and set with turquoises and diamonds.



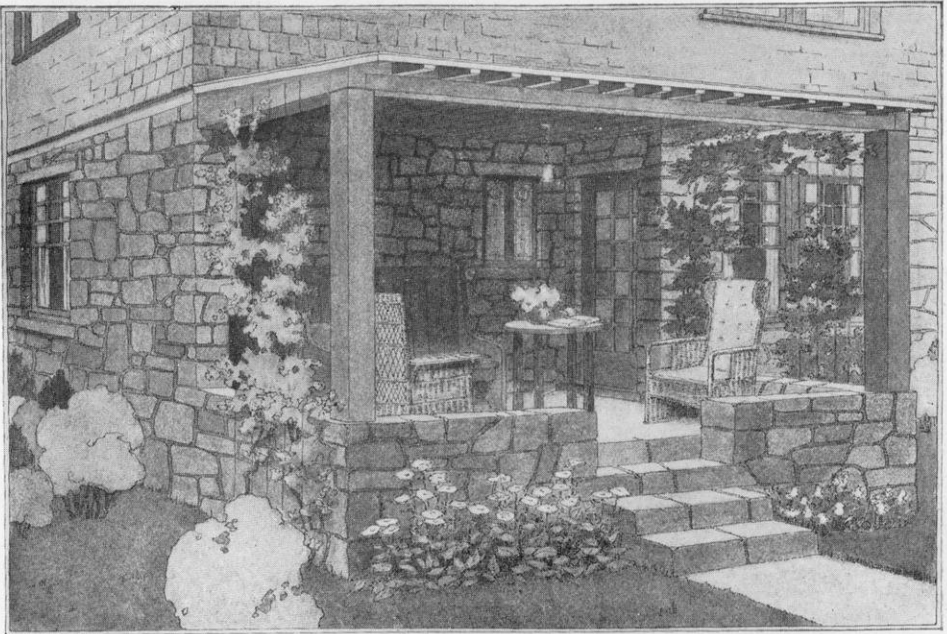
COMBS AND PENDANTS WROUGHT  
BY MAX PEINLICH



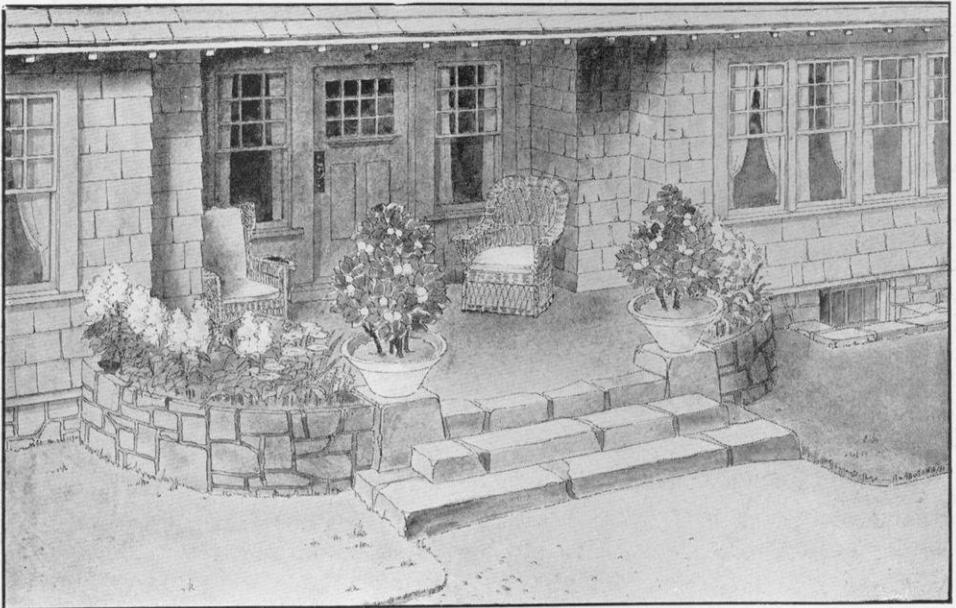
AN ENTRANCE PORCH SHELTERED BY COPINGS AND FLOWER-BOXES



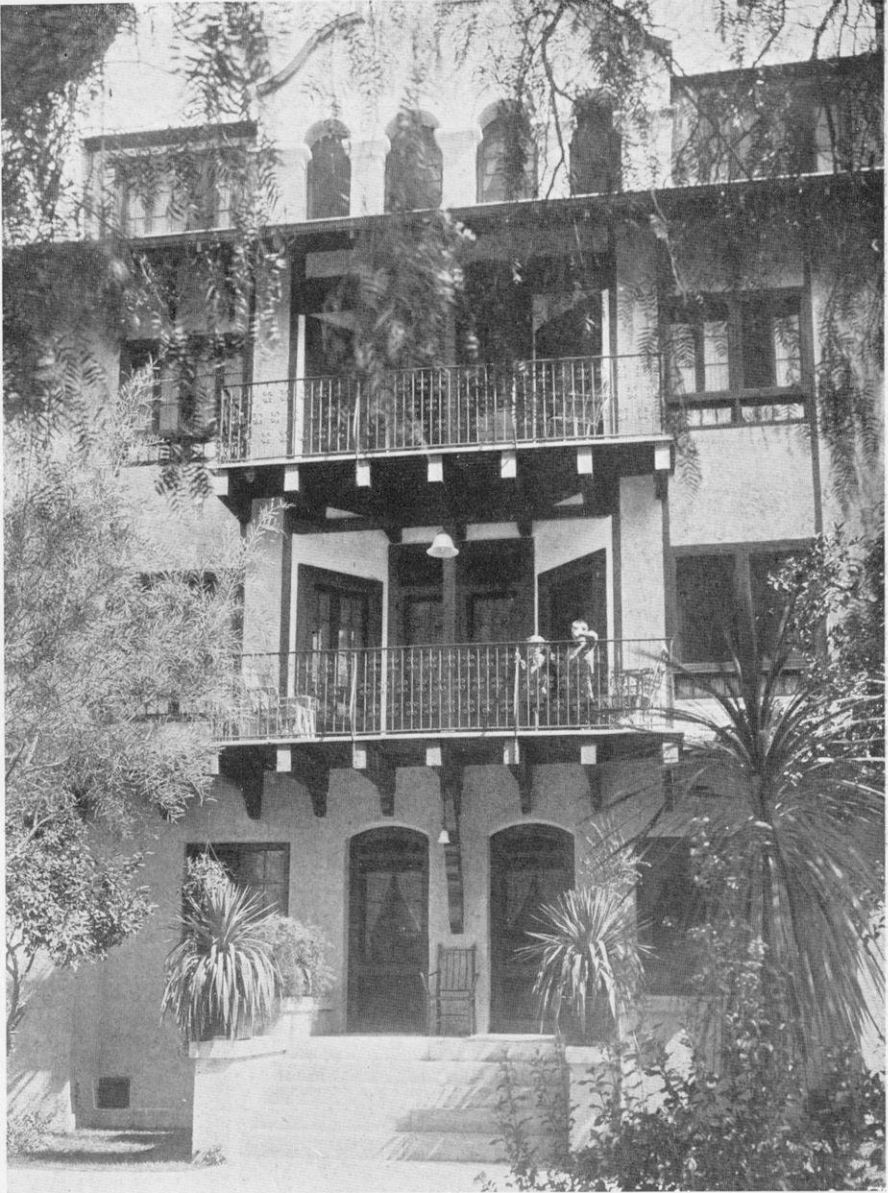
THE PERGOLA IS LIKE A SHELTERED NOOK OF THE GARDEN



AN OUTDOOR LIVING-ROOM CAN BE MADE OF THE RECESSED PORCH



THE OPEN-TERRACED PORCH IS A LINK CONNECTING HOUSE AND GARDEN



ONE END OF WING SHOWING BALCONIES,  
GLENWOOD HOTEL, RIVERSIDE, CAL.

## PORCHES, PERGOLAS AND BALCONIES, AND THE CHARM OF PRIVACY OUT OF DOORS



GERMAN critic has well said: "The Americans live on the street." This is less a truth than it was a decade or so ago, but it is still a truth. The charm of seclusion, so immediately felt in foreign homes, is only beginning to be recognized in this country. In the great majority of city, suburban, and even country houses, verandas, porches and balconies are built at the front, and gardens are open to the inspection of every passer-by. As far as it goes, this is a good idea, in that it makes for additional architectural and civic beauty when a house must be placed near to the street, but the real use and beauty of such things lie in the opportunities they afford to the inmates of the house for free life out of doors. A front garden adds much to the attractiveness of the street as well as of the dwelling, but there its usefulness ends; a front porch or veranda makes a most desirable entrance as well as a charming architectural feature, but it can hardly be used as an outdoor living room, which, after all, is the real use of a veranda.

If a house is so situated that it cannot be set well back in ample and well-sheltered grounds, there is at least room for a yard at the back or side. If this yard is made into a garden, where chairs and tables seem to belong as naturally as in the house, and hammocks may be swung from the trees, the business and pleasure of daily life may go on as freely in the open air and sunshine as within the four walls of the house. If the largest porches and balconies look out upon this garden instead of on the street, the whole feeling about living much out of doors will be changed. In spite of the frankness with which the passing public is taken into the confidence of the average American home, which is largely the result of not thinking about it, there is a charm in the privacy so gained that is recognized as soon as it is felt. The green quiet of the garden affords a much pleasanter outlook to one who is quietly working, reading or chatting with friends, than the shifting panorama of the street, where distractions are of momentary occurrence, and there is also the sense of restfulness in not being obliged to live one's daily life on parade.

In these days, when the question of light and air is of so much importance in the planning of a home, the tendency is more and more toward the provision of ample room for as much open-air life as



## PORCHES, PERGOLAS AND BALCONIES

possible. In all the Craftsman houses, as well as in the best modern dwellings of other styles, the veranda, whether open in summer or enclosed for a sun room in winter, is one of the prominent features. Partly for convenience in enclosing with glass if desired, but mainly to ensure the pleasant sense of privacy that means such a large part of the comfort of home, these porches or verandas are usually recessed so that they are partially protected by the walls of the house, and are further sheltered by the stone copings and flower boxes. In a front porch which must serve as a living porch as well as an entrance, this expedient often acts as a screen, and with the aid of a generous growth of vines, serves as a very satisfactory shelter from the street. Where there is also a garden veranda, it can be made into the most charming outdoor living or dining-room both for summer and for mild days in winter by being so recessed and protected that it is like a summer-house or an outdoor room always open to the sun and air.

For warm weather exclusively, the open, terraced porch seems like a link to connect the garden with the house,—essentially a part of both. Especially is this the case with the terraced porch shown in the illustration, where a flower border is carried around the top of the curved coping and the recess is merely a shallow nook. This idea is also expressed in the pergola shown around three sides of the small inner court of a bungalow. The vines which, clambering over the beams at the top, form the only roof, admit a flicker of sunlight through their shade that adds to the feeling that this is only a sheltered nook of the garden, and yet it is essentially a veranda which is a part of the house.

In the illustration of the balconies which appear in a hotel built on the Mission plan in Southern California, the recess is used with especially good effect to form an outdoor sitting-room for each inner room. The shallow projection not only adds to the structural beauty of the balcony, but admits the direct rays of the sun to those who desire a sun bath, while the recess seems almost a part of the inner room.

**W**ITH the seclusion of verandas and porches from publicity, far more latitude in furnishing is allowed. Outdoor living and dining-rooms, to be homelike and comfortable, should be equipped with all that is necessary for daily use, so as to avoid the

## PORCHES, PERGOLAS AND BALCONIES

carrying back and forth tables, chairs, etc., as when the veranda is used only occasionally. It goes without saying that the furniture should be plain and substantial, fitted for the more rugged outdoor life and able to stand the weather. Indian rugs or Navajo blankets lend a touch of comfort and cheer, and the simple designs and primitive colors harmonize as well with trees and vines and the open sky as they do with their native wigwams. If the sunlight is too strong, the rolling shade of Japanese split bamboo is not only useful but decorative in these outdoor rooms, and willow chairs and settles seem to belong naturally to life in the garden. A few light tables, convenient and easy to move, a book-rack or two, and plenty of hammocks, add to the sense of peace and permanency that is the atmosphere of the veranda when it is put to its right use.

For the dining porch, a table can easily be made that is not only large enough to seat a fairly numerous party at meal-times, but can be put aside without difficulty when a clear space is desired. This is simply a table-top made of smoothed and stained boards put together to form a table of the size desired and set upon two horses or trestles finished in the same way. These need not be reminders of the carpenter's trestles, for when made in oak or chestnut and well finished, the whole structure is decorative as well as simple, and is especially fitted for outdoor use. When the meal is over, the table can be cleared and the top set up sidewise against the wall, with the trestles behind it or stacked one upon the other in a corner. Such a table can be taken out under the trees if the fancy seizes the hostess to serve luncheon or dinner in the garden, and the convenience of it will more than pay for its cost in one summer's use.

Other charming accessories to veranda life are the hanging baskets and flower boxes that bring into it the atmosphere of the garden, and the vines that form the real connecting link between the surroundings of outdoor and indoor life. For a front porch these are indispensable on account of the shelter they afford, and their presence adds greatly to the charm of the back or garden veranda.

## TELLING HISTORY BY PHOTOGRAPHS. RECORDS OF OUR NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS BEING PRESERVED BY PICTURES



WE are just waking up here in America to appreciating the big interests of our own country and to a sense of cherishing our original greatness. We are painting our plains, protecting our forests, creating game preserves, and at last—not saving the existence of the North American Indian, the most picturesque roving people on earth, but making and preserving records of them from an historical, scientific and artistic point of view.

We as a nation are not doing this. Just one man, an American, an explorer, an artist with the camera, has conceived and is carrying into execution the gigantic idea of making complete photographic and text records of the North American Indians so far as they exist in a primitive condition to-day.

Mr. Edward S. Curtis has been already working for six years on this project. The Smithsonian Institution at Washington has known about his purpose, President Roosevelt has kept in close touch with his work, ethnologists and photographers have followed his progress with interest; but until the recent exhibitions of Indian photographs and the stereopticon lectures at the Waldorf, New York, the general public has had very little idea of the scope and beauty of Mr. Curtis' intention and achievement. It has already been said in print of this work that "if Mr. Curtis lives and keeps his health for ten years he will have accumulated material for the greatest artistic and historical work in American ethnology that has ever been conceived of." Toward this end, Mr. Curtis has already fifteen hundred characteristic Indian photographs.

In the recent exhibit in New York, about two hundred prints of the thousand already made, were on the walls. But something of the purpose in making the collection is quickly felt even in this limited display. Each primitive tribe—as far as captured by Mr. Curtis' camera—is presented in its own group, with every variation of type, young and old, with home structures, environment, handicrafts, games and ceremonies presented intimately and sympathetically. These pictures tell the history, the legends, the myths, the manners and customs of a vanishing tribe as no printed page, however vivid, could set forth.



*Copyrighted 1905 by Edward S. Curtis*

"A HOPI INDIAN MATRON"  
PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. CURTIS



*Copyrighted 1905 by Edward S. Curtis*

“INDIAN CHILDREN WATER CARRIERS”  
PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. CURTIS

## TELLING HISTORY BY PHOTOGRAPHS

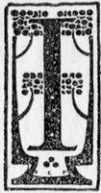
**A**ND the photographs themselves, quite apart from their historic and scientific value, show a fresh, far step in the progress of photography into the realm of fine arts. Mr. Curtis has so far improved on old methods of printing and finishing as to have practically invented processes in photographic presentation. His tones, his rough surfaced papers, his color combinations are a new art, or a new science, as one classes camera work. And to those who know nothing of methods and improvements these photographs of picturesque people, employed in primitive ways, their homes and their country, are beautiful pictures, as paintings are beautiful, because of the marvelous way in which nature is reproduced. There are most luminous atmospheric effects, a glimmer of sunlight, a deep still night, desolate plains seen through dust clouds and astonishing contrasts of light and shade as sunbeams gleam down gorges through narrow crevices.

There is apparently nothing in the way of difficulties that he cannot overcome, from the shyness of the Indian nature to illusive quality of air and sunlight. And all by tenacious labor, following insight. For a picture of three Sioux Chiefs he visited Montana three times, and cultivated his models at intervals for three years.

Mr. Curtis is first of all a craftsman, and after that equally a historian, a scientist, an artist and an understanding human being; if he collects facts, they are accurate; if he traces the civilization of Indian tribes, he is consistent; if he makes a picture, it is with the latest improvement in methods; if he wants the confidence of a tribe of people, he visits them and wins their liking and trust—so that each phase of his endeavor can stand alone; his pictures by themselves are perfect, his ethnological researches are of themselves also complete.

When his records are finished Mr. Curtis expects to have from fifteen to twenty volumes, illustrated with from one thousand to fifteen hundred of his own photographs, the text to be gathered by himself, accurate and interesting, and subject to final editing by ethnological authorities. President Roosevelt, in a letter regarding Mr. Curtis' project wrote, "I esteem it a matter of great moment that for our good fortune Mr. Curtis should have had the will and the power to preserve as he has in his pictures this strange and beautiful, and now vanishing life."

## THE MASTER WORKMAN. A STORY: BY BURTON RICHARDS



IN a long, low work-room hung with models of all sorts, at a bench in a dark corner where the sun never found his way, patiently worked a lad.

For months he had toiled on, carefully fashioning a curve, smoothing an edge, ever striving, ever hoping. Anon he questioned an old man who stood near him. He, too, was patiently toiling, though his shoulders were bent and his hands so trembling that he could not steady the tools.

"And is it truly so?" the boy said, as he had said so many times before. "If I fashion the wood my best, if I am careful here and here, if I should make a perfect work, would I see Him? Would I really look upon His face?"

"Aye, aye, Lad, I ween so," the old man made answer. "There be those that say the Master notes only a perfect work and then there be those that say He shows His face to them who only strive if so be they be earnest and faithful. I do not know, Lad," and the old man shook his head sorrowfully.

"But thou hast seen Him, the Master Workman, hast thou not?" persisted the child. "Brother Pierre said—"

"Aye, Lad," interrupted the other angrily, "Brother Pierre should not talk,—nay, nay," checking his speech,—"I will tell thee, Lad. Thou'rt fond of me?"

For answer the lad drew close to his side and pressed his head lovingly against the old man's shoulder.

"Aye, Lad," he said, "it is well," and laid down his knife and drew his iron from the edge of the fire and made as if he would sit and talk. The lad waited long in silence; when he could wait no longer, he said gently, "Why hast thou made nothing but these, Father?" pointing to rows and rows of bowls on the shelf above them. The first rows were rough, some of them imperfect to the eye, but growing each better than the last to the middle shelves, where were rows on rows of perfect shapes, fair, without blemish. Again some of the last fashioned had lost some of their grace where the trembling hands had failed in their purpose.

The old man looked up from his reverie with a glance of pride at his handiwork.

"Ah, Lad," he said, "that is the story. I will tell thee. It was

## THE MASTER WORKMAN

long, long ago in the days of my youth. I was such a lad as thou, here, I had worked long, even as thou hast, cheered by the hope of a glimpse of that marvelous face which men have been willing to die for, having once looked upon. I had questioned, even as thou hast questioned, and they had told me, even as I have told thee, that the work must be without flaw and perfect in the Master's sight. On this day I had striven from early morning to near sunset, Lad, on a flower, a single last petal of the passion flower of our Lord's crucifix. I had but just time to finish before dark and I wrought very earnestly, for who might know but that night the Master Workman would choose to come in to see our work? Just as I was fashioning an exquisite curve that made me weep for the very chasteness of its beauty,—I love the carving, Lad,—a voice called me through the window. I paid no heed, for was I not fashioning for the Master Workman? Naught should hinder. Again came the voice and this time it was the voice of a child. 'Please, for the love of God, give food.' Outside the window stood a little lad, smaller than thou, Son, and a blind old man. I cried out angrily, 'Get thee gone. I work for the Master to-day,' but yet they stood and the lad plead. I looked at the flower, every curve calling me to its perfection, then I looked at the beggars, standing there, lone and hungry. Something in my heart stirred me to help. I rose and went toward the window. Halfway I turned back, so, Lad," and he turned his head to smile full upon the boy's eager face, "so, to look at the flower, and lo, it was red, Son, crimson as the wine in the holy communion. Then I stayed no longer, but hurrying to the bench I caught up a bowl that I had begun days before, a piece of work but rudely hewn. With the chisel I clipped off a corner here, smoothed a roughness and not daring to look again at the flower I hastened to the town and returned with the bowl overflowing with food for the beggars. The old man blessed me again and again before he tasted the food but the child could scarcely wait for an 'Ave' so great was his need. I left the bowl with them. Darkness had fallen. I could work no more that night but I stole to the shop and crept in just to lay my hand on the beloved flower, to feel its beauty, to joy in the knowledge that I had made a wellnigh perfect thing. I thought, Lad, that must be worth the Master's notice. I sat by the bench, here, long, with my hand touching the precious thing, and so, sitting, I fell asleep.



## THE MASTER WORKMAN

“After long, perhaps, I woke gently, as one wakes under the skies with the breath of gentle wind. I was alone, yet a gentle Presence stirred among the woods and tools. I felt for the flower and lo, Son, again it glowed red on the crucifix like our Saviour’s blood. I looked but saw no thing. I only felt a nearness of something sweet and pure and holy. Long I waited and the flower ever grew brighter until at last the Presence stood by me, and then, a voice, Son, that spoke to me e’en as I to thee now, a voice,—ah, Son, the beauty and tenderness of that voice”—and the old man paused as if loath to frame in common speech the glory of that remembrance. The lad laid his hand gently against the old man’s cheek. He, too, was hearing the voice.

After a minute the old man resumed, looking full into the questioning eyes before him.

“Aye, Lad, thou shalt know. The voice said, ‘I have seen thy work. Well done, Son. Thy beggar’s bowl is dear to me.’”

Again the man paused and laid his hand lovingly among his tools.

“Now thou canst see, Lad, why I have made bowls. I am always striving to make a bowl that shall bring me the joy of His face. There are many poor ones, but perchance, by and by,—I shall make one,—this one even here, perchance,” and he took up the work which his aged hands were so painfully shaping.

“Ah, if I only might see Him,” the lad sighed as he turned to his bench.

**T**HROUGH the long day they toiled, the old man full of hope, patiently guiding his tools with trembling hands, for might not this be the very bowl which should gain him the loved sight of the Master?

At night the bowl was done. In the eyes of the old man it was fair indeed. The others shook their heads and some even smiled, but he was joyous. “That will surely please the Master,” he said, as he lovingly patted it and set it out on his bench that the Master should not fail to see it.

Just then there was a commotion at the other end of the room and the voice of the lad, sobbing piteously. “Ah, my cup, my beautiful cup,—I surely hoped the Master would see it, my beautiful cup, it is gone,—”

The lad had been working for days on a tiny cup, delicately curved

## THE MASTER WORKMAN

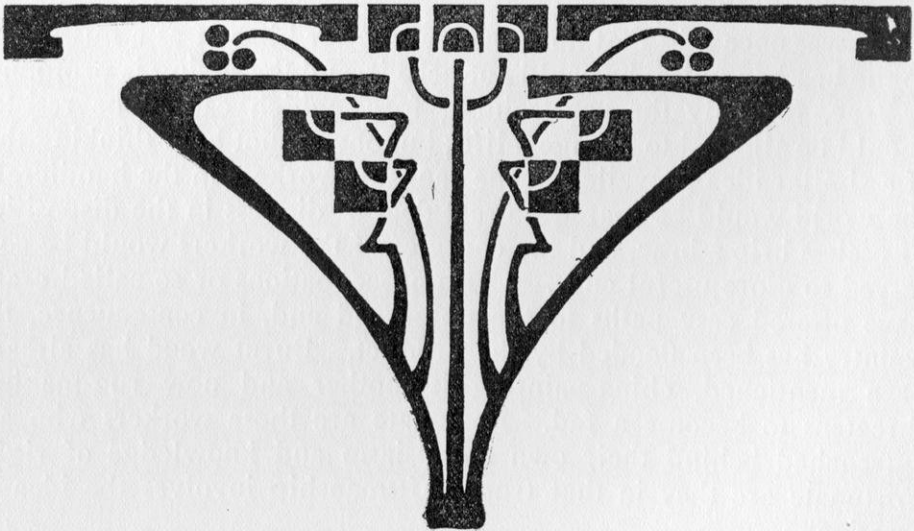
and thin to fragility, a marvel of skill for so young a workman. So beautiful was it, that the older workmen had stood by at times to watch the work. The lad had just taken it to the smoothing table and returning had but touched it lightly against a bench and had shattered it. His grief was pitiful.

“If the Master Workman comes to-night I shall have nothing on my bench, nothing for all these days,—” and his sobs arose again.

The old man turned thoughtfully toward his own bench and looked lovingly upon his bowl.

After all were gone that night, a bent figure stole into the work-room in the moonlight and hurried to the bowl. It was the old man and he had come to make the supreme sacrifice. Twice he lifted the bowl and twice he replaced it. “The lad is young,” he murmured, “and I am old. The bowl is fine, it is my best. If the lad could see the Master’s face,—but I love the lad,—” and he quickly took up the bowl and bore it tenderly to the lad’s bench and set it there. “Such a fine bowl for a lad,” he said to himself. “The Master must like it.”

Then, lest his desire should change him, he turned to hurry away. There was a stir, a glory in the room, a pæan of joy in his heart. A radiance filled the air and at last he stood face to face with the Master Workman, and in fulness of love he fell asleep there in His presence.



## THE CRAFT OF THE POTTER: BY CHARLES F. BINNS



HE wave of interest and even enthusiasm for handicraft which is sweeping through the land has touched in its passage almost every one of the applied arts in so far as they are capable of being handled by an individual who is not equipped with many tools or endowed with the skill to use them. In this enthusiasm and even endeavor there is danger. The seductions of burnt wood laid hold on a multitude of people a few years ago and printed designs were sold to be worked over with the redhot point. The result was a plethora of so-called works of art and debasement of handicraft in so far as such work was mistaken for it. In a similar way the facilities put forth by enterprising manufacturers are for the most part helps on the downward path. It is so easy to buy your designs for a hooked rug already printed upon the canvas. What if they are horses' heads or Bengal tigers, they look very attractive and when hooked over will be all "hand-work."

Genuine work is never easy. The effort is the reward, and success which costs nothing is worth exactly what it cost. No work which is worthy to endure has ever been accomplished without pain. This may have come in severe thought or in long study or in heavy labor, but the cost is paid in some way and is a necessary condition of conquest.

It was once said that no man should offer himself as a missionary to the heathen unless he could not help it, and the saying is profoundly true, for only the constraining force which cannot be resisted should be allowed to change a life; but one cannot help thinking that if a similar idea prevailed in the ranks of workers in the handicrafts the world would be spared a great deal of distress in the disposition of useless bric-à-brac, and the energies of the workers would be conserved to more useful ends. Certain occupations or so-called crafts have offered easy paths to the unlearned and, in consequence, the country has been flooded by the product. Burnt wood has already been mentioned, china-painting is another and now rug-making threatens to become a fad. Fortunate are those workers who are entrenched behind their own enthusiasm and knowledge of right. Fortunate are they in that true craftsmanship involves the idea of creation.

## THE CRAFT OF THE POTTER

The absence of this, the very germ and marrow of all productive work, makes for dissatisfaction and no one with a spark of artistic fire can be content to copy the design of another or to merely add the finishing touches to work begun in a factory.

**T**HIS feeling has caused china-painting to give place to pottery-making. The former consisted in buying finished china and painting upon it with ready prepared colors using, probably, some published design or drawing. Some of the work done under these conditions was, and is, good, even excellent, but it is executed by persons who are artists through and through and who would do well in any medium. The fact remains that the bulk of the work was copying of the poorest quality. During the last three or four years the quality of this production has much improved. Many of the weakest have abandoned the occupation of china-painting and those who have held on to it have purified their work through the pain of practice. But the best of these are now looking toward clay as a creative and expressive medium. In ready-made china there is bound to be some deficiency. The artist is by nature exacting and this purchased piece does not entirely please. It cannot be altered, however, and it is this or nothing. Thus the artistic instinct is violated, the standard lowered and one feels like a caged bird beating its ineffectual wings against prison bars.

When, however, the attempt is made to work in the clay itself, liberty is found. Not immediate success, necessarily. In fact success can only be secured through long and arduous training, but liberty has a different source. It springs from the consciousness of honest effort. One may not wish to exhibit one's first endeavors but there comes with them the pride of parentage, the satisfaction of something done.

Clay work is beset with difficulties. Not long ago it was the fashion to say that it was easy, but this is not true. Of course it is easy to produce any kind of work—of a sort,—but the time has come when such work will neither be put forth with satisfaction by the producer nor accepted by the public. The standard is rising rapidly, the people are being educated—are educating themselves—and the workers must keep the pace or be left behind.

Certain features of the potter's work contribute toward making

## THE CRAFT OF THE POTTER

it at once the most difficult and the most fascinating of the arts. To begin with, there is the matter of composition. The clay itself must be understood, at least to some extent, or trouble is sure to arise. The trouble of the clay worker is almost always without remedy because it does not develop until the burning. If a peep could be had behind the scenes in any manufactory or atelier probably there would be fewer potters. There would be seen piece after piece conceived with pains, produced with care but scarred or blistered or half bald. These are the skeletons of the potter's cupboard but he perseveres in spite of all, for the fascination is such that it cannot be resisted.

This is why knowledge is required. Knowledge of clay and its constituent parts, of glaze and its composition, of colors and their vagaries. Then the shaping of the clay demands diligent practice. True, it is not difficult to give some kind of a shape, but the artist must impress himself upon his work and the work must express his personality. This means control over material which is the essence of craftsmanship.

Skill upon the wheel is the *ultima thule* of the potter's craft. Sad it is that this implement, the love of the potter for untold ages, is being stifled by the rush of competition. The mold and the steel tool are pressed into service and the clay is mercilessly dragged between them in response to a ruthless demand. Here and there is a potter left. A few are to be found in factories where the pressure of machine-made goods has not yet crushed them. More are working in studios. These are they who have learned for love and it is upon them that dependence must be placed to keep the art alive. Clay in its responsive plasticity is so human, so living, that no one can wonder at the delight of the potter in caressing it upon the wheel. It is verily, not merely human but feminine. It has the coy resistance and the reluctant yielding of a blushing maiden.

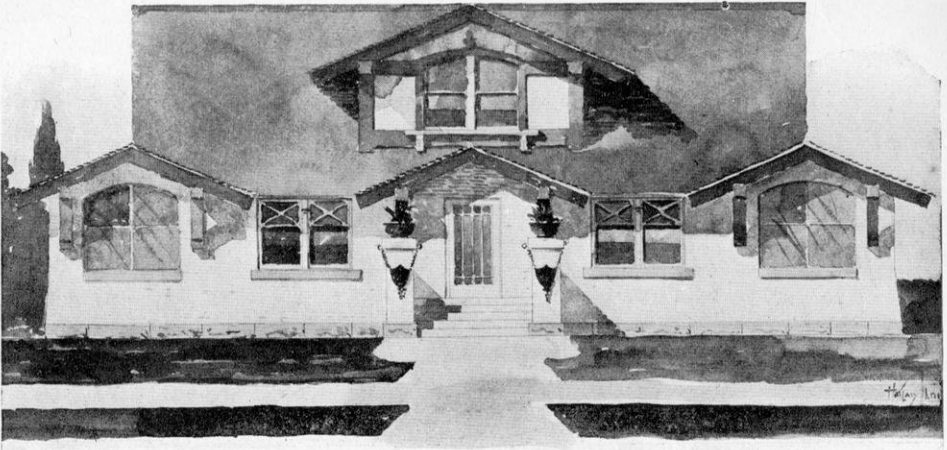
The fire has caused more searchings of heart among would-be clay-workers than any other part of the equipment. Naturally so, for the kiln is an absolute necessity and there is about the fire and its action something so mysterious and occult that some courage is necessary in order to attempt a burning. Fortunately the problem is more than half solved in the production of portable kilns. These are an immense boon to the studio worker for they simplify the problem of burning, and eliminate a large part of the uncertainty.



BUNGALOW (NO. 1) DESIGNED BY HARLAN THOMAS



BUNGALOW (NO. 2) DESIGNED BY HARLAN THOMAS



*Designed by Harlan Thomas*

CHANCELLOR BUCHEL'S BUNGALOW



*Designed by Harlan Thomas*

BUNGALOW FOR DR. F. H. H. ROBERTS, DENVER, COLO.

## POSSIBILITIES OF THE BUNGALOW AS A PERMANENT DWELLING. BY HARLAN THOMAS

SUCH is the force of association that the suggestion conveyed to most people by the word "bungalow," in its application to other than tropical countries, is simply that of a lodge in either mountains or forest, picturesquely rough in plan and furnishings and adapted only to the camp-life of a summer vacation. This is true of the typical bungalow, but it is not the whole truth. What is as yet realized by comparatively few are its possibilities for health and comfort when used as a permanent dwelling, and yet no house can be planned that gives, summer and winter alike, so much space, air and sunlight with so little cost and care. In warm climates, where it is possible to be comfortable out-of-doors at all times of the year, the bungalow is high in favor, and now its adaptability to colder climates is beginning to be demonstrated.

The secret of its charm and convenience is the double construction, which, while providing a compact arrangement of the center or body of the house, gives to each of the principal rooms its complement in a large, pleasant, veranda which can be opened or screened with wire netting for a summer living or working room, or enclosed with glass like a sun parlor in winter. Nothing could be pleasanter or more healthful than one of these outdoor rooms protected by glass from draughts, yet open to all the sunshine there is. A fireplace is as delightful in a sun parlor as it is in the living-room indoors, and may easily be connected with the same chimney, or a large register will often give all the additional

warmth necessary to make one of these glassed-in veranda rooms comfortable in all but the severest weather. Even a winter sun, striking upon the glass of many windows, gives a wonderful amount of warmth to a veranda that is closed in from the wind, and a very little additional heat will make a most cheerful and comfortable living-room on sunny days. This does not necessarily mean an extravagant coal bill, as the compact arrangement of the inner rooms and the free communication between them make a bungalow so easy to heat that it usually requires much less coal than a house having an equal number of rooms and the conventional separations by partitions.

While all bungalows are the same in idea and general plan, there are many minor variations that give to each building its own individuality, as is shown by the illustrations and floor plans published with this article. The bungalow built for Chancellor Buchtel shows an exterior that is especially attractive, with its low, widely overhanging roof, supported by massive brackets, and its arrangement of windows and verandas. In all the bungalows shown here the foundation is of stone or of large blocks of concrete, the first story of cement and the gables and roof of shingles. This not only gives an interesting variation of material, but also the possibility of endless color combinations in the tinting of the cement and the staining or oiling of the shingles.

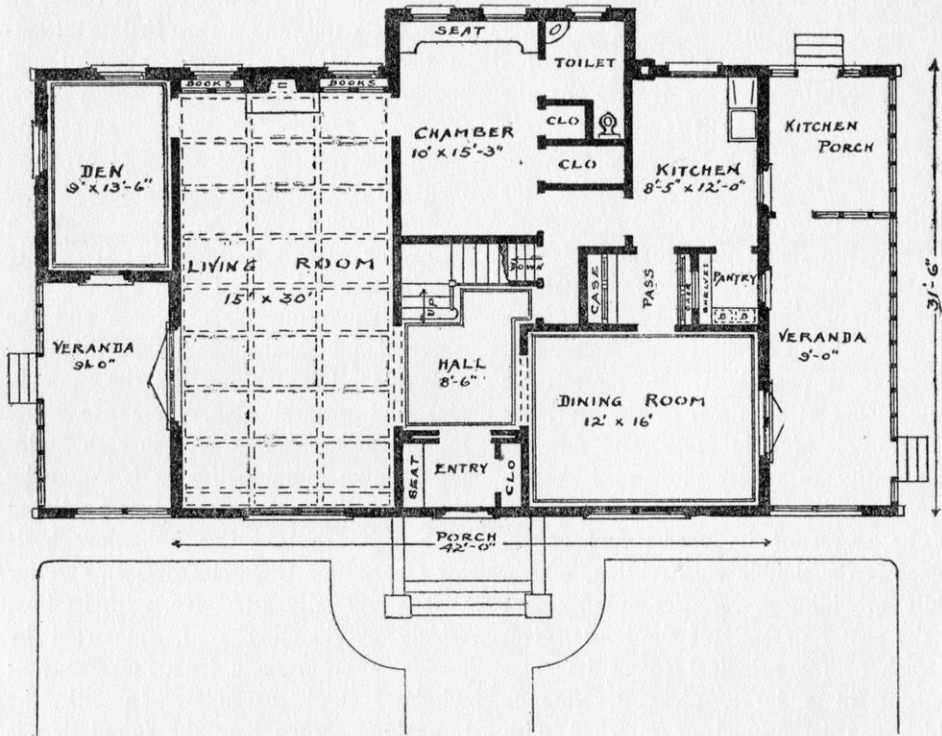
In interior arrangement the Buchtel bungalow is roomy and convenient. The entry from the front porch is merely a small vestibule, with a coat closet built



## POSSIBILITIES OF THE BUNGALOW

in on one side and a seat opposite. This vestibule opens into a small, square hall that serves as a central point and a means of communication between the other rooms, but, in itself, is more of a recess than a room. The living-room is really

pleasant seclusion being given by the den, and of outdoor freedom by the sun parlor. In winter, this sun room may be made a bower of the hardier plants that do not need the heat and moisture of the conservatory, and in summer the same



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF CHANCELLOR BUCHEL'S BUNGALOW

in three divisions, the living-room proper, which is planned on simple, square lines, and the den and veranda which open from it like two large recesses. The ceiling of the living-room is heavily beamed, and the principal structural feature is the fireplace, flanked by two bookcases, which occupies all of the rear end of the room. All of the rest is very simple, a feeling of

effect comes naturally with the flower-boxes, hanging pots and vines that seem to belong to a veranda.

The dining-room also has a veranda that is used as a summer dining-room, and can be glassed in and heated for winter use if desired. In the west or south, or on mild sunny days in even our eastern climate, the outdoor dining-room would

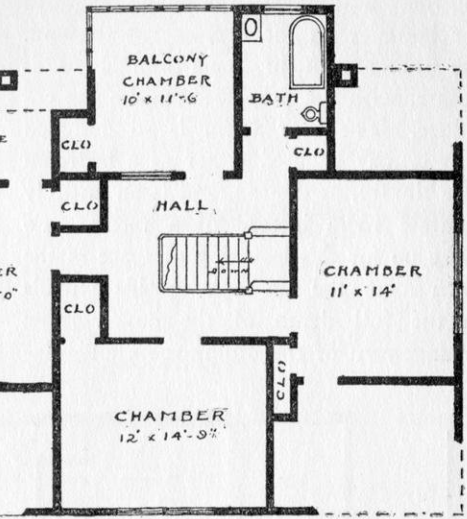
## POSSIBILITIES OF THE BUNGALOW

be found as delightful in winter as in summer. The porch that adjoins the kitchen is used as an outdoor kitchen in summer and as a cool room in winter.

One of the chambers is on the first floor, and the second floor is divided into four more, grouped around the central hall and each having its veranda. The balcony chamber at the rear of the house is the attractive point on this floor, as it is really a sun room, one end and part of the side being made completely of glass. Plenty of closet room is provided on both floors, as well as bath and lavatories.

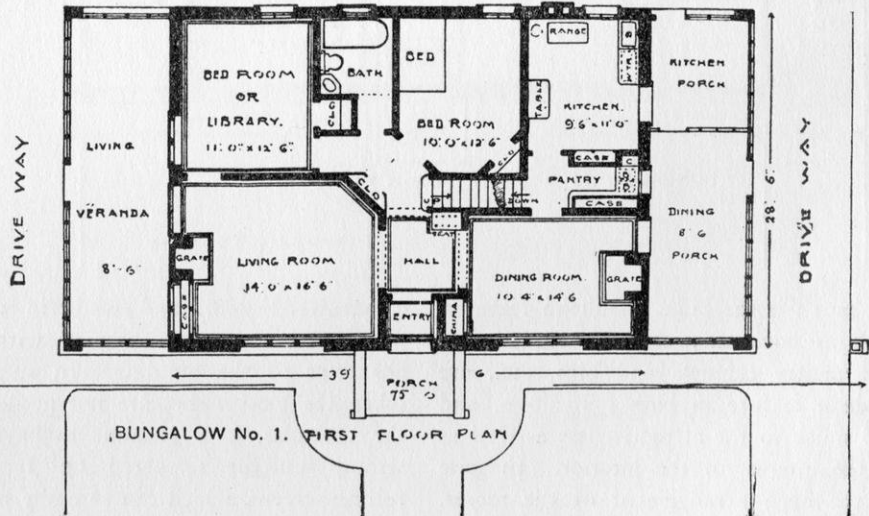
The other two bungalows illustrated differ slightly in outward appearance, although the building ma-

terials used and the main features of the construction are the same. With a few



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF CHANCELLOR BUCHEL'S BUNGALOW

terials used and the main features of the construction are the same. With a few



BUNGALOW No. 1. FIRST FLOOR PLAN

terials used and the main features of the construction are the same. With a few

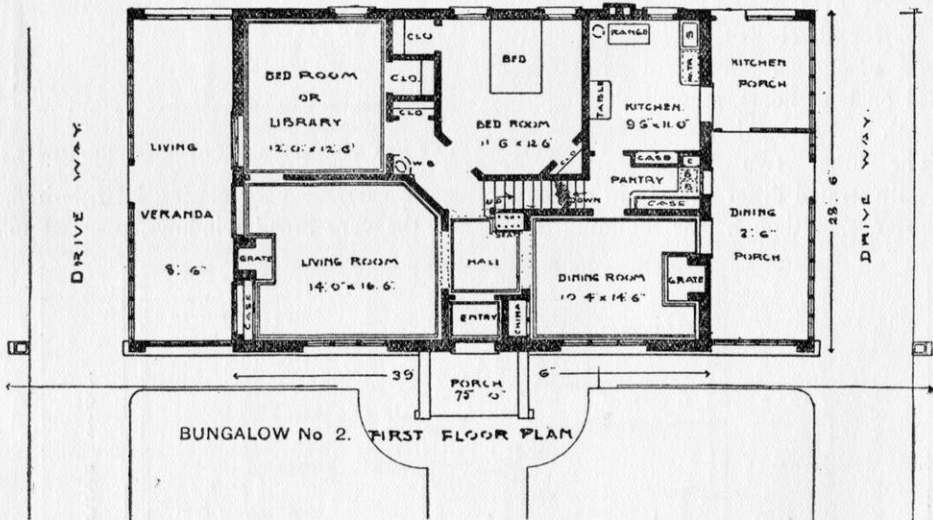
let in the greatest possible amount of air and light, are the principal features. The

## POSSIBILITIES OF THE BUNGALOW

entry and hall are planned as in the Buchtel bungalow, but, instead of a living-room that extends the whole length of the house, with the fireplace at the end, the living-room in these bungalows is square, with the fireplace opposite the entrance. The rear room is so designed that it may be used either as a bedroom or a library, as desired, and is an entirely separate room instead of a recess. To make up for this lessening of space in the inner room, the sun room outside extends to the full depth of the house. The arrangement of the dining-room and din-

pletely shut off all odors of cooking from the rest of the house. The basement is excavated to allow for the furnace, fuel bins and cold-air duct, and is floored with cement.

In a bungalow, the woodwork is usually massive in form and very plain. The native woods, in a natural finish or slightly stained, are most suitable, and the furniture should be plain. The indoor and outdoor rooms are so closely connected that the scheme of furnishing should be much the same for both. Oak or wicker furniture, with Indian rugs on



ing porch is the same. Built-in features, such as bookcases, china-closets, kitchen and pantry cabinets and bins, etc., are made a feature in both bungalows, and add much to the attractiveness as well as to the interest of the interior. In spite of the open arrangement of the rooms, the double doors between kitchen and dining-room, and the pantry between, com-

a hardwood floor, and walls in rough plaster, seem most in keeping with the character of the building. In summer, when the glass sashes are not needed on the verandas, it is pleasant to have the strong sunlight tempered by Japanese rolling screens, which can so easily be adjusted to admit any desired amount of light. In some climates, it is necessary to

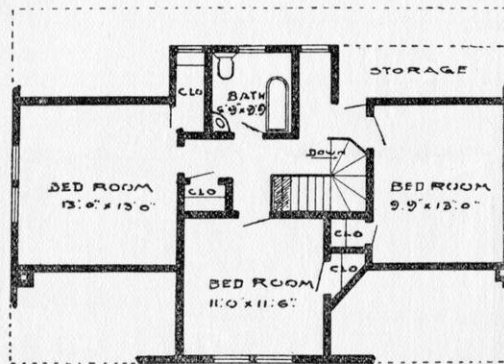
## POSSIBILITIES OF THE BUNGALOW

screen in all verandas with wire netting, in order to have any comfort in using them as living-rooms, but where such a precaution is not needed, it is much pleasanter to leave them open. The dining veranda, though, usually needs the screening in any climate.

The character of a bungalow is rugged, but nothing prevents it from being both

factory in a living place as any confusion between the scheme of architecture and the scheme of furnishing; thus the entire original idea of the bungalow could be swamped or at least partly lost by ornate effects in furniture or decoration.

By simple furniture is never meant furniture that is carelessly put together and coarsely finished. The simplicity



SECOND FLOOR PLAN  
BUNGALOW No. 2.

beautiful and comfortable as a home. Its uses are far from being limited to a summer camp or hunting lodge, and its growing popularity as a desirable plan for a dwelling will go far toward the solution of the domestic problem which is being found so serious in the elaborate, conventionally-arranged home.

The underlying idea all through the building and fitting up of the American bungalow is comfort in simplicity. Now, nothing can be so permanently unsatis-

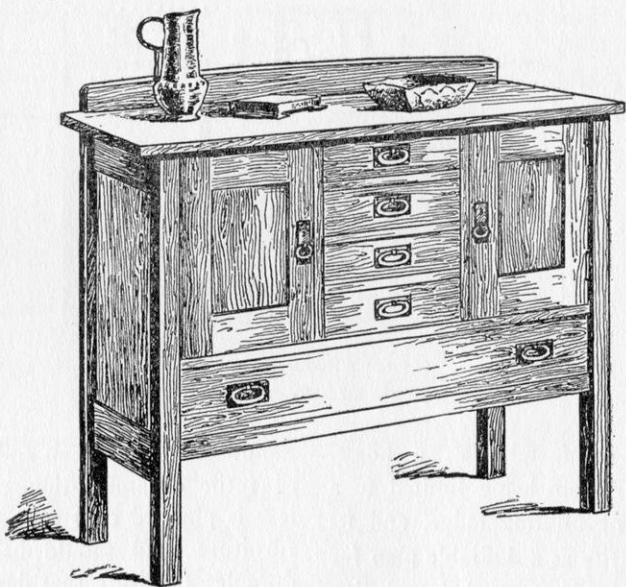
should be in the design and in the absence of futile ornamentation. If the bungalow is planned on strong plain lines, the furniture used should be practical and durable—furniture that day by day would fit more closely into a scheme of usefulness, that would grow to belong to the comfort and charm of the room.

Harmony always brings a sense of rest whether it is harmony of color or of appropriateness. And to have a restful home, the furniture must be in harmony with the spirit of the architecture.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOODWORKING. TWELFTH OF THE SERIES

## A SIDEBOARD

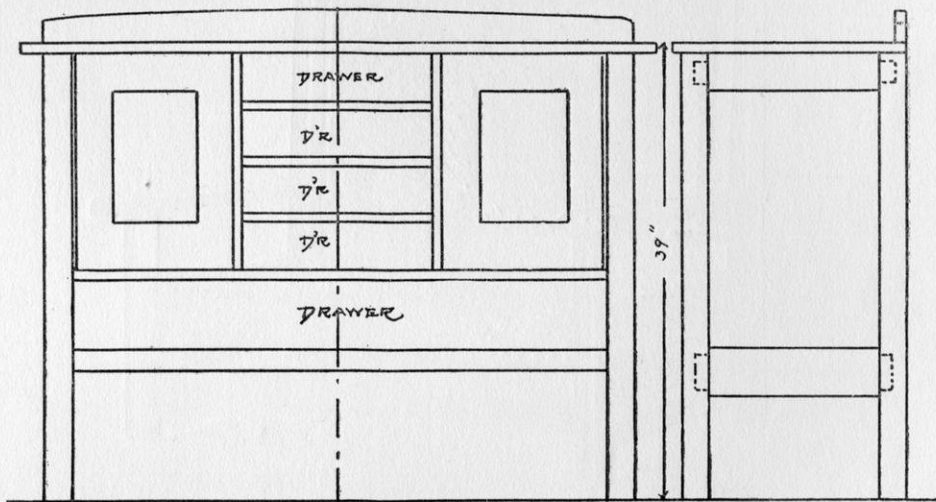
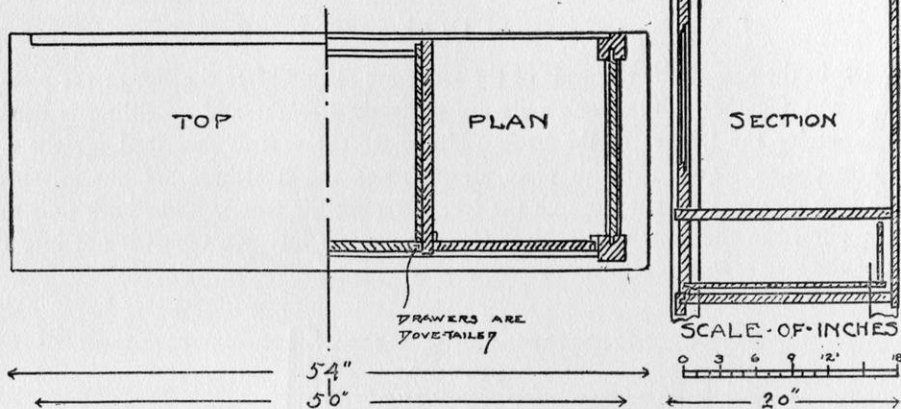
THE lines and proportion of this small sideboard make it an unusually graceful piece. The construction, though on a larger scale than in any of the preceding pieces, is no more difficult and no trouble will be found in putting it together. The back is to be screwed into place and is put on last. The top can be dowelled on or fastened with table irons, if there is any doubt as to the thorough seasoning of the wood, the irons will admit of a slight shrinkage or swell without cracking the wood. All the edges should be slightly softened with sandpaper just before the finish is applied.



### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR SIDEBOARD

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Thick	Wide	FINISH	Thick
Top .....	1	55 in.	20½ in.	1¼ in.	20 in.		1⅛ in.
Legs .....	4	39 in.	2½ in.	2½ in.	2¼ in.		2¼ in.
Top of back.....	1	55 in.	4 in.	1⅛ in.	pattern		1 in.
Shelves .....	2	49 in.	20 in.	1 in.	19½ in.		¾ in.
Drawer fronts ...	4	17 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.		⅞ in.
Drawer sides .....	8	18 in.	4¼ in.	⅝ in.	4 in.		½ in.
Drawer backs ....	4	17 in.	4¼ in.	¾ in.	4 in.		½ in.
Drawer bottoms..	4	17 in.	18½ in.	½ in.	18 in.		⅜ in.
Drawer front ....	1	46 in.	6¼ in.	1 in.	6 in.		⅞ in.
Drawer sides.....	2	18 in.	6¼ in.	¾ in.	6 in.		½ in.

# DESIGN FOR SIDEBOARD

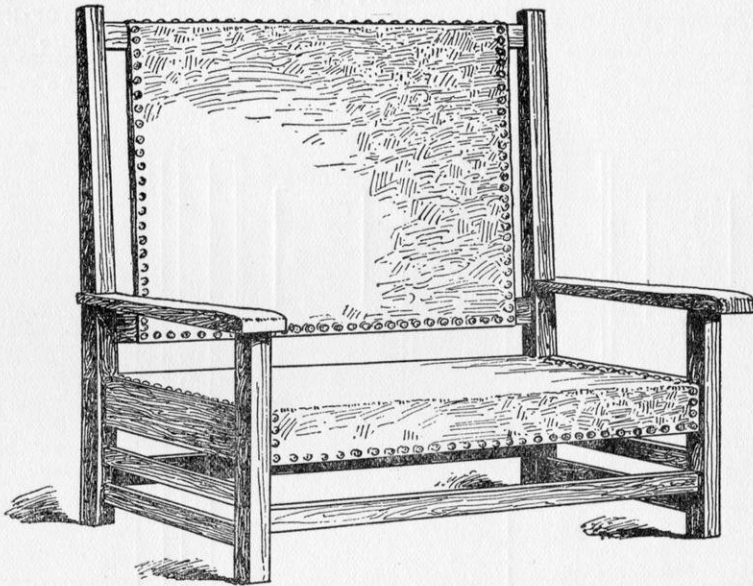


FRONT ELEVATION					END ELEVATION	
Drawer back.....	1	46 in.	6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	6 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Drawer bottom...	1	46 in.	18 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	18 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Front rail.....	1	48 in.	2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	1 in.	2 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Door stiles.....	4	19 in.	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	1 in.	3 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Door rails.....	2	10 in.	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	1 in.	3 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Door rails.....	2	10 in.	4 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	1 in.	4 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Door panels.....	2	13 in.	9 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Door stops.....	2	19 in.	1 in.	1 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Division rails....	3	17 in.	2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	1 in.	2 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
End rails.....	2	18 in.	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	3 in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
End rails.....	2	18 in.	4 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	4 in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
End panels.....	2	24 in.	16 in.	1 in.	15 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back panels.....	8	28 in.	6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	6 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

## SETTLE

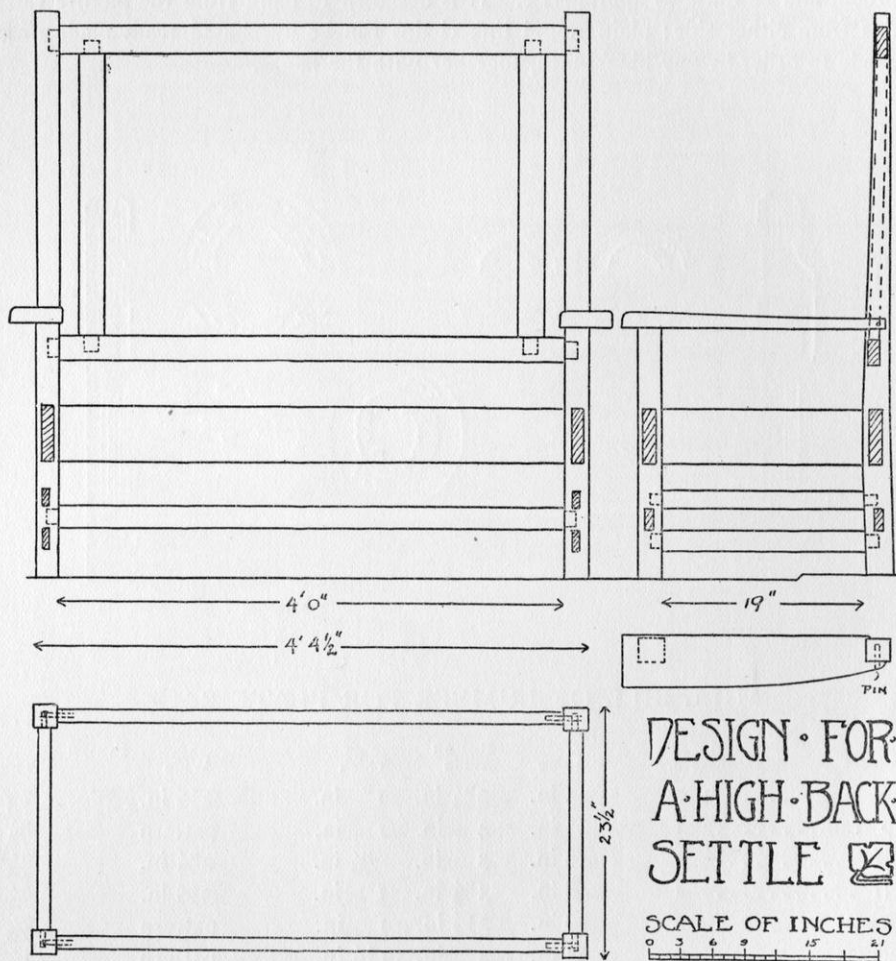
**A**S in the arm chair, the arms of the settle are put on after the rest of the piece is put together. The back rails are perfectly straight and no filling is needed under the leather in the back. Upholster the seat as described for the side and arm chairs. To make this piece strong after the stretchers are put in, three-eighth inch pins may be put through the leg, fastening the tenon. The back rails may also be pinned in the same way. Note also the quarter inch pin which is put into the back of the arm after the arm is in place.



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR A HIGH BACK SETTLE

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Thick	Wide	FINISH	Thick
Front posts.....	2	25 in.	2½ in.	2½ in.	2¼ in.		2¼ in.
Back posts.....	2	54 in.	3½ in.	2½ in.	pattern		2¼ in.
Arms .....	2	26 in.	5 in.	1½ in.	pattern		pattern
Seat rails.....	2	50 in.	5¼ in.	1¼ in.	5 in.		1⅛ in.
Seat rails.....	2	22 in.	5¼ in.	1¼ in.	5 in.		1⅛ in.
Stretchers .....	2	51 in.	2¼ in.	1 in.	2 in.		¾ in.
Stretchers .....	2	22 in.	1¾ in.	1 in.	1½ in.		¾ in.
Back rail.....	1	51 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2¾ in.		¾ in.
Back rail.....	1	51 in.	2¼ in.	1 in.	2 in.		¾ in.
Back rails.....	2	31 in.	2¼ in.	1 in.	2 in.		¾ in.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

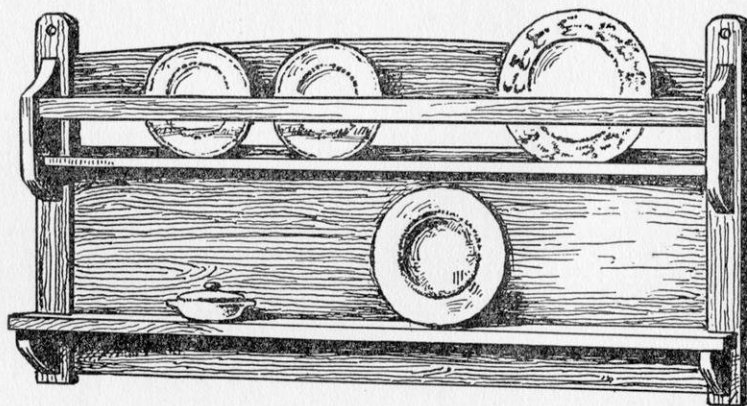




# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

## A PLATE RACK

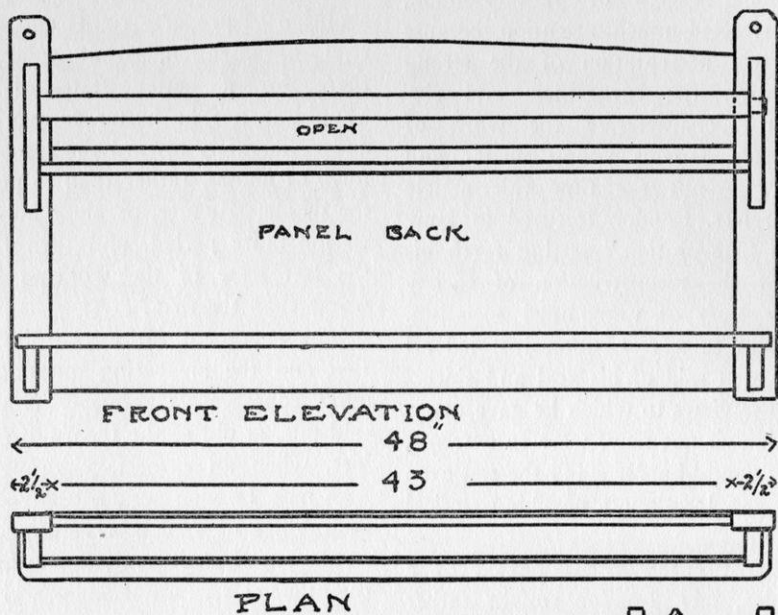
THE plate rack given here is so simple in construction that nothing need be said excepting that the brackets are fastened with screws from the back. This piece would serve as a stein rack for a den as well as a plate rack for the dining-room and be quite as appropriate. It is designed to hang from the picture rail by chains from either side; plain round link chains can be purchased ready-made or can be made to order by any blacksmith, together with the hooks.



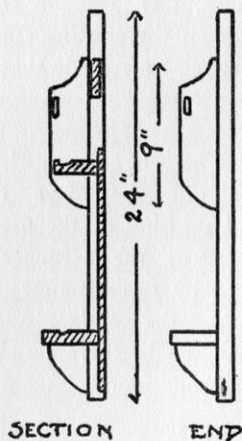
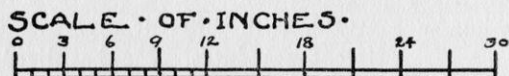
### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR PLATE RACK

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Thick	Wide	FINISH	Thick
Back posts.....	2	25 in.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 in.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.		$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Top rail.....	1	45 in.	4 in.	1 in.	pattern		$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Shelf .....	1	46 in.	3 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.		$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Shelf .....	1	48 in.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.		$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Brackets .....	2	10 in.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 in.	pattern		$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Brackets .....	2	4 in.	3 in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	pattern		1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
Back .....	1	45 in.	22 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	21 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.		$\frac{5}{8}$ in.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR A  
PLATE RACK.



## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

### ALS IK KAN

IN the February issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, the leading article was a short personal sketch of Jack London, which attracted much attention because of its vivid presentation of the strong individuality, the earnestness and sincerity, that characterize the work of this already famous young writer and reformer. About the time this article appeared, Mr. London lectured in New York on "Revolution," setting forth his theory of the reconstruction of society upon the basis of unmodified socialism. In this lecture Mr. London justified all that has been said of his zeal and sincerity, but the views to which he gave utterance, although not new, were so extreme, that they would hardly stand the test even of argument, let alone a possible practical application.

Like most enthusiasts possessed of a ruling idea, Mr. London sought rather to pull down the existing state of affairs, than to suggest a remedy that might serve as a good working basis for the much-needed reform of social and industrial abuses. The one theory he advocated was the old one of a revolution,—a general uprising of the proletariat that would destroy the existence of capital, and effect, by force if necessary, a redistribution of the world's wealth so that every man would share equally, his right to do so being founded upon his humanity alone.

Although his large audience was composed chiefly of ardent socialists, the lecture excited but little enthusiasm and elicited but faint response from the majority of his hearers. A point of view

that is merely iconoclastic fails to appeal to reason, for the question at once arises: After revolution, what next? After the overthrow of existing conditions, and the abolition of property rights and of industrial organization, what guarantee is there for a better state of things? Would it not be better to work sanely and deliberately toward the systematic reform of abuses, rather than to pull down the whole structure, paralyze industry for an indefinite period, and then find that the last state of the working-man was worse than the first?

The argument for a sweeping revolution and the answering question of the more conservative reformer is a thrice-told tale, as old as the theory of socialism. Yet, when an earnest, vigorous thinker like Jack London seriously advocates the desirability of such a revolution, it may not be out of place to cite a few facts from the other side. Mr. London's viewpoint, as expressed in his lecture, took in only one aspect of the question. In his eagerness to learn the truth, he went himself to the depths of the social abyss that he might, from personal experience, know its miseries and proclaim them anew to the world, but through it all he has forgotten that the viewpoint of a spectator, however intelligent and sympathetic, can never be the same as that of the people who suffer. He is from a different world, with different capacities and different standards. He has lived among the people of the abyss, outwardly as one of them, but he has studied their life, not lived it as one for whom there is no other outlook. He realizes fully and proclaims passionately that their birthright has

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

been wrested from them, but he does not admit the necessity of the slow process of development through which they must go before they are fitted to reclaim and hold it.

The page of history that is being written in Russia to-day is a significant object lesson as to the futility of a sudden and violent revolution of the proletariat. For generations the mass of Russian toilers has had much the same attitude of stolid resignation to a hard lot that characterizes the Chinese coolie, who, according to Mr. London himself, works hard and patiently all his life for a wage that averages \$2 a year, and rears his family on this income of a fraction of a cent a day. Endurance of conditions like this may be heroism—the sullen ground-swell of rebellion against the horrible injustice of it all must be the result, but neither endurance nor rebellion gives a man the brain stimulus that alone will enable him to lift himself out of it. The opportunity came in Russia, but the people were incapable of the sane, steady outlook, the unshakable purpose, the strong grip on the whole social and industrial situation, that would have enabled them to grasp it.

So is it, in a greater or less degree, in other countries. The man of brains has made himself the master of the man of brawn, and must continue to do so until the end of time. Revolution cannot alter this by putting wealth and power into hands utterly untrained to their use. The attitude of the extreme socialist is that no compromise may be accepted from capital, that the laboring man is entitled to all that he produces and will take nothing

less, and that the rule of the employer must end. Even admitting that the claim is just, and without entering into the question of the productiveness of labor without the aid of capital or of the skilled management that has resulted in the gigantic industrial organizations of modern times, how can such a readjustment be brought about to the lasting welfare of society? By the very nature of things, such a revolution must be gradual, and it must be brought about, not by the uprising of a discontented proletariat who cannot see anything clearly beyond the pressing need of some sort of change, but by a gradual evolution, by education into fitness to take the helm, and by intelligent coöperation with the capitalists themselves.

That this has advanced beyond a theory is being proven every day by the swift and steady growth of the movement for social and industrial reform, already world-wide in its scope, that is not only taking steps to secure his birthright to the workingman, but is giving him the still greater blessing of ability to use it. Robert Owen's dream of model industrial conditions is being more than realized by the coöperation of honest and enlightened capitalists and intelligent and progressive working-men in every civilized country to-day, and, by slow degrees, it is beginning to alter the whole industrial situation. The example of a few far-seeing men who realized that sound prosperity was possible only when it rested upon the firm basis of fair relations between employer and employee, was the little leaven that is leavening the whole lump. The article on "Social Work in British Factories," in the

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

present issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, gives but a glimpse of what is being done in England by friendly coöperation of employer and employee. The instances cited there are but a few scattered drops from the broad stream of progress that is revolutionizing nearly every country in the world. Call it profit sharing, prosperity sharing, industrial betterment, or what you will, all are but terms for the growing spirit of recognition of the right of the working-man to benefit by what he helps to produce, and to share in the joy and the opportunities of life as well as its labor.

At the exhibit of Social Economy sent by the United States to the International Exposition at Liège, last year, one group of evidences of active work in this country along these lines was subdivided into twelve classes, including apprenticeship, protection of child labor, security of factories and workshops, regulation and remuneration of labor, profit sharing, large and small industries, coöperation distributive and productive, labor unions, agricultural credit, work-men's dwellings, institutions for the intellectual and moral development of workmen, public and private movements for the welfare of the citizen, and institutions for thrift, hygiene, and public and private charity. This exhibit ranked third, Belgium, with her magnificently organized coöperative institutions coming first, and France second.

The real industrial revolution is in active progress. The factory reform and model village serve their best purpose as suggestions for general work, as the beginning made by The National Cash Register Company in applying the best principles of sanitation, simple architec-

ture and landscape gardening to the improvement of its factory and surroundings has made a garden-spot of the whole city of Dayton. Every phase of the movement toward reform is linked with, and dependent upon, every other phase. The example set by "Golden Rule Jones" of Toledo, has borne fruit in a hundred different ways. Once the desire for progress has been awakened, it cannot be suppressed, hence the springing up in all countries of schools of technology and manual training in connection with the regular methods of education, that the new generation of workmen may be skilled and intelligent, not laborers but craftsmen, self-respecting citizens equipped to get the utmost out of life. The work of Felix Adler in forwarding the true democracy is serving as an inspiration to other efforts all over the world.

Charity is giving way to true philanthropy,—to the feeling which recognizes a man's right to live well as he works well, and resents the humiliation of benefits doled out from a superior height as do the honest and self-respecting poor themselves. The tendency now is toward the establishment of conditions that shall make charity unnecessary. The people of the abyss must be saved by the same methods that are being employed to give the working-man his rights,—by raising them to the status of the industrious, self-supporting workman. The establishment of just relations in the industrial world will ultimately effect this by the change of oppressive conditions. The modern, practical spirit of reform goes beyond doing good, to establishing the right. Its watchword is not Revolution, but Evolution.

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

### NOTES

THE twenty-first annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York at first glimpse looks very much like the former twenty, but on careful overlooking there is astonishing progress in creation and expression, old things are being better done and there are many new developments in building, decoration and artistic interior fittings that are worth thoughtful study.

There is most noticeable of all a much freer expression of individuality—men are thinking out architectural problems according to their own standards of beauty and convenience. There is a manifest tendency to design houses suited to American life, and to decorate them in relation to their uses. Men may be studying foreign architecture as a means of culture, but they are investigating American conditions as an inspiration for building. Houses are thus much more simple in effect and much more intelligently planned. For generations we Americans suffered because our lives were lived out in rough environment, which neither expressed our interests nor ambitions; then without stopping much to think we coated over the roughness with a veneer of foreign cultivation. Our homes, our furniture, our clothes were "imported." They did not belong to us or our civilization; the earlier rough stage was more genuine, and more artistic, because more expressive.

But at last we are waking up to the importance of living our lives (rapidly growing to be the most cultured in the world) in **our own way**, of developing American methods in architecture, interior decoration, furniture and ornament.

All of this is proved most interestingly and convincingly at the present League Exhibition. Our architects no longer instantly start to Europe when an order comes in for a fine municipal building. They take a trip to the town where the building is to be erected and study the conditions of the life and the purposes of the structure, then they design a building that will belong to the landscape and serve its real uses. This is equally true of domestic architecture—a man can at last live contentedly in this century in an American house, without the faintest hint of a Rhine castle, an Italian villa or a French chateau about it. The most interesting display of houses at the League is designed with this intention.

Homes are simpler and working plans more elaborate as we improve our national architecture. And improvement is not alone noticeable in house designs; the drawing of houses, the sketches and elevations are done by artists so that they are beautiful artistically as well as perfect architecturally. As, for instance, the sketches for the office building of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., are done by Jules Guerin, with all the poetry and atmosphere he could introduce into a pastel of the New York harbor or an autumn park scene. Some interesting painting has also been done in various sketches shown by architects, artists unknown, but work excellent.

Of the mural decorations, although Le Farge, Blashfield, Kenyon Cox and other important men are on the walls, there is no more distinctive home note struck than in the Western friezes by E. W. Deming of Indians, plains, animals and landscapes

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

in flat tones with spacious distances, full of action and wind and light—and all belonging to us as a nation. Throughout the mural decoration the impulse to present the history and the progress of the immediate people for whom the walls are painted is evident. Important mural paintings are becoming more and more important historical documents and modern American mural artists are also most eminently students of history, history studied on its own ground.

In precisely the same spirit, and in excellent workmanship are the two Grueby tile landscapes; strong-pulling oxen in one design, and *just outdoors* with nice fresh smells and with autumn glows in the other, done so simply, yet really an expression of nature, and with the permanent decorative beauty that comes from the thoughtful conventionalization. There is an interesting exhibit of Pewabic pottery, also distinctively belonging to the new American feeling.

The League shows several exhibits of beautifully tooled leather, with as fine effects and even greater gorgeously than the old Spanish styles. In spite of the great decorative value of some of the brilliant effects, there is a certain comfort in returning to the plain leathers, with all their natural beauty brought out, leathers that mellow into marvelous hues—the leather one sees in Rubens' favorite chair in an old wine room in Bruges.

After long and intimate examination the exhibition at the League seems like the flowering out of a decade's work, the result of the slow growth of thought and feeling of a generation or more. It covers every detail of house-building, finishing

and decorating. There are interesting suggestions for landscape gardening and some extremely good modern work in sculpture.

Book making and book binding are represented and endless new theories for the sanitary improvements of offices and dwellings.

Realizing the wide value to the country at large, and the enormous importance to all architects, builders and home-makers of this collection of artistic and practical proofs of our progress as a nation, THE CRAFTSMAN will devote the entire April number to representing the most important features of this Twenty-first Exhibition of the Architectural League. The most beautiful and complete illustrations will be given and every effort will be made to present the Exposition in the fullest and most artistic manner.

THE recent exhibition by Herbert French at the Galleries of the "Photo-Secessions," is worthy of more than a passing glance. It consists of a series of photographic illustrations for portions of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. However one may feel about the adaptation of photography to illustration, it is interesting to see how far beyond the literal these camera pictures have progressed. All are done with a vague shadowy Maeterlinckian effect and are, on the whole, exceedingly well composed. The matter of selecting the portion of the picture to be accented is accomplished through the lighting of the subject and the printing. And in these two phases of the work—including, of course, the com-

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

position—lies all the difference between literal photography and the art process.

One picture in particular—"And wily Vivian stole from Arthur's court"—has quite a remarkable effect,—a dim barely suggested figure of very nearly the same value as the background with the whole strength and character expressed in the sinister eyes, which constitute the entire idea of the picture.

In an outer room, not a part of the exhibit proper, are some interesting portrait photographs by Mr. Steichen whose picture of William M. Chase is reproduced elsewhere in this magazine. The photographs of Rodin and Mr. Lenbach are especially characteristic and full of feeling for the sitter's personality. In the Mr. Lenbach picture Mr. Steichen had in mind not only the individuality of the artist, but also the manner of his own work so that the photograph almost suggests a portrait of von Lenbach by himself.

This development of the element of personality in photographs as opposed to the old time map—more or less accurate—of the subject's features—is the new and important thing in the work of the "Photo-Secessionists." One does not need to make comparisons between the painter's and the photographer's art. They do not conflict either in purpose or result, and no one is more interested in the development of art photography than the artists.

Both Mr. Steichen and Mr. French began as amateurs. In the exact sense Mr. French still belongs in that class as he is a man of business by day and his photography is the work of his leisure.

WHISTLER seems to be winning almost hourly surer appreciation and understanding from his own country; but we have been very slow in recognizing his importance throughout the field of art. It was London that gave him his chance to paint contentedly, and London that first saw the great art in his tiny illusive, oftentimes sparsely worked on etchings and dry-points.

The extent of interest felt in New York at present toward Whistler is intimated in the fact that Wunderlich & Co., New York, find it important to display at one time nearly two hundred Whistler etchings and dry-points and that the rooms of this exhibition are never empty and frequently crowded. This exhibition more than any other ever seen in New York shows the wide range of Whistler's perception of beauty. He, even more sincerely, because simply, than Turner, has caught and held the adventurous call of the sea port, the wistfulness of the waiting ship, the composing beauty of many interlacing black lines, of masts and spars. Even in black and white Whistler can do more to make framed nature a living thing than any other artist has ever dreamed of. In "The Large Pool," the row of moored scows dip up and down in the water moving from some faint wind. In the "Nocturna Riva," shadows drift over the sea and renew and drift away. His moonlight is luminous yet enveloping, as in the "Street at Saverne." And a more dense velvety shifting darkness was never felt out in the night than in the tiny etching of "The Beggars."



## REVIEWS

**A**MONG thoughtful people few will be found who have not some fragment of a belief in the socialistic trend of our civilization. The ranks of the avowed socialists are growing day by day, and begin to include some of the greatest characters and most powerful minds of the time. Marking distinctly a new step in socialistic and sociologic thought, comes "The Cost of Competition," by Sidney A. Reeve. Mr. Reeve is far from being a hysterical propagandist. He is a scientist and a mechanic, professor of steam engineering at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and his work has the qualities of balance, clear-seeing and logic natural to the mind of a man occupied with such a profession. But he sees one thing clearly—that civilization to-day is organized too much upon commercial lines; that the people who trade get exceptional returns for their work and that people who produce get but very little. That there should be such an overbalance he does not think inherently necessary.

Starting with a new definition of value, which makes it the measure of the potentiality towards supporting life in a piece of work or a commodity, he shows how by the substitution of barter or some sort of exchange similar to that in vogue between departments in factories, the balance of things might be restored and the workman get the value of his hire. Mr. Reeve was a friend of Edward Bellamy during the days when "Looking Backward" was so much under discussion, and while he differs in many points he belongs essentially to the Bellamy school of thinkers.

**B**RIGHT and entertaining fiction seems to be pouring from the press of the Bobbs-Merrill Company in an ever-increasing stream. Novels for review come thick and fast and most of them are good,—some unusually good. Prominent in the latter class is Octave Thanet's "Man of the Hour," a clever study of labor conditions and socialistic tendencies, built around the brilliantly-developed character of a young dreamer in whom the nihilistic tendencies of his Russian mother and the strong common sense of his American father are strangely commingled. The mother's theories naturally rule him in the days of youth and unbalanced idealism, but the father's honest and straightforward practice comes to the rescue in time to prevent the theories from being carried to a destructive length. Woven in with the stirring incident of the book is an exceedingly pretty love story, developed along unhackneyed lines. The book is attracting much attention, and is decidedly worth reading, even by busy people who ordinarily have but little time for novels.

**"T**HE Prize to the Hardy," by Alice Winter, is an addition to the many Western novels of the year. It does not deal with cowboys, for a wonder, but recognizes a part of the West where other interests prevail, namely, Minnesota. It is a story of the rich old merchant, his pretty and somewhat exacting daughter, the young man from the merchant's home town in New England who came West to grow up with the country, and a smooth chief clerk and confidential secretary who does very well for the villain of the piece. A forest fire, with tragic con-

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

sequences, figures largely in the development of the plot, which is well woven and quite sufficiently exciting.

“**T**HE House of a Thousand Candles,” by Meredith Nicholson, is a story as unusual as its title. It has all the ear-marks of a detective story and a very good one; yet it is not a detective story. It has a mystery which is kept up without a break until the last chapter, and to most readers it will really be a mystery. It concerns a will and a strange probation for the heir, a convent school connected with a strange old mansion by a tunnel, a number of attempted assassinations and a siege, and of course a love story. It sounds melodramatic, yet it is hardly that; it overleaps all the bounds of probability, yet the story is so cleverly told and the interest so well sustained that almost everyone who picks up the book will be inclined to finish it at a sitting.

“**H**EARTS’ Haven,” by Katharine Evans Blake, is a charming story of the first Rappite Community at Harmony, Pennsylvania. It pictures vividly the life of the community, the influence of George Rapp over his followers, the schism that followed the entrance of the “bogus Count” from Germany, and the advantages as well as the disadvantages of community life. The strong love story upon which the whole book is built is the keynote of the argument against celibate communities, whatever the material advantages they may offer to those who join them.

“**H**EARTS and Masks” is a somewhat farcical, but interesting story by Harold MacGrath,—one that should dramatize as well as “The Man on the Box.” This is a real detective story, and is built upon the incidents of a masked ball, a theft of jewels, a too-alert police officer and the sundry distressing complications for two young people who had attended the ball without the formality of an invitation.

“**T**HE Best Policy,” by Elliott Flower, is a group of short stories linked together by a thread of connection, of which the chief reason for existence seems to be strenuous advocacy of life insurance. It needs only to mention the name of some one insurance company to be worth any money as an advertisement.

“**P**IPERTOWN Sandy” is a story for boys by John Philip Sousa, and the chief impression left by its perusal is that Mr. Sousa expresses himself much better in music than in language. All of this group of books are attractive in form and charmingly illustrated. (“The Man of the Hour,” by Octave Thanet, 477 pages. “The Prize to the Hardy,” by Alice Winter, 347 pages. “The House of a Thousand Candles,” by Meredith Nicholson, 382 pages. “Hearts’ Haven,” by Katharine Evans Blake, 496 pages. “Hearts and Masks,” by Harold MacGrath, 187 pages. “The Best Policy,” by Elliott Flower; 268 pages. “Pipetown Sandy,” by John Philip Sousa, 382 pages. Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.)

# OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

## WASHABLE WALL-COVERING

**I**T is not that the average woman loves housework less, but that she loves the companionship of her home and friends, books, outdoor life and recreation better. There is not an intelligent, happy family woman who does not enjoy adding in every way to the beauty and comfort of her surroundings. Her home is the background of her life, and she wants it to be attractive. She may not really enjoy housework. Why should she? But she will like to work for her home just as a man wants to work for his country.

With the servant problem in its present chaotic condition, a great many cultivated American women are busy home-workers as well as house-keepers. They not only plan how their homes shall be decorated and furnished, but they frequently take the daily personal care of them. Now what more natural than that a woman with brain enough to organize and manage a home, should also enjoy reading and studying and social intercourse, and that she should welcome every device for simplifying the labor of her household.

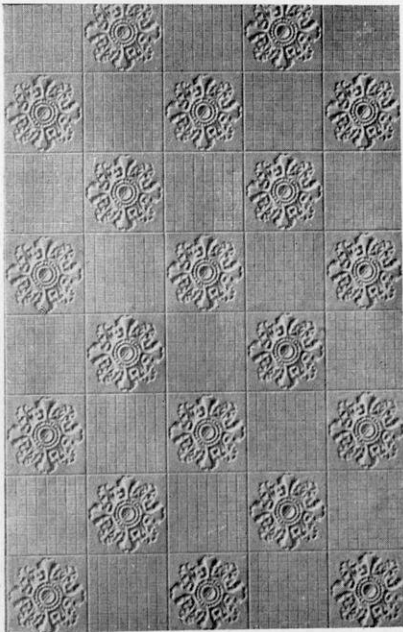
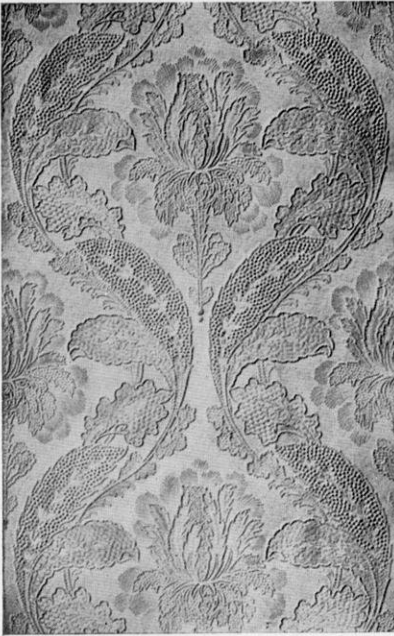
Just at this season, with house-cleaning time at hand, women regard with friendly eyes every labor-saving suggestion. As a matter of fact no member of a household suffers more from fashion whims in house-furnishings and fittings than the mistress. Hence no one else can so fully benefit by any interior decorations of a permanent nature. When you stop to think of it, what can be more remote from good sense, than to say that a beautiful useful thing "has gone out of fashion?" To discard an appropriate, artistic decoration which

is still useful is to attack one's own taste. And the most sensible women who are working about their own homes have grown to estimate fashion fairly, putting it into harness, making it work instead of drive. If a fashion in decoration is good, they use it as long as it serves them. They discard it not for change, but usually for practical sanitary reasons.

Almost every woman who knows the ins and outs of simple housekeeping realizes that the three real enemies to her time, that rise up to fresh battle season after season,—that make it hardest for her to render her dwelling place comfortable and sanitary, are dust, dampness and the busy tribes of little animal "squatters" that settle on her "land" unbidden. Most of the re-decoration season after season is not for fashion's sake, but to triumph over the mischief of these enemies within her walls, over the dampness that loosens tiles and paper, the dust that corrupts and cockroaches that break in and steal.

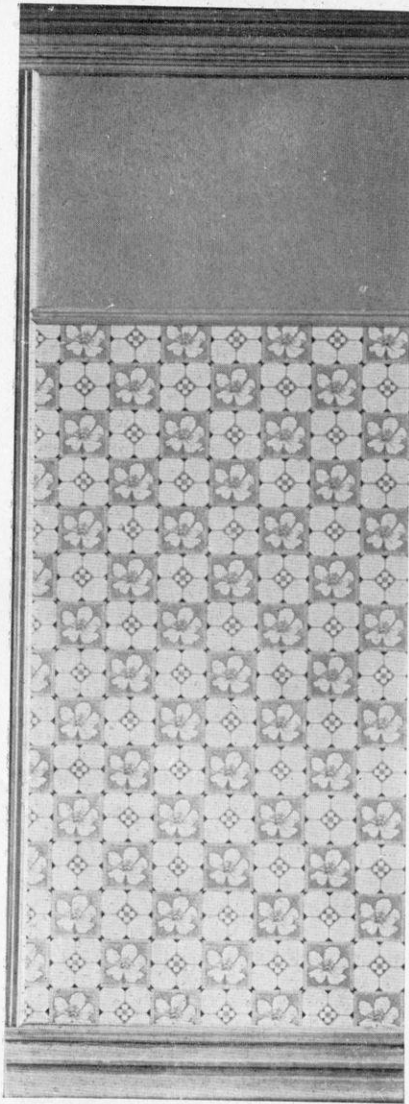
Being busy cultivates common sense. Women learn to convert gold into beauty,—wherever the merchant world will allow. They also learn to earn leisure by working wisely. Now the first way of saving time is to make all work so far as possible permanent. Every durable article of furniture saves time, and thought. All interior decoration that will last saves not only time and thought but the confusion of change.

Nothing so upsets a house as having the walls done over. A room is uninhabitable with the walls stripped, furniture

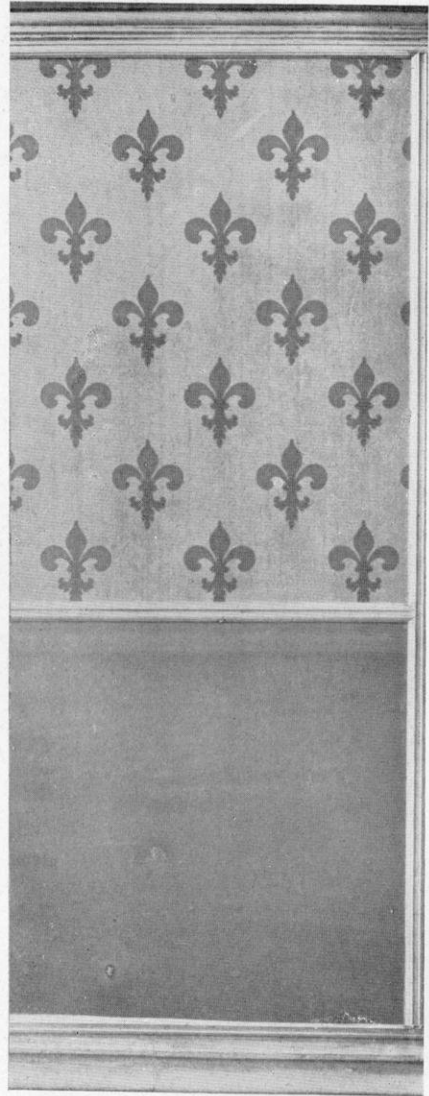


*Courtesy of the Standard Table Oil Cloth Co.*

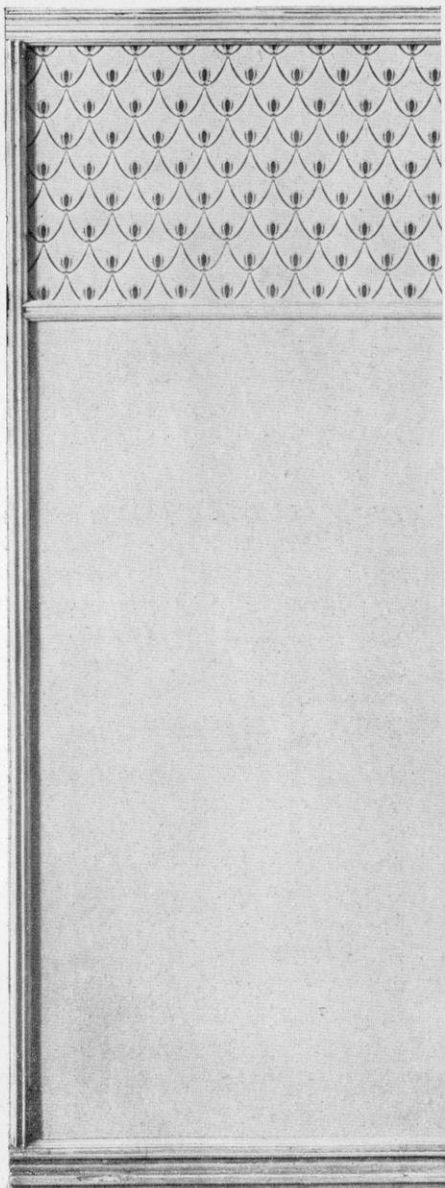
LEATHEROLE DESIGNS TOOLED AND EMBOSSED  
FIGURED SANITILE IN COLORED DESIGNS



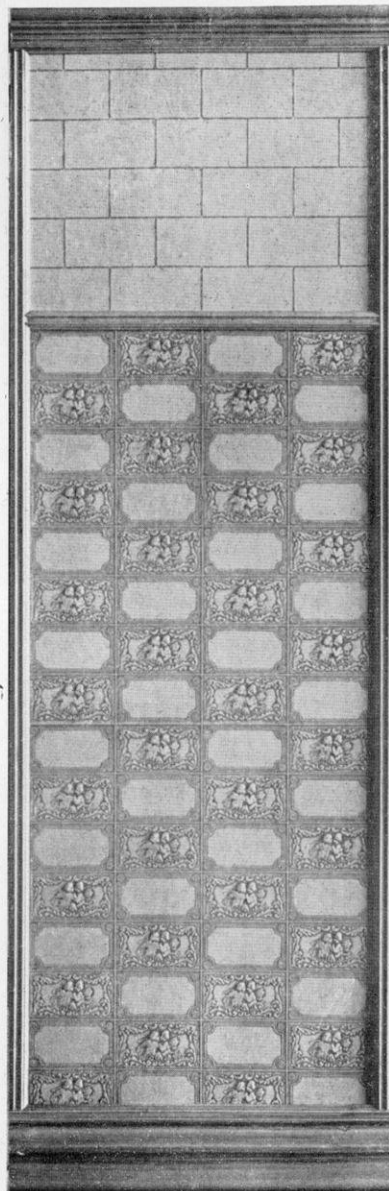
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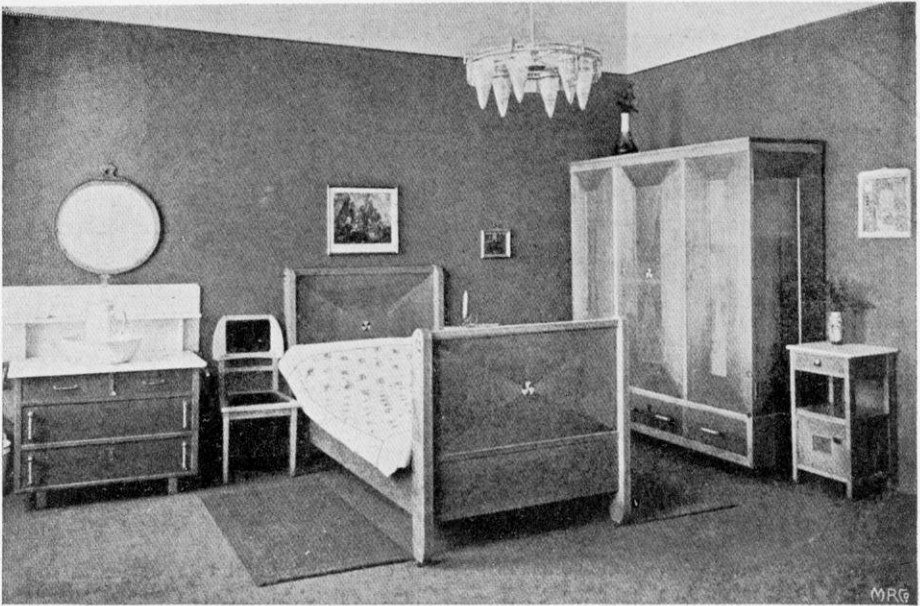
ROSE PATTERN IN TILES  
FLEUR DE LIS FRIEZE



*Courtesy of the Standard Table Oil Cloth Co.*

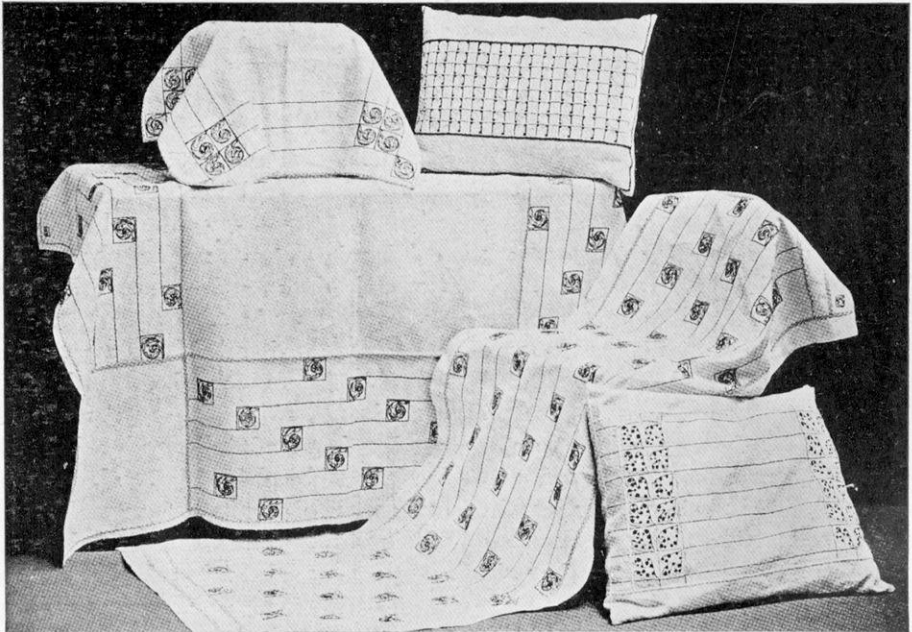


A SANITAS LOTUS FRIEZE  
CHERUB DESIGN IN SANITILE



(Reproduced from *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration*)

A RESTFUL SLEEPING ROOM DESIGNED BY W. VON BECKERATH, MUNICH



(Reproduced from *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration*)

CUSHIONS, BEDSPREAD, TABLE-SQUARE AND PORTIERE

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

is ruined often and family amicability clouded, yet to have a home sanitary,—walls must be cleaned. Until yesterday clean walls have meant new decoration; but with washable wall-covering, a room can be made hygienic by a few hours' time, a little warm water and borax powder.

"But how can paper be washed?" complains the housewife, and at a first gasp the idea does not seem reasonable. But there is a practical, washable wall covering which is not paper at all, but a prepared cloth on which designs and tints are printed in oils. It is in essence a sort of poetical oil cloth, in effect it is rich paper, fine tiles or artistic burlaps according to its prepared surface.

It is probably the most wholly hygienic, health-saving discovery in modern domestic improvement. It is germ-proof, dust-proof and time-proof. A housekeeper can take stock of this covering on her walls as a permanent asset, just as she does the wood-work in a room, or a porch at the "south side," or the rose garden beyond the orchard.

With washable wall paper, the work of house-cleaning is lessened forty per cent., the confusion is lessened fifty per cent., and the expense about seventy-five per cent. Year after year the walls are in the same condition as when new, dampness has not loosened, nor stained, there is not the tiniest room for the squatting tenant and a warm damp cloth leaves the surface clean and brilliant. The colors are printed so deeply into the prepared surface that neither sun nor water can fade them, and the texture is so firm and close that damp plaster and winter winds may attack in vain.

Where any part of a house fitting is intended to last a lifetime, as is the case with washable wall paper, it must naturally be selected with great thoughtfulness; the color must be in harmony with the wood-work and furniture, the designs must be simple and excellent in composition, and the combination must express the individual taste of the dweller therein. No one ever thinks of selecting this permanent wall decoration because "it will do for the present" or "is good enough for a season." It is a decision not to be made lightly, any more than one buys a lot or builds a house or says "yes" lightly; all of which sounds very serious, but making the walls of one's home permanently and healthfully beautiful ought to be serious—a seriousness that leads out to endless comfort and light-heartedness. Fortunately for the home-maker the washable wall-coverings come in an almost limitless variety of rich solid tones and delicate tints, with glazed and unglazed surfaces, and interesting decorative designs. There are special surfaces for bathrooms, nursery and kitchen, and dull, plain tints for ceilings. And no matter how rich or handsome the effects for library, dining-room, or hall, it can all be washed—daily in the sick-room and nursery.

This durable, hygienic wall covering is put on exactly as wall paper is hung, the same treatment, the same paste, no more time, nor expense—but once *on* the wall it becomes a wholly different proposition. It is a part of the house as much as the windows or fireplace are, something that does not have to be reckoned with for a generation. And what could more thoroughly appeal to the discerning woman



## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

than a permanent sanitary house lining. To have one's house exquisitely clean, hygienic and attractive for all time—all in one week's work—that is dealing with the modern domestic problem in earnest.

Naturally wall-covering that is going to last must be selected with more than usual care. Color combinations and designs and harmonious relation to woodwork and furniture must all be most thoughtfully considered. And because Sanitas is a life investment, there are supplied an unusually large assortment of colors and frieze patterns. For bathrooms, nursery and upper halls, there are glazed tile effects that on the walls have a rich mosaic appearance. The entire surface may be in tiles, or a tile dado can be combined with a plain glazed surface. The tiles may be plain, squared off with color, or carry a design in color, a Dutch windmill scene in Delft blue, or two loving little Cupids in rose or gray. The finest tile "papers" are so printed that they may be hung around the walls, instead of up and down, thus reducing the crack in surface to a minimum. Very handsome effects are in all white with raised borders or deep dado.

For kitchens there are plain glazed "papers" with simple friezes, a Greek border in blue, green or red, and the most perfect sanitary modern kitchen is sometimes entirely fitted up in Sanitas. A thin unglazed quality for the ceiling, heavier and glazed for the walls, the heaviest for a floor covering, and in plain white or tinted for table spread, to line closets, and to cover shelves—a washable kitchen that will be as fresh and wholesome ten years hence as to-day.

Richer tones are to be had for libraries

and sitting-rooms and charmingly delicate tints for bedrooms, usually the main surface carries one plain color combined with a two-foot frieze in some artistic design in flat tints. The designs are simple but excellent in pattern and conventionalization; a lotus with long stem and four flat tiny birds is a charmingly simple design, effective in Egyptian blue and green or modernized into pink and pale yellow. A fleur de lis design is the extreme of simplicity, just the three feather petals together, and repeated at pleasant, wide intervals for the entire frieze. A rose trellis in nice spring tints is sketched lightly for a bedroom frieze with plain matching tints in dull surface for the body of the wall. In no instance are the designs other than beautiful by their simplicity in colors, and other than permanent because of the excellent harmony of pattern and color combination.

For more elaborate room fittings, for hotels, depots, steamships, and even for the expensive houses, there are richer wall coverings called Leatherole. These are also oil colors on cloth but done in tones of rich leather with embossed effects, and sometimes with the delicate appearance of the beautiful old tooled leather of Cordova. Leatherole is used to cover entire wall surfaces or is combined with solid tones of Sanitas for home libraries or large halls. Because of the simple designs in the figured Sanitas, the excellent taste in the color combination and the principle of economy in its durability, it is essentially adapted to houses built in Craftsman style and to all rooms in which Craftsman furniture is used. It conforms perfectly to the Craftsman idea that a house should be furnished and fitted but once in a life-time,

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

and that once so beautifully and comfortably that there is seldom need or desire for change.

This washable wall-covering is no more expensive than wall paper (not so much considering its durability) if you stop always to estimate the length and width of a roll. One roll of Sanitas is equal to four rolls of paper, that is, it is always twelve yards long and forty-eight inches wide, and the price is \$2.40. Leatherole is eight yards long and from \$2.35 to \$8.00 a roll, according to the richness of the leather finish.

To make a table center like any one of these illustrations, first cut a circular piece of Leatherole 18 inches in diameter; next, trace the design on the back of a piece of Sanitas of any desired contrasting color. Use black impression paper and a hard-pointed pencil to transfer the design. Cut this ornament out with a pair of sharp scissors. Then paste with strong

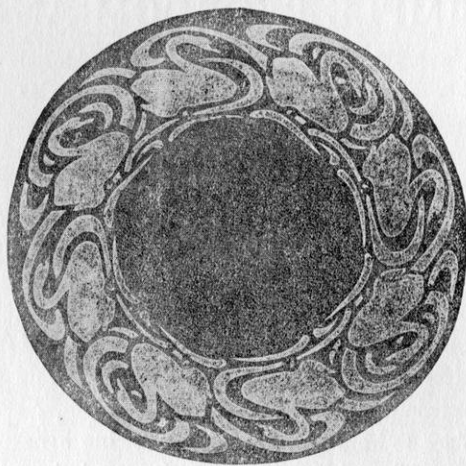
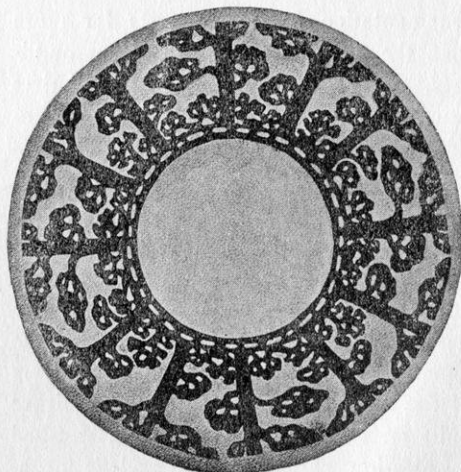


TABLE CENTER WITH SWAN PATTERN



PINE BRANCH DESIGN FOR TABLE CENTER



CONVENTIONAL DESIGN FOR  
LEATHEROLE TABLE COVER

glue to the center piece, taking care to follow the circular form and keep the spacing true. Press carefully under some heavy weight until dry.

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

### SIMPLE BEDROOM AND FURNISHINGS

**R**EST is a word but little considered in modern life, and less in America than abroad. There are constant opportunities for enjoyment, for culture, for business, but how often do you observe people making plans for rest, furnishing a house to rest in, selecting colors that are peaceful, or designing furniture that is restful because simple and good from a craftsman point of view?

Many rich American homes are, from bedroom to dining-room, a museum, "a place to hold and display interesting ornaments," and many poorer homes imitate the museum habit as far as money and time will permit.

The sad thing about all this craze for ornamentation is that it costs far more than the most peaceful, restful surroundings. A room that irritates you and tires you nine times out of ten is more expensive than the space that soothes and comforts. It is worth thinking about in this restless age—this idea of a restful living place. Germans who are a most peace-in-the-home loving people have been the first to consider the charms of simpler rooms. Especially have they realized the importance of bedrooms—the rest-centers of the house—being fitted with furniture built on simple structural lines, finished in pleasing natural tones, and if orna-

mented at all, the decoration in the New Art spirit that takes simple subjects of enduring artistic qualities and conventionalizes them into designs the beauty of which age cannot wither, nor custom stale.

In the illustration here shown of a German bedroom in the New Art style there is first of all the impression of restfulness—a place where one would quickly drop off into still sleep, where one would wake refreshed and where, best of all, one would enjoy being, relaxing—a peace-giving spot. It is all simple, harmonious, uncrowded, with all the lines wisely related, and nothing meaningless. There are but few pictures and they would be flat tones or black and white.

If you want to rest, it is almost as bad to have your taste stimulated as to have it offended. Rest somewhat means mental inactivity—pleasant spaces, cheerful, uninterrupted tones.

Almost the only decorations in this restful bedroom is the handworked linens—the bed-spread with drawn-work hem and flower sprays, the pillow slips decorated with fine Bavarian filet lace work, the bureau-scarf, embroidered in simple designs in the cool old German blue-and-white cotton work—all durable, simple expressions of home interest, not a phase of the museum habit.