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From a Painting by Korin

"THE JAPANESE YEAR IS A CALENDAR OF FLOWERS. THE MOST BELOVED IS THE UMÈ (THE PLUM)"

THE CRAFTSMAN

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Contents

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THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XI JANUARY, 1907 NUMBER 4

THE UMÈ OR PLUM-FLOWER BELONGS TO THE HISTORY, LITERATURE AND ART OF JAPAN—IT IS CELEBRATED IN THE SHO-GATSU, THE JANUARY GOOD WILL FESTIVAL: BY MARY FENOLLOSA

THE Japanese year is a calendar of flowers, first and most beloved of which is the *umè,* intolerably named by us, "the plum."

It is an injustice to ourselves, no less than to the Japanese, that many of their most beautiful and characteristic plants have been thus irretrievably labeled for the Occident with utilitarian and misleading names. The national *sakura,* with its wonder of pink, fruitless efflorescence, is tersely called by us a "cherry." It has just as much relation to the edible cherry as rose-apples have to pies. The exquisite, thorny *bokè,* in its varieties of single and double florets of crimson, white, salmon, and pink, is ticketed loosely "Japan Quince." The Japanese have real quinces in plenty. They stew and make jelly of the green, pear-shaped objects just as we do, and buy them in the market as *karin,* but these have not the faintest connection with the *bokè.* A marvelous flowering *momo,* with blossoms like tea-roses tied in clusters all along a thick, green wand, is "peach." But worst of all—the *umè*—that flower of symbolism, culture, legend, and poetry—having been once termed by some pragmatic Englishman a "plum," must remain, I suppose, a plum, as long as vegetation endures.

Of the many Japanese festivals none equals in importance the bright, three-day celebration of *Sho-gatsu,* at the opening of the year. Before the last night of the old season comes, all business debts must be paid, all family differences settled, and the houses themselves scoured and swept to the tiniest corner where dust—or a lingering imp of bad luck—might be in hiding. The New Year sun is supposed to

rise upon an immaculate community. The *umè,* being as it were a part of this happy festival, is a symbol of congratulation and good will.

But aside from *Sho-gatsu,* the *umè* is, to the people, essentially a classic flower, sprung from the Golden Age of China's past. We have something of the same feeling toward the narcissus, the Grecian myrtle, and the pomegranate. For old China is to Japan, Greece and Rome in one.

The date of the actual bringing over of the *umè* is not known. In the earliest collection of Japanese poems, the *Manyoshu,* published in the eighth century of our era, many allusions to them as to a plant already loved and known are found. One charming stanza, done into English by Mr. Aston, says:—

"On the plum-blossoms
Thick fell the snow.
I wished to gather some to show thee
But it melted in my hands."

This dainty conception of the snow on plum-flowers, so intermingled in fragile beauty and in faint, chill fragrance that one is mistaken for the other, is a favorite among the Japanese, and is often met with in later verse.

BUT we flower-lovers care little for our own classic origins, much less for those of a strange land. Let us speak of the little plum trees growing in pots, to be seen at this moment, by thousands, in Tokio; or old, old gardens of plums, yet to be visited. Resident foreigners have become adherents of the plum-cult, not so much from appreciation of what the flower means to national life, as "for simple beauty, and naught else."

Of the potted plums, each separate one is a creation, an artistic study, not only with regard to blossoming qualities, to color and form of growth, but because the combined effect is always in harmonious relation to the pot in which the plant grows. The size, shape, and color of the glazed vessels are also terms, as it were, in which the artist gardener creates. I recall a translucent salmon-pink bush, springing like an ecstatic young geyser from a tall pot of silvery blue, and a mysterious yellow-green apparition of bloom set in a wide, flat bowl of jade

that seemed to draw forth new beauty from a color already unusual.

In size these compositions range from pigmy gardens in a flat porcelain dish where the tallest plum—gnarled and lichen-covered too—stands some ten inches in height, to a great weeping willow of an *umè* tree, twenty feet high, in a brown glazed jar five feet across the mouth. But those of medium size in decorated pots are the favorites of foreigners. Remaining in bloom for many weeks, they are ideal table ornaments, and also for the drawing-room.

Some of us had the temerity to "collect" them, and for a season talked learnedly of the different colors, shapes, and names; but after the first summer we found that they needed to be sent back to their wizard parent, the gardener, there to be coaxed into new buds. These buds are indeed the jewels with which Japanese poetry so often compares them. Perfectly round, smooth, and set close against a lichen-silvered bark, they have the look of pearls, garnets, topaz, chrysophrase, rubies, and pink amethysts. The size of the average blossom is about that of a wedding ring, though special varieties are made to produce a much larger kind. These, an old Chinese poet has called "great coins of beauty." Sometimes the florets conserve a half-opened shape, like a small cup, and then one has to peer down into a little golden nest of stamens. Others are wide and flat, like a wild rose.

It is said that there are five hundred varieties—should one happen to care for statistics. In color alone the gradations are almost endless, for not only do the petals themselves vary in texture, color, amount of doubling and manner of growth, but the sheathing calyx underneath them may be silver-green, deep-green, white, yellowish-green, red, bronze, and so on through hundreds of modifications. The more usual tones of the petal are white, crimson, and pink, through various degrees, but I have seen a clear, faint yellow plum-flower, thin and crumpled like a poppy leaf, and greenish, "tea-colored" blooms, and spectral blue flowers that shone with an almost unearthly beauty.

As for the fragrance of the *umè*—there is nothing else in the world like it. If I were forced to give a recipe, using comparatively gross materials, the formula would be something like this:—

Two ounces La France rose, grown out of doors, and with dew on it; one scruple lemon-peel; one ounce odor of opening water-lily; one ounce deep red carnation fragrance; one ounce moonlight; one ounce Chopin's music; delight in it—no scruples at all!

This may sound exaggerated and absurd; but it is just the way the plum flower makes a person feel. If it were possible for one's soul to get drunk through one's nose, a growing tree of the wine-colored *umè* is the thing to avoid. Plums have done strange things to men. Here is a story told me by a friend from Idzumo.

THERE was a young artist who had a single plum tree. It was tall, five feet at least, of the drooping-willow form, and with flowers the color of crystal held under sea-water. It grew in a cheap, earth-colored pot—for the artist was poor—and its fragrance matched the wonder of its look. He said that, at night, when he spoke its name, the fragrance turned to a strange, blue light, so that the tree, in its whole length, glowed faintly. At any rate, he went mad for love of it, and he swore that, at last, at the one hour of midnight, because of his great love, it became a maiden who returned his love. They found him, one gray February morning, dead, at the foot of the still blossoming tree. They buried him in the temple yard, with the *umè* close beside him. The grave is still shown to pilgrims. Near it leans an old, old *umè* tree. The village people say that even yet, at the midnight hour, a faint blue light flickers among the branches. Perhaps it does.

There are old plum groves and gardens dating back for centuries, and to most of these foreigners may gain access—but not to all. After years of residence he (or she)—if they have proved themselves worthy in Japanese eyes—may, at the blossoming season, be taken into some quiet, hedge-protected treasury of beauty, that is the special care and pride of a world-famous figure—warrior, statesman, or poet. There has always been a curious analogy between the order of mind that makes for greatness, in the Far East, and the temperament which finds its joy and relaxation in the tending of garden plants, particularly the *umè*. Field Marshal Marquis Yamagata, Marquis Ito, and Admiral Togo, with doubtless many others of their kind, are acknowledged lovers of the plum, and it is said of grim old Togo the Silent that he once carried this love to the extent of having several thousand dwarf plants sent to his camp in the Liao-Tung Peninsula that his fighting men might be heartened by the presence of beauty.

An old, gnarled trunk, seemingly in decay, with yet a perfect sunburst of green twigs and rosy flowers, symbolizes to such minds the

deathless quality of youth, beauty, and art. The drooping form is spoken of as "Silver Ghost of a Willow Under the Moon," or, "Slow Falling Fountain of Perfume," or, perhaps, "Osier Cage of Nightingales." An old tree, rough-barked, leaning angular branches, like elbows, down to earth, is called, "Crouching Dragon Plum." A more delicate variety, full of thin, crossing twigs, and restless tangents of bloom, is termed, "Waves of the Hillside Bamboo Grass." An individual tree, much loved, is given a name like a person, and is spoken of in the owner's home as a member of the family. These names have generally a classic or poetical origin, as if we were to call some favorite shrub, that once a year covers itself with whiteness, "Leda's Swan," or an old crouching tree, *Fafner*.

And not only are the characteristic features of a plant thus noted and enhanced, but they are often deliberately trained to represent an abstract thought, a poetic allusion, or the mannerism of a special artist—even a school of artists. A smooth-bark tree, with round spots of lichen and infrequent but enormous blooms of white, would be inevitably a *Korin*. One sees this very growth on screen or villa wall. Those gray, metallic twigs lie, in dull silver, across many a lacquered box; while the flat, unmodulated discs of bloom are already of mother-of-pearl, waiting to be transferred. Again we are shown a Dragon Plum, fresh from the brush of Sesshu who died four centuries ago. For the later generations we find the springing, upward growth, loved of Hoyen; or the broad, snow-massed branches of Okio.

On the Kine-gawa (Kine River) a few miles to the north of Tokio, stands the villa, or *bes-so,* of Count Katsu, inherited by him through many generations. In lieu of the more usual composition of shrubs, sand, stones, and water, it is surrounded by an old plum grove into which surely the ghost of Kano Tanyu must come by night to wander. Whether or not Tanyu himself had part in the inception of this garden, I was not able to learn. Each tree, however, is trained and pruned into exactly the broad, spikey lines that Tanyu would have drawn on temple screen, or palace wall. And not only is each tree trained to be beautiful in itself, but also in relation to all neighboring trees, so that the whole becomes a great mural composition, in terms of trunk, limb, and flower, against an azure or a cloudy sky. The falling of a petal has a look of unreality. Even the divine fragrance, solvent in the thin, chill air, can not enforce actuality.

STORY OF THE PLUM FLOWER

THUS far I have spoken chiefly of the outward semblance of the *umè* flower, its colors, forms, fragrance, and many manners of growth. Being, as I said, the first blossoming plant of the year and thus identified with the festival of *Sho-gatsu,* it becomes one of the national symbols of good luck and congratulation. But aside from this obvious connotation it has meaning upon meaning, countless delicate suggestions and symbolisms known only to scholars and poets. In the mind of the average Japanese it is most closely associated with feminine sweetness, beauty, and chastity. For this reason—plus that of congratulation—it is an indispensable element in all wedding decorations. If the actual flowers are not in bloom, artificial ones are used, just as our brides use orange blossoms.

The *umè* is not, however, employed as a personal adornment. The whole small tree will be mimicked, standing on a little wooden platform with its inalienable companions, the pine tree and the bamboo—both in miniature. These three have come down through the centuries to symbolize all that is desirable. No one seems to know the origin, though any street child in Japan will tell you that *Sho-chiku-bai*—(pine-bamboo-plum) means good luck and happiness. Perhaps it came from the teachings of that old Buddhist sect of contemplation, called the *Zen,* where every aspect of the outer world is but a reflection of some phase of human will or character. Perhaps it reaches even farther back, through China, into ancient India. The Japanese themselves know only certain accepted facts of modern symbolism.

The pine tree stands for masculine strength, endurance, loyalty, and longevity. The plum is feminine, and in its fundamental meanings of sweetness and chastity, stands for domestic joy. The bamboo has qualities of both, with an especial significance of moral rectitude. Grace it possesses, swaying far over at the touch of the lightest wind; its beauty has been dwelt upon by generations of Japanese and Chinese artists. Though pliant and yielding it never breaks. Sometimes in the great tempests, called in the Far East typhoons, both pine and plum will go crashing down, and the slender bamboo, prone upon earth while the wind is in its fury, will soon spring upright. Therefore the three, endurance, sweetness, and strength-in-yielding, make a trinity of virtues that seem to the Japanese absolutely satisfying.

In the countless poems hung in spring-time to the branches of the *umè,* the greater number contain allusion to the absent members of

the triumvirate, the pine and the bamboo; and in paintings of the plum, especially in past centuries when the *Zen* and Chinese influences were more vital, pine and bamboo were sure to find a place. No temple or palace garden was complete without the three, and if the master bent with a more personal love over his *umè* flowers, it was almost as if he delighted in a fair daughter or gentle wife. In love-songs women are constantly likened to the blossoms of the white plum. History and drama are filled with stories and imagery from this classic plant.

ONE of the best-known legends is that of Michizanè and his "Flying-Plum." Michizanè was a great writer, thinker, and statesman of the ninth century, a time when the Kioto palace was given over to culture and to political intrigue. Being acknowledged leader of one party, he very naturally had bitter enemies; and these, at the very height of his power, succeeded in turning the heart of the Emperor from him, and in obtaining a decree of instant banishment.

Just at the corner of his splendid home, leaning above a balcony where he had loved to sit, grew a white plum-tree that was Michizanè's special pride and care. To this tree his last farewell was spoken:—

Idetè naba
Nushi naki yado to
Narinu tomo
Nokiba no umè yo
Haru wo wasuruna!

It is really worth while trying to read these Japanese words aloud, giving continental pronunciation to all vowels, to get something of the velvet softness and pathos inherent in the lines.

This translation I have attempted in exact Japanese metre, but with English rhyming:—

Though disgraced and poor
I, in exile wandering
See my home no more—
Plum-tree, by my empty door,
O, forget not thou the spring!

Arrived at last at the wretched hut in the distant, arid north country to which his enemies had doomed him, Michizanè stood alone without the door, with no courage to open it. Night was closing in. For all his philosophy, loneliness and despair crept near with the darkness. "If there were one thing here that I could love—If but I had my plum-tree!" Michizanè cried aloud.

At this moment, looking upward, he saw a strange object like a huge, shaggy bird flying in the air. It was the plum-tree, which descended swiftly toward him, alighted at the corner of the house corresponding to the one in Kioto, settled itself at a familiar angle in the earth, and went on serenely blossoming as if nothing at all had happened. The good Michizanè died a year later, still in disgrace and exile. The fact that he has since been worshiped as a deity—as the Japanese God of Learning—couldn't have been of much comfort just then. I love to feel that the plum-tree was near him!

WITH every favorite shrub and tree the Japanese—as the Chinese before them—connect a month, a festival, and also some bird or beast or insect. The wistaria has its swallows; under the graceful *hagi* bush the young deer lies; on the water-reed perches the irridescent dragon-fly, or the twinkling *hotaru* or fire-fly; the eagle has his place upon the pine, and wind is the companion of the tall bamboo. To the *umè* flower, tradition and poetry give the nightingale. Its liquid, enchanting voice is sometimes said to be the perfume of the plum made audible. Since it sings very early in the season, its song is called the melting of frozen tears.

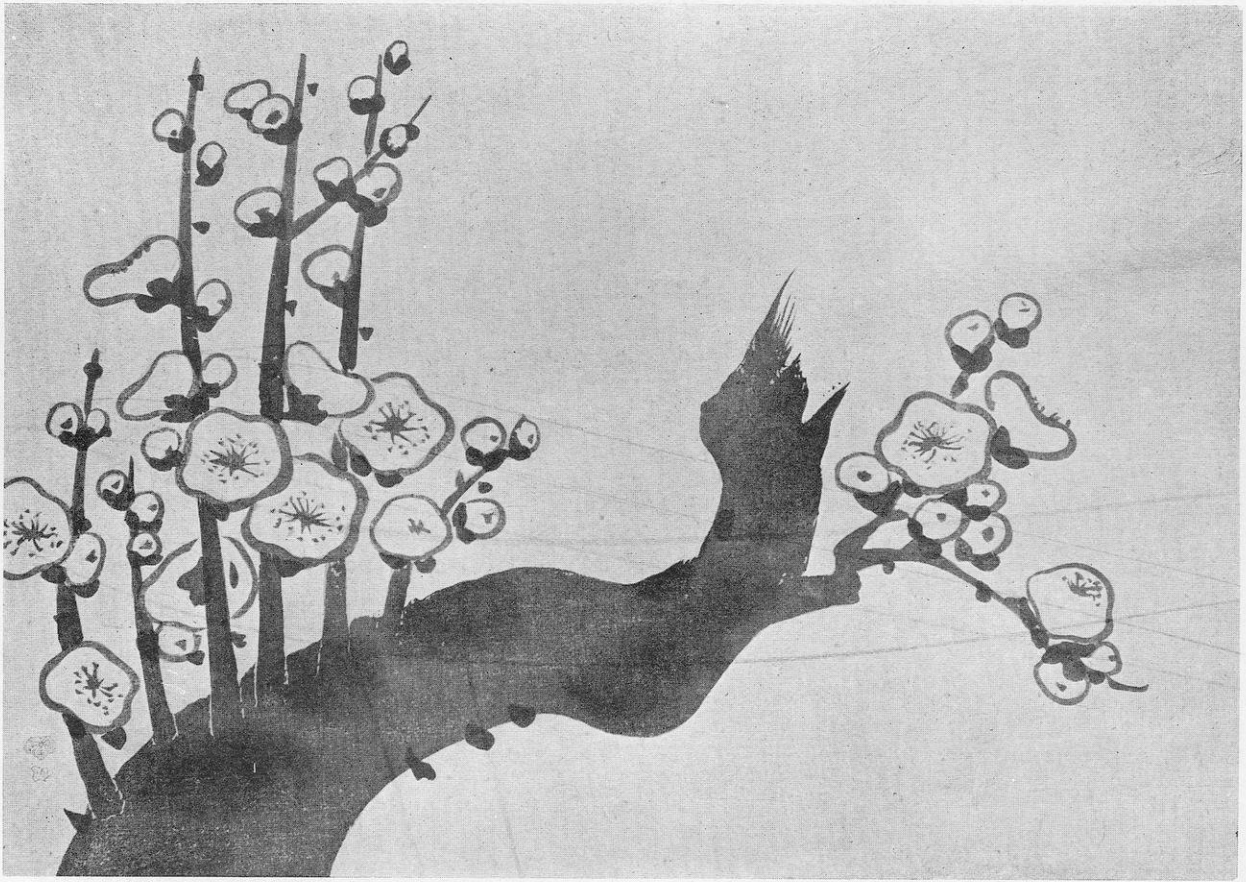
The *unguise* and the *umè* flower! These are images indeed with which to conjure poetry, and Japan is a nation of poets!

Perhaps, in centuries, our golden-rod and Indian maize will be jewel-encrusted with rich fancies. The little May-flower bears already a faint halo of illusion about each new-discovered cluster. Our fragrant wild grapes, our maples and red oaks of autumn, these are more than worthy to stand in the king's treasury of thought, but many years must pass before they are well established.

In Japan it is, and for centuries has been, a commonplace, that everything connected with life becomes thereby poetical. Like the Greeks, whatever they touch becomes beautiful. Poems are even to-day cast in the iron of their tea kettles, burnt on the leather of

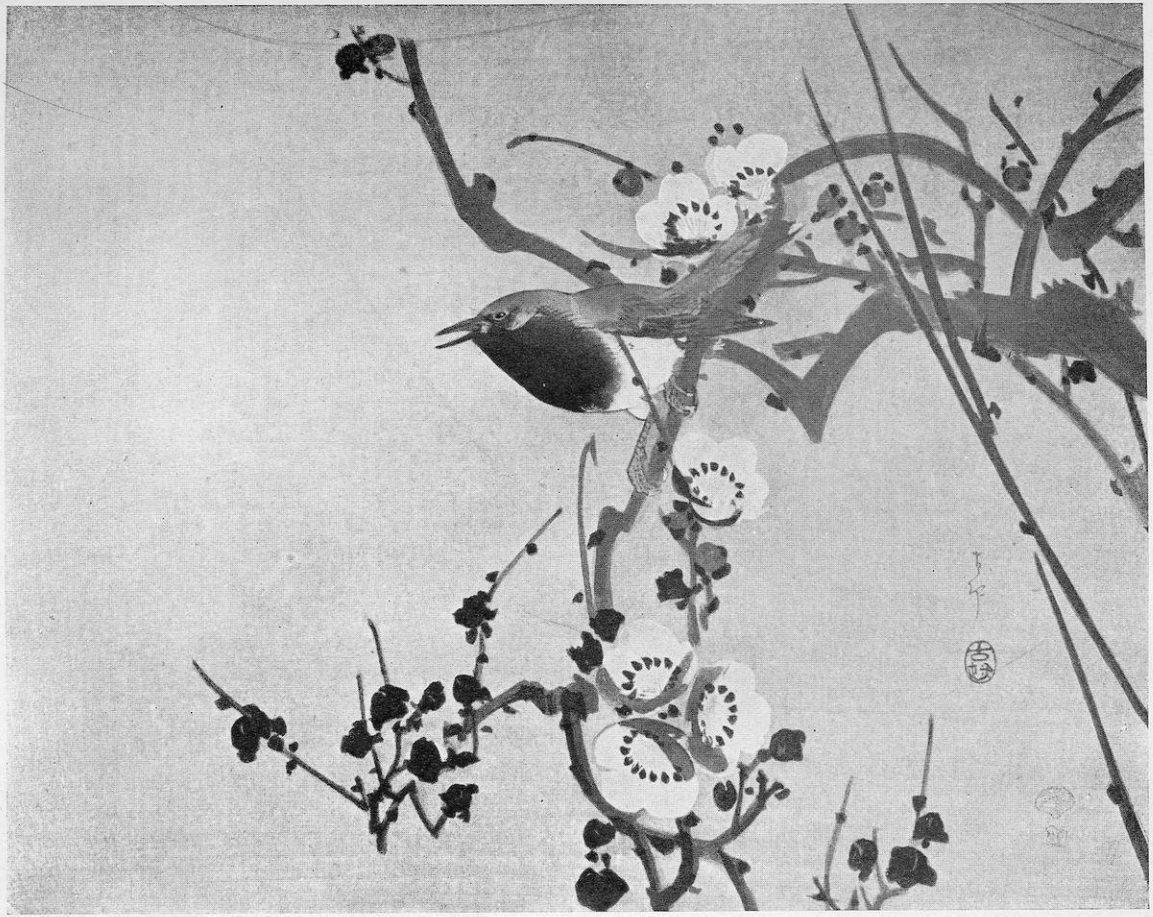
From a Print by Hiroshigè

"THE COMPANION OF THE UMÈ IS THE NIGHTINGALE"



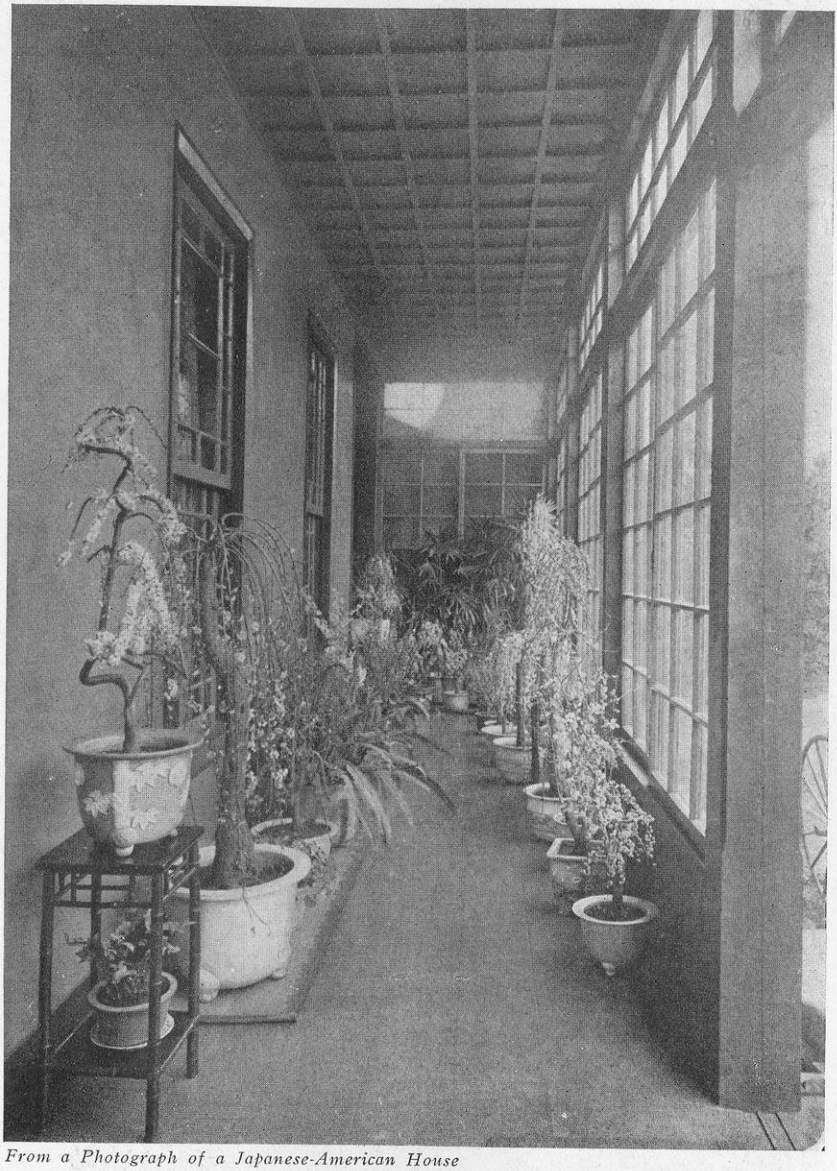
From a Painting by Korin

AN OLD CHINESE POET HAS CALLED THE PLUM BLOSSOMS "GREAT COINS OF BEAUTY"



From a Modern Japanese Print

"A NIGHTINGALE SINGING IN THE BRANCHES"

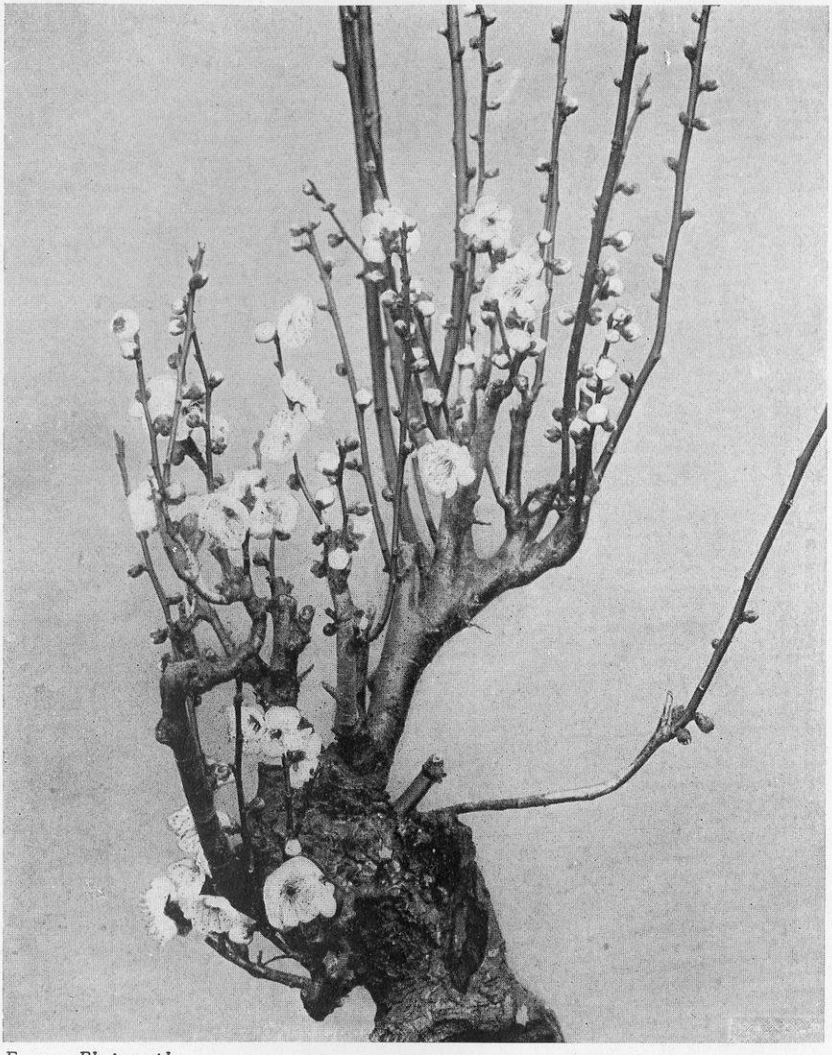


From a Photograph of a Japanese-American House

PLUM BLOSSOMS ARE A FAVORITE DECORATION FOR THE CORRIDORS OF FOREIGN BUNGALOWS

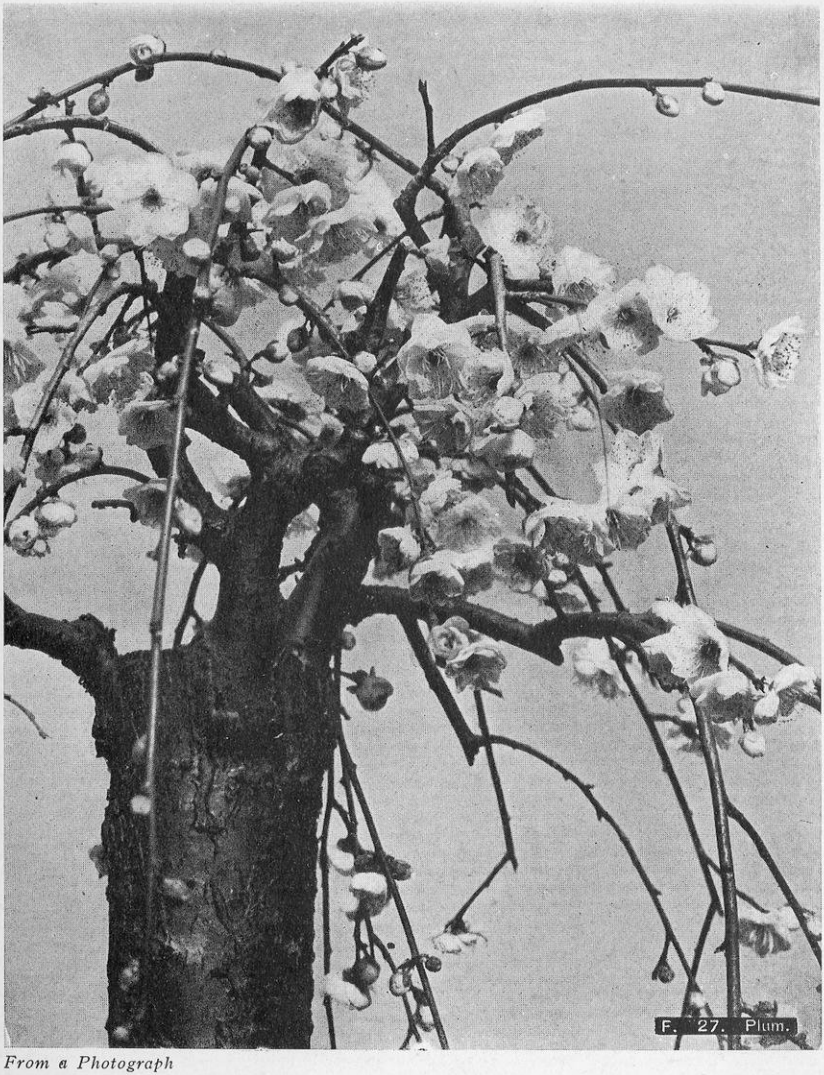
Photograph of a Painting by Hoyen

"THE SPRINGING, UPWARD GROWTH, LOVED OF HOYEN"



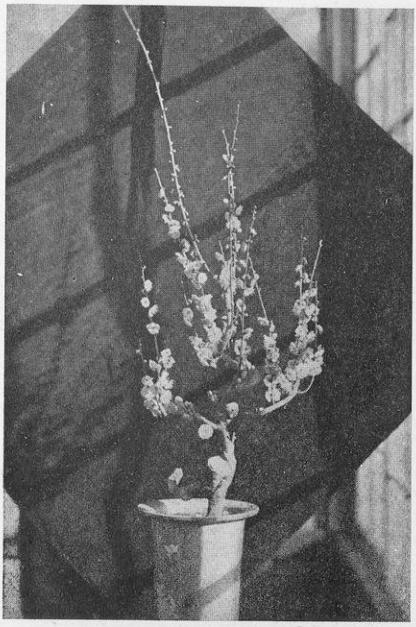
From a Photograph

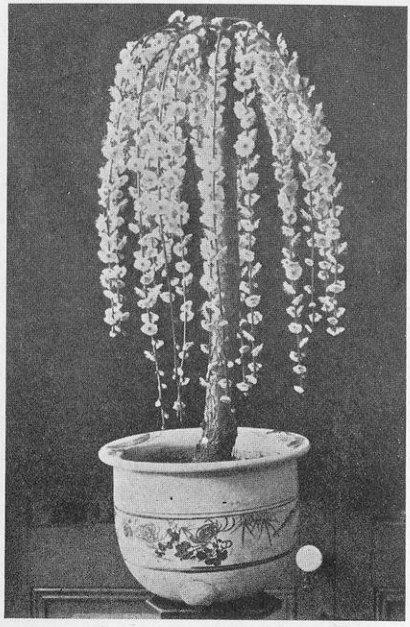
TOP OF AN UMÈ TREE, SHOWING THE GRAFTING OF NEW TWIGS ON OLD WOOD

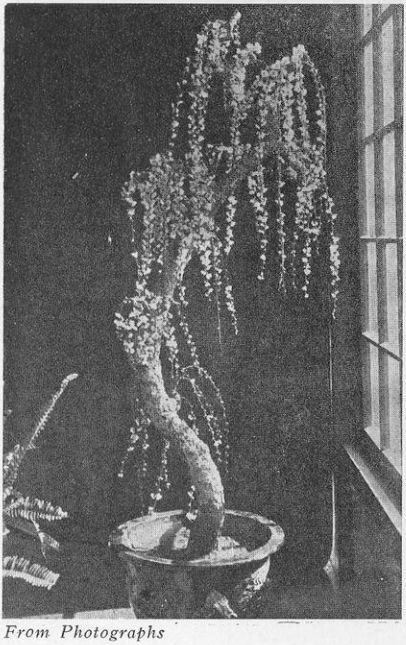


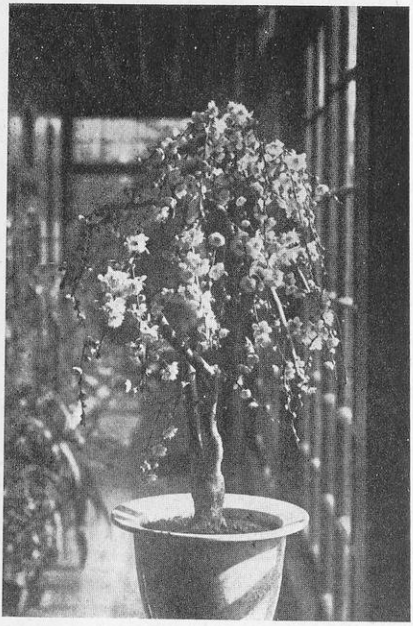
From a Photograph

"THE DROOPING FORM OF THE WILLOW PLUM IS OFTEN SPOKEN OF AS THE 'SILVER GHOST OF A WILLOW UNDER THE MOON'"









From Photographs

BLOSSOMS OF MEDIUM SIZE IN CLEAR WHITE, PINK, AND DEEP CRIMSON, GROWN IN DECORATED POTS, ARE "COLLECTED" BY FOREIGNERS

sandal-straps, written down the slivers of orange-wood they use for tooth picks, dyed into garments of common wear, and intaglioed into the very wooden rafters of their homes. To such a people, conceive then the significance of an *umè* tree in full, fragrant bloom, with a nightingale singing in the branches!

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS

THE hills are not so high as once they were,
And the old woods that seemed so dark and vast
In those remembered child days of the past,
Are only a few trees that now confer
In whispers of the curious wayfarer
Who stands and gazes so. The young trees cast
Shy glances at me; they were sprouts when last
I questioned them, and they were tenderer.

The gray old empty house is like a dream
That haunts the memory in the clear noonday.
The silent room of birth is tenanted
By disembodied yearnings, and they seem
Vaguely to know that I have found the way
To something unimagined by the dead.

—*Elsa Barker.*

THE USE OF OUT OF DOORS: BY BLISS CARMAN

HAT we should speak of the use of out of doors is of itself a criticism of our mode of life, and a confession of our indoor habits. So accustomed have we grown to living under roofs and behind glass almost perpetually, that life out of doors is strange and unusual. We turn to it only occasionally and then with something like surprise, as if we were about to make a journey into a foreign country.

And yet this is our native air, we were reared and nurtured in the open for aeons before cities were thought of or suburbs invented. We had ridge-poles, it is true, and hearth-stones, tepees, and wigwams and igloos, but we had no sewer gas nor soft coal smoke nor dinning noise of streets. Our life was derived from a nature whose sunlight and oxygen are unlimited, where pure water is abundant, and where food, if scarce, is at least not adulterated. We have harnessed the earth and modified her powers for our own uses, making it possible for a thousand men to live where formerly hardly a hundred could survive, but we have not been altogether wise with our cleverness; and in the flush of triumphant civilization we are in danger of forgetting some of the old essential habits of humanity. In fact they are more than habits, more than second nature, they are part of our primitive nature. To breathe deeply, to sleep soundly, to walk well, to be unhurried save in emergency, to take from the bounty of earth only so much as will serve a moderate need, these are some of the things we learned long since and are forgetting.

It is not a question of morals, nor even of convenience, so much as a matter of the sheer preservation of life. In the universe of animal existence to which we are so nearly and so permanently akin, the great natural elements and laws maintain themselves unalterably, and impose their order on all breathing creatures. Indeed we are actually sprung from the operation of these very laws and forces, and must perish when we try to divorce ourselves from their beneficent power. We are not wholly animal, it is true; there is an immortal strain of spiritual in our make-up, to be cherished and cultivated; but it were surely madness not to heed the limitations and necessities of that lowly sphere from which our being is derived, and which in this life at all events we never shall transcend. There is no saving the soul alive,

either for men or nations, while the body sickens in ignorance or neglect.

One does not need to be a detractor of our own times in order rightly to praise the more primitive life of the open. Life in the ages gone no doubt was often more perilous than it is to-day; in those small Medieval or classic cities whose names are surrounded with such poetic glamour, it was doubtless much more unwholesome than in our own Babylons; our sanitation, our care, our consideration, our thousand conveniences were unknown to them; we have outstripped them beyond sight in the progress of home-building; and yet there remain these elemental needs to be guarded and supplied. Going back to nature does not mean going back to barbarism or to the pestilent Middle Ages, it only means opening the door and stepping out into simple leisure and sunlight which have been from the beginning, plentiful, life-giving, only waiting to be used.

HOUSES were made for shelter, not for confinement; for freedom, not restraint; they were intended to enlarge our sphere of activities, not to diminish them. They were to provide us a protection against the elements, so that busy happy life could go on unhindered by season or climate, heat or storm. After food, they are the first requisite—the first trace of himself which man imposes upon the natural world, and the most primitive and lasting evidence of the handiwork which grows into all the arts of all the centuries. They foster the family and make progress possible, but we should not abuse their protection. We have crawled away into their still and comfortable recesses, slept in their dry clean chambers, toasted ourselves over their sheltered fires, read by their unflickering lights, and eaten from their bountiful boards so long, that we are grown pale, timid, peevish, and thankless withal. We have kept ourselves away from the wind and the sun and the lashing rain, from the feel of the earth under foot and the sense of the leaves and stars overhead, until we no longer know the keen and simple joys of being alive. We have set up barriers against the inclemency of nature, and cowered before her severe austerity, until now we have forgotten how indispensable is all her kindly nurture, how tonic her rugged ways, how full of solace her assuaging calm.

Houses were only made to live in when it is too cold or too hot or too wet to live out of doors. Any other time out of doors is best. Out

of doors is the only place where a man can breathe and sleep to perfection, and keep the blood red in the cheek; and those are the three prime factors in the life of humans, the three first great rhythms of our being. It is almost impossible to get enough fresh pure air inside of four walls, and it is not possible at all to keep the wholesome flush of health in rooms unvisited by the daily sun.

To sleep out of doors for a month is better than a trip to Europe. In this climate one must have a roof, of course; but any piazza that is open to three-quarters of the heavens will serve as a bedroom; and the gain in happiness is unbelievable. With an abundant supply of good air the sleep soon grows normal, deep and untroubled and refreshing, so that we open our eyes upon the world as gladly as a hunter or any pagan shepherd in the morning of the world. We grow anxious and flustered and harried with distractions; the goblin of worry becomes an inseparable companion; and we groan in spirit that the universe is all awry; when in truth half a dozen deep breaths of clean air would lend a different complexion to life. Our anxieties are nearly all artificial; and are bred indoors, under the stifling oppression of walls and roofs and the maddening clangor of pavements; and a day in the open will often dispel them like a mist.

THE trouble goes farther than the nerves; it is not merely the danger we run of growing dyspeptic and overwrought; very likely half of our perverted and oblique sense of decent obligations in business and in civic affairs, which we hear so much of at present, is the result of our unwholesome hectic city lives. If our streets could be doubled in width, and our chambers quadrupled in size, there would not be half as many stories of graft and peculation and unhappy deflection from honesty and honor. We are crowded and hustled and irritated to the point of physical desperation; in our thoroughfares and marts, our tenements and tiny apartments, our shops and street cars, we revert pretty closely to the jostling of the original herd and pack. Is it any wonder that we should throw back to a primitive ruthlessness in the stress and haste of competition? Can you ask for manners in the midst of a scrimmage, or look for moral steadiness in a nervous wreck? Give us more air and sun and ground under foot, and we will give you fewer instances of unfortunate immorality, knavery, greed, and despair.

THE USE OF OUT OF DOORS

Out of doors is the birthright of every man and woman alive. The roads are free, if the land is not yet; there is plenty of life in the open air to be had for the asking; and with a little thought we may all increase our share in that inheritance which is better than gold. No land has a finer out of doors than this of yours and mine. Winter or summer, there is hardly a corner of it that will not afford you tolerant and kindly treatment, and reward your confidence a thousand fold. The seaboard, the mountains, the great plains, the farmland valleys, the noble rivers, the forests, the deserts—they are all good to live in; and in the sense we are speaking of, they are better than any city. Where we have not polluted and profaned them, they retain the purity and majesty of creation; and they are ever waiting to surround us with their nobility and strength, to soothe our fretted nerves, to console us with their leisurely endurance, to offer us again something of the natural dignity we have lost. They will discount our clever practices and shifty ways, but they will offer us instead methods of thought and conduct, and a poise of character befitting our true estate as men. In their presence we shall have room to breathe freely once more and feel the possibility of a liberal happiness. Away from them we shall always suffer detriment and never be able to keep ourselves free. Men are what their land is; and in a country of such beauty and sublimity as ours, it would be a shame to perpetuate a race anything poorer than the best. And indeed that will be almost impossible, if we will only open our doors and go forth from under narrow eaves to use and possess the spaces that are made ready for us. The Promised Land is not given to dwellers in cities, but only to far-seeing eyes, and feet that are familiar with the naked earth.

True we can not at once incontinently leave our tasks and wander at will out into the green world whenever the wind sets from a pleasant quarter. But we can all sleep with our windows open every night of the year, and begin with a cold bath winter and summer. That will be a beginning. That will be a small part of our rightful portion in the delectable commonwealth of out of doors.

HARK TO THE CRY!

HARK to the Cry!
Death passes by.
Death on his charger fleet and pale,
Death with his cruel remorseless flail,
He rattles a laugh as he rides fast,
At the empty show of class and caste.

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
Now who is serf and who is lord,
When Death on his charger rides abroad?
Peers of the realm—and waifs of the street
Tremble at his relentless feet.

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
King and Commoner, side by side,
One in poverty, one in pride—
The fustian cap and the royal crown—
Low on the sod must both lie down.

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
And they who work, and they who scorn—
The millionaire and the fag forlorn—
Cringing in terror before Death's power,
Are beggars together for one more hour.

HARK TO THE CRY!

HARK to the Cry!
Death passes by.
The haughty lady in gems and lace
Forgets her boast of caste and place,
She grips the dust with her serving-maid—
Naked, shuddering, sore afraid.

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
And the pious dame who turned away
From her fallen sister yesterday,
Is buried with her in the ditch,
Death, mocking, murmurs "Which is which?"

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
The arrogant pedant of many schools
Mumbles wild jargon with the fools.
What does he know but a dying moan,
When he goes with the fool to the Great Unknown?

Hark to the Cry!
Death passes by.
He rides on his charger fleet and white,
He rides by day, he rides by night,
Long and loud is the laugh of Death
As he breaks Life's Bubbles with icy breath.

—*Katrina Trask.*

FRITZ THAULOW—HIS ORIGINALITY AS AN ARTIST AND CHARM AS A MAN: BY JAMES B. TOWNSEND

IN THE death of Fritz Thaulow, at Volendam, November fifth, the world of art loses a painter of marked originality and ability. In fact with the possible exception of Seganti of Italy, dead ere his prime, and Zuloaga of Spain, Thaulow stood alone among modern European painters, as influenced by no school, and one who in choice of subject and technique was so original and forceful as to make his works attract and appeal.

Born in Christiania, Norway, in 1847, Thaulow inherited from his Scandinavian ancestors that force and ruggedness of character which is a direct outcome and reflection of their cold and somber skies and seas—their grim mountains and sterile valleys. It is this which gives to Scandinavian literature and music, as well as art, not only its strength, but a certain tone or atmosphere—which suggests morbidness to dwellers in summer climes. From this latter characteristic Thaulow was singularly if not almost entirely free. Far Northern scenes—of snow covered hills and roofs, and ice clad rivers—he painted *con amore,* and as a rule, irradiated by clear sunlight or the keen brilliance of the stars or the silver radiance of the far Northern night. He excelled in painting running water, and no artist old or modern has so well rendered, as Thaulow, the quiet, deep, swiftly moving stream, flowing between snow-covered banks in winter or green ones in springtime or summer, or dashing over mill dams in foam and spray. He was well termed some years ago: "The painter of the night, the snow, and the stream."

A single red or brick building—low and with peaked roof—snow-covered, or a cluster of the same, or a snow-covered bank of some rapid running stream, winter noons, or a winter dawn or twilight—these were Thaulow's favorite subjects.

When still a youth he became a pupil of Sorenson at Copenhagen, and later on of Gade at Karlsruhe. His work was known and esteemed in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, but it was not until the Paris Exposition of 1889, when he was 42 years old, and when he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, that he came prominently before the public eye, and that art lovers even in Europe realized that new great-

Photograph by T. Dunbar Wright
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THAULOW IN HIS PARIS STUDIO
GIVING HIS SON A VIOLIN LESSON

Photograph by T. Dunbar Wright
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FRITZ THAULOW AND MME. THAULOW, A RUSSIAN PRINCESS

ness was again among them. The foreign art dealers were quick to discern the big force, originality, and novelty of Thaulow's canvases, bid against each other for them, and he was soon on the road to fame and fortune.

It was not, however, until about 1895 that Thaulow's name and work became well known in America. It was also through the dealers that he was introduced to American art lovers. Now no collection of modern foreign pictures in this or any country is considered complete without an example of the Norwegian painter. This very vogue almost became Thaulow's undoing, for the demands upon him for pictures were insistent and his rewards so great—that he, not unnaturally, yielded to a temptation to paint too much. Some of his later canvases show this, and are not as strong as those of his earlier and especially of his middle period. He also, unfortunately, of late years consented to having colored reproductions of his pictures made, and then wholesale distribution of them had a tendency to cheapen the value of his work.

Thaulow visited this country in 1875 and again in 1898. He was a judge in the art section of the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, and acted again in the same capacity at the Carnegie Institute Exhibition at Pittsburg, in 1898. He married a granddaughter of the late Princess Saltikoff of Russia.

THE photographs of Thaulow reproduced in this article were taken by Mr. J. Dunbar Wright, an American artist, who accompanied the famous Norwegian painter on a sketching trip in France, in the spring of 1905. Speaking of his visit to Thaulow, Mr. Wright said: "I called on Thaulow in Paris and showed him several examples of my work. He immediately proposed a painting trip to Bové, which is about ten miles from Amiens. I arrived at the station, in Paris, and discovered the big fellow, attired in a velvet coat, and wearing a flowing tie, looking the typical painter. He carried a big arm chair, a pair of wooden shoes, a violoncello, and also a bicycle. After arranging for the trip we boarded a train. Just before starting a charming woman appeared at the car window. She was the artist's wife. Thaulow was most affectionate as he bade her good-bye. I remarked as we left the station that 'I had never witnessed such a demonstration of affection in America.' Thaulow replied that he

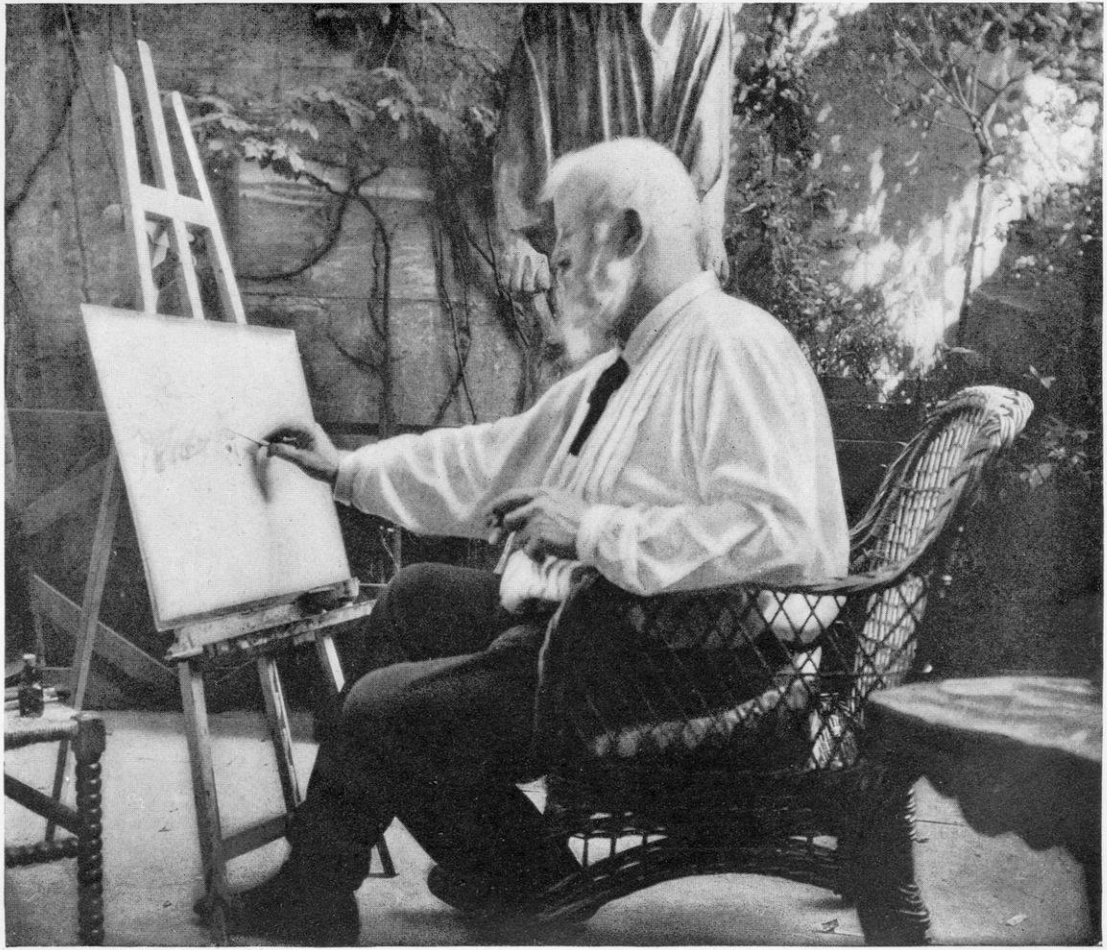
loved his wife very much, and added, 'In Christiania we marry for love.' 'I have three daughters married,' he continued, 'and one who is single, but she is too young for you, I fear.'

"We made the run to Amiens in about two hours," continued Mr. Wright. "I put my stuff in a cab and rode to Bové. Thaulow followed on his bicycle. He had heard of the picturesque streams of the region in and about this town. It was the country he loved to paint. At Bové we found an epidemic of scarlet fever, and also no accommodations at the hotels.

"For a time it looked as though we might have to return to Paris without results. We finally arranged, however, to stop at a little house near the station, which in reality was more like a café. There we remained for two weeks. It was delightful. Thaulow was always jolly, pleasant, and ever willing to instruct. He selected four places where he could paint nature during the different periods of the day. We worked in the open, and Thaulow, I observed, always used large canvases and practically completed his pictures from nature in the open. He worked diligently and seemed to have all the enthusiasm of a beginner. It was quite apparent that he found great pleasure in his painting. The weather at times was cool, and I ceased to paint. Thaulow continued his work, however, for he did not seem to mind the cool days at all, so accustomed was he to paint in the snow clad country of his native land."

Thaulow had a beautiful home in Paris filled with many interesting works by famous painters and sculptors, including examples by Rodin, who was an intimate friend of the Norwegian artist. Often Thaulow would leave his dinner to continue work in his studio. His wife was a real helpmate, and this may be readily understood, for she is herself an artist. His children are all talented, especially a young son of about twelve years of age, who shows distinct taste for the violin. Nearly all of the great men of the art and musical world assembled at Thaulow's house. At a dinner party given in his Paris home not long ago, many famous artists gathered. Some gave impersonations, and others entertained in various ways.

Those who once enjoyed the hospitality of the artist could never forget the fine, big nature of the man.



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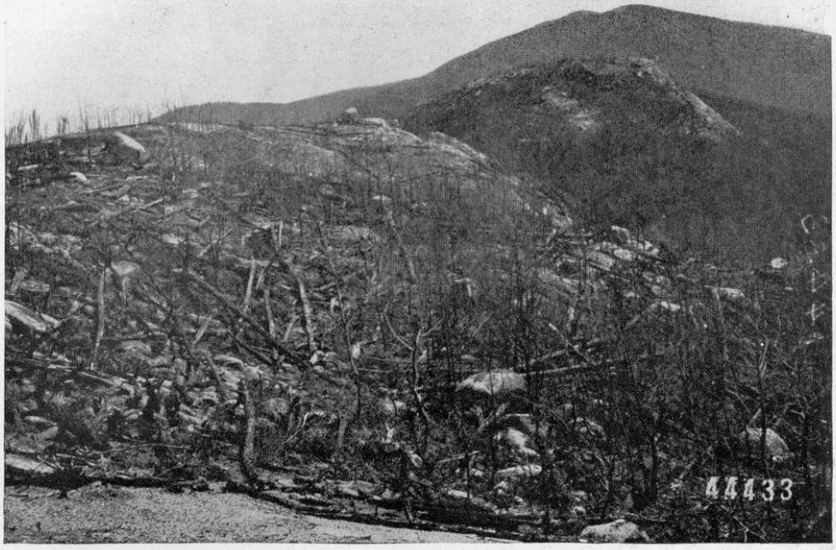
FRITZ THAULOW AT WORK IN HIS PARIS STUDIO



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DEVASTATED MOUNTAIN PEAKS ARE
A PLEA FOR A "FOREST RESERVE"

THE FINEST TYPES OF VIRGIN FOREST HAVE DISAPPEARED, AND THE SECOND GROWTHS ARE RAPIDLY GOING

THE ROOF OF NEW ENGLAND—A PLEA TO SAVE OUR FORESTS—THEIR ECONOMIC VALUE SET FORTH: BY T. L. HOOVER

S YOU traverse the Presidential Range of the White Mountains from either end, you enjoy the sensation of venturing along the ridge pole of some titanic roof. Its sharp, rocky crest, reaching above timber line, stretches for some fifteen miles from Mt. Madison on the northeast to Mt. Webster on the southwest. About midway Mt. Washington, rising six thousand two hundred and ninety feet above sea level, looms up like a great central dome, while on either side spring the lesser domes of other Presidential Peaks, at least eight of which exceed five thousand feet.

Reaching away in every direction is spread the most magnificent panorama of mountains and lakes; while closer at hand is a wonderful fairyland, a veritable roof-garden teeming with a profusion of botanical species strange to this latitude. For, left in the wake of the ancient ice sheet which plowed and tilled the granitic soil, we find a host of Alpine plants belonging rather to Newfoundland and Labrador. Then the lower edges of this roof are thatched—thatched with the noblest forests of spruce and fir and hard woods. Unfortunately the finest types of virgin forest are fast disappearing. Timber line is located at about four thousand five hundred to five thousand feet, and is characterized by dense and tangled jungles of stunted spruce and fir, known as "scrub." But below the "scrub" are splendid stands of conifers, principally spruce, balsam, and hemlock, interspersed with, or at times giving place to, sugar maple, beech, and birches. And occasionally, as at Intervale, primeval groves of white pine are yet found.

Since earliest Colonial times these forests have been producers of wealth; and despite hard cutting, wasteful methods, and ravaging fires they continue to yield their revenue. The twelfth census places New Hampshire's production of paper, wood pulp, and lumber for 1900 at approximately sixteen million dollars. So much for the economic value.

The scenic advantages of the region are unsurpassed. That nothing might be lacking, the whole highland is bountifully watered with chains of sparkling lakes and widely branching river systems. So from east and west, from north and south, busy cities pour forth their

recreation-seeking throngs to be refreshed by bracing air, delighted by foaming brook or rippling lake, inspired by mountain grandeur. The rivers too have their economic value; first, as well-nigh indispensable agencies in the exploitation of the forest wealth; secondly, and chiefly, as the generators of tremendous industrial power. The mountains reaching into the upper atmospheres pluck the wisps of streaming mist, and spin it into myriads of dashing streamlets; then, just as threads are twisted into stronger strands and they in turn are woven into a powerful cable, so these numberless brooks join their strength and finally are merged into mighty rivers whose swift currents turn the factory wheels of New England.

Four great rivers, the Connecticut, the Androscoggin, the Saco, the Merrimac draw their waters either wholly or in part from the forest-fed streams of the White Mountain Highland. Indeed, of the six New England states, Rhode Island alone is not directly affected by the existence and permanence of these economic forces.

IN VIEW of such significant facts, little wonder that thinking men cry aloud for forest protection. "Protection from what?" the Conservative exclaims. Well, first of all from the individual most needing it, from the lumberman himself. The lumber supply is *not inexhaustible.* One large company, figuring that its New Hampshire holdings will be exhausted in a few years, has already purchased large tracts in the West, and is working with all the fury of ax and saw to strip every penny's worth of timber off the ground as quickly as possible. Just one thing will save our nation from a timber famine; that is the adoption of a rational policy of conservative lumbering, a scheme of management whereby a minimum of waste is combined with a maximum of provision for the future growth. But reckless lumbering is like a taste for liquor—its effective cure is the removal of opportunity to indulge it. Hence the proposal to take the forests out of individual ownership and merge them into a forest reserve.

Again, we need protection from fires. In fact, the extent and the value of the damage from burning make this a problem of prime importance. The evil effects of fire are manifest in three ways; first, the actual destruction of merchantable timber, a loss easily estimated—in the great fires of 1903, 84,255 acres were burned over and two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property consumed; second, the de-

struction of the young growth, the future forest whose development is thus delayed for years, perhaps for centuries; third, the injury from erosion which, if complete, destroys all chance of forest reproduction. The organic matter is burned out and the sandy soil, released from the clutch of fibrous roots, is rapidly washed off the steep slopes, exposing the sterile faces of bare rocks. This removal of soil is speedy and complete—the camera tells its frightful story—and ages alone can repair the loss, which is inexpressible in monetary units.

THE lumberman, with some degree of right, pleads the prevalence of forest fires in excuse for their ravaging methods of lumbering. "Why leave anything of value as prey to the fire?" they ask. So off it comes, everything merchantable is stripped from the ground and the tangled "slash" is abandoned to its inevitable fate. The inter-relation between fires and this sort of lumbering is evident. With moderate fire protection and conservative lumbering, fires would be greatly lessened; and with diminished risk from fire, conservative lumbering would surely be more and more practiced. But it is hard to obtain united action through individual effort, so that the solution seems to lie in a centralized management.

If this is not speedily attained certain inevitable results must soon follow. First of all, the lumber and dependent industries must suffer. Though their disappearance is not probable, yet the decrease in forest area and the decreased productive power resulting from fire and ruinous methods can have but one effect on the timber resources.

Still more disastrous will be forest destruction on water power. Owing to the many factors involved in this problem, the change in "run off" for this region can not be mathematically stated as yet. But as certainly as water runs down hill, so certainly will these industries suffer from any extensive diminution of the wooded area along the river basins.

Much has scoffingly been said concerning the plea to preserve the natural beauties of this region. "A White Mountain Forest Reserve, the foolish fancy of a pack of sentimentalists!" says the *practical* man. But hold on, stop right there! We will answer that with an argument just suited to his dollar-distorted logic. Thousands of persons every year go to these mountains drawn by the natural attractions of the region. Forest scenery is the sole stock in trade of the "summer

business," which must therefore live or perish with the forest. But its destruction means the diversion of a revenue amounting annually to eight millions from the pockets of the common people. How is that as a practical argument for forest preservation? In short, all interests concerned, the lumber industries, the power consumers, and the "summer business" find their best welfare wrapped up in forest protection.

The bill before Congress provides for the purchase of not more than one million acres at a maximum expenditure of five millions. A storm of criticism greeted the first proposition to buy at government expense. But now that the smoke of controversy has cleared away, only one objection stands out as worthy of serious consideration; namely, it was alleged that such procedure would violate precedent. Facts, however, point otherwise. In the acquisition of land for national parks, as at Gettysburg, and in the purchase of part of the Minnesota Reservation, we have ample precedent, though on a smaller scale. And in extent or value we may cite the establishment of the reserve system in the West, which procedure differs in method but not in effect; for the withdrawal of these vast tracts of land from sale has *diverted* from the national treasury sums far greater than this proposed *outlay* demands.

THE arguments in favor of federal control far outweigh the seeming objection. It is a responsibility entirely beyond the scope of a single state, since five states share the advantage of water power and must mutually suffer any impairment of the same. Yet, owing to well known peculiarities of American political organization, interstate control is manifestly not a feasible method of dealing with so intricate a problem. Successful administration can be guaranteed only by the federal government.

There can be no doubt as to the efficiency of such management. The Transfer Act of last year, whereby the administration of all the reserves and all the agencies of forestry investigation were merged into one branch of the government, known as the Forest Service, attests eloquently to the degree of public confidence in its efficiency. The work of the United States Forest Service needs no comment. With its able head and its corps of capable men in charge, the success of the White Mountain Forest Reserve will be assured.

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VIRGIN STAND OF RED SPRUCE IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

By Permission of the Forest Service
U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

SECOND GROWTH OF SPRUCE AND BALSAM, PITTSBURGH, N. H.

By Permission of the Forest Service U. S. Depart. of Agriculture.

VIEW ON FRANCONIA BROOK, HARD WOOD CUT DOWN TO ROLL SPRUCE OVER TO THE BASE OF MOUNTAIN

EFFECT OF FIRE ON A VERY ROCKY SOIL. YOUNG CONIFEROUS STAND, WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

So let every patriotic citizen, every lover of "beautiful America," exert all his personal power and influence to speed the realization of this project. What nobler monument can be reared to the memory of the Father of his Country than a magnificent forest reserve embracing the towering summit of Mt. Washington? The South has her memorial to the name of Washington in a splendid monument of gleaming marble, a fit masterpiece of sculptor's skill. The West has contributed a mighty commonwealth to immortalize the greatness of Washington's statesmanship. Now let the East pay her tribute by making permanent the imposing beauty of Mt. Washington.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The truth of Mr. Hoover's statements, and the significance of his plea for support of the movement to check our present reckless waste and destruction of valuable timber by establishing vast forest reservations under government control, need not be impressed upon any one who has, through knowledge of the conditions, given the matter sufficient consideration to realize the urgent necessity of some such precaution against the national calamity of a timber famine, with its far-reaching and most disastrous effects upon climate and industry. It will unquestionably take federal interference to preserve what remains of our great forests, for this is a national matter too serious to be dealt with by State or individual, but much can be done by both State and individual pending the establishment of such reservations. If every land-owner would plant in every available place such trees as would not only give present beauty but also insure a future supply of valuable timber, it would so supplement the larger work of a government forest reserve that reforestation and the preservation of an adequate supply of good timber would be much simplified. The precious and almost indispensable white oak is naturally only a forest tree, but the black walnut, which intrinsically is even more valuable, will grow almost anywhere and in a much shorter time, and will pay for itself from the time it begins to bear. The same is true of the chestnut. Both are beautiful shade trees, and both bear nuts for which there is such a demand that an avenue or grove of either would yield a snug little sum to add to the yearly income from a farm or country place, in addition to their future value as timber. The first cost of planting would be trifling, and the trees require no care, while their possession is a considerable asset. There is no question that cabinet woods will always be in demand, for no other material can possibly take the place of wood in the making of furniture. Experiments in plenty have been made with iron, compressed paper, and other materials, but the chief result has been to prove the charm and almost humanly friendly quality of wood as used in our household surroundings.

THE SUBJUGATION OF JOB—A STORY: BY FRANK H. SWEET

HEN Job Marshall took up his hundred and sixty acres, he commenced work with a grub hoe and ax, and when later he obtained a team, he was obliged to cut a road through a mile or two of forest before he could get his produce to market. With his ax and a clay bank on the creek near by, he built a crude two-room cabin and put up his own chimney; and with the grub hoe he broke an acre or two of ground for his first planting. Other things came little by little, through the building up of the country and his own industry.

But though in time the two-room cabin was turned into a stable, and a plain, inexpensive frame building erected in its place, and a few other improvements made, the farm, as a whole, remained the same. Rail fences still zigzagged around inconvenient lots that had been enclosed as cleared, fruit trees bore in scattered and irregular isolation, as they had been set when stumps and roots occupied too much of the ground for line planting, and the rough road which had been cut through the forest for the first hauling of produce still did duty as outlet for the farm.

Beyond the zigzag fences, however, the world had changed. Tall spires of smoke rose from the chimneys of a manufacturing town less than two miles away, and between that and the farm were the steel rails of a trunk line which banded the East and West; the public roads were all good now, with many of them macadamized, and instead of a doubtful, low-priced market, there was a good demand for everything almost at the very gate of the farm.

Modern improvements he did not countenance, however. In the first place, they were too expensive, and in the second, they minimized the severe labor which he believed was necessary to successful farming. So his boys were made to work as he had worked, with crude, old-fashioned tools that demanded sheer muscle for every dollar they helped to earn. He followed the old custom of demanding their time until they were of age; but on that day, one after another, the first four boys left the farm to become clerks or railroad men. Hiram, the fifth boy, however, was a farmer by nature, and a home boy in spite of the adverse training. Like the other boys he was imbued with modern ideas, though quieter and less ostentatious in expressing them.

Perhaps for that very reason, however, the ideas were deeper and more definite in purpose. He had read some practical books during the rare moments between work, and had remembered what he read; and in brief visits to the town and adjoining farms, his clear eyes had seen and taken note of a good many things. But he never attempted to force any of them upon his father. Perhaps his intuition was keener than that of his brothers, or possibly he was benefiting by their experience.

A FEW days before Hiram was twenty-one, old Job turned suddenly to him in the field.

"I s'pose ye'll be runnin' off like the others soon's ye git to be your own master?" he grumbled.

Hiram hoed on for some minutes in silence.

"Not unless you force me to, father," he said at length. "I like farming, and mean to keep on at it; and of course I like this farm best, being home. But we can't go on in the same old way."

"What way d'ye want?" asked the old man suspiciously, "wages or int'rest?"

"Some interest in the farm; or I am willing to hire part of it or all of it, and pay you a good rent."

Old Job glanced at him sideways. Hiram was a strong, well-built young fellow, and could already do a better day's work than he could himself. Renting he would not consider, but an interest might not be so bad. Hiram's quickness and willingness had made him almost indispensable to the farm; hired help could not fill his place. But the old man was cautious.

"There's to be no foolish, high-priced contrapshuns stuck round," he declared aggressively, "windmills squirtin' water all over the barn an' house an' everywhere, an' gates that fly open in front of one, scarin' horses, an' machines that steal jobs from settin' hens, an' drain pipes that bury good money in the ground. If the Lord had wanted sech things he'd a' put drain pipes in the ground himself, jest like he made brooks an' rivers, an' he wouldn't hed hens wastin' their time hankerin' to set. An' there ain't to be no buzz boxes scarin' milk into butter 'fore it gits cold. Sech things ain't nat'ral."

"I shall not do a thing that will cost you an extra cent, father," was Hiram's non-committal answer.

Old Job eyed him keenly, nodding a little doubtfully.

"Yes, ye're bound to make every cent ye can," he agreed, "but 'twon't be rentin'. If I do anything for ye it'll be jest an int'rest, nothin' more. Ye're a good farmer, Hiram, I will say that; but I ain't sure 'bout how ye 'n be trusted. But there's another thing," his keen eyes growing harder, "ye've got to give up waitin' on that Stanwood gal."

For the first time an added color flushed Hiram's face, and he hoed on until he regained control of himself and the color faded. Then he rested upon his hoe.

"Margaret Stanwood and I are engaged, father," he said, "and will be married as soon as I am in position to furnish a home. I told mother of it several months ago, and would have told you if—if I had felt I could discuss her with you as you were feeling ——"

The old man's face grew dark.

"I tell ye we will discuss her now," he burst out wrathfully. "An' I tell ye no Stanwood gal is ever comin' to live on this place to eat it up. I seen her in town the other day, all diked up with ribbons an' things, an' she was buyin' posies," with infinite scorn, "to set out. A gal like that wouldn't be no good on a farm. Look here, Hiram," his voice softening a little, "I've lived longer 'n you, an' seen more. What you want is a gal who can bile taters an' wash dishes an' carry slops to the pigs. Old Stanwood's place is covered with contrapshuns that cost money, an' his gal has growed up with them idees. Why, 'stead o' stayin' in the kitchen where she belonged, this Maggie that you're hankerin' arter has gone off an' earned money for herself an' then studied things through the mail to one o' these letter-writin' schools. Her pa told me all about it—bragged on it, seemed like. Sech learnin' ain't for no sensible boy," contemptuously, "much less a gal. An' I have heered that this Maggie got so notiony she couldn't put up with her own mother's cookin', but hed to set out an' learn dif'runt."

"Yes, Margaret took a course of lessons in a cooking class," Hiram said, keeping his voice steady with an effort.

The old man stared at him in amazement.

"An' ye'd bring a thing like that, as your wife, to live on my farm an' eat up what I've worked forty years to earn?" he demanded, his voice trembling with indignation. "She'd sneer at everything ye did, an' set round an' let your ma slave for her, an'—"

"Father!" Hiram was standing at his full height now, his eyes beginning to blaze. "Please remember that Margaret Stanwood is going to be my wife before long. She is the best and most industrious girl I know, and everything she has learned has only helped to make her stronger and better. She is a prize for any man lucky enough to win her, and I shall always thank God that I am the fortunate one. Now, unless you can speak kindly of Maggie, don't talk about her."

Old Job looked at him, his mouth open. Was this big, indignant fellow Hiram the meek, the obedient, the boy who had never opposed him in anything? His mouth shut with a snap.

"Ye've been the best boy I've had," he said, his voice low through the very intensity of his wrath, "but if ye'd been a hundred times better I wouldn't let ye bring a gal like that on my land. I won't even encourage ye thinkin' of it by hirin' ye as a common hand. Ye've got to give her up right now an' here, or lea—"

HE STOPPED abruptly, for Hiram had reversed his hoe, thrusting its handle deep into the yielding soil, and started across the field toward the house. The old man watched him until he reached the line fence, which he vaulted lightly. Once the grim old lips relaxed and parted a little, as though with an idea of calling the boy back.

"I'll give him jest one hour," he said aloud; "then he'll come back. Only he won't jump over the fence like he did when he left; he'll come slow, with his head hangin' down. But it'll be better that way, for he'll be more easy to handle. He thinks he's gone to tell his ma good-bye," chuckling, "but it'll only end in her coolin' him down. He'll listen to reason when he comes back. The Stanwood gal, huh!"

But Hiram did not come back, nor did old Job hear anything of him until two weeks later, when he went home one night tired and irritable.

Several times during supper he caught his wife watching him uncertainly, appealingly, he thought. At length he pushed back his plate.

"A man can't eat with somebody glowerin' at him like that all the time," he complained. "What's the matter?"

"Nothin'," she answered hastily—"or that is, I did have a letter from Hiram. He's workin' over in Nelson County for wages, an' takin' lessons at the same correspondence school that Maggie did."

There was a long silence, during which old Job drew back his plate and ate moodily, glancing covertly at his wife from time to time.

"Well," he exclaimed at last, pettishly, "is that all? Didn't he say nothin' more? I thought he was goin' to find work, hire a farm, git married—anything more'n start to studyin'. How'll he ever save money that way? He didn't go off with a cent. Did the Stanwood gal lend him some? Hiram seemed to think she was the world an' all, an' could do most anything."

"No, Margaret didn't lend any to him," replied his wife, with more spirit than usual. "Hiram ain't the kind to borry money, not for his own use. You know that, Job. He's hired the Herrick place, next to Stanwood's an' j'inin' ours on the south. But there's crops in now, an' he can't git it till they're off. He'll take it next March, an' then he an' Margaret will be married. Hiram'll git along all right; you needn't be afeared o' that. He's had a chancet to go on the railroad, an' a chancet in a store, but he don't like them; he says he means to be a farmer."

She paused a moment, looking at him anxiously. But old Job only grunted. Her eyes began to snap, with a look in them that reminded him of Hiram.

"Well, they're goin' to git along all right, without no help from nobody," she went on shortly. "Hiram's that kind o' boy."

THE Marshall farm was watered by a spring which was the envy of the entire neighborhood. It was twenty feet across and nearly half as much in depth, and was as clear as crystal. One side of the spring was the boundary line, and as the land adjoining was wild and uncultivated, with no house upon it, old Job had only extended his rail fences to the water's edge, leaving a space of nearly twenty feet open. There was no other water on the farm, and he had built his house and barn with reference to the spring, each two or three rods away, on opposite sides. All the water used in the house was carried in pails from the spring, and all used in the barn was conveyed in the same manner. One side of the spring was cut down sloping for the convenience of the stock, which was driven there to drink.

A few days after Hiram left, the owner of the adjoining land moved upon it and at once commenced the erection of a dwelling-

house. The spring was his only available water, and he began to make use of it, both for his house and the cattle.

There was water enough for both farms, but to old Job it savored too much of trespass, though the man did not step off his own land. Several weeks passed, during which old Job watched narrowly, his face becoming grimmer. Then one day he took his hired man and ran a tight board fence along his boundary line, shutting his neighbor entirely from the spring.

The man came to him promptly, remonstrating, and even offering to pay a fair price for the use of the water. But old Job only shook his head. He didn't believe in going shares with anybody.

One morning, a few days later, when he drove his cows to the spring he found no spring there, nothing but a big hole, into one side of which a little water was trickling fitfully. But the reason was plain. The day before he had seen men at work on the other side of the board fence, sinking a well; but he had not realized what the work might portend to him. Over there the ground was a little higher, and in digging down they had tapped the supply of his own spring.

Old Job was furious, and declared the act was maliciously premeditated, and that he would sue the man for damages. But when he sought advice, the lawyer cautioned him against pushing the matter. It would waste money without bringing any results, he said.

There was nothing now but for the hired man to drive the stock to a brook which ran across the Herrick place, and water for both house and barn had to be brought from there in pails.

A FEW weeks later old Job was prostrated by an attack of rheumatism, so severe as to confine him to his bed, and which the doctor said was brought on by overwork and exposure. Outside there was much work to do, both in the fields and with the team, and only the hired man to look after it all. And even more than the farm work, there were the cows and horses and other stock needing water, and only one pair of hands to carry the pails.

The second morning his wife brought in a tempting breakfast, which she placed quietly on the bed beside him, and then began to busy herself about the room. Old Job was staring at the ceiling, but presently he turned slightly and began to nibble absently at the food. His wife's face brightened.

"I hate to bother you, Job," she began hesitatingly, "but something's got to be did. The man says the crops are goin' to wrack an' ruin, an' he can't git time for a thing but to provide water. The brook's gone down another two inches. Something's—"

"Yes, I know," harshly. "Something's got to be did. I've knowed it for a month, an' I ain't thought o' nothin else sence I've been lyin' here. Something's got to be did—huh! S'pose you tell me what?"

"Somebody was here yesterday speakin' 'bout a windmill," she answered doubtfully. "Seems like our not havin' water is gittin' out."

"There ain't a sign o' water anywhere on the place except jest at the spring, an' that's drawed off. A windmill wouldn't be any good where there's no water. But what 'd your somebody say?"

His wife looked surprised at even that much concession, and replied quickly:

"Said water could likely be got real easy. I didn't quite catch the idee, but it's something 'bout the way a land slopes an' runs, an' the kind o' hills off behind, that they go by. They know by jest lookin' round what's the most likely spot. Ours is off one end o' the barn. We'd have a windmill on the barn or near to it, an' then pipe to the house, an' ——"

Old Job laughed jeeringly.

"Yes, an' then the man with the spectacles would go off with our money in his pocket, an' we'd have a windmill an' no water. He'd say he was awful sorry the water didn't come, but the indications was all right, an'—pish!" Everything that was in the old man's mind was snarled out in that contemptuous "pish."

"But something's got to be did. Our man—"

"Yes, yes, I know." Old Job drew a long, deep breath. But the horses and cattle were outside, needing water; and whatever else old Job might be, he loved his dumb animals, and would do for them what he would not dream of doing for himself.

"Yes, something's got to be did," he repeated, "so ye 'n let the man put in his windmill. It'll be good for the birds to build nests on if nothin' more. An' Hiram will like to look up at it when he comes home. But don't let it go over two hundred dollars; that's what I offered our neighbor for half o' our own spring," grimly. "Ye 'n let him go right to work. Our man'll step spryer for seein' it start." He watched her gather up his almost untasted breakfast with tremb-

ling hands, an expression on her face such as he had not seen there for years. At the door he called her back.

"Bein' it's on our own land we ought to be willin' to pay more'n I offered that rascal over the fence," he said. "I ain't no idee what windmills cost, but ye 'n tell him he 'n go to three hundred an' not a cent more."

IT WAS nearly two weeks after this when his wife came into the bedroom one day, her eyes shining.

"It's all done, Job, everything," she said, her voice quavering a little with the joy of the news, "an' it's all come out so nice. Here," and she laid a roll of money on the bed beside him, "it's what there was left, forty-two dollars."

Old Job stared at her.

"Ye don't mean they've *found* water, off there to the end o' the barn?" he demanded.

"Yes," tremulously, "an' it's sech nice water, Job, jest like we had in our spring. It likely runs round that way under the ground. We've got it piped in the barn, in three places, an' into the house. It runs right into my sink. Oh, Job," her voice catching in a happy sob at the thought, "everything's goin' to be so easy for us now. An'—an' you said we could use the three hundred dollars."

"Yes." He picked up the little roll with an odd look on his grim old face. "But I don't b'lieve I quite understand, Betty. How's this money come back? I thought the contrapshun folks took all they could git. I s'posed the man would say the windmill come to jest three hundred dollars, an' that it wouldn't pull up water then. An' 'bout all the pipin' you spoke of. I wa'n't meanin' to do that. Didn't it cost a lot? An' the spectacle man—what did he charge?"

"He—she didn't charge a cent, Job," a little confusedly. "It was one o' the neighbors, ye know. An' the windmill an' pipin' only cost two hundred an' forty dollars, an' some extras 'bout twenty more. There was forty-two dollars left. An'—an', Job, the hired man says it's the best thing ever was done on the farm. He says he can git to work on the field crops now."

Old Job did not answer for some minutes. Then he pushed the money toward her.

"Take this an' put it out on some house fixin's, Betty," he said

gruffly. "I don't feel it's mine. I was willin' to put three hundred into the windmill."

"Then let's run some pipe to the upland pastur' behind the barn," she urged eagerly. "Ye know it's always been too dry to crop, Job. But if it's ir-irrigated it'll be one o' the best fields ye've got. An' 'twon't cost more'n seventy-five dollars."

"The spectacle man told ye that, did he—for seventy-five dollars?"

"Yes, an' the bottom medder on the lower side that's always wet, could be drained for a hundred an' fifty. It would make splendid land then. There's so many things on a farm that folks don't think of."

"A hundred an' fifty—seventy-five," mused old Job thoughtfully. " 'Twould pay big if it could be done." Then, gruffly, and turning his face abruptly to the wall, "But what am I talkin' 'bout. Bein' sick makes a man childish. Jest 'cause the windmill happened to turn out all right ain't no reason why the next thing should. Lightnin' don't strike in the same place twice."

When she went out softly his eyes were closed. But he was not asleep. He was thinking, hard.

The next morning when she brought in his breakfast, he was up and dressed, but trembling through pain and exhaustion.

"Fix me up some kind o' crutches, Betty," he said, his voice a little less gruff than usual; "or mebbe two stout canes will do. Arter I eat we'll go out an' look at the windmill, an' this arternoon I want ye to send for the spectacle man to come up an' tell me his idees 'bout the bottom medder an' the pastur'."

WHEN they returned, old Job went directly to his bed, very white and weak. But he declared that he would be up and out in another four days. If he should decide upon the new work he meant to be where he could overlook it. And there was something in the grim, determined voice which declared the will would be stronger than the weakness of the disease.

He was in a half doze when there came a light tap upon his door that afternoon, and he called a drowsy "Come in." But instead of the grave, spectacled man he had expected, his visitor was a neatly-dressed young woman with bright face and quiet gray eyes. Just now there was something very like laughter in her eyes, and more color in her cheeks than usual. Old Job stared.

"Maggie Stanwood!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. You sent for me."

"I—sent for *you?*"

"About the irrigation and drainage, you know," she hastened to add. "I've brought some figures and diagrams." She drew a chair to the bedside and began to unroll some papers, her eyes still dancing.

Old Job had half risen in bed. Now he sank down, his mouth opening and closing. But he was beginning to comprehend.

"You planned the windmill an' all the rest?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir. I've seen a good deal of such work done, and studied into it some. I believed I could do this job as well as a professional, and it would save you the expense."

"Does Hiram know?"

"Certainly not. Hiram's away, farming and studying."

Old Job's mouth continued to open and shut, though all it said for the moment was "U'm! huh! u'm-m! h-uh!" But in the four unconscious ejaculations much that had seemed ingrained in his life went out, and much—looking into the friendly gray eyes before him—that had not been there came in. His grim face softened.

"Ye think the new work can be done all right, an' for what ye told ma?"

"I'm sure of it."

There was something in her face that made him add:

"An' ye think there's plenty o' more things on the farm that could be did?"

"Yes, plenty of them," her eyes again smiling.

"Well," with a long breath, "I guess ye 'n write an' tell Hiram that me an' you are runnin' up ag'in a whole lot o' snags on the farm, an' pullin' 'em out. Jest say I've been broke on contrapshuns—he'll understand. An'—an' ye 'n add that I've took back all I said 'bout ye bein' no earthly 'count. If you 'n him has anything to fix up I won't say another word." Then he held out his big, horny hand and closed it around her small brown one.

THE MODERN HOME AND THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

OF ALL the influences that tend to conserve what is best in humanity and to urge it ceaselessly toward higher development, perhaps the farthest reaching and therefore the most powerful is the idea of home. The thought of home as a place of refuge, where a man may rest from the battle of life and where mother and children are sheltered and safe, is an idea as old as the human race, and even amid the distractions and complexities of modern civilization the thought of what the ideal home should mean to us is as fondly cherished as it was in the days of the patriarchs, and has an even greater significance because of our wider understanding of the relative values of life. But too often in these days the question forces itself upon us as to what home really does mean, and whether it fulfils as perfectly its mission as a center of peace and loving-kindness as it did in simpler times. The idea of home is as sacred and beautiful as ever, but the reality is too often exactly the opposite of what it was meant to be. Instead of a refuge from the cares of the world, it is made a burden that taxes to the last limit of endurance the energy and the resources of the man who maintains it, and the woman who rules over it finds herself old before her time with the nerve-racking strain and worry of housekeeping and entertaining. And the inevitable result of these conditions is that it becomes a restraint instead of an inspiration to the children who grow up within its walls.

Clearly it is not the idea of home that is at fault. That has never changed, and so long as love and the tender care of children supply the chief motive power in the spiritual advancement of the human race it never will change. But the administration of the home is being torn between two influences—the absolutely changed conditions of modern life, with its wide opportunities and complex demands, and the conservatism which induces the belief that the foundations of society would crumble if there were any radical change in the old-fashioned methods of keeping house.

Little as we have liked to admit the necessity of such a change, the fact that sooner or later it must come about if the idea of home is to keep pace with the advance of civilization is being acknowledged on every hand. Amid the many problems, social, industrial, and political, that engage our attention, none presses more urgently for solution

than does the question of evolving some practical method of adjusting our household affairs so that the work of housekeeping may be carried on with no more waste of time, energy, or money than is involved in the conduct of any other well-managed business. In fact, as the home is the unit of the nation and the training school of its citizens, the domestic problem lies at the root of all the rest, and the solution of it would come very near to furnishing the key to the whole complex, artificial situation of which we complain.

OF LATE years some daring thinkers have advocated openly the idea that a radical change in the existing administration of the home would result in almost incalculable benefit to the nation, both in the lifting of present burdens and the stoppage of innumerable economic leaks, and in the effect upon the development of future generations. It has been argued that there really is no sense in making the home the one exception to all the industries and institutions that benefit from modern improved conditions, and that its sweetness and sacredness need in no way be impaired by the loss of a few antiquated methods and customs that have survived their own primitive times merely by the binding force of tradition—never more binding than when applied to our idea of home. This argument has been partly applauded and partly condemned, and yet some attempts are being made to put it to the test of practical application. As yet, these attempts are more or less tentative, and some of them have been carried by extremists to the boundary of absurdity, but the idea has been suggested and the suggestion has borne with it a certain assurance of practicality, and that, in our day and nation, is enough to insure it a hearing and a fair test.

Strangely enough, it is our own great love of home and our keen realization of what it might and should mean to us that has kept it lagging centuries behind the swift advance of the industrial world. With all the necessaries of life ready to be brought to our door; with all the modern facilities for disposing quickly and methodically of all kinds of work both by machinery and by specially trained hands, there is still baking-day and sweeping-day and washing-day and ironing-day each week, to do with infinite labor in each separate household what might be done so quickly and easily and economically if the common sense, coöperative methods that facilitate the work in any shop

or factory were only applied to housework. And yet we hesitate to apply them because of the sacredness of home and the tender beauty of woman's undivided rule therein. We cling fondly to our preconceived ideal of home, inherited from generations of ancestors whose home was their world, forgetting how seldom it is realized in this age, when the world is our home; forgetting how the toil and worry of housekeeping, warring with the manifold demands of modern life with its rich and varied interests, dwarfs the nature of the woman with a ceaseless round of petty cares and duties, and how the constantly increasing expense of it burdens the man.

TO MANY people the domestic problem implies merely the "servant question," and there is endless theorizing and experimenting with the object in view of training and maintaining a class of workers who can be depended on to give as adequate service in the house as is given by the employees of shop or factory. But as a matter of fact the question of service is a very small part of it. Set right the conditions of household work and there will be no difficulty about finding the workers. The unpopularity of housework with our working girls and women who swarm to the factories is not caused by the work itself, but by the conditions under which it is done and the social status of the servant as opposed to that of the worker. The primitive drudgery of domestic work done according to the methods of our great-grandmothers has few attractions to any woman intelligent enough to earn her bread in any other way, and no woman thinks of taking up housework as a permanent occupation unless it carries with it the privileges of proprietorship in her own home or the right to dispose as she thinks best of her own leisure time. With the steadily increasing opportunities for wage-earning women in the industrial world, the supply of even tolerable servants is growing as steadily less, and that in spite of domestic training-schools and high wages. Shop girls, stenographers, and factory hands are to be had by the thousand, but one haunts the intelligence offices in vain in the effort to secure a fairly competent cook or housemaid. The answer is always the same, they would rather do more work for less money and feel that after their work is done their time is their own to do just as they please, than be a servant always at the beck and call of their mistress for any sort of unorganized work that her whim may demand, and have

their leisure, as well as their working hours, subject to the rules of the house.

The only way to secure unvarying good service is to be independent of servants, and before we can make that declaration of independence we must sacrifice many of the customs to which we cling and turn our backs upon some of our most cherished myths. Without exactly realizing it we have already outgrown most of them, and there are a number of others that never would be missed. Our grandmothers, who carded, spun, and wove the cloth which was fashioned by their own hands into garments for all the household, would have been shocked at the idea of buying ready-made clothing as subversive of all the principles of a thrifty housewife, and the woman of to-day, who takes the product of the shops as a matter of course, is shocked at the idea of any other than home cooking and is inclined to consider it an extravagance to "put out" her laundry work or to hire trained cleaners to do her sweeping, dusting, and window washing. As a matter of fact, the product of any good bakery or delicatessen shop is better cooking than is done in thousands of homes by untrained cooks, and is much less expensive in the long run, when the expenditure of time, energy, and material is taken into account, to say nothing of the cook's wages or of doctor's bills for treating dyspeptics. The same principle applies all along the line. Skilled workers who make a specialty of any kind of work, and who do it independently as a regular business carried on with business methods, give much better and more economical service to a number of patrons than an unskilled servant can possibly give in attempting to do in more or less haphazard fashion the work of one household. A thoroughly good cook, running a large, well-organized kitchen with facilities for supplying twenty or a hundred families, and filling each individual order for cooked food as a grocer or butcher would fill it for the raw material, would give much better and more economical service than twenty ordinary cooks in twenty separate kitchens, besides ridding the household of all the drudgery incident to the preparation of food according to the usual cumbersome home methods.

UNDER modern conditions there is no reason why all necessary work of the household should not be so managed as to occupy but a tenth of the time and use but a tenth of the energy that is now expended by the woman of moderate means, who either strug-

gles with such servants as she can get, or, in despair, tries to "do her own work." The only difficulty in the way of such a reform is the unnecessary work. Our houses are cumbered with unnecessary things as our lives are cumbered with unnecessary customs and ceremonies, and we will have to sweep most of them into the rubbish-heap before we can be really free to make our homes what it is possible for them to be. Martha, cumbered with many cares, is a far commoner type of woman than Mary, who chooses the better part. And even if Martha, too, longs for the better part, she goes about seeking it in a way that leaves her still cumbered with many cares. She is honest and conscientious, and she strives earnestly to do her best for her home and her children, but what a fearful amount of energy she wastes in the doing! If convinced that her knowledge is not equal to her task, she strives to increase it by joining Household Clubs and Mothers' Clubs and acquiring many high-sounding theories and "beautiful thoughts" about the management of home and children—theories propounded with fluent ease and absolute conviction by women whose entire knowledge of the subject is gained from books. The result is that poor Martha's last state is worse than her first, for the knowledge she seeks lies only within her own experience and the right answer to her personal problems will come only when she works them out herself. Mary's way would be to broaden heart and mind by keeping in touch with all of life that she could reach, and so gaining a general knowledge that would serve to keep her mentally alert and in a position to learn from each experience how best to grapple with the next.

This is the age of opportunity for woman. Her age-long limitation to the four walls of her own home, and to the duties and occupations that are conventionally "womanly," is past, and if she will she may be free to live as broadly in her mental and social life as does man, and to handle her own difficulties with the same general knowledge of life and its conditions as he brings to bear upon his. The only obstacle now in the way of her development is her own conservatism and reluctance to free her life from the unnecessary things that hamper it. When she is forced by the relentless pressure of circumstances into doing this, she will become the real home-maker—not the household drudge or the worried mistress of unsatisfactory servants, and the home over which she presides will fulfil all the beautiful pos-

sibilities implied in the home idea that has survived so much, and be in truth a training-school for citizens in whose hands one day will lie the greatness of the nation.

The conservatism of woman is by no means wholly due to her own view-point. The much-praised liberality and indulgence of the American man toward his wife is largely responsible for the false notion that the ideal condition of happiness for a woman is unbounded leisure and opportunity to amuse herself. Convention dictates that a prosperous man must keep his wife in luxury and freedom from any real work or actual experience of life on peril of failing in his duty to his family, and she accepts his bounty passively, never thinking that in doing so she is forfeiting her greatest opportunity for development. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of a broader and serener home life is our false conception of what makes for woman's highest welfare. With the passing of the present complex conditions this conventional belief that leisure and indulgence in a home where she is sheltered from all contact with the world is the highest ideal of a woman's life, must pass also, and leave her free to develop as she will.

It is the urge of necessity that has brought us to the brink of a change in the administration of our domestic affairs. The old order of things is nearly at an end, for each year it is becoming more impossible to keep our houses running on the old cumbersome basis. When once we realize that the idea of home will not be swept aside, but developed, by the change, and that it can not but bring greater opportunities for freedom and happiness, we will welcome it as we welcome any step in the general advancement of civilization, and do our utmost in every practical way to bring it about. It is with the idea of giving what help I can that I intend to follow this brief review of the situation with a series of articles dealing with the practical side of each phase of the domestic problem hinted at here, and suggesting a solution that, from the view-point of my own knowledge and experience, seems likely to win its own right to an actual test.

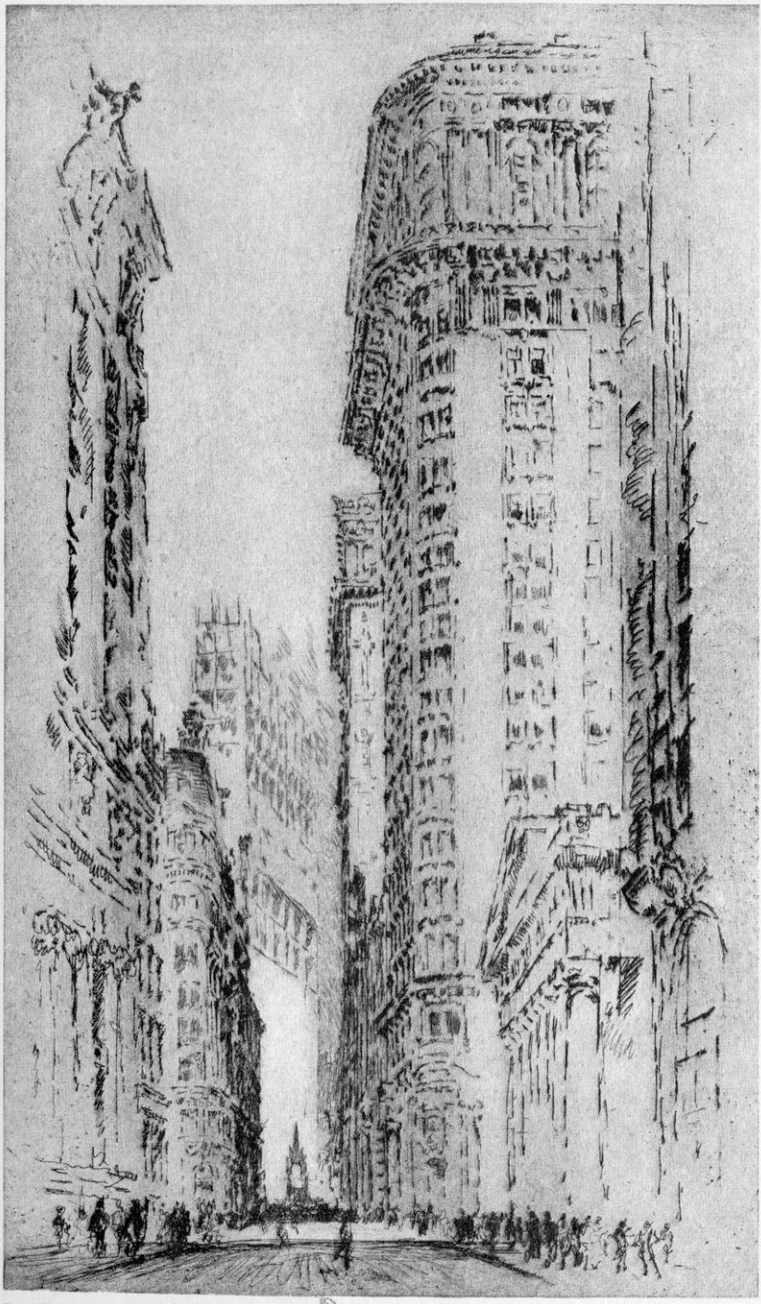
HOW NEW YORK HAS REDEEMED HERSELF FROM UGLINESS—AN ARTIST'S REVELATION OF THE BEAUTY OF THE SKYSCRAPER: BY GILES EDGERTON

HALF way across the Bay the mist thinned out a little, changing from deep gray to pale rose and pearl. The water grew luminous as the edge of the mist trailed through it, and a city of enchantment rose through the scattered vapors—a city of uneven lines, of eerie towers that gleamed high with many orange lights and of low dwellings that rested in shade at the foot of high walls. As the mists gathered and fell apart from time to time, the city took on fresh wonder. It seemed piled up into the heavens, row upon row of lights lost up in the farthest clouds, with low, black canyons reaching from the water back far into the twilight.

There seemed to be no purpose in the building. It was as though a great harbor were filled with ships from every port, each with rigging suited to its own purpose and course, and with no regard to its neighbor ships. No building needed the other for completed symmetry or proportion, yet the whole was full of that related beauty which is expressed as picturesque—a condition in architecture which can not easily be brought about intentionally, but invariably follows in the wake of a real need expressed with intelligence and skill.

Those marvelous old Bavarian villages of gray and deep red that snuggle at the edges of rivers and hills, down near the earth, so deeply a part of the landscape that they seem like hills of moss or flowering lichen, were never built to be picturesque. They grew up for convenience and comfort out of the materials at hand and met the needs of the people, and so in time they developed picturesqueness because they were simple and harmonious and useful.

The strange city in the harbor has in the same way, by the same mysterious law of nature, grown in wonder and bewitchment as it has set out honestly to meet its own needs. The skyscraper is the first absolutely genuine expression of an original American architecture. In this tall, eccentric tower we have begun to feel our way toward national buildings—buildings that suit our needs, our comfort, our landscape, without regard to any other nation or civilization. Up to the present time in our domestic architecture, and in all others for



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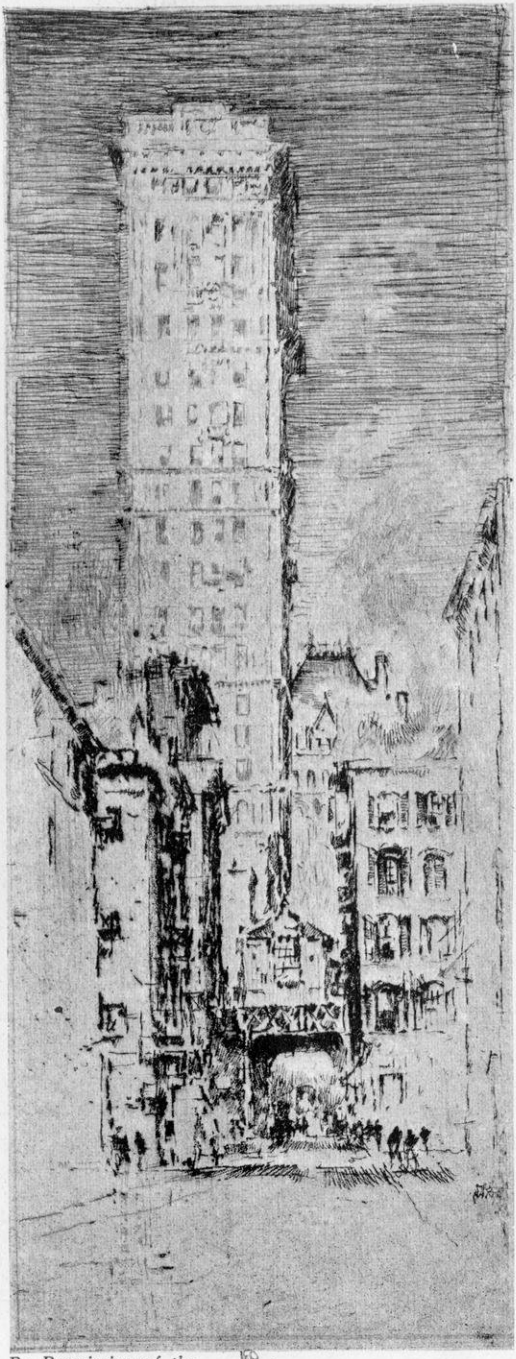
A METROPOLITAN CANYON, SHOWING THE CATHEDRALS OF MAMMON



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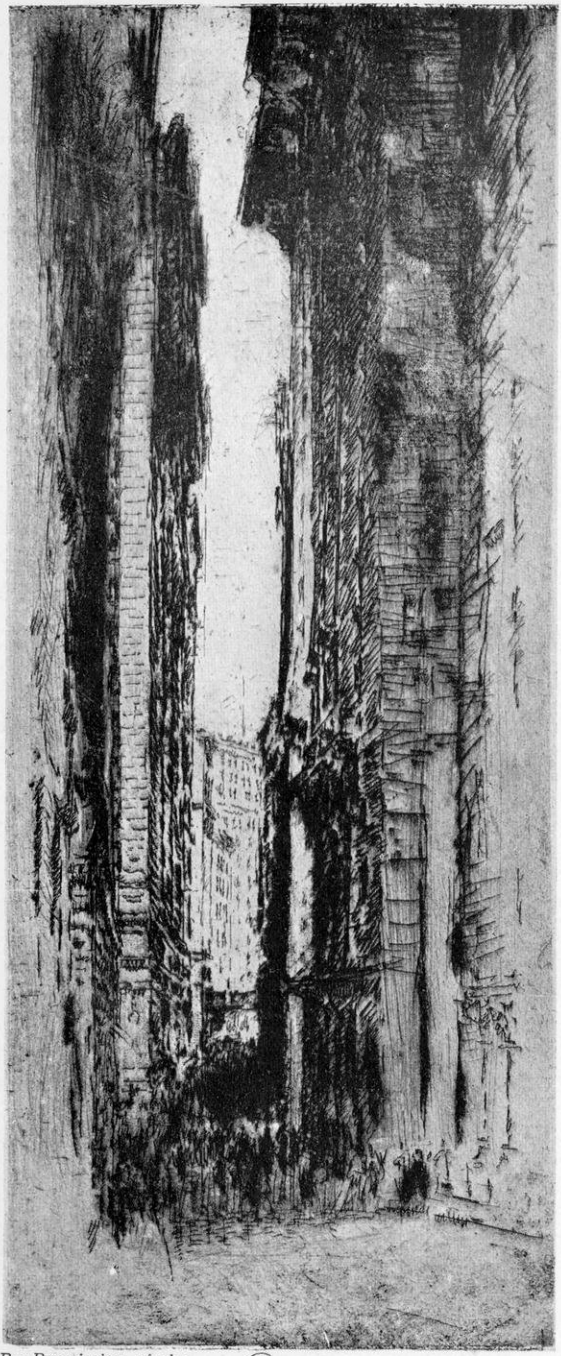
THE WHITE TOWER
CORTLANDT STREET



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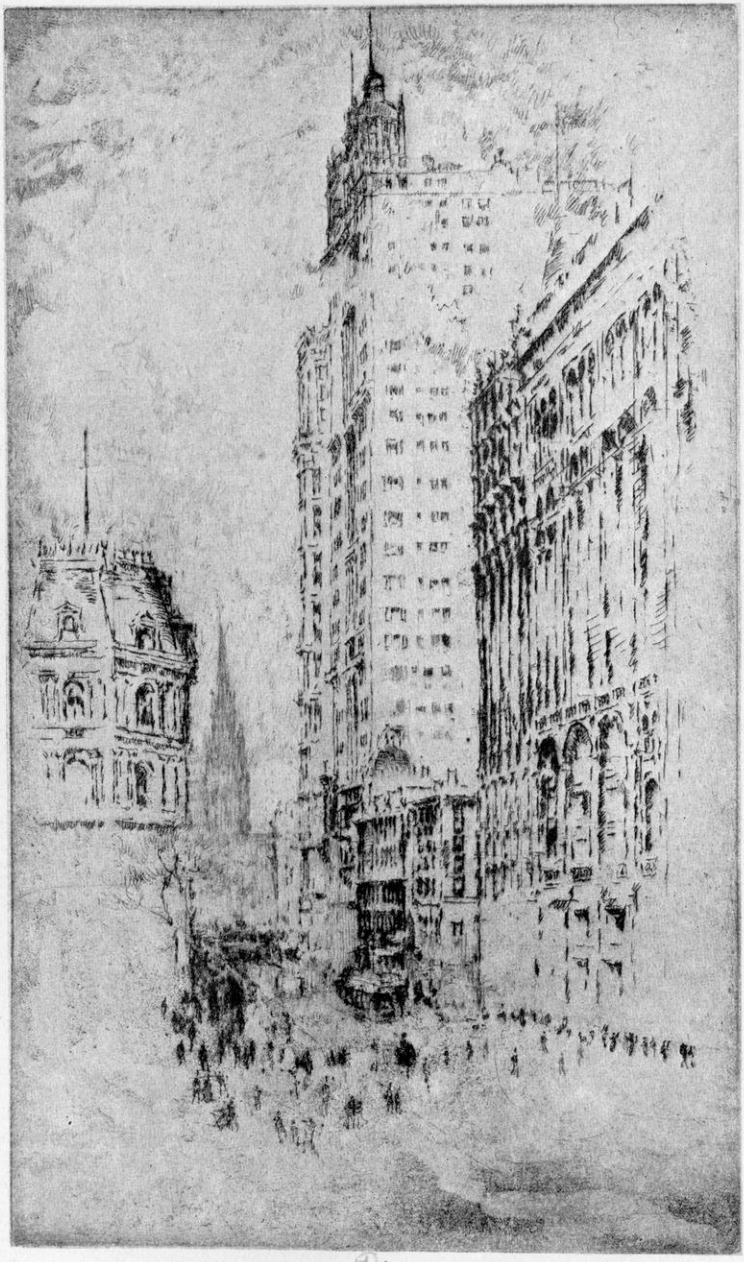
CANYON NUMBER THREE.
A NEW YORK CROSS STREET



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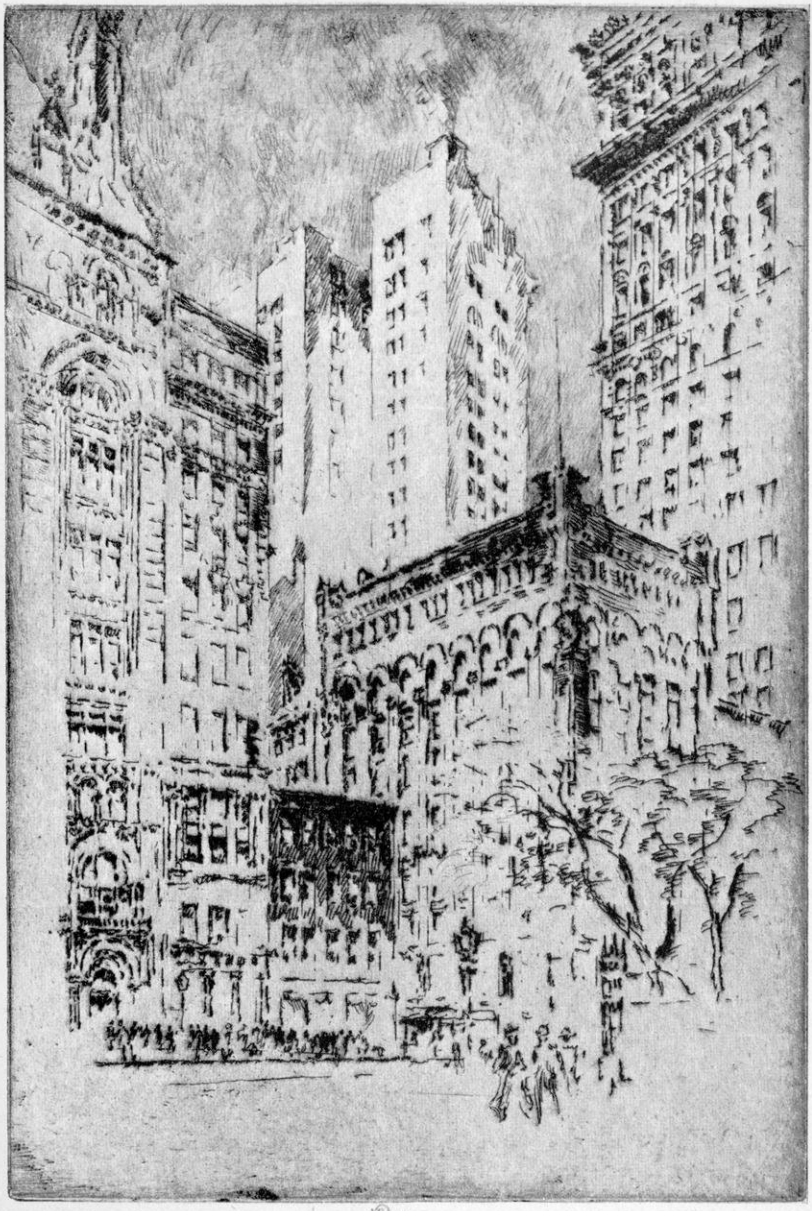
LOOKING DOWN PARK ROW WITH TRINITY SPIRE IN THE DISTANCE



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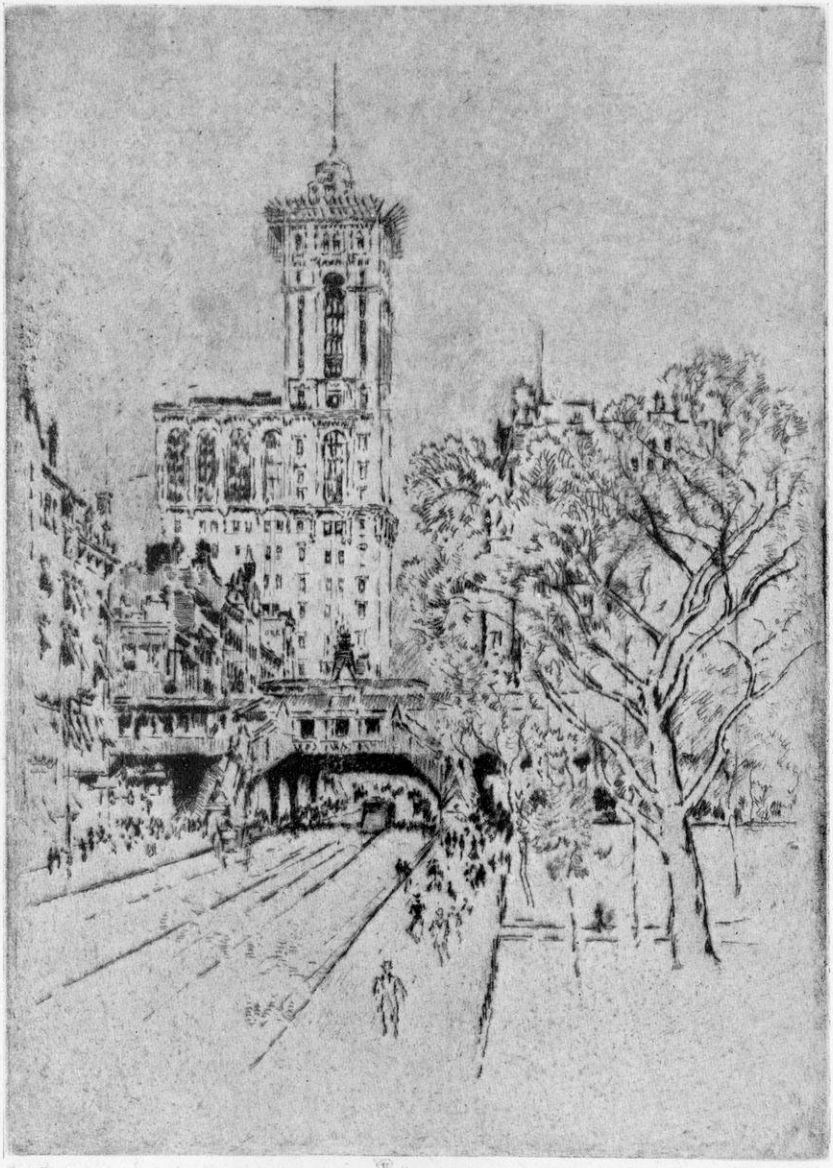
THE SKYSCRAPER WITH ENVIRONMENT
THAT MAKES FOR PICTURESQUENESS



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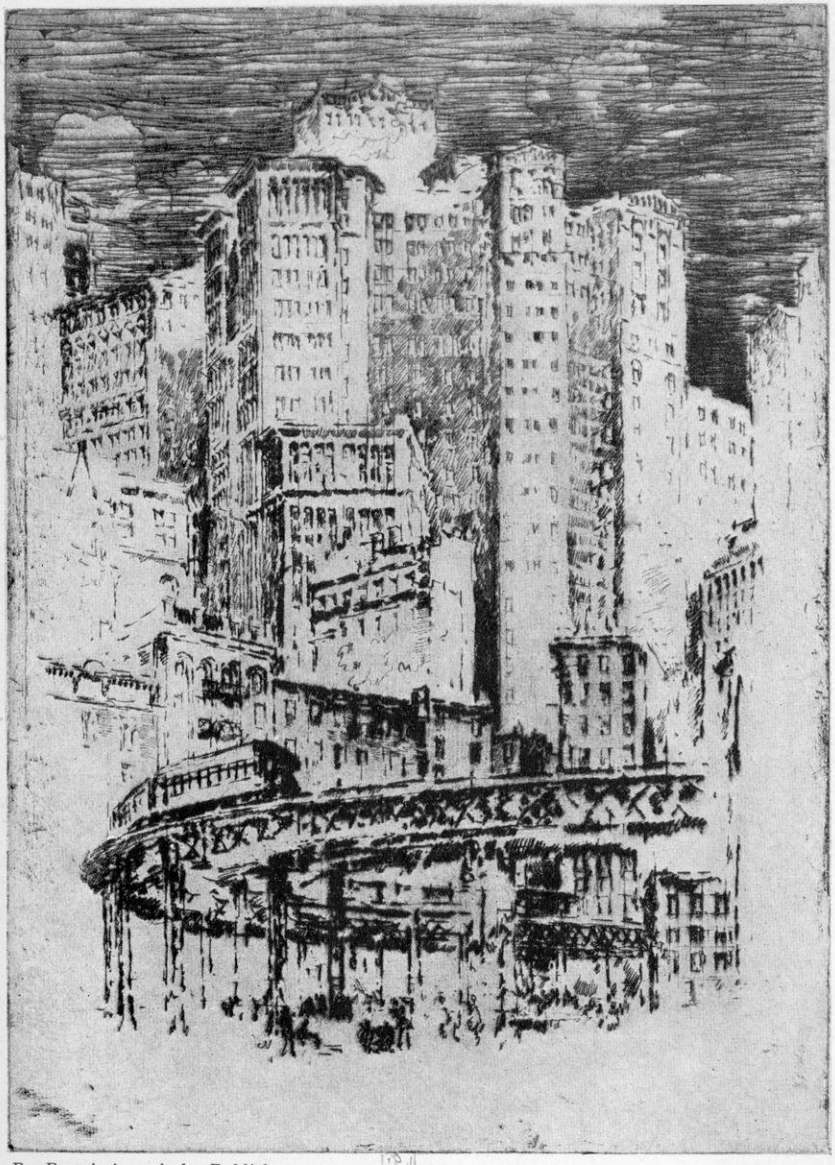
TIMES BUILDING AND
FORTY-SECOND STREET



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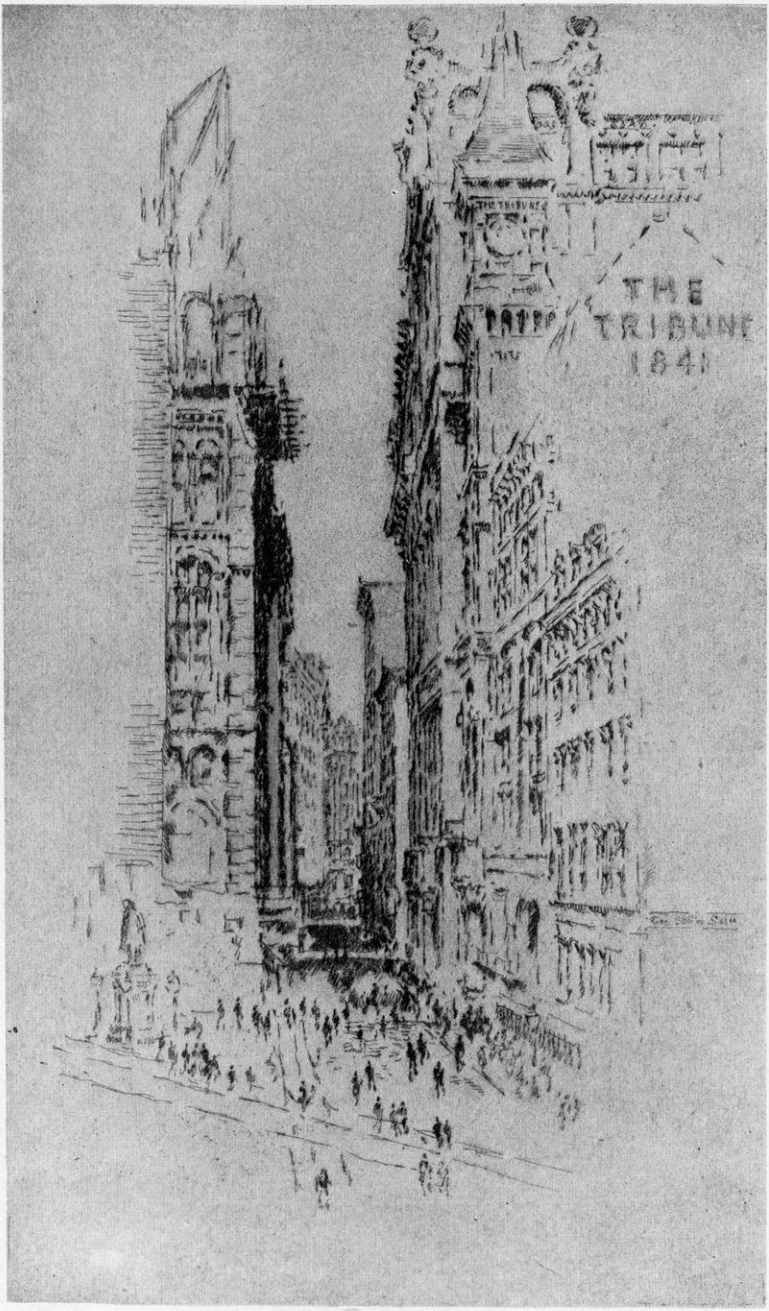
THE CLIFFS BACK OF "L" ROAD
CURVE AT BATTERY PARK



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TRIBUNE AND SUN BUILDINGS ON PARK ROW

that matter, we have imitated any old style on earth from Karnak to Versailles. We have been to the last degree absurd, not only in the homes we have built, but in our churches, our theaters, and, save in the case of the skyscraper, in our shops, and we have been proud in proportion to our absurdity. The more our buildings might have suited the needs of people in Greece or Paris and the less real use and comfort we secured from them ourselves, the more towering our pride.

WE HAVE never said—until the skyscraper—"We want such and such a building because it is suited to our lives, the way we work, the way we play, the way we live—simple, strong, and fairly intelligent lives." At least, if it has been said before the last few years, it was in a whisper, and the idea was never realized. When a man of wealth among us has desired a home, he has not asked his architect to study the land upon which he was to build, and the stone he could quarry from the land, and the wood he could find in the forest, and the lay of the landscape, and the manner of life of the man who wanted the home. A check was written and the architect started for Europe, or the Orient, or in any futile direction, and then he returned and imitated in wrong materials the most inappropriate place he had seen, and the man lived in the place and was proud and uncomfortable. Thus, our homes in general average about as national and personal an expression of our wants as a log cabin on the Boulevard des Italiens or an Indian tepee on the Nile.

But when difficulties arose with our housing problem in one long, narrow tape-measure of a city, and we found ourselves with twice as much business as space, it became impossible to sit around and wonder what Ptolemy would have done in the building line under the circumstances, or even to rely upon the architectural impulses of Italian nobles or the needs of monkish communities in the Middle Ages.

Circumstances put an iron hand upon counterfeit architecture for commercial purposes in New York, and forced us to build something that we, as a nation, needed, that was adapted to our own way of living and working, that in fact possessed national characteristics. The manifestation of this first honest building impulse in America was the skyscraper, maligned, wronged, insulted from the start, and yet up to the present time the finest architectural expression in this

country because of the completeness of its adaptation to need. And it is the skyscraper that has changed the outline of New York City, that has revolutionized the quality of it, and that has created the first suggestion of beauty that the city has ever laid claim to.

When Ruskin, some years ago, was invited to come to America, he refused because he felt that he could not live in a land where there were no castles. If to-day he could sail across South Ferry at dawn or twilight, or walk up Broadway through a mist, or cross Forty-second Street near the Times Building in a snowstorm, he would forget that we have no castles and find interest enough in the individuality that the skyscraper has wrought in what justly has been considered the ugliest and most commonplace city in the world.

This light, towering building was not designed in the first place for beauty nor to satisfy any esthetic craving of citizens of the metropolis. It was built to meet the demands of a rapidly increasing population in a restricted area. The one thought that ruled the erection of the tall, steel-framed building was strength, simplicity, and the maximum of light and space. It was the first purely commercial structure put up for the sole purpose of holding a mass of humanity needing to be grouped together that its units might better worship Mammon. It towered up to the clouds—not to express lofty flights of imagination or inspiration, but that it might afford more and more office room. Men can not worship the modern American deity in solitude, and so our Twentieth Century cathedrals line Broadway up and down and criss-cross out to the river's edge, with gleaming towers and the shadowy canyons between, and the congregations number millions, all bowing to a god that is never satisfied with a tribute other than of gold.

IN A CITY of tape-measure proportions every foot of ground must furnish a resting-place for many human feet. New York could have acquired endless territory in her suburbs, but no business man wanted to locate in the suburbs. The telephone and the Subway make it possible to live there, but work must cluster about the heart of things. Then the Yankee mind moved about a little and as usual something was achieved. The skyscraper developed and made glad the heart of the real estate man, the manufacturer, the commercial giant, and then, at last, the artist. Thus, out of a need

which was met honestly, skilfully, and simply, has grown a strange, individual beauty, and New York has gained charm through her first real expression of her own quality.

Not standing alone, cut away from the earth, as a lonely slice of architecture, is the skyscraper beautiful; its charm must always depend upon its environment. Rather than actually contributing beauty it makes beauty possible. It needs the old Gothic church with its tall, slender spire, the hoary churchyard, the Colonial City Hall, the green park, the wide harbor, Battery Park and Madison Square to fold about it, to rest near it and connect it with the earth. Given these for environment, it has power to change the face of the greatest American city from crude ugliness to irregular loveliness, and with the varying setting of sunrise or sunset, storm or fog, New York grows into a city of enchantment with a wondrous fleeting, mysterious beauty.

Sail across to South Ferry on an early spring morning, as Mr. Pennell undoubtedly did before etching Battery Park, and you will find Lower New York with its rush and hurry and squalid detail lost in a pink and pearl fairyland, full of romance and poetry. Or walk down Fifth Avenue late in the twilight with an October mist drifting through Madison Square, and just as you reach the upper edge of the open space stop and peer through the mists to where Broadway and Fifth Avenue join, and you will see a gigantic galleon sailing majestically into a shadowy harbor; the masts lost in the clouds and the orange lights through many portholes softly glimmering out as the night deepens—a ghostly ship that never reaches port and never changes its course. In the daytime the strange ship is known as the Flatiron Building—the most famous skyscraper in the world.

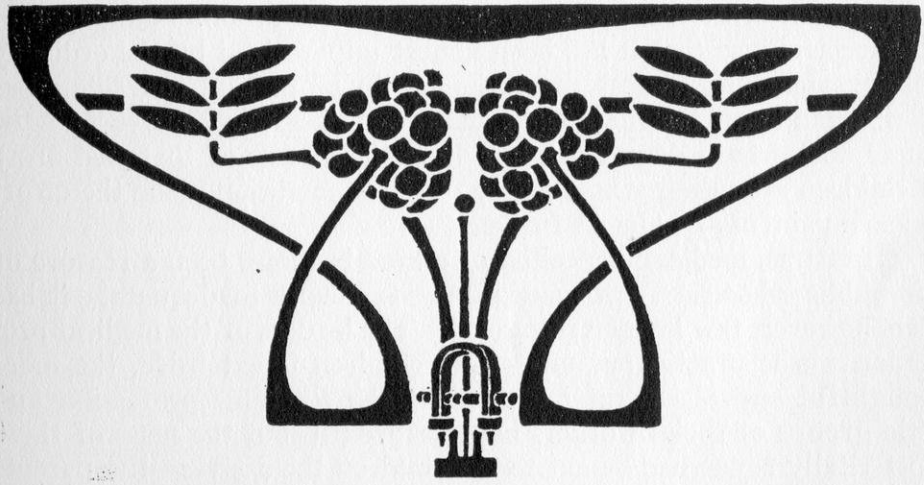
Mr. Pennell has etched with rare skill and imagination this ship of mist and clouds. He has neither added to nor taken from the tall triangular tower; but in his etchings he has with light and shade, with sharp lines and soft masses, revealed all the witchery and fine wonder that the skyscraper can gather and envelop herself in with every varying mood of Nature. It is somehow most natural to use the feminine pronoun for the skyscraper, which seems to have the sometimes magnetic quality of the interestingly ugly woman—the woman who develops her own charm by right surroundings and the expression of individuality.

SKYSCRAPERS AS A SOURCE OF BEAUTY

IT IS wonderful how Mr. Pennell has caught all the variation and the whimsical charm of the skyscraper; winter, summer, rain, sunlight, wind, and mist all held with an entirely original use of medium. The artist does not limit the scope of his power; he does not value elimination above richness. He is American, not Japanese, and he enjoys fullness of beauty more than a miracle in lines. Shadows as seen in the long black canyons, known in New York as cross streets, he obtains by adding dry-point; the richness of tone he gains by etching on black surfaces, and the delicate vagueness of rain, mist, and snow—that subtlety which in an etching is atmosphere—is accomplished by vague surfaces in the manner of aqua-tint. Surfaces which Whistler would have left untouched, or at best only suggested, are here not only etched, but intensified with "foul" biting. Through this variety in medium Mr. Pennell obtains the crispness of execution —the lightness and gayety of effect, that no other etcher has achieved, at least in relation to New York. Mr. Pennell's methods of work account for some of that intimacy that is so immediately felt in his etchings. You walk through his gardens and sail down his rivers; you live high up in the skyscraper's towers and rest under the trees. His etchings are not so much pictures as places to enjoy and remember, and all this sense of personal intercourse with his work can not be brought about by remote methods of handling his subjects. His etchings are invariably made in the heart of the scenes he wishes to represent. Out in the crowded street or at the edge of the river he chooses his place and rapidly draws his lines with an etching needle on a copper plate which he contrives to hold in one hand. Each line is a "learned stroke," to quote Sir Seymour Haden, and yet all is done so close to the subject that the very atmosphere of the place saturates the man's personality and works through brain to point of needle out to the picture.

First of all, Joseph Pennell is a great artist, trained and skilful to the highest point; second, he is a man who loves life and all its various expressions, and sees beauty wherever color, light, or shadow produces it, without regard to tradition or conventionality. He was the first to discover the beauty of the skyscraper, or at least the first courageously to express it, and he is to the last degree convincing in every etching he has made of this important development in American architecture. Whether he is presenting the Times Build-

ing, with the "L" station forming an effective break in its height, or the tremendous stretch of white marble reaching up into the blue which he calls the "White Tower of Cortlandt Street," or Park Row with Trinity Church in the shadow and the Post Office in the foreground, or Battery Park with the marvelous curve of the elevated road sweeping past an unfinished skyscraper growing into beauty, you are compelled to believe that he has seen truly. The beauty is all there, though we may have missed it in our hurry along the pavement, or our worry within the skyscraper walls. Mr. Pennell has not created the wonder of the skyscraper, he has only registered it, and the significance of his etchings is not limited to their fresh beauty as pictures or their charm as a revelation of hitherto undiscovered enchantment; he has gone beyond this and proved, without striking one false note, that New York has, in her first architectural honesty, redeemed herself from ugliness. More than this, he has made a few thinkers wonder if perchance we may not achieve further perfection by further truth, and if America may not in the end secure a dignified national architecture by fearlessly building to suit her own needs—not merely public buildings, but homes—the homes needed by busy people who must seek art through simplicity and who should have a right to comfort without riches.



THE NURSE AND THE DOCTOR IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL ARE EVIDENCES OF A GROWING REGARD FOR CHILD LIFE: BY JOHN SPARGO: AUTHOR OF "THE BITTER CRY OF THE CHILDREN"

OWHERE is the spirit of progress more evident than in the growing concern of society for the well-being of the children. The cry of helpless childhood is still very bitter and sad; millions of children are the innocent victims of terrible evils, but it is nevertheless true that an increasing amount of intelligent effort is being directed to the remedying of those evils. There is a larger recognition than ever before of the fact that the future of the State depends upon the child of to-day. The growth of the organized movement against child labor, and the splendid work inaugurated in New York by the Committee on Physical Welfare of School Children—inspired by Mr. W. H. Allen, of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor—are encouraging evidences of a growing regard for child life and an increasing recognition of to-day's obligations toward to-morrow.

One of the most important developments of public policy in this particular in recent years is the extension of medical inspection in our public schools, a coördination of intelligent care for the bodies of the children with the processes of mental education. Quietly and unobtrusively, so that it has been almost unperceived by the ordinary citizen, a change, almost revolutionary in scope and character, has been wrought in this important matter. The school nurse and the school doctor have done much to relieve the misery of that vast army of children attending school whose physical condition made the effort to learn painful and almost futile.

Of course, medical inspection of a kind has long been a feature of our public schools. How inadequate—farcically inadequate!—it has been, however, few laymen recognize. The leaders of the medical profession whose practice among school children is extensive, the more thoughtful and observant members of the teaching profession and little groups of social workers have realized it, but the mass of those most vitally concerned—next to the children themselves—the parents of the children, have been sadly blind to the facts and stupidly com-

placent. The general practice has been to look merely for cases of contagious and infectious disease or verminous heads. I have witnessed many an "inspection" of two thousand or more children which did not occupy more than ten or twelve minutes! Generally all children coming under any of the heads described have been excluded from the school, as a precautionary measure, to guard the other children, but no attempt has been made to combine remedial treatment with the inspection.

For example: a child found to be suffering, say, from some contagious skin disease would, under the old regime, be excluded from the school. The object sought, the prevention of a spread of the disease, would not generally be attained on account of the fact that, naturally, there was no effective isolation of the child from his fellows. He could roam the streets at will, associating, out of school hours, with the very fellow pupils his exclusion from the school was to protect. In more severe cases, a very large number of the pupils excluded by order of the school physician was lost altogether to the school, especially in the districts where tenement workshops most abound. Above all, there was the tragic fact that no attempt whatever was made to see that the child's troubles were effectively attended to, with the result that in the more serious cases, particularly among the poorer children and those of recent immigrants, the illness which in its earlier stages would have responded to wise treatment became chronic and often fatal.

ANOTHER defect in the old regime was the fact that no attempt was made to discover evidences of diseases of the subtler kinds, such as only the trained and carefully observant physician is able to detect. It is an axiom of preventive medical science that all persons should be periodically examined by a competent physician, even though they regard themselves as being in perfect health and feel no symptoms of disease. Some of the gravest disorders of the human system are long in developing. They burst forth at last with apparent suddenness, but the physician knows that it would have been possible for him to have diagnosed the disease in its incipiency, and to have prevented its development. Many a man who imagines himself healthy and strong is tragically shocked when the examining physician of the life insurance company tells him of cardiac disease, or some

other grave disorder. With children this is particularly liable to be the case, partly because of the fact that they are not themselves intelligent enough to report to their parents the changes of feeling which serve as the barometer of health. Many a lad, apparently strong and hearty, indulges in athletics of the most violent kind until a serious, or even fatal, breakdown occurs as a result of a weak heart which neither he nor his parents suspected. It has been shown over and over again that accidents to members of school athletic teams in contest, and to children engaged in gymnastic exercises, frequently are due to unsuspected cardiac disease or weakness.

From the foregoing it will be readily seen that the subject of medical inspection in the schools concerns every parent. It is true, of course, that the poorest children need it most of all, and that poverty is responsible, with all its associations of neglect and ignorance, for much of the disease found in the schools. At the same time, it is obvious that the liability of the children of more favored conditions to contagion and infection is great, both from the associations of the school and the street. It is also evident that they are just as liable to be the victims of grave but hidden disorders as their less favored fellows.

These considerations, and others of a like nature, long ago influenced the more progressive countries of Europe to give much more serious attention to the matter than we in the United States have given it until quite recently. In Brussels, for example, every child is examined once every ten days. Eyes, teeth, ears, respiration, and general physical condition are overhauled. Prescriptions for treatment are given by the physicians and care is taken to see that they are observed. In Norway there is a similar system. Sickly children are put upon a special diet and given the special medical care they require. In Switzerland, France, and Germany there are similar systems, in many cases sickly children, especially those predisposed to tuberculosis, are sent to special schools in the country amid healthful surroundings. Japan, always receptive to progressive ideas, naturally adopted the system of school medical examinations. Spending money like water in its heroic effort to wipe out the plague—as much as $15,000 per case I am told—it was natural for its rulers to adopt a common sense policy of prevention. There are at the present time nearly two thousand school doctors in Japanese public schools, their work being to

guard the children against disease, especially tuberculosis. No wonder that, until a very short time ago, the United States was called "the uncivilized country which neglects its children" by one of the foremost leaders of the medical profession in Europe!

This is no longer true of the United States. On the contrary, the progress which has been made in New York and a few other cities would, if their example was generally followed throughout the country, make it possible to say, without boasting unduly, that the United States leads the world in this important work.

THE first decided step forward was taken when the system of school nurses was introduced in New York. Credit for this important step being taken when and how it was, is due to Miss Lillian D. Wald, of the Nurses' Settlement, a brave woman, ever alert in the cause of social progress, and one of the most useful citizens of our great metropolis. An acute social thinker, with a genius for organization, and a trained nurse, Miss Wald brought all her magnificent gifts to the solution of the problem, nurses from the Settlement first voluntarily taking up the work. They attended to the minor cases in the school, thus obviating the exclusion of many children and keeping them under proper supervision. Visiting the homes of the children who were excluded, they not only attended to the needs of these, and saw to it that they received the necessary medical care and attention, but reached many cases of suffering children below school age, and, not least important, helped many of the mothers to a better understanding of the needs of their children. How much they accomplished in this direction will never be known or counted in any report of their work.

The extension of the school doctor's functions came next. It was the logical outcome of the work they had been accustomed to do and the work which the nurses had taken up. The excessive prevalence of "granular lids," or trachoma, an acquired disease, led to a great deal of attention being given to the whole subject of defective vision among school children. It was found, not only in the crowded districts of New York City, but in many other parts of the country, that a very large percentage of children in the schools were suffering from defects of vision so serious as to hinder their progress more or less seriously. It was astounding to hear from Minnesota, for instance,

that out of seventy thousand children with serious defects of vision, less than ten per cent. had been provided with glasses. Not less serious was the report from New York that an examination of seven thousand children revealed that thirty-three and one-third per cent. were suffering from defective vision, and more than seventeen per cent. from defects serious enough to interfere with their chances of ever earning a living. Compared with the condition thus revealed, trachoma was a joke! Something had to be done, and done quickly.

Quite unexpectedly, a flood of light was thrown upon the problem of the backward child. Just as in Germany, it was found that defective vision was responsible for a very large number of backward pupils, truants, and juvenile delinquents. As an illustration of the great injustice and hardship which this particular disability imposes upon its victims, a case which recently came under my personal observation may be cited. In the little Settlement with which I am identified we find many children suffering from more or less important physical defects to which their parents are quite oblivious. At the Settlement the nurse or the doctor often finds physical disorders which go far to explain the mental dulness or turbulent conduct of which the school teachers so often complain. It happened that on a recent afternoon I was taking a girl of twelve to the hospital to have a slight operation performed upon one of her eyes. She attends a denominational school from which the barbarous practice of corporal punishment has not yet been banished, and confided to me that she had often been caned for her failure to read and write properly. For years she had been systematically punished and scolded and mocked in turns for her stupidity, until one teacher, wiser than the average, thought of testing her sight. Since then her place in the class has been changed to one more favorable. She has had books with larger type given her, and, lately, through the Settlement, has been provided with glasses. The result is that she is now admitted to be one of the very brightest pupils in the school. That little girl's case is typical of thousands.

WHEN the Board of Health in New York, under the leadership and guidance of Commissioner Darlington, decided to extend its work in the public schools, with the coöperation of the Board of Education, it was frankly regarded as an experiment. The work was placed under the immediate direction of Dr. John J.

Cronin, a physician eminently fitted for the task by reason of his sympathetic knowledge and understanding of children. Hampered as they have been, owing to the lack of adequate appropriations to carry on the work as it should be carried on—for such work can not be carried on without a great deal of money—the results of the work thus far accomplished by Dr. Cronin and his assistants have been so remarkable that I believe were the facts concerning it better known to the general public a sentiment so favorable to it would be created that more generous financial provision for its continuance would be readily made. They have set a standard, not only for America, but for the world, and America instead of being the most backward of the great nations in this respect bids fair to lead them all. I have visited several of the schools and watched the inspection of the children, so that my knowledge of the work comes largely from personal observation. There is nothing offensively inquisitorial or intrusive and meddlesome about the work of the doctors and nurses, and I learn from the teachers that the parents of the children, in the vast majority of cases, welcome it and regard the school nurses and doctors as their friends. At every point the coöperation of the parents is sought, so that the educational influence upon the parents is very important.

Once recently, in one of the most crowded districts of the East Side in New York, the work was seriously threatened through a misunderstanding on the part of many parents. It had been customary to send children to one of the hospitals for such trivial operations—but highly important to the health of the children—as the removal of adenoid growths. This system meant sending a good many children out of school, added greatly to the work of the hospitals, and was otherwise cumbersome. It was decided, therefore, to set apart a small room for the purpose of performing these exceedingly slight operations in the school buildings. It is probable that had due notice been given of the new plan, and a district less crowded by recent immigrants unable to speak the language been chosen to begin with, the plan would have worked very well. As it was, however, the screams of frightened children attracted attention and gave rise to the wildest rumors of children being "cut to pieces by the young doctors." There was a riot, and the police reserves had to be called out to maintain order. Tact and good sense on the part of teachers, nurses, and doctors speedily allayed the fears of the excited parents and restored their

confidence. It was, however, an ugly squall which might easily have developed such a storm of opposition as would suffice to wreck the whole experiment.

IN VIEW of the sensational reports of the foregoing incident, and the publication in a section of the press of fantastic and vividly illustrated accounts of a "new and important discovery," that by surgical operations upon the brain mental dulness and all tendencies to criminality among children are at last to be eradicated, it may be well to point out that a similar "discovery" is announced every few years. Periodically, we are assured that at last surgical science has triumphed over criminality, and we are invited to contemplate the glorious prospect of empty prisons and reformatories. A grain of truth thus becomes enveloped in a mass of error.

The fact is that surgical operations play a very small part in this school work for the protection of the health of the children. The work is primarily medical, not surgical. A very large percentage of the children attending school are found to be either backward in their studies or intractable, or both—the conditions being generally interdependent—and there is no room for doubting that in a majority of cases some physical weakness or defect is responsible for their condition. Most of them require medical care and a small percentage require surgical treatment.

Let us take a typical case, a lad of thirteen in one of the largest schools in New York. When I first saw him he was three classes behind; that is, other boys of equal age were three classes ahead of him. His work was very stupidly done, and the constant rebukes of the teacher had made him the butt of his companions, with the not unnatural result that he had become careless and defiant. For years the teachers in various classes had labored with that boy, hoping to quicken his intelligence, but in vain. I suggested that there might be some physical defect, that the wide open mouth indicated the presence of adenoid growths, and asked that he might be examined by the school doctor. Not only was the boy found to be suffering from enlarged tonsils and adenoid growths behind his nose, but his sight proved to be very defective. Large letters which ought to have been visible to him at a distance of sixty feet could barely be distinguished at one-third that distance. Here, then, was a case needing the attention of

the oculist and the surgeon. The removal of the adenoids and cutting of the tonsils was an exceedingly slight matter, but tremendously important to the boy. The adenoids prevented proper breathing, causing him to keep his mouth continually open; as a result of the defective breathing his blood was not sufficiently oxygenized, and, though he might eat an abundance of food, he was in consequence ill nourished. An enormous number of school children of all classes suffer from adenoid growths, and it is astonishing to observe the unconcern and ignorance of their parents concerning their condition. They do not realize that the gaping and mouth-breathing is something more than a "bad habit" which the children will outgrow; that it is a manifestation of a disease which is often the precursor of tuberculosis.

HOW important this work of the school doctors is may be judged by the fact that in the twelve months ending March 31, 1906, out of seventy-nine thousand and sixty-five children examined no less than fifty thousand nine hundred and thirteen were found to be in need of treatment of some kind. In thousands of cases the dietary of the children was at fault; eleven hundred cases of chorea, or St. Vitus dance, were discovered; twenty-seven thousand cases of diseased glands; thirteen hundred cases of cardiac disease, and so on through a long list of disorders. For the first time in the history of American school inspections, an extensive investigation of the condition of the children's teeth was made, with the alarming result that almost thirty thousand were reported as having teeth so defective as to menace their health. In this particular, little in the way of remedial action has been attempted as there are no dental clinics connected with the schools. Most lay persons do not realize the significance of the teeth in relation to the general health of the body. Diseased glands are frequently caused in the first instance by bad teeth; indigestion and consequent lack of resistance to disease arise from the same root evil; contagious diseases often obtain ingress to the body through bad teeth.

In concluding this bare outline of the work which is being done in New York, and closely copied in various parts of the country, it may be well to briefly indicate the principal features of the system as Dr. Cronin and his assistants hope to make it. When a child is first admitted to the school there will be a careful examination of the physical condition, including the eyes, ears, teeth, respiratory system. The

results of such examination will be duly recorded, forming the basis of a history of the child's physical development during school life, being kept up to date by periodical examinations throughout the whole period. Upon the results of these examinations expert medical advice concerning the care of the children will be given to parents and teachers. If there is weakness associated with impaired digestion or defective diet, for example, a letter of advice to the parents informing them of the fact, and telling them what changes should be made in the child's diet, may be the means of averting serious trouble later in life. If there are signs of lung weakness, indicating a tendency to pulmonary tuberculosis, similar letters of advice upon diet, clothing, exercise, sleeping, and so on, follow. In those cases where cardiac weakness is discovered or suspected the parents will be notified and warned against permitting the children to indulge in violent exercise or excitement and the teachers required to coöperate in the necessary supervision by seeing that the children are not permitted to indulge in violent gymnasia work or games. Where medical treatment is necessary, the parents will be requested to consult their family physician, the child's school medical "history" being always available for the physician's assistance and guidance.

The importance of such a systematic inspection to the children of all classes as a means of preventing the development of disease, arresting at the first appearance of their least apparent symptoms those diseases which claim such a fearful sacrifice year by year, can not be over estimated. The work is essentially preventive in aim and therefore in accordance with the best and most effective social reform. Carried right through the school life, the result is that by the time the pupil reaches an age when his life-work has to be chosen, a life-history has been compiled from which the physician is able to read valuable lessons, and to give advice of vital importance to the whole of the young wage-earner's after life—what occupations may be followed with prudence and safety, and what occupations must be shunned as being specially dangerous to the possessor of certain physical characteristics—advice upon such matters as these, based upon a carefully compiled medical history extending over a period of several years, and not upon guess work or a single superficial examination, can not fail to prove a potent means of reducing the needlessly high death rate and of building up the physique of the coming generation.

MANNERS AS A FINE ART—A COMMENT ON MODERN LIFE: BY EDWARD CARPENTER

HAT a fine art indeed manners is—so fine that the point of it escapes most people! It is much to be feared that the British have no gift in this direction. Even in their most cultured circles there is a certain want of perception. Everywhere you find restlessness, anxiety to do the right thing, apologies for not having done it, or tiresome chatterboxings, or curiosity, or a show of cleverness: egotistic wrigglings of all kinds, very much opposed to the calm unselfconscious equality and real dignity of the best manhood and womanhood. The British have splendid qualities—truth, tenacity, slow-accumulating feeling—but they have not the gift nor the grace of expression. Perhaps, however, it is hardly fair to expect dignity of manner from people who are occupied in that unworthy scramble for the gold and glitter of outside life which characterises the Western lands; or expressiveness from a "society" that dresses as ours does—the men looking like blackbeetles in their horny monotony of garb, and the women obviously preoccupied in scoring points of elegance over each other.

The Orientals achieve a greater success in this line. They show more both of charm and dignity, and a truer instinct for dress. And among them, the Japanese (if one can call them Orientals) stand pre-eminent. This marvelous people seems to have the gift that we lack. They have understood to its core the Law of Economy in Art. In their whole handling of life; in their ultra-simple house-construction, furniture, dress, in their pictorial art, in their manners, they have known how to produce results with the least possible expenditure of material; they have shown the lightest, most skilful, touch on life.

That it is "so difficult to dress with distinction" is the bitter cry of the western "lady" to-day. And certainly when the fashions are changing four times a year, and every Jemima in Paradise Alley takes in her fashion journal, one realizes what a struggle it all is, and how deserving of sympathy these wealthy sufferers are! It is indeed a fact that any woman who wants to hold her own in the fashionable world has almost all her time consumed either in social functions or in arranging about her costumes for them. Under the circumstances one can hardly expect her to wear the said costumes with pleasure to herself or her friends.

Not that the defects of the democratic scramble, and defects of manners generally, may not be found among the masses of the modern peoples: but in their case—where there is generally some real hard daily work to be done—one plainly sees how the needs of actual life and the world plane off excrescences. The workman may be narrow and vain, as anyone else, but the necessities of his labor soon call him to order: he gets, through his work, a sense of proportion between himself and the world, which lies very much at the root of manners; whereas your "gentleman," having nothing particular to do, is quite satisfied to stretch himself in your chair and deliver himself of endless platitudes—and is only astonished at your rudeness (not perceiving his own), when you go about your business and do not listen to him.

CERTAINLY work, solid, useful work, is a greater rectifier of human conduct, manners, and everything else. Fitting into the great sphere of our fellows in that way we can not go so very far wrong, and I sometimes think that everything—bluntness, eccentricities, brutalities, crimes, and all—have to be forgiven to those whose lives are in the main usefully occupied. Thoreau says that there is nothing like manual labor for taking the vain twists and kinks out of one's tongue and wrists. "Learn to split wood at least. Steady labor with the hands, which engrosses the attention also, is unquestionably the best method of removing palaver and sentimentality out of one's style, both of speaking and writing." And rare as is the charm of really good manners, it is most often I think to be found—sometimes quite in perfection—among manual workers: a real and free exchange of human interest, the art that ceases to be art and becomes nature.

That concealment or forgetfulness of itself in which, it is said, art largely consists, is also a necessary element of good manners. One of the great points seems to be a kind of unconsciousness. It is bad manners, doubtless, to insist on going first through a doorway, but it is almost as bad to be always insistent on the other person going first. If you can persuade your companion to pass through absolutely without knowing or thinking who precedes, you have effected a triumph. If you can attend to your guests' wants at a meal without making them aware that you are noticing what they eat, that is good;

but beyond this you are on dangerous ground, for to be a little neglected is pleasanter than to feel that one is being inexorably watched. But most people who study civility are so afraid of being thought impolite, that they will make their friends feel uncomfortable rather than run this risk. They are really thinking of themselves more than of their friends. Anyhow, the dust of life is bad enough, and the art of manners should consist in laying rather than in raising it.

In this respect the teaching of manners and rules of manners to children has to be carried out with caution, and should always be referred to foundation principles of natural courtesy and consideration for others, rather than to conventional regulations—which only breed a selfish timidity in the young mind. What a wonderful thing it is to meet a man or woman whose manners are instantly open and free—not effusive, of course, but opening up a direct road (as far as the occasion needs) between him or her and yourself! How grateful you feel for being delivered for once from the shinbreaking barriers and thorny entanglements of ordinary intercourse!

It is true there are some people who seem rather to enjoy these entanglements; who treat manners in the height of ceremoniousness, as a matter of elaborate study, and something like a game of chess. To make a move of gracious courtesy and politeness—but which is capped in a few moments by a similar move on the other side; then again to effect a subtle stroke, which you think can hardly be eclipsed, saying inaudibly, "check"—only to be replied to by a compliment almost impossible to parry—all this is amusing of course; but it can hardly be dignified with the name of good manners. It is only a good game—for idle people to play at.

IT IS not good manners because it is not true. Manners rest on the two fundamentals of human intercourse—truth and sympathy. You must learn to say (or act) what you yourself mean, and you must learn to understand and consider the other person's needs. The whole of manners rests on these two things. The second condition gives an enormous range and variety—making it impossible to fix any rule for what may be best under diverse circumstances. If you want to gain the confidence of a plow-boy you must learn to lean over a gate with him for five minutes without even a word pass-

ing between you. This might not be the pink of breeding in a drawing-room. Most townspeople could not do such a thing to save their lives: but if you do it you will have effected an understanding better than words with the rustic, and he will be your friend ever after. All people have their needs belonging to their class, trade, race, and their individual needs as well—which if you understand you can infallibly tame and domesticate them.

But there is something more—something even more necessary perhaps than sympathy with others—you must be true to yourself. To-day manners are meager and poor because everyone hastens to conceal himself—no one expresses forthright his own feelings, his own nature and needs. It is an elaborate system of lying, of skulking, of dodging behind conventions. How often do you give a bit of your real self to your neighbors? and what are those moldy scraps —picked up on the common road and stored in your wallet—which you have the face to offer them instead? And they, poor things, are hungering for a touch of Nature too—but you deny it them!

It is generally allowed that many animals, savages, and rude uncultured people have more dignity and grandeur of behavior than the ordinary civilized. Somehow, because consciousness in such types does not return on itself, they act out their own quality unhindered and become touched with the majesty of that Nature of which they form a part. I was once at some large clerical meeting or other, in a private house. Vicars and curates, deans and canons swarmed. How Christianly sympathetic we all were—so deferent with subdued voices and meekly conjoined fingertips—but where! Oh, where! was the genuine human animal, where the authentic divinity? Then, casually, a large St. Bernard mastiff, one of the family, strolled into the room. Immediately he became the center of attention. How glad everyone was of his presence—what a relief! He allowed himself to be caressed and complimented, as by right—for he certainly had the most dignified manners of anyone present (including the bishop)—and then quietly stretched himself on the floor and went to sleep!

To speak, to act, to live out yourself is very hard, very difficult—especially when (as is quite necessary in the case of human beings) it has to be done with a full effort to understand and consider the needs of others. There is no royal road—of birth or convention—to this, but a sincere facing of the facts of life is about the only guide.

MANNERS AS A FINE ART

I have heard people say—as in a kind of awe at the magic of birth and breeding: "Ah! but you can always tell a gentleman when you see him or a lady when you see her." But there is no magic in the matter. For any trade always knows its own. A cutler knows a cutler, and a coalminer a coalminer—however far they may be from their work; if you have once been on the road yourself you will always be able to recognize a tramp: and a person whose profession has consisted in dining out will know instantly from a trick of speech or the handling of a table-napkin whether the other person belongs to the same profession or not. Each trade has its earmarks which to those who know them are infallible.

IT IS not, perhaps, generally recognized how instantaneous this kind of detection is, and how vain in consequence the so common attempt to conceal oneself. Think of anything that you thoroughly knew—your own trade for instance; and then think how quickly, if any fresh person appears, you can tell—as by a kind of instinct—how much he knows about the subject. If you are a good musician you know the moment the girl touches the piano—almost before she has played a couple of bars—what her musical capacity is, and which Polonaises of Chopin (if any) she might attempt to play. A man appears before you and talks about his carpentering skill. If you do not know the trade he may impose upon you, but if you are a joiner yourself it is quite sufficient to see him take up a rabbeting-plane or a plow and look at it, and you do not require to ask him any questions, or to run the risk of his telling you any lies!

This being so, and the expression of oneself being a necessity of one's being and in some form or other quite inevitably, it seems much the wisest, most dignified and sensible thing to do, to deliberately achieve that expression for oneself—to bring oneself, alive and gracious, into the world, instead of waiting to be disemboweled! To work out one's own character, to give it full and perfect play and expression is one of the greatest of the arts—and manners is one of the means of this deliverance.

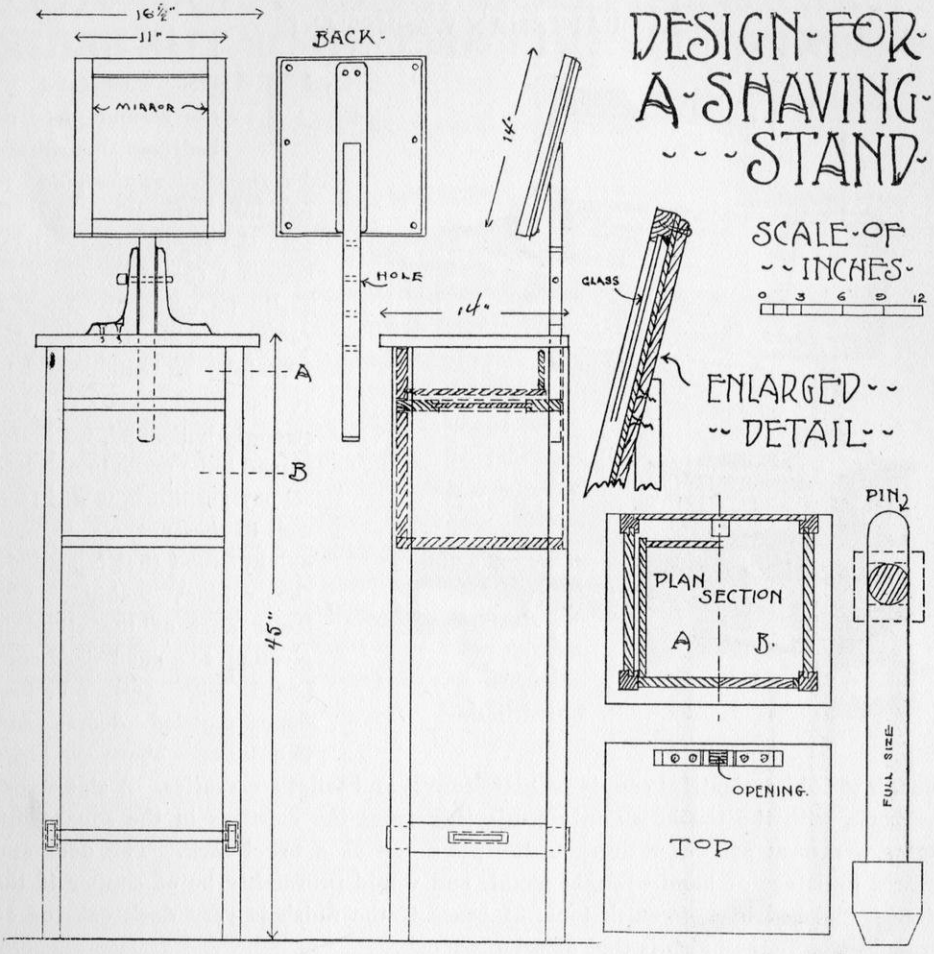
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: TWENTY-SECOND OF THE SERIES

PRACTICAL SHAVING STAND

DESIGNS and working drawings for one or two articles of bedroom furniture have been asked for by some of our friends interested in home cabinet work, so we here present two pieces not included among the designs for bedroom furniture already published, but in harmony with them, so that all easily might form one set. The shaving stand shown on this page is a simply-made but substantial little affair, with the usual sturdy mortise-and-tenon construction that is decorative as well as useful. A small cupboard is provided to hold the larger shaving utensils, and a drawer where the razors may be kept free from dust and moisture. The shaving-glass is supported on a firmly braced standard, held in place by a stout wooden pin. Knobs of wood are used on drawer and cupboard door instead of metal pulls.

MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR SHAVING STAND

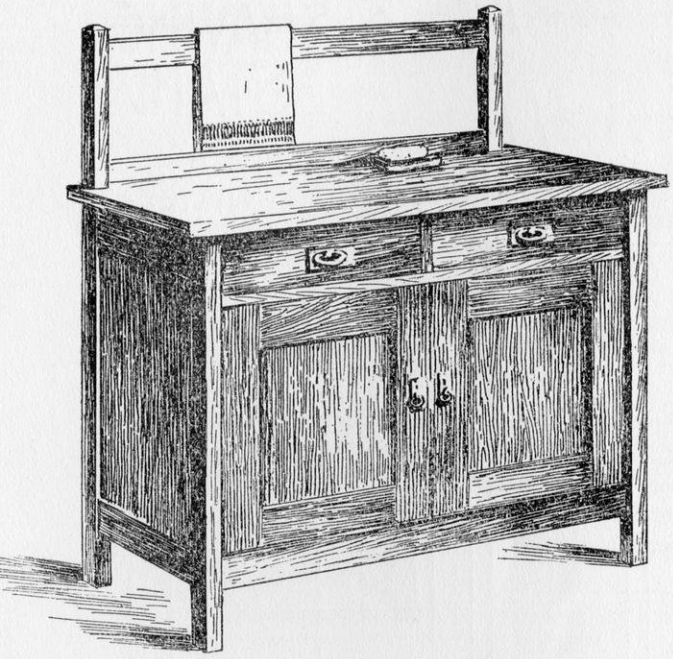
		Rough			Finish	
Pieces	No.	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Legs	4	46 in.	1½ in.	1½ in.	1¼ in.	1¼ in.
Top	1	18 in.	16 in.	1 in.	14 in.	⅞ in.
Sides	2	16 in.	13 in.	1 in.	11½ in.	⅞ in.
Back	1	16 in.	13 in.	¾ in.	12½ in.	½ in.
Door	1	13 in.	10 in.	1 in.	9½ in.	⅞ in.
Drawer front	1	13 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	¾ in.
Drawer sides	2	11 in.	4 in.	⅝ in.	3¾ in.	½ in.



Drawer back	1	13 in.	3¼ in.	¾ in.	3 in.	½ in.
Drawer bottom	1	13 in.	12 in.	½ in.	11 in.	⅜ in.
Shelf	1	15 in.	5 in.	⅞ in.	4½ in.	¾ in.
Stretchers	2	14 in.	2½ in.	1 in.	2¼ in.	⅞ in.
Dust panel	1	8 in.	8 in.	⅝ in.	7½ in.	½ in.
Dust panel rails	4	13 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	¾ in.
Bottom	1	13 in.	13 in.	1 in.	12½ in.	⅞ in.
Mirror stem	1	23 in.	1½ in.	1 in.	1¼ in.	⅞ in.
Mirror frame rails...	2	14½ in.	1½ in.	1 in.	1¼ in.	¾ in.
Mirror frame rails...	2	9 in.	1½ in.	1 in.	1¼ in.	¾ in.
Mirror frame back...	1	14 in.	11 in.	½ in.	10½ in.	¼ in.
Strip on back	1	14 in.	2½ in.	¾ in.	2¼ in.	⅝ in.
Uprights	2	6 in.	4 in.	1 in.	Pattern	⅞ in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A CRAFTSMAN WASHSTAND

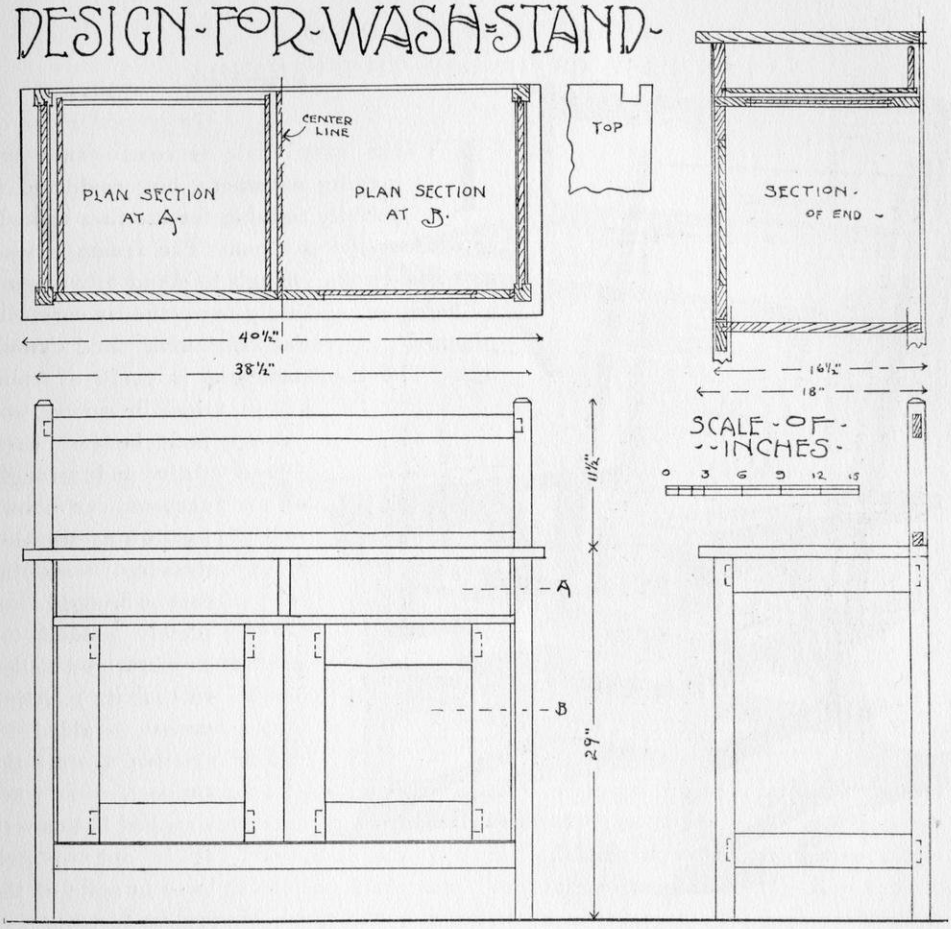


THIS washstand is the second piece of bedroom furniture designed by request, and it not only harmonizes in style with the regular CRAFTSMAN bedroom furniture, but may easily be made by any one familiar with the simpler principles of cabinet work. It is ample in size and strongly built, and, while designed to be made in oak like all our furniture, it will look well in chestnut, maple, elm, or any wood that is suitable for cabinet making. The lower part of the stand is given up to a good-sized cupboard with two plain, square-paneled doors, and two drawers above are large enough to hold a plentiful supply of extra towels and toilet accessories. A slat across the back, with the tenons slightly projecting from the mortises in the square uprights, serves at once as a finish to the piece and as a towel rack. The door and drawer pulls are of hand-wrought metal, and would preferably be of copper if the piece is finished in a greenish tone, of brass if the finish is very dark oak, or of wrought-iron if the finish is that of a lighter oak.

MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR WASHSTAND

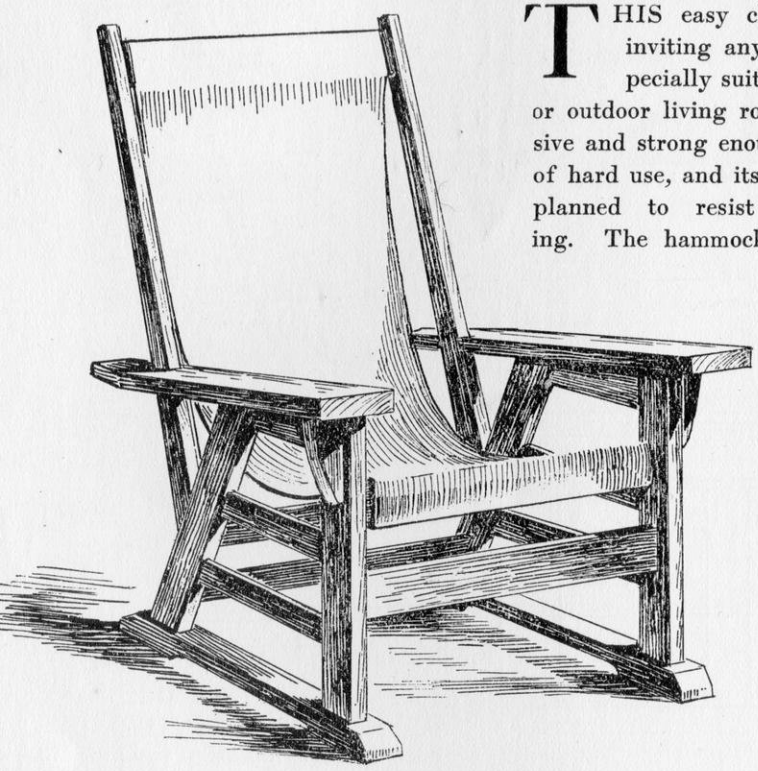
		Rough			Finish	
Pieces	No.	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Legs	2	42 in.	1¾ in.	1¾ in.	1⅝ in.	1⅝ in.
Legs	2	30 in.	1¾ in.	1¾ in.	1⅝ in.	1⅝ in.
Top	1	42 in.	18½ in.	1 in.	18 in.	⅞ in.
Top of back	1	38 in.	1½ in.	1 in.	1¼ in.	⅞ in.
Towel rack	1	38 in.	2 in.	1 in.	1¾ in.	¾ in.
End panels	2	20 in.	16 in.	¾ in.	15½ in.	⅝ in.
End rails	4	16 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2¾ in.	⅞ in.

DESIGN FOR WASH STAND



Front rails	1	37 in.	2¼ in.	1 in.	2 in.	⅞ in.
Drawer fronts	2	17½ in.	4¾ in.	1 in.	4½ in.	⅞ in.
Drawer bottoms	2	18 in.	15½ in.	½ in.	15 in.	⅜ in.
Drawer sides	4	16½ in.	4¼ in.	⅝ in.	4 in.	½ in.
Drawer backs	2	17 in.	3½ in.	¾ in.	¾ in.	½ in.
Door stiles	4	17½ in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Door rails	4	13 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Door panels	2	13 in.	13 in.	⅝ in.	12½ in.	½ in.
Division rail	1	17 in.	4¾ in.	1 in.	4½ in.	⅞ in.
Dust panel	2	16 in.	12 in.	½ in.	11½ in.	⅜ in.
Dust panel rails.....	4	16 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	¾ in.
Dust panel rails.....	2	37 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	¾ in.
Back panels	6	44 in.	6¼ in.	¾ in.	6 in.	½ in.
Bottom	1	37 in.	16 in.	1 in.	15½ in.	⅞ in.

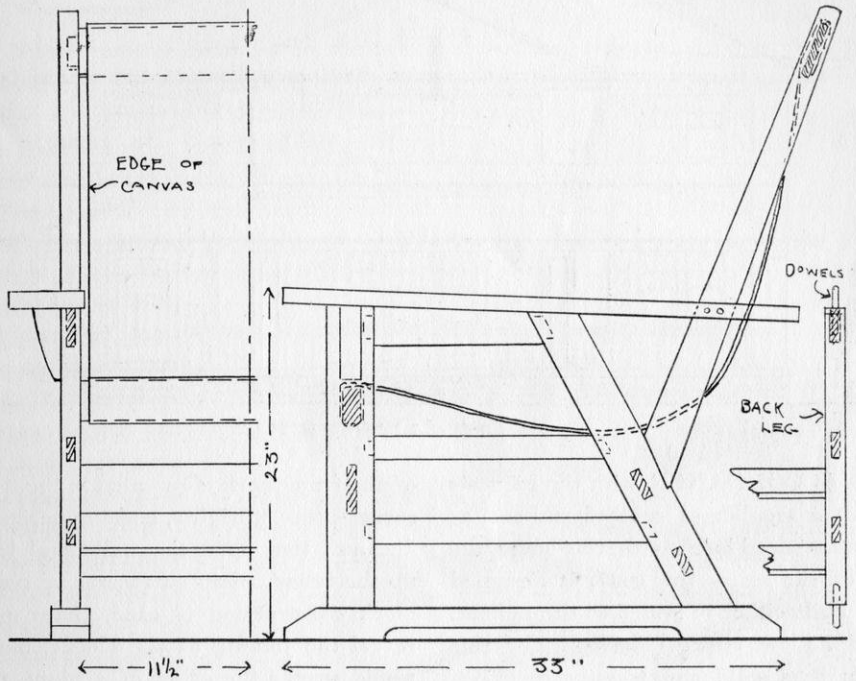
AN EASY CHAIR FOR THE VERANDA



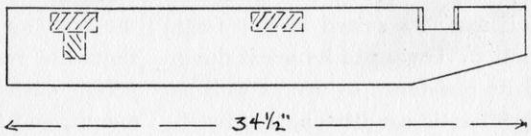
THIS easy chair is comfortable and inviting anywhere, but would be especially suitable for use in a veranda or outdoor living room. The frame is massive and strong enough to stand any amount of hard use, and its construction is carefully planned to resist shrinking and swelling. The hammock seat is made of stout duck or canvas, and must be very carefully and strongly fastened as shown in the working drawing, with the canvas brought completely around the supports and nailed so that its resisting power is aided by friction against the support. If not wrapped in this way it is apt to pull loose in spite of the firmest fastening.

MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR EASY CHAIR

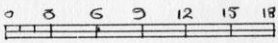
		Rough			Finish	
Pieces	No.	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Posts	4	21 in.	3¼ in.	1½ in.	3 in.	1¼ in.
Arms	2	36 in.	5¼ in.	1¼ in.	5 in.	1⅛ in.
Front rail	1	25 in.	3 in.	1½ in.	2¾ in.	1¼ in.
Front rail	1	25 in.	3½ in.	1 in.	3¼ in.	¾ in.
Side rails	4	20 in.	2 in.	¾ in.	1¾ in.	⅝ in.
Side rails	2	14 in.	3 in.	¾ in.	2¾ in.	⅝ in.
Back rails	2	25 in.	2¼ in.	¾ in.	2 in.	⅝ in.



DESIGN FOR AN EASY CHAIR



SCALE OF INCHES



Base rails	2	35	in.	3	in.	2½ in.	2⅝ in.	2¼ in.
Brackets	2	5	in.	2	in.	1¾ in.	1¾ in.	1½ in.
Back posts	2	35	in.	3	in.	1½ in.	Pattern	1¼ in.
Back slat	1	25	in.	4	in.	1 in.	3½ in.	⅞ in.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1907: NUMBER I

- FRONT ELEVATION -

IN ACCORDANCE with the requests of a number of subscribers, and as announced last month, this house, the first of the series for 1907, is designed to be built either of concrete throughout, or of hollow cement blocks. For this reason it is solid and massive in effect, with the plain, straight lines and unbroken wall surfaces suited to this form of construction. Owing to its great durability and its resistance to fire as well as to varying climatic conditions, the dwelling built either of reinforced concrete or of hollow cement blocks is steadily growing in popularity, especially as it can be made as homelike and attractive as a house of wood, brick, or stone. It all depends upon the structural interest of the design and the use of color to take away any effect of coldness or barrenness such as is often associated with either or both of these materials.

No timbers are used on the exterior of the house here presented, but the form of the framework is revealed in the heavy corner-posts, uprights, and the horizontal "beams" that span the walls and break up the broad, plain surfaces. If cement block construction is used, these might reveal the joining of the blocks, but we would prefer the effect of a plain, plastered surface, which would look much the same as concrete. The wall surfaces should be rough-cast, preferably with the pebble-dash finish described so fully last month, and the color would depend upon the surroundings. The gray given by a slight admixture of lamp-black with the mortar is nearly always safe, but in some cases the buff or biscuit shades, the suggestion of green, or the natural grayish white of the plaster or concrete might be more in harmony with the surroundings. The color of the slate roof would naturally depend upon the color chosen for the walls, as in some cases the natural slate-gray would be very effective, and in others the warm tone of dull red might

be needed to prevent coldness or monotony. The pillars, copings, and balustrades of the verandas are all of concrete or of cement, according to the material preferred for the house itself. The foundation should either be of stone or of concrete or cement faced with ashlar to give the effect of stone, and in both cases would better be laid with black cement, as the joining of the stones has the same effect as the leading in a stained-glass window. A note of warm color is given by the floors of the verandas, which are designed to be of square cement blocks of a dull brick-red, giving the same effect as the much more expensive Welsh tiles.

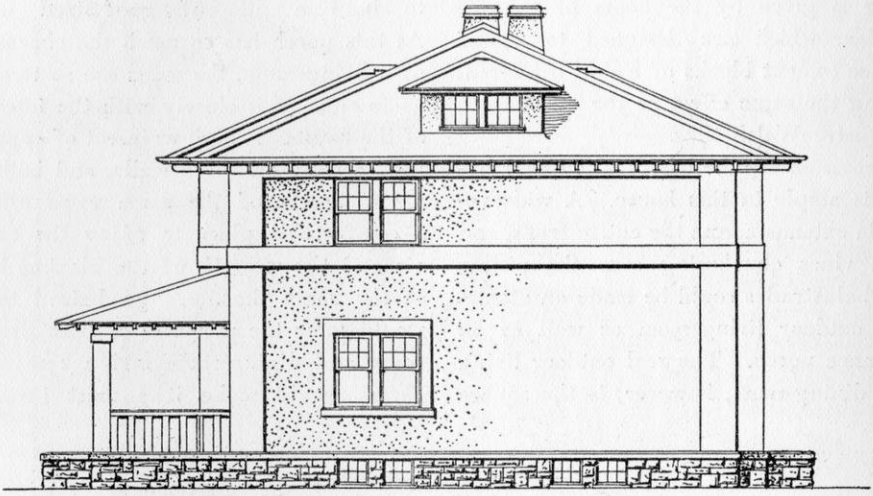
Provision for the healthful outdoor living is ample in this house. A wide veranda extends across the entire front, and with vines clambering over the pillars and balustrades could be made an attractive outdoor living-room as well as an entrance porch. The real outdoor living and dining-room, however, is the square recessed porch that looks out over the garden at the rear of the house. This porch is exposed to the weather only at the front, and this can easily be glassed in for the severest days of winter. With a southern exposure, though, it might be open nearly all winter, except on inclement days, for a sun-room is livable when a completely walled-in room is chilly and gloomy, and in this case the warmth of the sun is supplemented by an outdoor fireplace big enough to hold a pile of good-sized logs. As this porch has so much the character of a living-room, the walls are so treated as to connect it closely with the interior of the house. A high wainscot of cypress runs around all three walls, and built-in fireside seats of the same wood afford a comfortable place to enjoy the fresh air and the warmth of the blazing logs at the same time. A good-sized table would serve the purposes of both living-room and dining-room and a few easy chairs would make it a most inviting

REAR ELEVATION

place. The red cement floor would best be covered with a thick Indian blanket or two, or any rug of sturdy weave and primitive color and design. The wooden ceiling of the porch is heavily beamed, and from the beams hang lanterns enough to make the place cheerful by night as well as by day. The color of the floor is repeated in the massive fireplace of hard-burned red brick, with its plain shelf made of a thick cypress plank.

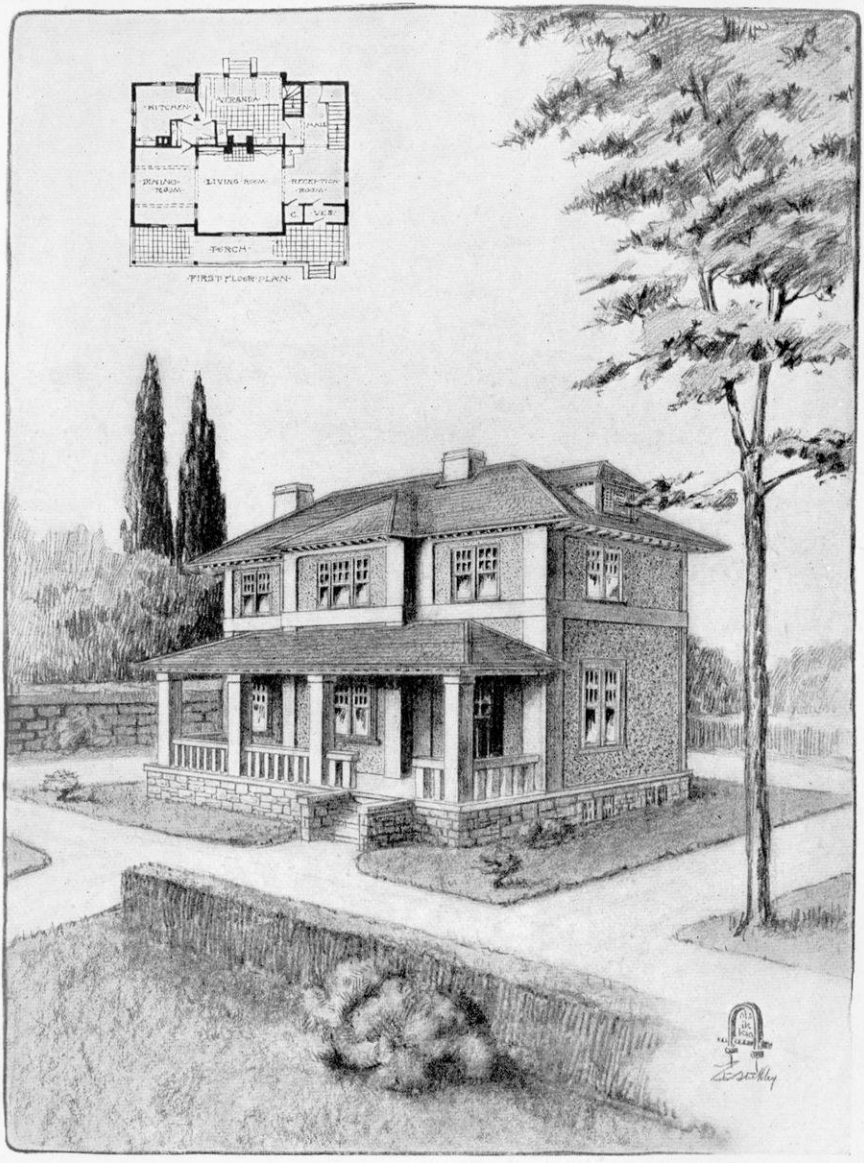
housed-up human being than sleeping out of doors under plenty of covers. The custom is steadily growing in favor, and when it becomes general the pre-eminence of nervous prostration as the national disease will be in great danger of overthrow and coughs and colds will be much less prevalent.

The interior of the house is planned to secure the greatest possible amount of space, freedom, and convenience by having the whole lower story as open as it can be made short of being actually one large room with no effect of division. Draughts from the entrance are cut off by a small vestibule that opens into the reception-hall, and the space beside it is occupied by a coat closet that shelters all wraps and overshoes, usually such a problem in a hall that is part of the living-room. The reception-hall proper ends at the foot of the staircase and the corner seat opposite, but a narrower con-

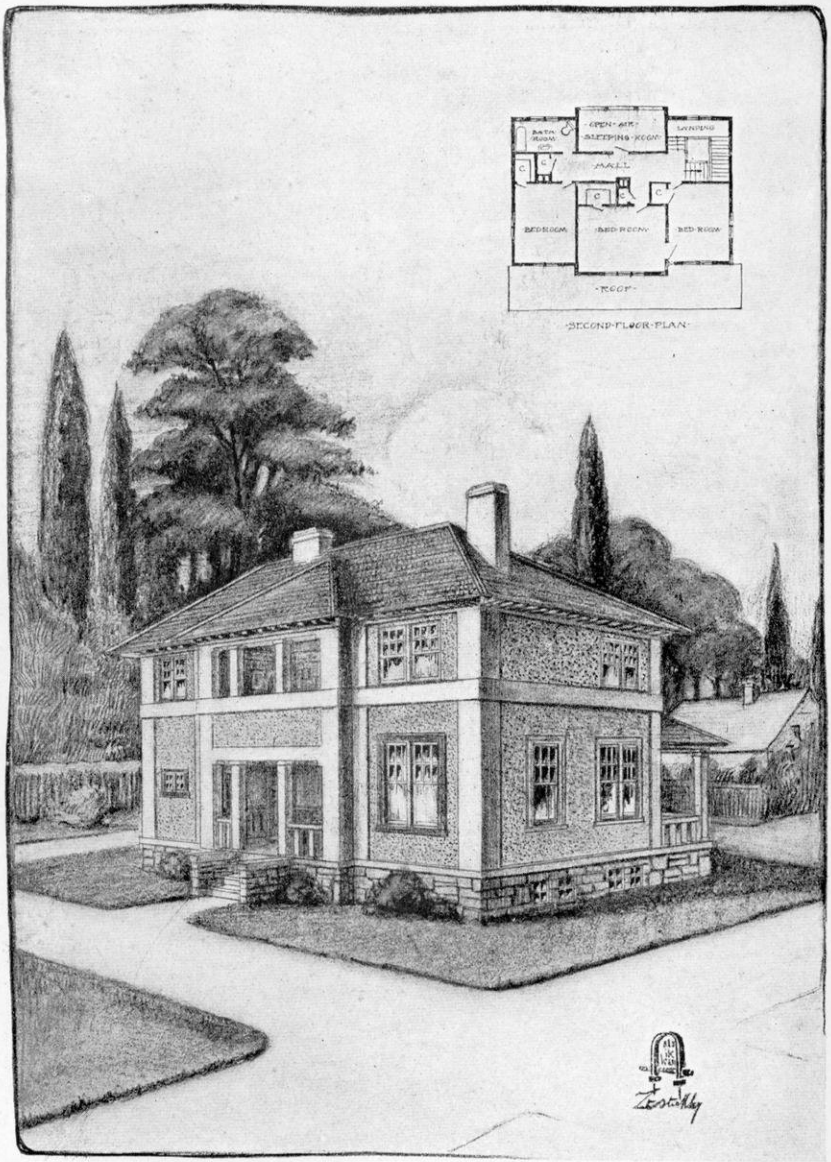


- SIDE-ELEVATION -

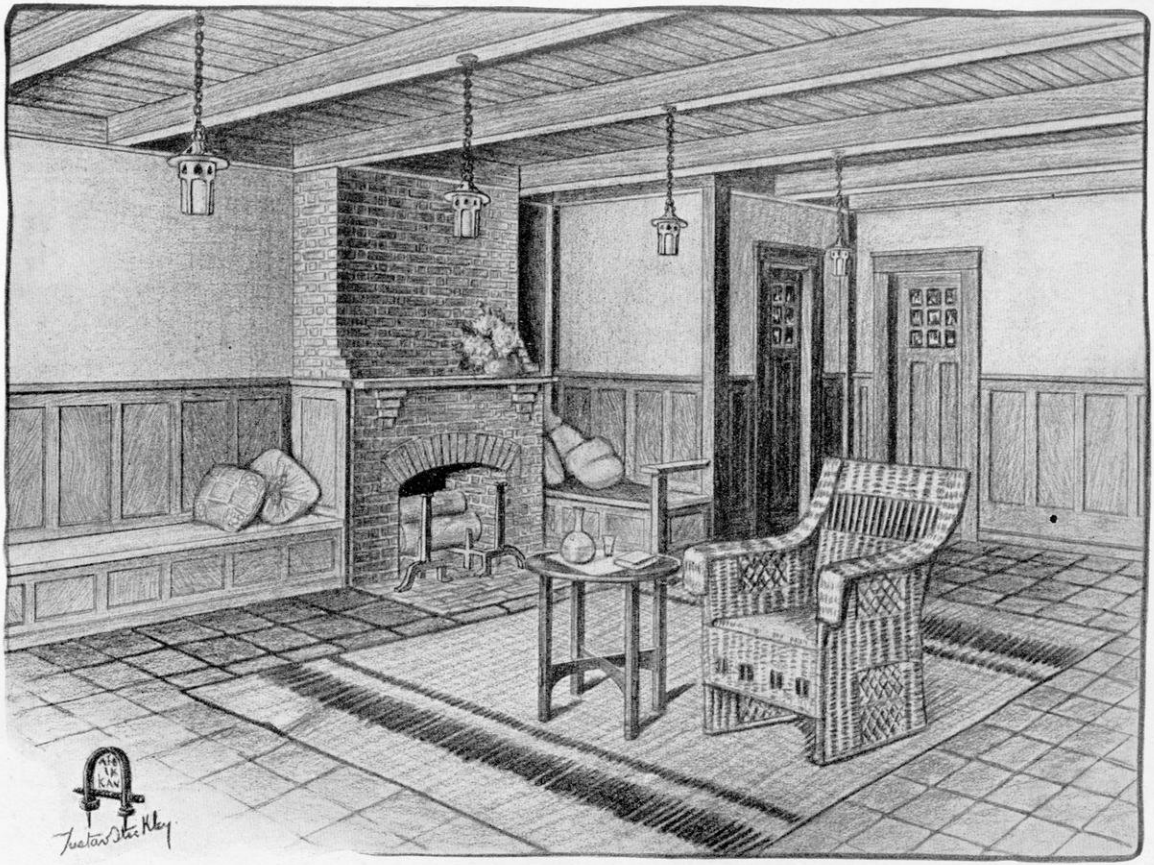
Just above the sun-room is an outdoor sleeping-room of the same size and general arrangement, except that it has no fireplace. On this upper porch the balustrade is replaced by a solid parapet made of the wall of the house, and, like the sun-room, the sleeping-porch can be glassed in for protection from driving storms if necessary. Under ordinary circumstances no protection from the weather is needed, even in winter, as nothing would be better for the average



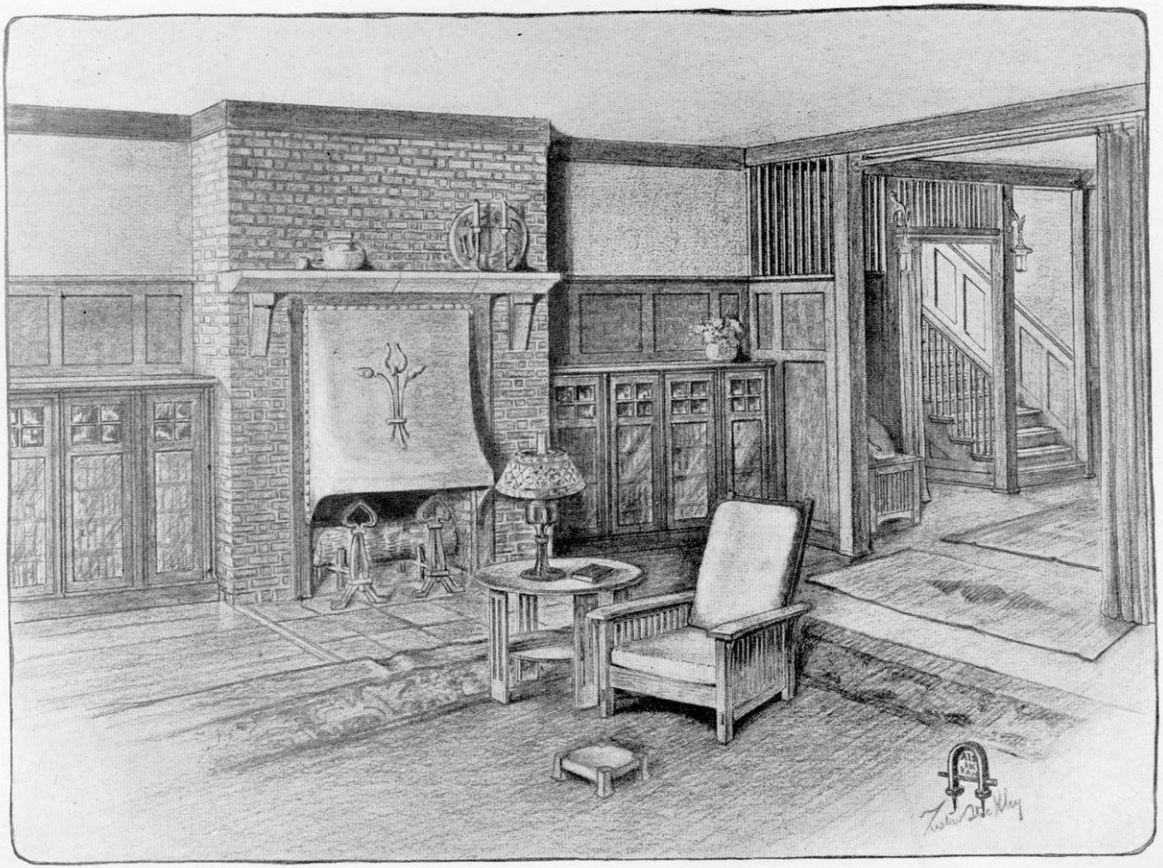
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1907, NUMBER I
IT MAY BE BUILT OF CONCRETE THROUGHOUT OR OF HOLLOW CEMENT BLOCKS



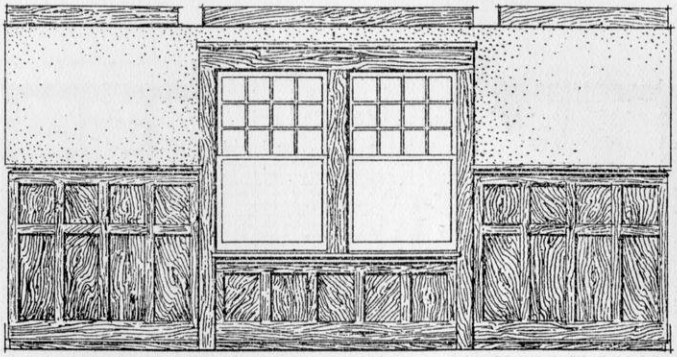
AN OUTDOOR LIVING OR DINING-ROOM IS THE SQUARE RECESSED PORCH, OVERLOOKING THE GARDEN



VIEW OF OUTDOOR LIVING-ROOM SHOWING FIREPLACE



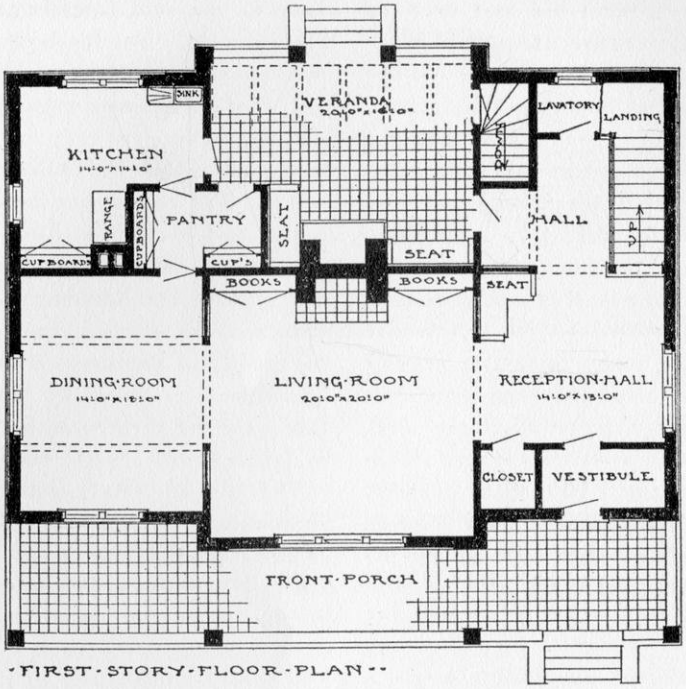
THE LIVING-ROOM WAINSCOTED WITH OAK PANELING



INTERIOR OF DINING ROOM

tinuation leads to the door of the sun-room and a small lavatory at the back. Wide openings, where the dividing partitions are merely suggested by posts and panels, connect the hall with the living-room and the latter with the dining-room just beyond. Ceiling beams are used only to indicate divisions into rooms, but around the ceiling angle a wide strip of wood borders the walls instead of a frieze, and all three rooms are wainscoted to the height of six feet with oak paneling. This can be used generously even in a house of moderate cost, because it now comes as a stock wainscot in the natural wood that harmonizes perfectly in design with the woodwork of a Craftsman interior, and can be finished in exactly the same way, so that this most attractive form of interior woodwork need no longer be prohibited because of the cost of building it in. It is reasonable in price and can be purchased in the height and design preferred at so much a running foot. All the interior woodwork in this house is of oak, and a beautifully cordial, sunny effect could be given by finishing it in a rich nut-brown tone, with the strip of rough plaster on the wall space above done in a warm, tawny yellow. The fireplace would be of very dark hard-burned brick—the kind known as "clinker" brick—with a shelf of concrete.

The structural feature most prominent in the living-room covers the whole end of it, where bookcases are built into the wall space on either side of the fireplace. These bookcases are about four feet in height, and the upper panels of the wainscot show above them, making a most attractive setting for any piece of mellow copper, dull brass, or matt glazed pottery that might be put on the top of the bookcase. The ornaments in such a room as this would naturally be very few and simple, but it needs the high lights of an occasional piece of metal and the accent of color given by beautiful pottery used very sparingly. The hammered copper hood of the fireplace is framed by a band of wrought iron, and the andirons are also of iron. The hearth is of red cement like the floors of the porches. One structural touch that brings the woodwork of all three rooms into harmony is the use of spindles wherever they would be effective. They appear in the balustrade



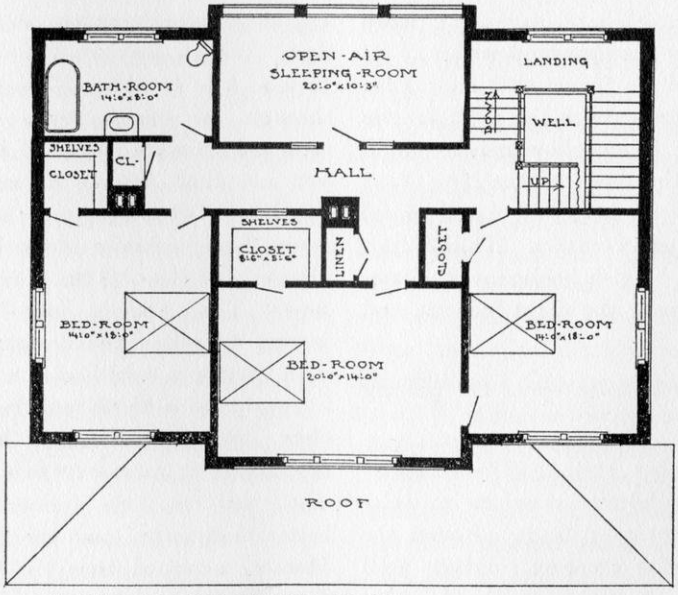
of the staircase, in the open spaces above the panels in the little partitions, in the continuation of these into grilles above the doors, and in the built-in seats. In the illustration, spindle furniture is also shown, to make the structural scheme complete. To complete the color scheme in the furnishings, the chairs and tables should be of oak finished in a slightly darker tone than the woodwork, and the chair cushions in warm brown or tawny yellow leather or velour. The relieving notes of color-contrast would be given by the rugs, pillows, portieres, window curtains, and other accessories.

On the second story there are three large bedrooms in the front of the house, and the open-air bedroom at the back. The staircase with its well occupies the space at one side of the sleeping-porch, and the bathroom is at the other. The upper hall, though not large, is so designed as to give the feeling of open arrangement and free communication, and the ample closet room is concentrated at the center. The finish of the upper hall is the same as that of the lower story, but the woodwork of the bedrooms is most satisfactory in white enamel, on account of the delicate colors so universally used in bedroom furnishings.

The color schemes and furnishings of the bedrooms are largely a matter of individual fancy, and with the white woodwork great latitude is possible in developing original color combinations that reflect the personal tastes of the owner. In furnishing the living rooms the fact that

they are for general use and must be substantial, unobtrusive, and restful in effect must always be kept in mind if the rooms are to be lastingly satisfactory. Any vagaries of personal taste are apt to jar in the long run, not only upon other members of the family but also upon oneself, for they take away from the harmony of the whole by introducing a sharp personal note that is in no sense a part of the general scheme. Not only must the living rooms be restful in color and line, but ornaments and even draperies are things to be sparingly used, or the general impression is that of smallness and fussiness. Big spaces, straight lines, and ample masses of quiet color on unbroken surfaces go to make up the living-room that wears well and gives a sense of rest and comfort to every one who enters it. But the bedroom is one's own domain and its furnishings may be just what one chooses, regardless of anyone else, so long as they are dainty and fresh, and express the individuality of the owner. The colors may be daring to a degree and yet not be tiresome if they are suited to the exposure of the room so that a warm hue lightens a shaded room and a cool one quiets a sunny one; but the one quality of daintiness is essential, and this is best preserved by having fabrics that, whatever their color, are not harmed by frequent visits to the wash tub.

The cost of this house as estimated approximates $6,000, whether built of concrete or of hollow cement blocks, and allowing for reasonable variation.



--SECOND-STORY-FLOOR-PLAN--

ALS IK KAN

CHARLES LAMB in a delightful essay speaks of the solemnity of the ancient ceremony of "ringing out the Old Year," and the universal interest in the advent of a New Year. Our individual birthdays we cease to notice as we grow mature, observes the gentle Elia, but no one ever regarded the first of January with indifference.

What fitter occasion, then, for moralizing and contemplation than on the eve of the birth of a new cycle of opportunities and responsibilities? No wonder is it that men everywhere indulge in moral stocktaking and resolution-making as they watch "the skirts of the departing year"! Sins of omission and sins of commission are remembered and mournfully counted; promises of reformation are born with wondrous ease. Were it not for the suspicion of a memory that the Old Year consisted of something more than sins, how gladly would we speed its flight! Could we forget that New Year resolutions are perhaps the most fragile of man-made things, how gladly would we welcome the dawn of the New Year as the birth of the long-waited millenium!

Truly a solemn occasion. While hordes of irreverent, foolish hooligans and hobble de hoys make the night hideous, and with blatant noises

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,"

let us of sober state and contemplative mood withdraw ourselves to celebrate the event as befits it. Round the cheery fire, with creature comforts well provided, let us gather in the friendly spirit of craftsmen whose craft is the creation of noble and beautiful lives. For our interest is nothing less than this: the making of *things* is of no moment except as a means to the making of *Life*. True art relates to the whole octave of human experience, and the making of beautiful things is of no importance except to make beautiful men and women. And as we judge art, so we must judge Time. Our judgment of the Past must be based upon its human product of good or ill; our welcome to the Future must have the opportunity for human happiness as its motive.

What say you, friend of the doleful mien, that the remote Past alone was good, that each succeeding generation lost something of the sense of goodness and joy and that the Future holds no promise of good? Hark you back to the bygone days for the "Golden Age"? It is a poor, vain, and deluded view of things, friend. There never has been a "Golden Age," though mayhap the future holds such an age in store. The times which through the enchantments of distance seem golden were indeed of iron. Know you not that Attica's ancient splendor was but a dishonest veneer; and that the vaunted magnificence and culture of the days of Pericles was but a gilded rottenness. That, like a jerry-built house, resting on rotten foundations, the Athenian splendors rested upon a slave basis?

Pessimism is an ancient doctrine of society. Solomon, the wise king, in his day found it necessary to rebuke those who cried out, "the former times were better than these," and the Roman poet, Horace, mourned that the men of his day were "degenerate offspring of heroic

sires." In our own day, many and loud are the voices that cry out in the same dolorous fashion that never before were there so many evil things and so few good things as to-day.

It is a poor, soul-paralyzing gospel. Were it true that the world's progress is from gloom to deeper gloom, that to-morrow must be worse than yesterday; that some evil genius drives the race to ill with irresistible force, we should greet the New Year with the sad tolling bells of mourning, and clothe ourselves in the habiliments of grief. If the pessimistic view of life were true, then, for nations and individuals alike,

> " 'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
> Like bird the charming serpent draws;
> To drop head foremost in the jaws
> Of vacant darkness, and to cease."

But every glorious sunrise, every carol of joyous birds greeting opening day, and every peal of bells welcoming the New Year, bears testimony that through long centuries of experience all nature has learned to trust the future and to hail it with faith and hope.

This gospel of faith is as far removed as the poles from the unreasoning optimism of those who cry with Voltaire's Optimist that "everything is for the best, in this best of all possible systems." Extremes meet. The one doctrine is just as deadly as the other. To cry that all is well is as false as to cry that nothing is well. To deny that anything is wrong with our present system is as pernicious as to deny that anything is good.

So long as we have our social poles of poverty and opulence, starved babies and pampered poodles; so long as women and children toil over unwholesome, ugly, and degrading tasks for no other purpose than the maintenance of others in a useless existence; and so long as to preserve this condition of affairs all the institutions of government are corrupted, it will not do to hypnotize ourselves into the belief that all is as it should be. On the other hand, so long as there is a growing recognition of the evils in society, and a resulting growth of movements aiming at their eradication, it is foolish and criminal to croak that things are going from bad to worse. Above all else, there is need to guard against the common tendency to misinterpret an increasing recognition of social ills as an increase of the ills themselves, instead of as an evidence of a contrary movement.

In this spirit, then, we whose business is the making of life gladsome and beautiful may contemplate with calm courage the memories of the year that is slowly ebbing out into the great ocean of the eternal.

The exposures of corruption and chicanery in the high places of politics and commerce do not cause us to fear that the depravity of nowadays is greater than the depravity of yesterday. On the contrary, we are confronted by the assurance that other days lacked not the wrongs themselves, but only the intelligence to discern them and the courage to combat them. If there never was a time when greater or more multitudinous problems pressed for solution, it is equally true that there never was a time when so much earnest, intelligent attention and experiment were devoted to the task of establishing social justice and harmony as to-day.

Intelligent criticism of social institutions and customs is itself a factor of progress of great importance. We of THE CRAFTSMAN welcome all such criticisms and hail its makers with fraternal sympathy. Still, notwithstanding this general sympathy with all sane criticisms of society as at present constituted, our attitude toward all social problems must be that of craftsmen rather than that of critics. As in matters relating to art, while criticism of the tawdry and vulgar is helpful, the creation of simple beauty, the practical expression of a nobler concept of art and its purpose, is of far greater value, so in all that relates to the art of living constructive experience and practical experiment are vastly more significant than the most alluring theories. If Dr. Goler, in the city of Rochester, succeeds in saving baby lives and reducing the infantile death-rate to an extent which makes an object lesson for all the civilized world; or if Dr. Cronin, in New York City, succeeds in relieving the suffering of tens of thousands of children, making it possible for them to become useful citizens instead of waste products of the human struggle to be crowded into reformatories, asylums, and prisons; or if Judge Lindsey's common sense sweetened with human kindness makes the street "gang" an element of strength instead of a civic menace, we are vitally interested. Nothing that is human is foreign to us or beyond the bounds of our interest. Our friends need not wonder if we devote much time and thought to the chronicle and study of constructive social work, for, in the last analysis, our interest in what William Morris was wont to call "the lesser arts of life," the making of things of beauty under conditions of pleasure, is subordinate to our interest in the art of life itself. That children be well born, well nurtured and developed, to become good citizens and builders of a social state in which the interest of each shall be the interest of all, is the end toward which we labor, and to which the making of wholesome things under wholesome conditions is but a means.

In this spirit we look forward to the New Year as the beginning of a new cycle of opportunities, forgetting not that each opportunity carries with it a responsibility to be sacredly met. Taking ourselves and our work seriously—yet not too seriously—believing fully in the conquering power of honest thinking and working, we turn from the Old Year satisfied that its records show a balance of good, and turn to greet the New Year confident that it will bring us nearer the goal of harmonious and gladsome life.

NOTES

THE Knoedler Gallery at the present date is filled with a riotous display of Dutch tulips, yellow and white, pink and gold, and flaming red. There are acres of them growing in low Holland meadows, bounded by canals and poplar trees, and sometimes bordering a mossy, weather-tinted stone house, crouching low away from sea winds. And there are flaming beds of popies, large and red, densely red. And here and there, in the same room and by the same artist, George Hitchcock, are sweet, demure, picturesque Zeeland girls in gorgeous colors and the most bewitching of caps, looking a little self-conscious as though such fine clothes

were unusual for every day wear, but very winning and a part of the great beauty of Holland.

Some of Mr. Hitchcock's Dutch outdoor scenes give a slight sense of confusion in the glowing sunlit foreground and the remote cloudy sky. Holland is truly a gray land, but one is puzzled to know just how the sunshine has reached the tall poplar trees and thrown shadows on the gaudy poppy beds when the sky seems to have closed her windows and drawn her curtains.

But in spite of this occasional bewilderment, there is much joy in the wide reaches of splendid color compassed in a single small frame, and in the fresh, wholesome treatment of a strong, wholesome country. It is a vigorous, bright, stout-hearted nation that Mr. Hitchcock presents to us; the girls, the flowers, and the sunlit meadows are all good to remember. The Knoedler Gallery is also showing at this same date a few interesting portraits by A. Muller Ury. They are mainly of well known people of significant types: Lord Strathcona, strong, serene, and compelling, and near him Chauncey M. Depew, pleased and cheerful, the smile possibly a little too permanent. Mrs. Daniel Frohman and Mrs. Clark Williams are both pretty women, and neither would think the other so. Mr. Ury's children's portraits are charming at a first glance: but what seems individuality at first settles into mannerism as you see it repeated in unrelated groups of pretty youngsters.

On the 17th of December the exhibition room of this gallery will be devoted to a collection of paintings by Frederic Remington. Remington was practically the first of our artists to "find the West," to get hold of the big picturesqueness of our own land, unknown to the studio. Remington was a pioneer artist among cowboys and Indians and he still leads the artists who followed him into this wilderness.

AN INTERESTING and fairly representative exhibition of pictures in water color and pastel by American artists was held recently in the Montross Gallery on Fifth Avenue. John La Farge was represented by a group of pastels that were brilliant and effective, although their treatment was rather more suggestive of cartoons for stained glass windows than of pictures complete in themselves. The subjects chosen were almost entirely from the South Sea Islands and Japan, although a few allegorical studies were included as examples of Mr. La Farge's more familiar work. There were some interesting landscapes and marines by William M. Chase, Childe Hassam, Homer Martin, A. Phimister Proctor, Robert Blum, Philip L. Hale, Winslow Homer, W. L. Lathrop, Alexander Schilling, and Horatio Walker. Theodore Robinson is there with a small portrait, and D. W. Tryon with a group of lovely small landscapes: "Moonrise," "Springtime," "Connecticut Hill in Winter," "Farm House at Night," and "Evening," each one fine, subtle, full of understanding of the utmost poetry of Nature and expressing it with the most complete delicacy and reserve. Tryon feels the quality of New England landscape as Mary Wilkins does the temperament of the people, the sweetness hidden under the reserve, the gleams of beauty escaping through rigidity. His

paintings often remind one of Emerson in his sweetest moods.

The two Homer Martins are unusually interesting examples of this old-fashioned lover of outdoors; and the five Childe Hassams are unusually mannered and eccentric.

HOW far photography has gone beyond the old taunt that it was only a mechanical process is shown with interest in the exhibition this season at the Photo-Secession Galleries, Fifth Avenue, under the management of Alfred Stieglitz. All of the most significant artist photographers (including Mr. Stieglitz himself) are represented. There are portraits vivid and compelling, landscapes with the spirituality of Corot and Tryon, ideal compositions full of poetry and symbolism, harbor scenes with the enchantment that Whistler and Turner revealed in the ports of the world, delicate night scenes with mists trailing through them, snow scenes, mysterious moonlights; in fact, every rare and poetical quality of nature revealed through the camera. Such work is no more mechanical because of the use of camera than a painting is mechanical because of the handling of brush. It is all the reproduction of beauty, grown into art through the imagination.

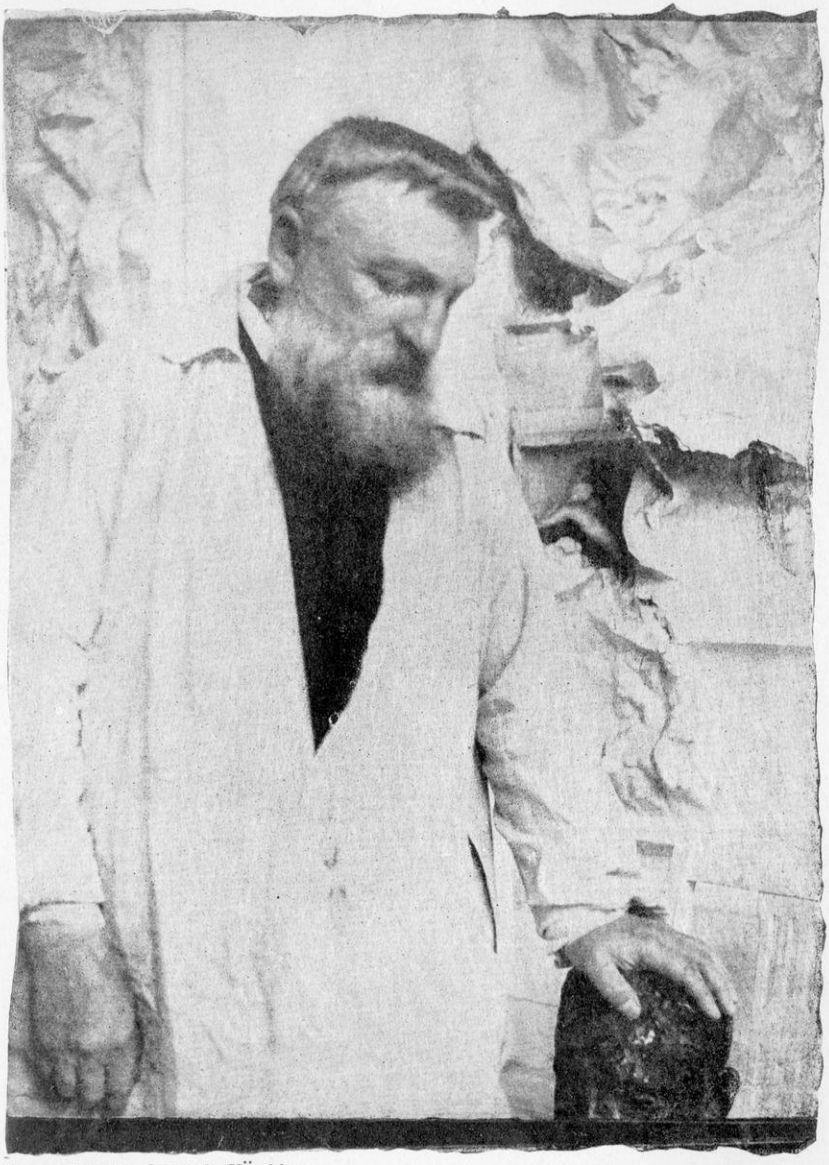
Clarence H. White has a large exhibit, which includes both portraits and landscapes, and one singularly interesting and delicately symbolic picture called "Evening, the Crystal Globe," which is reproduced in this department.

Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier is also fully represented both by rarely interesting portraits and outdoor scenes. Mrs. Käsebier's photograph of Rodin, which was taken in Paris, is one of the most striking pictures at the exhibition, and one of the most remarkable photographic portraits ever taken. It would be impossible for the most skilled painter to achieve a more complete and subtle expression of personality than Mrs. Käsebier shows us in this Rodin photograph.

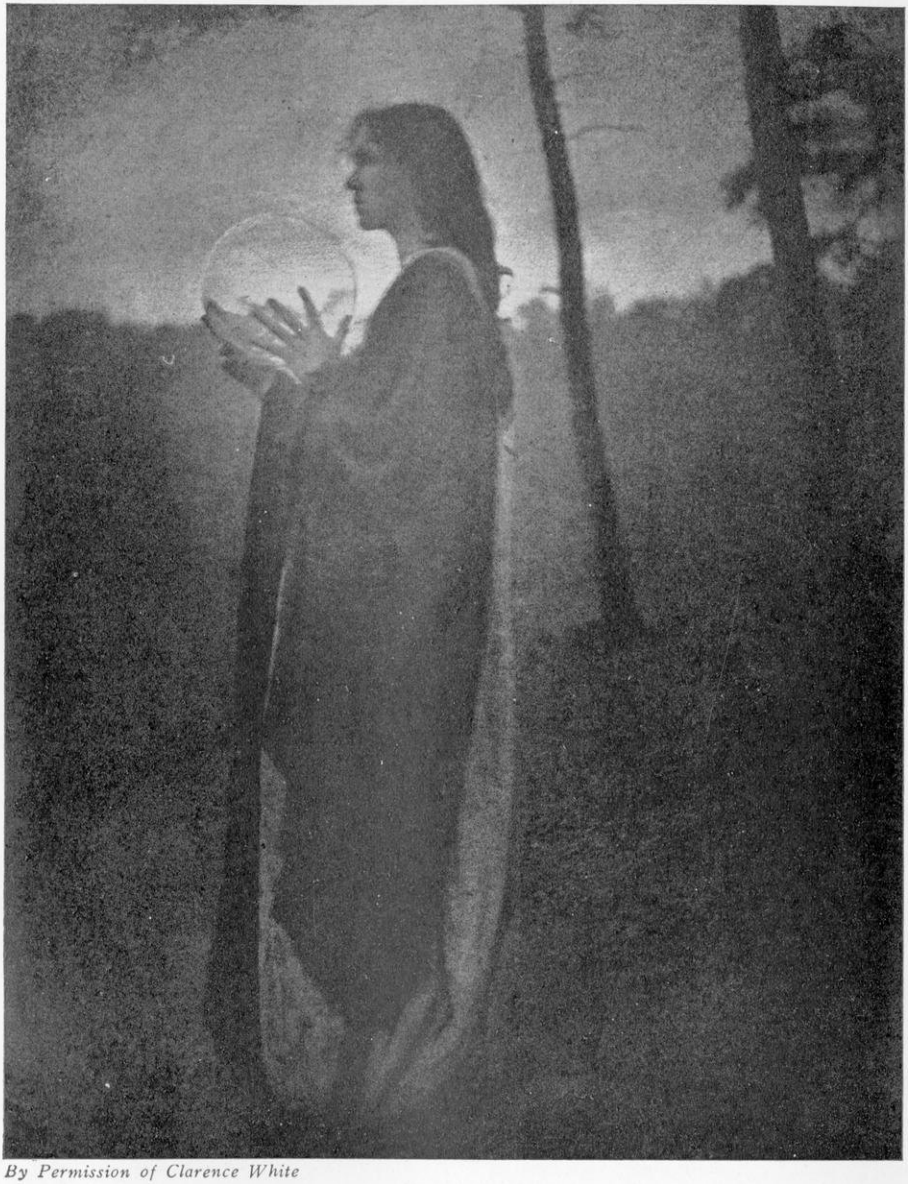
A group of photographs by Mr. Eduard J. Steichen have all the rich massing of shade and light, and especially the suggestion of color for which his work is now famous on two continents. Perhaps the most remarkable portrait in this collection of Mr. Steichen's work is that of William M. Chase, which not only is a rarely interesting work of art, but a most final portrayal of character.

As a whole, the exhibit is one of lasting interest, marking a distinct advance in this most interesting among modern arts. Those interested in photography as a fine art must feel deeply indebted to Mr. Alfred Stieglitz for thus bringing together most convincingly proofs of the significance and beauty of art-photography. It would scarcely be just to the exhibit to close this notice without speaking of the remarkable portrait of George Bernard Shaw, by Alvin Langdon Coburn. It is Shaw in a whimsical mood—a whimsical pose, full of irony and jest and keen amusement at the world.

IN AN interesting article on "The Sculpture of Gutzon Borglum," in Appleton's, Rupert Hughes has written this vivid and picturesque account of the sculptor's acknowledged masterpiece, "The Mares of Diomedes," showing how



RODIN IN HIS STUDIO: PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS, BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER



By Permission of Clarence White

"EVENING—THE CRYSTAL GLOBE:"
PHOTOGRAPH, BY CLARENCE WHITE

the absolute truth and primitiveness that made Greek sculpture the standard of the world for all time, can be compassed by expressing the same truth by modern methods and in a modern spirit, so that the natural action of the cowboy of the Western plains becomes convincing as the inevitable action of Hercules in a group representing a classic story. Says Mr. Hughes:

"Mr. Borglum's highest reach has surely been in his treatment of horses. I have noted his early fondness for them and the success they brought him in painting as well as in statuary. Living as he has among cowboys and Indians, he has learned to know the horse psychologically as well as physically. Years ago he wished to present a horse in full flight. The stolidity of marble, however, could not give him the effect of many-twinkling feet. It occurred to him that by clustering several horses together he could get that effect through variety of pose. He decided to show a cowboy stampeding a bunch of bronchos.

"Western experience had taught him that the cowboy governs a herd of wild horses by riding in the lead and guiding them where he wants them to go, then steering them round and round in a great circle till they are tamed by exhaustion. After working for some time, the costume of the cowboy annoyed him, so he discarded him for an Indian, whose half-nakedness permitted a study of muscles and lines. Still unsatisfied, he threw modernity aside and went to Greece for inspiration. He found the story of 'The Mares of Diomedes' and it fitted his purposes to perfection.

"You may not object to being reminded that these fabulous steeds belonged to a king who fed them on human flesh. Hercules was given, as his eighth labor, the task of carrying them off. This he did with much adventure by the classic device of stampeding them. He was pursued, but escaped, and later fed Diomedes to his own mares, then released them and allowed the wolves to feed on them.

"The group shows Hercules riding the foremost horse, and guiding the herd on the arc of a circle. He lies far over on the side of his steed to escape both the arrows of the pursuers and the teeth of the ravening horses that follow pell-mell.

"The engineering—for the construction of a heroic group of the size of 'The Mares of Diomedes' is a sort of engineering—is here a superb feat superbly achieved. Given a theme of stampeded horses, the average artist would have made us a procession; a series of detached or semidetached animals. The frieze of the Parthenon was frankly a procession, and a glorious one; but, in the first place, it was a frieze; and, in the second, it represented a procession. It is the only think I know of in art to compare Borglum's horses with. And that was in relief and this in the round; that was tiny and this huge.

"The triumph of Mr. Borglum's group is in the composition, the unity. The choice of that hillock over which the bloodthirsty mares come thundering, was not merely for dramatic purposes. It was to knit the whole group together. Big and varied as it is, you can mentally grip the whole herd in your fist. The management of detail is also so studied as to concentrate the focus, and give you the whole effect in one *coup d'ail.*

"The hillock has another effect, heightened by the posing of the horses. It gives climax; the majesty of progressive line. The stampede swoops upward like the eternal billow at the whirlpool in Niagara, forever rushing, forever at rest. One mad purpose unites all into a unity of motion. The effect of the arrangement is cumulative. They pile up and subside like a tidal wave.

"The movement of the horses is scientifically correct. The Greeks knew how horses managed their legs. Later artists forgot how, and for centuries we had horses using their legs like two wings, not like four members. The instantaneous camera brought us back to reason. Mr. Borglum has shown himself fully informed, fully equipped, and he has made no stint of labor. The task of executing such a group might have appalled Hercules himself. In the large and in the small, it presented riddle on riddle. Each problem has been met and turned into a victory. I know nothing like this group, or greater of its sort, in all sculpture."

AT the New Gallery there is just now a most interesting collection of Van Perrine's paintings. This exhibition gathers together Mr. Perrine's Storm Pictures, beginning in 1900. It realizes more fully than before one aspect in his advancement of landscape art. From the early conventional and unrelated picture of mountain and tree we passed later to a more or less objective imitation of Nature. Slowly there is emerging a desire for a wider presentation of the power which shapes the trees and forms the face of the rocks. This exhibition shows an art with a new grip on the dynamics of the elements. As a painter of motion and action in the elements this artist realizes in his canvases the equilibrium that is the result of a direction *from* and a direction *to*—which means a more vivid portrayal of Eternal Motion. Painting the manifestation of Storm is simply painting a degree of momentum.

Perrine's pictures are vast, gloomy, portentous, full of shadows and mighty clouds and wild tormenting winds. As a decorative finish to a room they do not appeal, as a new expression in art of tremendous elemental forces they are incomparable. People will resent or admire them according to their artistic outlook.

THE American Civic Association, the headquarters of which are in Philadelphia, has issued a beautifully illustrated pamphlet by Graham Romeyn Taylor on "Recreation Centers in Chicago Parks." The author says, in part:

"The amazing growth of the modern city involves great cost to the lives that swarm in its congested areas. We herd our immigrants into six-story tenements or crowd them indecently in the miserable rooms of the hovel in the rear. We force them into wretched unsanitary conditions. We are compelled to build huge institutions for curing the sick and reforming the criminals for the existence of which bad city conditions are, in large degree, responsible. The newer tendency, however, is to place emphasis upon preventive measures to preserve health, and formative influences to mold character. How shall our park systems share in this great advance movement to deal with causes rather than results? The last few years

have seen broader conceptions of what a park in the industrial community should be like. We have come to realize that playgrounds, even without a spear of grass, in the congested portions of the city, are quite as important parts of a complete system as the well-kept lawns and beautiful trees of the larger reservations further out.

"Chicago has recently been grappling with the problem of making her park system, or her parks, more accessible to the great mass of the people, and of more complete service to the needs of those upon whom modern industry bears down the heaviest. The South Park Commission has recently established upon a comprehensive scale a system of neighborhood centers in small parks located where the mass of working-people dwell.

"Enthusiastically backed by the people of the South Side, who voted with large majorities in favor of the various bond issues, these commissioners have nearly completed the expenditure of $6,500,000 in securing the land and erecting fourteen superb neighborhood clubhouses in as many parks. The cost of buildings and improvements, exclusive of land, averaged no less than $90,000, and the average annual cost of maintenance is from $25,000 to $30,000 for each center—this including all expense, indoor and out.

"In addition to the clubhouse, a playground and athletic field was, in every instance, provided with outdoor gymnasium apparatus, wading-pool and sand-piles for children, and a large swimming pool with bathhouse facilities and bathing-suits, no charge being asked whatsoever. In winter the playground is flooded for skating and a toboggan slide is erected. Each clubhouse contains separate gymnasium and locker-rooms, with instructors for men and women; assembly hall for the free use of any meetings or social gatherings that are not of a political or religious nature, a reading-room and a restaurant.

"No one can justify, on the plea of a false economy, the erection of public schools, libraries, museums, court-houses, postoffice, or city halls in park space; but surely such social and recreational centers as I am now describing are entirely proper and greatly to be desired as a means of securing a continuous park service—365 days in the year—designed to meet as nearly as may be possible the great all-round human needs of the masses of our fellow citizens.

"This great municipal enterprise in Chicago is but a part of the broad democratic tendency of the age. We are daily extending the functions of our government. The municipal Neighborhood Center is the people's own property, and the masses in the regions where these centers are located pay their share, even if their taxes do not go directly to the State, but travel by the humble way of rent and grocery bills.

"What, then, shall be the share of our strongest citizenship in this work—the citizenship which has achieved the marvelous industrial development and organizations of the country? One of these captains of industry has recently said in a magazine article that, when a man's fortune reaches a certain amount, he keeps on, not for the sake of accumulating more money, but for the distinction of guiding large undertakings. Then let not our ablest men forget that the largest American enterprises to-day, aside from

the federal government itself, are American municipalities. American cities are about to begin municipal work of vast magnitude, not only in Neighborhood Centers, but in city transportation and other means of serving the needs of the whole people. The same civic patriotism that is placing men in our city councils who serve the whole people instead of special interests, and that is giving us clean and effective city administration, will add still another triumph to the credit of our American democracy by giving honor and enterprise to these progressive movements of American municipalities which widen their activities in serving the common interests of all the citizens."

REVIEWS

TWO more books have been added to the interesting and valuable series entitled "The Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks," published in London by John Hogg and in this country by The Macmillan Company. These are "Writing & Illuminating & Lettering," by Edward Johnston, and "Embroidery and Tapestry Weaving," by Mrs. Archibald H. Christie. The editor of the series is W. R. Lethaby, who, in the preface to "Writing & Illuminating & Lettering," states very clearly the aims of these practical text books and the purpose of their publication. He says:

"In the first place, we wish to provide trustworthy text books of workshop practice, from the points of view of experts who have critically examined the methods current in the shops, and putting aside vain survivals, are prepared to say what is good workmanship, and to set up a standard of quality in the crafts which are more especially associated with design. Secondly, in doing this, we hope to treat design itself as an essential part of good workmanship. During the last century most of the arts, save painting and sculpture of an academic kind, were little considered, and there was a tendency to look on "design" as a mere matter of appearance. Such "ornamentation" as there was was usually obtained by following in a mechanical way a drawing provided by an artist who often knew little of the technical processes involved in production. With the critical attention given to the crafts by Ruskin and Morris, it came to be seen that it was impossible to detach design from craft in this way, and that, in the widest sense, true design is an inseparable element of good quality, involving as it does the selection of good and suitable material, contrivance for special purpose, expert workmanship, proper finish, and so on, far more than mere ornament, and indeed, that ornamentation itself was rather an exuberance of fine workmanship than a matter of merely abstract lines. Workmanship when separated by too wide a gulf from fresh thought—that is, from design—inevitably decays, and on the other hand, ornamentation, divorced from workmanship, is necessarily unreal, and quickly falls into an affectation. Proper ornamentation may be defined as a language addressed to the eye, it is pleasant thought expressed in the speech of the tool.

"In the third place, we would have this series put artistic craftsmanship before people as furnishing reasonable occupa-

tions for those who would gain a livelihood. Although within the bounds of academic art the competition, of its kind, is so acute that only a very few per cent. can fairly hope to succeed as painters and sculptors, yet, as artistic craftsmen, there is every probability that nearly every one who would pass through a sufficient period of apprenticeship to workmanship and design would reach a measure of success."

From the spirit of this preface it may fairly be argued that the books are worth while to all who wish for the advance of craftsmanship. In themselves they are both historical and practical, giving the origin and development of each craft as well as the most minute and exhaustive instructions for carrying on the work itself. In the first volume under consideration here, "Writing & Illuminating & Lettering," the analysis given by Mr. Johnston of the art of writing shows clearly how writing, of all the arts, developed through the formative force of the instruments used. Its whole history is to be explained by the two factors, utility and masterly use of tools. No one, says the writer, has ever invented a form of script, and herein lies the wonderful interest of the subject; the forms have always formed themselves by a continuous process of development.

The first part of the book is devoted to writing and illuminating, and treats of the development of writing and the way to acquire a formal hand, the tools to use, the desk, quills, and inks, with full instructions as to methods of use and many models of calligraphy both ancient and modern. A chapter follows on the making of manuscript books, and the use and development of versals and colored capitals, others give instructions for rubricating, laying, and burnishing gold, and the theory and development of illumination, with hundreds of designs and models for initials, title pages, page of column headings, tail-pieces, colophons, and other ornamental devices for beautifying manuscript. The latter part of the book treats of lettering and inscriptions, with reproductions of some of the best examples, ancient and modern, of beautiful manuscript. To anyone who has a taste for lettering, the book would be invaluable both for the practical instruction it gives and for the numberless models that are full of suggestion to the designer.

The other book, "Embroidery and Tapestry Weaving," is equally useful and interesting to those who care for exquisite needlework. The best examples of tapestries and embroideries are reproduced in the illustrations, and all the stitches used are so carefully explained and illustrated that any one at all skilled in needlework would have not the slightest difficulty in understanding them.

The books of the series already published are: "Bookbinding, and the Care of Books," by Douglas Cockerell; "Silverwork and Jewelry," by H. Wilson; "Wood Carving: Design and Workmanship," by George Jack, and "Stained Glass Work," by C. W. Whall. To own the series would be to have a very complete and compact library of the crafts, if the volumes to follow are as practical and as comprehensive as these.

("Writing & Illuminating & Lettering," by Edward Johnston, with diagrams and illustrations by the author and Noel Rooke. 487 pages. Price, $2.00. "Em-

broidery and Tapestry Weaving," by Mrs. A. H. Christie, with drawings by the author and other illustrations. 400 pages. Price, $2.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A BOOK that promises to be of much interest to boys, and that contains in addition a good many useful hints as to the handling of tools and the making of a number of things, is A. Neely Hall's "The Boy Craftsman." The book differs from many of the works published on boy's handicraft in that it not only suggests ideas for work and recreation, but makes these ideas practical enough to provide a handy, industrious boy with the means of earning his own spending money, as well as money to buy the materials and apparatus which his work requires. As the author says in the preface: "A boy should not expect to draw upon his father's purse for everything his fancy desires. It is important that he learn to earn his spending money, for in doing so he becomes independent and more careful as to how he invests it. Having had the experience of working, the average boy learns to so appreciate the value of hard-earned money that it is pretty certain he will spend it for something with which he can earn more or which will prove useful to him in his work and play."

In pursuance of this idea the book is divided into three parts: "Profitable Pastimes," "Outdoor Pastimes," and "Indoor Pastimes." Of these, the first is devoted to instructions for the fitting up of a boy's workshop, the proper way of handling and sharpening tools and of laying out work, and suggestions for the carrying on of a number of small business enterprises from which an income might be derived. Numerous line drawings illustrate every important point of the instructions as to methods of workmanship and working models for the things to be made. These last are all sorts of small conveniences for the house, of a sort that any bright boy clever with his tools could make and that his mother or a neighbor would readily buy and really use. Then there are toys to be made for younger children, and very full directions are given for these, especially for the making and furnishing of an elaborate dolls' house and a toy stable. This section also contains chapters on the equipment and carrying on of a boy's printing shop, and others on photography and the fitting up of a dark room.

Under "Outdoor Pastimes" there are fully illustrated directions for building a clubhouse in the backyard and a log-cabin for camping, as well as a canvas canoe, some home-made traps for game, toy guns, targets, bows and arrows, and other accessories of woodland life in vacation time. Other directions follow for fitting up an outdoor gymnasium, a backyard circus and a toboggan-slide, with many suggestions for the celebration of such festivals as Fourth of July and Hallowe'en. "Indoor Pastimes" include the fitting up of a miniature theater, and directions for producing mechanical effects, instructions for making a toy railway and a clockwork automobile, and models of many ingenious and amusing small toys made with a knife. Taken all together, "The Boy Craftsman" is a book that will help to while away many tedious hours on rainy days, and will be found a mine

of answers to the question dreaded by mothers: "What shall I do?" ("The Boy Craftsman," by A. Neely Hall. Illustrated. 384 pages. Price, $2.00. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.)

AS A STUDY in psychology Miss May Sinclair's "Audrey Craven" is one of the strongest novels of the year; as a tale it gives one the horrors. Not that there are any horrible happenings or tragic events, the story has in it very little of the dramatic and nothing at all of the melodramatic; it is simply a merciless dissection of one very complete example of the sort of woman everybody knows, and from whom nearly everybody has suffered at one time or another. *Audrey Craven* is by no means a bad woman, nor is she actively and intentionally selfish. She does not in the least intend to ruin every life she touches, and she has no idea that she does harm by breaking faith in all directions at the dictates of what she considers her own best interests. She is simply a very pretty girl who possesses no intellectual interest but much physical charm, and who wishes to attract everyone to her and to enjoy herself. Not an unusual nor an especially harmful ambition for a pretty girl, yet it kills one man, blights the career of another, ruins the self-respect of a third and spoils the life of a woman worth several hundred of *Audrey.*

There is one comfort. It is a case of Greek meet Greek when *Audrey* encounters *Langley Wyndham,* a novelist who, in his search for promising material, is not averse to vivisecting his friends or even to creating an emotion in order that he may gain the advantage to his art of being able to portray it. *Audrey* is to him an interesting type, and he deliberately proceeds to win what heart she has in order to develop to the utmost the characteristics that belong to that type, and then writes a novel about her and marries another woman. As the novel is not of the pleasantest character, and the portrait of *Audrey* is drawn with pitiless truth to life, she finds herself pilloried to rather an uncomfortable extent in London society. Even here, though, her luck does not desert her, for she finds herself regarded as a martyr and *Wyndham* as a cad by the people whose opinion is most worth while. She escapes comparatively scatheless, but the novelist finds his career all but ruined. *Audrey* crowns her career by marrying a rich and stupid brewer and abandoning all her cherished aspirations toward intellectuality and spirituality. To one who enjoys strong and subtle delineation of character the story is one that should not be missed, but it could hardly be used as a pleasant pastime for an idle hour. ("Audrey Craven," by May Sinclair, 328 pages. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

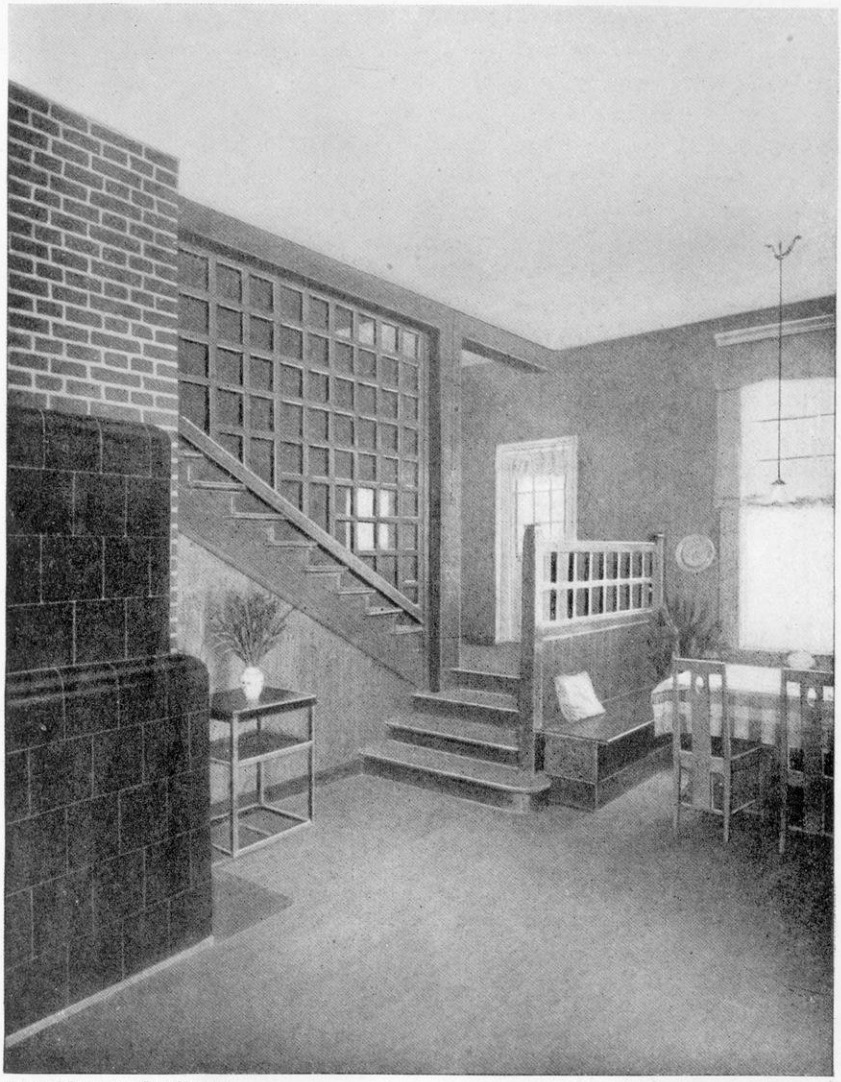
BEAUTY, NOT NOVELTY, THE PURPOSE OF FASHION

FASHION has grown up out of a desire to express beauty. Wherever Nature has furnished clothes for her creatures you will notice that they are beautiful clothes and that the wearers of her lovely furs and feathers are proud of their beauty and color. Madame Robin is the most domestic little soul in the world, but she is distinctly more cheerful and light hearted at the sight of Monsieur Robin's splendid red vest. The peacock is not a useful member of animal society, but his pride in his ornamental uniform is never ending, and the uniform itself is a delight to the eye.

Nature realized from the start that coquetry was the outcome of beauty—that the sensuousness of man and the senses of beast were inevitably to be guided by the vividness of color and grace of proportion that made for beauty. And in adding the final beauty of covering for the lower kingdom she has made no mistakes, furnished no false color schemes, built up no awkward wearying outlines. There is purpose in all her work. She has clothed those living things nearest to her according to their needs and surroundings in marvelous tints or vivid hues, and always with the view to beauty and comfort. There is no ornament that is the outgrowth of foolish whim—no useless change for the sake of novelty. There is no clothing alike of sparrow and parrot, bear and lamb. And fortunately the instinct of one animal does not cause it to desire to imitate the color and texture of the coloring of another species. That is one worry that the animal kingdom is exempt from. It undoubtedly has many cares and anxieties in its home experiences and its love affairs, but at least it does not have fashion to contend with. Though not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the animal is at least born with his clothes on; and in these clothes Nature has considered necessity, appropriateness, and beauty. And in the long run, what more could human beings ask?

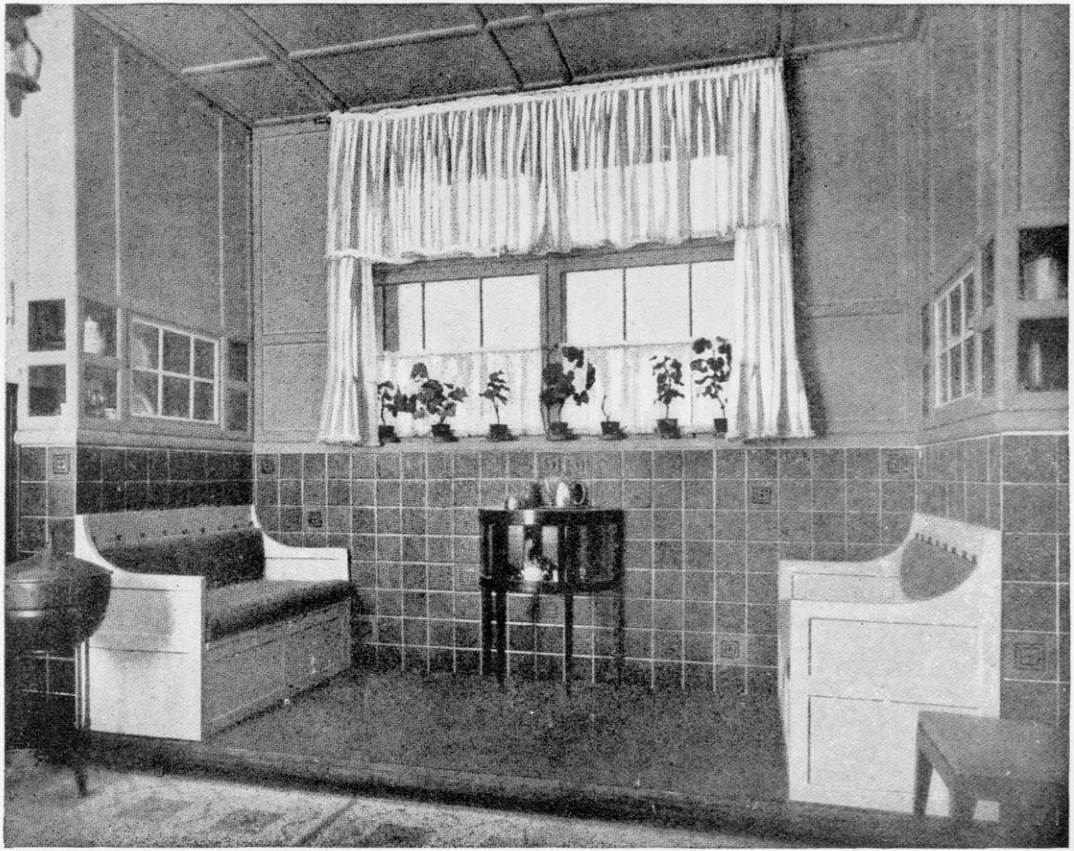
Unfortunately for man, Nature has left him to his own devices in the matter of clothes, and has taken it for granted that he would have intelligence enough and taste enough to clothe himself well (and by man in this connection is particularly meant woman). But with rare exceptions man has blundered badly and strayed far away from the original purpose of clothes, namely: convenience, comfort, and beauty. And the clothes of to-day are monuments of absurdity in which the only consideration has seemed to be eccentricity, novelty, variety, and expense.

Probably a quarter of every fashionably dressed woman's life is spent, not in having clothes suited to her body, to the increase of its beauty and usefulness, to the comfort of her purpose in life, to add to her physical attractiveness, and to place her in more perfect harmony with her surroundings, whether of work or play—but in acquiring new styles, no matter how bad, in developing fresh eccentricities of design, in seeking new materials and new and ornate decorations, which not only lessen her comfort and



From Moderne Bauformen

A SIMPLE STRUCTURAL STAIRCASE IN A MODERN GERMAN HOUSE. DESIGNED BY BAURAT SPAULDING, BERLIN



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration

WINDOW PLACE IN A MODERN GERMAN DINING-ROOM, DESIGNED BY BRUNO PAUL, MUNICH. SHOWING THE BEAUTY TO BE GAINED BY THE RIGHT MANAGEMENT OF INEXPENSIVE CURTAINS

rob her of time, but actually destroy the beauty of the original material, where it happens to have had any.

When a woman is extremely wealthy, she pays some one else to do these things for her, and spends *her* time in putting on and taking off these elaborate absurdities, also some time in talking about them, or talking about those that belong to other women, usually the latter. For I have found it a fact that the fewer clothes a woman has the more she talks about them; just as the plainer a woman is, the more often she looks in the mirror, not because she is vain, but because she is worried. And so the woman with a small wardrobe seeks consolation in descriptive adjectives.

Now, if clothes were intended in the first place to express beauty, because beauty was unquestionably a means of sex attraction, that purpose was as emphatic with man as with beast; and the sole original idea of feminine adornment was to cause the heart of man to flutter by a touch of added beauty. For this purpose the Indian woman painted her ears vermillion; the Zulu maid touched up her stalwart frame with zebra-like bands of raw ochre; the Hindustani belle dangled a ring from her nose; and the Chinese girl had her poor little feet broken—all that the eye of man might brighten.

But this was the former state of woman when fashion had a real purpose; to-day, man as well as beauty has vanished from the scheme of feminine adornment. Dress is an end, not a means. Clothes are worn for their own futile, silly sake, and the masculine heart may flutter or ossify as far as the devotee of fashion is concerned. She dresses to please her own love of variety, and incidentally to worry other women, who are seeking the same variety; for strangely enough the last stages of absurd fashion do not amuse the feminine onlooker, but fill her with envy. The real joy of living to a fashion follower is not found in art or love or home or success, but in the last intricate useless detail of sleeve or belt or frill.

The utter absurdity of the whimsicality of fashion has been particularly manifest in the last few years in the variation in the styles of sleeves. Sleeves that were perfection as to droop and bagginess at the wrist a couple of years ago are so completely out of date this season that you can tell the make of the sleeve from its cut; yet all that is necessary to give this old-fashioned article the last cry of fashion for 1907 is to turn it upside down, and put the wrist part in the arm hole with the former top for a fashionable wrist. Now what could be more utterly idiotic than a fashion that is good style one year with the top for the bottom and the next year with the bottom for the top? What fundamental principle of construction can there be in such a sleeve, or what harmonious expression of beauty? A sleeve that is made with any real purpose of right construction and comfort would certainly be non-reversible. It is just as if you made a chair to stand on its legs one year, and then decided to have it more fashionable to put the legs up in the air the next.

But, alas! fashion to-day is without purpose beyond novelty and eccentricity. And a sleeve is not changed from year to year to make it more intrinsically lovely,

to gain an added grace, to win the favor of man, or even with a view to perfect physical comfort; it is changed in response to a fashion edict that is neither understood nor investigated, but blindly followed when possible, or given up with regret and humiliation.

Now, it would seem as though in some way it might be possible to express wisdom in the dress of human beings, if it can be done for birds and beasts. It must be that both the original and secondary purposes of feminine attire can somehow be achieved without extravagance or great loss of time. It must be that woman's dress can be at once beautiful, alluring, simple, and comfortable. All that is really necessary is an honest intelligence in dress making. Nature's own methods, with which she has achieved such manifest success, are at our disposal. She has taught us beauty of line, wonder of color harmonies, and the great wisdom of useful, comfortable wearing apparel. To be sure, from season to season, Nature makes some few changes, for the sake of comfort, in the fashion of her garments, for the denizens of forest and woods, but all with a purpose—a purpose easy to understand, and an excellent example for the feminine mind, willing to put brain in clothes.

Fashion as it exists to-day is a destructive agency, Nature is constructive; Fashion wastes, Nature is lavish with prudence; Fashion attacks health, Nature guards life, and is frugal of her hours; Nature gives joy with color, ease, and grace; Fashion is wanton with her palette, extravagant of time and comfort. You can not cheat Nature, even Fashion can not do this. She will not give much for little; she has no bargain counter, but she is just. Her price for beauty is work; for a little beauty a little work; for permanent beauty, sustained endeavor. But even in the work itself she contributes the joy of effort, just as with exercise there is the increase of strength.

And so to the wise woman who wishes real beauty of apparel Nature will make an exchange. She will grant her beauty for work, but never for money only. She demands that a woman should first work to study herself—her needs, the way best in which to express her own charm of beauty; the conditions of her life and her relations to them. Then, if she has the time, she should learn how to make her own clothes, clothes that will belong to her own qualities and conditions of existence, and she will find beauty without even seeking it, for she will be creating it herself.

A woman who has learned how to sew and fit and finish a dress (as every woman in the world should), who knows the technique of dressmaking, and then who studies into Nature's ways, her colors and lines, and who has some knowledge of her own perfections and blemishes, will never wear an unbecoming dress, or an ungraceful, uncomfortable dress. She may even appear stylish if she wishes to; for good dressing does not mean eccentricity or being absurdly *out* of fashion any more than being absurdly *in* it, but it does mean having some purpose in clothes, some judgment and some taste, in order to be as well dressed as the average pet pussy cat or humming bird or grasshopper. This is not absurd, it is common sense as opposed to the idiocy of traditional fashion. With all the ma-

terials and colors and changing schemes of fashion which are usually dedicated to most foolish purposes, there are endless opportunities to adjust and eliminate and harmonize so that a woman may be well dressed in her own right way without ever being conspicuously out of fashion. She can, by thought and work, so lop off superfluities and exaggerations of mode and useless trimmings, and so select her materials and assort her colors that she will show wide wisdom in dress without once stepping into the arrogant territory of reform, or even digressing into conspicuous individuality. In fact, the moment a woman's clothes become rightly individual, express her own needs and tastes, her personal loveliness and intimate grace they are no more conspicuous than her smile or the luster of her hair, or a gracious manner.

The woman who has sought out the way to render her clothes an expression of her own temperament and who has the great good fortune to be able to create the clothes herself should always be beautifully dressed, regardless of money, station, or surroundings. And really there is a very genuine interest in designing and making your own clothes. In fitting a dress you can adapt and adjust material and style to your own figure as no dressmaker or tailor in the world could. Your clothes become more like you, express your own lines, and are in short what they were meant to be—a last expression of your own perfections. And when in your own garments you are showing your feelings and taste, what can there be about sewing to make women scorn the occupation? Yet they do, and especially in America.

What a tragedy that a girl should think it fine and worthy to assure you that she has never sewed a stitch in her life—that she could not put a dress together, no indeed! But she just adores doing fancy work, and did you see her Russian lace handkerchief she nearly put her eyes out making?

Now, who has decreed that it is fine and smart to injure one's eyesight making a wisp of a lace handkerchief? and something to be ashamed of to trim a hat or design a blouse or sew up the seams of a skirt? As a matter of fact, the good dressmaker is an artist, and the mere maker of fancy work usually a cumberer of the home. A woman who can express the atmosphere of a bit of lovely country on canvas is proud of it, and is praised. But the woman who can express the best of her own personality in materials and colors is infinitely the greater person, and has contributed much more to the real importance of human existence.

At present we have a totally false attitude toward manual labor in America, and an entirely false standard of the importance of so-called art. We demand that art shall rest in a frame, and manual labor, no matter how artistic, is associated with degradation. Whereas art is really the doing in a beautiful way of simple things, the putting of wisdom into work, and when wisdom has been expressed in labor, the result is beauty.

Believing that women need to be taught more, not less, about dress, and feeling sure that all thinking women would prefer beauty to novelty in their clothes, and that some few wise women would prefer the actual making of their

own garments, THE CRAFTSMAN purposes, beginning with February, to publish a fashion article every month in the Home Department. This article will be illustrated by an artist in thorough sympathy with THE CRAFTSMAN point of view —that all clothes should be beautiful, and can be if we will pay the price of work to make them so. All fashions appearing in THE CRAFTSMAN will adhere to the purpose set forth in this article, namely, to show how by thoughtful care and effort women can dress with the greatest beauty and comfort; under no circumstances will mere novelty of fashion be presented. Materials will be considered from month to month, and the best color combinations will be presented, the use and abuse of ornament will be taken up, and we shall hope to develop styles in fashion that are suited to American ideas of health and grace.

In February that most important article of dress, the shirtwaist, will be considered; In March, just before Easter, there will be an article on hats. Instruction on hat making and trimming will be given, and the woman who is weary of millinery convention and extravagance will be taught how to express her own individuality in her Easter hat. Other articles of practical importance for the home dressmaker will follow, but in no instance will the popular idea of fashion be presented. Clothes will be considered only in relation to beauty, health, comfort, adaptability, and grace. And for women desiring honestly some freedom from the burden of fashion as it exists to-day and for the opportunity to develop the best of themselves in connection with the art of dressmaking, these pages we trust will prove suggestive and also of some practical assistance.