



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The craftsman. Vol. XI, Number 3 December 1906

New York, N.Y.: Gustav Stickley, December 1906

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Q5VII6GNL36H78T>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/UND/1.0/>

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

**Cover page
is not
available**



Published by Keller & Reiner, Copyright, 1902

"THE VALKYR"
STEPHAN SINDINC

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XI

DECEMBER, 1906

NUMBER 3

Contents

The Valkyr, Stephan Sinding	Frontispiece
Human Strength and Purity Symbolized in the Art of Stephan Sinding <i>Illustrated</i>	<i>By John Spargo</i> 276
"Comrade!" A Tale <i>Illustrated</i>	<i>By Maxim Gorky</i> 288
An Undertow to the Land Successful Efforts to Make Possible a Flow of the City Population Countryward <i>Illustrated</i>	<i>By Florence Finch Kelly</i> 294
A Compulsory Christmas: A Story	<i>By Mary Annable Fanton</i> 311
A Madrigal: Poem	<i>By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald</i> 318
Trend of Modern German Feeling in Art and Architecture The Nürnberg Exposition <i>Illustrated</i>	<i>By Dr. Heinrich Pudor</i> 319
Acadian Weavers of Louisiana Living and Weaving as They Did Centuries Ago before Their Exile from Canada <i>Illustrated</i>	<i>By Campbell McLeod</i> 332
Sixty Drinking Fountains for New York Provided by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals <i>Illustrated</i>	345
Wayfarer of Earth: Poem	<i>By Charles G. D. Roberts</i> 347
Soldiers' Home in Tennessee A Noteworthy Example of a Group of Buildings Planned as a Whole <i>Illustrated</i>	348
An Appeal to Caesar: A Story	<i>By Annie Hamilton Donnell</i> 357
Handicrafts in the City What Their Commercial Significance Is under Metropolitan Conditions	<i>By Mary K. Simkhovitch</i> 363
Craftsman House. Series of 1906: Number XI <i>Illustrated</i>	366
Home Training in Cabinet Work: Twenty-first of Series <i>Illustrated</i>	376
Al ik Kan	Notes
Our Home Department An Eight Hundred Dollar Bungalow. Japanese Wall Paper, Cheap and Beautiful.	Reviews
The Open Door	

PUBLISHED BY GUSTAV STICKLEY, 29 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK

25 Cents a Copy : By the Year, \$3.00

Copyrighted, 1906, by Gustav Stickley

Entered June 6, 1906, at New York City, as second-class matter



THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
VOLUME XI DECEMBER, 1906 NUMBER 3

HUMAN STRENGTH AND PURITY SYMBOLIZED IN THE ART OF STEPHAN SINDING: BY JOHN SPARGO



ALTHOUGH the beauty and significance of his work have long been recognized throughout Europe, Stephan Sinding, the Norwegian sculptor, is practically unknown in America. There are, I believe, no important examples of his work in this country and his name is hardly known among us. Yet, as these illustrations attest, he is an artist of great genius, worthy to rank with Rodin, Meunier, Hildebrand, and other leaders in the world-circling Renaissance of plastic art, with whose names and achievements American students are more or less familiar.

Stephan Sinding was born on the 4th day of August, 1846, at Drontheim, Norway, where his father held an important government position. Whatever artistic passion may have manifested itself during his boyhood seems to have been thoroughly repressed. He was educated for the Bar, and it was not until after his graduation from the law school in Christiania, in 1870, that he began the study of art. Abandoning Law in favor of Art, Sinding went, in his twenty-fifth year, to Berlin, where he received his first lessons in the studio of Albert Wolf.

During the years spent in Berlin Sinding saw much of the best sculpture of modern Germany and Belgium, but did not receive from it much inspiration. Neither country seemed to have any special message for him, and his work is singularly free from visible traces of their influence. The great awakening of his genius, which stamped its character indelibly, came from France. After leaving Berlin he lived for a while in Paris, where he felt the inspiration of the new spirit of which Rodin is the great exemplar. Most of his work bears unmistakable signs of Rodin's influence, yet having the distinction of marked individuality.

THE ART OF STEPHAN SINDING

But the French influence is modified by another, equally important. To the influence of Paris we must add that of Rome. The seven years, 1877-1884, were spent in Rome amid the greatest art treasures of the world. In the Sistine Chapel and the Museo Pio-Clementino, and other galleries of the Vatican Museum, Sinding's genius matured. A profound reverence for the "human form divine," a glorious sense of the pure beauty of the human body, developed in him. To the inspiration of Rodin must be added the inspiration of Michael Angelo.

In Rome, Sinding produced his first work, the "Barbarian Mother," a strong group which attracted great attention and gave the sculptor an assured place in the world of Art. The lithe, muscular mother carrying the lifeless form of her son from the battlefield, stoically calm in the presence of duty, is a remarkable work. Strangely enough, there is much less suggestion of French and the older Classical influences in it than in most of his later work. It is much more primitive in spirit. It is a sculptured ballad—a stone record of a folk-tradition.

The "Barbarian Mother" is the only important work which Sinding produced in Rome. In 1883 he removed to Copenhagen, where he has since resided. So completely has he become identified with the Danish capital that the fact of his Norwegian birth is frequently forgotten and he is referred to as a native of Denmark. The total corpus of his work is not large but it has won for him greater fame than any artist in northern Europe enjoys outside of his own land. He is spoken of as "the sculptor's sculptor" in much the same way as we habitually speak of Spenser and Keats as poets' poets.

BOTH French and Classical influences are much more marked in the amorous groups, "A Man and a Woman" and "Worship."

No artist of our time has more frankly treated the sex relationship; perhaps no artist since Michael Angelo has perceived and symbolized so well the Divine in human form. His figures, male and female, have that nobility and cleanliness which characterizes the thousands of nude figures of both sexes portrayed by the great Florentine with inspired brush and chisel. As the beholder of Michael Angelo's wonderful portrayals of human beauty is inspired with a new sense of reverence for the human body, a reverence akin to that which inspired the great Christian to call it the "Temple of the Holy Ghost," so

THE ART OF STEPHAN SINDING

with Sinding's frankest efforts. Woful indeed must be the mind which receives any but ennobling impressions from them!

The shame of human loveliness, the prurience which sees evil in its recognition and portrayal, is older than Comstock. Pope Paul IV—"Paul the Prude"—it will be remembered, saw shame and indecency in Angelo's great fresco of the Last Judgment where others had seen only beauty and reverence for beauty, and hired vandal hands to veil with gaudy robes and rags the wondrous forms of the undraped Angels and Saints. These two works of Sinding, notwithstanding their entire freedom from any suggestion of base or licentious passion, have been denounced with Comstockian vehemence by a host of mudlings unable to understand the artist's worship of beauty. Yet there is something very like worship of the body in Paul's repeated reference to it as the Temple of God and of the Holy Spirit.

With Walt Whitman, Sinding believes that "If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred." There is nothing impure in the man kneeling in adoration of the woman's loveliness. The spirit of the man is truly devotional; there is no mockery in the title which the sculptor has given to it. One can almost imagine the man to be reverently repeating those lines from Michael Angelo's fine sonnet:

"The soul imprisoned in her house of clay,
Holpen by thee to God hath often soared:
And tho' the vulgar, vain, malignant horde
Attribute what their grosser wills obey,
Yet shall this fervent homage that I pay,
This love, this faith, pure joys for us afford.

"Lo, all the lovely things we find on earth,
Resemble for the soul that rightly sees
That source of bliss which gave us birth:
Nor have we first fruits or remembrances
Of Heaven elsewhere . . ."

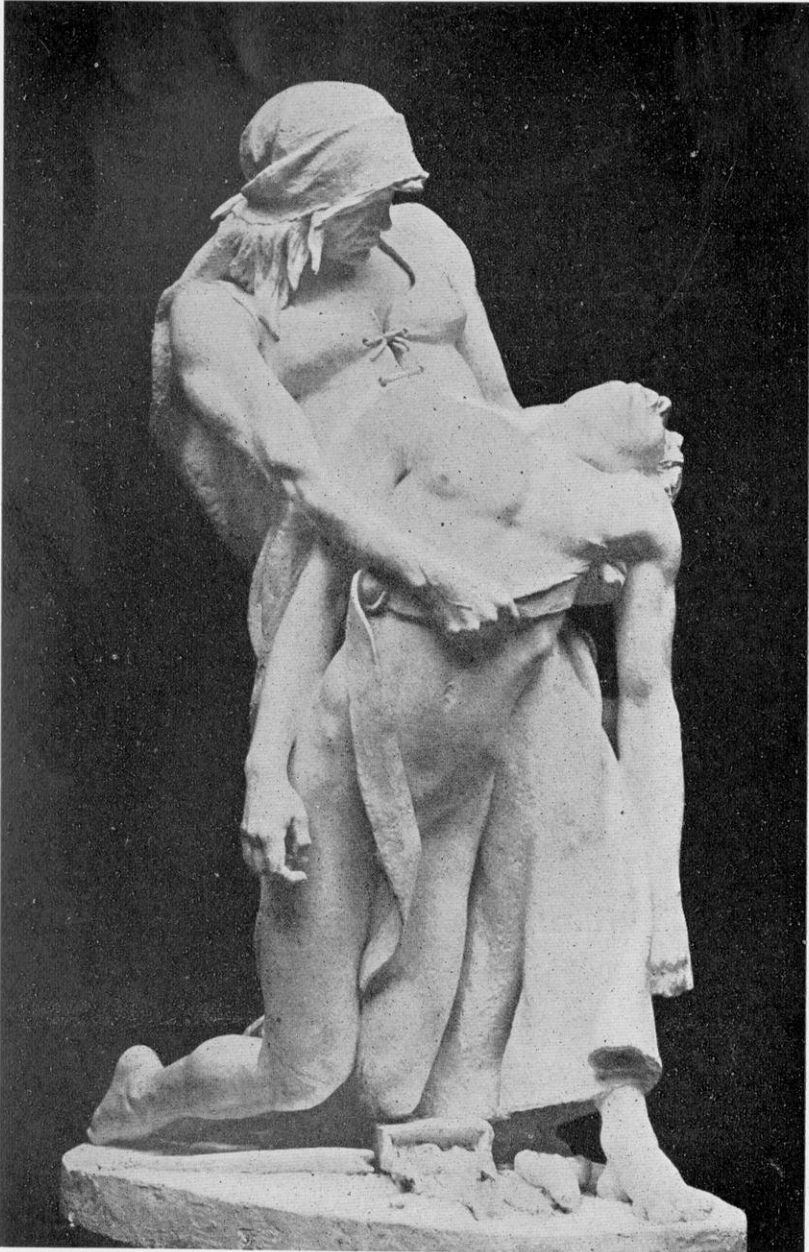
For the soul that rightly sees! In that one phrase the greatest poet-artist the world has ever seen sums up the whole question of the fitness of the nude in art. Souls blackened and coarsened and dead to the sense of beauty, souls that have groveled so long in the mire with

THE ART OF STEPHAN SINDING

downcast eyes that the sweet sunlight blinds them—these do not, can not, “rightly see.” But so long as Art endures, so long, that is, as men and women look freely upon the stars and listen with joy to carolling birds in amorous song—so long as there are souls to rebel against what is ugly and impure, to welcome what is lovely and pure with eager hearts, Earth will not lack sons and daughters who will refuse to cover Beauty with rags of Shame—to whom a beautiful body will be sacred as the Temple of God.

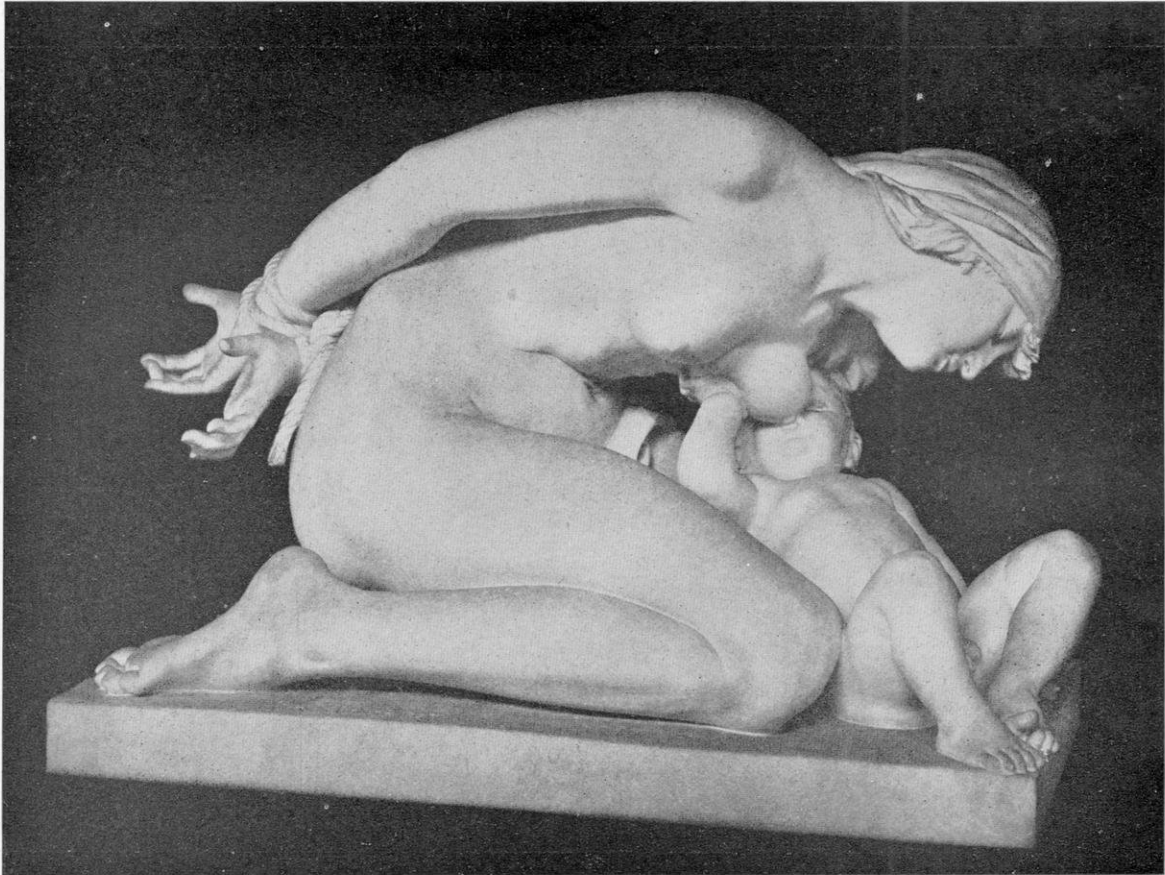
AS BEAUTIFUL as it is daring in conception is “The Captive Mother,” one of the sculptor’s most striking creations. In it we have symbolized the whole tragedy of Womanhood and its supreme glory—Motherhood. Incomprehensibly stupid is the frequent description of this great work as the representation of “a slave mother nursing her child.” It is a symbolization of Woman, the Nourisher of the Race, bound and hampered in her noblest work by manifold limitations. Centuries of oppression and denial of freedom to develop limit and bind her. In the great Empire State of the greatest Republic in history, the purest woman is still politically on a level with the vilest criminal and the most driveling imbecile. Woman is bound to the mound of the *debris* of all the ages—the *debris* of false conventions, outworn lies, and useless labors. By a senseless servitude to useless things she is prevented from giving to her offspring the intelligent care which otherwise would be possible. By ties which bind her to false ideas of sex, a cruel and vain standard of sex ethics, she is doomed to nourish blindly and ignorantly the offspring which she as blindly and ignorantly bears.

If but the ties might be sundered, if Womanhood unbound and free could but stand erect, how great a revolution there would be! If the countless useless things in the home, care for which enslaves the wife and mother by binding her to a ceaseless round of duties, could be swept away, does anybody doubt for a moment that the effect upon the children would be beneficent? Could we but see it, the movement for the simplification of life is, in its profoundest bearings, in the interest of the Race-Life—through the liberation of its nourisher to pursue her divinest task with wisdom and joy. And the breaking down of false conceptions of life’s innermost force, a franker recognition of the essential purity of sex, will as surely en-



Published by Keller & Reiner, Copyright, 1902

“THE BARBARIAN MOTHER”
STEPHAN SINDING



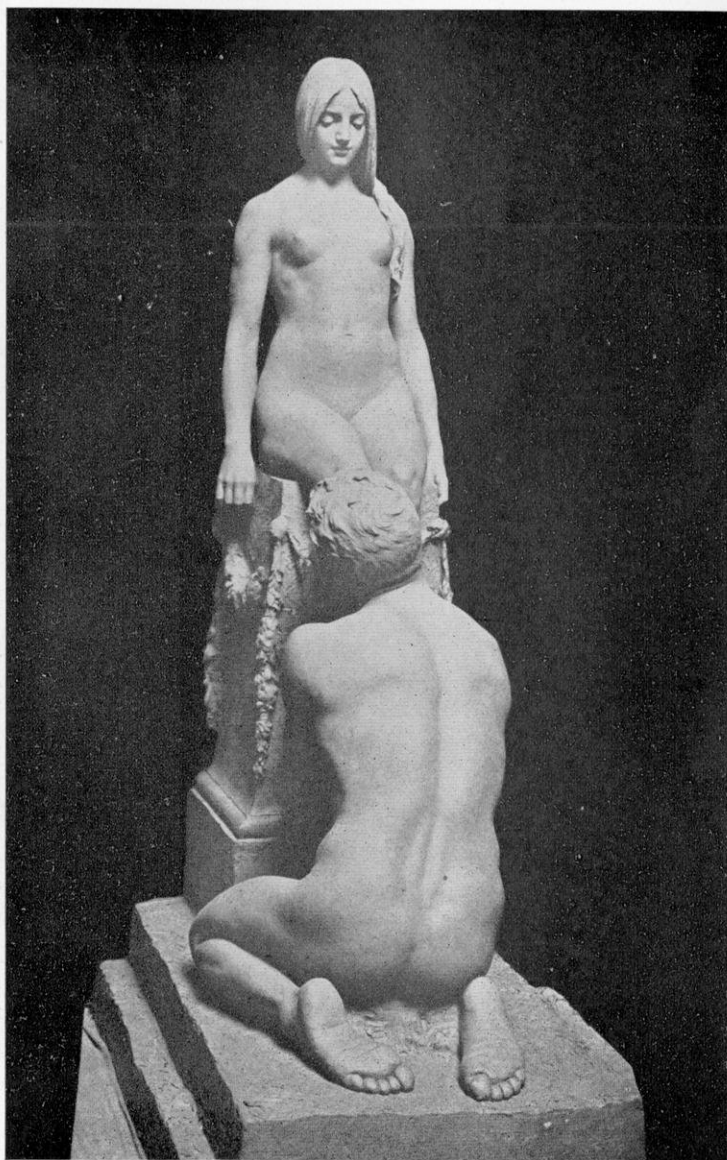
Published by Keller & Reiner, Copyright, 1902

"THE MOTHER IN BONDAGE"
STEPHAN SINDING



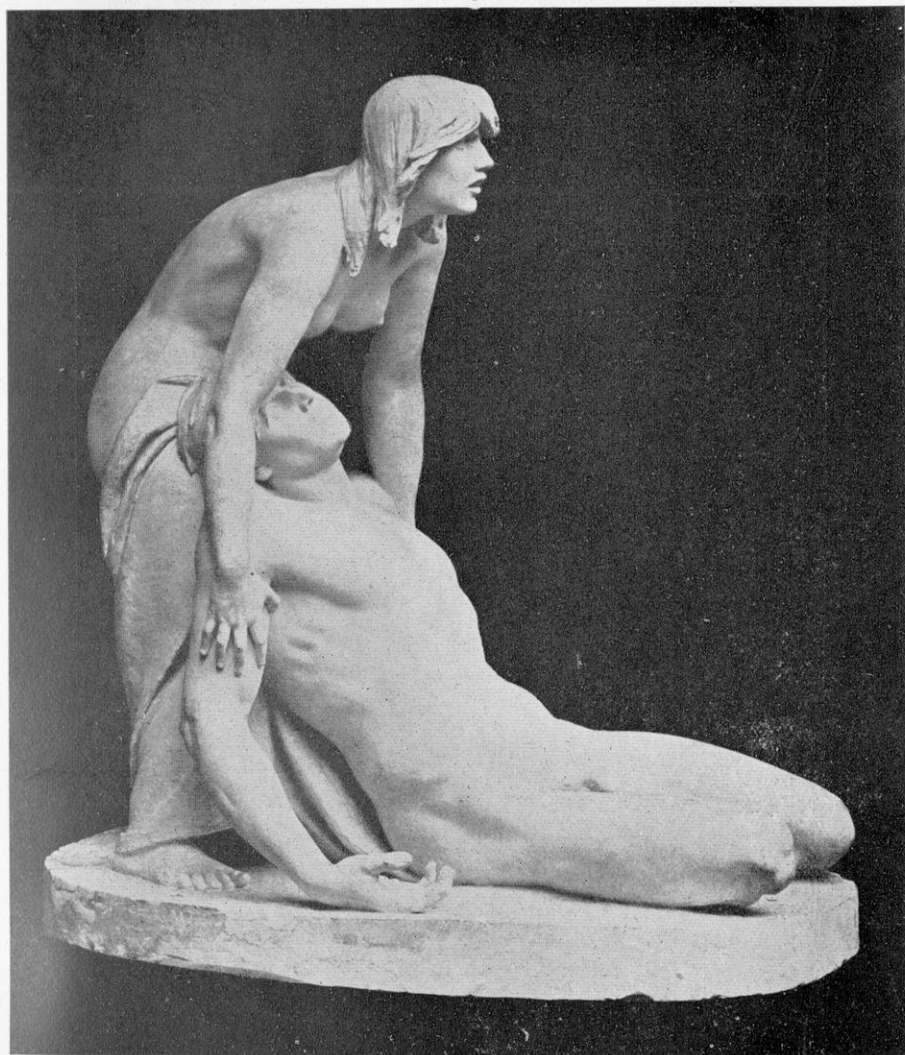
Published by Keller & Reiner, Copyright, 1902

"A MAN AND A WOMAN"
STEPHAN SINDING



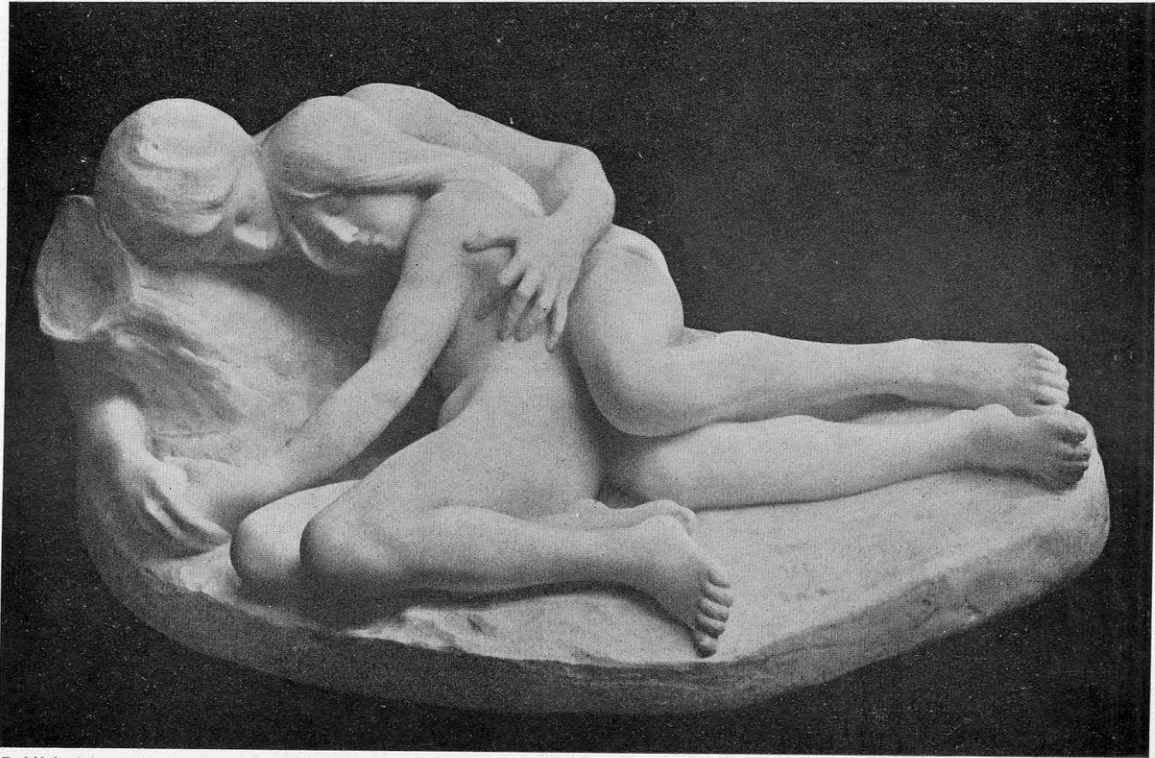
Published by Keller & Reiner, Copyright, 1902

"WORSHIP"
STEPHAN SINDING



Published by Keller & Reiner, Copyright, 1902

"WIDOWED"
STEPHAN SINDING



Published by Keller & Reiner, Copyright, 1902

"NIGHT"
STEPHAN SINDING

THE ART OF STEPHAN SINDING

noble Motherhood and free it from the tragedy which now surrounds it. When women are no longer sent blindfolded into the maternal wilderness, when maternal functions are deliberately chosen with full knowledge of all their attendant responsibilities, Motherhood will be glorified as never before and the Superman will be born. Sinding's masterpiece is indeed a glorious "sermon in stone."

"Widowed" deals with another phase of the tragedy of life. The young wife is holding up the body of her husband when the last vital spark expires. Her supple limbs and full, round breast tell with sufficient detail and emphasis the story of her bereavement, and there is upon the face of the dead husband an expression of tranquillity and peace which only a lover's presence could give. It is a simple *motif*, simply but strongly rendered. Full realization of her bereavement has not yet come to the young widow; for the moment she is looking anxiously for help. There is no exact English equivalent for *Verwittwet*, which is the title of this piece chosen by the sculptor. A fairly accurate translation of the term is "The bereaved at the moment of the death of wife or husband." It is at the moment of her loss that Sinding has depicted the woman, the moment of calm before realization of her bereavement overwhelms her—before the floodgates of the soul open to a torrent of tears.

In this brief sketch of Sinding's work the aim has been to awaken interest in a sculptor of genius too little known by the great body of American lovers of the beautiful. The day cannot be far distant when the man and his work will be much more widely known and appreciated among us. America needs such influences as the simple truthfulness and beauty which Sinding's work embodies.

“COMRADE!”—A TALE: BY MAXIM GORKY



IN THE town everything was strange and incomprehensible. Many churches lifted up their tall spires in brilliant array, but the walls and the chimneys of the factories towered still higher, and the cathedrals were lost amidst the magnificence of the merchant houses, lost in the silent labyrinth of the stone walls like adventurous flowers in the dust and decay of old ruins. And when the church bells rang out for prayer their metallic voices reverberated across the iron roofs and lost themselves mutely in the silent nooks and crannies of the houses below.

The houses were gigantic and sometimes beautiful. The people were ugly and always looked poverty-stricken. From morning until evening, like gray mice they hurried to and fro along the narrow crooked streets of the town, looking with hungry, eager eyes for bread and for pleasure; while others, again, with hostile, suspicious looks, watched that the weak subjected themselves to the strong without protest. For to them the strong meant the rich. And they all believed that money alone gave men power and freedom. All struggled for power and might, for all were slaves. The luxury of the rich inflamed the envy and hatred of the poor. No one knew a finer music than the sound of clinking gold. Every one was the enemy of his neighbor—and the ruler of all was Cruelty.

Sometimes the sun shone over the town, but the light in the streets was always gray, and the people resembled shadows. At night, there appeared many brilliant lights, and then hungry-looking women glided along the streets and sold their love for money. The odor of rich and savory foods filled the air, while out of the silent darkness of the night the mad eyes of the starving glittered eagerly, and above the noises of the town could be heard the low groaning of the unfortunate.

All the people lived unhappily and restlessly, all were at enmity with one another, and all had guilty consciences. There were a few who believed that they were righteous, but these were cruel as wild beasts and were the most malicious of all.

All wanted to live but none knew—none could understand how to follow the straight path of their wishes and desires. Every step into the future forced them involuntarily to turn back to the present, while the present held the people with the relentless grip of an insatiate monster whose embrace is death.

A TALE BY MAXIM GORKY

Doubtful and intimidated, Man stood before this distorted picture of life which seemed to look into his heart with a thousand helpless and mournful eyes, as though pleading for something, and all the fair dreams of the future died within his soul. And the groans of his own helplessness were lost in the discordant cries of suffering and complaints from those who had been crushed by life.

Always sad and restless, sometimes even terrible, like a prison shutting out the rays of the sun, stood that dark, melancholy town, in the midst of whose repulsively regular masses of stone the church spires were lost.

And the music of life was the suppressed shrieks of pain and fury, the low whispers of concealed hatred, the threatening cries of cruelty, and the wailing of the oppressed.

IN THE midst of this somber restlessness, of misfortune and pain, the terrible struggle between need and avarice, and the depths of miserable egotism, there walked unnoticed through underground passages in which poverty dwelt—that poverty which the riches of the town had created—a few lonely dreamers who believed in mankind, dreamers whose attitude was strange and distant to all, preachers of revolt, rebellious sparks from the distant fire of Truth. Secretly they carried into these underground passages fruit-bearing little seeds of a simple and great teaching. And sometimes with love, they sowed unnoticed the seeds of the clear burning Truth into the dark hearts of these human slaves, who, through the power of the avaricious and the will of the oppressors, had become blind and dumb instruments of good and gain.

And these unenlightened, worn-out slaves listened doubtfully to the music of these new words, a music which their sick hearts had unconsciously long hoped for. Slowly they lifted up their heads and tore asunder the net of falsehoods with which they had been ensnared by their all-powerful and insatiable masters.

Into their lives which were full of dull and suppressed hatred; into their hearts which were poisoned by many bitter insults; into their consciences which had been deadened by the many lies of their oppressors, and into their whole sad and dark existences, saturated with the bitterness of humiliations, one simple word shone out clearly:

Comrade!

A TALE BY MAXIM GORKY

The word was not new to them; they had heard it and had used it themselves; until then, it had sounded as empty and meaningless as many other well-known useless words which one can forget without losing anything. Now it had quite a different sound. It rang out clear and strong; it was hard and brilliant, and finely polished like a diamond. They clung to it and made use of it cautiously and with care, nursing the sound in their souls tenderly as a mother nurses her new born babe.

And the deeper that this word entered into their souls, the more full of light and meaning did it seem to them.

"Comrade," they said.

And they felt that this word had come to unite mankind and to raise it to the heights of freedom, making the whole world kin by new bonds, the strong bonds of reciprocated respect, the respect for the freedom of man, for the sake of freedom.

When the true meaning of this word entered into the souls of the slaves and the oppressed they ceased to be slaves and oppressed, and one day they announced to all the town and to all the men in power the great human cry:

"I will not!"

Then life stood still, for they themselves were the moving power of life and no one else. Water ceased to flow; the light was extinguished; the town was hidden in darkness, and the strong became weak as children. Terror possessed the souls of the oppressors, and suffocating in the stench of their baseness they hid their anger against the revolvers out of dread and fear of their strength.

The phantom of hunger stood before them, and their children cried sadly in the darkness.

The houses and churches, shrouded in blackness, resembled a chaotic mass of stone and iron. A threatening silence settled down on the streets. All life died out because the creative strength of the men slaves had awakened to consciousness, because it had found the unconquerable magic word of its will and had thrown off the yoke.

THese days were days of fear for the strong—those who had till now considered themselves the masters of life—and each night was like a thousand nights, so dense and impenetrable was the darkness, so poor and so dimly did the lights of the dead town

A TALE BY MAXIM GORKY

shine. And this monster, sprung up in the course of centuries, and nourished by the blood of the people, now seemed to them in all its repulsive ugly worthlessness, a miserable heap of stone, wood and iron. The closed windows of the houses looked coldly and gloomily into the streets. And there the real masters of life walked joyously. True, they were hungry—hungrier than the others, but hunger was not strange to them. Physical suffering was not so painful to them as the present suffering of the former masters of life. And it did not extinguish the fire in their souls. The consciousness of strength burned within them, and the presentiment of victory shone in their eyes.

They went through the streets of the town, their dark and narrow prison where they had been treated with contempt, and where their souls had been bruised with bitter insults, and they saw the great significance of their work. And this realization led them to the consciousness of their sacred right—the right to be the masters, the lawgivers and the creators of life. Again the uniting word came to them with new power, with greater brilliancy, that life-giving word:

Comrade!

In the midst of the false and misleading words of the present it seemed like a happy message for the future, like the tale of a new life which is for all alike, both far and near. They felt that it was within the power of their will to get nearer to freedom and that that approach could only be hindered through their own fault.

The prostitute who, like a half-starved, intimidated animal, had the evening before waited on the street for some one to come and buy her reluctant embraces for a few coins—she, too, heard the word. At first she smiled; she was bewildered, and she did not dare to repeat it. Then a man approached her in a manner to which she had hitherto been unaccustomed. He laid his hand on her shoulder and spoke with a voice of a fellow being:

Comrade!

And she laughed softly, and was embarrassed that she might not cry for joy. Moved by tenderness for the first time, this crushed heart was touched. Her eyes, which only yesterday had expressed impudent desire and had looked upon the world with a dull, brutish stare, were now filled with the tears of her first pure happiness.

The happy feeling of kinship of the disinherited, and that they were a part of the large family of workers of the earth, shone in all

A TALE BY MAXIM GORKY

the streets of the town. And the closed windows of the houses stared colder and more threateningly.

The beggar, to whom a penny was thrown yesterday in order to get rid of him—a penny, that tribute of sympathy of the satisfied—he, too, heard the word, and it was the first alms which awoke a feeling of gratitude in his poverty-stricken heart.

A cab-driver, a good-natured fellow who had often received blows in order that he might strike the hungry tired horses in return—this man, who had become dull and stupid from the rattling of the wheels on the pavements, looked at a passerby and asked, with a broad grin:

“Will you have a ride—Comrade?”

He said it, and then seemed frightened. He gathered up his reins to drive away, looking at the other unable to conceal the smile which lighted up his broad red face.

The passerby returned his friendly look, and answered, nodding to him:

“Thank you, Comrade, I haven’t far to go.”

“Oh, mother dear!” the cabman sang out happily, and jumping on his box, in a twinkling of an eye he drove away, merrily cracking his whip.

THE people gathered in close groups in the streets and like sparks from fire the word flies from one to the other—the word which was destined to unite the whole world.

Comrades!

A very important and serious looking policeman, with a large moustache, came up to one of the crowds which had assembled at a street corner around an old man who was speaking. He listened, and said, considerably:

“You are not allowed to assemble in the street, please disperse, gentlemen. . . .” He was silent for a moment, lowered his eyes to the ground, and added softly:

Comrades!

The faces of those who carried the word in their hearts, who were ready to sacrifice themselves, and to whom the word meant unity, bore the proud consciousness of the strength of youthful creators, and it was clear that the power which they had put into this living word was irresistible, irrevocable and imperishable.

A TALE BY MAXIM GORKY

But already a gray, blind mass of armed people were gathering to form silently into rank and file. These were the preparations of the oppressors to resist the mighty wave of justice which threatened to roll over them.

But in the small narrow streets of the gigantic town, in the midst of the silent gloomy walls which had been erected by unknown hands, there grew and ripened the belief of man in the brotherhood of all.

Comrade!

Sometimes here, sometimes there, a spark shot up, destined to grow to a great fire which will spread all over the earth a consciousness of the brotherhood of man. The whole earth will reach out for this fire, and in its flame all wickedness and hatred and all the cruelty which disfigures our life will burn to ashes. Our hearts will be touched by this fire and will melt together into a huge heart of the world—one heart. The hearts of all the sincere and noble minded will be bound together by truly indissoluble bonds of friendship to the great family of the free workers.

In the streets of the dead city which had been built by slaves, in the streets of the city where cruelty had reigned, there grew and prospered the belief in mankind, the belief in its final victory over itself, and the victory over everything that is bad in the world.

In this chaos of a restless, joyless existence there shone one bright light, a beacon fire of the future, that plain simple word as deep as a soul:

Comrade!



AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND: SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS TO MAKE POSSIBLE A FLOW OF THE CITY POPULATION COUNTRYWARD: BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY



THE old herbalists had a belief that wherever nature permitted a noxious thing to grow, nearby she always fostered its antidote. It was a wholesome faith and one which we of a later generation and a more skeptic thought might well transfer, for the ease of our souls, from the plant to the human world. For study of human life and human effort shows this thing to be true. Whenever the strivings of man breed evil results, out of the moil there springs an antidote, some effort of human revolt and human sympathy which tries to right the wrong.

So it is with regard to that drift of population into the cities which is one of the big problems of the time. The antidotal effort is young, and therefore it can not yet show large results. That is, they are not large when compared with the size of the evil which it combats. But it has life and vigor and wherever it has been tried it has proved successful. Stated broadly, it is an attempt to set flowing an undertow of population from the cities back to the land.

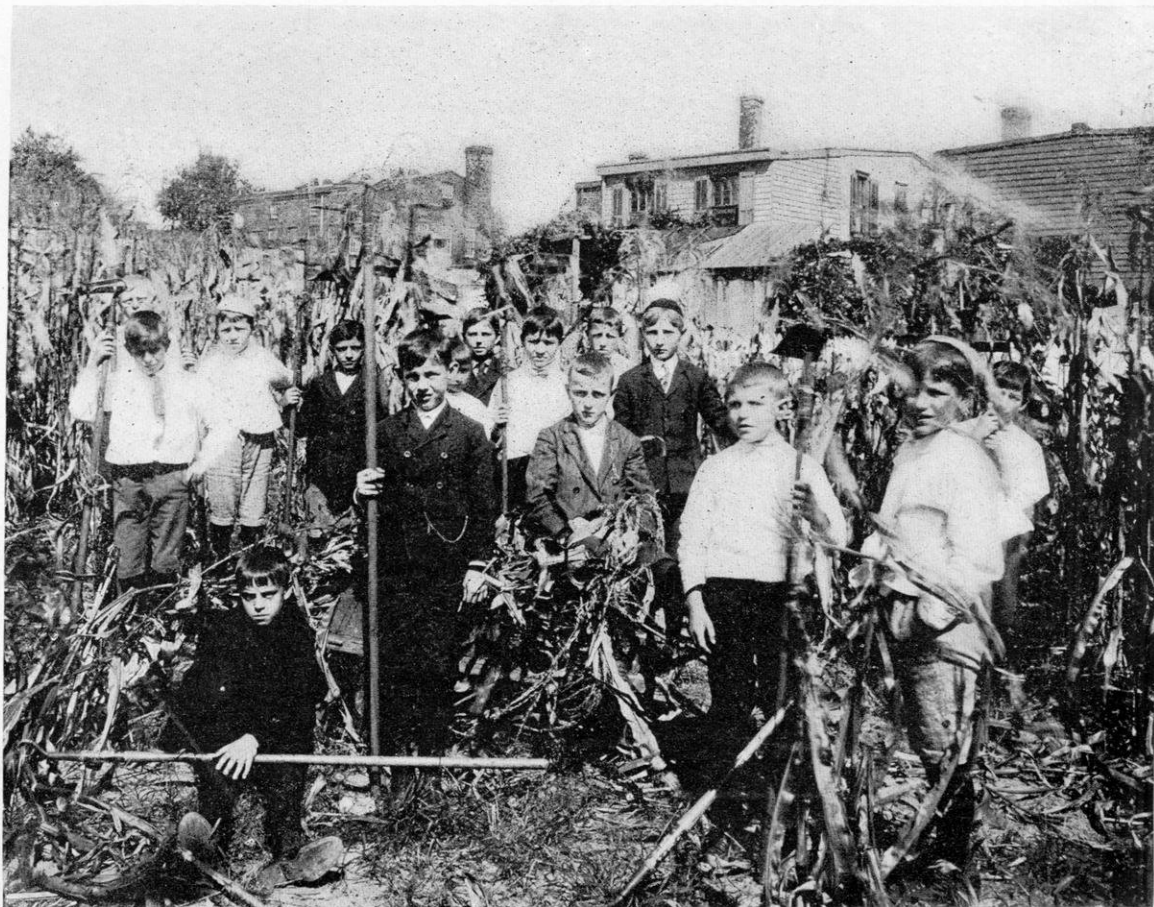
It is astonishing, when you come to think of it, how militant is the good in man. Doubtless there is enough good in the world that is fairly spoiling for a fight to overcome all the evil, if it were properly organized and directed with farsighted intelligence. It is just this hatred of wrong and compassion for the unfortunate, organized and directed, that is making the effort to counteract the congestion of the cities. The waves of population that have flowed in upon the city levels have stayed there, stagnating and creating noisome conditions, mainly because they could not get away again. The surface waves, blown by winds of prosperity, might circulate back and forth. But for the depths there has been no possibility of movement. But now certain organized forces of good will toward man are trying to make it possible for some part of this prisoned population to flow back to the fields and farms. There are several of these forces, working separately and by widely different methods, but all toward the same end. The plans of the Salvation Army are perhaps the largest and most direct. Its idea of taking hard working but poverty stricken people out of the



CHILDREN FARMERS IN NEW YORK VACANT
LOTS IN THE BOROUGH OF BRONX



KINDERGARTEN TILLERS OF THE SOIL IN PHILADELPHIA—
THE CASTOR BEANS OF THEIR PLANTING SCREEN AN OLD ASH HEAP



A CORN FIELD IN A PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL
YARD. A GROUP OF THE "FARM HANDS"



CHILDREN READY TO DELIVER VEGETABLES FROM THE "VACANT LOT GARDENS," PHILADELPHIA

AFTERNOON WORK IN A CITY SCHOOL GARDEN

AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND

city and colonizing them at once on farms has proved feasible. Its two farm colonies in this country, Fort Romie in California and Fort Amity in Colorado, are the homes of several hundred thriving, contented and most grateful colonists.

Fort Amity, the Colorado colony, on the line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad, a few miles from the Kansas line, was started in 1898 with fourteen families collected mainly in Chicago. There were a few farmers from neighboring states, who served as counsellors and pace-makers for the others. But with these three or four exceptions they were all city dwellers, accustomed only to the conditions of city life, although some had had experience upon farms in their youth. The Army bought one thousand seven hundred and sixty acres of land and sold this in twenty acre plots to the colonists, allowing each one, if he chose, to rent twenty acres more. It loaned them the money necessary to buy seeds, stock, implements, and material for their houses. The loans for live-stock and equipment were made payable in five equal annual instalments with interest at six per cent. and were secured by chattel mortgages. Twelve years time at six per cent. was given on land and buildings. Water rights were deeded in perpetuity.

THE colonists represented all sorts of city labor. Nearly all were so poor, although they were of the sober and hard working sort, that the Army had to pay their fares and furnish them with food on the way. They welcomed with eagerness the opportunity of getting away from the city and making homes in the country. When Rider Haggard visited the colony last year, as Commissioner of the British Government, one after another told him—I quote from his official report—that it had meant the possibility of “making a home,” of “working out a future,” of “making a success of life.” One of them said: “I know that the cities are full of people who are just longing for such a chance as this to acquire a home.”

When they reached their new home they looked out over bare, untouched prairie, upon which not an acre of sod had ever been turned. Houses had to be built, sod broken, irrigating ditches constructed. Not until the second year was a crop grown, and in the meantime the Army had to advance the means of livelihood. A little later alkali developed and made necessary the putting in of an expensive system

AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND

of tile drainage. But notwithstanding all these difficulties, the value of the land and improvements belonging to thirty-two heads of families eighteen months ago—the figures are the latest I could get and are those that were given to Rider Haggard and attested before a notary—amounted to \$66,530; of live stock, \$10,672; of farming implements, \$17,692; the whole reaching a total of \$94,894. Against this were liabilities, mainly to the Salvation Army, amounting to \$68,734. The average equity—the amount of value remaining after subtracting the indebtedness—for these families was nearly twelve hundred dollars. But some had much more than this. One man reckoned himself worth six thousand dollars, another four thousand dollars, and still another had an equity of three thousand dollars. There must have been plenty of native force and good, strong fiber in these inexperienced city dwellers and their wives—clerks, mechanics, tailors, car conductors, laborers—to have made this fight with debt, sod and alkali and won such success. Later figures would doubtless show an even greater gain, for the colony has been very prosperous during the last two seasons. The land has doubled, and some of it trebled, in value, while on the town site, that for which the Army paid at the rate of twenty-five dollars per acre, it has sold at prices per lot that would amount to three thousand dollars per acre.

The colonists grow fruits of half a dozen different kinds, canteloupes and other garden produce, alfalfa, sugar beets, which are the staple crop, and engage in dairying, hog raising and bee culture. There is a graded school in a good schoolhouse and a prosperous little town is growing up at the railroad station. A social spirit has developed of harmony, mutual kindness and helpfulness that deeply impresses everyone who visits the colony. Staff-Captain French, of the Salvation Army, who has been closely connected with the colony from the start, said to me as he spoke enthusiastically of this matter: "It is the most beautiful development of human nature I have ever seen." Their relations with the Army are purely of a business nature. No religious observances are imposed.

The Fort Romie colony, located in the Salinas valley, one hundred and fifty miles south of San Francisco, was started in 1898 and for the first three years was a dismal failure. The land was not irrigated and a long drouth made the growing of any sort of crops impossible. The colonists returned to the city, and in 1901 the Salvation Army set

AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND

irrigation works in operation, got together a new lot of people and made a fresh start. With a sure supply of water the land is very fertile, and the second attempt has been entirely successful. The land was sold to them in twenty-acre plots at one hundred dollars per acre, to be paid for in twenty equal annual instalments, while stock and implements were to be paid for in five annual payments. When these colonists went on the land in 1901 they were nearly all practically destitute. Four years later their equities amounted to forty-one thousand dollars, an average for the twenty heads of families of more than two thousand dollars each. The land is now worth, with improvements, about three times what the Army paid for it.

IT IS the opinion of the Army officers who have carried on this work that such colonizing would be even more successful if done on land less high-priced, so that the colonists would not have to carry such heavy liabilities. They think also that the man without money makes a better colonist than the man with money. And they are quite convinced that previous agricultural experience is not necessary for the making of a successful colonist-farmer. They have been overwhelmed with applications from people anxious to join these colonies. But Fort Romie is full. At Fort Amity, people are taken from the waiting list as fast as the land is made ready for occupancy. If the Salvation Army had the land it could settle thousands of city workers.

But the Army is now concentrating its energies upon a scheme of large proportions in which it has the co-operation of the British and the Canadian governments. From London and other large cities of England it has gathered up and sent over five shiploads of fifteen hundred souls each who have been settled in the Canadian Northwest. The coming spring will see twenty-five thousand more transferred. They are poverty-stricken but hard working men and women for whom life in England is absolutely hopeless of anything but a hand to mouth existence. The Canadian government has officially thanked the Salvation Army for the good citizens it has brought. Perhaps if the movement keeps on until England is drained of the best of her working blood she will finally discover the folly and viciousness of her land system and learn that disaster is bound to wait upon a nation which keeps its fertile acres for the growing of pheasants instead of men.

Very recently the Army set in operation in this country a plan,

AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND

worked out in conjunction with representative men from the South, of settling city families on southern farms. They will not be colonized, but will become tenant-farmers, with the expectation of acquiring their own holdings in time. The first families will be sent south in the latter part of the present winter. "There will be no difficulty in finding plenty of people who are anxious to go," said Staff-Captain French, who is in charge of the enterprise. "It wouldn't take a week to get together a thousand families who would make energetic, hard-working farmers, and who would be most grateful for the chance to get into the country where they could have the hope of making homes of their own."

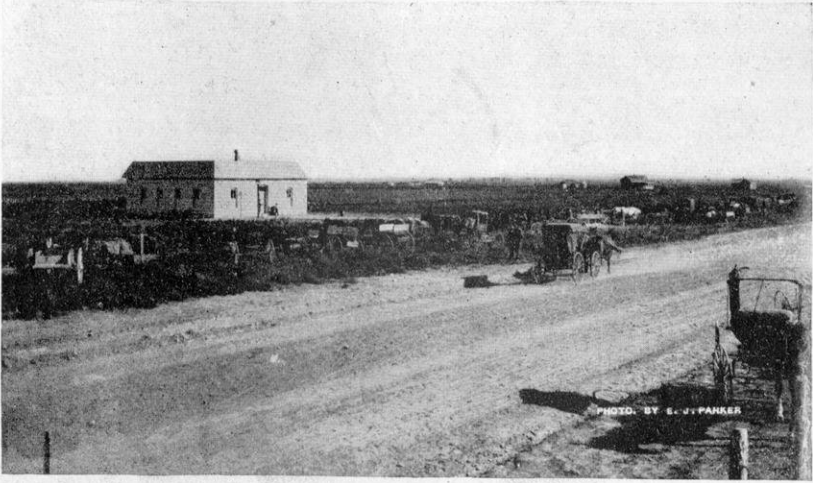
The Salvation Army accepts social and economic conditions as they are and aims only to ameliorate the results. But there are other forces at work in this effort to create an undertow back to the land that are endeavoring to strike more deeply. The idea of giving work to the unemployed by allowing them to cultivate idle land within a city's limits originated a dozen years ago with Mayor Pingree of Detroit. It was tried in a dozen or more other cities and proved practical and beneficent. But as the country recovered from the industrial depression of the early nineties, in one place after another the plan was dropped. In Philadelphia, however, it has had a rebirth. During its first phase it was merely a form of half charity in which the recipient was allowed to co-operate in his own relief, and its aim was temporary. When the scheme entered upon its second phase it had an idea for its inspiration, the idea of the single-tax economic philosophy, and its aim struck deep and its hopes looked far into the future.

THE superintendent of the Philadelphia Vacant Lots Cultivation Association is Mr. R. F. Powell, an enthusiastic philanthropist, an enthusiastic gardener, and an enthusiastic single-taxer, who, notwithstanding these three enthusiasms, is also level headed and practical. He began nine years ago by putting a hundred families at work upon as many quarter-acre plots. Last summer he had nine hundred and fifty families cultivating nearly three hundred acres. The value of their produce amounted to more than fifty thousand dollars. The use of the vacant lots is given by the owners. A fund contributed by interested people furnishes the money necessary for the plowing and harrowing and the buying of seeds and



LAST YEAR THESE GIRLS PRODUCED OVER ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
WORTH OF VEGETABLES FROM THIS QUARTER OF AN ACRE

COLONISTS' HOME AND GARDEN
AT FORT ROMIE, CALIFORNIA



A SALVATION ARMY COLONY WHICH HELPS
TO MAKE THE CITY POOR LANDOWNERS

A SCHOOL GARDEN FARMED
BY A COLORED BOYS' CLUB

AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND

tools. Street sweepings are used as fertilizers. Seeds and plants are given to the gardeners. Tools are bought at wholesale and sold to them at cost. Each gardener is lord of his own small plot and does what he likes with his produce. The only conditions imposed are that he shall cultivate his allotment efficiently, shall respect the rights of his neighbor gardeners and shall behave himself properly while on the premises. If he fails in any one of these conditions he loses his right to his plot of ground. The first year fifteen per cent of the gardeners was dismissed. Last summer, out of nine hundred and fifty families only two were sent away.

Mr. Powell aims to make this vacant lot cultivation, along with its immediate philanthropic purpose, a training school in truck gardening and modern intensive methods of agriculture, and he works constantly with the end in view of enabling the gardeners to support themselves in the country. Remarkable success has attended his efforts. Every year about ten per cent. of the cultivators drop off, like ripe fruit from the parent tree, and take root in the country for themselves. Some manage to buy a few acres of land, others rent farms, and a good many obtain situations as workers or gardeners on country estates. It is to be especially noted that these offshoots, although by this time they amount to a very considerable number, have all prospered well in the country. None has returned to the city. They are striking deep root into the soil and making permanent homes under healthful conditions.

Another result has been the formation of what Mr. Powell calls the "Graduates' Farm." Three or four years ago nine families who had been cultivating lots for several years decided that they were quite able to carry on the work by themselves. They rented a vacant tract of nine acres, within the city limits, at fifteen dollars per acre, divided it up among themselves and went to work without any help from the Association. More have joined them each season and last summer forty-two families cultivated twenty-four acres. They keep their produce for sale in a shed they have built on the land. They have also a horse and wagon, with which they deliver to customers and sell through the streets, while the children of the families have regular lines of buyers whose orders for the day they get in the morning, delivering the vegetables in baskets and baby carriages before noon. Last year they sold from nine acres of their ground five thousand dollars' worth of

AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND

produce. Indeed, so prosperous is the Graduates' Farm that the owners of the land have raised the rent to twenty-five dollars per acre.

The work of the Association is hampered constantly by lack of land and by insufficient funds to meet the expenses of rough cultivation. There is no scarcity of people. A long waiting list is carried from year to year of those who are anxious for the chance to cultivate a little plot of ground. Looking at this waiting list, as long as the moral law, Mr. Powell said mournfully: "And yet I estimate—and I have done it very carefully and with ample allowance—that there are within the city limits of Philadelphia twenty thousand acres, at least one-fourth its area, of absolutely idle land!"

Mr. Powell can tell, by the hour, stories of these gardeners and of what the work has done for them—touching little human documents that go straight to the heart, so instinct are they with that basic desire of man's breast to get his feet on God's ground, so full of eager effort and the gladness of success. The gardeners are always chosen from among those who are handicapped in one way or another for the fierce struggle of modern industrial life. For those who are in great immediate need of money, the superintendent reserves a certain portion of ground wherein he hires labor and pays for it each day at the rate of twelve and a half cents an hour. The accounts of this garden are kept separate, and so well does it pay that he finds he could give wages at the rate of forty cents per hour and still come out even. But the board of directors of the Association, prosperous, philanthropic business men, will not permit a wage higher than twelve and a half cents. "It would make no end of trouble," they tell him. "If these people were to find they could earn as much money as that they would either leave the factories or demand as much pay there." Their naive view of the case is interesting. For it shows, with a brilliant inside light, just how business methods and business success can warp even a philanthropic man's ideas of the comparative rights of business and humanity.

ON ITS philanthropic side the Philadelphia Association for the Cultivation of Vacant Lots is doing a great and noble work.

But the superintendent feels that, more important than this, and what is, indeed, its chief purpose, is the training it gives to the city bound poor for farm life and the opening it makes for them to leave the city and establish themselves in the country. And in addition to all

AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND

this the hope burns brightly in Mr. Powell's heart that the productive use to which he is allowed to put a small portion of the huge extent of idle land within the city limits, and the results he is able to show, will help to open people's eyes to what he believes to be the root iniquity of our economic system—the iniquity of the Unearned Increment.

The New York Association for the Cultivation of Vacant Lots, like that of Philadelphia, owes its inspiration to believers in the single-tax. While it aims to produce beneficent immediate results it also looks toward the future, and the heart of its purpose is to accomplish something in getting the hard working poor of New York permanently out of the city and back on the soil. This has been the first year of its work and therefore it has mainly plans rather than results to show. The Astor estate donated the use of a farm of sixty acres, valued at \$300,000, in the Bronx region, within the city limits. Only half of it is arable, and on these thirty acres a hundred families, aggregating five hundred souls, last summer cultivated little plots of garden vegetables. The first announcement in the early spring overwhelmed the Association with a tidal wave of applications. The superintendent, Mr. H. V. Bruce, told me that he had two thousand applications from people who were anxious to get the chance to work upon even such a little scrap of soil as these gardens would afford. To those who wanted it was given the opportunity of pitching tents in the wooded portion and on the pasture lots.

"We've made a very good beginning," said Mr. Bruce, "but we need more land. If I could get it I could use a thousand acres next year. But all this work is merely preliminary. What we are planning to do in time is to help these poverty bound people who want to have homes in the country to get their feet firmly on the land. We hope to be able to form a syndicate and buy a block of land which we will then lease in small holdings on long terms, with the option of purchase, to those whom we have already trained in modern methods of gardening and agriculture in our vacant lot gardens. The farmers would pay for their land and tools in a series of instalments, and we figure out that if we can get the money at a reasonable rate of interest the scheme will entirely pay for itself."

The plan is modeled upon the method, which was described in the August number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, by which the New Zealand government has done its very remarkable work in putting people on the

AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND

land and by which, alone of civilized nations, it has made its agricultural keep pace with its urban population.

Single-taxers in Cincinnati are preparing to set in operation next spring a similar scheme of vacant-lot cultivation, having the same ends in view. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there is among the followers of Henry George a definite movement which aims to set going a flow of the under classes of the city into the country, making of vacant-lot cultivation at once a training-school and a starting point for this work and an object lesson for the general public.

The school-garden movement, which gives to the children in city schools, especially to those in congested districts, a training in practical garden work, is another factor in the effort to produce a countryward drift of city population. It was started in this country fifteen years ago with the purpose merely of aiding in the general physical, mental and moral training of children. But as it has grown, its roots have struck deeper, and its leaders, seeing its possibilities, have begun to look far into the future. It is now carried on vigorously and successfully in thirty-five cities and many thousands of children are every year taught upon vacant lots the practical work of gardening by modern methods. To meet the increasing demand for teachers specially trained in school garden work, courses have been instituted in several normal schools and university summer schools. Philanthropic and educational bodies all over the country and state, and national departments of agriculture are interesting themselves in the work and co-operating with it, as do also the vacant lot cultivation associations, so that the movement is developing and moving forward with great impetus. It is the belief of its leaders, of those who are directing its course and studying its effects, that it is bound to be an important factor in relieving the congestion of the cities. And the expectation that it will result in helping many of the children whom it has trained, when they come to shift for themselves, to exchange a city for a country life not only furnishes a part of the inspiration which carries the work along with such vigor but also gives direction to its methods.

ALONG with these organized forces of benevolence which, working separately, but all toward the same end, are making possible a return current of population from the city to the country, must be considered also that growing interest in country and suburban life

AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND

and agricultural enterprise which is a marked feature of the last few years. For they all have a common root in a very general revolt against the unnatural conditions of city life. The "abandoned farms" of New England, which a quarter of a century ago were a source of national concern, are abandoned no longer. They have become the country homes of city folk who live on them all or a part of the time. When Professor L. H. Bailey lately asked nearly three hundred students in the Cornell College of Agriculture why they were preparing to take up farming as a vocation, he found that one-fourth of them were city or town-bred and that they were going to be farmers because they preferred the farmer's to the city man's life.

We have been and still are over anxious about our percentages of rural population and inclined to regard them as things apart rather than as the inevitable result of industrial conditions and methods. If those percentages are dwindling it is not because of any change in man's feeling toward the land but because of economic conditions and industrial tendencies. If we want to get the people back on the land it is necessary to change, not man, but the methods, conditions and rewards of his work. The balance of population waits on these things and will right itself when they are made to conform to man's welfare. And the final result will be a better state of affairs than if our country population had stayed in the country.

For a constant flux of population is one of the distinctive features of our national life and we should accept it as an important and beneficent factor in our progress. Sentimentalists sometimes bewail that with us homes are not kept in the same family for generation after generation. But it is well for us that they are not. The incessant movement of our people from state to state and from country to town or city and back again has helped to give us our quickness of intellect, our resourcefulness, our adaptability to circumstances and whatever we possess of openness of mind and breadth of view; and more than any other agency, it has helped to keep down the lines of caste which, in a fixed population, are bound to appear and become more and more marked.

It is a good thing that our country-bred youth does not always stay on the farm of his father. Somebody else, an immigrant, a farmer from another state, or a man from the city, will take it and carry on his work. And rotation of farmers is as good for the nation as rota-

AN UNDERTOW TO THE LAND

tion of crops is for the soil. Educational observers and thinkers are agreed upon the inestimable value in youthful training of the sort of life the farmer's son leads—his companionship with nature, his knowledge of material things, his necessitated self-reliance, his manual dexterities. It is said that nine-tenths of our successful business men grew up in the country and of those who have been prominent in professional and public life fully as many spent their early years on the farm. Is it not much better for the general good that the farmer's son should take his country trained mind and body into other activities and let the city bred mechanic's or clerk's or lawyer's son have his chance on the farm? As long as the love of a fruitful earth and a free sky is a fundamental instinct in the human heart there is no danger that the land will be left without occupants, if man does not interfere with artificial conditions which make it impossible for those who would to use the land.

The experience of those organizations which are striving to counteract in some measure the drift into the cities proves that the cities are full of people who, if they could, would gladly rush back to the land and that whenever the way is opened for them to go back they make efficient farmers. As things are now large masses of people who are longing to live upon the land can reach it only when helped by the hand, not of charity, but of benevolence. But the undertow has started and has proved its strength.



A COMPULSORY CHRISTMAS—A STORY: BY MARY ANNABLE FANTON



WIDE stretch of very white land, a wider sky—blue black, close to the ground—the sky gaudy with stars that peered and glimmered, with now and then one curving like a fine steel blade to earth. A windless night, the plains empty and silent, the prairie animals, great and small, hidden for shelter from the still intense cold.

The plain like the palm of a mighty hand, the fingers spreading out into gray vanishing “coolies” at the foot of the grayer hills. In the hollow of the hand a low stockade with high gates barred inside—no light and no sound of people or animals.

Near the bank of the bare, frozen river the one glow of light; the one murmur, hushed and tense, of human voices. Close to the edge of the river a hundred or more tepees huddled together, the fires burning slow and reluctantly in the dead wind, the squaws and children long since under blankets and furs to forget the cold. Coyote dogs whined at the tepee flaps for shelter, or met in shivering groups and wailed out shrill protests to the sparkling sky.

In the center of a bunch of tawny tepees, embroidered in porcupine quills or painted in gorgeous hues, a high pile of cottonwood logs flamed up into the shadows, prodded from time to time by a tall young Indian, stately and vivid in full war caparison. The flames cut a path of light through the night down to the door of the Great Chief's tepee. By this yellow path Sitting Bull with war bonnet and *cou* stick, followed by his oldest fighting men, trod softly to the War Council. Already the Medicine Man was quietly circling the fire, chanting in monotonous tones his regret, suspicion and disappointment at the treachery of the “White Mother” at the little stockade.

“*Hi-ya! Hi-ya!* We believed her,” droned the Medicine Man, rocking back and forth as he paced, and bowing his head until his war plumes trailed.

“*Hi-ya! Hi-ya!* We thought her heart good,” sang the fighting men, their blankets thrown off, their bonnets streaming back—their voices growing keener and higher as the sense of their wrongs overwhelmed them. “She saved our children—she doctored our women, but she has forgotten the word of truth and our hearts are on the ground.”

A COMPULSORY CHRISTMAS

A steel wind crept down the river and up through the empty tree branches. It stirred the fire and the dry cottonwood logs flamed up in response. The Medicine Man lifted his tomtom high over his head, striking it an ugly blow, then dropping from the circle he flung himself on the ground and beat out with a wailing accompaniment the low sinister music of the Council call. The circle dropped instantly and silently to the ground, the women of the Chief's family crept out from their blankets and clustered cross-legged near Sitting Bull. A child left alone in the night cried out. A line of starving wolf puppies stood, a black silhouette, at the river's edge.

All were to speak for or against the White Woman, wife of the Government Agent. The Chief's wives were also to speak, for they had heard the story, they and their children.

The youngest and favorite wife of the Great Chief spoke first: "It was in the Spring she came with her little children. We women have never forgotten the first sight of the pure white child, *Is-tah-to-to*. (The Blue-Eyed One.) The dark one was small and laughed much, but she was more like our own children. The Blue-Eyed was silent and she has worked great medicine for us. When she looked at *Eo-win-chin*, my Iron-Child, he was cured of the awful shaking, and *Um-ba-tu-yie* had the dread disease in the eyes which the White Mother took away with a pure white water, and to us women she has given healing so often that we can not remember the times. She touches our wrists and looks into our eyes and knows all our sorrows." Sitting Bull looked troubled, for she spoke of his dearest children. The White Mother surely had the gift of healing. As for himself, the racking pain in his shoulder from the piercing arrow of White Dog—that, too, was gone.

The tomtom sounded again, the Medicine Man spoke—the Council was called to remember lies, not to talk sentiment. The White Woman, droned out the Medicine Man, had told their wives and children that on a night like this, cold and white and starlight, the Great Father in the Happy Hunting Grounds beyond the stars would send His Agent with gifts for all who loved Him and obeyed His laws and believed in Him. The *Wauk-pam-nie* from the skies would come, with bells ringing and horns blowing, bringing with him a *travoie* laden with gifts, blankets, coffee, sweet food and strange toys for little children.

A COMPULSORY CHRISTMAS

"*Hi-ya! Hi-ya!* it is not true," answered the fighting men, "We are old, and the Heaven-Sent *Wauk-pam-nie* has never appeared to us. We have worked well; we have fought well; our scalps are many and our wives and dogs are obedient, but no gifts have come to us. The White Mother says not the truth." They spoke with the bitterness of unrewarded virtue.

"But we women have found her good, and our children cling to her hands, and the *Wauk-pam-nie* at Washington has sent us more blankets and food since she came; and the Blue-Eyed One—if her eyes are turned from us what would become of our children?" For the pale white child was "great medicine."

The fighting men plucked uneasily at the feathers of their war bonnets. Sitting Bull saw their unrest, but he was a just man, even when he felt he had been treated unjustly, and he loved his children.

Standing erect and looking straight at the favorite wife crouched at his feet, he proclaimed: "Let the White Mother prove her word. The night of the coming of the Heaven-Sent Agent is yet five suns off. If on the fifth night he shall come with gifts for us, we will spare the wooden tepee yonder in the dark, and the White Mother shall stay among us, and her children shall be the friends of our children. If not . . ."

Before the Great Chief could finish his sentence, a *cou* stick was waved in the air by the wildest of the fighting men, and a new scalp floated from the top of the pole. The Chief's wives covered their faces and moaned, and the tomtom sent out a call so fierce that it reached the people in the little wooden fort—the woman sewing by the fire and the children waiting at her knee to hear once more the story of the Christ Child.

The Council fires burned low; the women crept back to their tepees and crawled under their blankets. *Their* babies were asleep, safely done up in their little cradle sacks, but the White Mother's children—who could tell? And if the Blue-Eyed were hurt, how could they guard their babies from her spirit? They shivered and whispered soft incantations, and slept.

The wolves came out from the gray hills and howled at the dying fire. The Medicine Man lifted up his voice and proclaimed: "If the Heaven-Sent Agent come on the fifth night all shall be well." The Great Chief smoked and watched the fire die.

A COMPULSORY CHRISTMAS

THE Agent's wife knew well the meaning of the war call of the tomtom. It was only back in the last Spring that this very band of Indians, Sitting Bull and his fighting men, had saved the fort from the *Un-ka-pah-pah* Sioux war party. She had lived through long terrible nights with that sound beating on her heart. The cause of it now she realized all too well. A few hours before, the Chinese cook, coming for breakfast provisions, had warned her of the state of affairs in the camp. "They no likee Klismas. They no b'lieve. No talkee no mo'e; makee touble. Klismas for Melican man and Chinaman. No for Injun. Injun heap fool."

At first the Agent's wife had smiled at this fresh exhibition of race jealousy, but now she realized that in some unaccountable way she had offended her friends. She had banked too heavily on the aboriginal imagination, and had passed its limits to meet fear, distrust, and the bitter prejudice of the unexplained. She put the children to bed, cuddling them a bit more than usual, adding a petition or two to her simple prayer, and then she called a War Council of her own, her husband, brother and the hunters and trading men at the fort.

"What's up, Nani?" (the children's pet name for their mother) said the laughing college brother. "You act like a great war chief, calling together a Council of your fighting men. Have you another proposal of marriage for the Blue-Eyed, or do you want a bigger Christmas tree?"

As usual, the college brother was ignored. "First of all," said the Agent's wife, smiling but a little, "I want to know who will be Santa Claus." She was a practical New England woman, and intended to meet distrust with conviction. "We will have a real Christmas this year, even here on the prairies, with Santa Claus at the chimney, and sleigh-bells and horns and presents for the camp. I have heard the call of the War Council, and intend to answer it in my own way."

"All right, Nani," agreed the brother. "We'll all help. I'll be Santa Claus, or the Three Wise Men, or the Star in the East, any old thing you like, but if I were you I'd quiet down a little as a missionary, if we once get out of this with our scalps on."

Then up spoke Rattler Joe. "Yes'm. It's all right, ma'am, in a first-class garrison with some blue-coats for periods, but at a doggone trading post you've got to missionize a leetle slow. Sarve the scriptur with rations and hand out a black plug with each precept; that's the

A COMPULSORY CHRISTMAS

best rule, ma'am. Them tomtoms don't sound none too good a night like this, with the closest blue-coat a hundred miles off."

"All they want," returned the undaunted Nani, "is a real Christmas Eve, and they are going to have it. Ned will be Santa Claus, and Joe, you start to-morrow for Fort Benton and bring back all the sleigh-bells and horns and dolls and red and white candy you can find at the fort. You can make it in forty-eight hours. Take the Major's *Wildfire* and *Fury* and they will bring you back in time. I will keep the Indians quiet. If you will all mind, and do just what I say, I will take care of our scalps."

Later that night, after the Major had helped Rattler Joe to plan out his trip to Fort Benton, he found that his wife's courage had ebbed a little, as she kneeled by her children to pray for them and for help to meet the great emergency that had come, because she wanted—"O Lord, just to help make her Indians all good. She did not mean to have any harm come to any one, and surely not to her little children." Thus Nani prayed intimately and with affection, as she felt.

SITTING BULL'S favorite wife was called into council the next day with the White Mother, and told that they must all prepare for the great Christmas Eve, to celebrate the birth of the Lord's Son, and that the heavenly *Wauk-pam-nie* would surely come on the fifth night if the Indians obeyed the White Mother, and made ready just as she directed; that any disobedience of her laws would account for the Heaven-Sent Agent's not coming.

It was no small task to play St. Nicholas for the families of over one hundred tepees. There must be blankets, and rations, and candy, and dolls. The trader was at his wits' end to corral supplies enough, and the white children kept late hours popping corn and making candy by the bushel.

Rattler Joe had driven off at daydawn after Nani's Council, over white prairies and across shining crusted hills, to Fort Benton for all the Christmas properties that belong to the Christmas Eve story. The morning of the fifth day Benton Hill was crowned with a heavy laden team, Joe driving furiously and assuring the squaws who had gone out to meet him that he had the Christmas mail from the East for the Agent and his family.

A COMPULSORY CHRISTMAS

At midnight the Indians were to assemble quietly as at a feast, not a war party. The first Chief would leave his tepee as the moon rose over Benton Hill, then they were to meet at the fort gate and listen to the Christmas songs. At the first sounds of a bell the heavenly *Wauk-pam-nie* would be seen at the chimney with his *travoie*. After a signal to greet him, the Indians were to go back to their tepees and remain indoors until sunrise, when they would find the Christmas gifts which had been promised them.

It was a serious experiment. What if the whim should seize the Chief to investigate! What if a scout should be sent out and encounter Santa Claus as he mounted to the roof! What if one and all did not stay in their tents after midnight! All these thoughts Nani lived with from day to day, but she did not mention them. She just worked and played with her children. She made the Santa Claus costume for her brother, the paper cornucopias for the children; she taught the hunters and traders Christmas carols, and went out as usual into the camp, helping and healing where she could—a dauntless Nani who believed in action as she did in prayer. And after all the Lord must surely understand what a difficulty she was in because of her too zealous work in His vineyard, and deep down in her heart she felt that no little of the responsibility was really His.

THE first Christmas Eve ever celebrated on that vast white plain was full of beauty and a certain high festivity. The fort was glowing with lights. Pitch torches sent up balls of fire at each corner of the stockade. There was a great camp fire just outside the gate, and lanterns (fashioned from pumpkins by the college brother), hung from poles on the pathway leading from the camp.

As the first yellow edge of the moon came softly up to the hilltop the Indian chiefs rose from the camp fire, where they had been called to smoke the pipe of peace, and filed silently up the lighted path, headed by the Medicine Man and followed by all the women and children.

The moon swung up into the sky as the White Mother, sitting by the camp fire with her children's hands in hers, told again the story of the Christ Child and the symbol of gifts at Christmas time. She told it simply, in their own language, the few Sioux words she knew, with a trembling heart and a brave voice. Then the traders and

A COMPULSORY CHRISTMAS

hunters, led by Nani's beautiful contralto voice, sang of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

As the sound died out in the still night, the far-off music of sleigh bells came nearer and nearer with the whirring sound of a *travoie* dragging over crusted snow, then a swift confusion of many sleigh bells and the tooting of horns. The Great Chief's wife pointed with trembling hands to the bastion on the top of the fort. Instantly there was a clapping of hands and a great shout of "*Hi-ya! Hi-ya!*" from the Indian men and women, for very close to the chimney stood the Heaven-Sent *Wauk-pam-nie*, looking just as the White Mother had said, with long white beard and hair, a cap such as they had seen in her books, and on his back a sack full of white people's toys. In the torchlight the children could see dolls of wax like the Blue-Eyed played with, and little wagons. There was silence, and another carol as Santa Claus dropped presents down the chimney reserved for him. Then, as he advanced along the roof toward the group, the awe-struck Indians retreated down the path to the tepees, and every tepee flap closed down until sunrise.

BROTHER Ned had a busy night as the Celestial Agent, hastening on moccasined feet from tent to tent, with cornucopias, dolls, wagons, blankets and provisions, and then back to the fort to burn up the beard, dress and cap in the dying camp fire.

A sleepless night for all the white people at the fort, for who could tell what the coming Christmas Day would bring forth—peace and good will or suspicion, gratitude or destruction. Before the moon grew gray and the night trailed away about it, the fort was up and dressed and ready for action—waiting. Would the Medicine Man call for war or peace?

At daydawn the Great Chief and the Medicine Man and all the fighting men rose from their blankets and passed in single file from tepee to tepee to find that the White Woman had kept her promise for all, not merely for the chiefs and their families, but for every sick woman and every smallest child. It was all true—they had not been fooled. The White Woman had spoken words from the Great Father. Her heart was good, and all their hearts were full of joy and good will to her. The tomtom sounded the call for rejoicing. The mothers and children answered the call, rushing from the tepees and

A MADRIGAL

shouting "*Hi-ya! Hi-ya!* The White Mother's medicine has lifted our hearts from the ground. She has saved us from doing wrong."

And the White Mother lifted up her heart in prayer, and at last dared to weep a little and clutch her children very close to her, and forget to be brave and smile. The Heaven-Sent *Wauk-pam-nie* had brought them peace and life, but Death had been very near, and the memory of his presence was very terrifying.

* * *

I remember all this vividly, even now after so many years, for the White Mother was my own mother, and for weeks after the appearance of the Heavenly *Wauk-pam-nie* the Indians, man and woman, showered gifts of every description upon the Blue-Eyed One and myself.

A MADRIGAL

SPRING went by with laughter
Down the greening hills,
Singing lyric snatches,
Crowned with daffodils;
Now, by breath of roses
As the soft day closes,
Know that April's promise
June fulfils.

YOUTH goes by with gladness
Fairy woodlands through,
Led by starry visions,
Fed with honey-dew;
Life, who dost forever
Urge the high endeavor,
Grant that all the dreaming
Time brings true!

—By *Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.*

TREND OF MODERN GERMAN FEELING IN ART AND ARCHITECTURE MADE EVIDENT BY THE NÜRNBERG EXPOSITION: BY DR. HEINRICH PUDOR



THE significance of a big exposition, aside from its value as an educator of the public, lies chiefly in the fact that it fixes and places on record the general trend of feeling that finds expression in the art, architecture, and industrialism of the nation or the age. Viewed in this way, the Nürnberg Exposition is of even greater interest than the exposition lately held in Dresden, and of which a review was printed in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for October, for here the modern German feeling in art and architecture finds bolder and more untrammelled expression. The plan of the Nürnberg Exposition as a whole, and the design of the buildings, shows the really earnest striving after simplicity and solidity that marks so much of the new German architecture, and also shows just where the very earnestness of the effort to attain these qualities overshoots the mark and sometimes fails to produce the desired effect of strength and primitiveness. The Exposition is approached through a grove of birch trees and over a wide greensward, and the modesty of the entrance heightens the effect of the great square of buildings. For the first time in the development of a complete exposition plan, harmonious color effects have been considered, and æsthetic as well as architectural requirements have been well met. The green terraces set with red tables have for a background the quiet blue of the structural decorations, and form an interesting contrast to the pale surfaces of the buildings and the white of the lime-covered road.

With regard to the architecture of the exposition buildings, Biedermeier is the presiding genius to an even greater extent than at Dresden, where his influence was apparent only in the structural features and decoration of the interior. The rhythmic quality is given by the placing of two striking observation towers in the German Empire style on one side, and the long stretch of the industrial structure on the other. Together with the main restaurant, which is constructed in the same Empire style, and which is situated between them, these towers may be pronounced the architectural success of the Exposition. The Industrial Arts Building represents a garden pavilion in the Bieder-

MODERN GERMAN FEELING IN ART

meier style, and shows a distribution of spaces very advantageous for its purpose. The "City of Nürnberg" Building, from which so much had been expected, marks a distinct failure artistically, architecturally, and from the point of view of mere expositional decoration. It stands directly opposite the entrance and its shape suggests a riding school. Next to the Machinery Building it is the weakest spot in the Exposition. All the other structures, architecturally considered, are very successful, adequately fulfilling their purpose and satisfying from an artistic point of view.

THE Arts Building, in its severe simplicity and lack of decoration, contrasts strongly with the usual ornate design for such a building. It is remarkable what an impression is produced by this renunciation of all ornament at an exposition where the decorative is expected. There are no moldings, no painting, outside of the lime-gray wash on the surfaces, no ornament of any kind. Mere masses and spaces are seen, most prominent among them a great central dome rising from a square turret. The corners of this central structure are dulled, and the dome itself runs from the four corners in straight lines to the middle line and there a stand is joined to it for a lantern with a purely ornamental covering. The whole structure evidently is contrived to carry out the fundamental idea of utility.

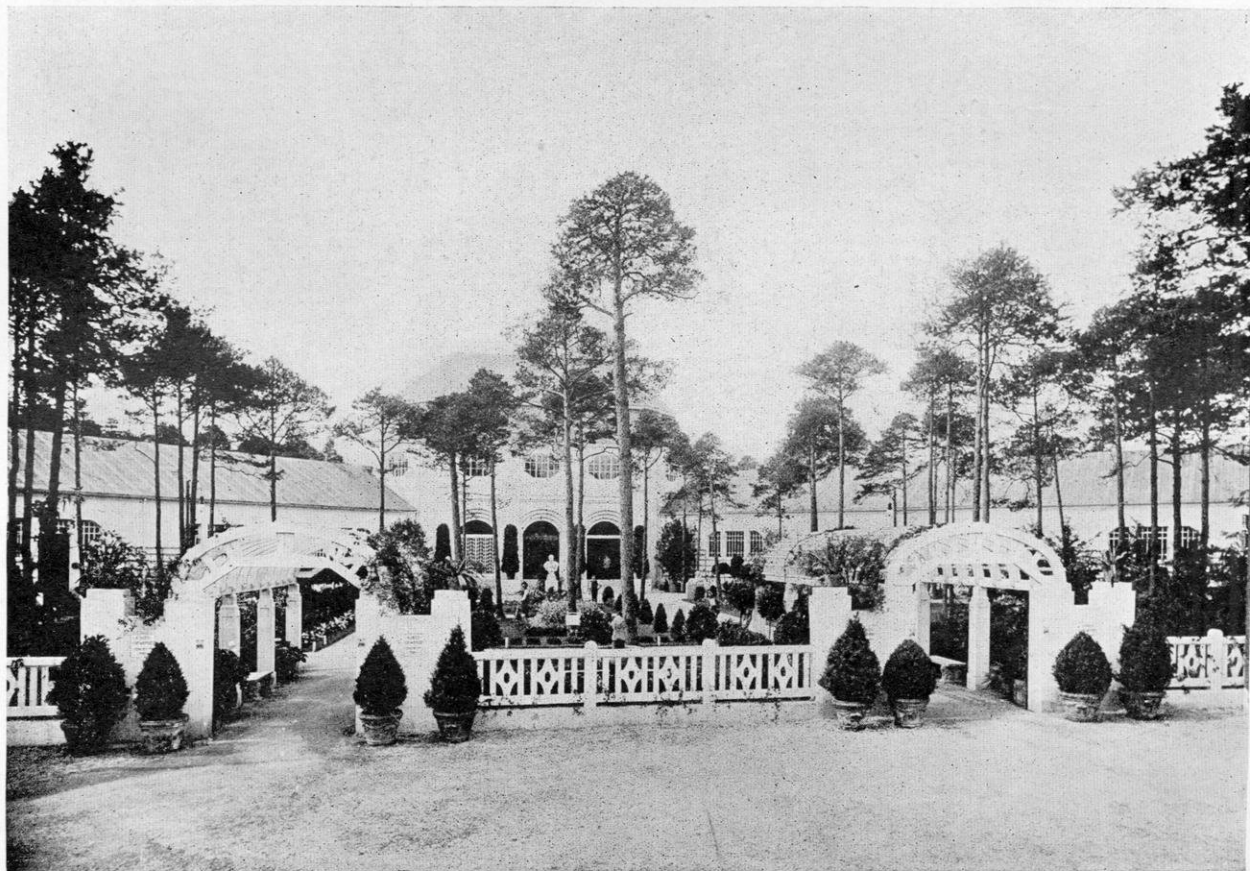
Similarly successful is the State of Bavaria Building. It shows the same lapidary style and utilitarian purpose, but finer architectural effects have not been neglected, especially in the main portal of the central structure. The court of columns on both sides of this is a morsel for architectonic voluptuaries; such capitals, so striking, so logical, so artistically precise, are not looked for at an exposition. Toward the top the central structure narrows to a cupola-shaped dome which is profiled in graceful lines, and on the upper platform of which four figures stand in a close group, supporting the globe on their shoulders. The dome is painted a bright green in imitation of copper, as also are the roofs of this building, the "City of Nürnberg" Building, and the Arts Building. Purely architectural ornamentation is renounced in the Bavarian Building, but the surfaces are decorated with modern paintings.

The weakest point in the architecture of the Exposition is, as already mentioned, the Machinery Building. From the beginning



From the Nürnberg Exposition

THE PALACE CHAMBER OF BAMBERG. DESIGNED
BY FUCHSENBERGER. EXECUTED BY G. M. MÜLLER



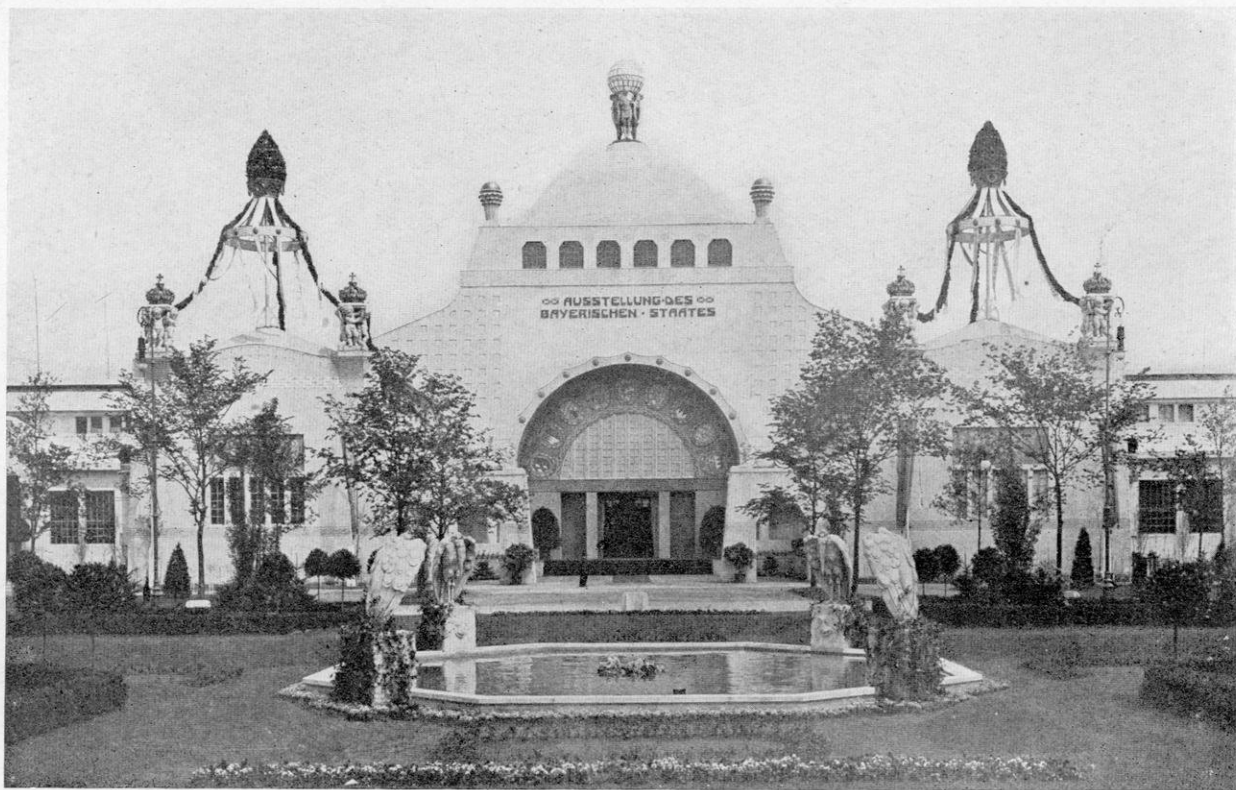
From the Nürnberg Exposition

HOUSE OF INDUSTRIAL ART, WITH GARDEN



From the Nürnberg Exposition

THE HALL OF ARTS



From the Nürnberg Exposition

EXPOSITION BUILDING OF
THE BAVARIAN GOVERNMENT



From the Nürnberg Exposition

RUSTIC HOUSE BUILT IN THE
ARCHITECTURAL STYLE OF ALLGAU



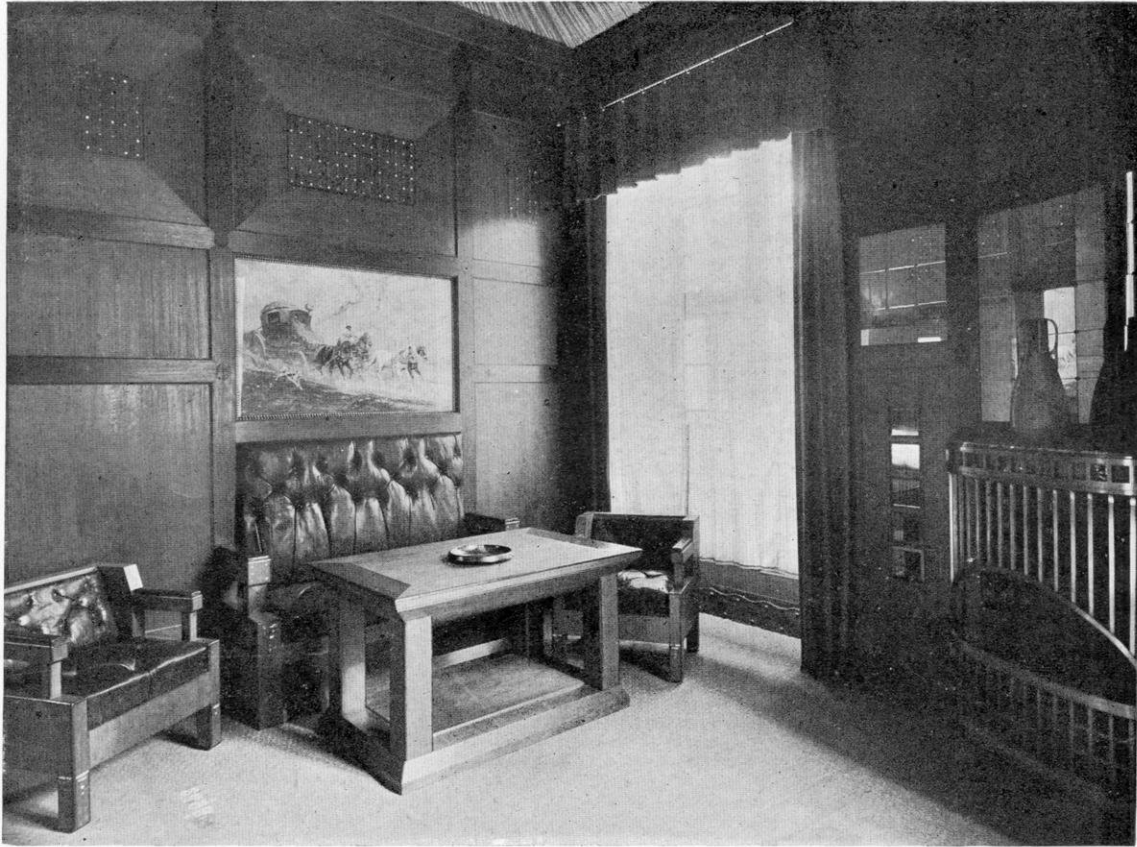
From the Nürnberg Exposition

METAL WORK FROM EBERBÖCH, MUNICH



From the Nürnberg Exposition

METAL WORK FROM EBERBÖCH, MUNICH



From the Nürnberg Exposition

A SECOND VIEW OF THE
PALACE CHAMBER AT BAMBERG

MODERN GERMAN FEELING IN ART

not much was expected from it in the way of beauty, but it was intended to express massiveness and durability. It was thought desirable that the roof should show heavy, awkward corners instead of graceful arches, in order to produce an effect of ponderousness and sobriety, but in fact the impression it gives is that of having been cut from pasteboard. There is an extended, projecting balcony with brick-covered roof and gallery, the motive of which seems to have been borrowed from the old town wall of Nürnberg, and which is about as appropriate to a modern exposition of machinery as a feudal fortress would be for a chrysanthemum show. Far more successful is the great Industrial Building with its imposing length and the two corner towers, which to a certain extent recall its prototype at the Chicago Exposition.

AMONG the numerous minor structures of the Exposition the most interesting are the imitations of peasant homes. Perhaps the most noteworthy of these is the Weidenfels house, which contains four rooms completely furnished with products of domestic craftsmanship. The furniture is made in the local style of the peasants, etched and richly carved in flower designs, but showing no painting in colors. The first room has a decided artistic value, and is so distinctly modern in tone that it might just as well have been included in the Industrial Arts exhibition. The bedroom shows peasant furniture in the Biedermeier style.

The modern paintings shown in the Arts Building are mostly rather mediocre in quality, but the historical art exhibition in the Nürnberg Building is very interesting. The value of this section might have been greatly increased by a larger exhibit either of original examples or of copies, for not only the connoisseurs and amateurs but visitors from all countries seek here for the objects of greatest interest. Most notable among the exhibits are the celebrated Nürnberg Madonna in wood and the great altar carved in wood by Veit Stoss, a remarkable group in bronze of Hercules grappling with Antæus, and an Apollo well of the year 1532. This is the work of Peter Vischer, characterizing the German Renaissance, and represents Apollo as a powerful youth in the act of shooting with the bow. It is a companion piece to Albrecht Dürer's Hercules shooting at the Stymphalian birds.

MODERN GERMAN FEELING IN ART

Very few examples of the Nürnberg industries are contained in the Industrial Arts exhibit. The Industrial Crafts Division of the *Verein Frauenwohl* contains some interesting examples of manual work by women, but nothing that is important as indicating any marked progress. The contribution that is most significant of the present trend of German art as applied to interior decoration and furnishing is the Palace Chamber of Bamberg, designed by the royal architect Fuchsberger and executed by the firm of G. M. Müller, furniture makers of Bamberg. The Teutonic feeling is shown in the plain, massive effects that might be primitive were there not a certain consciousness of effort toward primitiveness. In seeking a possible model for this work the only name that suggests itself is that of Peter Behrens, whose spirit permeates this place, although he is not represented at the Exposition. The Palace Chamber shows an application of the lapidary style to the craftsman's art. The table and chairs look as if they might have been carved out of dolomite stone, and everything shows heavy forms and straight lines and corners. The material used is a dark bluish-gray etched oak, with the profile of the etching streaked with a crimson border. From top to bottom the walls are inlaid with panels presenting an even profile, and the paintings, the clock, and the closets are set in the walls, so that the style of decoration may justly be termed "interior architecture." The chairs are covered with leather that harmonizes in tone with the wood and the only vestige of ornamentation is the mother-of-pearl inlaid here and there in the surfaces of the furniture.

METAL work has a strong representation in the Industrial Arts division. A number of prominent metal workers from Munich and other cities have put in noteworthy exhibits of copper and wrought iron, and some beautiful examples of work in the latter metal are shown by Kirsch, of Munich, whose work rivals that of the Parisian Robert. Among the examples of bronze casting is a bridal cup with salver, the work of Fritz and Ferdinand von Müller, and the gift of the City of Munich on the occasion of the silver wedding of the Kaiser and Kaiserin. Although the goldsmiths of Munich have made a very showy and costly display, they can not be said to have attained a high level of craftsmanship. The best work in this division, that of the *atelier von Debschitz*, can not however be included

MODERN GERMAN FEELING IN ART

in this general criticism, for it shows the best craftsmanship this year has produced. These ornaments in bronze and silver can be compared only with those of Japan, such is the refinement of taste shown in their shaping, so triumphant the mastery over the materials, so finely felt is Nature and so happily reproduced in its essentials. This impression of beauty is produced by the form and workmanship of the pieces, rather than by the richness or originality of the ornamentation. The handiwork of women in the Debschitz *atelier* is among the best of its kind. In the examples shown at the Exposition there is a subtlety and delicacy of feeling and execution such as we are accustomed to find only in the work of the Japanese.

It is a distinct drawback that the exhibits in the State of Bavaria Building are of interest only to the specialist. One of the principal benefits of an exposition like this is its educative influence on the public. The three great instruments of modern times for the enlightenment of the people are travel, popular universities, and expositions, and of these three expositions are incomparably the cheapest. It should therefore be the aim of the management to interest the layman, and to assist him in forming a clear impression of the subject. In the Machinery Building, for instance, which is of special popular interest, the value of the exhibition would be materially increased if an explanation were attached to each machine and each motor, as is done in the Industrial Museum at Paris.

An imposing show is made by the Bavarian, and especially the Nürnberg industrial exhibit, in which figure most prominently the ceramic industries, the wood and furniture industries, the textile industry, and the food industries. Some of the room furnishings here are of such merit that they well deserve a place in the Industrial Arts exhibits. The ceramic industry everywhere shows great progress, partly due to the number of technical schools which are springing up in Bavaria in imitation of Austrian models. The best examples of this work are furnished by the Royal Ceramic School at Landshut.

The exhibition of forestry, which has been left for final treatment, gives an excellent impression and is proving a strong attraction to the lay public. Happily, a steadily growing and deepening interest in forestry is evident among all classes of people in this country, and this exhibit bids fair to encourage greatly the general tendency to cherish and preserve the forests.

THE ACADIANS OF LOUISIANA STILL LIVING AND WEAVING AS THEY DID CENTURIES AGO BEFORE THEIR EXILE FROM CANADA: BY CAMPBELL MACLEOD



THE path that leads to the heart of Acadia land in Louisiana is devious and scarcely discernible to the uninitiated. The most picturesque route, supposing one starts from New Orleans, is to go by rail to Morgan City. Take a boat there to New Iberia and catch the sleepy little train to Abbeville, where it is easy enough to find a boatman willing and waiting to pilot interested ones up Vermilion Bayou, the stream along the banks of which the exiles from Grand Pré settled.

This ride up the Bayou, which is ideally beautiful, is a succession of quaint pictures. Moving scenes of such old time tableaux, that one wonders if after all it isn't a comic opera stream, with groups of seventeenth century peasants in effective milkmaid dresses. Along the banks, almost hidden in a swaying veil of gray moss which festoons the cypress and oaks that stand watching, are the homes of the Acadians or, as they are called locally, "Cajuns." No particular type of architecture prevails. But most of the builders have preserved the primitive simplicity of Nova Scotia a century ago. Some of the cottages are pretty as pictures, but the average "Cajun" house consists of a one-room "main part," with another room piled on top of this, which is reached by winding stairs that ascend on the outside. In many places the houses have been patched on until the effect is not unlike that of a squat little train, marked like Napoleon Jackson, "for eternal rest."

The term Acadian, or "Cajun," is used to identify the descendants of the Nova Scotia wanderers, the theme of Longfellow's poem. Those who know these people best will be the first to tell you that "there are 'Cajuns' and 'Cajuns.'" Many of the men who have made chapters in Louisiana's history proudly trace their ancestry back to the exiled farmers of Grand Pré, and there are many descendants of these simple folk who preserve to a remarkable degree the primitive customs of the seventeenth century. They live as their forefathers lived. They can neither read nor write. They can not speak English. Their religion, which is Catholic, is the one tie that binds them to the folk of the

ACADIAN WEAVERS OF LOUISIANA

bigger world. They make a superhuman effort to get to confession once a month, oftentimes driving fifty miles to the church. They are well called Acadians, for the lives they lead have the simplicity of the old shepherds of the hills. Imagine in this day and time a settlement of people, who, a hundred miles from a great city, preserve the pastoral peace and lack of progress that characterized their fathers. The occupation of these people is farming, but such antediluvian methods are employed that they scarcely get from this richest soil in the world daily bread.

They have progressed so slowly as to have become a term of reproach to their modernized neighbors. It is this class of "Cajuns" which presents the most interesting type to the big world to-day. And it is the womankind of these households that are the salt of the race. They have lost none of their grandmothers' thrift and homely virtues. The men have been more aggressive, through Saturday visits to "le grocerie," in picking up shiftless habits and shirking their responsibilities generally.

WE WERE the invited guests to "A diner des Acadiens," in the home of one of the most famous weavers of the beautiful Acadian goods. Madame Jules was our hostess and the whole family, from the oldest to the youngest, were waiting for us on the banks of the Bayou. The dwelling house proper sits half a mile back on a green rolling prairie. The path thither was dotted with sleek sheep, goats, cows and horses. The walk leading from Madame's front gate into the house proper is a lily-bordered avenue, and the whiteness of the blossoms is reflected in the gleaming floors and galleries in the background. The "Cajun" housewife is first of all a home maker, and her housekeeping makes a visitor wonder if she ever has occasion to do any spring house cleaning at all.

When you enter the front door of the "Cajun's" house you realize that here is hospitality even Arabian. Your hostess plants on your forehead a kiss and calls you *Mon Amie*. Not only are you her guest but her very dear friend. Indeed, one can find one's mind speculating on how lonely she must have been all these years separated from you! And is not this the perfection of graciousness?

You don't know what the nectar of the gods is until you drink "Cajun" coffee. It is a brew that stimulates the imagination and

ACADIAN WEAVERS OF LOUISIANA

quickens the brain. How they make it is another question. But what they make, is a drink that you will want to make a note of to take with you to Paradise—to leave your order for it instead of the sweet milk of Biblical promise. *Café noir* is to the “Cajun” all that the cocktail is to the clubman—and those who have tested it can realize that, given the opportunities of gratification, this is a thirst that no mortal would pray to have taken from him. They serve this coffee in quantities just enough to tantalize you for more—about four tablespoonfuls in a cup bearing in gilt letters an appeal to “Think of Me” or “Remember Me” which is altogether unnecessary to one who has quaffed the magic brew. He will not forget! Just as you are beginning to grieve that the last drop is gone, dinner is announced. For the “Cajun” takes *café noir* before instead of after eating.

The following menu is appended for those who have not been favored by an invitation to such a feast.

MENU.

Gumbo de crevisse.
Cochon de lait. *Du pain mais.*
Potato Salade. *Ris Jambalaya.*
Fricassée Champignons.
Kush-Kush. *Lait.* *Canard Farci.*
Ambrosia.

It may be explained that the *gumbo de crevisse* is crawfish gumbo, one of the dishes for which the “Cajun” cooks of Louisiana are famous. *Cochon de lait* is a roast sucking pig, natural enough looking, as he was borne proudly aloft and deposited in the center of the table by our hostess, to walk off with the gleaming apple between his teeth. The *jambalaya* served with the pig was composed of—what? Truly one who had never tasted it before could not be expected to identify the ingredients. The foundation seemed to be rice flavored with all sorts of mysterious condiments and magical herbs, the whole colored brown and further enriched by the gravy from the pig. *Du pain mais* is corn bread that makes you wonder how people could support bakers’ shops. *Fricassée champignons* is a most delectable dish, wild mushrooms, with a wonderful tan sauce

ACADIAN WEAVERS OF LOUISIANA

poured over them. "Kush-kush" isn't a lullaby—even if it does sound like one, but a dish held in high regard by the "Cajuns," who serve it in a dozen ways. The favorite method, however, is to eat it with syrup or with "claye" clabber. It is simply fried yellow hominy, but you would never identify it by the taste. The *canard farci* was glorified roast wild duck. The crowning joy of the feast—this was most apparent—was the dessert, the *Americaine ambrosia*—the recipe of which had been brought back from a visit to town. This was made of ancient shredded cocoanut, but not one could resist Madame's beaming, prideful eye as she set it before us. Not to eat, and eat appreciatively of that imported delicacy, it was easy enough to perceive, would be a breach of etiquette hard to forgive.

IT WAS largely through the efforts of Miss Patte Gorham Weeks of New Iberia, La., that the "Cajun" women found a market for their handicraft. Miss Weeks has a heart that yearns to help her fellow-women, especially those poor creatures whom Fate has placed so far from Opportunity's door. Living as the "Cajuns" do in isolated places—twenty to fifty miles from the nearest town—it may readily be seen that without help the difficulties of getting the public interested would have been an impossible undertaking. In various hunting trips with her father, Miss Weeks as a child saw and knew these people. She won their confidence and love. As she grew older she saw with understanding eyes the burdens laid upon the women of the families.

There was only one thing they could do superlatively well and that was to weave. And this art was fast dying out, being held in contempt by the younger generations. A plan finally suggested itself to Miss Weeks, and she proceeded to put it into operation. She visited all the homes accessible, and persuaded the housewives to let her see the handiwork of their grandmothers and great-grandmothers. Among these old spreads were some really wonderful designs and patterns. She argued with the daughters that weaving, if undertaken in the right spirit and as conscientiously as the older women had worked, might bring them in a comfortable income. After having persuaded the "Cajuns" to do the work, it was up to her to dispose of it. She proceeded to write to various arts and crafts guilds and to large department stores. It was necessary in these early days to

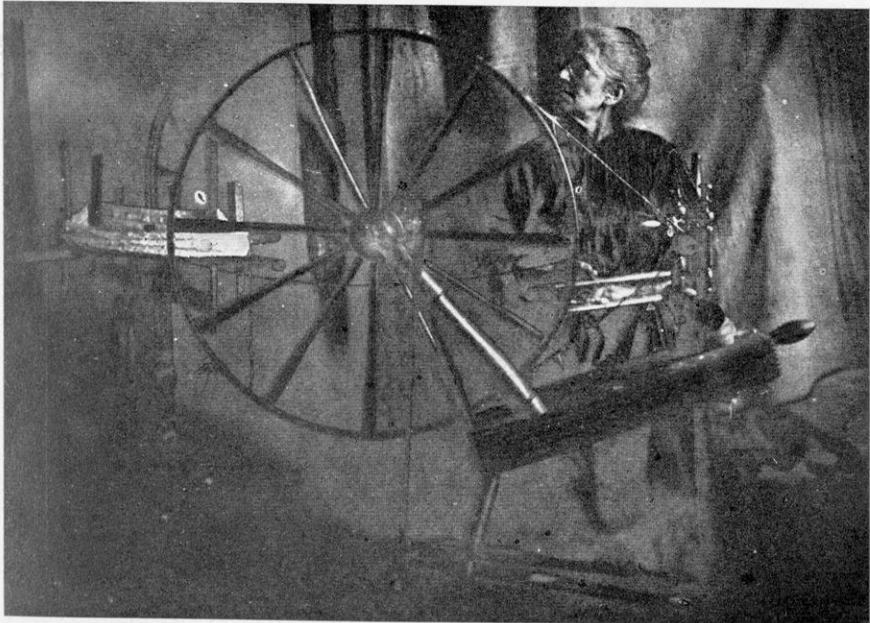
ACADIAN WEAVERS OF LOUISIANA

do much writing to convince possible customers that the articles for sale were as represented. With each blanket and counterpane was sent a short history of the weaver and a picturesque description of the country in which she lived. Persistence finally won the battle, and now there is a wide and steadily increasing demand for the beautiful products of the "Cajun" woman's loom.

The handicrafts of the Acadians are comparatively unknown to even the Southerners. They are doing a number of beautiful things in the way of weaving, making rugs, baskets, and furniture. It is interesting to note in connection with the weaving done by these women that the cotton used is planted, plowed, hoed, and picked by them. It is then carded after the seeds have been taken from it by hand—the cotton gin as yet is not popular with this unprogressive people—and spun into thread which is then woven into "Cajun" cloth. The cotton used is of two kinds, the ordinary cotton of Southern fields and the nankeen, which is used undyed in the production of nankeen colored goods.

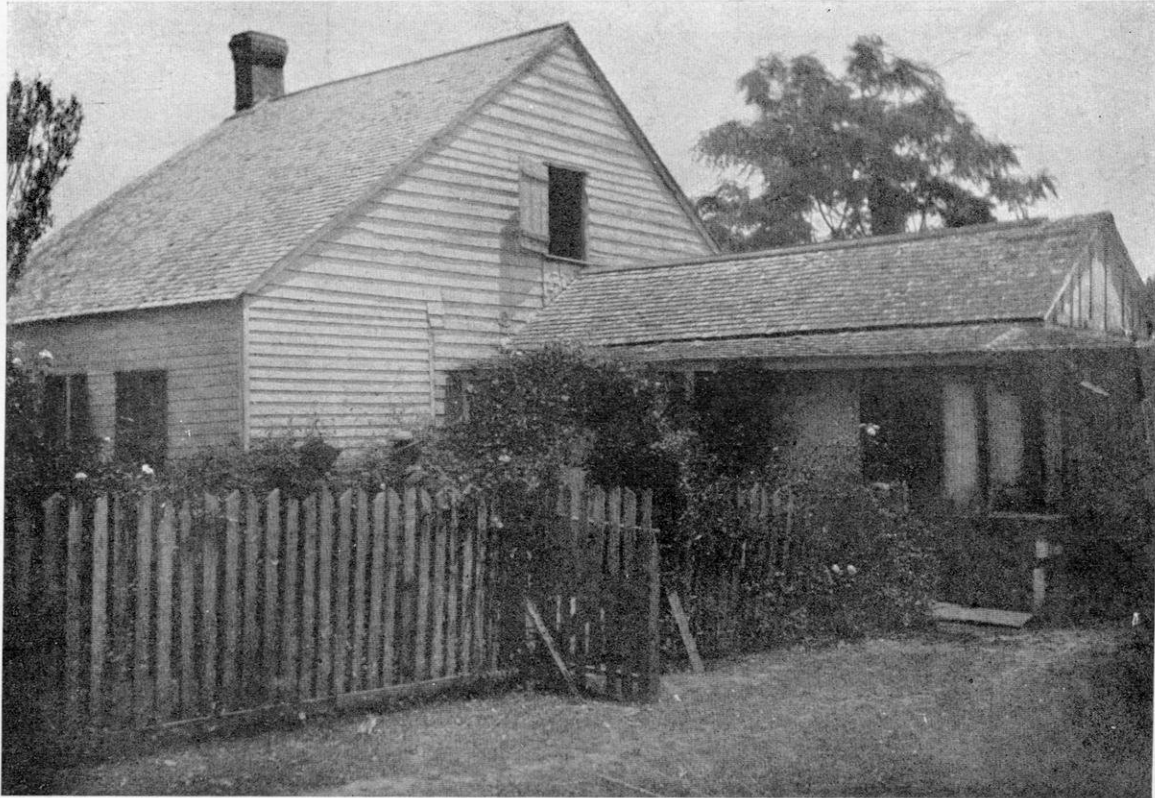
"Cajun" homespun may be either wool or cotton or a mixture of both. The excellence of the cloth depends largely on the skill of the weaver. Of this cloth, the commonest known is the bluejeans and cottonade. There are several grades of cottonade. Next to this is a thicker cloth in brown or blue, known as homespun. In addition to these grades, the weavers turn out many different white stuffs, for sheets, coverlids, clothing and blankets. The designs are varied, those in the white being ribbed and cross-woven most effectively.

Blankets woven of either wool or cotton have come to be recognized as among the most excellent articles turned out of these looms, and this is saying a good deal, since all the material woven by the Acadians is practically everlasting. The blankets are woven double width and sewed together. The favorite colors in the old days were the brown or nankeen colors. Next to these comes the blue, colored by indigo, which is planted, tended and converted by some secret process of the "Cajun" woman into a dye that never fades nor loses its original brightness. The different shades of blue that these artists evoke from a pot of this unsightly plant is really remarkable. They range from the most delicate baby blue on through the *ciel* shades to Delft and dark blue. Combined with white, these blues give most beautiful results. Many have found in the blankets and coverlids



"THE LIVES THEY LEAD HAVE
THE SIMPLICITY OF THE HILLS"

MADAME BICOU-BODREAUX, THE
WEAVER OF "EVANGELINE SPREADS"



"IT SITS FAR BACK FROM THE CHEROKEE ROSE
HEDGES THAT LINE THE ROAD TO JEFFERSON'S HOME"

ACADIAN WEAVERS OF LOUISIANA

woven in the soft "Cajun" colors all the individuality of carvings and paintings. There are of course a number of other dyes—pinks, reds and the various "store" tints which the women have seen, admired and tried to copy. But none of these compares to the original "Cajun" colors. A brown dye is made from walnut leaves, and a very effective maroon red used to be made from the bark of the red oak tree, but this is fast dying out of the forests of the fair Opelousas, and nothing satisfactory has been discovered as a substitute.

MADAME JULES pointed to a table overflowing with the work of her busy loom. Here the homespun in all its varied beauty was shown to an excellent advantage. In this grade, light enough for dresses, suits and general wear, all the delicate shades of cream, soft browns, blues and a wealth of the white in its natural shades were ready for the market.

Some of the prettiest patterns were in Delft blue homespun and barred, loosely woven cream white. All shades ranging from the biscuit brown to the dark brown were shown. Aside from the beauty of the stuff, the sentiment back of it, the hand work, the patient labor of the women, who are in this way making their daily bread and supporting large families, all add a commercial value to the goods that the progressive spirit of more than one Northern "promoter" has been quick to perceive. In several instances, attempts have been made by firms of world wide advertisement to "corner" the output of the "Cajun" woman's loom. But none of these has been successful.

It is a pretty thought that interwoven with these goods is the story of the Acadian maiden who, whether a myth or not, has come to be to these people a creature not only of reality but in many cases a near and dear dead relation. They have immortalized her memory in Evangeline bedspreads, Evangeline rugs, and Evangeline portières.

The blankets are woven of wool or cotton and the colors employed are commonly called "Evangeline colors," cream, pale blue, and white. They also make Evangeline baby blankets, which are smaller, fluffier and suggest embroidered forget-me-nots massed, so delicate and deep is the down and of such an ethereal shade.

The Evangeline portières are woven of pieces of silk in the colors suggested, and show surprising originality and beauty. The same

ACADIAN WEAVERS OF LOUISIANA

material by the yard may be employed in place of burlap on walls, for upholstering and couch covers. The "Cajun" woman will weave for a trifle these portières if the silk is sent to her, cut in narrow strips and sewed together. They also weave "Memory portières" or "Friendship portières" which they prettily call *portières des amis*. These are made of scraps of silk that are supposed to come freighted with tender associations.

One of the novelties that Madame Jules has put upon the market is an automobile blanket. This is woven in color and design to suit the customer. One could hardly think of anything more at variance than an Acadian woman weaving an automobile blanket.

Another art that these women have at their finger tips is rug making. The rugs are made of rags plaited and sewed together in many odd designs and pretty shapes. On the snow white floors they are most effective. Here and there over Madame's house were scattered stands made by the men, placed on the rugs and on these in turn were the flowers "Cajun" women must have. The men should have their share of praise. They don't do much, but semi-occasionally they have energetic spells in which they make beautiful hickory chairs, with white oak split, or hide, bottoms, bleached from their own cattle. Not a screw or nail is used in fashioning these chairs. From the great gourds, that grow about every "Cajun" home, the men whittle baskets that are cut and laced up with thongs of leather. These are used to keep the provisions in.

A NUMBER of beautiful baskets were shown us. They were woven of willow splits and rush grasses. In the old days a favorite diversion was the plaiting of hats from the long rush grasses. These were not unlike the Panamas of to-day. The furniture in Madame's house was simple and elegant enough to delight an artist. The rooms, all of which were thrown open for inspection, were characterized by a nun-like lack of ornament. The beds were walnut four posters, the armoires, of the same wood, some over a hundred years old. On the quaint bureaus, instead of the usual implements of feminine vanity, invariably stood a crucifix, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and always the rosary.

The whole family busied itself to get the various implements of work out on the gallery to have the pictures taken. Madame's an-

ACADIAN WEAVERS OF LOUISIANA

cient loom, over an ell in width, was of course stationary, but the various spinning wheels, carding boards, reels, and the dozens of different stands to hold the thread, the cloth and the crude cotton were arranged by the interested family themselves. Four generations of weavers grouped themselves about the homely distaff and spindle. Madame herself, then came *grandmere*, who in turn gave everybody to understand that *la vielle* (the old one) must not be left out. *La vielle* was her mother. Madame's daughter, a comparatively young woman, came in to complete the four generations. When the group was finally arranged the gallery presented a pretty picture. There was *la vielle*, the wrinkled crone, huddled crooning to her wheel, then came *grandmere*, looking about the same age—a hundred or so—then Madame Jules offset by her blooming daughter.

These women marry when they are mere girls, and by the time they are twenty-five or thirty they are the worn out, withered mothers of ten or twelve children. The children, so insidious is the modern smartness, scorn the simple tasks of their forefathers. The girls don't like the "Cajun" homespun dresses; they much prefer the store calicoes and cheap challies. On the *meres*, the *grandmeres*, and *les veilles* the task of supporting the large families rests. Here indeed is the affection that hopes and endures and is patient. One instinctively wonders if it ever occurs to these women, wives of the shiftless men and mothers of the more shiftless daughters and sons, how pathetic is their lot, how hopeless their lives. What do they think of as they sit patiently through the long days weaving the goods that perhaps they will not be able to dispose of, so cheap has commerce made other stuffs that serve the same purpose.

THE description of the Acadians and their lives would be incomplete without a thumbnail sketch of Madame Bicou-Bodreaux, the weaver of Evangeline bedspreads. She lives in a cottage the prototype of the Anne Hathaway abode that prosperous friends send back to you postmarked Stratford-on-Avon. To reach this retreat requires much patience and the unerring instinct of a carrier pigeon. For it sits far back from the Cherokee rose hedges that line the road going to Joe Jefferson's old island home. To reach it, you travel interminable miles over plowed cane fields and through endless gates. Stevenson's cheerful remark that it is better to travel hope-

ACADIAN WEAVERS OF LOUISIANA

fully than to arrive might be called forth by some of the pilgrimages that we made to the Acadian homes, but not to this one. Peaceful and pretty, cool and enticing, it swam into the line of vision just when we were giving up in despair.

The object of our visit was explained and the much desired spreads cheerfully exhibited. These Evangeline spreads are woven in white, blue, or in the two colors, the preferred pattern being white blocked off with Delft blue, the whole finished by a fall of hand-made lace, knitted with the mingled threads. It is interesting to note that the housewives do the weaving, but only the *grandmeres* and *les veilles*—they are in every family—make the lace. They knit in the long winter evenings, and a “Cajun” woman never takes up lace-making until she joins the great-grandmothers’ ranks. With the spreads is sometimes made a smaller piece, also finished with the lace, for a bolster-cover. Madame Bicou opened an ancient press to display the various patterns on which she prides herself. Here, she explained, were several in which she had revived a certain ridged effect found in the counterpanes over a hundred years old, but which had in later years not found favor with the Acadian housewife.

Her workroom is in the attic, and thither she led the way.

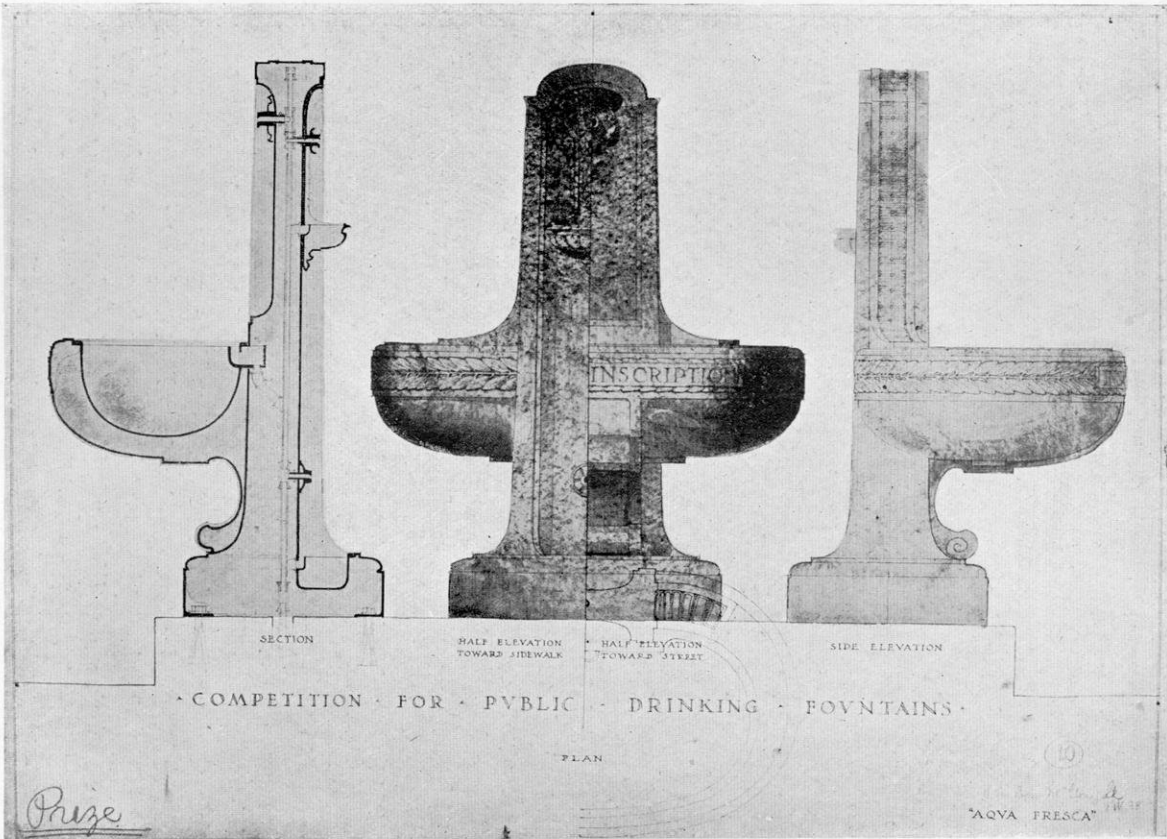
Hidden under cobwebs and dust was all the old family furniture, discarded with the new prosperity to make room for red plush and imitation oak. Madame’s loom occupied nearly the entire room. This loom had been in her family for five generations. In addition she showed reels and cards, distaffs and spinning wheels; the most recent of these looked as if they might have been used by ancient Roman matrons.

Downstairs, after we had rested and been refreshed with more “Cajun” coffee, Madame led us into her garden. Madame Bicou at her loom is an interesting and quaint figure, but Madame Bicou among her old-fashioned, grand-duke jessamines and pink, rose-shaded walks is a good deal cooler memory to carry away with one. The entire family followed to the carriages, heaping upon us a wealth of sweet-scented blossoms that grow about a house.

“You’ll carm back, yais,” the son who speaks *anglais* most fluently acted as mouthpiece for his exuberantly cordial family group, “now you know de road?”



THE ACADIANS ARE DOING BEAUTIFUL WORK IN WEAVING, MAKING RUGS, BASKETS AND FURNITURE



MR. MAGONIGLE'S PRIZE DESIGN FOR DRINKING FOUNTAINS FOR WHICH THE SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS PAID \$500

SIXTY NEW DRINKING FOUNTAINS FOR NEW YORK CITY PROVIDED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS



WITH the enormous increase of population in New York City, it is becoming a matter of the most vital importance that the question of both the health and beauty of the metropolis should be seriously considered by those having the city's welfare in charge. With the overcrowding of population, not only of human beings but of animals, it is becoming an absolute necessity that the city should in every possible way provide for greater comfort and convenience.

This point of view is being recognized by The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has just given a prize of five hundred dollars for the best design for a public drinking fountain. The Society is just at present beginning a new administration under a new president, Colonel Alfred Wagstaff. The question of drinking fountains was one of the first public matters to be taken up by the new president. Through the generosity of one of the members, the Society was able to offer this prize for a design to be executed in bronze, the competition open to all architects, sculptors, modelers and decorative designers under specific conditions. Seventy-seven separate designs were offered by sixty-five different artists. There were four judges: the new president; the chairman of the Art Commission of the State of New York, Mr. Robert A. De Forest; president of the Municipal Art Society, Mr. Charles R. Lamb, and Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, of Columbia University, who acted for the donor. The decision in awarding the prize to Mr. H. Van Buren Magonigle was unanimous with the four judges, though a number of other designs were highly commended by the committee.

Under the terms of the competition four hundred dollars was paid to the artist when the design was accepted and became the property of the Society; if adopted for execution, the artist was to make the necessary full-sized drawings for the pattern maker and founder, and to pass upon the first casting made; for this additional work he was to receive one hundred dollars. The expense of erecting the fountain formerly in use by the Society was two hundred and fifty dollars, including casting, excavation, piping, etc. The present intention is to

DRINKING FOUNTAINS FOR NEW YORK

limit the cost of Mr. Magonigle's fountain also to two hundred and fifty dollars.

THE necessity for simplicity of design and strength of construction is abundantly demonstrated by the experiences of the Society with the former city drinking fountains erected under its care. It has been necessary to have these fountains constantly visited by a corps of inspectors, and they are frequently found seriously damaged or put out of order; sometimes by carelessness of city truckmen and sometimes through malicious mischief—the latter is especially noticeable in the tenement districts. Even where the drinking fountains have been provided for children, the very boys and girls that are expected to profit by them will fill the pipes with gravel and sticks and destroy the basins. It is a difficult matter to meet this sort of destructive mischief, because the root of it is way back in the family life that does not attempt to control or instruct its offspring. This is a question for schools, settlement workers, and sociologists. The destruction that comes from the wantonly careless driving of truckmen could be controlled by city fines, if the matter could be taken up by the municipal government; but at the present time the truckmen of New York City have the power to menace and terrorize which the brigands of European countries had a few centuries ago, and they are about as lawless.

If possible, and within the limit of cost, the basin of the new fountain is to be sufficiently large for two horses to drink from at once, and near the base there is a small basin, from six to nine inches above the sidewalk, for dogs. Some of the fountains will also carry an additional apparatus for people to drink from. The people's drinking basin is not, however, a matter of so much importance for the Society, which concerns itself almost wholly with benefiting animals. Already application has been made to the Board of Aldermen for sites for sixty of these fountains, and they will be erected as rapidly as the Society's money will permit. The number of old fountains in common use in the city is estimated to be about four hundred and fifty. This will give New York a total of five hundred and ten drinking fountains.

WAYFARER OF EARTH

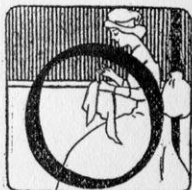
UP, HEART of mine,
Thou wayfarer of Earth!
Of seed divine,
Be mindful of thy birth.
Tho' the flesh faint
Through long-endured constraint
Of nights and days,
Lift up thy praise
To Life, that set thee in such strenuous ways,
And left thee not
To drowse and rot
In some thick-perfumed and luxurious plot.

Strong, strong is Earth,
With vigor for thy feet,
To make thy wayfaring
Tireless and fleet.
And good is Earth—
But Earth not all thy good,
O Thou with seed of suns
And star-fire in thy blood.

And tho' thou feel
The slow clog of the hours
Leaden upon thy heel,
Put forth thy powers.
Thine the deep sky,
The unpreempted blue,
The haste of storm,
The hush of dew.
Thine, thine the free
Exalt of star and tree,
The reinless run,
Of wind and sun,
The vagrance of the sea!

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

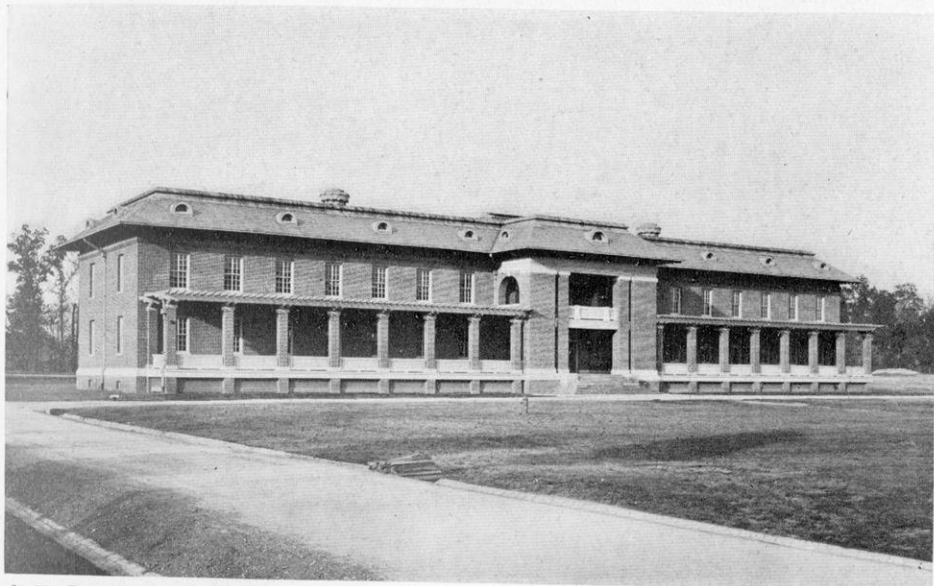
SOLDIERS' HOME IN TENNESSEE: A NOTE-WORTHY EXAMPLE OF A GROUP OF BUILDINGS PLANNED AS A WHOLE



ONE of the best examples in this country of a group of buildings planned as a whole with special reference to climate, surroundings and the relation of the buildings to each other, to the grounds and to the landscape, is the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, near Johnson City, Tennessee. True, this is a public institution, established at a cost of over a million dollars to serve a well-defined national purpose and governed as an institution, but the place itself is a well-nigh perfect illustration of a colony planned for co-operative living, and should be rich in suggestion to those who purpose to put into practice the idea that is finding such wide expression in the various garden cities and industrial villages here and abroad, as well as in the restricted residence parks where co-operative living is being made the subject of more or less practical experiment.

As is well known, this Soldiers' Home is provided for veterans of both North and South, and accommodates about twenty-five hundred. It is a small city in itself, and the notable features of its plan and construction might well be adapted to a colony of individuals who wished to live among beautiful, uncrowded surroundings, and to carry on the business of home life with a minimum of friction and needless expenditure. With barracks, hospital and other buildings of a purely institutional character replaced by dwellings, almost the identical plan might be carried out to excellent advantage in a residential colony, for the increasing difficulties of the servant problem draw us nearer to what seems the only practical solution—the central kitchen and mess-hall, co-operative storehouse supplied directly at wholesale rates, and the co-operative laundry.

When it was decided to build a Soldiers' Home in Tennessee, a plateau about twenty-three hundred feet above sea level and with an area about a mile and three-quarters in length and three-quarters of a mile in width was selected in the Cumberland Mountains, near Johnson City and about three hours' ride over the mountains from Asheville and Biltmore. The plateau was fallow farm land surrounded by thick forests of pine and maple, with a mountain stream running through a



J. H. Freedlander, Architect

THE "DOUBLE CHAPEL," WITH ONE WING ARRANGED
FOR PROTESTANT AND ONE FOR CATHOLIC WORSHIP

THE BARRACKS ARE ATTRACTIVE FROM
THEIR SIMPLE, STURDY LINES



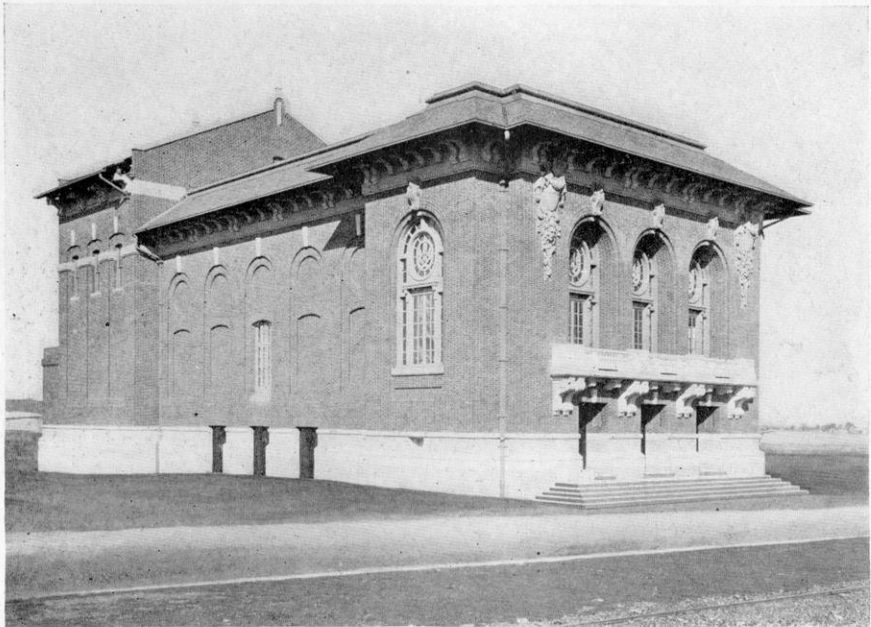
J. H. Freedlander, Architect

THE MESS HALL OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME



J. H. Freedlander, Architect

THE WILLIAM BROWNLOW BARRACKS



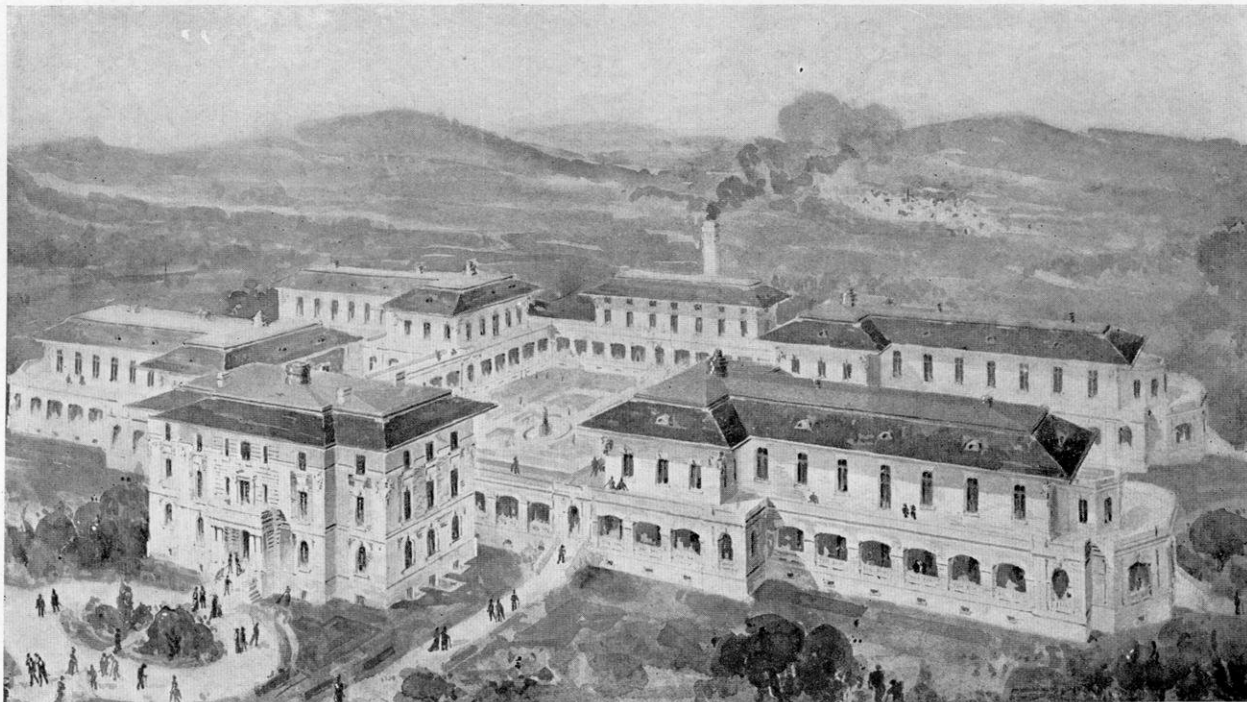
J. H. Freedlander, Architect

BAND STAND ON THE PARADE GROUND
THE MEMORIAL HALL



J. H. Freedlander, Architect

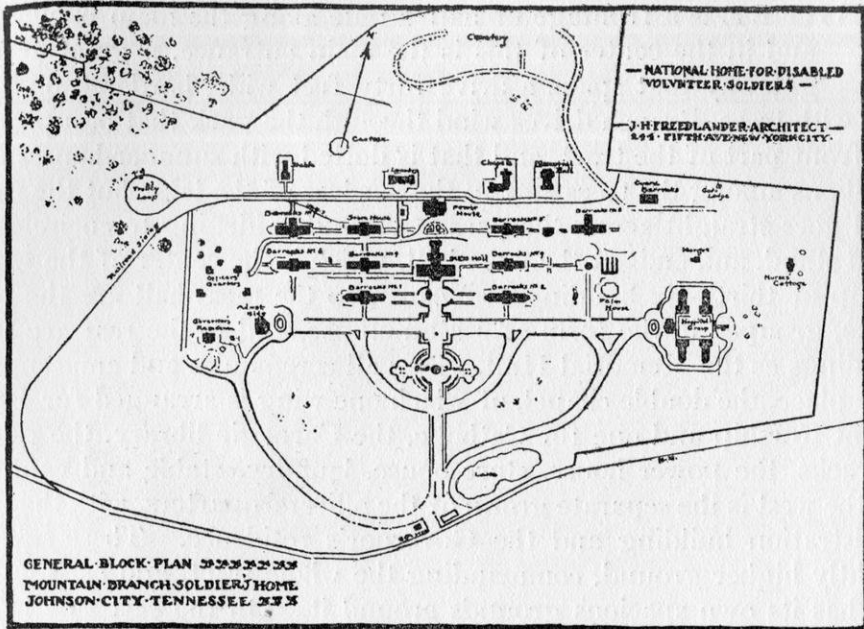
POWER HOUSE FOR ELECTRIC SUPPLY
THE LAUNDRY IS A SEPARATE
BUILDING, AND AN ATTRACTIVE ONE



J. H. Freedlander, Architect

THE HOSPITAL GROUP OF SIX BUILDINGS

SOLDIERS' HOME IN TENNESSEE



deep ravine across one end. The whole landscape around was broken by peaks, woods and ravines, and the Great Smoky range in the distance formed a background to all. It was a perfect site, entirely secluded from the rush and roar of the world, and yet within easy reach of town and market, especially as the Southern Railroad would skirt the front of the tract and a trolley line the rear.

It would have been so dangerously easy to have spoiled even this environment with commonplace, pretentious buildings, badly grouped and having not the slightest relationship to the general contour of the landscape, but the men in charge were wise enough to recognize the element of beauty and fitness as well as utility, and called for plans treating the entire group of buildings and the surrounding grounds as parts of one homogeneous whole that should in its turn be a part of the landscape. The architect whose plans were chosen was J. H. Freedlander of New York, and the work as it stands is a little model city in perfect harmony with its environment and admirably fitted to serve its purpose.

SOLDIERS' HOME IN TENNESSEE

THERE is a frontage of half a mile along the main boulevard, and in the center of this is the main entrance, a great arched gateway that spans a drive forty feet wide, bordered on each side with trees. Branch drives wind through the park that occupies all the front part of the tract, and that is dotted with summer-houses and pavilions among the trees and on the borders of the lake, but the main road goes straight across the parade ground, widening to encircle the band stand, and ends at the mess hall, which is the center of the whole group of thirty-six buildings. Nearest to the mess hall are the barracks, grouped in the form of a semi-ellipse, and to the rear are such buildings as the Memorial Hall, where all ceremonies and amusements take place, the double chapel, of which one wing is arranged for Protestant worship and one for Catholic, the Carnegie library, the guard barracks, the power house, store house, laundry, stable and canteen. To the west is the separate group of the officers' quarters, with the Administration building and the Governor's residence. These are on slightly higher ground, commanding the whole tract, and each building has its own spacious grounds around it. On the east side is the hospital group, placed there because the prevailing winds of the region are westerly and tend to carry away any germs from the main settlement. The hospital includes six separate buildings, connected by glass-covered corridors and arranged in rectangular form around an Italian formal garden with a central fountain, that is in charming contrast with the natural park-like arrangement of the grounds. The nurses' cottage is near the group, and the morgue, at a little distance, is connected with the hospital by an underground passage. At the back of the tract, and hidden by a screen of trees, is a small cemetery.

All the buildings are modeled on the style of the French Renaissance, and are admirably adapted to the requirements of the climate and to the contour of the surrounding country. They are built of the native timber, brick and limestone, and are very simply treated, with long, low forms, straight lines, and wide, overhanging roofs. There are plenty of wide verandas and sun-rooms for outdoor life, and provision is made for the greatest possible amount of sunshine and fresh air in all the buildings. The park, with its pleasant walks and inviting little summer-houses, offers a constant temptation to those who are able to spend a large part of their time out of doors, but those who are house-bound have also their share of ozone and sunlight.

AN APPEAL TO CAESAR—A STORY: BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL



HE Primary Boss dug her chin deeper into the hollow of her little brown palm. Digging deeper seemed to help, though as yet the Plan had eluded her. The thing she had undertaken to do, in the presence of so many witnesses, stood a long way off still, beckoning to her tantalizingly. At first she had nodded and smiled and cried to it: "See me come and do you!" but now—latterly—she only sat and dug her chin deeper.

There were only Marm Mollie and Mick—would they make good advisers if they had never been to a primary school nor had recesses of any length? It was borne in upon the Primary Boss that neither Marm Mollie nor Mick had ever been, or ever had. Still she was in straits.

The Primary Boss rose to her little white-shod feet and went slowly into the house. While she ate her bread and milk she would ask Marm Mollie's advice. She stated the case between bread-and-milk spoonfuls. Then:

"What would you 'vise, Marm Mollie?" she asked. "You just s'posen 'twas you."

The old black face put on extra wrinkles of thought.

"My, my, my, Missy Mary, how you s'pose I *gwine* s'pose? I ain't never been thar."

"I was a little 'fraid you hadn't ever been to sc—had priverleges," Mary said gently. She did not wish to hurt Marm Mollie's feelings. "But haven't you ever had any recess—not *any*?"

"Now, see here, Missy Mary, how you s'pose dis ole Marm *gwine* tell what a—a—t'ing like dat is?"

"A recess is when you're studying your lessons and the teacher rings a bell and you *don't* study 'em—just play things; to rest you, you know, Marm Mollie."

Dear, no, Marm Mollie did not know. No bell had ever rung for her to just play things or rest. If it meant that, then— "No, I ain't nebber had one o' dem t'ings, honey," Marm Mollie said, smilingly certain. "Dis ole Marm ain't nebber 'xpectin' no bell to ring fo' her to play till dey rings de Golden Bell."

It seemed then that Marm Mollie could not be an adviser. Mick was left, but it was with no degree of enthusiasm that the Primary

AN APPEAL TO CAESAR

Boss sought out Mick. The thing she had undertaken to do retreated a little farther.

"What would *you* do, s'posen 'twas you, Mick?" she asked in conclusion of the succinct statement of her case. "You wouldn't *bear* it, would you?"

"Down wid th' tyrints!" shouted Mick by way of answer. His strident voice and animated gesture with the stable broom was rather alarming and the Primary Boss backed rapidly toward the door.

"Down wid th' thraitors! Up wid yer roights! Niver say die! There's me advice in a peanut shell an' no ixpinse to th' ladies." He bowed grandly and returned to his sweeping.

Dicky Price, emerging from his own door with the fat little smile of one who has dined well, spied the Primary Boss and came across.

"You thought up the Plan yet, Mary?" he questioned cheerfully.

"No, Dicky Price, so there!"

"You promised! You promised!"

"Well, I haven't un-promised, have I?"

But Dick's face put on, in place of the fat little smile, a sinister jeer.

"Ho, you're goin' to give it up—you're goin' to give it up, an' you *per-rom-ised!*"

The voice of the Primary Boss was splendid for majesty. "Dicky Price, ten minutes is long enough for *you*, but you'll have the—the benefit of longer'n that very soon. Only I'll be happy to have you know"—it was grand—"that I didn't do it for anybody with the name o' Dicky Price!"

AFTER that there was no giving up, of course. The Primary Boss had never heard of an appeal to Caesar, nor of Caesar. But before she started next day, her third reader under her arm, for the primary grade she had decided to appeal to Caesar. The exigencies of the case had decided her. Dicky Price was the chief exigency.

A confederate would be needed. From every standpoint Dilly Francis seemed best adapted to be a confederate. Scarcely a week passed that she did not stump quakingly along the corridor to the superintendent's little, awful room. It was now about time for the weekly trip.

AN APPEAL TO CAESAR

"You going to be good or bad to-day, Dilly Francis?" the Primary Boss whispered to the Confederate at the door of the schoolroom, "Because if you're going to be bad, all right. I've thought of something."

"I'm goin' to be bad," the Confederate returned promptly, distinctly relieved that it was this way about, since being bad came easy.

"Well, then you wait," ordered mysteriously the Primary Boss. The morning session droned away as usual, uneventfully, dully. At recess it was the same old story. The bell rang in the middle of a beautiful play,—it always rang in the *middle*. There seemed no prospect of anything else, though the Primary Boss had "per-rom-ised." The faith of the other primaries in the Primary Boss ran very low. Yet, if they had but known, already on their little horizon had appeared the sail of hope.

"Dilly Francis, that is the third time you have eaten a peach to-day! You may go to the superintendent's room and report."

"'Twas 'xactly the same peach every time," murmured Dilly Francis, but rose with alacrity. The Primary Boss, who sat very near the door, slipped out unperceived with her.

"Now take hold o' hands—*run!* Teacher mustn't catch me till—till after." It might have been "till after I'm dead," from the tragedy in the tone of the Primary Boss. It was easy to catch people after they were dead.

Arrived at the Terrible Room, the Primary Boss issued orders: "No, *I'm* going in. While we're play—talking, you wait out here." She thrust a small bell into Dilly's hand. "Ring it when I tell you to. Hard,—right through the keyhole. When I say Now—'Now!' like that, you ring!"

The Primary Boss opened the door and walked into the Terrible Room.

"It's me—I'm here," she announced in a high key. High keys be-token courage.

"Why, Mary, *you?*" Caesar's—the superintendent's—voice expressed grieved surprise, as if it had never been Mary before.

"I haven't been bad," hastily Mary. "I wasn't *sended*. I came—I came to play with you." Her round face seemed no longer round, but pinched and drawn. She was sure that Caesar must hear the pounding of her heart-beats.

AN APPEAL TO CAESAR

“I’LL count out. Eenie meenie minie *mo*, catch a butterfly’n let him *go*—”

“Hold on!—what does it all mean, Mary?” Caesar’s voice was kind. The remote twinkles in his eyes were kind. But the straight line of his lips did not vary.

“We’ll play anything you’d rather, but we’d better begin. Teacher don’t know where I am. We’ll play ten minutes and stop right in the middle. I thought,” explained the Primary Boss steadily, “that you’d see how it was if you stopped right in the middle yourself. That’s the only way I could think of. I thought if you had to stop when you wanted dreadfully to keep right on, then you’d let us have twenty minutes ’stead of ten. We’d *rather* have half an hour, and I didn’t know but if you had a very ’specially splendid time playing, you’d— you’d—”

The Primary Boss felt a choking sensation in her throat—a hot ache where the tears were storming the little blue doors of her eyes. Without Caesar there—when she had practised saying all this to the sideboard at home—it had been easy enough to keep on, right on. It had been easy to stand up haughtily straight and let her voice “ring out”—now it came in faint little jerks and gasps. It ought to ring out.

“Go on, Mary,—twenty minutes ’stead of ten, you said—”

“Yes, for recesses. Ten are a *very* few to play in, and the bell always stops us in the middle. And then I promised—”

“Yes, you promised—”

“So I came to play with you and Dilly Francis is going to ring the bell right in the middle and you’ll see how it feels and I guess we better begin right now.” The Primary Boss was holding hard to the horns of her courage and talking fast. In the practice-speech there had been many other things besides these which she had already said—agitatedly. The little Primary Boss groped for those other things.

Outside the door waited Dilly Francis and the bell. Dilly’s mild, dull little face had bewildered creases in it. At any instant—perhaps the next!—the Primary Boss might say “*Now!*” What it all meant was shut out from Dilly’s comprehension, but, uncomprehending, she waited bell in hand.

Inside the room, things had begun to really happen. The Primary Boss and Caesar were playing; one in a strange, life-and-death little

AN APPEAL TO CAESAR

way, the other gravely, unaccustomedly, but according to directions. The game went on.

"No, no, you must scooch down! I can't touch you when you're scooched, you know."

It appeared that Caesar did not know, but scooched. The twinkles in the remote recesses of his eyes were coming to the front. His lips remained pertinaciously straight-lined.

"Now run—*run!*"

There was clatter of furniture pushed aside, overturned—pounding of light feet and heavy feet. The bell shook in Dilly Francis's fingers, at the sounds. It might be the very next instant that ever—

"Now!"

Dilly rang as she never rang before, and the play in the Terrible Room stopped in the *middle*. The players, breathing a little hard, looked into each other's faces. The face of the Primary Boss was sharp with anxiety. The fate of the thing she had promised to do hung in the balance.

"Th-*there*, you see how it f-eels," she gasped weakly. For from great Caesar's face she could not tell—she tried, but could not read h-o-p-e on it. "This is the way the bell always stops us right in the middle—now you can tell how mis'able it is—it's pretty bad, isn't it? You want to keep right on and you *have* to stop. Ten are such a very few minutes—"

CAESAR sank into a chair and mopped his brow.

"Yes," he admitted gravely, "I see now. It is a pretty short time. I never realized before."

"Oh! Oh, I thought you'd see now!" the Primary Boss cried joyfully. "Now I thought you would! I thought you'd see *exactly* how it was, and you have, haven't you? You've played and been stopped in the middle and you know how bad it is *yourself*. Now you'll give us twenty minutes 'stead of ten, won't you? Or half an hour—or—or—"

He caught her as she fluttered about him, and drew her down to his knee. And now at last the line of his lips curved upward.

"Hold on, hold on—not too fast, little hearty! You've doubled the time, be satisfied with that. Now that I know how it feels, I will give you twenty minutes to play. We'll go and tell the rest."

AN APPEAL TO CAESAR

The gratitude and triumph in the round little face of the Primary Boss crowded together to let in eagerness.

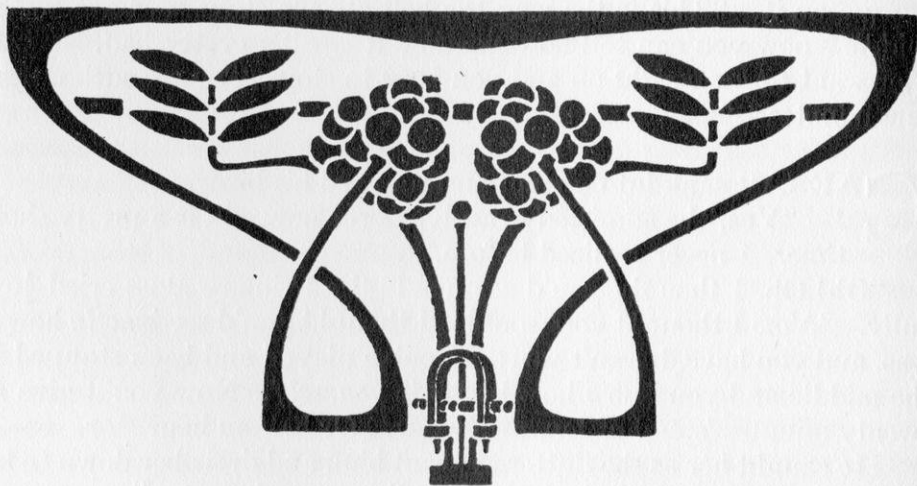
"Let *me*—please, please! I mean tell 'em, because I promised. I said I would and now I have! If I *could* tell 'em myself—"

"Come on," he said, and held out his hand. Outside he extended the other hand to Dilly Francis. The three walked staidly down the corridor. No one remembered the original sin of Dilly Francis.

"Teacher" looked up, mildly surprised. "One moment," the superintendent said smilingly, lifting his hand in the customary way, to gain attention, "Miss Mary here has a notice to give—now, Mary."

She stood splendidly tall before them all, but she looked only at Dicky Price—straight at Dicky Price who had jeered. The pride of attainment illumined her face. Her voice rang out.

"I promised," the Primary Boss said clearly, "and I have. He played and stopped in the middle and we're going to have twenty minutes now. *Twenty 'stead of ten!*"



HANDICRAFTS IN THE CITY—WHAT THEIR COMMERCIAL SIGNIFICANCE IS UNDER METROPOLITAN CONDITIONS: BY MARY K. SIMKHOVITCH



THE revival of handicrafts in America has taken place largely in the country where rent is nominal, and where for the most part the crafts have been supplementary to other occupations. It is a question whether the development of the arts and crafts is suitable to the conditions of life in a large city. If a few general principles can be laid down they may prove timely. For the enthusiasm the word handicraft arouses is prone to be most indiscriminate, and the public will readily say "how interesting" or "how lovely" without regard to the financial success of the undertaking, the wages of the worker, or the permanent value of crafts training.

What the nature of the problem is may be indicated by haphazard reference to any craft. Take bookbinding. Bookbinding pays under two conditions, when there is division of labor, when in fact it is no longer a handicraft (*i. e.*, the finished product of one hand-worker) but a *trade*; or when, being the product of the hand-worker, it is so uniquely interesting or beautiful that it can command a monopoly price. Here we have the key to one guiding principle. Anything that is unique can command a unique price, and in so far as any craft exhibits a very superior quality of workmanship that craft is a financial success. This is just as true in the city as in the country. If *unusually beautiful* metal work, pottery, lace, embroidery, woodwork, etc., can be produced it will command the unusual price and is economically justifiable.

Superior quality in crafts work depends upon two things: design and execution. And although the handicrafts extremist insists upon designer and worker being one and the same person, there seems to be no reason why in many of the handicrafts the two functions should not be separated, though the worker must be able to appreciate good design and the designer ought to know good work when he sees it. Most of the crafts have proved inferior in one or other of these directions. And it is clear that work of a monopoly value, good in design and superior in execution, will necessarily be extremely limited in extent.

HANDICRAFTS IN THE CITY

For the average worker in a city where rents are high it is obvious that hand work can not compete with the machine-made product. The modern man and woman see nothing sacred in hand work from the point of view of product unless it is really good work, and good machine work is generally preferred to poor hand work. It is then clear that in the modern industrial world the normal average worker will not engage in hand work unless it be avocational in character.

As secondary occupations, rug-making, lace, pottery, weaving, etc., will all prove lucrative and useful. The danger here is the stimulating of home work under conditions unfavorable to the health of the worker. Fortunately legislation against home work in crowded cities is making rapid strides and the enlightened promoters of handicrafts will therefore further attempts to provide central workshops even for avocational employment and to discourage home work which degenerates at once for the most part into the complete transformation of the home into the unhealthful shop. But with these precautions, handicrafts as avocations may be economically desirable where they can by no means be recommended as regular occupations for average workers. The average worker, as has already been indicated, can earn far more in the factory or store than in the production of hand work.

THERE is a class of the community, however, shut off from ordinary pursuits that can be readily and profitably turned into crafts work. This is the group of industrial defectives—the deaf, the deformed, and all those who are shut out by physical defects from the common occupations of industry. This group does not expect to obtain the normal rate of wages, and for this group therefore the handicrafts are especially useful. Frequently, also, members of this group may rise into the group first mentioned—those whose quality of workmanship is so good that it may command a monopoly price.

We have then three distinct classes appropriate for hand work in a city.

1. Those whose *quality* of work is so good as to command a monopoly price.

2. Those whose work is *avocational*, their main source of income coming from other quarters (especially women living at home). The

HANDICRAFTS IN THE CITY

prices for such work must compete with machine work, and with work imported from countries where labor is cheaper.

3. Those who are shut out of the ordinary avenues of employment—the industrially *defective*.

In addition, two other large values of hand work must not be overlooked. First the educational value of hand work. All those values claimed for manual training are, of course, inherent in differing degrees in any handicraft, some being far more educational than others.

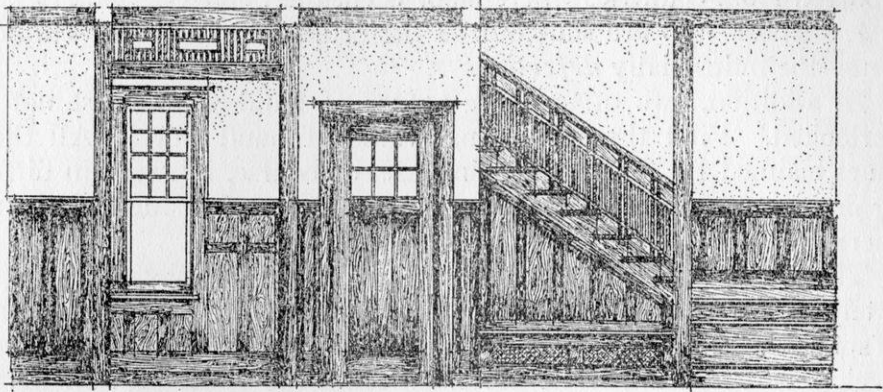
Therefore in teaching handicraft workers one may quite legitimately hold the point of view that one is maintaining a school and not a factory. The subsidizing of the earlier years of any handicraft development is, then, to be defended from the point of view of the educational value of such training to the worker.

A very practical result of such training is often to increase a girl's wage-earning capacity. Thus a girl may study embroidery. Even if she fails to become an embroiderer of extraordinary merit the training she has received will perhaps give her an added value as a trimmer in a dressmaker's establishment and increase her wage at once.

The other value of hand work especially to be noted is the reaction it has upon the machine product. Whereas the handicrafts by the nature of the case must be limited in extent, the effect of good simple design and excellence in workmanship is extending throughout industry.

We ought to preserve the talents of our immigrant population, and we may revive, within the limits defined, the handicrafts for which they may seem especially adapted by heredity and tradition. But no one must expect in any way to stem the tide of the historical process. The wage-worker must earn a living wage and as much more as can be had through the organization of the workers. Healthful conditions and restriction of the hours of labor must be maintained through enlightened legislation. Hand work will continue to be of primary importance as an influence upon machine production, and it will thrive only when undertaken as an avocation, or by those who are not fitted to cope with the conditions of normal production, or when the quality of the work is conspicuously good. Another service that centers of hand work can perform is to bring buyer and producer together without the intervention of the middle-man, thus enlarging the profit of the worker.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906: NUMBER XI



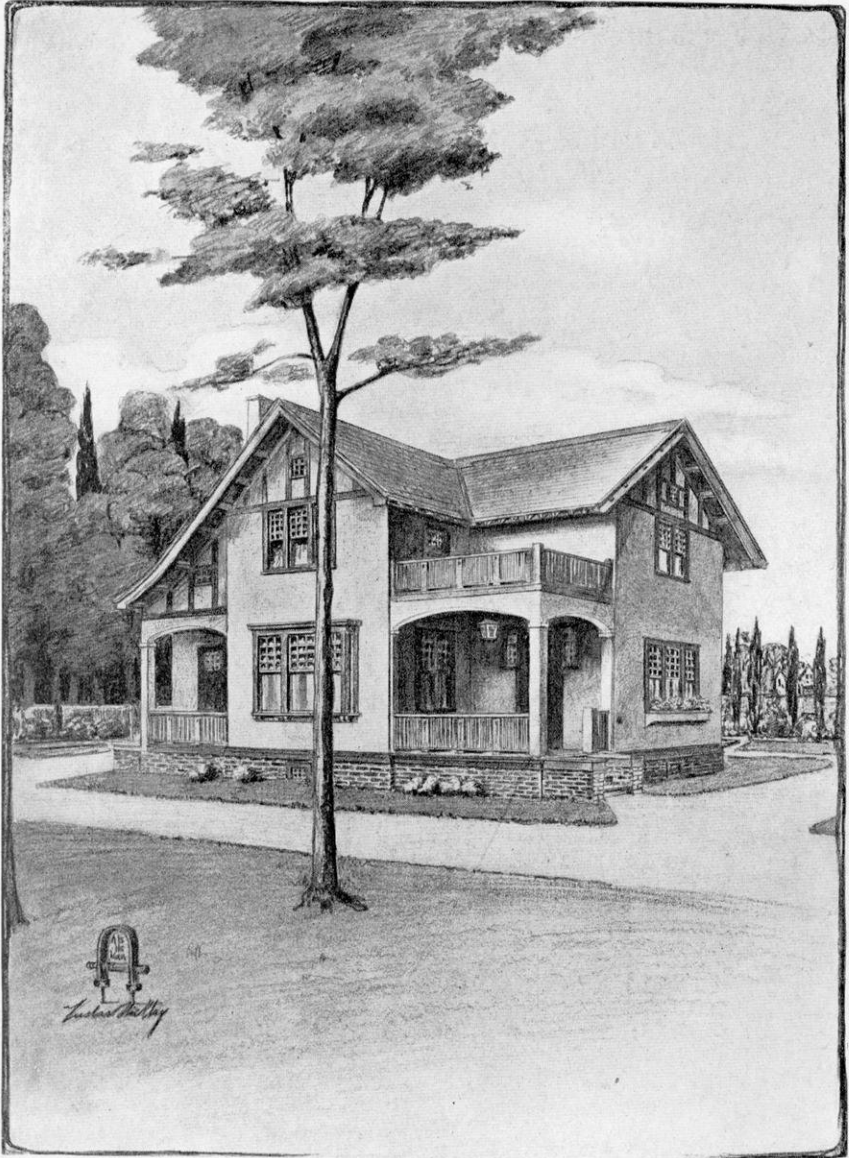
INTERIOR ELEVATION OF RECEPTION HALL

WITHIN the past few months we have been requested by several members of The Craftsman Home-Builders' Club to designate such of our house plans as we consider adapted to construction of hollow cement blocks, as they desired to use this material in building. Also, other correspondents who intend to build have suggested that we design a house especially intended for this construction, showing that there is a growing demand for the use of hollow cement walls in dwellings, on account of the resistance to heat and cold.

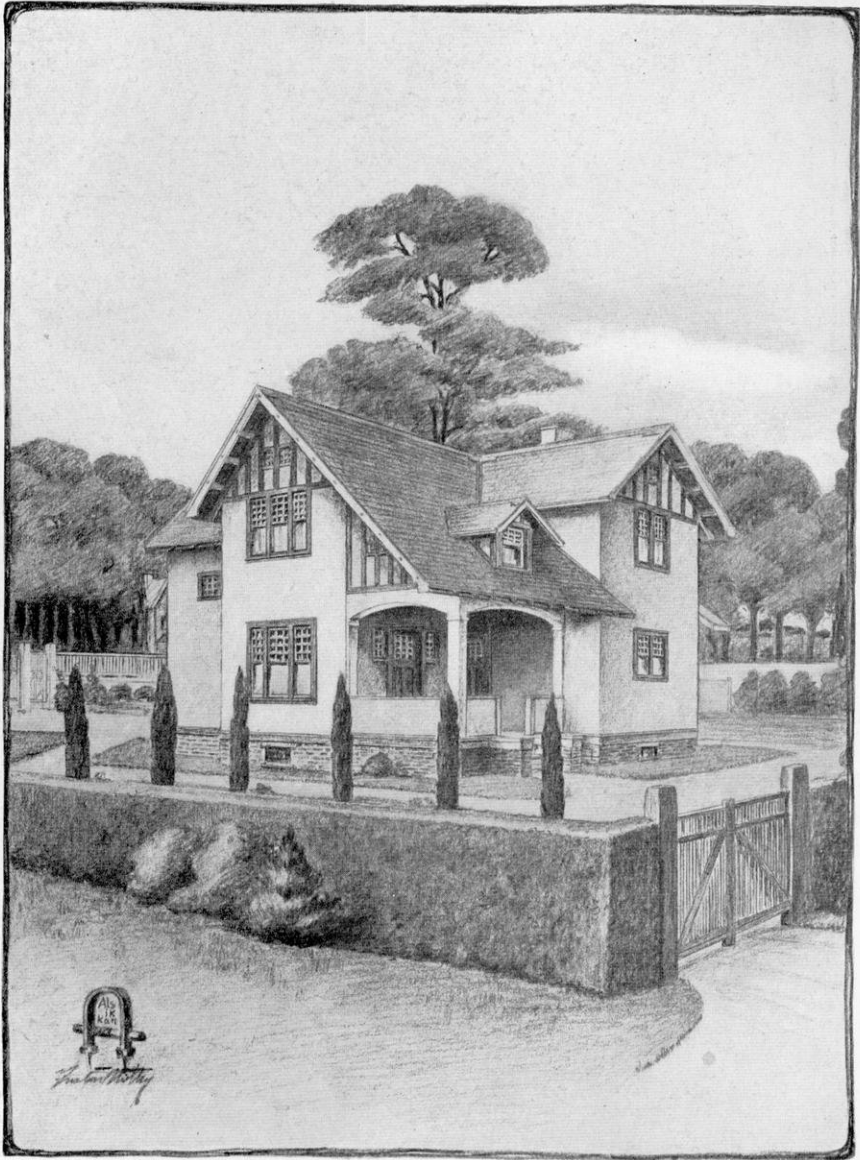
We greatly appreciate all suggestion, advice or criticism from the members of our Home-Builders' Club, as the best results are always obtained by direct communication with the people who are to use and make practical test of our plans, and in this case our response is the more ready because of our own belief in the suitability of cement construction to the straight and simple lines of the Craftsman houses. Nearly all of them are so planned that, whatever construction is

suggested for the original, a very little alteration will make it quite possible to build the walls of hollow cement blocks if desired. Next month we will give a house especially intended for cement-block construction, but our plans were too far ahead to allow it to be done in this issue, although the house given here could easily be adapted to cement-block construction if desired. As designed, it is to be built of cement plaster on a frame of expanded steel lath, this form of construction seeming best suited to the lines of the house. This, however, is merely our own idea of it, and there is nothing to prevent the use of hollow cement block, reinforced concrete, or any other material preferred.

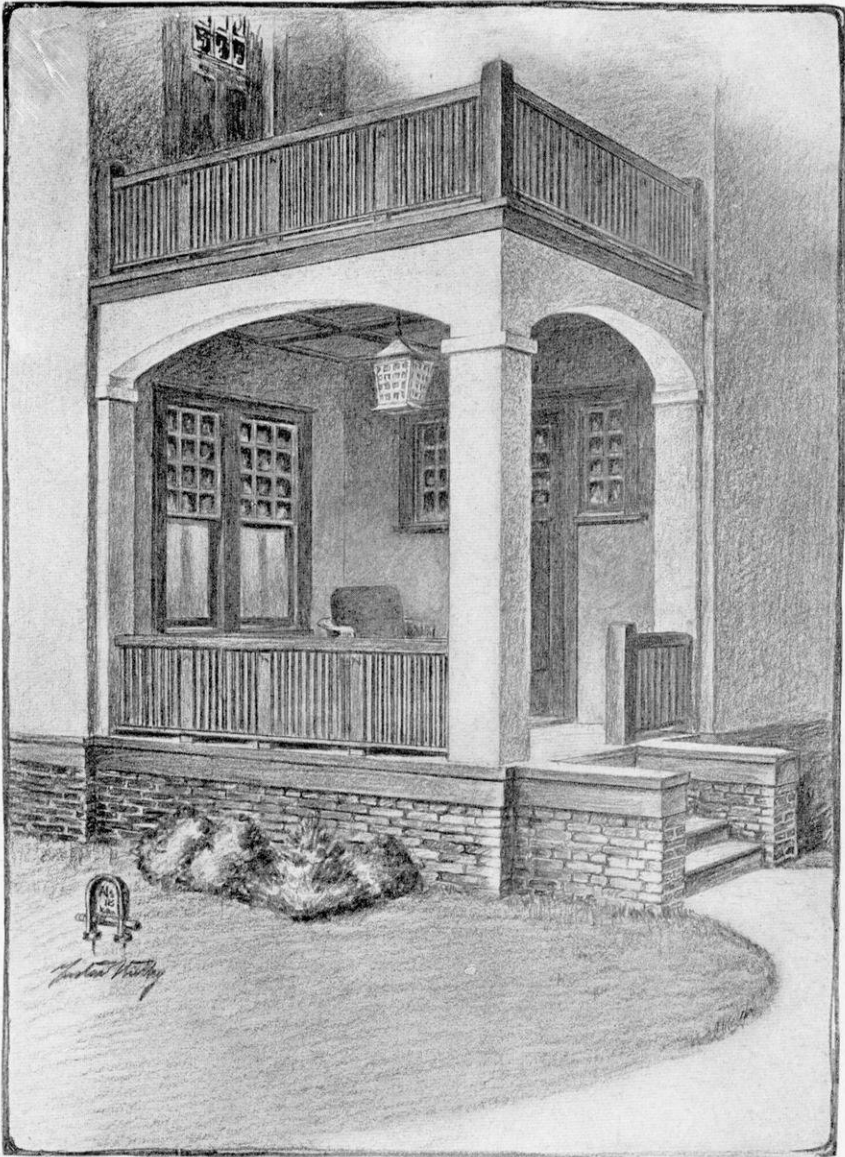
If cement blocks are used, it would be desirable to plaster the walls with cement mortar, as the plain surface with its rough finish is much more attractive in appearance than the blocks which at best are an imitation of either smooth or rough-finished stone. Our suggestion for this house is what is known as the "pebble-dash finish" which gives an interesting



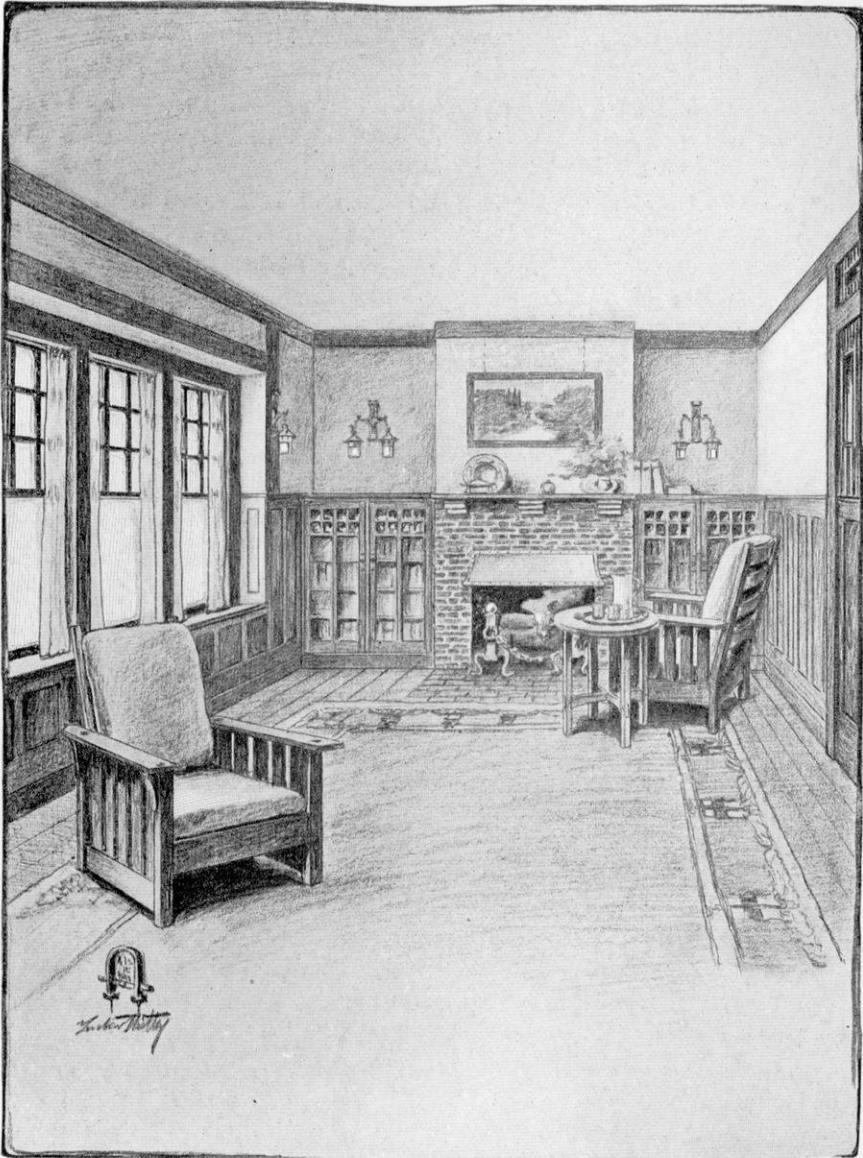
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1906, NUMBER XI:
SHOWING ENTRANCE PORCH AND BALCONY



BACK VIEW OF HOUSE
SHOWING DINING-PORCH



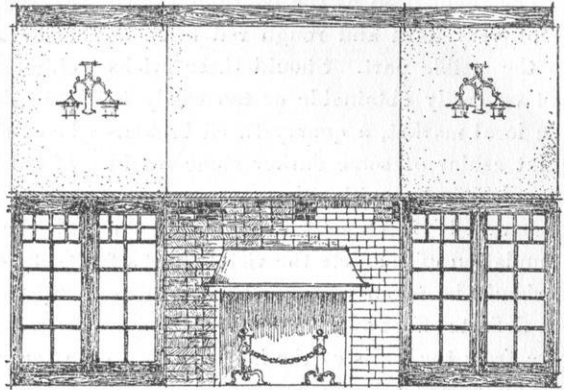
DETAIL OF ENTRANCE, WITH BALCONY WHICH
COULD BE USED AS A SLEEPING-PORCH



LIVING-ROOM WITH FIREPLACE
AND BUILT-IN BOOKCASES

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER ELEVEN

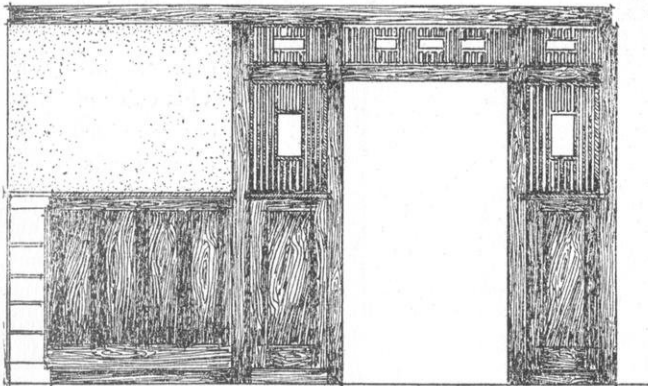
but not exaggerated roughness of texture to the walls, and takes very kindly to color. The color itself must be determined by the location of the house and the prevailing tones of the landscape. In a country like Southern California, for instance, with its tawny, sun-soaked coloring and rosy-violet distances as seen through the dust-haze of the greater part of the year, nothing could be so good as a light buff or biscuit color, which is obtained by adding four pounds of dry yellow ochre to one hundred pounds of Portland cement mortar containing two parts of sand to one of cement. This is the prevailing tone of the plastered adobe houses in the Mission style of architecture so much used in that country, and it not only blends beautifully with the colors all around it, but is especially effective when partially veiled by the lacy foliage of pepper-trees planted near the house.



• INTERIOR • ELEVATION • OF • LIVING • ROOM •
• SHOWING • FIREPLACE •

This color would be good in any sunny southern climate, but in the north and east it is not so harmonious as the greens and grays. A very attractive shade of dull light green is obtained by using half-a-pound of yellow ochre to one hundred pounds of cement mortar, and the addition of lamp-black in varying quantities gives satisfactory tones of gray. The pebble finish is obtained by spattering pebbles ranging in size from a pea to a

marble against the mortar before it is dry, and then stippling on a pigment to bring the pebbles into harmony with the color of the house. This stippling should be done with a stiff broom, using a soft brown tone for the biscuit-colored mortar, and a darker green for the light green groundwork. On a gray mortar, the pebbles might be allowed to remain in their natural colors.



• INTERIOR • ELEVATION • OF • LIVING • ROOM •
• FACING • HALL •

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER ELEVEN

The foundation of the house as shown is of very hard and rough red brick as to the visible part. Should these bricks not be easily obtainable or too costly in the local market, a quarry-faced broken-joint ashlar of some darker stone would be very effective with either gray or green cement. If it seems best to build the foundation of concrete the visible part of it should be faced with red brick to give the definite effect of a foundation as separate from the walls of the house.

The exterior timber-work would best be left unplanned, and should be stained to a soft gray-brown tone like old oak. The use made of timbers in the gables and under the slope of the roof does away with any appearance of barrenness or monotony in the plain plastered walls.

The balustrades

of the porches should be of the same color and planed smooth. The brick chimney is plastered like the walls. With a brick foundation, the roof would best be of dark-red square-edged shingle tiles. If the foundation is of stone a slate roof would be admirable in color effect. Like all the Craftsman houses, the structural features of the exterior are so simple and substantial that very little attention is needed in the way of repairs, even after years of use.

The treatment of the interior is equally simple, but so interesting in color and structural effect that the rooms will be found complete in themselves with very little furnishing. All the woodwork on the lower floor is of oak, stained to a luminous gray-brown tone in which there is a subtle suggestion of green. It is al-

most the color of the natural oak mellowed by time but with a shade less of gray, leaving the brown a little warmer and sunnier in tone.

This color effect is easily gained, as it only needs one coat of one of the Craftsman stains applied to the natural wood after it is sandpapered perfectly smooth, and then one coat of a specially prepared liquid wax,



• FRONT • ELEVATION •

• SCALE • 3" = 1 FOOT •

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER ELEVEN



• SIDE - ELEVATION •

• SCALE - $\frac{1}{8}$ " = 1 FOOT •

rubbed down with a piece of coarse cloth or burlap. The woodwork in this house plays a specially important part, as the entry hall, living-room and dining-room, if finished as suggested here, are all wainscoted with a stock wainscoting which now can be had at a very reasonable price. This wainscoting is paneled in different designs, and comes complete, ready to put up, at so much a running foot. The fact that this can be had greatly simplifies the matter of interior woodwork, for specially made oak wainscoting adds much to the expense of a house. This stock wainscot is the same in every particular as an oak wainscot built especially for the room, as it comes in the natural wood and can be

finished in the same way as the beams and other woodwork. It is not an imitation of Craftsman woodwork, but an addition to it, only made in such a way that its cost is not prohibitive, as the cost of carpenter-built wainscoting is too apt to be if much of it is used in a house designed to be built for a moderate sum. In this instance the wainscot used is five feet in height, but it comes in a number of different heights to suit any room or any scheme of wall treatment.

The upper walls and ceilings of all these rooms are also treated alike, as the object is to give a sense of space, dignity and restfulness to the part of the house that is most lived in, and this effect is best attained by having no change in the

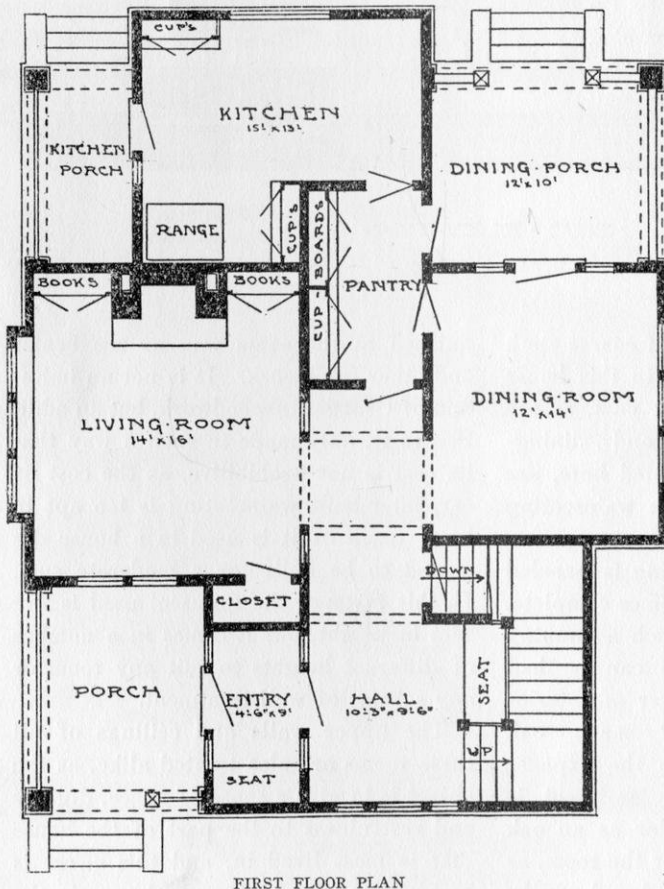
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER ELEVEN

background that furnishes the keynote to the whole scheme of decoration and furnishing. The rooms open into each other almost as if they were parts of one large room, irregularly shaped and full of recesses, and any marked difference in treatment is apt to produce an effect of patchiness as well as the almost subconscious feeling of restlessness that comes from a constant change in surroundings that should above all things be peaceful and unobtrusive. The rooms that all the family live in should settle quietly into

place as parts of the one harmonious whole that goes to form the permanent home environment, and not compete with each other as separate points of attraction.

In the house as shown here, the woodwork covers so much of the walls and is so warm and luminous in color that the upper walls would best be very quiet and simple. For a year or two after the house is built, nothing could be better than the natural gray of the sand-finished plaster for both walls and ceilings. If more color seems desirable after the

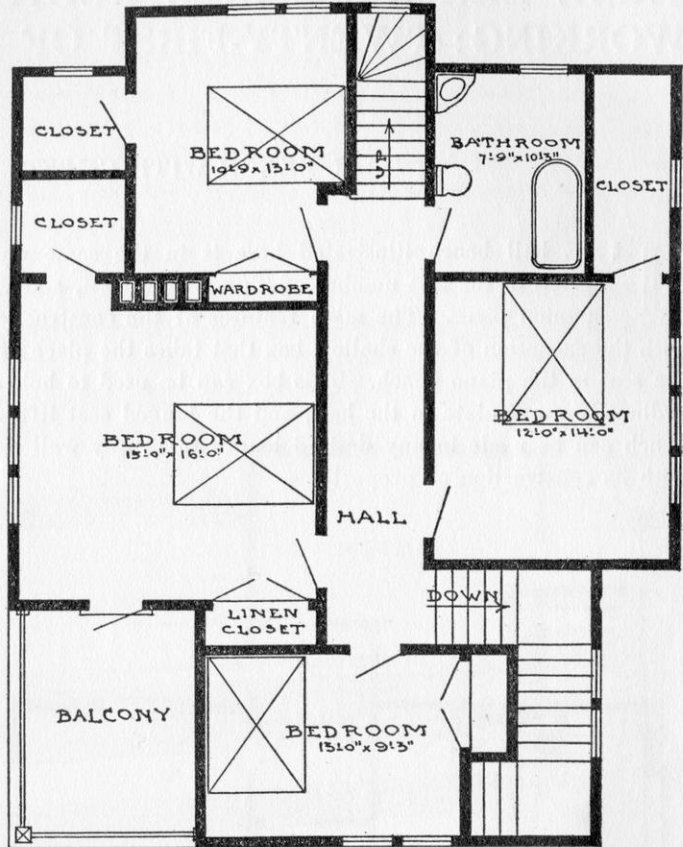
house has been furnished and lived in for a time, the ceilings can be given a smooth finish and a tone of ivory with a slight tint of green, and the walls left rough and colored a dull pale yellow that also has in it a suggestion of green. This coloring would preserve a harmony of tone with the woodwork and yet give a warmer and sunnier atmosphere in the room than the gray. With either treatment of the walls it would be most in keeping to furnish the rooms with oak furniture in the natural color of the darkened and aged wood, with cushions in dull green or dark brown and portieres of moss green. The brighter



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER ELEVEN

bits of color could be given by the window curtains, smaller cushions and pillows, table scarfs and other minor accessories, and among these should be an occasional touch of terra cotta or brick red, to repeat the red of the brick fireplace in the living-room. The bedrooms on the second story would give opportunity for dainty coloring and individual treatment of each room, so that the need for variety would be satisfied.

This is a house of several porches. A square porch at the front serves as an entrance, and above this is a balcony that may be used as an outside sleeping-room if desired, or a summer sewing or playroom. At the back of the house there is a kitchen porch that serves as entrance to the kitchen, and a square dining-porch that opens from both pantry and dining-room. This porch has a plastered parapet, and can be glassed in for colder weather at comparatively small cost, and used as a winter garden or conservatory as well as a sun-room. As these porches link the interior of the house with out of



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

doors, they should give a suggestion of the interior treatment as well as that used on the outside of the house.

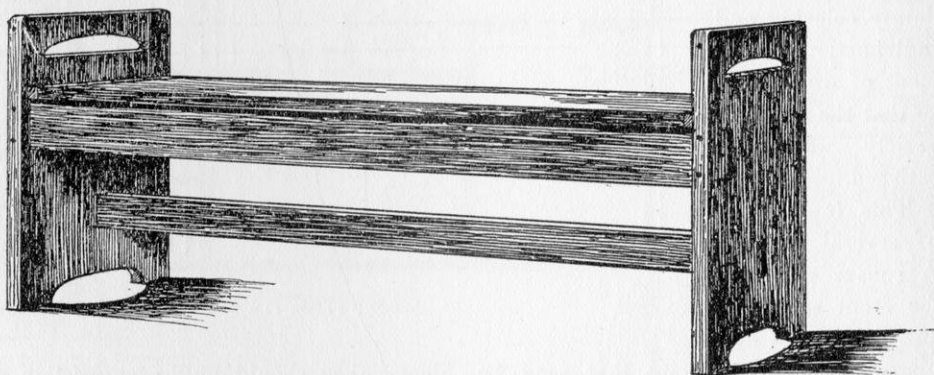
It is difficult to give an exact estimate of the cost of any house, owing to the wide variation in the cost of labor and materials in different localities, but under any normal conditions the cost of this house, if built as suggested here, should not exceed \$5500.

NOTE.—For privileges of the Craftsman Home Builders' Club, open to all subscribers, see announcement in advertising pages.

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

HALL BENCH WITH CHEST.

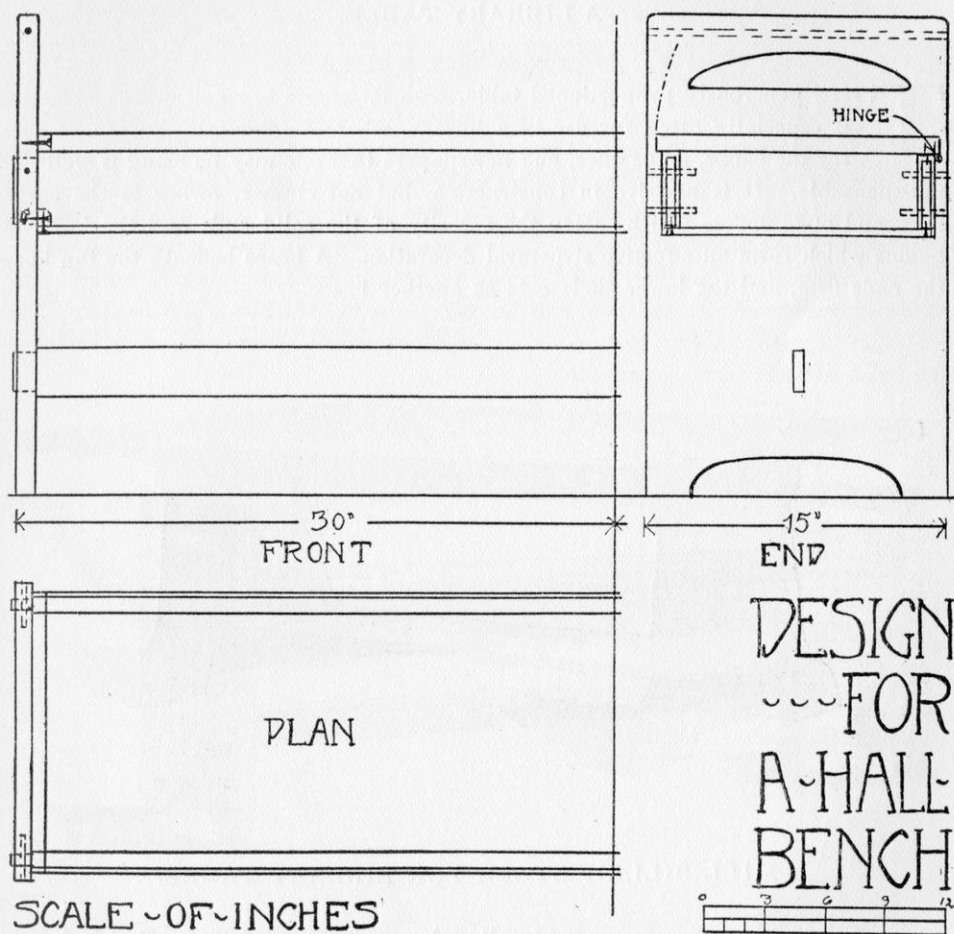
THE hall bench illustrated here is in the same style as the piano bench given in the last number of THE CRAFTSMAN, and would make a good companion piece. The main features of the construction are precisely similar, with the exception of the shallow box that takes the place of the curved brace under the seat in the piano bench. This box can be used to hold all sorts of things that ordinarily accumulate in the hall, and the hinged seat lifts like a lid over it. The bench can be made in any desired length to fit any wall space without interfering with its construction or proportions.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR HALL BENCH WITH CHEST.

Pieces.	No.	Rough.			Finished.	
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Sides	2	24 in.	15½ in.	1⅜ in.	15 in.	1¼ in.
Lid	1	56 in.	14½ in.	1⅛ in.	14 in.	1 in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

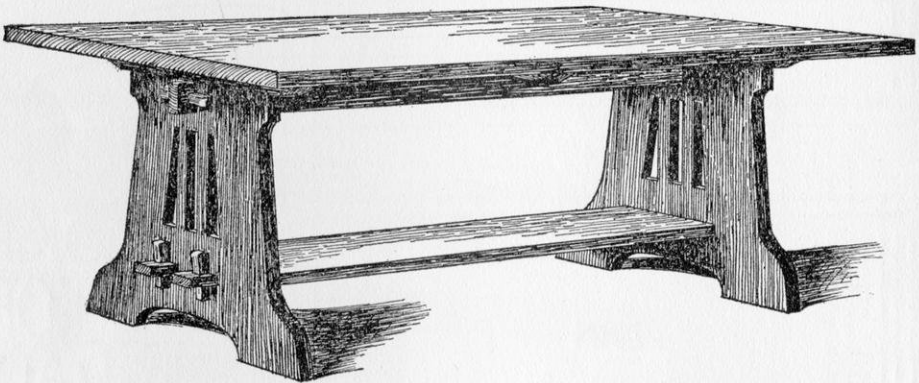


Lid stops	2	14½ in.	7/8 in.	1 1/8 in.	3/4 in.	1 in.
Rails	2	61 in.	4½ in.	1 in.	4 in.	7/8 in.
Chest bottom	1	57½ in.	13½ in.	½ in.	13¼ in.	3/8 in.
Stretcher	1	61 in.	2¾ in.	1 in.	2½ in.	7/8 in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A LIBRARY TABLE.

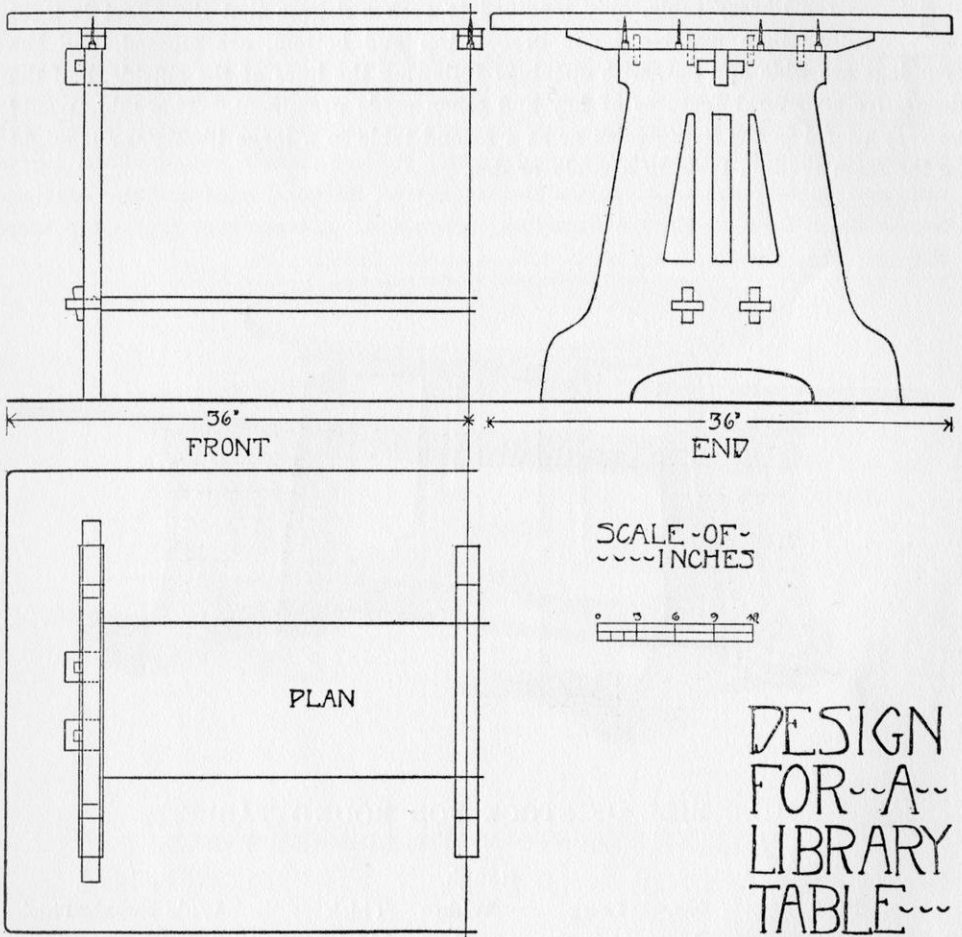
THIS generously proportioned table, with its ample top and sturdy structure, is especially fitted for use in a library, where a table with plenty of room for the books, magazines, and newspapers that one may be using is well-nigh indispensable. It is massive in construction, but not clumsy, owing to the curved lines and open spaces which soften the severity of the solid ends and the keys and tenons which form an effective structural decoration. A brace beneath the top keeps the ends firm, and the lower shelf acts as another brace.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR LIBRARY TABLE.

Pieces.	No.	Rough.			Finished.	
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick.
Top	1	73 in.	37 in.	1 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.	36 in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Sides	2	27 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	27 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.	pattern	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Braces	3	25 in.	2 in.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Shelf	1	62 in.	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.	12 in.	1 in.

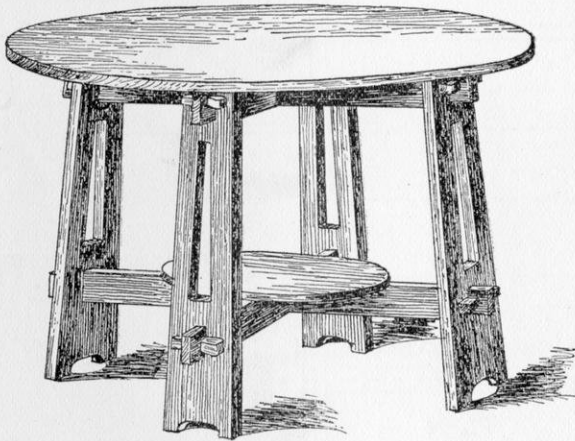
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

ROUND TABLE.

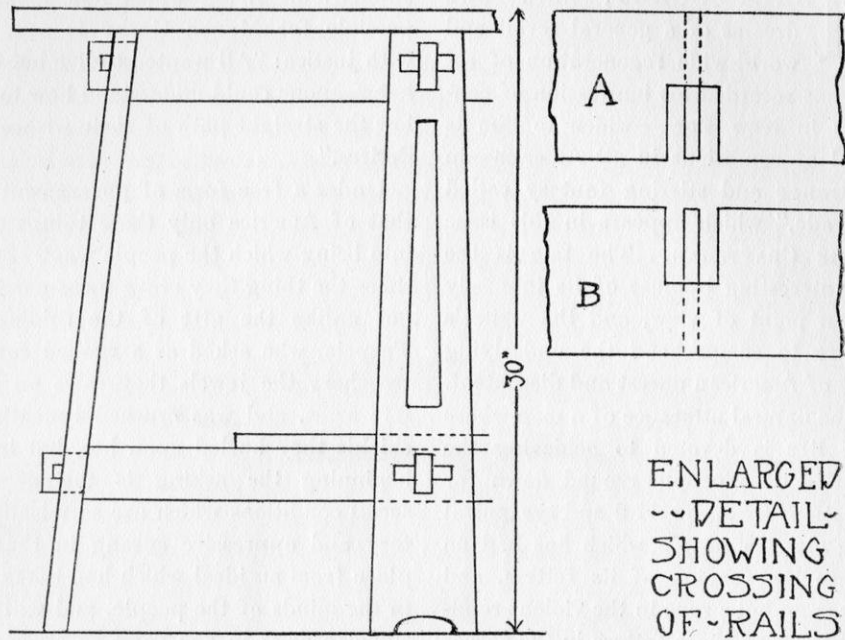
THE round table shown here has the same general features in its construction as the library table, only modified to such a degree that the effect is light rather than massive. The braces, top and bottom, are crossed, and the four legs are wide and flat, with openings following the lines of the outside, and the decorative structural features of key and tenon made prominent. This table would be very useful in the living-room or as a second table in a large library, or it might be the main reading-table in a study or den.



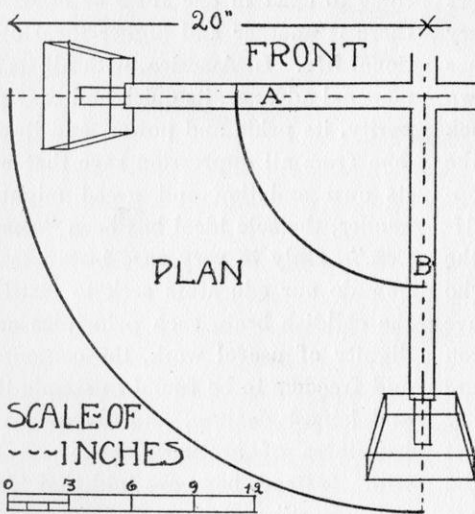
MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR ROUND TABLE.

	Pieces.	No.	Long	Rough.	Thick	Finished.	Thick.
Top	1		41 in.	41 in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.	40 in. diam.	1 in.
Legs	4		29 in.	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	pattern	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
Top stretcher	2		34 in.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Lower stretcher ...	2		37 in.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	1 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Shelf	1		19 in.	19 in.	1 in.	18 in. diam.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



ENLARGED
DETAIL
SHOWING
CROSSING
OF RAILS



DESIGN
FOR A
ROUND
TABLE

ALS IK KAN

MAXIM GORKY, filled with dreams of a general revolt and world-wide regeneration of society, has recorded his impression of conditions in New York—which to him is typical of conditions in all America—in the strange and stirring fantasy called "Comrade," which appears in this issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. The tale is the more interesting because of its intensely Russian point of view, and the writer's inability to comprehend the underlying causes of American unrest and discontent. It is the natural utterance of a man whose whole life is devoted to achieving the liberation of a people ground down for generations by a powerful and tyrannical ruling class, a people which has had no hand in the forging of its fetters, and now has no hope save in the violent rending asunder of these fetters in the throes of a revolution. To Gorky, whose very soul has been seared by the misery he has shared with the oppressed of his own country, revolution is the only outlook for those who have been worsted in the battle of life in any country, even as oppression at the ruthless hands of self-appointed rulers is the cause of all the misery of the poor. He knows—who better?—that in Russia the people have been dumb and helpless under the iron rod of an oppressor to whose power there has never been the thought or necessity of consent, but how could he know that in this country the people themselves, and they alone, are responsible for the conditions which have brought about the abuses and miseries from which they suffer and of which they so loudly com-

plain? They are free agents, and of their own free will they have chosen the standard of living which now makes it possible for Maxim Gorky to say, and with justice: "All wanted to live but none knew—none could understand how to follow the straight path of their wishes and desires."

Under a free form of government like that of America only those things come into being which the people want. Sometimes the thing they crave turns out to be not unlike the gift of the soldiers to Tarpeia, who asked as a reward for her treachery the jewels they wore on their left arms, and was crushed beneath the shields they hurled upon her, but in the beginning the asking is theirs. The social conditions which are so unsatisfactory and oppressive sprang in the first place from an ideal which had taken root in the minds of the people, and will continue to exist in one form or other until there is another and higher ideal of national life. In America, with all its phenomenal advance, its quick and easy prosperity, its pride and power, and its freedom from all oppression save that which its own ambition and greed might engender, the sole ideal has been "competition." Only in very rare instances even now do our educators seek to instil into the childish brain such principles as the dignity of useful work, the contentment and freedom to be found in simple living and honest dealing, and the peace and happiness of brotherly love and good will. Instead, boys are told that if they are "smart" and learn to "get on" they are "just as good as anybody," and some day may come to be a millionaire or perhaps even President, with the implica-

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

tion that either distinction would naturally depend upon their ability to acquire the amount of business or political acumen necessary to overcome competition. When the young man goes to work for himself, he finds that the Golden Rule of business and politics is: "Do unto the other fellow what he'd do to you—and do it first." Even the churches teach and practise competition, and nothing could be keener than the rivalry between the different denominations for power, influence, and membership—all in the name of Him who said plainly to His followers that any man who sought to be first among them must be the servant of all.

Success is the American ideal, and the greatest measure of success in any walk of life falls to the lot of the strongest and most ruthless man. When the object of all effort is to get and possess, it is small wonder that the Russian reformer says of us: "For to them the strong meant the rich. And they all believed that money alone gave men power and freedom. All struggled for power and might, for all were slaves. The luxury of the rich inflamed the envy and hatred of the poor. No one knew a finer music than the sound of clinking gold."

And it is our shame that this stern arraignment is true. The lust of power and of gold lies at the root of all the misery and oppression that America knows, and is shared alike by rich and poor to such an extent that the oppressed of to-day would gladly become the oppressor of to-morrow if he could. Business life in this country is carried on like a game of poker, in which the winner is the man who puts up the coolest bluff and plays the strongest game. It is hard on

the losers, and they feel that they have grounds for bitter complaint—but they enter the game of their own free will and play it according to the rules recognized and endorsed by all. If they are compelled to drop out they should blame the rules of the game, not the man who has been strong enough or unscrupulous enough to outplay them, for each loser would have won to the same extent and in exactly the same way if he could. In the commercial strife there must always be a large percentage of losers as opposed to every man who wins, but these very losers cling so closely to their ideal of success as embodied in power and large possessions, that they lionize and envy the moneyed oppressor even while they fiercely denounce him. He is the concrete expression of all they have been taught to desire. And the oppression that he inflicts upon the weaker players in the common game has not grown up in a day, but, fostered by admiration and envy and emboldened by success, it has advanced from point to point until it is embodied in a vast and well-ordered system that works hardship and often destruction to those who come in its way. None the less it is the creature of an accepted condition—of a standard of success that is set at the very thing we denounce.

It may be that in Russia the first word of freedom must be "the great human cry: 'I will not,'" and that life must stand still in the grip of revolution before it can go on along other and better lines. But in our own country the cry must be the nobler and equally human utterance: "I will!", for men here are not "unenlightened, worn out slaves," and it rests with them to cast aside with the

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

calmness of strength the bonds that they themselves have made.

In America there is no need of revolution. All that was needed to equalize opportunity by giving liberty and equal rights to every citizen was won in the Revolution that broke the power of foreign rule and made this a country instead of a colony. The ideals and standards of national life were set down in very plain language by certain men who fought for and founded the republic, and if the people had said: "Here are the fundamental things, we will hold to them," there would not have been such enormous premiums to tempt bold players of the universal game, for the game itself would not have set the national standard of things worth while. It is useless now to curse the great corporations and trusts that oppress us, for these are only the embodiment of the national worship of gold and gain. Would it not be better to set ourselves earnestly to the task of putting competition into its rightful place as a stimulus to honest effort in the production of worthy things, and so gradually gain a truer teaching of the values of life?

It is the false teaching of the overgrown spirit of competition that sets the dreamers and the strong workers of our land into two classes that front each other as enemies, and that makes the word "Comrade" only the cry of the weak or the challenge of the discontented. Reform must come to us, not by arraying the weak against the strong, but by bringing into line the strong and dominant man who is the natural leader and aggressor, and who can be as great a power for good as for evil, if good is de-

manded of him by the spirit of the age. As it is, whether his motive be good or evil, he is the man who provides us with the necessaries of life while he is winning vast profits and aggrandizement for himself, and his complete overthrow would mean not only wiping out powerful forces that make for oppression, but also destroying the industrial backbone of the nation.

And this spiritual reform that shall in time give to the nation a nobler ideal than greed and boastfulness is not so far off as the impatient extremist who advocates revolution would have us believe. The little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump is very actively at work, and it will work the more swiftly and effectively because of the disciplinary evils of the time. No lesson less severe could have taught the people the utter uselessness and futility of unbridled and unscrupulous competition as a foundation for a healthy and progressive national life, and when they have learned it thoroughly through misery and suffering the conditions will right themselves because the people will have it so—rich as well as poor, strong as well as weak.

But before the word "Comrade" can become the symbol of real union and understanding there must be some common point of interest where all can meet. The word can not do its work while it is only the sign of fellowship among the poor. To realize its full meaning it must be the watchword of peace, not war. The millionaire must be as naturally and cordially willing to call his gardener "Comrade" as the gardener is to use the word of brotherhood to his fellow-toiler, and the relation between them must cease

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

to be that of master and servant, and become that of fellow-workers with a common interest in their work. Everything that endures must be founded on work, for all else is superficial and creates superficial conditions, and it is not too much to say that, if a real point of contact is to be established, this work must be the creation of something that is beautiful as well as useful. To assert that reform must come along lines of beauty sounds Utopian, but it is nevertheless true. It is admitted by every one that in commercial production there is no possible point of contact that would bring about genuine sympathy and mutual respect between maker and user, or employer and employed. Ornate and meretricious things are turned out in enormous quantities with the sole idea of profit to the manufacturer and dealer, and are distributed according to the methods of the department store. No interest is felt in the making of them and very little in the buying of them, and the maker and user are as far asunder as the poles when it comes to any personal interest in one another on account of the thing made. Work along these lines affords no point of contact which can result in mutual understanding. It is all a matter of dollars and cents.

But when a useful thing is beautifully made, and the user and maker have equal interest in the making, a point of contact is at once established between the one who has the power to make it and the other who has the means to possess it, and mutual respect and friendliness spring up between the two. No better illustration of this truth could be found than is instanced in the friendship be-

tween Phillips Brooks and an Irish cabinet-maker whose specialty was the restoration of fine old mahogany furniture. The man was a plain workman, uneducated, but intelligent as good workmen usually are, and he knew and appreciated the value of his work. Phillips Brooks, wealthy, cultivated, and with a life filled with many and varied interests, also knew and appreciated the value of the work, and the two were firm friends—not as benefactor and protégé, but as two men who understood and loved a beautiful thing and respected one another because of it. For long afternoons they worked side by side in the little shop, the artistic knowledge of the one and the manual skill of the other gladly combined to produce the thing that was a pride to both, and if they never thought to call one another “Comrade” in words, the feeling of comradeship was none the less theirs to a degree that no class difference or prejudice could break.

This is but one instance from our own times. In older times such an understanding was not noted as a beautiful exception—it was the rule. When it becomes the rule once more there will be no need to flay the trusts and to preach revolution that the people may be free from oppression, for oppression through greed will have vanished with the coming of a new standard of national life. Understanding will have taken the place of prejudice, and mutual good will and respect are all that are needed to establish a common meeting-ground that shall serve as a basis for all reforms. Then “Comrade” shall be rightly understood as a master-word to “unite mankind and raise it to the heights of freedom, mak-

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

ing the whole world kin by new bonds, the strong bonds of reciprocated respect, the respect for the freedom of man, for the sake of freedom."

NOTES

SO FAR this season the most interesting exhibitions at the New York Art Galleries have been the unusually important collections of etchings. At Frederick Keppel & Co., a notable collection of etchings by Sir Seymour Haden, president of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers of London, has been followed without intermission by a still more important and significant selection from Rembrandt's etchings.

William Schaus opened up his new Art Gallery, on Fifth Avenue, near the new Bryant Library, with a room full of etchings and engravings by and after the works of J. L. E. Meissonier. And lower down the avenue at the Wunderlich Galleries is shown an interesting lot of etchings by Whistler.

Although Seymour Haden's etchings are familiar to all art loving Americans, probably no exhibit of his work in this country has at one time ever before shown so many valuable and rare specimens of his work. In addition to the etchings there are a number of Haden's later mezzotints, which are absolutely new to collectors both here and in Europe. Titles of a few of Haden's etchings will give one some impression of their rare quality of fresh country atmosphere and a sense of the artist's love of simple things—the simple things that become great art by his presentation; for example, "The Thames Fisherman,"

"Early Morning, Richmond Park," "The Mill Pond," "Erith Marshes," and "The Village Ford." Among the mezzotints note again, "Evening Fishing," "Moorland Stream," and "The Pool on the Spey." It is not likely that so complete and rare a collection of Sir Seymour Haden's work will soon again be presented in New York, if indeed ever.

The Rembrandt etchings now shown at the same gallery are some of them famous, and many of them typical of the great etcher's best days. There are scriptural pictures, landscapes, and portraits; the latter by far the most interesting and compelling from a lay point of view.

In his scriptural etchings Rembrandt was a vigorously pious man, aggressively so; he might have been a reformer if he had not been so great an artist. And his figures are not mere props on which to drape sentimental experiences; they are real people full of personality and interest. Rembrandt apparently did not devote much time to the study of historical costumes. He garbed his biblical people to please his own fancy and taste. His characters are usually stout burgher-like men, and his women, young and old, have the ample proportions of his admired and beloved Saskia. But they are none the less alive in their alien flesh and clothes and alert with the emotions of the religious temperament. Saint Jerome he places without hesitation in an Italian landscape, and then proceeds to etch the man and the surroundings with so marvelous a stroke that now, after two hundred and fifty years have passed, the scene is presented with a vividness and brilliancy unsurpassed in the etchings of any other country or time; the landscape

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

is done with a profound understanding of nature, and the Saint is drawn as though from wide observation, if not experience.

There is a "Flight into Egypt," a night scene, that is full of the mystery and terrors of impenetrable darkness. The Holy Family is faintly outlined in the shadows, and you feel all the hurry and fear and desolation—it is a very wonderful thing to do with a few square inches of parchment and a little ink.

A number of these etchings shown at the Schaus Gallery were reproduced in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for October. Among others, "Beggars at the Door of a House," "Old Woman Asleep," and "Landscape of a Ruined Tower," the latter being considered by many Rembrandt's greatest landscape etching. Three of the finest of Rembrandt's portraits are also shown here, "Clement de Jonghe," "Jan Lutma," and the inevitable "Saskia," this time with a pearl head dress. There is, too, a charming "Rembrandt's Mother," and many vivid etchings of himself.

The Meissonier collection at Schaus' is full of interesting contrast of work. There are many etchings of Meissonier's work, both by himself and by other important French etchers. The work of this artist has always had a wide popularity in America. In 1884, seven years before his death, Meissonier said that of the four hundred and fifty pictures he had painted fully half were owned in America; and so it is not surprising that many of the etchings at the Schaus exhibit are already familiar to us.

The collection contains eighteen etchings by Meissonier himself, and in these

you feel instantly how much more completely he has realized his own purpose and individual note than the other etchers have been able to do, even though some of them are among the famous men of France. Meissonier's own etchings have the preciousness, the delicate exquisite-ness, the completeness which one feels in his water colors. He does large things with a small technique. The men who have etched from his pictures seem to have striven to do small things in a large way. There are of his own some marvelous little etchings: "Recit du Siège de Berg-op Zoom," "Les Deux Hussards," "L'Aigle Imperial," "Polichinelle," "Le Sergent Rapporteur" are all scenes full of action and strength and vivid personality; there are also pathos and humor, fighting men and old comrades, soldiers and clanking spurs and rapiers. There are landscapes, too, but Meissonier did not see nature as very close to life, it was a rather valuable background for soldiers. Among the important French artists whose etchings of Meissonier's work are shown are Le Rat, Monziès, Oudart, Rajon, Kratké, Jacquet, Courty and others of note.

THE Goddess of Liberty has never been much of a belle out in the New York harbor. Her draperies have been likened to a blanket sale of a department store, and many an unkind jest has been flung at her ample uncorseted figure. Her pedestal has been referred to as a proper pediment for an "L" road system. We have not been kind in comment to Our Harbor Lady of Light. Indeed, even the light of her torch, which was originally intended as a searchlight for a

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

hundred miles out to sea, is often scarcely bigger than a ten-lightning-bug-power, showing her benign countenance sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Until the present time we have been critical of her, but have not set about to lessen the sad conditions that have encompassed her. At last we read in a letter, written by Mr. Cope Whitehouse, that it is possible to render more beautiful this poor, neglected lady, that in fact she was intended in the first place to be more attractive and has not been well treated in her adopted land.

To quote direct from Mr. Whitehouse's letter:

"The Goddess of Liberty stands about forty feet nearer the water than she would have done had Hunt's original design been carried out. In 1883 I had several opportunities of explaining to Lieutenant-General Stone Pasha the inexpediency of placing the statue at so great a height as was then contemplated. According to my conception, the Goddess, having arrived from France, *incedit regina*, stands on a dais or platform just high enough to allow her heroic proportions to be magnified by comparison with surrounding objects. The island itself, according to this plan, was to be inclosed with a peristyle. As the property of the United States it was to be a National Westminster Abbey. Tombs, cenotaphs, inscriptions, and bas-reliefs of national heroes would, long ere this, have given historic and artistic value to what might also be imaginable. Its walls were to be covered with vines and flowers in the summer, while the broad belt left bare by the receding tide was to be converted into a marine garden with

choice algæ. The local illumination was to be provided by footlights throwing a reflection on so much of the salient features, the island and the peristyle, as would have made its golden sheen a source of pleasure to the eye, as well as given ample notice to the navigator, 'please keep off the rock.'

"The torch, on the other hand, was to be a searchlight, which, if it chanced to catch a passing cloud, might have been revealed as a silver gleam or nebula a hundred miles out at sea. Hunt accepted the partial reduction of the pedestal, and the Government directed its representative at the Vienna electrical exhibition to study the question of the torch. I went myself to Paris and Bartholdi, who warmly indorsed the whole idea. Then I consulted with Sautter, Lemonnier et Cie, for the electric lighting. They told me, that when they were employed by Napoleon III to illuminate the Trocadero with electric lights it was a failure. The innumerable saucers filled with oil, with floating wicks, used at St. Peter's in Rome, gave far better results. As to the torch, they said, we have anticipated you. We made lenses for lighthouses on the coast of Asia Minor, which concentrated the upper part of the radiant hemisphere into a column, but the machinery has never been put into practical operation.

"If the Government architect would take the whole matter under consideration it might well be that a perfected design could at least be outlined which would be gradually completed, and if the base of the statue is not lowered the island might at all events be inclosed with a terrace."

REVIEWS

AMONG the books lately published by The Macmillan Company is a new edition of Lady Burne-Jones' delightful "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones." In this edition the two volumes are made into one fairly large book, which will be found more convenient for the reader, as this is a book in which every part bears such intimate relation to the other parts that one is constantly wanting to "turn back" to something especially charming.

Toward the close of his life the great painter realized that in the nature of things some one would write of his work and himself after he was gone. Knowing that nothing less than the whole truth about the famous little association that changed the current of English art would be of any value to the world, he asked his wife if she would write whatever there was to be written about him, saying simply: "Because you *know*." That is the keynote of the whole book and the secret of its wonderful charm. It was written by one who shared in the life so vividly depicted in its pages, and who understood every ambition, every dream and every disappointment. Without being prolix, it is deliciously gossipy and personal, and leaves the reader with an irresistible impression of having actually known and shared the life of "The Set."

They are all so alive with their enthusiasms and their jokes and their affection for one another, and at first they were just an ambitious lot of youngsters, all "so happy and so poor," who dreamed of reforming the world. William Morris

did not share the general poverty, but they forgave him for that because he shared everything else and was the tempestuous, beloved butt of most of the jokes and the caricatures. Even in the later years when the Set had drifted apart and its members were gray-headed and famous, Morris was the same old Berserker. Listen to this description, given in a letter from Burne-Jones to a friend: "Towards evening Morris came—and you would have found him just as if no time had gone by. He is unchanged—little gray tips to his curly wig—no more; not quite so stout; not one hair less on his head, buttons more off than formerly, never any necktie—more eager if anything than ever but about just the same things; a rock of defense to us all, and a castle on the top of it, and a banner on the top of that."

In the same letter is another and sadder description of an old comrade. "One night lately I spent the evening with Rossetti—there is change—enough for us all if it had been distributed amongst us, amongst any seven of us. He has given it all up and will try no more, nor care more how it all goes. It's nine years since he came to the Grange—now he goes nowhere and will see scarcely any one. Four or five times a year I go to spend a ghostly evening with him, and come back heavy-hearted always, sometimes worse than that."

The trouble over Rossetti was the more keen because it was he whose enthusiasm and irrepressible funning had been the inspiration and the joy of the whole group. Thirty years before there had been current in the circle a deliciously characteristic story about his desire to

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

have a young elephant, and the answer he gave to Browning, who with momentary dearth of imagination inquired: "What on earth do you mean to do with him when you have him?" "I mean him," said Gabriel, "to clean the windows; and then, when some one passes by the house, they will see the elephant cleaning the windows, and will say, 'Who lives in that house?' And people will tell them, 'Oh, that's a painter called Rossetti.' And they will say, 'I think I should like to buy one of that man's pictures'—and so they will ring, and come in and buy my pictures."

All the early part of the book is filled with gay and simple life and hard work, with much fun and wild hero-worship thrown in. Once, in the early days, an excited letter written to Cormell Price said: "I'm not Ted any longer, I'm not E. C. B. Jones now—I've dropped my personality—I'm a correspondent with *Ruskin*, and my future title is 'the man who wrote to Ruskin and got an answer by return.'" These were the days of beginnings, and so vividly are they recorded by this one of the women who shared them that each triumph is rejoiced over and each sorrow mourned by the reader with a personal sense of gain or loss.

And as the book goes on it seems to grow old with the people of whom it chats so pleasantly. In this preservation of the atmosphere of the different periods of their lives it is more like a diary written freshly at the time than a book of memoirs. The pictures, too, first reproduced from quaint old daguerrotypes and faded photographs, carry on the life story with the book, and all together is

something one would not for a good deal have missed. ("Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," by G. B.-J. 350 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$4.00. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.)

GARDEN lovers, as well as those who like to wander in the bypaths of history, will find hearty enjoyment in "A Book of English Gardens," written by M. R. Gloag and illustrated by Katharine Montagu Wyatt. It hardly needs the dedication to the Countess of Ilchester, "in memory of many happy hours spent in her garden," to convince the reader that this book was written from the view-point of intimate acquaintance with quaint and lovely old English gardens, large and small. It is as pleasantly and restfully unpractical as "The Compleat Angler," and old Isaak Walton himself could not have loved his favorite pastime more than these two women love their gardens and the old stories and memories connected with them.

The book is amply illustrated with color plates reproduced from water-color drawings made of especially beautiful spots in the most famous English gardens. There are pictures of the formal Dutch garden at Holland House, the fantastically clipped yews at Hutton John, the garden of the old monks at Ashridge, the pleached alley and the vineyard at Hatfield, and choice bits from Knole, Wrest, Ampthill, and many others. And mingled with description and scraps of scientific information are hasty sketches of times and manners that link the old gardens with great events and great people who have passed into history, and old stories redolent of lavender and dried rose-leaves.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

It may not be particularly instructive as to practical details of gardening, but no one can read it without knowing a lot more of the feeling that leads people to make and cherish gardens. ("A Book of English Gardens," written by M. R. Gloag and illustrated by Katharine Montagu Wyatt. 335 pages. Price, \$2.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THE crude romance called "The Scarlet Empire," written by David M. Parry, is a grotesque protest against the kind of "equality for all" that stunts individuality and prevents growth. It is a sort of fantastic attempt to reform the popular idea of socialism which is none other than anarchy, by exaggerating its foundation principles in this weird story to the point of absurdity, showing what the author thinks the sane, practical platform of the true socialist might become if carried to the extreme.

By accident, the hero, a New York man, tells the story in the first person, falls into the ocean, but, instead of drowning, comes upon a submarine community known as the Scarlet Empire, from the color of the common garb worn by its inhabitants. His experiences while a member of this aquatic democracy show the author's dread of an overdoing of the principles of socialism as he understands it. He makes his hero say in one instance that "socialism is the product of the most advanced thought"; in another, he calls state socialism "an ossified despotism of laws."

Let the book speak for itself in the following extracts: "To make men socially equal, it had been necessary (for

the Scarlet Empire) to take away from them every opportunity and means for acquiring superiority over others and the whole race had been placed on the same dead level as that which obtains in our penitentiaries . . . Negative virtue was widely established, but positive virtue had disappeared. . . . Individual energy, ability and ambition had been stifled by the absence of reward until they no longer existed."

Here is what the author evidently feels may be the fate of socialism if pushed too far and too literally:

"The burglar does not recognize the right of private ownership of property, so he steals and is imprisoned. . . . Being in the minority, he is weak and therefore wrong, but, let the majority come to his way of thinking and what do we have? Why, socialism."

All of which shows that there are still any number of writers who confuse socialism with anarchy.

("The Scarlet Empire," by David M. Parry. 400 pages. Illustrated. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

WHEN little folks plead for "just one more story," and mother's stock is running low, Edith Guerrier's charming little book of animal fables for children will be more than welcome. And you grown-ups, as you read the quaint little tales of the "Wanderfolk in Wonderland" will be rewarded, for you will find yourselves following the doings and sayings of the "beasties" which the author makes so real, with just as much interest as the round-eyed child at your knee. So you may know that the stories

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

are well written, for whoever heard of a well-told tale for little people that failed to interest the grown-ups too?

These stories abound in the most delightfully quaint sayings and rhymes that savor of "Alice in Wonderland." Says the Fawn in the "Why the Kangaroo Was Made" tale: "To put another question: There's every reason to suppose that if we animals were made, others can be made." "That's not a question," said Rat; "it's a statement, but it sounds sensible."

There's a strong vein of homely philosophy, too, running through these little fables and a hint of satire that will take you back to your "Aesop's Fables" and "Uncle Remus" days. "Mother," said the wee Field Mouse, "a Butterfly is the most beautiful thing in the world. I am going to be one." Mother Mouse almost fell from the nest, so great were her astonishment and horror. "Alas, child," said she, "what an idea is this! Only yesterday the Meadow-Mole taught you that one can not make a safe nest out of a soft fern." (From the Mouse-Butterfly story).

The book is full of interesting pictures of the grotesque "Wanderfolk" which will appeal to children. It is attractively bound, its green and white cover design being one of the illustrations of the "Patient Walrus and the Helpful Mink" story, the first of the series.

Here is the table of contents: The Patient Walrus; The Mouse Butterfly;

The Travels of Wanderfoot; Why the Kangaroo Was Made; The Discontented Prairie Dog; Ai and the Three Armadillos. Haven't those titles the most alluring sound? ("Wanderfolk in Wonderland," by Edith Guerrier. 123 pages. Illustrated by Edith Brown. Published by Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, Mass.)

THE following paragraph from "In Peril of Change" (B. W. Huebsch, New York) is significant in view of the election of the author, C. F. G. Masterman, to Parliament in the recent contest:

"And if once more the party which calls itself 'Liberal' enters upon power, it will be because in adversity that party has learnt on the one hand to forget many of the ideas whose inherent weakness Disraeli described; on the other, to remember that forces more vital than the middle-class individualism of the mid-Victorian period are necessary for the healing of the diseases of a newer England."

Mr. Masterman is a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, literary editor of the London *Daily News* and a frequent contributor to the *Contemporary Review*, *Independent Review* and other leading periodicals. He is the author of several books and is an active factor in the "Young Liberal" party. Among the group of brilliant literary men in the new Parliament, Mr. Masterman is far from being the least interesting.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

AN EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLAR BUNGALOW.

IT IS because this bungalow has been so approved that I tell you of it. Its particular claims are the possibilities of outdoor life in it (which sounds Irish, I know), its exemplification of the simple life with modern conveniences, which makes its work easy and a pleasure, and its atmosphere of charm and peace. One has said it is like a picture, another that it is the best thing of its kind he had ever seen; and a nerve-worn one on viewing it exclaimed: "Oh, let me stay here forever!" Now I anticipate a nice time trying to write up to this introduction.

It is built entirely of wood, no plaster, and on entering, the fragrance of the pines greets you instead of the stuffiness of the ordinary house. The foundation was made by paralleling eight-inch boards eight inches apart and filling the space between with crushed rock and cement. The piers on which the studs rest were made in similar fashion, pyramidal in form, twelve inches square at the base and eight inches at the top. When the cement hardened the outline boards were removed and used in the construction of the house.

Oregon pine boards, one by ten inches, form at the same time the frame and walls. Knotted and crooked-grain boards were selected, as these are points of beauty when stained or oiled, and incidentally come lower priced. These are surfaced one side for the exterior walls and two sides for the partitions. One and one-half by one-quarter inch battens cover the joining of the boards on the

interior, except the upper third of the living and grill-rooms. On the outside laths are nailed, placed horizontally, five inches apart, to hold the boards in place and nail the shingles to. Sometimes refuse strips of uniform thickness can be procured from the mill. These may be used instead of the laths, and come cheaper. The plate-rail serves as a brace for the partition walls.

The house is so arranged that the stairway and hall give two partitions between rooms, which in the case of wooden partitions is desirable, and each room has at least three outside exposures, while the living-room has four. The stairway is adapted from the one pictured on page 397 of the June, 1905, CRAFTSMAN. The lights and glimpses it gives from one room to another are charming. The natural slope of the ground gives a good woodshed and stowaway place under the house.

The first floor ceilings are eight and one-half feet high, the second floor eight feet in the center, sloping to five feet where the slant strikes the side walls. This comes where it does not interfere, and gives a touch of quaintness and coziness. The second floor ceilings are of V and center V tongue and groove. This also finishes the porch ceilings and the eaves. As the latter are much in evidence from various view-points, this finish is worth while. The shingles are of cedar, which weathers a rich, velvety brown.

The exterior door and window casings and the porch copings are of redwood oiled. The doors are of Oregon pine, of

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

one-panel design, similar to the one illustrated in the June, 1906, *CRAFTSMAN*, on page 11 of the Open Door, except that there is no cross bar. The windows show for themselves; they open in, which is preferable, because easily screened, easily cleaned, and not at the mercy of a heavy wind or the small boy with a stone.

Piping and wiring a house constructed like this requires managing, as there is no space between walls for concealment. The bathroom vent pipes occupy the respective corners of the room, and painted white like the walls are not noticeable. They are carried between the ceiling and the roof to the back of the house for their outlet on the roof, for they are not slightly as prominent roof decorations. All the plumbing fixtures, even the wash tray, are of white porcelain finish, cast in one piece. The gas meter is placed near one of the wire-screened ventilating openings so it can be read from the outside of the house. For this the meter reader has expressed appreciative gratitude. The electric lights being side lights, wires were put between the shingles and the board walls on the first floor, and on the second were dropped from the ceiling between the edges of the boards (which were cut out enough to allow this), and then concealed by battens.

The grain and coloring of Oregon pine are beautiful. Some of the boards are fairly opalescent in color, showing old rose, old blue, cream, olive, and gold. To retain this beauty and not overwhelm it with too much finish, a coat of raw linseed oil was put on, then a coat of natural Jap-a-lac. The oil brings out the grain and the Jap-a-lac gives a preserving, dust-proof, wax-like finish. The effect

is one the Japanese would endorse. Even on a cloudy day the house seems full of sunshine. The soiled boards were cleaned with oxalic acid. Its use for this purpose does not seem to be generally known. Two cupfuls of the crystals are dissolved in a quart of boiling water, and the boards wiped with a cloth dipped in the mixture. Rubber gloves are worn as a protection for the hands. Distillate is used for removing pitch spots.

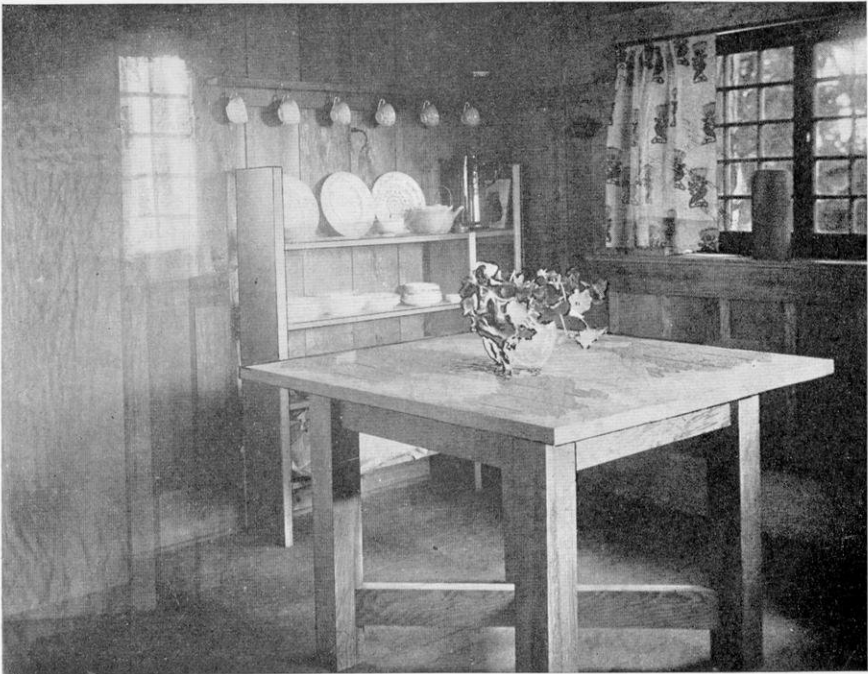
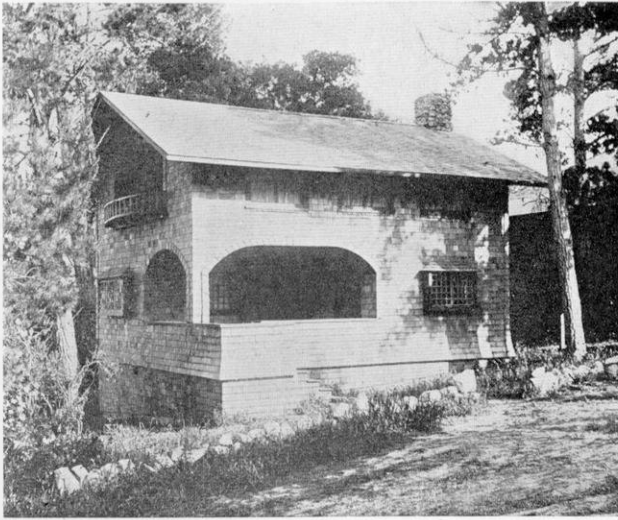
The upper third of the living and grill rooms is to be finished with matting having geometrical designs at far intervals, one black, the next Indian red, the third old blue. Plain matting of the ground color is to finish the ceiling between the beams. The fireplace is of brown-toned brick, and the hobs are very useful, as many things can be cooked on them, even beans baked. The chimney is of broken granite rock, quarried near by. The floors are of four-inch, number one pine flooring. When it comes to finishing floors, each has to work out his own salvation. A coat of one-half boiled linseed oil, one-fourth crude petroleum, and one-fourth distillate gives a rich olive-brown finish that does not acquire dirt or demand constant attention. This was used on all the floors except the bathroom and outdoor bedroom.

The bathroom is painted white, and with blue and white rag rugs, which can be washed and even boiled, and blue and white cretonne curtains at the windows and built-in linen shelves, is a Delft picture. An instantaneous gas heater in the bathroom heats the water. This is far preferable for the average family to the kind attached to the gas range. With the latter there is a wait of at least twenty



THIS BUNGALOW SUGGESTS
POSSIBILITIES OF OUTDOOR LIFE

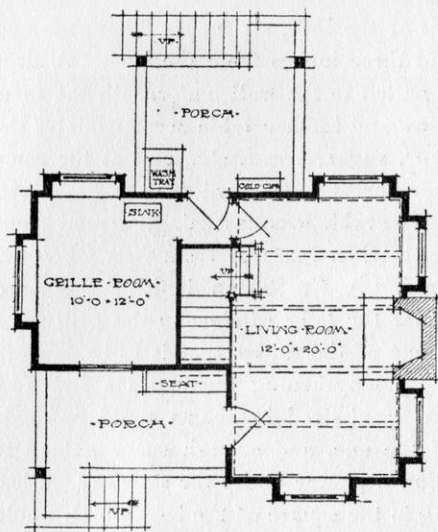
THE PORCH LIVING-ROOM IS
FAIRLY OUT IN THE WOODS



"THE HOUSE IS BUILT
ENTIRELY OF WOOD"

"HOUSE CARPENTERS MADE MOST OF THE
FURNITURE FROM CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS"

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

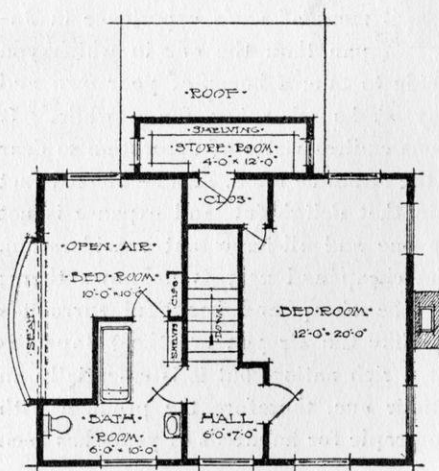
minutes for results, with a collaborator necessary to turn the gas off, as it is beyond reach of the bather. In the meantime water is heated for all over the house when not needed, with a consequent waste of gas. With a good make of the kind placed in the bathroom, results are instantaneous and it can be managed at will from the tub.

The outdoor bedroom has attracted much attention. No photographs will give much idea of its loveliness, for in it you are in the treetops, with a view of one of the most beautiful bays in the world. No insomnia there if you can once close your eyes on the magic of the moonlight or the glory of the dawn. No rain either, for the storms come from the opposite direction, and the three-foot overhang of the roof serves as a protection. The walls and floors are stained with Craftsman olive-green stain, number six, then covered with a coat of shellac. The bed used

here is a woven-wire cot with sides that let down, affording at will a single, three-quarter or double bed. A Bagdad cover, with pillows of Oriental hues, makes it very effective against the green walls. A huge red Chinese lantern adds its touch to one corner.

The back porch has proved an outdoor living-room. Here we breakfast, wash, iron, sew, work, and play. The oak tree which pierces its roof, as if in gratitude for the appreciation that spared it, gives the back of the house the most attractive exterior. The house carpenters made much of the furniture, mostly from Craftsman designs, and it was finished to match the room in which it belongs. The davenport was made from choice ten-inch boards selected from the house lumber, and is very effective in reality, if not in the photograph. Some inanimate objects, like some people, do not photograph well.

Chairs with seats of woven rawhide are scattered in and about the house. These



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

are picturesque and inexpensive. They come finished with so light a coat of oil that they readily take any stain desired. Pine boughs beautiful with cones serve as commodious towel and hat racks.

The following detail is to explain living without a pantry: Underneath the stairway and a portion of the platform is where broom, dustpan, ironing board, boilers, etc., are kept. The portion under the platform facing the grill-room has recessed shelves with doors of Japanese fretwork. Here "dry" groceries are kept. Hanging on the back porch wall is a "meat safe," five feet long, seventeen inches high, and fourteen inches broad. The back and doors are of wire netting. Herein is kept cooked and perishable food. The safe is securely hung three feet from the floor by two screw hooks in the wall that fit into screw eyes in the

top of the safe, six inches from each end and three inches from the back. A cleat is nailed to the wall underneath the safe. A cabinet kitchen table accommodates the flour, sugar, bread, etc., and at the same time forms a standard for the gas plate. A removable oven is used. A screen keeps the kitchen features from view when desired. A Craftsman built-in sideboard under the long window in the grill-room is one of the things that is to be.

By lengthening the house a few feet two good-sized bedrooms could be made of the one, and enough space gained to allow a pantry under the stairway. Closing in the square of the back porch would give a kitchen. The cost of the bungalow depends on the section of the country in which it is built, and the conditions there prevailing, \$800 being the lowest estimate.

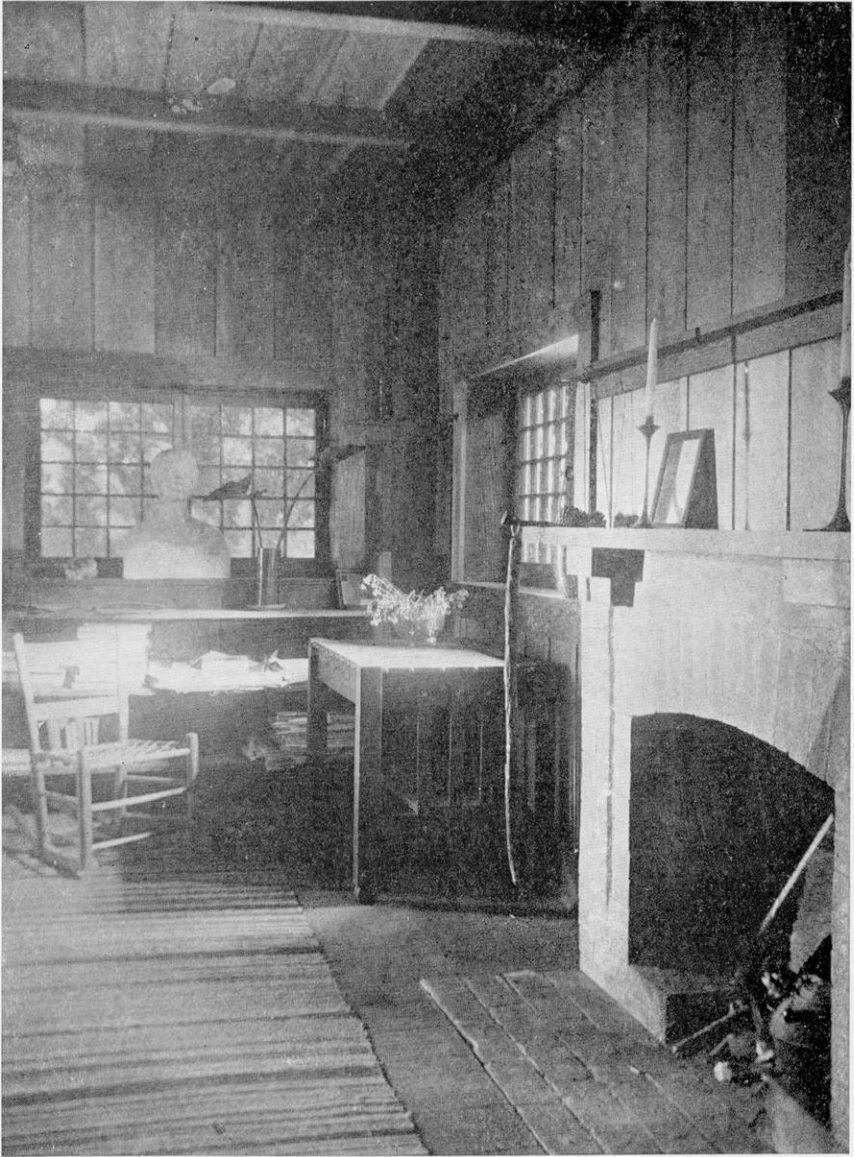
K. Boynton.

JAPANESE WALL PAPERS, CHEAP AND BEAUTIFUL

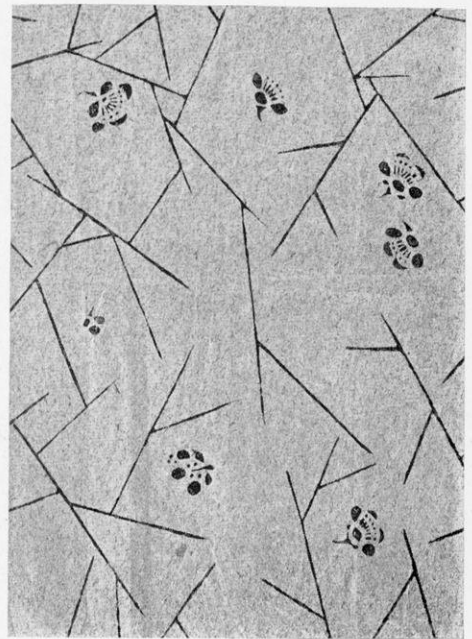
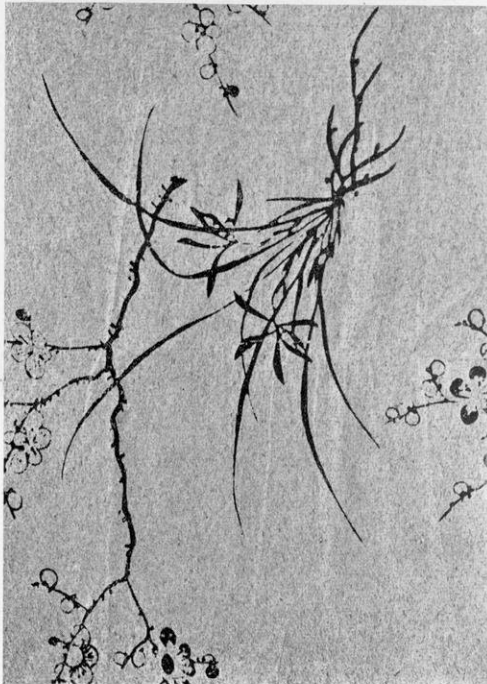
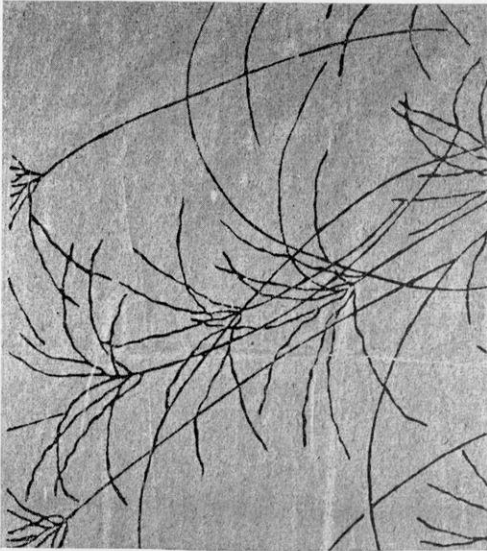
THERE is no more fascinating moment of one's experience in Japan than the one in which you decide to take a house of your own and play at housekeeping for a while. It opens endless vistas of decoration so dear to the feminine mind. And—blessed fact—in that delightful land expense is not the one and all-important consideration. The cheap and ugly is unknown there; but the cheap and beautiful surrounds you like the air you breathe. Japan is not a rich nation, but it is essentially an artistic one, therefore the problem with the people for hundreds of years has been to obtain the greatest amount of beauty with the smallest amount of actual ex-

penditure. The result is that a perfectly developed sense of beauty has become an inalienable part of the national consciousness, and that ugliness *is not*.

The poorest, straw-thatched village hut has the beauty of line and color in its sloping eaves and brown velvety thatch, and a touch of art in the line of yellow roof-lilies that grow along its ridge-pole. The cheapest, commonest interior has its charm of esthetic color and arrangement. Beauty varies in degree, but not in fact; and it is not until one has lived some time in Japan that one suddenly awakens to the knowledge that the secret lies in the elimination of what is not beautiful. And so it is that to keep house in Japan is a



CORNER OF LIVING-ROOM IN BUNGALOW, SHOWING
FIREPLACE AND LOW WINDOW CASEMENT



JAPANESE WALL PAPERS OF THE CHEAPEST MAKE, BUT EXQUISITE IN DESIGNS AND COLORS

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

pleasure regulated but not restricted by the state of one's pocketbook.

In this little article I am dealing with that first and fundamental keynote of decoration, the walls. In a purely Japanese house you may be sure of finding the walls satisfactory, for the Japanese are governed by unflinching good taste in matters familiar to them. It is only when they attempt to do things foreign style that their native artistic sense deserts them. Then it is that they will give you cheap and ugly imported papers, and honestly think that they are doing what will please you best. What their own carefully concealed opinion of your taste may be, there is no way of finding out.

When I took a house it was at the beginning of the winter season, and being influenced largely by the thought of material comfort, I selected a little foreign brick bungalow with real walls and chimneys. There were four good-sized rooms and a wide glassed-in side veranda running the full length of the house. This, having a southern exposure, I at once decided should be converted into a conservatory and sun-parlor in one. It was easily made charming with plants and wicker chairs and tables, indeed it almost arranged itself without suggestion from me; the walls, of course, were pale green, the light wicker furniture and the varying greens of the plants blended delightfully, and I found that a note of rich brown obtained from one or two old Daimyo tea-jars set about proved to be very effective. The interior gave more thought, the rooms all having a northern exposure and looking out upon a densely wooded hollow, through the branches of which could just be caught here and there

a gleam of blue sea. I determined from the first to adopt as far as possible the Japanese idea of decoration, and I sent for a very excellent and reliable *kyojia*, or wall-hanger, with whom I proceeded to have a real old-fashioned *sodan* (consultation). When he understood my plan he entered heartily into it, and as a result brought samples of all his cheapest and prettiest wall papers for my inspection. They were of the most delicate designs and colors, many of them, but following a theory of my own, I decided that for a somber room I should have a dark, rich paper, and fill the interior with glowing color, brasses, gold screens, and richly tinted hangings. The one I selected was of wood fiber, a very soft, rough, woody brown, against which as a background my Japanese paintings and prints mounted on gold and brocade stood out delightfully. Again following the Japanese custom of reflecting light from below instead of above, I had my floors covered with *tatami*, the smooth, light, rice-straw mats which are fitted together like puzzle blocks in varying designs to suit the size of the room. These make an ideal floor covering, being warmer than rugs on account of their thickness and deliciously springy under foot. On the floors, for the convenience of my Japanese guests as well as for the color effect, I placed several flat kneeling-cushions of dark red; and on my Indian reclining chair I piled brightly tinted cushions. The effect of the walls and ceiling were greatly enhanced by narrow strips of light, unpainted wood running lengthwise of the ceiling in spaces of about two feet wide, and a single strip running around the wall like a picture molding, and outlining

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

the corners of the room and the openings of doors and windows. It may sound slightly bizarre, but the first exclamation of every one who entered it was, "Oh, how pretty!"

So much for my living and work-room. For the dining-room I found nothing so effective as a sort of an ivory-toned rice paper, irregularly covered with broad splashes of some kind of mahogany-colored wood bark. With this the walls are so well decorated as to need little else, especially if combined with a dark wood ceiling and floor. Some of the delicate seaweed papers were found particularly adapted to the bedrooms, one especially (reproduced in the cut) of a very light green, with a design of pine needles and cones, the latter touched with gold. A reddish brown seaweed paper with conventionalized pine tree designs, picked out in gold, is also very charming. Some of the wave designs are beautiful, and one of the prettiest dining-rooms that I saw while in Japan had a deep frieze of this design, combined with plain tones of ivory and Chinese blue. This background for blue and white china and the blue and white Japanese color prints, or *nishiki-ye*, proved to be charming and a fitting frame for the very beautiful woman who lived in it.

Of course these papers of which I speak are the cheaper among the Japanese papers. There are numberless grass cloths and silk textures that are used in the better class Japanese houses, and that can even be obtained over here at a high cost; but they are no more charming in effect than these cheaper, commoner pa-

pers, many of which are used only for the backing of screens, but which for that very reason are made of especially tough fibrous material.

On returning to this country one of the things that struck me most forcibly was the almost universal ugliness of the wall coverings in the houses of the poorer and even of the well-to-do people. They are in most instances either tonelessly commonplace or garishly vulgar. Why may we not have some standard of good taste even in this land of tawdry, ready-made articles? Are good colors and simple, harmonious designs unobtainable? And why, above all, is it that we must *pay* so exorbitantly high for a little beauty, for some slight charm of esthetic line and color? That which is as universal as air in Japan, here is scarcely to be met with under a yearly income of five figures, and not always then. For almost more hopeless than the badness itself is the satisfaction with what is bad, because it is usual and customary. I fall into despair when I visit the ordinary wallpaperer's establishment, and am shown roll after roll of paper of poor quality, of colors and designs totally devoid of art or poetry, whose crude, jarring monotony rises up and smites me in the eyes. It is reserved for America, the richest of nations, to realize the minimum of beauty for the maximum of cost. Surely the lesson we most need to learn from Japan just now is what Lafcadio Hearn calls "making pleasure (or beauty) the commonest instead of the costliest of experiences—the divine art of creating the beautiful out of nothing!"

Anna H. Dyer.

