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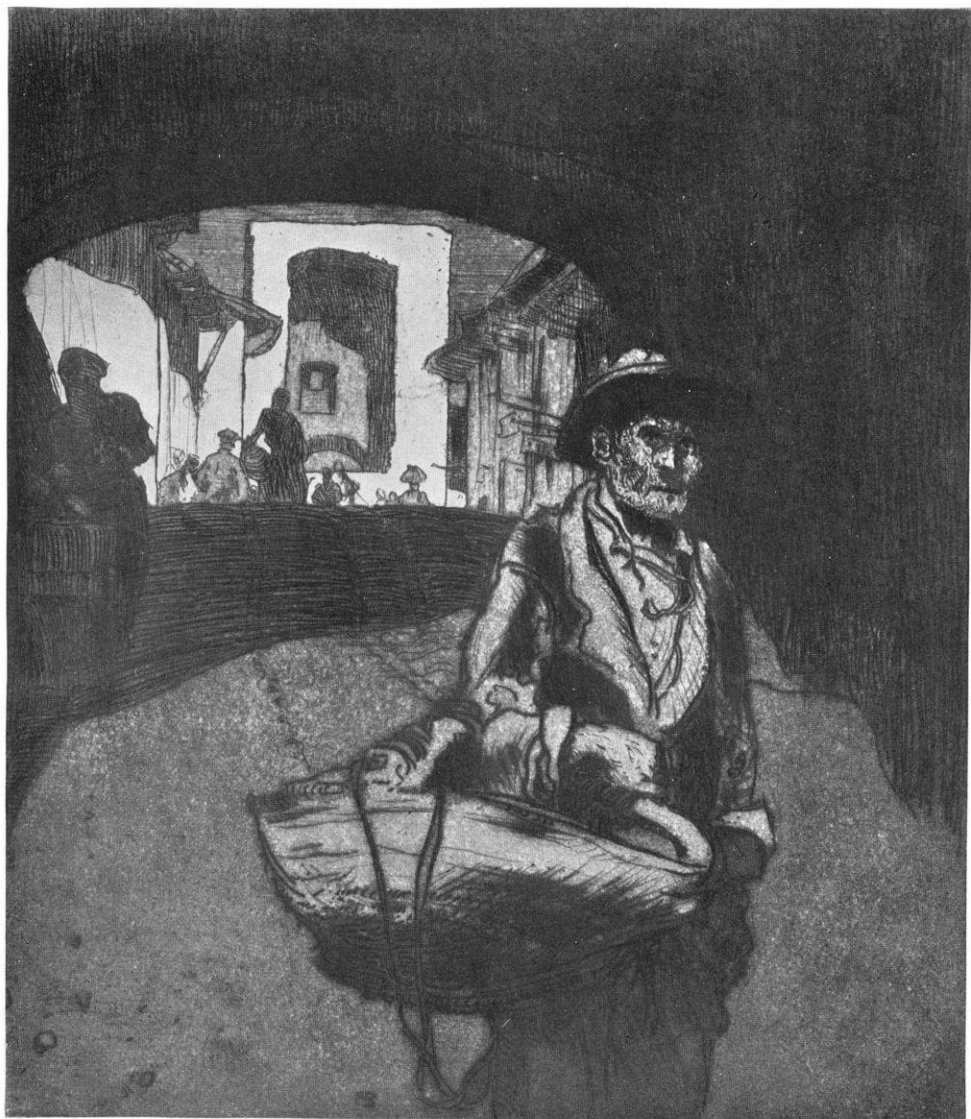
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*Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.  
(See page 380.)*

"BEGGARS, ASSISSI": FROM AN  
ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

# THE CRAFTSMAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.  
41 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

GUSTAV STICKLEY, Editor  
BEN WILES, Circulation Manager

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Unsigned articles in THE CRAFTSMAN are the work of some member of the Editorial Staff, frequently the result of many editorial conferences. All manuscripts sent to THE CRAFTSMAN for consideration must be accompanied by return postage. A stamped addressed envelope is the most satisfactory plan.

All changes of address should reach us on or before the twenty-fifth of the second month preceding the date of publication. For example, to change an address for March, word should be sent to us by January twenty-fifth.

Canadian postage 50 cents extra. Foreign postage \$1.20 extra.

Western Advertising Office: 14 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. **25 CENTS A COPY: \$3.00 A YEAR** New England Advertising Office: 24 Milk St., Boston, Mass.  
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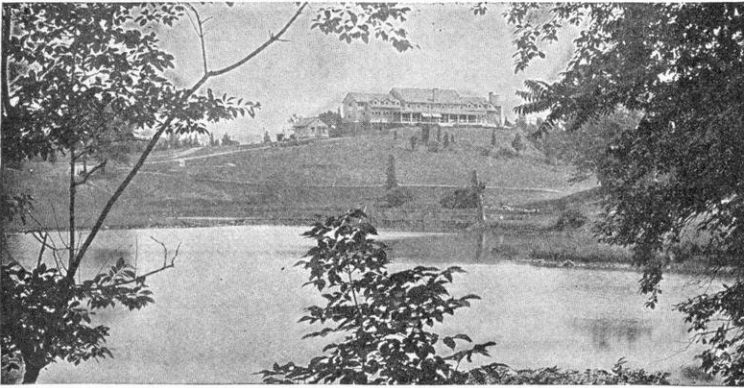
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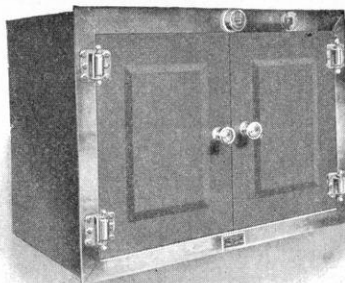
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# THE CRAFTSMAN



PUBLISHED BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.  
VOLUME XXIII      JANUARY, 1913      NUMBER 4

## FREEDOM

"Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."



THE CRAFTSMAN has approached whatever problems of life it has discussed in the belief that the great truths are simple truths, and that ninety-nine per cent. of the conflict of opinion which envelops these problems is born of misplaced emphasis and a confused sense of values. People bring a bewildered judgment to many a vital problem because as they draw near it they lose their way in the maze of subsidiary and relatively unimportant problems which surround it and provide a fruitful field of controversy. And it is through the distorting atmosphere of controversy that the trivial seems big and the big trivial. No subject is more perilous of approach for this very reason than religion. Yet religion is a great unarguable fact in this human life of ours, and there is surely no reason why we should not approach it in the same simple, reverent, open-minded spirit in which we would confront any other vital fact. It is in this spirit that THE CRAFTSMAN will discuss the widening chasm between the church and the people, and the imperative need of a living, dominating spirituality in our national life.

That a chasm has been widening between the church and the people is a fact testified to by statistics, by the religious press and by discouraged churchmen in various parts of the world. Especially are the working classes getting out of touch with the churches. A comprehensive examination of the evidence moves Mr. Bouck White, in the preface to his "Call of the Carpenter," to name as the two salient facts of our day the rise of democracy and the decline of ecclesiasticism. The church is puzzled and troubled by the attitude of the people, and is undoubtedly making sincere and earnest efforts to bridge the chasm. But the difficulty seems to be a peculiarly baffling because a paradoxical one. It is that the very forms and formulas created to protect and perpetuate the spiritual truths on which our religion is built have in the course of time become barriers between us and those very truths. This paradox has its parallels everywhere. Thus how often, in recent political controversies, we have heard the Constitution, the covenant of a people's freedom, invoked to block the fuller realization of that freedom. This is the mistake of thinking the instru-



## FREEDOM

ment greater than the cause, the letter stronger than the spirit, the symbol more sacred than the thing symbolized.

Many, doubtless, still find the spiritual stimulus and freedom they need within the confines of the creeds. But with the majority of earnest and thoughtful people such is probably not the case. Some support the churches because of the good they do and try to do, and because they stand as a dignified official recognition of the fact that life has a spiritual as well as a material side. Others actually find their spiritual aspirations chilled instead of nourished by the forms of ecclesiasticism.

**E**VERY religion that voices the aspiration of a race or an individual is in a sense a true religion. It is true, in the pragmatistical sense, as long as it serves its purpose. Only when an idol has outlived its usefulness is the iconoclast justified by his works. At one time or another every race has created for itself a religion suited to its needs. Usually this has been done through the instrumentality of some one man of vision. And always the bigger, more creative achievements, the children of a living imagination, have been possible to the nation that has found its religion. But whenever that religion has become so finally crystallized and dogmatized that it can no longer change with the changing needs of the people it has become a hindrance and burden to its creators, or else it has been tacitly ignored by them, or accorded a merely perfunctory observance.

Whatever uses such a denatured religion may have, it can not appease the spiritual hunger of a growing people. Such a people must have light as well as law. The living spirit cannot be cabined and confined in a formula. The letter cramps the spirit. It is significant that Jesus was content to trust his tremendous message to the spoken word alone.

Life is a change, a process of becoming. Therefore the truth for us can never be absolute and final. Evolution is a law of the spiritual as well as of the physical world, and in the light of this truth, wonderful reconciliations become possible in the domains of science, religion and philosophy. Thus the new and vital philosophy of Henri Bergson is derived, like that of Herbert Spencer, from the great scientific generalization of the evolution of living species. But Bergson goes further than Spencer, in his emphasis of the creative aspect of evolution. His philosophy discloses the life of the spirit, revealing to us a reality that is consistent with the satisfaction of our highest ideals. In his view, one of his commentators says, the reality of life is essentially freedom: "Life is a free activity in an open universe. We may be of little account in the great whole. Humanity itself and the planet on

## FREEDOM

which it has won its success may be an infinitesimal part of the universal life, but it is one and identical with that life, and our struggle and striving is the impetus of life. And this, above all, our spiritual life means to us—the past has not perished, the future is being made.”

Why, then, should we fear to bring a free and open mind to the consideration of religion. Truth has nothing to suffer from truth. When life forces us to discard a dogma that has outlived its usefulness, life offers us something better in its place, and we have no excuse for repinings or misgivings. The sun is not extinguished when a candle burns out. To love the ancient forms of religion more than we love the religion which created those forms is idolatry. To fear that light has died when an old lamp is broken is childish lack of faith. There is no real loss in our individual lives, as there is no real loss in the universe. *Human experience is a progressive discovery of good.*

**O**UR spiritual life is not a thing apart, but is born of and colored by our physical, emotional and intellectual experiences. And as these experiences are part of the ever-moving, ever-changing stream of life, they change, and our spiritual needs change with them. Religion, which links our consciousness to this vast current and makes us feel our relation to the stupendous uncomprehended scheme of life, is something at the same time universal and intimately personal. Therefore there is no irreverence in the idea that every man has a right to create his own God. In fact, no man can escape this responsibility. No definition can hold God, nobody can put him into a formula for us. Our discovery of God is a constant, never-ending process, like our discovery of life. It is, after all, the great adventure, to which love and service and toil are all contributory.

The case of the seeker after spiritual truth is not unlike that of a man lost in the woods and trying to find his way to camp. He takes his bearings by the stars, or the sun, or the moss on the trees, as the case may be, and then holds as straight a course as he can toward the spot where he knows that the glow of the camp-fire awaits him. If he misjudges the direction he pays the penalty of finding himself at the end of an hour further than ever from his goal, and of having to put his woodcraft to the test anew. And only to this extent is a man penalized for taking a false trail in his quest of truth. The old idea that a special damnation is meted out to all who venture from the highway of so-called orthodoxy has probably long ago died a natural death. But it is well to go further and remind ourselves of the fact that the man who dares to blaze his own trail may chance upon the nugget which will lead to the opening up of a new country and the building of new highways. And in any case he develops in himself

## FEEEDOM

finer qualities of courage and resourcefulness than the plodder on the beaten road is likely to achieve.

But unlike the man lost in the woods who seeks the haven of camp, the man driven onward by the spiritual urge does not know the nature of the goal he is seeking. It is true that his imagination has probably glimpsed some vision of the General Good, to give direction and meaning to his life. But this vision, while it will necessarily result in good works by the way, will probably remain in the last analysis largely individual and undemonstrable. Here is where the family plays its part, forming the great link between the individual inspiration and the general good. As Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson has pointed out, to disbelieve in a general good is to empty life of what constitutes, for most thinking men, its main value. Of good, as of beauty, we have an imperfect perception, but we are constantly endeavoring to perfect that perception. Through the family we realize our own stake in the welfare of future generations, and that we are responsible to life no less surely than life is responsible for us.

**I**N the family, too, is conserved the idea of love, which is the basis of the more spiritual religions, and which perhaps comes nearer than any other human experience to being an absolute good. Religion, like love, is a spiritual passion. And it is for the sake of life here that we need to strain toward an unattainable good, far more than for the sake of a problematical life elsewhere. Even if the consummation toward which we struggle is hidden in the clouds, the urge toward it is here and now. That, to us, is the important point. And to say that all human activities have their religious or spiritual bearings is merely to say that all human activities involve human relations. As G. Lowes Dickinson remarks in his "The Meaning of Good," war, politics, business, industry are in essence "just relations between human beings—relations of command and obedience, of respect, admiration, antagonism, comradeship, infinitely complex, infinitely various, but still all of them strung, as it were, upon a single thread of passion; all of them at tension to become something else; all pointing to the consummation which it is the nature of that which created them to seek, and all, in that sense, paradoxical as it may sound, only means to love." And Mr. Dickinson's examination into the nature and meaning of Good concludes with this stimulating affirmation: "Whatever Reality may ultimately be, it is on the life of the affections, with all its confused tangle of loves and hates, attractions, repulsions, and, worst of all, indifferences, it is in this intricate commerce of souls that we may come nearest to apprehending what perhaps we shall never wholly apprehend, but the quest of which alone, as I believe, gives any

## WHEN HE NEEDED HELP

significance to life, and makes it a thing which a wise and brave man will be able to persuade himself it is right to endure."

It seems to **THE CRAFTSMAN** that work and love must be dominant factors in any religion that will meet the needs of this nation. It is generally conceded that the world's workers are closer to things spiritual than the world's idlers. Labor keeps vital our contact with nature and our consciousness of the common lot. Carlyle never tires of driving home the idea that "the best worship is stout labor," but many a thinker before and since has preached the gospel of "work for work's sake." In toil we discover brotherhood. It would almost seem as if spirituality were a by-product of labor, and that as civilization is born of a nation's surplus wealth so character is born of a certain spiritual surplus that the individual unconsciously accumulates through work.

## WHEN HE NEEDED HELP

**T**H**ERE** was once a young man who felt that he needed help. When he was poor in spirit and saw that he must needs prove himself, he comforted himself by saying: "This is my own town and here are my neighbors and acquaintances. Their good-will must bear me up."

And he leaned on them, but they were as a broken reed under him. They did not support him. Then he said: "I will go to my best friend, who is a very powerful man. Surely he will carry me through."

But his best friend gave him only sympathy, and it was easy to see that by the very giving of that sympathy, doubt was augmented. And the young man called his best friend a traitor and left him, for he could not win his support. And then the young man said: "I will go to those of my own blood, my family, and they will be my strong staff on which to lean. Surely they will not leave me in the lurch."

But though his family offered him much advice and a little money they did not support him, nor did they encourage him. And he left them sadly. And, finally, because he could think of no one else who would be likely to help him, he sought out the Sage Who Never Slumbers and told his tale disconsolately. And he did everything that could be done for the young man, for he said:

"None will bear you up or carry you through because you are not sufficient for yourself. Why should they have confidence in you, when you have more confidence in them than in yourself? What else have you but yourself to guarantee your undertakings? Rely on your own strength, support yourself!"

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.



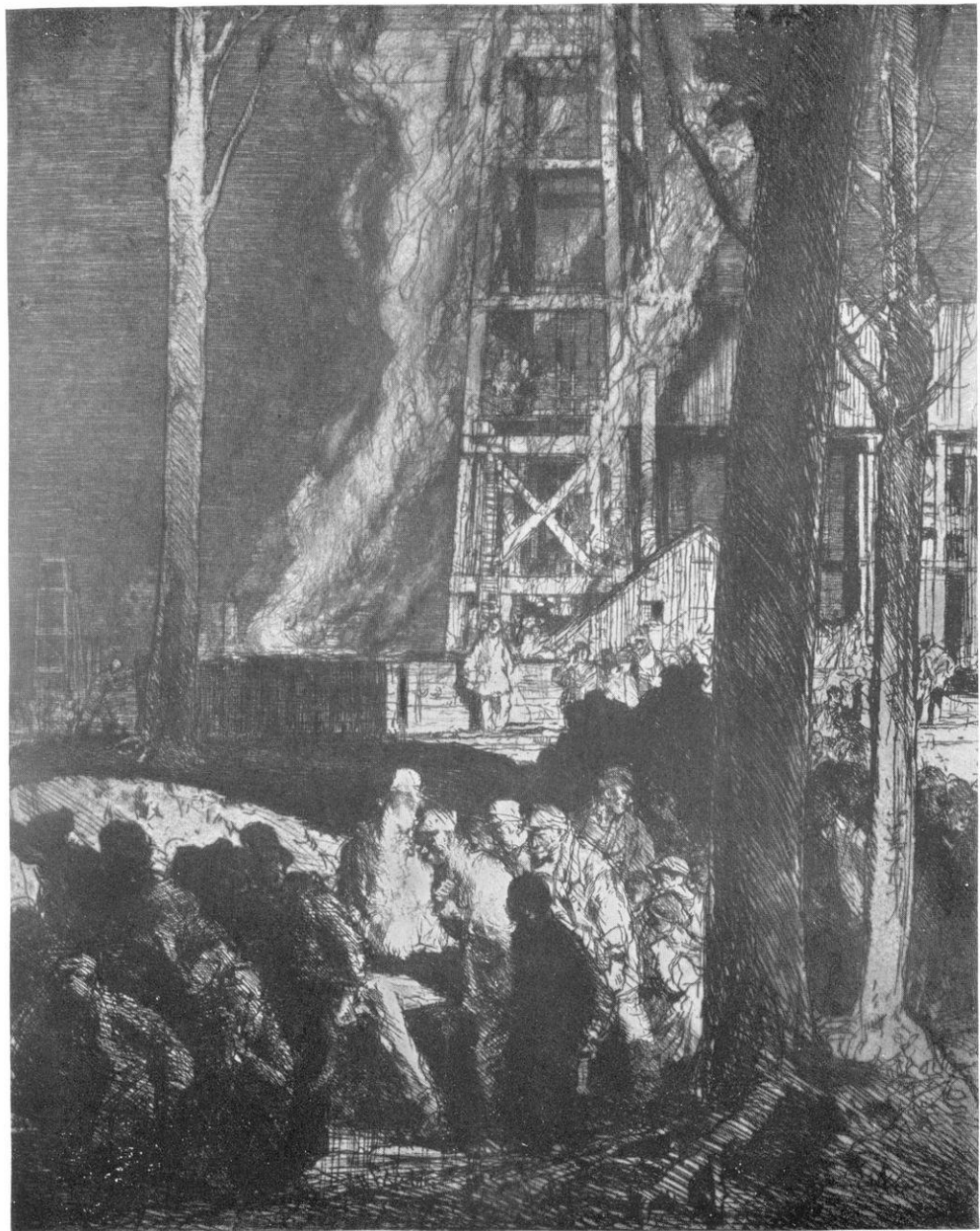
## FRANK BRANGWYN: PAINTER-ETCHER: BY HENRY REUTERDAHL



AND who is he? Who is this audacious etcher who, seeing things large, dares to break the sacred canons of Whistler, who from his shrine magnificently declared to the world: "the huge plate is an offense," a dictum which his followers still lay down as the magna charta of the copper plate. Brangwyn is a continuous shock to the British, a joy to the Continent, but unfortunately less known to the broad United States of America. He makes his own laws, paints his own ways; his masculine nature demands elbow room and a large outlet for a still larger viewpoint.

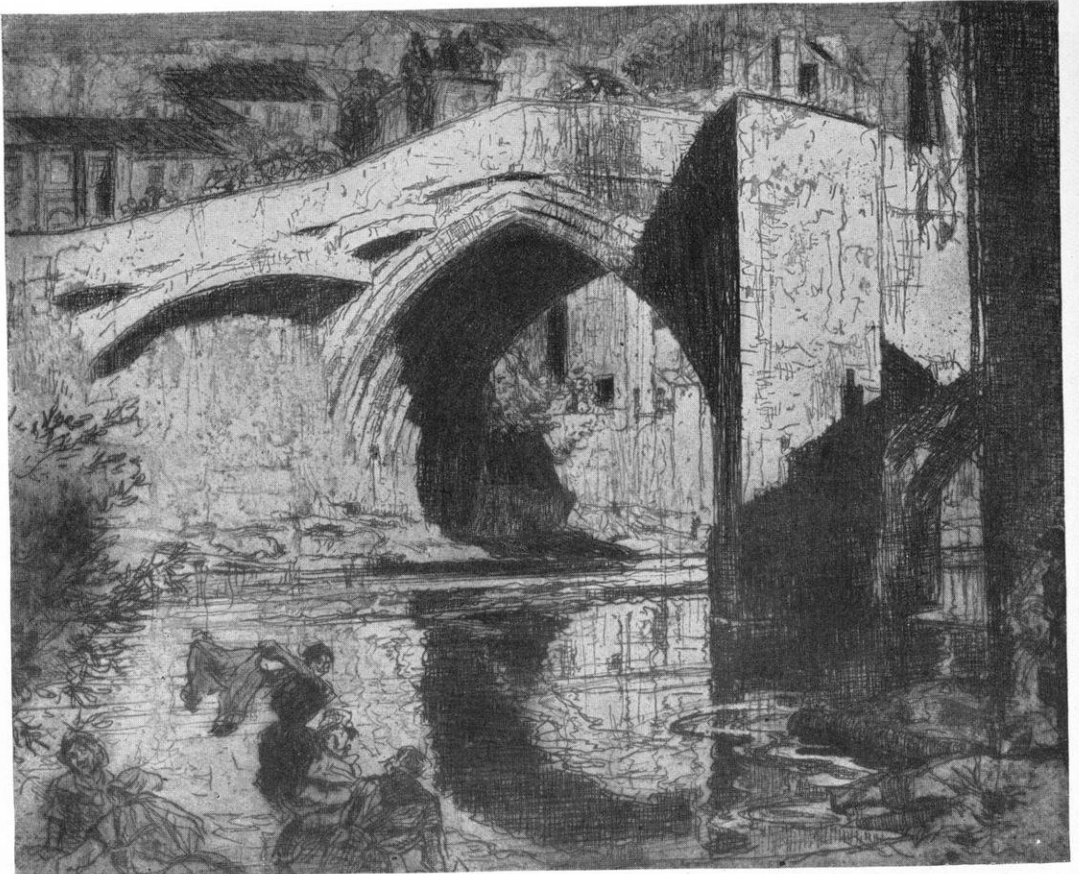
Reams have been written about this remarkable man, who single-handed fought the academic conventions of his own land and placed himself in the hall of fame in the art centers abroad where personal expression and artistic liberty stand as an achievement. Brangwyn's pictures are not often to be seen here, and none of the museums has any of his later work. With the exception of a gorgeous panel, dealing with the departure of Columbus, in the home of Mr. Robert J. Collier, nothing of importance is to be found among American collectors. And this is but another evidence that as far as the best foreign art goes we are still "in the woods," for unless a foreign artist be almost under monopolistic arrangement with a dealer, and pushed by him it becomes difficult for him to place his work on this side of the water. Except possibly on the walls of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, which is in matters of art progressive and unprovincial, little but foreign pot boilers can be found. We all know that New York is not the art center of America, and it is for a western city to first recognize Brangwyn's great abilities as a decorator. Just now he is putting the finishing touches upon a gigantic panel for the new courthouse at Cleveland. The hanging of this may help to convince our people that the classic pap which is so often served in the murals of the average American decorator are simply nondescript easel pictures, and not at all mural decoration where the painting should be an integral part of the architectural scheme and the building itself. A chapter could be written on our candy box mural decorations applied to the halls of a live people interested in the concrete problems of a modern age.

**A**S a decorator, Brangwyn stands alone, also as an etcher, and his only peer is Zorn. Commonplaceness of nature, the magnification of trivial details and total neglect of decorative arrangements of line or light seem to be the characteristic of



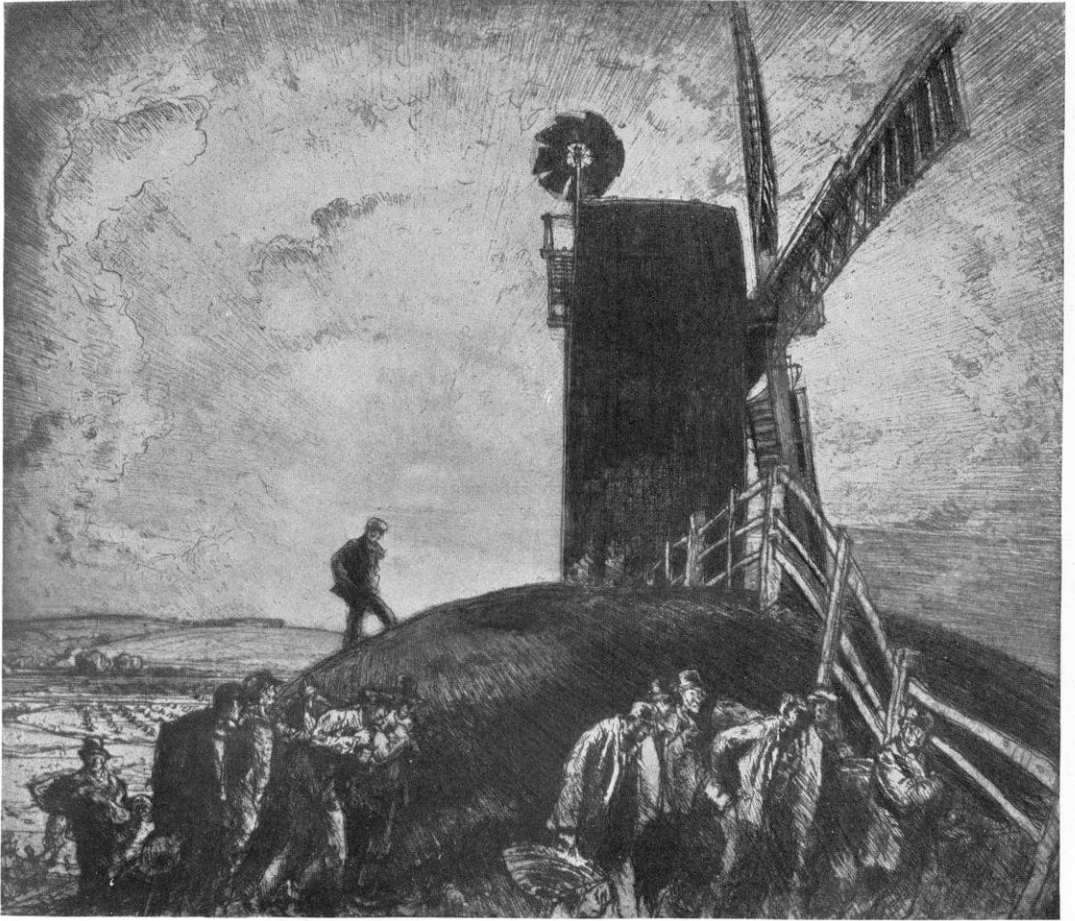
*Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.*

"THE COAL MINE," FROM AN  
ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.



*Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.*

"BRIDGE AT BARNARD CASTLE," FROM  
AN ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.



*Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.*

"UNLOADING BRICKS—GHENT," FROM  
AN ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.



*Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.*

"THE BLACK MILL, WINCHELSEA," FROM  
AN ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.



## THE STRENGTH AND AUDACITY OF BRANGWYN

much present etching, simply drawings in line on a copper plate, pen drawings in fact, and without the sensation of the etched line, quivering, sonorously deep. From the glories of Rembrandt modern etching seems to have drifted to be polite illustration, dainty and delicate, harmonizing with the parlor hangings. Because of Whistler's wondrous delicacy of line, the expression of his own feminism, it has become the thing to mystify the etched subjects with an atmosphere of vagueness bordering upon weakness.

So Brangwyn came as a shock. Massive painter, broad-shouldered in spirits, with splendid decorative sense, a sure draughtsman—organic not anatomical, he picks up etching as a pastime. As he said himself, "so that the bally dark fog could not keep me from working." Soon he finds that the copper plate is too small, too hard for his sweep, unpliant. Big, he needed room, and he began to work on zinc as metal. He established his own technique, and after years of experiments found that he could literally paint on the great responsive zinc plates.

Brangwyn is religious within himself, an ardent catholic. The splendor of the great art traditions of the church, the rich vestments, light fused through stained glass, the dome overhead with the incense circling above the choir boys, all lay dormant in his soul and found expression in his Oriental color sense. That same throbbing feeling and depth of color has pulsated in his plates, rich, deep tones, melting into half lights, again diffused into the ivory of the paper. And the man's underlying respect for the thing he etches, not the globe-trotter's random notes, but the result of an emotion, the desire to do the thing for its own sake, for what it means—that very feeling which made Millet shun Paris and live with the peasant and which drove Meunier from the silks and satins of Brussels to the miner and puddler of the Liege district! He can be no snob in mental kid gloves and spats, who sings the song of the toiler; the effort must come from one whose mind is filled with sympathy and to whom these robust figures are more than picturesque spots in the landscape.

**T**HE Welsh blood in Brangwyn has made him unBritish and he is without that provincial smugness and hypocrisy which is characteristically English, as emphasized by the three-part novel, London without restaurants on Sunday, and the awful banalities of the Royal Academy. And it may be said right here that the men who are making their mark in British art today are mainly not English, but rather Scotch, Irish or Welsh—as John, Pryde, Orpen, among the younger ones.

## THE STRENGTH AND AUDACITY OF BRANGWYN

Due to opportune travel in the near East, Brangwyn enriched his Oriental lust for color, bred in his father's workroom at Bruges, where tapestries and shimmering fabrics came to be under the guidance of Brangwyn senior, craftsman and architect. And his earlier canvases dealt with sea life, his drawings illustrating Clarke Russell's "Life of the Merchant Sailor," depicted eloquently the squalid misery and slave-driving toil of the sailor man, wet, ill-fed, fingers frozen—all notes from the artist's personal knowledge.

The journeys to the Levant fanned the color flame and the rich canvas in the Luxembourg comes from that period. But the call of the Thames rang in his ears,—the cries of the bargemen, the noise of the clanking winches, the great cranes silhouetted against the sunlit dome of St. Paul, and the boat builders at Hammersmith, all became his, and with the needle he epitomized the trade of London. His navvies unloading, bending under the weight of bales and crates, are not stage figures. One who has drifted from St. Catherine to Tilbury sees the sadness of the "docker," the hopelessness of his life just as the temporary cog in the commerce of the Empire. Brangwyn has it all.

The spirit of the age is typified in these plates. Our age is one of reality, a mechanical one, though there are many who in paint and copper prefer the softening veneer of artificial sentimentality. The Edisons of the world are making the twentieth century; the skyscraper, the wireless and the Panama canal are the symbols, no longer the fanciful rondeau. Not that poetry is extinct, it simply appears in other forms. And Brangwyn is the kind of a poet who makes of the seemingly mechanically commonplace, an epic filled with life and beauty. Marcel, the director of the national French Library, does not overstate when he says that: "lifeless things like machines receive from his needle the most striking color and character. The infinite power that is for the moment imprisoned in them seem to interest him intensely." Such indeed is the impression that the wharf and the factory produces upon us; there the man whose intelligence enslaves and controls these inorganic forces seems the inferior, the slave almost of the monster that he has tamed.

**T**HE chief things about the etchings of Frank Brangwyn's is their bull-like virility, the passionate color, the solidity of object and its proper relation to the surroundings. While the new impressionism has swept superfluous detail before it, the method of broken color does not always convey solid substance—and even the most ardent, will admit that Monet's series of Rouen Cathedral do not carry the impression of the heft of the granite pile,



*Reproduced from the "Spirit of the Age":  
By Walter Shaw Sparrow.*

"REST," FROM A PAINT-  
ING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.





*Reproduced from the "Spirit of the Age":  
By Walter Shaw Sparrow.*

"THE DEPARTURE OF LANCASTER FOR  
THE EAST INDIES," FROM A PAINTED  
PANEL BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

## THE STRENGTH AND AUDACITY OF BRANGWYN

tons of solid substance under the play of light. To obtain the vibration of atmosphere the etcher came to employ the broken line, which does not always signify substance. There is no faultiness in a Brangwyn line, it is direct and solid. His scenes of Messina, the "Bridge at Barnard Castle," the plates from Venice, the Cathedral at Eu, in all there are the proper relations of component parts. The sky is vaporous no matter how dark, the buildings and the ships are full and round, and have breadth and are not of cardboard thickness. Those magnificent etchings of the breaking up of the Hannibal, and the one of the old Duncan at the wrecker's yard—to those grand old ships, their tumble home sides he has given the weight of tons of burden within. The Duncan plate stands with Turner's "The Fighting Temeraire" as great epics of the last of the wooden walls of the British navy, the tragedy of wood and hemp, the three decker of Nelson pushed aside by steam and iron.

The charm of Brangwyn's etchings lie in their direct, swift expression. A first impression is a broad, brilliant mass of light and a fine decorative pattern. Here and there shine forth splendid bits of detail, but they hold their place and are never noisy. And like a true craftsman, Brangwyn carries on the work in the printing.

Brangwyn's sense of weight is akin to that of Piranesi, the old Italian, and among moderns is found in the plates of MacLaughlin, and it qualifies Frank Brangwyn as *the* delineator of our skyscrapers, hitherto a subject of weak renderings without either the weight of the iron within or the spirit which these monoliths themselves represent. I can imagine Brangwyn drinking in the beauties of the Panama canal, of the construction period. His fat, rich lines would typify the titanic struggle, the giganticness of the thing—the masculinity of thousands of men eclipsing the pyramids. Instead we have feminine echoes of a Whistler, their cobweb daintiness depicting the greatest engineering feat of man.

But Brangwyn will soon visit America and we may then enjoy with him the rising skyscrapers under the setting sun with the traffic of the harbor at their bases. I visualize already his rapid sketches of the great expanse of the East river, the jam at the Battery, the beauties of High Bridge, the city as it rises from the bay. I can almost see the sturdy form of Frank Brangwyn, chewing his pipe, bending over his sketch book, laughing like a boy enjoying a new sensation, working like mad under the inspiration of the concrete piles before him. It is a pity that our native etchers have failed to carry the *élan* of the skyscrapers, and their full meaning, but all the more will Brangwyn's orchestration in black and white be eagerly awaited by virile thinkers who feel that art is universal, not national.

## THE MUSIC AMERICA BUYS: WHAT THE NEW YORK SEASON OFFERS IN MANY FIELDS: BY NATALIE CURTIS



THE cosmopolitanism of New York City is perhaps in nothing more clearly demonstrated than in its musical life. It is still an external life for the most part—we do not make music ourselves in our homes, but we go to hear others make it for us in concert-hall and opera house. Yet as we are a young nation whose energies had first to be concentrated upon material things, the present period of assimilation is necessary as a process of fertilization before we can hope for a healthy growth in self-expression.

That we want music is evident from the fact that such institutions as the opera and the symphony orchestras which abroad are to a great extent subsidized by the Government, are here maintained through the voluntary contributions of private citizens whose generosity makes possible the production of art works of permanent educational value. The people of New York support no fewer than five symphony orchestras: The orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, the oldest orchestral organization in this country of which Joseph Stransky is now conductor; the New York Symphony Orchestra, founded by Dr. Leopold Damrosch and now conducted by his son, Walter; the Russian Symphony Orchestra, led by Modest Altshuler, organized to introduce to this country works by Russian composers; the Volpe Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arnold Volpe, under whose baton young orchestral players attain a thorough training that fits them for work in the larger orchestras later on—(not many years ago most of our orchestral musicians had to be imported directly from Europe); and the People's Symphony Orchestra, which under the devoted leadership of Franz X. Arens, offers concerts to students and workers at prices ranging from fifteen to fifty cents. The Boston Symphony Orchestra visits New York regularly, giving ten subscription concerts each season, and Chicago, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh have in past years also sent their orchestras. Then there is of course the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, which plays in concert every Sunday night.

All this means comparison, competition and growth, and though it shows the restless, novelty-seeking, nervous tendencies of our civic life, it also proves that there is here a real demand for orchestral music and that New York is become a musical center whose *cachet* is worth having. That there is room and even indeed a temporary need for such a variety of orchestral music is due to the ambitious spirit of enterprise characteristic of American life in general, and

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also to the cosmopolitanism of the city whose audiences include so many different nationalities. For instance, the advent of Titta Ruffo, the Italian baritone, at the Opera House, packs the galleries and standing room (as on nights when Caruso sings) with vociferous Italians whose loud cries of "bravo" and "bis" proclaim their nationality. On Wagner nights these same galleries are filled with serious Germans who promptly silence any outburst of applause and listen with studious intensity in the darkened hall through a long evening beginning at seven-thirty and ending at midnight.

The audience at the Russian Symphony Concerts is of course largely Russian; the concerts of the Volpe Orchestra are performed almost exclusively to a highly musical and enthusiastic Jewish public (Anton Seidl used to say that without the generous support of the cultured and music-loving Jews of New York, we could never so quickly have attained a musical growth); while at a recent concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra at which the popular Irish tenor, John McCormack, was soloist and Stanford's Irish Symphony was performed, the house was crowded with the sons and daughters of Erin.

**I**T is precisely this great variety of experience offered by a season in New York that makes the musical life of this city so rich in interest. We import music from everywhere, and concerts are now within the means of all classes. And if we leave the more conventional environment of the opera house and concert-halls and seek music in humbler corners, we shall find down town in the Syrian quarter the one-stringed Arabian *rhabab* and the Persian lute and zither playing melodies wafted hither from Egypt and the East, and we shall discover at the other end of the city, in uttermost Harlem, a truly remarkable Negro orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five musicians called the Clef Club, made up of banjos, mandolins and guitars of all shapes and sizes, and reinforced by the usual stringed instruments of the orchestra to whose irresistible, rhythmic, "rag-time" swing much syncopated accentuation is lent by drums and by the surprisingly effective and original addition of ten upright pianos, back to back in pairs, treated simply as part of the orchestra. These colored musicians perform their own compositions, playing and often singing in good four-part harmony at the same time. The skill and precision of their performance, combined with the impulsive, intuitive musical feeling natural to the Negro, make the concerts of this Club (organized by the Negroes themselves for their own colored audiences) comparable in the combination of folk-spirit and musical ability to the playing of the Hungarian bands that toured Europe and American so successfully.



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The noble old Philharmonic Society which was founded in eighteen hundred and forty-four (by curious coincidence, the same year as the founding of the Philharmonic in Vienna) and which has numbered some of the greatest orchestral leaders among its conductors, Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, Gustav Mahler and many others, enters this year on a new phase of its long career. Last winter a generous bequest to the Philharmonic of half a million dollars was made by the late Joseph Pulitzer on the condition that the Society procure a thousand new members, each subscribing ten dollars a year. In a few months the membership list numbered more than a thousand and is still growing—a fine tribute to the city's pride in its oldest orchestra—and many New Yorkers look forward to the time when an increase in this fund, through new donations, may make the Philharmonic Society permanently free from all financial limitations in carrying out its artistic aims. The reorganization of the orchestra under the late Gustav Mahler and the daily rehearsals have borne fruit, and though no band in New York has yet attained the finish of the incomparable Boston Symphony Orchestra, such perfection is the goal.

The prospectus of this notable Society embraces as formerly sixteen "pairs" of concerts on Thursday evenings and Friday afternoons and eight popular concerts on Sunday afternoons. That a taste for good music is constantly increasing among us is evident from the fact that the Sunday concert as a regular institution is growing amazingly in frequency and popularity, showing that the people who work during the week really like concert-going as a form of instructive relaxation. And when we realize that concerts of the high standard of the Philharmonic are financially within the reach of all (three dollars will purchase a subscription ticket for the eight Sunday concerts) we see that in a city avowedly commercial in its aims, there is yet enough love of art among its public-spirited richer citizens to make possible, through large individual subscriptions, the maintaining of a great orchestra that can give the whole people the best in music at rates which everybody can afford.

**T**HE art of program building in which Mr. Walter Damrosch is a master is exemplified not only by the concerts of the New York Symphony Society but also by a most attractive and instructive prospectus of the six Concerts for Young People given by the Symphony Orchestra on Saturday afternoons in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Damrosch in his transcontinental orchestral tours has carried good music all over the United States. He is also well known throughout the country as a lecturer, and his explanatory words



*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Opera House.*

OLIVE FREMSTAD, THE GREAT  
BRUNHILDE OF TODAY.



*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Opera House.*

THE LOVELY GERALDINE FARRAR  
AS MIMI IN "LA BOHÈME."



*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Opera House.*

AMATO AS BARNABA,  
IN "LA GIACONDA."





*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Opera House.*

BORI, THE NEW SPANISH PRIMA  
DONNA, AS MANON LESCAUT.

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accompanying the Concerts for Young People make these matinées of distinct educational worth to the hundreds of schoolchildren who crowd the auditorium. It is a delightful sight when the bleak walls of Carnegie Hall are turned into a background for what seems like a magnified "Children's Hour," when be-ribboned heads and eager little faces peer over the plush railings of the galleries, and school-teachers marshall their flocks to the seats that are subscribed for year by year. Perhaps in another decade or so these little listeners may be able to impart to their own children at home a more intelligent love for music, for these concerts aim to appeal to the mind as well as to the impressions of the American child.

Besides the musical enterprises that make for the culture and refinement of our citizens, there are educational organizations of distinctly humanitarian and sociological character like the People's Choral Union founded by Frank Damrosch, where no examination is required and every one may learn sight-singing and join the great chorus which includes hundreds of working men and women and has branches in different parts of the city. Then there are the Music School Settlements under David Mannes, one in the Russian Jewish quarter of East Third Street, and another for colored people in the "Black Belt" of Harlem. These schools aim to appeal through music to the higher nature of children who would otherwise be on the streets. The work has grown to include adults also, and it has been stated that of all settlement work none comes much closer to the hearts and homes of the people than this center for music.

It is a long way from the Settlement School to the Opera of New York, which still remains a luxury, as the productions are magnificent and elaborate, the standard high, and the cost of presentation great. The performances at the Metropolitan Opera House are indeed among the most brilliant in the world, and perhaps nowhere else, except possibly in London, can there be heard so great a variety of operas of all schools sung in the original languages by so many celebrated artists of different nationalities. It is encouraging to note however that each year the percentage of English-speaking singers bearing Anglo-Saxon names increases on the list of artists. It is no longer necessary for the American singer to claim to be "Signor," "Mademoiselle," or "Madame," as in the old days, and though the opera company contains French, German, Italian and Slavic artists, the American, as an American, is constantly coming more and more to the fore.

As last season, so this winter a work will be sung in English, the "Cyrano de Bergerac" by Walter Damrosch, who received the inspiration for his new opera from Richard Mansfield's spirited per-

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formance of Rostand's play. Another work to be heard here for the first time will be "Le Chemineau," a modern French opera by Leroux, but the greatest event of the year will be the first performance here of "Boris Godounoff," an historical drama of the Russian people by Russia's great composer Moussorgsky. Kurt Schindler, whose illuminative lecture on "Boris Godounoff" will be repeated later in the season, ranks this opera as prophetic of a new development in music, placing Moussorgsky with Beethoven, Gluck and Wagner among the "seers," and comparing "Boris Godounoff" dramatically to "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth."

In contrast to the poignant realism of this music-drama is the elaborate revival of Mozart's "Magic Flute," an opera which is a very garden of fancy, wherein all the joy and magic of dreams and the charm of an eternal childhood bloom in the artist's message of beauty.

Added to the regular Metropolitan subscription series are five performances of French opera by the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company on Tuesday evenings, thus giving New York seven performances of opera a week, including Saturday matinées. The opera singers are also heard in concert on Sunday nights.

**A**LTHOUGH we are promised many excellent concert singers this season as well as pianists and soloists of other kinds, it is the violinists who claim most of our attention, for a very constellation of stars will offer us a rare opportunity for study and comparison. First, there is Ysaye, the great Belgian, who makes his reappearance here after an absence of eight years. He was tumultuously welcomed at his opening concert in November by an audience that exhausted the capacity of Carnegie Hall. And the art of Ysaye justifies this following. It is supreme art, for the violinist today stands at the summit of his achievement, and his power is that of the recreative genius who makes an art-work live anew as one imagines that it must have lived in the dream of the composer. Ysaye chose for his opening program the pure music of the old masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and led us back to Vitali, Veracini, Geminiani and Mozart. At once the listener felt the poise and power of the artist who could limn with such reserve and with such unerring delicacy and beauty the chaste and severe outlines of these older works, and yet breathe into the classic forms that shining warmth that makes their grace and dignity alive. The laughing sunlight of Mozart never seemed to call more clearly across the years than when the violinist's fingers woke again those perfect melodies that must forever be the joy of listening mankind. But

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it was in the "Chaconne" by Vitali that Ysaye rose to his greatest height. This number, played to the accompaniment of the organ, was a marvel of sustained heroic beauty; its nobility, intensity and devotional fire made one think involuntarily of Browning, and of the "wonderful Dead, who have passed through the body and gone, but were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new."

Fritz Kreisler is perhaps the only other violinist of today who stands on a level with Ysaye, and he fully equals the Belgian in intellectual grasp and lofty musicianship. It is many years since Kreisler made his debut at one of Anton Seidl's concerts in Steinway Hall as a boy prodigy, and his art has steadily grown. The breadth, sincerity and dignity of his playing proclaim the master.

Then we have also with us this season Mischa Elman, whose dazzling technique and brilliant virtuosity have made him a sensational favorite, and the young Russian, Efrem Zimbalist, who repeats this winter his successes of last season. Miss Maud Powell, well known throughout the country, Louis Persinger, a new-comer, Bonarios Grimson, who makes his debut this season, Albert Spalding, Miss Irma Seydel, David Mannes, Henry Schmidt and others appear on the roll of violinists who will be heard in concert here this season.

Chamber-music will be represented of course by the Kneisel, Flonzaley and Olive Mead quartets, by the Margulies trio, the Barrère ensemble, and the Sonata Recitals of Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, as well as by other combinations of artists.

The Christmas season now upon us would not seem complete without the annual performance of "The Messiah" by the Oratorio Society, which sings this year under a new conductor, Louis Koemenich, though its purpose, the production of religious works, remains the same. The Society for Musical Art, a highly specialized choir of eighty professional singers under Frank Damrosch, will also give a Christmas program on December seventeenth, and an Easter program in March.

**E**ACH Chorus in New York has its own special function. Yet of all the musical enterprises in this city there is none that fills a more important place in the development of an understanding of music, or that shows greater vitality than the Schola Cantorum of New York, a new organization which is an outgrowth of the MacDowell Chorus founded by Kurt Schindler a few years ago. This institution not only gives to the public concerts of rare music of all periods and schools not to be heard elsewhere and sung in the original languages, but also through its great chorus of two



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hundred and fifty chosen voices it offers to the people the opportunity to perform themselves this music according to the highest artistic standard. This organization fills a long-felt want in this city, for it at last supplies New York with a large and carefully selected mixed chorus remarkable for beauty of tone and systematic training and available for coöperation with any of our orchestras.

Though the chorus membership includes amateurs, professionals and students, the standard is so high that only those with pronounced ability and with very good voices are accepted as members. Some of the rich music-lovers in New York whose beautiful voices have been carefully trained at great expense find in this chorus a serious field for the use of a talent which might otherwise have been but a pleasure to a few friends, and there is perhaps nothing more strikingly convincing of the value of the chorus to its amateur members than the cheerful renunciation of dinners and opera boxes on rehearsal night. Side by side with the fashionable woman one sees the struggling student or the aspiring young professional whose ability may promise an opportunity for some small solo at the concert. It is this democratic welding of all classes in work for a common aim that forms one of the most valuable features of the chorus.

This institution is striking its roots deep into the city's life; it has organized a small choir of madrigal singers picked from the best voices in the chorus and open to engagements for private concerts and drawing rooms; and also it aims to establish annex choruses in the settlements, and offers to its members and the public a course of six morning lectures given at the Hotel Plaza.

The Schola Cantorum of New York bears a name associated with the cultivation of choral music from the very beginning of the art in early Christian times, and it is hoped that in this new country the old historic title may find worthy life. Certainly nothing could be more comprehensive than one of the avowed aims of the young Schola, "the founding of an educational center for the growth and appreciation of choral music which, as a democratic form of art, should be of the same recognized importance in this country that it is in Europe." This institution is so vital and so energetic that it seems certain to grow; and it will be an important factor in our development, for we shall only attain to self-expression in art as in all other things, through "learning by doing."

# THE SOCIALIST: A STORY: BY MARIE LOUISE VAN SAANEN



JEAN PAUL BERTRAND at the age of thirty married the sickly daughter of a scrubwoman. The first year a girl was born, the second year a girl, the third year a girl and the fifth year a boy. Jean Paul was an electrician. He worked all day. At seven o'clock every evening he climbed the six flights of dark stairs leading to the cramped and slovenly flat, where his wife,

his brood, and the evening soup awaited him. After supper he sometimes beat his wife. She annoyed him by never complaining or emerging from a state of drab resignation to her unenviable lot.

Before going to bed, he read attentively a seditious newspaper called "The People's War." When he was not beating his wife or reading this violent sheet, he was overlooking, with fierce defiant tenderness, his offspring, as one by one they appeared into the world, huge-headed and puny, a squalling, thin-blooded race, to heighten expenses of living.

Jean Paul hated these things:—traditions, laws, unequally distributed wealth, the army and the power of a government over an individual. He hated the army, because it protected national interests. During his enforced military service of the two years which were sliced from his bread-winning life, the army had paid him a penny a day, had supplied him with tobacco and an ill-fitting red and blue uniform; it had jostled him into some showing of discipline, by often punishing him as a sulky child of the nation; and in time it had delivered him back to the big, indifferent city of Paris, where he continued his profession of electrician, married the scrubwoman's daughter, and had by her, four children.

Jean Paul loved one thing, his children. These stunted waxen-cheeked images of himself, these mites of inferior wit, belonged to him and formed his kingdom. They were timid subjects, fearing him as the poor man sometimes fears the rich man, loving him as animals love a master. They flocked at his call, huddled together when he addressed them, stared at him when he beat his wife, and cowered at a reprimand, fearing a like beating.

Once in a long while, Jean Paul brought a comrade or two home with him. At such times, he climbed the six flights of stairs with more than his usual assurance. From the hall, his voice, loud and boastful, could be heard directing his guests. Then his wife, always listening for his return, would bestir herself, produce a bottle or two of sour red wine, and the cheap tobacco which drifted in thick nauseous clouds to the low ceiling and gathered like a wall before the ever-closed window. Having ministered to the comforts of her husband

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and his friends, she would call the children into the next room and fit them into two beds for the night. Then the men, grouped about the kitchen table, could drink and talk freely.

Jean Paul, tall, hollow-chested, waved gestures of revolt; his face shone waxen from his blond beard, his eyes of washed-out blue stared fiercely. He denounced laws and made others by claiming rights; he railed against big men who controlled fortunes and would have himself owned those fortunes; he condemned trusts and would have formed them; he pounded his fist on the table until the thick glasses rattled, thundering invectives against the army and cursing the Government. His friends thought him an eloquent speaker.

One night he strode into the room where his son lay sleeping, seized the shivering, half-awakened boy, and carrying him to the kitchen, stood him on the table among the wine bottles.

"Here, little one," he cried. "Here are your father's friends. When you are a man you will refuse, as they do, to be oppressed."

The men applauded, but the boy was frightened and whimpered. So his father kissed him and carried him back to his place in the bed between two of his soundly-sleeping sisters.

Dating from that evening, Jean Paul undertook the education of his children. He taught them things which they lisped stupidly after him; he taught them to cry, "Down with the army;" he taught them the meaning of tyranny; he shaped them, making them ready for revolt and hate of mankind. Their noses were sharp, their mouths bloodless, their shoulders narrow. They piped like magpies of rebellion to social laws.

One day Jean Paul and his friends went on a strike. The papers elevated them to the importance of a modern problem. They felt themselves as strong as if the city were at their mercy. Other strikes, results of their initiative, were threatened. There were also rumors of war with another country. Regiments of soldiers tramped the streets to the swinging rhythm of marches. All the urchins in Paris, keeping step, trailed after the soldiers. Officers, grave and kind of face, rode on fine horses, beside their men. Jean Paul was not deceived. "They do it on purpose to frighten us with a show of their strength," he swore, and pointing to the officers who rode by, he told his children: "There go some of your enemies."

Because he was not working now, he devoted much of his time to his family. Every fine afternoon he took by the hand his boy and the youngest girl, and leaving the two other sisters to follow meekly, led his brood to the Luxembourg Gardens.

He could not afford to give them rides on the merry-go-round or on the bicycles or in the goat cart; but they could stand and watch

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wealthier children squander pennies on these innocent amusements, and in its way this was diverting enough. But Jean Paul hated more than ever the state of affairs which permitted inequality among children.

It was early spring. The garden smelt of spice and grass. Tiny leaves unfurled to points of green; the earth was smooth and brown; pansies and tulips made bright patches in the flower beds, and lights and shadows fell softly over a beaming naïve world. Children, in new straw hats, with gay-colored little coats, scampered to and fro. Everyone and everything seemed young and shy.

One fine afternoon Jean Paul and his children crossed the Gardens and came to the merry-go-round. The girls wore little checked flannel winter dresses, pinned together neatly with safety pins, and cheap red ribbons in their hair. The boy wore a pinafore and stout square-toed shoes. Jean Paul went to the low wire railing which protected the entrance to the merry-go-round. His children clung to this railing and peered over it. Mothers and nurses and some fathers sat on a bench inside the circle. Children were lifted on and off the wooden animals. Each child, once mounted, was handed a stick with which to capture rings as the merry-go-round turned.

The merry-go-round whirled to the wheezing of a tune which was supposed to be gay, but was really old and tired and which cracked on its high notes. Jean Paul's children could have watched the merry-go-round and listened to this tune for the rest of their lives. Their faces were strained and eager—the faces of worshippers. They stood first on one foot, then on the other. Every once in a while the boy would stick out a bony finger and point to an animal which pleased him.

Jean Paul stared down at his offspring, unaware of the betraying love in his face. Once he leaned toward the oldest girl. "How do you find it today?" he asked.

"I like to see the animals," she answered, "but I should like better to ride upon them." She was her mother's pet child. Her voice and eyes expressed the same resignation.

Jean Paul shrugged his shoulders and in the shrug there was bitter philosophy. "What would you?" he said, as if he were addressing an adult. "There are four of you . . . and it is two sous a head."

It was then that the old gentleman turned and looked.

He had been sitting on the bench with his back to the children. He was a very old gentleman with beautiful white hair and a white beard. His hands trembled, but his shoulders, though bowed, retained a suggestion of discipline. He wore a Legion of Honor rosette.



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He adjusted his eyeglasses and stared at the children; then he stared at Jean Paul. In his eyes there was a wide knowledge of men.

He stood up, leaning on a stout gold-headed cane. "I ask your pardon, Monsieur," he said with a dignified bow. "I was indiscreet enough to overhear. . . . Your children, Monsieur?"

"Yes," said Jean Paul, curtly.

The old gentleman hesitated, then catching the eyes of the oldest girl, who was like her mother, he went on bravely. "I also am a father, Monsieur, which may excuse my speaking to you. My son is an officer, a volunteer in the aeroplane service of our army." He lifted his head proudly and looked Jean Paul in the eyes. "I come here often as a souvenir of my son's childhood. He played always in the Luxembourg. It would give me pleasure, Monsieur, if you would allow me to offer your children a ride."

"Oh, Papa," murmured the boy.

Jean Paul looked uncertain.

"I beg of you; you would be doing me a favor, Monsieur," said the old gentleman, and fumbled in a scrupulously clean but somewhat worn vest pocket. "Here, my little one, is two sous for you . . . and for you . . . and for you, and you, if your father will be so amiable—" He held the pennies near to the railing.

Then Jean Paul grunted, "Go!" As if at a signal for a race, his children, their faces alight, scurried within the magic gates. In a twinkling the boy climbed upon an elephant, the girls, as best they could, reached other mounts, the music wheezed, and the merry-go-round went round and round.

The old gentleman slid a wise look at Jean Paul, who, with lowering brow, watched his children's joy.

"My son, too, always preferred the elephant," he remarked courteously. "Will you not come and sit with me, Monsieur?"

Jean Paul awkwardly entered the magic circle, and the old gentleman made place for him on the bench.

"It is kind of you," the leader of the electricians' strike had the grace to mumble.

"My dear Monsieur, you exaggerate," said the old gentleman, but he seemed pleased. Then the two men sat side by side, and watched the merry-go-round until, turning more slowly, at last it stopped with a groan of rusty machinery. The children slid off their mounts and hopped to the "bank," where, according to the rings they had won, they were given prizes—sugar sticks and tiny paper flags. Jean Paul's children trotted back to their father, munching sweets. Each carried a French flag.

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"Ha-ha," exclaimed the old gentleman, "that is as it should be. Our good flag waves in the hands of future patriots."

Jean Paul shuffled to his feet.

"Papa, we had to take the flags with the candy," piped the boy.

"Hein!" said the old gentleman, "*had* to take the flags?"

"Papa, we will throw away the flags," shrilled a girl.

Jean Paul, avoiding the old gentleman's eyes, herded his children.

"Thank Monsieur," he commanded.

"Thank you, Monsieur," echoed the children.

"What is this?" said the old gentleman, staring down at them with his wise old eyes. "Are you ashamed of owning the flag of France?"

"What has the flag ever done for them . . . or for me?" muttered Jean Paul.

"I am a soldier, Monsieur. I have fought for my country. I have been wounded defending its flag, and I am proud of that." He turned away from the little group. "I am very sorry," he murmured, "very sorry," and lifting his hat in a grand old-world gesture, he hobbled away, leaning on his cane.

Then Jean Paul's son, loyal to his father's precepts, spread his fingers fanwise and applied the tip of his thumb to the tip of his nose in a classical gesture of derision, directed to the retreating back of the old soldier. At the same time this obedient child threw down his little flag and stepped upon it, looking to his father for approval. But Jean Paul, in an illogical burst of temper, cuffed his son, and growling, "Will you behave?" he marched out of the Gardens, followed by a whimpering disciple and three frightened daughters.

The next afternoon he refused to take his children out, and as they were forbidden to play in the street alone they stayed huddled in the stale unaired room and watched their mother mend stockings. Their father strode out among his fellow strikers, and drank with them at a café, until a brawl ensued which sent him home with a black eye and a vile temper against an interfering policeman.

But the following day he and his children went again to the Gardens. The old gentleman sat on a stone bench under a tree near the merry-go-round. He rose somewhat painfully at sight of them.

"Good afternoon, Monsieur."

"Good afternoon," mumbled Jean Paul, ungraciously enough.

"May the little ones ride again?"

"Not today."

"Why not today, Monsieur?"

"Why should my children accept your charity?" said Jean Paul, roughly.

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The old gentleman, looking very old and weary, stared at Jean Paul with sad, wise eyes. "For the sake of a word most often mis-used, Monsieur, do not refuse this little pleasure for the young from the old. Permit me . . . ." He fumbled in his vest pocket. The boy edged closer, a sharp expression of greed in his pasty-colored little face.

This time the old gentleman did not wait for Jean Paul's answer. He handed each of the children two sous, which they snatched from his hand. Then like little savages, they ran away quickly.

He turned an apologetic face toward their father. "Forgive me, Monsieur, for presuming . . . . but they are young and must have pleasure. Will you sit here with me. . . . I cannot stand for long." With the aid of his cane he slid back on the bench, but Jean Paul remained standing. The old gentleman raised his hand with a gesture of disappointment.

"What have I ever done to you, my friend?" he said.

Jean Paul shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other. The sun shone through the branches of the tree, and drifted in dappled light across his face. The face was that of many men, a weak mask, somewhat frayed by use, and crumpled into a poor semblance of aggressiveness. He stood, a half-starved soldier of a blustering cause, a fanatic who tilted at elemental truths.

"You are rich," he said bluntly.

The old gentleman, with unexpected humor, began to laugh, as at a huge joke. "And you belong to the army," continued Jean Paul. "The army is for tyrants."

"Oh, my brave man," gasped the old gentleman, then suddenly grave, he shook his head, as if in pity. "So that is it? You are one of *them* . . . . the men who dream of Utopia, as children dream of some day growing up . . . . and who, unlike children, prostitute their dreams to use of envy, intrigue, vulgarity. Alas, Monsieur!"

"You do not . . . ." began Jean Paul.

The old gentleman waved his hand. "Have I not dealt with men in my time, Monsieur? I am a general in the army, and all I have to live upon is my pension. I have met men like you before, the products of too much indulgence and not enough system in modern governments. You forget, Monsieur, that in destroying the tradition of a country, you ruin your own future hope of power and prosperity; that in attacking solidarity you prepare revolt against laws which protect you and your children. Patriotism is the sun which makes a country flower to its fullest prosperity; discontent withers roots of brotherhood and disunites families. But you

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cannot understand, perhaps, that the real socialism is for peacemakers."

"All men have equal rights," burst forth Jean Paul.

"All men have not the equal intelligence to prove their rights," answered the old gentleman quietly. "It is not by destroying others' rights that you can protect your own, Monsieur. Your God, your country, your army, do not interfere with your chances or your children's chances in life. . . . See, here they come running toward us now . . . so young, so ready to be influenced. Teach them respect for honest strength, Monsieur, I implore you. Teach them to look at social institutions as a whole, not as a part of good or evil. A man may have a withered right arm, and yet be a brave man, and a necessary one in his place."

"It is easy to talk that way," said Jean Paul, and turned toward his children.

The old gentleman was tired. He leaned his chin on the gold-headed knob of his cane, and looked gently at the boy. "Ah, well . . ." he said, "I hope that you will be as proud of your son as I am of mine."

"Every man his way," said Jean Paul, and with some dignity of his own, took his leave.

After that whenever he came to the Gardens he assumed toward the old gentleman a reticence which was almost rudeness; nevertheless, his children continued to accept two sous for their ride on the merry-go-round, and the old gentleman continued to be kind and patient in his advances.

A great unrest seemed to have taken possession of Jean Paul's spirit. . . . an unrest which translated itself sometimes into excesses of violence. When he was with his fellow strikers he raved at things as they had been, as they were, as they should be. He kept the strike alive, grim, obstinate and dangerous. It was as if he vented many rages upon it. He also beat his wife more often, as if to convince himself of a right over her.

One fine afternoon, when he and his children came to the merry-go-round, the old gentleman did not rise from his bench as usual. He seemed feeble and sick that day and shivered, although the sun was warm and the Gardens full of scents.

"I am not well today," he said, "but I had promised the children to be here."

"You should not have come," grumbled Jean Paul. He himself was sallow and gaunt and strained of face.

"I came to ask you a favor," said the old gentleman. "I wonder if you and the children would come home with me today, for a little

## THE SOCIALIST: A STORY

visit. I live near the Gardens. I have ordered tea and cakes for them . . . .” he added.

Jean Paul did not answer at once.

“It is modest and poor, my little apartment,” continued the old gentleman, “but if you will pardon that. . . .” He rose slowly and put a hand on Jean Paul’s arm. “Do not refuse me, Monsieur.”

“We will come.” Jean Paul held out a hand to the youngest girl, who seized it and allowed herself to be towed. He jerked her after him, as he walked beside the old gentleman, through the Gardens to the gate near the Boulevard St. Michel. His boy hopped ahead, turning occasionally an impish face toward his father.

Now, marching down the Boulevard, came a squad of soldiers. Their feet shuffled in regular tramp. They were short men and their uniforms fitted badly. As the officers rode by, the old gentleman saluted them, but Jean Paul drew back and scowled, and his son imitated him. Jean Paul knew why these soldiers were marching through the streets. They were the enemies of his friends, the strikers; they were sent out to enforce law and order. The old gentleman seemed to divine his thoughts. “A uniform would become you,” he reflected, gently. “If there were need of brave men, *all* of you would go . . . . all.”

“To be shot like pigeons . . . . never!” snapped Jean Paul.

They walked the rest of the way in silence.

The old gentleman lived on the third floor of a house set back in a courtyard. His concierge was a kind stout woman who sat sunning herself at the entrance of the house. She smiled at her lodger, but gave a surprised glance at Jean Paul and his children. Jean Paul scowled at her.

The old gentleman’s apartment consisted of two rooms and a kitchen. The sun streamed through the neat curtains of a window in what was evidently the living room. This room seemed a humble shrine for souvenirs. A pastel of a sweet-faced woman hung opposite the fireplace; there were many photographs of a brave-looking young man in officer’s uniform. There was a snapshot of what seemed to be nothing but sky, with a black dot in the middle. On closer inspection, the black dot proved to have wings perilously outstretched—a man-bird in flight.

On an easel draped with a flag stood an enlarged photograph of the old gentleman in general’s uniform, wearing a brave string of medals. These medals and other fascinating trophies reposed in a cabinet near the window. From the next room a canary could be heard trilling.

A little table was set out with a gay yellow teacloth. Hot water



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simmered in a brass kettle, and there were two plates of cakes. "That good Jeanne," exclaimed the old gentleman, gratefully. "I told her to have everything ready for my guests." He was as elated as a child.

Then, as the children stood gaping in the doorway, he took Jean Paul's son and led him up to the flag which draped the easel.

"Here is a flag which my wife made for me. It has been through the war of seventy with me, and has known many a battle," he said. "It has been on weary marches with me. It has stayed with me in days of peace . . . it has been my faith." He turned toward Jean Paul. "You have never fought for your country, Monsieur, and so perhaps you cannot realize what a flag represents. A flag symbolizes its country's ideals, Monsieur. It rallies those who are brave and faithful, those men who are good citizens. A flag is not only of use in time of war. It is an emblem of race and faith." He drew Jean Paul's boy nearer the flag. "Look, little man . . . you belong, whether you will or not, to this flag; its colors are in your blood. You are a Frenchman and this is the flag of France."

"Papa says," shrilled the boy, "that France is a country for tyrants."

The old gentleman hobbled over to where Jean Paul stood. "Monsieur, you are my guest. I may not say all that I would like to say, but some day perhaps you will realize what harm men like you can do to the coming generation."

"I have a right to teach my children as I will," retorted Jean Paul.

"No, Monsieur, you have not the right," said the old gentleman with sudden authority. Then in a gentler voice. "Now we will talk no more of this. I am an old soldier, and I love my France. You do not understand. . . . Come, my little ones, come. . . . we will have our tea."

The children edged nearer the table, and Jean Paul, at a wave of his host's arm, sat rigidly in a chair. The old gentleman did the honors, as if he were entertaining personages, but his manner had changed from its former eagerness to a quiet melancholy. His smile was sad as he watched the girls eat the cakes; his eyes were sad as he looked at the boy.

Soon everything was eaten, and the teacups were emptied. The old gentleman offered Jean Paul a good cigar, which the latter, with mumbled appreciation, put in his pocket. There was an air of constraint in the room. The children, having eaten, sat staring silently about them, with wide, cruel eyes.

Then Jean Paul rose and walked sideways to the door. His

## THE SOCIALIST: A STORY

children followed him. They stood, a small group, aliens among the souvenirs in the room. "We thank you, Monsieur," said Jean Paul. "You have been very amiable."

The old gentleman stood also, his hand on the back of a chair. "God be with you, Monsieur," he said solemnly. "And I pray that your children lead honest lives."

Jean Paul seemed about to speak, checked himself, opened the door softly, and walked out.

The next day the strikers held a monstrous meeting in a public square. The police were present, ready to interfere. Jean Paul was the chief speaker. He harangued vehemently, brandishing wrongs, discovering injustices, and preaching rebellion. He was grim and terrible and disseminated trouble by arousing the eternal discontent in men, the primitive and cruel instincts in them. He took the meeting by the throat and shook it until it frothed with rage, and then he let it loose with hatred alive in its eyes; he cracked whips over its head; he incited it to crouch and spring. The presence of the silent watchful guardians of peace drove him to madness. He would have seen them torn to bits by the mob.

His men felt his will. Faces darkened to scowls, arms waved, voices rose. The shuffle of feet grew rougher, quickened. A fist was raised, a blow struck. It was the signal. A fight grew sudden, sharp and violent, like a storm that strikes and sweeps across a country, devastating it. Jean Paul, gaunt and waxen of face, was driven back, victim to the thing he had unchained. Men stronger than he brushed past him, their faces twisted and savage with the lust of war. There was a dry, crisp revolver shot. Then in the hubbub someone cried: "The cavalry!"

They came, riding down the street to the square. Their horses' feet clicked on the pavement; their helmets shone in the sun; their sabres were ready to leap from the scabbards.

The little rabble in the square became suddenly afraid. It squirmed and retreated from the unbroken line of horses' heads; it struggled, turning helpless masks to the riding powers; its voice was hoarse like that of a mad dog about to be suppressed.

Jean Paul, breathless, his clothes torn, swept like a leaf in a panic of wind, staggered against a wall. A policeman surged in front of him and seized him by the arm. With a last burst of strength and hate, he wrenched from the grasp of the policeman, raised his fist high, and brought it down with a crunch. The man fell. Then Jean Paul ran away.

He ran like a hunted thing, leaving his friends to be vanquished, leaving the fight at its ugliest. He ran, dodging and skulking down

## THE SOCIALIST: A STORY

the streets, until, lost in more peaceable crowds, at last he found his way home, climbed his six flights of stairs and burst into the room where his wife, his brood, and the evening soup awaited him.

That evening he turned his face to the wall and slept like a dead man. The next day he sent his boy out for the morning papers. In them the fight was described. A policeman had been killed and eight of Jean Paul's friends badly hurt. There had been several arrests.

For three days Jean Paul, somber and tragic, stayed in hiding like a sick animal. None of his friends came to see him. Then on the fourth day, as if nothing had happened, he took his boy by the hand, and his girls trailing after, he went to the Gardens.

The old gentleman was not in his usual place on the bench under the tree. Jean Paul wandered aimlessly near the merry-go-round. His children whined because there was no one to give them two sous for a ride. Two more days passed, and upon each of the afternoons Jean Paul went to the Gardens. None of his friends had come near him, nor did he seek them. He grew haggard and savage. Then one afternoon he did a singular thing. Taking his boy by the hand, his eldest girl by the hand, the two others following, he walked from the Gardens to the house where the old gentleman lived.

This time the concierge was not sitting in the doorway, although the sun was shining brightly and the day was warm. Jean Paul trod clumsily up to her door and knocked. When she opened the door and saw him her face settled into instant gloom as if she were donning a suitable expression for an occasion.

"Ah, Monsieur did not know?" she exclaimed. "He is dead. He died yesterday."

Jean Paul stood silent and gaunt in the doorway, his children grouped around him.

"He would go to the Gardens every day," continued the worthy woman, and began to sniff, with ready tears. "He was too old and too weak. He took cold one day. . . . I always told him, 'Monsieur should be careful these spring days.' 'Ah, Madame, I am expected by friends,' he would answer. And now he is dead. There will be a military funeral . . . a fine funeral," she added, with obvious satisfaction. "His son arrives tonight."

Jean Paul stared at her, as if he did not understand what she was telling him.

"Ah, death is strange," reflected the concierge, and would have philosophized upon the uncertainty of life. But Jean Paul, barely touching his cap to her, strode from the house out into the sunshine. His children ran to keep up with him. He did not say a word.

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Only when he reached home he told his wife, "Make black things. We go to a funeral tomorrow." Then he turned his face to the wall and pretended to sleep. But his wife sat up all the night, clipping and sewing on an old dress of hers which would do for the oldest girl. There would not be enough black in the house to make mourning garments for the others.

The next morning the oldest girl, clad in rusty black, and the three other children and their father, with black bands sewed on their sleeves, went to the funeral.

It was a beautiful day.

Then, behind the band which played a funeral march, behind the soldiers, who, with their guns pointing downward, kept step to the march; behind the great dusky carriage hung with wreaths, bearing a shrouded quiet body draped in a flag; behind the silent and pale young officer who resembled strangely the pastel of a sweet-faced woman, hanging in the old gentleman's living room, and who, bareheaded, walked behind the bier; behind other officers and fine solemn gentlemen wearing red rosettes;—behind all these outward and visible signs of grief and reverence, trudged Jean Paul, with bowed head. Beside him, his children, each carrying a two-sou bunch of violets, the price of a ride on the merry-go-round. The procession was long and wound slowly down the street. At its passage all men bared their heads and women made a sign of the cross.

It was like Fate abroad, on a bright day.

So the old soldier was borne bravely onward amid pomp and respect. Jean Paul only spoke once. "Keep step," he whispered to his boy, who was lagging behind and seemed tired. The two-sou bunches of violets were already withered.

Soon it was all over. The black carriages and the black-clad people dispersed as if the sun had melted them. The soldiers marched, the officers rode away.

Then Jean Paul stalked home. A man stood in the shadow of his door. As he passed, this man stepped forward and tapped him on the shoulder. He was a comrade.

"I have come to warn you," he whispered; "Pierre Leroux saw you strike the policeman who died. He has told on you. You may be arrested any moment." Then, as if afraid of being seen, the man slipped away.

Jean Paul, followed by his brood, climbed the six flights of stairs; evening soup awaited him.

"How was the funeral?" asked the wife.

He sat heavily down to the table, hid his face in his arms, and wept like a child.



## SOME WATER-COLOR PAINTERS WHO HAVE ESCAPED TRADITION



WE have grown accustomed to thinking that water-color painting is something delicate and ephemeral, something done to express a pleasant dilettante interest in art, not in life. With this point of view in the mind of the aquarellist as well as the public, it is natural that water-color painting has not progressed very far beyond what it was in those drab, mid-Victorian days when every "real lady" must do one water sketch before she married. Fortunately for the progress of art in this country, none were expected of her afterward.

Art matters are changing so in America, artists are refusing so absolutely to accept European standards of beauty for this country, and our vigorous men with brush and chisel are so insisting upon seeing things honestly and presenting them truthfully that the stationary attitude expressed in the average water-color exhibition throughout the land fills one with astonishment.

When our landscape men are painting canvases drenched with nature's moods, when our portrait men are realizing character as well as costume in their work, when our sculptors are carving the heart and soul of the country in their marble memories, why is it that our painters in more delicate mediums, in water colors and in pastels, must adhere to the dead and gone purpose of doing only the preëminently pretty subject with a technique suited to the tender ideals of our boarding schools of eighteen hundred and sixty-four?

Of course generalization of this nature can apply only to the *mass* of work presented at the water-color exhibition in New York or elsewhere in every exhibition. There are always exhibitors who furnish hope to those who are still interested in this phase of art presentation. At the Water-Color Club Show held during November at the Fine Arts Building in New York, we discovered a number of vigorous, interesting drawings. It is quite possible to draw as well with a brush as a pencil, and yet, although there were over four hundred sketches at the recent show, there were really very few that seemed to have escaped the blight of the water-color traditions—the pretty conception of the pretty subject.

In "The Eastside Group" by Miss Squire; "Graining Horses" by Mahonri Young, the sculptor; "The Village of Monhegan" by George Wharton Edwards; and "The Old Homestead" by Edmund Garrett, we feel that there is manifestly the modern spirit and the open mind as well as the brilliant, vigorous technique that expresses freely and frankly the artist's point of view about his subject. Any one of these subjects would have been equally suitable to an oil study



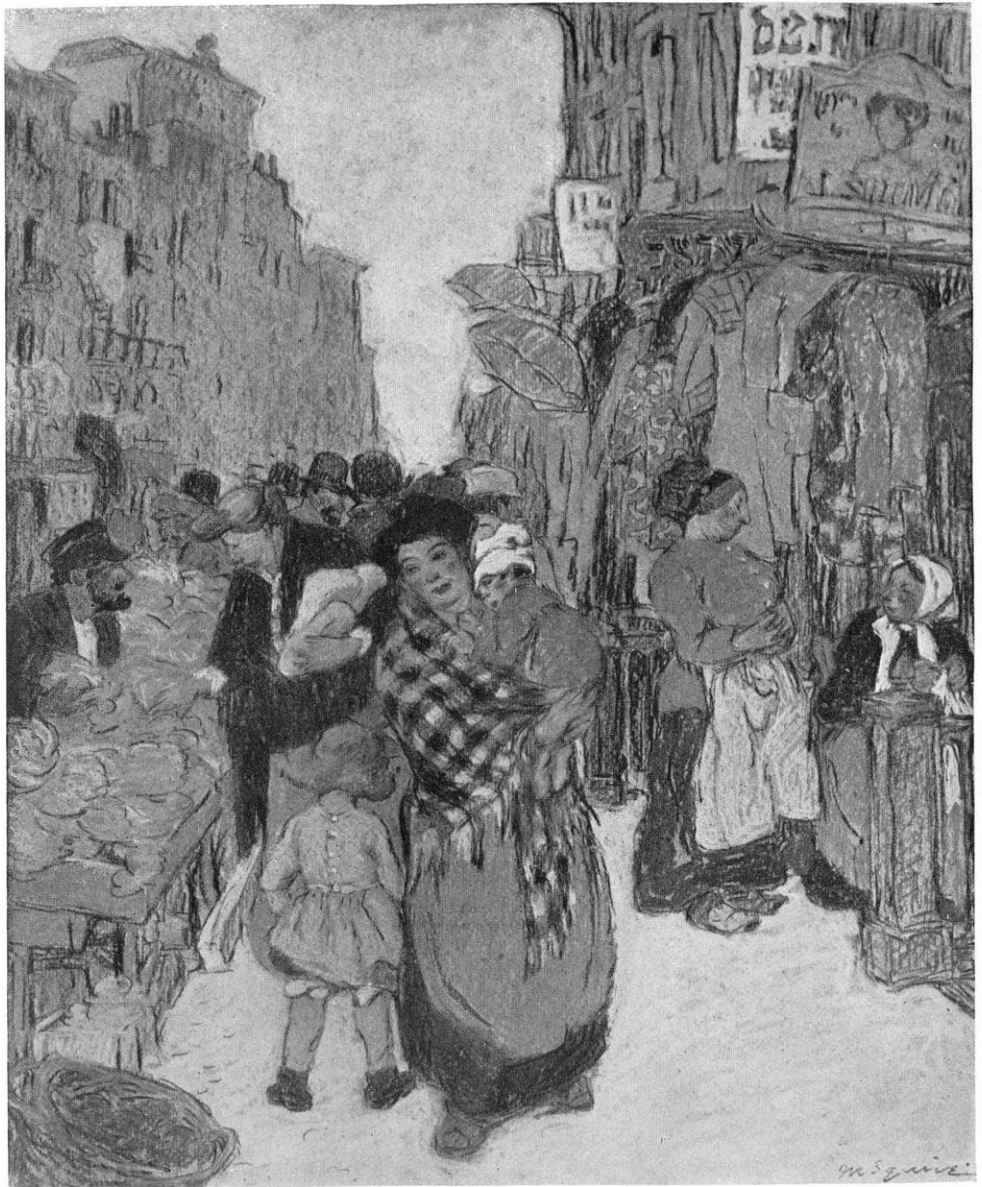
## SOME STRONG WATER-COLOR PAINTERS

and not one would have been handled with any great difference if painted on canvas. Surely these four sketches are sufficient to explode the old idea that the water color may not present life as it is, but prettified to suit some fantastic ideal of the painter. "The Village of Monhegan" is *really* the beautiful old fishing town that lies on the edge of the island; the busy life of the people is going on, the wind is blowing up from the sea to dry the wash on Monday morning, and either some fisher's daughter or some art student, is carrying from a spring nearby a heavy pail of water. Not as though it were a burden or a shame, but with the joy of the fresh morning visible in her poise and swinging walk. It is a picture that makes one like Monhegan, as well as the artist's point of view.

**I**T is many miles in spirit as well as in travel, from the wonderful blue and gold morning at Monhegan to Miss Squire's "Eastside People," but the artist's vision is as clear here, the truth is as intimately presented and the sense of reality is as vivid as though the sketch had been done with all of nature to swell the inspiration, for, after all, human nature can touch the fancy and the brain as curiously and as sharply as the swell of the ocean or the sweetness of the wind.

We have seldom been giving such a drenching sense of sunlight as Mr. Garrett has poured over his water-color sketch of "The Old Homestead." It is hard to see how oil could give us a more suffused light through the trees and over the house, or a richer sense of warmth than has been accomplished through water-color medium in this painting. Throughout, the house is so well constructed. There is a sense of life back of the windows and doors, although the feet of the visiting friends have not worn a very definite pathway to the old brass knocker. Mr. Garrett has so admirably done what he has started out to do. He has made us feel the way he felt about the old house, and this is the utmost that we ask of the artist in any medium. In most all of the other pictures (not quite all of course) we find very little of interest, and some, of course, are hopelessly bad. Apparently there is no jury of admission to membership in the Water-Color Club, and, though there is a hanging committee, and we judge that often it must have had to face the problem of hanging certain pictures that came in with a red stamp, because the names of the hanging committee make it clear that they could not have had much joy in presenting to the public some of the pictures which were on the line at this exhibition.

It would seem as though what the water-color painters need is some splendid spirit interested in the work as Monet was in his lily fields or as Millet, the man of vision, proved himself to be on the potato fields at Barbizon. Beautiful water-color paintings are done and hung



"EASTSIDE PEOPLE," FROM A  
WATER COLOR BY M. SQUIRE.



"THE OLD HOMESTEAD": FROM A  
WATER COLOR BY EDMUND GARRETT.



"THE VILLAGE OF MONHEGAN," FROM A  
WATER COLOR BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.



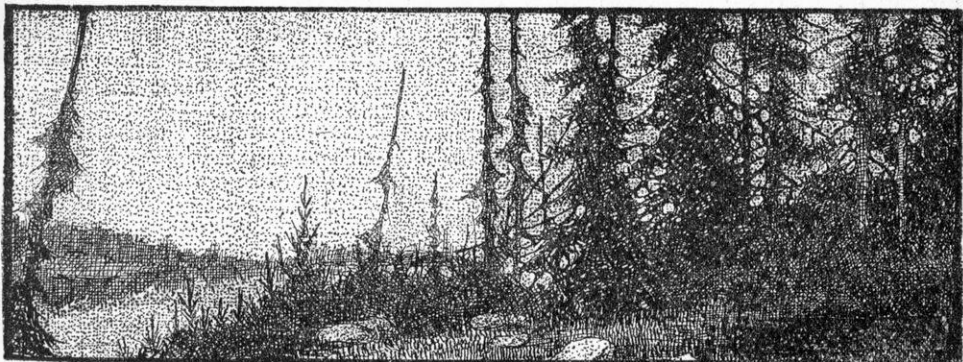
"GRAINING HORSES," A SKETCH BY  
THE SCULPTOR MAHONRI YOUNG.



## SOME STRONG WATER-COLOR PAINTERS

every year, but as yet they have not been revolutionary enough to gain a following, to sweep off their feet the dull and the commonplace men, to gather up a great interest in the work and infuse it into the hearts of the aquarellists. Very little change in art comes from the slow desire of many mediocre people to do a little better. It comes rather from the smashing down of old ideals and methods, by some one great enough to lead the mass of the people into new fields. We need a Cézanne in the New York Water-Color Club, a man whose originality of spirit stirs the atmosphere wherever he moves or speaks, and in no other way can we hope to make our work at these exhibitions vigorous enough and true enough to awaken in the public a widespread interest in this medium of art endeavor.

From a technical standpoint, perhaps, many of the pictures shown at the recent water-color exhibition may be irreproachable. They may have well-balanced composition, the drawing may be accurate, the colors correct, the tone gradations skilfully manipulated, the details carefully wrought. But after all, are these things enough? Do not such points constitute merely the shell, not the soul of art? And would not a little less attention to academic requirements, greater freedom from traditional influences, deeper insight into modern realities and broader methods of handling them, result in a bigger, more truthful and at the same time more individual reflection of American life through American art?



# THE GARDEN CITY IDEA THE WORLD OVER: WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT GROWS: BY ESTHER MATSON

“That one may see the heavens wide,  
And grass, and grass so green.”

—*The Bard of the Dimbo Vitza.*



HE magic of property,” Arthur Young has said, “turns sand into gold. Put a man into a precarious possession and he will turn a garden into a desert. But put him into a state where he can securely anticipate the fruits of his labor, and he will turn a desert into a garden.” This is the essence of the Garden City movement—“to give to every inhabitant an interest in his holding.” As we know, alongside with a sense of proprietorship always goes a sense of responsibility. Believing this intensely, the advocates of copartnership housing aim to arouse in tenants a new sentiment which has been aptly termed “estate patriotism,” and they consider this a stepping stone to the development of a higher civilization.

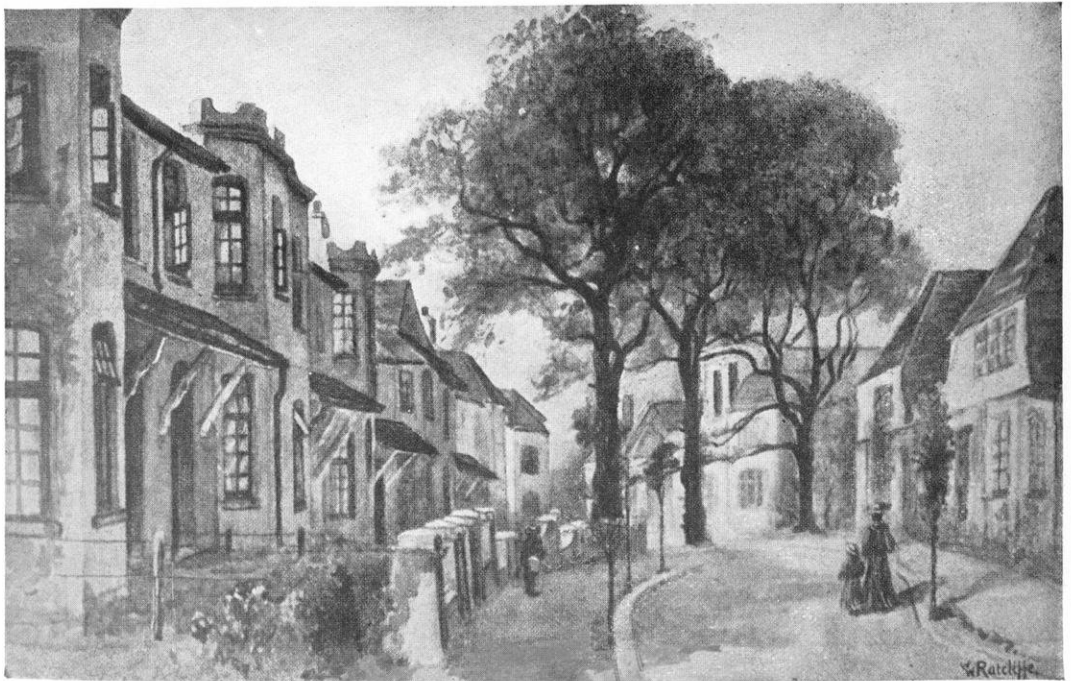
In England, where this copartnership plan is being tried, the tenant is enabled, by means of federation, to become a member of the society which owns his house and the other houses of the estate. In other words, he is enabled to participate in the general interests of the whole community as well as to become in greater or less degree his own landlord.

“But,” it is objected, “this is all very well and good for the toiling masses, and of course it’s sound philosophy. But who’s to pay for it? And if somebody does pay for it, isn’t he simply increasing the grand army of hangers-on?”

On the contrary, the advocates of the new system hope to decrease it. To be sure, the initial bulk of capital for such undertakings is necessarily supplied by non-tenant capitalists. And to these the societies pay a four per cent. return—which should surely disarm the prejudice against them as “charities.” Moreover, the proportion between the number of non-tenant and tenant shareholders is a constantly varying one, the ideal being confessedly that which Godin worked out at Guise in France over a quarter of a century ago: “ultimate ownership by the tenants themselves.”

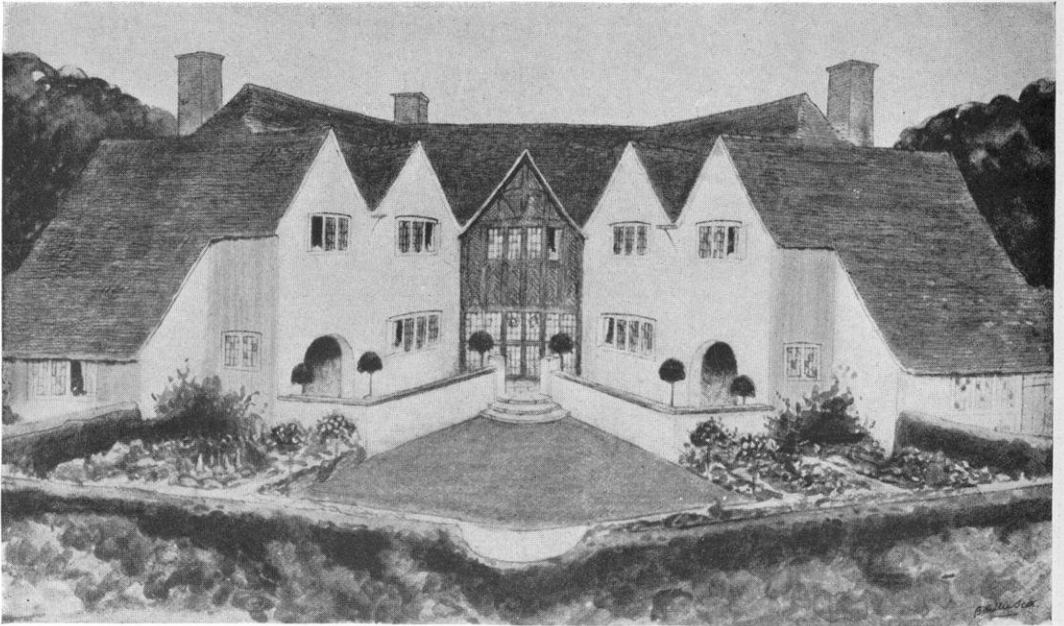
The garden city, it is important to note, is for both the more and the less wealthy. The idea, as exemplified at Hampstead, is to provide homes that vary as much as may be in value, in order, as Mrs. Barnett puts it, “to bring about a better understanding between the classes.” Who will dare deny that we need such understanding?

At the Garden Suburb, Hampstead, for instance, accommodations are offered to business men and women, to artists and to arti-



A GROUP OF HOUSES FACING A GREEN IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN CITY.

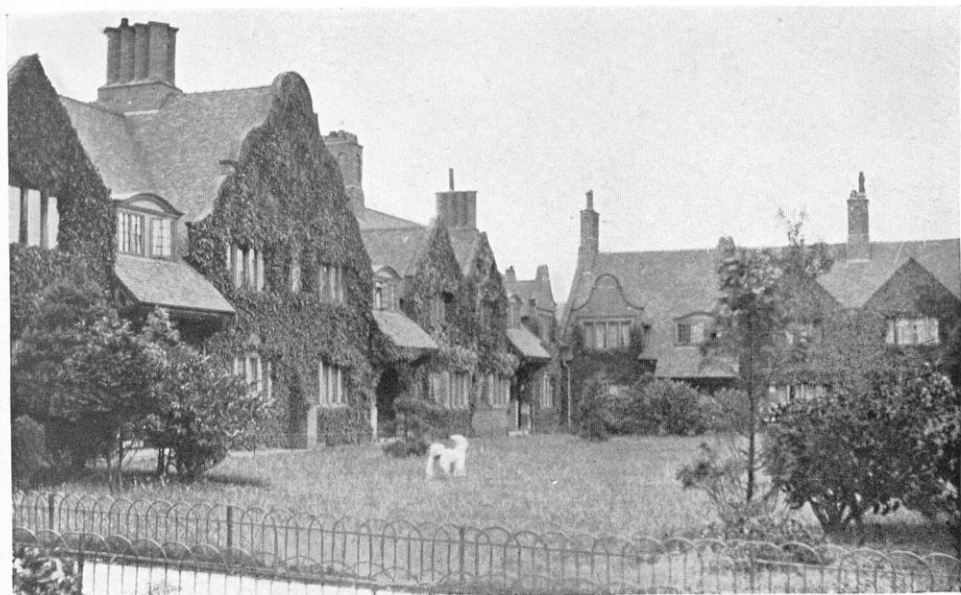
"WINDSCOMBE CRESCENTS, EALING TENANTS," ENGLAND, SHOWING THE CHARM OF A CURVING LANE IN A GARDEN CITY.



*M. H. Baillie Scott, Architect.*

GARDEN CITY HOUSES ALONG AN OLD ROADWAY AT HAMPSTEAD, JUST OUT OF LONDON. SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES IN MEADWAY HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB.





MODERN GARDEN CITY HOUSES THAT HAVE THE CHARM OF ANTIQUE DWELLINGS, AT PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

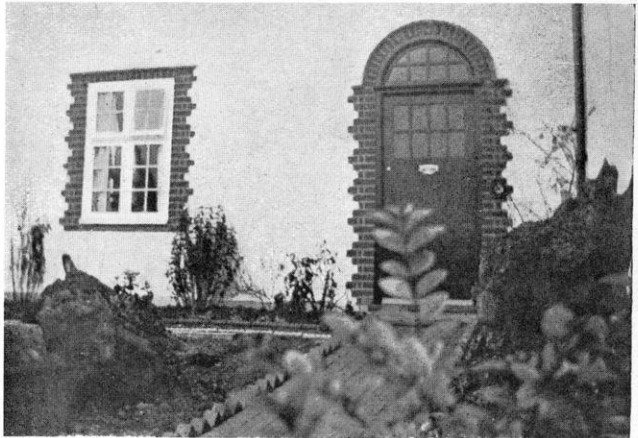
GARDENS BACK OF A LINE OF HOUSES IN ONE OF THE NEW ENGLISH SUBURBS.





BRICK AND CON-  
CRETE HOUSE IN  
THE HAMPSTEAD  
GARDEN CITY NEAR  
LONDON. AN ES-  
PECIALLY INTER-  
ESTING COMBINA-  
TION OF BRICK AND  
CONCRETE IS  
SHOWN IN THIS  
STRUCTURE. THE  
BRICK IS NOT  
ONLY USED FOR  
THE SUBSTANTIAL  
WALL AND FOUND-  
ATION, BUT AS A  
TRIMMING TO THE  
CONCRETE, FRAM-  
ING IN THE TWO  
LARGE BOW WIN-  
DOWS.

DETAIL OF A GARDEN AND  
DOORWAY IN THE GARDEN  
CITY AT HAMPSTEAD. IN  
THIS DETAIL WE GET A CLOSE  
VIEW OF THE USE OF BRICK  
IN A DECORATIVE WAY ON  
CONCRETE. THE FRAMING OF  
THE CASEMENT WINDOW AND  
THE WOODEN DOOR IS SIN-  
GULARLY CHARMING, AND  
WITHOUT HAVING THE SET  
PURPOSE, IT SOMEHOW  
SEEMS TO CONNECT THE  
HOUSE TO THE GARDEN.  
PERHAPS THIS IS ACCOM-  
PLISHED THROUGH THE  
BRICK PATHWAY WHICH  
RUNS FROM THE ENTRANCE  
TO THE GARDEN GATE.



THE FRONT VIEW OF A CHARMING HOUSE IN THE GARDEN CITY AT LETCHWORTH, ENGLAND, IN WHICH BRICK AND CEMENT ARE COMBINED: IN THIS CASE THE BRICK IS NOT USED IN THE DEFINITELY ORNAMENTAL WAY, BUT AS A BASIS FOR THE FOUNDATION. THE FIRST STORY, THE PATHS, THE ENTRANCE WAY, THE PORCH SUPPORTS, AS WELL AS THE CHIMNEY.

## GARDENS FOR CITY FOLKS

sans. There are single and goodly sized houses, semi-detached houses, groups of small homes; and there are even one or two interesting quadrangular structures where tiny apartments may be rented. If one cannot afford an outlay of more than five shillings sixpence, or about a dollar and a half a week for rental, one can here find something far better for the money than in crowded London. If one can pay nearer fifteen hundred dollars a year, one may also find here the worth of the money plus immensely more freedom and breathing space.

Mrs. Barnett (who is known, by the by, as Hampstead's fairy godmother) says: "It is refreshing to know that every cottage, villa and house are planned from the point of view of the people who are going to live in them, not from the point of view of the builder who is going to sell. . . ."

"But," you may object again, "the point of view of the builder has to be considered, whether or no. Builders aren't philanthropists, and they have to make their projects pay."

**A**NOTHER crucial point for the economic viewpoint is, unquestionably, a basic one; the Garden City Idea must satisfy financial demands or fail. The astonishing fact is that it is making good. It is proving that the speculative real estate scheme with its drearily laid-out sites, hacked-down trees, miles of stolid sidewalks, is not more sure of success than the newer and better plan. It is proving, on the contrary, that well-planned areas, with trees and natural advantages conserved, and houses built for comfort, durability and attractiveness do pay.

We are obliged to give the credit for the working Garden City Idea to England. To be sure, it is not a new thing. France can show its village of Menier and its peculiarly significant Familistère at Guise. Germany can tell a story of her own in the matter of housing her citizens; while in Great Britain certain philanthropist-manufacturers, such as Mr. Lever of Port Sunlight fame, and Mr. Cadbury, who has established the model village of Bournville in connection with his great chocolate factory outside of Birmingham, have long been claiming that the welfare of their workers was a business concern to themselves. But not till about a dozen years ago did the matter receive systematic and scientific attention.

The inspiration for it came from a book called "To-morrow," written by Ebenezer Howard in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. The second edition of it came out under the more suggestive title, "Garden Cities of To-morrow," and in nineteen hundred and one a little group of idealists gathered together and determined to translate

## GARDENS FOR CITY FOLKS

the book into reality. They decided to try an experiment—to create a town that should combine the attractions of city and country, and provide both industrial and social opportunities in an area where there would be “fresh air, sunlight, breathing room and playing room.”

The site chosen for the experiment was in Hertfordshire, where, within thirty-four miles of London, a property was bought consisting of about six square miles. The first Garden City, Limited, was there born, and christened Letchworth.

The scheme included the setting aside of a belt of small farm holdings around the edge of the estate, the laying out of various areas for manufacturing and other industrial purposes, of other areas for residential sections that should be kept quiet and free from smoke, and a necessary business section for shops and offices.

In addition to these reservations numerous others were made for open spaces and recreation centers, so that out of nearly four thousand acres of property, two hundred will always remain open.

An interesting feature of the Letchworth plan is the care with which trees and shrubs have been planted. Near the railway station, for instance, no less than two hundred different kinds of plants have been set out. Another experiment has been tried in certain sections in the planting of fruit trees along the street instead of merely shade or ornamental trees.

Most of the designs for the houses have been made by Messrs. Parker and Unwin (whose work is familiar to *THE CRAFTSMAN* through a series of articles by Mr. Parker); they are of gray rough cast, with tiled roofs, red brick chimney stacks and green painted wood-work. There are never more than twelve houses to the acre and the rentals run from a dollar and a quarter and two dollars and a half a week up.

**W**E must remember, when mentioning figures, that rents are undeniably less throughout England than they are in our own country; therefore the prices are a little misleading. Nevertheless, if we will stop to picture to ourselves the sort of “accommodations” which would be available in either London or New York City for anything approximating such rentals as these, and will then contrast them with the offerings at Letchworth, we shall get a notion of the difference. Picture the hall bedroom which might be commanded by the dollar and a quarter in one of our cities, and contrast it with a Letchworth living room, scullery (with bath) and three bedrooms. This, to be sure, will come under the head of tenement accommodation; but what a tenement!

## GARDENS FOR CITY FOLKS

Always there is some space in which to cultivate a garden, be it for flowers, vegetables, or for both. The objection inevitably crops up that it doesn't pay to do your own gardening—that it is far cheaper to buy your food at the greengrocer's, cheapest of all to buy it in tin cans. Perhaps it is, in many cases. But it is also cheaper to die than to live. Listen, however, to the words of an essentially practical manager as well as a philanthropist of peculiarly clear vision—one moreover whose own model village at Bournville has set a standard for all future garden towns.

Mr. Cadbury reports that his tenants, with garden plots of about an eighth of an acre each, make a fair profit of twenty-five cents a week. More than this, he says: "The benefit, physical, moral, and even spiritual, is so great that it would have been worth while cultivating the gardens even if there had been no profit for the labor expended. I would also point out that *the adoption of garden cities would materially increase the food supply of the country, as one acre of garden ground produces as much food as thirteen acres of pasture land.*"

We have in this country taken with avidity to tearing down slum districts in order to rebuild in better form. This may be interesting—but it is expensive. They are showing us in England that greater returns can be realized by expending such money and energy on the development of wholly new areas. This in a nutshell is the principle on which the founders of Letchworth have worked.

By starting out with a "clean slate" they have been able to secure their wished-for belt or agricultural zone (consisting of some two thousand five hundred acres, or about two-thirds of the property) around the edge of the town; they have been able to separate the business, industrial, residential and social interests, to secure proper sanitation and modern conveniences, and to preserve and enhance the natural advantages.

The ground being thus prepared, into the new city came persons who were weary of the "awfulness of London;" anon came manufacturers eager for a location entailing less waste of human health than in the great cities. Following the factories and the workers, came shops, churches and clubs.

Some of the results may be noted here. We are well aware that light and air affect the growth not only of plants, but of human beings. It is a scientific fact that children grow faster in summer than in winter. So it ought not to surprise us to find that the height and weight, the general health and even the mental capacity of the boys and girls at Letchworth show a far higher average than those of children in the crowded parts of London, Birmingham or Liverpool. On the other hand, at Letchworth, as in Bournville and other enlightened



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communities, the statistics of death and of infant mortality are amazingly lower. According to the latest reports, Letchworth is now not only the healthiest town in the kingdom, but is also at length on a paying business basis.

**E**ALING gives us illustration of the garden suburb project as applied to the outskirts of London—the “dormitory” idea—and it deserves special notice because it was the pioneer in the application of the copartnership principle to housing problems. As mentioned at the beginning of this article, under the copartnership plan, the tenant pays his rent to a society instead of to a landlord. He is able, by investing his savings in the society at five per cent., to become in greater or lesser degree his own landlord. As a result of this he will be fired with ambition to make the utmost possible of his home. The very fact that he does not own it outright, means that if his occupation requires his moving away from the locality, he will not be saddled with a piece of unprofitable real estate.

From the viewpoint of the tenant, then, the project appeals. He here gets for the same or less rent than he would have to pay in town, a pleasanter and healthier place to live in. At the same time that he develops a community spirit, he becomes a capitalist, and by so doing assumes greater sense of responsibility.

On the other hand, from the view of the philanthropic investor who makes the society possible, the cause is good because it “encourages thrift and tends to put capital into the hand of the working-classes.”

The pioneer copartnership suburb began in a very humble way by the formation in nineteen hundred and one of a small society. It was not until a year later that it was able to buy sites for about fifty houses and thus materialize under the title, *The Ealing Tenants, Limited*. In the next year an increase of capital made feasible the purchase of an adjacent estate of some sixteen acres, on which a model village was erected under the supervision of Messrs. Parker and Unwin.

Five out of the sixteen acres were devoted to outdoor life and recreation purposes, on the rest were built cottages renting from about a dollar and a half a week—“exclusive of rates and taxes”—and upward. Today the association owns a little over sixty acres, twelve in all being given over to recreation purposes and open spaces, while the idea of associated ownership which it projected has spread so rapidly that there are now fourteen societies in the Kingdom where the principle is being tried out. In all of them stress is laid on the creation and maintenance of the social centers. There are cricket field and bowling green, a central hall for indoor games and meetings, both



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social and educational, and plenty of spaces for outdoor sports and pageants.

It would not be fair to ignore a distinction which exists between the terms garden city and garden suburb. The first would transport the work as well as the worker into the new conditions. The second contents itself with offering the worker a haven beyond the pale of his working place.

No longer insignificant, the Garden City movement now enrolls as many as twenty societies under its wing in England alone. Among them the example of Liverpool is of interest. There, a shameful slum district was razed to the ground and completely rebuilt at a cost of over four million dollars. The new structures are chiefly tenements with a few "self-contained cottages."

Near Birmingham are a number of examples the most important of them being in all probability that of Bournville, which consists of over five hundred acres, includes houses, schools and shops, and has the further distinction,—its keenness for little individual gardens. In this respect it stands out in contrast with Port Sunlight, where the front gardens are maintained by the company's gardener at the company's expense. While this method secures the uniformity aimed at, it secures at the same time a lack of charm. The visitor misses the "personal note."

Like Ealing, The Harborne Tenants, Limited, gives illustration of an undertaking on a small scale. This estate comprises but fifty acres, and it was prophesied that in exactly three years it would come to bankruptcy. Instead it was in precisely three years that it won financial success. As a standing proof that decent dwellings do find appreciation, witness the fact that when one of these fell vacant a short time ago no less than twenty applicants straightway appeared upon the scene.

At the Brent Garden Village an attempt is being made to go one step further. A facetious personage has dubbed this project "A Short Cut to Domestic Felicity," but it only means that here is to be found a club house where the members who wish may avail themselves of a coöperative laundry and kitchen service.

In the vicinity of London there are, besides Ealing and the famous Hampstead Suburb, a newly started Ilford Garden Suburb and the Romford Suburb which created something of a stir by its competitions and the symposium which called forth opinions from such significant men as Pinero, Thomas Hardy, and H. G. Wells.

But as yet the most striking and picturesque illustration of the Garden City Idea is after all that of Hampstead. Some notion of the rapidity with which the idea has spread at Hampstead may be had

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from the fact that in the short space of two years there were built five hundred houses. Moreover, according to the report of January nineteen hundred and eleven, the demand at the Hampstead Garden Suburb was in excess of the supply, and it was found advisable to add a new area of one hundred and twelve acres.

The location was especially favorable. Not only is the land itself undulating and good to look upon, not only does the famous Heath preclude the danger of ever being closed in by nuisances, but there is the additional charm of literary and artistic association. To mention Hampstead is to call up recollections of the many noted men and women who once lived there,—recollections of Keats, of Shelley, of Mrs. Siddons, of Dickens, of Constable.

With the eminently practical feature, its nearness to the center of London, we have a combination of advantages particularly felicitous. To be specific, Charing Cross can be reached by "Underground" in twenty minutes. Some little confusion is likely to rise in the mind of the visitor to Hampstead because of the very variety of activity there. As a matter of fact, several different associations are working there each at its particular phase of the housing problem. There is the Garden Suburb Development Company, the first Hampstead Tenants Limited Society, trying out copartnership principles this, and a second Hampstead Tenants, Limited. And there are various individuals who have bought and built for themselves.

Nonetheless there is a real unity of purpose through all. Everywhere the visitor is made conscious that here is a new impetus at work and a new meaning being infused into that much maligned word "land development."

As the London Times succinctly put it the garden suburb (and we must now add these other organizations as well),—shows "proof of what can be done when order and design take the place of anarchy and chaos."

**G**ERMANY positively bristles with garden city ideas. At the place where the Krupp gun is being made, schemes for the housing of the workmen are under way which cannot hope for even approximate completion under twenty years. The vast number of employes has already given rise to a number of coöperative stores and to some workingmen's colonies. What has been called the German Bournville has a feature quite different from most of the English garden city plans—an arrangement of straight streets, and of houses without even a suspicion of a front yard, the space for gardens being concentrated in the rear.

In the Margarete Krupp Foundation provision is made to accom-

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modate from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred workers on an area of about one hundred and twenty acres with a zone or park land about it of the same acreage.

Germany prints a journal devoted to the garden city cause, and while fully cognizant of her own superiority in the matter of organization, she does not fail to refer to England as the pioneer in this cause and to turn to Great Britain for models. This is especially to be observed at Hellerau, a copartnership town, following largely the example of Letchworth in its plan, and being built up outside of Dresden. At present Hellerau consists of about three hundred and forty acres and accommodates very nearly two thousand people.

It is natural for Germany to be less nervous than the rest of us about applying copartnership systems to housing. Whether reasonably or not, most of us are chary of any experiments which could in a way be constructed as having a socialistic tendency. Undoubtedly, there is in this new idea a leaven of the old ideal of democracy. Undoubtedly, too, there is hope that by its means may be fostered more fraternal relations between man and man. It is natural, too, for the idea to have grown, especially among the English, into a propaganda—the garden city movement. And there is no denying whether we are English, German or Norwegian, French or American, whether we are extreme radicals or staunch conservatives—that there is urgent necessity for social amelioration.

The garden city ideal has been beautifully voiced by Whittier in a poem which might have been addressed directly to the workers in this field.

“The good which bloodshed could not gain  
Your peaceful zeal shall find. . . .  
Blessing the cotter and the Crown,  
Sweetening worn Labor’s bitter cup;  
And plucking not the highest down,  
Lifting the lowest up.”

There is no disparity between this and the practical dictum of J. S. Nettlefold;

“Create all over the country a strong body of small house-owners, and you will do more than the most eloquent speeches to combat unsound socialistic pretensions.”



## THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF BIRDS: THEY COULD SAVE US THREE HUNDRED MILLION A YEAR: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON



SHORT time ago a lady in Washington City went to Alexandria, Virginia, to spend the day with friends. She was accompanied by her husband who, intending to enjoy the day with a tramp through the fields and woods, took with him his gun. As the happy pair were returning on the car that evening, they chanced to meet a member of the Audubon Society who was appalled to see the lady carrying not less than one dozen dead song birds. When asked what she intended to do with them, she sweetly stated that they were for her cat, and glancing fondly at her husband said: "Wasn't it dear of Willard to shoot them for me? Kitty will be so pleased." Possibly she may feel a little different about it when the local game wardens have finished their work on the case.

Every few days we read in the newspapers that Italian hunters in New Jersey, New York or perhaps New England have been apprehended for killing thrushes, woodpeckers, orioles and other small birds with which to adorn their dinner tables. Such accounts arouse in the average reader a feeling of resentment that the birds should be thus sacrificed, and at the same time develop a keen sense of satisfaction that the bird killers have been arrested and fined.

There is in this country today a wonderfully strong sentiment for bird protection which is growing with tremendous rapidity. Tens of thousands of people are teaching their children that wild birds should not be molested. Many thousands go beyond this and seek to increase the number of birds about their homes by establishing feeding tables for them in winter and constructing nesting boxes and fountains for their accommodation in summer. These people enjoy having the birds about the place, and often recount with pride and joy the names of the birds which frequent their lawns. If asked why they go to such pains to protect their feathered friends, many would probably go no farther in their explanation than to say that the birds gave them pleasure and that they like to see them around. Their interest in the birds is somewhat the same as their interest in the roses, the violets and the chrysanthemums that beautify their lawns, or the paintings which adorn the walls of their homes.

Is this great subject of bird protection then merely a matter of sentiment? To answer this question, let us apply a test which rarely fails to answer conclusively a similar question applied to any of the other interests of mankind. In short, let us apply the legal test—



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what does the law say about bird protection? The man who killed the song birds in Virginia and the Italians who did the same in the North violated the laws of their States at every discharge of their gun. Wander where you will, through every province of Canada and almost every nook and corner of the United States, you will find that the lawmaker has been there before you and has thrown over the birds the sheltering arm of prohibitory statutes. Legislators are not generally supposed to spend much energy on drafting and enacting measures unless it is thought that these will result in practical good to at least some portion of their constituents. Legislative bodies are not much given to appropriating hundreds of thousands of dollars annually for the enforcement of a law which is purely sentimental in its nature. It is clear, therefore, that our lawmakers regard the wild-bird life as of great value to the country from the standpoint of dollars and cents.

**I**F we go back a few years and examine certain widely read publications issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, we can perhaps understand more fully why our legislative bodies have regarded so seriously the subject of bird protection. In the year book of the department for nineteen hundred and four, we read that the annual loss to the cotton crop in the United States by insects amounted at that time to sixty million dollars. We learn, too, that grasshoppers and other insects annually destroy fifty-three million dollars worth of hay, and that two hundred million dollars worth of cereals are each year eaten by our ever-ravenous insect population. In fact we are told that one-tenth of all the cereals, hay, cotton, tobacco, forests and general farm products is the yearly tax which the insects levy and collect. In some parts of the country trucking and fruit growing are the chief industries of the people. Now, when a trucker or fruit grower starts to count up the cost of his crops, one of the items which he must take into consideration is the twenty per cent. of his products which go to feed the insects of the country.

Not all insects are detrimental to man's interest, but as we have just seen, many of them are tremendously destructive. Anyone who has seriously attempted to raise apples, for example, has made the unpleasant acquaintance of the coddling moth and the curculio. Every season the apple raisers of the United States expend eight and one-quarter million dollars in spraying to discourage the activities of these pests. In considering the troubles of the apple grower, we may even go farther and count in the twelve million dollars loss in insect-eaten fruit despite the effect of the spraying. Chinch bugs



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destroy the wheat crop to the value of twenty million dollars a year, and the cotton-boll weevil costs the Southern planters an equal amount. Every now and then we read of great plagues of insects which literally lay waste a whole section of country. History tells us of these calamities which have frequently troubled the civilized world from the days of Pharaoh down to the present time. The past summer there was a great outbreak of the army worm in South Carolina. In innumerable millions they marched across the country, destroying the vegetation like a consuming fire. In the year nineteen hundred, Hessian flies appeared in great numbers in Ohio and Indiana, and before they subsided they had absolutely destroyed two and one-half million acres of the finest wheat to be found in the Middle West, and wheat land dropped forty per cent. in value.

Closing the nineteen hundred and four year book, with its long tables of discouraging statements, we may find more cheerful reading if we turn to another Agricultural Department publication entitled "Some Common Birds and their Relation to Agriculture: Farmers' Bulletin number fifty-four." We need peruse this only a few pages to become impressed with the fact that our national Government has been making an exhaustive and exceedingly thorough investigation of the feeding habits of the wild birds which inhabit our fields and forests. The reports of the economic ornithologists given here are almost as astounding as the sad array presented by the entomologists in the year book. We learn that birds, as a class, constitute a great natural check on the undue increase of harmful insects, and furthermore that the capacity for food of the average bird is decidedly greater than that of any other vertebrate.

**M**OST people who have made the acquaintance of our common birds know the friendly little chickadee, which winter and summer may be found a frequent visitant in groves of deciduous trees. It feeds on borers living under the bark of trees, on plant lice which suck the sap, on caterpillars which consume the leaves, and on coddling worms which destroy the fruit. One naturalist found that four chickadees had eaten one hundred and five female cankerworm moths. With scalpel, tweezers and microscope these moths were examined and each was found to contain on an average one hundred and eighty-five eggs. This gives a total of nearly twenty thousand cankerworm moth eggs destroyed by four birds in a few minutes. The chickadee is very fond of the eggs of this moth and hunts them assiduously during the four weeks of the summer when the moths are laying their eggs.

The nighthawk, which feeds in the evening and which is equally

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common in the pine barrens of Florida, the prairies of Dakota, or the upper air of New York City, is a slaughterer of insects of many kinds. A Government collector shot one in whose stomach were the remains of thirty-four May beetles, the larvae of which are the white grubs well known to farmers because of their injurious inroads on potatoes and other vegetables. Nighthawks also eat grasshoppers, potato beetles, cucumber beetles, leaf hoppers and numerous gnats and mosquitoes. Surely this splendid representative of the goatsucker family deserves the esteem and best wishes of all American citizens.

Among the branches of our fruit trees we may sometimes see large webs which have been made by the tent caterpillars. An invading host seems to have pitched its tents among the boughs on all sides. If undisturbed these caterpillars strip the foliage from the trees. Fortunately there is a bird which is very fond of these hairy intruders. This is the cuckoo, and he eats so many of them that his stomach actually becomes lined with a thick coating of hairs from their woolly bodies.

Another well known bird which plays an important role in making this part of the world habitable is the flicker. It is popular in every neighborhood and is known by a wide variety of local names, over one hundred and twenty-five of which have been recorded. Golden-winged woodpecker some people call it. Other names are highholder, wake-up, walk-up, yellowhammer and pigeon-woodpecker. The people of Cape Hatteras know it as wilkrissen, and in some parts of Florida it is yucker bird. Naturalists call it *Colaptes auratus*, but call it by whatever name you may this bird of many aliases is well worthy of the esteem in which it is held. It gathers its food almost entirely from the earth, being different in this regard from other woodpeckers. You may flush it from the ground in the grove, the forest, the peanut field, or the unbroken prairie, and everywhere it is found engaged in the most highly satisfactory occupation of destroying insect life. Over half of its food consists of ants. In this country, taken as a whole, flickers are very numerous, and the millions of individual birds which have yet escaped the guns of the pot hunters constitute a mighty army of destruction to the formicidae.

Let us not forget that any creature which eats ants is a decided boon to humanity. Ants, besides being wood borers, invaders of pantries, nuisances to campers and barefoot boys, care for and perpetuate plant lice which infest vegetation in all parts of the country to our very serious loss. Professor Forbes, in his study of the corn plant louse, found that in the spring ants mine along the principal

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roots of the corn, collect the plant lice and convey them into these burrows and there watch and protect them. Without the assistance of ants, it appears that the plant lice would be unable to reach the roots of the corn. In return for their kindness, the ants are permitted to feast upon the honey-like substance secreted by these aphids. The ants which have the reputation of being no sluggards take good care of their diminutive milk cattle, and will tenderly pick them up and transport them to new pastures when the old ones fail. Late in the summer they carefully collect all the aphid eggs which are obtainable, and taking them into their nests keep them safe during the winter. When spring comes and the eggs hatch, the ants gather the young plant lice and place them on plants. It may be seen, therefore, that the flicker is not without value in an agricultural community.

**T**HE work of the chickadee, the nighthawk, the cuckoo and the flicker are only examples of the good being done by at least eight hundred varieties of birds in the United States, while the remaining four hundred forms are almost, if not quite, as beneficial in this or other directions. When the approach of winter brings a cessation of insect life, many birds turn to the weed patches for a food supply. Especially is this the case with the many varieties of native sparrows. No one has yet determined just how many weed seeds one of these birds will eat in a day. The number, however, must be enormous. An ornithologist, upon examining the stomach of a tree sparrow, found it to contain seven hundred undigested pigeon-grass seeds, and in a similar manner it was found that a "snowflake" had taken one thousand seeds of the pigweed at one meal.

Mr. E. H. Forbush, a Massachusetts naturalist, frequently amuses himself by observing the birds near his house as they feed on the millet seed which he provides for them. He says, "A fox sparrow ate one hundred and three seeds in two minutes and forty-seven seconds. A song sparrow ate thirty-four seeds in one minute, ten seconds; one junco ate twenty-eight in forty-eight seconds; another one hundred and ten in three minutes, forty-five seconds; while still another song sparrow ate one hundred and fifty-four in the same length of time. This sparrow had been eating for about half an hour before the count began and continued for some time after it was finished." It is readily seen that thirty seeds a minute was below the average of these birds; and if each bird ate at that rate for but a single hour each day it would destroy eighteen hundred seeds a day, or twelve thousand six hundred a week. Some day our economic naturalists

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will give us an exhaustive account of what the various birds of America do for us in the way of keeping down the great scourge of grass and weeds with which farmers have to deal. In the meantime, however, we may bear in mind that enough evidence has been discovered to prove that as destroyers of noxious weed seeds the wild birds are of vast economic importance.

In addition to weeds and insects, there is yet another group of pests, some representatives of which may be found in every neighborhood. It is composed of rabbits, ground squirrels, prairie dogs, rats, mice and many similar forms. They all possess long front teeth for gnawing, and constitute the order of rodents. Some species destroy fruit trees by gnawing away the bark near the ground, others attack the grain stacked in the field or stored in the granary. As these little sharp-eyed creatures are chiefly nocturnal in their habits, we seldom see them. We simply gaze by daylight upon the ruin they have wrought. In some of the American ports today many incoming vessels are systematically fumigated to kill the rats for fear they may bring with them the bubonic plague. In short, the rodents, as a class, are regarded as decidedly detrimental to the interests of mankind. Among their chief natural enemies are the nineteen species of owls, untold numbers of which are abroad every night searching the fields and forests with their big eyes. The anatomy of owls is such that the hard, indigestible portion of their food is disgorged in the form of balls and may often be found beneath the roosting place of the birds. One of our most oddly appearing birds is the barn owl. Being almost entirely nocturnal in its habits it is rarely seen unless perchance one takes the trouble to climb into disused church towers, the attics of abandoned buildings or similar places which the birds inhabit. Some years ago a naturalist in Washington City discovered that a pair of barn owls had taken up their abode in one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution building. He found the floor thickly strewn with pellets composed of bones and fur which these birds and their young had disgorged. He collected two hundred of these and took them to his laboratory. A careful examination showed that they contained four hundred and fifty-three skulls. Here is his list made out at the time: Two hundred and twenty-five meadow mice; two pine mice; one hundred and seventy-nine house mice; twenty rats; six jumping mice; twenty shrews; one star-nosed mole and one vesper sparrow. It is plain to be seen that great good was accomplished in the community by this pair of owls and their young, for the evil effects of the rodents must have far over-balanced the good service of the one lamented vesper sparrow.



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**T**HERE are some large predatory birds which destroy the lives of many game birds and other weaker species. At first thought, it might seem best to wage war on these offenders in the interests of the more desirable birds. Yet, so unexpected is the ultimate result of their predatory activities that on the whole they are probably of decided value to the species upon which they prey and consequently of good to mankind. Birds are subject to sickness and disease like all other creatures, but wise Nature it appears does not plan that such afflicted birds shall long survive. Their quick removal is desirable if they are not to breed and pass on their weakness to their offspring. Sometimes the hawk, dashing at the covey of game birds, doubtless captures one of its strongest and healthiest numbers, but the chances are that the afflicted member which is not so quick on the rise or is a little slower on the wing is the one to be taken. Just as savages in many countries put to death the incompetent and unfit, so do the laws operate which govern wild life. If, therefore, we should destroy all the hawks, owls, wildcats, foxes, skunks and other predatory creatures, it is an open question whether in the long run our game birds would be the gainers thereby.

Some years ago the writer visited a large game farm in North Carolina where the owner had for several years been engaged in an undertaking to raise English ringed-necked pheasants. The gamekeeper stated that there were about six thousand of these brilliantly colored birds on the preserve at that time. He also pointed with pride to an exhibit on the outer walls of a small outhouse. An examination showed that the two sides and one end of this building were thickly decorated with the feet of hawks, crows, owls, domestic cats, minks, weasels and other creatures which were supposed to be enemies of the pheasants. Two men were kept busy on the place trapping and shooting at all seasons and the evidences of their efforts were nailed aloft that all might see that the owner of the big game farm meant that no wild bird or animal should steal his game birds.

A year later I again visited the preserve and found sorrow and lamentation to be the daily bread of the energetic gamekeeper and his men. Over five thousand of the precious pheasants had been swept away by disease within a few weeks. The gunmen and trappers had overdone their work, for no hawks or owls or foxes had been left to capture the first afflicted birds; these, being thus permitted to breed, had increased the number of weaklings until the general health tone to the entire flock had been greatly lowered. The pheasants then readily succumbed to the devastating wave of disease.

Birds all have their part to play in the great economy of the earth, and it is a dangerous experiment to upset the balance of Nature.



## ANNA BOBERG: THE SEA PAINTER OF THE NORTH: BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN



TINY hut on a wind-swept knoll of the Lofoten Islands is where Anna Boberg lives and paints. She draws her inspiration from the Arctic sea that stretches to the westward with breakers frothing almost at her feet and from the mountains that stand guard around her home. For several months of each year this delicately nurtured woman of gay Stockholm braves such hardships as men endure in order to put a new dot on the map or to plant the flag of their country where flag never waved before. She has made herself the little sister of the fisherman, living their lives of privation and listening to their tales of *draugs* and elves and all the hostile forces of nature. She has faced the lashing of the winter storms and dreamed in the glory of the summer nights. Her art has struck deep root in the heart of our common humanity and drawn from it the brilliant pigments of life.

Anna Boberg's father was a distinguished architect. Her husband, Ferdinand Boberg, is also an architect and one of the foremost in Europe. She has traveled with him over the greater part of Europe and visited Asia and Africa. Their home is the center of a circle representing what is highest and finest in Swedish culture as well as a meeting place for visitors from abroad.

The realization of her life work came to her as suddenly as a call to arms. She was traveling with her husband through Lapland in the summer of nineteen hundred and one, and they crossed over to Lofoten for a brief visit. These tiny islands off the coast of Norway, well within the Arctic circle, have the best fisheries of Scandinavia, and have preserved the old picturesque features in spite of the modern leveling influences. The vivid beauty of the Arctic nature appealed to her artist's sense as nothing had ever done before; the homely toil of the people gripped her heart. Something within her said: "This is where I belong; these are my people; this is my work."

Since then no year has passed when she has not visited Lofoten three or four times, accompanied by her husband whenever possible, but very often alone. In the beginning she took pot luck with the fishermen. She slept wherever a bed was to be had and did not inquire too squeamishly. At some posts the local trader is required by law to furnish beds for travelers; in other places she was met by a curt denial, caused not so much by unkindness as by awe of her supposed fine-ladyism. But it needed only a pleasant word to the old man at the fireside,—or a baby dandled in her lap,—or

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a kind word to the mother,—and the house was hers with all that it contained. There was her spoon to dip in the common porringer, and her share of the potatoes and salted herring. There was a bench, if nothing better, where she could roll herself in a blanket, and sleep as well as was possible in a room with mother, father, and various sizes of children.

To give her as much of a home as was possible under the circumstances and save her from unnecessary hardship, Mr. Boberg has built his wife a studio near the fishing station at Svolvär. It is a little wooden house standing on a hundred-foot hill, facing the edge of a precipitous cliff, with a panorama of sea and mountains stretching before it. There the artist couple spend their summers together.

But the happiest summer of all their lives the Bobergs count the one when they lived in absolute solitude among the mountains. As both wanted to work, and could not risk the possible wetting of their sketches in a tent, a load of timber was hastily hauled together, and the famous architect attacked it with hammer and saw. The walls were raised in one day, but for a roof there was only the starry vault. With her sleeping-bag, however, Mrs. Boberg is prepared for any such emergency, and though it was bitter cold, she did not feel troubled. Before the second night the roof was up. It was a life of primitive division of labor; the husband carried water and chopped wood, while the wife prepared the meals, which were eaten out of doors. The hut had been placed so that a mountain shut off the sun during the short northern night, which is but a paler day with mists as soft as a dove's wings. It is the time when nature concentrates the life of a year in a few intense weeks, when one may almost hear the heart beats of the blades of grass straining to the light, while the wild flowers pay homage to the sun in a fragrance more pungent and elusive than anything the south knows. In this atmosphere the Swedish artist couple worked during one long, delightful summer, until they were obliged to pack their brushes and go to await the occasional steamer that called in its own good time and brought them back to the village.

**F**OR mere pleasure trips Mrs. Boberg has her own little boat *Fru Boberg*, which she can handle alone. In search of material she often goes out with the fishermen on long expeditions that are far from being pleasure jaunts over sunny seas. For sometimes it happens that a storm will blow up, and Mrs. Boberg knows just as well as the experienced fishermen that it would be death to try to approach land. The high courage with which she faces ordeals,

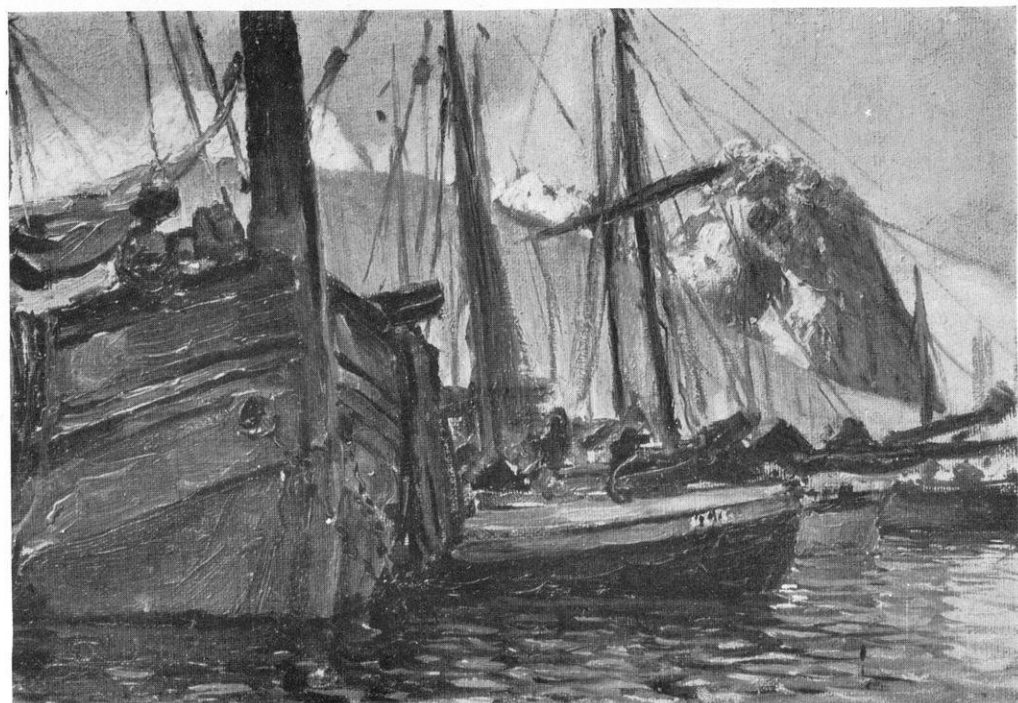


ANNA BOBERG PAINTING IN WINTER ON LOFOTEN ISLAND: IN PAINTING THESE WINTER SCENES IN THE INTENSE COLD OF THE NORTHERN COUNTRY, MRS. BOBERG WEARS A COSTUME WHICH SHE HAS ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THIS OCCASION—FUR, OF COURSE, WITH FUR LEGGINGS, FUR CAP AND GLOVES.

ANNA BOBERG IN HER LITTLE BOAT, "LOFOTEN." SHE IS A GOOD FISHERMAN AND OFTEN OUT WITH THE FISHERS' FLEET IN TERRIBLE WEATHER. SHE HAS CONSTRUCTED A SPECIAL TYPE OF PALETTE AND EASEL WHICH CAN BE STRAPPED TO HER PERSON, SO THAT SHE CAN PAINT ON A ROCKING BOAT AND MISS NO PLAY OF SUN OR SEA.



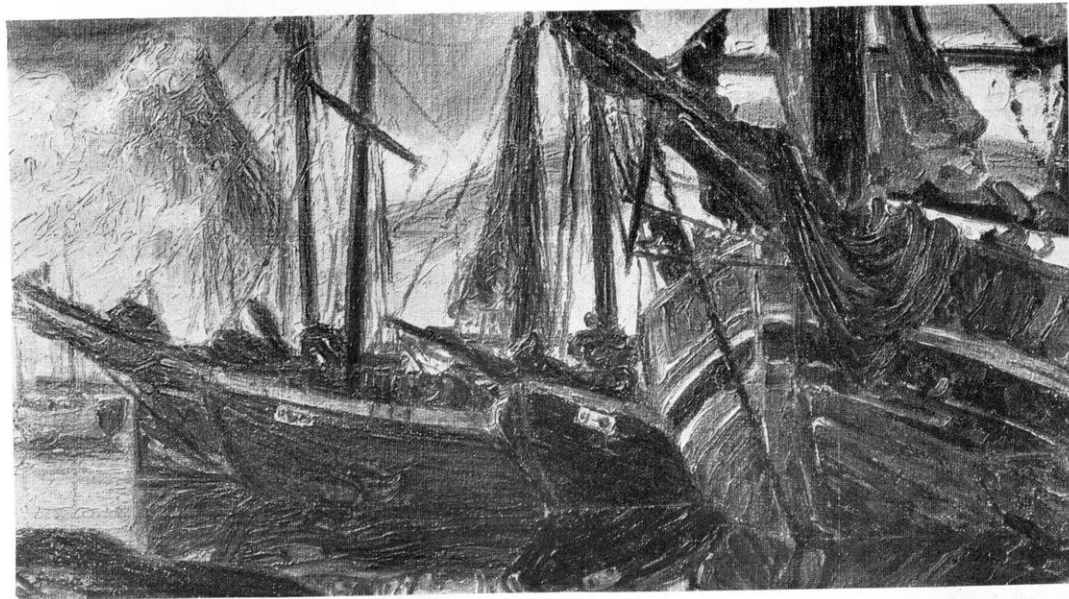
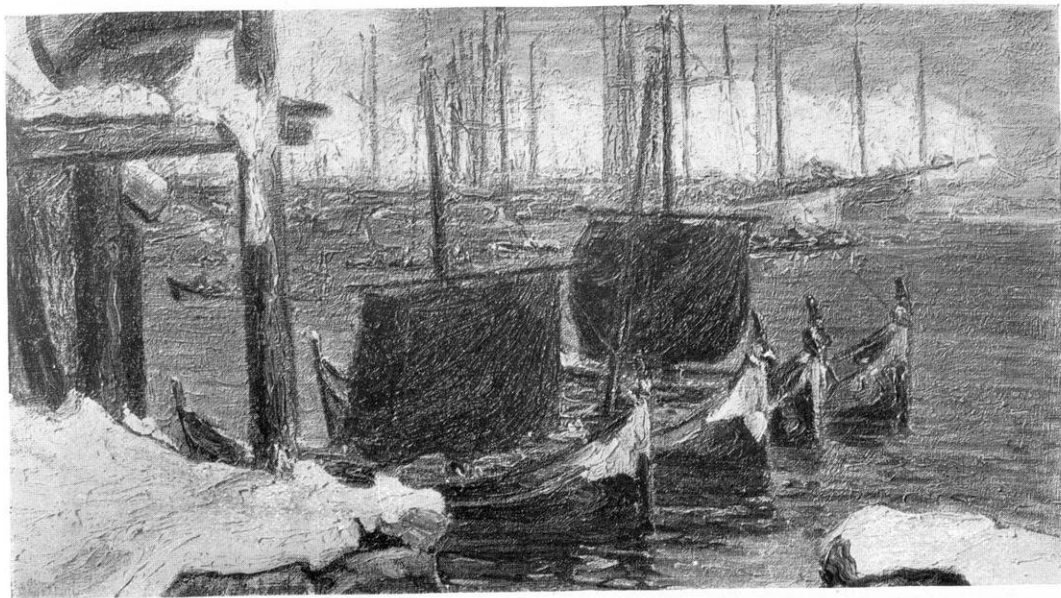
TWO PICTURES OF ANNA BOBERG, THE GREAT SCANDINAVIAN SEA PAINTER.



"AT REST—SUNDAY," FROM A PAINTING  
BY ANNA BOBERG.

"FISHING BOATS IN THE NORTHERN SEA,"  
FROM A PAINTING BY ANNA BOBERG.



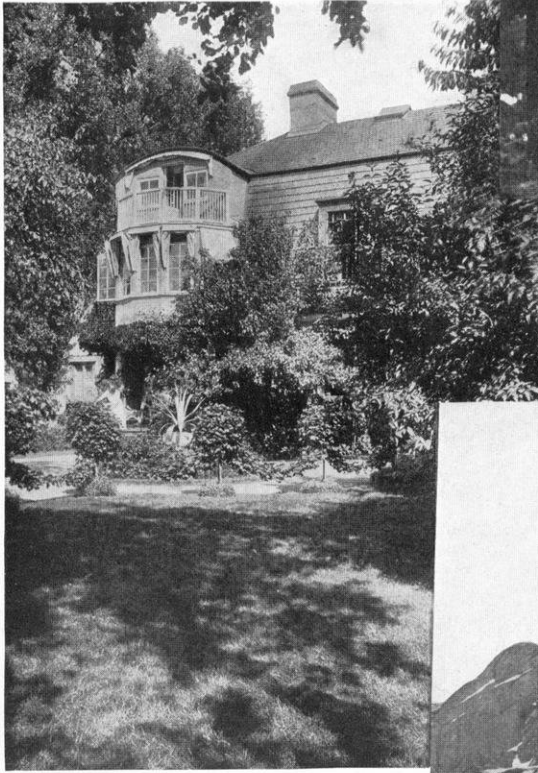


"SUNLIGHT AFTER STORM," FROM  
A PAINTING BY ANNA BOBERG.

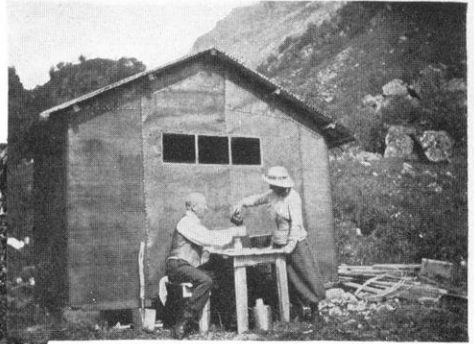
"AFTER THE DAY'S WORK," FROM  
A PAINTING BY ANNA BOBERG.



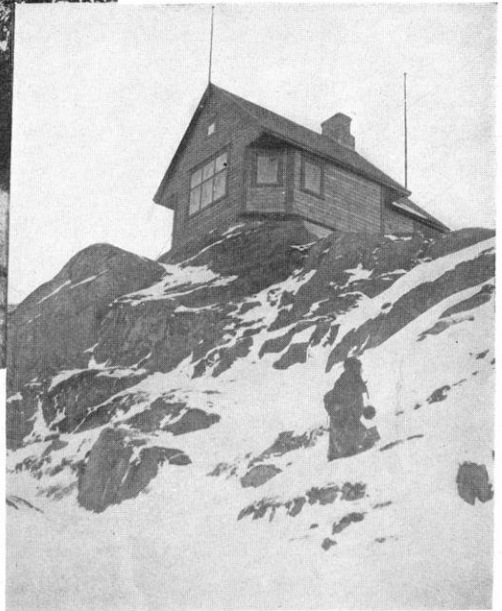
PHOTOGRAPH OF ANNA BOBERG'S SUMMER HOUSE, WHICH WAS PUT UP IN SEVENTY-FOUR HOURS WITH THE HELP OF HER HUSBAND, WHO IS A FAMOUS ARCHITECT OF SWEDEN.



THE HOME OF FERDINAND AND ANNA BOBERG: THIS HOUSE IS IN VERY REAL CONTRAST TO THE LITTLE PAINTING LODGES THAT THEY HAVE BUILT HERE AND THERE, FOR HARD WORK. THE HOUSE IS ONE OF COMFORT AND LUXURY, AND THE GARDENS OF SURPASSING BEAUTY.



ANNA BOBERG'S STUDIO IN LOFOTEN, BUILT ON THE CREST OF A HILL. THE FIGURE TOILING THROUGH THE SNOW IS THE GREAT ARTIST HERSELF ON HER WAY TO A BUSY DAY'S WORK IN THE LITTLE WORKSHOP.



THE HOMES OF ANNA BOBERG, SWEDISH PAINTER.

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such as even their own women, the hardy mothers of fishermen, would shrink from, has won her the adoration of the men of Lofoten. When there is a good haul before them, necessitating long hours of night work, she allows no consideration for her own comfort to interfere with the work that means their livelihood. Often she helps to throw a net or hold a tiller. She has constructed a special type of palette and easel, which can be strapped to her person, so that she can paint on a rocking boat and miss no shifting play of sun and wind on the churning sea.

Her costume, too, is of her own invention. Skirts are left behind among the luxuries of the mainland. Instead she wears in winter fur trousers coming up to her armpits with a fur jacket and a close-fitting cap that leaves only her eyes and mouth free. For painting she cuts the fingers and palms from her fur gloves. When the snow is soft, she straps skis to her feet to keep from sinking deep into it, as she stands at work, often in a whirling snow-storm, till the paint freezes, and her stiffening fingers can hold a brush no longer. Then she is glad to escape with nothing more serious than frosted fingers or face.

The fishermen laugh at her uniform and never tire of their joke: "Are you man or woman?" Sometimes they venture criticisms such as: "The number of that boat isn't right—it should be a six instead of a seven,"—or: "That ship's too red." Mrs. Boberg enjoys the criticisms and culls from them whatever is of value, for she aims to reproduce with absolute faithfulness the implements and methods that are passing with the older generations.

All seafaring people and all who love the sea have a strong sense of the personality of ships. A waterfront reporter once said, when the edict went forth from the managing editor's office that ships must be referred to in the paper's columns as "it," not as "she," that he "would as soon insult a lady friend." The fishing-boats, as Anna Boberg paints them, are personalities, eloquent with stories. In "Putting out to Sea" the little boat plunges bravely into the swelling waves with sail tense and bulging as if it knew the moment had come toward which the fishermen had strained for months, the beginning of the big fishing, the moment that means hunger or plenty for another year. Everything is tense with excitement, the gathering boats, the straining at the nets, the eager eyes, the crowding of the fishermen on the little decks. "Sunday Rest" is a fleet of fishing-boats in harbor, lying peacefully, sails furled, in a circle of sunlit mountains, their decks heavy with snow and deserted by the men. Again the infinitely shifting beauty of the waterfront is portrayed in "Sun after Snowstorm," with the sunlight glittering

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on icy ropes,—or its elusive poetry, its suggestiveness in the forest of masts and spars dissolved at last into a far-off mist,—or its hard labor in the heavy, dark hulls anchored at the wharf after the day's work.

**T**HE brilliant, ever-changing hues of Arctic nature have given free play to Anna Boberg's marvellous sense of light and color. There are cliffs like jagged opals in the sun, a sea that rivals the wine-colored ocean of Homer in its deep reds and purples, quiet waters gathering the reflections of the fishing-boats into pools of iridescent color.

She paints the fishermen not so much as individual types, but rather as a part of the environment, an outgrowth of the life of mingled toil and adventure that has shaped them to its own uses. She has steeped herself in the atmosphere of Lofoten, its superstitions, its tang of fish and salt water. She works with the more breathless haste, because she feels that the place is undergoing a sea change, and that soon its most interesting and picturesque features will have passed into oblivion. Her aim is to preserve with pen and brush what otherwise would perish.

The old femböring or ten-oared boat of the fishermen has come down from Viking times. Its perfect lines were probably seen in the boat in which Leif Erikson first crossed the Atlantic and are still incorporated into the best of modern racing-boats. To possess a femböring the Nordland fisherman a generation ago would deny himself the necessities of life. Before long the famous boat will be nothing but a saga.

Something of the same change has come into the lives of the people. The old fishermen were fatalists. It rested with the gods of the winds and waves to say whether a man should "stay," as the saying is of those who meet death at sea, or whether he should return with a boat-load of silvery fish. It behooved no man to quarrel with the cruel sport of those who hold vessels and men in the hollow of their hands. The young men shrug their shoulders at the old years; they have hydrographic institutes and have reduced fishing to a business to be controlled with modern scientific efficiency. The ghosts of the sea have no terrors for them.

**A**LL nations have their phantom ships. The Chinaman would rather cut off his queue and insult his ancestors than enter a derelict junk, for he believes that such boats are manned by snakes. Our old friend, the Flying Dutchman, has fled before the liners that cross and recross his haunts around the Cape of

## A PAINTER OF THE NORTHERN SEAS

Good Hope, and has gone to Cape Horn, where some of the mystery of the sea still lingers. Even here science pursues him, and the fabled Ghost Ship of Le Maire has been found to be only a ship-shaped rock.

The Norwegian fisherman has his own ghost ship, the Half Boat of Draugen, which, like its fellows, is fast being dissolved into mist by the rays of modern knowledge. Its skipper is a burly ghost, partaking more of the nature of the monsters of old Norse mythology. In fact he is supposed to be the lineal descendant of the giant who carried the dead in his boat Naglfar (nail-ferry, built of dead men's nails) to the Underworld. His head is of seaweed, his eyes like small red coals of fire in his formless face. He wears a sailor's leather jacket and sou'wester, but though he has the form of a burly man, he is clammy, and when he passes there is a breath like a gust of air from the opening of an ice-cold vault. By that many have known his presence, the old fishermen say, though no one has seen him and lived; for he who sees Draugen dies within the year and goes to join the crew of the ghostly Half Boat, which is manned by those not buried in Christian earth.

Such superstitions have deeply colored the minds of the fishermen in the north. The stories that center around Draugen have been touched by Jonas Lie, the Norwegian author, an uncle of the American painter by the same name. Lie has used them most effectively as a basis for some of his best short stories, but no one has made a complete collection of these legends. Anna Boberg has set herself the task of gathering all the weird, wild tales that will soon have faded even from the minds of the old salts in Nordland.

Her special friend and ally in this work is an old fisherman, who lives in a little house made of a boat resting, keel up, on a foundation of rocks. At her call he comes out of his den, and she has painted him so, an ancient mariner, with his body bent till his long silvery beard almost touches his knees. Sitting with his sightless eyes turning toward the sea, where he can scarcely perceive the familiar glitter of the sunlight on the waves, he ponders in his mind the old stories, and as they come back to him on the returning tide of his memory, he imparts them to Mrs. Boberg, waiting patiently for the slow working of the old man's mind.

There are stories of the land as well as of the sea; for on this border-land the matter-of-fact Teuton has mingled his blood with that of the fiery Lap. From this dark-skinned, glib-tongued Ishmael of the far north comes the strain of poetry, of weird superstition and sensuous imagery that distinguishes the Norwegian of the Arctics from his brethren farther south. The Laps have a strange erotic



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attraction and sometimes an hypnotic power, which has given them the reputation of being, one and all, possessed of the power of witchcraft. There is no doubt that they still sometimes worship pagan gods, though their children go to school and can recite the catechism as fluently as their tow-headed companions. High in the mountains one may sometimes even yet come upon a stone raised as an altar to the old gods, and the ground strewn with bones and antlers of reindeer show that the sacrifice has not been long cold.

**Y**ET another strain of the south has left its trace in the black beetling brows and flashing dark eyes met with occasionally in the fishermen of Nordland. If the old blind man is to be believed, it is due to a shipwrecked crew that was driven on the shore, remained in the village, and took possession of everything, including the women and children, whose husbands and fathers had perished in the same storm. Anna Boberg has gathered up all these raveled yarns and means to knit them into a mesh of fishermen's tales, "when she can no longer paint," for she fully realizes that even her splendid strength of mind and body cannot for many years stand the strain she is putting them to.

In Lofoten she works incessantly and with a spirit of enthusiasm that makes her insensible to fatigue or hardship. When her strength is absolutely spent, she returns to her home in Stockholm to conquer by massage and hot baths the ills that come of exposure, and to build herself up physically,—only to go back to the battle with undaunted courage. During the last ten or eleven years she has been a remarkably productive worker. She has more than four hundred small sketches in a fireproof vault in Stockholm, carefully preserved not only for their artistic value, but also for the accuracy of detail which make them historically valuable.

The painstaking study of her subjects has given Anna Boberg's art not only freshness of local color, but a great and rare sincerity. Her pictures are not painted in a spirit of dilettante interest, but from a deep and intimate knowledge of the life she attempts to interpret. In this she is essentially northern. It is the greatest merit of northern art that its productions are not mere studio conceits or clever observations of the passing show, but seem to have been actually lived by the artist, to be flesh of his flesh and spirit of his spirit. The work of the painters of the north has a gripping reality, infinitely greater than mere realism. Few if any even among Scandinavian artists have made such personal sacrifices for their work as Anna Boberg has, but she feels that it has been well worth while in the richer, deeper life it has brought her.

# DOES VOCATIONAL TRAINING FAIL TO BUILD CHARACTER, OR CREATE A CONSCIOUS CITIZENSHIP? A STUDY IN EDUCATION: BY RAYMOND RIORDON



SOME sixteen years ago William B. Powell—now deceased—was Superintendent of Public Schools of the District of Columbia. This man recognized the salient faults in modern education. He was a forerunner in emphasizing the great need of nature study. Today we call this tendency toward the exact and the economic—efficiency and scientific instruction. W. B. Powell, furthermore, attempted to introduce in simple form the then unknown science of eugenics. I remember a newspaper cartoon picturing the apparently inquisitorial superintendent in the act of forcing confession from children of their parents' weaknesses, their own birthmarks, etc. The furore was terrific and Mr. Powell was removed from the Washington schools. The loss to the school system can best be realized when we look at education through today's school eyes.

Nature study and a consideration of the pathological in child's development in the schoolroom were the first steps toward an upheaval of the old. The pioneer who gained his knowledge of the three R's in the log schoolhouse, had no need of other than this fundamental teaching. He was a naturalist—he was a product of hardy ancestors, made hardier through a determination to be unshackled. The youth of old went to the schoolhouse to get knowledge—he was serious-minded. The schoolboy of today goes to school through habit. The standard of the boy of the woods, the boy whose day was eighteen hours of work, was not a grade standard, but a recognition of knowledge as power. The standard of the schoolboy, the youth in the high school, the young man at college, resolves itself around a mark, a mark so set that any dullard can reach it with little effort. The boy of the past made his learning a necessity; the boy of today is largely trained in school so he will not have to work; and the result of such training must be race degeneracy and a national integrity impaired.

Mr. Powell's pioneer work in introducing nature study has made for good in education, but its greatest value has been largely limited through the incapacity of normal schools to train teachers for scientific work. The science teacher, as a rule, is not a human teacher; the sociological teacher is not a scientist.

The logical step for the recognized necessity of making education real through giving the child a conception of nature and teaching him to see that he is a part of nature, is now common in both

## VOCATIONAL TRAINING AND THE TRUSTS

public and private schools of definite instruction along scientific lines. Business has become a science; farming has become a science; child study has become a science. Other lands have been doing for many years just what we are now striving to attain. So we look abroad for our models.

Germany at once attracts attention. Germany is thorough; Germany rules through force; Germany's society is of many degrees; Germany leads in industrial occupation of its people. If we are to become as Germany, then we too, must rule through force; we too must further accentuate caste. If we are to lead in industrial occupation as does Germany, then we too must make the many work for the few.

Investigators return from Germany fully convinced that should we pattern after the German we would remove all our faults of wastefulness, of idleness, of inefficiency. But foreign school ideals will never fit American schoolrooms. If we attempt to fit monarchical educational systems to democratic forms, then just the thing our forefathers sought—liberty of mind, of action—individuality—will be stamped out forever.

**V**OCATIONAL training, in brief, is the result of our efforts to see what they do across the water. Vocational training seems to meet all the conditions scientific training demands as its aftermath. A bill is now pending in the Illinois Legislature providing for vocational training throughout the public schools of the State. Germany is to be used as pattern. The movement is backed by the Manufacturers' Association. Indeed, the manufacturers are willing to pay the cost of much of this type of education.

If the public-school system allows itself to become vocationalized it will turn over to the "interests" the one thing in public life not yet controlled by them—our schools. It is very true politics has already sapped the genuine from the children's right to be taught to live, but the control of the politician is a fluctuating thing—for there are good politicians as well as bad and the appointments strike the happy medium. But once let our school system become saturated with vocational training and we shall but be turning out skilled laborers for the "interests." True, the boy and girl will have occupation when their school days are over, but that they are useless—most of them—now when they leave the high school is no plea for a system which shall tailor them to order.

The school life of boys and girls should render them capable at the age of sixteen of seeking for themselves the thing that most appeals in the line of work. The success or failure of such seeking

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will teach them through experience what niche the world has labeled for their occupancy. This period of learning through seeking is as vital for character building and for the training of intellect and intelligence, as the previous ten years in the schoolroom.

Vocational training would have us center our attention on developing a boy's skill that he may be useful to his employer at once. But in order to do this there will be a sacrifice of the basic principles of character building—and without character in citizenship no commonwealth can prosper—for helpfulness to others, sacrifice of time and strength for the good of all, is lost sight of in the selfish motive of self-preparation.

Wherever and in whatever form you offer a bait in concrete form, you catch the microbe of graft. Vocational training has—in the mind of the boy—the one goal, a salary soon. Vocational training has in the mind of the manufacturers—another goal—more product and greater returns. Returns to whom? Without ability to sacrifice, daring is lacking; with tangible return for effort always in mind, honesty is on dangerous ground; with product the outlook for the day, energy is sapped; and when this day and its follower and on to the end is over, and the summing up is comfort to the employer, bare sustenance for the worker, then man's mind becomes revolutionary; but his soul lacks daring, and he steepes his sorrow in strong drink or mumbles in the corner.

**T**HE function of public-school training is not to turn out carpenters, mechanics, skilled laborers—the function of the public school is to turn out men and women of sterling character. Education during the formative years should be a process of standardizing character traits. Honesty, usefulness to all, self-confidence, determination, fairness, industry, and these made possible through a balance of mind and body. Such balance can never be attained through a separation of the industrial from the classical. The product today of trades and manual-training schools is lacking in all sense of literature, of history, of art and the beautiful. A livelihood of this sort soon means drudgery. It is the mind of the drudge that leads to dissipation. The boy from the classical school has no sense of physical usefulness—cannot understand the mind of the man of the pick and the hoe. The former becomes our factory worker; the latter our professional protector of capital, as lawyer, banker or minister.

Divide school life into the period, from six to sixteen, when a concrete knowledge of principles—academic and moral—is made a part of the child, and the excursion period into an real world, six-



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teen to twenty-one, when youth will find itself, if fundamentally grounded during the formative years. For the full development of the child, both academic and moral principles are essential; one coming more from books, the other from work, that is, from an unselfish devotion to the task at hand. I have often thought that the less personal return the task brings to the child, except in joy and accomplishment, the greater the moral lesson taught.

Child-power is world-power—that the world is the sordid place it is, is due to over-much attention to horse-power and too little to the child. Horse-power is a money maker—child-power is a race maker. Which do you choose? Shall we make our schools into man-mills, where the planed and molded product comes out ready to nail in place, or shall we use our schools as youth's playground where in addition to the preparation for life's struggles, beauty and poetry are practised through usefulness and kind deeds. Shall we send our boys out into our land fitted to earn a living with the hands, but with absolute knowledge that a daring thought, a cry for fairness, an inclination to vote as they please, means dismissal? Or shall we send them forth inquisitive to see for themselves the social inequality of this land; and with a physical and mental capacity to arise and cry aloud, "this can no longer be, for the coming generation has been taught how to live!" Shall we manufacture our art, or shall we encourage it to spring up out of native soil? Do we want a society composed of rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief—or do we want a human society awake to kindness—satisfied with enough—strong in time of stress and joyful ever?

**W**HEN William B. Powell said—"Live with nature," he said, "Love God." When the country's bosses say—"Vocational training," they say, "Fill our purses." All that is involved in vocational training that should become a part of education in the school, is contained in nature study. See mountains and hills and forests and draw them; watch falls and hitch them up; admire the swell of fields, but harvest the hay; let a burning building fascinate you through its horror and roar, then clean up the debris and build it anew; listen to the roar of the storm and marvel at the sweep of the wind, then make good the wreckage. To study nature one must live, and to live rightly, one must do. But such doing is the unconscious doing of the necessary, not the study of individual gain.

Child-power is world-power—vocational training will mean industrial slavery.

A vocation is that for which one seems most fitted. Such fitness cannot be recognized until one has passed through the adolescent

## A BALLAD OF GOD'S TOWN

as a rule. During the formative years of a child's life, the teacher can mold character into whatever channel seems wisest. Thus the child can really be prepared to face life with interest and capability, or he can be turned merely into a carpenter, a skilled laborer of the sort that can get an immediate position on leaving school, but without the interest in life or the development ever to make progress. As a matter of fact, the employers themselves, if they were to look deeply into this matter should feel that the boy with the all-round education seeking his place in life, say at sixteen, is far more useful to any business, far more capable of doing with spirit and judgment and interest what he undertakes, than the deadened product of pure vocational training.

## A BALLAD OF GOD'S TOWN

**M**Y love that dwelt in London, she sent me word to say  
That I should speed to greet her before she went away,  
O fast I hastened to her as feet and heart could fly,  
But she was fled to a far townland, ere ever I could come nigh.  
To God's Town, where 'tis weary to follow, O there was she gone,  
To God's Town, that lies west o' the sunset, and east o' the  
dawn!

My love that dwelt in London, I broke the roses red  
And daisies white-and-yellow, to wind about her head,  
But ere I had them gathered and braided in a ring,  
She was weaving wreaths on the lawns o' Heaven, in sight of the  
Holy King.  
In God's Town, where lives many a maiden, O then was she  
there,  
In God's Town, with a ring of gold glory above her gold hair!

My love that dwelt in London, she sewed her wedding-gown,  
All shaped of silks and satins, with laces hanging down,  
But when they set it on her, O very still was she,  
And she wore it into the far townland ere ever she married me!  
In God's Town, O it's there I shall wed her, while all the saints  
sing,  
In God's Town, where the silver-clad angels shall cry welcoming!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE AS A SYMBOL OF LIFE—ALSO A LESSON IN CONSERVATION



THE tree, like the sun, seems always to have been a symbol to primitive man for his ideas about the mystery of Universal life. Back in the dawn of years trees were held sacred to some god or spirit, good or evil, and gifts were hung upon them as offerings or prayers for health. The very deities were supposed to live in the trees, and the earliest altars were made from the trunks of trees roughly hewn, on which were heaped the gifts and sacrifices with which angry gods were propitiated. Back to India and Egypt, may be traced the beginning of tree worship, Egypt holding the first tradition which connects the tree with the sacred festival of the winter solstice, when branches of date palms were hung in the temples and houses as emblems of immortal life. Later, at the Roman Saturnalia, the ancient pagan festival of the Sun (and joy at his returning strength) green boughs were carried in procession and placed in the temple. It is interesting to trace this connection of the pagan celebration of the Sun and triumphant life, through the Druid worship of the sacred trees in which the spirit lived (the evergreen boughs as an emblem of triumphant life) down to the modern Christmas.

The Christmas tree as we know it today is an outgrowth of the mingling of the ancient beliefs and the Mediæval legends of North Germany that center about St. Winifred who lived in the eighth century. St. Winifred, filled with religious enthusiasm and with desire to destroy the pagan forms of worship, dared one Christmas Eve to defy the ancient gods, and hewed down the sacred oak of the Druids. From the center of the fallen oak sprang a young fir tree with shining lights on its branches and the face of the Christ Child above. St. Winifred gave the tree to his followers as a symbol of the new spirit of religion—the young tree meaning the Christ Child, the lights on the green boughs, the light of everlasting life in the soul of man.

Another story is that Martin Luther, walking alone one Christmas Eve, was so overwhelmed with wonder of the stars that they seemed a revelation to him of the nearness of God to man. On returning home, he took a little fir tree and put lighted candles on its branches to make clear to his children the thought that had been given him. Since then the Germans have used the Christmas tree in their Yuletide celebrations more generally and enthusiastically than any other nation. The tree was not widely used in France until about the time of the Empress Eugénie. In England it was not until Victoria married Prince Albert, a German, that the fir tree laden with gifts and toys for the children and glowing with candles, became popular.

## HAVING AND SAVING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

**B**UT in the midst of all this romance a very practical problem presents itself. The Christmas tree is not only the symbol of a beautiful ideal; it is a definite factor in twentieth century trade. This will be readily appreciated when we recall that four million Christmas trees are used each year in the United States. What is being done to conserve or replace the young trees that are cut down so ruthlessly? That the need for preservation is vital will be realized after seeing some of the depleted mountainsides in the Catskills and Adirondacks. In Germany, where mostly spruce trees are used for Christmas, they are all artificially planted and under Government control; but there is no organized protection for the fir trees in America.

The problem then seems to be how the children may have their Christmas trees every year on one hand, and on the other how we may keep our mountainsides and pasture lands green with the fir trees. First of all we must accept as final the fact that the children must have their Christmas festival, the pinnacle and final glory of which is the Christmas tree. For whether our little folks realize all that the Christmas-tide represents, whether the Christmas tree symbolizes to them eternal life or just eternal joy, nevertheless the fir tree with its lighted stars and its gifts is the center of the greatest romance of youth the world over, and the sternest economist would indeed need courage to face the thought of removing from childhood the least, to say nothing of the greatest, romance encircling it. And so we would not lessen the sale of the four million Christmas trees or the joy of the twenty million or more children who are breathless over their advent on Christmas Eve.

But a thought has come to us that would leave the romance of the Tree undimmed and yet lessen the terrible waste which threatens our countryside wherever the fir and the balsam flourish. Why should we not imitate our French brothers in their care of the Christmas tree, as we do their love of its beauty and romance? For over in France not only the peasant people but the simple village people all over the country *replant the Christmas tree* after the holiday has passed. It is taken up carefully with the soil about its roots in the first place; it is cared for tenderly during its days of elevation to the symbol of Christmas happiness, and then later it is carried reverently out into the little garden and planted along with the other Christmas trees, which stand a green and fresh memory to former holiday festivals. So far as we know the French people were the first to practice replanting the sacred tree. This habit was probably born out of the thrift of the French heart, rather than out of the imagination; but perhaps out of both, for the French peasant dearly loves his festivals. And yet they



## HAVING AND SAVING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

are spoiled for him if it is not possible to have them with true economy.

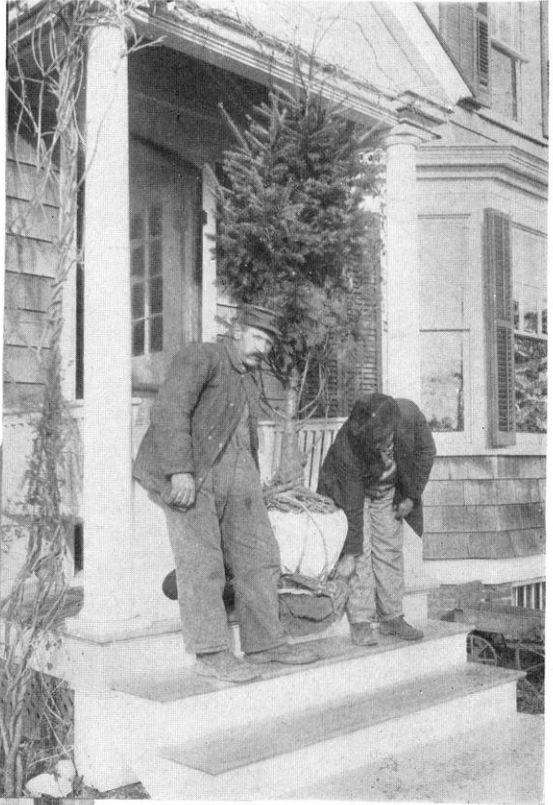
The replanting of the Christmas tree, the putting it out in the earth to remain green for years to come, should accomplish three very definite things for the children of the household. And if the tree is to be replanted, children should share in the labor as they have shared in the joy of the decoration and the lighting of it. First of all, the Christmas tree in the garden will bring happy memories to little children throughout the years. It would also appeal to their imagination, and would teach them that the thing which has life and is growing, is more valuable and more beautiful than the thing which is used merely for a moment's pleasure and then destroyed. It is impossible for a child to play about a garden where one or many Christmas trees have been set out, without a little sense of intimate pleasure, a thrill for bygone happiness that can never come from the ordinary tree—the tree without a memory.

In addition to rendering the memory sensitive to pleasures, the replanting of the Christmas tree should teach children a lesson in economy. For why should this emblem of life, this beautiful green symbol from the heart of nature be used for a day, or two or three at the most, and then destroyed, not even as a rule made into a beautiful blazing fire for an evening's happiness. Surely, there is every reason why a child should learn the first lesson in economy from the preservation of something that is inherently beautiful and that has also given some special kind of pleasure. And so we have two lessons from the saving of the tree.

The third could easily be found in the interest in nature, sure to follow the setting out of the Christmas tree. (This, by the way, could be made quite a ceremony for the children.) A child who has been taught to plant one tree, and do it right, will want to know more about the planting and the growth of other trees, and a child who has been made to feel that the life of a tree is worth saving, is very likely to grow up with some interest in conservation, the saving of the great woods of his own country.

As a matter of fact, there is really a fourth reason for the replanting of the Christmas tree, that it will add greatly to the beauty of the home garden. What could be finer than a hedge of Christmas trees, or a clump of them in just the right place near the house? And a lesson in gardening may be included if the children are allowed to take all the care of these trees, water them or clip them, as the case may be. And when they have grown bulky from good care and love, the under branches could be cut away at holiday time for house decoration, and again children could be taught that evergreen decorations may be had without destruction to the trees.

THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW SHOWS THE CARRYING OF A CHRISTMAS TREE INTO A HOUSE, CAREFULLY PACKED FOR SUBSEQUENT REPACKING. THE FACT THAT TWO MEN ARE HANDLING IT INDICATES THAT THE UTMOST PRECAUTION MUST BE TAKEN NOT TO MAR THE TREE IN GETTING IT INDOORS FOR THE CHRISTMAS EVE FESTIVITIES. IT IS A GOOD PLAN AFTER THE TREE IS ONCE SAFELY HOUSED TO HAVE IT PLACED NEAR A WINDOW WHERE IT WILL GET SOME LIGHT AND AIR, AND THE SOIL SHOULD BE SLIGHTLY MOISTENED DURING ITS STAY INDOORS. IN FACT IT MUST BE TREATED AND CARED FOR A GOOD DEAL AS THOUGH IT WERE A HOUSE PLANT.

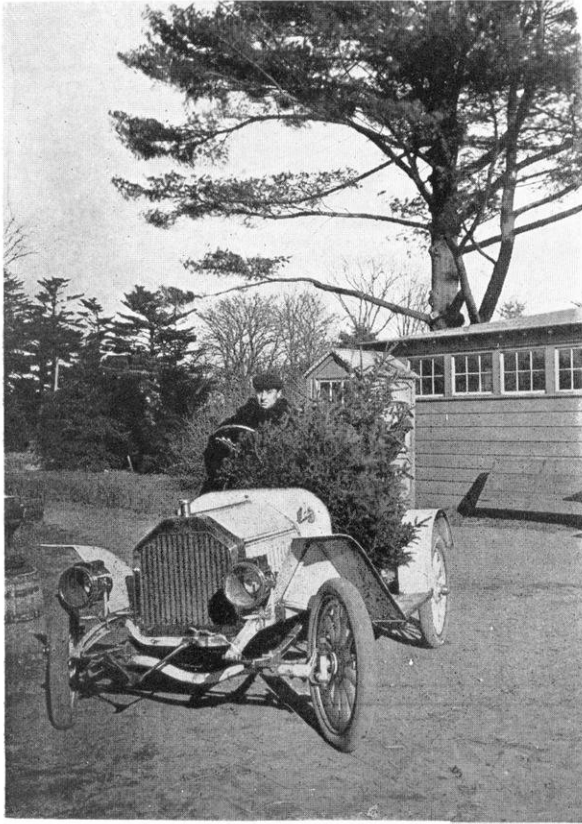


THE PICTURE JUST ABOVE SHOWS THE TREE BEING TAKEN AWAY AFTER ITS HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE WITH THE CHILDREN. IT SHOULD BE SEEN THAT IT IS IN EXCELLENT CONDITION AND THAT IN NO WAY HAS THE CANVAS OR THE CORDS BEEN DISTURBED. IT MUST BE CAREFULLY LIFTED FROM THE PORCH ONTO A LITTLE CART OR IT CAN BE CARRIED IF THE DISTANCE IS NOT TOO GREAT. IT IS BETTER, IF POSSIBLE, TO USE A LITTLE CART AS THE LESS JOLTING THE ROOTS OF THE TREE GET THE BETTER.

THE PICTURE BELOW SHOWS HOW A CHRISTMAS TREE MAY BE HAULED, AFTER IT IS CAREFULLY PACKED, OVER ROUGH GROUND WITHOUT INJURY. OF COURSE IT WOULD BE A GOOD PLAN TO MAKE A LITTLE PATH FOR THE TREE TO BE HAULED IN THIS FASHION, IF THE GROUND IS COVERED WITH CRUSTED SNOW OR BADLY FROZEN IN UNEVEN RUTS: IT IS ALWAYS A WISE PLAN TO SELECT A FAIRLY SHORT, STOUT TREE FOR THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL WHEN THE THOUGHT OF REPLANTING IS TO BE ENTERTAINED.



THE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS US THE VERY CAREFUL METHOD OF REPLANTING THE CHRISTMAS TREE NEAR THE HOUSE. OF COURSE THE QUESTION OF DEPTH AND PREPARATION OF SOIL MUST BE CAREFULLY CONSIDERED; BUT NOTHING IS MORE ESSENTIAL THAN THE UTMOST CARE IN REMOVING THE CANVAS WRAPPING FROM THE EARTH-BOUND ROOTS, AS ANY INJURY EVEN TO THE ENDS OF THE ROOTS MAY RESULT IN SICKNESS, IF NOT DEATH, TO THE TREE.



THE PICTURE AT THE LEFT SHOWS A VERY WISE WAY OF GETTING A CHRISTMAS TREE SAFELY FROM THE WOODS TO THE HOUSE OR BACK AGAIN TO A HEDGE-ROW WHERE IT IS TO BE PLANTED. TO HANDLE A TREE IN THIS FASHION MEANS THAT THE BRANCHES CANNOT BE BROKEN OR THE EARTH JOLTED AWAY FROM THE ROOTS.

WHERE THE FIR IS TO TAKE A LONG JOURNEY TO OR FROM THE HOUSE, A WISE THING IS TO PLACE THE CANVAS-BOUND ROOTS IN A SQUARE BOX, MADE TO EXACTLY FIT SO THAT THE ROOTS MAY NOT BE SQUEEZED ON THE ONE HAND, OR LEFT TO JOLT ABOUT ON THE OTHER.







A ROW OF SPRUCE TREES USED AS A WINDBREAK, EACH ONE OF WHICH HAS IN TURN SERVED ITS PURPOSE FOR THE CHRISTMAS EVE FESTIVAL.

ANOTHER METHOD OF REPLANTING THE CHRISTMAS TREE TO SERVE AS A SPECIAL DECORATION FOR THE LAWN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

## HAVING AND SAVING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Here in America we owe the idea of replanting the Christmas tree to Mr. Isaac Hicks, whom we have long known as our friend in the spring-time, who helps us to plan our gardens aright, and tells us of new joys for the flower beds and vegetable rows. Mr. Hicks has explained to us exactly how to preserve the roots of the trees with earth and canvas bag, and how to replant them. His advice is worth presenting word for word as it came to us.

The best way to transplant is first to dig around the roots of the tree and deep enough to be sure of getting all the roots. Of course the depth and circumference of the ball of earth taken up, depend upon the size of the tree. Canvas, gored and shaped to a taper, is securely fastened by clamping the roots around with a rope and tying. The roots are then set in a square box made for the purpose. In shipping, the tree is protected by winding burlap around it, or by crating, if very large. For the smaller trees it is not necessary to have a large ball of earth, but the roots when carefully taken up should be dipped in thick mud and wrapped in burlap. Trees thus protected will last days and even weeks without replanting. December is an excellent time for replanting fir and spruce trees, and the little frost that is in the ground then helps rather than hinders in transplanting.

A few days after Christmas the tree should be planted in the grounds, if one lives in the country, or if in the city and the tree is sufficiently large, it could be sent to the city parks for replanting. In replanting, trees less than six feet high, which have comparatively small balls of solid earth, should be well mulched so that the dampness will not dry out. The mulching will protect and fertilize the newly planted trees which should be set a foot and a half deep. During the summer, for a year or two, they should be carefully watered every two weeks.

Evergreens are one of the most ornamental and useful kinds of trees. They are beautiful in autumn as a contrast to the brilliant foliage, and in winter a welcome relief to the bare branches of the deciduous trees. The spruces and firs can be utilized as a protection against the wind in an unsheltered spot, or planted as a screen for unsightly out-buildings. But to plant the Christmas tree which, as a decoration, has been the center of festivity and merriment, on the lawn or near the house to soften the lines of the landscape, is a practical as well as poetical idea.

Since our Government does not take sufficient interest to plant spruce and fir trees for Christmas use as is done in Germany, right here is an opportunity for the enterprising farmer to make a good deal of money. The farmers who live in States that are particularly favorable to the growth of evergreens could, at a small expense to them-

## HAVING AND SAVING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

selves, with a few days or even a week's work in the winter season when there is not so much to be done on the farm, take up the small trees growing on public lands and transplant to their waste or barren land. Evergreens will grow on soil that is not profitable to cultivate. On every farm there is some part of the land that is not fertile. This could be utilized with profit by planting with the fir trees taken from estates from which permission had been obtained to remove the seedlings that otherwise would grow up and choke out the larger trees. If these trees are kept a few years, they can be sold for a large profit. They require very little care in cultivating and will grow in fairly rocky soil, useless for most products. Young trees are easy to transplant and need but little help even the first summer.

In some sections, of course, there are no natural nurseries for the little fir trees. The estates are all over-cultivated and the woods have been wiped out by the fires and the lumbermen. In such a case as this it might even be a profitable thing for the farmer to secure the necessary trees, little ones of course, from some nurseryman where they could be obtained at reasonable rates. Eventually he would more than get his money back, and while the trees were growing he would have the pleasure of their beauty and their usefulness. But for the farmer living near the wild woods it is much better to help himself, with permission of course, from the little forest seedlings, for then he can be sure that they are suited to his climate. Their very presence on the nearby hillside or in the deep woods proves that they are fitted for the soil in which he would place them.

The fir and the balsam are especially adapted to certain sections of the United States, that is to say, they will grow practically without help in these quarters, in Maine for instance, in the Adirondacks, in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Colorado, up in the northern part of Illinois and in Ohio, also in the more mountainous regions of New York and Pennsylvania. Already vast sections throughout these States have been devastated by forest fires or destroyed by the man who is converting the woods into cash. Many a farm is practically devoid of timber, and the sight of a green hillside would add value to the selling quality of the farm land and æsthetic joy to the farmer's wife as well as afford a pretty playground for the farmer's children.

Of course when it is possible, the farmer should eventually market the trees in his own neighborhood. This saves the cost of transportation and does away with the farmer's dividing his proceeds with the middleman. And if the trees cost him little or nothing in the first place and their cultivation but a few odd hours' labor, surely in the sale of his Christmas trees to his own friends and neighbors the farmer will find a new and pleasant source of revenue.



## ONE- AND TWO-FAMILY CRAFTSMAN HOUSES COMBINING UNUSUAL COMFORT AND ECONOMY OF CONSTRUCTION

**I**N planning the Craftsman houses which have been presented in the magazine every month for the past nine years, we have tried always to get as wide a range of designs as possible, so that they might be available for home-builders of varied needs, tastes and incomes all over our land. We have shown homes for city, town and village lots, some small and inexpensive, others larger and of proportionately higher cost. We have shown log camps and tiny cottages for mountain, seashore or woodland sites, some intended only for summer homes, others suitable for all-year habitation. We have planned houses for middle and corner lots, both wide and narrow, for sloping hillsides and level plains. And the materials chosen have been as varied as the nature of the buildings themselves—logs and slabs, clapboards and shingles, brick and stone, stucco and concrete, and many different combinations.

With all this variety, as a glance through our book of plans will show, we have always tried to keep that frankness and sturdiness of structure, that homelike simplicity of plan which have now come to be regarded as essential characteristics of Craftsman architecture.

This month, however, we are presenting something new—a semi-detached Craftsman house. We have never before planned a dwelling of this particular type, chiefly because, like the "row," it has been looked

upon so long as the legitimate province of the speculative builder whose motto has been "Build—to sell"; whereas, we have had in mind the needs of those who wished to build primarily for themselves—homes to live in, homes planned with close relation to their own individual needs.

But as some of the recent coöperative and garden city movements here and abroad have demonstrated, there is no reason why the semi-detached building should not be made as satisfying, from both a practical and an artistic standpoint, as the single house. It is certainly more economical in construction, owing to the middle partition which serves for both houses in place of separate outside walls. Such a building also needs less fuel for its heating, being sheltered on one side from wind and cold.

There are many instances where the semi-detached type of dwelling would be preferable to the single house. Take for example the case of a family with a married son or daughter who wished to live near the parents and keep in close touch with the old familiar home life; or two friendly families who wished to build their own homes and who selected this sort of house for the sake of economy and neighborliness.

Then there is the advantage from the architect's point of view. The double house gives him the chance for attaining greater beauty of proportion, variety of detail and dignity of mass than a smaller building could usually afford. The garden, too, may be laid out more effectively than that of a single detached house, for the wider spaces will permit greater interest and friendliness in the planning of paths and placing of arbors, garden steps and other features, and



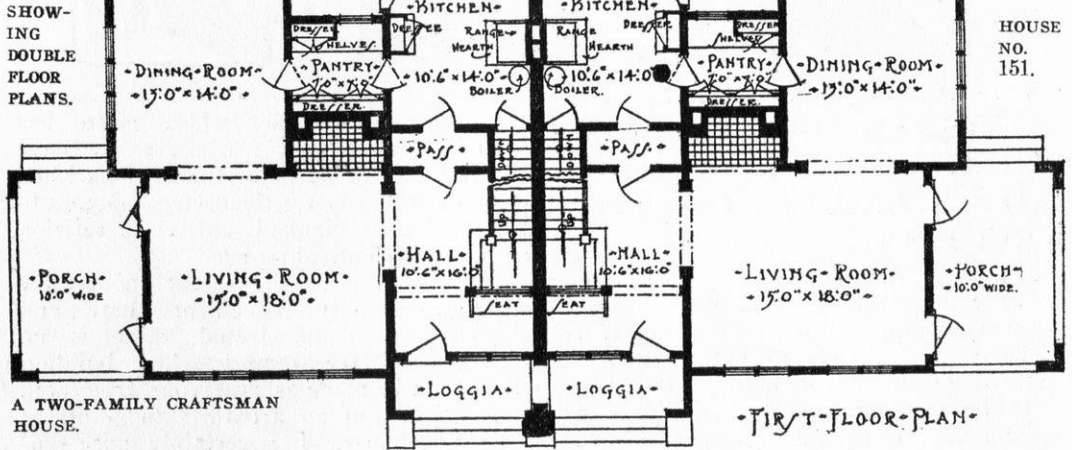
# A ONE- AND TWO-FAMILY CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

in the planting of shrubs and flowers—especially if there be no separating fence or hedge to limit the gardener's opportunities.

And so, with these points in mind, we have planned the first double house published here—No. 151. The building is shown of concrete or stucco with shingled roof. While brick

all contribute to the homelike appearance of the building.

In looking over the floor plan, let us take the left-hand house. One enters from the small loggia, which may be either divided from its neighbor by a full or half-height partition or left open for greater space and friendli-

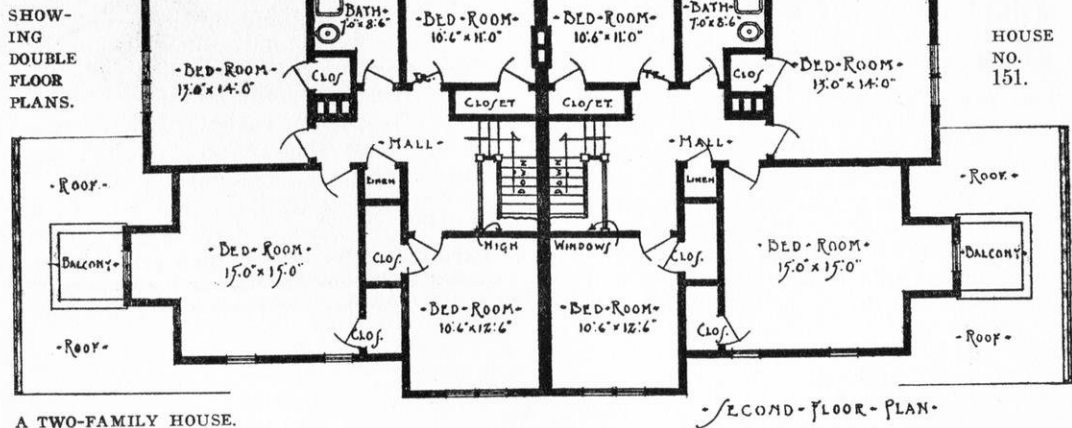


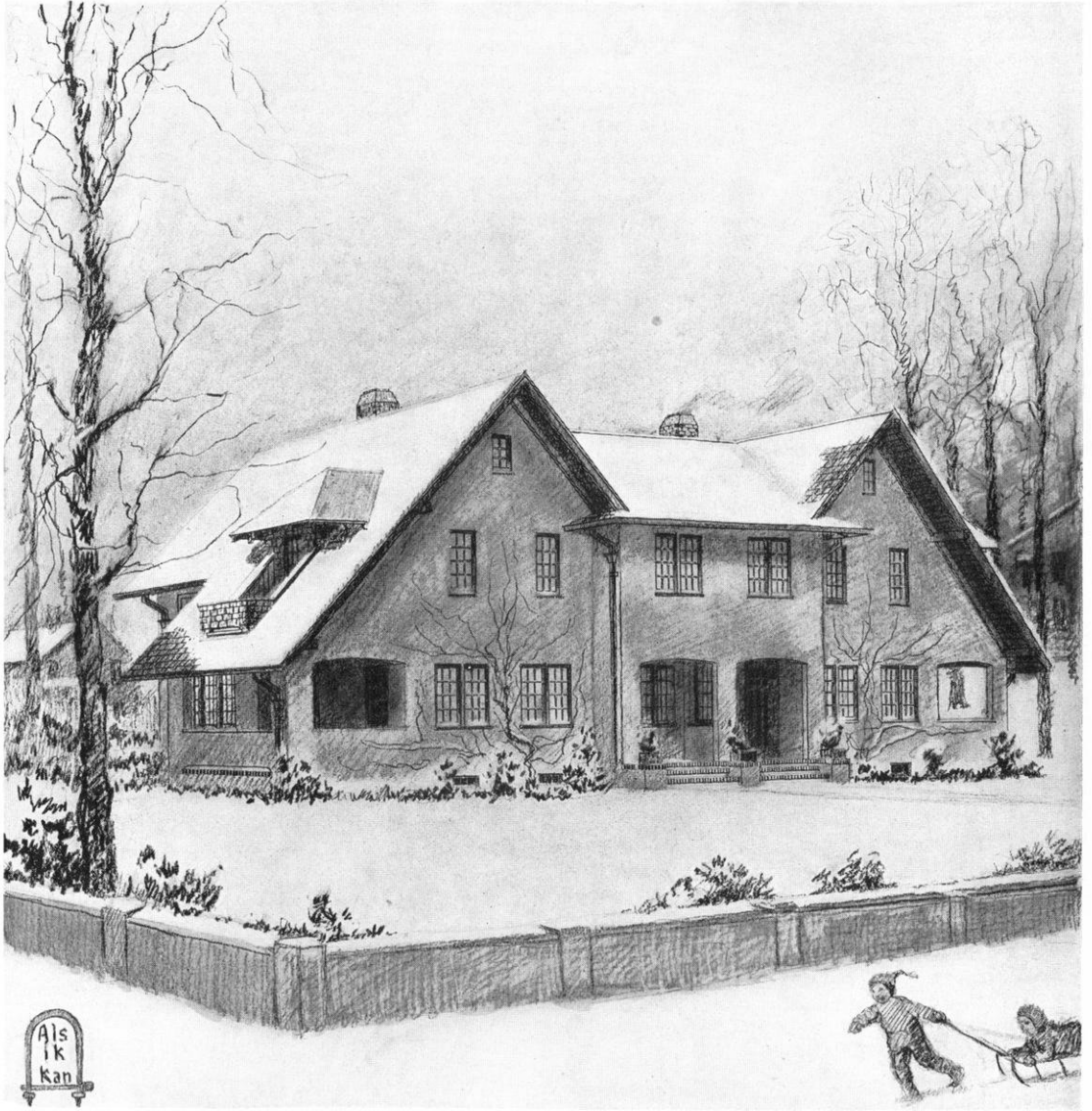
could be substituted if desired, the general form and lines of the structure seem to lend themselves best to concrete or stucco construction.

The symmetrical arrangement of the exterior combined with its solid and well-balanced proportions gives the place an air of dignity without being at all severe; while the inviting shelter of the recessed entrance porches and those on each side, the tiny dormers that break the slope of the long roofs, and the little sunken balconies to which the dormer windows give access

ness. In the roomy hall one finds a hospitable seat beside the staircase which goes up three steps to a landing before turning up to the second floor. A double closet which may serve for wraps and umbrellas is conveniently near, and through it one may pass to the kitchen—an arrangement which allows the maid or housewife to answer the front door or run upstairs without disturbing the people in the living room.

Through the wide opening on the left one has a glimpse of the fireplace nook, re-





*Gustav Stickley, Architect.*

A TWO-FAMILY CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, AFFORDING AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ECONOMY OF CONSTRUCTION WITHOUT LOSS OF ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY : NO. 151.



*Gustav Stickley, Architect.*

A CONCRETE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, PLANNED ESPECIALLY FOR SIMPLIFIED HOUSEKEEPING, AS WILL BE SEEN FROM THE FLOOR PLANS ON PAGE 467: NO. 152.

# A ONE- AND A TWO-FAMILY CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

cessed sufficiently to emphasize its sense of cosiness, yet not enough to shut it off from the rest of the room. Glass doors open onto the porch which is so well protected from sun and rain that it will prove a popular place for outdoor living.

The dining room, which is comfortably large and lighted by pleasant window

it may furnish additional light to the hall.

In the second house, No. 152, which is planned merely for one family, the same materials—concrete and shingles—are shown, a touch of variety being added by the wood pergola roof and post in the small entrance porch. While this building is intended primarily for a

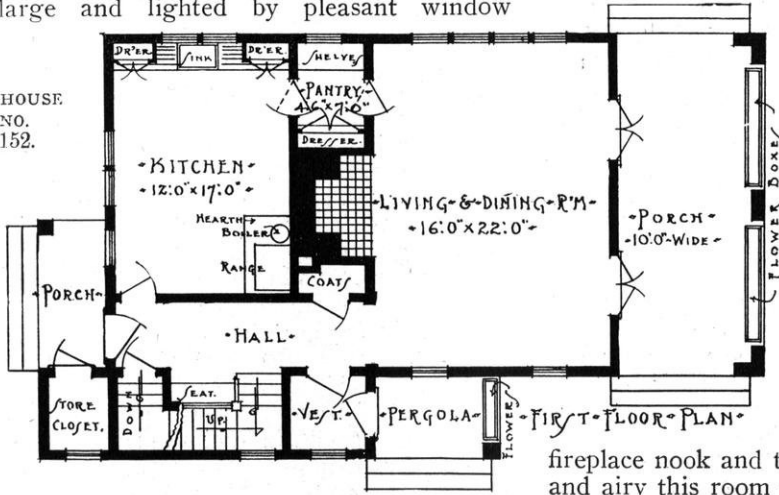
corner lot, it could be readily adapted to a middle one by changing the steps of the entrance pergola to face the street.

The small vestibule opens into a hall with a coat closet directly opposite, and the well-lighted staircase winds up on the left beside a recessed seat. On the right is an opening into the large living room with its

fireplace nook and tiled hearth. How light and airy this room will be, is evident from the windows in two opposite walls and the glass sheltered porch. The latter has flower-boxes between the pillars and steps at each end leading to the garden.

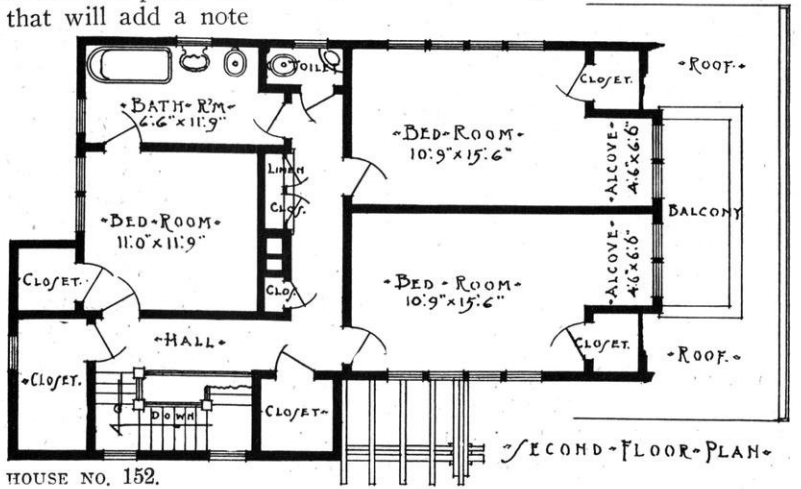
An interesting feature of this plan is the fact that the living room and dining room are combined in one, thus eliminating the cutting up of the floor plan into smaller spaces. If desired, of course, portières or a screen could be used to separate the farther end of the room (used for dining) from the living portion. In any case, the absence of a partition will help to lighten the house-

HOUSE NO. 152.



groups overlooking the garden, communicates with a small pantry equipped with dressers and shelves. By placing the pantry window rather high in the wall, room may be left below it for the ice-box, which may be filled through a door accessible from the kitchen porch. The kitchen is also fairly large and from it the cellar stairs descend below the main staircase.

The second floor comprises four bedrooms and bathroom, all opening out of the central hall and being provided with fair-sized closets. The small sunken balcony referred to before will afford a place for ferns or flower-boxes that will add a note of cheeriness to the outlook from the largest bedroom. The windows in this room and the one behind it permit cross-ventilation, but for the other two bedrooms and bathroom we would place glass transoms above the doors. In the case of the front bedroom (above the entrance) we have indicated a large glass transom in the top of the partition so that





## TIMOTHY AND CORN TESTS

work—a point that will be appreciated by the housewife, for in a dwelling of this size the probability is that no servant would be kept. Then, too, if the family is one of simple, unaffected tastes and fond of the little intimate domestic things which can be made a source of so much home happiness, the breakfasts and sometimes the other meals may be served in the kitchen. With this idea in mind we have planned the latter room large, light and cheerful, with groups of windows on two sides and plenty of room for a central table.

A small porch is built at the rear, and the nearby closet will serve admirably for the keeping of garden tools. The glass door leading onto this back porch, it will be noticed, gives additional light to the hallway within and permits a pleasant vista toward the garden; while the arrangement of the hall itself provides ready access from the kitchen to both the stairs and the front door.

Upstairs there are two large and one smaller bedroom, and in addition to the bathroom a separate toilet has been provided at the end of the hall. An especially attractive feature of this plan is the ampleness of closet room, each bedroom having its own closet and additional storage space being provided in the hall. The large closet in the left-hand corner is lighted by a window beneath the eaves.

The sunken balcony besides adding to the friendly appearance of the exterior, will serve as a sleeping balcony, as it is fourteen feet long and four and a half feet wide—thus giving just enough room for a couple of three-foot cots. In bad weather the balcony can be further protected by a temporary awning fitted to a pipe form. If preferred of course a screen can be placed between the cots. While the perspective view of this house shows double casement windows in this dormer, the oversight has been corrected on the floor plan, which indicates glass doors opening onto the balcony.

While the first building illustrated here—No. 151—could be heated by any suitable means, steam, hot water or warm air, the second house is especially adapted to the Craftsman system, for the fireplace is so centrally located that the warm air could be carried to the various rooms with very little piping.

It will be noted that in both interiors an unusual opportunity for decorative structural effects is afforded by the woodwork. In each case the arrangement of the stair-

case, landing and built-in seat is especially interesting, while the fireplace nook, window groups and wide openings suggest a variety of treatment.

## TIMOTHY AND CORN TESTS AT CORNELL AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION

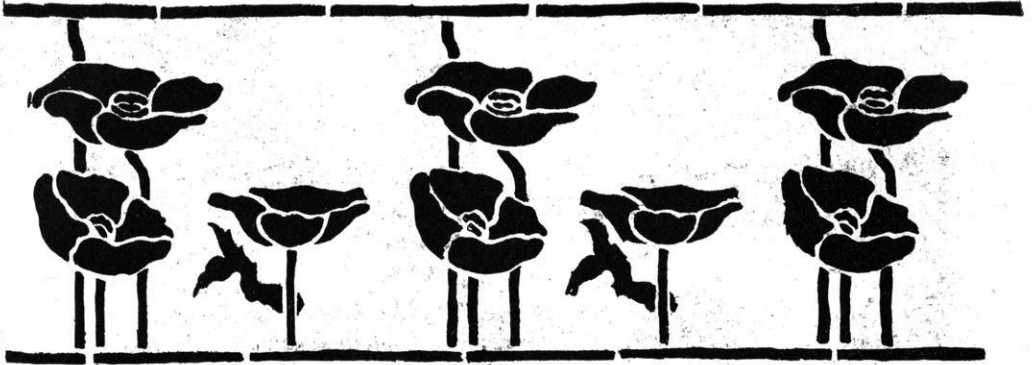
**E**XPERIMENTS in breeding new and improved varieties of timothy were started in 1903 by Cornell's Agricultural School and have been steadily pursued ever since, resulting in much improvement that is of practical value, especially to New York State, where timothy is the most extensively grown product.

Beginning by obtaining timothy seed from 163 places in the United States and 60 places in foreign countries, Cornell grew 17,000 plants from this seed, and these have formed the basis for study of variations and selection of improved types. In the first step of experiment, individual plants selected as superior or promising were grown in trial rows of 16 to 24 plants from each individual, by using slips or suckers obtained by digging up a part of the plant. The average yields of these plants were followed for two or three years in each case, the best sorts determined by comparison. In the second experimental step, similar rows were grown from inbred seed of each type, the average yield tested for two or three years. In the third step, plants that seemed promising by the above tests were grown in broadcast plats, and the yield from these plats formed the final basis of selection.

Besides increasing the yield other important improvements have been attained, as resistance to rust, a disease that damages large New York crops; and the development of successive crops, early, medium and late. Green-leaved types on which the leaves remain green and fresh until the seed is matured, have been secured, producing superior hay. Varieties of commercial value are being rapidly propagated for distribution to the farmers of New York.

In the corn experiments, coöperative tests of several varieties have been made by the College during the last three years. But the climatic conditions vary so in different parts of the State that the best variety to plant in any given locality must be determined by local experiments. No varieties of corn for general use can be recommended.

## CRAFTSMAN STENCIL DESIGNS



### CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS FOR STENCILING SIMPLE HOUSE FURNISHINGS

**A**S the effort toward making homes simple, yet beautiful, becomes more general, the interest in crafts increases. We have begun to realize the joy of creating the things that go to make our surroundings an important part of our lives. We want to make things that will be in harmony with our daily existence, and mean something more than mere ornament.

Color is perhaps more potent in its influence than is often realized. An interior that seems a bit dreary may be wonderfully improved by introducing color in the decoration; just a cheerful note here and there in the room, in drapery, cushions, table runner or square. To accomplish this is often a question of being able to do the necessary work at home, simply and inexpensively. Stenciling is a handicraft that meets these requirements and may be learned quickly. We need only observe and study some of the marvelous effects obtained by the Japanese in their use of the stencil for fabric decoration to realize how little we have done toward really utilizing this means for decoration in our own way.

Stenciling may be used in various ways for practical home decoration. In its simplest form it lends itself most readily to furnishings, to curtains, portières, dresser and bed sets, etc. It may also be used for rugs, but its main use with us has been upon walls. That phase of the work will be treated in another article.

For those who have some ability to draw and wish to undertake the work from the beginning, designing is the first step. Stenciling has its limitations; this must be

POPPY STENCIL DESIGNS IN RED AND GREEN OR RED AND BROWN.

realized and taken into consideration from the outset. The design itself must conform to the demands of the materials, medium and process to be used. It must be such that it will not, in its very nature, interfere with keeping the stencil practical; that is, it must not require such cutting as to leave loose ends, or long projections, liable to turn back with the first movement of the brush. But its very limitations, the ties themselves, may be taken advantage of and converted into an important part of the decoration. They are best kept of uniform width, as an outline would be, and wherever possible made to accent and bring out the character of the motif, whether flower or other form. For instance, the ties may carry out very perfectly the veining in leaf and petal, the eccentricities of growth in stem or stalk, enabling the worker to express much more than at first seemed possible under the restrictions placed upon him.

It is readily seen that the parts of a design must be separated by ties in the stencil. Indeed this is often the charm of it; but in using two or more colors, with a separate stencil for each, this can be partly overcome if desired, in cutting the design, just as for block printing. Proper joining depends entirely upon perfect registering. This is a most important detail, for the repetition of the motif or portion of a continuous design must be exact. Overlapping colors or broken lines spoil the effect.

In cutting, care should be taken not to put any strain upon the cut portion, or the ties may be torn or broken. The smaller parts of the design should be cut out first, so that the stencil is not weakened. If the larger portions are cut first the ties must bear the entire strain of cutting. If broken, or if cut wrong and it is necessary to

## CRAFTSMAN STENCIL DESIGNS



mend, the ties may be reset, or the cut portion replaced and held by small strips of paper brushed over with shellac. This must be allowed to harden before the stencil is used.

Where two or three colors are to be used, as many stencils are cut. That portion of the design to appear in each color is traced on a separate piece of board. A small part, such as the tip of a leaf or stem, to be in another color is cut for register.

A margin of at least two inches all around is necessary to make a stencil substantial. It is desirable to allow wider spaces at the ends for handling. The life and usefulness of a stencil which has been successfully cut, depend greatly upon the way in which it is handled. Never grasp it as though holding a book; keep in mind the fact that it is frail and cannot be expected to stand erect, so it must not be held at the bottom. Take it between thumb and

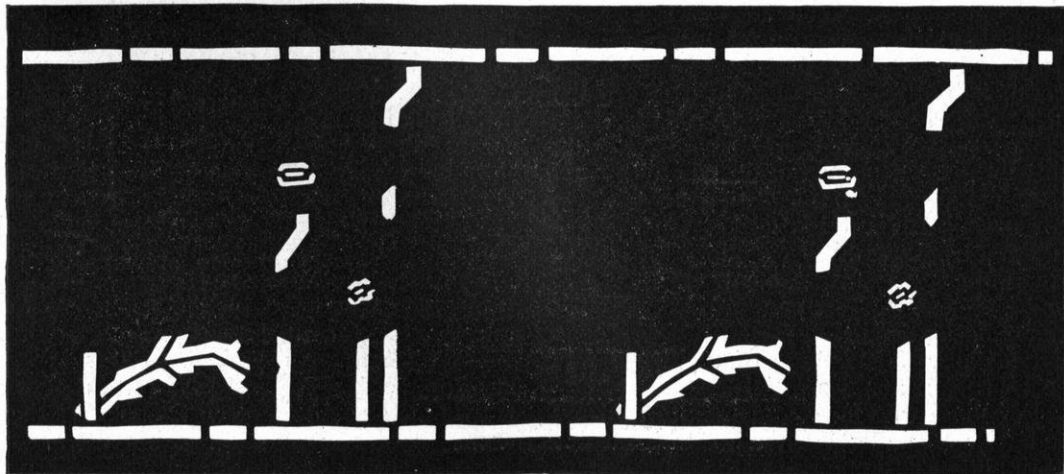
THE RED STENCIL FOR THE POPPY DESIGN.

finger, letting it swing easily so as not to buckle or break it.

Immediately after being used stencils should be laid flat and wiped carefully on both sides with a soft cloth dampened with benzine. The color is then easily removed, and no trace of it will be noticeable when the stencil is used again for a different color. If not properly cleaned before the color sets, it may prove quite annoying.

Stencils should be kept perfectly flat, never rolled, as success in using them depends much upon their lying even and close upon the material being stenciled. Otherwise color is likely to run under the edges and blur the outline.

In all work it is of prime importance to be properly equipped with every facility for accomplishing the desired result. In stenciling this is absolutely essential. Success cannot be attained in this apparently simple



THE GREEN STENCIL FOR THE POPPY DESIGN.

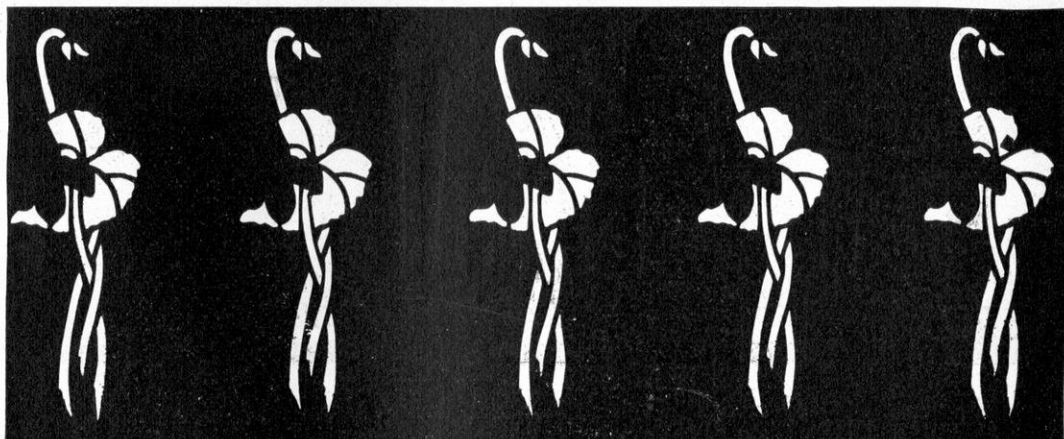
## CRAFTSMAN STENCIL DESIGNS

handicraft without setting about the work in the right way. Because this is not done is the chief reason why many an amateur has been discouraged in his efforts to produce a pleasing decoration. As the requisites for this work are inexpensive, and the process is easily learned, the woman with even small talent, but skillful fingers, should be encouraged to add to her home the embellishments made possible by stenciling various furnishings.

The following



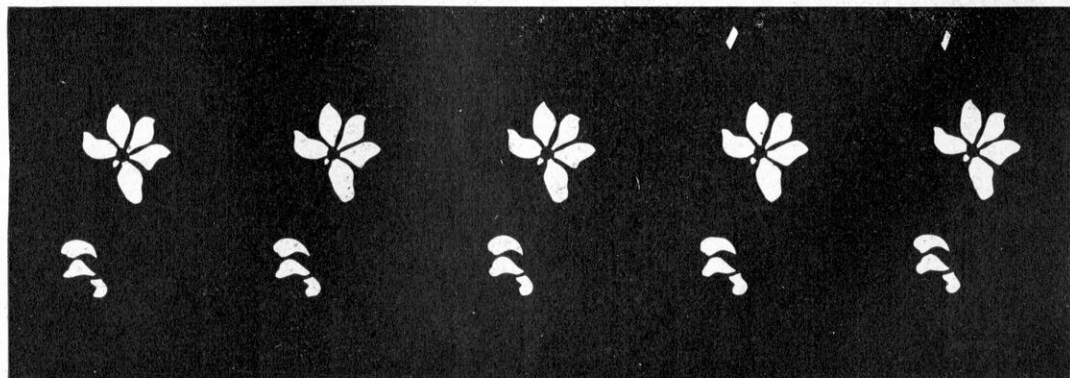
VIOLET STENCIL DESIGN IN GREEN AND VIOLET.



GREEN STENCIL FOR VIOLET DESIGN.

equipment is necessary for stenciling:  
oiled board (such as used in letter copy-

inch in diameter; carbon paper for trac-



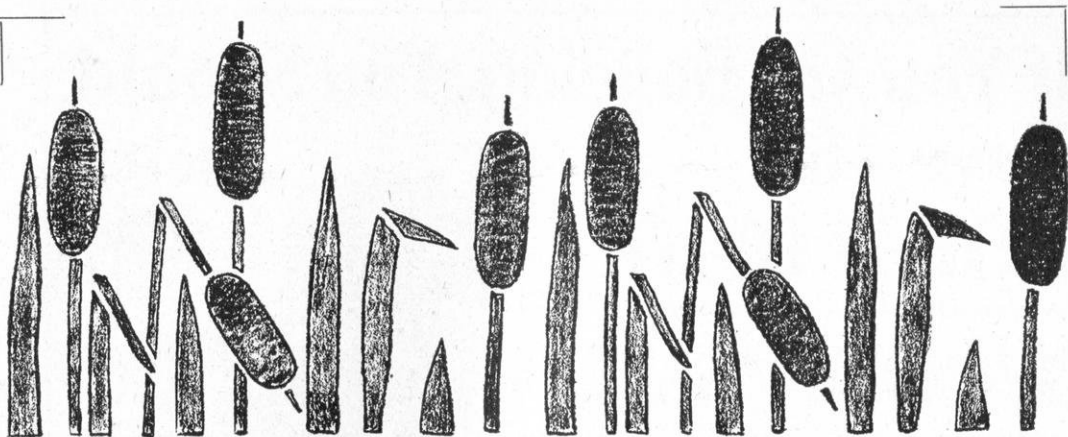
VIOLET STENCIL FOR VIOLET DESIGN.

ing); a sharp pointed knife for cutting;  
several stiff, square-cut brushes about an

ing the design on the board; a piece of

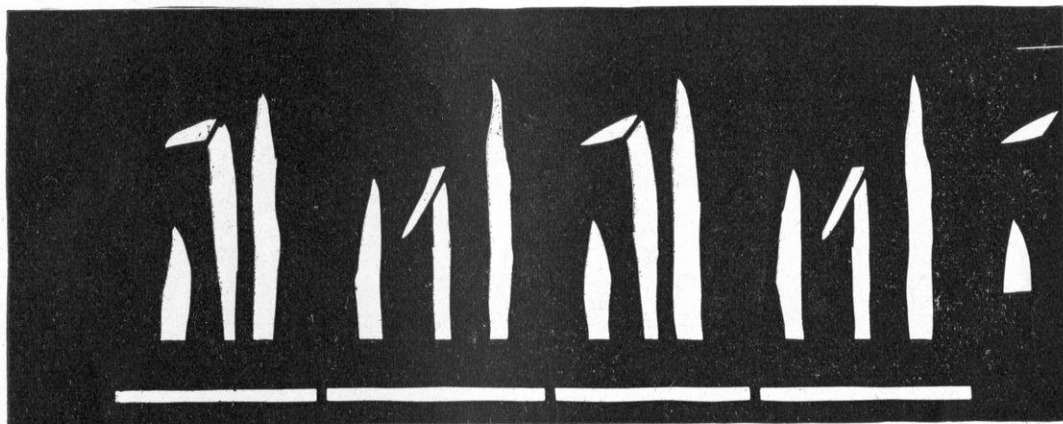


# CRAFTSMAN STENCIL DESIGNS



glass over which to do the cutting; a pliable palette knife for mixing colors; saucers; white cheesecloth for pads; a

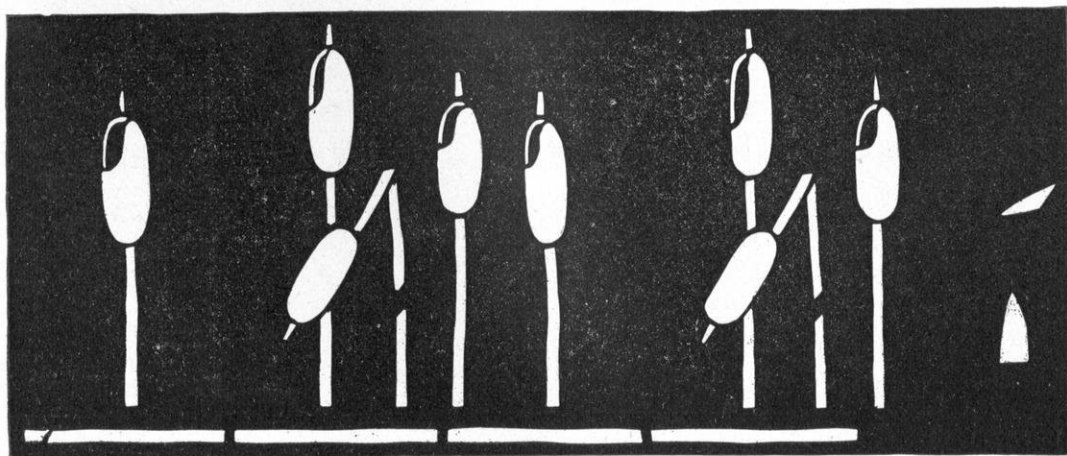
CATTAIL STENCIL DESIGN IN GREEN AND BROWN. on cotton or linen fabrics, on account of the greater permanency and the simpler pro-



good supply of sharp thumb tacks; reliable colors and benzine.

Oil colors are most satisfactory for use

GREEN STENCIL FOR CATTAIL DESIGN. less required. As the colors must be converted into a stain or dye so as to avoid any



BROWN STENCIL FOR CATTAIL DESIGN.

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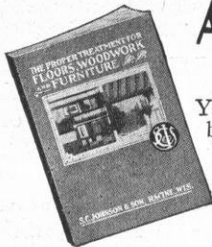
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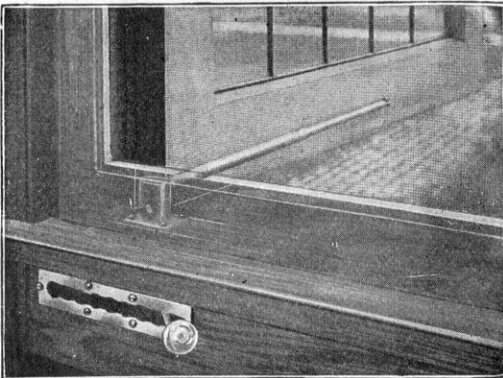
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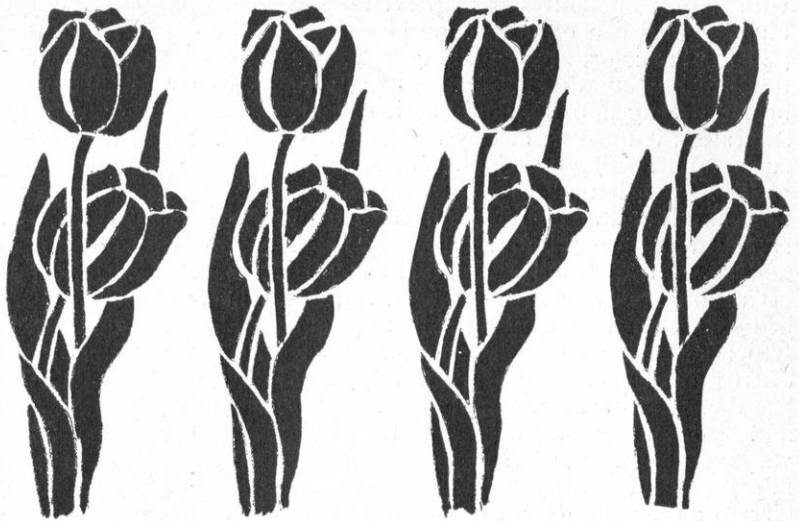
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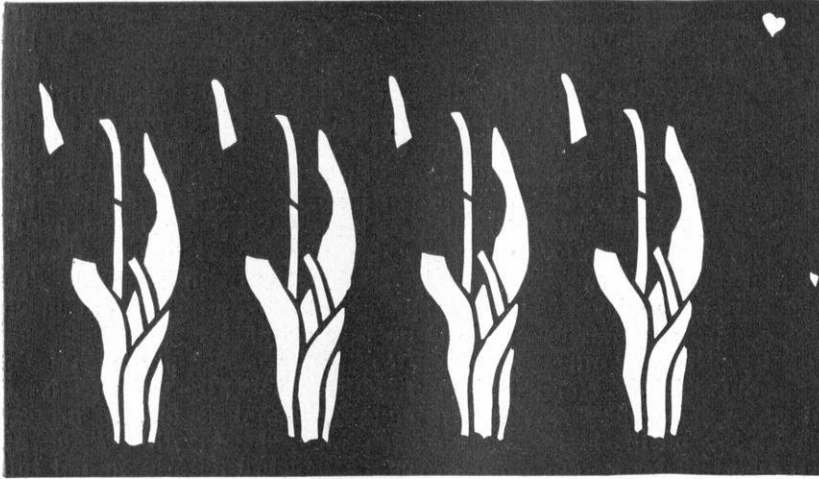
## CRAFTSMAN STENCIL DESIGNS

possibility of having the appearance of paint, benzine is used for reducing to a creamy consistency, not too thick.

As there is a marked difference in pigments, in choosing those for stenciling two things should be considered — permanency and transparency; the former for durability, the latter for effect. The best blues are ultramarine and indigo; carmine and madder for reds; van Dyke and burnt sienna for



TULIP STENCIL DESIGN IN YELLOW AND GREEN.



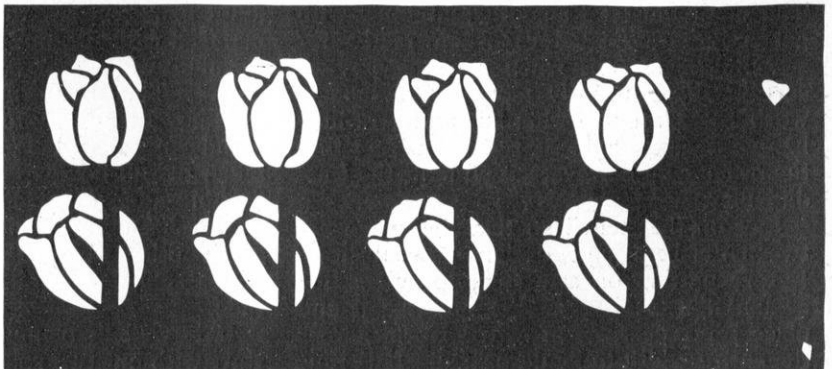
GREEN STENCIL FOR TULIP DESIGN.

browns; sap and cinnabar for greens. Of the coal tar colors, the alizarines are the most dependable, and the shades very desirable.

Some colors, though lacking transparency and so appearing "painty" when stenciled upon large spaces, may be used for bril-

liancy or accent. Among them are yellows, emerald green and vermilion. It must never be forgotten that the color of the fabric has much to do with the tones which may be produced upon it. Only when working upon a white ground can the exact shades of palette be reproduced on the cloth.

The great problem in working



YELLOW STENCIL FOR TULIP DESIGN.



## CRAFTSMAN STENCIL DESIGNS

with liquids on fabrics is to prevent "running." This can only be done by using a pad for the color, always taking it up with the brush from the pad. Never put the brush directly into the liquid as it becomes saturated; it must be merely moistened for successful results on cloth. This and a well-cut stencil make the whole secret of the sharply defined edges, which give the stenciled pattern its forcefulness, and announce work well understood and executed.

Curtains, portières, table covers, runners, bed sets, etc., should be made before being stenciled. Allowing for hems and spaces often proves unsatisfactory, for in stretching the material to fasten it down tightly, its length and breadth change considerably, varying according to the firmness of the fabric. If the hems are finished, it is simpler to adjust the design in relation to the space to be left between the two.

A large table or draughting board into which thumb tacks may be pushed easily and freely, should be available upon which to stretch the material. The hemmed edges, laid flush with the edges of the table top, are fastened first. They can stand the strain better than the single selvage, especially if the material be scrim or something similar. Tacks should be used at intervals of two or three inches, so that the weave of the cloth is kept straight. Always stretch gently. Strips of cheesecloth folded several times may be used where tacks are put through a single ply of material, to prevent pulling holes. If the width of the curtain or other article is less than that of the table top, after securing the hemmed edges along the bottom and one side, draw a line on the table at right angles with the bottom hem from the point where the selvage reaches, and stretch to this line when tacking the edge. The cloth must be smooth and taut, with perfectly straight edges when ready for stenciling. Except when working on left curtains, it is usually more convenient to work from left to right; but registers may be cut at both ends of the stencil, so that the order may be reversed without the least difficulty.

Lay on the stencil so that the space between the hem and design is as desired. Before putting on any color, pencil a line around the registers, take up stencil and place for repeat, as in actual work, across the entire width to be decorated. It is thus determined whether the full repeat may be made at the end, or if only a part of it can

be got into the given space. Comparing the spaces left at the beginning and the end, the required adjustment to equalize them is easy at this time, but not after a motif has been stenciled. Fasten the stencil securely at two corners before beginning with the brush work.

It is expedient to have the colors and color pads on a separate table to avoid the possibility of an accident or of spotting the material. Eight-ply pads of cheesecloth cut in four-inch strips are sufficiently large. They should not be saturated, but only enough of the benzine color mixture put on with the palette knife from time to time to thoroughly moisten the brush rubbed upon it. The test of knowing whether the brush is too wet, is to pass it over a plain part of the stencil; if a watery mark is left press the brush on a dry part of the pad; if only apparently dry color is shown, it is safe to try it on the cloth.

A circular motion of the brush incorporates the color into the weave of the fabric more readily than any other and is less likely to injure the stencil. When an up and down movement is employed, the direction of the ties must be followed. Rubbing across them is hazardous. As the appearance of the color is different when surrounded by the stencil, it is wise to lift at the loose side occasionally to see whether the desired color has been attained. To guard against any "paintiness," too much rubbing must be avoided.

When the brush work is finished, release the material by removing the tacks from the thinner and weaker edges first to protect from overstrain. Place a thin sheet of paper over the stenciled decoration and run a hot iron over it. A cloth dampened in alum water (a teaspoonful of powdered alum to a pint of water) laid under the material while ironing will create steam, and the alum will act as a mordant and "set" the colors. This should not be used with blues, as it has a tendency to purple them. When laundering stenciled fabrics, care must be taken to rub no soap immediately upon the design, and no strong washing powders should be used. With the ordinary care given other dyed fabrics in laundering, pieces stenciled in oil will be found not to fade.

It is well in planning stencil designs to start with but two colors, as the greater the number of stencils the more difficult the registration and the management of colors.

## MAKING OUR BIRD FRIENDS AT HOME

**I**T sounds as though we were encouraging laziness in our bird friends when we suggest doing their building for them. Also it seems a trifle arrogant of us to imagine that any house that we could build with our big blundering man-hands would compare with the real bird house, the practical artistic nest, woven with such incomparable craftsmanship and according to the traditions of birdkind from the beginning of the world.

But as a matter of fact, we have no thought of pampering our little feathered neighbors, working injury to their self-esteem, neither do we wish to vaunt ourselves before the bird world as superior architects, pretending that concrete is better than corn floss and brick than horse hair. We have but one purpose in suggesting the man-made bird house, namely, that by appealing with our unworthy structures to the birds' sense of ease and comfort we may win them back to our gardens and fields, to our vine-clad eaves and habitable trees.

We have in the past, through our thoughtlessness and cruelty driven the birds away from human habitation and surely there is no ethical reason why we should not hold out substantial inducement for



A COZY LITTLE BIRD HOUSE WELL HIDDEN BY SHRUBS.

their return. If left to their own devices they would quite rightly seek more secluded bowers for their nest-making and child-rearing, than our big city parks and country estates.

And so it is in this matter between man and bird as in human relationship—we try to win what we have wantonly lost, by appealing to qualities we understand. The desire is in the animal kingdom, as with mankind, for luxury without too much personal effort, and so we offer these little friends who have commenced to avoid us, substantial houses, food and security, hoping to reestablish a friendship which holds so much for us in the way of music, good cheer, beauty, and a certain spiritual development, for we have learned to know that the love and protection of animals must inevitably enlarge our humanitarianism.

Unfortunately we do not always have any greater insight in the making of gifts to our bird friends, than we have in presenting pleasure to our human friends. We are apt to do the thing our way, which is not always the bird way. Thus in building bird houses, we do not inevitably study the ways of the birds, their need of protection, their desire for seclusion. Even in the pic-



A BLUE BIRD LIVING IN A RENTED HOUSE.

## MAKING OUR BIRD FRIENDS AT HOME



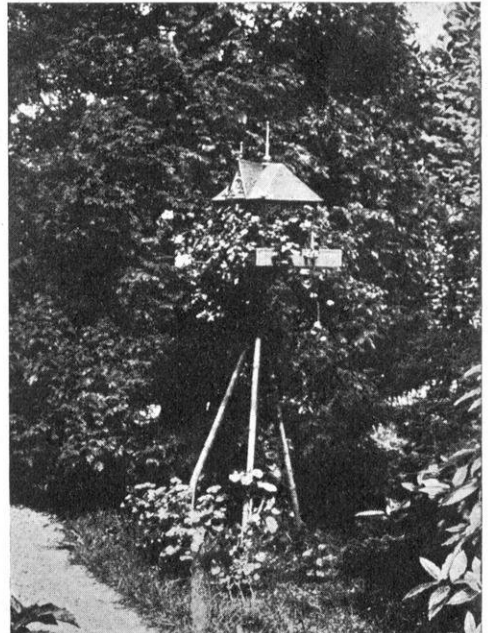
A BIRD HOUSE PROPERLY PLACED.

tures which we are using to illustrate this article we are compelled to show some imitation Rococo architecture; a suggestion of a bungalow, a hint of the Queen Anne idea, and then instead of hiding these sprightly buildings, we put them up on the top of a pole in view of all the world and guaranteed to attract every bird enemy known to the kingdom.

Now if we are putting up bird houses really to win the bird, not merely to ornament our gardens or exploit our philanthropy, we must build as a bird would build so far as our human limitations will allow. We must study first of all the kind of birds that live in our neighborhood. Then we must find out the kind of nests that they would build for their own hearths. Always the nest must be made as inconspicuous as possible in color and outline and then it must be placed where the bird would like to live and bring up its family. Nature may provide the bird with brilliant plumage to attract the necessary mate, but I have yet to know of a vivid colored nest for any bird in any land in the world. The nesting time is the time for quiet, seclusion and safety. If we want birds to come and live with us,

make music for us, we must treat them with the consideration that they show each other at the building time. How many of us have gone hunting for birds and bird nests in the springtime failing to discover a single bird home because the birds know how to hide themselves and protect their nests. In some of the pictures which we are showing in this article some attempt has been made, in placing the house in the shadow of a branch or with a training of vines over it, to follow the impulse of the birds in these matters, but mainly we find nature has thought out the matter very much better.

Also I notice in practically all the pictures that there is inadequate ventilation. Surely it would be hard to find the bird who covered over his nest, leaving but one little peep-hole for air and sunshine. Yet this is what we often do in the houses to which we hope to lure our bird friends. Now if we really want all the happiness that birds can bring to us, and especially to our children and the spiritual development which our children may gain in their care of the birds, it is essential that



A BIRD HOUSE DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED IN A SECLUDED GARDEN NOOK.



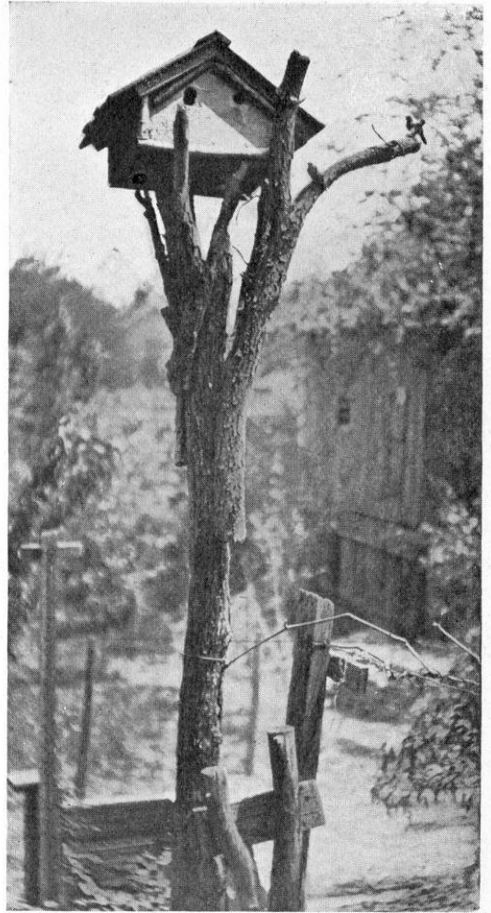
## MAKING OUR BIRD FRIENDS AT HOME

we should study carefully bird architecture and bird ideals, that we should go further, and study their daily needs in the way of comfort and food. It is only after we have given our time and thought and real interest that we may hope to deserve their companionship.

Boxes should be in place in time for the earliest builders. They will be adopted more readily if placed high enough in the trees to assure the birds the safety they seek from possible intruders from below. Topmost and outermost branches are oftenest chosen for their nests. It is important that the boxes be very securely fastened to limb or trunk, for disaster may come to the little home through a stormy day if they are carelessly placed.

Something besides the boxes themselves may be necessary to encourage their use by the birds. Surrounding conditions may not be conducive to their welfare. Both food and nesting material may be lacking, and these, too, will be looked after by him who builds the boxes. Feeding and drinking pans, as well as straw and twigs for nests, placed in some open space where they may be seen easily, will soon be made use of, and what pleasure to watch the building of a nest! Well fastened upon a low post set firmly in the ground, a feeding or drinking pan is more conspicuous to the birds and less likely to be disturbed by small animals.

It will be a delightful revelation to the uninitiated to discover how quickly the



A BADLY PLACED BIRD HOUSE IN WHICH NEVERTHELESS WRENS HAVE NESTED.



ONE WAY TO ATTRACT BIRDS TO THE GARDEN.

birds respond to these little attentions to them. Word of a satisfying meal, a refreshing drink and a good bath at the kind hands of a friend seems to be heralded among them as by wireless, and they come flocking to your little station to claim your favors in unexpected numbers, bringing with them so much merriment of chatter and joy of song as to repay you



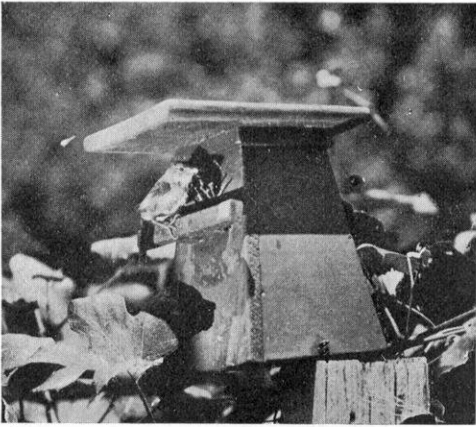
## SCIENTIFIC SEED CULTIVATION

**I**N the rear of one of the workshops of the botanical department of the University of Amsterdam in Holland, says the *New York Times*, there is a little garden much overgrown and fenced in with a wire screen. In this garden, if the visitor arrives at the right time, he sees bent over a cluster of uninteresting looking plants or perhaps digging the earth with a spade, a gaunt, middle-aged man with piercing gray eyes. He is Hugo de Vries, known by his fellow-experts as the world's greatest living botanist, hailed by them as the "modern Darwin," and the man whose work may be the means of furnishing the world in generations to come with its daily bread.

Dr. de Vries arrived in this country a short time ago, delivered lectures at the Brooklyn Institute and the New York Botanical Garden, was the chief guest at a dinner given by a group of scientists, and hurried on to Philadelphia and Washington. The special occasion which brought him to America was the opening of the great Industrial Institute in Texas founded by Mr. Rice of this city. Dr. de Vries will visit Alabama, where the original evening primrose, with which he has performed so many of his experiments, is said to grow. Later he will join an exploring expedition to be sent out by the New York Botanical Garden, and will make a trip into the wilds of the Everglades of Florida.

It is at the very root of the problem of increased production that de Vries is working. He is proving that new species come into being by leaps and bounds—in a single day, as it were. He has raised hundreds of species in his little garden in Amsterdam and actually beheld new species spring from them the like of which had never been imagined. He took what is known in Alabama as the evening primrose, and under his eye the plant gave birth to more than a dozen novel forms, at least nine of which have ever since remained constant and true to their various types.

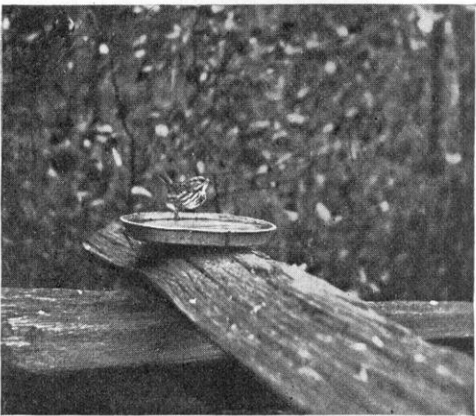
De Vries took grains and fruits, bred them in large numbers, and found that they gave off the same remarkable forms. These sudden jumps upward from the parent type he named 'mutants.' In a field of corn, all of the same species, he would find perhaps one plant with heavy stalks, exceptionally



A LITTLE WREN INVESTIGATING A MAN-MADE HOUSE.

tenfold. Every garden with but a single tree will have an added pleasure if a box set in a limb crotch, and water and feeding pans nearby on the ground attract a pair of birds seeking a nesting place.

The simpler a bird box is kept, the less obtrusive will it be, and certainly more desirable from the birds' point of view, as it should be from our own. Some of the boxes shown here are particularly pleasing in appearance, and planned simply for the birds' comfort and convenience. Sloped-in



A SONG SPARROW DISCOVERING A GARDEN DRINKING POOL.

sides afford the possibility for a widely extending top or roof without unseemly proportions. This provides sheltering eaves over a perch, where, as the pictures show and as has been noted by any observer of birds, the occupants enjoy resting. It seems worth while calling attention to this means of attracting and protecting bird life, as well as to the delight in store for the donor of such comforts to the birds.

## SCIENTIFIC SEED CULTIVATION

full ears and differently shaped leaves, and by isolating this seed he bred a superior kind of plant. So far as has been determined there is no end to the possibilities of this kind of development.

The discoveries of de Vries have opened up endless possibilities for the increase of the productivity of land, for by the careful selection of the "mutants" of offshoots of regular varieties a new species springs into being of a pure type, never degenerating, and perhaps of double or triple the yield of the parent plant.

Dr. de Vries says: "In Germany the slow method of improving grains is adhered to and has given admirable results. One of the best-known instances of which the historical records are complete is the famous rye of Schlanstedt, produced by Rimpau, and which is now largely cultivated all over the central part of Germany and the northern districts of France.

"In the year 1876 I visited Mr. Rimpau on his farm at Schlanstedt and studied his cultures. The best of his new rye was standing on a small parcel out in the fields, but surrounded by patches of vegetables and other plants not belonging to the cereals. These minor cultures occupied a large square, which in its turn was surrounded by a complete range of shrubs. Thus the rye, standing in the midst of the square, was sufficiently removed from the neighboring fields to insure it against possible contamination by pollen of other varieties. On the other hand, it had the same soil and almost the same cultural treatment as the average cultures.

"This race had been started by Rimpau nine years before, in the year 1867. At the time of the harvest of that year he inspected, as he told me, a large number of his rye fields, and selected all the ears which seemed to him to noticeably surpass the others. He brought home a handful of them, repeated the trial, and mixed their seeds. This mixed condition in the beginning of his race now becomes the weak point where the whole principle of his method is open to criticism, as I shall soon show.

"The seeds were sown the next year, and in the harvest the same selection of the best ears was repeated. Care was taken to exclude all those which, because of some external condition, would have been benefited by more space or more fertilizer than the rest, and would have grown larger by

such accidental means. No care, however, was taken to isolate the individuals and to sow their seeds separately, the principle being that all the plants belonged to one race and that this race had been improved. This principle of improving a race without isolating its possible constituents seemed at that period to be the right one, though now it scarcely can be considered as scientifically correct.

"After twenty years of continued selection the elite strain was so much improved as to produce a race distinctly richer than the ordinary varieties of rye in Middle Germany, and slowly and gradually it found its way, first into the surrounding farms, and afterward over large parts of the country.

"During all this period Rimpau was enabled thereby to sell all his harvest as seed grain, attaining in this way a most satisfactory recompense for his labors. Shortly afterward the rye of Schlanstedt was introduced into France, where it soon overthrew the local varieties.

"Now, while Professor Schribeaux, of the Paris Institute of Agriculture, commenting upon Rimpau's achievement, takes this race of rye to be substantially constant, he explains that, in order to keep the Schlanstedt variety up to its original qualities, care must be taken to sow the seeds in a field which is as far removed as possible from all other cultures of rye. Moreover, the field should be large and protected all around by a hedge of trees and shrubs, for without this precaution the Schlanstedt would soon degenerate through accidental crosses with the local variety.

"Willet M. Hays has improved the wheat of Minnesota in this country by breeding from the local Fife and Blue Stem races which have been largely supplanted by the old types. 'In each of a thousand plants of wheat,' he told me, 'were a few phenomenal yielders, and the method of single-seed planting made it practicable to secure these exceptional plants and make new varieties from them.' We know, however, that if such plants had been isolated and they were of one elementary species the breeding would have led back to mediocrity and not to constancy, nor to an exact keeping up of the extreme type. Therefore we conclude that Mr. Hays's phenomenal yielders were, in reality, representatives of distinct elementary species which had been hidden until his time. In his work in Minnesota, however, what with his sowing the

## SCIENTIFIC SEED CULTIVATION

seeds of individual selected plants separately, Hays gained a distinct advantage over the slow process of Rimpau and other German breeders. The American, by one single choice, isolated the best strains and observed them to be consistent and pure. The German breeder, on the other hand, by selecting a large number of ears, must have gotten an impure race, and needed a long succession of years and a constantly repeated selection to attain in the end the same result. He did not have our present knowledge of the theory of variability.

"Yearly more than 2,500,000,000 bushels of Indian corn, of a value of \$1,000,000,000, are produced in this country, constituting about eighty per cent. of the world's total crop. Of this, more than 1,500,000,000 bushels are fed to cattle and other meat-producing animals, the remainder being exported and partly used for industrial purposes. The total number of beef cattle in the United States was officially estimated in 1904 at 43,500,000, with a total value of \$660,000,000.

"More than a hundred different commercial products and fifty kinds of food are derived from corn and its various constituents, the glucose factories alone consuming over 50,000,000 bushels of corn. There can be no doubt that corn is the most valuable crop in this great rich country. Cotton, of course, bears the palm as a money crop, but corn is the main supply of food, directly as well as under the form of meat. No single cereal is of the same high importance, and the agriculture of the principal States of the Middle West is almost wholly dependent upon raising corn.

"In the corn States the production of corn has since some years ago reached the highest degree of development so far as its acreage is concerned. Almost all the land suited for corn growing has been given to this crop. Locally, some increase of this area may still be possible, but it is of no real importance for the total amount of the crop.

"Hence it follows that an increase of the harvest can be attained only by an augmentation of the yield per acre, and since the demand for corn is incessantly increasing, and the prices are becoming correspondingly higher, the question how to increase this yield has become most urgent. The land values are constantly rising, and, while handsome profits are possible, better methods must be employed to secure them.

"The use of fertilizers, more careful processes of preparing the land and handling the seeds and plants, and a proper choice of the seed-grain are the acknowledged means by which to attain this end.

"Now, no crop is more responsive to careful selection of the seed than corn. According to the condition of the land the treatment of the field may be of first importance, but good seed must always add to the yield, and the more so the better the condition of the soil and the care given to its culture. Some farmers are producing 60 to 70 bushels an acre every year, while their neighbors are contented with an average harvest of 30 to 35 bushels. In favorable cases the product might easily be increased to a hundred bushels an acre, and even more.

"In selection, uniformity is one of the main purposes; but the shape and color of the ears, their butt and tip ends, the number and direction of the rows, the width and the depth of the furrows between the rows, and many other points have to be considered. Now, science has determined that all the kernels of a selected ear have the same qualities. Also, direct experiments have shown that neither the yield nor the quality of the grain is essentially affected by choosing the seed grains from the butt end, the middle, or the top of the ear.

"In an experiment station we sow the kernels of selected corn in single rows, each ear to a row, and by this method arrive at the individuality of these rows. A whole row, grown from the kernels of a single ear, may produce numerous barren stalks, or weak plants, or small ears with imperfect yield, or be excellent in strength productivity and uniform in other peculiar characteristics. This is the basic main principle of corn selection. Each variety of corn is made up of many elementary forms, each of which is uniform and constant.

"Now, as soon as one of these elementary forms is sufficiently isolated and multiplied a uniform and constant race will be obtained. Climate and conditions work small changes. The main thing for the farmer, or even the scientist, is to be able to recognize these elementary strains and to compare their progeny with the main strain.

"Only he who is ignorant of Burbank's work would scoff at the practical value of horticulture scientific research."



## A TOWN THAT OWNS ITS THEATER

"Among the breeders the most simple method of producing new varieties is by sowing on a large scale and then choosing the best individuals. The chosen samples then become the origin of a new variety, which will remain constant as long as it is propagated only in the vegetative way. Hybridization, however, is not always a means of increasing the variability which gives to the breeder his best varieties. In some instances hybrids are as constant and as uniform as their parent species, even when propagated from seed. In such cases the breeder has to be content if his hybrid proves to excel its parent species in some industrial quality, but without renewed crosses his work is limited to its production and propagation.

"By the Svalof principle the breeder is enabled to single out hundreds of valuable strains and to select among them the very best. The search in the field is made on the basis of marks, which can be recognized instantly by the experienced eye upon a simple inspection of the stems and their branching and of the shape and size of the leaves. Thus these distinctions take the place of agricultural tests, which embrace measurements and estimates that can hardly be made for single individuals and never can be applied to so large numbers of specimens as can be compared by purely scientific marks.

"The laboratory farmer has all sorts of devices in this new work of which the farmer, who some day will be the gainer from them, little suspects. The man in the laboratory has all kinds of instruments for measurement and comparison, and employs many collections of samples and photographs of selected plants. In the list of apparatus are what are called "classificators." These are small collections of say 15 to 40 ears of corn arranged according to a definite character. For each quality a special classificator is required; for instance, for the size and shape and density of the ears. In order to classify an ear it is shoved along the row until it falls between two ears of the classificator, one beyond and the other behind it, the intervals between every two succeeding ears of the apparatus being marked with figures. The figure on which the ear falls is the indicator of its degree of the character in question.

"The transparency of a grain of barley is measured by means of screens with holes.

These are exactly filled by one grain each, and the "standard" kernels are arranged according to the degree of their diaphaneity. The grains to be tested are put into similar holes of a little separate screen, which can be shoved along the classificator until their transparency coincides with that of one of the standard types.

"The degree of mealiness is tested by a smaller pincer, which measures the pressure required to squeeze a kernel into pieces. Other instruments are so constructed that they collect from the ear all the lowest grains, all those of the second rank, and so on in order to determine the average weight of each group separately.

## A TOWN THAT OWNS ITS THEATER

**T**WENTY years ago, E. H. R. Lyman, out of love and affection for the New England town of Northampton, made that city the first and at the present time the only municipal owner of a theater in this country. The receivers of this gift, however, did not seem to realize how fortunate they were; it never seemed to make much difference to them whether or not they owned the fine playhouse, standing in a little park of its own right on Main Street. They didn't do much for it, nor did it do much for them. The contract to run it they parceled out to some manager, who could then shift for himself, booking it for the season with the traveling productions of other managers. Some years there was a slight return to the city's exchequer from the manager, but usually he merely helped to add to the city's burden of debt.

"Each year it became more and more apparent that we were not getting the class of entertainments we wanted, and to which we felt entitled," said Frank Lyman, who succeeded his father, the donor of the theater, as President of its Board of Trustees. "The conditions from which we have suffered have affected all the smaller cities; they are the result of a gradual change, a tendency to collect all the theaters, plays and players at central points.

"The original deed with which my father gave this theater to the city stated that it should be used for lectures, concerts, operas and dramas of the better sort. We have had lectures and concerts here, but



## A TOWN THAT OWNS ITS THEATER

little drama 'of the better sort.' We decided, finally, that the people of Northampton ought to have more to say about the use of their own theater, and after long deliberation further decided that the only way to make this possible was to provide a citizens' company of players to which they might dictate their wishes. We have started our new company under conditions which we regard as compelling, not from any vaulting ambition on our part of reforming the stage or elevating the drama, but simply from a desire to provide wholesome recreation at reasonable cost."

The Board of Trustees of this theater, which consists of the Mayor and the President of Smith College, Dr. Marion Burton, Chauncey Pierce and F. G. Spaulding, is financing this experiment for a season determined by the economy of the management. The house has 1,000 seats distributed through orchestra, orchestra circle, and a balcony unblest with posts, and from each section everything can be seen and heard that is happening on the stage. The prices range from twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five cents for evening performances and twenty-five cents and fifty for the two weekly matinées. If the stock company and the community succeed in making the theater self-supporting under these conditions, the city will finance the enterprise next year, and the year after that, and as many years more as it sees fit. If they fail, then the Board of Trustees will have to devise another plan.

Through Professor George Baker, of Harvard University, and Henry Miller, who were called into consultation, the Trustees secured the services of Bertram Harrison and Miss Jessie Bonsville as directors. They and the company they have selected, which includes such players as Charles Balsar and Robert Homans, Miss Irene Oshier, William H. Pringle, Cyril Raymond, and George Dickinson, all of whom have already had valuable experience, regard it as a grave responsibility to belong to the one municipal theater in the United States.

That conditions at Northampton make the experiment perhaps more difficult—and that good results will therefore be all the more convincing—is Miss Bonsville's opinion.

"We have here three different kinds of audiences to please—the old inhabitants,

the factory hands and the college people. At first everybody feared we were going to become an academic institution, but we have a higher purpose. We are the people's players, and this is the people's play-house.

"We are really going to give them the best we can. There are 20,000 people in this town, only 1,600 of whom belong to the college. Of the remainder, the greater number are the workers in a big silk mill, a toothbrush company, a cutlery works and all the other big mills and factories in the neighborhood. We are chiefly concerned about them, for to them the relaxation and recreation we afford is worth a great deal more than to the more educated classes who have other resources. We make no distinctions for money in this theater; the one who pays a quarter of a dollar for a ticket uses the same exits and entrances, gets as comfortable a seat, and as neat a program as a boxholder. The only difference is the distance they sit from the stage—and many of us would prefer its enchantment!"

Miss Charlotte Bannon, a Smith College graduate, who is general utility woman for the management of the municipal theater, said recently: "A fine spirit of coöperation is manifest already. The college girls helped us decorate, climbed up trees to get autumn leaves with which to make a bower for the orchestra, and Amherst boys are already clamoring to be put into service as 'supes.' In 'Old Heidelberg' the corps students are members of the glee clubs of Williston Academy and the Massachusetts Agricultural Academy. The street car company has also agreed to help us by running an extra after-theater service every night, and to carry our notices of coming productions on their front platforms for sheer good will. The shopkeepers are vying with one another to lend properties, and even the private citizens are giving what may be needed out of their own homes.

"The owner of the big silk stocking mill bought 100 tickets for the first night. Two of the college societies have bought out the two front rows for Friday nights, and our subscription list is growing slowly but surely."

After an account of such coöperation and enthusiasm, we shall await with interest the outcome of this new venture in the theatrical world.

VESSELS OF CLAY AND FLOWERS OF THE FIELD: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

**T**HE history of various peoples, from the early Egyptians to the American Indians, has come to us more positively through their art than through any other medium. The things which first lent themselves to an expression of a sense of beauty were objects of utility and daily use; thus art developed through daily life, was a part of it. The potter of all climes and countries has served us well. He has not only given us the useful and beautiful, but has recorded in clay vessels the ideals of his people as tablets of stone or bronze could never have interpreted them; has given us something far more intimate, more subtle, while at the same time creating an object to serve, perhaps, even a homely purpose.

Single pieces and collections of pottery, showing exquisite skill in design and workmanship, are usually arranged on the mantel, table or in cabinets as art objects, and for their artistic effect only; but each piece was made for some definite purpose, some utility in the home, and it is not until you discover this and make use of all its possibilities that you know and enjoy the true value. Sometimes you may put a bowl or jar to a different use than that for which



CALIFORNIA FIELD POPPIES IN A JAR TO HARMONIZE IN COLORS.

it was originally intended, with very pleasing and satisfactory results. It is the usefulness of a vase or vessel that should be considered when placing it in your home.

One of the uses which but adds to the charm and beauty of a piece of pottery, is as a flower holder. Few things possess greater adaptability to places, conditions and people than flowers, and the home without them loses much of its rightful cheerfulness and attractiveness.

If one is blessed with a garden, there is nothing more delightful or mentally invigorating than to get out with birds and flowers before sun-up. There is then a wonderful freshness and dewiness, fragrance and melody that can be found at no other time of day, and the people who stay in bed for their eight o'clock coffee in preference lose one of the greatest delights, as well as one of the best tonics, in life. If you wish cut flowers for the house or for friends, early morning is the best time to pluck them; for, gathered when the sun is high, they must struggle to keep from drooping.

The potters of many nations have given us an illimitable supply of ware from which to choose for beautifying and enriching our homes, and much of this ware is, in a way, symbolic of flowers—the flowers of artistic thought. Although devils, dragons, snakes,



CLIMBING GERANIUMS IN A BRILLIANT EARTHEN JAR

## VESSELS OF CLAY AND FLOWERS OF THE FIELD



IRIS IN INDIAN WATER JAR.

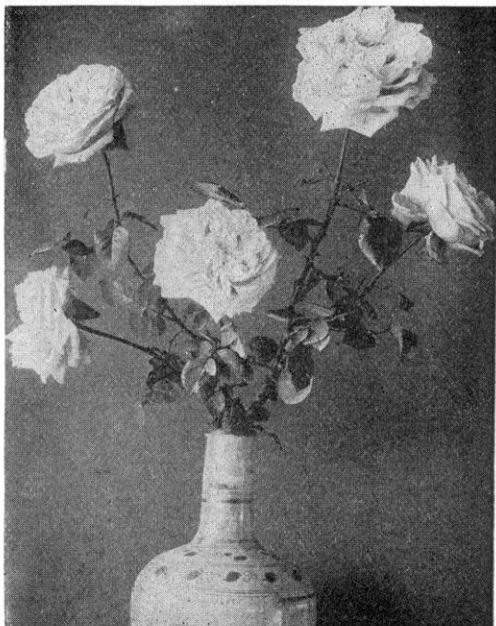
tomahawks and even sword battles are incorporated in the designs of some of the most primitive, there is a suggestion of nature in the coloring and charm that ameliorates the fearsomeness of the subject.

The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico are credited with being the second best potters in the world, and their art dates back to the earlier days of our civilization. Their original method of making a vessel consisted of first weaving a basket the desired shape, then molding the clay over or inside it, and burning the basket away. Days, or even weeks, were spent in making this basket mold, which in the end was destroyed. Now, the Pueblo kneads and molds the clay with a wooden paddle, polishing it as best he can with a water-worn pebble. He then paints the decorations with mineral dyes and a feather, though in these days one sometimes finds him using a brush. These decorations usually incorporate floral or geometrical designs, or religious symbols. The artist has no guide for his work but his eye and hand; his achievements are principally a matter of individuality. When a number of vessels are ready he builds a fire outdoors and circles them around it, toasting them until they are well baked.

It is claimed that this Indian art has undergone no vital change for centuries. Chas. F. Lummis, writing of Indian art, says: "The potter is the dean of domestic artisans, the eldest son of the inventor of home. Before him, humanity was a wanderer. He arose with the dawn of the idea that it might be better to reside, and by giving his contemporaries useful furniture which would break if they went tramping again, he seriously helped to clinch the mode of life upon which all civilization rests, and which half the civilized world already forgets did not begin with creation."

From the earliest times clay vessels, *tinja*, have been used in arid portions of the Southwest for holding and cooling water, a purpose for which they are peculiarly adapted, owing to their evaporative qualities. The best Indian pottery is always slightly porous, and when using it for flower holders it is necessary to put a glass or tin vessel inside for water, similar to those used in the basket flower holders. It is doubtful if the Pueblos, Hopis, Acomas or Navajos, tribes whose pottery work is best known and liked, intended their vessels for flowers. They were undoubtedly conceived for a more practical utility.

There is no room in a home, no matter how dignified or elaborate, how simple or homelike, that cannot be made more charming by the addition of a bit of pottery filled



ROSES IN A CHINESE VASE.



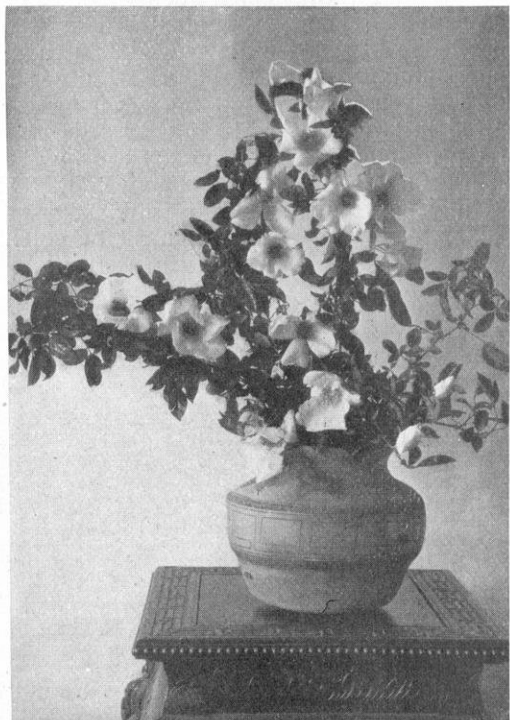
## VESSELS OF CLAY AND FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

with flowers, and Indian pottery is adapted for almost any place in the average American home, except a drawing room, especially where simple Craftsman furnishings are in use, with which this pottery harmonizes well, both as to structure and color.

While almost all flowers may be effectively placed in these vessels of clay fashioned by artisans unacquainted with such a use for their wares, there are many which seem especially appropriate for displaying in them. Their color makes these pots, jars and bowls seem first of all



INDIAN PITCHER WITH PANSIES.



OLD HOPI JAR FILLED WITH CHEROKEE ROSES.

best suited to our interiors as we like to see them in winter—suggestive of warmth and brightness. Then immediately follows the idea of the late blossoms, marigolds, chrysanthemums and asters; feathery grasses, boughs of glowing autumn leaves, of rich green pine with its brown cones, sprigs of holly and brilliant clusters of sumac. Any of these find themselves at home and in harmony

when presented in a piece of Indian pottery upon your table or stand, or given a place by your window-seat or chimney settle. The red geranium brought in from the greenhouse for the cheerfulness of its winter bloom looks well set in a Hopi pot; the fern or palm in a Navajo jar is doubly attractive, and a rubber plant is most suitable for an Indian pot in all its characteristic array of color.

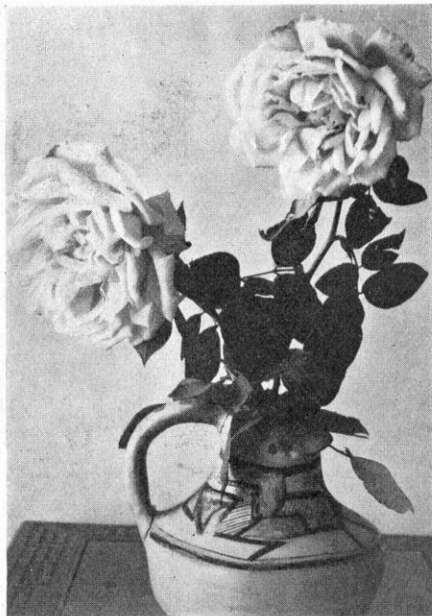
China and Japan have given us much that is substantial in pottery, among which are many inexpensive grades delightfully



JONQUILS IN A NAVAJO JAR.



## VESSELS OF CLAY AND FLOWERS OF THE FIELD



OLD INDIAN PITCHER FOR ROSES.

suited for everyday use in the home. They are invariably graceful in design, and when filled with flowers add a welcome note of color to the hall or living room. Some Japanese pottery has the addition of split bamboo, grass or wicker-work in a basket effect, which not only protects the vase or jar, but forms a decorative feature as well, its dark brown harmonizing pleasantly with the green, red, yellow or blue of such ware. The Japanese, appreciating to the full the minute, the simple, the single motive, make many vases intended for a solitary blossom or bud, and perhaps the pieces of finest clay, of most graceful mold, perfect decoration and clearest glaze are those intended for a single spray of cherry blossoms, a lonely lotus or one stately chrysanthemum.

It is well to have such a flower holder on your desk. The inspiration of a rose or one of your favorite blossoms will be found worth while. So varied in shape and color are these small bits of the potter's art that no difficulty will be had in selecting one suited to your individual taste and the particular place where you intend to use it. The flat flower dishes from which the blossoms seem verily to grow when held in place by the honey-combed pieces of bronze made for the purpose, may be filled with Chinese lilies or narcissi.

In some of our large manufactories pottery is made by the carload, not only in

rough brown clay, but ware that is colored, modeled and glazed. The cheap, unglazed, brown vessels offer possibilities for the home decorator, who can stain and embellish them with birds or flowers, symmetrical or grotesque designs to match any color scheme of which they are to become a part.

The majority of children, especially those that have not been taught in too formal a manner, show a definite interest in modeling and decorating. A lump of clay and the simplest tools will give them the greatest delight, and it is quite interesting to notice how their understanding of life, how their impressions of detail are benefited by their own efforts to model something useful and worth while. If in addition to this simple creative occupation, children are allowed to ornament the bowls or jars that they model, their instinctive decorative feeling is intensified, their knowledge of color is developed and their understanding of the right use of decoration is given an edge that can never be acquired in later years. In other words, the first principles of decorative art are taught them,—that the thing they make should be useful, that they should be interested in making it and that any ornament or color applied should relate closely to the article.



FIELD GRASSES IN A YELLOW AND BROWN NAVAJO JAR.

ALS IK KAN

“BORROWED PLUMES”

THAT young men and women should run into debt at the beginning of their lives seems to be, so far as one can sum it up, the gist of an address given by Dr. Simon N. Patten recently in a Unitarian church in Philadelphia. Dr. Patten, who occupies the chair of political economy at the University of Pennsylvania, is a man of distinguished reputation and highest culture. This man, whose point of view is listened to with respect all over the United States, not only advises young people to borrow money when they start out in life, at the time when their character is in process of formation; but he advises young working girls to borrow money merely that they may dress stylishly.

It does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Patten that for young people to live on borrowed money which there is little or no prospect of returning, is to start life bluffing, and bluffing is a very short step indeed from lying or stealing. If one understands Dr. Patten aright he is urging our young American boys and girls to start life, at that formative period, when their effort should be directed toward their best possible mental, spiritual and physical development, by deceiving those with whom they come in most intimate contact. Dr. Patten may be a political economist, but he is not a logical sociologist, and if he has studied human psychology, it certainly has been as a theorist, solely to develop ideas which chance to please him.

A very little thought will make it quite plain that young people at the susceptible age are not going to plan deceit along *one* line of action only. If a girl borrows money in order to dress well to impress her employer, she is going to borrow money for other purposes if she wants it, and she is going to build up her life to impress people rather than make good to people. She is going also to get absolutely away from the fundamental truth, that people in reality are entitled in life to those things which through their own efforts they win for themselves. A girl is entitled to dress, when she is earning her own living, just as well, within taste of course, as the results of her labor will permit her to. The minute she goes a step beyond this she is falsifying herself in relation to her employer, her friends, her own standards.

Perhaps it would make this matter a little clearer if we directly quoted from Dr. Patten's remarkable lecture in which he says: "Were it not for the fact that the girls who comprise the industrial classes crave the very best things in this world the sociological problem would be difficult to master." It is worth while to stop right here and ask Dr. Patten if he himself believes that clothes are "the very best thing that the world has to offer any girl." And if he does think so, *why* he conceives fashion the finest thing for a young working girl to desire, and also if he regards it as the better part of wisdom to tell her so? It is just possible that some of these working girls may have finer ideals than those which Dr. Patten's cleverly expressed point of view may tend to subvert.

He goes on to say that "every girl who earns her own living wants the best that money can buy, and if she does not get it by reason of her own labor then she is simply following the laws of nature when she resorts to other measures to obtain the things that other better dressed women have." Here again we find Dr. Patten suggesting that clothes are the "very best" that any girl can have. And we follow with absolute amazement his statement "that if she cannot get clothes through her own work she must get them *the best way she can.*" This is a point of view that does pervade certain sections in every city of the United States, where women care most of all for clothes, think them the best thing the world holds, and get them as Dr. Patten suggests—the best way they can. These women would probably prefer to borrow money and live decently, but money is not always easy for the unknown young woman to borrow. And "there are always ways of getting the clothes" which this eminent gentleman thinks so essential to young feminine life. If Dr. Patten has investigated the department store question he may also know how some of the young girls there get their stylish clothes; he may have discovered that girls who earn three or four dollars a week often dress extremely well. They probably do not borrow the money because they do not know people who would loan them money. But these girls and their employers agree with Dr. Patten that they must have "good clothes."

If it is true that every girl must dress well enough to impress her employer, it would be interesting to find out from what

## “BORROWED PLUMES”

source Dr. Patten expects her to get her money. He does not state where money is to be borrowed, in his lecture on the clothes question. Probably only one girl out of every hundred who starts out to earn her living in the usual occupations open for the young undeveloped girl, could under any combination of circumstances borrow fifty dollars. How is she then to get it? How is she to buy the smart tailored suit and the chiffon waist and the patent leather pumps to “impress” her employer? Surely this is a problem of morality rather than economics, and one that the enlightened Doctor would find it a little difficult to answer quite sincerely.

When Dr. Patten says that “it is no evidence of loose morality for a stenographer earning eight or ten dollars a week to appear dressed in clothing that takes nearly all of her earnings to buy,” he makes a statement which conditions in business offices in America would not substantiate. Also when he says that “good clothes are a sign of a girl’s growing moral development and that the well-dressed working girl constitutes a tremendous influence for good and is the backbone of a happy family,” he is simply presenting his personal point of view, which any large business office, as we have before said, could refute without stopping for argument. As a matter of fact, all through New York City the elaborately dressed working girl is a definite sign of immorality, and she does *not* constitute the backbone of a happy family, because she does not belong to one. If she is still living with her family they either know nothing of her life, or are heart-broken, because their over-dressed daughter is elaborate on some one else’s money, whether borrowed or gained in other ways. And once having started life with a lax moral attitude you may rest assured that a girl will not save money either to pay back what she has spent on clothes, to help support her family or do anything that does not directly cater to her own joy or self-indulgence.

Dr. Patten’s statement that “it is a mistake for a working girl to continue to wear old clothes and hand over all her earnings to her own family” is little short of appalling. If a girl’s family need her help there is but one decent thing that any girl of character can do, and that is to wear her plain clothes and help her people. By so doing she will develop the kind of character that will

eventually help her in her work, and blaze a trail for the better conditions that she wishes and that her employer will not withhold from her because of her simple garments.

Naturally this article is no brief for careless dressing in any office. It is the better part of wisdom under any condition in life to dress as appropriately and as neatly as is possible in relation to expenses and income. But neat, careful dressing is a totally different proposition from the question of “good clothes” that impress friends and employers with the idea that you spend money beyond what you earn, or that you are earning far more than you do. There can be no permanent decent prosperity built up by a girl or a young man, for that matter, on a lying basis, for pretense is just another form of lying. When Dr. Patten suggests that a girl who is careful about her money, who does not bluff her family or her employer, who is generous to those who need her help, to those who employ her, must eventually become disheartened and morbid and fail in life, he indeed leaves one amazed at his misunderstanding of human psychology and his lack of appreciation of the fact that daily life must react upon character, as character must react upon deeds; for a girl who is careful for others, economical yet generous, must develop through the exercise of right living; while the girl who borrows what she *cannot* repay, one who makes a false appearance and who is selfish with her people, is pretty certain sooner or later to be thrown back upon them useless, dissatisfied and miserable.

Again we take issue with Dr. Patten when he says that “girls who live on borrowed money learn the use of it so that they become far more frugal and careful wives.” Women do not learn frugality through extravagance, neither do they develop morality through the indulgence of selfish whims.

We are glad, however, to be able to agree with this gentleman when he says that “the working girl is a most useful member of society.” None more so, but her usefulness is in exact ratio to the way in which she faces life, whether she expects from it what she is entitled to through her energy and her character, or whether to satisfy her vanity, she exacts what she has no right to and can never repay.

Later on Dr. Patten remarks that “girls



## “BORROWED PLUMES”

have a right to spend their money as they choose.” That may be, if a girl chooses to spend her money in such a way that she gets the best results. Learning how to spend money rightly is one of the most important factors of a working girl’s education. It helps her to understand the larger economic problems which later she must face; for in character as well as body the woman is the product of her girlhood, just as a girl is of her childhood, and it is not possible to develop a woman who is kind and generous and tender and wise out of a girl who is selfish and extravagant and self-centered and heedless. Life does not work that way, even though lectures by political economists do.

Just here, isn’t it worth while looking into the question of dress and isn’t Dr. Patten throughout his lecture talking of *stylish dressing* rather than *good and beautiful dressing*? Isn’t he really suggesting to the young girl, very open to such suggestions, that she must wear clothes in *new modes* rather than really beautiful clothes; because very simple and inexpensive clothes can be very beautiful if one stops to consider color and line, which are the essentials of good dressing? But what Dr. Patten probably had in his mind is the latest fashion, the most up-to-date hair dressing, the smartest neckwear, the newest skirt and the tightest belt. None of these things is in any way essential to good dressing. The things that are inherent in right clothes for the office are good grooming, sweetness of person, garments appropriate to the work, becoming in color and outline and exquisitely fresh and neat. To accomplish this will take all the money and time an average working girl can afford to spend on herself, and the result will win the approbation of her employer far more than any fashion plate whimsicalities she may display in his office. The really proper dressing for an office must involve the sort of materials that will keep fresh, cotton preferably, but if wool, simplicity is essential in make and trimming. Furs, embroideries, laces are all unsanitary in an office as well as expensive; not beautiful or good. They cannot be of the best quality if honestly bought, and if not the best, they are tawdry and unbecoming as well as uneconomical.

The world, including Dr. Patten, has with but few exceptions, grown to think that in clothes style is beauty, whereas

beauty in dress is really grace, simplicity and appropriateness. One could not recommend too highly these three attributes in office dressing, but they are very different indeed from the thing suggested in Dr. Patten’s article, and a girl does not require to borrow money in order to express them in her clothes.

Dr. Patten goes still further in his advice to young people and suggests that not only should the working girl borrow money in order to dress beyond her income, but that young men going to college should also start life borrowing. It would seem they are not to work their way through college, which is the finest kind of an opportunity for young men to prepare to work out in the world, but they must, in order to appear wealthy to the professors and the students, borrow money for their clothes and in order not to be looked down upon by the college as a whole, they must not work. Thus a youth must discard all that is fine about work, all that would enable him to strive to make good to himself while gaining his education and preparing for his trade or profession because according to Dr. Patten he will best succeed as a bluffer.

Dr. Patten at the end of his address, contends that the people who make quickest progress in this world are those who start on a false economic basis at the very beginning. It is possible to see how this may be true, and of course there is always the born bluffer who will go through life taking all and giving nothing. There is also the woman of the same vampire type,—the useless and degenerate type. So we do not question that a few who begin with false standards will make progress more rapidly, and others will even make permanent progress; but it is the fatness of the leech that is theirs. In most instances, and the writer speaks from a wide knowledge of working girls extending over many years, this sort of advancement is very superficial and temporary. Employers do not give their confidence to the people who bluff in their office, men do not give their confidence to women whom they have discovered to possess an artificial standard in life; neither do men who have founded their lives on their ability to get what they do not earn, to cheat after they get it, win love and respect from women. For whether one cheats in appearance or in bookkeeping, the effect upon the character is the same. And more, the young people who have won their little



## BOOK REVIEWS

successes without deserving them have lost the joy of winning through deserving, they have lost the happiness of getting on their feet through their own effort; they have lost their opportunity for discovering the greatest truth in the world—that peace and happiness can only come from the right understanding of labor.

From the point of view of *THE CRAFTSMAN* a more disintegrating piece of advice than Dr. Patten's has never been given to the young working men and women of America. Our only hope is that the democratic training which our young people should receive in their own homes may prove strong enough to counteract the vicious immorality of the teachings of the famous man of letters.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE FINANCIER: BY THEODORE DREISER

**T**HOSE of us who are familiar with Mr. Dreiser's work and remember with keen interest and satisfaction the unusual psychological and literary power displayed in his "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt," naturally expected that his next novel would be equally vigorous and worth while. And we have not been disappointed. In fact, in some respects the new book may be considered even more striking than its predecessors, for the wealth and complexity of its material and the masterly and unaffected way in which a difficult subject has been handled, indicate not only a close study of local facts and details but an increasing ability in the art of graphic presentation. The logic of its events and the consistency of the sharply drawn characters show that Mr. Dreiser has been gaining deeper insight into our social and financial American life and into the minds, motives and hearts of certain types of American men and women.

The scene of "The Financier" is laid in Philadelphia, in the days when the street car, telephone and telegraph systems were still in embryo; when active and unscrupulous minds were gradually spinning those intricate webs of municipal politics and municipal finance which culminated in the amazing and open civic corruption that has only recently begun to be cleared away. As an historical record alone the book would be a significant one, for it portrays a

chapter in our political life which has unfortunately been written into the annals of many of our cities.

The story follows the material, intellectual and emotional career of young *Frank Cowperwood*, whose clear-cut, unflinching and relentless personality, so vividly portrayed, stands out with an odd mixture of subtlety and decisiveness, dominating the entire book with the same kind of insistence that the man himself exercised on all those with whom circumstances and his own strong will brought him in contact. Not that the other characters are under-drawn; on the contrary they are as real and convincing in their own way as the central figure, and are described with just as minute attention to detail—almost too much, perhaps, for the descriptions are at times almost photographic in their accuracy.

The theme is frankly unconventional. It deals with the infatuation of the young financier for a high-spirited girl of Irish parentage and important political connections—a girl whose alert mentality and young physical beauty form a refreshing contrast to the languid futility of the good-looking but rather insipid wife. Along with the inevitable social entanglements of this adventure come even more serious business complications.

It is a picture of real life, real people and real events. There is no moralizing, nor is there any false sentiment. Even the most delicate situations are handled with a directness that is matter-of-fact without being brutal; yet at the same time there is in the attitude of both *Aileen* and of *Frank* an unswerving loyalty to their own self-appointed though unconventional ideals. In the impulsive, sensuous, but perfectly clear-minded girl you find an undeniable courage, a readiness for self-sacrifice and a whole-hearted devotion that win both sympathy and admiration.

In the end there is no artificial rounding out of the plot; the lives of the various persons concerned adjust themselves as they might in life. (Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. 780 pages. Price \$1.40 net.)

### MARK TWAIN: A BIOGRAPHY: BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

**T**HE personal and literary Biography of Mark Twain by his close friend and associate, Albert Bigelow Paine, will prove a book of keen interest to the

hosts of friends and admirers of Mr. Clemens both in America and in England. It has the intimate personal touch that only a sympathetic friend could possibly give. The story of the early struggles of the Clemens family, their life in the Middle West, has the touch of reality. The numerous adventures and incidents of Mark Twain's life, so full of absorbing, breathless interest, are delightfully told. We are led by a kindly and appreciative touch which never degenerates into mere eulogy, through the increasing acquaintance of famous and literary people, the fascinating wanderings in the lands across the seas, the growing prestige that came with literary achievement, to "the return to the Invisible" when the whole world mourned. The author says: "No man had ever so reached the heart of the world. It was because he was so limitlessly human, that every other human heart responded to his touch. . . . No king ever died that received so rich a homage as his." The three volumes are as absorbingly interesting as a novel, they are filled with comments and incidental writings hitherto unpublished, with many new episodes and anecdotes. (Published by Harper Brothers, New York and London. Three volumes. Illustrated. 1718 pages. Price \$6.00 net.)

**EVE'S OTHER CHILDREN: BY LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE**

IT is a pleasure to present to our readers a complete volume of Mrs. Van Slyke's Syrian stories. It is quite possible that some of THE CRAFTSMAN subscribers will recall the first one of her Syrian stories ever published, "On the Housetops." Shortly after the appearance of this story Mrs. Van Slyke wrote us that her success as the historian of these Syrian emigrants was established, and now she is known, probably all over the United States, as the author who has most intimately, romantically and sympathetically presented the brilliant, tragic, tawdry, grave, irresponsible people of the Syrian quarter of Brooklyn. Mrs. Van Slyke must know these people very well, at least well enough to love them, for you feel in her stories the very qualities that they must present to each other, awakening interest, friendship and love. Her old people, still Oriental in heart and desire, are tragic figures in this colony of near-Americans, and yet there is always the compensation in Mrs. Van Slyke's

stories that the sadder the old people are in their new life and homes, the more love they win from the young people, for the Syrians here, as well as in their native land, carry a heart full of devotion, love and respect for the older people of their household. Mrs. Van Slyke contrives to run a thread of old world romance and legends, songs and poems, that thrill the heart and touch the sympathies, in tales brimful of the life and love and intrigue of today. The stories are interestingly and convincingly illustrated by Wladislaw T. Bender.

One of the most captivating of Mrs. Van Slyke's Syrian stories appeared in THE CRAFTSMAN of October, 1912. In no one of the many episodes in which she has presented these people does she bring a stronger flavor of the Oriental character which persists beyond our kind of civilization and beyond the tragedies of being ground into the "Eastside" American. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 275 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

**VENUS: TO THE VENUS OF MELOS: BY AUGUSTE RODIN**

IT is always interesting when a great artist gives expression to the essential element in his art, hence it is of peculiar interest to hear what Rodin says of his art in "Venus."

"The glory of the Antique is in having understood Nature. To understand Life, to learn truly to see," this Rodin thinks is the essential thing—to portray it, the greatest art. His apostrophy to the "immortal statue" is eloquent, the twenty-five centuries of whose life seem only to have consecrated her invincible youth. Rodin sees in Venus of Melos, the source and expression of all life and beauty. "But you, you live, you think and your thoughts are those of a woman and not of I know not what superior being foreign, imaginary, artificial. You are made only of truth; and it is of truth alone that your omnipotence is born. There is nothing strong, there is nothing beautiful outside of the truth!" This essay of the great artist is pulsating with life. It comes straight from the heart of one who feels and thinks intensely, who perceives what lies beneath the surface of art. It has the force that is inherent in his sculpture. The excellent translation from the French is by Dorothy Dudley. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. Illustrated. 26 pages. Price 50 cents net.)

## BOOK REVIEWS

### KING-ERRANT: BY FLORA ANNIE STEELE

THOSE who are interested in the history of India, especially of the forming of the Empire of the Great Moguls at Delhi, will find stimulating reading in Flora Annie Steele's recent novel. She takes for her hero "Babar, the Conquerer," who in the sixteenth century swept down from the north and built up the great East Indian dynasty. Lovers of Mrs. Steele's stories of India will know how well she is prepared, by her residence in that country, to write this kind of a book and also how brilliantly she has written it. Superimposed upon this foundation of the most gorgeous history of any Oriental land is the romance of the boy king, his successes, his love affairs, his sorrows. At the end of the book the world is at his feet. Mrs. Steele writes of India as though it were her native land; of the people as though they were her brethren. Her knowledge of the life, of the customs is perhaps second only to Kipling's, and her love of the people, her understanding of the women especially, is far greater. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 355 pages. Price \$1.30 net.)

### A WANDERER IN FLORENCE: BY E. V. LUCAS

MORE interesting holiday can scarcely be imagined than to wander about Florence with this delightful volume of Mr. Lucas as a companion. But even if this is not possible to busy workers, one can spend an evening or two of delight in reading Mr. Lucas' informal, humorous pages, and full of enthusiasm for the great artists of the Tuscan city. The author does not attempt to give a detailed account of the history of the city, plunged in bloodshed and turmoil for the greater part of the time; instead, he gives us crisp intimate stories of the lives of some of the great artists of the period. Mr. Lucas has the faculty of making the men of Florence living personalities. The chapter on the Bargello, the Lucca della Robbias and the tender Renaissance sculpture, is particularly sympathetic. The account of the Medici is illuminating. Lucas gives one a closer acquaintance with Florence and her children, as he creates for us the sense of their enthusiasm for life, their feverish artistic activity and the zeal for culture. The vol-

ume is enriched with colored illustrations by Harry Morley and reproductions from the paintings and sculpture of Florence. (Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. 390 pages. Price \$1.75.)

### THREE BOOKS OF VERSE AND PROSE FROM THE THOMAS B. MOSHER PRESS

"AMPHORA; a Collection of Prose and Verse Chosen by the Editor of the *Bibelot*," is indeed "filled with the wine of the spirit of Love and of Life." The editor ably fulfills his purpose of printing only "those things informed by the spirit of Beauty." He has gathered a rare collection of short poems and prose extracts from writers whose spiritual outlook is from a deep understanding of the soul of Beauty. It is a collection sure to delight the mind tuned to the subtle harmonies of the poetical world.

"The Silence of Amor" is a reprint of the concluding section of the first edition of "From the Hills of Dreams" by Fiona Macleod. This charmingly printed little book should be welcomed by all lovers of William Sharp. The "Rhythms" are subtle impressions of moods; vague and shadowy, or intense and palpitating, couched in that language of the imagination that Fiona Macleod has made his own.

"Lyrical Poems" of Lucy Lyttelton are fitting as a companion booklet to "The Silence of Amor." They are quite as exquisite in their way, individual and pervaded with a clearly marked lyric quality.

Amphora: Collection of Prose and Verse Chosen by the Editor of the *Bibelot*. 176 pages. Price \$1.75 net. The Silence of Amor: Prose Rhythms by Fiona Macleod. 40 pages. Price 50 cents. Lyrical Poems: By Lucy Lyttelton. 52 pages. Price 50 cents. (Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.)

### FORGE WORK: BY WILLIAM L. ILGEN

AS the explanations and information in forge work are usually given orally, Mr. Ilgen, forging instructor of the Crane Technical High School of Chicago, has felt the need of supplying students with instruction in permanent form. "Forge Work" is the result. It is fully illustrated with cuts and drawings of tools, appliances



## BOOK REVIEWS

and machinery, supplied with formulas and tables, with explanations of the preparation and smelting of iron. This book is one of the first in this field and Mr. Ilgen is an authority in his specialty. (Published by American Book Company, New York and Chicago. 206 pages. Price 80 cents.)

### THE WINNING OF THE BEST: BY RALPH WALDO TRINE

“THE great affair of man is *living*,” Mr. Trine truly says in his recent book, which is full of the optimism of life. “Bid farewell to the ‘Black Twins,’ Fear and Worry, live in the constructive side of life. It is our duty to be happy,” stoutly contends this disciple of the Science of Thought. “The one who is not happy has either failed to grasp some of the essential principles and forces in life or his courage isn’t up.” It is a mental tonic to read “The Winning of the Best.” It is of practical value in helping one to preserve the sense of proportion in life. Mr. Trine’s philosophy is sane; he does not teach that there are no minor strains in the daily music of life. He preaches the gospel of the “Creative powers of Thought,” which he contends is the chief factor in changing the environment and character of man. (Published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York. 100 pages. Price 75 cents net.)

### MORNING WITH MASTERS OF ART: BY H. H. POWERS, PH.D.

A CAREFULLY compiled volume on Christian art from the time of Constantine to the death of Michelangelo has just appeared by Dr. Powers, the President of the Bureau of University Travel. The book interprets the art from the fourth to sixteenth century, portrays the development of ideals, tracing the forces of the social order that gave rise to this epoch in art. Dr. Powers is particularly fitted for this task, for he has acted as cicerone for years to the parties sent out by the University Travel Bureau. The book is authoritatively written and takes the reader in a series of agreeable journeyings through the galleries of Italy. It is particularly well printed, and illustrated with works of the great masters. (Published by the Macmillan Company. 445 pages. Price \$2.00.)

### TAPESTRIES, THEIR ORIGIN, HISTORY AND RENAISSANCE: BY GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

MR. HUNTER traces the weaving of tapestries from their origin in Homeric times, through the Gothic and Renaissance period, to the William Morris looms at Merton and the Herter and Williamsbridge looms in New York at the present time. The book is an exhaustive and scholarly exposition of the process of tapestry weaving, textile values, literary and pictorial interest, with stories of the great looms at Arras, Brussels, Gobelin and Mortlake. There are two particularly interesting chapters on William Morris’ work at Merton and the tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum. The illustrations are excellent and numerous. (Published by the John Lane Company, New York. 438 pages. Price \$5.00 net.)

### JOSEPH PENNELL’S PICTURES OF THE PANAMA CANAL: REPRODUCTIONS OF A SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHS MADE BY HIM ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, JANUARY-MARCH, 1912, TOGETHER WITH IMPRESSIONS AND NOTES BY THE AUTHOR

THE “Wonder of Work” grips one’s mind in looking at Joseph Pennell’s lithographs of the Panama Canal, recently exhibited in New York. The work of the Canal is colossal. Men of giant intellect conceived the idea of digging across a Continent; an artist of imagination was needed to portray the picturesqueness of this “great work which is also great art.” Mr. Pennell has collected twenty-eight of his recent lithographs of the Canal and the Panama district, into an attractively printed book. He writes, in introduction, an interesting description of his going to Panama just at the right moment to capture the wonder that shortly will disappear under the waters of the great locks, and gives an interesting account of his experience while there—of hairbreadth escapes, while sketching, from engines and stones flung up by dynamite. It is of interest to know that the British Government has recently bought the entire series of the original lithographs for the South Kensington Mu-



seum. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London. 110 pages. Price \$1.25.)

**FAMOUS PICTURES: BY CHARLES L. BARSTOW**

**M**R. BARSTOW'S book on pictures will prove a practical help and an interesting guide to all who are attracted by the magic charm of the great masters in painting. Young people who have a natural love for pictures, and older folk who would like to understand them better could add no little pleasure to life if they would take a little time for the study of this art. Mr. Barstow has a charmingly simple way of making the pictures interesting and giving at the same time much valuable information about the different forms of paintings—portraits, landscapes, legendary and historical subjects. He has an original method of study which is so simple that even those to whom the subject is entirely new will find interest and enjoyment in studying the "Old Masters." He selects a few typical and famous pictures, explains them briefly, and tells something about the artists who painted them. The paintings are grouped according to subject in historical order. (Published by the Century Company, New York. 233 pages. Price 60 cents.)

**WILLIAM T. RICHARDS' MASTER-PIECES OF THE SEA: BY HARRISON S. MORRIS**

**T**HE marines of William T. Richards have had a marked influence on the young painters of America. He was the first painter of the sea who studied wave motion in an exact and scientific manner, and the relation of the wind and tide to the sea. For this reason Mr. Richards' seascapes have in them much truth and authority.

The monograph by Mr. Morris is a sympathetic presentation of the painter as a friend and as an artist. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London. 60 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.00.)

**STAIRCASES AND GARDEN STEPS: BY GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY**

**T**HIS is the third of the House Decoration Series which is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. It is a technical presentation of the history of

staircases from the time of the Egyptians through the Gothic and Renaissance periods to modern garden steps. Another volume in the same series is "Antiques and Curios in Our Homes," by Grace Vallois, who writes for the amateur an interesting explanation of Tudor, Jacobean and Chipendale furniture. Old china and silver, pewter and glass are dwelt upon with not only the love of a connoisseur but the accuracy and conciseness that should make the book one of value to the collector. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Illustrated. 245 pages. Price each \$1.50 net.)

**BOOKS RECEIVED**

**"THE Master-singers of Nuremberg."** A Dramatic Poem by Richard Wagner freely translated in Poetic Narrative Form by Oliver Huckel. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 128 pages. Illustrated. 75 cents net; postage 8 cents.

**"THE Stake."** By Jay Cady. Frontispiece. 331 pages. Price \$1.25 net. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

**"THE One-Way Trail."** By Ridgwell Cullum. Illustrated. 415 pages. Price \$1.25 net. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

**"TAPESTRY BRICK"**

**S**O many inquiries have come to THE CRAFTSMAN office in response to the article on "Tapestry Brick," which was published in the December issue, that it seemed advisable to us to turn over all letters to Fiske & Company, the source of our information for the article. We have consulted with Mr. Fiske, the head of the firm, and he has kindly consented to take up for us the work of answering these inquiries and furnishing further information to architects and builders. The formulas which we published in December have proved especially interesting to builders, and Mr. Fiske is willing to give any further details which may be desired. This question of colored mortars is a matter which he has given very special study to and one of unusual interest just now to all the builders who have begun to realize the beauty and durability of building with brick. To facilitate matters for our readers we are giving the address of Fiske & Company as follows:—40 West 32nd Street, New York City.

