The craftsman. Vol. XVI, Number 5 August 1909

New York, N.Y.: Gustav Stickley, August 1909

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"THE PEOPLE WEEP": A BRONZE STATUE STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBOURG IN PARIS: BY JULES VAN BIESBROCK, A BELGIAN PAINTER AND SCULPTOR OF A PROFOUNDLY HUMANITARIAN SPIRIT.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVI AUGUST, 1909 NUMBER 5

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All manuscript sent to THE CRAFTSMAN for consideration must be accompanied by return postage. A stamped addressed envelope is the most satisfactory plan.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GUSTAV STICKLEY, 41 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK
25 Cents a Copy: By the Year, $3.00 in United States; $3.50 in Canada; $4.20 Foreign

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

THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XVI AUGUST, 1909 NUMBER 5

THE VALUE OF OUTDOOR PLAYS TO AMERICA: THROUGH THE PAGEANT SHALL WE DEVELOP A DRAMA OF DEMOCRACY? BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

ALWAYS the beginning of art for each nation is with the simple people (for it is the simple who most easily become great) where each man creates beauty, according to his inspiration, for his own life. Later there comes a time, born of necessity inherent in modern civilization, when men create art for other people's lives for which they are paid. And then follows a fuller commercialization of art, until men's imaginations thrill first to the dollar mark and art moves with a sound of chains, and clanks about the country to do pretty or degrading "stunts" solely for revenue.

This is very much what has happened to the drama in America. A few men (the simply great) have created beauty according to their own ideals; others, a greater number, have endeavored to adjust the public to their standards, have believed in the existence of an audience with capacity for that ethical and intellectual response which would support the artistic drama; but the mass of playwrights, practically the whole of what is called the "American stage," is now working for prompt money returns. The drama is a cold business proposition, and art is consigned to any profane remote shade where idealism belongs.

It is to the great credit of the dramatic idealist that from this secluded haunt he continues his revolt against the productions known as the "Broadway Performance," that from time to time drama is created that is sincere, beautiful, significant, that there are dramatists who are willing to spend their lives and incomes, past, present and future, to write and produce only such plays as may be legitimately ranked as artistic drama. Also one records with pride that there are managers (one recalls them always outlined nervously against a halo, not made of gold) who will occasionally "risk" a production of such works of art as "Sappho and Phaon," "The Servant in the House," "The Faith Healer," "Paid in Full," "Nachtasyl," "The

Mollusc," will present them consistently, beautifully, as one decorates the grave of a friend; and that there are other great souls who will build theaters where art may come to her own and where the truly great may find employment in presenting the genuinely artistic, —the arts of acting and drama united. It is promised that two such theaters shall be in operation at the beginning of the dramatic season this fall; one subsidized and hence not wholly its own master, and the other planned, built and managed by its owner, and so a free and complete test of the greatness of its creator on the one hand and the quality of the New York public on the other.

But this exhibition of high ideals on the part of the dramatist, and sporadic, splendid managerial courage is not enough to vitalize American national drama; the reorganization of a national condition may begin with the idealist, but the purpose and interest which work reformation must come from the people as a whole. The creation of an ideal is not enough; the people must want it. And in America for the people to really want anything they must be a part of it. If they have so far wanted the "Blue Moon" and the "Girl from Hector's," it was because the appeal was genuine and universal, though to the evil tendencies. The audience, of the cheaper kind, was a part of the show.

THUS the mass of our plays are written with a direct appeal, human though ugly, to the most undeveloped, inartistic class of the theatergoers, the class who take but one line of emotions to the playhouse, and pay to have them satisfied. As this class dominates the city, and as the theater is preëminently a metropolitan, business enterprise, what hope is there for the readjustment of the drama through the occasional sincere dramatic artist?

But it does seem, if the "Blue Moon" can be made a success because its appeal is so direct that a certain kind of city audience becomes one with it, that also it would be possible to present to the big, sane, intelligent American country audience such drama as would appeal to what we consider the finer, final American attributes,—wholesomeness, humor, courage, a keen wisdom, a sure patriotism, an inevitable sense of justice, an ever-growing understanding and appreciation of the lyric quality of poetry and a profound love of Nature. Why may we not have a drama of democracy, a drama which not only makes its appeal to the best of America, but of which the people themselves may become a part? And why may not this freshening and beautifying of the American stage be begun and accomplished through the birth and growth of pageantry in America? Necessarily for the success of pageantry we must turn

to the heart of the nation, the people of the country, to those conditions of life where art inevitably springs up, to that phase of life which is giving birth to American art and which is ranking our American landscape men as the greatest in the world. And it is for this reason that THE CRAFTSMAN finds the present widespread interest in pageantry in America the great hope for the American drama—for pageantry must succeed through the spontaneous interest and help of the people. For the present at least it cannot hope for any great money reward; it must move along uncommercial lines. It can only count achievement by the measure of interest and coöperation it receives from the people, by the power it has to awaken enthusiasm, and reward that enthusiasm with enjoyment. The pageant exchanges pleasure for help, and therein lies its force for good and its possible power to give to America's greatest public a stage at once beautiful and wholesome, that would relate drama to Nature and Nature to vivid joy in life,—a vital, a joyous, as well as tremendous undertaking for those interested in the development of pageantry in America.

The question which at once naturally arises in the face of so important a ranking for pageantry is whether or no it should be first of all dramatic or essentially historical (limited, of course, to American history). The dramatist who is also an artist decides naturally in favor of presentations preëminently artistic, and he is right; the community in preparing a pageant to celebrate the deeds of picturesque valor of their ancestors declares above all for accuracy and precision in presenting home-grown topics, and as a matter of fact a combination of the two points of view form the ideal pageant. A pageant should be a well-constructed drama, and it also should have the human quality which will awaken interest and secure coöperation from the people, who alone can insure its success, by the qualities which they have to give of sincerity, intimate understanding and real enjoyment. The pageant must have the people and should have the cultivated dramatist.

AS TO the value of presenting American conditions rather than foreign, THE CRAFTSMAN declares warmly for American inspiration, not only because all art must receive its most vital creative impulse from native conditions, and must grow in its own soil to hope for anything like long life, but because the native subject will inevitably appeal most vividly to the more sincere people, who have the most to offer this form of drama. We would by no means advocate the exclusive presentation of American subjects, barring out such a performance to a college audience as Schiller's "Joan of Arc," presented at Harvard recently, or Percy Mackaye's

"Canterbury Pilgrims," given before various cultivated centers throughout this country by those delightful people known as the "Coburn Players." Yet we do contend that the most significant work in the reconstruction of dramatic conditions will be achieved by such an effort as the recent Pageant in Westchester County, New York, where literature, art and drama contributed to present local history, enacted largely by the descendants of the picturesque folk whose courage and loyalty and enthusiasm created the history. An outdoor play of rare parts was that at Bronxville on Memorial Day, nineteen hundred and nine.

IT IS perhaps interesting to note to what extent we have been preparing American soil for the pageant crop. Possibly we owe something to the "Nature Fakirs" who have taken us out of doors and with facile words opened our eyes to woods and hills and meadows as playgrounds. As a nation we formerly played rather awkwardly and self-consciously, and we have needed to learn something of the art of being natural from the playing of other peoples, the merry Greek and the sad English.

At a pageant held in honor of Saint-Gaudens at his home in Cornish, several years ago, we learned somewhat of the Greek attitude toward the relation of all arts out of doors. Down in New Orleans for many years there has been the annual Mardi Gras—a carnival of flowers, in which the *risqué* old pagan gods of Continental carnivals are forgotten. The San Francisco Grove Plays are more Greek than modern, and presented with a powerful appeal to the imagination,—fine artistic conceptions, but reserved for the more exclusive form of cultured appreciation.

Isolated expressions of the outdoor art festival have been observed during recent years at the Pageant of the Renaissance in Chicago, the Colonial Pageant at Springfield last spring, the Boston Pageant illustrating the history of education, with others at Bar Harbor, Lenox, Onteora and along the Pacific Coast; some merely historical processions, others with an effort at construction and dramatic distinction, but none quite achieving the ideal conception of the American pageant, which shall so embody the history of the country, the quality of our civilization, the impulse of the people toward art and the right artistic expression as to offer to us the real beginning of a national drama which will in time extend its influence out to the metropolitan stage.

We may hope for added interest in pageantry from such a presentation as Maude Adams gave "Joan of Arc," with its drama of German parentage and French inspiration, but it will not help us much in the

way of progress toward our ideal, for in it too much was given to, too little demanded of, the public. Far less satisfying as a spectacle but closer to the realization of our ideal is the dancing every spring of public-school immigrant children out on the green lawn of Van Cortlandt Park. The dances are of peasant origin, and the audience, mainly immigrant parents dressed in strange undesirable garments of modern cut, find with pathetic pleasure that there are memories of their own childhood not despised by their mongrel children. The children dancing gaily the Highland fling, the Irish clog, the Hungarian czardas, the Americans applauding and the peasant women with tearful smiles are all welded in this outdoor festival into closer nationality in this intimacy of enjoyment and exchange of sympathy. It is a simple and homely pleasure, but one productive of better human relations, and so worthy of our consideration.

That pageantry which will eventually rank among the arts of America we must create for ourselves, to express our own ideas and ideals,—ourselves, in fact. It must be adapted to our condition of living, our scenery, our desire for artistic expression. It must be a structure in art, not a bit of deft embroidery. Drama for this country will grow just as other phases of our art have grown out of our soil. It must be indigenous to be real, valuable and lasting. It is impossible to bring any form of art to a people. You can only make possible conditions where the people will express what they can create. We originated a type of American architecture when we needed a skyscraper, not because we had seen models of Greek temples. And so with pageantry; it will grow through the people out to the stage and control it; or it will become a temporary superficial fad and vanish, as the people decide. This is the history of all real and tentative art movements in all nations from the beginning.

BUT to generalize is not to suggest the great charm, the rare joy, which can be gained from the outdoor play. It seems to me that no adjustment of the indoor stage, not the cleverest or most subtly managed *mise en scène* can so present the illusion of life itself at its finest moments of romance as the setting which Nature affords by day or by night. Possibly this might not be true of the more subtle sociological dramas. Ibsen or Hauptmann may demand that for them all must be in the realm of the vague suggestiveness of art, that there must be no break in the line which the subtle plummet follows from the author's brain straight to the last reaches of the listener's soul, that we must not be asked to transfuse on one hand art into reality and on the other reality into art. This we are prepared to grant along the single lines of the introspective play. But

American drama gives no hint of developing in this direction; when not purely ephemeral, a mere chance for drawing-room repartee, pretty clothes, pretty girls, it is in the main moving toward a definite realism, the presentation of the people and conditions of ordinary life, not out of place in surroundings definitely realistic; and most of all does the pageant, and what we hope to develop from it, find appropriate environment in the actualities of natural conditions.

I SHALL never forget the thrill and joy of my first outdoor play, Percy Mackaye's "Canterbury Pilgrims," as it was presented up on the campus of the Barnard Club of New York City. Fortunately, it was given after dark so that the noisy city was shut away by theater walls of cool dark blue night, and, as I reached the "theater" by following a pathway shrouded in gloom, the illusion of romance was begun at once. I discovered afterward that this was not the correct way to the parquet, but it was my good fortune to have missed the right way. Thus I came quietly to my seat, the lights not yet on, and the "stage" but a dim vista of green glades, bushes and low trees casting bosky shadows. Swinging from a branch of one of the higher trees was the weatherbeaten sign of the "Tabard Inn," which swayed just so in the wood near London Town in the year thirteen hundred and eighty-seven. Suddenly out of the shadows back of the fluttering foliage came the sound of bells, and with the pleasant chime I ceased for those hours to be a part of any company but that goodly one of Chaucer and his pilgrim friends. Again the sound of bells and the murmur of voices far back of the bushes, and the people who belonged in the green depths came forth, and peered about and laughed and were content as though they had lived their lives in these same "imperishable woods" on Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Tenth Street. But why this mention of city streets! That night I lived on the greensward with the laughing wife of Bath and her lovers, with the gentle Prioress, the merry Friar, and I think I have never known pleasanter, more entertaining friends.

Two tremendous spotlights back of the audience, raised high, threw the tree-bowered stage into fine relief and the audience into obscurity, as it should be. There was only the play and the players, and the romance of old worlds in poetry of the new. There were songs and ballads and gaily tripped measures and lines of rare art and delight. And the joy was not wholly for the audience, the players, too, were making merry for their own pleasaunce. They laughed and tricked each other, joked and loved as real people, not actors, with a radiant spirit as of a light-hearted world. The illusive remoteness of the great Chaucer in the midst of these joyous children

was admirably shown by Mr. Coburn himself, and the Friar, the worldly, kindly, humorous, mischievous, fat old Friar, what better character work of this kind has the American stage seen than the acting of Augustus Duncan? Mr. Duncan is also stage manager of the Coburn Players, and one of rare skill, if one may judge from his management of a natural *mise en scène*, so that in the same woods we felt ourselves successively in the courtyard of the Tabard Inn, in the garden of the Nine Pin Inn and in a Public Place in the neighborhood of Canterbury Cathedral. And what artistic and practical understanding to accomplish this at the end of the Barnard Campus!

I am told that before this season is over the Coburn Players will have presented the "Canterbury Pilgrims" at no less than thirty universities and colleges. They will also appear in the great Pageant at Gloucester, August the fourth. And yet the first season of these valiant outdoor players lasted but two weeks. They had not enough money for a longer season. But back to the stage they went to earn more money and try again, from summer to summer, uniting their winter earnings to equip the company for the road, until at last they have attained somewhat their ideal, of presenting plays without overcrowding of gorgeous scenes, without bitter rivalry of stars; but with sincerity, with joy, and for the people. This is the conception of outdoor artistic drama.

QUITE unlike this most charming play of poetical conception and setting was the Westchester County Historical Pageant held in the woods of the De Witt estate at Bronxville, New York. Here there was no effort at a well-constructed drama. There were instead a series of historical episodes giving opportunity for most dramatic *tableaux vivant*, with words furnished by as many different writers as there were episodes.

The first episode, written by Tudor Jenks, illustrated the Dutch settlement of New York. The French share in the early history of Westchester was portrayed by an episode written by Mrs. Elizabeth Custer and Marguerite Merington. Eighteenth-century life was shown in an episode written by Gouverneur Morris. In this a series of scenes presented the adjournment of the Provincial Congress to White Plains in seventeen hundred and seventy-six, the reading of the Declaration of Independence at that place, the Battle of White Plains and the capture of Major André at Tarrytown. The final episode, giving a picture from the life of the nineteenth century, with Washington Irving entertaining literary friends at Sunnyside, his Westchester home, was written by Ruth McEnery Stuart.

The plan throughout this Pageant seemed to be to celebrate, and

to do it cheerfully. There was no talk of the huge sums of money to be spent; but of art and work and friendly coöperation there was no stint. The list of directors and the names on the committees read like a National Academy catalogue, and therein lay the value and perhaps also the success of this Pageant. There was the enthusiasm, interest, knowledge of the people who desired the Pageant and the artists to study and achieve this desire, and working with the artists and the lay residents of Bronxville were the people in authority in village and State. And it would seem that quite apart from the historical value of this Pageant one got at something of the significance of this most democratic form of drama, for with what other form of amusement would one town be likely to bring together with enthusiasm in one day the Governor of the State, the town officials and all the residents to meet in the woods for the mutual pleasure and benefit of all?

Mr. Percy Mackaye has said recently on the question of the importance of pageantry in America "that the masque or pageant is not limited to historic themes of the past. All vital modern forces and institutions of our nation—the press, the law, the railroads, the public-school system, athletics, the universities, the trades unions in all their variety, the vast industries of steel and copper and wheat and fisheries and agriculture, and hundreds more, might appropriately find symbolic expression in majestic masques, educative and entertaining to all the people." And Mr. Mackaye has written pageants, acted in them and followed their development all over the country.

But to return to the woods of Bronxville, it is quite impossible to give any adequate impression of the realistic quality of such a performance as the Westchester Pageant, where the doing of the play had for weeks become an intimate part of the life of the people, and where for days before the production, from the beginning of the rehearsals, the villagers were wandering about town in full costume, British officers chatting in most friendly wise with the Revolutionary soldier, Puritan maids, not without coquettish glances for the Colonial officers, and Indians, tomahawks in hand, receiving pleasant welcome from Anne Hutchinson. Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne thought it no small pleasure to stop at the Bridge and make merry with Daniel Webster and Oliver Wendell Holmes; both gentlemen observing without alarm that Mrs. Jonas Bronck was surrounded by soldiers and Indians, and that Major André had apparently escaped in spite of all his rehearsals. Fancy what living in such an atmosphere must mean in the way of developing enthusiasm, understanding and a certain camaraderie of interest and appreciation!

AUGUSTUS DUNCAN AS *The Friar* IN PERCY MACKAYE'S PLAY "THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS."

MR. COBURN AS *Chaucer* AND MRS. COBURN AS *The Prioress* IN THEIR OWN PRESENTATION OF "THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS."

MRS. COBURN AS *Rosalind* AND MR. COBURN AS *Orlando* IN AN OUTDOOR PERFORMANCE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT."

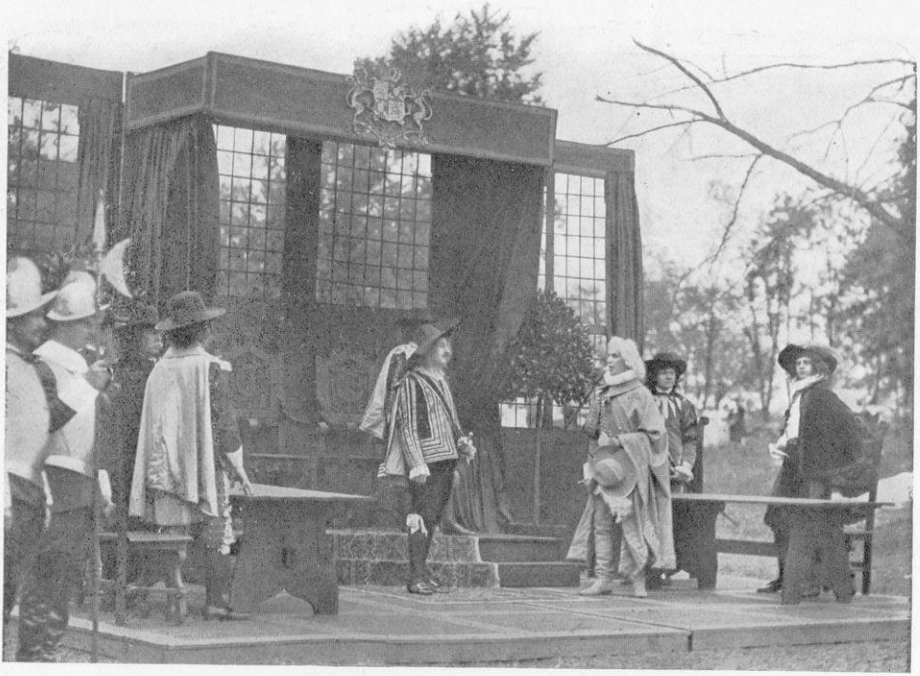
THE *"Wife of Bath and Her Lovers"* IN A SCENE FROM PERCY MACKAYE'S OUTDOOR DRAMA AS PRESENTED BY THE COBURN PLAYERS.

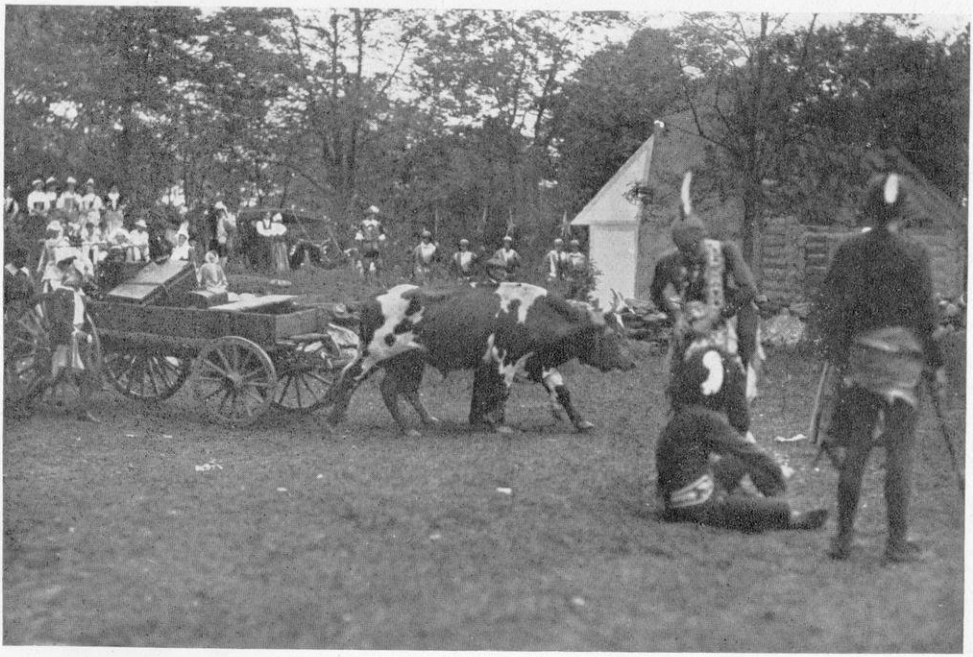
SEVENTH EPISODE: MRS. DUDLEY LAWRENCE IN 1848 COSTUME, AS A GUEST AT THE DANCE AT SUNNYSIDE.

FIFTH EPISODE: MR. ARTHUR LAWRENCE AS THE HONORABLE FREDERIC PHILLIPSE IN COSTUME OF 1733.

FIRST EPISODE: MRS. LAWRENCE AS TEUNTJE, WIFE OF JONAS BRONCK, FIRST SETTLER OF WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

SEVENTH EPISODE: MRS. F. E. KAVANAUGH AS MRS. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AT THE RECEPTION OF WASHINGTON IRVING.





FIRST EPISODE: MAURICE, PRINCE OF ORANGE RECEIVING ADRIAEN BLOCK AT THE HAGUE.

FIRST EPISODE: JONAS BRONCK AND HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS ON THEIR WAY TO WESTCHESTER COUNTY IN 1639.

FOURTH EPISODE: HUGUENOTS MARCHING BAREFOOT TO CHURCH ON COMMUNION SUNDAY, FROM NEW ROCHELLE TO CANAL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

FOURTH EPISODE: CHILDREN DANCING BEFORE LORD AND LADY PELL IN NEW ROCHELLE, 1785.

FOURTH EPISODE: DANCING ON THE GREEN AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE FATTED CALF TO LORD AND LADY PELL.

SIXTH EPISODE: CAPTAIN ALEXANDER HAMILTON COMMANDING THE PIECES OF ARTILLERY DURING THE BATTLE OF WHITE PLAINS.

A DRAMA OF DEMOCRACY

IT WAS late in the afternoon when I entered the Bronx woods for the final performance of the Pageant. Up the cool green road leading to the grandstand I strolled, past automobiles and Revolutionery artillery, and in the silence of the woodland I heard the call of Oyez! Oyez! and the spirit of the past seemed crying aloud there in the orchard land of Westchester. As I drew near I realized that deeds of valor were being enacted, and for my good cheer there would be dancing on the meadow green, and across the meadow on the hillside I saw children playing, and there were groups of Colonial maidens under the apple trees, and not too far away young men in severe attire. As I stood back near the roadway, just in sight of the wide meadow which was the center of the stage, I saw on a far-off hill the forming of a troop of cavalry, British soldiers in scarlet coats, and as they swept down the shady road to the meadow stage I recognized that they were being led by their valiant General, the famous Howe. Swiftly they swung through the open gate "onto the stage." There the troops surrounded the General and words of wisdom were spoken, and the men were exhorted to deeds of high courage, for was not a country to be saved for His Majesty, the great King George? And there was no doubt that these men were ready to fight with all their soul for the King of England and his land and people in America. After a moment's rest they fell into line, whirled away up the hillside out into the orchard, disappearing and reappearing through winding roads back to the British camp.

But the real applause of the day was for the little group of the first American soldiers, who, according to the programme, were gathered "at Washington's camp near his headquarters out on White Plains." Here the general had brought his men together to tell them of the approaching battle for liberty, to warn them of all that would be expected of them, to explain how small were their numbers and how great were the British foe, conjuring these few sturdy patriots by the love they bore the country they now regarded as their own, by their concern for liberty, by their regard for the safety of their dear ones, to bear themselves with bravery becoming the cause in which they were engaged.

To this stirring address the audience listened breathlessly, and as the horsemen turned away quietly and passed silently through the meadow gate, up the road to face the enemy of untested strength and courage, there was a sudden sympathetic stir among the listeners, first a sigh, then the rustle of skirts as the women rose to their feet, and all at once the sound of tumultuous cheering as our own soldiers, our men of history disappeared into the orchard and vanished from view. All unconsciously, in the simplest fashion, these amateur

actors had achieved the real dramatic thrill, for which every playwright strives and which is a rare episode in any audience.

Are we for one moment to believe that this thrill was less real because actual history was being repeated, because instead of painted scenes there were orchards, green and fragrant, and because some of the men who rode away up the shady land had inherited patriotism from the men who died for it?

But just how to account for the extraordinary quality of the presentation of these scenes by amateurs? To be sure, Violet Oakley was Master of the Pageant, with eyes trained to see pictures and hands to create them, and Eugene Sanger, who was stage manager, possessed an equal knowledge of stage business and human nature. But there was more than artistic and practical management in the work done by these amateur makers of pageantry, there was a total absence of self-consciousness, there was presentation of scene after scene without a hitch, there was an understanding not only of individual character work, but a sympathetic coöperation that was little short of incredible, until you realized that the work had sprung out of the wish of the people, and grown through their effort, and been achieved through their splendid enthusiasm, then you began to understand the significance of the sort of drama that is in the actual process of growth, that is for the people and of them.

As I wandered back through the woods with Mrs. Hawthorne, who asked me with pleasant curiosity of her granddaughter Hildegarde, whom I know, we passed a charming Dutch matron looking for a Puritan child which a Cavalier father had forgotten to bring home. Edgar Allan Poe grown young and cheerful stopped to ask if we had heard Bispham recite "The Raven," and Washington Irving spoke of the increase of yellow journalism so much to be deplored. Near the gateway of Lawrence Park on our way to the train we passed some twentieth-century dames clad in strange ugly short skirts, manlike shoes and waists resembling men's shirts. They looked strange and ungraceful and we were glad of the chance we had had of living in another age, of knowing other ways.

THE GATES OF FULFILMENT: BY MARY KATHERINE WOODS

"And it may be, when the journey of life has been over barren hillsides of rock and stubble, that one enters the country of death by the gates of fulfilment."

HALF a dozen men had been killed in the riot, a score of others injured, one policeman had been shot down, and a woman had been crushed in the crowd. It had been one of the most terrible things that had happened in the city for years, this sudden mad uprising among the city's foreign folk. The students of political economy and the agents of the Society for Organizing Charity discussed the question of whether the cause of the riot was abstract inherent lawlessness or a concrete poverty and hunger and desperation. The police arrested the leaders of the mob. Newspapers and sociological societies and women's clubs discoursed dispassionately the Problem of the Unemployed. Then, when the excitement was over, and the uproar of would-be anarchy in the foreign quarter had quieted down to an almost apathetic murmur of defeated discontent, someone discovered that the whole trouble had been aroused by the socialistic ravings of a woman.

They found her in a wretched boarding-house in the slum district, by no means the frail and lovely girl student of Russian Nihilist tales, but a plain-faced, large-boned, middle-aged woman, a square-visaged spinster, whose word was law to the hundreds of aliens who were her followers.

Simply enough, smiling ironically once or twice, yet making her recital in a dull, unemphatic monotone, she told the police who she was and what she had done. Yes, it was she who had stirred up the riot, caused all the bloodshed, all the—her lips curled curiously—disturbance. She had done it, and, if she had a chance, she would like to do it again. She had been there, in the street, with the mob, but she had escaped arrest because she was a woman, and no one had thought of suspecting her, until afterward. But she was not afraid. She would go with the policemen now. That was a matter of course.

Her deep-set eyes turned on the officers now and then with a sort of flaming contempt,—the ancient scorn of the conquered for the victory of force. She smiled when they told her that they would dispense with the hand-cuffs, "out of respect for her sex," smiled with a genuine impersonal amusement. Then she went with the two policemen out of the house.

In the street the crowds gathered to look at her, as the officers led her away to the station-house. There was no resistance in the woman's attitude, only a grim acceptance in her face, a sort of mock-

ing recognition of the city's power to punish and to kill. From her eyes there looked even a sort of dull triumph, a sardonic acquiescence in the law's verdict on her action, a tragic "I told you so." It was always this way, she seemed to be saying to the people who watched from the street; it was what she had expected; it was a vindication of all her bitter words. This was what happened when one thought and dreamed and talked of freedom in this country that men called free. This was what happened when women and little children were starving. This was what happened when one cared about the people who were suffering, when one tried to rouse them to a demand for better things. The police came, and that was all.

Vaguely, the men and women near her understood what it was that she would have said to them, read the wordless message in her tragic eyes, saw, through the gaunt pride of her defeat, the things that lay beneath her bitterness. . . . .

At the corner she paused, for an instant, and the policemen caught her arm and pulled her on, rudely enough. But as she stood there at the turning of the street the people who had followed gazed at her once more, silently. Her face, as she looked back at the men and women and children whom she had fought for, and whom she was leaving, was the face of a thwarted Madonna. A vast blind motherhood, denied, turned to bitterness and heartbreak and spent desire: splendid misdirected energies: unreasoning futile strength; the power to give, distorted and bent toward a close-lipped ability to struggle and to pay: all a woman's passion for sacrifice twisted awry until it had become merely the madness of an ineffectual vengeance,—these things there were in her face as she looked back, toward the crowds.

As the woman and her captors turned to cross the street, a child, ragged, laughing, exultantly young, ran over the cobblestones in front of them and stumbled on the car tracks. He picked himself up, still laughing, and started on. But the threatened fall had disturbed his baby mastery of himself, and at the next step he was down again, falling flat on the cobbles this time, straight in the path of the prancing horses that a careless truckman was driving up the street.

Instinctively, the two policemen loosened their hold on their prisoner, stepping forward to a possible rescue. But the woman was before them. There was a magnificent conquering strength in her as she dashed across the car track. She had caught the child in an instant, thrusting him almost fiercely toward the safety of the curb. As she dragged him aside she reached out her other hand, large, strong, ungainly, and grasped the hoof of the horse nearest her, pushing at it, vainly. Then she fell backward, her head against the car track.

FOUR WALLS

The baby was still laughing when they picked him up. His child eyes caught the gleam of metal on the horses' harness. The unthinking gaiety of youth was in the little face, that showed no realization of the danger from which he had been snatched.

Once, the woman opened her eyes, alert and questioning. For a moment they rested on the child, laughing yet by the curbstone. In her face there was an expression that no one had ever seen there before,—a triumphant tenderness, a radiant fulfilment of peace. Her hands moved, as if seeking something, as a mother's might, at night. Then she lay still, heavily, in the policemen's arms.

FOUR WALLS

SOME people love four careful walls—
And some love out of doors.
When just a rain-drop falls
The indoor people watch behind a window-pane.
They're so afraid of Weather out of doors—
These chimney-corner folks—
They like to walk on floors—
The ground and grass do not feel right
Beneath their house-taught feet.
And when at times they venture out
They think what People they will meet
And never see the Wonder-world at all.

It is not hard to tell
The ones who love the out of doors.
A joy they would not sell
For any gold, smiles in their eyes.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

AMERICAN ARTISTS WHOSE VITAL WORK SHOWS THE INSPIRATION OF NATIVE SUBJECTS, AS SEEN IN THE RECENT WATER COLOR EXHIBIT IN NEW YORK

CAN any artist, or group of artists, produce vigorous, vital work dealing with subjects to which they are alien by birth, tradition and association? It is true that a man's imagination might receive a more immediate or keener superficial stimulus from the new, the foreign (some types of mind do); but the response to that appeal can never be as real, as permanent, as profound, as when both spiritual and physical energies are bent upon expressing, through the medium of art, that of which they are intrinsically a part—that something understood by instinct, that subtle impulse which makes a man spiritually become a patriot, physically adhere to a national type, and the expression of which becomes a revelation not only of environment, but intimate personality.

And so, as we see American art progressing from year to year in purpose, vitality, technique, and as every season the proportion of our artists who are treating American subjects with a fresh and sympathetic individuality, is vastly increasing, a relation in the two facts occurs to us, and we say to ourselves, hopefully, and with that cheerfulness of mien worn by a prophet not above success in his own country, that American painting is slowly but definitely becoming a vital art because it is being grown out of its own soil, so that it partakes more and more of the nature of the land from which it springs.

This point of view seems worth considering in connection with the annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society at the American Fine Arts Galleries held in the late spring. The attention of the public seemed somewhat inclined to focus on the center gallery in the exhibition, in which the work of several of the foremost illustrators was brought together, yet the paintings in the other two galleries were equally meritorious and it was from these that the pictures we are using as illustrations were selected. To us these paintings signified the note that dominated the exhibit, for in all three galleries the subjects of the pictures showed how many American artists are finding the inspiration for their work in their own country and among their own countrymen. Although there was a fair percentage of foreign landscapes exhibited, except in a few cases, they seemed distinctly less inspired than the work of the same artists treating native subjects. We can never review a collection of Amer-

ican landscapes without a feeling of pride in the honesty and sympathy with which they are painted, and the direct, healthy point of view which such treatment denotes, and which is making us foremost in this branch of art. This vigor of soul,—more prevalent in America than elsewhere,—could be felt throughout the entire exhibit. The portraits and figure-pieces as well as the landscapes showed clear conception and original handling.

EDWARD DUFNER'S fantasy, entitled "September Afternoon," held what has come to be considered the place of honor, the center of the north wall of the Vanderbilt Gallery. It was a study of atmosphere and, as its position signified, was the finest of its kind in the exhibit. The painter chose that richest moment in the year, the brief period of suspense while the tide of nature is turning, when the harvest is full for reaping, but the stalk still bears its burden. It is the supreme moment of mystery in all the mystery of nature. One is conscious of a pause in the round of life, of an inertia stealing through the earth too passionate to be called peace. Rather, it is the significant rest between two thrills of pain, or between two movements of a symphony, when silence, shadowy with dim memories of music, throbs deeper and deeper with the knowledge of music to come. The subject was admirably composed. At the left center, two aspens, their foliage heavy with the accumulation of sap, stand on a grassy slope overlooking a bit of ocean seen at the right of the picture. Against their stems two half-draped figures of women,—one sitting, one standing,—watch some bathers just in sight from the lea. A warm sigh from the ocean just stirs the heavy leaves. The flowing curves of the women's forms turned languidly toward the sea, blend into the slow undulation of the grass. A soft haze rests upon the water and dulls its brilliancy, softens the outlines of the figures, and robes the scene with a languorous atmosphere too poignant to be of dreams.

The Jury of Selection appears to have been very broad in its standard of excellence, and one of the charms of the exhibition was the great variety in the technique and treatment of the subjects. Especially noticeable for variation in methods of handling subjects were two paintings of country roads, one of winter and one, early summertime. The first picture, called "The River Road," by John Kellogg Woodruff, gives us a windy day in early winter. Everything is in sharp line and positive color. In the thin air the outline of the hills is as keen as a blade. The water sparkles with a cold metallic blue. The brown road is frozen like a rock; here and there wheel ruts are filled with thin ice that reflects the sky above,

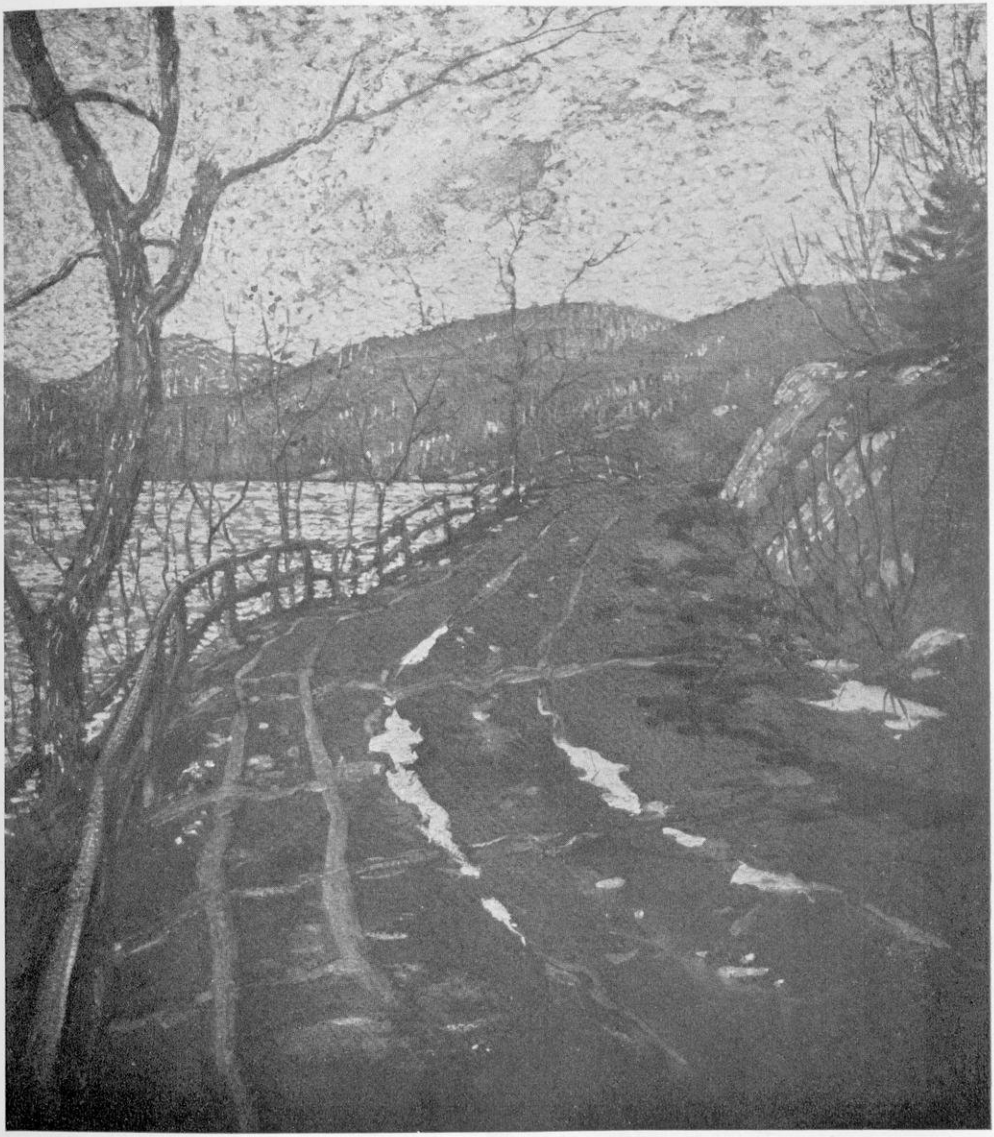
scarcely less intensely blue than the water. The shadows are as sharp and distinct as the objects that cast them and the road itself ends abruptly by turning suddenly about a projecting boulder. The second picture, "Clason Point Road," a pastel, by David Milne, is an impressionistic effect in yellow-green and green. The sun, falling obliquely through the trees, fills the woods with a bewildering, permeating gleam and intricate shadows, out of which the white road emerges for an instant and then grows vague again and disappears.

Among the portraits exhibited, the most significant was a water color by Hanna Rion of Frank Verbeck. Although we are familiar with this artist's delightful, outdoor, water color sketches, her lovely springtime patches of garden, her fairylike bits of winter beauty, this portrait seemed a new departure, at once sensitive and forceful. It was vital as a portrait, most interesting in composition and showed an especially keen sense of the handling of textures. It suggested definitely inspiration leading to purpose rather than purpose hoping for inspiration. Color was only hinted at and yet the general impression was of richness. A rare enthusiasm was there coupled with unusual power of expressing personality, and yet holding that personality within the bonds of interesting composition.

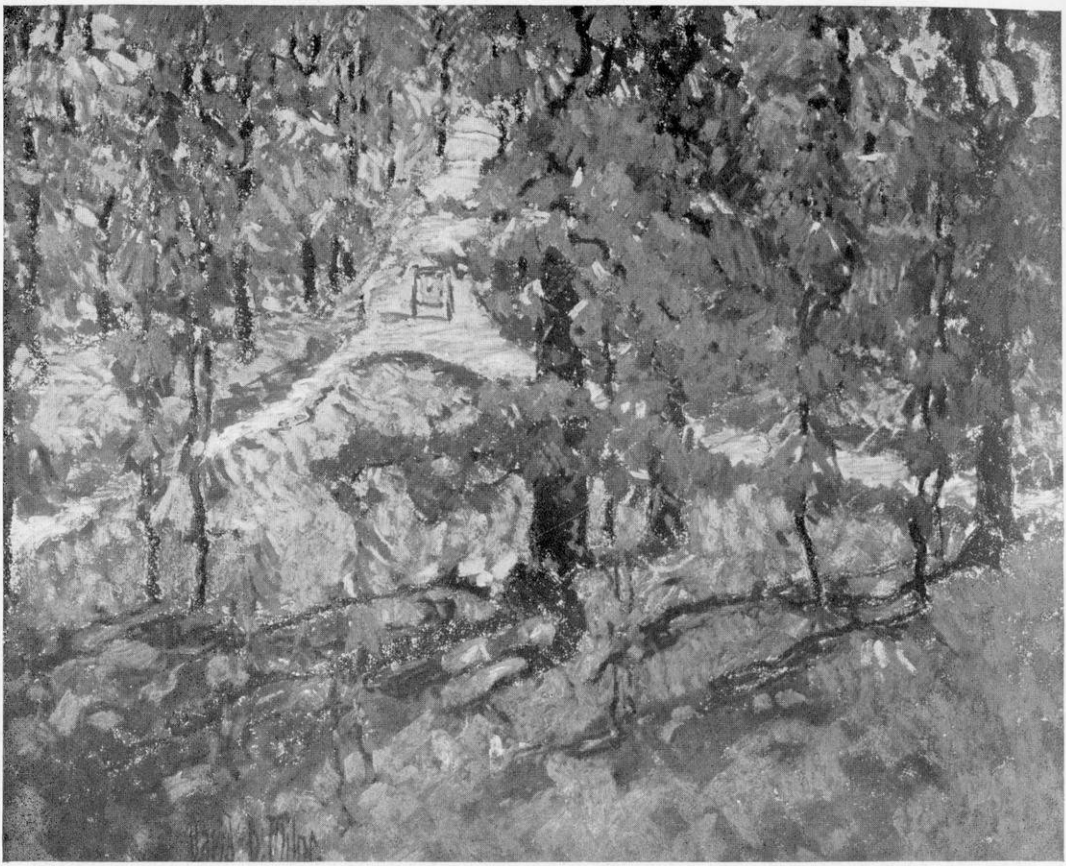
THE very spirit of American childhood is in the sprightly portrait of "Mary Bernice," by Miss Tony Nell. The young lady in the picture is obviously trying to stand still and be a good girl while Miss Nell paints her, and she finds it a colossal effort. The plump little body is all at attention and she presses her little shoes rigidly to the earth, lest she unknowing, they skip up and carry her away out of doors. Even her skirts require some suppressing, for they too have a wing-like tendency to flutter off with her into the sunshine. Doubtless, her strength is supported by the consciousness of this moral victory, but if the eyes of "Mary Bernice" speak the truth—it can't go on much longer!

Adam Emory Albright deals with another type of American childhood in "The Sisters." It is a familiar little scene, the tender solicitude of Big Sister holding the dipper just too high, and unquestioning Little Sister accepting the ministration just as it is offered, although she must rise on her toes and bend her head uncomfortably to reach the water. The picture is an appealing bit of genre work, although one could wish that the background had been made to further express the conception.

In contrast with the happy spontaneity of this sisterly guardianship, Miss Alice Schille's Dutch children strike a pathetic note. The girl, bearing the heavy baby, is scarcely older than the little



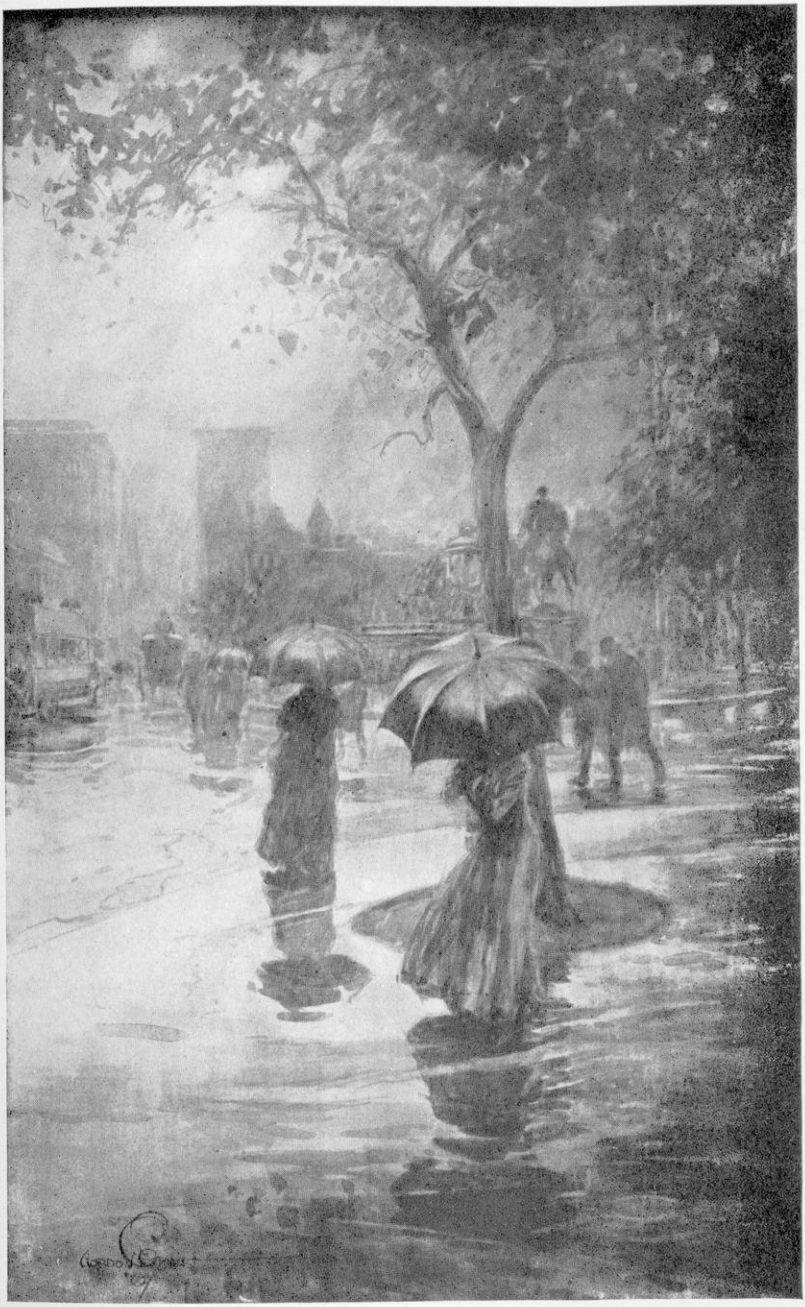
"THE RIVER ROAD": JOHN KELLOGG WOODRUFF, PAINTER.



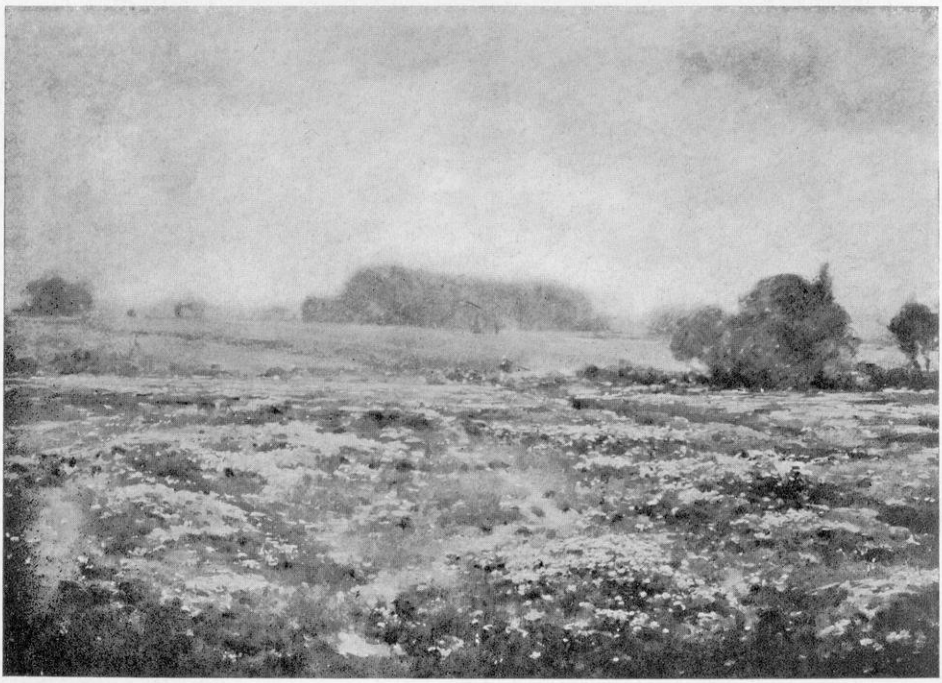
"CLASON POINT ROAD": DAVID MILNE, PAINTER.

"THE SISTERS": ADAM E. ALBRIGHT, PAINTER.
"MARY BERNICE": TONY NELL, PAINTER.
"DUTCH CHILDREN": ALICE SCHILLE, PAINTER.

"THE DAFFODIL MAN":
ANNE PECK, PAINTER.



"THE PLAZA": GORDON GRANT, PAINTER.



"NEARING SUNSET": WALTER L. PALMER, PAINTER.

"MEADOW WITH MIST FLOWERS": W. H. HOLMES, PAINTER.

elder sister of the other painting; but the attitude and the expression are of care and responsibility that are a burden, uncomplainingly and tenderly accepted, perhaps, but not the happy, natural outlet of love. The picture is rather somberly painted in dull brown and the inert weight of the sleeping child is admirably given.

Two excellent portraits of old women were hung near enough together so that the full contrast of the types was enjoyed, and which is sometimes not the case, each artist gained in comparison with the other. "Meditation," a pastel by Anne Greene, represented a delicate and fragile old woman. A light shawl was folded over her thin, white hair and tied under her chin. The head was slightly bent and the artist had posed her model so that a soft light rested like a benediction upon her forehead. The other, "A Toiler of the Earth," by Clara T. MacChesney, was in water color, giving us a sturdy, stalwart old person, shrewd in a bargain, no doubt, vigorously materialistic in viewpoint, to whom the past would mean little, the future much, the present most; a face, though, that showed a great, rough kindness of soul and the courage to be just.

Rhoda Holmes Nicholls showed an interesting landscape in tan and green, "Sand Dunes in the Sunlight," and Elmer MacRae had a striking harbor scene, "Summer Haze," that depicted the effect given by haze upon calm water, when every object in and along the water's edge seems lifted slightly and the aerial perspective is strangely distorted. W. H. Holmes' picture, a reproduction of which appears in this article, "Meadow with Mist Flowers," carries with it a delightful atmosphere of morning freshness. The low meadow purpled over with masses of feathery flower, runs back to a low knoll edged with trees, half hidden in a purple morning mist. Walter Palmer's snow scene, "Nearing Sunset," unfortunately loses much in the reproduction. The beauty of the composition, both in line, and in light and shadow remains, but the exquisite amethystine shadows that, in the original, steal across the picture from the left, and the warm gold light from the setting sun that plays beneath the pitchy green of the firs and throws into contrast the passive cold of the expanse of snow are, of necessity, lost.

"The Plaza," by Gordon Grant, was a noticeable piece of work. The painter has admirably portrayed the ferocity with which a summer storm drives through the cross streets of New York. Here we have the square, a series of miniature lakes, separated by slightly raised areas of asphalt; the wind drives the water down the sloping sidewalk with the violence of tidal waves. The forms of people and things reflect as in a mirror, and the hansoms each race with an inverted double. Everything shines with wetness and the very leaves

of the trees seem water-soaked. One is prone to wonder, however, if the storm is as bad as Mr. Grant leads us to suppose by the conditions of the streets, what sort of people are sitting on the top of the Fifth Avenue 'bus. Can there be such fresh-air cranks as these? This may be straining a point for realism, still, the picture is distinctly realistic in all its other details.

Miss Anne Peck's "Daffodil Man" is very interesting in composition. The leading line, starting at the base of the picture, becomes in succession the line between the gray of the old man's trousers against the inside of his coat, the shadows running inward from the top and bottom of the tray of flowers, the meeting of the coat and the line of his scarf that flutters out behind his head. Helped out by the curve of the cap, in the more immediate foreground, the line returns in a series of parallel curves made by the top of the cab, the round of the wheel and, finally, by the corner of the old man's coat. It is interesting to notice the part that the tree, at the extreme right of the picture, plays in throwing this returning line into prominence. The background is in somber browns and grays. The old man's kindly features are a little reddened by the cold. The brilliant trayful of yellow daffodils adds the only touch of color to the blustering gray spring day in a city street.

On the whole, the exhibit was very interesting. The pictures showed a noticeably even standard of excellence and the exhibit gave a less confused expression than is usual where the work of many people of many schools is brought together. We can only reiterate what has been very generally said,—that New York has never seen such a brilliant season in art, and this exhibit, practically the last of the year, did nothing to blur the memory.

COLOR

BOAST not so much the splendid dyes
Of cunningly wrought tapestries,
Nor painters' blue and red;
I've seen three scarlet butterflies
A-flutter in a golden breeze
About a milk-weed's purple head.

ALLAN UPDEGRAFF.

SUCH FARMS AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF: BY ALICE DINSMOOR

IT IS early morning in a Thuringian village: The *Postwagen* driver is blowing his horn to assemble the *Herrschaften* who are leaving for a train at the nearest railway station. They must walk warily lest they jostle against women with great baskets of cackling fowls for the market, or wood for the ovens, on their backs; or, more dangerous still, other women bearing blueberry pies, two and one-half feet in diameter, on their heads.

On the roads leading out of the village, family parties are trudging along slowly, for they are much encumbered. The men have sometimes implements to carry, always a pipe, the women very often a baby, and with them are older children, from little toddlers to boys and girls old enough to share the burdens. These are the farming part of the community. Today the golden grain is coming down, beautiful with the corn-flowers their old Kaiser loved, and the whole family is to help in the work. Beyond the village streets they are soon under the shade of fragrant hemlocks; the quiet valley where their homes lie on one side; on the other, the everlasting hills.

When they gain the patchwork-like fields, each family goes to its own. A stranger marvels that they can be quite sure which is their own, but they all know and are soon evidently as much at home there as in the tiny house they have left to the care of *Grossmütterchen*, who will knit and doze till it is time to prepare *Abendbrod*. The sickle's first swarth makes a pillow and protection for the baby, and before long other little ones are also asleep there.

Meanwhile the mother and older boys and girls are following the father's sickle and binding the grain. The work is not easy; but the workers are peacefully content. Over their heads is the glorious summer sky, with sheltering clouds floating in the azure spaces. The temperature is genial and the air clear. Well may the little group be happy. There is no lovelier spot within their horizon.

"A narrow life," says the casual observer, "no incentive, no inspiration!" But the thoughtful observer discovers both. This air and sunshine are the best of tonic. The parents have not been obliged to leave their children to grind in a mill or dig in a mine. They can all be together through the long busy hours; the line upon line and precept upon precept, may be given at the moment they are needed. These boys are to be the brawn and sinew and defenders of the *Vaterland* in the next generation. How happy the peasant farmers who may thus share in shaping the future of the empire, while they contribute to her annual store of breadstuffs!

If one day these boys and girls find their way to America, they

will come with the dream of a farm of their own, such as thousands of their compatriots already have in our Middle West. And those who have the courage for large undertaking, will find there the opportunity.

The very fact that the oldest of our country is young in history, that the most densely settled has yet plenty of room, that there is no end of things to be done for the betterment of the present and coming citizen, is an inspiring thought, alike for native born and foreigner.

LET us look more closely at the particular sources of inspiration that a farmer in these United States may safely say are his. In the first place, he is sure of daily bread for his family. It may be said that this is very little, but the boards of charity in every State could be disbanded, and the city and State institutions for the care of dependent poor could be closed, if every able-bodied man was earning his own living and that of the aged and little children for whom ties of kinship ought to make him feel responsible. With temperance and ordinary thrift, he may have a home of his own, where comfort may prevail in the early years of his possession, and where later on, luxury may be found. These are assertions that may be verified so easily, it is superfluous to do it on this page. With literally every variety of soil and climate from the arctics to the tropics, a man has but to choose under what conditions he prefers to put in the plow.

A famous biologist who came from a foreign university to give a course of lectures in one of our colleges, was being sounded as to his method of procedure, by the president of the institution. "I suppose," said the president, "that you will begin by stating the principles that underlie your science." "On the contrary," said the professor, "I shall begin with a bushel of clams." From this study he expected his students to discover not only the principles of biology, but his own methods of investigation. From every bushel of seed the farmer sows, he has each year a fresh opportunity to learn what could be gained in no other way. The conditions are never twice exactly alike; he is always attacking a somewhat new problem, and each year has the possibility of adding to his store of knowledge what may be of incalculable benefit, not only to himself but to the world.

There is but one Burbank, but there is many a man raising better grain or vegetables than his neighbors on land no better than theirs, because he has, by selection, improved his seed from year to year, and by experiment has found what fertilizers, and in what quantity, will best further the growth of this seed. The special price he can command for his produce is stimulus enough to continue his experi-

ments until every crop he raises has been touched by a hand, not magical but wisely scientific.

An Irish gardener, whom I know, has always the same answer ready when, after he has made a planting, his employer says to him, "I hope it will grow." "It will," says Patrick, "with the blessing of God." He realizes that his work is in a peculiar way linked with that of the creative force. If he thinks far enough, he realizes that through his help, this force does a creative work in each stalk of corn, each blade of grass that comes forth as a result of his planting.

The discovery of these laws in the natural world lies at the foundation of all the scientific work done in laboratories, work that puts men's names into the mouths of all intelligent people, and makes them foremost benefactors of the race. Not every farmer seems to recognize the fact that his work gives him the richest opportunity to be such a philanthropist. Those who learn to correlate developments with the differing conditions of seasons and climates are getting hold of a source of inspiration, as surely as they are securing a larger material income.

PEOPLE now living remember the early years in the history of Kansas when she was a fighting ground for slave-owners and free-soilers, and later, for grasshoppers and drought, cyclones and prairie fires. Within the last two decades, since settlers have become numerous and farms have been under better systems of cultivation, farmers have been sure of a paying crop only about once in three years; but they have not been discouraged. I have heard visitors say they never saw such people as those farmers. "You cannot down them." And a farmer of the East, who is an enthusiast, knows why: It is the hope born of the possibilities that belong to each year's planting. To the man who has the love of adventure in him, strong enough to make him as a boy run away to sea, or as a man long to join an exploring expedition to the North Pole or the Antarctic Sea—to such a one the career of a farmer offers the element of uncertainty which gives zest and interest to the pursuit. This class of men, it is very large in Kansas, have been unitedly grateful for their good crop once in three years; have rejoiced in its fulness, and today they are beyond the need of anybody's help or pity. Kansas is a State that gives no uncertain vote upon any moral question—a State with enthusiasts for farmers.

There are considerations, quite apart from the pursuit of agriculture, which are inspiring both for the farmer and his family—among these are the peace and quiet of the country. Especially do these appeal to those who have lived in the city, to whom the roar has

become a hideous din, and who have been jostled until they feel the world is too small to contain them. To such, the peace and quiet are wonderful, and their most precious result is the opportunity for independent thought. The air of the country is not so surcharged with men's ideas that they must perforce be absorbed, as is often the case in the city.

Carlyle built himself an attic study with double walls, that he might "hear himself think," while he wrote the "Life of Frederick the Great." Many another man has wished he had such an attic. Ibsen said, certainly with no small measure of truth: "The most powerful man in the world, is he who is most alone." One of the East Indian adepts in reply to the question, "How do the masters come by their knowledge?" answered: "The method is very simple; look into your own self, and if you do this rightly, you will see everything and will be under no obligation to ask further questions."

This possibility of self sight is one of the farmer's richest assets. Not only when the day's work is done, and night gives its special time for meditation, but also abroad in the fields, with Nature as his teacher, he has opportunity to look within. He may form his own opinions of both men and events. To be without the trammels of conventionality is his privilege.

It is so well known a fact that no one would think of disputing it, that a large number of the men who have furnished the brains, who have been the most successful business men, the most eminent scholars, the wisest statesmen in our country, have been born and bred on farms. The start they have got in thought, in enterprise, in desire to help their fellow men, has come either from the out-of-door life they have led, or as the heritage or teaching of parents who have led such lives. From this fact, with these reflections accepted, one conclusion is inevitable: the wonderful development of natural resources in America and the planting of institutions which have made our land a refuge for the oppressed, a haven for the heavy-hearted, are traceable in large measure to the courage, the faith, the love of the beautiful, natural and moral, that are fed from the mountains and the valleys, the cooling streams and the verdant meadows where men may work and dream and see the open sky.

"THE PEOPLE WEEP"

JULES VAN BIESBROCK, whose beautiful bronze "The People Weep" stands at the entrance of the gallery of the Luxembourg, is a Belgian painter and sculptor and a profoundly humanitarian spirit. He belongs to a community which is one of the numerous outgrowths of the brotherhood-of-man sentiment outside Ghent. The piece of sculpture here reproduced shows a father and mother mourning the death of their child. From the father's hand hangs a little china wreath such as it is the curious fashion of the French and Italian mourners to use for the graves of their dead. It is the cheapest kind of a wreath, bought, no doubt, at bitter cost of economy, for we see that the people are very poor. Yet even as the parents are bowed in grief the remaining child seeks its mother's breast—symbolic of the urge of necessity in the life of the poor even at the moment of the tragedy of death. A deeper or more touching expression of the grief of the simple could not well be found in art. Even Millet with his great exposition of the primitive in art has not touched so pathetic a note. The peasant type, toil-worn, uncouth, is in this sculpture as truly represented as in Millet's familiar drawings and paintings,—the heavy helpless feet and hands, the sense of inarticulacy expressed in figure and attitude. It is a dumb suffering that knows no words, that has no expression save the instinctive outreach of hand for hand, the human touch.

The statue stands outside the gallery at one side of the entrance on the edge of that garden so full both of life and of memories. The pleasure-loving crowd wandering from the pictures to the garden never fails to pause before this pathetic group. It is one of those works of art that has a universal quality, for it expresses a simple fact common to all humanity. And it is safe to say that those who wander on past the Macmonnies dancer and all the old familiar statues in that garden—turning out perhaps past the moss-grown Medici fountain—will retain a remembrance of that rude picture of grief long after the other art works are forgotten.

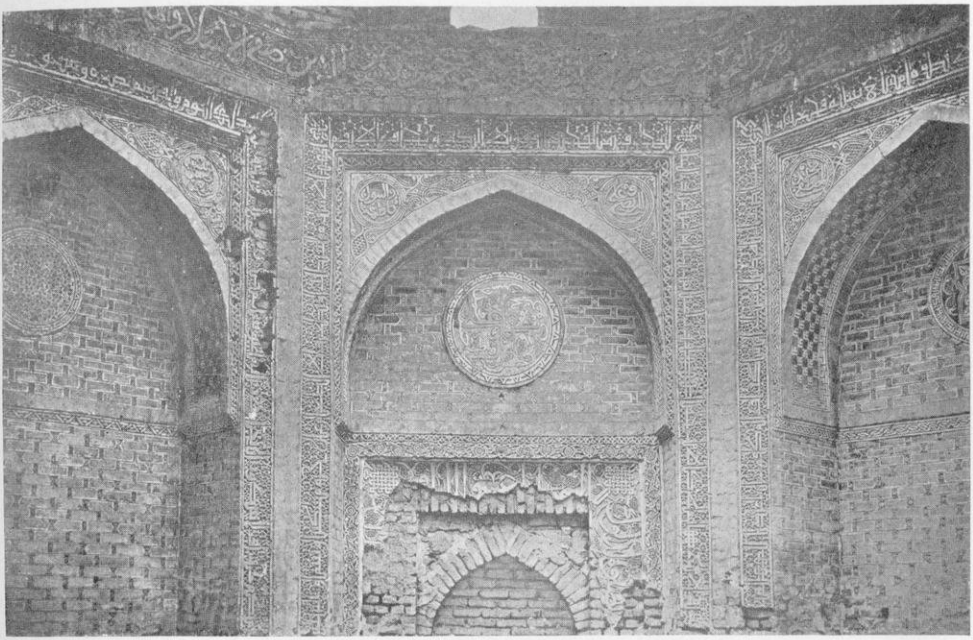
It is interesting to know that the sculptor Van Biesbrock is also a painter, and exhibited at a recent Salon a decorative painting that represents an opposite extreme of art—the thing of purely sensuous surface beauty. It is further interesting to reflect that the combination of French and Flemish apparently tends to produce this delicate sensibility to art and life, for we have a conspicuous example of this same artistic type in the Belgian Maurice Maeterlinck.

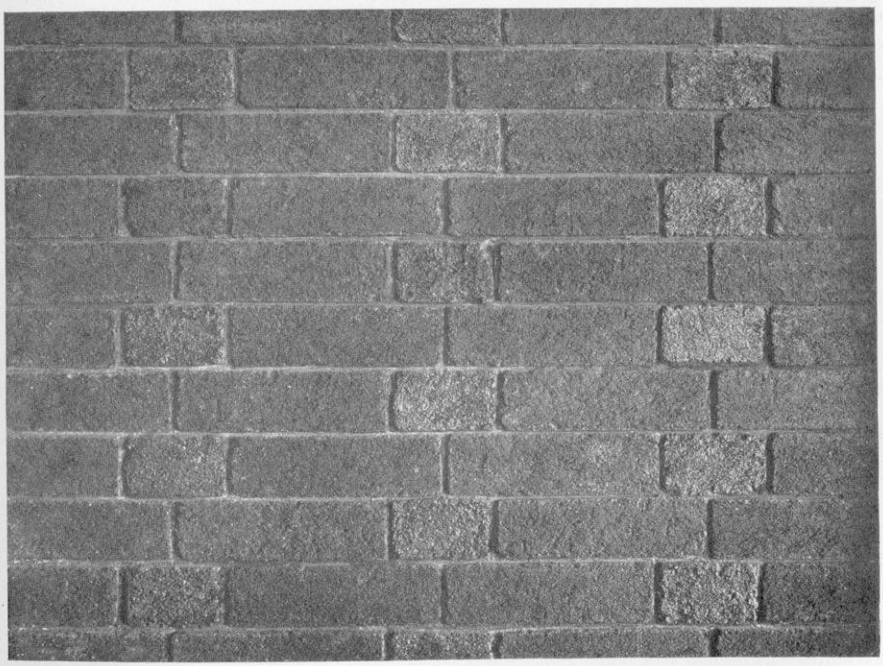
A RENAISSANCE IN BRICKWORK: HOW THE MODERN PRODUCT OF THE KILN IS RECOVERING FROM THE BLIGHT OF PERFECTION: LESSONS TO BE LEARNED FROM THE ANCIENT BRICK WORKERS

JUST now in America we are at the beginning of a period not only of extraordinary activity in all the creative arts, but also of a Renaissance in industrial art conditions. In common with other nations, but to a greater degree, this country has been suffering from that "blight of perfection" which had birth in the Victorian era and which spread for over a generation through all phases of existence not only in England but in America. This blight was particularly serious throughout the artistic world, preventing individual expression of beauty all along the lines of the fine and industrial arts. And, because of our progress in science in America, and hence greater productivity of machinery, the blight increased until art achievement in every direction was positively paralyzed. Our pictures and our sculpture became the slickest (to use a good old Yankee word), most highly polished exhibition of trivial imitation; our houses inside and out were overfinished and overfurnished and without personal interest; our clothes were all an overfine imitation of something which we thought better; our woods were varnished and veneered out of all beauty and naturalness; our bricks were painted or hidden under smooth cement, and so on through every last ramification of our artificial, highly polished, disingenuous civilization.

Now, at last, we are reacting from this. In common with other nations, we are discovering that we have been in the grip of a strange aberration, worshipping false and foolish gods; that there is no such thing as a *perfection* of beauty; that in truth there is only ever-increasing beauty, as there is an ever fresh, varying expression of individual understanding of art.

Who of us shall dare to say that the Greek temple was the perfection of architectural art, when it was followed by such achievement as the Gothic cathedral and the Norman castle; or that there could be no new age in sculpture after Phidias, with Meunier and Rodin and Sinding to follow? And in painting should we refuse Twachtman a hearing because of Constable and Corot? In truth, the life of art and its varying expressions depend only upon the extent to which the people of a nation have opened their minds to the inevitable





ORIENTAL METHOD OF INSERTING GLAZED TILES INTO BRICKWORK AS SHOWN IN THE INTERIOR KASCHANER GATE, KUM, PERSIA.

AN EXAMPLE OF MODERN TAPESTRY BRICK, SHOWING INTERESTING TEXTURE AND USE OF WIDE JOINT.

AN EXAMPLE OF MEDIÆVAL BRICKWORK SHOWING DECORATIVE POSSIBILITIES, IN THE DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, BOLOGNA, ITALY.

INTERESTING USE OF BRICK SHOWN IN THE DETAIL OF AN OLD HOUSE AT NUNUPTON, SHROPSHIRE, ENGLAND.

A MODERN BRICK HOUSE AT KENILWORTH, ENGLAND: H. M. FLETCHER, ARCHITECT.

inspiration of their surroundings, and have added to understanding the trained eye and the technical hand.

What we have been calling perfection, then, through these last few decades, was merely a degradation of the imagination, a blindness of the eyes, and a forgetting that individuality was the very cornerstone of art achievement. But today again that quality known as texture, which expresses the varying individuality and interest of the creator, which has been always in the past vital to beauty, is becoming a final standard in industrial achievement. And so when we speak of the Renaissance in brickwork, we mean that here in America, at least, we are again considering brickwork as an art, and brick as a material with which to emphasize those pleasant sensations of color, line and proportion known as artistic effects; and we are ceasing to think of it as an uninteresting product of clay, a sort of artificial stone, to be used where the builder could not afford granite or marble or some other real material, a dull, commonplace, poor relation, to be thought of only as a substitute, not in itself desirable where impressiveness and beauty were being sought.

Now, back in the Victorian period some such careless definition of brick and its uses might have been accepted without comment, and yet even then had any of us stopped to review the actual history of it as it can be read in museums, in ruins and in Oriental and Continental architecture, we would have realized the possibilities of brick, for in those early days builders knew its value and used it nobly and lastingly. Possibly it has been a study of those conditions which has brought about this Renaissance of brickwork, and which has inspired our manufacturers to create a new enterprise and to develop a modern brick which should rank as a culmination of the history which begins back in some of the most noble architecture of Egypt.

IT IS impossible to say when the making of clay into bricks was first practiced, but that it is a most ancient industry is established by a sun-baked brick in the British Museum bearing the stamp of Rameses II of Egypt, which carries it back to thirteen hundred and thirty, B. C. All through the Orient as also in Rome, it was the custom to stamp the bricks with the name of the emperor in whose reign they were made, and this has been an invaluable aid in tracing the dates of buildings and of foreign occupations in various parts of the old world. This particular brick is built of Nile mud, which is of clay-like consistency, but has so little tenacity that it has to be mixed with chopped straw to hold it together. It is this sort of brick that the Children of Israel were engaged in making during captivity.

In Exodus we read that Pharaoh, angry that the Israelites still continued to meet together for the purpose of worshiping their God, gave them no straw with which to mix the clay. The necessity of this ingredient has made classic the wail of the Children of Israel: "We cannot make bricks without straw." Today, outside of Cairo, they still make them in the same old way, pressing the mud and straw, spaded together, into wooden molds and turning them out, like mud pies, to bake in the sun.

When this so-called baking was left to the sun's heat it was a slow process, even in the hottest countries; and in some parts of Greece,—where the climate, although of an even and warm temperature, was not tropical,—the bricks were exposed five years before using. It was really only a matter of drying, for the low and varying temperature wrought no chemical change in the material of the brick; of great resistance, they were not impervious to water, and in color they remained the dull gray of the natural mud.

Traces of ancient civilizations everywhere show us that this type of brick was the material of most general utility, to be found in every variety of construction. Yet, as with everything so essential to life that it must lend itself to simple and common uses as well as to loftier purposes, there was a tendency to speak heedlessly of brick. In Genesis, for example, it is ironically written concerning the building of the Tower of Babel: "They had brick for stone, and slime for mortar." Perhaps this scornful attitude was partly due to the fact that the bricks were dull and drab and uninteresting, for when the custom of burning them by fire, to accelerate the drying, was introduced and the clay took on definite colors because of the chemical action of the intense heat to which it was subjected, a new architecture sprang up adapted to the use of this brick. It is not strange that the old Romans, who were such indefatigable builders, should have been the nation to bring the making of brick to that degree of excellence which was maintained through the Renaissance and until the Victorian era. Up to the Victorian period the bricks were all hand-made, and brickwork all over the world showed certain characteristics in common. The surfaces of the bricks were porous, there was no attempt at uniformity in size, shape or color, and they were bonded together with coarse mortar and wide joints.

AS ALREADY said, with the Victorian era came the mastery of machines, and with it vanished all the artistic beauty that the inconstant, uncalculating inspiration of the human mind gives to the products of the hands. Civilization became ridden by a passion for mechanical accuracy. It was during this period that

the second-hand stores were flooded with soft-finished, substantial old mahogany, and parlors were furnished with parlor sets whose surfaces would have made excellent substitutes for mirrors.

Nothing could escape infection from this mania for accuracy, nor did brick. We came to feel that the old, molded brick had received too much handling, which rubbed the edges and dulled the corners; if bricks were supposed to be rectangular, why was not a machine invented that would make them so, and it was, and did, turning them out uniform in size and shape, edges sharp and the corners square. Then came the matter of color. This, too, must be as unvarying as possible.

Our aim in a brick wall at that time was something that should be as smooth as marble. To get this the bricklayer, after he had placed eight or ten rows with narrow joints of fine mortar, took a softer piece of brick and scoured them over. All the little irregularities in the surface of the wall were filled with the soft red clay from the scouring brick, and a smooth face, uniformly red, was given to the wall. Then if joints were to be indicated, they were drawn on in black or white paint with mathematical accuracy, as one would mark off squares on a blackboard. Later, when the process of making brick by machinery was further "perfected," a hydraulically dry-pressed product was put on the market that was so fine and regular that the scouring treatment was not necessary. These bricks were laid close together and joined with mortar colored to match. The result resembled nothing so much as a sheet of tin painted red; every inch was exactly like every other inch. In looking at it the eyesight went sprawling over the surface like a dog on slippery ice.

Of course, this demand for uniformity in brick necessitated a nicety of discrimination in sorting them after they were burned. For bricks do not come out of a kiln all of the same color, because they are not all subjected to the same degree of heat, nor can anyone be sure that the material from which they are made maintains in all parts the same proportion between its different ingredients. Kilns of that day were generally built in arches under which the fuel, wood or peat, was placed. Naturally, the bricks nearest the fire received the most heat and some of them in the top of the arch came out nearly black. In the process of sorting, all those of unblemished surface and uniform size, shape and color were placed together for face brick, that is, to be used on the outside of walls. The inferior kinds were also graded into separate piles and even the broken and blemished bricks were saved as the filling for walls. But those which had burned to strange rich violets and blues, and dull, deep purples were thrown into the dump and used to fill up discarded clay pits in the brickyard.

From this ignominy the late Stanford White rescued them, and with material that cost him little or nothing he began to do wonderfully artistic chimneypieces and decorative exterior brickwork. After he had been rifling brickyard dumps for some time, manufacturers began to save these outcasts of the kiln, and the interest of the effects which they saw produced, led them to experiment and to study the brickwork of the ancients, the beauty of which had been attributed to remote and lost processes.

To anyone studying brick architecture it will be no small interest to follow something of the history of brickmaking as shown in our illustrations. One of the most picturesque of the pictures reproduced is from a specimen of the peculiarly brilliant brick architecture that sprang up in Persia shortly after the time of Christ; the Kaschaner Gate at Kum. Here the bricks are used as a matrix in which to set highly glazed tiles. These frame the arches, run in a frieze around the top and are set in large medallions at the back of each arch, while the bricks in the field of the wall are alternated at the heads with small hour-glass shaped tiles. The result is a marvelous play of color which, with the contrast of contours in arch and rectangle and the circular tile that furnishes the center of interest, give to the whole the artistic relation and composition of a picture. The walls suggest wonderful pieces of tapestry. Even the small tiles between the bricks have their surfaces varied with a disc of another color; the surface of the brick is just porous enough to give a sensation of depth to the eye and the contrast with the smoother surfaces of the tile makes an effect as soft and interesting as a weave.

Of a later date is an example showing the brickwork that was done in northern Italy; the doorway of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, one of the seven churches that make up St. Stephano in Bologna. Here we have an exhibition of pattern work; the bricks are set in every conceivable fashion, even with the angle of the head turned out,—which makes them resemble a beading. The tiles inlaid are smooth and unglazed, in white or dull colors that blend with the red-brown bricks in the field of the wall, and again, we notice the beautiful effect made by the contrasting textures of the brick and tile. Below the border, the bricks are placed far apart and are of decidedly coarse grain,—a quality which, a few years ago, we should have considered made a rough and common type of work. But turning to the detail from the old house at Nunupton, Shropshire, mentally rebuild it with smooth-faced bricks. What would have become of the interest in that strong, kindly old face, seamy and weatherbeaten as a sailor's, that looks out from between the vines? What changes would occur in the uneven, staunch old

chimneys, with the little dormer, like a dove-cote, nestling under their warm protection? Neither red-tiled roof nor the gables nor dormers could save it, nor the vines, nor the old gate.

AND so artistic brickmakers of today, looking back across the field of time, are asking why these old walls are so full of beauty and what principles underlie the beautiful brick architecture of bygone periods. The answer in reply to these questions is given in the small era of modern brickwork, shown under the example of the Persian, that indicates what, so far, is the high-water mark in brickmaking. The material of this brick is shale, a rock comprised of clay and sand, capable of being burned to a higher degree of hardness than any material known, thus more durable than a clay brick. This shale is ground and moistened and fed into the pug-mill where, between revolving rollers, it is thoroughly cleared of lumps. It is then forced through a wire screen down an ever-narrowing passage and finally comes out from one side of the mill a continuous bulk upon an endless platform. At the entrance to this platform are four wires which trim the mass into a rectilinear shape as it emerges, and as it is borne along, another wire attached to a revolving wheel cuts it into bricks. By this process of cutting, the irregular grains of shale that are removed by the wire leave the surface slightly porous. The bricks are then dried, and when placed in the kiln are of a dull, uninteresting gray; they come out from the burning in the wonderful soft colors of Oriental rugs and tapestries, showing every gradation possible in the spectrum. The colors are dependent chiefly upon the position of the kiln, that is, the degree and direction of the heat reaching them, and the consequent chemical changes in the material of the brick. For example, the presence of iron gives red, which deepens with the degree of burning, while if there is a quantity of lime in the shale, the red is lightened, sometimes to a deep cream; bricks made of identical material placed at the bottom of the kiln will come forth a soft, ox-blood, and from the top, when they are said to be "broiled," a rich purple, shading through red violet to ox-blood at the center. Each brick is beautiful as a piece of color, but not until they are blended in a wall or a dwelling are the possibilities for artistic effects fully realized.

The makers of these bricks have wisely argued that when a second substance as valuable as mortar is in the construction of a brick wall, it should be given a correspondingly prominent part in the visible result. Thus the width of the mortar joint is calculated in proportion to the size of the brick used and is also of a rough and porous surface. The two substances are used like the threads of a

fabric and are interwoven with reference to a general color scheme. When the process is completed we have the soft-toned textural effects, varied and yet restful to the eye, which we find in the ancient brickwork of the old world. These colors grow more beautiful with age, as the bricks take on what is technically known as "bloom,"—a light fungus growth that adheres to rough surfaces,—a beauty that the smooth-faced, pressed brick never attains to any degree. Frequently the bricks are set forward from out the joints and often deep indentations are made in the mortar while it is soft, with a blunt tool; all these added shadows aid in giving perspective to the wall so that it preserves the effect of softness and depth even from a distance.

A house in Kenilworth, England, shown in one of the illustrations is a good example of this modern brickwork in varying colors. The field of the walls is of soft red and old blue bonded with wide joints; the cornice, quoins and belt course are of mottled blue, with here and there a touch of dull orange at the angles of the bays. One looks into the walls, not at them, and seen from any angle, their surfaces, because of the interest in them, make a unified whole. Standing in front of the house and looking up, the eye travels slowly and regularly over the shadowy field of the wall; this gives a consciousness of the height, and time to notice the color and the artistic variations. There is no possibility of a quick sweep of the eye that, gliding and sliding over a slippery surface, stops at nothing but the blemishes of loose mortar and cracked brick which show up unmercifully on the painted-tin type of brickwork. The proportions of the bays, the attractive chimneys, the placing of the windows are of great beauty, architecturally; but the texture of the walls adds the final luxury of interest and raises the building from an attractive piece of design into a unified work of art.

MORE and more, people are coming to believe that the beauty of a house should lie in the structural features and the material from which it is made. Some of the most beautiful brick buildings owe their decorative interest solely to the varying arrangement of the bricks; the proportion of headers, that is, bricks laid with the narrow end out, to the stretchers, those laid lengthwise. A well-known Washington architect, by so adjusting the bricks that the joints came directly above one another, introduced into a design some decorative line work in mortar about the doors and windows. And now that such wonderful colors have been got from skilful burning, a new possibility in beauty has been added. One very interesting wall has been made with headers of soft, deep brown, alternating with stretchers of a lighter and variegated yellow-brown. In

this case the bricks were of the type most used by the old Romans,—about eighteen inches long by two and one-half wide. Courses of pattern work and inserts of tiles are consistent additions to the beauty of the walls. The Lotos Club building on West Fifty-seventh Street and Doctor Parkhurst's Church on Madison Avenue, in New York City, are excellent examples of this latter type of brickwork. In the former the yellow bricks are alternated with those bearing a lotos bud in white. Although ancient brickmakers frequently chiseled patterns upon the brick, no attempt was made to bake a colored design upon the clay, and another point in which we have surpassed the old craftsmen is the method in which we are handling our tiles. It will be noticed in the illustration of the Persian gate that some of the tiles are peeling from the wall. This is because they are set in stucco, and not, as is now done, bonded into the walls with mortar, like the bricks themselves.

One of the most historically interesting examples of structural decoration is found in modern Greek brickwork, where laths are often sunk into the walls. This custom comes down through generations from the primitive people who, before bricks came into being, built palisades from logs laid crosswise, the spaces between being filled with sand or clay. When sun-dried bricks came into use, the walls built were modified forms of this old construction, and the ruined walls of Athens show that they were bonded together by logs of olive laid longitudinally and transversely through the core. There are increasingly frequent calls for bricks that may be used as are the exposed rafters and purlins of a wooden building; much as the old Greeks in their stone temples still kept the structural effects of the earlier wooden places of worship.

This growing interest in the use of brick has led artistic manufacturers into elaborate experimentation. There is apparently little in architecture and architectural ornament that cannot be built from brick, and with success. Indeed, anything that has been chiseled out of stone, carved out of wood, molded out of clay, or even woven out of threads, seems at this moment to lie within the field of brickwork.

A utensil or a material is always beautiful, if it is fitted for the purpose that it serves. A material in which was latent the fitness for serving so many purposes had also latent in it beauty of many varieties, which only service could unfold. Stunted into a substitute for stone, brick was a flat failure; brick exploited for itself is a growing organism of service and beauty, for progress in every field lies in developing the highest utility in the thing at hand as much as in new discovery.

THE BUILDING OF BERRYMOUNT: BEFORE FACTORY DAYS: BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

"YES suh—de fambly is right down proud ob Berrymount. Look ter me like Berrymount better had be proud ob hits chilluns. Dars Mist' Tawm in de Cawngress,—Mist' Joe, might be too, only he say he had ruther make money 'n ter spend hit—so he stays wid Shecyargo. Den Little Jack dat I nussed, libs 'way up yander ter N' Yawk, and Sist' Ma'y, the little gal, she is gut o'ange groves out in Californy. No suh—dee don't come home so mighty often—seems lek dee cain't hardly ebber hit on er time ter suit all round. But when dee does come!—Heabenly Marster! Hits nigh de same as circus-time—so many folks, black and white, come yere—droves ob um ev'y day. And dee don't fergits nobody—ner nothin' on de ole place. Tell me straight up and down, hit must be kep' up same as Ole Marster kep' hit. What makes dee so proud ob hit is, hit shows whut's in ra'ale quality white folks. Dere Grandaddy fust settled de place—come right yere in de woods, straight frum ole Verginny, des erbout er hundred years ago. My Grandaddy was de head-waginer in de comin', and long as he libbed, come next ter Ole Marster. Ole Marster nebber would have no overseers—he said, wasn't nobody nebber comin' 'tweenst him and his black folks. Bless de good Lawd, nobody nebber is come 'tweenst us ter dis day—dat's how-come hit I stays yere, while de res' ob de boys goes erway.

"Little Jack tole you up in dat big town ter come see de place, 'case everything on hit wus built offen de lan' hitseif? Dat's right—hit wus. Yes suh—I'll show ye, and tell ye too. Right smart chance ob folks comes yere ebery summer—I spec hit's done got norated roun' in town and at de springs dat de ole place is er show. Look at de house! Not so mighty big—but hit wus built fo' years atter Ole Marster got yere—and ev'y plank, and shingle, and sill, and plate, and rafter come right straight outen de woods. Onliest frame house fer thutty miles roun'. Odder settlers wus mostly satisfied wid squatter's cabins ontwel de cabins wus half rotten. Ole Marster said cabins wus mighty fine things—ef only ye didn't live in um too long. Ye see dem squatter-cabins looked poor-white-folks-y—dey wus built ob round poles, notched at de cornders, so dee fitted down tight, and wid de sharp eends lef' on. Gables wus made ob poles, too—cut shorter and shorter, wid mo' poles 'tweenst ter lay de roof-boards on. Sometimes dey warn't eben er board-roof, nothin' but bresh and leaves, wid dirt ter hole um down. Boards had ter hab

weight-poles outside, pinned at de eends ter de gable-poles. No—'twan't nebber no chimbleys—dar wus holes lef' in de gable-eends, dat de smoke went th'ough. Mighly heap ob smoke—'case de fire went all 'crost one eend. De wall was built up high as yer head, wid flat-rocks and puddle-dirt—wid er flat-rock h'ath whar dar wus puncheon flo's—but dar wus mostly dirt flo's and no h'ath at all. Neider do's at fust—folks hung up er blanket er bed-quilt, else er ba'ar-skin, fer shutter, and mizzable glad dee had hit ter hang. Bimeby dough, dey got puncheon do's—shelfs and benches too.

"Whut is er puncheon? Young gentemun, whar wus you raised? Seems lek ev'ybody oughter know little thing lek dat. Ef you needs puncheons go hunt out straight trees in thick rich woods, oaks er poplars, er eben walnuts. Two foot th'ough is de best size—no bigger, but dee may be littler. Cut um down, chop um in cuts de right length, den wid maul and wedges split um in nice straight pieces de whole breadth ob de lawg. How thick? Dat's 'cordin' ter whut you wants wid um, and how de grain runs. Fo' inches is 'bout as thin as ye can split um th'ough heart and sap. Atter splittin', den you mus' skelp off de bark,—dest take and slice hit off in long slips wid de axe. When you got yo' flo' down, yo' do' hung, er yo' table made, ye kin take de adze—de foot-adze ye know, and smoove off de top-side fine. Foot-adze is er mighty handy tool any way—when ye done learnt how, ye can make bowls, and bread-trays, and sugar-troughs, and eben canoes wid hit—fust burnin' out de lawg wid fire built on top, den atter hit done burned in deep ernough, scrapin' and choppin' out all dat's lef' whut yo don't want. Why in de last years ob Ole Marster—I jest can remember him, and you see my head white as cotton, he had er lawg-cabin built in de yard fer his office, put de walls up in de bark, jest squa'arin' ob de cornders, den had um hewed down inside and out, and de hew-face adzed over on de inside.

"Lawg house is heap different ter jes' er cabin. Gut ter hew de lawgs fer hit, and fit de cornders plumb. Lordy! Whut fun dee used ter be at de raisin's all roun' de neighborhood! House er barn er anything, ev'ybody holp wid hit. My daddy he was de king-pin 'mongst de corndermen. You don't know nothin' 'bout corndermen? Why! dee wus de bes' and swif'est ob all de raisin' hands—and sot inside de house-cornder, wid axe and hand-stick, ter ketch de lawg when hit was run up ter um on de skids, try hit on de one below—ef hit didn't set squa'ar, roll hit out, and ober, and chop de eend ontwell dee made hit fit. Mighty heap mo' ter puttin' up lawgs 'n des' layin' um cross-and-pile. Butt-eends is always de widest—ye got ter turn lawgs, eider so butts 'll keep goin' on roun' and roun'

else swap um—butt-and-tip, all de way up. 'Lessen ye do dat, atter ye done put up er wall ten lawgs high, one cornder gwine be er whole heap lower'n de yother one. And whoever hews dem lawgs gut ter pay 'tention ter de linin'—dats de onliest way ter make er plumb wall.

"Tell ye erbout de linin'? Ain't you never heared de sayin': 'Hew ter de line, let chips fall whar dey will'? Man dat cain't hew ter de line better lef' erlone foolin' wid timber. Ye takes er long strong string and dips hit in somp'n—whitewash, er pokeberry juice, er yaller-clay water, den you stretches hit tight up and down de lawg—somebody holds hit stretched—den you pulls hit up towards de middle—hit strikes back and leaves er straight mark. Lawg gut ter be up on skids 'fore de linin'—next thing is ter score de round outside de line but not quite as fur in. Ye do dat wid de choppin'-axe, cutting in erbout two foot apart, and splittin' off scores 'tweenst chops. De hewer comes den wid de broad-axe—hit was sharp as er razor, and ten inches across de blade. De eye went clear th'ough de head, de handle crooked out, so de blade could go straight down. Ye put bofe hands to hit, chopping straight down frum de line. Chips come off in long splintery sheets, best stuff eber wus fer kindlin' de fier. House-lawgs had ter be hewed on des two sides—but framin' timbers, and sills, and plates, and j'ists, lek dem in de great house dar, had ter be squa'ared—hewed on two sides as dey laid, den turned, lined some mo', and hewed all ober.

"Fust year on de place, ev'ybody lived in cabins—Ole Miss, Ole Marster, and Miss Anne his sister, same as de black folks. But in de fall Ole Marster built two lawg-houses—one ob um is dat yander kitchen, wid ev'y lawg sound. Ev'y fall atterwards he built some mo'—he was gittin' land clear, and dar was lawgs ter burn and ter build wid. But all de time he was picking out saw lawgs in de standin' timber, and wheneber der come slack time wid de crap, he sot de whipsaw gwine in de saw-pit. Dats how he gut de planks fer flo's and do's and weatherboards, and ceilin's in de great house. He wa'n't no cyarpenter, but he had er tool-chis', and er head—some way he laid off de things, and his men done de work. Daddy used ter tell how de fust sta'ar-steps wus all so crooked-y Ole Miss said she'd git cross-eyed lookin' at um, so down dee had ter cum, and ev'y body went up stepladders, ontwell dee got de cab'netmaker ter put up sho'nough sta'ar-steps.

"Dat was three years atterwards. Ole Marster found him out on de road, wid his tools in er wallet ober his shoulder. He fotchted him home wid him, and kep' him busy er year. Yes suh! Mos' all de furnicher in de great house, come th'ough dat man—he made hit outen cherry and walnut and oak dat Ole Marster had had sawed and

seasonin' years and years. He could make mos' anything—dat stranger man. Look at de sideboard, and de Jackson-press, and Ole Miss's buroach. Ye can ba'arely chin de buroach—up dar; in dem top-cupboards, I hear um say, she used ter keep her Dunstable bonnet, and her crape shawl. Dis is her bedstid—so high up she had steps ter git in hit. De trundle-bed run under hit in de daytime, and de valance fell down hidin' hit. Dars her cheer, too—but no stranger nebber totcht dat. Grandaddy made de frame ob hit—he made heaps ob cheers nights in de cabin. He wus gwine put er split bottom in hit—white oak splits, ye know, like he done all de res'. But she said No—gin him er dollar fer hit des so,—and put in de bottom her own sef—er rush-bottom—dere was loads and loads ob um growin' all up and down de Rush Branch. Many's de time Mist' Tawm and me has been down dar atter rushes—ontwell de war-time my mammy always scoured de pewter wid rushes ev'y Saddy. Rushes is all gone now, and mos' ob de pewter. De chilluns took hit wid um, same as dee did de silver spoons.

"Ole Marster never stopped buildin' ontwell he had good lawg houses fer ev'ybody—'sides barns and cribs and stables, and hen-house, and weavin'-house, and lumber-house, and de big shed us-all used ter play under. Hit was de shop—de men made barrels and hogsheads in it, plows and cyarts, and gates and tubs and buckets. Dee was all de time big piles ob lumber dar in de shed—staves too, and boards and shingles tell ye couldn't rest. Spoke-timber too—and hickory fer axe-helves—neighbors used ter laugh and say ef Berrymount wus ter burn down Ole Marster could put it up all ober agin, ef de fier des' lef' him de shed. De draw-horses stayed dar, and all de tools, 'ceptin' hit wus de axes and hoes—no ra'ale good hand would let his axe er his hoe, stay anywhars outen his house. And dee made dee own axe-helves too—seemed like nobody but de chopper couldn't des 'zactly fit er helve ter de pone ob his hand. Young hickory was de timber—atter hit wus seasoned dee soaked it good 'fore dee worked hit—cut and shaped hit wid saw and drawin' knife, but done de finishing, de fine scrapin' wid er piece ob glass.

"Hoe-handles didn't matter so much—all ye wanted wus ter hab um strong and smoove, wid de right taper, and wedged on tight. Walnut fence rails de year atter splittin' made mighty good ones—ye drawed um down in er swivet. Dee wus fer weedin' hoes. Mattocks and grubbin' hoes had ter hab oak handles, sound and strong.

"But de drawin' knife and de draw-horse made heap mo' things 'n jes' helves. Shingles had ter be drawed after rivin', bucket and barrel-staves and hogshead hoops. Ain't you nebber seed er drawin'-knife? Hits gut er long narraw blade, wid handles settin' up

sorter cock-eyed at each eend ob hit—ye pulls hit towards ye in wukkin' —and ye gut ter pull hit right. Specially ef de timber's brash—onless ye do, knife goes right th'ough. Co'se ye draws *wid* de grain, always—but ye mustn't let der grain run erway frum ye.

"My Daddy done bes' part ob de drawin' under de shed—look lek dem knifes was 'feared ob him dee minded him so. He wus proud ob hit too—but drawin' pestered him one way—hit made sech er heap ob shavin's' he couldn't smoke his pipe nowhars close ter de draw-horse. Oh! Hit was des' er spraddle-legged bench wid er clamp on one eend—ye sot straddle wid de timber in de clamp, and de knife in bofe hands. But when hit come ter rivin'—boards, staves, spoke-timbers, hogshead hoops, shingles, anything, Unc' George-Bill was de one fer hit, same as Unc' Jerry-Bill wus de man ter break young mules. Unc' George-Bill could tell by de looks ob er tree, metty nigh how de timber ob hit would rive. Timber fer rivin' comes frum metty big trees—ef dere's cat-faces on de bark in mo'n one place, dat tree woon't hardly pay ye fer cuttin' hit down. No—we nebber sawed down trees—axes wus heap quicker—'sides dat we had des' one cross-cut saw. Cat-faces? Oh! Dee is jest rough dry-looking spots on de bark wid crinkles runnin' ev'y which-erway, stidder up and down. Shore's you see one, dere's wind-shakes, else doated spots deep down under. One cat-face woon spile er whole big tree—maybe no more'n er quarter ob er board-cut. But ef dere's two, three, er one dat runs twisty-ways half round, let dat tree stand ontwell ye want hit fer sawin'.

"Saw cuts th'ough eatin' grain; rivin' has ter follow grain. You does hit wid de fro and mallet, atter you done sawed up yer tree inter cuts, and split bolts off all round de cuts. Stave-cuts, fer hogsheads runs four foot long, board-cuts three er three and a half. Shingle blocks is two foot and er half. Ye gut ter sap shingle bolts—split off all de sap-wood and rive des de heart. Sometimes dee sap boards too but most times dee don't—hit makes um too narrer and tejus ter nail—but dee lasts heap longer. 'Tain't wuff while ter split no sort ob cuts open—des' crack um round wid maul and wedges, den split bolts off, cross de rings. Ye see de tree-heart's full ob scars—all de limbs hit done los' is dar, marked wid knots and scurls—den de grain runs in and out, in and out—and time hit gits ter be board-size, dere's mighty like ter be rotten and wormy streaks in de middle. So hearts is fit dest fer fier-wood, er ter chink de cracks in er barn. Yes—po' whites used ter chink dere houses wid um—and daub puddle-dirt ober um. Wan't none ob dat here—ev'y crack in ev'y house is chinked wid sta'ar-step chinkin', den p'inted wid lime-mortar.

"Dat ain't tellin' ye dough, erbout de rivin', Unc' George-Bill used

ter set his brake high—he wus high hissief. Brake was des er long tree-crotch, propped up crossways, de low leg slantin' out. Ye put in de bolt ob timber, lay de fro, on de sawed head ob hit, drive hit in wid de mallet, ba'ar down on de fro-handle, twist hit er little bit, den as de timber splits, slip down de blade, and twist ergin. Fro didn't hab ter be so mighty sharp—but strong, wid er stout eye and handle. Any blacksmith could make ye er fro—and rivin' looked metty easy. It wa'n't metty easy, onless ye had de slight ob hit, same as Unc' George-Bill. I done fergot how many boards he could rive in de day—den go ter corn-shuckin' dat night, and walk de pile.

"Yes suh! Berrymount sticks ter rail fences—stake-and-ridered. Hit takes wuk and timber—but de chilluns done gredge neider. Mos' ob de yothers round is got wire, else den pizen Bo-Doc hedges—but we-all aint got no time wid no sech. Jack is de wussest ob all—he says up and down, dere ain't nothin' kin match er worm-fence, wid de cornders all full ob blackbe'ies and elder flowers and wile rose bushes and sassafac and crab-apple and peach trees. 'Cose I cleans out de fence-rows, de best part ob um—but I'se bound ter leabe some all full ob wile truck, fer de chillun ter see. Ole Marster start de fashion ob puttin' peach trees er else apples, in ev'y other fence cornder all up and down de lane, and 'long next de big road. Dem wus fer de folks goin' by, he said—anybody wus welcome ter all dere fruit he wanted. Mist' Tawm stands ter hit yit, ain't none ob de fine fancy peaches frum de nurseries, kin tetch fer taste and goodness dam whar growed on our seedlin' fence-cornder trees. I specs de ground gut somp'n ter do wid hit. Dis yere ground ev'ywhars des suits fruits. Dats how-come it named Berrymount.

"Rail-splittin' is man's wuk—you does it wid axe, maul, wedges, and gluts. Gluts? Oh! Dee ain't nothin' but chunks ob wood—most ginerly dawg-wood—shaped like wedges, only fo' times thicker, and hardened ober de fier. Cut down straight trees, chop um up in rail-cuts, ten and er half foot long, den split de cuts open, and keep on splittin' ontwel ye got um in rails. Ye makes yer own maul—hits des er piece ob hickory lawg, four foot long, and one foot th'ough. Chop and split off de least eend so's ter mek er handle, leabe de head full lawg-size and season hit ober de fier. In splittin' ye drives in fust er wedge, 'bout halfway, at de squa'ar eend ob de lawg, den drives de second wedges in de crack little way down. Next put in er glut—ter make de crack bigger—but take keer not ter hit it too hard—hit may fly back and knock ye side de head, er on de nose. Dats all dere is ter mauling rails—des drivin' wedges and gluts, and choppin' th'ough splinters wid de axe. But ye gut ter drive right—er ye woon't make many rails in de day's wuk.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT IN AMERICA: WORK OR PLAY? BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER

IT IS doubtless a matter of common knowledge that the term Arts and Crafts was coined by William Morris and his associates in London some twenty or more years ago for the immediate purpose of defining the nature of an exhibition that differed in one essential point from the conventional art exhibitions offered by the Royal Academy and similar institutions, which for many years had fostered the idea that the practice of art was the exclusive function of painters and sculptors. The unique feature of this exhibition was to be found in the fact that it sought to eliminate distinctions in art and furnish an opportunity for the display of work in wood, leather, glass, metal,—in fact, any material adapted to artistic expression. The term Arts and Crafts as applied to this exhibition stood boldly for three things: It was a protest against the narrow and commonly accepted definition of art; it was a protest against inutilities, the ugliness, the sham and pretense of a great portion of the English industrial product of that day; it was a protest against the deplorable industrial conditions which that product represented. To put the matter into a positive statement,—it sought to demonstrate the value of art combined with honest workmanship when applied to useful service; while it deplored the ugliness of the industrial product, it sought, not to withdraw art from it, but to bring art to it under the belief that an enduring basis for the appreciation of art must be established in the home rather than in the picture gallery; it sought to make manifest the dignity of labor and the individuality of the worker. On the strength of the ideals of which this exhibition was a concrete expression was formed the first society of arts and crafts.

A seed from this parent tree fell upon American soil; it flourished, and has spread into a growth of remarkable proportions. There is scarcely a city or town in the land that is without a society of arts and crafts with more or less clearly defined ideals. The interest and enthusiasm have been widespread; of this there is ample evidence, but does this movement rest upon a secure basis of real worth and true understanding? Is present enthusiasm any gauge to future stability?

The seed fell upon fertile soil, long fallow. We are undergoing a period of reaction along many lines. We have been, and are now, experiencing an awakening of our moral and political conscience. On all sides one hears a persistent demand for civic beauty, for a

more sane, more vital expression in architecture, for furniture that shall be simple and well made. Away with unsightly billboards! Down with the hideous telephone poles! Give us parks and playgrounds! These are all familiar cries. And as another indication of this reaction for better things has come the arts and crafts movement.

TO SPEAK of anything as a "movement" naturally leads one to inquire: To what end is it moving? For what purpose are its many units working? We may properly assume for the terms arts and crafts, and, by the same token, for the societies organized under that term, the clearly defined aim adopted by those responsible for the beginning of the movement. In fact, the term is its own definition,—art applied to craft, thoughtful design expressed through good workmanship. With this idea in mind it is pertinent to ask just where many of our societies stand in relation to this movement. To make it lasting it needs a stable market, a just appreciation of standards, an insistent demand for good things that will enable men and women to earn a decent living without surrendering their individual initiative. What are we doing to strengthen the convictions of the consumer, to give incentive to the mind and hand of the producer?

It is undeniable that many busy, thinking men and women in America assert, in words that admit of no misinterpretation, a belief that this movement is a fabric of unrealized expectations, that the term arts and crafts is in danger of becoming a synonym for amateurish incompetence; that few of its workers possess either real ability in design or skill in technique; that the larger portion of our product rests upon a basis of false values, and, to complete this direful toll of pessimism, that the ideals of the movement are out of touch with modern life and thought.

It must be admitted that such criticism as the above is not without provocation. For, lo! these many days we have been casting stones at machinery and machine-made goods, have been decrying the industrial products and methods about us. We have planted over our heads a banner inscribed with a term that would seem to indicate that our wares are not of the common sort. And it may be that we are living in glass houses. It is quite proper that we should be asked to bring our goods out into the open market-place, far from the hypnotism of studio teas, and leave them to demonstrate their own superior merits. It is true that the Arts and Crafts movement was started as a protest against the monotony of machine-made things and the dreary level of mediocrity to be found in the English product

of a generation past; but protest without remedial action is of little avail. From small beginnings one may find today in England a comprehensive system of industrial art training extending its influence into all the skilled crafts of the land. Moreover, it must be remembered that the work of William Morris, who probably contributed more than any single individual to the stability of the "protest," furnished very tangible evidence of the value of his precepts. The books produced at the Kelmscott Press are displayed in the British Museum close beside the work of the master printers in the palmy days of the craft, and they lose nothing by comparison. The stained glass, tapestries, carpets and chintzes that came from the Merton shops represented splendid achievements in the combination of good design and thorough workmanship. They also stood the test which Morris applied to industrial work; they gave pleasure, solid, enduring pleasure, to those who made them as well as to those who purchased them.

THE justice of the criticism that our work is amateurish and our workers incompetent depends largely upon the point of view of the critic. No doubt many of us in America are playing at arts and crafts. We take a few lessons in an art school, and hasten forth to set up shops of our own, produce wares to sell, and teach others the fascinating pastime of "expressing" themselves in hammer-tracked copper, tooled leather or pottery. In the days when the Mediæval craftsmen plied their trades, seven years of apprenticeship, followed generally by another period as a journeyman worker, were necessary before a man was privileged to call himself a master, hang out a shingle and teach others the details of his craft. But we of a more enlightened age do not hesitate to call ourselves bookbinders, metal craftsmen, potters, jewelers or what not, on the strength of a few simple processes hastily acquired. We hint mysteriously of shop secrets, seek to impress the innocent visitor with our accomplishments and thereby bolster up the price of immature workmanship. In such practice of the arts and crafts the skeptic finds a weak spot in our armor and gleefully prods it.

On the other hand the work of the genuine amateur holds forth much of promise. From the ranks of the amateurs come many who are tempted beyond mere busy work for idle hands, who develop persistence and staying qualities, who come to realize that the study of design is quite as serious and arduous a matter as the study of music or medicine and who learn through their own efforts to appreciate a good thoughtful piece of craftsmanship, and thus acquire a real appreciation of relative values in productive work.

That much of the product of the arts and crafts rests upon a market of false values is a just criticism. Quantities of things are being sold or are offered for sale at prices far in excess of any substantial merit represented in the design or execution. To justify a price in excess of commercial work a product must stand unmistakably for two things. It must possess unusual merit in design; it must possess in its execution qualities that stamp it in every way superior in workmanship and finish to similar things that may be purchased in the stores. A piece of work that is truly beautiful and distinctive in design, thoroughly and earnestly made, painstaking to its last detail, is entitled to a higher price than a thoughtless, commonplace, mechanically made article. But the fact that an article is made by hand does not necessarily reflect to its credit. That it should command a higher price for no other reason than that it is hand-made is absurd; it may be that the worker has misspent time in trying to do by hand many things which may be quite as well accomplished through other processes. We have long made a virtue of the "little irregularities," the "artistic accidents" of hand work. Such things may very readily become an affectation, a convenient excuse for unskilled technique, at the hands of a worker of immature practice and experience. There is neither art nor craft in a battered piece of copper, a lamp shade it may be, picturesquely colored with spots of green from an acid bath. Art demands sincerity of purpose; craft demands skilled workmanship. The irregularities or "accidents" in the work of a master craftsman are of the kind that come unsought, that he cannot help, that he seeks diligently to overcome. The present strength of the arts and crafts movement is to be found in the work of a comparatively few who are earnestly striving day and night through study and practice to improve the standards of their work in design and execution, who see clearly the difficulties ahead, the necessity of putting into their product the qualities that count for true worth. When we talk about this movement as a real, live issue it must be on the basis of the relation which it bears to industrial activity, to the bread and butter problems of life. To discuss it on any other basis is to deny it a serious part in modern life and work and regulate it to the narrow confines of a studio pastime.

TO CRITICIZE the movement as being out of touch with modern thought is to misinterpret its best ideals. It seeks to bring a better standard to industrial work, establish a permanent demand for better things, and furnish an adequate livelihood for those who are competent to give beauty to hand work. It does not necessarily antagonize machinery, nor does it hope to achieve its ends through

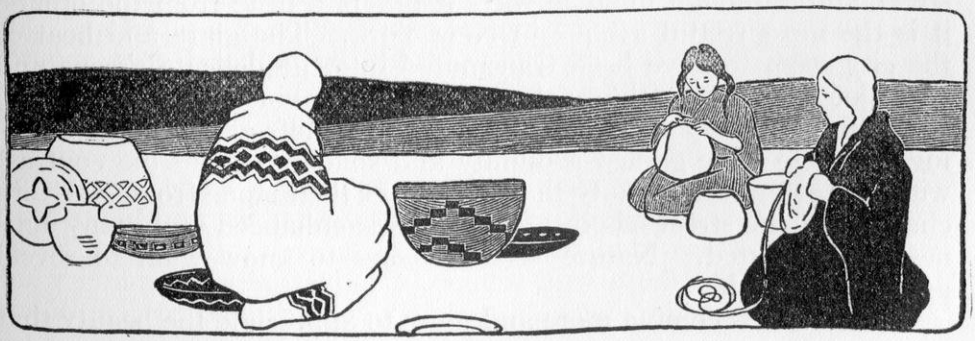
a reversion to primitive methods. The glaring inferiority of the present average commercial product when compared with, for example, the work of the Mediæval craftsmen, needs no comment. Any movement which aims to encourage an improvement of this product deserves intelligent support and action. It might be well to devote some of the time and money spent in lobbying for protection against the "pauper labor" of Europe to the training of our own workmen in the skilled crafts that we might make our goods more beautiful, hence more to be desired. Machinery is not in itself an evil; we need more of it. Frankly, we have to believe that if the Mediæval craftsmen could return to the world they would welcome machinery as a means of tiding them over much of the drudgery of their work,—and there is still a vast amount of drudgery in the world for machinery to overcome, innumerable sweatshops for it to clean out and turn men and women back to the land. There are men in the "Black Country" of England still forging nails and cutting files by hand. The evil of machinery is largely a question of whether machinery shall use men or men shall use machinery. There are certain skilled trades such as cabinetmaking, gold and silversmithing, the book trades, etc., which have always in the past offered an opportunity for individual thought and initiative, for a young man to learn a trade, not merely some trivial part of a trade. To the extent that the invasion of machinery into these trades has undermined the independent manhood of the skilled artisan and left him as an unthinking hired "hand" to feed raw material into a hopper, it is indeed an evil, one to be combatted. The dignity of labor is of the mind and heart, not of the hand alone. When a man is robbed of the last vestige of human interest in the work that necessity compels him to do for a living, it is time to scan the credentials of our commercial standards. It is not remarkable that protection is needed for the product of a carpet mill employing two thousand "hands" but not more than a dozen heads, and not a single designer of carpets among them. The mill bids on designs good, bad and indifferent, mostly bad, just as a contractor bids on the construction of a pipe line. And the "hands," with few exceptions, could be replaced on a month's notice with others equally efficient.

The surest way to turn an evil stream from its course is to dig another channel for it through educational work. If the shops and factories deny a young man a chance to learn a trade, can furnish him with no standards of excellence in design or workmanship, it would seem to be within the province of our educational institutions to supplement the shops with schools of industrial art training where all that is best in the elements that have contributed to give dignity

and beauty to a trade in the past may be fostered and strengthened. Our art schools as now organized with arts and crafts studios annexed, can do little more than bite pieces from the edges of the real problem. Their traditions have too long been of another sort to enable them to approach the question of industrial training with any sympathetic understanding. They cannot furnish either the practice or the experience that will draw men from the trades to their doors, or that will place the craftsworker of the future squarely on his feet and enable him to meet fairly the competition about him.

Education, to bear fruit, must extend to the consumer as well as to the producer. In our factories is an army of men and women engaged in the production of inutilities, or in filling the demand due to the appalling waste and extravagance of modern life. Many of the things we buy are of an impersonal nature, keyed to some passing fad or fashion. They gave no one pleasure in making; nor does their possession give pleasure to anyone. Things are broken or consigned to the scrap-heap without a pang of regret; there are more at the store. When purchases are made with the thought of permanent possession rather than of temporary convenience,—a few good pieces of furniture, a few rugs, a few thoughtfully chosen ornaments and pictures,—why then the best ideals of the arts and crafts movement will be realized; for such things cannot be fed into a machine by unskilled operatives. Fewer things carefully made will give employment to quite as many workers as a vast quantity of things thoughtlessly and carelessly made.

This question of industrial art education, and the many avenues for discussion which it opens, is a matter of paramount importance. It is one of the few big questions demanding intelligent and concentrated action; it is right next to the bony structure of our industrial life. Our societies of arts and crafts might demonstrate their usefulness, as some have already, by bringing definite influence and action to bear upon this problem.



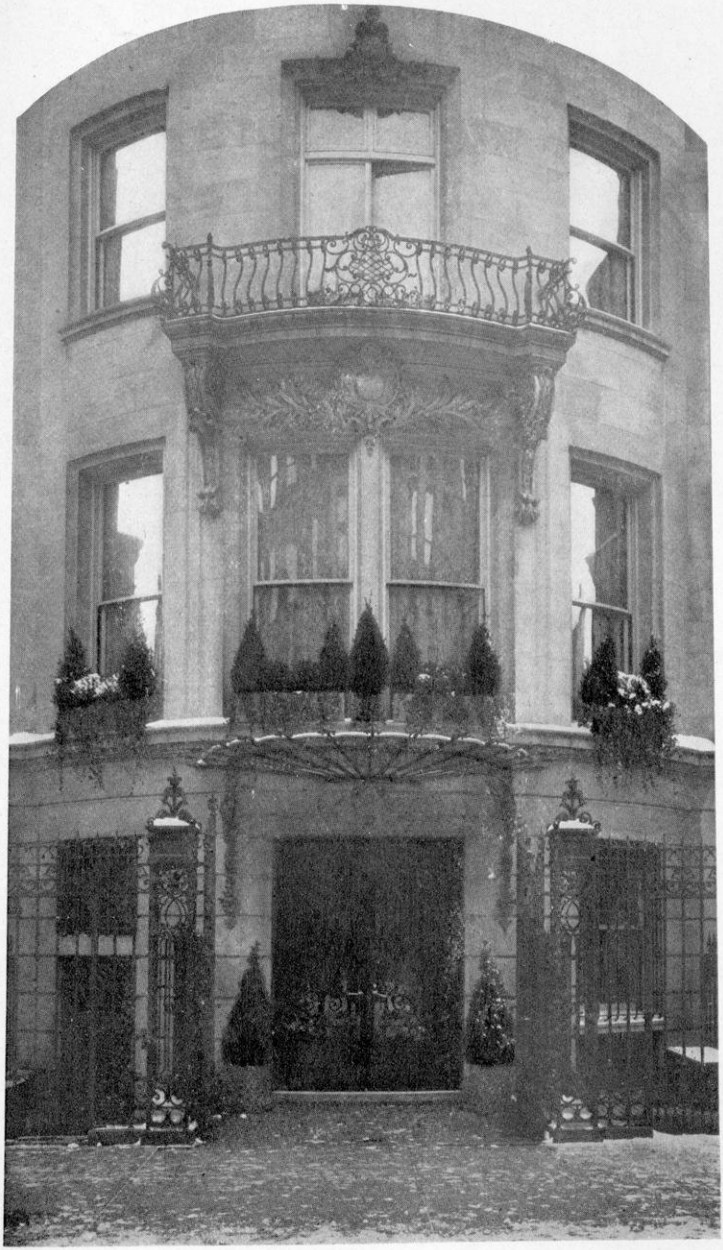
VERDURE FOR THE CITY STREETS; HOW THE MUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY IS WORKING TO BEAUTIFY NEW YORK WITH PLANTS AND FLOWERS

EW YORK in summer is not at all the unpleasant place that people are inclined to believe who habitually leave town for the season, or who know of New York in summer only through the accounts of the heat prostrations in the newspapers. They picture the city as a series of stifling canyons floored with asphalt and walled with the hot fronts of skyscrapers and apartment houses.

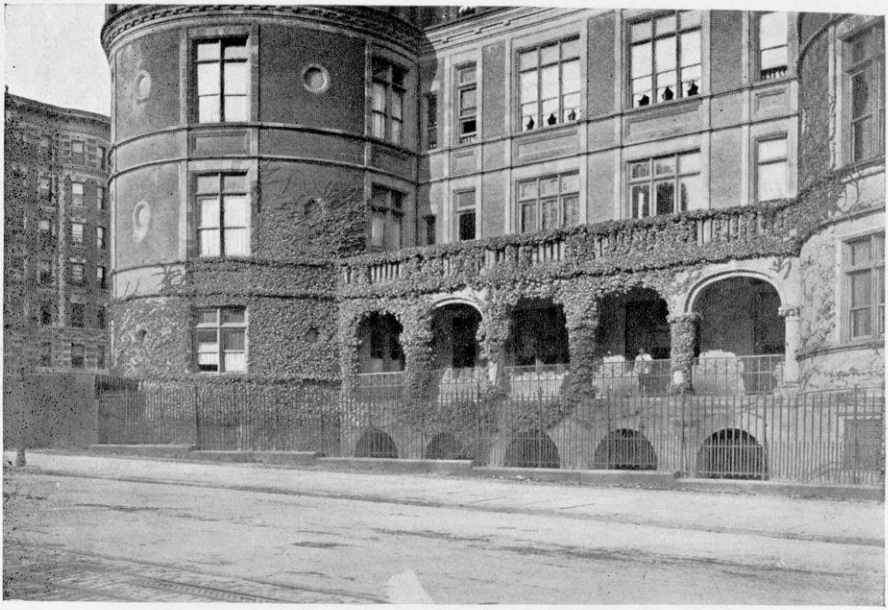
Of some sections of the city this picture is still all too true; there are large areas without a spear of green. The walls of the buildings and the street pavements absorb the heat all day long and all night long give it out again. The waves of heat smite upon one passing like the hot breath from the nostrils of a great animal. In such an area the eye drinks in the sight of an old ivy clinging to the wall of some church shut in by tenements, as thirstily as the hot earth takes rain. And the perfume from some bright flower-box in an office window comes as welcome as a breeze in a calm.

In contrast to this, there are many portions of New York where one finds a great deal of summer loveliness, aside from the areas that are definitely devoted to parks and public squares. Such a charming section is Park Avenue. Through the center of this street is a series of green oases, a block in length and hardly fifteen feet in width. Here in the early spring the eye rejoices as the first jonquils and tulips of the season and the other flowers blossom in their turn. The beauty in this street does not come alone from the parkway. The people living along it have seen clearer than anywhere else the restfulness in Nature, and in almost every house the windows are gay with flower-boxes. Some of the most beautiful in the city are in this street, and, although in some ways it differs a little from the others, it is the most restful avenue in New York. The glare and heat of the city seem to have been transmuted into the delicate greens and pinks of geraniums, the coolness of trailing vines, and the sweet, refreshing perfume of lemon verbena and heliotrope, and the buildings seem to have gained a dignity and solidarity from the contrast with this evanescent beauty that plays over their stone fronts. Every charm that the street has in architecture is enhanced and many uglinesses obliterated. Nature seems always to know what to reveal and what to hide.

New York is coming more and more to appreciate the beauty that

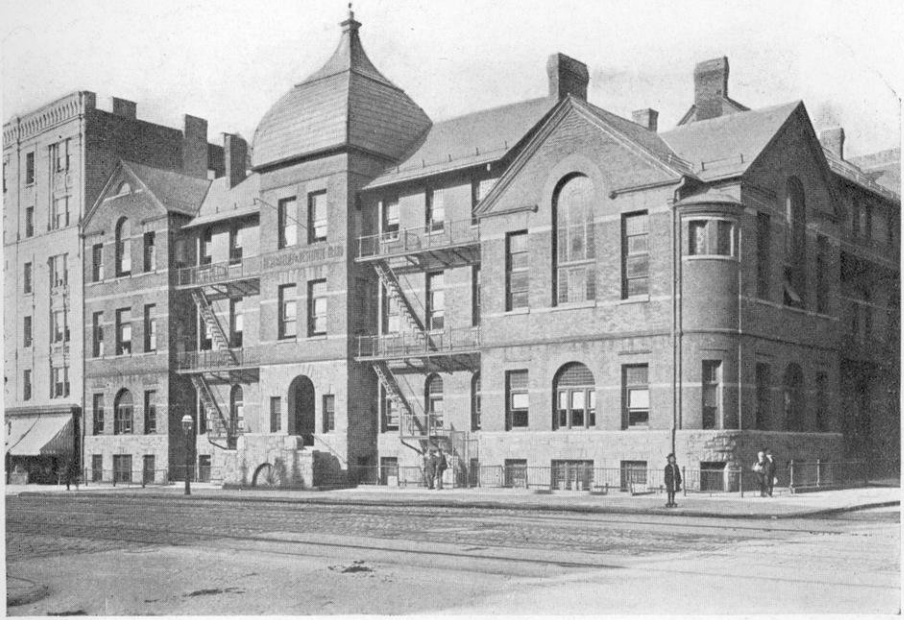


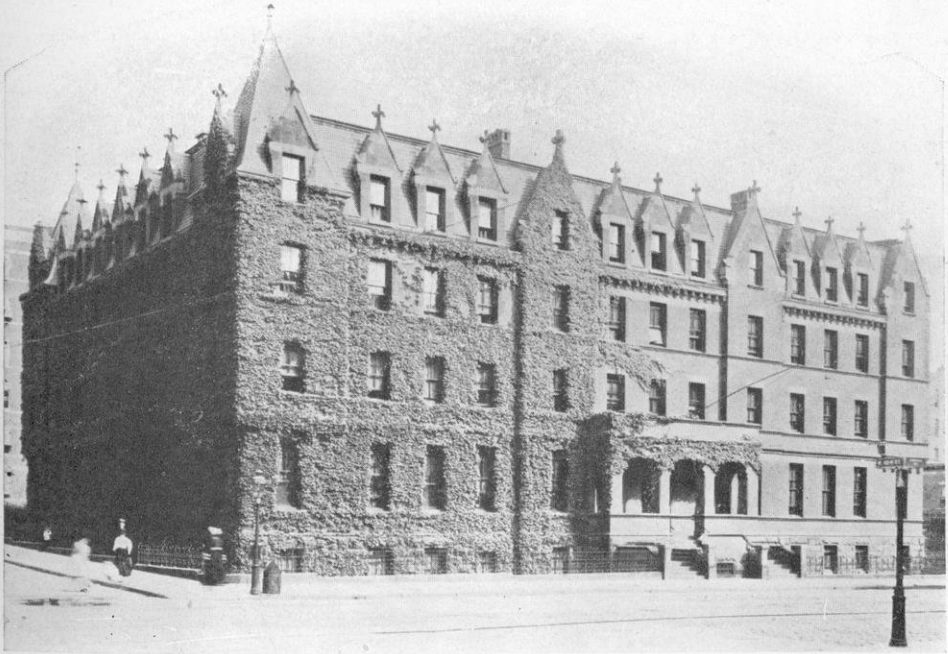
THE FIRST WINTER WINDOW DECORATION THAT APPEARED IN PHILADELPHIA FOUR YEARS AGO; TODAY SOME OF THE LOVELIEST WINDOW GARDENS IN THE COUNTRY ARE TO BE FOUND IN THIS CITY.



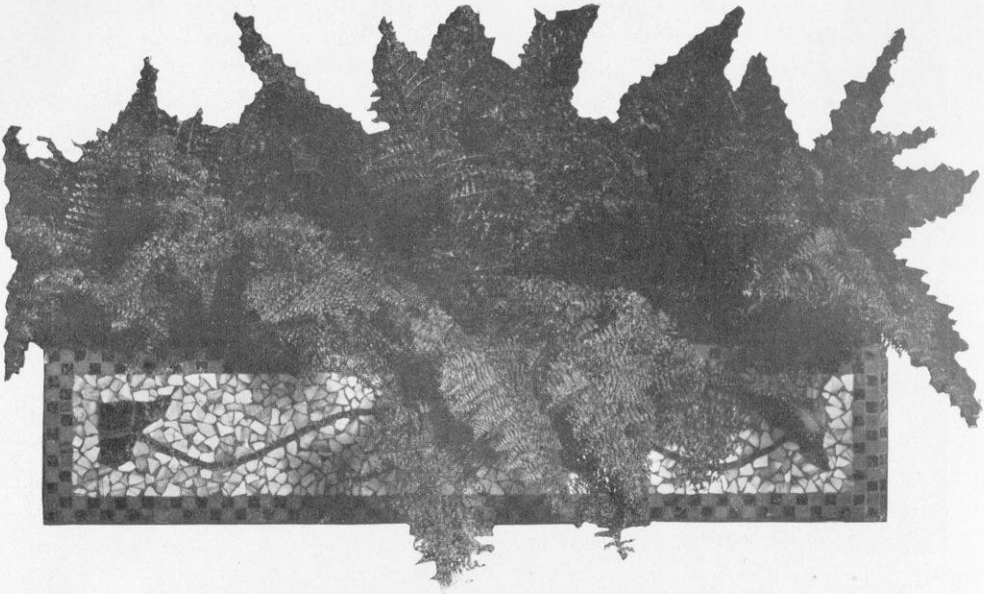
SHOWING THE DECORATION OF A PUBLIC BUILDING WITH VINES, WHICH HAVE BEEN SO SKILFULLY TRAINED THAT THEY FOLLOW CLOSELY THE LINES OF THE ARCHITECTURE.

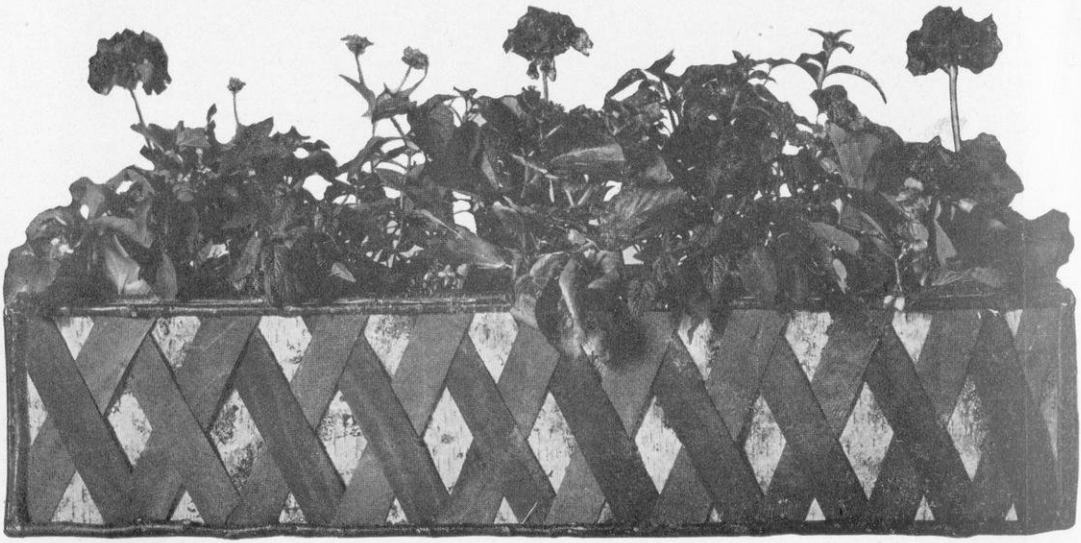
AN ATTRACTIVE FORM OF DECORATION USED ON A DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT IN NEW YORK; EVERY WINDOW HAS ITS FLOWER BOX AND THE ENTRANCE IS DECORATED BY BAY TREES IN TUBS.





THESE TWO PICTURES GIVE A VERY GOOD ILLUSTRATION OF THE DECORATIVE VALUE OF VINES ON A CITY BUILDING: THE UPPER STRUCTURE AS IT STANDS HAS ALMOST THE EFFECT OF A TENEMENT HOUSE, WHILE THE LOWER BUILDING SUGGESTS A COUNTRY RESIDENCE.





A WINDOW BOX OF MOSAIC WORK IN LIGHT AND DARK GREEN ON A BACKGROUND OF WHITE, WITH A BORDER OF DARK GREEN: THIS BOX IS ESPECIALLY EFFECTIVE FILLED WITH FERNS.

WINDOW BOX OF THIN STRIPS OF BIRCH STAINED BROWN, SET IN A LATTICE PATTERN OVER A BACKGROUND OF BIRCH BARK: RED GERANIUMS ARE MOST DECORATIVE IN THIS BOX.

flowers and greenery add to the city. The parks, parkways, squares and triangles which relieve the grayness of the city streets are under the supervision of the Park Department. The increase of window-boxes, vines and decorated areas has been due largely to the stimulation given by the Committee on Flowers, Vines and Area Planting of the Municipal Art Society. Its method of working has been most thorough and consistent. It has constituted itself, first of all, a bureau of general and detailed information on the planting and arrangement of window-boxes and on the care and treatment of the vines and flowers calculated to grow under city conditions.

Every year this Committee donates seeds to the New York Kindergarten Association, a philanthropic organization which numbers about eighteen hundred children living in the tenement districts. The teachers, in their classrooms, give the children instructions about the seeds and how to plant them, and it has been found in the mothers' meetings that the parents also take a great deal of interest in the window-boxes. Arbor Day is an established custom in the public schools. The exercises are most elaborate and the entire day is given over to the celebration. The pathetic part of it is that the Board of Education, not having sufficient money in its control, is frequently unable to furnish even a suggestion of a tree to wreathe the celebration upon. When it is a possible thing, this Committee presents the school with a focus for its exercises and furnishes something that it can plant. For the most part, the work of the Committee has been rather to stimulate the appreciation of natural decoration throughout the city, yet, although it makes no claim to be a philanthropic society, it contributes every year several hundred dollars' worth of seeds or shrubs and sometimes trees to other institutions of the city.

THERE are many difficulties in planting a vine against an institution directly upon the street. First, every dog and cat in the neighborhood mark it for their own and lie upon it, gnaw it, and if possible, scratch it up. But these trifling obstacles to growth may be counterbalanced by a wire guard. The guard consists of stout, fine-meshed chicken wire bent in a half circle about the roots of the vine and serves the purpose if they are heavily padlocked to staples driven into the walls of the building, otherwise their semi-circular form appeals too strongly to the imagination of the roving small boy as a baseball mask.

Having protected the vines by guards and the guards with locks, there is still the difficulty of thieves. The chairman of the Committee says that many a time she has gone to bed in the proud consciousness that some bare-walled school or church had a dozen flour-

ishing vines secure in padlocked guards starting about its foundation, and found on the following morning, not one. The Committee is contemplating a new guard too high to be reached over, but this would be unsightly on the building if it were large enough to allow the vine to spread, as it always must, and this would probably be an insurmountable objection to vines in the eyes of the institution.

If it were the love of green things that prompted this robbery, it would be easy to forgive; but frequently, it is feared, the vines find their way back to some florist shop and often the nature of the traces about make it appear an act of mere vandalism. One has to be persistent, and to be imbued with a real faith in human nature and an earnest desire for its good to belong to this Committee. Nevertheless, wherever there is found a corner, between two public buildings, wherein something might be made to grow that will contribute to the beauty and restfulness of the street, the Committee goes to the heads of these institutions and suggests that a vine or garden should be started. In some cases, when the need seems especially obvious, and the people in control are either too busy or too obstinate to be public-spirited, a photograph is made of the place as it stands and at the same time an accurate water color sketch is prepared to show what beauty the place might be made to achieve. These are presented side by side to those in charge of the buildings, and frequently the desired result is obtained.

The ideas that vines are harmful to a building, make the interiors damp and bring mosquitoes to the place are proved to be utterly false. Numberless hospitals and schools are covered from top to bottom with clinging masses of Japanese or English ivy, and these are hardly the places where one would expect to find any unsanitary condition. As to their weakening a building, those who entertain this idea can be referred to the old English manors and the buildings of English universities, which are wreathed in vines so old that their stems are the size of small trees. The leaves of vines used for house decoration are not sufficiently large or hollow to hold water enough to breed mosquitoes, and mosquitoes breed only in stagnant water. There may be pools in the vicinity or vessels of water left in the areaways which breed such pests, but the vines cannot have anything to do with it. An interesting study of what a vine can add in the way of interest and attractiveness to a brick building is found in the pictures shown of three institutions, two with and one without vines. One of these illustrations shows a very skilfully trained ivy that, by following closely the lines of the architecture, robs the building of none of the beauty of its construction and enhances the charm of the vine by the frequent window-like openings in the midst of the greenery.

The Committee meets with very little opposition in the cases of the hotels and business houses which, in most instances, have been not only glad to act upon suggestions made to them but frequently have been very grateful for them. The idea of beautifying their buildings and their streets appeals to them immediately as good business policy, and usually the thought of window-gardens has never occurred to them. One of the pictures used with this article shows how attractive this form of decoration has made a dressmaking establishment in New York. Here every colonial window has a flower-box and the entrance is decorated by bay-trees in tubs.

THE Committee has used every opportunity to bring its purpose before public notice. When the Federation of Women's Clubs met at the Hotel Astor, they decorated the back of the room with a hundred beautiful boxes filled with vines, flowers and ferns. This method brought the work of the Committee under the notice of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand women who passed this decoration in entering and leaving the room. In similar ways, as well as with a continuous circulation of reading matter, the Committee has sought to establish this point of view.

Two very effective window-boxes are given as illustration; one is of mosaic work, the pattern made from a conventionalized ivy leaf done in dark and light green set into a background of white; the border about the edge is also in the two shades of green, which most effectively blend with the ferns that fill them. The second is of thin strips of birch, stained brown, set in a lattice pattern over a background of birch bark, the edges finished with a birch withe left in its natural state. This box is filled with red geraniums, lemon verbena, heliotrope and foliage plants, all of which have strong, hardy natures. Indeed, the choicest window-box for city use is not one whose contents are rare and delicate blooms, but one where the endurance of the flowers and vines is second to nothing but their luxuriance. In making a window-box the greatest care must be expended in preparing the soil. The ideal soil is composed of three-fifths rotted turf, one-fifth well-decomposed cow manure, one-tenth sand and one-tenth leaf mold. This can be got from any florist. Pulverized sheep manure, fifty cents for a ten-pound package, or bone meal, which costs thirty cents for five pounds, mixed with soil makes an excellent foundation for healthy plants. A cupful of bone meal should be mixed with every half-bushel of soil, or in a box eight feet long, five pounds of the manure should be used, thoroughly blended with the earth before filling the box. One of the cheapest and very best fertilizers that can be used is the sweepings from the street.

In the matter of plants, there are certain regulation window-box fillers which nothing can surpass. Except in particular cases, trailing vines that hang several feet below the edge of the box do a great deal toward harmonizing the flowers with the surrounding walls. For such an effect German or Kenilworth ivy are the most effective and easiest to grow. For edging the box, the "Wandering Jew", either the green or variegated variety is very useful. For a center, Boston fern or the fragrant lemon verbena gives shade to the rest of the box and makes a thick background. Few flowers surpass the heliotrope, geranium and petunia for constant bloom and effective color. When a box is to be placed in a shady area, fuchsias are the best flowers, as they need almost no sun, and tuberous begonias form a very brilliant edge to the box, but they are costly, as compared to other flowers, while the nasturtium is the economical friend of every window-box, howe'er it may be located.

The householder who, when he closes his house for the summer, leaves behind him boxes in a thriving condition which may be easily taken charge of by a caretaker or left to the nourishment of nature, is giving both pleasure and inspiration to those who are left within the city. On his return these may be replaced by hardy window-gardens or dwarf evergreens and box. One of the illustrations shows the first winter window decoration that appeared in Philadelphia. This was four years ago and it secured a great deal of notice in a city which now has some of the loveliest window-gardens to be found.

When the owner of an apartment house objects to window-boxes, no matter how carefully the walls may be protected from the surplus water by the placing of dripping pans below, it is of course impossible to enjoy them. At one time the police, under a misapprehension, endeavored to do away with window-boxes in several parts of the city, but upon investigation, it was found that the law of New York City, section 671, sanctions the use of window-boxes under the following conditions, which are worth quoting:

"It shall not be lawful for any person to place or keep on any window-sill, railing, or balcony, top of porch, or any other projection from any house or other building in the City of New York, any earthen flower-pots, wooden box, or other article or thing whatever, for the cultivation or retention of flowers, shrubs, vines or any other article or thing whatever, unless every such flower-pot, box, or other article is securely and firmly fastened or protected by iron railings, so fastened as to render it impossible for any such pot, box, or other article to fall into the street, under a penalty of ten dollars for every offense, to be recovered in the manner now specified by law for the collection of fines imposed for the violation of ordinances of the corporation."

CREATION MYTH OF THE COCHANS (YUMA INDIANS): BY NATALIE CURTIS

On the banks of the Colorado River, a few miles north of Mexico and just at the boundary line of Southern California and Arizona, live the Yuma Indians, or "Cochans," as the Indians call themselves. The desert which stretches on each side of the river is their home. Amid the timber that follows the river's course—the cottonwood and mesquite trees, sage and cactus of the desert—the Cochans build their huts of cottonwood poles, plastered with mud and thatched with arrow-weed. The blue sky overhead is rarely darkened by a rain cloud; the treeless mountains cut their jagged outline sharp against the horizon, while the sand hills stretch tawny and golden beyond the green of the river bank.

The creation legend of the Cochans is ancient, but the interpolation of the white man is of course a later addition to the tale. According to the Cochans the white man is "in the west," for the first white men seen by the Yumas were the Spaniards who came from California, which at that time was still a part of Mexico. It will be seen throughout the legend that the Cochans believe that they themselves migrated to their present home from the north.

EOPLE! Behold, thus it was in the beginning:—All was water: there was no sky, no land, no living thing. Then, as the waters moved, the waves dashed spray aloft, and foam; and the foam and the spray thickened into mist and rested above the waters and became the sky. But there was neither sun, nor moon, nor star. All was darkness. Kokomaht (God) dwelt beneath the waters—a nameless being made out of the Nothing—and he was two. And the twain made thunder beneath the waters, and the waters heaved, and up through the floods rose the first of the twain. As he passed through the waters he closed his eyes; then when he had risen he bathed his eyes and opened them and saw. So thus he stood upon the waters, seeing, and named himself Kokomaht, maker and father of all.

And the second of the twain called to Kokomaht from beneath the waters, and asked, "How went you up:—with closed eyes, or open eyes?"

And Kokomaht made answer falsely, thus: "As I came through the floods I opened my eyes."

Now the second believed, and as he rose he opened his eyes, and the waters rushed in upon his eyes, and behold! when he had come up through the waters he was blind. Kokomaht then named him Bakotahl, the Blind. And Kokomaht was good, and Bakotahl was evil.

So the twain stood upon the waters in the midst of darkness, for as yet there was no land. Kokomaht asked of Bakotahl, "Where is the north?"

Bakothal knew not, and pointed to the south. "No," said Kokomaht, "that is not the north."

But Bakotahl found not the north, for he was blind. Then said Kokomaht, "Behold, I will show you how to make four directions.

This is north." And he pointed to the north. Then he walked upon the waters four steps northward and stood for a moment, and then came back to his starting-place. Then he said, "Lo, this shall be west!" And he walked upon the waters four steps westward, and stood for a moment and then came back to his starting-place. Even so he made the south, stepping four times southward; and the east, stepping four times eastward; and then at last he stood still at the central starting-place.

Then Kokomaht took the hand of Bakotahl (because the Blind One knew not the directions) and he pointed with it north, west, south, east. But the Blind, who saw not, would not believe. But he said nothing.

Then Kokomaht said, "Lo, now I will disperse the waters and make Earth!"

And the Blind, believing not, said, "How will you do this thing? Think you that you can make Earth in truth?"

"Yes, that can I," said Kokomaht.

And the Blind said, "Let me be the first to try this thing."

But Kokomaht answered, "Nay, I will not."

And Kokomaht turned and faced the north and stooped over the waters and with his hand stirred the waters to a whirlpool. And the waters rose and then went down, and as they ebbed land appeared. And Kokomaht seated himself upon the earth.

Now Bakotahl was bad of heart because he might not make the land. He would have liked to go elsewhere. But he, too, seated himself upon the earth. Then he thought, "I will take of this earth and make a being, with head, arms, legs, feet and hands." So he made of clay an image like a man; but it was not right. The hands were not divided into fingers or the feet into toes. When the image was finished Bakotahl laid it behind him where Kokomaht might not see it.

Now Kokomaht said in his heart, "I will make man." And he took clay and made an image with head, arms, legs, hands and feet: it was perfect. "This is man," he said. Then he made another image, and this one, too, was perfect. "This is woman," he said. And he took the first image and lifted it and swung it back and forth four times, northward, and stood it upon its feet upon the earth. And behold, it was a living man! And he took the second image and swung it back and forth four times northward, and stood it on its feet upon the earth. And behold, it was a living woman!

Now Bakotahl had in this time made seven images, but he himself knew not what they were. And Kokomaht saw them and said, "What have you made there?"

And Bakothal answered, "Lo, these are men that I am making."

Then Kokomaht said, "Lift your hand and touch and feel these that I have made."

And Bakotahl felt of the man and the woman that Kokomaht had made. They were perfect, with face, eyes, hands and fingers: they were perfect.

And Kokomaht said to the Blind, "What then seek you to make of these that you have made?"

And Bakotahl answered, "Of all these I shall make men."

Now on the hands of his images the Blind had made no fingers, nor upon the feet had he made toes. Kokomaht said, "What will they do if they are hurt in battle? Behold, they have no fingers!"

Bakotahl said, "If they are hurt, they will heal themselves."

Kokomaht said, "Behold, I have made fingers, yea, even fingernails. If one finger is hurt, it can be cut off, and there yet will be four fingers left. And my people can hold things, for they can put their fingers together, as one, even like the hands of your creatures, or they can spread their fingers apart. All things can they do with their hands."

And Kokomaht looked upon the images of Bakotahl and beheld how they were sore imperfect, and he lifted his foot and spurned them into the waters.

Now Bakotahl was angered and hot with rage, and he leaped into the water, to make Sickness that should destroy the people of Kokomaht. And as he went down beneath the waves there was a noise as of thunder. Out from the waters he blew a whirlwind*; but Kokomaht lifted his foot and stepped upon the whirlwind and quenched it. But the whirlwind was very strong and when Kokomaht lifted his foot a little breath of the whirlwind slipped out, and this it is that has brought all sickness to the people of the earth.

Now Kokomaht was alone, save for the one man and the one woman, and these twain were the Cochans (Yumas). Then Kokomaht made two people more, man and woman, and these were the Cocopahs. Then he made the Dieguienos, man and woman, and the Mojaves, man and woman. Then he stopped and pondered. He had made people of four kinds. And now he worked again and made the Apaches, then the Maricopas, then the Pimas, then the Coahuillas, again people of four kinds. Then he labored again, until he had made, in all, people of twenty-four kinds, and the last twain that he made were the white people.

* Several Southwestern tribes believe that the whirlwind brings sickness, and among some tribes medicine-men destroy the sickness by piercing the whirlwind with an arrow.

Now behold all these living beings on the earth who knew not how they should live. And the first man, the Cochan, said to Kokomaht, "Behold, we know not how to live!"

And Kokomaht answered, "Think in your heart. You cannot be always a lone and separate being. Join with another, and bring forth children."

And Kokomaht begat a son, to teach the people, and the child was conceived of the Nothing and born without a mother, yet was he in form even as a man; and Kokomaht called him Komashtam'ho. And when the people understood, they lived no more apart as man and woman, but joined each with the other, and reared children unto themselves. Now when thus there were many people upon the earth, Kokomaht said, "Behold what I will do! It is dark; I will make light." So he made the Moon, and then the Morning Star.

Now the son, Komashtam'ho, as he waxed older began to ponder and think in his heart that he too would one day make something. The different kinds of people were now grouped in different places on the earth. But Kokomaht knew that his own work was finished.

Now behold, among the people was a woman, Hanyi, the Frog, and her heart was bad toward Kokomaht, and she fain would destroy him. So she crept down under the earth. Now Kokomaht knew her heart, for he knew all things, even the hearts of all the people he had made. But it was thus: Kokomaht himself willed to die, that he might teach men how to die, even as he had taught men how to live. For he knew that all men must die, else would the world be too full of people.

Now Hanyi crept down into the ground beneath the place where Kokomaht was standing, and she pulled out his breath till his throat was dry, and he wandered this way and that, knowing not whither he went. For Hanyi was a sorceress, and she had the power of the frog; for the frog has great power: if you throw it into the fire, it cannot be burned, it will jump here and there and then jump out. Kokomaht sickened, and lay down, and thought soon to die. Now there was no day or night, but only moonlight all the while; for as yet was there no light save that of the moon and of the one star.

So Kokomaht lay dying, and he called all his people about him, and they gathered, all save the white man, who lingered by himself in the west. The white man was crying because his hair was curled and his skin was white. Komashtam'ho looked up and beheld the white man sitting by himself in the west, weeping thus, and Komashtam'ho rose and went to him, and took a stick of wood, and set another stick of wood across it and said, "Here, you may ride this!" And behold, it was a horse! So he comforted the white man with gifts

to ease his crying. For the white man was the youngest of all peoples; he was made the last, and he was even as a child, petulant and wilful, crying for all that he saw, and never appeased until all had been given to him. So unto the white man did Komashtam'ho give all the good things of the earth, for the Indians were older and could better bear deprivation and hardship.

So Kokomaht died, to show men the road of death, even as he had shown men the road of life. And now Komashtam'ho pondered in his heart how he might change the world so that there would be night and day. And he spat on his hand, and with his finger he rolled the spittle to a disc, and he took the disc and threw it to the east. Then he said to all the people, "This is the Sun, and it will move from the eastern sky to the western."

Then he thrust the sun down under the earth, and the darkness returned. And now he spat on his finger and sprinkled the sky, and lo, there were many stars. Then he told the people, "Behold, these are stars. But you will see them only at night. In the day, you never will see them."

But the people believed not, for Kokomaht, who had made all things, was dead.

Now Komashtam'ho would burn the body of Kokomaht; but as yet there was no wood for poles and logs—there were no cottonwood or willow trees, as now. So Komashtam'ho summoned the wood from the north, and when it was come he made a great funeral pyre.

Now Kokomaht, whilst he had lain nigh unto death, had called unto him the Coyote, and had said, "Take my heart. Be good. Do what is right."

And the Coyote thought that Kokomaht meant that he should take the heart from Kokomaht's body, and eat it.

Now all was ready for the burning, but Komashtam'ho knew that the Coyote had it in his heart to eat the heart of Kokomaht. So when the sun was rising, Komashtam'ho said to the Coyote:

"Go, fetch the light wherewith to kindle the fire." And the Coyote leaped four times to the east and lifted his hand and reached toward the sunrise. And now, while the Coyote was thus gone seeking light, Komashtam'ho quickly took a stick and fitted it into a hole in a piece of wood, and twirled the stick between his palms till fire sprang from the end of it. Thus did Komashtam'ho show the people how to make fire, and so was the first fire kindled for the burning of Kokomaht. And Komashtam'ho lit the funeral pyre, for he would that Kokomaht's body should be burned before the Coyote might return. Behold, all the people were gathered save the white

man, and he desired not to see the burning and stayed afar. But the people wept not, or mourned, for as yet they understood not what death was. Now the fire had been burning but a little time when the Coyote returned. The people closed in together about the pyre because they knew that the Coyote would try to leap upon the pyre to take the heart of Kokomaht. Among the people was the Badger, and he was so low of stature that the Coyote, at a bound, leapt over him, even upon the pyre, and seized the heart of Kokomaht. Then he leapt off at the other side, and ran swiftly away. All the animals who were fleet of foot chased him, but none could catch him.

Then Komashtam'ho called aloud after the Coyote; "You will nevermore do good. You will be a wild man with no dwelling house, and naught to call your own. You will steal, for you will of yourself own nothing, and for your thefts you will be killed."

Thus Komashtam'ho proclaimed it before all the people, and they knew henceforth what the Coyote was.

The people stood all around the burning pyre and then they began to weep and cry. They understood not sickness and death, but Kokomaht had shown them that men must sicken and die. Yet the people could not believe that Kokomaht would not longer live among them, and they looked for him to come again. Then Komashtam'ho said,

"You will nevermore see Kokomaht. He has died. If he were to live, all men would live, and the world would not hold all the people who would be alive. This is why Kokomaht has died—to teach you."

And the people wept. They thought that the Frog was afar, for she had run away from the people in the same direction as the Coyote. The people would fain have killed the Frog because she was a sorceress; the Frog knew this, so she hid herself under the ground. But now when the people wept, she came out and listened, and when she heard the people grieve she went down into the ground again and resolved, out of fear of the people, to move elsewhere. So the frog lives ever out of sight.

Now by the burning of Kokomaht all the country round about was set in flames and there was a mighty heat from the fire, so that forever afterward the land is hot.

When the great fire was over and all had been burned, the people sat together in the same place. But the Cocopah Indians wanted not to be close to the Cochans, and they stayed apart from them, and the Maricopas wanted to be near to the Cocopahs. But the Mojaves, Apaches and Dieguienos drew nigh to the Cochans, and so today these tribes live near together. Now, as the people sat, they saw a little whirlwind forming near the place where Kokomaht

had been burned. And the people rose up and said, "What is there?"

And Komashtam'ho answered, "That is Kokomaht. His spirit is now soul only, and that is he. He will be elsewhere than here—maybe north, or west, or east, or south. He will never tire nor hunger, and he will always be happy. People, grieve not."

Thus he taught the people. When he had told them this, they understood and watched, and saw a whirlwind all around the place where the fire had been. Komashtam'ho said:

"He will always be happy, but I—I am not happy. Would that he were alive!"

Now the Cochans believe that when they die, they go not to this place or that, as the white people teach, nor are they punished or rewarded. In death all men are equal. When they die, they are again with those whom they love and who belong to them, no matter how bad or how good they may be. But the life after death is fair, and corn grows plentifully, and all are young and strong—happy with those who love them and whom they love—and that is all.

Komashtam'ho now chose a man, Marhokuvek, to help him to think and to plan all things that now must be made and all that now must be done. Marhokuvek thought; then he looked upon the people and said to them:

"Because you all have lost your father, you should cut your hair as a sign of mourning."

So all the people cut their hair. And Marhokuvek called the birds and the animals and cut their hair—for in the beginning the animals were persons, even as men. Now when this was done, Komashtam'ho thought, and he said:

"These animals and birds look not well thus: I will make of them persons no longer, but animals." And now when they were just wild animals, Komashtam'ho said:

"I would fain kill them all." But Marhokuvek said:

"Nay, do not that!"

So they called the Rain, for Komashtam'ho would cause a flood that should destroy the animals. Now many of the beasts perished in the flood, but not all; for if there should come so great a flood that all the animals would drown, the Indian peoples would die of the cold, for their country is hot because of the burning of Kokomaht and so the Indians cannot bear cold. Marhokuvek told Komashtam'ho to spare the animals for the sake of the people, and Komashtam'ho stopped the rain. So the world is full of animals as well as men, but the animals are wild, and since that time men and animals live no more together, but are fearful of each other.

Now Kokomaht had had a dwelling house in the north. And

Komashtam'ho would not that the house should stay when Kokomaht was dead. For when a man dies and his spirit goes forth, the spirit of all that he possessed should follow him into the other life; therefore the people destroy the earthly belongings of the dead man, that the souls of these things may be still the property of him who is gone. Also, when a man has passed to where no man may behold him, it is not good to look upon anything that had belonged to him who is gone. The sight of such a thing calls to mind the dead one: we see his house, but him no more, and this keeps the heart ever sad and makes such constant sorrow that he who is still alive sickens with pining and with grievous thoughts. What we cannot help we should not ponder upon, lest we grow weak of heart. Therefore the Yuma Indians burn all that belonged to the dead man, the house and all his things, and move elsewhere to a dwelling that holds no memory of the absent one. Never again may the name of the dead man be spoken, and life for the remaining ones begins anew upon another road.

So Komashtam'ho would destroy the house of Kokomaht. He took a pole and thrust it into the ground before the house and shook it from side to side, this way and that, four times, till it pierced so deep that, behold! water was all around the end of it. Then he thrust the pole along making a rut, southward, and struck the house with the pole, and it broke and fell. And the waters flowed all along the rut made by the pole, and behold! this flowing water was the Colorado River.

Now the people without fingers or toes that Bakotahl had made were beneath the waters, and as the river passed by the Indian peoples these people of Bakotahl's making arose and floated down upon the river. And behold! they were ducks, and water-creatures, with webbed hands and feet. Komashtam'ho stood beside the river, and knew who these creatures were, and he tried to catch them. But they would not come near, and kept only in the water. Then Komashtam'ho called to the young—the little fledglings, but they answered not, nor came; so he said:

"You have wings, but you may not fly as other birds. You shall remain forever near the water, as water-fowl." And to this day water-fowl are frightened of men, and come not near when they are called, but speed quickly away.

Now Kahk, the Crow, was a good farmer. After the river was made, he brought corn and seeds of all kinds. He flew southward to the Gulf of California, stopping four times by the way and crying, "kahk, kahk!" And at each of these four stopping-places a mountain arose. So he brought seeds from the south, that the people might plant after the overflow of the river.

Some say that the mountains of the earth other than these four were made in the beginning by Kokomaht. When the land was not yet dry Kokomaht pushed the wet clay to this side and that with his hands, heaping it into mountains. Others say that the waves broke on the newly risen land, and, as they dashed up over the country, they destroyed not the land, but stayed as they were, hardened into mountains.

Now the peoples had been divided; some had gone here, some there; but Komashtam'ho would keep the Cochans ever under his protection. So he said:

"Behold, I am now only one, so I cannot thus be with you always, for I must sometimes be elsewhere. So I will become four. I will change my name: I will no more be Komashtam'ho, but Eshpah-kohmal, White Eagle." And Komashtam'ho changed and became as four eagles. The Black Eagle, Eshpah-kwinyil, went to the west, where the sky always is dark with clouds and rain. The Brown Eagle, Eshpah-etsikwitsa, went to the south. This eagle has little power; he only dips in the water and catches fish to eat. The fourth eagle was called Eshpah-kwamait, which means Eagle-Unseen, for no man sees that eagle, The White Eagle was ever in the north, even from the time when Komashtam'ho changed himself.

When Komashtam'ho thus had become four, he dwelt no more among the Yuma people as a man, because all the peoples were divided: some had gone to the north, some to the west, some to the south and some to the east; so he might no more be in just one place. Yet he would ever guard and protect the Cochans, and in dreams give them power from Kokomaht. So Kokomaht teaches the people through Komashtam'ho in dreams, saying to them: "Think on me; follow my word, and bid the sick remember me!"

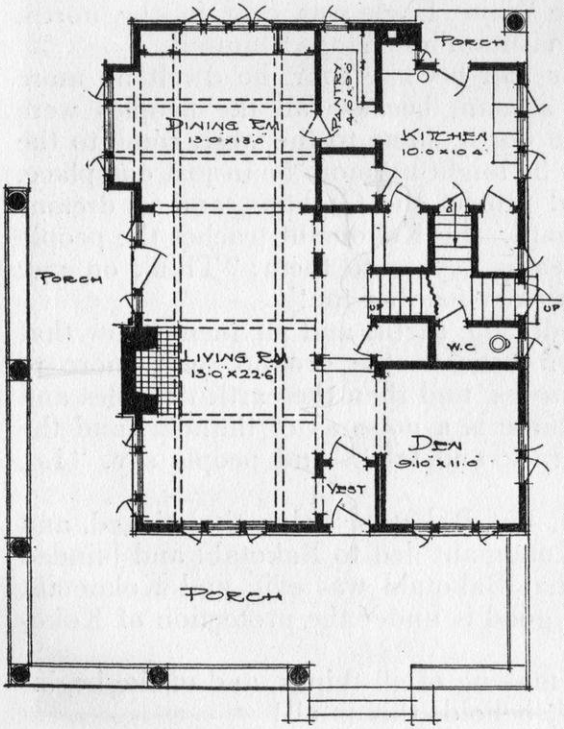
Bakotahl, the Blind, is under the earth, and all men know that he is evil. He is lying down beneath the ground, nevermore to come out, but sometimes he moves, and then the earth trembles and shakes; when he turns over, there is a noise as of thunder, and the earth opens and mountains crack and fall. And people say, "Lo, the Blind One stirs below!"

Kokomaht helps the good, but Bakotahl helps the wicked, and this is why in the beginning Kokomaht lied to Bakotahl and blinded him. For Kokomaht knew that Bakotahl was evil, and Kokomaht willed only good to men. All good is under the protection of Kokomaht.

Lo, this is the story of the making of all things, and of the beginning of the Cochans. People, behold, this is all!

VARIED BUILDING MATERIALS HARMONIOUSLY BLENDED IN TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES: INTERESTING COLOR SCHEMES GIVEN

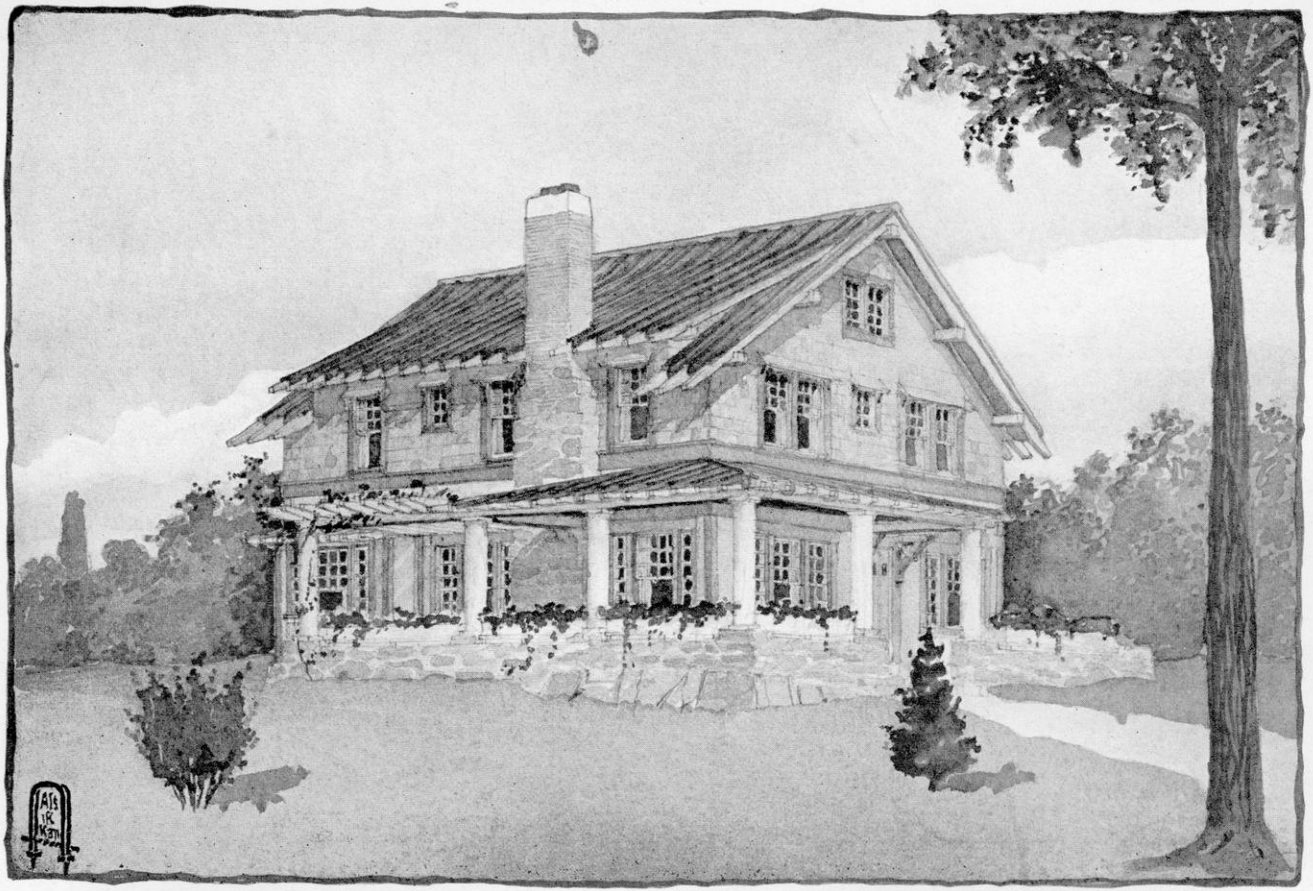
BESIDES the attractiveness due to design and structure, the two houses contained in this issue of THE CRAFTSMAN, show how interesting a building may be made when materials of different textures and colors are used in the walls, provided they are capable of blending harmoniously. The first house combines in its walls stone, cement and wood; the second is built of brick, wood and slate with tile trimmings.



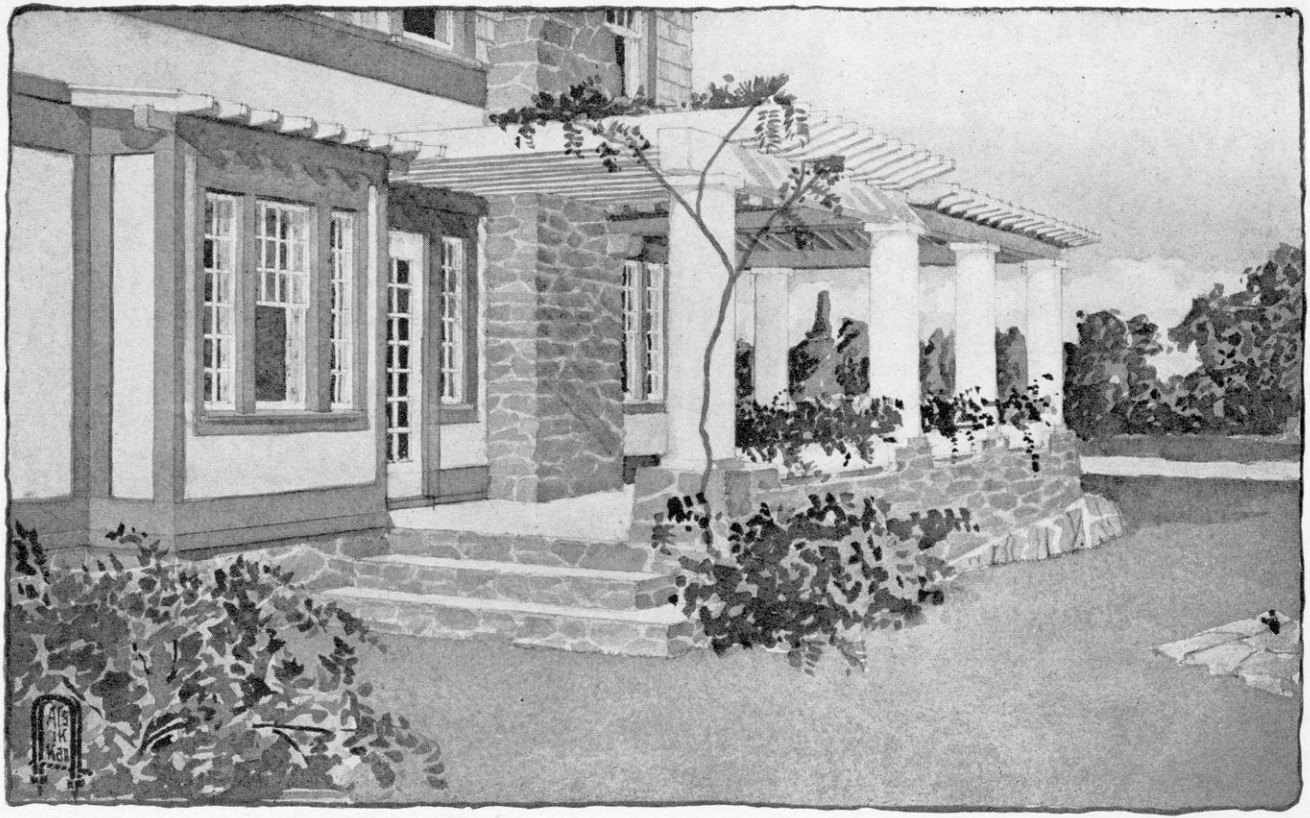
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF STONE, CEMENT AND WOOD: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

Only the exterior of the first house is given. The elevation shows it to have a dormer construction broken through the roof, which always gives an agreeably informal appearance to a house, as the main roof projecting below the dormer makes the building look so comfortably broad and roomy. Both purlins and rafters are left exposed and the roofs of both house and porch are covered with a composition roofing, a particularly good shade of dull green in this design, although it may also be had in red and slate color. Where the strips meet, over each rafter, a batten of chemically treated cypress is laid and the dull brown against the green makes an interesting variation of color in any landscape.

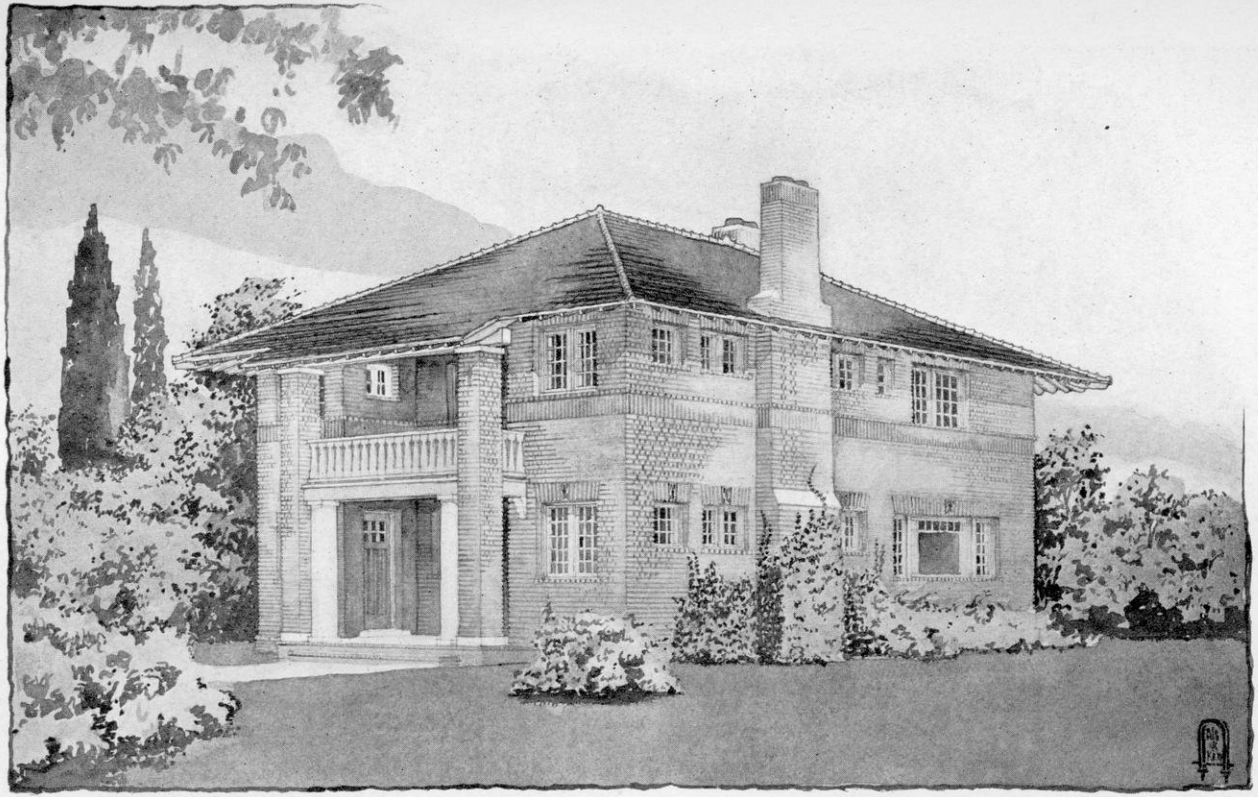
The chimney, coming up through the eaves, is very skilfully constructed. The base is of split field stone, but when the middle of the second story is reached, a rough, deep red brick is gradually introduced and the proportion of it increased until, above the eaves, no stone is used, and a red chimney contrasts pleasingly with the green and brown of the roof. The use of brick gives a lighter effect than



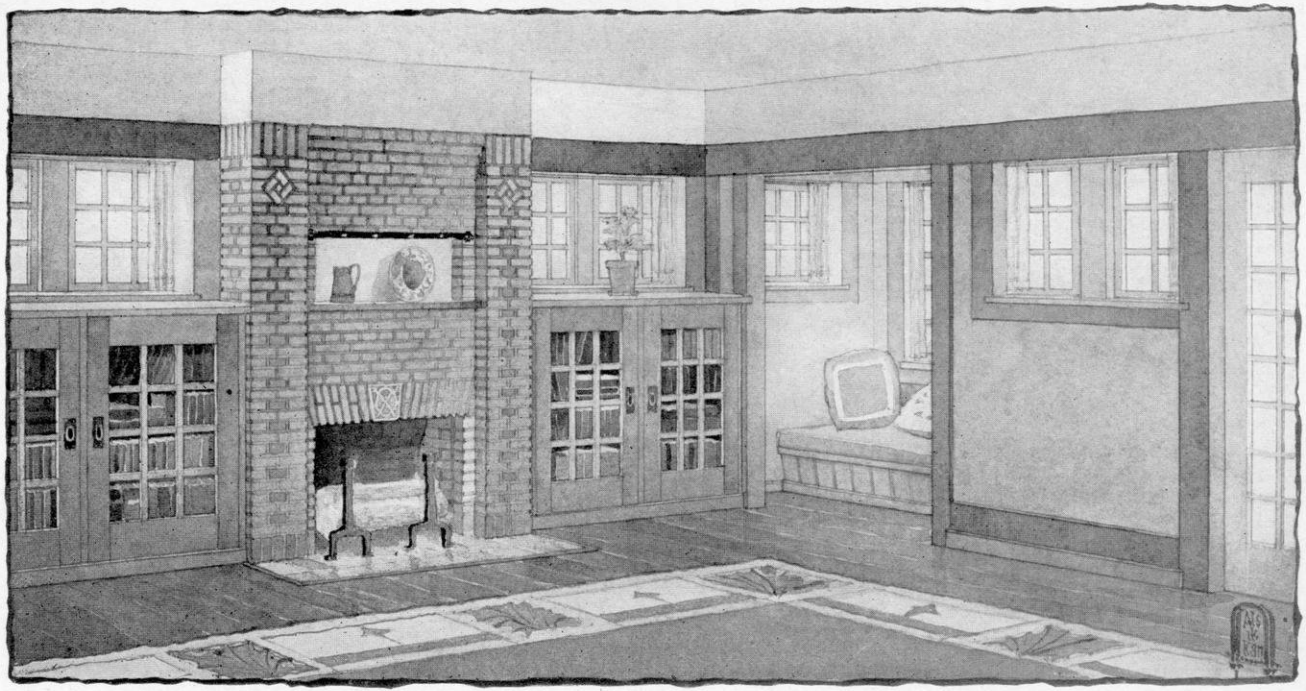
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF STONE, CEMENT AND WOOD,
SHOWING ENTRANCE AND PERGOLA PORCH.



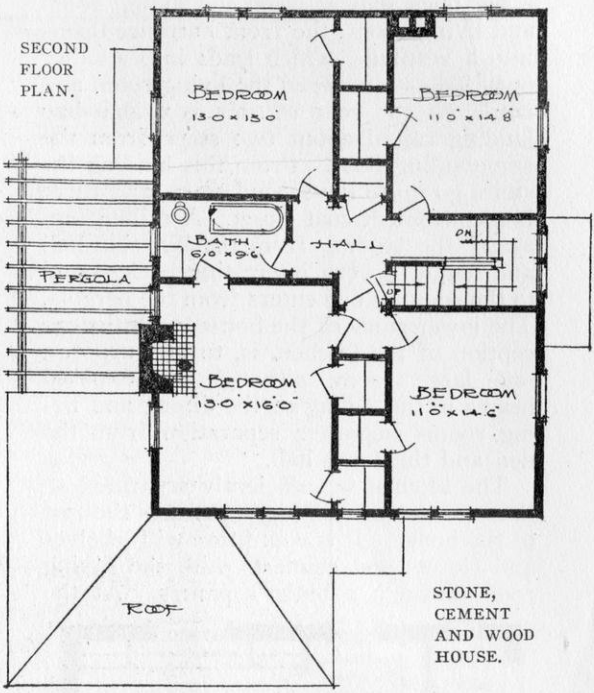
CORNER OF HOUSE ON PAGE 569, SHOWING DETAIL OF PERGOLA AND BAY WINDOW OF DINING ROOM.



CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSE, SHOWING MOST INTERESTING COMBINATION OF ENTRANCE AND SLEEPING PORCH.



LIVING ROOM OF BRICK HOUSE: SHOWING INTERESTING, PRACTICAL DIVISION AND ARRANGEMENT OF WALL SPACE AT ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM.



stone and is more in keeping with the type of house, although at the lower story, the heavy stone parapet calls for similar masonry in the chimney. It is this arrangement of heavy and light materials that gives the house its noticeably settled and permanent appearance. The building is a creamy gray in color, except where cypress trimmings are used and the covering of the porch repeats the green and brown of the main roof.

The upper story is covered with rived shingles left unstained. No other wood wall-covering has the beautiful hue and texture of the hand-split product. It weathers to a silvery hue that sawn shingles never take on, and the irregularities of the surface give an occasional deepening to the tint, which, by varying the color, adds to the interest of the wall and makes a softer texture.

The windows of the second story are hooded and are both casement and the double-hung variety. The double-hung window has a single pane of glass in the lower sash and the upper has six small panes; this contrast makes a very attractive effect seen from the outside and also obviates looking out through small panes, which some people dislike to do. Throughout the lower story are casements, or grouped windows, consisting of a double-hung window made in the fashion of those on the second story, with a single casement set on either side of it.

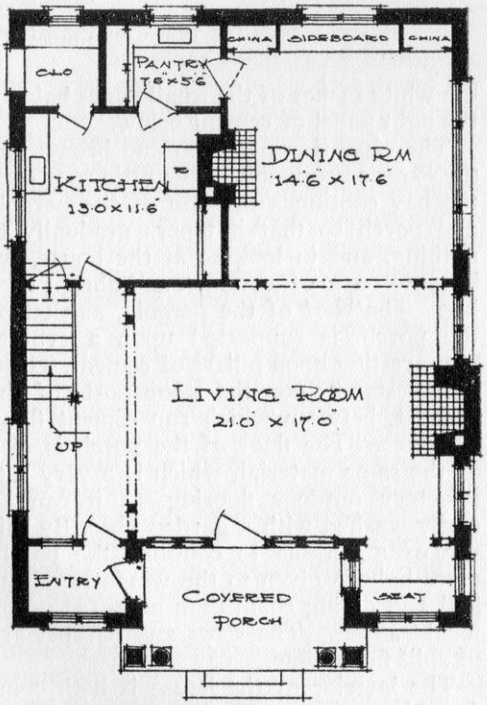
The remainder of the exterior of the house may be more accurately described from the detail showing the pergola and the bay window of the dining room. The walls are very interesting on account of the variety and proportion of the materials used and the number and arrangement of the windows. The field of the walls is of creamy gray cement framed in the chemically treated cypress. This wood frames the windows and is used in the belt course; notice the little projection of the upper part of this belt course upon the lower; it adds a dark line of shadow to what would otherwise be a flat, uninteresting surface. No cement shows above the windows, but the white sashes of the small panes balance the light panel of cement below.

The repetition of green and brown and the exposed supports of the little roof over the bay continues the line of the pergola and porch so that it tapers gradually to nothing, and in looking at the house, we have no sense of a sudden and abrupt ending. The roof of the pergola, as that of the porch, is supported upon a cypress beam resting upon pillars of cement. These pillars stand upon the stone posts of the parapet, between which run cement flower-boxes. The floor of the porch is also of the same material, which is a very satisfactory outdoor flooring, as it can be easily washed with a garden hose. By this use of a pergola to continue the porch, more light is given to the windows of the hall and dining room than a roofed porch would admit. The steps and parapet are of split field stone.

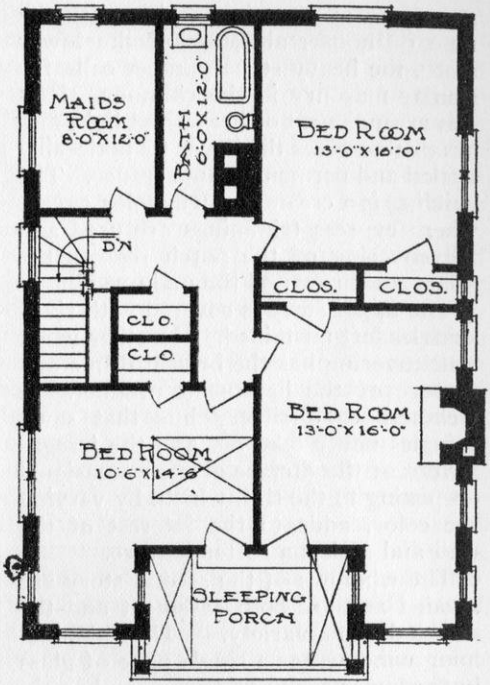
The interior of the house is both comfortably and charmingly arranged. The side entrance, under the pergola, leads into

a big open hall between the dining room and living room; the front entrance opens into a vestibule, which leads into another open hallway between the living room and den. At the rear of this is a dais-like landing raised about two steps from the surrounding floor. From this landing the stairs go up to the second story, and there is a convenient coat closet. A railing separates the landing from the big side hall and makes a very interesting background to the room as one enters from the pergola. The lower story of the house, with the exception of the kitchen, is, to all purposes, one large room, although the exposed beams in the ceiling of the dining and living rooms suggest a separation from the den and the front hall.

The kitchen is sufficiently separated so that no odor of cooking penetrates the rest of the house. It is well fitted with shelves and closets and connects with the dining room through a butler's pantry. At the end of another closet two steps lead up to the dais-landing, so that the maid has a direct passage from the kitchen to the door. The upstairs plans explain themselves. A flight of stairs leads to the attic where, if desired, two rooms may be finished for use.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF BRICK, WOOD AND SLATE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF BRICK HOUSE.

THE second house, although perhaps of no greater comfort or convenience than the first, yet expresses in many original touches the meaning and atmosphere of home life. It is simple in outline, but the very plainness of its walls and clean, unbroken angles give it an air of being honestly built, durable as well as comfortable. The variety in the sizes and sorts of windows, although it adds to the interest of the house, also conveys the impression that, before every other consideration, they were built and placed in a manner calculated to contribute the most to the pleasure of living within. They suggest, in some indefinable way, quiet, retired nooks where a person might tuck

himself away to read for an hour with one of the casements throwing sufficient light upon his book. In the same way the design of the porch gives the idea of protection and hospitality. Two square pillars rise to the full height of the walls to support a beam upon which rests the roof, which projects beyond the main eaves to cover the sleeping balcony below. This balcony is supported upon two wooden pillars and upon brackets against the side of the house, and forms the top of the porch on the ground story. The wooden construction stands slightly withdrawn into the house, protected from winter violence, sheltered and cool in the summer's heat, and yet with a friendly air,—standing, as it were, on the threshold of the family and yet emerging just far enough from the house to seem to meet the stranger with a cordial welcome. These characteristics, with the wide slope of the roof and the broad chimney, give to the house beauty and individuality of structure, and the color and texture of the materials used add further beauty and interest.

The walls of the house are of dark red brick set with wide joints. The roof is covered with rough slate, a deep green in color, the angles edged with Spanish tiles that repeat the red of the walls. The exposed rafters and purlins are of cypress chemically treated to a soft brown which, coming between the red of the wall and the green of the roof, weaves the two colors together and brings them into a fuller harmony. Thus the general tone of the house is dark, but this is relieved of all tendency toward somberness by painting white the inner pillars and the sleeping porch that they support, and the frames of the windows. This touch of white brightens the separate colors without spoiling their harmony and gives the aspect of the house a cheeriness that will enable it to stand effectively against any background.

Much of the interest of the walls depends upon the variations in the laying of the bricks. The field of the wall is laid in alternate rows of headers and stretchers. The arrangement of bonding of the individual bricks within the rows forms a running pattern over the field and is known as the Dutch bond. The belt course is a row of vertical stretchers finished at the top with a row of headers, which project in a kind of beading effect beyond the even face of the wall. The sills of the windows are finished in the same manner and the relieving-arches above the lintels are again vertical stretchers, with a colored tile blending in texture and hue, with the rest of the wall used as a keystone.

This use of the tile is repeated in the arch of the chimneypiece shown in the interior view, where, as in the outside walls of the house, the variation and arrangement of the bricks give the chief interest to the construction. An open cupboard lined with cement breaks into the face of the chimneypiece and a black hand-wrought angle-iron binding the top edge is a pleasant emphasis of color in the wall. In this interior we find suggestions of the conveniences that the outside of the house promises and which the plans of the upper and lower floors make more clear.

Upstairs the bedrooms are large and airy, with commodious closets, and the sleeping porch is a good-sized room itself. Below, the big living room runs across the front of the house. At one side the stairs to the second story lead up from a long, raised landing. The house may be entered by French doors opening from the back of the porch directly into the living room, or by the more formal entrance,—a strong and simple door as befits the house, paneled with a group of six lights across the top, which opens first into a vestibule.

The dining room is practically a part of the living room and every wall shows some particular interest. At one end is a built-in sideboard, on either side of which are long china closets. The outside wall is almost wholly taken up in a beautiful group of windows. In the opposite wall is a fireplace. The rooms are arranged not only with an idea to comfort and economy of space, but in such a way that, no matter in what direction one may look, some interesting feature meets the eye.

SPLIT FIELD STONE AS A VALUABLE AID IN THE BUILDING OF ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOWS AND SMALL HOUSES: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

IN this group of six small houses the use of split field stone is especially worthy of notice. The splitting of natural stone brings into sight interesting markings and variegated colors in the rock which are not seen upon the faces that have been exposed to the action of the soil and the weather. This variety in the new surfaces, exposed by the splitting of the stone, makes them blend with almost any color in woodwork and gives a desirable ruggedness to the appearance of a house.

The use of split stones thus treated has been a fairly common custom in the chimneys and foundations of large houses, but there has been a very general feeling that such a heavy material would be quite out of place in a cottage or a bungalow. However, the increase in one-story houses called for an increasing supply and variation in the building materials. Cobblestones were effectively used and these paved the way for an attempt to utilize field stone. Naturally enough, this simple and informal style of architecture found an invaluable aid in the simply prepared masonry, which can be as effectively used inside as outside of the house. A chimney-piece of rough hewn stone fits with delightful appropriateness into a long, low living room, especially where the beams of the ceiling or other structural features are left exposed, and, as the illustrations show, the entire parapets of porches may be made of stone without seeming too heavy for the rest of the house.

The stone may be variously laid; sometimes the joints are trimmed although the faces are left rough, and it may also be laid with the joints following the natural formation of the pieces. In either case, since the faces are comparatively flat, the structural lines are left unbroken, which is not so in cases where the round heads of cobblestones are used. In the houses shown, we find two sorts of stone,—white limestone and two varieties of sandstone, one red and rather soft and the other a much harder variety of a deep cream color.

In the first house red sandstone is used, finished with trimmed joints. The heavy timbers are of Oregon pine and the siding of the house is cedar shingles. The woodwork is stained to a dark green, in the trimmings and in the supporting construction, which is exposed, it is so deep as to be almost black. The steps and the path are of red cement to match the stonework and the whole makes a rich and artistic color combination. The foundation is also of sandstone, but if this were seen, the house, which is naturally low, would lose too much in height; to obviate this a paneled wainscoting extends around the body of the house and covers all except a narrow strip of the foundation near the ground. The house was built for $3,200.

The second house uses the cream colored sandstone, the frames of the windows painted white to match. The joints of the stone are trimmed and the steps and walk are of cement colored to match. The timbers are rough and square sawn and the house is covered with weatherboarding of Oregon pine, stained to a deep brown. The house is a very low rambling structure containing six rooms, with a large porch, almost a room in itself. The cost of this house was $3,000.

The third house contains eight rooms and the cost is consequently somewhat greater. It was built for about $3,800. The stonework is of white limestone, finished with copings of cement. The pieces are irregular in contour but are carefully selected as to size and shape. The supports of the porch roof as well as the parapets are of the stone, and a stone pergola over the drive at the side of the house will make a most attractive entrance and frame to the garden in the rear when the vines which are planted about it grow up and cover it. The entire house, roof and walls are stained to an emerald green. The

A SMALL CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW COSTING $3,200, SHOWING THE USE OF RED SANDSTONE FOR PORCH PILLARS, PORCH FOUNDATION AND CHIMNEY.

A CLAPBOARD HOUSE WITH PORCH FOUNDATION AND CHIMNEY OF CREAM SANDSTONE AND TRIMMING OF CREAM WHITE: COST $3,000.

BUNGALOW COSTING $3,800, WITH WHITE LIMESTONE USED FOR FOUNDATION, PORCH AND PERGOLA: JAPANESE EFFECT IN WOODWORK.

BUNGALOW BUILT FOR $3,300: INTERESTING SIMPLE WOOD CONSTRUCTION, WITH FOUNDATION, PORCH AND PORCH PARAPET OF WHITE LIMESTONE.

$3,000 HOUSE OF WOOD AND STONE, SHOWING COLOR SCHEME OF BLUE-BLACK WOODWORK, WITH WHITE IN STONEWORK AND TRIMMING.

$2,800 CALIFORNIA COTTAGE WITH UNUSUAL WINDOW ARRANGEMENT IN THE ROOF AND WITH PICTURESQUE PORCH PILLARS AND CHIMNEY OF LIMESTONE.

trimmings about the windows are painted white to match the stonework.

In the fourth house the arrangement of the masonry suggests that of the first. This is, however, of white limestone and the joints are not trimmed. Here again we find shingled walls with the wooden paneling covering the foundations. The posts of the porch are very interesting,—a group of four square sawed beams of Oregon pine stand upon the cement coping that finishes the stone posts of the porch. All the woodwork in the house is stained a dark green, except the sashes of the windows, which are white. This house contains seven rooms and the building cost was $3,300.

The fifth house shows more masonry in its construction. Here a pergola continues the porch and extends over the side entrance, and high stone posts rise above the parapet to the eaves of the porch. The color scheme of this house is very peculiar, but nevertheless very attractive. The woodwork is of blue-black stain, and the trimmings are white, as is the limestone used in the masonry. This house was built for $3,000.

The last house of the group, although the smallest and least expensive, since it cost only $2,800, is one of the most interesting structurally. For so small a house it has a great many interesting variations, and yet does not appear crowded or overdecorated. The slant of the roof is very slight, but the house is saved from any appearance of flatness by the shallow dormer which is broken through at the center of the roof, through which light is let in at the top of the living room. Everywhere the timbers used in the construction are left exposed. The porch on the front of the house is largely protected by the main roof and at the side is covered by a pergola construction. The stonework is of white limestone, and the house is stained in two shades of dark green.

In each of the above cases, whatever the color of the house, the stone blends with the surrounding woodwork and adds a certain distinction and solidarity to the whole. With its aid the cottages seem to accomplish that happy position of being neither too dignified nor too insignificant and informal, a position at which it is hard for a small one-story house, not actually in the woods or mountains, to arrive. In most cases the masonry is repeated in the chimneypieces within, and the interior of these houses maintains the same dignified informality which characterizes them from without. Another point in favor of the use of split field stone of any variety is that usually it is so inexpensive. If it had to be quarried and transported to the builder the expense would be a different matter, but in rocky portions of the country when property is being cleared for building, oftentimes a man may find close at hand all the stone that he wants for the small trouble of splitting it.

Another advantage of using the stone native to the environment in the construction of a house is a certain appearance that the house gains of long familiarity with the setting, especially where much of the surrounding property is still left in its natural rugged condition. The use of the stone in the house establishes a link between the building and the country in which it is located that is not the less a powerful influence because it is not obvious. It is these subtle influences that bind a house with neighboring houses or with the landscape, into a pleasing unity that makes us find in some buildings an amount of charm entirely disproportionate to the actual beauty of design that they possess.

Of course, a house must have good structural lines, but it is the attention to matters like these, the taking time to decide correctly whether one style or another of architecture is best suited to the character of the landscape that adds much or takes much from what a house already possesses of beauty and charm.

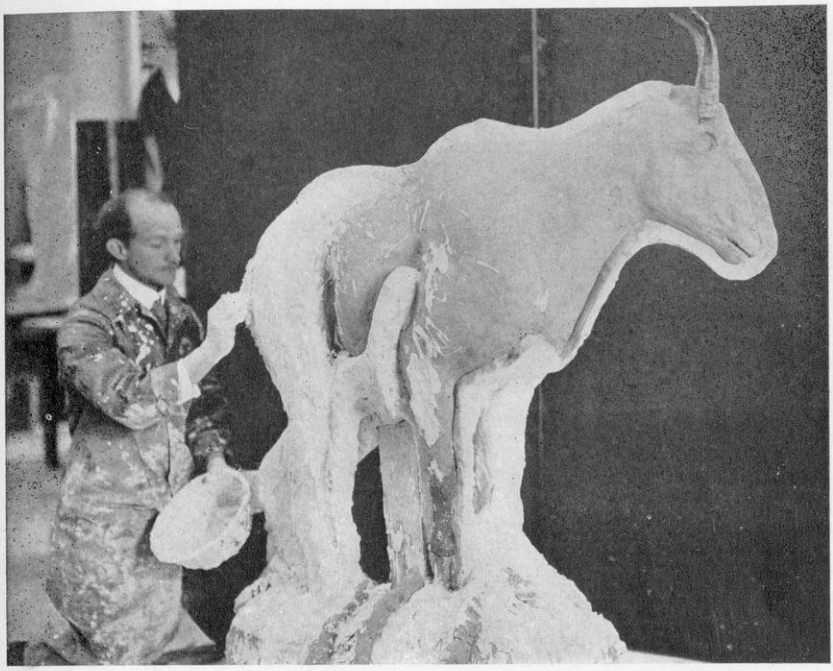
PLASTIC TAXIDERMY; A NEW METHOD OF MOUNTING ANIMALS WHICH INSURES A CLOSE PRESENTATION OF LIFE, AND WHICH IS AT ONCE AN ART AND A CRAFT

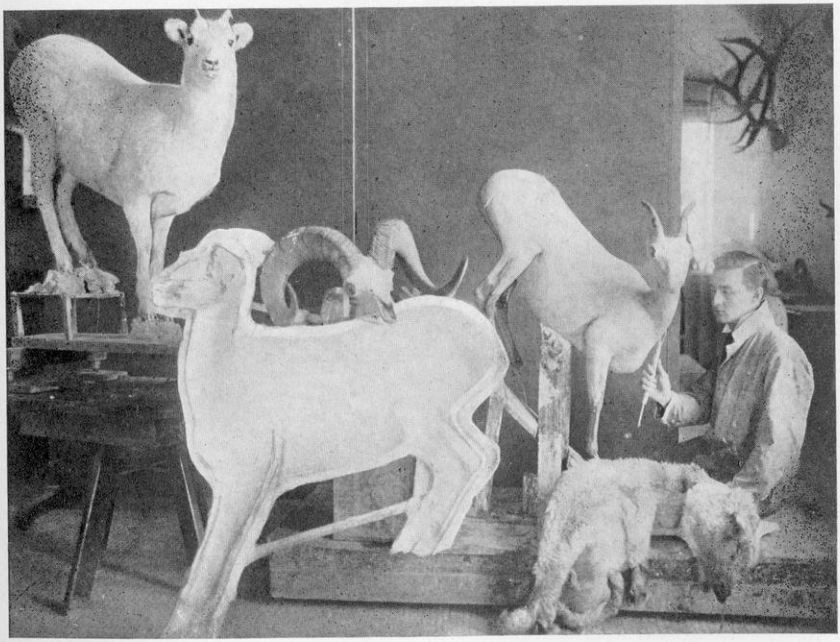
AMONG the brightest days of childhood were those when one was taken to the Natural History rooms. The animals seemed so real that it was next as good as the menagerie; and then too, there was the chance of being able surreptitiously to touch an animal perhaps, which of course one could not do at the zoo. Primarily, one went to be instructed, to trace the evolution of animal forms and to become familiar with the names and appearances of beasts too exclusive and delicate in their habits for ordinary circus purposes. But it was the old friends who really held our interest,—the ones we knew in life—the dear, old grizzly standing up so stiff and stark, the giraffe, the little monkeys, and all the pretty parrots. They were so real, so beautifully real, and yet, had it been permitted, one could have put his hand in the mouth of the bear and climbed up the giraffe and ridden him,—and then it would have been better than the menagerie.

After all, adult or child, the products of taxidermy have for us the charm of realistically made toys. We admire the sculptured strength of the lion, or the sinuous grace of the tiger; but we love the mounted animal because it has real skin and teeth. It has much the same appeal that the doll with "real hair" makes to five-year-old motherdom. Of the earth earthy, we cannot pass by the illusion of realness without a tribute, even when it was such an imperfect illusion as the School of Taxidermy frequently offered.

In the last thirty years the process of animal mounting has undergone a complete revolution. Dr. William T. Hornaday who, from 1883 to 1890, was Chief Taxidermist of the United States Natural Museum, is responsible for the first steps in this new process, which at the time called forth loud disclaiming from rival craftsmen. However, Dr. Hornaday continued his experiments and in 1887 produced the famous group of American bison now in Washington, one of the masterpieces of taxidermy in the United States. The advantages of this new method contrasted with the old are obvious in the results and even in the statement.

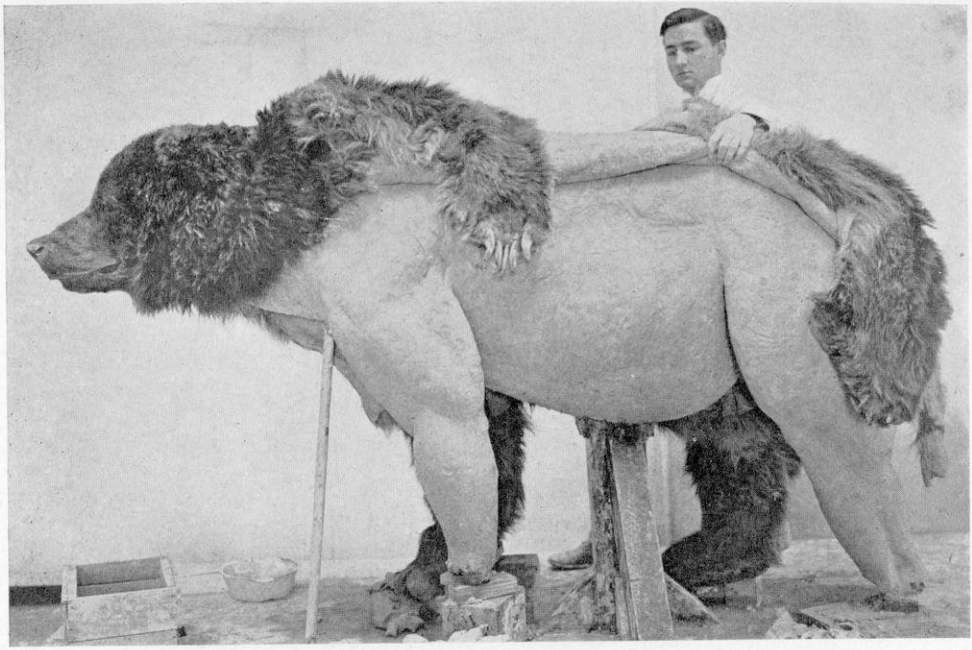
By the old method a kind of spine was made from wood patterned after the general form of the animal. To this were attached the skull, pelvis, shoulder blades and the bones of the legs supported by heavy iron rods. Everything was, of course, placed with the greatest care and constructed according to the exact measurements taken from the skin. This collection of boards, rods and bones was bound about with excelsior until the orig-

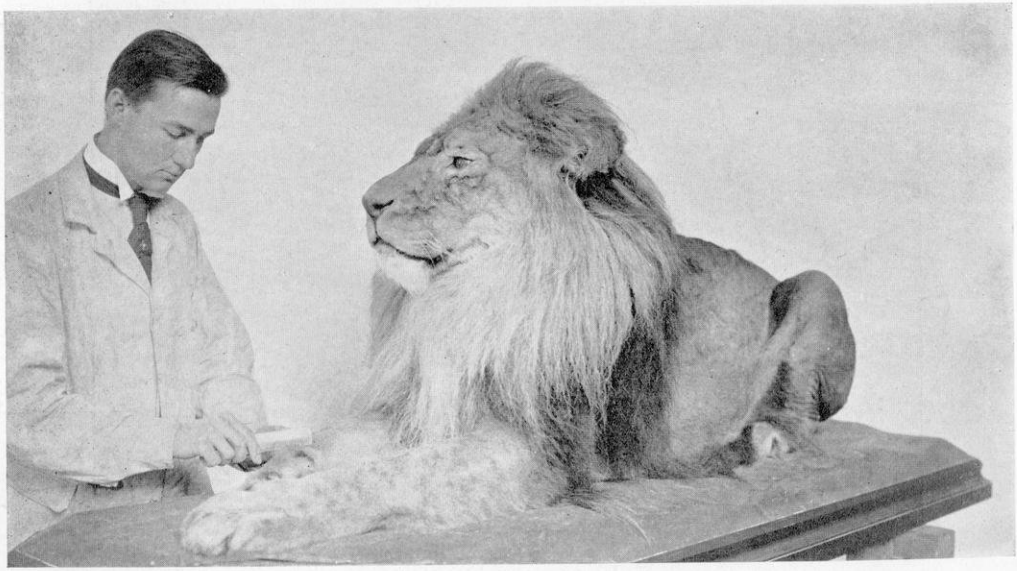




"MAKING THE PLASTER MOLD FROM THE FIRST MODEL, WHICH IS THEN DISCARDED."

"HERE THE MOLD HAS BEEN OPENED AND THE MANIKIN CAST FROM IT IS RECEIVING A COAT OF GLUE."





"BRUIN AT HIS TAILOR'S HAVING WHAT APPEARS TO BE A FINAL FITTING OF HIS COAT."

"OLD HANNIBAL": A COMPLETED SPECIMEN RECEIVING THE LAST TOUCHES FROM THE HANDS OF MR. CLARK, THE PLASTIC TAXIDERMIST.

inal size and shape of the specimen was practically attained. Then a covering of clay about half an inch in depth was spread over the excelsior and to this the skin adhered.

The chief objections to this method were, first, the final appearance of the animals was a matter of guesswork until the skin was permanently fitted on and second, excelsior, as a substitute for muscles, was not sufficiently yielding to build up accurate or involved anatomical effects, and there was so little clay in proportion to the weight of the skin that little or no fine modeling could be done from the outside; thus the most successful results in taxidermy were when no attempt was made for a graceful and characteristic pose for the animal. They stood squarely on their four legs in a position that exhibited the fewest possible muscles. When anything else was attempted by the old school, a stiffness was noticeable about the joints and, in any case, there was always a blankness of expression about the eyes and mouth.

An admirable example of work under the new school is the wonderful mounting of Old Hannibal, the Barbary lion, that, living, was the gift of Miss Margaret Carnegie to the New York Zoological Society. On his death the Society presented his body to the Museum of Natural History, and the mounting has recently been completed. The pose, as will be seen in the illustration, is easy and natural. Every necessary muscle in the position is shown. The head has the majestic lift that characterizes the animal king, and in the face the subtle suggestion of alertness under a mask of bored indifference has been admirably caught; not a wrinkle about the piercing eyes is lost and the nostrils are as full and tense as if the breath were still coming and going through them. Such a result necessitates time for study and a high degree of craftsmanship, which in turn means costliness; but the product of the new method is as far ahead of that of the old in beauty as in cost.

The new school called Plastic Taxidermy has done the most surprisingly lifelike and artistic work both for the Field Museum of Chicago and also for the Natural History Museum in New York. At the latter institution the new method is being most extensively developed and most widely used under the influence of Dr. Herman Bumpus, the director, who, from the first, foresaw enormous possibilities in such a method of taxidermy. Mr. James L. Clark at present holds the position of the Museum's animal sculptor.

Mr. Clark goes daily to the zoo and prepares studies in clay of the animal that he is about to mount. Having selected the most characteristic and beautiful pose of the beast, he makes a miniature model from these studies and from photographs taken in the field, and to these he constantly refers in making the larger figure. The measurements of the specimen are carefully taken from the skin or, when possible, from the body of the animal, and a framework is constructed upon these measurements. As this is but a temporary affair, it needs to be only heavy enough to support the clay and the bones, which are used as in the old method, but without rods. The anatomy is then built up with clay and from time to time the skin is tried onto the body, and the figure made to fit it to the last detail. One of the advantages in the use of clay is that any member of the figure may easily be changed at any time and the pose of the limb varied. After a satisfactory anatomy has been obtained a plaster mold is made, from which a manikin is cast in two halves. This is little more than an inch thick and has a mounting of burlap pressed into it to give it strength. Iron rods are introduced into the legs by which it may be fastened firmly into the place where it is to stand. The two halves of the manikin are then joined and covered with shellac to make it waterproof. Over this coating is spread an adhesive paste of flour, glue and arsenic, the latter acting as a preservative to the hide, and this holds the skin in

place. The delicate portions about the eyes, nostrils and mouth are left until last, modeled from the outside over soft papier maché and touched up with paint.

The illustrations show Mr. Clark at work upon various stages in the process of mounting. The first illustration shows the making of the plaster mold from the first model, which is then discarded. In the second picture the mold has been opened, and the manikin cast from it is receiving the coating of glue. Nearby lies the skin ready to be put in place and on the stand is a similar animal completed and ready to be set up in the group. The third picture shows "Bruin" at his tailor's having what appears to be, from its accuracy, his last fitting. In the fourth illustration we have the completed specimen receiving the last touches from Mr. Clark's hands. This famous "Old Hannibal" bids fair to still reign in the Museum as in the Zoo, the proudest example of his kind.

THE HISTORY AND USES OF KERAMICS

LOOKING into the history of the decorative arts, we find in most periods—except perhaps our own—that workers in these arts seem to have known their business. Carved wood looked like wood, not like marble or bronze; wrought iron could be distinguished from cast, and tile work was made to display the full beauty and brilliance of keramic colors.

The material in which the keramist works being the most durable in the world, we find specimens dating back further than any other relics of antiquity. Little blue glazed figures have been dug out of forty centuries of Nile mud. Specimens of pottery of perfect design in the Metropolitan Museum are labeled "Predynastic," and there are some perfectly preserved examples of colored tiles of about 1300 B. C. from the palace of Rameses II.

The Egyptian examples are all small, the largest not over eight or ten inches high by two inches wide. This was because the Nile clay was too fat for making large pieces; the vitreous coating would have flaked off during the firing, and the Egyptians had not discovered the simple device of adding silica to the clay, in the form of sand or ground flints, to make it stand the fire in large pieces. Materials of clay were therefore little used in architecture in Egypt. In Babylonia, however, where stone and marble were lacking, the skyscrapers were all built of clay, partly sun-dried, partly burned. This is also true of Assyria, which, though having plenty of stone, had no originality, and copied its architecture slavishly from the older nation.

In the great step-like temples of these people, such as the celebrated Tower of Babel, enameled bricks in various colors were used as a veneer outside the walls of sun-dried bricks which formed the mass of the construction. These buildings, of course, crumbled to pieces when they ceased to be repaired, and nothing of them now remains but a mound of earth and the indestructible parts that were enameled.

The Persians were not restricted in building material, but the most interesting part of the palace of Xerxes is a wall decoration of enameled brick representing a lion hunt. The figures are modeled in very flat relief, more than life size, the whole design in brick-shaped pieces 9 by 15 inches by 4 inches thick. The wall was perfectly preserved by falling on its face, where it lay buried in the ruins, till dug out by a Frenchman in 1850. A large section of it can be seen in the Louvre and a good full-sized reproduction in the Metropolitan Museum. It is well worth studying for its keramic color and its fine decorative feeling.

The development of keramic art con-

tinued in Persia till its climax about 1600. At one time artists and potters were imported from China, but on the whole Persia has given us more than she got from other nations.

Oriental tile work for walls, roofs and pavements reached its greatest splendor in the centuries following the Arab conquests, culminating with the Moors in Spain. From Spain the art reached Italy through the conquest of the Majorka Islands, hence the word Majolica. It was fostered by the Medicis and others, and the ware made at Faenza gave us the word Faience.

Glazed decoration, whether plain or modeled, is essentially appropriate for flat surfaces. Texture and color are the qualities to be looked for. The pointing may be made to count almost as much as in leaded glass. The light and shade of fine modeling, the clean-cut work of the chisel, the delicate detail of fine lines and subtle surfaces should be sacrificed for the sake of the decorative value of color and outline. The worker should depend upon color against color, or form defined by outline, rather than upon deep shadow cast by under-cutting, as in the Greek egg and dart or acanthus leaf.

In the field of sculpture, the Della Robbias are the only example of an original school of sculpture using keramic colors. You will note, however, that the lines and curves of their cupids and virgins were very simple. Their freely modeled fruits and flowers had no sharp edges to be lost by being covered with their thin glazes. The Greeks and Romans undoubtedly used keramic color with great effect, but more for the purpose of picking out the background to give depth by bringing out clear contrasts between the field and the figures seen against it.

In all relief work in clay intended to be completely glazed we try to keep the surfaces in flat planes with strong outlines; the design is incised rather than modeled, so that it will hold its character after the lines have been softened down by the glazes. If the modeler does his work as though it were to be executed in marble or metal it will be spoiled by the pasty glazes, just as the work of a good wood carver would be spoiled if his tool marks were rubbed down and obliterated by sandpaper.

In some of our most interesting decorative tiles for pavements, the designers have followed the Spanish-Moorish system of compartments filled with the thick colored glazes just as the enamel fills the compartments of cloisonné ware. In many Mediæval examples of tiled floors the soft lead glazes have almost disappeared by wear, except in sheltered positions. The earliest known examples of these pavement tiles are those from the palace of the dukes of Normandy at Caen. The more elaborate Majolica tiles were also in vogue in England. These did not stand the test of time, though perhaps as well as did the marble or mosaic floors. With our modern big kilns, high fire and stronger glazes, however, enameled tiles are now being made for floors and outdoor pavements which will stand both wear and frost.

Tiles for purely sanitary purposes have been developed to the last degree of technical perfection and consequently of mechanical uniformity. Their use, once a luxury, is now as much a necessity as plumbing or heating. Where a thoroughly inorganic surface is wanted, no material is better, more durable, more easily kept clean than the glazed clay tile. But the very fact of its being a staple article, like paint or window glass, is against its artistic development for decorative purposes.

Terra cotta workers have also got their industry on a good scientific and commercial basis, but there are reasons other than artistic ones why the makers of faience and tiles for architectural decoration should not be classed in competition with the terra cotta people, either in price or promptness in execution. These reasons are technical, based on a difference in process as well as result. The distinction between terra cotta and faience is not wholly one of name. Colored terra cotta is usually made with one firing. After the

color has been sprayed directly on the pieces of pressed clay, they are packed in the kiln and subjected to a long steady heat of four or five days, the main consideration being to produce large pieces that shall be true and free from checks and to do this with the obvious economy of a single firing. This application of the glaze directly on the unfired clay, however, with the long period of heat, has a modifying influence on the glaze, caused by a chemical change, a sort of crystallization of the vitreous substance, known as devitrification. This takes place after the heat has been held at a certain temperature longer than necessary to bring the glaze to a flux. A certain quality is absorbed or crystallized out of the glaze and the result is a dullness and lack of strength in the color. The color applied to terra cotta ornament by the Greeks must have had a similar raw quality owing to the earthy nature of the pigments used.

To develop keramic colors in their true strength and brilliance requires the less simple and more costly process used in making faience and glazed tiles. This means a preliminary fire in the biscuit kiln of the pressed and dried clay. The resulting burnt clay,—practically terra cotta,—is then glazed by dipping or stippling and the pieces fired a second time, in a short fire of from 24 to 30 hours, sufficient to fuse the glaze, but not to the point of devitrification. In this second or glost kiln the ware is further protected from the influence of gases and flame by being skilfully packed in saggers. The result is a distinctly different product from that made by the terra cotta process, one that costs a good deal more to make and that is attended with double chances for loss and many variation in color and texture.

The one thing certain about vitreous colors is the uncertainty in the kiln. It is not safe to regard a single piece as an average sample. On the other hand, some of the best effects in a mass of tile work are due to these variations which are accepted and taken advantage of by the knowing "architect."

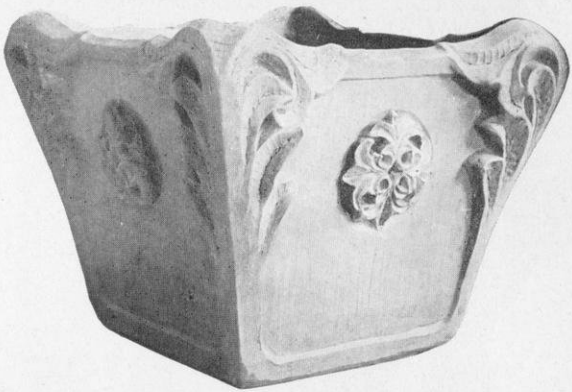
NEW USE OF CONCRETE FOR GARDEN ORNAMENTS

THE garden is something with which we usually associate trees, shrubs, hedges, the decorative flower and the useful vegetable; but just as the works of man become monotonous when unrelieved by greenery of vine or tree, so the vegetable kingdom in unbroken stretches may be extremely wearisome, as anyone who has spent days in the jungle will tell you. A touch of carved stone or ornamental terra cotta is as much of a relief in a garden as is the flower-box on a city street.

The past generation, vaguely realizing the value of the contrast of substantial forms with the variety of color and vegetation, stationed cast-iron dogs, elves, deer and settees over the lawn and about the shrubbery, which were neither practical nor beautiful. But no art can afford to be judged by its abuses. The results obtained on opposite sides of the earth by the Japanese, and the elaborately curbed flower beds, balustrades, terraces and fountains in the Italian gardens, or such examples of formal gardening as are found in England and France, form a better basis of judging what the art of man can attribute to the beauty of nature.

In these gardens the terra cottas, the urns and the sun-dials are all beautiful things of their kind and belong there by right of long association and of use; none of the gardens in which they are would be complete without them. Yet a job lot of marble importations dumped into an

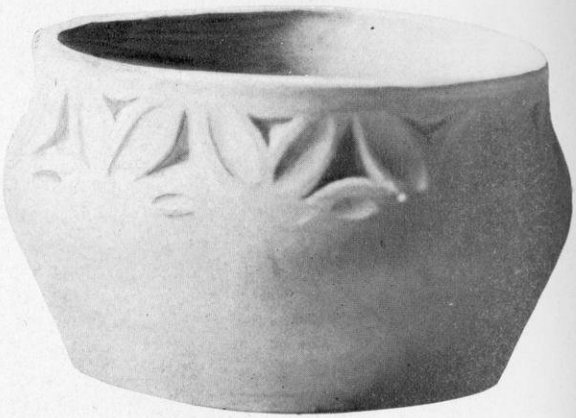
CONCRETE LENDS ITSELF TO A VARIED TYPE OF GARDEN ORNAMENT: THIS JAR HAS SOMEWHAT THE SHAPE OF A COMMON FLOWER POT, BUT IS MADE INTERESTING BY THE DECORATION ON EITHER SIDE OF A WINGED LION: THE PROJECTION OF THE LIONS' FEET BEYOND THE CIRCULAR EDGE OF THE BASE MAKES IT MORE SUBSTANTIAL AND AFFORDS A MOST APPROPRIATE OUTDOOR DECORATION.



THIS SQUARE JARDINIÈRE SHOWS A MOST INTERESTING FORM OF SIMPLE DECORATION, WHERE THE ORNAMENT ITSELF IS CARRIED UP INTO THE STRUCTURAL LINE OF THE JAR: THE PLAINNESS OF THE SIDES IS BROKEN BY A ROSETTE OF CONVENTIONALIZED LEAVES: NOTHING IS MORE INTERESTING IN THE DECORATION OF THESE OUTDOOR ORNAMENTAL JARS THAN THE USE OF CONVENTIONALIZED FOLIAGE, FLOWERS OR ANIMALS: THIS INTIMATE ASSOCIATION OF OUTDOOR CONDITIONS WITH OUTDOOR ORNAMENT IS ESSENTIALLY THE RIGHT RELATION OF ART TO ITS PURPOSE.

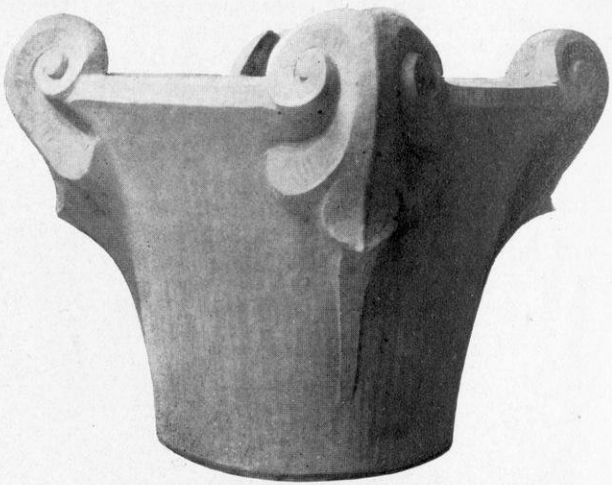
THE USE OF CONCRETE IN WINDOW BOXES IS BECOMING MORE AND MORE GENERAL IN AMERICA, AS THE BOXES ARE DURABLE AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL AND CAN BE SO ORNAMENTED THAT THEY ARE AN EXTREMELY ARTISTIC FINISH FOR A WINDOW: THE DECORATION OF THE BOX SHOWN IN THIS ILLUSTRATION IS AN ADAPTATION OF THE CLASSIC ACANTHUS LEAF.

THE CONCRETE DOOR KNOCKER IS VERY DURABLE, IN EVERY WAY AS EFFECTIVE AS IN BRASS OR BRONZE, AND IS BEING USED MORE AND MORE AS THE ORNAMENTAL FINISH OF THE COUNTRY DOOR.



AN INTERESTING CONCRETE JARDINIÈRE IN WHICH THE LINES OF THE JAR ARE VERY GRACEFUL IN THEMSELVES AND THE DESIGN CAREFULLY ADAPTED TO THEM: THE DECORATIVE WREATH OF DAISIES SEEMS TO EMERGE FROM THE CONCRETE ITSELF WITH ONLY THE UPPER PETALS OF THE FLOWERS IN HIGH RELIEF.

A CONCRETE FERNERY, SHOWING ONE OF THE MOST ELABORATE AND BEAUTIFUL OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGNS IN THIS MATERIAL: THE PILLARS ARE ESPECIALLY GRACEFUL IN PROPORTION: THE BOX IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PARTITIONS INTENDED FOR THE GROWING OF A VARIETY OF FERNS: A FOUNTAIN MAY BE PLACED IN THE CENTER OF THESE THREE DIVISIONS.



THIS IS A PARTICULARLY INTERESTING MODEL OF THE PLAINER CONCRETE FLOWER POT, WHERE THE SOLE ORNAMENT IS IN THE FOUR HANDLES WHICH SUGGEST AN ADAPTATION OF THE FLEUR DE LIS. THE WEIGHT OF THE FOUR HANDLES IS SO DISTRIBUTED THAT IN SPITE OF THE NARROW BASE THE POT IS IN PERFECT EQUILIBRIUM.

American backyard would never constitute the furniture for a successful garden in this country. If we wish to add a contrasting touch of permanence, and to emphasize, as it were, the qualities of frailty and evanescence that make a garden beautiful we must furnish it in a fashion that is in keeping with our country. For example, marble is entirely unfitted for American gardens, aside from the fact that it means an outlay of money only suitable to people who are very wealthy; the climate is too severe in most parts of the country and marbles need a constant and intelligent attention. Bronze may be effectively used, but that, too, is of great expense, and iron, although admirably adapted to carry out design, needs to be painted to be kept from rust and corrosion by the weather. The plasticity of terra cotta is a point in its favor, as also is the fact that many pieces may be made from the same mold, but it breaks easily and lacks weight; pots of it filled with plants are apt to be upset in a high wind. But, granting that a garden gains beauty from forms more substantial than the flowers, forms that do not change in fall or winter, but symbolize eternity as flowers symbolize time, what material can be used that is effective and yet not too costly or too delicate?

Such a substance, combining the plasticity of terra cotta with the substantiality of stone or marble, and at a cost which will soon be remarkably low, is concrete. This material is however so often associated with ugly surfaces and disfiguring cracks that it may not seem at first a welcome substitute, but the blemishes to which concrete is liable are due chiefly to injudicious handling, for many who have used it for outdoor purposes have not realized that in its natural condition it is not waterproof. Thus in a cold climate the water that it absorbs freezes under the action of the weather, and cracks and slivering result. This objection may be easily overcome by one of several sorts of waterproof coatings that may be used on the outside, or by certain materials that may be mixed with the ingredients of the concrete.

The development that has taken place in the making of concrete during the last few years is fast routing out fears concerning its durability, and it is beginning to take on an individuality that permits one no longer to consider it as an imitation of stone. America cannot claim the discovery of the use of concrete for garden ornament any more than for general building purposes, for it was used for fountains and garden curbs many centuries before America was discovered, and in many cases so smooth and hard and dark has it become by the course of time that it has been mistaken in Italy for a certain black stone native to the place. Still, it has remained for America to prove the extreme utility of the material along the line of garden furnishings, and there are several associations of artists and craftsmen who are devoting a large part of their time to this kind of work.

Two or three years ago the School of Industrial Art at Philadelphia found itself in need of a proper material to place in permanent form the designs by members of the modeling classes. The right kind of clay was expensive, hard to mix and hard to fire, while plaster was too unsubstantial. Concrete was tried by way of experiment and the results more than met the expectations of those who tried it. Its enduring qualities were realized and it soon came to be used not only as a temporary material in which to work out designs, but also as one to be used in permanent works of artistic merit and utility. The concrete is poured into a plaster mold, the inside covered with shellac. After it has "set," that is has hardened, and taken the design, it is removed and submerged in water for two or three days. Sometimes only a rough cast is made and the finer edges and traceries of the pattern are chiseled out of the surface, but this is rarely done as the edges of the tools wear off much more quickly than the edges of the design can be chiseled out of the concrete.

By introducing different ingredients

different surfaces may be given to the concrete; some beautiful results have been obtained by tinting the material while in a plastic condition, and when so colored the hues neither fade nor are injured by the rain. A great deal of interesting work has been done by inserting colored tiles into the concrete field and working out mosaic patterns in glass or stone. The specimens of concrete shown in this article are the work of the students in the School of Industrial Art of the Pennsylvania Museum.

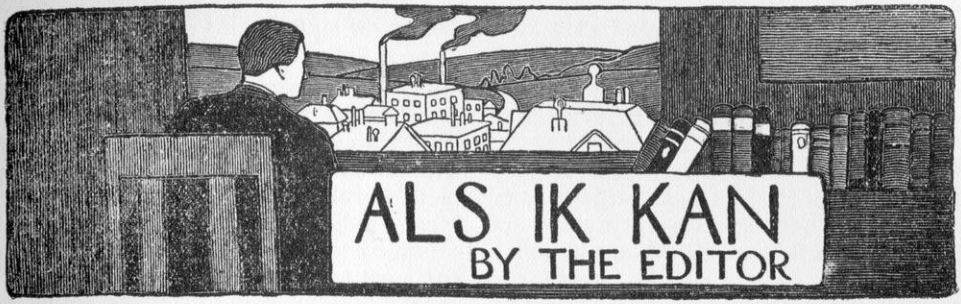
The first two flower pots that are shown illustrate clearly that concrete lends itself to varied types of decoration. One, more the shape of the common flower pot, is guarded on either side by a winged lion. The projection of the feet beyond the circular line of the pot gives it a broader base to stand on, and this makes it more secure against tipping over. The second, a square jardinière, is decorated by a conventionalized leaf that grows out with a raised border which finishes the sides of the pot and which at the corners is made to suggest a leaf stalk. The outward curve of the leaf at the top of the corners forms a convenient hold. The plainness of the sides is broken by a rosette composed of a group of small leaves similar to the large ones at the corners. The window box is a very beautiful adaptation of the classic acanthus leaf, but there is nothing in the method of its use that is Greek or historic save the simplicity and grace with which it is adapted, and the fine sense of proportion exhibited in the spacing. Corrugating the background throws the design into sharper relief and adds a great deal to the interest of the entire box.

On the following page the grotesque door knocker against a concrete tile inserted in the middle of the door in a garden wall would extend an interesting welcome to the visitor. It is in every way as effective as brass or bronze would be, which we have come to look upon as being peculiarly the material for such oddities.

A very plain and substantial flower pot depends for its beauty chiefly upon the grace of the side lines and the four heavy handles suggesting an adaptation of the fleur de lis. The fernery supported on three pillars is one of the most elaborate and beautiful of the concrete designs. The pillars are gracefully proportioned and support a triangular flower box divided into three parts by narrow partitions. In the center of this is a pipe for a small fountain. This would be an attractive decoration not only for a garden but for the formal hall of a house. One of the most beautiful of the jardinières is shown on page 588. The lines of the jar are very graceful in themselves and the design is admirably adapted to them, a wreath of daisies emerges gradually from the material of the jardinière until the upper petals of the flower are in high relief.

All of these pieces of work are striking for their lack of hackneyed historic ornament and equally for the freshness of the designs and their suitability to the purpose which they serve.

For above all a decorative design must embody an idea, and one that is allied or in keeping with the purpose that the thing decorated is to serve, the position in which it is to stand and the material of which it is made. If no idea for decoration is suggested to the worker by these conditions, it is better that the utensil should go plain and unadorned. The pieces shown here bearing designs of leaves and flowers in one way are more satisfactory than the pieces decorated by the lions, because the idea more accurately expresses both use and position. However, a winged lion on guard, because it is of the nature of mythology, is not beyond the pale of good design in almost any case, because anything can be conceived of as guarded. It is simply that in this instance it is not a definite expression of these particular conditions.



THE STRENGTH OF THE TRUSTS LIES IN THE WEAKNESS OF THE PEOPLE

"THE financial buccaneers who have been 'holding up' the country in the necessities of life, keeping out foreign competition through the tariff at one end and crushing home competition at the other until the increase in the cost of living is alarming, have remained immune until every lawyer who has had to deal with this big question knows that the pretended enforcement of the law is a huge farce. . . . We all know that the Anti-Trust Law is being openly flouted and violated every day by some of the most powerful men in the land. There are numberless secret, unlawful pools to control prices and restrict production operating today, many of them under written agreements that are criminal conspiracies on their face. . . .

"We are told by a certain section of the press that there has been a reaction in the public mind against what they are pleased to call 'attacks' on these criminal conspiracies.

"For the sake of the country let us hope these gentlemen are mistaken; for if they are right we shall have an upheaval in this country as compared to which the mild and harmless experiments of the last Administration will seem like a midsummer zephyr alongside a cyclone."

These words, which are quoted from an interview with Mr. Samuel Untermyer when embarking for a vacation in Europe, deserve more than the passing attention such informal utterances usually command. Mr. Untermyer is one of America's most famous lawyers and speaks from something more than hearsay on these matters. Recent revelations as to its past tactics have fixed the American Sugar Refining Company in the public mind as an extreme example of the "bad trust." Yet Mr. Untermyer is amused at our suddenly aroused virtuous anger against this particular trust which "is no worse than many others in its criminal methods, and not quite so bad as some." But more significant even than the state of affairs which he depicts is his prophecy of what would follow on the heels of a reactionary public attitude toward these abuses. "I dread the awakening," he went on to say, because "we are an hysterical, press-ridden people, and we go to extremes." If we are weakly tolerant today we will be weakly intolerant tomorrow.

We are so fickle, so busy and so easily led, he asserts, that reform movements directed against so shrewdly entrenched an evil as corporate dishonesty fail through lack of sustained public support. And without such support they must continue to fail. For the power of the men behind the big corporations is so great, says Mr. Untermyer, that "they are practically above the law except when confronted with an aroused public opinion." If their attitude is one of amused cynicism toward the fierce but transient outbursts of excitement with which we greet each new letting in of light on the methods of the "predatory corporations" it is not to be wondered at. "We are getting," says

Mr. Untermyer, "just about the sort of administration of our laws that we deserve."

Observers of our political history must admit that there is justice in these criticisms, which witness to a very clear insight into a certain phase of our national temperament. In our efforts toward reform we undoubtedly find it easier to be vehement and intemperate than persevering and just. When the muckrakers scare up a new quarry we join the hue and cry with fine zeal, and the voice of our condemnation echoes in the press, the pulpit and the legislative halls. But unless we can make a quick kill we soon tire of the chase and drop back somewhat shamefacedly to our routine interests. Perfectly aware of this characteristic, the over-powerful corporations and other "malefactors of great wealth" do not fail to take advantage of it. When detected in some act against the public welfare they find their best defense in evasion and delay, in appeals and demurrers, until the people weary of the whole matter and look about for brisker sport.

When Mr. Roosevelt began his vigorous and spectacular onslaught upon corporate wrong-doing public opinion rallied instantly to his support. But by the end of his Administration the press reflected a slight but unmistakable change of attitude toward his crusade. The public was out of breath. It had failed to put the money barons behind prison bars or to collect a $29,000,000 fine from the Standard Oil Company, and it began to feel bored with it all, and to look around for a new sensation. It was inclined to take refuge in the lazy man's logic that since it had failed to catch a thief there probably wasn't any thief. If Mr. Roosevelt had served for another term we may doubt if even his pervasive and dynamic personality could have kept public sentiment keyed to the fighting pitch.

Sometimes, it is true, such reaction has been the logical sequel of ill-advised and misdirected zeal. Thus when popular suspicion was focused upon the railroads and many abuses were discovered in that field some of the State legislatures rushed into hasty and drastic regulative legislation without either adequately investigating the facts or fully taking into consideration the local conditions. The subsequent nullification by the courts of many of the resultant laws tended to superimpose a cynical indifference upon the first fine enthusiasm for better things.

It was only the other day that Supreme Court Justice Hendrick told a graduating class in law of the coming struggle between dishonest corporations and the people, a struggle which involves, he said, "more potent danger to the Government than did the Rebellion." The fact that we are just now in a lull of the storm is a reason for more rather than less anxiety. For as Mr. Chesterton has well said, to leave things alone is not to leave them as they are, and eternal vigilance is the price at which we hold even the liberty we already have. To quote his own striking words:

"If you leave a thing alone you leave it to a torrent of change. If you leave a white post alone it will soon be a black post. If you particularly want it to be white you must be always painting it again; that is, you must be always having a revolution. Briefly, if you want the old white post you must have a new white post. But this which is true even of inanimate things is in a quite special and terrible sense true of all human things."

It all comes back to this question of the price of reform. If we hope to break up the corrupting alliances between business and politics, especially between business monopoly and political monopoly, we must first acknowledge our own share of responsibility for the conditions which make such alliances possible. We must recognize the fact that these abuses afford an index no less to the moral quality of the community as a whole than to that of the men who profit by them. The shadow of one common shame rests upon us all, and if absolute justice could apportion the punishment a share would fall to every one of us. For the chief menace to the

commonweal resides not so much in the actual violation of the law as in the confused state of public opinion which both hurries and hampers the Government and the courts in their efforts to punish these violations. Moreover, as President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton pointed out in his baccalaureate sermon, certain men who have kept inside the law have done as much to debauch the nation as others who have overstepped the technical boundary between honest and dishonest greed. Of these disastrous accumulators of wealth within the pale of the law Mr. Wilson says:

"The men who brought disaster upon business by success brought it because they saw only the immediate task under their hands, volunteered no look around, paid no call of thought or wish upon their fellow men, left statesmanship to politicians and public interests to the censors of public morals; attended wholly to their own business. The business of life is a bigger thing than they thought it."

Wherever the evil to be remedied is found—whether in the field of labor, of capitalism, or of government—reform, to be effective, must be clean of pharisaism and personal vindictiveness. It must be based upon a wide and deep human sympathy, and an understanding of the more ideal possibilities of men.

The situation demands of the public both patience and perseverance. If the crimes of a dishonest trust are only the vastly magnified crimes of a dishonest corner grocery, the fact is no excuse for cynicism. The dishonesty remains to be corrected in both cases. If we are compelled to admit that in the matter of personal integrity and moral principles the men who made and control some of the most bitterly decried trusts would measure high by the very standards of the people who attack them there is still no reason to be bewildered or discouraged. It is possible, however, that our own standards would be none the worse for a little sharpening of outline and testing of angles. If we have now in the Senate's disposal of the tariff question, in the evasion of the law's machinery by guilty corporations, and in the sinister presence of special privilege in our legislative lobbies, the kind of treatment we deserve, it still remains to us to deserve something better.

As a people we are constantly absorbed in our individual and private affairs, and only spasmodically concerned about the larger public problems which equally, if less directly, affect us. Our lack of vigilance creates the opportunity which the alert and ever vigilant corporation naturally seizes. We cry out in indignation when we discover that the forces of special privilege and organized wealth have gained some fresh advantage at the expense of the general public, but we continue to make new opportunities for the same thing to be repeated. The most dangerous point of contact between our interests and the interests of such trusts as have earned the title of predatory, is to be found, of course, in the men we select to represent us in our legislatures. If these men knew that their official actions would be intelligently scrutinized and that they would be called to account by their constituents for any dereliction we would have fewer legislative scandals. If our representatives sometimes put self-interest before the public good and betray us into the hands of the exploiter, a large share of the responsibility must come back to the people who chose them. And if the corporations gain an undue advantage in the game, it is because a certain mental and moral slackness on the part of the public has given them their opportunity. Interests unprotected, like property unguarded, are invitations to steal.

The stray corporations, on the other hand, captained by vigilant, hardworking men, leave no outpost unguarded, and let no opportunity of gaining an advantage escape them. In so far as they seize and hold these advantages by virtue of strength and vigilance the public has its chief lesson to learn of them. The power to control and direct labor predicates a higher form of efficiency than the mere

power to labor, and these men grow in strength through the exercise of this higher efficiency. If they trade constantly upon the weakness of the people, the fact is less deplorable than that the weakness should exist to be traded upon. For the weakness of the people is unnecessary and inexcusable, being merely a weakness of attitude. If the people displayed a fraction of the vigilance and constancy of purpose which is exercised by the corporations present corporate abuses would be impossible. The very idea of them, in fact, would be as absurd as the suggestion of a small boy holding up and robbing an army.

REVIEWS

"THE Joy o' Life" is the first collection that has been made of the many poems written by Theodosia Garrison. Few names are better known to the magazine reader than Mrs. Garrison's. She has been a remarkably prolific writer and apparently has always kept a uniform standard of excellence. As a matter of fact, one receives this impression because she has steadily improved from the time when she first began writing. Her constantly deepening insight into life and emotion, increasing clarity of expression and mastery of technique, has won from those who have followed her work, the sincerest admiration. From being a writer of magazine sentiments, in verse of ordinary quality, she has become a singer of the real songs of life. One needs no better proof of the depth of her vision and the vitality with which she handles her subjects than the fact that the book, which contains something over one hundred of her poems, entirely lacks that monotony which so often marks a collection of one poet's work. In the more classic forms of verse she has shown that universal charity without which, no matter how well chosen and adroitly placed, the words of a poet are but tinkling cymbals. We quote a sonnet which seems to us to express very poetically an experience too pathetically frequent in city life:

"Surely I should have seen that flower face,
Say, in an English lane when Spring was new
And high, white clouds were drifting in the blue,
And a glad lark made music in the place;
Where all about you was no thing more base
Than the pink hawthorn heavy with its dew,
And where my man's eye at the sight of you
Should drop, unworthy of such maiden grace.
Oh, child, it should be thus, and yet to-night
Here in the city's red iniquities
Strange I should find you in this garish light
With this hard mocking in your tired eyes
And curled, red lips set jesting at the sight
Of a man's wrath at Life's mad comedies."

("The Joy o' Life." By Theodosia Garrison. 148 pages. Price $1.00 net. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York.)

"THE Lady in the White Veil," by Rose O'Neill, proves to be one of those nebulous products of the imagination that impress one with their lightness and evanescence during the reading, yet linger long in the memory—one can hardly tell why. Her characters have that fairylike unreality, or perhaps it would be better to say human ideality, that transports the reader into a sort of golden world. Seventy-third street, no matter how well one may know it, takes on an atmosphere of romance and prismatic colors play about the edges of the houses. The plot of the story is admirably managed and, although the suspense is continued really beyond the logical point of its belief, the interest of the reader is closely held. It is refreshing also to get so pure and romantic a love story, and we feel that Mr. Robert Chambers must look to his laurels when Mrs. O'Neill begins to put into words what she portrays so surpassingly well in her illus-

trations. ("The Lady in the White Veil." By Rose O'Neill. 351 pages. Illustrated by the author. Price $1.50. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.)

MISS Louise Brigham's book is boldly entitled "Box Furniture," but those who, sniffing the domestic economy fakir, open it to ridicule its contents, read on, to close it in sincere admiration of its practicality, its real knowledge and its cleverness. This book is a detailed demonstration of how boxes may be made into furniture, written by a young woman who has studied and experimented with her subject and knows what she is talking about. She has been a pupil in domestic art, domestic science and manual training at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and in Vienna she studied under Professor Hoffman of the Imperial Art School of Austria, one of the most famous of European architects. Her box furniture was only an incidental feature of the philanthropic work that she began in one of the worst sections of Cleveland. Here she rented an apartment and took as her companions a woman and her little daughter who lived in the neighborhood. "Sunshine Cottage," as it was called, soon became a social center, and the making of furniture was introduced as a useful amusement. The practical industry was, however, to reach its highest development in a mining camp on the isle of Spitzbergen, seven hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle. The supplies for the camp were brought in large boxes and when the portable house which the manager, his wife, and Miss Brigham were to occupy, arrived, she furnished it completely with articles made from the packing boxes about the camp.

The book opens with a chapter describing the size and nature of the boxes that can be used, what blemishes in the wood will be insurmountable difficulties in turning them into good-looking furniture. She also gives advice about the nailing and handling of the boxes, a few simple rules of decoration and a list of tools necessary to the work. The succeeding chapters demonstrate the making of particular articles taken in order of difficulty. The text is furnished with drawings, working drawings and plates, and shows several interiors furnished with box furniture. The book is not only entertaining in its contents, but sincerely written in a clear and charming style.

("Box Furniture." By Louise Brigham. 304 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.60. Published by The Century Company, New York.)

"THE White Sister" is the title of Marion Crawford's posthumous novel recently published by The Macmillan Company. The story is laid in Rome and the heroine is the daughter of Prince Chiaromonte, an aristocratic adherent to the clerical party. At the sudden death of the Prince, it is discovered that, in his allegiance to his religion, he had refused to have a civil ceremony in addition to his marriage by the Church. Through the schemes of his sister-in-law, his only daughter, whose birth is thus made illegitimate, is dispossessed of her fortune. She enters the Convent of Santa Giovanna and becomes one of the nursing nuns known as "The White Sisters."

Mr. Crawford's death has deprived us of one of the most entertaining and prolific of American writers. His books, dealing for the most part with the life of the Italian aristocracy, have been as widely known and read as those of any author of his time. His style is fluent and he conveys a vivid and accurate picture of life in the circle within which his characters moved and with which he was thoroughly familiar.

("The White Sister." By F. Marion Crawford. 335 pages. Price $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"HUNGARY and the Hungarians," by W. B. Forster Bovill, brings to our notice the stirring history and picturesque environment of a people concerning whom the world at large knows very little. Mr.

Bovill gives us a review of Hungary as it has existed in the past, an interesting account of the growth and progress of its important cities and the part that it has played in art, literature, and music. The book is delightfully written, full of entertaining facts, and evidences the enthusiasm of the writer and his appreciation of the country and people of whom he has long been a familiar and welcome guest. The concluding chapter deals with the future of Hungary. The author believes that there is a possibility of Hungary existing as a separate kingdom, but not at present. The aspiration of the nation is toward full independence, but the country is over-political, and genuine business capacity is scant. The people stand aloof from even their own immediate concerns, and nothing can be accomplished in a country where even action of any sort is at a premium. The tendencies, however, are toward overcoming these drawbacks, and the splendid qualities at the base of the Hungarian nature cannot but stand the nation in good stead at any crisis in its history.

("Hungary and the Hungarians." By W. B. Forster Bovill. Illustrated in color by William Pascoe. 352 pages. Price $2.00 net. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.)

IT takes an Englishwoman to make her home anywhere on earth and to come into the friendliest and pleasantest relations with her neighbors even while she adheres most rigidly to English customs in her own home life. That just such a woman wrote "Home Life in Italy" is evident from the first page to the last, and very delightfully she writes it. Lina Duff Gordon is officially the name of this pleasant chronicler of everyday events in a picturesque land, but we are told that she is really Mrs. Aubrey Waterfield. At any rate, she and her husband elected to buy an old castle in the Apennines. This picturesque but somewhat forbidding residence was renovated sufficiently to serve for modern needs, and the English family settled down to real Italian life and the pleasant intimacy with the friendly people in the neighborhood village. The story of their experiences is charming throughout, and incidentally one gets a clearer idea of the life and the people in that part of Italy than could be gained by a dozen trips through the country. All the little gossip of the neighborhood is given, with the stories of the village tragedy and comedy, and the characters are sketched so vividly that the reader feels as if they were each and everyone a cherished personal acquaintance. The book is illustrated with drawings made by Mr. Waterfield and photographs made by Mrs. Waterfield and friends who at different times have visited her in her castle. ("Home Life in Italy. Letters from the Apennines." By Lina Duff Gordon. Illustrated by Aubrey Waterfield. 390 pages. Price, $1.75. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

IN "The Glory of the Conquered," the author has given us, we are told, "the story of a great love." And it is undoubtedly true that a woman would not lay aside, unasked, a successful career to continue the medical research work of her husband, who, (by a piece of thoroughly unprofessional carelessness) has lost his eyesight, unless actuated by a deep devotion.

The story somehow doesn't quite get there. The characters have no charm in themselves and no reality, and the seriousness of the book relieves it of all color. Although we are not of those whose sense of humor is their weightiest concern, still, a book of three hundred and seventy-five pages with only unrelieved sobriety, earnest purposes and high ideals, is a bit too elevating for our keenest enjoyment. Neither do we like the style of literature that arranges the psychological tools with which it was built, on the front stoop, so to speak; but we do like to feel that the people we read of are the fruit of analysis and thoughtful study rather than of ob-

servation, no matter how close or sympathetic.

The book has, however, a great many good points. The quality of the workmanship is sustained throughout; indeed, some of the strongest chapters are in the middle of the book which, in a woman's work, is usually the weakest point. The writer has also in her favor a simple and direct diction and shows an ability to handle a plot clearly and logically for which, if this is her first book, as we are led to believe, the author deserves honest congratulations and the utmost encouragement. ("The Glory of the Conquered." By Susan Glaspell. 376 pages. Price $1.50. Published by F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

IN his book entitled, "New Ideals of Healing," Mr. Baker has given us another of his concise and illuminating expositions of a popular movement. He divides the book into two parts; the first concerned with the religious, the second with the medical progress in the healing of physical ailments without drugs. The church is beginning to discover that man has a body as well as a soul, and the medical profession, that he has a soul as well as a body because men have begun to feel a lack in the relations of the church to human life and at the same time they have awakened to a sense of their own control over their physical well being. Both churchman and doctor, if they wish to maintain their influence among a people who have themselves begun to supply the lack they feel, by building up for themselves, healing religions, like Christian Science, New Thought and Mental Healing, must study this tendency and incorporate the principles in their professions, but with more scientific and deeper insight than the people at large have been able to attain.

Mr. Baker gives many instances of the success of the new methods of curing functional nervous diseases in the church and in medicine, drawing largely upon the experience of Dr. Worcester of the Emmanuel Church and Dr. Cabot, the head of the Social Service Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital. ("New Ideals in Healing." By Ray Stannard Baker. Illustrated with photographs. 105 pages. Price 85 cents. Published by F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

WE receive so often requests for the titles of books treating of the methods used in copper work that it is with pleasure we find placed in our hands for review, a clear and concise little volume entitled "Copper Work," by Augustus F. Rose. The book opens with a full description of the tools used, how they may be most cheaply purchased, and how, if necessary, they may be made; the chapter is accompanied by line drawings of each tool named. Formulæ for all the washes and accessory substances used are given. Then follows a description of the simplest piece of work to be done in copper, with working drawings and designs. Each chapter takes up a new and more difficult task with the same detailed description of each new step involved, with plans and drawings and an occasional photograph. Mr. Rose emphasizes each problem with the method and precision of a geometric demonstration, moving, in order of complexity, from the simple step of making an escutcheon or a hinge tail to the complex processes of making spoons and scoop shapes. He closes the book with a chapter on preparing and using enamel. The greatest care and accuracy are observed throughout the book and we have seen no clearer or more detailed explanation than is contained in this little account of copper work by Mr. Rose. ("Copper Work." By Augustus F. Rose. Second edition. 123 pages; with plans and drawings. Price, $1.50. Published by The Davis Press, Worcester, Mass.)

MR. John Reed Scott has given us a sequel to "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars." The same characters appear in "The Princess Dehra," the title of the new book, and do not lose their charm on

further acquaintance. The story is the picturesque tale of the disputed succession to the throne of Valeria, a purely romantic kingdom, with a most cosmopolitan collection of inhabitants. The plot consists of the adventures of *Amand Dalberg,* an American, the direct heir to the throne in the line of the eldest son, who had been disinherited and had fled to America to serve under General Washington. The *Duke of Lotzen,* the son of a younger branch, is his crafty and villainous opponent. The *Princess Dehra* is the *dea ex machina* and the willing reward of the successful American.

The story is full of action, the dialogue amusing, the men all brave, the women all fair. The book overflows with youth and love and chivalry and is a pleasant companion for a summer's afternoon. ("The Princess Dehra." By John Reed Scott. Illustrated. 360 pages. Price $1.50 net. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

IN "The Three Brothers," Mr. Phillpotts has given us another story of Dartmoor. We never tire of this background, which, each time, he paints more instinct with life and color, more redolent of the good brown earth. The story is a study of the contrasting types of the three Baskerville brothers. *Vivian* is a strong, upright, ox-like man whose weakness is in his belief in his own righteousness. *Nathan,* the genial and respected great man of the village, comes to his fall by loving too much and listening too long to the applause of the populace. *Humphrey,* the gruff but pitying skeptic of mankind, and of himself, at the end of the book emerges from the fog of misunderstanding and unpopularity to become the just arbiter and helpful elder brother of the village. The story deals with the period relating to the last few years of the careers of these three men and the first few years of their children's maturity. The children are also carefully worked out as offshoots of the three dominating characters and contribute the heart interest and the element of hope necessary to the book. ("The Three Brothers." By Eden Phillpotts. 480 pages. Price $1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

IN reading Mr. Dobson's book of essays and poems, "De Libris," one cannot but question the wisdom of the editor who allowed the book to be printed in paragraphs of such eternal length. The volume and the type in which it is printed, are of the usual size; several paragraphs extend over five pages and the majority of them are unbroken for two or three pages. With a liberal sprinkling of italics and quotation marks, each page is a separate wilderness through which the eye travels with difficulty.

The essays themselves are, aside from the positive pain occasioned the reader in his perusal of them, interesting and original in material. Two of the most attractive, on modern illustrators, are interesting appreciations of the work of Miss Kate Greenaway and Mr. Hugh Thomson. The poems inserted between the essays are parodies and "occasional verse" and are enjoyable if one enjoys Dobson's verse. ("De Libris." By Austin Dobson. Illustrated. 232 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

MISS Kingsley's book"Roses and Rose Growing" is most interesting in content and is beautifully illustrated with colored plates of many varieties of roses. The book opens with two chapters on the preparation of the rosebeds, and the pruning and propagating of the plants. It ends with a chapter on the difficulties that beset the rose grower and the ways in which they may be met. In the remainder of the book Miss Kingsley gives a brief historical sketch of the characteristics of the different families of roses and the peculiar care they require. A most interesting final chapter is added by the Rev. F. Page-Roberts, the Vice-President of the National Rose Society on "How to Grow Roses for Exhibition." The book will be

of great use to the amateur or professional rose grower. ("Roses and Rose Growing." By Rose Kingsley. 163 pages. Illustrated with colored plates. Price $2.00. Published by Whitaker & Company, New York.)

SIGN writers and draughtsmen whose work includes much lettering should be very grateful for an excellent text book on the subject, called "The Grammar of Lettering," by Andrew W. Lyons, a Scotch designer and craftsman. The book gives practical demonstration of various forms of letters and numerals, showing their construction, spacing, brush work and the like, all systematically arranged for the use of art students, architects, decorators, sign writers and all classes of craftsmen. It is amply illustrated with nearly one hundred color plates and numerous drawings and sketches showing every detail of the work, and the text contains all the technical instruction necessary to a knowledge of lettering. ("The Grammar of Lettering. A Handbook on Alphabets." By Andrew W. Lyons. Illustrated. 109 pages. Price, $2.50. Imported by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

VOLUME Six of the American Art Annual, edited by Florence N. Levy, is now on sale. The book opens with an editorial note giving an encouraging *resumé* as to the deepening of artistic appreciation in our country. This is followed by extracts from the report of Dr. James P. Haney, Art Director of the New York Public Schools, on the growth and value of artistic training in the elementary schools, and quotations from the report of Halsey C. Ives, LL.D., U. S. Commissioner of Education, on artistic education as a factor in industrial development. The book contains the latest practical information on all matters directly or indirectly connected with art; lists of auction sales and pictures that have changed hands; addresses of artists, studio buildings, art dealers, art clubs and reports of schools, clubs and societies connected with art. It is illustrated with some beautiful reproductions of pictures of various well-known artists and is an extremely valuable book of reference. ("American Art Annual," Vol. VI. Illustrated. 480 pages. Price, $5.50. Published by American Art Annual, New York.)

IN the preface to "A Poor Man's House," the author, Stephen Reynolds, says that the material was originally collected for a novel, but the interest and natural romance in the facts themselves were greater than anything he felt that he could produce by accommodating the characters to a plot. Mr. Reynolds's appreciation of his subject makes us hope that we may some day read a novel of his invention. The book in review has, as the author says, sufficient interest as the unembellished record of his life in the house of a fisherman on the Devon coast. It is a book that will afford a great deal of pleasure to one who reads with a reflective mind and finds as much joy in what the author has left unsaid as what he has embodied in words.

("A Poor Man's House." By Stephen Reynolds. 320 pages. Price $1.50. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

"THE Plate Collector's Guide," by Percy Macquoid, is an arrangement from the more lengthy volume of Cripps' "Old English Plate." Of the many books that have since been written upon this subject, none has been more complete or thorough than this old work which first appeared in 1878. The book contains an account of all the old marks, their origin and the times when they were used; it also contains a chronological list of the articles of plate which have served as authority for the construction of date-letters. The book is beautifully illustrated with sixty-seven cuts of pieces made by famous silversmiths.

("The Plate Collector's Guide." By Percy Macquoid. 200 pages. Price $2.25

net. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

"A Happy Half-Century," by Agnes Repplier: It would be difficult to find more amusing and interesting essays than this volume contains. Miss Repplier challenges the sympathy of everyone with her opening sentence: "There are few of us who do not occasionally wish we had been born in other days, in days for which we have some secret affinity and which shine for us with a mellow light in the deceitful pages of history." Miss Repplier then confesses her own partiality for the fifty years containing the close of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth centuries because she says that it was a time when no one needed to despair of gaining a literary reputation. The pages following give an account of the foolish flattery and adulation accorded the very mediocre writers of that period, many of whose names have passed into oblivion, save for the letters that mention them and their work in terms of fulsome praise. Whether Miss Repplier so intended it is difficult to say, but the book is a delightful index and parody on the mushroom *litterateurs* and gushing press notices of our own time. However, if we seem to differ with this author in implying that literary reputations are fairly cheap today, it is certainly not this fact that makes us account Miss Repplier a leading American essayist. ("A Happy Half-Century." By Agnes Repplier. 249 pages. Price $1.10 net. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.)

"A Handbook of Modern French Painting," by D. Cady Eaton, is a complete and valuable little guide through the wilderness of public galleries, to the representative works of the famous French painters, from the time of Watteau through the present. Professor Eaton holds the chair of art history and criticism at Yale University and his book is thoroughly scholarly and entertaining. The author does not limit himself to the pictures found in the French galleries, but groups under each man all the famous works of his brush wherever they may be. A simple biographical sketch of each artist is also included in the book, and a list of the provincial museums with the pictures most worthy of study to be found in their galleries. The volume is beautifully illustrated with reproductions from the works of the more famous painters.

("A Handbook of Modern French Painting." By D. Cady Eaton. 367 pages. Price $2.00 net. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.)

"ESSENTIALS of Woodworking," by Ira Samuel Griffith, A. B., takes up the study of woodworking in a thorough and yet simple fashion. It contains, besides directions for treating wood and for making simple articles, a chapter on tools and the method of their use, and an interesting chapter on the growth of the woods most used in construction and cabinetmaking. The book is illustrated with working drawings, pictures of tools and sketches illustrating the positions of the hands when using them. It is a very valuable book for school use.

("Essentials of Woodworking." By Ira Samuel Griffith. 182 pages. Price $1.25. Published by The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Illinois.)

"THE Call of the City," by Charles Mulford Robinson, is a collection of short essays on the different phases of city life, interspersed with extracts from poems of different well-known authors relating to the charm of the city. The little book is very attractively got up, and the essays, none of which take over five minutes to read, are direct and have a pleasant and soothing atmosphere. It is illustrated with a reproduction of one of the most interesting of Mr. Colin Campbell Cooper's realistic pictures of lower New York. ("The Call of the City." By Charles Mulford Robinson. 103 pages. Price $1.25 net. Published by Paul Elder & Company, New York.)