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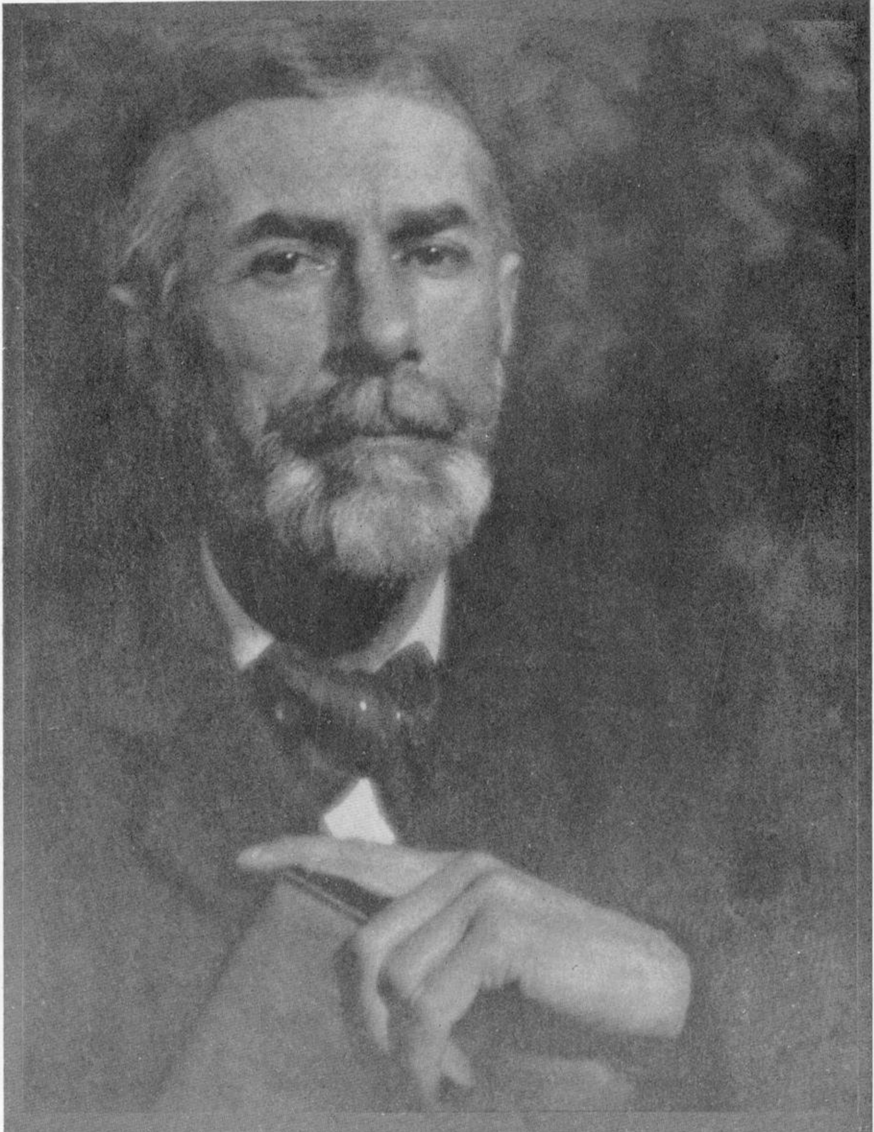

From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.
See Page 394.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII JULY, 1907 NUMBER 4

MUSIC FROM THE OJIBWAY'S POINT OF VIEW: ART AN UNKNOWN WORD TO THESE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE, AND SONG A PART OF EVERYDAY LIVING: BY FREDERICK BURTON

THE Ojibway's respect for music is profound. It means more to him than it does to us, for it is an essential part of his daily life. He does not divorce it from his ordinary experiences and look upon it as an art; he has no comprehension of what art is; music is one of the several manifestations of his existence, character and environment; it is a spontaneous expression of his inborn appreciation of beauty, and this form of expression, as distinguished from other expressions, decorative art for example, he holds in the highest esteem, for nature has endowed him with unusually fine perception of musical beauty. It means more to him than it does to us in still another sense, for it implies verse. He has no word for poetry. Whatever departs from plain prose is *nogamon*, song, which means that his poetry is not only inseparable from music, but indistinguishable from it. Among all civilized peoples the art of expression through verse is one thing, and the art of expression through modulated sounds is quite another, linked though they often are by the deliberate intent of the composer; in the Ojibway conception the two arts are not merely linked inseparably, they are fused into one.

I have been at considerable pains during recent years to bring before the public in one way and another the results of research that have demonstrated the existence among the Ojibways of a type of folksong at once distinctive and beautiful. In that work I spoke and wrote as a musician, to whom song is a form of music, and to whom the chief interest in his research lay in the discovery of exquisite melodies, or tunes. In this paper I shall give brief attention to the other factor in the Ojibway's art, for such his music-poetry is, and shall try to indicate how it enters into his daily life.

MUSIC A PART OF EVERYDAY LIVING

Song is the beginning and end of Ojibway music. He has no instrumental outfit for the production of music as such, which helps to establish the fact that he does not conceive of music apart from words, although he does have a strong perception of absolute music, his sense of melodic beauty being far superior to his sense of poetic beauty. For the moment let us understand that whenever he expresses himself through music, he sings. The pounding of the unmelodious drum, so disturbing to the civilized ear, is always an accompaniment to song. He never drums for the sake of drumming. In all his ceremonies, secular and sacred, he dances to vocal music, and no ceremony is complete, or even possible, without it. So, too, with many of his games; he must have song when he gambles. His prayers are songs; every action, impulse, or aspiration in his experience is expressed in song. His one instrument aside from the drum, and it is very rare, is a so-called flute, but it is not designed for the making of music for its own sake; it is always a substitute for the voice, and the tunes played on it are invariably songs.

It often proves difficult for an Ojibway to apprehend music as a distinct, separate creation. Time and again after I had come to terms of intimacy with the people, a man would come to me saying that he had thought of a new song, and proceed to sing it only to reveal a set of words that I had not heard before, the melody being substantially and often exactly the same as I had taken from his lips on a previous occasion. Some of the Indians could not be made to perceive that under these circumstances they had not contributed a new song to my collection. The sound (tune) might be "very like," yes, but the *nogamon* was different—and yet *nogamon* is a form of the verb which means, "I sing."

WHEN the paleface separates the factors in the joint art and examines Ojibway verse, he is struck first by its extraordinary compactness. The Ojibway wastes no words, and, being primitive, he usually restricts his poem to the expression of a single thought. This thought may frame itself in words sufficiently clear to him and yet so few that they cannot fill out the melody to which he attaches them. In this contingency he repeats words and phrases, after the manner of the civilized composer, or he resorts to syllables that have no meaning. Here are the words of a wedding song, *Bayzhig equayzess ne menegonun, gayget sennah negechedaybe ego.* They mean: "A girl has been given to me; yes, I am exceedingly glad that she has been given." That is to say, "I am transported

with delight because my sweetheart's parents have consented to our marriage." From our point of view this is the entire poem, but the composer of it, who, be it remembered, was of necessity also the composer of the music, was so tumultuously stirred by emotion over the great event in his life that music was awakened in him to an unusual degree, and his tune could not be confined to a plain statement of his joy. The paleface under similar circumstances might have amplified his original thought by entering upon a glowing description of his sweetheart's beauty of face and form; he might have descanted on her virtues and graces; or, following the immortal model set by Henry Cary in "Sally in Our Alley," he might have narrated his present relations with her and forecast the future. Not thus with the Indian. That one thought of jubilant satisfaction was all his mind could carry with comfort at one time; so, having stated the circumstances and his feeling, he proceeds to the conclusion of his tune with "heyah," which means nothing at all in any language. Does it not suggest the warbling of birds? a musical impulse expressive of deep emotion finding its vent through modulated tones and resorting to meaningless syllables merely because the melody needs pegs, so to speak, to hang it on, or because the emotion, as musical feeling at last anaylsis really is, is utterly outside the pale of such thoughts as can be expressed in words.

Fast Drum four to the measure

Bayzhig e-quayzess ne me-ne-go-nun gayget sennah ne gechedaybe e-go } heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah
There's a girl whose parents have consented. That is why you see me so contented }

Bayzhig e-quayzess ne me-ne-go-nun gayget sennah ne gechedaybe e-go } heyah heyah
To my life great happiness she's bringing. Therefore I can't help my joyous singing }

heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah heyah

This song, by no means one of the best examples of Ojibway melody, although it is fluent and regular in structure, is one of the comparatively few that may be termed independent, by which I

mean that its words convey quite enough to enable the listener to understand it. Most songs are dependent for their meaning on circumstances in the knowledge of the listener but unexpressed in the words. This accounts partly for the compactness referred to. The Indian tells a story, and at the end says, "This is the song for it," proceeding then to sing perhaps three words which, in the light of the story, are perfectly intelligible, but, without knowledge of it, incomprehensible to the Indians themselves. I may remark that, owing to the Ojibway's extraordinary appreciation of melody as such, many songs are sung to-day to words which the singers do not understand. This is sometimes because the words are archaic, and sometimes because in the advance of civilization the ancient story has been forgotten, the song surviving because of the strength of the tune, and the words lingering because memory easily retains words associated with music, and because, fundamentally, as hinted above, the Ojibway's love of music is absolute, the words being merely a convenience to him in expressing his sense of beauty in tone.

A song that illustrates capitally the compactness of structure and dependence on circumstances unstated in the verse, proceeds as follows:

Slow — Fast
Voice
Drum
Keezho- yah 'shquan daym keezho- yah 'shquan-daym baybo-
gin 'shquandaym keezho- yah 'shquandaym. Keezho-
Slow

Setting the English equivalents under the Ojibway words, we get this:

Keezhoyah'shquandaym baybogin'shquandaym keezhoyah'shquandaym
Warm door in winter door warm door

Ojibways who understand English told me that this meant "My door is warm in winter time," but not one could give me a hint as to the meaning of his translation. The young fellows sang it with great gusto at all sorts of times and occasions, and not one of them

seemed to comprehend the difficulty I had in understanding them. I did get an impression that in some way it was a song of hospitality, but it was not until three years after I had put the melody and original words on paper that I found an Indian who enabled me to look at the song from the Indian point of view and grasp its full significance.

"WHEN I was a boy," said he, "I often heard my grandfather tell the story that goes with that song." He then told me the story which, very briefly, concerned a hunter who was lost in a three-days' snowstorm. Just as he was about to succumb to cold and weariness, he heard the sound of a drum. He made his way hopefully toward the sound, but cautiously, too, for the drum beats could not tell him that the singer, whose voice was inaudible at first, was not an enemy. At length he drew near enough to hear the singer, who was seated in his comfortable wigwam. "And this is what the man was singing," says the relator, plunging at once into "*Keezhoyah 'shquandaym.*" The words being Ojibway, the perishing hunter knew that he had found a friend, and the story ends by telling how he of the wigwam entertained the wayfarer and, after the storm, sent him on his way refreshed.

The story presents to the imagination a vivid picture of winter, the sufferings of the lost hunter serving to set forth the terrors and perils of the season, which the man within doors mocks triumphantly in his three-word song.

The song, then, may be regarded as a mnemonic summary of thoughts and impressions. In my opinion it would be doing rank injustice to the Ojibway's imagination if I were to limit the translation of such verse as this to the literal significance of the words. To put the Indian's whole thought in terms of our art it is necessary to state at least a suggestion of what the Indian thought but did not express:

Freeze, ye northern winds!
  Blow, ye frosty blasts!
Here within 'tis warm
  While the winter lasts.
Whirl, ye driven snow,
  Heap in smoth'ring drifts!
Winter here lies low
  Nor his cold hand lifts.

There is no rhyme in Ojibway verse, but there are songs wherein the words fall into rhythmic order beautifully. These are usually

the non-dependent songs, those that tell a story, or express more than a single fact. In such songs the melody is always more highly developed and more nearly after the manner of the music of civilization, though always with distinctive Indian characteristics.

Presentation of the Ojibway regard for music would be incomplete without some reference to the proprietary value they set on their songs. The composer is the owner, and wherever ancient customs are still preserved no Indian ventures to sing a song that does not belong to his family. This view, I believe, is common to many tribes, perhaps all, but among the Ojibways the march of civilization has thrown down so many barriers that a great many of the old songs are now widely distributed. It is still a common experience for the investigator, however, to fail of getting a song he wants because the Indian who sang it yesterday refuses to repeat it today on the ground that it belongs to another, and if it is to be reduced to the white man's notes, that other's permission must be obtained. A general sense of proprietorship is also manifested in the extreme reluctance of the people to sing for the white man with his pencil and note paper. As one dusky friend explained to me, "Our songs are the only thing left to us that are wholly Indian. You've taken away everything else that was ours, and now you want to rob us of our songs." It took me many months of patient argument with this man and his neighbors to persuade them that I left behind all I took away, and that my work was the one sure way to preserve the songs from oblivion.

IN OJIBWAY music the general lack of development, speaking technically for the moment, is the chief mark of its primitive character; and it is much the same in Ojibway verse. Often is the poetic impulse plainly manifest, and with equal plainness the inability to work it out. The Ojibway is more gifted in music than in poetry; he has wrought out a type of beautiful melody, much of it in perfect form; his verse, for the most part, has not emerged from the condition of raw material. The spirit of music, struggling for expression through his primitive soul, finds its way to utterance in spite of the words with which he associates it. The Indian, like the average paleface, is incapable of grasping the conception of music as a thing of absolute beauty. Does a melody sing in his head and insist upon vocal utterance, he must forthwith invent a series of words that fit the rhythmic scheme of the tune, for thus alone can he correlate his sense of pleasure in modulated sounds with his habitual regard of other phenomena that appeal to him through the material senses as plain, compre-

hensible facts. We might conceive of an Indian voicing a melody tentatively to meaningless syllables and wondering as to the nature of that tonal entity that comes from he knows not where, that allures his soul, that compels him to sing. He might wonder at it as a hermit who is visited by angels in a vision. It might awaken awe, as if it were a message from another world, the very holiest of holy speech of Gitche Manitou himself. Thrilling with the pure delight that music alone of all the arts and things upon or above the earth can arouse, he might yet hesitate to link it to words lest he offend the manitou who sent it, lest he misinterpret the message so subtly and convincingly spoken to his heart; and thus, bowing in humility before the mysterious presence manifested in new melody, he might content himself and the visiting impulse with a wordless song, leaving the meaning of it to be revealed at the manitou's own pleasure.

The fact probably is that no Indian ever went as far as this in speculation. His process of composition, as far as that process can be manifested, is identically such as I have suggested. He does sing his new melody to meaningless syllables, tentatively, correcting it here and there, but meantime experimenting with words that convey meaning; and the probability is that the precise sentiment of the words finally accepted is established by rhythmic consideration, those that fall readily into the scheme of accents appealing to him as the most suitable vehicle for the melody. And, aside from dependence upon the scheme of accents, the character of the words that suggest themselves to him must depend upon his own character, his mode of life, manner of thought, the exigency of his immediate situation, whatever that may be, and not upon the unborn tune. I am aware that there is room for controversy in this view, and it would give me great pleasure to break the cudgels of argument with any who hold a different opinion; but this is no place for controversy, and I must be content if I have suggested, what so few palefaces comprehend, that there is a warm human side to the redman which demands respect and commands the admiration and affection of those who have been fortunate enough to become intimately acquainted with him. It is no savage who speaks through these beautiful melodies; it is a man, deficient in development, but a man nevertheless who feels as we do, and who gropes blindly and often hopelessly toward that freedom of expression which distinguishes the man of civilization.

SOLON H. BORGLUM: SCULPTOR OF AMERICAN LIFE: AN ARTIST WHO KNOWS THE VALUE OF "OUR INCOMPARABLE MATERIALS:" BY SELENE AYER ARMSTRONG

THE ironical fate which decrees that a prophet shall be without honor in his own country has permitted the high achievement of the American sculptor, Solon H. Borglum, to be more loudly heralded and widely recognized in Europe than in America. Such is not to be wondered at in the instance of those of our artists whose study abroad causes their work to be dominated by French and Classical influences to such a degree that it loses its American character, but in the case of Mr. Borglum the circumstance is somewhat extraordinary. For he stands pre-eminent as a sculptor of American life in one of its most distinctive phases, and the spirit and form of his art have remained essentially American. His groups embody in marble and bronze the free, primitive life of the great West, and in the freshness of their inspiration show no trace even of the despotic influence of Rodin's genius, or of aught that is alien to America.

"We have yet had no genius in America, with tyrannous eye which knew the value of our incomparable materials," wrote Emerson.

As Mr. Borglum talked to me recently of the ideal which has been the guiding principle of his work, it seemed to me that here, after many years, was the answer to Emerson's words.

"I set out for Paris," said Borglum, "but when I got there I was suddenly dismayed. I saw that the most any artist can do is to live and work with nature, and I said to myself, '*that* is what I must do at home. Why have I come?' And the whole time I stayed, I struggled not to let my work lose its stamp of American life. That is what our artists fail to prevent. They go to Europe and become Europeans. They absorb the mythology and classicism which in Europe are the true thing, but which in America are not true. I wish I could tell you how deep in me lies this American idea; how sacred to me is the ambition to make my work typically American, to have it express the democracy, the splendid youth, the crudeness, too, if you will, of my native country. Such ambition in us all is the only basis for a great national life!"

Although as a child and youth Solon Borglum seems to have been unaware of the genius latent within him, his entire life experience was an unconscious preparation for his destined work. He was born in

From a Photograph by A. B. Bogart.

"EVENING." BY
SOLON BORGLUM.

From a Photograph by A. B. Bogart.

"SIOUX INDIAN BUFFALO DANCE."
BY SOLON BORGLUM.

From Photographs by A. B. Bogart.

"NIGHT HAWKING."

"BUCKING BRONCHO."
BY SOLON BORGLUM.

From a Photograph by A. B. Bogart.

"SNOWDRIFT." BY
SOLON BORGLUM.

Ogden, Utah, in eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, of Danish parents, who later settled in Omaha. The boy Solon was a timid, quiet child, of lively imagination; an acknowledged failure at his books, delighting in nothing so much as the companionship of his father's horses and the freedom of the prairie. At the age of fifteen he went with an elder brother to California to stock a ranch, and here he was initiated for the first time into the full round of activities which make up the cowboy's life. He soon became inured to the primitiveness of it all, and his heart opened to the wild, free messages of the plains as it had never opened to the influences of the schoolroom and the progressive prairie city. When, at the end of a year on the California ranch, his brother decided to return to civilization, Solon determined definitely upon the profession of a ranchman. He took charge of his father's ranch at Loop River, Nebraska, threw up his "shack" there, and was soon absorbed in the responsibilities of "boss." The régime at Loop River, however, was a model of democracy, for Borglum was one with the boys, eating, sleeping with them, and performing the same tasks which fell to the crudest of them. The horses and cattle, too, were his constant companions, and his love and sympathy for them taught him the secrets of their every mood. Sun, wind, rain and blizzard went also plentifully into the making of life at Loop River. And like the child in the poem who went forth every day with open heart and receptive consciousness, so it was with Solon Borglum. "These things became a part of him,"—the close comradeship of the cowboys, the dumb love of animals, the desolation of the plains, the fury of the stampede, the prairie sun's fierce heat, and the stinging cold of the blizzard. They entered his soul as silent forces, to become articulate later in his work.

YOUNG Borglum was twenty-four, when, influenced largely by the advice of his brother, who was a successful painter, he determined to become an artist. He sold the ranch for an indifferent sum, and a year later we find him struggling against poverty in Los Angeles and Santa Ana, and trying to learn to paint. The art journals which he read spurred his ambition, and on the meager proceeds from a sale of the pictures he had painted, he went to Cincinnati to enter the Art School there. The passion for art, which had been latent in him so long, was now fully aroused, and he worked incessantly.

Both because he yearned for the companionship of his old friends, the horses, and because modeling would give him an anatomical

knowledge of the animal that would be helpful in painting, he obtained admission to the United States stables in Cincinnati, and began to model his first group. This represented a horse pawing the body of a dead horse on the plains, and, if weak technically, showed such unusual boldness of conception and depth of feeling, that when it was exhibited in the annual school exhibition Borglum was awarded a special prize of fifty dollars.

The winning of a larger award, and of a scholarship during his second year at the Cincinnati school, fired his determination to go to Paris. He was soon established in a poor, bare room in the Latin Quarter there, and after some difficulty succeeded in obtaining admission to the city stables. With the Louvre and Luxembourg easily accessible, surrounded as it were by the most glorious examples of Old World art, he heard still the call of the wild, and it was largely as a panacea for homesickness for the prairie that he began the group "Lassoing Wild Horses." In this, a cowboy has lassoed a wild horse by the neck, and his partner, on a plunging pony, leans forward with arm upraised in the act of lassoing the legs. The tense figures of the cowboys, and the spirited grace and fierce resistance of the animals, are executed with a realism that epitomizes the thrilling action of Western life. To the delight of the young sculptor the group was accepted by that year's Salon, and was highly praised by the critics.

Encouraged by words of approval from Fremiet, the French sculptor, and from other artists who had become interested, and rejoicing that he had found in sculpture the medium of his truest self expression, Borglum set to work with renewed energy. The famous "Stampede of Wild Horses," exhibited at the Paris Exposition and now owned by the Cincinnati Museum, was speedily completed. This is a life-size group in which the frenzy and terror of animals plunging on the brink of an abyss are depicted with that passionate abandon of the artist to his subject which is an aspect of genius.

IT IS also interesting, and not surprising, to note the warm human sentiment with which the sculptor endows his animal groups. As an illustration of this let us take the infinitely pathetic and tender piece "Snowdrift." Could anything be more humanly eloquent than its appeal of maternity and infantile helplessness?—the mother filled with anxiety for the safety of her young, the foal wholly unconscious of the danger of the storm, and happily nestling close for warmth.

Mr. Borglum has sounded another note of Western life in his virile and dramatic treatment of the Indian. These people he knows, not casually or professionally, but as one who has lived amongst them, with the insight born of passionate sympathy. This perhaps is why his Indian groups are so vastly suggestive that the specific story which each tells is often lost sight of in the large symbolism of the work. Thus in the group called "Desolation," the prostrate figure of the Indian woman who weeps at her husband's grave on the plains seems to be invested with a something larger and more tragic than personal grief, and to symbolize rather the mourning of a dying race conscious of its doom. Its appeal is that of a sorrowing people rather than of an individual. "On the Border of White Man's Land" is a group representing an Indian and horse peering over a cliff at the approach of a train of paleface emigrants.

"These people are my dear, dear friends," Mr. Borglum told me. "At Christmas they send my little daughter, Monica, strings of beads, wondrously woven baskets, and gay belts, with messages of love for us all."

At present Mr. Borglum is at work upon an equestrian statue of the Western hero, Captain O'Neil, for the city of Prescott, Arizona, and upon a portrait statue of the beloved Southerner, General John B. Gordon, C. S. A., which will be unveiled in Atlanta, Georgia, in June.

The greatness of man and artist is most strikingly evident in the spirit which animates his work. This is intensely American, and intensely democratic. He has recognized the value of our "incomparable materials," and has drawn his inspiration solely from the life of the frontier,—a life in which man's worth is measured by his native strength, energy and resourcefulness rather than by his possessions; a life primitive, dauntless, clean. There is that in his work which challenges the shams and insincerities of our drawing rooms, and which makes the money-getting occupations of our trammeled lives seem suddenly trite. His art is not the expression of his personality, but of that part of the Universe by which he was environed, and is therefore as untrammeled as nature. To what measure of greatness it will rise when the ego of the man becomes articulate, it is interesting to speculate. He is in sculpture what Walt Whitman is in literature, a force as virile, elemental, and un-selfconscious as wind or rain. To study his art sympathetically is to thrill to the rugged truth and beauty of primal things.

THE FRIEND'S INGRATITUDE: BY PAUL HARBOE

T WAS not a pleasant day for travel. The cold was intense, and the hard, fine snow slashed against the cheeks like grains of dry sand. Strong, gusty winds hurled hats and caps high into the air, spinning them round like tops, on the face of the whirling clouds of drifting snow. To keep my cigar lighted was a sheer impossibility. I was obliged to do without its friendly service. Fortunately the distance from my stopping place to the station was not great, my train was waiting, and before I had shed my heavy ulster in the coach I heard the engineer's signal, and we were off.

The best time to go to Steenstrup is in midsummer or early autumn, when the big, square fields on either side of the railroad tracks are filled with active peasantry—men and women, youths and maids, gathering hay, perhaps, leaping about like young grasshoppers, with snatches of song, a frolic, making sport of their work—you can see and hear it all from the windows of your car.

Peter was at the station with a prodigious umbrella. The gray mare, he explained, had a bad foot and Hr. Larsen was sorry we would have to walk. At this he took my satchel and swinging the umbrella over my head at once set off at breakneck speed.

Larsen was in the doorway of the inn when we arrived.

"The deuce!" he cried. "How you must have sprinted! The mare could have done no better, even if as well. So," he called to the grinning Peter, "the American has beaten you at your own game. Well done, Doctor! But come in, come in! The snow will soon be over and the wind is dying; we'll have a clear night."

My host had a bottle of wine waiting for me. "I knew you would be ready for it," he said.

"Now tell me, Larsen, why you sent for me on such a beastly day as this," was my first question.

"Ah," he replied quickly, "I thought you would be interested. You see," he went on, "I do not know when he will leave us. He only came yesterday, and I wanted you to have a good look at him. To be honest, I think he is dangerous if meddled with; so we had better be careful."

"Where is the man now?"

"He has been away since dinner. He takes long walks during the day, returning only at meal-times."

"Nothing irregular in that." I was disappointed and impatient.

"Of course not. But have patience, Doctor! You will find I have estimated him correctly. Why, only this morning, when I told him a friend of mine was coming, meaning you, he leaped up like one stark mad. I thought he would strike me. 'Friend,' he yelled wildly, 'you have no friends; you are deceived. There is no such thing.' Now what do you say to that?"

"Oh, well," I admitted, "perhaps he is interesting after all But in mercy get me something to eat, my good Larsen, and hurry about it. I can devour an ox."

"You Americans are always in a hurry—and always want to do big things," he laughed, and ran off to the kitchen. In a moment he returned.

"He is coming," he said, almost with excitement. "I saw him from the kitchen window. Maria pointed him out." Maria was his wife.

The knob was turned round quickly and the door flew back. The object of our curiosity stamped his feet on the threshold, the snow from his shoes spattering in every direction. He glanced at neither of us, but crossed the room in a few hurried steps.

"Now!" spoke my host, a bit exultingly.

"He *is* queer. Will he come down again?"

"He will—if he is hungry." Larsen shot one of his knowing glances at me.

AN HOUR passed, during which curiosity held my appetite in check. The mysterious guest had not looked like a man to be afraid of. While his jaw was broad and square, his eyes, a dark gray, made him seem harmless enough. Of course I had not seen much of him, and was in no position to form a conclusive judgment. At last the big, old-fashioned timepiece cracked off six strokes very emphatically, and Larsen, smiling, issued from the kitchen. "Supper is ready, Doctor. Now we'll have a good look at him. Lucky I have so few guests at this time. I fancy my friend is not fond of company," he added, chuckling.

Peter, arrayed in a clean, white shirt, came in to announce that he thought the mare's foot was now so much improved that if I chose we might drive to Svendborg in the morning.

"The snow is excellent," he explained, "and the mare will like it better than the bare road."

The three of us repaired to the little, low-lofted dining room, where Maria was running about placing dishes on the square old

table that had probably seen twenty years of service. "Only porridge and pancakes, sir," she said simply, giving me a chair. But I knew that Maria could make porridge and pancakes as few women in Denmark could, and I was quite satisfied.

I had despatched my first plateful of porridge and called for a second one, which Maria had gone for, when our silent guest came in. He stopped to look at us a moment, then walked slowly around the table to a chair next to mine.

Peter and Larsen both turned their eyes upon me; I turned mine upon the guest, who looked about indifferently.

"He is my friend," said my host, coming opportunely to the rescue. "I spoke to you of him this morning."

"Yes, you said he was a friend," the man replied shortly. Then to Maria, who stood waiting. "A small portion."

I took up the thread.

"I am from America——"

"So am I," he snapped out.

The gruffness of his manner irritated me. He was, perhaps, more dangerous than I had at first supposed. I must be careful. There was a long while of oppressive silence. Larsen left the table without ceremony, Peter following. I lingered over my coffee.

"Superior pancakes," cried the man suddenly. "They can't make these over there." This last was spoken half unconsciously, as if to himself. Folding his arms and half closing his eyes, he stared at the empty plate in front of him. He drew a long sigh. With tense interest I watched and waited. Presently he spoke again. But the articulation was vague. "America—back—tell—all." I could catch only a word or two. All at once his head fell lifelessly on his breast. I sprang up and made a cry, at which Larsen and Peter darted into the room. The guest did not move.

"He is dead," cried Larsen with terrified concern.

But the syncope was quickly over. A few drops of cognac revived him. He sat up again and looked at me hard.

"Why did you bother me?" he demanded sullenly, but I could see that he was rather pleased than resentful.

"Because," I replied, soberly enough, "you are our friend."

I had touched the wound. He reflected a moment.

"I cannot believe you," he said, "yet——"

"We stood by you, perhaps saved you," I urged.

He glanced suspiciously at us; then exclaimed, with fierce decision.

"I might as well tell you. I am going back to give myself up. "No, not to you," he said sharply to Larsen and Peter, who, frightened, drew back. He put a hand on my shoulder. "Come," he whispered. In his room he sat down on the edge of the bed; I took the only chair and placed it very close.

"It's my conscience," he began abruptly, fixing his eyes upon mine. "I thought I could forget. I thought I was strong, heartlessly strong." He laughed a little and paused.

"No, you are not strong," I put in.

"But I was," he insisted vehemently, rising and beginning to pace the floor. "I was strong enough to——." He checked himself. "Oh, a weaker man, a boy could have done it."

After a minute of silence he made a new start.

"It is twenty years ago or more. He called himself my friend; you are listening—my friend. He was poor and I helped him. We were both young then; both orphans; that was the common tie. He had always been sickly, and could do but little work. He looked to me as to a guardian, a protector. The happiest hours of my life were spent in taking care of him. He was a companion. I wanted him the weakling he was. I could not picture him otherwise. I should have hated him if he had been strong." His eyes flashed and the blood was in his cheek.

"I took him to America—to Dakota. In watching his slim, boyish figure my own strength seemed to increase. My sole ambition was to make a cosy home for him. Thus I lived for him alone. The clean, crisp air of the west had a strange effect upon him. He said he wished he could join me in the work. We had a farm out there. He begged me to let him handle the plow. He was strong now, he said. But I was afraid to lose him. Then his will grew stronger. He begged me no more. I was angry. Remonstrances were vain. A day of hard work would kill him, I thought.

"Then he upbraided me, relentlessly, I who had thrown every stone out of his path. He upbraided me. He threatened me, saying he would go away. 'You shall not leave me,' I cried, frenzied at the change. But he only smiled. And that night he left me."

His eyes flashed again, and he sprang up.

"But I found him. I found him and I killed——."

He stopped and turned upon me.

"Tell them, Larsen and Peter, to bring the police. I am ready."

The next morning the guest did not come down. He was gone.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS: THE CAMERA PICTURES OF ALVIN LANGDON COBURN A VINDICATION OF THIS STATEMENT: BY GILES EDGERTON

HE claims of photography to a place among the fine arts have formed the subject-matter of frequent keen controversies between artist and photographer. The defenders of the claims of photography have stoutly contended that the whole spirit and meaning of art have been missed by the opponents of those claims when they have based their arguments upon the fact that the photographer must work through such a mechanical medium as the camera. Why not also deny the claim of music for the reason that, in its highest form, it demands such mechanical means of expression as the highly complex and mechanical musical instruments? Why should the creative impulse and the quickened imagination be restrained from using *any* agency, any means of expression?

The victory of the champions of photography, now generally conceded, was not the result of formal argument, however, but of achievement. The work of such leading exponents of the Photo-Secessionist movement as Gertrude Käsebier, Clarence H. White, Alfred Stieglitz and Edward Steichen has been an all-sufficient answer to those who carped about the "necessary limitations of purely mechanical processes," and a vindication of the claims of those who would place such work among the fine arts, along with music, painting and sculpture. These pioneers in the new development of photography, bursting the narrow bounds which held camera work to the more mechanically exact reproduction of physical likeness—bounds which had not been essentially widened since the daguerreotype days—set out to conquer the camera, to make it express spirit and feeling no less realistically than physical shapes. In a word, they believed it possible to so dominate the mechanical processes of photography as to produce pictures as truly artistic, as expressive of creative imagination and poetic inspiration, as painting or sculpture. They believed that no innate qualities to express emotion and insight into life belong to the materials with which artists have worked, but that they are inherent in the artist. Therefore, they argued, there is no reason why those qualities which constitute the soul of art should stop short, and, having conquered pen and ink, chalk, paint, brushes, marble, wax, clay, bronze, and a variety of other things, making them means of art-expression, refuse to admit

From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

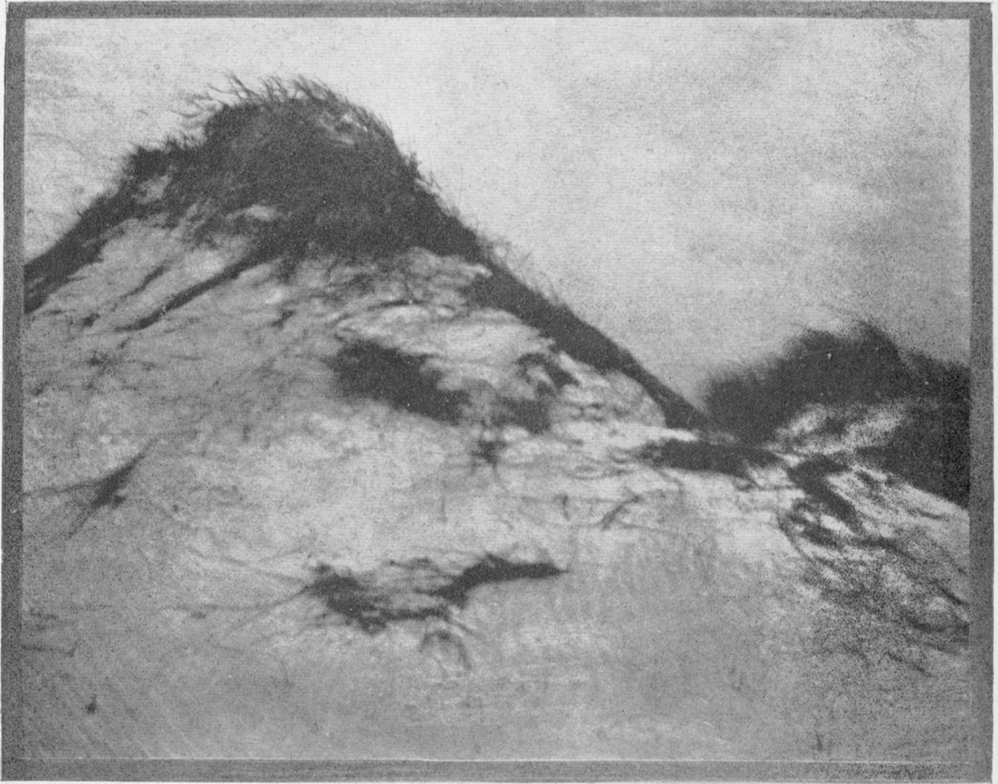
ALBERT STIEGLITZ.

From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

MRS. GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER.

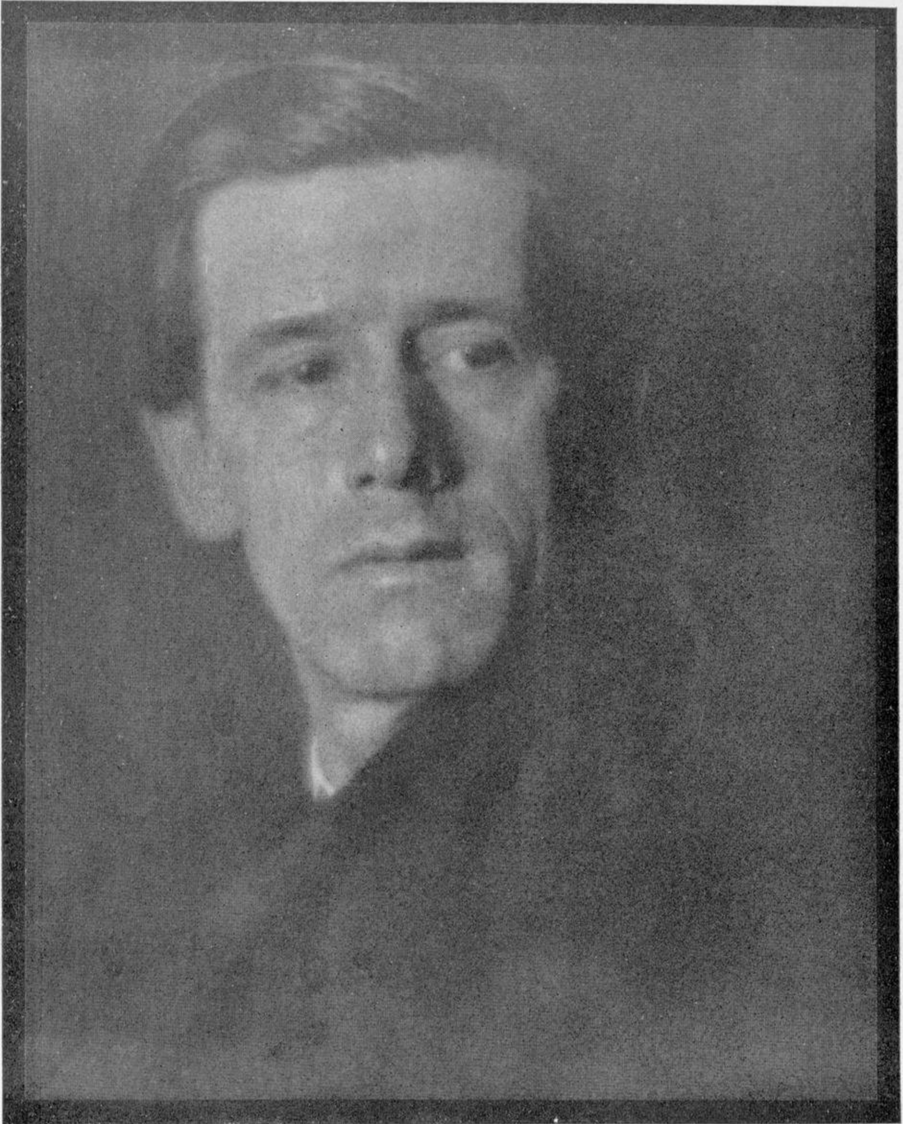


From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

"SAND DUNES."

From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

VAN DEERING PERRINE IN ONE OF THE WINTER STORMS HE LOVES TO PAINT.



From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

A PORTRAIT STUDY.

the possibility of achieving a similar conquest over the camera and the dry plate and their accessories. In this spirit they set to work, and conquered.

Among the most brilliant and successful of these artist-photographers is Alvin Langdon Coburn, a young American artist who has been winning golden renown in England, and to whom no small measure of the success of the new art-photography in commanding recognition and respectful placing among the fine arts is due. Mr. Coburn is only twenty-four, but he has achieved an unique and enviable position in the art world. Among his fellow Secessionists, it is the wonderful, seemingly limitless, range of his work, no less than his mastery of almost every technical process known to our greatly enlarged modern photography, which commands attention and respect. Some of his finest prints are simple bromide enlargements, though—Mr. Bernard Shaw says—they do not look in the least like anybody else's enlargements. He also takes the platinotype and secures, by simple, straightforward platinotype printing, results which are the envy of the best photographic artists. He turns to what is known among photographers as the "gum process" and is quite as much at home as when using the platinotype. Again, he takes the ingenious and somewhat difficult device of imposing a gum print on a platinotype, as a means of subduing contrast. Many other photographers have done this and given it up when they found it did not produce the result aimed at. But not so Mr. Coburn: finding the method little better than worthless as a means of subduing contrast, he discovered—apparently by close observation of the accidents of experiment after experiment—that by it he could secure a wonderful golden brown tone, quite unlike anything produced by chemically toned platinotype, which combines with the softness and delicacy of the platinotype image. Studying oil painting as an auxiliary to his camera work, he adapts the three-color process, and with a single negative and a few casual pigments produces wonderful color effects in his portraits. In short, from the simplest process to the most difficult multiple printing he is master of the technical difficulties involved in printing from negatives.

GOOD negatives are very largely a matter of accident. Given the utmost care and wisdom in the selection of subjects and time, it is nevertheless true that the novice may secure with his kodak a more artistic negative than the trained veteran, and that the veteran himself will get the most artistic negatives largely as a

result of chance. The genius of the artist is called into play afterward—in the hand-work upon the negative and the printing. Many of his fellow artists and many critics marvel at Mr. Coburn's work, and are amazed that so young a man should be so completely master of the technical difficulties which they still encounter. They forget that while he is a young man, Mr. Coburn is really quite a veteran craftsman, who has sixteen years' experience behind him.

Unlike most artist-photographers, Mr. Coburn does not depend to any extent upon the manipulation of lights and special studio accessories. Indeed, he has no studio, preferring to wander in quest of suitable subjects and to photograph them amid their own surroundings. He does not believe in the studio method, holding it as a fundamental article of his creed that people cannot be convincingly portrayed out of their proper environment. In the spirit of the old literary canon that in order to write a biography it is necessary first of all to love the subject and enter into full sympathy with it (a canon most of our modern professional biographers ignore), Mr. Coburn believes that to secure an artistic portrait of a person, the artist, no matter whether he works with canvas and brush or with camera and dry plates, must know his subject and be in full sympathy with it. Coburn's admiration for Rodin and his work inspired him to do a portrait of that great master sculptor of the age, and the result is a wonderful presentation of the man and artist.

So, too, with the portrait of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. To begin with, it is admirable as a picture. Without knowing whose portrait it was, a lover of the beautiful would proudly and gladly hang it in a prominent place and revel in it as a picture of rare charm. As a portrait of the famous writer of cynical plays, however, it is a masterpiece. The pose is a copy of Rodin's "*En Penseur.*"

IN LIKE manner the portrait of Edward Carpenter appeals to one as an intimate and almost reverent portrayal of the fine spirit whose constructive and wholesome gospel inspires so many earnest souls in two hemispheres. It is not a mere likeness of the physical man. The sentient spirit, the vital force of this prophet of Democracy, is expressed with just as much power and inspiration as Watts put into his painted portraits. The same feeling is produced by his portraits of H. G. Wells, Mark Twain, Gilbert Chesterton, the English maker of paradoxical essays, and of the artist's mother. There is an entire freedom from artificiality and an overwhelming sense of sympathy and the impelling power of the creative impulse.

This is also true of his studies of architecture and of characteristic city scenes. He takes a towering New York skyscraper, for example, and one knows at once that he believes in the glorious future of a form of architecture almost universally condemned as ugly and repellant. Almost superfluous are his wise and courageous words to an English interviewer "Now, the idea I had in making this picture . . . was to try and render the beauty of what is commonly, but quite erroneously, regarded as a very ugly thing. If I have made the observer feel the dignity of the architecture, with its straight lines practically unornamented and with only the proportions to give it charm, . . . I am satisfied, for I feel that the architects of the future, artists all of them (such as the architects of Wells in his 'Modern Utopia'), will do wonderful things with steel and stone—like this building, only much finer—towering to the clouds." In this spirit Mr. Coburn seeks subjects amid the great docks of Liverpool, the bridges of London, Rome and Venice.

In landscape he manifests equal power. There is a study, "The Snowy Hill-Top," which, for the charm with which it glorifies a simple and commonplace bit of scenery, deserves to be called an artistic masterpiece. The silhouetted branches of the trees are charmingly brought out in a composition that in a painting would go far to establish the artist's reputation. "The Day After the Blizzard" and "The Track Through the Woods" are almost equally effective and pleasing. Characteristic of the highest level of the great Palisades which guard the Hudson, and as beautiful as it is characteristic, is "Above the Hudson." The struggling figure, making his way through the heavy snowdrift, is Van Deering Perrine, the painter of the Palisades, and Mr. Coburn's photograph might almost be taken for a reproduction of one of his paintings.

Mr. Coburn is no apologist for his art. He believes in it thoroughly. To him, photography is not a lesser medium than painting, but for many purposes a greater. "I do not feel that it is the aim of a work of graphic art to tell a story," he says, "but rather to express the feelings of the artist. If he has a story to tell, his thoughts should be expressed with a pen and not with a lens, or any of the clumsier methods of making pictures, such as painting or etching. But for the ensnaring and illusive visions of things, only half felt and hardly realized, fleeting things like the movement of smoke, the reflections in water, or the ever-changing forms of clouds on a windy day, there is no other medium but photography responsive enough to give these things in their fulness."

THE STORY OF A TRANSPLANTED INDUSTRY: LACE WORKERS OF THE ITALIAN QUARTER OF NEW YORK: BY ELISABETH A. IRWIN

TALL, ugly office building at the lower end of MacDougal Street marks the entrance to what was once Aaron Burr's suburban estate. Here one hundred years ago the beautiful Theodosia used to gallop out on her pony to meet her father coming up from the city. From here a winding road led to the charming old house near the river bank where Aaron entertained his friends. This was known as Richmond Hill. Now the house is gone, the trees are felled, and streets run ruthlessly through Theodosia's garden. The charm is not gone, however. The whole district reeks with associations and the rows of old houses on Charlton, Varick and MacDougal Streets at least have the air of being the immediate successors of the Burrs' wild roses and hollyhocks. In contrast to these dignified old mansions we find the tenants a picturesque community of Southern Italians. MacDougal Street from Washington Square to Spring Street is teeming with swarthy babies and their gaily attired mothers. In the fall of the year, children bearing trays of gay flowers for our spring hats ply back and forth from home to shop. Red peppers hanging in strings from the windows and the little stands green with salads add the bright colors that belong to the native land of this transplanted race.

It is very fittingly in this quarter, with more Italians to the acre than Italy itself has ever boasted, that a true Italian industry has been started. The big, light rooms on the second floor of one of these old mansions have been turned over to the making of Italian embroidery and lace. The Rosies, the Angelinas, the Lucias and Marias need no longer wear out their deft artistic fingers by wrapping candy, or binding pasteboard boxes. Here the Italian instinct for creating the beautiful finds full play, and full pay.

The embroidery and lace which is being made is from the patterns of the fifteenth and sixteenth century. This art was almost forgotten in Italy itself until about fifty years ago, when it was revived by some of the wealthy Italian ladies, under whose eyes the peasants were often idle and in want because of no remunerative occupation when crops failed or famine came. Simultaneously in several different sections of Italy, this industry was recreated. A few old women were found who had learned some of the original stitches from their grandmothers and were able to copy pieces of work that

had come down in the families of the nobility. These old women were made teachers and soon it became evident that the genius for making beautiful laces had not died with the work itself. With this revival of interest, old samples of lace and embroidery have been collected from monasteries, convents, churches and castles, many pieces several hundred years old. In this way nearly all the antique designs which are rare and beautiful have been revived and copied stitch by stitch.

The number of schools increased rapidly, and the quality of the work improved until now it is possible to buy in Italy laces as fine and embroideries as beautiful as those old bits that have been so long admired as examples of a lost art.

TWO years ago several American women who are interested in the Italians in New York were spending the winter in Italy, and admiring the laces, lamented that such talent should be lost upon box factories and sweatshops when the Italian girls migrate to America. From this discussion, under the spell of the blue Italian sky, originated the plan of starting the industry here. They talked much about it, and while they were still in Italy they enlisted the co-operation of the patronesses and teachers of the work there, and one of the finest teachers at Rome promised to come and start the work in New York, if they would find the girls.

"CHATTERING IN ITALIAN AS FAST AS THEIR FINGERS CAN FLY."

By November, nineteen hundred and five, the American Committee had secured one room and

six girls willing to begin the work at two dollars a week. The "Scuola d'Industrie Italiane," as the school is called, opened in this small way under the direction of Miss Carolina Amari, who came from Italy according to her promise, with patterns and materials to launch the enterprise here. Miss Amari brought with her many of the old patterns to be copied and pieces of work begun in the school there, to be finished.

It was a problem at first how the beginners' work should be made to pay for itself. This was solved, however, by Miss Amari, who brought partially finished pieces where the more complicated work was done and the easy, but time-consuming stitches were left for the girls here. This plan worked very successfully. By the time of the first exhibition of work in December, several handsome pieces were actually finished to be shown in addition to the Italian samples of what might later be expected.

The adaptability of the girls in Italy to this work encouraged the American women to bring over not only the patterns for the laces but the form of organization as nearly as possible. No time card marks the arrival of the girls, and no forewoman shouts commands and reproofs into their ears. A glimpse into their rooms, now two instead of one, on a winter morning would show half a dozen groups of girls gathered about the cheery grate fire or near the big windows chattering in Italian as fast as their fingers can fly—that is the chattering limit—when their tongues outstrip their needles; then, and only then, is restraint placed upon them. Here twenty girls, each working out a different pattern on a different fabric, present quite another aspect from that of the box factory on the next block, where a glimpse into a badly-lighted, ill-smelling loft reveals forty or fifty young Italians, who might be the sisters of the merry lace-makers, pasting and folding boxes amid the clatter of machinery and the harsh commands of the foreman, whose sole duty it is to walk up and down the long lines and spur them on to faster work.

The factory laws, however, are carefully observed by the managers of the "Scuola" in spirit as well as in letter. No child laborers, no overtime, no evening work, are found here. Working papers are stringently insisted upon, and half past five sees the girls trooping out after the day's work. More than that, a bright, homelike atmosphere, not stipulated by the Labor Commission, pervades the whole place. The house where it is situated is a Settlement and often as someone opens the door, to pass in or out, a song from the kindergarten below floats in and is taken up by the girls as they sew.

"TEEMING WITH SWARTHY BABIES AND THEIR GAYLY ATTIRED MOTHERS."

VISITORS come now and then to admire the work, and find a welcome here that does not greet them at the neighboring box factory. The girls are always proud to show their work, and exhibit an interest and enthusiasm for it that could scarcely be elicited by the partial production of two thousand boxes a day. Miss Amari was quite amazed at the aptitude these girls have shown for the work from the beginning. She had anticipated some loss of skill and interest in the new environment, but found on the contrary an increased interest and a quickening of wit. When Miss Amari returned, the first spring of the school, she had already trained an Italian teacher to take her place, in laying out and overseeing the work of the girls.

Miss D'Annunzio, the teacher, is not a hard taskmistress, but understands perfectly the temperament of her young countrywomen and elicits from them their best efforts. Last summer one of the women of the Committee, who is connected with a Settlement in the city, offered the hospitality of the Settlement's summer home to the girls of the school for their two weeks' vacation; it was arranged for all to have the same two weeks, the school closed, and off they went together for a good time. They were already friends, so that they enjoyed being together, and returned with many friendships cemented the closer.

In the beginning it was necessary to pay the girls a small amount even while learning in order to induce them to leave seemingly more

remunerative trades to learn this new craft. One girl, loath to relinquish her three dollars a week, to which she had recently been "raised" from two-fifty, and reluctant to start again on two dollars, at the end of a month passed her fondest hopes and was earning three-fifty; now she is making seven. Had she remained at her former task of wrapping chocolates, five dollars a week would have been all she could have hoped for in a lifetime. Other girls are earning eight nine and ten dollars, and one eleven. This fact is sufficient to keep the school full and to have a waiting list, so that no pay is given now until the beginners have learned enough to be really earners. They usually begin earning after the second week. Then, too, the inducement of piece-work, always a luring prospect, is a great spur to ambition. Since this prize falls to the fine rather than the fast workers, it keeps up the standard of work.

Miss Amari has been back and forth twice between her two schools, the one in Rome and the one here, carrying inspiration from one to the other in the form of samples and finished products. Queen Margherita, interested in the embroidery schools from the beginning in Italy, has taken an especial interest in the starting of the New York school.

LAST autumn Miss Amari took work done here for exhibition at Milan, and left here several genuine antiques to be copied. One particularly beautiful lace pattern is copied from an insertion that was found on the skirt of a pope. Another takes its name from the Queen. Several exhibits have been held here where the work has found admirers, and from these have come enough orders to keep the girls at work from one season to the next. At first the work was mostly strips of embroidery for trimmings, then adaptable pieces, such as table covers, doilies and pillows; but now since the demand has been created, shirt-waists and collars, belts, bags and dresses are being rapidly designed and produced. Most of the old work is done on very heavy unbleached linen, with thread of the same color. The result is very effective. A lighter grade, white or gray just off the white, is used for many pieces, and a few of the smaller, finer patterns are being put on fine handkerchief linen for babies' caps and dresses.

It was uncertain at first just how much of a market could be found for the work in this country. It was tolerably certain, however, that one could be worked up, for New York women, many of them, go to Italy for the purpose of procuring just such laces as are now being

made here. The present appreciation of hand-work, joined with the previous reputation of Italian work, have made the products of the school salable from the beginning. Now a salesroom has been started, where the work is always on exhibition. Exhibits of the work have also been sent to other cities in this country. The results of these have demonstrated that America is capable of appreciating the same work here that it usually travels abroad to find.

Miss Florence Colgate, chairman of the executive committee, has long been interested in Italian cut-work, embroidery and lace, and was one of the originators of the scheme. She has done a great deal of the executive work from the beginning, not only in her practical work in connection with the school, but in planning and managing the exhibits and getting the work before the public. Other members of the committee are Miss Carolina Amari, of Rome; Count and Countess Raybandi Massiglia, Consul-General of Italy and his wife; Miss Elizabeth S. Williams of the College Settlement, New York City; Mr. Gino Speranza, Mrs. Seth Low, Franklin H. Giddings, Esq., and other New Yorkers who are interested in the Italians in America and in artistic hand-work. The Italian Immigration Department at Rome, the Italian Chamber of Commerce, and The Society for the Protection of the Italian Immigrants, as well as the Queen herself, are all heartily in sympathy with the movement to bring to the Italian women here one of their native industries.

"WHOM THE GODS LOVE:" BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

HE problem had been a difficult one to tackle. It was necessary, even, to refer it to a number of sub-committees, and it had been side-tracked for weeks; but the Society had arrived, at last, at a happy and humane solution. In the polite nomenclature of charity the family of Pasquale junior was about to be broken up.

Because of tendencies not to be tolerated in polite society, Pasquale senior had, some time since, been landed at that haven of all daring souls: "The Island." The wife of Pasquale had washed, and washed again, and coughed, and had recently landed, also, at other islands, but of uncertain location. It was not reasonable to suppose that the Society could go on paying weekly rent for three children when the responsibility might be shifted, so the Sub-Committee had decided upon a farm for Pasquale junior, a Home spelled with a capital H for little Assunta, and the orphan asylum for the baby; and it sent its chairlady to notify the family.

Assunta had just finished wiping the three dishes, and the teapot—from which the baby had drained the last blissful dregs—and she was rolling up the dish towel into the figure of a doll. Some time since Assunta had abandoned the doll myth as an exploded theory—as long ago as three years, when she was six; but the baby was an excuse for slight frivolity.

Pasquale junior sat upon the table, jingling three dimes and a nickel, and raising his thin little chest to greater height than would have seemed possible from his twelve hard years.

"Sausages this night, Assunta," he said, "and macaroni! I already got them by the delicatessen. All the papers by me I sold. "Murder, murder!!" I cry, "All about the murder!" And no murder is, but I sell all the papers. Assunta," Pasquale's voice sank to a whisper, lest the bare walls repeat his words, "Assunta, one can a dollar and seventy-five make by the hospital! Run under a horse at the curbing—a little bit—so." He illustrated by crawling under the table.

"Get run over. Comes the ambulance; comes the cop and the doctor. Come free beds at the hospital; and from off visitors you can get money by telling how your mother died on you. My frien' did it. I, also, could do it."

But the tenement door opened, and the chairlady entered. It was not an attractive interior, and it did seem that the Society had

been wise in its decision. The table, chair, couch, and the packing box cut down for a cradle, had all seen better, palmier days. The baby, who put his thumb in his mouth, and curled his lip uncertainly at the entrance of a stranger, was not quite cleanly in his appearance.

Assunta picked up her brown calico skirts, and made the quaint courtesy her mother had brought from the old country. Pasquale, recovering suddenly from his horse episode beneath the table, rose and doffed his father's fur cap which he wore at all times now as insignia of his rank as head of the family—and Pasquale bowed, also, to the representative of charity.

"Dear little children," began the chairlady, auspiciously, stooping down to pick up the baby, who promptly emitted shrieks of anguish, and held up his arms beseechingly to Assunta, "You are not going to live in this horrible tenement house any longer. We are coming to get you all in the morning. Pasquale shall go to a nice farmer in the country, and learn how to make hay. Assunta is going to a big house where she can have a clean apron every day, and learn to cook—and the baby, little man,"—the baby opened his mouth for a fresh wail—"is going to live with all the other babies."

"We all by the same train go?" asked Assunta passively. Long experience in sudden exits and entrances had left her stolid as regards the unexpected descent of Societies.

"Pasquale will the baby carry, and I his bottles?"

"But you don't understand, little girl," said the chairlady with decision. "You can't all go to the same place. We really have to break up families often in order to care for them properly.

"Good-bye. Be ready by ten in the morning, and do try to have clean faces and hands." And the chairlady took her rustling departure down the long stairs, on other errands of mercy bent.

Assunta carefully closed the door, and wiped two tears from her cheek with the hem of her dress.

"Who will the baby's bottles fix?" she asked, as if of the East Side in general—"And who will your tea make, Pasquale?"

She sat down on the floor and rocked her arms in an agony of anticipation.

"Pasquale, Pasquale, I our mother promised to mind the baby."

But Pasquale was a man of action.

"Never go I to the country, Assunta, crickets are there, and cows with bushing tails, and other beasts of prey. Off books I read of them. Never will I chuck my job of papers. I will my family support."

"Assunta, the furniture pack, and the baby dress. I rent the Ginny's cart for five cents. We, to-night, move!"

IT WAS a gala night in the vicinity of Chatham Square. "Port Arthur" from cellar to roof garden was glittering with flags and lights, and resounding with the crash of Chinese music, the rattle of glasses, and the popping of corks, as the diners made merry. The little Chinese shopkeeper around the corner on Pell Street was doing so flourishing a business that merry bells and Fyiama China had risen several points in value since early in the evening.

Here, in a dusky alley, could be seen a Bowery tough making his cautious way toward the shadows of Doyers Street and from the Bowery Mission came the vociferous strain:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that Thy blood was shed for me."

A painted lady in pink evening dress and red slippers, passing by, rapped upon the window, and pressed her face against the pane with a drunken leer that turned the hymn to a lurid song in the back of the room, and caused the departure of half a dozen men in her wake.

On one side of the street appeared the startling sign:

"Piano Players Renovated, Inside and Out"—flanked by the announcement:

"Men Soled and Heeled While You Wait."

From the sky a light snow began sifting down—filtering through the Elevated tracks, and mocked in its purity by the mud it met below.

In the back room of "Hot Tom and Jerry's", business was booming. Hot Tom himself was presiding at the bar, and Jerry was kept busy opening the side door which, from the outside, looked so much like a gate in the wall, and which could, from the inside, be conveniently locked, and barred. Every table in the room was taken. A white-coated waiter was holding a bottle with one hand as he swung a girl about in a mad waltz with the other. From the shrill piano came the tune of "New Hampshire Molly," and in the midst of the revelry the painted lady wandered in and leaned nonchalantly against the bar.

"Howdy, Diza!" said Hot Tom as he began industriously mixing gin and lemons for her.

"Bowery Diza," said the waiter in explanation to a girl.

"She's a slick un, she is! Threw a lamp at a man and killed

him last year. Got another woman strung up for it. She knows every den in the Bowery. Put her onto the job, and she could make 'way with the Commissioner himself, if she thought there was enough in it. Jerry pays her a good round sum for——."

Diza interrupted the conversation by stumbling into the center of the hall, swinging her arms in a mocking imitation of the leader of the Bowery Mission, and swaying to and fro in a dance, as she sang in a quavering voice:

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot."

Her movements became quicker and quicker as the heat of the room and the applause of the men and women at the tables egged her on—but, suddenly, Jerry stepped in from the hall.

He was wiping the tears of suppressed mirth from his eyes with his coat sleeve, as he said:

"DIZA, Diza, here's the rummest go of the season! There's a little kid outside with a load of furniture in a push-cart. Got a girl and a baby with him. Says his family was going to be broke up in the morning and so he had to move tonight. Saw the sign next door. 'Rooms for Gentlemen, 25c.' Says he wants one fur his family." Jerry doubled up, and was obliged to wipe his eyes again at the humor of his news.

"Says he thought the Square would be a good paper stand, and he could earn fifty a day. Told him he couldn't have one of those rooms under a dollar seventy-five a night—come on out, and see the show, Diza!"

It may have been the breath of cool, night air that blew in with the entrance of Jerry—or it was, perhaps, the chance of a gathering crowd and the opportunity of being seen by the multitude, and the novelty of the situation as presented by Jerry. Whatever may have been the stimulus, Diza went to the saloon door, still humming mockingly, "Just as I am," and looked out into the night at a novel sight in Chinatown.

Assunta sat on the curbing in the gathering snow; the baby asleep in her lap, and the teapot beside her. The push-cart which it had taken great labor to pack and push stood in the gutter, and Pasquale stood beside it, his hands in his pockets, his father's cap pulled down over his ears, and a discouraged tone in his voice as he looked up at the tempting sign.

"The man said I should one dollar seventy-five pay," he said to Assunta. "And the lady of the house comes out in a pink dress. She, also, will say the price is rise."

Up Third Avenue could be heard the rattle of the fire truck.

"A friend of mine by the hospital, one dollar and seventy-five earned," said Pasquale, in a half whisper.

* * * * * *

"Hold tight by the baby, Assunta."

It was a matter of seconds, only,—and the crying came from the baby thus rudely awakened from his nap by the crowd and the confusion—so one could be quite sure that Diza felt no pain.

They carried her in, and laid her tenderly on the bar with someone's coat for a pillow, and Hot Tom's apron to cover the red spots on the pink.

And as Jerry said in a husky voice to the Bowery in general, "She saved the Kid's life, Diza did"—Diza opened her eyes only once, and whispered:

"A rum little kid—— 'Just as I am, and waiting not' "—before her soul fared out through the snow.

The underworld rolled on at its usual rapid rate the next day, save for the fact that Hot Tom was absent from his time-honored post. Purple from the embarrassment of a collar and necktie, he had traversed the white vista of the Children's Ward until he reached Pasquale in his free bed, and Assunta, the baby, and a store doll, seated nearby upon the floor.

"Oh, no, not seriously injured," said the nurse, smoothing covers and adjusting a bandage with her practised hand, "only bruised. Yes, I will explain to the Society that has the case in charge. You wish to deposit the amount in trust for them? That will greatly relieve the little boy's mind. He is worried lest he be separated from his sister and the baby."

And Pasquale shut his eyes, and buried his head in the pillows. Had he not, after all, emulated the example of his friend?

A LITTLE LOVER

I'VE been so happy, happy, all to-day;—
I lay upon the ground—I kissed the grass;
I kissed the little stones all brown and gray;
I watched the slow white clouds that pass—and pass.

I saw a little bird go 'cross the sky,
And when I *listened*, I could hear it sing—
A little, little dot, up there so high—
I think it knew that I was listening!

I put my ear close to the big, warm ground—
I shut my eyes and held my breath, and oh!
I heard a little, little running sound,
Like music, very far and soft and slow.

And then I stretched my arms away, 'way out—
And looked at everything for Far-and-Wide;
And loved and loved—for miles and miles about . . .
I loved things so—I think I almost cried.

LAURA CAMPBELL.

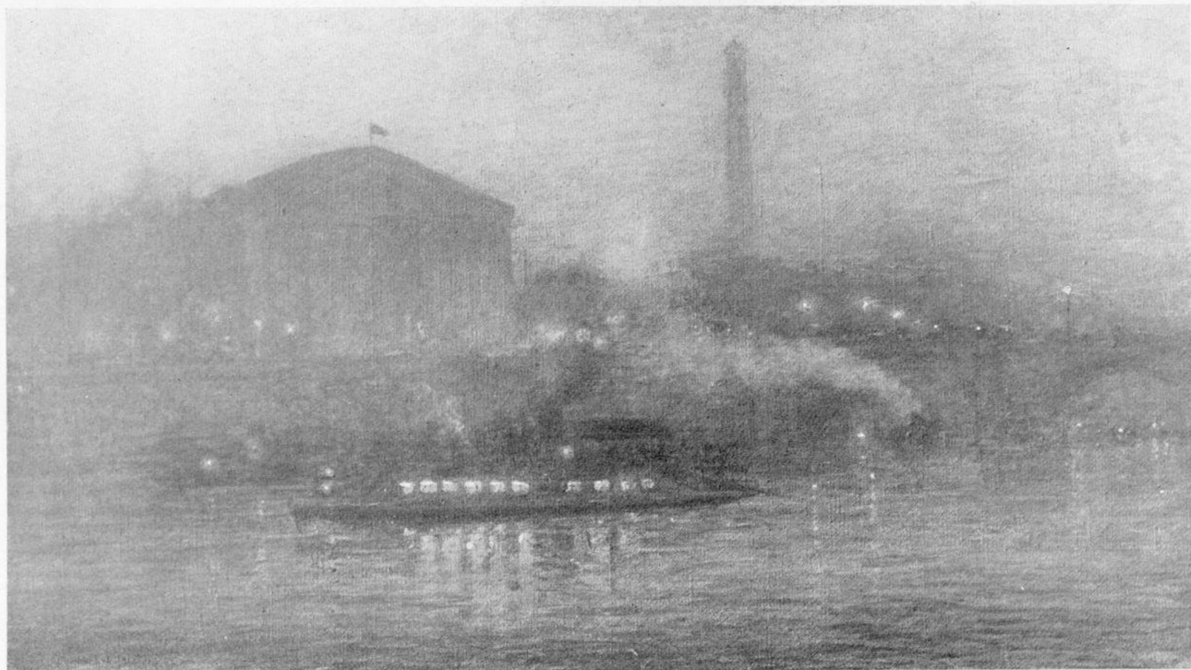
ALBERT HUMPHREYS: AMERICAN PAINTER AND SCULPTOR: BY JOHN SPARGO

THE children rushed into the little Settlement full of excitement, their shrill voices making an indescribable din. Little citizens-to-be, taking their first lessons in the kindergarten, as proud of their "Blue Star Club" as ever they will be of their marching clubs in the years to come, had been to the Bronx Zoo, and with them the demure little maidens, of like age, equally proud of their "Rosebuds' Club." They shouted their loudest and I heard of "big lines," "gee-raffs," "tigurses," "ellunfuts"—in short, all the wonders of the great Zoo were dinned into my ear. Most interesting of all, however, was a wonderful tale of a man who was making big "lines" and "tigurses" out of clay—and not afraid of the ferocious beasts! Such was my introduction to Albert Humphreys. Long afterward, when I had grown to know something of his work, Mr. Humphreys visited the little Settlement one day and was instantly recognized by several proud Blue Stars and several demure and coy Rosebuds as their hero of the Lions' House. Here was a hero indeed! Not afraid to pat the big, wild animals on the head, and able to "make their pictures" in clay.

Although little more than two years have passed since Mr. Humphreys, already favorably known as a painter of distinction, turned his attention to animal sculpture, he has won an enviable reputation, especially among his fellow artists, for his work in that very difficult branch of art. Artists like Gutzon Borglum and Wilhelm Funk have appreciated Mr. Humphreys' unquestionable genius and secured for their personal collections examples of his work. Few American sculptors have won such admiration from their brother artists as Mr. Humphreys has succeeded in doing in the very short time that he has been engaged in this line of creative endeavor. The critics, too, have received Mr. Humphreys' animal studies with warm praise, often calling him "the American Barye." Critical appreciation has not been wanting, and in this respect our sculptor is a most fortunate man.

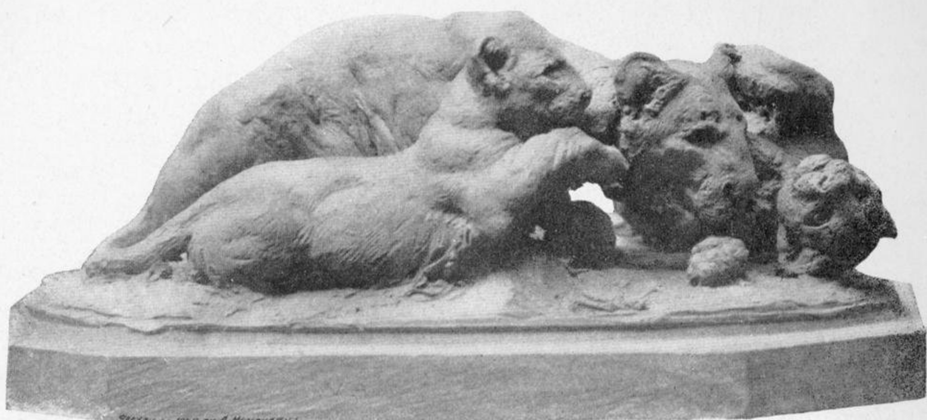
Public appreciation is another matter, however. The public does not always follow the critics, nor does it adopt readily the judgments of its own favorite and successful artists. One might reasonably expect that the public, even if it disregarded the verdict of the professional critics (for which indeed it has abundant reason), would nevertheless manifest more than a casual interest in the work of an artist whose achievements have appealed with so much force to a

"THE WIDOW." BY
ALBERT HUMPHREYS.



"SEINE AT NIGHT." BY
ALBERT HUMPHREYS.

"POT AU FEU:" A BELGIAN INTERIOR. BY ALBERT HUMPHREYS.



"LIONESS WASHING HER BABIES."

"AFTER DINNER." BY ALBERT HUMPHREYS.

sculptor like Gutzon Borglum, or to a painter like Wilhelm Funk. Yet, be the explanation what it may, it must be said that Mr. Humphreys has not as yet won the serious attention of the art-loving public of America with his animal studies. From an artistic point of view the exhibition of a representative collection of his sculpture at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, during May, was one of the most important exhibitions of the whole season east of Chicago, but it attracted comparatively little attention.

TO COMPARE the work of a sculptor like Mr. Humphreys with that of Barye is not quite just, either to Barye or Humphreys. It is inevitable, perhaps, that such comparisons should be made, but it grows very wearisome to have to endure all this precise cataloguing, this measuring the work of every artist of genius by French standards—"American Millets," "American Corots," "American Baryes," "American Balzacs," and so on, *ad nauseam.* At his best Mr. Humphreys attains a level which the great Barbizon sculptor of a generation ago never excelled. Not all of his work maintains this high level of excellence, however; some of it is decidedly mediocre. If we are to judge a man's *achievement* by the sum of his work, taking the great with the commonplace, we can only justly judge his *capacity* by his best. And Mr. Humphreys' best in animal sculpture is evidence of an indisputably great talent. I am free to say that some of the little animal studies Mr. Humphreys has given us equal, in my judgment, Barye's best. Indeed, I like some of them better than any of the French sculptor's with which I am familiar. There is more of the sneakiness, the sly, slinking way of the big "cats" in Mr. Humphreys' work. Lions, tigers, cougars, leopards—all these our artist knows intimately and models with wonderful fidelity. In a few of his pieces he has portrayed the ferociousness and power of the great beasts. "The Interrupted Feast," depicting a tiger at breakfast, snarling over a fawn, is full of cruel passion. So, too, is the study, "The Disputed Pathway," showing a lioness come suddenly upon a snake.

But for the most part, Mr. Humphreys maintains an affectionate attitude toward the animals, and loves best to show the more gentle and lovable features of their nature. There is something almost human in the great beasts as he thus portrays them, motherhood and childhood among them being just as delightful and inspiring as among the human family. The lioness washing her cubs, herewith reproduced, and the group "Good Morning," in which a tigress

is shown kissing her cub as it wakes, show a maternal tenderness that is appealing and beautiful. There is another group, "Cubs Wrestling," showing a number of lion cubs at play, which is quite as remarkable a study of animal childlife as it is a study of animal anatomy. It is this intimately affectionate note so characteristic of his work which makes the failure of the art-public to appreciate it all the more remarkable. Mr. Humphreys treats his subjects in a broad and free manner. He will never be reproached, as Barye was by Gustave Planche, "with suffocating the life of his animals under a multitude of details too pettily reproduced." Freedom and calm strength characterize his work, with no trace of servitude to detail. One feels that these animals are of the jungle and not of the studio.

OF MR. Humphreys' work as a painter mention has already been made. His canvases are to be seen in some of the best galleries in the country, and they show a talent scarcely less notable than his sculptured work, expressed in an almost unlimited range of subjects. The illustrations here given show something of the wide range of his art, but by no means its full measure. "The Widow," a fine canvas exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon, Paris, and elsewhere, is a good example of his portraiture, strongly reminiscent of Whistler. Seated by the big stone column in an old French church, one feels how memories of the past mingle with the service in her mind. Patient resignation and quiet, matronly virtue are splendidly suggested. "Pot au Feu," the Belgian interior shown, is one of a long series of interior studies of domestic life which the artist has painted.

As a painter of nocturnal scenes Mr. Humphreys is at his best, however. Some years ago he held an exhibition in Paris of fifty pictures, mostly nocturnes, which attracted much attention. There are still artists and critics of distinction who talk enthusiastically of that exhibition in the Rue St. Honore, and who wonder why the American painter has not before this reaped his due reward. Of this series of nocturnes "The Seine at Night" is a good example. There is tranquility and something of the mysterious hush of night in this as in all the series. There is another, "La Nuit au Village," which appeals to me personally with even greater force.

Mr. Humphreys was born near Cincinnati, some fifty years ago. As a boy he worked in a large printing establishment. The work was heavy and left the young toiler, who was not naturally of very

robust health, a legacy of physical weakness for which nothing can compensate him. Later, he became a decorator at the Rookwood pottery, art teacher, scene painter and illustrator in turn. His first pictures were exhibited at the Philadelphia Art Academy. Soon after this he went to London, hoping to become an illustrator, but on the advice of Edwin A. Abbey, decided to go to Paris and devote himself to the more serious aspects of art. In Paris he entered the École Julien and the École des Beaux Arts under Gérôme, and was fortunate in having one of his canvases accepted at the Salon upon his first attempt. Feeling the restraint of the schools, he spent most of his time in the country—at Cerny la Ville, in Brittany and elsewhere. His wanderings took him to Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium, and of the latter country his work contains many pictures. The friendship of such noted painters as Pelouse, Cazin, Munkácsy and the American Alexander Harrison had an abiding influence upon him.

This story of his life in Europe differs little from that of the average poor artist. There were the usual struggles and disappointments; the days when food itself was lacking. Humphreys, who is a trained musician (he once contemplated becoming a *virtuoso* and was an expert violinist until he had the misfortune to break his arm), tells the story of a famous orchestra in Paris which used to play frequently a symphony entitled "Tasso." There were three movements —Hope, Lament and Triumph. "I have played the first two movements in my life symphony," says the artist, "but not yet the last. Shall I ever play it, or will my finish be like the last wonderful movement of Tchaikowsky's 'Symphonie Pathétique'—that poignant lament, as if it were for the sorrows of all mankind?"

To that question time alone must answer. Artistic success and material prosperity do not always go together. One contemplates his sculpture and his paintings, and thinks of Barye upon his deathbed. His faithful wife was dusting some of the bronzes, now grown so precious, and complained that they were not signed legibly enough. "When thou art well, thou shouldst see to it that the signature of thy works be more legible," she said. Proudly the dying sculptor answered, "Be tranquil. Twenty years hence they will search for it with a magnifying glass." Some of Mr. Humphreys' work at least seems likely to stand the test of time: the pity, the tragedy, is that he needs must wait so long for the recognition he merits.

CHILD WAGE-EARNERS IN ENGLAND: WHY THE "HALF-TIME" SYSTEM HAS FAILED TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON

HE modern factory system has done much to raise the standard of living for the masses. By lessening the cost of production, it has placed within the reach of slender purses articles formerly classed as luxuries. It gives employment to a vast army of skilled workers, thus raising the standard of labor, even though many must be pushed aside in this survival of the fittest. The concentration of industry in fewer large establishments instead of innumerable homes or small workshops makes inspection not only necessary, but less difficult. Better working conditions, as a rule, are the result.

There is another side to the question, however; there are evils which must be checked if disastrous results are not to follow by the time the present generation reaches maturity. Of these, child labor is the worst. In the United States, four hundred thousand children are engaged in industrial pursuits.

As a generalization, steady, monotonous work for long hours is bad for any growing child. Specifically, the employment of children harms not only the child but the parent, also both the present and the future generations. It is bad for the child because it makes him old before his time, even where it does not wear him out physically; it is bad for the parent since it reduces his wages or cuts them off altogether, with the frequent result that he soon becomes lazy and willing to be supported by his children. Of course, there could be no child labor if factory owners refused, or were not permitted, to employ children.

Without a compulsory education law the factory, where conditions are good, is not so detrimental to the child, for it keeps him out of mischief by teaching him a trade. This plea, so often made by employers, cannot, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be construed into an argument in favor of child labor, for two wrongs never yet made a right. In states permitting the employment of children and having no compulsory education law, obviously the thing to do is to get such a law. Every state in the Union at present has a child labor law of some kind, except one whose legislature now has such a bill before it, which is quite certain to become a law before

the session adjourns. None of the territories have passed child labor laws.

Every country has its own industrial system, consequently its peculiar methods of employing labor, its own problems to solve. In America, if children are employed at all they work continuously, during certain hours, six days in the week, but not on Sundays, rarely on legal holidays. In England it is quite different since what is known as the English half-time system of child labor has been for years the custom.

What is known as the English half-time system of child labor is the legal provision which permits children between certain ages to engage in gainful occupations out of school hours, six days in the week, on Sundays and holidays. Theoretically, a plan which gives the opportunity for work to children of poor parents, without interfering with education, is an ideal system. In reality, it is very bad from both the educational and the economic standpoint. Only the brightest children are able to work and keep up with their studies at the same time. The attempt to do so devitalizes the child. The average half-timer can not keep pace with full-time pupils, consequently he is a drag upon his class and keeps it down to his level. Hence, the system is an injustice to both half-time and full-time children.

FROM an economic point of view, all of the stock objections to child labor in any form are multiplied and intensified. The horrible abuse of children in the early days of the factory system forms one of the darkest pages in English history. The demand for child workers which came with the application of steam to machinery, during the last years of the eighteenth century, was too great to be normally supplied. Almshouses and orphan asylums were filled with children who were a burden and an expense to the state, and managers took advantage of the chance to reduce the number of inmates. Tiny children were literally fed to the factories as to a heathen god. Babies not more than four or five years old were dragged from their beds before daylight and carried, in arms, to work. If they became drowsy during their working-day of eighteen hours, cold water was dashed in their faces to awaken them. The fearfully high death rate caused an inquiry to be made which resulted in the first British factory legislation, in eighteen hundred and two, mainly for the protection of women and children.

Since that early time the Factory Acts have been many times

amended, notably in eighteen hundred and seventy-six and in nineteen hundred and two. An explanatory word concerning the English method of law making may not be amiss. An Act which applies to the entire United Kingdom is passed by Parliament, making a general law and prescribing its limitations. Local authorities may then pass by-laws, giving a broad interpretation to the provisions of the Act where stringent measures are unnecessary, but making greater restrictions in other directions. Thus, it is possible to remedy what might be a hardship in one part of the country, although most beneficial in another, without undue strain upon the general law. The Act is made sufficiently elastic to suit common needs, but its full intent must be carried out, and strict enforcement makes the people respect it.

The framers of the law in eighteen hundred and seventy-six believed they had found a solution of the difficult child-labor question which had been before them for so many years, for it was thought that there would be two sets of children, one of them working during the half day that the other was in school, and that they would alternate, morning and afternoon. It was hoped that work and study would be evenly balanced, but in actual practice it never has been. As a matter of fact, all schooling was crowded into two successive days, and the rest of the week given over to steady employment. It was then tried to enforce school attendance on alternate days. This gave somewhat better results but was still far from satisfactory.

During recent years the social conscience has been so stirred about the ethical and other aspects of child labor that in nineteen hundred and two a special committee was appointed by Parliament to make an inquiry into existing conditions. The changes made during the next year in the child-labor laws represent the high-water mark of such legislation. As the law now stands, children of school age may be employed only during certain hours before and after regular school sessions and upon days when schools are not in session.

THIRTY years ago a child might be employed in textile factories at ten years of age; in workshops and agriculture, at eight. To-day no child less than twelve years old may be regularly employed in factory or workshop, and the limit for agricultural work is eleven. When the mature age of fourteen is reached one becomes a "young person" and may be employed full time. There are, however, some exceptions to these statutes in favor of children who have passed certain classes, or standards, as the Eng-

lish call them. In some parts of the country a child may work half time if the fourth standard has been passed, irrespective of the age limit, in others, the seventh must be completed before exemption is allowed.

No child may be employed between the hours of nine at night and six in the morning; street trading by children under eleven years of age is forbidden, nor may they engage in any kind of work likely to be detrimental to health or education. Neither may a child under ten years of age be licensed for public entertainments. Seven years has hitherto been the age limit. Street trading is considered harmful for girls under sixteen, therefore in some places is prohibited, and in others carefully safeguarded, according to local dangers and customs.

Of course, the little half-timers engage in minor occupations. They are grocers' boys, dusters and cleaners in the small shops which abound in England, messenger boys, lathers in barbers' shops, match-box makers, laundry helpers and milk boys. It is customary to deliver milk from central depots in a number of small carts, each in charge of a man who may have one or two boys to help him. Milk boys are at work by half past four or five every morning, in good and bad weather, in school by half past eight, at work again during the noon recess from twelve to two, and at the close of the afternoon session until late in the evening. There is no time to play, no energy left for anything. Newsboys deliver papers during the early morning and late afternoon. Paper selling is found to be a source of crime on account of the tendency to gamble. Out of twenty-two boys arraigned at one of the city courts for various misdemeanors, in one month, twelve were, or had been, newsboys. Early morning work is harmful because the child does not get sleep enough at the age when he most needs it, nor does he always have his breakfast before starting out. Naturally, it is not uncommon for the early workers to go to sleep in school. Nevertheless, what is one person's poison is sometimes another's meat, and consumptive children have actually been benefited by early morning work when it has been so regulated as not to become a hardship.

In London there are seven hundred and forty-seven thousand school children, four hundred and eighty thousand of them over seven years of age, and of these thirty thousand and eight hundred are half-time wage-earners. About half of them spend during each week twenty-seven hours in school and more than twenty hours in work. In one district such children work from fourteen to fifty hours

a week and are paid at the rate of one to two cents an hour. In small laundries the helpers are employed for two or three nights a week until ten o'clock and all day on Saturdays, working in a steam-laden atmosphere and amid surroundings that are distinctly undesirable. Lather boys in barbers' shops have hours that are much too long, never less than forty a week. They are usually busy from five to ten every evening, all day and until midnight on Saturday, and on Sunday from eight to nine in the morning, and from one to two in the afternoon. Grocers' boys average twenty hours a week for wages equal to seventy-five cents or one dollar a week, when money is paid, but it is the custom of the trade to give food in payment. Messenger boys and girls employed by milliners, dressmakers and in small shops, oftentimes work from fifty to fifty-nine hours a week. Half-timers who are undertakers' boys are engaged in the cheerful business of measuring corpses for a shilling a week.

OVER three thousand of London's half-timers are employed in domestic service. This is not so bad as some other occupations because the work is light, are generally done indoors, so that the children are free from exposure to all kinds of weather, and a good breakfast is assured. A majority of the little "boots,"—boys who clean and polish shoes of the guests in boarding houses,—are half-timers, and so are the knife boys and errand boys. But household work is universally so ill regulated that it encourages lack of punctuality, which offsets its advantages. In the home industries, small tailor shops, match-box making and the manufacture of cheap underwear, there are bad cases of overwork where half-timers are busy for twenty, thirty, and even so much as sixty, hours a week.

Liverpool has more than thirty-two thousand children in the Board schools, twenty-three thousand half-timers. They average twenty-three hours a week at work; seventy-seven per cent. of them are boys; sixty-nine per cent. have fathers in regular work, the fathers of twenty per cent. are casual laborers and the remainder are deserted or fatherless. Only twenty-nine per cent. are needy cases. Their total earnings amount to about eight hundred and twenty dollars and nineteen hundred and seventy-nine meals, which works out two cents an hour and one meal a day for one child out of every seven,—not munificent wages. It is expensive labor, so far as the state is concerned, for physically, at least, the workers will be far below normal at maturity. So that in the end, instead of adding to the sum total of industrial efficiency, they will be incapable of self-support or of

serving their country, and in all probability a great number of them will even become public charges, to be taken care of in public institutions supported by tax-payers.

In England there are sixty-one hundred and fifteen half-timers in agricultural work, but the majority of them are fruit and hop pickers, employment which is beneficial rather than harmful. Children are found to be good for this kind of work and are boarded out on farms for what they can do before and after school hours.

Children are not permitted to work in factories in Dublin or Cork, so they become street traders. In Belfast, half-timers may be employed on alternate days, school attendance being compulsory on the other days. The factory hours are very long, from six to six, but with a two-hour interval at noon; on Saturdays they are from six to twelve, with a half-hour interval during that time. Working conditions are good and the children are bright and cheerful. Of course, English and Scotch factories and workshops employ half-timers, but as a rule state inspection is so strict that there are relatively fewer abuses in these establishments than in the minor industries.

The worst feature of the half-time system, just as it is with American child labor, is the exploitation of children by lazy or intemperate parents. The good income of an English father does not prevent the child from working for long hours. The son of a policeman earning forty-five dollars a month, a sum which goes farther in England than it would in the United States because living costs less, works forty-seven hours weekly; the son of a police sergeant, whose income is the same, works for a shopkeeper from six to nine every morning, from half past four to half past eight every evening and from seven to half past eleven every Sunday morning.

ALL work and no play is injurious for anyone, and particularly so for children during the formative period of their lives. It results in either dwarfed mentality, stunted or abnormal physical development, or both. If the school curriculum is worth anything, the necessary study requires all the mental and physical energy of a growing child. Unoccupied time should be left free for relaxation,—for the playtime which is a child's birthright.

Where children earn so little, it is difficult to see how the family budget could be affected by such small sums. In a country like Great Britain, where poverty is so great, and work for adults so hard to obtain, there are, unfortunately, cases where the few pennies a half-timer may earn are absolutely necessary. Only children of

the poorest parents should be allowed to keep the nose so steadily to the grindstone, in school and out. Even then it may well be asked if the industrial system cannot find a better way of increasing the income of families on the border line of pauperism than by sapping the vitality of a child.

Light employment with not over long hours would not be harmful, for a proper amount of work under right conditions never yet hurt anybody; on the contrary, it is an opportunity for mental and spiritual growth, if congenial, and in any case affords the means of economic independence.

The trouble with the half-time system is that, between school authorities who rightfully insist that every child shall be educated, the parental laziness or intemperance that finds a need for his wages, and the cupidity of unscrupulous employers, England's youth is to-day ground between the upper and the nether millstone.

What Parliament is trying to do, is eventually so to protect the child that he shall work only a reasonable number of hours and only under the best possible conditions. It is easy to see that any form of child labor is susceptible to abuse, the half-time system especially, since children are so liable to be over-taxed in mind as well as in body. There is great opposition to it in Great Britain. Trade unions naturally oppose it, social workers, as a rule, set their faces against it, while a majority of adults, who were themelves half-timers in childhood, will do much to keep their children out of workshop or factory.

Some inquiry concerning the English plan of half-time labor has been made from time to time by persons in the United States. It is to be hoped that it will never be attempted in this country. It would mean expensive experimentation that would inevitably end in failure, but probably not before American nervousness had been augmented, constitutions drained of their strength, and possibly statistics of insanity increased, for American life is pitched in a higher key than any other. What we need is the cultivation of repose, poise which is due to self-mastery, and *not* the wastefulness which comes through the dissipation of forces or the blight of premature development in our children.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WINDOW: HOW IT CAN BE USED PRACTICALLY TO REDEEM MODERN CITY DWELLINGS FROM MONOTONOUS UGLINESS: BY ESTHER MATSON

IT CANNOT be denied that here, as in so many cases, the greater half, if not also the better half of our joy in windows comes from association. Sentiments, either conscious or unconscious, subtle influences connected with certain shapes or kinds or particular windows have to do with our admiration or our dislike for them.

It is the most natural thing in the world to draw a comparison between the window and the human eye. As the soul of the individual seems to peer through the eyes—so the spirit of a building expresses itself in its windows. It is a simile beloved of the poets, and Shakespeare showed a special fondness for it, mentioning, now, "The window of mine heart, mine eye." again, "Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes."

There is indeed a spiritual quality about a window. Plug up with brick and mortar a building's windows and what is left of it but a dead inert mass of masonry. It is hard to fancy anything more oppressive in its impressiveness, anything more typical of eternal death, than those vast structures of the Nile Valley—the Pyramids; this, not so much because of the Pyramids' stupendous proportions (we are told they are after all not so greatly taller than some of our skyscrapers), not even so much on account of their uncouth forms; no, the overpowering terror of them is their blindness, their having no outlook. Tombs that they are, each layer of stone rising toward the dumb sky but iterates and reiterates the irrevocable sentence—Death.

There is no more mournful description of a deserted city than the one to be found in the little book of Zephaniah, which pictured the desolate streets full of decaying houses in "whose windows the cormorant and the bittern shall sing."

The Bible, which is so full of imagery, has numberless references to windows and almost always in connection with joyous ideas. It was out from the "cubit window," which God had commanded Noah to build in the roof of the ark, that the dove was let fly, which came back bearing the olive branch of hope. Among the promises made by the prophet Isaiah, were "gates of carbuncle" and "windows of agate." While Malachi declared to his people that the

Lord would "open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

The mere phrases "jewelled glass," or the poet's "storied windows richly dight," breathe a spell on us, minding us of Gothic cathedrals and of romantic casements, such that we scarce need Keats to tell us how they open out "on faëry lands forlorn."

Indeed, the so-called sacred and profane literatures vie with each other in their praise of windows. Chaucer with his realistic pen sketching the high lady's bower, says:

> "—— my chambre was
> Ful wel depeynted, and with glas
> Were al the windowes wel y-glased
> Ful clere, and nat an hole y-crased."

The full significance of such a quaint description comes over us only when we remember that the early English house of the common folk had wattled casements, or, if particularly favored, a pane made of a sort of half-transparent horn.

OF THE dramatic possibilities of the window, playwrights and story tellers alike have availed themselves. It was through the carven eastern lattice that the dark-haired beauties peered with eyes so bright as to pierce the blinds. It was ever from an upper window that the maiden of any clime has flung the rose token of her preference to the lover on the pave below. It is from the window of the lone tower where the cruel father had immured her that the heroine of the tales of old descended by the plucky way of the knotted rope to flee with the chosen suitor over seas. It was when

> "She drew her casement-curtain by
> And glanced across the gloaming flats"

that Mariana in the Moated Grange made her melodious moan:

> "——— I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead."

It was the sight of Sir Lancelot, which her window gave her in the mirror, that lured the fair Lady of Shalott from her weaving to her doom; while it was from his prison window that the royal poet, James First of Scotland, watched

> "The fairest or the freschest young floure,"

the Lady Jane Beaufort, whom he wooed and made his queen.

The most intense dramatic use of the window, however, is the famous Song of Deborah, that small piece of literature which is secular enough in all conscience and which has a far more primitive barbarism than the much discussed Salomé episode. Nothing could sum up more effectively the result of Jael's deed as a cause for national rejoicing, at the same time suggesting the horror of the calamity to the enemies of Israel, than the exultant cry of the Hebrew prophetess:

"The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried out through the lattice,—'Why is his chariot so long in coming?'"

As there are of men all sorts and conditions, so of window associations there are many and divers kinds. Though we do not always remember it, the windows of churches and cathedrals have a symbolic meaning. As they protect the congregation from rain and outside cold, so the Scriptures protect its members from the moral and other evils of the world, and in the light which the window lets stream through its painted glass is typified the spiritual light of the Sun of Righteousness. Moreover, while the painted glass looks blurred and unintelligible to those who look upon it from outside, it speaks lessons of love and faith to those within.

Of the admiration called forth by the windows of Salisbury Cathedral we may make a guess from the quaint old folk song,

> "As many days as in our year there be,
> So many windows in this church we see;
> As many marble pillars here appear
> As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
> As many gates as moons one year does view,
> Strange tale to tell! Yet not more strange than true."

So important are these features of Gothic building that we even make the forms and elaborations of the windows the chief test or touchstone to-day for determining the date of ancient churches. For the finest rose and marigold windows one must perhaps turn to the continent, more especially to France, where the worship of the Madonna (to whom the mary- or marigold was dedicated) took deeper hold than on the English hearts. Sometimes the exquisite foliation, the radiant coloring of these wheel windows and the fenestral flowers of "Our Lady" are of such a perfection that the westing sun seems to kiss them with no less fervor than it caresses the field flowers. The strange beauty of some of these man-wrought structures hints at an inspiration from diviner source than our mortal selves. The

joy that is to be had from the sight or the memory of such is no mean joy, and in very truth there are certain works of art which belong in the category of the apostle's "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

THE difference between the windows that we have and the windows that we might have!

In this, one of the very essentials of the house, we have the greatest chance for true decoration; and yet we let the chance slip, lavishing so-called ornament in all sorts of unnecessary places where very likely it only detracts from the general impressiveness of the structure. Not enough do we appreciate what a double purpose the window serves—how it may give us both æsthetic satisfaction and practical comfort,—how it may lend picturesque value to the house exterior and also common everyday (yet, alas, too uncommon) convenience indoors.

Walk along some city block and make a mental note or two. It is astonishing if you stop to think about it, that the drear sameness so often bitterly complained of is not merely due to the row upon row of house after house, built on a dead level, but also to the lack-luster inexpressiveness of the windows of them. All alike and bare of ornament they exist at equal, never varying, distances from each other, like the buttonholes of a garment.

Repetition, we are told, is a good thing. All very well; but repetition of a *good* thing, not of a poor thing. Well then, admitting that to walk in our streets at present is for this foolish error of ours void of delight, at least we may get a little entertainment out of the questioning "why?"

We acknowledge that in the foreign city it is different. Sauntering in a foreign city is often a delight, and why, if not chiefly because of the expressiveness of its houses, of the individuality they gain from their usually interesting windows.

Extremist though Ruskin was, there is yet something to be said in favor of such a statement as the following:

"You surely must all of you feel and admit the delightfulness of a bow window; I hardly fancy a room can be perfect without one. Now you have nothing to do but to resolve that every one of your principal rooms shall have a bow window, either large or small.

Sustain it on a bracket, crown it above with a little peaked roof, and give a massy piece of stone sculpture to the pointed arch in each of its casements and you will have as inexhaustible a source of quaint richness in your street architecture as of additional comfort and delight in the interiors of your rooms."

Although it would be scarcely feasible to resolve that we have a bow window in every room, there is actually no excuse for our contenting ourselves with our present uniformly dull windows. It would be better for us to cry out for some that should be a little unbeautiful.

The trouble with many of our windows is that where they might so easily have their lintels accented, where they might have a bit of carving here or even a terra cotta decoration there, they have nothing. They are weak, unattractive as a face where the eyes have indefinite eyelashes, or none at all. But this is not the root of the matter. The eye itself might shine with expression. But we cannot after all expect brilliancy where there is vacancy of ideas in the background, and too many of our homes are still, in this enlightened decade, put up by the speculative builder.

What, for example, could be more bootless than the plate glass fronts he thought to allure us with but recently? Fortunately, the popularity of this vain luxury is on the wane. To be sure, for the store front it is most suitable. There the aim is, blatantly, display. But the inhabitants of a house are not, presumably at least, wax figures decked to beguile the innocent passer-by. Nobody really wants to live in a glass house for fear of the old proverb's troublesome stones. Besides, a plate glass window is the nearest thing we know of to nothingness. Now, in winter it is positively disagreeable to live under the illusion that there is nothing between you and the snow and sleet. In summer, the thing is obviously out of place, (speaking literally as well as figuratively), for then we want all the breeze possible, and so push up the sash as far as it will go.

THE opposite extreme, the old-fashioned small-paned window was better, and that for more than one reason. One of these the lay mind would have taken long to discover for itself, an architect explained as a matter of proportion. The pleasantness of the old windows, said he, was due largely to the fact that those lines made by the small frames gave the eye a gauge for measuring the sizes and distances of objects outside.

This, to be sure, is analyzing a feeling that in most of us is latent. It is otherwise with such windows as the diamond-paned casements

that have some associative interest. Here perhaps the pleasure comes from having once seen a print of an Anne Hathaway cottage, or perhaps it is connected in the mind with the memory of some quaint courtyard of a German inn.

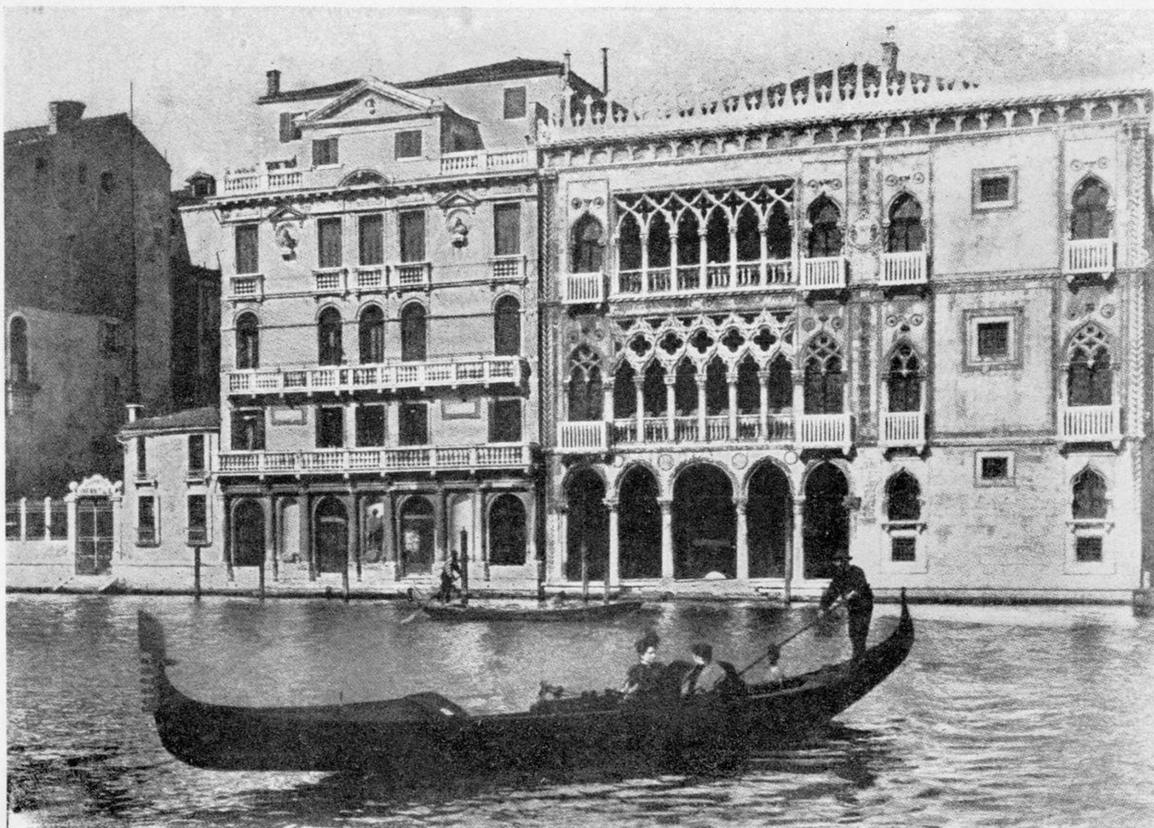
Again there is the best of plain, understandable reasons why we all enjoy the moderate paned window of medium size with the definite borders, or, to speak technically, casings around them. The fact is, we not only want our windows to give us pictures of the outside world, but we want them to frame the pictures for us. Our minds are very finite as yet. In viewing a beautiful landscape, for instance, how often and instinctively do we put up our hands and cut off, a bit here and a bit there, from the large expanse, the better to appreciate the splendor. Who knows, indeed, if Fate's way of granting us our blisses in little slices may not be for some similar reason? But we are lured from our subject.

We are well aware what an aroma of association the mere names of certain windows carry. There is the dormer. What a sleepy sound it has, and rightly, for its name came from its use in the upper or sleeping rooms of the house. The bow is plainly descriptive. The eyelet window suggests its own quaintness of shape—like a winking eyelid. The oriel, like its cousin, the songster oriole, is akin to the Latin word *aureus*, meaning, golden, and the name was first used in connection with building to designate a gilded room or recess.

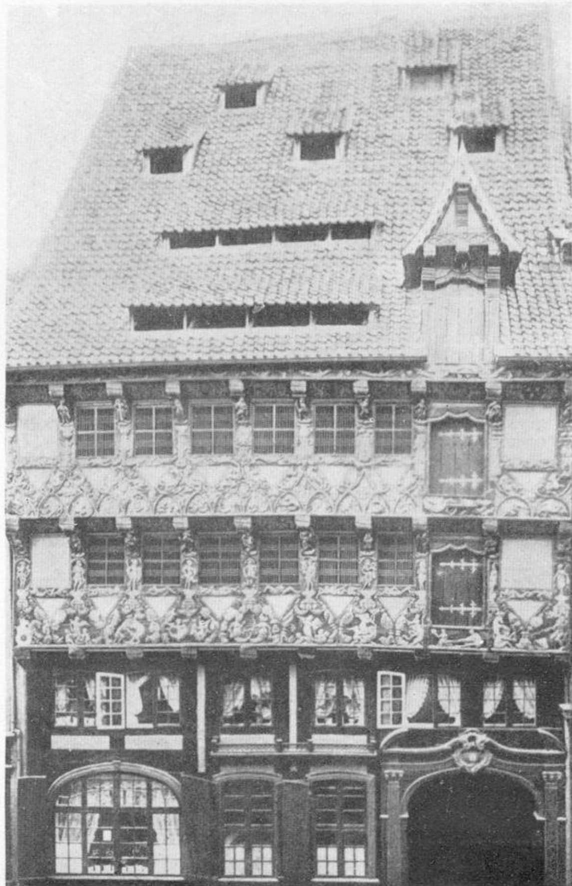
Often as beauty, or the lack of it, may depend on the shape and character of the window, much also may depend on the way two or three, or more, windows are arranged. It is wonderful what the mere massing of several windows, which ordinarily may be enough in themselves, will do to change the whole aspect of a house's exterior and the comfort of its interior. After all, it is the inside of the house that we live with; that is our chief concern, however much the outside may be the concern of our neighbors.

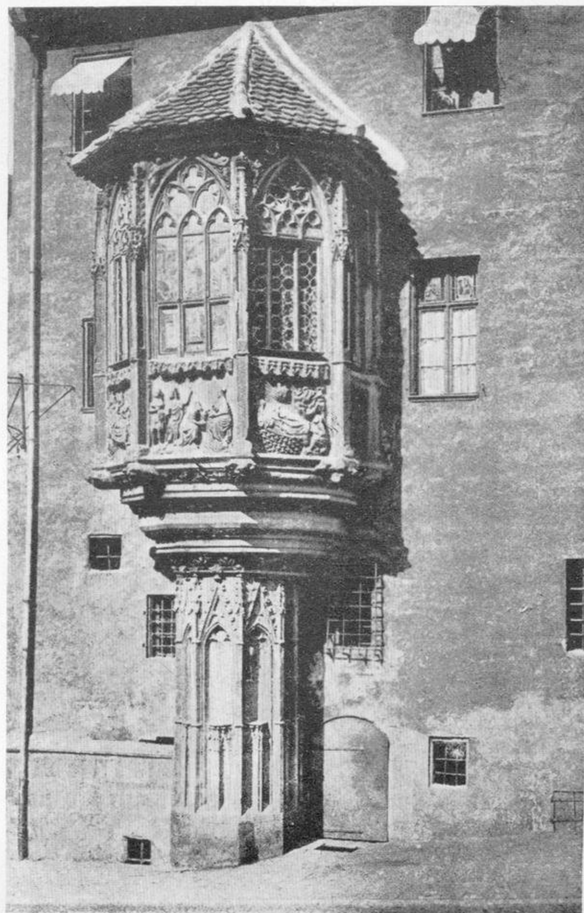
Keeping this fact in view, this is how we manage, or rather mismanage. We space our two or three windows equi-distant from each other, leaving two, three or four wall blanks of precisely too small a size to be of any earthly use. Not a desk or a bureau or even a chair will fit into these vain wall spaces, and they are absolutely impervious to sunshine.

We know of one arrangement that is different. It is the case of an ordinary block house, and yet one that is extraordinary in its proportions. Here the windows are grouped together as closely as the rules of structure will permit, and the left-over wall space thus con-



A WINDOW EFFECT TO BE SEEN
ALONG THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE





WINDOW ORNAMENTATION AT HILDESHEIM, GERMANY.

AN ORIEL WINDOW IN OLD NÜRNBERG, GERMANY.

centrated in one place is of real service for furniture or pictures, while the amount of sunlight is trebled. Moreover—something which sounds hardly believable though it is true—the room has gained more in size than two extra feet of brick and mortar could effect.

If such miracles can be compassed with the ordinary stock-made windows, what might we not attain to if we set our fancy and our decorative propensities to work!

BUT we are too hidebound in our respect for the "styles." Unfortunately, the structures which seem to us the acme of architectural beauty were designed for a southern sunshiny climate. For the Greeks and Romans and for the men of the Renaissance the problem of the window was a problem of minor importance. So fiery, persistent and insistent was their sun that the one aim, one of the very reasons for the existence of buildings, was to prove a refuge from it. And yet we, English and Americans alike, who get eight or nine months of sunless gloom every year, must imitate Southern architecture and worry along with the least possible number of windows and the greatest number of pillars, Doric, Ionic or Corinthian, a variety of broken pediments, cornices and the like, because, forsooth, our municipal buildings, our public libraries, our private dwellings, must be "in character."

Happily for us, as some one has suggested, we do at any rate draw the line on dressing "in character." When a shoe fits, that is, when it is *convenable*, by all means let us put it on, but for the same reason that we keep off snow and sleet with leather boots and India rubber overshoes, rather than classic sandals, let us demand windows adapted to the climate we live in, arranged to give us the greatest amount possible of sunshine and air in the farthest nooks and corners of our houses.

Let us insist on our rights whatever rules of style we may have to fling to the winds. Let us, if no other way opens, imitate the artists and put holes in the roofs of our homes, so that at least in the upper floors we shall have the benefit of those actinic rays whose value we are at last beginning to appreciate. But the therapeutic side of the matter is not our story; and something of gain will be, if we only win a glimmering consciousness of the general and æsthetic joys of such windows as we might have, if we would.

That pleasant writer, Leigh Hunt, once talked very prettily about furnishing a room with sunbeams. You have there not merely a poetic idea, but really a germ of good common sense as well. But

speaking of poetry reminds us of some ideal windows which, while materially existent, yet possess the glamor of "magic casements." We confess we have until recently felt that all the fascination of Venice was due to its marvelous color. Without disparagement to that supreme one of her charms, we now have to admit that shorn of it she would still be interesting. Happening on some cheap old prints of Venetian palaces, in the crudest of black and white, we were astonished at the thrills of delight they roused. It was not the memory of the color that caused this (one of us had a blank instead of a color memory); it was the wonderful grouping of the windows and the fancy wrought around them, the exquisite balance of the essential parts of the houses, the harmonies, in short, evolved between use and beauty,—these are the things that enchant and captivate.

The eyes of our huge metropolis are, like the eyes of its eager-to-get-rich citizens, sad and careworn, heedless as are they of the truth that a sunbeam measures farther than the glintiest of dollars.

When we awake, our house-eyes will open too. Gradually we shall learn what a skilled decorator and painter is this master sun. One of these days we may come to furnish our rooms with his golden shine, where now we waste our hard-won earnings on fancy shades and elaborate curtain stuffs to keep him out. One of these days indeed we shall come to realize how infinite and varied are the actually possible window joys.

BE SILENT ON YOUR BLIND SIDE

"A motto for critics; *Be silent on your blind side!*
There are things that you reck not of.
There are worlds that you know not.
There are forces to which you are impervious.
No one of us can see and appreciate the whole.
Let us then hold our peace in the dark."

From "Broadcast." by E. H. Crosby.

COSTA RICA'S NATIVE ARCHITECTURE: A LESSON IN SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION AND BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS: BY CAMPBELL MACLEOD

VISITORS to Costa Rica are struck first by the simplicity and beauty of the architecture; the simplicity that characterizes the peon's hut and the president's palace, both of which are made from the native bricks and roofed with the quaint Spanish tiles, the making of which is one of the prettiest industries of this little republic.

San José sits in a cup-like valley, guarded on all sides by sleeping volcanoes. Anticipated earthquakes have influenced the architecture of the city. The dwelling houses are designed with only one story, though a few public buildings boast second-story balconies. These houses are built with apparently no thought of modernizing the styles of the architects' forefathers of a hundred years ago. The country seems to have found, as it were, a pattern in houses that suits its taste, and to have no inclination to depart from it. The result is a town at once quaint and dignified. In planning a home, as many rooms as are desired are grouped around an open space or patio, about which run the broad galleries which characterize the buildings in all southern countries. The galleries in this case are within and give on the courtyard instead of looking out on the street. This makes the privacy that the Spaniard demands for his family life.

It is these patios or courtyards that offer the possibilities of the house—possibilities that the beauty-loving home-maker seldom overlooks. The galleries are practically the living rooms of the family, and are furnished most charmingly with hammocks, tables, all sorts of easy chairs, oftentimes with bookcases, and with walls hung with family pictures. Flowers in hanging baskets are much in evidence, and there are always several canary birds to add their music to that of the guitars and mandolins found in every Spanish home. The patio itself most often resembles a tropical jungle with its wealth of palms and ferns and vivid flowers. A breakfast room gives on this, though usually the eleven o'clock breakfast and the five o'clock dinner are served on the gallery. A story might be written about the simplicity and excellence of the Spanish cooking. The breakfasts begin with that most delicious of all tropical fruits, the anona, which tastes like vanilla ice cream, paw-paws and bananas celestially blended with our Southern "syllabub."

Even the roofs that slope down over these galleries are gay with flowers. Vines grow in lush profusion and drop curtains of green

oftentimes to the ground, while varicolored lilies flaunt wonderful colors against the dull red of the tile roof.

The homes of the peons and the poorer classes who live in the outskirts of the town or in the country are the most picturesque feature of the place. Close your eyes and conjure up a sloping, irregular cobblestone street, stretching as far as the eye can reach out toward the mountains, which stand always veiled in mist, purple like a dove's breast; on either side of this street, which is selected at random from the many leading out from San José, are the homes of the poor, not poverty stricken, however, when it comes to beautiful surroundings. See, yonder little adobe house, painted a heavenly blue, looks as if it might be a piece of stage scenery designed by an artist who had a daring eye for color; the roof is hidden by a waving wealth of bright pink orchids, the kind that wither away and die in the greenhouses of the rich. Its neighbor just across the street is yellow, painted many years ago and faded to a soft cream, throwing in bold relief the night-blooming cereus (queen of the night cacti) which spreads its luxuriance over the entire roof and sides of the house. Sometimes you are startled by the sight of a garden of old-fashioned clove pinks growing in great contentment on one of these roofs, or maybe it is a lavender orchid, powdered with diamond dust, as delicate as some rare piece of old lace, flaunting its beauty on the back room of a hovel, or over the room where the pig sleeps. The houses are painted all colors of the rainbow, partiality being shown for blue and pink and the various shades of yellow. And not one of these is too poor to boast a living, lovely frame of flowers. Tuberoses grow in the tiny gardens to marvelous perfection and in unbelievable abundance, and red hibiscus hedges enclose many houses whose owners are too poor to afford a rock fence.

Our own unlovely villages in the south and south central states might take lessons with profit from Costa Rica. For we, too, have clay of the same quality, and unlimited sand for cement blocks; in fact, as good or better material than the makers of the building material down there have at hand. The tiles they make are patterned after the regulation Spanish tile, and are shaped by a crude process of wetting the clay and putting it into trenches to be baked into form. The paint for the Costa Rican houses is usually of home manufacture. It is also made from the native clay, refined and mixed with lime, colored by inexpensive dyes or more often by improvised paints—the blues being made from the bluing used by washerwomen the world over, and the reds and pinks from brick

THE TYPICAL COSTA RICAN PATIO IS A JUNGLE OF PALMS, VINES AND FLOWERS.

THE COSTA RICAN GALLERY CIRCLING THE PATIO IS USED AS A LIVING AND DINING ROOM.

dust. Ochre gives the yellow tint, or a certain tone of clay mixed with water until it is the consistency of thin mud will do.

When we consider the cost of lumber to-day, and that getting lumber means losing our forests before the encroaching saw mill, and even then what flimsy houses, hot in summer and cold in winter, the poorer classes in small towns and in the country live in, the Costa Rican's comfortable home, defying both heat and cold, the simplicity of the structure and the ease with which the material may be acquired, right at our own back doors, as it were, should make its own appeal.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

THEY kept a lifeless form within the room,
And decked his brow with roses red of bloom,
Nor saw his face more white beneath the red.
Beside the hearth a goodly feast they spread
Of meat and wine. "He will not taste thereof!"
They called—and called at last, "Ah, dead is Love!
See! Who comes fingering his garment's hem?
Destiny, drawn to sing Love's requiem!"

They have gone down their ways. The dwelling stands
Forsaken now amid the open sands.
Mute is the morning of their minstrelsies.
Yet of a night the moonlit organ-keys
Rise to an unseen touch, the corridor
Awakes to pattering footsteps on the floor.
A little silver ghost runs desolate,
And beats its arms against the iron gate.

AGNES LEE.

THE TRAIL OF JAPANESE INFLUENCE IN OUR MODERN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE: BY HENRIETTA P. KEITH

THE "Spirit of the Orient" appears to be invading not only American trades and market gardens, but its art and architecture. From the solemn groves of Nikko, from ancient castle moats and mountain shrines, from the wet, shining leaves of water gardens in old Nippon, from the soft curves of the flowing roof lines and the tender tones of the untouched wood surfaces, our modern house-architects are drawing inspiration for new and delightfully "different" effects. Local character in architecture is always a fascinating study, and the high standard of culture in Japan, the refinement of art developed through centuries by a people devoted to the ideal, must of necessity impress itself upon their architecture.

While the mere draughtsman, wedded to conventional forms and accustomed methods, would find Japanese architecture only absurd and impracticable, there are architects who are artists as well, and who find in these sources a delightfully suggestive and enriching field of study. They know that thatched roofs and light sliding partitions are not practicable for American homes, nor do they desire to copy Japanese ideas merely because they are foreign and strange. Charming and interesting as is Japanese tradition in architecture, it is so for Japan and not for us, and it would be foolish indeed to attempt to naturalize in this country many of their local idiosyncrasies.

But the sympathetic student of architectural forms finds much real beauty that can be used to impart a fresh interest to jaded ideas. In the houses here photographed, Messrs. Green & Green of Pasadena, California, have attempted to naturalize in a new world environment the usable and livable features of Japanese architecture. The highly picturesque character of the natural surroundings—the houses being situated on high ground overlooking the wild gorge of the Arroyo Seco—is admirably suited to a certain irregularity and picturesqueness of architectural treatment, and the introduction of Japanese suggestion accentuates the charm.

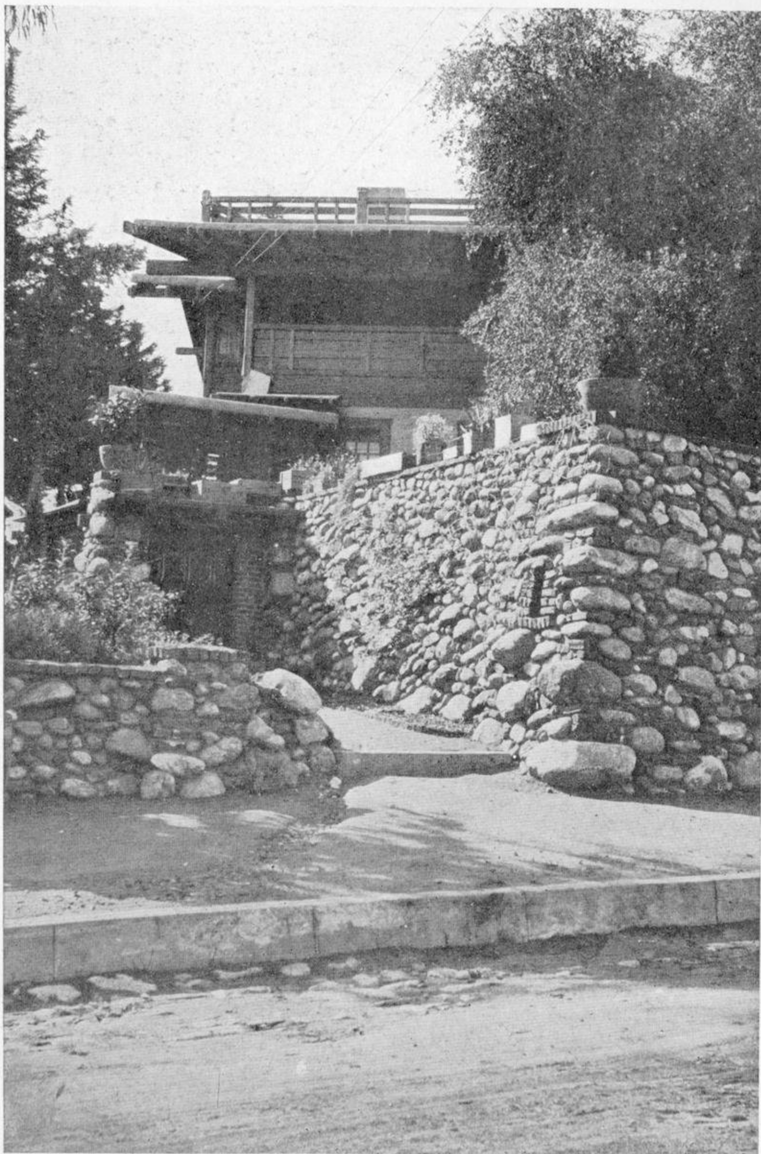
Although the motif is picturesque, it is not carried to extremes, but an effect of simplicity is obtained in a composition which is in itself rather loose and complicated by the simple treatment of detail. The Japanese system of bracketing, for instance, said by authorities on art to be the acme of perfection for wood, has been adopted in these designs with happy results.

Without employing the queer quirks and angles of Japanese roof lines, their graceful curves, so difficult to achieve, are sufficiently marked to render impossible an effect ordinary or commonplace. While there is a decided Japanese feeling, nothing has been carried to extremes, and the slightly foreign accent has been so modified by principles of good domestic design as to give a wholly normal and satisfying result. The different features are harmonized with admirable skill and a sane and sound judgment.

The photographs give a front and side view of the larger house, which stands upon high ground of a rugged and picturesque character, the site alone costing twenty thousand dollars. The natural irregularities of surface have not been modified, but simply worked into the treatment; as, for instance, where the high retaining wall necessitated in the rear has been picturesquely treated in a postern arch

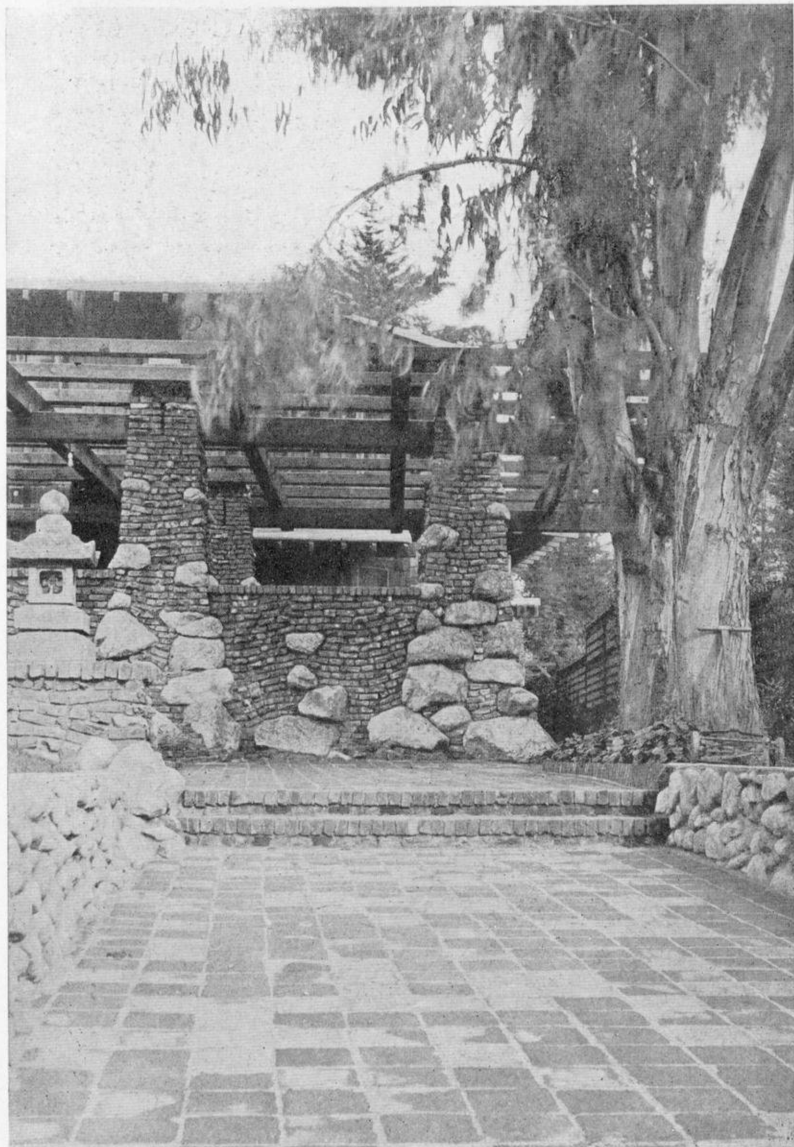
From Photographs by Helen Lukens Gaut.

TWO VIEWS OF THE HOUSE OF CHARLES SUMNER GREENE. "IN THIS HOUSE THE ARCHITECT HAS ATTEMPTED TO NATURALIZE IN A NEW WORLD ENVIRONMENT USABLE AND LIVABLE FEATURES OF JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE."



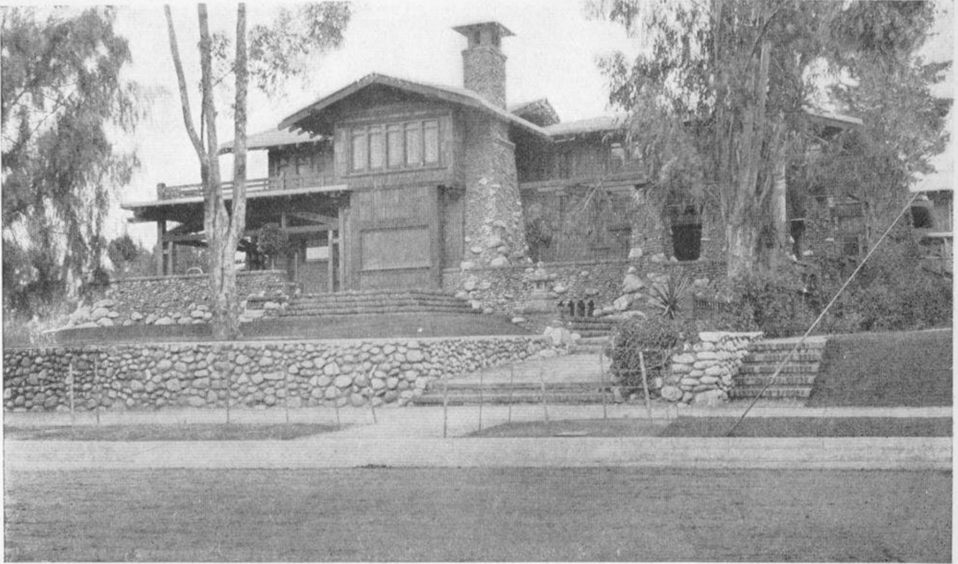
From a Photograph by Helen Lukens Gaut.

"THE HIGH RETAINING WALL IN THE REAR HAS BEEN PICTURESQUELY TREATED IN A POSTERN ARCH AND DOOR WHICH LEADS TO THE GARDEN AND ENCLOSURE."



From a Photograph by Helen Lukens Gaut.

"A CLOISTERED WALK AT THE SIDE, BETWEEN HIGH LATTICED HEDGES, LEADS TO A JAPANESE WATER GARDEN."



From Photographs by Helen Lukens Gaut.

"THE CHIMNEYS ARE STRONGLY SUGGESTIVE OF JAPANESE INFLUENCE."

THE ANGLES OF THE JAPANESE ROOF LINES ARE SUFFICIENTLY MARKED TO RENDER IMPOSSIBLE A COMMONPLACE EFFECT.

and door, which leads to the garden enclosure. A cloistered walk from the side, between high latticed hedges, leads to a Japanese water garden; this walk, as also the broad terraced esplanade leading to the entrances, is paved with large, square tiles of hard-burned brick. The steps and porch pavements are the same. Hard-burned clinker bricks set roughly in dark mortar are used in the foundation and in the entrance pillars and chimneys, strikingly combined with large, mossy boulders brought from the near-by mountains. The warm purplish-brown of the brick in combination with the mossy boulders and the soft grays and browns of the wood construction give a color effect of great beauty and softness.

The chimneys are strongly suggestive of Japanese influence, as are also the treatment of the windows and the open rafter work. Great simplicity characterizes the construction, which is all exposed and made to form the decorative features. The timbers are mortised together with oak pins, and nails are used scarcely at all in the construction.

While groups of mullioned windows are largely employed, Japanese suggestion is again felt in the narrow slits of windows which open on the side terrace, with but one long, narrow light, divided in the center by a single wood muntin.

The house contains seventeen rooms. No attempt has been made to introduce Japanese ideas in the interior arrangement, which is that of the usual high-class modern home. The living and dining rooms are heavily wainscoted and beamed, the solid ceiling beams of the construction being exposed in true Craftsman style. Simple Craftsman ideas are carried out in the finish and furniture.

Most of the walls are plastered and colored with oil stains; though some of the bedroom walls are wood paneled. One chamber has walls of pale blue, a cedar floor to which a bluish tone has been given, and fireplace facings of blue tile, the tile cut in a continuous decorative design.

Another bedroom has pale green walls with a fireplace of green and gray-brown tiles in Indian basket pattern. Clerestory windows, glazed in opalescent glass, are a feature of this room.

All the upper rooms open upon an upper court inclosed with glass, in which there are a fountain, plants, vine-covered trellis and built-in seats.

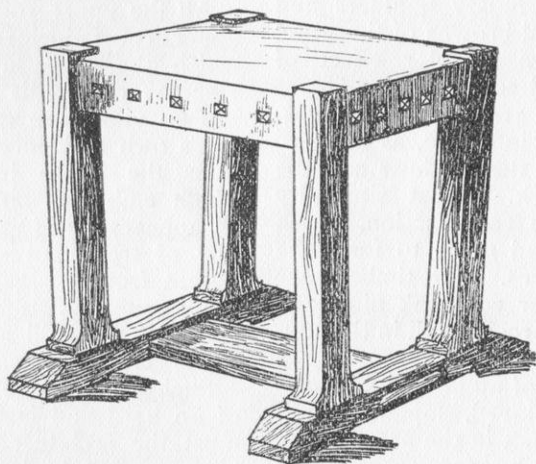
Two views are given of the architect's own residence, which nearly adjoins the house just described and which embodies similar ideas. That all appearance of sameness or monotony of treatment should be entirely absent from designs based upon the same general picturesque motif is evidence of the skill and fertility of the designer.

Such architecture can be the result of no hard and fast rules. Not only must the architect possess the artist temperament to begin with, but the trained eye for harmonious detail, the eye as sensitive to discords of form and color as the trained ear of the musician is to discords of sound. It is the aim of these architects to interpret these subtle harmonies by their work, and above all things to have all construction and materials true to their own nature, believing that brick treated simply as brick, stone as stone or wood as wood, is better than any disguise that can be put upon them.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOODWORKING: TWENTY-EIGHTH OF THE SERIES

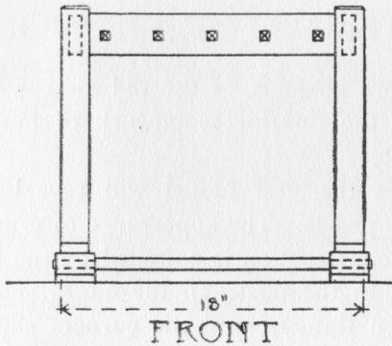
CRAFTSMAN LEATHER-COVERED STOOL

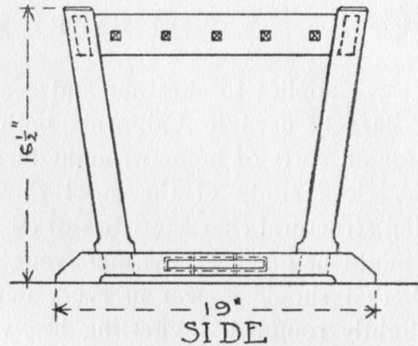
IN the designs for home cabinet work published this month we have somewhat changed the models, showing forms that are a slight departure from the severity of the CRAFTSMAN style. As will be seen by a glance at the illustrations showing the finished pieces, they are rather more massive in appearance than those we have been giving heretofore. This is because these designs are intended primarily to be carried out in cypress, chestnut, California redwood or similar woods, where the softness of texture and com-

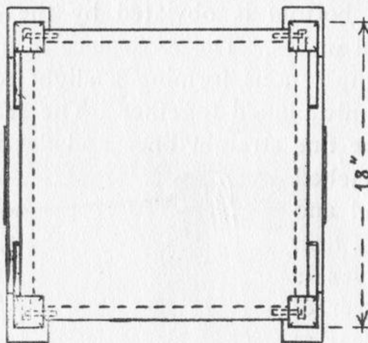


parative lightness in weight admit the use of apparently a more massive construction than does a hard, heavy wood like the oak. Many people interested in home cabinet making live in parts of the country where these softer woods are much more easily obtainable and less expensive than the oak, and it is for these workers that the present designs are intended, although, of course, they would serve admirably for oak if the maker did not mind considerable weight in the piece.

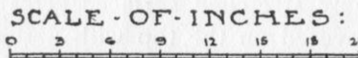
A departure from the absolutely straight lines of most of the CRAFTSMAN models is made in these designs, and most workers will find in them a new element of suggestiveness for development along lines of original design, which is most desirable in any form of home handicraft. As given here the models are severely plain, but to the worker who is developing a perception of legiti-







DESIGN·FOR ·A·STOOL·



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR STOOL

		Rough			Finished	
Pieces	No.	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Legs	4	17 in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	2 in.	pattern	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Feet	2	19 in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	pattern
Crosspiece	1	19 in.	6 in.	1 in.	$5\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Seat Rails	4	18 in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Sole Leather for Seat	1	27 in.	27 in.			

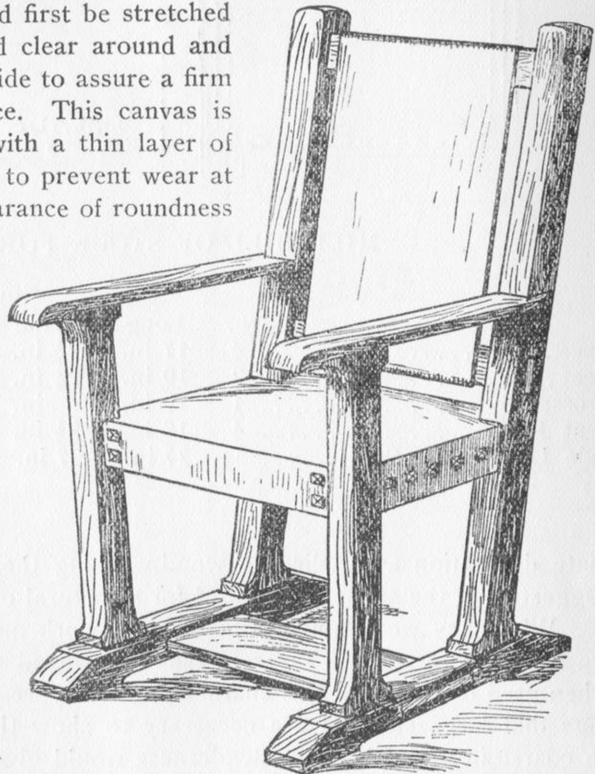
mate decoration as applied to wood-working they will be found particularly suggestive in the scope they afford for structural ornamentation.

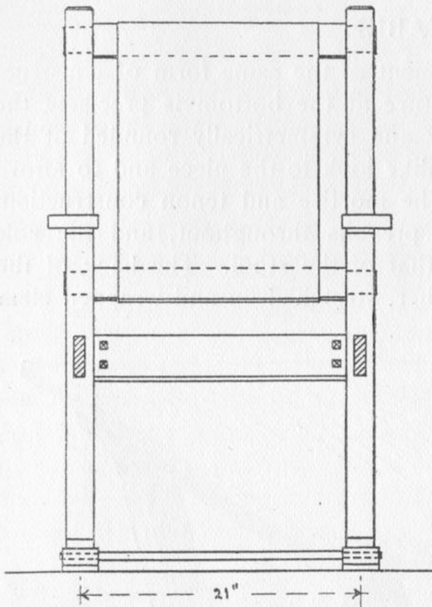
While any wood suitable for cabinet work may be used for these pieces, we have suggested the three already mentioned as being especially effective when used for forms of this character. The cypress has such prominent markings that large surfaces are necessary to show them to advantage, and it is so coarse in grain that any slenderness would give a suggestion of weakness.

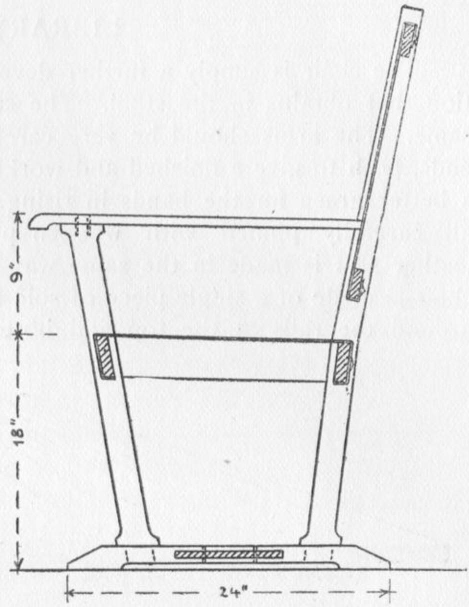
LIBRARY ARM CHAIR

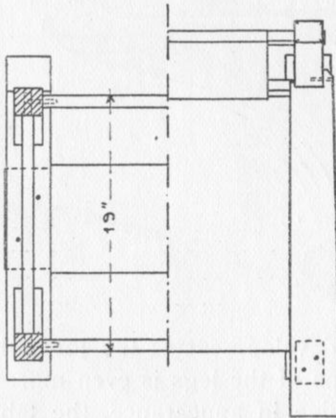
The same applies to chestnut and even more strongly to the redwood, which is so largely used in California both for the interior woodwork of houses and for all sorts of home-wrought furniture.

A close study of the stool shown as the first model will reveal the leading structural characteristics of all three pieces. The appearance of crudity that might be given by the massiveness of construction is softened by the fine finish that should appear in every detail. In the posts all the edges should be slightly rounded, suggesting heavy hewn timbers, and the corners should be carefully chamfered so that all appearance of the crude edge of sawn lumber is avoided. Any clumsiness at the bottom is obviated by the curving out of the posts, and by beveling the end pieces. The crosspiece is mortised firmly into these end pieces, the projecting tenons forming a slight touch of decoration, and the whole structure is firmly pinned together. The seat must be made with special care to preserve the fine straight lines and flat top. A piece of heavy canvas should first be stretched over the seat rails, wrapped clear around and nailed far up on the under side to assure a firm and evenly stretched surface. This canvas is to be covered on the top with a thin layer of cotton, which serves merely to prevent wear at the edge and gives no appearance of roundness or of padding. The seat covering is of sole leather. This should be dampened on the under side to render it flexible and then carefully stretched by hand, wrapped around and nailed firmly underneath. As it dries all wrinkles and unevenness will be shrunk out of the leather, leaving a perfectly smooth and even surface. Large square-headed nails of wrought iron are placed at regular intervals on the outside of the rails and serve as an additional stay to the leather as well as a decoration.









DESIGN·FOR
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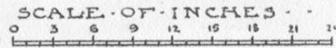
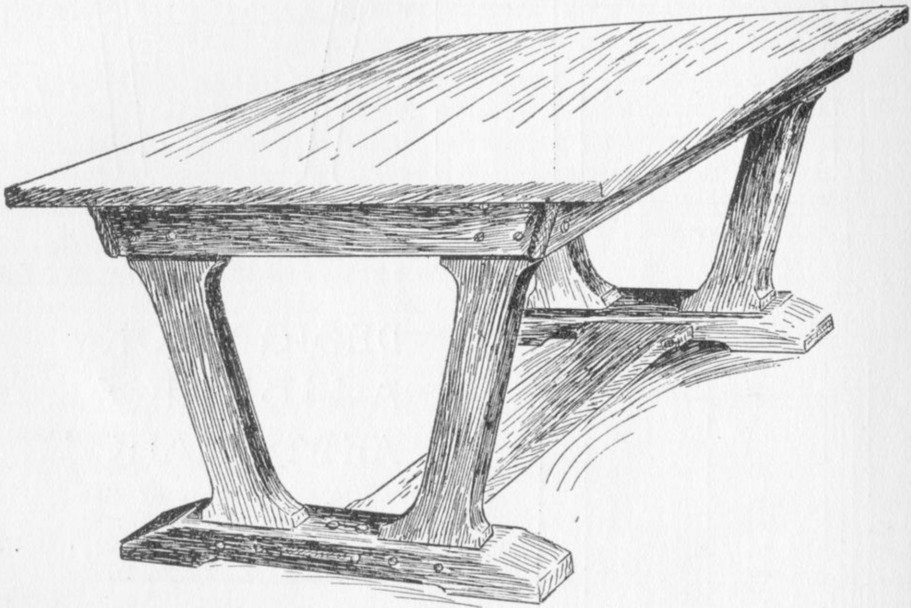


MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR ARMCHAIR

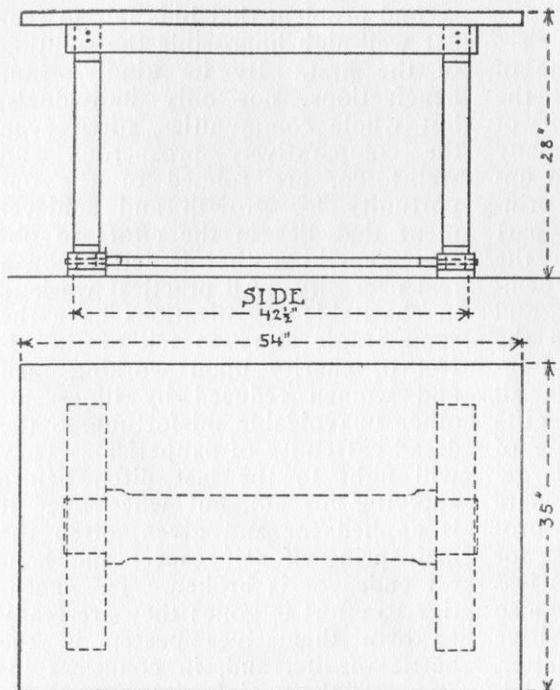
			Rough		Finished	
Pieces	No.	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Front Legs	2	27 in.	3½ in.	2½ in.	pattern	2 in.
Back Legs	2	42 in.	4½ in.	2½ in.	pattern	2 in.
Feet	2	24 in.	3 in.	2 in.	2⅝ in.	pattern
Crosspiece	1	24 in.	8 in.	1 in.	7½ in.	⅞ in.
Arms	2	27 in.	4 in.	1½ in.	3¾ in.	pattern
Seat Rails	4	21 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Back Slats	2	23 in.	2½ in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.
Sole Leather for Back	1	27 in.	15 in.			
Sole Leather for Seat	1	30 in.	27 in.			

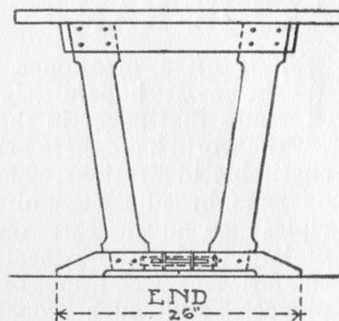
LIBRARY TABLE

The chair is simply a further development of the same form of construction that obtains in the stool. The structure at the bottom is precisely the same. The arms should be very carefully and symmetrically rounded at the ends, both to give a finished and workmanlike look to the piece and to afford a better grasp for the hands in rising. The mortise and tenon construction, all carefully pinned with wooden pins, prevails throughout, and the sole leather seat is made in the same way as that of the stool. The back of the chair is made of a single piece of sole leather, stretched on and wrapped clear around the rails at the top and bottom.



The construction of the table is another development of the form shown in the chair and stool, and here the inward slope of the legs is even more pronounced than in the chair. While very massive in appearance, the table, if made of one of the woods suggested, will not in reality be as heavy as it looks. Were it made of oak it would be practically a stationary piece, as the chances are that it would be too heavy to move. This table is very firmly built with the mortise and tenon construction, and the only touch of decoration, aside from the tenons, appears in the use of the large wooden pins that hold the piece together. The rounded edges and curved lines that appear in the structure of the lower part give a feeling of the use of massive timbers without any repellent impression of clumsiness, and with reasonably careful workman-





DESIGN · FOR · A · LIBRARY · TABLE

SCALE · OF · INCHES:
0 3 6 9 12 15 18 21 24

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR LIBRARY TABLE

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finished Wide	Finished Thick
Top	1	54½ in.	35½ in.	1¾ in.	32 in.	1½ in.
Legs	4	28 in.	5 in.	3 in.	pattern	2¾ in.
Feet	2	26½ in.	4 in.	2½ in.	3¾ in.	pattern
Crosspiece	1	44 in.	8½ in.	1¼ in.	pattern	1 in.
Side Rims	2	45 in.	3½ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
End Rims	2	25 in.	3½ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.

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ship the piece should have a most attractive quality. The top, of course, should be finished with great care, which must first of all be exercised in the selection of particularly choice wood for the large plain surface where the grain shows so prominently.

ALS IK KAN

IT is often mentioned as one of the most hopeful signs of the times that never in the history of the world have there been so many charitable institutions, conducted upon such broadly humanitarian principles; so much care on the part of large industrial concerns for the comfort and well-being of their employees, and such consistent and well-organized effort to relieve the suffering caused by poverty and ignorance among the unfortunate all over the world. The princely gifts and endowments made by some of our multimillionaires, who give largely of their surplus wealth to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, or to provide larger cultural opportunities for those to whom fortune has been less kind than to themselves, are also frequently cited as proofs positive that human nature is growing better, and that society as a whole is advancing toward that sense of human brotherhood which has been the dream of utopists of every age.

But, admirable as all these things are, is not the very fact that the increasing need for such benevolence, and our growing tendency to accept it as altogether excellent and a part of the rightfully established order of things, ample justification for the serious questioning of our present social conditions that is now being brought up on every hand by thinkers who look beyond the emotional pleasure excited by a generous deed? Charity may relieve suffering, or bestow advantages which might otherwise have been difficult or impossible to obtain, but it does not solve the problem of social justice. And even while it may temporarily relieve the worst pains of the social body, in the very doing of this it creates a second problem that bids fair to render well-nigh impossible the solution of the first. By its kindly-meant benefactions, not only individuals, but whole communities, often even the comparatively prosperous and well-to-do, are robbed of the opportunity for growth and achievement that lies in the effort to obtain something that is felt to be a real necessity. All practical workers in charitable organizations have the same tragic story to tell of the effect of charity upon working men and women reduced by illness or other unavoidable misfortune to the dread extremity of pauperism. They will fight to the last ditch before applying for aid, but when once it is applied for and given, often the mainspring of self-respect and honest endeavor is broken. The incentive to effort is gone; they are ready to own themselves beaten in the battle of life, and, in countless instances, they sink into apathetic pauperism and idleness, with the attendant curses of drunkenness and crime. This is the effect of out-and-out charity upon real and bitter necessity, where the need is not for comfort, luxury, or the means of intellectual advancement, but for shelter from the elements and sufficient food to keep body and soul together, but all along the line the moral result of receiving as a gift what should have been earned is the same.

Take a concrete example of the effect in one instance of one of our most popular philanthropies: Not far from New York is a little town occupied mainly by a prosperous class of people. Many of the inhabitants are retired business men; others belong to the professional classes, and almost all the wage-earners are the domestic servants.

In short, the town is a residential suburb whose citizens are nearly all well-to-do. A year or so ago some of the more cultured people thought it would be an advantage to have a library in the town, and the idea was welcomed with enthusiasm. A vigorous movement to that end was started; men and women held little conferences and began to raise money to secure the coveted library. They had gone so far as to buy a goodly number of books, engage a librarian and rent a house for temporary quarters while funds were gathered to secure a permanent building, when someone wrote an unauthorized begging letter to Mr. Carnegie. The millionaire responded with his usual promptness to an appeal which touched upon his favorite hobby, and offered a certain sum of money. The community was amply able to build and equip its own library, and so make it a genuine and valued expression of its desire for true cultural development, but the appeal to the universal love of getting something for nothing was strong enough to overcome civic pride and ambition; enthusiasm waned and with it self-reliance, and the result was that another Carnegie Library now stands in the town, a monument to munificence of one rich and generous man instead of an evidence of the true growth of a community.

It is a truth so familiar as to be almost a platitude, that we gain real and permanent benefit only from those things we acquire through our own effort and at the cost of some hardship or personal sacrifice, and that we value them in exact proportion to the degree of effort required to obtain them; and it is also true that we find no means of growth and development in advantages which are bestowed upon us as a gift from some one immeasurably richer and more powerful than ourselves. And just behind this truth lies the question of the great primal right given to all humanity—the right to work. Social justice acknowledges and grants this right; oppression denies it—unless exercised within certain limitations which accord strictly with the interests of the man who is in a position to exploit the work of his fellow men—and all that charity can do is to offer temporary alleviation of the suffering that arises from such denial. Therefore, while seemingly an expression of a growing sense of social justice, charity, in most of its guises, is but the handmaid of oppression, and its benefactions serve to retard, rather than to help along, such efforts as may be made to gain justice for all men.

This brings up another phase of the question, which insists on making itself heard amid all the applause lavished upon the multimillionaires whose enormous gifts and endowments are hailed as so many positive benefits to humanity. This question concerns the source of this great power to give, and the right of the rich man to feel that, owing to his power to accumulate and his shrewdness in turning to his personal profit the resources of the community, he is the natural custodian of so large a portion of the national wealth; that he may gather at will the colossal revenues derived from his control of public utilities and of the great staples, to say nothing of the exploitation for his own gain of the labor of thousands of his fellow men, and give back at will just such portion as he chooses of these great gains—and in the form of charity. Are these much-applauded benefactions evidences of a growing sense

of social justice and a desire for restitution? or are they but a modern expression of the spirit which actuated the feudal baron who harried his own dominions and plundered his neighbors—then squared all accounts with God and man by building chapels and ordering his retainers to scatter largess among the crowd?

In any event, the possession of such great resources, and the easily-gained popularity of this use of them, is an overwhelming temptation to any man who so loves power and riches that he will obtain them at any cost, and who yet is not entirely insensible to the good opinion of the community. Charity covereth a multitude of sins, and who shall say how much social, industrial and political corruption is the direct result of this convenient cloak of philanthropy.

That this side of the question is fully recognized is shown every day by the pains taken to defend and laud the givers of princely largess, and by the fact that the readiest and most plausible of the defenders occupy the pulpits of churches which receive substantial gifts, and hold positions of trust and responsibility in colleges which are richly endowed. Fitted by education and position to mold and lead public opinion, the adherence of such advocates is well worth purchasing, and, giving as it does the sanction of religion and morality to the activities of the makers, interpreters and administrators of laws enacted to protect the vested interests, it does much to promote the belief that ostentatious charity *is* social justice, and that all is as it should be. The fact that among the greater part of the working people there is not only a repugnance to, and a resentment of, such charity, but a growing distrust of our preachers, teachers and writers, is held to be merely another instance of the ingratitude and wrong-headedness of "the masses."

At times, however, the zeal of some of these defenders overshoots the mark. Of late this has so often been the case with the learned and loquacious chancellor of a university which ought to be prominent and influential, and which is the recipient of many large gifts of money, that there seems to be danger of his doing more harm than good to the cause he so assiduously serves, and of drawing down upon his too-devoted head the dreaded lightnings of plutocratic disapproval. Surely, in this period of social unrest and industrial discontent, the Apostle of Things as They Are is lending powerful aid to the efforts of Anarchists and of rabid Socialists by publicly declaring that our largest fortunes are not large enough; that the limitation of individual wealth to a few paltry millions is absurd, and that the billion-dollar fortune is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Nay, more than this, the wealth-worshipping chancellor, in a sort of golden ecstasy, is reported to have asserted in a recent speech that an individual would have "a perfect right to own the whole world," provided he could get it, and, when this is balanced against his other assertions that there is little or no poverty save that caused by vice or intemperance, and that the workingman ought to be glad of a chance to get any sort of a job, the only conclusion at which we can arrive is that the chancellor has either omitted all study or observation of labor conditions and the temper of a large part of the public mind, or that he labors under the delusion that he is a client of one of the Cæsars in the

latter days of Rome, virtuously denouncing evidences of discontent among the slaves.

What is needed in this time of oppression on the one hand and deep-seated, ominous unrest on the other, is serious thought and saner speech and action. The harm that can be done by men like this is, unfortunately, not confined to the body blows they are dealing to the cause they represent. Such speeches as these, coming from a source which, in some quarters, might be considered influential, serve more than the most violent anarchistic ravings to stir up the passions of those who feel that they have good ground to complain of existing conditions. Left to themselves, the American people will not be misled by destructive propaganda, but will move surely along constructive lines toward the goal of social peace and justice. The thing that is most to be feared is just such babbling from men whose motives are not above question, whose lives have no roots in the deep soil of the fundamental principles that tend to keep humanity in the right track, and who know nothing of the real problems of life or of the age.

In addition to the steadily-increasing discontent—and as the cause of it—we are facing the fact that, by the alliance of great corporations with one another and with the political powers of the nations, by means of inhuman methods such as have been practiced by the rubber syndicate of the Congo and the packers of Chicago, and from many other causes, immense masses of wealth are being concentrated into a few hands. As a result we have the multimillionaires. And what of the cost of developing this special product of our age—the social, human cost? Is the gain to society from widespread charities, great gifts and philanthropic enterprises commensurate with that cost? Art galleries, libraries, colleges and hospitals built and endowed by the great capitalists must be balanced against graft, political corruption, lowered civic and national ideals, economic dependence of the many upon the powerful few, and a host of other ills.

The one hope of solving the social problem lies in the fact that, aside from superficial judgment swayed by emotionalism, there is a real and growing sense of social responsibility among sound thinkers of all classes; a growing feeling that the opportunities of life should and must be equally free to all, and that the distribution of wealth upon a more equitable basis must be undertaken by society and not left to the caprices of self-interest, philanthropy and private judgment.

NOTES

THE Andover Play School was started July 16, 1906. Circulars were sent out to the various schools before closing in the spring, explaining the purpose of the school and stating what the opportunities were. Applications came in promptly, swiftly passing the hundred mark, which was the limit set.

A child could select five different varieties of work-plays for his two-months' course, and the following was the delightful list he selected from: Collecting minerals, stamps, coins; cooking, for girls only; draw-and plays; mechanics, boats, boating; field work, butterflies, birds, fishes, flowers, ferns; outdoor games, sailing, dam and water wheel machinery, steam and electric motors; dancing, girls only; dramatics, girls

only; music, singing, orchestra, piano; photography, cameras not furnished; basketry, cardboard and paper work; swimming; printing, boys only.

There were about fifty applications signed by boys from nine to fourteen, and about thirty by girls from nine to fourteen, and twenty odd by parents for children under nine. The choices of the boys fell in about the following order of preference, yet there was a striking uniformity, each occupation having a goodly number of choices: Outdoor games, wood work, swimming, field work, gardening, printing, orchestra; for the girls, cooking, basketry, field work, outdoor games, dancing, swimming, dramatics, gardening. Drawing was also popular with both boys and girls.

The public school plant was used, the only additions being the sloyd benches and tools, printing press and type, loaned by the Andover Guild, which organization was the source of financial support. The play school opened at 8.30 A. M., and closed at 12 o'clock, or as soon thereafter as the children could be driven away to their dinners; but some of the children and some of the teachers usually returned in the afternoon. The term lasted six weeks, from about the middle of July to the last week in August. It was the original purpose of the play school to enroll those boys of the community who spent the long summer vacation in the streets, in rough and profane ball games, in inordinate swimming, predatory expeditions, and like occupations; but the earnest petitioning of not a few of the best people in the town for the admission of their children finally opened the doors of the school for some children of most excellent home influences.

Perhaps the favorite occupation, on the whole, was the wood work. There was a complete sloyd outfit and a trained sloyd teacher. No attempt was made to hold the boys to a formal course. The wood work was to serve as a sort of supply shop for the apparatus used in school. The boys made their own butterfly nets and fish nets for the nature work. They made the mounting boards used in mounting the specimens, the cases for the permanent collections, developing cages for the caterpillars, aquaria for the fishes, box traps for catching squirrels, etc. If a boy was interested in archery, he made his bow and arrows; if in cricket, a bat; if in kite-flying, a kite; if in making a present for a younger brother or sister, a toy table, perhaps. Mothers, too, reaped the benefits of the shop; for a boy often turned from his toy-making to the making of a sleeve-board, ironing-board, bread-board, shelf, or something else for the house. Sometimes the boys united in making some giant affair of common interest, a log house, a great windmill which supplied power for turning the grindstone, a dam and sluiceway for the water-wheel, or a catamaran for the swimming pond.

The nature work was hardly less popular than the toy-making. Nearly every morning there might have been seen a company of ten or a dozen boys starting out with a leader in search of butterflies or fishes, and for the incidental study of birds, or frogs, or snakes, or whatever came to their notice while hunting. The older boys devoted themselves mainly to the butterflies, the younger to the fishes. Nearly every species of butterfly to be found in Andover during the season was captured, many kinds of caterpillars were taken and developed into chrysalides in the cages, and nearly all the differ-

ent kinds of fishes to be found in the streams and ponds of Andover were caught and studied. The work consisted largely of outdoor tramps, but there was also laboratory work, the description and drawing of the worm, chrysalis, and butterfly. Honey bees in an observation hive, and ants in nests made of school slates covered with glass, were watched. Some of the ants' nests were successfully kept and watched for months, one boy keeping a colony all winter. The microscope was frequently used in the laboratory work. Note books on fishes were also kept. The interest of the boys was deepest in the gathering and general observation and naming of specimens, the watching and feeding of the fishes, and less in the minuter observation, drawing, and naming of parts. The zeal in hunting specimens was often intense. It was no uncommon thing to see a boy, when the school was not in session, alone, with heavy pail on his arm, a fish net in his hand, sweltering along in the dog-day sun, seeking some new treasure for his aquarium.

The ignorance of many boys whose environments by no means justified their lack of knowledge was sometimes surprising. A grammar school boy, visiting the school, knew the fishes simply as fishes, being unable to name with certainty a single species. Another boy, who was within one year of the high school, brought to school in high elation one morning some "speckled trout" for the aquarium, which proved to be tiny spotted salamanders whose legs presented no difficulty to him in his classification.

Allied to the nature work was the gardening. A part of the schoolyard was ploughed, and a definite portion allotted to each boy who chose gardening. Vegetables of various kinds were planted. Flower plants were also a part of the care and possession of the boys, and were taken home and transplanted at the close of the school. The following spring many of these boys were reported as having started gardens of their own at home.

The second period of the day, one hour in length, was spent in outdoor play. In one section of the playground might have been seen a group of boys engaged at archery. In another section the older boys were hard at a game of ball. Elsewhere some of the younger or less athletic boys were playing at tenpins on the smooth driveway or at bean bags. There were also, at times, football, ring toss, tag games, boxing, wrestling, racing, jumping, vaulting, gymnastic tricks, kite-flying, boat racing* at Rabbitt's Pond, swimming races at Pomp's or in the Shawsheen. Three times a week there was a division in swimming. The swimming lessons often served as a good opportunity for collecting outdoor specimens or plants for the aquaria. On rainy days there were indoor amusements, more of the nature of social or parlor games, and which were intellectual rather than physical.

The musically inclined boys were always eager for an orchestra. This took the form of the "kindersymphonie." The talents and attainments of the boys made the music necessarily crude, but it was much enjoyed by them. The violinists were children who came for the orchestra alone, the play-school boys being confined mainly to time-beating instruments.

*One day I bought a handsome steel yacht at a toy store in Boston and offered it as a prize to the boy who could make a boat that would beat it. When the trial came off, there wasn't a boat made by the boys that didn't outsail mine; and I was somewhat embarrassed, but secretly proud, for there wasn't a boy who would accept my boat as a gift.

There was a class, also, in piano playing which met twice a week.

The printing department appealed to some as real play. The press served in printing the names of the boys in the several departments, the baseball teams, headings for school exercise papers, cards, some bill heads, and, best of all, a four-page paper containing compositions by the boys on the work of the various departments, names of the prize-takers, cuts of drawings made in the nature work, list of specimens captured.

Besides the drawing in the nature work, there was a division in drawing for those who preferred it to any other occupation they might have during that period. The work took mainly the form of large free-hand drawings from objects. This was more nearly allied to the regular school work than any other department, unless we except the library, from which the boys eagerly drew books of stories, history, or nature, for home reading.

The occupations of the girls were very similar to those of the boys in some respects and very different in other. The girls had no chance at general toy-making like the boys; but they cooked, made baskets of rattan and raffia, dolls' hats, dolls' hammocks, and did some fancy work. They played their outdoor games, went off on field excursions, after ferns or insects, and went swimming. The facilities of most country towns in the matter of swimming for girls are much underrated. Two places were readily found where girls might be taught to swim. One was in a pond near a house where a good opportunity for dressing was given in a nearby shed. Another was later selected as even better in a secluded spot along the Shawsheen River. Here the girls went freely, happily, and unmolested, with their teacher, and several learned to swim in a short time.

Dancing and dramatics occupied a portion of the time of the girls; and at the close of the school a play was very successfully given to the public, the proceeds being given to the school.

Some of the girls took gardening on equal terms with the boys, and raised their share of flowers and vegetables, which were in due season appropriated for their homes.

The salaries paid the "faculty" and helpers employed in the Andover Play School averaged about $4 a week. The highest salary paid was $10, and the lowest nothing. During the past year a most successful school has been conducted in Andover by two teachers in the public schools, the total expense of which was less than $350, the school enrolling sixty-five children. But such schools can be run at a much less cost if the community is willing that the teachers serve without pay, and playgrounds with many of the accompanying benefits may be conducted at about as near no expense as the community will allow.

The following may be of interest as showing the impressions that parents got of the value of the playground influence on their children. They are direct quotations: "It kept him off the streets, and I knew where he was;" "seemed perfectly happy all through the summer school term;" "was better able to begin his school studies;" "increased his happiness by having something to do;" "kept him out of mischief;" "kept his mind occupied;" "had his own garden at home, and took care of it—something he was not interested in before;" "helped him at school;" "made good use of things he learn-

ed;" "was much interested in insects;" "enjoyed himself every day;" "was more agreeable, as he had something to think of;" "set him thinking;" "made home life more interesting in constructing things he saw at school;" "made him more ambitious;" "made him interested in his learning;" "made a pigeon coop, studies birds a good deal and butterflies;" "made him brighter and quicker;" "made him good in his manners;" "did him a good deal of good in his character and disposition." These are typical of many expressions used by parents who felt that their boys were, through the play school, benefited rather than injured by the long vacation. They are by no means exhaustive of what might be said in summary of the value of playgrounds for country children, but they certainly will prove suggestive to those who are concerned about the children of the streets of our country towns.

SOME interesting information in regard to the Woodland Farm Camp has recently come to THE CRAFTSMAN. This project of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lanier seems so full of good sense, wholesome humanity, and a wide understanding of some of the best things that are to be got out of life, particularly for children, that THE CRAFTSMAN takes pleasure in giving its readers an opportunity of knowing something more of the purpose, and successful achievement of purpose, in Woodland Farm life. The farm is located two and one-half miles from Westchester Station, in New York. It is intended to give an opportunity to work through the summer in the most healthful and enjoyable way.

The Camp is open to young and old; children are made welcome and provision made for their care and entertainment and useful occupation. It is also arranged that they do not interfere with the rest periods or occupation of older people, and yet the older people are expected to take an interest in the children, and every effort is made to develop a sense of reality as a foundation of character and to prove to the children and the old people, too, for that matter, that real happiness is reached in simple acts of service and sacrifice. The teachers are chosen for their ability to understand the need of others, as well as for their exceptional equipment along their own particular line of work.

It is the purpose of Woodland Farm Camp to make it possible to live out of doors. Of course, those who wish may sleep in canvas houses, which have sides that open wide. There are also two farm houses for use on the rainy days, and in these buildings are stoves and fireplaces. The tent houses are built far enough apart to leave each family a sense of peaceful seclusion. The meals are taken together in a large canvas bungalow. There are all sorts of delightful social gatherings: bonfire dinners, hay wagon drives, out-of-door festivals, and occasional lectures by eminent people who drop in at the Camp for their own enjoyment. There are few restrictions at the Camp, but each person is expected to work at least one hour a day, and it has been found that after a short time the majority work a good many more, either at some preferred handicraft or out of doors in the garden.

Naturally, this sort of life lacks many of the petty conveniences of city existence, but its compensations are boundless, not only through the cultivation of an enjoyment of work, but in the healthy peace of mind and kindly spirit that are developed.

The guests of the Camp, young and old, are earnestly requested to bring

with them the simplest sort of wardrobes; the kind of clothes in which one likes to work out of doors or to roam or loaf or play out of doors in the simplest fashion through a long summer of variable weather. The tents are not furnished, unless some special provision is made for this, so that some simple tent equipment must be added to the list of sneaks and sandals and rubber boots and sun hats and short skirts and washable shirtwaists, sweaters, overalls, etc. There is but one qualification for entrance to the Camp, and that is to be in sympathy with the ideal, which *is the real enjoyment of outdoor life,* the understanding of the need of occupation in life, and a sense of kindly sympathy toward all people who are moving in the same channel, and, for that matter, toward those who know nothing of it and who may be helped to an understanding of a finer enjoyment of life. The ideal of the Camp cannot but meet a ready sympathy from people who feel the need of rational outdoor life, without fads, or rules of whimsical leaders. Mr. and Mrs. Lanier are ideal hosts for the peaceful enjoyment of Woodland Farm Camp.

REVIEWS

A BOOK treating of sociological conditions by Miss Jane Addams of Hull House is one that cannot be superficially considered—that much one realizes even before opening it—since Miss Addams writes neither from the standpoint of the theorist or the sentimentalist, but from that of the practical optimist. Her latest work, "Newer Ideals of Peace," might equally well have been called, from a phrase in one of her chapters, "The Human City," for the ideals and theories set forth in its pages are those of a republic founded upon humanity and the spirit of brotherhood.

That the book is an argument against the existence of the military ideal might be guessed from the title. Indeed, the writer holds this military ideal responsible for nearly all the social evil in our cities and for the majority of defects in our government. It not only, she argues, retards the development of the human ideal, but—as proved for instance by the condition of the police department in our cities—actually promotes and assists evil. We have outgrown, Miss Addams asserts, a government founded upon a military system, and its survival she compares to "a full-grown citizen relegated to the school-yard fights of his boyhood."

She points out that our constitution was framed upon eighteenth century ideals, totally unadapted to a modern democracy. The system fails, she goes on to indicate, through not taking into account the average citizen, and because of the inadequacy of its laws governing immigration. It is here that Miss Addams expresses a widely different viewpoint concerning the immigrant from that of the average intelligent observer of immigrant conditions in our cities, for she obviously regards the enormous influx of raw human material into this country as advantageous. One might regard it so—although the amount of this raw material seems rather disproportionate—if it only *were* raw material. The difficulty lies in the fact that so much of it is *waste* material instead. Miss Addams does not discuss any such distinction. But to many of us—perhaps with a humanity less wide and deep—the unsanitary Russian Jew driving his bulk into the passer-by, clogging and soiling the streets in countless numbers, the vicious yet cowardly

Sicilian with his ever-ready knife, seem citizens that can only prove detrimental to the welfare of the country. Yet Miss Addams has lived a number of years in the poorer quarters of Chicago and must be familiar with these types. She seems able to regard all with a fine charity and compassion. She feels keenly, one can see, the pathos of the immigrant. She dwells upon the qualities that these people have to contribute of respect and devotion, and of incipient patriotism. She suggests that the simple and often beautiful industries to which many of them are trained might be utilized to the industrial advantage of our country which, through its present system of machine work, is lowering the art standard of its products. We absolutely fail, Miss Addams declares, to appreciate the economic or human value of the immigrant—and this anyone who has had any experience in settlement or mission work must have realized. But beyond this fact lies an even more significant one, for in this country the immigrant represents only a passing condition; the real problem—and a very real menace to our national peace and morality it is—lies in the second generation—the immigrant's children. This problem seems the outcome not only of those defects of our government that can be attributed to military standards, but to be an inevitable result of the contact of a crude undisciplined individuality with a commercially prosperous democracy where the amassing of ill-gotten gains is not a difficult task.

The quality of the average second generation foreigner as compared with his parents was well expressed to me once by an old New England sea captain living in a community overrun with Portuguese—"The old ones is all right. They're ignorant, but they're all right. But the young ones that's born here—they ain't no good to themselves nor to nobody else."

These "young ones," placed in a country where even the ignorant may rise rapidly, where the national ideal is commercial success, and the most frequently repeated phrase of the uneducated and uncultured is that they are "as good as" anyone else, evolve into an abnormal product—something with no intermediate stage of development. And the presence of these individuals in the country seems the most probable explanation of the numbers of irresponsible, indifferent, incompetent workers we have about us. Undoubtedly this situation would be bettered if Miss Addams' suggestions upon Industrial Legislation could be put into effect. The second generation problem in itself she does not take up save to deplore the attitude of the American-born child toward its immigrant parents—an attitude which she attributes to the general feeling of contempt expressed toward the foreigner, which the child imitates.

Miss Addams takes up at some length the question of unions—organizations of which, on the whole, she seems to approve. Their evil practices—their system of intimidation, guerilla warfare and criminal plots—she regards as all, practically, results of the military idea embodied in our government. She commends the unions for the amalgamation of various nationalities which they have accomplished—a result which the nation as a whole has as yet failed of obtaining.

In discussing the question of child labor Miss Addams makes some of her most convincing points. Aside from the most obvious phase of the evil, mourned over by the sentimentalist and exploited by the advertising editor, she points out the serious harm likely to grow out of this reversal of

the natural relation between parent and child which comes about when the child is the wage-earner. "Why, mother can't say nothing to me. I pay the rent," she quotes one child as saying. She dwells also upon the irreparable moral and mental injury to the development of the child through the child labor system and cites a number of instances to prove that those forced to work in their childhood become tramps and vagrants in middle life.

In discussing the question of women in politics Miss Addams is also convincing. Women, she points out, should, logically, have to do with "the Nation's housekeeping." They should have a voice in matters bearing upon the education of their children and the sanitary conditions that surround their daily life, in laws governing food products and in questions bearing upon their work.

Miss Addams' definition of true patriotism would not characterize it as, in any sense, a political or race sentiment. She believes rather in the patriotism of a humanity which should be the outgrowth of a great democracy. Immigrants have, she maintains, a quality that might be developed into such a sentiment—a spirit of mutual helpfulness and a love of "simple goodness." It has occurred to the present reviewer, in this connection, through observing the simple people of those foreign countries where the poorer classes are not oppressed, that these admirable qualities are largely the outgrowth of governments where matters are more classified. For since men are *not* equal mentally or morally, such equality as our country claims as its ideal cannot exist. The present outgrowth of our political standard among the undisciplined classes is a blind assertiveness, a widespread sentiment of discontent, and a class-hatred of a kind and degree quite unknown in the older countries. Yet if Miss Addams' theories could be put into practice, undoubtedly the true class distinctions—those made upon a mental and moral basis—might be established.

The sentiment pervading the whole book, with which it begins and ends, is the expression of that tremendous principle voiced by Tolstoi—to make non-resistance aggressive; to abolish the military ideal by setting a stronger force in operation; to utilize the heroic emotions incited by war as forces for human development. ("Newer Ideals of Peoce." By Jane Addams. 238 pages. $1.25 net. Published by the Macmillan Co.)

PROFESSOR E. Ray Lankester, Fellow of the Royal Society of England, and Director of the Natural History departments of the British Museum, has long been known as one of the most progressive of the leaders of scientific thought in England. Moreover, he has the gift, in greater degree than any scientist since Huxley, of popularizing the wonderful discoveries of science, so that the average lay mind can comprehend them. President of an almost incredible number of scientific bodies, Professor Lankester's addresses in that capacity are always luminous, no matter how intricate the subject, and often inspiring. There is always a demand for them in printed form by those not fortunate enough to hear them with the charm of the speaker's presence added.

Two of such addresses, and a paper which appeared in one of the staid and little read British quarterlies, have been revised and welded together into an interesting little volume of one hundred and ninety pages, with the title, "The Kingdom of Man." The first part of the book, "Nature's Insurgent Son," is perhaps the most inter-

esting to the lay reader. It is the substance of the Romanes lecture, given at Oxford in nineteen hundred and five, and aims to show the Kingdom of Man as the distinguished scientist conceives it, and to plead for earnest action, especially upon the part of the great universities, to remedy the evils due to the neglect of the great opportunities and responsibilities involved in the reign of man over his kingdom.

Man's "insurgency," that which makes him the rebel of the universe, is his long struggle to understand and dominate those forces and laws which dominate all the rest of that great Nature of which he is just as much part as the humblest worm, and yet master. Where all other sentient life is dominated by its environment, man turns and makes over his environment to suit his needs. "Where Nature says 'Die!' man says 'I will live.'" According to the law previously in operation, man "should have perished except on condition of becoming a new morphological 'species.'" But man's wit and will have made him the master of the universe and so enabled him to "increase and multiply" "without submitting to the terrible axe of selection wielded by ruthless Nature." And yet, the sovereign man has not yet arisen in proud consciousness to enter upon the possession of his kingdom, wise old Francis Bacon's *Regnum Hominus*. Disease still decimates the race, despite the fact that investigation has shown man's power to protect himself.

Let us suppose there is an awakening to this great power, that disease is stamped out: what will be the result of the great and rapid increase of population? The question will not hide itself—Malthus is ever present! Here is the challenge to man the sovereign power: what of tapping the limitless energies of the earth's central heat, as M. Berthelot suggests, and making use of it as the perennial source of energy? And, when all the resources of this planet are controlled, will human genius find a means of exploiting Mars? Is that the outcome to be expected from the observations of Perceval Lowell, and those of the astronomers of many lands who are so closely watching those mysterious "canals" this summer from coigns of vantage? So, with as much imagination as a Jules Verne or a Flammarion, Professor Lankester goes on sketching the possibilities of man's sovereignty.

The second part of the volume consists of an address given by Professor Lankester, as president, to the British Association last year, and is entitled "The Advance of Science, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one to Nineteen Hundred and Six." It is, necessarily, merely a sketch—although a most interesting one—of man's advance toward the assumption of his kingdom during a quarter of a century. The third section consists of a study of the fatal "sleeping sickness," the appearance of which in Africa has caused a good deal of alarm. The book is copiously annotated and illustrated. ("The Kingdom of Man." By E. Ray Lankester. 191 pages. Illustrated. Price, $1.40, net. Published by Henry Holt and Company, New York.)

AFTER fifteen years a third edition of Thomas Kirkup's well-known handbook, "The History of Socialism," has been called for, testifying to the security of its hold upon the attention and respect of students of the Socialistic theories and movements of our time. The book, which originally grew out of the author's contributions on the subject to the pages of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, has been revised merely in that some forty pages of new matter bring its view of the movement

to a later date; in all other respects it remains the same.

There is no really good history of Socialism as yet. Kautsky, in Germany, Jaurés and others, in France, and Hillquit, in this country, have done much toward laying the foundations for such a history—a detailed record of the great international movement with its political and philosophical conflicts. In the meantime, the work of Kirkup is by all the best yet produced. It is a "history" only in the sense that the author has traced in broad, free outlines the growth of Socialist theories from the crude utopianism of the early eighteenth century to the elaborate scientific and philosophical system of Marx and his followers. Written from the viewpoint of a non-Socialist of large sympathies with the movement of which he writes, and whose continued studies appear to have led him nearer to the movement rather than away from it, it is admirably adapted to the ordinary student's needs. Without being profound, it is well reasoned, and its admirably impartial tone commends it to the thoughtful reader.

It is not too much to say that whoever desires to understand modern Socialism—and that embraces a rapidly growing army of earnest thinkers—will find Mr. Kirkup's book quite useful and almost indispensable. The literature of Socialism now includes tens of thousands of volumes in various languages. In English alone there are several thousand volumes upon the subject. Some idea of the worth of this volume may be gathered from the fact that it would be included by almost every authority in any list of forty or fifty works dealing with the subject. It has become recognized, by friends and foes of Socialism alike, as one of the classics of a great and important branch of literature. ("The History of Socialism." By Thomas Kirkup. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Cloth, 406 pages. Price, $2.25.)

SOMETHING of the same optimism manifested by the English scientist toward the problems of human advance which fall within the province of natural science, Professor Patten, one of our foremost American sociologists, manifests toward the great problems of social progress. Professor Patten is professor of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania, but he is much better known as a sociologist. Most of his published works belong to sociological literature rather than to the more restricted domain of economics. His latest production is a small volume, which, by reason of its vital interest, is bound to have many readers. It consists of a series of lectures given in nineteen hundred and five and nineteen hundred and six at the New York School of Philanthropy, under the Kennedy Trust, and is entitled "The New Basis of Civilization." Optimism is the keynote of the volume, possibly Professor Patten is rather too optimistic in his views of the educational work of our settlements and charitable agencies. One would like to be able to confront one's experiences with the same optimistic spirit, but it is not easy to do so. The best attempt one can make is after all akin to the boy's frightened whistling as he passes the graveyard at night.

It is possible, however, to share Professor Patten's exultation as he views the wonderful resources of the present age. The basis of a new civilization is indeed made possible by these vast and unparalleled resources of twentieth century America. In all the long past the race has struggled under a social economy of deficit, of

insufficiency. But here we stand today facing, not a deficit, but a great surplus. To quote that remarkable Russian, Prince Kropotkin, "We are thus placed in a position entirely to remodel the very bases and contents of our civilization—provided the civilized nations find in their midst the constructive capacities and the powers of creation required for utilizing the conquests of the human intellect in the interest of all."

It is necessary to ally with these tremendous resources an adequate social consciousness. Given these two, adequate material and adequate social consciousness, and there should be hope for the coming of a New Jerusalem, the fulfilling of man's age-long dream. Professor Patten seems to wander far afield to no purpose; all that he comprehends in his first eight chapters is really included in two, the first and the fifth. That there is a growth of social consciousness, and that it is fostered by our great technical and general economic advances, are facts of the most vital significance and fraught with hope and cheer. It is curious, however, to find such a careful scholar as Professor Patten pointing out the voluntary coöperation among the Western farmers, who own the big and expensive agricultural machines in common and help each other in their work, as a "new morality." Surely Professor Patten has not forgotten that the Pilgrims had that "new morality," and all our New England farmers had it until a very few years ago. What was the good old time "huskin' bee" but a practical manifestation of what Professor Patten calls a "new morality"? So far from being new is it that it goes right back to the very infancy of the race. It is no more than the spirit and habit of mutual aid which primitive man learned from his brute ancestors.

One turns to the chapter, "The New Civilization," with eager expectancy, anticipating something definitely constructive. Not, to be sure, another millennial Utopia, to be realized, perhaps, thousands of years hence, but a fairly definite picture of what is attainable within the twentieth century still young. The lectures of which the book is made up were delivered to students most of whom expect to make social reform work their life's vocation. Surely, here, if anywhere, the constructive voice should be heard—and it is, but so faintly! So smothered in academic bonds! Even more disappointing is the last chapter, "A Programme of Social Work." There is no programme really, nothing more than a few generalizations, all trite, all true—and all inadequate. Lest this seem to imply too large condemnation to prove inviting to the reader to make direct acquaintance with the book, let it be added that it is distinctly a book to be recommended to every thoughtful reader. It is interesting and stimulating. Coming from Professor Patten, as remarkable for what it omits as for what it contains. ("The New Basis of Civilization." By Simon N. Patten, Ph.D., LL.D. 220 pages. Price, $1.00 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

GODFREY BLOUNT'S FREE-HAND PLASTER WORK FOR INTERIOR DECORATION

"IMPRESSIONISM in plaster" is the phrase which Mr. Blount uses to describe this exceedingly free and charming wall decoration. In complete contrast to the careful and academic friezes, cast piece by piece, and afterward fitted into place, the work in this case is all done on the wall.

The design is sketched in, and with the wet cement the whole work is carried out there and then. There can be no alterations, no niggling; the work must be done swiftly and surely, for the plaster sets very quickly. A trowel, a palette knife and few hog-hair brushes, such are the simple tools required, but more important than the tools are the hand and eye.

High finish, of course, cannot be looked for in such work and is not wanted. What can be attained is a delightfully fresh and spontaneous effect, which, especially in work which is placed high, like a frieze, is much more pleasing than elaborate finish. The work can be left the natural color of the plaster, or, which adds much to the richness of the effect, may be colored after the plaster has set.

Mr. Blount has kindly furnished me with detailed notes as to the process as follows:

"*Ground.*—The ground should be of Portland cement, with as little sand as possible to avoid suction, and left with a slight tooth on the surface.

"*Mixing.*—Shake Keene's cement into a large basin half full of water and beat up with an egg beater. Then more cement should be added and the mixture stirred until it will hardly pour. Keep this as a stock. Have ready a board eighteen by eighteen inches and a square headed putty knife. Pour some of the already mixed stock on this board and add more dry cement, beating up with knife till thick enough to use. The degree of thickness required will depend on the character of the modeling. Place some of this second stock on a plasterer's palette and with an ordinary putty knife, previously ground down till it is supple, begin your work.

"*Working.*—Let us suppose the design sketched out in any fashion on the cement ground (I sketch it in outline with ink). Have sundry flat, hog-hair brushes in a small tin saucepan of water. Then take up on the putty knife a quantity of mixture, smear it on to the design, cut it into shape with the palette knife to any extent you can and finish with the hog-hair tools.

"It is impossible to give exact directions. Here are a few hints:

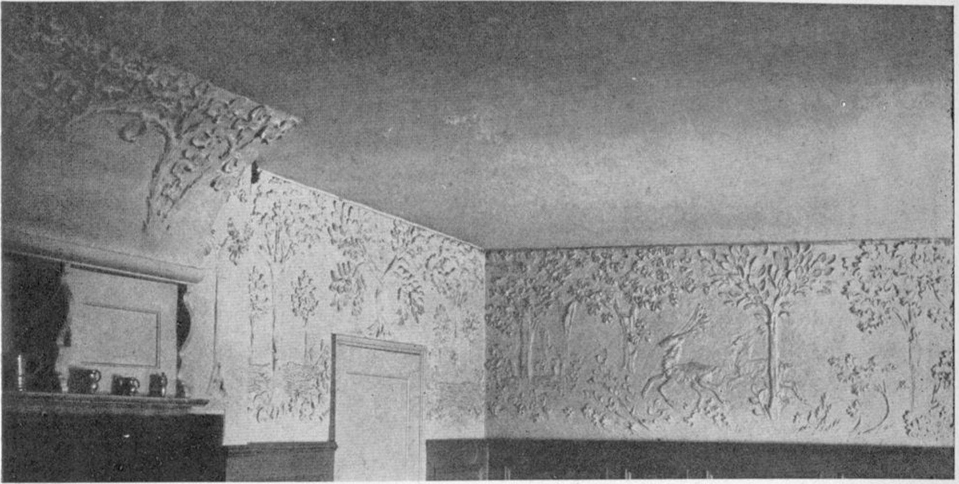
"First.—The work is impressionistic in a high degree. In hot summer the plaster dries so quickly that it is almost impossible to work without the addition of some size. In winter it will keep open half an hour. But the best work is that which is most rapidly obtained. It is a waste of time to finish.

"Second.—Finger work is impossible. The brush must do the double work of knife as well as brush. Even the carving is done with the brush.

"Third.—You may lay a thin coat of plaster from stock two as a ground for immediate work as you proceed, or you may lay the ground up to your work. This is not the original

From Original Designs by Godfrey Blount.

FREE-HAND PLASTER WORK:
BIRD FRIEZE AND DETAIL.



From Original Designs by Godfrey Blount.

FRIEZE IN HALL OF THE KNIPP CHIDDINGFOLD.

DETAIL OF CEILING FOR A GATE HOUSE.

From Original Designs by Godfrey Blount.

DESIGNS FOR FRIEZES IN FREE-HAND PLASTER WORK.

From Original Design by Godfrey Blount.

SAMPLE DESIGN IN FREE-HAND PLASTER WORK: SHOWING FOUNDATION AND METHOD OF WORKING.

ground (of Portland cement); that, of course, has to be laid first and is covered entirely in working.

"Fourth.—Stir your stocks now and then to keep them open, as you will have to mix more.

"Fifth.—Don't try to correct mistakes. Scrape off and begin afresh.

"Sixth.—If you don't like sketching and can't sketch, don't attempt this craft. Take up wood carving instead.

"Seventh.—Lumps are easier than lines. This must influence your designs.

"Eighth.—The craft is more suitable for decorative effects than realistic ones and for grotesqueness than for pretty pretties.

"Ninth.—In details let accidents have their share in modifying results. A happy accident is worth an hour's plodding. 'Be carefully careless.'

"Tenth.—Where joining a piece of new work to the old, wet the old or it will suck up the water from the new.

"Eleventh.—The work will crack in drying. Fill up the cracks, they don't matter. Cracks are only dangerous when between the work and the ground, but if the cement ground has got a tooth and you work vigorously there ought to be no accident of this kind.

"Twelfth.—It is exciting work and will quickly tire you if you don't feel sprightly."

Of course the success of such work will depend very much on the design, which in Mr. Blount's case is as free and spontaneous as the work itself. Everything stilted and formal should be avoided; the whole charm of the work lying in its ease and freedom.

The illustrations which accompany this article are taken from work done by Mr. Blount in different houses in the north of England, and a careful examination of these, especially of the delightfully slight sketch of birds, and of the "Detail of Ceiling," will teach more regarding the technique and manner of working than much tedious description.

STEWART DICK.

CRAFTSMAN WILLOW FURNITURE

EVERYBODY knows willow furniture, and nearly everybody uses it, especially in country homes where delicate and elaborate furnishings are out of place, and where the need is for something that naturally belongs to the comfort and simplicity of country life, and that brings into the house a pleasing suggestion of out of doors. That is, willow furniture should do all these things, but how far it goes toward filling its proper place among the household furnishings depends entirely upon the willow furniture. If its full possibilities of beauty, comfort and durability are to be developed, it should be so designed, made and finished that the individuality of the willow may be preserved. When a chair, for instance, is designed after some fantastically ornate pattern, constructed so that it is stiff and unyielding and given a solid color and a hard enamel finish, it has lost every characteristic of the thin, flexible willow withes which belong naturally to basket work. Hence, a willow chair is most nearly right when it resembles straight basket work in its construction, when it is flexible and yielding, and when it is so finished that it looks like willow and nothing else.

These are the qualities that distin-

guish the very unusual and beautiful willow chairs and settles shown in the accompanying illustrations. It is the belief of the designer that among the lighter forms of furniture nothing is so well suited to relieve the austere lines, massive forms and rich sober coloring of oak as willow treated as it is in the pieces shown here. As will be noticed, the construction of these pieces of furniture is on broad and simple lines, giving great suggestion of ease and comfort, and also that it is essentially of basket construction rather than of wood overlaid and ornamented with basket work. The elastic spring of this hand-woven piece suggests at a touch the flexibility of hand-made baskets that are woven by the fireside or on the back porch at the edge of the garden. Willow is a material beloved of the craftsman, because so pliable is its quality that the friendliness of hand work is never lost. The pieces shown here are all hand woven, and they hold in their beauty of color and line and modeling the personal interest of the worker. Also, the willow has been so finished that the surface has all the sparkle seen in the thin branches of the growing tree as it becomes lustrous with the first stirring of the sap.

The natural sparkle on the surface of willow has all the intangible silvery shimmer of water in moonlight. This is lost absolutely when the furniture made of it is covered with the usual opaque enamel which not only hides the luster of the surface but gives the effect of a stiff, uncompromising texture by which the pliableness of the basket weaving is entirely obliterated and all the possibilities of interesting variations of tone are lost in a smooth, characterless surface.

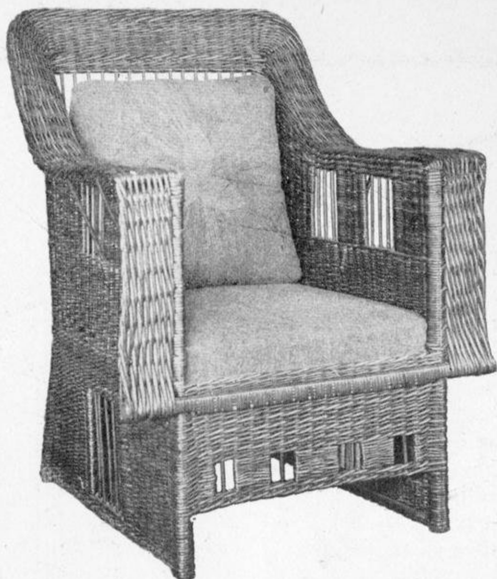
The color in these pieces of willow furniture is as remarkable a departure as the design and construction of the pieces themselves. It is a variation of soft wood tones, brown and green, light and dark, as the texture of the surface has been smooth or rough—the subtlety of color that creeps through a bit of early spring landscape; the silvery luster of the willow is left undisturbed and the color beneath is like that of fresh young bark.

The upholstering of this furniture harmonizes completely with the outlines of the basket work and the tones of the stain. One of the armchairs has the seat done with woody green CRAFTSMAN canvas, the pillow of the same carrying a cone design in brown linen, couched on with green, and a spray of brown pine needles at the back. In the second armchair the upholstering is in dull brown canvas, and the pillow carries a design in pale wood tones, outlined in dark brown.

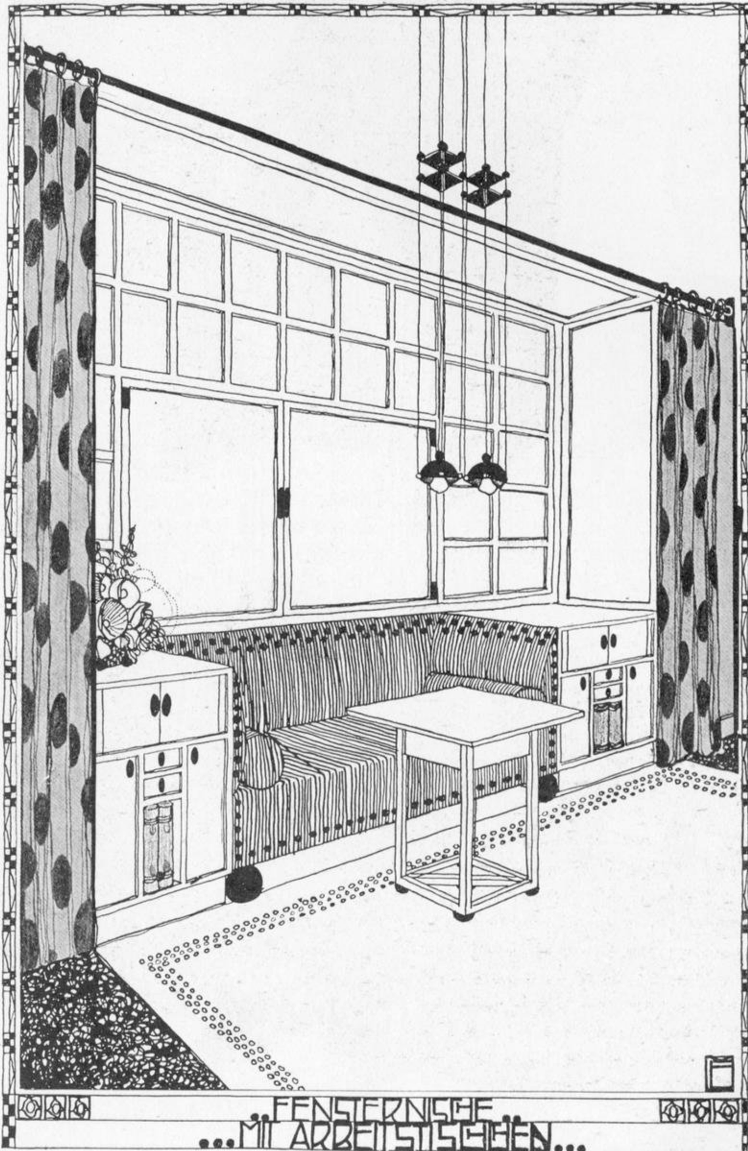
The high-backed settle is covered with dull green canvas, the color of rusty pine needles, with pillows of cool gray-green CRAFTSMAN silk, figured with brown trellis work and deep forest-green flowering vines. The larger settle has the seat covered with wood-brown canvas; the corner pillows duplicate the one in the armchair, and the low center pillow is covered with the rough woven CRAFTSMAN silk, showing a ground of marigold yellow, and trellis of dull green and a flowering vine in soft brown—canvas, silk and decoration all supplementing or accenting the tones of the willow stain.

The idea in developing this form of willow furniture was to gain something based upon the CRAFTSMAN principles of construction that characterizes oak furniture—to secure a form that should suggest the simplest basket work and the flexibility of lithe willow branches, and yet be as durable as any of the heavy furniture of all wood construction. It is in harmony with wood tones and forms, and fulfils admirably the purpose for which it was intended.

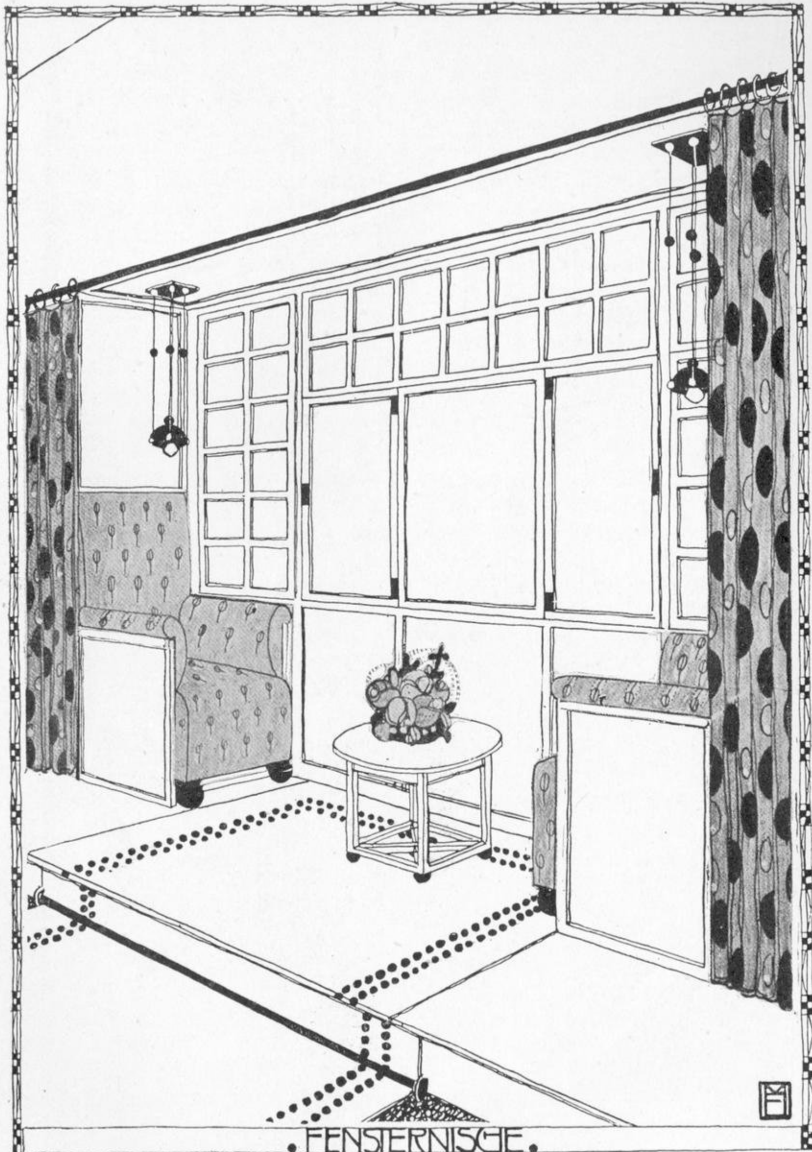
WILLOW FURNITURE THAT SUGGESTS THE SIMPLEST BASKET WORK AND THE FLEXIBILITY OF LITHE WILLOW BRANCHES.



THESE PIECES OF WILLOW FURNITURE ARE HAND WOVEN AND HAVE THE ELASTIC SPRING OF HAND-MADE BASKETS. THEY ARE UPHOLSTERED IN COLORS TO MATCH THE WILLOW TONES.



THE RIGHT USE OF A WINDOW AS THE PRINCIPAL STRUCTURAL FEATURE IN A ROOM.



A WINDOW THAT IS A CONNECTING LINK
BETWEEN A ROOM AND OUT OF DOORS.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

IMPORTANCE OF INTERESTING WINDOWS

IN the body of the magazine we publish this month a delightful article entitled "The Romance of the Window," in which are given not only the symbolism of the window and the associations with which it is connected in song and story, but the architectural effect of beautiful and well placed windows considered from the exterior of the building. The illustrations given here show a simple and beautiful window in its relation to the interior as a part of the decorative scheme of a room.

This question of the shape and grouping of windows to admit the greatest possible amount of light and air and also to produce the best effect from an architectural and decorative point of view is one which is only just beginning to receive the consideration it deserves. The beautiful architecture of old times gave the window its true place in the general design, but of late years the deplorable tendency to put commonplace stock windows at monotonously regular intervals in the walls has done more than anything else to rob buildings of their individuality and to render well-nigh hopeless the best efforts of the decorator.

In every well planned room the whole decorative scheme centers in and depends upon one dominant point of interest. In most rooms this principal feature is the chimneypiece, but there are many rooms without fireplaces. No room, however, is without windows, and with very little extra expense a group of windows may easily be made the most attractive feature of a room, balancing and harmonizing with the chimneypiece, if there is one, and centering interest in itself, if the cheery fireplace is forced to give way to the useful but unbeautiful steam radiator. The windows shown in the pictures accompanying this article are good illustrations of what may be done with very little extra trouble or expense. They are examples of the art of the Secessionists in Germany, which, extravagant as many of its expressions are, occasionally produces a thing so simple, practical and beautiful that it is well worthy to serve as a model for our efforts in this country. In the grouping of these windows the first requisite of effectiveness in windows,—that of broad masses,—is observed, also the proportions of the window as compared with the suggested proportions of the room would naturally give it not only the maximum of light, but have the effect of materially increasing the apparent dimensions of the room. As shown here, there is a very broad space which admits unbroken light. Were this enclosed merely by large sheets of plate glass, the effect would be that of glare and barrenness, which would be hard to overcome in the decorative scheme of the room. Were the entire window mullioned, the view of the landscape outside would be interfered with. As it is, the central casements are single sheets of glass and the windows above and on either side are mullioned into small square panes. A beautiful effect would be produced if these small panes were of the genuine antique glass, which shows an uneven surface and a tint such as often belongs to what would be called imperfect glass if looked at from the plate-glass point of view. This slight tint and irregularity would give some individual interest to the glass even while admitting the full amount of light, and the large sheets of glass in the center would offer no obstruction to the view. Another advantage is that, if curtains were required, these central casements offer

precisely the right dimensions for a sash curtain, which is, after all, the only natural curtaining of the window itself. Long outside draperies are a part of the decoration of a room, but if a window is to be curtained at all it should be with some sheer material that, while screening the room from the outside, admits the light and tints it to the color most in harmony with the general scheme of the room.

Another thing that is well-nigh requisite in a group of windows intended to form the principal point of structural interest in a room is that it shall be in a recess or bay, breaking the straight lines of the walls, admitting more light, and also giving the opportunity for window seats and fitments such as are shown here, and which are so full of suggestions of home comfort and companionableness. What could be more delightful, for example, than a breakfast for two served in a window recess such as the one fitted with the two armchairs. If these were placed in a window looking toward the east, at the right distance apart to admit a small table being placed between, it would give the morning meal a touch of life and sunshine that would affect the whole day. Or what could be a better place to lounge, read or work than the sofa window seat shown in the other illustration, with its convenient cupboards on either side, giving not only the table top at either end of the couch, but drawers, shelves and cupboards to hold everything required for one's favorite pursuits.

In windows like these there is not only the interest caused by the beauty and attraction of the window itself, considered as a structural feature, but there is also the sense of close connection with out-of-doors which adds so much to the restfulness of a room. Of course, the object of the four walls of a house and naturally of any room in that house is to afford shelter and protection from the elements, but if this idea is made too obvious and the enclosing four walls are planned in a commonplace way, the room has about it a sense of imprisonment and separation from out-of-doors that in a short time gives a decided feeling of restlessness and discontent. It is wonderful how this feeling vanishes if the room has in it a large group of windows, whether recessed or not, that admits a broad sweep of light which irradiates the room and at the same time gives a wide view of outdoors. In the city, where too clear a view is not always desirable, there are a hundred ways of so planning a window that the sense of light and space is unimpaired, and yet there is no sense of being too intimately connected with the life of the street. There are so many kinds of beautiful glass and such thin, delicately tinted materials for sash curtains that a window may easily receive the slight veiling necessary to give the little sense of seclusion so desirable in a city house without cutting off any of the good cheer given by the sunshine.

Such a window would form the basis of the whole decorative scheme, which, to be satisfying, must be laid out in the first planning of a house. With commonplace lines and no interesting structural features in the building itself, the decorator is helpless, and nothing he can do in the way of added decoration can make the house lastingly satisfying. The only way is for the architect and decorator to be in such close touch that the entire scheme is practically one design. This adds, of course, to the initial cost of the building, but the saving experienced in furnishing brings the expense to about the same amount in the end, with infinitely more satisfying results.