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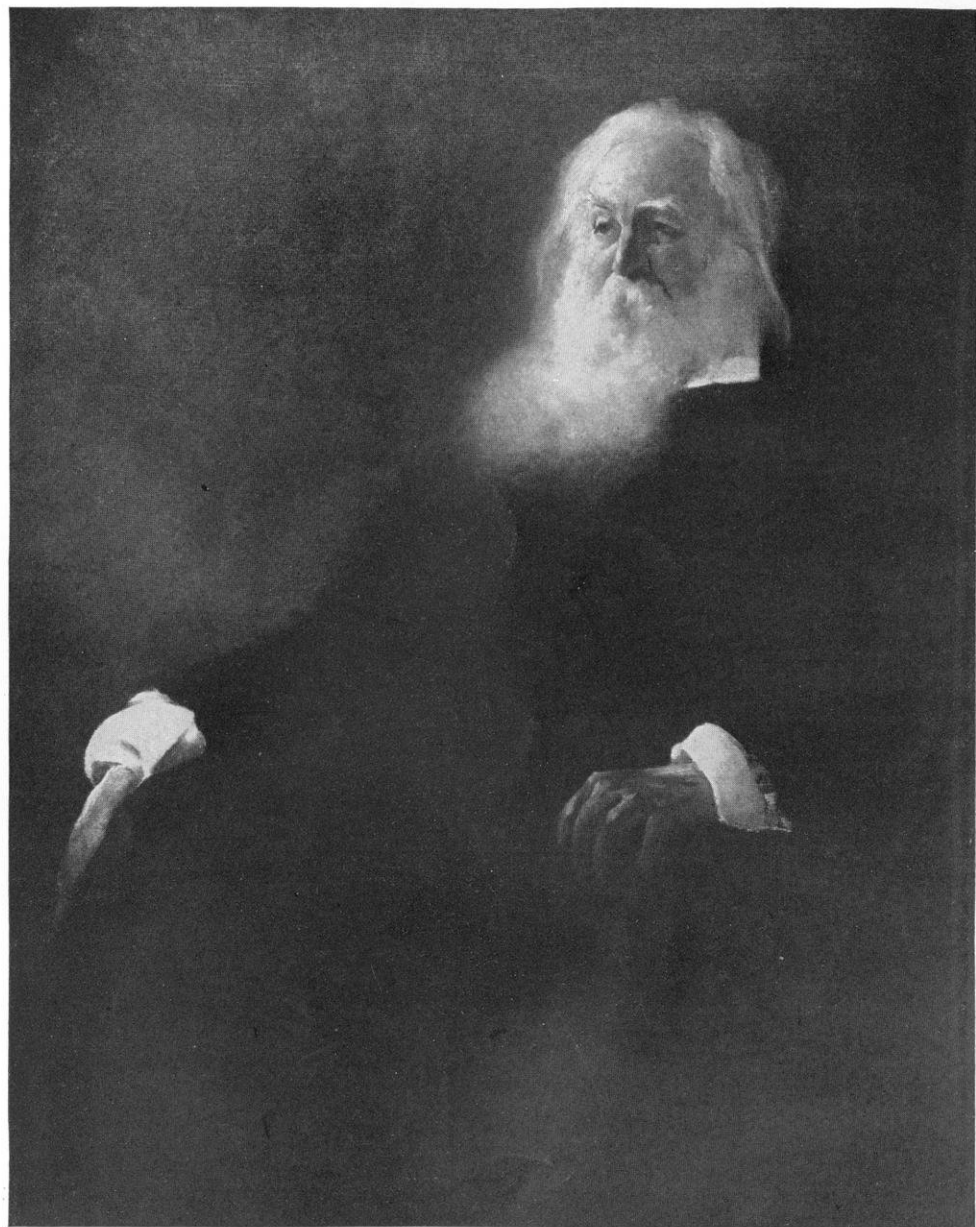
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PORTRAIT OF WALT WHITMAN
BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

THE CRAFTSMAN

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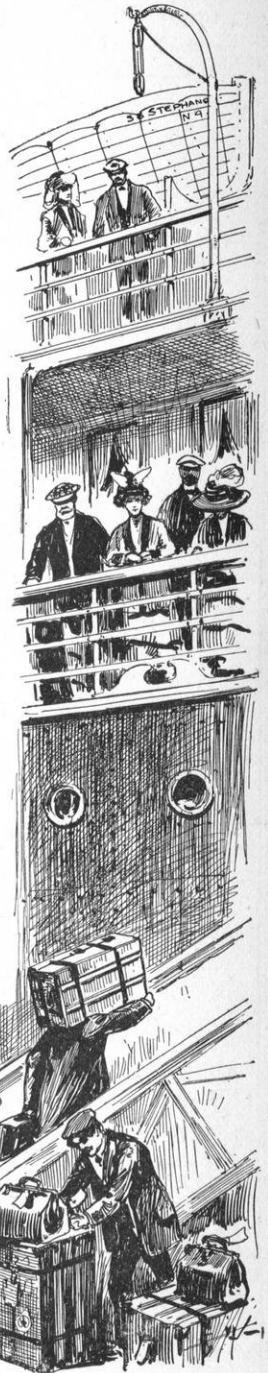
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THE CRAFTSMAN



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VOLUME XXII JULY, 1912 NUMBER 4

BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS: PART SECOND: BY JULIAN BURROUGHS



It was always a pleasure to hear stories of father's boyhood, he often liked to tell them, his memory being as clear and the pictures he drew as vivid as though it were all of yesterday. The old homestead lies in a beautiful, rolling, restful country, open to the sun, a land of great fields and slopes, no sharpness or jarring line in it all, a land of clear springs and trout brooks, of pastures where the herds graze or rest, of cool woods where the hermit pours forth his ethereal song, of meadows brimful of hay, over which the fragrant summer wind sends gentle waves. It is a country of the cow, dairying being the one and only industry, everything, all work and interest, has "boss" for its center. One of father's earliest and best essays, "Our Rural Divinity" shows how well he knew and loved the cow.

"Ah, my boy, you never wore cowhide boots or a homespun shirt, you don't know what discomfort is. The boots were made by the village shoemaker and were stiff, heavy things that froze on our feet. Often mornings in cold weather when we got to school we would sit around the stove and cry while our boots thawed out, and at night when we pulled them off the skin would come, too. It always took two of us to get them on in the morning and sometimes three to get them off. Hiram would get over us smaller boys and take hold of the boot-straps over our shoulders and we would pull, too, and kick with might and main, and at last on would come the boot. Father used to grease them with tallow and lamp black; that softened them a little. And in spring when our heels thawed out, oh, what an intolerable itch there was! Sometimes we would rub them with corn cobs until the blood would come.

"The homespun shirts when new almost took the skin off your back," father would say as he drew in a breath in respect to the memory of them. "They were harsh and of a yellow color at first, but with wear and many washings they grew softer and of a gray-white. We raised the flax ourselves, planting a small piece every year; we rotted, swingled, and hatched it ourselves and the women folks would spin and weave it and make it up into our clothes. Then

MORE BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

we had sheep and washed, sheared, carded and spun the wool. That also the women folks made into cloth and blankets. I remember hearing the tramp, tramp, of the women upstairs on long drowsy summer afternoons and the buzz of the loom as they wove the woolen cloth. Mother made dyes and dyed the yarn herself, a soft, unfading blue. Geese we always had with goose-feather beds and pillows. Our mittens and socks mother knit, thick and warm. Mother made tallow dips, they were the only light we had; we always had a box full of them on the attic stairs."

FEW indeed were the things that the farmers of those days bought, nearly everything consumed on the farm grew or was made there as well. My uncle Hiram—father was the seventh child—was a most deft and careful craftsman, and father always spoke of his work with pride—of the ax handles, the ox-yokes, the rye cradles, the wood sleds and other things that were made by Hiram, the sort of things that today are for the most part bought. Shingles for the barns and houses were all home-made, a shingle horse being in every barn; window- and door-frames, boxes, chests, window-sash, and so on were all made at home. Few nails were used, iron nails being also hand-made and expensive, more for the iron in them than for the labor. The boys were real boys, too, learning to make their own toys and to depend upon themselves. "We made our own ink wells, copy books, pens, slate pencils and even our strings," father would say to show how superior was his boyhood to mine. "Down at Stratton Falls we got a soft slate stone that whittled into slate pencils. I remember how Hi Meeker had a slate pencil on the end of which he had fitted a copper gun cap and how beautiful I thought it was—oh, I thought I had never seen anything so desirable! We made our ink wells by casting them from lead about a cylinder of wet, soft wood wrapped in wet paper, digging out the wood afterward. We made our strings for kites and other things out of tow, and our trout lines we painstakingly braided from horse hair.

"Every other Saturday was a holiday—what fun we did have! I made a little sawmill out beyond the hog pen in the brook,—it is all dried up now,—and I had a saw of tin that would buzz and saw up apples and turnips, and that made people going along the road stop and look at it. I made a big kite and tied a meadow mouse on it to send him up aloft, thinking it would be a fine thing to let such a lowly creature see the world. I know he came down none the worse for his trip, blinking his beady eyes. There was always trout to catch. I have caught nice strings of fair trout down in the lower pasture where it is all dry now; grandfather was a great trout fisherman and he often

MORE BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

took me with him. He was able to tire me out when he was over ninety. He taught me to believe in spooks and ghosts and witches. He had served in the Revolution, spending the winter at Valley Forge with Washington, whom he had often seen. Wild pigeon sometimes darkened the air, I can never forget their soft piping call or their beautiful blue plumage."

EXCEPT on the upper Hudson a grape vineyard and tide-water is a rare combination. Here at Riverby we not only feel the pulse of the sea, but the rows of grapes go down to the clean slate beach that is eternally covered and uncovered by the flood and ebb of the tide on its way up and down the river. In the late sixties father was compelled to take up the interesting occupation of searching for a home. Of this search he has spoken in "The Roof Tree," deciding at last on this spot because it was near his work of bank receiving and examining, near New York and also near his beloved Catskills. The further reason, the Hudson, soon became no attraction at all; in fact, later on he built Slabsides as a retreat to get away from the big river and its worldly noises. In the eighties, his health being poor and a change in the administration at Washington having cost him his bank examining, he began to grow fancy grapes. Just as father's boyhood had the cow for its center of interest mine has had the Delaware grape. The clearing up of new land purchased from an adjoining farm, the breaking of the sod, draining, blasting stumps and rocks, setting out the new vineyard and bringing it into bearing all occupied father for several years, restoring his health. For years the grapes paid a living return, besides providing interest and work. Except during the harvest or "grape time" father soon came to do little of the manual work, which is tedious, often hard and disagreeable as well as insufferably hot. The spraying, spreading fertilizer, plowing, hoeing, setting posts, trimming, tying, summer pruning, and all the other year-around work, was done by others. Father would nail up the crates, tie baskets into bundles, stamp the lids and make out shipments. Then came the birds apparently bent on destroying the entire crop, orioles especially, going from vine to vine, wantonly pecking the berries right and left, sometimes doing such damage that no grapes could be gathered from whole sections of the vineyard. Father said the vixenish chatter of the oriole became an ugly sound and that in spring when he was helping set out young vines the orioles would say mockingly from nearby trees, "Set out your grapes! Set out your grapes!" Then men and boys would come to steal grapes, often breaking the arms maliciously. Drastic measures partly stopped this.

MORE BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

One affair of this kind became a joke in the end and afforded father much fun. Some big boys habitually came into the ripening Delawares, picking them when unripe only to scatter the green bunches along the road, keeping this up nightly until father lay for them. It so happened that in the darkness one boy came to the very vine under which father was waiting, whereupon he unfolded his hands without serenity, rose up and grabbed the boy. The lad, a strapping fellow of eighteen, tore loose and jumped over the fence, father grabbing him again as they went over, the top of the wall falling over on them. It was then that the boy in his terror let forth such a terrific yell, so fearsome and loud that it awoke some of the neighbors. It was so startling and unexpected that father relaxed his hold, the boy fleeing madly. The boy reached the highway and mounted his wheel, starting to pedal away. He could not refrain from looking back, lost his balance and fell off. Before he could remount father was upon him, the boy again fleeing wildly up the road, leaving his wheel as hostage. Later in the same night a fine copper wire that I had stretched across an opening into the vineyard and had attached to an infernal machine of my own invention gave a prospective grape thief such a scare that it is doubtful if he ever came back. The next morning father was doing a dance of triumph about his "prisoner," as he called the captured wheel, the owner of which later appeared, shamefacedly apologizing. In the last ten years, however, father gave up all real interest in the grapes, giving his time entirely to other things.

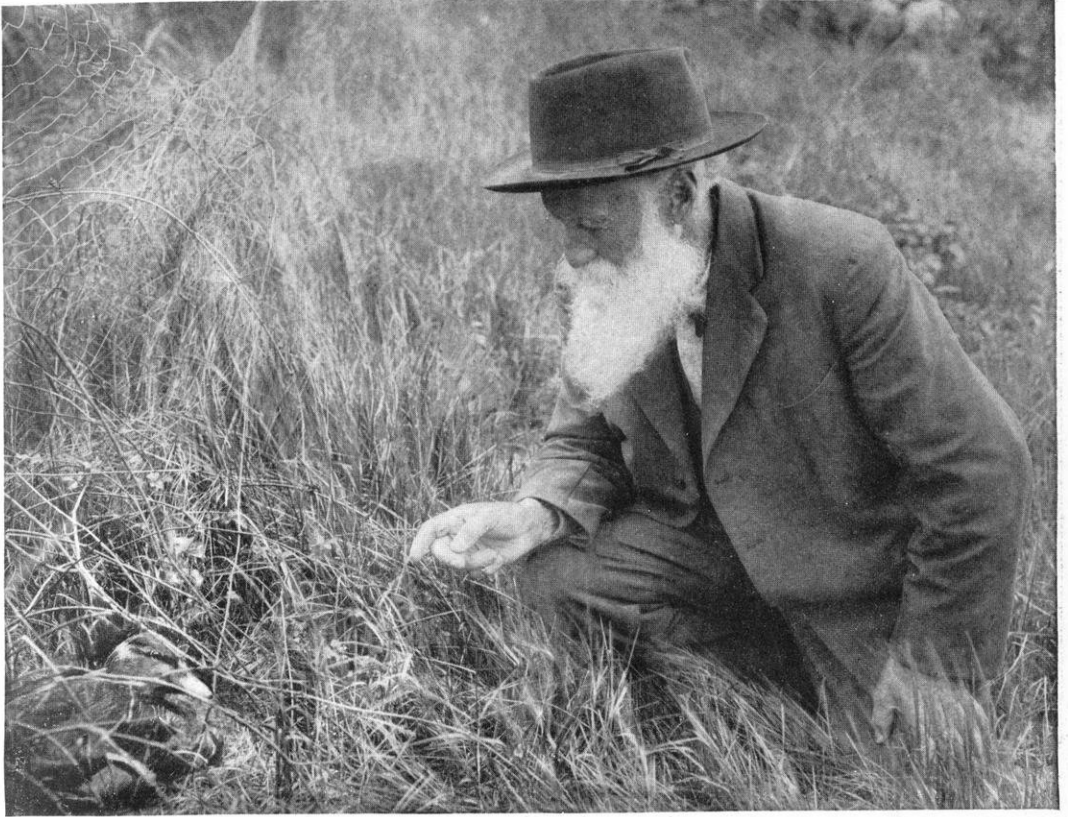
IT is said that happy nations have no histories and doubtless this is often true, not only of nations but of individuals as well. Certainly our life here at Riverby was as happy as it was uneventful. We all came to like best the life in which nothing ever happens. Father had built a little bark-covered study below the house on the brink of the hill, and there, surrounded by his books, he did much of his writing, working during the fall and winter. In cold weather he cut all the wood for the study fire, sawing, splitting and carrying it in himself, declaring that he thus got double heat. Much of the furniture for both the study and his house he made himself, working it by hand from our tough native oak, carving and decorating some of the pieces in simple designs. We had a workshop up on the hill, but as it was never locked most of father's tools were lost or stolen, the rest becoming dull or broken. When I built my house he helped me finish some of it, taking pleasure (though he always complained of patent planes and other of the newer kinds of tools) in putting up bookshelves, wainscotings and other finishings. When later I built the Wawee, a cabin motor-boat, he put in seats, cupboards, shelves, made steps,



JOHN BURROUGHS IN THE GARDEN OF WOOD-
CHUCK LODGE: A LESSON IN BIRD-NEST MAKING.



JOHN BURROUGHS MAKING A BASSWOOD
BARK WHISTLE FOR THE CHILDREN.



BURROUGHS' GENTLE WAY OF INTER-
VIEWING A DOMESTICATED WILD
MALLARD DUCK IN HER NEST.



WHO BUT JOHN BURROUGHS COULD FIND
THIS NEST WHICH THE SHY SONG SPAR-
ROW HAS HIDDEN IN THE LONG GRASS.

MORE BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

brackets, etc. What he liked most was to find natural crooks, elbows, tripods, etc., and from them build rustic furniture, making some very attractive things thus for his friends, for Slabsides, and in nineteen hundred and eleven, in his seventy-fourth year, he made most of the furniture, railings, etc., of beech and birch, for his new summer home at Roxbury, "Woodchuck Lodge."

Machinery and mechanical devices always interested and delighted father until he had to use any of them himself, when his patience soon gave out. I remember he said of my wanting a typewriter, "Oh, they are a product of our mechanical age and how I do hate them!" The big talking machine using the oak horn and the bamboo needle gave him endless pleasure, however, opening up what had always been an almost unknown world, the world of music. Brahms' "Cradle Song," a cornet solo by Rinaldi, was his favorite; Caruso's "M'appari" and "De quella pira" thrilled him; in fact, the unswerving power, the glorious virility, the unflinching high Cs of Caruso never failed to stir his blood. When he tried to make a record himself, reciting two of his poems, the machine got the better of him and the record was not as successful as he wished it might have been.

It seems to me, and with regret, that the life that my parents lived here at Riverby, a life that was typical of the time and of the generation that went before, is fast giving way to much that is not so good. Like father, mother came from pioneer New York stock, and she was what the past generation called a "good housekeeper," thrifty, economical, inheriting many of the customs and methods of the earlier days, and though sometimes carrying to extremes her tidiness and the use of that most fallacious saying that a dollar saved is a dollar earned, she never for a moment tolerated the haphazard wastefulness that is so characteristic of much of the housekeeping of today. Though the past generation despoiled our forests and streams, wasted the natural fertility of the soil and many of the natural resources of the country they could teach us much of thrift and economy in house-keeping. It is said there are three stages of domestic science: first, the pioneers who peeled the potatoes thin and carefully, next, the second generation who peeled them carelessly and thick, then their descendants who again peeled the potatoes thin from necessity. Father and mother had much of the pioneer in their blood. "How the generation to come will curse us!" father would often remark in regard to our almost universal wastefulness. The sight of good manure being used for a railroad filling, the woods full of trees cut simply for their bark, the two-hundred-year-old trunks being left to rot, the good of the soil being allowed to wash in the brooks, fish caught and game shot only to be thrown away, always gave him real distress. A country that

MORE BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

was not a good farming country with attractive farm homes and barns with clean barnyards and signs of true husbandry on every side could never give him much pleasure. He always delighted in digging or blasting out rocks, patching up thin places in the soil and in taking good care of the manure. In spite of this, however, he still clung to the pioneer principle of burning everything that would burn. I never succeeded in having a compost heap; father invariably found and burnt it. As he himself said the sight of any inflammable waste material started a reflex action, almost involuntarily making him feel in his pocket for matches. Twice he almost burnt up a heap of grape-posts and one hot spring day he had a furious fight with a fire he had started near Slabsides, working until he was nearly exhausted to prevent its burning the buildings.

WHENEVER I came home from Harvard on a vacation the life at Riverby seemed to impress me as being most natural, quiet and simple. Rarely was there any servant or "girl." Father and I always helped with the work, which was really simple enough except when mother's excessive cleanliness made it hard. As father's pet aversion had been picking potatoes, mine was dusting the spindles of the stair railing in the upper hall on Saturday afternoons and putting the wash to soak on Sunday afternoons. Beating carpets and canning fruit I always rather enjoyed. Breakfast was at six-fifteen and dinner at noon, supper at five-thirty. The house was locked up and everyone in bed at eight-thirty. Neither sickness nor weather was ever permitted to interfere with the day's routine. Time and tide wait for no man. One of the best jokes I ever worked on father was the year after I graduated and while I was still living at home. I went to the hired man's for a euchre party and told father to leave the door unlocked for me, which he did. It was very late when the euchre was finished and it was after nine o'clock when I got home, where, not wishing to disturb father's sleep I came in and went up to my room with a stealth born of long practice in stalking black mallards. In the morning father asked me excitedly, "What time did you get in last night, anyway?" and on being told it was quarter past nine, he replied, half in admiration, half in reproach, "Well, you must have been mighty sly about it, for I lay awake and listened for you to come in and when it got to be ten o'clock I got up and came down to see what had become of you and found you were in!" The best joke I ever got on mother was the same winter when I caught a brown wild rabbit and brought it home alive in my hunting-coat pocket. Putting an apple in the pocket for bunny I hung the coat up in the hall for the night, meaning either to liberate the rabbit the next day or make a

MORE BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

pen for him. The idea of a full-grown, wild rabbit being in my hunting-coat pocket hanging in the hall pleased me much, the rabbit, however, being of another mind, for in the night he climbed out, and when mother came down at five o'clock the next morning, it being in December and so very dark, the rabbit gave her something of a scare; nothing serious, however, because she opened the door and hustled the rabbit out of the house as soon as she saw what it was. When I came down she demanded of me what I had let that rabbit in the house for. And I told her that it was so cold and as the rabbit came to the door and wanted so much to come in that I couldn't refuse him, an explanation that she accepted, much to father's delight. When I "muddled" or "dillydallied" in my work and mother took me to task for it, I always at once tried to switch the discussion off and on the broad shoulders of Walt Whitman. This not only nearly always worked, but it was carrying out a fixed principle of mine never to attempt a defense but always carry the war into the enemy's camp by a counter attack. Whitman and father had been great friends, father always being his aggressive champion. Whitman had been to West Park and had been a regular caller at father's house when he lived in Washington. Mother never hesitated to express her disapproval of Whitman and his shiftless, care-free, Bohemian ways, and though neither she nor I really understood his aims or his poetry, his life and verses always served for a heated argument that soon swallowed up all remembrance of my delinquencies in housework and chores.

One of the reasons that brought father to Washington was the fact that he could see Whitman every day, as a result of which the first book father wrote was "Notes on Walt Whitman, Poet and Person." The book, needless to say, was not a financial success, having been published the time of the Civil War. The loss on the book did not increase mother's respect or admiration, and in speaking of it all she would pronounce the title quickly, with a scornful snap of the "person." She made some of her mince pies, however, for Walt to give to the wounded soldiers at a Christmas dinner he got up for them. Also she said she always respected Whitman because he never married, certainly a doubtful compliment. It was with almost jealous reverence that father showed me a tree along Black Creek, against which Whitman had rested, while on one of their walks in the woods.

(To be continued in August.)



A NEW ART DEVELOPMENT IN ENGLAND: COLOR PRINTING FROM WOOD BLOCKS DONE BY A SOCIETY OF ARTISTS



WE have grown accustomed to expect sincerity of workmanship from the Englishman. We may not always look to England for the rarest imaginative flights in the fine arts or crafts; we may not always expect the English Government to have the most open mind toward what would be best for the forgotten half of her nation; but once a project reaches her intelligent consideration, we may rest assured that it will be taken seriously. The English workman varies in no wise from the statesman in definiteness of purpose and determination to produce well whatever becomes a part of his daily toil to produce at all. Although at present there is a great lapse in England in the arts and crafts movement, what little handiwork is done is done thoroughly and beautifully. On the other hand, much interest is being shown at present in the revivifying of English domestic architecture, hence nowhere on either continent are more beautiful homes being produced than the English architect is at present designing and building. English furniture is for the moment still tainted with the Art Nouveau outline, yet the modern hand-made furniture is extremely well made and very beautiful in construction and finish, if one can forgive its inspiration.

In the fine arts England is today doing but little, if we except the flourishing impulse of such men as John Lavery, William Strang, Charles Ricketts, Charles Shannon, William Nicholson, F. Cayley Robinson, David Muirhead, William Orpen, Max Beerbohm and those who have profited by the fresh staunch beauty of the work produced by the Glasgow school. There are but few sculptors that arrest the attention, but few etchers who do not belong to the older school, scarcely a miniature painter of note, no glass maker like the great Lalique in France, no designer of pottery like Grueby of America. Only here and there is a freshening of the creative spirit felt in the fine arts or an awakening of the old craft impulse that once made England's guilds set the standard of beauty and righteousness in work for Europe.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibition of craft work intimately related to the so-called finer arts which England has produced in the last decade is the achievement of the Society of Engraving-Printers, founded in nineteen hundred and nine in the atelier of M. Theodore Roussel. For a long time in England, as in America and probably the world over, reproductions of famous paintings in black and white have been all the pictorial surroundings that the average home could



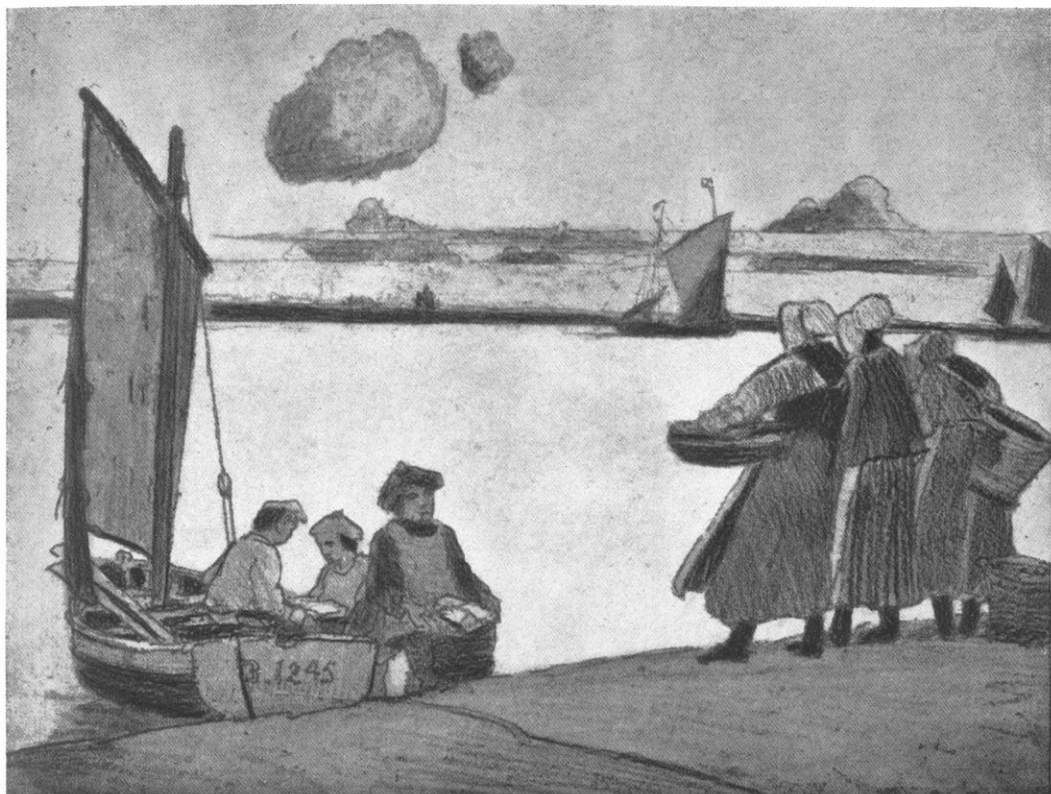
Courtesy of Les Arts

"THE HAYMAKERS": FROM A COLOR
PRINT BY T. AUSTEN BROWN, A.R.S.A.



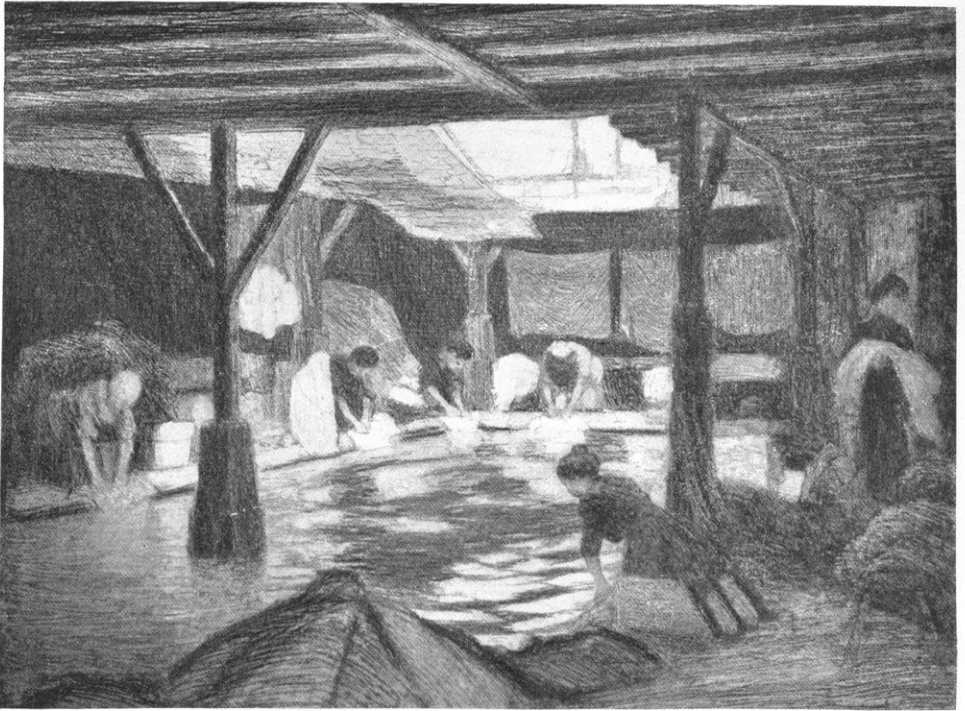
Courtesy of Les Arts

"OLD BRUGES IN THE EARLY EVENING": FROM
A COLOR PRINT BY FREDERICK MARRIOTT, A.R.E.



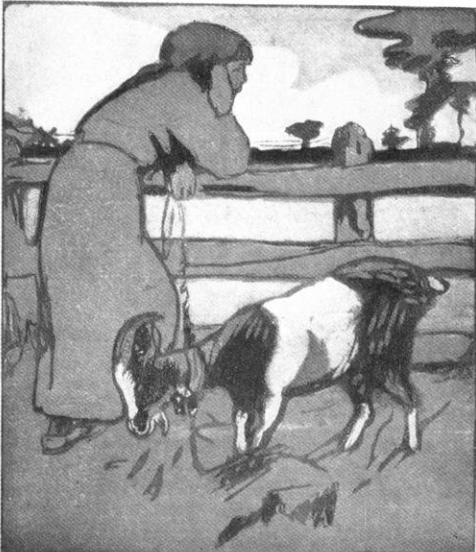
Courtesy of Les Arts

"THE THREE FISHERWOMEN OF ETAPLES," FROM
A COLOR PRINT BY NELSON DAWSON, A.R.E.

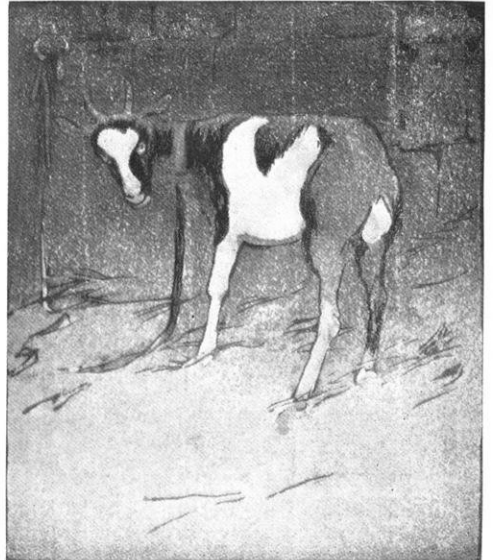


Courtesy of Les Arts.

THE WASHWOMEN OF D'ARLETESVILLE,
FROM A COLOR PRINT BY E. L. LAWRENSON.



YOUNG GIRL AND GOAT, FROM A COLOR PRINT BY
MISS MABEL A. ROYDS.



ANIMAL STUDY, FROM A COLOR PRINT BY MISS
MABEL A. ROYDS.

ENGLISH ARTISTS AND COLOR PRINTS

afford. Original color work in oils or water color has been prohibitive in price. The mechanical reproductions which have been furnished in color were so unsatisfactory as to be considered without the pale of consideration in the homes of people of taste. Yet those of us who are devoutly interested in the development of the fine arts and who feel the necessity of color where color is inherent, have often realized a very real deficiency in our purely black and white decorations. The English Society of Engraving-Printers have gathered themselves together to meet this problem which has developed in modern cultivated society. Their work is the most intimate relation of the fine and the industrial arts that in recent years has come to our observation. In the first place, the work is done by men and women who know how to paint, who know what good composition means, who understand the value of highly developed technique, who have that rare Japanese quality of elimination which is slowly dignifying modern art. These artists are people of the greatest appreciation of the picturesque quality of rural life. Some of their most beautiful prints are of the humble sea folk along the sea coasts of England and Brittany down to Italy. Each picture is drawn as though the perfection of its design were the final achievement that each particular artist had in mind. Then follows the real purpose of the Society, the making of wood blocks, engraving the designs and printing in water color so that each reproduction is accomplished entirely by the artist who creates the picture. For it is the rule of this Society that no one shall make the blocks, engrave them or print from them except the artist who designed the picture which is being reproduced.

ALREADY the prints which are made by the Engraving-Printing Society have been exhibited in London and several times in Paris. In the latter city they have met with the most boundless enthusiasm. The French critics are as one in their appreciation of the quality of the work which has been accomplished by this society of artists. Naturally, every print which is reproduced in this exclusive fashion has especial value, just as every etching has especial value, because it must of necessity retain the feeling which inspired the artist to make the picture. In other words, the original inspiration does not end in the design, but finds its way from the blocks out into each separate print which the artist handles. This cannot be otherwise, because the work is done with enthusiasm and because the technique of each artist is that of a developed earnest craftsman.

The medium used, water color, is naturally absolutely best suited for the sort of reproduction which these artists have in mind. For not only must they first consider the scene which is to be reproduced

ENGLISH ARTISTS AND COLOR PRINTS

from the point of view of the creative artist, whose imagination has been stirred by its beauty, but always the medium and the technique must be considered in relation to the fact that the mechanical print must be so well reproduced that not only is it a permanent and beautiful example of the block printing art, but that it carries with it the enthusiasm and joy of the artist in his original creation. It is no small task, indeed, that these English artists have set for themselves. They must be nature-lovers, people of imagination, trained draughtsmen and craftsmen of the type that would have made them the leaders of their guilds had they worked in the old days when English crafts were famous the world over.

It is interesting and significant that the reproductions which these people are making do not for a moment suggest the mechanical side of their skill. Once seeing the luminous quality of color that is secured by these artists in their finished prints, one realizes why the rules of the Society are so very stringent, why absolutely no one artist is permitted to help another, and why no artist for a moment dreams of having the difficult technical detail of his work done by an assistant. So strict are the rules of this Society and so closely do the artists abide by them and so excellent is the result that they seem well worth recording in this article: "First, all the pictures exhibited must be the invention of the artist, all copies and reproductions are rigorously excluded from the exhibitions; second, all the proofs and original plates must be executed by the artist himself as well as printed by himself; third, all works in which photography has been employed will be rigorously excluded from the exhibitions of the Society; fourth, all works are guaranteed to have been printed by the artists and not colored or retouched by hand."

It is easy to understand how valuable eventually these individual prints of original work will become. They must in the course of time earn for themselves the reputation and value of a remark etching. For from the moment when the artist decides the subject for his print, no other personality is brought to bear upon the work, leaving the individuality of each artist free to permeate the work which he alone originates and develops. The value to the public of being able eventually to own the color prints of various interesting and beautiful scenes the world over is beyond calculation.

IT is quite wonderful the immense variation of inspiration and craftsmanship that one feels in the different prints of the various artists. In the work of Mr. William Giles there is an essentially decorative quality. He seems somehow to transpose his visions of beauty into the more exalted region of poetry. There is a lyric note

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in all the prints which we have seen of his; especially in the one called "The September Moon" is there inexpressible tenderness and a quality of rare ineffable light which trembles down the rays of the moon through the leaves of the night trees. In the work of Mr. Austen Brown there is a more vibrant, brilliant note. The method of production is more vital, almost violent, after the manner of the neo-impressionists. His technique is frank and there is a certain almost startling quality of light and shadow, a lack of *nuance*, a sense of overwhelming light through all the work which he presents. His gardens are a riot of orange and blue. His sunlight is radiant, his adjustment and arrangement of color emotional in the extreme. On the other hand, the work of Mr. Frederick Marriott, especially that lovely scene which we are reproducing of "Night in Bruges," is a most tender and poetical presentation of the Mediæval life which still exists in the old Belgian streets. The old-time houses, lighted in soft melancholy way, the people in simple dress, without hurry, without stress, all are shown apparently without effort and certainly without anything of the strident note so often used by the painter of modern ways.

Nelson Dawson's drawing of the "Three Fisherwomen of Etaples" is done so freshly, so vigorously that one scarcely notices at first the rare quality of elimination which this artist had brought to bear in his technique. How much is accomplished by a single stroke, by a line, a dot, can only be realized by a study of the illustration which we are showing in the magazine this month. And yet with all the elimination there is abounding light and wind as well as a sense of human activity in the little sketch.

In a recent article in a French publication called *Les Arts* there is a tribute to these workers which is well worth presenting. "We find," says the critic, "in the original prints, of these artist-engravers and printers, men and women animated with a most sincere love of their work, technique which shows a sincerity, a common ideal which is rare in modern craftsmanship. Their color is beautifully reproduced, handled with a significant difference of temperament, yet in every instance their accomplishment is that of artists. Not in a single instance do we find the vulgarization with which so many of the artists in new endeavors handicap their work today. These people, whether their work is of familiar home scenes or of picturesque conditions in foreign lands, show an almost ingenuous delight in the subjects which they are presenting, combined with the quality of imagination and a handling of technical difficulties which would be rare in any day or country."

That a group of artists should affiliate themselves not solely for

DANDELIONS

personal aggrandizement, but to make possible the widest dissemination of beauty throughout the country in the homes of people who have up to the present time been compelled to limit themselves to black and white reproductions of works of art, seems to us of the widest significance. That artists are willing more or less to sink their individuality into their accomplishment as craftsmen certainly is a realization of the old craft spirit which has been rare indeed in these modern days of personal aggrandizement.

DANDELIONS.

THEY like to tramp about—
They do not know what Duty means
Nor do they trouble to find out.
They feel as good as kings and queens
And every one of them is brave.
No matter what may come—
Like soldiers they behave.

They push their way with plucky might
And never mind the blows—
Nor falter in the fight
With plows and rakes and hoes.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

THE PRESERVATION OF OUR NATIVE PLANTS: DIGEST OF A LECTURE GIVEN AT THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDENS, BY DR. N. L. BRITTON, DIRECTOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE BOTANICAL GARDENS

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?" EMERSON.



THE protection of our wild flowers and plants may seem, at first glance, to be a trivial matter from a national standpoint; nevertheless, it is a subject which every thoughtful person will recognize as an important factor in popular education for the conservation of national resources. The effort to promote public appreciation of our beautiful wild plants and of the great desirability of their protection, has gone on for a number of years with more or less gratifying results. It cannot be said that the destruction of wild plants has been entirely prevented, but it has been checked very materially in some sections of the country. This has been done particularly through the work of societies. A number of societies in the United States have been organized for this purpose, which are aided by the establishment of certain funds. Two of the principal ones are the Society for the Preservation of Native Plants in New York City and the New England Society for the Protection of Wild Flowers, Boston, Mass. The New York Botanical Gardens also hold such a fund, established by Olivia and Caroline Phelps Stokes. Through this fund various efforts have been made to distribute information and arguments in favor of the protection of native plants. This has been done by lectures delivered in different parts of the country, by the publication and distribution of pamphlets, by articles in newspapers and magazines. Prizes have been offered to high-school pupils for essays on the subject. Posters have been used forbidding, under penalty of the law, "the gathering of wild flowers and ferns and the cutting of any tree or shrub or the starting of fires" in public and private parks and reservations; but the shocking devastation of our woods and parks continues.

The reasonable picking of wild flowers in sparsely settled communities is not particularly detrimental. Flowers may be taken from some places in large quantities without damage, as in the case of some wild stemless violets. But if this practice is permitted in public reservations and parks, it becomes almost impossible to prevent children from picking flowers at random. Also, there is in ungoverned human nature a very distinct spirit of vandalism which apparently can be controlled only through complete repression, and while perhaps

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there is less of this than formerly, we still feel that wilful destruction is the most formidable enemy to the attempt to protect our park and woodland beauty.

Let us glance at the various native wild plants with which most of us are familiar, and note those which will not be harmed by moderate picking and those whose scarcity or frailty makes it essential for them to be left undisturbed. First, we will consider the herbaceous plants, then the shrubs and last the trees.

One of the earliest flowers of spring which is in danger from ruthless picking, is our beautiful hepatica. These flowers may be taken without harm, if carefully picked, but the general tendency seems to be to pull up the whole clump. Another plant that has been seriously abused by careless picking is the marsh-marigold, also a spring flower inhabiting cool ponds and slow-flowing streams. Other plants which should be intelligently treated are the spring-beauty, which lives in low moist woodlands and hillsides, flowering very profusely; adder's tongue, which produces a great many flowers and has a deeply seated bulb; Dutchman's breeches, inhabiting rocky woodlands and shady places, and bloodroot, which takes its name from the red juice of the root stock running underground beneath the dead leaves. This latter plant is seriously injured by heedless picking and should not be molested at all. In fact, as a result of thoughtless treatment it is almost extinct.

INDISCRIMINATE picking is most devastating to the delicate windflowers. The wild pink, which inhabits rocky situations, is not so frail and is easily adapted to cultivation. The American red columbine, which blossoms in such gorgeous colors, inhabiting rocky and relatively dry soils, is readily destroyed, because it is one of the plants which has to distribute many seeds to insure propagation. Violets, of which we have several varieties, such as the bird's-foot violet, the long-spurred violet and the yellow violet, are all menaced by heedless picking.

Jack-in-the-pulpit is particularly interesting to us as a northern representative of a very large family of plants essentially tropical in character. This plant is made the subject of study in public schools, and at times the picking of it for school purposes has been disastrous. Last spring a large class of schoolchildren under the guidance of teachers uprooted four hundred and ten Jack-in-the-pulpits in the New York Botanical Gardens, in a relatively small area. The plants were, of course, confiscated at once, heeled into the ground and scattered back to the places whence they had been taken. But this incident, which is by no means an isolated example, shows how advisable

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it is that our public-school teachers should be warned against allowing and encouraging such unnecessary destruction.

Wake-robins are interesting and beautiful plants, related to the lily. The nodding wake-robins have a single flower which turns straight down from the stem. There are several varieties of this flower, all of which are in danger of destruction by wanton picking.

A little later in the season comes the wild geranium, which is also largely dependent on its seed for propagation, and any great amount of picking will prove disastrous to it.

Wild lilies come still later in the year. The Canada lily is an inhabitant of moist marshy places, growing in great profusion from bulbs. The red Philadelphia lily grows in very dry soil, from bulbs, but should be allowed to retain a certain amount of seed.

Orchids are among the rarities, and though they are found in a very wide area of our country, they seldom grow in great profusion. They are very much sought after, and thus endangered. They begin to flower in late May and early June. The rose pogonia, a marsh plant, is a summer orchid that grows, as a rule, with its relative the arethusa, and often the two are found intermixed. The moccasin flower is another orchid related to a great many tropical orchids; it has fleshy roots embedded in leaves in a sandy soil, and has been already harmed by indiscriminate picking. The lovely white lady-slipper is found in the Northern States, especially in New Jersey, northern New York and New England. The yellow lady-slipper grows also in marshy woodland. The green ragged orchid and the white fringed orchid grow in sandy marshy ground, particularly along the coast of Long Island and New Jersey, and are close relatives of the yellow fringed orchid.

Ferns are also in danger of diminution by indiscriminate picking. Maidenhair is the most fragile and is very easily uprooted from its favorite habitat in sloping ground and loose soil, so that often the whole plant is pulled out.

Our native pitcher plant is rendered inaccessible by its life in the swamps, and is thus protected. Butterfly-weed is in danger from the fact that it differs from most varieties of milkweed by not having a great allowance of milk in its stem, thus being pleasanter to pick than the more fluid kinds. Water-lily life can be very greatly endangered by careless picking. There is less danger for the purple gerardia, which grows in grassy and rather moist places. It is particularly plentiful along the Atlantic Coast, and the borders of salt marshes of Long Island and New Jersey are almost purple with it. The cardinal flower is highly prized for its beauty, but is in danger of extermination where it grows within the ordinary range of excursions from cities or towns.

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OUR autumn flowers, such as the golden-rod and the aster, of which we have a large variety in North America, add greatly to the beauty of our landscape. Some of these flowers grow so freely in certain sections that they are not greatly endangered from careless picking.

An autumn flowering plant which grows in marshes is the rose-mallow. It is not easily accessible, and if gathered, the petals which are very frail, wilt quickly. There is also a white rose-mallow with a crimson center, and various hybrids between the two are common. The closed gentian is a beautiful autumn flowering plant of which there is not a great deal left in the neighborhood of our cities.

Passing to the consideration of flowering shrubs, the first that occurs to us is our lovely trailing arbutus. There is not very much of this left, however, in the vicinity of cities; we have to go far out into the country to see it in great quantities. One reason for its destruction is that it is frequently pulled up by the root in order to get longer stems on the flowers. Of course, the proper way is to take a pair of scissors along and cut off the blossoms without injuring the rest of the plant. Some interesting experiments with trailing arbutus have been made recently in Washington by Mr. Coville, in which it was shown that the growth and quality of this plant depend chiefly upon cultivation in soil which is kept in an acid condition. Studies of the acidity of soil are going to have a very important bearing on the growth of plants of this nature, because it appears that certain varieties need soil which is sour instead of neutral. And we learn that the proper treatment is to place plenty of decayed leaves around the roots of such plants, because this leaf mold contains an acid. This fact has led to the mulching of arbutus, rhododendrons, mountain laurel and similar plants.

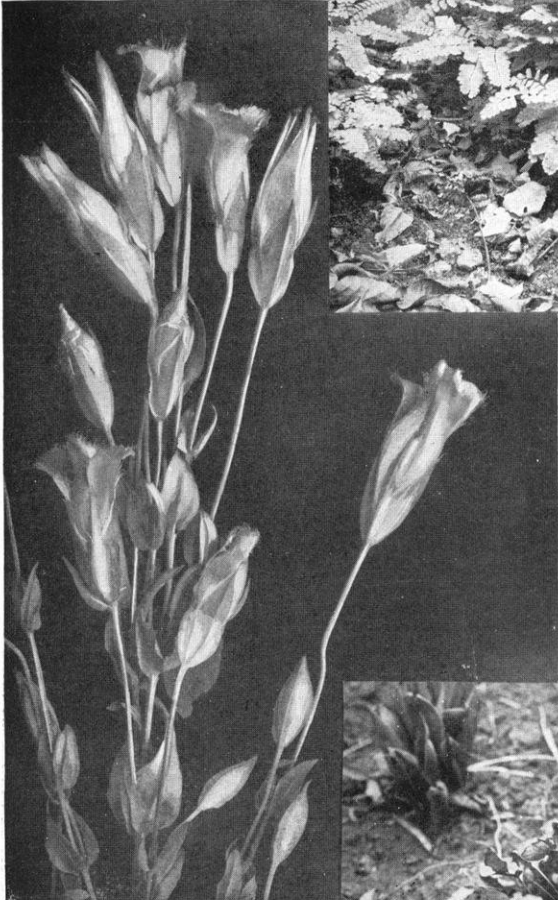
Pussy-willow, another gift of early spring, has its twigs broken off in great quantities and is even brought into the city for sale, but there is no great danger of its extinction, as it grows very rapidly. Spice-wood, an attractive feature of our woodlands, is not conspicuous enough to be seriously endangered by breaking. Shad-bloom is abundant and in no great peril, as its flowers wilt immediately after picking. The red-berry elder blooms early and inhabits rocky woodlands, its flowers being succeeded by bunches of red fruit. Its relative, the American elder, blooms later and has black fruit. Both of these are being widely destroyed by thoughtless people. The beautiful azalea is liable to complete destruction on account of its exceedingly attractive flowers, and there is much less of this flowering shrub in our woodland than there used to be. The same is true to a lesser extent of the white azalea, which blooms later in marshes.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

WE ARE GRADUALLY LOSING THE WATER-LILY FROM ALL THE POOLS WHICH ARE IN ANY WAY ACCESSIBLE TO COUNTRY ROADWAYS: IT IS THE UNFORTUNATE HABIT OF OUR CHILDREN TO PULL THESE LILIES UP BY THE ROOTS. THE BEAUTIFUL FRAGRANT MAGNOLIA WHICH FORMERLY BLOSSOMED THROUGH NEW ENGLAND, STATEN ISLAND AND NEW JERSEY, IS ALMOST EXTINCT FROM HEEDLESS PICKING.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN, WHICH ADDS SO MUCH BEAUTY TO OUR WILD AUTUMN LANDSCAPE, HAS BEEN PRACTICALLY DESTROYED: IT IS ONLY TO BE FOUND IN REMOTE WOODED SECTIONS.



Courtesy of the N. Y. Botanical Gardens.

THE MOST DELICATE NATIVE FERN IS THE MAIDENHAIR: THIS IS VERY EASILY DESTROYED BY INDISCRIMINATE PICKING: ITS FAVORITE HABITAT IS SLOPING GROUND AND LOOSE SOIL, AND MORE OFTEN THAN NOT THE WHOLE PLANT IS PULLED UP BY CARELESS PEOPLE WHO EITHER THINK THEY WILL REPLANT IT AND MUST HAVE THE ROOTS OR WHO GO HUNTING FOR WILD FLOWERS WITHOUT SCISSORS: AS THE ROOTS OF MOST WILD FLOWERS ARE ESPECIALLY TOUGH THE USE OF SCISSORS IS MORE NECESSARY THAN IN A GARDEN.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST FLOWERS OF SPRING WHICH IS IN DANGER FROM RUTHLESS PICKING IS THE WILD HEPATICA: ITS FLOWERS MAY BE TAKEN WITHOUT HARM, BUT THE GENERAL TENDENCY SEEMS TO BE TO PULL UP THE WHOLE CLUMP.

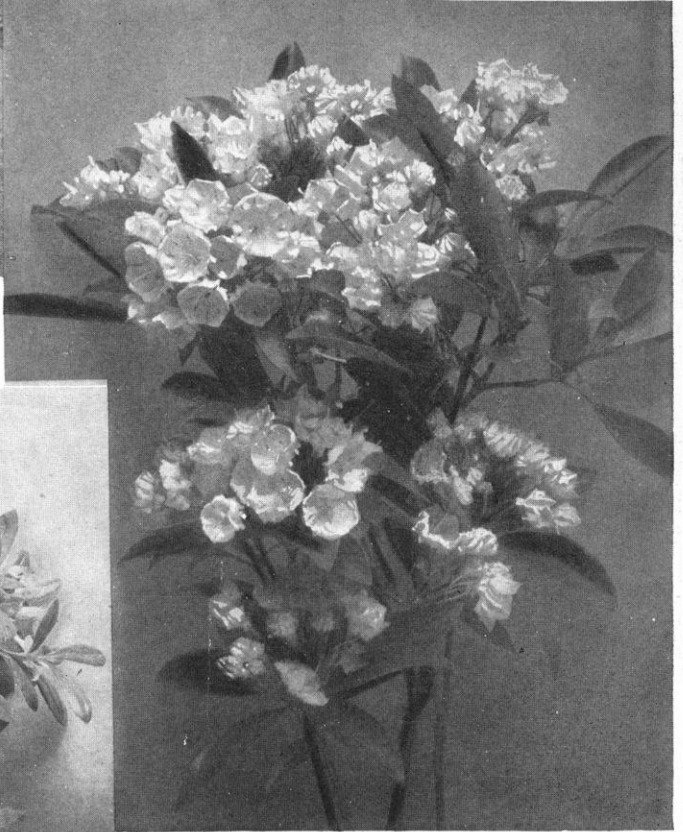


Courtesy of the New York Botanical Gardens.



ONE OF THE MOST GORGEOUS OF OUR NATIVE FLOWERING SHRUBS IS THE RHODODENDRON.

MOUNTAIN LAUREL AS A WILD PLANT WITHIN CLOSE RANGE OF THE CITIES IS NOW ALMOST EXTINCT: IT HAS BEEN TORN AWAY FROM SEASON TO SEASON UNTIL IT ONLY GROWS LUXURIANTLY IN THE REMOTE MOUNTAIN DISTRICTS.



THE LOVELY WILD AZALEA WHICH ADDS SO MUCH TO THE CHARM OF THE SPRING IN CERTAIN PARTS OF THE COUNTRY IS LIABLE TO COMPLETE DESTRUCTION ON ACCOUNT OF ITS EXCEEDINGLY ATTRACTIVE FLOWERS.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.



THE VIBURNUM BUSH, ALSO KNOWN AS THE BLACK HAW, IS BEING SERIOUSLY INJURED BY TEARING OFF THE BRANCHES.



THERE ARE FEW DOGWOOD TREES LEFT ANYWHERE ALONG THE LINE OF THE POPULAR MOTOR-CAR ROUTES.



Courtesy of the New York Botanical Gardens.

THIS PICTURE SHOWS FOUR HUNDRED AND TEN JACK-IN-THE PULPITS WHICH WERE UPROOTED LAST SPRING IN THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDENS BY SCHOOLCHILDREN: THEY WERE CONFISCATED AND REPLANTED, WITH A WARNING TO TEACHERS AS TO THE NECESSITY OF INSTRUCTION IN BOTANY WITHOUT DESTRUCTION OF THE PARKS.

PRESERVATION OF OUR NATIVE PLANTS

Mountain laurel, as a wild plant within close reach of the cities, is now almost extinct, although there is much of it remaining in the mountains. What a pity it is that it could not have been preserved in its original luxury, that the world might enjoy more fully its rare beauty of flower and leaf.

Rhododendron, a native of rocky cool ravines, which grows up into the northeast as far as Nova Scotia and is found even more abundantly in the Alleghanies, is one of the most gorgeous of our flowering shrubs, and is worthy of careful protection. The viburnum bush and its cousin the arrow-wood, which blooms in the woods a little later, should be protected. The wild rose is safe-guarded to a certain extent by its prickles, and its relative the marsh-rose, equally common, is comparatively safe in its marshy surroundings.

AMONG our native trees, we find that branches of the sweet birch are often broken off by small boys who are attracted by the fragrant spicy twigs, and its relative, the American white birch is, all over the country, disfigured by vandalism which tears away its beautiful white bark. The American beech is often scarred by thoughtless people who engrave their initials on its trunk. Slippery elm is another tree whose surface is badly mutilated to secure the sweet inner bark. And the bark of the sassafras tree, which is spicy to the taste, meets a similar sad fate.

The beautiful fragrant magnolia, which blooms in early summer, grows in marshes, reaching its northern limit in New England. Formerly it was abundant in certain swamps on Staten Island and in northern New Jersey, but a traffic in magnolias was established by boys who brought the blossoms into the cities and into railroad trains to sell, so that they have nearly vanished from their old haunts.

There are few perfect dogwood trees left anywhere along the line of the popular motor-car routes, and the gathering of great branches of the wild cherry has also resulted in partial destruction of this lovely flowering tree.

The American chestnut tree was formerly in full bloom in July, but we shall not see its beauty in the East for many years, for it has practically been killed by a fungous disease which has proved so far impossible to conquer. That such a disease should spread over so large an area of country unrestrained is a great blow to modern horticultural science. The trouble is due to a microscopic organism which does its work under the bark of the tree where nothing can reach it. The spores are distributed through the air by the wind, squirrels, birds or insects,—bringing about so widespread a scourge that the chestnut is almost a thing of the past in the States of New Jersey, New York and in New England.

A COUNTRY ROAD

To show how closely flower and plant preservation is allied to the conservation of our national forests, we may mention the inroads made on spruce forests in this country. The use for Christmas trees of spruce and fir in increasing numbers is making for a wholesale destruction in the North. A remedy which has been suggested is fir nurseries producing trees especially for the Christmas trade. American holly has become a rarity in its wild state on account of its popularity during the holidays. The winterberry, a relative of the holly, which holds its red fruit late into the winter, is widely destroyed for decorative purposes, and danger also threatens the climbing bitter-sweet. The fruit of this, as of all plants, is essential for the reproduction of the species, and the breaking off of branches bearing the seed has seriously reduced the possibilities of propagation.

A COUNTRY ROAD

IT was a winding thread of white
That moved amidst the green
Like some vague joy or dim delight
Or dream of peace serene.

There was a beckoning thro' the trees
Of distant shimmering blue
That lured with subtile witcheries
And pleasing prospects new.

The spacious fields beside the way
Were fragrant with the balm
That comes from grass where lambkins play
Thro' quiet hours of calm.

For scarce a wain with rumble bold
Passed creaking o'er its sod;
But over it in silence rolled
The chariots of God!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE: A STORY: BY EMMA BELL MILES



T a merrymaking in Caney's Cove two brothers were dancing. They were both in the early twenties, blond, well formed and agile. They had been known as "them good-lookin' Reedy boys" before they were grown, and although demure Fedelma had married the elder a year ago, the maidens pressing their best plumage softly together in the doorway whispered to each other, "Ain't he straight!" as Ransom took the floor, even while all their arts were directed toward attracting the still eligible Atlas. Ransom was a smaller and finer edition of his younger brother; he had clearer features, bluer eyes, and fair hair curling close to the scalp where Atlas' mop was sandy.

Ransom's partner of the moment was, as it happened, the very girl whom Atlas had brought to the gathering—Callie Drane, a girl large for her age, whose vivid coloring and thick waving hair bespoke abundant vitality. With a grace like that of a wild creature she bounded to meet the young fellow in the middle of the ring; her eyes and her teeth gleamed as she gave him her hand, unconscious of the strength of its clasp. Catching the air from the banjos, she began to sing as she danced.

"The ficety thing," murmured some of the women. But others took up the melody, a native composition, and carried it all together:

"Some days seem dark and dreary,
As though it was likely to rain;
Some clouds may float to center,
My love has gone off on the train.

"Oh it's hard to be bound in prison,
It's hard to be bound in jail!
To see iron bars around you,
And no one to go your bail!"

Callie moved to and fro lightly, her head high, her mouth well open, her face full of light, the song rippling from her throat as limpid and fresh as a streamlet from a mountain spring.

Her very antithesis was Fedelma, sitting mute and motionless by the wall. The bride of a year was not dancing this set, preferring, out of sheer pride in his appearance, to keep her soft dark gaze on her young husband. They were late in arriving because she had stopped to sew a patch inside the collar of his best shirt. Despite the meek grace of her neck and smooth brown head, she heard and rather resented the whispers; and at Callista's too eager advance she half-

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE : A STORY

rose with a smothered exclamation. A little later she stood up, turning her head from side to side uneasily.

To a would-be partner she replied confusedly, "No—I—jist 'lowed to get me a drink; it's hot in here," and slipped out under the tranquil stars.

She had kept a beautiful secret to tell Ransom tonight; but something, some careless word of his, had postponed the telling until they should find themselves alone on the homeward road, and now—"I won't tell him a-tall!" she whispered fiercely, threading her aimless way through the undergrowth. "I jist won't! That big tomboy Callie—she came right into his eyes with that look o' hers, and he let her in—he let her in! . . . They act as if they knowed something I don't." Her throat ached with rising sobs. "They used to go together, didn't they? No telling but they think of each other still!"

Her feet found themselves in the spring path. Wishing only to be alone until this unwonted flood of feeling could spend itself, she went slowly down the hill and seated herself on the puncheon bench, placed there for the support of washtubs. Before her, in the white moonlight, stood Bivins' springhouse, its walls of heavy logs and stones crossed by a delicate vine whose leaves and clustered berries showed translucent. Having once noticed, she could not take her eyes from the exquisite thing. The moon was mounting into the sky; she heard the whispered counsel of the leaves like a warning, and the night's heavy moisture spilling from leaf to leaf. A faint pattering footfall rustled in the thicket. She felt so afraid of the lonely woods that she ceased crying, and leaned forward as if to rise; but she sat on, looking at the pretty slender vine, wishing she had not come here or to Bivins' dance, yet perversely assuring herself that, if Ransom were really bent on reviving an old affair, nothing else could matter to him or to her.

A heavy, tramping step and a splash roused her from the mood into which she had fallen. She rose now and stood, a white slim shape in the cavern of shadow beneath the big tupelo that overarched Mam Bivins' washplace.

The newcomer was Atlas. "Hello! what you doin' here, Delma?" he asked, surprised. As she made no answer, he entered the springhouse, dipped his bucket and began fumbling along the walls. "Do they keep ary gourd here, that you known of?" he inquired, reappearing in the moon-drenched doorway.

"I don't know," she answered mournfully, speaking with an effort over the lump in her throat.

Replying to the tone instead of the words, he came toward her.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE : A STORY

In the moonlight she saw his honest face touched with concern, its big brows wrinkling together. "Is the' anything the matter? Does Ransom know you're here all by yourself?"

In the darkness she found his soft Southern bass inexpressibly comforting.

"I—jist wanted a drink." And out of pure pique she added, "He don't hafta know every step I take, does he?"

He answered with a little laugh that meant nothing except the blessed readiness of youth for laughter. "Let's git us a drink, if we can find a gourd."

She caught the quick spurt of a lighted match, an ejaculation as its snapped-off head hissed in the water. To the mountain girl there was a fascinating masculine recklessness in this dashing waste of matches.

He struck another, and looking up over its glow in the cup of his hollowed palms, found her face crowned with its wreath of jade and coral unexpectedly close to his own in the doorway, and smiled.

Fedelma drew back. "Well, there ain't a thing here to drink out of except that big wooden bucket," she exclaimed petulantly.

"Would ye take my hat?" he proffered, scooping a drink in its felt brim.

She drank and thanked him, but did not at once set off toward the house. Something in the deferential gesture with which he waited on her, some vibration in his voice, filled her with a sudden overwhelming curiosity as to how he would make love. She wondered, with a thrill of terror at her own daring, what were the deepest and tenderest notes of his voice, what the falling, hovering motions of his broad hands. One man's wooing she knew by heart; could there be another as sweet?—But was that, perhaps, Ransom's feeling about Callie? The racking anger came welling up again; and before she was aware it rose to words.

"Atlas, what makes you go with Callie Drane?"

He laughed again, a rich, pleasant chuckle. "Don't you like her?"

"Oh—she thinks too much of herself, I b'lieve! Whatever makes you—?" She checked herself, realizing that her speech was open to misinterpretation.

"Why—because I couldn't git you, I reckon." It was an absurd compliment, awkwardly turned; but finding Ransom's wife so unlike her usual shy and gentle self had gone to his head a little.

"Oh, shuh! You and me—" She really hardly knew what to say. "You and me ain't never went together enough to—to—to make you talk like that."

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE : A STORY

"Why—" He made a gesture of protest. "You remember the Three Springs picnic, don't ye?"

Of course she did, but she had never been sure till now that it was worth remembering. Had he meant it, then—all the play of that merry time? Her pulses quickened; she stood silent, lovely and alluring in the dusk of the perfumed woods. The red berries in her hair seemed to burn like a desire.

They moved forward together, and Atlas, knocking accidentally against a sapling, brought down a shower of starry drops from the branches all over her.

She gave a little shriek, and then laughed, dancing ahead under the moving shadows of the foliage, bent upon reprisal. Tiny drops like diamond dust glittered on the stray curls over her forehead, and on the leaves and berries of her wreath, twinkling with the tremor of her laughter.

Atlas stopped, his hands closing into fists. They stood facing each other, eyes answering eyes with something roused and dangerous. He recovered himself by an effort and drew back a step.

"You goin' back to the house?" he suggested, taking up the bucket of water.

She trembled, balanced, hesitated—then compromised, "Not yit a while." How far she had drifted from this morning's austere joy in her secret, after the nights of terror and doubt!

Atlas set down the pail. "Then shall I stay too?" He came and bent over her. "Do ye want me—to—stay with you—Delma?"

She did not look up, as she made room for him beside her on Mam Bivins' bench:—"only don't ye forget, Atlas Reedy, that I'm a married woman!"

"I won't if you don't," he laughed, fanning her with the hat she had drank from. Something in her fragility and helplessness moved him in a different way from Callie's robust buoyance. He could not deny that he liked doing little things for Delma.

From the house up the hill the music of banjos came pulsing out upon the ancient night, powerful with associations to those two—a music indigenous to the soil as the scarlet-berried vine.

"I have a great ship on the ocean,
All lined with silver and gold;
And before my true lover shall suffer,
My ship shall be anchored and sold.

"If I had the wings of an eagle,
Or either the wings of a dove,
I'd fly over mountain and rivers,
And rest in the arms of my love."

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE : A STORY

Of a sudden her face crinkled miserably. "I reckon Ransom's done forgot it already."

"How's that, Fedelma?"

"Didn't you see, Atlas?" Insensibly a note of sincerer feeling crept into her voice. She looked straight at him without self-consciousness. "Ransom and Callie?"

The hat quivered, and stopped, clutched hard. "See . . . what? You tell me!"

"Nothing only—she looked at him, I thought. When they danced."

"Oh, she did, did she!" Atlas got to his feet. "I been afeared of it," he groaned. "Rans' was the first that ever went with Callie. . . . They say a gal never forgets." He strode forward and caught up the bucket without looking round. "Let's us go back!" His voice went strangely harsh on the words. "By jacks, I've whupped Rans' afore, and I can again if he gits to lookin' too hard at my gal. Condamn that curly head of his!"

She had no choice but to follow, flung into a gulf of doubt and anger by his ready acceptance of her suspicions as valid. She would hurry to see what Ransom was doing now—oh, she must! What had she been thinking of, to leave him to his own devices for so long?

But it was Ransom who showed himself at the turn of the path, and demanding: "Been down to the spring, Atlas? Have you seed Fedelma anywhere? Oh, there she comes—"

Her heart at first expanded with relief; but she distinctly saw his start as he realized that she had accompanied Atlas. He stood before her, blocking the path, and did not speak for a moment. Atlas disappeared with the bucket of water; the dropping dew, the crickets and the katydids, possessed the stillness. They heard the banjos at the house, and the thudding feet of the dancers.

"Had you forgot you belong to me?" he asked at last. He stopped with his mouth open, and she smelt the product of Bivins' still.

"Rans'! Why, Ransom! had you forgot you wasn't goin' to touch whiskey tonight?" she countered. "Let's us go home right now, Rans'. Let's do!"

"Not till I've licked that—" Ransom's synonym for "cur" was polysyllabic but forceful—"for stealin' you out. And I'll see you afterward." He turned on his heel and moved away, a feeling of sullen resentment against her in his heart, suddenly estranged and isolated. He felt powerless to fight against the hideous doubts that took his mind by storm.

But his wife, following, clung to him, her arm round his shoulders.

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"Rans', he didn't. He didn't. You wouldn't think so if you wasn't drinkin'. Wait, honey—wait a minute—let me tell you! Atlas come down to git some water for the folks; I'd done been there for some little time. . . . Don't you go to the house, Rans'. Take me home." She began to cry, stumbling along beside him. "I want to go home, Ransom! Hit's the best. I got something to tell you. You—you'll take another drink or two up there, and then first thing you know you'ns 'll all git in a jower and a jangle, and you or him, one'll be hurt."

"Sure will," he retorted grimly, moving doggedly forward. They came out into the open road, flooded with light.

"But I want to tell you something! Listen—"

He flung off her hands. "If hit's what I think," he said, in a tense undertone, "you better never tell it." His light-weight figure was drawn erect; his eyes glinted like steel.

"You and them for it, then!" cried Fedelma, stopping short with a gesture of despair. Her secret! Had he guessed it, then—and was this the way he meant to take it? She made no attempt to follow him farther; she forgot Atlas and Callie entirely; her deepest feelings were wounded now. "His baby, his own little—Oh, dear Lord, what shall I do! I'm a good notion to go back to Marion County and stay with mammy!"

She wandered, sobbing and wiping her eyes on her sleeves, along the road home.

Ransom, hurrying to Bivins' house, looked through the window at the lighted room. The rhythmic swing of the music urged the pounding of the blood in his temples. He saw Atlas join the dance again, saw a little flurry among the girls, and heard without noticing Callie's laugh. The little children, who had been allowed to sit up late, now began to nod over in the corners; the usual contingent of bad little boys arrived and, growing obstreperous, had to be hustled out of the way. The fun waxed furious; the figures wheeled and swung and eddied; coats were flung off, hand-clapping and stamping increased, laughter was continuous. At every shout he glowered more darkly through the narrow pane.

"I'll take one more drink, and then I'll call him out," he muttered to one who stood near him in the yard.

"Who?" asked Homer Bivins.

"Huh? Why, Atlas,—dam' his impident looks."

"What's he done, Rans'? I wouldn't, Ransom. Better not call him out, Ransom," said several bystanders quickly. For Ransom and Atlas had fought ever since they were boys on the slightest provocation or none at all; their only peace lay in keeping apart, although

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there seemed no ill feeling between them other than the ancestral rivalry between males of the same blood.

Old Bivins came from the jug hidden in the althea bushes, all solicitude for the success of his daughters' merrymaking.

"Looky here, Ransom," he began in a conciliatory tone, plucking the young man's sleeve. "Some day when we'ns ain't got no frolic afoot we'll make a ring, somers out, and see fair play whilst you and him settles it for good, and finds out which is the best man."

"No, by Jacks, I'll have him afore I go home tonight," cried the little man, exasperated at the quivering of Bivins' long beard. What business was it of anyone's? "I feel like I could whup him right now; I b'lieve I can."

"You go fetch his woman," suggested Homer aside to another. "Maybe she can do something with him. Lord, what a temper Rans' Reedy's got! I'll go warn his brother."

But Fedelma could not be found; she was already whimpering to herself, far in the moonlight; and Atlas presently came to Callie with a very serious countenance.

"Callista, girl, I've got obleeged to quit and go, I reckon. Do you want me to take you home now, or—but I declar' I hate to leave ye to ary other boy! Go now, will ye—with me?"

"What time is it?" she parleyed, reluctant. "I'm havin' such a good old time! Has something happened?"

"No—not yit."

"Then what you leavin' for?"

"Well—Rans' has took one or two drinks too many, and he's lookin' for me. You know, Callie, how he always was."

Her eyes opened. "You ain't afeared of him, air ye?"

"What would I be afeared of him for? I don't want to fight him; ther ain't no sense in hit when we ain't got nothing to fight about, and him and me has both swore we never would again."

The girl considered, her face still flushed, her eyes gleaming; and then, even while her foot still beat time to "Citico," she gave in. "Wait, then, till I say good-bye to Sally Bivins, and I'll git my shawl."

The music swelled to their ears in an appealing crescendo and diminuendo as they made an unobtrusive exit. "I don't much believe Delma was right about him and her," he was thinking. "If I 'lowed he was, though, Rans' wouldn't hafto look far afore he found me."

They gained the road with a reassuring backward glance to where Homer, with diplomacy slightly mistaken, was plying Ransom with more liquor.

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"I like to walk with you this way," he murmured as they swung into step. He drew her hand within his arm and kept it there, pressing and pressing it, the unlighted lantern swinging at his side.

"Why," said the girl, perceiving a glimmering shape moving before them down the road, "somebody's went on ahead of us."

"Hit's a gal," he supplemented her observation. "All by herself. Why, I'll swar!"

"Don't do it," she laughed.

"I won't. I just said 'I will swar.' But I b'lieve on my soul that's Fedelma. What's the matter, Dell?" he called.

The forlorn figure waited for them to come up, and they saw that she was crying.

"Did Rans' make ye go home? Did he scold ye? Air you waitin' for him?" asked Callie, all in a breath.

"We left," explained the boy, "because he seemed to want to jump onto me. I 'lowed it would be best to keep out of his way?"

Delma nodded, but could find no words.

They were now all four at cross-purposes; and their hearts were all beating a little too fast.

"Well, walk on with us," said Atlas at last. "We'll sight you home; won't we, Callie?"

But as Fedelma joined the pair, Callie swung apart. "Why! you ain't aimin' to leave Ransom come home all by hisself, the way he is?"

"O' course; he'll be all right," answered Atlas. "Or, if he ain't, some o' them boys 'll see to him."

"How d'you know they will? He may go wanderin' about and break his fool neck."

"He wouldn't let me," protested Atlas; but he glanced back along the road uneasily.

"Dell!" The appeal was from one woman to another on behalf of an erring boy. "Ain't you goin' to wait for your man?"

"No, I ain't," declared Delma, speaking for the first time. "After the way he talked to me back yon, he can go on and break his neck for all o' me—b-hoo-hoo!"

"Then I will!" cried the girl, stopping.

"You won't neither!" snapped Fedelma.

"Why, Callie!" Atlas stopped, facing her. A jealous wrath surged up in him and burst bounds. "By Jacks, if there *is* anything between you and your old sweetheart, hit's time I knowed it, Callie! I want the straight of hit; I can't stand this—"

"Don't you name such to me!" She sprang back and squared away valiantly, like a man, with heaving breast. "Why—why then, the straight of hit is, I wouldn't leave a dawg to blunder around in

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these here woods, and him full o' Bivins' pizen! You'ns go on, I'll wait." She knew perfectly that this was ridiculous. "Or else we all wait, right here."

"Won't hafta wait long," muttered Atlas, hearing swift unsteady footsteps. A second later Ransom, whom Homer's wit and hospitality had not availed to detain long, burst upon them, wildly swinging a lantern covered with blazing oil, and cursing.

"Look out, you'll set fire—Put that light *down*, you firebug!" shouted Atlas, leaping; and then it happened. Whack, whack, whack; crash went the two lanterns; a yellow oily flame shot up from the sand; the two girls, in momentary terror of an explosion that distracted even their terror of the conflict, saw in the bright light the brothers at each other's throats, struggling, kicking, reeling to and fro. Into the shine and out of it they drove, now trampling the sand, now crashing through the bushes, till Atlas tripped on a root and was down.

"He's got a knife!" screamed Delma, catching the glint of a blade.

"Oh, my God, he'll kill him!" cried Callie at the same moment.

Together by a great effort the women dragged Ransom back by the arms. Never had Callie's splendid strength and courage served her so well as while she held the furious little man and shrieked, "Run, Atlas! for the Lord's sake, run!"

A second later she caught up Atlas' hat from the ground and set off after him.

Ransom, the knife still in his hand, stood blinking foolishly at the last flicker of the spilt oil. He drew a long breath, like a gasp.

"Let me have the knife, Rans," pleaded Delma. "Give it here. There, there, honey! it's all over; you won't need ary weepoon." She approached timidly, feeling for his hand.

"Naw!" he said, and with a jerk sent the open blade whirling into the thicket. "Shucks! I never tried to knife anybody afore. . . . What's it all about, anyhow?" He seemed to have sobered all at once. "Shucks!" he repeated, looking down at the trampled road and broken lanterns. "Oh, shucks! Atlas. Oh, At!" There was no answer. "Done gone on, has he?"

"Let's us go, too," urged his wife.

He laid his hands on her shoulders and turned her to face him; then, putting both arms closely round her, he looked intently into her eyes.

"Tell me, Fedelma—was there anything to fight about? What was you down to the spring for?"

She responded gladly to his touch, as always. "Not anything. There wasn't no harm in that, was there?"

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"What was he sayin' to you?"

"Not much of anything. . . . I—jist wondered how he would talk if—"

"Fedelma!"

She tore the wreath from her hair and sent it flying after his knife. It caught on a twig and hung, swaying a little, all transparent against the luminous background, each delicate leaf-rib clear as if formed of coral and crystal and jade. It seemed not to be of earth, but the last visible fragment of a dream-world, called up by a magician and on the point of vanishing.

"I don't know what made me so silly—especially seein' that I'll haf to face death my ownself in a while,—for you and yourn," she added, so low that he did not quite hear. "Ransom, it wasn't—real. Nothing is real but you for me. You've made my life for me, every day for a year now,—and, look!" She fumbled at his collar and turned it down to show the patch she had sewed there. Her neat strong stitches caught the light as clearly as the delicate interlaced veins of the wreath. "That's mine—you're mine! Don't you see we've growed together—we belong to one another. Nothing can change that. Nothing else is real. Only I wisht—I wisht I never had gone with any boy but you."

He pressed his lips to her face, feeling it cool and fresh as a fruit just freshly plucked. "Let's be good people, and not quarrel. I reckon we better go home and stay there."

"Air you hurt?" She passed her fingers over the curls she had so resolutely clipped the day before.

"Just a bump. Atlas give me one good lick if he never gits in another."

"And listen, Ransom," she continued breathlessly, nestling to him, "I'll tell ye now. . . ."

Callie fled along the road, her breath coming and going audibly, her dress flitting mothlike under the gliding shadows. "Atlas!" she called softly. "Oh, Atlas!"

In a moment he answered from a darker core of shadows under an oak, his deep voice vibrating like a soft gong.

"Here's your hat," she panted, coming close to him. "Oh, Atlas, air you hurt?"

"Not me. 'Magine he is. I fetched him one with the lantern, just afore I went down, that ought to a-stunded him if it hadn't a-glanced."

"Serve him right. Oh, Atlas, I always heared you was a beautiful fighter, but I never thought so well of you as when you jist wouldn't fight till you had obliged to."

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"Then you do?" He put out his arm, still quivering with the strain of conflict, and she came within it. All the warm, splendid womanhood of her seventeen rough-and-tumble years thrilled to his kiss. "So you think much o' me, Callie?"

"More'n the world and all. Oh, I do!" Their untried hearts beat and plunged against each other.

"Sure there's nobody—none o' your old sweethearts, f'r instance—that you might come to think more of, sometime?"

"I never had—oh! If you mean Ransom,—why, I was a little bit o' gal then, and he's—he's married!"

"You—I thought you looked at him tonight—"

"How?"

"As if he wasn't, maybe."

"Why, you old jealous-hearted—You old fool!" Her voice broke with tenderness on the final word.

As Callie and Atlas went by Ransom's house a few days later, they stopped at the gate and called to Fedelma.

The young wife was rocking on her front porch, stringing beans. She rose, and came down to the fence, putting back a wispy lock and smiling. A new gravity and sweetness had come into her eyes since the night of the dance in the cove, and she, and Ransom singing in the field below, alone in all the world knew why.

"Come on in," she bade the pair.

"Can't," stated Callie. "We jist wanted to tell you that me and Atlas—that we was—" She flushed, looked down, and seemed unable to go on.

But the young man put his hand firmly over hers where it lay on the top rail. "We're a-goin' to be married a-Sunday, Delma, and we want you and Ransom to be there. Then we'll have a housewarmin' soon as I can git a shack ready, and you can tell him that's one dance where there won't be any liquor circulated."

Fedelma regarded them with a grave smile.

"We'll be glad to come and see ye married," she answered. "But if hit's all the same to you-uns, I reckon we won't be at the infare. If a body can't keep their heads at a frolic no better than we do—" the prettiest imaginable color crept up into her cheeks, and she did not look at Atlas—"I think they better not go. I never have jined ary church, but I ain't shore I b'lieve in dancin'."

TO MY NEIGHBOR.

COME into my house fearlessly, and into my garden without suspicion. Let us be content because we live near to each other. Let us think well of each other when we meet, and let us be gracious.

I have done many foolish things in my life and a few wrong things. So have you.

I was never glad of my sins. I suppose that you also have repented of yours. Therefore we must resolve not to build them into a coffin for the burial of friendliness.

Let us forget our faults when we sit down together to chat as neighbors.

For truly, if you remember my folly and my wrong doing you will expect the same of me again, and I shall be unable to yield you my best.

If I allow my thoughts to linger with your weakness, your very strength will be crippled by my presence.

Therefore, I pray you, remember not the day when I was unkind to a servitor, rude to a child, false to a friend—if there have been such days. Remember the days when I have tried to be kind, and courteous and true.

I promise that I will strive to thrust from my mind the days when you gossiped or sneered or were niggardly, if such days have been. I will call to mind sunnier days when you labored quietly, praised generously, and brought rich gifts.

Come into my house, my garden, and rest a while. Be free to enjoy what pleases you. Meet my eyes sincerely when you shake hands with me.

For your tragedy I promise to have only sympathy, for your comedy a guileless laugh. Do you be gentle with my failings.

For are we not set close to each other that we may learn loving kindness?

Is not God Himself with us when we seek the best in each other as neighbors?

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

A STUDY OF HOME GARDEN-MAKING ON A LARGE SCALE: ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES OF AN ESTATE PLANNED BY ROLLIN SALTUS



WHAT do you mix your colors with?" Whistler was asked once by a curious admirer, and his reply was: "Brains." This characteristic recipe for success is not limited to the painter's art; it applies equally to the sculptor with his passive clay, the architect with his brick, stone and mortar, and the gardener with his waiting earth and promise-holding seeds. For in every instance it is the consciousness of the worker's guiding hand and tool which gives to the finished product its final value and evolves from the raw materials that form of human expression of beauty which we call art.

So, in every phase of art activity, and notably in the building and furnishing of houses and laying out of grounds, if the right results are to be attained we need "money mixed with brains"—with the emphasis on the last word. The human elements of personal skill, ingenuity and sympathetic understanding of the beautiful—these are the determining factors in success. And usually, when there is a good supply of these elements, the question of expense is of minor importance.

Applying this principle to the art of landscape gardening and garden architecture, we find that it is possible to achieve a high degree of outdoor loveliness without extravagant outlay, simply by a judicious and practical use of available materials and funds. And this is true whether the work is on a large or a small scale.

One of the most interesting and beautiful examples which has come to our notice recently of the application of this theory on a large scale is a garden near Mt. Kisco in the northern part of Westchester county, New York, illustrations and plan of which we are presenting in this issue. The house was already standing before the garden shown here was laid out, the present grounds with their various architectural features having been developed during a period of several years by Mr. Rollin Saltus, landscape architect.

In the first place, the general location was a most favorable one, as the house was on a sloping hillside with an extensive view of the neighboring hills and river, and the Highlands of the Hudson in the distance. The actual site, however, was not especially interesting, and required a good deal of ingenuity and labor to bring it to its present picturesque state. This fact is one of the things which makes the place worth studying.

In determining the best layout for the grounds, both from a prac-

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tical and æsthetic point of view, a more or less symmetrical arrangement was preferred, and while a certain amount of formality was retained to give dignity and definiteness to the plan, care was taken also to provide many friendly and intimate garden nooks and infinite charm of detail.

A GLANCE at the plan will show the harmonious relation between residence and grounds, and will reveal how carefully and effectively has been considered the provision of views and vistas both from house to garden and garden to house. The covered porch which projects on each side of the building overlooks a level lawn which extends also as a terrace across the entire front of the house and is surrounded by a clipped barberry hedge. The main dwelling is rectangular; the service wing extending at the rear affords a sheltered angle which has been given the effect of a court by the planting of a hemlock hedge at the outer edge. Into this court the driveway runs, forming a pleasant and friendly approach to the house.

Beyond the court is a semicircular strip of lawn surrounded by a brick wall with marble coping, and broken by a flight of steps. These steps, which were built before Mr. Saltus began the development of the present garden, were comparatively narrow, and as it was not feasible to tear down the wall and widen them, a sense of breadth was attained by making them branch out at the top into two gravel paths which lead to the woods beyond. Trailing roses edge the paths, a wide strip of grass runs between them, and on each side extends broad sloping pasture-land. Altogether the outlook is very charming. The house is linked by inviting paths and sheltering hedges to the rest of the hillside; the paths themselves merge so pleasantly into the woods that one can hardly tell where the formal garden ends and the natural country begins.

On the left of the servants' quarters is a large service yard, and beyond that a laundry yard, sheltered by an irregular strip of pine trees. A little farther is the grass tennis court, lying directly north of the house in view of the windows and porch. The court has a hemlock hedge on two sides and is screened from the service yard by the pine trees.

While pleasant outlooks are provided for every side of this country home, perhaps the most picturesque portion of the grounds lies to the southward. Here the landscape gardener has given imagination freer play, coaxing nature within the confines of art so tactfully that the result is full of winsomeness and grace.

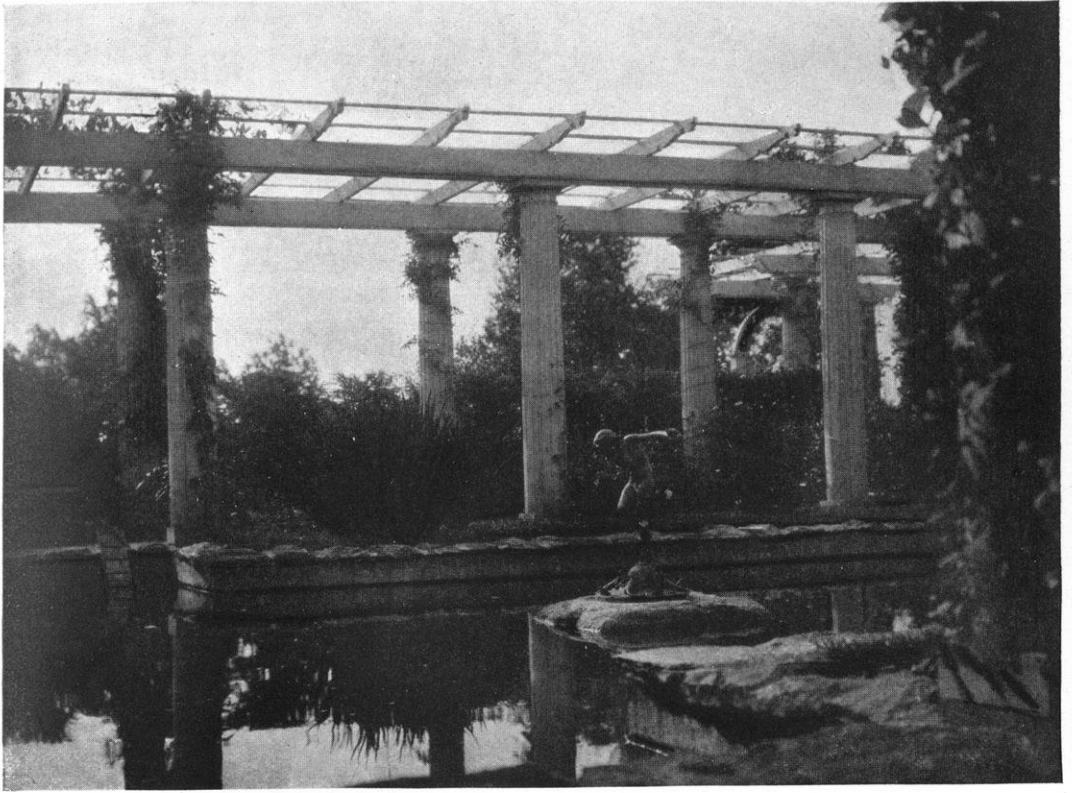
One passes through the barberry hedge, down one of the gravel



A GARDEN NEAR MT. KISCO, NEW YORK, ROLLIN SALTUS, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT: THIS SHOWS THE ARRANGEMENT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, INCLUDING THE TWIN PERGOLAS, POOL AND FOUNTAIN.



THE BEAMS AND VINE-COVERED COLUMNS OF THE PERGOLA ARE PAINTED WHITE TO REPEAT THE TRIMMING OF THE HOUSE AND ADD TO THE GENERAL HARMONY WHICH THE LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT SOUGHT TO BRING ABOUT.



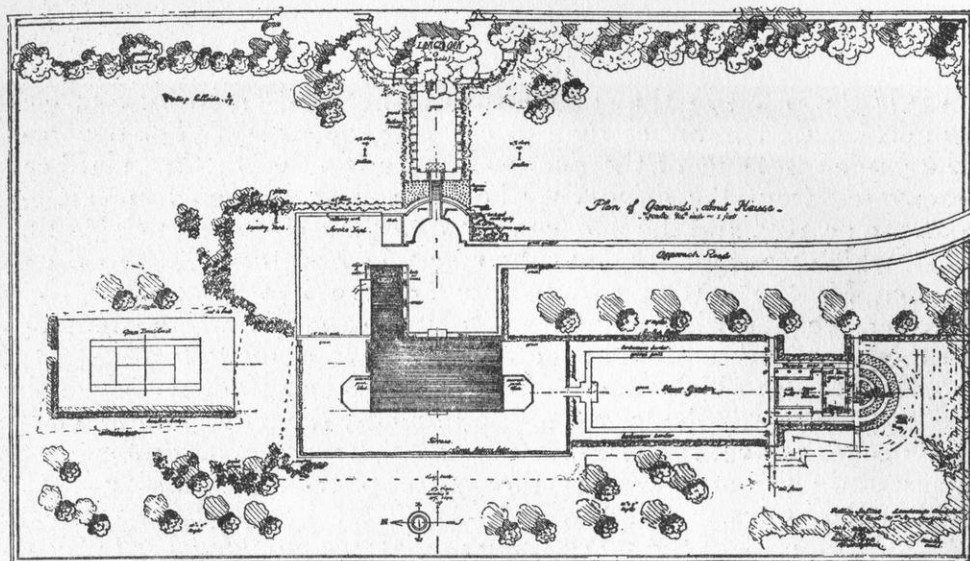
A NEAR GLIMPSE OF THE POOL IN THE MT. KISCO GARDEN: THIS REVEALS AN UNUSUALLY EFFECTIVE COMBINATION OF GARDEN ARCHITECTURE: SO HARMONIOUSLY ARE THE DIFFERENT FEATURES BROUGHT TOGETHER, SO SKILFUL HAS BEEN THE ADJUSTMENT OF VINES AND THE PLANTING OF FLOWERS THAT THE RESULTING BEAUTY CARRIES WITH IT A SENSE OF GRACIOUS AGE AS WELL AS EXQUISITE ART.



A PICTURESQUE HOME CORNER IN THE GARDEN SHOWING THE USE OF VINES AND THE MASSING OF FLOWERS ABOUT THE PERGOLA GATEWAY.

A CLOSE VIEW OF THE PORCH AND ENTRANCE TO THE PERGOLA, SHOWING HOW FRIENDLY THE FORMAL COLUMNS ARE MADE BY THE DROOPING VINES AND THE INTIMATE SHELTER OF SHRUBS.

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MR. SALTUS' ORIGINAL PLAN FOR GARDEN AT MT. KISCO.

paths that border the long grass plot, entering at the farther end the shelter of a vine-clad pergola. The white-painted beams of the roof rest upon fluted pillars around which twine the graceful stems and clusters of wistaria, large flowering clematis, cobæa and other rapid-growing annuals. The bases of the columns are hidden by flowers, and at intervals the happy garden-lover finds between two pillars an inviting seat—an ideal retreat for a summer afternoon.

Between the two pergola-paths is the concrete lily pool with its coping of natural stones, and in this water mirror one finds reflected all the surrounding beauties of the garden. The pool is at its best, of course, when the plants come into bloom, but even without them, as the illustrations show, it affords many glimpses of unusual loveliness. The bronze statue in the center, by E. McCartan, a New York sculptor, focuses the interest of the spot and is charmingly in keeping with the spirit of its surroundings.

Fronting the pool and likewise in line with the porch of the main dwelling is the garden house. This, like the rest of the garden architecture, is of wood, painted white, and tiled inside with Nile green Grueby tiles laid in black mortar with very decorative effect. Borders of tea-roses are planted about the garden house and on every side the wide openings frame restful pictures of pool, pergola or garden.

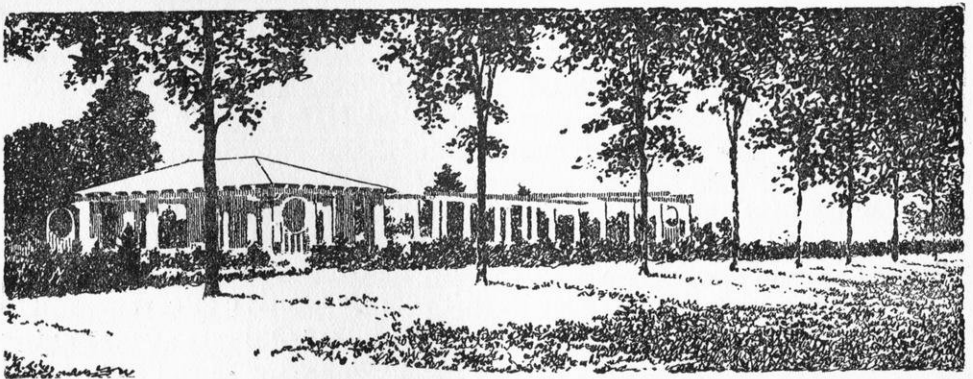
Beyond the garden house, planned on the same axis and terminating the long vista, is the rose garden—a series of semicircular paths and beds struck from the central sun-dial. Around this a steep bank slopes down and marks the southern boundary of the garden.

HOME GARDEN-MAKING ON A LARGE SCALE

Although both dignity and classic feeling pervade these grounds, especially the pergola, pool basin and garden house, the impressiveness is the result of the symmetrical layout and careful use of economical materials rather than of extravagant outlay. For instance, the garden in front of the pool was made from earth that had been excavated from the driveway, the top soil was taken from an old pasture nearby, and the maples were transplanted from a neighboring road which was about to be submerged for a waterway. Wood was chosen for the garden architecture because it was comparatively inexpensive, and when painted white it repeated the white trimmings of the house and so brought the whole into closer relation.

One feature which added considerably to the impressiveness of the general effect was the length of the grounds, the long line formed by the hedges of tennis court, terrace and flower garden adding to the sense of dignity and denoting the control of the steep hillside by the will of the owner.

Altogether both the space and materials seem to have been utilized with wisdom. The garden is essentially a place to live in, to work, read, rest and play, while the shady garden house offers tempting opportunity for outdoor meals. In summer of course the foliage and blossoms clothe the place with nature's fresh loveliness, and even in winter the lines of the pergola beams and columns, the garden house, the pool and its statue, the paths and hedges retain considerable interest and remind one of the gentler pleasures of coming spring.



SUMMER HOUSE AT THE END OF THE PERGOLA IN THE MT. KISCO GARDEN.

BUILDING AMERICAN HOMES OF FIELD STONE: INTERESTING EFFECTS IN TEXTURE AND COLOR ATTAINED BY THE LOGICAL USE OF THIS PRIMITIVE MATERIAL: BY C. MATLACK PRICE



THE use of field stone in simple, logical, beautiful houses is as indigenous to America as are the log cabins of the East and the adobe huts of the West. In the early days of American civilization the scarcity of formal building materials forced the settlers to make use of the materials at hand in constructing their houses. The fields were cleared and cultivated, and the stones collected from the pastures were used in building houses and erecting boundary walls. The first American builders probably did not plan for beauty when they erected their simple, dignified homes, but the result was essentially beautiful because they used their material logically and planned the structure so that it was suited to their needs and to the times. They laid log upon log, or stone upon stone, sturdily and staunchly, to furnish shelter for family and friends, and to resist successfully attacks of foes and elements.

Many of these old houses are still standing in our Eastern States, mute witnesses as to the permanency of the material and to the excellent craftsmanship of the builders. Probably some of the best examples of this type of architecture can be seen in Pennsylvania today, where the William Penn homestead and other contemporary and later buildings have apparently furnished inspiration to modern architects. A number of Philadelphia architects have been most successful with this type of building, and interesting houses and garden walls, gateways and pergolas are being designed by such men as Mellor and Meigs, D. Knickerbacker Boyd, Duhring, Okie and Ziegler, Wilson Eyre, Charles Barton Keen and Brockie and Hastings. These men have followed not only the inspiration of the Revolutionary farmhouse, but have also felt the influence of the English type of Colonial small house and the semi-informal large houses in an adaptation of Tudor or Jacobean styles.

Field-stone houses can never be out of place in rural or suburban districts. They are closely knit to the ground from whence the stones were taken, and if the materials are used consistently and logically, the house becomes as much a part of its environment as the trees that grow about it and the walks and roads that lead to it.

Before taking up the different ways of laying up field stone, it might be well to compare its cost with that of brick, hollow tile and reinforced concrete. In the vicinity of Philadelphia brick and field

FIELD STONE IN THE HANDS OF CRAFTSMEN

stone are both readily obtainable, and the question of expense involves only the cost of material and laying. But in Rhode Island, for instance, where all brick must be transported by barge from New Jersey, the total cost of a brick house would far exceed the cost of a field-stone house, even if the field stone cost more to lay up. The following quotations, based on prices obtaining in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, show the comparative cost of various kinds of masonry, and put field stone on a more definite basis. A brick wall, laid, costs twenty dollars per thousand brick, twenty brick to a cubic foot. A stone wall, laid, costs from five dollars to six dollars a perch, which is twenty-two cubic feet. In country houses of moderate size, brick walls are usually thirteen inches thick, and stone walls eighteen inches thick. At the above rate one hundred square feet of surface work in brick costs forty-three dollars and thirty-four cents, and in field stone, at five dollars a perch, thirty-four dollars. Hollow tile and concrete walls cost approximately the same as brick, but necessitate the additional expense of stucco finish.

Other points to be considered in using field stone are the type of building for which it is intended, the kind of stone selected, whether it is to be used in its natural state, or split or shaped, and what sort of mortar joint is to be used.

THE kinds of stone suited for different styles of building are illustrated in the accompanying pictures. All stone walls are evolved from the "dry wall," which is laid up without mortar, as in the old boundary fences on farms. In such a wall the stone must be chosen for evenness of its contact surfaces, upon which depends the stability of the construction. This is clearly shown in Figure One. Each stone looks as though it belongs in the position in which it is laid. Cobblestones should never be used in field-stone construction. Without mortar, a wall built of these spherical stones would have no more stability than a house of cards. Consequently, the use of this kind of stone opposes the whole logic of building.

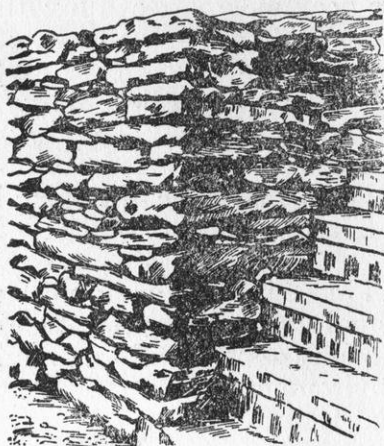


FIGURE ONE: FIELD STONE AS IT APPEARS WHEN LAID UP WITHOUT MORTAR: THE STONES ARE SPLIT AND THE ENDS ROUGHLY SQUARED.

Stone used exactly as it is picked up in the field, as shown in Figure Two, a small cottage designed by Charles Barton Keen, is primarily suited to informal architecture, as the cottage illustrated, or a bungalow,

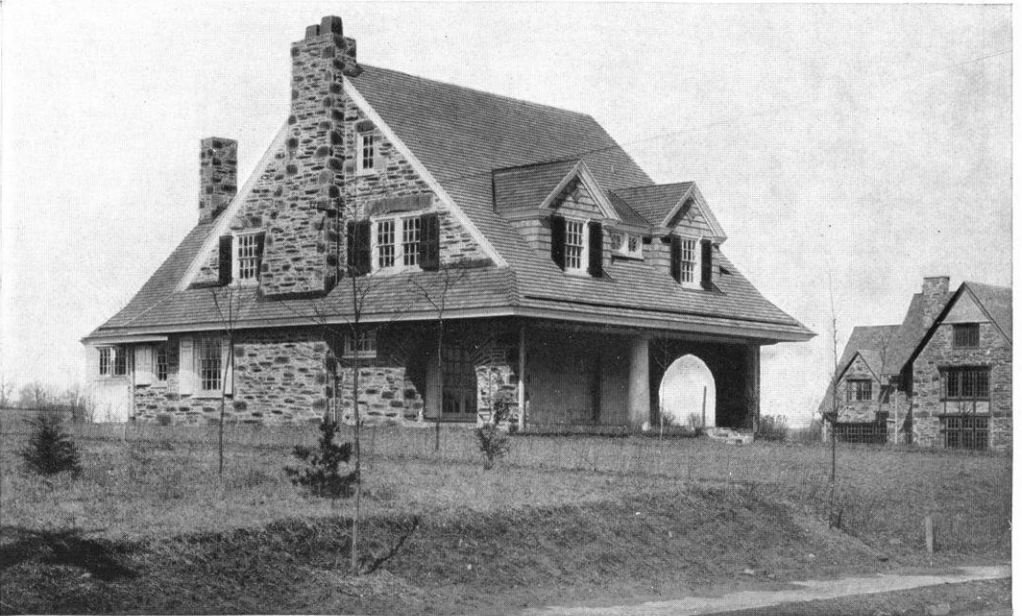


FIGURE TWO: METHOD OF LAYING UP FIELD STONE IN A SMALL INFORMAL COTTAGE, THE STONE BEING USED EXACTLY AS IT IS FOUND IN THE FIELDS: CHARLES BARTON KEEN, ARCHITECT.
FIGURE THREE: A HOUSE AT CYNWYD, PA., MELLOR AND MEIGS, ARCHITECTS, SHOWING FIELD STONE USED IN A SEMI-INFORMAL WAY.



FIGURE FOUR :
 DETAIL OF A
 FIELD-STONE
 HOUSE DE-
 SIGNED BY
 MELLOR AND
 MEIGS : THE
 USE OF
 LARGE STONES
 AS "QUINS"
 AT THE COR-
 NERS OF
 WALLS AND
 CHIMNEYS IS
 ESSENTIALLY
 STRUCTURAL
 AND MOST
 CRAFTSMAN-
 LIKE.
 THE LOOK OF
 SOLIDITY AND
 DURABILITY
 WHICH IS
 GIVEN BY
 THIS METHOD
 OF TREATING
 FIELD STONE IS
 ONE WHICH REN-
 DERS THE MA-
 TERIAL ESPE-
 CIALLY SUITABLE
 TO LARGE
 COUNTRY HOUSES
 OR TO RURAL
 CHURCHES : THIS
 TREATMENT COULD
 BE DUPLICATED
 IN A GARDEN
 WALL WITH A
 MOST INTEREST-
 ING RESULT.

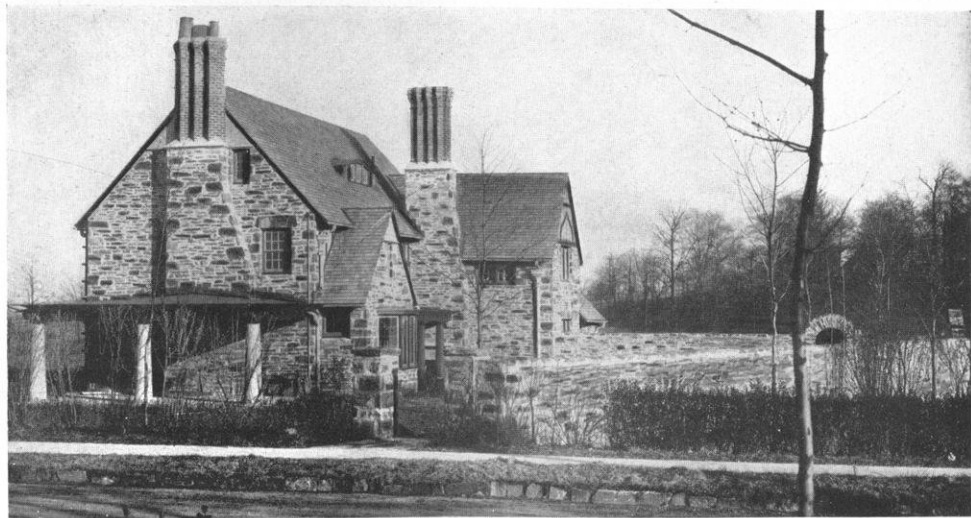


FIGURE FIVE : SEMI-INFORMAL USE OF FIELD STONE
 WITH WHITE MORTAR JOINT IN HOUSE AND ADJOIN-
 ING GARDEN WALL : MELLOR AND MEIGS, ARCHITECTS.

FIGURE SIX:
DETAIL OF A
PICTURESQUE
GARDEN WALL
DESIGNED BY
D. KNICKER-
BACKER BOYD:
IN THIS TYPE
OF FIELD-
STONE ARCHI-
TECTURE THE
STONE SHOULD
BE CAREFULLY
SELECTED AND
SHAPED
ROUGHLY,
THOUGH IT
MAY BE OF
VARYING AND
OFTEN IRREG-
ULAR SIZES:
WALLS BUILT OF
FIELD STONE
USED IN THIS
PARTICULAR
FASHION ARE
VERY INTEREST-
ING BUILT UP
ABOUT AN OR-
CHARD OR SEP-
ARATING ONE
COUNTRY ESTATE
FROM ANOTHER:
THEY CAN BE
MADE PICTURESQUE
WITH FRUIT TREES
TRAINED OVER
THEM AS IS THE
ENGLISH CUSTOM.

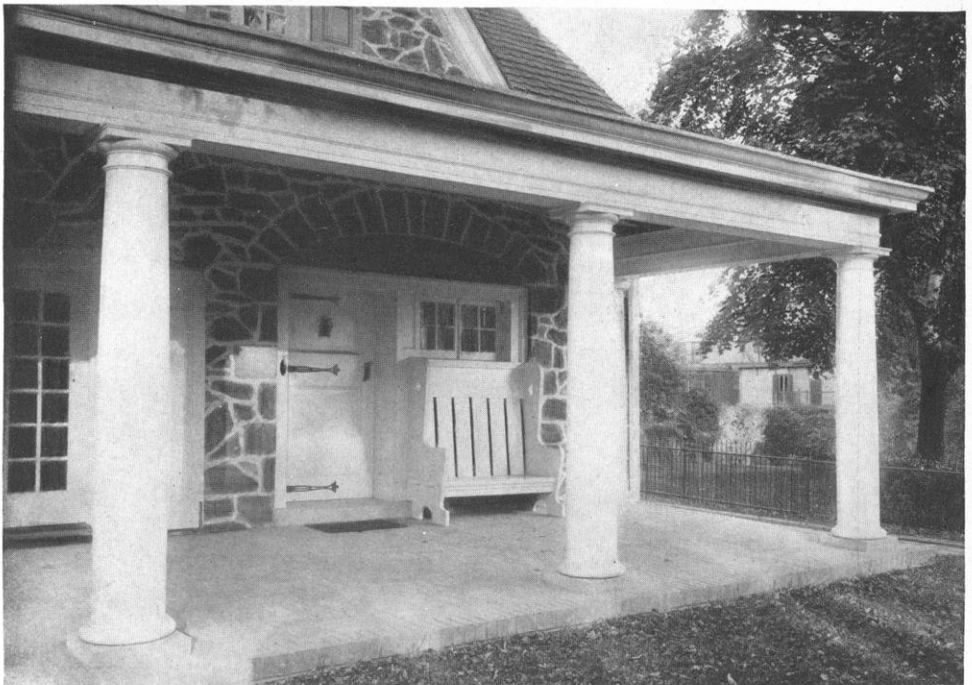


FIGURE SEVEN: A HOUSE AT GERMANTOWN, PA., MELLOR AND MEIGS, ARCHITECTS, REMODELED FROM A STABLE: THIS TYPE OF HOUSE IS ADMIRABLY SUITED TO THE USE OF FIELD STONE.



FIGURE EIGHT :
 DETAIL OF
 MR. BROWN'S
 HOUSE : THE
 STONEWORK IN
 THIS HOUSE
 IS RATHER
 FORMAL, AL-
 MOST PRIM :
 THE STONE
 IS SPLIT
 AND THE ENDS
 ROUGHLY
 SQUARED SO
 THAT IT CAN
 BE LAID IN
 COMPARATIVELY
 EVEN COURSES
 AND THE
 STONES ARE
 OF NEARLY
 EQUAL SIZES
 THROUGHOUT :
 THIS METHOD OF
 LAYING UP STONES
 IS SEEN VERY
 OFTEN IN THE OLD
 DUTCH HOUSES IN
 REMOTE PARTS OF
 NEW JERSEY.

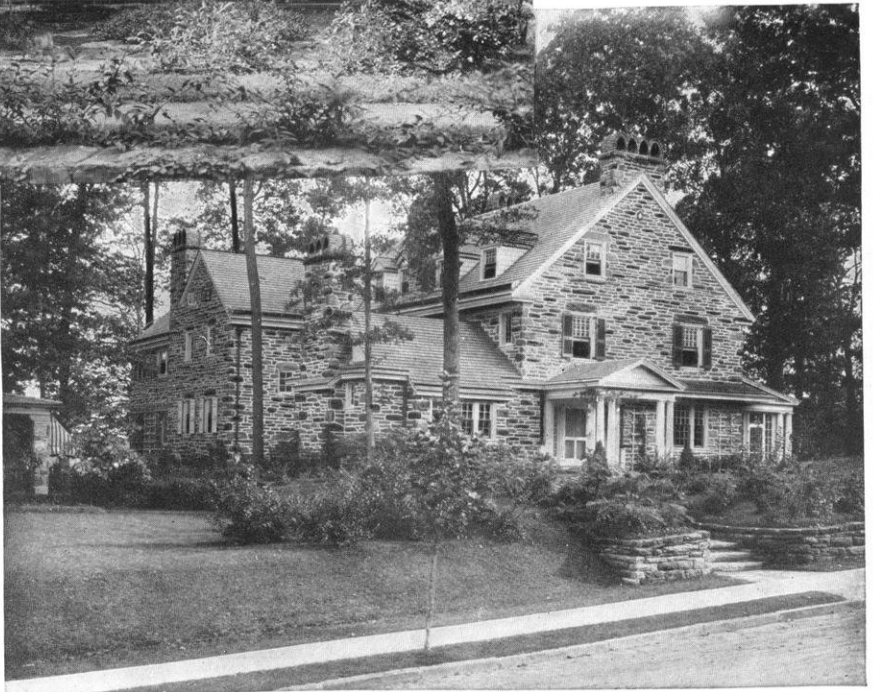


FIGURE NINE : HOUSE OF MR. CLARENCE M. BROWN, GER-
 MANTOWN, PA., DUHRING, OKIE AND ZIEGLER, ARCHITECTS.

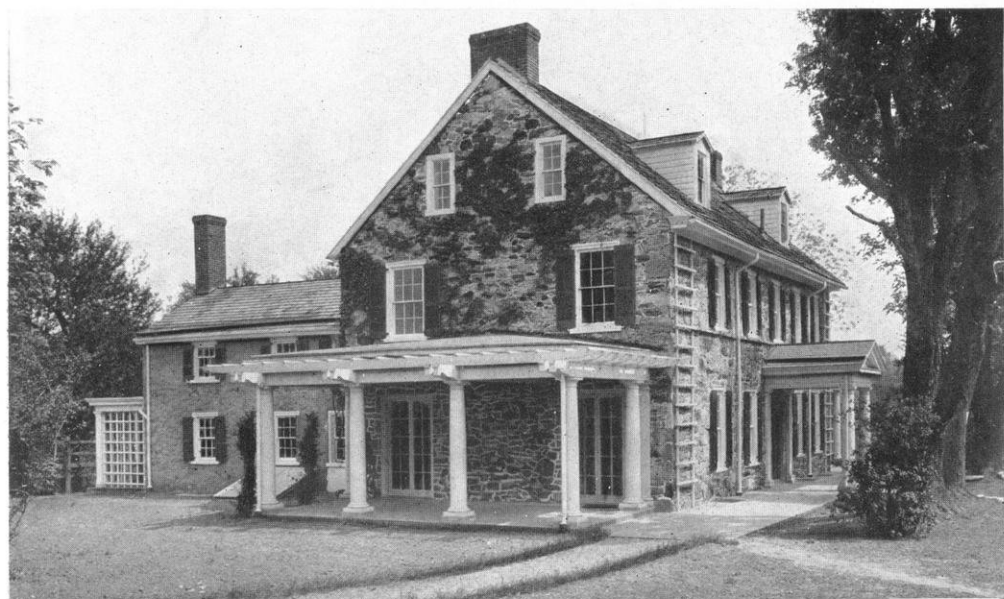
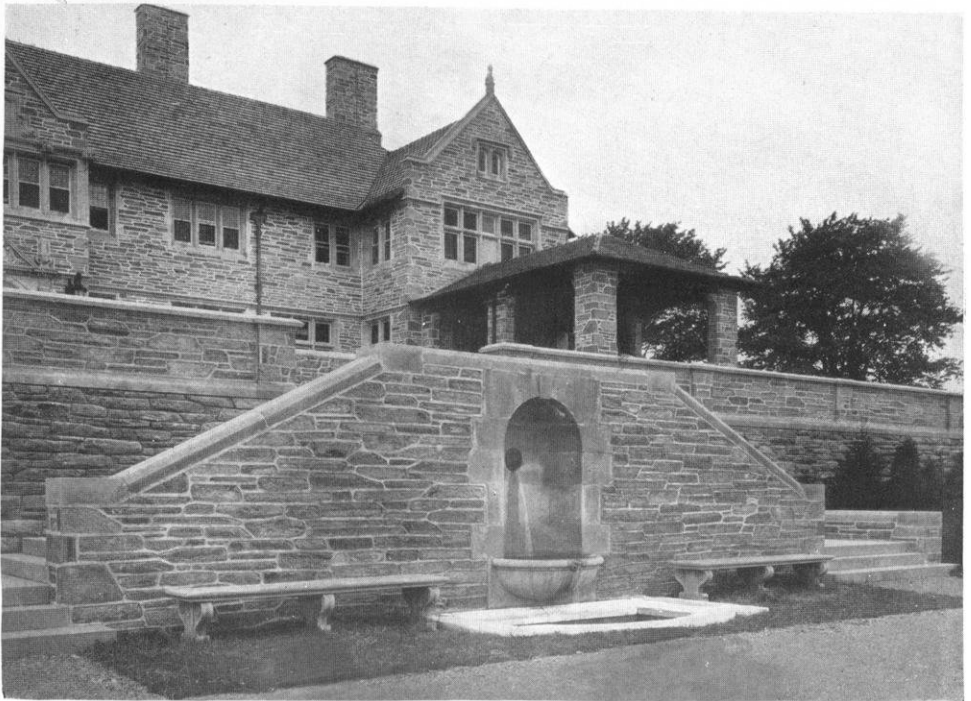


FIGURE TEN: HOUSE AT WINNEWOOD, PA., MELLOR AND MEIGS, ARCHITECTS, BUILT OF CAREFULLY SELECTED FIELD STONE LAID WITH FLUSH JOINTS IN BRILLIANT WHITE MORTAR.

FIGURE ELEVEN: AN ALTERATION BY CHARLES BARTON KEEN, SHOWING THE PROTOTYPE OF ALL THIS PENNSYLVANIA WORK EMBODIED IN THE ORIGINAL KIND OF FIELD-STONE MASONRY FOUND IN THE OLD PENN HOUSE.



FIGURES TWELVE AND THIRTEEN: FIELD STONE IN CONJUNCTION WITH CUT STONE SHOWN IN ITS LAST STAGE AS A ROUGH MATERIAL: IT IS BOTH SHAPED AND SURFACED TO CONFORM WITH THE MORE FORMAL PARTS OF THE WORK, THOUGH IT STILL RETAINS MUCH PICTURESQUE QUALITY OF TEXTURE AND COLOR, AND AFFORDS INTEREST AND VARIETY IN JOINTING: CHARLES BARTON KEEN, ARCHITECT.

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boathouse, country studio, mountain shack, school or farm building.

Picturesque, semi-informal structures, such as Figures Three, Four, Five and Seven, designed by Mellor and Meigs, and Figure Six, the gateway in a garden wall, designed by D. Knickerbacker Boyd, require stone more carefully selected and shaped roughly, though of varying and often irregular sizes. In the houses by Mellor and Meigs the use of large stones as "quoins" at the corners of the walls and chimneys is most interesting. This is excellent masonry from the craftsmanship point of view; it is essentially structural and introduces emphasis and incident at a point which otherwise would lack strength both in fact and in effect.

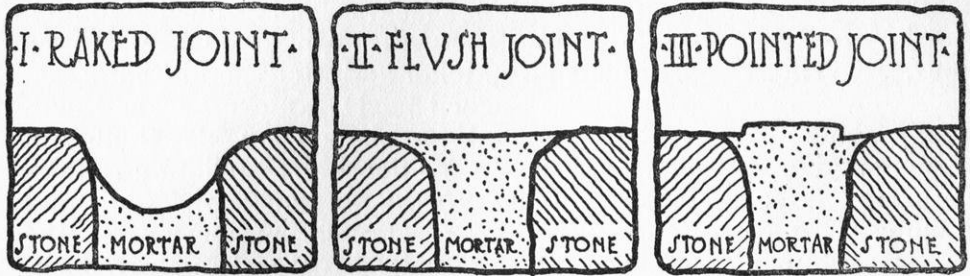
A different type of stone is necessary in such work as Figures Eight and Nine, by Duhring, Okie and Ziegler, and in Figure Ten, by Mellor and Meigs. These houses are more formal, almost prim; the stone is split and the ends roughly squared so that it can be laid in comparatively even courses, and the stones are of nearly equal sizes throughout. Figure Eleven, an alteration by Charles Barton Keen, shows the prototype of all this Pennsylvania work embodied in the original kind of field-stone masonry found in the old Penn house.

Field stone used in conjunction with cut stone is shown in its last stage as a rough material, in Figures Twelve and Thirteen, also designed by Charles Barton Keen. Here it is both shaped and surfaced to conform with the more formal parts of the work, and though it still retains much picturesque quality of texture and color, and affords interest and variety in jointing, it is far removed from its primitive origin as shown in Figure Two. In this case it almost comes into the class of cut stone.

The illustrations in this article indicate the varied character in field-stone work, from the most informal to the most formal, and also show the results obtained from the use of field stone in all forms, from the natural to the most artificial state.

ANOTHER consideration in this type of architecture is the kind of mortar joints to be used,—their effects and their uses. The accompanying diagram shows the three most common types of mortar joint. The first, the raked joint, is most suited to masonry in which it is desirable to come as close to nature as possible, as in Figure Two, or in a wall which is intended to resemble a dry wall. In work where the depth to which the mortar is raked out is optional, it is best to color the mortar to match the stone, as the entire idea of this type of joint is to make it as inconspicuous as possible. The outline of the stones is shown by their shadow, and not by the contrasting color of the mortar.

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A SECTIONAL DETAIL OF THREE TYPES OF MORTAR JOINT

In the flush joint, which may be even with either the highest or the lowest exposed surfaces of the stone, white mortar is most effective, giving as it does the semblance of a pattern. In Figures Six, Seven, Nine and Ten the flush joints are all intended to show brilliant white, forming varied and interesting outlines. Occasionally, where a homogeneous texture is required, the mortar in a flush joint may be colored to match the stone. The joints shown in Figure Four are very full, and in work of this sort the texture of the mortar is quite as important as the texture of the stone.

The pointed joint is the most finished type and should only be used in the most formal field-stone work, as illustrated in Figures Twelve and Thirteen. Here the joint is very definitely outlined and carefully troweled into an outstanding rib which gives the whole wall a distinctly formal and finished appearance. This type of joint may be colored or not, depending upon whether it is intended to be conspicuous or unobtrusive.

There should be no difficulty in securing the particular kind of field-stone work desired on a house, if the kinds of stone and joint suited to the work are definitely settled upon. Workmen of reasonable intelligence, if shown a photograph of the type of stonework wanted, or given a practical demonstration on the wall itself, will be enabled to grasp the idea and carry it out. Masons are skilled laborers, and are usually familiar with the varied methods of laying up field stone suited to different types of architecture. Effective building in field stone is not a matter of chance. It is as old and as definite as the art of building itself, and if planned with knowledge and interest is full of picturesque possibilities. Field-stone houses never lose their friendly charm, their sense of intimate kinship with their surroundings, and nothing can be more permanent than the stone that is taken from the fields and from the hillsides in order to provide friendly shelter from nature's forces.

THE WHITE EGRETS AND THE MILLINERY TRADE: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON, SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES



Exactly twelve-thirty-two o'clock, the elaborate paneled doors of a Manhattan church swung open as if by the sudden burst of the postlude from the great organ within. A man in an upper window across the street laid down his paper and casually directed his gaze toward the decorous stream of human life that flowed outward under the gray November skies. It was Thanksgiving Day, but for some reason which he doubtless considered sufficient, he had not sought a house of devotion as did many of his worthy neighbors. Yet he was not a thoughtless person, or devoid of appreciation of those things which count for most in life; otherwise his glance would probably have rested only a moment on the figure of a stout, directoire-gowned lady, whose tightly clasped prayerbook spoke aloud her undeniable piety. It was her hat which caught his attention. A large cluster of long white airy plumes slanted backward from it, at the most approved and fashionable angle, and grandly did they wave as she shook hands with the minister who was now stationed at the doorway.

These feathers were aigrettes, purchased at a price sufficient to have given a two months' outing to many a hard-working woman and her family. The lady was complacently proud of her plumes as she was of her sealskin coat and her Pomeranian wasp waiting at the curb in her limousine. Probably there were those present who greatly admired this magnificent feather decoration, but not so the man in the window—at least I gathered as much the next morning when he told me about it and vowed that some women of fashion cared nothing for the suffering which the gathering of their adornments entailed, if only they might appear attractive in the eyes of others as criminally thoughtless as themselves. This was perhaps too severe an indictment, for the lady probably had no knowledge of the conditions under which the feathers were originally taken. Yet it is a fact that by wearing them, she was encouraging one of the most cruel enterprises existing in the world today.

Years ago, as a boy in Florida, the writer had abundant opportunity to observe the methods employed by the agents of the New York millinery houses in collecting aigrettes, which are the nuptial plumes of the white egrets of the Southern swamp lands. As a rare treat, I was permitted to accept the invitation extended by a squirrel hunter to accompany him to the nesting haunts of a colony of these

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birds. Away we went in the gray dawn of a summer morning through the pine barrens of Southern Florida until the heavy swamps of Horse Hammock were reached. I remember following with intense interest the descriptions given by my companion of how these birds with magnificent snowy plumage would come flying in over the dark forest high in air and then volplane to the little pond where, in the heavily massed bushes, their nests were thickly clustered. With vivid distinctness he imitated the cackling notes of the old birds as they settled on their nests and the shrill cries of the little ones, as on unsteady legs, they reached upward for their food.

Keen indeed was the disappointment that awaited me. With great care we approached the spot and with caution worked our way to the very edge of the pond. For many minutes we waited but no life was visible about the buttonwood bushes which held the nests, no old birds like fragments of fleecy clouds came floating in over the dark canopy of cypress trees. My companion, wise in the ways of hunters, as well as the habits of birds, suspected something was wrong and presently we found nearby the body of an egret lying on the ground, its back, from which the skin bearing the fatal aigrettes had been torn, raw and bleeding. A little farther along we came to the remains of a second and then a third and still farther on, a fourth. As we approached, we were warned of the proximity of each ghastly spectacle by the hideous buzzing of green flies swarming over the lifeless forms of the poor mother birds.

At one place, beneath a small palmetto bush, we found the body of an egret which the hunters had overlooked. Falling to the ground sorely wounded, it escaped its enemies by crawling to this hiding place. Its attitude spoke plainly of the suffering which it had endured. The ground was bare, where in its death agonies it had beaten the earth with its wings. The feathers on the head and neck were raised and the bill was buried among the blood-clotted feathers of its breast. On the higher ground, we discovered some straw and the embers of a camp-fire, giving evidence of the recent presence of the plume hunters. Examination of the nests over the pond revealed numerous young, many of which were now past suffering, others, however, were still alive and were faintly calling for food which the dead parents could never bring. Later inquiry developed the fact that the plumes taken from the backs of these parent birds were shipped to one of the large millinery houses in New York, where in due time they were placed on the market as "aigrettes," and of course subsequently purchased and worn by fashionable women, as well as by young and old women of moderate incomes, who sacrifice much for this millinery luxury.]

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THERE were at that time to be found in Florida many hundreds of colonies of these beautiful birds, but their feathers commanded a large price and offered a most tempting inducement for local hunters to shoot them. Many of the men of the region were exceedingly poor and the rich harvest which awaited them was exceedingly inviting. At that time gunners received from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a quarter for the scalp of each bird, which ordinarily contained forty or more plume feathers. These birds were not confined to Florida but in the breeding season were to be found in swampy regions of the Atlantic Coast as far north as New Jersey, some were even discovered carrying sticks for their nests on Long Island.

Civilized nations today decry any method of warfare which results in the killing of women and children, but the story of the egret trade deals with the slaughter of innocence by the slow process of starvation, a method which history shows has never been followed by even the most savage race of men dealing with their most hated enemies. This war of extermination which was carried forward unchecked for years could mean but one thing, namely, the rapid disappearance of the egrets in the United States. As nesting birds, they have disappeared from New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia and also those States of the Mississippi Valley, where they were at one time to be found in great numbers.

One of the most potent influences which originally led to the formation of the Audubon societies was this unspeakable, barbarous war of extirpation, which is being waged against the magnificent egrets.

Within the past two decades, the Audubon Law, extending protection to these and other non-game birds, has been enacted in every State in the Union where the egret existed. This was necessarily the first step toward saving the birds. Such laws, however, were soon found to be inadequate, for in many of the Southern States no provision had been made for the establishment and maintenance of a game warden force and the ordinary local officers of the law did not feel called upon to prosecute their friends and neighbors for breaking the bird or game laws. If, therefore, the remnant of the egrets of this country were to be spared, it became evident that special agents must be employed to guard their breeding grounds, as this seemed to offer the best opportunity for accomplishing definite results.

The birds are killed only in the nesting season, for the reason that it is only in the spring and early summer that they are adorned with plumes. They are exceedingly wary at all times and difficult to approach, so in order to secure the desired product, it is the custom

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of the plume hunters to visit the nesting colonies where the birds, loath to leave their young, are easily shot.

THE Audubon Society early employed wardens to guard some of these places. One of the largest rookeries existing a few years ago was Cuthbert Rookery, near the south end of the main land of Florida. A swift launch was purchased and a trustworthy agent, who was a man of integrity and undeniable courage, placed in it to protect these birds. The people of the country round about were notified that it was illegal to kill egrets and that a warden was stationed near the colony to see that the law was enforced. The killing of birds was immediately stopped and it was thought for a time that this colony might be saved. Then one day a telegram came which stated that the Warden, Guy Bradley, had been shot by plume hunters and the boat bearing his body set adrift. The financial inducements for feathers held out by Northern millinery dealers had been too strong. The warden out of the way, the colony left without a guard was utterly wiped out of existence. The Audubon workers at once raised a fund to prosecute the slayer of their agent. The only witnesses to the killing were the son of the man who had fired the fatal shot and his partner, and the trial resulted in an acquittal.

The man in the window that Thanksgiving morning knew of this and when he looked at the plumes of the lady coming out of the church, in his imagination he saw back of them the starving young birds in their nest somewhere in the Southern swamps which perished in order that she might decorate herself with their mother's plumes. He could see, too, the bloated body of Guy Bradley floating in the Audubon patrol boat two days beneath the tropic sun, and the widow, on the lonely coral key, with her two babies left to face the world alone.

Yes, my fine lady, this is the price that has been paid for the aigrette plumes you wear, and there are today many thousands of the best people of the country who do not admire the feathers on your hat but entertain a sickening feeling of disgust that there should exist in the world people who are so shallow and foolish as unblushingly to flaunt aloft this unmistakable white badge of cruelty.

The killing of one of their agents did not stop the Audubon workers in their efforts to preserve the egrets. The sacrifice of this life, however, emphasized one point strongly and that was that there were many women in the country who would buy aigrettes as long as they were to be found on the market, and that there were men who would display these feathers in their shop windows as long as they were permitted to sell them.

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Clearly the way to meet this difficulty was to secure laws which would prohibit the sale. At a large expense and an immense amount of labor, the Society secured the passage of a law in Louisiana prohibiting the sale of feathers of native birds, which of course, included the white egrets. It was not long before a similar statute was secured in Missouri. Massachusetts quickly fell into line and similar bills were enacted in Oregon and California.

THE greatest battle, however, against the marketing of these feathers has been waged in New York State. For four years in succession the Audubon Bill was introduced in the Legislature and referred to a committee for consideration and for four years these committees did not even permit the bill to come to a vote in either House of the Legislature. But the efforts of the workers who were interested in the preservation of the wild life of America at length bore fruit, for the constant agitation and the campaign of publicity at length aroused such a feeling of resentment in the State that the members of the Legislature at Albany became impressed that the Audubon Plumage Bill must be given consideration. The battles which followed in the Legislative Halls of the State Capitol will long be remembered by those whose hearts are set on preserving the birds of this country.

It was stated that fifteen millions of dollars were invested in the millinery interests of New York City alone. These interests were represented at Albany by paid attorneys and lobbyists. On one occasion a solid carload of milliners went from New York to Albany to fight this measure, but public sentiment was too strong for them. The Audubon workers had called to their aid the various Bird and Game Protective Organizations of the State, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the Granges and hundreds of individual workers. The milliners sought to mislead the public by publishing statements to the effect that the aigrettes used in the trade were picked up on the ground about the large breeding places in South America and that the birds were not really killed for their feathers. This statement was indignantly denied by every American naturalist to whose attention the subject was drawn. Paid agents of the feather dealers even told these fairy tales to the members of the Legislative Committee having the bill in charge, but there appeared at one of these hearings a man who had for nine years been engaged in collecting aigrettes in Venezuela for the New York millinery houses, and his sworn confession presented to all the members of the Legislature was of such a character that the statements it contained could not be refuted. This man, Mr. A. H. Meyer, who lives on Staten Island, New York, stated in his affidavit:

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"My attention has been called to the fact that certain commercial interests in this city are circulating stories in the newspapers and elsewhere to the effect that the aigrettes used in the millinery trade come chiefly from Venezuela, where they are gathered from the ground in the large *garceros*, or breeding colonies, of white herons.

"I wish to state that I have personally engaged in the work of collecting the plumes of these birds in Venezuela. This was my business for the years eighteen hundred and ninety-six to nineteen hundred and five, inclusive. I am thoroughly conversant with the methods employed in gathering egret and snowy heron plumes in Venezuela, and I wish to give the following statement regarding the practices employed in procuring these feathers:

"The birds gather in large colonies to rear their young. They have the plumes only during the mating and nesting season. After the period when they are employed in caring for their young, it is found that the plumes are virtually of no commercial value, because of the worn and frayed condition to which they have been reduced. It is the custom in Venezuela to shoot the birds while the young are in the nests. A few feathers of the large white heron (American egret), known as the *Garza blanca*, can be picked up of a morning about their breeding places, but these are of small value and are known as 'dead feathers.' They are worth locally not over three dollars an ounce, while the feathers taken from the bird, known as 'live feathers,' are worth fifteen dollars an ounce.

"My work led me into every part of Venezuela and Colombia where these birds are to be found, and I have never yet found or heard of any *garceros* that were guarded for the purpose of simply gathering the feathers from the ground. No such condition exists in Venezuela. The story is absolutely without foundation, in my opinion, and has simply been put forward for commercial purposes. The natives of the country, who do virtually all of the hunting for feathers, are not provident, and their practices are of a most cruel and brutal nature. I have seen them frequently pull the plumes from wounded birds, leaving the crippled birds to die of starvation, unable to respond to the cries of their young in the nests above. I have known these people to tie and prop up wounded egrets on the marsh where they would attract the attention of other birds flying by. These decoys they keep in this position until they die of their wounds or from the attacks of insects. I have seen the terrible red ants of that country actually eating out the eyes of these wounded, helpless birds that were tied up by the plume hunters.

"To illustrate the comparatively small number of dead feathers which are collected, I will mention that in one year I and my asso-

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ciates shipped to New York eighty pounds of the plumes of the large heron and twelve pounds of the little curved plumes of the snowy heron. In this whole lot there were not over five pounds of plumes that had been gathered from the ground—and these were of little value. The plume birds have been nearly exterminated in the United States and Mexico and the same condition of affairs will soon exist in tropical America. This extermination will result from leaving the young to starve in the nest when the old birds are killed, any other statement made by interested parties to the contrary notwithstanding.”

ON May seventh, nineteen hundred and ten, Governor Hughes signed the New York Plumage Bill after it had passed the Legislature by an overwhelming vote. This statute prohibited the sale of the feathers of any species of protected bird native to New York State, or any bird belonging to the same family of birds found in the State.

The milliners were given until July first, nineteen hundred and eleven, to dispose of the stock they had on hand. These feather merchants, however, were slow to admit their defeat. They sought, without avail, at the next session of the Legislature to have the law repealed. They appealed to the Courts for an injunction to prohibit the State officially from enforcing the law, but at every turn they have been met by an earnest force of men and women who are determined that the enactment shall be upheld and that this nefarious traffic shall never again rest as a stain on the people of New York.

Realizing that when the law should go into effect and the egret business ended in the great metropolis the milliners would probably remove their stock across the river and go merrily ahead plying their trade in New Jersey, a similar bill was introduced in that State and despite the utmost efforts of the milliners, New Jersey lined itself up with New York. But certain of the feather dealers who have grown rich at the expense of slaughtered birds are not even yet willing to give up their lucrative business, for today these plumes are actually worth twice their weight in gold. Within the past few months some of the firms whose business was destroyed by the New York law have opened stores in Philadelphia. Attractive catalogues have been issued which are being circulated widely in New York City in an endeavor to build up a mail order business from a State which still permits the sale of egret feathers.

The efforts for the preservation of these birds are now being pushed with greater vigor than ever before. During the spring of nineteen hundred and eleven, the agents of the National Association

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of Audubon Societies had extended protection to twelve colonies of white egrets. These are located in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Louisiana. At these places there assembled last year about twenty-five hundred specimens of the large American egrets and perhaps six hundred of the small snowy egrets. The present season six additional colonies have been found and are now being protected. And this is not all—the year nineteen hundred and thirteen will see heroic efforts being made to prohibit by legislative enactment, the barbaric display of aigrettes in the shop windows of the few large cities of the United States wherein the sale is still legalized.

THE HOMESTEADER.

MOTHER England, I am coming, cease your calling for a season,
For the plains of wheat need reaping and the thrasher's at
the door.

All these long years I have loved you, but you cannot call it treason
If I loved my shack of shingles and my little baby more.

Now my family have departed (for the good Lord took them early)
And I turn to thee, O England, as a son that seeks his home.
Now younger folk may plough and plant the plains I love so dearly,
Whose acres stretch too wide for feet that can no longer roam.

If the western skies are bluer and the western snows are whiter,
And the flowers of the prairie-lands are bright and honey-sweet;
'Tis the scent of English primrose makes my weary heart beat lighter,
As I count the days that part me from your little cobble street.

For the last time come the reapers (you can hear the knives ring cheery
As they pitch the bearded barley in a thousand tents of gold);
For I see the cliffs of Devon bulking dark beyond the prairie,
And hear the sky-larks calling to a heart that's growing old.

When the chaff-piles cease their burning and the frost is closing over
All the barren leagues of stubble that my lonely feet have passed,
I shall spike the door and journey towards the channel lights of Dover,
That England may receive my bones and bury them at last!

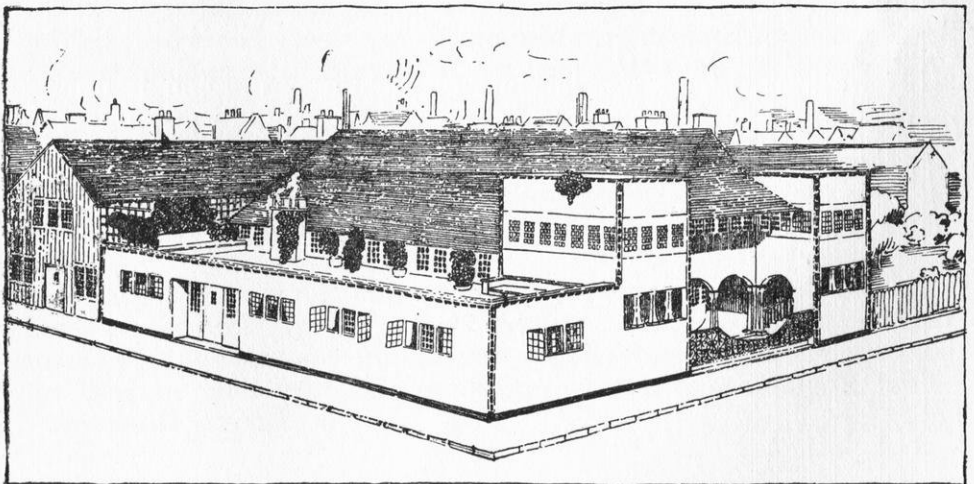
LLOYD ROBERTS.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY-SIX



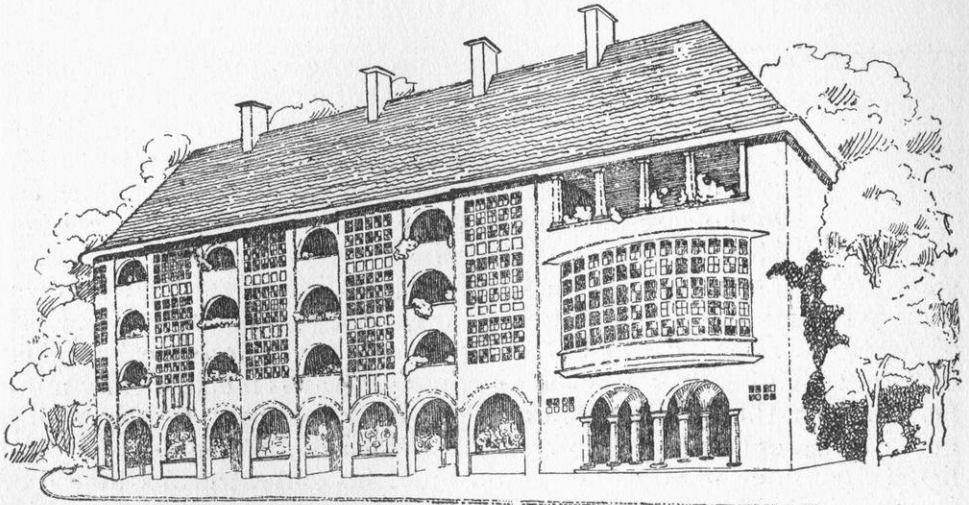
HAVE several times used the expression "a living art" and it is possible that the exact meaning I want to convey by this phrase is not quite plain. This meaning is clearly defined in Mr. Russell Sturgis' delightful book "How to Judge Architecture," where he carefully differentiates between architecture when it was a living art and that developed out of present conditions. He points out that the art of shipbuilding is alive, even though it might be contended that a dreadnought is inferior as a work of art to an Elizabethan battleship, and might therefore be called decadent. But so long as each new man-of-war is mechanically more perfect than the last, and more effective for its purpose, it is hardly possible to suppose it a product of a dead art. If the designer had first to consider whether he should build his ship after a Chinese or Greek or Elizabethan model, it would clearly indicate that shipbuilding is no longer a living art.

Mr. Sturgis further deplores the confusing similarity of "decadent" and "decaying" and the misconceptions resulting from their mere likeness in sound, and shows that decadent art is not necessarily or even generally decaying art. In the most admirable way he demonstrates that the decadent period in each successive style of architecture began when the essential principles of its construction were lost sight of. For instance, Greek architecture became decadent when the lintel began to be made of small stones; Gothic became decadent when ribs were cut decoratively in the under surface of the vault



WORKING GIRLS' CLUB, DESIGNED FOR A SITE IN A "POOR" PART OF MANCHESTER.

DEMOCRACY'S INFLUENCE UPON ARCHITECTURE

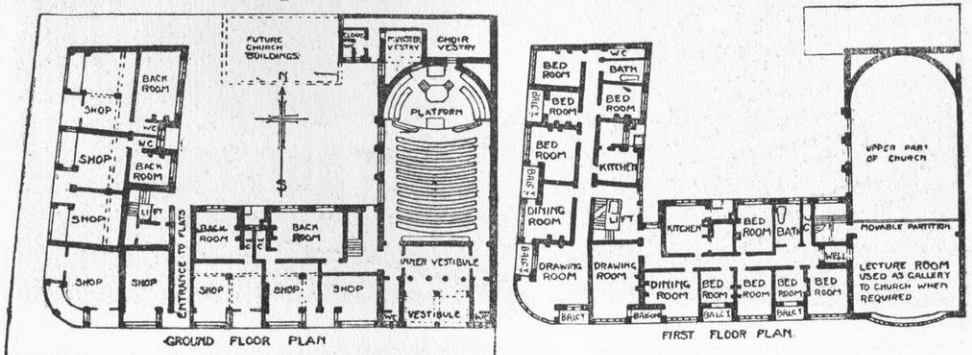


NON-CONFORMIST CHURCH, LECTURE HALL, SHOPS AND FLATS, DESIGNED FOR A SITE AT BEXHILL-ON-SEA, SUSSEX.

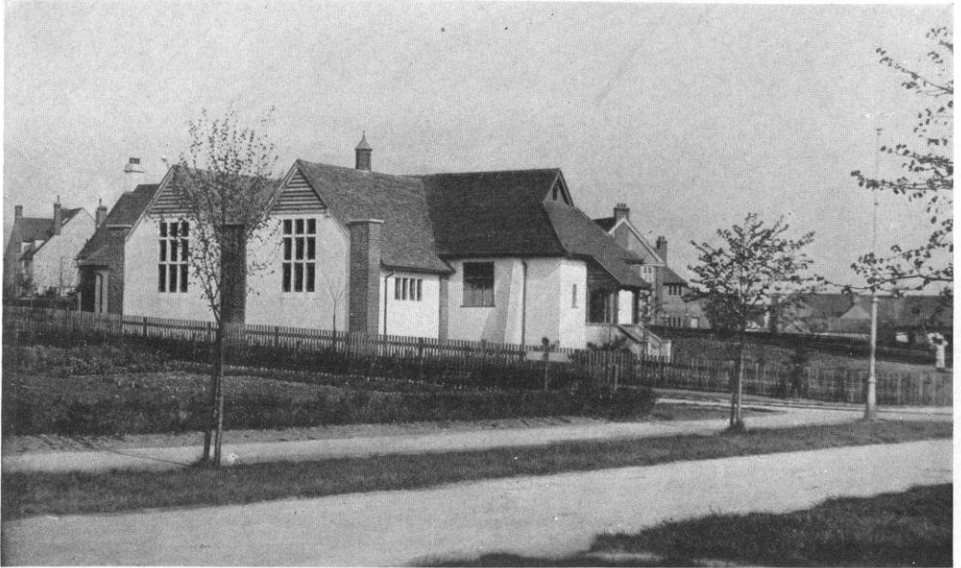
instead of remaining its vital supports; Renaissance became decadent when columns began to be mere decorations laid on the surface of the walls, instead of being the staunch supports from which the arches sprang to carry the weight of the superstructure and transmit it to the columns.

We may copy Greek architecture or reproduce perfect Georgian houses or the Gothic form and detail of the village church, but none of these will live again because we cannot revive the spirit of the ages to which they belong—the mythology of the ancients, the religious fervor of the Middle Ages—without which we cannot regain the vital expression of these creations.

If we are to have a living art of architecture again it must be founded on as vital principles as animated these old forms, and spring



PLANS OF CHURCH, LECTURE HALL, SHOPS AND FLATS DESIGNED FOR A SITE AT BEXHILL-ON-SEA, SUSSEX.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

THE FREE CHURCH HALL AT LETCHWORTH, SHOWING THE EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS, BOTH OF WHICH HAVE BEEN INFLUENCED BY A DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY IN BUILDING.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

THE SKITTLES INN, AN ENGLISH PUBLIC HOUSE WHERE NO ALCOHOL IS SERVED: A PRACTICAL AND PICTURESQUE MODERN BUILDING.
THE COZY LOUNGING ROOM AT THE INN, SHOWING FIREPLACE AND BAR.



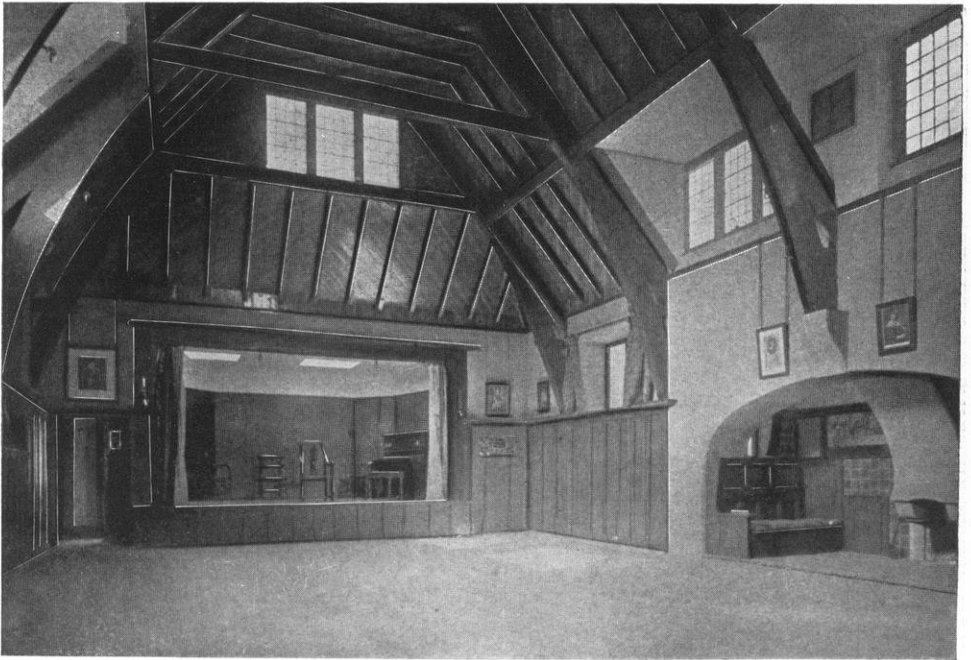
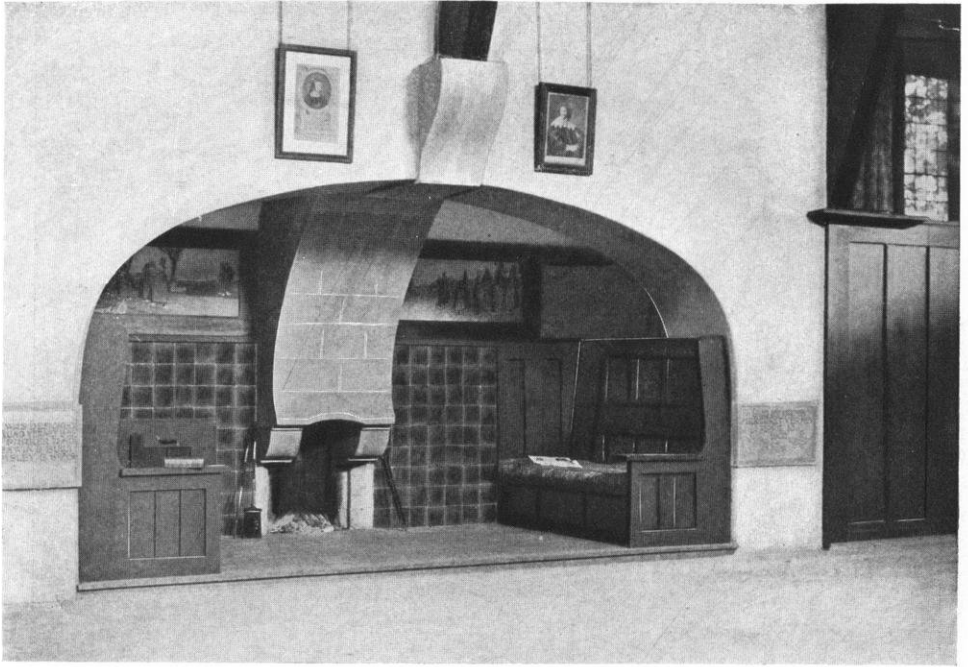
Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

BILLIARD ROOM IN VILLAGE HALL AT CROFT, NEAR LEICESTER, ENGLAND, ONE OF THE NEW ATTRACTIVE ENGLISH PUBLIC HALLS. PICTURESQUELY FITTED UP LECTURE ROOM IN THE CROFT VILLAGE HALL.

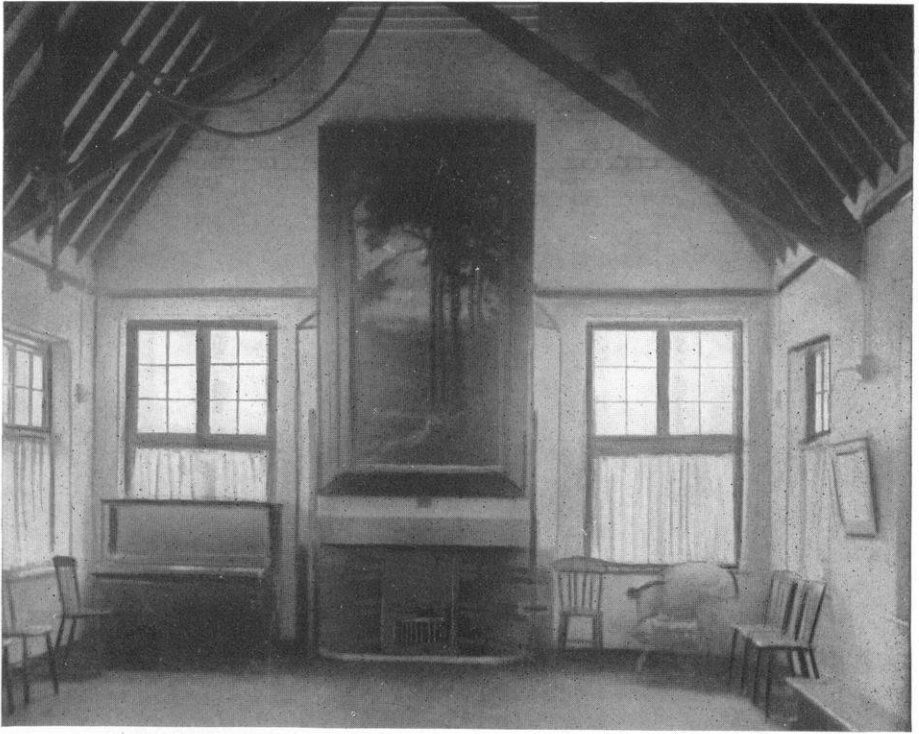


Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

TWO INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE MRS. HOWARD MEMORIAL HALL AT LETCHWORTH, DERBYSHIRE, SHOWING CHARMING ARRANGEMENTS FOR GOOD CHEER AND COMFORT.



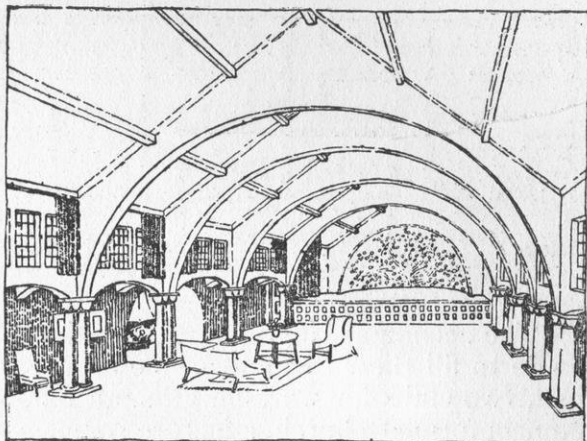
TWO VIEWS OF VILLAGE HALL AT STEEPLE CLAYDON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, THE LOWER ONE SHOWING THE RAISED ROOF AND PLATFORM AND THE UPPER ONE THE CHARMING FIREPLACE WITH COZY SIDE SEATS.



TWO PICTURES OF WORKING GIRLS' CLUB AT LETCHWORTH, SHOWING DETAILS OF FIREPLACE AND WINDOW SEATS AT ONE END OF THE CLUBROOM AND FIREPLACE AND COZY CORNERS AT THE OTHER.

DEMOCRACY'S INFLUENCE UPON ARCHITECTURE

as inevitably from sincerity, for this is the only basis of what we call originality. It must express the *spirit of the times as its fundamental reason for existence*, though it must do much more than this to become art. The expression of something vital is not enough in itself, any more than the happy arrangement of vistas and terminal features, symmetry and propor-



HALL IN WORKING GIRLS' CLUB IN MANCHESTER.

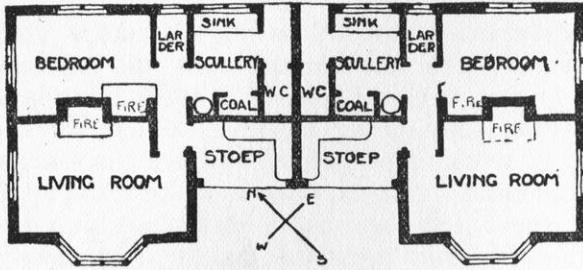
tion, all the architect's stock in trade, constitute art in architecture. Nineteenth-century art expressed unmistakably the materialism and the mechanical and commercial progress that characterized it, and it was at as low an ebb as art has ever fallen.

The most vital force in our time seems to be the awakening spirit of democracy, and out of this larger social evolution there are smaller movements, parts or phases of its growth, which are influencing the reconstruction of old forces everywhere to meet its new needs, and it may be that the living art we hope for will embody this spirit.

As an instance, the promptings of this democracy have influenced legislation in England to bring about the Old Age Pensions Act, which enables the aged poor to keep their little homes together instead of being forced, as heretofore, to enter the workhouse or shelter with relatives. This humanitarian law reacting on architecture has created a demand for very small cottages suited to the means and requirements of such people. So far this need has been most inadequately met, and it offers an opportunity for the investment of capital in the erection of very small dwellings somewhat on the lines illustrated here in the cottage homes, which would give just the accommodation needed, but in much more comfortable and attractive form than has been afforded in the past. Planned in small quadrangles, these cottages would give pleasant surroundings and the opportunity for private and quiet enjoyment in declining days.

Democracy's demand for a fuller and more balanced life is further evidenced in the newer architecture in many village communities, where halls for recreation and lectures, and various institutes and clubhouses, are being built to meet the new conditions of social development. These buildings are no longer the bare dismal

DEMOCRACY'S INFLUENCE UPON ARCHITECTURE

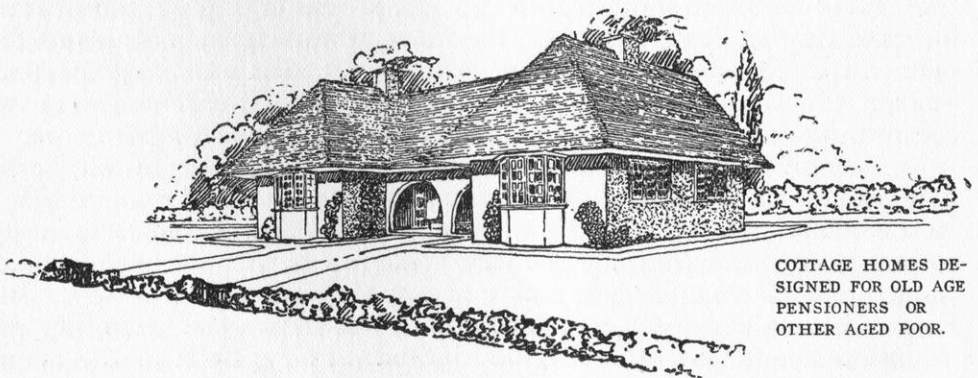


FLOOR PLAN OF SMALL COTTAGE FOR "OLD AGE PENSIONERS."

places that a century ago expressed the democracy's tentative strivings toward ideals, but have grown with its development until now they formulate the higher standards of thought and comfortable living that are significant of advancing conditions.

The accompanying illustrations give a few examples of the efforts made to fill these demands—one or two village halls, a Free Church hall, two clubs for working girls, an inn, and a building containing a Nonconformist church, a lecture room, a shop and flats. The inn is designed to give to the workman and his family all that the village inn of the past has given, the comfortable environment that affords opportunity for a social meeting place, robbed however of the alcoholic drinks that have deteriorated its influence. These examples but show the trend toward reasonable fulfilment of everyday needs, that may point the way to a living art in architecture again.

It rests partly with the architect but even more with the people to infuse this spirit of democracy into their buildings. The former can help to establish sane and beautiful standards in the planning and construction of houses and public buildings by using his skill for the fulfilment of genuine individual and social needs; but democratic architecture will only be fully realized when the mass of the people take an intelligent interest in these problems and insist upon their dwellings being the sincere expression of their own ideals.



COTTAGE HOMES DESIGNED FOR OLD AGE PENSIONERS OR OTHER AGED POOR.

WHERE A LITTLE PATERNALISM WOULD PAY: BY THE EDITOR



SINCE the institution of postal savings banks a little more than a year ago, the Government has received for safe-keeping something like fifty million dollars, this considerable total being made up chiefly of the small savings of working people with whom the margin between income and living expense is of the narrowest. This money, on which the postal banks pay two per cent. interest, is redeposited in national and State banks at two and a quarter per cent. When the expense of operation is deducted from this quarter of one per cent. it becomes abundantly clear that the Government has not approached the proposition in any get-rich-quick spirit. In fact, when we consider that the banks which are the final depositories of these funds lend money at not less than six per cent., we cannot help wondering whether Uncle Sam is doing as well by himself in this matter as he might. For instance, why should not the postal funds be utilized toward solving that insistent and far-reaching problem presented by the growing congestion of our cities on the one hand and the decay of country life on the other?

We all know that our population is increasing faster than our crops, that consumption is outrunning production and that the price of food and clothing is climbing mercilessly upward year after year. Figures compiled by *Bradstreet's* show that the cost of living has advanced ten per cent. in the last year. And on every side we are beginning to ask, with something like consternation, "What are we going to do about it?" Part of the solution, of course, lies in the direction of more and better farming. But even after our present farmers have wakened to the necessity of intensive agriculture and their ranks have been liberally recruited from other callings, there will remain the problem of the millions who are neither adapted by temperament or training to a purely agricultural life, nor contented that their children should grow up under the cramping conditions imposed by the city. For these the most promising outlook seems to open up in the direction of the garden city idea and its variants, among which I would especially emphasize the small coöperative community whose members combine handicrafts with agriculture.

In the first place the idea has already been sufficiently tested, both here and in Europe, to prove its practicability on the economic side. In the second, it offers, as it were, reform without revolution, a turning to the good things that the country holds for us without repudiating those benefits that are peculiarly the contribution of the city. In England the Garden City of Letchworth has shown the feasibility of an independent and self-contained industrial city, built in the open

WHERE A LITTLE PATERNALISM WOULD PAY

country, and having room among its industries for agriculture, while the Hempstead Garden Suburb has proved that conditions no less ideal can be achieved on the edge of a great city like London.

I WOULD not suggest, of course, any such extreme of paternalism as that the Government should itself organize, or even subsidize, such communities, although I am convinced that the movement is destined to prove an asset of almost inestimable value to the nation as a whole. It seems to me, however, that to stimulate and foster this movement by lending money on easy terms to responsible companies organized for the furtherance of it would lie well within the legitimate field of Federal activity. If the postal-bank funds were thus used, they could be helping directly the very class whose savings they represent, and at the same time the Government would be getting something more than the quarter of one per cent. that it gets under the present arrangement. Without stopping to go into details as to security, methods of organization, etc., I would merely emphasize here the fact that Uncle Sam could ask for no safer investment than one which increases production while reducing the cost of living, and tends to make of men healthier and therefore better citizens. It has been said that when every man makes use of his own backyard the cost of living will be reduced. But many of us, under present conditions, cannot lay claim even to a backyard.

France and Germany make provision for loans to farmers at moderate rates of interest, realizing that to stimulate agricultural activity means increased prosperity to all industries. These societies of farmers issue bonds on as favorable terms as public-service corporations. German land-mortgage bonds issued by the coöperative land-mortgage banks, vie with Government bonds in stability and marketability. Here we have no such loan provisions for the small farmer, who finds it more difficult than almost any other class of borrower to get "cheap money" when he most needs it. Fortunately, however, a bill is now before Congress to provide for a national commission on farm finance, and it seems probable that this defect will soon be remedied. Perhaps it would not be amiss if at the same time the proposed commission included in its investigations the question of financing the garden-city and garden-village movement.

The place and importance of this movement in the gradual process of social and industrial reorganization have been repeatedly dwelt upon in *THE CRAFTSMAN*. We have pointed out that while the city gives high wages, social opportunity and a wide range of interests and amusements, at best we have to balance against these advantages high rents, high prices and that cutting away from direct contact with

WHERE A LITTLE PATERNALISM WOULD PAY

nature, the cost of which is ultimately levied against the race. At worst, we find on the debit side conditions of increasing economic pressure which for a large proportion of city dwellers are rapidly becoming unbearable. It is this, rather than any sentimental consideration, which gives vitality to the "back-to-the-land" movement. The country, under present conditions, offers low rents, the bounties and beauties of nature, low wages, long hours, and a dearth of social life and public spirit. The garden city, on the other hand, affords the benefits of both town and country, and the drawbacks of neither. These benefits have been catalogued as follows by an enthusiastic French writer on the garden-city movement: Beauty of nature, social opportunity, easy access to fields and parks, low rents, high wages, low prices, plenty to do, field for enterprise, flow of capital, pure air and water, bright homes and gardens, no slums, freedom, coöperation. Not least important in the count is this item, coöperation, since no reform can go far unless the people themselves have a hand in it.

This garden-city phase of the back-to-the-land movement is one which promises to bear fruit increasingly in the future. "The care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman," said Lord Beaconsfield, and Herbert Spencer has made the same point in his statement that "to be a nation of good animals is the first condition of national prosperity."

To recapitulate briefly, then, my reasons for feeling that the Federal Government should take cognizance of this coöperative garden community movement, and for suggesting that such funds as those created by the postal savings banks might profitably be used to promote and stimulate it.—To begin with, the movement is in line with the best progressive tendencies of an age when politics, science and religion are joining hands for social justice, social hygiene and an awakened social imagination. It takes into consideration the right of our children to grow up under conditions which will teach them the use of their hands as well as their brains, and which will develop in them sane aspirations and a true sense of values. It nourishes the communal spirit without which a democracy cannot live. It tends to increase production, thereby reducing the cost of living. As to the propriety of utilizing Government funds in such a way, it can be shown that the investment could be made absolutely secure, that the immediate profit to the Government would be greater than under the present arrangement, that the indirect return to the nation might be almost incalculable, and that the very classes which originally supplied the funds would be among the direct beneficiaries of the movement.



A CRAFTSMAN STONE HOUSE AND A SHINGLE BUNGALOW DESIGNED FOR REAL HOME COMFORT AND OUTDOOR LIVING

THE essentials of a Craftsman house are always the same. In every design that we have ever made it has been our purpose to make possible real home comfort, a certain amount of outdoor life, economy of structure with convenience for housewife or maid. We believe that these things are absolutely necessary for right living, and that when they are *fully* attained we will have accomplished the building of the house of the democrat.

In these two houses which we are showing this month we feel that we come more nearly to our ideal than in any dwellings we have published in some time. For that reason we are showing two views of each house, the front and rear view. We want those of our readers who are really interested in Craftsman architecture to realize how thoughtfully the whole structure is planned and developed. We feel that if there is any preference to be given that perhaps the rear views of our houses are often more friendly and homelike than the front elevations. And this is what we are really seeking to accomplish, because in most moderate-sized homes the real family life goes on to a great extent in the back part of the house. Where a woman does her own work it is the dining room and the kitchen and the back porch that furnish the environment for most of the hours of nearly all the days of her life. We want not only for this reason that the rear of the house should be attractive, but we have felt from the very beginning of our building that a house should be a complete structure, that

the construction of every part of it should be harmonious and well related; that there should be no splendid front elevation tapering off to sordidness and lack of taste at the back. The house of the democrat should be a well-built house throughout, equally beautiful at every angle, and always with the comfort and the happiness and the taste of the family the first consideration.

In addition to the construction of the houses, we feel that the growing demand for outdoor life should be the prime consideration in all Craftsman architecture. We want outdoor sleeping porches and living porches wherever it is possible to incorporate them in the floor plans. We seem to have come to regard our porches as connecting links between the garden and the house. They are the places that bring us near to the garden when we must still work or rest, and if we train vines over their pillars and bring flowers and plants within the railing, we have added infinite joy to the working hours or the resting hours of our busy lives. We also want our porches, when possible, so arranged that in the winter they become sun rooms. We feel that the time is rapidly passing away when in America we will longer use our houses to shield us from the real life, which must be the out-of-door life. And we know that there is no reason in the world why this life should not be lived in town and village and city as well as far out in the open rural districts. In fact, the city man needs the architect's help for outdoor life far more than the country man, whose very occupation must bring him the chance of life in the sun and wind that every man should covet.

As we have already said, we have especially tried in the designs for these two houses to bear in mind the needs of the present generation of American people. One of our houses this month is a moder-

HOUSES FOR INDOOR COMFORT AND OUTDOOR LIVING

ate-sized eight-room dwelling, suited for town, suburbs or country. The other is a less pretentious but no less homelike seven-room bungalow, a type that is adapted to all-year use in the suburbs, or to the mountains or the seashore.

The first house, No. 139, is intended to be built in a locality where field stone is plentiful. The chimneys are rough red brick and the roof may be shingle, slate or flat tile. The balcony as well as the large round columns and pergola roof of the front entrance porch are of wood, and the porch floors are cement. The field stone extends as a parapet around the broad corner porch at the rear, and stone piers capped with flower boxes support the balcony.

This roomy porch is one of the most attractive features of the house, for it can be used in summer as an outdoor living room, being sheltered by its balcony roof from the heat and open on two sides for refreshing breezes, as shown in the upper view of the rear of the house on page 441. In winter it may be closed in by a glass door and windows to make a sun room, as shown in the second illustration. And as an open fireplace has been provided there, one can readily imagine what a delightful and friendly spot it would be.

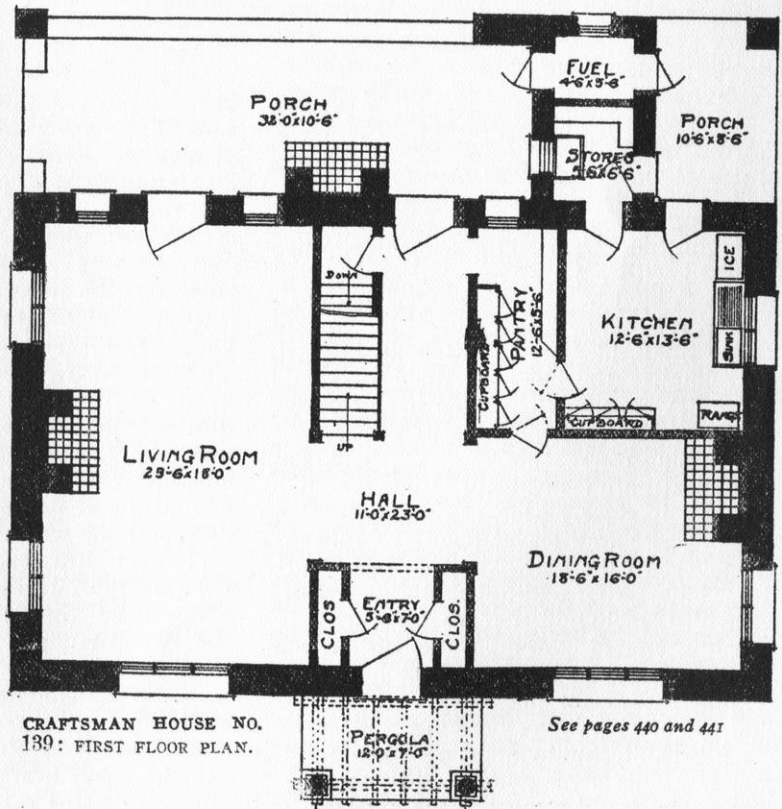
As to the balcony, we have not roofed it over because that would darken the bedroom that overlooks it; but if it is used for sleeping purposes in the warm months and some overhead shelter is desired, a temporary awning may be erected.

It may be noted also that if greater shelter is desired for the entrance porch than that afforded by the pergola beams, a hidden roof of boards could be placed directly beneath the beams, forming a practical protection from the weather and

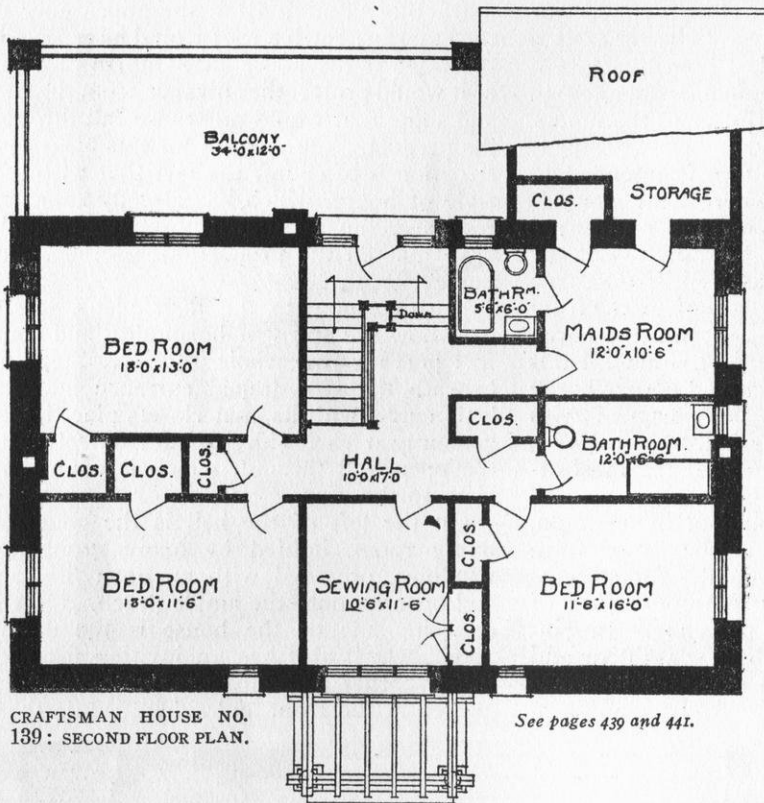
detracting nothing from the appearance of the exterior. Such a roof would be especially desirable if the house faced north or west, as it would protect the entrance from the rain and snow that would otherwise fall through the pergola. Our reason for this open construction is of course the fact that with this style of house, which has already sufficient roof area, an additional porch roof would have marred the proportions of the building.

Turning now to the floor plans, let us note how the spirit of hospitality and comfort pervades the whole interior. Stepping beneath the vine-draped entrance into the little entry, with its coat closets placed conveniently at each side, we find ourselves in the open hall through which is a pleasant vista to the rear.

On the left of the hall is the generous living room, lighted by many groups of windows, provided with an open fireplace and opening onto the ample porch. On the opposite side of the house is the dining room, which also has an inviting fireplace in one corner and windows overlooking the garden at the front and side. While these



HOUSES FOR INDOOR COMFORT AND OUTDOOR LIVING



with the picturesqueness of the stonework, the interest of the larger recessed porch and balcony, and the long, sloping lines of the roof, makes the back of the house unusually charming.

The stairway to the second story is interrupted pleasantly by a wide landing, with windows and a central glass door opening onto the balcony. From this landing three steps lead to the main upper hall. Here we find three bedrooms and a sewing room, all provided with closets, and there are also two closets in the hall. In addition to the large bathroom there is a smaller one communicating with the maid's room in the

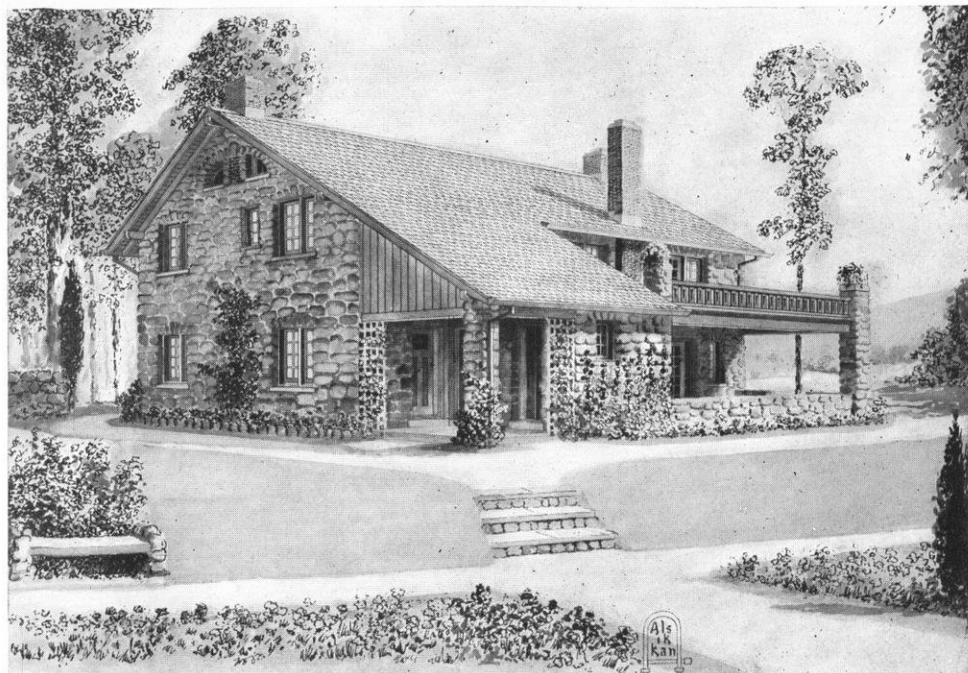
two rooms are sufficiently separated to allow a certain amount of privacy, there is nevertheless a sense of openness in the planning that is very satisfying.

Dining room and kitchen communicate by swinging doors through the pantry, which is fitted with a long cupboard and shelves and is lighted by a window overlooking the rear porch. The kitchen itself is comparatively small, like most Craftsman kitchens, to minimize the steps of maid or housewife. A cupboard is placed in one corner, the range in another where its flue can use the dining-room chimney; the sink and drainboard are beneath the window, and the ice box is close beside. The space along the opposite wall leaves plenty of room for a table. In the rear extension beneath the low-sloping roof additional storage room is provided, including a place for fuel. The small sheltered porch at the corner completes the service portion of the house, providing a pleasant place where many little household tasks may be done, and serving as a friendly outdoor sitting room for the maid. This arrangement adds, moreover, to the structural beauty of the exterior, and

rear. Extra storage space is provided beneath the roof above the first floor extension.

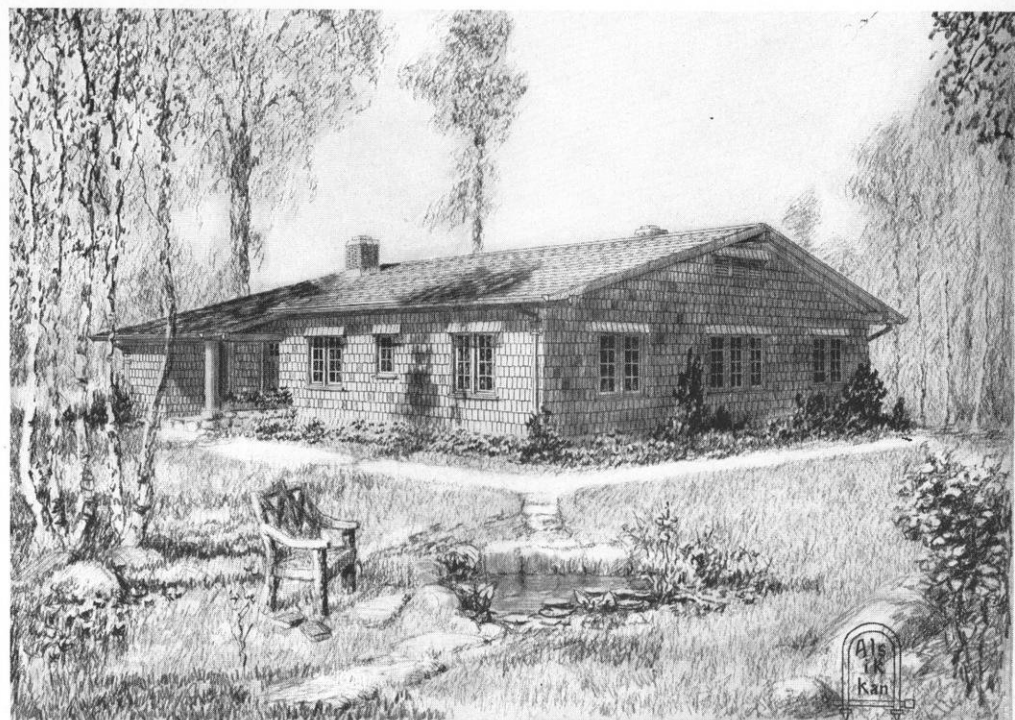
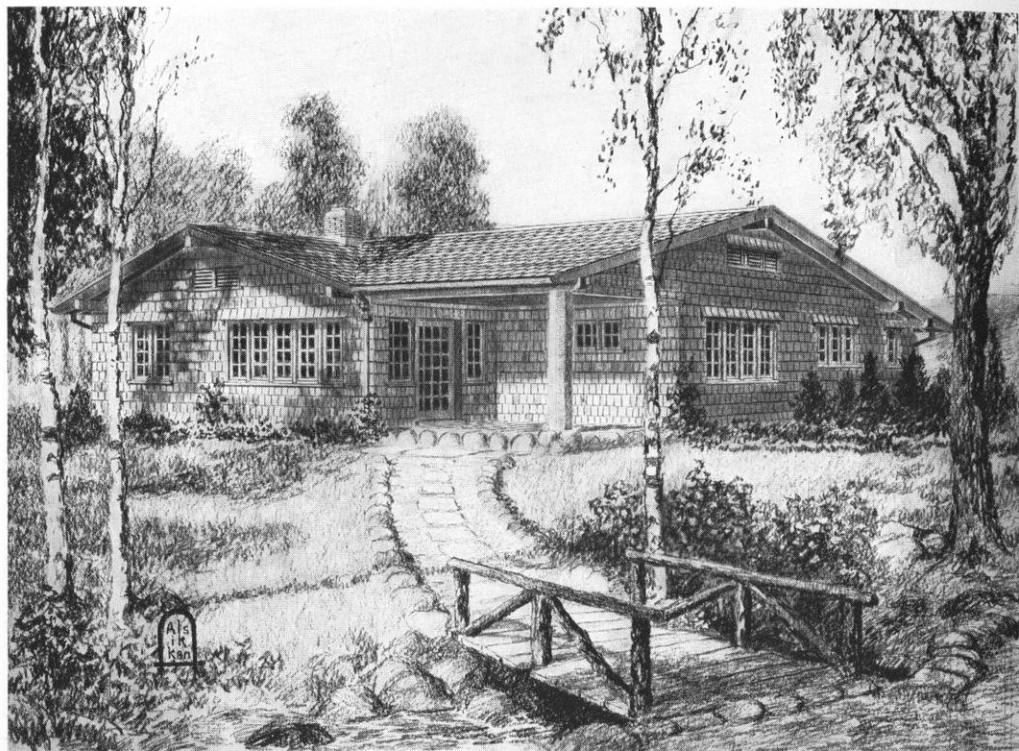
As will be seen from the floor plans and exterior views, the rooms on the second floor, with the exception of the sewing room and main bathroom, which occupy the center of the front and side gables, are not entirely full height, the slope of the roof lowering the ceilings somewhat in certain places. In a house of this character, the raising of the roof lines to accommodate a full second story would make the building too high for its breadth, destroying the pleasing proportions that are gained by the low roof and sloping lines shown here. Nor is the slight variation in the height of the ceilings a drawback; on the contrary, it adds to the interest of the rooms. It will be noticed that the arrangement of the stairs and landing 23 inches below the second floor level was needed to give head room to the landing and allow access to the balcony.

As shown by the floor plans, this house can be easily heated and ventilated by warm air from two Craftsman fireplaces, the ex-



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 139: THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE IS OF FIELD STONE: BACK VIEW SHOWING PORCHES. FRONT VIEW OF FIELD STONE HOUSE: THE ROOF IS SHINGLED AND THE CHIMNEYS ARE BRICK.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

TWO VIEWS OF CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE BUNGALOW NO. 140: THERE ARE SEVEN ROOMS IN THIS BUNGALOW AND TWO PORCHES: THE ROOMS ARE SINGULARLY WELL ARRANGED FOR THE LIGHTING OF EVERY FOOT OF SPACE.

HOUSES FOR INDOOR COMFORT AND OUTDOOR LIVING

tra fireplace on the porch being used only on chilly spring or autumn evenings or in winter when the porch is transformed into a sun room. The living room fireplace will furnish heat and ventilation for the bedrooms directly above, and the dining room fireplace will serve for the other bedroom, maid's room and two bathrooms. The sewing room can be warmed from either heater. Very little piping will be necessary.

We have shown square-paned casement windows throughout, as they are less expensive than the double-hung and are more picturesque—a very satisfactory combination.

The bungalow, No. 140, while an entirely different type of building, has been planned with the same care for indoor and outdoor comfort. We have chosen shingles for the walls, but the design would lend itself equally well to other materials—clapboards, brick, concrete or stucco. The chimney is brick, and the pillars of the porches are rough-hewn from ordinary logs—a little touch that adds to the rustic effect of the building. The porch floors may be either cement or tile. As to the roof, while we have shown it as shingled, it could be covered even more satisfactorily with Ruberoid. The slight slope, demanded by this type of structure, is

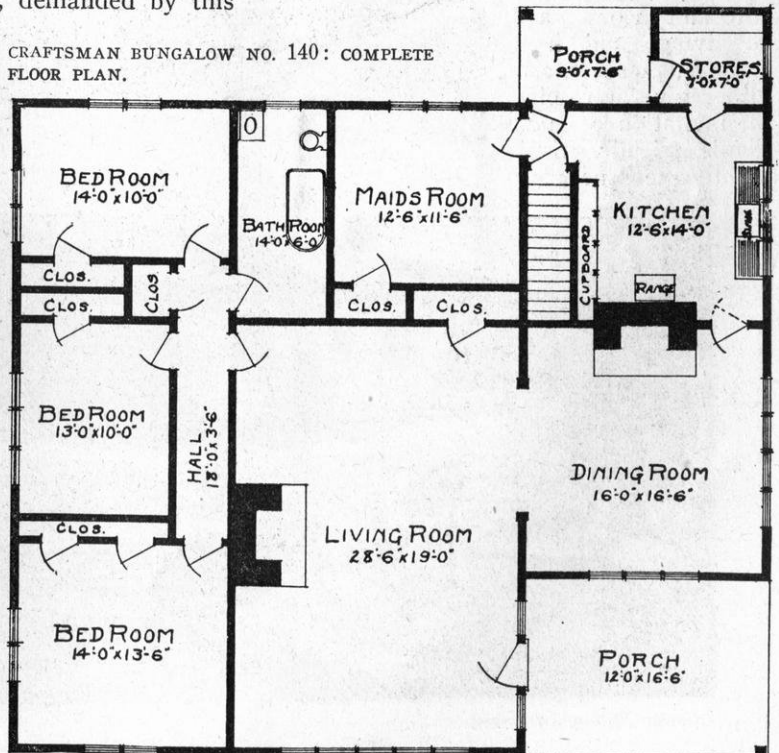
not steep enough to permit the use of slate or tiles, as these need a greater angle to obviate all danger of leakage. As in the preceding house we have shown casement windows, and except where they are sheltered by the porch roof, a row of shingles has been sprung out to form a hood above each window group to protect it from the weather. The shingles can be either stained to some soft shade of green or brown that will harmonize with the surrounding landscape, or left to weather to the silvery gray that time and exposure bring. The latter is

especially beautiful if the bungalow is to be built near the shore, as the pale mellow tones of the wood will repeat the varying colors of sea, mist and sky or the gray and silver of the sands.

From the shady recessed entrance porch, which will serve so delightfully for outdoor meals, one enters directly into the big living room, the front wall of which is filled by a group of five windows. The first thing that greets one is the hospitable Craftsman fireplace, which occupies a central position in the floor plan and will furnish heat and ventilation for the sleeping rooms and bathroom. A wide opening into the dining room reveals the second fireplace, from which the maid's room can be heated, and the flue from the kitchen range just behind uses the same chimney.

To the rear of the kitchen, with its long cupboard and its sink and double drain-board beneath the windows, one finds a convenient storage place, and a little square porch is tucked away beneath the sheltering slope of the roof. Plenty of closet room is provided throughout the plan—a convenience that will be especially appreciated in a dwelling of this character where house-keeping is simplified and space condensed.

CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 140: COMPLETE FLOOR PLAN.



THE HEART OF THE HOME

THE HEART OF THE HOME: THE VALUE OF THE OPEN FIREPLACE IN MODERN HOUSE-BUILDING

"Come, sitte besyde my hearthe,
'Tis wide for gentle companie."

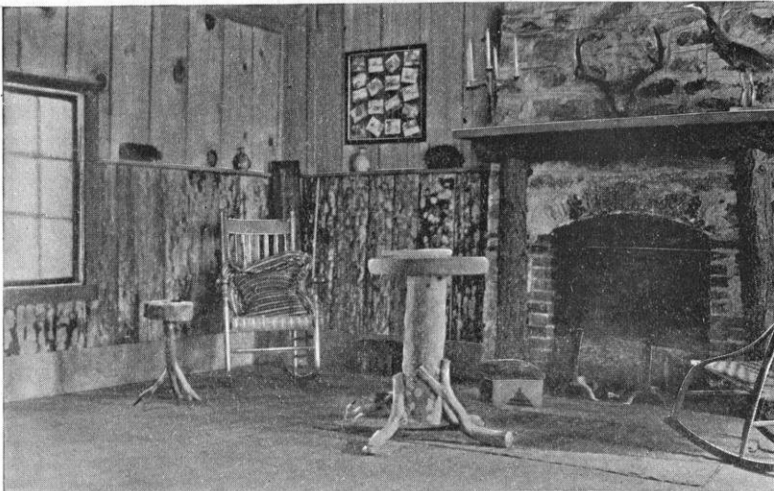
WAS there ever a more perfect invitation than these simple old words, or a more appropriate motto for a chimneypiece? It is the sort of thing that carries one back in imagination to the old Colonial days of wide-doored and open-hearted hospitality, or across the ocean to the mother country with her sheltering cottage firesides and the ruddy welcome of logs in her farmhouse kitchens and great manor halls. But when we try to fit such a delightful picture to our modern American life, we realize how far we have wandered from the old traditions, both in our architecture and in our ways of living, and how few of us, as yet, can either give or receive an invitation of such gentle, friendly form. In the tenseness of

our search for happiness—or rather its reputed equivalent, wealth—many of us have almost forgotten what it means to enjoy the restfulness of the open hearth and the comradeship of fireside friends. A hastily constructed civilization and the pressure and congestion of city life have taken from us this primitive heritage, and in putting the problems of heating and cooking on a more scientific basis, we have deprived ourselves not only of a feature of great architectural beauty, but also of the nucleus for ideal family and social life.

But in spite of the fact that so much of our population is still living in enforced exile from the open fireplace and all the



FIELD STONE CHIMNEYPIECE FOR COUNTRY HOME.



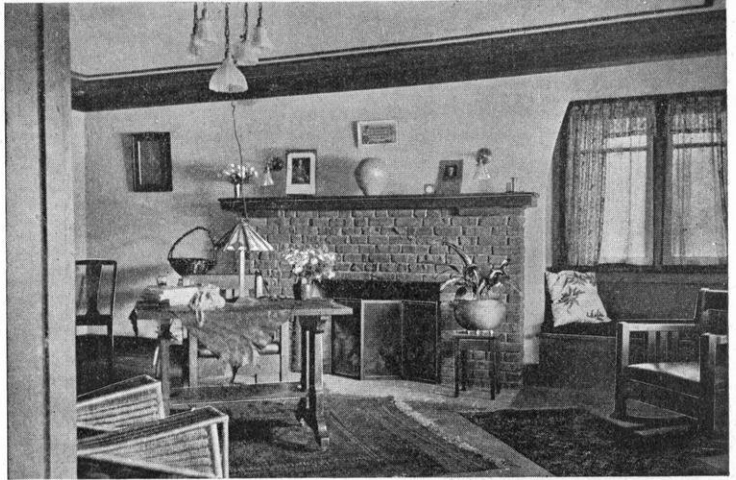
CHIMNEYPIECE OF ROUGH STONE, BRICK AND LOGS,
SUITED TO A MOUNTAIN CAMP.

joys and comforts for which it stands, it is nevertheless equally true that the fire is being once more gradually restored to its rightful place in our homes and in our lives. Builders, architects and home-planners all over the country are beginning to regard this old-time factor as a desirable and even a necessary element in the modern house. The people who are building homes for themselves and their children are

THE HEART OF THE HOME

trying to make those homes essentially cheerful and livable, to reduce their furnishings to the simplest terms, to get closer to the natural fundamental things in home environment which will bring them direct comfort and happiness. And in discovering their own real needs, they are realizing that they want some definite focal point for family life, some genuine center of hospitality, and that the most practical and beautiful way to bring this about is to build an open fireplace in the family living room.

When once this need is recognized and its fulfilment given due importance in the architectural scheme, the chief problem is to decide just what kind of a fireplace to build. For we are at once confronted with an embarrassment of riches; there are so many possibilities in materials, arrangement, color and design that it becomes hard to limit ourselves to a choice of beauty. The



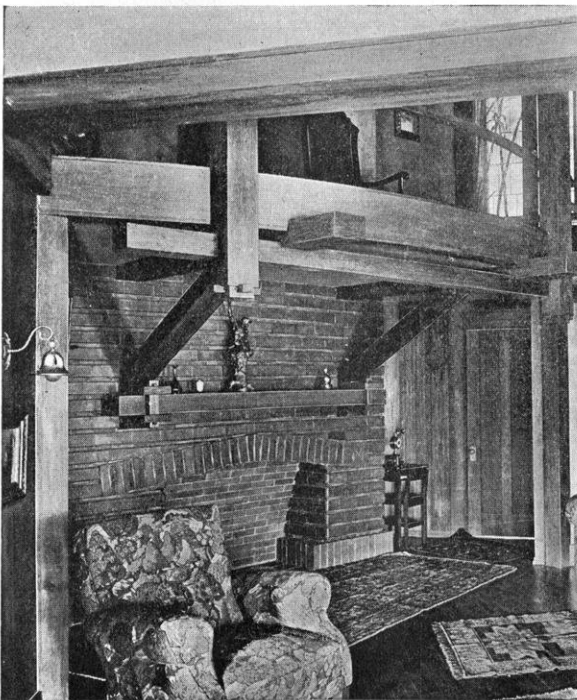
EXTREMELY WELL-PROPORTIONED AND WELL-BUILT CHIMNEY FOR LIVING ROOM.

first thing to be considered, of course, is where the fireplace shall be. If there can be only one, then it is probably best in the living room, dining room or in a wide entrance hall—but preferably in the first of these, since that is where it will be enjoyed most. Then comes the exact placing of it—a matter determined by the layout of the rooms. The best location, of course, is in

the center of some generous wall space, so that there may be ample room for all who gather about the hearth, and if an inner wall is used the chimney may be made to serve a double purpose by receiving also the kitchen flue.

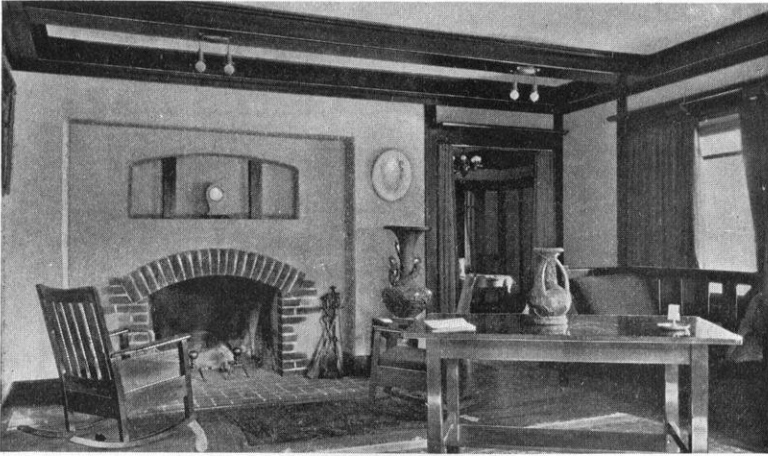
Naturally the coziest sort of fireplace is the one arranged within an inglenook, recessed or separated somewhat from the rest of the room by long, inviting fireside seats. These will serve to shield those about the fire from any possible draughts, and add to the comfort and privacy without depriving the rest of the room of the glimpse of blazing coal or logs and the radiating warmth and cheer. Then there will be bookshelves near at hand to hold those companionable volumes whose treasures seem to have a double lure within the friendly glow on a winter's evening or a chilly night in fall or spring. For who does not know

"The love of reading, the sequestered nooks,
"And all the sweet serenity of books."



CHIMNEYPIECE OF BRICK AND WOOD FOR LARGE STUDIO.

THE HEART OF THE HOME



THE ENGLISH TYPE OF RECESSED FIREPLACE.

Besides the practical comfort of such seats and bookshelves, there is their value from an architectural point of view. They are full of interesting possibilities of structural decoration, for the woodwork, if wisely used, will carry out the general scheme of the room and add much to its beauty.

If the arrangement of the floor space will not permit the building of an inglenook, there may be perhaps a single fireside seat built into a corner, and comfortable chairs or a cushioned settle may be placed beside the hearth. But whatever arrangement is selected, the fireplace should always be considered as the center of interest of the room.

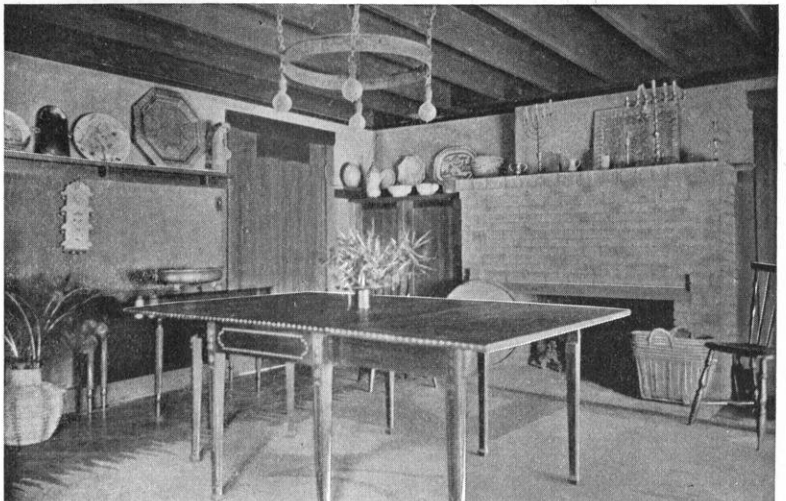
As to the question of materials, that will depend on many things—the taste and purse of the owner, the style and materials of the house itself. It is always well, in the chimney-piece as well as in the exterior of the building, to choose local materials whenever possible, for they will not only be less expensive but will do much toward bringing the building into harmony with its surroundings. If there is much field stone about the site, for instance, its use in the construction will add greatly to

the picturesque quality of the dwelling, and will prove most effective in the chimney-piece. Or cobblestones can be used, which will be even more rustic and irregular in appearance.

Brick, of course, offers endless opportunity for interest and beauty in both color and design, for the modern kinds come in such varied

and wonderful tones—reds, purples, buffs and myriad shades between—that very unique and lovely color combinations can be evolved. The richness of texture and the great variety possible in the coloring and treatment of the mortar joints, added to the many decorative ways in which the brick themselves can be placed—in geometric designs, corbled to support a shelf, or built so as to form little alcoves or niches—all these things make the building of a brick chimney-piece a task of absorbing interest, and the result, if well done, a thing of permanent charm.

Concrete is another material which has proved most effective in fireplace building, especially when the surface is left rather rough and is tinted to some friendly color which will either harmonize with the prevailing tone of the room or will itself set

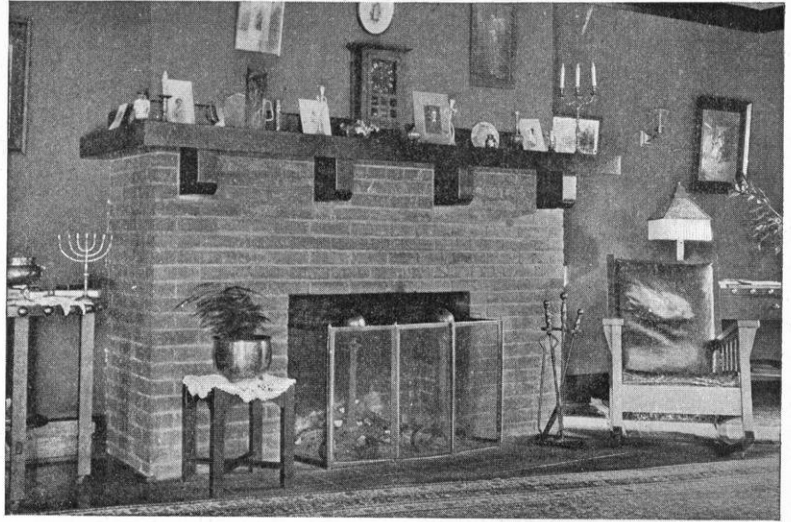


A DINING ROOM FIREPLACE SUITED TO SIMPLE INTERIOR.

THE HEART OF THE HOME

the keynote of the general color scheme. The latter suggestion is perhaps the better, for since the fireplace is the chief point of attraction, its color and design may well be made the dominant note or theme, repeated and echoed by other furnishings with variations, and enlivened by contrasting notes.

The use of tiles will also be found both practical and artistic, for they can be had in many beautiful and mellow colors, and can be used either for the hearth or chimney-breast or both. In fact, there are so many ways in which these different materials can be handled, and so many happy combinations of two or more of them which will prove effective, that the home-maker finds



WELL PLANNED CHIMNEYPIECE OF BRICK TOPPED WITH OAK BEAM.

vase of flowers, or a pot of ferns, and the warm glow of the firelight over bookshelf, seat and wall—then one realizes what a place of beauty and contentment such a simple spot can be, and how much we are missing, those of us who have no such gathering point for home life and hospitality.

Some of the illustrations we are giving here suggest practical and picturesque methods of fireplace treatment, and show a little of what is being accomplished in the western part of this country in bringing back the open hearth to our national heart and home. Perhaps the most significant feature, and one which is common to all these examples, is the simplicity not only of the fireplace itself, but of the surrounding furnishings. In



RECESSED FIREPLACE WITH BRICK CHIMNEY-BREAST.

each instance there is a notable absence of elaboration; each piece has evidently been selected for comfort and a certain dignified beauty, and many of the interiors show a distinctly Craftsman style. Most of them are simple almost to the point of severity—a natural reaction from the overcrowded and overornamented rooms of recent years. But in each case one feels the predominating quality of sincerity, both of architecture and furnishing, which brings with it inevitably the true home

an amazingly wide range of choice and a great richness of medium for the expression of his ideal in fireplace-building. And when, to the natural interest and color of the materials used in the structure itself, one adds those little homelike details of the finished room—the color and texture of the pillows that add comfort to the fireplace nook, the rich tones of the woodwork, the glint of light from a brass or copper bowl on the shelf or niche of the mantelpiece, a

ON BAKING BREAD

atmosphere. Each friendly corner seems to hold its own subtle invitation, a message of comradeship and good cheer. And each is an incentive to the would-be home-maker to build for himself his own ideal open hearth.

ON BAKING BREAD: BY JULIETTE M. T. FRANCIS

I WANT to make a plea to the young mothers—as well as the older ones of this broad land, that they make their own bread. I am convinced that a great many children are being seriously injured by having to eat baker's bread. To satisfy myself that this was true I consulted two leading physicians. Here is what they say: "Bakers frequently add substances such as alum to improve their bread, but it injures it as a food. Good home-made bread as a rule is much more palatable than that purchased at the bakery."

I have found out through my own experience, for we sometimes have to send out after bread, that my children are never as well satisfied and always become hungry much sooner than when we have our own home loaf.

I know many women think they cannot make good bread, but when little Lois Edmonds of Iowa, aged eleven, can become such an expert in this line, that she goes to the White House and demonstrates to President Taft and his cooks how good bread is made—surely *any woman* who is willing to try can learn how.

I recently visited a family of six and noticing baker's bread asked the mother why she didn't make her own bread. "Oh, I cannot make bread fit to eat," she answered. The children were much given to "piecing" between meals and seemed to crave candy and cake, of which they ate a great deal. One child had quit school on account of ill health, and was pale and anæmic.

Continuing to investigate this matter I have inquired among my neighbors and find that a great many of them are buying bread.

The cost of baker's bread is double that of home-made bread, and it is such a simple matter when one forms the habit of doing one's own baking.

In my family there are five children and I bake bread twice a week, often making both graham and white. I boil potatoes for dinner the day before. When they are

done I pour off into a little pail the water they were cooked in. Three or four of the potatoes I mash thoroughly and add to the water. Then one cake of dry yeast is placed in a little lukewarm water, leaving until thoroughly dissolved. This with one-half cup of sugar, I add to the potato water, setting it in a warm place—not hot—until evening. Then just before bedtime I stir in a small quantity of flour, about two cupfuls, and setting the pail inside a small pan, I leave till morning.

This should be all light and bubbling in the morning. Then I take flour enough to make a hard loaf, add a little warm water if necessary and knead thoroughly. If one especially dislikes handling the dough, the patent bread-mixers will give satisfaction, the only drawback being that they are rather hard to clean.

When the dough is light I make it into loaves, let rise and bake. Sometimes I knead down again before making into loaves. I usually allow one hour in baking. But you cannot follow this rule implicitly. A good rule is to place one's ear near the loaf and if a sound is heard within continue to bake. Anything but doughy bread!

When it is done I rub each loaf over with nice sweet butter, which gives it a fine flavor and adds greatly to the appearance.

If more mothers would take up this little task instead of haunting the bargain counters so persistently there would be a marked improvement in the health of children as well as many husbands. I do most sincerely pity people who have to, day after day, partake of the baker's tasteless loaf.

Mothers try making your own bread for a while. I am sure that you will soon become so proud of your loaves that the baker's boy will have to seek elsewhere for custom.

Following are some of the methods used in countries all over the world in the making of bread:

In the West Indies bread is made from the cassava root. It is first ground into meal, made into round cakes and hung on poles to dry. It forms the principal food of the natives.

In Central America bread is made from Indian corn and is called *tortilla*. The corn is first parboiled in lye to loosen the outer covering. When soft, it is crushed into a paste with a stone rolling-pin on a

small stone table. It is then baked on a plate of iron or earthenware; but not enough to brown the *tortilla*, which is served hot.

In India the bread is called a *chupatty*, and in appearance resembles our griddle cakes. It is made of wheaten flour, shaped between the hands and is unleavened. This is used by the better classes. The poorer people use cakes made from cornmeal, millet and a grain called *ragee*.

Japan had no bread or biscuits until 1890, when a great fad for foreign bread started in Tokyo. Piles of bread were seen at every little cook stall, but the fashion soon subsided, and now one sees small biscuits made of rice or of wheat flour that are baked over a charcoal fire.

In Egypt and Turkey bread is made from wheaten flour. It is rolled out or pounded like pie dough; then two layers are united at the edges. These are then placed in a hot oven, where they puff up and bake in a remarkably short time.

In Norway and Sweden the bread of the peasants is made from barley meal and water. It is rolled thin, placed on a round flat stone and baked over a fire of fagots. A large quantity is made and stored in a dry place for the winter, when it forms one of the chief foods of the people.

After reading what some of the others in our world call bread—how it is made and baked—does it not encourage you, dear wives and mothers, to make, or at least try to bake the beautiful, brown, spongy loaves of bread that you should be proud to furnish your families.

A MORNING AND EVENING GLORY

A QUICKLY grown and exceedingly artistic yard ornament may be had by putting into the ground a dead tree some six or seven feet high and planting about its roots moon vine and morning glory seeds. These spring up and grow rapidly, one blooming early in the day and the other in the late afternoon. If the supporting tree be bushy the vines will festoon themselves over it most gracefully. The whole may be placed before a too sunny window to act as a screen, or it may be placed where it will screen some unsightly object from sight. Besides, it may be moved from year to year just to suit the fancy or different arrangement in the gardening, and taken away when the vines cease to bloom.

FORESTRY IN MASSACHUSETTS PROMOTED BY LOCAL ACTIVITY

FOR fourteen years the Massachusetts Forestry Association has been working for the interests of local forestry, and is now extending its activities by the establishment of branch organizations in most of the large cities and many towns and villages of the State. The purpose of these branches is to bring members of the association together for local work,—a plan which will no doubt result in practical benefit to the various sections, as well as stimulate public interest in a cause which has now come to be regarded as one of national importance.

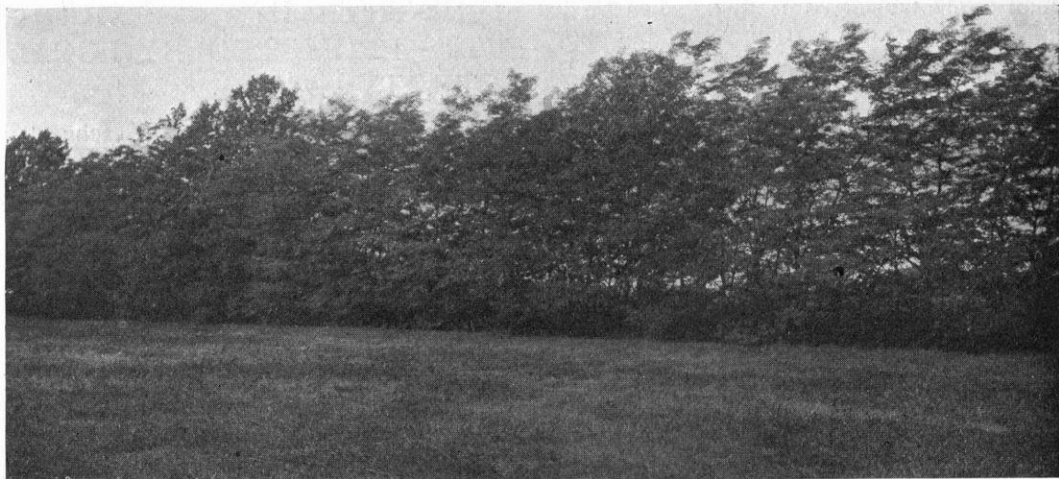
The *Springfield Republican* summarizes the history and work of the association as follows:

“Ever since the organization was formed it has been very active in securing better laws for maintaining forests. It brought about the enactment of the tree warden law in 1899, which has been revised and supplemented from time to time to meet new conditions. It was almost directly through the efforts of the association that the State department of forestry was established in 1904. The association had also worked hard for years for the forest fire warden act, which was passed in 1910.

“The legislative committee of the association has several bills of importance this year, among them a bill increasing the appropriations for the State forester, allowing him \$10,000 more than last year, to be used for protection against forest fires; an appropriation of \$250,000 for the suppression of the gypsy and brown-tailed moths, both of which bills passed; also a bill providing for better inspection of nursery stock imported into the State.

“The present membership of the State organization is over 1,100 and it is expected that this number will be greatly increased this year. The clubs and other societies that are being organized throughout the State are becoming affiliated with the State association by the payment of a nominal annual fee. In this way they keep in touch with forestry conditions in the State. . . . The work of planting and caring for shade trees, the promotion of municipal forests and parks and other matters pertaining to forestry, are all encouraged by the local branches.”

TREES FOR WINDBREAKS



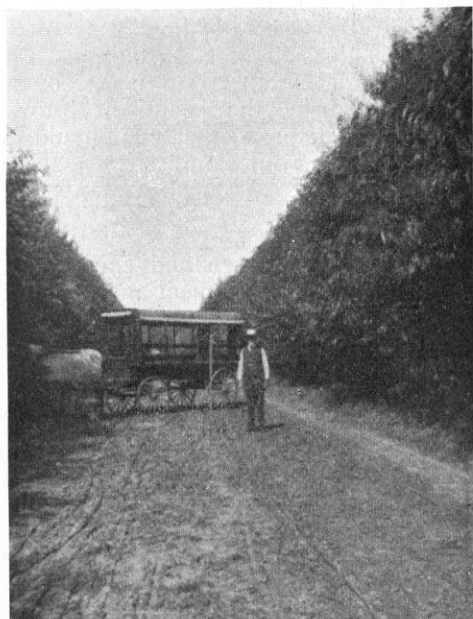
WINDBREAKS FOR BEAUTY AND UTILITY: BY MALCOLM CAMPBELL

IN laying out the grounds for the rural or suburban home, or when considering the improvement and beautifying of a place already established, windbreaks should receive far more consideration than is generally given them, both on account of their artistic and comfort-giving possibilities and their practical value as an interest-returning investment.

In all sections of the United States there are prevalent at certain seasons winds which range all the way from merely uncomfortable to highly destructive, and which possess the one virtue of being consistent, a characteristic which enables the homemaker and the farmer to guard against them. That orchards and homes are not generally better protected is due very largely to erroneous impressions concerning windbreaks of forest trees, one being that the area occupied by the trees is put into the non-earning status, another that the damage to crops and orchards by shade offsets any protection afforded, and still another that the trees in the windbreaks sap the fertility from the soil for a considerable distance on each side of the grove or belt. As to the first objection, the fault lies with the landowner, not with the trees. With a judicious selection of species for planting, windbreak belts will, if conserved and availed of in a reasonably intelligent manner, give a return quite equal to that which might have been derived from field crops on the same land, the revenue being derived from the sale of

A VERY GOOD WINDBREAK OF HONEY LOCUST WITH SOME SYCAMORES TWENTY-SEVEN TO THIRTY YEARS OLD IN SANDY LOAM SOIL.

timber, posts and cord-wood. Careful investigation has determined that the protective value of an adequate windbreak is several times greater than all damage done through shading, and forest trees return to the soil, with the falling of the leaves, practically all of the elements of fertility which they take from it. Aside from the mere breaking of the force of the wind—which,



DOUBLE HEDGE OF RUSSIAN MULBERRY EIGHT YEARS OLD, ON TWO SIDES OF SECTION LINE IN RENO COUNTY, KANSAS: VERY THRIFTY, EFFICIENT AND PRODUCTIVE.

TREES FOR WINDBREAKS



GREEN ASH GROVE AS WINDBREAK, FREMONT, DODGE CO., NEBRASKA.

however, is the most important feature so far as comfort is concerned—windbreaks exert a very powerful effect upon the evaporation, doing much to conserve the moisture of the soil during the growing season. They also prevent the drifting of light soil and sand, and serve as snow-traps.

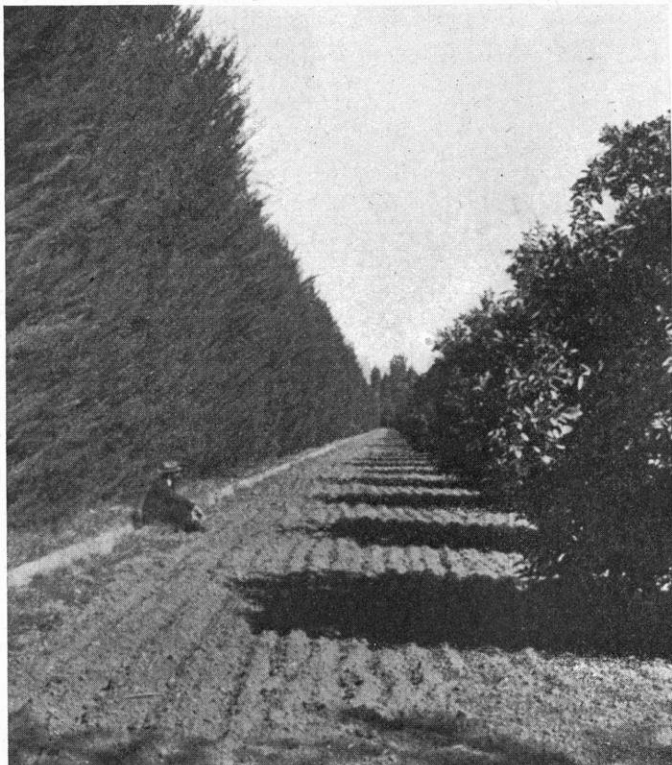
Windbreaks may consist of single rows of trees, of belts varying in width from three rows of trees up to 250 feet, or of groves. If a cash return from the land occupied by the windbreak is not an important consideration, a comparatively narrow belt of hardwood trees, underplanted with some "tolerant" species, is probably the most satisfactory form for home and small orchard protection. In a narrow belt, the trees do not grow with the same regularity or have the straight boles to be found in a wider belt or grove, and consequently the timber is of less value. In order to make profitable the use of windbreaks which have the quality of groves, there must be selected for the main body of the shelter a species which will make rapid height growth at the outset. If necessary, it may be underplanted with a slow-growing, dense-foliaged tree, or the latter may be used along the sides of the grove, and may be planted either at the outset or when the main trees of the grove begin to prune themselves rapidly. Under any circumstances, the total width of the grove should not exceed one and one-half

times to twice the expected height of the trees at maturity. The single-row hedge or windbreak is of value—in addition to the protection given—only for the production of posts and small timbers in which freedom from knots is not an essential feature. An osage orange hedge will, in many widely scattered areas, be found an excellent windbreak. Calculating the value of an osage hedge on the basis of an annual net benefit equal to the yield of a strip of land twice as wide as the height of the trees, there is at the end of twenty years a surplus in favor of the windbreak (on slightly



BOLES OF WHITE PINE IN CAREFULLY TENDED WINDBREAK, CLERMONT, IOWA.

TREES FOR WINDBREAKS



MONTEREY CYPRESS WINDBREAK SHELTERING ORANGE ORCHARD, RIALTO, SAN BERNARDINO CO., CALIFORNIA.

moist land) of \$1,980. This is sufficient to pay for the total loss of crop in the area occupied by the old roots, 68 feet wide, for twelve years after cutting. As a matter of fact, the height growth of an osage coppice is so rapid that in a very few years the hedge will again be paying for itself. The returns from osage hedges is derived from the excellent posts produced.

It is not always desirable that the windbreak be very dense, as there are situations when a complete stagnation of the air in the lee of the windbreak would be injurious. Orchards may sometimes be rendered colder, in the case of frost on a clear and relatively calm night, and the danger of fungous diseases arises in an orchard where the air is maintained in a too humid state, without adequate circulation.

Wherever the mulberry will thrive, this tree can generally be used to excellent advantage in dense hedges for the protection of orchards, and the fruit will serve to entice the birds away from the valuable orchard products.

While local conditions should, of course, control the selection of species for wind-

breaks, it may be stated that, in general, white pine is the very best windbreak tree for the Lake States and in the northern portion of the Eastern States, in both regions the belts running north and south. White pine grows rapidly enough to be planted in belts from 80 to 90 feet wide if they are to be held for 40 years, with close spacing, about 4 by 6 feet at the outset, which gives good form with rapid height growth. When mature, these belts will be immensely valuable. A few rows of white cedar on either side will augment the value of the white pine windbreak and yield a crop of valuable posts. The white cedar may be planted very closely—about 2 by 4 feet.

In the southern part of the Eastern States, where, because of the greater summer heat the conservation of moisture becomes important, chestnut and tulip poplar will show best results. Both grow thriftily, and may be managed as a coppice. As auxiliary, short leaf pine may be used on soil too poor for white cedar or white spruce. The common red cedar, so frequently found in natural hedgerows, should not be allowed to exist in the neighborhood of apple or pear orchards.

In the Middle West cottonwood is best suited for windbreaks, when these are planted on good moist situations. The trees should be in belts from 125 to 150 feet in width, running east and west, and the trees should not be cut until 45 years old, when their height will average 90 feet. Osage orange, green ash, honey locust and Scotch and Austrian pines may be used in situations where the cottonwood would not thrive. On the northern prairies, windbreaks must run both north-south and east-west. On good situations many conifers will succeed, about the most desirable being Scotch pine, red or Norway pine, Colorado blue spruce and Black Hills spruce. Scotch pine develops well only when planted closely.

In the poorly watered regions on the Southwest protection from wind and conservation of moisture are most important considerations, but little has been done in

ORNAMENTAL STUMPS



COTTONWOOD GROVE AT DUNCAN, NEBRASKA, RATHER CLOSELY PLANTED AND NOT VERY EFFICIENT, BUT VERY GOOD FROM TIMBER STANDPOINT.

the way of windbreak planting. *Artemisia* or sage-brush has been used to some extent in New Mexico, but, on account of the low growth of this species—about 4 feet—hedges, to be of any real service, must be placed at intervals of not over 100 feet. Osage orange will thrive in the river bottoms, and would, perhaps, with careful cultivation, grow in much of the country where “dry farming” is practiced. Alligator juniper and piñon will furnish winter protection in the dry climate of the lower elevations.

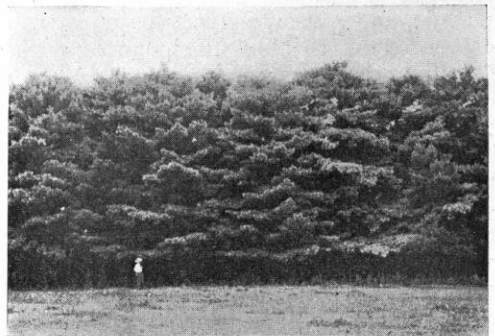
In California windbreaks are more or less extensively used, especially by fruit growers; eucalyptus, Monterey cypress and Monterey pine giving excellent results in this part of the country.

The right kind of a windbreak correctly placed and properly handled is a source of both comfort and profit, and will add much to the attractiveness of any farm or rural home. The prejudice found in some localities is based, invariably, on one of two things: experience with poorly planned and poorly administered windbreaks, or a failure to comprehend the current as well as the eventual profit derived. The United States Forest Service is doing much to educate the country to a realization of the value and beauty of windbreaks, and promptly extends assistance in the way of advice to anyone contemplating their planting. This fact should be appreciated by all farmers who wish to improve their land in this way, and who need practical and helpful suggestions from an authoritative source.

ORNAMENTAL STUMPS

UPON a lawn not far from me are two stumps that have been turned into things of beauty. They were cut off smooth on top, and on each was placed a potted sword fern, which, having considerable shade from nearby trees and plenty of water, had grown to enormous size. About the roots of the stump a fine-leaved ivy or woodbine had been planted and this quickly wrapped itself over the unsightly, decaying wood.

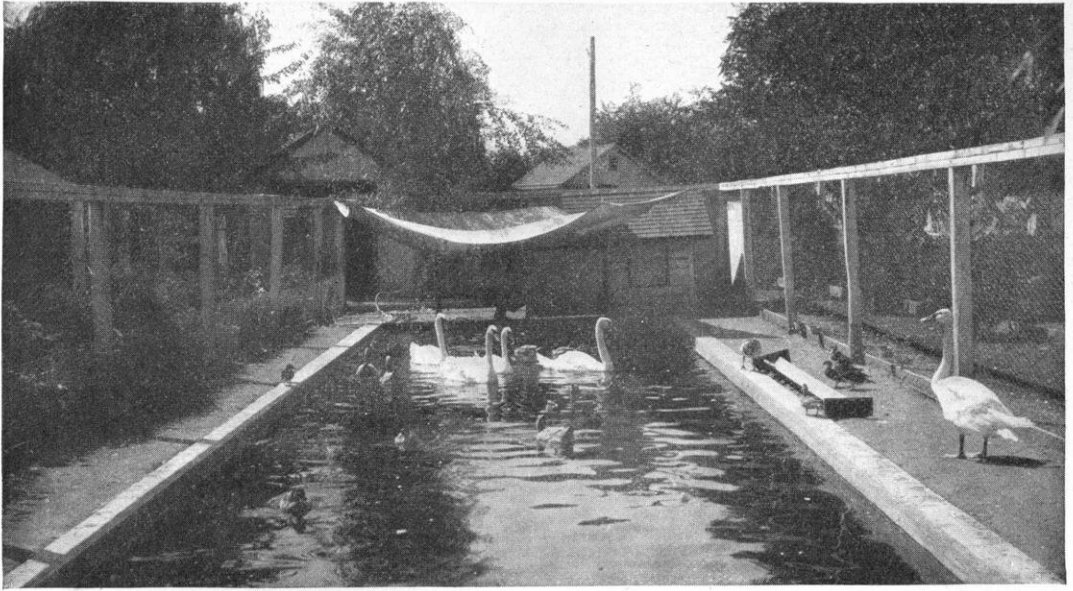
If a stump is old and soft in the center the top may be hollowed out and filled with



CONIFEROUS WINDBREAK WITH WHITE PINE.

earth, and in this many woodloving ferns or plants may be grown, the *spengeri* being especially adapted to such culture.

Many landscape gardeners prefer to leave tall branchless tree trunks upon a lawn, using them as trellises for ivies or vines.



THE CEMENT BORDER OF THIS ARTIFICIAL POND IS RATHER TOO SEVERE FOR ORNAMENTAL PURPOSES: FIELD STONE AND CEMENT TOGETHER WOULD BE MORE ATTRACTIVE: A WHOOPER SWAN ON THE RIGHT.

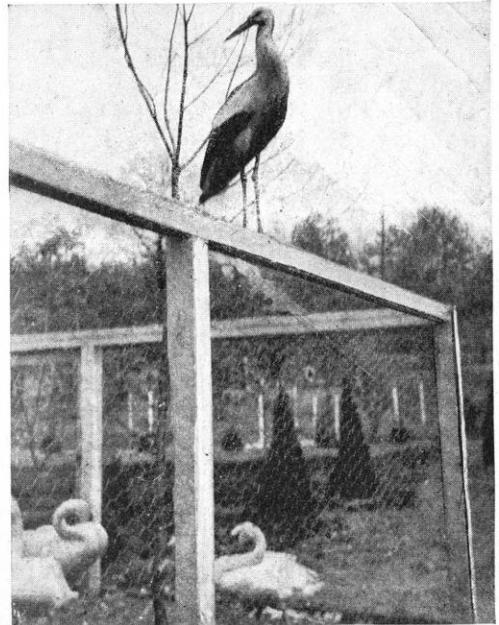
WATER FOWL FOR THE COUNTRY ESTATE: BY PERCY A. COOK

DOMESTIC water fowl comprise practically all water fowl, for the wild varieties are quickly tamed, usually in a few days. And all water birds add the charm of incident to the beauty and placid quiet of a small lake or pond, and their brilliant or odd plumage gives it pleasing color notes. Of course, the kind of birds to choose depends somewhat on the size and location of the water area at one's disposal. Or if there is no natural pool on the place, one of cement two feet deep can be made, and a very picturesque effect may be secured by building the edge of rough field stone rather than of cement. A small pool twelve by fifteen feet wide is enough for six or eight pairs of duck, but swan should have more space; they look well on any water more than fifty feet in diameter.

But if the lake is an acre or so in extent, an interesting colony of all sorts of water fowl may be formed without chance of mishap. Only the Egyptian geese are temperamentally unfitted for gregarious life. They are a beautiful and hardy tribe, but either not yet evolved from the barbarous state or else ineradicably monarchical, for they rule their dynasty alone and with native despotism, killing all the other birds. My knowledge of their tendencies cost me a pair of Australian ducks, about a dozen Mandarin

ducks and some other birds. Since then my autocratic Egyptians adorn my natural history museum.

Most water fowl are pinioned when they are bought; that is, the outside joint of one wing is taken off to prevent their flying far.



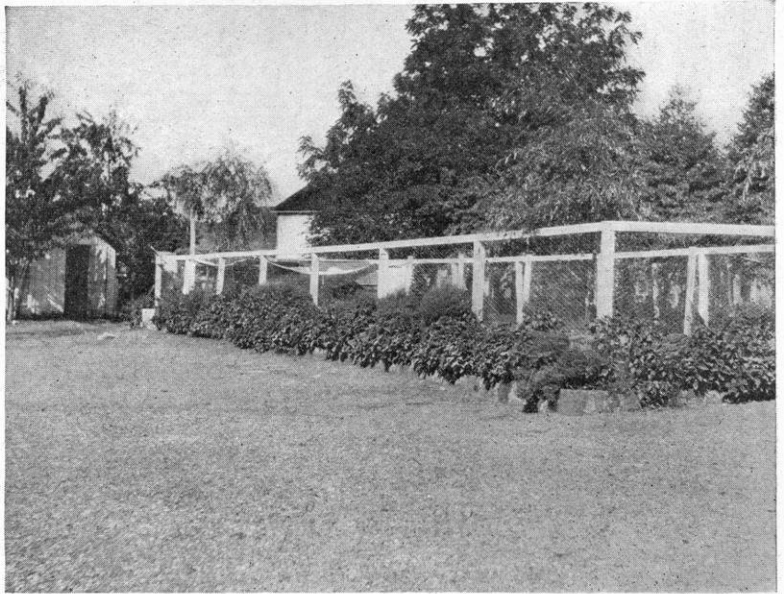
A STORK WHICH HAS HIS LIBERTY BUT CONTINUES TO RETURN TO THE NESTING PLACE.

WATER FOWL FOR COUNTRY PLACES

But those not pinioned should have the flight feather pulled from one wing. This keeps them from flying for a little while, and by the time the feathers have grown again the birds are used to their new home and will not leave it, for, oddly enough, their migratory instincts never seem to get the better of them again.

Swans are always liked, and the general favorite is the Mute or Royal swan, of the traditionally graceful neck. They were introduced into England by Richard I, who brought them from Cyprus, and for years one could not keep them without a royal license—hence their name. All other kinds of swan, including the trumpeter and the whooper, are straight-necked.

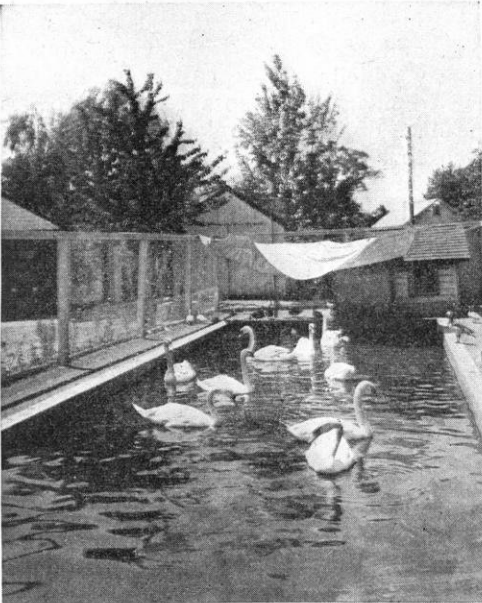
Strictly speaking, the only water fowl are swan, geese and ducks, but cranes may well be added. They are easily tamed, and though they do not swim, they live near



AN ARTIFICIAL POND WITH FLOWERS PLANTED AS A BORDER: DOUBLE WIRE IS NECESSARY AT THE BOTTOM TO PREVENT THE BIRDS EATING THE FLOWERS.

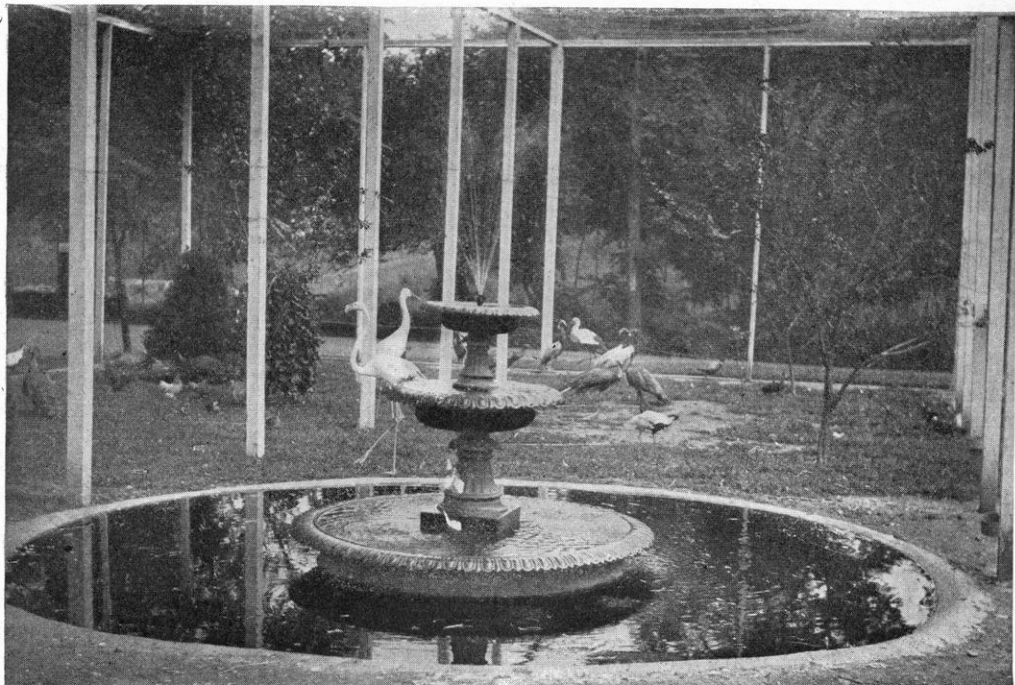
water all the time and wade in as far as their long legs will let them, and they have engaging habits of play that make them very interesting. The best cranes to keep are the Demoiselle, common or European, White Himalayan, Manchurian and Sarus, all of which will winter out of doors, even in the rigors of the North. Other good varieties are the Stanley Wattled and the Crowned crane; these need a warm house for the winter. A pelican is a good pet, but must also be housed in winter. The stork and the flamingo are also very ornamental.

Water birds that have lived in salt water will thrive equally in fresh ponds or lakes. All water fowl are very hardy and not subject to diseases that attack game birds. Their great need is plenty of shade. Where the water and its banks are too exposed to the sun, the birds will die from sunstroke. Clustered shrubberies on the banks with larger trees overhanging the water afford this needed protection, besides enhancing the beauty of the place. The close-set bushes are favorite retreats for bringing out new broods, and afford all the shelter that is necessary for the birds. A building is not needed for the young birds, except for the little ducks, for which a few bushes or, better still, some small cedars, bent wigwam fashion, make an ideal shelter. But I have never seen either geese or swan get under



ROYAL OR MUTE SWANS IN AN ARTIFICIAL POND.

HANDY DRAINAGE FOR FLOWER POTS.



A BASIN LARGE ENOUGH FOR EIGHT SMALL DUCKS.

cover. They sleep on the water in the summer and on the ice in the winter. No water fowl should be shut in a heated building, except the Japanese tree ducks, Australian black swan and some varieties of crane. It is safer to keep only birds that will stand our Northern winters, and the number of these hardier kinds is greater than was thought a few years ago. Then it was considered impossible to keep such semi-tropical birds as the Chinese Mandarin and the Formosa teal without a warm house, but I have kept them so for three years without losing one, while friends who have tried to raise in heated buildings have lost them all.

Feeding time brings one of the prettiest sights on the pond, when the birds flock to the cracked or whole corn or wheat thrown in a trough of water, or in the shallows of the pond and dive and struggle for the stale bread tidbits that are their especial delight. Stale bread is one of the cheapest and best foods they can have. They soon become tame enough to eat from the hand of the person who daily feeds them, but they discriminate against strangers, maintaining their reserve even in the face of the lure of stale bread. They should have plenty of green grass, and if there is not enough on the banks of the water, they should be given freshly cut grass from the lawns. If

they have enough grass they will not pull the shrubbery shoots. And they eat up all the mosquitoes. But perhaps one has to live in New Jersey to appreciate all that means. Some of the less expensive ducks are the white and gray Call, Mallard, Green Head, and Black. Pin-tail Cayuga, East Indian and Blue- and Green-Winged teal are all good, and sea-gulls may be very advantageously added. More costly are the Chinese Mandarin, Formosa teal, weed duck, Paradise duck, Sheldrake, buff and blue orpingtons and cormorants.

Whatever water birds one chooses, they will add infinite interest and picturesqueness, and are growing in favor constantly as a natural part of the ornamental plan of the well-kept country estate.

HANDY DRAINAGE FOR FLOWER POTS.

WHEN flower pots come from the dealers they are usually protected with handfuls of excelsior, and a little of this in the bottom of each pot makes excellent drainage, as good if not better than pebbles. As it is nothing but wood fibre it rots eventually, but this is good for the soil, and when repotting time comes the plant slips out very easily.

REGULATING CHILD LABOR IN EUROPE

THE LEGISLATIVE EFFORTS OF ENGLAND AND GREECE FOR THE REGULATION OF CHILD LABOR

A SIGNIFICANT commentary upon the industrial situation in our so-called civilization is afforded by recent reports of European efforts "to abolish the evils of child labor." Greece is at last enacting legislation toward this end, and England is also taking up the matter with renewed vigor. But while the measures quoted below are improvements upon the existing state of affairs, from a humanitarian point of view they are little short of appalling; for if such slight alleviation of human wretchedness constitutes "reform" to our progressive minds, what must be the actual working and living conditions of the people to have rendered such legislation necessary? And do not such laws indicate that our sense of social justice is still only partially developed?

A comprehensive review of the situation in Greece has been made by the American Minister at Athens, George H. Moses. The Greek National Assembly, he states, has recently enacted a law forbidding the employment of children under twelve years of age in mills, factories, mines, on buildings or other outdoor work, in messenger or transportation service, in shops, restaurants, coffee houses, wine shops, bakeries or hotels. This law provides, however, that children of more than ten years may be employed in domestic industries which are not dangerous or where machinery is not used, but in no cases shall such employment prevent the child from attending school for more than three hours daily.

"After five years," Mr. Moses explains, "these occupational restrictions will be applied also to children between twelve and fourteen years, and to those who have not completed their attendance at the primary schools. For such children the day's work will be limited to six hours, with ten hours for children under eighteen years, who will not be permitted, however, to work more than eight hours on Saturdays or legal holidays.

"The hours of employment are to be reckoned from the time of entering the establishment until the moment of exit. There must be at least one recess during the day of not less than thirty minutes for

children whose labor is limited to three hours daily, and of not less than two hours for young persons and women, except on Saturdays, when one hour will be given. These recesses must be granted to all employees at the same time, except in mines or where furnace fires must be maintained, and no continuous employment for more than six hours without a recess is permitted.

"Children under sixteen years and women are not to be employed on Sundays or holidays in factories, mines, shops, restaurants, bakeries, etc., nor shall children under eighteen years or women be employed in factories, in construction or like work, or in shops before 5 o'clock in the morning or after 9 o'clock at night. In case of rush of work, by permission of the prefect of the district, young persons and women may be permitted to work twelve hours daily on all working days except Saturday for a period not exceeding four months in the year, and by royal decree issued at the instance of the appropriate ministry, women of more than eighteen years may work at night if necessary.

"Without special license children under fourteen years shall not sell articles in the streets, nor shall any person under sixteen years sell in the streets earlier than 5 o'clock in the morning or later than 9 o'clock in the evening. Newsboys of twelve years or more are excepted from these provisions. Without special police license no child under fourteen years shall be employed as an artist or otherwise in theaters. Women and children under fifteen years shall not be employed in mines. Pregnant women shall not be compelled to work for eight weeks before and four weeks after confinement, and their absence during such period shall be counted as leave without liability to loss of situation.

"Children under sixteen years shall not be employed in factories or in messenger or transportation service unless they present a medical certificate that they are in sufficient health for such employment, and by royal decree children and women may be prohibited from employment at places where their morals will be endangered or where the work is too heavy for them."

The report from England, made by United States Consul Augustus E. Ingram, stationed at Bradford, England, deals with the action of the Education Committee of the County Council of the West Riding of

Yorkshire, which has passed by-laws restricting child labor.

"Previous to this action," Mr. Ingram states, "a child between twelve and fourteen years of age could obtain partial exemption from school attendance—or become a 'half-timer,' in common parlance—provided he had made 300 school attendances for five years at not more than two schools; the new by-laws provided that a certain standard of efficiency (Standard VII) must be attained before a certificate of exemption would be granted. It is claimed by the Chambers of Commerce at Bradford and Halifax that this restriction would amount to abolition of half-time labor, as only in exceptional circumstances has a child reached the seventh standard before fourteen years of age.

"The importance of this subject is evident from the fact that the total number of half-timers in England is estimated at 37,403, there being 21,248 in Lancashire and 9,265 in Yorkshire. It is believed, however, that half-time labor in this country is doomed, and that eventually national legislation will be introduced abolishing it.

"The Bradford Education Committee has also recently adopted a scheme under the provisions of the Education (Choice of Employment) Act, 1910, to assist boys and girls under seventeen years of age in the choice of suitable employment. A sub-committee consisting of members of the Education Committee and representatives from the Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Trades, Trades and Labor Council, the local branch of the national Union of Teachers, and the Guild of Help, will be appointed, and a central office established in the city under the name of the Bradford Juvenile Employment Exchange Bureau. An officer will be regularly available at the bureau to interview applicants for employment and to confer with the office in charge of the juvenile branch of the Labor Exchange before the names of applicants are submitted to employers.

"Among other provisions it is proposed that the head teachers of the day schools shall assist by furnishing the sub-committee with information as regards the employment obtained by each pupil leaving school, and the character, conduct and capabilities of the pupil. If any pupil has not within three months before leaving obtained suitable employment the head teacher will forward an application to the sub-committee."

THE ROMANCE OF A WORD

IN the golden days of Rome's prosperity—so runs the legend—when her wealthy merchants dwelt in marble palaces on the banks of the Tiber, much pride was taken in the grandeur and artistic adornment of their dwellings. Successful wars had made many of the gems of Grecian art the possession of the Roman people. A taste for sculpture had been awakened, and the young men began to study in the schools of design, striving to emulate the great example of Greece and achieve for themselves the mastery of the arts. Sculpture grew in favor, and good work found ready purchasers among the rich. But in those days, as in the present, art was not wholly untainted by commercialism, and there were tricks in many trades. For instance, if a sculptor came upon a flaw in the marble, or if his chisel missed its aim, he filled the chink with a carefully prepared cement and fixed it so cleverly that the defect was imperceptible. In time, however, after the purchase had been long completed, heat or damp or accident would affect the cement and reveal its presence, marring thus the beauty of the work. And so it came to be the custom that when new contracts were signed for commissioned works of art, a clause was inserted that they were to be *sine cera*—without cement.

This, at least, is the derivation bequeathed us by one etymologist, of our word "sincere"—one of the most beautiful in the English language. Its exact pedigree seems to be a mooted point, for others give us different accounts of its origin, all qualified by much uncertainty. Several suggest that the phrase *sine cera* was used to describe the purest honey—honey "without wax." Others think it might have referred to wine jars perfectly cleansed from the wax that was used to seal their tops. But the most picturesque and possibly the most logical explanation is the one which has its root in the sculptor's art. And those of us who treasure the word "sincere" for the power and beauty of its present meaning, find in its syllables still greater emphasis when linked to such historic background; for they hold the vision of some wondrous form carved out of old Italian marble, as perfect as human skill and love could make it, and unmarred by any hidden flaw, backed by that guarantee of loyal workmanship—*sine cera*, without cement.

SELLING A CITY FOR MILLIONS

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SELLING A CITY FOR FIVE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

THE first great pageant ever seen in New York was the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, and we have recently been told by the press that it netted to the city \$60,000,000 in trade, hotels, car-fares, etc. This was the first intimation that we have had that the Hudson-Fulton Celebration was not the most terrible failure possible to imagine, something disastrous for a city to remember. We saw it all, the day pageants and the evening pageants. We looked down from a balcony on Fifth Avenue upon some of it and we stood with the crowd on the sidewalk to witness various sections of it. From beginning to end, we do not recall one thing that was not the ugliest thing of its kind, the most tawdry, the most humiliating for a city to father that could be imagined.

Although this was a pageant of New York City, a pageant based upon real historical interest, no artists were asked to coöperate, no musicians gave a note of beautiful sound, no historical societies or people who really knew significant facts and conditions that would contribute to such a parade were even notified that there was to be one. It was in the hands of the city Government, and various sections of the parade were given up to long lines of city officials. We think the part of New York that witnessed that parade perhaps realized for the first time what kind of people were governing them, what an extraordinary thing our city Government was as represented in that pageant.

And afterward when it was talked over by the people of intelligence who had seen it, the artists and the writers and the illustrators and the musicians and the men of importance in the historical world, it was said quite without thought of the possibility of contradiction, "Well, this was the first pageant; naturally no one knew how to do it. It was not in the hands of the right people. If New York had really given thought to it there is no reason why it should not have been a beautiful thing, and surely in the future if we have other pageants, as we must, they will be beautiful because New York is in a position through her artists, through her musicians, and through her men of mechanical skill to make it so." This was the

general impression. No one thought otherwise.

And yet within the last few weeks a pageant has been announced for New York City,—“the greatest the world has ever known.” Three months will be given up to it. It is to be called the Great Summer Carnival. The cities of the whole country are asked to coöperate. It will extend from the Battery out over Staten Island and from the north of the city up through the Bronx and over to Brooklyn.

It would seem at a first glance as though it would be a summer of great rejoicing and, of course, we who think of the beautiful side of things instantly say, “What a busy summer it will be for the men who know how to do really good things, and what a wonderful thing for a city to give its painters, its sculptors, its musicians such a chance to contribute to the making of the city beautiful, and to the entertaining of the city’s guests!”

As a rule, here in America, our artists do not have a very easy time, except those who are more or less famous. We do not do many public-spirited things in which our artists can coöperate, and this seemed just the chance we had often thought of, the artists had longed for; it seemed right the city should furnish it.

But as we read carefully into the city’s plans for the great pageant we find this following statement: “The Summer Carnival is expected to add \$500,000,000 to the city’s mercantile interests. The personnel of the committees which will control the pageants gives some idea of the scope of the carnival. Every large *business* interest in Greater New York will be represented on the committees. The lists of the honorary presidents include bankers, capitalists, engineers of international repute and merchant princes. The actual direction of the carnival is in the hands of the Hotel and Business Men’s League of Greater New York, an incorporated organization including every branch of mercantile interest in the city.” A list of the vice-presidents includes practically all of the big department store men, the big hotel men, those of the city Government who lend themselves to financial operations, and, of course, all the railroad companies and the city trolley and subway companies.

Not one artist, not one sculptor, not one musician, illustrator, writer has been asked

SELLING A CITY FOR MILLIONS

to cooperate. No names of men who know anything of New York history are on the lists. No college people are included. It is as though New York were one commercial system without the faintest impulse toward beauty, without an army of artists at her hand willing to cooperate, and in many instances men who have given gladly without price wherever the city has needed their help.

The newspapers speak of this pageant as "representing the greatness, the beauty and the resources of the nation." As a matter of fact, neither the greatness, the beauty nor the resources of the nation will be shown in any way whatever. The *business activities* of the nation alone will be represented, and these by people who are already significant in the business world, not those who have anything to contribute along the creative possibilities which have not yet been developed in the business in this country. Our national resources, so far as we can understand, are in no way to be shown or touched upon. Least of all, shall we have a floating barge descriptive of the destruction of our national resources by our big money trusts.

Undoubtedly this sort of a parade, which should not be called a pageant, will bring money into the city. It will make a crowded city, a noisy and disgusting city through the three hot summer months. What sort of a good thing will it be? It will increase the sweatshop trade; it will crowd our trolleys. It will bring enormous revenue to our hotels, but, after all, is this the greatness of our city? Are we nothing in the world in America except seekers after money, regardless of what the exchange means? Must we commercialize every impulse toward romance and sentiment that the heart of the nation is capable of possessing? We have already in New England, in New Jersey and New York State sold out absolutely that beautiful idea that welled up in the hearts of some people a few years ago, Old Home Week. At the beginning this was one of the most delightful native festivals that this nation has known, if we except Thanksgiving. It brought together people from all over the world. It strengthened family ties; it enlarged the interest of small villages and incidentally was a benefit to the town. It was a benefit to the town because it was really a good thing for the town.

Today Old Home Week is a commercial project. Small towns and villages have established a system of trading and of bet-

ting on trading, which brings to their town the worst elements of the country, and for weeks in advance the opportunities for trade are sold out to people in no way belonging to the village or holding any good faith with the village. In other words, that beautiful sentiment of family feeling, the spirit that made Thanksgiving Day and evolved the Home Week has been commercialized in the most treacherous fashion.

It is only a few years since we first accomplished anything with the pageant in America, and our first pageants, many of them, were very beautiful, very friendly and very worth while spectacles. The people of the villages got together, using their home talent with what assistance might be necessary; not only *using* their home talent but *developing it* through the work. Many countrysides found that they really had painters and musicians and men of real scientific skill living in their own village, and much good feeling, much ability and much success was developed through these town pageants.

One very beautiful one was developed out in Lawrence Park, Bronxville, in Westchester County, and people contributed to this in the most spontaneous and satisfactory way, and a lovelier spectacle would be hard to imagine than the early historical events of that county as relived on the hills and meadows by the village people.

Another fine pageant was also held at Peterboro, on the beautiful grounds of Mrs. Edward MacDowell's home. This was practically entirely done by the village people, and was one of the most progressive and illuminating things that has ever taken place in that part of the country. In fact, the possibilities of the pageant are beyond reckoning. There are few things that touch the imagination and the heart of people more than a dramatic presentation of the historical scenes that have taken place in and about their own country. Children love it and old people love it, and young people are delighted to contribute their time and their ability.

But the great value of the pageant is what it does for the people, not the amount of money that can be produced from it. The ways in which it develops the creative quality of people, the ways in which it touches their imagination, in which it calls upon their artistic ability, the ways in which it quickens their ingenuity, the opportunity it offers for the young to help the old, and the

OUTDOOR SUMMER LIFE FOR GIRLS

old to give full value to the young are simply boundless. And to commercialize this spirit of the pageant, which has just commenced to develop in this country, seems little short of a national tragedy.

What can New York gain out of her \$500,000,000 as great as the quickening of her spirit of romance and of chivalry, the development of her arts, the awakening of her sentiment? From our point of view, nothing. She will have more money to spend for motor cars, more money to buy foreign art and erect foreign architecture. She will have more money with which to build skyscrapers which will be filled with sweatshops where fake materials will be produced to sell to people who can scarcely afford the bare necessities of life. She will have more young men who do not have to work for their living, more rich young women to sell to the foreign aristocracy. But what of the real things of life will she gain for her \$500,000,000? What of real greatness, real beauty, real resource will be shown or developed? Will any of this money, perhaps, go back to the actual beautifying of the city? Will we have a better water front, better metropolitan railway systems, more parks for the people, more open-air opportunities for the poor children? Will there be any real return of the money to the people who are made miserable all summer through the influx of the enormous crowds which will surely come where commerce calls? If we commercialize the soul of our city as we have promised ourselves to do, what is the return? What is the final benefit? We are really selling, of course, the greatest thing the city has. What does the real city get for her soul? How are we better off next fall than we were last fall? If this money is spent directly in New York for the sorts of things that men were willing to sell their city for, where do we stand in relation to real progress and achievement? We will have more comic operas on Broadway, more little girls in the chorus for sale; we will have more flashy apartment houses uptown; we will have our streets more crowded with the people rushing to the sweatshops that have been built. But what *achievement* do we get from the commercializing of our city for three months, and for the expenditure of the money which is gained through the transaction?

The whole matter seems to resolve itself into the fact that we are forgetting our re-

sponsibilities toward the future. A city no more than an individual can afford to do anything which, however pleasureable at the time, means emptiness for the future. And whatever is done on a large scale, such as the devoting of three months of our city life to so-called civic entertainment, should indeed be well considered. It cannot be a question of what the stranger *playing* within our gates may find amusing for a short time, but what the future generations who are to *dwell* within the gates will find significant, important and helpful. The present plan of a civic parade which may bring to the city \$500,000,000 arranged for without thought of the expenditure of the \$500,000,000 or the loss to the city of romance and sentiment, certainly is selling our civic birthright for a mess of pottage.

A NEW OUTDOOR LIFE FOR GIRLS

THE movement for establishing camps for girls in order to give them the opportunities for outdoor living which boys have, is spreading with a rapidity that is significant of the girl's inherent need for freer, more natural living. That the girl should lead a sheltered life, guarded from harm, has been a tenet of civilization that has immured her in walls of convention to which each phase of evolution has added until the girls of the more cultured classes in each cycle of civilization can by no means look out on untrammelled life, but must see it always as a pageant prearranged for them. Only to girls of the middle and lower classes has a modicum of freedom been given, and that only through lack of interest. Boys of every degree have been by tradition free from restraint. Even the petticoated youngster at his nurse's knee has had a range of behaviour from which his small sister was invariably debarred by "little girls mustn't do that." Enquiry as to these fine discriminations meeting only the blank wall of the final dictum that "a boy always does thus and so." In school the same creed has obtained. The small boy fights his way through the public school and the private school alike, or bullies his mother or teacher in the strangely unrestrained way that his mother permits with a passing acknowledgment of male dominance in the resigned reflection that boys will be boys. The result has been that the boy has had a liberty which, though it might well be checked in many respects, has

OUTDOOR SUMMER LIFE FOR GIRLS

given him a greater chance to follow his impulse outdoors to the free wild life of woods and fields, where his primitive instinct has made him turn at once to make a camp, provide for it by forage, surround himself with his neighbors to defend it against alien tribes from the next school or street, and war with strange races who descend on it from the unknown places of the earth. Such play is the boy's real life, and it is the girl's real life too. But while the boy was living outdoors gaining natural lore of plant and animal life, piling stones to hold a fire for his roasting corn and potatoes, bending boughs for a tent, learning where the biggest wild strawberries grow, when the may-apple ripens, and the safest way to steal the cherries on old man So-and-so's place, his unfortunate sister was playing dollies on the front porch and wishing with a bursting soul that she could slap them all and run away. Only there was her new dress, and a glance at her small guest revealed another new dress. "Aren't you allowed to sit down either?" asked a three-year-old hostess with a sympathetic look at her guest's dazzling white refulgence of petticoat and frock. The guest shook her head. The hostess sighed. They both sat balanced on their immaculate heels and played patiently till the hour for afternoon Sunday-school.

High time for the splendid fresh impulse for the boy's camp that swept over the country a few years ago and is resulting in the establishment of a *guided* outdoor life with all its opportunities for good, and its fine honor system that makes old man So-and-so's cherries safe from pillage. High time for the newer impulse that has come with a rush to liberate our girls from the emptiness of their dreary little conventions. Think of the littleness that makes the sum of the young girl's life,—the useless school competitions, the squabbles, the young duplicities that grow later into the so-called diplomacies of womanhood, the vacuous parties that misrepresent some play-time hours, and always the awful clothes that in no other country in the world play the prominent part they do in America. Beginning in her babyhood days the average American girl's life is literally a mere study in changing fashions. The young girls of every other alleged civilization are kept sim-

ply dressed and socially free until they are at least sixteen years old. The English girl is a perfect outdoor girl, riding, playing tennis, hockey and golf, dressed simply always, her hair hanging loose or in braids until she is seventeen or eighteen. The French girl is equally free from clothes madness and is a studious little person, as is the Dutch girl. Denmark, Sweden and Finland all send into the world true outdoor girls, strong and rugged, with sane unspoiled ideals, well developed minds, and probably more democratic in the truest sense than are any others. And the German girl, no matter of what rank, is taught housewifery and is a good house manager and cook; and many of them have pride in their well-filled chests of house linen made by themselves while they are schoolgirls.

But our young girls are mostly oddities in the girl world; things of bewildering dresses, beaus and elaborate coiffures by the time they are sixteen, with a confused sense of the importance of all these possessions.

And now a few clear-headed women, seeing the pitifulness of this state of the girls' world, and deploring not only its present crudities but its disastrous influence on the future, have started a movement for girls' camps. Big ones and little ones, for girls of all ages, they are fast establishing themselves all over the country. Here the girls lead reasonable outdoor lives, do all the work of the camp themselves, cook, pack and often carry their supplies, make beds of boughs and blankets, bathe in cold brooks, tend cattle and milk when they have the chance, and do all the rough work as well as the light tasks. They are gaining a knowledge of hardships that is going to make vigorous women of them. They lay aside all the affectations and superficial aims of their usual lives, and go out into the woods, dressed in plain strong stuffs that give the utmost freedom to lungs and limbs. They play and work, learn true consideration for each other, and gain the coöperative spirit that will mean so much to them when they are older. And they learn the delight of campcraft and the fascinating life of woods and fields, and come back with saner plans and a broader, simpler view of life and of living that will reconstruct their whole future.

