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"ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN NEW ENGLAND BY EDWIN HALE LINCOLN.

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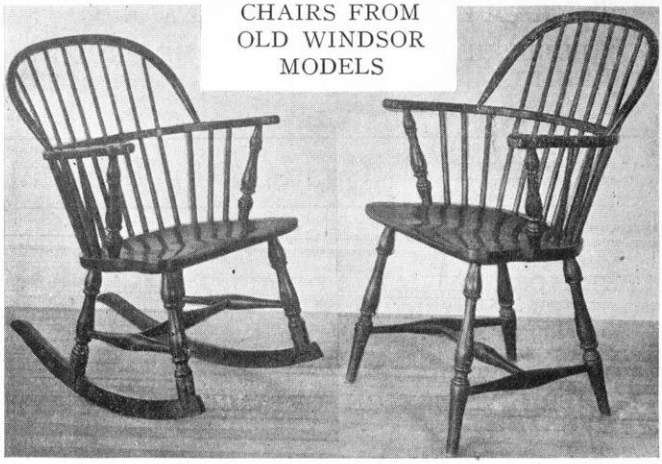

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GUSTAV STICKLEY, THE CRAFTSMAN

6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK

THE CRAFTSMAN

PUBLISHED BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.
VOLUME XXVIII SEPTEMBER, 1915 NUMBER 6

THE MOST VALUABLE OF ALL ARTS: BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

"I should regard the most valuable of all arts to be the deriving of a comfortable substance from the smallest area of soil."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

I THINK it is worth while occasionally to ask ourselves just *what education is for.* Is it a decoration—or is it something we strive for because it illuminates life, enables us to accomplish more clearly, wisely and completely our destiny?

Haven't we all let ourselves confuse *education* with *books?* To me the confusion lies mainly in books. I think education should partly at least be what we learn through our own experiences, through our contact and conflict with Nature and our gradual understanding of her ways. Whereas in books, we are studying all the while to find out about other people's experiences. I find it of course a good thing to know what other people have thought and worked over and achieved, but this of itself is not enough. Every man has got to develop his own muscle. He cannot live through the strength of others.

For instance, the painter is a valuable man in our civilization. He stimulates our imagination by revealing to us his vision of life. But it is not satisfactory to me merely to get another man's point of view of beauty. I want to express my own vision, whatever it may be, in my own way, and through it to grow more fully and happily. And I firmly believe today, as I have so often said in the last fifteen years, that the great school teacher for all people is Nature, because Nature alone teaches you through your own experiences.

Someone once asked Lincoln what art he thought most important. He hesitated for a moment, then replied with his whimsical smile, "I should regard the most valuable of all 'arts' to be the deriving of a comfortable substance from the smallest area of soil." He did not stop to think about music or painting or sculpture, but of *the art of living.* He was always thinking of that.

It is because we have forgotten this art of living, its relation to Nature, its simple outlines, that we are in the midst of the terrific conditions that exist all over the world. If each man regarded his

life as the development of an art, if he insisted upon getting from the soil what was essential for his own livelihood and happiness, we would have widespread contentment.

It is when science and Nature are harnessed for the sole sake of money making, when production is increased away beyond reasonable human needs, when in order to make large sums we force enormous manufacture, exploiting our business through competition, that we develop commercial warfare. It is a very short distance between business warfare and the battlefield. We passed it in twenty-four hours a year ago last August.

I find myself in talking to young people constantly reverting to the importance of *the art of living*, that is, the importance of some association with Nature in the development of childhood. I learned when I was a very young lad that I could never fool Nature; that when I worked in the fields with her, in rain or sunshine or in wind, I was coping with the eternal elements, that I could not fake anything or talk back; that she was inexorable, that in order to achieve anything I must *work with her;* for I could never battle with her without being the sufferer. I believe that this early association with Nature, this learning the art of living, is bound to develop in young people sincerity and a profound recognition of the fact that only absolute truth is worth taking into consideration in life.

IN the country, how early a boy learns that when it is time to get hay in, it is time to get it in; that when a storm comes up, your hay is either in the barn or spoiled; that when springtime comes, if you are going to have a garden, you have got to plant your seed; you can't argue with your parents about it or convince yourself that another week will do; and you can't plant vegetable seed and get a flower garden. You early wake up to the fact that you work right along Nature's rules without any theories, if you want success. Nature is far more ruthless than schoolmasters or parents. She never makes excuses herself, and she never accepts apologies.

And so it seems to me that Lincoln was thinking very straight and very true when he said that it was the most valuable of all arts to get a comfortable substance from a small area of soil. He did not mean just the material things that you can take out of the soil, just the flowers, fruit and vegetables. He was too wise for that. He meant that it was doubly valuable, because besides your livelihood, you learn all of Nature's lessons. You grow to estimate life from her standards; you realize that her unflinching ways are good ways and her friendly moods wonderful to share.

When I spoke of international warfare as the culmination of

business productivity in the wrong channel and of Lincoln's outlook as furnishing the solution for conditions which at their worst might breed war, I did not forget that Lincoln himself had been instrumental in his day in bringing about war. But in the midst of destruction and sorrow he was never destructive. We should stop to think about *the reason men go to war*. Battling for commercial prosperity, for material advancement, for territorial expansion, is disintegrating beyond the power of man to conceive. This is not the sort of warfare that Abraham Lincoln took part in. His was a conflict for an ideal, and even when he was overwhelmed with the horror of the whole situation, when he was suffering profoundly as a man and a citizen, he was always looking ahead, always planning for reconstruction, always dreaming of the creation of a new republic. Even those who were not on his side in the past never attributed to him a desire for power, ruthlessness, aggrandizement or self-interest.

AND so I feel confident that I am right in saying that you cannot battle for merchandise or its equivalents and make great ethical strides. I do not wish to be understood as speaking in a derogatory way of business or commerce, but I think it should never be taken out of the hands of the people. It should belong to them just as the land should. No one group of people can do the work for another. You would not expect a trust to make all the money in the world, instead of each man making his own living; you would not be satisfied to have someone do your eating or your sleeping for you; you do not want other people to plan your home and bring up your children. Each man wants his individual life, and it is only when the people are working for themselves, for their own interests, when they are building their own homes, planning their home life, cultivating their gardens and farms, developing their own music, painting their own pictures, that they are getting the kind of creative exercise that will stimulate them and will mean real national progress.

You have got to exercise your own faculties mentally, physically and spiritually. Business, which today has become essential, should be a sort of social exercise. It should be the exercise of making for the people what they need, what they want, making it in such a way that it is beautiful and durable. That indeed would be a fine commercial achievement. Thus all art, all agriculture, all business activity, would be the result of individual discipline, and people would be the better for their work, stronger and more intelligent.

But the moment business is used to increase revenue without regard to the value of the product, or the world's need of it and how it can be honestly disposed of, then are we exploiting our business,

and destroying it. To use enormous business activities for selfish purposes is one way of atrophying commercial enterprises. Naturally you cannot make progress through atrophy, and a thing that is not progressing is slipping back, in business as well as in character. The longer I live the more I *know* that nothing really matters, if we consider life in the large, except that a community should make progress.

Progress for the individual must always depend upon creative development. The community moves with the individual, and of course the nation with the community. And so to revert to Lincoln's point of view once more, the greater the development of man in his intimate relation with Nature, the more each man realizes that he should have his own acre of Nature for help, instruction, and livelihood if it may be, the better we shall be as a nation, the finer we shall be in our character and the further we shall be from all warfare, national and international.

IN writing I always like best to use the simplest illustrations. Men speak best, I believe, out of their own experiences. The most far-reaching experiences of my life I gained during my boyhood days on a farm. It was there that I really got my first insight into house building and there too that my interest in cabinet work began. In my young days you did not get a catalogue of farm implements in every mail. When we wanted a new wheel for the cart, we made it and we learned many things in its making. Mathematics and philosophy and other important college courses I took as an amateur wheelwright. My first carpenter work was an ox yoke and I discovered a great deal in the making of that yoke which has been important to me all my life. It was a proud moment when I made my first successful axe helve, for a great deal indeed depends upon how an axe helve is hung. And when I had made the kind of helve that was satisfactory, I had enlarged my understanding of life considerably.

A farm boy can extend his wisdom by meeting emergencies far more than the average boy can by reading a book. I doubt if a lad could ever get sufficient printed instruction to know exactly how to handle an obstreperous calf, but the boy who succeeds in teaching a calf what a halter means has solved a variety of problems in his own way before they get into the barn door together. And so I feel it immensely important for Nature to have a hand in our training. I believe for instance that a course of farming would be a good thing for a boy even who was planning to be an architect or a furniture maker, I am not sure but what it would be worth while for a painter or a poet.

THE MOST VALUABLE OF ALL ARTS

I have always liked to study Colonial furniture. I never tire of it. No one does, I believe. It is not a fad one day and forgotten the next. We never quarrel with it. What has ever been made more permanently good and worth while than a Windsor chair? It belongs to and expresses well-regulated life and its influence is for simplicity and sincerity. Colonial furniture was born at a time when living in America was a serious matter, a dignified and formal matter, too. The furniture in those days, the painting, the homes, all have gone on record as a tribute to the fineness of the people who designed them and lived with them.

It seems to me that when we look at it we see the kind of people who made it, plain, hardworking, sincere-thinking, simple folk—what I mean by the "common people," men who put their conscience, as well as their science and their art into their cabinet work, who worked with water power and hand-turning lathes; in other words, they worked hard to accomplish anything, and I have no doubt whatever that most of them were farmers too in off hours, or had been. For best results and most achievement in the world, we cannot separate farming from other industries. Cabinet-making and farming go hand in hand. Craft work and agriculture belong together. Lincoln knew this, and this is what he really meant in the quotation we have used at the beginning of this article.

And I believe so far as possible it is a good thing to originate the thing you are going to make, just as the Colonial cabinet makers did. There is no doubt in the world that you can get inspiration and knowledge too in imitating old masterpieces, whether the work of painters or cabinet makers, but I am sure that in the long run the best plan is to study the good old things historically. Let them enlarge your appreciation and sympathy, then go ahead and create something that seems good to you in your own way. Learn all you can of the art of other worlds and times as a background. You need it. But the best copy that you can make of another piece of furniture cannot do for you personally what your own creation can.

Indeed how can any man hope to really imitate say, for instance, a Heppelwhite chair? Who can know in what mood Heppelwhite was when he designed the chair, for whom he was making it, just what entered into the environment of his life when he was working on it? We can't get into Heppelwhite's frame of mind and so we can't produce what he did. Thus when we are imitating Heppelwhite or Sheraton or Adam, we are really making an American chair along antique lines, and the better it is the less it expresses ourselves.

(*Continued on Page 615.*)

THE ROYAL PURPLE THISTLE DEAR TO SCOTTISH HEARTS.

GOLDENROD AND ASTERS: NATURE'S ROYAL EMBROIDERIES OF PURPLE AND GOLD

ST. MICHAEL from his high place in Heaven surely would be proud and happy indeed (that is if saints are permitted such human emotions), if he could look down upon earth and realize that the hosts of wild asters starring the earth on his especial feast day were named Michaelmas daisies in his honor. These lovely purple and blue star-flowers cluster so thickly upon earth that they are no more to be numbered than the stars of heaven. More than ten thousand species join in forming the glorious nebula of Michaelmas stars that rise and set from fields and marshes, along our roadways and through our groves and forests. With them are the *solidago* or goldenrods, King Sol's gay golden wands, for in clouds of purple and gold does the flower day set until the night of winter is past and the morn of spring comes again with its tender clouds of lavender, yellow and white.

Goldenrods and asters and their showy relatives, the chrysanthemums, make the last stand of color in our fields and gardens. They are all three of one glorious order, *asteroidae*, one of the finest and most

beloved of all plant orders. The early botanists placed the aster among the *compositae*, but nowadays it is classified as a member of the *asteraceae* family. But however classified and wherever found, the wood asters, Michaelmas daisies or starworts are much beloved. Like the swallows and martins of the bird world, they are gregarious, therefore literally paint the earth with color during their season. A single lavender star might easily remain unseen, but when millions of them put their heads together then indeed is their presence proclaimed and their beauty appreciated.

Though the improved asters of the garden are truly marvelous, each blossom being the size of a whole cluster of the wild ones, yet they cannot compare in poetic loveliness with the delicate woodland aster or the New England wild aster that branches a hundred times from one stem, tipping each branchlet with a yellow disk rayed with a violet crown that varies from dark to light with its position in sun or shade.

The New England aster, *Novae-Angliae*, is perhaps the showiest of the wild species, because myriads of them grow together on one stem. It does well in gardens, if given the proper position, that is, out in the sunny places, and is one of our best fall border plants. There is hardly a shade of blue or purple or lavender that is not matched by the asters. They can be grown from the height of a few inches up to six feet or more and will fill every sort of place, shady or sunny, wet or dry, sandy or boggy. There are Alpine asters for a rock garden, others for the bogs, fields, pine barrens, salt marshes, fresh pools, windy dunes and sandy beaches.

THE Michaelmas daisy is a real aster and ranks with the dahlia and the chrysanthemum as an autumn flower. The colors are not to be exceeded by any other flowers of the fall. They are bright, tender, rich, pale, every color tone, in fact, that can be needed by any gardener in carrying out the flower embroideries of Indian summer beds. They are excellent for suburban gardens, where the ground is none too rich.

As Walter P. Wright says: "They are especially fine for the small backyard garden where compactness is a virtue. Students of hardy plants," he says, "are fully alive to the importance of the modern Michaelmas daisy, and they have set up such a demand for it as to make it worth while for a clever cross-fertilizer to specialize it. This means that a constant stream of new and improved varieties is flowing into the nurseries, just as there is of new roses, new chrysanthemums, new carnations, new dahlias and new sweet peas. The old school of flower gardeners have no adequate conception of the

modern Michaelmas daisy. They neither know what it is nor what it is capable of doing. Before me as I write is a clump of the violet-colored variety, *framfieldi* (a variety I ought to say, for the sake of botanical accuracy, of the old species *amellus*, which grows about two feet high, has a blue flower with yellow disk and came to England from Italy as far back as fifteen ninety-six). It is mid October and the plant, which has been in flower several weeks, is still full of bloom. It is growing in thin, fiberless soil on a chalk bank, in spite of which it has spread to a yard across by two and a half feet high, and is bearing scores of flowers."

There are so few flowers which will grow in a chalk bank that the aster fills a need which should win it a special list of friends. The chalk bank naturally does not increase its vigor, but it does give it depth and richness of color. The China asters are reported to have come over to England in the year seventeen thirty-one, the name, *Callistephus chinensis*, means beautiful crown. These first asters had mauve flowers, but plant breeders have changed their color to almost every known variation of violet and lavender and pink. The cost of a packet of aster seeds is so little and the color so wonderful and the plant so dependable that they are indeed worthy to be the gardener's pride and standby.

They are an excellent bedding flower for filling adaptably after many of the other flowers have become but a memory. Because of their variety of color, they can be associated with the airy nicotiana, the velvet salpiglossis and mignonette. If purple and gold borders are required, they can be used in connection with calendulas and marigolds. A bed of calendulas and purple China asters makes as brilliant a combination of stocky purple and gold as can be created with garden flowers.

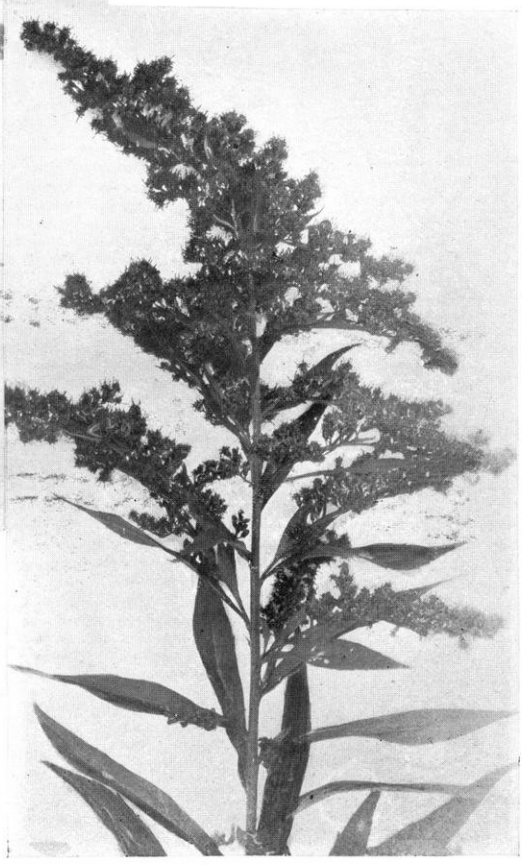
Broideries of purple and gold seem to be associated in all our minds with royal ceremonies, rich robes and kings' palaces. Against the velvet lawn of green no showier a garden picture can be painted than the banks of asters and calendulas. In the woods and fields Nature makes her fine display of purple and gold with the graceful goldenrod and woodland asters. Though patterned not so heavily as the garden varieties, these beds bear more of grace and poetry. Their informal way of grouping, their friendly joy with one another give us one of our most prized memories of woodland beauties.

THE florists have taken our dainty single wild aster and doubled it over and over again, twirled and twisted and lengthened its petals, until it takes a connoisseur to tell it from the chrysanthemum. It can be bought as seeds or as plants from almost any

THERE ARE LITTLE COMPOSITAE LIKE THE ERIGERON SHOWN AT THE RIGHT THAT ARE COMMONLY RANKED AMONG THE ASTERS: AND INDEED SO LIKE THEY ARE TO THIS STAR-RAYED FLOWER THAT THEY ARE OFTEN CALLED BY THE SAME NAME: NATURE LOVES THE STAR PATTERN AND PLACES IT LAVISHLY IN THE HEAVENS, AMONG THE FLOWERS, AND EVEN UNDER THE SEA, AS THE LOVELY SEA ANEMONES CAN TESTIFY.

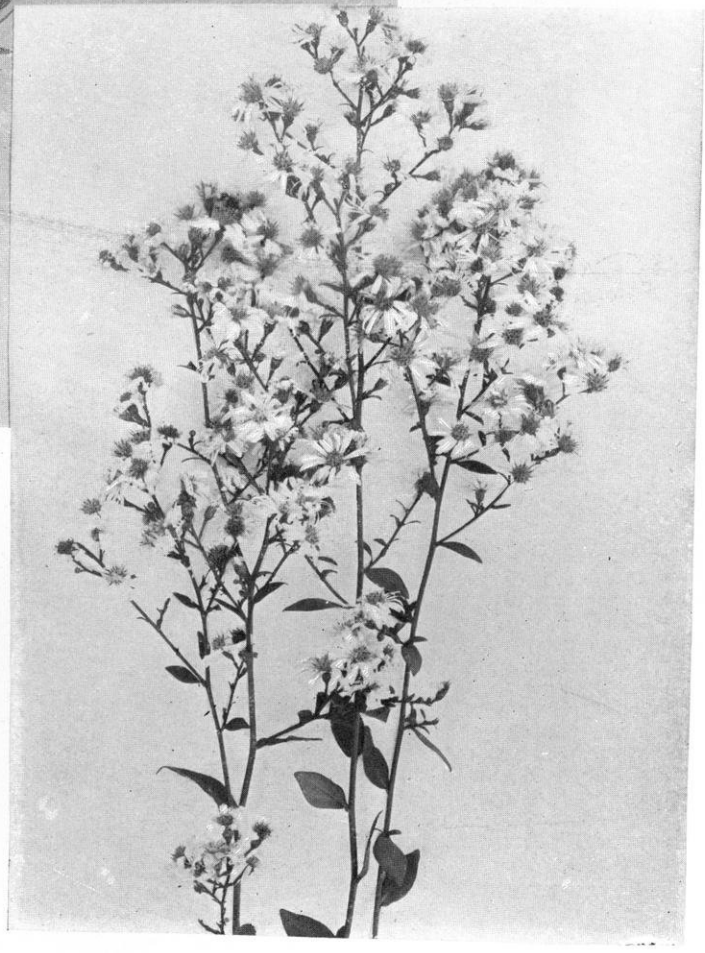
HARDLY A GROVE OR WOODLOT IN NEW ENGLAND BUT KNOWS THE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE WOOD ASTER OR MICHAELMAS DAISY SHOWN AT THE LEFT: ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING OF ALL OUR WILD FLOWERS, IT STANCHLY BLOOMS FAR INTO THE AUTUMN: WHEN OTHER FLOWERS HAVE GONE TO SLEEP, IT KEEPS VIGIL: WE HOPE ST. MICHAEL TAKES NOTICE OF THESE STAR FLOWERS NAMED IN HIS HONOR.

THERE ARE ABOUT EIGHTY KNOWN VARIETIES OF THE "BRAVE SUNFULL GOLDENROD", FIFTY OF WHICH ARE TO BE FOUND IN NEW ENGLAND: AT THE TIME WHEN THE INDIAN SUMMER MOON IS FLOODING NIGHT WITH SILVER RADIANCE, THE GOLDENROD IS LYING LIKE GOLDEN PATCHES OF SUNSHINE UPON OUR FIELDS AND HILLS, BY OUR ROADSIDES AND IN OUR GARDENS.

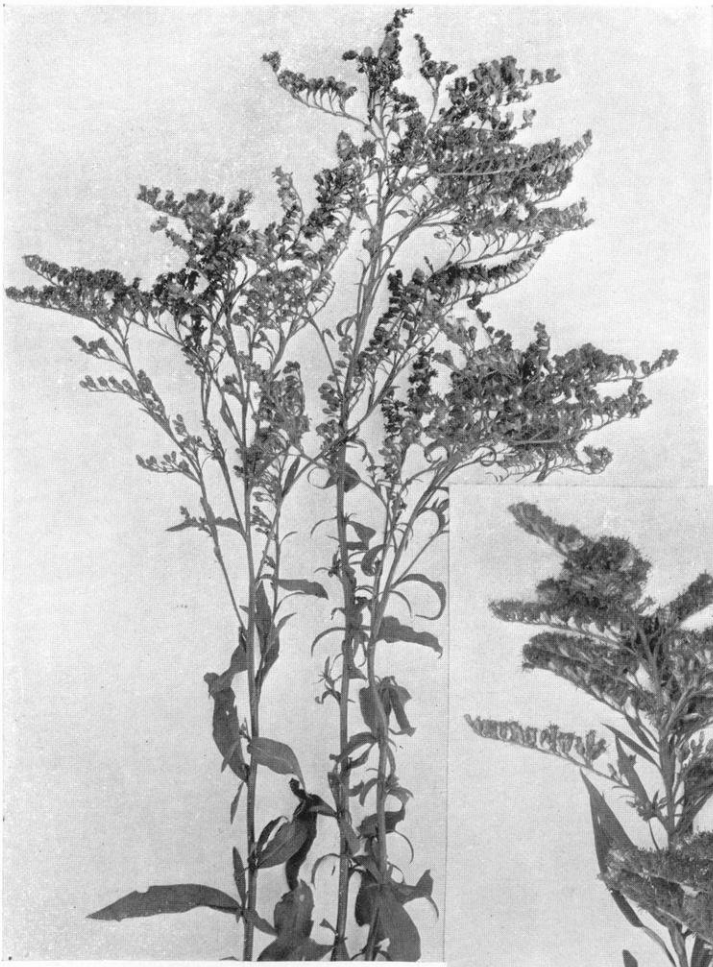


THE PUNGENT ODOR OF THE GOLDENROD IS THE VERY ESSENCE, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH OF AUTUMN: WHEN THE SOLIDAGO AUTUMNALE, SHOWN AT THE RIGHT, IS IN FULL BLOOM AND ITS INCENSE IS WAFTED UPON THE AIR, IT IS INDEED A REGALLY BEAUTIFUL FLOWER, ONE THAT HAS ENDEARED ITSELF TO EVERY FLOWER AND OUT-OF-DOOR LOVER: BLACK AND ORANGE AS WELL AS BLUE BUTTERFLIES ALSO LOVE IT AND ARE OFTEN SEEN POISING UPON ITS FEATHERY WANDS, FEASTING UPON THE SWEET OFFERING OF NECTAR.

THE NEW ENGLAND ASTER, OR NOVAE ANGLIAE, VARYING FROM RICH VIOLET TO LIGHTEST OF LAVENDER, IS PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL THE ASTERS: ITS COLOR, CHANGING ACCORDING TO ITS POSITION IN SUN OR SHADE, IS ALWAYS DELICATE: AND BECAUSE EVERY BRANCHLET IS TIPPED WITH A RAGGED STAR, IT MAKES QUITE A VIVID SHOWING: IT IS SOMETIMES CALLED STARWORT: EASILY PROPAGATED BY SEED, IT MAKES A VALUABLE BORDER PLANT WHEN PURPLE AND GOLD, BLUE AND PURPLE, OR LAVENDER AND WHITE BORDERS ARE WANTED.



THE DAINTY WILD ASTER SHOWN AT THE RIGHT, WHEN GROWING IN THE SHADOW OF OUR GROVES OR DOWN IN WET MEADOWS, REACHES AN UNUSUAL HEIGHT: EACH SMALL BRANCH LENGTHENS AND THE FLOWERS ARE SMALLER AND PALER, SO THAT IT HAS A FRAIL, SPIRITUAL LOOK, AS THOUGH IT WERE A DREAM FLOWER: WHOEVER LOVES THIS LITTLE MICHAELMAS DAISY SHOULD SCATTER SEEDS OF IT IN THEIR FERN BEDS OR OUT IN THE WILD GARDEN: IT GROWS ACCOMMODATINGLY AND ITS AIRY CLUSTERS OF DELICATE STARS ADD GRACE TO ANY SPOT.



THE FEATHERY VARIETY OF THE SOLIDAGO ULMIFOLIUS, OR GOLDEN ROD AT THE LEFT, BRANCHING GRACEFULLY FROM A SINGLE STEM, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CHARMING FAIRY STORY OF THE GOLDEN ELM : IT GROWS IN NEW ENGLAND WHEREVER ELMS ARE FOUND AND IT IS THE MOST GRACEFUL MEMBER OF THE LARGE GOLDEN ROD FAMILY : IT IS PARTICULARLY FINE FOR INTERIOR USE IN HOUSES, BECAUSE OF ITS LIGHT HEAD AND SOFT YELLOW TONE : IT IS EASILY RAISED FROM SEED AND SHOULD BE IN EVERY WILD GARDEN.

THE SOLIDAGO NEMORALIS AT THE RIGHT, OF A DEEP SULPHUR YELLOW, IS DISTINGUISHED BY ITS LONG LEAVES WHICH CLUSTER THICKLY UPON A STOCKY STEM : IT MAKES GOOD MASSES OF COLOR BECAUSE OF ITS HEAVY PANICLE OF FLOWERS : IT IS VALUABLE FOR ANY FLOWER BORDER DESIRING FALL GOLD AND LOOKS WELL BLENDED WITH MASSED ASTERS : IT CAN BE PROPAGATED BY DIVISION OR BY SEED, AND UNDER CULTIVATION IT IMPROVES BOTH IN COLOR AND SIZE.

dealer. Even the rarest of them grows most accommodatingly, for they are extremely hardy. Their names, being legion, would but confuse if reported, but a request for asters of any needed color will bring from any dealer a wide choice of double or single, dwarf or tall.

The goldenrod, that is so often found in company with the aster, is almost exclusively a New England plant, only one species being reported from the Old World. New England is fortunate in possessing fifty out of our eighty classified species. This is one of the most beautiful of all our yellow flowers, and that is praise indeed. Some grow thick and stocky, others tall, delicately spraying out from one stem like an oak tree.

When we were children we were told that certain good fairy folk loved the elm tree very, very dearly, but it was really much too large for them, so their queen waved her wand and gave them little elm trees, all tinged with gold that were suitable to their tiny size. We call their tree the goldenrod. We still half expect whenever we wish to pick one to find the fairies resting under their golden elm and feel the old delicious thrill of childish mystery when a gauzy-winged dragon-fly or golden-legged bumblebee darts out from among its branches.

John Muir in the West loved to write of the "brave, sunfull goldenrod" that grew so luxuriantly all over the Sierra. In many delightful passages he sings its praise. "The fragrance," he writes in one place, "and the color and the form and the whole spiritual expression of the goldenrod are hopeful and strength-giving beyond any flower that I know. A single spike is sufficient to heal unbelief and melancholy."

Thoreau of the East also wrote most charmingly of the goldenrods. They express to him "all the richness of the season and shed their mellow luster over the fields as though the now declining summer's sun had bequeathed its hues to them. It is the floral solstice, a little after midsummer, when the particles of golden light, the sun dust, have, as it were, fallen like seeds on the earth and produced these blossoms. On every hillside and in every valley stood countless asters, coreopsis, pansies, goldenrods and the whole race of yellow flowers, like Brahminical devotees, turning steadily with their luminary from morning until night."

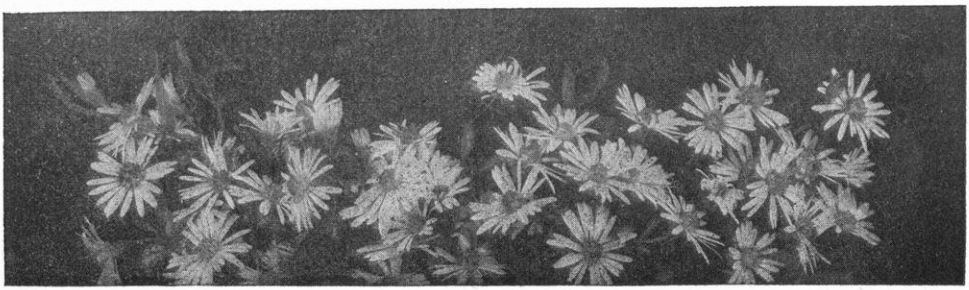
Solidago bi-color, sometimes called silverrod, is our only known white species and *Solidago Canadensis* is perhaps the showiest. The *Rigida* has exceptionally rich foliage. *Solidago juncea* is one of the most graceful elm-like varieties. *Solidago nemoralis* is more compact, larger-leaved. From the leaves of one species a spicy oil is brewed.

NATURE'S ROYAL EMBROIDERIES

THE many charming new houses being built all through New England to give city people the rejuvenation positively necessary to health of body and spirits, those comfortable little summer homes tucked away under trees, nestled among hills, standing upon the dunes of the seashore, present problems in planting, for they are occupied as a rule too late for spring seeding; and when the season of fall sowing is on, the owners are returning to the city. So the usual list of garden favorites cannot conveniently be cultivated. The flowers native to the place are not only the most appropriate, but take care of themselves accommodatingly, seeding themselves at the proper time with no attention from the owners of the ground that they so recently possessed in undisputed luxuriance.

How much better that the scar of terrace or retaining wall be seeded again to its company of black-eyed Susans, pansies, buttercups, butterfly weed, meadow lilies, goldenrods, asters, gentians, than that a long struggle for smooth, alien-looking lawn be begun! Wild clematis, woodbine and wild grape will deal pleasantly with the foundation of the house and porch pillars. Wild blackberry answers admirably in place of the city-bred variety. Barberry, elder, dogwood, laurel, rhododendron and countless other shrubs will easily take root if lifted at the proper time from their chosen habitat to new quarters in the same neighborhood. So either collect wild flower seeds while on exploring walks, or buy a few packets from the seedsman and sow them around the summer house that is up in the woods or down by the shore. They will increase the natural beauty of your property, help to save the native plants from becoming extinct, and give yourself the satisfaction of adding to St. Michael's constellation of earth stars.

For the garden by the sea there are beach asters, trailing vines of lavender and yellow sand verbenas, marsh mallows, wild roses, broom, lupines and bayberries. There is not a bit of land where a house could be put in all this glorious land of ours that has not its colony of flowers, grasses, shrubs and trees willing to grace the dooryard of their human friends.



WIND LITANY

IN this world I shall not find
Any comforter like Wind,
Any friend to so endure,
Any love so strong, so sure:
I was born when Wind to Star
Linked its magic, and afar
Whispered out my destiny,
So the winds have brothered me.

I remember when befell
Heartbreak sharp, intolerable,
And no voice nor touch but bound
Deeper torment on the wound:
Yet a little wind could rise,
Stroking cheek and tear-wet eyes,
Breathing, "Hush! All pain shall pass!
Still the winds are, and the grass!"

Rose-drenched moonlit air that slips
Like a kiss across my lips,
Smoke-tanged fall-wind—they can sweep
All old childhood from its sleep
Underneath thick-fallen days
Heaped and brown about my ways:
For until the end shall be
Scent of wind is Memory.

God, when all the earth shall lie
Stripped and new beneath Thine eye
And the seas are lifted up
Whole from out their empty cup
And Thy curtain-sky downflung
And the gold stars slide unstrung,
Send us still in Heaven-places
Sweet swift winds across our faces!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

MODERN VARIATION OF JACOBEAN FURNITURE, DEVELOPING FRESH BEAUTY

THERE is always an especial interest for Americans in Jacobean furniture, for it holds to us a suggestion of the romance of Colonial days and is therefore full of historical association. It was among the first that came to our colonies and the first to be laboriously copied by the Colonial cabinet makers. It seems naturally to belong to pioneer times, it is so strong and sturdy. It might be called the Viking of the furniture world, straight, beautiful, vigorous and full of life as those heroes of old. There is nothing passive about its resolute lines, yet it lacks not for grace. The spiral legs, low relief carvings, cane or rush seats and carved arms banish any thought of repellent severity.

We have few impressive audience rooms or great halls or vaulted bedchambers as suitable settings for the massive old pieces that first reached these shores. But we do have many homes that make ideal settings for just such pieces as we are showing here. Without the "elegant heaviness" that characterized the Old World Jacobean, it still carries the romantic spirit that makes us associate it with baronial homes, with rich tapestries and velvet cushions. These lines insist upon a certain luxuriance of setting. We cannot think of such pieces with the flippant black and white cretonnes or serviceable sundours. They belong to the velours, velvets, tapestries and rich silks.

THIS EXTREMELY ELEGANT WRITING DESK IS A MODERN VARIATION OF JACOBEAN FURNITURE: THE CARVING IS ALL INTERESTINGLY RELIEVED WITH DULL GOLD.

Such pieces as are illustrated here are suitable for either hall, library or dining room. The console table, slender and aristocratic, with its characteristic twisted legs that end in a round knob at the base and a flat square head at the top, with its carved scrolls and drop-handle drawers, is rich without being over-elaborate, dignified and desirable in every way. The proportions are especially fine. Its height, depth and length have been balanced

with fine understanding of their relative importance. Note the plan of the two square drawers at the ends and the shallow one between, divided by carved panels and finished with a carved scroll intended to break the severity of too many sharp angles. The cane shelf at the bottom gives lightness to the whole.

The mirror to go above this console table is relieved by carved medallions and corner finials like those upon the table. Like the table itself, it is unusual of line, appropriate and distinctive.

In the writing desk, the same acanthus design is found upon the carved panels, and the cane used as a panel back of the paper holders was introduced to make it part and parcel of the set.

The two chairs, one slender and tall, the other suitably wider to allow for comfortable arms, with their decoratively braced legs, acanthus and medallion carvings, look, as indeed they are, designed especially to be used in connection with the other pieces in rich homes.

A CHAIR OF MODERN JACOBEAN WITH DULL GOLD CARVINGS.

This whole set was carried out in dark rich oak, rubbed until high lights appeared upon the tips of the carvings and along the ridge of the spiral legs. This gives it life and animation, with a sense of its being alive, instead of dull and inert. The carvings have all been filled with gold, which gives it the same rich appearance that distinguished the Old World Jacobean furniture. Beneath the gold was a dull reddish bronze, which has been allowed to show occasionally, relating it somewhat to the polychrome which is being so enthusiastically revived. The rich tone of this furniture and the gleam of its gold when placed in hall or dining room hung with old tapestries or velours, create a pleasantly luxurious atmosphere. Velvet cushions for the seats, brass or bronze upon the table, complete the beauty of this set, designed especially for use in our dignified, impressive American city or country homes. The effect of lightness given to the later

ARMCHAIR WHICH MATCHES THIS SET.

MODERN VARIATIONS OF JACOBEAN STYLE

Jacobean furniture by panels of carving and turned columns was heightened by the use of rush or cane seats. Color was obtained by cushions of tapestry and velvet. These characteristics can quite easily be reproduced nowadays, but the deep, rich, almost black tone of the oak of the old pieces cannot be simulated. Nothing but time and use can so marvelously color and polish the English oak, a wood almost sacred to them through associ-ation with ancient Druid ceremonies.

Present day con-struction is as com-mendatory as the workmanship of the old cabinet-makers, but our carvings lose through imitation and haste much of the subtle beauty of the original work. This is inevitable, for a copy never has the spontaneous grace of an original. The de-signer himself could not make a copy of his own work with out a certain indefin-able loss of beauty. A copy of a copy, as every one knows, shows a steady de-terioration. The ar-ticles we are showing are in no sense copies, though they are un-mistakably the out-come of Jacobean in-fluence. Being de-signed especially for use in American homes, they will fit into their places har-moniously, establish-ing an atmos-phere of charm, luxury and comfort. The different periods differ so greatly that it is often quite disas-trous to mix them in one room. Jaco-bean furni-ture, though very distinc-tive, has the happy quality of adaptable-ness. One of these chairs for instance, instead of looking woeful-ly out of place, as some other chair might, would be quite apt to act instead as a cohesive force, pulling a room to-gether, har-monizing and enriching the whole.

A CONSOLE TABLE AND MIRROR OF MOD-ERN JACOBEAN DESIGN WITH FERN CARVING RELIEVED WITH DULL GOLD: AN UNUSUAL AND GRACEFUL DESIGN.

THIS IS A VERY ANCIENT BUILDING AT SOISSONS: IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT IT IS NO LONGER IN EXISTENCE: IN MANY WAYS IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE OF THE OLD HALF-TIMBER HOUSES IN FRANCE, BOTH IN TIMBER DESIGN, COLOR AND SLANT OF THE ROOF: IT IS AN IRREPARABLE LOSS TO THE ARTISTIC WORLD.

HALF-TIMBER HOUSES IN OLD VILLAGES OF FRANCE, MANY OF WHICH ARE DESTROYED

FRANCE has always loved her villages. If we let ourselves think of all beauty born of the French imagination as surging inevitably toward Paris, we wrong the more simple folk of this fair progressive land, those who have put into the making of their gardens, the building and decorating of their halls and shops that beauty-sensitiveness which as a matter of fact only occasionally sidetracks and develops the great art spirits of the world, Rodin, Verlaine and Millet.

And where the Frenchman has not responded to the lure of the Salon, of the Sorbonne or Montmartre at twilight, then instead the poet's vision has gone into the flowers behind his garden wall, the fruits upon the trellis, into the making of his home or shop and the decorating thereof. Or he has joined with other workman poets and drawn fine towers up to pierce the stars or gathered the majesty of the forest silences into the mysterious beauty of shadowy cathedral aisles.

It is rare for any village, far enough from Paris to retain its own

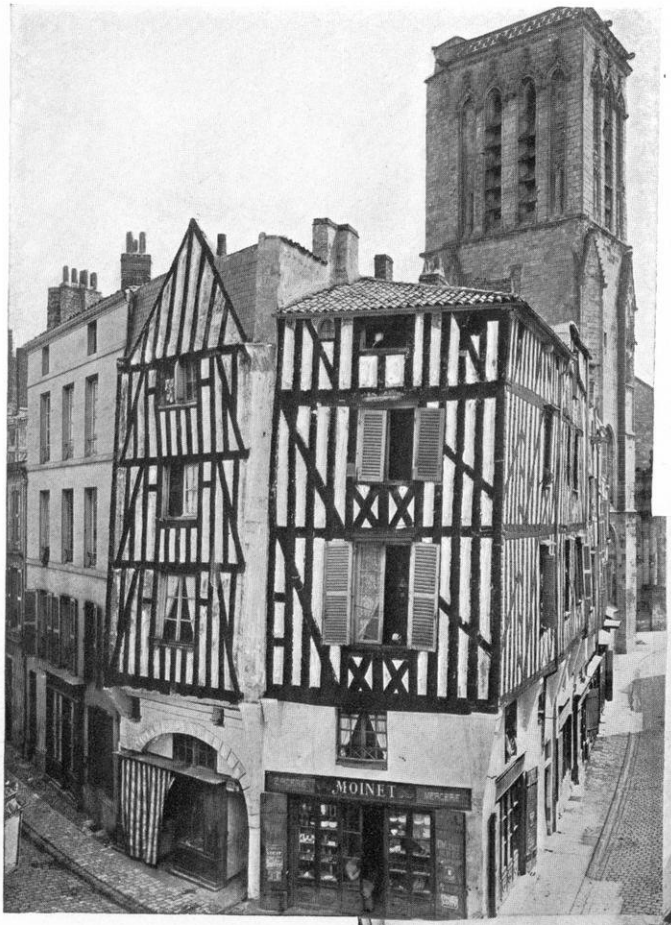
personality, not to possess some monument of the imagination and force of the simple people:—a cathedral supreme in the beauty which is men's souls made manifest, or a long line of shop-houses built in the Middle Ages when men first began to possess themselves and express this great human fact in the beauty with which they surrounded their daily lives, or the town halls of splendid proportion and decoration, and shops that were a symbol of the strength and success of the merchant's power and progress. Or we see the stirring of this exquisite imagination in the vast and lovely gardens in which every good thing of the earth is cultivated with thrift, lavishness and grace.

IT is one of the tragedies of this present devastating invasion of France that some of the loveliest monuments to the imagination of the people have been destroyed; not only such a world-needed expression of beauty as the Cathedral at Rheims, not only the various wide-famed, inexpressibly beautiful châteaux and gardens throughout the western side of the land, but some of the most interesting of the French homes of Mediæval times have gone down under shrapnel and cannon ball. Every lover of France has studied with interest and delight the old houses of half-timber that were built with such dignity and beauty, so finely designed, so richly carved in those wonderful towns of the Middle Ages—St. Brieux, St. Quentin, Rouen, Lille.

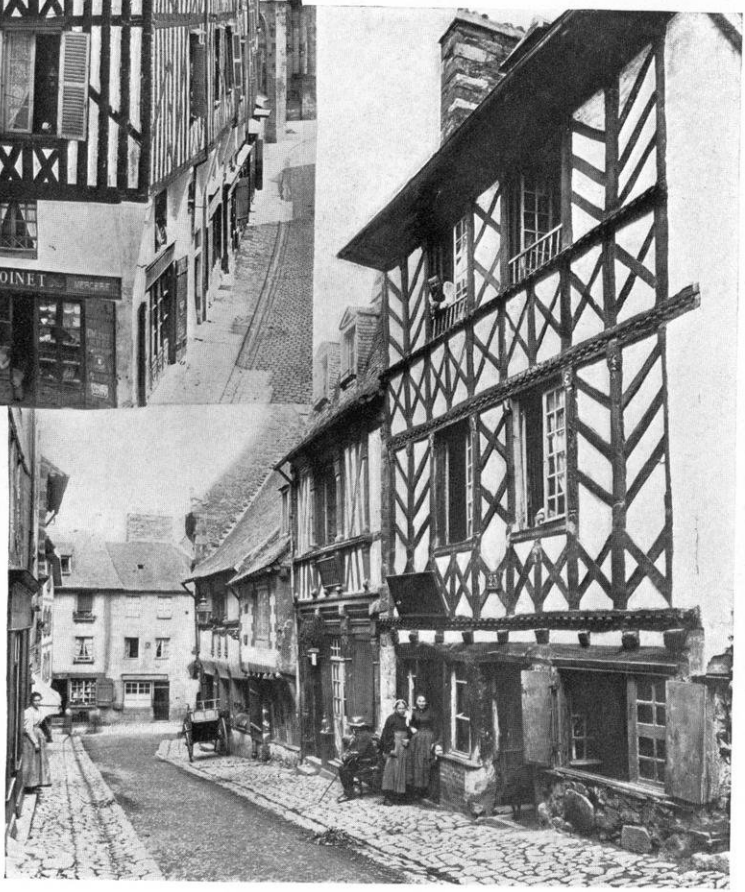
These plaster and wood buildings were the delight of the first great French architects. Built according to the whim of the owner about the end of the sixteenth century, before house plans had been molded into definite shape, these structures are full of individuality that will perhaps never again be operative in the architectural world. These records of the old days reveal many curious things about the life of the people, their customs and their art. Most of the town houses were built about many-angled courts and because they wanted a good circulation of air, one end or the other of the house, according to the position, was made noticeably lower. This brought about a charming informality of design. Sometimes the entrance side of the court was little more than a screen wall. Again it would tower up into the air in steep-pitched irregularity of roof, cut into gables of many heights and broken by curious lucarnes or dormer windows. Suites of rooms with a corridor along one side was a favorite arrangement, and the two-way or "dog-leg" a popular entrance. Small walled-in gardens were stuck in odd corners until with the growth of more settled standards of house design people began to increase the size of their garden plots. With the love of outdoors strongly marked in them, they ceased eating, living and dressing out on the

THE HALF-TIMBER BUILDING SHOWN AT THE RIGHT IS AN ANCIENT STRUCTURE AT AURAY: THE TIMBER WORK IS NOT SO INTERESTING IN DESIGN, BUT THE BUILDING IS EXTREMELY WELL CONSTRUCTED AND INTERESTING IN COLOR: IT IS STILL IN EXISTENCE: THE OLD MERCHANT LOVED TO BUILD HOUSE AND SHOP IN ONE, ORNAMENTING THEM WITH RICH CARVINGS: FOLLOWING NO RULE OF ARCHITECTURE SAVE THAT OF HIS OWN FANCY HE BROUGHT ABOUT AN ORIGINALITY THAT MAY NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN.

AT THE LEFT IS A PICTURESQUE CORNER IN NANTES: A VERY INTERESTING GROUP OF HALF-TIMBER HOUSES RUN BACK FROM THIS ANGLE OF BOTH STREETS: AT THE TIME OF GOING TO PRESS THIS GROUP OF FINE OLD HOUSES IS STILL IN EXISTENCE: IT IS FULL OF INTEREST TO ARCHITECTS AND TO ALL LOVERS OF BEAUTIFUL OLD CONSTRUCTION: THE METHOD OF BUILDING IN WHICH THE SUPPORTING TIMBERS WERE LEFT EXPOSED AND THE INTERSTICES FILLED IN WITH BRICK OR PLASTER IS CALLED BY THE FRENCH PAU DE BOIS.

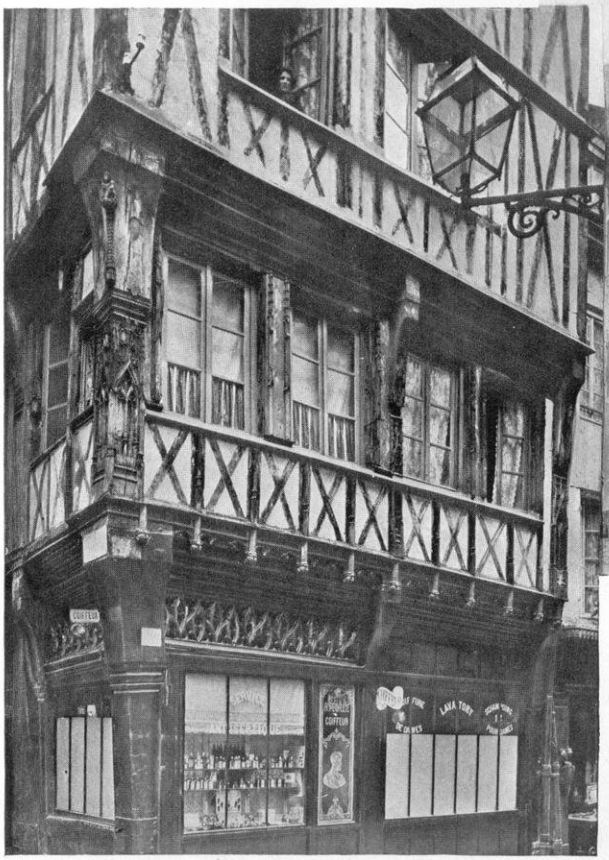


THIS STREET OF HALF-TIMBER HOUSES AT THE LEFT WAS PHOTOGRAPHED A FEW YEARS AGO AT ST. QUENTIN IN FRANCE: THE HOUSE HAS BEEN ALL DESTROYED SINCE THE GERMAN INVASION OF THIS ROMANTIC PART OF SOUTHERN FRANCE: THERE IS REALLY NO LIMIT TO BE PUT UPON THE LOSS OF SUCH ARCHITECTURE AS THIS, NOT ONLY TO THE COUNTRY WHICH HAS BUILT IT AND LOVED IT, BUT TO TRAVELERS WHO SEEK JOY AND INSPIRATION FROM IT: NEARLY EVERY VILLAGE IN FRANCE POSSESSES SOME SUCH MONUMENT OF THE IMAGINATION AND FORCE OF THE PEOPLE: PHOTOGRAPHS HAVE BEEN PRESERVED TO US THAT WILL SERVE TO KEEP US IN REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR BEAUTY.



AT THE RIGHT IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HALF-TIMBER HOUSES IN FRANCE: IT IS, SO FAR AS WE KNOW, STILL IN EXISTENCE AT ST. BRIEUX: THE SPACING OF THE TIMBER, THE PATTERN OF IT AND THE CARVING RENDER THIS STRUCTURE OF RARE INTEREST TO ALL BUILDERS OF THIS TYPE OF ARCHITECTURE: ITS SURROUNDINGS ARE ALSO EXTREMELY PICTURESQUE IN COLOR AND CONSTRUCTION: HOW SUITABLE IS THE NARROW, WIDE-FLAGGED STREET WHICH SERVES AS PORCH FOR THE SHOPKEEPER AND HIS FAMILY.

AT THE RIGHT IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OLD HOUSE IN LOOS, REPORTED DESTROYED: THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN FAMOUS FOR THE INTERESTING DESIGN OF THE TIMBER, EACH STORY HAVING ITS PARTICULAR PATTERN, YET COMBINING INTO A MOST HARMONIOUS WHOLE: NOTE THE BEAUTIFUL TREATMENT OF THE ROOF, THE CARVED PILLARS AND THE FORM OF THE WINDOWS: SUCH BUILDINGS HAVE EVER BEEN THE DELIGHT OF FRENCH ARCHITECTS.



THE PICTURE AT THE LEFT WAS ONE OF THE FIRST HOUSES DESTROYED AT LILLE, A A LOVELY OLD HALF-TIMBER CONSTRUCTION WITH BEAUTIFUL CARVED BEAMS IN GOTHIC DESIGN: IN FACT THE WHOLE CONSTRUCTION OF THE HOUSE IS SUGGESTIVE OF FINE EARLY GOTHIC INSPIRATION: ONE OF THE REASONS WHY THESE HOUSES REMAIN IN SUCH PERFECT CONDITION IS THAT THE TIMBERS HAVE BEEN LEFT EXPOSED: WHEN COVERED THE DAMPNESS CAUSES WOOD TO DECAY.

AT THE RIGHT IS SHOWN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OLD HALF-TIMBER BUILDINGS IN FRANCE, WHICH WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF RHEIMS: THE PROBABILITY IS THAT THERE ARE VERY FEW PICTURES OF IT NOW IN EXISTENCE, AS PLATES OF THE OLD HALF-TIMBER HOUSES IN RHEIMS WERE ALSO DESTROYED DURING THE GERMAN ATTACK.

AT THE LEFT IS AN OLD HALF-TIMBER BUILDING AT ARMENTIÈRES: IT IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ERECTED OVER THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND IS STILL, HAPPILY FOR ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS AND ARTISTS, IN EXISTENCE: IT IS VERY SIMPLE IN DESIGN, BUT EXTREMELY INTERESTING IN LINE AND COLOR.

streets and open piazzas, retiring instead to the pergolas and arbors of their gardens.

Until the twelfth century, wood entered but little into the construction of houses, stone being the chief material. But with the increasing prosperity of the middle class, wood houses became more frequent. Wood was cheaper and more quickly built. Merchants built house and shop in one according to the needs of their business and the size of their family. These old builders loved to ornament their homes with carvings. Filled with the desire to establish a manor house, as it were, a place to be passed on from generation to generation, a mark of their family prosperity and a home that descendants might be proud of, they spared no pains and expense. So we find coats of arms, insignia and mottoes, etc., relative to the standing and the religion of the owner, carved over the door, in the walls, at the gates and over the fireplaces.

The French system of framework called *pau de bois*, in which the constructional timbers were left exposed and the interstices filled in with plaster was largely copied during the Elizabethan days in English manor houses, but with far less charm. There was always a certain monotony and sameness, because of stricter architectural conventions, while the old French houses were built in all manner of strange forms, rambling, towering or squat, and with great variety in the placing of the framework and the plaster.

IN Switzerland we find hand-hewn beams piled one upon another, crossed and fitted into each other at the angles. In this form of blockban or log house, all bore support equally, so no picturesque bracing was needed. This "stacking up" system is perhaps the oldest method of building. The Swiss chalets were isolated, not elbow to elbow as the French town houses were, and were far from art movements, so they also lack the marked individuality of the French shop-and-home houses. The Swiss built with fir mainly, but throughout Normandy oak was the favored wood.

In the French wood and plaster houses the timber served in turn as braces or support or building courses and the spaces left were "plugged" or filled in with plaster or brick. The plaster played no part as support, being used only to fill the skeleton of timber. Timber, as everyone knows, keeps better when exposed to the open air than when coated over with plaster. The plaster, preventing the action of air, keeps the wood damp, which induces decay. This *pau de bois* system of exposed timbers accounts for the long life of these old buildings. Some, three hundred years old, are still in excellent condition and would last as precious mementos for many ages to come

were it not for the destructive wars that are now razing them to the ground.

Critics there are who declare that, though fanciful and therefore possessing certain charm, these old French houses are lacking in breadth of treatment, that their surface ornamentation was but a mood of fashion and represented no genuine phase of architecture. "To cut up surfaces," they say, "into compartments of many pilasters and entablatures is a commonplace and unprofitable motive."

CRITICS differ, however. We are showing photographs that are full of fine beauty and a distinct charm and versatility of construction. Chosen from various parts of France, mostly from the war zone, some are now but a memory, having been destroyed to satisfy the ambition of warring nations. In some of them, the parallel beams go from one story to another. Some are in the form of diagonal laths, others like a huge lattice, and still others are an independent mixture of any and every form that entered into the mind of the builder. Occasionally huge corner timbers are beautifully carved. There is one at Lille with pillars carved after the fashion of those in old cathedrals. Quite in keeping with the Gothic pillars are the carvings over the windows, at each side and beneath the overhang of the second story. The timber construction being less erratic than in some of the old houses, it is therefore quite in keeping with the style of the Gothic carvings.

It seems incredible that both this and the old building at Loos, with its single high gable, symmetrical timbering and elaborate carvings have been destroyed and will live to us only through photographs. Note the beautiful finish of the entrance and balcony doors and the fine placing and form of the windows. Is not the love and care of the old builder evident in each detail of the house?

Part of the charm of the half-timber house at Rheims lies in the picturesque high-pitched dormer and plain gables, in the flat one crowning what would be to us a series of bay windows and the round turret effect at the corner. How delightful the carving of the pillars and the finials! The master of that house must have been versatile minded indeed because every carving is different of design. Nothing apparently was left unornamented, even the corners and supports of the roof received the minutest attention.

The beautiful old building at St. Quentin with its shop below and home above, and fascinating half-round windows tucked in between the bracing timbers just beneath the eaves has also been lost to us through the "necessity of war." How home-like the old house at St. Brieux! What dignity it adds to the rambling flag-bordered street!

THIS IS A HALF-TIMBER HOUSE AT ROUEN: JUST THE PURPOSE OF THE SLANTING LINES IN THE TIMBER CONSTRUCTION IT IS DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND: IT IS EVIDENTLY A HOUSE THAT HAS BEEN SOMEWHAT RECONSTRUCTED, SO THAT THE ROOF IS MUCH LESS INTERESTING THAN MANY OF THE OLD DESIGNS.

How beautiful the "tree of life" pattern of the heavy timbers of the side! Also how simple the reliefs, finial carvings and dentals—just enough to show through, not enough to spoil the sense of dignity.

The contrast of dark brown or weathered gray timbers of these old French buildings with the lighter plaster, which was sometimes tinted, brings to the streets of both villages and city a most welcome variety. They to a degree take the place of vines, flowers or trees, relieving the monotony of the usual stone and brick buildings. In the country where vines can grow, they have somewhat the charm of a trellis background. Though sometimes the wood of the modern half-timber houses is painted, the effect is never so good as when time and the elements are permitted to tone them in their own incomparable way. We in America are just beginning to appreciate the advantage of such form of construction for our own village and country houses. With the wonderful native woods at our disposal, we should be able to give our country an inheritance equal to these treasured ones of France.

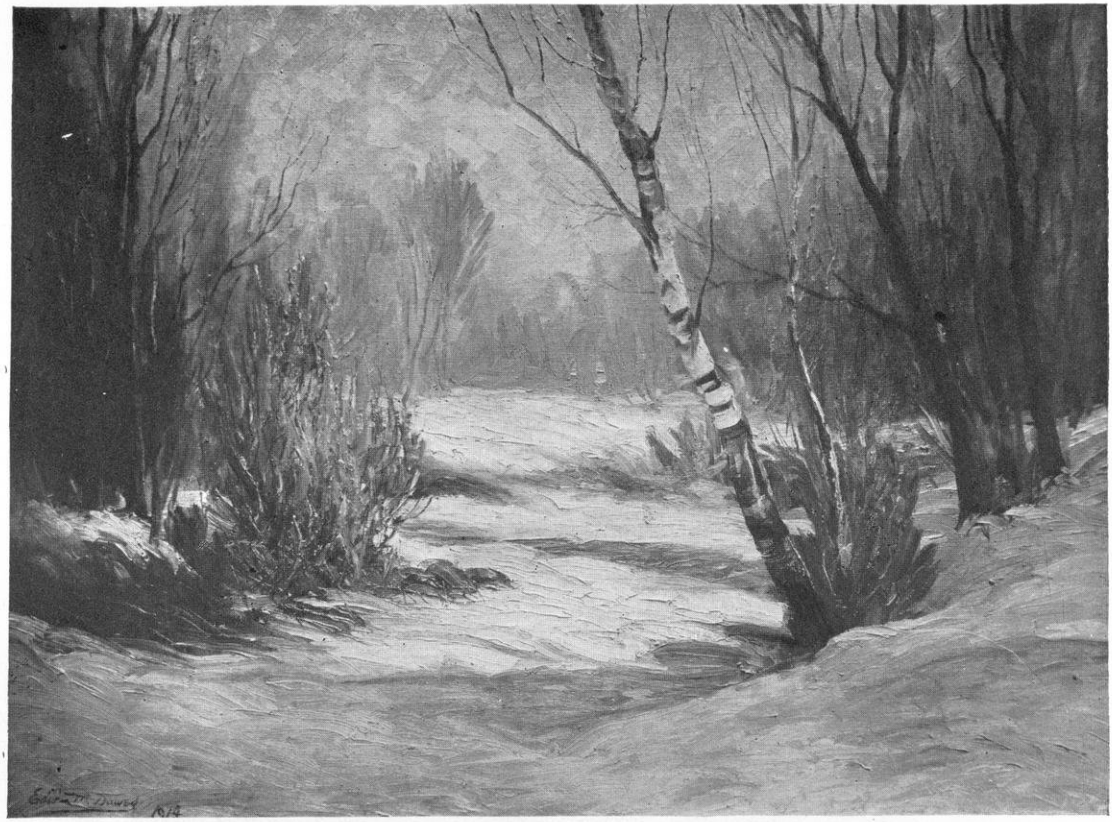
THE NORTHWEST HOLDS ITS FIRST IMPORTANT ART EXHIBITION

A FAMOUS French artist once said that the most important thing about the Paris Salon was the Galerie des Refusés, in other words that the offshoots of the Salon, the unhappy artists who were not contented with its management and who went about organizing an exhibition of their own were perhaps the greatest reason for the existence of the Salon. Much the same thing has been said in a way about the New York Academy. We have spoken in exalted terms of the success of the many years of the Academy, but we have been often more interested in the last few seasons in the Independent shows, the big exhibition of foreign and American Futurists at the New York Armory and in Robert Henri's Group Exhibits at the MacDowell Club.

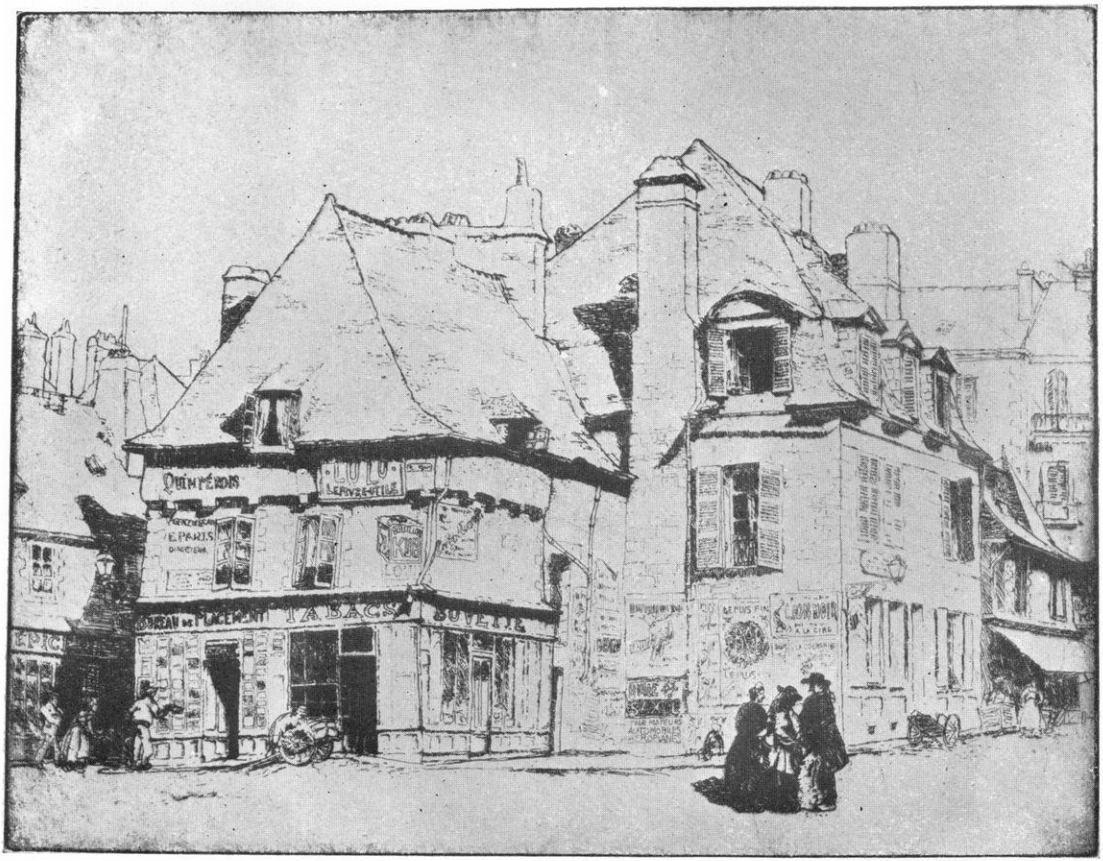
Perhaps there is more than a modicum of truth in the idea that the most significant thing any organization can produce is the revolutionary, the man who branches off into new channels, out into new fields; but it is also very interesting and very important to watch the growth of any seed that is planted. It is not necessary for a man to be a revolutionary in order to become great. It is quite possible that he can progress through natural channels. Also it is not essential that the offspring of the Paris Salon must of necessity work along different lines or inaugurate exhibitions contrary to all principles of the mother gallery. We are interested in the anarchist in the artistic family and we are interested in the perfectly normal child who starts in a pleasant friendly atmosphere and grows to great stature under kindly influences. The new Northwestern Art Association is the normal child, rather than the revolutionist. It is the child of the Minnesota State Art Society and its infancy was spent very pleasantly winter and summer with the work of the Minnesota artists. It was not until last May that it suddenly branched out under the auspices of the Saint Paul Institute into an association including all the Northwestern painters, etchers and sculptors. The State Art Society is still sponsor for it and proud of it. The Saint Paul Institute at present is its patron and everywhere in the Northwest it has awakened interest and enthusiasm.

It was opened in Saint Paul May first and although under the supervision of the Saint Paul Institute, it had the backing and the hearty coöperation of the Minnesota State Art Society as well. All the hopes of the community were realized in the display, and it is intended now that this first exhibition will be followed by similar annual exhibitions of ever-increasing importance. In the meantime the Minnesota State Art Society will hold in the early fall a meeting of exclusively Minnesota artists in connection with many other

"CHIEF SHAKOPEE", SCULPTURE BY HERBERT STRUNK: AWARDED SILVER MEDAL AT THE EXHIBITION OF NORTHWESTERN ARTISTS HELD AT ST. PAUL THIS SPRING.



"WINTER WOODS", EDWARD M. DAWES, PAINTER: AWARDED BRONZE MEDAL AT THE EXHIBITION OF NORTHWESTERN ARTISTS HELD AT ST. PAUL THIS SPRING.



ONE OF GROUP OF ETCHINGS BY CHARLES B. KEELER: AWARDED SILVER MEDAL AT THE EXHIBITION OF NORTH-WESTERN ARTISTS HELD AT ST. PAUL THIS SPRING.

"EARLY BREAKFAST", DONNA SHUSTER, PAINTER: AWARDED SILVER MEDAL AT THE EXHIBITION OF NORTH-WESTERN ARTISTS HELD AT ST. PAUL THIS SPRING.

important industrial and architectural activities of this State organization.

Those most interested in the development of this present organization were Charles W. Ames, President of Saint Paul Institute, who was Chairman of the General Committee; Edward B. Young, Chairman of the Trustees' Art Committee; Lee Woodward Ziegler, Director of the Art School; Nathaniel Pousette-Rart, President Artists' Society; Miss Helen Bunn, Chairman of the Auxiliary Art Committee; and Tyler McWhorter, Chairman of the Committee on Invitation and Receipt of Exhibits.

The significance of this exhibition over all past art showings in Saint Paul was in its scope and purpose. Artists were invited to coöperate from Wisconsin, Iowa, Dakota and Montana; and as the exhibition was limited to the so-called fine arts, there was a greater opportunity for the display of the work of painters and sculptors than ever before has been given in this part of the country. The State Society always included the various industrial arts, which added to the effort of organization and also limited the space for painting and sculpture.

A wise provision of this new society is that the Saint Paul Institute shall purchase at least one work to be selected from the Exhibition of Northwestern Art every year, the picture so selected to be added to the permanent gallery of the Institute in the Auditorium. It is the hope of the Institute that through these coming exhibitions, the artists of this group of States may come into closer touch with one another to the end that a stronger community of interests and ideals may be developed, and the public, both East and West, be brought to a realization of the progress which the Northwest is at present making in art production.

A study of some of the work of these Northwestern artists gives one an immediate understanding of the importance of the Association. These men, as is true of the men in the Southwest, are doing intensely local work. Their landscapes are the landscapes of the Northwest. The long stretches of prairie with low hills, the rivers with rather scanty marginal foliage, the memory of the old life of the Northwest, especially in the sculpture, in the "Buffalo" and the "Bear," the new portrait work of the most vividly interesting types of the Northwest, the pioneer man, the whimsical, humorous business man, with here and there a bit of romance and idealism, as in Lee Woodward Ziegler's painting of "Titania," which won the gold medal, and Donna Shuster's "Early Breakfast." There is no lack of variety, no lack of freshness of treatment in the handling, though as yet the work is absolutely untouched by the new Futurist scheme of handling color.

And there is no lack of interest in the environment in which the artists have been born and brought up. If this were not true, an organization for the promulgation of Northwestern art would have very little meaning or purpose. For already there are organizations enough in the East, the West, the Middle West and the Southwest, to present the work of all the men who are developing interesting technique, ideas or ideality through their art.

THE CRAFTSMAN was much interested indeed to be able to secure pictures of the work of several of the prize winners, four of which are being presented to illustrate this article. A picture of especial interest at this exhibition was called "Hills of the Little Iowa," by N. R. Brewer of Saint Paul, whose picture won the prize in the popular voting contest which was held in connection with this exhibition, and had the honor of being purchased for the Saint Paul Institute permanent collection. We were not fortunate enough to secure a photograph of this picture, which we greatly regret.

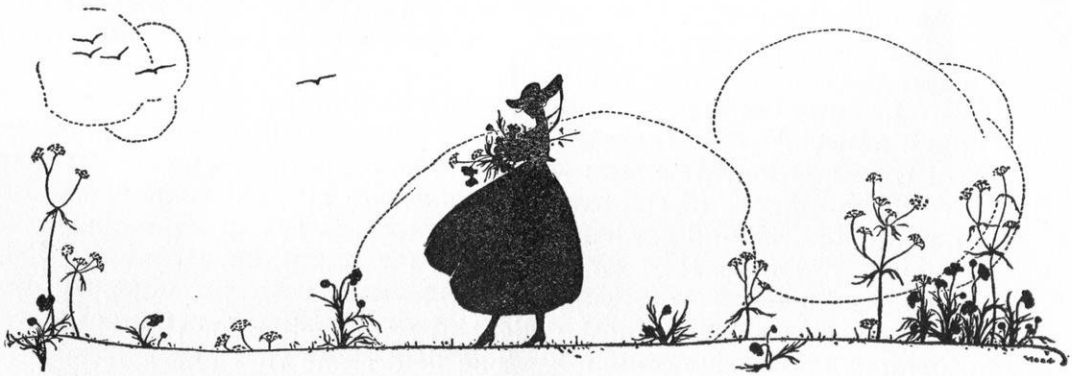
In a meeting of the General Committee in charge of the Northwestern Exhibition, Mr. Ames, the President, expressed his belief in the Association, in its beauty and usefulness and said that he was gratified far beyond his first hopes and expectations for the exhibition, that the recent accomplishment had had a correlating and vivifying effect on the art interests of Saint Paul which have hitherto been more or less undefined and ineffective. He is encouraged to believe that this quickening of the art impulse of the city will be an incentive toward greater appreciation and patronage of local talent, which will in turn be a stimulus to the artists to produce more work and work of a higher standard.

In thus becoming the recognized sponsor for Northwestern art and artists Mr. Ames suggested that "Saint Paul through the offices of the Saint Paul Institute, has been distinctly placed on the art map of the country. He expressed the opinion that next year the exhibit should be scheduled a couple of months earlier in consequence of which a considerably larger attendance might be expected. This will also make it possible to have the exhibition subsequently displayed in Minneapolis and other cities of the Northwest, thus lending greater prestige to Saint Paul as an art center."

EVERYWHERE throughout the Northwest the feeling seems to be that the success of this organization is assured, not only because the artists are interested and the public has shown its appreciation, but because of the spirit which is back of the organization, a desire for the West to blossom out in all forms of significant

beauty, and because the West realizes what is perfectly true, that there is not as great an opportunity for any group of artists to exhibit most successfully in any other section of the country. The Chicago artists proved themselves hospitable to the East and to the West, and yet there can be no doubt that the Chicago Art Institute feels its greatest thrill of interest over the work of the men who have helped to create the Institute and who are proud of its immediate local glory. This is true in the West and unquestionably is true in New York. The Independent artists were possibly the most open-minded toward all newcomers in the art world in their two exhibitions held some years ago in New York City, and yet whether it is the fault of the Western artists, who did not exhibit, or the natural bias of the Hanging Committee, certainly the pictures we remember best at the Independent shows were those of the Eastern men whose names were household words, and rightfully so.

And so the Northwest should have its own art development, its own museum, its own standards of art excellence, in order to bring together the men who are doing significant things, and in order to create a standard of excellence which is essentially of interest and importance to the art of the Northwest, to the artists and to the public.



"TAWNO KER:" THE PICTURESQUE HOME OF OTIS SKINNER, ON THE OLD ROAD LAID OUT BY WILLIAM PENN

JUST as a stone wall never seems complete until its surface has been weathered for years, its crevices filled with moss, or its outlines softened by ivy, so a piece of architecture seems to achieve its fullest beauty and significance only when it has developed that intangible *attribute*—personality.

A home of such personality is the residence of Otis Skinner of "Kismet" fame. Its site is historic, for it stands in the suburban college-village of Bryn-Mawr, Pennsylvania, on the old Gulph Road, which was laid out by William Penn and was used by Washington's troops on their way to Valley Forge. The home was designed by Horace W. Sellers, a Philadelphia architect, and the name *Tawno Ker* is Romany—"Dear Little Home."

The ample-windowed, deep eaved building is in delightful harmony with the gardens, college, attractive homes and schools of the village, and the country estates, farms and hills that lie beyond. Its trim lawn sweeps down to the highway, separated only by the layers of broken field stone that lift it from the level of the road. In equally friendly manner the flight of stone steps rise, shrub-bordered, to the simple doorway. The hood with brown shingles like the roof, forms a pleasant contrast with the dark cream surface of the walls (which are concrete plastered on wood and wire) and the brick foundation. The note of brick is repeated again in the arches and sills of the lower windows, and around both the outward swinging casements and the double-hung windows with the white sash, is the darker note of brown frames and shutters that harmonize with the tones of the shingled roof. All this, seen in the front view of the house, is softened and made even more homelike by the shrubs and vines—those kindly links of nature that, under a wise and skilful hand, unite garden, foundation, walls and roof into one gracious whole.

Another glimpse of the exterior—or rather of a sheltered corner of a pergola-porch and garden seat—may be seen in a separate view; here again one finds terra-cotta brick in the porch flooring. Brown woodwork in the corner supports and pergola beams, with the drapery of vines form a most delightful semi-shelter for the willow furnishings and their occupants. The field stone that characterizes the front of the house is also echoed in the walled garden seat beneath the rustic bower across the lawn, reached by an informal and tempting stepping-stone pathway. The seat is shown in more detail in the first photograph. The typical Pennsylvania handling of the rough, irregular shaped stones, their wide cement joints and coping, and the

Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

OTIS SKINNER IN A PLEASANT CORNER OF HIS GARDEN AT BRYN MAWR, PENNSYLVANIA.

FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS, BORDERED BY SHRUBS AND LEADING TO A ROW OF POPLARS: ONE OF THE MANY CHARMING "PICTURES" IN OTIS SKINNER'S GARDEN.

"TAWNO KER," MEANING "DEAR LITTLE HOME," IS THE GYPSY NAME OF OTIS SKINNER'S HOUSE: IT STANDS ON THE OLD GULPH ROAD, LAID OUT BY WILLIAM PENN AND USED BY WASHINGTON'S TROOPS ON THEIR WAY TO VALLEY FORGE: THE ARCHITECT IS HORACE W. SELLERS: THE LOWER PICTURE SHOWS SHELTERED CORNER OF PORCH AND GARDEN.

LIVING-ROOM FIREPLACE WITH OPEN HEARTH AND ANDIRONS: COLORED TILES ARE USED IN THE BRICK, AND THE WOODWORK OF FRAME, SHELF AND OVER-MANTEL IS WHITE: THE LANDSCAPE WAS PAINTED BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

OLD FASHIONED DINING ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE WITH RAISED HEARTH, GRATE AND HOBS: THE OVER-MANTEL IS LOW AND IN THE CENTER IS A PANEL BY THE LATE ARTHUR HOEBER: THE CHINA CLOSET BUILT INTO THE ALCOVE IS ALSO WORTH NOTING.

concrete plant jar with its tile inset; all add to the charms of the spot. Needless to say, the occupant of the seat is its well-known owner.

A very difficult but equally lovely and unusual feature of the grounds consists of the flight of stone steps ascending a bank flanked by shrubs of various sorts, up to a lawn where stately poplar trees stand like green sentinels keeping watch over the garden. This vista suggests a pleasant, informal way to treat rising ground, for the steps form a gentle ascent and lend a touch of perspective to even a small area, while the poplars, with their lofty lines and quivering foliage stand out against the sky and seem to increase the size of the garden by extending its boundaries high into the air.

IT may be interesting to note the kind of vines, trees, shrubs and flowers to whose wise choice, placing and care the beauty of the garden and much of the charm of the exterior of the house is due. Against the concrete walls have been trained both English and Boston ivy, which even when most of the trees and plants are leafless, keep a certain wintry warmth and cheeriness about the place and prevent it from looking bare. In addition to the poplars already mentioned, there are willows, maples and several fruit trees—cherry and peach. The bright-berried barberry with its rich autumn tones, and the ever useful privet are among the shrubs planted, while roses, tulips and the annuals and perennials add to the garden their glow of color and friendliness.

The two photographs of the interior which we are using here show typical Colonial fireplaces built in quaintly classical design, with dull red, rough brick below, and with framing, shelf and over-mantel of white wood. The upper picture is of the living-room fireplace, and the open hearth with its andirons and other fittings suggests many a social evening around the blazing logs. A decorative note is added to the brick work by the three colored tile insets across the top, while the over-mantel carries an added interest in the form of the rectangular painting, by Joseph Jefferson, the canvas of which is framed by the white wood.

The view below presents the dining-room chimney piece, built in the old-fashioned way with slightly raised hearth, grate for the coals, and serviceable hob on both sides to hold tea kettle, coffee pot or other culinary vessel. While the white wood frame around the brick is very simple, a decorative finish is given by the low over-mantel. The landscape panel with the curved top is by the late Arthur Hoeber. The simple vases at either side and the tiny bracket lights complete the fittings.

The rest of the dining-room is quite in keeping with the chimney

piece construction, as may be guessed from the china closet that is built into the arched alcove on the left. The white woodwork frames leaded glass panels through which is seen a hospitable glimpse of china, silver or glass, and above, in the high alcove, is a space for candlesticks or other ornaments.

THIS home of Mr. Skinner's is a notable example of one of the most significant tendencies in modern American architecture, namely, the trend toward simplicity. For simplicity, if it be combined with comfort and beauty, is as desirable in the large suburban or country residence as it is in the small, informal cottage or bungalow. The prospective home-builder therefore—especially if he be one who plans to build of fieldstone, brick and concrete plaster—will probably find many suggestions in these photographs, as regards design, construction and the combination of materials. Nor need such suggestions be carried out on the same scale, for many would be equally effective in a home and garden of less pretentious dimensions. One's only regret is that such homes are still comparatively rare except in a few special suburbs or colonies where good taste and comfortable incomes abound, and where each house is planned not for some speculative tenant but for a definite owner, by a good architect. It will be a long time, of course, before such attractive homes, whether large or small, are common in our village and suburban streets; but each addition to the list marks another step forward in the progress of America's home architecture—progress toward better design, more thorough construction, greater comfort and convenience and beauty, and a more homelike atmosphere in both the garden and the home.

CHILDREN'S BACKYARD GARDENS UNDER SCHOOL SUPERVISION: BY DR. C. D JARVIS, UNITED STATES BUREAU OF EDUCATION

HE school-garden idea is not a fad. It is an outward expression of an inborn belief on the part of hundreds of teachers and educators throughout this and other lands that children need some kind of active experience to vitalize their school studies. It is also an expression on the part of thousands of parents of the belief that in order to acquire habits of industry and to appreciate the dignity of labor, boys and girls at an early age should be encouraged to engage in some kind of wholesome employment.

Parent-teachers' associations, mothers' clubs and welfare associations of various names have been most active in the instigation and promotion of garden activities for children.

In general, a varying degree of success has followed the efforts of individual teachers and of the various organizations. Too often, however, extensive garden projects have been undertaken without a carefully prearranged program, without any provision for instruction and supervision, and without sufficient funds to properly administer the enterprise. On account of these and other causes there have been some failures. These failures, however, have served to make us more cautious and have helped us to formulate plans for the future development of the work.

Although the school officials generally appreciate the importance of gardening, they have been slow to take it up as a part of the school program. They would like to see the work standardized and a definite program substituted for the chaotic mass of recommendations. The lack of well-organized examples of garden activities has probably been the retarding factor.

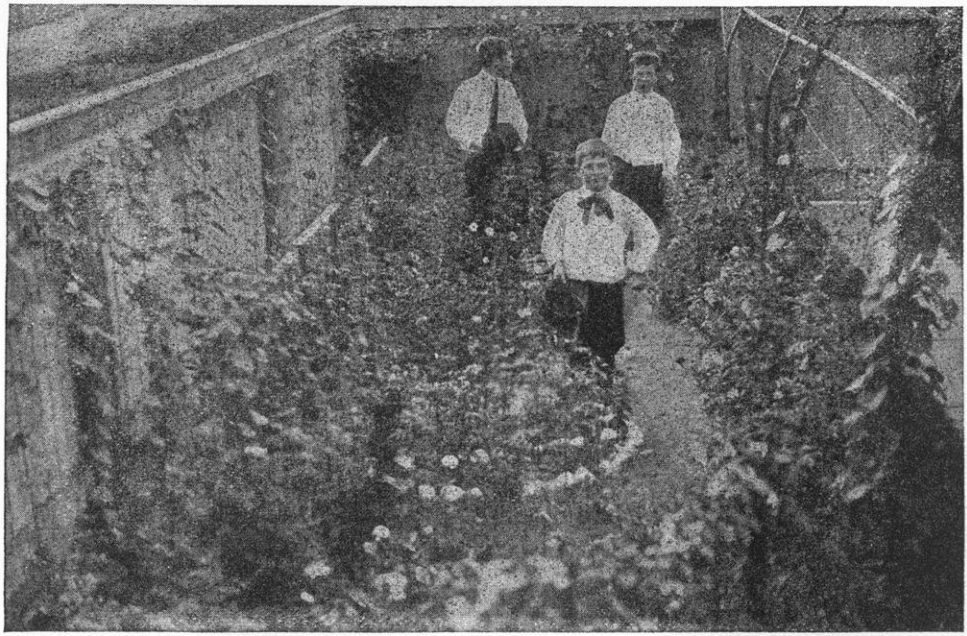
To satisfy the demand for some definite information, the United States Bureau of Education recently conducted a survey of the school-garden work throughout the country. As a result of this survey a plan for the introduction and promotion of garden work in the schools has been made available to school officials.

The plan is a simple one. It is an economical one. It does not in any way interfere with the present school program. It provides for intelligent instruction and thorough supervision. It provides for the utilization of unused land and labor for productive purposes. The children working under this plan may contribute to the support of the family, teaching them the fundamental principles of democracy, and enable themselves to remain longer in school. Under this plan also the children are given an opportunity for an active experience to vitalize school studies and an opportunity for acquiring a knowledge

of an occupation that may become the means of a livelihood. The plan further provides for a wholesome occupation for boys and girls while out of school and thus stimulates industry at the receptive age and guards against the evils attending idleness. An additional result of the plan in operation is an improvement of home surroundings—backyards are cleaned up and the home grounds ornamented with shrubbery and flower borders.

The plan provides for a system of home gardening in each city graded school. The home garden has many advantages over the so-called school garden where a large number of children are brought together and each given a small plot of ground on which to plant a few pennies' worth of seeds. The child's garden in the home backyard, when under school supervision, will supply every opportunity offered by the school garden and will do much more. It assures a closer relationship between home and school and promises a better understanding between parent and teacher. It obviates many of the troubles of the school garden, such as that of stealing, fencing, protection, limited funds, summer vacation, insufficient land and others. The home garden furthermore usually provides sufficient ground to grow enough produce to supply the home and to put the enterprise on a commercial or business basis. The child with a garden embracing twenty-five hundred square feet or over is able to raise at least ten dollars' worth of produce and to obtain a fair idea of

A BACKYARD GARDEN CULTIVATED BY A BOY IN ALBANY, NEW YORK, UNDER SCHOOL SUPERVISION.



A BACKYARD GARDEN DEVELOPED BY THE THREE MURPHY BOYS OF ALBANY, NEW YORK: THE SCHOOL HELPED MAKE THIS GARDEN, BUT THE BOYS ARE REALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

the possibilities of gardening. Such a proposition tends to broaden the child's vision.

The home garden also is usually large enough to keep the child occupied while out of school and at an occupation that is wholesome and under the eye of the parents. It provides at the same time also for a closer companionship between parent and child and encourages the idea of mutual helpfulness.

In general the Bureau's recommendation to schools regarding home-garden work is to engage in each graded school one teacher who is prepared by training and experience to take charge of the garden work for the whole school. Such teacher should be engaged for twelve months, and with the understanding that she should devote the regular number of hours to teaching the usual school subjects, and that the garden work should be done after school hours, on Saturdays and holidays and during the summer vacation. Arrangements may be made for a vacation during the winter. Ideally the gardening teacher should be the teacher of elementary science or nature study. Such a teacher will demand a higher salary to compensate her for the extra service. In a large city where many such teachers have been employed the services of a garden specialist as supervisor would be helpful.

THEODORE SAVALLEY OF ALBANY, NEW YORK, IN THE GARDEN WHICH HE MADE LAST SUMMER.

In the larger schools, where the enrollment exceeds three hundred, one or more additional teachers will be necessary, for one teacher should not be expected to supervise properly more than about one hundred and fifty backyard gardens. Experience has shown that as much produce can be raised from this number of well-supervised gardens as from twice the number of gardens inadequately supervised.

The teacher should assist the pupils by way of securing land when backyards are unobtainable. Nearby vacant lots may usually be procured for the purpose. The teacher also assists the children in planning their gardens and ordering their seed in advance of the planting season. She instructs them in the starting of plants in the window and in hot-beds and she demonstrates the methods of fertilizing, spading, raking, hoeing, watering, weeding, thinning, marketing, and canning. Early in the season she works with groups of children. One afternoon she will announce that the children in a certain block will meet in Johnnie Smith's backyard for a demonstration in preparing the soil and planting the seeds. The following afternoon she will repeat the performance in Mary Jones' backyard for the benefit of the children in that section. This program is continued until the field has been covered. After the spring rush she works with the individuals, making sure that they are keeping up a

succession of cropping and are making the very best use of their land and their efforts.

These recommendations are intended for the ordinary city school. In a few of the larger cities, on account of an absence of backyards, the plan cannot be worked out perfectly, but in most cities there are more backyards and vacant lots available than is generally believed. In the more congested cities the effort should be to approach as nearly as possible this ideal. All the available land should be utilized and the typical school garden with its small plots may be the nearest approach. The resourceful teacher usually will find a way.

It is the hope of the Bureau's garden specialists that all who are interested in the promotion of this important work will bend their efforts toward standardizing the garden work in schools and that all will feel free to call upon the specialists for information and assistance.

TO AN OLD LADY

I SEND thee rosebuds warm with summer's sunshine,
Roses whose luscious gold is drenched in dew,
And all about their ivory folds exhaling
A fragrance sharp and sweet, thine heart to woo.
To woo thine heart, O Lady, with pleasure,
Whose back is bent, whose thin hair turneth gray,
That they may charm thy sad enforcéd leisure
And lend their smile unto thy waning day.
What though thy day is done, and tears
Full oft have damped thy hoarded years:
What though no more beside the stream
Tall iris, blue and silver, gleam?
When rain upon the rose is spilled,
The drooping rose hath sweets distilled.
And thou, grown rich, thine age shalt fling
Aside to greet a happier spring.
I send thee roses warm with summer's sunshine,
All honey-sweet, yet bitter as life's wine.
O thou, who knowest how joy is brewed from sorrow,
And mingles oft, wilt know they are divine.

BLANCHE ABLESON.

FLIGHTS OF BIRDS THROUGH NEWEST FABRICS: BRILLIANT COLORS AND TROPICAL DESIGNS

IT may be that our present fancy for wall papers, cretonnes and hangings with designs of curious birds, tropical flowers and grotesque vines is but a faint stirring of our race memory of those prehistoric days when we lived in the treetops, sheltered from the outside world by tangles of big-leaved vines hung with bold flowers and astonishingly queer seed pods, when parrots, cockatoos and Birds of Paradise perched screaming upon the branches, squirrels frisked up and down the trees and tree toads piped from the shelter of a bark crevasse. With the return of every spring comes our longing not only for real flowers in gardens, but glowing images and likenesses of them within our homes. Bird *motifs* migrate, as it were, upon our wall papers and curtains as surely as do their living models upon our fields and marshes, coming and going, following some style or instinct, some "uncharted way" of design.

Our present extravagant use of color is perhaps merely the swinging back of the pendulum, a reaction from the too sober, lifeless and dull color schemes of the past few years. Many of us use a little bold color in vases, in cushions, and are immensely pleased with our daring. The more courageous reach out hungrily for the colorful cretonnes temptingly displayed for our surrender and rejoice in the change they create in our homes. Some day perhaps we will have the pleasure of seeing color enlivening our streets in the form of floating banners, tiling in buildings, more flowers in the windows and in our dress.

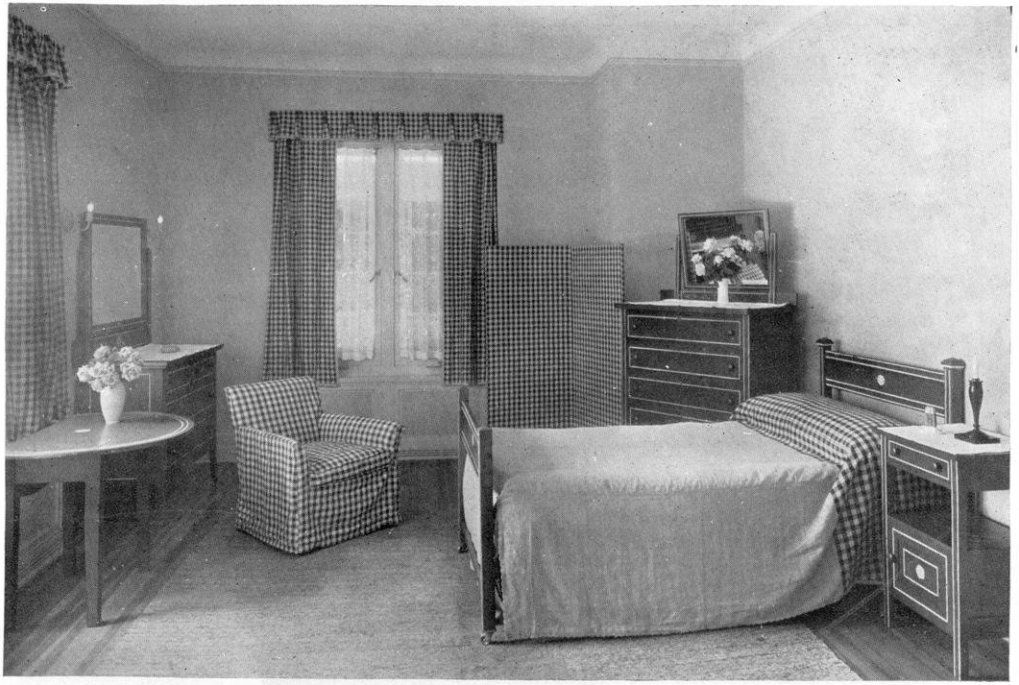
Our makers of printed fabrics with prophetic insight have been gradually leading us up to an acceptance of more color in our homes. They are now triumphantly showing materials of such attractive glowing color that the most wren-like, modest and Quakerish of us long inexpressibly to possess their hypnotic beauty in our homes. It would take a dour soul indeed to remain unmoved by their pleasant suggestion of cheeriness.

In the Happy Valley of Shiraz many hundreds of years ago, the Persians looked into their gardens and conceived the idea of improving the walls of their rooms with the flower patterns they had already woven into their rugs. Patiently and with ever increasing skill, they cut designs upon wood and with these blocks printed the cottons which covered their walls. The history of block-printed fabrics is full of interest, for it includes the discovery of color dyes, the influence of nations upon design, the development of art and creation of new crafts.

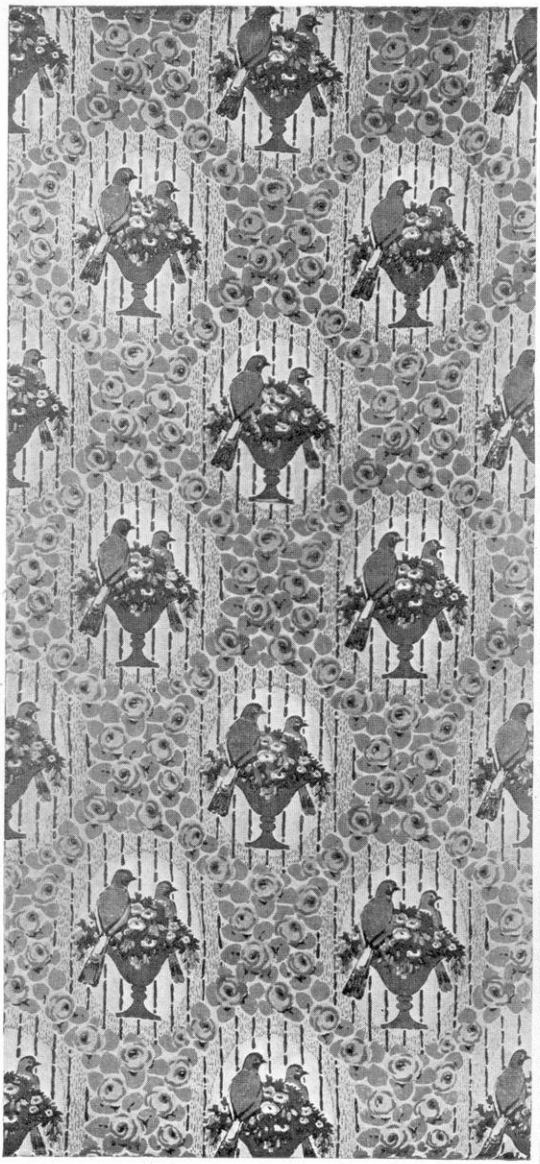
THE LINEN FABRIC AT THE LEFT SHOWS A BIRD MOTIF OF A LARGE GREEN CRANE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF MAUVE AND GRAY CONVENTIONALIZED WAVES: ROSE-COLORED FLOWERS, FLASHES OF LIGHT MAUVE, GRAY HIGH LIGHTS LIFT THE COLOR: THIS DESIGN HAS A JAPANESE FIDELITY TO NATURE: WHEN USED AS HANGINGS IN LARGE HALLS OR DINING ROOMS, IT HAS ALL THE CHARM OF A MELLOW OLD TAPESTRY: IT IS SUITABLE FOR WALL COVERINGS, PORTIÈRES, CURTAINS, PILLOWS AND CHAIR CUSHIONS: THE POISE AND DIGNITY OF THE CRANES ARE A DELIGHTFUL VARIATION UPON THE USUAL PROUDLY STRUTTING PEACOCKS.

AT THE RIGHT IS ANOTHER LINEN BLOCK FABRIC: A TAN-COLORED BIRD OF PARADISE PERCHED UPON A LIGHT BROWN BRANCHING VINE, BRIGHT RED TREE-PEONIES LARGER THAN THE BIRD ITSELF, SCARLET TRUMPET FLOWERS, PALE DATURAS, LAVENDER PASSION FLOWERS AND SMALL FLYING TROPICAL-COLORED BIRDS ARE BUT A FEW OF THE GARDEN REMINDERS THAT WITHIN THE COMPASS OF A THIRTY-INCH SQUARE DESIGN ARE GROUPED UPON A BLACK BACKGROUND.

THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE NEW USE OF LARGE CHECKERBOARD GINGHAM USED TO FRESHEN THE HALL OF GOSHEN INN. THE LOWER ROOM DONE IN FIGURED CHINTZ, IN THE SAME INN, SHOWS THE USE OF CHAIR COVERING AS A FRIEZE AND PORTIÈRE.



IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH A GINGHAM OF SMALL CHECK IS USED IN CONNECTION WITH PAINTED FURNITURE: IN THE LOWER PICTURE FLOWERED CHINTZ IS SEEN ALSO WITH PAINTED FURNITURE: BOTH GIVE GOOD SUGGESTIONS FOR FURNISHING THE SUMMER BEDROOM.



A RICH COMBINATION OF ORANGE-YELLOW FLOWERS, GREEN VINES, WHITE AND GRAY BIRDS AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SMALL GEOMETRIC GRAY AND GREEN PATTERN IS SHOWN AT THE RIGHT: THIS DESIGN IS ALSO SHOWN IN MANY OTHER COLOR COMBINATIONS: IN ONE THE BIRDS ARE PROMINENT, IN ANOTHER THE VINE.

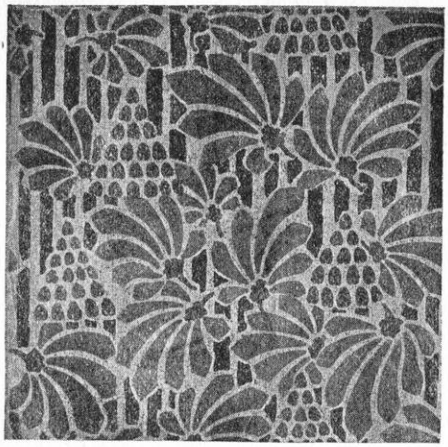
THIS MORE CONVENTIONALIZED BLOCK-LINEN FABRIC IS OF OLD BLUE ROSES IN THE FORM OF A LATTICE THROUGH WHICH TWO YELLOW BIRDS SITTING UPON A PALE GREEN VASE FILLED WITH SMALL BLUE FLOWERS CAN BE SEEN: CROSSING THE WHITE BACKGROUND ARE BROKEN BLACK STRIPES, A GRAYISH SHADOW FROM THE ROSE TRELLIS SOFTENS THE WHITE GROUND: COMBINED WITH BLUE SUNDOUR IT WOULD MAKE A MOST ATTRACTIVE HANGING FOR DINING ROOM, BEDROOM OR EVEN SUN PARLOR: THIS SAME DESIGN IS ALSO SHOWN IN SHADES OF PINK AND YELLOW.

FLIGHTS OF BIRDS THROUGH NEW FABRICS

But it is only the results that we must touch upon at present. Our print makers have evolved from the intricate records of the past, designs that will remain beautiful in any age, of likable and livable colors that will not weary the beholder. True, they introduce a few novelties that they know will live for but a year, but their chief endeavor is for patterns that are so essentially good that no coming or going of fashion will displace them. Once a perfect design has been achieved, they vary it in color upon linen, cotton or silk fabrics of every weight. They have accomplished most noticeable results perhaps with the block-printed linens and cottons, because these fill a demand for material to take the place of the old tapestries, at an expense within the reach of the average purse. These block prints come thirty-one and fifty inches in width, in the most crazed of Futurist colors, as well as in imitation of mellow historic tapestries. With these, are sun-fast, tub-fast silks known as Kapock, plain or patterned, heavy or thin enough for the sun to shine through pleasantly when hung at the windows. There are floral designs for girls' bedrooms and tapestry designs for sitting and dining rooms. Shadow taffeta made on a pattern-printed warp is a really wonderful material. The Moquette of French flax, with designs like silk velvet, but without its luster—and the better for it in many cases—being fifty inches in width, is welcomed for both hangings and upholsteries.

Then there is figured silk and linen damask that shows the Chinese influence, created especially for use with the Chinese Chippendale, and a marvelous new casement cloth to be drawn across windows in place of shades, made of sun-proof silk and ramie, soft, durable, elegant and altogether perfect for windows almost any size or style. Mohair that will last a lifetime, striped in the narrow or wide width and in the colors so in demand at present, Frizette mohair in two-toned Greek key pattern, or plain, imperial velours, novelty silk velvets, Heppelwhite velvets, soft silks, linen cretonnes, chintzes, even ginghams and calicoes, are all to be had suitable for every house in the land, from the sumptuous palace on the hill to the cottage in its lee.

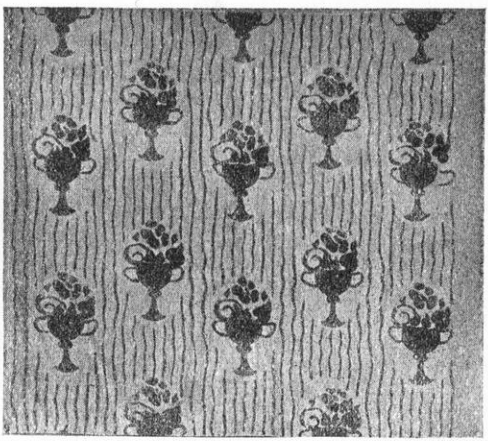
The demand for exclusive designs in interior furnishings has created a revival of the old-time hand-made block prints. With block printing, the decorator can evolve draperies of linen, cotton or silk, chiffons, velours, in fact, any material, that carries out the desired decorative *motif* and the owner will enjoy the knowledge that her rooms are distinctive, unlike others, and carry the impress of her personality and individual taste. Block-printed fabrics bear the stamp of the exclusiveness that belongs to any hand-made thing. There is the slight variation of tone brought about by varying hand pressure that



HAND-BLOCKED PATTERN OF ORANGE, YELLOW AND GREEN FLOWERS WITH BLACK STRIPE.

gives delightful quality. There is as much difference between this and machine-made fabrics as there is between the sensitive music of a skilled pianist and the expressionless perfection of the mechanical piano player.

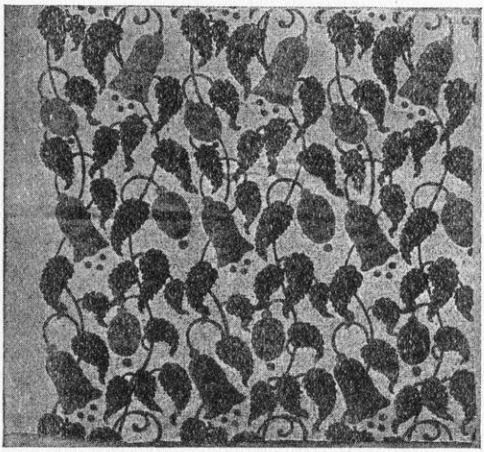
Block printing is much the same in process as the famous color prints of the Japanese. A design is first drawn on transparent paper, then pasted on the block of fine close-grained wood. The edge of the design is cut around with a sharp tool and the background chiseled away. The color—oils or dyes—is rubbed into a pad of coarse muslin made a little larger than the pattern block. The block is pressed into this pad to absorb the color, and in turn pressed upon the fabric. There are a number of good books now published which give detailed descriptions as to just how this may be done, so that simple patterns may be cut and transferred to cloth by amateurs clever in handicraft. It is not a difficult thing to do, but requires painstaking care, keen judgment, a firm hand and good taste. The average woman could by a study of the method easily make a simple pattern upon a curtain length, portière, bed and couch covers or pillow cases.



PRIM LITTLE VASES WITH VARIOUSLY COLORED FLOWERS UPON A YELLOW GROUND.

Our illustrations show designs both simple and elaborate. Some are of but a single tone upon a neutral linen. Notice that in one of these, consisting of three black stripes broken by an open square formed of twelve small solid squares, the lines and squares have not only been irregularly bitten into a trifle to prevent stiffness, but that no attempt has been made to have the design mechanically perfect. The little squares sometimes do not touch and sometimes overlap. It is the sign of the hand-formed design, instead of the machine; as in the Oriental rug the variations of pattern but give it value.

FLIGHTS OF BIRDS THROUGH NEW FABRICS



GREEN VINE WITH GOLDEN BELLS: HAND-BLOCKED.

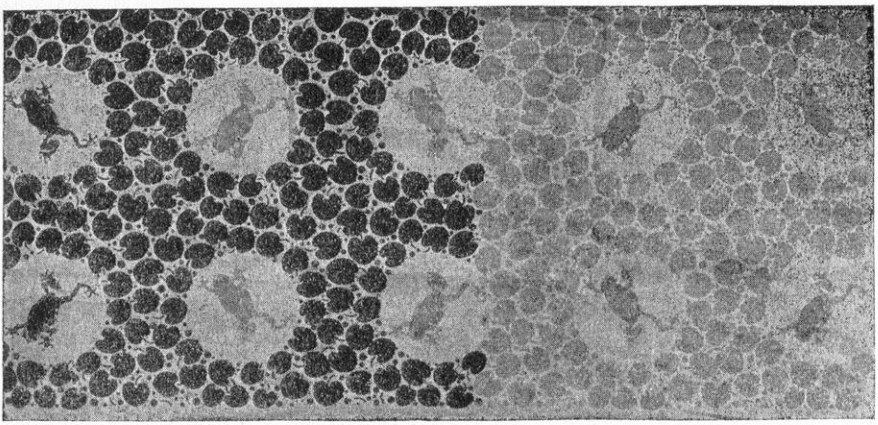
It is interesting to note also that though these designs show their Vienese ancestry, they are unmistakably American. The colors are bright and unusual, the designs striking and interesting. They are not grotesquely extreme, like the Futurist things, a confusion of queer-looking objects unknown to land or sea; here is a suggestion of playfulness, of human and child-like delight in quaint birds and tropical-colored flowers or buds.

One of the most striking of the new linen machine-block fabrics is a tan Bird of Paradise, perched upon a light brown branching vine. Bright red tree-peonies, larger than the bird itself, scarlet trumpet flowers, pale daturas, lavender passion flowers and small flying tropical-colored birds are but a few of the garden reminders that within the compass of a thirty-inch square design are grouped with the Bird of Paradise upon the black background. Yet it does not seem crowded, only rich of color, delightful to contemplate. Combined with deep rose sundour, it would make a most attractive dining-room wall covering.

Another of the new bird tapestries is its direct antithesis. Conventionalized old-blue roses form a lattice about two yellow birds, sitting upon a pale green vase filled with small blue flowers. Crossing the white background run broken black stripes and a grayish shadow from the rose trellis. In combination with old-blue velour, this chaste, delightful design would enliven a room, giving it a breezy sense of the out of doors.

HAND-BLOCKED LINEN: PASTEL SHADES OF BLUE AND MAUVE.

Still another wonderful linen fabric with a bird *motif* is of a large green crane against a background of mauve and gray conventionalized waves. Rose-colored flowers, flashes of light mauve, gray high lights, lift



THIS PATTERN MAY BE WORKED OUT IN EITHER LIGHT OR DARK GREENS UPON PURE LINEN FABRIC.

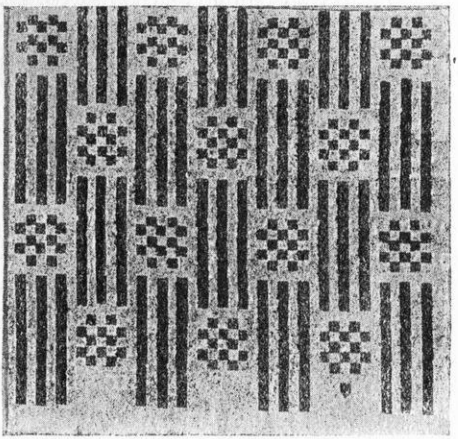
the color harmoniously. This design, drawn with Japanese fidelity to nature, with its suggestive wave repetitions, combined with rich green velour and lighter green silk draperies, makes a rich, yet inexpensive color scheme for hall, dining room or studio. It has quite the effect of mellowed old tapestries. The same design is worked out in various other color combinations to blend with other plain colors.

One of the lavender linen fabrics shows, with French color daring, a wide floral stripe of yellow and pink roses, violet shadows and green leaves. The whole effect is charming and will be welcomed by decorators creating violet or lavender rooms. It is rich enough to be used with velours, yet dainty enough for sundours or plain linens. An unusual combination is of orange yellow flowers, green vines, white and gray birds against a background of small geometric gray and green pattern.

Nearly all of these linen fabric designs are carried out in various changes of colors; as in one case, yellow birds would be prominent against a gray background. Another time the birds would be greenish purple with yellow background. Color schemes can thus be worked out with flower, bird or background emphasizing the dominant note.

Among the new chintzes we find the modern use of the old-time dainty shepherdess and sheep *motif*. Now we use instead nursery stories and humorous little country scenes, Noah's Ark trees, full-skirted ladies mincing along the path beside them, decked out in yellow and blue and pink dresses, violet, scarlet and mauve kerchiefs, black, white and green parasols, charming things indeed for hangings and screens, for schoolgirls' bedrooms, as pillows for the boys' couches and coverings for the children's nurseries. There are so many

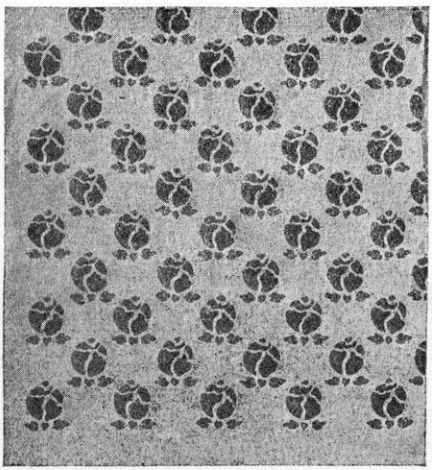
such half-humorous, quaint little designs in every conceivable color plan, that choice becomes difficult. There is one fat decorative little blue-green tree, beneath the branches of which may be seen a red-roofed village in the distance. Another shows stiff little round trees in square tubs in prim little rows.



A HAND-BLOCKED PRINT OF BLACK UPON A NEUTRAL LINEN GROUND.

The modern craze for black and white is worked out in conspicuous squares and stripes, splashed and crossed by Cubist fruits, flowers and birds of the most dashing colors the dye-vats can evolve. As a contrast to these up-to-date colors, are those of normal conventional two-toned stencil designs, cool, fresh and clean-looking, most suitable for breezy seaside cottages and country bedrooms or sleeping porches.

We are showing a few of the many ways in which block-prints, cretonnes, chintzes and even ginghams are being used to freshen country homes. The photographs of the two bedrooms, sitting room and hall illustrate the way in which one hotel keeper freshened up his inn. The sitting-room chairs were covered with a summer chintz, which was also used to modernize the fresco. Valances of the same brightened the windows, drawing them into close association with the room. In the hall a large checkerboard gingham was used as covering for the cozy chairs, as pillows for the willow chairs, and as portières for the door. A smaller checkerboard gingham with painted furniture brought one of the bedrooms up to modern demands. The flowered chintz of the second bedroom, though not as novel, would please some guests better perhaps. The screen in the corner, the chintz border of the bedspread and the painted furniture lift the room quite out of the realm of the usual country hotel bedroom into a pleasant cheerful, livable, homey place.



HAND-BLOCKED PRINT OF VARIOUS COLORS UPON PURE LINEN GROUND.

WICKENS BEATS IT: BY LYMAN BRYSON

"I'M goin' to beat it, that's all," said Wickens. "I says to the sup—'m' mother's sick 'n she wants me an' he says 'G'wan with stuff like that, you ain't had a letter in a mont'. How do yuh know she's sick?' "

"Well—how do yuh know?" asked Oochey, "if y'ain't had a letter?"

"That's just it." Wickens hitched his brown overalls, pulled at the ragged brim of his hat and spat a boyish mouthful of "swiped" tobacco. "If she wasn't sick she'd a wrote me. See?"

"Yeh. That's right, all right." Oochey understood exactly. Although he had no mother within memory, he knew as well as did most of the other boys in the industrial school that Wickens had and that she was his friend. But however much he appreciated the concern Wickens felt over the lapse in correspondence with his home, he was vaguely alarmed by the intention to "beat it."

"I suppose yuh think a lot of your mother?"

"Yeh, I sure do," answered Wickens. His pale blue eyes did not express emotion but his mouth was wistful.

"Have you got a father, too? I've got a father. He told me he was glad I was comin' here so I'd be off his hands." Oochey had almost forgotten that until this moment. Life in the school was sufficiently engrossing to wipe most memories away.

"My father—yeh, I got one. But he ain't like my mother—"

"Tenshun! 'D' grade," snapped the assistant superintendent, and the boys put shoulder to shoulder and adjusted themselves to the line.

It was a bright Nebraska morning. The "State industrial school" stands upon a noble hill and the boys in the long brown line could see straight across the valley to the shallow bed of the Platte where the river moved, sluggish and grey. They breathed the high air of the hill and worked in the open fields in the corn and potatoes. Cities and wickedness were far from them, except for the poisonous seeds in their minds which persisted sometimes even after years of the superintendent's "moral discipline."

Wickens communed with his plans. Other boys in the school had made the same sort of plans and had acted upon them. They had slipped away from the dormitories by night. Sometimes they came back without urging, weary and disheartened; sometimes they were caught after long and terrifying pursuit through the cornfields or along the river banks; sometimes they never came back. Once the superintendent had spent a morning lecture hour telling of a boy who had run away and had later been sent to the penitentiary. He

dwelt upon the evil of the boy's conduct and magnified his punishment to the limits of horror. Such lectures had little effect upon Wickens and he continued, in spite of a vivid recollection of the other boy's fate, to turn his idea over and over in his mind with the unctuous pleasure of a discoverer.

The captain of the grade, a swart little man, named Horton, who was fitted for his job only in being unfitted for anything else, came rapidly down the line, handing each boy a hoe. Wickens took his hoe automatically, dropping it into the groove in his shoulder where the strap of his overalls pressed down. His lithe little body was stiffened with the tremendousness of his thoughts. A certain mental quality which might have been called impulsiveness, or rather, the inheritance from a long line of ancestors who had loathed restraint, made Wickens sudden in action. He was planning his coup for immediate execution.

"For'ad march," set the boys swinging down the hill through the thick yellow dust of the road, bound for the bottom lands. They liked the military effect of marching together in serried order. Their hoe handles, polished by the sweaty contact of hard little palms, shone in the sun like muskets, and their brown overalls and floppy hats were not so greatly unlike the khaki of the heroes.

Wickens, having decided upon his desertion and upon his methods, was not in line when, several drowsy hours later, the captain counted the boys. The sun had been hot and overpowering; perhaps the captain had dozed for a moment as they bent their backs over the potato rows.

"Where's Wickens?" he demanded of Oochey.

"I dunno, sir," answered Oochey, truthfully enough, although he trembled for fear some question might be put which he could not safely answer.

Wickens, on his stomach in a cornfield by the roadside, watched the little column moving up the hill, while Horton made a great show of anxiety and vigilance. The lost one lay in the dirt and chewed the soft end of a stalk of foxtail grass. The earth between the corn rows was baked and dry. A few yards away was a little irrigation ditch and here he crawled to splash muddy water on his heated face. He knew the alarm would be given and captains on horses would come swooping down from the hill, to hunt him like a beast in the corn. He had made his plans, however, and with confidence in fortune he curled up and went to sleep.

Speckled shade had become blackness when he awoke. The night was still parched with the windy September heat. The searchers and the horsemen who had threshed through that field during the

afternoon had missed him because he had chosen his corner close to the road, and they had scarcely disturbed him with their pother. Now one or two were still out with lanterns, but Wickens knew he could move without being seen. He sat for a moment like a little black shadow and then struck the road for town.

An hour later he lay close to the railroad track near the water tank where the fast freights stopped. He was directly in the line of the headlight flare of a big mogul engine as the "ten o'clock" slowed down by the tank. The engineer saw the figure there and warned the conductor. That official, bravely seconded by three or four brakemen, hurried down the line of cars after the train had stopped, looking murderously for the 'bo. The 'bo lay in a heap of coal dust in the far corner of a gondola. When they put a light in his face he moved his eyelids but held them shut.

"Aw, it's only a kid," said the conductor. He knew the brown overall, denim-shirted uniform of the boys from "the hill." He led his cohorts away and Wickens went on, in thunderous grime, to the city. Once there, he found his way through alleys and unkempt streets to what had been a home.

It had not been homesickness prompting Wickens when he left the school. Home had always been hideous except for mother, and her misery had been evident to her son although he was not much anguished, himself, over lack of food and filthy quarters. It had been an intuitive impulse and it had been founded on a certainty.

His mother was sick. She looked up into the dirty, loving face of her little boy and fainted dead away. Pain and disease had wasted her strength but she had known that her son would come, somehow.

She lay on her cot and watched him in his small attempts at cleaning up the two rooms of the habitation. She said, finally, as if she had been hesitating, "Your father will be glad to see you."

"Is he here?" asked the boy, turning around with poised broom.

"He's somewhere 'round. He's been busy looking for work."

The boy devoted himself to his sweeping and made no further inquiries. The woman on the sick bed could feel the hostility that bristled beneath his thin shoulder blades but she did not dispute the matter with him. She, too, had reason for reproach; it was only the arrival of the boy that had made these last few hours happy.

It was the fourth night, when Wickens was away for an hour to get medicine at the Free Hospital, that she crossed her hands upon her breast and did not waken.

Mercy of exhaustion and mercy of youthful healthfulness of spirit saved the boy from despair. The unsympathetic public philanthropists who watch for such tragedies came and did their duties. They

took his mother away and Wickens waited, before going forth from her home, for what they had called the "fun'ral." He was sitting by the vacant, dishevelled cot the intervening night, when a squat figure lurched against the door and broke into the room.

"Hello, Kid."

The boy's eyes, curiously dull, showed an apathetic recognition and then turned back to the cot. The elder Wickens moved unsteadily over toward him and reached out a hand toward the cot.

"Don't you touch that!" the boy flung out the warning passionately. "She's dead," he said after a moment.

His father was sobered out of bleary uncertainty and walked slowly across the room, away from him, and sat on a broken chair.

"That's it," he said, "they've did me out of everything—and now m'woman's gone."

He spoke to the boy as if to be ingratiating, "How 'd yuh get out?"

"I didn't get out," replied Wickens, as if the inquiry were improperly put, "I ain't been in no jail. I come away, that's all."

"Now you're goin' to help me, I s'pose. They's a lot o' things a likely kid like you c'n learn to do in my business."

"You ain't got no business," said the boy suspiciously.

"Wha'd'you know about it? I'm makin' money every night."

"Every night? Why ain't you makin' money in the day time?"

"You ain't got no call to be so particular."

The boy turned his face away from his father as if he had begun to feel a sacrilege in their conversation almost in the presence of death. "I'm goin' back to the school," he said, "if yuh want to know where I'm goin'."

"You're a little fool."

"M' mother told me to go back and finish out m' term."

"Now y've turned against your father, I suppose yuh might as well go back there wi' the rest of 'em."

Wickens stood up and walked over toward his parent. "I ain't turned against yuh," he said, chokily, "but I loved m' mother an' you never did."

His father muttered as if something had been suddenly revealed to him. He stood up and Wickens was close to his side. "Yes I did, Kid, yes I did," he said, half to himself. All the suddenly grown manhood left the child and he put his face against his father's side, sobbing. For a moment they stood rocking back and forth and the father, still fumed with his liquor, felt the stab of his loss. The boy's sobbing came to an end and, as his father sat down again upon the broken chair, he stood before him.

"I know I ain't got no call to be particular, but I've got m' work

cut out for me jus' the same. She—said she wanted me to make a good man out o' m'self and I'm goin' to."

"Like me?" asked his father, fixing his son's rapt little face with the weak blue eyes which were part of the inheritance he had passed on.

"No," answered Wickens stoutly, "you ain't done it the way she wanted yuh to." Suddenly his face was bright with a newborn hope. "Mebbe," he said, "mebbe we could do it together."

His father looked at him, utterly surprised. "Mebbe," he continued, "you could get a good job, and I c'd go back to the hill and get a lot o' good time and come out in three years and you'd be waitin' f'r me an'—" he stopped breathlessly, and the light ebbed out of his face as his father stared blankly.

New patience made the older man say, "What's on your mind, Kid? Mebbe it'll work."

"That's what'd make her happiest, even if she did have to leave me—an' you." The boy was beginning to get another rush of enthusiasm. "Let's make two men," he urged, "you an' me. You're older and you've got the start o' me but I'd work hard to catch up on yuh, when I got out of the school."

"Kid, you're a wonder," said his father, with conviction. "You make me feel more like behavin' than a whole regiment o' salvation armies." He studied the boy for a moment—his resolute little face and his childish figure held so rigidly. "We'll try it," he said. "We'll try it, Kid. I'm all out o' practice but between us I think we can make one man in the fam'ly."

The elder Wickens did not ask his son to tell him details of the night before. They sat quietly for a time, the boy buried in the silent misery of his grief, his father fighting against the remnant of his drunkenness. He asked a question about the school and in a few sentences his son tried to tell him why he wanted to go back and what he could do at the school in fitting himself for a job. Finally Wickens dropped asleep.

Somewhere near him he could hear his father's heavy breathing, when he opened his eyes in the black room a few hours later. He could not determine at first whether his father had called him or something else had broken his sleep. A knocking at the door drew his attention. He listened again, decided that his father was still asleep in the other corner of the room, and arose. He went quietly to the door, without thinking that he might waken the man of the house and shift responsibility for greeting the midnight caller. He took no light and bent his ear to the door panel suspiciously.

"Wha'd'y' want?" he asked in a low voice.

"Is Wickens there?"

He did not recognize the harsh growl of his visitor as any one from the school, but his first thought was that he had been followed and was to be dragged back as a refugee. However much that hurt his pride because it was an ignominious end to his flight, he was brave enough to accept it for an act of fate and he answered resolutely, "Yeh, this is him."

There was a sort of snarling laugh outside and he heard a whispered conference. Then the voice came again, "We ain't lookin' for no kid, we want Pardy Wickens. Is he here?"

Wickens knew then who they were and he answered, "No, he ain't here," and started away from the door. Luck was not with him, for his last answer had wakened his father, the "Pardy Wickens" whom these evil night spirits were seeking.

"Who's there?" he called.

"A couple o' bums you don' want to see," answered his son.

His father found the lamp and lit it, then came over to the door.

"You can't see these guys, now," said his son. "They ain't the right kind."

"Hell, I can't," said his father, still half asleep. "Get out o' the way." He flung open the door. Two dark hulks were waiting there and one of them started forward with a profane complaint at being held out so long. As he started to cross the threshold he was confronted by a small but sturdy figure, personifying wrath.

"You ain't comin' in here," said the boy.

"What's eating you?"

"You never dared when m' mother was here, and now m' father's done with your whole bunch."

His father reached forward to drag him back. The boy held his ground until one of the men outside swung out and struck him a staggering blow in the face. The father was suddenly wakened from his stupidity. This blow in the face of his son stirred a feeling in him that had been almost dead. He started forward with dangerous menace toward the big man. "Bucky," he said, tensely, "I'll—"

The door slammed in his face, shutting out the intruders, and before it stood his son, who had moved quickly enough to avert the encounter. Now he confronted his angry father.

"Let that guy alone," said Wickens, "I don't mind gettin' walloped once. All I want is f'r you to let them guys alone—f'r keeps."

His father's rage was overcome by a new emotion, the beginning of what might some day develop into fatherhood. He stared at his son until he understood and then held out his hand. The boy shook his hand, in solemn covenant for years to come.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON: FAMOUS IN HISTORY AND POETRY: BY E. DRUSILLE FORD

Illustrated by G. H. Ford.

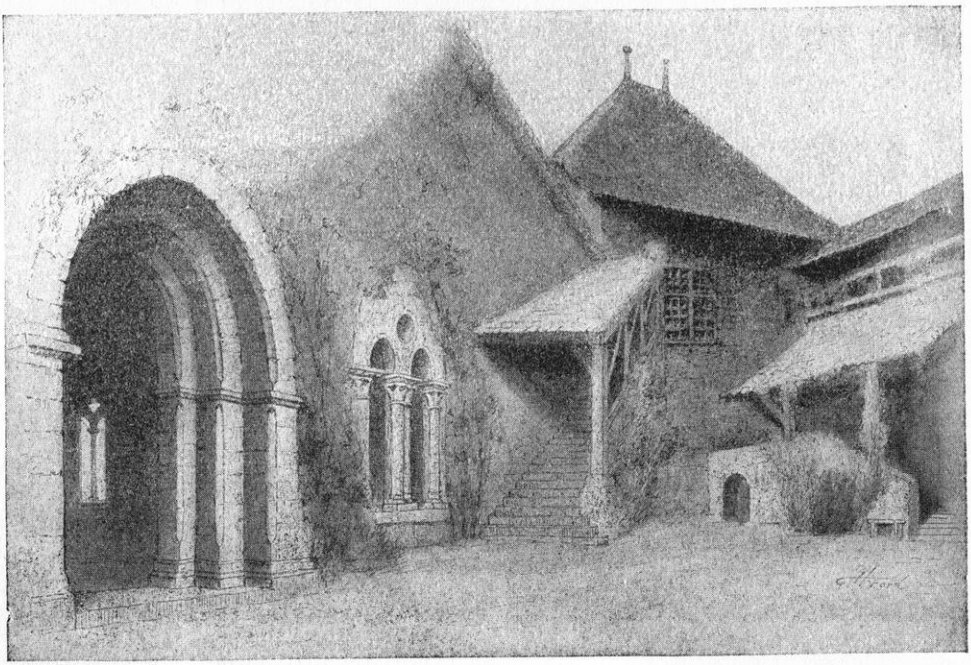
LEANING from our pension window, the evening of our arrival at Montreux, we saw Chillon, nestling into the green fringe of Lake Leman's edge, and looking a very toy house amid the encompassing Alpine peaks—a castle of dreams, which had existed for us only in the cantos of Byron and in dim records, historic and legendary. As it rose out of the opalescent sheen of the lake, veiled in the warm afterglow, with the gleaming summit of Dents du Midi above it, this illusion was strengthened and Chillon was still a dream castle.

However, when the clearer light of the morning picked out the towers of our fairy tower in realistic shape, we boarded a prosaic trolley at our door and were pleased to find that the conductor had evidently heard of Chillon.

The space between the declivity and the shore grows less on approach to the castle, until the roadway is pushed close to the shore line. At this narrowest point stands Chillon as though opposing its stubborn compactness to the further encroachment of the all-compelling mountains which tower above it, dark with the firs and oaks of centuries. The chronicles declare that it was built at this gateway of the ancient road from Italy over the St. Bernard Pass, to guard and command the way and levy taxes. As they also state that the date of the oldest walls (those surrounding the inner courts), cannot be accurately fixed, the former assertion probably refers to some period in the eleventh or twelfth centuries, when the original structure acquired important additions. The *Dictionnaire Universel* attributes to Louis the Debonair, son and successor of Charlemagne, the first massive tower, built for a prison in which to confine his uncle, the Abbé of Corbie. The earlier walls must, therefore, antedate this structure of the ninth century. As for the foundation, it is far back in the annals of world-building, a bed of solid rock laid up by the mighty hand which lifted the mountains above it.

The view of the castle with which we are most familiar in illustration, that from the southeast along the road toward Villeneuve, is the most pleasing, showing greater breadth and a more symmetrical arrangement of towers and projecting corners. The machicolations beneath the eaves have the effect of a deep cornice supported by arches, and the walls at the base the outward tendency expressive of strength and resistance.

Chillon, approached by land from Montreux, offers no vista; it is buried in the luxuriant verdure of the shore. From the main



THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST PICTUREESQUE DETAILS OF THE OLD CASTLE OF CHILLON, FAMOUS IN HISTORY AND POETRY: IT IS THE COURT OF HONOR WHICH COMMUNICATED WITH THE DUCAL APARTMENTS: THE CRAFTSMAN FEELS THAT IT IS FULL OF SUGGESTION FOR THE COUNTRY ARCHITECTS OF TODAY WHO ARE BUILDING ELABORATE STRUCTURES.

thoroughfare an avenue curves between dense masses of green into a small enclosure, screened on the street side by a wall of foliage. On the other side, across the narrow foss, shallow and gravelly like a mountain stream, rise the rugged walls and towers of the old feudal fortress. Seen from a distance, there is the lure and awesomeness of mystery about it, but at close range, half obscured by the thin leafage, it is less austere. There is an almost human sympathy in its setting amid the wild growths of the woods. In this limited parterre reserved on the mainland for the castle grounds, the wild flowers spring up at will. If the grass *is* cut and the trees trimmed, it is with a surreptitious touch that leaves no trace of intervention.

The avenue follows the bank of the foss to the timbered bridge, built in the eighteenth century to replace the ancient draw-bridge, a simple, massive construction, its hipped roof approximating the pitch of the nearest tower.

The somewhat uniform character of the exterior gives little idea of the informal variety within the walls, due to the requirements of the varied capacities, public and private, in which the castle has served since the tenth century. Of the buildings surrounding

THIS IS ONE VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF CHILLON WITH THE DENTS DU MIDI BACK OF IT AND LAKE LEMAN IN THE FOREGROUND.

the first court, the towers on each side of the entrance are of thirteenth century origin, the additions to that on the left, of the sixteenth century. The building opposite the entrance, of old Romance construction, earlier than either, was enlarged in the thirteenth century.

The court is irregular in shape, its architecture unpretentious. There are windows with tops square and arched, the arches varying from an inconsiderable segment to a semicircle. A door at the junction of walls is covered by a lintel roof, and opposite, a balcony nestles under a like protection. Each window has height and width peculiar unto itself. There are low openings under the eaves and windows rising above the eaves, to be hooded with curving dormer roof, and above the whole, a covered patrol gallery and a pointed tower, variety defying accepted rules, yet very winning in its quaint appeal.

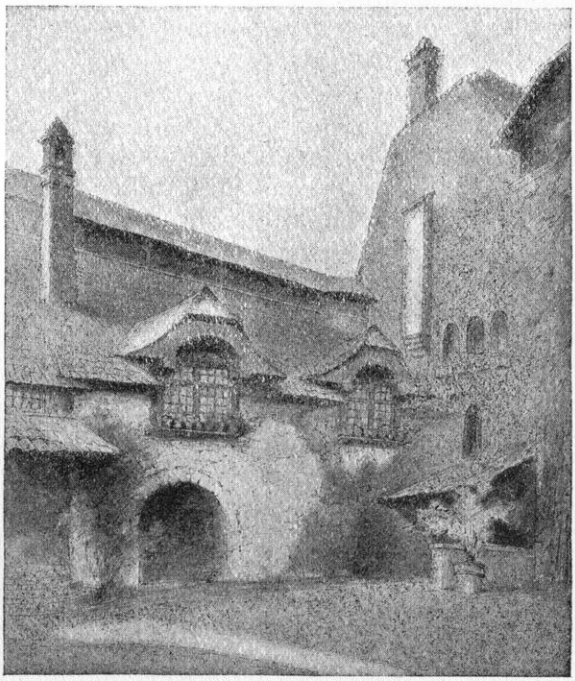
The buttressed arch which gives entrance to the inner courts is of comparatively recent date. These courts are scarcely more conventional than the first, but are more ornate as becomes their proximity to the great halls to which they give access. The arched windows have sash of twin panels, also arched, with quarterfoils centered above. The main entrance from the farther court (the Court of Honor), is of cut stone, laid up in a series of three graduated arches with projecting imposts, a beautiful doorway, simple and dignified. Beyond this, a double window has columned jambs with ornamented capitals; the circle for the quarterfoil is cut in the solid stone.

From the court near this window a roofed stairway leads to the upper floor, and the tower at the junction of the court walls has a window slightly arched, with mullion-like divisions. On the adjoining wall is a roofed gallery, below which a lintel roof covers a flight of

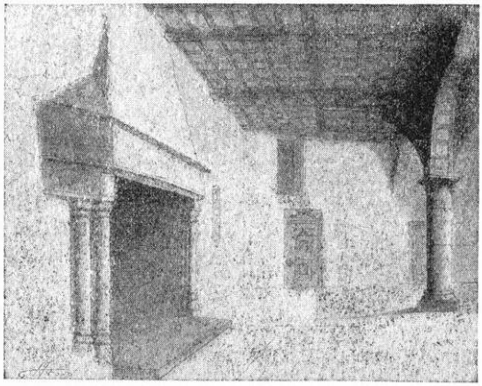
stone steps. The supporting timbers are weather-stained into harmony with the rough stone and the richness of the shadows is unbroken.

The unstudied variety of these courts is so evidently due to the requirements of different periods, that the marvel is, not that a few incongruities have crept in, but that so much of primitive simplicity and consequent charm remains, and that, too, when it is improbable that for any appreciable portion of time, the work has had the intelligent supervision now given to the restoration of ancient structures. While every feature has been the outcome of some simple need, the ensemble is fine in its subtlety of artistic expression. A close adherence to rule gives proportion, adaptation, even elegance, but only when a design rises above the prescribed limit does it attain some measure of the picturesque.

In the eleventh century, Chillon, consisting of a single tower, was given by the King of Bourgogue, Rudolph Third, to the Bishop of Sion, and was by him and his successors in office, considerably enlarged. Surrendered to the House of Savoy in the twelfth century, it remained in possession of the Counts, afterward Dukes, of this line until fifteen thirty-six. It attained the zenith of glory in the thirteenth century, when under Peter of Savoy it grew into a formidable fortress. It is said to have been the favorite residence of this splendor-loving prince, who by force of arms and diplomatic skill, possessed himself of large areas of the surrounding territory. The "Etude Historique" says he "married the heiress of Faucigny and added that province and Chablais to his territories," and further that, "invited to the Court of England by his niece Eleanor, he spent the greater part of his life abroad, gathering in the service of Henry Second, men and money. These he used to achieve the



THIS IS THE BEAUTIFUL ENTRANCE COURT OF THE CASTLE WITH ITS LOVELY WINDOWS AND ARCHED DOORWAYS.



THIS IS THE HALL OF THE BAILIFF-GOVERNOR, A DETAIL IN THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL ARCHES AND PANELED CEILING.

acquisition of Vaud, to which he every now and then returned to overthrow his enemies. In England he occupied a high position in the council, was knighted and had titles and honors lavished on him. The palace of the Savoy in the Strand bears witness of his magnificence."

From this record and what remains of thirteenth century construction it is not difficult to gather some idea of the princely apartments surrounding the inner court as they were in Peter's time. The great hall at the right of the main entrance, now known as the Hall of Justice, was the reception and banquet room. Fine windows with columned jambs and mullions, overlook the lake. Black marble columns support the ceiling, and the walls are decorated with tile. Of the furnishings, only a few tables and chairs are scattered about, probably acquisitions of the restoration committee, hence of no interest in relation to the castle.

The representatives of the House of Savoy following Peter seem to have had no love for this stronghold, for they spent little time within its walls. This fact did not, however, prevent their making considerable alterations. To Peter Third is attributed the fine square tower containing the bedroom occupied successively by the Counts and Dukes of the line. In the fourteenth century, however, this was entirely transformed, the vaulted ceiling, window, mural decorations and chimney supports dating from that time. The fireplaces in this room and in that of the Duchess consist merely of chimney hoods in corners. In the latter, the hood is conical and is of thirteenth century construction.

In the Bailiff-Governor's Hall, entered from the middle court, the quaintly paneled ceiling and huge, paneled capitals of the supporting columns, are the chief attractions. The ceiling and the fireplace as they now appear belong to the fifteenth century, which is true also of the ceiling and fireplace in the banquet hall, alterations probably made necessary by the havoc wrought when the second story was added to this portion. Above the banquet hall, what is now termed the Knight's Hall is of this period, as is doubtless the staircase leading to it from the inner court.

Under the ducal apartment, and reached by a linteled staircase

are the chambers lying at or slightly below the level of the lake. The floor is rough-hewn, repellent to the step. It is the floor of a prison, but the stress of the captive, the cruelties of the captor have become obscured in the mists of the past, and the present gives a vista of buoyant arches springing from massive columns and merging into the rugged stone of the unfinished inner wall, their groined intersections picked out by the light from the wedge-shaped openings which narrow to mere slits on the lake side.

Of much earlier date as a whole, these chambers were completely altered and vaulted over in the thirteenth century and were utilized at that time as magazines. Hence the vaulting, exquisite in proportion, grew out of the necessity for substantially supporting the floors above, rather than from any desire to elaborate the construction of a military storehouse. Not until the following century did these vaults do service as a prison, where, in after time, Byron gathered the story of the fanciful Bonivard, more real to us than the veritable Prior of St. Victor. The rescue of Bonivard terminated Savoy control, and the castle remained in the possession of the Bernese victors for about two hundred years subsequent to fifteen hundred and thirty six, the arms of the Bernese Bailiffs of Vevay, painted on the walls of the Knight's Hall, offering tangible proof of their occupancy. Chillon is now the property of the Canton of Vaud and has been since seventeen hundred and ninety eight.

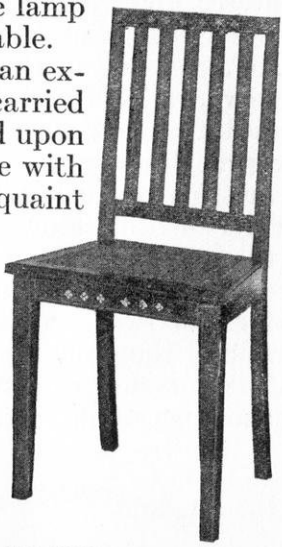
The irregularity of the ground plan suggests that the first walls might have followed the contour of the highest level. Each generation has added its quota, a tower here, a piece of wall there, perhaps only a little height to tower or wall, the later work being readily distinguishable from the older at many points. Through six centuries at least, the main features progressed harmoniously, despite the constant shifting of human purpose, until at last the advent of Gothic architecture gave to its towers their pointed roofs completing the dignified expression of concordant design.

Nor is Chillon the first creation to emerge from the mutations of time, the better for a dearth of unnecessary supervision. Again and again we find the unmistakable charm of consistency in some structure which has simply grown, without conscious plan, as though the sense of eternal fitness guided the unthinking hand that laid the stone. Thrilling with the recognition of its individual appeal, we ignore the possibility that it is the result of fortuitous effort. A conception broader than man-made rules has given to the old pile of gray stone a personality which calls insistently to human, creative instincts, and the something stirred within us is less of passive admiration than of active desire to know, to understand the message of the centuries.

ARTISTIC OPPORTUNITIES IN PAINTED FURNITURE

THERE is something peculiarly charming in the modern painted bedroom sets, something so winning that every woman instinctively pauses before the sets displayed for sale and mentally arranges a sleeping room after her heart's desire. With a set of any color whatsoever before a woman's eyes, she is immediately able to visualize a room that would be exactly to her liking. Her imagination leaps to suitable chintzes and rugs, to the fine details of feathered pen upon the stand, the lamp upon the wall, the books and flowers upon the table.

Take the set that accompanies this text as an example. This particular bedroom set has been carried out in rich bottle green. A gay chintz was decided upon and the artist instructed to decorate the furniture with the flower *motif* in the same colors. So the quaint bunches of yellow and orange fruits and flowers found on the chintz were reproduced upon the larger flat surfaces of table, dresser, chiffonier and bed, with a vine of the blue periwinkle and pale green leaves. In each indented panel replicas of the little white star flowers found in the chintz are used and that the general yellow tone of the fabric may be imparted to the furniture, indicating that it was decorated on purpose to be used with it, lines of yellow were drawn around each drawer, panel and leg. The result is bright, rich and interesting, without being frivolous, too elaborate or commonplace.



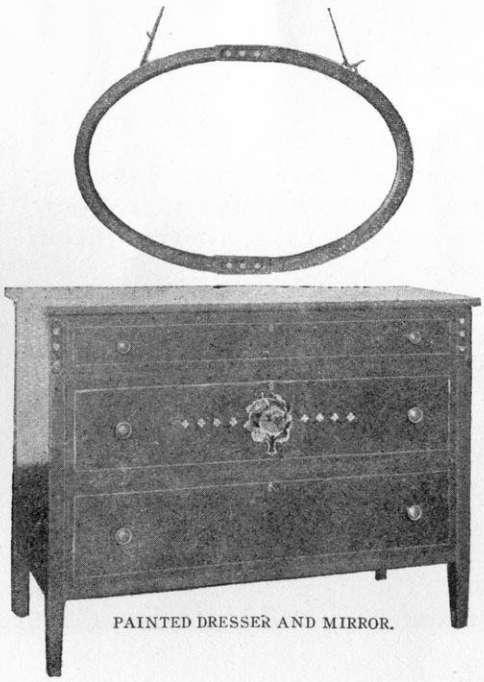
SIDE CHAIR IN PAINTED BEDROOM SET.

DRESSING TABLE AND NEW SETTLE FOR PAINTED SET.

Of course many color schemes could have been carried out with equally charming results. For instance, if the set had been French gray, lavender flowered chintz with flowers of yellow could have been chosen for the hangings, bedspreads and dresser scarfs, and lavender flowers painted upon the set with small yellow birds as complementaries to the yellow flashes in the chintz. Rightly handled, a French gray, lavender and yellow bedroom of

painted furniture and chintz would be exquisite enough for the most fastidious. Apple-green furniture with pink and white apple blossom chintz draperies; or a cream white painted set in a room with muslin curtains, pillows and bed covers hand stenciled with apple petals and their gray-green leaves, would be delightful for young girls' bedrooms. Pale green chintz with pattern of old-blue flowers and soft yellow birds combined with ivory white furniture would make a most attractive dining room for a summer home; so one could go on indefinitely suggesting color combinations of painted furniture like the one pictured, and flowered chintz or plain sundour. Such a set as we are here showing of strong light-weight hard wood, simple of design, can be had in any desired tone, and the decorator could put upon it any design needed to carry out the plan of the room. Almost anyone skilful with a brush could by taking a *motif* from chintz or curtain draperies have the satisfaction of decorating her own furniture. In fact, by consulting any of the good books on block printing, the draperies themselves could be made. This opens up a new opportunity for women to use their native good taste, and at comparatively little expense furnish rooms expressive of their own individuality, rooms differing delightfully from those dependent upon the standard sets and draperies offered in the shops.

CHEST OF DRAWERS FOR PAINTED SET.

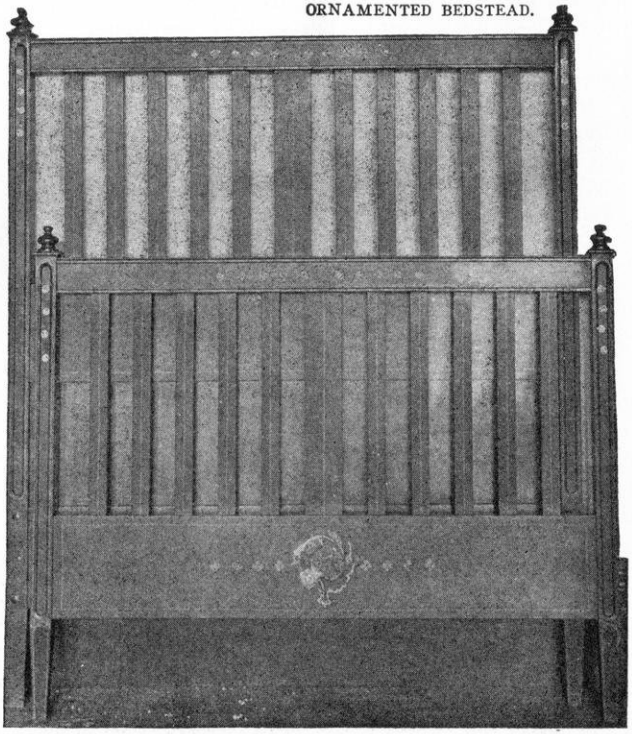


PAINTED DRESSER AND MIRROR.

Painted furniture is approved by the decorators, for it gives them every chance to create distinctive rooms. Take this bedroom set

SMALL PAINTED BEDROOM STAND.

again. Note the indented panels of the bed posts, chiffonier and tables, which can be of a different shade, if desired, left plain, or decorated with small flowers. The middle panel at the bottom of the head and foot board can take the dominant design, and the smaller one at the top the complementary variation. The symmetrical tapering legs of the table, chairs and bench, and the dressing table can be striped or left plain, according to whether one wishes to emphasize the color note or not. Designs could go on the top, as well as the lower shelf of the table, if so desired. Such a set varied indefinitely as to dark or light tone, and color of the decoration would harmonize with Colonial or in fact with a house of almost any style, for it is well designed, dainty enough for a young girl's room, yet strong, substantial and dignified enough for "grown-ups." The cane seats of bench and chairs and the indented panel on the mirror and the other pieces give pleasing variety and add individuality. A dining-room with substantial table and rush-bottomed chairs and a living-room set with comfortable low, wide rocking and lounge chairs, library tables, etc., can be had of this same simple, charming design, so that if desired a whole summer house could be furnished with painted furniture, each room different, yet harmoniously agreeing.



ORNAMENTED BEDSTEAD.

With the plain sundour, flowered cretonnes, dimities, ginghams, nets and washable rugs of good design, a summer house could be as varied, bright and sunny as a garden, easily kept fresh and clean, and cost but a little.

SOME CONSTRUCTIVE EXPERIMENTS IN A BOYS' CAMP: BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR, M. A.

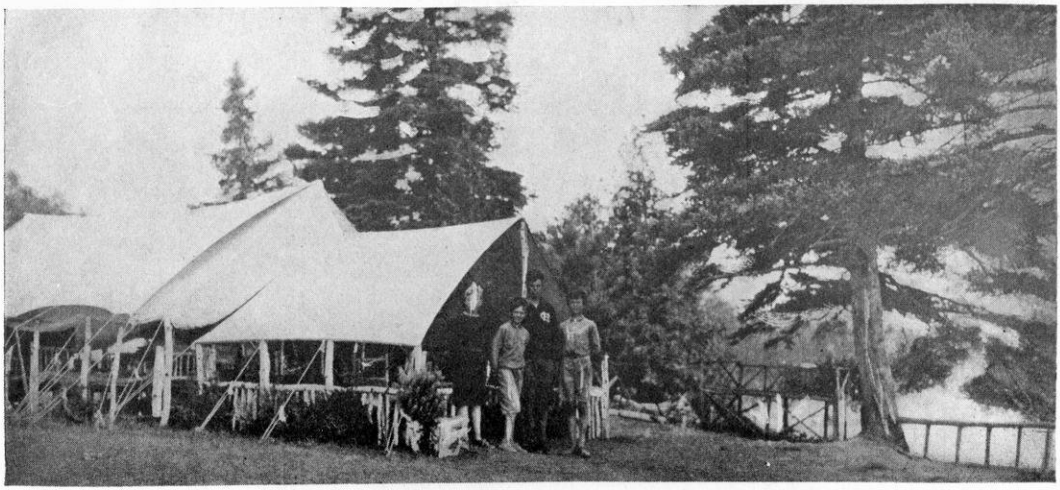
WILLIAM JAMES said, you know, that for the best moral and mental development, hand work should predominate over book work till the fifteenth or sixteenth year. And the further up the "financial-social" scale of society we go, the more it looks as though hand work were the one activity from which the boys are especially guarded!

I remember very well one mother—a most fashionable mother, I assure you—who was really quite shocked at the idea. Hand work, to her mind, was merely "carpentering." "Really, you know," said she, "there is not the slightest reason why our William should learn to be a 'carpenter.' It is not at all likely that he will ever be called upon to earn his living with his hands!" The lady was quite indignant. This may seem ludicrous to you, but it is such a characteristic attitude among the well-to-do, and the "near-well-to-do," that it is not difficult to understand why the phrase "four generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" has passed into a proverb!

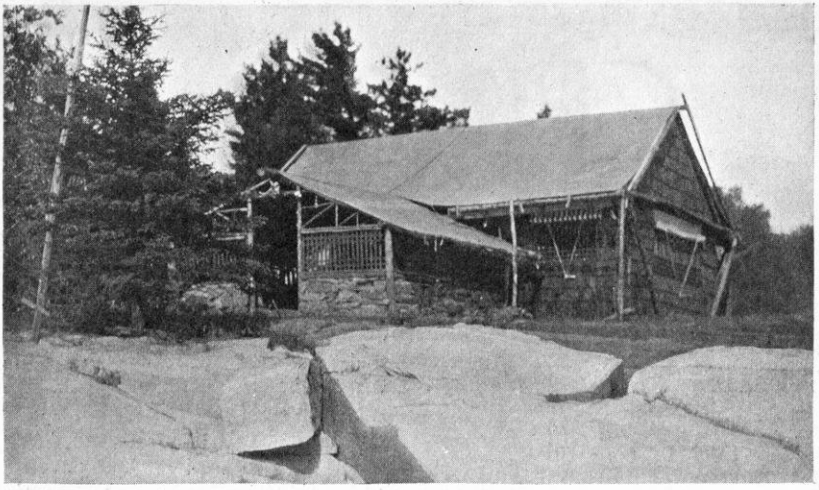
The private schools, as is logical, are largely dominated by the attitude of their patrons. Said one head master to me, "We have just as good a school as the parents will permit!" So they are not greatly given to developing the side of education which comes particularly well through hand training. But, fortunately, now comes the summer camp, and more and more boys every year are sent away camping, so that in the hands of the camps lies the possibility of developing in these boys the very qualities they will most need for future happiness and success. The schools can give what we are pleased to term an education. But the camps can, and some of them do, aid in giving a "character," which, I think you will agree, is almost as important as the education!

The Old Idea of Boys' Camps.

That is, some camps do this. A few of them realize their immense privilege and are doing all they can to be worthy of the responsibility. But many camps still hold



WHITE BIRCH FURNISHED TENT: FURNITURE MADE BY THREE THIRTEEN YEAR OLD BOYS.



THIS WAS BUILT BY THE FOURTEEN YEAR OLD GROUP OF BOYS IN THE CAMP.

to the methods and procedures with which they first started. Camps, you know, were established in the beginning largely as recreation places, where boys could have a "good time" without irksome or unpleasant duties, all for the benefit of the health of the boy and the peace of mind of the parent! That is how camps began, and it is only lately that some are beginning to realize that there can be much more in a camp than merely a kind of open-air playground. Some realize this and are feeling out for a better kind of procedure, which would make the camp mean something more to a boy than a place for idling and getting into mischief. And they have found, to their surprise and pleasure, that boys actually enjoy far more a summer wherein they have real responsibilities and something constructive to do than they do when everything is done for them, and they have nothing definite or useful put into their hands. This has been the experience of the experimental camp which is the subject of this writing, a camp whose object was to develop a camping system, based upon the fundamental characteristics of growing boys, for the benefit of all camps, a system which would aid in bringing out the fine qualities which owe much of their fineness to the stimulus and experience that comes through hand work.

We cannot go into the psychology of it. That word "psychology" is enough to scare most folk half to death, anyway! So we will not talk about the "region of rolando" and the relation between manual dexterity and mental development, the development of such qualities as perseverance, patience, accuracy, self-control, self-reliance, and so on. That the relation does exist, and is a very close one, I do assure you, but if you wish to look into the matter yourself, well, just hunt up some standard work on educational psychology, or, better still, observe, for a little while, the differences in behavior between children who can do things with their hands, and like to, and those who cannot, and do not like to!

Now we can come to the experiment which proved to us not only that boys really like to be able to make things for themselves, but that, even without expert training, if sufficiently stimulated, the quality of the work they will do is nothing short of

A SHINGLE STRUCTURE DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE FIFTEEN YEAR OLD BOYS.

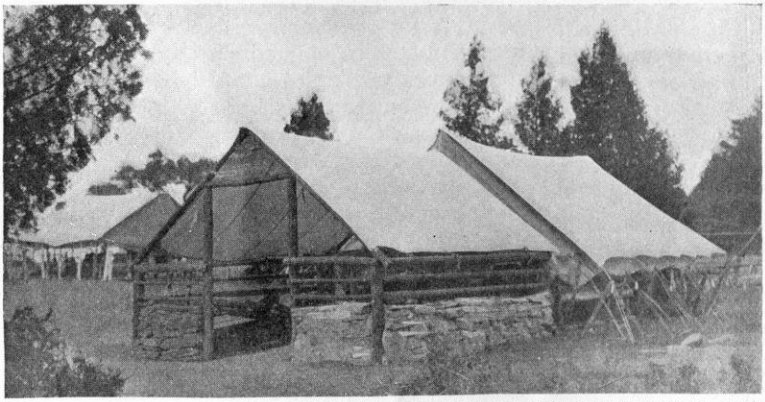
marvelous. Of the benefit coming as a result—well, we do not have to describe that.

First of all, it was necessary to build up a general feeling of responsibility and self-dependence. So, from the beginning, nothing was done for a boy he could do for himself. Even the nine-year-olders had to put up their own tents and manufacture their own canvas cots!

STONE, WOOD AND CANVAS RECREATION ROOM BUILT IN FRONT OF A TENT BY A GROUP OF THIRTEEN YEAR OLD BOYS.

The New Camp Life.

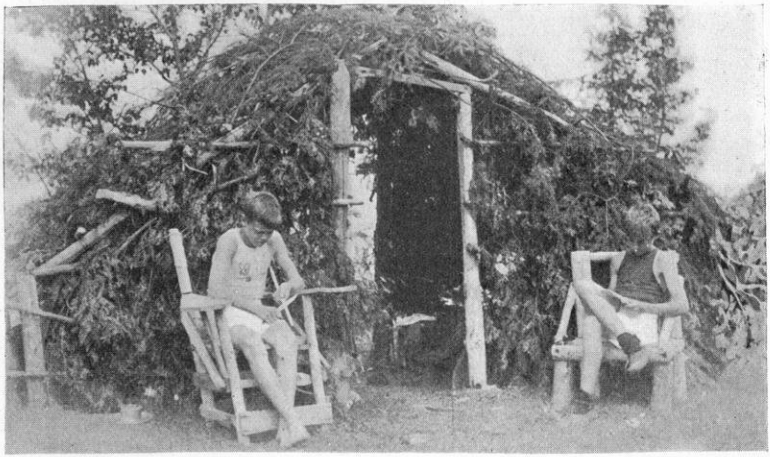
Again, set, definite work was never given. Except for making their own necessary tent furniture there was no hand work that the boy really *had* to do. But by using the natural, generally latent, liking for "making things" and the innate spirit of competition, the boys were carefully led to desire to make many kinds of things. Even then they were not given outlines to work upon. They were encouraged to plan out things for themselves. So it was that if a boy, or group of boys, wished to make anything, from a diving pier to a table, well, they had to plan it themselves and the rough material was provided — unless it was something they could cut in the woods. If an older "staff member" worked with them, it was much more as a member of a "squad" than as an instructor.



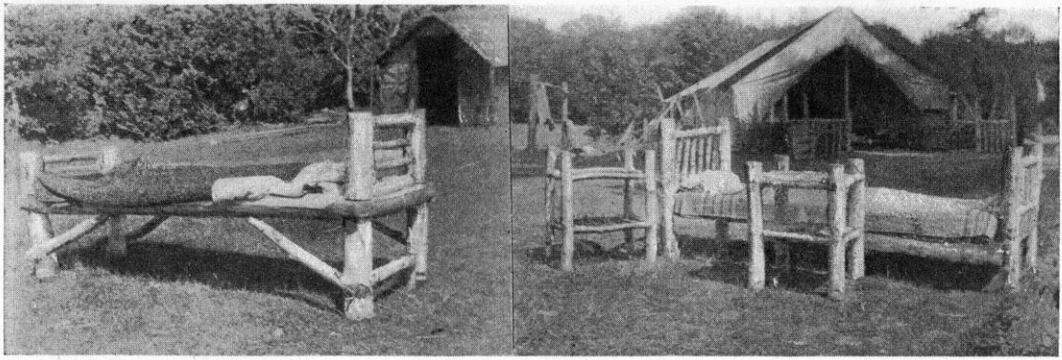
THESE TWO TENTS WITH WOODEN FRAMES AND STRONG FOUNDATIONS WERE BUILT BY BOYS TWELVE YEARS OLD.

The beginning of the real constructive work happened several years ago when a couple of youngsters wanted to make a thatched hut. So they made that, and great was the admiration of the juvenile onlookers. It was not very beautiful and not very waterproof. But it was a building, and it did not blow down in the wind. That was a start, and it interested the boys.

The next structure came about through the desire of a thirteen-year group to



THIS VERY PICTURESQUE RECREATION DWELLING WAS BUILT AS AN EXPERIMENT IN THATCHING BY THE BOYS WHO LIVED IN IT.



SOME TYPICAL RUSTIC FURNITURE BUILT BY THE BOYS THEMSELVES.

startle the whole camp with something extraordinary, and, at the same time, to make their living quarters more commodious. They cut some rough cedar in the woods, brought up a ton or two of stones from the beach, and were given a couple of bags of Portland cement and a bundle or two of laths. With this material they fashioned, in four or five days, a little recreation porch in front of their tent, with masonry and latticework, using their original porch fly for a roof.

Then the other groups came around and were consumed with envy! It was too late for rivalry or imitation—but when next summer came, well, you'd see what *they* would do!

THE CHAPEL FOR THE WHOLE CAMP, DESIGNED BY A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD BOY AND BUILT BY THE CONCERTED EFFORT OF THE WHOLE GROUP OF BOYS.

Home-making in Camp.

When the next summer came the third structure appeared. That thirteen-year group, now fourteen, with a slight change in membership, started right out to make competition ridiculous. Whereas the previous season they had built a porch in front of their tent, now they proposed to build something or other behind their porch! This time they cut more trees and were given some bunches of shingles and laths. One or two had roughed out the idea, and all got to work, including their "counsellor," who worked merely as a member of the group. The result was a kind of "tent-bungalow" twelve feet wide and thirty feet long, with the porch of the previous year covering the middle entrance. The "windows" were of latticework, covered on rainy days by roller awnings, and the roof was a great khaki fly—for one must have a canvas roof when one camps.

Well, the excitement of the rest of the camp was almost comic. So the new thirteen-year group—a small one—got promptly to work with the idea of making their tent the most beautifully equipped in the camp—and succeeded. They furnished it throughout in white birch—with the bark on, beds, chairs, taborettes, even to a birch-bark scrap-basket! Then, outside of their "porch," they placed a neat birch rail, and outside of *that* planted some small evergreens! Altogether the effect was remarkable. So much so that the first group, actually startled, went to work again and furnished their new "tent-bungalow" also in birch. Then the twelve-year-olders became interested and began work, making the fourth real structure. And so that

summer ended, but the plans for the next summer would have frightened a seasoned and hardened architect.

One of the old fourteen-year group was now fifteen, and had developed a real talent for such matters. He now designed a neat little two-roomed bungalow for the "chief" and his group. All the fifteen year old boys turned to and built it, in a little over a week—a bright, cheery little structure, with ten windows, hinged at the top—the windows being bought, to be sure—and, though lightly constructed, the little building was quite capable of bearing the frequent gales of that windy place.

This aroused the whole camp and very ambitious projects began to shape themselves. For one thing, they all thought they should have a "chapel." Well, if they wanted one, they had to do the planning. So many plans were drawn, and that of a thirteen-year boy—who will be a real architect some day for sure—was accepted, with few modifications. Then the older boys of the camp, from twelve to fifteen years old, got to work and built it, the staff members, as usual, when they did help, acting merely as members of a squad. And the result was by far the most beautiful structure they had yet accomplished. And now they are planning for the most remarkable kind of dining hall you ever heard of!

It seems almost incredible that untrained boys should, with a little encouragement, be able not only to plan, but actually to construct such creditable affairs. But the reason is very simple. All normal boys possess such characteristics to some degree, though, unfortunately, with many they lie latent until too late. Early in life they are waiting for use, invaluable influences which could be used for the immeasurable benefit of the boy. Given the incentive, given the basic competitive spirit, given the encouragement, the materials, and the proper tools, it is amazing to see the latent characteristics come to life. And can you believe that such an awakening and such an experience does not mean much for a boy's future? Surely, and even when he is heir to untold thousands—and, in fact, the more so for that very reason.

Such a life educates the whole boy. It not only fills his mind with valuable information, but teaches him to use his hands, his feet, his every faculty of mind and body, develops character, forms individuality, creates ideals and sane ambitions.

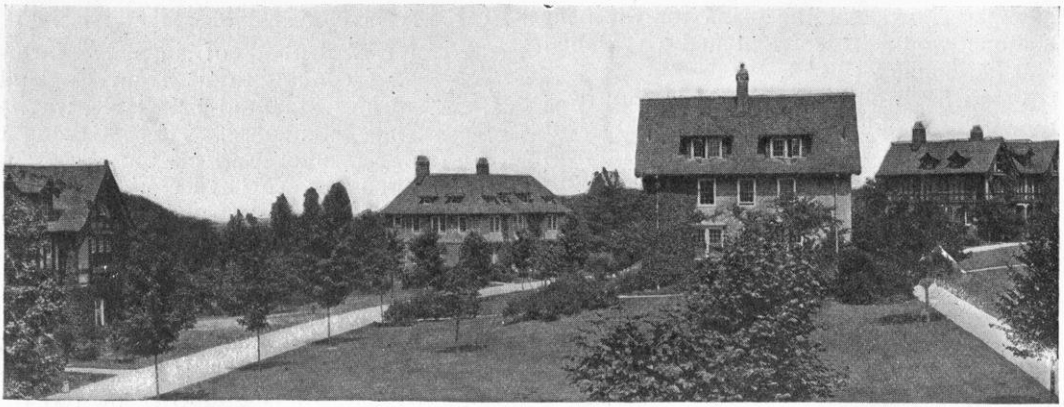
PORTABLE GREENHOUSES

A NEW method of intensive farming coming to us from England brings to its aid a portable, traveling greenhouse. At first thought a portable greenhouse seems most impracticable, but after we have read a detailed description of its construction, its practical worth is readily granted.

From a paper read by A. Pullen-Burry at a recent meeting of a horticultural club in London, England, printed in full in the "Florists' Exchange," we are enabled to give an account of the cleverness of the plan. An acre of land, 440 ft. by 100 ft., was divided up by longitudinal foundations, 16 ft. apart, center to center, and cement 6 in. by 5 in. cast in moulds and placed thereon. A shallow division wall for the side lights to shut on was provided at intervals of 40 ft., center to center, thus making in eleven traverses 60 beds, 13 yds. by 5 yds. in each bed. It is not necessary, so the paper states, that land be level in constructing such a greenhouse, except in the 100 ft. direction or length of greenhouse. In any other direction, there may be varying gradients, as a gutter acts like the back of a book and thus allows movement. The house itself might be termed the "tonneau" and can be of any width or any height under the ridge eaves. If necessary, it can be made large enough to cover quite large trees. The side lights in these circumstances would be like barn doors and back to back, passing with the house through the trees over the cement rail.

This greenhouse, running on its track from place to place, covering the vegetables and flowers that need protection or are desired for forcing, can thus with very little manipulation be placed over the beds.

Within this greenhouse paths were made of the smallest, so that the soil area was developed to its fullest extent. One can readily see how market gardeners could by laying their gardens between regular tracks advance the time of their marketing by several weeks. The dome of glass could be also used later in the season when the need of steam heat had vanished, taking the place of cold frame or hotbed. The plants under a glass roof which at the same time shuts away the wind and keeps away the storms that beat and destroy them, would certainly be of better quality as well as several weeks in advance of the community in which the greenhouse was in operation.



A GROUP OF BUILDINGS IN THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, SHOWING GOOD ARCHITECTURE AND CHARMING SURROUNDINGS.

A "CHARACTER FACTORY," OR, MAKING BOYS GOOD IN THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE: BY JOANNA GLEED STRANGE

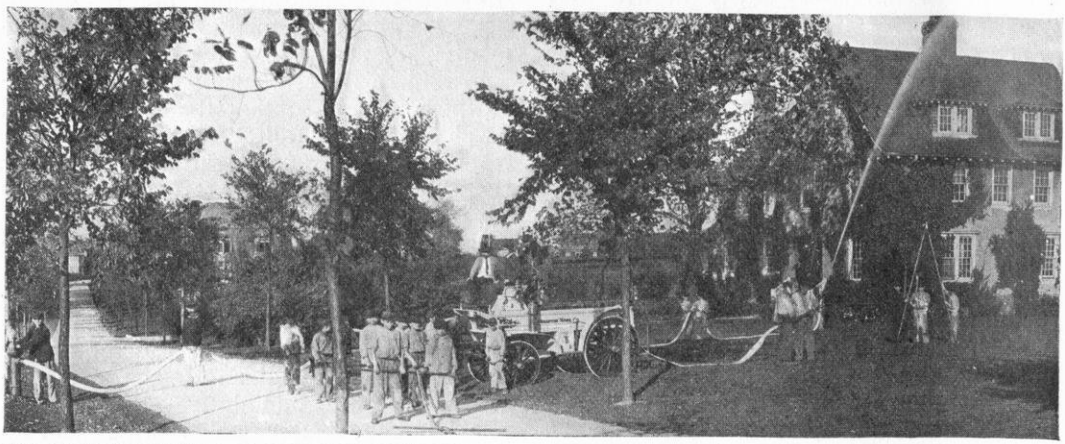
BUT comparatively few people know of an institution, just one mile back of Dobbs Ferry, on 286 acres of picturesque land, which is perhaps of more importance in the world than any number of historic landmarks, fashionable boarding schools, or millionaires' estates. It is the Children's Village.

The Children's Village is a real village, too, with twenty-nine residences, a power-house, furnishing heat and electricity for all the buildings, a bakery, a laundry, a printing shop, a tailor shop, a cobbler shop and a carpenter shop; in fact, there are as many as fifteen workshops in all and a village farm besides.

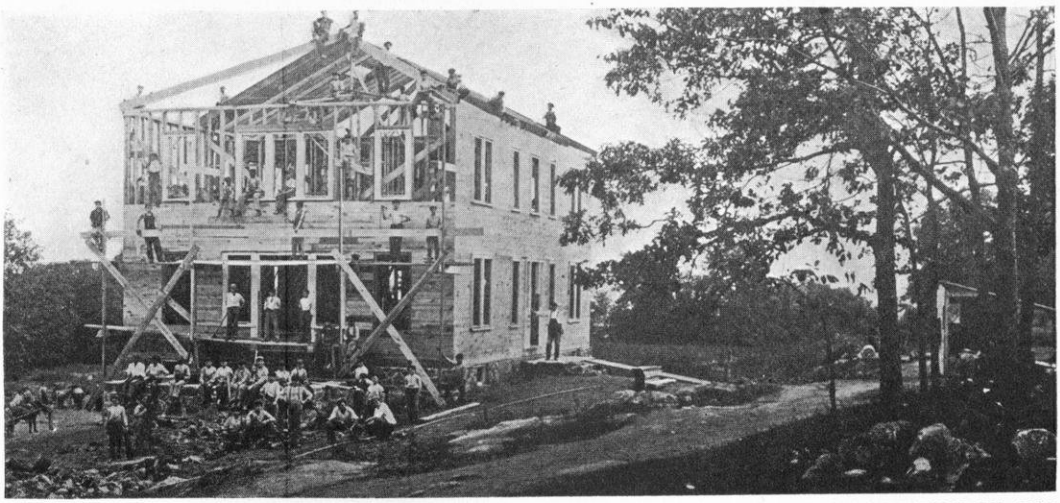
Unlike most villages, this one did not "just grow." It was planned first in the mind of one man—Charles D. Hilles—who was secretary and confidential adviser to President Taft, and who is now president of the New York Juvenile Asylum, of which the Children's Village is a part, and who used to be its superintendent. Then it was planned in the minds of the directors, and finally the architects planned it, and it was located on Echo Hills behind Dobbs Ferry.

WHY THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE IS SO PRETTY.

Because it was so carefully considered before it was started is one reason that the Village itself is so picturesque. Every building has been erected with an eye to its relation to all the other buildings and the surrounding country, as well as to its own architectural beauty and interior convenience. On one side is the vine-covered administration building, where the shops



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE: THE ATTRACTIVE COTTAGE IN THE BACKGROUND IS ONE OF THE BOYS' HOMES.



DORMITORY IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION BY THE BOYS IN THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE AT DOBBS FERRY.

and schoolrooms are, and following a well-kept boulevard around a great oval are the homes where the boys live—beautiful houses—each one different from the others, separated by wide lawns and carefully planned gardens. The center of the Village is the large oval playground, and down the hill on one side are the power-house, laundry and kitchen, while on the side hill, which is the approach to the Village, are the hospital and House of Reception.

This is the "plant," so to speak, of what might be called a real "character factory," and here for two years at least, and often longer, 588 boys, who come with bad habits, few ideals and no education, are being made into strong, happy, useful, well proportioned candidates for citizenship. And it is an encouraging fact that of all the boys who are turned out of this character factory, 90 per cent. make good.

Each lad is examined as to his physical well-being when he arrives at the House of Reception, where he is quarantined for twenty days. His teeth are put in order, and rare is the boy who does not need help from the dentist. His eyes are tested, and all the handicaps of physical defectiveness are remedied as quickly as possible.

Then, instead of shooting craps in back alleys, he learns a trade, and instead of playing truant from overcrowded city schools, he has his lessons, working three hours a day in big airy schoolrooms, with teachers who can take the time for special interest in him and who know how to

THE HOSPITAL OF THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE REBUILT BY THE BOY CITIZENS.

A GROUP OF BOYS AT RECREATION HOUR IN ONE OF THE COTTAGES.

arouse his curiosity and stimulate his ambitions.

OUTDOOR LIFE FOR THE BOYS AND MANUAL TRAINING.

There is all outdoors for him to grow in —gardens, a chicken farm and a piggery, where he may get back to nature if he chooses. There are trees to chop down and rock to break and houses to build. The boys in the Children's Village, under the direction of their instructors, have already built three houses and enlarged the hospital. The class in electricity wires the houses; the class in plumbing puts in all the drainage and water pipes; the student plasterers plaster the buildings and the painters ply their paint brushes both inside and outside. How many trades does it take to build a house? The boys in the Children's Village can tell you, for they are learning them all and putting them to practical use in this Village work.

Other boys are learning to be tailors and shoemakers and telegraphers and printers and typesetters; and still others are learning to cook and to launder, and to make the furniture which graces the different cottages. And each lad is doing that which most nearly suits his own particular ability and taste.

MUSIC AND OTHER RECREATIONS.

There is a class in music too, and a Village band and twenty-eight baseball teams, which is a number no other village of this size in the United States can boast. Every cottage has a baseball team, from those housing lads five, six and seven years old, to the cottages filled with boys sixteen, eighteen and twenty years old, and exciting games are played on the Village diamonds in the center of the town, for there is a silver cup which goes each year to the house whose "nine" makes the best season's record.

Instead of sleeping in crowded tenement rooms and damp unventilated cellars, and eating unwholesome food at irregular hours, these lads, in families of twenty, occupy pretty modern homes in the Village. Each boy has his own bed and his own toilet articles. He has his own clothes, which he learns to take off at night and put on in the morning and change when they are soiled. He eats at regular hours the most wholesome food, prepared in the most scientific manner, and he soon finds that he "belongs"—that what he does counts in this little world and that the things that are done right count for the whole village. But the things that are done wrong count only against himself.

HOW THE BOYS FEEL.

"Gee! but I wisht you was young enough to git in the game, pop," a small youngster was heard addressing his parent who visited the Village one Sunday soon after his son had been sent there. "If you could learn a real trade like they teach 'em here, maybe you wouldn't be such a bloke, and if you wasn't such a bloke, maybe ma wouldn't a died, and then maybe we could a had a real family."

And so his horizon widens, and when it is time for him to go back and make room for some one else who needs the process of reconstruction, he has had two years at least of fair play. He is strong physically,

for the health in the Village is phenomenal. There is rarely a case for the hospital. He knows a trade and sometimes more than one, and he has had a house-mother who has given him something of that sympathy and understanding without which the life of no child is complete.

The Children's Village is the anchor he needs in his tussle for the right kind of existence, and the superintendent and teachers and house-mothers are always ready to help him. Once a Village boy, always a Village boy, they feel, and the boys feel the same way. Just the other day, from the Middle West, there came an "old boy" to visit the Village. He "belonged" twenty years ago, and because of the influence of the New York Juvenile Asylum, he is now a prosperous, well-to-do citizen, bringing up a family of his own to be strong, right-minded men and women. What he probably would have been without the training he received can be seen dozens of times a day in the slums of our cities.

While the boys are making the Village, the Village is making the boys. And from the wretched little toughs who slink into the House of Reception, sent to the Village from the New York streets, there evolve in two or three years, alert, bright-eyed, interesting lads, with a zest for right living and a joy in the doing of things well, which is a pretty good index of their future success.

From all over this country, and from other countries too, come visitors to inspect the Children's Village—the model of its kind—and they go away feeling that this community on the hills behind Dobbs Ferry is a heartening institution to think about and an inspiration to see.

CIVIC EDUCATION THROUGH MOVING PICTURES AND LECTURES

BOSTON has been conducting a series of educational experiments that will doubtless be followed by every progressive city and town in the United States. This experiment, like everything truly educational, does much besides merely adding more data to men's, women's and children's store of wisdom. It gives them also an interesting and thoroughly enjoyable opportunity for education, the joy of amusement without which they become lifeless, spiritless, even ambitionless drudges. It also shows a new use for city parks and recreation grounds.

Five evenings each week, entertainments are given in the various parks and recreation centers, weather permitting. These free entertainments consist of motion pictures of local and world news events, political cartoons of public interest, humorous adventures of good-natured folk, scenes in foreign lands, studies of bird and animal life, beautiful pictures of gardens, country roads, quiet lakes, mountain tops and oceans. These pictures show also the city's resources for recreation, civic progress, and illustrate talks on health, emphasize the importance of clean streets, etc. During the showing of these films or stereopticon slides, music in some form is added to please, to relax, to hold the attention and add to the culture.

These entertainments are under the management of several organizations of people who are endeavoring to raise the standard of entertainments and to educate in an unconscious way the people who, because of crowded tenement conditions, must spend the major part of their precious leisure in the streets. The interest and attention of the quiet crowds that gather in such vast numbers to watch the beautiful, humorous and instructive pictures appear and vanish upon the screen, testify to the success of this effort to keep the people from rowdyism and aimless wandering about the streets, looking for dangerous amusement.

Following closely with this plan for educational entertainments of the people are the street and playground systems in which certain parts are set aside in congested districts at certain hours that the children may play in safety. In some of these streets mothers who have organized to oversee the children's play are thus able to safeguard their health while encouraging fair play and those games that make for brightness of eye, lightness and strength of body and quickness of mind. There are many crowded centers in every city, far from parks or children's playgrounds, where the streets could easily be made into safe play centers, that by reason of censored motion pictures and supervised games could be instrumental in turning the easily influenced minds of children in the right direction.

Another interesting experiment in education is that of the community use of school houses. There has been a most remarkable increase in the use of school buildings outside of the regulation purposes of such structures. In many rural districts in New

England school houses are being used as lecture rooms. They are frequently the gathering points for lessons on agriculture, stock-raising, etc., given by representatives of our government to the farmers of the neighborhood. Many little country school buildings, erected at great sacrifice in small communities, thus serve to educate and entertain the parents as well as to ground the children in the all-important three R's.

As an extension of this country and city school work must be mentioned the use of vacant lots for children's gardens. In the future we may expect to find children as well versed in the raising of vegetables and beautiful flowers as they are in spelling, reading and writing. For the children nowadays are given practical education, taught the use of their hands, as well as the cultural studies of Greek, Latin, etc. Wisconsin has made wonderful strides in the use of rural school houses. The Bureau of Civic and Social Center Development of the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin sent out a questionnaire to each of the high school and State-graded school principals of the State of Wisconsin during four successive years, with the remarkable results shown in the following table:

	1910-11	1912-13	1913-14	1914-15
Number of responses	176	441	491	573
School houses used as community centers	86	265	384	509
Total number of community meetings	1265	2452	7932	9031
Neighborhood assemblies organized	5	15	111	200
Principals undertake secretaryship	1	8	80	152
School houses as polling places	12	50	72	109
Principals as voting clerks	0	0	8	17
Seating provision for adults	12	74	180	242
Young people organized	24	60	102	204
School houses equipped with gymnasium	0	12	51	130
Library used by community	55	271	298	479
Systems employing community secretaries	0	1	2	7

A HOME WHICH EMBRACES STUDIO AND DOMESTIC FEATURES: BY ALBERT MARPLE

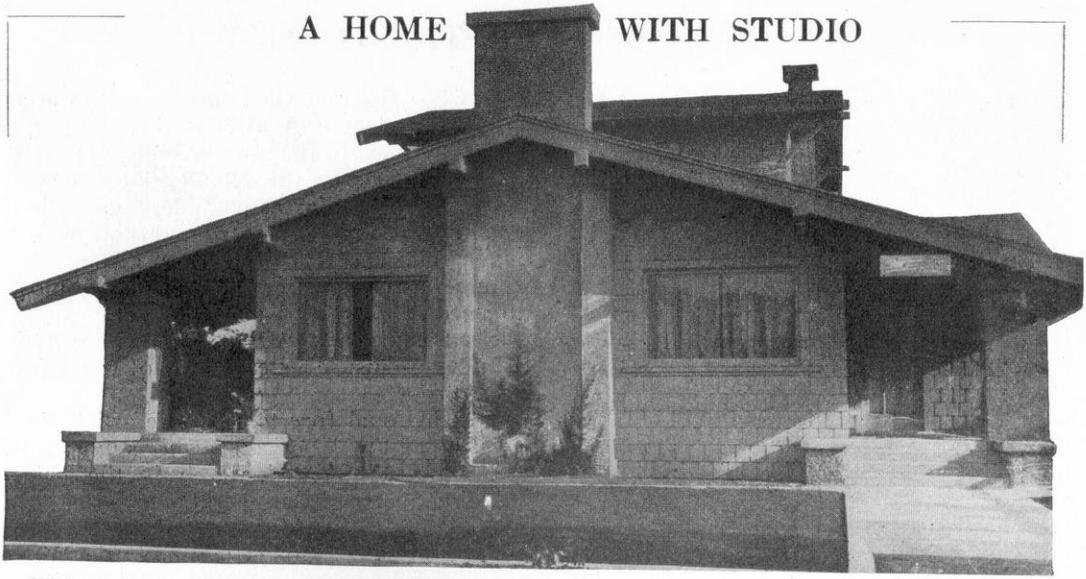
THE pretty home here offered is used jointly as a musical studio and a home. It is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. Manson Abbott, Tropico, California. The studio section of this building occupies the entire front portion, running between the two entrances at the sides. This music room is large and perfectly suited to home studio needs. From the street the home has the appearance of being a double dwelling, this being caused by the two entrances, and the large chimney directly in the center of the front, having a large single-light window on either side. The music room is 14x20 feet.

Immediately behind the studio is the living room of the home, 14x16 feet. This room is separated from the dining room, 9x16 feet, on the right by the stairway which leads to the "aeroplane" room above, used for sleeping purposes. At the left of the living room is the bedroom, 10x16 feet. Behind the living room is the porch with pergola roof, at the left of which is the bathroom, 10x12 feet, while at the right is the kitchen, 10x12 feet. The "aeroplane" room above is 12x12 feet, with windows on all four sides.

The dining room, bathroom, bedroom and kitchenette are finished in white enamel, while the studio and the living room are in gray, with draperies of like color. These harmonize perfectly with the pretty shade of gray that has been used in the finish of the exterior of the home. The second story room is also used as an observation parlor. The sides of the home are covered with resawed redwood shakes, while the roof is shingled. Throughout the home has hardwood floors. The floors, steps and caps of the cement work are finished smooth, while the sides of the pillars have been given a stucco finish. This house contains many built-in features, such as window seats, cupboards, etc. This is an ideal home for musical work in the city, suburbs or country. It may be duplicated for between $2,500 and $3,000.

Such houses, solving one phase of the modern problem of two rentals (home and business), remind one of the craftsmen of old whose homes and workshops were as one. Beside the pleasant advantage of such a convenient condensing of interests of those old workers, the plan did much to create a distinct architecture. In all European cities and villages interesting examples are to be found of master workmen's homeshops that are still the pride and glory of the streets they adorn. The shop often ornamented with rich carvings or made gay with tile, inevitably occupied the position of honor, while the home rooms were at the back or above. Such union of work and home life raised the standing and added to the interest of both. The home conferred dignity upon the workshop, gave it social position, as it were, while the workshop in turn brought distinction and identification, as it were, to the home.

A HOME WITH STUDIO



THE RESIDENCE OF MR. S. MANSON ABBOTT, TROPICO, CALIFORNIA: INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION OF CONCRETE AND SHINGLES.

This California cottage has not only combined studio and home with most happy results, but has even taken a garden into working partnership. Instead of being crowded into a narrow space between tall buildings, with the back of the house overlooking a brick wall or a court, this studio home is in the midst of a garden surrounded with quieting green lawns, rather than noisy streets. It seems to be an ideal plan of living, this of studio, home and garden combined in such close and sympathetic relationship.

We hope it is typical of many future home workshops where work and play, business and pleasure will be as one. The little shops of Japan open to the street, backed by the living rooms, are always of great interest to the tourists, for the busily working father is not separated for eight hours a day from his family as with us. He carves his ivory and wood the more patiently because his little ones play near by.

THE PERGOLA ENTRANCE TO MR. ABBOTT'S HOME.

OUR FARMERS NEED THE FORESTS

United States Forest Service Asserts Destruction of Woods Means Loss of Local Markets

IN regions where timber is the most important natural resource permanent forests managed with a view to sustained timber production are absolutely essential to the continuation of agriculture, according to an article in the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture just published. The result of exploiting the timber without thought of the future is the final disappearance of lumbering operations and therefore the withdrawal of an important local market for farm products. In addition, forest fires often ravage the cut-over lands and thus preclude the development of a new local market by the resumption of lumbering; for after fire there is no chance for a new crop of trees.

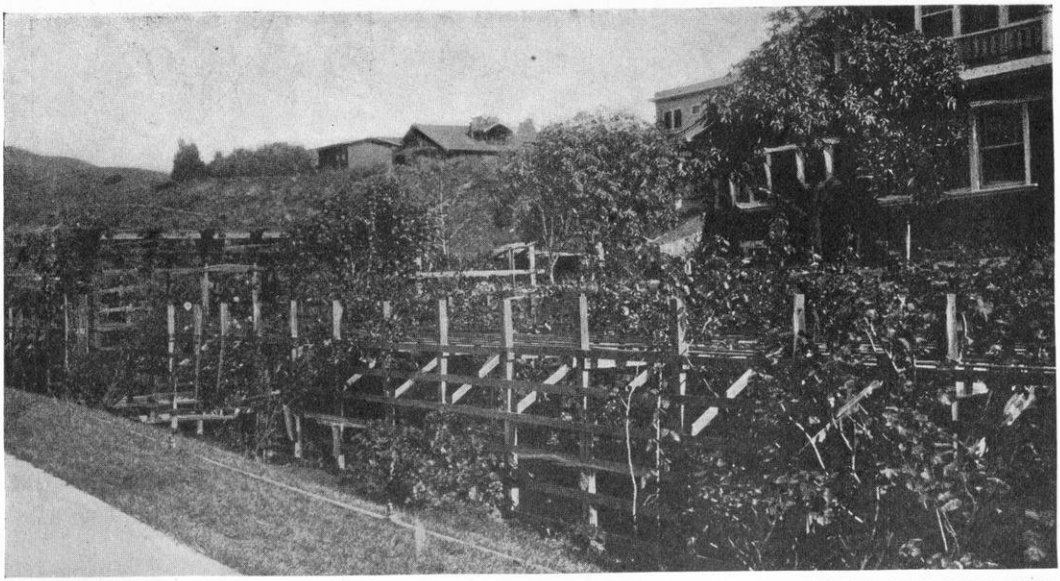
From a region where productive timberland has been converted into a barren waste, the farmers usually have to move out. There are parts of the United States in which cultivation of the soil has ended with the cessation of local lumbering, or at least shortly afterward, because with the withdrawal of the woods-workers went the farmers' market for meats, vegetables, hay and grain. There are other regions where the stability of local agriculture is absolutely bound up with forest protection. This is strikingly true in parts of the Appalachian Mountains of the East; it is no less true in many of the national forest regions of the West.

A few years ago, continues the article, more than a hundred farmers in Montana petitioned against the then proposed elimination of their section from the Kootenai National Forest. Its elimination they knew, from the history of adjacent land outside the forest, would mean that it would at once be taken up by timber speculators and lumber companies to be held for years without development. They knew also that if this came about, neighbors could not be obtained or roads and schools be developed in the county as rapidly as if the land remained under government control, by which the portions really more suitable for agriculture than for forest purposes would in time be entered by permanent settlers under the Forest Homestead Act.

In 1911, an association of Colorado farmers, who irrigated their farms with water from the North Platte River, sent an urgent request to the government to restrict timber cutting on the North Platte watershed, so that, as far as possible, high spring freshets could be prevented and more water made available for irrigation during the summer months, when the crops were most in need. They said that they relied upon the national forest, within which the watershed lay, to insure a steady flow of water for their crops.

The national forests, says the article, besides being the American farmer's most valuable source of wood, which is the chief building material for rural purposes, are also his most valuable source of water, both for irrigation and domestic use. In the West they afford him a protected grazing range for his stock; they are the best insurance against flood damage to his fields, his buildings, his bridges, his roads and the fertility of his soil. The national forests cover the higher portions of the Rocky Mountain ranges, the Cascades, the Pacific Coast ranges, and a large part of the forested coast and islands of Alaska, some of the hilly regions in Montana and in the Dakotas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, and limited areas in Minnesota, Michigan, Florida and Porto Rico. In addition, land is now being purchased for national forests in the White Mountains of New England and in the southern Appalachians. In regions so widely scattered, agricultural and forest conditions necessarily differ to a great degree, bringing about corresponding differences in the effect of the national forests on the agricultural interests of the various localities. Wherever agriculture can be practised, however, the farmer is directly benefited by the existence of national forests and by their proper management.

It is believed that the time is ripe for many of our towns and cities to make a beginning in establishing a municipal forest. Already a few towns and cities have made a start in the right direction by planting the areas about their source of water supply, but why stop with this when there are in most instances available cheap lands that either already belong to the town or city or can be purchased at a low price. The great good to come from such an enterprise as this can only be appreciated when we take into account the experiences of the municipal forest propaganda of the old world.



A STORM DRAIN DITCH WHICH HAS BEEN OVER-PLANTED BY A GRAPE ARBOR.

BEAUTIFYING THE STORM DRAIN DITCH: BY ALBERT MARPLE

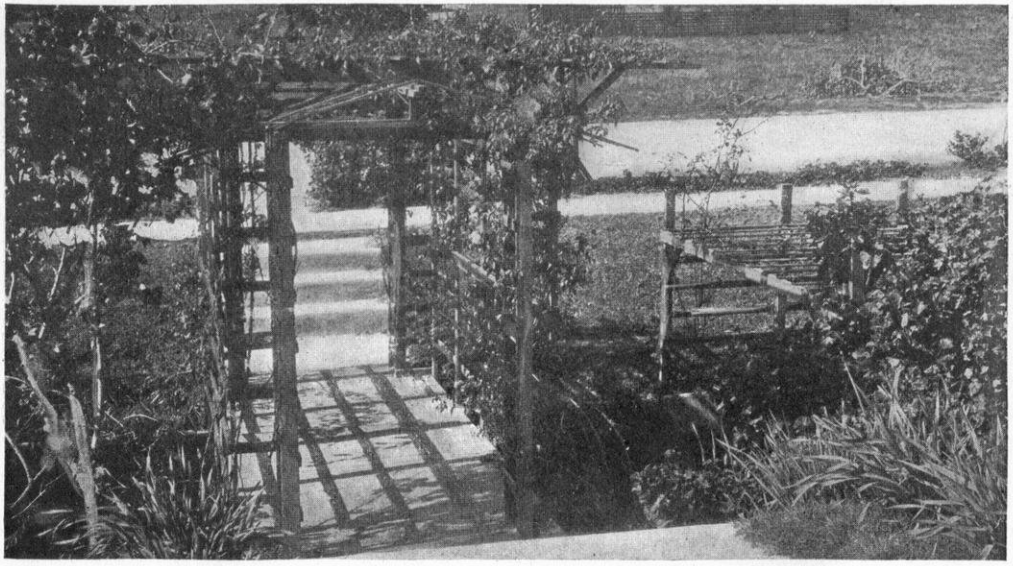
HOW often we see home places, which are otherwise well located and attractive, practically ruined by the presence of an ugly, unbeautiful storm drain ditch. Instances of this kind are anything but rare in localities where hilly ground abounds, and where towns and cities are built largely upon a hillside. It is natural that water falling in the form of rain upon the sides of the hill shall run down the hillside in an attempt to reach the lower level. As the water proceeds and the stream becomes enlarged a ditch or storm drain is naturally established. As a result of the constant wear of the water the drain is enlarged and deepened until after a while it has become quite a large ditch and if permitted to grow will probably carry away a large strip of the property. This feature, aside from the fact that a ditch of this sort tends to prove extremely unhealthful, is anything but desirable.

If caught in time the growth of this ditch may be checked. Instead of being permitted to carry away a great section of the property it may be confined to the small strip of land where, naturally, the storm water should run. That this is true has been demonstrated by a resident and property owner of Hollywood, California. The piece of property where this improved ditch, which now is an ornament rather than an eyesore to the home place, was for months unoccupied. Strenuous efforts were made to sell it, but upon seeing the ugly ditch running through the property prospective buyers would refuse to consider it. After a long while there came along a buyer who could see more than the property in its condition at that time—he could see its improved state, or rather, what it would be if intelligent improvements were installed—so he purchased the property. The first thing he did after securing possession of the property was to begin improving the ditch. The initial step was to construct the concrete work of the ditch—this virtually consisting of a large concrete flume, with sides and floor of this material. The ditch at the bottom is nine feet in width, the walls five feet in height, while both walls and floor are six inches in thickness.

The concrete work done, beautifying was started. The arbor was built to about five feet above the edge of the concrete flume. This framework was made of 2x4 uprights, ½x2 inch slats and 1x3 crosspieces. At about the center of this covered flume, which is about 200 feet in length, there is a footbridge, over which pretty trelliswork has been built. The bridge is five feet in width and the trelliswork is eight feet in height, and is supported by 2x6 timbers.

At the extreme rear end of the improved section of this ditch is the automobile bridge, which connects the driveway on the

BEAUTIFYING THE STORM DRAIN DITCH

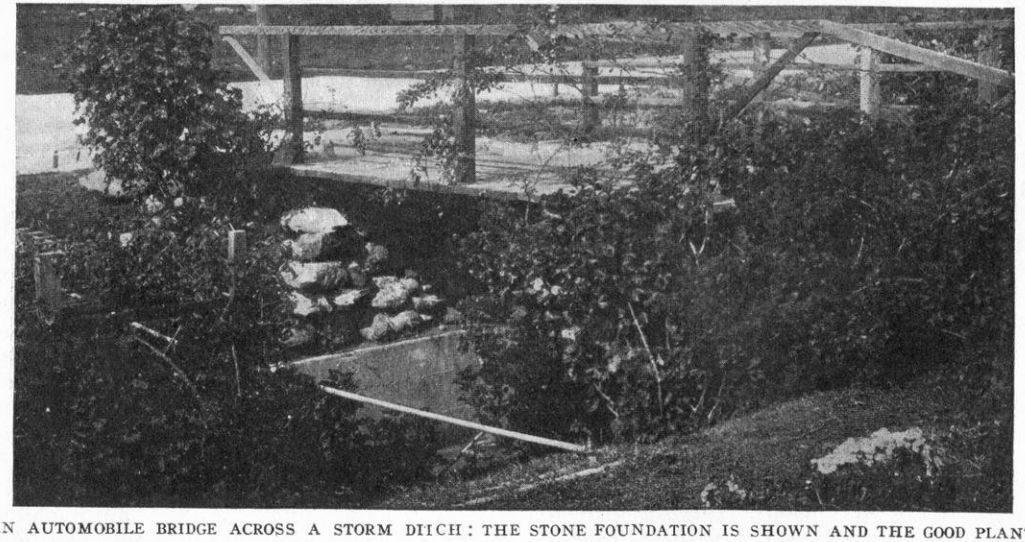


A PICTURESQUE BRIDGE OVER A STORM DITCH WHICH HAS BEEN TREATED ARTISTICALLY.

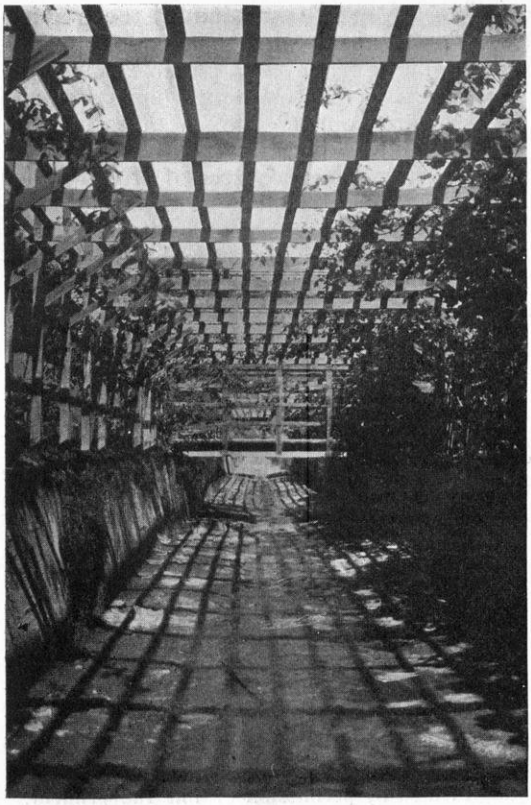
lot with the road at the side of the home, the footbridge connecting the side entrance of the home with the street. The supports of this automobile bridge consist of a number of 2x12 inch planks.

The most attractive part about this improved ditch is that it is beautified by growing vines, which have almost covered the sides and partly cover the roof of the arbor. These vines consist of climbing roses of various sorts, climbing geraniums, etc., which were planted at the foot of the arbor uprights. The value of the property on which this beautified drain is located has been enhanced several hundred per cent. more than the cost of this improvement. It is now on practically an equal footing with the surrounding real estate, and this as a result of a little imagination and enterprise.

The storm drain, instead of being a problem, should in reality be a welcome opportunity for creating beauty in the home grounds. Even a ditch suggests a brook and a brook calls up pictures of fern borders, stepping stones and bridges. If the drain be lined with flags or rough stones, ferns could be grown in the interstices of the walls, for even a severe overflow would



AN AUTOMOBILE BRIDGE ACROSS A STORM DITCH: THE STONE FOUNDATION IS SHOWN AND THE GOOD PLANTING OF THE BRIDGE.



A PATHWAY UNDER THE PERGOLA WHICH HAS BEEN PLANTED OVER THE STORM DITCH.

not dislodge their roots. Or vines could be planted upon the top that would trail down and cover as with a veil the scarred sides of the ditch. Mesembryanthemum would fill a Western drain with color in little or no time at all.

Then there is always the chance for an effective bridge of rustic timber or stone. If there is no particular excuse for a path to lead up to and across a bridge, then a bridge of grass would be most charming. Such a bridge taken from those in common use in Japan is made by swinging an arch of wood over the drain, filling it with soil to a depth of eighteen inches or two feet and planting it to grass, as if it were a continuance of the lawn. At the edge of the bridge could be a box border or some flowers, such as nasturtiums, that would drip from the edge of the bridge, reaching down to the water, connecting it in very truth with the garden. Such a bridge could be an extension of a gravel path instead of a lawn, the gay plant border of the path continuing unbroken across the drained ditch.

THE APOSTLE OF THE OPEN SCHOOLHOUSE: DR. HENRY M. LEIPZIGER, THE PIONEER OF ADULT EDUCATION IN NEW YORK: BY G. W. HARRIS

A QUARTER of a century ago one man in New York City had a splendid vision of the possibilities of a university for the people. And he did more than dream about it. His vision would not let him rest. Fortunately for New York he possessed in rare degree executive ability—a genius for administration—as well as creative imagination. He saw not only the vital need of adult education, but also that the schoolhouses, hitherto used only for teaching children and used only six hours a day, could be utilized in providing it. He became the apostle of the open schoolhouse.

This man is Dr. Henry Marcus Leipziger, officially known as the Supervisor of Lectures of the Department of Education of the City of New York. For eight years he was an instructor in the public schools of the city and that experience imbued him with an intense love for democratic education. His experience showed him also the one-sidedness of the educational curriculum then followed, and after his resignation from the school system because of broken health, he found opportunity to study and reflect for a space on the problems of educating the people in a great city like New York. He became a pioneer in the cause of industrial education, advocating the training of hand and eye as an essential part of the school curriculum.

In 1889, following the suggestion of the New York *World* that lectures on historic and scientific subjects would be of great value to a large class of residents of the city, and having secured the necessary legislative sanction, the Board of Education started in a tentative way a system of free lectures "for the benefit of workingmen and workingwomen."

This public lecture system is not a series of miscellaneous lectures. It is systematically organized. Hundreds of courses are given and several centers have been devoted for years to lectures on specific subjects. Nothing is done by chance. Every detail is worked out as a coherent part of a great and complex plan. Dr. Leipziger's constant aim is to make the courses of studies se-

quential. Use is made of the syllabus and the quiz. The question-period at the end of the lecture is encouraged and has developed to a surprising extent. Examinations are held and certificates are awarded which are highly prized by their winners.

Courses are provided in general and applied science, including particularly the great industries carried on in New York; courses in descriptive geography; courses in history and biography, ancient and modern, American and foreign; courses in social subjects, including government, federal and municipal, economics, education, sociology, public questions, vocational opportunities and home economics; and courses in literature and the fine arts, for Dr. Leipziger says:

"Valuable as civic education is, and desirable as is efficiency, still the joy of life must also be increased through acquaintance with the treasures of music, literature and art. Under the stimulus of the lectures people go to the museums of art and science who never went before, and people who went before look at their treasures with keener intelligence."

The purpose of the whole plan and scheme of the lectures is not to amuse and entertain, but to instruct and uplift, and the courses have gradually but steadily increased in seriousness and educational value and in breadth of appeal. In the course of the season from October 1 to May 1, lectures are given in 175 lecture centers (mostly schoolhouses, though a few of the "centers" are public halls and two or three are churches). These lectures are given by about 700 lecturers, speaking on some 1700 different topics, before 5,400 audiences. And those audiences comprise a total attendance of more than 1,200,000. Is not that a great university, indeed?

The lectures are attended by people of every class and station in life. Most of the lectures are in English, of course, and are given by specialists in the subjects on which they speak. But certain courses, particularly in subjects helpful toward fitting them for American citizenship, are given in Italian, in German, and in Yiddish.

Would this marvelous development indicate that this great dreamer had realized his vision completely? By no means. Only its initial stages have been realized. His University for the People does not confer degrees. But Dr. Leipziger hopes to make it possible to secure a degree from a university through the medium of the free lectures. He has no idea of inventing a short-cut to knowledge, but a possible future development of the reading in connection with the lecture courses into a correspondence school, and he does not regard it as at all utopian to arrange courses of study graded to the various capacities of the student auditors. He says:

"This city contains a number of institutions of higher learning. A federation of our colleges and universities could be made possible, and by coöperation with the public lecture system a correspondence school under the ægis of this great union could be established. This would greatly increase the influence of these great institutions of learning, and through the public lecture system bring them more closely in touch with the people!"

This dreamer, who marshals and directs his great body of educators with the skill and regimen of a commanding general, is a man of quiet and retiring modesty, a nature of innate and ever-present kindliness. He does not seek advertisement or personal exploitation. His work has worn him and impaired his health. But he has given his strength gladly.

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HOW TO LOCATE A BLUEBIRD NESTING HOUSE

July 28, 1915.

To The Craftsman Publishing Co.:

DEAR SIRS: I enjoy the various phases of bird life which you publish from month to month and believe I have a suggestion which all bird lovers will welcome, because the bird which it benefits is such a great favorite. After experimenting for fifteen years to locate a bluebird nesting box so that squirrels, cats and English sparrows will not molest it, the following plan was adopted and is a great success:

Select two outside branches of a tree, one above the other. From the upper one, which is about ten feet from the ground and extends farther out from the trunk than the lower one, suspend the box by two barbed wires until it hangs about three feet down and just in the edge of the foliage of the lower branch, but not where the twigs or lower branches will support a squirrel. The hole of the box must be in full view, or the bluebirds will not choose it for a nesting place. English sparrows do not like this site, hence the bluebirds are allowed to use it unmolested. EMMA L. SHUTTS.

THE MOST VALUABLE OF ALL ARTS

(*Continued from page 531.*)

And even when the outcome of this imitation is a chair surprisingly like Heppelwhite's, we have still another disadvantage to face. We cannot grow through imitating anything. We progress as we create. Heppelwhite grew in his work when he made furniture that interested him. He would have been a failure in the long run if he had attempted to put his skill into the reproduction of articles in the style of the Italian Renaissance. For a man to do good work his interest must be forever changing, ever increasing and his art must forever show the variations that his mind is experiencing. This is true of Nature. You meet with new conditions in Nature every day. You find new laws and new expressions of old laws and it is Nature's variations that interest and control us.

I should like to revert here once more to the question of art as an exercise. We cannot exercise our faculties when we imitate. The value to me of making a chair is not wholly the chair; it is in part the development of my creative faculty, just as the value of a punching bag does not lie in the punching bag, but in the development of my muscle. Athletics are of no use in the world by themselves. Who would ever dream of developing a system of physical culture that was not to be used, that did not accomplish something more than the system? And this is just as true in all fine and industrial arts, in house building, in everything that springs from the mind of man. Carpenter in "Angels' Wings" brings up this question when he speaks of style, and he uses Millet and Whitman as an illustration when he says that *creating is knowing your subject,* that the important thing is the thing you know; that the style is your opportunity to speak to the world.

We seem here to have wandered a long way from our friend Abraham Lincoln and his feeling that the art of living was the most important art in the world, but we really have not digressed one atom from his point of view. Because the art of real living must forever be achieved through simplicity and naturalness, through, so far as possible, the close knowledge and love of Nature and appreciation of her ways, the accepting of her standards for all of life. Nature does not imitate, but in her productivity, her splendid creation, moves on year after year through spring, summer and autumn, to new grace and glory. No spring is like any other spring, no tree like any other tree, no sunset or flower like any other flower. Each radiance is supreme, new and stirring. For the real progress of life, for the real art of living, we must accept this ideal, that growth lies in change and beauty in progress.

BOOK REVIEWS

BRUNEL'S TOWER: BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

A YOUNG man eagerly following his flying imagination walked with determined feet along a West-Country road, seeking to enlarge the borders of his life and hoping to find work worthy of his hands. His attention was attracted to a deserted ruin above which rose a great chimney. Exploring the ruin with ever-increasing interest, he saw in this wreck, abandoned and passed by as worthless by all the community, a possible theater for a prosperous enterprise. He gives up his quest of finding work with some great potter, abides with Brunel's Tower and becomes a great potter himself. Through all the story of George Easterbrook's life and that of the young waif who, having sought and found a refuge with him, was so "wishful" to please the master, the artist's devotion to clay is felt. The clay as it is mixed, turned into pottery and glazed, moulds the character of the men who work with it into honesty or craftiness as surely as it is formed by them into pots of perfect or imperfect lines. As clay rises under the hands of the potter, rises his story from the author's mind into the image of a man and boy, developed, purified, illumined and perfected by love. It is a touching story of devotion that cannot but reach the heart and arouse the sympathy of every reader. It is full of quaint philosophy, such as often comes from men who work whole-heartedly with flowers, with metal or wood. "I mean that the clay is naught until it had been touched by the hand of the potter, and the clay knows it," declared one of the throwers of clay. "There is a moment comes when the potter battles with the clay and the clay battles with the potter, and then a thing that a moment before was only a lump of good red earth is a lump no more, but a shapely creation made for use or beauty—

a creature to take its place in the world out of which it came and to do its little share of the world's work and help man's lower needs or minister to his higher necessities as the case may be. And to help the clay to do that is our privilege and blessing; and in return it does a great deal for the man who ministers to it and it is in that sense I say we lift up the clay and put a soul into it, just like God Almighty lifts up our clay and puts a soul in that." . . . "We ought to come to the clay with a religious feeling in our hearts. That is what I stand out for. We make our work one thing and our prayer another, but they ought to be the same thing. Your work ought to be your daily prayer, and if it is you will find the Lord is ever swift to answer it. I pray at the wheel and William prays at the lathe." (Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. 495 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN: BY MRS. THEODORE THOMAS

TO make a garden spot of about twenty-five acres of wild mountain land, well diversified with groves, open fields, brooklets and a little marsh, might be a discouraging task for some people, but Mrs. Theodore Thomas attacked the work in the same spirit of joyous adventure that novelists declare inspires people shipwrecked upon a tropical island. With no knowledge of the miracles coiled up in seeds, without hotbeds, hose, greenhouse or experienced gardener, in a region so far removed from cities that fertilizers, tools, etc., were both difficult and expensive to achieve, and with but little physical strength, she somehow managed to build up in the most exciting manner both strength and a beautiful garden.

Beginning with a wheelbarrow of black-eyed Susans, dug up while in full bloom and packed cruelly in a tight little hole in dry ground by the wall (where they ungratefully died, of course) she had a most wonderful time, learning from the wild plants themselves secrets well worth recording. Her respect for boulders, her quick and sympathetic treatment of shadow and sunshine are experiences helpful to every amateur and make delightful reading for everybody else who loves courage, perseverance and a garden.

From the short chapter on the remodeling of the house to the concluding list of plants and shrubs, etc., the book is full of knowledge simply and deliciously told. (Published by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. 244 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

THE CITY OF DOMES: BY JOHN D. BARRY

GOLD and brown is the outside of John D. Barry's Baedeker of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Within scintillates the rich color of word and phrase needed to describe the jeweled city by the Golden Gate. Only by a lawyer's powerful "process of elimination" could Mr. Barry have gotten a description of so extensive an area of wonderful buildings packed with curios and art treasures from all lands, into this compact, pocket size, guide book. Yet it has been done most successfully without a single waste word, with nothing left unreported. This little book answers the questions of every enthusiastic student, or pleasure loving inquirer, who has the good fortune to visit the City of Domes. Like the ancient classics, it conveys information in the form of dialogue between the questioner and the various master artists, architects and gardeners who have made the Exposition so fairy-like, yet human. It is well illustrated, full of information telling the visitor what to see by day and by night. (Published by John J. Newbegin, San Francisco. 138 pages. Illustrated.)

PRAYER FOR PEACE AND OTHER POEMS: BY WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN this volume of short poems, from the first of which the title of the book is taken, is presented vividly the author's ideal of peace, its attainment through constant struggle upward, through the realization of the divine in man. The sonnet "Notre Dame de Rheims," voices great truths, the vanity of hate, the immortality of love and beauty. The range of topic in the succeeding poems is wide. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 113 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

A COLONIAL BELLE'S MESSAGE: A FACSIMILE OF A MANUSCRIPT: BY CATHERINE SHEPHERD

A BELLE of long ago wrote and illustrated this tiny volume. Each page has a suggestion for the toilette table in keeping with St. Paul's views on women's adornment. (Found and published by the C. H. Graves Co., Philadelphia. 20 pages. Illustrated.)