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See page 257.

"THE CALL OF THE SPIRIT":
LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVI

JUNE, 1909

NUMBER 3

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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XVI JUNE, 1909 NUMBER 3

A PLEA FOR TRUE DEMOCRACY IN THE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF AMERICA: BY WILLIAM L. PRICE



WE AMERICANS flatter ourselves that in domestic architecture, at least, we lead the world, that we have said the last word that has been said as to the comforts and equipments of home. If perfection of plumbing and plenty of heat meant home, or if ingenuity of arrangement meant architecture, this would be so. But we have very little real domestic architecture that is worth while, real in the sense of being an expression of the life of the people, more than a mere shell for their bodily comfort.

What proportion of the people of the United States live in their own homes? We have a trite expression that "Fools build houses for wise men to live in." The facts are rather the reverse. Wise men build houses and fools live in them, for the builders at least had the fun of building, and they as builders do not live in the cast-off misfits of other men. Nearly all of our people live either in houses built to sell, without individuality or other relation to the inhabitants than selection of the least unfit by them; or they live in houses designed by architects who did not and could not know them and their life, and who in most part were more interested in their art than in the object of their art.

To really produce domestic architecture, three elements are essential: First, an intelligent demand on the part of home builders for houses that shall meet their individual needs, in accommodations, in convenience, in embellishments and as an expression of and interpretation of their real life and interests; second, architects who have the desire and are able to interpret these needs, and also to explain to the craftsmen how they can be brought into being, and third, craftsmen who can make solid the dreams of the architects and add to the building those indefinable touches of real craftsmanship that are essential to all vital architecture and that can be neither drawn nor specified, but must grow out of the work itself.

What is domestic architecture? Not pictures of houses, but houses. Not transplanted and unrelated diagrams, but stone and

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brick, wood, iron and glass, built up into an expressive envelope for human desires and sentiments.

We have one real expression of domestic architecture in the Colonial, but we are no longer colonists, and we may not hope to get a real American architecture by futile attempts to copy either the letter or the spirit of an architectural expression of even our own forefathers. Our lives differ more from theirs than theirs did from the present life of Europe. Colonial architecture was a formal and stately background for the minuet, for the coach and four, for flowered vest and brocaded gown. Its elegance has the flavor of mignonette, and your trained architects can never galvanize it into life by the application of a knowledge of Renaissance details that the creators of it fortunately lacked. And most of the culture that demands it is as foreign to real democracy as modern Colonial is to real Colonial, and as spurious as the marble detail done in wood and paint which it so much admires.

ISN'T it about time for our spurious and insincere contempt for democracy to cease? Have we not paid the humiliating price of false ideals long enough? We have some real worth, some high purpose. There are some live Americans who are no more ashamed of our crudities and incompleteness than they are proud of our vanities and borrowed plumes. There are even some architects whose hopes are beyond income and the prestige that comes from the production of extraneous elegance, whose desire is for a pregnant art, who are not afraid to interpret life as they find it, even its rawness, who are honest enough even to build in the vainglorious absurdities that they laugh at. Be honest, fellows, tell it all, as simply and beautifully as you can, but *all* of it,—the brag and the boast as well as the simple and manly worth and the shamed sentiment. The American is a good sport and will soon laugh with you at his own foibles, and better yet he is game, and when you have helped him to laugh at your combined efforts in his building, he will help you to tear it down and build better. Why even our very rich men, who are many of them fine fellows when they are not at work, do not live in the fool palaces they build. They really *live* a few weeks in the year, on the water, in camp, somewhere beyond the bonds of the snickering and contemptuous servitude of their establishments. And you rich men, why not really help life and art along by letting us build you something genuine, some place halfway fit for the fragments of a real craftsmanship for which you pay such fabulous prices? Quit building the silly, sham palaces that demean your powers even though they do express your dollars. The idea of a live craftsman like Mr. Schwab, who really does things, building

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a dead French chateau in New York would be hilariously funny if it were not pitiful. Mr. Carnegie, who has built up a great American industry, and in his intense Americanisms speaks for democracy and a world peace and world citizenship, scatters over our country library buildings that are in design essentially European and unmodern. If only he would insist that they be American architecture and real craftsmanship, he might help us to vital architecture as no other influence could, even to a real domestic architecture; for the library is an adjunct to and an extension of the home. Mr. Carnegie, like some of the rest of us, believes in the spirit of democracy, only we don't know what it is and don't try to apply it. We are beginning to look toward something beyond or behind it, and our college professors and wise men babble about the failure of the untried.

And we think we are so practical. We, the rankest spendthrifts in the world,—spendthrifts not in the high sense of living today, of expending all in the expression of our real lives, but spendthrifts who toil and sweat and do not even always play the game fairly in getting, only to pour it out like water for shams and make-believes, for borrowed finery, for extraneous and barbaric displays of meaningless trinkets and stolen and insignificant architectural forms. We architects talk expansively and mysteriously about style, referring to the cast-off and outworn raiment of the past; and about design, meaning the limping, patched-up abortion of readjusted form. But there is no mystery about the problem of house designing, although there is mystery in the unknown process of design,—the quick flashing subjective answer to the objective problems,—that is the joy of all real creation. A house is simply walls and windows, partitions and doors, floors and roof, stairways, closets and plumbing,—that is all. But to be architecture it must be something more. There must enter in other and more vital elements,—the human being who has developed far enough to demand these, needs much more. But our sham practical age has centered its efforts on these bodily requirements only, at least for others, thinking it enough that the house of the poor man should satisfy the artificial æstheticism of the cultured at best, and should merely keep him alive and exploitable at the worst.

YOU say the craftsman does not need to be surrounded by the beautiful,—that if he has sanitary plumbing it is enough. How then should you hope for intelligent or even honest construction and adornment of your own house which he must build? You say that your mill operators have neither intelligence nor taste to demand the artistic. Then reform the methods of your boasted production that makes them what they are! You can't have a civilization for

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a minority class, and the germ born in the sweat-shop breeds in the parlor both physically and spiritually.

And these matters of brick and stone are very close to the spirit, but in the "how," not in the "how much." Just as a business matter, it takes no more material to build a beautiful house than an ugly one, and it takes less work, for most of the ugliness is attained by the addition of the unnecessary and unmeaning, and most of the beauty by simple directness and the elimination of extraneous detail. But you cannot attain beauty by the education of architects and the ignoring of the needs and powers of the common man, rich or poor. Architecture is the inevitable flower of real civilization, not the wax imitation under the smug glass of exclusion that adorns the stilted mantel of cutaneous cultures.

Now I know that you will repudiate me and my philosophy, protesting that you do not have wax flowers on your mantelpieces. No, but your grandmothers did, and you have your near-Classic architecture, the same exquisite and exclusive taste for the dead, and I am not at all sure that you will not soon be back to the wax flowers. You are flirting with the hoopskirts of the past,—the next step in your renaissance of dress, and you already cover your walls with the pop-eyed wall coverings of the early Victorian, and clutter up your rooms with their elaborate inlaid and veneered furniture (less the honest construction), which half-culture calls Chippendale, although that worthy made no inlaid furniture. Oh, yes, you are headed for the wax flowers all right.

How then should we go about creating a real, vital, domestic architecture? Apply William Morris's saying as to furnishing your house. "Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful and believe to be beautiful." Be a child. Ask why? If you are consistent you may drive your architect crazy, or to thinking, but you will save your house. If you ask your architect why he puts this or that thing on, or if he ask himself and his answer is because he believes it to be beautiful, insist on the first and more important part of the test. If the architect is self-insistent on knowing why he is putting on ornament—and most of it *is* put on—he will either have to admit to himself that he is dishonest, or leave it off, and then his real work will begin. The subtle line that expresses purpose beautifully is far harder of attainment than the most gorgeous enrichment. The Japanese gentleman of taste, a taste which to ours is as fine gold is to fine gilding, drinks tea out of a Satsuma bowl, but it is not the Satsuma of embossed gold and hectic color, but the simplest of forms, with a surface that is crackled to the eye but velvet soft to the cheek, and with no ornament other than a simple written

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sentiment without and a drawing in three strokes of Fujiama within, and even this in a faded black. We might well but for one thing adopt the Japanese method of house adornment, perfectly plain walls and wood frames guiltless of oil or varnish, and just one of his many treasures for its adornment. But, alas, we haven't the treasures. Yet we can adopt the principle that ornament must be good enough to look at more than once, good enough to live with, or it mustn't be there at all. The moldings and ornaments dictated by reason and purpose and not by the styles of the past are very few.

When your architect asks you what style of house you want, tell him domestic. And when he suggests Elizabethan or Spanish or Italian, still insist "domestic." A house may be English or French or Italian, but a home must be domestic. The better "Elizabethan" a house is the worse domestic architecture it is, except in Elizabethan England. Even though we are in blood and life more dominantly British than anything other than American, we are no longer even English colonists.

OF COURSE, culture always tends to cling to the elegancies of the past. It is the shadow of the past that is the very soul of culture. But suppose the past had also been "cultured" in this sense? Then we could have had no precedent and no culture. It is ours to pick over the scrap-heap of the past, putting its few vital records into the pocket of our minds, and, with knowledge enough, and hope unbounded, to turn our eyes to the future.

A new architecture is always struggling, Phoenix-like, to arise out of the ashes of the old, but if we strangle it in the cerements of the past, how shall it spring into effulgent life? Painting and sculpture and song may content themselves with yesterday. Architecture is of tomorrow.

There are few materials that are not fit to build with. It is in the misuse of them that disaster comes. When you use wood treat it as wood, even though it be painted. Stop using silly cut stone details and stone construction when you are building in other material. Use stone, plaster, brick, concrete, tile, anything you will, but use them for what they are, and let their qualities be shown forth as well as their purpose, and above all keep ornament out unless you can get real artsmen to put it in, and even then it must tell some story of purpose or interests. Cover your floors with carpets if you must, and rugs if you can, but the carpets must be of the simplest and without distracting detail, while the rugs may be as distracting as possible. For the rug is individual, even its repeats are not really repeats, while those of the carpet are deadly regular. And the rule for carpets will

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apply to wall coverings. I have seen many beautiful samples of elaborate wall-paper, but never a beautiful room papered with them. The more interesting they are, the more the individual spot in them attracts attention and interest, the worse it is when that spot of interest is hurled broadcast about a room in meaningless repetition. Use wall-papers as backgrounds, either plain or in patterns that are little more than texture to the eye, used so that they are entirely defensible. Paint on them if you have anything to say, but don't flatter yourselves that the good sellers of the store windows are in good taste because they are the momentary vogue. Vogue and stylishness are the evanescent vulgarities of the élite, but taste and style are permanent attributes of truth. They are the inevitable expressions of sincere, creative life, expending itself in the service of humanity.

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IN THE gray Novembertide
Came the Indian Summer days;
All the world was weary-eyed,
Sleeping in a dreary haze,
Till dead Summer touched the hills
With the magic of her hand;
Now the sad earth sings and thrills—
Youth and Joy are in the land.

So amid a darkened hour,
In the twilight of my days,
You have brought your young love's flower,
All my poor heart to amaze;
You have thrilled me with a word,
You have waked my soul once more;
In the Autumn I have heard
Summer calling at my door!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

LOUIS POTTER: A SCULPTOR WHO DRAWS HIS SYMBOLISM FROM INTIMATE UNDERSTANDING OF PRIMITIVE HUMAN NATURE:

BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD



OMETIMES it happens, even in this commercial age, that a man is so absorbed in his work, so entirely given up to the delight of expressing what is in his own soul, that he forgets to put himself much in the way of public notice. A few people perhaps realize what he is doing and know that in a few years more or less it is inevitable that the public as a whole will perceive and acknowledge the significance of his work. But when he has not exhibited in the well known galleries and has been content to remain, for the most part, away from the great centers of civilization and to work in surroundings which bring him closest to the thing he is trying to express, the revelation of what he has done is apt to take people by surprise and to make them wonder how it could ever have escaped the prominence which we in America are beginning to give to new and vital expressions of art.

Not many people in New York knew that from the middle of April until early in May there was a notable exhibition of sculpture by Louis Potter at the rooms of The Modern Athenian Club, of which he is a member. The club itself is newly formed and its home at present is in a brownstone house, of the usual New York type, situated among a row of others exactly like it on Forty-sixth Street. Invitations for this exhibition were sent out by the club and during the first days the attendance was limited to friends of the sculptor and those who remembered having seen here and there a statuette or bust of the quality that is remembered. Then people began to wake up to the fact that this was an exhibition not to be missed and so it has amounted to what is practically the first introduction to the New York public of the work of a notable American sculptor.

When one entered the exhibition rooms the first impression was that of being given glimpses of kaleidoscopic life and action, with here and there a bit of mystic symbolism. Then as one made a closer study of group after group, the impression of mysticism and spirituality grew steadily stronger until it was plainly to be seen that this was the force which dominated all the work. There were bronzes and marbles, studies and finished pieces, groups, details, portrait busts and statuettes, and from all one received the same impression,—of so sure a grasp upon humanity that the artist was enabled by means of it to attain to the expression of the universal spirit.

And as it happens this is exactly what has taken place, for, begin-

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ning with the most vivid realism in his studies of types and conditions, Louis Potter seems to have developed, from the keen perception and warm humanity which made his earlier work so vital and convincing, a power of intuition that enables him to portray symbolically certain significant expressions of the universal life force which lies behind all created things. Yet the symbolism, spiritual as it is, is so simple and natural that it seems inevitable. A child might interpret it; in fact, it probably would make a more intimate appeal to the understanding of a child, sensitive to the significance of unseen things, than it would to the mind of a grown person, hampered as it is by tradition and steeped in the obviousness of civilized thought and surroundings.

YET even the most prosaic or preoccupied man or woman would be apt to pause for a good while before the group called "Earth Bound" and to reflect upon the significance to humanity of the story it tells. Three generations are there,—the old man, bent and staggering under the burden of inert matter that typifies material things and all the crushing weight of conditions to those who grapple with them solely upon the physical plane. The woman bends still more beneath her burden of life, which, although not so large as that resting upon the shoulders of the strong man at her side, yet bows her nearer to earth. The man, although himself bending under the weight, struggles to stand erect and to lift some little portion of the mass which is crushing down the woman. In the center of the group stands a little child,—a woman child upon whom no burden rests as yet, but who is bowed and groping blindly beneath the shadow of what is to come.

In direct antithesis to this group is another of which the meaning is less obvious and which expresses more strongly the feeling of mysticism. This is "Embodied Space, Time and Life." Space is symbolized by a reclining figure, rather vague and ill-defined, as if hidden behind a veil, and expressive of limitless and changeless calm. The emanations from this figure sweep around in a magnificent swirl which rises at the back like the crest of a wave; and springing out of this wave is Time, represented by an old but vigorous man clearly and strongly modeled. From the hands of Time springs Life,—a slender, vigorous young woman, her arms flung above her head in ecstasy and supporting a lusty, joyously-kicking child who, like the mother, seems to pulsate and glow with the sheer gladness of life.

Tenderness, reverence and exquisite poetic feeling are all shown in the group called "The Molding of Man," which is done in marble. Had it not been that this group was conceived and executed before Rodin's "Hand of God" was brought to this country, there might



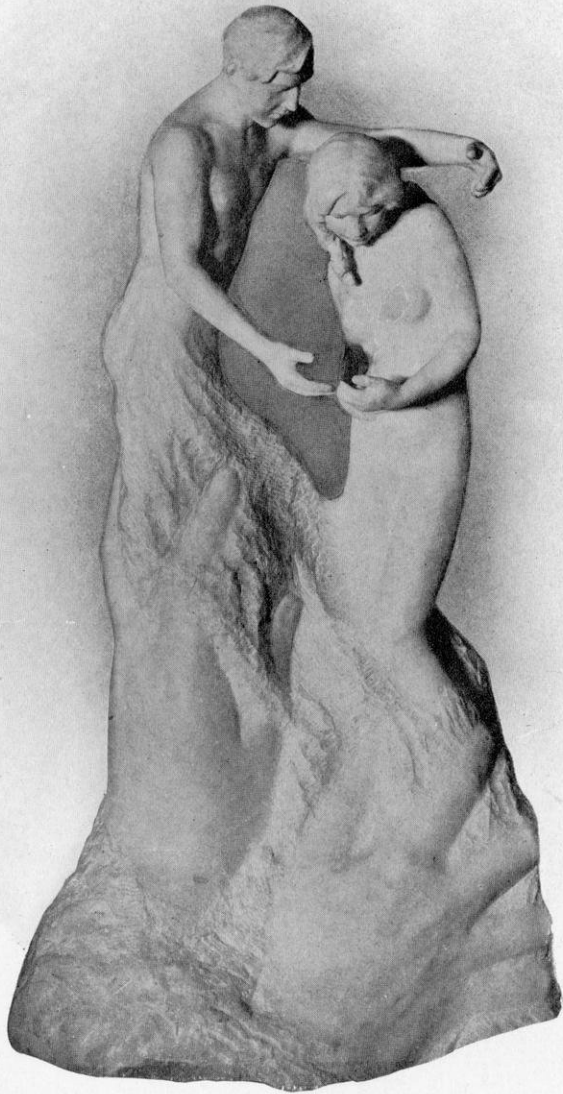
"THE BEDOUIN MOTHER":
LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.



"THE DANCE OF THE WIND GODS":
LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.



"EARTH BOUND": LOUIS
POTTER, SCULPTOR.



"THE MOLDING OF MAN":
LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.

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have been some question as to its originality, because of the similarity shown in the symbolizing of the act of creation. But there all resemblance ends, for in this case the Divine hands are so beautiful, so strong and tender and fine, that the impression they give of the force which shapes Man is markedly different from that conveyed by Rodin's conception of the hand of God. From the mass of matter under these wonderful molding hands, Man and Woman arise like twin flames, the man showing the traces of his animal origin in the suggestion of hair on the lower limbs, and the woman more delicate and complete, as ascending more readily to a higher scale of being. The man's attitude expresses at once protection, reverence and a certain lack of understanding. The woman takes no heed of him as yet, but droops like a flower, gazing down into the hollow of her own hand and arm, which are curved as if to hold a child. Were it any part of the intention here to give a technical criticism of Mr. Potter's art, attention might be drawn to the sculpturesque quality of this group and to the delicate perfection of its modeling. But of these it is enough to say that Louis Potter is a thorough craftsman and that appreciation of his technical skill is apt to be secondary to the interest felt in the spirit and the meaning of his work.

Less definitely symbolic, but equally spiritual, is a single figure which, taken all in all, is perhaps the best thing in the exhibition. This is "The Call of the Spirit," represented simply by the nude figure of a gaunt, sinewy Indian half seated upon a tree trunk and bent slightly forward in the intensity of his response to the summons of the Unseen. The expression of the face and the whole body is that of intense spiritual exaltation,—of breathless waiting for the message which must surely come from the depths of the Unknown and bring with it the understanding that will give light in dark places. Indian also, but in sharp contrast to the stillness of this figure, are the single statues called "The Fire Dance," "The Arrow Dance," and "The Herald of the Storm," and also the group entitled "The Dance of the Wind Gods." All of these express the intensity of action, of rejoicing in strength and of gay, bold battling with the elements. "The Dance of the Wind Gods" symbolizes also the East and the West; the East being represented by Souzano, the wind god of Japan, and the West by a lithe, powerful Indian.

These are all joyously pagan and elemental in feeling, but when we turn from them to "The Master Builder" we get back into the realm of exalted mysticism, for the creation of worlds by the unknown force is here symbolized by a majestic seated figure, bending over, intent and smiling, to watch the whirling spheres shape themselves among his robes and float out from him as emanations of his own

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being. The thought that irresistibly comes to one looking into the tranquil happiness of the face is: "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good."

THE road along which Louis Potter has traveled to the freedom of his present expression is an interesting one. He is an American,—born in Troy, New York, in eighteen hundred and seventy-three,—so he is still a young man. As soon as he left college he went to Paris with the intention of becoming a painter and studied for a year or so under that master draughtsman, Luc-Olivier Merson. Bit by bit the young man realized that modeling, and not painting, was the form of expression most natural to him, so he went for his final training into the atelier of Jean Dampit. During this time he was as much at home in the house of Boutet-de-Monvel as a son, for he was the closest friend and companion of Bernard Boutet-de-Monvel. Such association and his studies in drawing and painting combined to keep alive and intensify in the young student the keen color sense which has been of such value to him in obtaining the contrasts of light and shade in his modeling, contrasts so vivid that one always gets a sense of color from his work, whether in marble or bronze.

From Paris he went to Tunis to study Oriental types, which have always had a great attraction for him. Here he entered into the life of the people, lived in the Arab quarter, made friends with the Bedouins and negroes around him and soon contrived to overcome the lack of understanding between the East and the West, so that he was enabled to move about freely among the people, and to draw, paint and even model them without exciting their suspicion and antagonism. He experienced great difficulties at first in obtaining models, because every good Moslem believes that, if he allows a counterfeit presentment of himself to be made, Allah will at the last day require from him a soul to animate the image. Therefore most of the Arabs were very shy of allowing themselves to be modeled, until one day a sad-faced Bedouin woman came to the sculptor and said simply that he might model her if he chose; that it was said women had no souls to be imperiled and, even if she had, her children wanted bread. She was the wife of a Bedouin outlaw who was wandering in the desert with a price upon his head and she and her children were refused all aid in the town and were stoned in the streets. We reproduce here the bust that was made of this "woman who had no soul," for, in addition to showing the quality of Mr. Potter's earlier work, it is a human document significant enough to appeal even to our Western sense of security and material well-being. Others followed where the woman of the desert had led the way and in the end Mr. Potter

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gained headway enough to bring his work to the notice of the Bey of Tunis, who sent for him and decorated him with the Order of Nichan Iftikhar, or the Order of Renown, thus making him a member of one of the nine great chivalric Orders of the world. Furthermore, the Government chose his work alone to represent Tunisian types at the Paris Exposition in nineteen hundred.

AT THE close of his year in Africa Mr. Potter returned to America, where he spent two or three years doing for the most part commission work, such as portraits and monuments; but about four years ago he was again seized with the longing to get out into the open and back to the primitive life which meant so much to him. So he went to Alaska and there began the second distinct stage in his development, for the realism of his earlier work now began to give place to an imaginative mystic quality that found satisfaction in representing the strange, inarticulate, crudely formed human beings that he discovered in the far north. And in getting at the inner meaning of their life and their religion, he found himself approaching ever closer to an understanding of the universal spirit of humanity. This Alaskan work is most interesting on account of the strange, primitive, almost crude quality which characterizes it, and which is in such strong contrast with all the rest of Mr. Potter's work, for these people of the north seem to be molded in masses and to have about them a heavy, archaic quality that is not unlike their own rude carvings. One of the most appealing is the statue of "An Auk Mother," of which we published a photograph in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for March, nineteen hundred and eight. It is primitive womanhood and primitive motherhood that is represented here and all the spiritual quality it possesses seems to come from its kinship with the earth to which it is so close. "The Spirit of the Taku Wind," although symbolic, has also the simple primitiveness that distinguishes all of Mr. Potter's Alaskan work. There is none of the sense of power and the elemental joy of life that we find in "The Dance of the Wind Gods." Instead it is a strange, pathetic, almost awkward spirit, striving rather to understand the element which he represents than sporting with it and controlling it. It is a pity that none of these Alaskan groups and statuettes are represented in this exhibition, because the work is not only interesting and significant in itself as a representation of a type of humanity that is very little known, but it is most important to an understanding of Mr. Potter's work as a whole.

THE PRISONER'S FRIENDS: BY IVAN NARODNY



HAVING been accused of plotting against the Russian Government, I was confined for four years in various prisons of my native land. It was a cold and lonesome time. The longest part of my buried life I spent in the famous Dom Predvaritelnovo Zaklutchenia—the House of Preliminary Confinement, in St. Petersburg. It was the place to which prisoners were brought immediately after arrest and in which they remained until either convicted and exiled to Siberia or released.

My cell, number four hundred and ten, was on the fourth floor, and like most cells it was dark, narrow and cold. I shuddered when I crossed the threshold and the door clanged behind me; for I felt that I had left the world and all its loveliness forever behind, and that I was locked in a tomb. The naked interior of my dreadful home was of reddish iron and mournful dark stone. There was an inquisitional cruelty in the iron furniture, the stone floor and the gray walls. A feeling of being buried alive was my first impression.

To be forever alone, to hear never a word from the world without, never a syllable from human lips other than the grudging replies of the guards—this was almost death. My life was to become a long monotony, and I began to prepare to be imprisoned forever.

Every day, it is true, I was allowed to walk for fifteen minutes in the prison yard—but even there I was alone, and all I could see of the universal sky was a narrow strip of blue or a gray patch of cloud.

Once a month, however, it was my privilege to attend services in the prison chapel; for it must be admitted that the Russian Government is piously solicitous for the welfare of the souls of those whose bodies it starves and kills. But even in the church I was in a cell, and could see no one save the officiating priest.

Though I was deprived of human companionship, yet I was not wholly forsaken; for during my imprisonment I was consoled by the love of a dove and a mouse. We were indeed great friends and shared both joys and sorrows. We had a common language, the intuitive speech of the heart and affection. Not the mouth, but the eyes and gestures express this wordless language. We had much to talk about and we understood each other very well.

A few weeks after my imprisonment, while walking in the yard, a white dove flew to my feet. The next day, in anticipation of such an event, I secretly provided myself with a few bread crumbs. The dove again appeared and it was not long before I succeeded in coaxing her to feed out of my hand. Not only would she fly to me in the yard, eat from my hand and look at me with her comforting eyes, but she

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would also perch on my shoulder, where I had put some bread crumbs, and murmur her monotonous "Hu, hu, hu."

HAVING seen from the window, circling above the roof, the same white dove which I had fed in the courtyard, I determined to coax her to my cell. This I did by placing some crumbs of food on the window-sill. Her attention having been attracted to this particular spot, I felt that she would be likely to visit it again. The result was that the little dove and I soon became devoted friends. She always came in the early morning and at twilight; and when the window was closed she would tap on the pane with her beak until it was opened.

Sometimes her gentle little eyes were sad, as if she, too, suffered; often they were glad, as if with happiness.

"Hu, hu, hu," she would say, and when I stroked her feathers she seemed truly grateful. After a while, when I had gained her entire confidence, she would fly into the cell and perch upon the bed or the table.

One day it occurred to me that she might be a carrier pigeon and that I could use her as a messenger. So I tied around her neck a little piece of paper, on which I had written these words:

"From a prisoner in Dom Predvaritelnavo Zaklutchenia. Please answer by the dove, who visits me every day. Send me a pencil and some thin paper. Prisoner Four Hundred and Ten."

The dove flew away with my letter and I eagerly awaited her return at twilight. However, she did not come back that evening as usual, and I began to fear that some misfortune had overtaken her, occasioned perhaps by my message. I did not sleep much that night. The next morning I heard the usual tap, tap, and hurriedly opening the window admitted my little messenger. Around her neck was another letter. Feverishly untying the string with which it was bound, I opened it and found a little bag and a blue silk ribbon, on which was written this reply:

"The dove brought me your letter. She and her little ones have a nest in our house. She is also my dearest friend and I am not jealous of her friendship for you. I enclose pencil and paper; for I know you are deprived of these things. God help you. Your friend, Miss Liberty."

This was a great event in my monotonous life, and the dove became my greatest benefactor. Nearly every week she brought me a note from my unknown friend. Days, months and years passed like a dream. I almost forgot that there was another life besides the prison life; or other beings than the dove, the mouse and the myste-

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rious Miss Liberty. Had it not been for my daily walk in the prison yard when I caught glimpses of the sky, the clouds and sometimes of the birds, the world I had lost would have been no more than a memory. It was hard to realize that I once had lived in that free world, that I had actually had birds and trees for my daily associates, that I could go where my will directed.

JUST as the life in the world is full of incidents and change, so also in prison there were events of more or less importance. Sometimes a prisoner died or was released, and within a few hours the news was telegraphed from cell to cell by a certain code of the prisoners, who conversed by tapping on the walls. Then there were the new arrivals who brought the news of the world. But even more interesting than these were the stories of the lives of the prisoners with which we made lighter many a heavy hour, and my correspondence, through the dove, with Miss Liberty was almost always concerning these subjects.

One morning the dove brought me a beautiful flower, a lily, and to this was attached a card, on which was written:

“Today is your mother’s birthday. I send you this flower. Try to look beyond your present suffering. This discipline will make you strong. Goodbye.”

“How strange,” I thought, “that she knows so much about my life. I must find out who she is.” I wrote her often asking her to give me her address and real name, or something to identify her personality. To such request she would reply:

“You know the dove, you touch her feathers and pet her; I do the same. We both love her and she loves us. Is not that sufficient? She is the medium between you and me. Her eyes bring me your greetings and the story of your emotions and I ask her to bring you mine. I love her.”

It is a peculiarity of solitary confinement that one inevitably invests even the most material objects with personality. One ceases to meditate; animals and inanimate things are endowed with human attributes, so that one converses with them as if they were friends and comrades. The dove and mouse had become my sisters. They seemed like other selves, to be conscious of my sufferings, to know my thoughts and to sympathize with me.

How I loved them, and how in return they loved me, cannot be appreciated by anyone who has not had a similar experience. It was a simple and innocent love,—a thing almost incredible in this world of strife and bitterness, where the strong survive at the sacrifice of the weak.

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While the eyes of the dove gave me the impression that she was a pessimist, those of the mouse suggested the optimist. In the beginning of our acquaintance the mouse was very timid and would not take the food I had placed on the floor until I was some distance away. In a few weeks, however, she was so tame that she would take the food from my fingers. In a month or two she lost all her fear and would play with me, dancing around me like a tiny dog. She was fond of being tickled and scratched on the back, and I would stroke her fur as one strokes a cat.

Early in the morning she would come from a small hole under the water pipe. After listening a moment, she would run up the leg of the table and, reaching the top, would dash at the crumbs or the pieces of fat which I had placed there. Having finished her breakfast, she would jump down upon the bed and crawl under the blankets. At first I resented this intrusion. It did not impress me as particularly pleasant; for, as with most people, the touch of a rodent had always made me feel rather creepy. But when I understood the intimate affection of the little animal, I could no longer repulse her. Sometimes when I awoke earlier than usual, I would even wait for her. I named her "Tsakki."

"Tsakki, tell me how old you are." I would say to her.

Then she would close her eyes and nod her little head, seeming to say:

"I don't remember; for we don't measure time as you do. We are not so stupid. It is enough that we live and are happy." Then I would ask:

"Tsakki, are you married or single?"

Wagging her little tail, she would reply; for so I interpreted her look and attitude:

"I have my nest, my children and my beloved, but I've never heard of a marriage. We live, love and are happy. Isn't that enough?"

Thus I would talk with her for hours. She understood only the speech of my eyes. The desire to speak becomes almost a mania with prisoners in solitary confinement. They have a desire to communicate with everything: with the clouds, the stars, the moon, the birds and also with their own hallucinations.

Once Tsakki's eyes were sad, like those of a weeping child.

"Tsakki, what is the matter?" I asked. "Have you lost one of your little ones? Or has your beloved forsaken you?"

"Everything," she seemed to reply, shaking her head, "but I shall learn to forget and soon shall be happy again." And happiness was indeed her normal condition.

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She was fond of music. Often I would hum some tune, or play on a string held taut between my fingers, and to this she would listen for hours. She seemed to appreciate only the music of very high notes, while to the lower tones she remained entirely indifferent. Tsakki was indeed a paragon of virtue in every way, except when she was jealous of my other friend, the dove. She did not like it when I stroked the dove and fed her from my hand, and often she bristled as if she would attack the dove with her sharp teeth. The dove was very generous and willingly left her food for the mouse.

ONE evening, after several days of absence, Tsakki came again very shyly. I was just eating my supper when I heard her tiny voice. She emerged from the hole beneath the water pipe and scampered forward and backward several times as if to attract my attention. Presently another and smaller head appeared, and I realized that the mouse had come with her little one, of which, to judge by her actions and her sparkling eyes, she was exceedingly proud.

She was not able, however, to persuade the youngster to venture in my direction. It was very shy and timid, and kept a safe distance. I gave the mother a small piece of fat, which she carried to her infant; and the prodigy, as if to show what it could do, at once began to eat it. Then there was heard the sound of feet passing through the corridor, and mother and child scampered fearfully away.

For several weeks the little one accompanied its mother, who seemed very anxious that we should become friends. I exhausted all my arts and hours of patience to attract the timid creature; but it would not become my friend. It was entirely different from its mother. Finally it ceased to come and I did not see it any more.

I wondered often at Tsakki's keen understanding of my psychology. I was not always disposed to caress or to pet her and she understood my mood immediately and did not bother me at all, but after getting her meal soon disappeared. She knew when I was in a talkative or in a quiet humor and accommodated herself to my feelings. When I was sad she looked at me with her beaming eyes, wagged her tail and went away. When I was merry she jumped around and expressed her good humor.

She was, however, a thief and lacked a sense of honor, as men recognize it. I could leave neither meat nor sugar on the table or on the shelves, for Tsakki would return at night while I was sleeping and would steal it all.

I used to tease her by filling the meat with salt. Not suspecting any wrong she would grasp it, but when she began to eat she became

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very angry. When I offered it again she would refuse to take it, or would bite my finger furiously. Food was the sole concern of her life. She was a real materialist and had no other ideals than her daily bread and her nest.

We quarreled with each other, we understood each other and we loved each other. For two years Tsakki shared all my joys and sufferings. I loved her companionship, especially when in my loneliness I felt that I was forsaken by my friends and by all those who once had loved me. I loved her because she was so gentle, so sincere and simple, while men seemed to me to be almost artificial. When I thought of their hypocrisies I looked upon my little friend as a being far superior to man. When I felt lonely and when I could endure the everlasting silence no longer, I found consolation in my conversation with Tsakki, in playing with her or in looking silently into her smiling eyes. She had become like my own child to me.

ONCE, on a rainy autumn evening, when the wind howled and roared around the towers and the chimneys of the gloomy prison, I was lying mournfully on my hard bed and thinking. A prisoner next to my cell had just told me through the language of the walls the tragedy of his life, and another, above me, had informed me of the suicide of his neighbor who had hanged himself to the wall. Their talk had made me sorrowful and the world seemed like a desert where joy could never come.

Being thus in a mood of deep melancholy and of sad reflections I was surprised by a very unusual noise, as if someone were beating against the wall in the next cell. I jumped out of my bed and listened; but I could hear nothing but the steps of the walking sentinel in the corridor as he passed my door. After a while I heard again the same fluttering noise.

I looked out of my window and there against the window pane like the shadow of a ghost stood my friend, the dove. I was greatly surprised in finding her so late at night at my window and in such stormy weather; for this never had happened before. I hurriedly opened the window and she flitted inside. She was in an altogether unusual state, for she trembled as if she were in great fear. I looked at her feathers, her wings and feet but I could discover nothing wrong with her, except her great excitement. Caressing her tenderly for some minutes I asked with intimate sympathy:

“Tell me, *golubtchik*—little dove, what is the matter with you? Has somebody hurt you or was your life in danger? How is Miss Liberty? Is she ill? Tell me.”

I looked into her dreamy eyes and they gazed mutely at me with

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such sorrow that it almost made me cry. They were the eyes of a child who has suddenly lost its mother. They were full of pain. I comforted her, stroked her feathers and beak, and offered her some water. This she accepted and after she had drunk thirstily she perched on my hand. Convulsive shudders now and then indicated that she was still in a spell of great excitement. I questioned her about everything, and imagined various tragedies in her eyes. But I was not able to discover the cause of her sorrow.

For many hours I kept her by me while she looked with great fear out of the window as if some great trouble were there. Only near me did she seem satisfied and quiet. She sat calmly on my hand or on my shoulder and gazed at me with a gentle look.

“What can I do for you?” I asked her.

“Your love is all I ask,” she seemed to reply, for so I interpreted her look. “I am hungry for it. Let me be with you. It is so dreadful there in the dark. How cosy it is to be with a beloved companion.”

I could not send her away, although according to the prison rules I was not allowed to keep her in the cell. However, I intended to have her over night with me. I put her on the edge of my iron bed, but she was so frightened that she refused to be a moment alone. The keeper put out the fire and the room became pitch dark. He did not notice the dove in the cell when he looked through a hole in the door. I was glad and went to bed, keeping my hand on her wings, which made her calm and quiet. And then I fell asleep.

After some hours, while we were asleep, Tsakki came to examine the table and the shelves to steal some food for her children. Seeing the dove slumbering on my bed she ran up to her angrily. I was awakened by the rustle of my excited friend flying frightened around in the darkness. Recognizing the seriousness of the situation I called to the dove, comforting her while I scolded Tsakki and ordered her to leave us alone, which she did only after a long scolding. After a time of quietness I again fell asleep and thus we remained until dawn.

The dove, now awakening, flew upon the table and picked up some bread crumbs for her breakfast. I got up also, wrote a letter to Miss Liberty about the curious excitement of our messenger, bound it around her neck and opened the window. She looked timidly back at me and at the flying clouds and disappeared.

Weeks passed and the dove did not come. I waited and waited. Heavy presentiments and sad thoughts began to depress me and I felt in agony, as one feels when he awaits his sweetheart and she never comes, for it seemed to me that I had at once lost my two best friends. “Yet, such is life!” I said to myself and I tried to forget.

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But do what I could, it was impossible to shake off the memory of my lost companion. Always the dove was before my eyes and I almost saw visions of her.

One Sunday morning on a cold winter day, the dove again appeared at the window and gazed into the cell as if to find out if I, the old friend, were still there. It was as if I had refound my lost bride. I opened the window, put out my hand and cried:

"Come in. How do you do? Tell me what has been the matter."

SHE recognized me, came timidly in and looked at me curiously, with her usual melancholy expression. Her appearance was so impressive that I felt almost as if she were a lost child that was found. I took her in my hand, pressed her head to my face and caressed her with tender words. She seemed very happy and walked around the cell, perched upon the table, and pecked tenderly at my cheeks. After the first moments of greeting were over, I noticed a small bag around her neck which I untied immediately. It was a note from my mysterious friend. This is what she wrote:

"The interruption of our correspondence was apparently due to an accident to our messenger. Did you get that souvenir I sent through her five weeks ago? It was a stormy day and I felt also a tempest in my emotions. The dove today returned frightened and depressed after several weeks of absence. Where was she those many cold days and what did she do? She seems to tell me with her mournful "hu, hu, hu," but I am unable to understand. Please write me how you are and what you know about her absence. I hope she will find you safe and well. Your friend, Miss Liberty."

I read and reread the note and tried to get from its carrier some explanation. To all my questions she was dumb. Yet she was in her usual disposition and ate the breakfast I had prepared for her from my daily allowance. Now and then she shook her wings, glanced at me and at the blue sky through the trellised window and muttered her "hu, hu, hu." I then wrote Miss Liberty that I had never received her souvenir and that I did not know what had occasioned the absence of the dove. I asked my friend also what she meant by "the tempest in her emotions," but to this she never replied.

Thus the dove became again my benefactor and like a messenger of freedom brought healing from my sorrow and sufferings in that lonely world. I awaited her arrival with eagerness and I felt depressed when she failed to come. I was happy when she brought me news from that world without, which to me had become almost a dream.

A few days later I received a note from my unknown friend, in-

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forming me that I would be free. I told some of my fellow prisoners, though they refused to believe it could be anything but a joke of the keepers. But all the same the dove proved a true prophet. At eleven o'clock the same night the keeper entered my cell and told me I was free.

And then I had to leave the cell where I had spent those terrible years. Words cannot describe my gladness, yet my joy was not unmixed with sorrow. It was with a keen pang that I caressed my little Tsakki for the last time and left my cell for the wide world.

As soon as I reached the street I found a carriage waiting for me and in the carriage a lady. It was Miss Liberty. She spoke only in monosyllables and would not reveal her identity, yet through the heavy veil that covered her face I could see that she was a young and very beautiful girl. She drove me to a church, then to the railway station, and there she gave me a ticket to my home. The train started, she waved her hand and I saw her no more.

She probably was an ardent sympathizer with the cause, one whose influential connections and wealth enabled her to accomplish what otherwise would have been impossible. Whether through some plea or through bribery she secured my release I cannot say. Yet she was an angel of deliverance, whom I can never forget. The dove was probably a carrier pigeon that she had trained to do her errands of mercy.

Years have passed since I left my cell and my little friends, the dove and the mouse. The realization that I should see them no more and that my talks with them would be soon only a memory—laid then a heaviness upon my heart. I hardly thought that this would be so; but when all, even the familiar silence, seemed to bid me an eternal farewell, I could hardly keep back my tears.

And now in my freedom I often think: "Oh, if I could meet once more my sympathetic prison companions."

The mouse and the dove—their friendship was true, so true that I rarely find such in this world of men, and I can never forget them.

AMERICAN PAINTERS OF OUTDOORS: THEIR RANK AND THEIR SUCCESS: BY GILES EDGERTON



HERE is a most extraordinary variety of national characteristics revealed in the art of a country when that art is spontaneous—or when it is not, for that matter; for when art is not spontaneous a nation is root-bound somewhere, and the proof of it is found in every genuine expression which the nation makes.

No more cruel criticism of the development of a country can be made than that the various expressions of art are imitative, for imitation is only the intuitive response to beauty of the *unthinking*; not the ignorant, by any means, but the unthinking. While creative art may be born out of the so-called most ignorant soul, imitation takes deepest root in the ultra-cultured. A very simple people, like the Hopi Indians, for instance, may think profoundly and philosophically about the conditions of life, the relation of facts to fancy, the need for a soul's development, with response to that need born of imagination—and such people, living in the most primitive fashion, without knowledge of or relation to the conditions of modern civilization, nevertheless create art—religion, poetry, music. On the other hand, the extremely cultured, dilettante community has more often than not so overburdened the receptive capacity of the brain that the pressure kills all creative quality, leaving instead appreciation and a desire to imitate or to possess the beauty which others have created.

Here in America, up to within a few decades past, we have found the creative quality flourishing only among our aboriginal people—our Indians, and those other simple people (who because of slavery have held to aboriginal traits), the Southern negro; while at heterogeneous combination of all the peoples of the rest of the world which we have amalgamated into an American has been mainly imitative in art expression, in all the uses of imagination except along scientific and financial lines; for both invention and successful business require imagination, but of the mathematical kind, which, while stimulating activity, does not look to beauty as the result and purpose of achievement. Of that art which is born of the inspired mind for the permanent joy of the world we have but slowly gained the freedom of mind and technique to create. And what we have achieved has apparently been in spite of the determination of the greater part of the nation to stultify all individual expression.

Charles Dudley Warner once spoke of “those people who were insulted by originality.” As a matter of fact, it is still true of the

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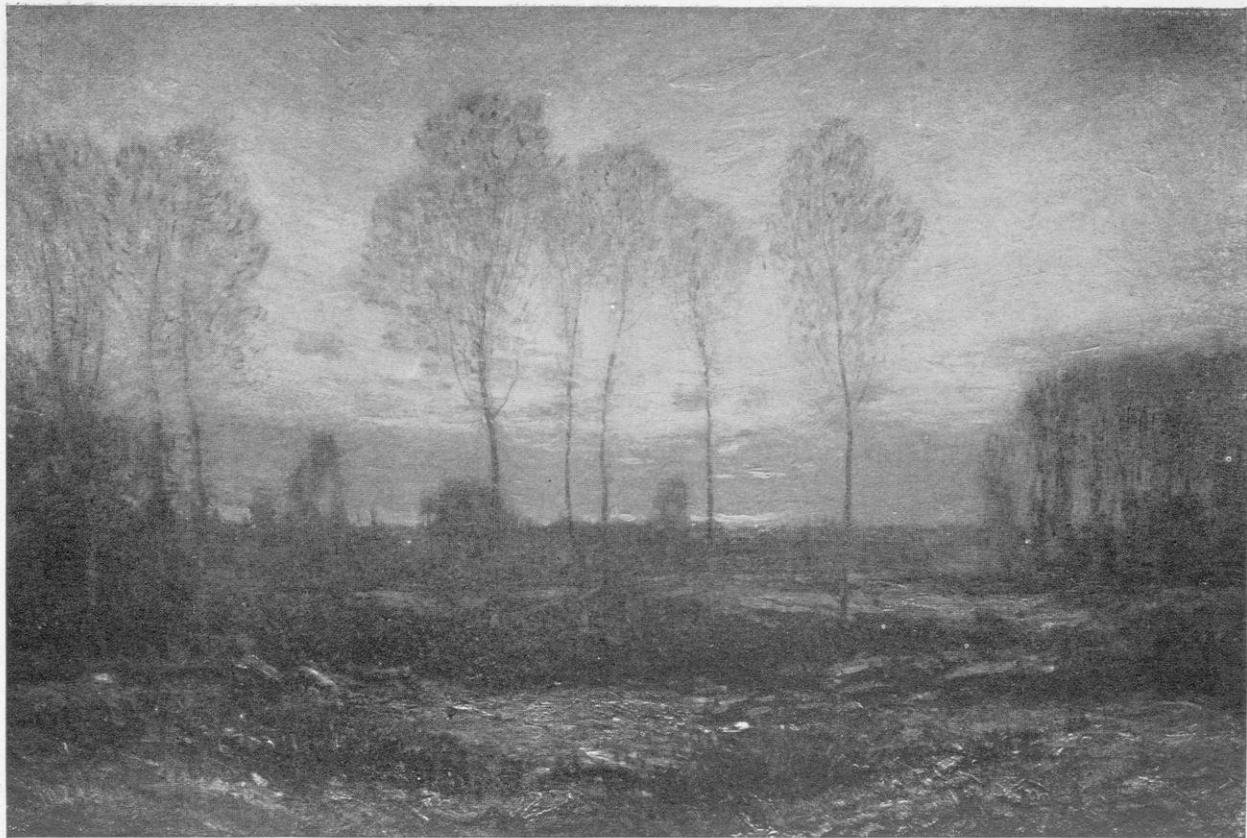
mass of us. We like only what we are familiar with, the thing neatly labeled and bearing the union stamp of unthinking approval. When we are not insulted by a new creative spirit, we are frightened by it. We no sooner study into the question of antique rugs and learn all their lovely variation by heart when a rug wholly out of the reckoning comes down from the New Hampshire hills, a rug that is unticketed, without precedent, and we are asked to call it beautiful without a recipe. Then we turn our attention to the study of periods in furniture and become versatile with every variation from Louis to Louis. And we delve into the delightful subject of Oriental ceramics, and we no sooner think we know these cultured things when out of a clear sky, without reference to our pride in old formula, we find for our use in America a new furniture, simple and beautiful, made of American woods, adapted to American needs, and adding to our bewilderment is a most extraordinary variety of home-made pottery, modeled out of the very soil which bears the trees out of which has been made the furniture which has already troubled us, and we are asked to see and admire—more than that, to buy art products of which we know nothing, stamped with crests of which we have never heard, chairs without tradition, vases without history. Naturally, as a result we are overwhelmed, even annoyed. And many of us turn our faces back to the pleasant century-old friends who have come to us from the hills of Athens and from the byways of Rome, and later from the suburbs of Paris. We feel safer, somehow, when we recognize the labels again, and we get rid of that unpleasant suggestion of insulting originality.

Just as our pottery and furniture and sometimes our architecture are developing this thoughtless! heedless! suggestion of individuality, so in painting, sculpture, music we find that our bigger men consider less and less the fears of the public; we find a great musician going away to the heart of the White Mountains to evoke wondrous melodies for his phase of American art. We receive a rare inspired literature out of that arid region known as the Middle West. Paintings are coming to us full of the strange strength and extraordinary beauty of the Grand Canyon; others smaller but not more subtle are finding way into the metropolitan galleries from the ocean inlets of New England, and a sculpture of towering strength and splendid ruggedness has been achieved in the squalid towns of our Western prairies, while illustration that is as fearless in source of inspiration as it is brilliant in technique and honest in purpose is beginning to appear occasionally in our most courageous magazines. And thus we, the dilettante, cultured public, with our taste established, with our interest settled, with a speaking part about all the arts of all the different



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"A FACTORY VILLAGE"
J. ALDEN WEIR, PAINTER



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"TWILIGHT-AUTUMN":
D. W. TRYON, PAINTER.



Kindness of Macbeth Galleries.

THE RAPIDS—SISTER ISLANDS—NIAGARA:
WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT, PAINTER.



Kindness of Macbeth Galleries.

"THE CLOUD": WILLIAM
SARTAIN, PAINTER,

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nations, are called upon to renew our youth, to cut a pathway through the underbrush of our tangled knowledge and make room for the appreciation of fresh ideas, original achievement, for the actual beauty of our own land, presented by the men who know it best, the American artists.

HOW often we hear the phrase, "We have so little real art in America; we are not temperamentally an artistic people." It is the same old story of bricks without straw; we will not let our artists live and we complain that they do not achieve more. For instance, how much wheat would we supply the markets of the world if we never stopped to cut it? It could scarcely grow itself out into the money changes of the universe. How many inventions would we supply for mechanical progress if no one bothered to investigate, to supply money to start factories for the manufacture of clever patents? The marvel is that we have any artists, that any imagination has outlived the dullness, impertinence, non-understanding of our artificial, imitative, superficially cultivated public. We have laughed at our men of genius, those whom we have not previously destroyed so far as possible in Europe. We have doubted the sincerity of the greatest of them, we have supported fake foreign art while our own men have all but starved, and we have babbled the while about the paucity of our art conditions. That our artists have survived, that our art has grown in spite of the most impossible conditions ever established by a nation for the breeding of beauty is a magnificent tribute to the purpose and force of our native genius.

When the worst copy of Diaz or Daubigny would sell in New York City for a price that would sound in a South Washington Square studio like a life annuity, why should we expect men to have the courage and the purpose to go away to New England, to Colorado, to Long Island to paint only what they know and love and feel, just for the sake of truth and the advancement of the best art conditions of their own country? Or when the only music we truly love and are willing to support is the jangle and tinkle of silly Italian opera, with a high soprano note as a standard of excellence, how does a man find the courage to steal away to the stillness of uncut woodland in order to utter melodies born in his soul, out of his own marvelous imagination, which the public feared to love until he bought their approval with death? A great price, it seems to those of us who have cared for his melody, and yet one that some men willingly pay for the chance of expressing in their own way the quality of their own understanding of beauty.

And so we marvel, perhaps most of all at our landscape men in

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America, who, in spite of complete lack of appreciation for years, without the faintest sympathy from the general public toward that fine sort of courage that holds genius to endeavor, in spite of rebuff and bitter misunderstanding, have somehow through it all created for America an outdoor art so fresh, so sincere, so intimate to the land to which it belongs that today our landscapes stand at the head of all the nature painting in the world. Neither France, Germany, England nor Spain, with the glory of her new art about her, rank with our own painters of all outdoor life, woods, hills, orchards, city streets, prairies, the Indian mesa and the skyscraper. There is not only great achievement in the work of such men as Twachtman, Weir, Tryon, Metcalf, Lathrop, Hassam, Murphy, Glackens, Lawson, Shinn, but there is also the invincible courage which belongs only to people of imagination, sensitive, alive to all beauty and all suffering. And yet this manifestation of art is as essentially American as we could well conceive such work to be. There is the same lyric quality in our greatest landscapes that there is in our most genuine poetry. We are not an epic nation; we are too easily successful, too prosperous. What of tragedy we have for present history of art is brought to us these days through the steerage by the emotional elements of foreign worn-out civilizations. And if in this roundabout way it finds place in our art, it but represents one phase of our confused conditions of existence. The more national quality, especially in painting and preëminently in the work of our landscape men, is this lyric note. We find it repeated over and over again and never too often; as witness the subjects most often presented, the hush of the woods, the still fragrance of early spring, the ghostly dory in a twilight sea, the hidden pool in the yellow woods, the mysterious radiance of prairie sunsets, the tender, brooding quality of the early snow that comes sometimes as a kindly wonderful garment of beauty, twilight about simple homes, isolated old farms with memories that bring quivering response. What do our men not know and what have they not told us of all that is characteristic of the rural life of America, which has been the birthplace of so much of our poetry and of our strength, of the humor and of the kindly tendency of our nation?

As for the technique of these men, there is no one definite school of American landscape painters. There are men of marked individuality who unquestionably have many followers, men like Hassam, Murphy, Metcalf, and among the illustrators there is Glackens, who undoubtedly deserves the fame of being the originator of our most sincere and significant school of modern illustrators. And there are both men and women who frankly acknowledge his work as the inspiration of their best achievements. But as a whole, there seems but little thought

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of establishing schools, of creating fame through any essential individuality. The impulse which dominates these men is much greater than this, much more sincere, much more valuable to a country. As a matter of fact, their purpose is so quietly and honestly to express just the best that is about them in the most beautiful way that they have been able to achieve, that I question if many of them think beyond their own work up to its value in the national art history of America.

WHO FOR HIMSELF ?

WHO has labored for himself and who has labored for mankind ?
Is it true that only hero and sage, poet and great ruler, have wrought for the masses ?

Is it true that the masses have worked only for themselves, and not for each other ?

Poet and sage, doubtless, have spoken well,
Hero and ruler have oftentimes lived nobly,
But there is a common man, working under good or ill conditions,
Hungry often, rearing children at sacrifice,
Fighting the fight in desperation, yet keeping faith,
Clean and simple, willing to share all with his neighbor,
And there is a common woman, a mother or a helper of mothers,
Or a lonely worker, foregoing sweet dreams for strong realities,
Knowing the tormenting fingers of travail and doubt,
And yielding never,—

Stanch and able, a fosterer of the future,
No creature of superficial smiles.

He and she, humble and unconscious,
These and their kind, by struggle and the spirit of victory,
Serve mankind, it may be, as well as any of the rest.

For, in the realities of life, are they not dumb poets ?

Are they not quiescent sages and unpraised heroes ?

Are they not, though unrecognized, the certain and final rulers ?

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AND THE HOME: THE PART EACH SHOULD BEAR IN THE EDUCATION OF OUR CHILDREN: BY THE EDITOR



ONE of the most vitally important of the many demands for improved conditions that we are facing just now is the question of education. There is no longer any hesitation about admitting the fact that the kind of teaching we are giving our children under the present public school system is not at all adequate to meet the needs of modern life and work. Naturally, the plain people who had children whom they wanted taught in a way that would amount to something were the first to discover that the public schools, with all their elaborate equipment, were not equal to the work. Then the manufacturers and business men took up the question of more practical training along industrial lines because they, above all others, experienced the sharp need we have today of some kind of teaching which will provide our industries with thoroughly trained and intelligent workmen. Legislators followed with bills for industrial and agricultural schools to be carried on in connection with the public schools, and now the educators themselves are taking up the matter in earnest, frankly acknowledging that the present system falls far short of what is needed, and bringing all their experience along educational lines to bear upon the problem of finding some system of education that will fit the great majority of children for the task of coping successfully with the conditions of actual life and work.

As this question of education lies at the root of all our social advancement, we have taken it up in *THE CRAFTSMAN* several times and have considered it from several different points of view; yet it seems to us at this time that none of the suggestions offered take into account the one element which is of such vital importance in considering a possible solution of the problem; that is, the relating of home influences and actual life to educational work in such a way that the theoretical training of the school would necessarily be largely suggestive and inspirational and the practical application of it would inevitably take place in the home. The trouble is not that the school system in itself is inadequate, but that it tries to do too much; for, in specializing as it does to the minutest detail, the whole course of training encourages dependence and imitation on the part of the pupil instead of stimulating him to independent thought. It is quite natural that such specialization of knowledge along industrial lines should be warmly encouraged by the manufacturers who need skilled workmen. In fact, this need has been realized so keenly by a good

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many of our large manufacturing and other industrial establishments that training schools have been opened in connection with a number of factories, railroads, mines and other industries where skilled work is necessary.

As far as they go, these training schools offer the best solution we have of the problem of practical education along industrial lines, for they are the modern representatives of the old apprenticeship systems, and the young men who receive their training under such conditions not only gain all the technical knowledge that is necessary but also a much broader grasp of general principles than was possible to the apprentices in the old days. This method of industrial education supplements the work of the public school along lines of specialized training in certain industries in precisely the same way that it should be supplemented by the teaching received at home. By the very nature of the public school, it is impossible for it to come into contact with real conditions in industry precisely as it is impossible for it to encounter real conditions in life. Its function is to supply the theoretical training,—to make that as inspiring as possible and to leave the actual practice to be supplied in other ways.

THEREFORE, valuable as are these training schools when a part of some great industrial concern, they would fail of their purpose if made a part of the general public-school system. If so used, the ultimate effect would be much the same as that produced by the elaborate social service system by means of which suitable hygienic conditions are established for the employees of certain great industrial organizations, recreation provided, pleasant surroundings assured and even the home life regulated according to the most advanced ideas. This social service system has attracted much favorable attention and comment throughout the country and, in its way, serves to bring about better conditions. The weak point in the attempt to establish much the same system all over the land in the form of public schools, whether industrial, vocational, or general, is that it comes dangerously close to paternalism and tends to the ultimate subjection of the people to our great commercial system.

Public opinion, however, is apt in the long run to be pretty nearly right, and the social service system, admirable as it has been in some ways, has been by no means generally successful when it came to dealing with actual conditions. The reason for this failure seems to have been that the philanthropic theorists have not sufficiently taken into account the personal equation. For example, one of these great commercial concerns which is noted throughout America for the money it has spent and the pains it has taken to provide an environ-

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ment calculated to insure, down to the last detail, the comfort, pleasure and welfare of its employees, has seen its great factory almost disrupted by the fact that the employees themselves hotly resent the benevolent supervision which seems to them to encroach upon their personal liberty and to relegate them to the position of irresponsible children who must be taken care of and taught how to play as well as how to work.

The fact is that the workman is apt to be a fairly independent and self-respecting citizen and he does not enjoy being put under tutelage in what he considers peculiarly his own affairs. And he is right, for the tendency of any personal guardianship is diametrically opposed to all fundamental ideas of freedom and democracy. Though few people would admit it, this kind of social service is not far removed from the much-dreaded paternalism, for what it really does is to set a certain class of people aside as servants and to train them and their children for that service, much as race-horses are bred for the track. And the worst part of it is that the shrewd and far-seeing captains of industry, whose gifts for the furtherance of such social service and careful training are large, know exactly how this sort of benevolence tends to enslave people to our well-organized industrial and commercial system,—and deny it. They talk eloquently of the “uplift” of the common people; of sharing profits and prosperity with the workingman and of admitting labor into partnership with capital, when all the time they know that it is merely a daring and far-sighted business policy, for they are taking the surest way to perpetuate a system that, profitable as it is to them, is already too strong for the best interests of the country.

NOW the public school, if it stands for any thing that means wide usefulness, should stand for public opinion and minister to the welfare of all the people. Public education, which is supported by the people and exists only by reason of such support, is in no position to say arbitrarily that certain children shall be educated to serve certain industrial purposes. In just so far as it advances along these lines it is doing exactly the same sort of thing that is done by the social service department of a large industrial concern; that is, it is trying to salve the wounds of those who suffer from the unequal opportunities brought about by false standards of life and work, and to make them contented to receive, as a gift from a powerful and well organized system, what they should rather be encouraged to go out and obtain for themselves. Contentment is not what is needed at this stage of our country's growth, but unrest; and by this we do not mean the bitter, unreasoning discontent which brings about revolution

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and disaster, but the wholesome unrest that alone makes for growth.

Therefore, when, in response to the widespread demand for the sort of education that can be applied to the practical affairs of life, prominent educators advocate seriously the further specialization and localization of education and the teaching of trades along both practical and theoretical lines, it is time for them to stop and consider this same question of the personal equation which has proven such a stumbling block to the social service system. One man suggests that a special kind of education be provided for each different locality. To a certain extent this is wise, but not when it is carried too far. In fact, the same objection obtains with regard to localization which is so often urged against over-specialization, and that is that too much detail training is apt to weaken initiative and deaden natural capacity rather than to stimulate the mind to independent endeavor. As we have so often urged, the great value of education lies in the side that is inspirational and suggestive,—an element that is entirely lost when the training becomes formal and stereotyped. If school training is to be anything more than imitative, it cannot be too highly specialized, or can it, under any circumstances, be localized. When it goes thus far it is stepping outside its own province and is taking upon itself the responsibility which should belong to life, to industry, and especially to home influences and surroundings.

It is a favorite theory with teachers that the special value of the right kind of education lies in finding out the "bent" of the pupil and developing that at the expense of everything else. We maintain that this does more harm than almost any other one thing in the entire system. The school has nothing to do with the development of any special talent and no right to say this boy's bent is toward music, or drawing, or natural history, or blacksmithing, and then to educate him exclusively along those lines. It is the boy's own business to find out for himself what he wants to do when it comes to dealing with the actual affairs of life, and if he has what he most needs,—the background of a sound and general education that equips him thoroughly as regards the essentials and confines its further efforts to stimulating him to study and work,—he will have no difficulty in specializing when the necessity arises.

JOHNS STUART MILL says: "Education makes a man a more intelligent shoemaker, if that be his occupation, but not by teaching him how to make shoes; it does so by the mental exercise it gives and the habits it impresses." This goes right to the root of the matter, and yet the whole trend of the present move toward

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highly specialized industrial education is against it. The tendency now is to teach the boy, down to the last detail, how to make the shoes and to leave him no room for choice in after life as to whether he would rather make shoes or do something else for which he should have been equally well fitted. We all agree that better all-round men and women were made by the life and training of fifty years ago, when the village school, together with the apprenticeship system and the common duties of life in the home and on the farm, afforded all the instruction and practice that was necessary for the carrying on of agriculture and the ordinary industries. If a boy wanted to learn a trade, he was first thoroughly grounded in the rudiments of education in the district school and then was apprenticed to a worker in some trade or craft, who taught him to become a thorough workman. And such workmen as they made then did not always confine themselves to manual labor in after life, as even the most superficial study of the industrial history of this country will show. The point is that the school did its appointed work and the rest was done in the workshop and at home.

There is no denying that conditions have greatly changed and that, as things are now, the sort of training that made sterling and resourceful men and women of our grandfathers and grandmothers would not be possible in this day and generation. But the change in conditions affords no good and sufficient reason for the change in standards. If individual initiative, based upon and inspired by a thorough education along a few absolutely essential lines, was good then, there is no reason why it should not be good now. The crucial point of the whole matter is that, under the present system, the school is doing too much work and failing to produce adequate results. The sole purpose of education should be to quicken the mind and rouse the spirit of investigation to study what has been done as a basis for new achievement. When this spirit is once awakened every principle that is learned theoretically is regarded as useful only in so far as it may be applied to the solution of some practical problem. The case is admirably stated by Mr. William C. A. Hammel, of the State Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro, North Carolina, when he advises:

“That the schools be better adapted to the needs of an industrial society. It is not so much a question of adding to or extending the curriculum—the curriculum is already overcrowded—as it is a question of revising it, of discarding non-essentials; that somebody discover and weed out the non-essentials, thus leaving more time for things of vital relation to life; less time to reading and rereading from a nice pictorial chart; ‘Is it an ax?’ and more to finding out

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about the real ax; less time to dates in history and more to cause and effect; less time to bank discount, partial payment and the like and more to finding out how much father lost on a bale of cotton and why; less time to the intricacies of grammar and more to acquiring a command of simple, forceful English; less time to the geography of Africa and more to the natural drainage of the State and the power in her river system, so that North Carolina men may develop it; less time to abstract problems in chemistry and physics, and more to the composition of soils and clays; more to food values and sanitation; more to testing cloth that passes for 'all wool' and 'pure linen'; more to the laws and practical application of that great agent of power, electricity, and where and how we can best get more of it; less time to copying pictures and more to drawing as an expression of ideas; less time to nomenclature in botany and more to plant physiology and hygiene, and the cure of plant diseases and the means of conserving our forests. In short, economize the child's time and labor, husband them for that which bears most upon his life and the industries of the State, and then use them to the best advantage. Make for applied education."

This sort of training would tend to give to the pupil mental stimulus in just about the same degree that the Church gives moral stimulus, and in doing so it would be remaining entirely within its province and wasting no time on specialization that should be practical and yet must remain theoretical. With direct and vital application at home of everything that is taught in the schools, think of the inducement to the boy who had learned something about geology to pursue it until he had found out everything he wanted to know regarding the formation of the earth with which he had to deal; think of the value of natural history in helping to an understanding of the right use of domestic animals; think of the manifold uses to which history could be put if it were made to inspire independent thought and investigation in all the affairs of human life. A boy so grounded would never need to have his "bent" discovered and specialized by a discriminating teacher in order to do effective work in the world, for he would do his own specializing when the time came.

BUT until the schools realize and admit that education as a whole is something with which they cannot cope unaided, our children will be the subject of numerous experiments that are all more or less futile in producing the desired results. Before the problem can be solved there is another educational factor that must receive much more serious consideration, and that is the responsibility that rests upon the teaching received at home. What if old

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primitive conditions are changed, the old handicrafts superseded and all of life made easier,—it does not argue that the same constructive spirit which, out of those conditions, brought about the change does not yet prevail. Greater leisure and ease of living does not necessitate idleness and triviality. Instead of that, it gives the opportunity for a much better use of the time. The mother who has some time to spare from household drudgery can surely use it to teach her daughters the knowledge that every girl needs about home hygiene, care of house and children and such crafts as every woman should know. The schools are trying to do this with classes in cooking, sewing and home economics; but such work does not belong to the school, for all that can be given in the classroom is at best only theoretical training that should be supplementary to the practical instruction obtained at home, and should serve merely to inspire the student to the more intelligent effort that results from a broader viewpoint and more thorough knowledge.

The same principle applies to the boys at home or on the farm, for few fathers are so preoccupied that they could not afford to admit their sons into such a share of their work and their interests as would naturally tend to develop interest and resourcefulness in the boy. Every lesson learned at school could be applied to some definite work at home and the father and mother would find their greatest interest and pleasure in keeping pace with the school training and doing their own part toward giving the child the complete education that he could never get from the classroom alone.

Naturally, before the home can be expected to do its share toward solving this problem of education that now besets the country and puzzles the wisest heads among us, there would have to be some change in the character of the home. But of this we do not despair. The present tendency toward trivial pursuits and artificial living is merely the reaction from the hard and burdensome drudgery of household and farm work a generation or two ago. When the burden was lifted by the introduction of machines and labor-saving devices it was only natural that the pendulum should swing in the opposite direction and that work and education alike should be delegated to the organizations of trained workers outside the home. But it is pretty nearly time for the pendulum to swing back, and even now we are beginning to realize that lighter burdens and added leisure mean that we now have time for real life and moral and mental growth on a broader scale than we have ever known before. When we grasp the opportunity and utilize it for the training of our children, there will be no more ground for complaint against the schools for not giving them the best and most practical training for life and work.

MY GARDEN: BY EMERY POTTLE



THE old story of the Beginning of Things—to me the most marvelous of all written stories—had its moment of greatest beauty and its moment of grimmest tragedy in a garden. They called it Eden, that garden. I wonder why? The name is very beautiful. It seems to me as I think of it, that no fitter name could have been chosen. Yet perhaps the Garden, which was divinely lovely, has become so interwoven, has so flowered in my imagination, that its name has shared its sovereign grace, and I cannot rightly judge. Garden is, too, a beautiful name. It comes softly to the lips and has a gentle open sound. I like it best in my own language, though that may be sheer insularity. I like it better than the Italian *giardino*, and much, much better than *Garten* or *jardin*. But, after all, it is difficult to discriminate. It is the garden itself, not its enforced name, which enchants.

After the storm and stress of Creation, God put the first man in the first garden. And they say that the Almighty Himself came there “to walk in the cool of the day.” He must have needed the grateful calm and relaxation, when that tumultuous week of Genesis was well over. I have wondered often why all of the Great Jehovah’s priests have not since been gardeners; I confess I’ve found many gardeners wonderfully good priests. There is a rare bond between gardens and religious meditation, and between gardens and the only other great emotion we are capable of. Gardens are a symbol, perfect, tragic almost, of both these emotions. I do not offer this as a new thought. It is a very old one, older than the poet who wrote the story of the Beginning of Things. Old as the leaves of the trees, the petals of the flowers, old as the first man who prayed, the first lover. All poets know it only too well, the poets who sing and the poets who are mute. But of the immortal Garden—I suppose *le bon Dieu*, who is very wise and who slumbers not, nor sleeps, was really the originator of the thought as of the symbol. He knew quite well His two poor little children, in His own image. He knew, when He put them in His Garden, He must have known, that even as He walked at twilight, they, too, would walk; and that thoughts of Him would not suffice them. I sometimes think it was just a little unkind on the part of the good God to begin by forbidding them the very thing those long, intimate strolls at evening was bound to set free, the thing He *knew* must ultimately happen. . . .

Well, it did happen, and *le bon Dieu* became again the terrifying Jehovah. The two bewildered young creatures without benefit of clergy, were sent off frightened out of their minds by the flaming sword and the results of their immemorial disobedience. So they

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lost their garden. It was forever forsaken. I do not know whether God ever walked there again after that—or whether, perhaps, He walks there now in the cool of the day. If so, He must have found it very lonely; He must still find it very lonely—for to Him, they say, a thousand years are but as a day. A forsaken garden is a lonely place, a forsaken garden where once Love walked in the twilight.

So my garden is a lonely place. I say *my* garden, though it is not mine and never will be, any more than the country it is in is my country. If I were very rich I should buy the garden. But I am not at all rich. It would not, in one sense, be then any more mine than it is now. As one grows older one learns to take considerable pleasure in the unattainable possessions of others. It is something to reflect upon the French proverb—"My glass is not large, but I drink from my glass."

YES, owning my garden would have one peerless advantage: I could keep out of it the people I don't like. They come now, many of them, noisy and chattering, with quite as much right as I, and penetrate ruthlessly into my choicest retreats. Now and again there is one who really loves it. But that terrifies me. I'm always thinking: There is the creature who will buy my garden and keep *me* out of it. There ought to be a law against selling old and beautiful gardens. Some glorious dead Cæsar should leave them in his will to all the lovers of all the lands.

It is a sinful thing to say that I am half-persuaded, but I may as well confess it, I am glad that Eve found out the secret of the garden. If she had not I suppose there would be no gardens today for me—or, for that matter, any *us* for the gardens. Poor Eve!

How full Italy is of gardens—forsaken gardens. It is a land of beauty—forsaken beauty. To walk in Italy is to walk in the cool of the day alone in an old garden. The pathos of it is overwhelming. It is on one's heart sobbing, and it is often a sob in one's throat. I am never certain why it is so. It is an eternal memory of an "*Air doux et tendre—jadis aimé,*" which one can never quite recall. That is it, I think. That is the secret. One can never remember all of that lovely forgotten air. So it haunts. And it makes one desperately sad. In the evening, which is the time of recall, I walk in my garden and try to remember. To remember *what*? Ah, if I knew! It is there, just beyond the threshold of consciousness, the thing I would give all I possess to call back. Perhaps it is another life, another incarnation here, when my garden *was* mine in truth. It would not be too strange. My own dead life and another's.

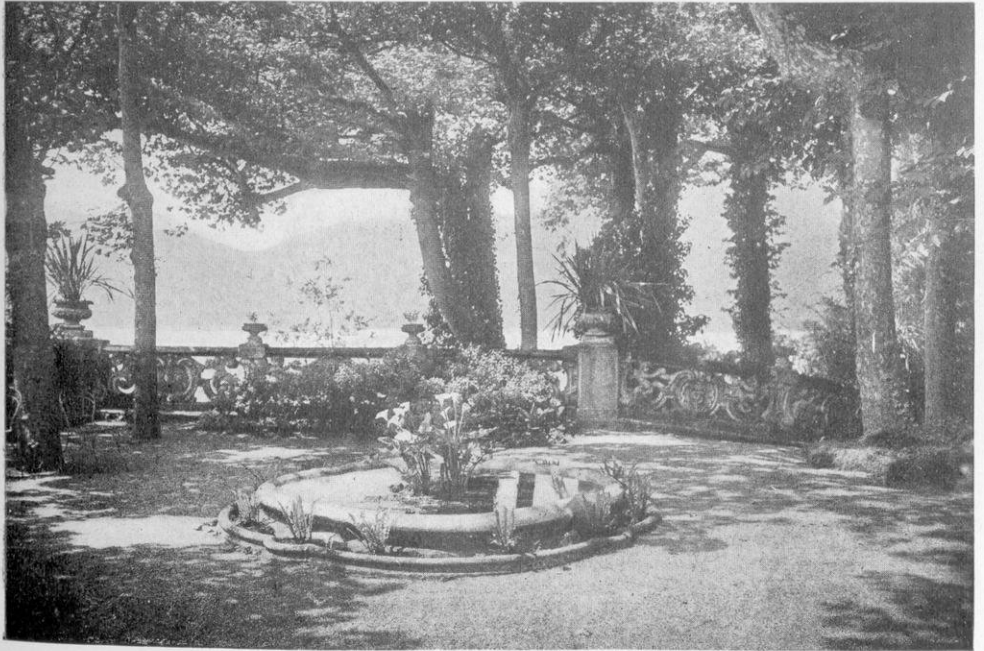
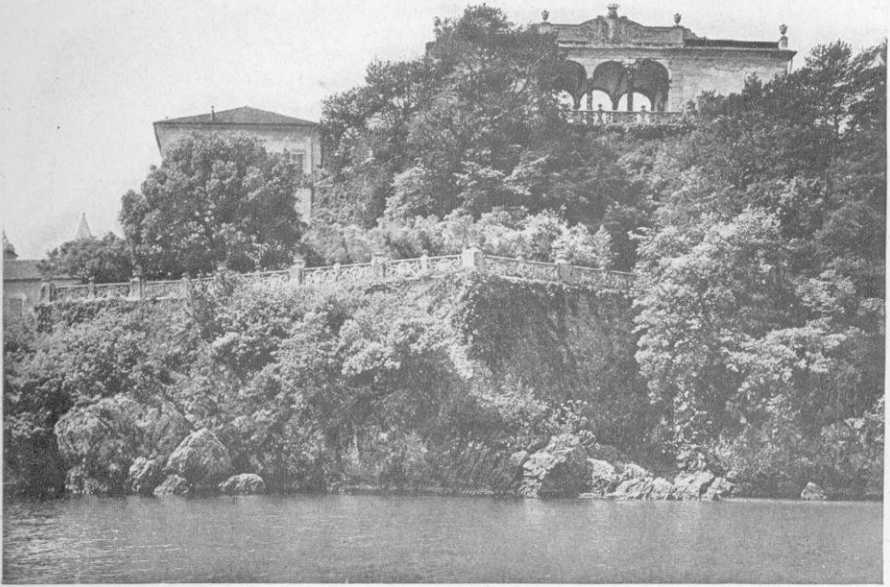
Little wonder that one hears old voices in one's heart in Italy.



"TOWARD SUNSET I TAKE MY BOAT AND ROW
ALONE TO THE WATER GATE OF THE OLD GARDEN."



"IT IS PLEASANT TO SEE THAT GATE, ANCIENT,
IVY-GROWN, STANDING IN THE SHADOW OF ITS
SCULPTURED CYPRESSES."



"ON THE VERY CREST OF THE GARDEN IS THE *loggia divina*. IT IS LIKE SOME OLD CLOISTER, ARCHED AND SECLUDED."

"THERE IS A STONE BALUSTRADE CIRCLING AROUND THE FOUNTAIN OF THE LILIES IN THE CENTER OF THE LOGGIA."



"ONE DESCENDS TO THE GATE BY A LONG FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS, AND THERE IS A STONE BENCH BENEATH THE TREES WHERE ONE MAY SIT."

MY GARDEN

The great priests, the great lovers, they were once in Italy. They walked in these deserted gardens. Their passions and their prayers—what passions, what prayers!—quiver still in the deep silent shadows. . . . And they are mine and not mine. Strange, they all are departed. Strange, these gardens, so many of them, have lost the magic of a Presence. Little stray Edens, they are in punishment for the perilous peace they opened to mad lovers.

My own garden I like best at twilight. In the daytime it belongs to anybody. But toward sunset the tourists begin to get cross and tired and go back to their hotels. Then I take my boat and row alone to the water gate. For my garden is on a lake—the most beautiful lake in the world. It is best to go just at the moment when the mountains drip with amethyst dyes and the dyes flow down into the water and stain it till the world seems a fabric dipped in purple. It reminds me often of the miracle at the marriage of Cana when at the last, for the sake of love, the water was turned into wine.

AT THE water gate I pause before calling to the gardener—my gardener—to let me in. It is pleasant to see that gate, ancient, ivy-grown, standing in the shadow of its sculptured cypresses. But it is a lonely gate, always waiting for a step which never comes. . . . Then I call, and Giuseppe answers.

Giuseppe is, of course, the gardener. He is old but he can still sing very well. The first time I went to my garden I heard him singing a Neapolitan love song in a minor key, full of a desperate longing. I can never hear it now away from that place without a like longing for the garden. "*Cuarda cua chistu ciardino,*" he sang, which means in English—nothing worth translating. He is old and short and fat. His hair is white, his neat little beard is white. His face is tanned and wrinkled and benign as the good earth. Like his voice, his eyes are young and smiling. He is a poet, a gardener, and something of a saint. When he speaks his voice is slow and round and full. It is his pride, in a locality where only a bastard dialect is spoken, to use beautiful Italian. I can imagine no more perfect gardener on earth.

"It is as beautiful as ever, Giuseppe."

"Yes, *signore,*" he smiles. "I do my best. But—" his face clouds—"I am sad in heart. Of what use? No one comes but strangers."

"There is no news from the *padrona* then?"

"None, *signore.* She never comes to see what I have done. Almost, almost, I have lost my will to—"

"No, no, Giuseppe."

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"Ah, no, *signore*, I have not. It is my life, this garden. If it should die, I should die also. It is religion, beauty, love, all for me."

"Yes—I understand that."

"Come to see the roses, *signore*," he laughs. And we go to see the roses. But I cannot describe the roses in my garden. I should not know how to speak of them. They are a sweet madness to assail the steadiest head.

Presently he leaves me alone. He is a person of delicate sensibilities; he knows I like best to be alone there. And then it is all my garden—or, perhaps, all his. At any rate we do not interfere. Not even the shadowy Marchesa X—— who owns—sad word—our garden, troubles me. She never comes now. It is said she was unhappy here, from which I argue she is an unworthy person and has done well to solace herself in Paris. Giuseppe says it is fifteen years since she last came. He mourns not her, but her praise. It is dull business for an Italian servant never to see his *padrona*.

It lies on the face of a great promontory jutting out into the lake, my garden. A high, proud, wooded promontory open to all sun and wind and the whole stretch of the lake. On its very crest is the *loggia*. It is like a bit of some old cloister, arched and secluded. The vines grow green on its walls and pillars and balustrades in spring; in autumn they are blood-red. To me it is the *loggia divina* and here I come first of all to watch on one side the sunset, on the other the reflected glory of it. All the flowers of Paradise are in the sky. The mountains are the walls of heaven, the lake is the gate. Emeralds and amethysts and opals and pearls. . . . It is useless to talk of it. One becomes only banal and commonplace. It is none of those things I have foolishly named. It is only sunset on the most beautiful lake I know. The land is serene. A luminous peace falls. Out of the watery distance come the sweet wet notes of vesper bells. I seem to see the silence, to feel the shadows. I am in my garden.

Later I walk the secret paths that also wait for the step which never comes. The dusk advances slowly, a gradual tide unheard. The blossoms lose their color and become frail, pale chalices of fragrance against the green dark. The wide, wonderful slope of oleanders, the very flame of love in the sun, is flickering and ghostly. The leaves grow heavier, the hedges thicker, the trees more massive. . . . It is all peace. There are gardens which are sinister and hint of murder and unholy doings. Not so mine. There has been no bloodshed here. It is a garden for love.

As I go up and down the stone stairways and on through the graveled paths, the sadness of it all deepens like the night. It is

A RAINBOW SONG

almost an agony. I, like the gate, like the paths, like the silent shut *palazzo*, like the prayerless chapel, find myself waiting, waiting, waiting, for the step which never comes, for the hands which never are stretched out; for the voice which never speaks. It is *She* whom I can almost remember, *She* who is the "*Air doux et tendre—jadis aimé*—" *She* who is Love and the Dream of Love; *She* whom every wanderer like me in the forsaken Italian gardens half hopes to meet—and who never comes.

Once in my garden I stayed late and saw the full moon shoulder itself over the Grigna. I stood in what Giuseppe calls the *nido d'amore*—a nest in the rock above the water, overhung with green. One descends to it by a long flight of stone steps and there is a stone bench beneath the trees where one may sit. It is cruel to go there alone; crueller to go with someone whom one does not love. . . .

. . . The moon shouldered itself over the Grigna. I rested on the stone balustrade listening to the lake plaintively beating an ancient rhythm at the feet of the rocks. The light crept along the water like delicate trembling golden fingers. There was no wind; only the "wandering airs" of perfume. A nightingale sang. . . . I cannot put it into words. It was too beautiful. And it was the saddest moment of my life. . . . Almost, almost, I remembered.

A RAINBOW SONG

RAINBOW, Rainbow over my head,
Orange, violet, yellow and red,
Blue and indigo, bordered with green,
Rainbow, Rainbow, what is your sheen?
Snatched-up color, glimmering near,—
Only Shadows, Shadows of Here!

Mist in dawn-light, floating in whirls,
Heart of opals and satin of pearls,
Shining feathers of ring-throated dove,
Tears made bright with the wonder of love,
Fairy bubbles poised in the sun,
Trembling cobwebs, gossamer spun,
Peacock tails and lining of shells,
Morning-glory's wide-awake bells,—
These throw shadows into the sky
These weave Rainbow Ribbons on high.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

THE THEORY OF GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, WHO BASES ALL HIS WORK UPON THE PRINCIPLE THAT ORIGINALITY IN ARCHI- TECTURE SPRINGS ONLY FROM THE DIRECT MEETING OF MATERIAL CONDITIONS



ONE of the most hopeful signs that, as our national life gains in coherence and in unity of purpose, we are developing a distinctive and characteristic type of architecture, is found in the fact that our dwellings are growing more and more expressive of our needs, of the conditions of our life and of our character as a people, and that this is true not only of the far West but of the more settled and conventional East. It is only natural that our first original modern expression of domestic architecture should show itself on the Pacific Coast, for the people of the West are above all things pioneers and have a way of dashing aside all tradition and prejudice and getting directly at the thing that meets their requirements in the most practical way. The people of the East are inevitably more conservative, and the fact that Europe is easier of access to them accounts for their more general dependence upon architectural forms that bear a close resemblance to what they have seen and admired abroad. Especially is this true of our Eastern architects, who for the most part are content to found all they do upon some recognized and established form that has gained the approval of other and more widely cultured peoples. But now and then a pioneer comes forward, not alone from among the new men who have a name to make and who therefore can afford to take the risk of expressing an original idea, but from the ranks of our best-known architects. And when the latter happens, we usually get something so well worth while that it is fitted to stand as one of the foundation stones of a permanent national style.

One of the most noted among the prominent architects who are doing just such vital work is Grosvenor Atterbury, who, although he is more generally known through the excellence of his formal public buildings, is becoming more and more widely recognized for the charm and originality of his dwellings. The masterly way in which he handles the economic problem of housing large numbers of people cheaply, yet well and attractively, is shown in the famous Phipps' Tenements of New York, accounts of which have been so widely published that the general plan of them is familiar to most people who take any interest in the building art. But to us the most interesting side of his art is shown in the phase with which we are dealing here,—



Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect.



Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect.

"A CHAPEL AT SEAL HARBOR, MAINE: A PERFECT COMBINATION OF SHINGLES AND STONE, GIVING AN EFFECT OF KINDLINESS AND STRENGTH."

"THE CHURCH OF ALL ANGELS AT SHINNECOCK HILLS. A CHAPEL SUITED TO THE LANDSCAPE OF DULL COLOR AND BROKEN CONTOUR."



Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect.

"A COUNTRY HOME OF HALF-TIMBER CONSTRUCTION, ESPECIALLY SUITED TO ITS SURROUNDINGS. A TYPE OF ENGLISH HOUSE BUILT OF BRICK AND WOOD."

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that of purely domestic architecture or the designing of dwellings, especially country dwellings, for people of comparatively moderate means. The underlying unity that finds expression in all the varying phases of his work, in spite of the great versatility it shows, is ascribed by Mr. Atterbury himself to his conviction that no man can create an original and forceful design as a mere work of art, because all his creative power depends upon the conditions with which he has to deal and upon his power of recognizing each individual need and meeting it in the most direct way.

Such a basis for working offers a complete explanation of the widely varied achievements of this man, for by recognizing the fact that no one can do vital work without the inspiration of conditions which must be met and mastered, he has welcomed the limitations which beset the architect and has so used them that they have become the secret of his power. Innumerable things affect the planning and building of a house. The climate must be considered, the contour of the landscape and its prevailing color, the character of the soil upon which the house stands and the vegetation with which it is surrounded, the personal needs of the owner and, more than all, the amount of money that the latter feels he can afford to put into a dwelling. In coping with practical problems like these, tradition is of small account, for the real work of the architect lies in grasping the significance of these conditions,—limitations or advantages as they may be,—and arranging them in their best and truest relation. They form, as it were, a certain set of premises and when they are marshaled in proper order, the natural result is the logical and necessary conclusion. A building growing thus logically out of its own peculiar set of premises must be original because no other conditions could have produced exactly the same result.

Architecture so stated would seem a simple pursuit for any man, but a good theory may pave the way to much bad production. Before it is safe to let one's theory dominate one's work, it is necessary to possess absolute honesty, keen perception and sound judgment. At this point also the gifts of intuition and imagination enter in and affect the result. Not everyone has the power to see truly and consistently. The conditions that mean one thing to one man may mean infinitely more or much less to another, or they may be interpreted from quite another point of view. In any case, the original quality in any one man's work depends upon his realization and interpretation of the conditions with which he is confronted, and the degree as well as the charm of the original idea he expresses must be in proportion to the degree of truth in his apprehension of these conditions. The so-called creative artist must first of all be a deep seer, and after

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that a truthful interpreter, for originality does not lie in working away from the established order, but rather in working deeper into it.

IT IS impossible here to give more than a suggestion of Mr. Atterbury's achievement in architecture and even that must be a suggestion of only one phase of it. The conditions under which a home is built, no matter how elaborate and complex are the personal needs of the people who live in it, are fundamentally different from the conditions imposed by the impersonal demands of a corporation such as a city, state or country. Therefore it is much less possible than it would be in most instances to call any group of houses or buildings representative of this architect. They represent him as working under certain conditions, but they do not represent what he would be doing were any of the conditions altered.

Among the buildings we illustrate here the nearest approach to the interpretation of what we may call impersonal conditions is seen in the two little chapels, one built at Seal Harbor and the other at Shinnecock Hills. In each case a limited amount of money was in the hands of the committee on finance; the congregation was small, intermittent and shifting and had no definite characteristic, so the demand was for something simple in nature,—more simple than the usual church. Mr. Atterbury responded with these two chapels, in which the intimate personal atmosphere that ought always to belong to country life and the dignity consistent with a place of worship are so combined as to produce two veritable little Houses of God. This essential characteristic belongs to both buildings; otherwise they have little in common.

Seal Harbor, in the State of Maine, is for the most part a summer settlement built about one of the little island-dotted harbors found all along that coast. The country is hilly, with a sparse growth of pines, the coast line rugged and the coloring deep. We find therefore that the chapel designed for these surroundings has a high foundation, doorway and walls built of the gray stone found in this part of the State. The remainder of the building is shingled and perhaps its most charming feature is the perfect combination of shingles and stone in the construction. The high-pitched roof has a wide overhang and the peak of the gable is deeply hooded, the hood rounding out slightly to repeat the line of the hood over the arched stone doorway below. The effect of this is to give a vivid impression of the protecting character of the edifice, for both roof and hoods have a hovering look as if gathering the little building under widespreading wings. Also the low wide arch of the doorway and the curves of these hoods suggest the contour of the low rounded hills in the background. The whole



Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect.

"A LOG CABIN BUILT ON A SMALL ISLAND IN LONG ISLAND SOUND, THE CONSTRUCTION OF NATIVE STONE AND SPRUCE SLABS."

"A VIEW OF THE LIVING ROOM IN THE LOG CABIN, SHOWING WOOD CONSTRUCTION OF ROOF AND WALLS."



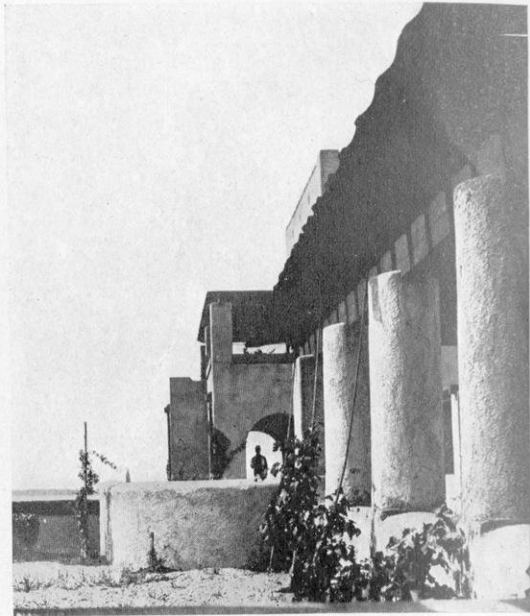
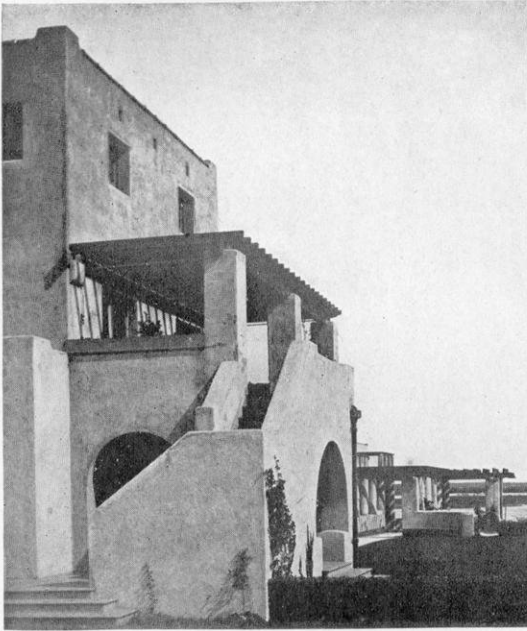
Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect.

"TWO VIEWS OF A COTTAGE AT WATER MILL, LONG ISLAND. THE HOUSE STANDS ON A TERRACE AND THE LINES OF THE ROOF SUGGEST THE SLOPING SURFACE OF THE LANDSCAPE."



Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect.

"TWO COTTAGES AT SHINNECOCK HILLS. THE RELATION OF THE ROOFS TO THE CONTOUR OF THE LANDSCAPE IS ESPECIALLY NOTICEABLE. THE UPPER HOUSE IS OF INTERESTING SHINGLE CONSTRUCTION AND THE LOWER OF RED BRICK."



Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect.

"DETAILS OF CEMENT HOUSES AT ISLIP, LONG ISLAND. THE ADAPTATION OF THE HOUSES TO THE LAND IS SO HARMONIOUS THAT IT SUGGESTS PICTURESQUE ANTIQUITY. THERE IS A DISTINCT SUGGESTION OF THE OLD SPANISH-AMERICAN HOUSES IN THE DIGNITY AND BEAUTY OF THESE DWELLINGS."

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effect is that of kindliness and sheltering strength as well as of great solidity and permanence.

The Shinnecock chapel is built of dull red brick and the walls are pierced with many leaded casements. The entrance into the open vestibule is beautifully framed in a light Gothic arch of wood. The roof, which extends over the vestibule, is flattened at the peak so that its edge roughly repeats the line of the arch and the whole front seems to taper finally into the heavy cross at the top. This chapel is peculiarly suited to a landscape of dull color and light broken contour, and its name, the Church of All Angels, is admirably chosen to symbolize the airy and delicate dignity that characterizes it.

The detail of the country house of half-timber construction with brick is an excellent example of Mr. Atterbury's versatility. The house is definitely English in type and in the way it settles into its surroundings. The rambling roofs show interesting differences in height, and the varying colors of the brick contrast well with the dark woodwork and add an accenting note to the well-kept English type of country that forms the environment. The flight of steps bending around the corner of the house and leading to a porch on the second story is particularly interesting in placing and construction, with a balustrade effect of wood set into the brick. An arched doorway into the first story breaks the plain expanse of wall beneath the porch. The house drops gradually in height from the main roof and the line is continued in the high brick wall on the left.

Windows of all shapes and sizes are most effectively set in unexpected places and help to give the suggestion that the house has been put together at different periods and is a growth of time. Take for example the group of windows at the meeting of what seems to be three distinct periods in building. At the very center is the romantic little casement, opening outward, that throws light into the angle and adds immeasurably to the interest; then the long narrow windows that suggest "squints" in what might have been an old feudal tower; to the right is the simple window of modern household use, the timbers that frame it running down to the belt course, and above that is the hooded dormer in some chamber. The small portion of this house that is shown offers a surprising source of interest and study, especially in the appropriateness and variety of ways in which the materials are handled.

IF WE conclude from this that Mr. Atterbury's forte is English country architecture, let us turn to the accompanying illustration of the entrance into a log cabin built on a small island in Long Island Sound. The little parcel of land is wooded with a medium growth

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of spruce, pine and oak. The bungalow is built of spruce slabs on a foundation of the native stone. The porch entrance, in the angle between a wing and the main part of the house, is thickly sheltered by foliage, to which the porch supports appear like accessory tree trunks. The entrance is noticeable only because of the road that leads to it. The whole cabin is illusive in outline and seems to vibrate, as one looks at it, in and out of its background; a quality that would have made our pioneer ancestors declare unreservedly that a man so peculiarly fitted to solve their architectural problem must be several generations too late for his truest usefulness.

The interior of this cabin is distinguished from the usual rough interior by the suggestion of the outside construction found in the round logs that form the frame of the broad doorway between the two rooms and are used as a finish in other places. Everywhere the rafters and supports are left exposed. A thick beam has been placed across the corner, under which suspended curtains make a vestibule about the door. The door itself is of "Dutch" design, and is made of plain boards strapped with long iron hinges. It opens with an old-fashioned thumb latch.

That Mr. Atterbury meets existing modern conditions quite as successfully as the imagined requirements of pioneer life is made very clear by the next four illustrations of modern Long Island cottages of the simpler sort. The first and second of these illustrations show two views of a cottage at Water Mill. The house stands on a terrace sloping gradually upward from the water. There is little shade in the vicinity, but the walls are honeycombed with porches, which give the depth of shadow necessary both for the attractive appearance and for the comfort of the house. The use of brackets beneath the projection of the roof, and the slender rustic balcony across the front supported by the beams of the house, give a lightness to the upper story, which, with the many windows, bring into sharper contrast the deep cool porches. The roof is a dull red and the walls are stained a greenish brown.

The pillars that support these porches are very attractive in themselves. They are of red bricks laid flat, each alternating one set on edge with the head projecting. Every view of the house has some especial interest; the disposal or the beauty of a window, the use of a lattice, or the placing of a flower box. No matter from what point of view the building is seen, it is always attractive and interesting and always consistent with itself and with its purpose.

In all these houses where the natural shade is small and the country level and dull in color, we notice long sweeping roofs with dormer windows lighting the upper rooms. These are particularly desirable,

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because they serve to relieve the line of the roof, without interfering with its assimilation by the background. The effect of the graceful dormers and long, low roof is most clearly exhibited in the second cottage standing at Shinnecock. Here, the relation of the slow sweep of roof and the lazy undulation of the pale grass could hardly escape the attention even of the unobservant. Here again we have a daring variety of windows. The lower story of this cottage is of red brick, a satisfying touch of color that is always welcome in a marine landscape.

WE HAVE still another distinct and equally delightful expression of Mr. Atterbury's inexhaustible originality, in the group of details from cement houses. Three of these are taken from a little colony of cement buildings at Islip, Long Island. They stand on a flat, sandy, light-saturated area, or rather, rise from it, and in each case are almost surrounded by canals and inlets from the Sound. The background is breeze-ruffled blue water, whitish sand and the sparse gray-green vegetation characteristic of such soil. The houses and land seem to have been evolved simultaneously. The situation is, in a way, similar to the old Spanish-American houses built on the sun-soaked plains of the Southwest, for from beneath the deep shadow of the arches one looks out everywhere upon a dazzling landscape.

These details are shown chiefly because of the striking and massive effect that is obtained with the cement (the effect of stone rather than of stucco), because of the variety shown in the treatment of similar houses similarly placed and because of the entirety of each portion. Every detail is beautiful and complete in itself and yet necessary to the whole. One can build a fairly definite scheme of the houses because of the inevitableness of the parts that are shown.

It is easy to imagine the picture framed by the archways and the rows of columns in the photograph of the gate leading toward the water. The severe angles of the porch and straight lines of the architrave are relieved by the curved supports of the roofs over them, and what interest the curving wall that fitly ends the colonnade adds to the walls and arches beyond! A general idea of the use of pillars in these houses is given in the detail that suggests more definitely the Spanish architecture. Here we have the walled roof pierced for defence and the deep-set windows high in the walls. The group of archways under the raised veranda is very beautiful, leading as it does from the lower story out upon the lawns and through a colonnade to the water and the boathouse.

Perhaps the most interesting of these houses is the one with the tower. The simple effect shows on analysis the application of an

A PRAYER

overwhelming amount of detailed attention. The stairway leading over the arched entrance to the porch on the second story leads also to a shallow veranda similar to the one seen in the foreground; the windows of the tower are exquisitely disposed; the construction of the flower box in which the proportions of wood and cement are reversed; all these are but the more obvious factors in a lasting fascination. Each little bracket adds its definite contribution to the whole and casts its little shadow to the best effect. In the last picture of the group, taken from a house built under quite different circumstances at Cold Spring Harbor, even the waterspouts that drain the shallow balcony are made a source of interest and decoration. The effect of this house is much lighter and much more conventional and it is set in a conventional surrounding of wooded American country.

These few fragments of Mr. Atterbury's design are, as we have said, of necessity inadequate as a representation of his work; but they are not intended to represent his work. They simply illustrate the theory that lies at the base of some domestic architecture as thoroughly developed, interesting and beautiful as any this country can at present boast.

A PRAYER

“**O**H, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us.”
Lots o' trouble might be spared us,
Mony pangs o' heart be saved us;
E'en we might be mair indulgent
Mair forgivin', mair content.
Not sae prone to envy others,
Pleased wi' a' that God has sent.
Maist of us are sorry creatures,
Awfu' weak and apt to fa';
Maist of us will look for Mercy
When we reach the Judgment Ha'.
Yet at heart we're rarely loyal
To each other i' our thoughts.
Just what's wrang wi' others strikes us,
But we're blind to our ain faults.
Why not then stop a' pretendin',
Look oursel's straight i' the face,
Keep on prayin', “Lord, forgie us,
For we need Thy savin' grace?”

J. C. H. BEAUMONT.

THE BUSY MAN: BY MARJORIE SUTHERLAND

"The things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be?"



HE nurse drew the white woollen coverings deftly about the patient's shoulders, then she turned out the light and started for the door. "Wait," said the voice from the bed. "Why?" asked the nurse. "I want to tell you something." "What? Are you not so comfortable?" "Yes. I feel almost well—quite well." "Oh." "You are surprised? Yes, I know. You need not try to hide it. I can speak only for a little time. I know that. Will you wait?" "There is the baby upstairs. I must go there." "Yes, I know; it was of the baby I wished to speak." "Oh," said the nurse, retreating to the open window and standing there in the darkness.

Again the voice sounded from the bed: "I want you to tell the baby upstairs and those who are to take care of him, that an old man is dying in the room below. An old man—a lover and a father, but that he is loveless now, and childless. I am in my right mind. My brain is clear now. I am perfectly calm, perfectly sane. I am not telling you a story for books—oh, never that—but I have lived here a while and I know. Tell this to those who belong to the helpless, inarticulate, unknowing creature upstairs. Tell them that somebody always pays; that no man ever loved, or hated, or struggled, or won—or lost—with higher tension than the man who is speaking now. I do not ask them to believe in any god, any mortal person, any man-made power; I do not ask them to be over-cautious, to be afraid, to be superstitiously prudent or free—only tell them that somebody always pays. I know this to be true, because I have paid."

"What do you mean?" asked the nurse.

"Listen; I have lain in this bed for five weeks. I have used my head much during that time, day and night,—hot, restless days and nights filled with agony and remorse. I shall never get up again—you know that—but if I could get up again I would be a companion to men.

"I would make me a garden, the garden which I failed to make twenty-five years ago. The garden would be after the English style. There would be a lily pond in the center, and a border of mulberry trees along the paths, with birches back of the sun-dial and bass-woods next the road. There would be a honeysuckle trellis by the summer house and a bank of violets, and then tulips, sweet peas, roses and asters. I know just where each of them would be placed, but I will not go into great detail now—it—it is too late.

"Beyond the garden you would find my house. Perhaps I should have mentioned the house first. But then, it makes little difference—

THE BUSY MAN

the house would be there, a neat, roomy shelter, with French doors with brass knobs, and inside would be books and pictures whose every line bespoke my care and foresight. There would be a brass fire-place too, and all of the *necessary* things which go to make a house.

“Somebody else would look after the house—my wife. I had a wife one time and three beautiful children. I said a moment ago that I was childless, and so I am. I was so very busy when my children were growing up that I had scant time to notice them—and I—I’m making up that time now.

“If I were back in that dwelling at this moment I would take my son by the hand, lead him into the library, mine and his, and we two comrades would sit down in the presence of Shakespeare, Carlyle and Victor Hugo. We would talk together like friends about the activities of men and about the beauties of the world. When we had sat in the book room long enough we would turn one of the brass knobs of the French doors and go tramping or riding out beyond the garden and over the hills, noticing carefully as we went the voices, webs, tracks and homes of all the creatures which lived along our path. I can almost see those two going over the hill. How strange that events which never happened should seem so familiar!

“Again, I would take my daughter’s hand. We would go into the garden and take our place by the dial to watch the sun set. Others would be near the dial, too—Antigone, Queen Louise, Lorna Doone, the Lady of Shalott. But we should be the happiest of them all, because we were alive and in love with life. Think of youth without a garden—without a sun-dial or a honeysuckle vine, or a space to watch the moon rise and the sun set—think of being too busy for that!

“On a bit of paper I have said that I consign to my children the banks and bonds which I have so busily accumulated. But I have left them no memories, no rare books with marked passages, no heritage of May mornings, of comradeship, of November nights about the library fireplace, no April rambles through damp woods. My voice, the turn of my head, the gleam of my eyes will accompany them through life, but they do not know it. They do not care because they never knew me. I will keep them in opulence, a soft, cowardly opulence, all their days, which they will accept with eager greed that I never took time to avert. Do not think that I am pitying myself. I am only pitying them—strangers!—bearing my name—whom I pity from the roots of my life, because their father was such a busy man.

“I might have sat with my son within the shadow of the Parthenon, or among the sapphire hills of the Tyrol; I might have told him stories of past men, of past nations, of ancient skill and vigor and

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love, but I did not—I was too busy. I did not even tell him that a lark builds its nest in the growing corn, while an oriole swings hers from the branch of an elm; a poor man could tell his son so much—a policeman or a cobbler,—and it would take only a little time.

“I never told my son that *being* something was worth more than *having* something. I never told him that a skilled craftsman was the noblest work of God. I never told him that I thought there was a God, or anything divine in beauty or harmony or labor or love.

“You, woman, I tell you this because you are the keeper of that little thing upstairs. Tell him that someone always pays, but the one who pays the greatest price is the one who is too busy.”

LOVE'S INFINITY

THOUGH I have given all my love to thee,
Abundance measureless remains behind.
Freely I give, for thou shalt never find
A barrier to my soul's infinity
Of tenderness or passion. Canst thou see
The confines of immensity that bind
The star-mote's journey and the tireless wind?
They are no farther than the marge of me.

Boundless I am as the star-dancing deep
Reflected in this bubble that is I.
Gaze till thine eyes are weary, and then sleep
Within the bosom of the mirrored sky.
Love has no limit that I need to keep,
Love has no terror that I need to fly.

ELSA BARKER.

HISTORY IN ARCHITECTURE: REMODELING AN OLD STONE HOUSE, AND THE HISTORICAL QUALITY ACHIEVED: BY CHARLES MATLACK PRICE



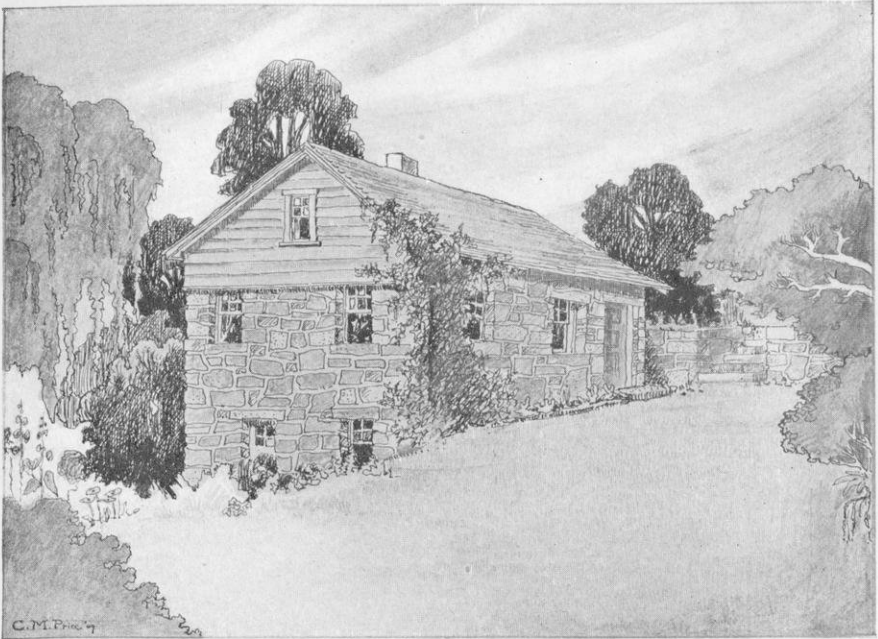
IT is a strange inconsistency in outlook which impels Americans to travel the world over to find and admire historical conditions and return to their own land to destroy every possibility of a genuine development of history in architecture. Our imaginations do not seem to work without the intervening sea voyage. In England we seem capable of understanding the real value of progressive beauty in architecture; in America we are iconoclasts, and progress only through destruction.

Is it that we build so badly and can only restore our self-respect by obliterating our homes from generation to generation? Or does our architecture mean so little to us because it is artificial, unrelated to our lives, a superficial, impermanent expression of some whim or fashion? This latter may be largely true, and yet there have been built in America houses that are fundamentally good, the simple stone farmhouses of a century ago, the old Colonial brick dwellings,—to these could have been added without destroying the proof of a fresh interest in life, a fresh culture, a more varied taste, when a larger area of home space was needed. But this has rarely been done. We have torn down what of beauty we have had architecturally and we have seldom replaced it with as much beauty.

It is because English architecture is so inevitably sincere at the start as well as in every change and addition that we find it such an artistic satisfaction, and remark unthinkingly that “nowhere but in England are such houses possible,” adding, regretfully and without any sense of responsibility, that “American architecture is crude, banal, blatantly modern.” When pressed to analyze the characteristic charm of English dwellings which have called forth such despairing commendation from us, we usually say that it lies in the inimitable charm which a varied history has wrought in the building,—as though history could be the exclusive possession of England, quite forgetting that England was once young.

Yet, admitting for the sake of argument that American architecture is crude, blatantly modern, let us ask ourselves if it does not lie in the power of American architects to change this and to begin the building of an architecture that shall develop in time the inimitable charm of history, that quality which makes for such lasting beauty in English dwellings.

The means are in the hands of our architects, and simple to a



Remodeled by Price & King, Architects.

ORIGINAL COTTAGE OF GRAY FIELD STONE, PICTURESQUELY PLACED ON HILLSIDE.

VIEW OF COTTAGE AFTER FIRST ENLARGEMENT, WITH WING ON THE DOWN-HILL SIDE AND HANGING PORCH.



Suggestions for further enlargement of stone cottage: Price & King, Architects.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER ENLARGEMENT OF STONE COTTAGE, EMBRACING A LONG LOW WING WITH LEADED CASEMENTS AND A DUTCH DOOR, A STUDIO WITH A GAMBREL ROOF AND A LOGGIA COMMANDING A VIEW OF THE DISTANT SEA AND LOW-LYING LAND BETWEEN.

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degree,—frankness of expression, so widely taught and so seldom followed, is the keynote, a more genuine understanding of the ways of American life and a greater appreciation of the fact that these ways are worth expressing follows. Formerly when successive generations modified their homes, as conditions, social, political and otherwise, changed about them, these modifications were closely related to the life itself, and there existed none of that false pride, or whatever inane impulse it is that impels a man today to interpret the idea of changing a house into totally obliterating it, and producing, instead of the modified old, something unique and unrelated to all conditions. We still held somewhat of the old English feeling that all change must come through necessity and must express all possible harmonious beauty, and that destruction was not one way of achieving it. Perhaps it would be worth our while to find out what really can be done in America in the way of the development of a house from a very simple structure into something both beautiful and useful without the destruction of a single phase of its first growth.

OF course, in this house which we have in mind, the changes were accomplished in a few years, not in centuries, as was the case with the wonderful old Tanglely Manor in England, which dated back to the time of fortified houses. Tanglely Manor was a strongly built, more or less castellated affair, pierced for archery, with high windows and surrounded by a moat,—a small fortress in itself. The days of internal strife vanishing before a changed civilization, the old moated house became the nucleus of a more domestic dwelling place. Wings were thrown out, an entire new front was added in Elizabeth's time, with half-timbered gables and exquisitely disposed leaded lights. The modern house owner would have filled in the moat as a useless adjunct to his property and have done all in his power to alter, if not to tear down, the old keep. In the case of Tanglely, the moat was kept and is today a charming water garden at the foot of the lawn, with bridges and artistic garden treatment, and, above all, that priceless atmosphere of history. The old moat means as much to the family as "the cradle of liberty" does to the Bostonian. Both have outlived their original uses, but both today have a value even greater than their original worth. A century's growth of moss has no particular market value as such. If it is growing on a sun-dial in a garden, mere money cannot buy a fragment of it. It has grown into the history of the place.

What gives the charm to an English house if not these echoes of all the people and the happenings that have gone before? It is the fact of adding to all that has been, the new beauty or interest, back even to

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the Norman times; perhaps, some Jacobean descendant added one of the graceful oriel windows that he liked in his neighbor's new house, and his Georgian successor, nothing daunted, put on a porch because he personally liked to sit out after dinner, and even Christopher Wren may have designed a tower or a terrace when his day came. Such a house has a history and a compelling charm which is realized in its fullest and which causes pangs to the American who feels the absence of such beauty in modern America.

It is the purpose of this paper to suggest, by means of a tangible example carefully studied, not only the possibility but, in some sorts of American architecture, the expediency of following this idea of expressing history in building.

As no house could possibly be much over three hundred years old even in the earliest discovered portions of America, we must make up by design and material for that atmosphere which age brings with it to a house. The easiest way of getting this effect is by utilizing the local material that does have real age and which, being local, will emphasize that quality in itself when used in the house.

THE southeastern portion of Rhode Island, figuring on the Coast Survey maps as "The Hills," comprises a large tract of exceedingly stony and arid soil, eminently unsuitable for farming purposes. The basis of the landscape is innumerable small hills with very little level ground, covered with great quantities of field stone, weathered gray from exposure and used unsparingly in the walls of every field and pasture.

This part of Rhode Island is a region of abandoned farms. In many instances the houses have entirely disappeared; those better built stand untenanted and deserted. One of these, a small cottage well built of gray field stone, overshadowed by a great weeping willow, and picturesquely placed on a terrace hillside, attracted the eye of a Philadelphia gentleman of as much discrimination as taste, and he bought it. The place, although small, possessed a certain overwhelming advantage beyond the most magnificent recent palace at Newport; it had a history. Besides being of considerable antiquity in the annals of the countryside, it had housed many a pioneer in the days gone by and many stories were still told of its eccentric owners.

Its orchard was old; the long, fan-shaped parterre leading up to the door was of old, well-grown turf. The terraces were of stone, well weathered, with lichens and vines growing from their gray walls. The great flat stones leading irregularly up to the threshold were old, and none could dispute their ancient appearance. No raw, new work could intrude. By way of making this cottage livable, the new

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owner added certain quaint dormer windows and threw a balcony out from the dining room. The woodwork inside he painted a dull green, and built a quaint and beautiful fireplace in the living room. Thus he added the first page of his own time and taste to the history of his house.

Its owner no longer a bachelor, a time came when the house needed enlargement, which was undertaken and effected in a most consistent way. A wing was thrown out, on the down-hill side, supported on two great stone arches, under which an ice-house was tunneled into the hillside, and the enclosure formed in front of this was a quaint, cobbled kitchen court on the lower terrace level. A flight of stone steps led one up to a small tiled court, connecting the wing with the old house. Here again a paragraph of history appeared in the court, for a pilgrimage through Spain had been immortalized by the setting of a few ancient Spanish tiles among the rest.

The house as it stands today expresses all it has been and is; it is eminently appropriate to the countryside, and belongs to the hills it is built on. Now, conditions demand further expansion, but the hillside forbids this in certain directions. On the side of the lower terrace it falls away too steeply and immediately behind the house it rises with equal abruptness, but it seems possible to extend up and away from the present house in the manner indicated in the illustration. This involves a fascinating difference of grade frowned at by some but acclaimed by others; certainly a departure from the conventional, it is yet unquestionably a logical development and expression of conditions.

FROM the parterre approach the appearance of the house will be that of a large rambling manor of considerable antiquity, as the actual age of the original house has so far sanctified all subsequent additions. Immediately above the present door and leading off at right angles from the present house will run a low-walled terrace, overshadowed by an ancient apple tree and built of weathered stone cut from the hills behind the house. This terrace will form the base of a long low wing (see plan) treated with a line of leaded casements and a Dutch door.

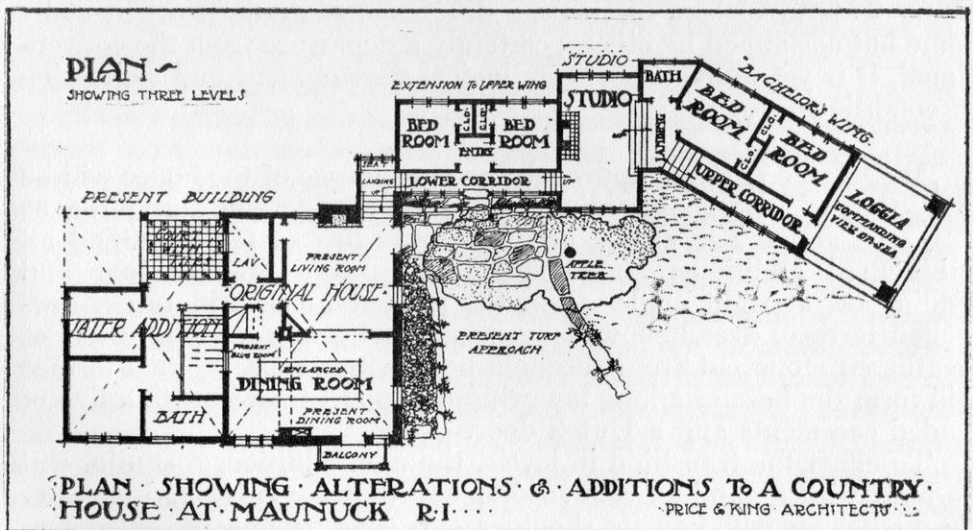
To effect the transition in levels, the next addition, a studio, will be built with a gambrel roof so designed that the ridge and eaves of the first wing will join its shoulder and eaves, while the third and highest wing joins the studio ridge to ridge, eaves to shoulder and base to eaves. The entire upper wing comprising the three members is to be thrown out at an angle to the main extension. The loggia at the end will take due advantage of the height reached and com-

HISTORY IN ARCHITECTURE

mand a view of the distant sea over the low-lying land between.

Inside, a few steps, to the right of the fireplace in the present living room, will lead to a small landing with a window seat. This landing gives access to a long corridor from which open two bedrooms; the corridor is lit by the line of casements and entered from the outside by the Dutch door. Next comes the studio, fitted with a great fireplace; the roof is left unceiled with exposed rafters. A dais-like landing at the head of three steps leads to the farthest wing. This landing provides for all propensities in the amateur theatrical line, with the studio as an auditorium and a conveniently placed greenroom and exit into the wing beyond, another corridor, with two more rooms and a bath which give upon the loggia. This loggia is a broad platform open to the air on three sides with great stone posts supporting the low-pitched roof.

Nor are such developments as these by any means the final word. The little house on the hill can be added to, expanded and enlarged, always keeping what has gone before and frankly expressing the meaning of each addition from generation to generation, until it becomes a second Compton Wynyates—a house with a history.



THE FRIENDLY COURT, DEVISED TO HELP RATHER THAN PUNISH THE CHILD DELINQUENT: BY MARY E. WATTS



IN ANY working day of the week there may be seen pouring in and out of a small, low building at the northwest corner of Eleventh Street and Third Avenue a stream of children, some of them well fed and well clad, but for the most part anxious and pale looking, and wearing the unmistakable garments of the street Arab, the ragged clothes much too large, evidently intended for adult wearers and—telling the story even more plainly—the pathetic shoes burst open at the sides and turning up grotesquely at the ends. When they go in on the Third Avenue side, these children are usually in the charge of policemen or the agents of the Children's Society; when they come out on the Eleventh Street side, if they are so fortunate as to do so, they are often accompanied by their parents, in most instances the bewildered or irresponsible fathers and mothers of the tenements. These children are the defendants in the actions of the Children's Court, which sits in this low and uncomfortable building and gathers into its paternal arms the city's waifs and strays of childhood, which defends them against neglect, admonishes them, punishes them, sets them upon the straight path toward honest and useful manhood and womanhood and appoints guardians to help them on the way.

The courtroom is invariably crowded with the relatives and friends of the children who are on trial, and the representatives of the various philanthropies which aid the Court in guarding the children while on parole or in disposing of them when they have received sentences to institutions. Children of all ages up to sixteen years come before the Court. Sometimes the defendant is so large that the spectator trembles for the safety of the parent advised by the judge to administer personal chastisement to his offspring. Immediately following such a case the judge may be obliged to lean far over his desk to see a tiny, curly-haired defendant who is sobbing in bewildered fashion and clinging pitifully to the hand of a Court attendant. In such cases the Court candy box, which reposes in the desk of Chief Clerk Ernest K. Coulter, is called into requisition, and has usually been found a most efficacious means of restoring confidence. In cases where even the blandishments of the judge have been powerless to reassure a frightened child, the introduction of such an old, familiar friend as a chocolate cream or a gumdrop has seldom failed to establish cordial relations between the Court and the prisoner at the bar.

THE FRIENDLY COURT

There are three classes of cases in the Children's Court. The largest includes children who have violated city ordinances which restrict their play; the second class includes children who are not properly cared for at home, and the third class in point of size includes children who have shown actual criminal tendencies. When from this last class are taken those children whose criminal conduct can be directly traced to obvious parental neglect, the remainder is so small in comparison with the number of children brought into Court that it is both encouraging and distressing, encouraging because it seems to show how few children are naturally inclined toward an evil course in life, and distressing because so many are permitted to drift that way. If blind Justice were not shackled by precedent and property rights she might well arise after a morning in the Children's Court and cry, "Educate the parents and give the children a place to play, even if the most valuable property in the city must be razed to the ground!" It is the community which is on trial and not the children. On the second count, that of failing to provide playgrounds, the case is so strong against the city of New York that it seems incredible to one who listens to the proceedings of the Children's Court that a city noted for its philanthropy should be willing to be found guilty of such neglect and for so long.

OUT of two thousand six hundred and fifty-five cases tried in the Court in nineteen hundred and seven, eight hundred and twenty-four were those in which the defendants were charged with violation of some ordinance which curtailed their play. Throwing baseballs, kicking footballs, taking part in stone fights, playing cat and building bonfires are among the principal crimes which bring boys to the Children's Court. It is impossible that these sports should be enjoyed in the city streets. Stone fights, in which from fifty to one hundred boys take part, are almost as dangerous as the automobile traffic, and when rival gangs are debating the superiority of the Waverlys and the Third Avenues or some similarly well-matched competitors, they are almost as reckless of human life and limb as is the average chauffeur. These stone fights are the most dangerous of the street games, for the playing of which the children are placed under arrest. All the other sports mentioned, however, if permitted in the city streets, would increase so as to become very dangerous to pedestrians.

The Court, of course, is forced to recognize this side of the matter, and yet every justice who sits in the Children's Court has a secret sympathy with the lads brought up on this sort of charge, recognizing the fact that it is usually a case of ordinary boys and no place to play.

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The boys are rigorously judged, recommended for home chastisement or fined for stone throwing, and they never know that often and often as the reprimanded defendant leaves the courtroom the judge murmurs, "Well, what's the boy to do, I'd like to know?" Nobody knows, or ever will know, until the city or some one of its rich men decides to give the children a playground in every ward, which is the least that would be effective.

Many are the confidences interchanged between judge and defendant in regard to the prohibited street games. The unraveling of the tangled skein of a street fight, stone or fistic, is a pretty sure way to a boy's heart. "Dey was a gang up de street," begins the defendant, and the judge listens patiently, knowing that the story is meant to clear the boy of all participation in unlawful acts, but willing to spend the time for the sake of establishing friendly feelings. In return the judge bestows his confidence on the boy. "You know," he says, "I've determined to break up these stone fights. You tell the other fellows that it is going to be much harder from now on for boys brought in here for throwing stones."

"Yes, sir," promises the boy, and although he has been fined and knows that his father and mother won't be any too cordial to him for depleting the family treasury in this manner, nevertheless he leaves the Court with a pretty good feeling about the judge and a secret pride in the court's dependence on him to keep his end of the town in order.

In this class of cases seasonal disturbances are very noticeable. In summer the largest number are of boys who go in to swim *au naturel*. On very warm days it seems almost ludicrous that small boys who have no bathing suits and no family bath tubs should be punished for yielding to a temptation which renders them much more fit to be members of respectable society. The judges are usually inclined to look leniently on this crime of the small boy and to be a little impatient of the policeman who has brought him to Court for it.

In the fall comes the season of football, coincident with the university games. Then is the time when the stately president of the Rangers' Literary and Athletic Club of Harlem abandons the safer part of the club's programme and finds himself in consequence in the Children's Court charged with kicking a football into the basement of a German lady's house, said German lady having called in three policemen to help her carry the invading football to the station house. It being the day after a big game in which the judge's university has come out best, he has a fellow feeling for all football enthusiasts and the defendant is discharged with an admonition to tell the Rangers to find a vacant lot.

THE FRIENDLY COURT

Not as many boys are brought in charged with football playing as with other street disturbances because comparatively few boys have footballs. That doesn't always deter them from attempting a game, however, as was proved one day last autumn, when two very little boys were brought up charged with kicking a tin can. It was explained that upper West Side residents had been greatly disturbed by the unearthly racket of the can kicking. "Well, what kind of a game is that?" asked the Court of the small boys. Then it developed that it had really been the Princeton-Yale game, only the small boys had no football, so they had substituted the tin cans.

Bonfires, of course, blaze most brightly at election time. On the day after the last election sixty boys were tried in the Children's Court for building bonfires. Besides the danger of setting fire to things, the destruction of city asphalt is much dwelt upon in the admonition of bonfire defendants. To further impress upon the boys what the destruction of city property means, one of the judges who sits in the Court has evolved a little theory of political economy which does not end with telling the boys that asphalt costs six dollars a foot, but brings the expense home to his own door by showing that the increase in taxes, due to the destruction of city property raises rents and the cost of provisions and thus the boy's own father is forced to pay more money because he builds bonfires. Two young defendants who had evidently been sufficiently impressed by the asphalt argument to build a fire in a pail and carry it up on the roof of a tenement, instead of having it in the street, were hurt and astonished when they discovered that their efforts to save the city's asphalt were not in the least appreciated by the police and that they were haled to Court precisely as if they had not tried to do what was right.

A GREAT variety of cases come under the head of improper guardianship. They are the children who are insufficiently provided with the material necessities of life, those who are not kept clean and those whose surroundings are undesirable from a moral point of view. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children brings these children into Court as do also many other philanthropic societies and private persons. Frequently a tenant of an apartment house complains to the Court of the lack of care given to children in the same house. Janitors also bring this matter to the Court's attention. Policemen bring into Court all children found sleeping in the streets, the doorsteps of buildings, etc., lost children and runaways. Children who sell papers or peddle after hours or without a license,—that is, if they are very young,—also come under this division. If they are past fourteen the runaways and peddlers.

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are usually brought up under other charges, that of being ungovernable children or of violating city ordinances.

Sometimes under the charge of improper guardianship children are brought into Court because of a misapprehension or through the interference of overzealous neighbors who have too stereotyped a rule with which to measure the conditions of life. One such case was that of three children, the eldest a girl of nine, who had no mother and were left alone in their tenement house rooms while their father was away at work. When brought into Court the children looked surprisingly well and strong and showed not the least sign of neglect. The eldest girl said that she took care of the other children while her father was away at work.

"And who gets your food?" asked the judge.

"I do," said the little girl. "First I buy it and then I cook it."

"And what do you have?" asked the interested judge.

"Beefsteak and onions," said the small cook, proudly.

Although this little girl was not able under the circumstances to attend school it was deemed best not to break up the happy family group by distributing the children in institutions; instead the father was assured he would be assisted to provide such care for the children at home as would enable the older ones to attend school.

Scarcely a morning passes in the Court without the trial of at least one runaway. There are the out-of-town children who come to New York to see the sights and are found by policemen after their funds have been exhausted, sleeping in doorways or wandering aimlessly about the streets. The city runaways are of two kinds, those who are merely street vagrants addicted to the habit of sleeping in doorways at night and on whom family ties frequently sit no more lightly than they do on their parents, and the more picturesque type who starts for the open every once in a while after a course in Wild West literature. There are many small boys in New York who still believe that Indians and wild animals await them just beyond the city limits. A group of these children were found at midnight in a Harlem restaurant not long ago. A policeman who saw them there went in to inquire why they were out so late and discovered that they were equipped with pistol belts in which were thrust strange, old weapons that they had bought at a junk shop. To a sympathetic inquirer in Court next morning they confided that they had expected soon to be able to find a cave suitable for living purposes, with Indians and bears properly adjacent.

The probation system of the Court has proved most efficacious. "Of the six thousand, five hundred and seventy-nine children placed on probation since the opening of the Court to nineteen hundred and

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seven it has been possible," says the report of the Court, "to set the feet of five thousand, five hundred and forty-three so firmly in the way that leads to good citizenship that neither has their commitment to institutions been necessary nor have they been brought back to Court at any time in all of that period and committed for recurrent offences."

Future generations will have reason to be grateful to the Children's Court for many things and most of all for the personal devotion and untiring zeal which its judges have brought to the discharge of their duty. The justices of the court of special sessions preside in turn over the Children's Court. The law permits the judge to act as magistrate, trial judge and jury combined. No finer exhibition of unaffected devotion to public duty is to be observed in New York than the conduct of the cases in the Children's Court. The judges seem to have it upon their consciences that the boy or girl who comes up before them is at a crucial point in his career, and the responsibility of setting the child in the right direction is discharged by every judge of the Court with unfailing patience and an intelligence that is equally admirable.

THE most serious cases that come to the Court are those of the boy thieves and the girls who have taken to a vicious way of life when in years they are still only children. There are very few girl thieves, but the other kind of girl offenders seem much more hopeless in respect to any possible reformation than do any of the boys. The only hope for girls of this kind, according to the philanthropists who are familiar with their careers, is that they should be taught how to work. Then if such a girl is so fortunate as to win the regard of a man for whom she really cares and who knowing her story is still willing to marry her she sometimes becomes permanently reformed. Boy thieves are in the great majority either pickpocket or sneak thieves. The Court is the sworn foe of the junk dealer who profits by the children's crime and of the older boys or men who invariably train them for their work. The effort of the Court is always to discover these criminal men who make use of the children and exact from them fully fifty per cent. of the value of all that they steal.

Although not the most frequent form of larceny in the Children's Court, burglary is by no means unknown there, and highway robbery is also to be numbered among juvenile crimes. One pale, undersized boy less than nine years old who came into the Court recently had a record of three burglaries, the first having occurred soon after he was eight. He had broken into stores and stolen articles of considerable

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bulk and some value. When arrested the last time he had in his possession a bunch of more than fifty keys with which he might have entered as many houses in the neighborhood.

As regards the functions of the Court, it may be said to occupy primarily the position of a city father, in the true sense of the term. It is precisely this office which it fills toward the children whose home life has proved to be insufficiently helpful or disciplinary. The Court has also recognized from the first the need for parental education and speedily resolved itself into a school for fathers and mothers. The field is a large one, extending all the way from the American mother who is unwilling to admit that her boy could be at fault, to the Italian father who in too many instances when a child is out of work shrugs his shoulders, says "Boy no good," and appears in the Children's Court to ask that he be sent to the *Collegio*, by which title he admiringly designates the Catholic Protectory. It is only fair to the Italian parent to say that he does not regard a sentence to such an institution as a disgrace to the child or his family, but, on the contrary, considers it a means of providing a superior education for the child, somewhat in the nature of a university training. It has been found in a sufficient number of instances for it to have been remarked by the Court officials that the Italian parent looks upon Yale, Harvard and the Catholic Protectory as on a somewhat similar educational footing.

It must be confessed that the Court finds it more difficult to plant the seed of parental education in the mind of the American mother and in that of the fairly prosperous parent of any nationality than in that of the tenement house parent, be he Italian or Hebrew. When these latter, whose principal parental weakness is not overindulgence but rather a desire to relinquish all responsibility for their children, present these views to the Court they suffer a rude awakening when told that if the child is committed to an institution the parent must pay the State two dollars and thirty-five cents a week for its maintenance. Of course this sum is modified when it is found that the parents are actually unable to pay and that it would really be better for the child to be in an institution. The full sum, however, is always quoted as being necessary when it is seen that a parent is merely trying to rid himself of his child. Very often the fact that the State thus holds him responsible for the maintenance of his child is the first revelation the father has had that in America the child is deemed to have a hold upon its parents even when it is unable or unwilling to contribute to the family funds.



TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES PLANNED TO SHOW THAT COMFORTABLE LIVING DEPENDS MORE UPON THE RIGHT ARRANGEMENT THAN UPON THE SIZE OF THE HOUSE: DESIGNED FOR THE HOME BUILDERS' CLUB

WE are showing in this number two Craftsman houses, one of brick and one of stone, that are more than usually original and attractive in design. The rear view only of the brick house is shown in the illustration. The porch of this house gives, in English fashion, upon a garden sunken a few feet, so that a terrace is formed of the land between it and the house. This porch consists of two pergolas, upon which vines may be trained, and between them, a small roof protects the entrance to the door. The open construction of a pergola admits more light to a house than a roofed porch does, and in this case is also more attractive than the usual porch would be, because it is in keeping with the garden that stretches before it. The house may be built of red brick, or of a less usual variety that have rough porous surfaces and come in various dull Oriental colors. These, when artistically arranged, give a wonderfully rich effect. If these were used, the woodwork, which is the soft, deep brown of chemically treated cypress, would be in absolute color harmony. The roof is of slate, which seems more fitting than shingles for a house built of brick, al-

though, of course, it could be roofed with shingles, if preferred. The exposed rafters are treated like the rest of the woodwork, as are also the rafters and purlins in the roof over the doorway. The end walls of the house, with a narrow cement coping along the top, are carried above the roof and form one side of the chimney at either peak. Thus a decorative effect is worked out from a reasonable variation in construction. The flat arches, over the windows, that are necessary to support the walls are carried through to the surface, and in this way an interesting variation is made in the outside of the wall, and at the same time a sufficient finish is given to the windows so that they do not look bare and staring without shutters.

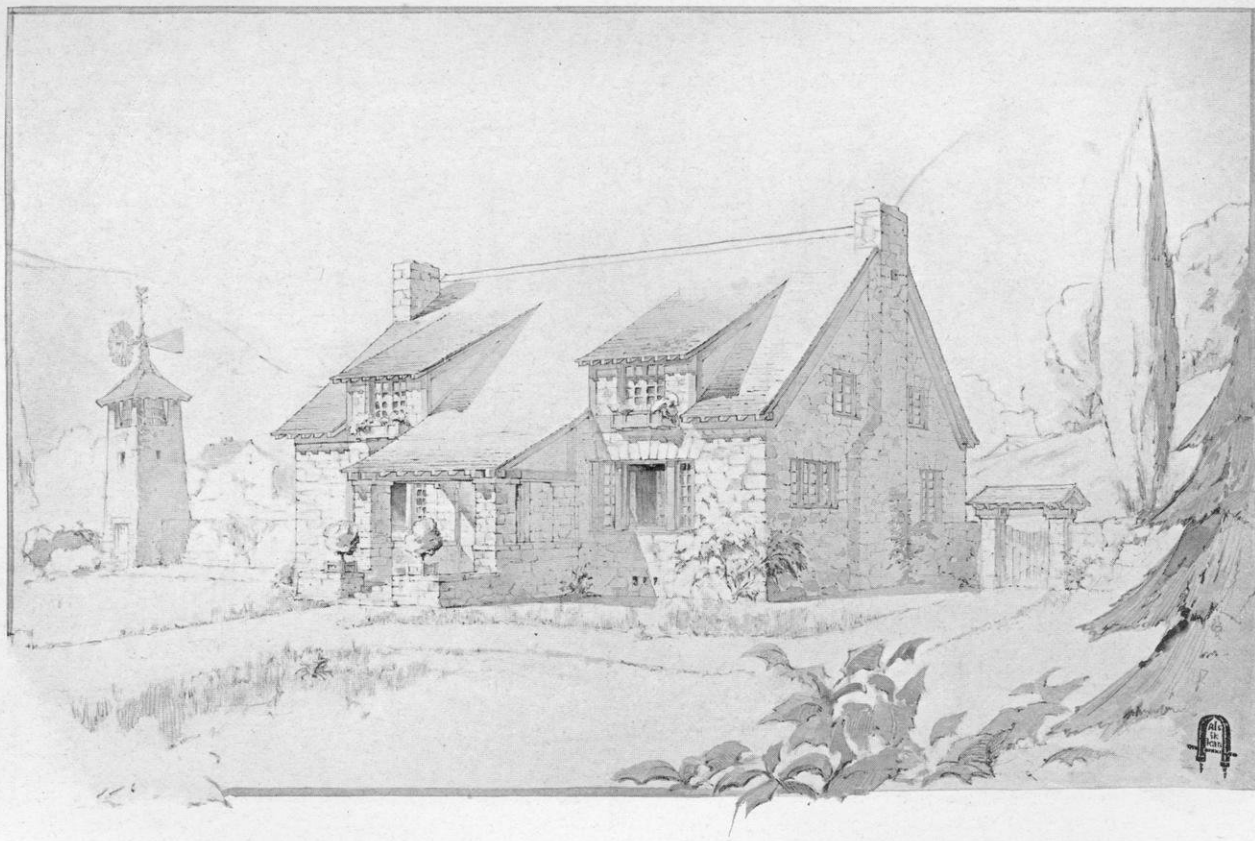
The walls of the wing, thrown out at either side, are also carried up beyond its roof, where they form the parapet of a little balcony. The top of the parapet is slightly crenelated and the depressions are fitted with flower boxes. The balconies are floored with a composition roofing, and are drained by groups of outlets, each the width of a single brick. The drain is above a projecting cornice, which, extending about the whole house, marks



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF BRICK CONSTRUCTION.
DESIGNED TO SECURE THE MOST COMFORT AND
CONVENIENCE FROM THE ARRANGEMENT OF SPACE.



VIEW OF THE LIVING ROOM IN THE BRICK HOUSE,
SHOWING STAIRWAY AND VESTIBULE.

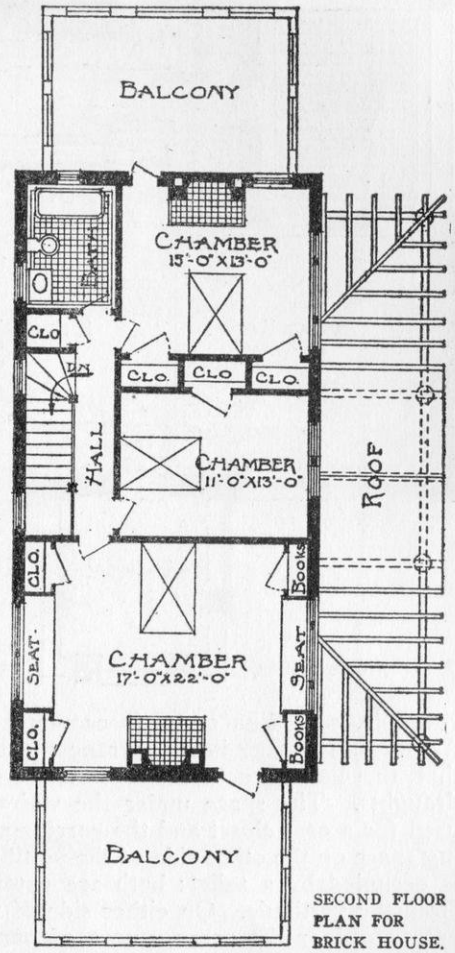
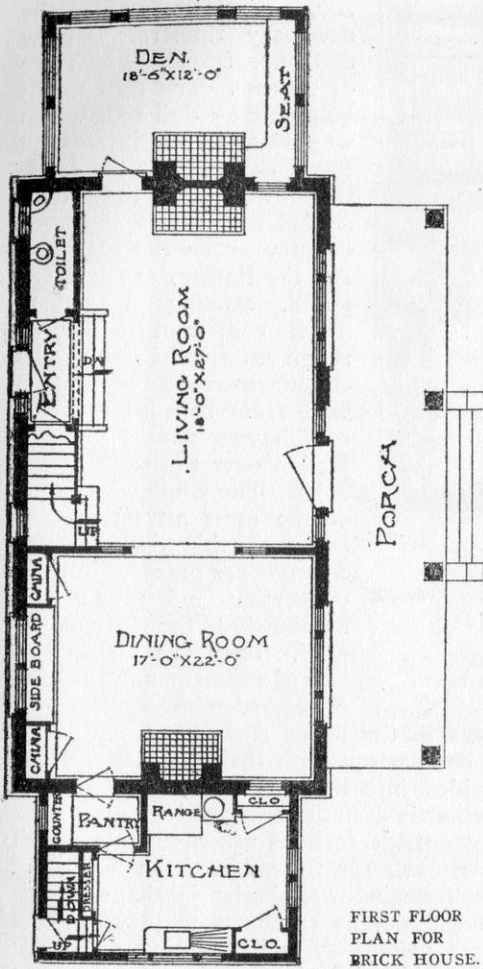


CRAFTSMAN STONE HOUSE: THE STRIKING FEATURES ARE THE BEAUTIFUL SLOPE OF THE ROOF, THE DORMER WINDOWS AND PORCH, AND THE PLACING OF THE CASEMENT WINDOWS.



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN THE STONE HOUSE,
SHOWING CONVENIENT AND CHARMING GROUPING
OF SEAT, FIREPLACE AND BOOK CASES.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES PLANNED FOR COMFORT



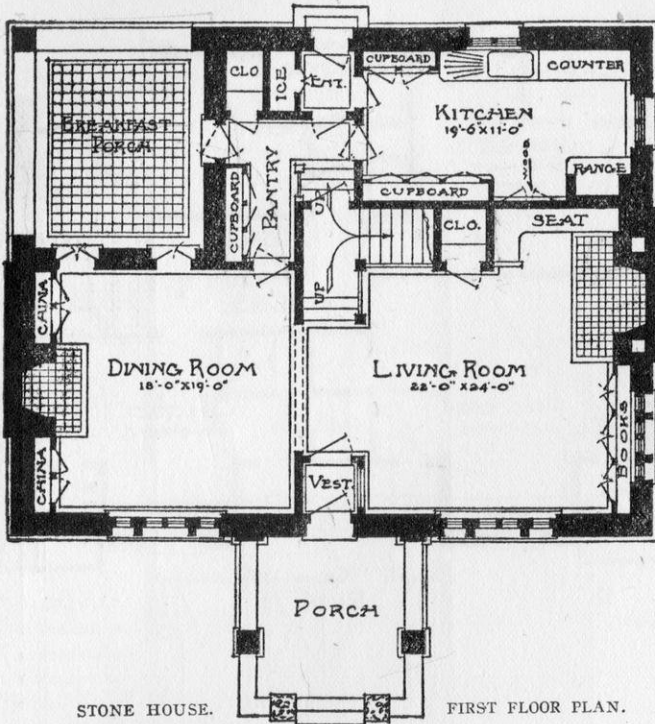
the belt course and keeps the drippings from running down the walls of the wings. The balconies are entered by French doors.

All the windows on the lower story of the house, and those above the roof over the door are casements, opening out. The door which leads from the porch directly into the living room is made entirely of small panes of glass set in a deep frame; on either side, a frame panel of wood is set into the brickwork to half the height of the door. Above these panels two little casements are placed that may stand open,

when an open door would admit too much air or force a draught.

The house is compactly arranged both upstairs and down. One of the most interesting features is the front entrance, which is shown in the interior view, and given still more clearly in the floor plan. One enters the house through a vestibule, the floor of which is on a level with the ground. Within, opposite the entrance door, three steps go up to the living room. Owing to this difference in floor levels, the stairs that lead from the living room to the second story can run up over the

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES PLANNED FOR COMFORT



rough stone, except for the necessary timbers, window and door frames, which are of cypress. The roof might be painted a dull red, which would add an interesting touch of color to the landscape about if the house should be built in the open country or on the seashore. All the timbers are left exposed, making a rugged finish consistent with the rough exterior of stone. The chimneys are a continuous wall from base to top, the roof having almost no projection over the ends of the house. The windows are one of the most attractive features of this design. The dormers are graceful in their proportion and relate harmoniously to the slope of the roof. They are fitted with simple casements opening upon garden boxes. The win-

vestibule, and thus space is economized. Another advantage in this arrangement is that the living room is protected from draughts. The space under the stairs is used for a coat closet and the corresponding space on the other side of the vestibule is occupied by a toilet; both are entered from the vestibule. On either side of the entrance door the arrangement of panels with casements above, to which attention has already been called, serves to give light to the vestibule. The construction of this door is especially interesting. It is made of three wide thick planks, V-jointed, with three small square lights in the top. The wide strap-hinges that extend almost the entire width of the door, are of hand-wrought metal.

The plan of the upper floor explains itself. The rooms are all airy and well lighted and furnished with roomy closets. The stone house we consider as attractive a cottage, inside and out, as we have ever published. It is built entirely of

dows in the lower story are very broad in comparison with their height, and are divided into three sections. The middle section is a stationary panel of glass; the two outside sections are casements which open out. On the sides of the house are smaller windows, similar in shape, which have a double casement in place of the glass panel. A wall, running out from either side of the house, separates the lawn from the rear of the grounds.

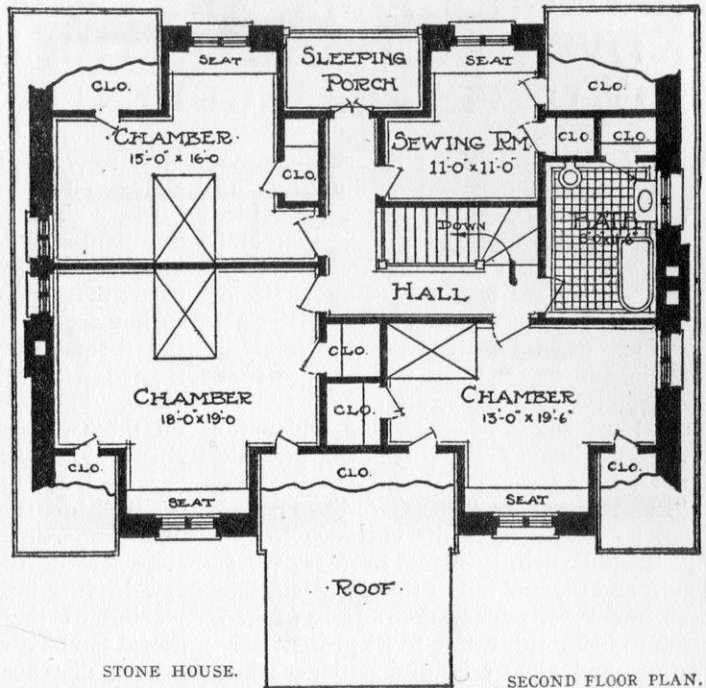
The interior view shows a rear corner of the living room. The chimneypiece suggests the exterior of the house because it is of the same material, and thus brings the whole into closer relation. There is a great deal of woodwork in this room and throughout the lower story; as the house was planned, this wood is of elm stained to a soft brown. Elm is a very desirable finishing wood because of the variety of the graining. It has the long wave-like vein of cypress and, beside that, a short, close, rippling figure that covers the

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES PLANNED FOR COMFORT

rest of the surface. Thus it is suited to places where small areas of wood are required, as well as to expanses that need a heavy and striking grain to give them character. The inglenook is wainscoted with V-jointed boards. At the joints of the boards that mask the end of the seat, keys of wood are inlaid, giving an extra firmness to the joint. These may be of the same wood, or of some other if desired, and, with the tenons forming the end of the seat, relieve the plain surface of the boards. As will be seen in the floor plan, this seat is as useful as attractive. By lifting up the top, one finds the logs for the hearth fire, placed under there through a little door from the kitchen.

The floor plan also shows a breakfast porch, in the form of a loggia, at one corner of the house. It is interesting to notice how exactly every inch of space in the house has been calculated for use. The pantry is especially commodious and upstairs we find everywhere the same roominess and convenience. The sewing room is a valuable adjunct to the house. There is a big bathroom, a sleeping porch and three large chambers, each having a seat built into its dormer window, and two large closets. Both houses have been carefully planned inside and out for comfortable and convenient living.

One of the charms of the interiors of both these houses is the amount of furniture that is built into them. The seats, closets and bookshelves that we find included in the fixtures, more than half solve the problem of furnishing. Furniture that is built to fit the place it is in is usually more decorative and more comfortable than detached pieces could be in



the same places. Space is saved by this means and a keynote is given for the rest of the fittings in the house which, unless it is utterly disregarded, will tend to keep the furnishings of the rooms in harmony. A house with a certain quantity of built-in furniture never has that bare unlivable look that some homes have. Even before the final furnishing is added, the elements of hospitality are present and make themselves felt in the deep window seats or the cozy inglenook. This is true even as regards the kitchens. There is very little lacking in the way of kitchen furnishings in either of these Craftsman houses. In the brick house we find two large closets and a sink, a convenient shelf by the range and a dresser with shelves above and cupboards beneath. In the stone house there are closets in the pantry, including a cold closet next to the built-in refrigerator, and in the kitchen itself we find two sets of cupboards, a sink and a long wooden counter.

A GARDEN SHOWING CAREFUL THOUGHT THROUGHOUT, IN THE ADAPTATION OF NATIVE BEAUTY AND IN THE ROMANTIC APPEAL OF ITS ARRANGEMENT: BY C. A. BYERS

WE are publishing the accompanying photographs of the estate of "Las Puertas" near Bakersville, California, as a suggestion and perhaps a revelation to the lover of gardens. Everyone has not as an asset in gardening, the productive climate of California; but, aside from the wonderful luxuriance of growth, it will be seen that these photographs illustrate certain fundamental principles of gardening which no real garden-maker on a small or large scale can afford to overlook.

"Las Puertas" or "The Gates," so called from its situation at the entrance to the Stockdale Ranch, is owned by Mrs. W. J. Tevis, and the making of these gardens has been under her supervision. It has taken years to bring this estate to its present perfection, and almost infinite patience; but the result more than repays the labor.

Gardening in a small way is not only a matter of planting, weeding and watering; that is but the technique. It has also its artistic side; its effects with color, placing and form, and with a large garden, this is practically unlimited. Gardening on a large scale is not only a matter of selection and skill in arranging material, but there must be also the quick perception of possibilities in the material already in place. Such a perception of natural advantage is seen in the situation of this house so that from one approach it is seen through the arched gateway formed by two old elm trees. It will be noticed that the trees have been trimmed slightly to make clearer the likeness to a gateway. Nothing so adds to the beauty of a piece of property as a few grand old shade trees, yet how often are they cut down because they interfere with what the owner has selected as the most proper site for his house. In all probability, the house would be improved if the site were selected with reference to the trees.

On nearer view the house proves to be

built of cement in the modified Mission style. The fence is a low foundation of brick with brick posts connected by a beautiful spindled railing. The masses of vine planted behind it are most effectively used; they are not allowed to quite cover it, but are trained away in places so that the formal beauty of the railing is contrasted with the luxuriant beauty of the vines. There is no architectural variation on the two sides of the house and the shrubs and trees are geometrically balanced. The entrance to the house is a bit of well managed perspective gardening. The proportion between the width of the steps leading to the porch and that of the few leading into the grounds, the relative placing of the two cedar trees and the portal lamps give to the eye a sensation of greater distance than is really there. Before this symmetry grows monotonous the uneven arrangement of the trees rising behind the house and the broken skyline made by their tops rebalances the landscape.

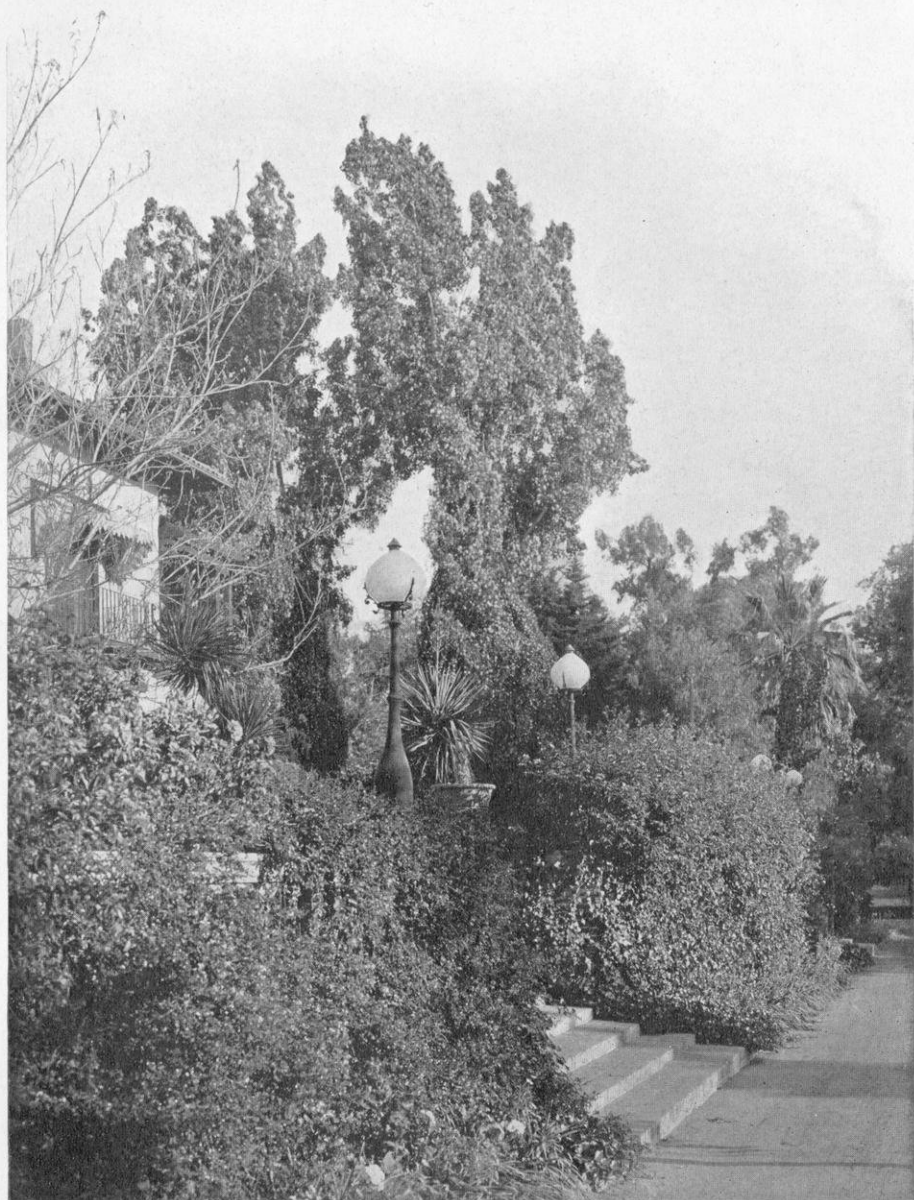
Another of these carefully thought out effects is shown in the photograph of one of the side entrances to the grounds, giving directly upon a wing of the house. The only glimpse one has into the grounds is through the opening between two poplar trees on the right. These are set to frame a vista selected for its beauty, and the thick banking of shrubs and vines between the poplars and the fence prevents anything being seen outside of this frame. Within it we have a complete picture of lawn and tree and shrub chosen with all the artist's care for composition of mass and tone. The charm of such effects lies in their unexpectedness and seeming chance. One of the most delightful examples of thus framing a little portion of the world is the famous keyhole in the gate leading into the monastery garden of the Knights of Malta at Rome. Standing



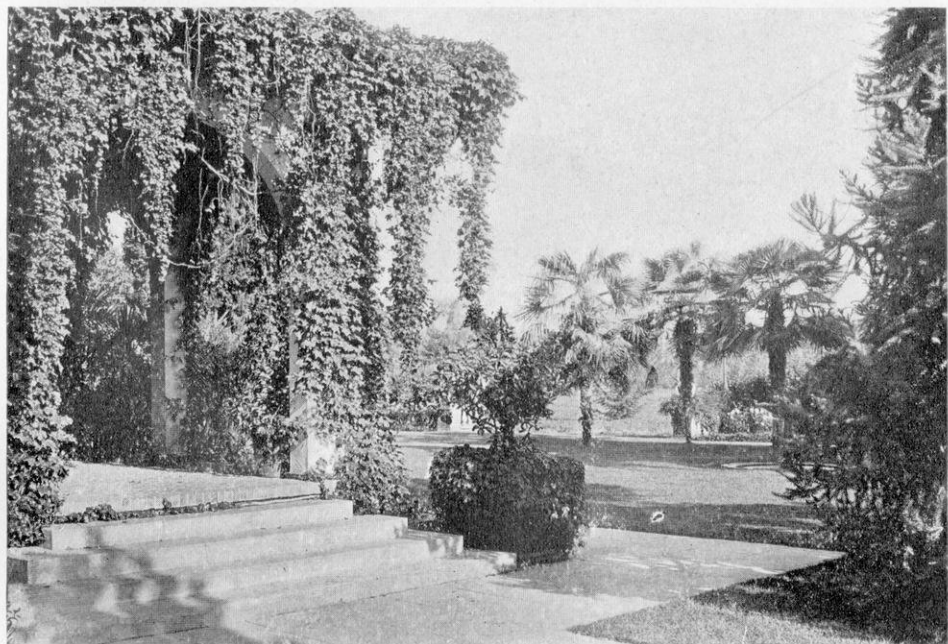
"Las Puertas," a California House Owned by Mrs. W. J. Tevis

"THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE IS A BIT OF WELL-MANAGED PERSPECTIVE GARDENING, THE UNEVEN LINE OF THE TREES AND THE BROKEN SKYLINE REBALANCING THE LANDSCAPE."

"FROM ONE APPROACH THE HOUSE IS SEEN THROUGH AN ARCHED GATEWAY FORMED BY TWO OLD ELM TREES."

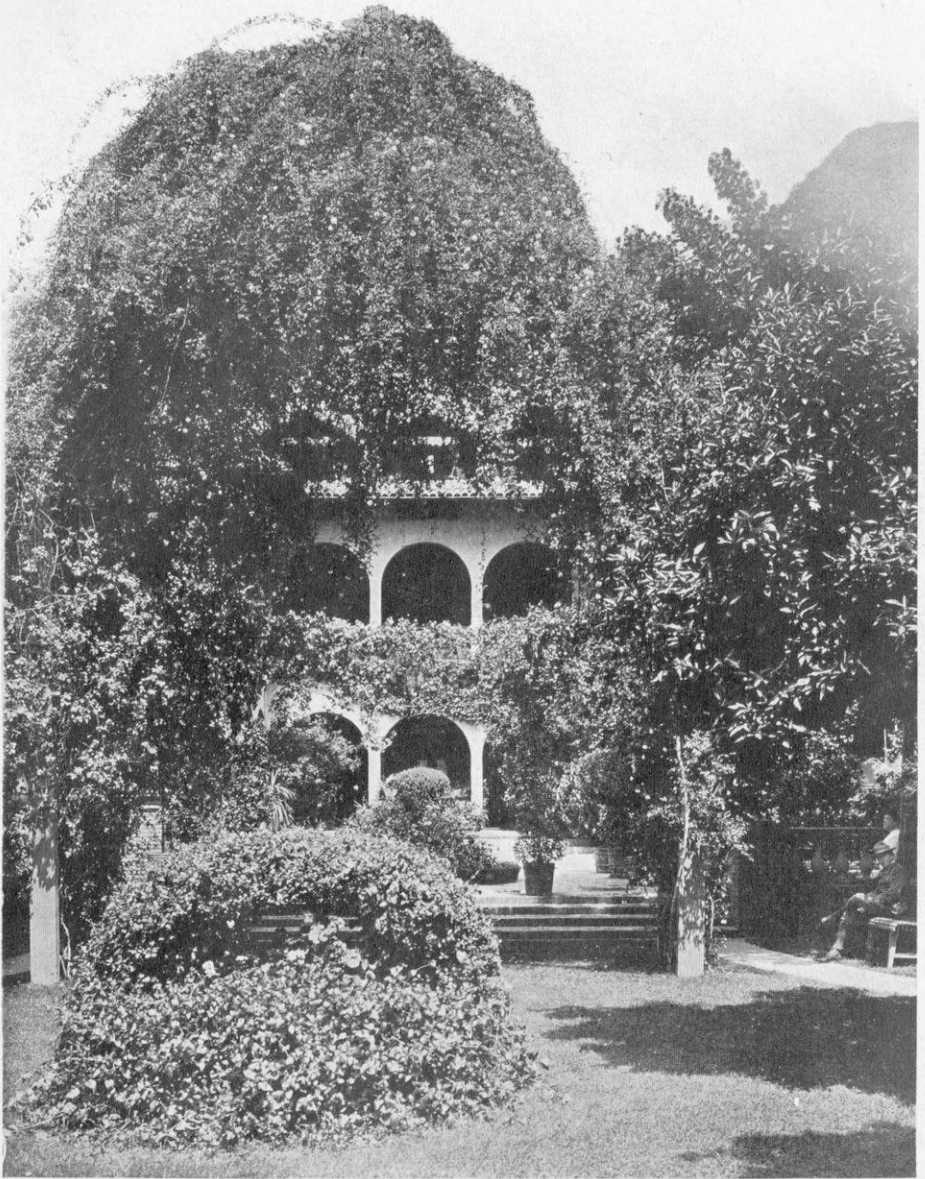


"THE RELATIVE PLACING OF THE TWO CEDAR TREES AND THE PORTAL LAMPS GIVE TO THE EYE A SENSATION OF GREATER DISTANCE THAN REALLY EXISTS."

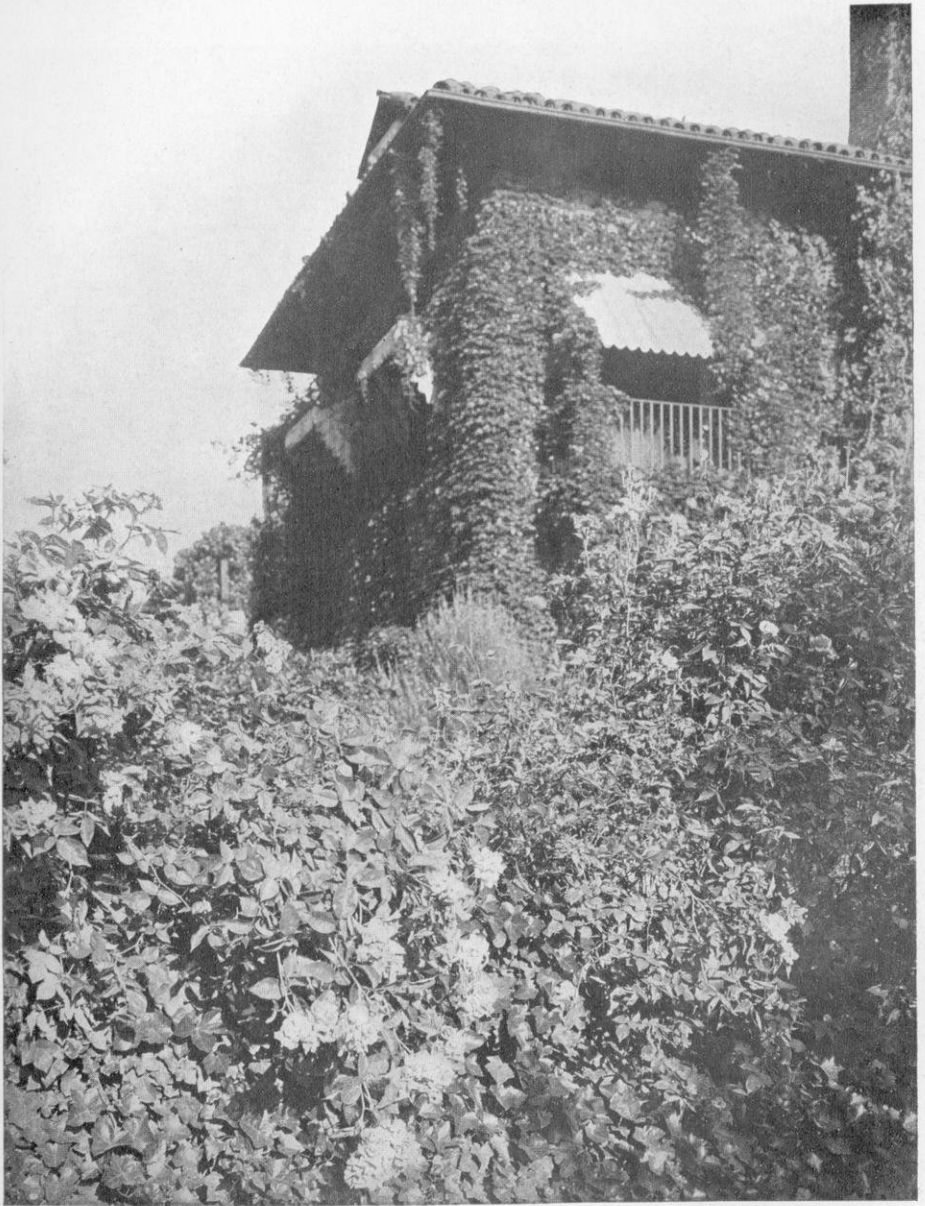


"THE GROUNDS BOAST A MAGNIFICENT GRAPE ARBOR BUILT OF BOUGHS, THE BARK STILL ON, AND BENT HERE AND THERE IN ARCHED DOORWAYS."

"ANOTHER VIEW OF A CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT EFFECT IS SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE SIDE ENTRANCES."



"OVER THE REAR PORCH SHROUDING THE CHIMNEY GROWS THE LARGEST ROSEBUSH IN CALIFORNIA. IT IS A TANGLED MASS OF LEAVES AND BLOOM, REACHING UP THIRTY FEET FROM THE GROUND."



"AT THE REAR AND SIDES OF THE HOUSE THE GREEN IS IN GREAT PROFUSION; A MASS OF IVY AND ROSEBUSHES REACH UP TO THE SECOND STORY."



"THE BEST GLIMPSE ONE HAS INTO THE GROUNDS IS THROUGH THE OPENING BETWEEN TWO POPLAR TREES. THESE ARE SET TO FRAME A VISTA OF RARE BEAUTY."

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LOVER OF GARDENS

outside in the hot and dusty street, one may place his eye to the aperture and suddenly find himself at the head of a long, cool vista between two tall evergreen hedges, at the end of which, against the panel of blue sky between them, the great white dome of St. Peter's rises above the shadowy mass of roofs that cover the city of Rome.

The photograph following that of the house shows that the arrangement of the shrubs and trees has been considered from the viewpoint of the people within as well as of the passerby. The picture is taken from the porch at the right-hand corner looking toward the street. There is something unquestionably restful to the eye in the repetition of parallel lines and similar forms, and this is made use of in the three palms standing in the midst of the lawn on either side of the house. They will make the center of every outlook in that direction so that the keynote will be always a quiet and stately dignity. It is noticeable that the heavy drapery of green ivy around the porch has not been left to stop abruptly at its edge but has been continued to the bottom of the steps by means of the ivy-covered tub holding a little orange tree.

The grounds boast of magnificent grape arbors built of boughs, the bark still upon them, bent here and there into arched doorways leading out upon the lawn. At the rear and sides of the house the greenery is in even greater profusion. A mass of ivy and rosebushes run up to the second story on some of the wings, to be continued again by ivy to the very eaves. Over the rear porch, shrouding the roof and chimney, grows the largest rosebush in California and probably in the United States. It is of the white Banksian variety and reaches, in a tangled mass of leaves and bloom, over thirty feet from the ground. In front of this rose-covered terrace an attractive little flower patch is made in the shape of a basket covered with vines and filled with growing flowers of delicate hues. It will be noticed that the design of the fence about the house is repeated in the railings of the terraces, and

the same coloring is in the house with its tiled roof and porches and terraces floored with brick.

The largest portion of the estate lies behind the house where the garden is on a larger scale, although everywhere the same unwearied attention to detail has been given. One comes upon new charms at every turn. Stretches of well-kept lawn appear now and then, lying like quiet lakes with wooded margins, but for the most part, this area is given over to trees and shrubs. There are many native shade trees, the trunks wreathed with masses of vines that hang in festoons from the lower branches. Clusters of Japanese maples with their autumn-colored foliage flame out in the summer woods, and groves of softly rustling bamboo hide in their midst pools whose presence is made known only by the bubbling ripple of the little brooks that feed them. In the springtime a brilliant cascade of azalea blossoms pour over the sunny slopes into green pools of lawn, and later wistaria vines hang their grape-like clusters through arbors woven from their own vigorous branches. Everywhere a network of paths leads through this beautiful jungle to cool summer houses or benches placed in thoughtful nooks. Out across the fields a long drive takes an arrow-like way hedged with interminable poplars.

One moves from vista to vista, charmed with the varying color, with interest piqued at every turn in the road or path. The whole garden seems to unfold itself in a beautiful and necessary sequence. The pleasure of color passes into pleasure of form; shadow dissolves into light, or the reverse. The green of an arbor opens out into a mass of garden bloom, the shaded wood walk leads to the sunny lawn; or the narrow hedged walk becomes the entrance to a charming pavilion. It is difficult to remember that all this was accomplished only by careful planning and patient elimination of jarring details, but any beholder of its perfections can only say that to produce so much beauty it was worth while.

PLASTER HOUSE WITH ROOF GARDEN AND PATIO: BY UNA NIXSON HOPKINS

THE architecture of Southern California has acquired throughout its development a particularly independent cast. We have already published a number of California houses, particularly of Pasadena, showing the great variety in style resulting from the consistent effort to adapt the houses to the land, the climate and the individual needs of the owner.

The accompanying illustrations are of a Pasadena home built upon a lot disproportionately narrow for its depth and in a section of the town where all the other buildings were of wood. The owner, with a truly philanthropic spirit, decided to vary the landscape by putting up a house of plaster in the Mission style modified to meet the needs of a small family of moderate means. The building has but one story and is in general shape rectangular, with a width nearly equal to the frontage of the lot. The top of the bay window and porch on the front of the house are used for flower boxes, the color of the plants relieving the whiteness of the plaster, as do the shrubs and vines planted below against the walls. The house is finished around the top with a plaster wall of varying height, which, with the cornice, and the heavy shadow that it casts, gives an appearance of heaviness to the structure sufficient to balance the weight of the summer house and pergola built upon the roof. These were devised to command the view that cannot be had from the first story, and are furnished with chairs, tables and settees, making a pleasant spot for afternoon tea or for an early evening meal. The lumber used is pine, left rough and stained a dull green. The supporting posts are set in tubs of earth in which vines are planted that later will cover the roof of the pavilion. The floor is flat, made of six-inch boards laid a half-inch apart so that water may run through them to the roof of the house, which is drained by being sloped slightly toward the rear,

From the front porch one enters into a hall separated from the dining room and

den on either side by narrow partitions. These three apartments open at the rear by broad glass doors into a large central room, where the effect of a cloister and garden is produced by plaster pillars corresponding to those on the porch, surrounding a depression about two feet deep in the middle of the floor. This is filled with earth and planted with ferns and delicate asparagus vines, which are kept green and flourishing by a fountain in the middle that can be turned off and on at pleasure.

The pillars support a frame around an opening in the roof above the fernery, covered with glass. In summer the glass is replaced by screens and protected by a heavy oilcloth canopy, broad enough to shield the opening from the rain, but raised high enough not to keep out the light. The floor of this room is of wood covered with woodstone, which has the effect of cement. Sitting here, one looks through other glass doors at the rear end of the room upon masses of color in the garden at the back of the house, and it is hard to imagine that there are buildings within a few feet on either side.

The arrangement of the other rooms is shown in the plan. The bay window seen on the front of the house is in the dining room. The windows in it are small casements set high with the sideboard built in below them. A fireplace opposite the entrance from the hall has a high casement on either side beneath which is a china cupboard. The walls throughout the house are rough, plastered and tinted, without painted decoration of any kind. Pine stained to a red-brown is used in the hall and den and also in the central room except for the woodwork about the opening, which is painted white to continue the color of the ceiling and make a fitting finish for the pillars. The woodwork in the other rooms is also white.

At the rear of the kitchen, connected also with the central room, is a screened porch from which stairs lead up to the roof and down into the cellar. All the



A PASADENA PLASTER HOUSE IN MISSION STYLE,
WITH ROOF GARDEN AND SPANISH PATIO.



VIEW OF THE PERGOLA ROOF GARDEN. THE LUMBER IS PINE LEFT ROUGH AND STAINED DULL GREEN. ONE END OF THE PATIO, SHOWING GLASS ROOF WHICH IS LEFT OPEN IN SUMMER.

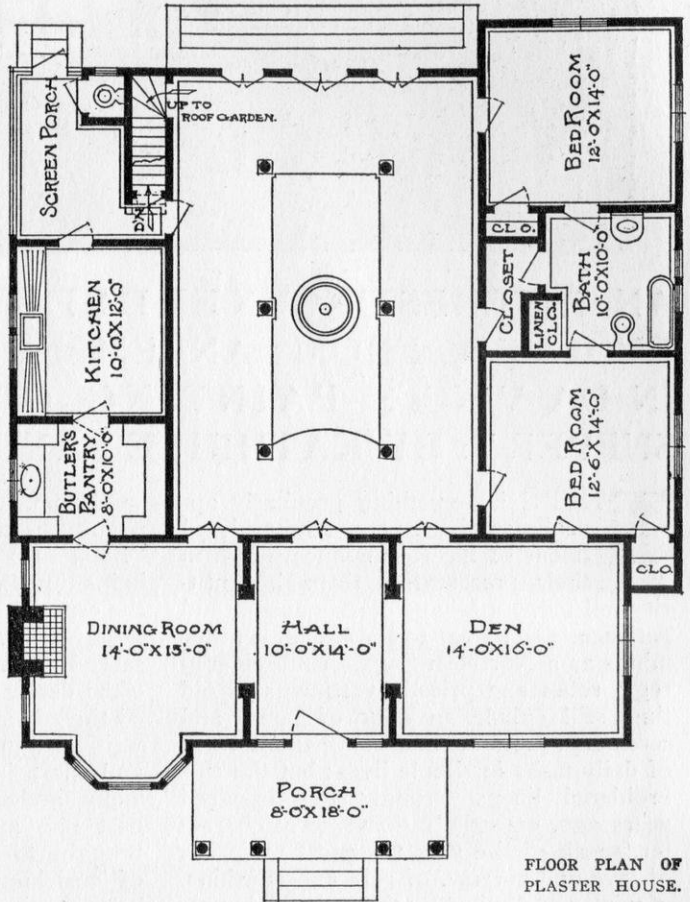
A PLASTER HOUSE WITH ROOF GARDEN AND PATIO

rooms except the kitchen and pantry have an opening into this central room.

One or two changes could be made in the arrangement of the house; the den could be made into a bedroom and the central room could be finished without the garden. As it stands, the house has a refreshing novelty, is an attractive piece of architecture characteristic of the country in which it is built and at the same time is thoroughly adapted to the life of the owners.

It is surprising that in this country we do not live more in our gardens than we do. In Europe the plot of ground about a house is used more than the indoors during the warm season; breakfast and tea are usually served there. Every little hotel and restaurant has its garden where all meals may be taken, if desired. In England also, be the garden ever so tiny, it is the scene of most of the informal meals. The custom is slowly growing among us, and it is a very good one. Fresh morning air taken liberally with one's breakfast is as good a tonic as could be asked for appetite and digestion. The climate of California has made outdoor life so delightful that we find more and more frequently houses are planned to bring as much out of doors as possible

into the house. This surely has been accomplished in the house which is illustrated in the accompanying pictures. One of the most charming things about it is that the roof gardens can only become more beautiful with time. As the vines planted around it grow more and more luxuriant it will come to resemble a vine-covered second story to the house.



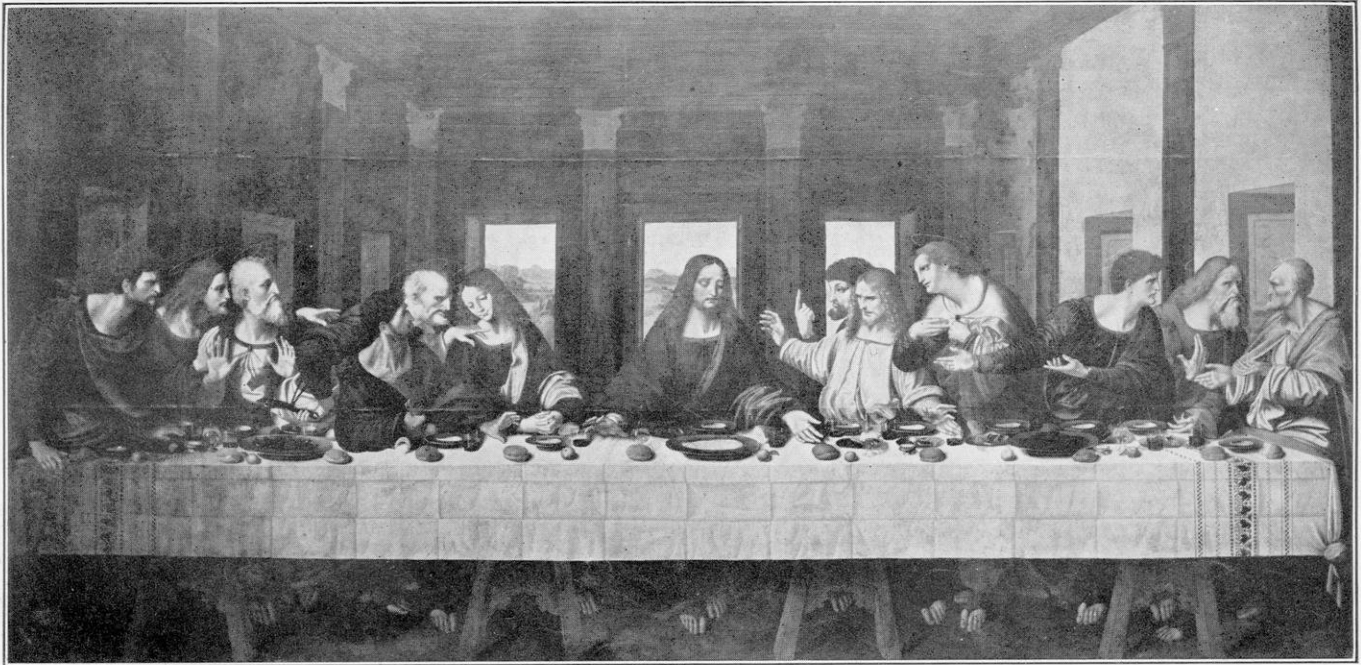
FLOOR PLAN OF
PLASTER HOUSE.



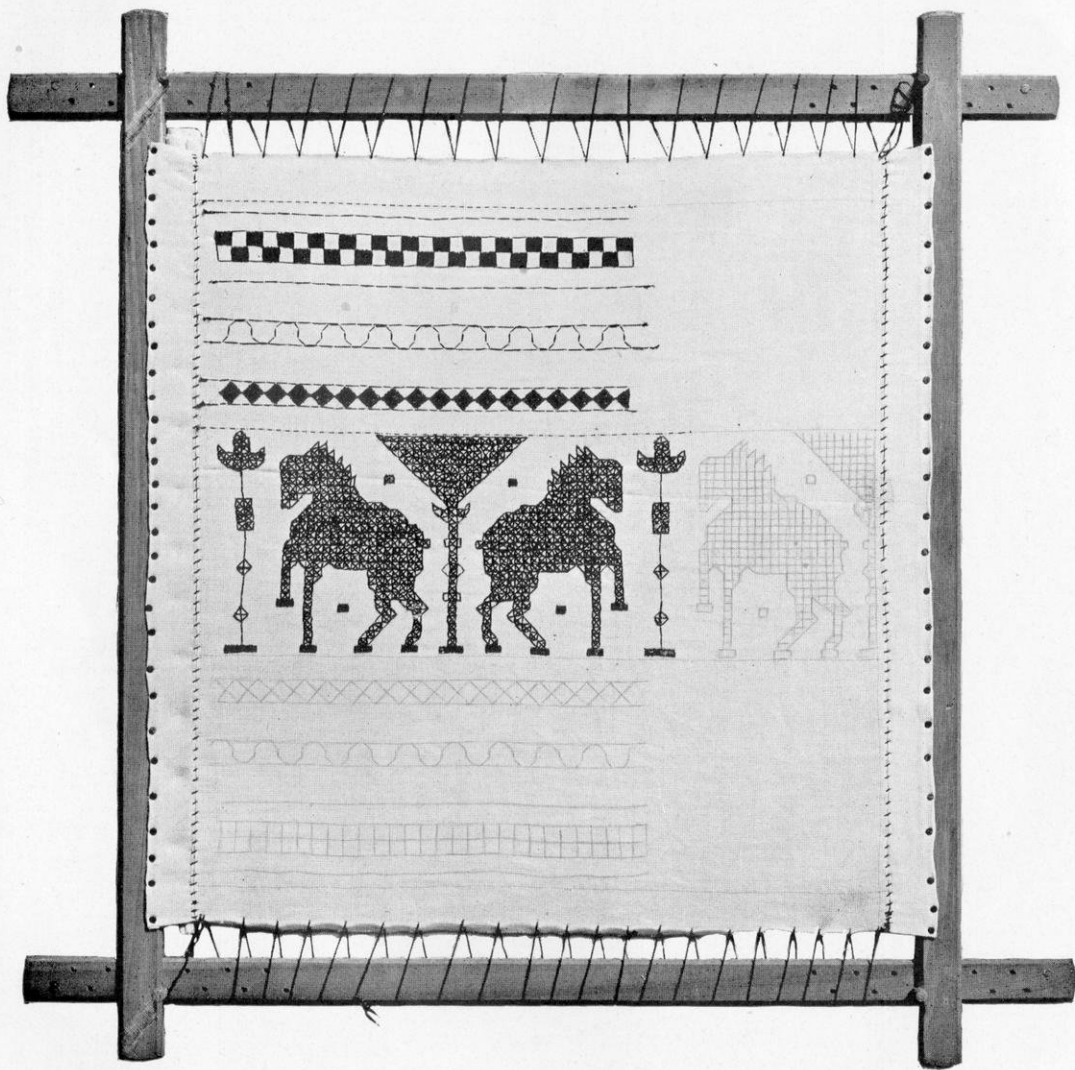
AN INTERESTING NEEDLEWORK DESIGN EVOLVED FROM AN EMBROIDERY DETAIL IN DA VINCI'S PAINTING OF "THE LAST SUPPER": BY KATHRINE SANGER BRINLEY

THERE is something peculiarly appealing about the embroidered linens of the Renaissance which in their preservation through centuries tell today a tale of craftsmanship and patience as naïve to twentieth-century minds as a Northern Saga. Embroidered regal robes and priestly vestments of old time still exhale an odor of pomp and ceremony, of something above the horizon of daily tasks in simple lives; but the embroidered linens wrought five hundred years ago, essentially domestic in character, speak of life with the great majority, of love and sorrow, of rain and sunshine, of winter and summer; they stir the housewifely heart, and touch in an intimate way the feminine in us. One fingers lovingly, even reverently, some bit of cross-stitching upon a creamy cloth of flax worked in fourteen hundred, perhaps, and a sad vision of our machine-made linens five hundred years hence flashes through the mind. In this old hand-woven material each thread has life, born, as it were, of its passage between a living thumb and finger, which gives to the finished tissue a character inherently different from the mechanically woven article. The honored position accorded to linen in the lives of ancient peoples, Assyrians, Egyptians and Jews, and lost in modern times, is largely accounted for by the wiping out of the

hand loom. "I have decked my bed with fine linen of Egypt," says King Solomon in his "Book of Proverbs;" and we know that in his time linen symbolized purity; it was the especial material for kingly and priestly garments, and for the shrouding of the sacred dead. That the linen ground was often decorated with needlework in colored threads is vouched for in many ancient writings; in Greek and Roman classics; and most interesting of all, perhaps, in many archaeological remains which the past one hundred and fifty years have brought to light. This ancient manner of enriching linen with color seems to have continued without interruption until modern times. One finds almost without exception that in the Orient, Spain, Germany, England or Italy, fifteenth-century linens both for house and personal use, even altar linens of the Church itself, were embroidered in color. Such widespread use bespeaks a prevailing love of color among all nations and classes at that time. This habitual employment of it comes as something of a shock to the modern needleworker, for today a sense of fitness seems to demand that in certain articles, ornament as well as ground should be white; but during the Renaissance in Italy it was not so; and it is with the needlework of that storied age and land we have to do.



"THE LAST SUPPER": BY LEONARDO DA VINCI: FROM THE EMBROIDERED LINEN ON THE TABLE IS TAKEN THE NEEDLEWORK DESIGN DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED IN THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE.



SHOWING FRAME AND METHOD OF EMBROIDERING
THE DESIGN TAKEN FROM DA VINCI'S FAMOUS
PAINTING, "THE LAST SUPPER."

NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS FROM OLD PAINTINGS

If we will turn again to the Italian pictures of the Golden Age we shall find the use of colored ornament upon linen in many important canvases. Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" hanging in the Louvre sets forth a colored border in the table-cloth. The most striking example in this Gallery, however, and the most valuable because of its design, is furnished us in d'Oggione's copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." The great Milan fresco was finished about fourteen hundred and ninety-eight, and d'Oggione, one of Leonardo's pupils, made of it many copies, which are the only ones that give us today anything like a true impression of what the magnificent Santa Maria delle Grazie must have been before disintegration set in. The Louvre copy shows a clear pattern in dark color upon each end of the long white table-cloth. Even after passing through two painters' hands the design still bespeaks the loom and the needle. Its lines show plainly a rectangular character that was forced upon the needleworker by the nature of the linen ground. Cross-stitch, one feels instinctively, was used for its production; and so faithfully is the woman's needlework reproduced by the man's brush that it seems there must have been a table-cloth thus embroidered which Leonardo copied. Recalling that this fresco was ordered by the Dominican monks for the decoration of their refectory, it is quite possible that such a cloth draped one of the long tables therein, at which the good Brothers sat for their daily meals, and where the son of "Caterina" worked for a great part of ten years.

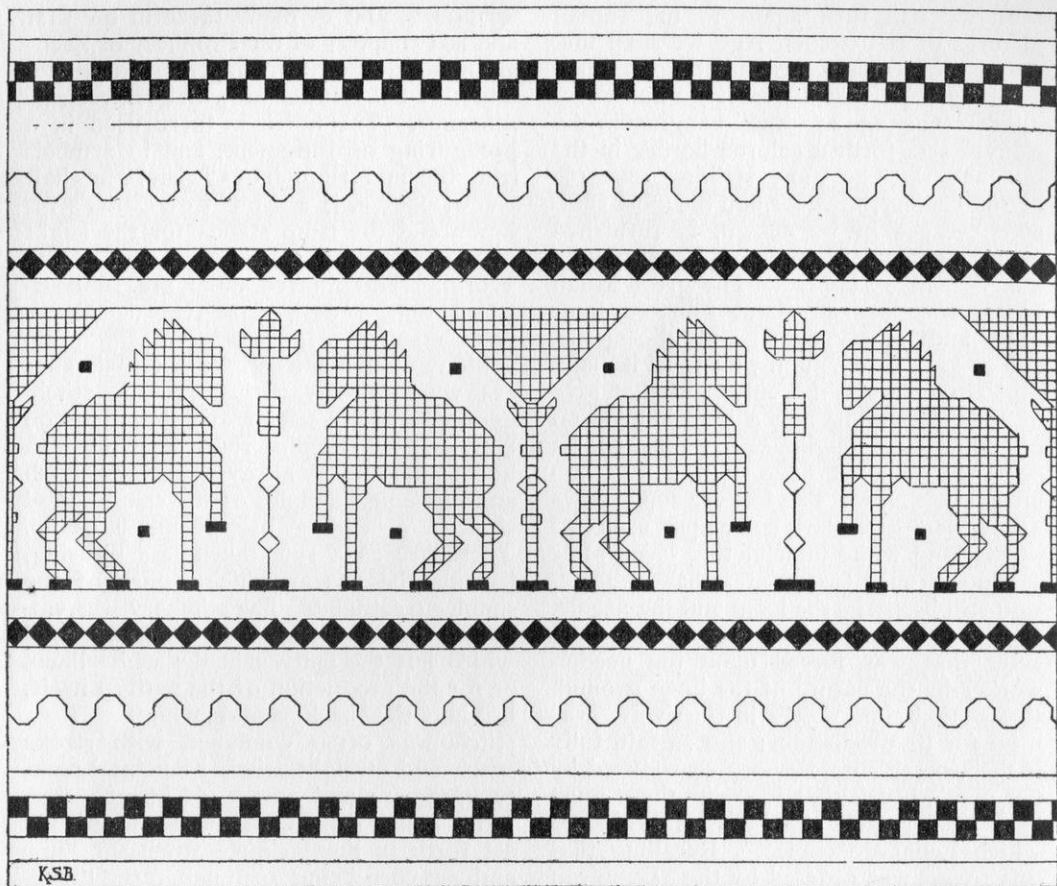
The design itself is worthy of consideration. At first glance it seems just another slightly grotesque treatment of ordinary forms, after a manner of those times. But it is something more than that; it is symbolic, and moreover it is most appropriate for the use to which it was put,—a test of good craftsmanship. The units are a horse, a chalice and a *lucerna* or oil lamp, (the light of the people of Italy even today), conventionalized. One calls to mind references to the horse in the Hebrew

scriptures, and of many those in the first and last chapters of the Prophecy of Zechariah and in the sixth chapter of the Revelation of St. John come with greatest significance. The horse is there used in a prefiguring of Judgment, and in symbolizing the final triumph of Christ. The chalice, of course, is a symbol of Christ's religion and the lamp stands for the Light of the Gospel, or Christ the Light of the World. These three units are so composed that a design of real decorative value results.

Many Italian linens of the Renaissance are worked in varieties of cross-stitch, generally those which are the same on both sides, a stranded red silk of purplish hue being almost always used. English and German examples of the same period show a prevailing use of many colors. These are as a rule much less pleasing, lacking the charm which comes of the simpler treatment. The stitchery was employed in two ways: as a background which left the pattern in the white linen, or for the production of the pattern itself, leaving the background white. Cross-stitch was often combined with stroke stitch and straight stitch or point Lance, to give ease and variety of effect. Patterns really ornamental were beautifully set forth in these simple stitches. Time and patience being so much rarer things now than in Leonardo's day one would scarcely attempt to work the pattern here given upon the fine linen, and in the minute stitches that "Mona Lisa," for instance, would have employed; but with a reasonable expenditure of thought, leisure and good material, one may produce something so akin to those lovely bits of Renaissance handiwork that it will prove real adornment for the home.

Three stitches are used in the worked part of the design reproduced: double Italian cross-stitch, being the same on both sides; straight stitch, much used in old work, and stroke stitch, as old as the first needle. If it is to be embroidered upon linen, the pattern must be transferred just as it appears in the accom-

NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS FROM OLD PAINTINGS



WORKING DESIGN FOR LINEN EMBROIDERY ORIGINATING IN THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

panying working design—squares and all; if upon a canvas, one must proceed by counting threads, as in ordinary cross-stitch work.

Double Italian cross-stitch, a cross, framed on three sides by straight stitches, and exactly alike on both sides of the material, at first glance seems difficult, but it is quite the contrary in reality. To learn it, mark off six squares of any size in a line upon your linen, and with a threaded needle in hand, follow these directions: Insert your needle in the upper right-hand corner of the first square, and run it in and out of the material in a slanting direction, bringing it out exact-

ly in the point of the lower left-hand corner; draw the silk through carefully until the unknotted end is just even with the ground,—this takes the place of a knot and is subsequently covered in the working. Now you are ready to begin the stitch. First insert your needle exactly in the upper right-hand corner of the first square, and bring it out at the lower left-hand corner, from the same hole through which the silk first passed; a slanting stitch results, which hides the running stitches. Next insert your needle exactly in the upper left-hand corner and bring it out exactly in the lower right-hand corner. A straight stitch results, which frames the

NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS FROM OLD PAINTINGS

left side of the square. Now insert your needle exactly in the lower left-hand corner of the square, and bring it out exactly in the lower right-hand corner. This produces a straight stitch that frames the bottom of the square. Repeat now these three stitches in their proper order until the end of the row of squares is reached. Then you complete the work by a return journey, as follows: your silk being now in the lower right-hand corner of the last square, insert your needle exactly in the upper right-hand corner, and bring it out again in the lower right-hand corner through the same hole the silk is already in. This makes a straight stitch on the right and wrong sides which frames the right-hand side of the square. Lastly insert the needle in the upper left-hand corner and bring it out in the lower left-hand corner—from which point in each square you started; this completes the cross and produces the third straight stitch on the wrong side. Continue this until the entire row of crosses is completed. When once understood this stitch works up very quickly and is much more effective than the ordinary variety of cross-stitch. A strand silk should be used.

To adapt it to a design, the accompanying one for instance, requires a little planning so that the thread may be carried from one row to another as continuously as possible, but otherwise the only thing to remember is that the upper row will always be open at the top. The missing stitch, if desired, may be put in during the first return journey, or stroke stitch may be used. This kind of work is best done in the hand. For purposes of reproduction the example here given is shown mounted in a frame. If the work is held vertically, so to speak, and worked toward

one it will go much more easily. For the solid parts of the design, straight stitch is best; that is, ordinary "over and over" stitches taken through the material and laid vertically close together. All the small parts of the design which cannot be done in the cross-stitch, and the straight lines of the border, are worked with stroke stitch,—that is, ordinary stitches adapted in length to the space to be covered and worked a stroke at a time. By using this stitch in two journeys, one of which covers the open spaces left by the other, a continuous line on both sides of the material results.

This "Leonardo" pattern, worked thus in double Italian cross-stitch, straight stitch and stroke stitch, will with care look the same on both sides; an important consideration in the ornamenting of curtains and other articles of which both sides are likely to be seen. To accomplish this three things must be observed: no knots can be used (a good needleworker almost never uses them), long lengths of silk are expedient, and neat finishing off of threads is compulsory.

The value of this sort of embroidery is not merely in furnishing an opportunity for new designs to the intelligent needlewoman; it is much more, for it awakens also an interest in the history and art of Italian Renaissance, a period full of inspiration and achieved beauty. It has seemed wise to publish with the design the painting from which it was taken, that the full charm of its original use might be realized. Also you will find on page 352 a reproduction of actual embroidery, which has been most carefully copied in detail from da Vinci's painting and mounted in a practical fashion.

A GROWING APPRECIATION IN AMERICA OF THE GROTESQUE IN ART: ILLUSTRATED BY SOME UNUSUAL HANDICRAFT WORK IN BRONZE

THE overflow of an artist's imagination often finds outlets as interesting in their way as the steady channel of his more serious work. For this reason we are publishing a few grotesques and fancies in bronze, the work of Louis Potter, whose attainment in sculpture is already the subject of an article in this issue. A grotesque is a form of humor in art. It is based upon exaggeration both of line and expression in either a human being or an animal; thus it furnishes all the amusement found in the uncouth and extravagant. Any funny face has the obvious humor which appeals both to children and to grown people, but a grotesque conveys at the same time an idea of understanding and appreciation of its own grotesqueness, and this canniness of expression is an essential charm. One would think that this phase of art would appeal keenly to the humor-loving American. But until lately we have taken sculpture, along with music and painting, so seriously that the humorous aspects of art have been left mainly to the actor and the author. Recently, however, several little grotesques have taken the country by storm, and the widespread enjoyment of them is an encouraging sign of the growth of our appreciation of this phase of plastic art.

It shows that we are becoming generally aware that sculpture and modeling are not a vague æsthetic occupation belonging to Europeans and denatured denizens of the United States, but something really of ourselves—American: American enough to deal with vital emotions and real feelings, even as real and American as humor. It shows, too, that we are gradually rising above the taste for sculpture, so called, that "tells a story"; a taste which made the Rogers groups so popular in our homes. In these we had whole scenes

from the drama of domestic life enacted in terra cotta.

These did not represent the art of sculpture; they were permanent pantomimes. They told as much as a little play, and they were wrong, because they made situations permanent that were in their nature fleeting and brief. The lasting quality of bronze and marble, of their substitutes, fits them only for the expression of something that will be as true a thousand years hence as today; which requires no reading in of personal experience or custom to make its meaning clear. Experience and custom change, but the fundamental emotions, states of mind and qualities of soul are factors in the life of the spirit as changeless and varying as the facts of rest and motion on the physical side of existence, and it is these changeless meanings only that should be made permanent to the sight and touch.

A true grotesque, like any form of true art, exists complete in itself, although it has always a decorative value because of the heaviness of shadow and strength of line that are necessary to make it what it is. The old builders used its ugliness and distortion to supply the element of contrast and emphasize the beautiful proportion of the surrounding decoration. They are the humor in sculpture; they relieve its serious uplift. We come upon them, with pleasure, grinning out of some corner, and they seem especially in their element on door knockers in the character of a guardian to the household: a sort of domesticated fiend.

The first illustration, shown on page 358, the cross-eyed fellow balancing a ball on his great tongue, has particularly this indulgent, domestic outlook. As we lift the handle of the knocker and let it bang down against the ends of his Dundreary whiskers, his obliquely set eyes twinkle confidentially at us and if he had a finger



TWO DECORATIVE DOOR KNOCKERS: THE ANDIRONS REPRESENT THE SPIRIT OF FLAME: LOUIS POTTER, CRAFTSMAN.



A GROUP OF BRONZE DOOR KNOCKERS, SHOWING AN INTERESTING APPRECIATION OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE GROTESQUE IN INDUSTRIAL ART: LOUIS POTTER, CRAFTSMAN.

THE GROTESQUE IN ART

he would lay it against the side of his funny nose. He knows that it's foolish to balance a ball on the end of his tongue; but it pleases the people who come to the house and he likes to see us laugh. It is the suggestion of consciousness about its own appearance that gives this type of grotesque its particular charm.

Another of the group on this page, an exaggeration of the popular idea of the devil's face, depends upon this same self-consciousness which can best be expressed by saying that he looks as if he wanted to scare us. He is too broadly diabolical to be able really to live up to it; nothing could be as malicious as he looks. The lower part of the face, although cleverly exaggerated, is not so funny in itself; it is only when we reach the concentrated energy of the eyes bulging out from their vast sockets, making effort to petrify us, that the face fascinates and amuses us. The detail in this is very carefully worked out; the adaptation of the nose illustrates especially well the principle underlying the making of grotesques.

A third bronze on this page represents a different type. Here the fascination results from the mixture of human and animal in the features. The cheeks, nose and whiskers form the handle of the knocker, and the pursed up fish mouth gives a hold to lift it by. The wart on either side of the nose is a great addition to its ugliness and the one between the eyes emphasizes the stupidity of the wrinkled forehead. It is the infinitely old face of a changeling. The last of the grotesque knockers has a strong feline cast to the general shape of the face which is worked out also in the features. The eyebrows are carried up to suggest ears, round like a cat's; the bridge of the nose is lowered and broadened; the upper lip is unnaturally shortened and the depression in the center is made unusually

deep; the full part of the cheeks is placed a little lower than in the human face. There is no feature actually belonging to a cat, but still no feature that does not admit of that interpretation. The eyes are rounded more than human eyes are and the handle falls on a pendulous tongue, at once animal and human. It is an interesting reading of the one into the other.

The knockers shown on page 357 are purely decorative. The woman's head is suggestively rather than definitely modeled. The face looks out uncertainly but sweetly from between the braids of hair that form the handle, and seems on the point of withdrawing into the metal from which the sculptor has beckoned it forth. The flowing, indistinct lines in the bronze would blend admirably into the grain of a dark oaken door. The two "merbabies" playing in the hollow of a wave are the most delicately handled of all these bronzes. The pose and subject are perfectly adapted to the use to which they are put, yet lose nothing of the chubbiness of limb and baby form and spirit. They are unmistakably tiny sea creatures ready to flop their little tails at a second's notice and wriggle deep down below the waves. It is as well executed and graceful as any in the group.

Of a variety of designs for andirons all equally related in subject to their purpose, these have been selected for reproduction because of the flame-like contour of the figures which causes them to assimilate easily with their background of fire. The bodies rise so lightly from the standards that in the uncertain firelight they might almost seem to flicker upward with the flames and one would hardly be conscious of them save as shadows in the fire. As a whole, it is most interesting and decorative work that Mr. Potter gives us in his spare moments.

CONSTRUCTION AND DESIGN IN WOOD CARVING: BY KARL VON RYDINGSVÄRD

THOSE who have not made a study of designing have great difficulty, as a rule, in finding suitable decorations for wood carving, and home workers are frequently at a loss to know how an article intended for ornamentation in this manner should be constructed. An article published in THE CRAFTSMAN of July, 1908, describes the necessary outfit for beginners' work, and I purpose to give here some suggestions which may be of assistance to those who are working without instruction.

The construction of any article which is to be decorated with carving should be kept as simple as possible, omitting all fancy moldings, elaborate contours, panelings, etc. Whenever it is possible, glue joints should be avoided, as in our overheated houses they are very likely to open unless protected from changes of temperature by a heavy coat of varnish, which is not a suitable finish for wood carving.

Mahogany boards can be easily obtained as wide as 36 inches, and quartered oak boards 12 and 15 inches wide may also sometimes be found. If, however, the joint is necessary, German cabinet-maker's glue, very hot, must be used, as the ordinary fish glue is not strong enough for this purpose. Anything which is constructed of wood can be decorated with carving, if it is of such a nature that doing so adds to its beauty and does not impair its usefulness. Photographs of museum pieces may be bought in many places and these, as well as the fine reproductions given in magazines, furnish great assistance in obtaining designs. When they are clear enough to show the details, working drawings may be made from them, as described further on.

The magazine stand given here is a useful and attractive piece of furniture, simple in construction and decoration but very effective. The ornament, in the Scandinavian style, requires very little modeling, the figures being characteristically crude, which renders this style par-

ticularly suitable for beginners. Oak is more appropriate for this work than mahogany, which requires a smooth, well rubbed finish and much attention to detail in order to bring out its beauty.

A full-sized working drawing on heavy paper must first be made from the small drawing here given, which is scaled at $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch per foot. The stock for the sides should be *quite* heavy, at least an inch and a half thick, but for the shelves and braces the ordinary $\frac{7}{8}$ stock can be used. The cabinet work will present no difficulties to anyone who is accustomed to handling tools. The shelves can be made as long as desired, as the ends are heavy enough to support a greater length than is given here, although a brace might be required in the center if they were lengthened more than three feet. The ends of the shelves are set into the side pieces half an inch, and the tenons and pegs of the top and bottom shelves hold the stand together so that it is not necessary to glue it, which is an advantage if one is obliged to move frequently.

The photograph of one side gives the detail of the ornament. The strap work is easily laid out with the aid of a rule and compass. The center panel, if one is not proficient in free-hand drawing, must be enlarged by squaring. Take a fine pen and divide the panel with a horizontal and a vertical line, exactly in the middle; then subdivide the quarters in the same way. For a design with so little detail probably the 4 squares each way will be sufficient. In a drawing where more squares are required they are usually numbered down one side and across the bottom. The full-sized panel is then laid out on paper, dividing it into an equal number of squares which are marked correspondingly. Anyone who can draw at all will be able, with this assistance, to locate the lines and reproduce the design in the required size.

The interlaced design at the top and bottom may be cut a quarter of an inch



CHAIR BACK IN VIKING STYLE: CARVED
BY KARL VON RYDINGSVÄRD.



CHEST WITH SCANDINAVIAN ORNAMENT: CARVED
BY HELEN JUNE.



LID OF WRITING DESK, ICELANDIC STYLE: CARVED
BY KARL VON RYDINGSVÄRD.



SETTLE WITH SCANDINAVIAN DECORATION :
CARVED BY KARL VON RYDINGSVÄRD.



SHOWING DESIGN ON THE BACK OF SAME
SETTLE.



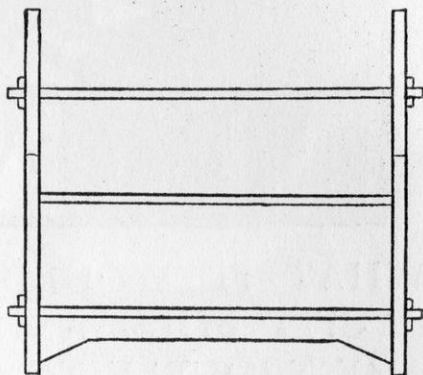
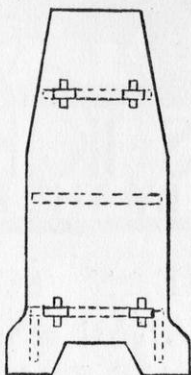
SIDE OF A MAGAZINE STAND: INSTRUCTION
FOR THE MAKING AND CARVING OF WHICH
IS FURNISHED IN THE ACCOMPANYING
ARTICLE BY KARL VON RYDINGSVÄRD.

CONSTRUCTION AND DESIGN IN WOOD CARVING

deep. The strap work is rounded slightly on the edges, after being cut down at all of the interlacings, and when this is done a large veining tool is used to make the parallel lines, which continue along the edges as moldings. It will be found impossible to make these lines even, especially where they run with the grain of the wood, but those who appreciate the work of the hand will not object to this slight irregularity.

The large panel, being bold in design, will stand a depth of half an inch and should be somewhat undercut on the lower outlines, the shadows thus produced adding much to the effectiveness of the design. When the background has been removed, the general contour of the figures and scrolls must be obtained and after this is done the details are drawn in and the finishing touches given. For this part of the work use first the large veining tool, modeling the details afterward with the flat gouges, which will be used mostly with the concave side downward. The upper ornament can be repeated on the inside and the top shelf used for bric-a-brac, if desired. The molding should also run down the edges of the side pieces and across the lower edges of the braces. The sharp edges on the moldings may be removed by rubbing them down with a piece of shark skin, which can be purchased at hardware stores and is much superior to sandpaper for this purpose, but neither should be used on other parts of the carving, as such treatment destroys the crispness of the work.

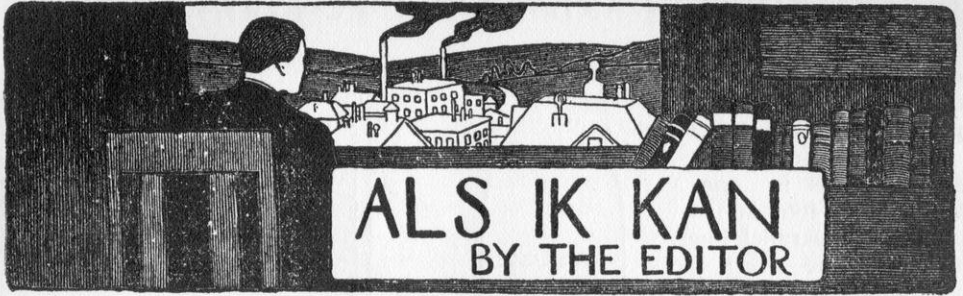
It is better to stain any article which is decorated in the antique style, as the color of the new wood is not in keeping with the work, and it takes a long time for it to darken naturally. This can be



WORKING DRAWING FOR CARVED MAGAZINE STAND, ILLUSTRATION OF WHICH IS GIVEN ON OPPOSITE PAGE. SCALE $\frac{3}{4}$ OF AN INCH.

done by fuming it with ammonia or by using any of the various wood stains now on the market. The weathered oak shades are used at present rather more than the darker tones, but either method of treatment should be followed by the use of a good wax polish. There are several preparations of liquid wax which are better to use on wood carvings than the hard wax which clogs the corners when it cools and is extremely difficult to remove. It should be well rubbed in with a stiff brush and allowed to dry, after which it may be slightly polished with a soft cloth.

Wood carving is one of the pleasantest of the arts, because in it the work of the brain and imagination are balanced by effort of a purely manual nature. Dexterity gives a pleasure all its own, and at no time is this so keenly felt as when it contributes to the making of a beautiful thing. Then again, there is the satisfaction of seeing the work take tangible form before the eyes, and there is also the wholesome smell of the wood with which we work, that seems to bring us, in our studios, in touch with the out of doors. Carving is one of the most primitive of the arts—witness the little boy with his first jack knife, how he whittles—and from this reminiscence of early joy perhaps carving gains one of its chief joys.



WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO THE NATION IF CITY FOLK AND FARMERS WOULD TAKE THE TROUBLE TO PLANT TREES

WE intend to publish in the July issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* an article by Mr. Charles R. Lamb to which we wish to draw special attention as dealing with a subject of the first importance to us as a nation, for it proposes nothing less than the coöperation of all the people in the work of the Forestry Department at Washington, by enlisting in the cause of tree planting the aid of all citizens who are interested in the work of reforesting the land.

Because he believes so sincerely in the necessity of this work, Mr. Lamb has added to his many other duties and interests the work of Secretary to The Tree Planting Association of New York, an organization which is doing its utmost to further the project of planting trees in every available place; not only bordering streets, country roads and highways of all descriptions with double lines of trees, but extending the planting of these even to the right of way along either side of railroads and canals. The Association urges furthermore that all spare bits of land owned by farmers or dwellers in the country or suburbs could be turned to good use and profit if planted with trees, and that the beauty of our cities and towns could be immeasurably increased if the citizens would see to it that every available space was used for trees.

The Association advocates a general study of forestry on the same simple practical basis as the study of fruit, vegetable,

or grain culture, not only because wood lots containing trees available for use form a considerable addition to the owner's income, but because the study of tree culture and the interest that naturally arises from it is a branch of education, should be cultivated for the mental and moral development it affords to our children, no less than for the good its results would do to the country and to future generations.

Owing to the energetic campaign undertaken for the preservation of our natural resources, definite measures have been taken to arrest the destruction of our forests and also to reforest the great national parks. But this is only a part of the work, and unless private citizens are willing to take sufficient interest to see that their own property and the streets and vacant lots of the towns and villages are planted to trees, we shall still incur the reproach of being a careless and wasteful people, indifferent alike to the beauty and the value of our resources. That the interest found in the planting and cultivation of trees has something in it akin to human interest is sufficiently demonstrated every time it is taken up. The fact that few people are aware of it is due more to carelessness than to any definite feeling that tree planting is not worth while. The celebration of Arbor Day in so many of our colleges and schools and the pride taken by each class in its tree should teach us a lesson as to the possibility of extending Arbor Day into a

IF CITY FOLK AND FARMERS WOULD PLANT TREES

celebration that would be genuinely worth while, for whole groves and avenues might easily be the special pride and care of school children who would make planting day one of the yearly festivals and further observation and care of the trees the occasion for many a delightful excursion. Even city children could contribute to the general good, for their delight in botany and nature study of all kinds would naturally extend to arboriculture, if they were given the chance and could obtain permission to beautify yards, vacant lots and even streets whenever an opportunity presented itself.

And think what a difference it would make if only the farmer realized his opportunities in this direction! He need not sacrifice one foot of land available for fruit, grain or vegetable culture, or for pasture; but if he would see that his roads and lanes were bordered with trees, that trees were planted about the house and that the acres set apart for a wood lot were kept in a thoroughly good condition, it would not only add much to the beauty of his place and increase its market value, but would furnish him with an important addition to his yearly income. If small groves and wood lots were planted all over the country and, after the trees had attained their growth, the practice were made each year of cutting down those fit for use and bringing up others in their place, plenty of wood might be obtained for all ordinary use without making any appreciable difference in the growth. It is simply practicing, on a small scale, the policy that is recommended by the Forestry Department,—that of cutting down only selected trees instead of destroying whole forests and leaving the "slash" to choke the new growth and to invite forest fires.

Of course this method of obtaining what would practically be an inexhaustible supply of lumber would be scoffed at by the proprietors of the huge sawmills which devour our forests almost as rapidly as do the forest fires. But the methods pursued by these sawmills have been so wantonly

destructive and wasteful that they have destroyed almost as much as they have used and have left no chance for future growth. But there are always the forests for the large sawmills and it is to be hoped that in future they will be compelled by the Government to use without destroying. The plan we recommend does not take the large sawmill into consideration at all, but rather the small sawmill belonging to the town or village, which could work up what lumber was needed for local building, cabinetmaking and other purposes from the trees culled each year from the wood lots all around.

And still another point of view shows the possibility of even closer personal interest, because, if the time ever comes when handicrafts are pursued on the farm, the choosing and cutting of certain trees for certain well-defined purposes would bring back to our lives something of the kinship with nature that was felt in other days, when a man could point to a sturdy, well-made table, a chair, or a chest of drawers and speak proudly of the excellence of the tree from which it was made. To this man and his family, the tree had its own individuality and its own story, and in some measure its life entered into the piece of furniture which was made from it, or the building to which it contributed its wood. The feeling we mean is precisely the same as that which, in earlier days when man lived closer to nature, led to so many delightful stories and legends which connected the life of a ship, for example, with the life of the oak from which it was built.

Naturally, our own interest in the subject comes largely from our feeling about wood as well as our appreciation of the charm to be found in the growing tree. We hold that without wood the life of the building art and of many kinds of craftsmanship is gone. Some people of easy-going temperament and not much imagination do not consider the possible exhaustion of our wood supply to be a serious matter. They say that if wood were exhausted we could use stone, brick, or con-

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crete construction for our buildings, and brass, iron, or aluminum for furniture. This, of course, is true. Houses and furniture could be built without wood; that is, if we could make up our minds to be satisfied with bare utility in our home surroundings; but it would not be long before the results of such unsympathetic and utilitarian environment would be shown in our national character.

There is something about wood that differs from any other material under the sun. Everyone who thinks about it at all, or who opens his mind to the subtle impressions which are constantly crowding upon us, realizes the kinship which exists between man and the trees. When they give us their wood for our use, something of the sense of peace and friendliness which belongs to them seems to cling to everything that we make. There is no stronger evidence of our commercial spirit and the artificiality of our minds and lives than is shown by the way we too often treat wood; covering it with paint, enamel, or varnish, so that its own character is completely concealed or destroyed. But when we leave it alone and let it show for what it is, the presence of wood in our home surroundings gives to them a quality of restfulness, permanence and unobtrusive friendliness that nothing else can supply.

When we grow older as a people we shall understand this better and in time we may even come to have the feeling for trees and wood that has been the strongest element in the artistic development of the Japanese. Not only do they treat a beautiful piece of wood with as much respect as they would show to a jewel, but throughout their whole national life, from the Emperor down to the poorest peasant, they wellnigh worship the growing tree. Their love is so great that they can even play with it and they understand it so well that they can make it do whatever they will. That person who could look upon the Japanese dwarfed cedars and pines without a sense of affection for their tiny dignity and strong individuality must be

dense indeed. They are such big little trees and someone has taken such care to bring them within reach of the familiar things of human life. To most Western minds they are merely curiosities, but they mean something far different to the Japanese, and some day, when we are many centuries older, it may be that we will realize the feeling that now we can only guess at. And this feeling is shown just as strongly in the Japanese use of wood as it is in the care and culture of trees in Japan.

In one way it may seem a far cry from the work of The Tree Planting Association of New York to the Japanese use of wood; and yet it is all one, for when we learn to have the right feeling about the wood we use in building and furnishing our homes we will inevitably grow into the right feeling about trees, and the child who is brought up to understand the nature of a tree will appreciate the beauty and friendliness of wood. Approach this work through either channel and it makes no difference, but every effort that is made to rouse an interest in trees is so much gained toward a wider appreciation of beauty, a sensitiveness to our human relation with nature and our consequent mental and ethical development as a people.

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INDIA: Its Life and Thought," by the Rev. John P. Jones, D.D., is a broad, fair-minded treatment of the conditions of life and religious thought in India, and of absorbing interest to the layman as well as the initiated worker for the Christian faith.

The book opens with a reference to the restlessness everywhere prevalent in the peninsula. This, he says, is not in the main of the nature of disloyalty, but rather the growing realization that India—one of the oldest and proudest powers in the world, is at present the least able to govern itself,—he quotes a prominent Hindu gentleman,—“being not equal to the worst and weakest foreign power.” The recent

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victory of Japan over Russia has stirred the imagination of all the Eastern people; they are inclined to regard the peace of Portsmouth, N. H., as a harbinger of a new era of liberty to the East. The increasing number of native youths educated along Western lines and in England, where they receive a strong stimulus toward independence and self-government, increases the spirit of discontent. The liberty of the press is more nearly absolute and more abused than in any other country; the National Congress, a meeting of native Indians, has been allowed to become an instrument of power, and seditious speeches are rife in the land. These violent outcries come mostly from the Ishmaels of the nation. The best class of Hindus is sensible of their weakness.

The caste system, which the writer treats at length, is an insuperable barrier to self-government in India. India is not public-spirited, nor can it be, while this system prevails. The need of social and moral reform is at the root of its weakness, and these, of all reforms, have made the least progress. The principles of Christianity opposed to caste and cruel and immoral religions will be the best promoter of reform along these lines.

The difficulty met by the missionary in India is not overcoming opposition to the new thoughts, but in molding the plastic tolerance of the Indian mind. He sticks to his old gods and the old forms of worship, absorbing as much as he cares to from the newer religion and letting it go its way in peace. Christianity, shorn of ritual, seems especially adapted to become strong by this process of absorption so deadening to more antagonistic faiths, because of the power Buddhism already holds in India. It is a well-known fact that Christianity teaches much the same system of ethics as Buddhism, but it carries with it an element of hope that extends beyond death and places a value upon humanity and its development that Buddhism does not, and which is calculated to subtly undermine Indian pessimism, already willing to accept the ethics of the creed.

The life of Christ as an Oriental, also has a natural attractiveness to the Eastern mind. We must not forget, is the gist of Dr. Jones's review of the situation, that we are not dealing with a barbaric nation, but with one whose intellectual development covers a longer period than our own. The Christianity of India cannot be that of the West. It will be essentially an Eastern Christianity and may be a better one. ("India; Its Life and Thought." By John P. Jones, D.D. 448 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$2.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"**U**NTRODDEN English Ways" is a book that lives up to its name, for it was written by a true lover of England who knows all the little ins and outs of history and legend and who seems at home in every hidden corner from Cape Wrath to Land's End,—for Scotland, too, is included in this pleasant journeying through unknown paths.

He takes the reader with him from place to place, and then the two poke around historic places and sit on the walls and gossip about the old stories which make up the memories of the land. To an American going to England this would be one of the most delightful books to take along and read on the voyage, for its effect would be much the same as Belasco's matchless device for taking us into the atmosphere of Japan before the curtain rose on the exquisite little one-act play of "Madame Butterfly." Anyone who remembers the dream-like effect of scene after scene that took you into the very heart of Japan before the curtain rose, and the low, strange Japanese music that seemed to breathe the very spirit of the country, will know exactly what is meant by this creation of an atmosphere before one sees the actual thing. ("Untrodden English Ways." By Henry C. Shelley. Illustrated with four full-page plates in color, drawings by H. C. Colby and photographs by the author. 341 pages. Price,

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\$3.00. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.)

IN "The House Dignified" by Lillie Hamilton French, the author has endeavored to call the attention of the American public to the sins committed in architecture and decoration when the wealth is greater than the taste of the house builder. The indorsement of a big price tag is apt to be accepted by a credulous public as the indisputable trade mark of beauty, and this fact, the author contends, makes the elaborate but ill-judged houses springing up in America a menace to the standards of American art.

Particular stress is laid on the fitness of the rooms for their uses, and consistency in the decoration of them. In every home, from the simplest dwelling to the grandest of our American palaces, the personality of the owner should be felt. The author holds also that a house cannot maintain its dignity when the upper halls suggest that the imagination or pocket-book of the owner has been exhausted on the first two stories, or when even the servants' quarters are slighted.

The book is magnificently illustrated with interiors from the homes of many persons prominent in American social life. ("The House Dignified: Its Design, Its Arrangement, Its Decoration." By Lillie Hamilton French. 75 original illustrations. 157 pages. Price, \$5.00 net. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

PROFESSOR William T. Sedgwick, in his introduction to "Civics and Health" by William H. Allen, calls Dr. Allen a reformer of the modern type; not only a prophet, crying in the wilderness, but a practical worker who insists upon actually eradicating the evils he cries out against. Dr. Allen devotes the larger portion of his work to the discussion of disease and its prevalence in schools; for the

condition of school children, he says, is the best index to the health of the community. Health, he maintains, is a civic obligation and its prevalence depends upon the enforcement of the public health laws. We are already approaching the last days of the tuberculosis plague and can we not, by the same insistent pursuit, root out many other diseases? Dr. Allen convinces his readers that such a result is possible with the unwearied efforts of public officers, aided by the coöperation of private individuals. The book stimulates the realization of what health means to the prosperity of a country and how great a part ignorance plays in its destruction. It is a book worthy of a very general reading. ("Civics and Health." By Dr. William H. Allen. 450 pages. Price, \$1.25 net. Published by Ginn & Company, New York.)

"THE Delafield Affair" is a story of Western life by Florence Finch Kelly. *Sumner Delafield*, of Boston, a swindler on a large scale, suddenly failed in business, and giving out that he had committed suicide, absconded to New Mexico, leaving desolation in his trail. His crime brought ruin and death into the family of *Curtis Conrad*, then a boy at school. *Conrad* has been inexorable in his search for the swindler and finds him some twenty years after, when the story opens. *Delafield* has taken the name of *Bancroft* and is a successful banker. Not until *Conrad* has fallen in love with the daughter, *Lucy Bancroft*, does he discover who her father really is. He lays aside his long planned revenge, but justice overtakes the criminal and a cloudburst wrecks the bank building and buries him beneath its ruins.

Mrs. Kelly is thoroughly familiar with the country of which she writes, as her excellent bits of description testify. ("The Delafield Affair." By Florence Finch Kelly. Four illustrations in color. 422 pages. Price \$1.50 net. Published by A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)

