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See page 124.

"THE MADONNA OF THE LAUREL:"
LOUIS D. VAILLANT, PAINTER.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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VOLUME XXII

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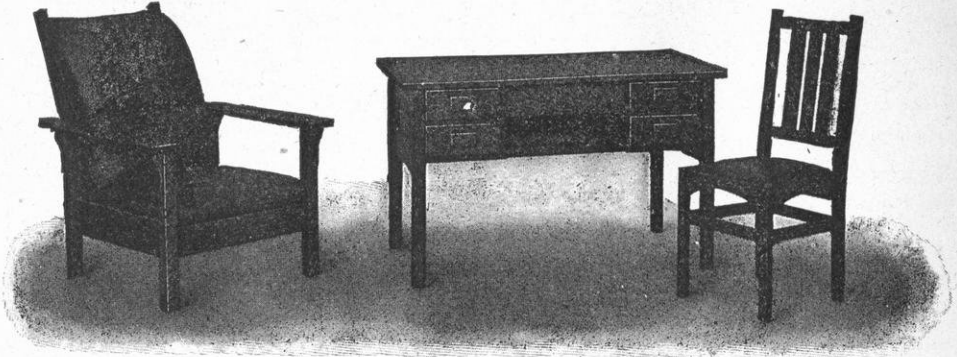
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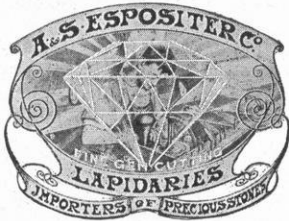
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THE CRAFTSMAN



PUBLISHED BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.
VOLUME XXII MAY, 1912 NUMBER 2

THE FUTURE OF GARDEN CITIES IN AMERICA: DEMOCRATIC TOWN PLANNING TO BE ACCOMPLISHED BY COÖPERATION

"The city is a place where men lead a common life for a noble end."—Aristotle.



THE interest of the American people in the garden city movement is steadily gaining ground. Not only have we seen what Europe is accomplishing along this line, but in our own country we are being awakened by the crying need of a saner distribution of population, better working and living conditions and greater opportunity for outdoor life. We are beginning to understand that if we are to become a nation of healthy, happy and efficient men and women we must see to it that our young people have the kind of public training and home influences which will make for strong physical, mental and spiritual growth,—and this implies both the intellectual opportunities of the city and the wholesome inspiration of the country.

These things, we find, are most difficult under present badly adjusted social conditions. The bitter experience of our civilization has proved conclusively that neither city nor country, as existing today, furnishes opportunity for the development of the best individual and social life. Each has its virtues and defects; each, in part is essential to our well-being, but each has failed to give us much happiness, health or a true democracy. We have yet to build our ideal city, to find a means of reconciling civilization and nature, getting the advantages of the city without congestion, and the healthfulness and beauty of the country without social isolation.

In view of these facts, it is no wonder that the garden city movement makes strong appeal. Its ability to combine the good and eliminate the evil of both country and town life has been so successfully demonstrated abroad that it seems to present the only obvious and satisfactory solution to our problem. But if it is to be effectual and permanent in its results it must be the direct expression of the common will and effort of the people, the outcome of their own conscious and united action for a clearly defined end, and not an individual philanthropy, or the imposition of some temporary reform or altruism. We may apply many of the principles and gain much

THE GARDEN CITY BASED ON COÖPERATION

valuable experience from the successes and failures of the various experiments in Europe, and the few in our own country; but we must build our own garden cities in our own way, according to our own local and national needs, opportunities and limitations. We believe that the garden cities of America to be a success must be coöperative and democratic rather than paternalistic or proprietary as in England and Germany.

But democracy must forever be born of the wish of the people, for it implies both interest and responsibility in the relation of the individual to the State. And people do not really desire coöperation until they are sure it is the best thing for them to plan and act as a unit and invest their collective capital for a common end. Also they must be convinced that such coöperation will result in personal as well as in common good. It might be possible to enlist the aid of a few large-souled individuals by appealing to their sympathies and ardor for reform; but if the garden city movement is to be put on a firm footing in this country it must appeal to the enlightened self-interest of the majority. The people must realize that intelligent united action along this line will result in actual benefit to themselves and their families. They must feel not only that their collective effort will bring them in the long run what they most highly value, but also that it is possible for their economic ideal to be carried forward on a sound basis. They must understand that the planning and building of a model garden city is a straight business proposition, not a philanthropic scheme or a risky speculation. As Grosvenor Atterbury has put it, "The future of the garden city depends on its ability to earn its own living, to pay its own way."

Moreover, only in such collective and harmonious action lies the protection of the people from the ravages of the land speculator. The keen competition in real estate circles has not only produced many wasteful conditions and artificial values in our suburbs, but it has frequently upset whole farming communities. The buying up of land for purely speculative objects and the use of fertile acres and pasturage by the "gentleman-farmer" for golf links and other purposes, has given many farmers an unnatural view of land values and uses, and they are apt to lose interest in the real work of their fields and live idly in the hope that some rich city man may come along and buy their acres at fabulous prices for speculation. And this sort of purchase not only means that the land may remain unused for years, or may be cut up into small lots for the possible future erection of badly built houses, but it also means that the individual who eventually buys one of these lots will have to pay the original speculator an exorbitant price or a correspondingly large yearly in-

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terest. This, of course, is inevitable under present conditions, and to some extent is right; for the value of the land will have been increased by whatever improvements or transit facilities may have resulted from the speculator's ownership. But how much more to the interest of the home-seeker it would be if he were able to avoid this expense of the speculating middleman, buy his land direct and build for himself the kind of home that he wanted, a place of permanent comfort and beauty.

But this can never be accomplished by the average citizen of small income, and here again we see the necessity for coöperation. If private persons who wish suburban or country homes would unite into a group and act collectively, buying and improving on a large scale as the speculator does now, only with a view to the establishment of an ideal community, then our garden cities might be begun. By such unified and consistent action the people would get the kind of homes and environment which they really want, embodying the combined advantages of city and country life, and at the same time, by acting on an economical basis, they would be saving the interest on their money which would otherwise have gone to the speculator. Such an undertaking as this obviously would not be an easy task, nor would it mean getting something for nothing. It would require money, brains, personal and collective effort.

In the development of a model community, the people will have to band together for the securing or raising of capital; they will have to pay expert business men to manage the financial and executive end, and competent architects, builders, town planners, landscape gardeners and other professionals to carry out their wishes and help them put their ideals into practical, economical and beautiful form. Such enterprise will need wise and careful consideration, insight into present needs and forethought for future possibilities. In fact, the model town has been defined as "a place where the conditions of living are wisely controlled, where a certain amount of flexibility is allowed for organic growth, and where foresight is evidenced in provision for the future."

ASIDE from the material benefit which will result from the creation of such a healthful and inspiring environment as a garden city affords, there is the equally or even more important factor of its reaction upon the people who are responsible for it. Its biggest value to both individual and community is the development which the people themselves secure from it. By their commingled efforts and aspirations, by their intelligent and friendly coöperation for a common cause, by the awakening and stimulating

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of their sense of personal responsibility and integrity, the training of their business judgment, the emphasizing of their love of home life and right home surroundings, the quickening of their civic consciousness and civic pride,—out of all these things they gain their own intellectual and spiritual growth, evolving gradually, by the work of their own hands and hearts and brains, the solid structure of a real democracy.

Thus far, the only example in this country which nearly approximates the Continental garden city in its collective planning and development is Forest Hills Gardens, the work of the Russell Sage Foundation on Long Island, accounts and illustrations of which have been published in *THE CRAFTSMAN* from time to time. This undertaking, which has been defined by Robert W. de Forest, one of the trustees, as “a business investment with an educational purpose,” while, of course, not democratic or coöperative in the sense outlined above, will nevertheless prove a valuable demonstration to the country at large of the advantages of such an ideal type of community, and will prove, we hope, the incentive to home-seekers to develop homes for themselves along similar lines.

The garden city movement was first started in Europe, and it is interesting to note its steady growth and increasing popularity. H. Inigo Triggs, in the preface to his volume on “Town Planning, Past, Present and Possible,” says:

“It was not until the latter half of the last century that the subject of town planning began to be systematically studied. Originating in the far-reaching schemes of Baron Haussmann for the improvement of Paris, the movement gathered impetus with the remodeling of many of the more important cities of Europe consequent upon the demolition of their fortifications. In England, until Mr. John Burns introduced the Housing and Town Planning Bill, any idea of a systematic treatment of the subject was practically unknown outside æsthetic coteries, and although such matters as public health and restrictive building laws have for many years received great attention, we have yet very much to learn upon the subject of the laying out and development of town areas. The structure of our towns, the development of our suburbs and the creation of entirely new districts have been with us nearly always pure matters of chance. What was a village, expands to a town, which in its turn becomes a populous city without any preparations being made for the great change. As each difficulty arises it has been either quite left to chance, or solved in the best manner which the circumstances of the moment permit, with little thought for the requirements of succeeding generations. We are beginning

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to see what the consequence of this state of affairs has been, and to realize gradually that a city is not, and ought not to be, a chance aggregation of so many houses, any more than a rational dwelling is a fortuitous collection of bricks and mortar."

MR. TRIGGS quotes Aristotle, who defined a city as "a place where men live a common life for a noble end," and asks, "How can we accomplish this end unless we make our cities so attractive and so beautiful as to diffuse a beneficent influence over our homes and our entire life?" This "beneficent influence," unfortunately, has not been diffused by the kind of cities which our modern civilization has reared. Neither have we found satisfaction and fulfilment in our suburban and country life. In our blind groping for wealth and happiness we have foundered between two extremes—the overcrowding of our cities on the one hand, and the desolation of our country on the other. The case has been so effectively stated by Ebenezer Howard, the founder of England's first garden city, that we can hardly do better than quote him here. In his book "Garden Cities of Tomorrow," he sets forth the people's need of a "town-country,"—the sort of community which will combine all that is best and avoid all that is bad in both country and town. And to make his argument more graphic, he uses a diagram: three magnets, attracting the People. One magnet is the town, another the country, and the third the "town-country." By these magnets he marks the essential characteristics of each division:

"Town: Closing out of nature, social opportunity, isolation of crowds, places of amusement, distance from work, high money wages, high rents and prices, chances of employment, excessive hours, army of unemployed, fogs and droughts, costly drainage, foul air, murky sky, well-lit streets, slums and gin palaces, palatial edifices.

"Country: Lack of society, beauty of nature, hands out of work, land lying idle, trespassers beware, wood, meadow, forest, long hours, low wages, fresh air, low rents, lack of drainage, abundance of water, lack of amusement, bright sunshine, no public spirit, need for reform, crowded dwellings, deserted villages.

"Town-country: Beauty of nature, social opportunity, fields and parks of easy access, low rents, high wages, low rates, plenty to do, low prices, no sweating, field for enterprise, flow of capital, pure air and water, good drainage, bright homes and gardens, no smoke, no slums, freedom and coöperation."

The result of the theories, plans and practical efforts of Ebenezer Howard was the founding of the Garden City at Letchworth, Hert-

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fordshire, England, which, through the work, writings and illustrations of its architects, Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, has already become familiar to readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Other model communities of a more or less similar nature, paternalistic, proprietary or coöperative, have sprung up in various countries.

Charles Mulford Robinson, in a footnote in his "Modern Civic Art," says: "Striking illustrations may be pointed out of this new industrial movement in, for example, Port Sunlight, England, with its model cottages, its allotment gardens, garden plots, and flower shows; in Cadbury's Bourneville Village Trust, just out of Birmingham; in the Krupp city of Essen, Germany; in the Westinghouse community near Pittsburgh; in the transformation wrought by the National Cash Register Company at Dayton, Ohio, and in the development at the Acme White Lead and Color Works, Detroit, where there has been adopted the motto, 'Take hold and lift.' The success of these settlements indicates that industrial regard for civic æsthetics is not a concession to sentimental impulse on the part of manufacturers who are willing, for its sake, to sacrifice something of efficiency; but that it is a phase of the effort to secure the latter. It is based on a recognition of the fact that the laborer is a better workman if the environment of home and shop be shorn of dreariness; if his higher impulses be fed, not starved, and he be made more man and less machine."

In this connection and in these days of class injustice, special privilege, social and economic extremes, and the consequent increasing discontent among the masses of the people who are complaining that our so-called democracy has betrayed them, there is much significance—perhaps even prophecy—in Ebenezer Howard's definition of the garden city movement as "*a peaceful path to real reform.*"

In his "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin has put into words his vision of the ideal city and the manner of its attainment. It will come, he says, "through sanitary and remedial action in the houses that we have; and then the building of more, strongly, beautifully, and in groups of limited extent, kept in proportion to their streams and walled around, so that there may be no festering and wretched suburb anywhere, but clean and busy street within and the open country without, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard around the walls, so that from any part of the city fresh air and grass and sight of far horizon might be reachable in a few minutes' walk. This is the final aim."

OUR DESIRES



OUR desires are the dynamic of all behavior: they are seeds entrusted to us for cultivation by God and Nature.

It is for us to say whether they shall die of drought or be rotted away by the superfluous waters of self-pity; whether they shall run wild as weeds in the gardens of our lives, choking one another; whether they shall be pruned and repressed into feeble artificiality, or whether they shall be watered just enough, nourished in the sunlight, encouraged, trained, kept under control, and made to bloom with joy.

Those who blast and wither their desires will find life barren—a fruitless negation:

Those who recklessly indulge their desires will find life sour and sodden—a weak negation:

Those who too sternly prune and repress their desires will find their lives dwarfed—an insincere negation:

Only those who train and develop their desires will find life rich and large and positively fruitful.

For our desires may be low and crude in form today, but, if wisely gratified on the highest plane, they will transform themselves. They are capable of the seedling's progress from the cotyledon to the exquisite, characteristic leaf of the individual. They may be transplanted and promoted from the plain sandbed of beginnings to the window-box or flowering border.

The same desire of adventure can make a boy a housebreaker or a hero, according as its growth is directed. The same desire of beauty may make a young girl an artist or a shoplifter.

But in our desires are enfolded our powers—the secret of all possible achievement. That which the child desires ardently enough, the man or woman may become.

Nor can any one of us attain that which is greatest and best without greatly desiring it. We cannot take one step in the right direction without wishing to do so.

Therefore we must not seek to weed out the heart's desire, for it is the life's promise, but we must, rather, give it such culture as will bring the life's fulfilment.

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

THE SPRING ACADEMY: ITS TENDENCIES AND SUCCESSES



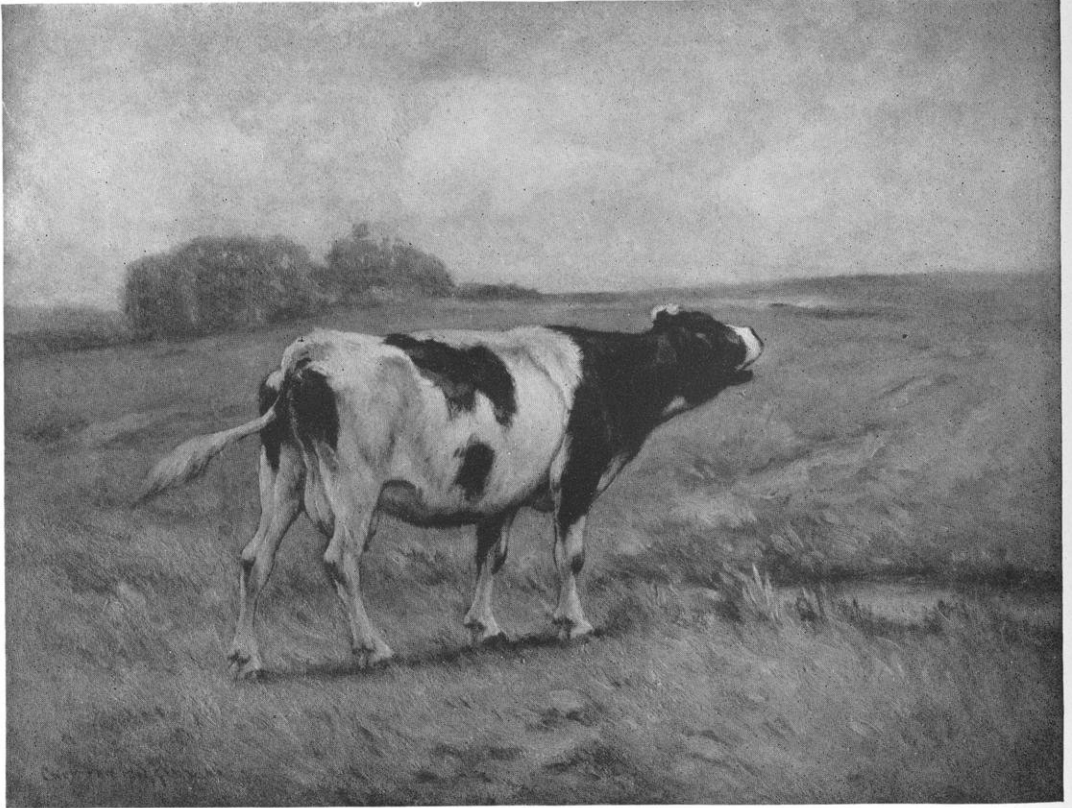
SIGNIFICANT feature of the Spring Academy was the absence of any one dominating note. No group of paintings suggested the influence of any particular school or master, and the tendency which just now is dominating Paris and all Southern Europe, of learning one's lessons in public, apparently has not, if one may judge from this exhibition, touched American painters to any great extent. There was also a definiteness of purpose, a security in technique in much of the work in the exhibition which gave one a wide sense of relief after the dissecting-room exhibitions we have been overwhelmed with this winter. It was a pleasure as well as a surprise to find on the walls of the Academy the human body presented as a coherent whole, in spite of Max Webber's insistence that flesh and blood should be expressed in terms of successive meal bags badly joined together. It was interesting, too, to note that Picasso's fame and courage have not as yet tempted many of our artists to disregard all supposed existence of balance in human anatomy. It was good to find eyes in the old-fashioned places, not sloping down at right angles to the edge of the cheek-bone, and eluding all restraint until patrolled by the ear.

We are all interested in experimenting; only through it, do we grow, whether we are tilling the soil or testing chemicals in a laboratory, or pondering on Nature's subtleties in a studio. And we are making great discoveries through this spirit, which is essentially modern and peculiarly an American one. But the great mass of real experimenters do not insist upon an admiring audience during all processes of research. The man who dissects and vivisects has about him workers in his own profession. The farmer who is trying new experiments with grafting his trees and in the fertilization of his soil usually moves over his fields and through his orchards silently and alone. The musician, even, with all his need of human sympathy and emotional understanding, still makes his excursions into the mysteries of harmony quietly, in solitude.

It seems as though it remained for the modern experimenter in colors to insist upon an audience all along the way. Of course, this does not apply to the creator, the man who moves the art of his century forward many strides through his own progress, but to the dilettante, the unproductive, who today is so often possessed with the fatuous idea that every phase of his effort, every whimsical change in his point of view, must be exhibited and exploited. He must belong to schools of eccentricity or create schools of impertinence, and as a rule he does not exhibit his own successes, because he is not making



PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOHN HENRY HAMMOND
AND HER DAUGHTER: M. JEAN MCLANE,
PAINTER: WINNER OF THE JULIA A. SHAW
MEMORIAL PRIZE AT THE SPRING ACADEMY.



"THE MOOING COW:" CARLETON WIGGINS, N.A., PAINTER.



"THE SEWING LESSON:" FRANCIS C. JONES, N.A., PAINTER.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON:
MARY FAIRCHILD LOW, A.N.A., PAINTER.

ABSENCE OF "SCHOOLS" AMONG AMERICAN PAINTERS

any. He is drawing a house so that it tumbles over because Cezanne did, a table that is sliding off the floor because Halprit so elects, a woman with her body out of shape and so unrelated to realities that it is perfectly reasonable to have it falling out of the picture, in close imitation of Matisse. We seem to have gone mad over the whimsical curiosities of youth, which, however interesting in their way, are far removed from that great, lonely creative spirit who really experiments, who really achieves, whom the crowd seldom knows or recognizes, who has no place among those who stridently proclaim their little strangenesses. Everyone who thinks of art, of any kind of progress, knows that real accomplishment is in the hands of the hard workers, of the men driven by the impulse to create, the naïve simple folk, who are deeply touched by any real sympathy, but who recoil and hide from the flamboyant acclamation of the camp followers of art.

BUT to return to the Spring Academy, the work this year did not seem to be sorted out in the usual fashion, for the honor room, the Vanderbilt Gallery, was on the whole the least interesting of the four rooms, and the honor line, which usually carries most of the prize pictures in that gallery, was quite the least interesting of the four walls. The significant paintings were scattered about with no apparent effort to specialize with them or even to separate them from the mass of painting which at the Academy every year, in spite of the kind efforts of the hanging committee, melt into a background.

A significant study of individualism in art, so free from affectation of soul or technique, that it stands as an important painting of the year, is George Bellows' canvas of one of the great New York steamship wharfs, called "Men of the Docks." In the broken surfaces of wintry water and patches of ice, a massive ocean liner is docked, giving one a comfortable sense of security as to the continued existence of some fundamental laws of Nature. The houses across the river from the dock are built on firm foundations, and the water in the harbor flows out over immutable earth, the smaller vessels about are moored safely to piers which will not dissolve, and the sky and the air and the tense crisp light seem not likely to break loose and drop off onto another canvas. George Bellows has painted the truth about this scene as the normal man would see it, the man animated by an understanding of the great fundamental laws of the universe; not striving to arrest attention by eccentricity, but to hold it by reality. It is a freshly painted canvas, full of oxygen, with the chill of winter in the air and sea, and the whole presented with the thrill and wonder inherent in the edges of great seaport towns, where

ABSENCE OF "SCHOOLS" AMONG AMERICAN PAINTERS

ships voyage away to strange lands, sailing through many airs and exotic perfumes. George Bellows can do that rare thing, of which some dashing experimenters of today do not even dream; he can present life, life that touches his interest, with all the inherent values that truth holds, and can add to that the romance which the sensitive imagination demands in order to be at one with the creator of beauty.

Jonas Lie's "Bridge" in the same room with Bellows, is hung, as it were, for a companion piece, because Lie is handling somewhat the same subjects in somewhat the same way. But Lie is more dramatic. He has a more brilliant technique. His canvas is more showy, the light resilient, but the miracle of life has not been produced.

Among the Academy canvases which assert their right to interest and criticism, the individual note prevails. Each of these men,—this, of course, applies only to the distinctive ones,—is searching for truth in his own way, and often a man with two canvases shows a different method of technique in each, as, for instance, in Ben Ali Haggin's "Girl in a Black Gown," and "Baby in Chinese Coat." The former is done with a rich, mature meltingly beautiful line, as though the brush combined with brain to express a certain languid grace of motion, an æsthetic attitude toward life, and on the other hand the whole handling of the baby portrait is done with such simplicity and tenderness that one is not surprised to learn that the piquant, poignantly lovely subject is Mr. Haggin's own daughter, for there is affection as well as skill in the presenting of the wee baby, with her eager sweetness and delicate charm.

Another distinctively individual canvas presents Karl Anderson's "Tiger Lilies," a very small patch of pasture land filled with blooming August plants and radiant children. The light comes in a sheet of splendor, sifting through the tiger-lily bloom, and imparting a yellow radiance to the beautiful standing child and the happy group on the ground. The pictures in the vicinity sink back as remote from interest as the frame does. It is a very definite achievement, and not based on whimsicality or any interest in foreign eccentricities. It must be the way summertime, which always means children, looks to a man of sympathetic temperament. In the same gallery other men are showing it in other ways, as they remember it or as they enjoy it, but no one quite so emotionally as this artist has presented it under the shower of tiger lilies.

There are fewer children and more nude studies than usual this year, and somehow one does not expect them both in one exhibition. As a whole the children portraits are definitely more interesting, more real, than the nudes. In America we have not yet become simple enough or unself-conscious enough to paint naked human

ABSENCE OF "SCHOOLS" AMONG AMERICAN PAINTERS

beings with all the possibilities of beauty that lie in that particular phase of art. The nude studies at the Spring Academy seem irrelevant and accidental rather than inevitable. The trouble is that in reality we are still shadowed with Puritanism, and although the artist may recognize the beauty in the nude in art, the stern force of the New England point of view is still latent in his conscience, and to a certain extent stultifies his impulse toward freedom and naturalness.

Luis Mora's canvas "Embroidered Patterns" is quite outside this criticism, but then Luis Mora is quite half Spanish and all artist. He does not know the blight that our Puritan ancestors thrust out over all lovely things in life, the human body, music, flowers, and how to them the imaginative, the poets, were witches and the beautiful, vile. The art impulse of Mr. Mora, happily for him and for us, flowered in southern lands, and his art up to the present day has gone through many phases of varied, rich interest. He has painted the modern Spaniard as well as the wonderful old beauty of Spain; he has revealed the charm of the American farm land, and he has brought back studies of the old life of California, but never before, so far as the writer knows, has he presented the more philosophical phase of his art, as in this study of nude women, which is such an interesting departure from the other nude studies at the Academy. The two women, in this picture, painted with the most exquisite luminous flesh quality, are considering with poetic languor the beauty of some old Spanish shawls, and not only has Mr. Mora presented a vivid study of material beauty, but he has found the way to stir the imagination to a finer understanding of the exquisite and subtle relation of the arts, for he has portrayed as rich and full a rhythm in color and line as Debussy discovered in sound, in his analytical and emotional music of "Pelléas and Mélisande." Mr. Mora's composition is so harmoniously developed that one gains the impression, in tone and sweep of body and fabric, of rhythm flowing out beyond the frame and carrying one's imagination into far spaces of fine-spun beauty.

We have the good fortune to present among our illustrations this month a reproduction of the Julia A. Shaw Memorial Prize picture, a portrait of Mrs. John Henry Hammond and her daughter, by M. Jean McLane. THE CRAFTSMAN readers will no doubt recall frequent recent mention of Mrs. McLane's work. She is a young artist whose painting has been from the start markedly individual, who evidently has planned for herself the delight of painting people, especially children, as she actually sees them, through the quality of her most vigorous and illuminating technique. Our frontispiece is also an Academy picture, "The Madonna of the Laurel," by Louis D. Vaillant. We are especially interested in this modern

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Madonna picture, as it seems so full of the simple naïve beauty that was found in the very early presentations of the subject, when the Madonna symbolized mother-love, rather than certain religious dogma or a purely material maternalism.

In showing Mrs. Will H. Low's portrait of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, our interest has centered in the subject. We are sure that our readers the world over will enjoy the opportunity of this glimpse of Mrs. Stevenson, however the limitations imposed by black and white may prevent a full realization of the great charm of this unusual woman, whose personality is so magnetic, so serene in its poise, so richly intellectual, that those who have had the opportunity of knowing her always remember her as one of the most interesting and beautiful among women. Our two other illustrations are "The Sewing Lesson," by Francis Jones, a most happy and tender home interior, and Carleton Wiggins' "The Mooing Cow," which is a "portrait" of springtime in the pasture, with fragrant wet winds bringing in messages of budding clover and sweetbrier.

RETURNING WINGS

THE trees stand black and bare against the sky,
Gaunt silhouettes upon a pallid shield;
The garnered meadow-lands no longer yield
Abundance of sweet sheaves, but passive lie—
For lo, the North Wind's monarchy is nigh!
All trace of plenitude has earth concealed,
Yet well she knows that she has but to wield
Her magic wand, and Spring comes by and by.

And though my heart is cheerless and alone,
And eyes are blinded by a mist of tears,
Though every bird of happiness has flown
Away with you—Ah, Love, no haunting fears
Shall dim the welcome of returning wings,
Nor hush the music when my Poet sings!

ANNE P. L. FIELD.

OLD CREOLE COURTYARDS: BY P. F. G.



HE true necromancer has his gift from fairies, in cradle-time, and plies his white magic wherever he may go through life. Straying into an atmosphere surcharged with memories, he finds himself besought by them, and gradually gives himself over to the obsession, becoming lost to the present, beholding strange visions, hearing strange voices. Lulled by a semitropical heat and an air languorous with magnolia and jasmine, such a visionary must yield to a certain haunted area known as the Old Quarter of New Orleans where, in varying stages of dissolution, linger the French and Spanish buildings of a bygone century, peopled with ghosts and their secrets: love secrets, passion secrets, misery secrets, plague secrets, death-bed secrets—quite enough to drive men and women behind heavy-barred doors and close-shuttered windows, behind high walls whose bolted gate was not without its precautionary wicket, or heavy batten without its cunning peephole.

Stroll now along the narrow flagged street; look up at the beautifully wrought iron balconies overhanging the old banquette; the quaint sloping roofs, oft moss-stained, weed- or fungus-grown, with belvidere atop or dormers, like dove-cotes, midway; here and there with the old semicircular tiles which, after two fires, came to supplant the cypress, shingle or thatch; note the old-time doors and windows with their iron or wooden battens and ancient bolts, hinges and knockers; the gratings over lintels, the portes-cochères and arcades with their rusty iron lamps; the high brick, lime-washed or stuccoed walls, with gate and wicket;—in all, the mystery, the melancholy, the seclusion of a century ago.

For here are the abandoned homes and haunts of an old aristocracy—the Creole aristocracy—in rags. Houses that once entertained princes and their trains now sleep in desuetude or, worse, hang out the sign, *Chambres à louer*. Here crumble the dear homes of *Madame Delphine*, of *Madame Delicieuse*, of *Madame John*, the unhappy quadron and her *'Tite Poulette*, and all the other haunts of the Grandissimes, immortalized by that prince of white magic amid this rust and cobweb and débris—George Cable.

Now these ground floors are turned to cabarets or untidy ill-smelling shops; these high-ceiled rooms are crowded with immigrants herded together in true tenement fashion; these ladies' balconies are trod by slatterns who deface as they are able and with the utmost phlegm the tattered splendor of the past, even desecrating with their profane wash strung on a line, what to an artist would appear the holy of holies—the still enchanting courtyard! For herein is discerned the key-note of that esotericism, that air of a past gener-

HOME LIFE IN GARDEN COURTS

ation which must bar itself away from the passion-tainted atmosphere—here where a stranger would least expect to find a garden.

As you go along the street, you find it now as it was then, a formidable array of barricades—moribund buildings and moldering walls, all flush with the banquette, so that you know not whether they were homes or prisons, and are more perplexed to think how, if they were homes, one could be sure of his own door or that of his friend.

To the uninitiated it is a monotony of blank façades and walls—not without interest, it is true, but with the impression of gloom and shadow unspeakable within. To emphasize this feeling there are the dirty, narrow, ill-paved street, two refuse-strewn banquettes, foul gutters and dank, malarial air.

The charm of the old Creole courtyard, when it is presently discovered, is its unexpectedness; its startling contrariety toward the outer environment. Not that a courtyard is unfamiliar—you may see enough of them “up town,” as they say, meaning above Canal Street, in the American Quarter; but there, frankly descried through modern fence and gate, they lose their charm if not their identity; and to forfeit as little as possible of the pristine spirit of courtyard days, one must turn to those last-century haunts whither the old régime of France, fresh from revolutionary horrors, brought their court forms and fineries, and where the old Creole families held that despotic sway that is still referred to in awed whispers.

IT IS possible that all justice has not been done the room-renting foreigner and his democratic shibboleth, for who would have dared assail these aristocratic strongholds with profane curiosity under circumstances more propitious for the beauty within and less for the stranger without?

What pretext would have served the unprepared to pass him by the tignoned slave at the wicket and down that long, shaded, echoing corridor into the flower-hung area? And what magic would have found the knocker to the one of greatest beauty?

It might have been over a store that the aristocracy was to be sought, and to make a call it would have been necessary to sound the knocker on the porte-cochère right next to the shop windows. Admitted, you would have been led down a high covered carriage-way—a tessellated pavement, between plastered walls—out into a sunny court, over to the stairway leading to a hall above the carriage-way or corridor, and so to the drawing rooms over the store. But whether it were there or in a building apart, there was always this oasis to be found—a veritable conservatory, sky-roofed, of greenery, flowers and fruits, leaping fountains and singing birds.



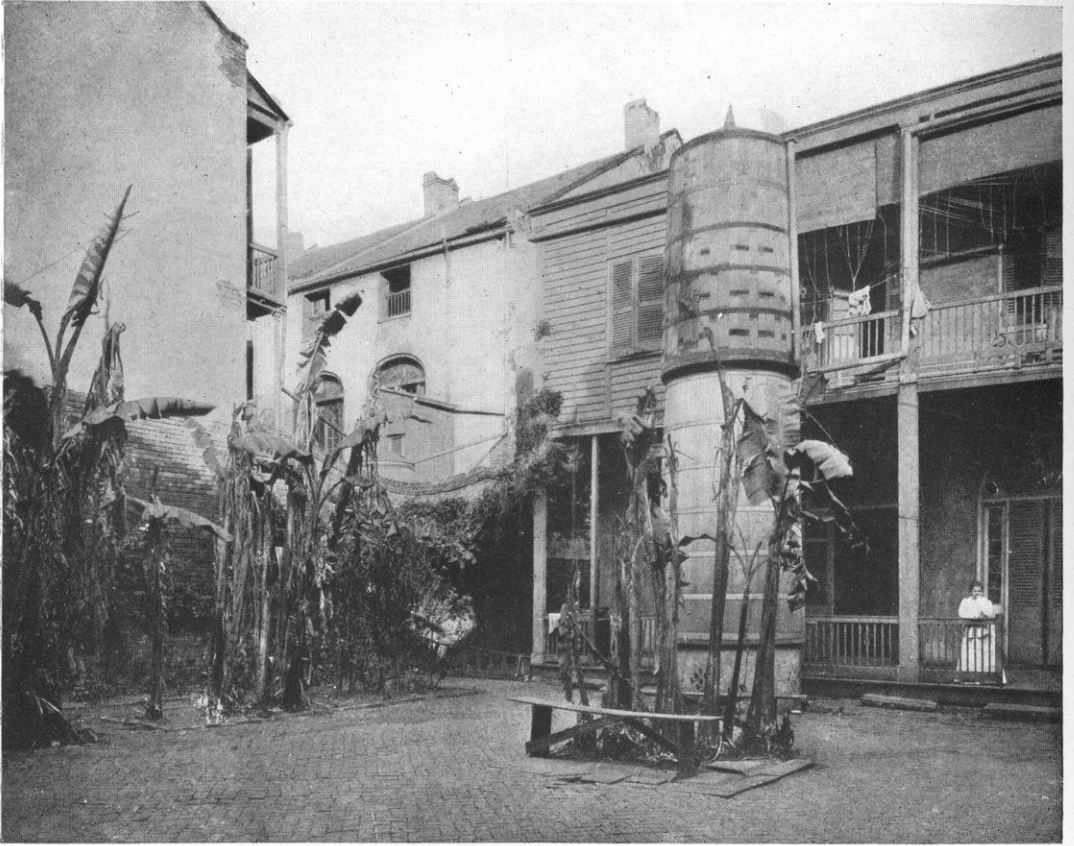
A GARDEN COURT IN AN OLD STREET OF NEW ORLEANS: THE MEMORY OF THE CHARM AND BEAUTY OF THE LIFE THAT ONCE FLOURISHED IN THIS PICTURESQUE QUARTER STILL LINGERS IN THIS MOST INTERESTING OF THE OLD COURTS.



A GARDEN COURT IN ROYAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS, WHICH STILL PRESERVES SOME OF THE BEAUTY WHICH MADE THESE SPOTS IN EARLY DAYS THE RENDEZVOUS OF ALL THE WEALTH AND FASHION OF THE PICTURESQUE CITY.



AN OLD FRENCH COURT IN NEW ORLEANS, SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL IRON WORK WHICH SUPPORTED THE BALCONIES IN THESE WONDERFUL OUTDOOR LIVING PLACES, THE HOMES OF FAMOUS FRENCH BEAUTIES AND GREAT FRENCH SOLDIERS.



A NEGLECTED FRENCH COURTYARD WHICH VIVIDLY GIVES ONE THE IMPRESSION OF HOW MUCH THAT MAKES FOR BEAUTY IN THESE OLD GARDEN SPACES WAS DUE TO THE LOVE OF THE PEOPLE FOR OUTDOORS AND THEIR SKILL IN DEVELOPING PICTURESQUE FEATURES.

HOME LIFE IN GARDEN COURTS

All houses of any pretension were on this Spanish-American plan: the tessellated carriageway or corridor leading to the spacious paved court, which gave to each room on the ground floor and to each on any of the encircling galleries above, the same charming outlook. As a rule, the two wings at the sides of the court and adjoining the main building were the family bedrooms and guest chambers. The farthest or highest apartments were allotted to the slaves. Thus, every space within was permeated by the essence of flowers borne in on tepid air, the caroling of birds, the pleasant dripping of the fountain.

And this was the manifestation of a wisdom not purely architectonic. One need only to read history—not ancient history either—to understand the motive which led men to seclude their domestic life thus, taking their garden within, since they could not trust it without.

Now you walk along the streets and through opened gates or lattices which are a compromise with the more law-abiding times, catch glimpses down long corridors of the courtyard beyond—walls of moldering brick all but denuded of vines; the flickering green of plants, choked fountains. Or you may walk in—seldom now is a door inhospitably closed—and see what you will and reconstruct what you can. But do not come unless you have a thaumaturgical gift to love back the garden into bloom and the wraiths into life, for you will have but a sorry view: decaying wood of stairways and galleries, peeling stucco, zigzag cracks in the crumbling building, moldering brick in the walls, stagnant water in the hollows of the pavement, rusty iron, broken glass, a pitiable débris, and, over all, perhaps, a damp, foul air.

Though nearly always there will be something green, just as there is always some poor offering before the humblest shrine.

OF COURSE the court was paved, sometimes with the large flat stones used in banquettes, sometimes with brick, more often tessellated with fine even stone, with black and white marble, or mosaic in elaborate patterns. The fountain occupied the position of prominence, in the center. The colorful flower beds, in set patterns, were everywhere.

Around the sides, against the walls, were small jungles of tropical plants and vines, a fig tree here and there, absorbing the warmth of sun-drenched bricks and bearing the small delicious fruit of the Celeste variety. If space permitted, there were hedges, of bois d'arc, cedar, bay, arbor-vitæ, Pride of China; and of trees, perhaps, though rarely, the large, evergreen camphor, with its fragrant gum;

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but more commonly, the magnolia, pomegranate, mespilla plum, orange, lemon, persimmon, oleander, guava, shaddock, fantastic crape myrtle and chinaberry, with their voluptuous odors; or banana trees, their leaves split into ragged ribbons; rubber plants, palmettos and Spanish dagger.

Ferns were everywhere, luxuriant-fronded ferns, and beds of a hundred kinds of flowers bordered with sweet violets. Flung over the walls were vines—honeysuckle, star-clematis, rose, wistaria—a study in pastel against the drab or lemon of the stucco; while some more venturesome of the clinging growths crept curiously about the place, up into tree trunks to peer about, in through interstices of the house walls, or up the stairway and along the jalousied balconies, to flaunt their beauty and perfumery before the occupants of those upper chambers.

Disused stairs and balconies they are now, amid the rubbish, but how easy to see, in fancy, those phantom figures treading them in one mood or another. How easy to repeople the palm-shaded seats below with light-hearted lovers, to call back the obsequious slaves, myriads of them, going about their duties; the gracious hostess and her guests, their liquid speech and laughter, reflecting no less than the horde of chattering Southern sparrows in the boughs overhead, the *joie de vivre* that is inherent in the Creole race. Here they bade Godspeed to the son or brother, husband or father who went out with Beauregard or Lee—impassioned fighters were these proud men. Here came the children, now grandparents, in the arms of their swarthy nurses; here they toddled and learned to run. Listen and you can hear the old mammy's voice, weird and mellow, chanting some Creole song.

There is some witchery in the place to set one dreaming. Is it the funereal plumes of the palm, the white light reflected from the sun- or moon-drenched walls, the amorous scent of flowers, the imagining of these things, that is, and of the chirrup of birds and leaping waters, that, mixed in the alembic of one's mind, contrive the charm?

There is the old fountain, once set in green, whose water reflected the sapphire of a tropic sky and held all the wondrous hues of sunrise and sunset, like a great opal, fire-tinted or rainbowed; or was inter-shot with the silver and gold of moonbeams and starshine. Now these lights and colors are dimly caught and half-heartedly held by the scum on stagnant water in the pavement hollows. Death lurks in the iridescence which is the fairness of corruption.

These walls, too, what history has been theirs? Caught in the rising flood of waters, contagion laden, they have breathed in the

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germs of loathsome disease; been cleansed by rain and sun, only to be soaked again in the poisonous vapors of the miasmatic air from the marshes; they have bred in their crannies bright lizards, swift moccasin snakes and all the horde that heat and damp will mother. Chameleonlike, they have taken on the unhealthy saffron of the Yellow Death who stalked through the streets without; have been dyed with color splashes as though the wine of roses, crimson and amber, had been crushed out thereon; as though the lemons and oranges had been so redolent that something of themselves had been carried across the yard too, and sprayed like pollen dust, lightly, until year after year their color had come to strike in. And who shall describe the infinite witchery of the stains of time—the moss-greens, mold-blacks, terra-cotta, gamboge, ashes of roses, shadow violets, hoary grays, weathered drabs, mummy browns—the motley color that has come into these bricks as it comes into those of cemetery vaults, with mold, corruption and change?

Perhaps there remains one of those beautiful water jars, old as the hills, the sort the forty thieves hid in. How many lips, now dust, have sought therefrom a cooling draught of water, and how grateful was its coolness, preserved therein against the tropic air; or later, when water was not caught from the eaves and purified with alum, what tender, flower-loving hands, now stilled, have found it useful as jardinière for lemon or orange firstling?

The courtyard is desolate now. Stucco peels off in the clammy dampness of shade or hot glare of sun, a bit of plaster or rotted wood falls unremarked, and slowly there sinks into decay one of the most romantic spots in all America.



THE WAY OF A BIRD WITH ITS NEST: BY ELOISE ROORBACH



WE HAVE grown accustomed to think of Nature as an excellent teacher in most practical matters; we have gone back to her again and again when we have lost our way in the simpler walks of life, but we have only slowly awakened to the fact that in the more artistic and imaginative paths she has just as much guidance and just as much inspiration for us. Our painters and sculptors and our craftsmen are all beginning to seek her help, and even the architect, the most formal, the most classic of artists, has commenced to realize that he cannot turn his back upon Nature without groping sometimes blindly.

In the matter of home building, that most vital art of all times and peoples, again the significant lesson which every builder should learn, reposes deep in the heart of Nature. She has taught those closest to her how to make their homes in the most natural and hence the most artistic way. We have only to study the ways of the birds to learn one of the most valuable lessons of architecture,—namely, the art of harmonizing the building with its environment. And how far from this basic principle in art we have wandered. Here in America, at least in modern times, we are often not even wise enough to seek our materials for home building from the immediate neighborhood in which the house is to stand. Some of us even go to great trouble and expense to avoid carrying out this principle of art, and we bring in foreign materials and add unsuitable ornaments purchased from all over the world. If we cannot do this and must build of the stone or wood or sand about us, how often do we paint our houses in strange and awful colors, as though we were seeking to attract the attention of people to our lack of understanding of Nature's wise and simple laws.

Let us study the birds for a minute. Let us see how wonderfully they harmonize their nests with the trees or the hillside or the pasture in which they are built. The bird's whole purpose seems to be to make the nest of such color and texture that it will fit into its environment and seem a part of it. To accomplish this, the little feathered architects build of whatever material can be found in the locality in which the home is to be. Sticks will do, or mud or grass; then the outside is covered and the interior is fitted up with bits of bark and lichen and plant-down, feathers, wool from the flowers or flower catkins, even a leaf or two may be added in the effort to bring about harmonious concealment, and the result is one of the ideal things of which Nature is capable,—a home related to its environment.

The naturalists do not attribute the wonderful harmony of the

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bird nests to any conscious æsthetic sense that these builders may have, but regard the result of this springtime labor merely as the outcome of the necessity which has been theirs from the beginning of time, of thus obtaining immunity from the curious and unkind. This same primitive but practical instinct to secure safety through concealment is seen in the old buildings of our American Indians which we still find in the Far West. These simple, nature-loving people built their mesas by mixing the clay of the ground with mortar, forming it into bricks which they dried in the sun and then piled one upon another until the completed structure resembled nothing so much as the buttes and peaks of the surrounding country. Indeed, at a little distance an Indian mesa cannot be distinguished from the natural contour of the land itself, either in outline or color.

IT IS interesting to study the analogies of bird and human life in this vital matter of nest and home building. There is no act of a man's life that reveals his inherent nature more thoroughly than that of building his home, for every detail of it is stamped with the quality of his mind until the structure parallels his very self in simplicity, dignity, love of show, wisdom or foolishness. The nest of a bird is built in accordance with as true a law and reveals, too, individuality and taste, a sense of fitness and forethought. Birds often show what we are pleased to call human affection for their mate, tender solicitude for the comfort and well-being of the family, and their bravery or cowardice, loyalty or unfaithfulness, like those of mankind, are often unveiled by the intimacies of home life.

Should we not then go back to first principles and study the ways of the bird architects? We will gain much, not only in knowledge of Nature's home-building ways, but in understanding of the extraordinary instinct of Nature's children, in the fashioning of their homes and in the ways of their living.

The first step in nest building, as with house building, is the selection of a suitable site, and it sometimes seems as if the birds gave more attention to this important matter than do human beings, for they never trust so momentous a decision to the judgment of an agent, but personally peer into every nook and corner of a neighborhood, hunting tirelessly for a favorable spot to install the precious home, one that will insure its safety and is within convenient distance of the food supply. Safety, durability and convenience is their watch cry as well as ours, and alike we all must solve the problems of protection from the sun, wind and rain. Some of the birds are skilled artisans, clever mechanics, good, conscientious workmen who sing as they work; some are the veriest tramps, taking possession of the

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weatherworn, discarded nests of last year's neighbors, and some are so unskilled and shiftless that their nests fall apart at the first breath of wind or break down with the weight of the growing family. The birds show human traits of cleverness or stupidity, enjoy their work or prefer the care-free life of idleness. With but their bills and feet for tools some construct their homes so beautifully we are put to shame, for it would be difficult for us to make anything lovelier than the lace hammocks, woven grass bassinets, cobweb-lined wicker cradles that some of the birds delight in making for their babies. Others do not take the trouble to build at all, only making a depression in the sand with their breasts, and still others, regardless of all laws of good citizenship, leave their eggs on the doorstep, as it were, of some kind-hearted, home-loving neighbor, to be brooded into life, fed and educated in the art of flying and singing! Some are neither more nor less than highway robbers, for they deliberately help themselves to well-built nests, forcibly driving away the small, rightful owners.

It is not always easy for the birds to reach an amicable agreement as to the best building site, for sometimes a pair will vigorously dispute the question for days at a time, one pointing out the beauty or safety of a place, the other noisily asserting its impracticality. But when the matter is once settled they work merrily together at the construction, occasionally quarreling over the best kind of twig to use, criticizing the tying of a knot or the method of weaving, and disagreeing as to the general size and shape of the nest, often pulling it down and starting all over again. Sometimes the female builds the nest alone, just as she thinks is fit and right, the male patiently bringing the materials for her to use, but never apparently wasting his voice in wise counsel!

Note how the humming-bird will twist the point of a leaf into a pocket, glue and tie it tightly together, line it with down and then swing securely on her beautiful nest, safe even from the trained eye of the naturalist who is searching eagerly for her home. And how suitable and altogether delightful is the basket nest woven by the blackbird, of flags among the flags, so that it is one with them in color and beauty. And see how cleverly the oriole's pensile nest is swung far from danger, at the tip of a little branch. The nest of the Baltimore oriole is perhaps the most remarkable example of home making in the whole animal kingdom. This lovely wise bird has found a way to build its home beyond the reach of egg-loving squirrels and nest-collecting boys, and the wind can swing it lustily but not break its fastening from the slender branch, or tip the nestlings from its deep pocket. It is woven of grass with human ingenuity, and who can

A ROBIN'S NEST, SHOWING THE CLEVER BIRD-ARCHITECT BROODING OVER THE EGGS: THE ROBIN IS BOTH CARPENTER AND MASON, BUILDING OF STICKS IN A CROTCH OF A TREE AND PLASTERING WITH MUD.



THE NEST OF A ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK, ONE OF THE BIRDS THAT TAKE GREAT PAINS IN THE SELECTION OF A SUITABLE SITE FOR THE NEST, PEERING INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD TREE TO MAKE SURE THAT THE PRECIOUS HOME IS WELL LOCATED: NO BIRD AGENT IS ALLOWED TO OFFER SUGGESTIONS FOR THIS HOME BUILDING, AND THE RESULT IS A MOST SATISFYING NURSERY AND BABYHOOD ENVIRONMENT.



*Courtesy
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THE VIREOS MAKE A COZY POCKET NEST IN THE FORK OF A SMALL BRANCH UNDER THE EAVES OF A LEAF ROOFTREE: THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A RED-EYED VIREO BABY TUCKED AWAY IN HIS CRADLE.

THE NEST OF THE VESPER SPARROW IS BEAUTIFULLY BUILT IN THE GRASS WITH A VIEW TO CONCEALMENT FROM BIRD ENEMIES: EVEN LEAVES HAVE BEEN ADDED HERE AND THERE TO BRING ABOUT HARMONIOUS CONCEALMENT, AND THE RESULT IS A MOST ARTISTIC BIT OF ARCHITECTURE.



NEST WITH EGGS OF THE YELLOW-WINGED SPARROW OR OVEN BIRD, WHICH BUILDS A ROOF OF GRASS OVER ITS NEST TO KEEP OUT THE RAIN: THE SPARROW IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST EARNEST AND THOUGHTFUL OF THE BIRD ARCHITECTS: THIS IS NECESSARY AS THE YOUNG ARE SLOW IN DEVELOPING WINGS AND GETTING THE STRENGTH TO LEAVE THE NEST.



THE GROUND WARBLERS MAKE PRETTY LITTLE HERMITAGE HUTS IN THE GRASS, PROTECTING THEMSELVES ON ALL SIDES BY THE USE OF GRASSES AND LEAVES UNTIL THE FINISHED HOUSE SEEMS BUT A BIT OF UNDERBRUSH OR LAST SEASON'S GRASSES.

BLUE-WINGED WARBLER'S NEST, SHOWING THE COMPLETE SECLUSION GAINED BY THE PERFECT CONSTRUCTION OF THIS BAGLIKE NEST: NOT ONLY ARE COMFORT AND SECLUSION AFFORDED IN THIS HOME-BUILDING SCHEME, BUT IT WOULD TAKE THE TRAINED EYE OF A SCIENTIST OR A BIRD MOTHER TO FIND THE LITTLE HOME.



THE OVEN BIRD BEGINS TO MAKE HER HOODED NEST IN JUNE, WORKING INTERMITTENTLY UPON IT UNTIL SHE IS READY TO INHABIT ITS PERFECT SECLUSION IN OCTOBER.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

ABOVE IS GIVEN A CLEARER VIEW OF THE INSIDE OF AN OVEN BIRD'S NEST, SHOWING THE SCHEME OF THE ARCHITECTURE TO BE A LITTLE THAT OF THE CAVE DWELLER: THESE NESTS ARE PROTECTED BY SKILFULLY WROUGHT HOODED ROOFS.



A VIEW OF THE MARSH WREN'S ROUND CRADLE SWUNG AMONG THE RUSHES: THE TINY LITTLE BIRD PERCHED SECURELY IN THE NEST IS OVERLOOKING WITH WATCHFUL PROTECTING EYES THE SURROUNDING TERRITORY.



THE LONG-BILLED MARSH WREN'S NEST: THIS PICTURE SHOWS HOW CLEVERLY THE WREN TIES AND WEAVES HER ARTISTIC LITTLE HOUSE AMONG THE CAT-TAILS AND RUSHES: COURTESY OF DOUBLE-DAY, PAGE & CO.

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doubt the intelligence of birds after seeing such a bit of rarely beautiful craftsmanship!

AND what wonderful and beautiful homes they are when completed! The vireos make a cozy pocket fastened in the fork of a small branch under the eaves of a leaf roof-tree; the cat-bird designs a clever lattice nest of twigs; the robin is both carpenter and mason, building of sticks in a crotch of a tree and plastering with mud; the parula warbler gathers the long gray lacy lichens and fashions a swinging hammock open on one side; the chimney swifts glue wicker cradles to the brick wall; the kingfisher tunnels deep into a bank, working for two weeks before he has it deep and safe and to his liking; the ground warblers make pretty little hermitage huts in the grass; the yellow-winged sparrow and oven bird build a roof of grass over their nest to keep out the rain; the marsh wren ties and weaves a clever little house among the cat-tails and rushes; the woodpecker drills industriously until he has a good-sized hole in the bole of a tree, then he lines it with down to make it warm and comfortable for the nestlings. The time of construction varies from one week to three months, for the South American oven bird begins to make her hooded nest in June, working intermittently upon it until she is ready to use it in October. Some birds, notably the fish-hawk, repair the nest in the fall, so that it will endure through the winter and be ready for occupancy again in the spring.

Birds do not always servilely copy the nest of their kind, but at times show that they possess a distinct imagination, adapting the form and materials of construction to special needs in most original and striking manner. And many of our tradesmen have their counterparts among these tiny feathered folk, for in the bird kingdom there are weavers, carpenters, tailors, masons, felters and molders, some of whom are masters of their trade and others a veritable disgrace. They vary also in personal preferences, even as we humans do, for the stirring life of a city or the quiet of the country. Many of them believe in a community of interests, living a sociable life. The swifts delight in the cramped apartment life of a chimney, swallows will found a bustling city in a clay bank, sparrows love to gather together in the caravansary of a tree, where they can chatter incessantly and see and be seen by all their world. Other birds desire a more secluded life, and seek the fastnesses of the forest, content and happy with but the companionship of their mate. The hermit thrush hides his little home far from the inquisitive eyes and where his sweet, low serenades and lullabies will be heard only by his brooding mate or sleepy fledglings; the eagle sails the air alone, guarding the solitary

THE WAY OF A BIRD WITH ITS NEST

nest placed on some peak, inaccessible to all except the strongest of winged folk. The ousel builds her nest in the crevices of rocks among the mosses and ferns of a rippling brook, so that her little ones may catch the melodies of waterfalls and learn to dance and curtsy with rushing waters.

JOHAN BURROUGHS says that there are five types of nest builders—those that build anew each season, those that build a new nest for each brood (sometimes there are several broods in a season), those that repair the nests of the year before, those that appropriate others' nests, those that lay on the ground or in the sand. As a general rule the birds whose young are slow in developing wings and leaving the nests, such as the robin, thrush, sparrow, humming-bird, in fact, all the perching birds, are the best nest builders, for there is greater need for permanent or well-built homes with them than in the case of gulls, ducks, snipe, chickens, partridges and quail, whose young run about and leave the nest almost as soon as they are born. Some naturalists regard nest building as a sign of greater or less intelligence, attributing the greater intellect to those who build cleverly and well. But others say that this is manifestly unfair, for what need, say they, has a quail, for instance, for a beautifully woven nest? It is true that her nest on the ground among the dry leaves and grasses is often discovered by prowling enemies and destroyed, and it is also true that she might build in a tree where marauders could not reach her nest. But it is the nature of her chicks to run for cover as soon as they are hatched, so they would fare sadly if the nest were in the top of a tree.

Broadly speaking, the water fowl build on the ground or very near it, and the land birds above ground in brushes or the branches of trees, so that land birds have been credited with a greater development of reasoning powers than the water fowl, for they are thought to show greater wit in escaping their enemies and greater skill in weaving and constructing their nests. But the majority of the water fowl resort to unknown isles in the nesting season, where there is little need for immediate caution, for they have been clever enough to place their homes beyond the reach of enemies, beyond even man's knowledge of their retreat.

It would be a most humiliating experience for us human beings if some high naturalist from another planet should be sent from his university to our country for the purpose of analyzing our traits and habits and attempt to classify us and judge of our intelligence by making a collection of our homes! What a nondescript, pitiable sight they would make, arranged in rows upon the shelves of his

TRIFLES

cabinet with descriptive labels attached to each, even as we classify the nests of birds. It would be in vain that we apologized and explained that the monstrosity we occupied was the work of a hireling or that it was but a rented affair, or that we intended to move into a better one in the spring. Such worthless apologies would but be jotted down in his note-book as added proof of our intelligence or our lack of it, of our craftsmanship or the lack of it. The nest of a bird needs little defense from its tiny maker, for it slips unobtrusively into the nooks and corners of the world, adding wondrously to its beauty and attractiveness, true to its maker's ideal—can we say as much for the homes we build?

TRIFLES

OUT of the blunt sword thrown away
What time the coward fled,
The king's son turning back the fray
His hosts to triumph led.

Out of the loaves and fishes scant,
Out of brotherhood,
Quelling the gnawing pangs of want
Christ fed the multitude.

Out of the rock ungraced with dew,
The rock by storm unbowed,
The rod of Moses gently drew
The largess of the cloud.

Out of the trifles light as air
If but our eyes could see,
Our souls might shape the fabric fair
Of life and destiny!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

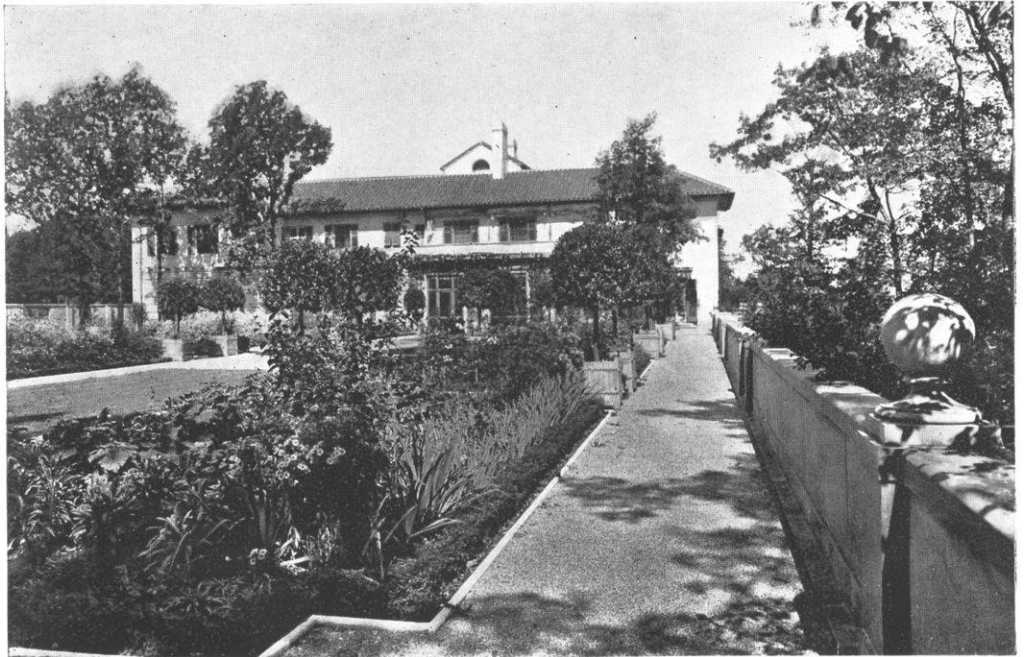
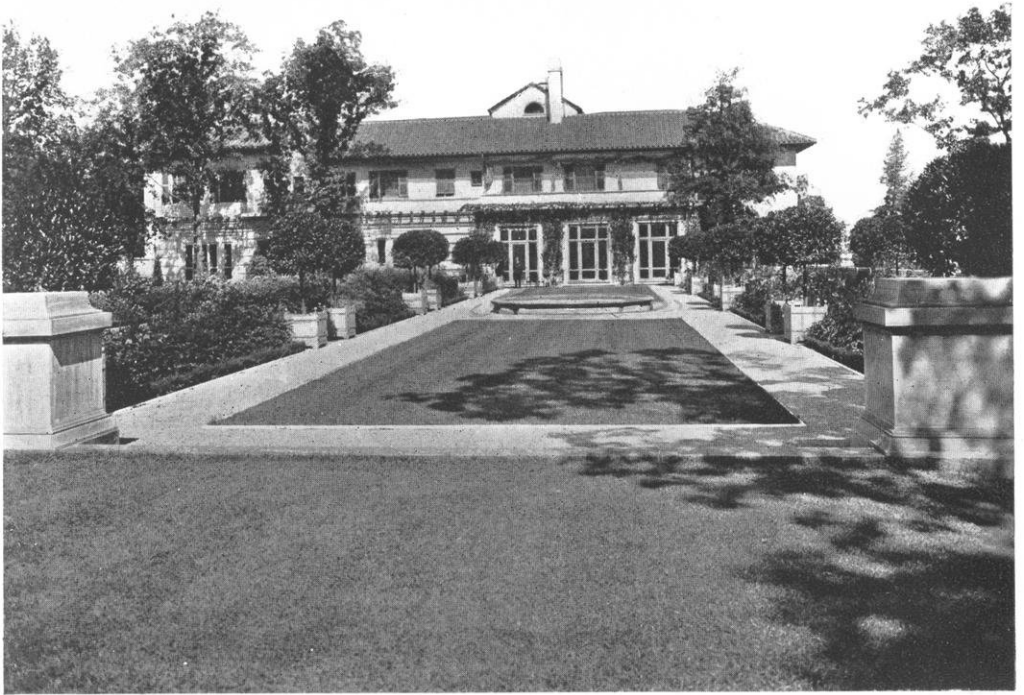
WHEN ARCHITECT AND GARDENER ARE ONE!



THAT a poor thing the American garden has been in the past—a boundary line of space shutting away roadway or neighbor, something unrelated to house or landscape, showing a few flowers, perhaps, that did not expect much care, or empty dreary “beds” which the self-respecting seeds refused to inhabit. Perhaps it has been with our gardens as with our art.

We have been so busy being practical and progressive and scientific that we have had little time or heed for the beautiful things. We had to have houses to live in, just as we had to have mechanical conveniences for our farms, but we did not have to have paintings, sculpture or tapestries, any more than it was necessary for us to see beauty whenever we entered the front door or looked out of the window. Indeed, we seldom looked out of the window, because we had no time. The New England housewife did after a few centuries plant precious seeds that were brought to her from old English country gardens and Dutch city squares, and the little patches of color about the somber Puritan homes was one of the poignantly beautiful things that one remembers of the hard lives of the valiant women of our early history. In the far South, too, the real garden sometimes appeared, nestling close about the stately Colonial dwellings. The gardens of the South, however, were less personal, as they were most often the work of the slaves, not the mistresses, and the vast territory of land stretching out beyond the garden was as unbeautiful as the bleak stretches of New England or the Middle West.

It is only within the very recent days of riches and opportunity for pleasures that here in America we have realized all that gardens could mean, not only to home life but to the beauty of the country as a whole. It is very recently indeed, perhaps not a decade, that we have considered the actual devoting of acres of space to sheer garden beauty, and it is easy to remember the first days of the landscape gardener, when he seemed a remote and exotic figure, quite outside our ordinary scheme of existence. Naturally, after we once accepted this new figure in the beautifying of homes and landscapes, we made much of him. He became a very important personage. He was the only human being in the world who could contradict the architect. He laid down hard and fast rules for the owner of the estate. And then the same thing happened to our gardens that has happened to our large country houses. We imitated English country gardens, French chateau surroundings; we had Italian pergolas and formal gardens and Swiss terraces, and the showiest gar-



Charles A. Platt, Architect and Gardener.

TWO VIEWS OF THE HOUSE OF HAROLD F. M'CORMICK AT LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS, WHICH ILLUSTRATE THE SUCCESS ACHIEVED WHEN BOTH HOUSE AND GARDEN ARE PLANNED BY ONE ARTIST: THE EDGES OF THE WALK WHICH LEAD TO THE HOUSE AND BORDER THE GARDEN ARE PLANTED WITH MANY OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS SUCH AS HOLLYHOCKS, STOCKS, IRIS AND ASTERS.



LOGGIA COURT AT ONE SIDE OF MR. M'CORMICK'S HOUSE: LOOSELY LAID COMMON RED BRICK ARE USED FOR THE FLOOR, AND IN THE CENTER OF THE COURT IS ONE OF JANET SCUDDER'S LOVELY CHILD FOUNTAINS, SHADED BY OLEANDER TREES.



THIS VIEW OF THE HOUSE SHOWS THE PLANTING AROUND THE SOUTH SIDE, WHERE THE WILD GRAPE CLIMBS OVER THE PERGOLA LATTICE, THE NOBLE ELMS FURNISH SHADE AND BEAUTY, AND HOLLYHOCKS ARE MASSES IN THE FOREGROUND: THE PERGOLA AWNING OVER THE WINDOWS IS A PARTICULARLY INTERESTING IDEA, GIVING BOTH SHADE AND DECORATION.



AN INNER COURT IN THE M'CORMICK HOUSE, SHOWING SIMPLE DESIGN OF LATTICE USED TO COVER THE WALLS AND AS AN AWNING TO PROTECT THE RHODODENDRONS: THE PORTABLE BAY TREES AND FLOWER-BOXES EDGING THE ROOF GARDEN CAN BE SEEN AT THE RIGHT.

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dens of our large estates became a separate thing, having nothing to do with the houses in which the people lived or the lives they lived or to the rest of the country. They became too important to be beautiful, too elaborate to be comfortable, too expensive to avail the lives of the mass of the people.

But eventually, in our gardening schemes as in our house building and house furnishing, we reacted toward greater simplicity, greater intimacy, greater individuality. And although we have more landscape gardeners than ever today, they have grown to realize the necessity of fitting their ideas to those of the architects; even the humble and downtrodden owner is considered occasionally.

IN THE Architectural League Exhibition this season there were some very fine groups of photographs of large estates in America, and it was interesting to notice that in several instances the architect was also the landscape gardener, and that occasionally the owner was both architect and landscape gardener, showing that we are beginning to understand how fundamental it is to have one underlying purpose in any varied accomplishment which connects the whole. Of course, if the man who is about to establish an estate in this country, to plan his house and gardens, is a very busy man, it is natural that he should want to turn over the enterprise, the technical side of it, the innumerable details, to someone especially trained for the work. More often than not today the grounds about the house are designed before the house is designed, or simultaneously where the work is in the hands of the architect. And the landscape gardener and the house designer also have commenced to realize that they must move hand in hand for the real beauty of their achievement.

Both house and gardens which illustrate this article were designed by Charles A. Platt, a New York architect of prominence. The estate belongs to Mr. Harold F. McCormick, of Lake Forest, Illinois, and the significance of the work is fully shown in the pictures, for the house seems to be most closely related to the grounds, and the beautiful garden features lead up to and encompass the house in the most intimate and harmonious fashion. Indeed, we have seldom seen a more interesting example of the successful work of the architect in taking the responsibility of an entire estate, and not only were the planning and planting of the garden most carefully thought out and artistically correlated, but all the trees and the shrubs and the flowers were selected with a view to their appropriateness to climate, their harmonious beauty of color and their general integral relation to the scheme as a whole. The garden, like the house, has dignity combined with friendliness, and the impression one receives is that

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the personality of the owner was a matter of importance to the builder, and that the estate, although made significant by the rare intelligence and skill of the architect, nevertheless is fundamentally an expression of the point of view of the man who lives in the houses and enjoys the garden, the beautiful house and pergolas, the fountains and the terraces.

The material used in the construction of the house is brick stucco with limestone trimmings, the roof being of red tile. No superfluous line or ornament mars the symmetry of either house or garden, for one of the first laws of beauty—that of simplicity—has been adhered to with delightful and satisfactory result. The design is at once simple and dignified, yet full of the graciousness and charm that suggests hospitality and generosity.

The two views of the house from the garden show the æsthetic result of adhering to a uniform quadrangle basis of design in both house and garden and the uniform use of stucco or concrete in the construction of the house and the garden details of walls, pedestals, fountain and walk borders. All danger of severity has been overcome by the use of vine-covered lattice-work against the house and the informality of the flower planting, for though the flowers have been set in formally proportioned and laid-out beds they have been allowed to grow in the natural tangled profusion of their preference and not clipped and trained in set patterns. The form of the fountain is the only note of deviation from the plan of design. Even the boxes of the bay trees show the influence of the square motif, so that the ensemble of house and garden is harmonious and pleasing to an unusual degree. Old-fashioned flowers have the places of honor in this delightful garden, for hollyhocks can be seen near the house and in the beds along the walks. Fleur-de-lys, asters, stock, geraniums, candytuft, yucca, salvia, roses and such universal flower favorites have been planted with borders of mignonette, sweet alyssum and forget-me-not, just as we have always loved to see them. In the photograph, which gives a close and detailed view of the fountain and its symmetrical curb with the pathway leading to an old Italian wall fountain, can be seen a hedge of *Boltonia*, one of the showiest and most satisfactory of quick-growing hedge flowers. The large elms near the house are valuable assets of the garden beauty, providing grateful and needful shade for house and grounds.

The lattice-work, on the face of the house and in the court, is of especial interest to us, as a most natural method of gaining a picturesque architectural feature. Across the garden end of the house it has been built into the house, not only in reality but in design, so that it seems as if it has been incorporated from the beginning as

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part of the main purpose of the design. It echoes the plan of the window spaces and screens, projecting with graceful pergola effect at the top, so that the vines may rest upon it and form a living roof of green shading the windows during the summer; but allowing the full rays of the sun to enter in the winter when they are needed to cheer and warm.

The wild grape has been chosen to grace the trellis, and this vine would be better known and more universally used if given the appreciation it well merits. It is one of the most decorative that we have, is hardy, grows quickly and fills the air with fragrance from early spring until late fall, for even in summer a faint perfume hovers like a memory of spring or herald of autumn, among the leaves and tendrils.

As another link between house and garden the little balcony around the large chimney lends a delightful flavor of romance. How charming to be able to step out upon this balcony and see the moonlight sifting and filtering through elm branches and overlook the garden and catch the perfumes loosed by the night!

ALL through the Middle West provision must be made against the inroads of summer sun, so awnings or blinds or vines must be planned for each window, a condition which often severely tests the ingenuity and skill of the architect. In this house a clever arrangement of awnings can be seen, over the second-story windows just above the pergola lattice, which serve to decorate the house rather than mar it. Blinds which can be extended or entirely opened have been used for the other windows.

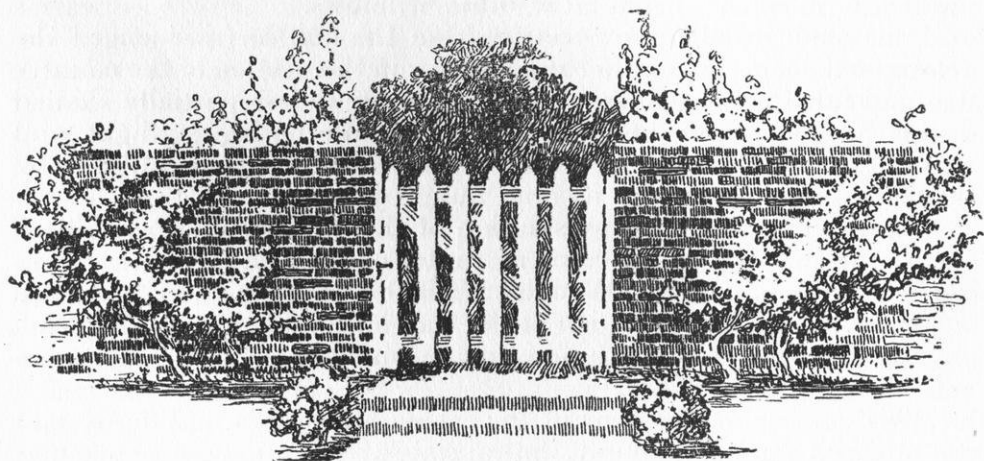
This same need for protection from the sun has influenced the design of the lattice-work in the court, for in this section of the country it is difficult to coax rhododendrons to grow unless partially shaded during the summer. They require the alternating sunlight and shade provided by trees, which in this case have been substituted by the openwork of a lattice awning hung by iron chains from above. This is a particularly happy solution of the difficulty, for rhododendrons were wanted in the court as winter cheer, and the lattice awning also furnishes a slight though sufficient protection from the snows of winter. The simple design of the wall lattice-work is also a pleasing feature of the court, whose central ornament is a fine old Italian well curb.

This court and the floor of the whole terrace are of loosely laid common red brick in a simple, appropriate and unpronounced geometrical figure. A fountain which needs no signature to proclaim it as the work of Janet Scudder is the chief ornament of this spacious

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and useful terrace. The terrace makes a delightful promenade at all seasons, in summer shaded by trees and redolent with perfumes from the nearby garden, and in winter enlivened by broad-leaved evergreens and sheltered from the chill winds.

The intense cold of winter throughout this part of the country necessitates an especial kind of garden knowledge, for not every flower will bloom or every vine grow. So the planting of this garden required a knowledge of plants and their needs not ordinarily possessed by city architects. But every problem of building and planting has been successfully met by this versatile modern designer and builder in a way that wins profound admiration. The use of the bay trees in large portable boxes serves a twofold purpose—first as a charming feature of the garden in the summer; then when placed in the halls, conservatory, sunroom or living room in the winter they make a pleasant decoration for the house and keep alive the memory of the sleeping garden. Concrete pedestals to hold tubs of small bay trees have been built along the edge of the roof garden, serving also as a decoration for the inner court. The boxes set between these small trees on the roof are also portable and can be used as window boxes throughout the house during the winter. Oleander trees have been treated in the same way as the bay trees, so that they fill the double duty of inner and outer decoration of the home. Hardy oleanders can stand the frosts of winter, so they have been liberally used with admirable effect along the terrace against the house.



PHOTOGRAPHY AS A MEANS OF INDIVIDUAL DEVELOPMENT: A STUDY OF THE CAMERA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW



MOST of us like to have beautiful pictures on our walls, but few of us can afford original works of art. We can only have prints and copies of the wonderful achievements of others. And so accustomed have we grown to this fact, that we usually take it for granted that whatever art we can afford in our homes must come from outside,—generally something remote in subject, that another person has done. It seldom occurs to us that we can make anything beautiful ourselves.

And yet art should really be very intimate to life; the closer it is to our common everyday needs and thoughts, and the deeper its roots are in our own experience, the more vital it becomes. The things that mean the most to us are not the works of some distant or long-dead genius, but those which embody some personal efforts of our own. The copy of a great painting, no matter how beautiful, has less real connection with our daily existence than the crude sketch or the little snapshot which we made with our own hands. We may admire and learn much from an old masterpiece, but it is through the humbler expression of our own lives that we gain the keenest pleasure and the soundest knowledge.

One of the most accessible and plastic mediums for such individual artistic effort is photography. Nowadays practically everyone can afford a camera, for invention has reduced it to the simplest basis and commerce has brought it within reach of even the most moderate income. From a standpoint both of artistic education and personal growth, the opportunities it holds for interest and development seem almost inexhaustible. It is not only a valuable medium for self-expression, a means of getting clearer insight, deeper sympathy and appreciation of the animate and inanimate forms of nature, but it also presents a field for the most delightful kind of technical experiment.

Then, in addition to the pleasure of the photographic work itself and the beautifying of one's own home, there is its value as an opportunity for friendly gifts. We hear much about the charm of personal workmanship in a present, the joy of receiving something that friendship itself has made. Unfortunately this sort of gift is apt to be devoid of either beauty or appropriateness, simply because the maker has tried to do something which required expert skill, and has chosen the object, colors or materials without regard to whether or not they would harmonize with the surroundings for which they were intended.

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But the person who owns a camera can make a personal gift which will embody real beauty, a picture that will be, in its way, a work of art; and by choosing the subject and color of print and frame according to the decorative scheme of the interior which it is to adorn, a gift of unusual distinction can be achieved.

TO ATTAIN any degree of pictorial value requires, of course, some knowledge of those art principles that make a picture satisfying to the eye—principles which, though they may be formulated in more or less general rules, must be *felt* to be rightly understood. One should remember, for instance, that one of the first and most important factors, after choice of subject, is the composition. In the first place, when locating the image in the finder, decide whether the view is one which lends itself to a panel or a horizontal space. This will depend usually upon the amount of detail to be included and upon the direction of the main lines of the subject. If the lines are mostly vertical, as in a woodland scene, the interior of a cathedral, the vista down a city street or a full-length portrait study, the panel form will prove the more effective. But if the lines are mainly horizontal, as in a marine view, a stretch of marsh land, a long, low interior, or a reclining figure study, then the picture should be wider than it is high.

In determining and placing the center of interest, care should be taken not to have it too near the middle of the space, and in balancing the masses and values a too geometric feeling should be avoided. Except where a definitely silhouette effect is wanted, the contrasts between the lights and shadows should not be too harsh, or the edges too pronounced, as this will tend to make the result lacking in atmosphere. A more beautiful and restful effect is obtained when the tone gradations are comparatively soft, the gradual merging from light to dark giving greater atmospheric quality.

Although many directions might be given for the right arrangement of a picture, the most effective way is through personal experiment. And this means not so much the number of photographs taken, but the amount of careful thought and judgment exercised in the planning of each. A hastily snapped view is worth very little; real pictorial value is the result of wise forethought, selection and elimination. A single study, rightly posed, is worth a dozen views indiscriminately gathered.

Moreover, while a good picture can be made by following certain laws of perspective, arrangement and balance, true interpretation needs more than a parrotlike adherence to rules laid down by other people. It needs the element of personal interest and enthusiasm,

THE CAMERA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW

the sympathy that comes from attunement to the subtle moods and variations of surroundings; the vision to discern those garments of mystery with which the sun and air, wind, rain and passing seasons clothe and reclothe the world about us; the ability to grasp the momentary beauty of a scene that will never look quite the same again. To do this means simply to go about with eyes that are open for fresh interests and fresh truths, with a spirit that can find picturesqueness even in the most commonplace and unlikely corners,—in the city streets, around the wharfs and bridges or on a ferryboat, as well as in the more restful loveliness of the woods and hills. And in addition to the alertness and ingenuity required, and the knowledge of just how, when and where to capture that elusive impression, it needs some judgment and artistic feeling to bring the picture to its final perfection.

Two simple and very effective methods by which this beauty can be attained are—*selection* and *enlargement*. This fact, though so well known to professional photographers, engravers, editors and all who are accustomed to handling photographs for reproduction, seems to have been strangely overlooked by the army of amateurs who snap their picture, develop and print it, and take for granted that the matter ends there. On the contrary, that is only the beginning if one wishes something of real value, the sort of picture which will be a continual source of charm and restfulness.

TAKE, for instance, the lower scene on page one hundred and sixty-eight, enlarged on page one hundred and sixty-five—the Schuylkill River where it flows through Philadelphia, among the train yards and factories by Market Street Bridge. In the unflattering glare of daylight nothing could be less æsthetic than this particular spot. It has all the dinginess of modern commercialism. But when the gray morning fog or the evening river mist creeps up and blurs the outlines of the buildings and changes the steel spans of the bridges to cobwebs; when the smoke from a passing engine veils the harsh lines of the chimneys, and gathering shadows deepen the reflections that writhe in the muddy stream below,—then the commonplace fills with poetry and becomes beautiful. Those are the moments when one longs to record its loveliness, to immortalize it somehow in art. But to transfer that intangible quality to canvas requires a skill which few of us possess; the humbler medium of the camera must suffice instead.

Even this seemed at first a puzzling task—at least to the novice. There were several drawbacks. In the first place, to catch the evanescent beauty in the early morning mist or in the dusk of even-

THE CAMERA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW

ing would require a time-exposure, and that would be impracticable because the scene was always changing—there was the constant traffic over the bridge, the passage of trains or barges below, the shifting of the puffs of smoke. Evidently it must be a snap shot, and therefore in broad daylight, which unfortunately would hold little atmospheric charm. Then there was the question of distance. The only available spot from which the picture could be taken seemed to be on one of the neighboring bridges—which being too far away, included in the picture more than was really wanted. But this seemed the only way, so the simple snap shot was taken and sent to the photographer to be developed and printed. The result was a very ordinary view, uninteresting in subject, composition and detail. But in making it there was a further end in mind; the snap shot was merely a foundation for something else. It contained a germ of beauty which only needed to be discovered and enlarged.

After a little experimenting with four strips of white paper, the real picture was found. There were many interesting possibilities of composition, but the best of all seemed to lie in the long panel space enclosing the buildings on the left—the tall chimney and tower, the railroad tracks and shadowy reflections below. Rightly framed, with due thought for the center of interest, arrangement and balance of the whole, the grouping of masses and relation of values, this space seemed to hold great pictorial promise. And so, on the back of the small print were carefully marked the exact portion of the picture and amount of enlargement desired, and after a few days of suspense the result was received, beautifully printed in sepia. And in that enlargement were revealed the quality of tone gradations, the mystery and poetic atmosphere which had seemed so impossible to attain. The elusive spirit of the river front had been captured.

After that, other selections and enlargements were tried, one of them being the view shown on page one hundred and sixty-seven, made from the film of a small print on page one hundred and sixty-eight. This river scene, snapped on a rather gray day from one of the bridges in Bronx Park, while interesting in its original state, seemed to hold even greater beauty in the space around the little summer house by the water's edge. After a little testing, what appeared to be the best composition was selected and marked for enlargement, with the result shown.

WHEN the subject is more accessible and a careful time-exposure is made, the original photograph may need no elimination, only enlargement. This was the case with the woodland view of a little creek near Overbrook, which, when enlarged, im-



ENLARGEMENT OF A DETAIL OF THE SNAP SHOT OF BRIDGE, PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT: AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE BEAUTY OF COMPOSITION WHICH MAY BE ATTAINED BY CAREFUL SELECTION OF THE MOST PICTORIAL PORTION OF A VIEW, AND THE ATMOSPHERIC QUALITY AND DEPTH RESULTING FROM ENLARGEMENT.

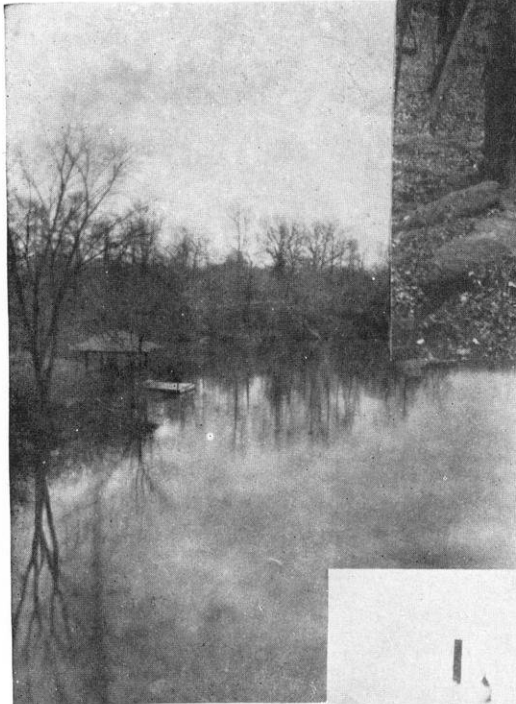


ENLARGEMENT OF THE SMALL WOODLAND SCENE ON PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT; SHOWING IMPROVEMENT OVER THE ORIGINAL IN PERSPECTIVE AND ATMOSPHERE.



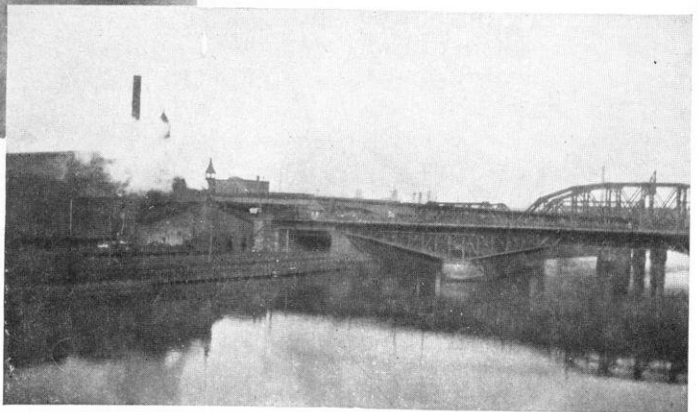
ENLARGEMENT OF A SNAP SHOT ON PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT: SHOWING HOW THE COMPOSITION IS HELPED BY THE ELIMINATION OF UNNECESSARY PORTIONS OF THE PICTURE, AND HOW EFFECTIVELY THE ENLARGEMENT HAS BROUGHT OUT THE MISTY BEAUTY OF A CLOUDY AUTUMN DAY.

THE RIVER SCENE BELOW WAS A SNAP SHOT FROM A BRIDGE IN BRONX PARK ON A RATHER GRAY AFTERNOON IN LATE FALL; ITS OPPORTUNITIES FOR PICTURESQUENESS LAY AROUND THE LITTLE SUMMERHOUSE AND BOAT-LANDING AND THE VIEW ON PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN SHOWS HOW ENLARGEMENT HAS BROUGHT OUT THE MISTY AND POETIC QUALITIES OF THE AUTUMN ATMOSPHERE.



THIS VIEW OF A LITTLE WOODLAND CREEK NEAR OVERBROOK, PA., WAS THE RESULT OF A TIME EXPOSURE MADE ON A CLOUDY AFTERNOON: THE PROBLEMS OF COMPOSITION AND PICTORIAL INTEREST HAVING BEEN STUDIED CAREFULLY BEFORE THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN, ALL THAT WAS NEEDED TO MAKE IT AVAILABLE AS A DECORATIVE WALL PANEL WAS ENLARGEMENT AND APPROPRIATE FRAMING: SEE PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX, THE ENLARGEMENT RESULTED IN GREATER BEAUTY OF PERSPECTIVE AND ATMOSPHERE, RETAINING ALL THE SOFT OUTLINES AND BROODING SPIRIT OF THE LANDSCAPE ITSELF.

THE SNAP SHOT BELOW OF MARKET STREET BRIDGE, PHILADELPHIA, WHILE DEVOID OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE, HOLDS MANY POSSIBILITIES FOR BEAUTY, AS EVIDENCED BY THE ENLARGEMENT OF A CAREFULLY SELECTED COMPOSITION, SHOWN ON PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE.



THE VALUE OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS LIES IN THE FACT THAT THEY SERVED AS A BASIS FOR THE ENLARGEMENTS SHOWN ON THE PRECEDING PAGES: THEY MAY OFFER MANY HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR THOSE WHO CARE TO MAKE THE CAMERA A MEDIUM FOR SELF-EXPRESSION AND THE ATTAINMENT OF PICTORIAL BEAUTY.

THE CAMERA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW

proved wonderfully in interest, perspective and atmospheric quality.

If lack of time or inclemency of weather prevents one from wandering forth today in search of "subjects," a bunch of old photographs may furnish the necessary material and inspiration. A good plan is to look over whatever one has accumulated and select a few which seem to contain some element of real pictorial interest,—a group of buildings or figures, perhaps, a landscape or a snap shot along the shore. Pick out some feature of especial interest and find in what space and proportions it composes best. Though it may be somewhat harsh and unfriendly in the small print, yet when the rest of the picture is eliminated, the selected part greatly enlarged and printed in soft sepia tones, it will probably result in a most effective study, full of atmosphere and repose, with a mellowness in the blended shadows and a tenderness of outline that is peculiarly attractive.

The foregoing are only a few suggestions for those who care to make their camera a medium for the discovery of the picturesque in common things. Readers who are familiar with all the details of photographic technique can have the pleasure of working out their own experiments along more scientific lines; but those who have neither the time nor facilities for doing their own developing, printing and enlarging, will find that even with the ordinary small camera they can obtain a vast amount of enjoyment and very beautiful results through careful choice and arrangement of their subjects, with comparatively slight outlay for the finishing work of some competent professional photographer. For on every hand, indoors and out of doors, at every street corner, on every hillside, at every turn of a lane, lie a thousand latent pictures which only need a seeing and loving eye and careful judgment to bring them within actual reach.

Those who do their own developing, printing and enlarging may like to know a few details about the illustrations given here. The view of Market Street Bridge was an instantaneous exposure, made about midday, with a two and a half by four and a quarter camera, and printed on Velox paper. The river scene in Bronx Park was also a snap shot, taken on a rather gray afternoon, with a three and a quarter by four and a quarter camera, and the view of the creek near Overbrook was given an exposure of about fifteen seconds on a cloudy afternoon, with a two and a half by four and a quarter camera. The enlargements were all made on double-weight bromide paper, and were developed in a solution for which the following formula was used: Sulphite soda crystals, three ounces; carbonate soda crystals, one and a half ounces; ten per cent. bromide potassium solution, five drops; hydrochinon, two drachms; metol, twenty grains; water distilled, sixty-four ounces. Any good acid hypo can be used for fixing.

FAITHLESS HUSBANDS: A STORY: BY PEARL FRANKLIN GODFREY



HERE were sounds of running footsteps and a clash of crockery in the pantry. The dishpan rattled. The pump squeaked. A door opened, another slammed. There might have been a fire or a sudden call of danger. Of course there was not. Old Dart Miller, gazing dreamily through the window into the warm June sunshine, knew better than that. It was just his wife's way of getting around. The old man sat in a low rocker, his heavy boots planted either side of a two-gallon crock which was on the floor. Leaning over this with one elbow on his knee and one sunburned hand on his grizzled cheek, he was patiently stirring the sour cream into butter. His head, bald but for a scant fringe of white hair, was burned red as was his face, whereon gleamed a straggling white moustache.

"That'll do now, Dart," his wife said, briskly, bustling in, wiping her hands on her apron and kneeling down on the floor to give the final turn to the coming butter, "I know ye're in a hurry t' git out t' that corn. It's not many men'll stop their work t' set in the house an' he'p their wives," she added, admiringly.

Dart got up and stretched his cramped limbs. His gaze yearned toward the rocking chair and the latest copy of the *Danville News* unopened on the sewing machine. Then through the window he caught sight of his neighbor, Silas Platt, ambling by at the unsteady gait of advanced age.

"Wonder whur Si's ben," he speculated aloud. Mrs. Miller, instantly concerned, half-rose, and peered into the road.

"Hmp," she sniffed, "ye might know Mandy's ben called away down t' Woodstock. He's comin' from the store or I miss my guess. It's too bad Mandy can't go 'way, called like she is, 'thout him galivantin' all over creation. But ye couldn't make Mandy b'lieve but what he's workin' hard—and I know's well as I'm settin' here that when Lily had her last baby before this, Silas Platt was down to that store two mortal hours. Thank the good land he don't b'long t' me," she said, with a self-righteous sigh, then added, "Air ye goin' out t' the field now?" She never could bear to see folks standing around.

Dart withdrew his eyes from the rocking chair and the *Danville News* and went slowly out the door. Around the corner of the kitchen he stopped to find a plug of tobacco in the depths of his blue jeans. Then he looked out over the pond.

In the blue sky were fleecy white clouds shaded with gray, and

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these were reflected in the water. Black heads here and there, disappearing suddenly beneath the surface with a gurgle, showed where turtles lazily paddled. Tiny splashes and rippling eddies gave sign of little fish swallowing luckless bugs. Blue darning-needles skimmed over the surface of the pond, and creamy butterflies fluttered about the iris and ribbon grass at the edge. Dart's soul yearned over it all.

"Lord, ain't it purty?" he meditated, gloomily, "I c'd set down here and jes' look at it all arternoon." Then, at a sound from within, which was nothing more than the vigorous slapping about of the butter in the wooden trough, he took the hoe and moved on, as though wicked thoughts might be apparent even through walls.

But instead of going in the direction of the barn, as he should have gone to get to the cornfield, Dart meandered across the orchard along by the pond, toward the old red mill. He stopped to inspect the three wooden hives where the bees thronged busily about the narrow, slitlike entrances on their way in and out. There was something about their droning that Dart always liked. He looked up into the sun-soaked apple trees, loaded with hard little rubescent fruit, found the oriole's nest swinging there, watched the black-marked orange birds as they hovered on the edge, feeding their young; then allowed his wistful gaze to wander off toward the road, across the boulder wall into the meadow where four cows stood knee deep in the brook; and to the hill beyond where there was no sign of life, save when a whippoorwill sang up there at night.

Then Dart, hearing its song with the mill water's dreamy accompaniment, would nudge his wife and call to her to wake up and listen. And she would reply sharply, telling him to turn over and go to sleep, so as to get rested for the day's work ahead.

In all the peaceful scene there was nothing to suggest the hurry and worry of labor. Dart had been raised on this farm as Silas Platt had on the adjoining one. Together they had grown up in the tradition that in this smiling country a man's living went with the land he inherited and that his duty was to take what God sent and make it do. By one of those curious freaks of Hymen, both had married girls of unremitting industry. As village belles Lizzie and Mandy had been friendly rivals and since marriage had slaved and watched to outmatch the other's prosperity. They had raised thrifty children like themselves and married them thriftily. They had taken their husbands in hand and each one, beholding her work and calling it good, wondered audibly how one man who had grown up with another could so far outstrip him in every way.

Each step of Dart's retreat across the orchard was well covered:

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here it would be the apples, there it could be the bees, and still farther away were the cows to be wondered about.

The mill stood in a hollow dividing his property from that of Silas Platt. Having arrived safely at the end of the orchard, Dart scrambled down the steep slope and, stealthily parting the sumach bushes, came upon Silas, who stood just the other side.

Silas looked like a man who had driven a slow horse all his life and waited at the bars for cows—men who do that get to have the look. A bit of light-colored hair that was old enough to be white, straggled out from beneath a battered straw hat, over his sunburned face. When Dart came upon him he was holding between his knees an old fish pole while he took a new line from a piece of store paper. He did not raise his eyes for a minute or two, then there was a gleam of triumph amid the wrinkles and sun lines of the old Yankee face—a half smile that puckered up his features just as it had when he was a boy.

“H’lo, Si,” said Dart, after an envious pause.

“H’lo, Dart,” replied Si, at his leisure.

“How ye feelin’, Si?” asked Dart after another little while, his eyes gloating over the old fish pole and the brand new line.

“Right likely. How *you* feelin’, Dart?” drawled Si, with a patronizing air, as he produced from the store paper three new fish hooks.

Presently Dart rejoined, wetting his lips, “Oh, so so—” Then he released the hoe—let it slip down into the sumach bushes—and stepped over and felt reminiscently of the pole. “Purty good shape it kep’,” he said, hungering over it with faded blue eyes, “Le’ see, it’s las’ fall sence I had it out, ain’t it?”

“I wuz jes figgerin’. It wuz when your Emmy had twins an’ Liz went over—”

“Thet wuz September,” Dart recollected, tugging at the drooping moustache, “I mind. I got six weakfish an’ a couple o’ porgies.” He got down on creaking knees and peered into the mill foundation. “Wuz it whur I put it?” he asked. Si nodded.

Dart rose thoughtfully and produced the tobacco plug. “Hev some,” he invited. Presently he added, “Out t’other side the mill’s th’ best place t’ dig bait—”

“Lizzie hum?” asked Si, knowing well enough she was.

“Ye’,” said Dart in a voice studiously bold, “she’s layin’ t’ clean th’ attic this arternoon—”

“Mandy’s t’ Woodstock till tomorry—Lily’s tuk down,” Si announced, striving with grandfatherly virtue to squeeze the joy out of his voice.

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"Too nice t' work t'day," Dart observed, looking about him and drinking in long breaths of the June air.

"'Tis that," Silas agreed, taking a can and preparing to go after bait. His walk was certainly a strut.

"Goin' t' rain?" Dart ventured, straggling subordinately behind.

Silas looked out over the pond. "Reckon not," he rejoined.

On the other side of the mill they were in view of the Platt farmhouse. But today Si fairly swaggered about on his knocking knees. There was no thin bustling figure likely to appear at the back door with one hand shading the eyes, as she called shrilly the name of her married slave. Dart allowed his legs to slide from under him so that he slipped down upon his spine against the side of the mill where the sun was warm. "Too nice t' work t'day," he remarked again, and Si, sitting down beside him with his knife and can replied again, "'Tis that." He accepted another bite from Dart's plug. "Purty hard hoein' corn," he sympathized.

There was a long silence. They leaned back against the mill and turned their old faces up toward the sunny sky, watching the birds in the willows which thickly fringed the mill course.

Dart looked far away. His eyes were filled with the Juneness of things. "They comes a time," he cleared his throat and said, "when ye're gettin' old an' ye're through doin' things—'r wish ye wuz—an' ye jes want t' set an' think 'bout all the purty things ye left behind. 'N when I do, I allus think o' Huldy—d'ye mind Huldy?"

"Hadn't thought o' Huldy fer a long time," Silas confessed.

"Ner me till t'day," said Dart, blinded from staring too long at the sky, "but t'day I see a bunch o' pink pinies, 'n' somehow they put me in mind o' Huldy. Rikolict how she hed on some kind o' pink fixin's, an' them cheeks o' her'n?"

"We wuz a couple o' plum dumb fools," Silas growled, "you in that green weskit an' yellor tie—"

"'N' you with yer hair iled an' slicked back so tight yer eyes bugged out," retorted Dart. "I mind thet day t' the picnic how scart ye wuz, lookin' from behint a tree, 'fraid t' come out. I *talked* t' her—"

"Y—e—eh, what'd ye say?" taunted Silas, "ye said they wuzn't's many moskeetys 's they wuz the year before—then ye got red and chokt—"

"That's more'n you said," Dart flaunted in his crony's face. "'N t' think," he remarked, as he had many times before, "how she run off with that city feller. They said she couldn't turn her hand t' do a thing, but somehow she wuz so purty ye wouldn't 'spect her to—"

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"Ezry's hattin' over t' Danville," Silas remarked, after a while.

"Circus 's comin' purty soon," Dart ventured, after another drowsy pause.

"Ye', but one o' them movin' picter shows is what gets me," said Silas and, suddenly remembering his fishing, he took up his knife and can. To save the exertion of rising he crawled over toward the road where the soil was more promising and there, after a moment, brought up a fat, wriggling worm.

Dart had slanted his hat brim over his eyes and slipped still further down upon his spine, the picture of thoughtless ease, when suddenly Si exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, "Dart—here—comes—Liz!"

The effect was magical. "Which way?" asked Dart, scrambling to his feet, with an attempt at nonchalance, but with an eye to the retreating facilities of the mill foundation.

"Thataway," breathed Si, huskily, indicating with a slight jerk the only logical direction—that of the Miller house.

Dart slipped around in back of the mill. Silas straightened himself to his feet and with a slight kick shoved the bait can over against the building. He appeared to be studying the knife from which he had dropped the worm and when Mrs. Miller, hurrying by, her apron thrown over her head, caught sight of him, he seemed to have perceived her just as suddenly.

"Wall, howdy, Mis' Miller," said he, in a surprised tone.

"How do," snapped Mrs. Miller, taking note of his idleness in a disapproving glance and slowing up a bit in her rapid pace, "I wuz goin' over t' see if Mandy's little chicks wuz all right. *She* says you git t' workin' down in th' field an' fergit t' come in t' yer lunch—"

"Ye—ye'," stammered Silas, shifting under the scrutiny of her shrewd eyes, "I'm jes' up from there—"

"Hev ye seen Dart?" she called back over her shoulder. The thought struck her that the example of her husband might stir Silas to go to work.

"See him goin' somewhur with a hoe," Si recollected.

"Down in the south lot," Dart heard his wife call back, "I'll go over when I come back—"

Dart moved softly out from behind the mill so that it might appear that he had just happened to stray out of sight and now, as fortuitously, strayed back again.

"Reckon I'll finish hoein' my corn," he said, stretching lazily, like one who believed in free will. His watery eyes rested upon the fish pole that Silas was taking up. "Goin' t' fish?" he asked.

"Reckon so," drawled Si, luxuriously, like one who was lord

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and master of his destiny. Tantalizingly he followed Dart around to the sumac bushes and watched as he meekly recovered his hoe.

"Wall, s'long Dart," he crowed, his eyes twinkling, "Too bad ye got t' hoe. I ought t' git a right smart lot o' bites this arfternoon—"

Dart walked slowly away, his bent figure eloquent of dejection. He did not see the bees and the orioles in the orchard, the blue darning-needles on the pond, or the fluffy clouds in the sunny sky. He made his way joylessly across the cornfield and set to work. "Ding them blackbirds," he scolded,—this was the nearest Dart ever came to losing his temper—"Crows ye kin skeer, but them there ain't got sense enough t' git skeered—"

Mrs. Miller, still holding her apron over her head, came briskly into the field where Dart was making dispirited dabs at the weeds.

"*Well*," she began, snapping each word into italics, "if Mandy knew how Silas Platt works when she goes away, I guess she'd never go. Though ye never could make her b'lieve it—"

"Si never wuz much of a hand," muttered Dart, plodding diligently away at the green rows. That last grin of Si's still rankled.

Mandy was gratified. As a rule Dart remained silent or put in some word of excuse for Si.

"I come out t' tell ye," she related, hurriedly, "I got word from Allie an' she'll be needin' me right away. This bein' her first I thought I'd stay three days 'stead o' two. So if ye'll come up t' the house an' fix that carpet bag whur it's busted, an' help me git ready, I'll go on that mornin' train—th' attic'll hev t' keep till I git back—an' you kin git at this field after I'm gone."

"Ain't ye proud," she called back to him, as she led the way out of the cornfield, "t' think Allie's goin' t' have one at last—it's near two years now—"

"Ye—I sure am proud," quavered Dart, stumbling after her and if his legs were shaky, his spirit was winged and cut figure eights in the air above, "I hope Ally keeps right on—more grandchildren I have, better I like it—" He was positively babbling.

"That's what I tell the girls you say when they complain ye never come t' see the children," she said, approvingly, as they turned into the yard. "Ye'll have t' go t' the barn an' get the hammer an' tacks t' fix that bag," she recollected, as she arrived at the back door.

Dart started off toward the barn, as though he had had new hinges put into his old body. "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder"—his one tune—poured forth in rollicking measure. When he came back with the hammer and tacks he halted at the border of the pond and looked down toward the red mill where he could descry a pole held patiently over the water.

THE LOW SPOTS IN THE FENCE

A tiny gleam trembled in the blue eyes, struck fire and started up, growing brighter and brighter, until it became a light that illumined the face of a grizzled youngster.

"Guess ye'll be laughin, t'other side o' yer mouth, Si Platt," he opined, enigmatically, "Three days—whoo—ee—"

Before he went in at the kitchen door, he loitered a moment on the step and looked about him. In the meadow, cows browsed knee deep in clover and daisies; the dusty road lay in a lethargy of fragrance from overhanging locust blossoms; the rambler rose vines lolled heavily with their sweet burden against the house; the fluffy clouds drifted lazily across the pond where slouching turtles and idling fish swallowed luckless bugs; bees droned in the clump of red peonies; in the iris and ribbon grass blue darning-needles and creamy butterflies frittered away long hours in the golden sunshine.

Dart drew in a long breath. "Lord, ain't it purty?" he said, exultantly, as he turned toward the door.

THE LOW SPOTS IN THE FENCE

SOME years ago the late Captain Faulkner of Texas was on one of his annual visits to the North. The captain was a genial man and time seemed to be ripening him in the most natural and kindly manner. Each year brought a little more stoutness to his body, a little more color to his cheek, a little more silver to his hair, and as he entered the twilight zone of life a genial mellowness seemed to pervade his personality. One day a friend greeted him and remarked how well he was looking. The captain gracefully acknowledged the compliment and said that he was feeling as well as he ever had in his life, but thought perhaps he had better qualify the statement a trifle as an old colored man down home had done under similar circumstances many years before.

He said he was walking along the road one spring morning when he met the old darkey proceeding slowly on his way to the village store, whither he was bound to secure his stock of tobacco for the coming week. "Well! Uncle Primus! How are you?" asked the captain. "Yas suh, yas suh, thank you suh, Marse Faulkner, yas suh. Ah is feelin' good dis spring, Ah suttinly is feelin' fine. Ah doan remember as Ah evah felt no bettah in mah life, but sum way ruther Ah seem to be gittin' tu de tahm of life w'en Ah's lookin' fer de low spots in de fence."

JOHN STAPLES.

INTERLAKEN, AN OUTDOOR SCHOOL WHERE BOYS THROUGH THEIR OWN EFFORTS LEARN HOW TO THINK AND HOW TO WORK: BY RAYMOND RIORDON



EFFICIENCY, says Harrington Emerson, is not strenuousness or muscularity, or physical exertion; efficiency is mind. This is doubtless true, yet such a gospel of efficiency will never elevate and give the working man the standing he should have, and the standing absolutely necessary to bring about real efficiency. This country was built on a muscular foundation, with coördinating mentality. John Smith drew a steady bead and thought at the same time; William Penn could live by his own labor; Daniel Boone chopped for his cabin and explored; Abraham Lincoln was great because he was human, and human because he had worked. Ralph Waldo Emerson dreamed of labor, Lincoln labored. Emerson was the philosopher of the mind; Lincoln the philosopher of the people, and the people's philosopher is the agent which makes for good—that virtue which enables the individual to take home to himself and act upon the advice, the counsel, the inspiration of his guide.

We, a democratic people, anxious to claim lineage from revolutionary forebears must remember we have need to be proud of our ancestors only because they combined *will to do* with *power to think*; and these qualities in constant action and reaction upon each other produced a sane, efficient manhood. In America today our great difficulty is lack of human standard. Standards come through experience, and experience comes through labor—through work with the hands.

Interlaken—the school on Silverlake—built by the boys, maintained by them, existing for and because of them, and with one-fifth of its school stock subscribed by parents—Interlaken is striving to hold to the old that we may better understand the new. The pupils of this school are the ordinary boys such as attend any high grade private school. There is likely to be a larger percentage of mechanical geniuses—which in child life looks to me like mental apathy—than in other schools, for the reason that the school emphasizes manual training. The school is further better off than most schools in that it has a certain percentage of pupils paying little or no tuition—this helps largely in eliminating class distinction, snobbery, clannishness; it makes for pure democracy.

There is a log schoolhouse containing fifteen schoolrooms and the office. These rooms are larger than the usual schoolroom. In this same building are twenty-five sleeping rooms for boys, with lava-

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tories, baths, etc., also a gymnasium sixty-five by one hundred fifteen feet and forty feet high. There is a dining room containing two wings each thirty by seventy. This entire building is of cypress in craft style. It seats two hundred. The kitchen is thoroughly modern. An enormous ice-box holding four tons of ice and a large concrete storage cellar are parts of this same structure. There is a shop for silver and copper work—two stories, and built of logs:—fully equipped. The wood shops—bench and machine—are built of cypress with heavy trussed roof, and well equipped. Then there is a forge shop. The electric power-house is of cypress, and contains a powerful oil-burning engine. The steam power-house—heating all the larger buildings—is of brick and cement, and equipped with an enormous boiler. Then there is a teachers' house of twenty rooms, and a residence of twelve rooms. The camp is a unit itself, having its forty tents, its wash and bath house, its toilets.

THIS entire plant has sprung into existence and been built by the boys since June, nineteen hundred and eleven. With the exception of the teachers' house, and steam power plant, the buildings were built by the boys, aided by outside help only when such was necessary at the end of the summer in order to open on time. The electric lighting plant in its entirety—wiring for some five hundred lights, installation of motors for pumping and forge shops, represents but boys' work. These buildings, well built, planned for the use to which they are being put are considered as the boys' own, and are maintained entirely by them.

Let's see what such maintenance amounts to. The steam plant is run twenty-four hours a day. This means shoveling five tons of coal a day, taking out ashes, cleaning flues, keeping the plant in order. Three shifts carry this through; two of the three boys attend school for the full day, and one is not doing school work.

The electric plant must start at five in the morning and run twelve hours a day. Upon this plant depend the shop, the kitchen, the lighting and largely the water supply; though the last is safeguarded through use of three pumps—the electric, a gasoline emergency and a steam pump for elimination of waste power. Three shifts carry this work, which includes inspection, replacing and care of all wiring and lights.

The dining room service is in the hands of seven boys—sometimes they change off or get substitutes—sometimes work the year through. These boys serve all three meals, clear the tables, clean the room and keep the floor oiled.

The big dormitory building would be a project for an expert corps of janitors, but this is kept cleaner than most schoolhouses—

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though built of logs—and the lavatories, toilets, showers, etc., are always immaculate. The boys do absolutely all of this work.

The stables—there are twelve horses to feed and care for—are handled by the boys. They do all the hauling of freight, laundry and provisions, the care of the grounds, repairing of leaks, the improving of roads—there is much to do on a hundred acres of school ground. Then there is the farm—seven hundred acres—the earnest development of which is to begin this month. Much to do, and practically all by the boys.

To sum up—the entire number of people “hired” to do work in or about Interlaken School is seven—five in the kitchen, two in the pantry. All the work necessary for the comfortable living and proper care of a family of one hundred and fifty is done by the boys of the school—guided, of course, by their eighteen teachers. It must also be taken into consideration that each boy has his personal affairs to look after—must clean his clothes, keep his room or tent in order, make his fire—if at camp; spend five hours in school; prepare his lessons, and play.

THE boys rise at six and take a shower before breakfast, which is at half-past six. School begins at seven-thirty and continues without recess until twelve-fifteen. Periods in the shop are interspersed so as to give the boy the necessary change. Luncheon is at twelve-thirty. At one-fifteen boys begin work at various assignments, go to extra classes, are tutored or use the shops—this is all planned work, however. At six they dine and the time from after dinner to ten is spent in study. Variety is given the evenings through use of the moving-picture machine one evening, debating society the second evening, games one evening, and match games the fourth night.

Sunday the meal hours are later and the day is the boys’—but they are limited to our territory. They read, study, walk, talk, sleep. At four forty-five there is an assembly and a musicale, with the boys filling the programme, which brings them all together for an hour before dinner. Sunday evening is spent in study. All studying is done by the boy as an individual, and wherever he wishes—in the schoolroom, a teacher’s room, his tent, or his own room.

A programme of this sort entered into with the proper spirit certainly precludes many minutes of idleness. The right spirit is possible, for the school is governed entirely by suggestion—there is nothing that can be called a rule in force. If a boy does not have his school work prepared he is that same day interviewed by his teacher, his principal, and superintendent. The interview will thus be given from three angles—the teacher holding up the academic end; the

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principal, the wholesome end of "why;" the superintendent, the personal and physical end. Thus the boy can't get far behind in the running. If he should be tardy he is also interviewed by the three persons mentioned. These interviews take place most anywhere—in the gym, on the road, in the corridor. No promises are exacted. Advice is but rarely given. We do not average three cases a day of unpreparedness, and virtually none of tardiness. This is worth consideration when you think of living in a tent with a temperature of five or more below; with your fire to make, your bed to arrange, yourself to tidy. Again, is it worthy of consideration because at Interlaken there are no bugles, no bells; mealtimes are known by all, schooltime is known by all, therefore, as the school life is the business of the day, all should be on time, for by not being so, many besides the offender are inconvenienced. It looks as if that couldn't be with over a hundred boys—but it is. Another troublesome side of school life which the natural method of living eliminates, is the use of tobacco. Fully fifty of our boys used tobacco when they entered the school, and use it when they are home. The school does not sanction tobacco—it does not expel, it does not punish; but it insists that tobacco is not to be used. There are not three cases of tobacco being used in the school now, and it is most rare when one of these three transgresses. When this happens the school is told publicly, and that is the end of the case.

Most of this paper has been given over to telling what is actually accomplished, for if such things are done, then time spent on talking of them is worth while. The methods employed are merely to get the boy into a democratic—a communistic state of mind. Selfishness is engendered in the boy who rubs with his neighbor only in sport or pleasure. To have no duties—even to have a duty as in military schools only to be punished for failure to do that duty, is detrimental to the physical and mental and moral growth. There is only a certain number of hours necessary for schoolroom preparation and these combined with the actual hours in the classroom make up but a small part of the day. The rest of the day—the idle time is the damaging time. It is then that the mind acquires habits of indifference and slovenliness, which, taken into the classroom, are denounced by the unfortunate teacher as lack of concentration. It is during idle hours that mischief to school spirit is wrought. Then it is that the boys become restless, unhappy, intriguing, disloyal in thought and deed. On the other hand if the non-academic hours are fully occupied, not with mere pastimes, but with serious, purposeful work, a momentum of effort is generated which is distinctly felt even in the classroom. The work necessary to domestic independence, together



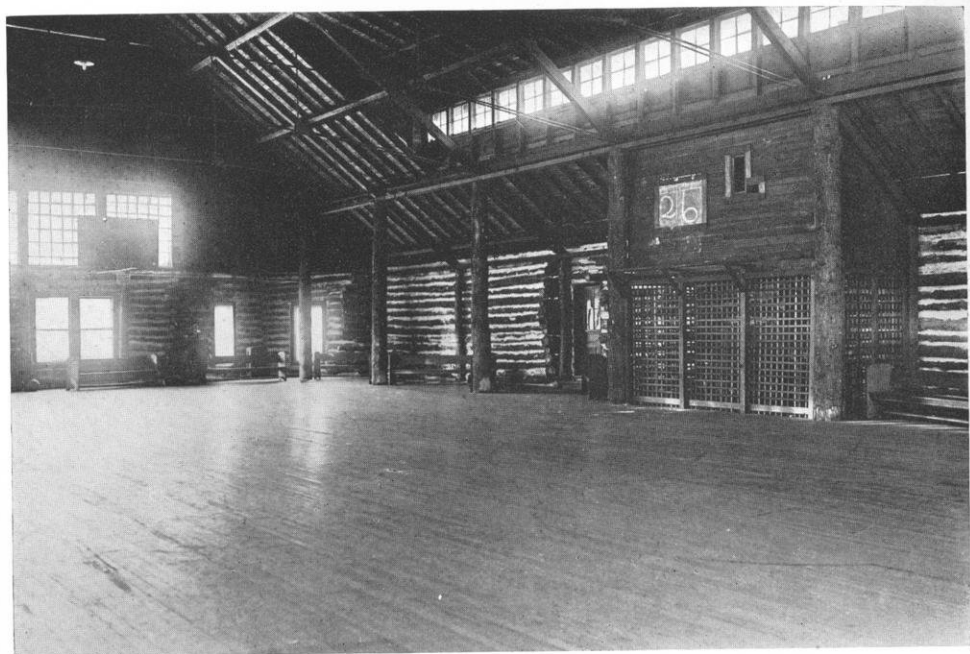
BOYS OF THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL BUILDING THE LOG GYMNASIUM: THE SIXTH DAY OF THE WORK. A LOG AND CEMENT HOUSE BUILT BY THE INTERLAKEN BOYS.



SUMMER CAMP OF THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL, SHOWING THE LOG WASH HOUSE BUILT BY THE BOYS, AND ONE OF THE TENTS. WINTER CAMP OF THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL: IT IS AN INTERESTING FACT THAT THESE BOYS LIVE IN TENTS AND DO THEIR OWN "HOUSE" WORK THROUGH THE COLDEST WINTER WEATHER.



HAYMAKING IN THE VICINITY OF THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL, SHOWING THE BOYS BUSY AS FARMERS. ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE BOYS AS FARMERS: ALL THE GARDEN WORK IS DONE BY THE STUDENTS, AND WELL DONE.



TWO PICTURES SHOWING WHERE THE BOYS WORK INDOORS: THE UPPER PICTURE IS THE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM AND THE LOWER ONE IS THE WORKING LIBRARY: BOTH THESE ROOMS WERE BUILT AND FINISHED BY THE BOYS.

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with outdoor labor for the community, no matter how humble, contributes at least as much to health of body and mind, individual and corporate, as do athletics; but in addition, it quickens and endows the soul.

THE boy who works as do our boys—like men in life—cannot always be as immaculate in appearance as the boy who toils not. On the one hand, the boy who does no rough or manual work will soon find his tastes going to dress, and he becomes foppish and shallow. On the other hand, the boy who does rough work enjoys the more his bath and rub, and is clearer and deeper minded, so that he appreciates the conventionalities at their true value. A manually working boy is a picture of health and his face shines resplendent. The well-dressed boy tailored, and liking it, has but his clothes to commend him.

These Interlaken boys in their schoolrooms, in their shops, entering the dining hall will not present the spruce appearance of the students in a classical school or the cadets from the academy. Their mode of living makes it necessary they should pass from work to study, from study to play—and they must dress accordingly.

We do not have definite gymnastic drill for muscular development; indeed we have no work in the gymnasium save games and such work on the apparatus as one boy teaches another. However, we are convinced that through the combination of proper diet, proper sleep, manual labor and vigor of mind, we can produce the stronger boy physically than through the use of any special system of gymnastic instruction. The writer is well acquainted with nearly every system of gymnastics in use and is certain from experience that living as the Interlaken boys do, they will become more nearly men—like unto our early pioneers—than through specialization or artificially contrived apparatus.

We chop trees as did the woodsmen of old; we use the tree for building; we use it for firewood; we season it for furniture—or we let it stand and give it first aid when it needs such. Our boys consider their neighbors, then themselves; obedience is their first law, but obedience must be taught; the body weak—then is the mind going to suffer, and weak mind and weak body mean the unmoral boy, if not the immoral boy.

We put up ice, and build the house in which to store it; we sink our wells and protect them; we marvel at the plentifulness of Nature and decide at once not to waste her resources. We think independently, but act in concert when the public weal demands such action. Among us is the boy of wealth who pays six hundred dollars for

AN OUTDOOR SCHOOL FOR BOYS

an eight months' term and who, besides his five hours school day and consequent study, takes his shift at the power house, or the pumps, or the boiler. He labors harder perhaps than does the boy who pays nothing and who would be said to be earning his way. Each boy must accept his task and do it the best he knows how. The reward for failure is the opportunity to try again; the reward for work well done is more work.

This plan of giving boys responsible work—men's jobs, often extremely responsible, such as running the lighting and heating plants; supervising skating, swimming, boating; night watch; care of horses, cows, pigs, ducks, chickens, etc., develops their self-reliance and their ability to take care of themselves. So true is this, that we have been able to free teachers entirely from duty outside their classrooms. As a consequence, school work is still further strengthened, for it was the experience of Interlaken that a heavy academic programme followed by supervisory responsibilities is wearisome and often demoralizing for teachers. We have found that if they can be relieved of what in this very institution was formerly termed "dog-watch," they will not only render higher academic service, but will exert greater moral and social influence—they will mix more frankly with the boys; and the relations of teacher and pupil will be carried to a more natural, a more human—a higher plane.

Happiness is the prevailing spirit here at Interlaken. Unkindness is rare, for we live with Nature and have her animals around. Vice is absent. Honesty is practiced daily. The boys believe in the school, yet show their faith and spirit without the usual accompaniment of brass band, or pennants, or yells. In games and athletics they usually win in whatever they undertake. They have no special training, but come from the ice-field and win a basketball game, or from the harvest and win at baseball. Their school work is standard, their health is excellent, their viewpoint clear.



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



BEFORE we take up the ways in which coherent grouping of houses may be planned, it is necessary to consider further the advantages and disadvantages of terrace houses and detached houses built in close proximity to one another. Some people are under the impression that detached houses are in some way more healthful than terrace buildings, even where there are the same number to each acre of land, but I do not think this needs serious refutation. The detached houses are certainly colder; they call for less skill in planning and have not the especial advantage possessed by the terrace house, that of compelling the architect to provide for every window an open outlook either across the street or close, or over the garden, thus securing the adequate lighting of each room which almost all English by-laws demand.

In planning terrace houses it should be made possible to get "a clean blow through" the house, to remove all stagnant air and secure really satisfactory ventilation. In almost every room in the detached house it is possible to have windows on more than one side, while in the terrace house few rooms can have this advantage, so that satisfactory ventilation is more easily attained in the former than it is in the latter. This is another reason for claiming that a through living room is almost essential for the ideal terrace house.

Elsewhere I have pointed out the advantage of having all chimney stacks within the house and none on the exterior walls. This, of course, is more easily contrived for houses in terraces than for any other type of building.

But perhaps it is in the garden that the terrace house has the greatest advantage over the detached house. In the plans for terrace houses given in my last article, I showed small gardens between the houses and the roads. Whether these are desirable or not depends very largely upon the character of the street on which the houses front. In many streets modern motor traffic has made it desirable to set the houses back from the street, but where there is little through traffic it is perhaps wisest to build the houses right up to the street line and have the garden on the side away from the street, especially if this is the sunnier side. Small front gardens are generally of little use and involve effort to keep them tidy. Still, if they are planned like little forecourts, they may be very charming and of some real service. If the ground between a road and the house fronting on it, instead of being divided up into separate small gardens, is laid out in a continuous strip, as in Diagrams Two and Three, the effect

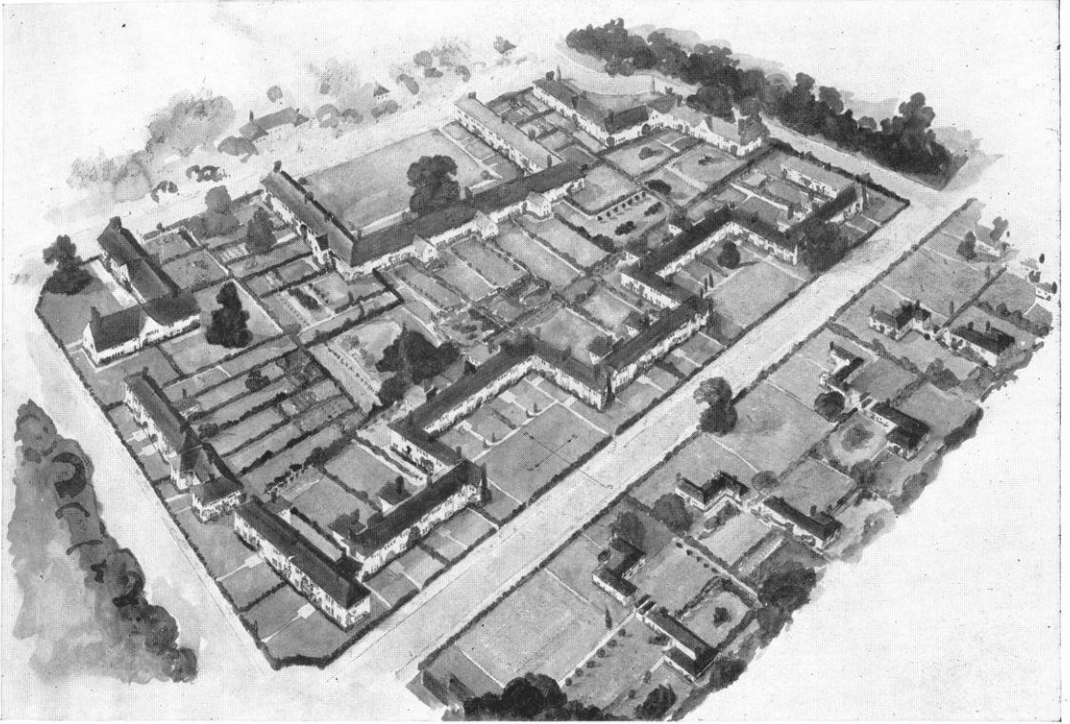
COPARTNERSHIP BUILDING OF HOUSES

may be most desirable from all points of view, and may help to link a whole road into a complete composition. The question really is, "Is this space more useful and desirable in front of the house than it would be if added to the gardens in back?" and this is a question each householder must answer for himself.

In the last issue I gave two plans (one for terrace and one for detached houses in a row) and allowed the same frontage to each house in both plans. In order to make clear the advantage the garden of the terrace house possesses, I am here giving plans contrasting terrace and detached houses, as before, but instead of allowing the same width of frontage and size of plot to each (and therefore the same depth of plot), I am showing the terrace houses with narrower frontage than those occupied by the detached houses and the yawning chasms between them, and have given to each the same area of garden (see Diagrams Five and Six). How much more desirable is the form of garden that is possible to the terrace house! The garden for the detached house is necessarily a public and draughty strip around the house, but the garden for the terrace house can be in the convenient and pleasant form of an oblong, secluded from the street and protected from its dust and noises. At the same time, the garden for the terrace houses will be much more sunny and airy and less shaded by buildings, and with less draught than that of the detached house. The narrower frontage means less cost of land, less expensive road, sewer, gas and water mains, and cheaper maintenance of all these. It also means shorter distances from one house to another, to the doctor, to the shops and places of amusement, and for the tradesmen's daily rounds.

The greater depth in the plots means that the garden side of the terrace in one street is further away from the garden side of the terrace in the street running parallel with it, and is, therefore, less overlooked and more open. Around all our towns we now have a belt of characterless residential suburbs, garish for the well-to-do and drab and monotonous for the poor. Much of the charm of the Mediæval cities arose from the abrupt termination of their closely built streets into open country and the absence of dismal straggling suburban areas. If we should change our ideal of little detached houses each in the center of its own little plot for something less individualistic, we might come nearer recovering the lost charm of real street pictures on the one hand and open unspoiled country on the other. The detailed plotting of an area on which houses are to be built should be the result of the most careful consideration of plans for the houses themselves.

In the past, however, instead of first planning the houses for the



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

DIAGRAM ONE.

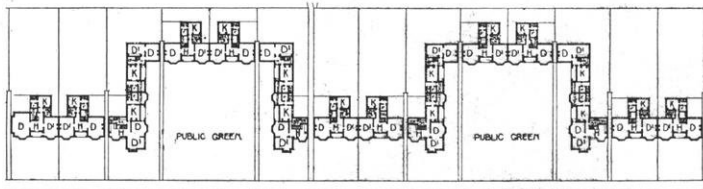
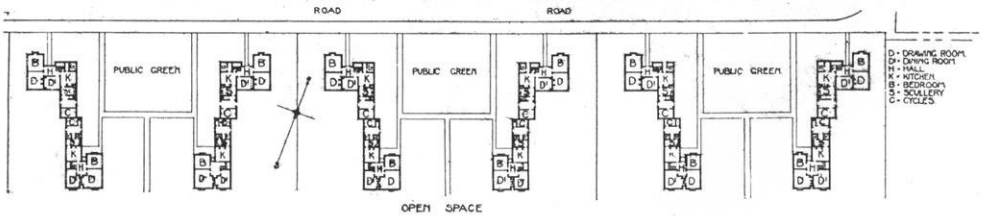


DIAGRAM FOUR.



THESE DIAGRAMS SHOW HOW A ROW OF HOUSES MAY BE PLANNED BETWEEN A ROAD AND AN OPEN SPACE, SO THAT THE HOUSES ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD TOWARD THE OPEN SPACE OBSTRUCT LITTLE OF THE VIEW OF THOSE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD.

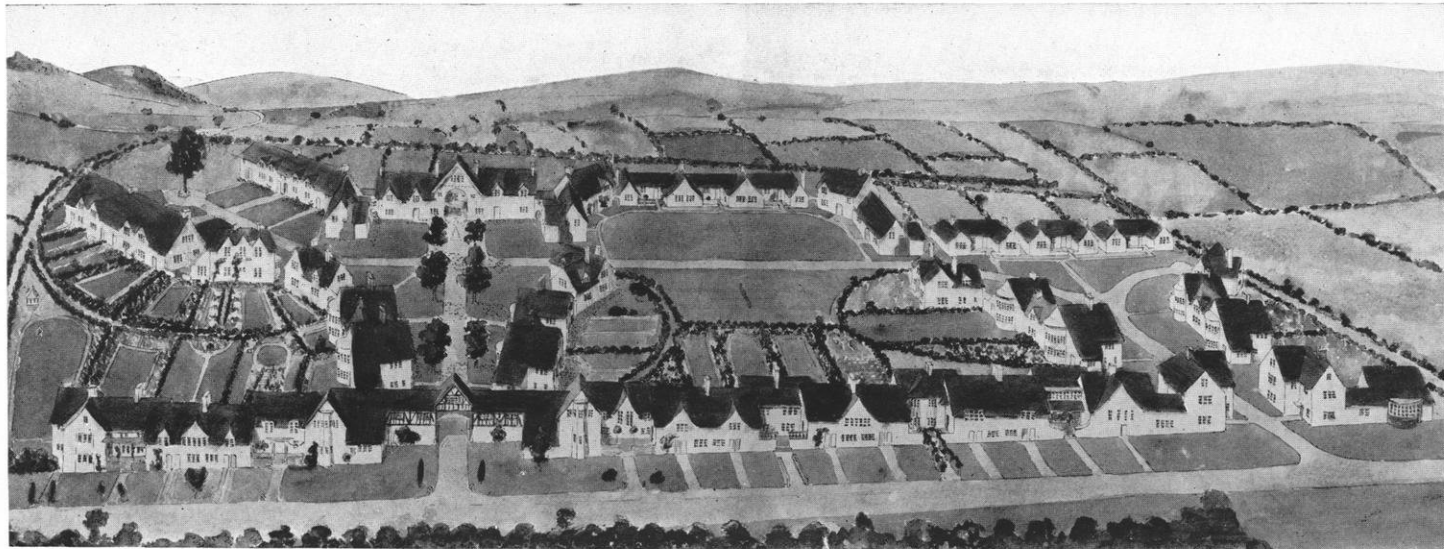


DIAGRAM TWO

SCHEME FOR PROPOSED COPARTNERSHIP DEVELOPMENT AT STOKE-UPON - TRENT, STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, SHOWING HOW THE GROUND BETWEEN THE ROAD AND THE HOUSE, INSTEAD OF BEING DIVIDED INTO SEPARATE SMALL GARDENS, MAY BE LAID OUT IN A CONTINUOUS STRIP, THUS LINKING THE WHOLE ROAD INTO A COMPLETE COMPOSITION: BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.



DIAGRAM THREE.

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different sites and laying out the land in plots to facilitate the best realization of all the advantages the proposed house plans could offer, land has usually been cut up into plots which were supposed to be suitable for any house. As a rule, the plots have been so arranged that the best could not be made of any type of house plan which was decided upon. There are many notable exceptions to this, of course, among them "New Town," Edinburgh, and the eighteenth-century London squares, which were laid out to accommodate houses whose plans were known beforehand. The difficulty, of course, has been that in many instances the type of house the prospective builder would wish to erect could not be foretold. In such cases, the site planner should start with the best plans obtainable for the types of houses it is most likely the future owners would wish to build in the locality he is dealing with, under the conditions laid down by the sites, and plan out his area so as to make the most of houses built to these plans. It is probable that whoever takes a plot will modify his own ideas to secure for his own house most of the advantages which the site planner has visualized for him. The result as a whole would then be better than could possibly be attained by arbitrarily laying out the land without considering house plans which would make the most of each plot. If the site planner, in plotting out in detail the smaller areas into which the estate is divided, should show on each plot in some detail the house plan most likely to obtain all the advantages that particular plot possesses, the time spent on this would never be wholly thrown away. Often forms and arrangements of plots would be modified in order to gain advantages for the houses, and these plans would suggest ideas to the man who took any particular plot, and he would be likely to make better use of the plot than he otherwise would.

Take the suggestions made in Diagrams One and Four as an instance: These plans were made to meet the objection against providing open spaces, which is so frequently raised. This objection is that while it would be practicable in many specific instances to furnish the necessary land for an open space, the cost of a road around that open space would be prohibitive, because it could only have houses fronting on one side of it; the other side would have to be left open, as the prevailing idea seems to be that the front of a house must necessarily face the road. Diagrams One and Four suggest that not only may the road be set back and a row of plots for houses planned between the road and the open space, but if the plots on either side of the road be planned to carry out a scheme designed for the houses, without reducing their number, those on the side of the road toward the open space may be designed to ob-

COPARTNERSHIP BUILDING OF HOUSES

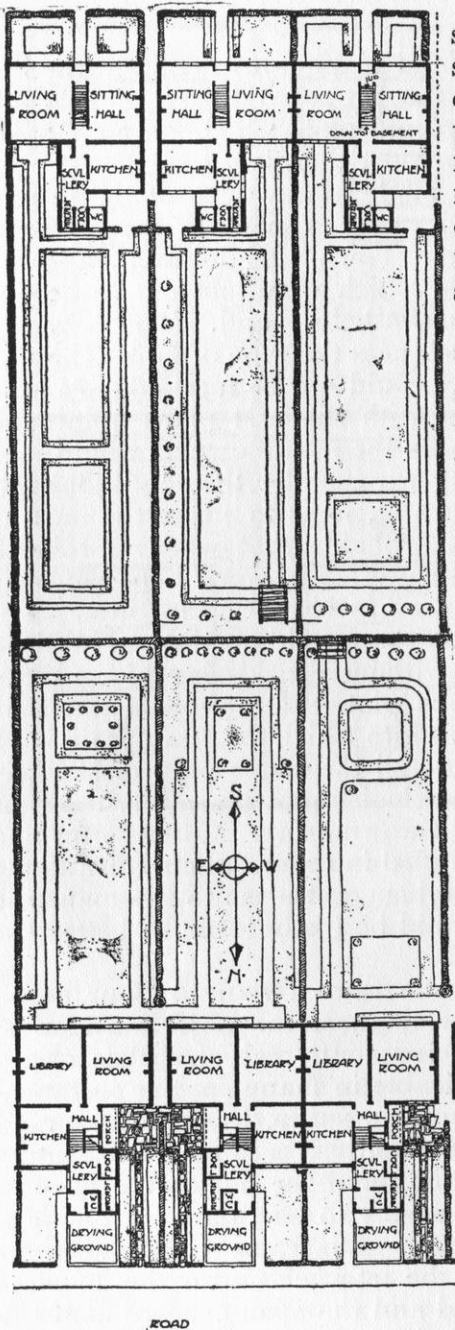


DIAGRAM FIVE.

struct little of the view of the open space from those on the other side of the road. Those on the side of the road away from the open space may be arranged so that a greater number can be built, and thus increase the number of those which will have a view out over the open space.

The most difficult conditions under which a coördinate scheme can be produced are those which arise when land is intended to be sold in plots to unrelated individuals. Under other conditions, there are greater opportunities for coördinating and correlating all the buildings on a given area of land into a general scheme. The most common of these arises when a building scheme is started as an investment, or when a land-owner undertakes to develop an area of land.

It is fashionable to decry the speculative builder and his ways, but he is often a maligned individual. Some architects have discovered that the commissions that afford them the most satisfaction are those undertaken for the speculative builder. The more intelligent speculative builder now knows that by availing himself of the architect's skill in planning he can work more economically and with greater financial success. Even if he intends to build only one or two houses at a time, and to build others only when he has disposed of the first lot, he very often wants a related scheme for the whole undertaking. He realizes that it will be to his ultimate advantage to have this reasonably well worked

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out at the beginning, so that when completed it may be satisfactory as a whole, and each house may be planned and placed so as to detract as little as possible from the beauty and convenience of the others. The architect is thus given an opportunity to conceive the undertaking as a whole, even though the builder may intend to carry it out in sections.

Again, when the owner of a piece of ground has had the foresight to secure unity of effect by

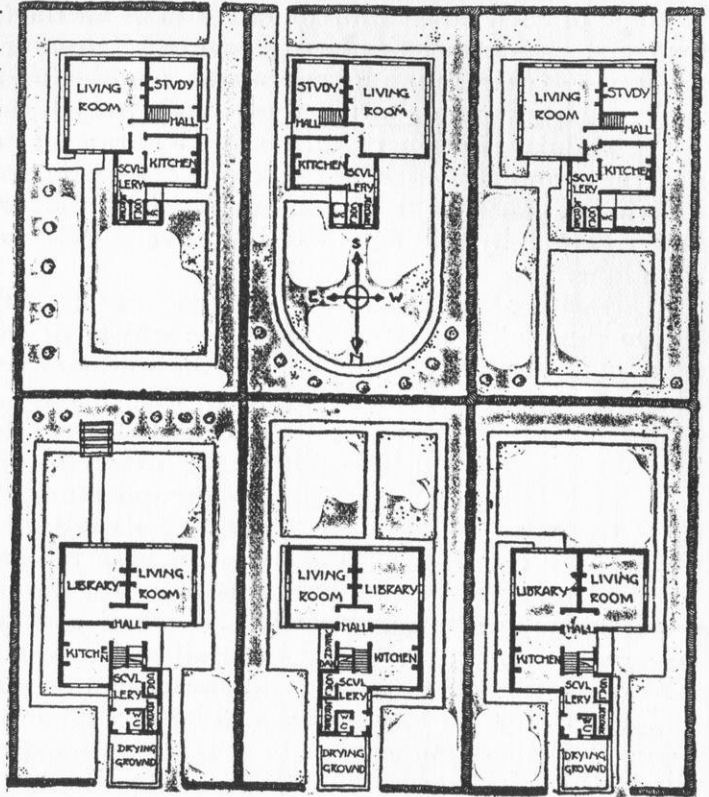


DIAGRAM SIX.

commissioning an architect to prepare a complete scheme for the development of his land and by laying down conditions when letting or selling each plot, he is reasonably sure that the broad lines of his scheme will be adhered to.

But the best opportunities for a coördinated whole in building are those made possible when the development of land is undertaken by a copartnership tenants society. In these societies the tenant does not own his own house; he owns shares in the society which is the landlord of all the houses comprised in the undertaking. The tenant is not tied to the house he lives in; if it is to his advantage to move to another place, he is free to go, and the responsibility of finding a tenant for his house does not rest with him alone, but with the society as a whole. So long as he chooses to remain in his house, he has all the security that belongs to the man who owns the house he lives in; if he wishes to leave it, he may do so without risk of financial loss. Another advantage is that his money is invested. His home is situated on an estate which can be planned to the best ad-

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vantage of each house individually and of all the houses upon it collectively. Such societies have a future far greater than has yet been realized. Their building operations can be undertaken on a big scale, each member sharing the benefits which this makes possible,—the standardization of all the component parts of the buildings and the economies effected by buying in very large quantities. Each individual can procure for himself a better house and probably a larger garden by joining one of these societies than he could by working alone.

Copartnership opens up a new range of possibilities, for through this medium all may enjoy a share of many advantages. The wealthy man may have his own tennis court and bowling green and play places for his children, and may secure a wide and pleasant outlook from all his windows, but the man of more moderate means may only have them if he joins a copartnership society. An intelligent land-owner or company may lay out an estate so as to provide for the common enjoyment of some of its advantages, but an estate owned by a copartnership society will naturally be laid out to attain this end. It will be thought of as a whole; it will be planned for a community; institutes, schools, clubs and common meeting places will be considered; spots of natural beauty will be preserved; distant views will not be shut out; play places and shelters for the children and spaces for outdoor games will be arranged, not only for the enjoyment of these games, but to provide pleasanter outlooks from the windows of the houses, and attractive terminations for streets. The buildings will be designed in groups, not as individual units; these groups taken together will be conceived as larger units, and the whole designed on a big scale. The principle of sharing, therefore, will make each individual house more attractive, the whole scheme being conceived as a coherent and harmonious whole. An organized civic life such as distinguished our old-time villages will spring up and take the place of the ugliness and lack of organization which characterizes buildings produced by the extreme individualism of recent times. It will be the outward expression of the life of a community, taking the place of a mere aggregation of individuals, the hopelessness of which the estate development of recent times has made us far too familiar with. Diagrams Two and Three embody such a copartnership scheme, designed for a piece of land which falls to the southwest and commands a very fine view in that direction.

THE DANCE OF THE PEOPLE: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

“Except ye become as little children.”
“A little child shall lead them.”



I WENT the other evening to see a child dance. It was a joyous evening because it was a revelation of that spontaneous beauty every child should have the power to portray; it was also an infinitely sad evening because I realized that this one little girl was the only child I knew of in the world who was doing this spontaneously beautiful thing. She was only five years old, yet she danced with equal wonder whether her mother played a simple little tune, or whether she floated past a pale-green curtain, upborne by the music of her lovely soul. I have never seen any dancing at all like it, except Isadora Duncan's, and I realized when I saw this child that she was doing eagerly, unconsciously, joyously, what Miss Duncan has striven for twelve years to make us understand the miracle of, namely, that the perfect dance is the natural outpouring of the spirit of beauty through motion.

Mr. Percy MacKaye, who sat by me, said: "The wonder is not that the child is doing this thing, but that every child in the world is not doing it." And then Mr. Coburn, head of the Coburn Players added, what was equally true, "If only this child could live her life close to the spring of beauty, Nature, informed day by day through the winds and the sunlight, through the perfumes and color—Nature's great sources of rhythm—what tremendous things she could do to freshen the gray world."

And I realized as I watched the little child dancing, without draperies, without dramatic surroundings, without consciousness of her genius, a "Dance of the Wind," a "Dance of the Flowers," a "Dance of Sadness," a "Dance of a Little Child Going out of the House to Play," all her own improvisation (if one may call by so elaborate a name anything so simple and inevitable), that it is the real things of the world, the very simple things which hold the great qualities of perfect beauty and moving joy.

How much of her readiness to interpret beauty this child owes to her parents it would be hard to estimate. Her father, Jerome Myers, is a painter of modern life, of out of doors, sunlight, children playing and dancing—the joyous aspect of everyday existence, a painter of profound insight, with technique that enables him to present his philosophy adequately through his art. But granting this artistic inheritance, this little child is of herself inherently close to the source of beauty, as only little children and the more primitive people of the world can be, and all children are, if left to their own

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conception of happiness, instinctively primitive. Each child of its own accord would begin the world anew daily. Thus it is that we seek for stirrings of emotional art in the early days of the race or the individual. And so from an appreciation of what this child could accomplish through her exquisitely naïve methods of expressing her own natural joy in living, I began to understand why it is that we unconsciously turn to the more elemental folk of the world for our hope of the development of the more emotional arts, such as music and dancing. As we think into the matter, we see that hypercultivation, however satisfactory and interesting as a personal source of pleasure, must inevitably to a certain extent atrophy the creative forces, for cultivation absorbs our spiritual and mental energies in recording and enjoying the achievement of others, and so wide, so high, so deep are the opportunities of enjoyment in the realms of appreciation that more often than not the sum total of our activities are thus exhausted. And so it is the unencumbered soul who becomes, as a child, the unconscious channel for the great forces of life to stream through. And as we remember the few geniuses we have met, we recall with perhaps some surprise, that they were inevitably the unaffected, the naïve, the simple.

WE SHALL not develop to the fullest as a nation without the enjoyment of these emotional arts, because no people can achieve all that the sensitive among them desire without expressing the hunger for beauty that is deep in their hearts. A nation must sing, must dance, must make its own music to realize its portion of the world's power for beauty. And it is a sad fact that the spontaneous music of a modern people is apt to be discountenanced or ignored, and that here in America at least we are fearful of the thing we create, fearful of the beauty that is seeking expression out of our own hearts. We are turning back for joy in rhythm to the folk dances of the old world, and what can we ever hope to accomplish through it? We are not a rural people who find expression for our simple pleasures on the village green, who quaintly dance in the moonlight because that is the most natural thing for us to do. We may appreciate folk dances, and we may teach them to our children, but they will turn away from them, they will turn back to the waltz which we are all dancing, to the ragtime which we are more and more learning to dance.

We may also teach our children in our public and private schools that the only great expression of what we call "grand opera" is from France and Germany and Italy, that all great music must be an imitation of these things, that unless we know Debussy and Wagner

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and Strauss on one hand and Puccini and Verdi on the other, we cannot express the great thoughts that are in us, and the result will be only what has already happened, the tragedy of the recent American opera, which takes for its subject British history and which expresses this subject in the most extraordinary formal classic *mélange* of the operatic music of other times and people. That anyone in this country should rejoice for the birth of an opera like "Mona" is a thing indeed to make us thoughtful. For it has no more significance as American music than Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." We are not, as a matter of fact, a people to whom as yet opera belongs, although we have a very cultivated and right appreciation of it as the work of other races. But as for ourselves, we are at present, at least, too self-conscious; we have too keen a sense of humor to create that singular product of genius and naïveté known as "grand opera." We may have many such productions as "Mona," because it met with much kindly comment and applause. And such a production can matter little to composer or the people, if we bear in mind that never for a moment must we think of it as *American music*. We must never accept it as the great thing we are hoping for in this country,—our own music, a spontaneous outburst of a desire for and understanding of the kind of song that we as a people crave, that is deep in our souls, that would make life richer for us.

We have done little in this country, if we except the great MacDowell, in the way of music that is national, that is significant. Perhaps the most genuinely natural music which we have as yet achieved here is the homely, nerve-searching, pulsating ragtime. It has been said that we "manufacture" this music for the people, that it does not belong to them any more than the grand opera music does. This is a very profound mistake. You can manufacture an opera such as "Mona," you can never in the history of any nation manufacture music for the great mass of the common people. You can manufacture bad clothes for them, you can give them a standard of artificial manners, because these things are associated in their minds with material benefits which they crave, but you cannot manufacture music for them, rhythm for them, song for them, for they will not accept these things. You *can* write music that they *will* dance because you have produced out of your heart a rhythm which reaches theirs. You can write songs that they will sing, because you can touch their hearts with a chord from your own.

Occasionally even out of what you may call the very mire will spring up something that the whole nation will accept and acclaim, because it has a universal rhythm which is wanted and needed for the expression of some joy in our lives. This is what has happened

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in the modern dances that we are hearing so much about, which have been so widely condemned. It is impossible to believe that we as a people have accepted these dances, the "turkey trot," the "grizzly bear," and other much-condemned rhythmical expressions, "because they were risqué and indecent," for the great mass of our people are not indecent or risqué. They are very much horrified at anything that is indecent or even vulgar. They will not tolerate it in their plays; they will not accept it in their music, in their dances or in their songs. But the people as a whole will always respond to some great universal and fundamental rhythm, whether it is in dance or song, because they are primitive, because they have the open mind of simple folk, and the rhythm of motion is essentially a primitive expression.

ALL people in the early stages of their history have had their dances, their religious dances, their war dances, their love dances. We have had but the faintest echo of these in our lives. Our dances have been a luxury. We have paid people to do them for us, or we have held them in reserve for our more exclusive society, who paid largely to learn how to do them. Now at last we have in this country a dance of the common people. It is not an indecent dance unless it is made so, and every dance in the world can be made indecent. In fact, almost every act of life can be made indecent if we so choose. We can eat indecently, we can sleep too much, we can walk vulgarly. There is no romance, there is no artistic delight that cannot be rendered unpleasant and vulgar if we so elect. And this dance of the people for which we should rejoice, because it is the first widespread appreciation of rhythm that any modern people has had, we have elected to regard as vulgar because some indecent people have chosen to do it in a way that was not beautiful. It can be done most beautifully. It will do much to increase the sense of beauty in our people if we will only permit them to do it without maintaining that it is vulgar. The very music that is written for it carries a splendid dominating rhythm, so much so that the children in the street dance spontaneously to it, and men and women all over the country respond to it who could not afford difficult and expensive dancing lessons. It will be a sad thing for us if this first general desire for rhythmical expression that the country has had will have to be discarded because we have forced the nation to see it as something unworthy.

The music, as I have already said, that is written for these dances and which intrinsically belongs to them, has been called mechanical; "manufactured" is the word used for these extraordinary outbursts of primitive pulsating melody. If we could begin to get statistics.

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about the amount of music that is really manufactured in this country, and in every other country, which the people reject absolutely, we could understand better the real meaning of the tremendous response that there has been to the barbaric ragtime music in this country and all over the world, and to the outgrowth from this music which is less barbaric but no less intense and vivid.

It is but natural that a nation such as ours, that has been so long without its own musical expression should respond to the dramatic primitive dominating quality of the music as we are hearing all over the country today. For everyone wants it, no matter how it is criticized. It is wanted in the most fashionable of drawing rooms; it is wanted in the dance hall; it is wanted on the streets in the twilight springtime by the little children. And no manufactured effort in music, no sound wholly dominated by suggestiveness, nothing inherently artificial could be gathered up so completely as this from one end to another of a nation.

It may be that this wholesale universal response to a desire for motion and music will bring about the other thing that we mourned the lack of in the beginning of this note, that our little children as a whole do not dance, and that we find ourselves filled with amazement as well as joy when one of them dances with satisfying beauty. We certainly can never convert a nation to the knowledge and value and joy of a beautiful rhythmical expression through instruction in dancing, through lectures and essays and schools. The desire for it has got to spring up in the hearts of the people, and its growth as an art has got to be the spontaneous, naïve and joyous expression of that desire.



THE "AMERICAN RENAISSANCE" IN ARCHITECTURE

A REPLY TO THE "AMERICAN RENAISSANCE" WHICH APPEARED IN *THE CRAFTSMAN*, JANUARY 1912

DEAR SIR:—

I HAVE been very much interested in reading in the January number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* a spirited article on architecture which has to do with one on the same subject that appeared under my name in the *Outlook*, entitled "American Renaissance."

I greatly appreciate the enthusiasm of your authors Messrs. Purcell & Elmslie, for what they have finally called "the finest of the fine arts." They seem to object, however, to my views because they uphold an American architecture which is established upon precedent. I must confess that I cannot conceive of a dignified architecture which is not created through the familiar and satisfying system of evolution. I do not think a greater calamity could befall a city than to have the architects suddenly decide to ignore all precedent and attempt to produce an original style. Architects are continually accused of being mere plagiarists, adopting architectural forms of other times and fitting them illy to the conditions of their own. It is this view of my confreres and my profession which your authors seem to imply and it is this view of architectural criticism that I would briefly dwell upon.

I think it is fair to say that artists of all times have derived their chief inspiration from the works of those whom they elect to be their masters.

I have always thought that in the matter of invention architecture was analogous to the writer's art, and to make my position clear, I would like to draw a comparison. The post, the lintel, the arch, the cornice, the gable, the bay, the countless forms of window openings, or ornament, moldings and projections already devised constitute the language of architectural design, a language as finely diversified in subtle gradations as any language which we know. It is the language in which the architect speaks, sometimes well and sometimes ill,

according to the grace and talent with which Nature has endowed him, but it is no more necessary for him to invent new forms or new styles in order to be eloquent, than it is necessary for the writer to coin new words to express a lofty sentiment or for a painter to find a fourth primary color in order that he may set his canvas ablaze. It is the careful selection and use of the architect's vocabulary that brings about an accomplished essay in architectural design. The subtle balance of solid and void, the perfect rhythm of column and space and column. The architect refers to these contrasting spaces as proportions, but I do not quarrel with your authors' expressed preference for a different nomenclature. They query, what is proportion? I reply, it is balance and rhythm, and that *Vigonola* must of necessity change at every six inches. *Vigonola* has written an architectural primer, which the student is taught because he must commence with rules and *Vigonola's* rules are as good as anybody's, but they are beginners' rules and only intended to train the untaught eye to observe the niceties and the endless varieties of architectural proportion. Neither *Vigonola* nor any other architect has established a proportion for the orders which make all other orders either good or bad by comparison.

It is true that much of our architectural design is crude and commonplace, and I have felt that this is largely due to the method by which the architect works; he not only has countless things to think of quite apart from the appearance of his building, but he is obliged to produce the design of his details away from the actual scene of his work.

Architecture, above every other art, should keep near to usual and well tried forms and while it is doubtless difficult for the man of average abilities to be original in the use of them, yet it is just as rare to find an author able to write his own language with real distinction, though if he does not, the failure lies with himself and not with his means of expression.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED HOPKINS.



TWO BRICK CRAFTSMAN HOUSES DESIGNED TO HELP ESTABLISH BETTER STANDARDS OF LIVING

WILLIAM MORRIS once said: "I decorate modern houses for people, but the house that would please me would be some great room where one talked to one's friends in one corner, and ate in another, and slept in another, and worked in another."

Most of us have got so far away from the primitive, fundamental things of life that such a simple ideal is difficult for us to understand or take seriously. And yet there is no doubt that Morris meant it. He had balanced the luxuries of civilization against the unnecessary labor and anxiety which they involved, and had found that the pain outweighed the pleasure. He felt that we had hampered our lives and bewildered our souls with useless complexities; we had been so eager to satisfy our sense of possession that we had built up around ourselves a barrier of *things*, which shut out the oxygen and sunlight of clear, wholesome thought and efficient action. And so he wanted to reduce life—at least his own—to the simplest terms, because he felt that in no other way could he be free to work and think in full strength and happiness.

The pioneer or woodsman who builds himself a log hut in the forest or a rough mountain camp, can carry out literally the great English craftsman's ideal; but those of us who cannot cope with the difficulties and enjoy the freedom of the camp and trail must adjust our dwellings to the more complicated conditions of civilized social

life. We must consider the restrictions and opportunities of the city, the demands of family and friends, and build our houses accordingly. It might be possible for us to build and live as plainly as Morris suggested, but there are few of us who would have the moral courage to do it, and few who would really want it.

But although we may consider such simplicity and directness as too far beneath or above us—according to our point of view—we shall find it helpful, in planning new homes or reorganizing old ones, to keep Morris's words in mind. We shall find that this natural attitude toward common, everyday things will guide us in distinguishing the essential from the unessential, the vital from the superficial. It will help us to saner standards of living, clearer insight into our real needs and hopes and the means of their fulfilment, keener judgment and more honest thinking. It will aid us in pruning from our environment the petty and the insincere, and so bring our homes closer to the real purpose of our existence.

It is this feeling which always underlies Craftsman architecture. It is with this simplicity and directness that we try to meet the needs of the people for whom we are designing homes. We try to keep in mind the kind of things they want, the sort of lives they live, and to provide in the most rational, comfortable and at the same time beautiful way for the various requirements of modern family life. We try to combine economy with thoroughness, comfort with æsthetic quality, and to dispense with every architectural feature, every structural detail which has not some definite relation to the general plan.

The two houses which we are publishing

TWO CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSES

this month are typical examples of our efforts to embody in practical and useful form this attitude toward home life and home architecture. As the illustrations and floor plans show, they are unpretentious and homelike, both in the arrangement of the floor space and in the exterior design. We have endeavored to minimize the number of partitions, to keep a feeling of wide hospitable spaces on the lower floors, to provide the comfort and picturesqueness of built-in fittings, and yet to keep the cost of construction unusually low considering the quality of the building.

THE first house, No. 135, is only a story and a half high, the rooms on the second floor being given sufficient height by the dormer which breaks the rather steep slope of the roof on each side and adds a note of interest to the exterior. The building is set very close to the ground, on a foundation of split field stone, thus emphasizing its friendly relation to the surrounding landscape. The walls are of common hard-burned brick, with half-inch joints. We have found that the "rough cut flush" joint is most satisfactory for this kind of brickwork, as the mortar, when cut off by a quick stroke of the trowel flush with the face of the brick, presents a rough-textured surface very similar to the brick itself, and when mellowed by time and weather the joints are comparatively inconspicuous. The following is a formula which we have found useful for mixing the mortar, and we repeat it here for the benefit of new subscribers or those who may not have noticed it in the February number of the magazine:

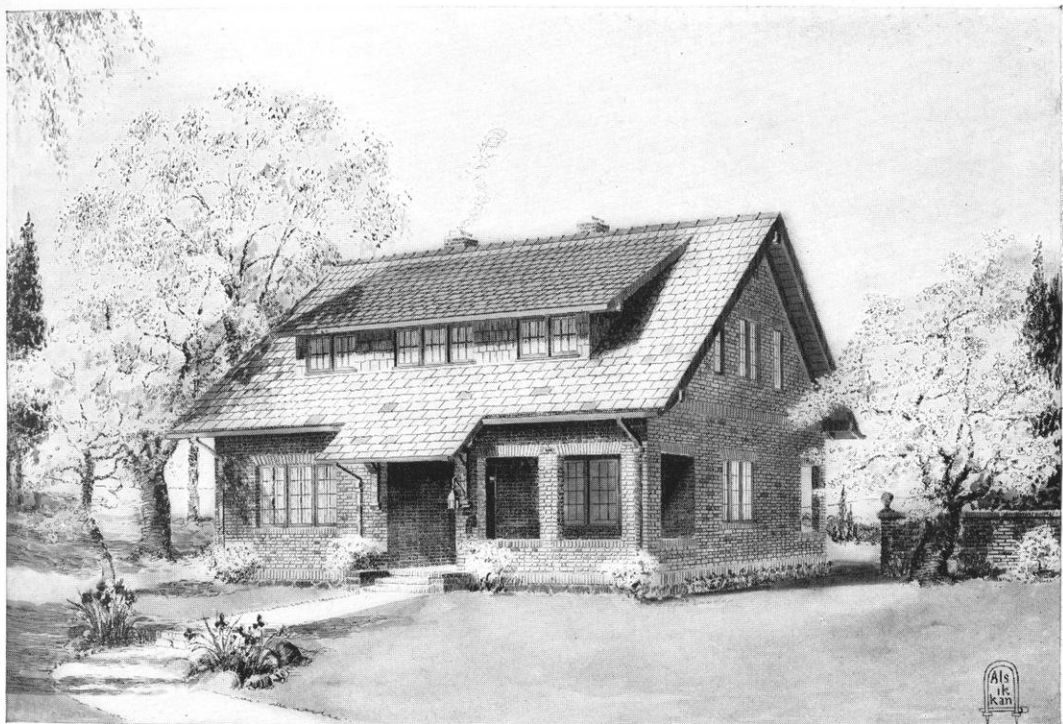
"Grit"	3	parts
Sand	5	"
Cement	1	"
Lime Putty (hydrated lime)..	1/2	"
Brown (paste)	1/3	"
Yellow (powder)	1/3	"
Black (paste)	1/50	"

Most people are under the impression that this ordinary hard-burned brick is very plain and rather cheap and unpleasing in effect. This might indeed be the case if it were all of the same tone, a monotonous red surface with all decorative possibilities ignored. But with a little extra care and practically no additional expense, it is possible to attain a really interesting result. Brick of different colors can be selected, varying from light to dark tones, from deep red to paler terra cotta. This gives a sense of

added warmth and color interest to what would otherwise be a monotonous surface. Then the brick themselves can be used in various ways to give a decorative note to the walls. There is always opportunity for ornamental feeling around the windows, and in the house illustrated here we have used a soldier course (that is, a row of upright brick) around the walls above the first story and also at the base above the foundation, while the parapets and steps of the porch show the bricks in header courses, (with the ends of the brick placed along the front). These little touches, while adding nothing to the cost of building, help to lend interest to a very simple construction. The recessed effect of the porches in front and rear, with their low parapets and brick pillars, the somewhat unique arrangement of the roof in front where it extends as a shelter over the entrance, the friendly suggestion of the bracket lantern at one side, and the grouping of the small-paned casement windows, all combine to make a pleasing impression. The roof may be of slate, tile or shingles.

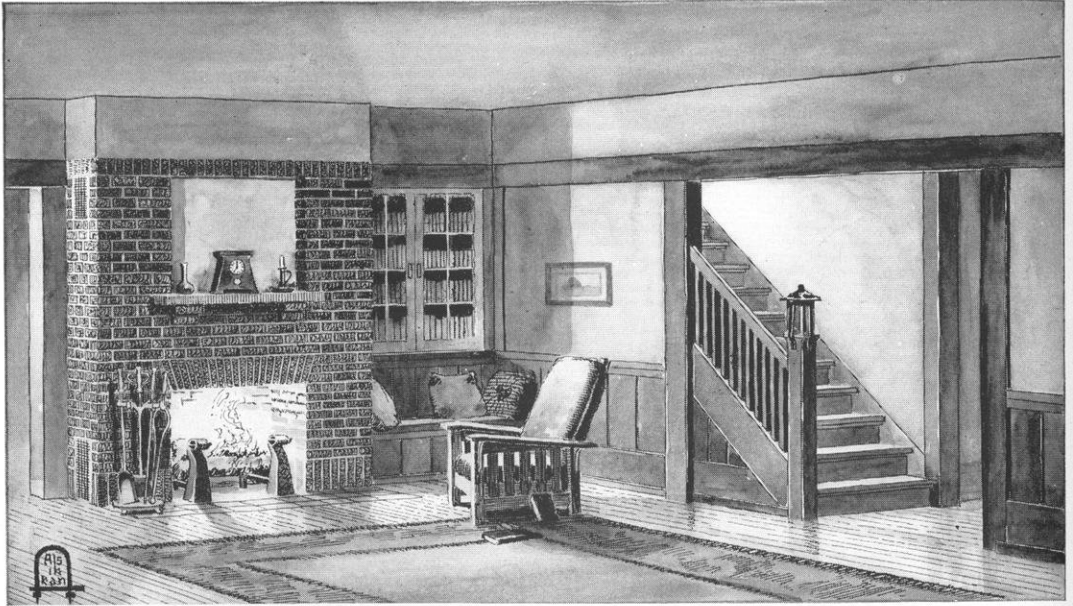
From the porch one enters into a small open hallway, scarcely defined, which serves to connect dining room and living room, and from which the stairs go up to the second story. Off one side of this entry is a deep closet which will prove convenient for umbrellas, wraps, etc. On the left is the long, spacious living room with window groups at the front and side and an open fireplace at the farther end. As shown by the interior view, the chimneypiece is of Tapestry brick, used with decorative effect, and on the right, in the recess formed by the jutting chimney and the wall is a comfortable built-in seat with bookshelves at the back. This seat serves a double purpose, for it can be used as a fuel box, the wood being put in through a door from the landing of the cellar stairs, and being taken out as it is needed for the fire by simply lifting up the hinged lid of the seat. The lower portion of the closet beside the fireplace in the dining room can also be used in a similar way, being accessible also from the cellar stair-landing. An arrangement of this sort naturally saves many steps for the housekeeper or whoever attends to the fires, besides preventing the dust and annoyance of having to bring fuel through the rooms.

In addition to the opportunities for common social life and friendly gatherings pro-

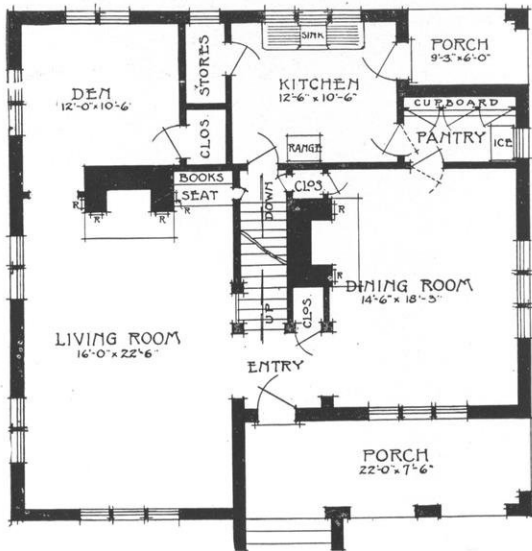


*Gustav Stickley, Architect.
See page 204.*

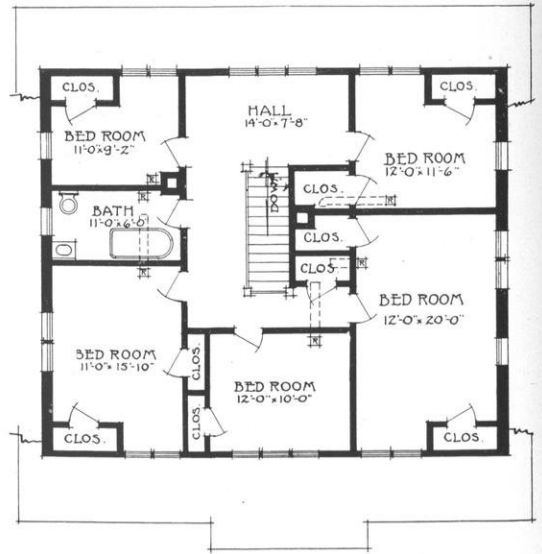
A CRAFTSMAN BRICK COTTAGE, NO. 135, WITH NINE ROOMS AND TWO COMMODIOUS PORCHES: HEATED BY THE CRAFTSMAN HEATING AND VENTILATING SYSTEM: THE ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS IS PLANNED FOR THE GREATEST COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE OF THE HOMEMAKER.



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN HOUSE NO. 135, SHOWING CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE, BUILT-IN FITTINGS, AND STAIRWAY.



HOUSE NO. 135; FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

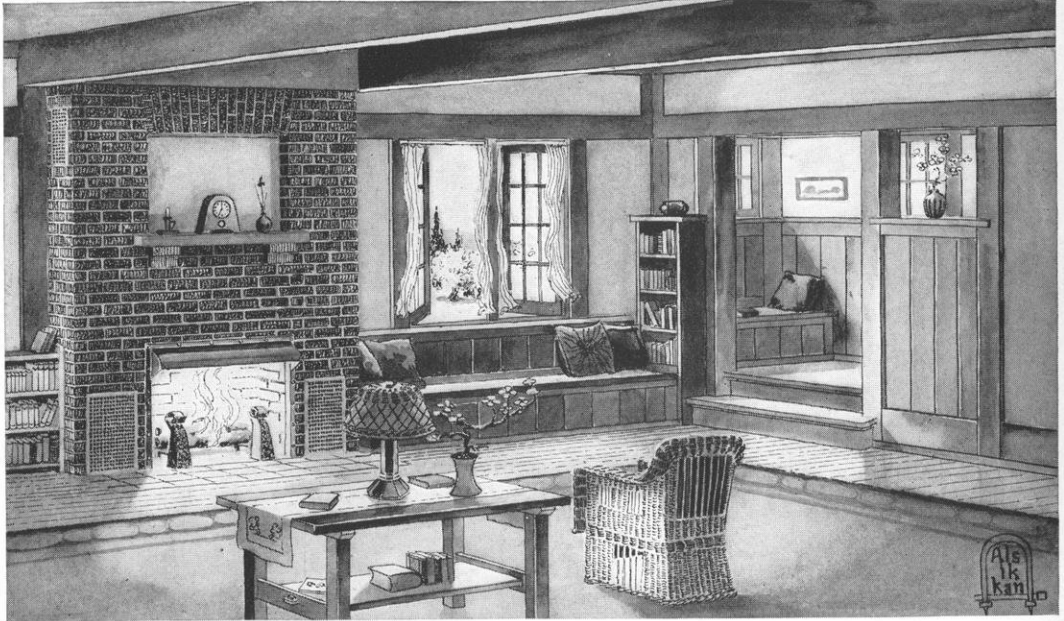


HOUSE NO. 135; SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

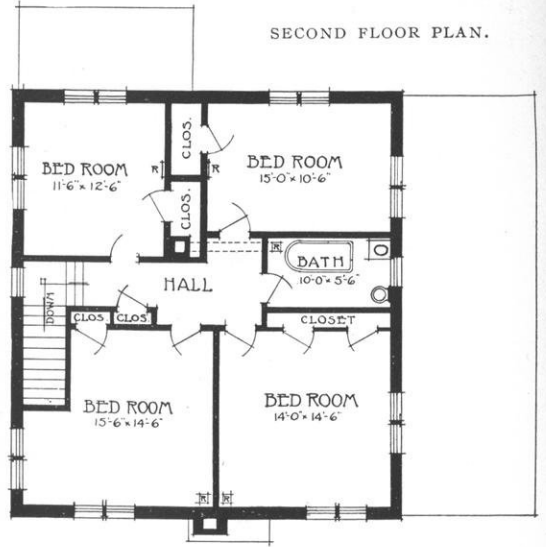
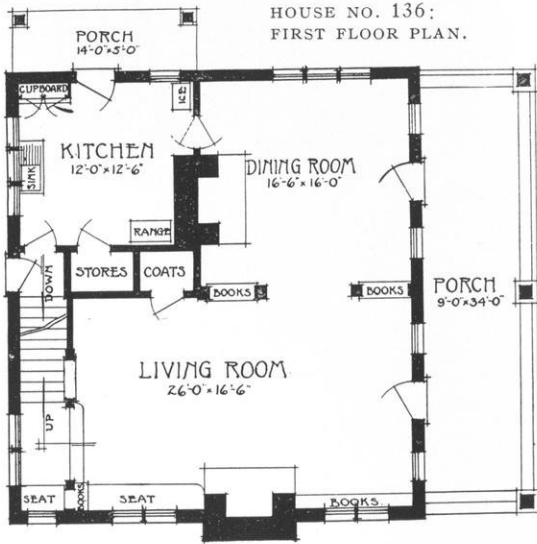


Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE, NO. 136, CONSISTING OF SEVEN ROOMS AND ATTIC: THE FLOOR PLANS COMBINE CONVENIENCE WITH A SENSE OF SPACE: LIVING ROOM AND FLOOR PLANS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 206.



INTERIOR OF HOUSE NO. 136, SHOWING CORNER OF LIVING ROOM: THE ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOW SEAT AND HALLWAY ARE ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE.



TWO CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSES

vided by the large living room and dining room, there is also a little private room or den at the rear, lighted by windows in two sides, communicating with the living room and having an ample closet. The empty wall space here leaves plenty of room for bookshelves in case the room is needed as a library or study, and being shut off so effectively from the rest of the house, it affords a chance for quiet rest or work.

The remainder of the lower floor plan shows the kitchen, pantry and small service porch in the corner. The pantry, through which swing doors lead from dining room to kitchen, is fitted with icebox and long cupboard, and in the kitchen the sink, with its double drainboard, is placed below the windows for greater cheerfulness and light. The range is so located that it will use the same chimney as the fireplace in the dining room, and a large storage room lighted by a rear window opens from the kitchen on the left.

Upstairs there are five good-sized bedrooms and a bath, each opening out of a central hall which is well ventilated by a group of windows. Ample closet room is provided, and if extra sleeping accommodation were required at any time, it would be possible to curtain off the recess at the end of the hall, as there is plenty of room for a box couch. In any case, it could be fitted up with a comfortable seat and cushions and possibly a chair and writing desk, and would prove a useful and homelike little nook.

The view of the interior of this house shows the fireplace corner of the living room with seat and bookshelves. The wainscoting is carried to the height of the windowsill, both here and in the dining room, with plaster above. The walls in the other rooms may be all plastered, and given one coat of Craftsman Luster with a little color in it,—whatever tint is needed as a background for the furnishings of each room. The woodwork can also be given one coat of stain or Luster.

In this illustration the fireplace is shown arranged with open hearth and andirons for burning wood, and as Craftsman Fireplaces are intended to be used in both these houses, they can be adapted to either a wood fire, coal or coke, by simply taking out or inserting the removable grates. Detailed descriptions and drawings of the Craftsman Fireplace and its various features will be found in the March and April numbers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and as each fireplace is a complete ventilating as well as heating system,

the advantages of its use will be readily understood. In the present instance, we have used two of these fireplaces to heat and ventilate each house, instead of a single one. This seems better for several reasons. It gives the opportunity for two open fires instead of one, and so increases the comfort and beauty of the interior; it permits greater economy of fuel at many times, for in the spring or fall, when little heat is required, only a small wood or coal fire need be made in one of the fireplaces, just enough to take the chill off the rooms, and when the weather grows colder the second can be lit. Moreover, although the initial cost of the heaters and their installation is greater for two than for a single one, the use of two fireplaces will necessitate only four short pipes to convey heat to the rooms upstairs, the heaters having been located with this economy in mind.

NUMBER one hundred and thirty-six is a two-story house that is quite as attractive and a little more elaborate than the other, and is arranged on a different plan. Tapestry brick has been used here, with decorative effect, and the stone of the foundation has been carried part way up the chimney and used also to support the wood pillars of the porch and the parapets of brick. Between the windows that overlook the long porch are two doors, one entering into the living room, the other into the dining room. In each room the interest centers around the open fireplace, which in the living room is flanked with built-in bookshelves and a long, deep seat below the windows. At one end of the living room is the landing of the staircase which forms a dignified structural part of the interior. Two steps lead up to this landing from the room, with post and panel construction at the side. On one side bookshelves serve as an end to the long window seat, separating it from the smaller seat built into the recess of the landing, as shown in the perspective view. A coat closet is provided on one side of the room, and an arrangement of posts and bookshelves affords interesting opportunity for a decorative use of woodwork, while providing a slight separation between living room and dining room. The latter, which is also large and airy, has a swing door opening directly into the kitchen, which is conveniently equipped and communicates with a small porch at the rear. Altogether the plan is one which lends it-

UNCLE SAM'S SCHOOLS FOR FARMERS

self to many delightful ways of furnishing, the structural interest and built-in fittings making the atmosphere of the place inherently friendly even before the owner has moved in.

The upper floor is very simple in arrangement, comprising four bedrooms and bath with a small central hall. Each bedroom, occupying a corner of the house, has windows on two sides so that ample light and cross-ventilation is provided for. We have indicated on this plan the location of the registers, those in the two large rooms being placed in the floor, and those in the two smaller rooms being placed in the walls. The single pipe needed is also indicated by dotted lines from the chimney to the register in the bathroom floor. This means that no beams need be cut, the pipe being arranged to pass between them,—a great advantage when one remembers that frequently, in installing the heating plant of a house, the construction of the building is seriously weakened by cutting into beams and flooring to allow passage for the pipes.

The attic, which is lighted by two small windows in each gable, will serve as a convenient place for storage, or a joyous winter playroom.

UNCLE SAM'S SCHOOLS FOR FARMERS

A PLAN is now under consideration by which the Government will send out experts into every agricultural country of the United States, to investigate soil conditions and possibilities, conduct experiments, give lectures on farm topics, etc. This plan should be of *general* interest, for whatever benefits the farmer benefits every other citizen, either directly or indirectly. A few years ago such a system of "rural free delivery" of education would have been looked upon with suspicion, but people are realizing that the academic instruction on agricultural subjects is not enough—instruction must also be carried to the land itself. The great difficulty of such a project is to find capable men for positions of such importance, for it will require a working force of at least three thousand men.

Secretary Wilson announces that seventy-one instruction trains were sent out last year that covered areas aggregating over 40,000 miles, reaching a total of millions of country people. Counting the local farmers' institute as an extension agency, the total of

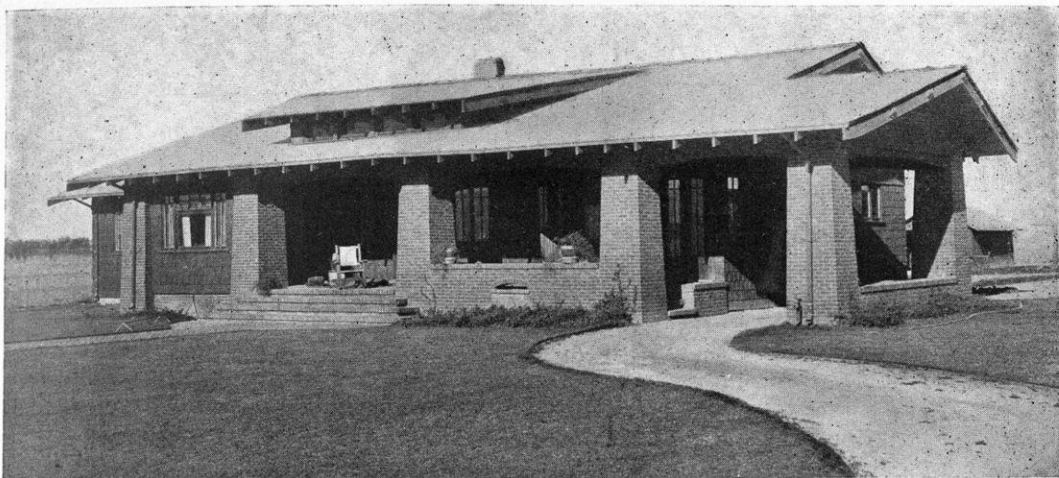
those reached by agricultural instructions were between 15,000,000 and 16,000,000. These numbers include people from small towns and villages and covered instruction in both agriculture and home-making.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College has announced a new departure in addition to its regular courses, consisting of extension schools which will be held in districts where people can reach them without having to leave their homes for more than a few hours a day. They will be in session six hours a day during five days of a week and will include practical instruction in dairying, fruit growing, poultry raising, soil technology, grafting, pruning, spraying, harvesting, marketing, etc. These courses can be attended by women as well as by men. At present only one of these schools can be held in a county, but if more than one district makes application the school will be placed where it can be reached by the greatest number of people. The expenses are to be divided,—the college furnishing the instructor and paying for his transportation, and the local community supplying the room rent, lighting and heating, and the entertainment of the instructor.

The Minnesota Legislature has appropriated \$1,300,000 for the teaching of agriculture, and another bill has just become a law providing for the consolidation of the rural school. If any four or more districts consolidate they can get State aid to the amount of \$1,500 a year on the sole requirement that agriculture is taught. In other States similar bills are being urged appropriating special State aid for such schools, so that farmers and their children can be personally taught how to get the best results from their land, how to avoid waste and the depletion of the soil.

The Department of Agriculture in cooperation with the Department of the Interior and the various State and county authorities has proposed a plan where consolidated or centralized graded schools have been established, of donating or setting aside land adjacent to the schools for experimental planting. A course of agriculture is to be taught and actual demonstrations given of irrigation and cultivation, with prizes for the best results. The Reclamation Service will furnish free of charge the water when needed and the State Experimental Station will supply seeds and instructors.

A RANCH BUNGALOW



A RANCH BUNGALOW EMBODYING MANY MODERN IDEAS: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

IT is the exception nowadays for us to build a house in town or suburbs without some, at least, of the modern time- and labor-saving conveniences. We plan for as many bathrooms as we can afford or the size of the family demands; sideboards, bookcases and seats are incorporated into the living room; linen drawers and clothes closets with mirrors set in the doors are planned for the bedrooms, and the kitchen equipment includes a built-in ice-box, convenient sink and drainboard, and there must be a compact cabinet that will save time and steps for the housewife.

While these things are considered more or less essential for houses built in more populous sections, it is unusual to find any thought given to the conservation of energy in planning houses for the real country. As a rule, in building a farmhouse the main thing that is considered is the erection of a shelter from the elements, a place to eat in and sleep in, but not necessarily to live comfortably in. It is exceptional to find running water and bathroom facilities in farmhouses, for the drainage problem is one that has to be solved separately for each house, and for that reason is seldom considered at all.

We are accustomed to think sentimentally of the charm of the old-time country house, but when it is compared with the kind of house modern invention has made practical for us, its drawbacks stand out

A RANCH BUNGALOW: A. S. BARNES AND E. B. RUST, ARCHITECTS.

rather sharply and it becomes less alluring. When the daily round of work and discomfort, the wear of wasted energy are considered, it is small wonder that the youth of our country refuses to see the joys of living in houses that are insufficiently heated, at times badly ventilated, and planned with such lack of thought that it is necessary to take ten steps to do the work of one. Farmers' wives perhaps breathe less pure air than any other human beings, for it takes all day long to do the work of a family and, in this country, the work is all indoors. A walk in the fields or woods holds no allurements for feet that are ready to drop off with weariness, aching with the effort to keep up with the tide of work that never abates.

Life on a farm will never hold interest for those who work too indefatigably to realize its beauties, who never see the sunset because the bread must be baked, and who never hear the birds sing because the work in the pantry must not go unfinished. These conditions prevail to a great extent all over the country, and yet it is not impossible to incorporate modern conveniences in farm homes,—the time- and labor-saving (sometimes even life-saving) features that would make life less a round of drudgery for weary women. Here and there the more progressive of our country folk are demanding for themselves the benefits that the city house affords, and the ranch bungalow illustrated here shows a possibility in this direction. The house is located on a forty-acre ranch or farm, near Burbank, California,

A RANCH BUNGALOW



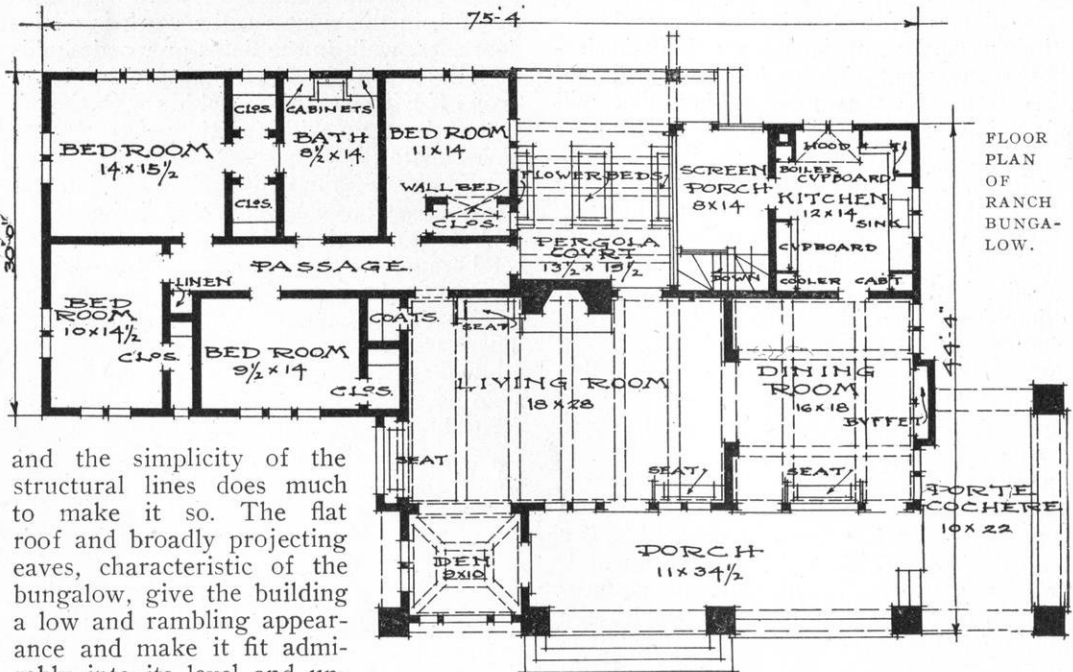
LIVING ROOM IN RANCH BUNGALOW.

and is the home of Mr. J. C. McConnell, a rancher who believes in modern ideas. The house follows decided California bungalow lines, and is modern in every respect. The style and finish, both inside and out, would make it entirely suitable for a city home, and it also deserves especial attention as an example of what can be accomplished in rural home building.

The exterior is particularly attractive,

and, like the chimneys, walks, steps and porch flooring and parapet, are built of brick. The siding is of cedar shakes, spaced about six inches apart, and stained a soft brown. The roof is of shingles, painted white. There are many windows, mostly casement, and over the front entrance is a series of small dormer windows, set with panes of art glass.

The interior differs most markedly from the old-style farmhouse. There are numer-



and the simplicity of the structural lines does much to make it so. The flat roof and broadly projecting eaves, characteristic of the bungalow, give the building a low and rambling appearance and make it fit admirably into its level and un-

WHAT SPRINGFIELD'S SCHOOLBOYS ARE DOING

ous built-in features. In the living room there are three built-in corner seats and a large fireplace with a mantel of pressed brick; the dining room contains an attractive buffet and a comfortable window seat. There are four bedrooms in the house, each with a roomy closet and one with a built-in wall bed, and in the hall there is a convenient linen closet. The bathroom has convenient cabinets, as well as the usual bathroom fixtures, and is 14 feet by 8 feet 6 inches in size.

The kitchen contains ample cupboard space, a draught cooler, an instantaneous heater, a stationary hood for the kitchen range, a sink and a small storage closet. On the small screened porch adjoining the kitchen there are two stationary tubs for washing, and leading from this porch is a stairway to the basement.

Oak floors are used throughout the house, except in the kitchen, bathroom and screened kitchen porch. The ceilings of the living room, dining room and den are beamed, and the walls of these three rooms are paneled to a height of 5 feet, topped by a plate rail. The woodwork, which is of Oregon pine, is finished to resemble Flemish oak, and the furniture has been selected to match this finish. The upper portions of the walls and the ceilings are plastered and tinted a light buff. The woodwork of the bathroom, kitchen and bedrooms is of Oregon pine, enameled white, and the plastered portions of the walls in the bedrooms are tinted in delicate colors.

One of the most appreciated features in summer is the small pergola in the rear. This is a sort of court, 13½ feet by 19½ feet, enclosed on three sides, and is accessible from both the living room and the hall. It has a cement floor, into which have been sunken spaces for flower-beds. This pergola is furnished with a hammock and rustic chairs, and is an ideal retreat for outdoor lounging.

The house is substantially and warmly constructed throughout. It has a furnace, and is piped for water. The supply of water comes from an elevated tank, and a cess-pool is provided for the run-off. The house, complete, represents an expenditure of \$4,200, and it ought to be possible to duplicate it in almost any locality for approximately this amount. A. S. Barnes and E. B. Rust of Los Angeles, California, were the architects.

WHAT SPRINGFIELD'S SCHOOLBOYS ARE DOING

THE manual training exhibition of the work of schoolboys in Springfield, Mass., judging from accounts, is a significant example of what young minds and fingers can accomplish when boys find real interest in work. The skill and ingenuity, the understanding of mechanical laws and artistic principles, evidenced by these different exhibits, seem to be the combined result of practical training and personal enthusiasm. But perhaps the most important feature of the display is the fact that all the details of the work and its various mechanical or artistic processes have been performed by the boys themselves.

For instance, the printing and engraving exhibits are the result of careful technical study and experiment. The pupils were provided with printing presses and type. They made their own composing sticks, galleys, type cases and stands, all of wood. They distributed type and set it up for printing, and turned out business envelopes, tickets and cards,—the latter carrying quotations from poems studied in class and illustrated by drawings, also the work of pupils. These drawings, moreover, afforded opportunity for a practical study of the processes of reproduction.

Weather-vanes were also shown, made of sheet metal cut in various bird and animal outlines, the designs and letters having been made by members of the drawing classes. Tooled leather note-books, watch fobs, book marks, magazine racks, various kinds of woodwork, showed interest and skill.

More difficult and serious work was done by other students. There was a miniature derrick, models of bridges and freight cars showing remarkable knowledge of mechanical construction, proportion and strength of materials. And the boys who have been studying transportation, bridges, telegraph lines and railroads, have made their own telegraph instruments, done their own wiring, and reduced their models and experiments to an actual working basis.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value which such work as this means in the shaping of each boy's future life and usefulness, for in making each object they are not only developing manual dexterity and mental alertness, and getting genuine happiness and satisfaction, but they are gaining a sane and wholesome attitude toward labor.

COTTAGE WITH BUNGALOW FEATURES



A COTTAGE WITH SOME BUNGALOW FEATURES: BY E. DRUSILLE FORD

PERHAPS the most noticeable change in the domestic architecture of the last two or three decades is in the proportion of the height of a building to its length and width. In the days when high ceilings were considered an essential feature of a successful house, the peak of the roof went up to allow for the extra areas of unnecessary wall space, which, as householders became more sensitive to faulty arrangement, offered a most difficult problem. Pictures were hung far above the line of vision, degenerating to mere furniture, in the hope of balancing the unoccupied space. Then picture molds were dropped and the wall-paper frieze evolved, before it dawned upon the architect that the extra height, so embarrassing, could be eliminated. As a result, the bungalow effect has grown steadily in popularity.

The house in the illustration offers an example of the broad, low contour, attained chiefly by the lengthened roof lines of the front gable. The cross-gables are sufficiently removed from the front to be inconspicuous. The portions including dining room, kitchen and rear porch, one story in height, are covered by the main roof, the screened porch occupying relatively the same position on the other side; and this screened porch, with its large openings, is balanced by the pergola-covered terrace upon which open the French windows of the dining room. On one side of the two-story bay which forms the center, the stone chimney offsets but does not detract from the im-

A COTTAGE WITH SOME BUNGALOW FEATURES:
G. H. FORD, ARCHITECT.

portance of the main entrance. Considered pictorially, the low, broad building, instead of being a detached innovation, nestles into its surroundings and becomes a part of the landscape.

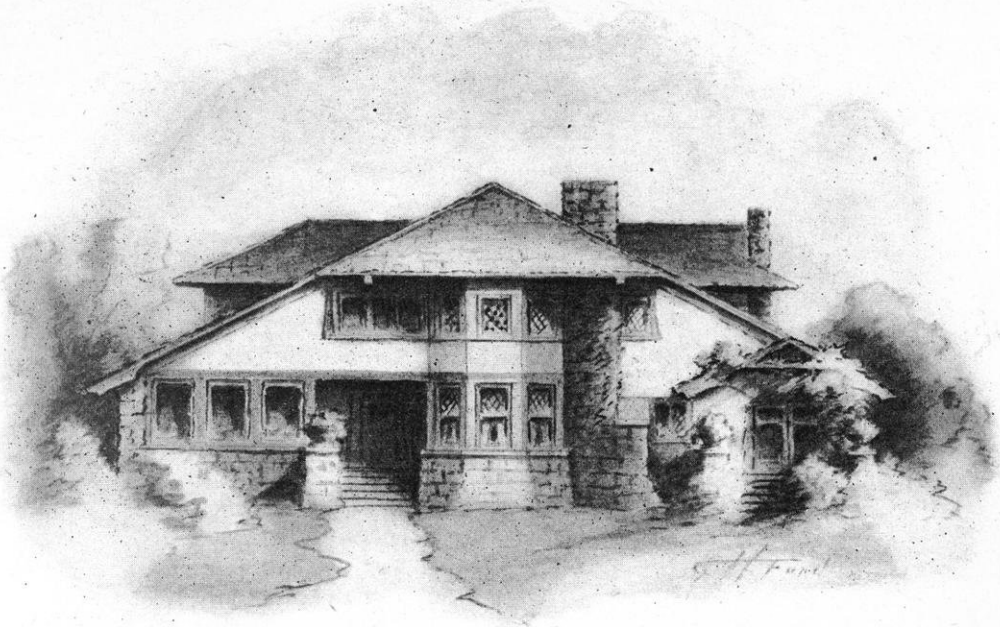
The exterior is of plaster; for the chimney, base of bay, front column of porch and the balustrade, mingled field and face stone are used without pointing, and concrete steps with cement finish complete the substantial construction.

The vestibule, sufficient in size to meet modest requirements as a reception room, gives an impression of spaciousness to the entrance. It opens to the screened porch and to the living room with double glass doors. The coat room at the rear, in addition to its service in housing outdoor garments, if fitted with wardrobes and drawers, might become the custodian of porch cushions, hammocks, carriage rugs and the numerous articles for which our homes usually offer no convenient place.

The entrance into the living room commands every feature from its best viewpoint. The open staircase in the rear alcove presents its best perspective. The paneled bay, the substantial brick chimney-breast, the small leaded window, the book-cases, with leaded glass doors, which are the pedestals supporting the columns of the dining room entrance, make a pleasing combination, and carry the eye to the vista of paneled dining room with its group of small windows at the farther side and the long French windows in front.

The ceiling of the living room has a large central beam extending from one column

COTTAGE WITH BUNGALOW FEATURES



of the staircase entrance to the corner of the chimney-breast. Smaller lateral beams, running at right angles, divide the ceiling into panels.

A closer inspection of the dining room reveals a built-in buffet at the rear, and china cupboards occupying the dining-room side of the pedestals. The sills of the casement windows are about six inches above the level of the dining table, that the garden may be enjoyed during the progress of a meal. And just outside the French window, the vine-sheltered terrace is provided with seats, screened from public view by the foliage. With care in the disposing of shrubbery and vines, and with bloom in the urns flanking the seats, this access to the garden would add as much to the charm of the room as to exterior effect.

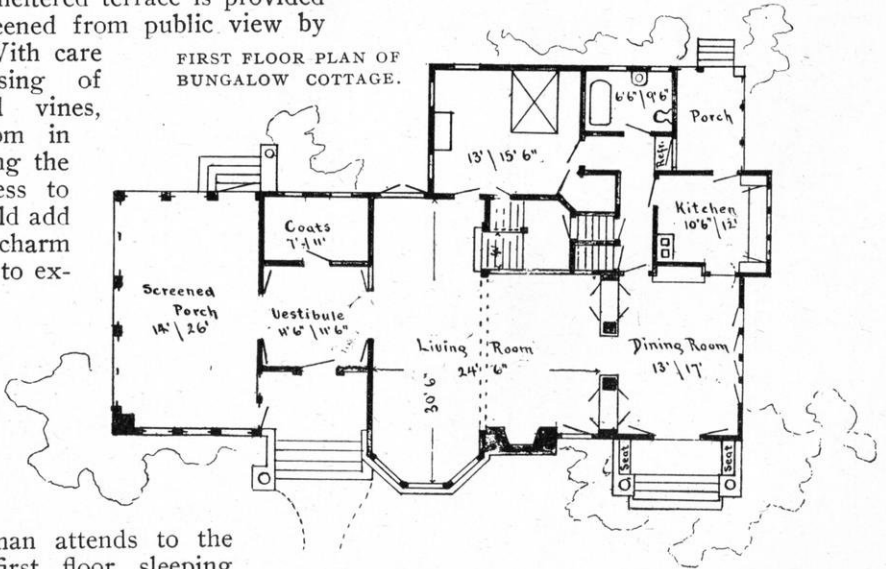
This house is well planned for a home where the matron does the greater part of her work and the goodman attends to the furnace, the first floor sleeping

DETAIL OF ENTRANCE TO COTTAGE WITH BUNGALOW FEATURES.

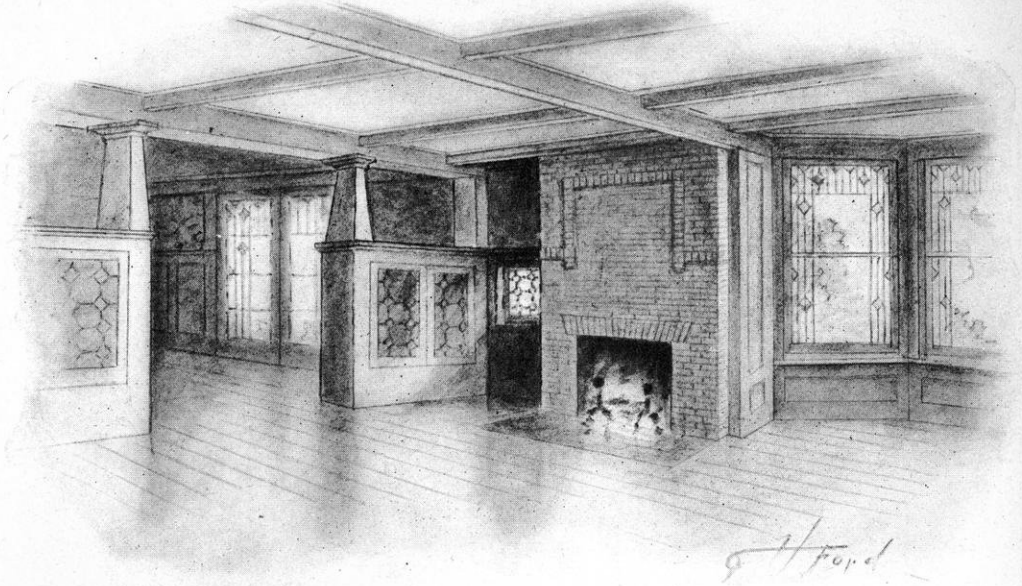
room connecting the passage which leads to kitchen, dining room and cellar stairs. From this passage also is a short flight to the first landing of the main stairs, insuring the housekeeper a minimum of steps and giving more direct access from the chambers above to the bathroom on the first floor.

The second floor has three bedrooms, two of which open upon sleeping porches. The lavatory is so placed as to group its plumb-

FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF BUNGALOW COTTAGE.



COTTAGE WITH BUNGALOW FEATURES



ing with that of the kitchen and the bath below.

In the living room and dining room, leaded glass has been indicated with the idea of making the windows so ornamental that curtains might be dispensed with for at least a part of the year. Combining with the clear, an opalescent glass in soft tones, in harmony with the color scheme of the room, would give a distinction quite beyond the capacity of drapery to impart. The greater cost at the outset would be more than compensated later on, in the saving of expense and time which window drapery always entails.

Casement windows give a touch of the artistic wholly lacking in the sliding sash,

LIVING ROOM IN BUNGALOW COTTAGE.

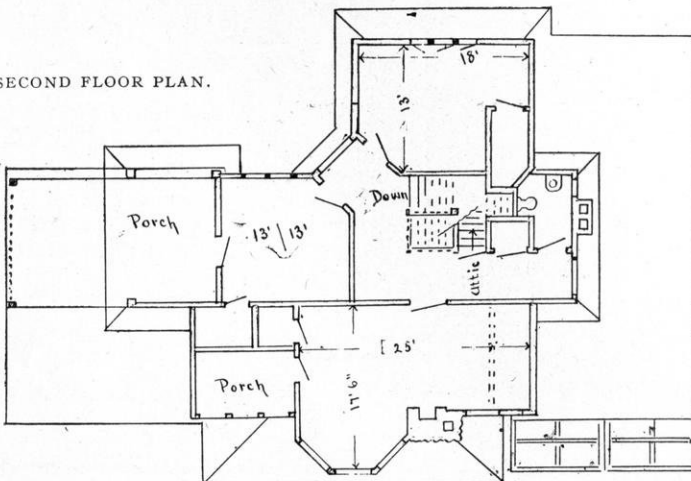
but do not enjoy the favor they deserve on account of their being less storm-proof. It will be noticed that the casements in the dining room and those which appear in the upper rooms, are protected by a very considerable overhang of the roof.

That the matter of wall space is scarcely less important than the symmetrical arrangement of doors and windows seems too frequently to be overlooked. The ability of the architect to see in imagination the house, completed and furnished, is usually a reliable guide, for in providing the space for the necessary pieces of furniture, he will do so in such a manner as to place each piece where it will appear to the best advantage.

The upper floor plan here given admits of the placing of beds, dressers, etc., in such a manner, with reference to the entrance of the room, that the arrangement would be orderly and effective. The living room has three long wall spaces to accommodate the piano, the comfortable couch and one large bookcase, and the spaces on either side of door to vestibule, which have side lighting, will display to best advantage a few good pictures.

The garden side of the

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



GASOLINE AND ELECTRICITY VERSUS HORSE POWER

house is as pleasing as the front, although somewhat less formal. Here, too, is the well-balanced roof effect, and the quaint window, built out across the corner, to accommodate the upper stair landing, breaks the square angle between the walls, drawing them into more intimate relation. Time was when the rear was left to chance, but with the growing interest in the garden, this very important accessory is given more attention.

While this house departs from the restrictions of the bungalow, yet in its complete suite of rooms on the main floor it realizes for the housekeeper the conveniences of the one-story dwelling. When the family consists of more than two, and the matter of expense is considered, the house with upper rooms is more practical, inasmuch as any extension of foundation and roof is attended by additional cost.

GASOLINE AND ELECTRICITY VERSUS HORSE POWER

AT the present time some interesting facts have been brought to light on the subject of the growing use of motor wagons in place of horsepower and the remarkable economy of the new system over the old, especially where it has been introduced on a somewhat large scale. According to Mr. Walter Wardrop, editor of the *Power Wagon*, about 20,000 machines, worth \$50,000,000, are said to be employed by some 8,000 firms in the United States. And of these New York alone employs 2,500.

One New York firm, we are told, with the largest all-motor service in the country, has calculated that it makes an annual saving of 46% by using electric and gasoline machines instead of draught horses, while 23% is the economy made by one of the big express companies. One of the large department stores has estimated that the cost of delivery of each package by horses is 8½ cents, and by motor service only 6½ cents. And two cents saved on each package must surely mean an enormous total economy! A coal firm, using ten ten-ton machines, is saving twenty cents in the delivery of each ton of fuel as compared with the draught-animal method. And as regards the initial cost of storing the machines, one company, obtaining estimates for the separate housing of draught-animal equipment and power wagons, found that

the former would cost \$80,000 and the latter only \$20,000.

Nor is the motor wagon limited in usefulness and economy to hauling and transportation. It is being introduced into various other branches of commercial and municipal work. There is the motor tower wagon for repairing overhead electric railways, and the motor wagon employed for pulling underground cable and transporting crews of workmen. Mechanical automatic dumpers are being used in road building, mechanical street-sweepers are being introduced, and Hartford, Conn., boasts the first mechanically operated street-sprinkler in America.

Among the advantages of this new form of wagon are its speed, economy, and durability, and the reliance that can be placed on it in all sorts of climate and conditions as contrasted with the physical ailments and shortcomings of the horse; for the safety of the latter is so often endangered by overwork and disease, by the heat during the summer months and the slippery streets in winter.

MODERN NOMADS: THE TRAGEDY OF THE MOVING VAN

TWO women were discussing the other day the difficulties of coaxing sufficient air and light into the average New York apartment, and lamenting the lack of sunshine in their own little "first floor back."

"It's too bad," said one of them, "that we couldn't get one of those flats at the end of the row. The windows there overlook an empty lot, and there'd be plenty of sunlight all day."

"Yes, I know," replied the other, "but in a month or two they'd probably be putting up another building right alongside, and shutting out all the light."

"Well," was the reply, "suppose they did? We could move!"

A philosophical solution, certainly, and one which city conditions often render inevitable. But what a startling commentary on our modern attitude toward the roof that covers us! It seems to typify the feeling of our "floating population,"—a population that has almost forgotten what it feels like to be anchored peacefully in the quiet haven of home. How much longer are we going to fritter away our time, money and energy in this wearying and fruitless patronage of the moving van?

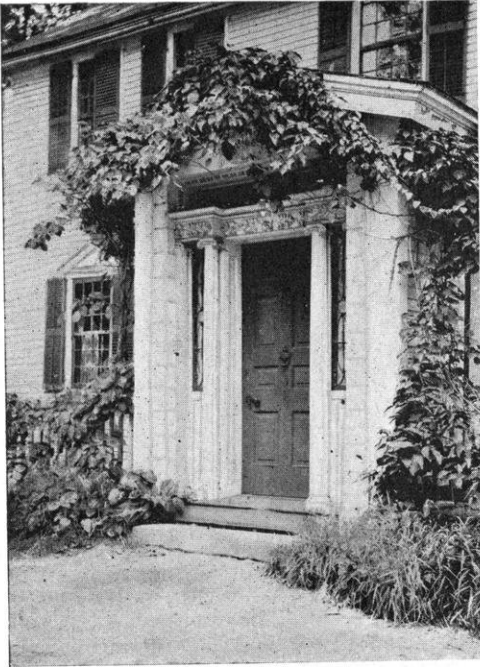
SOME OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS

SOME OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS, RECORDS OF THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF COLONIAL DAYS

WHEN we remember that a doorway was originally simply an opening in a cave or wall, for entrance or exit, with later some means for barring out enemies in the shape of man, beast or storm, and fencing in the warmth and comfort of the hearth, it is interesting to note the many beautiful and

frequently little inclination—to think out very fully the details of our homes, or to develop the many possibilities for beauty which are latent in structure and materials. And among other things we are apt to pass over slightly the design and construction of our doors and doorways, forgetting that the approach and entrance to the house are almost invariably the first things which impress the visitor, and that their right treatment can give the keynote of the whole building, as well as its owner's character.

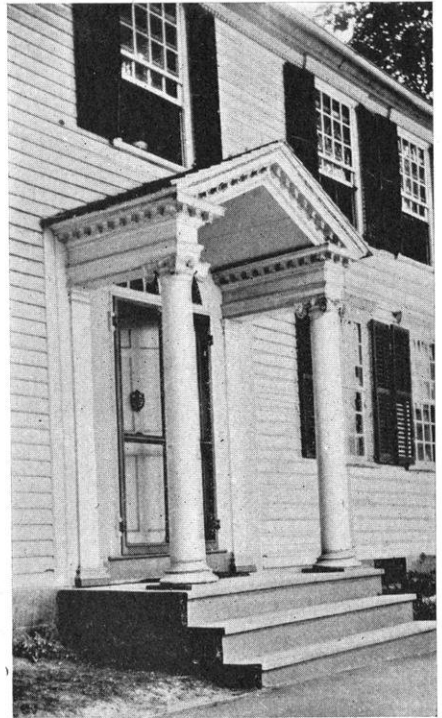
The very word "doorway" stirs our imagination with its suggestion of invitation and hospitality, and perhaps some of this genial spirit may find expression in the building of the entrance itself when we begin to care and think more deeply about the beauty and meaning of our environment and its reaction upon our lives. Meanwhile we may glean a little knowledge and inspiration from the study of the doorways left us by the builders of the old Colonial days, for although the classic tradi-



A PICTURESQUE NEW ENGLAND DOORWAY ON THE HOME OF MRS. ELIZABETH WELLS CHAMPNEY IN DEERFIELD, MASS.: THIS ENTRANCE ORIGINALLY BELONGED TO THE STONE MANSION OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON IN OLD GROVE STREET, NEW YORK, AND IS AN INTERESTING COMBINATION OF IONIC STYLE AND COLONIAL WORKMANSHIP, TYPICAL OF THE GRACE AND DIGNITY OF HOME LIFE IN THAT PERIOD.

strange forms it has taken in keeping pace with the development of those who trod its threshold. For so close is the relation between a nation and its architecture that interest or indifference about the way homes are built is reflected in each one of them, and we could read a great deal of the world's history merely by studying the evolution of a single architectural feature.

But in these days of hasty and commercialized building we have little time—and



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DOORWAY ON THE MAIN STREET OF CHESHIRE, SUGGESTIVE OF THE ENGLISH ADAPTATION OF THE IONIC STYLE; ITS WELL-BALANCED PROPORTIONS AND CLASSIC DESIGN ARE ESPECIALLY IN KEEPING WITH THE GENERAL TYPE OF COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE.

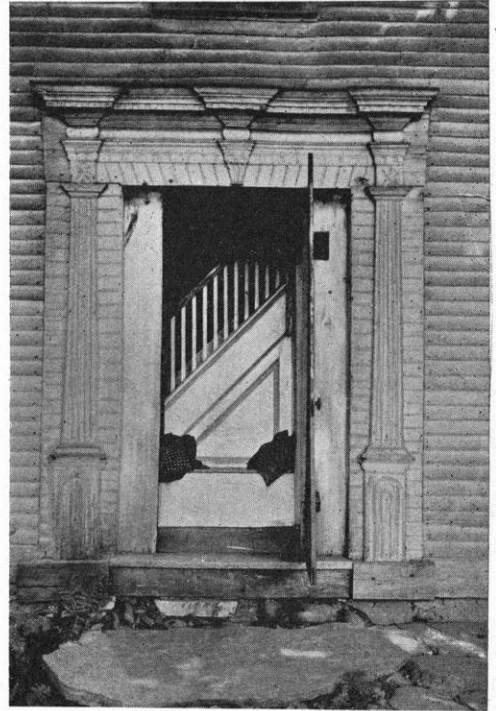
SOME OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS

tions which they followed are no longer applicable to our modern ways of living, they embodied a thoroughness of workmanship, a purity of proportion and line, a dignified friendliness of aspect which the builder of today seldom achieves.

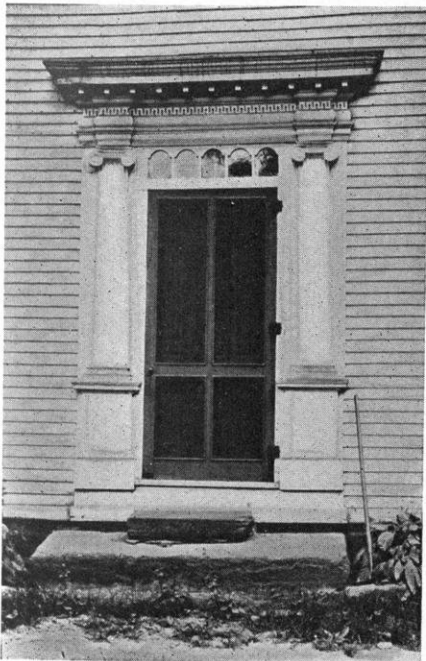
Frank E. Wallis, writing of "the human elements in the evolution of styles," says: "The excellences of the true Colonial period are largely attributable to the training and temperament of the builders or joiners, who were also architects and craftsmen of a high order. When the books failed him this type of man worked out his problem conscientiously. His pride in his work would not let him scamp it. . . . Since the religious fervor of the Middle Ages died out, this individual instinct to do good work for its own sake—the artistic conscience, if you will—has been the mainspring of architectural progress. It has not been of creative vigor, but it is again lifting us out of the slough of architectural decadence, as we have seen that it did in former times."

In some of the old New England towns we still find examples of Colonial homes and doorways in good repair, showing how

well the builder's handiwork has weathered the storms of a century and more. One of the most picturesque of these entrances that has ever come to our notice is illustrated here—the front doorway of Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Champney's home in Deerfield, Mass., which was formerly a part of the stone mansion of Alexander Hamilton in old Grove street, New York.



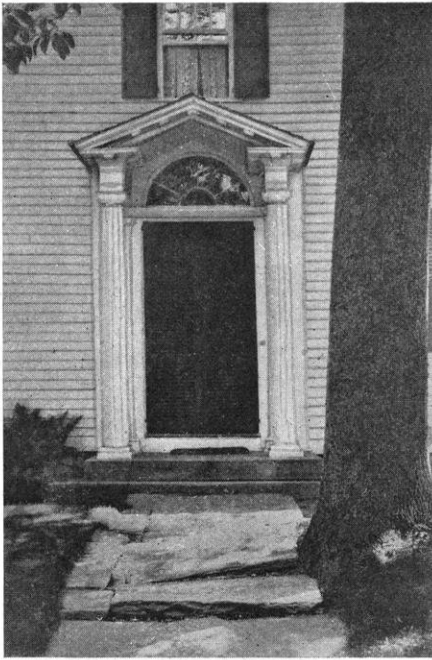
SIDE DOOR ON THE HAWKS' HOMESTEAD IN DEERFIELD, MASS., BUILT IN 1770: A CURIOUS ADAPTATION OF THE GEORGIAN TYPE INSERTED IN THE SHEATHING OF A PLAIN OLD FARMHOUSE.



SIDE DOOR OF THE STEBBINS HOUSE IN DEERFIELD, MASS., BUILT IN 1772: AN UNUSUAL EXAMPLE OF COLONIAL WORK INFLUENCED BY THE ENGLISH GEORGIAN STYLE, AND INFERIOR IN PROPORTIONS TO THE OTHER DOORWAYS ILLUSTRATED HERE.

The tall fluted colonnettes on each side of the massive paneled door are evidently pure Ionic, resting upon the usual moldings at the base and being capped by the carved *volute* which—borrowed originally from the Assyrian—forms one of the chief distinguishing features of Ionic architecture. The frieze of conventionalized leaf forms which spans the colonnettes gives a pleasant sense of decoration without being ornate, and forms a delightful link between the classic outlines of the structure and the drapery of natural foliage which clings so winsomely overhead. There is a certain urban sophistication about the construction, emphasized by the imitation of stone pointing in the wood at each side of the doorway; yet both the details and the

SOME OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS



FRONT DOOR OF THE WALCOTT HOUSE BUILT IN 1752, THE OLDEST IN LITCHFIELD: A BEAUTIFUL AND PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE WISE PROPORTION AND CAREFUL WORKMANSHIP WHICH CHARACTERIZED COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE.

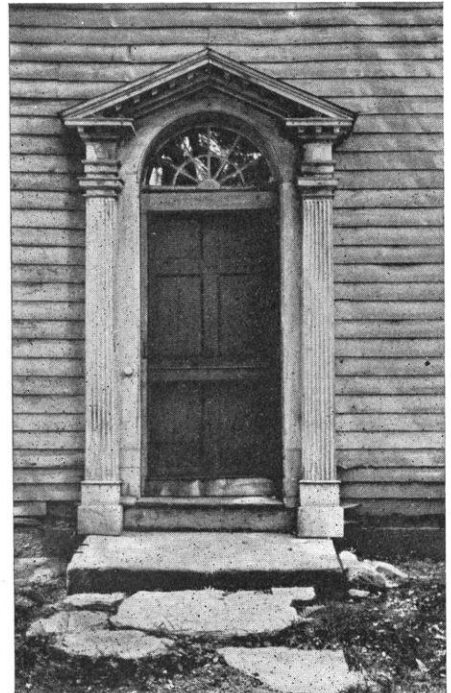
general effect are so perfectly in harmony with the rest of the building, with the grouping and design of the windows and the suggestion of garden loveliness around, and at the same time so expressive of the dignity, the substantial comfort and hospitable ideals of the people and period for which the doorway was built, that it stands today as a permanent record of that particular phase of our national life and architecture.

An entrance on the main street in Cheshire forms another example of adherence to the classic type and at the same time illustrates harmony between the proportions and design of the doorway and the general structure of the house. Here the Ionic *volute* above the rounded columns has been varied with decorative result, suggesting the later and more elaborate ornament of the Corinthian, as used in the work of the English Renaissance. The solidity of form, the careful thought evinced in the proportion, and the thoroughness of execution all denote the spirit of sincerity and earnestness with which such homes as these were built.

The side door of the Stebbins house in

Deerfield, apparently not in quite such good repair as the preceding ones, dates back to 1772. This is so unlike the usual examples of Colonial work that we may conjecture its designer was probably a newly arrived Englishman, more influenced by his native Georgian style than by our American version of it. The stunted pilasters on their tall pedestals would have been better had they run clear down to a small base. Then the cornice—or, more properly speaking, the entablature—which is full of interesting detail, would have obeyed the law of being one-quarter the height of the pilasters, and the ensemble would have been considerably more graceful.

Another curious example of Georgian architecture is the side door on the Hawks' homestead in Deerfield, built in 1770. This was probably ordered from some coast town full of shipbuilders and expert carvers, and then inserted into the sheathing of the plain old farmhouse. It is Colonial only in the sense of being made in New England at that period, being in style a close copy of early English Georgian stonework when the latter was still in its formative stage.



FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE AMES HOMESTEAD, DEERFIELD, MASS.: A PURE COLONIAL DOORWAY, SHOWING THE SYMMETRY OF DESIGN AND QUALITY OF CRAFTSMANSHIP WHICH BELONGED TO THE ARCHITECTURAL IDEAL OF THAT PERIOD.

FARMER'S WEEK AT AMHERST STATE COLLEGE

It is interesting to observe how much more satisfying a result is attained in the pure Colonial design, as illustrated by the front door of the Wolcott house, built in 1752—the oldest in Litchfield. This doorway stands for all that is good in Colonial style, both in excellence of proportion and good workmanship. Also, it is perhaps the most practical of its period, since by returning the cornice back to the house instead of having it span the columns, it is made to frame with great nicety the fan window that gives light to what would otherwise be a dark hall. Here again the lines and ornament of the doorway are entirely suitable to a typical Colonial residence.

The most satisfying example of Colonial architecture in Deerfield is the front entrance to the Ames homestead. Here is the pure Colonial type, untinged by any transitional influence. It is distinguished by that elegant slenderness which marked the American improvement over its heavier English prototype, thus adapting the somewhat austere solidity of the public architecture of Greece to the more intimate and homelike purposes of domestic building. This doorway, like the others, shows a quality of work and a perfection of design which modern builders would do well to study—not with the object of reviving a type of entrance which is unrelated to the average American home today, but in order to infuse into their own work that spirit of craftsmanship and sense of harmony which characterized the achievements of Colonial days.

And, after all, it is in this attitude of critical appreciation and study that lies the real value of any architectural period of the past, and not in the slavish and mechanical copying of old styles and old forms of decoration. The interest of each type of architecture, as we look back over world history, consists—apart from intrinsic beauty—in the relation which it bore to the people who built it and the political and social conditions out of which it sprang. And the interest of Colonial architecture lies not so much in the Greek elements of which it was a modification as in the way in which those elements were adapted to the homes and lives of Colonial people. They drew their inspiration from both the ancient Greek buildings and those of the English Renaissance, discarding whatever seemed unsuited to Colonial conditions.

FARMERS' WEEK AT AMHERST STATE COLLEGE

TWELVE thousand people attended the exhibits, demonstrations and lectures held during the Farmers' Week at the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. This was a marked increase over last year's registration, and a promising indication of public interest and appreciation of what the college has been doing.

Many phases of farm activity were taken up—among them crops and farm management, potato growing, the construction and ventilation of buildings, dairying and animal husbandry, milk supplies, sheep breeding and poultry raising. There was an apple show, a corn show, a milk, cream and butter show, and the Massachusetts Sheep Breeders' Association was organized by the sheep breeders present.

Among the speakers was J. Lewis Ellsworth, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. In his address on "Opportunities for Work in Agriculture" Mr. Ellsworth said:

"Among the great problems of farm life today none is more pressing than that of securing competent farm labor. We should endeavor to educate the children of the farm to the understanding that the farm offers the best opportunity for good work, good citizenship and a useful life, and to an appreciation of the possibilities of agriculture."

Speaking of the "development of our waste areas and natural resources along agricultural lines," Mr. Ellsworth continued: "There are today thousands of acres of the most fertile land in Massachusetts which remains untilled because it is in swamp areas, most of which would be easily and cheaply drained and made productive with a little systematic outlay. This is a line of work which the State may well take up in the future and develop to the advantage of the whole community.

"The education of the public as to the advantage of nearby products, the establishment of local markets in cities and large towns, the equalizing of transportation facilities and charges, and the establishment of canning and preserving enterprises, both commercially and in a domestic way, . . . are most urgent. Let us, therefore, take up these lines of work as best we may, developing those which are most important."

SUGI WOOD FINISH

THE SUGI FINISH: A JAPANESE DECORATIVE TREATMENT OF WOODS

DURING much of the last half-century in America, since we have had a little more money and leisure, we have probably spent quite as much energy and effort destroying beauty as creating it. Especially have we seemed to take pride in maltreating the natural beauties provided for us in the great original scheme of things. And whenever we have been able to make over and disguise or destroy what Nature has taken æons to accomplish, we have appeared to ourselves peculiarly progressive and artistic. We have watched each other level hills and destroy trees, shave lawns, paint wood surfaces, and so on indefinitely. Especially have we struggled to separate our houses from their natural surroundings, Nature. And the more artificial we could make them in design and material, the more elaborate, unreal and uncomfortable the interiors have become, the more some of us have seemed to imagine that we were civilized and progressive and significant.

And yet houses really are not places in which to hide from and forget Nature; on the contrary, their actual purpose is to serve us as shelters wherein we may secure sufficient comfort and peace to enable us to derive greater happiness from Nature's beauty and bounty. And so the closer to Nature we keep our homes in their designing and fitting, the more nearly we shall find ourselves in harmony with the great forces and the great benefits of the earth. We cannot, as a matter of fact, ever hope to create greater beauty than we can find ready to use if we open our eyes to realities and are willing to partake of something that does not involve great cost and great labor in production.

The Japanese have somehow in the past always kept their lives open to Nature's influence, and the great perfection of their arts, those of home building and fitting, of painting and craftsmanship,

have been the immediate result. These wise, simple people seemed always to make an effort first of all to discover the utmost beauty in each object in its original condition. If they handled a wood they sought primarily for its color and grain; if they worked with metal they sought for its durability and its luster. In their arrangement of flowers they eliminated until they reached the very heart of beauty in the individual plant. Always they preferred the natural features, and they wished to bring out to the utmost the peculiar inherent qualities of each material. In Japanese house building and fitting where wood was used, they sought for decorative effects in the grain of the wood and in the varying colors. To them a knot in a board with the irregular grain of the surrounding wood was exquisite, something to be preserved, something to furnish a decorative note to the room in which it was placed.

We have taken from Japan, or Japan has

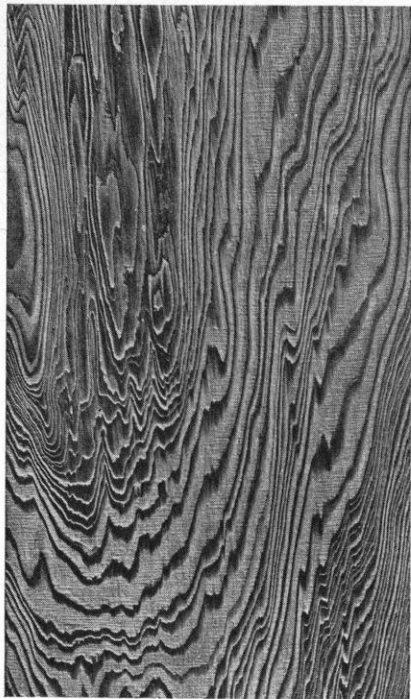


INTERESTING GLASS-COVERED TRAY MADE OF CURLY CYPRESS, HAVING ANTIQUE FRAME OF EDGE-GRAIN CYPRESS, SHOWING THE DECORATIVE EFFECT WHICH HERE RESULTS FROM THE SUGI FINISH.

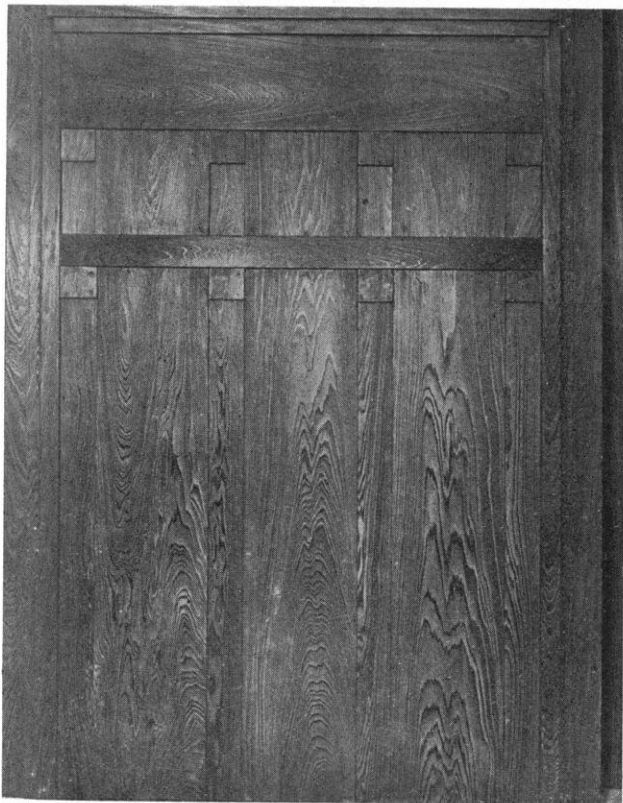
SUGI WOOD FINISH

given us, much inspiration in the last few years, not only in our fine arts but in our craft work, and particularly has she aided us in understanding the true art of interior fitting. We have studied her wall surfaces, her wood finishes, her flower decorations, her draperies, her screens, her system of lighting, even the dresses of the women have counted in comfort and beauty in our homes. Especially have we realized that no people, ancient or modern, have ever achieved greater decorative beauty from the simple handling and finish of woodwork than the Japanese. An interesting American adaptation of their method of finishing wood is shown in the illustrations given in this article, and Mr. George E. Watson, who has furnished us the illustrations describes the process of preparing the wood as follows:

A FAVORITE wood of the Japanese carpenter or craftsman is a conifer known as sugi. It is rather soft and easily worked, but differs from most conifers in that it can hardly be classed as resinous in the usual acceptance of the word. It is



FLAT-SAWED CYPRESS WITH THE SUGI FINISH, WHICH SHOWS HOW THIS METHOD OF BURNING EMPHASIZES THE ORNAMENTAL CONTRASTS OF THE NATURAL GRAIN.

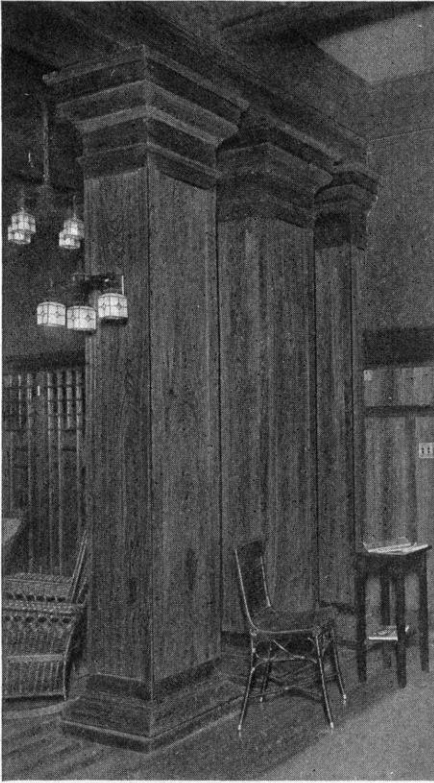


WAINSCOTING IN THE INTERIOR FINISH OF THE NEW ORLEANS PROGRESSIVE UNION: ANOTHER INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE SUGI FINISH OF CYPRESS.

close-grained, and when cut into flat-sawn boards, shows a beautiful figure. Some five or six centuries ago it was discovered that fire, applied to the surface of a sugi board, would char some portions of the grain faster than others. The soft summer growth could be carbonized by a lower degree of heat than the harder spring growth. In other words, a degree of heat which would completely char the softer grain would merely discolor the harder grain. Pieces so burned could be rubbed out with rice straw until all charred portions were removed, leaving the darkened hard grain standing out like an embossed surface against the lighter colored soft grain. The effect was very beautiful, every minute variation of grain gaining in distinctness, and the slightly uneven surface being burned to a rich brown color.

“Wood so treated has been used for generations for all sorts of decorative purposes, for the mak-

SUGI WOOD FINISH



A CORNER OF THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW ORLEANS PROGRESSIVE UNION: AN EFFECTIVE ILLUSTRATION OF THE DECORATIVE VALUE OF SUGI FINISHED CYPRESS WHERE THE INTEREST OF THE ROOMS DEPENDS UPON STRUCTURE RATHER THAN FURNISHINGS.

ing of screens and other art objects. A few examples of it have been brought to this country and, for want of a better name, have sometimes been termed 'Japanese driftwood.' It is only comparatively recently that Americans have known just how the finish is applied, and it is even more recently that they have begun doing it for themselves.

"The American cypress, in all its characteristics, more nearly resembles the Japanese sugi than any other commercial wood of this country. The Japanese themselves discovered this, and their artisans, when doing carpenter work here, call for cypress whenever it can be secured. Some craftsmen began experimenting with what has now become known as the 'sugi process' of wood finishing, applying it to native American woods, and they have finally succeeded in obtaining results which rival those secured in Japan.

"The first task was to find a wood with

the proper physical characteristics. It must be a wood having a great difference between the carbonization points of the hard and soft grain. This eliminated the oaks, gums and hardwoods of those classes. It must contain no pitch to ooze out under the tremendous heat, must be of very slow growth and must have a decidedly figured grain in flat-sawed boards. Mediocre results were obtained with two or three woods, but the experiments with cypress were wonderfully successful, and this wood is now being used exclusively.

"One of the chief factors in the success of the sugi process is its extreme simplicity. Anyone can employ it, and there is no reason why even the first piece of wood charred by a novice should not be satisfactory. The outfit consists of a gasoline torch, such as used by painters and plumbers, an ordinary steel wire brush (not too stiff), which can be purchased at any good paint shop for about forty cents, and a small five-cent scrubbing brush. Old clothes should be worn, as it is dirty work; but the process is neither very slow nor tedious, nor is it expensive, as careful figuring has shown it to be cheaper than three or four coats of good stain and varnish.

"The cypress selected for sugi work should be flat-grained and should contain little edge grain. It should be surfaced and should be thoroughly dry. The only defects to avoid are splits, large season checks and unsound knots. The variation in color between the heart and sap wood is no drawback, as it is a peculiar and advantageous fact that the differences in color will be equalized in the finished board. Even blue stain in the sap wood is no objection. Large season checks in a board will open up under the extreme heat and the edges will be burned, making them appear deeper than they really are, but slight checks are not noticeable.

"The architecture of the room to be given this finish should receive serious consideration. Wide panels should be avoided, as the slightly uneven surface will make it difficult to glue the edges of two boards together (as is done in oak or mahogany), and it will take huge logs to produce very wide boards showing a flat grain figure the full width. The paneling should be limited to twelve inches wide, and ten inches is both better and cheaper. Flat surfaces should be used mainly. Moldings can be rounded or worked in O. G., or other easy

SUGI WOOD FINISH

curves, but sharp or deep grooves must be avoided, as the flame of the torch cannot be forced down into them, and the natural color of the wood will remain, necessitating staining. For reasons which will be explained, the mill work should be done and the individual pieces burned and brushed out before they are put in place. Small patches can be burned after the installation is complete, but not large surfaces.

"In burning the cypress, a torch should be selected having the biggest and hottest blue flame, as speed in the burning is important. If the surface can be charred so quickly that the heat does not go through the board, the result will be better and much time will be saved. It is possible to rig up a tray with a long handle which will hold two torches, throwing flames within two inches of each other, and this will prove to be a tremendous time-saver. The pieces should not be charred so much that they begin to show the cross marks, such as appear in wood which is deeply burned, as the burning is for the purpose of coloring the hard parts of the grain, and is finished when this is accomplished. If charred too deep the soft parts will be burned clear through to the next hard grain, which is to be avoided.



BURNING A CYPRESS BOARD WITH A GASOLINE TORCH: THE FIRST STEP IN THE SUGI PROCESS.



RUBBING THE BURNED CYPRESS BOARD WITH A WIRE BRUSH TO REMOVE THE CHARRED GRAIN, ACCORDING TO THE SUGI PROCESS.

"This burning is a very severe ordeal for any wood, and the boards are immediately affected. Lumber is considered absolutely dry when it contains no more moisture than an indoor atmosphere, which means that it still contains about twelve per cent. of moisture. The tremendous heat of the torch absolutely dries the charred face and forces an undue amount of moisture into the reverse side, totally unbalancing the normal moisture conditions and causing a shrinking of one face and a swelling of the other. As a result each piece will warp in such a way that the charred face becomes concave. If the piece is immediately rubbed out and waxed its total readjustment of moisture conditions must be through the back, which will shrink until it becomes the concave surface instead of the convex. It should be a standing rule, therefore, that each piece should be set aside immediately after burning and without brushing for two or three days. The readjustment, or balancing up of moisture conditions, will then be complete and the piece will be straight. It seems better to burn the board in narrow, two- or three-inch strips the full length, than to start at one end and char the full width. The shrinking seems to be more gradual and there is less opportunity for checks. But the burning must not be too deep. The ultimate color effect is not controlled nearly so much by the burning as by the brushing.

"After the boards have had an opportunity to straighten out they should be rubbed very hard, with a wire brush. It is here that you have your first chance to work according to your own taste. Obviously, the more soft grain is rubbed out the lighter in color will be the general tone, and care

SUGI WOOD FINISH

must be taken that the rubbing is sufficiently even so the tone will not vary. Some people prefer the effect obtained by rubbing only with the grain, but it is slower and the general result is darker. My preference is to clean off first the black coat of charcoal by rubbing lengthwise, and then to rub across the grain. Aside from being quicker, a lighter color effect is more easily obtained, and the finished piece shows the delicate toolings of the brush in a way which is particularly pleasing. There must be no diagonal rubbing.

"The work of the wire brush leaves the piece completely coated with a fine brown powder which must be entirely removed. A whisk broom is a handy thing to brush off the greater part of this, but a small, dry scrubbing brush should also be used, and it should be handled with energy to polish the raised surface. Rags or cotton waste should not be used, as they will rub the powder in instead of removing it. As stated, the color effect is largely controlled by the wire brush. The finish of the wood can be dark or light, as preferred. The brush must be handled evenly so as to avoid a mottled effect.

"Further processes depend entirely upon individual taste. Some people prefer leaving the wood as a finished product at this stage, as it is much softer in tone and less sharply contrasted and brilliant than when waxed. If the full effect of the grain is desired, however, it should be waxed and the wax should be polished with a bristle brush rather than with rags. A small, cheap scrubbing brush answers every purpose. Thin stains can be applied if desired, but these have the effect of darkening the wood. A particularly good method of giving color to the wood is by applying ordinary paint and then immediately removing all that can be rubbed out with cotton waste. White and green paint give excellent results.

"The finished board presents a most decorative and sometimes even brilliant appearance, with its varied and emphasized grain and warm brown tones. The only criticism that can be offered is that it will gather dust more readily than a smooth finish; but this deficiency is easily overcome by simply dusting it out, or rubbing it with a dry scrubbing brush. After a few years it can be completely rejuvenated, if necessary, with a wire brush.

"Aside from use as an interior finish for buildings, cypress treated in this way will

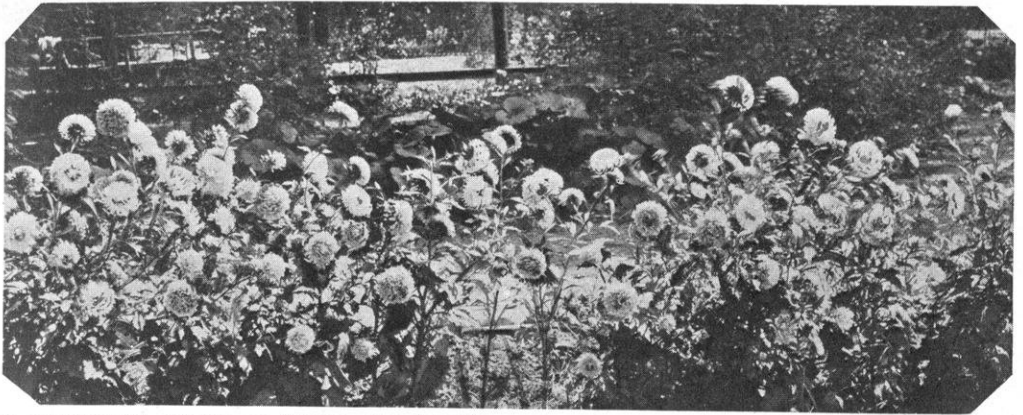
undoubtedly find much favor in some classes of cabinetwork, and for small articles such as shirtwaist boxes, humidors, tabourets, glass-covered trays, picture frames, etc."

From the illustrations and from Mr. Watson's description it will be obvious that the sugi-finished cypress has a decidedly rich and decorative effect, the natural variations of its grain presenting a much more brilliant and striking appearance than the ordinary unburned surface of the wood. For this reason we think it would hardly prove suitable for use throughout rooms where a somewhat neutral background was needed for the pictures and furnishings. It is so distinctly decorative in itself that it shows to best advantage where there is little other detail, in a vestibule, corridor or reception hall, in a gallery, club room, public lecture hall, theater—any interior, in fact, where very few removable furnishings are used, and where the structure itself can be made the basis of ornamentation. Interesting examples of this fact will be found in the photographs of the interior of the New Orleans Progressive Union and its doorway.

Naturally, with a wood so decorative as sugi-finished cypress, it is essential to study most carefully the general decoration of a room. That is to say, if you are using the entire woodwork of a room or suite of rooms with the sugi finish, the wall paper or the wall finish, whatever it is, should be plain. A figured paper or a stenciled wall would be found very confusing as a background for the sugi woodwork. Also, it is wise to bear in mind that few pictures should be used in this room, and those should be thought out in some relation to the woodwork, so that it becomes more or less a question of whether you want figured walls or many pictures or sugi-finished woodwork, for the latter will give you practically as much decoration as the average small room can stand. Of course, if by chance the walls are cream or dull brown or pale green, then etchings or sepia prints will be found very effective.

It is necessary to study color as well as design in suiting this rather elaborate woodwork to most of our fairly small modern rooms. The brown grain and the pale coffee background of the wood need supplementary colors in wall, furniture and draperies in order to achieve the best results. A cool ivory would always be excellent.

FLOWERS FOR LATE PLANTING



FLOWERS FOR LATE PLANTING: BY ADELINE THAYER THOMSON

IN most locations the country over, April and May are deemed the ideal months for garden making. These months, however, are the busiest ones in the housewife's calendar. Then it is that the dread house-cleaning must be done with its ever-attendant train of "extra" tasks, the spring sewing for the family accomplished, and when one lives in a rented home, the moving from one house and the settling in another is no uncommon thing. There is small wonder, then, that the coming of June finds many a yard still unplanted and the flowering scheme yet unsolved.

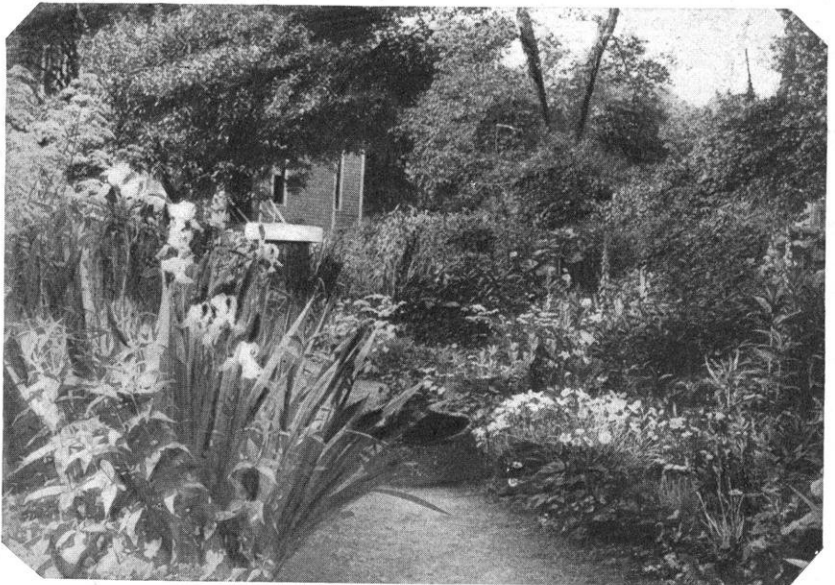
There is no need, however, if this condition exists to imagine that the day of grace for seed-sowing is past and that the yard must be without a flower display the rest of the season. Dame Nature, seemingly, has taken thought for just such a contingency, for a number of the choicest annuals give excellent results when seeded in June, and other flowering classes offer charming varieties that thrive with great

ASTERS ARE A MOST SATISFACTORY FLOWER FOR LATE PLANTING.

vigor and beauty in spite of tardy planting.

Asters are exceedingly satisfactory from June seeding. To be sure, the blossoms appear later than those borne by stock planted earlier, but the harvest of beauty is yielded just as abundantly, and the individual flowers are larger and finer in texture than those matured during intense heat.

That cheery, low-growing little plant, the portulaca, so invaluable for brightening dry sunny places, should never be seeded until June. Dry intense heat is needed to germinate its seed, and when this variety is sown earlier in the season the result almost invariably is total failure. While the portulaca is an old-fashioned flower, in massed planting it is highly effective, and it may be



ALL PERENNIALS THRIVE FROM JUNE SEEDING.

FLOWERS FOR LATE PLANTING



depended on to give a constant showing of varying color from midsummer until frost. The double varieties will be found unusually pleasing.

Candytuft seeded in June will yield quantities of white flowers throughout August and September. This plant is desirable not only on account of its decorative qualities but for harmonizing the gayer blossoms of strongly contrasting shades. The variety giant empress gives best satisfaction for late seeding and may be sown even in mid-July.

Still another dependable white flowering annual is the sweet alyssum (little gem). The flowers mature about five weeks after seed germination and from that time on they present a constant glory of bloom.

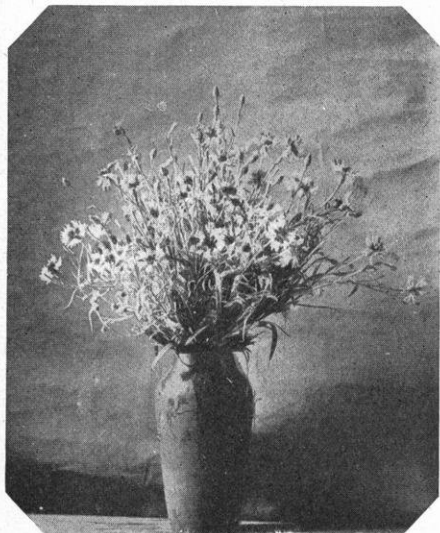
The velvety many-hued petunias are always welcome flowers in any yard, and one is fortunate indeed to be able to add these blossoms to the list. The calendula, larkspur, bachelor's button, California poppy, and French marigold are also sun-loving, sunshine-giving annuals that may be safely included among these desirable seeds for late sowing.

From the bulbous group may be selected three grand varieties—the gorgeous gladiolus, the stately tuberose, and the richly colored dahlia. Gladioli bulbs planted successively a week apart throughout the month of June and into early July will give a summer flowering pageant that is hard to equal for beauty. Setting the bulbs deep—from 5 to 7 inches—will dispense with the need of staking the plants, and in this

SWEET ALYSSUM COMES INTO FLOWER ABOUT TWO WEEKS AFTER SEED GERMINATION; BLOOMS ALL SUMMER.

manner the objection that is so often made to this unsightliness will be overcome. The tuberose set in June will flower in late August and throughout September, while the dahlia often perfects flowers in July from June planting.

From the class known as greenhouse plants, one may have as many varieties for immediate effects as the size of one's pocket-book allows. Geraniums, pansies, salvias and begonias, however, are about the most useful and effective.



BACHELOR'S BUTTONS: GOOD FOR LATE PLANTING

DUMB WAITERS FOR SMALL HOMES

All of the perennial class thrives from June seeding. And although these plants do not flower until the second year after germination, they offer, perhaps, the best solution of the flower problem for the busy housewife. Yes, it will pay to plant perennials, for after these plants have become once established they are fixtures in the garden and one need give no special thought to the flowering scheme. In spite of neglect or the thousand-and-one things that may interfere, the planting of perennials will mean a never-failing flower display.

THE USEFULNESS OF THE DUMB WAITER FOR SMALL HOMES

DWELLERS in city apartments are so accustomed to the dumb waiter which forms a part of their kitchen or kitchenette equipment, that both its presence and efficiency are taken as a matter of course. But in the ordinary private house—except where the owner is quite wealthy and many servants are kept—a dumb waiter is not even thought of.

Strange as this fact may seem it is readily accounted for. We have used our practical inventions, our up-to-date labor-saving devices in the interests of the financial enterprises of the cities, and tried to overcome the discomforts of congested population and make life at least livable in its sunless and airless homes, by the adoption of many mechanical contrivances. But we have overlooked the fact that the families who live in smaller private houses in our towns, suburbs and outlying farm districts could also derive a great deal of help and satisfaction from the installation of some of the devices which the city person considers indispensable to hygiene and comfort. We have studied and applied the principles of economy and efficiency in the management of our business, in the equipment of our factories, stores, restaurants, public utilities, but it is only recently that we have discovered that such principles are equally applicable to the simpler problems of our homes. We are finding out that the devices which facilitate the labor of the janitress and add to the comfort of the tenants in a six-story city apartment house, would be equally welcomed by the housewife, servants and family in a two- or three-story private dwelling.

Think what a help it would be for the mother of the family who does her own

housework—and nowadays such women form a great majority—if she could have a small dumb waiter installed in her kitchen! How much back-aching work of carry up and down stairs it would save her, how much time and energy it would conserve. Cellar stairs are apt to be poor affairs at the best, generally much too steep for ease or safety, and almost invariably they are badly lighted. The task of bringing up a heavy scuttle of coal or kindling for the fires, or taking down the ashes and garbage (for the menfolk often are not there to help), the storing and fetching up of potatoes, apples and other vegetables, trays of jelly glasses and canned fruit—all the countless carrying and climbing that a housewife's daily round of labor involves—could be simplified by the use of a dumb waiter.

The various types of dumb waiters upon the market are designed for many different kinds of uses, for light loads and rapid frequent service, and for heavy and less frequent work, the prices and the expense of installation varying, of course, accordingly. With each outfit the manufacturer supplies drawings and directions for its proper installation. As one authority puts it, "satisfactory results from the installation of hand power elevators and dumb waiters depend first upon the selection of an outfit suitable to the conditions and requirements and second upon the proper installation of the outfit selected."

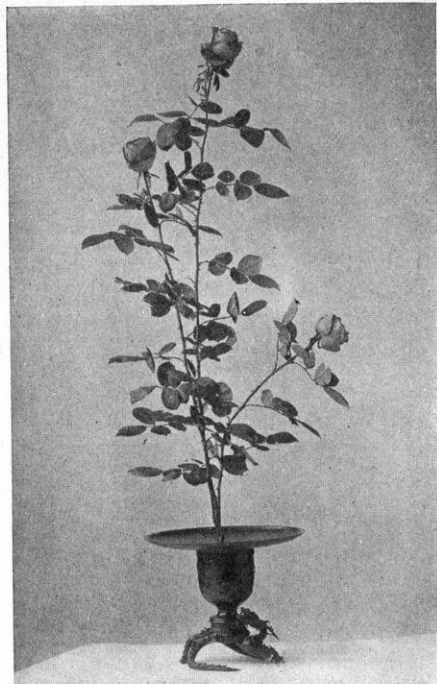
With one of these useful, step-saving devices in the house, and the additional comfort of whatever other mechanical aids the owner can afford which will put the domestic system on an economical and scientific basis, the housewife should find her work both easier and more agreeable. And at the end of the day, instead of feeling too tired and nervous with the drudgery of housework done under difficulties to relax and enjoy the "fruits of labor," she would be able to take part in all the interests of the little evening reunion, in the quiet of dusk and in the pleasant social hours after the lamps are lit.

In a house where there are many children to be cared for or where there is an invalid who may not have the inestimable blessing of a trained nurse, a dumb waiter pays for itself many times over in the comfort it affords to not only the woman who must take the many steps, but the people who need to have the steps taken for them.

A FEW FLOWERS

IKE-BANA, OR THE ART OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT: BY EVANGELINE COLE

A MOST suggestive hint was given to all lovers of home decoration in the recent exhibition of Flower Arrangements held by the Japan Society of America on the roof of the Hotel Astor. It was there demonstrated that in the arrangement of flowers, a simplicity of means combined with an artful distribution of line can be made fully satisfying to the æsthetic sense. In great contrast to our Occidental ideas of great masses of flowers and foliage as constituting the ideal floral decoration are these more austere Japanese compositions, the open lineal character of which lends them an airy gracefulness and charm. It is to be hoped that the time may soon arrive when we shall have eliminated from our practice of floral decoration, as we are eliminating from our furniture and our architecture, all meaningless designs. When that time comes we shall consider the character of our materials, and our compositions, like the Japanese ones, will approach more nearly Nature her-



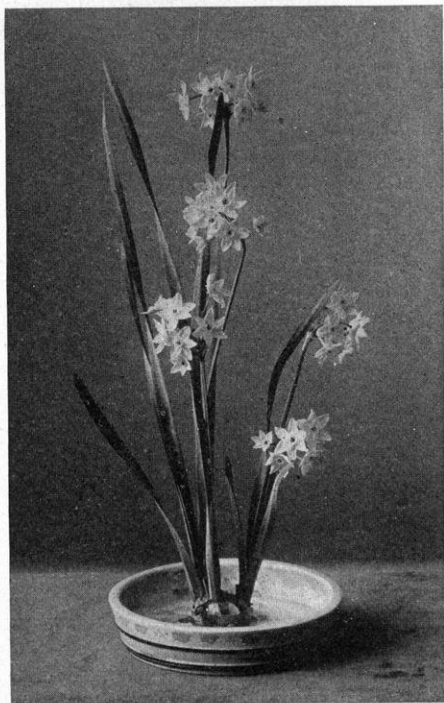
A SINGLE BRANCH OF ROSE IN A BRONZE JAR.

self than do the stiff and symmetrical floral groupings of the present day.

The very principle on which Ike-bana, or the Art of Flower Arrangement, is based is a representation of natural floral growth. The surface of the water in the containing vessel is regarded as the soil, and the arrangement must spring from that in a manner that suggests the growth of the plant arranged. No matter how beautiful the upper lines may be, a composition that fails to suggest strength and vitality at the base is considered defective. The natural locality of a plant also affects the manner in which it should be arranged, and no flower artist would be guilty of the solecism of arranging land plants and water plants, or land plants and mountain plants in a similar fashion.

In keeping with this idea of representing natural growth is the sentiment, foreign to us, that flowers out of season must not be used, nor rare plants of whose habits and growth the artist can have no intimate and sympathetic knowledge.

The spirit of the season must be reflected in the arrangements. In the spring they must be strong in line and suggest the vitality of early vegetation; in summer, full and spreading; autumn compositions should suggest the season by their sparse-

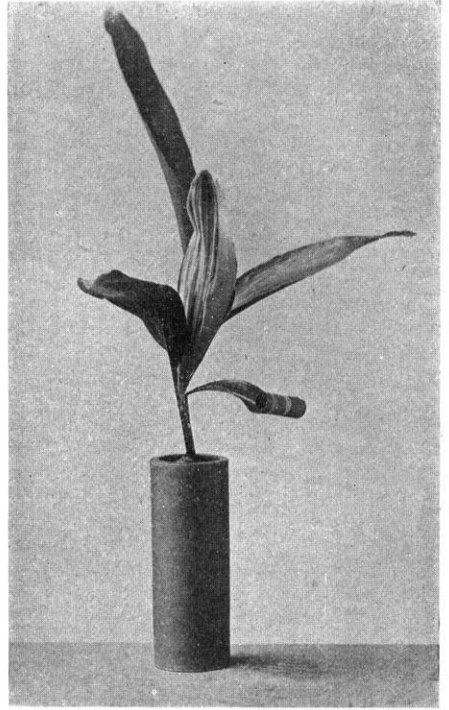


THREE SPRAYS OF JAPANESE NARCISSUS IN A FLAT DISH OF GREEN POTTERY.

A FEW FLOWERS

ness, and winter ones by a withered and dreary spirit. There are rules, too, in some schools that govern the amount of water to be used in the various seasons. For instance, they require that in spring and in autumn the vessel should be nine-tenths filled, in summer it should be very full—sometimes the edges are oiled to produce the effect of water brimming over—in winter the vessel should be only four-fifths full.

Absence of symmetry was the first characteristic of the arrangements at the Japan Society Exhibition that the visitor noted. The idea of balance was conveyed in a more subtle manner than by equal-sidedness. It was also noted that in no case was an even number of flowers or branches used in any group, and that the group itself or a combination of groups was arranged in three, five or seven lines. The lines of the tri-linear arrangement are named by the quaint fancy of some school, Earth, Heaven and Mankind; and those of the five-lined composition, Earth, Fire, Water, Metal and Wood. There are possible innumerable combinations of these lines, but in all compositions there are several errors to be carefully avoided. One of the grossest of these is the error of an equal-sided or symmetrical



A SINGLE SPRAY OF RED CANNA, FURNISHING MOST ARTISTIC EFFECT.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS ARRANGED WITH TRUE JAPANESE SIMPLICITY.

arrangement. Closely allied to this is the fault of a drooped branch used on both sides of a composition. Allowing two or more lines visually to intersect one another so as to form angles, and allowing stems to cross and recross to form looped openings are also errors. It is considered wrong, too, to permit parallel lines in the arrangement. The greatness of this fault is exaggerated, of course, if the lines happen to be of the same length. Notable lack of taste is shown by supporting a plant flower on both sides by tree flowers or by placing a flower of one color between two of another.

What may be called the *technique* of flower arrangement requires a certain amount of manual skill that can be easily attained. After the flowers to be arranged have been carefully selected, they must be twisted and bent and clipped. The stems must be built together and fixed firmly at the base to make the "springing" firm and convincing. There are innumerable kinds of fasteners employed—bamboo tubes, small bronze crabs and tortoises—and their proper use is an art in itself. A forked twig is sometimes fitted into the neck of a vase and makes possible graceful arrangements in tall broad-mouthed vessels, such

A FEW FLOWERS

as many of us possess and think necessary to fill with great masses of blossoms. When the arrangement is partially complete, the defective and superfluous parts are clipped off. The Japanese flower artist exercises much care in this cutting as, according to the rules of his art, a flower below a leaf is considered weaker than one above, and while it is correct to leave a strong flower near a weak leaf, a weak or overblown flower should never be near curled or bent leaves.

Although this art is called flower arrangement, many arrangements are made in which not a single flower occurs. Branches and foliage of the evergreens are much used—pictured arrangements of Japanese pine will occur to everyone—and even the foliage of deciduous trees, notably the maple, are much used.

Some flowers are considered by the Japanese to be very unlucky and are almost never used in decoration; such are the orchid and the lotus. Purple flowers signify mourning and are seldom used for feasts. The willow and other drooping plants, supposed to typify lack of constancy, are, of course, considered unsuitable for weddings. Flowers having a strong odor are not to be placed before guests.

Many combinations of different flowers are used, but they must be carefully planned as there are combinations that because of redundancy of expression—as a grouping of cherry and peach—or for some other reason such as similarity of form—as in the case of the iris and orchid—are not considered fitting. Examples of good combinations are pine and chrysanthemum, camellia and narcissus, bamboo and morning-glory.

A harmony must exist between the containing vessel and the flowers, and according to an allied principle, there are certain compositions suitable for use in vases to be placed on a low stand that must not be used for hanging vessels or those on a high shelf. For the latter is appropriate an arrangement that suggests floral growth on the edge of a bank or cliff. The favorite form of vase for a low table or shelf is a broad-mouthed one that allows of the required stability at the base of the composition. For water plants, a low tub-like vessel with sand and pebbles and rocks is used. Vessels to be hooked against the wall or a pillar are low and usually rounded below. The arrangements best suited for them are of a simple and quaint nature. For suspended vessels,

the crescent-shaped vase is a favorite, and the bamboo tube cut to represent a boat. Special arrangements have been devised for these suspended boats—arrangements that suggest the sails of a boat, and sometimes having a streamer down the side to represent the anchor. In this series are arrangements called the “ship becalmed,” “ship in port,” “ship outward bound” and “ship homeward bound.” The water in these vessels must not be seen as that would spoil the illusion by suggesting that the ship was not seaworthy.

The part of the Japanese house in which the flower arrangements are made is the *tokonoma*, a little raised recess in the drawing room. It is here that a *kakemono*, or perhaps several, hangs, and the flower arrangement is sometimes made to harmonize with the pictures and placed in the right relation to them, and sometimes it has a small enclosure of its own in the recess.

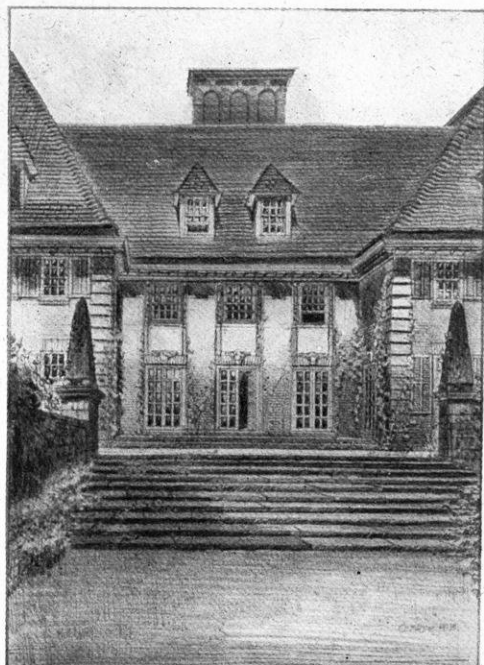
In Japan where there have been for centuries imperial garden parties for the “viewing” of the cherry blossoms in season, and where nearly every tree has a romantic legend handed down through the ages, Ikebana is one of the fine arts and a very honorable pursuit. It is surrounded by a ceremonial and an etiquette all its own and is practiced by philosophers, priests, men of rank who have retired from active life, and ladies of the nobility. Its professors are considered to belong to an aristocracy of talent, and are given a rank and social precedence to which they might not be entitled by birth. It is the beautiful belief of the Japanese that gentleness of spirit, self-denial and forgetfulness of cares come to those who practice the art of flower arrangement.

A knowledge, however slight, of the Japanese art of flower arrangement is of value to every lover of flowers. For although America is a land of flowers, still there are many of us, especially in the city, who may only have a few flowers on special occasions. And the art of using these flowers to the very best advantage so that we get all the beauty of which they are capable is one to add greatly to the artistic interest and personal enjoyment of life. For instance, it is quite possible to take thirty or forty short-stemmed jonquils or narcissus and put them in a great brass bowl, and have a certain delight of color. But if you know something of Japanese flower arrangement, you will be content with seven.

THE STUDIO YEAR BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART FOR 1912: SOME OF THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION, DECORATION AND HOUSE FURNISHING IN ENGLAND AND ON THE CONTINENT

The illustrations used in this review are from the *Studio Year Book of Decorative Art*, by courtesy of the John Lane Company.

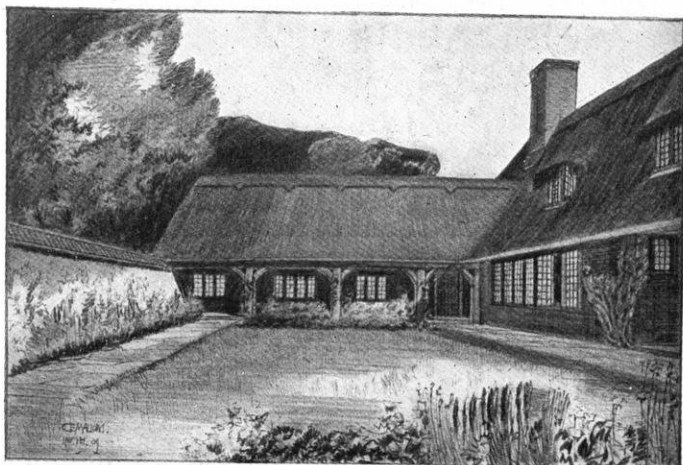
THE *Studio Year Book* for 1912 is an extremely interesting review of building and house-fitting conditions in Europe. It is not only interesting, but impartial. The progress that England is making in architecture, the blight of Secession Art in Germany and Austria, are frankly shown. There is no effort to praise or to decry, merely to present. The illustrations are exceptionally good and complete. In the architectural field one is impressed first of all with the fundamental differences in English and German domestic buildings, the sincerity and beauty of the English home as opposed to the whimsical and eccentric impression conveyed by the modern Continental architect. In Austria and Hungary there is manifest something of a national type, both in the exterior and interior of the buildings shown. In the illustrations given of the houses of these nations, the nearness of the countries to the Orient is felt at once. There is the simplicity of the wide archway, which is essential for a people subject still somewhat



HOUSE IN KENT: THE TERRACE STEPS: C. E. MALLOWS, F. R. I. B. A., ARCHITECT.

to the patriarchal mode of life. There is a greater genuineness in workmanship, a greater interest in barbaric ornamentation. In other words, Austria and Hungary are closer to the people in their architecture, in their interior fittings and furnishings. There is a hint, too, of Egypt, and that means Secession Art, but it seems more harmonious with this architecture than it does with the Continental style of house building. Something of the Oriental feeling is deep in the hearts of the Magyars and their descendants, however modern the feeling may be in Vienna and in Budapest. And so the hint of Egyptian decoration in frieze and in sculpture does not seem remote or eccentric.

First in the *Year Book* comes the English architecture, and our interest, too, centers on the lovely English homes as shown in this review. Both large and small country residences are depicted,—the hospitable English manor house as well as the workman's cottage in groups and in rows and in squares. Much attention is



HOUSE IN NORFOLK: THE SERVANTS' GARDEN: C. E. MALLOWS, ARCHITECT.

FOREIGN HOUSE BUILDING AND FURNISHING



HOUSE IN KENT: THE NORTH SIDE FROM THE ROCK GARDEN: C. E. MALLOW, F. R. I. B. A., ARCHITECT.

being given all over England now to the workman and his method of living. It is somewhat of a pity for the national peace of mind that some such attention was not given a decade or two ago, for just now we find the English workman somewhat bitter and morose about his condition. He has been ignored too long and treated too much as a part of an estate, as a means of keeping up London palaces, until today there is a question in England as to how important the workman's life is and how tremendous his power is. In a recent letter written by W. B. Yeats to his father in this country the following phrase occurred: "We may all soon be fighting for a chance of a livelihood, if things continue as they have been for the past few weeks, for the workman is unhappy and powerful, and is beginning to realize his power."

But whatever the workman

is doing, the architect in England is at peace with the land, and the most interesting, the most significant, the most comfortable and reasonable homes are being built in England. Practically all of them evince a fine sense of proportion. The building masses and the angles of the roofs are pleasing to a degree, and this means, of course, that they are immensely artistic, because in the last analysis only the things that have been born in the artist's soul are really pleasing. One detail of English architecture which we have noticed again and again is the English designer's interest in and perfection of detail, both indoors and out. It is possible that with some of the builders we feel too much interest in the detail, too much elaboration in the search for picturesqueness. This is especially true in the half-timber construction. Occasionally the contrast between wood and concrete and stucco is marked, and almost a "gingerbread" effect results. Where this is partially hidden under vines and where trees are grouped closely about the house, the contrast is not noticeable. But in the newer districts where even in England the background is as yet unbeautiful, the contrast of tone in the material is noticeable, and there is less dignified and homelike charm than one has grown accustomed to associating with English country architecture. Often these English homes, even when quite new, are reminiscent of the stateliness of the old English manors, and some of the very newest are almost primitive in the simplicity of their construction and the comfortable fulfilment of household needs. It is safe to say that



"DEN-OF-GRYFFE." KILMACOLM: VIEW FROM THE RIVER GARDEN: JAMES SALMON, R. I. B. A., ARCHITECT.

FOREIGN HOUSE BUILDING AND FURNISHING



VILLA AT KITZBÜHEL, TYROL:
ROBERT ÖRLEY, ARCHITECT.

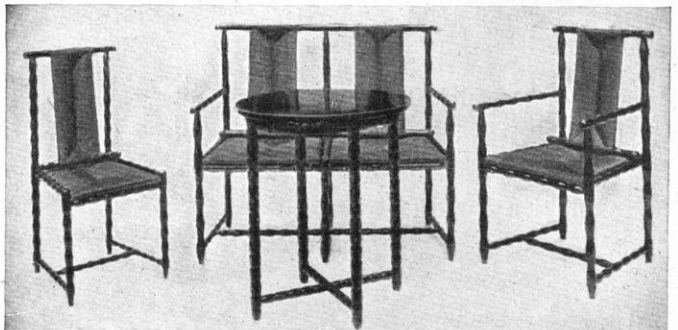
with but few exceptions, the design and the workmanship of these newer country homes show sincerity and naturalness and a real spirit of frankness toward the essentials of home life. The English architect seems to feel that the English home, whether large or small, luxurious or inexpensive, must be an intimate and friendly shelter rather than an edifice for the display of the architect's skill.

We are becoming more and more familiar with the names of these modern English home-makers. We have shown their work repeatedly in *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and are deeply interested in the beautiful work which they are giving their lives to designing and presenting. Mr. M. H. Baillie-Scott's work is shown, and as usual is beautiful and full of sincerity and hospitable friendliness. He seems to have that rare gift of infusing a sense of home intimacy into a house that has not yet been lived in. As a rule, this home quality grows up through personal contact; it is what the people who live in the home do to it, the ways the furniture is distributed, the vines that are planted, the flowers that grow up about it, the curtains that blow in and out of the casement windows, that eventually develop the home spirit. But Mr. Baillie-Scott has the art of building the sense of homelikeness in with the stucco or brick, with the garden he designs, with the very entrance to the garden. The work of Mr. C. E. Mallows is marked as usual by real beauty of mass and pic-

turesque interest of detail, while the suggestion of historic period, though never forced, seems to lend to his homes a reminiscence of the atmosphere of old English manor life.

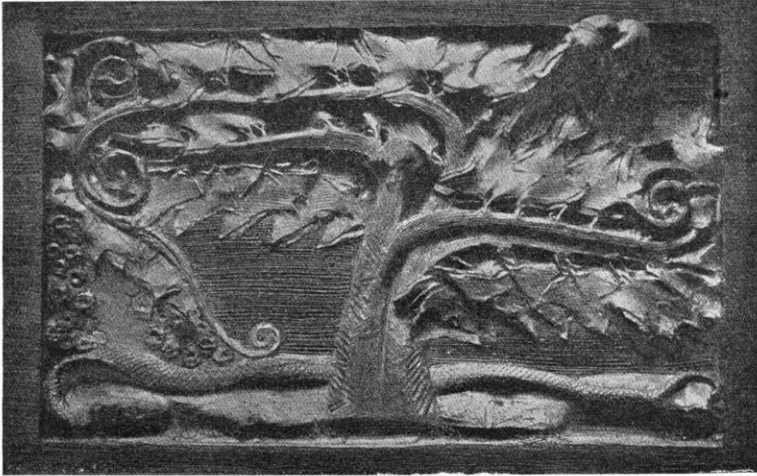
The illustrations which we are showing in this article of a house in Kent with its broad terrace steps, its air of quiet and genial welcome, breathes a spirit of genuineness and charm that undoubtedly is due to the artist's sense of restraint quite as much as his sense of beauty. And the servants' garden for the house in Norfolk is not only a delightful perception of the architectural values, but reveals the

growing wholesome and close interest in the comfort of the workers of the land. A cottage of very real interest, because of its pleasant and wise construction, is designed by James Salmon, the "Den-of-Gryffe," Kilmacolm. The roomy slant-roofed dwelling is perched on a rock knoll, and the architecture of the exterior gives promise of real beauty and contentment within. Among other English architects whose work is definitely modern in that it is at once distinctive, practical and without superfluous ornament, we find presented Fred Rowntree, R. F. Johnston, Parker and Unwin (whose series of articles has been running in *THE CRAFTSMAN*), and William Mackintosh. The latter is represented by



AUSTRIAN RUSH CHAIRS AND TABLE DESIGNED BY JOSEF ZOTTI: EXCEPTIONALLY INTERESTING MATERIALS AND COLORS.

a cottage interior which shows much wise thought and friendly interest in the needs and comforts of the simple people. The decorative value of this interior depends entirely upon the excellent use of structural features and the furnishings, which are at once simple and appropriate.



AUSTRIAN CARVED WOOD PANEL: DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY J. DRAHONOVSKY.

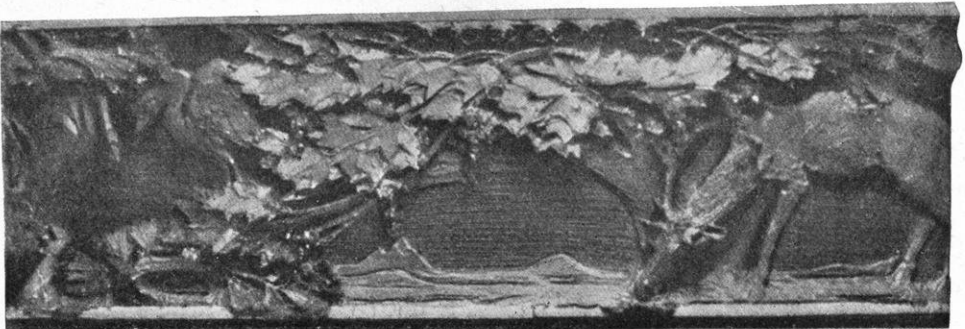
The English craft work, mural and window decorations, tapestries, embroidery, metal work, pottery, shows a considerable imagination and creative skill, but errs on the side of elaboration, a tendency which in the long run means a loss of the first spontaneous freshness of the original design.

We have already spoken of the interesting contrast between the work of the British and German architects. While the latter reveal to us some qualities of excellence and interest in the development of materials and textures, a dignified sense of proportion, as in the broad and lofty interiors and wide stretches of landscape gardens, yet in the main the modern German houses, their interior fittings and their furnishings, are ponderous, self-conscious and tomblieke rather than homelike and friendly. It is almost impossible to think of the Secession German house and rooms without feeling that they have all been designed for exhibition purposes, that their architects and designers have been seeking for nov-

elty, hoping for magazine notice rather than to produce homes that people would want to live in and enjoy, and wherein they would find peace and contentment. Occasionally they are imposing, if one regards them merely as novel structures, but it is the exception to find the house, large or small, that is not an architectural emblem rather than an effort to meet the real needs of humanity in comfortable and attractive

ways. It is rather depressing, in a way, to feel how very permanent and durable these very unbeautiful structures are, for the workmanship is excellent, the hygienic detail almost perfection, and regarded as homes they are unlivable and inherently inartistic. As yet there seems little hope in Germany of rescuing the architect from the blight of Secession, so called, Art, because not only has the architect established a vogue for these awesome structures, but the furniture just now throughout Germany is made to suit them, and the tapestries are designed to harmonize with the furniture.

There is a pleasant sense of actual relief in turning from the German architectural pages to illustrations of little porcelain figures, human, animal and bird. Here the Teutonic love of children and small furred and feathered things has found a charming realization, and always a delightful sense of humor. These little porcelains are an expression in art which delight children and which touch the heart and the comedy sense of grown people.



DETAIL OF AUSTRIAN CARVED WOOD FRIEZE: DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY J. DRAHONOVSKY.

FOREIGN HOUSE BUILDING AND FURNISHING

The modern homes of Austria as shown in the *Year Book* suffer also somewhat, as we have said, from Secession influences. Despite the fact that the Austrians are a very definite race with vigorous national qualities, there is an overlay of the whimsical New Art in their houses and interiors. The combination of the Oriental and Western is noticeable in their architectural designs, in their house fittings and furnishings. One feels the sense of the public hall and the gallery rather than the private dwelling, and this is definitely what one realizes in all Oriental architecture, when an effort is made to adjust it to the modern domestic life. There is also in the interiors the sense of bareness which is noticeable in all Oriental dwellings, and, where the ornament is intentional, the decoration is fantastic and bizarre. This is true of Turkish ornament and of all the old Byzantine styles. So somehow we feel that the Austrian house is a truer type of national architecture than the Bavarian or North German dwelling, and in the Austrian Tyrol some very interesting simple villas are seen. We reproduce one, the work of Robert Örley, built at Kitzbühel, Tyrol. This home is so simple, so definite in its construction that it is almost naïve. You feel that the recessed porch, the surrounding balcony, the solid structure and the sheltering roof line are all the result of careful thought and practical planning, and absolutely suited to the life of the Tyrol people.

We have long realized that the Austrian crafts hold still a strong sense of individuality. They are an outgrowth of the peasant work which is nowhere on the Continent more interesting, more definite than in Austria and Hungary. And yet we also find interest in new developments, a creative spirit, as in the carved wood panels which we are illustrating, the work of J. Drahnovsky. These are not only extremely interesting from the point of view of technical excellence, but they are an unusual appreciation of the decorative and symbolic value that lies in the use of animal life for ornamental purposes. They are treated quite differently from the famous old wood-work on the Continent. The work is freer, the technique is looser, more brilliant, as it were. We feel that they hold a suggestion for decorative interior work for our own houses; they seem to have the simplicity and the realistic quality that belongs to the bungalow type of domestic architecture.

The rush chairs and table designed by Josef Zotti, architect, and executed by the Prag Rudniker Korbwarenfabrik, are also unique and beautiful examples of workmanship. Their slender gracefulness of outline, while sacrificing nothing in strength, is full of suggestive charm, and would add a very pleasant touch to the furnishings of cozy boudoir, cheerful bungalow apartment or sunny veranda.

Only a dozen pages of the book are devoted to the presentation of Hungarian architecture and decoration, but in the few examples shown of exterior and interior construction, window and rug design and leather work, one finds a good deal of imaginative feeling and sense of the romantic and picturesque.

Some extremely interesting architectural designs which we have not had space to show in this article are village schoolhouses planned by Professor Béla Rerrich, for Hungarian schoolchildren. These are singularly well done, with a construction that seems typical to Hungary, and while very simple, are friendly and attractive in appearance. Any phase of Hungarian art at present carries interest, because it is far more typical of the people than the art of any other Continental land. An especially interesting building is just being erected at Budapest, the Home for Aged Jewish Poor. An illustration of this is given in the *Year Book*. The building is characteristically national, the decoration being pure Hungarian style. The exterior, as is practically always the case in the real Hungarian dwelling, is fairly imposing; but within, the arrangement is most livable. The gardens about the home are beautifully arranged. Not a detail for comfort or cheer for the old people has been forgotten. The entire scheme seems to have been carried out with sympathy and appreciation.

The Hungarian architects, Haasz and Málnai, are just now giving especial attention to the building of residential flats, and the work is extremely well done, for in spite of the new purpose for which these buildings are designed, the architecture is characteristically Hungarian. No comfort or convenience has been ignored, and yet the apartments would never for a moment suggest Paris or New York or London.

In all the crafts Hungary excels, as she always has. Royal schools have recently been established for weaving, and the students make their own designs.

ALS IK KAN

"WE ALSO HAVE A RELIGION"

A book published some months ago which has greatly interested THE CRAFTSMAN because of its close touch with the fundamental truths of life, is "The Soul of the Indian," by Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux Indian and a man of scholarly attainment. In an incident which Dr. Eastman relates in the first paragraph of his foreword, he touches upon a spiritual truth so profound that it underlies the relation of man to man, nation to nation, of race to race,—namely, the right of each soul to its own kind of spiritual development, which easily enlarges into the great fact of the right of all races to the religion which has grown up to meet their needs as a people. In this incident Dr. Eastman tells of an old Seneca chief and a missionary who had come to convert the Seneca tribe. After the old men of the tribe had listened to Missionary Cram's proselyting with dignity and courtesy, Red Jacket, the great Seneca orator, arose, making the following superb reply which, after all, is the great reply of one nation to another, one sect to another, one individual to another whenever the question of religion is under discussion: "We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. It teaches us to be thankful, to be united, and to love one another. *We never quarrel about religion.*"

It would be hard to imagine a more complete answer to an attack upon the soul ideals of a people than this of the Indian chief to the religious gentleman who had come to take away the qualities of belief that had made Red Jacket and his race a people of honesty, bravery, good will and profound spirituality. What greater mistake can people or nations or races make than to "quarrel about their religion." For, after all, what strength has a nation with its spiritual ideals gone, and what ideal can a nation possibly follow and strive for except that which has grown up from the very roots of the life of the people. For each nation must know its own spiritual needs as it knows its own sorrows, and what may be great good for Missionary Cram, very wholesome and very productive of his material and spiritual welfare, need not necessarily in any way fit the life of the Seneca chief whose existence is far away

from that of his self-elected teacher. For in days gone by the Indian's life was ever close to Nature. The Indian prayed without dogmas or without institutions. He approached the great force, which to him was God, silently, reverently and alone. It was only thus that he could gain the spiritual energy necessary for his kind of life. It is quite impossible that the people who are grown accustomed to lift their face to the stars in prayer could ever gain spiritual poise by looking at the roof of even a great cathedral; and it is equally difficult to imagine that people who have looked only to the roofs of the churches would quite understand that there was simplicity, freedom and genuineness in the faith of the star gazer.

It is extraordinary, with all our philosophies and research into the profound mysteries of life, that so few of us have come to a realization of how futile is the process of converting a man to ideals which are not in harmony with his own needs. For if we approach a people who will not resent our ready-made ideals, who will accept them, who will attempt to graft them upon their lives, the race is spiritually dead, and foreign and unrelated spirituality cannot avail. The only people in whom we could have sufficient interest to wish to attach to our own soul interests, are those who have already evolved a religion for themselves, and who are alive because of that religion, alive, more or less, as it has met their needs and helped their finer growth. And so the centuries-old system of proselyting falls to the ground between two stools. It is of no use to the dead people, and the live people spiritually will not receive it.

In the history of all nations the acceptance by a people of a religion which does not belong to them, which cannot be superimposed upon their kind of lives, which has no relation to their needs, which has been poured over them, not borne out of the depths of their experiences, up to the heights of their capacity for exaltation, has always been the beginning of physical and civic degeneration. You can offer people new modes of dress, new manners, new artistic interests, new pleasures, without disintegrating the foundations of their national and moral life. But you cannot wrest from a man the ideals upon which the subtlest individual and national ethics are founded, and offer a new set of hard and fast rules which have no relation to his

"WE ALSO HAVE A RELIGION"

own existence, without leaving him so stranded, so unstable that he, his family and the neighborhood in which he dwells will suffer partial if not overwhelming ruin.

From the time that our North American Indians sacrificed the ideal held by the great Seneca chief, the disintegration of the Red-man began, until today he has neither his own fine and staunch, Nature inspired moralities, nor has he been able to profit from those offered him by the white man. His life is rapidly growing looser, weaker, without roots below or bloom above. Having destroyed him, we characterize him as a vagabond, as a loafer. We give him liquor, and then we build the jail in which to put the drunken Indian. We despoil his soil and designate him as an "unmoral ex-crescence, happily a race vanishing out of our ken," in reality passing away through the vices of our civilization,—tuberculosis, inebriety, vagabondage.

One wonders just what would have been the value to our own race if the answer of the Seneca chief had been listened to and received in good faith. If we had respected the beautiful spiritual ideals of the Indian, if we had permitted him to live them out in his own way, if we had realized that his simple, outdoor life was saner, more wholesome, more beautiful for him than the life we thought essential to him. If we had known then as we do today, that much of our own sickness and misery and unethical conditions are attributable to the very rules of life we thought it wise to thrust upon these people, and which they are perishing for having received, we might have listened instead of "quarreling." Today we are sending our own sick, of which we have countless thousands, to live the Indian life, in the tent, out of doors, wholesomely, looking to the stars for health and for joy. If only we could have approached these people who received us with such open arms centuries ago, with at least an open mind, with a prophetic understanding of all they had to give us, instead of, sodden with our own egotism and with the crass sureness of our own importance battled with them to the death, it is hard to calculate how much that is safe and sane and exalted in religion, they might have contributed to our lives; just as we might, if we had gone about it in a wise way, have contributed

some details of ethics, comfort or practicality to their lives.

Whoever heard of an Indian offering to convert a missionary? What astounding impertinence it would have seemed to us if we had ever encountered in the Indians the very traits with which we have destroyed them. All that they asked of us was the privilege of retaining their own ideals, of living their own healthy life on their own lands.

But we have had our way with this race of clean, wholesome, poetical people. We have forced them to our ideals. They have accepted our religion, our civilization, our manners, and they are dying, if not as rapidly physically as we have sometimes heard, far more rapidly spiritually than we have ever dreamed.

Why can we never go to new people, to simple people, to children, *to learn*, instead of always *to teach*? Why must the more powerful race, the more powerful man always feel that material benefits give him the right to reconstruct the ideals of those who have not paid so much attention to physical welfare? If today we were to turn to those we call the common people, especially here in America, with an idea of instructing them, of offering them finer ideals of democracy, would it not be possible that we might learn from them, as Missionary Cram might have learned from Red Jacket? Could they not answer us with that same tremendous "also," could they not say to us, "We *also* have our ideals of love and religion, of government, of human relations"? And if we listened, if we gave up the idea of "proselyting" them, of reconstructing them, of making them over into weak, bad imitation of a class that has not the force now to hold the government, would we not learn something worthy of consideration of the power which unifies them, the ideals which make their struggles possible and enduring?

How much time the world over we waste by instructing instead of listening. How much the Indian learned from Nature by silent reverie, by listening until he understood, by communing with the ways of the great forces of life, by silently contemplating their beauty. Today we have almost lost the power of reverie, of contemplation, of liberating our souls for contact with spirituality. We have our little ideas, but not our great ideals. And usually when

BOOKS RECEIVED

we come in contact with the great ideal, we attempt to talk it down and to thrust out our opinions hoping to conquer it. We have loquacity and vanity, but where is the great dominating power which might enable us to pray as the Indians prayed on the mountain-top, mind open, soul free, heart thirsting, without words, ready silently to receive?

The fact that great forces of life touched these men in silent prayer cannot be doubted. Dr. Eastman says all who have lived out of doors know that there is "a magnetic and nervous force that accumulates in solitude, that is quickly dissipated by life in the crowd. Even the Indians' enemies recognize the fact that for a certain innate power of poise, wholly independent of circumstance, the American Indian has been unsurpassed among men." The Indian asked nothing of the Supreme Being except the power to understand. His prayers were never begging letters, his devotion was never in the hope of material benefit. Rather he sought the Divine Power for release from material needs, for mental cleansing, for greater spiritual efficiency.

Thus we begin to understand why the Indian did not quarrel about his religion. His moments of silent isolated communication with the great deity were too sacred, too exalted to be dragged through humiliating controversy. Each man, according to the old Indian philosophy, must find his own spiritual ideals, and their greatness must depend upon his nearness to the spiritual source of supplies, Nature.

Dr. Eastman's book, which was reviewed in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for August, 1911, is published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. We are glad to make this second notice of it, as we feel its value to us is not only in giving us a truer understanding of the spiritual nature of this vanishing race, but also because we believe that the religion of the Indian is so sincere, so simple, so profound in its doctrine that it cannot fail to be a spiritual enlightenment to those who care to understand it and will give sympathetic appreciation to it. Dr. Eastman has in this most interesting discussion of his own race contributed a valuable document to the history of America.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Spirit of Social Work." By Edward T. Devine. 231 pages. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Published by Charities Publication Committee, New York.

"Puppets." By George Forbes. 202 pages. Price \$1.20 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Moving the Mountain." By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. 290 pages. Price \$1.00. Published by The Charlton Company, New York.

"On the Laws of Japanese Painting." By Henry P. Bowie. Illustrated. 109 pages and index. Price \$3.50 net. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

"In Vivid Gardens." Poems. By Marguerite Wilkinson (Marguerite Ogden Bigelow). 72 pages. Price \$1.00 net. Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

"The Conquest of Nerves." By J. W. Courtney, M.D. 204 pages and index. Price \$1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

The American Art Annual, 1911. Edited by Florence M. Levy. Illustrated. 319 pages and index. Published by American Art Annual, Inc., New York.

"The Hill of Vision." By James Stephens. 130 pages. Price \$1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Crux." By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. 311 pages. Price \$1.00. Published by The Charlton Company, New York.

"The Spell of Holland." By Burton E. Stevenson. Illustrated. 389 pages and index. Price \$2.50. Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

Poems. By Madison Cawein. 208 pages. Price \$1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Alphabets Old and New." By Lewis F. Day. Price \$2.00 net. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Essays on Russian Novelists." By William Lyon Phelps. 322 pages. Price \$1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Let's Make a Flower Garden." By Hanna Rion. Illustrated. 208 pages. Price \$1.35 net, postage 14 cents. Published by McBride, Nast & Company, New York.

