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Syracuse, N.Y.: Gustav Stickley, December 1904

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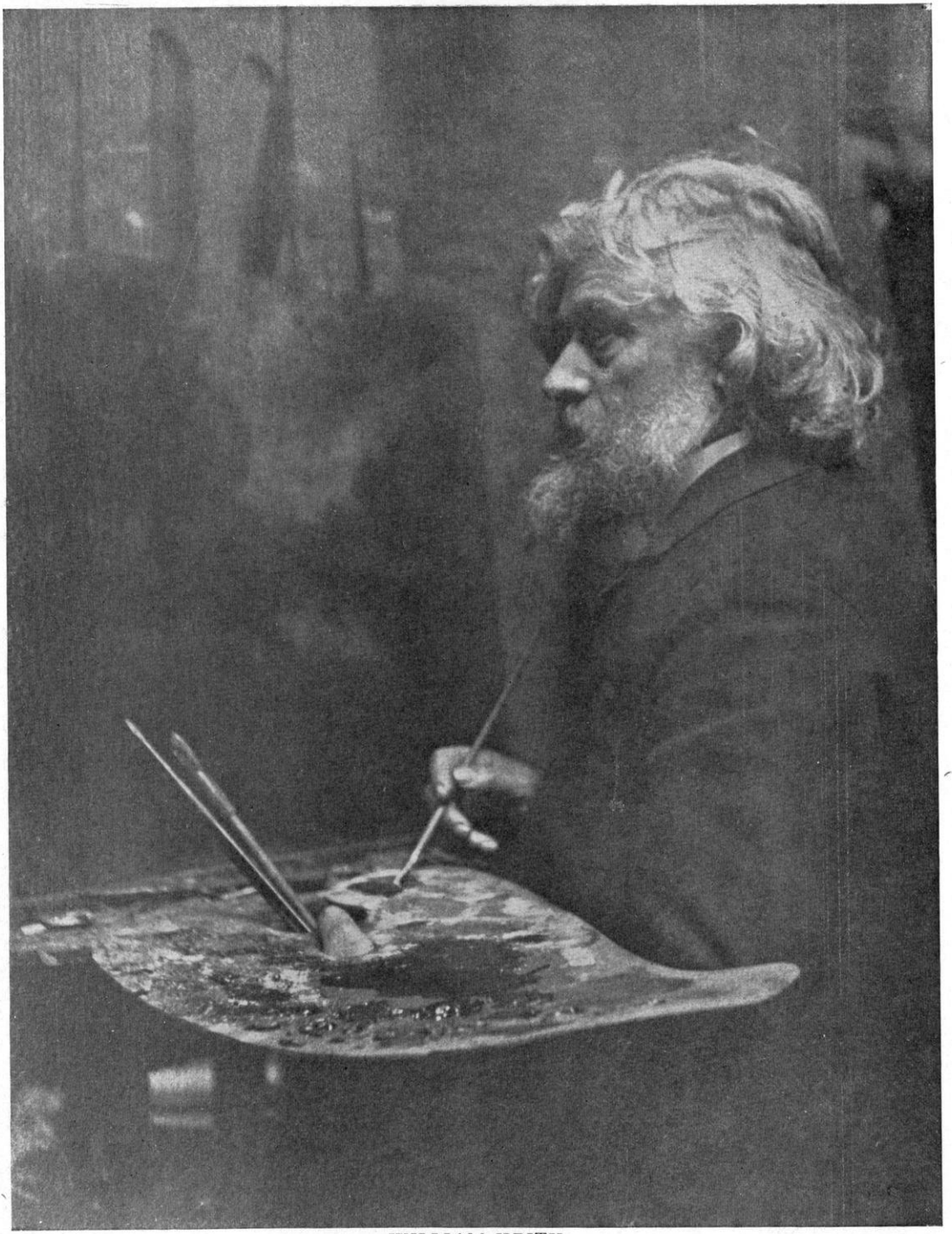

WILLIAM KEITH

From photograph lent by Carl Ahrens, Willink, New York

THE CRAFTSMAN

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Contents

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FOREWORD

THE CRAFTSMAN, in its closing number for 1904, presents as its leading article an argument expressed in vigorous, original terms, and demanding the extension and maintenance by public fund and private subscription of the Municipal Art Movement in the United States. It will be acknowledged that no authority of greater weight than Mr. Frederic W. Ruckstuhl could be enlisted in this question, which is now one of the most important and interesting of the hour.

The second article is a plea for the further development of art in the home and in the school, advocating that children should be taught to judge and to feel, to the end that we may create of the men and women of to-morrow an intelligent, critical public, capable of so fostering the cause of art as to render our nation better and our country more beautiful.

The Garden City, by M. Georges Benoit-Lévy, envoyé of the French Republic, is an especially interesting article, belonging to the same class as the preceding ones It treats of a new social development which unites the advantages of the city and the country; drawing to itself, as to a magnet, all the beneficent social forces, in contrast with the city and the country as now understood, which attract all noxious atoms of humanity.

An appreciation of William Keith, the California landscape painter of scenes truly Virgilian in their idyllic quality, will claim attention by reason of the subject, as well as of its author, Mr. George Wharton James, whose intelligent enthusiasm for all that pertains to the Golden State has been recorded in many books and public prints.

Mr. Gustav Stickley's article, "From Ugliness to Beauty," adds another to the arguments of this practical craftsman for simplicity and its resultant beauty in the appointments and decoration of the home. It is accompanied by coupled, contrasted schemes of decoration, adding point and significance to the course of reasoning, which, it would appear, can not fail to convince the reader.

Mr. Randolph I. Geare offers a short, pleasing paper upon "The Potter's Art in Korea," which interesting in itself, acquires further worth from the signature of its author.

In "Indian Basketry: its Structure and Decoration," Miss Sargent attempts to raise the standard of popular esteem for barbarous art, by presenting numerous parallels between the ornament of the red race of America and the more highly regarded nations of antiquity.

The Craftsman House, which closes the year's series, will be found as practical and economical as any scheme which has preceded it, beside having many attractive features which none of them has excelled.

Altogether, the present number sets forth, not inadequately, the principles professed by THE CRAFTSMAN, which, it is hoped, will receive, in all respects, yet fuller representation in the year about to begin.

MUNICIPAL SCULPTURE FROM THE AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW. BY FREDERIC WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL

PART I.

HAT an alluring subject to talk about, one would suppose on first view! How large the field, how rich in flowers, how varied in interest! What an art harvest this great and rich earth must have yielded in the nearly three hundred years since the Pilgrims landed! But sad to say, there is, in reality, practically speaking, no such thing as municipal sculpture in America. A flat and disheartening statement to make, no doubt!

Municipal sculpture really means "city sculpture:" sculpture called into being, and paid for, by a city government. I doubt if there be such sculpture in America anywhere. If so, it has escaped my notice.

But hold! there is one exception, and that is the sculpture on the City Hall, Philadelphia. With the exception of this one building, I do not believe that there is any other finished building in America, on which a city government has spent one dollar for sculpture.

The same is true of our parks. Where is there any sculpture, or fountain, erected in any park, by any city government in America? Is it possible that the one lone fountain in Central Park, New York, is the exception? What a curious showing! How strange!

Of course, we have a few very good portrait statues, both equestrian and pedestrian, scattered over the country, together with a large number that are very mediocre. We have an immense number of soldiers' monuments, a few very good, and the vast majority atrocious. We have some fountains and arches, and a meagre amount of architectural sculpture. But this has been paid for, the greater part by popular subscription, and the remainder by either the national, or the State governments. This logically can not come under the head of municipal sculpture. It is true that the New York City Hall of Records will have some sculpture upon it, paid for by the city. But it is not yet ready for allusion to be made concerning it in print. So, it holds true that the small amount of sculpture on the Philadelphia City Hall is the only purely municipal sculpture so far created by nearly three hundred years of the life of the American people.

MUNICIPAL SCULPTURE

Is there any one fact which seems more solidly to confirm the opinion of the enemies of a government of the people, by the people and for the people, that republican institutions are fundamentally hostile to the growth of art which, in the last analysis, is the test of the quality of any civilization? At least, the various travelers who come here from abroad, to write concerning us in their books and journals, think so and say so with, to us humiliating, emphasis, and many invoke the practical non-existence of municipal art, in this country, as proof that republican government in America, judged from the highest standard, is a ridiculous failure. And the entire reactionary press, as well as all the forces in favor of a return towards obscurantism, both monarchical and clerical, use this as a powerful lever to retard the evolution of the people toward a larger liberty and a wider prosperity.

Of course, these fanatic enemies of a government by the people are wrong in their conclusions. But, the facts which they can truthfully evoke can be twisted and used with telling effect upon the unreasoning, who never seek for underlying causes. And it may be truthfully said that the indifference of all our city governments toward municipal art, especially toward sculpture in its various forms, is, indirectly, retarding the more rapid advance of democratic government all over the world. For, the advocates of monarchy and government by divine right, point to our ugly cities and our, to them mysterious, indifference to municipal embellishment, as the direct result of our form of government. This, according to them, is convincing proof of their claim that a democracy is brutalizing in its tendencies.

During a ten years intermittent residence in Europe, I have frequently seen articles in journals and reviews making statements to this effect.

Of course, the form of our government here, is not responsible for the ugliness of our cities and the meagreness of municipal art of all kinds and the almost total lack of municipal sculpture. The cause is not the government, our constitution, or our parsimoniousness; not our indifference to the beautiful, but, solely, our indifference to the ugly.

While we have been de-barbarized sufficiently to appreciate a beautiful thing, we have not yet been sufficiently sensitivized to be shocked and angered by the ugly things which grow up around us like mushrooms. The reason is that we love power so much and the

PLATE I. BUDAPEST: ANDRÁSSY STREET

PLATE II. BUDAPEST: BOULEVARD ELIZABETH, PALAIS NEW YORK

wealth which alone brings power, and we pursue that power so madly that we rush by, oblivious of the ugly, are not shocked by it, we do not revile it, do not resolve to eliminate it, and we stop in our wild pursuit of power to look at some beautiful thing only when some one, with a soul finer than our own, thrusts us directly in front of it. Then we say: "Fine!" catch our breath, and rush away again to pursue that same insane thing called Power—which few know how to use well when they get it. It is this modern disease—this twentieth century pest: "money-power-mania," reducing our daily living, our daily prayers, our daily dying even, to a ridiculous commercial expression which, increasingly, since the accursed Civil War, has blunted our physical and spiritual nerves enough to enable us to exist in the midst of an ocean of ugliness with a cow-like contentment, and immune against all irritation and any rebellious resolve to change things.

I know that there is a large minority of truly cultured Americans who are starving and clamoring for beauty in our cities, and who escape to Europe whenever they can, in order to gratify their love of beauty of surroundings. But the majority rules here, and refuses to satisfy the minority, who can only suffer and wait, now and then sending forth a protest.

This minority, I am sure, will agree with me, when I say that if Pericles, Phidias and Plato, not to speak of Ictinus, Apelles and Aristotle, were suddenly condemned to choose between New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Hades, they would choose the latter, after a sad and tearful inspection of those cities. Not because there are not a few beautiful spots and things in each of those cities which have been created by a few men who love the beautiful, and by those who have expended an amount of energy out of proportion to actual results achieved; but because these few spots and things serve only to accentuate the actual presence of a wilderness of glaring and conflicting ugly things.

It is an everlasting source of astonishment to me to note that, for twenty-five years, about ten steamship lines have been carrying annually crowded ship loads of Americans to roam over the embellished cities of Europe, and bring them back again; no change apparently having taken place in their psychological make-up; bringing them back with the same blunted spiritual nerves, immune, as before,

against all irritation from the prevailing ugliness found everywhere in American cities; and my astonishment reaches a climax when I hear them say: "Well! America is good enough for me!" Then, with Beaumarchais, I say: "We must laugh at it in order not to cry."

The chauvinistic apologist for America, who is able to accept whole avenues of Chicago and New York ugliness, but who goes into hypocritical convulsions over a little Berlin, or Vienna immorality, whenever his *e pluribus unum* spread-eagle-ism is challenged, will never fail to repeat the hoary refrain: "Well, we are young yet as a nation." Nothing more stupid has been said during the last fifty years. For, we are the inheritors of the knowledge of all the ages. We know all that there is to be known about municipal beauty. The fault is not intellectual, but moral. It is not a matter of knowing, but a feeling. It is not brains we lack, but refinement.

The truth is, that we are in the midst of a phase in our evolution which justified Emerson in saying: "The reputations of the nineteenth century will one day be quoted to prove its barbarism."

The Civil War was the greatest curse that ever befell this nation. It let loose all the ignoble passions of man, like Pandora when she opened her fateful box. During the War, even our army contractors opened the path toward national corruption. It was increased under President Grant, by the carpet-bagger *régime,* the whiskey ring, the star-route frauds, and then by the *crédit-mobilier* swindle. Later, came the Tweed-ring, and then its legitimate fruit—the Philadelphia ring and the St. Louis ring—and then, the national ring which includes all the state legislatures: most of which are purchasable, as is openly charged, and daily, on the platform and in the press, and all honeycombed with the disease called "Graft," and, by means of which, our respectable merchants and church pillars are enabled to buy special legislation and to corrupt immunity from general laws. Until now, it is a question whether, to-day, there is one single honest man in political life, or in commerce. We are so adroit in our corruption, so respectable in it, that we are no longer able to see that our corruption is neither intelligent nor reputable. The war and its consequent corruption developed a movement of colossal commercial gambling. Vistas of power and wealth rose, and, then, we began a pell-mell, headlong plunge and scramble for all kinds of plunder. The pushers and the astute discovered thousands of chances to get

PLATE III. LYONS, FRANCE: MONUMENT OF THE REPUBLIC

PLATE IV. LYONS, FRANCE: MONUMENT ERECTED IN MEMORY OF PRESIDENT CARNOT

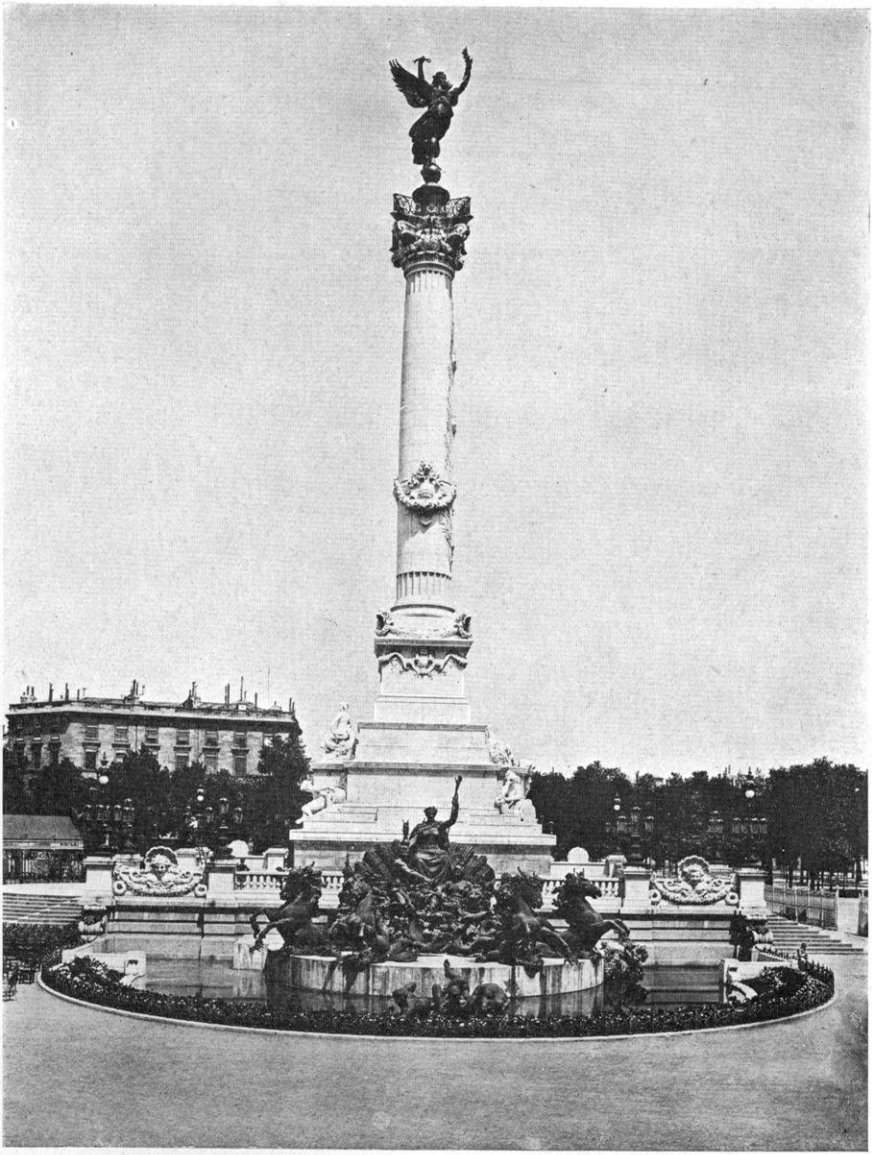


PLATE IX. BORDEAUX, FRANCE: MONUMENT TO THE GIRONDINS

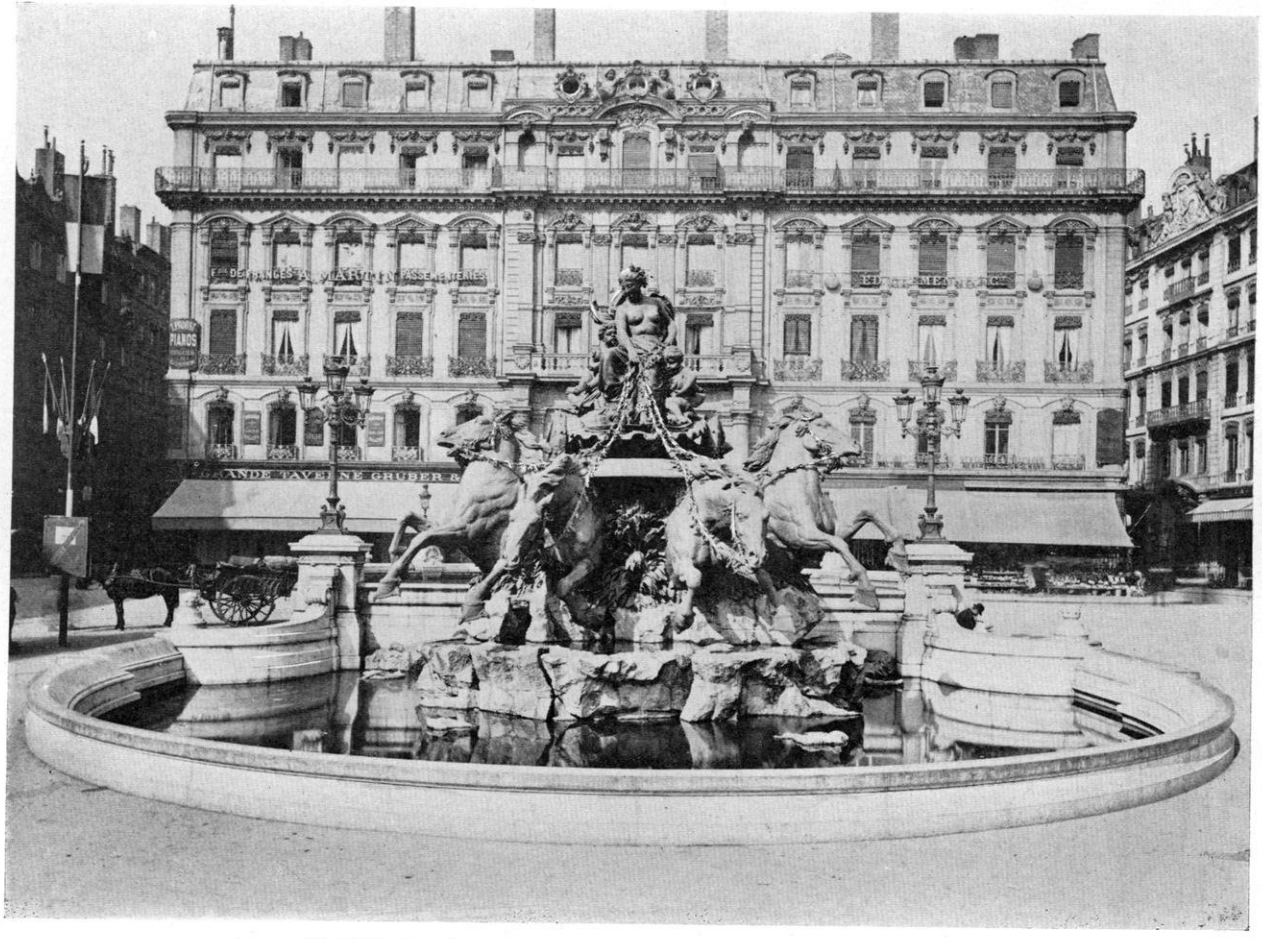


PLATE V. LYONS, FRANCE: BARTHOLDI FOUNTAIN

power and wealth by feverishly rushing, pushing, and digging in all kinds of places, by all kinds of means, good and bad—so frequently bad—that the bad became really fashionable. Fabulous fortunes were made which accentuated the pell-mell, until what little remained of the dignity and refinement of life, as it was led before the War, disappeared, and our finer senses and sentiments were gradually so blunted that most of us are unable to see that we are passing through an epoch of hypocrisy and dishonesty so profound that for a parallel we must go back to decadent Rome. This is the fundamental cause of the ugliness of our cities, and of the absence of civic pride and of municipal art.

The founders of this Republic, under pressure, set aside the aesthetic questions, although they were profoundly sensible to their importance. But they were too busy to discuss them, at a time when they were fighting for the life of the nation. And yet, somehow, Washington and Jefferson found time to confer seriously, regarding the future capital, when L'Enfant was laying out Washington City. They insisted that its beauty should be constantly kept in view. The result is that Washington is the only city of America that is even fairly beautiful. Moreover, the busy Jefferson found time, somehow, to design the architecture, and even the ornaments of his own house at Monticello. Think of our President now-a-days—in this epoch of "the strenuous life"—designing a frieze for his parlor, or a pillar for his porch! Only men having dignified views of national life and refinement, could have built the Capitol at Washington: the grandest building on earth, in spite of its unfinished state, its deterioration, and its defacement by the awful Brumidi frieze, for which the present generation of degenerate legislators is responsible.

Had the War not come, with its consequent corruption, the American man would be a finer being, and, long ago, we should have instituted municipal activity in the embellishment of our cities, by paintings, sculptures, fountains, park-gates, etc. Had the War not engendered an insane individualism and a profound selfishness, which exhaust themselves in heterogeneous and lavish spending of money on private palaces of incongruous and conflicting designs, to the detriment of the growth of civic spirit and of a love also for the general beauty of the city, we should, long ago, have had a majority to insist actively upon the appointment in every large city, of an art commis-

sion for the purpose of positively initiating civic embellishment; and a certain percentage of taxes would have been set aside regularly every year, for beautifying these cities as a whole. But the majority of us being more corrupt than we know, and steeped in selfishness, do not seem to care about the general welfare of our cities beyond the stifling of crime, pestilence, and fire. And we worry about these, only because they might endanger, not our virtues, but our lives and our money. Think of New York's budget, for this year, of $110,000,000—and not one dollar for art! And this, after Athens, Venice, Florence, Barcelona, Paris, and other cities have set the example of the virtue and the value of municipal embellishment. Is it not incredible? If we were poor, nothing could be said. But, in the face of the fact that we are the richest nation of the world, is it not a sad indictment of our entire mental and moral condition?

No, the root of the evil of ugliness in American cities is the insane worship of business and its strenuousness, colossal selfishness, the amassing of private fortunes and the expenditure of them upon private houses, with the consequent indifference to public palaces and public duty. Were this not so, there would be set aside, in the budget of every city in the country, so much for sewers, so much for schools, so much for hospitals, so much for pest-fighting, so much for fire-fighting, and so much for crime-fighting; but, above and before all, as an unquestionable necessity, so much for municipal art—especially in times of peace, when our farms overflow with millions of bushels of grain, our mines teem with natural wealth, and our factories turn out millions of tons of material stuff.

Then, there is the unqualifiable mania in America for *"breaking the record,"* for doing things quickly, and for developing the country and all its resources at a rapid rate. Talk with any business man, and you will gather the idea that we should quickly fill up the country with the riff-raff laborers of all nations, in order to develop quickly, and also to exhaust quickly our fields, forests and mines. Instead of building a railroad solidly and safely, it must be built quickly and run quickly; no matter how many are killed quickly. Instead of constructing a city solidly in stone, it must be built up rapidly, and execrably, of wooden clapboards and tin plate. Instead of building an underground in New York, at once, as a few far-seeing men at first proposed, they must needs build the horrible elevated roads and quickly.

PLATE VII. MARSEILLES, FRANCE : ESTRANGIN FOUNTAIN

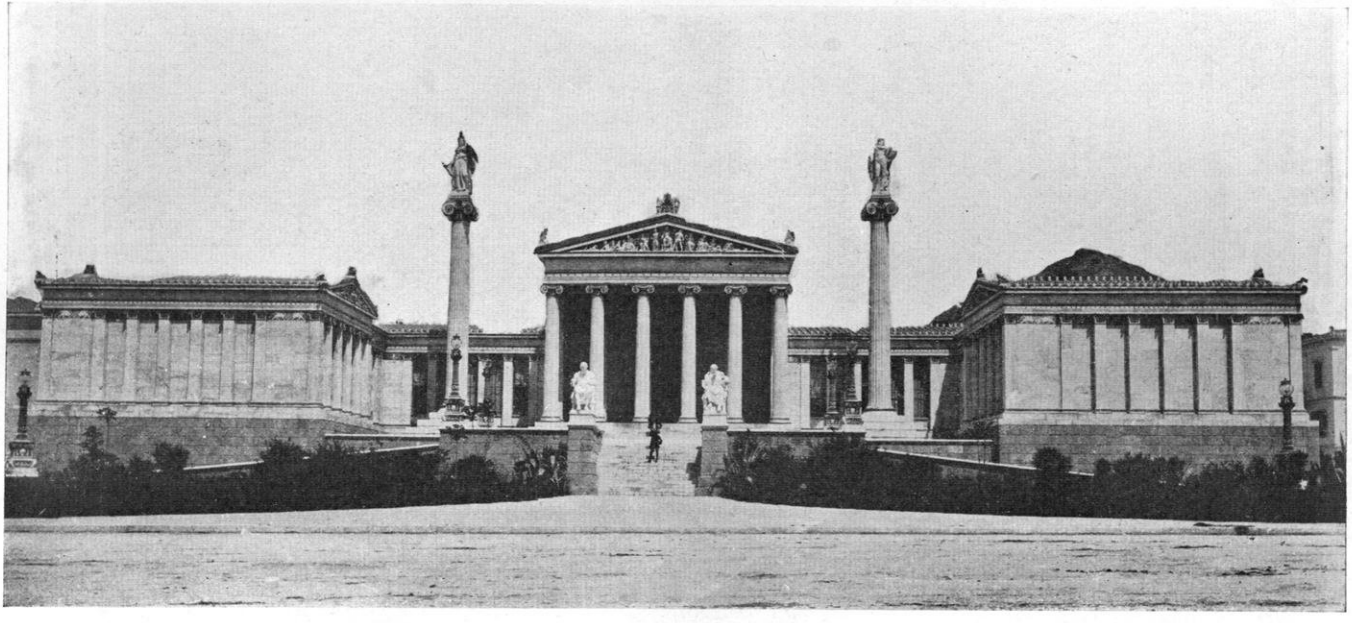


PLATE XI. ATHENS, GREECE: MODERN ACADEMY

And at the bottom of all this insanity for quickness is the desire for getting rich quickly, by fair means or foul, for the purpose in nearly every case of making a vulgar display of wealth and power. Result: insanity, vice, and crime on the increase, and civic spirit on the decrease; until in no civilized country on earth is individual vulgarity so rampant and real civic spirit so dead. It is useless for us to deny this. We would better face the facts and correct them. It is futile to expect any municipal sculpture as long as this spirit lasts.

If the majority of our people were not insensible to the ugly, through their barbaric love of the big, the powerful, the huge and the quick, however stupid, they would soon come forward and say: "It is municipal beauty that we want and quickly, not municipal hugeness. We want to see, and quickly, our surroundings beautified while we live, for we can no longer endure this ugliness, and we shall insist on building fewer streets, sewers and ditches, fewer docks, railways and canals, until we shall have more statues and pictures, more bridges and parks of beauty." Then our legislators would soon set aside a certain proportion of the taxes for municipal embellishment; all the money would not go for purely material things—from prisons to poor-houses—and all our cities would take on a different aspect, and life in them would become with sufficient quickness more worth the living. No law stands in the way of doing this, for, if Philadelphia could spend $50,000 for the sculpture of its City Hall, and New York a like sum, for its Hall of Records, these cities can just as well spend every year $50,000, or more, or less, for sculpture, for public buildings, bridges and parks.

The founders of the Republic were finer, more cultured, and wiser men than those who govern this nation to-day. They instituted popular government that they might insure the happiness of the people. And they were wise enough to know that the happiness of the people can only be realized by creating an environment of liberty, health and beauty: the three essentials of any conceivable state of happiness. They prophesied that democracy could and would create such an environment. And, those who refused to allow the South to secede in peace, in 1861, but whipped her back into the national family, claimed that the preservation, intact, of this democracy for the purpose of assuring an environment of happiness for the people, was their almost only justification for precipitating the horrors of the

Civil War, which could have been avoided by quietly allowing the South to secede.

If this nation, therefore, purpose to prove that popular government does work for higher ends, does really foster the highest elements of civilization, not only as much, but even more than any monarchy that has existed—as our sires prophesied it would—it behooves it to discomfit the partisans of monarchy by paying more attention, than it has hitherto done, to the creation of those things which are the opposite of the grossly material. If it fail to do this, if it fail permanently to work, not only for liberty and health, but, also, for beauty—the most important of the triune basis of happiness—then, popular government will fail to realize the hopes of its founders of 1776, and of its defenders of 1861, and might as well be wiped off the face of the earth. For then it would have failed in its mission.

Happily, the national and the state governments are beginning to see this, and are affording some conspicuous examples of art patronage and of sufficient success to stimulate all our city governments to do the same. And if the nation and the state can spend money for art, the city, as such, can also do so.

The greatest danger of a republic, in which no hereditary honors and lands are given for conspicuous public services, is this: "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." The larger a republic becomes, the more grave becomes this danger. For, in times of peace, when no foreign foe threatens, the sure tendency of this is to make us fatally indifferent to the general good and to increase our selfishness. And we are all alike. Municipal embellishment, by our forefathers, was made everybody's business—but only under pressure. They were too busy establishing liberty and health in our environment. The result is that beauty hardly exists. We are free, and we are healthy, but we are not beautiful, and not strenuously trying to be so. We produce more canned beef, wagon wheels, and shoes, and build more common-place churches, schools and libraries than any other people on earth, but these things are only means to the end of life; the end being the beautiful.

Now, what shall we do to be saved? We must begin by turning some of our strenuous energy, our foolish love of quickness, and of record-breaking, from business and sport into the embellishment of our cities. We must convert ourselves to the idea that city embellish-

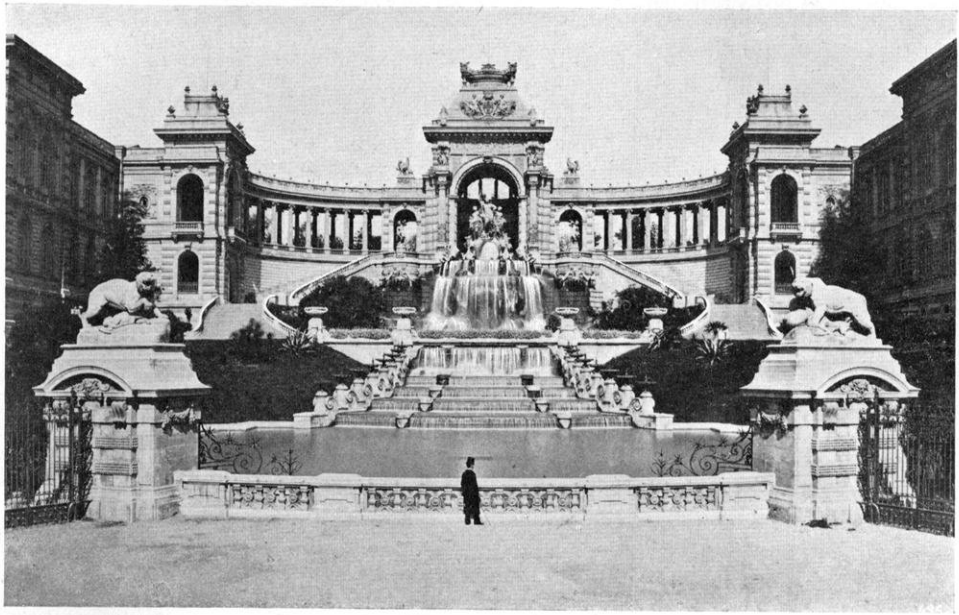


PLATE VIII. MARSEILLES, FRANCE: COLONNADE WITH FOUNTAIN, CONNECTING THE TWO BUILDINGS OF THE ART MUSEUM

PLATE X. BARCELONA, SPAIN: CASCADE IN THE PARK

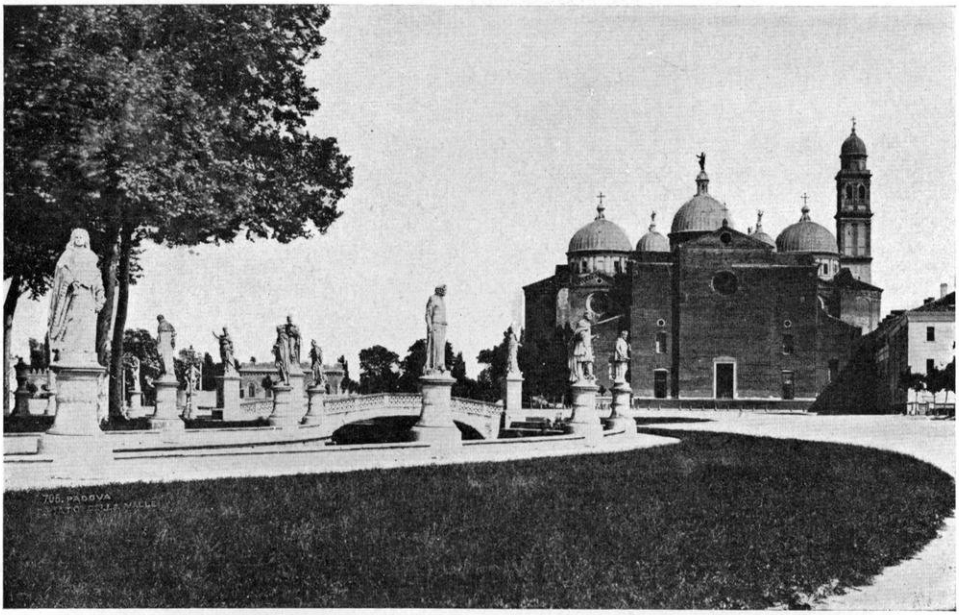


PLATE XII. PADUA, ITALY; PROMENADE IN THE PRATO

PLATE VI. LYONS, FRANCE: PLACE DES JACOBINS

ment is the city's business—not the business of a few individuals who charitably donate now and then a statue, or who now and then start a subscription for some public fountain. Then, we must insist on compelling our city government to set aside annually, and against the clamor of all cranks, one-tenth of one per cent. of the total revenue of the city for city embellishment—and as long as needed. This money to be placed at the disposal of an art commission responsible to the city, and presided over by the Mayor and his chiefs of staff; a commission sufficiently large and broad-minded to insure wise expenditure. This commission to have the power not only to pass upon donations made by individuals to the city, but to initiate the creation of all kinds of art-objects to embellish the city.

If the city of New York were to set aside $110,000 from its budget of this year of $110,000,000, would any municipal interest really suffer? Not at all. Any statement to the contrary would be pure hypocrisy; and what could not the Municipal Art Society of New York do toward that city's embellishment, with $110,000 per year for twenty years? Any argument against such a policy, if space allowed, could be shown to be simply hypocritical.

I do not know that anyone in America has ever made this plea for a regular appropriation, as long as needed, of one-tenth of one per cent., from the annual taxes collected, in every city of America, for the continuous beautifying of those cities. But it could be made and emphasized vigorously, not only in the interest of city embellishment, but in order to conserve and propagate popular and happiness-procuring government. When this shall be once done, we shall soon not only rob the fanatic and pessimistic enemies of a government by the people of their strongest arguments, which they are now using with effect all over the earth, but we should quickly have such results as to enable any American to do—what he cannot do now—to talk with genuine pride of "municipal sculpture from the American point of view."

PART II

Now, of course, no obtainable amount of money can ever make most of our large cities beautiful. With the exception of Washington, no one of them was laid out for the sake of beauty, but rather for the sake of commercial activity.

And then the absurd and often brutal individualism of the Anglo-Saxon, which inheres in the American, makes him feel that he has the Divine Right to put up on his property any kind of monstrosity, no matter if it spoil a whole neighborhood, and this has ended in the most marvelous hodge-podge of architectural vagary ever witnessed on earth. This is especially true of New York.

Is there anything more stupendous than New York, below Twenty-Third Street? The world never saw such buildings. They are monuments to the dreaded power of those who built them. But they form, nevertheless, a chaotic, inter-antagonistic, anarchistic mass of bedlamistic ugliness—in spite of the lavish display of commercial carving on both the huge and the little buildings—those 30 feet and those 300 feet high, juxtaposed cheek-by-jowl; most of them showing three sides of ugly brick, and one side of incongruous carving, and which so surely quarrel with one another, that a dynamic spiritual disturbance seems to charge the air and rack the brain, through the offended nerves of the eye.

No! That part of New York is doomed to remain ugly, although it is immensely interesting and astonishing. It reminds me of Turner's fear-inspiring picture: "The Valley of Discord," in the National Gallery, London.

From Twenty-Third to Fifty-Ninth Street, is not much better. From Fifty-Ninth to One Hundred Tenth Street is a region which offers hope, and some fairly handsome streets. But these elements are not enough to save the city, below the Harlem, from condemnation—aesthetically.

The only hope for New York is to build a new city beyond the Harlem. There, is a splendid chance to make a world-city of beauty. Shall we do it? I doubt it. Are we too greedy? Not entirely. Shall we do the first thing needed: pass a law setting a limit to the height of buildings, beyond which no man can go? I doubt it. Are we too greedy? That is not the main reason.

The main reason is because Individualism *à l'outrance* has become a mania in American life and art. We are hungry to be different from our fellows in something. We insist upon being all alike in the matter of dress suits, but different in the matter of something, no matter how ugly that difference may be. So, we take our revenge in being different and unique in our houses.

Now, while it is true that the element of uniqueness enhances the value of a beautiful thing, ugliness is no excuse for the existence of the merely unique. One beautiful thing, however conventional, is worth a whole cargo of ugly things, however unique. Has this truth ever dawned upon the followers of the aesthetician Véron (who, in his crusade against the French Academy, gave an immense impetus to mere "individualism" in art) who, in their hot egotism to produce something "*épatant,*" something singular and astonishing, have almost made a cult of the ugly, through their indifference to the beautiful, and, so, have produced that wilderness of things which Gérôme called: "*les ordures à la mode*"—(the filthy things in fashion)—and plunged the whole art movement into anarchy, to the disgust of the cultured public?

Why should one man build a house a hundred feet higher than his neighbour, simply to be singular and unique? It is stupid. Why should one man be allowed full rein to exercise such stupidity, if his act will uglify a whole neighborhood, by creating an architectural wart on the face of the city? Shall we ever prevent this? I doubt it. I fear that both greed, and the insane vanity to be unique and different from our fellows in something, at any cost, will effectually keep us blunted to the ugly results our architectural vagaries may produce. I doubt that the citizens of the metropolis of our wonderful land will ever develop enough collective spirit, real civic pride, and love for New York to assemble, and, with hearts beating high, say: "Let us build a new metropolis, a really beautiful city, a grand city, beyond the Harlem."

To break the record in everything, from mule-racing to yacht-racing, from steel-making to barrel-making, they can grasp. But to break the record for beauty made by Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, or even by far-away Lyons and Budapest—will they ever try? I doubt it.

What will be left to the cultured minority? The parks, squares, bridges, a few boulevards, the public buildings, and Riverside Drive. There, we can still do wonders to produce one oasis of beauty after another, in a desert of ugliness. And, it is to embellish these public spots which private greed and egotistic individualism cannot touch, or spoil, that we need the city's money.

As examples of what other cities have done, I submit a few photographs. I shall leave Paris aside entirely in this. Let us go to dis-

tant Budapest, the capital of the much-despised Hungarian. Here, we have a city built up principally during the last sixty years. Here, the cornice lines of all buildings are limited to a certain height; liberty being given to push domes, towers, and spires as far beyond as desired. First result: a straight sky-line, which, like that in Vienna, Berlin, Milan, and Paris, insures calm to the eye and soul, instead of the irritating unrest produced by the up-and-down, zig-zag, go-as-you-please sky-line of American cities. Second result: no cathedral dome or church spire, not even a statue, is wasted in that city. All these features become effectual embellishments. Third result: everybody builds up to the sky-line, and the city takes on an air of solidity. This is seen in Figure I., which shows the Andrássy street. Here, we find one general, prevailing style of building—the Florentine. But, no two buildings are alike, each one being individual. The result: an immensely interesting variety in a restful harmony. In Figure II. we have a view of Boulevard Elizabeth, showing in the foreground a large, handsome business building, embellished with sculpture, and, in the distance, the New York Life Insurance Building, and *Café*—one of the finest in Europe. Here, we note that every dome, and spire, and every turret, and statue, play an effective role in the general beauty of the view. In short, Budapest is one of the finest cities in the world. It has been built up during the last century, by men who worked, not for their own vulgar display, and to show their childish uniqueness of taste, but who, while not forgetting themselves, labored for the benefit of the city as a whole. A similar result can be produced in any city solely by limiting the heights of the roof lines of all the buildings.

Let us now turn to Lyons, a city set in the center of France, and which few Americans visit. Here, also, we find the height of the roof lines limited, and the citizens pulling together to produce a city beautiful, not only in spots, but as a whole. A dozen photographs could be shown, but they would simply emphasize the effect produced by Figures III., IV., V. and VI.

Does it require a long homily to prove what such sculptured monuments and fountains can do to make the squares and boulevards of a city lovable? Let us now turn to Marseilles. Here, we find the same conditions prevailing, as at Budapest and at Lyons, as well as in Europe generally. Figure VII. shows a beautiful fountain—a dona-

tion. Figure VIII. reproduces two buildings forming the Art Museum, connected by a colonnade and a *château d'eau*. The latter are utterly needless and useless: that is for use merely. They serve only the ends of beauty. The whole was paid for by public taxes. Think of any American city putting up such a useless amount of stone work, terracing and sculpture—just to beautify the city!

We must not suppose that this beauty and the monuments of these cities are the result of ages of accumulation. For, nearly everything in the views so far given has been produced during the last thirty years. These public works are not the result of the charity of kings, but of the readiness of enlightened communities to spare a small percentage of taxes for the embellishment, as a whole, of that place wherein they expect to live and to die.

It is the fashion of superficial critics censuring France, and who are ignorant of the real character of its people, to harp on the surface flippancy and immorality of the French people. This is especially true of women. One would suppose that these moral censors went to that country simply to observe one side of French life. As if America did not come near to breaking the record in these matters, as well as in other things—if many of our ministers are to be believed! The fact remains that the only difference between the French and ourselves is, that we have inherited the Anglo-Saxon hypocritical preference of sinning in the dark, while the French find amusement in doing the same thing more openly. Tacitus already noted this difference between the Gauls and the Britons. The flippancy of the French does not prevent them from having a substratum of worth so solid that they are to-day one of the strongest and, perhaps, the most civilized, people of the world. And, dear sisters of America, let me gently whisper in your lug, as Burns said, that when you shall have become as sensitive about the honesty of your husbands, the way they make their colossal fortunes, and how they spend them, as you are about their chastity; and when you shall call as loudly for a paradise here on earth, now and quickly, as you do for one in the future, you will usher in a new era in American civilization!

Let us now turn to Bordeaux, France! Figure IX. shows the magnificent new monument to the Girondins erected partly by subscription and partly public taxation. Need I make any comments upon this?

Figure X. shows a monumental cascade in the park at Barcelona, in stone and bronze, and built during the last twenty-five years—in poverty-stricken Spain.

Figure XI. shows the Academy at Athens—one of the most beautiful educational buildings I have seen—of marble, richly embellished with sculpture, and erected by the poor Greek people.

Figure XII. is a view of the Prato at Padua, showing the unfinished cathedral, and the embellishment of the walls and bridges of the canal, with portrait-statues of the city's worthy sons: judges, soldiers, churchmen, poets, etc. These works date from the seventeenth century. What a lesson to us New Yorkers this view of Padua's promenade and mall presents! How uninteresting the flat promenade would be without these statues and graceful bridges! We have in Central Park, also, a mall and promenade built to receive statues of men dear to us. There are four there now. None have been added for fifteen years. There should have been twenty added long ago to make the mall complete: a subject of pilgrimage and of pride, instead of disgrace, as it is now.

Do not the twelve views given seem to lend color to the assertion of our fanatical foreign critics, that the net result of democracy does not tend to procure for any people the most important element of the triune basis of happiness: beauty of environment—no matter how truly it may provide the other two: liberty and health?

Luckily France—the forerunner in so many things, comes to our rescue and proves by the working of its own Republic, that a democratic government is not hostile to the growth of beauty, as long as its citizens have acquired the secret of civil effectiveness which is: to have one eye on the beauy of one's own surroundings, and the other eye on the beauty of the city as a whole.

In conclusion, I repeat, let us force our city legislators to set aside one-tenth of one per cent. of city taxes as a regular thing, to make it the habit, the unwritten law, not to be questioned. Then, let us use this public money, in conjunction with private subscriptions, to embellish those spots which we can still claim as public, and, within one generation, every American will be able to hold up his head with pride, and to substantiate the claim of his sires that a government by the people does work truly, and better than any monarchy, for that which is highest, best, and loveliest in life.

ART IN THE HOME AND IN THE SCHOOL. BY IRENE SARGENT

THROUGH the efforts of advanced thinkers, art is coming to be regarded as a necessity of popular use and of daily life. The word has assumed a new sense, and in the benefits represented by the word all sorts and conditions of men are growing more and more anxious to participate. The sense of form and the feeling for color are being diffused among the people, and, while the taste of the masses is still crude and barbarous, there is yet to be felt everywhere a promise of beauty to come, as subtile as the spring quality of light and air on a day of early March.

In our own country, the cause of art is theoretically victorious. It is conceded that this great source of happiness must be granted freely to the people. Municipal councils, tax-payers, and the working classes for once concur: givers and beneficiaries being equally eager to enjoy results which, primarily immaterial, are known by the far-seeing to be thoroughly practical.

Under our existing conditions of life, it might at first seem as useless to attempt to establish a new system of art as to pour new wine into old bottles, or to patch old garments with new cloth; while to advocate an art for the people in presence of certain conservatives is to speak in an unknown tongue. But the movement is not only initiated; it is already strong, and, as it develops, it will procure the contentment, improve the health, increase to an incalculable degree the pleasure of the masses, and so, indirectly, but powerfully, contribute to the permanence of our democratic institutions.

It is not sufficiently recognized that the United States, as one result of their short corporate existence, possess an art-history showing as distinct phases as that of any other civilized country; the only differences between the histories compared being length, value, and originality of development.

In the first period of American independence there existed an aristocratic art: somewhat weak according to our present standards, and given to Italianisms; yet always remaining refined, and accomplishing much good, not only during the period of its activity, but also by its influences upon subsequent times. The "Athenaeums" and the "Academies," founded in the early days, bear witness by their very

names to the aristocratic type of art in whose interests they were established, as well as do the statues and pictures constituting their treasures which, in the majority of instances, we no longer value absolutely, but simply as historical documents.

The next period, broadly speaking, began at the close of the Civil War; for, until that time, aristocratic art had survived, much as an aged person slowly declines and reaches his end amid luxurious surroundings. The social consequences of the long civil strife were most disastrous: the number of the rich was greatly multiplied, and wealth came into the hands of those who used it like workmen ignorant of the power of edged tools. Art passed into a new phase, from aristocratic becoming capitalistic. It was vulgarized, but not diffused among the people. Its expressions in both the fine and the decorative branches, may be compared with the false luxury of the Second Empire in France. In our own country, personal ambitions, untempered by experience, and by that sane judgment which results from culture, passed all legitimate bounds; the desire to possess objects of ornament beyond the reach of the many, seized the newly enriched, who neither knew nor cared anything of the real functions of art. These conditions reacted unhappily upon the producing sources. Architects, sculptors, and painters, in many cases, deliberately betrayed the honor of their professions, in order to flatter their patrons by offering them striking and showy works; in many cases, also, they were forced partially to sacrifice their artistic integrity in order to provide themselves with the means of subsistence. A wave of ugliness swept over the country, threatening to destroy with its untamed violence all the old landmarks set up in the interests of order, harmony, and beauty. The spirit of annihilation was in the air. As, in the Reign of Terror, the fact of being noble in itself constituted a crime, so, in this age of new capital, the fact that a house, an object of use or ornament was old, caused it to be condemned, mutilated, or destroyed. The face of Nature herself was disfigured, without regret and ignorantly. In both town and country an indescribable architecture rose to flaunt its misshapen forms: creating sky-lines which refused to be brought into harmony with anything that had previously existed, or projecting confused, illogical masses of ill-used structural material against the divine green tranquillity of the trees.

But the capitalistic age of American art was soon ended, owing to

the very progressiveness, the strong vitality of the nation. If we take specific instances of this stage of American art, we shall find how quickly it was passed, and with how little pleasure it is remembered; how truly, in short, it may be compared with that awkward, unlovely age of the individual, which is placed between childhood and early maturity. For example, the Venetian palace set upon the *terra-firma* of the New York streets, at the death of its first owner, found no covetous private purchaser, and, after having furnished much food for discussion as to the use to which it should be put, passed into the state of a clubhouse. So, also, the trivial Italian statues purchased at great sums by the "shoddy" millionaires, were not slow in descending from their pedestals in luxurious drawing-rooms, to mingle, on their proper level, with the frippery of the auction mart. Finally, the typical pictures of that time, have, in great measure, lost their charm for both buyers and spectators. The harem scenes and *almehs,* the combats of bulls and cocks, which once offered a frank testimony to the tastes of the rich men of whose private galleries they constituted the chief treasures, have disappeared we know not where, or else are so overwhelmed by the majority of worthier subjects as to be rendered quite unobtrusive.

From these superficial indications alone, in the absence of important evidences by which we are daily met, we might conclude that the capitalistic age of American art has ended, and a new period begun. Logically, also, if our eyes were blinded to our surroundings, we might deduce the character of the stage now in progress, since history repeats itself. The sequence of aristocratic and capitalistic could be followed by no other phase than that of democratic art.

It becomes, therefore, the duty of every well-instructed, well-intentioned person to do his part toward developing this phase, and making it lasting; toward preventing its freedom from degenerating into license, excess and anarchy. The work is a great one, and can only be accomplished by constituted authorities. Yet to be thoroughly successful, it must enlist the active interest and coöperation of every individual designed to be aided by it.

As the highest examples as yet reached by the new phase of American art, we have the sculptured monuments and the single statues, together with the great libraries and court houses, which, in recent years, have been erected in certain of our large cities. Then, as the

most typical example of all, we may accept the Public Library of Boston, which justifies the legend set above its portal: "This is the light of all citizens." And to watch the continuous throng mounting and descending its steps is to become convinced of the true democracy of the place. There, in procession, pass the rich, elegant man of leisure, the worn scholar, the "American in process," as some one has pertinently called the poor Irishman and the Scandinavian, the Hebrew and the Italian, who have escaped from the taxes, tyranny, or persecution of their own governments, to install themselves in the unfavored quarters of the Puritan City. To each of these representative individuals, bent upon his own errand, the magnificent art of the place speaks a specific language. The rich and cultured man demands it as his daily food. The scholar greets it as a solace offered to him in reward of his close, fatiguing labor. To the poor outcast it is synonymous with his idea of shelter and comfort: a luxury from which he can not be deprived, and in which he has the right of participation to an equal degree with the millionaire.

The same popular enjoyment of art may be observed in progress at the Art Museum, standing in the same city square, when Sunday, or a holiday, comes to release the masses from their ordinary toil. A similar pleasure, also, although it proceeds from a different source, is awakened in the poor man's mind by his participation in the benefits of those park systems which, in recent years, have been developed in many of our cities. But out of the enjoyment afforded by all these splendid and beautiful creations—the dignified structures with their imposing decorations, the extensive, costly parks with their carefully-tended trees and flowers, their water-pools, fountains, and statues—there arises a feeling quite other than that of pure aesthetic gratification, but one which is equally pleasurable and legitimate. It is a feeling akin to self-respect, and proceeds from the consideration paid to the desire for ownership resident in every human being, by the authorities who create these places of public instruction and recreation. It is a sense of compensation which calms the resentment awakened in the mind of the poor by the sight of the rich man's walls and gratings, which from the very fact they enclose, guard and secrete, create in the excluded a sentiment of distrust and of wrongs to be righted.

But once placed in the possession of the advantages arising from

equally distributed means of culture and rational amusement, the right-minded poor man acknowledges the efforts made by those directing the public affairs of his community, or country, to secure his comfort, advancement, and happiness. He ceases to reflect upon the inequality of human conditions and destinies; so transferring his mental energy—some portion of which before was wasted in sterile envy and hatred—to the realization of productive thoughts.

It is, of course, much to be regretted that the right-minded poor man, even in our free country, has companions in estate, who do not share his conceptions of society, of right and of wrong. But the opinion may be ventured that the multiplication of parks, libraries, and museums, the destruction of the slum through the advancement of the cause of municipal art, would, in the end do more to correct criminals of the Czolgosch type, to prevent their insanity and crimes, and finally to eliminate their species, than all the statutes and electric chairs that can be devised by legislators and scientists: since the latter exemplary methods attack but surface manifestations, while the former correctional means strike at the very root of the evil.

But still more radical measures than have yet been mentioned, must be undertaken for the diffusion of art—the producer of beauty, health and happiness—among the people. In other words, the children must be placed and guided in the right path, until they are strong and intelligent enough to direct themselves. But this does not mean that they should necessarily be made to follow courses in art-history adapted to their age and understanding; that they should invariably be taught to recognize by name certain renowned statues or pictures which have little significance, until the learner can supply for himself the background of racial life and of events, against which to study them. On the contrary, it does mean that they should be given by the most skilful instructors obtainable such notions of form, of color, of the conventions of artistic composition, as will constitute a fund of information upon which they may draw throughout their lives, as upon a well-placed capital; never impairing the principal, yet always sure of a sufficiency with which to meet the demands of the moment. Such knowledge of form, color and the conventions of composition will enable its possessors to select and to arrange tastefully their personal belongings, be these few or many. By this means, the children of the poor will be taught economy, while the children of the rich will

be equally taught to avoid superfluity; since each object will then be made to pass the test of beauty and adaptability to purpose, and the care given to the thing in itself, as well as to its proper placing, will, in a remote sense, create the responsibility and the happiness of parenthood. The same knowledge, implanting in its possessors sound principles of criticism, will give them a security of opinion in matters of everyday occurrence that will become a force making for stability of character. Finally, this so much to be desired training will gradually create a public of critics who shall act as disinterested censors of public works, able to detect false art, and to prevent dishonesty and fraud on the part of the authorities entrusted with their erection.

To labor for the attainment of these ends is the task lying before our national school-system, and to judge from the ideas and work of the pupils, as also from the publicly expressed views of their instructors, the realization of the plan is no impossible or remote Utopia; significant results having been attained already, with the promise of full accomplishment before many generations of school-children shall have passed.

To ensure the lasting success of democratic art the same ideas must penetrate what we may name the American palace, and the city-slum, that they may work from opposite directions toward the same end. General knowledge of artistic principles must be diffused; a single standard of criticism must be established; the right of the people to beautiful parks, inspiring public buildings, well-planned streets, and healthful houses must be practically acknowledged. Something akin to the conditions which have twice before obtained in the history of civilization, must be reëstablished: that is, the preponderance of the civic spirit. And this last must be maintained in the strictest modern sense. The city must not be allowed to absorb the rights of the individual by robbing the private house in its exigent demands for beauty and space; as it did in classic times, when the homes, excepting those of the very richest men, were bare and small, and the life of the bath-house, the public square and street was more agreeable than that of the residence; or yet, as the city again robbed the home in the Middle Ages; this time depriving it not only of space, but also of light, air and cleanliness, that ecclesiastical and civic art might be given room in which to display their splendor, and wealth sufficient to insure it.

The home as the greatest of social factors must then become a focus

of art, but art in the new sense; each home, according to its resources, presenting to its occupants lessons and examples of beauty that shall render it a place of constant attractions, rather than one from which to escape as soon as it has provided the necessities of food and shelter. In this way, the poor home will no longer differ from the rich in kind, but only in degree. Taste will supply the place of luxury. Good form and color will pursue their educative work among the children; a minimum of expense being sufficient to assure satisfying and beautiful results. The anecdotes of the artistic and moral effect of a single pot of flowers, or of a well-chosen picture, so familiar in Hull House or other "settlement" experiences, have a deep meaning which neither educators nor philanthropists can afford to ignore; but the spirit of reform must be more radical, and proceed by principle, rather than by palliative measures. The work of the home must precede that of the school; while the school-house must become a place of beauty, not second, but equal to the public museum and library; not necessarily representing the lavish expenditure of money, but eloquently witnessing the broad intelligence, the care and the absolute honesty which presided over its planning and construction. Such schools and such homes are possible in every city, every village and every hamlet of our country. To assure them will require a strong continuous effort, but we shall not be isolated, since other nations have already engaged in the same generous work. In the proper embellishment and decoration of the school, France and Sweden have forestalled us, or, at least, have made their initial attempts. Let us briefly consider what has been accomplished in each of these countries.

IN Paris, during the month of June of the current year, the general association of the educational press of France held an exposition, which, according to a recent writer in the review, *Art et Décoration*, gave the preliminary idea of a series of similar enterprises designed to advance the movement of "Art in the School."

This writer, M. Paul Vitry, expresses the opinion that "although the artistic results attained by this exposition were neither so complete nor so perfect as might have been expected, the enterprise in itself was a most useful one, for the following well-defined reasons: first, to show the poverty of the available resources; second, to prepare the way for future expositions; finally, to attract toward the question involved the

attention of those who advocate the integral education of our pupils; as well as to awaken the interest of those who desire that ideas of art should penetrate the minds and fill the lives of the people."

"In truth, what surer means are there of quickening, or of reforming the popular taste than thus to begin at the base? What more rapid way is there of suppressing those social scourges which exist in the love of false luxury, in the indifference to ugliness, and in pretentious fastidiousness, than to influence directly the minds of those who will be the men of to-morrow?"

"The projectors of this enterprise very justly excluded from the exposition all question of the teaching of drawing; admitting only decoration and pictures adaptable to school purposes. Indeed, it is less essential for the child to learn to create, than to learn to feel; the important thing is to make him understand the beauty of things, to fill his mind with ideas of taste and harmony. The remainder will come later, if there be occasion for it."

M. Vitry continues that there are two distinct divisions of educational material adapted to use upon the walls of the school-room. The first of these divisions includes everything which seeks to teach specifically, to demonstrate some precise point. The material of this division must be presented in plain and persuasive form, showing sharply defined design, and, if possible, lively, harmonious color. But all this should be reserved for special use, constituting a kind of exposition in the school, and owing its effectiveness precisely to the fact that it is often renewed, since walls permanently hung with tables of the metric system, with reproductions of natural history specimens, or with excerpts from anti-alcoholic statistics would in time become hateful to the scholars whom they imprisoned.

"To serve the purposes of permanent decoration, something must be chosen which shall rest the eyes and make the room cheerful. Beside, the arrangement on the wall should be well coördinated, harmonizing with the dimensions of the free spaces and with the lines of the architecture, however modest it may be, without crowding, or disorder."

"These mural pictures, which are usually impressions in colored lithography, can and should remain simple, even conventional in their methods of treatment; since the child, far from being repelled by conventionality, willingly accepts its principles. To recognize the truth

of this statement, one has but to recall the primitive art of all peoples, and the observation of kindergartners that the child repeats in himself the history of the human race. It is plain that he is a primitive artist in his manner of rendering the appearances of the things about him, just as he understands these same things in an elementary way. He is satisfied by simple drawing and flat colors frankly applied."

"The question may well be asked as to what subjects are appropriate for these pictures, or fixed decorations. It may be answered by saying that, first of all, Nature should be offered to the eyes of the child. So, the pictures on the school-room walls will complete the lesson afforded by the windows opened upon the country. When figures are introduced into the landscape, or when they form the chief features of the picture presented, they must show exactitude of line and simplicity of gesture: two qualities which impress the mind of the child and cause him to seize in the act the operation of the artist who, himself, so to speak, catches in flight a detail of life and fixes it in his work."

"The lesson above all others to be impressed upon the minds of children is that art is nothing mysterious, exceptional and rare, which is to be confined in museums; which is taught in schools hard of access, and sold, at high prices, in special shops; that to love art is not to have a few *bibelots,* more or less rare or strange upon the chimney-piece, and a few pictures in gold frames upon the walls."

"On the contrary, children must be taught that art is something which may be realized in individual life, by first making it penetrate into school life. They must be convinced that cleanliness, order and logic are artistic qualities; that the simplest object can contain more of the art-spirit than many museum specimens. They must be taught that our ancestors translated their thoughts and expressed their needs in forms constituting the treasure of the art of the past, which commands our deep respect; but that we ought ourselves to be able to express our ideas in an original form, which shall be beautiful, because sincere and logical, and because it will be the very essence of our life."

It is also from a French writer (M. Avenard, in *Art et Décoration* for October, 1904), that we gain an idea of Art in the School as it exists in Sweden. In that country the movement was initiated fifteen years since, when a rich merchant of Göteburg, the second city of the kingdom, commissioned the eminent painter Larrson to decorate the

three stories of the principal staircase of a girls' school, with the history of the Swedish woman from primitive times down to our own day.

Following this initiative, other private individuals contributed to the mural decoration of other places of public instruction, and in 1897, a national society was founded, in order to propagate the scheme upon a definite basis. Since that time, the movement has assumed great activity, and has extended to the *gymnasia,* in which, as well as in the primary schools, important and artistically beautiful frescoes have been executed, dealing with subjects—landscapes, national customs and historical events—calculated to develop an intense love of country in the minds of the pupils who are brought into daily contact with them. This Society, therefore, although operating in a comparatively poor country, has already, in its short existence, attained more ambitious results than have yet been reached in France. But comparisons in this respect between the two countries are scarcely justified, since in France the movement is confined to the places of primary instruction, and the attempts at mural decoration to the most modest expenditure.

TO follow the initiative of France, Sweden, and other European countries in all that regards "art in the school," but, at the same time to pursue original methods, is the plain duty of American educators. It is difficult to conceive of the inspiring effect which would be produced upon the pupils, if our school-rooms contained mural decorations appropriate to the subjects there taught. It is now frequent to find in our high schools so-called Greek, Latin, French and German rooms, which, devoted to the teaching of these languages, are decorated with photographs of the Acropolis, the Forum, the cathedrals of Paris, Amiens and Cologne, and with casts of noted statues. But while these objects have a most refining influence, and, in a measure, reproduce the desired "local color," they are not integral parts of the room; they are often ill-adapted to the architecture, or the lack of it, which forms their background; they are confusing by reason of their grouping, or their numbers. This want of harmony constantly to be detected by the eye of the artist, gradually and permanently affects the minds of the students, who at last characterize the decorations as tiresome, and cease to prize their educative worth. The oppo-

site result is to be assured by mural decorations, which fill certain spaces determined by necessities of construction; which produce no "spots" upon the field of vision; which, in some mysterious way, counterfeit life, or rather present its essence or principle, as can be done by no other form of art.

No one will deny the tranquilizing effect of the "Wood Sacred to the Muses" on the walls of the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, which has no appearance of applied pigment, but seems rather to be an opening, an escape broken into another and more enchanting world. A similar effect—to judge from the illustration used by M. Avenard in his article already quoted—has evidently been attained by the idyllic landscape recently frescoed in the lecture-room of a gymnasium (university preparatory school) at Stockholm.

We can imagine, with great pleasure, similar pictures appearing upon the interior walls of our own secondary schools, having as their first function to soothe the eye with their harmonies of line, composition, and color; having also the mission to inspire enthusiasm in the subject which they present in condensed form. We can imagine, for example, the "Latin room" of a high school decorated with wall-scenes which should typify the pastoral poems of Virgil—the Eclogues and the Georgics—with, perhaps, a frieze formed of Roman letters spelling a quotation from Tennyson, who, in one of his finest lyrics, apostrophized Virgil as

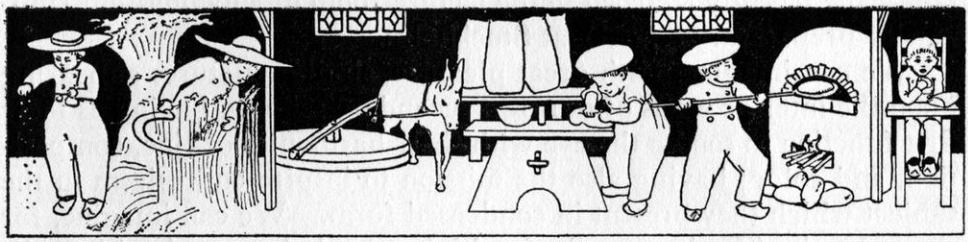
> " Thou that singest tilth and woodland,
> Hive, and horse, and herd,
> All the charms of all the Muses,
> Often flowering in a lonely word ! "

Or again, we might imagine otherwise the decorations of a room devoted to the same study: such as should appeal more directly to boy students. And here might be copied the mural painting of "Cicero denouncing Catiline in the Roman Senate," which offers so imposing an effect in the Chamber of the Italian Parliament. It is not too much to say that the figures in dramatic action, the vivid presentation of an epoch-making scene, would inspire the brilliant minds, awaken the dull, and make light the difficulties of a dead language by showing the constructions and words to be but ashes which conceal and conserve the living fire of the human spirit.

But such schemes demand for their execution the maximum of

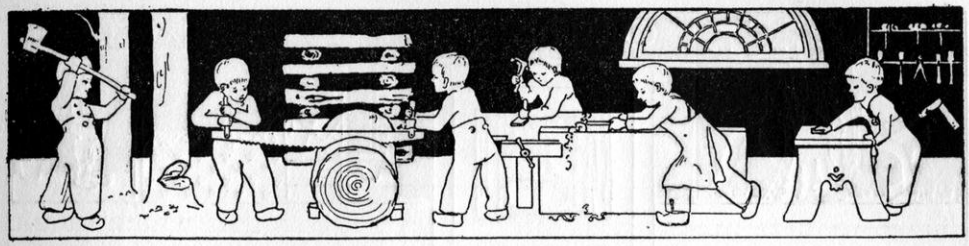
skill, the background of a suitable and somewhat costly building, and an expenditure of money that is possible to be made only in a comparatively restricted number of instances.

On the other hand, following the French, rather than the Swedish precedent, it is easy, in all respects, to decorate, in a pleasing and adequate manner, the walls of the primary public school. A plan is, therefore, here presented as offering certain essentials which should not be disregarded. A set of three designs, intended to be executed in a single room, illustrates the primitive and necessary arts by presenting little scenes of activity, which can not fail to interest and amuse young children, as well as to prove instructive to them.



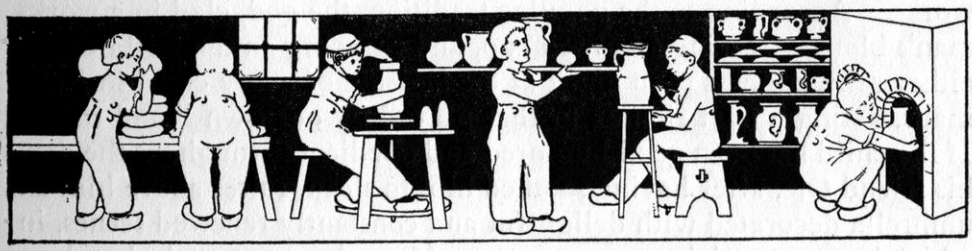
THE STORY OF A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD

Arranged in friezes, each one of which illustrates an art by showing its successive processes, these pictures will tend to produce consecutive thought in the child, and to correct the natural impulse which he obeys in passing rapidly from object to object, gaining no ideas and fatiguing both himself and his elders. They will lead him to ask, on seeing a finished thing, whence it comes and for what use it is intended. Another point to be observed in the pictures is that only children are represented as pursuing the arts which are illustrated. Here, the substitution of adult figures would cause a great decrease in charm, since child attracts child almost as strongly as, in the animal world, species attracts species. Furthermore, the little workmen are clothed with a degree of picturesqueness which separates them from ordinary American children, and yet not so strikingly as to deflect the minds of the pupils from the work to the costume. At the same time, the hats and caps adapted to the kind of labor, and the little studies of feet in wooden shoes, are so various as to form a lesson in themselves. The primitive character, the conventions which one of the French writers previously quoted, cites as necessary to all art in the primary school,



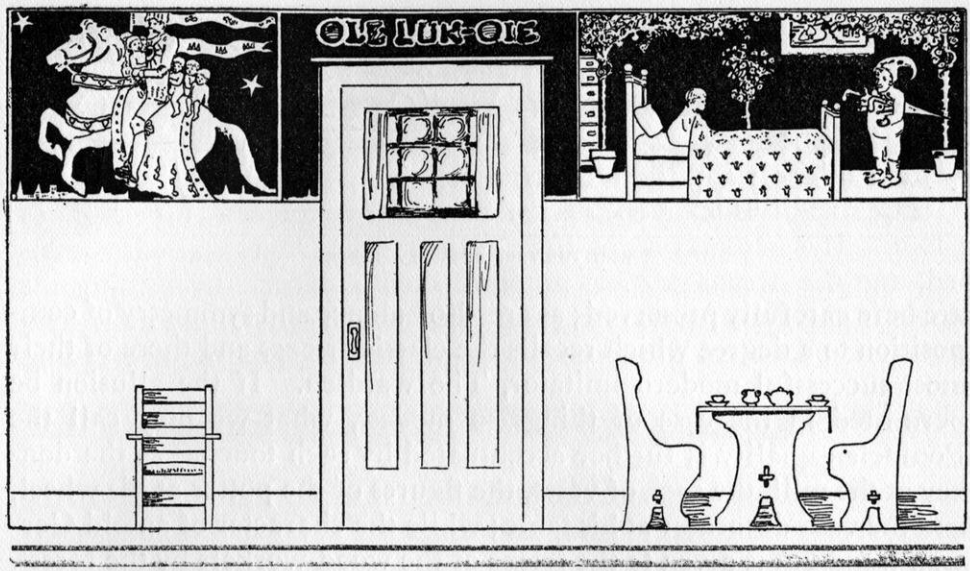
HOW THE TREE BECAME A TABLE

are here carefully preserved; as are also balance and symmetry of composition to a degree which recalls the classic friezes and those of their most successful modern imitator, Thorwaldsen. If the allusion be permitted in the case of things so modest, what we may call the Pompeian quality is further accentuated by such touches as the donkey at the mill, the rack of vases, the figures of the potter at his wheel, and the vase-decorator at his table; while the character of an old German wood-cut is given to the frieze of the wood-workers by the forest, the violence of the attitudes, and the absence of the small decorative elements, which appear in the two other compositions. Altogether it may be claimed that the effect of these friezes upon the eyes of children would be most beneficial as a lesson in art; that the impression of the clean-cut definite forms, of the strength indicated by the activity of the scenes, of the harmony produced by balance and symmetry, acting first upon the eye and following the avenue of sense, will quickly reach the brain, disposing it to work under the most agreeable conditions.



CUPS AND CANDLESTICKS COME FROM CLAY

Decorative scenes, such as the foregoing, are adapted to the purposes of the school, to service during such hours of children's lives as are devoted to laying the foundation of their mental capital. But mural pictures of another nature can be devised, which may serve an equally valuable, although a quite different end, in the education of



children. In the latter class of pictures, the scenes illustrated should be made to appeal to the imagination, rather than to excite the reasoning faculties; since they are intended to decorate nurseries and sleeping rooms: places from which the seriousness of fact should be excluded, and where fancy should be allowed its short-lived power.

A subject suitable for such treatment occurs in the legend of Ole Luk-Oie (Shut-Eye), the Danish dream-god, as told by Hans Andersen, and as it appears in many editions of that admirable story-teller's works. According to the popular tradition, the god, clad in a workman's blouse, wearing a knitted cap, and carrying an umbrella under either arm, appears each night at the bedside of every child in Denmark, acting a part similar to that played by our own "sand man." If the child has been good-humored and obedient throughout the day, his friend Ole, after having soothed him to sleep, raises above him an umbrella decorated with delightful and constantly renewed scenes, in which he may participate as an actor. If, on the contrary, he has done wrong during the day just ended, the child lies all night beneath the other whirling umbrella; seeing nothing but a confused mass of undefined objects, going upon no interesting journeys, and deprived of all pleasant intercourse with the gift-bestowing Ole.

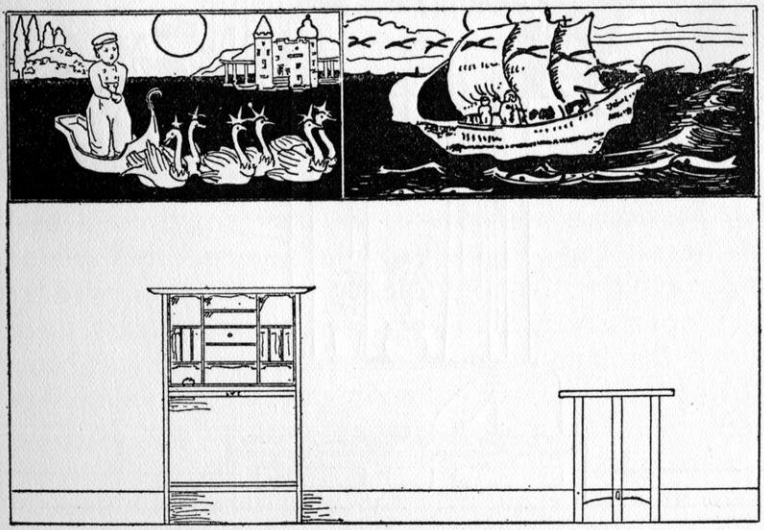
The decorative scheme as here presented shows a continuous frieze, which can be equally well produced in several mediums, and may be

adapted to rooms of different heights by simply varying the width of the band. As we have already noted, more detail and ornament are admissible here than in the school friezes, and the formal character of the latter, produced by balance and symmetry, is replaced in these pictures by freer and lighter treatment.

The first division of the design is supposedly placed at the right of a door. It is Monday night, little Hjalmar the Dane, is already in his bed, and the dream-god has accomplished a miracle by turning the plants in the flower-pots into great trees, which stretch out their long arms and transform the room into a perfumed paradise of blossoms and fruit.

On Tuesday night, Ole touches with his magic instrument a landscape hanging on the wall of Hjalmar's bedroom. The picture becomes the real country, and the boy, lifted into the frame, plays in the fields, runs to the river-bank, and embarks upon a boat drawn by swans, in which he makes a journey of marvelous adventure.

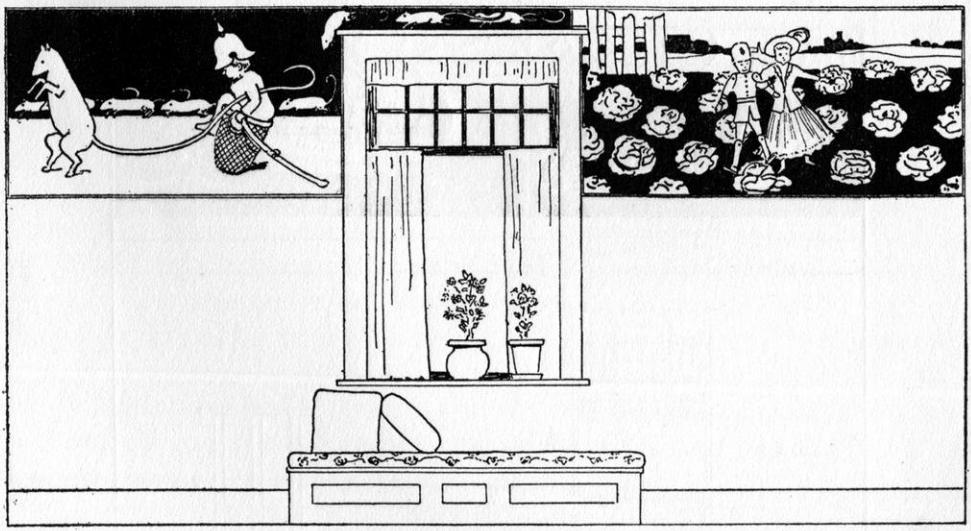
On Wednesday night, Hjalmar, dressed in his holiday garments, sails away with Ole in a great and wonderful ship, bound for the warm countries. During the voyage, a long line of storks crosses the ship's course, and one of the birds, growing weary, falls upon the deck, where he remains to become the child's companion, telling him strange tales of Egypt and its river Nile, so beloved of all storks.



On Thursday night, Ole brings Hjalmar an invitation to a mouse-wedding, to which he goes in state, having been first reduced to the height of a tin soldier of whom he wears the uniform. Seated in his mamma's thimble, he is drawn by a mouse-coachman through the crevices of the house-walls, meeting on his passage a long procession of mice who are also hastening to the marriage feast.

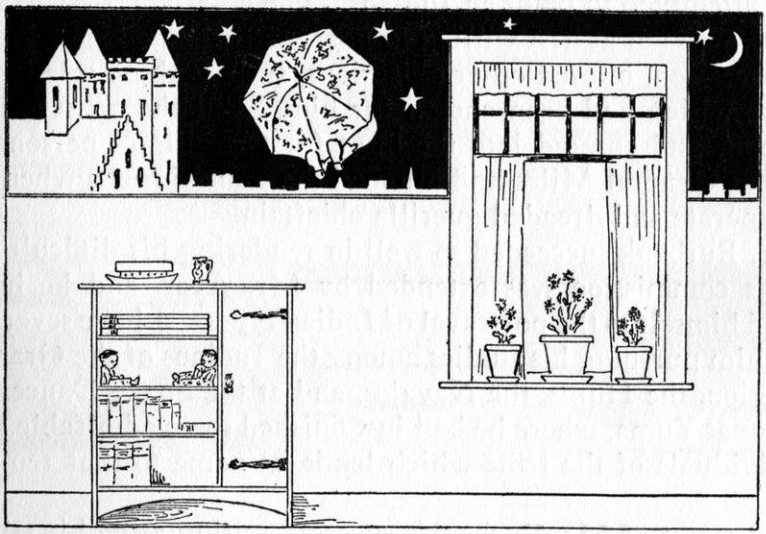
On Friday night, Hjalmar is again bidden to a wedding: this time that of his sister's doll Bertha, who, in company with her beloved Hermann, is pictured as promenading in the cabbage garden, in place of taking a bridal journey, after the ceremony performed by Ole Luk-Oie.

On Saturday night, the dream-god spreads a Chinese umbrella over the boy, telling him that, upon this occasion, pictures must fill the place of stories, since he himself must polish the stars for Sunday: a process which he accomplishes by loosening them from the mosaic of the sky, rubbing them bright, and resetting them again in their own places. Overhearing these statements, Hjalmar's grandfather speaks from the portrait on the wall, to condemn the fanciful tale which has been substituted for useful facts, and Ole in anger, flies away with his umbrella. In this act he is pictured in the frieze, as skimming over the roofs and turrets of the city on his way to the stars.



On Sunday night, Ole comes in graver mood to tell Hjalmar the story of his twin-brother, called by the same name, who is also a dream-god, differing from himself in that he comes but once to any child, and knows but two stories: the one so beautiful that it can not be expressed in any language of the world; the other so fearful that the one to whom it is told faints with horror. Finally, Ole, the nightly visitor, lifts Hjalmar to the window, in order to show him his brother who is passing on his fleet white horse, clothed in black garments shining with silver, and carrying in his arms and on the croup of his saddle a company of children.

This tale of the dream-god, so fitted to the childish understanding and so adaptable to decorative treatment, is here offered as a mere suggestion of what may be accomplished with small effort for the pleasure and instruction of children in the ordinary homes of our country.



A NOTED PAINTER OF INDIAN TYPES

AMERICA has produced two distinguished painters of her primitive race of men. The first of these, George Catlin, from the very fact of being first in his chosen field of labor, no less than by reason of his artistic skill and fidelity, will always occupy a unique position. The second, Mr. Elbridge Ayer Burbank, now at the full tide of his activity, a superior artist and a close observer, can not be definitely judged, until time shall have placed his work in perspective.

Some years ago, he was commissioned by Mr. Edward E. Ayer (the enthuisastic student of *Americana* whose archeological and ethnological collections enrich the Field Museum, Chicago), to paint a portrait of Gerónimo, the noted Apache warrior, who was then at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

The task was one which from its very difficulties, appealed to the artist, who, although somewhat experienced in portraiture, had never before attempted to paint an Indian. The chieftain, like all those of his race, was not at first willing to pose, and when once he had made this concession, offered other objections, such as those relating to the costume which had been chosen for him. But the artist gained his last point, and entered into the hunt for Gerónimo's personality, as keenly as General Miles had pursued the man himself, when he was the desperate and dreaded guerilla chieftain.

Mr. Burbank succeeded so well in rendering his difficult subject, that his commission was extended by Mr. Ayer, and he has since devoted himself to the portrayal of Indian types. I have several times found him pursuing his studies among the Indians of the Grand Canyon region, the Hopis, the Navajos, and at the Snake Dance. I last met him at Yuma, where he had just finished some admirable sketches of individuals of the tribe which lends its name to that remarkable town.

The secret of Mr. Burbank's success—setting aside his talent and skill as a painter—lies, I believe, in his enthusiasm for his subjects. To acquaint himself with all branches of his work, to assure perfect accuracy of statement, he has visited more than fifty different tribes; painting on his journeys and always from life the portraits of nearly all the famous red men, including Chief Joseph, Red Cloud, Curley (General Custer's scout), Kopeli, the chief snake priest of Walpi, and Wiki, the priest of the Antelope fraternity.

HO-MO-VI.
HOPI. SICHUMOVI.

E.A. BURBANK.

A-A-WAH.
HOPI. SICHUMOVI.

E.A. BURBANK.

First using oil paints exclusively, Mr. Burbank has lately produced excellent work in crayons, of which here, for the first time, he has permitted four fine characteristic heads to be reproduced.

The first portrait is that of Ho-mo-vi, one of the prominent Indians at Sichumavi, on the east mesa of the Hopi villages. Ho-mo-vi was, for many years, governor of the pueblo, and is a man of great determination and strength, as well as of sweetness of character; all of which qualities have been rendered by the artist with accuracy and distinction.

The second portrait presents the head of Shu-pe-la, the father of Kopeli and of Harry; the former, long the chief of the Snake Clan at Walpi, the latter, the successor to this high office. We have here a face denoting in its possessor firmness of purpose and great independence, which are revealed in the tightly closed lips and the salient chin.

The third head is that of A-a-wah, another Sichumavi Hopi. This warrior, many years since, lost one eye, in a struggle with marauding enemies, and to this loss he owes an aggressive, war-like air not usually characteristic of individuals of this "people of peace." The likeness of the drawing is perfect, and in studying it, as well as all other Indian portraits coming from the hand of Mr. Burbank, we experience gratification at the thought that, through the power of art and character-reading, the shadow of these interesting primitive types will be reflected for the pleasure and instruction of those who shall come after us.

The one female head here offered is the portrait of Po-et-sah of the Tewan village of Hano. It represents a fine type of the primitive wife and mother, revealing the indications of tenderness, mental power and fortitude. As I have many times seen and spoken with the subject, I can personally testify to the truthfulness of the portrayal, as I can also to the distinction of the original.

The red races of America are fast perishing, and it is to be hoped that so sympathetic and successful a student of their lives, manners and customs as Mr. Burbank, will not allow himself to be lured back into civilization to take up a less important labor. May he continue and complete the work accomplished by Catlin for art and ethnology!

G. W. J.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS. BY ERNEST CROSBY

E have seen that ugliness may become a goad to drive us to beauty. The sight of slums and soot and smoke, of blasted forest and disemboweled mountain, may at last induce us to abjure the useful, unless it come hand in hand with the comely, and to refuse once for all to live in the midst of hideous surroundings. What other acceptable alternative can there be? We must either turn about, or go onward, for there is no "standstill" in human affairs. But what would going onward mean? I was talking the other day with a lady at her home, about a hundred miles from New York, and, speaking of the future of the neighborhood, she said: "I suppose by the time I die, the city will be out here." Are cities then actually to grow forever, until the whole world is one single town, with here and there a park to represent the country? Must every tree fall a victim to the woodman? Shall the whole earth be turned inside out in search of precious stones and metals? Are all our present tendencies to be carried out in their logical direction in arithmetical or geometrical progression? If we travel ten times as fast as our great-grandfathers, must our great-grandchildren travel ten times as fast as we do? Think for a moment what the admission of such a principle, even in a modified and temperate form, would mean. This material development has its seamy side; I would almost be inclined to say that it is all seamy side. It involves the pace that kills; and that means ever, more nervous prostration, more lunatics, more suicides. As cities grow bigger, asylums, hospitals, sanitariums, prisons, grow still more rapidly. Every acre of palaces entails its square miles of slums. The labor-saving machine is a beautiful thing in principle, but what is the goal expressed in its very name, toward which, though it be in the nature of things unattainable, we are pressing hurriedly forward,—what, but a society of multi-millionaires and their lacqueys, served by innumerable slaves of wood and iron, needing to look after them only an occasional foreman, whose brains are perpetually passing over into the machines, and whose numbers are forever dwindling toward the vanishing point? The working class would, in large part, gradually die off, and most of the remainder be absorbed into the ranks of flunkeys, contributing in some personal way to the ease, comfort and

amusement of their lords. A world of belts and pulleys and wires and rails, studded with electric buttons for every conceivable purpose, and inhabited by two dreary races: the pamperers and the pampered. This is not a celestial picture, but it is the only star to which our wagon is hitched to-day.

Given a world of machinery, with a small class of mechanics and factory hands on one side, and of unstinted luxury and its liveried attendants on the other, what can be done to beautify it? We see around us the beginnings of such a world and the ineffectual efforts to make it fairly habitable. Charity is unable to heal the sources of ugliness, and when it becomes a business and even municipalities hold out their hats for the alms of a library or a picture gallery, there is something sickening and degrading about it. Village Improvement Societies and Municipal Art Leagues can do little but stand aghast at the problems with which they are brought face to face. Meanwhile, the natural and unconscious attempt to improve the looks of things shows itself in the separation of the different aspects of society. Our palaces draw together on Fifth Avenue, and our great corporation buildings on Broadway; while the tenement houses drift to the outskirts of the golden region and spread out into unknown quarters. Luxury and drudgery fly apart by natural repulsion. The stately mansion rarely sights the factory, and would not signal it if it did. Society is polarizing itself as well as it can, and so we say that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. It is well that this is so, for it would be intolerable to group riches and poverty—beauty and ugliness—in too close proximity. If the residence of the railway king stood in his blighted freight yards, if his mines emptied their coal before his door, if his employees were huddled into rookeries across the way, if the families of his men, killed by accident without insurance, and discharged as superannuated at forty-five without pension, gathered on his door-steps to beg their bread, what pleasure would there be in wealth, and where would beauty and art and architecture find a foothold? So let us be thankful to Nature which tends to keep the rich by themselves, and the poor by themslves, and to separate the sheep from the goats!

THE GARDEN CITY. BY GEORGES BENOIT-LÉVY ❧ *Translated from the French by Irene Sargent*

" New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.
Lo, before us, gleam our camp-fires!
We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our 'Mayflower', and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea;
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Poet's blood-rusted key."
"The Present Crisis."—J. R. Lowell.

"New forces, new cravings, new aims, which had been silently gathering beneath the crust of re-action, burst suddenly into view."—Green's "Short History of the English People," Chapter V.

TOLSTOY'S great romance, "The Resurrection," begins by these lines: "In vain some hundreds of thousands of men, confined within a narrow space, struggled to mutilate the corner of earth which they inhabited. In vain they crushed the soil beneath stones, so that nothing could germinate within its substance; in vain they uprooted even to the smallest blade of grass; in vain they contaminated the air with petroleum and coal; in vain they drove away the animals and the birds. Spring, even in the city, was still a beautiful season. The sunlight streamed forth. The newly vivified grass began to grow, not only on the lawns of the boulevards, but between the paving-stones of the streets."

Such is the brilliant and truthful picture of human cities, in which springtime, the joy of living, and the joy of Nature, have so much difficulty in making themselves felt.[1]

This picture of Tolstoy, vividly recalled by Professor Gide is, unhappily, exact. It is but too true that in our modern cities we have piled story upon story, until we have hidden the view of the sky. It is true also, that through the agency of the artificial life which we lead in great cities we see spring up about us, instead of the flowers of Nature, those flowers of evil which are called: prostitution, alcoholism, tuberculosis. And nothing will arrest the scourge, as long as the inhabitants of the rural districts, driven from their native soil by the lack of recreation, by the difficulties attendant upon material life, shall be attracted toward the cities, as larks are decoyed by mirrors.

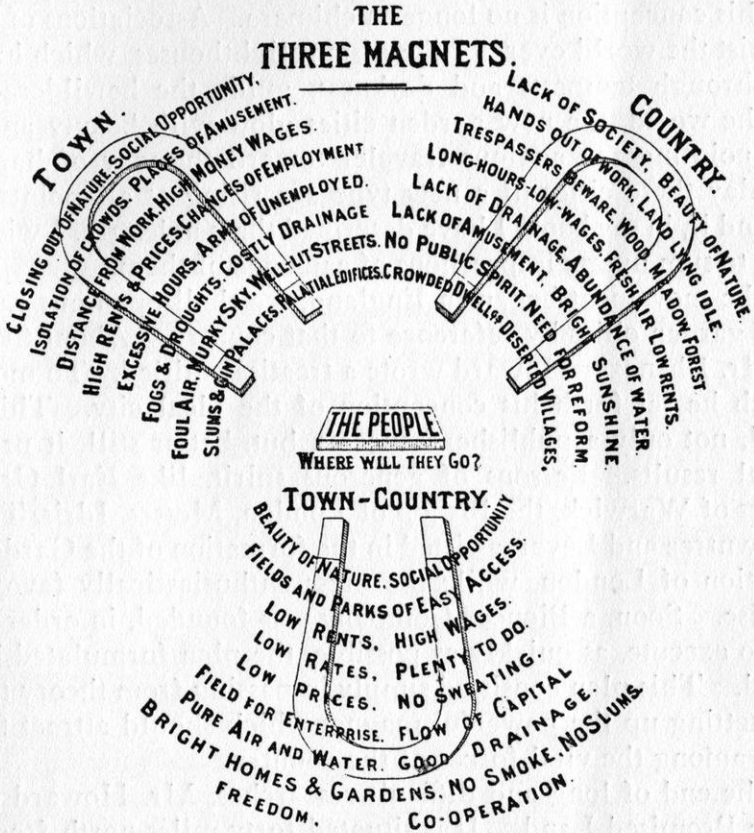
Where, then, shall we go, if neither our cities nor our rural districts longer offer us a refuge of peace? The answer is waiting.

[1] Preface written by Professor Charles Gide, for the "Garden City," by Georges Benoit-Lévy.

A COTTAGE AT BOURNVILLE: WEEKLY RENTAL $2.40

CHAPEL AT PORT SUNLIGHT

We should seek refuge in rural cities, in garden cities, replies Mr. Ebenezer Howard, the propagator of this movement in England. By a figure of speech, he represents the city and the country as two magnets attracting to themselves men and noxious atoms; a third magnet, which is the Garden City, attracts everything good, and rejects everything evil. The floating, hesitating population, like a



magnetized needle, will naturally be drawn toward it. Without any doubt, the time has come to construct cities adapted to our modern needs. It is as useless to seek to modify our old cities, constructed for former needs, as it would be to attempt to make new garments from the material of old ones. "Grant me, O Lord," cried Samuel, "a place in which I can build a city in the fields." It is from manufactories as nuclei that to-day centers of social life must develop. It is the task of industrial capitalists to create new cities, making them

healthful and beautiful; consequently it is from these powerful individuals that we must expect all our social betterments, which, I will state in passing, although the truth is well known, are indissolubly united with economic advances.

The ideal city, therefore, would be one in which by means of rational and prosperous production, there should arise a model of social life. This conception is no longer a chimera. Associations of garden cities exist the world over. Like distant lighthouses, which here and there, through tempests and darkness, guide the bewildered pilot across the world, the new garden cities glow with beauty and prosperity, pointing the anxious traveler toward the way of happiness. For to-day these cities of a new type are rising at all points of the globe, and if, in my book, I have described them at length, I wish here, at least, to sum up my impressions of each one of them.

As the movement began in England, we shall open our rapid review of garden cities by reference to that country. About five years since, Mr. Ebenezer Howard wrote a treatise entitled, "To-morrow," in which he set forth his conception of the ideal city. This work attained, not only a publishers' success, but, better still, it produced practical results. Persons of generous spirit, like Earl Grey, the Countess of Warwick, the Bishop of London, Messrs. Idris, Thomasson, Rowntree and Lever, assisted in the formation of the Garden City Association of London, while the press enthusiastically favored the enterprise. Soon, a Pioneer Company was founded, in order to find means to execute, as quickly as possible, the plan formulated by Mr. Howard. This plan consisted simply in passing from theory to practise by setting up the powerful magnet which should attract to itself the best among the vital forces of the country.

At the end of long and difficult researches, Mr. Howard discovered the Promised Land. It is situated forty miles north from London, between Hitchin and Baldok. It has an area of 1520 *hectares;* the price being 3,750,000 francs, with the average price of the *hectare* (two and one-half acres) at 1500 francs, and the average price of the square metre at 25 centimes. The landscape is superb, and, from the economic point of view, the situation is altogether advantageous. The results—artistic and financial—are successful and fine. A stock company, with a capital of 7,500,000 francs, was formed to advance the first funds. The principal stockholders of the First Garden City

Company, Limited, are industrial capitalists, several of whom established themselves as residents in the new city.

The act of purchase was celebrated October 8, 1903, and the new territory was christened by toasts expressed in words full of confidence. It was given the attractive name borne by the Company itself, and was thus called "Garden City."

In the month of July, 1902, I returned to Garden City, where I found all the streets laid out; the narrowest of these being as wide as Broadway, New York. I found, furthermore, that all the magnificent existing plantations had been preserved. Three hundred cottages of an average price of six thousand francs for construction, and of five to ten francs for weekly rental, are in process of building. Eight large firms have made application to install their factories, one of them being that of Mr. Idris, soda manufacturer. The city is in process of formation, and in rising, it creates the hope that, in all points, it will realize the conception of its founders. Of this conception the following are the principal features:

To avoid over-population, there shall not be more than thirty thousand inhabitants upon the fifteen hundred *hectares,* and, when the first Garden City shall be fully peopled, another one shall be founded in the vicinity.

To avoid crowding the houses, one-tenth of the area shall be built upon, and the remainder shall be devoted to open spaces.

To avoid confusion in construction, an exact plan shall be followed. At the center, there will be the parks, surrounded by the public buildings. Then, successively, will be placed the cottages, the shops, the warehouses: each quarter being separated by beautiful parks, playgrounds, and gardens. Outside the city, there will be the factories, and, completely surrounding Garden City, there will be a belt of fields, which shall isolate it from the contact of all other settlements. The example of Garden City, although scarcely finished, was contagious. Already in 1903 (third, Edward VII.), the Naval Works Act gave birth to appeals from the Honorable Sir John Leng and Claude Hay, who demanded of the Secretary of State for the Admiralty, Mr. Arnold Foster, why, taking advantage of the creation of the shipyards of St. Margaret's Hope, he did not construct a garden city, upon the immense site thus provided. Mr. Andrew Carnegie replied for the Admiralty. He established a corporation with

a capital of $2,000,000, for the purpose of building a garden city in the forests of Pittencrieff and of Glen, near Dunfermline. There will be a coöperative hall, a plan of civic education, libraries, a vast park for boys and girls. The cottages will be separate; no two of them being alike. One house will be fitted up to serve as a model, "so that others may see how best to combine art and economy, cheapness and decoration." The President of the corporation is Professor Patrick Geddes (University of Dublin), and no better choice of a chief officer could have been made.

It was also, in Scotland, in Invernesshire, that the Aluminum Company proposed to the Garden City Association that the latter should found a model village for a population of three thousand. There were to be five hundred charming cottages, of an average price of four thousand francs, and the site was to be fixed at Foyer's Falls. In a historical sketch of the movement in England, I should mention the unfortunate schemes of Robert Owen at New Lanark, of Quaker Richardson at Besbrook, of Titus Salt, at Saltaire, etc., etc. But I prefer to mention enterprises which now exist, and among the most prosperous which existed before the creation of Garden City, I must mention particularly Port Sunlight and Bournville. I shall call them specimens of garden cities, because they are in reduction what Garden City will be upon a large scale. Equally at Port Sunlight and at Bournville, the inhabitant may enjoy all the advantages of the city and of the country, without their respective inconveniences. At either place, for a moderate price, a home is obtainable which is not only healthful and cheap, but also agreeable and beautiful. Work at the manufactory is pleasant; indeed, it is a means of enjoyment rather than a task, in these palaces of labor. Everywhere, there are flowers, well aerated rooms, and, also, suitable salaries. As to life in general, in the rural city, it is equally developed in all respects. Let us take for an example Port Sunlight, where there exist associations to lower the price of living, prudential institutions, societies for the cultivation of sports and recreation. Nothing is forgotten, or neglected. Twenty years since Mr. H. W. Lever was a small grocer. To-day, he is the possessor of a fortune which certain persons believe to have been accumulated by manufacturing soap. This is an error. It was by creating good, honest, loyal assistants that he was able to produce soap under good conditions. But again, Port Sunlight is not a working-

men's city. It is a garden city, accessible to all, of whatever fortune they may be, and all are sure of finding there a share of comfort and beauty, because it is really the port of sunlight.[1]

The example of England was contagious, and I myself, appreciating the great advantages afforded by the garden city, labored to develop this movement in France and in other countries of the continent. In Holland there has been founded the Garden City Association, which is at present directed by Mr. J. Bruyn, and at Blarikum an attempt in miniature will be made. In Belgium, the Belgian Garden City Association, whose presiding officer is M. Didier, editor of "Le Cottage," is in process of formation. Societies have been created to found the "New City" in Campine, and still another garden city in the Ardennes.

In Sweden, there has been founded the Ostermalens Villa-Stadt.

In Germany, we find "Eden City," near Berlin; the scheme of M. Pfeiffer, near Stuttgart; finally, the Gartenstadt Gesellschaft, founded by M. Bernard Kamffmayer, is actively diffusing the propaganda of the movement.

In Switzerland, M. Henri Baudin, architect, is at present engaged in founding a Swiss Garden City Association, and the same gentleman has in mind other most interesting experiments, which, we hope that he may speedily realize.

In Hungary, several attempts have been made, as at Munkas Otthon, Balassa-Syarmat and Miskolez. But of all these schemes, Rakoslizch is the most interesting. Further, in order to propagate the movement, a society bearing the name of *Tusculanum,* has been founded, under the leadership of M. Rôcza Károly.

Finally, France, last, but not least, possesses its Garden City Association. We have thought that our country, called by our ancestors, "The Garden of King Louis," should have, not only its gardens, but also its garden cities, its model cities. During the year of its existence our Association has gathered an immense membership and has begun the execution of several important projects. Owing to the efforts of two of its honorary members, M. Maurice Lichtenberger and Emile Cheysson of the Institute, the Creosote Manufacturing Company is now constructing at Champagne, near Fontainebleau,

[1] I lived for six months at Port Sunlight and Bournville, but, as I have not space in which to describe their organization more at length, I can only refer the reader to my book, "The Garden City."

upon the blooming banks of the Seine, a charming "model village" for a population of from four to five thousand. Our association has entered actively into the movement for preserving to the cities the the parks which constitute their most beautiful ornaments, and, five months since, we obtained an ordinance from the Municipal Council of Paris whereby it is forbidden to sell as building lots the finest part of the Bois de Boulogne called "Bagatelle." Finally, several projects for Garden Cities are on the way toward realization; one of them being near Paris, and the other in the South of France. Our president is M. d'Estournelles de Constant, deputy, and president of the parliamentary group of international arbitration. The name alone of this man indicates that we wish the new cities of social peace to be also the garden cities of international peace, creating among their members relations of courtesy. We must say, furthermore, that our association owes the efficacy of its action to the disinterested coöperation of eminent men like MM. Jules Siegfried, former minister, Charles Lyon Caen, Cheysson, George Picot and Mabilleau, members of the Institute; Desmous, vice-president of the Senate; Georges Trouillot, minister of commerce, etc., etc.; that it is much indebted also to its vice-presidents: Professor Charles Gide, André Lichtenberger and Dr. Delbert. Under the auspices of such men as these we shall at least see new garden cities rise in France.

I come finally to consider the movement as it manifests itself in the New World. I am now fulfilling a mission in the United States, and studying what has been attempted, if not in garden city schemes, at least in "model villages." I have visited Ludlow, Leclaire, Dayton, East Aurora, and everywhere I have observed what resources exist in the United States for doing well, and perhaps for doing better. I do not wish to discuss what I have not personally seen; but I believe that there are also interesting experiments at Wilmerding (Pa.), and at Pigeon Creek (Pittsburgh); as well as at Vandergrift (formerly Apollo). I was very favorably impressed by what I saw at Ludlow, at the National Cash Register, at Dayton, Ohio, at Nelson Place (Leclaire), and I was filled with enthusiasm for the work which is being accomplished in the garden city at East Aurora, by Elbert Hubbard, whose words upon this subject should be made known everywhere: "We all take pleasure in our city, since here art is for all, beauty is for all, and these two divine blessings must be made as free as are the rays

of sunlight. Each one of us absorbs as much of it as it is possible for him to do."

In concluding, I may say that the garden city movement has penetrated into the remote regions of Australia. As an outcome of this impulse, Adelaide City may be cited, and, further, the Colonial Government has decided to create Bourbala,[1] the new federal capital, according to the conception of a garden city. Thus, throughout the world, there are constantly developing and expanding, like rose-buds, those garden cities, which are the centers of health, peace and happiness.

THEREFORE, in whatever way we may regard the movement, we are convinced that it is extending itself everywhere. In July, 1904, the International Congress of Garden Cities was held in London, when the delegates of several foreign governments and of many successful enterprises were present to discuss the question in all its aspects. At this congress, America was worthily represented by Dr. Josiah Strong.

During the spring of 1905, there will be held in Paris an International Congress of Garden Cities, and, also, a congress of persons seeking "Social Welfare." These assemblies will be directed by the distinguished men who are prominent in the Garden City Association of France. The American friends and propagators of the movement are cordially invited to participate in the discussions, and to describe to their associates of the old world what they have done for improving in their own country the general conditions of life; while the Frenchmen interested in the same movement will offer them the earliest roses gathered in the garden cities of France; showing them, at the same time, according to the words of William Morris, "the magnificent constructions that we are creating throughout the country, in which a man may reveal all that he has within him: expressing his mind and his soul in the works of his hands."

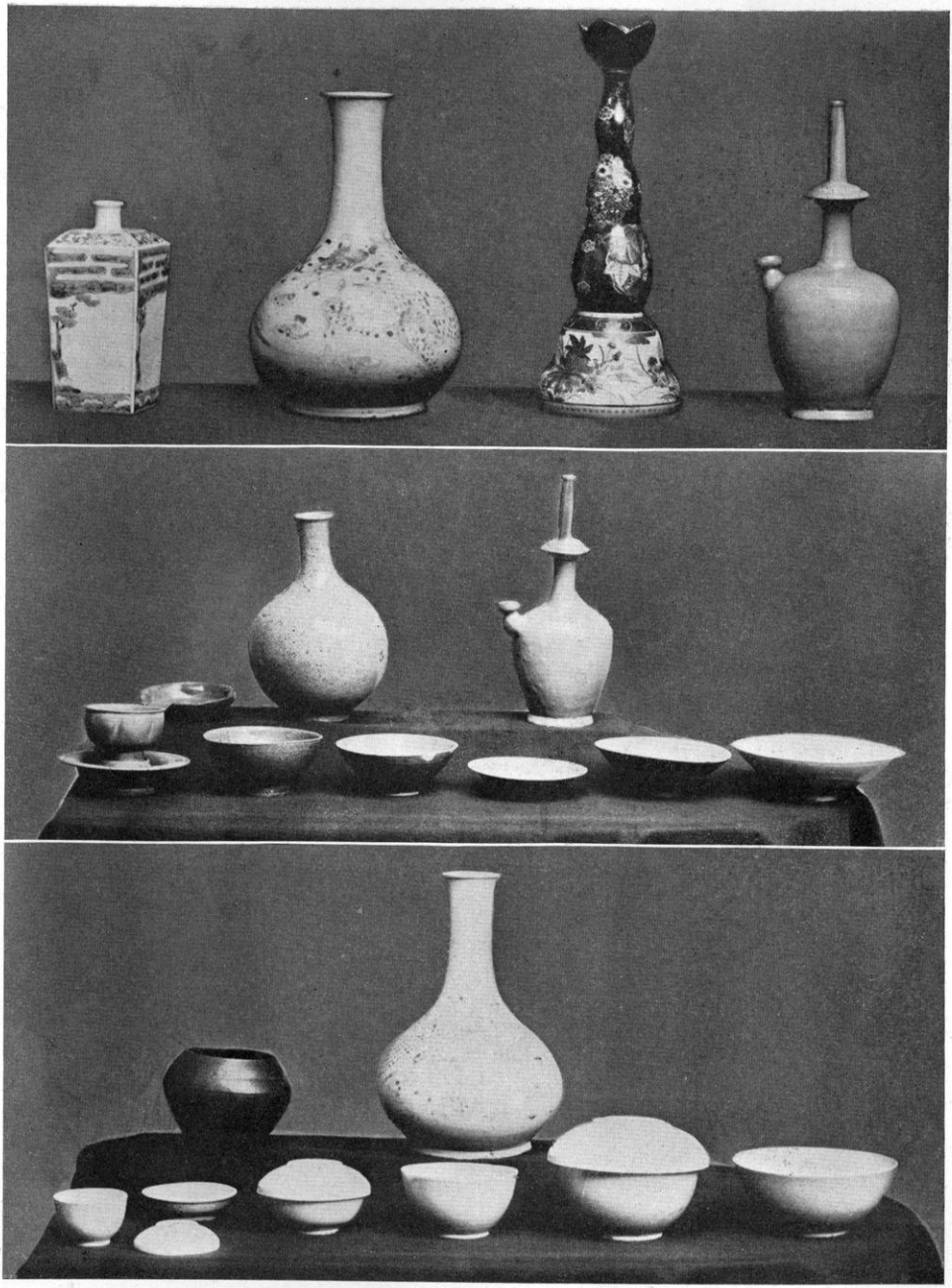
[1] The latter enterprise I have known only upon paper. I am ignorant of its actual state.

THE POTTER'S ART IN KOREA. BY RANDOLPH I. GEARE, NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN certain particulars the pottery now made in Korea resembles the products of past centuries, but there are many points of difference, and it therefore seems best to treat the subject in two divisions; the one dealing with the forms introduced since the Japanese invasion of 1592-1597; the other, embracing the more ancient wares of this much harassed little kingdom.

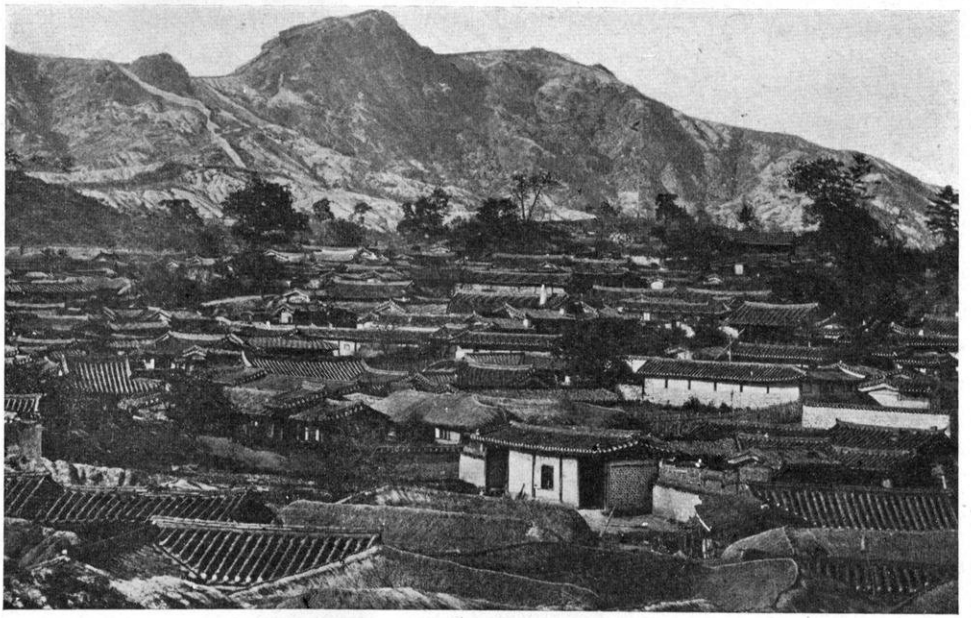
A little more than twenty-five years ago, Korea was released from her long period of vassalage to Japan, and was at last recognized as an independent and sovereign nation. A few years later, Korea opened her ports to the United States, and, during 1883, numerous pieces of pottery were collected for the National Museum in Washington, the study of which has thrown a new light on the ancient keramic industry of Korea, and has also furnished valuable information regarding the kinds of pottery which have been made there in modern times.

It is unfortunately true that the art of pottery-making in Korea has deteriorated, and, while the older forms may still serve as the basis of the modern products, the latter, from the artistic point of view, are, by no means, on an equal footing with the fine specimens of mortuary pottery obtained from ancient Korean tombs, or with the still more beautiful pieces which were probably regarded as too choice to be buried, and were thus preserved for the delight of future generations. The pottery in use in Korea, at the present time, may be divided into three classes. The first is of white, pale buff, or bluish porcelain, sometimes decorated in blue, and having a high glaze. Dishes, bowls, and bottles for table use, and wash-basins may be included under this head. Several excellent pieces are shown in Plate I. The second quality is a pale yellow ware, glazed, undecorated, and chiefly made up as bowls used by the middle class. The third kind, which is used by the poorer people, is made of dark brown, or reddish earth, glazed inside and outside. Objects of this class have no decoration excepting a wavy line produced by wiping off the glaze, which permits the lighter under-surface to show through. In Plate III. are shown some pieces of this pottery. There is a globular bowl (Jil-tang-quan) of dark red stoneware, glazed on the side which was subjected to the greatest heat. Next to it is a wine bottle of heavy glazed porcelain



SPECIMENS OF THE POTTER'S ART IN KOREA

A KOREAN INN



SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA

(Sul-biung), ornamented with the dragon in blue, and, in this connection, it is important to note that the Korean potters were unable to impart to their white ware any color but blue, until the revival of color decoration, which occurred some twenty-five years ago. The objects in the lower line of this picture comprise what may be termed a Korean dinner service. They are all of a heavy porcelain covered with a patchy glaze of greenish hue.

Korea has been described as a vast graveyard, with burial mounds and monuments of varying age and archeological interest constituting one of its most prominent landscape features. In some sections of the country, cemeteries occupy fully one-fourth as much space as that which is used for agricultural purposes. Isolated graves of persons of special prominence are also not uncommon, and these are generally surrounded by groves of evergreens, arranged in the shape of a horse-shoe, with a mound four or five feet high in the center. It is to these graves that we must turn for the best examples of the ancient Koreans' art in pottery. Here, from time immemorial, pottery had been placed with the bodies, in the belief that the spirits of the departed would have need of them. With the pottery are often found gilded rings of copper, bronze horse-trappings, objects of stone, including slate arrow-heads, and daggers of slate, or shale, with the handle and blade in one piece. This is the famous mortuary pottery, of which several pieces are here reproduced (Plate II.), and it may be regarded as typical of the most ancient productions of the country. There is a stone dish made of dark grey paste, and shaped like a shallow saucer, with a low foot; a wine bottle of light yellowish granular paste, with an opalescent coating showing yellow spots and dark brown pits; and another one of heavy terra cotta ware, covered with vitreous, cracked enamel of a beautiful greenish-gray tint. Near the top of the body, which is jug-shaped, there is a small spout. This bottle is an obsolete form of about the twelfth century. Such specimens as these are of equal value with real porcelain, and are of special interest, because they are suggestive of the origin of the celebrated Japanese Satsuma ware. A specimen of ancient earthenware is seen in the wine cup and stand, at the left of the picture. These pieces are rudely glazed. The cup is shaped to represent a lotus. There are also several bowls of hard, opaque paste, covered with a vitreous, green crackled glaze. The one at the right end is of fine, white, hard-paste porcelain, and is orna-

mented with the wave, or cloud, pattern on the inside. This effect is produced by scraping away the paste; the indentations being filled in with a thicker layer of glaze. This ware, by the way, came from the old potteries of Song-do, the ancient capital of Korea, and is exceedingly rare. Much of the early pottery of Korea was unglazed, while some was slightly glazed earthenware of archaic shapes. The pieces were either modeled by hand, patted into shape with an instrument for that purpose, or formed by the potter's wheel.

Korea, it may be remembered, was the birth-place of the potter's wheel, which, as described by a recent explorer, consists of a circular table from two to three feet in diameter, and four to six inches thick, made of heavy wood so as to aid in giving impetus to it when revolving. In general appearance it is not very unlike a modeler's table. The wheel is operated directly by the foot, without the intervention of a treadle of any kind. The potter sits, squatting in front of the wheel, his bench on a level with it. With his left foot underneath him, he extends the right foot and strikes the side of the wheel with his bare sole, causing it to revolve.

No special principle of decoration or system of symbols peculiar to Korean art has yet been worked out fully, although there are certain art-*motifs* which often occur on Korean wares. Chief among these is the wave-pattern, which resembles the effect produced by overlapping the ends of feathers. The autumn leaf, floating on the stream, and the half-submerged flower also convey expressive sentiments in Korean art. Arabesque lines which break up the general decoration by means of flat fillets, or curved flutings, are among the more prominent forms of decoration. Such lines are composed of fruit, or flowers, especially the peony. The chrysanthemum design, too, is Korean, and so is the shark's tooth, which is used chiefly on vases where the sphere-shaped surface requires a broad base and a sharp slope to a point.

In general, it may be said that a close examination of ancient Korean pottery discloses a variety of decorations, including the Swastika, the Buddhist cross, and others. It is probable that Persia and Arabia contributed to the high standard of art which was reached by the ancient inhabitants of the "Land of Morning Calm," and, in turn, it cannot be doubted that those countries derived a certain inspiration from the artists of Korea.

WILLIAM KEITH. BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

CAN a man always be relied upon to give a proper estimate of his own work? Ask Kipling why he threw "The Recessional" into his waste basket. Ask Elbert Hubbard, why he put his "Message to Garcia" in his little magazine as not important enough to deserve a separate heading. Ask Joaquin Miller why he threw out the best stanza from his immortal "Columbus" as being an anti-climax. Ask David Starr Jordan why the book he regards as containing his chief life-work is known to but a mere handful of students of icthyology. Ask Major J. W. Powell, the one-armed hero of the Conquest of the Canyons of the Colorado River system, the organizer of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, and the Geological Survey, why he regarded two small books, that possibly not a score men have ever carefully read, as the real work of his life.

Ask of the history of all time, and you will find in nearly every case that the artist, the writer, the poet, the sculptor can not be relied upon to give a true and lasting judgment upon his own work.

Every preacher of power knows that the sermons which he judges as his best work were slighted by his audience.

All this as a prelude to this sketch of the life and work of William Keith. For he says he does not take either himself or his work seriously. He says that it is sport to him. But I think he fails to estimate himself aright. Because he is a good workman; because he has taught himself the tricks of the Great Master Artist, and finds intense enjoyment and passionate delight in his work, he says that he no longer takes it seriously, but does it simply for the enjoyment that he finds in it.

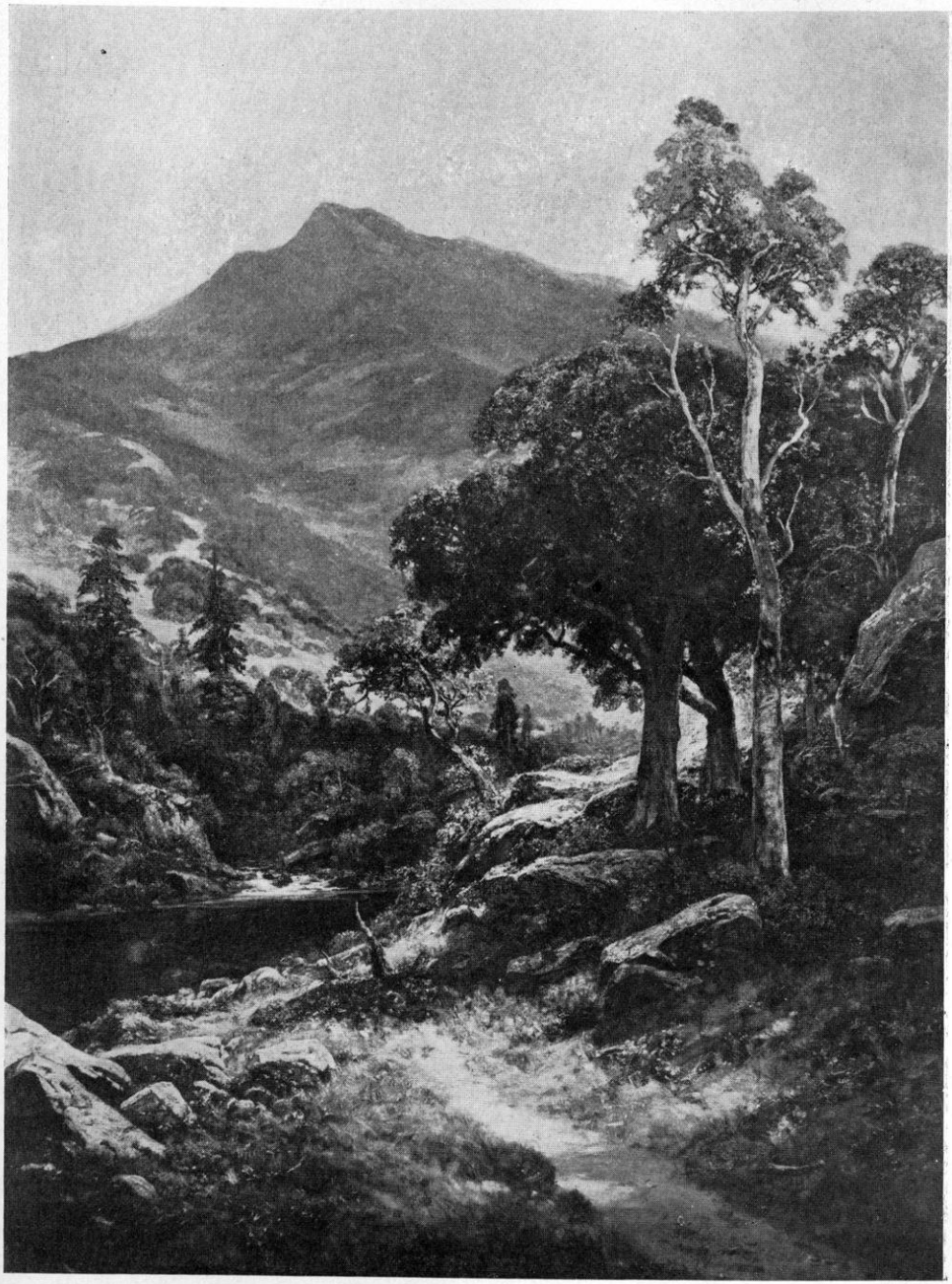
That is not true, William Keith! Stand still, true artist, let me show you as you are, or at least as I see you. In the early days of your career, you worked, you agonized, in order to master the technique of your art, to compel your hands, brushes, paints, to obey your mind and reproduce the pictures of your fancy. Do you rememebr when you said to me: "Time was when I took everything seriously. I was about twenty-five years old and I agonized about things: fretted and chafed continually and to no purpose." But was it nothing? We shall see. You toiled at the principles of your art, until you mastered them. You climbed the mountains, explored the canyons, sat for days in the forests, and studied individual trees, until the character of every growth

you cared for was as well known to you as each detail of the flower becomes under the lens to the microscopist. You watched the trees at sunrise, at sunset, at midday with the sun high in the heavens; in cloud, rain, and whirlwind. You pretended to sleep under them at night, when the darkness could be felt, or again when the moonlight lent new beauty to leaf, branch and bole, and cast enchantment all about you. You sat up and lighted your pipe to enjoy the splendor of it all and then let the fire in the weed die out; the delight of the smoker being lost in the ecstacy of seeing Nature in her most enchanting humor.

You learned to know the mood of all the streams flowing from Shasta or the high Sierras. You studied them winter and summer until you understood their music. You learned the habits of every bird of California, of mountain, canyon, foothills, plain and seashore, from the egg to death, until there were no secrets for you concerning plumage, color, food, nests, eggs, and songs. The deer and antelope led you to their remotest haunts, for they looked deeply into your eyes, and knew that you were a harmless fellow-creature of God, akin to them. The badger, the coyote, the fox, the lynx, and the mountain lion all saw you and watched you for many an hour, when, ignorantly, you trespassed upon their most sacred preserves, but they soon recognized a friend, and the word was passed from Crater Lake to Table Mountain below the Boundary Line, that you were "one of us" and harmless. And then you wondered why the animals were never timid in your presence; you were astonished that they approached you to let you see and study them; sometimes you boasted that they came to pose for you. And so they did, for they knew you. They instinctively came to help, as all Nature does and as all mankind would do, if love instead of selfishness ruled.

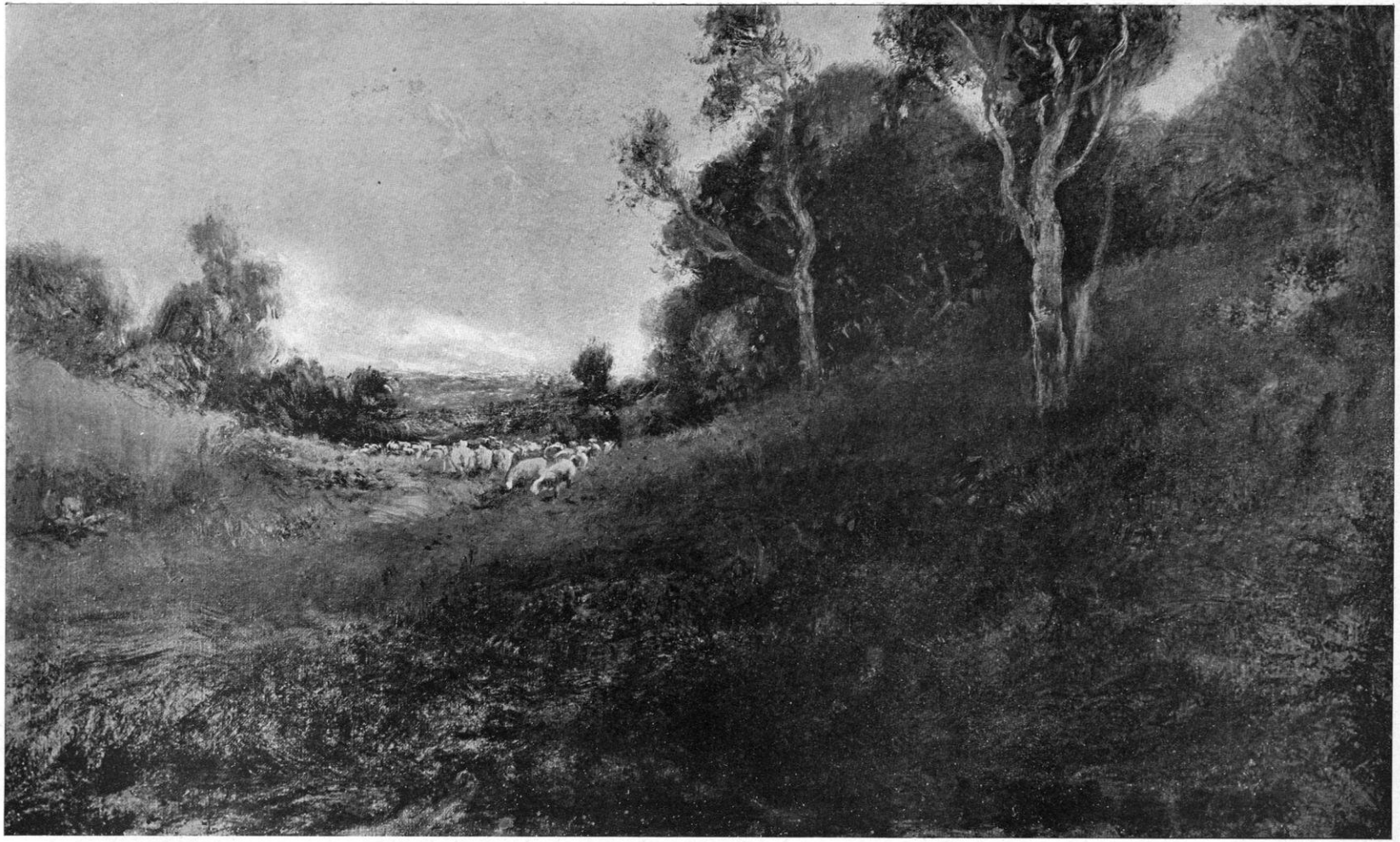
Even the cinnamon, the black, and the grizzly merely raised their eyes, and whispered to their cubs: "He's one of our kind," as you passed with your palette, your brushes and canvas. And so they helped you. They could not write about it, or analyze it, but they knew that love is the most potent thing in the universe, and that from it springs helpfulness. So they made pathways through the underbrush for you, and showed you easy ways of fording turbulent streams, and led you over forbidding mountain sides. You were not aware of it, but that made no matter. They knew, and that was enough.

There is scarcely a mountain in three-fourths of California, on



MOUNT TAMALPAIS

From a painting by William Keith



UPLAND PASTURES

From a painting by William Keith

From "Impressions Quarterly"; courtesy of Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco

which you have not kept vigil for days at a time; studying every detail of color, flower, rock, gorge, shadow, and sunshine. The mountains know even your voice. They know your trick of talking to yourself and of addressing your canvas as a lover talks to his lady. And occasionally, they have heard you swear at yourself, as your fingers have been slow to realize what your keen vision has conceived.

And yet you say that you do not take yourself or your art seriously.

Because you find a passionate delight in doing it, and it is sport for you; because every moment that you spend with brushes, palette, paints and canvas is pure joy, does that alter the great fact that you are doing work for yourself, your country, and your God? You stand as an example: not only in the work that you accomplish, but also in the manner of doing it. For joy is the keynote of power and greatness, since it is the underlying principle of Nature's accomplishments. Your passion for joy is the proof that you are working rightly; that your work is healthful and strong. Therefore, I judge you a good man and good artist; one whose very love for labor makes that labor beneficent to the world.

And this is the reason for presenting William Keith as the subject of the third in the series of the Simple Life Biographies to be published in The Craftsman. The life of this man is ruled by a single passion, and that passion is to perform work of an ennobling kind. Therefore, his life is simple, for complexity is but the evidence of vacillating purpose, of indolence, of self-indulgence. If to Keith and his kind the bare essentials of life are given, they are radiantly happy, because they contain within themselves all elements of mental content.

Mr. Keith has a keen sense of the necessity of perfect devotion, as is evidenced by his words to me regarding his own development as an artist: "There are three stages in art development. First of all, a man feels the desire to paint something, without knowing how to accomplish it. He lacks training, technical knowledge. Secondly, he studies to gain technical knowledge and training. Then, alas! nine times out of ten, he loses his desires and aspirations. He becomes a mere dauber of paint, in accordance with certain rules. But, let him be conscientious and true to himself, and the third stage will surely come. As his fingers obey his will, their action becomes at last almost automatic. He does good technical work easily, unconsciously. Then, he arrives at the third stage. This is the stage of joy in which

he comes back to his first creative desires, with the possession of knowledge and training. Now, he can accomplish something. His hand and arm, colors, canvas, and brushes obey the dictates of his mind. Soon he is an artist, ready to realize the elusive visions of his former period.

What was Keith's art training? Let me briefly recount it, acknowledging here my indebtedness to Charles Keeler for all the facts stated. When twelve years of age, he came to this country from his native Scotland, and became apprenticed to a wood-engraver. For some time he worked on Harper's Weekly and Monthly, and, in 1859, wandered to California; but the process called photo-engraving having been largely substituted for wood-engraving, he was unable to gain a livelihood. But, in his case, as elsewhere so often observed, what appeared to be a misfortune, became the occasion of his great success. His want of work led him to occupy his spare time in making water-color sketches, from which he was gradually led to the use of oil paints. In those early days, art critics in California were not numerous, or, at least, they had little influence; so, he found ready sales for his new work at increasing prices. He worked with the same diligence that he has ever since exhibited, and soon saved enough to enable him to study in Europe. For a year, he occupied himself in the second stage of his development; compelling himself to the routine of the school, mastering methods, learning details of color, canvas, etc., which seemed to kill all creative power within him. How can a man create when hampered by the questions: Where? When? Why? No wonder that he felt his wings clipped. It was asking too much to expect him to possess the foresight that these hindrances were but giving him the power for greater accomplishment. For when a man knows his strength and power he may fly high with fearlessness.

It is during the period of wing development, however, that the aspiring artist has his days of dark despair. "Agony," Keith called it, and so it doubtless was. But out of all agony that reaches upward, strength and power come. It is agony that crystallizes a man's desires and ambitions. It is not insincere to say that every man must suffer in a measure, as Christ suffered, before he can take his place among those who are the saviors of the race. And surely every true artist, poet, or stateman who works unselfishly for the good of humanity, even though following the impulse of his own individuality, should be

accounted worthy to rank with the saviors of the race. Keith had his crucifixion agony, but rose triumphant in his new life. It was before he knew that he would rise, that his despair overwhelmed him. Hope and despair are close companions, and sometimes he lived near the one, sometimes near the other.

Düsseldorf was the scene of these technical labors, from which city he returned to California in 1871. In 1893, he again went to Europe, this time becoming enamored of the Spanish painters. The work of Velasquez, that strong, powerful, imaginative colorist, made direct appeal to him, and the influences of the great Spaniard can readily be discerned in Keith's portraits painted since that time. But external influences cannot retard the development of a strong character. Keith resembles no one, and his work, therefore, is strikingly original.

Although it is too subtile for description, the absence of personality in any picture is immediately perceived. Without it, there is the sensation of looking upon the beautiful form and features of a person, whose mind and soul are a blank. So, it is not easy to describe Keith's work. Reproductions in black lose the rich and powerful colorings of which he is a master, but they lose more: they do not show the passion and power of the man behind the picture. If a picture be conceived within the mind, intelligence alone can read its meaning; but if soul be put into it, spirit alone can read it. For the sentence is as true now as when first written: "Things of the Spirit can alone be discerned by the Spirit."

And there are times when Keith himself paints better than he knows; his work reveals things that he never dreamed of. It is that unconscious thought above the will of the artist which, after all, is the best part of him. Do you remember what Ralph Waldo Emerson says on this point? It is worth repeating, as, although true to triteness, men generally forget it. "The poets related that stone walls, and iron swords, and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thracians erected a statue to Theogenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals, went to it by night and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until, at last, he moved it from its pedestal, and was crushed to death beneath its fall."

And now comes the important lesson, thus told: "This voice of fable has in it something divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it; that is the best part of each which he does not know; that which flowed out of his constitution, and not from his too-active invention." Emerson's lesson is clear. He shows that above the writer's invention in the story is the unconscious recognition of a divine principle of compensation; a just rendering to every man according to his works, and that in these works themselves will be found clearly stamped that real self which reveals the extent of merit or demerit.

I believe Keith largely recognizes this. For one day, when talking on the subject, he exclaimed: "Do you know that I am a fatalist? Man universal is one. Man individual is only a part of the great man universal. Each is a tack, a bolt, a wheel, a cog, a lever, a frame, a something in the great machine. Sometimes, I go as far as to feel that no responsibility attaches to any individual man; that he deserves no credit for what he does; that he should suffer no blame. I know this is not a working hypothesis, but, all the same, there are times when I think that I believe it. Observe, I do not say that I do believe it, but sometimes I think that I do."

"I came to this philosophy through my work. Now look at that," pointing to a large painting of Mt. Tamalpais (reproduced on page 301) which he had just painted: "That is merely a question of canvas, paints, subject, and training. I can paint that kind of thing any time and all the time. It is a good painting; as fine a piece of work as I know how to do from one point of view. But for the production of such paintings, nothing else is needed than the four things I have mentioned. But, at other times, I stand before my canvas and a certain indefinable mood comes over me—no, takes possession of me. I know not whence it comes, or what it is, but it seizes me and—why, look at that!"—pointing to an exquisite scheme of subdued color in live oaks and sycamores: "I painted that, one morning, in two hours' time. Think of it! in two hours—and you know I'm near sighted. The unity of a picture is the last thing that comes to me. I can only see an inch or two at a time as I paint, and yet I painted that thing and finished it in two hours. I could just as well have painted it with my eyes shut. I was no more responsible for it than I am for the war between Japan and Russia.

It came to me with what I call lightning-like rapidity of thought—some persons call it inspiration—I don't; for it has required years of training to gain it. But, all the same, the thought comes like a flash and I accept it, or it accepts me. The picture is painted. And from such things I get my fatalistic ideas. Will has nothing to do with it. The man is a mere instrument.

"People talk about geniuses, and they say that if geniuses were only workers, if they were not so wretchedly indolent, how much magnificent work they could accomplish! Indolent they are not. They have nothing to do with it. These flashes don't come all the time. And when they do come, it is not as the result of any exercise of will on their part. At such times, the man is a mere instrument, and acts involuntarily."

Yes, in other words, the individual man is merely working out his part in the great scheme of work of the man universal. There is something above his work of which he is not conscious, something which comes from his very make-up, and which is the best part of himself. It is this revelation of the man in his work that marks Keith as a master artist.

What true artist is there who is not a poet? I shall never forget when Keith pointed to a beautiful Japanese bowl which he had just purchased, and said: "Do you see that? That's my latest treasure. Listen!" And he took up a leather-covered striker with which he tapped the bowl upon the edge. "Listen to that! Did you ever hear its like? Fine, isn't it? I can see pictures in that." And surely, one might see anything in it. The sound scaled the heights to the clouds and descended to the foundations of things. As I lay on the carpet with my ear to the edge, I could hear the deepest thunder, the roar of the sea, the voices of the flowers, the birds and the stars. Only those who have listened to the boom of a great bell close by can conceive what this sound resembled. Yet it was the tone of the bell etherealized; its power with an added gentleness, as of a powerful man standing in his strength, with the spirit of a maiden or young child by his side. Imagine man and maiden in one, each as distinct as the other, as clear, as real, as vivid! So, there was a double quality in the sound of the bowl. Keith's eyes lighted up and moistened, and one could see that his whole soul was awakened, as the sounds rolled and echoed and re-rolled and re-echoed throughout the room.

"Look at this!" he said, as he took a key and then a knife, and held them to the edge of the bowl, that I might see the vibrations; for each article danced a speedy measure, as it touched the palpitating rim of the sounding mass. "Isn't it wonderful? Now I want to paint! That thing always makes me see pictures and hear songs. It reminds me of Tuolumne Meadows, up in the Sierras. I've heard every sound of Nature there. Songs in the night, bands, orchestras, oratorios, sweet symphonies, crashing choruses, everything, even bagpipes. And I could recognize distinct songs, distant strains of music; of course, not the whole piece, but enough to know it certainly. That's where music comes from. Everything has its origin in Nature."

Keith is indeed a poet, true, pure, simple; a poet of thought, of mood, of emotion, of sentiment; one who writes with brush and paint, rather than with pen and ink. But he who is a poet can read rhymes, and blank verse, and sonnets, and lyrics and epics in his canvases, and if he be mystic as well as poet, he can read therein revelations and dreams and exstasies and the most subtile spirit-language.

His "Upland Pastures," reproduced on page 302, is one of his more quiet color-poems. Even a child can read it. Here are the rich, upland meadows, into which the shepherd has led his flock which feeds in contentment and peace. One feels the soul of Pippa as he looks:

> "The year's at the Spring,
> The day's at the morn,
> Morning's at seven;
> The hill-side's dew-pearled;
> The lark's on the wing;
> The snail's on the thorn;
> God's in his Heaven—
> All's right with the world."

And is it not good for men to have such lessons painted for them as well as written, spoken and sung? It is by no means necessary that the bird shall know what effect its song has upon others in order to render the song of value. The thing of importance is that it does have effect.

Browning's "Pippa Passes," from which I have just quoted, contains a perfect illustration of the point which I am trying to make;, viz.: that influences emanate from persons who are perfectly unconscious of them. Pippa, the sweet Lombard peasant girl, sings her songs, as unconsciously as a nightingale. Yet the ribald jester, the

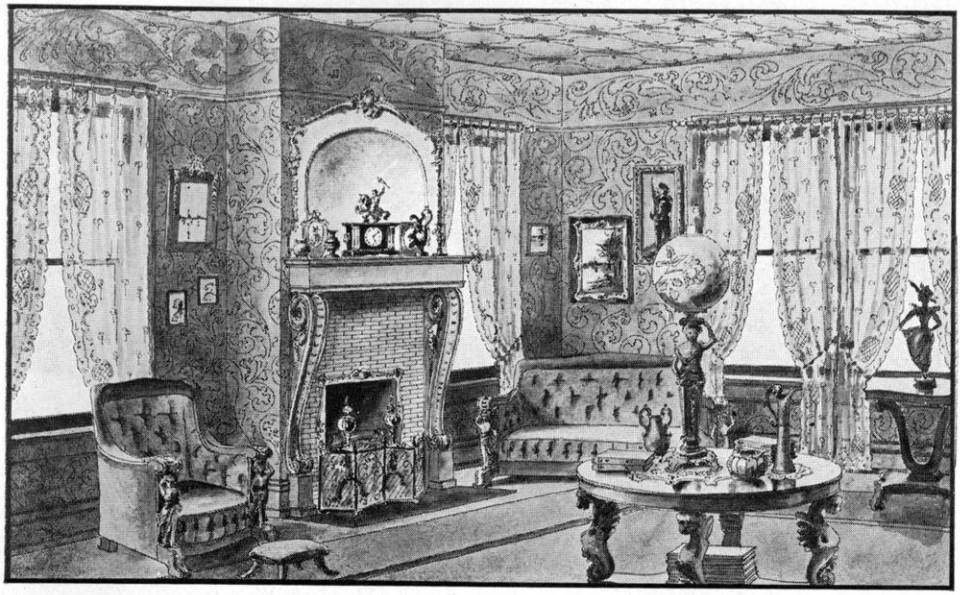
passionate criminals, and others are rebuked, taught, restrained, and even converted to better ways by the simple outbursts of her overflowing heart. So with Keith in his painting. It is not essential that he should know its power over the hearts of men for that power to be exercised. The question to be asked is not: "Does Keith know?" but "Is the power there?" And the fact that the power is felt by artist and layman alike, demonstrates the possession by Keith of these prophetic and ennobling qualities.

Fra Lippo Lippi painted "Saints! and saints and saints," until he was sick to death of them. Keith paints trees, and trees, and trees, and then more trees, until every human being who sees them, learns unconsciously, if not voluntarily, to love trees more than ever he did before. And no one can love trees without being better, without having some of the gross materialism of his life washed away by the heavenly dew which descends upon all trees. So Keith is preacher, as well as artist, philosopher and poet. But more than all he is a man; a man who lives the simple life. All who know him recognize this fact. He has the child-heart; and greater praise can no man have than this. To be simple as a child is to be very near the Kingdom of Heaven. The first thing one remarks about him is his simplicity, his directness. You can never misunderstand him. There is no pretense, no assumed dignity. Not a word of studio parlance. Nothing but simple, direct lay English, that any one can understand. His simplicity and directness of manner is by some persons regarded as unnecessary brusqueness. But if all men were to be reduced to superlative refinement, what would be the future of the human family? We need more sturdiness, more strength, more directness, instead of less, and if there were a higher appreciation of what life means to a man who has real work to do, and less punctilious care for petty and hyper-acute feelings, there would be fewer complaints of rudeness, brusqueness and the like.

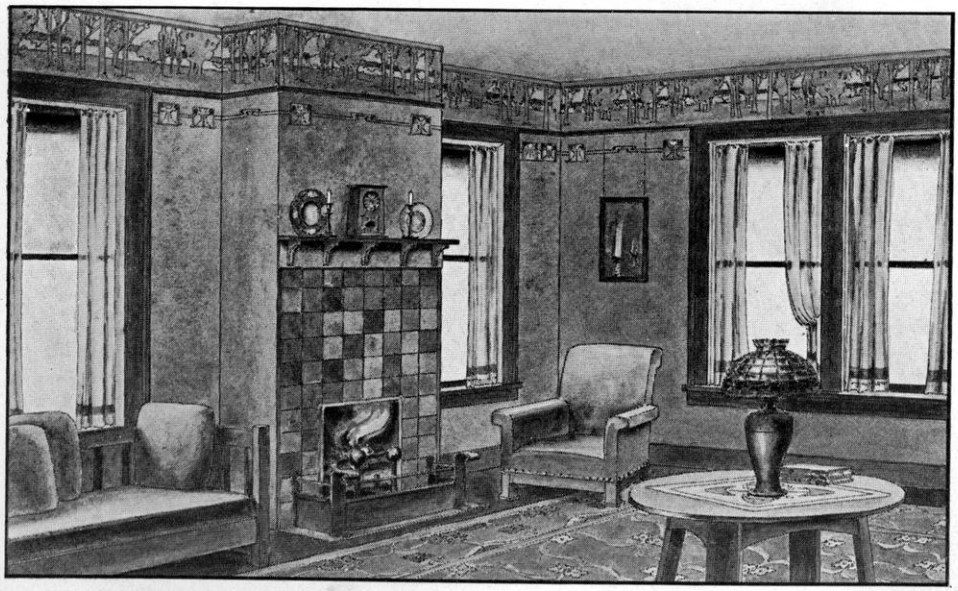
Among artists, even among such as recognize Keith as their master and leader, he is personally little known. The reason is clear. He has no time for amusement or recreation that is not directly connected with his life interests. He is no gloomy misanthrope, no recluse overshadowed by a sense of his own importance. He is honestly, genuinely human but busy, so busy that the usual recreations of the ordinary man have no attraction for him.

FROM UGLINESS TO BEAUTY. BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

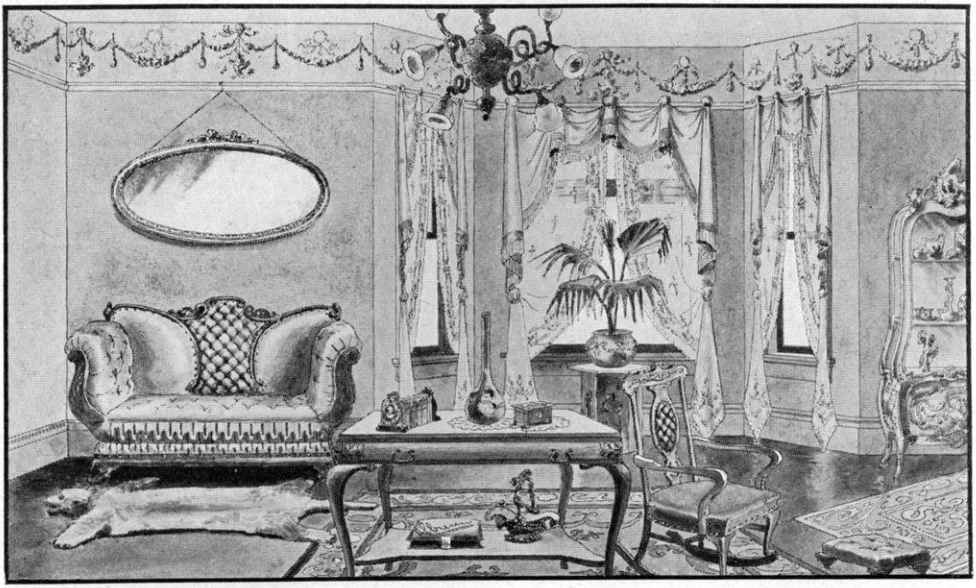
ITH more than a semblance of justice, it may be contended that beauty and ugliness are relative terms: their definition differing with stages of civilization, among races of equal culture at the same period, and even among individuals of the same class. But admitting these statements to be partial truths, the subject is still open to discussion. The idea of beauty seeks satisfaction among all peoples, as soon as the first physical necessities are satisfied. The savage crudely adorns his person, his weapons and his utensils. The barbarous man follows, better able to express himself artistically, because better connection exists between his brain and his hand; because, also, his own impressions of the world about him are more precise and mature. His needs are comparatively few. The materials ready at his hand are restricted in number. He has no artificial wants. But with his advancement from the savage state, his desire for beauty in his belongings and surroundings has kept pace. The objects which he creates are too near the period of their origin to disguise their structural qualities. They are ornamented in a way which excites no comment; which appears natural and fitting, because it is adapted to the thing and the substance on which it is wrought; because it has not suffered and lost in its migrations from article to article, and its transference from medium to medium. The barbarian finally arrives at civilization. Primitive passions weaken and self-indulgence develops with alarming rapidity. The dwelling reflects the character of its inmate. Superfluity spreads everywhere like a noxious parasite to sap, blight and drain the vitality upon which it feeds. But after the passage of much time, the parasitic growth is uprooted and cast away, as royalty and nobility were thrown down in the "terrible year" of France. Revolution is as sure in the world of art as in the world of politics. It is now in progress, and it will end by setting up for intelligent worship the real "Goddess of Reason." The spiral line is the line of advance, and art is turning backward upon itself: as the French say, "recoiling the better to spring forward." It is returning to the old frankness of expression, the primitive emphasis upon structure, the natural adaptation of ornament to material; returning not to the old point of departure, but to one corresponding to it on a higher plane of progress.



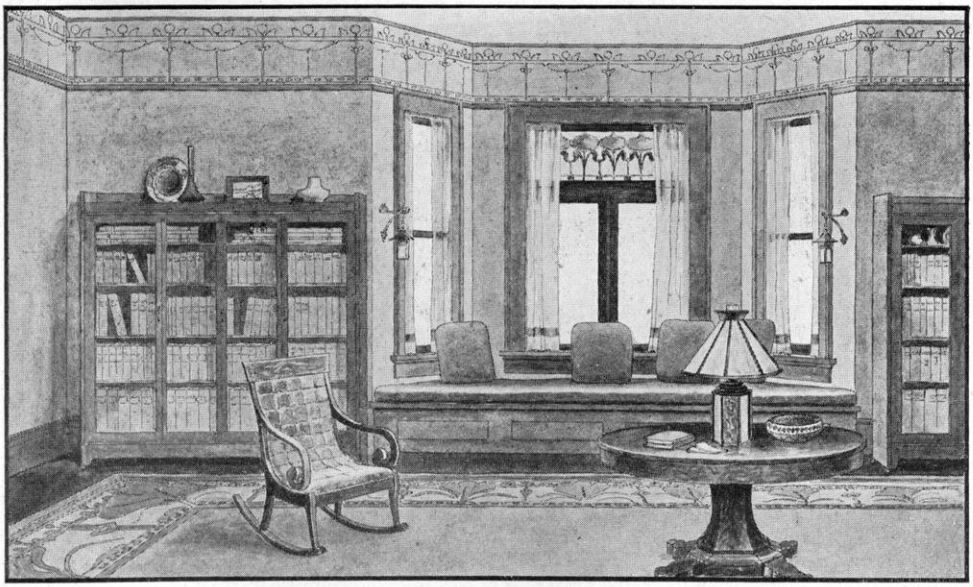
SKETCH A, I.: COMPLEXITY, CONFUSION, CHAOS



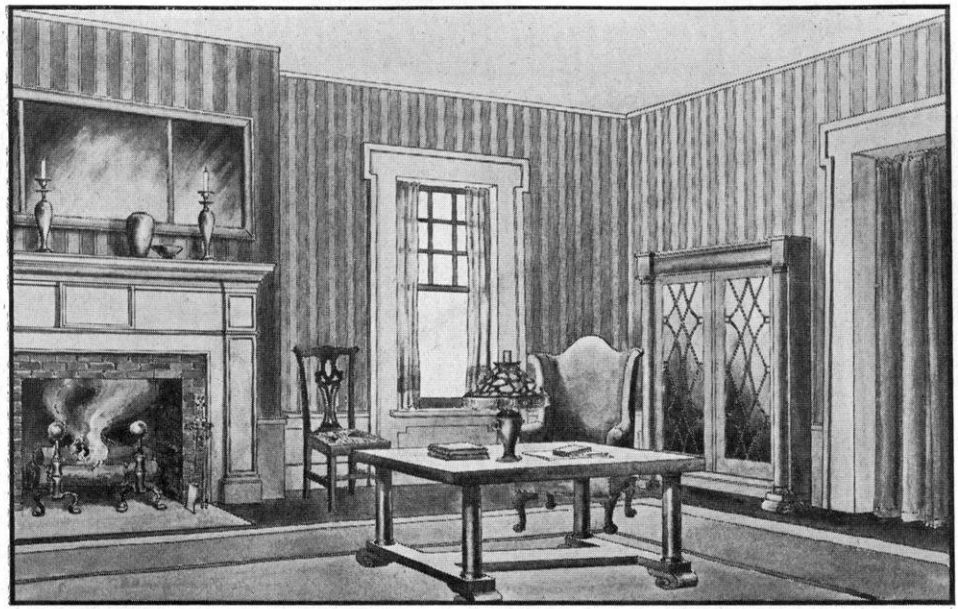
SKETCH A, II.: COHESION AND HARMONY AS THE RESULT OF SIMPLICITY



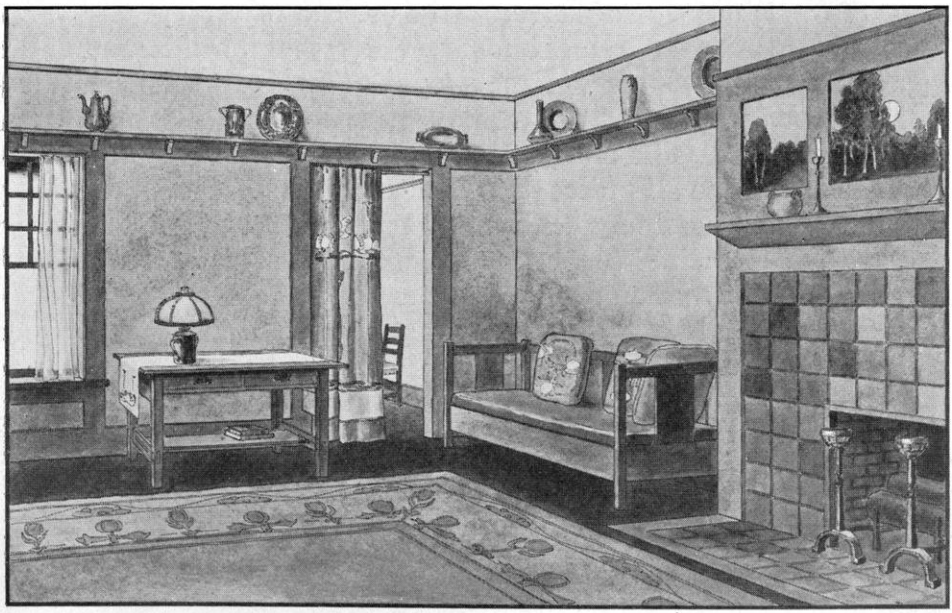
SKETCH B, I.: GILT AND GLITTER ARE THE FACTORS OF RESTLESSNESS



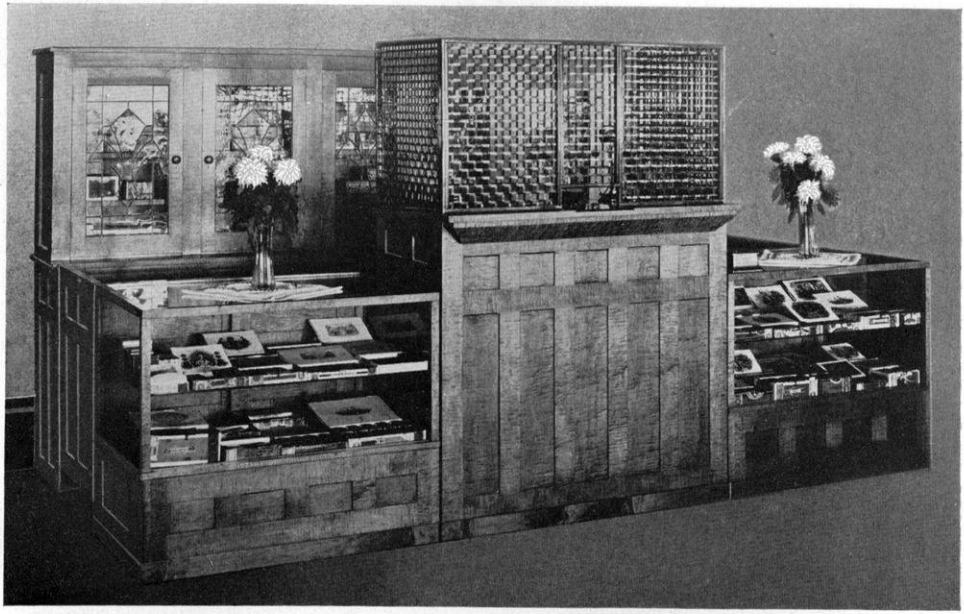
SKETCH B, II.: A PLACE OF CONTENTMENT AND BEAUTY CONDUCIVE TO GOOD WORK



SKETCH C' OLD-TIME QUIET IS ATTAINABLE IN A BREATHLESS AGE



SKETCH D: A DECORATIVE SCHEME BASED UPON THE UNION OF THE STRAIGHT LINE AND SUBDUED COLOR



A RECENT writer has observed that art does not consist in having a few objects of ornament upon the chimney piece and a few pictures in gold frames upon the walls; that it resides rather in a general obedience to the laws of harmony. To create such conditions is the object of the municipal art movement now in progress throughout our country. The movement should be extended from great to small things and to all places where the people congregate. As a step in this direction a cashier's desk and cigar stand is here illustrated from one existing in the new department store of McCreery & Company, Pittsburgh. In this piece the plainness of the constructive lines is happily relieved by the beauty of the material, which is hazelwood chemically treated, the introduction of leaded glass and the effect of the paneling.

It is not now the moment to discuss at length structure and decoration; for upon these subjects I have several times expressed myself, as in an article entitled "The Simple Structural Style in Cabinet-Making," published in the "House Beautiful" for December, 1903, and in "A Plea for a Democratic Art," printed in the "Craftsman" for October of the current year. I have but to state simply, without emphasis or rhetoric, certain facts, the knowledge of which I have acquired in my business and technical career; then, as a more convincing proof of my statements than can be formulated in words, to present a short series of coupled schemes, begging "the friendly reader" to free himself from old prejudices and to seek beauty in simplicity.

In treating of the appointments and decoration of the home, whether its place be a spacious house, or a small apartment, I would first inveigh against so-called fashion: the word itself should be banished from the dictionary, and the idea which it represents should be forgotten. Such objects as are structurally good and fitting to the place for which they are intended, should alone be admitted to the daily companionship of thinking people. From such intimacy should be excluded every piece which does not, figuratively, earn its living: that is, render a real and constant service to the occupants of the home. A thing to buy should be a thing to have and to hold, to love and to cherish. This value our forefathers of the Colonial and early Federal periods understood, and this we ignore. Their lives being subject to less change than ours, they had consequently greater affection for their surroundings. They did not acquire an object one day to grow weary of it on the morrow. Theirs was not, in any sense, an age of fickleness and divorce. Then, the makers of household belongings, in common with the members of all other crafts, callings and professions, labored strenuously to produce good work, which remains good and stable to this day, whether it appears in the Constitution of the United States, or yet in a chest, or chair, once adorning, with its quiet dignity, "the keeping room" of a New England farmer.

As in the moral world evil is self-destructive, so it is with the visible products of man's activity. Things which are not true artistically can not have a long existence, and fashion is at once their tyrant and their slave. She is fickle, but they have no quality of permanence. Over the good, in the useful, as well as in the fine arts, fashion has no control;

ruling but the imperfect, the unworthy, the temporary. In the arrangement of a home, Nature, culture and common sense should supply the guiding principles, and the passing desire of the hour should be disregarded, as it will always lead astray. The several parts to be assumed by the three monitors may be assigned as follows: Nature will offer unfailing suggestions as to the color most wholesome and agreeable to the eye; culture will discard vulgarity and display; common sense will decide between the useful and the useless: always rejecting that which, too fine for daily use, will remain an alien element in the home; rigidly examining all ornament as if it were a suitor for entrance to the family circle; questioning every object eligible to admission, lest after acquiring it, the owner should raise his standard of taste and the thing acquired become hateful to him.

The question of the material home, its appointments and decoration, has, I am assured, a different and more vital importance than many persons are willing to grant it. Yet I feel that I am not alone, either in acknowledging the significance of the question, or yet in the possession of my views regarding the simplicity in structure and ornament which I advocate. I remember them to have been expressed in substance, in a convincing sermon upon art, delivered in the Church of the Advent, Boston, by the late Bishop Brooks, long before the Arts and Crafts Movement was instituted in America. As the years proceed, I grow more and more earnest in my purpose; making strenuous effort to discover at whose door lie the capital sins committed in our country, under the name of household art, and speculating as to the best remedial measures to be employed against them.

It is plain that the existing evils are due to that hateful tyrant, Fashion, already discussed. I further believe that two opposite parties are responsible for them: that is, the public, and the producers of so-called household art—the cabinet makers, upholsterers, and interior decorators. As I see imitation spreading through all classes and sub-divisions of American society, I am convinced that "envy is the vice of republics." I realize the strain exerted by the people as a whole, under a false conception of society, and the appalling waste of energy, which, being turned in the natural direction, would produce morality, contentment, culture and good art. Indeed, so deep are my convictions, so earnest my desire for a change of ideals, that, as I pass in the streets, the raised curtain of an apartment house, displaying gilt

and glitter, silk cushions, and imitations of European porcelains, will depress, or anger me for hours. But often when I protest against such extravagance, and advocate simplicity, I am met by the answer that there are no correctional means possible; that the existing conditions produce commercial activity; that they are signs of progress and must be accepted in submission.

At such times, I turn from those who make these false efforts to be fine to the producers of the false finery, in order to discover serious fault existing also upon their side. It may, in truth, be urged that they are simply fulfilling the recognized laws of business by supplying the public demand. But, I argue, are they not involved in this scheme of social falsification quite otherwise than as accessories? They, as experts, know that under this system of imitation by which copies of priceless, unique objects are reproduced in different degrees of badness, honesty of material, structure and labor are impossible. So, yielding inevitably to the temptation to employ the cheapest of these commodities which it is possible to obtain, they go farther, since "it is only the first step that counts." By thus substituting the false for the genuine, they not only profit in the first instance, but they prepare the way for future and richer gains. Their necessarily cheap materials, their hasty methods of structure and fabrication doom their products to early destruction, and others are needed to supply their place. True it is that the system of substitution of the false and cheap for the genuine is so extended as to excite no comment from those who are able to discover it. But on account of this fact it is none the less detrimental in its workings. It tends to confirm those who are its ignorant victims in their lack of judgment and appreciation; it creates a desire for change, and a disrespect for the belongings of the home in those who witness the deterioration of the articles which they have so coveted before their purchase, but which, once acquired, fade and tarnish and fall to ruin before their eyes. Under this system, there can be no advance in culture, except such as comes negatively: that is, by witnessing the evil results of pretense and falsification in objects intended for use and embellishment. But the worst results of the system reside in its moral effects, in its tendency to produce a sense of dissatisfaction, which transfers itself from the objects fulfilling the service of the home to the home itself; causing it to be regarded as a temporary place of convenience, rather than as a fixed point, about which the interests of life revolve.

The fault of the producers—even of the best of them—is gravely increased by their frequency in changing their designs: the large cabinet-makers making this their custom twice each year. As a result, even the newest and most "stylish" pieces acquired by the private buyer begin, from the moment of their purchase, to lose their value: the very opposite of what occurred in the days of "old mahogany," when cabinet-making followed the laws of structure; when "style" justified its existence, and having done this once for all, remained stable; when the material, acknowledging the care of its keeper, grew more beautiful with age and use.

Another fault for which the owner of the home may be taxed with only seeming justice is the diversity of style in the objects of cabinet-making selected by him to furnish a single room. The effects which he strives to gain are missed, and the result is a chaos in which the elements quarrel with that obstinacy which is the peculiar property of inanimate things. But the responsibility for these unhappy results lies rather with the producer than with the purchaser, who must accept, instead of imposing conditions. The work of producing is so specialized and divided, that in the case of a dining room, the furnishings in wood must come from as many different sources as there are kinds of articles: the chairs representing one manufacturer, the table another, and so on through the pieces. So produced, it is unavoidable that they are inharmonious when assembled; offering no more unity than is to be found in the motley throng of the street, each one having, like any individual of that throng, the air of being bent upon its own errand. This state of things prevents our cabinet-making from finding a free market in England, where conditions better than our own prevail, as would naturally be expected in the country which formed the scene for the labors of William Morris, who "transformed the look of half the houses of London, and substituted beauty for ugliness all over the kingdom."

BUT I might continue my argument for page upon page, since points are inexhaustible. I shall, therefore, pass on to present my practical schemes, beginning with two groups, consisting each of two coupled examples, one of which shows the first state of a room, and the other a rearrangement of the same room which may be effected with comparatively small difficulty and expenditure.

The first scheme (Sketch A. I.) presents, in its original state of sin, a pell-mell of misapprehensions of the historic styles; the cabinet-making represented being drawn from the best examples of their class which were exhibited at St. Louis. It is needless here to dwell upon the grotesqueness occasioned by the confusion and debasement of styles present in this assemblage, which resembles nothing so much as a masked costume ball.

In Sketch A. II., the room reappears simplified as to its movables and decoration; the only structural change introduced being one easily accomplished in the chimney piece. The color-scheme is now built upon soft greens and delicate yellows, with here and there a note of greater prominence enriching the harmony. The walls, in their new state, offer a soft tone of olive-green; thus forming a background imitated from Nature, who clothes the trees and the earth in green, that they may *keep silence* while human beings think and act. The wall near the top shows a stenciled *motif,* executed in a deeper tone of green combined with corn-yellow. Above this, runs a landscape frieze, which repeats the green of the walls, with corn-color in the water-line, and, in other details, touches of plum and russet-brown. The mantel further emphasizes the green basis of the scheme by its tiling, into which plum effects are also introduced. The former furniture, with its tortured anatomy, is replaced by pieces of simple construction; the seats and cushions being of sheepskin, or canvas, in cool russet-brown, without suggestion of red. The curtains are of basket-weave linen of natural color, with a border line of *appliqué* in green and yellow; while the rug sums up the elements of the color-scheme by showing russet and light tans, with subdued yellows and greens. Finally, a few focal points are created by the copper-lamp, with its glass shade of daffodil and green, and the candlesticks and plaque on the chimney piece.

The second group of two plates presents, in Sketch B. I., a combination of gilt and glitter which can be imagined, even though it be shadowed forth in black and white. Reconstructed, the scheme appears, as in the first case, with only slight architectural modification: this time due to the change made in the central window of the bay, and the introduction of a seat beneath it. The walls are now covered with a warm-gray paper, carrying a suggestion of old blue. A stenciled frieze of the same, introducing notes of orange and rich green, with

deep blue in the small lower *motif,* runs above a rail placed on a line with the window tops. The furniture is of mahogany; the rug shows a gray-green ground with a border repeating the colors of the frieze; while the curtains of the bay are of pale green Shanghai silk, with yellow reflections in the weave, and a woven band of rich old gold at the bottom. Clear greens and yellows appear in the leaded glass, and warm shades of tan in the window seat; the entire bay being intended to contrast in brightness with the remainder of the room, which is purposely left subdued. The ugly chandelier of the first state is replaced by low-hanging copper lanterns, and this metal is repeated in a lamp and a plaque; another decorative detail being added in vases of light yellow and deep blue.

Sketch C shows a Colonial scheme, suggesting the calm and quiet, which we associate with the idea of the home of that period. It is almost needless to say that the woodwork is white, and the fireplace lined with ordinary brick; or again, that the pieces of cabinet-making represented are easily obtainable. The colors here employed are blue, gray and white, all of which appear in the wall paper; blue and white being repeated in the "rag" rug, and again blue in the poplin of the "Sleepy Hollow chair" covering, and in the *portières.* Other details, such as a mirror framed in gilt, brass andirons, fire-set, lamp and candlestick, not forgetting white muslin curtains embroidered in cross-stitch, are added to give a last touch of local color to the simple and pleasing scheme.

The fourth interior, Sketch D, is an example of the new art, avoiding those vagaries which a witty writer has recently characterized as the choice of newly married couples, callow professors, and budding aesthetes. It is a study in spacing, as is shown by the treatment of the woodwork, the structure and decoration of the chimney, and the disposition of the movables. The color scheme, based upon the green-brown of the woodwork, runs through the rich russet-yellow of the plastered walls, the russet leather of the settle, the greens (gray to golden), ivory, and pumpkin-yellow of the rug, and, finally, the green of the *portière,* with its rich old gold tracery. The decorative scheme concludes in the landscape panels in oils set above the mantel, and the beautiful tiling of soft Grueby green, showing glints of violet. This scheme, simple to the point of crudeness in its basis of structure, becomes satisfying and varied through the agency of color, which itself changes with every mood and caprice of the weather.

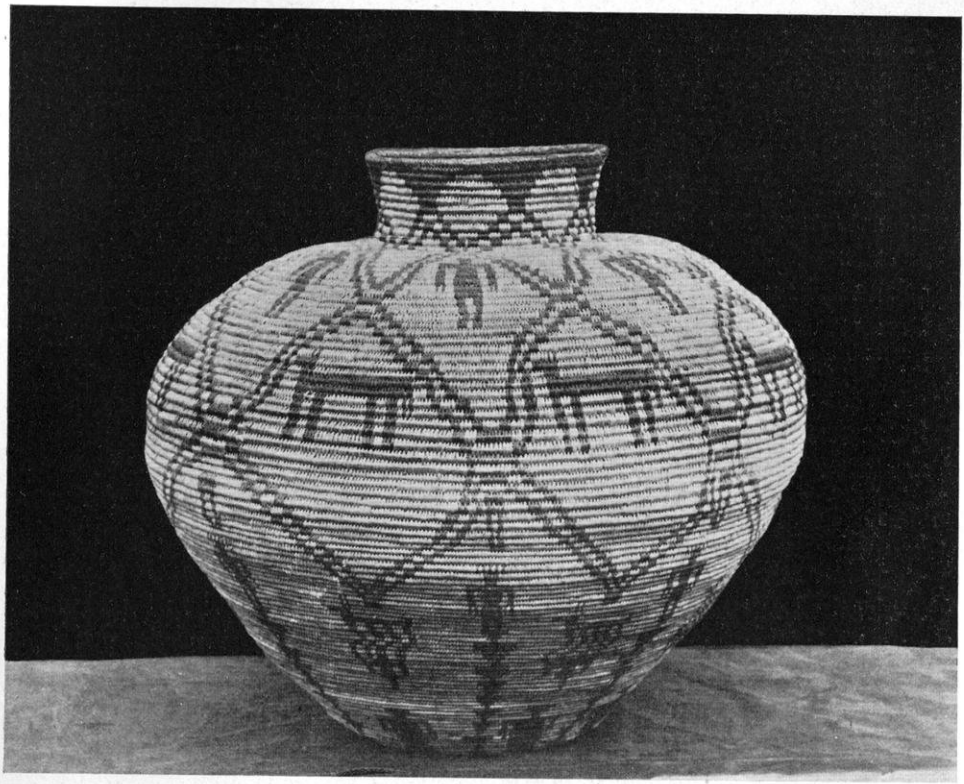
INDIAN BASKETRY : ITS STRUCTURE AND DECORATION. BY IRENE SARGENT

TO imitate the basketry of the North American Indians has recently been the ambition of public school children, and the passing fancy of club-women. But while both of these classes have thus satisfied the natural desire to create something; while they have closely copied shape, stitches and design, they have too often failed to seize the meaning of the originals, which in many cases are beautiful specimens of one branch of the second oldest art, if husbandry be counted as the first. In examining baskets from the hands of these women of the red race of America, we gain a retrograde vista into the times "when Adam delved and Eve span," such as can be afforded by no other extant objects. We gain also, if we wish, the most valuable ideas and material with which to pursue the study of ornament. For it is certain that the primitive basket-maker originated the patterns which, modified by primitive weavers and potters, developed into the *motifs* which have served the proudest uses in the decorative arts, and are still employed, although in forms so highly evolutionized as to be unrecognizable to the ordinary eye, when they are compared with their originals; just as the elements of Aryan speech are unsuspected in the modern languages of Europe by the ordinary persons who use them as their mother tongues.

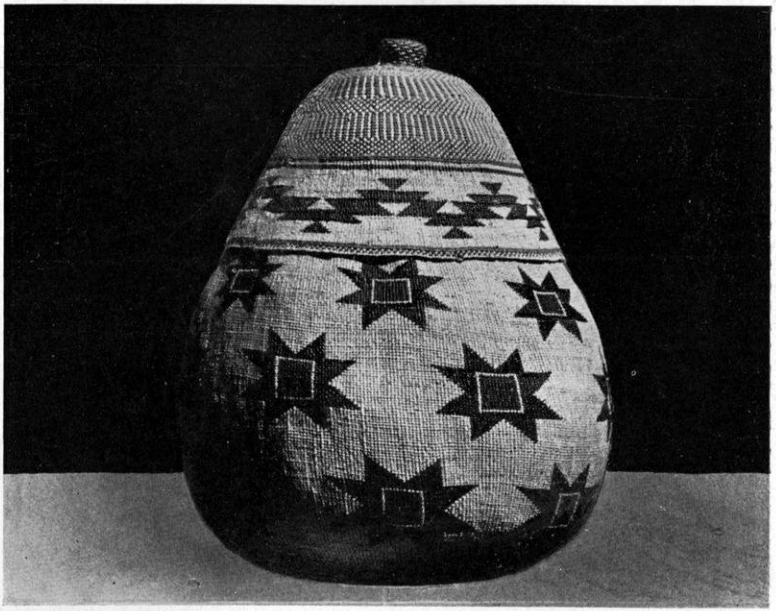
To study decorative art from the surface: that is, to imitate the designs of authoritative contemporary artists, is not only to remain unenlightened, but it is also to produce poor work; for, in the imitation, the spirit of the original composition will be lost, fitness will, in many cases, cease, and the principles necessary in the first instance, will be useless in the copy. The designer, in order to be the master, rather than the slave of his art, must know the reasons for the historical changes which have occurred in the elements of ornament with which he works; since these changes are, many times, the effort of the design to adapt itself to the material upon which it is wrought. Often, too, they result from the process of "simplification," during the course of which many or most of the original features are lost, and some one point rises to prominence, as when the object which suggested the design ceases to be consulted, and reference is made only to some conventionalized form of the original. An excellent illustration of this long process occurs in the herringbone pattern of Oriental rugs,

which is the last evolutionary stage of the alligator design: the serrated line standing for the spine of the animal, and the dots contained within the points representing the scales of the hide. The case of historical change, or progression: that is, the effort of the design to adapt itself to material, may be illustrated by the lotus-flower, which, in the Egyptian wall-paintings, appeared in a series of isolated units, copied quite realistically from the plant, as it rose from the Nile. In the first stage, the design was incomplete artistically, since it lacked a continuous base line; in the second stage, the missing element was bestowed upon it by the Assyrians, who, as a people devoted to the textile art, naturally added a connecting line between the units, in the form of threads, or strands. Frequently, too, they inverted the design; using it as a fringe pattern, when the lotus flowers and buds transformed their calyxes into tassels pendent from cords, which, in the original pattern, were the plant stems.

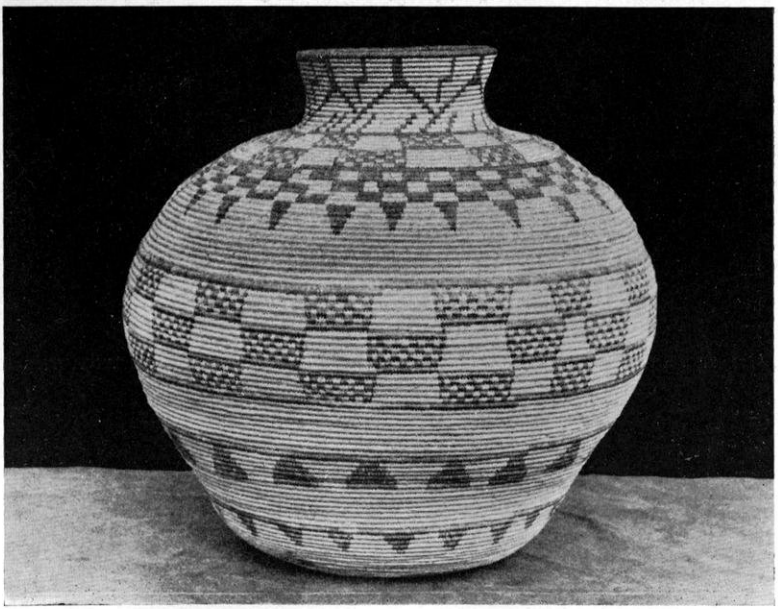
From these fragmentary illustrations it will be clear to the person who has never given thought to the development of design, that the decorative art of a highly civilized people is a very complex matter whose complete solution would be an impossible task. But the subject, of much more general interest than would at first appear, is so closely allied with every branch of race development, that it is worth while to pursue it through its confusing mazes; always provided that the study be begun with the art of primitive peoples, since the less the complication, the greater facility for a comprehensive survey. It may be said in passing also that much respect should be paid to the idea of independent discovery and development on the part of the peoples studied, and that resemblances in design should more often be attributed to necessities of material and structure, to notions of symmetry inherent in the human being irrespective of race, rather than to more or less direct or remote imitation, unless the transmission of ideas can be easily established, as, for instance, in the case of the Egyptians, Assyrians and Greeks, who form, as to their artistic development, one unbroken series. Independence must necessarily characterize all primitive expressions of the arts of design, since "ornament is the first spiritual need of the barbarous man," who, comparatively isolated, and therefore more impulsive and sincere, follows his own ideas for the pure pleasure that he derives from realizing them. In this case, theory is sustained by fact, as it has been proven by thor-



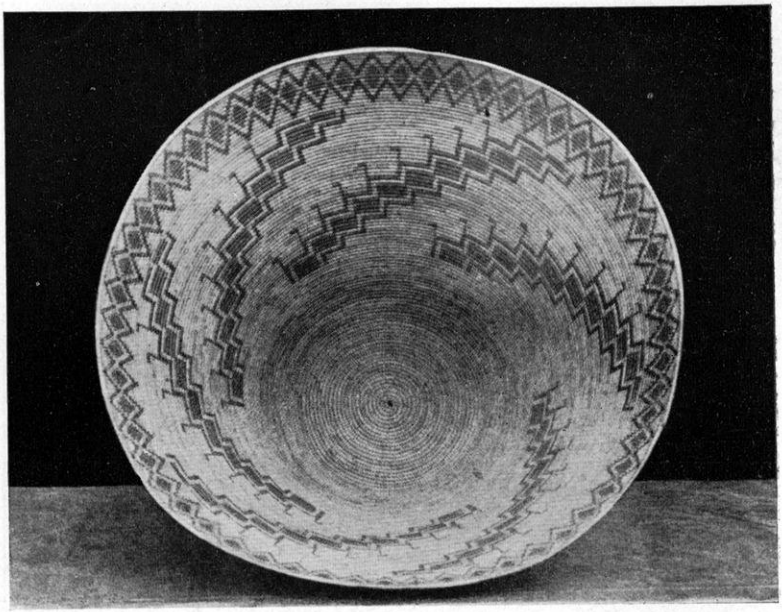
A VASE-FORM OF INDIAN BASKET WITH ZONAL DECORATION, TO BE COMPARED WITH THE EARLY CERAMICS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST AND ISLANDS



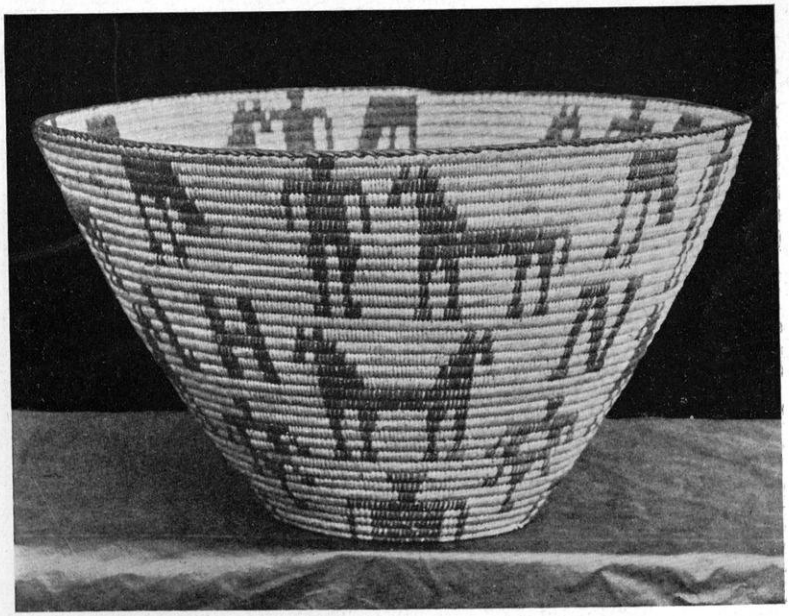
A PURSE-LIKE FORM ALLIED WITH ASIATIC CERAMIC MODELS OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B. C.



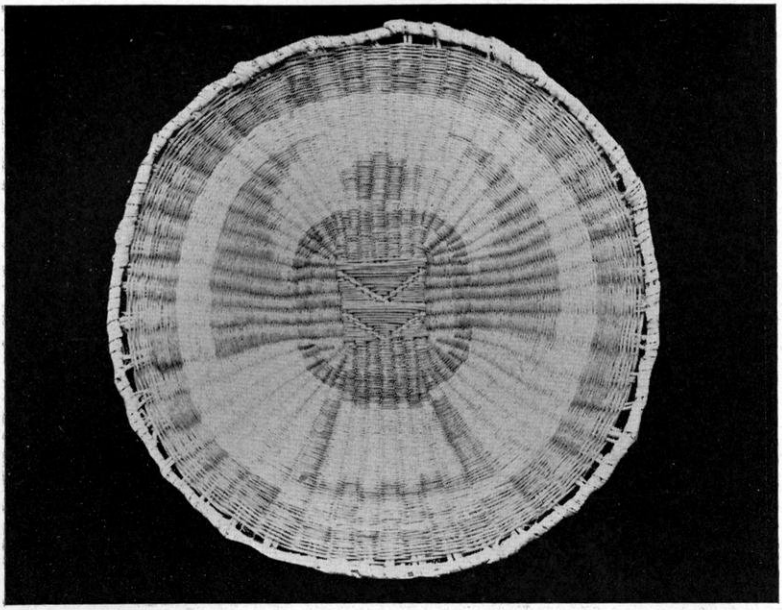
A STUDY IN TEXTILE DESIGN ELIGIBLE TO SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE IN A GRAMMAR OF ORNAMENT



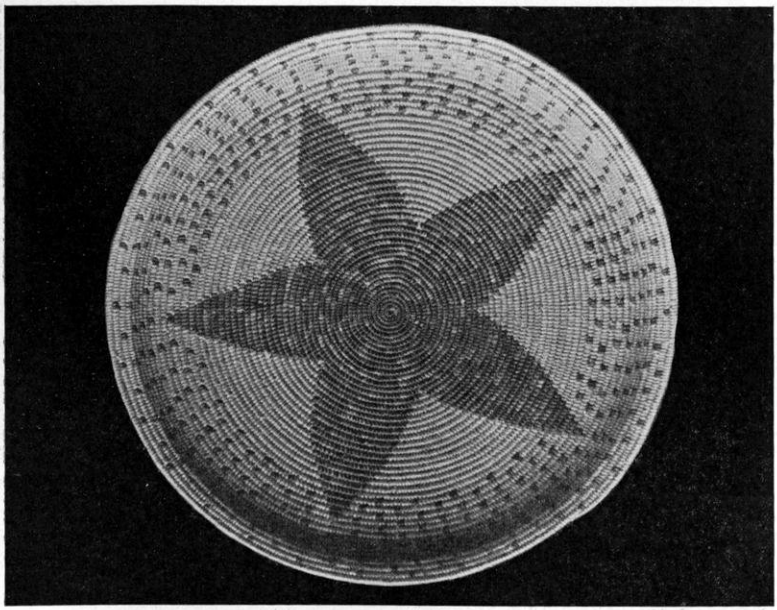
THE RATTLESNAKE BORDER AS A WORTHY PARALLEL TO THE ALLIGATOR DESIGN OF ORIENTAL RUGS



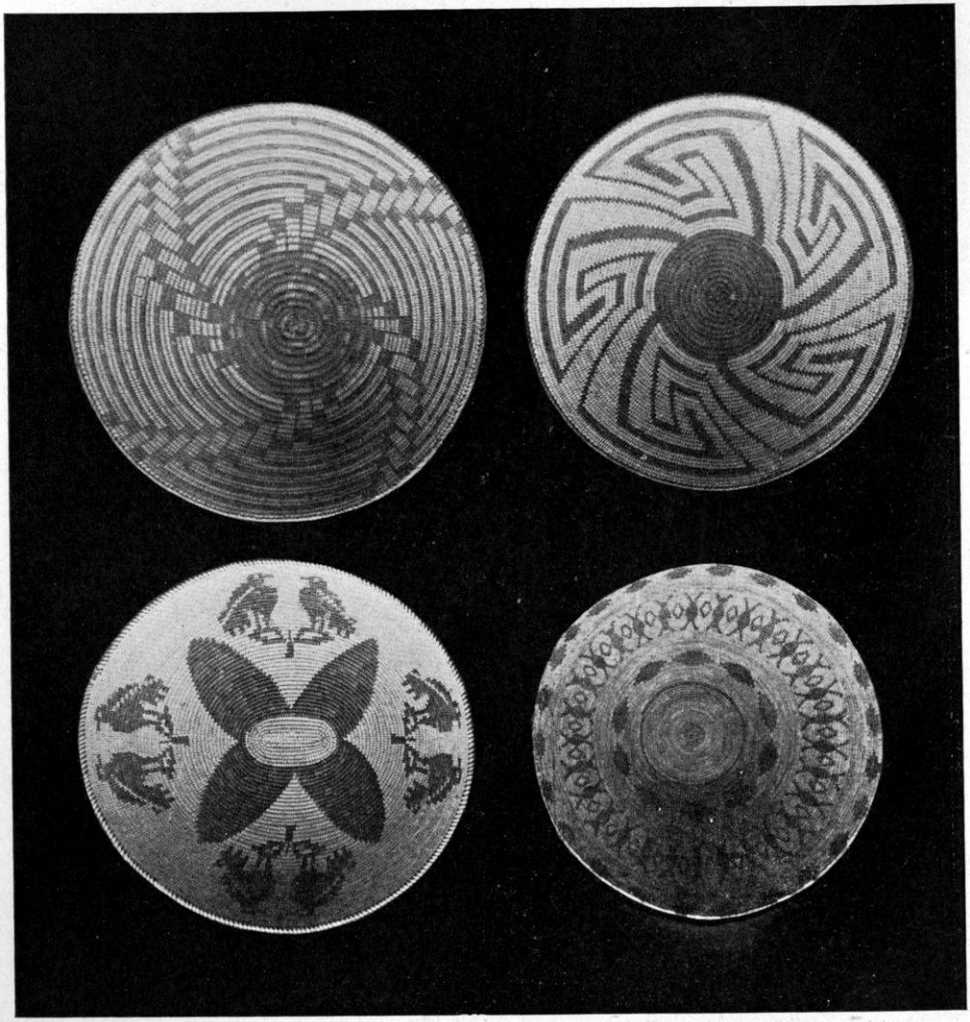
A DESIGN AFFECTED BY COMMERCIALISM. HERE THE INDIAN SYMBOLS ARE INTERRUPTED BY ENGLISH LETTERS, INTRODUCED BY THE INGENIOUS WEAVER IN THE HOPE TO SELL HER BASKET



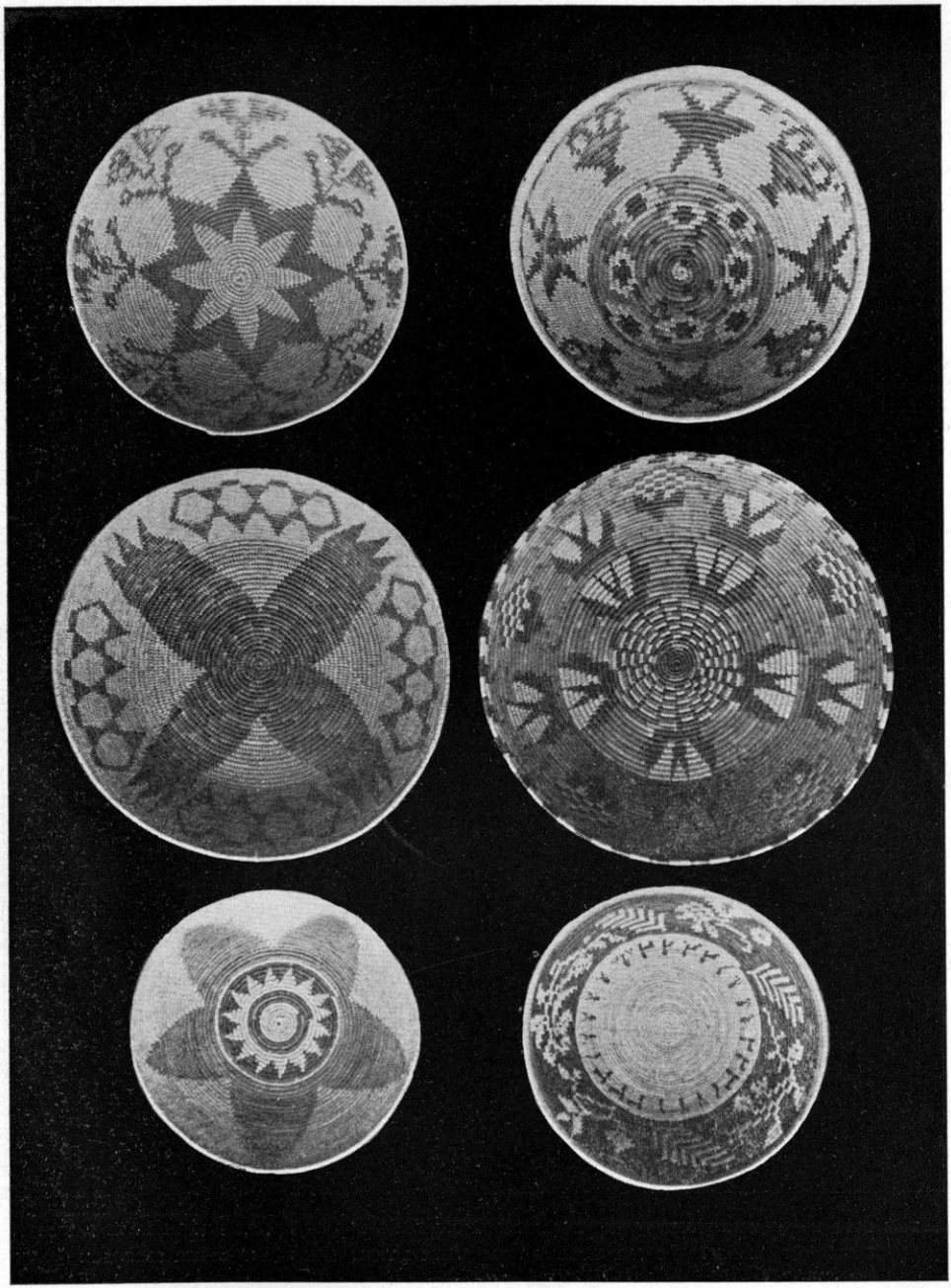
"THE THUNDER-BIRD": A SYMBOLIC ORNAMENT TO BE COMPARED WITH THE USE OF THE HUMAN FIGURE IN EARLY CELTIC ART



VOTIVE OFFERING AND PERSONAL SYMBOL: A STAR WROUGHT BY "RAMONA" TO KEEP IN MEMORY THE QUARTER OF THE WORLD TO WHICH HER HUSBAND HAD GONE



THE LEFT UPPER AND RIGHT LOWER EXAMPLES SHOW ELEMENTS OF DESIGN WHICH HAVE PASSED FROM THE SYMBOLIC TO THE PURELY DECORATIVE STAGE; THE RIGHT UPPER SPECIMEN OFFERS A PLEASING REALISTIC USE OF NATURAL FORMS; WHILE THE LEFT LOWER FIGURE IS A FINE ARRANGEMENT OF "LIGHTS AND DARKS"

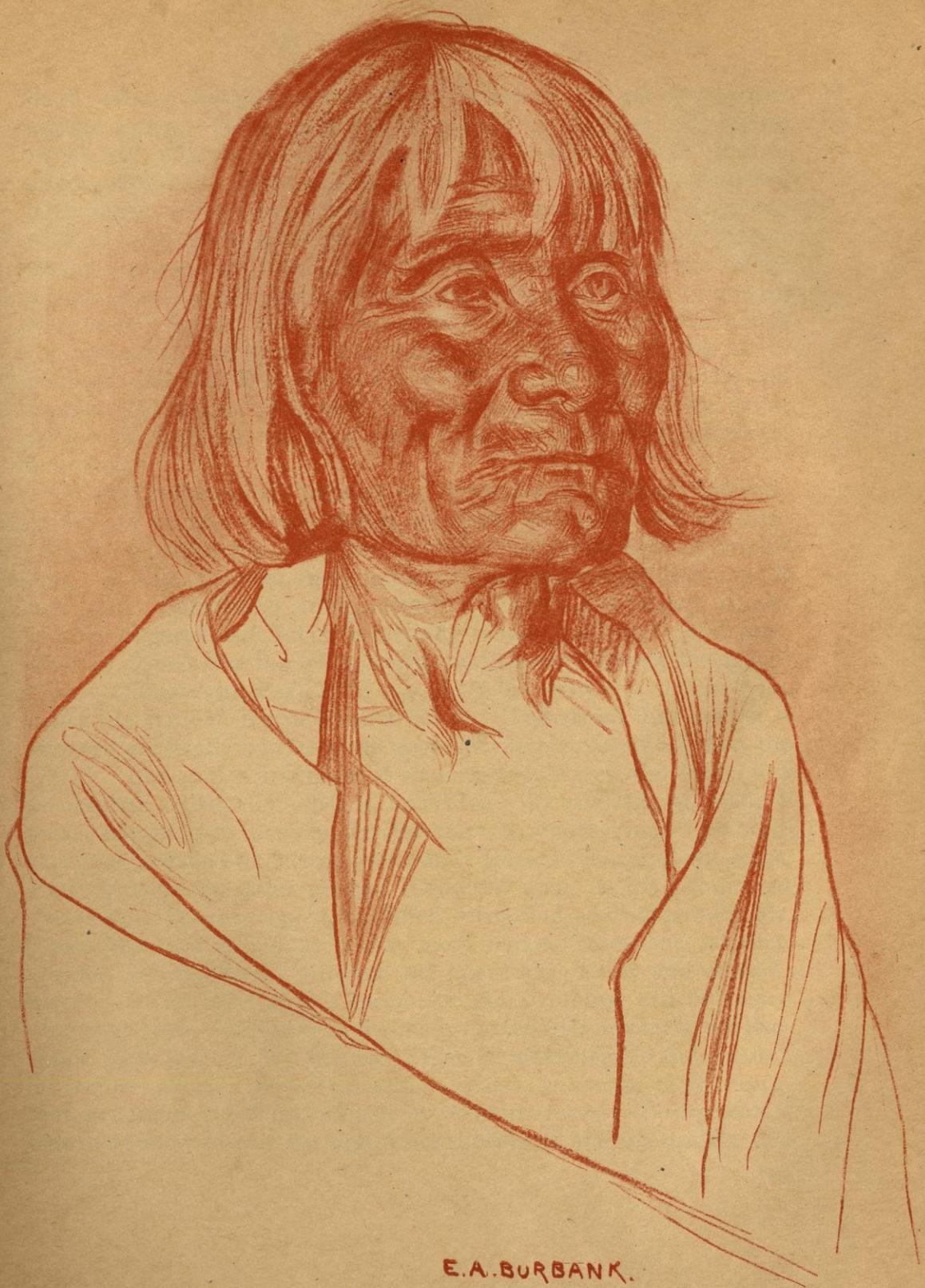


FIVE EXAMPLES OF FLORAL DESIGN: THE BORDER OF THE LOWER RIGHT SPECIMEN BEING REMINISCENT OF ASSYRIAN TREATMENT; THE MIDDLE LEFT FIGURE SHOWING A MOTIF OF PLANT-FORMS AND MORNING-LIGHT EFFECTS. THE SIXTH SPECIMEN (MIDDLE RIGHT) IS A REALISTIC ORNAMENT COMPOSED OF BEARS' CLAWS AND TEETH

POET-SAH.
TEWA. TEWA.

E.A. BURBANK

SHUPE-LA.
HOPI. (WALPI.)



E.A. BURBANK.

ough research that the more backward the people, the less they borrow artistic *motifs*. Originality and independence are, then, two claims which can be made for barbarous art, and to these a third—that of appropriateness—can be added, as one which is generally sustained. This quality is also a natural result, since the design, at its first appearance, is fitted to the material upon which it is wrought: the pottery design spontaneously tending toward curved forms, and the textile design assuming the angles necessitated by its application to threads or strands. Again, from another point of view, it is essential for both the technician and the critic to begin their studies with the art of primitive peoples, since the one may learn in this way to choose and modify his designs with taste and fitness; while before the latter there will open far-reaching vistas of the most essential historical knowledge.

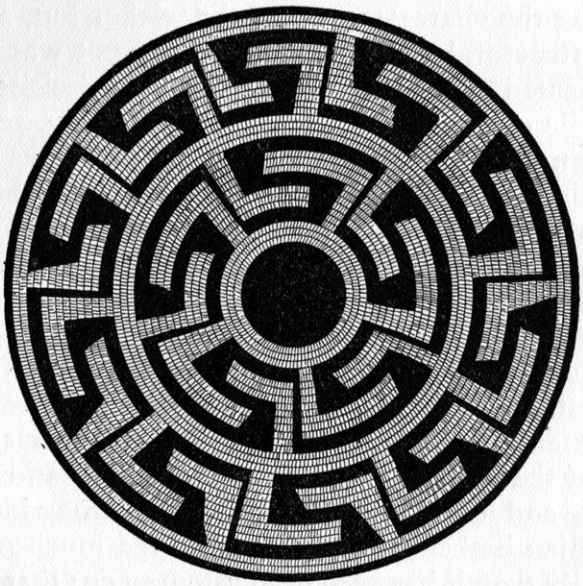
A design can, in all respects, be compared to a living organism. It has its periods corresponding to youth, maturity, and old age. Created by enthusiasm, it is first symbolic; its meaning is all important. It is incomplete; its promises and possibilities are felt to be its best part. Containing strong elements of grace and beauty, it may lack an element of balance, something which shall unify and complete it. Such was the lotus design (anthemion) among the Egyptians. Closely associated with the Nile, the source of fertility, the water-lily typified life and immortality. Translated into design, it adorned the walls of the great temple, which in itself typified the world. But, in this first stage, as we have before seen, the design was incomplete artistically—that is, externally. It was also, as we have seen, brought to maturity by the Assyrians, to whom it meant nothing, except as, reduced to decorative form, it pleased their aesthetic sense. Passing from the latter people, it entered upon its long course of decadence; reappearing in modified form, and at distant intervals, throughout the world at points most remote from one another, whither it was carried, through the operation of war and of commerce. In the case of this special design, evolution can be traced with such ease as to justify in the main the theories advanced by Professor Goodyear in his treatise, "The Wanderings of the Lotus." Therefore, what is true of the design recognized as the most important, persistent, and vital example in the entire history of ornament, is true in a lesser sense of less significant specimens, and the student may

begin his examination of North American Indian art, strong in the critical methods and in the judgment which he has acquired by tracing the life-histories of designs, from their origin early in the history of ancient peoples, who were destined to attain high civilization. He will find himself free to extend to its farthest limits the theory of independent development, since no counter-argument is possible; and, as proofs, he may adduce frets and keys resembling Greek and Chinese designs, anthropomorphic forms scarcely less ingenious than those found in early Celtic ornament, as well as phyllomorphs (plant-forms), and representations of operations and objects in the physical world—like thunder, rain, storm and mountains—which latter would lead to the belief that the red race was not one destined by Nature to remain barbarous: as, according to scientists, would be indicated by a too great preponderance of animal forms in design. The result of such study can not be other than an awakening of admiration for the primitive designers who, in order to create, do not deliberately examine all departments of Nature and of art, in the search for striking *motifs;* experimenting and struggling with themselves and their material in the effort to invent, and in this way missing the originality which they pursue with such diligence and pains. These North American Indians, so long despised save by a few specialists, will be proven to be designers obedient to sure artistic principles, working spontaneously, creating for pleasure, rather than for display, as is too often the case with those who follow a similar calling in highly civilized communities.

In pursuance of this study of North American Indian design, it might be urged that pottery as a more important expression of the useful arts, should be selected for examination; but while the clay vessels are most interesting, they form the second link in the chain of evolution; since the textile always precedes the fictile art, and because, in the case of these Indians, the pottery at first served but as an adjunct to the basketry.

The latter, at present reduced among civilized peoples to an insignificant place among the crafts, occupied early in history a most important position. In Viollet-le-Duc's "History of the Human Habitation" its structural capacity is clearly shown, and in the works of other archeologists it is equally honored as a provider of primitive shelter. Its forms and characteristics were preserved long after its materials

were discarded for stone, and to-day even, certain remembrances of its use occur in ordinary architecture. The round wicker hut of the Celt, such as it is pictured on the column of Antoninus, at Rome, developed into the wood and wicker outlook tower and beacon, and again, from this second stage, the structure, passing through skilful hands, became the typical stone Irish round-tower; retaining in its "string courses," or moldings, which serve no constructive purpose, reminiscences of the horizontal bands which strengthened the tall wicker house. Indeed, wicker construction, or basketry, is regarded



THE INDIAN BASKET MAKER AS A SPACE DECORATOR

as so significant, so much a part of the ancestral traditions of the Anglo-Saxon, that the English archeologist March, in his "Meaning of Ornament," attributes to racial memory the sense of disappointment, the feeling of expectancy, which rises in our minds at the sight of a large unbroken surface: a feeling precisely expressed in the lines of Hood:

> "A wall so blank,
> That sometimes I thank
> My shadow for falling there."

It is therefore but simple justice to acknowledge the claims of basketry in the role of an agent of use and decoration, as prior to those of pottery; especially among the North American Indians, with whom

basketry long filled the place of pottery; being for them the almost universal receptacle, as the vase was among the ancient Greeks, and long serving the uses of primitive cookery, until the boiling pot came to reproduce in clay the boiling basket of vegetable fibre. Then even, the rope of clay, coiled upon itself, imitated the wisp of the basket, which, twined around and around a center, formed the bottom, and rose spirally, widening or contracting, until the desired height and form were attained. The clay vessel, thus evolved from the basket, repeated in detail its original; just as we have seen the stone round-tower retaining the characteristics of the wicker hut, after they had ceased to be structural. The surface of the pot was covered with incised or indented decoration, copied from the designs belonging to basketry; while cone-like projections, near the rim, reproduced the loops of withes, through which formerly the strap was passed to suspend the boiling basket: a survival precisely parallel to the "string courses" in architecture, since the conical projections of the pot no longer fulfilled the functions exercised by the loops of the basket. And this is but a single instance of the influence exerted by the earlier over the later craft. Examination in all cases justifies the opinion of the critic who asserts that "basketry impressed itself on the clay, literally and figuratively, and thenceforward pots were doomed to basket-like ornamentation, until the possibilities of clay worked out the freedom of the pot from the limitations of the basket."

From these and innumerable other equally strong indications, it is plain that Indian basketry should be regarded much more seriously and respectfully than it has been our custom to do; that it has a much deeper meaning than has been suspected by the majority of those who have recently counted its stitches and mechanically repeated its symbolic designs, in the effort, made without especial reason, to produce objects of no important value or use. It is certainly time to restore this art-craft, as practised by our red race, to the consideration which it merits.

IN examining good examples of Indian basketry one cannot fail to observe a point of resemblance existing between them and the products of the highly artistic Japanese, who lavish their utmost skill, taste and wealth upon objects devoted to the commonest service of daily life, while yet the number and kinds of objects created

and used, remain surprisingly few. The Japanese who glorifies his tea-cup and his screen, is followed in the same path, although with unequal steps, by the Indian woman who realizes in the form, texture and decoration of her food basket conceptions of beauty which no school can justly criticise. The barbarian artist understands how to balance in her creations the two forces—the aesthetic and the utilitarian—which fight, so to speak, for the possession of every object

A BARBARIAN WOMAN AS AN EXPERT DESIGNER OF TEXTILES

produced in the leisure and for the gratification of its maker. She retains in her baskets the full measure of usefulness, while, at the same time, she inscribes upon them her personal translation of the world lying about her.

WITH the purpose of popularizing acquaintanceship with certain features of this exquisite, although barbarous art, a number of specimens are here offered in illustration. They have been chosen for various reasons: several of them being fitted in both structure and shape to serve as examples of basketry impervious to water and adapted to the preparation of food; while they witness also the wealth of time, taste and skill which they have been judged as not unworthy to receive. Others again have been chosen by reason of the decorative *motifs* which they display, whether these *motifs* be considered as successfully conventionalized forms, or as symbolic

ornament in various stages of evolution. The vase-like examples recall the Assyrian ceramic forms of about the sixth century B. C., as do even more fully their zonal zöomorphic decorations; while the specimen of similar shape appearing in the line-cut shows a textile technique rivaling that of the ancient peoples who fed their flocks on the great plains watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates. But it is only fair to say that these shapes, when compared with the Greek and the Pompeian, suffer greatly; since they lack fine curves and sharp definition of parts, although again much may be said in extenuation of these faults, when the proposed use and the structural material are considered. The frets or purely linear combinations, mosaic-like in character, show their designers to have been space decorators possessed of mathematical sense, of boldness and style, who appreciated the effects obtainable from the proper assemblage and alternation of "lights and darks."

Two designs are most interesting as studies in the evolution of ornament, valuable from the fact that they are condensed, and illustrative of a single point. They are found in two of the plaque-like baskets, one of them being composed of an ornate lozenge border enclosing a curious and striking stepped design; the other showing a chain-*motif* which is distinctive and beautiful. Both these designs, although still vital with symbolism, have reached the second stage of their existence; that is, they have reached their maturity as decorative agents. The lozenge pattern is the American Indian equivalent for the Oriental alligator design, but it is much more realistic, and as a result of being less "simplified," it remains more decorative than its parallel. It is a *motif* suggested by the skin of the diamond-back rattlesnake, and in order to complete its symbolism, it must be coupled with the interior design, which represents a mountain ascent, watered by copious streams, and abounding in quail, whose plumage is indicated by the filaments placed at the angles of the pattern. Regarded as symbolism, the work possessed a secret, perhaps a sacred, meaning for its designer, and her tribe; but in the light of pure ornament it affords keen visual pleasure to the gentile world. The same may be said of the chain-*motif,* which is composed of anthropomorphs similar to those found in Celtic art and which are there of such deep religious significance. And so, if space permitted, this study of Indian ornament might be indefinitely continued, always with pleasure to the student and often with profit to the cause of art.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS ⁓ A DIAGNOSIS BY DR. DENMAN W. ROSS ⁓ *From Handicraft for January, 1903*

HAT is the matter with the Arts and Crafts? Why is it that, in spite of a widespread interest, with much talk and much activity, so little really good and satisfactory work is produced? Consider the work of the early and middle ages, of the Renascence, the work of our own colonial days, the work of the far east, of China and Japan. We have many examples in our houses, in our museums,—the masterpieces of earlier times. In comparison with these, the work which we are doing is most unsatisfactory. I am thinking, of course, of the work that is really ours, the work which we do upon the basis of our own thought and effort, the work for which we are wholly responsible. Good things are produced, very good things, but they are reproductions or copies of fine things done long ago. All we do is to adapt them to our purposes, to our needs, with very slight, if any, alterations. The changes we make are rarely improvements, and our copies and reproductions are not so good as they ought to be. Our artists and craftsmen, the ablest of them, have settled down to a systematic imitation of historic examples, and the study of design is called the study of "historic ornament." It is only the ignorant, we are told, who imagine that they can produce any original work which will be good. The wise have given up the idea altogether.

The work which we do, when we follow our own impulses and disregard precedents, is often useful. It serves its purpose, but it generally fails in design or lacks technical perfection. If, as sometimes happens, our work is good in its general conception or design, it is almost sure to be the work of some amateur or *dilettante* who has good taste and good judgment but no technical training, no skill. The work is well conceived, but badly done. More often the work is well executed, but wanting in design. In that case it is the work of a man who has technical training, who knows his trade, but has no idea of composition. He has never thought of design, and is, consequently, unable to bring the beauty of order into his work. His work may be useful, but it is not beautiful, so it cannot be regarded as a work of art. We rarely find in original work the combination of good design and good craftsmanship which, together, make art.

There is, as I have said, a widespread interest in the Arts and Crafts at the present time. There has never been so much talk about them before. Societies are being organized everywhere to look after them,—to encourage producers on the one hand and buyers on the other. The people who join the societies are divided into craftsmen and patrons, and the craftsmen are divided, according to an estimate of training and ability, into masters and apprentices. No end of time and pains are spent in making constitutions and by-laws,—the *a priori* legislation which never fits and gives no end of trouble afterwards. Then there are meetings, at which people talk,—the people whose business and pleasure it is to talk. As a rule, they have never done any work themselves, but they can tell us all about it, and what ought to be done. The talkers who have never done any work take a few lessons and begin at once to produce things,—hammered bowls, carved brackets, punctured lanterns. Then there is a jury to look at the things,—to decide whether they are fit to be shown or not, and there is an exhibition committee to arrange for the shows. These take place from time to time, and are attended by the patrons and other persons who feel kindly and take an interest,—sometimes to the extent of buying the objects exhibited. A little market is created and a little business is done. So it goes on, and it is hoped, by such means, that the Arts and Crafts may be induced to flourish once more. We expect very soon to have artists, lots of them, and the artistic life everywhere. It is a moment of great expectations and high hopes,—to be followed presently by a disappointment.

Our interest in the Arts and Crafts is altogether too superficial. It is more talk than work. The product is small and insignificant, and our little market is no real market. The fact is, we are playing at Arts and Crafts. It is a pastime, an amusement. The big world of hard work and real work is hardly conscious of our existence. Ask the manufacturers, the shopkeepers, and their employees, what they know about the Arts and Crafts movement, how they feel about it. They will tell you that they know little and feel less. Surely it will take more than our meetings and talk, more than our exhibitions and sales, more than all that, a great deal more than that, to bring the Arts and Crafts to life again.

The real cause of their decadence, the real reason why they do not flourish, lies deep in our habits of life, and in the system of education

which gives us those habits. It is to be found in the fact that the knowledge of art, which means aesthetic discrimination and judgment, is found, generally, among the people who do no work, people who study works of art, collect them, and talk about them, but produce nothing. It is to be found in the fact that the people who have technical knowledge, training and skill, who are able to work and do work, have, as a rule, no discrimination, no judgment, no standards, no high ideals. In other words, we have all the fine impulses where there is no ability to follow them, and all the ability where there are no fine impulses. To make matters worse, the people of education, of judgment, and the people who have merely technical training and ability form two distinct classes in our community, and these classes have almost nothing in common, have, indeed, very little to do with each other.

There are lots of people who know the fine things that have been done in art, who care for them, who long to see such things done again, people who have good taste, right judgment, high ideals, and the number of these people is increasing constantly. Instead, however, of trying to realize their ideals, working them out in the materials and by the technical methods of the several Arts or Crafts to which they properly belong, they find it easier, because it is more in their habit, to put their ideals into words, and to talk about them. Sometimes they give lectures and write books about art; what it has been and what it ought to be. In this way they express themselves, but always in the terms of language. Language is the only art which they understand technically, the only art which they can practise with any success. Very sharply distinguished from those who discriminate and pass judgment in speech and in writing, are the people who spend their days, all day and every day, in real work,—getting technical knowledge and exercising it. They are masters of their hands, of tools and materials, of methods, ways and means. These people, also, think. Of course they think, but not in the terms of language. They think of forces, attractions, resistances. They discriminate in manual efforts, in tools and in materials. They are good judges in all technical matters connected with the Arts and Crafts. There is nothing these people might not do. They might do the finest things in the world; but they never think of them. They have never studied any fine things. They have no knowledge of art. What they do is simply what they

are told to do by the people who employ them and pay them wages, and these are not, as a rule, the people of education, who might be expected to superintend and direct. They are the manufacturers and shopkeepers who produce things to supply a demand and gain a profit. Of standards and high ideals the employers know quite as little as the people they employ. Their only motive is found in an "order to be filled." The two classes of people thus distinguished and described have, as I have said, very little in common and very little to do with one another. They rarely meet, and when they do meet they fail to understand one another.

Words mean so little to those who work, and work means so little to those whose ideas exist only in the terms of language. The terms of language are abstract and general, the terms of work are to the last degree specific. The talkers and the workers meet only to misunderstand one another, and they have very little respect for one another. "What is all that talk," says the worker, "that talk about the principles of design? What does he mean by balance, rhythm, harmony? Organic unity,—what in the world is that? Righteousness, truth, beauty,—what are they? How he talks and talks, and quotes from the books! He is always begging us to do those things which he talks about. He cannot do them himself. He says so. He cannot tell us how to do them. He knows nothing about work. He does not know the difference between a nail and a wedge. You ought to hear him talk. It is perfect nonsense. Work is better than talk anyway. Let us go to work." That is what the worker says. From time to time the talker leaves his proper associates, the people who understand talking and talk themselves, and condescends to visit the worker in "his place of business," but he finds there nothing that pleases him. Work in itself he cannot understand or appreciate. What he looks for is the motive of the work, its idea. This he finds unsatisfactory. "It is not enough," he says, "to do your work well, even very well, it must also be worth doing. Your work is without design. It has no balance, no rhythm, no harmony. It lacks organic unity. I see in it no righteousness, no truth, no beauty. It makes me very unhappy." That is what the talker says to the worker, and he goes off, consoling himself with the words of the Lord to Ezekiel (xxxiii, 32): "And, lo thou art unto them as a very lovely song, of one that hath a pleasant

voice and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words but they do them not."

Idealism, with its love of righteousness, truth and beauty, and technical ability, with its standard of perfection, the two elements which go to make up the artist and the artistic life, are thus widely separated,—so widely separated that they cannot act together, as they should, to produce their proper issue in nature, in life. The case of the Arts and Crafts is, therefore, a case of *disjecta membra.*

Many efforts have been made to bring the two elements of art, its idealism and its technical ability, together, but the efforts have been futile. The idea has been to bring the workers under the influence of the talkers. One of the objects of the Arts and Crafts Societies is that: to bring the people who work under the influence of the "higher criticism." The man who works, however, does not care for the "higher criticism." He does not understand it, and, like most men, he hates what he does not understand. He despises the condescension of those who pretend to know all about it, but cannot do it. The critic and the worker meet, but in vain.

What I have said may seem very discouraging. It may seem to the reader that I have described a hopeless condition of things. The condition of things which I have described is far from satisfactory. That is true. It does not follow, however, that it is going to endure. I am by no means discouraged. I regard the situation with hopefulness, if not with cheerfulness. All the elements of art, of the artistic life, are here. They are separated so that they cannot act together. What we have to do is to bring them together. That is not impossible. It means simply that we must bring the teaching of art, the teaching of design, into connection with technical training. The young men and women who go into Arts and Crafts work must have the knowledge and appreciation of fine things. They must have standards which will enable them to criticise their own work as they do it. They must be critics as well as workers. Then we shall have the two elements of the artist life, its fine impulse and its technical ability, united and acting together. We shall then, at once, see a real life and activity coming into the Arts and Crafts. We shall see work produced, appropriate to its purpose, good in design, and technically perfect. That is exactly what we want.

Various forms of manual training have come into the schools.

They are coming, also, into the colleges and universities. Manual training has not, however, as yet, come into connection with the teaching of art. By some people it is regarded as an educational discipline, sufficient in itself. By others it is recommended as a preparatory training for mechanics and engineers. As a discipline, it is certainly of great value; as a preparation for certain kinds of professional work it is indispensable, no doubt. Up to this time, however, the teachers of manual training have been mechanics, not artists. They have had no interest in art, no knowledge of its masterpieces. The study of design and its principles has had no place in connection with manual training. The study of works of art, with the idea of discovering and establishing standards has never been introduced into the schools of manual training; but it is going to be introduced there,—for that is exactly the place, where the study of art belongs. Technical training, without the knowledge of design, without artistic standards and ideals, without the artistic impulse, is of little value. On the other hand, the artistic impulse which would lead us to produce good and beautiful work is fruitless, so long as it is divorced from manual and technical training. The two things belong together, and what we have to do is to bring them together, and that is what we are going to do, and we are going to do it at once. The pessimist says: "How dismal it all is, how unsatisfactory." We are not pessimists. "How fine it will be, what splendid work we are going to do, as soon as we have the requisite knowledge with technical skill." That is what we say, and that is optimism.

We must have the knowledge of design in its principles, which are the principles of order. Order, system, unity of motive or purpose, beauty of form: that is the meaning of design. Beauty is not definable, but it manifests itself in three principal modes: balance, rhythm and harmony. These are the modes in which beauty is revealed both in Nature and in works of art. By balance we mean equal opposition or antithesis. By rhythm we mean the joint action of two or more attractions or forces to carry the eye and the mind in a motion through the measures of time or of space. By harmony we mean that the constituent elements of a work have something in common which brings them together in unity. We say of a work, that it is in harmony with its idea or purpose, or that the terms are in harmony with one another. Thus we have harmony of tones, of measures, and of forms

or shapes. The practise of design means bringing terms or ideas into the modes of balance, rhythm and harmony. The only means of coming to a clear understanding of design, and an appreciation of its importance, is found in the practise of design,—in exercises in the composition of terms and ideas,—trying to bring the many into one, the one into many, as Plato puts it. At the same time we must study the art of the past, particularly its masterpieces, the aim being to get a power of visual discrimination, critical insight, and right judgment, and, ultimately, high standards and ideals, and the noble impulse which comes out of them. Examples and illustrations must be brought together; if not original works, then copies or reproductions; if nothing else can be had, photographs will serve the purpose. The best method of study will be found in a technical analysis, by which the component elements and motives of a composition become clearly distinguished and defined. * * * We shall then have art once more, and the artistic life. Again, works of art will be produced. The conditions and circumstances of modern life will give us new problems, and we shall have artists to solve them. Now we have only half an artist here, the other half somewhere else. His head is in one place, his hands in another. The all-around, complete artist, with his knowledge of fine things, his discrimination and judgment, his standards and ideals, his knowledge of tools and materials, of ways, means and methods, his power of eye and skill of hand,—that is the man we want, the man we must have, before we can hope to see the Arts and Crafts alive again, and flourishing.

We must give up the idea that everything can be understood in the terms of language, that the educated man is one who talks and writes, but does no other work. We must give up the idea that all the wisdom of life is to be found in the words, phrases, and sentences of high philosophy. Language is only one among many arts. It serves many purposes, but not all, and among the purposes which it does not serve are those of the Arts and Crafts,—architecture, sculpture, painting, and the many and various minor arts connected with these. The feelings, emotions, thoughts, ideas, ideals, which find their expression in drawing, painting, modeling, carving, construction, of one sort or another, cannot be properly defined and expressed, cannot be properly discussed or understood in the terms of language. Archaeology, history,—that is another matter. The discriminations, which mean right

judgment in regard to works of the Arts and Crafts, are discriminations in the sense and in the terms of vision. These have no real equivalents in the terms of language. The appreciation of such work rests always upon technical considerations. We do not know that a thing is bad unless we know how it was done, how it ought to have been done, what ought to be done to make it better. That means technical experience and technical knowledge, if not technical ability.

To be a real critic, you must have studied the masterpieces in a way which the man of words cannot understand. You must have analyzed the fine things. You must know exactly what they are made of, and how the materials were put together. To make sure of your knowledge you must have put similar materials together in the same way with approximately the same result, bringing the knowledge and understanding gained by analysis to the test of synthetic effort. To be a real critic you must have all the knowledge of the workman. To be a helpful critic you must know more than he knows. You must be able to explain your idea to him in technical terms, and by means of illustrations, doing yourself what he ought to do. The real critic is a workman—potentially, at least. It is always through the practice of an art that we come to a real knowledge of it. * * *

It is plainly the business of our schools, colleges and universities to recognize the existence of many different arts, different modes of thought and expression, to acknowledge that language is only one among these, the most important one perhaps, but not the only one by any means. In order to give our youth a real knowledge of the different arts and their masterpieces, our teaching must be practical as well as theoretical. We must put their knowledge upon the basis of technical analysis and synthetic practise.

This is not at all the view which prevails in our places of teaching and learning. The teacher, the professor, who has never done anything but talk about art, or write about it, is very slow in coming to the idea that he is not doing all that he ought to do. He will tell you that the thought which cannot be formulated in terms of language has no place in the school, or in the university. He protests against all technical exercises and practises. "All that," he says, "belongs to the profession. If you wish to take up art as a profession, you must go to the art school. What we do here is to exchange judgments, and we do that in the terms of language, which are the terms of philosophy."

The professor cannot understand that the judgments which he offers in the terms of philosophy are no judgments at all. They are certainly not judgments of art. It is the archaeology of art, the history of art, the philosophy of art; it is the abstract, general ideas, suggested by works of art, that he talks about. The technical part of art, which is art itself—that does not interest him. He has no appreciation of design, in a technical sense, and no appreciation of technical perfection, or achievement. It is enough for him, if the work suggests something of righteousness, truth, or beauty. He is satisfied, if the motive is unmistakably good. It is one thing, however, to suggest the ideal. It takes very little art to do that. To achieve the ideal, technically, to bring it forth as a tangible and visible reality is quite another matter. That is what art is, not merely suggesting, but fully realizing the ideal, realizing it to the last point of technical perfection. Of that our professor knows nothing, except as he tries, in his talking and writing, to express himself well in the terms of his own art—the art of language.

Assuming that our object, in education, is merely to induce right judgment on the part of those whom we undertake to educate, the importance of technical training as a means of getting that right judgment, must be evident. If we go further than that and say that the true education is a preparation for life and life's work, technical training becomes a still more important part of it. What we have to do, in that case, is to give to our pupils technical ability of all kinds, and, with it, the finest possible impulses—the impulses which come from a real, thorough knowledge of the best work that has been done in the world and the best thought that has been put into it. Thucydides says of the Greeks (in the funeral oration of Pericles): that they had "the singular power of thinking before acting, and of acting too." That is what we want, as the outcome of our teaching, whether it be in the school, in the college, or in the university. We do not want an impotent idealism, but a potent one. We want all that idealism means: discrimination, right judgment, high standards, but more than that, the ability, the power, to achieve our ideals technically. Then we may expect to realize them—when the philosopher goes to work and the working man becomes a philosopher.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XII., SERIES OF 1904

HOUSE Number XII., in the Craftsman Series for 1904, offers an especially attractive exterior, together with certain features of construction and detail whose value becomes apparent upon the examination of the plans and perspective drawings.

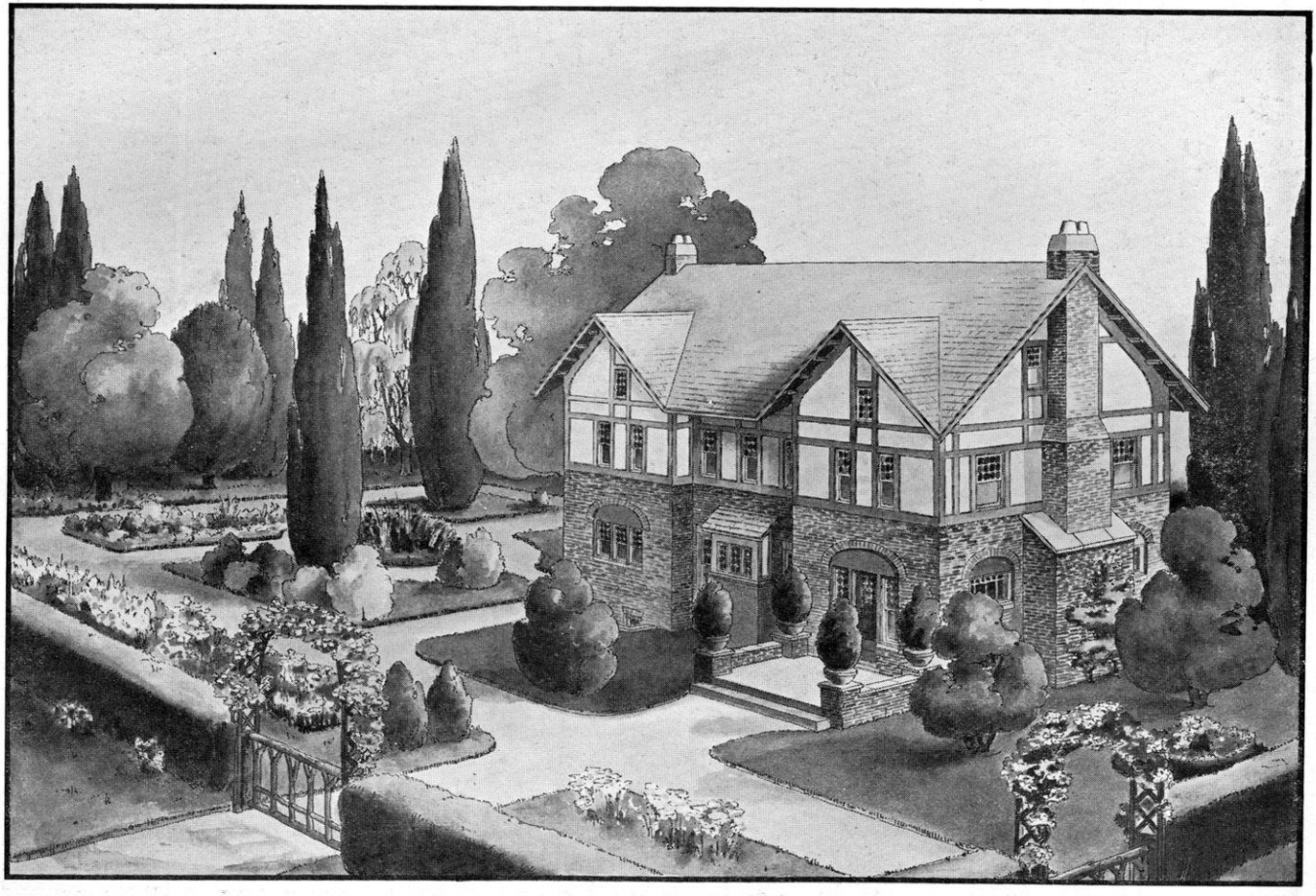
The home is set within a garden of the informal type, which is threaded by gravel paths, both regular and irregular, and contains numerous flower-beds, ample greensward, and a variety of trees and shrubs. Hedges are introduced at points where screens are desirable, and, when pierced by walks, they are provided with rustic gates surmounted by arches dressed with vines.

The site selected is a corner lot eighty by one hundred sixty feet, but any city or suburban lot with a frontage of seventy feet or upwards, can be utilized with good results. The house, as may be seen by reference to the plans, is effectively placed, and the service entrance kept apart from the garden, which is reserved strictly as a place of recreation; a small area of turf bounded by hedges, being set off as a drying space.

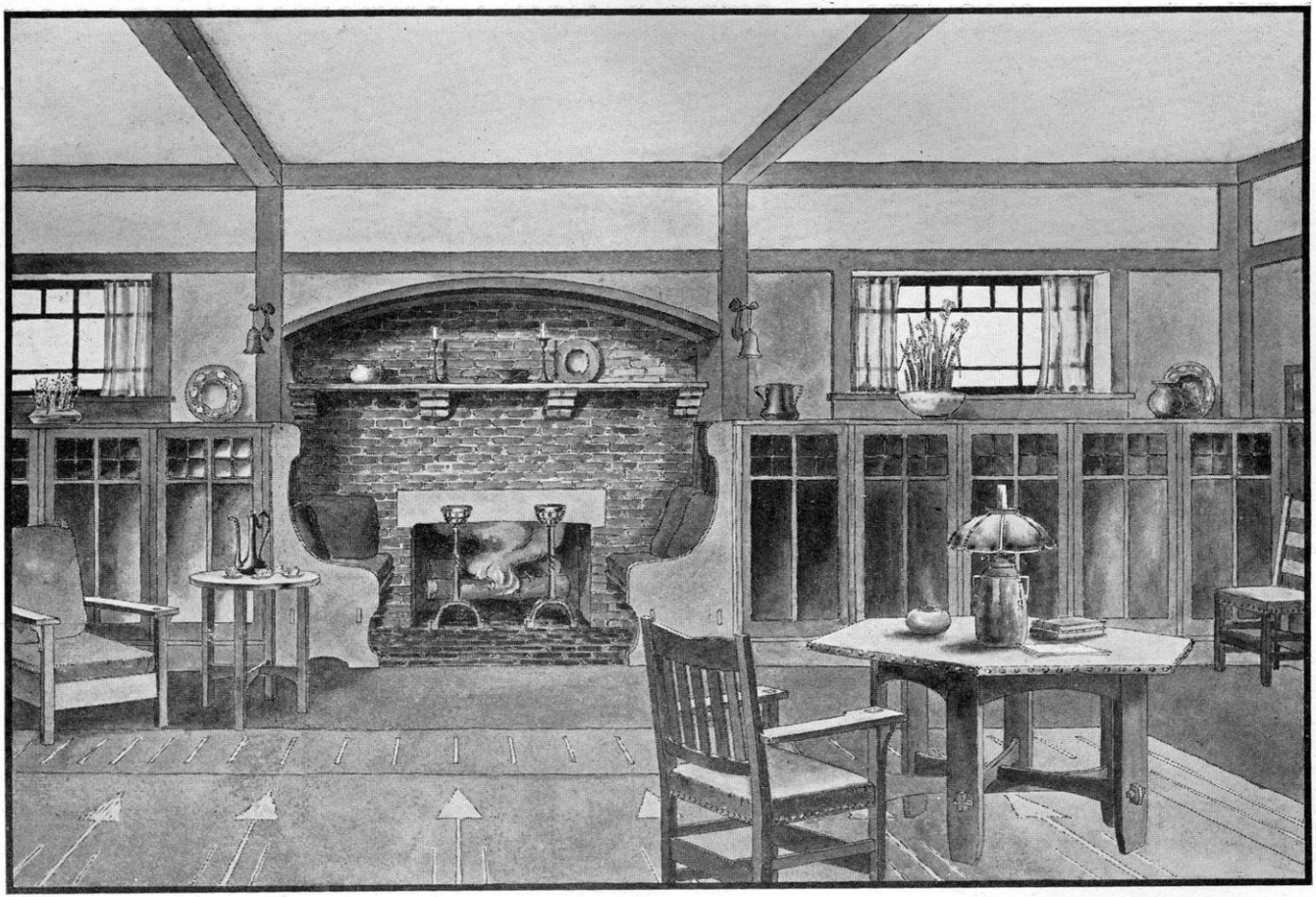
Against this background of differing greens, spotted here and there with the patches of color afforded by the flower-beds, the house is admirably accented; presenting a complex arrangement or reds, browns and blacks found in the bricks, which contrast happily with the varied tones of green occurring in the timber, plaster and shingles.

The brick used are the hard-burned "clinkers," often discarded by the manufacturer as of little value. To obtain them will probably necessitate a visit to the "yard," in order to insure a proper selection of specimens, but this once made, there will be no further difficulty in securing the desired variety of this building material. These brick are used for the exterior walls from grade up to the line of the second story window sills; they are laid with a medium joint in mortar, into which is introduced enough pigment of a dark green color to cause the composition to appear almost black at a short distance. No cut stone is used in construction; the window sills being of brick, as also the lintels, which are either flat or arched, as the case may be. Where arches occur, opportunity is given to introduce patches of contrasting color, by means of the plaster which is here applied to the brick.

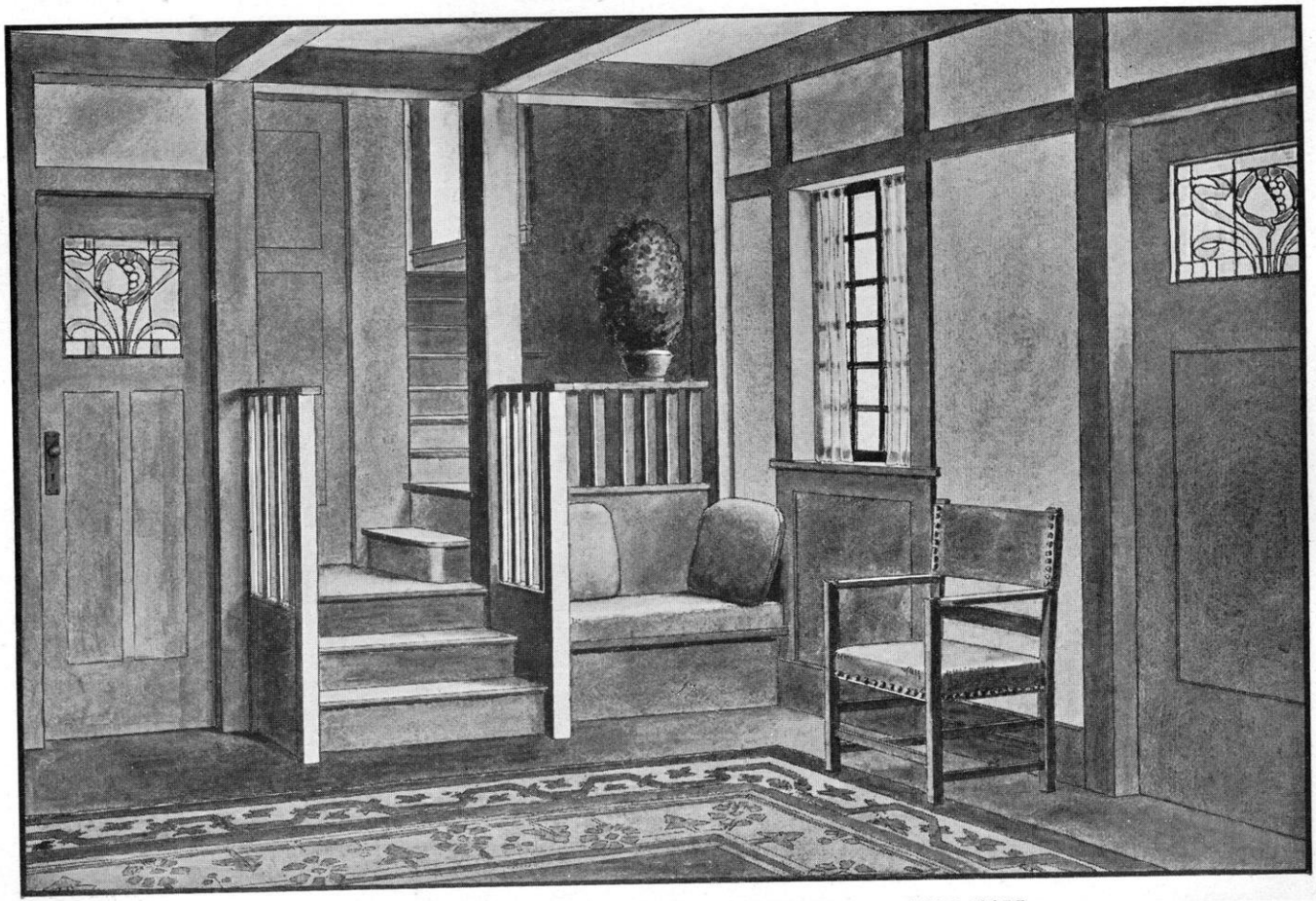
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XII., SERIES OF 1904



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XII., SERIES OF 1904. THE REAR ENTRANCE AND GARDEN

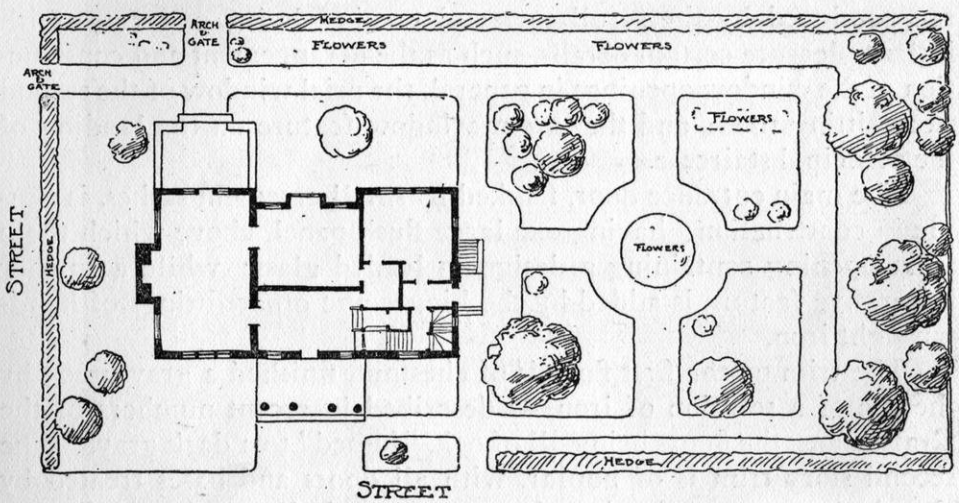


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XII., SERIES OF 1904. THE LIVING ROOM



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XII., SERIES OF 1904. THE HALL

Above the brick, the walls are covered largely with plaster, with the use of sufficient timbering to prevent monotony of surface, or of color. This plaster is applied so as to present a rough texture, enough green pigment being added to the last coat to remove the gray from the natural cement. When the plaster has sufficiently dried, a whitewash brush, dipped in the same green pigment, somewhat thickened and darkened, is used to produce random "splotches" of darker tones on the wall surface. This process is not one which requires great skill, and it can be accomplished by an ordinary day workman, under the direction of the houseowner.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XII., SERIES OF 1904. PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR AND GARDEN

The timbering is of unplaned cypress, and the rough faces of all exposed wood-work are treated with a heavy brush-coat of very dark moss green (Cabot's No. 302). The roof shingles, also of cypress, are stained to a moss green (Cabot's No. 303). The roof from the street front shows a surface broken only by the flanking chimneys, which, with their white concrete caps, surmounted by red pots, give points of contrasting color. These chimneys are both "outside" constructions; the one at the living room end of the house being made large enough at the base to contain a cozy ingle. At the rear of the house there is a terrace of brick and concrete, to which access is had by a door open-

ing directly from the living room. The curb wall affords space for potted shrubs, and steps lead down to the gravel paths of the garden. The front porch is of cement and brick, and is sheltered by a shingled roof supported on four sturdy columns. All portions of the exposed woodwork of the porches, as well as of the window frames, etc., are of cypress, stained to the same green as the timbering of the second story.

The service entrance stands at one end of the house and is sheltered by a porch, beneath which is the outside cellar door, having steps of stone and brick leading from grade.

While simplicity is intended to be the key note of the whole, and while the house lacks absolutely those features of common use which are produced by the scroll saw and turning lathe, one notes with instant pleasure certain details, such as the arrangement and construction of the window openings in general, the oriel window of the second story sitting room, and the larger window feature on the landing of the principal staircase.

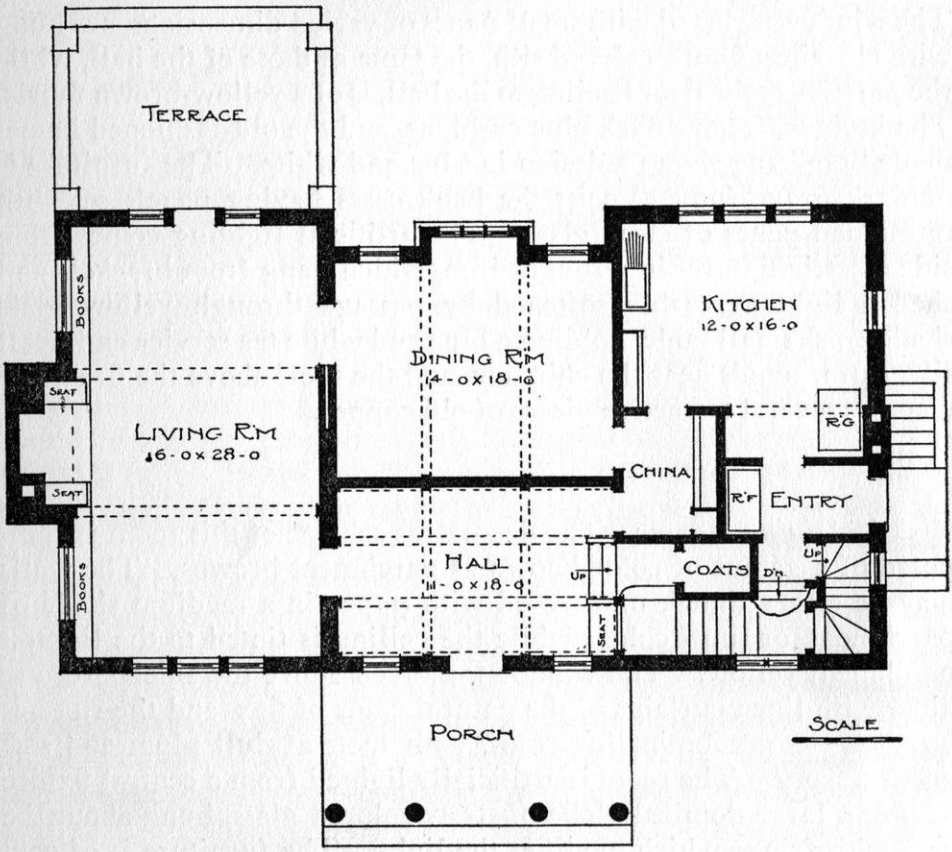
The main entrance door, flanked by small casement sashes, is simple in construction; having one large flush panel, above which there is an opening containing a design in leaded glass; while a further decorative feature is added by the hinges and other fittings of hand-wrought iron.

The trim on the first floor is of chestnut, finished a gray-green by the use of a solution of iron, as described in recent numbers of the Craftsman; the floors being all of oak, "fumed" to a dark gray. The second story trim is of poplar, with all doors and bases treated by chemical agents, productive of a gray-green similar to that of the first story. The remaining trim, including the sash, is finished in old ivory by the use of enamel; while the floors throughout are of chestnut finished in dark gray.

THE INTERIOR

The Hall: Here the walls are tinted to a subdued yellow and the ceiling to a dark ivory; the latter being of rough plaster and beamed. These yellowish tones chord admirably with the gray-green of the chestnut finish, and are repeated in the textiles: the windows being hung with a thin corn-colored Japanese silk fabric known as "shiki;"

the rugs showing yellows combined with soft greens and India reds; the seat having yellow pillows which are effective against the green cushion. The same colors again appear in the leaded glass panels of the entrance door and of the door leading to the serving room, which



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XII., SERIES OF 1904. PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR

echo the delicate corn shade of the curtains, combined with clear, cool tones of green in the leaves of the design. The latter color occurs once more in the *jardinière* set on the wide railing of the landing, and containing a shrub of boxwood.

The Living Room: The walls of this room are covered with canvas of a soft terra-cotta shade, with the frieze in the same color as the

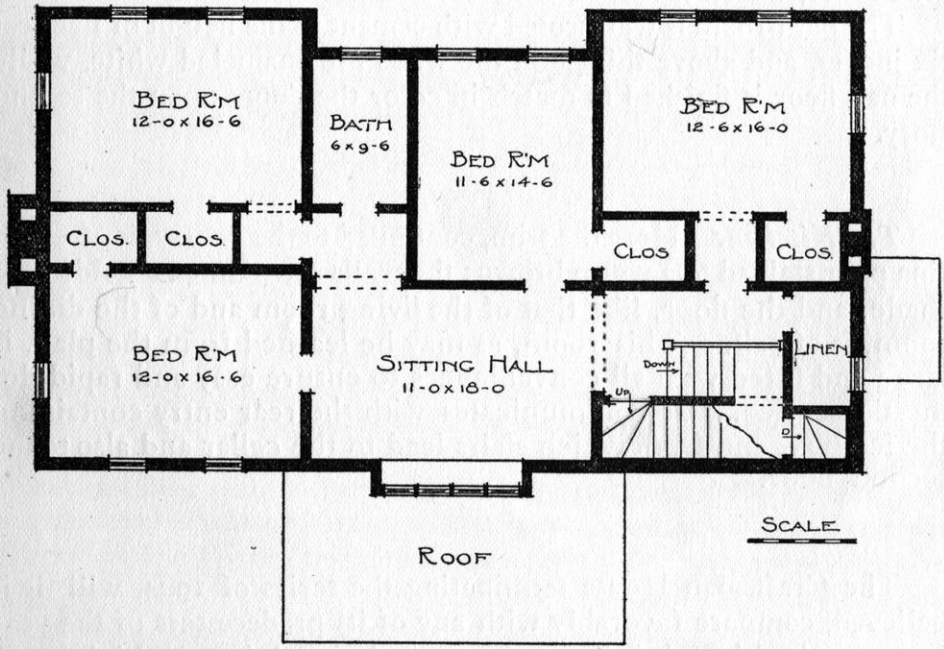
ceiling, which is of rough plaster, colored to an old ivory effect. The interest of the room centers in the ingle nook, made picturesque by the chimney built of hard-burned "arch brick," in which beautiful tones of gray mingle with the dull red. A gray sand stone arch spans the fire opening, above which there is a wide shelf of the same substance. The windows, glazed with small panes of varied dimensions, are hung with curtains of corn-colored silk, the same as those of the hall, while the *portière* at the door leading to the hall, is of a yellow-brown fabric. The ingle seats have dark blue cushions, and the old-fashioned home-made "rag" rug shows a design in blue and white. The furniture is of dark gray "fumed" oak; the book cases having panels set with mullioned panes of clear glass. The artificial lighting comes from side electric fixtures in wrought iron, which hang from brackets and shed a light agreeably softened by passage through yellow glass shades. A small table, holding a blue and white tea service and a tall silver urn, stands near the chimney, and the shelf above the fire place displays several attractive pieces of old copper.

The Dining Room: The decorative scheme of this room is composed of a gamut of color known as parchment browns. The walls may be either tinted, or covered with paper in a medium shade of parchment, or snuff color; while the ceiling is tinted to the lightest parchment yellow. The windows, pierced above the sideboard, are hung with linen curtains of the natural color of flax, and the rug has brown as its predominating color, with spots of dull plum and soft green tracery. The room is artificially lighted from a central fixture having a large domical globe of straw-colored glass, hung about the base with fringe which modifies the light. The furniture is of oak, fumed to a deep rich brown, and the sideboard is fitted to a space designed for it.

The Second Floor Sitting Room: Old rose and blue combine in this room to compose an agreeable harmony with the poplar wood work, which, as has been previously mentioned, is stained gray-green, with the exception of the casings and sash; these being enameled in

ivory-white. The walls are tinted to an effect of old ivory containing a suggestion of rose, and the windows curtained with a thin material in a pale shade of the latter color. The "rag" rug shows a green background with blue and rose border-lines, and the wicker furniture, as well as the seat, is cushioned with cretonnes figured in the two prevailing colors.

The Bedrooms: As the colors used in these rooms must be adapted to exposure, it is possible only to give general suggestions for the schemes.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XII., SERIES OF 1904. PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR

The front bedroom has the plaster of its walls tinted to a soft green, with Japanese grass cloth upon the floor, and white muslin curtains at the windows.

The middle room might well be treated in cream and white, with the former color upon the walls, and the floor covered with a yellow

and white "rag" rug. With this scheme the furniture should be of curly maple, and the bedstead of white enameled iron.

The bedroom at the head of the stairs might be given an old-time air by using a figured blue and white paper upon the walls, a "rag" rug in the same colors, a typical blue and white counterpane for the bed, and pieces of cross-stitch embroidery for the various covers.

The third bedroom might be treated in tones of buff and brown, and furnished with fumed oak for a man's occupancy.

The attic room, designed for the servant's use, has the woodwork roughly stained, and the walls covered with paper in a striped or flower design. It may be said in passing that the remainder of the attic space, which is ample, is devoted to storage purposes.

The bath-room is wainscoted with cement to the height of five feet six inches, and above this point the walls are enameled white, while the oak floor is finished to match in color the doors upon the second story.

The Kitchen: Here the trim, continued to the pantry, is of Carolina pine, stained to a warm brown; the walls are painted a golden tan shade, and the floor, like that of the living room and of the dining room, is of oak. This room, as may be learned from the plan, is large and fitted with all conveniences to ensure easy and rapid domestic service. It communicates with the rear entry containing the ice box, and from which stairs lead to the cellar and also to the second floor.

The Craftsman House terminating the series of 1904, will, it is believed, compare favorably with any of its predecessors of the year just passed, although it is not the example involving the highest expenditure; its approximate cost being placed at $6,000.

CHIPS FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS

THE Craftsman, although humble in life and restricted in means, has yet many friends, especially among the youth whom he delights to see developing about him. A group of such, students of a literary course in the local University, gathered, a few days since, in his workshop. They discussed among themselves their studies, their recreations and companions, in that gay, careless, good-humored manner, which is inseparable from the student throughout his college course, and leaves him forever, when on his graduation day, he assumes the scholar's cap and gown.

The Craftsman grew more deeply interested as the debaters proceeded, and at last laid down his tools to listen; when one of them, graver than the rest, quoted a passage from a classic work of literature, which he had read the same morning in one of his classes. The passage occurs in that outpouring of a pure and generous spirit, which is the story of the long agony endured in the cause of Italian liberty and unity by the scholar and patriot, Silvio Pellico, who, in his solitary confinement, exclaimed:

"Let us govern our imagination, and it will be well with us almost everywhere. A day passes quickly, and, when we lie down in our beds without hunger and without sharp physical pain, what matters it, after all, if the bed be contained within walls which create a prison, or those which constitute a palace, or a house?"

The student, having recited the quotation, began to comment upon it after the manner of a budding philosopher; using, greatly to his own satisfaction, the technical terms of the school, and following the beaten paths of reasoning.

The Craftsman, on the contrary, used a more practical method of demonstration. He turned to measure the quotation by the standard of his personal experience. He brought to his mind an occurrence which proved to him the power of the imagination over extreme conditions of external things.

A Thanksgiving Day in Boston presented itself to him as clearly as if no perspective of time intervened between him and the scene. He, then a young apprentice, stood in the spacious square, which, already adorned with the great monument of Trinity Church, together with those lesser structures of the Old South, and the Museum of Fine Arts, as yet lacked the Public Library. It was noon, and the square lay bathed in the clear amber tone of the late autumn sunshine, which brought into strong relief the faces of the throng surging into the streets from the just concluded sermon of the great teacher, Phillips Brooks. In this throng certain countenances remained still illuminated by the reflection of the radiant spirit which had swept past them, and these, for the most part, as the young workman noted, were faces of the middle classes. But the greater portion of the throng was composed of the highly placed in life, for whom the inspiration had already died, and the associations of the Puritan Festival were unimportant. It was plain that they carried with them their own limitations and atmosphere; the routine of affairs, of social and professional life, had made heavy, ineffaceable marks upon them. It was as if ghost-like burdens were traced upon their shoulders. The apprentice wondered at the phenomenon before him, but, by the light of the stu-

dent's quotation, the experienced Craftsman explained it to himself: These men and women, externally powerful and distinguished, did not *govern their imaginative faculty*. On the contrary, they allowed it to master them with its suggestions of fatigue and of possible perils to come.

The Craftsman remembered that he had turned away disappointed from the imposing square to follow a street in which an educational institution had thrown open its doors to provide the place for a Newsboys' Thanksgiving Dinner. Here, the apprentice entered, expecting to be further depressed: this time by the burden of poverty, instead of the burden of wealth and station. But his forebodings were not realized. He saw, indeed, the ragged and the untidy; a mingling of races and nationalities which recognized no color-line, and excluded no system of religion. It was not an agreeable assembly to study, save from the philanthropic point of view. But cheerfulness was in the air, making, as it were, haloes about the heads of these poor children of the streets, and glorifying them for a brief hour. The apprentice, too, seized the spirit of the festival, and the memory of the moment lasted for the maturing man down to the recent day of the students' discussion, when it came back to him with the vigor of a first impression. He realized the power possessed by these outcast little ones to govern their imagination, to forget the hard conditions of their existence.

THE Craftsman grew happier than he had been before, on the chill November day, and, as he reached from his bench to fasten upon the wall the quotation from Silvio Pellico, translated for him by his friend the student, a ray of sunlight entered through the narrow window-slit to flood the dark workshop with radiance and warmth.

NOTES

WE shall be pleased to publish each month under this head all duly authenticated notices of responsible Arts and Crafts Exhibitions, Artist's Exhibitions, Craftsman's Institutes, Manual Training Summer Schools, and the like, if sent in time to be an item of news. Address Editor Notes, The Craftsman, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Alpha Club of Elmira, N. Y., gave a most interesting Exhibition of Arts and Craftsmanship in October. It was organized and directed by Miss Anna B. Pratt, one of the indefatigable workers for the good of others for which Elmira has more than a local renown. The exhibition was well attended and aroused considerable attention. Mr. George Wharton James, of THE CRAFTSMAN editorial staff, was present and delivered his lecture on "The Poetry and Symbolism of Indian Basketry".

France has an Association for the Encouragement of "City Gardens." Its secretary is M. Georges Benoit-Lévy, whose luminous article, translated by Miss Irene Sargent, is presented to the readers of THE CRAFTSMAN in this issue. The movement is an excellent one, and one to

be highly commended and encouraged, especially in our larger and more densely populated cities where public park and garden space are limited.

The Saginaw (Mich.) Art Club held its second annual Arts and Crafts Exhibition November 8 to 12. The Exhibition was opened with a lecture by George Wharton James of THE CRAFTSMAN editorial staff on "The Founding and Adornment of the Ideal Home." The exhibition as a whole was a great success and accomplished much good. Though the Saginaw Art Club numbers but thirty members its associate membership is large and much sought after. These women are all earnest students and the influence of their work is already largely felt for good. It has been decided to make the Arts and Crafts Exhibition a permanent feature of the work of the club. Of Mr. James's lecture the Saginaw Courier-Herald said: "He is a forceful, pleasant speaker, and a man of progressive ideas. He awakens thoughts by his striking sentences. His plea was for honesty, simplicity and personality in homes and home life. To be structural and honest were the necessary foundations of all that was truly artistic."

In 1894 was organized the National Municipal League. It has done and is doing excellent work. Its objects as presented are: First—To multiply the numbers, harmonize the methods and combine the forces of all who realize that it is only by united action and organization that good citizens can secure the adoption of good laws and the selection of men of trained ability and proved integrity for all municipal positions, or prevent the success of incompetent or corrupt candidates for public office. Second—To promote the thorough investigation and discussion of the conditions and details of civic administration, and of the methods for selecting and appointing officials in American cities, and of laws and ordinances relating to such subjects. Third—To provide for such meetings and conferences and for the preparation and circulation of such addresses and other literature as may seem likely to advance the cause of Good City Government. The officers of the League are Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, President; Clinton Rogers Woodruff, Philadelphia, Secretary, and George Burham, Jr., of Philadelphia, Treasurer. All those who are interested in the important work of Municipal Reform should know of what this league has accomplished and send for its literature.

For a week in November there was exhibited in the rooms of the National Arts Club, New York, the monster painting (13 feet by 27 feet) by Mr. John La Farge, which is to be one of several for the Supreme Court Room of the New State Capitol, in St. Paul, Minn.

A helpful book which will be added immediately to the Woman's Home Library, edited by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster for A. S. Barnes & Co., is "House and Home," a practical book of home management, by Miss M. E. Carter.

Mr. Arthur Henry has returned from

his "Island Cabin" to his "House in the Woods," to find that the latter scene of his latest book has been a centre of interest for visitors to the mountains this summer. The author has received a request from the owner of a large mountain hotel to cut a path through the forests to the "House in the Woods" for the benefit of guests who are admirers of Mr. Henry's book. While these books represent in a sense nature literature, it is learned from the publishers, A. S. Barnes & Co., that the demand for the "gospel of the simple life" preached by this "homespun Thoreau," as Mr. Henry has been called, indicates a constant and growing appreciation of his work.

THE CRAFTSMAN announces to societies intending to hold Arts and Crafts Exhibitions during the present season, that it will participate in such by sending examples of furniture, metal work and embroidered textiles wrought in the Craftsman workshops: these articles to be sent under certain conditions, which will be made known to applicants. One of these conditions is that, during the progress of the Exhibition requesting the coöperation of THE CRAFTSMAN, an illustrated lecture upon "The Founding and Adornment of an Ideal Home" be given by George Wharton James, now upon the editorial staff of this Magazine. Mr. James is widely known in the United States as a lecturer and writer upon "Americana." He is the author of the standard book upon "Indian Basketry," and of deservedly popular works treating the "Grand Canyon," the scenery and architecture of the Southwest and California, and the "Indians of the Painted Desert." Into his new departure, Mr. James will carry his characteristic enthusiasm and sympathy, which never fail to convince his audiences of the truth and importance of his utterances upon any subject chosen by him for presentation.

There is no doubt that Mr. Watts-Dunton's reminiscences, collected and arranged by one so eminently able as Mr. James Douglas, his biographer, will form a very important addition to contemporary records of the leading lights of the 19th Century in the literature and art of America and England. Mr. Watts-Dunton is well known as the intimate friend of the poet Swinburne, with whom he has lived for many years at The Pines, Wimbledon, near London. During his long life he has been closely associated with almost all the distinguished workers in the great fields of art, whether literary or pictorial, including such names as Whistler, Rossetti, William Morris, Burne-Jones, and Madox Brown; Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Bret Harte, George Meredith, Borrow, William Black, and Lord De Tabley. The work will shortly be issued by John Lane, publisher of The International Studio.

Another book of Mr. Lane's is the second of the series of Living Masters of Music and deals with Sir Edward Elgar, the composer of "King Olaf" and "The Dream of Gerontius." Elgar had none of the advantages at his early start of having been educated at one of the big musical institutions. No powerful musician advanced his career as a fa-

vorite pupil. Somewhat counter-balancing these disadvantages Elgar had every opportunity to develop his own individuality. His musical faith did not come to him ready made. He won his way to it through study of all kinds of masterpieces. His musical experience in the meanwhile was of a practical type. He was organist, leader of an orchestra, and conductor of a choral society. This has resulted perhaps in his diversity of style as manifested in his different compositions. The author of the work is Robert J. Buckley.

We had intended to present to our readers in this number an interesting sketch entitled "Nature in December," but owing to circumstances over which we had no control we are unable to publish it at this time. But we are fully assured that in the intellectual menu of live, interesting topics we have presented, not one will feel that he has been neglected.

The Detroit Museum of Art, A. H. Griffith, Director, is arranging for an "Exhibition of Original Designs for Decorations and Examples of Art Crafts Having Distinct Artistic Merit," to be held in the Museum December 6 to 20, 1904. The exhibition will include only designs and art objects by contemporary designers and crafts workers. The distinction between art objects eligible for exhibition and those manufactured for commercial purposes only, lies in the fact that in the former art must be the predominating feature and that the object must be the original work of the artist and not merely the result of mechanical process. A jury will pass upon the works submitted. In works accepted for exhibition from a company or firm the designer or maker of the original artistic detail must be credited with the work done and the company or firm will receive recognition as exhibitors. Miss Clara E. Dyer of Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., is the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Exhibition.

We wish our regular subscribers to pay particular heed to the announcement opposite p. 281 in regard to our Christmas offer of a set of Burbank's Indian Heads. We have prepared a special edition of artistic Proofs of these exquisite and artistic red carbon drawings, size 10½ by 15, reproduced so that they are as near like the originals as modern skill and science can make them. These embossed proofs are on special paper, and are eminently suitable for framing to hang in den, library, studio, or bedroom. They are rare types of pleasing aboriginal faces, made by the modern Catlin, whose work is now acknowledged to be the most masterly of any that has the Indian for a theme. Send in your orders at once as the edition is limited, and note that to secure them you must be an old or new subscriber to THE CRAFTSMAN. If your subscription has expired, renew at once. If you have not yet begun, now is the time. Send NOW, while you think of it, and while you may yet secure a set of these exquisite proofs. If you are already a subscriber send in a new subscription as a Christmas present for a friend.

The New York State Federation of Women's Clubs held its annual meeting in Syracuse, N. Y., in the middle of Novem-

ber. Every organization, like every human being, should have some object in its existence. Each separate club, forming this federation, has some educational or philanthropic purpose that is a reason, and a sufficient reason, for its being. In the olden days, unless women pursued teaching, their education, like the lighter novels, was pretty sure to end with marriage. But the women of to-day, whether college bred or not, have aspirations for something beyond their school days. The various literary clubs help to give the education of woman a "continuous existence," like unto that most superb of human races, the Greek. There are many other clubs, whose object is not self-culture, but some means to help the helpless,—charitable and philanthropic organizations. Why should clubs of such varied natures combine together? Time and money are both too precious to be wasted, unless they can help onward some human cause. We can see many benefits to be derived from organization. Different clubs might show us what they have done in music, art, literature, philanthropy and handicraft. Programs, so often a burden to a club, might be prepared by a committee. The stronger clubs might set examples to the weaker ones. But helpfulness, in any line of work, seemed sadly lacking, in the present federation. Some good causes have been started and as suddenly dropped. The Trades School has been, for some years, a subject for both talk and work. They have raised nearly $4,000, had promises of more money, a plant of some value was offered them in Amsterdam at this Syracuse meeting, the entire project was given up. When we remembered that Harvard and Yale were each started from the savings of ministers of small means, we thought that this federation had a very respectable beginning for a Trades School. The women who spoke on this subject, spoke from their very souls. They wanted some good object for the Federation. They treated this topic with power, and even pathos. Many of the philanthropic workers told of similar tasks which they had undertaken with smaller beginnings, and noble were the results. Many a listener was stirred in soul by these words. Most of these speeches were well worthy any body of men in "the Parliaments of the world." What were the arguments against the Trades School? "It was inexpedient." Every enterprise in this world is inexpedient so long as it is simply on paper. "The money was insufficient." Any sum of money, however large, is insufficient for any philanthropic task—to meet the awful want of the world,—unless it have faith, rather than money, as its motive power. Faith, not merely Jesse T. Peck's hillside farm, made Syracuse University what it is, to-day. Add to "this much money," a few grains of faith, and these forty-five thousand women might start a Trades School that would make over anew the lives of thousands of girls growing into womanhood with brains idle and hands helpless; because no one is showing them the way to work. "They were loosely bound together; officers changed often." This same argument might be used against our state and national governments. These legislatures are not successively the same; but the strong men make records that the weaker instinctively follow. It might be

said that many of these clubs are purely literary, the Trades School wholly mechanical; further that the organization was to help the clubs to better work for themselves, not they to help the Federation in one of the thousand philanthropies of the world. But, surely, any form of helpfulness to others would be quite as educational to the separate clubs as its present form of helplessness. Very much time was given to long, dull reports that put to shame Homer—when he catalogues the ships. Motions upon motions were repeated, quite to the weariness of the listener. Many reports were inaudible to the audience. The election wrangle, as in times past, made the clubs ridiculous to men—it was so like themselves in the great world of politics. Most of the individual clubs get along without trouble of this kind; so, likewise, do our great missionary organizations. Indeed, the difficulty with most of these is to get women willing to serve as officers. Will we ever learn that the sole value of an office is in being wanted for that office, not in wanting it? Once I was a guest at a ministers' meeting when the pastor of an African Zion church made a little speech about fraternal feeling, ending with, "In the words of Scripture united we stand, divided we fall." A cousin sitting next to me whispered, "That man must have an appendix to his Bible." The Trades School seems, in some senses, an appendix; but as it was the one vital topic at the Federation meeting; as it is a work that the newspapers might honor, not ridicule; as it would give these women a topic for talk that would not be idle "words, words, words," I, hitherto uninterested in the Trades School as Federation work, and not a member of any federated club, voted in my soul and longed to speak with my tongue for the Trades School as a purpose worthy the time and talents of these forty-five thousand women who compose the New York State Federation of Clubs.

J. K. C.

On the 18th of November the Buffalo Society of Artists introduced to a select audience at the new Albright Gallery, Mr. John F. Grabau of the Derome Bindery, Buffalo, who spoke on the subject of "Bookbinding as a Fine Art. Mr. Grabau gave a very complete explanation of his art from the Craftsman viewpoint. He showed most thoroughly that book-lovers, to fully appreciate their books, must know how they are made. He advised the frequenting of the Bindery that workman and book-lover might freely interchange ideas. Among many choice bindings displayed by the Society, were those of the lamented Miss Evelyn Nordhoff, one of the few pupils of Cobden-Sanderson; also a set of first edition of Boswell's "Johnson," and some fine examples of Mr. Grabau's own work, including autographed editions from Joaquin Miller, the poet, and other literary celebrities.

Saginaw, Mich., is just completing a $200,000 Manual Training High School. One of our editors saw it the other day and is enthusiastic over its simple structural architecture and the thoroughness with which its internal arrangements seem to be planned. A citizen gave $150,000 for it on condition that the city raised another $50,000 and provided for its

equipment and continuance. The work is being done under the management of Superintendent Warriner, of the Saginaw High School. Later we hope to give a full and illustrated account of this school and its operation.

BOOK REVIEWS

IS it true that "thousands of people pay too much for their money," and that "it is possible to make a small income go much further in the purchase of peace, culture, sunshine and happiness than is commonly thought possible"? Evidently Phillip G. Hubert, Jr., thinks so, for fifteen years ago he wrote a book on it in which he gave his theories. The book was received in a variety of ways. Many suggested that if his advice was followed the poorhouses would have to be enlarged, others deemed him insane, still others wrote letters of condolence to his "poor wife and children," while but few, at first, saw the sanity of the advice and appreciated what it meant. The world is wiser to-day, so now a new edition of the book is called for. It is a rational plea for a simpler life, for the joy of living, rather than the starving and slaving of money getting and hoarding. It is a practical book written by a man who has done what he advises others to do. His wife and children seem to be happy under the process, and he himself, after fifteen years of it, says it is good enough for the rest of his days. It's a thoughtful book, well worthy the consideration of all who are seeking to get away from the unnecessary complexities to a normal rational life. [Liberty and a Living, by Philip G. Hubert, Jr., published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, $1.20, net.]

The Pacific coast is speedily making for itself a place in literature. Bret Harte, Ina D. Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, David Starr Jordan, John Muir, Charles F. Lummis, George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, Mary Austin, Margaret Collier Graham, are only a few of many names of literary world fame, and now Paul Elder & Company are coming forward as publishers who are clothing the thoughts of California authors as worthily as they deserve. In "Yosemite Legends," written by Bertha H. Smith, with drawings by Florence Lundborg, is a lesser book, but one that was eminently worth while. It is a good thing to gather the Indian legends of any locality and especially one so noteworthy as the majestic Yosemite, and transcribe them for future generations who will otherwise lose them. These legends are most interesting and are well transcribed and the stories gain much by the poetic quality of Miss Lundborg's pictures. [Yosemite Legends, Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Size 6½x10 in. cloth, $2.00.]

A pretty book, daintily yet frankly printed, well and tastefully bound attracts the attention whether the contents amount to anything or not, but when, withal, the author has had something to say and has said it well, then one has a book indeed. Adelaide Knapp loves Nature, not simply to write about it. The very location of her home, on the Hights, below where

Joaquin Miller's eagles' eyrie is, compels knowledge, and with Nature as with all good things familiarity does not breed contempt. There is a quaint flavor to her book, "Upland Pastures," which I love. For instance: "I am sure it is a great mistake always to know enough to go in when it rains. One may keep snug and dry by such knowledge, but one misses a world of loveliness." Later: "The young colt in the stall yonder thrusts an eager head over the half-door, and with soft, black muzzle in the air stands, open mouthed, to catch the delicious trickle. The cattle on the hills seem glad of the wetting, and even the birds have not sought shelter, and why should I?" The book is sane and healthy. It breathes the true spirit of mountain and tree, of shrub and flower, of bee and bird, of man, of woman, of love and God. [Upland Pastures, by Adelaide Knapp, Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Price, $2.00.]

There are certain essential conditions that must be fulfilled ere any dictionary of any language may legitimately claim to be a "standard." It must be *comprehensive.* A dictionary that fails to record the words in actual use by a people, even though many of those words are slang, or have local meaning, is not perfect. A dictionary is the recorder of a language, not the maker of it. It is the business of a dictionary to answer all questions about words. A woman once said to the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, shortly after his famous dictionary appeared, "I am surprised, Doctor, that you should have put unclean words in your dictionary." "And I, madam," replied the Doctor, "that you should have been looking for them." A dictionary must also be *thorough.* Every department of human knowledge and literature must be carefully scanned and every word of common usage must be included. Then, too, it must *accurately define* the words given. If it quotes sentences to illustrate the use of words they must be from authors of recognized ability. Its pronunciations and spellings must recognize the differences of authorities and wisely suggest the ones deemed best. If two or more pronunciations are accepted by standard authorities they must be given. Where pictorial representations are necessary to make clear the meaning of words, they must be made with artistic accuracy. A practical standard dictionary will afford rational help to students as to the compounding of words, and will aid towards a conservative reform in obsolete spellings. It will also show when, where and why capital letters should be used. There will also be a method of presenting antonyms as well as synonyms, for it often occurs that a student can remember the opposite of the word he seeks but not a synonym. It should be most thorough and critically careful in giving pronunciations of proper names whether of places or personages. And, last, but by no means least, it is of importance that it should be up-to-date. We live in a fast age and a decade makes a vast difference in the language of a people so alive as is the American people.

After a careful study and usage of many dictionaries, all of them regarded as authoritative, the STANDARD Dictionary, published by the Funk & Wagnalls Co., of New York, appears to us to fulfil the exacting conditions laid down above

more than any dictionary we have ever seen.

Notwithstanding the exacting rules of exclusion and inclusion applied to new words by the editors of this work, over seventeen thousand new terms, or new meanings of old words, have been admitted into this volume. These are all terms found in living literature, and not one obsolete word or meaning is among them. Great care has been taken to reject such words as did not comply with the rule "admit only those words that are so frequently used in books or in current literature as to cause their spelling, pronunciation, or meaning to be frequently inquired after."

The new edition is brought down to the beginning of the present year, and as one tests it, again and again, in the course of a comprehensive course of miscellaneous reading, including science in many branches, general literature, travel, art, manufactures, and poetry he finds out its perfection and worth. Dr. Funk, the editor-in-chief of this colossal work, is to be congratulated upon the success he and his 257 assistant editors have achieved. The vocabulary contains 317,000 terms, 92,000 more words and phrases than any other dictionary of the English language. It is beautifully printed, elaborately illustrated, substantially bound and in the editorial rooms of THE CRAFTSMAN is not looked upon as a book, but as a responsive and reliable friend. [The Standard Dictionary, by I. K. Funk and many assistants. Sold only by subscription. Funk & Wagnalls Company, publishers, New York.]

"House and Home" is a practical book on home management. The author addresses her book to "the bone and sinew of our nation, those who are comfortably well off, far removed from the millionaire realm, equally far removed from those whose lives are hard, sad and laborous."

We are, to a great extent, influenced by our surroundings, and as the house is the "shell of the home," the environment in which the family is to develop, we should do our utmost to render this environment an aid, instead of a hindrance to the attainment of the perfect family ideal.

To this end, Miss Carter offers her book, which contains good common sense advice and directions upon all subjects pertaining to the management and maintenance of a house.

The subjects treated embrace such important questions as "Choosing a Home," "Furnishing the Home," the care of its various rooms, "Engaging Servants," that most difficult of all questions confronting the mistress of the house to-day, and many others, all of vital importance to one who wishes to make the home healthful, comfortable and attractive.

The book is not a "dry" treatise as a book of this kind is so apt to be, but is enlivened by anecdotes, and pithy sayings.

The interesting little studies in black and white at the head of each chapter make the book attractive typographically. ("House and Home," by Mary Elizabeth Carter, New York: A. S. Burns & Company. Size, 4½ by 7 inches; pages, 265; price, $1.00 net.)

"Wall Papers and Wall Covering," by

Arthur Seymour Jennings, is a practical handbook for all who are interested in interior decoration.

The author begins by defending the use of paper as a wall decoration, claiming that this form of wall covering plays an important role in popularizing art. The reason for the many ignoble papers seen in houses, as the author believes, is due to the fact that the decorator leaves the choice of designs, color, etc., to his client, who may have no knowledge whatever in this matter, instead of advising him, and giving him the advantage of the experience gained during his career as a decorator.

Then follows much good advice as to how to select wall papers, with descriptions and illustrations of French, English and American designs.

The tools used in hanging, and the methods employed in the decoration of the ceiling and side walls in paper, burlap, dadoes, fillings, tapestry, etc., are described in a very comprehensive and interesting manner.

The illustrations, which are many and well executed, show very interesting examples of wall coverings of all kinds, as well as of the tools, etc., used in interior decorating.

("Wall Papers and Wall Coverings," by Arthur Seymour Jennings, New York: William T. Comstock. Size, 11 by 7 inches; pages, 161; price, $2.00 net.)

The awakening interest in integral education—that of heart, hand and head—is growing. At Chautauqua they have an "arts crafts" department, and its director, Frank G. Sanford, has written a book entitled "The Arts Crafts for Beginners." There are chapters on Design, Thin Wood Working, Pyrography, Sheet-Metal Work, Leather-Work, Bookbinding, Simple Pottery, Basketry and Bead Work. It is a simple book, simply written and in the main full of good ideas for beginners. We could have wished for a clearer statement of "design." Young people especially should be taught,—and the lesson cannot be too strongly emphasized,—that simplicity and adaptability of structure to purpose are the first and chief desiderata in all design. That beauty is first of all in these things and secondarily in ornament. A bibliography of works to aid the progressive learner would also haue been an addition to the book. ["The Arts Crafts for Beginners," by Frank G. Sanford, The Century Co., New York. Price, $1.30, net.]

Of the building of houses, like the making of books, it is quite natural that there should be no end. Home makers are often house builders,—generally desire so to be, hence everything that helps them is a good thing. In three books that have just come to the Craftsman's desk are many ideas for the prospective builder. Many of them are good, some poor, a few bad. In this work as in all other we must insist upon the main principles. When an architect apparently regards "artistic" work as that of most importance we always wish he might see the importance of putting structure and simplicity first. The architect is essentially the teacher in these matters. Hence if he put secondaries in the place of essentials his teaching is harmful. We do not say this is the case in the three books under considera-

tion. But there is a tendency at times to over value the importance of the secondary things.

Some of Mr. Dewsnap's designs are models of excellence, and his floor plans are worked out with care and skill. Prospective builders of houses from $2,000 to $12,000 would do well to send for his larger book.

Those who desire to study cottage styles have a rare treat before them in Maurice B. Adams's "Modern Cottage Architecture." Especially to American architects should it prove useful, instructive and entertaining, for it gives the best cottages of their kind erected by some of the most representative architects of Great Britain. Here are humble three-roomed cottages, pretentious entrance lodges and "week end" cottages. Mr. Adams has prefaced the fifty pictures and plans by a carefully digested series of notes. "Houses for the Country and Suburbs," oblong, paper, 12½x9, $1.00. "Country and Suburban Houses," 13x10, paper, $2.00, both written and published by William Dewsnap, Architect, 150 Nassau St., New York.

["Modern Cottage Architecture," by Maurice B. Adams, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, John Lane, New York, 12½x9, cloth, $4.50.]

MEMORABLE IN THE MAGAZINES

ONE of the smaller "personal" periodicals is "Country, Time and Tide," published monthly at Montague, Mass. It is the organ of the New Clairvaux movement, in which a former Unitarian pastor named Pressey, seeks to inculcate his ideas for the improvement of life. Here is his declaration of principles: I, Democracy. II, Individualism. III, Voluntary Coöperation. IV, Sentiment. V, A Changed Method of Production of Wares, Viz., Handicraft. VI, Altruism. VII, The Simple Life. VIII, A Minimum of Wage-Earning; a Maximum of Independent Labor. IX, A Minimum Dependence Upon Trade; a Maximum Dependence Upon the Soil for a Living. X, Distribution of Menial Service and Emancipation of the Menial Class. XI, Proportion Between Mental, Manual and Religious Education.

A good statement, and if well carried out by congenial people, it will undoubtedly help remove many of the unnecessary troubles of life. THE CRAFTSMAN hails every honest effort in this direction and will watch the development of the new Clairvaux idea with interest.

The Printing Art never had a more worthy exponent than the monthly magazine bearing this title published by the University Press, Cambridge, Mass. The November number contains several most useful articles to others as well as printers. Walter Gilliss tells entertainingly about Hand Made Papers and Deckle Edges, as subject of peculiar interest to good book lovers. Here is the way the beginning of hand made paper is described. It is fact and poetry combined:

"The vat-man stands in front of the vat containing the pulp (linen or cotton rags, macerated and beaten so finely that the fibres scarcely appear as particles floating in the water in the vat), one hand

holding each end of the mould, which, after the pulp has been well stirred, he dips into the vat at an angle of about sixty-five degrees, and brings up, apparently, nothing but water, holds it level for a moment, and gives it a 'shake' this way and that. But hold! the shake has done its work; the fibres have become 'matted'; the water drains through the mould, and, resting on the mould or screen is a silvery, translucent substance, which will, in a moment, be in condition (after the deckle is lifted away) to be laid down upon the felt, and so become, in embryo, a sheet of paper,—which some day may be destined to bear a message of love or hate, or carry the printed word to some remote corner of the earth."

There are also some fine two- and three-color reproductions and a number of tasteful sample pages of fine books.

Professor Davis, Librarian of the University of Michigan, says some excellent things in *Public Libraries,* for November, on "An Over Use of Books." Every word is worth reading. We read too much and think too little. It is easier to read than to think. Joaquin Miller's advice savors somewhat of the rude mining camp, but it means much to this generation: "To hell with books. If you want one, write it." Here are some of Mr. Davis's wise words: "Reading alone does not make a scholar, * * * but only a book-learned man,—and not always this." "Reliance on inspiration to bring results that follow only after mental toil is a vain reliance." "Parallel with the thoughts of your author carry your own thoughts." "If as you read your mind is led off to make excursions, let it go. The book can be resumed when the excursions are over."

The Contemporary Review for November contains many good things, such as "Maeterlinck as Reformer of the Drama," "The Last Emperor of Brazil," and "The Religion of the Respectable Poor." These three items out of an excellent bill of contents especially appeal to us, but space permits us only to refer more fully to the last article. It is interesting and real, pathetic and human, and contains more practical and psychologic lessons than many a pretentious paper by college professor. Its author is a nurse in a London poor district who has worked "often after dark and sometimes in the middle of the night, in alleys where I was told that no policeman dared walk alone in broad daylight." She shows how these people have a real religion though it may not be exhibited in outward forms. She says: "Many of the poor rarely attend church, not because they are irreligious, but because they have long since received and absorbed the truths by which they live." Elsewhere she asks: "Is it difficult to believe that there are those who attend church irregularly, or remain away altogether, not because they are persons of evil courses or dead to things of the spirit, but because their inward religious life is so strong and so simple that they are independent of any 'assembling of yourselves together'?" There are many such new thoughts in connection with the attitude of the poor to religion that it would be well for professed religious teachers to know and understand.

MEMORABLE IN THE MAGAZINES

It is always a delightful surprise when a mind that was thought to be exhausted is found to contain more "pockets" or streaks of gold. To this reviewer who has read all he could ever find written by or about Emerson it is a delight to "happen upon" something hitherto unpublished. And this is his pleasure now. For in the Atlantic Monthly for November is published for the first time Emerson's exquisite prose poem on "Country Life." Oh how it makes one long for out-of-doors! It takes hold of one's heart and squeezes it so that the blood flows out to finger tips and gives a fresh vim and activity to every movement. It exhales an aroma as of sweetest flowers and vivifies as does the sunshine on a cold wintery day. To quote from it is almost a sacrilege for it must be read as a whole, though there are verbal diamond chains here and there, such, for instance, as the following: "The qualifications of a professor (in taking a walk) are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence, and nothing too much. If a man tells me that he has an intense love of Nature, I know, of course, that he has none. Good observers have the manners of trees and animals, their patient good sense, and if they add words, 'tis only when words are better than silence. But a loud singer, or a story-teller, or a vain talker profanes the river and the forest, and is nothing like so good company as a dog."

A walk in the woods "is one of the secrets for dodging old age." "I recommend it to people who are growing old against their will."

Here is a gem that showed Emerson knew the Indian thoroughly: "All his knowledge is for use, and it only appears in use, whilst white men have theirs also for talking purposes."

In October "all the trees are wind harps, filling the air with music; and all men become poets, and walk to the measure of rhymes they make or remember."

"In happy hours, I think all things may be wisely postponed for walking," and yet, "it is a fine art, requiring rare gifts and much experience."

With one more quotation, which might have come from the pen of the Craftsman himself, so one is it with the thought he established this magazine to enunciate, we must close this inadequate and most fragmentary review of one of the most delightful nature articles we have read for a long time. He says: "When I look at the natural structures, as at a tree, or the teeth of a shark, or the anatomy of an elephant, I know that I am seeing an architecture and carpentry that has no sham, is solid and conscientious, which perfectly answers its end, and has nothing to spare. But in all works of human art there is deduction to be made for blunder and falsehood." What a strong statement of the true, structural, honest basis of all living, true art!

Another article that we wish every reader of THE CRAFTSMAN would find and read in its entirety from this same number of The Atlantic Monthly, is "Work and Play" by Arthur Stanwood Pier. It is full of good things, needful to be said, and well said. We need to learn how to play, how to amuse ourselves. The fact that the theater has such a hold

upon so large a number of our citizens is proof that we have not yet learned how to play. We need to have some one amuse us. We have few or no resources of our own. Mr. Pier makes suggestions that are good and it would be well if we all learned to carry them out.

To book lovers, Miss Jeanette L. Gilder's chat in the "Critic" is always interesting and instructive. The November number is no exception. In addition there are two articles of particular interest to poets and poetry lovers. The Poet Laureate of England writes on "The Growing Distaste for the Higher Forms of Poetry," the last sentence of which is worth remembering: "No one deserves the designation of Great Poet who is not wise, who is not a profound philosopher, and who does not write and assist us to consort with as Wordsworth defines Great Poetry, 'Reason in Her Most Exalted Mood.'"

The second article is a reply to the foregoing by Bliss Carman in which he makes some pertinent and powerful dissents from Mr. Austin's positions.

Lawrence Hutton also continues his papers on "The Literary Life," and there is nothing more helpful in literature to the young author, or more instructive to those who wish to know behind the scenes of a successful author's life, than these papers.

The Cornhill Booklet has had much "good stuff" in it, but none better than the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson that appear in the winter, 1904, number. These are five epistles addressed to Trevor Haddon, now a great artist, then a young and unknown student. Like everything intimate that the well-beloved R. L. S. wrote these are well worth reading, and remembering.

One cannot but be struck by the variety of efforts to find a true method of education as he reads of the various "experiments" that are being tried on every hand, and to long for the coming of the day prophesied by Herbert Spencer when out of all these experiments would be evolved the ideal method. Now H. Foster Bain gives us in the Booklover's Magazine for November a highly instructive account of the Chicago Manual Training School and other schools in connection with the School of Education of the University of Chicago. Naturally much time is spent on integral education, but the experiment reaches out and takes in many other things not generally accounted a part of a child's education, such as pottery making, the drama in practise, playing at farming, etc.

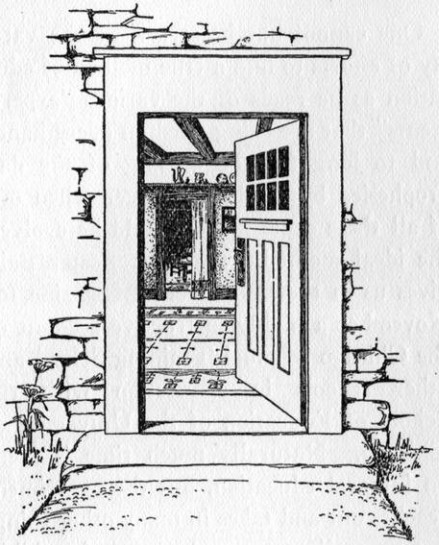
In the same number are some interesting photographs of mountain cabins, all suggesting the freedom and breeziness of woods, lakes, mountains, deer and bear.

Harold Bolce also writes of what the Japanese are reading and shows that this serious minded nation is by no means neglecting its reading during the progress of the war.

Two other excellent articles are Sanborn's "A Poetic Festival," which is a graphic description of the great Petrarch Fetes of 1904 at Avignon in the province of Vaucluse, and Birge's "Fisheries of New England." Altogether a memorable number, showing editorial taste and judgment.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S OPEN DOOR NEW DEPARTMENT

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend
A new face at the door."
—TENNYSON.



THE CRAFTSMAN'S new department, begun in the November number, swings wide its Open Door, and invites the attention of its readers to the timely suggestions which follow, many of which will be found especially helpful in planning for the holiday season.

The cordial welcome which this new feature has received from many sources, confirms the impression that it has a mission peculiarly its own, that will prove to be a mutual benefit to its patrons and its readers, carrying as it does a home message to thousands of firesides and offices in a friendly and informal way.

As previously announced, the Open Door department will be chiefly devoted to topics relating to the arts, crafts, and industries naturally allied in the broad field of home-building, home furnishing and home making, especially to those pertaining to the decorative arts and household utilities.

The steadily increasing influence of THE CRAFTSMAN among a large clientèle directly interested in these subjects, brings it in close contact with the wishes and needs of many correspondents all over the country, and while reserving the privilege of preference and opinion, when solicited, THE CRAFTSMAN is always glad to refer inquirers to the representative concerns in these collateral branches.

The Open Door especially and cordially extends this reciprocal courtesy to those who are disposed to help themselves by using the business pages of THE CRAFTSMAN for business purposes, with this gratuitous annex for the further information of THE CRAFTSMAN'S readers.

GOOD CHEER ON THE WAY

Star-scattered through these crowded pages of the OPEN DOOR, we make room for a few of the many words of cheer that come to us from far and wide, regretting only that space permits us to acknowledge in a single number, only the more recent expressions of good will and appreciation from readers new and old.

THE CRAFTSMAN takes this opportunity to thank its correspondents, one and all for their words of cheer, and hopes to continue this easy way of cementing the bonds of fellowship and mutual aid, by prompt and hearty recognition of their per-

sonal influence and coöperation in making the magazine what it aims to be: an able and fearless exponent of American ideals in art and handicraft in all their manifold relations to the home, to individual and national life.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

The Editor of the Open Door finds a timely Christmas thought in the business pages of THE CRAFTSMAN, which commends itself to him as a "home-message" of unusual force and significance just at this season, when all hearts are opening to the gentle influences of the coming Christmas time.

The suggestion comes from a happy phrase or two, in the announcement of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, the writer of which evidently realizes that about nine-tenths of the "cheerful self denial" of the home usually falls to the lot of the "loving and faithful wife and mother."

There is little danger that the spirit and beauty of Christmas giving will ever be overdone or outgrown, in its truest sense, but there is a danger in an increasing modern tendency to change the "blessedness of giving" into a burdensome obligation, due to social rivalry and other causes, which really have no part in the real spirit of Christmas-tide.

To the thoughtful observer this tendency needs no further comment. The "home-message" which we wish to emphasize here should mean much to the loyal son, husband or father when the simple fact, as stated in the announcement, is brought home in its direct application to that "nearest duty". We quote: "Ten cents worth of cheerful self denial every day in the year, or twenty-five cents worth of the same manly privilege, will cover the annual cost of from two to five-thousand dollars life insurance in the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company; a Christmas legacy to dependants reaching out to that other Christmas sure to come,—a Christmas gift outlasting the life of the giver."

If this "home-message" finds one responsive chord among the thousands of loyal sons, husbands, and fathers who read THE CRAFTSMAN, the Open Door will congratulate itself upon having contributed a little thought-wave to make some home happier, not only for the Christmas present, but for some near or far off Christmas to come.

From George B. Dimmick, First National Bank, Scranton, Pa.: "Allow me to congratulate you upon your handsome anniversary number. It is superb. I read with deep interest, Mr. Gustav Stickley's "Thoughts Occasioned by An Anniversary". That article would have won my heart, had I not been already yours. Success to THE CRAFTSMAN, and what it stands for! You are doing real missionary work among civilized heathens, and the field is large."

OPEN DOOR

ANOTHER HOLIDAY SUGGESTION

One of the healthiest signs of the times is that the evolution of manual training in schools and institutes has reached the home, and is stimulating parents to encourage both boys and girls in the training and use of both head and hand, the integral education which is a fundamental part of THE CRAFTSMAN'S philosophy of life.

The old plan of giving the boy some cast-off hammer or saw, or a toy set of pewter tools to amuse himself with, is now a thing of the past.

The mischievous boy is not necessarily a bad boy, but usually one who has no rational outlet for the employment of his activities, and he is indeed a dull boy who cannot be interested in the ownership and use of a kit of tools. With very little assistance on the part of his elders, his taste for things mechanical can be fostered and cultivated; developing not only constructive ability, but ripening the thought processes and giving him a new interest in life.

Among the timely holiday suggestions in THE CRAFTSMAN'S advertising pages, the Open Door finds a practical suggestion in the comparitively inexpensive "Tool Outfits for Home Use", manufactured by the well known tool makers, Hammacher, Schlemmer & Company of New York. There is really no more wholesome education or profitable amusement for an active, growing boy than the use of tools, and a Christmas present of one of these handy and convenient cabinets, ranging in price from five to fifteen dollars, would make him happy, and afford him helpful companionship the year around. Particulars can be found by reference to the illustrated advertisement on page vi.

From a home-builder, Pittsburg, Pa.: "I have been a subscriber to THE CRAFTSMAN for some time, and have been much impressed and influenced by its preaching and teaching of a love for the simple in the home and life.

"I enclose a draft of a plot of ground on which I contemplate building a home, and about which I want to ask your advice, and get an estimate.

"I want not only to have the house sustain some proper relation to the surrounding country, but the immediate surroundings to also sustain proper relations to the house, and I am not qualified to plan this. The improvements will have to be on a modest scale, as I cannot afford a large expenditure of money."

A REVELATION IN WALL COVERINGS

One of the latest and most surprising phases of modern home-making illustrated in St. Louis was the demonstration of the new artistic and sanitary wall coverings, shown in Lotus Lodge in the Palace of Varied Industries. This unique and handsome summer cottage presented a practical representation of two recent evolutions in wall coverings now being introduced to the trade under the names of "Leatherole" and "Sanitas".

The challenging feature of both these new productions is the combination of

the highest expressions of decorative art, with the sanitary safeguards of germ-proof, dust-proof, water-proof, moth-and insect-proof qualities, that command the endorsement of all who have time to think about the healthful, as well as the beautiful, environment of human lives in the home, the school-room, the office, apartment buildings or public institutions.

Leatherole is an embossed-cloth mural decoration, hand decorated, and very handsome, both in designs and colors. Its ornamentation varies through a range of more than three hundred styles, in high and low relief, imitation of tooled-leathers, tiles, and every decoration suitable for any kind of a room, from a hotel cafe to the sitting-room of a simple home.

Sanitas is a light-weight oil-cloth, made in tiles, plain colors, and printed effects in dull and glazed finish, in an almost endless variety of designs and coloring suitable for any wall in the average home.

Leatherole and Sanitas are both decorated in oil-colors which will not fade, hide all cracks in the wall, and are strictly sanitary in every respect. They are applied to the wall the same as paper, and, on account of the oil decoration and waterproof qualities of the material, they may be wiped off and kept free from dirt and grease. The manufacturers, the Standard Table Oil Cloth Company, 320 Broadway, New York, are now establishing agencies throughout the country for "Sanitas," while the headquarters of the Leatherole Company is at 142 W. 23rd St., New York.

From Julia A. J. Perkins, Baldwinsville, N. Y.: "I do desire as the months go by to thank that Craftsman who is at the head of the delightful magazine. 'Chips' I always read first and they grow into stately columns; these last ones told much, he finds his paradise in a bit of city park, a little grass, a few flowers; he 'remembers it at night', and in the 'morning'. His life is 'solitary', he is 'poor' and pledged to 'labor'. As I read my eyes filled with tears, but when I had finished, I found him opulent beyond measure, and know that his 'wagon is hitched to a star', and this beleagured soul felt cheered and uplifted, better able to go on in the path that she must tread."

LITTLE THINGS OF THE HOME

Good houses—yes—but most of all good homes. This is the gospel THE CRAFTSMAN advocates. Home should mean more than a place of habitation. It should in a real way show forth the ideas and ideals of those whose home it is. How much depends on the so-called *little things* that add so much to the cheer and comfort of an individual room. Artistic door and window hangings—simple in line and in execution as well, but charming one with a realization of their perfect fitness, each for its own place. The designs on pages xii., xiv., xvi. give but a faint idea of how delightful a pair of portières can be, with the soft rich texture and color as a groundwork, and the added charm that needlework always gives.

Then there are the table covers of linen, in a range of soft colorings that come from the washtub, fresh as from the loom—useful things, surely—artistic to a degree. Pillows—and what is a couch or window seat without them—colors or tones to go in every room—and what cleverer idea than to have them repeat in material, as well as design perhaps, the portières in the room.

The chief beauty of THE CRAFTSMAN'S needlework is yet to be told. *You can do it.* The designs are so simple as to be possible for all. The design is stamped on the material—the pattern for the appliqué and all necessary floss and linen will be sent you and every help in the matter of color combinations will be given.

Fill your home with some of these individual *touches*—and as the holiday season approaches, perhaps there may be other homes that you can help to beautify as well.

From Georgia F. Wood, Hedgesville, N. Y.: "THE CRAFTSMAN is doing a great deal toward helping the American live a simpler life. I believe if the people would learn to see the beauty in simplicity, that there would not be so many eye-sores in country and town, in the shape of buildings, so often miscalled homes. Throughout the year I have known THE CRAFTSMAN, I have become a firm believer in the beauty of simplicity as expressed by the hands and thoughts of workers in THE CRAFTSMAN'S Shops."

ARTISTIC PRINTING

The MASON Press, from whose works THE CRAFTSMAN is issued, is universally acknowledged to be one of the leading exponents of the return to the simple type effects of the early masters of the Printer's art, modified to suit modern conditions. Harmony and simplicity are the keynotes of its success—harmony in the judicious selection of paper and inks, and simplicity in the arrangement of the types—the result, a product wonderfully pleasing and satisfying to the eye.

From an advertising point of view the commercial work produced from The MASON Press is unusually successful. Their work always presents an appearance in such good taste and harmony, that the best possible returns are always received by the business houses who place their orders there.

These most gratifying results are not attained by chance, but like all artistic successes, by capable personal superintendence of detail. From the one whose guiding mind directs the artistic harmony of each production, to those who are entrusted with the proper carrying out of his ideas, all are imbued with that personal interest—the desire to do their best. The leading principle of The MASON Press underlying all else is, that quality of product should never give place to quantity; hence but a limited amount of work can be arranged for at any one time. Its workshop is of that ideal size where the proper amount of personal supervision can be given—so necessary a factor to the attainment of the best and most artistic results.

OPEN DOOR

From Horace W. Graves, Columbus, Ind.: "Each month of this year I have been enjoying the many good things you have prepared in THE CRAFTSMAN. I am being entertained in a much more satisfactory manner than I had dared to hope for when I subscribed for the magazine last winter. In my correspondence with you I spoke of my anticipation of receiving many helpful suggestions from the home-builders' department, and I have not been disappointed, I assure you.

"I have also enjoyed greatly the articles on Manual Training in THE CRAFTSMAN Shops as the suggestions there given are sufficiently clear to enable me to make with my own hands, some of the furniture described.

"Certainly, if every subscriber and reader of THE CRAFTSMAN enjoys reading its pages as thoroughly as I do, you have much cause in being grateful, in the knowledge of having done at least a portion of mankind a favor."

NEW RESULTS IN GRAND FEU PORCELAINS

Mrs. Alsop Robineau is to be congratulated upon the recent results obtained at her new Syracuse Art Pottery, in her experiments with the difficult and delicate firing of grand feu porcelains, two examples of which are illustrated in the announcement on page vi.

As shown in the porcelain bowl in mat orange glaze, streaked with mat black, the decoration is almost exclusively in the modeling, revealing freedom, breadth of treatment and individuality; while the *motif* is from a primitive suggestion and is very artistic and satisfying.

The porcelain jardinière in mat brown glaze running into mat metallic copper glaze, presents another rare and beautiful color effect with rich blending of tones.

Mrs. Robineau with true pioneer spirit has shown real artistic instinct and patience in achieving such charming results in this comparitively new American experiment in grand feu porcelains.

It is pleasing to note that this artist-potter is meeting with equal success in the production of tiles, door knobs and other interior decorations in addition to her other products in vases and ornamental work.

From Alice M. Rathbun, Chatham, N. Y.: "Congratulations are in order upon the appearance of the October CRAFTSMAN. It seemed to me excellent in its make-up before, but the magazine is increased in attractiveness by the changes you have made."

From M. Emma Roberts, Supt. of Drawing, Minneapolis Public Schools, Minneapolis, Minn.: "The magazine grows in value constantly, and is of the greatest assistance to all of us, who are working in the same lines."

From Mrs. J. A. Secor, Elmira, N. Y.: "I like THE CRAFTSMAN so much that I could not get along without it. It is a marvel in every way."

INDIAN NOVELTIES FOR GIFTS

The readers who are interested in the artistic or Indian types and Indian Basketry will find a further suggestion, quite appropriate to the holiday season, in the announcement of the Francis E. Lester Company on page xvii. of Hand-wrought Indian Pottery Loving Cups, Navajo Silver Spoons, and Hand-made Indian Rugs, any one of which would serve as a unique and pleasing Holiday Gift.

A glance at the Lester Company's illustrated Catalog, which is sent free on application, will afford many helpful suggestions for those who are wrestling with the season's problem of what to select for the occasion, something out of the common place, and uniting usefulness and appropriateness within the limits of a moderate expenditure.

The Company makes a special offer for the season, at reduced prices, of their beautiful two-necked Loving Cups, made by the Santa Clara Indians in their famous lustrous pottery, their Pueblo Indian Rugs and their Navajo Indian Hand-wrought spoon.

From Miss L. Boorman, Palmer, Mass.: "I enclose herewith my check for this amount, $13.75. The loose numbers of Volume 4, No. 6, and of Vol. 5, Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, I return to you in two packages by mail this day. In sending the bound volumes to me, please note that the American Express Co. is the only one doing business in Palmer, Mass.

"I trust that I may find as much enjoyment in the four volumes of THE CRAFTSMAN as I have in the monthly numbers sent to me, beginning with Volume 6.

"Wishing you continued success with your beautiful magazine, which I will take great pleasure in showing to my New York and Philadelphia friends who are to visit me this summer, I am."

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY

A good dictionary, like a "thing of beauty" is a joy forever. Its usefulness is measured only by the way in which it responds to the demands made upon it. It is ready every time you rely upon it. If a friend paralyses you with a new "slang" term which falls upon your ear with forcefulness, it is a great test of a dictionary's thoroughness and up-to-dateness if it tells you all about that new, though slang, word.

We do not estimate our Standard Dictionary, published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, of New York, highly simply because it has never yet failed us in slang words, but that it is thorough and complete, comprehensive and up-to-date in every department of human knowledge. If you are wanting a first-class, reliable, complete dictionary, write to the publishers of The Standard for information.

From J. D. Treadwell, Tuckahoe, N. Y.: "The magazine in its new form is easily the best of any in America to-day."