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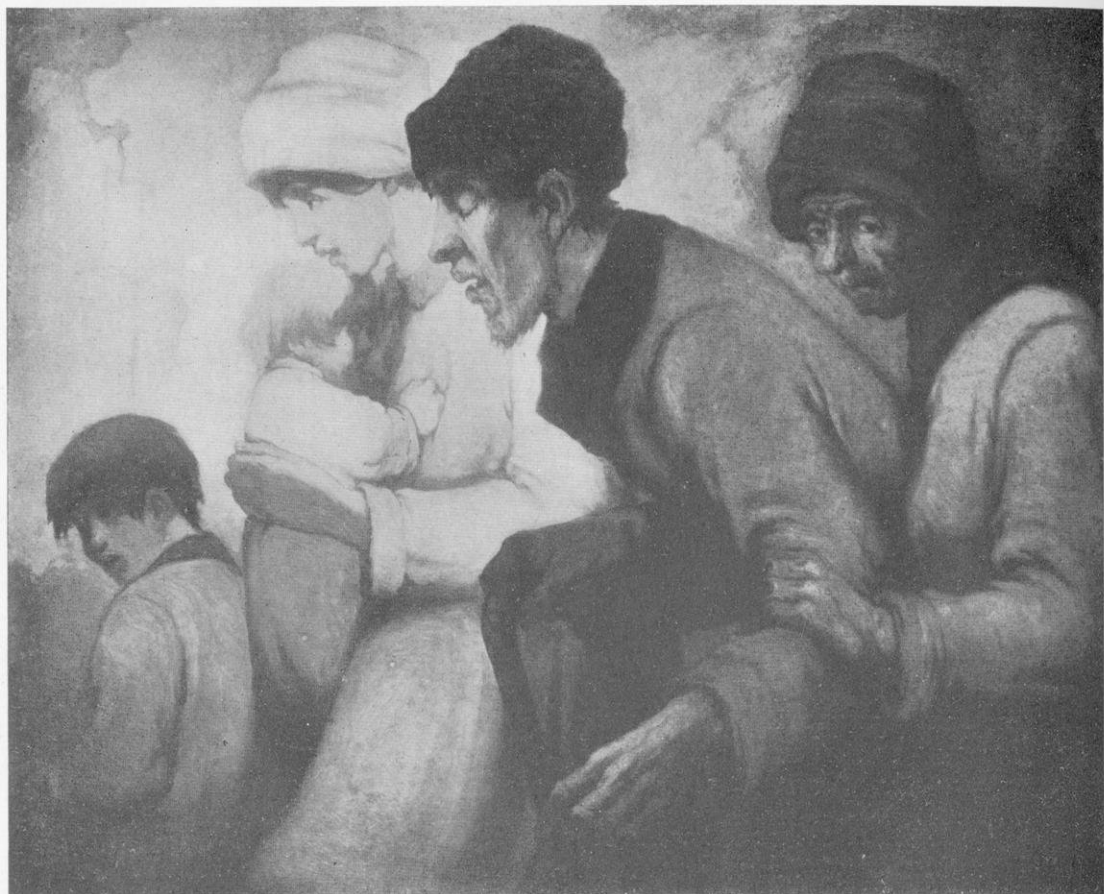
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From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"POWERFUL PICTURES OF OUTCAST, BROKEN
AND DESOLATE HUMAN BEINGS."

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XII

MAY, 1907

NUMBER 2

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GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII MAY, 1907 NUMBER 2

EUGENE HIGGINS: AN AMERICAN ARTIST WHOSE WORK UPON CANVAS DEPICTS THE DERELICTS OF CIVILIZATION AS DO THE TALES OF MAXIM GORKY IN LITERATURE: BY JOHN SPARGO



IT WAS the Sunday evening before Christmas when the trail ended and my eyes rested upon the gloomy soul-haunting pictures of the social abyss, and upon their artist-creator, Eugene Higgins. The pictures were not new to me, for some vision of them had haunted me for months in a strange, uncanny sort of way. One night last winter as I sat in a New York café with a group of friends, one of them pulled from his pocket some worn and tattered pages of a French magazine, *L'Assiette de Beurre*, containing several poor reproductions of some powerful pictures of out-cast, broken and desolate human beings, which exercised a wonderful fascination over our little group. All that we could learn about them was that the pages we saw were part of an entire issue of the magazine devoted to the work of the artist, an unknown, mysterious painter named Higgins—Eugene Higgins. The pictures took irresistible hold of my thoughts and fancy; their greatness manifested itself despite the poor paper and engraving, dominating everything.

After that everywhere I went among artists and students of art I made vain attempts to learn something about the pictures and the man who painted them. Eugene Higgins became a Man of Mystery and his work something belonging to the world of legend and romance.

Then I heard of my mysterious unknown in various places and strange ways. A poet-painter friend at the shrine of whose genius I have sought and found inspiration for the life-struggle, spoke of the painter of the weirdly great "Les Misérables" as "a Charles Haag in paint," and confirmed my own judgment thereby, for I had already associated the two names in my thoughts. So he was in New York! But, alas! New York is a great wilderness of humanity and no one has blazed the trails. There is no place in our great

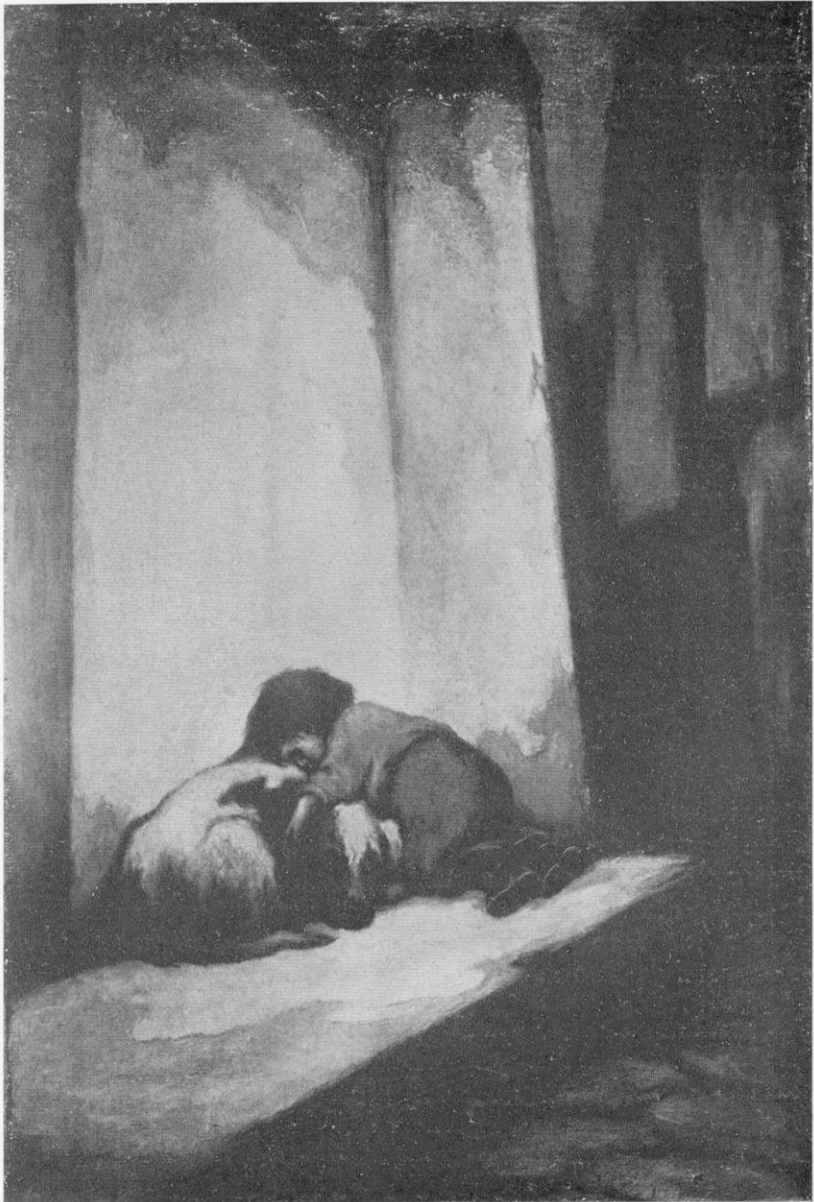
POVERTY AS AN ART INSPIRATION

metropolis where the dreamers, doers and thinkers meet in common social union—where, sooner or later, one is certain to meet everybody. Then, on the Twentieth Century Limited, journeying from Chicago, I heard of Higgins again from one who had known his work in the *Quartier Latin* of Paris. He was an artist and spoke with an artist's enthusiasm: "Higgins paints wonderful things—figures of the driven and damned—in the spirit of Victor Hugo," he said.

Again and again I heard of the man and his work, but not until I appealed to one whose glory is that he personifies the Genius of Friendship, whose ways seem to lead him into association with everybody worth knowing, did I come into welcome touch with both. "I am Eugene Higgins," I heard a deep, powerful voice say over the telephone, and, a few hours later, in the teeth of a furious gale which mocked with screeching bitterness the Christmas song floating from some unseen place of mirth, I turned into familiar old Washington Square, the haunt of artist-ghosts corporeal and ethereal, and stood in the presence of the man—at the end of the trail.

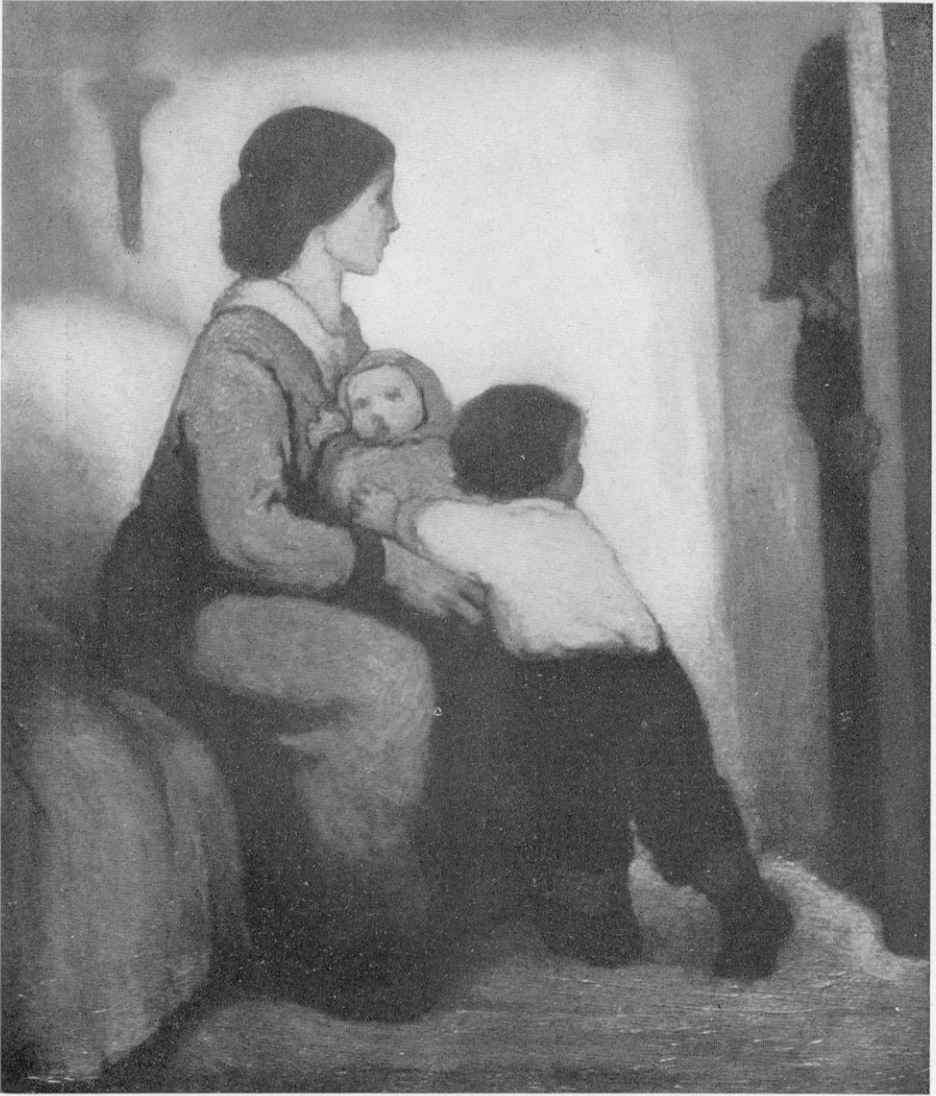
Somehow, I expected to be disappointed by the pictures I had longed so earnestly to see, but I was not. Even in the poor lamp-light of the studio, the power of these portrayals of the pathetic, the helpless, the ruined, the despised and rejected of humanity, was incontestable. Since then I have grown to know the artist and his work more familiarly, and I *know* that this painter of Rembrandtesque pictures of the victims of the human struggle is a genius of the first order, worthy to be ranked with Millet. As Edwin Markham wrote me lately, "Mr. Higgins stands in America as the one powerful painter of the tragic lacks and losses, of the doomed and the disinherited—the painter who gives us the pathos of street and hovel and morgue, as Millet gave us the pathos of the fields."

WHAT Gorky has done in literature for the underworld, Eugene Higgins has done upon canvas; he is a Gorky in paint. I remember saying to the Russian writer something to the effect that he had portrayed in fiction the outcast, not of Russia alone but of the whole world, and his replying with a smile of unutterable sadness, "Ah, I *am* the Outcast of the World!" When Higgins was living in the *Quartier Latin*, he was known by his fellow artists as the "poor beggar in a garret who paints beggars and *miserables* because he is one of them"—and he frankly admits nowadays that he took some secret delight in his "martyrdom," being young. At



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"A PAINTER WHO GIVES US THE PATHOS
OF STREET AND HOVEL AND MORGUE."



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"VICTIMS OF THE HUMAN STRUGGLE."



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"PORTRAYALS OF THE PATHETIC, THE
HELPLESS, THE RUINED, THE DE-
SPISED AND REJECTED OF HUMANITY."



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"THIS OLD MAN BY THE WALL, SURROUNDED BY SHADOWS—BECAUSE HE WAS PICTURESQUE, I PAINTED HIM, BUT I HAD FIRST TO KNOW HIS KIND."

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the same time, he chafed under, and resented with all the passion of an ardently independent spirit, the sympathy which offered cast-off clothes and invitations to dinner. Once, when the papers were filled with long accounts of Maxim Gorky, some friends of the painter, in St. Louis, were earnestly advising him to give up painting the types of failure and misery and turn to "more cheerful and pleasing" subjects. Wrathfully he snatched away the canvas he was showing and exclaimed, "I am not painting for you! You do not understand. I am painting for men like Gorky, men who can feel and know!" It is a matter for deep regret that the painter and the writer did not meet during the latter's stay in America last year.

There is nothing of the lachrymose about Higgins's art; no sickly sentimentality. Perhaps that is why the effect of his pictures is much less depressing than might be supposed on account of their subjects. Countless painters have depicted forlorn beggars and waifs and strays with a dominating note of appeal compelling tears to flow like rain. We have wept—and quickly forgotten. But these pictures produce an impression not to be obliterated by easily shed tears. They move to a pity too deep for tears, and force us to *think*. The difference in result is the difference between cleverness and genius.

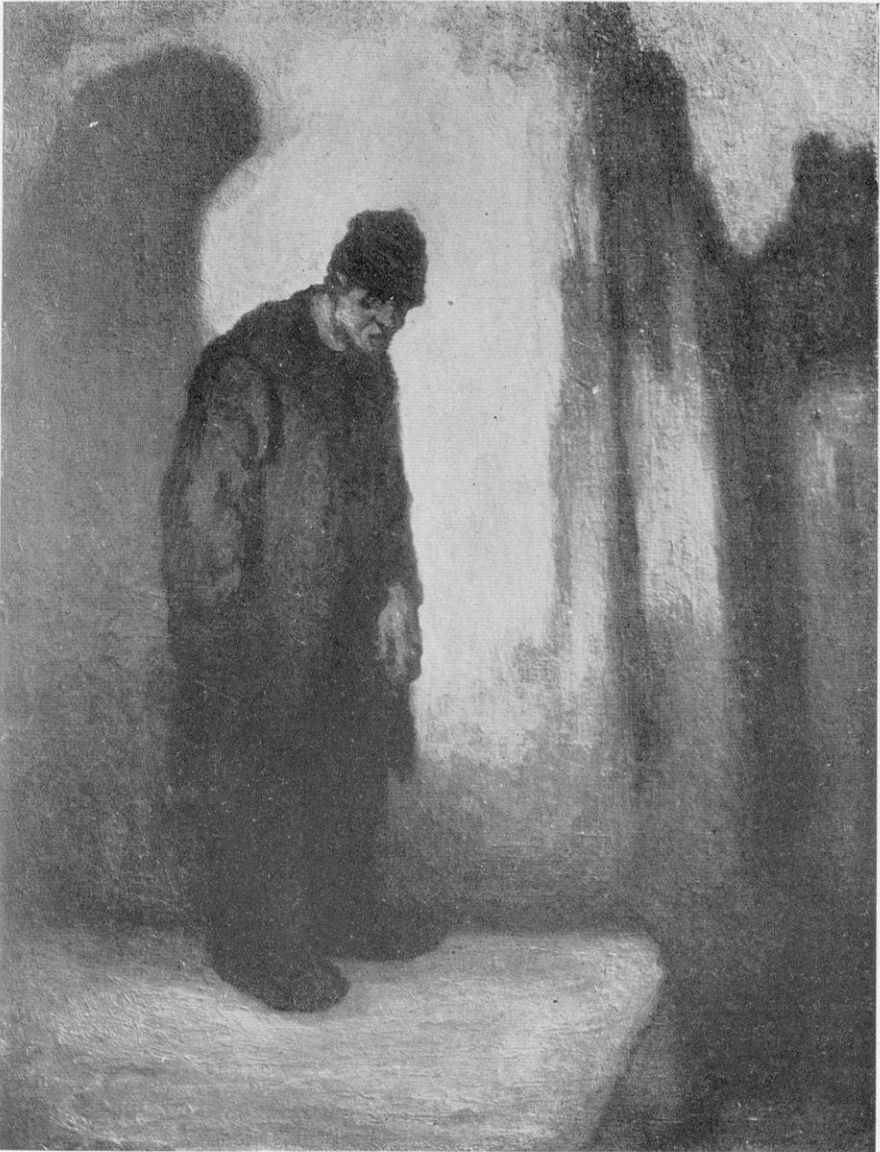
The question has been raised whether such subjects as Mr. Higgins chooses are suited to the medium of canvas and paint, or whether they do not belong rather to literature. It is an old and interesting question, one that has confronted every artist who has chosen unusual themes or treated old themes in an unusual way. Michael Angelo answered it in his own way, in our own time have Millet and Meunier answered it each in his own way. So Higgins answers the question for himself: "They who say that these gloomy pictures of mine do not please the eye, but hurt by their realistic representations of misery and woe, and are not beautiful, missing thereby the two chief functions of art," said the artist, "are correct enough from one point of view. They would limit the sphere of art to the things which minister to selfish desires and to things which are pretty merely, having no real concept of the beautiful. Take this old man by the wall, surrounded by shadows; because he was picturesque I painted him, but I had to first know and understand his kind. Many a man whose cleverness I highly respect would have painted him as a man in rags, moving along by a wall—that and nothing more. And the colored result, an exercise in technique, would be put forth as the picture of an outcast without a hint of the very definite form

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and movements of the real outcast. To me, it is a simple matter to see that the fault of most modern painting and sculpture is that it shows a lack of thinking and feeling; that the artists themselves are merely clever workmen—in spite of all the nonsense one hears and reads about their artistic abilities, written by critics as superficial as themselves.

“WHEN you look at one of Rembrandt’s great pictures, you not only feel that you are looking at a masterpiece of technique; that you feel, of course, but you feel even more strongly that you are looking at the work of a painter who was also a great thinker. Or take Sargent: I confess I never cared for his work until I saw his portrait of an English nobleman in hunting costume, exhibited in the Salon some three or four years ago. Sargent impressed me then for the first time as a great painter, because he painted the whole man, not merely his external appearance, but, so to speak, his blood and his soul. Long generations of aristocracy were sticking out all over him. I don’t know whether I like aristocrats or not, but certainly I like the portrait of an aristocrat to show unmistakably that he is an aristocrat. This, Sargent accomplished and the picture stood out above all others in the Salon. It crowned Sargent in the minds of the best critics of France as a master. That illustrates my own attitude perhaps as well as anything I can think of. If I prefer to paint outcasts rather than dandies in drawing-rooms, simply because they interest me greatly while the dandies interest me not at all, that is of no concern to anyone but myself so long as I do not throw mud at the outcasts as so many have done. It is of no more concern than Sargent’s painting aristocratic types. It is, however, a matter which concerns everybody, who chooses to make it matter for concern, whether I succeed in painting real outcasts or sham ones; whether the figures obviously *are* the figures of outcasts, or made to appear *like* outcasts by the skillful use of accessories and tricks of technique.”

I have thought it best to reproduce the substance of a long conversation with the artist, as nearly in his own words as possible, to accompany these reproductions of some of his pictures, in the hope that I may thus be able to place the pictures in a setting where they can speak for themselves. Of course, the pictures lose something of their power when reproduced in black and white, the coloring of the originals being no small element of their strength. Doubtless the tragic nature of most of them, the intensity with which they



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"GLOOMY, SOUL-HAUNTING PICTURES
OF THE SOCIAL ABYSS."



From a Painting by Eugene Higgins.

"I PREFER TO PAINT OUTCASTS RATHER THAN DANDIES, BECAUSE THEY INTEREST ME GREATLY, AND THE DANDIES, NOT AT ALL."

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reveal those awful social facts which lacerate the soul, make them undesirable for the constant associations of home decoration in the minds of many who will readily admit their greatness. They are, many of them, better fitted for public exhibitions and galleries, and the pity of it is that in this country as yet there is little or no evidence of an inclination on the part of the custodians of our public art to seek out struggling genius and to encourage it. There are some few of the artist's pictures, however, which do not suffer from this limitation—scenes of lowly domestic life full of sympathy and appealing tenderness.

Mr. Higgins is an Irish-American and was born in Kansas City thirty-three years ago. When he was four years old his mother died, and thenceforth he lived with his father, who was a stone-cutter by trade, in cheap boarding houses, coming often in these early years into close contact with types of dissolute and luckless humanity such as he now loves to paint. When he was a lad of twelve or thereabouts an article on Millet, illustrated by sketches which the great artist used to draw for his children with a burnt match, gave him his first impulse to be a painter. The influence of Millet upon his work has been profound and far-reaching—indeed, Millet and Victor Hugo have largely moulded his entire life. So great was the influence of "Les Misérables" upon him that for years he was accustomed to regard himself as the actual personification of *Jean Valjean*.

At sixteen years of age he entered the Art School in St. Louis, remaining only one season. He says that he could learn nothing there, but in the light of his experience in Paris later on it may be conjectured that he was too impatient to submit to the long and hard drudgery of learning the elements of drawing. Be that as it may, he left the school and started to paint on his own account, his first painting being, characteristically, a picture called "The Tramp." Big canvases he painted—and still bigger themes. He tells with a good deal of gusto of an immense canvas devoted to the theme of "Human Evolution"—a foreground of low marshland with stones fantastically shaped into a gradual likeness of strange animals and these in their turn grotesquely shaped to suggest the evolution of human beings, into the perfected type of whom a wonderfully weird Divinity breathed the breath of life. Struggling alone, outside the pale of art influences, with no training or guidance, he grew to regard himself as a great genius working for posterity—a conceit to be indulgently regarded under the circumstances.

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AT TWENTY-THREE years of age he entered the *École Julien*, and studied under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. At his very first lesson he discovered to his dismay that he could not draw and his fancied greatness melted away in an outburst of mortification. "My attempt to draw from a living model resulted in a thing which looked like a keg of nails," he says. The teacher at once set the crestfallen student to the humbler exercise of copying a metal bowl. When Constant saw him struggling, he said, "You are awfully serious but hard as iron; you will make a good draughtsman some time, but you haven't got it yet"—and the student fulfilled the prediction. He was "hard as iron," he struggled hard and in a few months was taking the honors of the school for his fine academic drawing. As one looks at his pictures nowadays, it is not easy at first to realise that at this school under Laurens and Constant, and later, at the *Beaux Arts* under Gerome, his fine academic work was his chief distinction.

That he endured the usual hardships of struggling genius while in Paris we have already seen. He had more than the usual amount of reward, however, his work attracting the attention of a group of influential artists and critics. He regularly exhibited at the exhibitions of the American Art Association in Paris and half a dozen of his pictures were well hung in the New Salon. In 1904 he returned to this country to begin the struggle anew. Some of his canvases have been exhibited in Philadelphia and at the St. Louis Exposition, but he remains practically unknown, a prophet without honor in his own country, still compelled to struggle. But he is young and has abundant courage and faith in himself. By the sale of tiny etchings which he makes for a living he keeps the hunger-wolf from the door and the fire of inspiration burning within himself.

SPRINGTIME

A PURPLE mist on the distant hills,
A swift wind-driven shower of rain,
A burst of sunshine, warm and glad,
All tell that the spring is here again.

—JEAN MONTGOMERY MARTIN.

THE LEAVEN OF ART: BY BLISS CARMAN



WE TALK so much about art nowadays. The average man in an average mood is apt to be betrayed into some disgust with the topic. "In the name of common sense, what is all this pother about. Our grandparents didn't talk about art, and they got along very well. Isn't there a lot of feeble cant regarding the whole subject? Shouldn't we be just as well off, if no one ever heard of art, but went about the wholesome tasks of every day in the good old cheerful, thoughtless fashion, without any doubts or discussions of the matter?"

Unfortunately we cannot do that, if we would. We are born into a time of unrest and agitation, when all matters are under trial to be sifted for their worth. We must be sceptics and experimenters without stability of creed or certainty of procedure. The complexity of life has begotten a perplexity of thought, and the older ways of another century are no longer possible. However weary we may grow of argument and analysis, of canvassing new projects in religion, in sociology, in education, in science, in philosophy, or in art, the burden of quest is upon us. Without recreancy to an inherited trust, we cannot abandon the search for truth. What the nineteenth century began in its splendid work in science, we must push to symmetrical proportions in religion and art, that is to say, in sentiment and in life, if we can.

Art is a great pleasure. It may have whatever other obligations you will; it may be asked to edify and instruct and ennoble, to espouse great causes, to decorate proud and barbarous civilizations, to express premonitions of the divine, or to serve the humblest craftsman in his need; but still its first concern will always be to render satisfaction to inarticulate but imperious cravings for beauty. The longing for æsthetic fitness and the enjoyment of it are instincts as deep and primitive as hunger itself, and they have been no less real in their effect upon life. To secure for them their due satisfaction is not only a legitimate aim, but one of the most delightful activities to which we can turn our eager energy. One who is a lover of art in any form is a devotee of a pure and ancient cult, which superstition and bigotry and the pedantic wrangling of the schools have not been able to annihilate. He is partaker in an immemorial universal religion, whose doctrines are renewed by every breath of the sweet wind of heaven, whose traditions are drawn from the twelve corners of the world, and whose invisible altars are fed by the fires of an eternal ardor.

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Ah, no, we are wrong, if we grow impatient over a continued discussion of so great a theme! There are sober considerations which must appeal to any sane being and which lead to the belief that a just understanding of all that art implies would do more than any one thing to increase the happiness of men. Not a knowledge of the fine arts merely, but the knowledge and practice of art in every province of daily living; not only a cultivation of one or more of the arts, whether fine or industrial, but the habitual use of art in affairs everywhere at all hours. A rational art of life is the consummate flowering of human endeavor. To cultivate it may be well our persistent care, since it will make, to any personality, so rich and incomparable a return.

AN ART of living, however, is as it were a generalization of art, and calls into execution, through conduct, those qualities of mind and temper and equipment which any good artist must possess. A supreme artist is an artist not alone in his painting or his music, but in his every act and undertaking. He will have learned from the pursuit of his chosen calling such a love of perfection, such a sense of order, such an appreciation of aptness and proportion, that he will wish his life to be made as harmonious and lovely as his work. Some persons, indeed, have this passion for perfection in the conduct of daily life, this genius for the art of living, so fully developed that they are not impelled to find a vent for their creative talents in any of the stereotyped arts. But whether one be an artist in conduct or in clay, the characteristics required and fostered and the principles materialized by the artistry are much the same. It is a matter of spirit and outlook, of inspiration and aspiration. The born artist delights in perfect execution and finds a happy satisfaction in adjusting means to ends, in finding adequate expression through any medium, and is never satisfied when a thing is ill done. "Only the best is good enough," is his distinctive motto.

Do you think it would be an exaggeration to say that many of the faults of modern civilization spring from our lack of artistic appreciation? Why this endless strife between those who have and those who have not? Why, but for the fact that we all make mistakes about happiness, supposing that it must reside in possessions, whereas it lies much more in individual ability to discriminate wisely and to live selectively. Our incorrigible pursuit of wealth comes from this misapprehension. The most inveterate and typical money-getter is notoriously a man of few resources within himself

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and of little culture. Why shouldn't he chase his golden prize? He has nothing better to do with his time. Poor fellow, he is often enough desperately in need of a little real happiness, for some touch of ecstasy which he cannot buy. He is often enough as simple and kindly as he is capable, and his only error is pure ignorance. He has the crude idea, common to uncultivated minds, that in order to enjoy life one only need own the earth and have all its pleasures at command. He does not find out until too late that to own is not inevitably to command. He has not discovered that enjoyment does not depend wholly upon good fortune, but is equally a matter of temperament and character. He does not know what the artist in life could tell him, that happiness, while it is naturally evoked by pleasure, is essentially the product of personality, and results only from any fortunate adjustment between the soul and its surroundings.

This being so, it is the part of simple wisdom to take care of that adjustment. Such a task is eminently a matter requiring the most comprehensive and subtle art; and when once this possibility is realized, it will no longer seem sensible to give one's days to the accumulation of means and possessions. It will come to the mind like a breath of inspiration, that every moment of activity, every hour of effort, may be caused to yield an adequate gladness without anxiety, and that conduct from day to day may be made a fine art which shall dignify and ennoble life under whatever circumstances. The inward triumph of the spirit, its native delight in all simple unextravagant beauty, will begin to make itself felt,—the elation of the artist, an uplifting of the heart in joyousness such as Wordsworth meant, when he wrote in his poem about daffodils,

“For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.”

THERE would come to anyone who honestly tried to master the haphazard trend of events by confronting them with a rational skill the same satisfaction which an artist must experience in seeing his work grow from chaos to ordered and meaningful loveliness beneath his hand. And, conversely, there would come to anyone who diligently cultivated an appreciation of the fine

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arts an informing sense of purpose and proportion and a love of perfection which could not but make themselves felt in every undertaking of that sentient personality.

This is no more than the object at which all culture aims,—the imparting to personality of a power to deal with life on even terms. To be wholly without culture, is to be wholly at the mercy of circumstances, incapable of securing happiness by any wise means, incapable even of making a creditable livelihood. For culture must be considered a wide term, applicable to our most elementary capacities as to those most refined. To be cultivated is, not to possess extraordinary learning, but to possess a personality adequately equipped to appreciate and meet the demands of life successfully,—not only with the primitive success which means a comfortable or luxurious living, but with the higher success which implies a sanity and joyousness in life. Through the higher culture we attain the point of view of the happiest and wisest ones of the earth, wherever they have left record of their gladness or wisdom. Through a cultivated acquaintance with art in all its works of beauty we come to be infused with the enthusiasm, the insight, the sincerity, the glad and prospering spirit of the masters great and goodly, who saw what was best in life and had the incomparable gift of making that boon apparent to others. So the beautiful products of art, pictures, statues, operas, dramas, poems, churches and houses, old rugs and furniture, silverware, jewels, carvings, tapestries, and costumes, when they are eminently excellent, become so many foci for the spread of that happy state of being which the original artists experienced in creating them. All who encourage and educate themselves to become appreciators of such things, to know their value and feel their influence, undergo a change and refinement of character which crude living alone can never exert. They are able to add to the physical and fundamental power, with which primitive life endows us, the loftier and rarer attributes of a culture both intellectual and moral, which it is the chief aim of any civilization to bestow. In so doing they become initiates, or at least novices, in the joyous cult of creative art; they come to understand the satisfaction which artists take in perfection, and to attempt the development of it through daily affairs.

Artists are not as a class the happiest of mortals. But that is rather because they fail to relate the ideal rationally to life, rather than because they are vowed to standards of perfection. Unhappiness comes upon them, as it would upon anyone else, in consequence

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of folly and indifference and wilfulness; and their devotion to art, which is often held to be the cause of their misfortunes, is in reality the only mitigating factor in their lives. When an artist makes a ruin of his career, it is not art that is to blame, but his own bungling irrationality. It would be truer to say that he missed happiness, because his art was too partial and wayward and shortsighted. For a great art, such indeed as does not often make itself manifest, if it should take possession of a man, would not waste itself in unreasonable creations of an empty and fantastic beauty, but would permeate the man's whole nature, touching his mind as well as his spirit and his senses, and making him sane and happy as well as inspired, helpful and healthful as well as delightful.

WE NEED not look on the artistic temperament, therefore, with Philistine superciliousness. For in itself it is a wholly excellent quality, needing only to be balanced by some sober traits of common sense of which the practical man claims the monopoly. Practical common sense avoids much disaster and insures useful creature comforts. By itself, however, unmixed with warmer and more spirited characteristics, it may be a very bleak and joyless equipment. It needs, for its perfecting, the complementary strength of ardor, the touch of fearless elation, unspoiled faith and imagination, a sensitiveness to beauty and an aspiring loving kindness, that are perennial. To be effective for happiness, the strength of all common sense must be winged with a touch of the artist temperament. When once this truth is realized it will never be undervalued or discarded.

The leaven of art in life glorifies human effort and achievement by infusing beauty through every undertaking, by instilling candor in the mind, and by filling the heart with a gladness that could not have been foretold. Art is a paper lantern, perishable but indispensable, whose flame is goodness, whose light is truth, whose sides are patterned with shapes of beauty, and whose office is to illumine for us the rough and devious road to perfection. Without it we must remain somber dispirited wanderers, distracted amid the mazes of a meaningless and hostile world. With it we may do much to unravel a significance from the dark oracles of fate, and render existence not only bearable, but biddable, glad, and fair. Art in its widest sense covers all provinces of life, and with religion and science forms a sort of philosophic trinity representing all that man may do or feel or know. But just as many men's emotions and

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thoughts never rise to the level of religion and science, so most men's acts and work rarely rise to the level of art. In achievement art gives the final hint of magic which differentiates a man from a machine—that evidence of variable human mind which no automaton can ever reproduce. The glory of art is only that it makes earth more habitable and humanity more divine.

The business of art is to afford joyance. When it fails of this it is bankrupt altogether, being unable to meet its legitimate obligations. Since few can live as joyously as they would, what a shame it is that great gifts of expression should ever be wasted on heinous and joyless subjects! Think of the hideous and revolting plays with which an impoverished dramatic art overloads our stage in an attempt to stimulate sensation, regardless of beauty, regardless of the whole truth, and more than all regardless of that inward core of human love which is only goodness under another name! Good art is not an expensive thing, weighed in the scales of the counting house. Yet it is priceless in that it cannot be bought with money alone. There must always some love go with the price. And while it becomes one of the chief requisites of a happy life to surround ourselves with art, that does not mean that we must have costly trappings and outfit and expensive homes. A modest apartment on which thought and care and taste have been lavished with loving generosity may be a beautiful home where one is thankful to be made welcome; while across the park some monstrous pile of stone may lift itself against the sky, a monument of pathetic ambition, an offence to taste and an affront to moderation.

GOOD taste is no respecter of prices; it knows values, appreciates worth, and reveres beauty wherever it finds it. Nor does it ever grudge to pay the utmost cost for beauty in patience, toil, painstaking, and devotion. It will gladly lavish a whole day in rearranging a room, matching a tint, or finding an inevitable cadence. He is but a slovenly artist in letters who will not wait a week for the irresistible word, if need be, though knowing all the while that genius would have found it on the instant. Taste, which plays our good angel in matters of beauty, is as scrupulous as conscience, as unerring as reason, and guides our senses in the disputable ways between the unlovely and the desirable, just as those sensitive incorruptible monitors of the soul and mind guide us in the regions of conduct and of thought.

It is no sign of good taste, however, to pursue some petty art

THE LEAVEN OF ART

to the exclusion of all other obligations, but indicates the old false notion that art is something elegant and genteel conferring a superiority on those who follow it. Whereas the truth is we should all be artists, artists in our own life and artists in our own work, however inconspicuous that work may be. An artist is any one who glorifies his occupation. It is no evidence of artistic aptitude to spend days and years in playing the ineffectual amateur, while all personal affairs are allowed to run as they will; it is rather an indication of a self-indulgent, irrational nature. An instinct for the art of life is greater than any single talent or personal preference, and its obligations are more primary, more important, and more closely bound up with the problem of happiness. Art can have no character, nor value, nor beauty, if life itself has not first its due order and significance and seamliness. The tent must be pitched and the fire lighted before we can expect the goddess. To neglect the plain duties of life is fundamentally and to the highest degree inartistic, since it throws us back into a chaos from which neither beauty nor joyance can spring, and where the creative impulse, however genuine, must eventually perish of morbid sickness.

It is a mistake that many persons make in their enthusiastic rapture over some particular art for which they may have an inclination. Literary and artistic folk are almost proverbial for carelessness in dress and demeanor and the small yet essential amenities of life, and think it a mark of distinction to be so. Magnifying their own art, often with a praiseworthy singleness of devotion, they forget that the art of life is a larger matter, including their own especial craft, and imposing its beautiful limits and reservations upon all alike. Painters often dress very unbecomingly, though their taste is fully trained to befitting appropriateness of color and costume. Poets and writers, whose chief concern is wisdom, are often among the most unwise of men in the conduct of their own lives. While women, whom one would suppose might always be accredited with personal nicety and loveliness, often seem to fancy that to be absorbed in music or letters or art, gives one the liberty to be disorderly, *distracte*, untidy, and irresponsible.

It is such false ideals and thoughtless errors that brings art into disrepute and cause havoc in the lives of so many artists. A sober realization of the necessity and desirableness of an art of individual living would make such mistaken over-emphasis impossible. The great thing is to keep one's mettle from becoming distempered, and this is not to be done by evading and ignoring the requirements

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of life, but by meeting and mastering them. To overindulge an artistic bent to the limit of its capacity is much more likely to induce a self-dissatisfaction, a mordant distemper of the spirit, than to modify and regulate that special capability through the handling of practical concerns. If we chafe at the limitations which daily life imposes upon the artistic life, let us recall that our artistic life will become all the more human and beautiful, the finer and stronger, if we can bring into it a rational and brave temper gained through harmony with the broader life of the world.

Art as a revivifying element in life plays a part similar to Nature's in her tonic influence. We must dwell in the sun and open air, within sound of the trees and beneath the touch of the sweet wind and the rain, shunning too much of the sedentary effeminizing life of houses, if we would remain sound and glad and sane. But just as truly, we cannot be wholly given over to out-of-doors, nor be satisfied in maintaining a primitive animal wholesomeness. Life for the modern is not so simple as that. There are the ineradicable hungers of the mind to be satisfied, the passionate desires of the soul for legitimate satisfactions in creative art, the unconquerable and goodly æsthetic impulses which must not be thwarted of their development. A life in the open, to keep us sane and strong and sweet; but a life of art also, to keep us interested, growing, civilized, and humane. Only between the two influences, tending to cultivate equally the body and the intelligence, can the spirit be fostered and happiness emerge.



SIEGFRIED'S SECOND RHINE JOURNEY: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

Scene—*The Lorelei's rock toward sunset. The gold light in the sky is reflected in the still waters of the Rhine. A youth clad in skins, with a hunter's horn hanging from his belt, appears on the summit of the rock. He pauses, glances about, then throws himself down to rest.*



ES, 'tis the very spot where they made sport of me,—the naughty water witches! So changed that scarce I knew it for the same, yet the waters shine to-night as if they held again the gold. But all else is changed. Many men have I seen where once the woods were still, and strange huts and houses. They are of a green that is not like the grass, and of a yellow that is not like the gold. Men's garments, too, are hideous and strange. Yet the faces are not changed. On them I see that old desire and greed. So looked Alberich and Mime; so looked also the great god Wotan and Fricka his spouse. Still it lives, then, after all the years, that greed of gold.

Just now I came upon a maiden resting by the way. She was reading from a book bound all in red, and she spoke a strange tongue. She laughed and tried to play with me as did the water witches. But though her face was beautiful and her light garments fair, her laugh was loud and I liked her not, so went my way. (*He discovers the form of a small man in black coming up over the rocks.*) Someone comes to break my solitude.

(*As the man approaches, the youth rises upon his elbow and blows a salute upon his horn. The man is dressed in short black knickerbockers with large silver knee buckles, and wears a cocked hat. He returns the greeting gravely.*)

The Youth:—Thrice welcome, friend. I see by thy garments that thou art also a stranger to these parts; and I, who knew it once so well, am, for that reason, all the more a stranger now. What is thy name and whence comest thou?

The Stranger:—They call me Hendrik Hudson. I have been a sailor of the deep seas, an adventurer if you will.

The Youth (thoughtfully):—I know not thy name; and yet, although thy speech is strange, I understand thee. Let us talk, for I am lonely in this place.

Hendrik Hudson:—Thy name I know not yet.

The Youth:—My mother called me Siegfried. She who died

SIEGFRIED'S SECOND RHINE JOURNEY

ere my eyes knew what they looked upon. And she, that other, called me Siegfried,—Brünhilde, fairest of women.

Hendrik Hudson:—I do not know the lady.

Siegfried:—All men know her by whatever name. Some call her Woman and some call her Love and others call her Life.

Hendrik Hudson:—Hast thou journeyed far?

Siegfried:—I know not what thou callest far. The Rhine I know or used to know . . . and a deep wood and a high mountain ringed about with fire.

Hendrik Hudson (shaking his head):—The mountain I know not. Of deep woods the world holds many, and for thy Rhine it is not so great a river, although fair. Methinks thou hast seen little of the world.

Siegfried (astonished):—The Rhine . . . not a great river!

Hendrik Hudson:—In the vast country to which I traveled in my youth are many rivers, wider, deeper and longer.

Siegfried:—But not so beautiful.

Hendrik Hudson:—One I saw fresh from the hand of God. There the foot of man had not trod, nor the hand of man destroyed. That surely was more beautiful.

Siegfried:—But this seems not the Rhine I knew. On the banks are strange huts, and upon the water, strange craft, constantly passing.

Hendrik Hudson (laughing grimly):—An you think its beauty spoiled, you should see my river . . . my beautiful river! its banks broken and scarred, everywhere blank walls, black smoke, discordant sounds. Its banks are covered with the homes of men and scarcely one is beautiful. To see it you would reckon beauty dead forever in the world.

Siegfried (astonished):—Homes of men more unlovely than these we see about us?

Hendrik Hudson:—Far more unlovely. For here there are some gray old castle walls that might have grown upon the summit of the hills. But there, beside that river which I found, all is sharp, new, bright and ugly.

Siegfried:—And the men . . . are they the same? Bear they also in their faces that greed of gold—like Alberich and Mime?

Hendrik Hudson:—Thy friends I know not, but of that greed of gold of which thou speakest, much have I seen. This great river of which I speak is but one in a great country, but everywhere in that land may one perceive that greed of gold.



From a Drawing by Frances Lea.

SIEGFRIED STARTING UPON HIS
SECOND RHINE JOURNEY.





From a Drawing by Frances Lea.

SIEGFRIED BESET BY RHINE GUIDES,
OFFERING TO CONDUCT HIM TO THE
DRAGON'S CAVE.



From a Drawing by Frances Lea.

SIEGFRIED FINDS HIMSELF SUR-
ROUNDED BY RHINE TOURISTS.



From a Drawing by Frances Lea.

SIEGFRIED AND HENDRIK HUDSON COMPARE
NOTES UPON THE RHINE AND THE HUDSON.

SIEGFRIED'S SECOND RHINE JOURNEY

Siegfried:—I have seen men kill one another the gold to possess.

Hendrik Hudson:—For that, men kill each other still without blood. In that far country men starve other men to death, the gold to possess. For many men have crossed the water to that land, the gold to possess. Yet after they are there, hate those that have already gained it. For there dwell men who have gathered great wealth of gold—

Siegfried:—And beat and starve those that helped them to amass it—so did black Alberich.

Hendrik Hudson:—No, not so in this great country. For there the man working with his hands need never starve, neither those who work with their brains for gold. For there is gold enough for all . . . yet there are those who starve.

Siegfried:—Then who may those be?

Hendrik Hudson:—They are those who will not sell their dream for gold . . . For in this country gold comes to those who make light music, and write simple words that the vulgar understand; for the love of gold makes all vulgar, be they high or low.

Siegfried:—And here in my country is that also true?

Hendrik Hudson:—Not yet. Here in this land men may have still their dream. For yet a little while . . . But the change comes here also. I see it gather like a small cloud upon the horizon.

Siegfried:—Yes, I know now of what thou speak'st. For only this morning I went to the Drachenfels, that cave where dwelt Fafner, the dragon, he whom I slew with this sword. And there many men beset me, offering to show the way. They demanded of me my gold, and when I refused, laughed with one another about me, and said scornful words. And to large houses have I gone for meat and drink and bed to sleep upon; there, too, they laughed at me because of my strange dress, and whispered of me before my face, yet grasped my gold. Then when I gave it to them, they frowned, and muttered, and turned it over in their hands.

Hendrik Hudson:—That is true here on thy Rhine. Elsewhere in thy country have I not found it so. They are a kind people and would be honest. And yet, here too, I see it come, this curse of gold.

Siegfried:—Alas, the curse of Alberich!

Hendrik Hudson:—I know not this Alberich of whom thou speak'st, but of the curse I know somewhat, and its cause, methinks, is love of self and discontent.

Siegfried:—The discontent comes with the sight of the gold. So I have ever seen.

SIEGFRIED'S SECOND RHINE JOURNEY

Hendrik Hudson:—It comes both first and after. In that land where gold is loved above all else the discontent must come. In that new land of which I speak, men went first for freedom and recked not of gold. But it was a great country and many went from over seas and still they go. The change came when those that landed were no longer men of gentle blood, nor strong and sturdy peasants of the soil, but criminals, law breakers, and malcontents, the rough, the rude, the ignorant. Still they are flocking there in hordes and call the country theirs; and some grow rich and others paupers, and some are thieves that break, and steal, and kill. So now it is a country filled with folk that speak strange tongues, all seeking to tear from the land its gold, yet loving not the land. They break down its forests and deface its fair green fields. For they care for one thing only,—to grasp in their own hands the gold.

Siegfried:—What an unhappy country! And are all its people so?

Hendrik Hudson:—Not all are so. But those who have come last are so. Yet the land itself is beautiful and rich. Beautiful, God hath made it, and men have made it rich; yet few are well content. Each hewer of stone and cutter of wood who in some lands has not gold enough, has in this country more than he needs or knows well how to use, and yet he strives for more and kills other men, more to possess. And when he knows well how to cut the wood or hew the stone, then he would no longer hew the stone or cut the wood, but would become a ruler of the nation. For that reason are all men discontent, for no workman is content to do that thing which he can do well, but rather wishes to attempt that which he is not fit to do. And the class below hates always the class above. For it is the cry of this great land that all men are free and equal, yet they are not and seem never like to be.

Siegfried:—And thinkest thou that such things will come to pass here in this land?

Hendrik Hudson:—Not quite the same. For here each man is content to do that which he can do well, and what his father and grandfather did before him. Here the danger comes also, through the gold, but more slowly.

Siegfried:—And are none in that great country happy?

Hendrik Hudson:—Yes, truly; the worker who loves his work and the man and woman who love each other, their children and their home; the artist who loves his dream and cares not to possess the lands because he owns the beauty of them; and cares not to possess the picture in its frame, because the picture that he loves hangs

SIEGFRIED'S SECOND RHINE JOURNEY

ever upon the walls of his own mind. This great gold-loving country may keep such workers poor and so hold from them the sights and sounds they love, or it may drive them to other lands, but although it starve them it cannot deprive them of their happiness. And yet, since life itself must be bought with gold, some gold all must have, and so the curse of gold may reach even those who have no greed.

Siegfried:—I had thought all this over when the gold was buried in the waters of the Rhine. Surely someone has stolen it again!

Hendrik Hudson:—There is other gold than the Rhine gold. The world is large. And man can see so far and no farther.

Siegfried:—It was ever so with the gods. Thinkest thou that again the end will come with fire?

Hendrik Hudson:—Fire purifies they say, and fire comes in many forms; and men devise many ways to purify the world, but what is best one cannot know until the time is past, and not always then, for whither we travel we know not, and we are but weavers who work in the dark and cannot see the pattern that we weave until it is complete. But this thing I see clearly; that man must love to do that which he can do well, and that if he love gold better than all else he will surely lose his soul.

Siegfried: (*rising*)—I see a maiden coming o'er the rocks. She is beautiful but she is not alone, a youth is with her.

Hendrik Hudson:—They are happy by their faces. The greed of gold has not touched them yet. Come let us go through the vineyards to the forester's lodge behind the hill and drink to a new world free from the curse of gold.

Siegfried (*as they walk*):—Love it was that once redeemed the world. I called her name Brünhilde!

THE UNUSUAL WOODCUTS OF M. FELIX VALLOTTON: BY GARDNER C. TEALL



JUST at a time when we were forgetting that some of the most interesting examples of the art of the little school of Pre-Raphaelites were to be found in their designs for woodcuts,—designs which, in their way, speak quite as much for the spirit of art-rebellion that stood forth in the hearts of Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Madox-Brown, Hunt, and the rest of them, there appeared on the Parisian horizon a young Swiss, Felix Vallotton, who had been born at Lausanne in eighteen hundred and sixty-five, Christmas Day. He had struggled along in various *ateliers* under French masters almost without success, and had become so discouraged that even the good luck prophesied to all Christmas children seemed a thing no longer worth hoping for, when, and quite to his amazement, one of his portraits received an honorable mention from the Salon of eighteen hundred and eighty-five.

Doubtless he looked upon this somewhat unsubstantial honor as a rare piece of good fortune. It was as if that restored optimism to him, but in the work itself there was no luck; the blunderers of the Salon simply again had honored a mediocre picture. The canvas scarcely deserved attention, and it may be said to the credit of this bodyguard of French painting, that the succeeding committees of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, and of eighteen hundred and eighty-nine promptly declined Vallotton's paintings. They were, without doubt, crude and somewhat violent in color; surely anything but indicative of their painter's really remarkable abilities in other art-directions. His first success in the Salon had raised him to that seventh heaven of paint and turpentine whence now he fell with a thud that set him thinking.

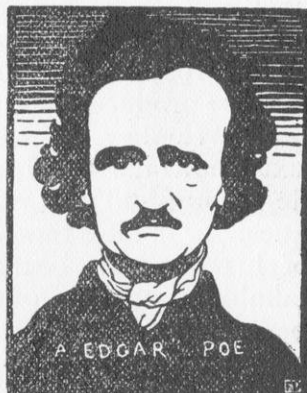
Vallotton had been what most young artists are either too listless or too lazy to be, a student of many things. He found himself interested in Dürer's prints, in Cranach, in the early Italian designers of woodcuts, and, not least of all, in the woodcuts after the designs of the little group of Englishmen first mentioned. Mechanical processes had come to crowd out the graver and his block of pear-wood, and Vierge was being shown up in zinc. To Vallotton there was a significance in all this, and he decided to have a little renaissance all his own, one which, curiously enough, came close upon the heels of the English æsthetic movement in which the journals both at home and on the continent were finding vast amusement.

THE WOODCUTS OF M. FELIX VALLOTTON



COUNT ROBERT DE MONTES-
QUIOU-FEZENSAC.

By Felix Vallotton.



IN eighteen hundred and ninety-one, Vallotton, having got to work, produced a portrait of his friend Paul Verlaine, the poet, curious phenomenon of French letters. Although this portrait exhibited plainly Vallotton's experimental handling, the whole conception was assuredly somewhat of a new note everywhere. Now we are used to the products of Aubrey Beardsley, and of his apostles, their disciples and all followers of the bizarre in black and white, but at the time Vallotton began putting forth his woodcuts, nothing of the sort had been seen in France.

Ever eager to welcome a novelty and to approve of the unusual, the French public began to make three meals a day, or perhaps it would be more properly continental to say five, possible. At any rate, publishers waited on him at every turn, and he found his hands full. Fortunately, his ideas always kept pace with his diligence, and it must be admitted that he came masterfully to his peculiar technique in a surprisingly short time. While he resurrected the methods of the old wood-engravers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he invested them with his own originality. You might choose to call him crude

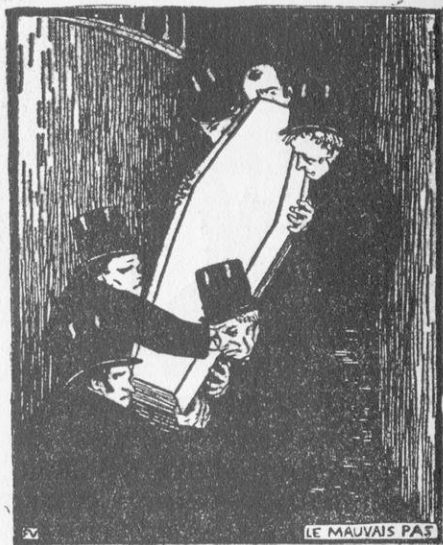


THE DEMONSTRATION.

By Felix Vallotton.

THE WOODCUTS OF M. FELIX VALLOTTON

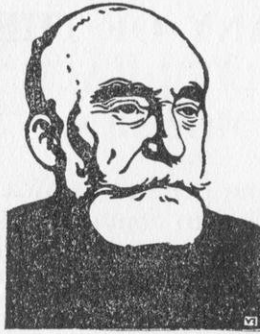
now and then, but never in his ideas, nor does he try to get out of the wood the artificial qualities that are produced naturally by copper. Whether in the series of sixty portraits to illustrate Rémy de Gourmont's "Livre des Marques," or in later things, every one of his woodcuts bears the unmistakable imprint of Vallotton's personality. He shows himself to be an acute psychologist, but his sense of humor, almost always present, prevents him from falling into the slough of *macabre*, in which, too often, a native Frenchman loves to tramp about, imagining he treads in a wine-press. This quality of humorous insight has made "The Bad Step" anything but gloomy, although a coffin occupies the important part of the picture. Again in "The Demonstration" Vallotton has caught a Paris mob in a manner only approached by Steinlein, and there is a delightful feeling of "before and after" in the series of portraits of Nietzsche. His portraits invariably are likenesses, and nothing human is discarded by him as being uninteresting, though he shows remarkable reticence in the matter he introduces in his compositions. It is not without interest to note that when "The Bath" was printed in a little American magazine, "The Chap Book," some years ago, quite a little storm of journalistic protest came out of the west, and into it from the east, for that matter, the critics considering it productive of an undue



tax upon the blushing capacities of the pure in heart and in Kankakee. However, art has progressed over here, and one never needs to hold hand before face, peeking through finger chinks at M. Vallotton. In the little picture entitled "The Execution" note that, tiny though they be, each of the faces of the

THE WOODCUTS OF M. FELIX VALLOTTON

guards has a distinct clothed with apparent would have drawn in a mies. Indeed, Vallot artist, and he com serious attention as do or men like William Pryde in England, the junction, gave us the de with the name of the Felix Vallotton's art is never runs itself dry a stupid subject. In oughly worth our study, not as something to be imitated, but as an inspirational quarry from which may be hewn out those solid blocks of the understanding that thoroughness in anything is the foundation on which to build enduring edifices.



PUVION DE CHEVANNES.
By Felix Vallotton.

expression, and each is individuality. Another row of identical dumton is a remarkable mands quite as much any of our own men, Nicholson and James two artists who, in conlightful posters signed "Beggarstaff Brothers." a prolific one, but it and he never produced deed, his work is thor-

A HINT OF SPRING

DROPS of rain and drops of sun,
And the air is amber spun.
From the winter's coma pass
Golden tremors o'er the grass.
Little sparks of memory
Flash upon the soul and die.
While a child amid the way
Thrusts arbutus, hithered gay.
From a somewhere full of bloom
Earth's exultant hope finds room,
And the poorest, in the shower,
Longs to buy a little flower.

—AGNES LEE.

THE PRIMITIVE FOLK OF THE DESERT: SPLENDID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT THAT YET SHOWS MANY OF THE CHARACTERIS- TICS OF AN EARLIER RACE THAN OUR OWN: BY FREDERICK MONSEN.



GIVEN some general knowledge of the Hopi, such as I have tried to convey in the two articles preceding this, it is very much easier to understand this strange, gentle race that for centuries has been preserved almost untouched by the influences of civilization, if we can gain some knowledge of their physical and mental characteristics. The pictures that I have selected to illustrate this article are of types pure and simple, and in most cases I have chosen photographs taken of nude boys, girls and little children, in order to prove two points: one, that the race is primitive physically as well as mentally; and the other, that the hardy life, vigorous exercise and freedom from all physical restraint has developed beautiful, strong bodies that are as absolutely natural and as suited to the circumstances of their lives and environment as is that of the tiger, with all its sinuous strength, or of the mountain goat with its swiftness and sureness of foot.

When living by themselves under perfectly natural conditions, as I found them fifteen years ago, nearly all the Hopi children ran about entirely nude, and the adults were as unconscious of the need of clothing or of the lack of it as were Adam and Eve prior to the apple episode. The presence and teachings of the white man have of late years induced a certain measure of self-consciousness, so that all except the very little children are chary of allowing themselves to be seen unclothed by strange eyes, but I lived so long among them and gained their confidence to such an extent that I was able to photograph them as if from the viewpoint of one of themselves and so to gain a record, which to anthropologists should prove very interesting, of the fact that these people are physically at an earlier stage of development than the white race.

The men, owing to their outdoor life, constant exercise, and the pure air of the desert, are splendidly developed, but not according to the conventional civilized idea of muscular development. Many of them are strong almost beyond belief, but it is the strength of sinew, rather than that of muscle. The adult Indian is formed



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

"THE HARDY LIFE OF THE HOPI, VIGOROUS EXERCISE, FREEDOM FROM ALL RESTRAINT, HAS DEVELOPED BEAUTIFUL STRONG BODIES."



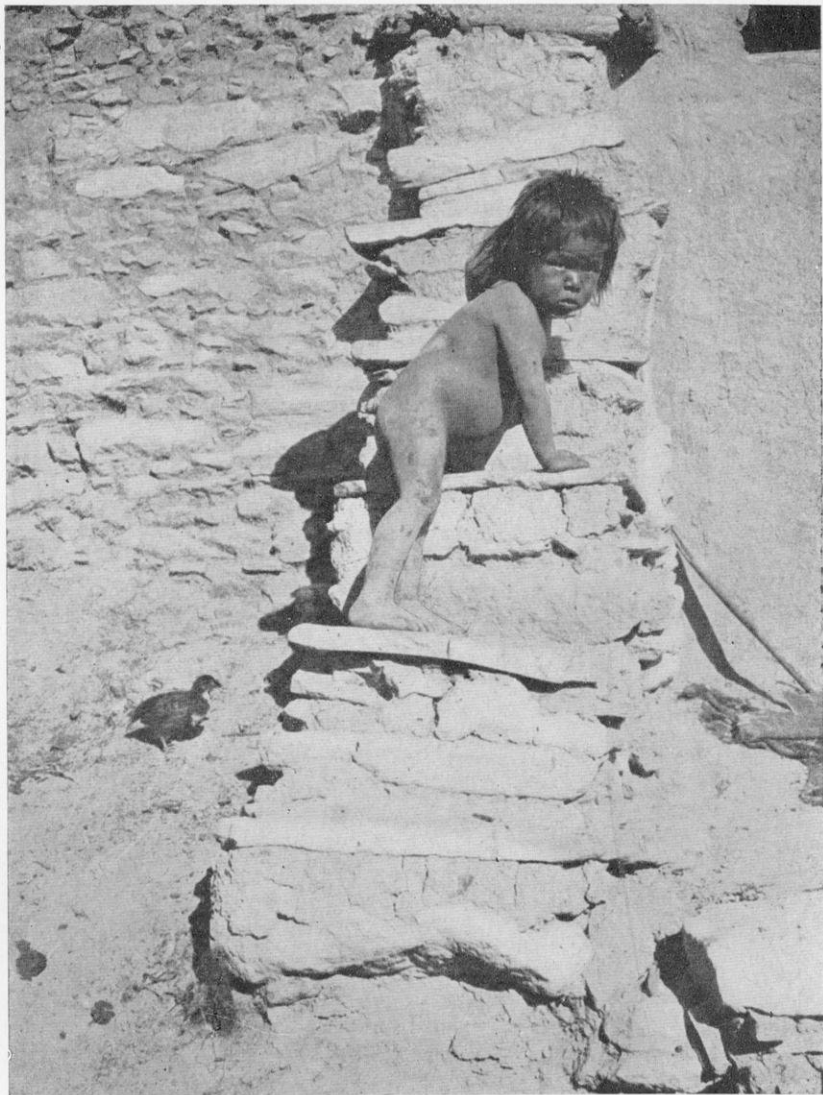
From a Photograph by Frederick Mousen.

"FIFTEEN YEARS AGO NEARLY ALL THE HOPI
CHILDREN RAN ABOUT ENTIRELY NUDE."



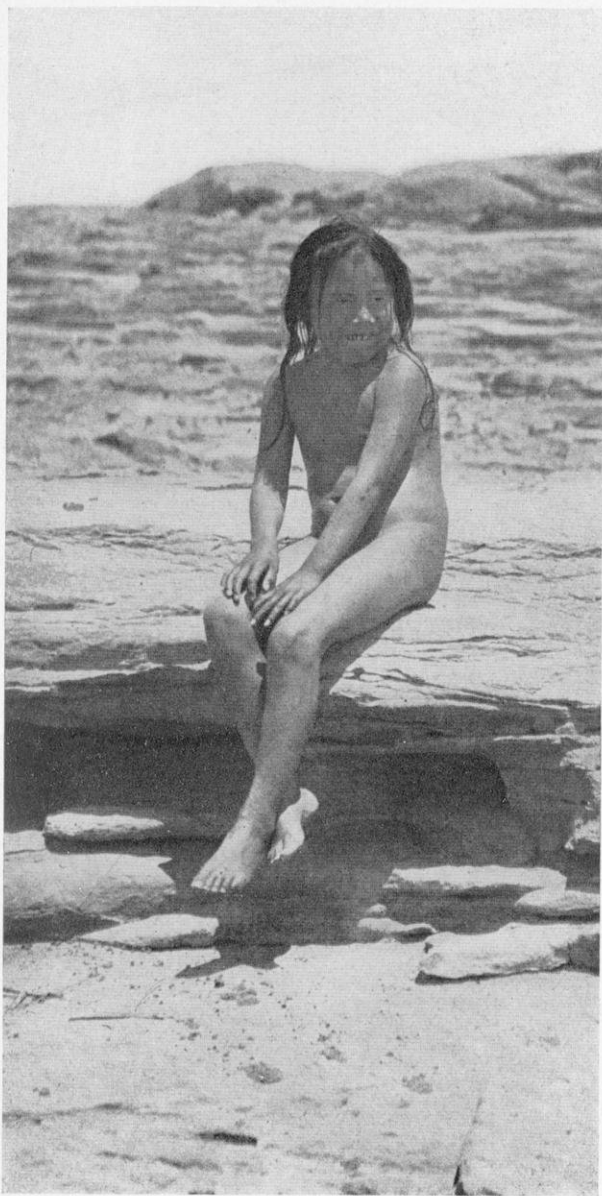
From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

"THE CHILDREN HAVE BEAUTIFUL, LITHE LITTLE BODIES, VELVETY BRONZE SKIN, AND ABSOLUTE FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT AND POISE."



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

"A WHITE CHILD HERE WOULD ALMOST INEVITABLY ROLL DOWN AND BREAK HIS NECK, BUT THIS PLACID, FEARLESS, SURE-FOOTED INDIAN BABY IS AS SECURE IN HIS DIZZY POSITION AS THE RAGGED LITTLE INDIAN CHICKEN FOLLOWING HIM HOME TO ROOST."



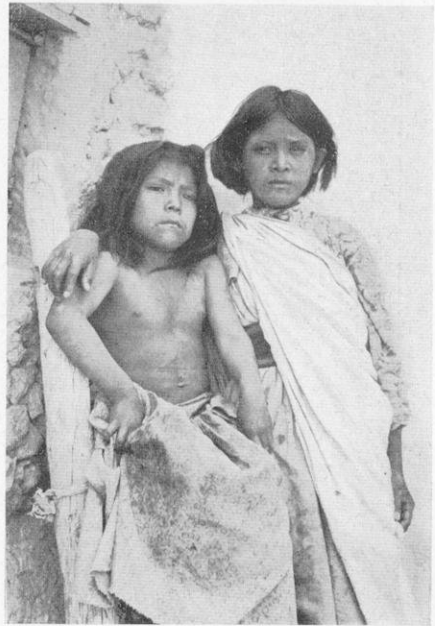
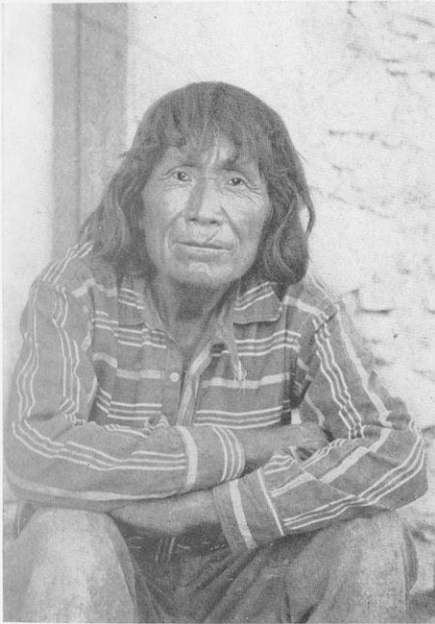
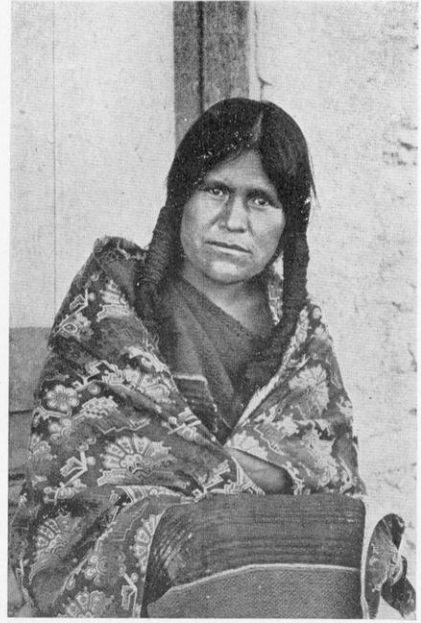
From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

"IF YOU HAVE LIVED LONG ENOUGH AMONG THE HOPI FOR THEM TO FEEL THOROUGHLY ACQUAINTED AND AT HOME WITH YOU, THEY MAY SOMETIMES GO AROUND WITHOUT CLOTHING AS COMFORTABLY AND UNCONSCIOUSLY AS WITH IT."



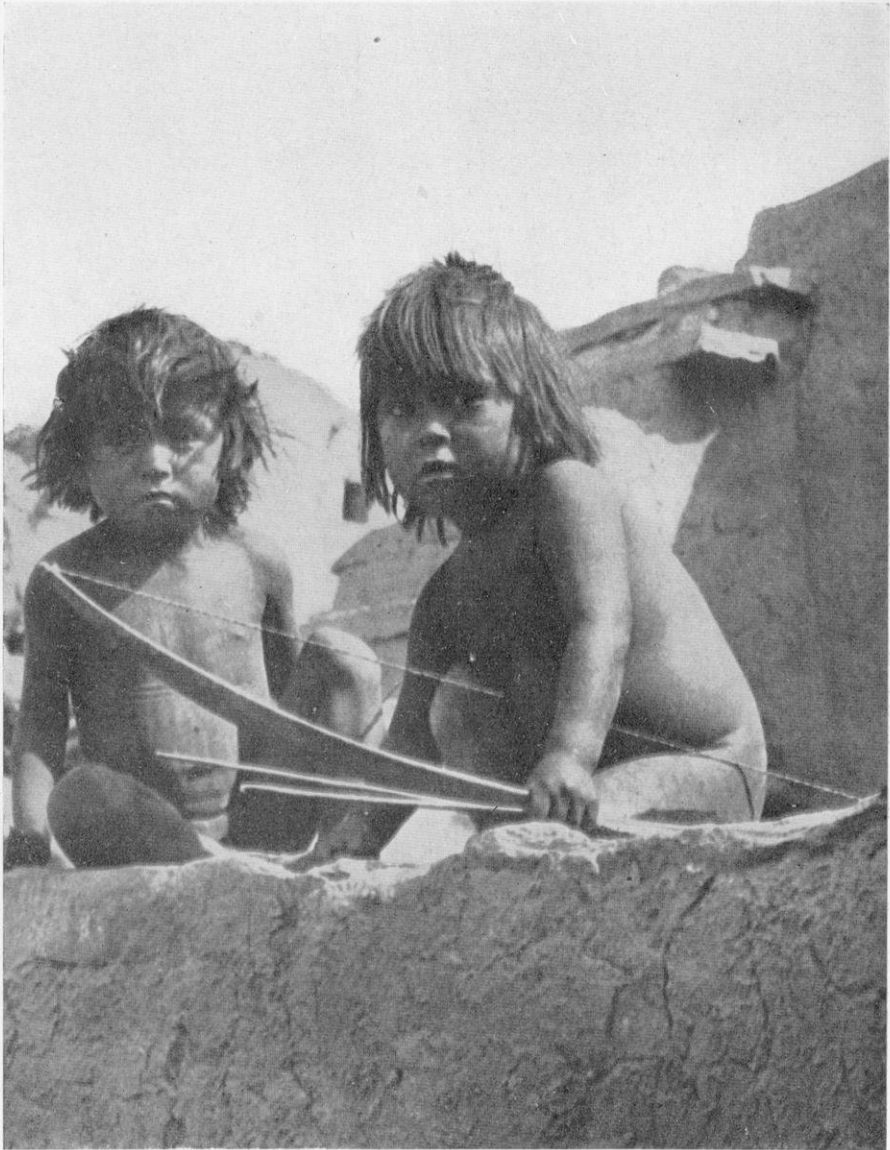
From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

HARDY YOUNGSTERS ARE BORN AND BRED
ON THE CRESTS OF THE ROCKY MESAS.



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen.

ALERT, INTELLIGENT FACES OF
HOPI PEOPLE: OLD AND YOUNG.



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

A "WAR PARTY" GAME
IN A HOPI "NURSERY."

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more like one of our boys with undeveloped muscles, and, however strong he may be, there is no sign under his smooth skin and in the graceful lines of his slim body of what usually makes for the appearance of strength with us. He has exceedingly narrow hips, no waist line to speak of, no apparent deltoid, little evidence of biceps or triceps and no protruding muscles showing upon any part of his body. These are distinctly the characteristics of a race that is physically at an earlier stage in its development than our own. The children, with their beautiful, lithe little bodies, velvety bronze skin, ruddy with the underglow of healthy red blood, and absolute freedom of movement and poise, show these characteristics even more strongly than do the adults. It is interesting to note that the movements of all are centripetal. No Indian strikes out from the body or makes outward movements like the white man, but, for example, will whittle a piece of wood toward his body instead of away from it as we do. Another significant characteristic is that these people still use their toes with considerable facility and power, and much work is done by the aid of these members—so useless in the case of civilized man—especially when it comes to assisting the hands in carrying on such occupations as spinning, weaving and the like.

Although, if you have lived long enough among the Hopi for them to feel thoroughly acquainted and at home with you, they may sometimes go around without clothing as comfortably and unconsciously as with it—you feel no sense of shock as at the sight of nakedness, for your experience is precisely like that recorded by the explorers and travelers in Africa and among all dark-skinned races;—it is not the lack of clothing but the sight of the white skin that is startling. A brown skin seems in a way to be a sort of clothing like the fur of an animal and excites no more attention after once you are used to seeing it undraped. You note only the extreme beauty of color, form and movement, and after a while, begin to realize something of the innocence, freedom and childlike joy of living that we like to think prevailed among all men in the morning of the world.

As babies and little children are so seldom troubled with garments of any description, they are early inured to all changes of temperature and remain unaffected by chill winds, soaking rain and the scorching desert sun. Also, they have the same freedom in the use of every muscle as little animals, and they can climb almost anywhere and balance themselves in most precarious positions with no more

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danger than as if they were panther kittens. Look at the picture of the baby climbing up the almost perpendicular flight of rough steps that lead to his home above. A white child would almost inevitably roll down and break his neck, but this placid, fearless, sure-footed Indian baby is as secure in his dizzy position as the ragged little Indian chicken following him home to roost.

UNTIL I became so well acquainted with the Hopi that they regarded me almost as one of themselves, I had great difficulty in obtaining any pictures of them in the nude. So shy were they of the white man that no such photograph had ever been possible, and I wished especially to get some snapshots of their beautiful brown bodies as they splashed about in the bathing pool or lay sunning themselves on the rocks after leaving the water. It took a great deal of patience and perseverance to get near enough to them to get a photograph of them at their bathing places, but I finally achieved the studies I wanted by very much the same methods that one employs in taming birds or animals. At one of the Rio Grande pueblos there was a small swimming pool not far from the village. This was much frequented by the Indians, especially by the youth and children. I tried on several occasions to approach the pool, but the moment I was seen the bathers took alarm and fled in such haste that they did not even stop to put on their clothing, but gathered it up hastily and ran until they could hide behind the rocks and dress themselves. That was always the end of the bathing for that day. One morning, long before the Indians went down to bathe, I seated myself on the top of a little hill about a thousand feet from the pool and commanding a good view of it, set my easel up before me and applied myself assiduously to sketching. The Indians, in passing me on the way to the pool, all stopped for a few minutes to inspect my work. I talked with them and gave the children bits of candy. This was enough for that day. Next morning I changed my position to one at half the distance from the swimming pool, and, with my back to it, began to sketch. This resulted in the same tactics on the part of the Indians, who, after a short consultation, decided that I was quite evidently an uninterested party, pulled off their clothes and jumped cheerfully into the water. I did not move, for I had no wish to spoil the impression that I was entirely unobservant of their movements, especially as they evidently were becoming used to seeing me around and regarded me as they might one of themselves. On the third day I determined to try for results.

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so, early in the morning before the bathers appeared, I set my easel right beside the pool and had a sketch well under way when they came down. Two girls came first, but they hesitated about getting into the water; then others came until perhaps a dozen were grouped around the pool, holding a whispered conversation. Suddenly one of them slipped off her dress and sprang into the water; the others soon followed, and in a moment they were playing about like a flock of ducks. Now was my opportunity, but my heart was in my throat lest my carefully laid plan fail at the last moment. Arranging my easel so it would partly shield me from the sight of the bathers, I cautiously slipped my small camera out of its case, and, watching my chance when the children were out of the water and sunning themselves on the rocks, I snapped them whenever they assumed positions I liked. Finally, I openly began to make pictures, not particularly of them, but of anything in the vicinity, and soon they ceased to pay any attention to me. The next day I succeeded in securing a number of excellent studies, some of which are reproduced in this article.

THE graceful childlike bodies of these simple folk are but the physical expression of their mental development. The mentality of the Hopi is that of a people of the Stone Age. Like all primitive people, they are fixed in their ways and consider it a religious duty as well as their manifest destiny to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of their ancestors. They are so essentially beings of tradition and children of Nature that any attempt on the part of the white race to destroy their ideals, or to change materially their mode of life, is apt to result disastrously. Left to themselves, the Hopi are a happy, sweet tempered, contented folk, and their communal life and personal and family associations are delightful. Like children, they are full of the joy of life, which cannot be quenched even by droughts, famine and hardship. Kindness is one of their ruling characteristics and is manifested to everyone. The mothers are devoted to their children and the older children in turn assume their share of responsibility in caring for the smaller ones. As among all the higher orders of primitive people, the women have a position of freedom and dignity that in some respects is superior to that which women occupy in the most advanced stage of civilization. As stated in the last article, the woman owns and rules the home. Descent is reckoned from the mother's side and she is recognized without question as head of the household and owner of her children.

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The conservatism of these Indians is a part of their primitiveness and also the natural result of their environment. Isolated from all the life that surrounds them, and from the influences of our modern civilization, it is natural that they should have preserved unaltered the traditions handed down to them by their forefathers. It is the failure of our well-meaning missionaries to recognize and respect this conservatism and the resulting fixity of viewpoint that accounts for the little good that the white people have been able to do them. Their own religion is entirely satisfying, so far as their experience and outlook goes. They live in such close and constant communion with Nature that their pantheism is inevitable; and people who are not only attuned to this close communion with Nature, but are also intensely devout, like all child races, naturally fail to grasp the intricacies of the white man's religion, even as they fail to comprehend or desire the complexities of modern civilization.

For these reasons it would seem wise to take into consideration the Indian's point of view, and to work tactfully and gradually in the effort to induce him to accept, if he must, our standards and modes of living, rather than to force them upon him against his will, to the annihilation of all life as he has known it. Anyone who would take the trouble to become acquainted at first hand with these people, and so put himself in the way of acquiring some real understanding of their character, life and religion, would, I think, admit that the experiment might at least be worth trying to preserve, in its natural and unspoiled state, this remnant of a most interesting aboriginal race. What a study in anthropology! What a wonderful thing it would be to hand down to future generations this relic of prehistoric American life; this small remainder of the once great race of the first American home builders! Their religion and code of laws, unwritten as they are, constitute social development of a very high order, from the primitive point of view, and, at all events, are immensely interesting and worthy of preservation as a living example of the communal life of a peaceful tribe.

THE difficulty is that there is such a wide tendency to lump all Indians in one general class. It is asserted, and as a rule rightly, that the Indian must be civilized, for the reason that his natural life, as well as his religion, laws and arts are dependent on the preservation of his former and natural environment; that in the onward march of civilization these must inevitably perish and he must swim with the tide or be overwhelmed; that there is

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no use in making an effort to preserve his beliefs, his arts, his handicrafts and his modes of life, because modern conditions would not allow him to exist were this the case. There is no question but what these objections apply with absolute truth to the nomadic tribes, but it must be remembered that the Hopi are a nation apart, with a fixed habitation, a compact, communal system of government and a very well defined art and literature—if oral tradition may be so called—which has been handed down to them by their forefathers. Even the Navajos, whose reservation entirely encompasses the little Hopi country, are as widely separated from the Hopi in speech, manners and customs as the Norwegians are from the Turks. Separated from these in turn are the Sioux, Crows, Cheyennes, Blackfeet and others of the plains Indians. A nomadic tribe gathers few traditions, and its very mode of life prevents a continuance of the elaborate and often beautiful religious observances which form so large a part of the life of the Hopi. In other words, with the plains Indians there is no fixed home, little social organization upon which to build a well-defined pagan cult, and consequently no abiding national existence when once their environment has been changed. Nothing can be done to bring back to these wandering tribes their old-time freedom and supremacy. In the majority of instances this already has ceased. The primitive life is doomed, and this for the reason that the roving tribes have been impounded by their white conquerors in open-air prisons called reservations, where all hunting has ceased because there is no more game. Their buffalo has passed together with their former freedom; their hunting grounds are gone and their liberty has been taken away; their entire environment is changed, and in consequence they have lost all the individuality which made vital their art and customs and so made them worth preserving. But with the Hopi all this is different. Their isolation and conservative habits of mind have prevented the possibility of the white man's civilization taking any real root among them, and they have so far escaped "development" along civilized lines. Their environment remains the same as it was hundreds of years ago, and it is only the force of a stronger race that is beginning to bring about a change in their daily life. This process of civilization is like to rob the whole country of something that it can ill afford to lose, and the hopeless part of it is that the work of destruction is being accomplished with the very best intentions. It is a case of misdirected charity. We white people, who are so sure of ourselves, want to do good, but we are not always

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sufficiently wise to do it in the right way, and what seems good to us in many instances proves fatal to the recipient of our charity.

If it were possible to send among the Hopi missionaries who would be men of wide learning and of genuine love for the work of recording and preserving their significant customs and ceremonies and their strange and beautiful beliefs, it might be possible to bring them gradually into harmony with the modern world, and yet not destroy them. Any efforts at quick reform and high-handed methods are fatal, both to the Indians and to any success in the work so conscientiously, but, alas, so indiscreetly, carried on. Infinite patience and perseverance, and an absolutely sympathetic understanding of their point of view, are required of anyone who expects to work among these people and so succeed in what he is trying to do. In this respect we might well take a lesson from the old *padres* who followed the *Conquistadores*, and whom ade their way for thousands of miles over unknown and waterless deserts, under burning sun and in constant danger from savage tribes, to leave an indelible stamp upon the entire southwest of this country. They "converted" the Indians to their own religion, it is true, but they did not destroy them in the process. Priests and people came into such close touch that it was hard to tell at times that they belonged to alien races, and many of the good *padres* are to-day revered almost as saints by the descendants of their Indians. The results have shown the efficiency of the method employed. In fifteen hundred and forty the Catholic Church brought its influence to bear with the pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and since that time the work of the mission priests has gone steadily on. Over three and a half centuries of proselytizing, and every man engaged in it devoting his entire life to the work of teaching the Indians by practical example to live in the white man's way. If it has required centuries for the Catholic Church to make its impression on these people, does it seem unreasonable to feel that it might be well for us to go about it with equal tact and deliberation? Our missionaries unquestionably are equally zealous and mean equally well, but my experience of the result of their efforts to Christianize and civilize the Indians of the present day leads me to believe that their canonizing at the hands of the grateful aborigines may perhaps be small, and that future centuries will see no evidence of their work beyond a brief record of the annihilation of a race.

THE STRUGGLE

ONCE more the morning comes and I am here
Still struggling with my problems. Dark and drear
The sky hangs over me. A sharp wind wails,
And boats go scudding with inflated sails;
While from my window all the tired land
Cowers as if it feared the tempest's hand.
How like to life it is, the hard bleak day!
For we in sullen discontent grow gray
Starving on barrenness and dreading yet
The tempest's coming. All our useless fret
Enveils us so that when the clouds have fled
We scarce can see the sunshine overhead.
What tho' the tempest come in furious power?
The sun still shines and in some quiet hour
All heavenly blue the arching sky shall be.
We should not dread the storm. Heroic, we
Should front its peril. Courage wrung from pain
Is most of worth. 'Tis thus the soul has gain;
And thus the spirit in its loneliness
Knows God the better for the time of stress.

—VALERIA DEMUDE KELSEY.

TILED ROOFS; THE KIND OF BUILDINGS TO WHICH THEY ARE SUITED AND A METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION THAT MAKES THEM PRACTICAL AS WELL AS PICTURESQUE: BY ARTHUR JEROME EDDY



THE art of building began with the roof. The first rude shelter was all roof and no walls; the modern "skyscraper" is all walls with a minimum of roof. With the development of higher and higher structures, the æsthetic importance of the roof becomes of less and less importance, until on the twenty-story building it is often practically flat and entirely

hidden from observation below, therefore it is treated in the most practical and prosaic manner.

Where, however, the buildings are low, the roof expanse is of the very first importance; the most conspicuous feature, which, if visible from afar long before the walls are distinguishable, either adds to or detracts from the landscape and may be harmonious with its surroundings and beautiful, or utterly incongruous and ugly, quite irrespective of the manner in which the walls are treated. On approaching, the walls loom up as the roof disappears from the line of vision. Theoretically, a perfect building ought to appear at its best from a point where the eye can take in both roof and walls in something like equal proportions; if to enjoy the roof in its construction, lines and color, it is necessary to remain so far away that the walls are indistinguishable, the building, as an entirety, is æsthetically imperfect.

In happy combination of roof and wall, of sky and earth line, the genius of man has never wrought anything more perfect than the Gothic cathedral; notwithstanding its great height, the roof is visible both far and near; to the distant wayfarer it is the most impressive feature of the landscape, to the close observer it is a source of endless delight. For in its day and generation and to meet the needs and aspirations of its builders, nothing finer or more perfect could be devised or imagined,—but its reproduction at the present time is an anachronism and a confession of weakness. A temple or a cathedral which is beautiful in its surroundings and for its own purpose, may be very incongruous and ugly in ours.

To secure this fine proportion between roof and wall, it is obvious that with every increase in the height of the building there must be an even greater increase in the pitch of the roof. To make the



METHOD OF LAYING A ROOF
WITH SMALL MISSION TILES.
AN ADOBE BUILDING RE-
QUIRES A MASSIVE ROOF.



A WELL-LAID ROOF OF MODERN
TILES: WATERTIGHT AND IM-
PERVIOUS TO HEAT AND COLD.



THE HEAVY OLD MISSION TILES
WERE DESIGNED FOR BUILDINGS
THAT WERE STRUCTURALLY MASSIVE.



AN OLD MISSION TILED ROOF LEFT
TO THE DESTRUCTION OF TIME.
THE OLD TILES ARE ILL AT EASE
NEAR A SMOOTH MODERN ROOF.
SHOWING THE IRREGULARITY OF
THE OLD HAND-MADE TILES.

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

roof of the modern steel office building visible from the narrow surrounding streets is practically an impossibility, the æsthetic problem presented is fundamentally different from anything heretofore attempted and therefore all the more worthy of solution, for there are great possibilities of perfection and beauty inherent in steel construction. These possibilities do not, however, lie along the lines of superficial imitation, but in a frank recognition of and submission to twentieth century needs and conditions. However, these considerations are aside from the present discussion, which has to do with the roofs of low buildings, with roofs which are and must be visible, and which should be the most beautiful wherever they are the most conspicuous features of the structures.

The lower the building, the more important the covering,—a proposition so true and trite that it is habitually ignored in practice. Architects exhaust their ingenuity—and their libraries—in designing buildings more or less attractive in every detail except the roof, *that* is treated as immaterial; it is left to the client to say whether he will cover with shingles, slate, tile, or tin, the decision nine times out of ten turning on the sole consideration of economy. No one is expected to look at the roof, if people do, it is an impertinence; yet the roof is to a low building what a very large hat is to a very short woman,—it makes all the difference in the world whether or no it is becoming.

EVERY variety of architecture has its appropriate roof; in fact, architectural varieties may, very likely should, be differentiated by their roofs;—arch and lintel, those two fundamental variations in structure, are but roof or covering variations. The first problem in building is how to cover space—shelter; the second is how to enclose space—protection; the latter tends to assume more massive and permanent proportions wherever the assaults of man are more destructive than the ravages of the weather.

In Oriental countries and in all portions of Europe where native architecture prevails, the roofs, whether of thatch, shingles or tile, first attract the attention of the traveler. One has but to pause a little way off, to realize how much of the charm of the distant hamlet, with church or temple in its midst, is due to the roofs, and how little, comparatively speaking, is due to the walls which are scarce visible.

The modern city may be judged, and judged very correctly, by its conglomeration of heterogeneous roofs. In the selection of a

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roof for his house a man should display some of the taste he exhibits in the choice of a hat; he would not make the mistake of wearing a "tile" with a white duck suit, or a straw hat with a fur coat, so no one with any sense of the eternal fitness of things would mount a heavy Mission tile on walls of shingles or clap-boards; per contra, while it is only too commonly done for sake of economy, no one who is striving to do a good thing would think of covering with light, machine-cut shingles a low house of massive proportions, the walls of which are of adobe, concrete or plaster.

Shingles on top of brick are so common that they pass unnoticed, but they make a rather airy covering for heavy walls; gray slate is much more appropriate, and tile goes well with certain shades of brick, providing the walls give the impression of solidity and strength.

In Southern California all sorts and kinds of architecture are to be seen. This is due partly to the climate, which not merely permits, but invites, experiments in every direction, and poor building is not punished by severe cold and snow. It is also due to the in-rush of people from every quarter of the globe who have their own notions regarding the houses they want.

Each style of building brings along its own roof, with a stranger or two for the sake of company. No sooner located—never really acclimated—these various styles of architecture, instead of keeping each its own appropriate covering, begin to exchange roofs, with results which are startling.

OF THE roofings in use those most commonly seen are: Fibre—Water-proofed paper, and tarred or asphalted felt of many makes and varying thicknesses. These materials, when well made and well laid, make cheap, serviceable roofs for sheds, warehouses, factories, etc., buildings which conform frankly to their uses and wherein no attempt is made to secure æsthetic results. Curious effects are secured by shaping the heavy asphalted felt in large rolls over wood along the ridges, ends and eaves, and on first impression when the paper is new and gray in tone, the eye is made to believe the covering is of lead or other metal, but these more or less fantastic experiments serve in the long run to direct the attention to the fact that the roofing is, after all, only paper. As the sun brings the tar or asphalt to the surface, the true character is evident.

Metal—Tin and galvanized iron pressed into various and more or less fantastic shapes. These roofs are also serviceable for the same class of buildings, and they possess the advantage of resisting

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fire. But when the metal is pressed into the shape of tile and painted a dull, dirty red, the roof is ugly; it is neither good tile nor honest metal, but a hybrid of no parentage. A tile roof speaks for itself, but for the metal imitation of tile no good word can be said.

Wood—Shingles, the ordinary machine-made, excellent in their place on houses of which the construction is such as to permit of nothing heavier. As dwellings of this class are in the great majority, shingles are in common use. "Shakes," the long, split, red-wood "shakes" which warp and curl more or less to the weather are exceedingly effective; incomparably more effective than shingles wherever the balance of the construction is in keeping. They are thirty-six inches long by six inches wide, about a quarter of an inch thick, and are commonly laid sixteen inches to the weather. "Shakes" may even be used in place of tiles where shingles would look too light and cheap. The great length of the "shake" together with its warp and curl to the weather, produce delightful lines and shadows. The sawed "shake" is inferior in every way.

Mineral—Slates are used, but not to any great extent on dwellings. A gray-blue slate is not cheerful, but in a gray northern climate it goes well with the common red brick; it has no place on the adobe or plaster walls of California buildings which demand color. The red slate is low in color value, flat and stiff in effect; in short, it is neutral where tile is positive. There is little that is attractive in a broad expanse of slate roof under California sunshine, while if laid in patterns of red and gray it is positively ugly.

TILE, when properly formed, baked and laid on any structure rightly designed to carry it, is the most beautiful roof covering yet devised, but when not properly formed, baked and laid, or laid on buildings for which it is not rightly intended, tile may be not only the ugliest, but the least serviceable of coverings.

Four hundred and thirty years ago it was provided by law in England that for the making of tiles "clay should be dug before November, and be stirred and turned before March," and to-day the very old tile is considered much better than the new. The same care is not taken in turning out the commercial tile in use at the present time. A good, hard-burnt tile lasts indefinitely; a thing of beauty, it comes very near being a joy forever; it is delightful in color, charming in form, and useful in service. A poor tile has little to recommend it. The hard-burned tile is, comparatively speaking, impervious to moisture, while those half baked, out of poor clay, not

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only absorb moisture, but in a damp climate grow a luxuriant crop of vegetation, which may be very picturesque on out-buildings where dryness is not a prime essential, but not altogether desirable on a dwelling.

The Mission fathers no doubt followed the ancient custom of kneading or working the clay in pits under the hoofs of animals, then giving it time to ferment properly. The tiles were probably made by spreading the right quantity of clay on a board or flat surface, patting it to a cake of the right thickness and size, then deftly flopping it over a half-round piece of wood which was first well sanded so the clay would not adhere. The clay was pressed and shaped to the form by hand, trimmed about the edges, dried in the sun, and fired more or less perfectly in small kilns. The pressure of the hand gave the tile a consistency and a surface which machine-made tiles lacked. The latter are more or less porous.

The quality of the tile differed with the clay of different localities, and with the care and skill of the makers. Some are soft and very irregular, others are comparatively hard and true. Throughout the Southwest a great variety of clay is found, from the sticky *adobe*, which is little more than a tenacious mud in places, to fine potter's clay. The Mission builders took their clay as they found it and made the best of it. Transportation was too difficult in those days for them to seek and develop the finer deposits.

The thickness, size and irregularities of these old tiles and the marks of the hand which shaped them are fairly well indicated in the different illustrations. The dimensions of those shown are: length, twenty-three inches; width of broad end, twelve inches; width of narrow end, eight inches; depth, four and one-half at end, diminishing to three and one-half at narrow; thickness varied from three-eighths to three-fourths of an inch. There are no holes for nails or other fastenings. Neither are the corners clipped to economize in laying. It is a delight to caress these old tiles just as it is a delight to pass one's hand over a piece of fine pottery, for, after all, the fingers appreciate good modeling better than the eyes. No one cares to handle machine-made tiles; they are lacking in interest because devoid of character; they have never associated with human beings on terms of intimate and friendly companionship.

The manner of laying these old tiles is well shown in several of the illustrations. The bed of mud or *adobe* over the thick matting of brush on the irregular round rafters made a soft and yielding foundation for the tile. The unequal sag relieved the roof of all flat and hard lines. No attempt was made to secure perfect regu-

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larity in the "lining up" of the tiles,—that was impossible, they were far too irregular in shape and thickness to permit of mechanical perfection in the alignment. The modern commercial tiles are laid to a chalk line with great precision, the result is an effect which is, comparatively speaking, monotonous in the extreme.

ONE of the illustrations shows the roof of a large bungalow laid with small Mission tiles, and incidentally the roof-line of houses beyond with the mountains in the distance. The small Mission tiles are only sixteen inches long, with a spread of eight inches at the wide end, as compared with thirty-four by twelve. They are machine-made and devoid of the human interest which attaches to the old, but otherwise they are fairly good in shape and color, and make a beautiful roof. It is not every building that will carry the old tile, but they would be exceedingly handsome on the large roof of this particular bungalow. The commercial reproductions of the large Mission tiles are not very successful. They are ugly in their proportions, thin, and, for the most part, more or less porous and defective.

This particular roof was laid twice. The tiles first used were poorly made, poorly baked and poorly laid; they absorbed water like a sponge, and dripped like an *olla*, with the result that, after four or five hours of heavy rain, countless small leaks would develop. As the tiles rested in flimsy building paper, and this on ordinary sheathing laid lengthwise of the roof instead of from ridge to eaves, there was nothing in the foundation to turn the water which the tiles failed to keep out; each tile was nailed so the paper was filled with holes to begin with.

The roof as relaid was first made tight underneath. A specially cut sheathing, the joints of which would turn water, was used; on this was laid an asphalted felt of almost the thickness and toughness of sole leather; the strips ran lengthwise, and the over-lap of four inches, though quite sufficient without cement, was thoroughly cemented; on this heavy felt the tiles were laid without nailing, as the pitch of the roof was so low that nails were not necessary; as a final precaution, the over-laps of all the lower tiles were joined with an oil cement, fifty pounds to the square being used. As the tiles were specially burned and selected, it is believed that the roof is trebly tight, that the tile, the asphalted felt, the sheathing—each independently of the other—will turn water, while the three are quite impervious to heat and cold.

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AT PRESENT there is a slight revival of interest in the use of the old tiles, they are being carefully preserved, but, unhappily, the new buildings on which they are used seldom conform in design and construction to the massive irregularities of the tiles and the results are not satisfactory. For instance, they are exceedingly ill-at-ease in their painful regularity on a lightly built building, and the very modern red brick chimney worries them.

Tile is the normal covering for the adobe, cement or plaster house, providing, of course, the construction of the walls is sufficiently massive to carry the heavy roof,—to carry it to the eye as well as in fact. A heavy tile roof on light walls, or on walls the proportions of which are only too apparently false and artificial, produces a sense of discomfort, the roof sinks in the estimation in more senses than one.

Very little pains have been taken to save the roofs of the California Missions, though not a little has been done to preserve some of the walls and interiors. In many instances the roofs have been sheathed and shingled, a very matter-of-fact and inappropriate covering for walls so substantial. In some places the tiles and shingles appear side by side; in others the old tiles have been relaid loosely over shingles.

While the old Mission tiles make picturesque and serviceable roofs in Southern California, they would not serve so well in the colder climates of the north and east, as they are a poor protection against snow. From time immemorial the ingenuity of builders has been exercised in the endeavor to lay a weather-proof tile roof in a cold climate. In England an ancient custom prevailed to bed the tiles in hay or moss, "when the roof is of full pitch this suffices without mortar, they may even be laid dry. But with any less pitch, some precaution must be used to keep out drifting snow, and such wet as may be blown up between the tiles lifted by the force of the wind. In lieu of oak pegs, extra large flat-headed wrought nails, made of pure zinc or of zinc and copper have been used."

The Japanese method of laying a tiled roof is described by Prof. Edward F. Morse as follows "The boarded roof is first roughly and thinly shingled, and upon this surface is then spread a thick layer of mud into which the tiles are firmly bedded. The mud is scooped up from some ditch or moat, and is also got from the canals. In the city one often sees the men getting the mud for this purpose from the deep gutters which border many of the streets. This is kneaded and worked with hoe and spade till it acquires the con-

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

sistency of thick dough. In conveying this mess to the roof no hod is used. The material is worked into large lumps by the laborer, and these are tossed one after another to a man who stands on a staging or ladder, who in turn pitches it to the man on the roof, or, if the roof be high, to another man on a still higher staging. The mud, having been got to the roof, is then spread over it in a thick and even layer. Into this the tiles are then bedded, row after row. There seems to be no special adhesion of the tiles to this substratum of mud, and high gales often cause great havoc to a roof of this nature. In the case of a conflagration, when it becomes necessary to tear down buildings in its path, the firemen appear to have no difficulty in shovelling the tiles off a roof with ease and rapidity.

“The older a tile is the better it is considered for roofing purposes Second-hand tiles, therefore, are always in greater demand. A new tile, being very porous and absorbent, is not considered so good as one in which time has allowed the dust and dirt to fill the minute interstices, thus rendering it a better material for shedding water.”

IN THE effort to produce tiles which will “lay tight” and in themselves be rain and snow proof, all sorts of queer and ugly patterns are turned out. Most of these “patented” tiles are half baked and soft; were they baked properly their joints and laps would not meet, as their inventors intend. They depend for their color upon “slipping” or glazing. Tiles which are bold and beautiful in form, well vitrified and fine in color cannot be laid tight. Dust, rain and snow proof joints are impossible. The finer and handsomer the tile, the greater the necessity of making a perfect foundation.

The almost endless varieties of flat, “pan,” inter-locking, and “patented” tiles may give the effect of color at a distance, but color is not the only effect to be sought in a roof, shape is equally important. The roof is the hat of the house, and the shape of a man’s hat is quite as important as its color.

Whether tile can be used, and the pattern, depends a good deal upon the pitch, and the pitch to be given a roof depends upon three considerations, climate, materials used, and effect desired. Generally speaking, the warmer the climate, the flatter the roof. In a southern climate, a steep roof is simply a device for catching and holding heat,—like the sloping sides of a hot-house.

TILED ROOFS FOR MODERN BUILDINGS

A number of years ago an effort was made by a French publication to arrive at a rule for the pitch of roofs based upon climatic conditions. The globe between the equator and the polar circle was divided into twenty-four belts or bands parallel to the equator, but of unequal size, depending upon the length of the longest day. Allowances were made for dryer and damper climates, and for the shape of the tiles; "in the roofs of the continent covered with the hollow tile (like Mission tile), as in the south of France, for instance, less slope is required than with the Roman tiles which are in sections alternately flat and circular, and these again require less slope than the common plain tile or slate." A table constructed in accordance with the theory gives the following variations in pitch for the countries, localities and materials named

LOCALITY	HOLLOW TILES	PLAIN TILES
Southern Spain—pitch.....	16 deg. 12 min.	24 deg. 12 min.
“ Italy.....	18 “ 12 “	26 “ 12 “
“ France.....	21 “ “	29 “ “
Northern “.....	24 “ 36 “	32 “ 36 “
“ Germany.....	28 “ 36 “	36 “ 36 “
England (London).....	27 “ 24 “	35 “ 24 “
Scotland.....	33 “ 12 “	42 “ 12 “
Sweden, Russia and Norway (average).....	30 “	49 “
According to above table South- ern California would require about.....	17 “	26 “

In pitch, the Mission roofs varied greatly. The variations are as numerous as the structures themselves. No rule of construction can be laid down which would not be compelled to admit brilliant and successful exceptions. The good builder is not restricted by arbitrary considerations, he meets conditions as he finds them and builds as he pleases; if he consider only the needs of the people and the exigencies of environment, and if he uses only the materials of the vicinity, he cannot go far astray.

WORK FOR THE DEFORMED: WHAT IS BEING DONE TO GIVE CRIPPLED CHILDREN A CHANCE TO BECOME USEFUL MEMBERS OF SOCIETY: BY MERTICE M'CREA BUCK



WITH the growth of kindly feelings toward our afflicted neighbors of the tenements, the deaf and dumb, the blind and those crippled by disease or deformity, investigations have been made which show that in all the great cities there is an appalling number of little crippled children who have never had proper medical care nor any kind of schooling. In Greater

New York there are estimated to be over three thousand cripples under sixteen years of age who have never had the chance for recovery which comes through proper surgical care, cleanliness, good food, pure air, and happiness. Some of them have never had even the privilege of studying in that doubtful school, the street, but have lived mewed up in dark tenement bedrooms, like poor little stunted plants, shut away from the light and air.

Fortunately our Tenement House Laws are gradually remedying this evil of darkness, and the doctrine of the "open window" is being preached by physicians and nurses all through the Ghetto and the crowded Italian quarters. The poor are learning to "let the sunshine in" and those great enemies of childhood, infantile paralysis, hip disease and spinal tuberculosis, which thrive in darkness and impure air, are being fought in their strongholds. A few years will see a great change, as more parks are given to the dwellers in the tenements, more light and air in their dwellings, and pure food laws are enforced.

Surgical care for cripples has always been generously provided in New York, and a surprisingly large proportion of the inmates of the schools and hospitals are every year sent cured into the ranks of workers and go on their way rejoicing, after perhaps five or six years of untiring effort on the part of the physician. But unfortunately none of the institutions are as yet rich enough to provide for a tenth of those who need physical help and education. Every city school needs a country home, where an active outdoor life counteracts the too sedentary habits of the city. Then, too, animals and plants open new sources of interest to little cripples, who have for the most part very vague ideas of anything outside their own tenement homes and the routine life of the hospital and school. Many

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a crippled child is classed as mentally deficient who is merely backward from lack of opportunities for getting knowledge.

To all those who are old enough to realize their own afflictions the desire to work, to be on a par with their fellows in this one respect, becomes an absorbing passion. Generally speaking, cripples are deft, with perhaps more than the usual ability to do good hand work, and the hope of happiness of many thousands who must always remain deformed lies in the training which will enable them to rise, in viewing their own excellent handiwork, above the circumstances of their maimed bodies.

Even among those who can never grow old enough to take their place among the wage-earners the desire to do something with the ever-restless fingers is one which ought to be gratified. As an art-student I had an experience with a helpless little boy which taught me a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. A Settlement worker asked me to go with her to a Brooklyn tenement to take some modeling wax to a little boy named Freddie, a victim of Pott's disease (spinal tuberculosis) so far developed that blindness had set in. The street was a wretched one of rickety wooden tenements, where it seemed as if nothing inspiring could ever happen, but to Freddie it had been a school of rich and varied experiences. All day he sat in his little go-cart on the door-step, and watched the games of the children on the street, the proud strut of the "copper" on his rounds, and, better than all, the glittering, clanging fire-engines. The ambulance and police-patrol, splendid in shining paint, were watched with bated breath to see where they would stop. Such was Freddie's life, diversified by the representation on paper of all the characters of this little theatre, in which "Little Humpy" was always an on-looker, never an actor. Yet, his talent for drawing made him the admiration of "all the fellers on the block" until the sad time came when he could no longer see the street. Then he lay all day on a cot between the hot kitchen stove and the window, immersed in a cloud of soap-suds—for his mother was a "washer-lady"—his restless fingers aching for something to do. In vain the "Settlement Lady" tried to cheer him with stories;—even the "Ugly Duckling," beloved of kindergarten children, was beyond his experience and incomprehensible to him. But at last the "Settlement Lady" was struck with the idea of asking me to take him some modeling wax. His fingers no sooner touched the plastic substance than he called out "Now I can have fun, now I'm as good as the other fellers," and set to work to model "Officer Doyle on our block." Soon there he was, helmet and

WORK FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

night stick complete, even to brass buttons as large proportionately as saucers, so that when Freddie's brother came from school he at once exclaimed, "Sure, any bloke would know 'twas Officer Doyle," and called in an admiring audience to view the "cleverness of our Freddie." From that day until his little fingers grew too feeble for even that light task, he lay daily propped on his elbow and spent hours working with the wax, forgetful of everything but his own creations. Such easily procured happiness, at an outlay of a little time and a quarter of a dollar!

EACH crippled child is unlike every other, not only in physical disability but in mental attainment, and the teacher who has fifteen cripples in her charge has a task equal to the public-school teacher who has a class of fifty sound children. Some are so delicate that they must lie down and rest in the morning and again in the afternoon, and all must stop twice a day in the best schools for a few minutes' recess and a glass of milk; each child must be excused twice a week for a bath and clean clothes, and a certain time must be allowed for the inspection of the doctor every few days. In every way the training of the child must be regulated by his physical condition. The too active brain must be watched lest it burn out the frail body, the sluggish intellect must be set working, and the lazy one kept from stopping, for some crippled children have a good healthy degree of naughtiness and know very well how to "fake" the illness of their delicate schoolmates. They are as full of fun as any children, and during recess and the noon-hour the rooms resound with merriment. Any one who goes to visit a school for cripples expecting to find an assembly of sad-visaged little invalids is soon disabused of that idea, when he is greeted by sparkling eyes and smiling faces. In the country homes, especially, happiness reigns.

The old idea that the cripple is of a malicious, unkindly nature, is an utterly mistaken one. Generally speaking, he is ready to climb any number of stairs for his bed-ridden neighbor, or to use his nimble wits for his stupid friend. There is a kind of *camaraderie* which shows in crippled children that is probably the result of common suffering, as among healthy people it is usually developed only in maturity. This shows itself especially in the basketry, chair-caning, or whatever industrial work the children may do, for of necessity hand training forms a large part of the curriculum and the deft-fingered child is always ready to help his clumsy neighbor.

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The physical energy which other children express in running and boisterous out-door games finds vent in these little unfortunates in manual training, of which various forms have been tried with success in this country. Sewing and embroidery for the girls, basketry, chair-caning, decorative wood and leather work, etc., for the boys have thus far been attempted, but for our own inspiration we must still look to the older and longer tried occupations of Europe.

In Scandinavia the work has been particularly fine, and little Denmark still takes the lead. In eighteen hundred and seventy-two an old clergyman, Reverend Hans Knudsen, opened a clinic and school, with the aim of "ameliorating the corporal deformity of the cripple, and afterward, by means of an industrial school, teaching him how to work, so that he might contribute to his own subsistence." Almost from the first Pastor Knudsen was given financial aid by the Government, so the bugbear of a future deficit in the treasury, which harasses so many managers in this country, troubled this good old man only during the first few years of his work. His aim was great, for he resolved almost from the outset that he would help every cripple within the confines of Denmark, and this literally has been done.

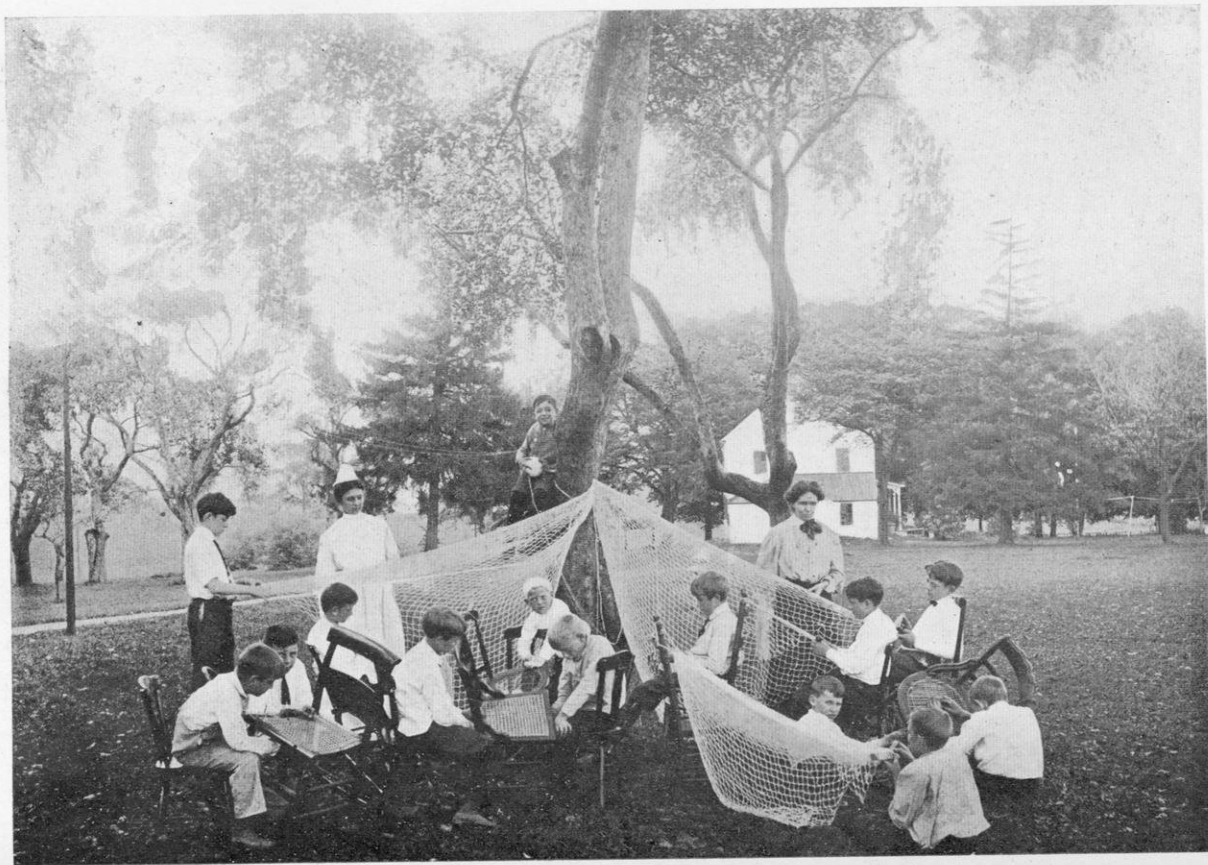
A recent report of the work says: "The cause of the deformed is taken up all over Denmark with the greatest sympathy, which finds expression in many ways. Most daily papers insert advertisements free of charge. The annual report is printed for nothing, nor is any charge made for telephone, paper, medicine, hospital treatment, etc. A dentist gives his services free of charge, liberal gifts of food are supplied to the country home as well as to the town housekeeping. Another proof of the great interest taken by the public in this institution is the fact that large orders are constantly given to it both by private people and public institutions. The railway, for instance, gives all its orders for the necessary equipment in linen and cotton goods, (weaving is taught in the Danish schools) furniture, brushes, etc. The public sewage department, too, gets all its brushes from the school.

FOR several years after the founding of these schools in Denmark no effort was made in this direction in Norway or Sweden—although Pastor Knudsen, finding his own work successful, longed to arouse interest in other countries. At last, in eighteen hundred and eighty-four, an International Congress of Physicans held



"CRIPPLES ARE DEFT, WITH MORE THAN USUAL ABILITY TO DO GOOD HAND-WORK."

"FOR EVERY PIECE OF WORK WHICH THE GOTHENBURG (SWEDEN) PUPIL ACCOMPLISHES, HE RECEIVES PAYMENT."



CRIPPLED BOYS TAKING OUTDOOR LESSONS IN HANDICRAFT WORK AT THE ORTHOPAEDIC HOSPITAL, COUNTRY BRANCH, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.



WORKING OUT UNDER THE TREES SEEMS TO
MAKE CHEERFUL LITTLE CRAFTSWOMEN.



THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHILDREN
IS ONE OF THE MOST MARKED
CHARACTERISTICS OF THESE SCHOOLS.

BOYS ARE TAUGHT TO MAKE PRACTICAL
ARTICLES FOR THEIR OWN USE.

WORK FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

in Copenhagen provided this opportunity. Some Swedish surgeons, especially, went to their homes in Gothenburg full of enthusiasm, and succeeded almost from the outset. The General Director of Prisons in Sweden, Herr Wieselgren, made a speech which brought in thirteen thousand kroner in less than a week, as a nest-egg for the Gothenburg School—I wish there were space here to quote his address, but suffice it to say that the subject was “A New Phase in the History of the Love of Mankind,” and that it aroused the whole country, so that shortly afterward schools were started in all the large cities of the (then) United Kingdom of Norway and Sweden.

For every piece of work which the Gothenburg pupil accomplishes he receives payment, the cost of material only being deducted. The making of hospital appliances, weaving, printing and book-binding are among the industries taught. Pupils who have been sufficiently helped physically to be able to work in their own homes are provided with tools for all sorts of trades, even those requiring such delicate and expensive apparatus as watch-making. These tools are returned to the school in case of the pupil's death.

The Government has aided the school in Gothenburg by allowing so much per pupil for expenses. In reality this money comes back to the Government by means of the ability to be self-supporting of those who would otherwise be partly, at least, public charges. Christiania, Norway, has also a very successful school to which was given the entire donation presented to King Oscar in the Jubilee Year.

The department for making orthopædic appliances is important, as it takes away from each school one of its greatest sources of expense. Great skill is required in making orthopædic boots, for if they do not fit exactly they are liable to prove a detriment rather than an aid. Leather, artificially stiffened, is largely used instead of plaster for bandages.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward was the pioneer in advocating the education of cripples in England and is known and loved by many hundreds who never heard of “Robert Elsmere” or “The Marriage of William Ashe.” It was through her influence that the London School Board decided to give financial aid, in an experimental way, to a few children who met in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight in the Passmore-Edwards Settlement in Tavistock Place. Here they led happy lives, ate a dinner paid for by themselves at the rate of three and half pence, and returned to their tenement homes at night with a new outlook on life. Mrs. Ward advised the forming of local committees, and also leagues for sending flowers to the school. She writes:

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“As the movement spreads from town to town we may certainly hope to see a diminution in our crippled population. The skilled intelligence of the community will be brought to bear upon them, in addition to that parental affection which, as a rule, they get largely, although ignorantly. The schools will arrest and prevent disease, will protect the latter stages of convalescence,—one of their most valuable uses,—and strengthen weakness.” Speaking of the effect of the schools on the children, she says—“The happiness of the new schools is one of their most delightful characteristics. Freed from the dread of being jostled by chairs, or knocked down by the crowd in the playground, with hours, food and rest portioned to their needs, these maimed and fragile creatures begin to expand and unfold like leaves in the sun.”

Children are kept up to only sixteen years of age, but the elements of trades are taught, harness making being one of the best. Jewelry seems to be very successful, also tailoring and gardening.

THE other countries of Europe have not carried this work so far. And prominent surgeons, like Dr. Lorenz of Vienna, admit that they can learn much from our hospitals. Mention ought to be made of the famous French Sea-Side Hospital at Pen-Bron near Nantes, as it was one of the first places in which the value of the salt air and sea baths for scrofulous children was practically demonstrated.

The sea air sweeps all day and all night through windows never closed, just as it does at our own Sea-Breeze, but at the time when Pen-Bron Hospital was first occupied, about twenty years ago, this plan of treatment was regarded as next to heathenish. Even yet there are those in this country who shudder at the thought of open windows. Marvelous cures were worked at Pen-Bron, and the hundred children were held up as examples to the medical world. Pierre Loti went there once, at the request of a good admiral who had become convinced that many scrofulous children were curable. The French writer became interested to a degree in what he had at first called a “museum of wretchedness.” He tells how the boys and girls are all day in the sea-wind, “always breathing that breeze which leaves a taste of salt on the lips,” and how the little children have, to his surprise, “faces like anybody else, round, full, sunburned till they are scorched, having on their faces the mark of the sea just like fishermen.” Then he describes the scars of terrible tubercular abscesses, the crutches, the crooked spines, and the

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miracle that had been wrought on a little victim of Pott's disease, who had just spent four years in a hospital bed, stretched in a kind of box. "This disease attacks the spinal cord, so that the rings are not perfectly attached to each other, and the ligatures are weakened so that the child cannot stand. This child, who had this disease, stands erect before me, he has no need of even a strait-jacket."

At Pen-Bron they had even raft beds, which carried the children out over the salt water, towed by a barge in which rode the Chaplain, who read to the little invalids to amuse them during the long day.

Pierre Loti's description was written fifteen years ago, and I am glad to say that in this country the same kind of treatment is being carried on with equal success at Sea-Breeze, Coney Island. This has become so famous that recently money has been given generously for fine buildings, to accommodate more children; but if there were such a hospital at every sea-port town in the United States they would not be able to take in all the children suffering from infantile paralysis and bone tuberculosis.

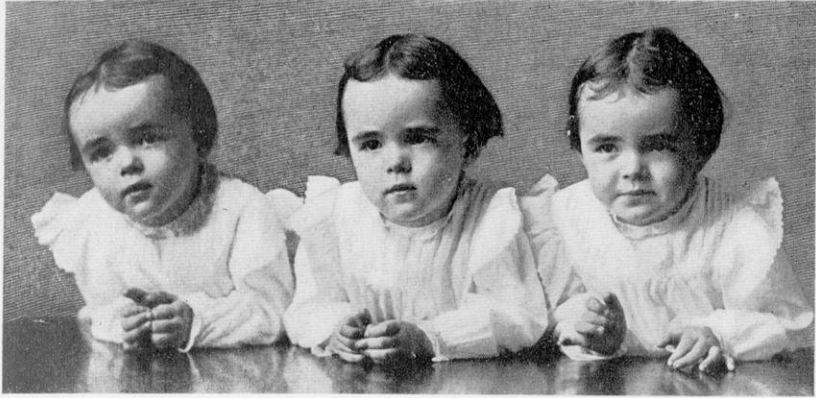
The two oldest institutions in New York for the surgical care of cripples are the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled and the Orthopædic Hospital—both in existence for about forty years. It would be impossible to estimate the far-reaching good accomplished by these two hospitals, in both of which patients may remain for months, or even years, if necessary. The great idea in the work for cripples is to have it as little institutional as possible. A patient in the "outdoor relief department" reports to the hospital as often as the surgeon in charge of the case requires, once a week, once a fortnight, or once a month, as the case may be. If possible he should purchase his own orthopædic braces or other necessary appliances, and what tonics or special foods he may need. Generally these may be obtained at the hospital at nominal rates. The ideal plan is that each child should live in his own home, and visit the hospital only when necessary, but like many ideals it is hard of attainment. Some parents never take a crippled child to a doctor, regarding deformity as a disposition of Providence, others are too indifferent to go regularly; others, and by far the larger part, say they cannot afford to leave their work and lose the earnings for the time spent. The treatment must be given from the outside, a census must be taken of every house, and the patient must be called for by stage, or if necessary, be taken away for weeks or months, or even years. As may well be imagined, this work is very expensive, and more schools are needed in all our large cities, Boston, Philadelphia,

WORK FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

Chicago and New York. Just at present, the Public School System of Manhattan is taking charge of the educational department of a few schools for cripples, in an experimental way, leaving the physical department to the managers who have hitherto had charge.

One of the greatest problems of these schools is that of transportation. Very few of the children are able to walk, and a stage must be sent to their homes to bring them to school. Dinner is furnished them, and at the close of the afternoon the stage takes them home, from fifteen to twenty-five at a time. Now this stage alone is a great expense,—a good one costs about fifteen hundred dollars and is even then unheated. Every school ought to have a rubber-tired, heated stage, as in going on the long drive from door to door the children often get very tired. In the winter it is long after dark when the last ones get home. With the financial prosperity of the schools these conditions will be improved.

It would be interesting to compare our schools with those of Europe, but the limits of this article forbid more than a mention of the work done by the Guild for the Crippled Children of the Poor of New York City,—of which the Davis School, described in a former issue of *THE CRAFTSMEN*, was auxiliary number one,—and those of the Children's Aid Society, and various other organizations. One of the most interesting phases of work with cripples is that of giving them amusement, and the Crippled Children's Driving Association does this by taking a group to the park once a week in a big 'bus, a different group going each day from several centers. I should like to suggest to the reader, whether he lives in Greater New York or some far corner of Australia, to consider whether he is doing his own individual duty to any crippled children that there may be in his community. Wherever poverty and crowded quarters exist, there are cripples. Wherever there are any number of them there should be a school, a home, or some sort of organization in which they may have a chance to recover their health and learn a trade. If any one of *THE CRAFTSMAN* readers is so fortunate as to live where there are no crippled children he must, indeed, be from a city of the rich, and can well afford to help the work in one of the great cities of the poor.



The Three Spirits

Out of the dark three little spirits came
Together, for they feared to go alone
The long uncharted way to the earth-zone,
Feared the cold space, the vapor and the flame.

Where in the storied mazes of the past
Learned they to trust each other? In what strange
Shadowy council did they seek the change
That brought them to our alien shores at last?

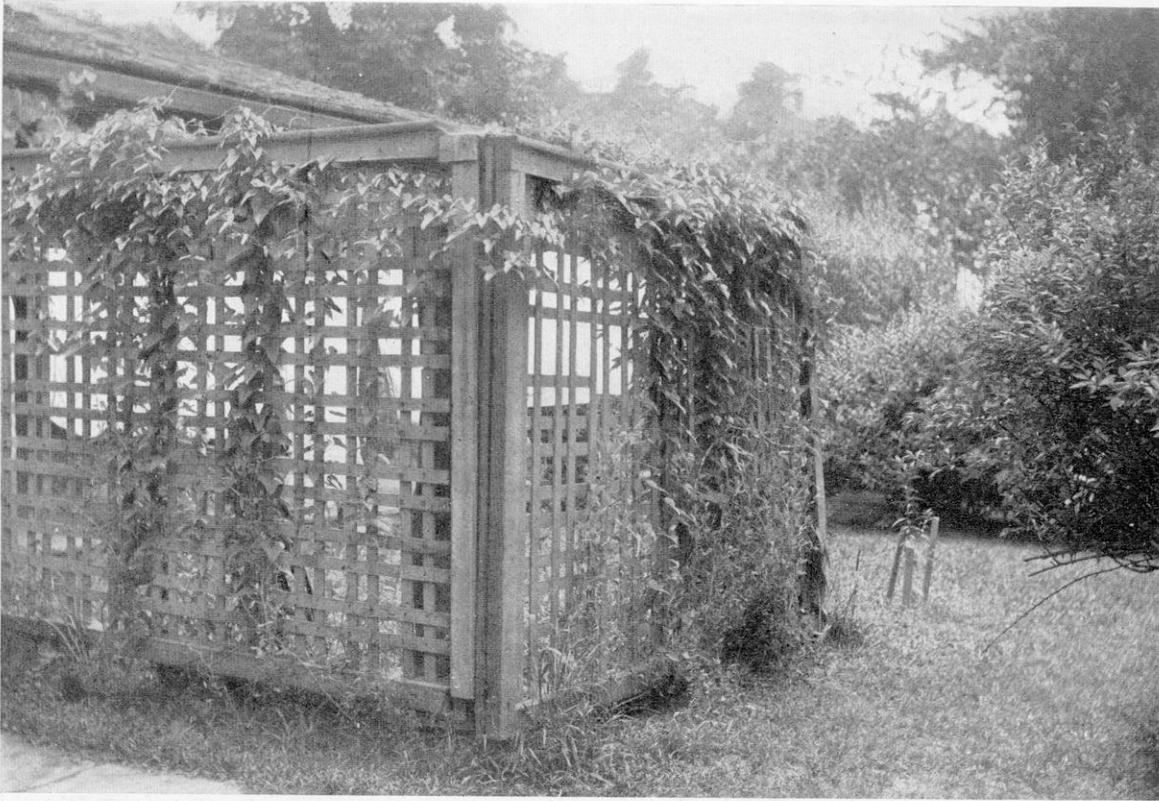
Maybe the stars then mirrored in the sea
Know of their quest, their union and their goal;
Know the sweet purpose of each pilgrim soul--
Why, being one, they face the world as three.

Elsa Barker



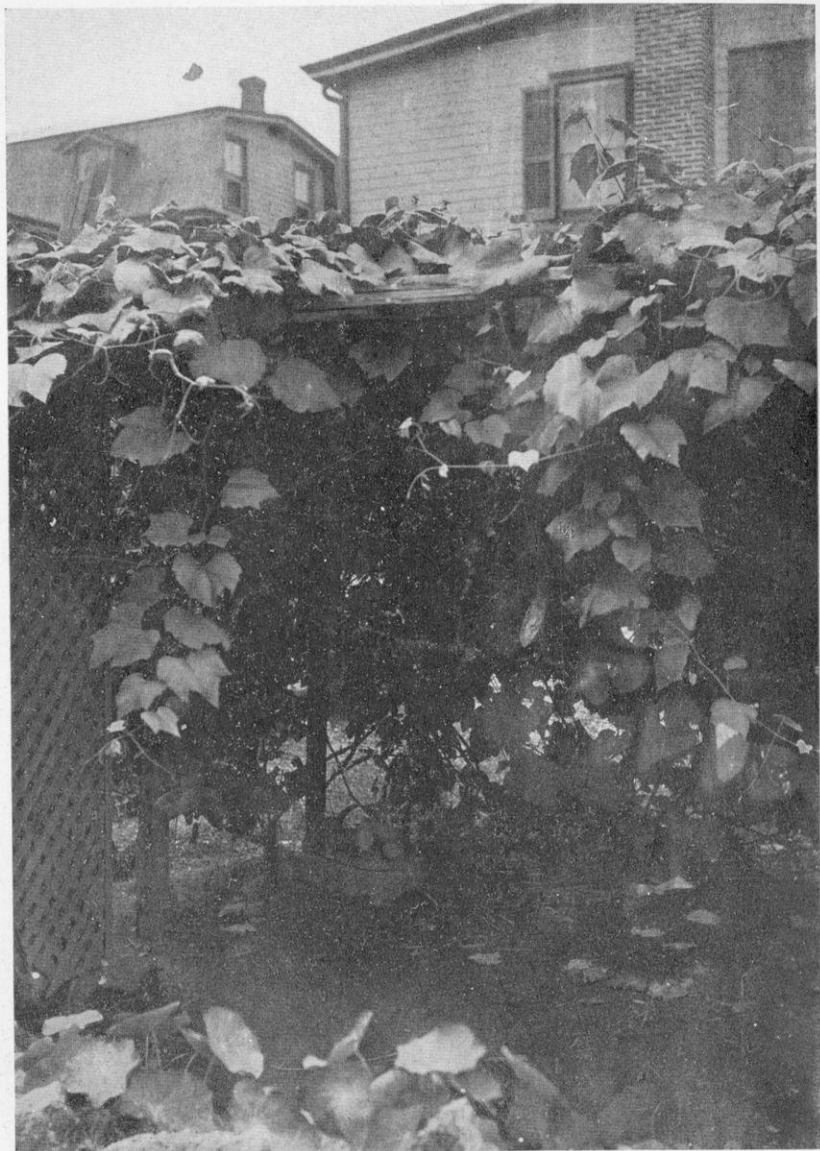
Suggestions for the Simple Garden.

PAINT A TRELLIS WHITE, AND HALF COVER
IT WITH GRAPE VINES, AND YOU HAVE A
MOST ALLURING AND PICTURESQUE PERGOLA.



Suggestions for the Simple Garden.

MORNING GLORIES OVER A HIGH TRELLIS-
FENCE WILL HIDE THE MONDAY WORK
AND ADD BEAUTY TO THE GARDEN.



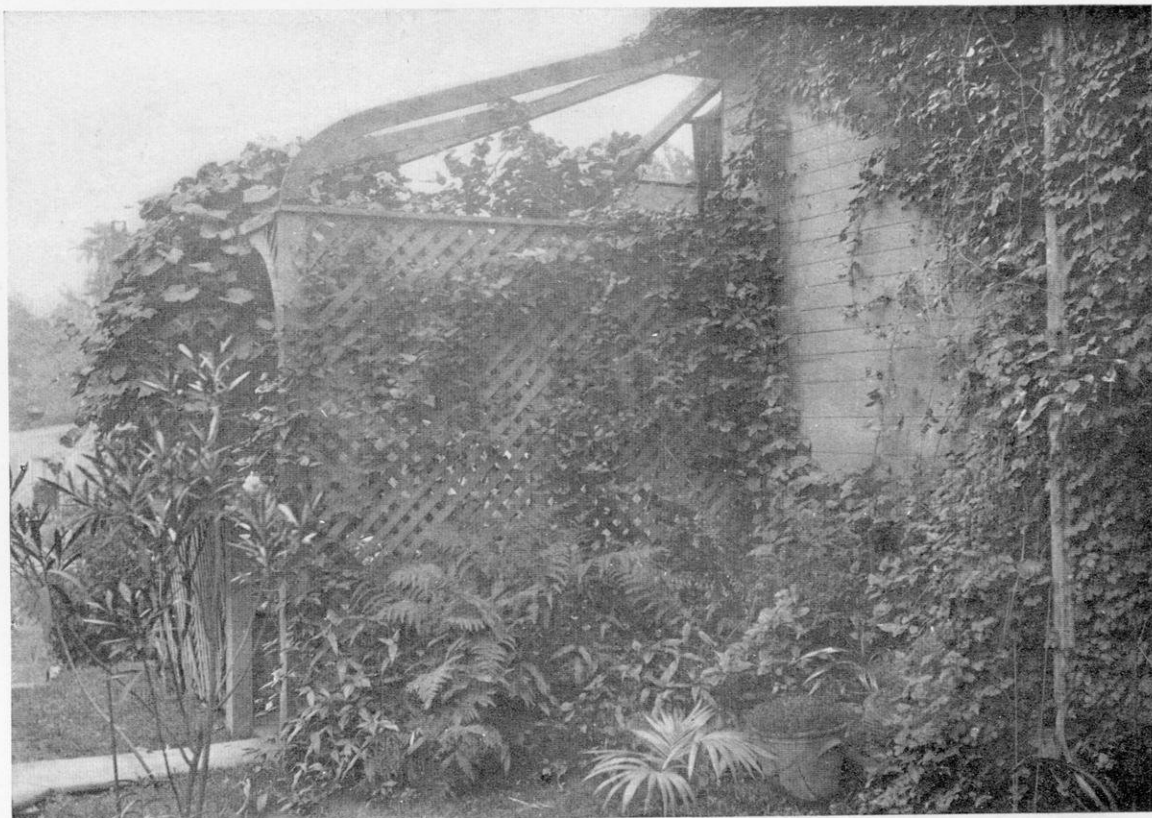
Suggestions for the Simple Garden.

GRAPE VINES ARE THE BEST DECORATION FOR CITY BACK YARD FENCES. THEY GIVE PERFUME IN SPRING, COLOR IN AUGUST AND FRUIT IN FALL.



Suggestions for the Simple Garden.

THIS IS JUST AN ENTRANCE TO A
BACK DOOR. AN ARBOR HIDDEN
BY THE COMMONEST VINES.



Suggestions for the Simple Garden.

AN EASY WAY TO SHIELD A KITCHEN DOOR.
IVY AND MORNING GLORIES, AND WOOD FERNS
TO GATHER THE HOUSE TO THE GROUND.

THE OLD PEASANT OF OLLERUP: BY PAUL HARBOE



HE LIVED in his own thatched house, half brick and half timber, which stood by itself at the foot of the long hill, a little way west of Ollerup. Scarcely ever did anyone come to see him, and rarely indeed did he himself venture out beyond his gate. There was a flourishing fresh-looking garden within the fence, on either side of the narrow gravel path that led to the porch. The house lay perhaps a hundred feet back. Most of his time, I was informed, was spent in keeping the garden absolutely weedless, and otherwise in perfect order.

All Ollerup knew his life-story like a well-studied lesson. Already I had heard it from many mouths, in almost as many accents; one would tell it with some faint display of sympathy, another with loud laughter, yet another with sneers.

“He’s a simpleton,” they said to me. “He could have married as fine a girl as ever was seen in Ollerup. He thought he was too poor. Fixed idea with him, you know. He wasn’t poor at all, and as for the girl,—she had a nice little lump of money laid by, and owned land besides. But the old crank wouldn’t listen to reason. He had a mortal horror of debt.”

One Sunday morning (I had been a week at Ollerup) I strolled down the *Landevej* toward his home. As I drew near, I caught sight of the old peasant, and I paused, involuntarily struck by the way, the very careful and yet tenderly nervous way, in which he fussed about his flowers and plants. Now he would stoop down, crush a lump of earth between his hands and sprinkle the powdered soil close around the stem of a sprouting shrub; or pull up a stray unwelcome weed. To me he gave no notice till he heard the click of the gate as it closed. Then he stopped his work suddenly and looked at me with a surprised, half-startled gaze.

“Oh,” he cried, somewhat flustered, “I took you for the clog-maker. I owe him for my last pair, you see. I meant to have paid him yesterday,” he went on convincingly, “but it was Katherina’s birthday and—” He paused, as if there was nothing more to tell, as if he expected I should understand. In the moment of silence, he had turned away.

“Katherina was your old friend?”

He faced me quickly and with eagerness.

“Has she told you? Do you know her?”

“They told me in the village,” I replied quietly.

THE OLD PEASANT OF OLLERUP

"Tell me," he cried almost harshly, "did they blame me? Did they say it was my fault?"

"They said Katherina loved you dearly."

His features lighted up for an instant, and then faded into a sad dreamy smile. And when he spoke again his voice was strangely mellow, pleasanter to my ear than the music of the ringing church-bells.

"We might go in, if you like?"

We followed the gravel path around the house and entered a bare but very clean-kept kitchen. Indeed it might have been a woman's hand that had put it in order. There was an oblong table at the window; and one chair; beside the old-fashioned stove, which was polished to a glitter, stood a square box filled with peat. I further noticed on the lowest shelf of a white-painted closet a row of crockery. The floor bore evidence of having been scrubbed that very morning.

"I WAS born in this house," the old peasant began when I was seated in the rocker he had brought in from the parlor. "My father died before I was able to walk. My mother—poor, dear woman—guarded me only too well. As I grew up, I felt that I was fitted for the trade of watchmaker, and I told her so. But she would not give her consent; she thought my mingling with rough journeymen would make a wayward youth of me. Nor would she let me go to school with other boys."

He drew in a deep breath; I tried to catch his eye, but in vain. It was an awkward interval for me. I felt the need of saying something that might convince the old man that he had before him at least a sympathetic listener. Certain words hung on my lips, but there was in his manner an air of aloofness that swept them away unspoken.

"Where was I?" he asked absently.

"Your mother would not——"

"Oh, yes, I remember. Our pastor gave me lessons in religion. I had no friends in the world—no friends save Katherina. My mother wanted me to be a child all my life—her child only."

He paused.

"You call Katherina a friend," I said as gently as possible, "but wasn't she your sweetheart, didn't you love her?"

"Love her!" he retorted sternly. "How could I think of love? I had my mother then—a mother who wanted me all for herself. I was kept away from everybody, away from Katherina."

THE OLD PEASANT OF OLLERUP

He stopped again, as if the whole story had been recited. We sat in silence for a little while. At length he leaned forward, so far that his hand outstretched would have touched my face.

“And then she died, my mother, in her seventieth year. Oh, what despair, what grief, what agony! I stood there at her deathbed, the bewildered, helpless child she had fashioned. What did I know of the ways of the great world? These rooms and the garden were my world. I couldn’t eat, nor sleep, nor think. A neighbor came and asked me when I should bury her; the minister came, too. I answered them that I didn’t know. “She isn’t in my way here,” I told them. But then—then Katherina came.”

THIS time the silence was long, but not oppressive. Indeed, it seemed quite natural that he should hesitate at this point. “My mother was buried. She lies near the tall oaks, just within the cemetery gate.”

We heard quick steps on the path, and then, a moment later, a sharp, loud knock.

“The clog-maker, and I owe him for my last pair,” cried the old peasant leaping up. “Oh, I’m so sorry I didn’t pay him yesterday,” he went on nervously, in great confusion. I opened the door and found the butcher there with a slice of meat already paid for. The old peasant had hurried into the parlor for money.

When he returned, he recounted a number of silver coins, and laid them carefully, one upon the other, on the table.

“I’m somewhat better off than I used to be. But it’s so easy to fall into debt.” The mere thought of this made him shudder. “I wish the clog-maker would come, so that I might get rid of that burden.”

“So, after all, you didn’t love Katherina,” I urged, trying to get the truth out of the man.

His childish, kindly face beamed and his tender blue eyes looked as though they saw straight before them some happy scene of the far dead past.

“Oh, yes,” he spoke slowly and distinctly, “I did love her,—when my mother was gone. We were to have been married. Katherina set the day. She was in Svenborg then. As often as she could, she came here to see me, and when we were together I had plenty of courage to face the future—but none at all when alone. I brooded over my meager income. I couldn’t see any light ahead. Some time passed. I was very unhappy, and always restless and

THE OLD PEASANT OF OLLERUP

conscience-stricken. I wrote to her again. I told her I was ready. I told her I could not live away from her. And yet, on Thursday, when my heart ached most terribly, I wrote again, a very long letter, in which I said that I could not marry now. I could not drag her into my miserable life. Poverty, debt, stared at me wherever I turned my gaze. 'Don't come,' I wrote. But in a postscript I added, 'Come anyway.' She sent back this message, 'If you dare not, I dare not.' Nothing more.

"Sunday morning, awaking early, I hurriedly put on my new black suit, which I had placed the night before carefully on a chair beside my bed. For some time I stood before the mirror admiring myself. How handsome I looked. Ha, ha! I would not wear the suit to the church, I would carry it upon my arm—ha, ha!—upon my arm.

"I made no breakfast. Of course, Katherina would prepare an excellent dinner. At the commencement of the chimes I started out. It was raining lightly. I hurried onward—onward, with my new black suit, but Katherina was not at the church. Then I remembered her note—'If you dare not, I dare not,' and slowly came home."

He had grown pale and seemed very tired. I noticed that his hands, clasped across his breast, trembled a little.

"Have you ever seen Katherina since that day?"

He started queerly at the sound of my voice.

"Seen her?" he asked in a dry whisper, "Why yes,—I have, indeed." He fell forward across the table, quite exhausted. There he lay for some moments, perfectly still. At length when he rose to his feet and turned his eyes upon mine, there were no tears in them.

"I'm very tired," he said, with a childish appeal, "I'm going in for a rest. But you need not go. You might stay and give this money to the clog-maker when he comes."

I tarried for five or six minutes, then I stole softly out of the cool, quiet room. On the *Landevej* I met an old woman, very neatly dressed. She was carrying a big basket. To my "good morning!" she smiled, and quickened her step a little.

At the gate she stopped as if to view the garden. I knew her then, and went on up the hill. But its steepness and length were both diminished, I thought. And what a beautiful Sunday morning it was!

MY WORLD

WITHIN an attic cell
I dwell,
Close underneath the sky;
Where from a window's nook
I look,
And watch my world go by.

Great loads of straw creep down
To town
Through the short Winter day;
Schoolboys, with sleds, run to
And fro
Along the old highway.

'Twixt road and ridge the stream,
With gleam
Of diamond chains, runs on;
Beyond, the swift trains dash
And flash
Like shuttles in the sun.

Day dies and on the snow
Below
The gray fence lines show clear;
No sound of beast or bird
Is heard,
A white silence is here.

A pale translucent green
Is seen
Across the Western sky;
Look! Dian's horn drops slow,
And so,
My world is all gone by.

—EVA L. OGDEN.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1907: NUMBER V: BRICK AND PLASTER CONSTRUCTION

THE CRAFTSMAN house design offered to our readers this month is for a country house of ample dimensions and built on straight and simple lines. The proportions of the house, the interest to be found in the character of the construction, and the contrasting color of bricks, plaster and timber, take away all suggestion of severity, although its form is straight and square. It needs ample surroundings and plenty of shrubbery to produce the best effect when viewed from the exterior, as the building is too massive to be cramped within the confines of a small lot.

The walls of the lower story and the chimneys are of hard burned red brick. The upper walls are of Portland cement plaster with half-timber construction, the foundation, steps and porch parapets are



FRONT ELEVATION

of split stone laid up in black cement and the roof is tiled. This gives unusual variety and interest, both in the materials used and in the color, which can be made rich and warm or cool and subdued, according to the coloring demanded



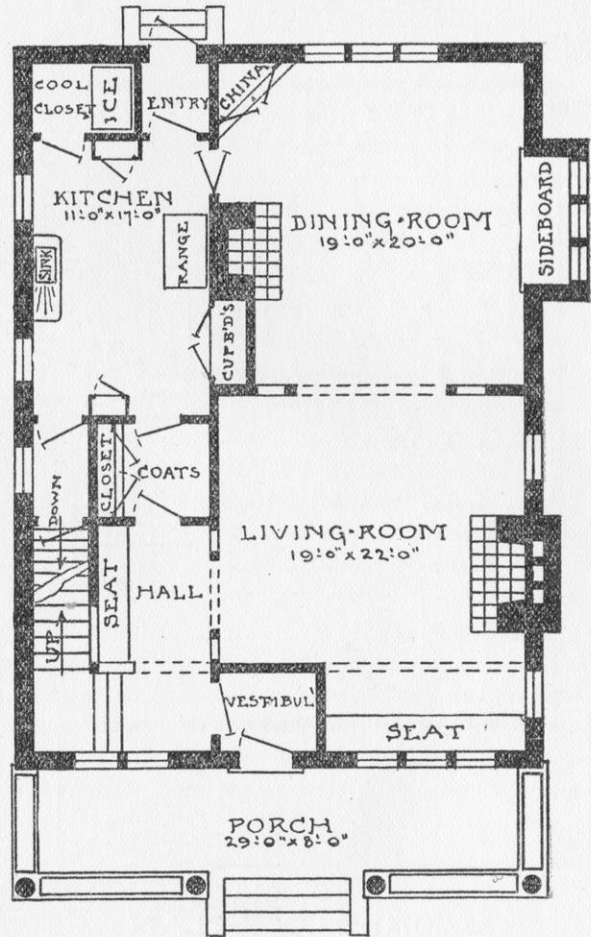
SIDE ELEVATION

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FIVE

by the surroundings. Naturally, the predominating color is dull red, which appears in the brick in its darker tones and is repeated in higher key by the main roof and the smaller porch roof and window hoods. The plaster would better be left in its natural gray, darkened a little by an admixture of lamp black, and the timbers stained to a mossy green tone. If a softer and darker color effect is desired, it can be produced by a little dull green pigment stippled on unevenly with a rough, stiff brush. This secures the same variation in color that appears in stained wood. The round porch columns are also of plaster, and should be given a tone to harmonize with the walls. The floor of the porch would be of cement in the natural gray tone, to afford the necessary contrast with the brick, and the varied hues in the stone of the foundation serve to bring together all the colors shown in the building materials.

It will be noted that the half-timber construction on the upper story is entirely "probable," the timbers being so placed that they might easily belong to the real construction of the house. Windows, where exposed, are double-hung, with small panes in the top sash, and all casements are either hooded or otherwise sheltered, as by the roof of the porch.

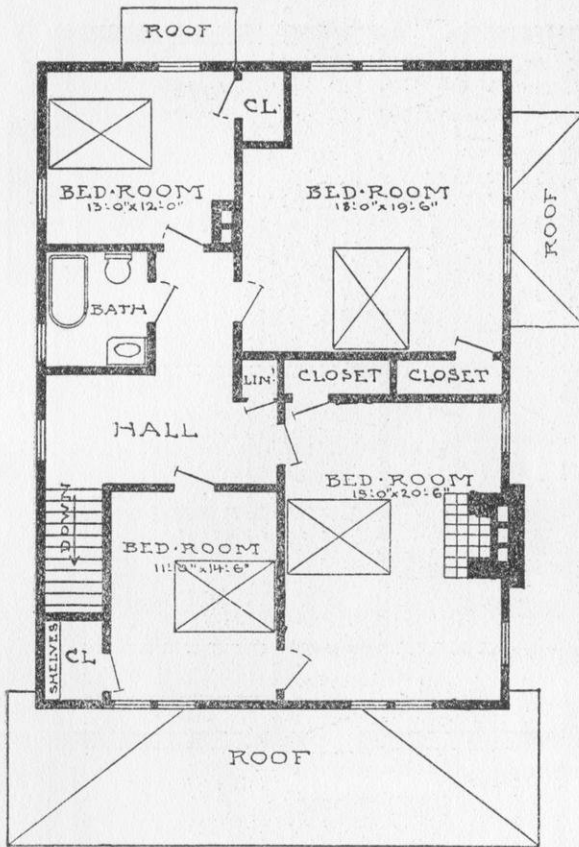
Where the windows are double-hung,



•FIRST FLOOR PLAN•

the most interesting effect is produced by making the small square lights in the upper sash of antique glass that shows a faint greenish or yellowish shade, according to the exposure of the room and the desired effect of light. This antique glass is not generally known to builders, and has none of the characteristics of the commercial "art glass" in general use.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FIVE



• SECOND FLOOR PLAN •

It is more like an early type of glass dating from the period of primitive methods of glass-making, when the glass had either a decided tinge of color, or the effect of iridescence, and a great many surface irregularities that made a window difficult to see through from any distance, although it was quite clear. If glass of this character be used in the upper sash, and sash-curtains over the single large pane of plate-glass in the

lower sash, the effect is full of interest and charm.

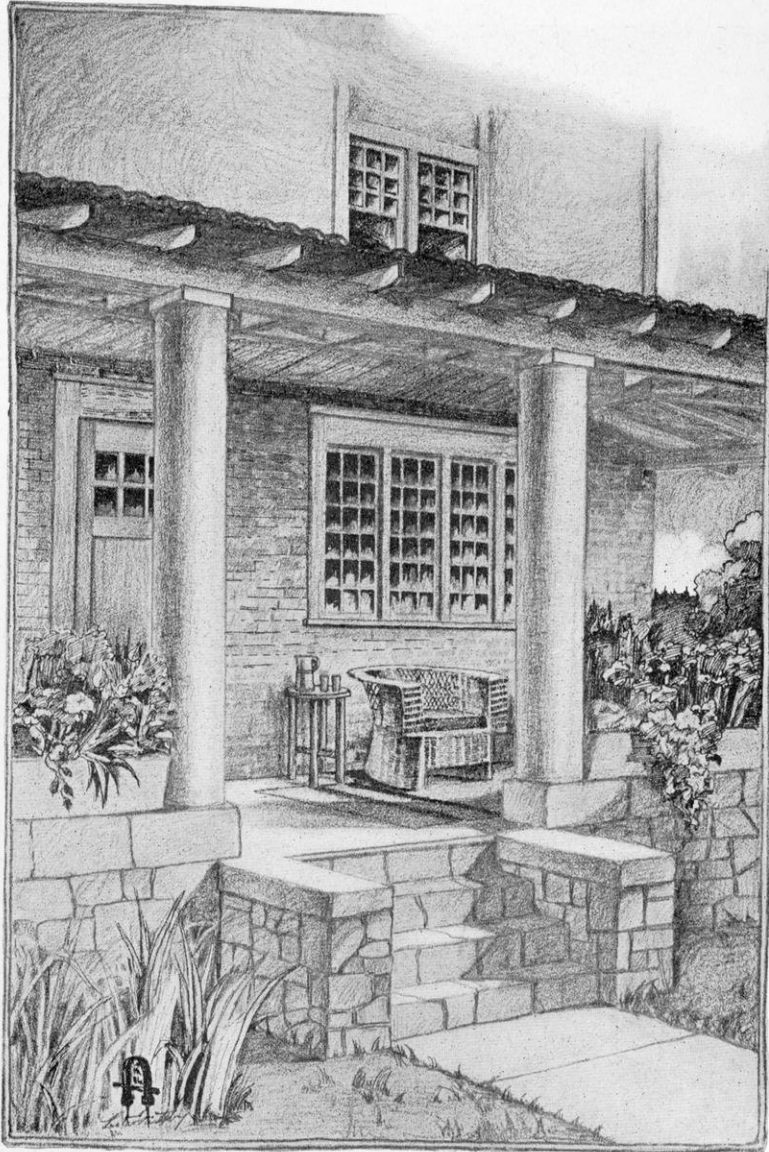
The arrangement of the interior of this house is very simple, as the living-room and dining-room occupy the whole of one side, with no more than a suggestion of a dividing partition, and the arrangement of kitchen, hall and staircase on the other side is equally direct and convenient. The only room closed off is the kitchen.

The entrance door opens into a small vestibule that serves to shut off draughts from the hall, which is little more than a recess of the living-room. The entrance from the vestibule to the hall is at right angles to the front door instead of opposite, so that the danger from draughts is made so small that the opening might easily be curtained off and a second door dispensed with. The broad landing of the staircase is directly opposite this opening from the vestibule,

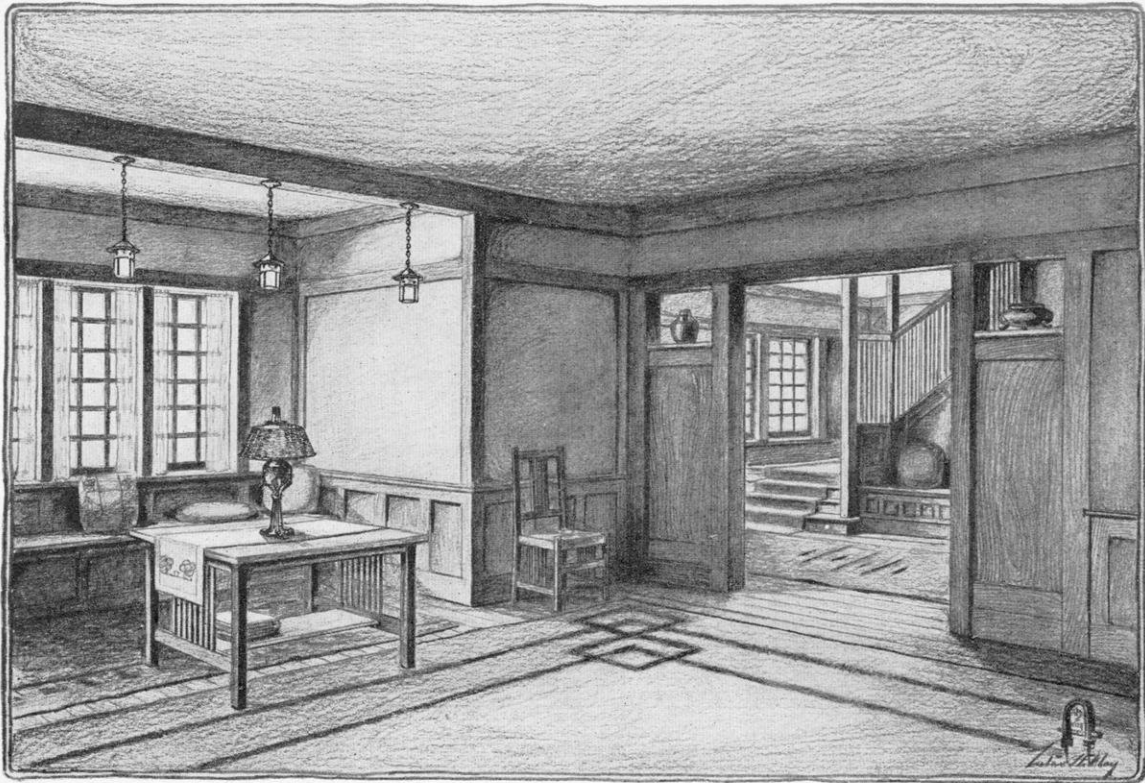
and in the angle where the stair runs up a large hall seat is built. Two casement windows serve to light the hall and landing and a wide opening makes it practically a part of the living room. The vestibule jutting into the living room leaves a deep recess at the front, in which is built a long window seat, below the triple group of casements. The fireplace is in the center of the room, opposite the hall, and another fireplace in the



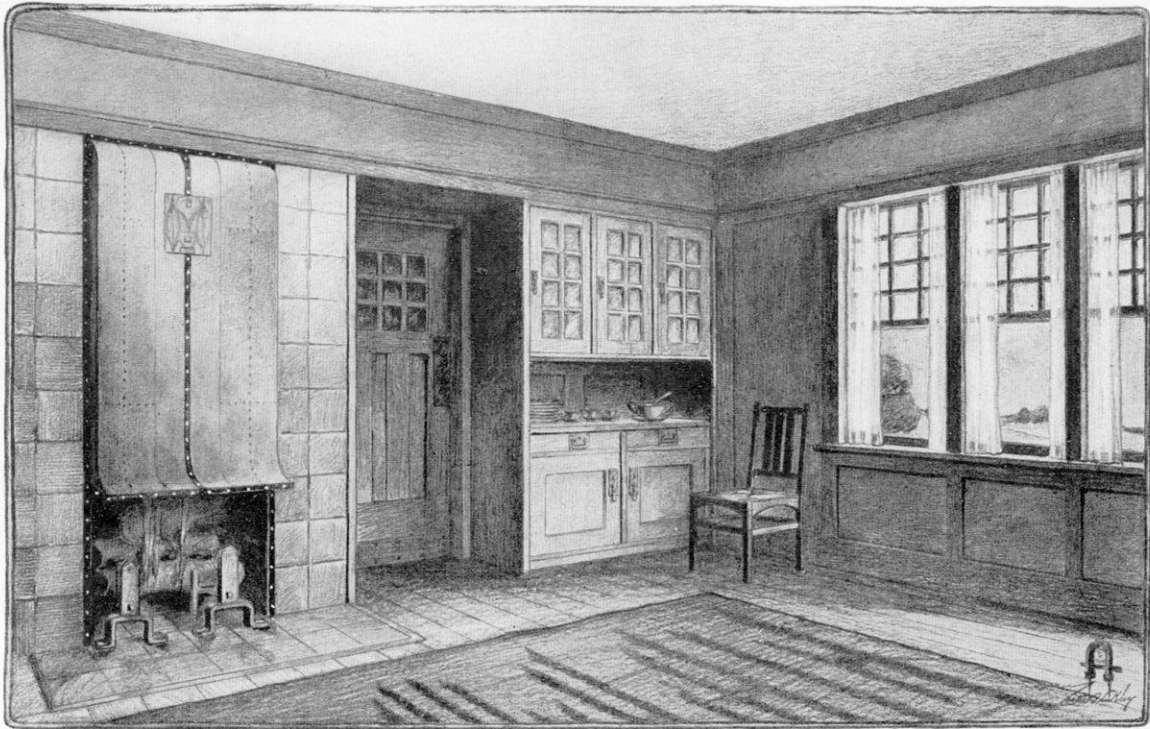
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES
OF 1907, NUMBER FIVE.



ENTRANCE PORCH, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION.



LIVING ROOM, WITH GLIMPSE
OF HALL AND STAIRCASE.



CORNER OF DINING ROOM SHOW-
ING CUPBOARD AND FIREPLACE.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FIVE

dining room utilizes the same flue as the kitchen range. The partitions between the living room and dining room are merely suggested by a post and panel construction, open at the top, such as may be seen in the illustration of the opening between the living room and hall. The sideboard is built in a recess, and has above it a group of three casements. On the side next to the kitchen a cupboard for china is built in the corner. This is shown in two ways and may shown in the illustration of the dining room, the cupboard is built straight with the wall, putting the swing door that leads to the kitchen into a recess that is made by this cupboard and the fireplace. In the floor plan, the cupboard is represented as built across the corner of the room. Either way would be effective, and the choice depends simply upon the matter of personal preference and convenience. On the other side of the fireplace, a cupboard opening into the kitchen projects into the dining room to the level of the chimneypiece. The kitchen is conveniently arranged and well equipped. A small entry leads to the outside door and the corner of the room is occupied by a refrigerator and cool closet. Another entry with double doors affords communication with the hall, and also a recess which is intended for a coat closet.

So much of the beauty of this house depends upon the woodwork that too much attention can hardly be given to the selection of the wood and the finish. The tone of the woodwork would depend

largely upon the position of the house and consequent exposure of the rooms. If they are bright and sunny, nothing could be better than the dark gray-brown of oak or chestnut, with its strong suggestion of green, as this gives a somewhat grave and subdued effect that yet wakes into life in a sunshiny room and shows the play of the double tones of green and brown with the sheen of gray over them that is most fascinating, both in itself and as a foundation for the general color scheme of the room. If a cool effect is desired, nothing could be better than the walls left in the natural gray tint of the rough sand-finished plaster, perhaps darkened a little by the addition of lamp black; the ceiling would be left in the natural light gray tone. Or both walls and ceiling could be stippled with a pigment that would give them an uneven tone of soft gray-green, care always being taken, of course, to have the ceiling considerably lighter than the walls.

If the rooms are fairly well shaded, so that the effect of warmth would be desirable in the color, the woodwork might be of cypress, with its strong markings, which take on deep shadows in the softer parts and beautiful autumn tints in the grain when treated with a surface tone of rich brown. If this were done, the walls would be best in a warm yellowish tone if left in the plaster, or covered with Japanese grass cloth in a dull greenish straw color that is made light and luminous by the silvery sheen that is characteristic of this material.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: TWENTY-SIXTH OF THE SERIES

A HANGING BOOKSHELF

THE design for a hanging bookshelf given here is so planned that the convenience afforded by the shelves in graded widths also adds much to the quaintness and decorative quality of the piece. As will be noted, two bookshelves are for books of different sizes, and the top shelf with a railing in front of it serves as a rack for magazines. The sides are absolutely plain, except for the

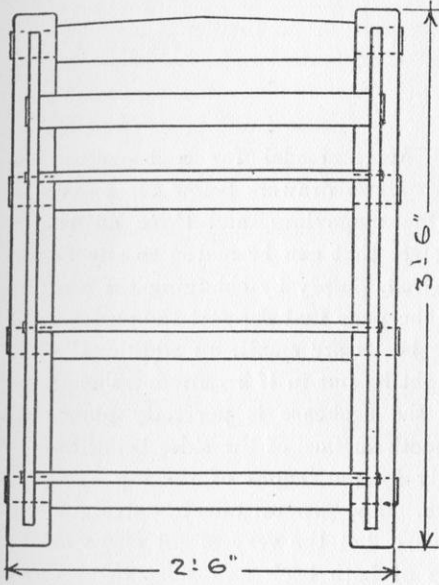
little decorative touch given by the projecting ends of the tenons, but the back is divided into three panels set in the frame of the bookcase and the two cross pieces just back of the shelves. The grooves in the framework should be cut rather deeper than the exact size of the panels, to allow for any slight shrinking and swelling of the wood.



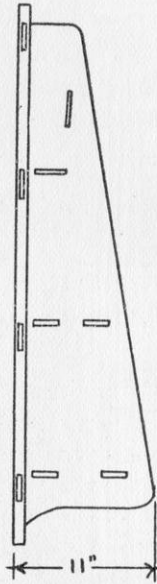
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HANGING BOOK SHELF

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Sides	2	39 in.	11 in.	1 in.	10 ⁵ / ₈ in.	7 ⁷ / ₈ in.
Back posts	2	42 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 ¹ / ₂ in.	7 ⁷ / ₈ in.
Top of back	1	30 ¹ / ₂ in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 ¹ / ₂ in.	7 ⁷ / ₈ in.
Lower rail back	1	30 ¹ / ₂ in.	3 in.	1 in.	2 ³ / ₄ in.	7 ⁷ / ₈ in.

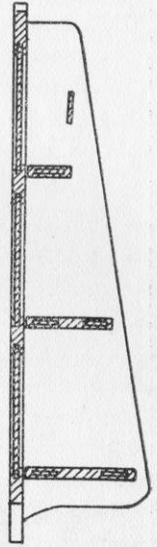
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



FRONT-ELEVATION

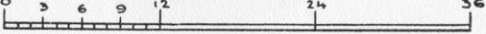


SIDE
ELEVATION



SECTION

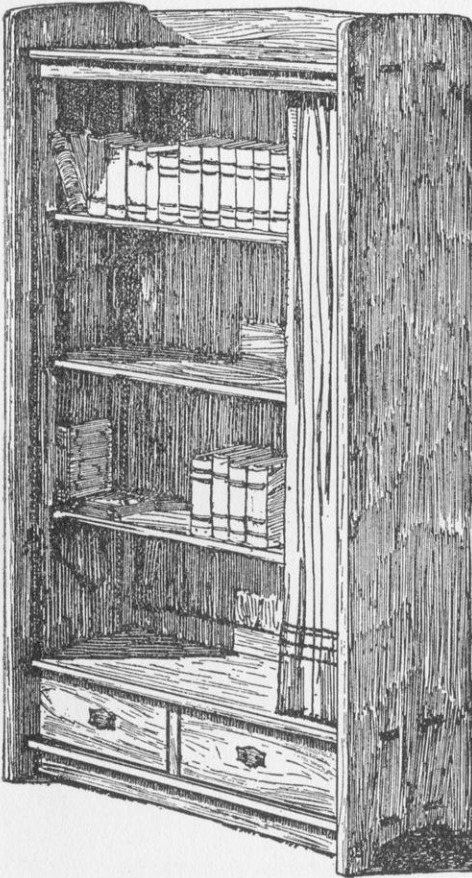
DESIGN OF A HANGING BOOK-SHELF

SCALE OF INCHES : 

Center rails	2	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	3 in.	1 in.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Back panels	2	24 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	10 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Back top panel	1	24 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	12 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Bottom shelf	1	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	10 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	9 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Center shelf	1	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	8 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	7 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Top shelf	1	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	4 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Slat	1	30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	3 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A CRAFTSMAN BOOKCASE

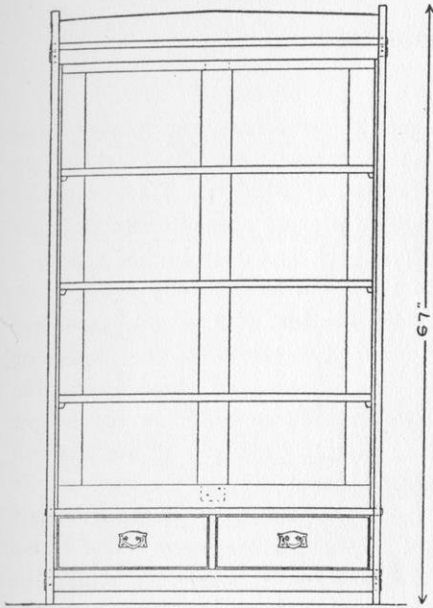


THIS model for a bookcase has two drawers below for papers or magazines, and three adjustable shelves that can be moved to any height desired, simply by changing the position of the pegs that support the shelves. If the books are small, an additional shelf might be put in if required. The frame of the bookcase is perfectly plain, the smooth surface of the sides being broken only by the tenons of the top and bottom. The general effect is straight and square, but the very slight curve at the top of both back and sides takes away any appearance of crudity.

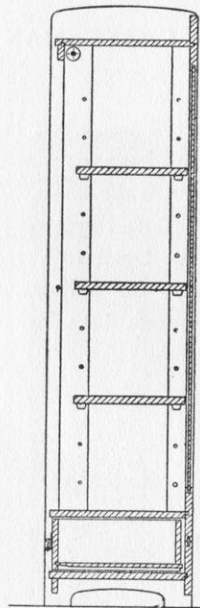
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR BOOKCASE

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough			Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Sides	2	67 in.	17 in.	1 in.	16½ in.	7/8 in.	
Top and shelves....	3	38½ in.	16 in.	1 in.	15¾ in.	7/8 in.	
Top of back.....	1	37 in.	7 in.	1 in.	6 in.	7/8 in.	
Bottom of back....	1	37 in.	12 in.	1 in.	11½ in.	7/8 in.	
Back side stiles....	2	50¼ in.	4 in.	1 in.	3½ in.	7/8 in.	
Back center stile...	1	50¼ in.	4 in.	1 in.	3½ in.	7/8 in.	

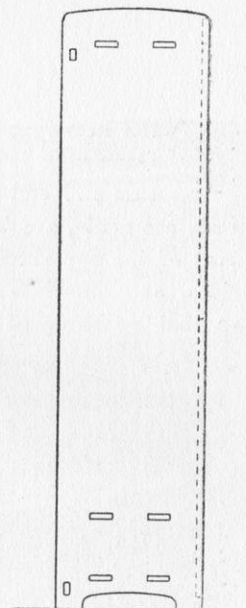
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



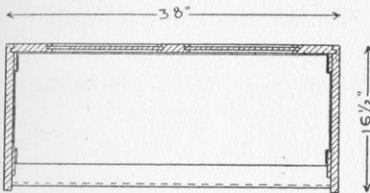
FRONT ELEVATION



CROSS SECTION

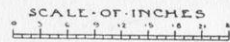


SIDE ELEVATION



HORIZONTAL SECTION

DESIGN FOR A BOOKCASE

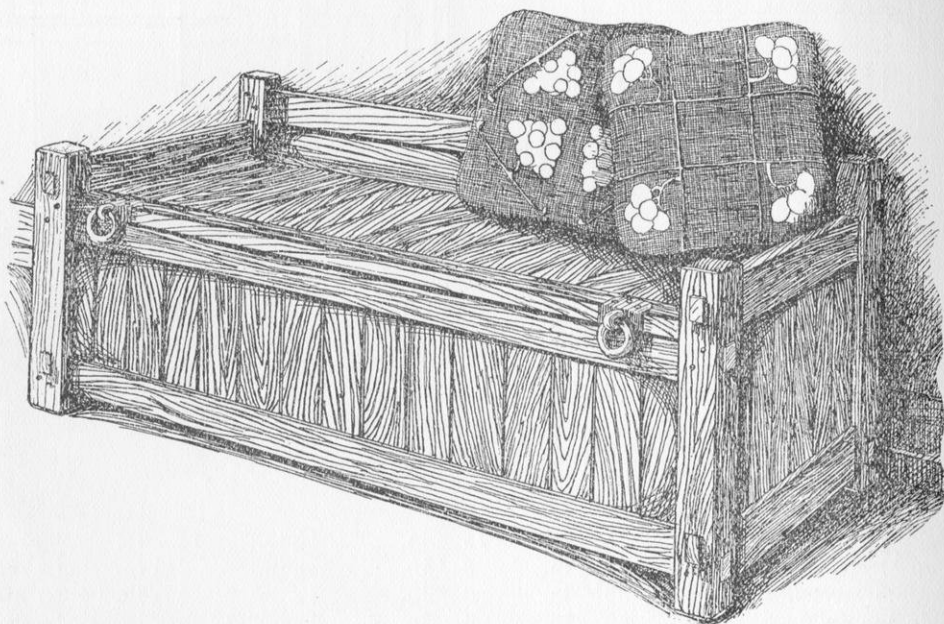


Back panels	2	48 in.	15 in.	1/2 in.	14 in.	3/8 in.
Top stretcher	1	38 1/2 in.	3 in.	7/8 in.	2 1/4 in.	3/4 in.
Bottom stretcher . . .	1	38 1/2 in.	2 in.	7/8 in.	1 5/8 in.	3/4 in.
Side braces, front . . .	2	59 in.	4 in.	1/2 in.	3 in.	3/8 in.
Side braces, back . . .	2	52 in.	3 in.	1/2 in.	2 1/2 in.	3/8 in.
Center between drawers	1	14 3/4 in.	7 in.	7/8 in.	6 in.	3/4 in.
Adjustable shelves . . .	3	36 1/4 in.	13 in.	1 in.	12 1/2 in.	7/8 in.
Drawer fronts	2	17 1/4 in.	7 in.	5/8 in.	6 in.	1/2 in.
Drawer sides	4	14 in.	7 in.	1/2 in.	6 in.	3/8 in.
Drawer backs	2	17 in.	6 in.	1/2 in.	5 in.	3/8 in.
Drawer bottoms	2	17 in.	15 in.	1/2 in.	14 in.	3/8 in.
Shelf rests	12					
Curtain rod	1	35 1/2 in. long.				
Drawer pulls	2	No. 266.				

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A CRAFTSMAN WOOD-BOX

THIS heavily constructed wood-box is designed to serve for a seat as well. The framework is solid and massive, with square corner posts, into which the side and end pieces are mortised. The boards, of which the sides, top and ends are made, are V-jointed and spliced together to prevent spreading in case the heat of the fire should cause them to shrink. The back is rather higher than the sides, and affords a support for pillows, while the front is carefully leveled off, so that no ridge of framework interferes with the comfort of the seat.

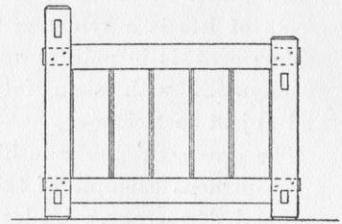
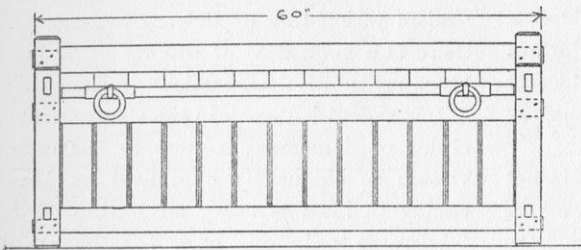
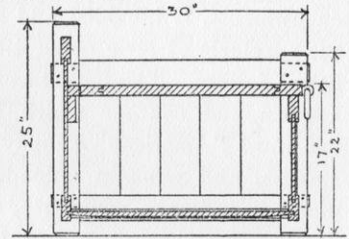
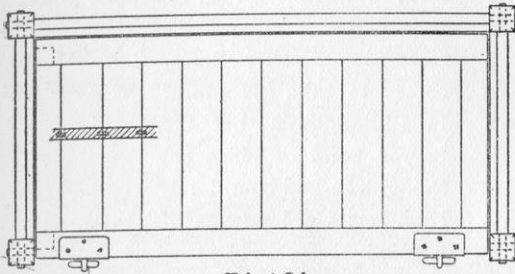


MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR WOOD BOX

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough			Finished	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Posts, front	2	22 in.	4 in.	4 in.	3 in.	3 in.	
Posts, back	2	25 in.	4 in.	4 in.	3 in.	3 in.	
Front and back stretchers	4	60½ in.	4 in.	1¼ in.	3½ in.	1⅛ in.	
Side stretchers	4	30½ in.	3½ in.	1¼ in.	3 in.	1⅛ in.	
*Back panel	1	55½ in.	18 in.	⅞ in.	17 in.	¾ in.	

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

DESIGN FOR A WOODBOX.



*Front panel	1	55½ in.	12 in.	7/8 in.	10 in.	3/4 in.
*Side panels	2	25½ in.	15 in.	7/8 in.	14½ in.	3/4 in.
Side rails	2	24 in.	1 in.	1 in.	15/16 in.	7/8 in.
Back rails	1	54 in.	1 in.	1 in.	15/16 in.	7/8 in.
Support	1	55½ in.	3 in.	1 in.	2½ in.	7/8 in.
Bottom	1	56½ in.	28 in.	1 in.	27 in.	7/8 in.
Bottom support	2	27 in.	4 in.	1¼ in.	3½ in.	1⅛ in.
Top stiles	2	54 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 in.	7/8 in.
Top rails	2	24 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 in.	7/8 in.
Top panel	1	48 in.	20 in.	1 in.	18 in.	7/8 in.
Strips		70 feet.				
Hinges	2 pairs.					
Lifting handles	2					
*V-jointed.						

ALS IK KAN

THE pride of Americans, inspired by the greatness and glory of the country, and its marvellous resources of human genius and natural endowments, is humbled and shamed by the spectacle of civic corruption and political failure. The magnificent business acumen and courage which have made the word "American" synonymous with success, and wrought splendid achievements in industry, commerce, science, invention, art, literature and philosophy, have failed to make our political life a matter for pride. The same word "American" which in so many other departments of life is a synonym for glorious achievement, is in politics and statecraft synonymous with shameful corruption and abject inefficiency.

The greatest republic in history is not a conspicuous example of the success of political democracy. Under it we have evolved a "boss" rule as despotic as Russia's Grand Ducal oligarchy and quite as corrupt. As Professor Goldwin Smith justly observed in a recent issue of the *North American Review*, our political system "breaks down" in municipal government. Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, long ago remarked the same fact, and there is no lack of corroborative testimony. Democracy, the sworn foe of despotism, creates despots in the shape of political bosses like Tweed, Croker and Murphy, of New York; Krantz and Butler, of St. Louis; Ames and Gardiner, of Minneapolis; Magee and Flint, of Pittsburg; Martin and Durham, of Philadelphia; Cox, of Cin-

cinnati; Ruef, of San Francisco, and many others equally malodorous and dangerous.

Revolts against this rule of the boss are common. Everywhere the worm turns and there are intermittent "reform" risings. Tweed is broken and disgraced, but Croker comes after a brief interval. Croker goes, but Murphy comes to take his place. Weaver wins in Philadelphia, but after a brief and barren term of office the "machine" he thought he had completely wrecked comes back to its old powers of graft and corruption.

As a result of the cynicism and pessimism which this experience engenders, there is a good deal of discussion of the "incapacity of democratic government." A few ardent believers in the simple principles of democracy adhere to the conviction so eloquently expressed by Macaulay in his fine essay on Milton, that "There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom." Likewise, say these believers in democracy, the only cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy. This is, of course, the American idea. It is the essence of the political and social faith of Lincoln. But against this faith in the people comes the demand to lessen their powers. Proposals are made that a larger part of the functions of government should be taken out of the hands of the people and entrusted to boards of "experts" or civil service commissioners. Even such a democratic thinker as Professor Goldwin Smith proposes that municipal government should be taken out of the hands of

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the citizens; that our cities shall be "run" by persons appointed by some outside authority, who shall owe no responsibility to the citizens they govern. In a word, it is proposed in all seriousness that there is no way to root out the corruption which despoils our cities except by destroying the right of self-government.

True, one American city, Galveston, has voluntarily given up its right of self-government and consents to be governed from the outside. But this is not in accord with the American ideal. It is the plan of Prussian bureaucracy rather than of American democracy. To get rid of the political boss we are familiar with, we are asked to create a Frankenstein in the shape of a boss far more powerful and practically invulnerable. If such measures are necessary to put an end to graft and corruption in our cities, why may they not be resorted to in order to end the graft and corruption in our state governments? Everybody knows that there is as much graft in the various halls of state legislature as in the halls of city government. Shall we, therefore, do away with representative government in our states and be governed by commissioners chosen by a select few? And if we consented to the change, does any sane person believe that there would be less exploitation of public services and needs for private gain? Would the preying powers who now contrive to fill our representative positions with corrupt tools fail to achieve the same result with fewer places to be filled, less opportunities for exposure and punitive action, and far greater powers of doing wrong?

Why, again, may we not apply the same principle to our national government, do away with elected representatives, and call upon the Supreme Court, or some other small body, to appoint a hierarchy of superior persons, political supermen, to govern us and establish a sort of "benevolent feudalism," to use Mr. Ghent's convenient and expressive phrase?

It is true that Washington, the nation's capital city, has no self-government, being governed in an autocratic way by three commissions appointed by the President, while Congress discharges the functions usually discharged by aldermanic boards. It is true, also, that for many years there has been no very serious scandal connected with the government of the city, that its government has been as efficient and honest as that of the European cities we Americans have grown accustomed to envy. But it is equally true that Washington is not a typical city, that its conditions are so wholly exceptional as to almost exclude it from the category of cities. We do not fear that its form of government will soon supplant the "government of the people, by the people, for the people" upon which, theoretically at least, our cities are established. Even if it can be shown that there are fewer chances of corruption where the government is alienated from the mass of the citizenry, a proposition not to be lightly accepted, it yet remains to be considered and weighed against the advantage the fact that, as all political philosophy from Aristotle's day to our own shows, no community is really ever safe or great until it has learned to govern itself. The craftsman-

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ship of the State should be learned and shared by every citizen.

If we do not expect to find relief from the shame and humiliation which as citizens we suffer on account of the failure to govern ourselves with honesty and efficiency, still more impressed are we by the futility of that kind of "reform," so common and so impotent, which consists in "turning rascals out and putting good men in their places." Not only are the "good men" themselves often disappointingly inefficient and weak, and easily made the tools of the same forces which lie back of the bosses and their corrupt sway, but, what is far more important, they never win except upon a basis of appeal far too narrow to include the real issue, and by allying themselves with forces so conservative and vested interests so strong as to effectually forbid vital and fundamental reform. No municipal reformer expects to win unless he can obtain the support of the "respectable element" and the "business interests" of the city, and these are the very elements whose influence and interests are used to prevent the adoption of the simple principles of remedial action to which experience points. Mr. Steffens, Mr. Frederic Howe, and other able investigators, have shown this most clearly.

The principles which must be accepted as the basis of effective remedial action are very simple and need no subtle systems of economic or political philosophy to explain them. Most emphatically we believe that there is no need for presuming that in order to get good government we must undergo another revolution involving the destruction of representative

government and the devolution of the sovereignty of the people to a few, a reaction from democracy to bureaucracy as the theory of government. We do need such a change as might well be called a revolution, but its full scope, both theoretic and practical, can be summed up in the phrase, "We need sound common sense." This holds true, of course, for the individual as well as for society. A few simple principles are all comprehensive, and there is little need of the elaborate and complex systems of ethics and philosophy by means of which we vainly strive to solve the problem of right living for the individual and the community. Just as we need simple honesty and faith in the work of the world, so we need little more in its government. Simple, fundamental thinking, and faith in the fundamental principles which such thinking inevitably reveals, is the mental and moral revolution for which the world is yearning and blindly groping.

The problem of the modern household with its worries, its waste of vital energies, its servitude to multifarious and complex details, and to custom, fashion and false standards of wealth and pleasure; is simply a microcosm of the problem of the city or state. And just as the application of sound common sense and honesty, demanding that everything in the home shall have an intelligent reason for being there, that there shall be no needless complexity or false ornament, would go far to effect the solution of the domestic problem, so their application to political and social problems would be productive of like results.

Why can we not reason with simple

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directness and honesty from cause to result? Upon no other basis than such reasoning may we expect to build effective and lasting reforms. Why not go back of the boss to the cause of his existence; back of the corruption which shames us to the source of corruption? When the streams from which the water supply of the city is drawn are polluted by sewers which germinate deadly typhoid, why rest content with experimental filtering and sterilizing the water; why not go further back and stop the pollution at its source? The business man who saw his business melting away, his hired servants fast becoming richer than himself, and dishonesty rampant throughout all his business, would not rest satisfied with a mere change of servants and the hope that the new ones would prove more honest than the old ones. He would doubtless go to the roots of the evil and make the continuance of such conditions impossible.

What is the source of the corruption and inefficiency in our municipal governments, and, for that matter, in our states and the national government? Surely, the answer is clear and well-known! It is simply this: The things which should be regarded as so many public assets are regarded as the legitimate assets of private business, so that we have an interested class in every city and state whose efforts are frankly directed to the task of making profits for themselves out of the things which the public has not learned to look upon as its own natural assets. Incidentally, the private interests very naturally come to regard it as a legitimate feature of their enterprise to keep the public in that attitude.

Take St. Louis. In its public services, St. Louis ranks among the worst cases of incompetence and neglect in the United States. And why not? At the behest of its "best citizens" thieves have literally sold the city. Its streets, wharves, markets, and all else of value that it had, have been sold by the thieves to the most respectable citizens for millions of dollars, but many millions less than their worth. The thieves have divided the millions and respectable citizens the many millions more. The Grand Jury was told by a member of the Common Council, testifying under oath, that he received as much as \$50,000 for a single vote. Public franchises have been sold for \$500,000, which were worth ten times that amount. Can we wonder that for such prizes men will devote themselves to the profession of political plunder, that every city should have its political plunderbund? Can we wonder if this soil of gigantic graft proves favorable to the growth of an immense harvest of petty graft pervading all the noisome ways of the underworld of crime and vice? Suppose that the public franchises in question had been frankly regarded as so many public assets and either used by the city, or leased upon honest and open terms: does anybody pretend to believe that the results would have been less than immeasurably better from the point of view of the city?

Or take New York City. What is the incentive which inspires the long succession of bosses and grafters, the Tweeds, Crokers and Murphys? The answer is not difficult. One has only to contemplate the enormous value of its great public service franchises to find the an-

swer. Take the surface-railroads, the telephone companies and the lighting corporations, and we have a total value of \$400,000,000—not more than \$125,000,000 of which represents physical property. The rest is the value of franchises for which the city received nothing worth mentioning; the millions paid for them were paid in bribes. And the list of the principal shareholders in these concerns includes the names of the most prominent citizens of the city. The total value of the great public service franchises of New York City at the present time exceeds \$450,000,000, upwards of fifty millions in excess of the total indebtedness of the city. To obtain and preserve such enormously valuable privileges combinations are formed in all our cities to wreck the democracy of the Fathers of the Republic. Mr. Frederic Howe has shown in his book, "The City the Hope of Democracy," that Privilege is the force back of the boss, the source of corruption, the peril menacing free government. It is at work everywhere, even in the small cities and towns. Mr. Howe is probably well within the limits of truth when he says that there is scarcely a city in the United States with a population of twenty-five thousand or over in which the value of the public franchises is not greater than the total indebtedness of the city.

These franchises have been given away by officials, sometimes through ignorance, but generally as a result of bribery and deliberate corruption. And to this wanton and terrible debauching of our sys-

tem of government the people have been partners. Back of their acquiescence in the wrong is probably a feeling that, in a measure, the "ends justify the means." They shrug their shoulders at the evidences of bribery and political jobbery, ignore the civic disgrace and peril and point out that "transit facilities are better than in the old days." This is, of course, true. There is no good reason for supposing, however, that the advances would not have been made if honest and open business methods had been adopted, the city either building its own system of public utilities or selling or leasing its franchises in open and fair market.

Whatever the facts which lie at the root of the prevailing controversy over the profitableness or otherwise of municipal ownership and operation may prove to be, and we have something more definite than a suspicion that the real issues have been obscured in the war of words and a feeling that the balance of the argument is in favor of the public enterprise, it is quite certain that the most effective way to remove graft is to remove the temptation to graft. Like all our CRAFTSMAN gospel, this is constructive and very simple. Deny privileges to any class of citizens, abide loyally by the simple democracy upon which our political institutions are founded, preserve the public interests from private exploitation, and there will cease to be any need for considering the establishment of bureaucratic government in these United States.



FRAU TAUSCHER-GADSKI.



JOHANNA GADSKI, WHO HAS SUNG *Isolde* FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN NEW YORK THIS SPRING.

NOTES

WHAT is known as the interpretation or impersonation of an operatic role is, as we all know, a development of modern opera. The Patti and Jenny Linds of Donizetti, Bellini and early Verdi days were not concerned with such questions, neither are the *Lucias*, *Lucretias* and *Gildas* of those operas characters susceptible of any logical interpretation. The most that the singer with dramatic training can bring to bear upon such intermittent personalities is the delicate perfumed suggestion of an emotion. The Wagnerian roles, however, and those of some later operas constructed according to Wagner's ideals, have a more or less consistent characterization. Yet, even in the greatest of these roles, *Brünhilde* and *Isolde*, there have been few examples of the interpretation that creates illusion, for the simple reason that the possession of a voice is not necessarily accompanied by a dramatic sense.

The opera-going public here has still but a limited understanding of operatic interpretation in its entirety, involving as it does the drama of music and of action. Singers like Melba, Sembrich and Caruso have many appreciators. Admirers of the acting of Bressler-Gianoli, Calvé and Lina Cavalieri—unconscious of the vocal shortcomings of these ladies—are many, but adequate appreciation of the interpretive possibilities of *Brünhilde* and *Isolde* is confined to a comparatively small class. A proof of this lies in the fact that admirers of Mme. Nordica will seriously discuss her Wagnerian "inter-

pretations." Mme. Nordica is a respected artist. It is pleasant to have had an American achieve success in the great Wagnerian roles, but in this singer's philosophy a stamp of the foot, an upward gesture of the arm, a twirl of the train and a vigorous declamatory style of singing are the requisites of interpretation.

It is probable that the first really great dramatic interpreter of these roles was Milka Ternina. Yet the drama of opera is principally conveyed through the vehicle of musical expression and is, therefore, like all other arts, dependent upon its specific technique; and in the purely musical phase of her art Mme. Ternina was somewhat defective, so that her performances, in spite of their fine dramatic quality, were vocally uneven and undependable. Lili Lehman, on the other hand, with her beautiful voice and vocal art, her majestic presence and serious sense of the significance of her roles, was conventional on the histrionic side of her interpretation.

Mme. Johanna Gadski, the most recent of the *Isoldes*, has revealed in her first performances an interpretation of great beauty and truth. And as she learned the part in four weeks with most insufficient rehearsal, it is a truly remarkable achievement.

Mme. Gadski brings to her task a voice of great range and tonal warmth, a beautiful vocal art and, through that art and a naturally sympathetic personality, unusual power of emotional expression. It is a voice that might be said to run the gamut of color from the pale cool blues and greens of her piano head tones to the warm red and violet of the lowest tones.

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The resonant contralto quality of her chest tones—one of the unusual natural advantages of her vocal instrument—is peculiarly telling in certain passages of “Tristan.” In the first act, with its sustained pitch of stormy intensity and its repeated climaxes, she gives a remarkable demonstration of her ability to create musical climax. Her art of tone coloring and phrasing, and the variety of expression which she is therefore able to infuse into her singing—the vocal counterpart of what is known in the theatre as the “reading” of the lines—is something that only the musician will appreciate at its full worth, although the beauty of the result must reach the merest layman. By means of her mastery of these elements of her art Mme. Gadski avoids the pitfalls of anti-climax which the first act of “Tristan” presents to the incomplete artist. The subdued intensity of the second act she held without break and the final heart-break of the *Liebestod* was never more poignantly expressed. It is diffused throughout with the very essence of womanhood, a quality discernible in all of this singer’s interpretations. In it, most strongly accented, is the sense of the appeal that *Tristan* made to *Isolde* through the fact that she had held his life in her hands when, forgetting vengeance, she had nursed him back to life and so had grown to love him. The deep underlying maternal sense that is an inevitable element of great love in a woman breathes from every expression of Gadski’s *Isolde*. It is in the very enveloping fold of her white draperies as, at the last, she bends over the dying *Tristan*.

Some critics and listeners, while ap-

preciating the musical pre-eminence of Mme. Gadski’s *Isolde*, have objected that her interpretation is not sufficiently “heroic.” Have these commentators ever contemplated the character of *Isolde* dissociated from the conception of her interpreters? Lili Lehmann, who set the standard for us, interpreted *Isolde* exactly as she did *Brünhilde*, hence, no doubt, the tradition of the heroic conception of *Isolde*. Yet *Isolde*, although a queen with a queen’s sense of personal dignity outraged by *Tristan*’s apparently inexplicable avoidance of her, is not essentially a heroic personage. She is first and last and foremost a woman. Therefore Mme. Gadski’s interpretation is not only moving but truthful.

It is a fact much to be regretted that the present conductor of the opera is so markedly unsensitive to the orchestral significance of the voice. It is little short of agonizing to have the delicate shades and colors of vocal expression drowned in a noisy blare of brass. But this is a disability under which all the Metropolitan artists suffer, and not even Mr. Hertz’s passion for sounding brass can blot out the beauties of Mme. Gadski’s *Isolde*.
K. M. R.

THE National Academy of Design has exhibited for the eighty-second time—an exhibit with no new note, with no great presentation of traditional note, and with some amazingly bad work. There are a great many familiar names of men we respect and in some instances thrill to, but the work even of these men, with but few exceptions, sagged, and you were surprised at a glimpse of a significant canvas.

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Oddly enough the most significant work was very distinctly American in technique, feeling and subject. This at least is worthy of notice, and a far more generally noteworthy exhibit might have failed utterly in this respect. There are, of course, the necessary number of French scenes and Seines, and Versailles in winter and Fontainebleau, and the Luxembourg Gardens was there to bring to us a surety that it was an Academy exhibit; but what peaceful New England streets, and restful old Colonial churches, what misty marshes about the Sound and hazy October New York days, what splendor of Catskill woods and dreamy green Jersey hillsides were there, though in small measure, to remind one that America was growing an insular art—which is practically all the art a country has.

A picture that holds one's interest most vividly in memory is "The Golden Wood"—a sunlight day, late in October, painted by J. Francis Murphy, who lives out in the Catskill woods from the first breath of anemones to the last glimmer of yellow and red in the forest. "The Golden Wood" is a small patch of autumn trees and underbrush, and earth hidden with leaves. The sun is soaking through the branches, drifting down in a shimmering glow until the picture radiates light. The dusky autumn smell of crisp leaves is there, and the warmth of the slanting afternoon sun. And with all its marvel of technical execution the picture is ours. It belongs to our land, our tender autumn days and the great radiance of tone with which our mild summer says farewell.

A second canvas almost, if not equally,

significant is the wide reach of soft, low green hills rolling back to the horizon through a delicate intangible mist, gray and violet; fruitful hills they must be, with crests for simple homes, and fertile sloping meadow land, and in the foreground a brook babbling by, with the blue of a summer day on its surface. It is called, as I remember, "The Babbling Brook." A second landscape by this most poetic and distinctively American painter, Charlotte Coman, is "The Fall of the Year"—a picture full of sweetness and sadness and retrospect for the American who has wandered about much in fall days, kicking through leaves and inhaling the aromatic tang of autumn earth.

"The Pool," by Edith Mitchell Prellwitz, is a fine bit of vivid landscape, a blue pool in the last sun rays and some shadowy youngster reluctantly leaving its coolness and beauty to seek civilized garb and hurry home late for supper.

"The Village at Center Bridge" is just a nice broad old street of a sleepy old town where perhaps your grandmother was born and where you like to spend long August days, full of charm and serenity.

Wm. S. Robinson, who likes New England, has painted some "New England Pastures" on a dreamy day—a "perfect day on which shall no man work, but play." And Childe Hassam shows "The Church at Old Lyme," a haunt dear to American artists, and "Spring" with much quivering light in an atmosphere that suggests apple blossom odors, and "Winter—New York," which is most characteristic both of the Metropolis and Hassam.

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Wonderful "Morning Mists" have gathered in a frame for W. Granville Smith, and mellow "Spring Twilight" drifts over a canvas of Walter Clark.

Of the many who are turning their faces to the West, Albert L. Groll appears, and E. W. Deming and E. Irving Couse. Groll has a vivid landscape, "Laguna, New Mexico," beautiful without *nuance*, "Rain Clouds, Arizona," and "A Breezy Day on the Desert," all full of the space, the almost harsh splendor and brilliant light of the great Southwest. In "The Spirit of Famine" E. W. Deming tells an Indian ghost story with much feeling.

Some interesting portraits were shown by Sargent, Louis Mora, Irving Wiles, C. Y. Turner, and Adelaide Cole Chase; and a surprisingly bad one by Robert Henri of Colonel David Perry.

In the sculptors' exhibit there were many names of interest, but less good work than usual. It is easy, however, to remember some very cleverly done horses by Paul H.anship.

EDWIN MARKHAM is one of Eugene Higgins' most enthusiastic admirers. He visited the studio of this painter of poverty with Mr. Spargo and afterward wrote to the latter the following letter of praise and understanding:

"There are painters who paint the poor with insolence or with amusement. We resent their unfeeling exposure of sorrow or want or pain, as we resent a blow to a cripple or an oath to a child.

"But Eugene Higgins is not of this order. He paints the poor and the sad with a divine tenderness, with a

brother's understanding and compassion. He trails the herds of the Miserable to their last lair, and reveals them broken and beaten, desolate and degraded; his heart all the while crying: 'The pity of it, the pity of it!'

"The beggar, the scavenger, the sweeper, the rag-picker, the witless, the wasted, the starved, the lost, the desperate—all the litany of the hapless and hopeless and homeless—the appalling and appealing procession of those who have gone down under Life's iron wheel—these are painted in the very aspect and gesture of their misery.

"Mr. Higgins stands in America as the one powerful painter of the tragic lacks and losses of the doomed and the disinherited—the painter who gives us the pathos of street and hovel and morgue, as Millet gave us the pathos of the fields. With noble pity he portrays the Irreparable, the Nevermore down in the alleys and gullies of our existence—the poor humanity flung out to the waste-heaps of progress.

"If his work were a mere transcript of human failure, it would not be worth our attention. But it is more, much more than this. In the vacuity that he portrays, we see hints of the worth that has been lost. There is upon these hulks and wrecks of man a somber something that hushes the soul. The dignity of humanity is made to appear even in its ruins."

[In this issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, page 135, John Spargo tells how he found Eugene Higgins in New York, and gives a critical review of his work, illustrated with a number of reproductions from Mr. Higgins' paintings.]

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THE Ten American Painters are exhibiting this year at the Montross Gallery. Perhaps not the best exhibit the ten American Painters have ever offered the public, but full of interest in technique and subject. The three canvases of Frank W. Bensen are all individual, brilliant work. "Against the Sky" is a delightfully painted portrait in light tones. Chase shows a portrait, a still life and a Shinnicock landscape "Flying Clouds"—a landscape that makes you jealous of all the time Chase has spent on portraits; but then an exhibit of his portrait work makes you feel the same way about the landscapes. He seems so perfect a master in each expression. Willard Metcalf's "May Night" and "Partridge Woods" are full of light and life and freshness, though a trifle too suggestive of the influence of one of the other Ten. The biggest, not in size, but beauty, of the Child Hassams is called "Dawn." A wonderful light quivers over the water and rocks; the first breathless moment of day is there, and also a stiff, uninteresting nude young woman, who is neither symbolic nor lovely. She just seems to have butted into the landscape. Hassam's "Nasturtiums" are a marvel and ecstasy of color.

J. Alden Weir has a charmingly fresh bit of painting, "Head of a Young Girl," also some extremely nice outdoor pictures. Robert Reid's three paintings all seem mannered in color and technique. And the canvases of Edward Simmons are singularly far away from the really big work one associates with Simmons' name. Dewing's small "enamelled" interiors are about the same as usual, thank you.

AMONG the most interesting and significant exhibits at the New York galleries during the past month have been: Landscapes and marines by Arthur Hoeber at the Schaus Gallery; a collection of medals and plaques by Victor D. Brenner at the Grolier Club; proofs engraved in mezzotints by Samuel Cousins, R.A., also the Schaus Gallery; the Society of American Miniature Painters at Knoedler & Co.; paintings by T. T. Shannon, A.R.A., at the Knoedler Gallery; paintings by Jules Guerin at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; paintings and drawings by the late Walter Appleton Clark at the Knoedler Gallery; paintings by Maxime Maufra at the Durand-Ruel Gallery, and a special exhibit of John La Farge's most remarkable painting, "The Wolf Charmer," at the Montross Gallery.

THE CRAFTSMAN published in September, 1906, an article called "Some Queer Laborers." Through a misunderstanding certain credit and copyright notices were omitted from photographs used for illustrations. Mr. Chas. F. Holder, the author, was given permission by the photographers to reproduce the pictures, and it seems that he was also asked to give credit in their publication, but no request for such credit came to this magazine. If asked for, it would have been given gladly, as follows, "Copyright, 1901, James and Pierce."

JUST before going to press THE CRAFTSMAN received word of the sudden death of Paul Harboe, a series of whose short stories we are using at present from month to month. Mr. Harboe,

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was born in Denmark and lived his life in America, yet the people of Denmark figure most often in the best of his fiction. Such men as Ibsen and Henry James regarded Mr. Harboe's work as of national importance to Danish people. As a writer of critical essays this young man was ranked as significant among men of judgment and widely cultivated point of view.

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IT IS usually with a feeling of doubt amounting almost to apprehension that one approaches a biography or a collection of letters that purport to give the intimate personal characteristics of some great men. It is hard for the biographer to preserve the focus that will harmonize the man as his friends know him with the artist as the world knows him, and too often the publication of personal letters is a crime for which a literary executor should be prosecuted.

But to anyone who, through bitter experience, may have learned to approach a book of this nature with both doubt and fear, "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," by Elizabeth Bisland, will come as one of the most delightful surprises in one's literary experience. As a thinker and a writer, Lafcadio Hearn is *sui generis*, and so delicate and evanescent are the finest expressions of his genius that it would seem almost impossible not to spoil by the almost inevitable comment and analysis of a biography the exquisiteness of the impression gained of the man's personality through a knowledge of what he himself has chosen to give to the world. But Miss

Bisland has not spoiled it. Moreover, she has written very sparingly of her own impressions and of the impressions of others regarding Lafcadio Hearn; she has neither analyzed nor gushed over him, nor tried to account for him. She has simply shown you the man, with his strange, mixed inheritance from the Greek and the Celt, and the fate that drew him in the latter years of his life to become Japanese.

The first half of the first volume is devoted to the brief biographical sketch which Miss Bisland regards as sufficient to explain the letters that follow later. It is simply an introduction, but it introduces you to the real Lafcadio Hearn, who was, after all, the Lafcadio Hearn of your imagination, fired by such perception as might have been granted you of the superhuman insight of a chapter from "Kokoro," or the faint, fine ghostliness of a tale from "Kwaidan." You see Hearn in every stage of his development; you are given mere fascinating glimpses of struggles and poverty and aspirations, of wide researches carried on under overwhelming difficulties; of the steady growth of creative power and the polishing of his medium as a lapidary polishes his jewels, but these glimpses give you wonderful understanding of what he tells you later of himself in his letters.

The research of the man along strange untrodden paths of mystic lore was stupendous. When writing to H. E. Krehbiel, who was one of his dearest friends, his theme was generally the unusual or archaic forms of music. While in Louisiana he made a close study of negro and

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Creole music, the results of which were poured out freely in his letters to Mr. Krehbiel, and through it all there was always the imagination and expression that was Hearn. For instance, he says:

"By the bye, did you ever hear a *real* Chinese gong? I don't mean a d——d hotel gong, but one of those great moon disks of yellow metal which have so terrible a power of utterance. A gentleman in Bangor, North Wales, who had a private museum of South Pacific and Chinese curiosities, exhibited one to me. It was hanging amidst Fiji spears beautifully barbed with sharks' teeth, which, together with grotesque New Zealand clubs of green stone and Sandwich Island paddles wrought with baroque visages of the Shark-God, were depending from the walls. Also there were Indian elephants in ivory, carrying balls in their carven bellies, each ball containing many other balls inside it. The gong glimmered pale and huge and yellow, like the moon rising over a Southern swamp. My friend touched its ancient face with a covered drum stick and it commenced to speak like waves upon a low beach. He touched it again, and it moaned like the wind in a mighty forest of pines; again and it commenced to roar. With each touch the roar grew deeper and deeper till it seemed like thunder rolling over an abyss in the Cordilleras, or the crashing of Thor's chariot wheels. It was awful, and astonishing as awful. I assure you I did not laugh at it at all. It impressed me as something terrible and mysterious. I vainly sought to understand how that thin, thin disk of metal could produce so frightful a vibration. He informed me

that it was very expensive, being chiefly made of the most precious metals—silver and gold."

It is dangerous to begin quoting from these letters, for the temptation is so great to go on and one would never know where to stop. The scraps and ends of strange tales that peep out here and there; the rich, sensuous descriptions of the tropical countries that he loved; glimpses of learning that he so eagerly pursued. It is almost impossible to put the book down when once it is taken up. Here is one, though, that is irresistible, where he speaks of his home in New Orleans. He says:

"I enter by a huge archway about a hundred feet long—full of rolling echoes and commencing to become verdant with a thin growth of moss. At the end the archway opens into a court. There are a few graceful bananas here, with their giant leaves splitting in ribbons in the summer sun, so that they look like young palms. Lord! How carriages must have thundered under that archway and through the broad-paved court in the old days! The stables are here still, but the blooded horses are gone, and the family carriage, with its French coat of arms, has disappeared. There is only a huge wagon left to crumble to pieces. A hoary dog sleeps like a stone Sphinx at a corner of the broad stairway, and I fancy that in his still slumbers he might be dreaming of a Creole master who went out with Beauregard or Lee and never came back again. Wonder if the great gray hound is waiting for him. The dog never notices me. I am not of his generation, and I creep quietly by lest I may disturb his

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dreams of the dead South. I go up the huge stairway. At every landing a vista of broad archways reëchoes my steps—archways that once led to rooms worthy of a prince. But the rooms are now cold and cheerless and vast with emptiness."

The second volume, which is devoted entirely to letters relating to his life in Japan, gives the history of the philosophical development which found such wonderful expression in his later works. His attitude toward Japan is voiced in his very first letter, one written to the biographer herself, where he says:

"I feel indescribably towards Japan. Of course, Nature here is not the Nature of the tropics, which is so splendid and savage and omnipotently beautiful that I feel in this very moment of writing the same pain in my heart I felt when leaving Martinique. This is a domesticated Nature which loves man and makes itself beautiful for him in a quiet, gray and blue way like the Japanese women, and the trees seem to know what the people say about them; seem to have little human souls. What I love in Japan is the Japanese—the poor, simple humanity of the country. It is divine. There is nothing in this world approaching the naïve natural charm of them. No book ever written has reflected it, and I love their gods, their customs, their dress, their birdlike quavering songs, their houses, their superstitions, their faults."

It is hard to refrain from speaking more of Hearn's life and work in Japan, and of the way he so identified himself with the best in the Japanese nation that no Japanese lives who does not love and venerate his name, but the subject is too

large. This is only a glimpse of the possibilities of delight that lie hidden in one of the most charming and truthful biographies that has been written for many a year. ("The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," by Elizabeth Bisland. Two volumes. Illustrated. Price, \$6.00, net. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York.)

ENTHUSIASTS for motor vehicles will be glad to know of the publication of a revised, enlarged edition of a valuable text-book on motoring. This volume, which is of convenient size, gives a short history of the evolution of the motor car, a comprehensive study of its construction and operation; a convenient guidebook to the intricacies that must inevitably be encountered, and a summary of the facts and principles that it is necessary for both owner and mechanic to understand. The presentation of all branches of the subject has been determined by consideration of the needs of the man behind the wheel. This book is designed to take the place of a whole library of books of reference and instruction, and so specific is it concerning vexed questions of operation, that a close study of it by either the professional or amateur motorist should tend to lessen the frequent breakdowns that put so many motors temporarily out of commission. ("Self-Propelled Vehicles," by J. E. Homans. A practical illustrated treatise on the automobile. 598 pages. Published by Theo. Audel & Company, New York.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

RAISING THE STANDARD OF DRESSMAKING: LET THE THINKERS
BE WORKERS.

IT HAS wisely been said that the world is rapidly dividing itself into two social groups, "the people who think and the people who work." And the thinkers have grown to feel that in order to "think" enough in one life-time they cannot work; and the workers—usually the overworked because of this distinction—have given up the idea of thought, as not related to work.

Stop for a moment and trace this separation to its legitimate end, along the line it is now moving. And what do you see? The remote, didactic, pedantic "thinker," a futile product unrelated to life; and handicraft grown vulgar, commercial, and without art impulse;—a civilization where the useful is not beautiful and the remote beautiful is not practical.

For every phase of life, for the sculptor, for the house-worker equally, it is essential that the workers think, that understanding should be the foundation of effort, that assimilation should precede expression. It is a truth so fundamental that it touches every part of civilized existence. There is no bettering of modern inartistic, complex, unbeautiful ways unless the worker *think*, unless there be so great an appreciation of the value of every sort of right labor that the laborer takes up the tasks enthusiastically, builds with thought,—whether the building be done with brick or with a needle, and so becomes a part of real progress.

The low standard of excellence shown in almost every department of labor in

this country is the result of mechanical work, of doing a task with dexterous fingers and a sleeping brain, of progressing by the tick of the clock, of work toward cheques, not perfection. Not but that the cheque is a necessary detail of life, the burden of which is felt in inverse ratio to the cheque; but the money end of it cannot come first where work is valued as an expression of the development of the worker.

Now in the effort to raise the standard of work in life the betterment cannot come from the outside, the thinker cannot do the lifting for the worker. Each workman must furnish his own lever, and it has to come from his own understanding of all that may be achieved along the line of his own endeavor. He may receive inspiration and profitable instruction from a more advanced worker, but not from the thinker of egoistic dreams.

Thus it comes about that the woman who would like to better conditions in her own home, who is not satisfied with her household economics, who recognizes clearly the absurdity of the way she is living, eating, dressing, cannot set about readjusting the problems because she does not understand the practical side of life. She cannot teach a practical economy of housework, a saner method of kitchen ethics, a simpler, more wholesome manner of dress, because she doesn't know a solitary thing about any of it.

Sometimes she holds a diploma for a scientific course in health cooking, but

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she has found by experience that the sure way to get discharged as a mistress is to use a dozen "college words" to her cook. She may even have theories about dress reform which are but meat for her dressmaker's scorn. She is a pretty craft without a rudder, and she cannot sail the course of progress, however high and white her mental sails.

It is not enough to think about clothes, to realize that the average fashion is an impertinence, to have the courage of a fresh standard. The woman who eventually raises the standard in clothes-making will be able to prove her theories with her needle. There have been many theories of dress reform in this century; but very few women, however, of culture and wisdom who were actually able to make their own clothes. And to say "I would like to dress differently," no longer means anything to a weary world; but if a woman should say, "I have a wise plan for dressing, and the plan is wise because it enables me to make my clothes more artistic, simpler, less expensive and far more comfortable," and then *makes* clothes which prove her point, she has gained an audience, and can dictate to her dressmaker instead of being dictated to; for she is *working* and *thinking*.

No woman can force a higher standard in clothes unless she can sew so well that the modiste of her town who wishes to do her work will be compelled to become a thinker as well as a worker and to enlarge her outlook until she is capable of and interested in making gowns that intelligent women are willing to wear.

As already reiterated, this change will not come about through the dressmakers:

they are busy as it is and satisfied with tradition; the woman who desires the change must bring it about by her own combined effort of brain and hands.

Women must learn to make their own clothes and must teach their daughters to make theirs. Not as a grind, as one of the dull necessities of life, but as a part of the philosophy of life, as a means of general culture; for surely it is genuine spiritual experience for a girl to begin to understand how to make the useful side of her life beautiful, how to use work as a means toward the development of her character, and dress an expression of character through work—surely there is nothing dull about work from this point of view. Do not teach your daughter to substitute work for thought, but that thinking is essential to right work. She will grow to enjoy dressmaking for herself, just as she used to dressmaking for her dollies, when it came to her with an appeal to her imagination.

For instance, who could know much less about the essentials of a dress for sports than the ultra chic, most extravagant *couturière*? But the golf girl knows that her suit should be short, light weight, broad on the shoulders, short in the sleeves, loose in the armhole, elastic at the belt. She knows the stuff that will stand sun and rain, the colors that belong to her "Course," the sort of cape that is comfortable. If she can cut and fit a simple frock, what possible help could any dressmaker give her, and what countless blunders could the average conventional seamstress achieve if left to her own devices?



A GIRL MAY LOOK HER PRETTIEST IN THE KITCHEN IF SHE HAS TASTE IN CHOOSING AND MAKING HER WORK FROCKS.



THE OUTDOOR GIRL KNOWS MORE ABOUT WHAT AN OUTING DRESS SHOULD BE THAN THE MOST EXPENSIVE AND EXPERIENCED MODISTE.



THE GOLF GIRL WHO HAS DESIGNED AND MADE
HER OWN SUIT WILL MAKE SURE THAT
IT IS BOTH BECOMING AND APPROPRIATE.



"ALL THE CLOTHES THEY NEED FOR MANY
A DAY ARE ROMPERS OR ONE-PIECE APRONS
OVER SOFT, FINE, PLAIN UNDER-THINGS."

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And with knowledge of the technique, and experience with the practical side, what could be more profitable in developing common sense and mental keenness and some craftsmanship than for the golf girl to make her golf dress? It will also develop patience in herself and consideration for others.

These same facts hold good for any sort of clothes that girls wear—their dancing frocks, their simple, dainty afternoon muslins, or the dresses in which housework is done, and done quietly, neatly, effectually and with enthusiasm if the girl has been taught aright. When housework is properly taught and houses have been arranged so that all parts are attractive, and girls are helped to understand that such work not only contributes to happiness, but to strength and beauty, they will begin to estimate justly the labor of keeping a house beautiful, will find enjoyment in making pretty work frocks, and in looking charming for every home duty.

We have grown to separate beauty from utility in our homes as we have in our educational systems. All the money must be spent in the "parlor," the sunlight is captured for the "front of the house," the worn out, threadbare, colorless things are relegated to the kitchen, which is usually the forlornest corner of the building, and in some houses it is even the scrap basket for the other rooms. No wonder light-hearted youth does not sigh for its seclusion, and that it is not customary to plan very pretty garments for its occupancy.

But with the kitchen commodious and bright and filled with a blue and white

cleanness, what unusually pretty, even picturesque, costumes belong to it. Prints and gingham in the nicest blues, greens and browns can be bought for a few cents, and these stuffs, selected with a becoming color note and made well fitting, low about the throat, ending at the elbow and worn with a white ruffled cap and plain long white apron, will give a girl, with only the average prettiness of youth, the chance of her life to look piquant and winning.

And if a girl stands and sits erect when she is working, and takes full deep breaths and keeps the room sweet with oxygen, she is going to discount the average gymnasium in the health and beauty acquired in "helping about the house."

Not that a girl would like too much of this sort of "enjoyment," nor should she have it, the house should not be permitted to demand over-hours. A woman should fit up her house so simply, so permanently, so wholly without labor-provoking frills and fashions that it is not difficult to keep it in order. Without buttoned furniture and carpets and white curtains and elaborate napery and meaningless bric-a-brac, a house is not a burden to the house-workers.

All the home duties, the making of clothes as well, should be kept subservient to the actual joy of living, outdoor life, music, mental intercourse, and the developing of friendship at home and abroad.

You can get all the beauty there is in simple things, all the color and line and texture, and you can also much more easily get durability and freedom from

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care. Forget other people's houses, other people's traditions about education and culture. Teach your daughters the secret of finding beauty in daily living, and give them the surroundings that illustrate your teachings. You will be giving them a chance to grow up into very charming, happy, useful women.

You may begin the training by even letting your babies be comfortable. It is never necessary to *try* to make babies look pretty. If they start with a heritage of wholesome blood and stout little nerves, they will attend to the beauty question themselves; and if not, cream lace and pink rosettes and tucks and feather-stitching won't do it. Feed them simply, dress them simply and leave them to investigate within safe limits, and your babies will be happy and a pleasant enough picture. All the clothes they need for many a day are rompers, or a one-piece apron, over and above soft, fine, plain under things. What could be more cunning than a tumbling bit of flesh and curls and roses in a one-piece blue denim apron? What if it (the apron) tears or soils or shrinks, in a morning's work there are enough more to last a season. And the child is not less, but much more winning in its Delft denim or brown holland slip, and happier and stronger, because no reasonable rolling about is denied its tendencies as an explorer. If only babies could plan their own frocks,

what cunning, wise, adorable little garments we should see. What tiny jeers we should hear at tucks and ruffles, what brave waving aside of suggestions for sashes and jewelry, and what biting wee sarcasm for "best frocks" and "picture hats."

But if we cannot secure the wisdom of infantile advice, we can at least get at and understand the babies' point of view, and not only study their comfort, but our own time and purse in giving them plain, becoming little coverings. What a martyr a helpless baby can be made by a vain, unthinking, fashion-loving mother!

In a recent letter to *THE CRAFTSMAN* a valued subscriber wrote, "tell us of the philosophy of life, cut out fashions." And truly enough fresh styles, new modes, the usual whimsicality designated as fashion has no place in *THE CRAFTSMAN*; but dress as an expression of character, as related to daily living, as a part of personality like one's home and friends, is very closely and inevitably woven in the woof of life. It is the new Philosophy of Dress, not a contribution to the utterly silly, unworthy subject characterized as "Fashions," which this magazine desires to present, believing that women who *think* will be glad to do their share in reorganizing the present scheme of dressing, both for their own comfort and happiness and to contribute to a "better and more reasonable way of living."

