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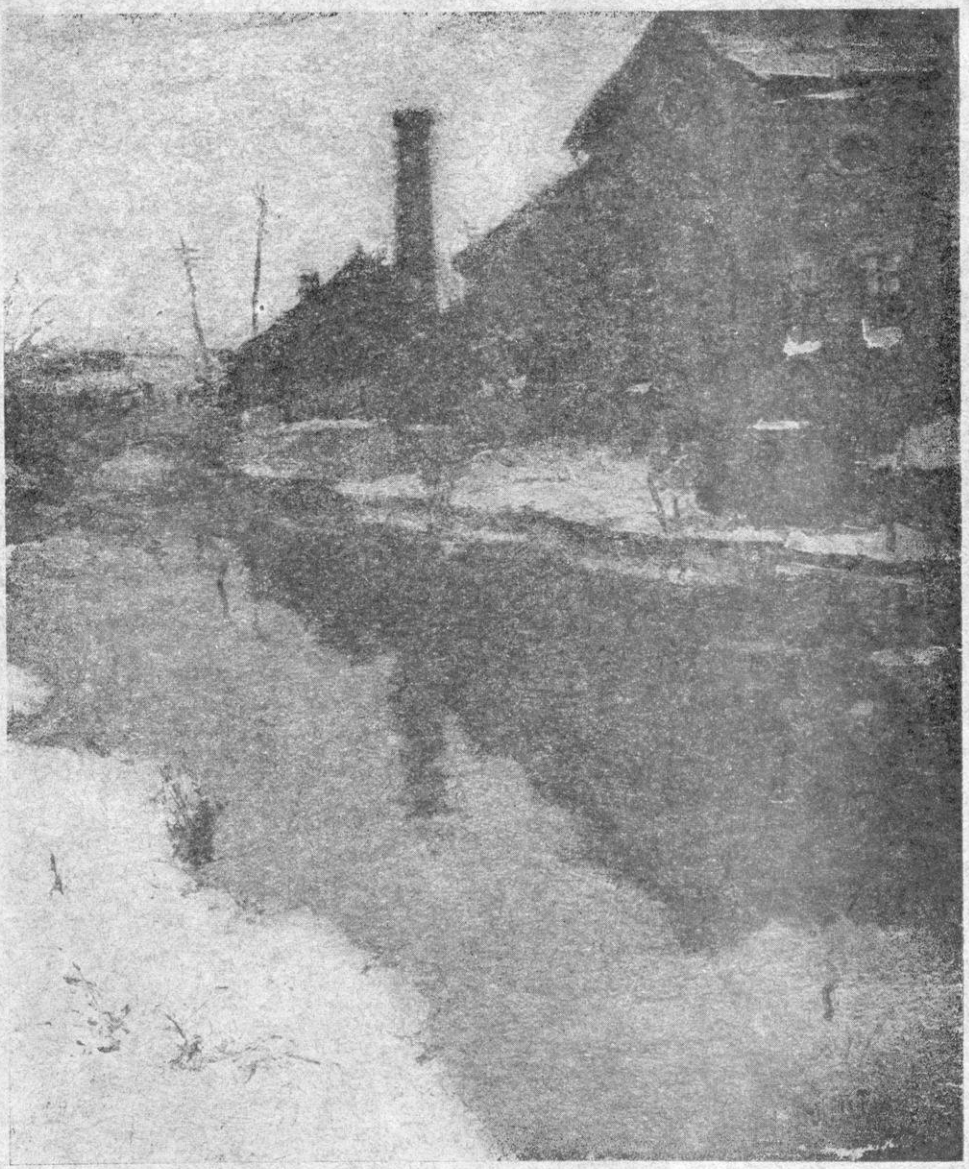

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"WINTER:" BY JONAS LIE, A PAINTER OF SNOWY HILLS AND VAGUE MISTY RIVERS.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XIII NOVEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 2

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A Book for Every Craftsman

The Quest of the Colonial

By ROBERT AND ELIZABETH SHACKLETON

This is a book to appeal especially to lovers of old furniture, but it is also a work to stir and hold the interest of those who have never fallen under the spell of the charming and stately furniture of the past. The two who write this unusual book inherited a kettle, and bought a pair of candlesticks, and were given a Shaker chair; and with this beginning they entered upon enthusiastic pursuit of the mahogany and the walnut, the brass and the china of the olden time.

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The Century Co.
Union Square, New York

THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XIII NOVEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 2

WITH PRAYER AND FASTING: A MODERN THANKSGIVING STORY: BY EMERY POTTLE

THE morning was gray and raw. Leaden clouds tinged with pale cold whiteness hung over the world. They suggested snow. The crawling chill of the day gnawed into the bones of the few folk who were about. They shivered and swore and hurried through their labor to get to the waiting fires. It was early, hardly seven o'clock, and there was no promise of sun.

In the half-warm smoking car of the local morning train,—starting and ending who knows where,—which plied patiently and uncertainly through one of the many valleys of western New York, sat two men. They were alone. Obviously both were physically uncomfortable, as betokened their uneasy shiftings of body, their attempts to enfold themselves more securely in their overcoats, their half-suppressed sighs. Neither of them was remarkable in himself. They were of the type—roughly speaking, the business type—of American, familiar enough; lean of face, alert, nervous, good-looking, unsuggestive, quietly dressed. One might have reckoned their ages between thirty-seven and forty. Laying aside such differences as the value of the materials of their clothes and the fashionableness of their cut; the bodily sense of keen prosperity emanating from the one man and the indefinite bodily sense of defiant failure emanating from the other, there was left no important physical distinction between the two. The distinction, then, lay in their mental states—a tremendous distinction to the curious analyst. It was the younger man's lack of composure which betrayed this. He had lost control of his eyes. They shifted and turned and dropped and raised. One might almost say they jumped, advanced, retreated, hid, emerged huntedly, shivered, swore, challenged and hid again. This was scarcely heeded by the older man who kept his gaze for the most part on the window, watching the changing changelessness of the dull brown country and the hopeless clusters of villages. His lips flickered with the light of a complacent smile, reminiscent yet triumphant. Presently he spoke to his fellow-traveler.

"Looks as if we might have an old-fashioned Thanksgiving, doesn't it?"

The abrupt sound of the voice nearly jerked the younger man from his seat. When he gained control of himself he answered, indifferently: "You mean snow? Or prayer and fasting like the old Pilgrims went in for?"

"I meant snow. That prayer and fasting business is a back number, isn't it?"

"Looks like it. We've got God pushed off the map nowadays," said the younger, grimly. "The game now is to get together and eat and drink till you can't hold any more and thank our almighty selves that we've fooled 'em—old Nature and our neighbors—again. Oh, we're thankful all right. But it makes the Pilgrim father look foolish."

The listener nodded indulgently. "That's one way of putting it," he replied. "Not many traveling today. Everybody home. Good place to be. Shan't mind it myself. I came up from New York on the express and changed down below here. Hard trip, too, isn't it? I haven't been over this road at this time of year in nearly twenty years. It doesn't change much—sort of a year-in-and-year-out crop prosperity."

"It's prosperous enough," admitted his companion. "It wouldn't matter much if there wasn't crop prosperity. Nobody is going to starve to death. Plenty of grain somewhere else, plenty of manufactures to be had. No cause for keeping the Lord up nights to beseech Him. As I say, it's only when we've got somebody or something beat that we begin to be thankful. And then, out of a slight sense of decency, we occasionally lay it off on Him and tell Him He did it. But everybody who's frank knows that God isn't in on the deal. We do it ourselves."

"You're a cynic, my friend," said the older man. "Better not upset customs. It doesn't pay. I don't know where you are going today—I hope to a good, comfortable, friendly place to eat a good dinner. That's what I'm going to do—with my father. The old gentleman is close on to seventy. I haven't eaten a Thanksgiving dinner with him in years."

The opening and closing of the car door by a brakeman caused the younger man to turn, with uneasy, furtive eyes. He did not reply to his companion.

"It's the home feeling," pursued the other, "that the American nation is strong on. There's where the thankfulness comes in."

"Is it? I thought it was making money—getting money," retorted the younger man, ironically. "I don't know that we are so thankful for the home. I don't know that we are so damned thankful for anything. We lie and say we are—that's all."

"Look here, you aren't in the spirit of this holiday," laughed the other. "You can't spoil my appetite for that turkey waiting for me. Brace up!"

The younger man answered his laugh shortly. "I don't want to spoil your dinner. Only I'm sick of this fake sentiment of ours. I can understand the with-prayer-and-fasting idea when the Indians are after you and the chances are you'll be dead—or worse—before the winter is over. But I'm in no condition today to join in pæans of praise because, though John Doe has maybe done me, I was cute enough to do Richard Roe—and ask God's blessing on my home."

He lapsed back into reserve which he accentuated by taking from his pocket a newspaper. The other man returned to his scrutiny of the landscape. The train creaked and rattled and jolted onward into the gathering day. From time to time the hunted eyes of the younger man lifted and searched the face of the other, curiously, not antagonistically, even with wistfulness. Presently his attention was caught by the increasing ashen grayness of his companion's face. At first he regarded it as a trick of light and meditated on the strange appearance of age and haggard illness it lent to the face. "Rich, getting richer and all played out physically," he considered. "God!—God!—they're thankful to God. That's a joke." Yet the ashen pallor grew until he knew it was no effect of light and shadow. "That man is ill and he's getting worse. What's going to be done?"

His companion sunk together in his seat, huddled into a heap, his face drawn to ghastly rigidity, his eyes staring and frightened. His hands clutched agonizingly on the empty air. His whole body contracted and relaxed horribly as if some lance of torture were alternately plunged into him and withdrawn slowly.

"What is it? What's the matter?" The younger man bent over him in solicitude—unwilling solicitude—raising him on his arm.

The other's hand struck against his heart. "That," he groaned. "Heart—I can't breathe—Ah-h—heart—spell—haven't had one—for—years." The agony seized him with renewed force, racking his body.

"Haven't you any brandy—whiskey?" asked the younger man desperately.

His companion shook his head. He was past speaking for the

moment. "Nor I," said the other, staring helplessly at the sick man. "This is a fine business," he told himself. "Is he going to die here? Who is he? And where does he live? What am I to do?" His face was compassionate, yet he felt a vast irritation at the situation, manifest in the nervous action of his hands and mouth.

In a momentary relief from the increasing spasms, the elder man gasped: "Get me off of here—anywhere—next station. This is killing me—I've got to lie down—or die. You've got to get me off."

His companion gazed speculatively down the length of the car in the direction whence they had come. His brows contracted in a sharp grip of thought. He glanced back at the writhing form behind him, half in contempt, half in pity. Once it seemed as if he were on the point of leaving the car. The train was slacking speed for the next stop. As the noise of the car lessened he could hear more plainly the low, incoherent groans of the other. The instant of decision came and passed. He shrugged his shoulders. "I see my finish," he muttered, "but I can't leave the poor devil to die."

He called the brakeman and together they lifted the man from his seat and took him out on the platform before the little bleak, deserted station.

"He's pretty near all in, ain't he?" whispered the brakeman as he returned to his car. The train pulled out, leaving the two alone.

AN HOUR later the sick man was lying in the "spare bedroom" in the house of the station telegraph operator—a sympathetic, hospitable young man with an ailing wife and three small children. His fellow-traveler, who had been so forced to befriend him, was still there. The room itself was small and ugly and dark and cold. The new-made fire which crackled in an unshapely stove had scarcely begun to make an impression on the ancient lurking chill of the place. From time to time the pale, listless wife of the operator put her head in the door in mute question. From out the shelter of her skirts would peer a little tow-headed child or two, fearful and fascinated. In response to her unasked inquiry she got always a shake of the head from the man who sat beside the bed. Outside it had begun to snow, a thick, wet, obliterating snow.

They had done all that could be done for the man who was ill. But that was little. The village in which they found themselves was only a handful of upright-and-wing houses scattered about the rows of steel rails. There was a doctor, but he, too, had fallen ill and lay in his bed. They had telephoned to the nearest village for another.

He was away. When he came back she would tell him, so his wife said, but certainly he must first eat his Thanksgiving dinner. There was nothing left but to watch and wonder—and to hope, if to hope were worth the effort.

Our reluctant friend sat beside the bed and pondered, now and again shrugging his shoulders, a whimsical shadow of a smile in the corners of his tight-drawn mouth. He was still in his overcoat. And the man whom destiny had thrust ruthlessly into his charge lay in the bed groaning wretchedly, a gaunt, gray wreck of a man. The shadowy smile sometimes deepened on the younger man's face, as if the full bizarre absurdity of this blind, indeterminable event overcame him, and he would turn away his head.

"Why doesn't the doctor come?" kept demanding the other.

"He'll come—don't worry," was the invariable answer.

"But—Oh, God, man!—I may *die.*"

"No, you won't. You'll be better soon."

For the first hour or two after the sick man had been put in bed, it seemed as if his pain were lessening. The watcher took heart. In one of the periods when his charge lay motionless with closed eyes, he felt softly in the pockets of the man's discarded garments until he found a leather case. In it he discovered what he searched for—the man's cards. "Fraser Warren," he read, and the address was that of a well-known New York club. "I can't say I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Warren," he thought. Then suddenly, "What if you die? That's my finish." He jumped to his feet and strode to the window, gazing out on the meek desolation of the winter country, already lightly palled with snow. "He *mustn't* die. I'm done for if he dies." He went hastily back to the bed and bent over.

As if to defeat his will, the paroxysms of pain began again, with the sharpness of death in their stabs. Warren's eyes met his in the wild, dumb agony of an animal. Warren had forgotten, as the desperately ill forget, his relation to his companion; he saw in him the one human near thing between him and—an end.

"Don't let me die," he got out shrilly. "Don't, *don't!* Help me. Can't you *do* something! God, don't leave me! Sit here—on—bed. Hold my hand—tight. Tighter than that. I mustn't lose my nerve—if I lose my head, I'm gone. I—can live—if I don't get frightened. Rub my wrists—*hard, hard, hard.* Too much at stake—business—understand? Big—business—big deal next week. You won't leave me, will you?"

"No—I'll stay right here. Don't worry."

"Oh, man, there's a woman—I'm going to marry her—next month—you *hear?* Marry—next month—I tell you I won't *die.*"

So it went on. The other sat on the edge of the bed and held Warren's hand in a stern, unrelaxing grip, not daring to loosen his fingers. With his free hand he chafed the sick man's wrists when the convulsions of pain did not jerk them away. He began to lose the sense of his own identity, this watcher, as he sat there in his cramped uncomfortableness, his ears jangling with the piteous, childish cries. His belief in the dignity of death was gone; only pity and contempt remained.

"Where is the doctor?" Warren was crying. "Why doesn't he come?"

"He'll come. He'll be here," the other man answered, mechanically.

"Talk to me," went on Warren, wildly. "Help me keep my head. Read to me, can't you? Why don't you do something? Don't you *care?*"

His companion gazed helplessly about the room. He saw no book there except a cheaply bound Bible on the bureau.

"There's a Bible—you want that?" he asked.

"Anything—only do something."

The younger man released himself long enough to fetch the Bible. It fell open at the Psalms. A grim sense of humor possessed him, and after a moment's search he began to read; as he read he had a mental glimpse of himself sitting on the bed of an unknown man holding his hand and reading the Bible. It charged his voice with irony.

He took a certain delight in the fine incongruity of it all, in the splendid sarcasm of the words he read in the face of their situation.

" 'Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.' "

At first only his mouth was full of the sonorous rhetoric; his thought kept to the grim absurdity of the occasion, to the idea of *his* reading a Thanksgiving psalm at such a time, at such a place. Yet as he went mechanically on, the words took on a new significance, or rather an old significance. A great, fearful solemnity encompassed him. He forgot the groans of his companion, he forgot the

hand he held, the room he was in. There was in him only the sense of two small creatures beset by awful terrors. His voice unconsciously took on a pleading accent. He was reading for himself as well as for Warren. "'He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.'"

He read on and on, turning backward or forward as the impulse seized him, or as some awakened memory of his boyhood suggested. The puny outcries of this man beside him, his own revolt against the thing he was fleeing from, became in some way dignified and uplifted in the face of: "'Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the evening it is cut down and withereth.'" Presently he became conscious that he was crying to Something to save *him;* that the words he read were instinct with a human appeal, *his* appeal merging into the appeal of Warren and of the writer of the Psalm and of all men. They were at a primitive moment, naked, laid bare, afraid.

The hours went by solemnly. Once the telegraph operator came in on tip-toe and whispered: "The wife wants to know if you'll come down and eat Thanksgiving dinner with us?"

The watcher shook his head. "I can't leave him. I don't want anything to eat." Then he resumed his reading. . . .

TOWARD twilight, after this strange day of prayer and fasting and pain, the doctor came, a bluff hearty man, suggestive of his late feasting and good cheer. He gave Warren medicine and some opiate to induce sleep and ease the pain.

"Not a very gay Thanksgiving for you and your friend here," he said as he departed.

The other shook his head absently. "No—a good deal like the original product in some ways."

The doctor stared, then laughed. "Oh, I see—but that's out of date now."

"Yes—quite," the other answered. He followed the doctor into the hall. "What about him?" he asked. "Will he die?"

"I think the worst of it is over. In some miraculous way the man has existed throughout the day. He'll sleep now. Tomorrow I'll come again. He'll be better then."

"Yes, come tomorrow. I can't stay. I have to go on as soon as possible."

When Warren had fallen asleep, his companion went out under the sky. The snow had ceased. There were high, keen stars. He stood as one on the first awakening from a dream, dazed. The recent experience had been so immemorial, so untranslatable into the more or less expected occurrences of life, that he could not revert easily to his own familiar affairs. The object of the early morning that he had seen so clearly, whose effect he had calculated so coolly, now, here in this alien vastness, where the rush of Almighty wings might sweep the silence, were almost unthinkable; he was bewildered, unnerved, affrighted.

"What a Thanksgiving Day," he murmured. "We have spent the day in fear of death—and our enemies—fasting and praying. Great heaven, what a reversion to our forefathers. To the ideas of them. He is not a Puritan exactly, nor am I. And he has escaped. He can be thankful all right. Me—what's the end of me?"

He returned to the upper room. Warren was asleep. A kerosene lamp burned evilly on the bureau. He pulled a chair to the stove, replenished the fire, and sunk into abstraction. He was so little heedful of the flight of time that it was nearly midnight when Warren stirred, awoke, and called to him in a weak voice.

"Come over here," he said.

His companion came to the bed and sat down. "How are you?" he asked.

"Better. It's over now, thank God. No need to worry. Maybe it won't happen again for a long time. What time is it?"

"About midnight."

"The day has gone. I didn't get home. Queer Thanksgiving, eh?"

"Very."

"You were speaking this morning about—oh—prayer and fasting. We—had it."

"Yes—no doubt of that."

"Do you believe that Bible did any good?"

"It was adapted to the occasion—which is more than you can say of the usual service of the day."

"God knows I'm thankful. I've got a lot to live for. And I can't tell you how thankful I am to you for——"

"Don't try."

"But I want to. Never in all my life was any man so white to me."

"Let's forget that."

"Forget it? I've ruined your day——"

"No, you haven't ruined my *day*. You've only ruined what I was going to do today."

"Important?"

"Very."

"I'm sorry. Can't I make it up to you?"

"No."

"I wish you'd tell me your name. Mine is Warren."

"It wouldn't help any to tell you my name, Mr. Warren."

The sick man raised his head curiously. "It would help *me*. Who are you? What made you do this?"

"The Lord knows what made me do it. As to who I am—now that we've got through safely—it can't matter. If you think you can get on alone safely through the night, I'd like to go. There's a train at three in the morning. I want to catch it if I can't help any more."

Warren lifted himself higher in the bed. His eyes, bleached as they were from pain, drew together keenly. "See here," he said quickly, "we've been thrown together for the damnedest Thanksgiving that two men ever had. We've been pretty close to the limit of what life has to offer. You've got a story to tell. Tell it."

His friend laughed shortly. After a moment of hesitation he answered. "You are right. It's a queer day. I'll help to make it queerer. I'm a defaulter. I was running away when you stopped me. If you hadn't, I'd been far away by now. That's the story."

There was a silence. "So I ruined your chance?" said Warren.

"In all probability."

"How much were you short?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Not much."

"Not for you maybe. For me."

"What'd you do it for?"

"Wife."

"How do you mean?"

"She was sick. I sent her to a hospital for an operation. She died afterward. I didn't have the money. So I took it out of the firm—little by little."

"Ah!" Then—"What firm?"

"May and Spaulding, in Glenloch. I was the cashier."

"John May?"

"Yes."

"I know him. What's your name?"

"Steele—Haven Steele. Suggestive, eh?"

"What are you going to do now?"

"Get out."

"Have they discovered it—the loss?"

"Not yet. They won't before tomorrow night."

"If you are caught?"

Steele shrugged his shoulders.

"If the money were paid?"

"It won't be paid. In any case May is a hard man. I'm done for there."

"What do you want to do?"

"Get away—begin again. I'm no criminal."

There was another long silence. Warren spoke again. "I know May. I'll—fix it for you before tomorrow night. It so happens that I can fix it."

"Could you fix it so that they wouldn't *chase* me?" demanded Steele, desperately. "That idea of people after me—Indians—*kills* me. Could you do that?"

"I think so."

"Tell him I'll pay it back, will you?"

"Yes."

Steele felt out and found Warren's hand. He held it closely. Suddenly he put his face into his free arm. "God, God, God," he muttered, "I'm thankful. God, I'm thankful. 'Who healeth all thy diseases. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities.'"

Neither of them spoke again. The fire died down and the room grew cold. Warren fell asleep once more. Steele gently released his hand, stood for a moment looking into the man's face steadily. Noiselessly he replenished the fire, took his coat and hat, and went away.

SATISFACTION

TO sit at close of some right royal day
Wherein we've had our hearty fill of play—
To sit, and smilingly in retrospect
Upon each golden moment dwell, reflect,
Dear satisfaction is: yet less, far less
Contents it than when, after strain and stress,
Surveying backward, by the night reprieved,
We gloat and triumph over work achieved.

—Edwin L. Sabin.

JONAS LIE OF NORWAY AND AMERICA: A PAINTER WHO HAS FOUND THE SECRET OF SUGGESTING ON CANVAS NATURE'S MANIFOLD MOODS

JONAS LIE, painter of wild winds and thunderclouds, of snow hills and vague, misty rivers, is an American by environment and training, a Scandinavian by heritage. Having learned hard common sense in the country of his adoption, he has decided to remain in America to study and work until he begins to feel the fulness of power that every true artist recognizes when it comes into his own work. Having inherited the soul of a poet, together with the great gift of a rare, fine execution, he has decided that when the day comes that assures him of the possibility of greater fulfilment in his art, he will go back to Norway for a long sojourn to paint the legends, myths and superstitions of his native land.

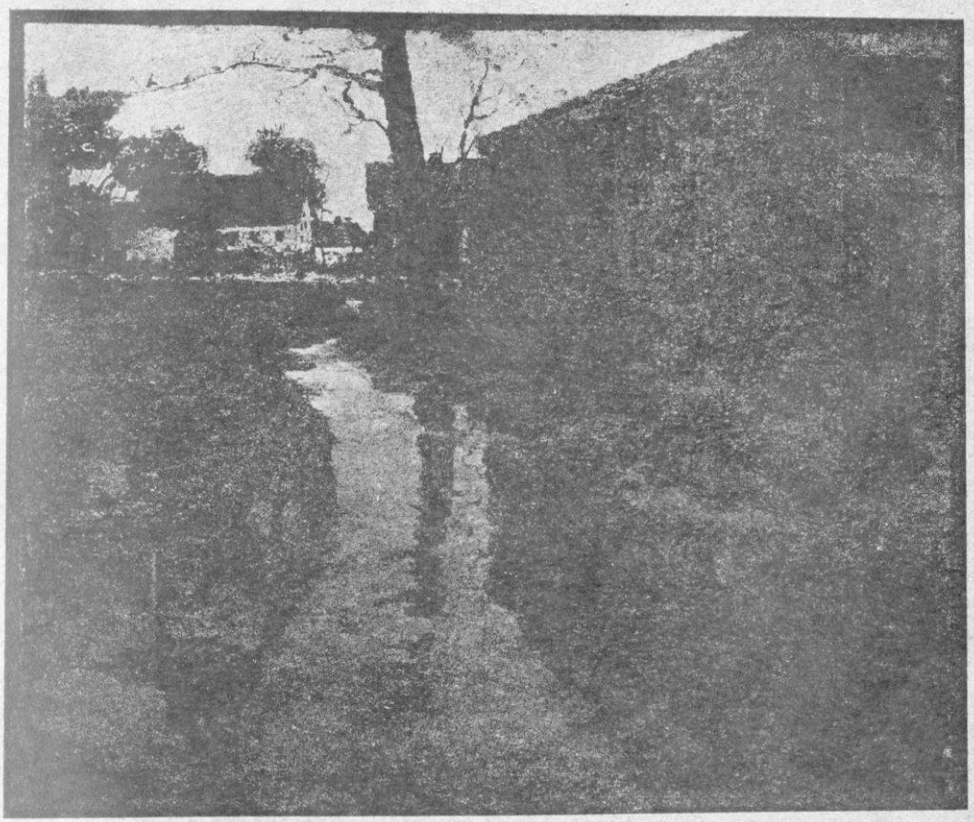
So drenched is Norway with old legends and fairy stories and a pervasive intimacy with the supernatural that it is impossible to understand Norwegian character, especially as expressed in Norwegian art, without some comprehension of the spirit-world. For, the world of the sailors and fishers of the white Northland, the world of the peasants and the simple country folk, is inhabited by savage, wicked elves and spirits; everything is controlled by its own demon, who must be propitiated if life is to go smoothly. Even the weather is controlled by various demons, and the canny Finns with their pretensions of magical power have reaped a rich harvest from the superstitious Norwegians, many of whom still buy fair weather from the *Gan-Finn* by the sackful. Whoever has known a Norwegian fisherman has heard of the *Draug*, that demon of the sea who rides in half a boat, and who is a warning of swift and awful death.

Jonas Lie acknowledges that, in spite of his practical, common-sense existence in unsuperstitious America, as soon as he gets among the peasants of his native province, he is driven by a kind of atavistic force into a temporary full acceptance of their superstitions. In a word, American training has not eradicated the heritage he received from his Norwegian ancestry, and there still remains the power to understand and sympathize with the superstitions, and the ability to see them fully from the peasants' and sailors' point of view, even while, on the other hand, intellectually recognizing their absurdity. And so Jonas Lie intends in time to make a record in his paintings

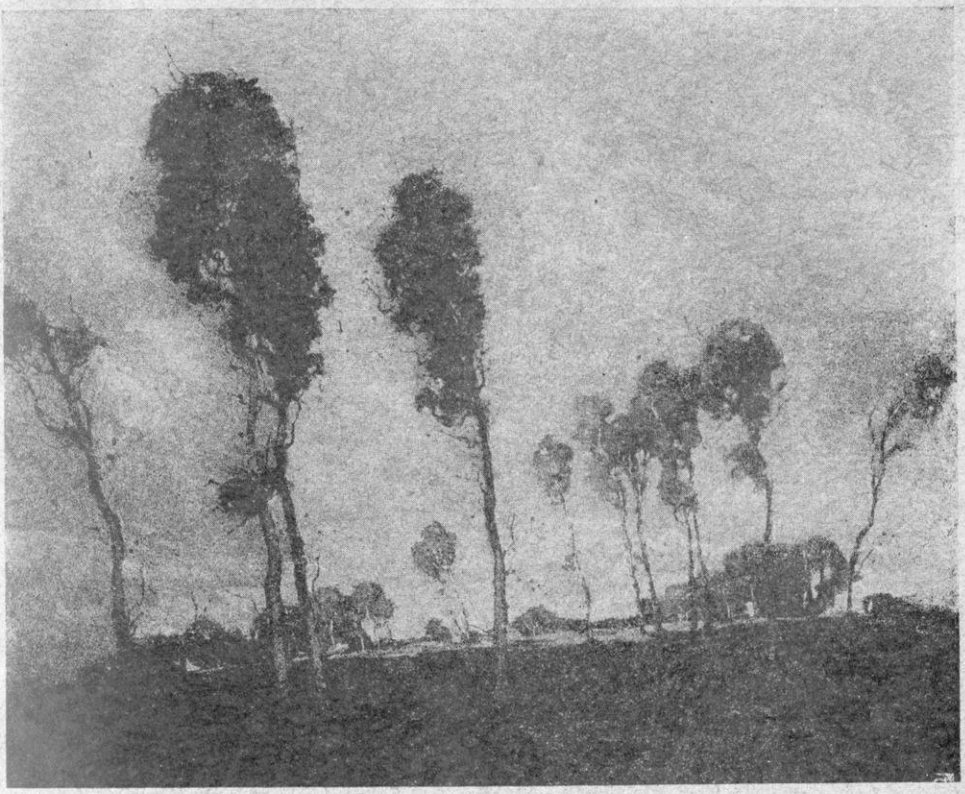
of these fascinating and mysterious myths and legends, just as his uncle, the great Jonas Lie of Norway, has done in literature.

Jonas Lie the painter is still a very young man. He was born in Norway in eighteen hundred and eighty. When he was twelve years old his father died and it was decided that the boy should go to the famous uncle whose name he bears, and who was then residing in Paris. After a wonderful year spent in the French capital, he came to America to join his mother, who was a young American woman. With the exception of brief visits to his native land, he has resided in his mother's country ever since, being, in fact, more American than Norwegian in tastes and appearance. When he came to this country as a boy of thirteen, he was entered in the Ethical Culture School, of New York City. It is the conspicuous merit of this famous school founded by Dr. Felix Adler that particular attention is given to the development of individual talent of whatever kind may be shown. It was not long before young Lie's artistic gifts were manifest in his work. Back in his own Norway he had, as a very little boy, heard the call of the art spirit, and had seen in his fantastic boyish fancy the vision of a life given to the service of this spirit. In these very young days, however, his dream had been of music, and he thought of being a great composer whose work should interpret the spirit of his country in exquisite sound. But here in America at the Ethical Culture School he found that his greatest gift seemed to do with line and color, and he followed the advice of wise teachers when they urged him to develop this gift along with his musical sense. He was encouraged to attend the evening classes of the Academy of Design for a year or so, and after that he had a course of hard work at the Art Students' League, all of this work being done in the evening. While he was still a student at the Academy he had the temerity to send a small canvas to the jury for the exhibition of nineteen hundred. The boy's picture, "The Gray Day," painted at Rockaway Beach, was accepted and well hung. Since that time he has exhibited at almost every meeting of the Academy.

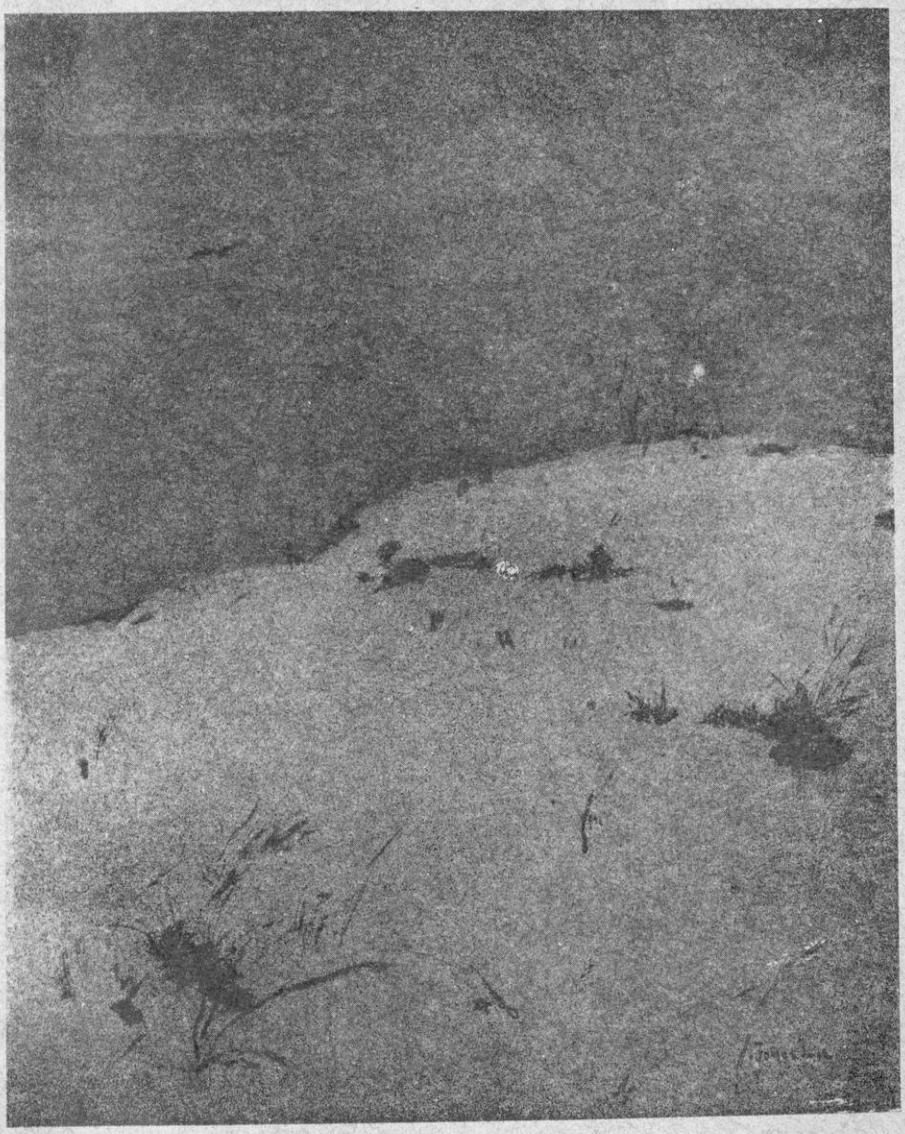
THREE years later, he met with an even more gratifying success at the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy. Not only was his canvas accepted by the jury, but it was promptly purchased by no less a person than the veteran artist, W. M. Chase, whose enthusiasm for the work of the young Norwegian has never waned. Mr. Lie tells an amusing story concerning Mr. Chase's interest in his work. When he (Lie) was told by the Pennsylvania



"MILL RACE": BY JONAS LIE:
OWNED BY THE ST. LOUIS CLUB.



"WIND SWEPT": BY JONAS LIE,
WHO LOVES TO PAINT NATURE IN MOTION.



A WINTER SCENE: BY JONAS LIE.
"WHO BUT A NORWEGIAN COULD PAINT SNOW ENCRUSTED WITH FROST?"

"A SNOW-COVERED HILLSIDE WITH GRAY LEADEN SKY": FROM A PAINTING BY JONAS LIE.

Academy of the sale of his picture, he immediately began to pledge his credit to the extent of the price he was to receive for the painting—money being scarce with him, as is usually the case with young American painters. After incurring, on the strength of the purchase, a variety of distressing small liabilities, he was surprised one day to receive his picture back with no word of explanation, and his financial embarrassment was as great as his surprise. Ruefully the picture was laid aside and its frame appropriated for another painting to be submitted for exhibition at the Society of American Artists. This canvas in turn was accepted and hung. On varnishing day, when Lie came back from the exhibition, he found a letter from the Pennsylvania Academy, explaining that the picture which Mr. Chase had purchased had been returned by mistake, and that he wished it the next day. But the frame was gone, was, in fact, hung at the New York exhibition. There was a great scurry to duplicate it, but of course the picture was delivered promptly the next day, and young Jonas Lie went to the exhibition of the Society with a glad heart, to find to his still further surprise that the Society picture had also been sold to Mr. Chase.

Since this first success Lie has not lacked appreciation in America, where he really more than half belongs. Until little more than a year ago he worked as a designer in a cotton print factory, giving only his leisure hours to his painting. And yet in spite of his being absorbed in this rather humble method of earning his living, he has made a constant and successful showing of his pictures at the most important exhibitions; frequently, as in the case of the Carnegie Institute, by special invitation. He was awarded a silver medal at the St. Louis Exposition for his "Mill Race," a picture somewhat suggestive of Thaulow, which was purchased by the St. Louis Club, and he is now represented in many of the best private and public galleries in America. In spite of his exhibition successes, Mr. Lie prefers individual exhibitions, believing, as so many artists do now, that the public can get a just estimate of an artist's work only by seeing it collectively displayed.

In considering the work of Jonas Lie we are not measuring attainment so much as we are watching the development of an interesting career. True, he has produced work of which many an older painter might be proud; but his greatest merit of strength lies in the steady, consistent progress born out of conscientious and patient labor and also out of the courage with which he has met and overcome obstacles which might have killed the spirit of a less sincere artist.

A PAINTER OF NATURE'S MOODS

JONAS LIE started in life with a rich inheritance of artistic gift from a family noted for genius in one form or another. In Norway today there is probably no more beloved name than that of the poet and novelist, Jonas Lie, after whom the young painter was named. Less well known to English and American readers than Ibsen, Sinding or Björnsen; in Scandinavia he is far more widely read and more generally appreciated. No other writer has attained anything like Lie's commanding literary influence and fame in Norway. He has woven into grim, weird, thrilling tales the folk myths and superstitions which are so inextricably a part of the wild life of the daring sailors and fishers of the sub-arctic Northland; and to the Norwegian country folk these stories have a realism the foreigner can hardly understand. The elder Lie has long been looked upon by Continental critics as a supreme master of the short story. He has been called "the world's greatest short story writer, with the possible exception of de Maupassant." Ibsen admired the elder Lie's work immensely, and the two men were intimate and devoted friends. It is said that Lie served Ibsen as a model for many of the qualities of Dr. Stockmann in "An Enemy of the People."

What more natural, then, that the young American wife of the Norwegian civil engineer should name her son after the famous uncle, the writer beloved by her husband's people—whom she had come to love as her own people? In addition, there were painters, poets, musicians and novelists in this family circle. There was an aunt who was idolized in the country as Norway's greatest pianist, and a cousin, Eyolf Soot, a painter of strange, wild genius, too indolent to give his countrymen all his work that they craved, and choosing for his few pictures always weird and terrible themes which had a vast appeal to the wild imagination of his Northland admirers.

And so, when the great Ibsen died and was borne to his tomb, followed by a procession of the most notable men in Norway, it was no wonder that a good deal of curiosity centered about young Jonas Lie, who, in company with his uncle, the writer, was one of the vast cortège. From time to time, word had come from America of the successes of young Lie, who had gone away as a little boy, and the fact that his pictures were so often of snow-covered hillsides was noted with pride. Who but a Norwegian could paint snow encrusted by frost so that it had the effect of sparkling in icy winds?

And that the blood of the North is truly in his veins is shown in many of the winter landscapes of Jonas Lie; born and cradled in the land of snow and ice, winter subjects appeal to him more than

any others. He likes best to paint a snow-covered hillside with a gray, leaden sky; here and there a bright-colored weed pushing through the stretches of white. Or quiet, mysterious scenes in which a lone bird hovers above a hilltop that is shrouded in snow. Some of his work in this key suggests the painting of the other great Scandinavian, Fritz Thaulow. There is a force about his work, a mastery of composition, which goes far to atone for an occasional artificiality of expression, or crudity of coloring. Both these weaknesses, it is noticed by those who love and follow his work, are becoming rarer, for he is conscientious and patient in his desire for perfection—and only twenty-seven years old. So far Lie has painted a great many Norwegian landscapes, but practically nothing of the life of his native land; but one canvas of Norwegian people, "The Peasants' Dance," a picture which has been exhibited several times. It shows the interior of a barn, lighted by a low-hanging, smoky lamp; there are rough, serious-looking peasants, men and women, all dancing wildly to a fiddler's labored music. The difficulties of composition incidental to the blending of the riot of color in the garish dress of the peasants have been well and thoughtfully mastered, and the result is an intimate picture of the Norwegian peasant in a play mood. It is a scene that suggests Grieg's "Northern Dances." Other figure paintings, but not of Norwegian life, are "The Emigrant's Wharf," showing a row of uncouth and anxious figures against the sullen, sombre evening sky, and "Burning Leaves," a picture of rich color in which two children are watching a pile of slowly burning leaves.

As a painter of Nature, viewing her many moods with the eyes of a poet and idealist, Lie has reached his highest level thus far. Like his friend, Van Dearing Perrine, he likes Nature in motion; he likes the whirl of wind and storm through his pictures; yet the caressing play of sunlight on frosted snow and the gentle breeze and slow-floating clouds interest him no less than the wild bursts of destructive storm. The clouds of a June day, hazy and dreamy, and the storm clouds that tell dark tales of elemental passion are equally interesting to this painter. Or, in another mood, he paints a boat that glides like a phantom in an evening calm. Standing before one of his wild storm pictures such as "Wind Swept," or "Autumn Gale," if one is imaginative there is a shiver of apprehension before the blast which strips the poplars and beeches of their autumn leaves. It used to be said that no man could paint such an invisible force as the wind, but Jonas Lie has found out the secret of his art which sends a gale across canvas from frame to frame.

THINGS ENGLISH AND JAPANESE: MORE OF THE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN: BY OSMAN EDWARDS

S MIGHT have been inferred from his devotion to the French Romantics, Lafcadio Hearn admired their greatest English disciple with similar enthusiasm and entered a similar protest against ungrateful decadence. Of Mr. Swinburne's amplitude he wrote in ample praise:

"You have not yet, perhaps, fairly gauged the *envergure* of Swinburne: it takes time—for his genius is like 'a land shadowing with wings.' The greatest lyric poetry, the greatest trilogy of drama, the finest modern presentation in English literature of the Greek as well as of the Gothic spirit—even this is but a part of Swinburne. Surely he has the right to juggle with words occasionally —to make sounding skeletons of form that will teach new possibilities. I feel as if it were the duty of the broad thinker now to stand up for Swinburne—considering the real nature of the base reaction against him—the bigotry that dares the question 'Is he a poet at all?' Had he written only 'Hertha' he would still stand in the front line. Only Meredith has put thoughts like that into verse.

"I fancy that we are ungrateful to our greatest,—do not take the time to assure ourselves how great they are,—to convince ourselves that after a hundred readings the charm still grows, and will continue to grow from soul to soul forever. We are too much allured by the new—the charm of 'the strange woman;' and in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the strange Muse does not deserve our worship. . . . Surely a conservative movement in poetry must come—if only to prevent the desecration of the art of expression."

One may infer from the transcription of a lecture on "Naked Poetry," taken down in longhand by Mr. Teizaburo Inomata and printed in the appendix to Miss Bisland's volume, that such talks on English literature had a higher value than the lecturer attached to them. Their fusion of ethical with literary comment would convey more of the spirit of an author than technical criticism of the form, necessarily unfamiliar to Tokyo students. It is to be hoped that Mr. T. Ochiai will give to the world more extracts from those "five manuscript volumes," if only to confute the lecturer's over-modest estimate of himself.

"——Ah! my lectures! No, they will never be printed. I could never become a critic. My talks to the students about the great poets

are the talks of a man without scholarship. I make the lectures appeal only to the emotional and intellectually-imaginative side of my pupils—I explain sentiments, make parallels with Buddhist philosophy and emotional philosophy. In fact I do everything which it is forbidden to do in a Western university—at least I so imagine. But the result, in the case of Japanese students, satisfies me: I excite their curiosity, prompt them to attempt translations, I have actually succeeded in making Rossetti popular with them, and in interesting them in Fitzgerald, Meredith, James Thompson, O'Shaughnessy, etc., as well as Swinburne in his Gothic phases. When I say this, you must understand me to mean only that I have evoked *interest:* the whole comprehension of such foreign poetry is out of the question. Were the lectures printed, everybody would laugh; but they were written out with a full comprehension of the difficulties to be overcome—and, at times, worded and illustrated as for children."

Of the younger writers Kipling aroused his enthusiasm. He was angry with a criticaster, who had denied the possession of style to the author of "The Naulahka." "Does he really think that Kipling has no style? Certainly his work shows immense care and control. But what do we mean by style?—I take style to be the personality, the character of the man, expressed in language—the individual difference made recognizable by choice of words and measure of sentences. Gosse is inclined to grant Kipling style. Let me suggest a reading of the passage from 'The Naulahka,' beginning 'Listen, my sister.' I think you will acknowledge style there. Still for a suppler and rarer quality I am fonder of Stevenson. Kipling's greatness in poetry depends somewhat (although by no means altogether) on his recognition of the truth insisted upon by Emerson—that the language of the street is more forcible by far than the language of the academy. I believe the future princes of prose will be obliged to master both."

Thus the weaver of beautiful words, himself a "prince of prose," was less horrified than many fastidious purists by the auriferous slang of "The Absent-minded Beggar." Though his sympathies were wholly with the Boers, he was touched by the Imperialist Tyrtæus and expressed no grudging appreciation:—

"By this last mail I received from you the (to me precious) copy of Kipling's ripping and ringing appeal. It is impossible not to feel stirred quite as much by the warm vigorous humanism of the thing, as by the glorious lilt and rhythm of the verses. Indeed Kipling seems to be directly inspired in most of what he sings by the very Lord and

Giver of Life—though I thought that there was something of an insincere tone in that poem about Paul Kruger in the 'Old King.'

"My father, Charles Bush Hearn, was Surgeon-Major of the Seventy-sixth Regiment (now Second Battalion West Riding, I think): and I remember that when I was a child, our house used to be peopled at times with young men in scarlet and gold. With me the love of the English army is perhaps hereditary: I could not fail to sympathise with Kipling's splendid call for help. Yet—forgive me for saying it—I could not but regret at the same time that the poor brave Boers have no bard to speak for them; and I should like to see the same humanism extended to the other side—*à nos amis les ennemis.*"

IT was very natural that on general as well as particular grounds Hearn's hereditary love of the army was far outweighed by other sentiments, which the Boer war called into play. While he felt deeply, he also reasoned soundly, and none who accept his premises could question the justice or the sincerity of his conclusions.

"As for the Boer war-episode," he wrote, "alas! Kipling, whom I reverenced, and Swinburne, advocate of human freedom (!) have both sinned against justice in my poor opinion. Yes, as you say, the Boer system of society was 'behind the age;' but is that a reason why they should not be allowed to keep their country and customs to themselves, and to resist outside pressure that threatens the destruction, in short order, of their patriarchal contentment and simplicity? I confess that to me the introduction of Western civilization into Japan seems a horrible injustice; and the spectacle of an older and, in some respects, more moral system—full of delicacy and strange beauty—being deformed and destroyed by our industrial exactions, is not pretty! There are men who have the courage to state plainly that might *is* right, and in the cosmic order of things I suppose that it is. But I have the emotional bias. It does not seem to me quite certain that because our civilization of applied science has the effect of increasing, by forced effort, the cubic capacity of the brain, and the meshes of the nervous plexus—of obliging a race to become more powerful—it should not be resisted on just grounds. As for the ordinary moral question of right and wrong, I feel quite sure that we are hideously wrong. But the stars in their courses move against the weak."

Replying to some pleas in extenuation of British policy, he thus arraigned it:

"I have no doubt about the condition of English subjects under

Boer jurisdiction being unpleasant. But my position would be that English subjects had no business in the Transvaal—no right to go there unless willing to submit to those hard conditions. It strikes me that English subjects in Russia would have to bear Russian law; and that their dislike of that law would not be a sound political or moral reason for declaring war against Russia. It would cost too much. England was ready to strike at the Transvaal, because she felt tolerably sure of winning. I cannot convince myself that she had any right to dictate there—except the right of might. However, governments are never moral. The Boer Republics are in the way of the expansion of the race in Africa—in the way of that grand dream, 'by rail from Alexandria to Capetown.' So I suppose they must go under. But I cannot help thinking with Herbert Spencer that we are going to lose our liberties for the very same reasons that impel us to attack the liberties of weaker peoples. Even the excuses of such leading papers as the *Spectator* for the war seem to me poignant proof that the war is *felt* to be wrong by the English conscience. We argue beautifully when we feel our consciences prick: so does the *Spectator*. If the Boers had turned all Englishmen out of their territory, and confiscated English property there, I should still think the war morally wrong—unless all other means of obtaining compensation for the property had been exhausted.

"The great moral question to me, in this whole matter, appears to be the question of individual right. To enter another man's house unbidden, and then attack the proprietor because he refuses to treat you like a member of his own family, is not exactly a moral assertion of individual right. That is what we have been doing."

For the third and last time he thus emphasized his disapproval of the war:—

"——We need not waste our ink in arguing over the right and wrong of the Boer war. Of course I know how you feel about the moral justification: if you could not feel so, you would be unhappy. I am speaking of the matter again only because I would rather not leave you under the impression that I spoke from mere sentiment without knowledge. I knew of the former desire of the Transvaal for annexation; but it strikes me that the subsequent development of the mines had a good deal to do with the Government policy as represented by Chamberlain. Very possibly, and probably, I should detest the Boers if I had to live with them as an alien; but I am of unshaken opinion that Björnstjerne Björnson's denunciation of English injustice in this war fairly represents the feelings of many who are competent to esti-

mate the ethics of the situation. I imagine that national opinion in such matters must nearly always be wrong. And, really, the morality of politics is, and must for thousands of years continue to be, the ethics of Nietzsche. That system has the merit of being in accordance with the movements of the cosmos: the stars in their courses uphold it.

"Here I, too, have been looking at scenes of the Boer war—shadowed by the kinematograph. The representation was managed so as to create only sympathy for the Boers; and I acknowledge that it made my heart jump several times. The Boer girls and wives were displayed as shooting and being shot. What you would have enjoyed were the little discourses in Japanese, uttered between each exhibition. They were simple, and appealed to Japanese sympathy—to the sense of patriotism, and the duty of dying to the last man, woman and child for one's country."

POLITICAL digression was a rare feature in Hearn's letters. English style and Japanese life were his main subjects. His ideal of style was thus defined in a generous mixture of compliment and advice to the present writer on receipt of a dedicated copy of "Japanese Plays and Playfellows."

"May I not attempt literary *advice?*—though a man of much less culture than yourself, I am nearly twice as old, you know; and I imagine that it is the duty of a literary friend to state where he thinks his comrade's strength lies. I don't think that you need to aim at compression or exactitude; your natural bent is in those directions sufficiently. But I think that you might well devote your aim to the splendid art of combining impersonality—realistic impersonality—with tenderness. There are signs of power in these pages of yours. And, secondly, I should strongly advise you to cultivate the fine, delicious art of finishing a study (as you have finished not a few in this book) with a touch that leaves the mind a-thrill after the reading, and relights all that went before, like a searchlight flash."

The phrase "impersonality with tenderness" happily describes a frequent note in the writings of its inventor, who in another passage wrote:—

"Perhaps the perfect form of realism—as in the old Norse writers, and in de Maupassant—is the grandest of all prose. The awful perfection of the thing is the total absence of all personal feeling, especially sympathy. So demons or gods might write, 'with neither hate nor haste nor pity.' But when I spoke to you about a possible style

at once impersonal and tender, I was thinking particularly of Anatole France, and of such compositions as the 'Tragédie Humaine!' or the various little things in the 'Etui de Nacre.' How mocking and how charming at the same time!—something like the spirit of Heine in prose. And in France you never feel the real man: you are quite sure that the writer does not care one ten-thousandth part of a centime whether you or the priests or the mockers or the public of England or the public of Europe will be pleased or displeased. He only cares to express the truth and the beauty that is in him. Our English writers nearly always show that they feel the eyes and fear the tongues of their audience."

Very probably this reproach would not have been leveled at Browning and Meredith, whose sins against style are thus summarized:

"As for Browning and Meredith, I regard the bulk of the work of both as doomed to vanish because of its obscurity. I revere Browning—even though obscure. I have been lecturing upon him. I revere Meredith still more; and I have lectured upon him as the greatest philosophic poet of the nineteenth century—for is he not the only one who has embodied a complete *ethical* conception of the evolutional philosophy in poetry? But how much greater would both poets have been if they had written as clearly as Rossetti or Tennyson?

"There was a party of French artists who made what they called coffee-pictures—a wonderful album. Every one of these artists emptied the dregs of his coffee upon a sheet of soft paper, after dinner; and according to the *suggestions* of the shapes of the stains, pictures were inspired. I think that the obscurities of Browning and of Meredith are like those coffee-stains for the mystic-minded. They *suggest* pictures ineffable; but these are developed only according to the imaginative and artistic capacity of the reader."

Many will appreciate the force of this criticism without sharing in any way the apprehensions of a coming tyranny, to which martyred stylists must succumb. Possibly distance and prejudice raised mountains from journalistic molehills:

"Now in literature today there is a strong English tendency to attack personal liberty. It has been declared immoral to write good English, to cultivate a style, to produce a single page of superior prose. Witness the utterance of these opinions in the *Westminster Review* (*!*) What does this mean but a wish to prevent any superior individuality from making mediocrity suffer by competition? What is this but the red democracy of letters denying to the literary aristocracy its right to exist? Stylists are necessarily indecent or untrustworthy scoundrels,

—this is a statement on a par with 'aristocrats to the lantern!' (I read such a statement with surprise in *Literature* the other day.) And the beauty of the statement is its retrospective force. For if it be true in this moment, equally must it be true of the whole past; and all men who have ever cultivated style must have been damnable rascals—including Doctor Johnson, Bishop Berkeley, Sir Thomas Browne, etc.

"I imagine that all these things are signs of the coming of the time predicted by Spencer when no intellectual work will become possible for the ordinary person,—'when no man will be allowed to do as he is bid, and when every man must do what he is told.'"

THE slowness of the English reading public to appreciate his work was probably a source of regret and certainly helped to foster in Hearn, always supersensitive, the delusion that his fame was retarded by malicious criticism. The proposal to dedicate my little volume of Japanese studies to him produced a striking example of this unwarranted belief.

"——I have delayed till the last to speak about your kind proposal to dedicate a book to me. I should not adequately express myself by saying that I should be grateful and proud. But—and the 'but' is to think about—would it be a wise literary move for you? I do not think that it would. You are about to publish a first book; and the writer who publicly expresses good-will for your humble servant just now is likely to get 'pitched into'—by the *Athenæum*, for example. I think that it would be more prudent for you to dedicate the book to a more imposing person, to somebody better situated in literary opinion. Having warned you of the possible consequences, however, I will only say now, do not think yourself under any promise in the matter; and be sure that whether dedicated to me or not, I shall read the book with delight and always be grateful for the kind suggestion."

Unfortunately for the impassioned lover and inspired interpreter of old Japan, the converse of all that attracted him in the past repelled him from the present. Referring to an illustrated brochure of "Residential Rhymes," which, after hitting off the merchant, the missionary, and the globe-trotter, pictured him as "The Professor in Nirvana," awaiting his apotheosis in the attitude of the Buddha of a well-known *kakemono*, he declared:—

"'The Professor in Nirvana' rather pleased me. As for the sentiments there to me attributed, concerning the old Japan, they are quite in conformity with the truth. It is the old Japan that I love—not by

any means the new, and I am happy only when I can get out of sight of the reforms and the changes."

This explicit declaration is the key to his relations with Japanese officialdom. Through his wife and a few pupils he had access to the intimacies and courtesies, the customs and legends and superstitions of the past, which made his happiness; but the necessities of his livelihood brought him into contact with a colder world of polite, critical, practical persons, whose habits of mind jarred at every point on his more wayward and emotional spirit. Writing on behalf of a Western friend, whom he considered to have been harshly treated by Oriental employers, he said bitterly: "Japanese officialdom is not lovable—and it is Oriental when unpleasant. It does not say 'Here! if you don't like things, get out! here's your salary.' On the contrary, it suddenly becomes coaxing, caressing, infinitely sweet, and invites you out for multitudinous insult. Then you are suddenly surrounded by smiling combinations unimagined and unimaginable and softly struck in a hundred ways. A knockdown blow is nothing to it. . . . I pity a man of letters in the Government service in Tokyo! *Lasciate ogni speranza*, etc."

IN the last letter (written in July, nineteen hundred and one) occurs a striking instance of the love and loathing aroused in him by his adopted country. It illustrates with greater freedom than he usually permitted himself both the weaknesses and virtues of his peculiar position.

"——You will really return to Japan? How glad I shall be to have a chat with you some day. You say that you respect my opinion about Japan: therefore I am going to offer advice—for I might not be here to tell you by word of mouth.

"First. Who of us has not wished to be able to live for one day in the Greece of Pericles, or in the Rome of Cæsar? But the man of culture who enters Japan has really an infinitely more wonderful experience than the realization of either dream would be. For he passes out of the nineteenth century, or twentieth century—not into a time of two thousand years before, but into a society incomparably older,—an antique world of which the social foundation is fully ten thousand years old. It is as if one passed into the life of the oldest Egypt, or the earliest Babylonia. Hence the strangeness of things—the queer shock they give. And the exterior strangeness is but the faint index of a profound psychological strangeness. Don't, for goodness sake, believe the stuff of the blind pedants and bigots who assert that the

Japanese are a materialistic people, indifferent to religion. No more wicked and foolish lie was ever uttered. They are the most profoundly religious race possible to imagine—a people whose every action and thought and word is governed by religious sentiment or tradition. They are religious as the old Egyptians or Arcadians, perhaps even more so. Try to think of them that way, and think of the extraordinary privilege of entering into so strange a life—even for twenty-four hours. Trust your eyes and ears and heart, not the pedants, the dullards, the missionaries, the intriguers in Government service.

"Second. Don't visit 'converts': by doing so you pollute yourself in the eyes of this archaic people. You may visit a native Eta village, and be forgiven. But to visit converts to Christianity is bad—because no Japanese beyond the age of reason can become a convert unless he be a scoundrel, a hypocrite, or a miserable wretch without sentiment of any sort.

"What would you think of a man whom you saw spitting upon a crucifix in order to prove himself a freethinker? Or what would you think of a man whom you saw mutilating and befouling photographs of his father and mother? Now a convert to Christianity must do what is incomparably worse than either of the actions above imagined: he must cart away or destroy the ancestral tablets,—which are much more than images or likenesses of the dead, being supposed to represent their presence in the home. Foreigners who know nothing of Japanese life know, nevertheless, that Japanese converts are almost all fools or scamps. It is a rule of business in Kobe, Yokohama, and Nagasake, *never* to employ a Christian. That is the sound rule, and exceptions don't signify. Other things I should like to say, but they can be discussed later. The two points I dwell upon are, I think, very important."

One need not be a lover of missionaries to question the fairness of such a sweeping indictment. But it is well to have a prejudice stated clearly and forcibly, for every prejudice contains some grains of truth. It is refreshing at least, among the halting and time-serving apologies for Japanese faults, which alternate with exaggerated eulogies of their good qualities in the pages of most writers on Japan, to encounter one critic whose feelings are sincere and whose mind is made up. Criticism in Hearn was always colored by emotional bias: but much may be forgiven to one who, loving much, out of his love and suffering built such enduring sanctuaries of graceful and grateful art.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN

O GOD of Years, the Earth is full of Thy Plenitude,
The fields lie pleasant in the sunlight,
The pregnant seed of the shy, new days of Spring
Has fallen in kindly places;
The white noons of Summer have smiled upon the young, green plants,
The rains and dews of evening have kissed them;
And now Thou hast graciously sent the golden days of Harvest,
When the desires of every living thing are satisfied.

Rivers, as they flow oceanward, sing to Thee,
The great heart of the Sea beats with gratitude,
The strength of the ancient hills is for Thy Praise;
The voices of the solemn pines,
The sun and sky, the yearning breasts of Night,
Home-songs of birds, the multitude of white-souled stars ashine,
The swift, wild tunes of the wind—
All these are praising Thee.
And we, Thy humble and contrite servants,
Bow before Thee with hearts of Thanksgiving;
We are mindful of Thy loving kindness.

For the laughter upon our lips,
For the passionate joy of Life within us,
For Love, the strange, wonderful artificer of our souls,
We bless Thee, O God!
For Justice, and Virtue, and Honor, and Peace,
For high-hearted men in authority,
For a vast, pulsating, victorious Country,
We bless Thee, O God!

And if there be pain and anguish,
If the shadow of grief lies gray upon us,
If the inscrutable Chance of the future years
Bears in its womb aught of misery,
And the travail be bitterness and shame,
Have mercy upon us, O God!

O God of Years, the Earth is full of Thy Plenitude,
And we, Thy humble and contrite servants,
Bow before Thee, with hearts of Thanksgiving.

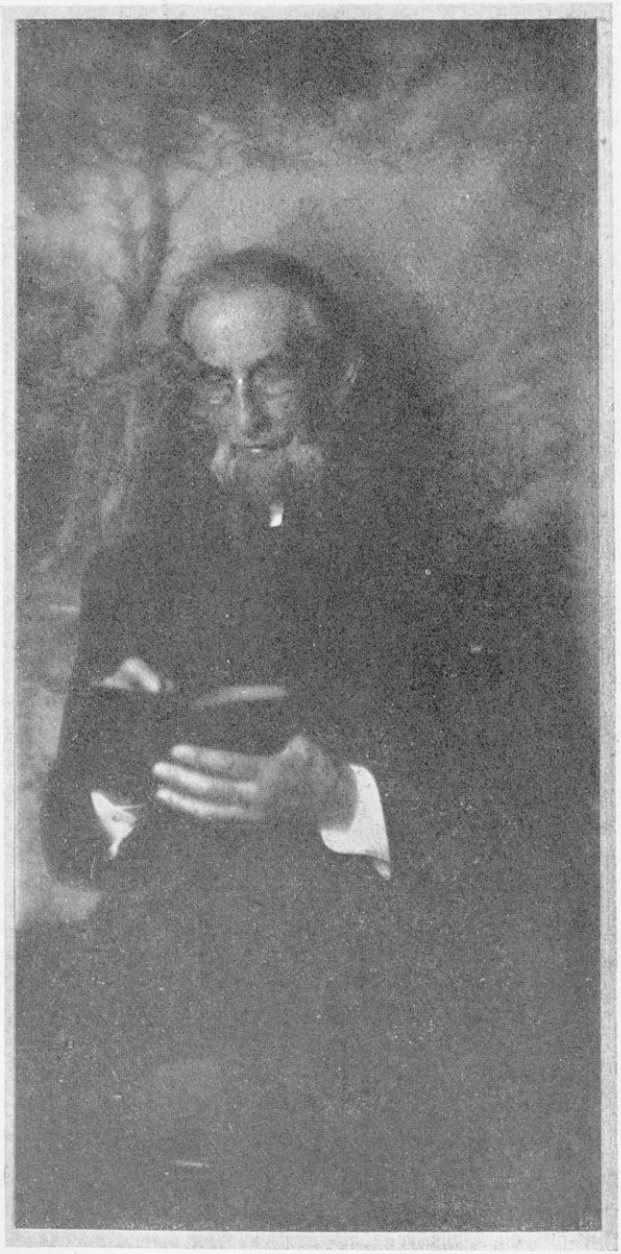
—EMERY POTTLE.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF HOME LIFE: HOW ONE WOMAN HAS DEVELOPED A PASTIME INTO WORK THAT POSSESSES GREAT INDIVIDUALITY AND CHARM

HE expression, by means of the camera, of an idea or emotion otherwise difficult to embody in form, has come to be the distinguishing characteristic of what is known as the Secessionist School of Photography. From time to time we have given in THE CRAFTSMAN notable examples of the work of artists who employ the camera in place of the brush, modeling tool or etching needle to express the beauty they see in Nature or in certain phases of character and of feeling, but so far we have taken up very little of what might be called, by comparison, the work of beginners. For this reason the group of photographs reproduced here seemed to us to be of special interest, because they are the work of a woman who took up photography only as a pastime, and not more than a year ago, and who already has gained a charm and individuality in her work that entitles it to a place among the best efforts of many Secessionists of far greater experience and extent of achievement.

Mrs. Mary Lyon Taylor lives in Indianapolis. When she was a girl she received excellent training along artistic lines both here and abroad, giving special attention to miniature painting on porcelain and ivory and finding her keenest interest in portraiture, especially when the subjects were women. Mrs. Taylor's work became little more than a pastime after her marriage, when the care of her home and children formed her chief interest, but a year ago, during a period of sorrow and ill health, she turned again to it as a diversion, this time choosing the camera as her medium for the reason that its possibilities as a means of ready and flexible artistic expression greatly interested her. For some time the obstacles and failures she encountered were very discouraging, but the interest of the work and the hope of being able sometime to express what she had in mind gave her courage to go on experimenting, with the result that through sheer love of the work she has succeeded in producing pictures that are a most delicate and poetic expression of the simpler and happier phases of life.

Working at home, in a studio established near a large window in her own drawing room, and using as her subjects her own home people and friends, Mrs. Taylor has saturated her pictures with the



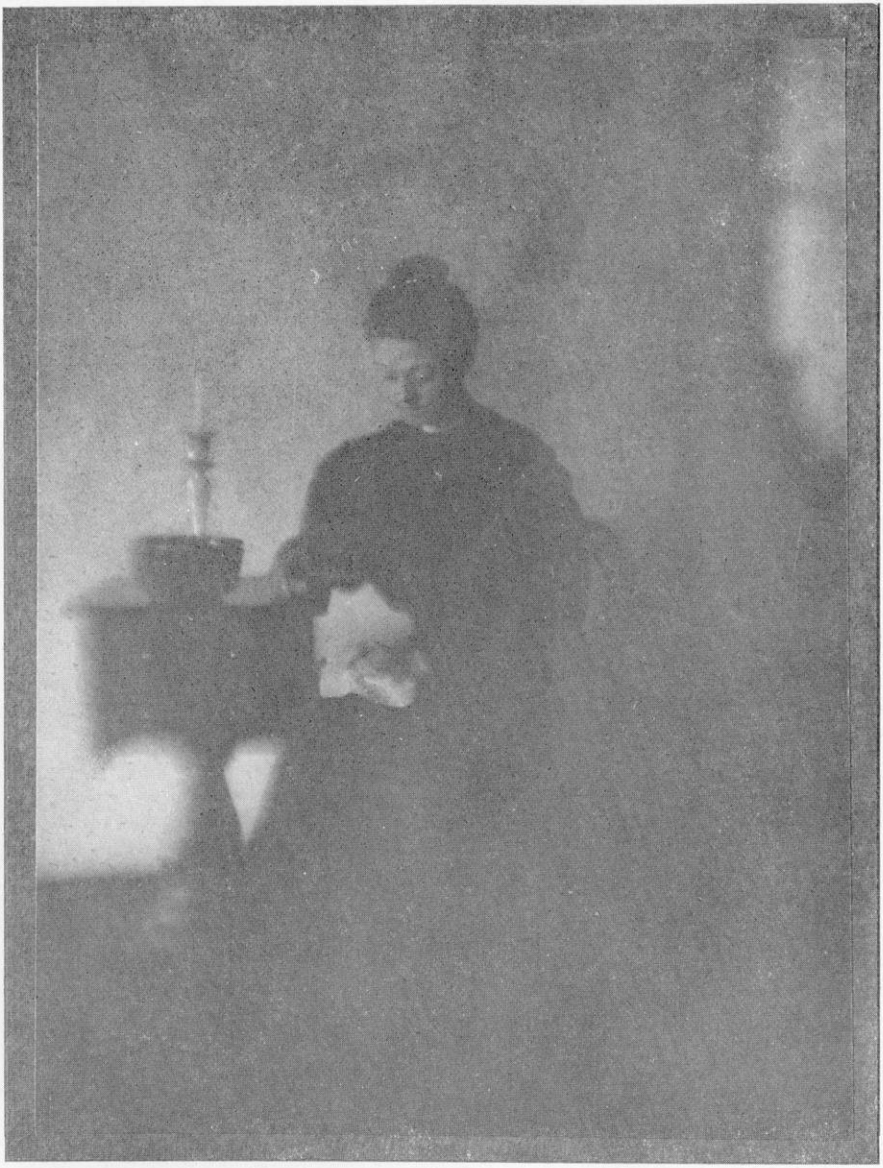
"THE PHILOSOPHER": BY MARY LYON TAYLOR: A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF HER FATHER.

"THE GOLDFISH": A STUDY BY MARY LYON TAYLOR OF MRS. ALEXANDER PATON OF LONDON.

"SOAP BUBBLES": BY MARY LYON TAYLOR: THE SON AND DAUGHTER OF MR. MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

"IRIS": FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY MARY LYON TAYLOR.

"MADONNA": FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY LYON TAYLOR.



A SPIRIT OF QUIET HOME HAPPINESS IS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY LYON TAYLOR.

quiet peacefulness of happy domestic life. The study entitled "The Philosopher" is the portrait of her own father, a clergyman eighty-seven years old and a writer and student whose mentality is still active and clear. The physical resemblance to Abraham Lincoln is marked, and in his daughter's eyes the resemblance in character is equally strong. The loving recognition of this is the most striking element in the picture, with its suggestion of rugged strength, great gentleness and untiring industry that does not flag even at an age when most men are ready to lay down their work and rest. The same spirit of quiet home happiness is shown in the picture of the woman seated with her work by an old-fashioned sewing table. There is all the delicate refinement of the old-fashioned gentlewoman whose world lay within the four walls of her home, and who never vexed herself with the problems of the turbulent world outside.

The sympathetic understanding between mother and child is suggested delightfully in the picture called "Goldfish," where the grave-faced little one watching the fish is so sure that the interest of the smiling mother standing behind her is as great as her own. This picture is a portrait of Mrs. Alexander Paton, of London, a sister-in-law of Hugh Paton, an etcher of note and president of the Art Association of Manchester, England. Yet, after all, it is not so much a portrait as an embodiment of happy motherhood, a woman absolutely content in her home and surrounding her children with that atmosphere of restful happiness which goes so far toward giving them the right foundation for a sane and useful life.

Another picture of children is called "Soap Bubbles," and is no less expressive of the absorbing interest felt by the little ones in blowing and tossing into the air the filmy, rainbow-tinted globes than it is charming in its lights and shadows and well balanced in composition. The picture is of the young son and daughter of Mr. Meredith Nicholson, the writer, and it probably suggests the children themselves far more vividly than the clearest and best defined photograph that is nothing more than a portrait.

The two studies, "Madonna" and "Iris," show different phases in the character of one sweet-faced woman who is a friend of the artist. The quaint beauty accentuated by the old-fashioned costume in "Iris" has in it a suggestion of spirituality which is brought out to the fullest degree in the "Madonna," with its dreamy innocence and wistfulness of expression and the youthfulness of contour and pose.

THE HANDICRAFTSMEN OF THE BLUE RIDGE: A SIMPLE, HOME-LOVING FOLK WHO HAVE LIVED THEIR OWN LIVES, HEEDLESS OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS: BY RALPH ERSKINE

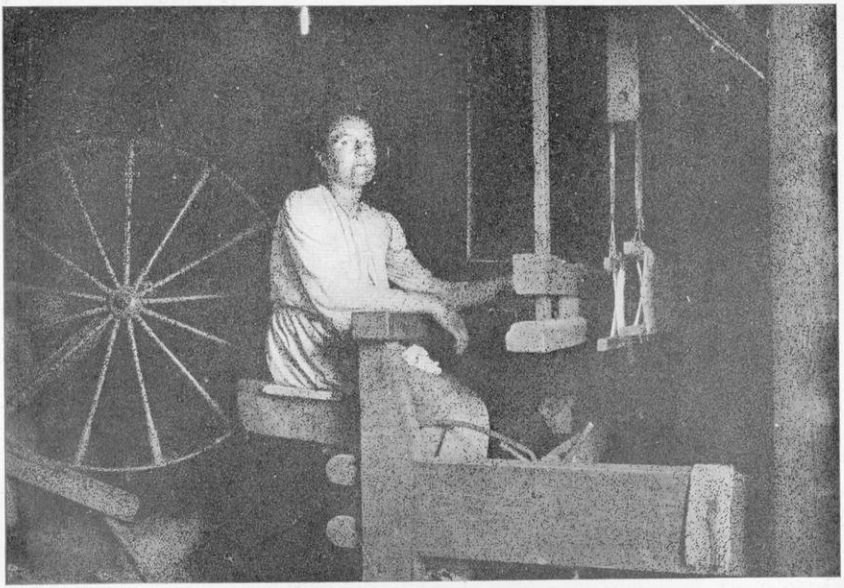
THERE are nooks and corners in this aggressively modern land of ours where one can step aside from the dusty road and find himself transported back a hundred years or more to times of rugged life and to frontier ways of a character that have long since passed away even in our most western states. The dreamy peaks of the Blue Ridge, where they cross the border line between western North and South Carolina, form just such a shelter from the onward flowing streams of civilization. There, like chips along the shore of some turbulent river, resting motionless behind their protecting ledge while all the world whirls by, a manly, home-loving race has dwelt securely—holding through all these years to the customs and songs and labors of their fathers almost without change. Here, if you have shown yourself akin, you may perchance catch a strain of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," sung by some mountain youth as he makes the chips fly with his ax. He does not know of whom he is singing, but nevertheless he sings it because it is his song. He has heard his mother sing it when she was spinning the yarn for his home-made suit of butternut brown, and it has come down to her, a true inheritance from those who sang it with deeper meaning in the mountains across the seas. Or it may be, as you are leaving them, a soft voiced "God be with you" is the parting word—a gentle token of old-time courtesy.

The typical American of affairs can find nothing in such a people to awaken more than a passing interest. He looks with scorn on the unprogressive, whether they be the peasants of France or the joy-loving hill people of Italy or the "poor whites" of our southern mountains. His practical, hard-headed business sense allows him to see only sloth and retrogression in them, and while what is picturesque or quaint in their dress or dwellings may attract his attention for the moment, he leaves them feeling nothing more than pity and contempt for their condition. But no attitude of mind could be more fallacious. It needs only a slight examination into the causes of this lack of material advancement to show us that the "poor whites" are not a people who have retrogressed, but who, on account of the physical conditions of soil and location and the social conditions

From Photographs by Ralph Erskine.

THE FACTORY AT "JUGTOWN," WITHIN ARE THE POTTER'S WHEELS.

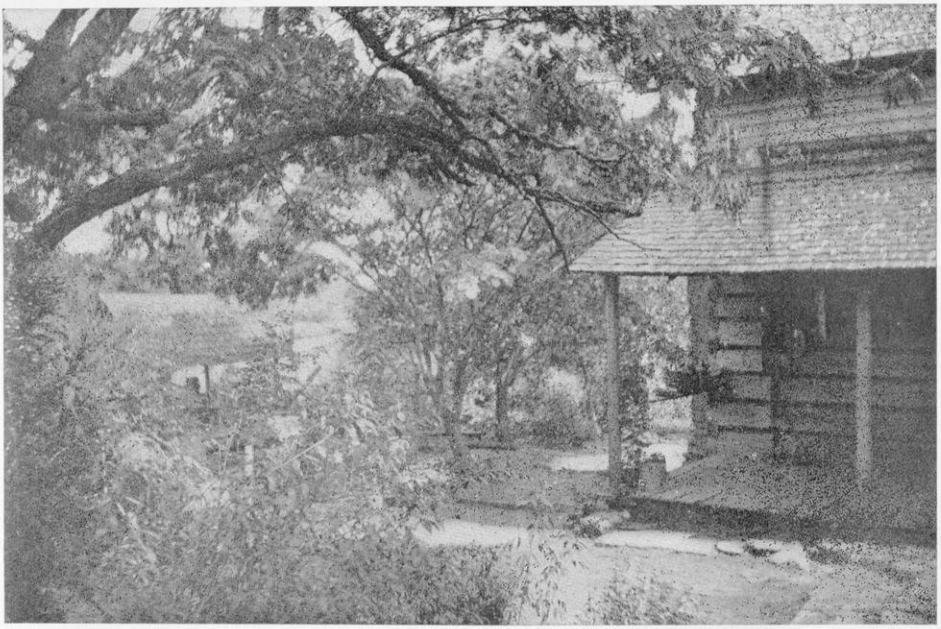
MISTRESS TALLENT AND SOME OF HER CHILDREN, PREPARING TO WEAVE.

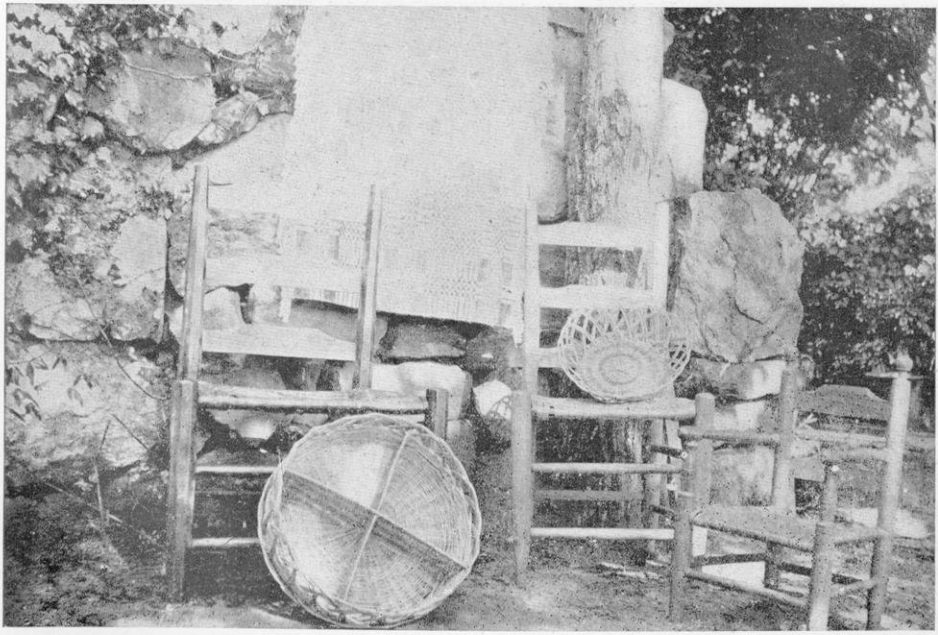


From Photographs by Ralph Erskine.

MISTRESS TALLENT AT HER LOOM.

THE UPSTAIRS CABIN ROOM WHERE MISTRESS RAVAN DOES HER WEAVING.

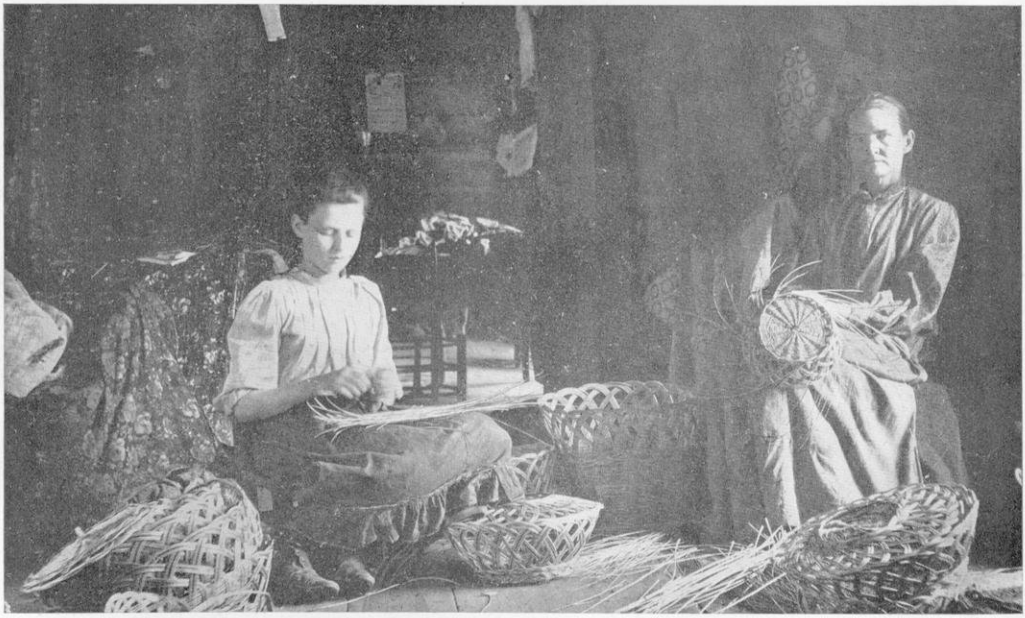




From Photographs by Ralph Erskine.

"A COMFORTABLE HOME, WITH SADDLE HANGING BY THE DOOR AND COVERED WELL NEAR BY."

SOME OF JIM GOSLIN'S CHAIRS AND A WORK BASKET BY MISTRESS HUTCHINS.



From Photographs by Ralph Erskine.

"THE DYE POT IS GENERALLY DOWN NEAR THE 'BRANCH,' WHERE WATER IS HANDY."

MISTRESS HUTCHINS TEACHING A LITTLE GIRL WHO LIVES NEAR BY TO WEAVE BASKETS.

round about them in the past, have never had the opportunity to rise. And where a whole people for generations has been thus handicapped, the first awakening to new conditions is slow, but, when it comes, their growth is as startling as that of the green things along a river in spring time.

They are out of the cotton country, and, in fact, agriculturally, they are out of the way of everything that has made other portions of our land prosperous. By hard labor in their bit of bottom land or on a less precipitous part of the mountain side they may grow enough corn and cowpeas for their own use, but not enough to sell with profit. Corn and cattle have been their only real medium of exchange, and this is to such a meager extent that most of what we regard as the necessaries of life are lacking to them. As a woman who helps feed a large family by her weaving said regarding it: "You know we live from hand to mouth, and sometimes the hand won't quite reach the mouth, so I just weave when I can and get a little money that-a-way."

AS TO the social conditions in the past which have retarded the development of this race along the lines of the world about them, we do not have to go back very far to reach a time when the distinction between slaveholder and non-slaveholder, between the man who could order his work done for him by another human being whom he owned and the man who must perforce do his own work, made a cruel barrier between man and man. It was perhaps this fact that made certain of these people unwilling to enlist in the Southern cause, and compelled them to hide in the mountains while the one large slaveholder of the valley wreaked vengeance on the members of their families left behind. At any rate this is a story told today in the locality of which I write. And so, without the natural resources that could bring them wealth, and a false distinction that placed them far below the dwellers of the low country in social position, they have lived apart, a proud, clear-eyed, fair-cheeked race, with soft mellow voices and gentle ways, and the greatest mistake in the world you can make is for you to pity them.

Religiously they have their traditions, too. Down in the Dark Corner, which has always been famous for its "mountain dew," they have recently had a thorough "revival," and the members of the community are under the strictest self-discipline. This even extended to the expelling of one of their number from the church for lying, because he said he had seen men making ice in Atlanta although

it was summer time. And speaking of revivals—a description of one of them would read like a chapter from Hay and Nicolay's account of the early days in Kentucky. It is a time for family reunions and for the inviting of guests who are to stay, not for a few hours, but for days at a time. All work is laid aside and the people give themselves up to worship and visiting. Whatever faults we might find with the theology taught on these occasions, we have to admit that the people gain something from it and from the inheritance of respectability that keeps them in general a moral, chivalrous, and honest race.

Like all people who live away by themselves, isolated from the world of commercialism, they are dependent upon each other for the utilities of every-day life. Thus it is that one is able to find among them the last remnants of the old-time home industries, formerly carried on wherever man made his home, but now limited to a few scattered families living in out-of-the-way places. The search for them is like hunting for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, for in many a quaint cabin you can find aged women, and young women too, who will say, "Yes—I used to weave right smart, but since the store clothes are so cheap now I haven't done any for a long time." And if you were to question one of them as to whether she would take up the weaving again, or teach her daughter if you could get them good prices for the work, you would sometimes be answered in the affirmative, but generally the reply would be, "Well, I reckon I'm too old now to begin again. Yes, there's the old loom where hits been a-lyin' all apart for the last four year, an' the old wheel is out there in the shaid." On the beds would be charming old home-woven white counterpanes, or blue and white blankets at which you would look longingly, and then go on in your search.

THUS I found it with "Mistress" Williams, who lives up near the foot of the mountain—although her daughter is only too willing to learn if she can get the true value for such laborious work, and not be compelled to undersell the factory products as those about her have done. Mistress Bishop, who makes counterpanes and towels, was off visiting, but Mistress Walker had woven towels during the winter. These were of good quality, with red bands at either end; and, although she does no fancy weaving, common stuffs for a two-treadle loom she can make any quantity of. But when I at last sought out the home of Miss Zanie Pitman, there I found a veritable Eldorado. All the men of the family were dressed

in homespun wool dyed with butternut bark, and there was a wealth of dimity counterpanes with the widest of hand-made fringe in patterns, and the cloth itself ribbed in quaint figures. And, by the way, *dimity* is here used with the ancient Greek meaning. These retiring, gentle people were at first very reluctant to have me even see the work, for they had had experience with certain insulting strangers who had practically compelled them to sell a counterpane for two dollars, and Miss Pitman "had an idea it was worth more than that." However, my offer of five dollars was a shock to the whole family, and put matters on a very different basis, for such a lavish price had never been dreamed of. Then it occurred to me to find out just how much labor was put on each counterpane, and I learned that it took twelve days of spinning—one day to size the yarn, spool it and warp it—and four days of weaving. Thus eighteen days of skilled labor were necessary, not counting the time spent on finishing and making the fringe. And to think that they considered five dollars an ample reward! I need not say that I pointed out the fact that thirty-six cents a day was too low a price to ask for such work.

Then there is Mistress Ravan, a very capable woman of Irish descent, who weaves the most elaborate pieces on the original old four-treadle loom that her great-grandmother brought from the home country. There are square table covers in delicate colors of home-made dye with intricate old-time patterns which she calls "olive leaf" and "rose and vine," and towels with a fine "rain drop" design—and best of all, the great counterpanes of blue and white wool and cotton, made in a figure she has named "magnolia leaf." These are a few of the eighteen patterns which this last of the really accomplished weavers of the district can make. As to rugs, Mistress Tallent helps her husband feed six hungry little mouths by weaving them. She too makes her own dyes, and when she works in wool, cards it by hand and spins it on an old wheel that has been in her family for generations back. Not many years ago, when she married, she worked for women in the neighborhood who paid her in wool, and that was the only way she could get the material for her wedding blankets, which she spun and wove, and uses today. In this home there is real want, and your heart goes out to the bright-eyed children so much that you are only too glad to buy the clumsily knitted pair of stockings that they have been making of the homespun thread, for you are told that the price will help to buy a little dress so that "daughter can go to school."

The dyes are made of tree barks found round about. Maple,

sweet gum, and alder give a rich purple; hickory, a yellow green; plum, a dove color; chestnut is red brown, and black walnut gives a different shade of brown for each month of the year in which it is gathered—but the March brown is the best. Wild indigo weed, when soaked in cool water and set with madder, makes a delicate blue. All the barks except hickory are set with copperas, but for hickory alum is used. The dyes are prepared by boiling the bark, then throwing it out and adding the copperas or alum. By this simple process it is made ready, and the thread in skeins is put in and boiled and dried repeatedly until it is the color desired.

ONE is tempted to linger too long over the weaving, but a trip to "Jug Town," or to the basket workers, or to the Goslins, who make chairs, might be of equal interest. I shall never forget the first time I saw Jim Goslin making chairs. He was barefoot, with trousers rolled up to his knees. His shop was an old cabin where it would take more than one Imperial Cæsar to stop the holes between the logs, and his tools were a chisel made out of an old file, an ax, a saw and a knife. His lathe was an invention of his own, which consisted of two nails to hold the wood he was turning, and a springy board fastened to the rafters overhead so that a cord suspended from it would touch the wood and turn it back and forth as he worked it up and down by means of a small stick fastened to the lower end for a treadle. So, as the cord would go up, turning the wood toward him, he would apply the chisel, and before long as neat a chair rung as you have ever seen would be the result. And everyone is glad to get his chairs—tourists and all. He made me one of ample dimensions that is a treasure, and his splint bottoms last forever.

Mistress Hutchins weaves baskets for the community. She lives far up in the hills and gathers her willow twigs along the sides of the "branch" in early spring. These she dyes brown or green after she has peeled them, or leaves them the natural white. Her work is very serviceable for waste baskets, fruit baskets, or even work baskets, for she can make many shapes and is glad to get new ideas.

But the trip to "Jug Town," of which I spoke, is well worth taking. There is an industry which is probably carried on just the same now as before the Revolution. Not a house for miles around is without some of the products of this place—from jugs for the "mountain dew" to sorghum jugs, bowls and pitchers, churns, crocks, and flower pots. Yet the whole plant is included within the radius of a

few feet. There, in a typical log cabin, are the two ancient potter's wheels, while just outside is a crude pug-mill for grinding and mixing the clay, and over to the right is the home-made kiln. The owner of this factory does not himself labor in it, but two men work it on commission. The output is valued according to the number of gallons a given lot will hold regardless of size or shape, and six cents a gallon is the charge for it on the grounds. Thus you can get a two-gallon jug, of good glaze and the very finest quality of native pottery made anywhere in the country, for twelve cents. It takes a cord-and-a-half of wood to fire a kiln full of pottery. Oak is used in the "tempering" until the chimney of the kiln turns white with heat, and then dry pine is added to make a fierce blaze to "blast" it. The "tempering" takes eight hours and the "blasting" four. The glaze is oftentimes as beautiful as some of our art creations, with deep venation and purple metallic lustre; and yet, as Mr. Flynn explained the process of making it to me, there seemed no great mystery about it. "First you grind up wood ashes, also clay. Sift it above a tub to get out all the nastiness. Mix this up with water, and when your jug is dry, pour this glazin' out of a gourd, or whatever you want, into the jug, and just slosh hit around to let hit fill the cracks and keep hit from seepin'. Then you just pour hit around the outside and hit runs down all round."

SO THESE are the home industries of one locality among many in the Blue Ridge Mountains, but they are typical of the many. And how richly one is repaid for seeking out these people of a fast receding age! For everywhere the water powers of the mountains are attracting the great textile mills, and the slouching mountaineer with gaunt frame and gentle voice will soon become, as I have seen him, the matter-of-fact factory overseer with a diamond in his shirt front like any successful man of the west; and the languid, shy girls will grow into full-bodied young workers, proud of neat dresses and fully awake to the new conditions round them. But are there not some of us who sigh at the thought of such changes? The two- and three-room cabins, with saddle hanging by the door, the old-time well close by, with bucket, beam and crank, and ragged roof of home-made shingles overhead; within, the fire always glimmering on the hearth, and you, the stranger, ever welcome to a seat beside it. Yes, these people may be "behind the times" in many *things*, but in all the immutable verities they are as modern as the world about them, because, of course, time has nothing to do with these things.

CONCERNING SAWDUST PILES, AND THE THINGS THAT VANISH WHEN THE LUMBER CAMP APPEARS: BY GRACE E. WARD

OBINSON CRUSOE, at sight of the strange footprint upon his desert isle, could not have given a more violent start of surprise and consternation than we did when, driving to our favorite grove, we found a mushroom growth of little huts sprung up in the very heart of the pines.

"Why, what—what is the matter?" we gasped. "Are they going to cut down *our woods?*" Some way, we always spoke as if we personally bore the burden of taxation of all the hill-country.

A prodigiously fat woman whose right arm alone looked as if it might fell a pine tree, clad in a magenta wrapper that billowed over all space, squeezed through the door of the nearest hut and surveyed us. That settled it. We knew the worst. Just what the affinity is we know not, but the calico wrapper of a certain vivid magenta hue is the inevitable concomitant of the portable steam-mill.

"The boys hev jest set up the shanties," she vouchsafed, "and we callerlate ter go ter sawin' the fust 'the week."

We groaned. That's what they all do. Every soul that owns a stick of timber "callerlates ter go ter sawin'," these days.

But we would not give up this our last picnic. We spread our table in the presence of our enemies and looked our last upon those tall, straight trunks whose far-off tufted crests bent in the breeze as if to say, "We, about to die, salute you."

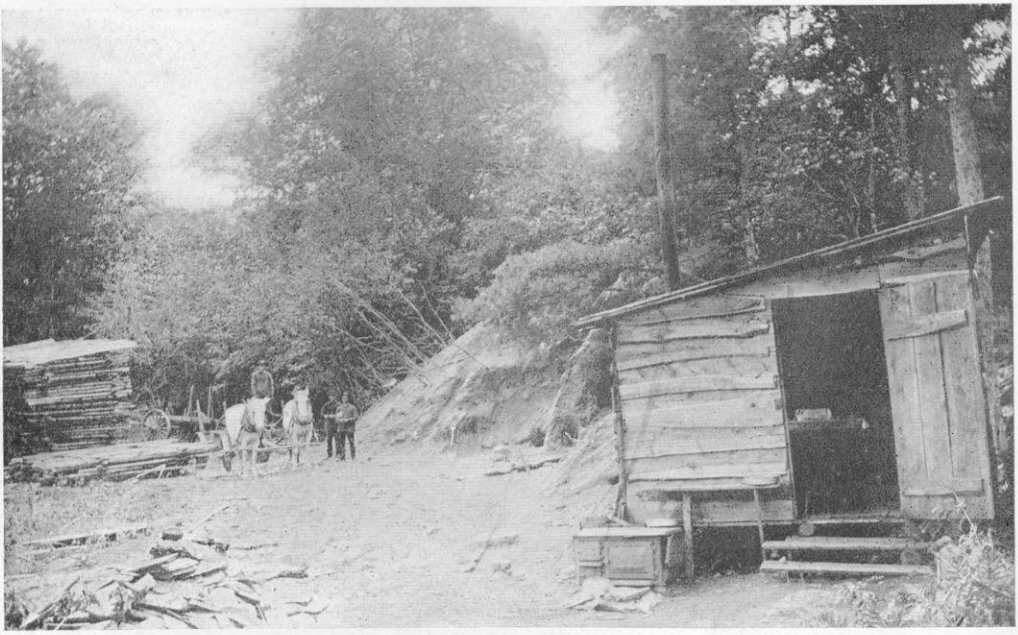
Oh, the pity of it! It was such a wonderful place. There were long, dim aisles, high-vaulted. There were pine-roofed, laurel-banked paths whose low arch one entered with a sense of mystery and awe, and from whose premature dusk, in late afternoon, one emerged again into the sunny, fern-laughing pasture with a sense of having in some way cheated time and gained several hours of daylight.

And now it was going to be like those other mill-yards. There would be the loggers' camps with all the details of housekeeping delightfully open and above board. Blankets, pillows, kitchen utensils, clothing, are always in full evidence. The dinner is prepared on a range outside the door. Exclusiveness is unknown to the logger.

Soon, there would be the portable mill, the Chimæra of the hill country, the monster that devours and scorches and departs. There would be the strident scream of the saw as it drives through a mag-

"THEY ARE GOING TO CUT DOWN OUR WOODS."

"THERE WERE PINE-ROOFED LAUREL-BANKED PATHS."



"THERE WERE LONG, DIM AISLES, HIGH-VAULTED."

"A MUSHROOM GROWTH OF HUTS SPRUNG UP IN THE VERY HEART OF THE PINES."

nificent log, the towering sawdust heap, new and red, the piles of smooth lumber crowding mill-yard and roadside, the big, creaking teams loading and hauling, or drawn up in some convenient shade, with patient horses burrowing into their dinner-pails.

Indeed, we remember not infrequently having had to worm a tortuous course among seven huge lumber teams halted for the nooning at close intervals, criss-cross over the road.

The lumber teamster is King of the Highway. His the right to gouge great gullies in the tortured road. His the exemption from "turning out." You must give place to him, but really the obligation is from within. You look at the mammoth wheels, the overhanging load, the sweating flanks and heaving sides of the horses as they pause for a brief rest, the straining legs that gather strength for the next steep pitch, and you gladly go down even into the ditch to make room for them. You have your warning while they are yet afar, a monstrous tortoise just crawling over the brow of the hill, the pillar of dust cloud moving ever in advance, rising from great, shaggy hoofs.

Can you resist, as you edge past, a glance at the driver? I never can. Ten to one, he is but a boy, slight and wiry, and with that gnomelike type of face that ever belongs with the child that does an adult's work while still a child. Ten to one, if you address him, there will be found the self-contained presence, the laconic speech, the almost lethargic moderation that are his by descent from generations of ancestors who have all sat through a patient course to livelihood teaming lumber, in the certain knowledge that come shine, come shower, there could be no haste beyond what was over and over the same process, the labored strain up the long mile-hill, the unhitching and "doubling up" on the sharp, steep pitch, the generous halts at regular intervals, two loads a day.

WHAT occupies their minds, these drivers, when for the hundredth time they follow the windings and flutings of that white streamer of road? You may search the face as you pass. It is non-committal. It will tell you nothing except that there is no hurry.

The mill-yard has a picturesqueness, to be sure, but it is ephemeral. If you would see how this spot will look, come to one that last year was even as this. It is haunted by the very genius of desolation. No thin spiral of pale blue smoke twists ceaselessly up, no teamsters shout to plodding horses, the sawdust pile stands gray and lifeless, and the sun beats down relentlessly upon a barren tract dotted with

charred stumps and blazing pink with a rank growth of willow-herb, the "fire-weed" of the natives. Strips of bark and chips of wood lie all around, passing into beautiful decay. Ghastly trunks of unfelled trees that the fire has run over rear to Heaven their stark, hideous arms, leprous white. No cheering "hullo," no kindly chaffing of drivers, only the shrill wail of a red-shouldered hawk, guiltily circling in tireless spirals through the blue.

And yet another. Ghostly white birches, the slender, helpless residuum, sagging lower and lower under the weight of last winter's snows, snarled with brush, bent almost double and in no wise able to lift up themselves, make a hopeless tangle of ugliness for several acres.

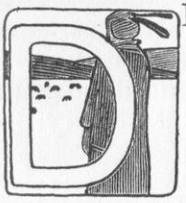
Nature, however, is very good to us, far better than we deserve. "They that know" can show you the place of the old landslide, long time a ragged, clay-colored scratch on the cheek of the mountain. It is beginning to grass over this year, and to nurse a few seedling pines. Why, it hardly shows at all. In the sandy stretch to the north, a pigmy grove of baby pines spreads a soft green fuzz over the valley. Temple Hill, once a smooth green lawn in effect, cropped close by young stock, is dotted with young conifers. The hill to the south is already dark with sapling pines. Oh, they are coming, the new woods, but they cannot come fast enough to offset the havoc of those who "callerlate ter go ter sawin'."

Some days, we meet a kindly sort of body stopping by the wayside to fasten a small, round, tin tag upon a tree. How we love him, that quiet man in the gray slouch hat. It is the tree warden, and such trees as he sets his mark upon are sealed unto the day of redemption. That little tag is the "This shall be mine, saith the State," and the axe of the woodman cannot prevail against it. And so a minimum of shade is secured to the highway, at least in Massachusetts.

Under the labors of the American Forestry Association, whose headquarters are at Washington, much real service is being rendered the hapless forests. It is the Good Samaritan of the nation, for surely no wayfarer upon the Jericho road ever more truly fell among thieves who robbed him and left him sore wounded, than have the splendid tracts of American timber.

The sum of two dollars admits one to membership and secures a subscription to the official organ of the Association, whose intensely interesting work is well worth following. Opportunities are also offered to such as have means and inclination to become benefactors on a larger scale.

THE PERSONALITY OF ALBRECHT DÜRER, PRINCE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY CRAFTSMEN: BY ESTHER MATSON



ESPITE our popular arts and crafts revival we are as yet far away from such a splendidly diffused love of beauty as made those rare places, Florence and Nürnberg, forever famous. Such rejoicing, so the story goes, did the Florentines of the region of the Santa Maria Novella make because of the gift of a picture to their beloved church, that ever after that section of the city was known as the "Joyful Quarter." So noted was the little German city on the Pegnitz for the lovely products of its handicraftsmen that one ancient writer made mention of it as "that Nürnberg whose hand is in every land."

If today anything could send our sophisticated citizens into raptures, it is impossible for us to fancy it being any great work of art, but rather some novel racing machine or the invention of the so much longed for practical air-vehicle. To be sure, you may say, we do lavish great expense and some decorative fancy to boot, on our skyscrapers—but why? Is it not, forsooth, from a motive of competitive advertising—not at all from a love of beauty for its own sake?

The biggest, the highest, the most sensational,—how often are these the objects of our quest. And this is why we need so urgently every mite that helps toward the truer, finer appreciation; why we need again and again to hark back to whatever of goodness and truth and encouragement there is in the examples of the ancients.

"Nothing" declared that wisest of emperors, Marcus Aurelius, "nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues." Delights, yes, but also, we know, tends toward the eventual betterment of our particular conditions. Only in the hurly burly of every day we forget and let pass unheeded many a life either of the past or of the present that might give us inspiration.

The personality of Albrecht Dürer is one of these examples. Nevertheless, it is to discussions and to more or less vain attempts at interpretation of his art that we oftenest apply ourselves, not remembering what gain might be to us, aside from that handwork of his, in the mere reality of his simple, yet strenuous; his homely, yet cultured, life.

It is not the common way, we are aware, to look at the art and the personality of the artist together. We have fallen into a habit of believing that great genius and great virtues cannot occupy the same human body at the same time. Discoveries of frightful abysses in

supposedly noble characters appall us, and indeed our much talk of the artistic temperament is always to the effect that we must "make allowances."

Whether such reasoning be true or false, at least there are some notable instances of a different sort, some cases where an artist's thirst for beauty is exquisitely balanced by his thirst for righteousness. When such is the case it is an ungrateful critic who will not cry out aloud to us to lend our ears.

THAT Dürer did accomplish—arrive, to put the thing in modern phraseology—there is no questioning. We know that he attained to the titles of goldsmith, of craftsman, of artist and of citizen. We know him as acknowledged father of German painting, master of engraving, forerunner of the art of illustration, and not seldom called the prince of artists.

We have to stand and marvel at his technique, at his precision of line, at his knowledge of perspective and his mastery of the principles of proportion. And all this aside from, and in addition to, his strange power of haunting symbolism, that distinctly northern trait of his that bade him grapple with the problems of the *hinterwelt*, that lured him to try to translate into terms of matter the invisible and intangible things of the mind and soul.

Far as he was from that "graciousness" as Pater calls it, which seems to have been innate Nature's godmotherlike gift to the Italians, Dürer's creations have nevertheless much of the same spectral, unforgetable power that we find in the work of such a painter as the Italian Da Vinci.

Southern art, even at its most solemn moments, is ever pensive rather than actually and incorrigibly sad. The glow of the southland sun bears in its rays some mysterious balm, whereas in the north the cold sky carries naught of healing; rather on the northern temperament the spiritual gloom, as in vast hemlock forests the material gloom, sits impenetrable, unconsolable.

In Dürer this typical northern unrest, this longing to penetrate the veil of matters hidden, this melancholy that is the inevitable effect of the discovered inability to do so—all is accented and intensified. These traits, unsoftened by any sun, are etched into his character, bitten into his art, even as bare winter boughs are etched against a frosty sky. And these are the very qualities that make his appeal to us moderns the more searching.

Because of such qualities, and also because of yet one other trait,

his love of nature. In that again he makes appeal to us of today, and in connection with this particular side of his character it is not a little interesting to look at his theories of art. Those theories of his were very definite. Couched in wordings as quaint as the city and the age in which he lived, the great mass of his manuscripts and books would prove rather curious than actually agreeable reading. Yet there are many passages which, could they be collected for us in convenient shape, would ring as true and clarion-clear today as when they were written, now nearly four hundred years ago.

Such a volume of extracts as we might get would help us to recall how Dürer was among the first of those theorists who urged formally and insistently on what we now term nature study. It was he who declared for study of the object, the tree, the hill, the horse, the human figure, from the thing itself. It was Dürer, moreover, who first going far beyond the hintings in that direction of the earlier brothers Van Eyck, gave us real landscape. Indeed it is a curious fact, so indomitable was his nature love and so individual his exposition of nature scenes, that there are certain kinds of landscape which we can describe in no other way than by calling them Düreresque.

AMONG his "Instructions" are some of the very germ thoughts which later the word painter, Ruskin, clothed in such radiant language. "The love of Nature," said the earlier Gothic craftsman, "makes known the truth of all these things: therefore gaze upon her intently, and do not deviate from her to follow your own opinions as if you could imagine that you could find out better for yourself, for you would be misled. For truly art lies in Nature, and he who can draw her out, obtains her."

Again he tells us "it is decreed that no human being can, of his own imagination, even make a beautiful picture, and so he must fill his mind full of beauty by many an imitation, and then it is no more called his own, but has become art, which has been mastered and acquired, which sows itself, grows, and bears forth fruit of its kind. Thereupon the collected and secret treasure of the heart becomes manifest through the work, and the new creature which is created in the heart is the form of a thing."

And once again see how he emphasizes his point.

"If all beauty is enclosed in Nature, the greatest difficulty is for human power to recognize it and to reproduce it in a picture.——"

Of the four books on Human Proportion which Dürer planned he lived to see only the first actually in press, but the manuscript notes

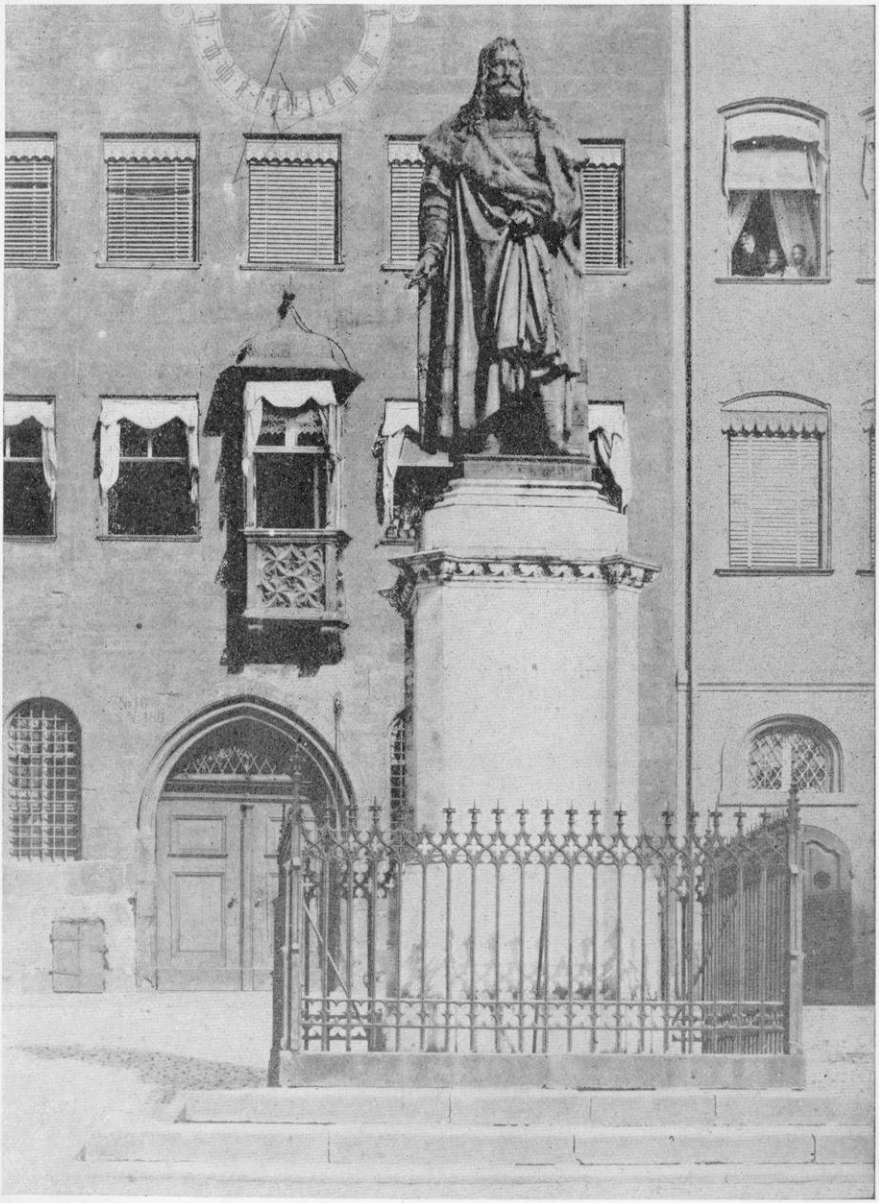
for the others are carefully preserved and may yet be given, in part, to the public. If they are brought out we shall hope for one or two more episodes illustrating the peculiarly naïve and human side of the man. We shall hope for more stories on the order of those two well-known ones concerning his friendship with the aged Bellini and his relations with the Emperor Maximilian.

One gets the happiest glimpse of his sense of humor in the famous retort, made when the Emperor showed annoyance because in his own unskilled fingers the crayon which he tried to use kept breaking into bits; "But, gracious Emperor," said Dürer, "I would not have your Majesty draw as well as myself. I have practised the art and it is my kingdom. Your Majesty has other and more difficult work to do."

Then what a pleasant touch we get, what a hint of naïve, excusable egoism, in that anecdote of his admiration for Bellini. It was of the ancient painter that Dürer wrote home, you remember, those rememberable words, "Everyone tells me what an honorable man he is, and that he likes me: he is very old, but still the best painter."

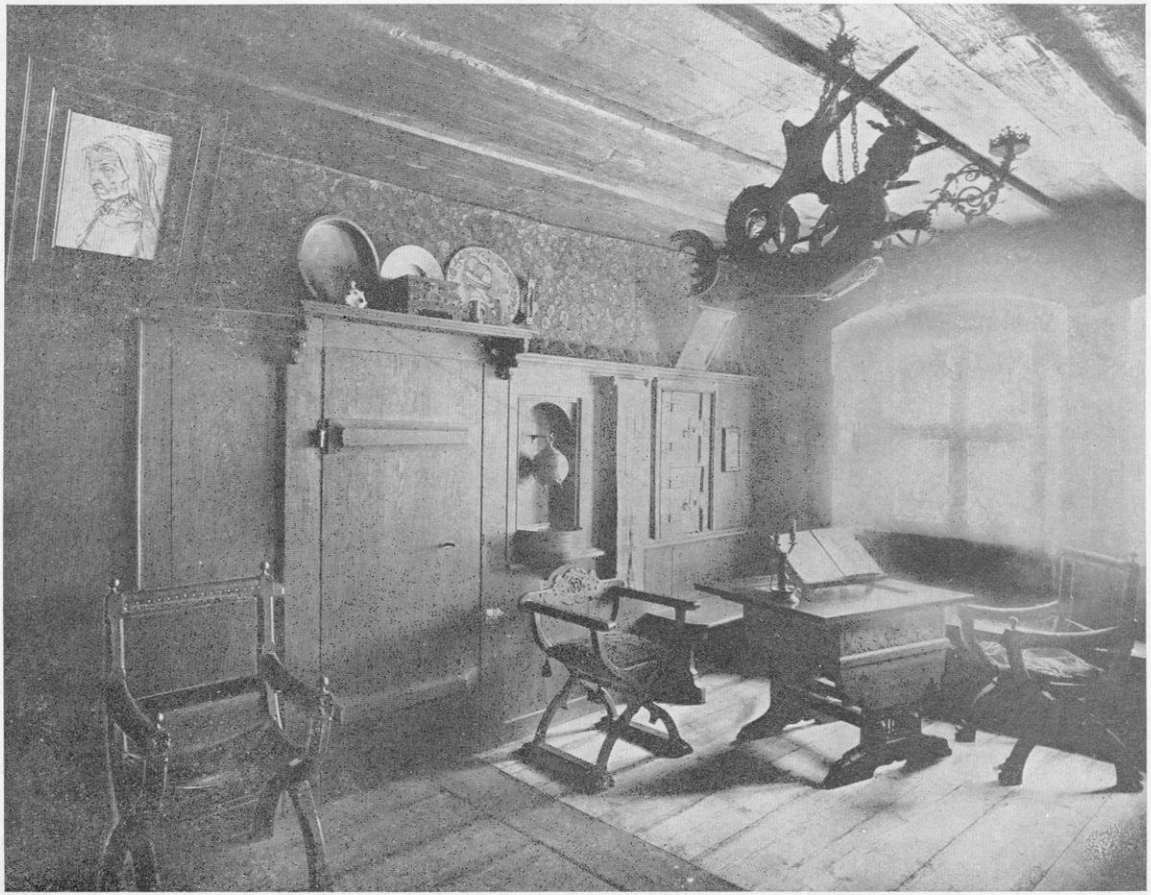
Every evidence goes to show that Dürer was liked in Venice and in Florence, that indeed more than a little pressure was brought to bear on him to induce him to settle in some one of the so highly cultured cities of Italy. But the Northman's strength of mind was in keeping with his strength of drawing; the fact of the case he stated simply enough—he chose to "live in a moderate manner in Nürnberg rather than to be rich and great in any other place." The sentiment perhaps is as uncommon as the character of the man who expressed it. However else it be, it is a sentiment that illuminates a character like a flashlight.

After all it is no slight thing, in any age or place, to prove oneself worthy the titles of craftsman, artist and citizen. The last this "prince of artists" deemed of more than passing high rank. Indeed we suspect that no tribute could ever have given Albrecht Dürer greater pleasure could he have known it, and certainly no tribute could be imagined more suggestive, than the simple and sincere assurance of Melancthon when he heard of the painter's death, that here was "a wise man in whom the artistic element, prominent as it was, was still the least."

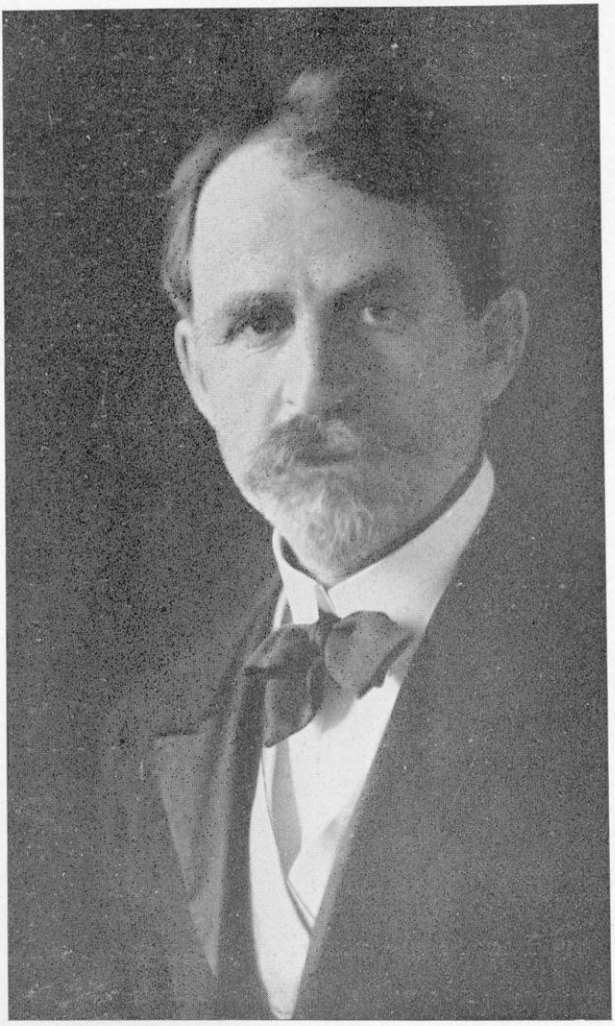


MONUMENT TO ALBRECHT DÜRER,
NÜRNBERG.

THE HALLWAY IN THE HOUSE
OF ALBRECHT DÜRER, NÜRNBERG.



ALBRECHT DÜRER'S LIVING ROOM
IN THE OLD HOUSE AT NÜRNBERG.



HAMLIN GARLAND: WRITER OF SIGNIFICANT AMERICAN FICTION, AND A LOYAL FRIEND TO THE INDIANS.

THE RED PLOWMAN: A STORY: BY HAMLIN GARLAND

OSCA was plowing in the small field behind his teepee close to the trail crossing. The reins hung from his broad red shoulders, and his knotted fingers gripped the crooked handles of the plow as though they were the horns of a mad buffalo, while the little ponies strained at the traces and wavered to and fro, now in, now out of the furrow, snorting and rebellious.

The old man's head was bare, his hair, braided and adorned with eagle feathers, streamed in the air, and his ornamented breech-cloth fluttered comically in the rear. Determination was in his set lips and complete absorption marked his every gesture. He was plowing as he once went to war—with his whole might. He had no mind to the beauty of the plain—no thought of the sun, though his eyes were filled with scalding sweat. It was as if a man of the stone age had met and taken lessons of the advance guard of the age of steam.

A party of young Arapahoes came riding by—their gay trappings flapping in the wind, their dark faces agrin with delight at the old man's boyish enthusiasm over his plow and his ponies.

Pulling their horses to a stand they began to call out witticisms: "Hello, Uncle, what are you doing?"

"If you push harder you will go faster," laughed another.

"Ho! Osca, the great chief, is dead," cried a third. "A squaw has taken his place."

A fourth wag put his hands to the pommel of his saddle and imitated the humping gesture of the plowman.

The old chief straightened his gaunt form and turned his keen, deep-set eyes upon his insulters—his broad breast heaving with righteous indignation.

"You call me squaw-heart," he began. "But your fathers did not so. The enemies of our tribe do not think of Osca in that way. You point at me because I am treading the white man's road, but I do not beg of the white man with one hand and strike him with the other. I do not pretend to be at peace when I am hungry, and go to war when I am fed. *You* call me squaw-heart," he repeated, and his voice began to rumble. He tore the shirt from his breast, pitted and seamed by knife and arrow—"I am a warrior, my record is written here. *Who are you?*"

There was such weight of scorn in his thundering voice, such withering accusation in his eyes, that the scoffers began to edge away with changed faces.

Osca did not release them. "True, I fought the wonder-workers, but I fed myself. I have never asked the white man to put meat in my mouth, while I turned his counsels to mockery. Now I am facing a new road. It is a hard road. I've turned my back on the warpath. My guns are put away—this is now my weapon!" He laid a hand upon the plow. "You are too young to laugh at me. *Where are your scars?*" He waited a moment, grandly defiant, from his furrow. "Go!" he thundered. "When you have scars like these you may come to laugh at Osca. Away with you!" With a contemptuous gesture he dismissed them and turned to his work.

They wheeled their horses and rode away, crestfallen. In the blaze of the old man's angry eyes their insolence withered. Shame and fear filled their hearts. When they looked back Osca had resumed his heroic struggle with the plow.

IN THE AUTUMN GRASS

DID you ever lie low
In the depth of the plain,
In the lee of a swell that lifts,
Like a low-lying island out of the sea,
When the blue joint shakes
As an army of spears;
When each flashing wave breaks
In turn overhead
And wails in the door of your ears?

If you have, you have heard
In the midst of the roar,
The note of a lone gray bird,
Blown slantwise by overhead
As he swiftly sped
To his south-land haven once more!

O, the music abroad in the air,
With the Autumn Wind sweeping
His hand on the grass, where
The tiniest blade is astir, keeping
Voice in the dim, wide choir,
Of the infinite song, the refrain,
The wild, sad wail of the plain!

From "Prairie Songs"
Courtesy of Stone and Kimbal
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—HAMLIN GARLAND.

SOCIAL UNREST: A CONDITION BROUGHT ABOUT BY SEPARATING THE PEOPLE INTO TWO FACTIONS, CAPITAL AND LABOR: BY THE EDITOR

OCIAL unrest is, without question, the distinguishing characteristic of this age. Especially is this true in America, where greed and arrogance on the one hand and class hatred and jealousy on the other seem to have arrayed the people into two great factions, represented by the terms Capital and Labor. The prevailing feeling is that a relatively small class has possessed itself of the land and its treasures; that a few great corporations, mostly composed of the same men, control the main arteries of the nation's industry and commerce, and that therefore the few, by unfair and secret methods now legally known as "conspiracy in restraint of trade," have contrived, by stifling competition and exploiting the labor of others, to despoil the many. Consequently, the smoldering resentment blazes forth, not only in retaliatory acts of aggression on the part of the labor unions, but in the fever of investigation and restrictive legislation that seems to have swept like an epidemic over all the land.

And it is not alone the proletariat and the radical reformers who are engaged in the revolt against these powerful organizations of multimillionaires; on the contrary, thoughtful and conservative men everywhere are now advocating reforms which, a few years ago, would have been mentioned only by the extreme radical. What was the radicalism of five years ago, even, is the conservative, earnest thought of today. That a Republican President of the United States should seriously propose to confiscate, by a system of progressive taxation, the larger part of the "swollen fortunes;" to imprison the heads of the great corporations, men whose names are significant of world-wide power; to have the government appoint receivers to control, in the interests of the people, the railroads and other important industries; and to impose an income tax which shall compel the exploiters of the people and of public utilities to restore to the nation a portion of their immense gains, is perhaps the most remarkable indication of the spirit of the age we live in. That he is supported in this attitude by the great mass of the American people is vitally significant to those who can read the signs and interpret them. And when judges impose upon great corporations fines which run into the tens of millions, it is but another evidence of the univer-

sal sense of exasperation at the persistent disregard of common rights shown by men who have assumed the leadership of industry and finance.

There is no question that, with all the confusion and uproar of investigation and denunciation and the war of contending opinions as to the advisability of the severe measures now being employed to curb the power of the trusts, in the end a better state of affairs will be found to have been inaugurated as a result of the contest. Bringing forth doubtful methods into the full light of public opinion for examination and judgment is always a good thing, for, in spite of temporary prejudice and violence, the national feeling as a whole inevitably inclines toward justice and fair dealing. The mistake lies in thinking that the trouble can be wholly and permanently eradicated by restrictive legislation. The most drastic measures that are suggested look no farther than merely the surface controlling of things—that is, they deal solely with effects, ignoring the cause from which all these effects have sprung, and which must be considered in any attempt to bring about genuine and lasting reform. We see and hotly resent the high-handed methods by which the trusts have gained their power to control for their own benefit practically the whole industrial situation in this country, but how many of us realize that in these same trusts and the captains of industry who have formed them, we see only the crystallization of a spirit common to the vast majority of our people,—the national craze for greatness of possession. The greater number of Americans are possessed by the dominating desire to own things and to "win out" against all competitors, and it cannot be denied that from this desire has sprung our phenomenal growth; but also it cannot be denied that the trust builder is merely the man who, through native ability for organization and the power to use and turn to advantage every opportunity for gain or advancement, has come most nearly to realizing in his own person the national ideal. In fighting these men and what they represent, we are, like Frankenstein, vainly endeavoring to rid ourselves of the monster which our own ambition has helped to create.

THIS unrest and discontent on the part of the many as against the powerful few is no new social condition, but one as old as civilization itself. The only difference between this and former struggles is that the terms are more equal than ever before, because the possession by every citizen of the utmost freedom of speech and opinion gives to the people an enormous increase of power to fight

against oppressive conditions. But, whether the contest has been for religious liberty or political freedom, or for a more equal distribution of the wealth of the nation, there has always been first the creation by the people themselves of a dominant national ideal, and then the revolt against what happens when that ideal is carried to its logical conclusion by men who, by force or fraud, have succeeded in compassing what every man has been taught to regard as the chief end and aim of existence. In the ages of war and rapine, when nations in the process of formation were testing their strength and settling their boundaries, the national ideal of every people was war and conquest. The leaders of men were military leaders; their methods were ruthless and their rule oppressive. Might alone made right; nevertheless the people who groaned under the yoke worshiped the spirit of which the oppressors were but the concrete expression, even while they occasionally rose in revolt and endeavored to destroy the conquerors who ruled them. Today, the national ideal is wealth, not so much general prosperity, as individual wealth—and the power to rule by means of that wealth. The workingman whose labor is exploited, the average citizen whose means are straitened, rise in revolt against the great combinations which hold in a grip of steel the industrial and financial situation, and endeavor to restrain or even to destroy them, regardless of the good that balances the evil and of the part that this genius for organization—this ruthless, aggressive energy—has played in creating the phenomenal growth and development of the country. The fight that is now going on is a battle of giants. Unquestionably in the end the people will win, but will they benefit by the victory? One effect, or manifestation, of the national worship of wealth and power, will perhaps have been destroyed at enormous cost to the whole country, only to make room for another manifestation equally disastrous. Even now the menace of the Labor Unions equals the menace of the Trusts.

WHEN we turn to the question of dealing with cause as well as with effect, it might be profitable to look for a moment at the experience of earlier and simpler times, back to the day of the Hanseatic League and of the craftsmen's guilds before which the military ideal and the power of feudalism went down into dust. If, in these strenuous days, the national spirit of energy and enterprise were diverted from the mad pursuit of gain solely for the sake of gain, to the endeavor to achieve what is best in work, in life and in the conduct of government, the cry of unequal opportunity would

soon be stilled and the desire of all men for progress, which has been the mainspring of the world's upward movement, would begin to express itself through all the myriad channels of individual capacity and the will to achieve, instead of being manifested only in an unequal and bitter struggle which, in spite of victories gained by one side or the other, can only end, as always, in the subjection and exploitation of the many by the strong and able few. More and more the conviction is growing in the minds of thinking people that the final solution of the trust problem lies in the fostering of individual enterprise along sane and reasonable lines, and that, after we have tried repression by legislation, punishment by imprisonment, checking by taxation, and all the other methods advised by political science for dealing with unjust monopolies, we shall still find it necessary to return to simpler and saner ideas about life and work, and to the establishing on a national scale of small individual or coöperative industries and handicrafts allied with agriculture, before the people will be in a position to control permanently the industrial situation. This is not abandoning our energy and acumen in business, it is simply enlarging the percentage of possible success. Where, with the goal now in view, one man succeeds so enormously as to attract the attention of the whole world, and by this success gains the power to control the work and the life of thousands of his fellowmen, a change as to the object most to be desired would give opportunity to any number of these workers to develop by their own initiative the ability and training to do individual work that would be fitted by actual merit to command its place in the market and to furnish the worker a reasonable livelihood. It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that, even in this country, this idea is taking deeper and deeper root. The false standard of ambition so long held up as an incentive to our boys is giving place to practical training, especially in handicrafts, that will develop to its utmost their ability as workers and so fit them to play an honest and adequate part in the national life as a whole. In the practical application of this conviction America is as yet far behind other countries, but the success of a number of experiments made abroad proves that the theory is considered worth the most careful testing by European governments, and that where it has been tried its success has been established beyond question.

There is a widespread belief that handicrafts and small shops cannot hold their own with the great manufacturing industries, and that small businesses must go down before the larger commercial organizations. Many believe that production upon a large scale

is so much more economical than small production that small industries are doomed inevitably to destruction. Many learned economists assure us that this is the fact, and support their arguments with much statistical information. Yet practical experience tends to show that this belief is based upon mistaken premises; in fact, it has been proven that the tendency is for the expense account to increase so much more rapidly in large organizations than in small ones that, if their special and unjust privileges were taken from the great industrial and commercial organizations so that the small workshops and individual workers were given an equal chance, the latter would be more than able to hold their own.

AN EXAMPLE of this is the general breaking up into smaller farms of the great bonanza farms of the West, which only a few years ago were held as marking the beginning of the extinction of small individual holdings. The threatened extinction has failed to take place; on the contrary, it is farming on the larger scale that has not proved generally profitable and is being abandoned. Also, the great department stores have not yet succeeded in exterminating the small shops, as was once so confidently prophesied. If these were isolated facts, they might not be especially significant, but when we remember that they accord with an almost universal experience, there seems to be evidence that a big principle is involved. When, some years ago, immense factories filled with intricate machinery for making watches were introduced into Switzerland, it was predicted that in a few years the home and small coöperative workshops would speedily disappear, but the prediction has not been fulfilled. On the contrary, the event has shown that the small workshops in which most of the work is done by hand, only the very simplest machinery being used, can very easily withstand the competition of the big factories. Moreover, the condition of the workers in the small shops is in all respects superior to that of their fellow-workmen in the factories.

M. Kropotkin has shown that the same general observations hold true of the silk trade of Lyons, which still remains very largely in the hands of home-workers and coöperative producers working in small workshops. He cites also the large woollen cloth factories at Verviers, closed, their costly machinery rusting, beaten by the competition of the hand-looms in the weavers' houses! Exactly the same thing has happened in Hungary, where the largest rug factory in the country, aided by the government, was beaten by the competition

of the free peasant weavers. Russia's experience has been similar. The information comes with the authority of a Russian government official of high standing, that peasant industries compete successfully against the great machine industries, and that in cities like Moscow and St. Petersburg the very best stores, carrying the highest class of goods, even to the finest and most exquisite furniture, are supplied by the peasant producers, who also make the cheaper grades of goods for the less fashionable stores.

It is clear, then, that in urging a return to handicrafts and small industries allied with agriculture as a solution for the great trust problem, the objection that handicrafts and small coöperative industries could not stand the competition of the great industries does not hold. Nowhere in the world is the competition of factory production against small workshops keener than in Belgium, except possibly in Germany, and the experience of both countries bears out the contention that, without special and unjust privileges to assist them, the great industrial corporations can never crush out the small producers.

It is strange, when one stops to think of it, that, instead of using the powers of government to support and strengthen the independence of the people by fostering small industries, we have in this country pursued exactly the opposite course. We have suffered the great corporations to fasten their clutches upon our government and to use it to their own advantage and to the disadvantage of the great mass of the people. The thoughtful American who goes to such foreign countries as Switzerland, Belgium or Hungary, and sees how earnestly the governments of those countries strive to give the small producers the fullest possible opportunity to maintain their independence, cannot fail to be impressed by the superior statesmanship that is displayed. Volumes could be written describing the ways in which the various *cantons* foster handicrafts and other small industries, by special education, by providing cheap electric power, by the introduction of new industries suitable for home-work and small workshops, and through the agency of numerous other and equally practical methods.

SO, TOO, in the case of Hungary. Little more than twenty-five years ago, in eighteen hundred and eighty-one, the Hungarian government directed its attention to the possibilities of the development of its peasant industries. For centuries the peasants had been accustomed to weave all their own textiles, from the finest

linen to heavy woolen blankets and rugs, to make their own kitchen utensils and simple agricultural implements of wood, their own furniture, baskets, leather goods, pottery, and so on. Many of their products were laboriously decorated, though the decoration was not infrequently crude in the extreme. The designs had been handed down from time immemorial, and frequently belonged exclusively to a particular village, so that one familiar with the subject could go through a large collection of peasant ware of all kinds and, from the designs alone, tell exactly the village in which each piece was made. The work might be an elaborate piece of embroidery, a cowherd's whip with its inlaid handle, or a heavy carved oak chest; the design it bore told the place of its origin and testified to both ancestral and civic pride in good craftsmanship.

Very wisely, the government decided to encourage the peasants to retain these traditional designs. It confined its efforts to trying to improve the quality of the work, as, for example, by introducing slight improvements in the hand looms and showing the peasants how to do more even weaving; by trying to develop the artistic quality of the design, by teaching the peasants to draw more accurately; by helping them to find markets for their products in the large cities and also in foreign countries, and by assisting individuals or groups to take up home handicrafts or small associated industries in workshops. Through the kindness of Dr. George de Szögyeny, Commissioner of Commerce for Hungary in this country, to whom I am also indebted for much other interesting information, I have been able to compare the work done by the peasants prior to eighteen hundred and eighty-one with that which is now being done, and I cannot too strongly express my admiration for the manner in which all that was good in the old work has been retained in the new and the whole character of the work improved.

At the present time, upward of half a million agricultural workers in Hungary add to their incomes by some handicraft or other home work, the women outnumbering the men by more than ten to one. Not only are practically all the things needed for the household made at home, but upward of half a million workers engaged in agriculture, after supplying their own wants, add to their incomes by means of handicrafts. Then there are more than one hundred thousand workers who make their living exclusively from handicrafts. A report was published a few years ago which showed that in a single year one hundred families, in Apatin and Gombos, received eight thousand dollars for wooden shoes and troughs for cattle, and fifty

families in the village of Tiszolc received thirty-two thousand dollars for willow ware. The workers in one county received upward of twenty-four thousand dollars for wooden spoons and boxes for firewood; the workers in Hadju county about two hundred thousand dollars for articles made of straw, and the workers of Arva county about fifty-two thousand dollars for coarse linen. I have cited these figures simply to show that, even though eighty per cent. of all workers in the home industries work upon the farms, the economic returns from the handicrafts they unite with farming are very considerable.

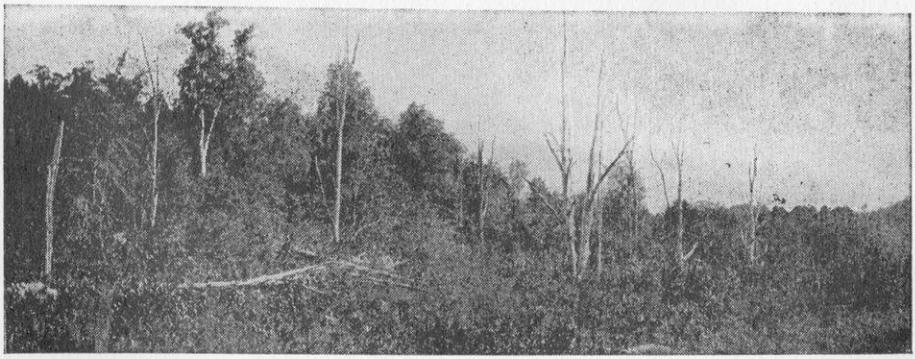
Today the Hungarian government promotes handicrafts and small industries in many ways. It aids local societies formed for the purpose of developing handicrafts, and encourages with subsidies the local exhibitions; it supports training shops and classes in all large villages and sends itinerant teachers into the most remote hamlets; every year it offers traveling scholarships for the best workmanship in certain classes of work, enabling the winners to travel in foreign countries in order to extend their knowledge; it gives credit to individual craftsmen or small groups of workers to enable them to acquire homesteads or to get the tools and machinery needed, and in rare cases even donates the last.

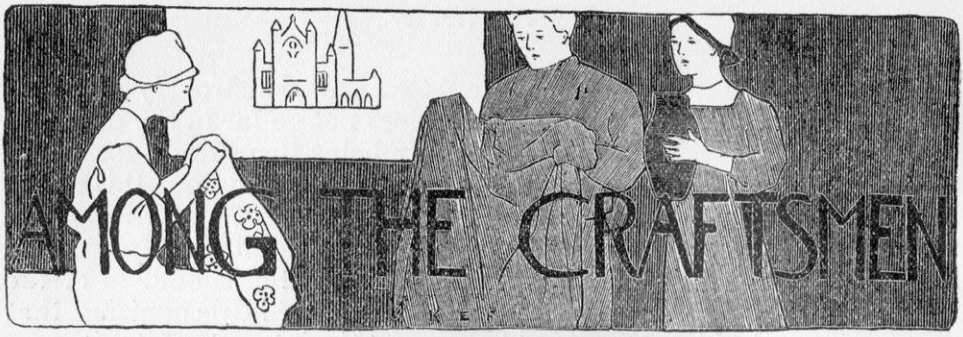
In addition to all these, the government caused to be started, and pays an annual subsidy to, a private corporation in Buda-Pesth, controlled by the government, called the Hungarian Trading Company, Limited. In return for its subsidy this association must keep open a number of foreign markets and sell at least six million crowns' worth of Hungarian produce each year, one-sixth of which must be the product of handicrafts. Its profits are limited to a certain amount, all surplusage being devoted to the extension of the markets for Hungarian goods. This association serves as a great bureau of exchange for the peasant workers. They can send their goods if they choose to the association, or deliver them to its agents, when a price is agreed upon between the association and the peasant, at which the goods are to be sold. The producer then is enabled to draw in advance a certain percentage of the price, according to a schedule, sometimes as high as seventy-five per cent.

I have gone at length into the Hungarian system in order that the reader might see how intelligently this question is treated in other lands. I do not say that in the United States we ought to adopt the Hungarian plan, but I do urge most strongly that our government consider seriously the advisability of using its power and influence to encourage a revival of handicrafts and small industries. The

Hungarian method as described doubtless smacks strongly of paternalism, though in fact the government does not go far in the direction of doing things for its people, but wisely helps them to do for themselves. The total cost to the government of carrying out this policy in nineteen hundred and two, the last year for which I have the figures, was only a little more than fifty-five thousand dollars. Its success lies not so much in taking responsibility from the shoulders of the people themselves and doing things for them, as in recognizing that the government of a nation should represent the interests of its citizens, and its powers be used to enable them to live and work to the best advantage.

Already, in the effective work of our own Department of Agriculture, and the various state boards of agriculture, we have adopted a policy of helping the farmers that is very similar in many respects to that which Hungary and Switzerland have adopted with so much success toward the craftsmen. There is also a growing conviction that we ought to encourage the union of handicrafts with agriculture, and that, if rightly developed, such a policy would in time go far toward breaking the power of corporate greed. Leave the way open for all men who desire to so employ themselves, free them to develop by means of individual creative work, and there will be no need to fear the outcome of the struggle against the powers that bind and exploit the life of the people.





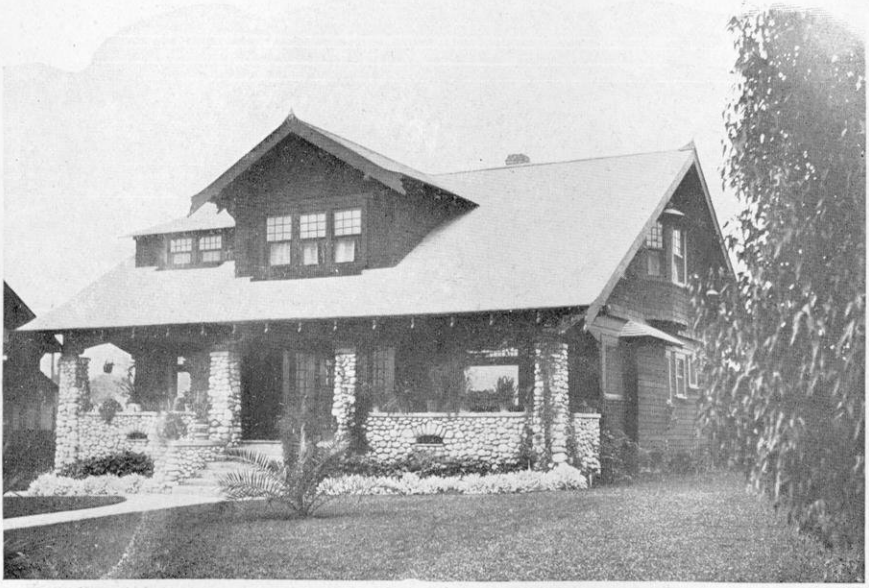
SOME CALIFORNIA HOUSES THAT SHOW AN INTERESTING USE OF THE POPULAR AND ADAPTABLE COBBLESTONE

IN the building of modern country homes there seems to be no end to the adaptability of cobblestones when used as a building material, for apparently they can be brought into more or less harmony with nearly every style of architecture that has about it any semblance of ruggedness. The only place where cobblestones have not penetrated seems to be in the architecture of the conventional city house. In the CRAFTSMAN houses the use of cobblestones is not especially advocated, as we have found that the best effects from a structural point of view can be obtained by using the split stones instead of the smaller round cobbles. Splitting the stones brings into prominence all the interesting colors that are to be found in field rubble, and it is astonishing what a variety and richness of coloring is revealed when the stone is split apart so that the inner markings appear. Also, a better structural line can be obtained when there is not so much the effect of a loose pile of stones. Very few houses that are possible for modern civilized life—outside of the mountain camp—are sufficiently rough and primitive in construction to be exactly in harmony with the use of cobbles, and always there is a slight sense of effort when they are brought into close relation with finished construction.

Nevertheless, the popularity of cobblestones for foundations, pillars, chimneys, and even for such interior use as chimney-pieces, is unquestioned, and in many cases the effect is very interesting. Mr. Charles A. Byers, of Los Angeles, California, has sent us photographs of a number of California houses and bungalows in which cobblestones are extensively used, and these pictures are so suggestive in many ways that we are glad to reproduce them here. They illustrate very well the many uses to which cobbles may be put in building. As will be seen, some of the houses show the cobbles only in the foundation and chimney, others in the porch pillars, and one or two in the wall enclosing the yard, a device which is very effective in linking the house with its surroundings. The woodwork of these houses has been carefully planned to harmonize with the stones. In the matter of color, the preference is given to dull browns and greens, as these offer contrast and harmonize well with the rough gray cobbles. In some cases the roof is painted white, to bring it into close relation with the stone foundations. This is very striking in effect, and in some surround-

A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR HOUSE NEAR PASADENA, CAL. COBBLESTONE CHIMNEY, FOUNDATION AND YARD WALL.

A FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR PASADENA HOUSE. LARGE COBBLESTONES USED IN PORCH PILLARS.

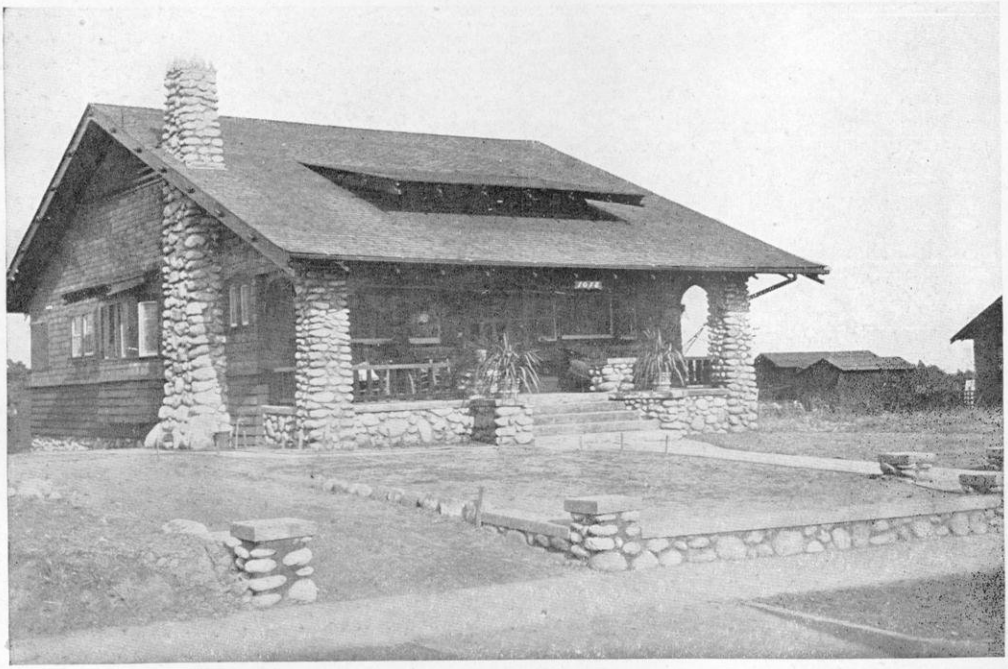


A FORTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR HOUSE NEAR LOS ANGELES. PORCH ENTIRELY OF COBBLESTONES.

A COTTAGE IN SOUTH PASADENA, WITH INTERESTING USE OF COBBLESTONES IN PORCH.

"FOUR OAKS," SOUTH PASADENA, A WEATHERBOARD HOUSE WITH COBBLESTONE FOUNDATION AND CHIMNEY: VINES AND POTTED PLANTS INTERESTINGLY USED.

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW, WITH A RATHER BULKY USE OF COBBLESTONES IN CHIMNEY.



A SIMPLE WELL-RELATED USE OF COBBLESTONES IN A TWENTY-EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLAR COTTAGE.

A CHARMING WOODEN HOUSE, FINISHED WITH DULL GREEN STAIN; COBBLESTONES USED IN PORCH, CHIMNEY AND TERRACE.

ings has proven very attractive. The most popular treatment of the walls in houses of this kind appears to be shingling with rough cedar shingles, which are simply oiled, leaving their natural color a little darkened. The exterior trim is rarely lighter than the walls, except when pure white is used, which, especially in the case of thick, round porch pillars, is very attractive in relation to a house of natural wood and gray stones.

The cobblestones used for houses of this kind are of varying sizes. To give the best effect in the wall, they should be neither too small nor too large. Stones ranging from two and a half inches in diameter for the minimum size to six or seven inches in diameter for the maximum are found the most generally suitable. Such stones, which belong, of course, to the limestone variety and are irregularly rounded, can usually be obtained without trouble in almost any locality where there are any stones at all—picked up from rocky pasture land or a dry creek bottom. The tendency of builders is to select the whitest stones and the most nearly round that are obtainable.

On the first page of illustrations two shingled houses are shown, in which the use of cobbles is limited in one case to the foundation and garden wall, and in the other to the pillars that support the small roof of the entrance porch. Where they are used as the foundation, the effect is very attractive, and seems to be in thorough harmony with the building. This house is unusually interesting in plan and construction, the broad, low proportions and the lines of the overhanging roof lending to it much individuality and charm. The second house on the page, while possessing some excellent structural features, is hardly so happy in the use of cobblestones. The pyramidal piles of stone which serve in the place of columns are rather clumsy and intentionally rough in effect, and so a little jarring in connection with the beautiful lines and finish of the house itself. And the little chimney perched on top of the roof is hardly as inevitably a part of the whole construction as the tall chimney, also of cobblestones, of which only a corner appears in the upper picture. Another feature that tends to make this house rather more striking than quiet and harmonious in effect is the white roof, which is in sharp contrast with the weather-boarding of split oak shingles oiled and left in their natural color. The dark brown trimming and the natural colored shingle walls and roof of the upper house is far more restful in this country of vivid colors and brilliant sunshine.

The next two pictures show the use of cobblestones not only for foundations, but for porch parapets and pillars. Here the effect is better because the cobblestones are more regular in size and the straight square lines of the pillars are preserved in spite of the roughness of the stone. The smooth cement copings and capitals seem a trifle overfinished when counted as a part of the cobblestone wall, but as a connection between the stones and the rest of the house they are very well used. The house shown in the upper picture has walls of weather-boarding stained brown, and a white roof. A particularly attractive feature is the window-box which gives a mass of verdure the year round just outside the group of windows on the second story. The other house has also a white roof, but the shingles are stained green. Here the color effect is admirably harmonized by the liberal use of "dusty miller" among the flowers which grow about it in such profusion, as these repeat the grayish-white of the stone and the roof, just as the green stain of the shingles tones in with the trees. Both houses give that delightful impression of breadth and

cordiality and homelikeness which seems to be so much a part of the individuality of the typical modern California houses, and both are exceedingly well planned from an architectural point of view. There seems to be a quality about both the climate and the life in California that gives to its architecture a peculiar sense of friendliness. Whether it is conveyed by the big roof which affords shelter from the burning sun, or the ample porches which give opportunity for living out of doors during the greater part of the year; whether it is the length and width of the building in proportion to its height, or the grouping of the big windows to admit the greatest possible amount of air and sunshine, it is difficult to tell. Perhaps it is a combination of all of these, but whatever it is, a house that is typically Californian certainly partakes of the character of these hospitable, cordial people of the West, and seems to extend a welcome to every stranger that approaches it.

Still another white roof is shown in the upper picture on the third page of illustrations. In this the dull brown of the weather-boarding serves merely as a background to the lavish use of cobblestones in foundation, chimney, the pillars and a part of the wall; in fact, were the roof not white, the contrast might be too startling. The white is also carried into the window sashes, and the whole effect is softened and harmonized by the lavish use of vines, hanging baskets and window boxes. Here again there is a little sense of having too many cobblestones. They rather overpower the lighter parts of the construction and give to the latter a look of perishability that would not be felt were not the contrast of materials so sharp. In the lower house the restrained use of stones gives a pleasanter effect, although here, too, there is a slight sense of clumsiness in the mass which flanks the chimney and in the way of chimney itself spreads at the bottom. The shingles are stained brown, but are brought into harmony with the stones by the white window and door casings. The color effect of this house can hardly be gained from a photograph, as the flowers and verdure, which in California are not a matter of summer alone, but of the whole year, do much to soften sharp contrasts and rugged outlines and to bring the house into relation with the garden around it.

On the last page is seen a very good use of the stones; in fact, the straight lines are generally better than the pyramidal effect, for the reason that the outline is sufficienly broken and rugged in itself without having the additional suggestion of being a pile of stones loosely fitted together, instead of resting in a solid bed of cement. Taken all in all, the lower house on this page is one of the most satisfactory of the whole group. The walls and roof are in the natural color and the woodwork is stained to a dull green. A charming structural touch is seen in the porch railings, which are in admirable keeping with the general character of the house. The roof also is beautiful in line and proportion, especially in the little lift which serves instead of a dormer to admit light and air. As this is a bungalow, it is to be presumed that the living room runs up into the peak of the roof, in which case the break afforded by this broad, sheltered opening would be very pleasant when viewed from the interior. The upper picture is not quite so distinctive, and here again the cobblestones seem rather to overpower the rest of the house, especially as the white porch railings are rather fine and light in construction to be in such close relation with the stone in a house where such a large part of the construction is intentionally rough in material and outline.

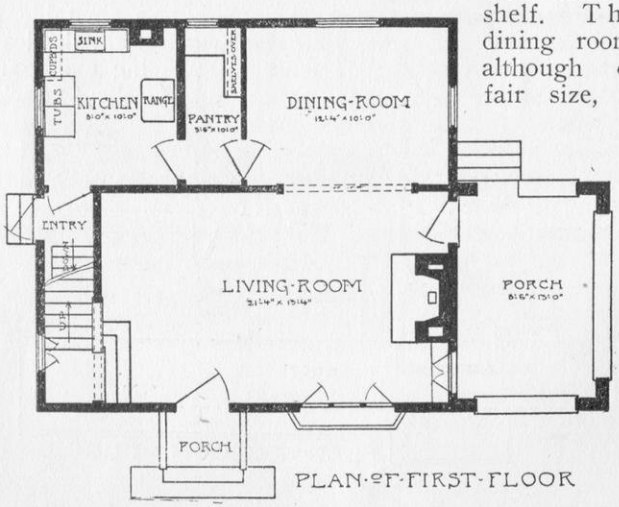
A THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR HOUSE THAT IS CONVENIENTLY ARRANGED AND BEAUTIFUL: BY MARY LINTON BOOKWALTER

TO a decorator who has studied construction with a view to applying such knowledge to the problem of interior decoration, and who also has worked out many combinations showing the relation of colors to one another and their effect as a whole when seen in a room, the work of planning out an entire scheme of interior decoration that shall be harmonious and satisfying is comparatively easy,—when there is a liberal provision of money for all reasonable expenditure necessary to obtain the desired effects. But when there is only a little, it is not such a simple matter as it would seem to give to a house, which must necessarily be plain, just that air of home comfort and even of modest luxury that is really a necessity in a house which is to form a home environment for people of cultured tastes and sensitive perception.

Nevertheless, in all my experience as a decorator I never had a more interesting problem presented to me than that of a home maker who desired an hospitable, livable and beautiful house and had only three thousand dollars to spend for the house, lot and interior decorations. She wanted a home in which two people could live with entire satisfaction to themselves and their friends; a home that must necessarily be built and decorated with the utmost economy, and yet one that would be a protest against all the little commonplace houses that are built and furnished apparently with no thought of the comfort and convenience of the life to be lived in them.

The construction of this house, of course, had to be good. As shown in the illustration of the exterior, the plan is simple to a degree, but conveniently laid out and well built, with walls and chimney of plaster and very little in the way of exterior trim or unnecessary projections.

The floor plan is equally simple, but very convenient, especially for a woman who intends to keep no servants. It follows out the CRAFTSMAN idea of as much clear, open space as possible, giving comfort, freedom and dignity instead of the fussiness of small rooms divided off with many partitions. The large living room has at one end an ample fireplace of brick, flanked at one side with a door opening upon the porch and on the other with a casement window over a built-in bookcase, the top shelf of which comes on a level with the mantelshelf. The dining room, although of fair size, is



PLAN·OF·FIRST·FLOOR

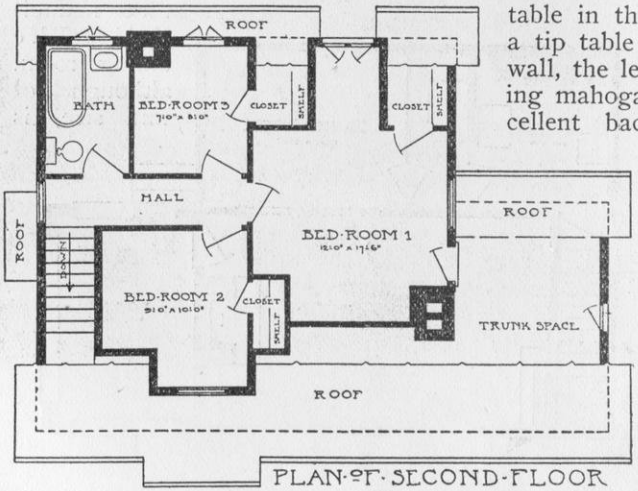
little more than a recess in the living room, from which it is divided only by a broad opening. The kitchen is small, but most conveniently arranged, and the crowning comfort of the house is the fact that the porch at the end of the living room can be screened in summer and glassed in for the winter to make a comfortable sun room that serves for breakfasts, luncheons and Sunday evening suppers, as well as for an outdoor living room in pleasant weather.

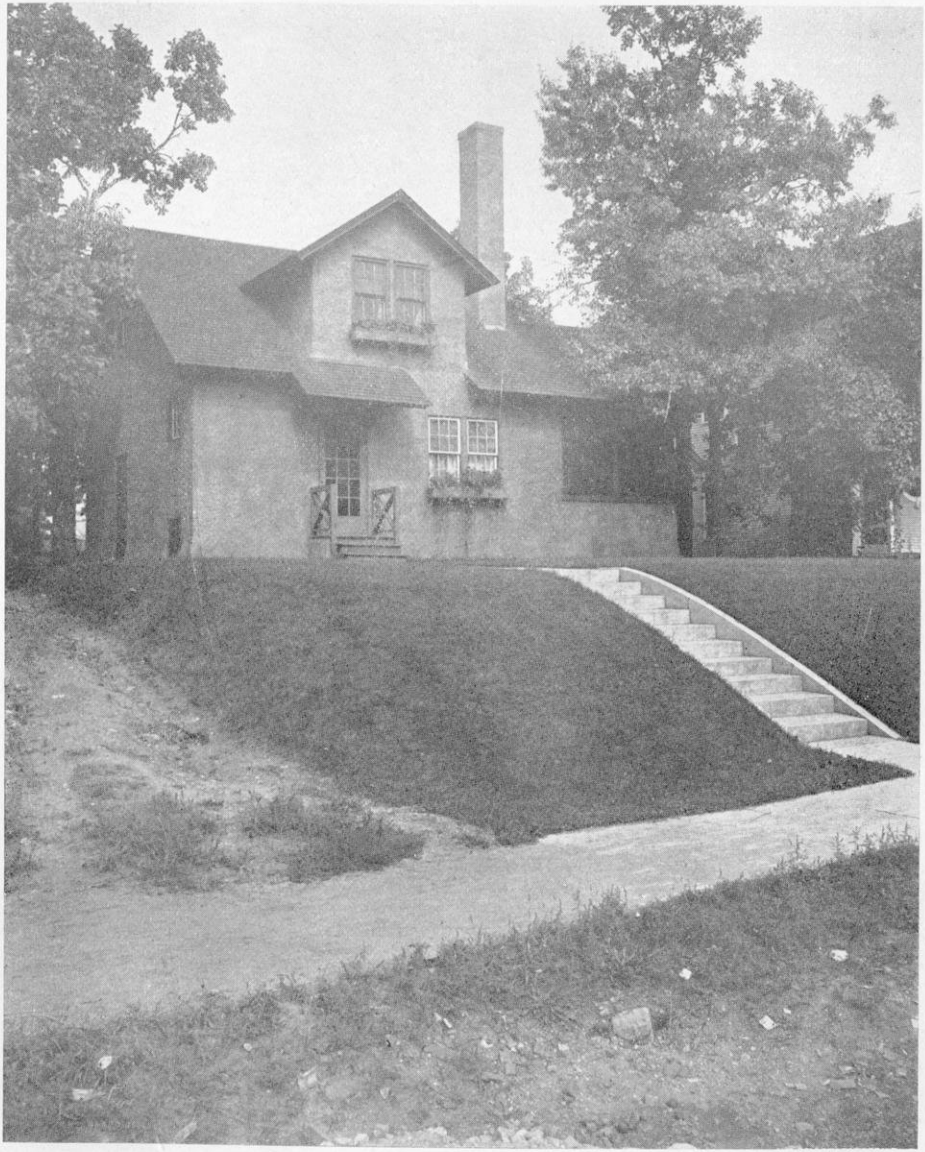
The second floor was planned with equal care, having three bedrooms and ample storage place as well as plenty of closet room and a good bathroom.

In the first estimate no provision was made for wood treatment in the interior beyond the baseboards and picture moldings, but when the owner called in my assistance as a decorator, I saw so many possibilities in the interior that would add so little to the cost of the house and give so much satisfaction to the people who lived in it that some of them had to be carried out. So the narrow, commonplace picture molding in the living room was replaced by two boards in the ceiling angle, one extending seven inches out on the ceiling and the other five inches down on the wall and meeting in the angle, with the picture molding below. The effect of this simple device in adding character and interest to the room was astonishing, and the finished look of the construction, particularly about the stairway, was most satisfying. Wainscoting was beyond our means, and besides the rooms were rather small for it, so the baseboard was kept. We developed the color scheme of the living room in the soft tans and greens which are always restful and pleasant to live with. The side walls were papered with a small ribbed design in these two colors, and the ceiling was done in a very soft tan tone. This same treatment of walls and ceiling was carried up the stairway into the upper hall. The curtains were of a soft material of the tan color with large, effective, but rather indeterminate figures in harmonious greens, darker tans and old blue.

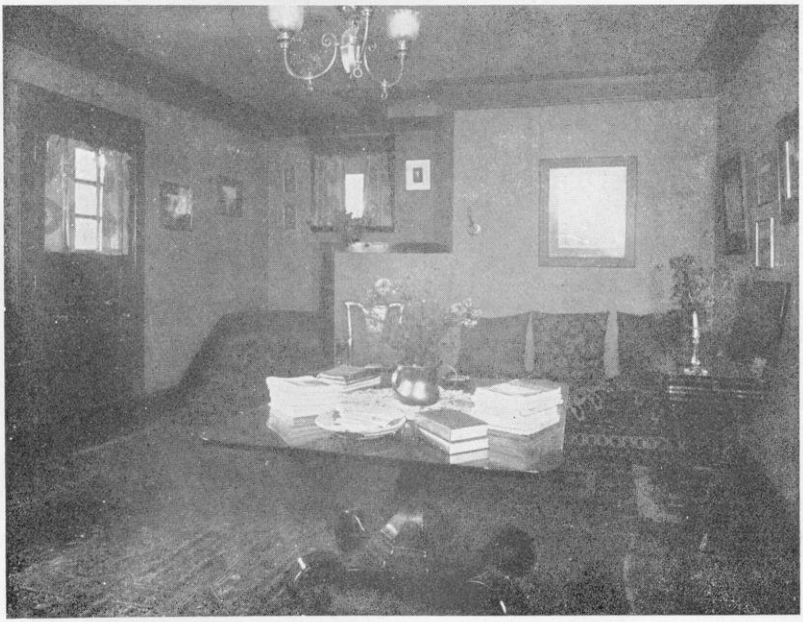
Six beautiful pieces of old mahogany furniture belonged to the owner of the house by right of family inheritance. One of these pieces was the large square table in the living room, and another a tip table which was set against the wall, the leaf forming a panel of shining mahogany which furnished an excellent background for the articles placed upon the table. The cushions and draperies carried out the general color scheme, and the remaining furniture was of wicker in simple designs.

The dining room was too small to hold a regular dining table, and, in fact, the house as a whole seemed hardly formal enough to admit that piece of furniture, so a small, round table was



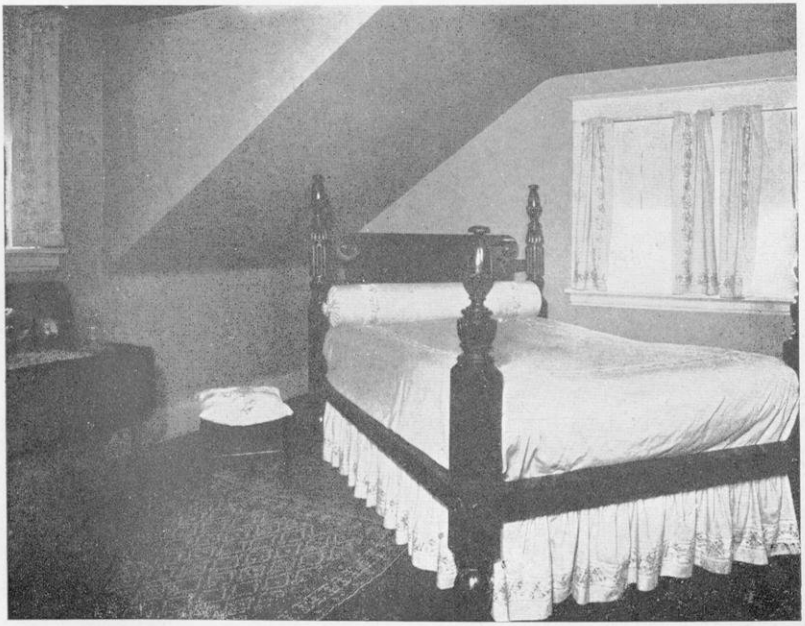


A THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR PLASTER HOUSE IN MINNEAPOLIS. INTERIOR DECORATIONS PLANNED AND EXECUTED BY MARY LINTON BOOKWALTER.



FIREPLACE OF BRICK IN LIVING ROOM WITH BOOKCASE ON ONE SIDE, AND ON THE OTHER A DOOR OPENING OUT ONTO THE PORCH.

SECOND VIEW OF LIVING ROOM, SHOWING INTERESTING TREATMENT OF STAIRWAY.



SHOWING INTERESTING TREATMENT OF WINDOWS AND SHELVES FOR DINING-ROOM WALL SURFACE.

BEDROOM WITH COLOR-SCHEME OF YELLOW, WHITE AND OLD BLUE. AN OLD MAHOGANY FOUR-POSTER THE PRINCIPAL PIECE OF FURNITURE.

TWO OF A GROUP OF SEVEN PLASTER HOUSES IN THE VICINITY OF NEW YORK. DESIGNED BY M. L. BOOKWALTER AFTER THE MODEL OF THE MINNEAPOLIS HOUSE JUST SHOWN.

ONE OF THE PLASTER HOUSES IN DETAIL.

substituted and a charming center light to hang over it was made by stretching on a simple frame a shade of cretonne in soft yellow tones, and attaching this to the ordinary brass fixture. The two small windows in the side of the dining room were not attractive either in size or position in the wall; something was needed to give continuity of line, and so it was decided to make an arrangement with three shelves which would not only hold a few good pieces of old china and silver, but would greatly add to the structural interest of the room. On either side of the window and flat against each wall surface were inserted the brackets which held these three shelves, and the effect when seen from the living room was charming. At the top of the room a band of wood as wide as the top of the casing was carried entirely around the room, with a broad shelf above. The dining room ceiling was done in the same green as that used in the walls of the living room, but the lower wall was finished in dull greenish-blue. The window curtains bring a brilliant splash of color into the room, as they show a large and very effective English design in blues and greens on a white ground. The fabric is lined with yellow that the light shining through may have a warm and sunny tone.

Another inheritance of mahogany was the four-post bed with a chest of drawers and a tip table that are used in one bedroom. In this room the woodwork is white with soft yellow walls, swiss curtains, yellow over-curtains and a bed set with borders of old blue. The second bedroom is all in pink and white with curtains of pink chambray trimmed with white linen bands and the floor covered with pink and white rugs. The exact items in the cost of this house, which was built in Minneapolis just three years ago, are as follows:

Lot	$600.00
Walk and steps	50.00
Grading	55.00
Gas fixtures, etc.	23.00
Furnace	150,00
Contract	1,654.00
Changes	95.00
Extra interior	90.00
Storm sash and screen	40.00
Interior decoration	212.38
Extras	9.50
	$2,978.88

It is only just to say, however, that it would be impossible to duplicate the house now, because the advance in materials, land and labor would render it impossible to procure the same results at this time for less than four thousand dollars.

The two houses shown on the last page of illustrations were planned and built from the suggestion given by this little Minneapolis house. They were both built in the vicinity of New York and each cost four thousand dollars. Both are simple to a degree, but have proven to be individual and attractive in exterior plan as well as interior arrangement. As a rule, a small house in the suburban districts about New York transgresses all the laws of comfortable living as well as of art. The tendency seems to be to build a small city house with a decorated front wall and three blank walls at the sides and rear on a beautiful hillside in an open space, where the house is viewed equally from all sides. If the houses shown here convey any useful suggestion to people who wish to gain good results from a comparatively small expenditure, it will be an addition to the pleasure of having worked them out in the first place.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: A SERIES OF LESSONS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER: NUMBER II

"No better advice can be given to those who wish to become educated in art, than that they should begin by mistrusting all their own judgments when directed toward the parts of an artistic unity, and attempt for a while to get the utmost satisfaction attainable from the general effect of the whole."

G. Baldwin Brown.

IT is not within the province of these articles to enter into a technical discussion of materials, tools and methods of construction, or to impart specific information in the working of wood, metal, clay or leather. Technical skill must be acquired at the bench. What to do with technical skill after it is acquired; how it may be directed toward an orderly and consistent construction,—these are the points of interest. Nor is it necessary to repeat through the course of these articles that there can be no beauty without good material, sound construction, honest workmanship and sincerity of purpose.

The evolution of a constructive design was briefly touched upon in my first article in the October Craftsman. It would be well to present its more important considerations in a concise statement for future reference. These are:

First: An idea arising, it may be assumed, from a desire to make or own an object of beauty. Given the idea, use and environment will at once determine the general form and dimensions of the object and the materials of which it is to be made; also the texture and color of the finish. We would next attempt an adjustment of the proportions of the whole, the space and mass relations of the parts, and the essential structural elements. We would then seek refinement of the structural elements; and last of all, if used at all, ornament that will emphasize, not hide, the construction and function of the object.

It is difficult, in the planning, to acquire the habit of thinking of things as a whole; to work from the whole to the parts; and, finally, to consider each part as related to the other parts in a unity of effect. We are prone to adopt the process of the child who drew a but-

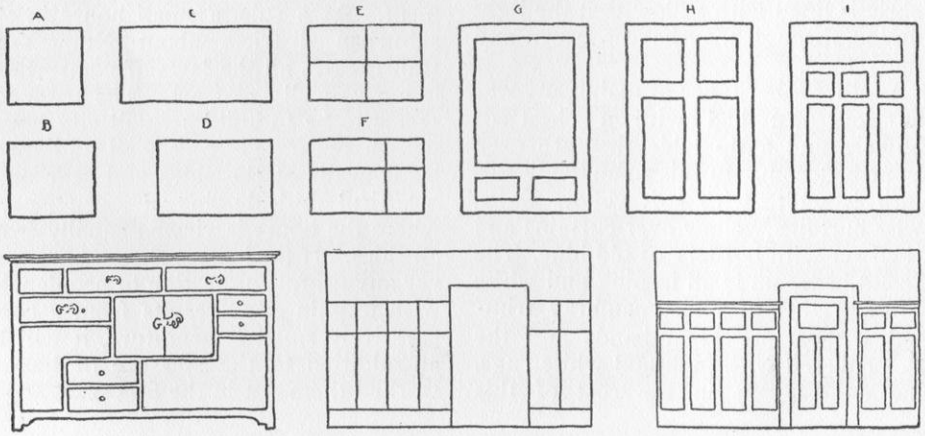


FIGURE SEVEN.

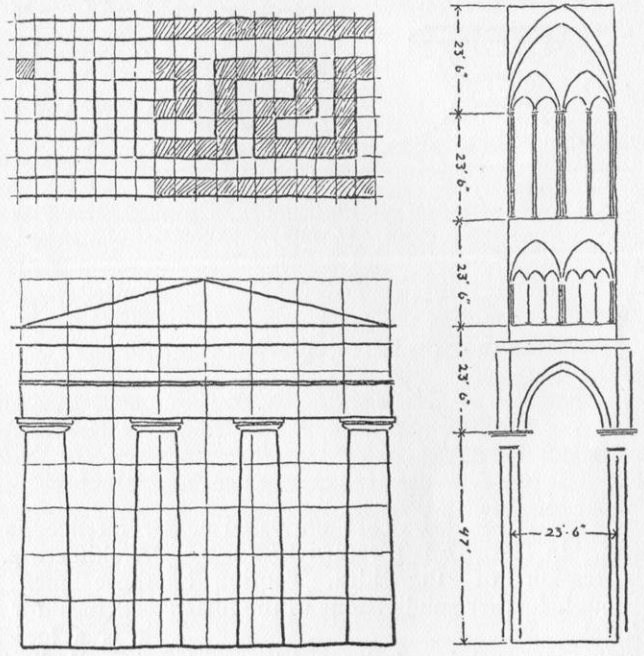


FIGURE EIGHT.

ton first and then built a man around the button. It takes more than a multiplication of trees and flowers to make a park; more than streets and houses to make a beautiful city.

In our first step, then, toward true beauty, we would attempt an adjustment of the proportions of the whole. It would be well to note a radical difference between proportions and dimensions. We feel proportions; we measure d i m e n s i o n s. A draughtsman may develop a remarkable facility with the ruler and compass in the laying out of dimensions, yet be without any appreciation or feeling for fine proportions. Proportion is the comparative relations of various dimensions. In any constructive problem our choice of proportions is necessarily limited by the function of the object. In a table or chair, for instance, certain dimensions must be accepted as limitations. Harmonious proportions result when a unity is secured in which all of the measures are intimately related. Says Hegel, "Harmony is a unity, all the terms of which are in interior accord."

Let us illustrate the point: In Fig. 7, the first sketch is a square. This, it may be inferred, is more harmonious in its proportions than the other sketches because the terms are identical. The pleasure which we derive from harmony though is not in uniformity, but in variations and oppositions bound together by a "manifestation of their reciprocal agreement." Unity with variety interests us; but with uniformity our interest ceases. In B there is variety; but we are troubled by a lack of clearness. It is almost, though not quite, a square. It was said that a design must be clear and coherent in expression. In C the square is doubled, giving an agreement of terms that is obvious. Continuing to D are proportions more subtle, though bound together by a dominant unit of measure, "the rhythmic half." One-half of the end goes three times in the side. Considering these four sketches in the abstract it may be said that D excites our interest more and holds it longer than the others; it is clear without being too obvious. Suppose we wish to break this rectangle into space divisions. In E we approach uniformity again with a consequent loss of interest. In F is a more interesting breaking that gives unequal but related areas. With the next step, G, the line of safety has been overstepped; the divisions are

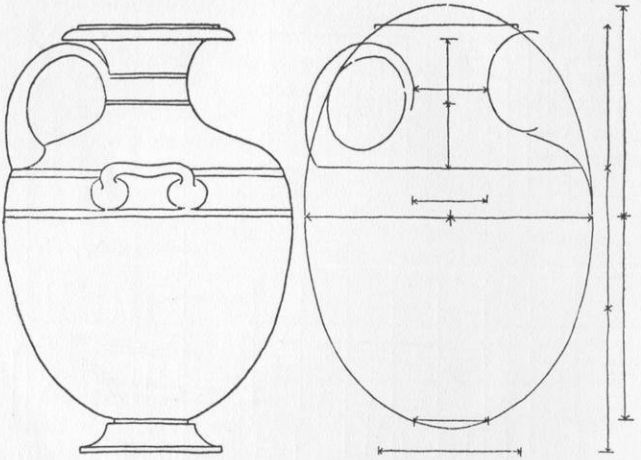


FIGURE NINE.

not only unequal, but are unrelated as well. In H there is a return to a sane expression of the idea, continued through further subdivisions in the final sketch.

Note the subtle relations of line and space in the old Korean cabinet shown on the same plate. There is no possible element of chance in it; the designer has merely given form to a definite idea. Carry the principle into the setting out of the end of a room; if more thought were given this subject architects might find more appreciative clients. The question pursues us to the last scrap of ornament that we may choose to employ. Secure variety, but remember that in variety alone there is no merit. There must be coördination of all the parts to make a whole.

It is not the purpose to enter into a prolonged discussion of just proportions, but rather to direct attention in this article to the importance of this point and then develop the significance of the principle as the work progresses. Many ingenious theories and systems have been devised to explain the proportions employed by the Greek and Mediæval builders. Anyone particularly interested in a scientific demonstration of the subject and the various sytems involved should consult such a reference as Gwilt's Encyclopedia of Architecture. There is no doubt that those men used various geometric schemes for proportioning a building; it is a logical method. In Mediæval times builders were architects and the elaborate working drawings of today were unknown. Their cathedrals were built as one might build with blocks. Giotto's Campanile was formed of six cubes, one placed on another. In a similar way we may obtain the proportions of many churches and temples. A

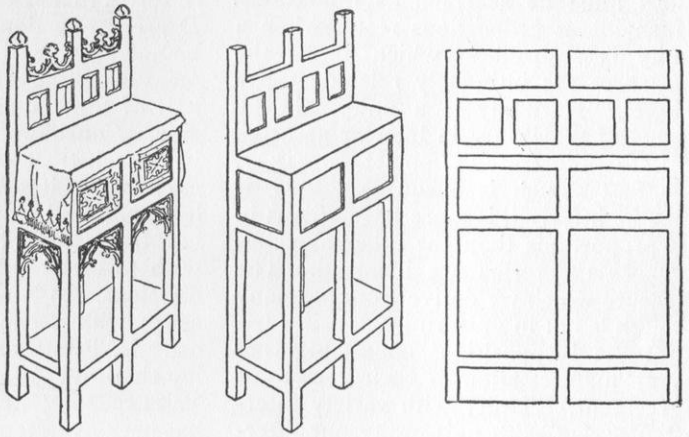


FIGURE TEN.

unit of measure dominates the whole and the parts.

Let us examine some definite instances. (Fig. 8.) A familiar example is found in the Greek fret, so called, though as a matter of fact it was invented sooner or later by nearly all primitive people who practiced the art of weaving. This fret comes perilously near to the obvious; the dominant unit of measure is given advertisement.

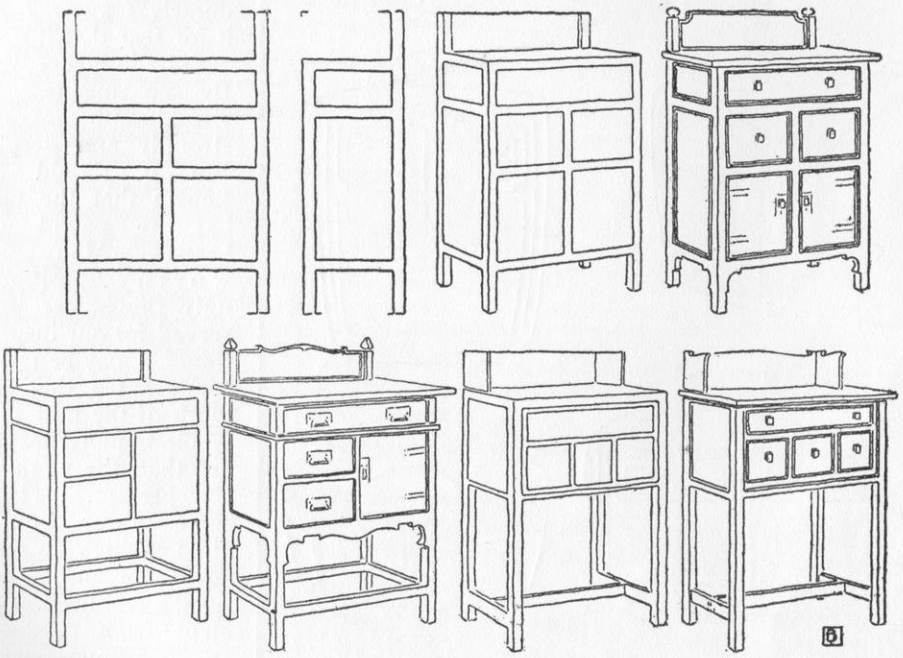


FIGURE ELEVEN.

Below it is the setting out of one type of a Greek temple. Here the unit of measure is less apparent, though quite insistent. At the right is a section from Amiens Cathedral with more spice of variety yet under the restraint of a dominant measure welding the parts together into unity.

In Fig. 9 is a Greek vase form. We feel that it is right without worrying it with a yard stick. There is no possible desire to change a line, a curve or a space. That it fulfills its function may be known from paintings and sculpture in which the use of this particular type of vase is portrayed. Then it must be beautiful, else where would we expect to find beauty? In the means employed to gain this singular charm we have, as students, an interest. The diagram explains itself. Compare some of the measures noted and consider how infinitely important this master designer deemed the question of proportions. Note again the harmony of curves used throughout.

It amounts, then, to this; we may adopt the cool, calculating methods of our old Greek friend, or we may depend upon intuition. In either case we are led to the same conclusion; proportions in the final test are felt, not measured, and no amount of ingenious

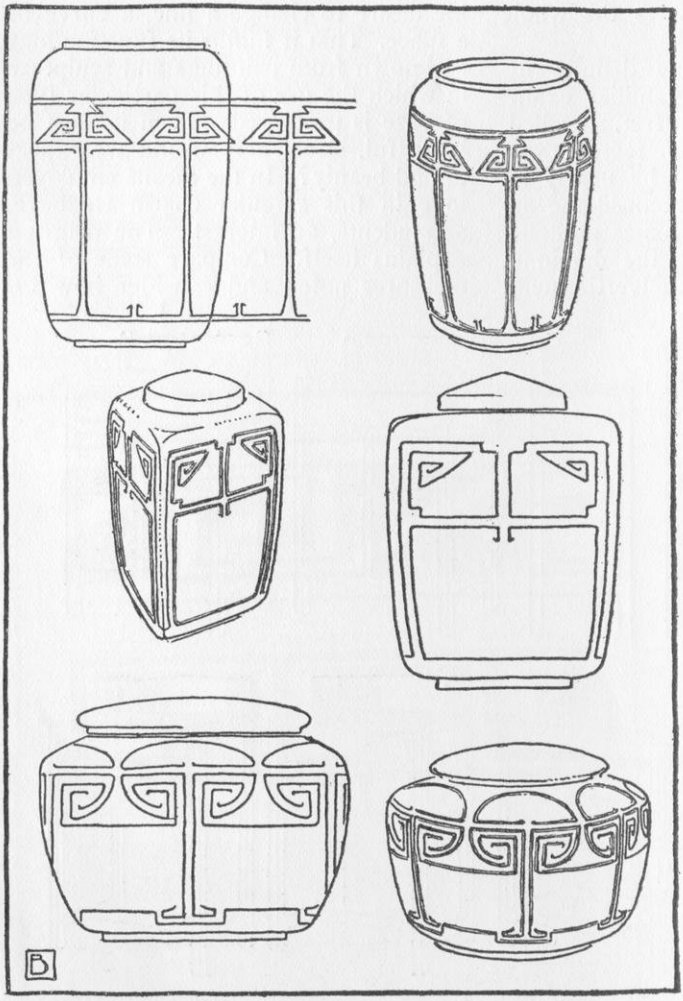


PLATE THREE.

juggling with ruler and compass will establish harmonious proportions if the sensitive feeling for them is not within us. Lacking this feeling there is no theory *par excellence* by which good proportions may be obtained at all times and on all occasions; no system on which we may hobble about as if it were a crutch. We, too, may design a temple and invent some ingenious formula for the purpose,—only to find when it is completed that it is wholly bad and uninteresting.

Right here at the beginning of our work it will be well to discuss the point of view to be taken toward the work of the past. Are we to shut ourselves away from it for fear that it may unduly influence us? By no means. It should influence us, strongly and deeply. But it should be known that the past has no patent on beauty. Many unworthy, positively ugly things are preserved for our inspection. It may be taken for granted that the work of the past as a whole is more beautiful than the work of the present. There were fewer inutilities; things were made because they filled a real need. The steps from producer to consumer were simpler; the bonds uniting them were more intimate, and the men who used tools had greater opportunity and incentive to exercise a creative faculty. Nevertheless there is decadence as well as true growth. It is for us to sift the good things from the bad, seek the principles involved in their construction, refinement and enrichment. But let us not sneak in at the back door with a scrap of tracing paper and appropriate

for our own use the things that we find. Our interests should be sufficiently broad and deep to lead to a study of the history of the time in which a piece of work was made in order that the thoughts and feelings of the people—of which it was an expression—may in some measure be understood. Before any judgment can be formed the intent of the artist must be sought, and without a sympathetic understanding of the time and environment in which he lived and worked we are in no position to appreciate the true worth of the product.

Can we not do as well as those old craftsmen? Probably not; but we can at least try hard to clothe such ideas as we have in a simple and consistent garb. The world's art that is loved best,—that which appeals to the heart with a human interest, — was done by craftsmen who were trying to give adequate and beautiful expression to their ideas. They lived their simple lives, met their daily problems, and passed away; now we treasure the things they did and call it art.

In Fig. 10 is a Gothic crédence after a sketch by Viollet-le-Duc. A miniature representation of this piece of furniture appears in one of the scenes on the carved choir screen at Amiens. There is no excuse for imitating its superficial details; it would be better to trace its beauty back to the source. The first test is in the elimination of its ornament. Is its beauty gone? Far from it. A tree is still beautiful after its leaves have fallen; when the poppy is gone the seed pod remains,—more, it was for the sake of the seed pod that the poppy was given its transient beauty. The charm of the crédence is not in its ornament, but in the constructive relations of which the ornament is merely a part. In the adjustment of these constructive elements, in the "reciprocal agreement" of all the parts,

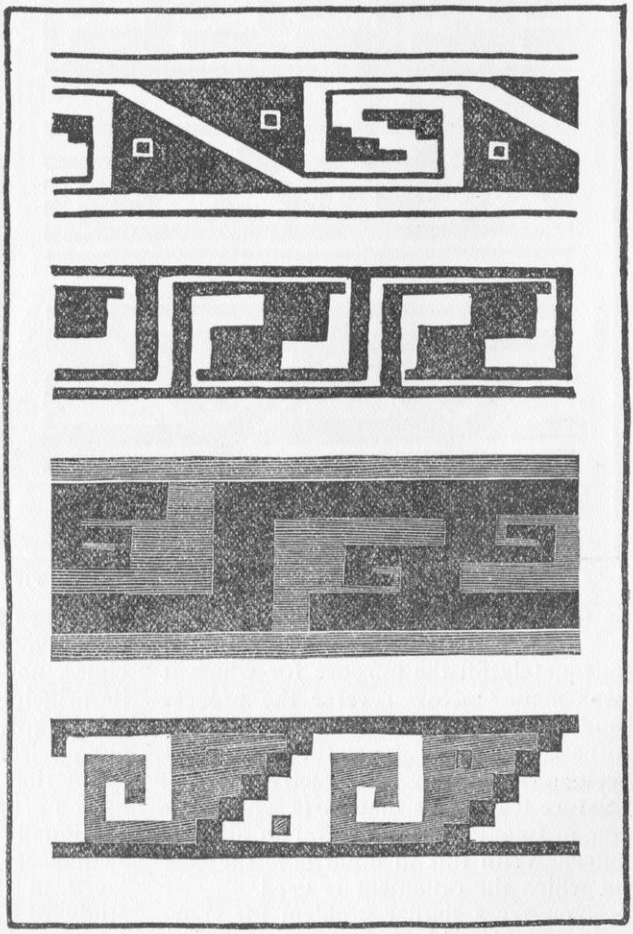


PLATE FOUR.

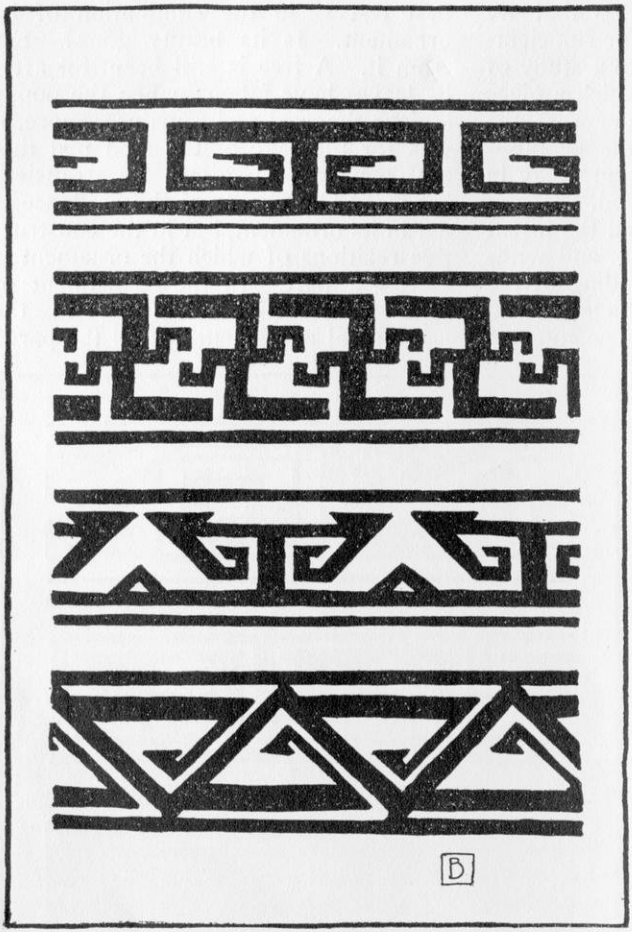


PLATE FIVE.

is the mainstay of its beauty. Last of all, though first in importance, does it adequately fill the purpose for which it was made? Now reverse the process and follow it up to the last shred of ornament and we have the logical development of any constructive design. Nature teaches us that parts which differ in function should differ in appearance. With this in mind note the way in which the ornament is used.

Now try a similar problem for yourself with the aid of the squared-underlay. (Fig. 11.) Given,—a desire to make or own a chest of drawers or a cabinet. Utility and the space it is to occupy will at once define certain limitations; but for sake of a simple demonstration let us use the proportions of the Gothic crédence. With these proportions established a related space division follows, with a definition of the essential structural elements. Now if there is not already present an elementary beauty a fresh start should be made; for no amount of ornament will give beauty to bad proportions. When you feel that there is a "reciprocal agreement" in the relations of the parts to the whole a refinement of the various elements begins,—a slight variation in construction, a line here, a curve there, always seeking to emphasize the function of each part. That is all there is to it. It sounds suspiciously like common sense. You have designed something original, "out of your head."

The message of the past is of principles, not of "periods." In following its principles we, too, may create something expressive of our lives, our needs, our environments. But in a superficial adaptation of its outward forms we have a crust, but no pie. Today we are continually haunted by the characterless semblance of things which we have loved in the original, because in our study of the originals we found ourselves living again in the past with

those old craftsmen who lingered over the last details of their work with a sincerity of purpose that imparted real worth and human interest to the product.

Plate 3 shows an immediate application of the problems presented in the first article to pottery forms with incised lines. Here, as always, the big proportions come first. The choice of a curve cannot be touched upon at this time, but must be left for future consideration. The subdivision of the form follows. The form itself determines in a large measure the place where the dominant interest shall occur. Look again at the Greek vase in Fig. 9; a border at the widest place, another, subordinate, at the narrowest. A well behaved vase never stands on its head! So let us emphasize in form and decoration the distinction between top and bottom. A simple "key" motif has been chosen. In its application are clearly defined lines binding the units of repeat together into a whole.

Problem: (Plate 4) This problem is one of space and mass composition with an interrelation of parts, like the problems of last month, except that we are now employing areas instead of lines. It was said that the background or space is just as important as the mass of the design. You will note the renewed force of the statement by trying to think of the borders in this plate; first as designs of black on a white ground, then as designs of white on a black ground. The interest is in a unity of black-and-white elements. If the whites are left to chance and become mere holes, due to the repetition of a black unit, the measure of interest decreases. With each contributing to the support of the other a completeness results which admits of no change. It is only when a design arrives at this point through persistent experiment and comparison that any thing worth while has been accomplished.

It now becomes a process of spotting out areas of white with black, or vice versa, as the design develops. Watch the shape and measure of each, seeking variety with unity. It will no doubt take a number of trials before that subtle, scarcely definable quality which challenges one's interest is secured.

It is notable that the second border on the sheet is reminiscent of the Chinese frets, while the other three have more the character of Indian work. And why should they not? It is quite probable that if we work under the same limitations towards the same ends we may come to similar conclusions. Yet our work may be none the less "original" in the true sense of the term.

As a suggestion for a start, a straw to clutch at ere you sink in the slough of despond, Fig. 12 is added. Try one of those schemes as a unit; reverse it in symmetry, repeat it, then strike at once for the areas by shading in one portion with the pencil. It is at this point that the real problem begins, in the adjustment of those areas for mutual support.

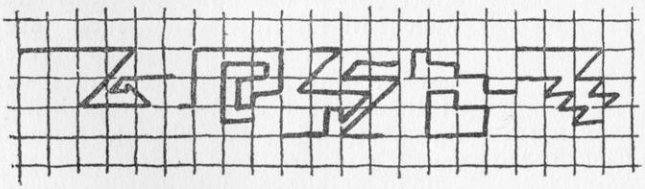
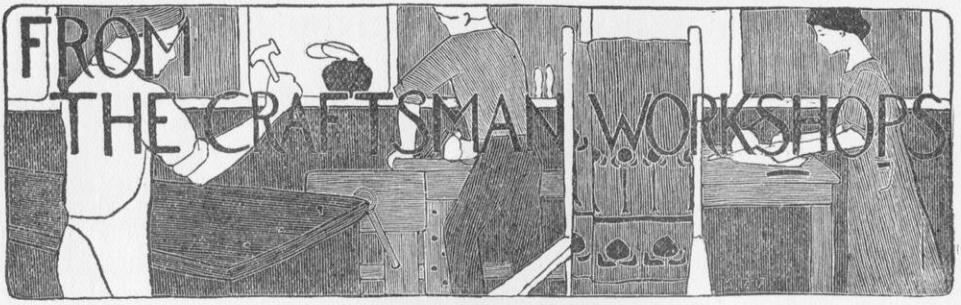


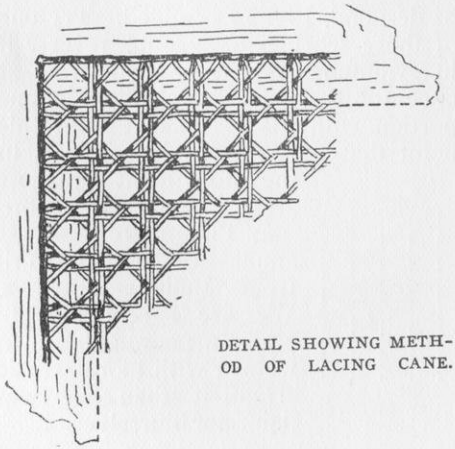
FIGURE TWELVE.

In Plate 5 are some examples of similar work from Indian weavings. We are surely loth to credit a poor, old Indian woman with more artistic invention than we can claim for ourselves.



LESSONS IN PRACTICAL CABINET WORK: SOME NEW MODELS FOR STUDENTS AND HOME CABINET-WORKERS, SHOWING AN INTERESTING USE OF CANE

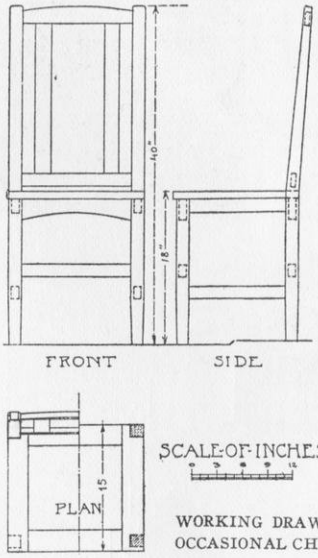
IN the designs for cabinet work this month we have added to the models given for the use of home and school workers a feature that lends much interest to the work of construction. The models themselves are formed on the simple, straight lines that characterize all our work, but the introduction of the fine cane panels gives not only a decorative feature that is structural and entirely in harmony with the style of the furniture, but also furnishes excellent training in a useful and interesting form of handicraft. Weaving in itself is always a fascinating occupation and is one of the crafts most widely used for manual training. Children are given a knowledge of it by being taught first simple weaving and then basketry. The weaving of these cane panels is a step in advance, because, although very simple in itself, it has a far greater structural significance when used in the manner shown here than it would have in the making of small articles where the weaving had no connection with anything else.



DETAIL SHOWING METHOD OF LACING CANE.

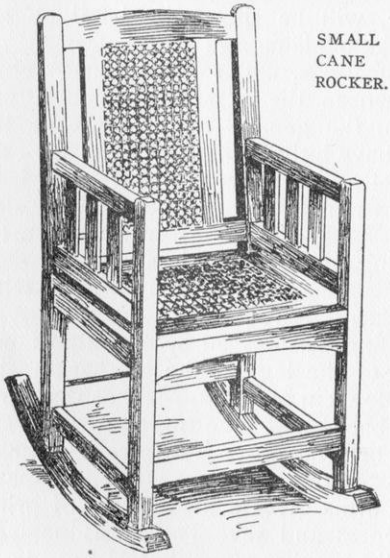
The advantages of these cane panels in connection with the furniture are many. Aside from its decorative quality, the use of cane in the seat and back of a chair makes a complete piece of furniture, which is comfortable as well as finished without upholstering or cushioning. If cushions are desired, loose ones can be used with charming effect. As is, of course, known by any student of furniture, cane panels have been extensively used in much of the best French "period" furniture, some of the finest decorative effects being thus obtained. The flexible fibrous cane is a material that lends itself naturally to weaving, and the lacelike panels thus made are not only beautiful and

OCCA-
SIONAL
CHAIR.

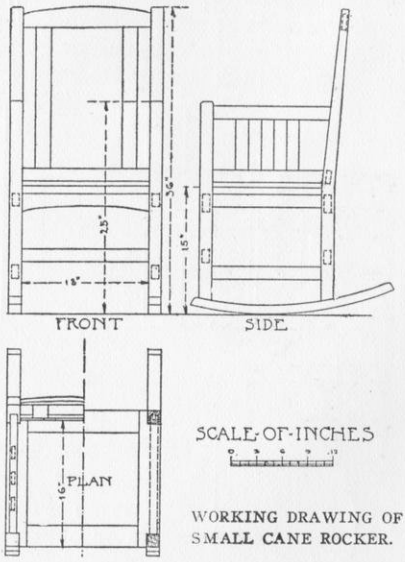


WORKING DRAWING OF
OCCASIONAL CHAIR.

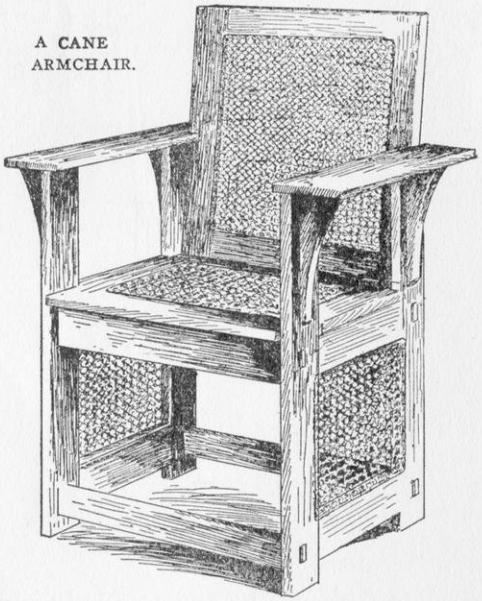
delicate in effect, but are very durable. Another advantage to be gained by the use of cane in connection with the models given here, which, of course, are intended largely for the use of students and amateur craftsmen, is that a knowledge of hand caning will be found generally useful, as it enables the home worker not only to use cane panels in



SMALL
CANE
ROCKER.

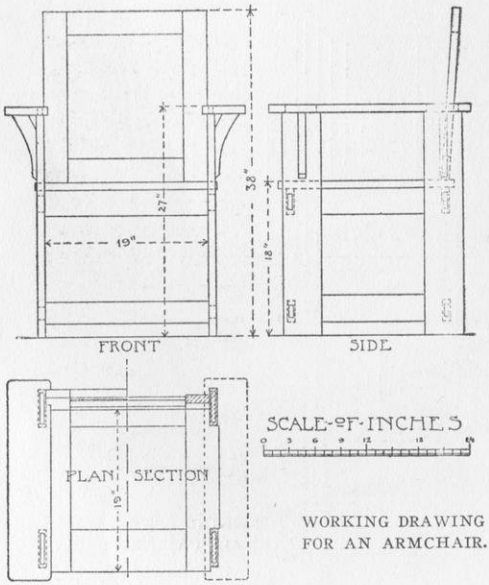


WORKING DRAWING OF
SMALL CANE ROCKER.



A CANE ARMCHAIR.

making new pieces, but also restoring old pieces of cane furniture of which the seats or backs are worn out.

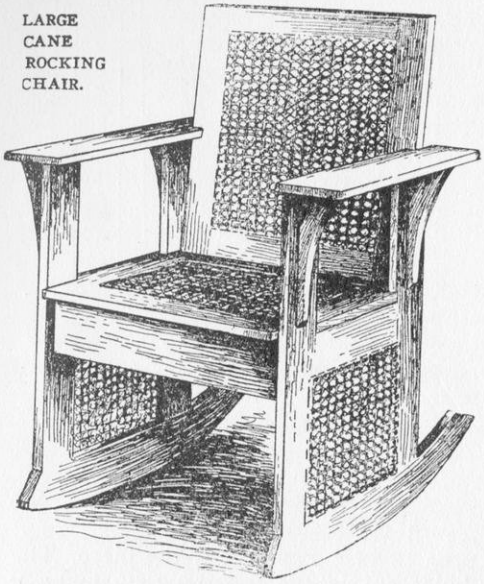


WORKING DRAWING FOR AN ARMCHAIR.

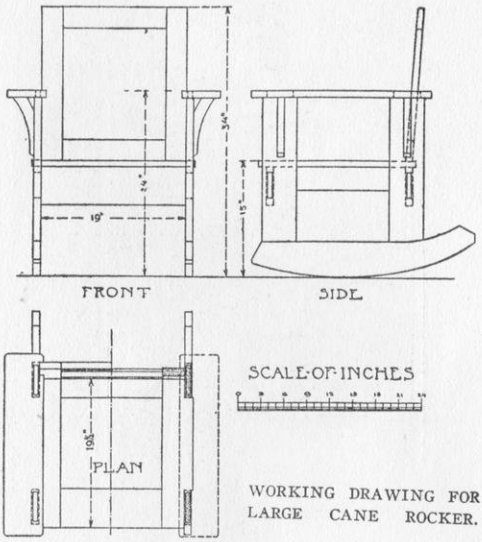
The caning itself is very simple, the method of working being clearly shown in the detail given here. Small holes (about ⅛ in. in diameter) are bored through the frame about ½ in. apart from center to center, and about ¾ in. from the inner edge, care being taken to space the holes so that one shall come in each corner. Then the strands of cane are laced across one way, each hole having in it two strands, one directly above the other. Next put in the strands which cross the first at right angles and are woven over and under, as shown in the detail. This is called the "laying out." When done, the cane will be in small square meshes. Next comes the "crossing off," or the weaving in of the diagonal canes which gives the diamond shaped meshes. After this is done, a piece of "binding cane," broad enough to cover the holes, should be laid along the edge and sewed through the holes by catching down from beneath with a piece of the same cane as the seat.

The construction of the several chairs and the settle, as well as of the bookcase, will be shown in detail by the working plans, and made clear by the illustrations. The "occasional" chair shown in the first illustration differs from the general style of the models we have hitherto given only in the cane panel which appears in the back, leaving a narrow open space on either side. This chair would be serviceable in the dining room, hall or in any place where a small, comparatively light chair without arms is required. The severity of the lines is softened by the slight tapering of the legs at the bottom and the shallow curve that appears at the top of the back and of the front seat rail.

The arm rocker is of precisely similar construction, except that the shape of the arms gives a little touch of primitiveness and severity that is not seen in the smaller chair, but is very inter-



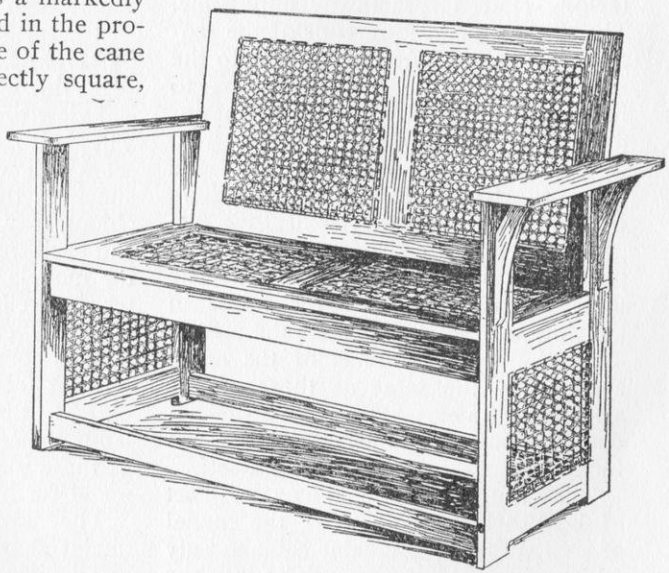
LARGE CANE ROCKING CHAIR.



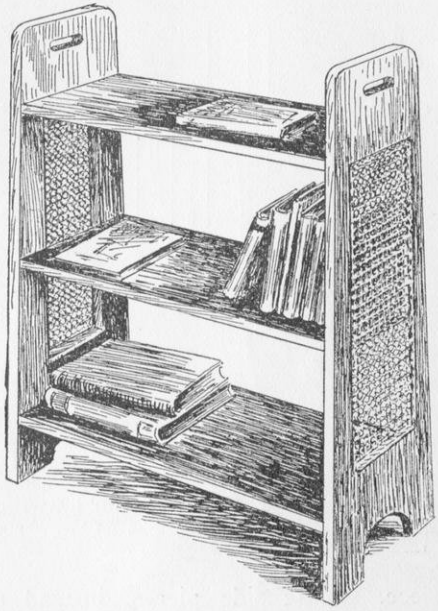
WORKING DRAWING FOR LARGE CANE ROCKER.

esting in connection with the suggestion of finer quality given by the cane panels.

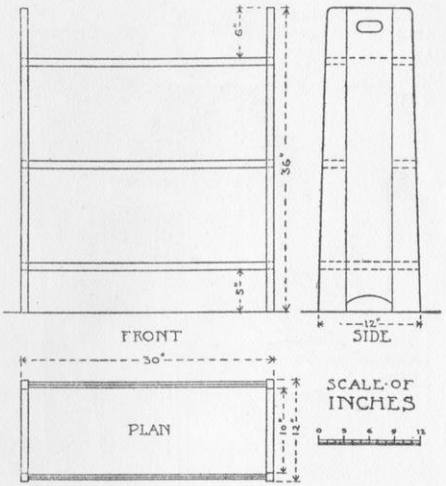
The large arm chair has a markedly attractive quality, evidenced in the proportion as well as in the use of the cane panels. The back is perfectly square, giving the chair a low, broad look that is accentuated by the height at which the arms are placed. The broad, flat arms not only add to the structural beauty of the chair, but are found very convenient by anyone sitting in it to work or read. These arms are supported by brackets that are large enough to form an essential part of the structural ornamentation of the piece, especially as an open space is left between the bracket and the side piece. These side pieces, instead of showing the usual square shape of the legs, are broad and flat. The whole construction is, of course, mortise and



A CANE SETTLE.



BOOKCASE WITH LACED CANE PANELS.



WORKING DRAWING FOR BOOKCASE.

tenon, firmly pinned together so that racking apart is practically impossible. The slightly projecting ends of the tenons give a little touch of interest to the side panels, and the use of the cane to form these panels adds much to the individuality of the piece.

The arm rocker is of precisely the same construction, with the rockers fashioned so that they will give the greatest length of swing with the least possible projection of the rocker. The unusual width of these rockers is in keeping with all the lines of the piece.

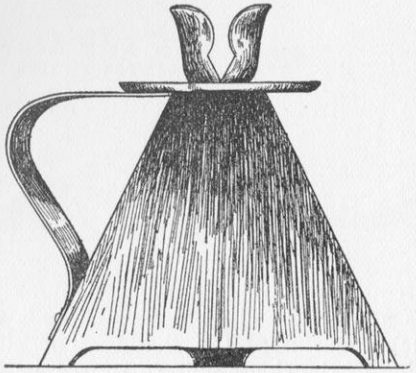
As the working plans of the settle are exactly the same as those of the armchair, save that the width is doubled, only the illustration is given for this piece. This speaks for itself.

The group is completed by a small set of bookshelves made after the model of a CRAFTSMAN magazine cabinet, only wider. The panels here are let into the sides and are used solely for the decorative interest they give to the piece. The holes cut in the top not only make it possible to move the shelves about, but break what might otherwise be too large a stretch of solid surface.

METAL WORK

THE designs for metal work shown this month are chosen with a special view to the making of holiday gifts. They also complete the writing table set which was begun in the October issue with the letter rack and the small oblong tray for pens, pins, rubber bands and such small articles. With these and the models for blotting pad, hand blotter, inkwell and the paper knife shown here any careful worker in metal can make a complete and beautiful set for a writing table at very small cost, compared to the lasting value of the gift. A lamp shade and candlestick are added, as these pieces are usually much in demand for holiday gifts.

The candlestick is an especially quaint shape that yet is simple and not at all difficult to make. The materials required will be:



TRIANGULAR METAL CANDLESTICK.

One piece of copper like the pattern described below;

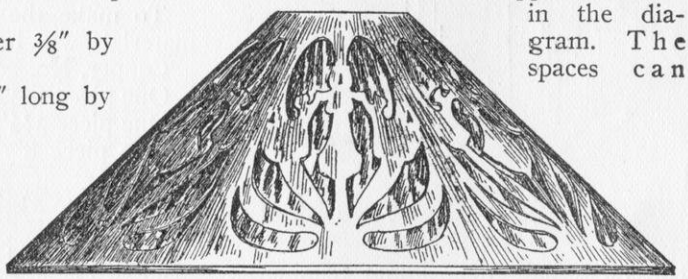
One piece of copper 3/8" by 5" for the handle;

One candle cup 2¾" long by 1¼" wide;

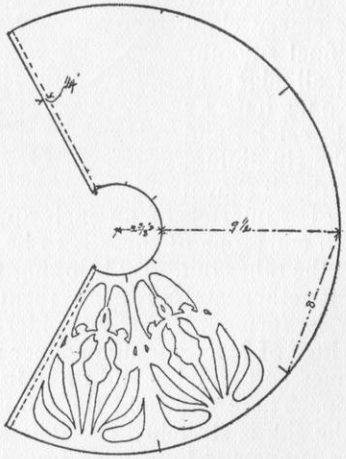
One cup disk 2¼" in diameter.

The standard should be cut from a pattern that is made by drawing an isosceles triangle measuring 3¼" on two sides and 4" on one side. The long side will form the bottom when the metal is bent. Cut out the spaces at the bottom of the pattern as shown in the illustration; then lay the pattern down on the copper and draw a pencil line all around it. Turn it over and again trace the outline; then turn it over a third time and once more make the pencil line. By this means the whole three sides will be traced and when the metal is cut it can be bent to form the three sides of the candlestick, with the edges meeting at one corner. The piece of metal from which the cup is to be made can be divided in the center and cut as shown in the picture. Next drill a hole in the center and rivet the metal to the disk, bending it up on each side to form the cup. Then solder the disk fast to the standard, and lastly rivet the handle to the disk and also to the bottom of the standard.

The silk lined, pierced copper lamp shade shown here can be made for use on either an oil or electric lamp. It is decorative in effect as well as easy to make, and should be a most acceptable holiday gift. The copper used is, of course, in a single sheet, and should be No. 20 gauge. The design is divided into six equal parts, or, rather, six repetitions of a pierced figure that is complete in itself. This design should be drawn carefully on a pattern made the exact size of one of the divisions, then transferred to the copper, as shown in the diagram. The spaces can either be sawn out or chiseled, but, as a rule, the former method will be found

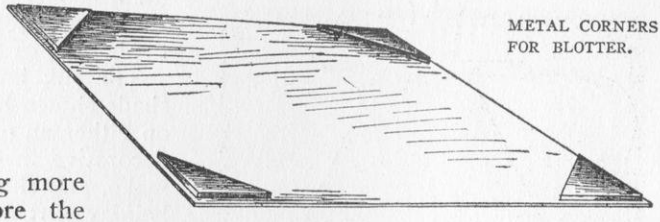


PIERCED COPPER LAMP SHADE.

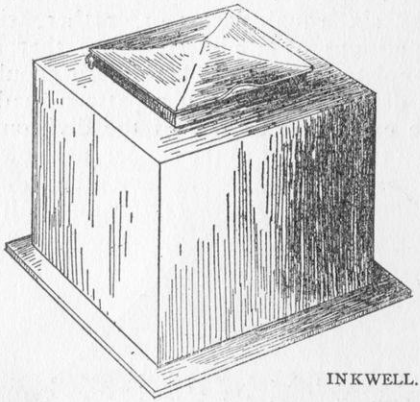


WORKING DRAWING FOR LAMP SHADE.

preferable. If the chisel is used, the strips of metal that are left will be apt to stretch under hammering, and it is almost impossible to keep some of the longer strips from stretching more than the others. Before the shade is bent the metal must be



METAL CORNERS FOR BLOTTER.



INKWELL.

laid on a flat surface and hammered perfectly flat. The edges should all be filed with a fine file and the file burr carefully removed. It would be better to use emery cloth for a final smoothing of all edges, as any roughness would catch and fray the silk lining. In the detail shown a lap of a quarter of an inch appears on each end; one of these is to be bent in and the other out. By bringing these ends together and pressing them the shade is formed. Lastly, solder two small lugs of No. 20 gauge copper upon the inner bottom edge and three lugs at the top. These will hold the wire ring that the silk is stretched on. The shade can be supported by a wire frame that extends from the base of the lamp, and has a sharp bend on the outer ends to catch the rim of the shade. The silk lining of the shade will, of course, be in any color that gives the best effect of light and is in harmony with the general color scheme of the room.

To make the inkwell the following materials will be needed:

Copper, No. 20 gauge,

One piece 12½″ by 2⅜″ for the sides,

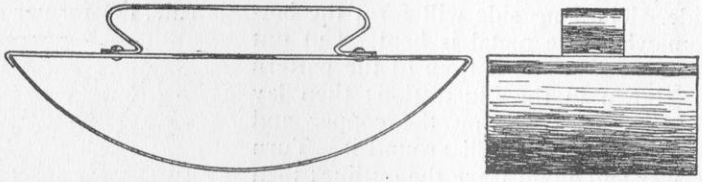
One piece 3⅜″ by 3⅜″ for the base,

One piece 8″ by ¼″ for the side of top,

One piece 2¼″ by 2¼″, allowing for lap on lid,

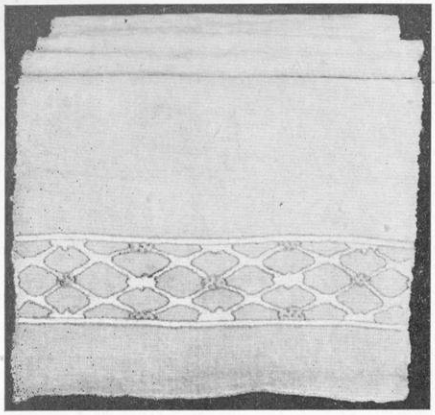
One piece 3″ by 3″ for the top.

The sides of the inkwell should be bent to form a box, allowing the edges

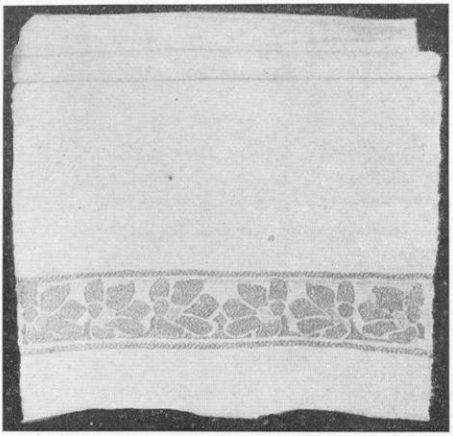


HAND BLOTTER ROLLER.

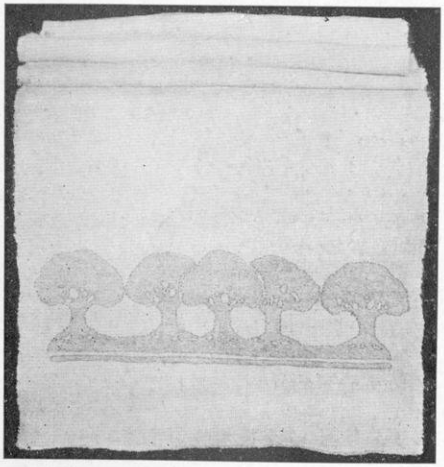
to meet at the back. Half an inch should be allowed for the lap, which is fastened together with four rivets. To solder the bottom and the sides together the metal should be cleaned thoroughly and "cut acid" applied. Then lay the solder on inside and turn on the flame until the solder melts. Care should be taken not to allow the solder to go through to the outside. If it does,



"DOGWOOD" BORDER FOR SCARF.

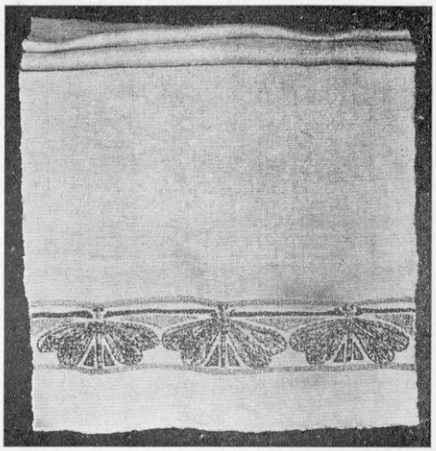


"JAPANESE MAGNOLIA" BORDER FOR SCARF.

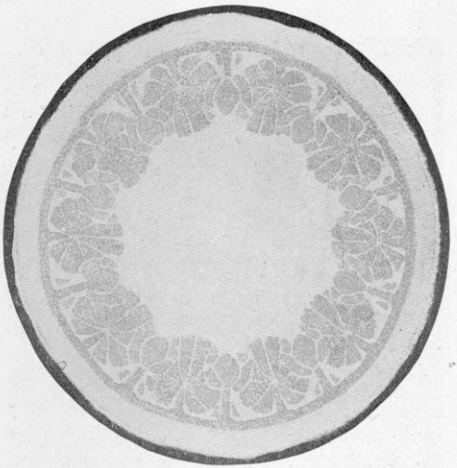


"CHINA TREE" BORDER FOR SCARF.

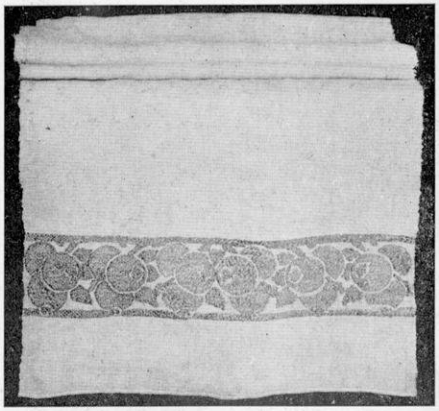
"PINE CONE" BORDER FOR SCARF.



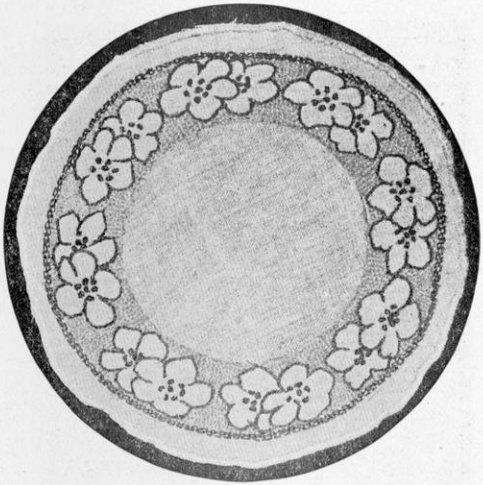
"DRAGON-FLY" BORDER FOR SCARF.



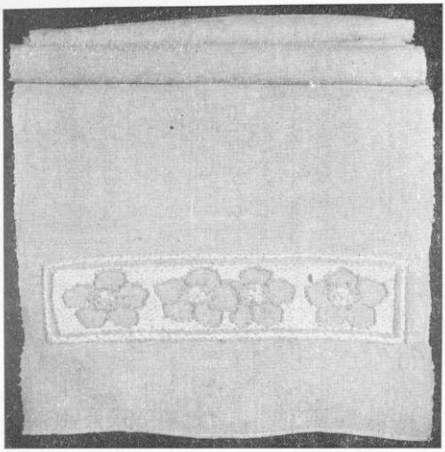
"WATER-LILY" BORDER FOR CENTERPIECE.



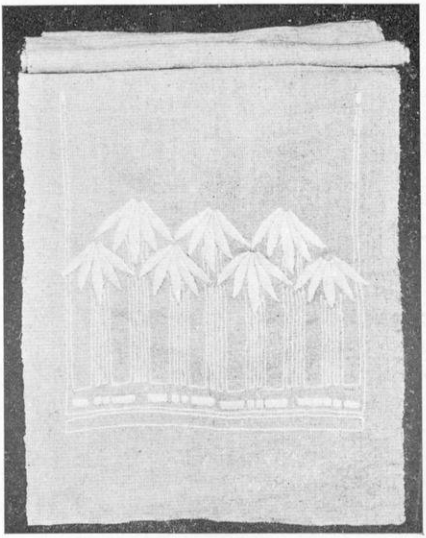
"CRAB-APPLE" BORDER FOR SCARF.



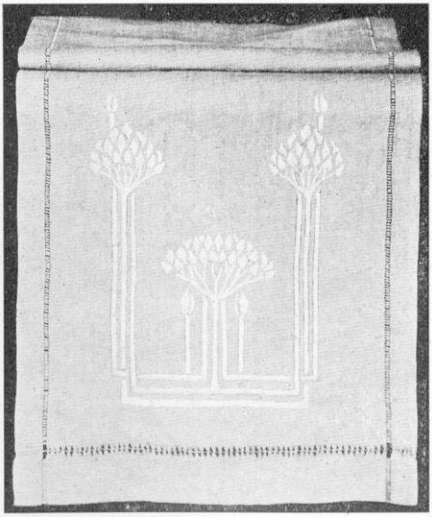
"WILD ROSE" BORDER FOR CENTERPIECE.



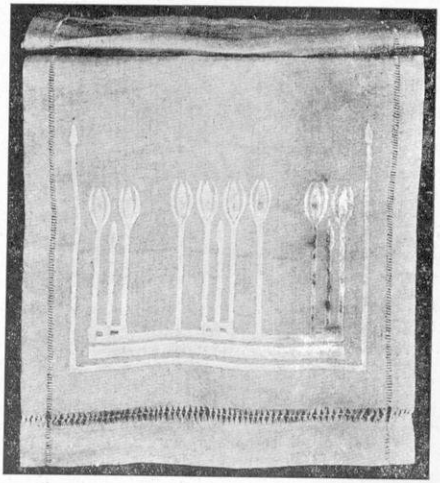
"WILD ROSE" BORDER FOR SCARF.



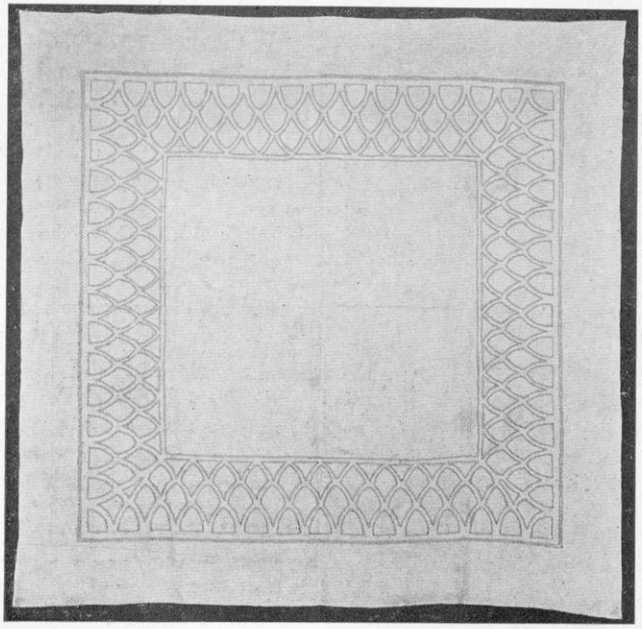
"POINSETTIA" DESIGN FOR ALL-WHITE EMBROIDERY.

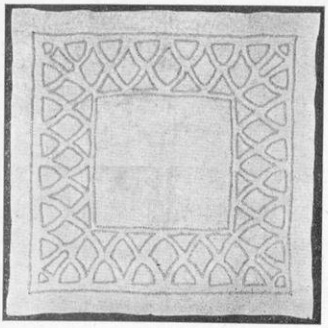


"UMBEL" DESIGN FOR ALL-WHITE EMBROIDERY.

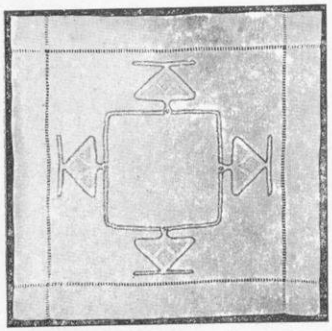


"RAIN-LILY" DESIGN FOR ALL-WHITE EMBROIDERY.

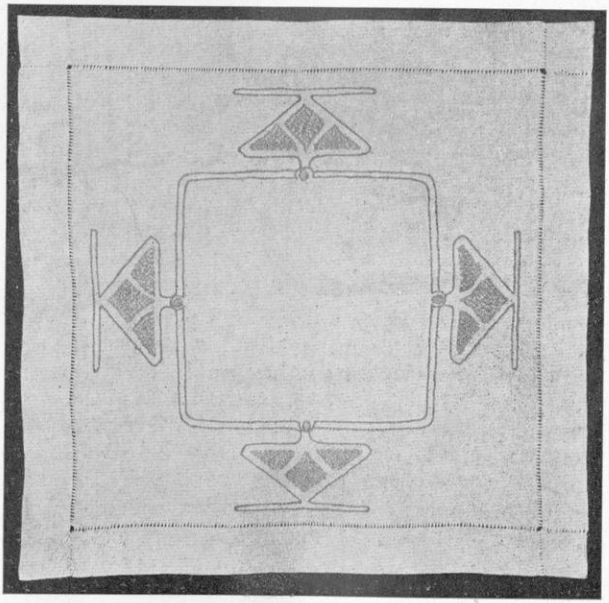




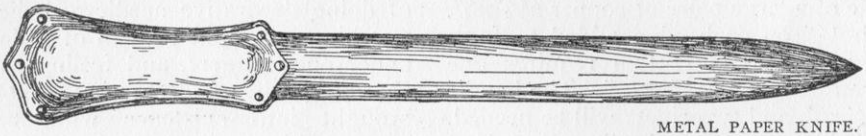
"GEOMETRICAL" DESIGN FOR CENTERPIECE AND DOILY.



"CONVENTIONALIZED TEAZLE" DESIGN FOR CENTERPIECE AND DOILY.



scrape it off and rub down with an emery cloth. The top is to be made and soldered on in the same way, cutting a hole in the center large enough to slip in the glass well. The lid should be laid on the block of lead described



METAL PAPER KNIFE.

last month, and hammered down; then shape on the edge of the anvil with a lap left in front and bent up at a slight angle. A hinge can then be made and soldered to the back of the lid and the top of the inkwell, or, if the making of the hinge should prove too intricate for the amateur worker, it can easily be purchased. There may be some difficulty in finding the glass wells to hold the ink, as they are not sold at retail to individual purchasers. For this reason THE CRAFTSMAN will keep a sufficient number on hand to be able to furnish them for ten or fifteen cents each to amateur workers, the cost depending upon the size required.

For making the blotter pad the following materials will be required:

One piece of stiff cardboard, 18" by 24";

Four flat pieces of copper forming an isosceles triangle 5¼" on two sides and 7½" on one side;

Twelve No. 6/32 flat head brass screws;

One No. 6/32 steel tap;

One piece of very thin sheepskin 1" larger than the outside measurement of pad.

The leather should be laid on a table with the rough side up, and sliced down at the edge all around with a very sharp knife until the edges are thin enough to bend easily over the edge of the cardboard. Next paint one side of the cardboard with shellac and also put a very light coat of shellac over the rough surface of the leather, taking care not to allow the shellac to penetrate to the outside. Then lay the shellacked side of the cardboard down upon the leather; bring up the thin edges of the leather and press them down on top of the pad. A piece of neutral tinted paper should then be pasted on the top of the pad, so that it covers a part of the leather lap, the paper extending to within half an inch of the edge of the pad. After this is done, the pad should be weighted down for a few hours to allow the shellac to dry.

To make the corner pieces a pattern should be laid out, first drawing an isosceles triangle 7½"x5¼"x5¼". This will be the extreme measurement of the corner pieces while flat. Inside of this triangle draw another triangle, allowing a space of ⅝" between the lines on the two equal sides only and bringing the long side of both inner and outer triangles together, so that only a border of ⅝" is left on the two equal sides. By extending both lines from the corners of the inner triangle to meet the line of the outer triangle a small ⅝" square will be formed between the corners of the two triangles. Cut out this square and bend both edges down at right angles to the surface, leaving a space of ¼" and bending the remaining ⅜" under at right angles with ¼" angle. This forms a space in which to insert the blotter. Drill three holes and tap with the 6/32 tap. Lay the corners down on the pad and mark the holes on the pad. Then remove the corners and drill through the pad. Put the corners on again and insert the screws by screwing the heads well into the pad on the

under side. The heads will countersink into the leather, leaving a smooth surface.

The hand blotter roller is so simple that it requires no description further than the measurements. The top is made of a large piece of copper 2½"x6", with ¼" on each edge added to form the angle. The bottom requires one piece of copper 2½"x7½". The handle is ¾"x6", and two rivets will be needed. The illustration and diagram show plainly how the roller is made.

The paper knife should be made from a piece of copper about No. 16 gauge, the blade filed down on each edge and hammered. The handle is made by cutting two pieces of copper about No. 20 gauge and hammering on the lead block so that they form a concave. After this, hammer them on ball iron mandrel in vise. When the sides have been laid in place holes should be drilled through the three pieces and the rivets put in, as shown in the illustration. Smooth all the edges well down with emery cloth and polish with pumice.

NEEDLEWORK

THE designs for needlework illustrated here mark a distinct development along the lines of the simple, broad effects we obtained in CRAFTSMAN needlework by means of appliqué couched upon the material and connected with heavy outlines. This method is admirable in giving the feeling of unbroken masses when used on portières and in other places where very broad effects are desired, but we have always felt that they have lacked a little of the feeling we wished to convey in needlework as applied to small furnishings, such as scarfs for tables, dressers and buffets, for doilies, centerpieces, and all the small accessories of bedroom, living room or dining room that either supply just the accent necessary to complete the harmony of all the furnishings, or else introduce a sharp note of contrast in color and material.

One advantage of the appliqué so much used in CRAFTSMAN needlework was that big effects were gained so easily and rapidly. Part of the pleasure of doing decorative needlework lies in watching the rapid growth of a design under one's fingers, and feeling that a charming bit of decoration is being brought into existence without the nerve-racking work required for the more elaborate and minute effects in embroidery.

With the exception of the centerpieces and doilies, all the designs shown here are carried out on gray hand woven linen, which we have found most satisfactory for use in connection with CRAFTSMAN color schemes and furnishings. This linen comes fifteen inches wide—just the right width for dresser scarfs and table runners. The material is most interesting both in weave and color, varying in weave from a fine, close mesh to one that is much looser and more open. The color is that of the natural unbleached flax, and varies from a very light, grayish-tan to a warm, light brown, some of the pieces being almost a mellow ivory in tone. These variations in tone may, to a certain extent, be found in the same piece and they add much to the interest and individuality of the fabric.

The designs are all based upon conventionalized plant or insect motifs, with here and there one carried to the point almost of geometrical formalism. With the exception of an occasional use of the outline and satin stitches to define lines and masses very sharply, the designs are wrought throughout in a simple darning stitch, taken in short, uneven lengths parallel with the woof threads. The ground stuff is left between these stitches to glimmer through the whole design, so that the latter has the effect of being an integral part of

the material, almost as if it were woven with it. In the case of most of the scarfs, this effect of the design being one with the material is further carried out by continuing it clear across the scarf from edge to edge. The peculiar charm of this work lies in the shimmering, jewel-like effect that is gained by leaving the ground material to show through in little, broken, uneven spacings between the stitches. The ends of the scarfs are finished with the "peasant roll," a tiny, rolled hem that shows on the upper side of the material, or they may be buttonholed with ravelings of the linen, giving a slightly uneven edge that harmonizes with the wavering lines of the selvage.

The colors used are all of soft, dull tones of linen floss that harmonize with the natural gray of the linen; only in the case of pure white, which is worked more solidly than the other designs, and in the clear, dark blue, is this effect of harmony rather than sharp contrast departed from. Even where the blue and white are used the design is such that the embroidery forms a background rather than the design itself, as in the case of the "Dogwood" border for a sideboard or dresser scarf, where the background is darned in white floss, with outlines and the flower centers in dark blue. The outline is done in simple outline stitch and the flower centers in French knots. The petals of the dogwood flowers are left in the mellow, brownish tone of the material itself. This treatment has a peculiarly bright and clear effect.

A warmer and more vivid color effect is given by the border of "Japanese Magnolia." In this design the blossom petals are wrought in linen floss of a tone somewhere between coral and old rose and the border lines and suggestions of foliage in silvery leaf-green. A touch of dull blue appears in the center of the blossoms and in the broken line just below the upper border line, giving a sense of the dull, rich coloring of Oriental embroidery.

The "China Tree" design for the ends of a dresser scarf is simplicity itself both in form and workmanship. The design is darned straight across the scarf in light leaf-green linen floss, and the outlines of the trees and branches are afterwards picked out with a tiny, broken thread of dark blue, simply run in stitches of short, uneven lengths around the design, so that the merest hint of an edge of color that brings out the tree forms from the background takes the place of the sharp, decisive line given by the regular outline stitch.

The "Pine Cone" design, as shown here, is worked in the natural colors of golden brown and dull, rusty green. The border lines and upright dividing lines are darned solidly in the green, then outlined by a simple running thread of brown. The cones are darned in brown, the stitches taken parallel with the woof thread across the strip, and a line of linen is left to outline each segment of cone. The pine needles are worked in green in outline stitch.

Of all these borders the most jewel-like in effect as well as the richest in coloring is the "Dragon-fly" design. In this the upper and lower border lines are darned in brilliant dark blue floss through which run uneven threads of green. The line formed by the legs of the insect, very much conventionalized, is done in green. The bodies are worked in an over and over stitch in both blue and green; the eyes are green and the wings are darned with a running thread of green, through which a blue thread is afterwards run. The veinings of the wings are run alternately in blue and green floss, while old rose floss is darned into the open spaces in the lower part of the wing. The triangular shape between the wings

and the body is darned in old rose floss and the upper large triangle in blue, through which the green is unevenly threaded. The effect of color in this design is precisely that of old Persian embroidery, and the sparkle gained by the showing of the groundwork through the uneven spaces left by the threads is especially effective.

The design shown in the round mat is conventionalized from the yellow water lily, by which name it is known. The leaves, stems and border line are darned in varying shades of leaf-green, so that the effect is that of light and shade upon the broad leaves. Each segment of a leaf is darned—not straight with the weave, as in the case of the scarfs, but in a line parallel with the end of the leaf. Narrow lines of the linen groundwork are left open to outline these segments of the leaves and the petals of the flowers. The blossom can be done either in a yellow floss, in old rose, or in a dull, soft blue, according to the color scheme with which the piece is to harmonize. A narrow line of the same color as the flower is run along the inner side of the border line.

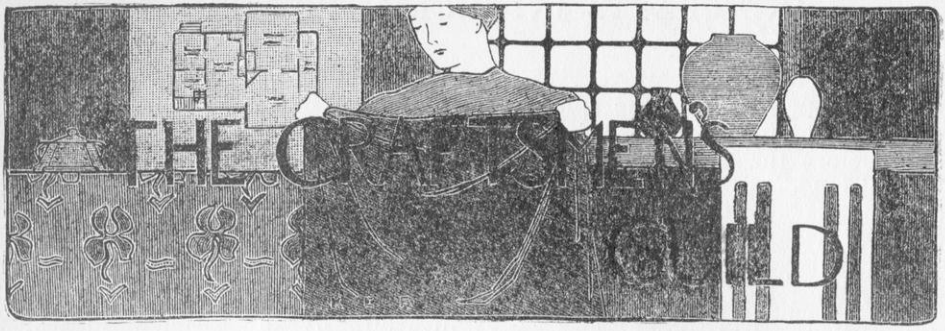
The "Crab-apple" design is done in very much the same way, with the upper border and leaves in dull, soft green and the apples in old rose, though the color of the latter may be varied as in the case of the "Water Lily" design.

The "Wild Rose" designs shown on a scarf and again on a round centerpiece are handled in the same way as the "Dogwood" border; that is, the petals of the rose are left in the natural linen and the background is darned in coarse white floss. The outer border on the scarf is of dull, straw-colored floss in outline stitch, with a double inner line of white in the simple, running darning stitch. The central panel is also outlined in the yellow floss, as are the flowers. The flower centers are made of French knots in the white and yellow. In the centerpiece the color used with the white is Delft blue.

The all white designs for table or sideboard scarfs are especially effective on the soft brownish-gray linen. All these scarfs are especially desirable for use on dining tables, as the linen color harmonizes admirably with the wood tones of the table top, especially when an oak table is used, and the white embroidery seems more fitted for table use than that in colors. In the three designs shown here, "Poinsettia," "Umbel" and "Rain Lily," the work is done entirely in satin stitch, with the exception of a portion of the "Poinsettia" design, where the stems and borders are done in outline stitch. When doing the sharply marked designs in satin stitch, it is always better to run a thread around the outline of the figure, and then to darn loosely over the whole surface, to provide the definite edge and a slight padding under the satin stitch. This gives a firm, slightly raised effect that adds greatly to the beauty of the work.

The table squares are on a different linen from the scarfs, as the rough hand-woven linen does not come in sufficient width for this use. The material used here is close-woven linen of a deep ivory color, and in the examples shown one is worked in outline stitch in a dull old rose floss, and the other in Delft blue.

The conventionalized "Teazle" design for a centerpiece is a modification of the well-known CRAFTSMAN appliqué design of that name, save that the blossoms are done in the same darning stitch as the others, instead of being appliquéd. The blossoms and dots are of dull straw yellow linen floss, and the outlines in soft gray-green. This set should be finished with a hemstitched hem, stitched with floss of either the yellow or green to carry down a note of the color into the border.



HULL-HOUSE LABOR MUSEUM, WHERE WOMEN ARE TAUGHT SPINNING AND WEAVING, AND ALSO THE HISTORY OF THESE INDUSTRIES: BY MERTICE MACCREA BUCK

THE problem of helping foreigners, who come to this country equipped with a knowledge of some handicraft, to apply their knowledge so as to afford them a means of livelihood, is a serious one, to be solved only by experiment. In New York, Russian and Italian women are given a chance to make lace, which is sold for them by a group of American women. In Chicago one of the most successful experiments was started four years ago at Hull-House along the lines of spinning and weaving. The preparation of flax, from hetcheling to spinning, is done by women who have learned it in childhood and show a naïve delight in proving themselves mistresses of this ancient and time-honored craft. I found women of several nationalities at work in a large room truly remarkable for its beautiful collection of tools and materials gathered from all over the world—distaffs and spindles, wheels and reels and looms. Every Saturday evening a demonstration is made of the various methods of spinning and weaving to be found among the nationalities living near Hull-House. These are arranged, as far as possible, in historic sequence, so that while an Italian woman works with the most primitive stick spindle, her Russian neighbor goes a step further by sitting on a frame which changes the position of the distaff. A Greek and a Syrian have similar stick spindles. The thread which these women spin is at once used by the weavers.

The earliest spinning by wheel is illustrated by a Syrian wheel, which originally belonged to the grandmother of a Syrian woman who sent back to her native country for it, and presented it to the museum. There are also wheels used in Ireland, Holland and our own New England colonies—and photographs illustrating many pieces of hand machinery too large to be exhibited. There are beautiful specimens of silk, cotton, wool and flax, in all the various processes, and samples of weaving from all over the world. The room itself is an inspiration to anyone interested in handicrafts.

Five looms, one run by electricity, are in use, and the weavers are proud of the fact that they are sup-

plied with warp and in most cases with woof prepared by the spinners. Most of the finished work is sold, often before the piece is completed. A Danish woman does beautiful figured goods of colored and white linen on a loom brought from her own country. One of the five is a massive American loom such as our grandmothers had built into the walls of their houses, the timbers being six inches square and at least seven feet high. The parts are all made by hand, the great batten swings from a timber that looks as if it had been hewn out, without any finishing touches from the plane, yet this loom produces really exquisite work. One of the most interesting of the looms in use, called the "fly shuttle" loom, illustrates an intermediate step between hand and machine work. Although at Hull-House the most delicate and beautiful work is entirely done by hand, yet this particular loom, generally used for rag carpets, is very interesting. In it, the shuttle instead of being thrown by hand, is shot across by means of a spring which is released by pressing a lever with the foot. Ordinary rag carpet is limited in width by the distance to which the shuttle can be thrown by hand, generally thirty-six inches or less, but in this loom the goods can be made as wide as the frame allows.

The few mechanical devices used in this loom make it seem as far in advance of the primitive looms as the first locomotive might have seemed compared with a wagon, yet the ones now in use in factories are, of course, as much ahead of this as a fully-equipped modern railroad train is ahead of the first locomotive.

HANDICRAFTS IN ROCHESTER SCHOOLS

AFTER some six or seven years passed in the energetic advocating of thorough training in practical handicrafts as an essential part of the education of every boy and girl, it is with a sense of marked gratification that THE CRAFTSMAN publishes in this issue some admirable examples of craftsmanship which have been sent us from the Department of Manual Training in the Public Schools of Rochester, New York, to show what is being done by school boys in making actual furniture of good design and sound construction along lines that are closely related to the CRAFTSMAN models. The work is of such a high grade that it serves better than any argument to demonstrate the possibility of mental development through the medium of creative work. It is now quite a number of years since the first forms of manual training were introduced into our public schools, and when we remember the theoretical and dilettante character of many of these early efforts at sloyd, basketry and the making of utterly trivial and superfluous articles, we begin to realize what a long stride has been taken in the right direction toward the development of really valuable training of the hands. Work that produces this sort of thing is not play, but training of a kind that will enable any boy to face the world with a solid foundation of useful knowledge upon which to build his career as a worker.

The articles illustrated here are not playthings, but practical and useful, as well as beautiful, pieces of furniture that could either be used to excellent advantage in helping to furnish a school room or club rooms, or in furnishing

the homes of the boys themselves. The fact that these examples are so good suggests that the making of such furniture may amount to something more than mere training. In the case of a family where money is not plentiful and such furnishings as would come within the means of the parents might necessarily not be of the best quality, there are endless possibilities in such development of initiative in children old enough to do this advanced work. Furniture made with so much personal interest, and designed especially with a view to utility and to harmony with its environment, has every chance of being good both in design and workmanship, because both rest solidly upon the firm foundation of direct response to a real need. And not only would it be quite possible for the pieces a boy makes at school to be bought for home use for little more than the price of the lumber, but any bright boy could add not a little to his own income by making pieces of hand-made furniture for the neighbors.

Great emphasis is placed upon handicrafts in the Rochester schools, and there is the closest coöperation between the departments of fine arts, domestic science and manual training. In addition to an unusually able and enthusiastic body of teachers whose training is thorough and who demand efficient work from their pupils, Rochester has a Board of Education which puts a high value upon hand work and encourages all development along this line. This has resulted in a well-equipped shop in every grammar school and a liberal allowance of time for the work.

The course of study is divided into "impression" and "expression" subjects, and while one group in a grade is engaged in recitation or the development of a topic, another group is engaged in some form of hand work. In the primary grades, in addition to the usual subjects such as clay modeling, painting with water colors and ink, paper cutting and pasting, cardboard construction, braiding and knotting, the children do a large amount of free or undirected constructive work, using all sorts of materials in a great many ingenious ways. An example of this is given in the illustration showing the smaller children at work; one making a toy wagon out of an old box, another hammering together a table which is certainly only a short remove from the primitive, and the others working at anything their fancy happens to dictate. This free construction is an outgrowth of the directed hand work, and is an application of the principles learned in the formal lesson.

Having learned in the primary grades to express himself in many forms of hand work, the boy, as he reaches the fifth grade and takes up manual training in wood, is ready to do something definite, and he usually knows what he wishes to do. In the primary grades both boys and girls learn to make many useful little articles, but in the fifth grade the work is divided, the girls taking sewing and the boys going to the shops for bench work. The time given to bench work varies from one hour a week in the fifth grade to two hours weekly in the eighth, but this allowance is greatly increased by the number of boys who come to the shops early in the morning, work during a part of the noon hour, after school, and in some cases on Saturday. The teachers find that the difficulty lies in getting the boys out of the shop rather than in getting them in.

The experience of the Rochester schools has shown that one great element in the value of manual training lies in its appeal to pupils who would otherwise get little from the school curriculum,— the backward pupils and the truants. So well has it succeeded that several years ago the truant school in

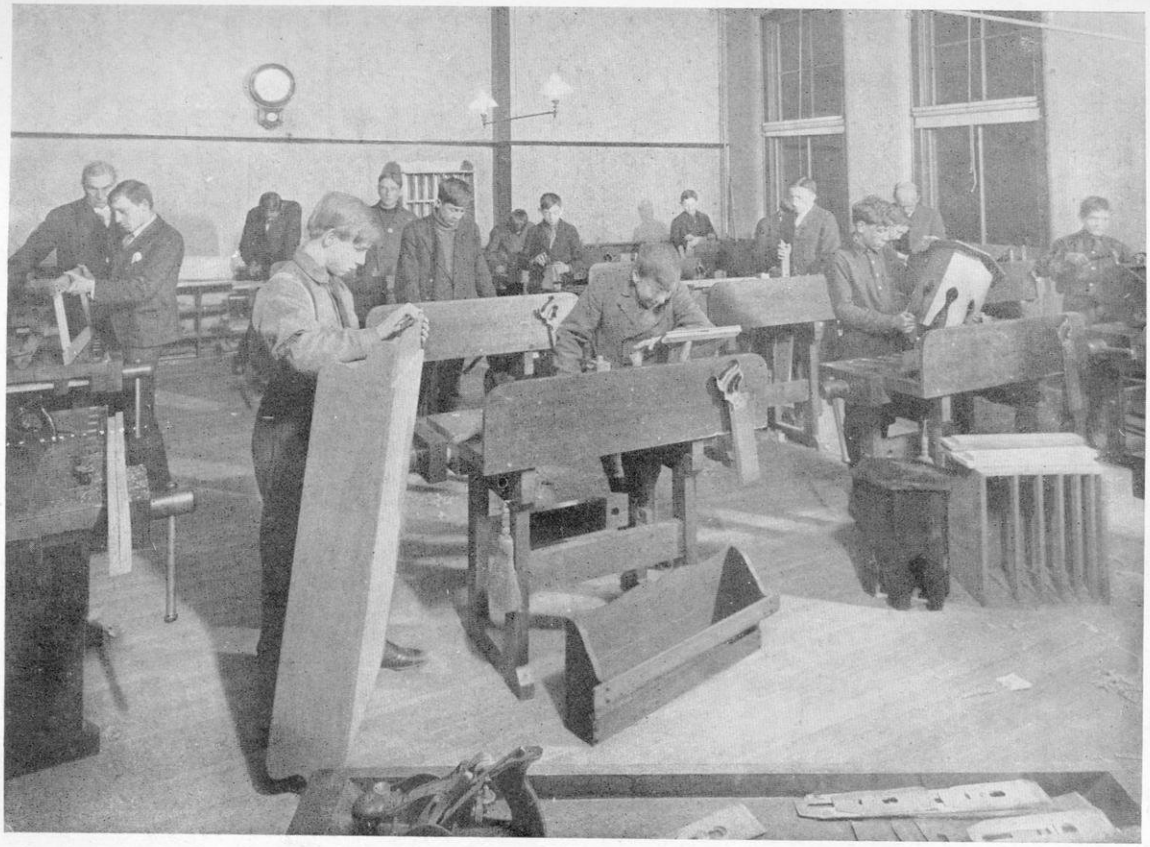
Rochester was abolished, and in its stead have come the special classes in which hand work occupies chief place.

The method of carrying on the work in the upper grades is very interesting. It is based upon the theory that manual training is but one of the various means offered to the child for the expression of his thought, and that its chief aims are to supplement the other subjects of the curriculum through the construction of models to illustrate those subjects; to bring school and home into closer harmony through the construction of articles of real value and use in the home; to bring the pupils into touch with the industries of the world through the study of topical methods of manufacture and through the actual transformation of rough material into finished product, and to develop good taste in home furnishings and an appreciation of good workmanship and honest construction.

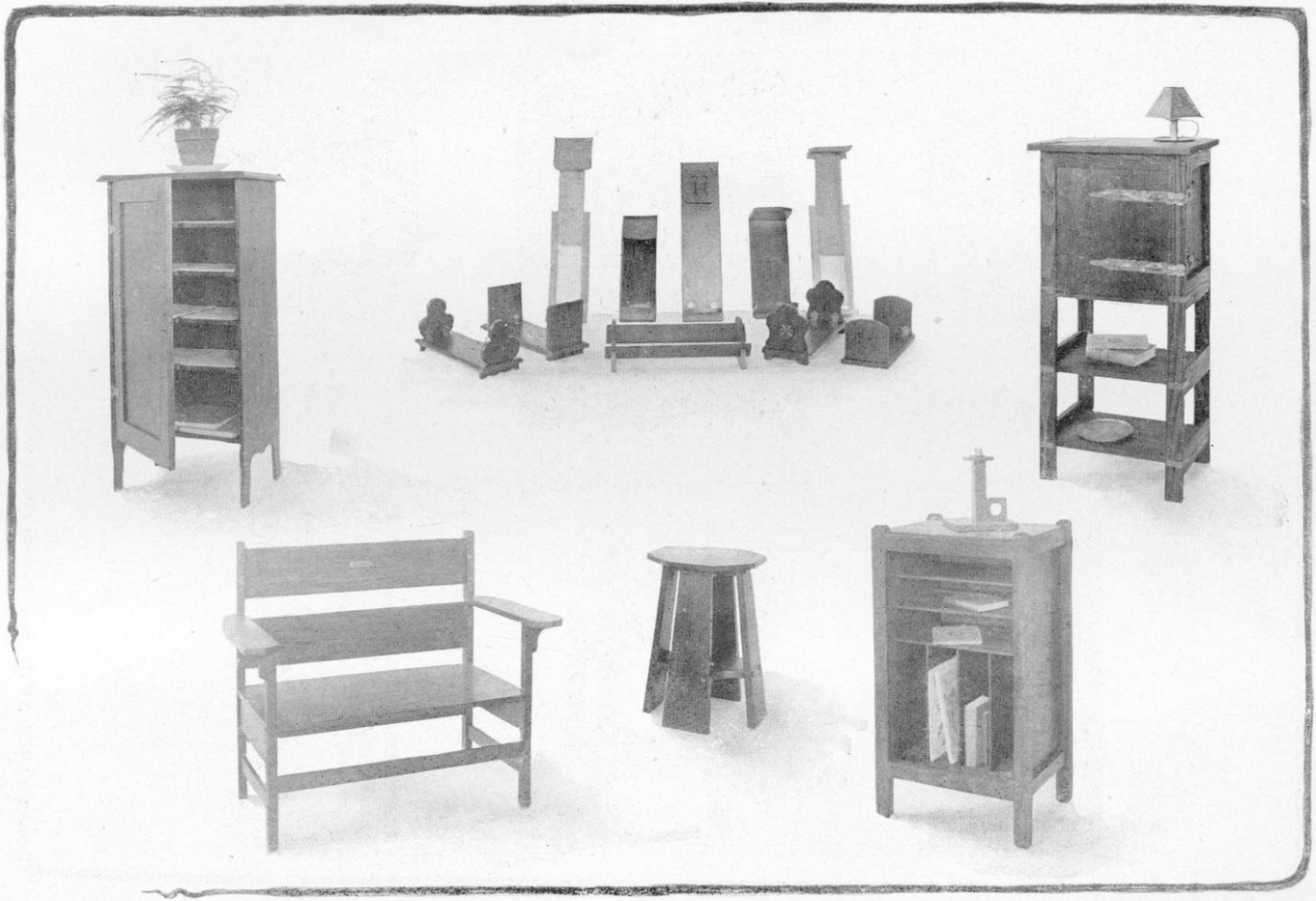
The requirement is not the completion of any series of models, but the self-expression of the child through the construction of some object of vital interest to him, and to the successful completion of which he shall give the best effort of which he is capable. Therefore, the child is allowed to make any object he desires, provided its construction is not beyond his ability. As the natural tendency on the part of teachers is to give too much suggestion and help to the pupils and thus make them dependent, this is carefully avoided, pains being taken to encourage every bit of initiative on the part of a pupil. Not only is he required to work out his own design, but any direct copying is discouraged. This arousing of the initiative is one of the greatest difficulties encountered in manual training; the average boy usually wishes to make a stool or a table just like some one else has made, and if this stool or table were placed before him, he would copy it in every detail. To overcome this tendency and at the same time to provide the necessary suggestive material for observation and study, the boy is surrounded with photographs of objects in which he might be interested, and, furthermore, he is urged to find some corner of the school room or of his own home which lacks a fitting piece of furniture, and to supply just the article that is needed.

After he has decided what he wants to make, he gives his idea of the design in a free-hand sketch of the object desired. This is brought to the teacher and talked over, and a more definite project is evolved, always with the idea of preserving as much as possible the originality of the boy's own design. When the details are all settled, a complete working drawing is made by the pupil, and also a stock bill of all materials required. When the material is supplied him, he is given a time and stock card, on one side of which he makes note of the time consumed in the construction and on the other side he figures out in full the cost at current prices of the material used.

One of the most interesting parts of the manual training work is the coöperative project; that is, when a large piece of furniture is needed in the school, designs are handed in by each boy in the grade. These are discussed and one is selected. Then the boys elect a foreman to direct the work, and the shop becomes a small factory in which the teacher is merely an authority to be consulted as need may arise. The foreman lays out and apportions the work, giving the most difficult parts to the most skillful workers, and seeing that all do their best. In the construction of these larger pieces the greatest interest is aroused. The boys work early and late, and when the article is finished and presented to the school the enthusiasm runs high.

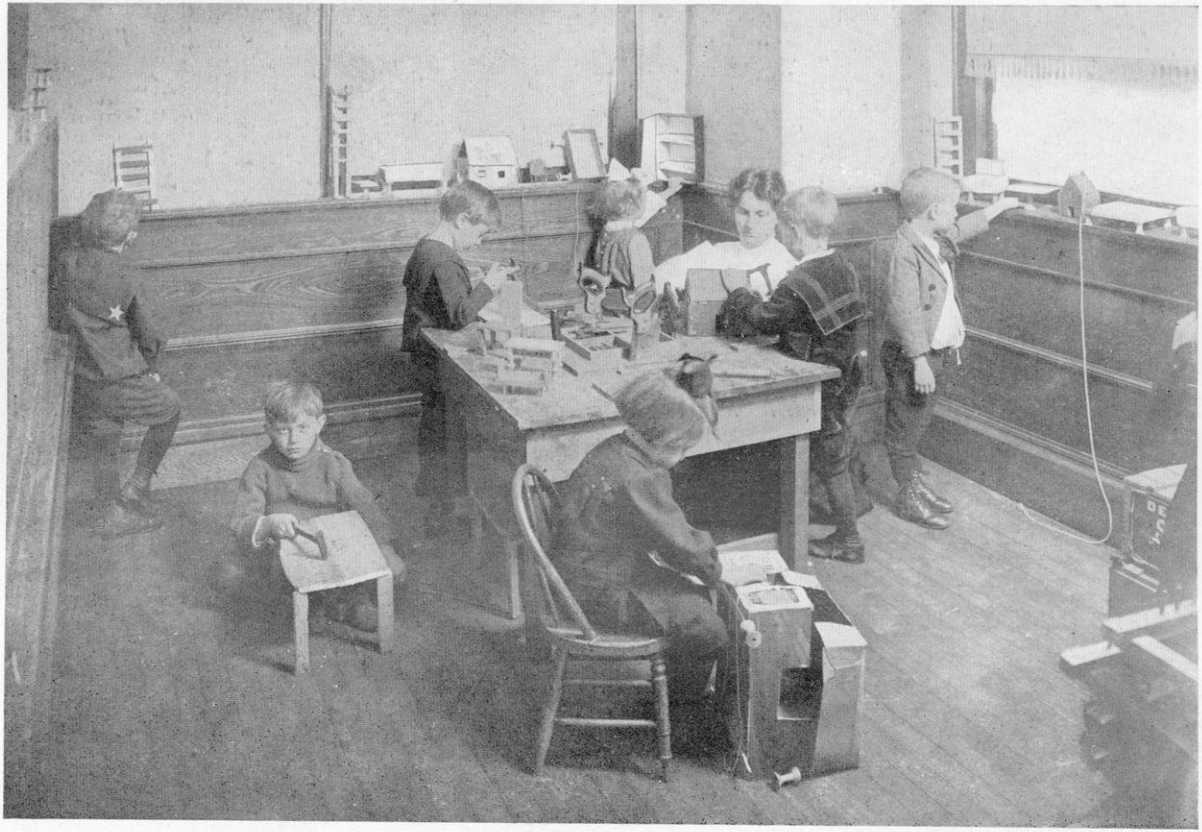


BOYS AT WORK IN THE MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT
OF ONE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

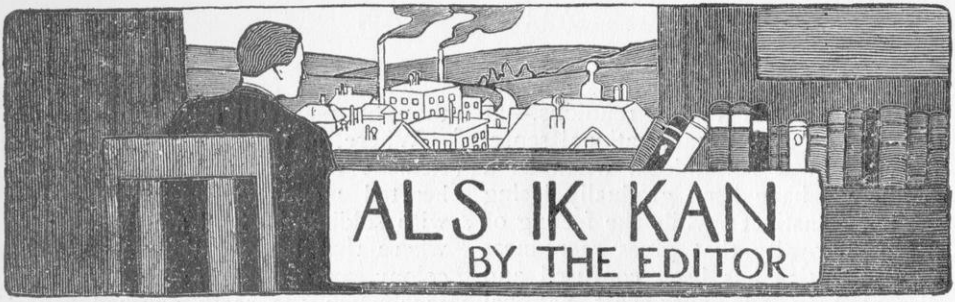


"THE WORK IS OF SUCH A HIGH GRADE THAT IT SERVES BETTER THAN AN ARGUMENT TO SHOW THE POWER OF MENTAL DEVELOPMENT THROUGH CREATIVE WORK."

MANUAL WORK OF THIS SORT UNDOUBTEDLY HELPS TO BUILD UP THE CHARACTER OF THE BOYS WHO ARE ENGAGED IN IT.



"THE BOYS WORK EARLY AND LATE, AND WHEN AN ARTICLE IS FINISHED ENTHUSIASM RUNS HIGH."



FROM the earliest days of our life as a nation, through all the changes of the changing years, one picture has been graven ineffaceably upon our memory as an imperishable part of our heritage from the past,—the picture of a little group of gaunt-eyed, famine-worn men and women, kneeling in a rude, bare meeting-house protected by a fort of logs, to thank God with trembling lips for the unexpected succor sent them in their extremity.

The future might yet be veiled from their sight;—all about them still lurked a hostile folk, and the famine and pestilence that had eaten away their strength might at any time return; but for the present a respite was granted from the peril that had pressed so sorely,—and their joy and thankfulness over the sudden release from strain was the more poignant because of that lurking dread of what might yet be before them. This same note of gladness and childlike gratitude for temporary release from peril and pain, in the face of constant threat and danger, throbs through the poetry of the early Hebrews, quickening with living warmth and meaning, even after the long centuries, the story of their ceaseless struggle for a foothold in a strange land.

As the passing of the years brought greater sense of security to the struggling hamlets on the bleak New England coast, the memory of that day of tremulous thanksgiving, when brave hearts had melted at the coming of the great deliverance, was slowly welded with the memory of another day of happy memory;—the Harvest Home of the English farmsteads, to which the Pilgrims, in their strange, bare homes, looked back with homesick yearning. So at the autumn-tide, when the fruits and grain were ripe for garnering, an added element of reverence and humility touched with a finer grace the immemorial feast of the Ingathering.

Slowly, as time brought to the colonists an increased sense of security and assured prosperity, the spirit of the festival underwent a subtle change; instead of a season set apart for the humble, prayerful giving of thanks for blessings granted in the midst of danger, the day became a family festival, sacred to home-loves and loyalties; a season when sons and daughters returned with their little ones to the old homestead. On this day the mother and father gathered their scattered brood once more around them, and brothers and sisters, whose interests with the parting of their lives had inevitably drifted asunder, renewed the bond as they broke bread together.

Thus, although altered in character, the celebration of Thanksgiving was still fraught with significance, and in its fostering of home-love and loyalty was of inestimable value in the formation of our character as a people. For from that steadfastness which keeps faith in the closer, more personal relationship, is born the larger loyalty to the state.

But we fear this festival is now no longer a day of family reunions,—at least in any widespread, national sense. How could it be, indeed, when as a people we have been gradually losing the home instinct; while the feeling of personal loyalty that gives sacredness to family ties has been confused and disrupted in our over-swift national growth? Even the very consciousness of what goes to the making of a home has often been stifled by our restlessness, which impels us to flit with feverish haste from one abiding place to another. Our dwellings have no time to become homes in any real sense; for even love, with its bond of mutual interests and sympathies, needs the aid of time to give it the last touch that transforms a house into a home. It is the invisible tracery of memories and associations, written upon ceiling and casement and lintel, that gives to a dwelling its intimate, personal quality, and makes the very chairs and tables sharers in our common life; and it is the remembrance of things enjoyed together, and, even more, of things suffered together, within that little space, that turns four alien walls into a home.

As the love of home is an elemental instinct, it must inevitably revive; yet, in its temporary abeyance there has gone from our lives one of the great balance-wheels that kept men sane in the midst of disintegrating influences; for the memory of a real home, however far away, to which one owes loyalty and upon which one must not bring dishonor, steadies the soul and keeps alive within it the desire for right living. That restless irresponsibility, as of mere leaves blown by the wind, seen in so many faces upon our city streets, is but the natural heritage of the homeless,—of those who, however much of material prosperity may have fallen to their lot, have no memory of the old homestead with its associations, to which, when far away in body, their thoughts may still return.

Where, in the long ago, a little settlement was guarded by a few stout-hearted men, we today are guarded with soldiers by land and by sea; and where that brave little New England colony saw starvation stare them in the face when the earth parched beneath the blinding heat and their scanty crop withered before their eyes, we today see cornfields ripening toward the harvest all over this broad country, and know that if the yield should fail in one section trainloads of grain could be brought from the four corners of the land. Thus the old keen sense of immediate personal danger thrills us no longer, and with the coming of prosperity has been eliminated somewhat the element of uncertainty, of rejoicing over a blessing vouchsafed in the midst of peril, and so the trusting spirit that leaned close for protection to the sheltering unseen arm has now grown self-sufficing and a little arrogant. Again, as a nation, with the temporary abeyance of the home instinct, Thanskgiving has lost its beautiful import as a season for the renewing of old family ties.

What, then, of spiritual import remains to quicken our national symbol of Thanksgiving? Has it come to be a day of mere meaningless feasting, and is the ceremonial in which we still shrine it a dry husk in which the kernel has withered away—a jest for the cynic and mocker? If so, what effect upon our character has our observance of such an empty form; and what interpretation can be put upon our manner of its celebration by the foreigner who comes to begin a new life in our land, or by our children, who weigh our actions with such relentless keenness of insight?

When we turn to the public proclamation and sermons, do many of them

help us in our quest? Do they waken any real response in us as a people? We are told of our growth in prosperity, of the wondrous development of our material resources, and of the spread of our national influence among the peoples who are our peers. But, though the praise is verbally given to God, does all this awaken within us the old, humble spirit of giving thanks? Can any of us warm our tepid spiritual emotions at a fire of statistics? Indeed, do not these orations, with their veiled boastfulness, rather bring to some of us that half-fearful looking-for of judgment upon our arrogance, that Kipling, in his "Recessional," has voiced for all nations?

Has this festival then for us of today no vital significance that can differentiate it from any other day upon which we might choose to heap good things upon the table, and are our pretty phrases but wrapped about an empty symbol? If so, the clear-eyed children, and the immigrant with his patient, dogged search after whatever goes to the making of an American citizen, will soon detect the note of falseness. Has it grown to be but a day given up by national consent to meaningless feasting?

Feasts are purified from all grossness, and made beautiful, only when they are the natural expression of spiritual rejoicing;—of some emotion which might find fitting utterance in music or the dance. Thus, festivals which celebrate the ingathering of the harvest grow significant only when they are held by those whose own hands have toiled to win this bounty from the soil. From this close personal relation between the toiler and the fruits of his toil springs the poetry of the husking-bee and sheep-shearing feast, and the harvest home of our farming districts; and thence, too, springs the perennial charm of those idyls of old Greece that tell of the grape harvest and the garnering of the corn,—a note which is repeated today in the harvest-songs and dances and symbolic merrymakings of the peasants of Germany, France and Italy.

In the early days our own Thanksgiving Festival had not only a spiritual gladness which thus found fitting expression, but possessed, also, this intimate personal quality of the joy of the farmer in the fruits and grain which his own hands and those of his sons had won by the toil of weary months; the turkey was raised by the house-mother; the cranberries gathered in the cranberry-bog by her own hands and those of her children. But when the turkey that crowns our table is bought in the marketplace, and our fruits are shipped to us across the continent, or brought from over the sea, this poetry of intimate relation is inevitably lost.

How, then, shall we give the fragrance of deep, heartfelt joy to this festival of ours, and so lift it above the common feast-day level? For while those of us who think, realize that there is a keener appetite, and so a keener gratitude, for the red berries we have culled from the bog; and greater pride, and so a truer thanksgiving, for the home-grown turkey, which is, as it were, our own handiwork, we are not all living so close to Nature's big, friendly heart,—we are on Broadway or Michigan Avenue; and yet, even so, we would not be deprived of the old-fashioned Thanksgiving thrill of personal gratitude to a beneficent power, which originated with our troubled Puritan ancestors. We want at least some genuine sense of joy expressed, if not of peril escaped.

And so if we may no longer fear, may we not as surely find our Thanksgiving in a greater growth, a finer experience? And there is unquestionably as devout a reason for gratitude in the

realization of our hope of a saner, better way of living for us as a nation, as our Puritan fathers had in mere escape from danger. And in getting out of the old rut of our half-baked civilization into a better, more wholesome life, are we not in turn being delivered from perils as real as those of starvation or Indian onslaught?

Today, all over America, intelligent men and women are turning back to rural existence, not to seek out an opportunity for the old farm life of suffering and fear, but with wider experience and judgment to find close to Nature a fuller joy and gladness, a truer happiness in life—not to ask all this of Nature, but to coöperate with her in order to gain the utmost beauty and real joy life knows how to give us. And when the full realization has come to us of the health, the peace and the opportunity for growth that are ours when we come once more into full kinship with Nature, perhaps we will once more possess, in larger form and on a higher plane, the true spirit of Thanksgiving.

NOTES

FOLLOWING the exhibition of etchings by the Swedish etcher, Axel Herman Haig, at the Wunderlich Gallery, come the etchings of D. Y. Cameron, the Scotch painter-etcher whose work has been so loudly acclaimed in Europe.

Axel Herman Haig—or Hägg, as the name is spelled in his native land—though born in Sweden, honored by the Swedish Government and loving the land intensely, is, by adoption, more of an Englishman than a Swede. For many years he has resided in England, where he long practiced as an architect, being associated with some of the leading architects of the country. It was natural, therefore, that when he turned to etching he should choose architectural subjects. He delights in old churches and cathedrals, only turning occasionally to other subjects, such as bits of Norwegian and Swedish scenery. Thanks to his architectural training, Mr. Haig is an unusually accurate draughtsman. As an etcher, his touch is sure and he manages his light effects, particularly in his interiors, as only a few of the great etchers have.

It is no small compliment to D. Y. Cameron that his work as an etcher has sometimes been compared with that of Haig, Whistler and Méryon. Alike as painter and etcher, Mr. Cameron loves to depict the landscapes of his native Scotland and of Holland, a country which seems to possess for him a special fascination. Like Whistler, he loves the picturesque life of great rivers and harbors, and has done for the Clyde what Whistler did for the Thames.

Bits of wild moorland as, for example, that where the Clyde has its source; the stretch of sands at Aberdeen, the great granite city of the north; the isle of Arran; rugged Ayr, immortalized by Burns; Lochrauga, with the picturesque fishing boats in the foreground, have given Cameron his inspiration. As a painter he won wide and generous recognition from discerning critics, who saw in his work an uncommonly successful union of poetic feeling and technical skill. As an etcher he is no less successful, his translation of color into terms of light and shade adding a note of mystery to his work.

LEON Dabo, after a busy season spent along the Hudson and in the Maine woods, has returned to New York with several new pictures and numerous sketches for future

development. As usual, Mr. Dabo found in the scenery of the Hudson his greatest inspiration. He is a careful and scholarly artist with a rare capacity for handling delicate colors, whose work has won the recognition of discriminating critics in this country and Europe.

It has long been a matter for surprise that this artist should be less widely known and appreciated in this country than in Europe. Honors have been given him by European art bodies,—only recently one of his paintings was purchased by the authorities for the Luxembourg Museum,—and his exhibitions in Belgium, Germany and France always attract appreciative attention, yet he has devoted his time to painting American landscapes. An exhibition of his work is to be held during the current month in the Fritz Gürlitt Galleries, Berlin, and, subsequently, in other German cities. An exhibition of a few of his paintings is being held at the present date in the gallery of R. A. Bernstein, Los Angeles, California.

THE writer was talking, not long ago, with a well-known American painter, a gifted artist who has long enjoyed the luxury of success and popular appreciation. Somehow the talk drifted to exhibitions and the conservatism of juries. The writer was inclined to take the side of the juries, to lay emphasis upon the fact that a certain sense of responsibility inevitably attaches to the position of a juror, which produces conservatism and, too often, proves an insurmountable obstacle to the admission to exhibitions of men who have blazed new trails for themselves. It is not difficult to recognize the fact that there are many disappointed artists who would blame the adverse verdict of juries for their failure, whereas they themselves are responsible. It is easy and natural to believe that most of those who serve on the juries of our art exhibitions are earnestly and enthusiastically devoted to the service of art, anxious to find good things to include, rather than things to exclude.

So much the writer argued in justice to the greatly maligned juries, feeling strongly that they are often harshly and unjustly judged. But when the artist, who has himself served upon juries not a few, declared with all seriousness that he had "never known a really meritorious work of art to be rejected by the jury of any important exhibition," one could not but wonder that so good an artist should be so ignorant of the history of his art. One's thoughts reverted to the Barbizon men kept out of the Salon, and to the Salon des Refusés, with Manet and Whistler as exhibitors. More lately, in our own country, we have seen artists of power like Van Perrine and George Luks and sculptors like Noquet and Haag kept out of the exhibitions, and one recalls that the latter's beautiful "Accord," now in the Metropolitan Museum, was once rejected by the Academy.

REVIEWS

THE president of Columbia University, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, has gathered together three addresses delivered on special occasions during the past eleven or twelve years and published them in a little volume of about one hundred pages, under the title, "True and False Democracy,"—the title of the opening lecture. In this address, which was delivered last March, Dr. Butler be-

gins by noting that in the most advanced and progressive nations of the world the pressing problems are not so much political, in the narrow sense, as they are economic and social. Vaguely intended to promote human welfare, governments are now making it specifically their main object. In Germany, France, England, Japan and Italy, as well as in America, the functions of government are being widely extended.

We pride ourselves that we approach these problems in America in the spirit of democracy, but Dr. Butler pulls us up with the challenge and question, "are we quite sure that we know what democracy means and implies?" He divides democracy into two classes, the false and the true. Briefly stated, he makes this distinction: true democracy is individualistic and rests upon liberty, while collectivistic schemes, resting more or less upon the idea of equality, belong to what he calls false democracy. He quotes with approval the late Lord Acton's well-known dictum, that the theory of equality made the French Revolution disastrous to liberty. "To secure an equality which is other than the political equality incident to liberty," says Dr. Butler, "the more efficient must be shackled that they may not outrun the less efficient, for there is no known device by which the less efficient can be spurred on to equal the accomplishment of the more efficient."

Without accepting all that Dr. Butler has to say in this eloquent lecture, there is much that is inspiring and true which the reviewer would heartily commend. With all that he says as to the dangers to be feared from false democracy, which, as defined, is synonymous with Carlyle's "mobocracy," it is possible to agree as well as with his belief that "The future of this nation, as the future of the world, is bound up with the hope of a true democracy that builds itself on liberty."

Passing over the second lecture, "The Education of Public Opinion," with the remark that it to a large extent repeats the first, differing only by the addition of some observations on the responsibility of the individual citizen for civic ills, a word or two concerning the third lecture, on "Democracy and Education," must conclude this altogether inadequate notice of a useful and suggestive volume. Here, too, there is much repetition, or, rather, here are most of the ideas contained in the later lecture now published first in order in the volume itself. Yet, the lecture is worthy the place it holds in the little volume on account of the careful and eloquent manner in which the cultural needs of our democracy are pointed out. "The public education of a great democratic people has other aims to fulfill than the extension of scientific knowledge or the development of literary culture," says Dr. Butler. "It must prepare for intelligent citizenship." He quotes Burke to the effect that "a thoroughly instructed and competent public opinion on political matters is difficult to attain. Yet, unless we are to surrender the very principle on which democracy rests, we must struggle to attain it."

Like most constructive thinkers, Dr. Butler sees the need of laying stress upon efficiency: "Efficient public service is a mark of civilization. To turn over the care of great public undertakings to the self-seeking camp-followers of some political potentate is barbaric. Teachers are the first to insist that incompetent and untrained persons shall not be allowed in the service of the schools. Why, then, should they tolerate the sight of a house-painter, instead of an engineer, supervising the streets and roadways of a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, or that of an illiterate hanger-on of a party boss presiding over the public works of

a great metropolis? . . . Those conditions exist because of bad citizenship, low ideals of public service, and wretchedly inadequate moral vision. They will not be remedied until each one of us assumes his share of the task." Much more might be quoted were it not felt wiser by the reviewer to give these tantalizing glimpses and then to close the covers, in the hope that the reader may be enough interested to give the volume careful and serious reading. There is much with which it is impossible to wholly agree, but the provocation results in sharpening the wits. There is also, as indicated, a good deal that is inspiring and helpful in the volume. ("True and False Democracy." By Nicholas Murray Butler. 111 pages. Price, $1.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"ART Principles in Portrait Photography" is the attractive title of a rather disappointing volume by Otto Walter Beck, who is instructor in pictorial composition in the Pratt Institute. The claims of photography to be ranked among the fine arts have been so vigorously asserted and contested, and the question at issue involves principles of such fundamental importance to the intelligent understanding of art, that the conspicuous lack of serious literature upon it is astonishing—especially when one views the torrent of books flooding our literary shores.

Because the present writer believes in the case Mr. Beck has undertaken to establish, he regrets that it has not been more carefully prepared and more skillfully argued. What Mr Beck lacks is precisely what the average manipulator of the camera lacks, imagination. He begins his argument, in the preface, with the claim that "Painting cannot become a vital feature in our country for a long time, owing to the absence of tradition, and the comparatively slight opportunity afforded the majority for seeing the work of strong painters." There is room here for serious disputation. Tradition and ample opportunities for seeing the work of strong painters, the great masters, might well prove repressive rather than vitalizing forces. For the rest Mr. Beck's argument is sound enough, though not very forcibly stated. It is true that photography is a much more democratic medium than painting; that if, as we believe, it can be made a satisfactory medium of art expression, photography makes possible the universalization of art and its cultural advantages. We are inclined to the opinion that altogether too much is made of the "limitations" of photography about which we hear so much. Of course, there are limitations, many and serious ones. It is not yet possible, for example, to reproduce color by means of the camera. But because by choosing to work in black and white an artist limits himself in the same way, shall it be said that art is impossible for him? Or because painting itself is limited to the expression of form and color, and the reproduction of sound is impossible by means of it, shall we deny its claims as an art? Is music not an art because it is limited to sound and incapable of defining physical forms? Of course, photography as an art medium is limited.

But, after all, Mr. Beck has demonstrated the essential principle which underlies the claim of photography to a place among the fine arts. He has shown beyond question that mental and emotional expression is possible to the user of a camera as surely as, though perhaps in different degree than, to the user of brush and palette or clay and modeling tools. For this much the book may be commended.

("Art Principles in Portrait Photography." By Otto Walter Beck. 244 pages. Illustrated. Published by The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.)

A BOOK that should be especially valuable to jewelers, and also to all lovers of precious stones who wish to understand something about them, is "The Pearl," by W. R. Cattelle. The whole story of the pearl is told, and much technical information given which would be a great aid to any one in the selection of good pearls. The technical part of the book, which treats of the habitat of the pearl oyster, the genesis of the pearl, the methods of fishing, the fashions of pearls, their varieties and colors, the prices which they bring, and the way to tell imitation and doctored pearls, is relieved by legends and stories about the pearl, the place it has occupied in the literature of many centuries, and pictures of several famous owners of notable collections of pearls, such as Queen Alexandra, the Rajah of Dholpur, the Marchioness of Londonderry and others, each picture showing the royal or noble owner adorned with all the pearls in his or her collection. Added to these are a number of illustrations of the pearl-bearing shells and the variously shaped pearls, so that practically all the information necessary to a thorough knowledge of these beautiful gems is to be found in this book. ("The Pearl, Its Story, Its Charm and Its Value." By W. R. Cattelle. Illustrated. 365 pages. Price, $2.00 net. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London.)

"THE Long Road," by John Oxenham, is a tragic, heart-gripping story of Russian political and social conditions, and shows a marked advance in the author's literary power. It is another terrible indictment of Russian bureaucratic government with its great cruelty and unimaginable stupidity. What Mr. Oxenham's qualifications are for writing of Russian politics, we do not know, but the present work conveys a feeling of realism and verisimilitude throughout. There is little that is new in his delineation of the manner in which autocracy and its minions seek to uproot every sign of mental or moral growth among the teeming millions of the inhabitants of the great empire. It is substantially the same story as Peter Kropotkin, Leo Deutsch, George Kennan and Maxim Gorky, among others, have told, and is a composite picture containing the main elements of the pictures of all four. While it is not as powerful a book as Gorky's "Mother," it is undeniably a strong piece of work.

Ivan Iline and his son Stepan are enmeshed in the coils of tyranny and the story is practically the biography of Stepan from his long, weary march into Siberian exile as a child of nine, through a romantic marriage such as only Russians know, to the night of terrible vengeance upon the tyrant oppressor, waited for during long months and years — the glimmering axe stayed on its way to awful triumph by a baby's prattle. Mr. Oxenham has done good work before, but nothing better than the beautiful love story which runs through this book, like a river of life through deserts of death. ("The Long Road." By John Oxenham. 356 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)