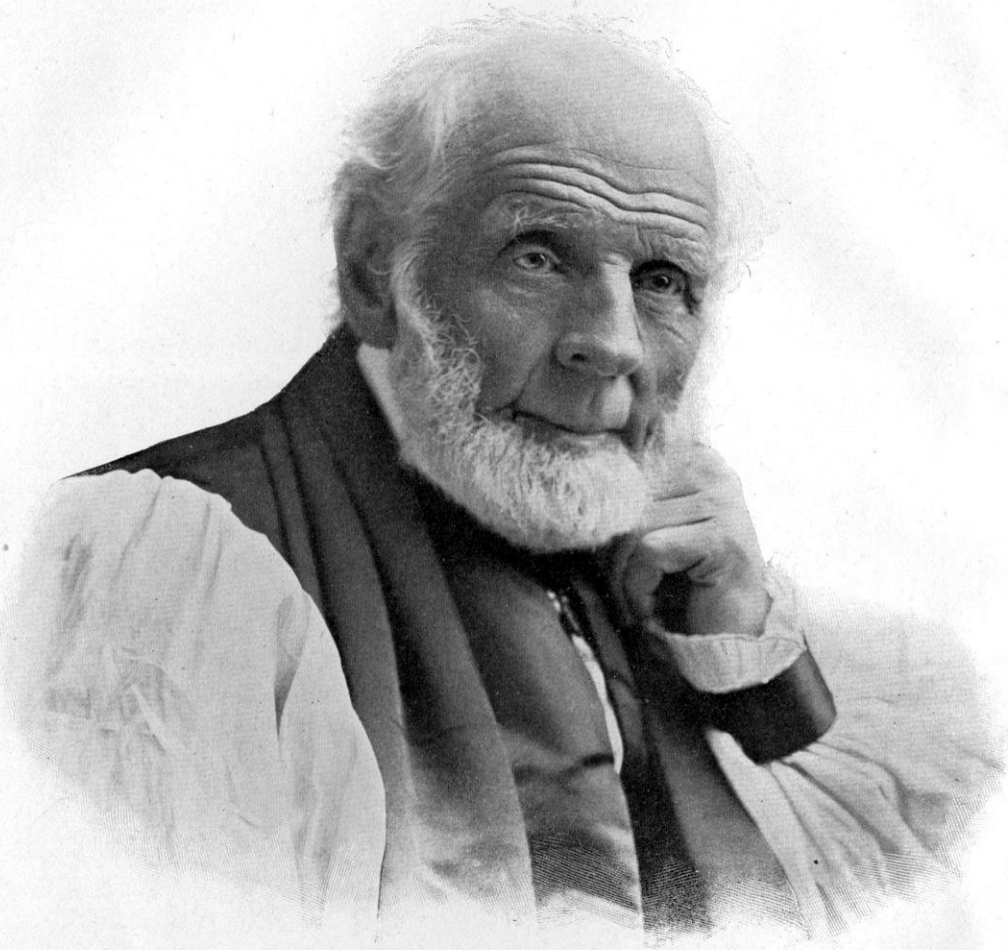
The craftsman. Vol. VII, No. 1 October 1904

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

Cover page
is not
available



THE RIGHT REVEREND
FREDERICK DAN HUNTINGTON

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME VII OCTOBER · 1904 NUMBER 1

Contents

Published by
GUSTAV STICKLEY *at* THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

25 Cents Single Copy : By the Year, $3.00

 Entered November 18, 1902, at Syracuse, N. Y., as second-class matter

THE RIGHT REVEREND FREDERICK DAN HUNTINGTON, PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF CENTRAL NEW YORK ❧ *Integer vitae. scelerisque purus*

IN the furtherance of the principles upon the basis of which The Craftsman was founded in October, 1901, the Magazine in its new form will present each month a sketch of some contemporary individual whom the love of a great cause, the devotion to an ideal, or the sense of some specific duty has dominated to the degree of casting out complexity from his life; leaving it simple, strong and enthusiastic to the point of intensity.

As an example of such a life, passed in a position, which but for the resistance offered by an invincible austerity, might have been attended with pomp and circumstance, the career of Frederick Dan Huntington, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, has been chosen to begin the series.

This choice, it would seem, is justified from more than a single point of view. The Craftsman, published in Syracuse, honors the memory of a recently deceased, venerable Churchman, who, for thirty-five years, labored with distinguished power for the purification and the progress of the community; while involved in this just tribute to a domestic example of dignity and virtue, there exists the broader recognition of the accomplishments of one of the most laborious citizens of the Universal Commonwealth of God.—[EDITOR.]

FOR churchmen and scholars throughout the country, the name of Bishop Huntington recalls a sincere Christian of the militant crusading type; a stern moralist; a distinguished student of history, philosophy and doctrine; a convincing preacher of the argumentative class; a writer of English undefiled. These high qualifications certainly constitute a claim to long remembrance. But yet they fail to picture the beneficent, radiant personality which lately has been withdrawn from the scene of its gracious activity. For the citizens of his cathedral city, Bishop Huntington was something more than an abstract spiritual force working like a powerful chemical upon the materialism of a commercial and industrial center. He was indeed a "reverend father in God," creating a palpable atmosphere of

purity, as he walked through the streets, growing year by year dearer to the people as his figure became more bent and his step more feeble; longing, as he expressed himself, for "his Father's broad acres." His searching eye, as it was plain to the observer, glanced about him in judgment, as well as in blessing, and his voice in greeting, often framed words which testified to his abiding consciousness of his position as a churchman: as, for example, on one occasion when he wished his passing friend, instead of the conventional good-morning: "A happy St. Stephen's Day." His type of Christian, scholar and man, is one that, to the universal loss, is rapidly becoming extinct. His rare personality will be regretted by his great flock, his friends and his townsmen, until they too shall have passed away.

The sources of his personality are not remote or obscure for any reader of his biography familiar with the New England character. His simplicity of life developed from his intense devotion to an ideal which cast out complexity from his character, to the absolute degree that it reflected nothing of the passing show of the world. His career, with its deep mystic revelation, its advance amid perils and sacrifice, can be compared with extreme fitness to the "Quest of the Holy Grail." His unexpected personal vision of the Divine, his austere preparation for his high priesthood, his renunciations of things worthy and desirable in themselves, all have their originals and close parallels in the story of Galahad. None more truthfully than this modern spiritual pathfinder could declare:

> "My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure."

As can not be too thoroughly emphasized, the facts of the Bishop's origin and training account plainly for the trend and acts of his life more plainly than similar facts are wont to do, even in the case of marked individuals. But this correspondence, more often than elsewhere, is found in the New England character which, although apparently eccentric, is, in reality, deeply logical. The humbler types show a persistency which often passes the limits of obstinacy; while the higher are given up to the pursuit of the loftiest ideals. The humbler, as pictured in the best fiction relative to the region, are drawn from the life, and reproduce happily, but without caricature, the humor of the originals; while history, from the Colonial period to that of the Civil War, teems with examples of distinguished New

Englanders who have devoted their lives to the strictest service of God, country and humanity. Among the latest survivors of this class, Bishop Huntington finds his rank, like that other "Candle of the Lord," who, for a few short years, sent out from the bishopric of Boston, a strong pure flame into the gathering darkness of unbelief.

The ideality, the strength, the unflinching purpose must then be regarded as the great inheritance of Bishop Huntington from his ancestors, whom, in some indefinite way, it seems natural to picture as living the lives and using the speech attributed to the Puritan group in Robert Browning's drama of "Strafford."

But there is no need to depend for evidence upon remote association of ideas. The Puritan characteristics brought over-seas, to "the stern and rock-bound coast," persisted, unchanged in essence, for more than two centuries, and although much less pronounced to-day than we can believe them to have been even fifty years since, it may be because the forces opposing them are largely spent, while the qualities themselves permeate like a leaven the division of society into which they are introduced, hidden in the composition, but infusing it with activity.

The desire for freedom to worship God made the Puritan. It continued with him generation after generation, as his thoughts were modified by radical political and social changes, by a new life in a new world. One and the same nature revolted against spiritual tyranny under Archbishop Laud in the mother country and against the narrowness of orthodoxy in the New England meeting-house. In this later form of the struggle, both parents of Bishop Huntington were involved, the father's name being expunged from the list of Congregational ministers, and the mother, after trial for heresy, being expelled from the church. In her actual life having been strong to endure, she has met the reward of her convictions and courage. She still survives in a word-portrait by one of her sons, which renders her as she might be pictured by one who, knowing her antecedents, should work from them alone in the effort to shadow forth her personality. This portrait of the mother, which is a valuable aid to the understanding of the character of her eminent son, is, furthermore, beautiful in treatment. The collocation of the words composing it is such that the sentences, when spoken, rise and fall with a lyric movement which connotes and suggests the aspiration, the sadness, the sympathy of the life whose story it follows. It reads:

"In her the same Puritan austerity was perhaps accentuated by the inheritance of reserve and stern decision which came from her father's family. Mingled with this was a susceptibility and a self-depreciation inclined to melancholy. Hers was a nature responding quickly to all that was noble, easily depressed by anything false; tender and generous in its sympathies, severe and relentless in self-condemnation. An uncompromising moral sense, joined with the scrupulous Puritan conscience, led her to seek the attainment of the highest standard in herself and her family. A large benevolence made her lenient and pitiful toward the sinful and suffering."

From the above-quoted authoritative source, as well as from logical deduction, we may gain an adequate idea of the inherited traits of Bishop Huntington. These provided the foundation of his character. His specific intellectual training, together with the searching spiritual experiences of his early manhood built the superstructure apparent to the world.

Born at Hadley, Massachusetts, under the colonial roof-tree of his ancestors, it was but natural that he should be educated at Amherst, the local college endeared to him through family traditions and recognized as one of the strongest American institutions of learning. He there found himself in brilliant companionship and under the active influence of high accomplishment, since, during the decade 1830-1840, this college sent forth into the Christian ministry and the fields of literature and science, Richard Storrs, fervent preacher and writer of exquisite English, Henry Ward Beecher, Hitchcock the educator, Governor Bullock and others whose early promise was justified by their subsequent course. And, in passing, let a tribute of gratitude, at this late day, be paid to the institution so fostering our mother tongue that the writings of her sons, Storrs and Huntington, stand to-day as literary models not unworthy to be compared with the production of Newman and Kingsley. And also let a word of regret be expressed for the passing of the dignified style exemplified in all that has come down to us from the pens of the American college men of that day, whether they owed their allegiance and training to Amherst, or to Harvard, to Yale, or to Hamilton.

In the case of the subject of our sketch, the Cambridge Divinity School added its professional teachings to the liberal education given by the college, and the young minister went out to his ordination as pastor of the Unitarian congregation of the South Congregational

Church, Boston. Here for thirteen years was the scene of his labors, which were characterized by all that rarified moral elevation, that fine practical sense, that infusion of religion into the daily affairs of life which have ever marked the Unitarianism of New England. Because of his permeating activity, and because youth appeals to youth through a participation in the same ideals and visions, the pastor who was distinguished no less by his unremitting labor among his people than by his sermons burning with biblical eloquence, became an acknowledged leader of young men.

This leadership, exercised with that restraint which is but the guarantee of the power beneath it, grew with the years, until the establishment of the Plummer Professorship of Christian Morals, at Harvard, in 1855, when no question was raised as to the occupant of the new position; the choice being inevitable and falling upon the pastor of the South Church as one who would supremely justify the title under which he was to enter the ancient and dignified institution of learning.

At this point the comparison is at the closest between the career of Bishop Huntington and the story painted by Mr. Abbey on the walls of the Boston Public Library. There we see Galahad as yet unconscions of his mission, but already clothed with the flame-colored garment significant of spiritual love, and being led to the Seat Perilous; while the knights of the Round Table cast searching glances upon the newcomer, and an encompassing cloud of heavenly witnesses, unseen by the knights, smile down their sanction.

The story and the reality with which we are dealing, are perfect parallels. As Galahad, at the moment named, is supposed to feel only the power of his own purity, having no comprehension of his real mission to men, so the young teacher accepted his position among the older bearers of the panoply of learning, having no presentiment of the momentous spiritual struggle, of the Heavenly Vision which awaited him.

Up to this time he had accepted as a legacy the faith adopted, after close examination, by both his parents. He had not sought personally to solve problems in what Rufus Choate named in all reverence "the arithmetic of Heaven." But all about him men were working in travail of spirit, seeking to define the mysterious elements of Trinity and Unity. The subtile intellectual strife, waged at Constantinople in the early Christian centuries, from the times of Saint

Chrysostom to those of the Emperor Justinian, was renewed in a modern spirit in the lecture rooms at Harvard, and in Boston pulpits, thence spreading through the country wherever it could find conditions of thought adapted to develop it from the germ.

In the opinion of those capable of judging, it is difficult from the present point of time to realize the bitterness, the fierceness of this theological war in which each party, recognizing the necessity of enrolling youth with the energies and promise belonging to it, upon its side, sought to gain for its own the Plummer professor, as the leader of the student element. To quote directly from a well-informed writer:

"It was natural that Huntington should be accounted a Unitarian. But it is evident that during the years of his study his theological views had been changing. Even in the volume published at the time he entered Harvard ("Sermons for the People"), he clearly stated his belief in the 'proper Divinity of Christ.' Now, with a directness as strong as it was simple, with a power as marked as it was gentle, he delivered a sermon which forever removed him from the ranks of the Unitarians. This sermon decided once for all the preacher's theological position; while his acceptance of the rectorship of the newly organized Emmanuel Church in Boston decided his church connections." As a minor detail, but one not without consequence, it is here interesting to note the intellectual relations existing between the College at Cambridge and the neighboring city, which by those concerned have always been regarded as of importance, involving what in the science of government would be called "the balance of power." Thus, to illustrate, the foundation in 1809 of the Society of Park Street Church, the famous stronghold of orthodoxy, was a protest against the Unitarian heresy of the College; while more than a half-century later, the Emmanuel Church rose as a further remonstrance against the doctrines promulgated from the scholastic town beyond the Charles.

If the already described religious movement of the years 1855-1860 be interesting to study in its external aspect, how profitable would be the record of the personal experience of the great shepherd of a spiritual flock who owed the revelation of his own mission to this critical period. The lonely struggle, the probing of doctrine and dogma, the doubt, the wavering, the final decision at New England Harvard recall the crisis passed several decades previously at Oriel

College, Oxford, by John Henry Newman, the result of which gave an eminent cardinal to the Roman Church. From the dark depths of spiritual anguish both Christians implored the guidance of the "Kindly Light" which at last broke amid the gloom to point their predestined path; the cry of the earlier wayfarer resolving itself into one of the most perfect of churchly lyrics; the aspiration of the later tried soul spreading abroad to revitalize a venerable form of the Church of Christ.

Singularly like the Oxford Movement—barring, of course, all considerations of doctrine—was the influence exerted some thirty years later and within restricted limits by the rector and congregation of the Emmanuel Church immediately subsequent to its organization. Its treasury was depleted by the demands made by the Civil War upon its members, so that the building of the church edifice was long deferred. But meanwhile its rector, with the enthusiasm of a newly adopted faith, the serenity derived from reliance upon a historic system, and the steadfastness of the true Puritan, pursued his labors among "all sorts and conditions of men." Scholarly, brilliant, possessed of many social graces, he was never deflected from the strait and narrow path by the allurements of the position which he occupied by the right of birth and accomplishment. As can not be too strongly insisted, the revelation of his mission invaded and overcame his spirit, expelling therefrom all complexity and establishing beyond possibility of removal an absolute simplicity of life and action. "The Gospel is for the poor and needy," said he, "and in my parish they shall have all they will take." How different these words from those of the rector of the older Trinity, when the church was building in Summer Street, and he, being asked why such small proportions were adopted, replied: "The room will be ample enough to hold all the *gentlemen* of Boston."

Thus always in the spirit of the "Sermon on the Mount," always to the upbuilding and preservation of the great Commonwealth which he loved with hereditary ardor, the rector of Emmanuel worked in his ever-expanding parish for eight years, until, in 1869, he was elected to the bishopric; his charge being the then newly created diocese of Central New York. Then, upon the assumption of a different, if not a greater power than he had already exercised in the professor's chair, the pulpit and the important city parish, he clearly defined for himself the duties of his dignified office; choosing no model other than

the Founder and Head of the Christian Church, but fortifying his conscience and courage by the example and counsel of the worthiest representatives of the long Apostolic Succession of whom his profound learning had given him a perfect appreciation.

But there was no mediaevalism in his methods, except his exquisitely fine sense of the functions of a bishop as a shepherd of souls. Therefore, while others slept, or were stolid to danger, he remained alert and fearless, announcing clearly under its real name each evil, as soon as it appeared and threatened. He was no respecter of persons: every class, when proper, coming under his scathing condemnation. His was a modern spirit appealing to all that is best in a complex social system, while denouncing with extreme vehemence the evils attendant upon it. As the holder of a dignity about which cluster memories of temporal power, he inveighed against war, and discussed broad questions of statecraft and politics. As one who deeply loved his fellow men, he entered with the zeal of the younger generation into the new study of sociology, with all that it implies of relief from the present tyrannous industrial system. Here he felt that the mission of the Church is evident and that her credentials are clear; that upon her devolve the discussion of current wrongs and the permanent leadership in moral reform.

In the championship of these great public causes, the world-pain weighed upon him, and he seemed like a Winkelried of the Church, clasping to his own breast the whole sheaf of weapons directed against society by the enemies of order and equity. But yet it was his conception of domestic duty and virtue which made him most precious to the Church at large and to the community in which he so actively labored. Like the true philosopher he was, he regarded the family as the foundation of the State, and so labored diligently to exterminate therefrom the worm of corruption. The impure man, the luxurious, parasitic woman, the disobedient, disrespectful child, had each a share in his warnings and denunciations. Still, according to the traditions of his Puritan race, he chastised but to bless. By those who guard his memory sometimes he will be recalled as a prophet of the wrath to come. But more frequently a majestic, serene, and withal a tender presence will rise before the mental vision: a figure clad in the white radiance of episcopal garments, and with hands extended in benediction over the head of a kneeling candidate for confirmation. And then will be heard as in echo the incisive accent of New England,

softened by the awe of office and sanctuary, pronouncing the uplifting words of the ritual: "Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy Heavenly Grace: that he may continue thine forever; and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come to thine Everlasting Kingdom."

AS narrative and criticism must always fail in some measure to describe character and personality, certain passages from the sermons and pastoral letters of Bishop Huntington are here offered, in the belief that the reformer, the philanthropist, the tender friend of humanity, will be shadowed forth more adequately in his own words than through the utterances, however sympathetic, of another.

In a logical analysis of the principles of war he argued:

"No code of morals pretends that any military army, battlefield, or campaign, has ever shifted the needle in the balance between the right cause and the wrong, between justice and fraud, between truth and the lie by the shadow of a hair. No political economy has undertaken to justify a custom which costs a warring nation millions of treasure a month, which tears the flesh of its citizens to pieces and makes twice as many mourners in homes as there are corpses on the field, bringing no fruit or grain out of the ground." And further:

"For the actual testimony of what war is we might very well look to the great soldiers themselves; not alone to preachers, or poets, or moralists, or political partisans, or orators, or story tellers, or even to historians—but to generals and commanders of armies, men of calm and guarded speech, who have been scarred and crippled, and have fought with courage to the last and have won the highest earthly titles. No witnesses to the horrors of warfare have been plainer or more positive than these. Decorate the monster, they tell you, as you will, go from the shouts and banners, the triumphs and processions of the jubilee to the battlefield; lift the veil and look underneath. There are miseries and cruelties, agonies and outrages, rapine and lust, mourning and desolation. These are warfare, not as it is painted, but as it is."

Still upon the same subject, he expresses himself with all the vigor of a Cromwellian Puritan:

"If preachers were consistent, they would, on the outbreak of a war, pray for what actually occurs in every war, successful or unsuc-

cessful. They would approach the Throne of Grace with a petition that the enemy might have his optic nerve cut by a ball; that he might have his pelvis smashed; that he might be disemboweled; that he might lose one or two of his legs; that he might lie on the field thirty-six hours, mortally wounded; that he might die of enteric fever; that his provisions and water might give out; that his house might be burned, and his family left roofless and starving."

IN condemning the existing industrial system, he rivals the bitter invective of Kropotkin. But with the difference that he reaches no revolutionary climax, and, instead, modulates into a calm announcement of the duty of the Church toward the slaves of capitalism:

"The saddest feature about it all is the waste of human life, the fact that the wonderful possibilities in these human brothers are never unfolded and realized. A social and industrial system in which one man controls thousands of lives and is possessed of millions of money; in which able-bodied men, willing to work, walk the streets in desperation, looking for a job; in which thousands of women, owing to oppressive labor and small remuneration, are under a continual temptation to barter womanhood for gain; in which are tenements not fit for pig-sties, where women fight with fever, and infants pant for air and wail out their little lives; in which the sweater's den and the grog-shop thrive—such a society is very far, indeed, from that order which God wishes and ordains."

It may be said that preaching on such controversial topics would be hazardous. To which the writer replies:

"That may be; but hazardous to whom? To the preacher? All the real hazard to him arises from the fact that he is faithless to his trust. To the hearers? Would to God that it were more hazardous to those who are guilty of the monstrous wrongs which hurt their fellows and hinder the kingdom of God!

"The mission of the Church is evident; the Church's credentials are clear; the need of the world is great. Nothing could be more weak and pitiable than for the churches to confess that whole provinces of life lie beyond their interest. Nothing could be more cruel and cowardly than for the churches to say that they have no word to offer on the problems which make the peril and the opportunity of our time. Nothing could be more calamitous and short-sighted than for

the churches to leave to outsiders, to unbelievers often, the discussion of current wrongs and the leadership in moral reform."

Here again is the invective: this time used to scathe and sear, like the sacred flame of an Old Testament prophet:

"Will the fire scorch Hebrew monopolists only? Will it skip the pews of the nineteenth century capitalists, owners of foul sweating shops, unsanitary tenements, selfishly managed mines, factories and railways, because the warnings have rung down through eighteen centuries? There are inequalities that the Almighty permits; there are other inequalities which man makes and God abhors and rebukes. One of these must be that where a privileged, shrewd and importunate employer makes miseries along with his millions. There are competitions fair and scrupulous, there are others as despicable as they are despotic."

The eloquence of wrath and vengeance ceases. A clear, Christ-like voice speaks with tenderness and divine sympathy:

"It is intolerable to all right religion that numbers of people should be miserable and needy while there is plenty and to spare in the Father's house. No one who believes in Jesus Christ can believe that it is the will of the Heavenly Father that one part of the human family shall go hungry and destitute, while another part is living in luxury and ease. The most tragic fact about this poverty and ignorance is not the hunger and suffering, though these are sad enough."

AND now the ideal citizen lifts his voice against the injustice that would spare the rich and condemn the poor; penetrating all externals and accidents of birth and condition, laying bare the essence of things and the souls of men:

"Societies for bettering the condition of the poor, for tenement house reforms, for sending the Gospel to foreign lands,—these we have and their name is legion, and their beneficence is undisputed; but a society for reforming the vicious conditions and correcting the abuses in every class,—that begins at the bottom and cleans house to the top, where will we find that? The rich cry to one another: 'The poor are our curse; we must get rid of poverty.' They do not say to one another: 'We are the curse, with our luxuries, sordidness, pride, vanity and selfishness." We have been called upon again and

again to sit on committees and consider the sins of the Bowery. Who calls a meeting to consider the sins of Fifth Avenue?"

EXERCISING his Bishop's office, and as the conservor of the home, he uses the specific and homely words of a Savonarola: "If it were to be trumpeted abroad by a fierce Philistinism, outright and shamelessly, that home is only a place to dress in for ballrooms and opera houses and dinner parties, a place to recruit in after one bout of excess and to get up vitality for another, a place to restore jaded nerves or mortified pride or a sore temper, a show-room for styles, a roost for birds of passage, an auction room for matrimonial bidders and merchants, a muck-yard where to unload the scandalous gatherers of a wanton curiosity picked up among the fragments of social decomposition, or a kennel for whipped ambitions outwitted and humiliated at last by hawks and setters of either sex,—then decency and charity would cry out together in remonstrance at the intolerable calumny."

Preparing those under his charge for Lenten discipline, he asks: "Is your danger or your sin that of saying uncharitable things of other men or women? Is it that of envying or slandering them? Is it that of wasting time or money? Is it vanity? Is it that of deceiving anybody? Is it luxurious indulgence or wishing you could afford it? Is it blaming Providence for your hardships? Is it leading others into sin? These questions are personal. Make them personal to yourself. Watch self-delusions. Let go the shallow notion that general intentions can be put in place of particular acts of your will, or that talk, however fine, about public evils, or wicked fashions, or social degeneracy, or upperclass folly, or business dishonesty, will in any possible way be reckoned on the credit side of your account with Eternity, and the commandments of the Searcher of your heart."

Also this passage, marked by the plainness, the primitive purity of the early Fathers of the Church:

"I say to you, weighing my own words, that you would be less depraved, less savage, would less disgrace your womanhood, would be less a curse to your kind, by going to see dogs fight in their kennels at the Five Points, or bulls gore horses in Spain, than by putting on your bonnet and gloves and going from house to house in your neighborhood, assailing absent acquaintances, dribbling calumny, sowing

suspicion, planting and watering wretchedness, stabbing character, alienating friends by repeating to one the detraction that you 'heard' another has spoken."

With a strong touch of grim New England humor, he speaks thus to the girl graduates of the Church School which he controlled:

"Going myself into as many houses in a twelve-month, perhaps, as most men who are not book-agents, I always wonder why it should not be as interesting to make a chamber artistic as a bonnet, to work a handsome daily home-life as a piece of embroidery or plaque painting, to play a harmony of household dispositions as a symphony of Beethoven, to translate the temperament and tastes of a household as a comedy of Aristophanes, or to interpret the moods of an American husband as of any of the heroes of the 'Iliad.' "

Then passing into a graver mood, he continues:

"I want you so to deal with your inward world of thought, of reason, of responsibility, and of hope, that in case you can come some day to a house-door where you enter to take control, you will not come all unfurnished yourself and unready, to begin haphazard experiments, to make up your general plan of living wholly as you go along, to lose gracious or grand opportunities because you did not know how to close your hand upon them, to blunder, not because you must, but because you did not care whether you blundered or not, and when you knew all along that in your failure and suffering you would not fail or suffer alone; in short, that you will begin your high calling with some forecast not only of its possibilities but of what the God and Father of all the families of the earth has ordained it to be."

LOOKING upon labor in the light of an actual religion, he thus denounces the laborers who show themselves unworthy of their calling:

"The woman or girl who hurries from her home, her kitchen, her shop, her printing office, her sewing room, with a notion that her daily labor is a hardship, and her chief good is where she can show her clothes and be amused, has been pitiably deceived, or has deceived herself."

Then with feeling which would appear not as a broad sympathy, but rather as a result of personal experience he writes:

FREDERICK DAN HUNTINGTON

A SONG OF TOIL

I take the little kiss she gives me when I go forth at morn,
I take the little farewell wish upon the breezes borne;
I take her little arms' caress and in the morning light
Go out in the world of toil, the battle for the right.

Ring, anvils, with your clangor!
Burn, forges, fierce and far!
The night shall bring the world of home,
Where love and goodness are!

I lean to little lips she lifts to my rough lips of love,
I read the mother-hope that shines in eyes that gleam above;
I hear the roaring city call, and unto it I go
Light-hearted for the stress, because a child heart loves me so,

Swing, hammers, with your clatter!
Whirl, wheels, and shaft and beam!
The light of love shall guide me home
From out of this shroud of steam!

I take the little rose she holds and pin it on my breast,
I take the tender memory of her word that cheered and blest;
I face the urgent purpose of the labor that is mine,
Filled with her trust and patience, her youth and faith divine.

Plunge, cities, with your thunder
Of traffic-shout and roar!
I take the task and do the deed,
While she waits at the door!

I take the task, I face the toil, I deem it sweet to be
Bound to the labor that is love for love's fine liberty;
From morning unto eventide, remembering her I go,
Under bending wheel that glides forever to and fro,

Sing, mills, your clattering chorus,
Down where the millions sweat!
I bare my arms and give my strength
And joy in what I get!

I give and take, and give again, and unto dark am bent
Beneath the burden of the task for which sweet life is spent;
But, ah, the wage so dear to have, the little lips that wait,
The hearts that ring, the arms that cling, when I unlatch the gate!

Clang with your mighty revel!
Roar, cities, with your strife!
And God be praised for strength to toil
For wage of love and life!

FINALLY, in old age, courage and faith triumph over the physical weakness of the Man of God, and he expresses religiously what Tennyson in his "Crossing the Bar," Browning in his "Prospice," and Longfellow in his "Morituri Salutamus," wrote in their farewell messages to the world, in different forms, but in the same sense of trust in the Eternal:

AN OLD MAN'S OLD TESTAMENT PETITIONS

Far on, from hill to hill, my road runs, O, my friendliest Friend,
Less free my plodding feet, less sure my step, less keen my sight,
Yet in the fading West keep for me to the end
Thy morning pledge—"At evening-time it shall be light!"

Come, when pain's throbbing pulse in brain or nerve is burning,
O Form of Man that moved among the faithful Three,
These earth enkindled flames to robes of glory turning,
Walk "through the fire," peace-giving Son of God, with me.

"House of my pilgrimage," built by Thy care, O God,
Fill with Thy praise! I can not sing; be thine, not mine, the song!
Shape thou into a mystic "staff," Thy piercing, stinging "rod,"
That stumbling, leaning there, when weak I may be strong.

Spread Thou an Elim-tent for me on doubt's dry sand;
Moisten my Vale of Baca from Thy living fountains;
Stay me with altar-flagons in Thy Paschal Hand,
Show my dull eyes Thy triumph chariots in the Eternal mountains.

OLD HADLEY, 1901. F. D. H.

MURAL PAINTING FROM THE AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW. BY CHARLES M. SHEAN

THE walls of great public buildings, here as elsewhere, in the future, as they have done in the past, will afford the painter his greatest opportunities. As the noblest themes excite the noblest endeavor, the subjects and events proper for pictorial expression in our public monuments will develop and command the highest powers of our greatest artists.

It is then on wall paintings, public and accessible to all, that we may most hopefully look for the development of a national art.

Now, unfortunately, in popular estimation, the easel picture in its gilded frame and shadow box is more often held to be the highest and most precious manifestation of the painter's skill.

People with no knowledge of the history of art, or whose knowledge is superficial, often tacitly assume that other forms of painting are the productions of practitioners of an inferior order, and that the work of the gold frame genius, suitable for the parlor and exhibition gallery, only calls for serious criticism and attention.

Curiously enough, this view of what constitutes "high art" is also not unusual within a certain class of painters.

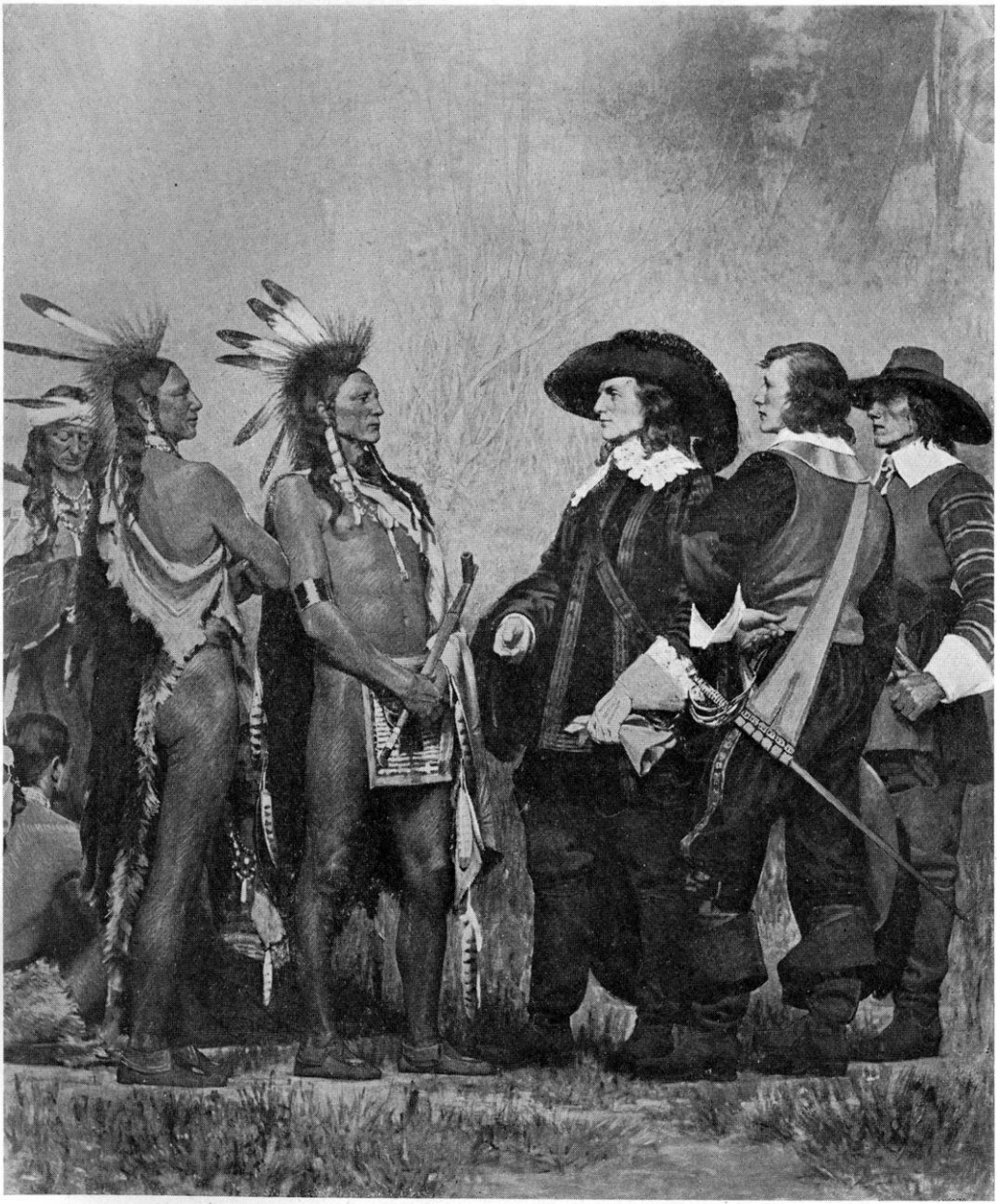
The judgment of Michelangelo regarding easel pictures is as true to-day as when he made his historic and uncomplimentary comment; although the general practice of easel painting by artists now has the sufficient excuse of necessity.

It is almost their only medium of expression.

Our monumental art is still in its infancy and relatively few wall paintings have been executed here.

But the knowledge of the requirements and limitations peculiar to mural art and of its relation to its architectural surroundings shown by American artists, as well as the almost uniform excellence of their work, is surprising when one considers how rare have been their opportunities to practise this difficult and exacting branch of their profession.

It is also surprising and not particularly gratifying to find on examination that many of these paintings show few indications of an American point of view, or of what must be the character of the future decoration of American public buildings.



THE BARTER WITH INDIANS FOR LAND IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND

Center panel of mural painting for Baltimore Court House, ten feet high by eight feet four inches wide. Size of entire work ten by sixty feet.

AMERICA

Will H. Low. In the Waldorf-Astoria, New York

All do not sin in this respect; there are exceptions, and the exceptions are important.

Monumental art in this democracy can never be a toy for the rich, nor will it ever be a field for the exploitation of studio reminiscences and echoes of the old classical and academic art of Europe.

It must have for its base the broad support of popular pride and appreciation. This, the condition of its existence and full development will, in the end, control its tendencies and govern its choice of subjects.

It is obvious that the nationalization of public decoration, necessary and vital, if it is to be a living force, will receive efficient aid and guidance from the many active and public-spirited "patriotic societies" scattered throughout the Union. The movement, too, can count on the steady assistance and championship of the various municipal art societies.

Our people, as a whole, are still absorbed in other matters, and a general appreciation of mural art remains to be developed, and an effective, popular support remains to be secured.

Only a small proportion of our population and a smaller proportion of our public officials show any interest in the embellishment of our public buildings by painted decoration, or have any desire for it, yet, in spite of the present conditions, the outlook for mural painting in America is not without encouragement.

An acquaintance—imperfect, it is true—with the character and intention of the decoration of the great state buildings of Europe is steadily spreading, and is begetting a desire for better things here. It is not confined to tourists and students of interior architecture alone, but has become the common possession of most readers of publications on art.

Even among busy and practical people having no predilection for paintings, there is an awakening to the idea, that it is not an intellectual work to make the interior of a monumental building one vast area of marble slabs and machine made carvings, ignoring all pictorial records of the history, scenery and industries of the locality in which the structure is placed, or that such a result is especially creditable to the taste and judgment of the community responsible for the undertaking.

Although the artistic condition of most of our buildings affords little ground for complacency or pride, it is wiser, when considering

their present state, to have as few illusions as possible and to seek the facts as they exist; not forgetting that a change is taking place and that the change is for the better.

It is an unpleasant truth that, with few exceptions, our commercial semi-public and public buildings are now "architectural monuments," pure and simple, and the credit for whatever is artistic on or in them can be conceded to the constructive designer. Outside or in, sculpture is barely represented, unless conventional figures, cartouches and carved ornament, almost always innocent of originality, are to be regarded as sculpture, and in them the work of the trained figure painter or the ornamentalist, unless of the commercial variety, is conspicuous by its absence.

Their poverty in mural work, either in paintings, glass, or mosaic, is little realized, nor is their inferiority in this respect to buildings of like character in Great Britain or on the continent fully understood, until a comparison has been made, and the comparison when made is liable to give an American food for uncomfortable reflections.

Our great railway corporations do not make the waiting rooms of their terminals picturesque and interesting by decorative paintings of the scenic beauties and views of the cities along their lines as the Paris and Lyons Railway has done on the magnificent new *Gare de Lyon* at Paris.

We are credited with many Anglo-Saxon characteristics, and possibly the somber gloom or eye-trying brightness of our halls of waiting exist for a purpose; not avowed and perhaps not felt.

The writer of an appreciation of the late George Frederick Watts, which has recently appeared in "The Architect," a London publication, in the course of his article, says: "He was willing, at his own cost, to paint the vast wall spaces in Hardwicke's terminus hall at Euston, which looked as if they were intended for that purpose, but railway managers are opposed to loiterers in stations and the offer was declined."

Our insurance companies erect buildings on which no expense is spared, except on things artistic. The sum expended on repetitive and trivial carvings on one costly structure in New York City, had it been wisely spent on mural work, would have made it unique among the office buildings of this or any other country.

In Newark, however, a building of this class contains a most

successful and important ceiling by one of our best men, and stained glass windows by another. In the business section of New York, a similar building has its main entrance hall enriched by a monumental mosaic, and its law library by a series of appropriate paintings. Another of our foremost men has a wall painting on the staircase hall of one of the newer Nassau street buildings.

Mural painting, simple and severe, dealing with the history of banking and exchange or with the form of commerce peculiar to the institution—as in a bank at Pittsburg which has panels treating of the iron business of Western Pennsylvania and the grain fields of Ohio, the two sections from which it draws the bulk of its business—would dignify the counting rooms of our great financial institutions.

In their place, we find costly marbles, elaborate wood carvings, and lavish gilding.

The citizens of no American city feel a greater pride in the eminence, wealth, and power of their municipality or are better acquainted with its development and history than the citizens of Chicago.

Here the directors of a great bank prescribed the history of the growth of the city for the decorations of their banking room, and commissioned an artist of reputation to execute them. The series is long and important. Beginning with the wintering of Père Marquette, at the mouth of the Chicago river, and with old Fort Dearborn, and running through the homely beginnings of a western town up to the commanding present of the great modern city. The paintings excited and still excite unfailing popular interest.

While a few other banks and office buildings have decorations, the list is short indeed.

The vivifying touch of the artist, while found in rare instances, is lacking, in the majority of cases, from our commercial buildings, because its absence is not felt, nor its advantages recognized. The question of expense does not account for it. Take the exteriors alone of many buildings! Over ornamentation is common, and the cost of the unnecessary, inefficient, and often misplaced stone carvings would frequently more than pay for some painting or mosaic which would lend distinction and give individuality to the building and serve as its blazon.

This is a commercial age, yet one cannot but question the acumen of business men who reject so manifest an advantage.

The interiors of our libraries are also silent and dead and convey

no message, a few only excepted, and nothing in the decorations of the two best known so much as hints that we have here material for prose and poem, or that the material has been used.

The Congressional Library at Washington, beautiful as it is, and technically excellent as are its paintings, unpleasantly suggests a building given over to a group of talented and learned foreigners who have skilfully shown us how the storehouse for our national collection of books can be made attractive.

Only the painters seem to have assumed that the people whose resources furnished the means for their work, were without a history or a literature.

The wall paintings of the beautiful Public Library at Boston ignore absolutely American literary performance and are forgetful of the brilliant group of writers that gave literary distinction to the city.

In all the libraries erected through the munificence of Mr. Carnegie, not one example can be shown of decoration appropriate to his gift.

In contrast to these the Governor Flower Memorial Library at Watertown, New York, now nearing completion, will be a typical example of a building devoted to public uses whose walls record and illustrate.

Under the direction of the decorative architect responsible for the interior, a series of panels has been executed representing scenes from the past history of the neighborhood, making this library notable among the buildings of its class.

It is an interesting fact that the scenes recorded in the paintings of this building relate to a single county of this State, and the list of appropriate and available subjects was by no means exhausted.

Compositions of great excellence and artistic beauty by some of our ablest artists are to be found in American hotels and theatres, and in addition to their primary and proper function here of enrichment, they serve to accustom and educate the public to the use of wall paintings.

The National Capitol is a place above all others whose paintings should be a remembrance and an incentive to patriotism; whose walls should speak in grave and measured tones of the country's past.

It is the place above all others from which compositions, whose sole aim and function is to please by line and color, can best be spared.

Fortunately, we find in the Capitol at Washington a series of paintings appropriate to their surroundings and imbued with the spirit of lofty endeavor; whose motive and inspiration is American.

Works that, however lacking in mural qualities they may be, clearly indicate, if they do not show, the manner in which public decorations should be conceived, and that have in addition a real and positive value as the foundation stones of the American school of mural painting.

Our men are now perhaps better taught, better trained and wiser in craftsmanship than their predecessors, but in the purpose and intention of public art, they can still learn many a sober and serious lesson from the old painters of the Rotunda. Vanderlyn's "Landing of Columbus," Powell's "Discovery of the Mississippi," Weir's "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," and the rest are enduring memorials of their authors, as well as guide posts on the road to a National Art.

Between the yesterday of the Rotunda paintings and to-day, little of like character exists. But American historical painting, after a period of neglect, is struggling to its feet and again many of our artists are seeking their inspiration in the history and tradition of their own land; leaving to the old in spirit and the feeble in invention the long array of well worn and over-used allegories and personifications, characterless figures of no particular age or clime, and bending their energies to depict American endeavor and achievement.

The list of works recently finished, under way, and projected, is not long, and is being all too slowly increased. But the movement has life, is gathering strength and forging ahead. A few examples can be readily recalled. The new Court House at Baltimore, through the initiative and partly at the expense of the Municipal Art Society of that city, has been enriched by a series of wall paintings of the first importance, treating subjects based on the history of Maryland. At Boston, one finds in the State House new paintings relative to the history of the Commonwealth. In the aldermanic chamber of New York a large ceiling decoration was recently placed, and in the City Hall of Cincinnati a successful series of stained glass windows.

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt a demonstration of the relative importance, or lack of importance, of the story-telling easel picture, as compared with the canvas without a story, and which is a medium for the display of the painter's conception of pure beauty, or

which is primarily an evidence of his technical competence or the subtility of his color sense.

The gifted and sensitive devotees of art for art's sake, in the quiet of their studios, will continue to produce lyrics in color and frame them in gold, and they and their poems in pigment will not be without honor, or without the condemnation of the critic.

But our wall paintings paid for by popular subscription or with money from the public treasury; on the walls of public buildings; owing their existence to public bounty, must have a purpose, decorative it is true, but higher than mere embellishment, in order to command public approval and justify the expenditure of public funds.

It is a safe and reasonable forecast that the future great art of this Republic, as far as it is expressed in painting, will find its complete and full development on the walls of our public buildings, and that of necessity and from the nature of our institutions and because of the conditions under which it must be executed, it will be primarily a recording art.

That when American art has attained its full stature and entered into its own, it will be simple, virile and direct.

It will have emancipated itself from supernatural figures and accessories. It will speak with no foreign accent, nor be encumbered with the theatrical properties of the schools. Except as they personify the ideals of the people, it will not need for its expression the tiresome collections of classical paraphernalia: Fame with her trumpet. The winged victory. The laurel crown and the palm of victory will fade and vanish away.

The Italian Renascence was the prolific age of art production, and, in buildings crowded with paintings, it sometimes happened that the work of one great master was destroyed to make room for the work of a greater.

Paintings by Piero della Francesca and Signorelli in the Vatican were obliterated to give place to the epoch-making frescoes of Raphael; while the important wall paintings of Perugino over the altar of the Sistine Chapel were sacrificed in order to afford a field for the Last Judgment of the supreme master, Michelangelo; but no such slaughter of the innocents need be dreaded in America for many a long year to come.

Throughout the land, public buildings stand bare and unadorned,

their nakedness crying out for covering, although the material to clothe them sumptuously is all about them.

When completed and adorned in a manner befitting the wealth and importance of the American people, our painters, glass workers, and mosaicists will have made them golden records of the nation's story.

On their walls, our lawgivers and statesmen, our authors, scientists and inventors, will find fitting remembrance.

The growth of the State from the scattered and struggling colonies of the Atlantic seaboard to the Imperial Republic stretching from ocean to ocean; the sufferings and triumphs of our soldiers and sailors; the development of our varied industries will be there recorded. There, too, will be depicted the bustling life of our harbors, lakes and rivers, and landscape art will find new dignity and power in its larger field.

The greatness of America's art future is freely predicted, and prophesies abound of her coming glory.

The popular indifference to mural art is slowly passing away, and the neglect here of this form of painting which affords the noblest opportunities for artistic endeavor will not long continue. However unsatisfactory the present may be, the coming years are full of promise.

The character of much of the work recently done and now under way justifies the expectation that before many decades of the twentieth century shall have passed, our national and municipal buildings may be as richly embellished as their European counterparts, and that the work done will be American in character and worthy of the great Republic of the West.

> WHEN we want good things they will be produced for us. Silent Shaksperes and idle Angelos await our summons; they will not come at the call of hollow pretence, but when we want them so badly that we cannot live without them, they will arise to do our bidding.
>
> ARTHUR JEROME EDDY
> IN "DELIGHT THE SOUL OF ART."

COMMENTS UPON MR. SHEAN'S "MURAL PAINTING FROM THE AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW." BY IRENE SARGENT

REPETITION and insistence, far from being annoying and tiresome, are often welcome. Sometimes they are necessary to the understanding of a subject, as we may find by reference to music. In works of that art, as, for instance, an orchestral composition, a theme but once presented, would be fragmentary. Its first and principal use must be supplemented by its appearance in another key in which the original proportions and relations are maintained, but new notes are struck. By this means the attention of the listener is retained, and the composition assumes for him an interest which arises from his acquaintance with it. It is thus, with the intention of emphasizing and expanding the argument of Mr. Shean upon "Mural Painting from the American Point of View," that the following comments are added to certain points which he makes with much truth and vigor.

First of all, the basis of his argument is well-founded by his criticism of the easel picture, which is justified in history. Mural decoration is the art of organic periods when men are, so to speak, cohesive, and strong impulses prevail; when religion, patriotism and citizenship are not mere words with which the preacher and the politician juggle, but rather when they exist in the breasts of the people as vital principles, inexplicable in words, but claiming the obedience of all.

As an indirect consequence of the effort to maintain the unity of Christendom through the foundation of the Franciscans and the Dominicans, the walls of the churches throughout Italy clothed themselves with the story of the Faith. The same tendency manifested itself in the first organic period of society: that is, under the republics of antiquity, when the friezes of the temples presented in sculptured relief, accented by color, the history of civilization as far as it had then progressed.

Mural decoration can, therefore, by these and other examples be proven to be the strongest expression after architecture—of which it is the indispensable adjunct—of democratic art: democratic or popular, because the subjects which it has treated in the past in temple, church, town- and guild-hall, and which it must continue to treat in

future, have a common interest; because, also, this form of decoration, rich, splendid and beautiful, is owned by the people; the expense of accomplishing it having been paid from public funds—from the sweat of the laborer more largely even than from tax levied upon the revenues of the millionaire.

Nor can the objection be urged against mural decoration that its strongest appeal was made in periods of comparative popular ignorance, and before the printing press began its propagation of the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity. The saying of Saint Augustine that pictures are the books of the people is as true to-day as when it was recorded in the fifth Christian century. Nor has the virtue departed from the façades of the great mediaeval fabrics, like Notre Dame of Paris and Amiens, which Victor Hugo and Ruskin have described as the pictorial bibles of the people, whose access was easy at all times and to read which required the intervention of no learned clerk. Their use has simply been modified with time. It has developed with the people. Instead of being educative, it is now inspirational: precisely the quality needed in an age of material wealth and accomplishment. Obedient to a natural instinct, which development can never but modify to a limited degree, we receive the greater number and the strongest of our impressions through the vision. We read history, and our eye, wearied by the printed page, wanders about our environment and penetrates for its rest and gratification into the street, or the landscape beyond. The labor of the historian, endured for our sake, is rewarded according to the degree of mental concentration which we have acquired by discipline. The mural decorator suffers no such involuntary injustice. His work is concrete. It appeals to the elemental man, as well as to the individual of the highest culture, or rather to the former never ceasing to exist within the latter. The style of the artist may be understood only by the critic, but the story developed upon the wall is plain for all eyes to read, whether the manner of telling it be realistic, like that of Abbey, sympathetic like that of Sargent, or primitive, suggestive, connoting instead of denoting, like that of Puvis de Chavannes, the Robert Browning of painters. The old axiom that seeing is believing, and the story of the doubting apostle Thomas represent truths that can never lose their force. Many can testify from their own experience to the strong moralizing force of the old play, "Everyman," recently seen in this country, which may equally well be de-

scribed as a sermon in action, or an animated mural painting. Concrete lessons, educative for the children, inspirational for the mature, are demanded from democratic art: that is, from the decoration of those public buildings erected as houses of worship; as seats of government, national, sectional or municipal; as educational or cultural institutions; as places of amusement and of paid hospitality. As the laws of Moses are graven on the walls of the synagogue, and recited in the ritual of the Episcopal Church, in order to keep the divine precepts in the very foreground of memory, so by the most direct means—that is, by mural picture, or relief—ought the persons and events representing the organization and development of nations and communities to be kept constantly before those who are actually, or who may be called to continue the work of their forefathers, as well as those who must constitute the passive jury of the active social and political elements.

With this view, Mr. E. H. Blashfield, the noted decorative artist, was in accord when he wrote in his "Plea for Municipal Art," that few persons can grasp an abstract idea, while a visible, tangible image is easily understood. Finally, the same argument is further fortified by Mr. Shean's observation that, in an extended sense, mural decoration can never be the toy of a favored class, but is, on the contrary, dependent for existence upon popular support.

THE points made by the same writer against the easel picture are equally well taken. This form of painting is, as he truly says, the only one recognized by a large class of persons who make it, one may add, an object of fetish worship. It is essentially an aristocratic form, placed, as to possession and enjoyment, beyond the reach of the many, and for that reason rendered more desirable to certain connoisseurs in whom the appreciation of art has degenerated into the mania to have and to hold, at the expense of the people's pleasure.

The easel picture, as is almost too well known to permit of comment, was, in its first stage, the altar piece, executed by some noted artist who was remunerated by a rich noble or burgher, anxious to beautify the sanctuary of his favorite church or convent chapel; actuated sometimes by religious zeal, sometimes desirous to expiate a sin, but most often to obtain glory through his act of munificence. He delighted to see his own portrait joined with those of his wife and

children, mingled with the personages of Bible history or Churchly legend. Further, the devout or luxurious layman demanded for his private oratory the exercise of the same talents which enriched church altars far beyond what could be done by the precious metals and jewels. In this way, the easel picture gained an entrance to the private palace and the costly burgher home, and was there welcomed to such a degree that when the mediaeval love of the symbolic merged into the love of beauty and display marking the Renascence, this aristocratic form of painting acted disastrously upon the democratic form, in so far as the public service of the latter was concerned. Then, gradually, mural decoration was withdrawn into the private palace; this movement beginning with Raphael himself and becoming stronger under the assuredly decadent School of Bologna, as is witnessed by the walls and ceilings of such lordly dwellings as the Roman Farnesina and Rospigliosi palaces. As was natural, the artists no longer treated vital themes. They rejected as irrelevant matter the story of man's redemption, or that of his labors as a builder of society, in order to deal with abstractions and allegories; realizing them in luxuriant, flowing outlines, and clothing them in the colors which most flatter and relax the retina, instead of toning it to efforts of appreciation. The splendor of ultra-marine, crimson and golden yellow appeared on the walls in great spots on which the eye rested, intoxicated in sensuous delight. And here was no orchestration of color like that used by the Venetians in their great public edifices which might modify the demoralizing aesthetic effect. The handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace was no more significant and prophetic than are these contours and colors. They announce the evils following in the train of luxury and materialism: the two enemies of society who are wont to force art to conceal for a time the corruption and decay which they create. Centuries removed by thought, experience, development, are these mural decorations from those of Puvis de Chavannes, wherein the austere lines and the color-schemes are a powerful step in advance toward that simplification in art, as well as in life, which a surfeited world now demands.

With the fall of democratic art, the easel picture grew more and more precious to its privileged possessor: one of the most exquisite of Raphael's Madonnas assuming, some hundred years ago, the name of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, since a bearer of that title so loved it as never to separate himself from it, even in his travels. And thus,

in common with other masterpieces of art, it was excluded from the sight of the populace and the world at large, until the liberty-loving House of Savoy broke the tyranny of the Italian princes.

But yet the easel picture proved its right to existence with the birth of the first masterpiece of Cimabue. The sole restriction to be put upon it is that it shall not absorb both talent and public wealth to the extent of starving democratic art. In a republic, each class of individuals, theoretically at least, has its peculiar rights, and it would be as absurd to wish to deny the rich a legitimate means of culture and pleasure, as it is unjust to deprive the moderately circumstanced and the poor of the educative and moralizing effect of historical fact and ethical principle presented to them in all the charm which line and color can lend them on the walls of places of public assembly. The figures of Brittany peasants introduced into the luxurious private gallery, or drawing room, carry with them the odor of the soil, which invigorates the pervading atmosphere of high culture. The millionaire, fixed with all the strength of material chains to his post of responsibility, often values his Corot, not because signed by the powerful hand of the master, but simply because its delicate harmonies of neutral colors, its perfect balance of composition, sing to him a song of Nature. In the broad modern world, especially in our own constantly developing country, there is abundant room for both forms of art—the private and the public—neither of which shall hinder or encroach upon the other. But it is imperative that the democratic spirit be not stifled. There is something yet more important in the furtherance of civic art than the motto adopted by the New York Society: "To make us love our city, we must make our city lovely." This thing of importance is to keep dramatically before the minds of the citizens the effort, self-sacrifice and unity necessary to the maintenance of a commonwealth or community: a result to be attained only by means of a dignified civic art expressed in the decoration of public buildings. Let us learn a lesson from the city republics of Belgium, whose historical monuments, protected by the enlightened sovereign, are given over into the keeping of the commission of artists known as *L'oeuvre nationale belge*. Thus, every relic of the past centuries, every late occurrence tending to further patriotism is given prominence by the government. The burghers of Bruges, whose silted harbor is now being excavated and cleared by engineers, can learn from the mural paintings of their town-hall that their commercial relations

were once as wide as the world, and that, by the removal of the natural obstacle, they may again, on honorable terms, enter the markets of all nations. The citizen of Antwerp may, also, from the walls of his town-hall gather inspiration and incentive. He learns there of the recuperative energy of his own city which, in spite of religious and political persecution, in spite of the tyranny of Spain and the jealousy of Holland, has gained and regained position and wealth. In studying both city and citizen, it would appear that the modern spirit of the town and the decorations of public buildings act and react upon one another, so that it is impossible to determine which of the two forces furnishes the stronger impulse to action. But it remains certain that the story unfolded by the mural paintings of Baron Leys and his colleagues coincides with the reality of the forest of masts which rises stately in the broad roadstead of the Scheldt, exciting the fear of the City merchants of London, lest the old Flemish town win from the English capital some portion of her colonial trade. To sum up, it may be urged that the public art of these Belgian cities shows a relevancy of subject, a perfect preservation of racial and local tradition, a thoroughness of system which the promoters of the same cause in our own country can not do better than remember, when advancing their ideas among the people, and when practically working out their schemes. Such a course is advocated by Mr. Shean when he takes as an illustration the Flower Library at Watertown, N. Y.; when he suggests that the history of banking and exchange be displayed in simple, directly expressed pictorial form upon the walls of counting-houses; that railway corporations relieve the restlessness of travelers by enlivening their waiting rooms with characteristic scenes chosen from the cities lying along the route to be followed, as has been done by the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Company, at their new Paris terminal. This last suggestion appears as one of especial timeliness, as we recall the waiting room of the Grand Central Station, New York, in which marbles and other rich materials are prominent, and there exists an absolute poverty of focal points of interest for the eye: an attempt at a frieze being made by the names of the minor cities of the State recorded in plain Roman letters. The same poverty of invention is found in the Station of an important inland city, on a line of the same railway system: in which case the decoration employed bears no relation to the place, and the waiting travelers are forced to confront an aggravating use of the Celtic dragon-knot, repeated *ad*

nauseam in stained glass, in defiance to the surrounding architecture, which is of debased classic type.

AGAIN it may be said that if Mr. Shean's theories were to be realized in the United States they would make us possessors of cities and towns far better adapted than they are now for the living of pleasurable, useful, progressive lives, of which good morals, good citizenship and good art should be the vitalizing principles. But yet, after the manner of enthusiasts and the holders of a fixed purpose, our writer perhaps advances a step too far when he judges that "the Congressional Library at Washington, beautiful as it is, and technically excellent as are its paintings, unpleasantly suggests a building given over to a group of talented and learned foreigners who have skilfully shown us how the storehouse for our national collection of books can be made attractive." And again, when he censures the subjects of the mural decorations of the Boston Public Library as offering no allusion to the brilliant group of nineteenth century writers who made Massachusetts and its capital city famous in literature.

Against these strictures it may be advanced that the commissions of both great libraries in choosing the themes of decoration—one of the most important of their tasks, if moral effect be considered—merged patriotism into cosmopolitanism. Both edifices are repositories of the world's treasures of thought, and only the highest, the most epoch-making attainments should there receive recognition. The exquisite embodiments of the spirit of English literature at Washington are surely to be accepted by us, since our speech is but a branch of a mighty river, penetrating into a late-discovered continent. Support upon the same basis may be given to the harmonious abstractions of Puvis de Chavannes, to the vigorous syntheses of Sargent in the Boston Library; while no more fitting theme could have been chosen for the decorative scheme of the delivery-room of the same institution than the "Quest of the Holy Grail," which teaches more clearly than by words—that is, by picture-writing—the course inevitable to the seeker after knowledge: the consecration, the hard toil, the hesitancy, the bitter rebuff, the renunciation, and the Heavenly Vision. All this it would seem is the fulfilment of the promise made at the entrance of the Library by the guardian figures bearing torches and unfurling a scroll on which allusion is made to knowledge as "The Light of all Citizens."

A BIT OF AMERICAN FOLK-MUSIC ❧ TWO PUEBLO INDIAN GRINDING SONGS. ❧ BY NATALIE CURTIS

I STOOD beneath the dazzling blue sky of New Mexico. Around me rose the white walls of the Indian pueblo, Laguna. The Indian women were returning from the railroad, whither they had gone to sell their pottery to the passengers of the Santa Fé. I watched them as they trod the rocky trail in single file. It seemed impossible to believe that this bright bit of picturesque life was American. The brilliancy, and indeed the whole suggestiveness of the scene was oriental. The women carried earthen jars upon their heads and trays of smaller ware in their hands. Their skirts were short above the knee, and their legs were heavily swathed in buckskin: a time-honored protection against reptile and cactus. Over the head was thrown a bright shawl which hung to the bottom of the short skirt like a mantle.

The people of Laguna came early under Spanish influence and have been nominally Christian for three hundred years. But the Indian has woven into the Roman Catholic faith the bright strands of native custom and belief. For the old rain-dances are still held on the plaza, even before the square church. But what the Spaniard failed to do, the American is now accomplishing, the stamping out of "all things Indian": the deliberate crushing of every spark of native pride, the killing of a people's aspiration toward the good, the true and the beautiful in any direction other than the Anglo-Saxon.

I knew and loved the Indians of the Hopi pueblos in Arizona: a refined and gentle folk, as full of instinctive courtesy as the Japanese. I found their music and poetry to be of a high order of development. I had come to Laguna to observe how far the music of the Mexican pueblos was tinged with Spanish influence. I had hoped that these people, like the Hopis, would sing as they left their village in wagons to load wood, or as they returned from a day's work in the fields. But alas, the spirit of this pueblo seemed crushed. The poet is a day-laborer on the railroad, the potter makes cheap cups to sell to the tourist. Art, the expression of man's joy in his work, as William Morris has it, is fast fading away, and the natural utterance of a healthy people, the unconscious burst of song, is almost stilled. More and more do the lives of these Indians become silent and colorless.

The sun was bright, but my thoughts were shadowed. Was there,

then, no spontaneous bit of music to be heard among these people?

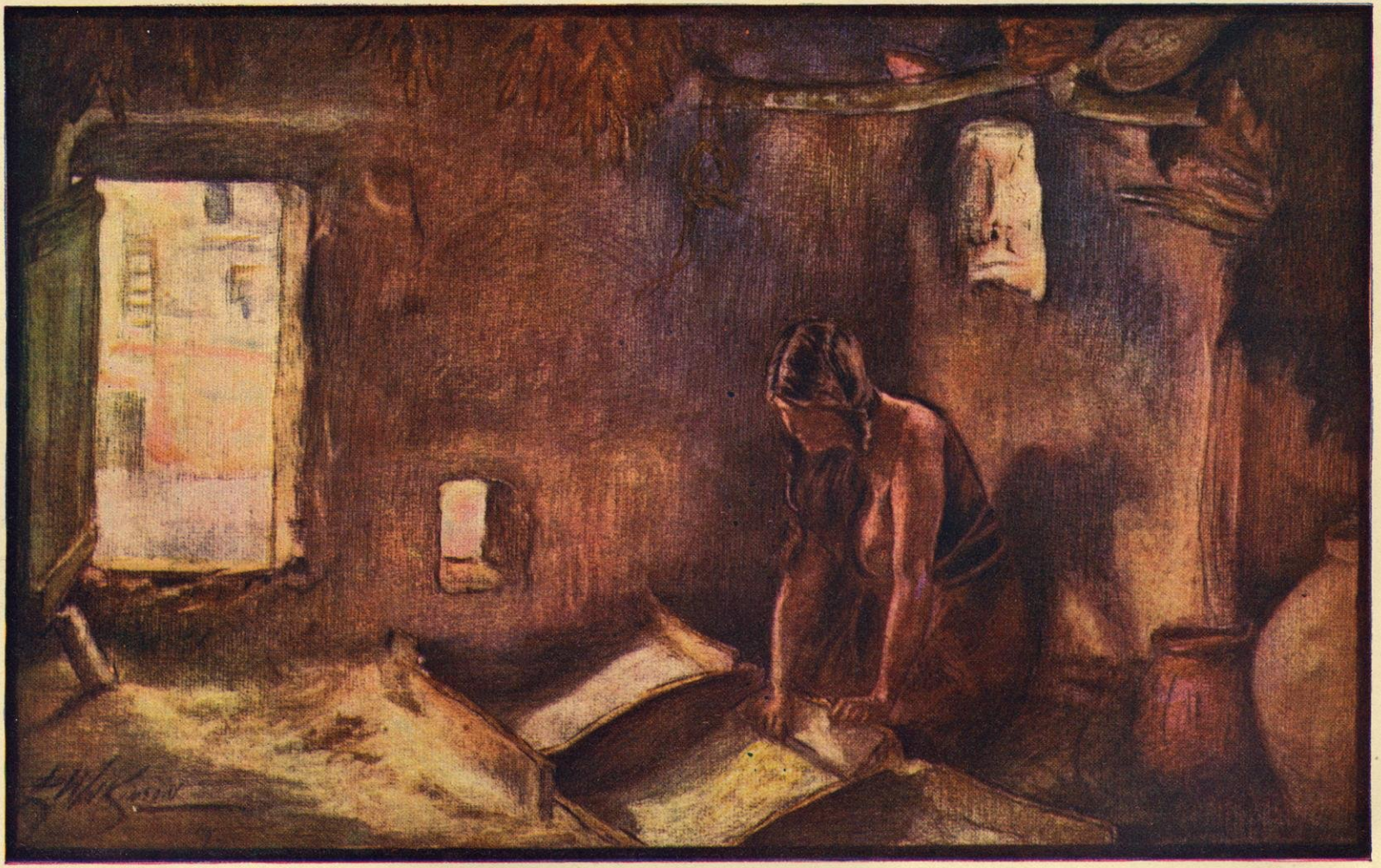
Suddenly a voice rose high and clear, and at the same time I caught the rhythmic scraping sound of the grinding-stone. Some woman near at hand was grinding corn and singing at her work. It is the custom of the pueblo Indians to grind the corn between two great stones. One is a slab which is set into the grinding-trough at a slight angle. The other, cube-like, is rubbed by the grinder up and down over the corn upon the understone, with much the same motion that we use in rubbing clothes upon a washboard. The grinding-troughs, two, and sometimes three in number, are set into the floor of the house. They are simply square frames to hold the understone, with gutters on each side of the stone and at the base, for the scooping up of the corn, and as a receptacle for the ground particles.

As the women grind, with rhythmic swing, they sing. And the sweet, unusual melodies with the high scraping accompaniment of the grinding, make a music as phantom-strange to unaccustomed ears as are, to the eye, the lilac mountain-peaks and tinted desert wastes of New Mexico.

The voice sang on and I turned to seek it. I made my way through the little street with its terraces of roofs. The song seemed to come from the upper section of a square white house. Led by the sound I climbed a ladder to the roof of the first story, which was at once the floor and balcony of the second. At my coming the song ceased, and instead I heard a rapid whisper: "Aico! Aico!" (American, American). I paused at the open door of this upper chamber that led upon the roof. Outside all was blue sky. Within were coolness, emptiness, bare whitewashed walls. Two pueblo women knelt at the grinding troughs; the younger grinding the corn to finest powder, the elder sifting the ground meal through a sieve. They laughed shyly as I entered and sat down with them.

Who was the singer? At the question the elder pointed to the girl at the grinding-trough. The maiden flashed a smile as I asked her to repeat the song. Silently she bent over her work. A few swift sweeps of the grinding-stone and then, as though born of the rhythm, the clear voice rose once more.

As the girl swayed over her work, her glossy black hair hung straight before her face, shielding her sweet shyness from the stranger. These women part the hair across the middle of the head, tying it behind with a woven band, and allowing the front part to grow so



A PUEBLO INDIAN GRINDING SONG

long that, unless swept to one side and twisted behind the ear, as is the custom, it would fall over the face to the chin.

The girl paused at the end of her song, and laughed softly behind her loosened locks.

"Tell me what the song means," I said, turning to the elder woman, who had been to school and spoke English.

The two conferred together in their own tongue, then sought to tell me of their song.

"It is about the water in the rocks," said the elder. "After rain the water stands in the rocks, and it is good fresh water—medicine water. And in the song we say: 'Look to the southwest, look to the southeast! The clouds are coming toward the spring; the clouds will bring the water.' You see, we usually get our rains from the southwest and the southeast. That is the meaning of the song; but it is hard to tell in English," she faltered.

Then again the maiden sang.

"And this song is about the butterflies, blue and red and yellow and white, telling them to fly to the flowers. At the end of the song we say to the butterflies: 'Go, butterfly, now go, for that is all!' "

Then said I: "I shall write these songs on paper, just as you have seen songs written in books in the schools. Then people will know that Indian songs are beautiful, and the songs will never wholly be lost, or forgotten."

The girl's eyes grew large. But the elder woman said slowly: "Many songs are forgotten. Our people do not sing as they used. I do not hear the songs I heard before I went to school."

"And these songs you have sung for me, are they new?" I asked.

"No, they are old," she answered. "The words are old words, words we do not use in talking now. I heard these songs when I was little. I think they must be very old."

"Do not forget them," I said, "and teach them to your children!"

But the woman only gazed before her, dull and sad.

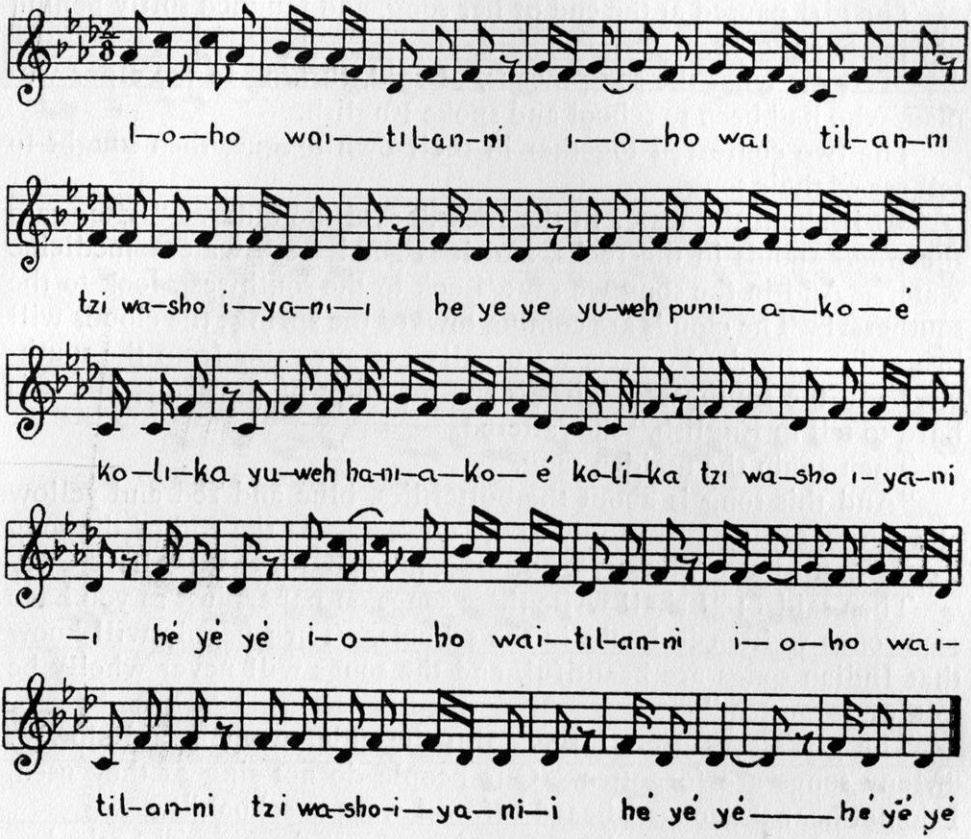
What use, indeed, in the face of the crushing present to preserve anything of the past for a lustreless and alien future?

But my heart held the hope that these songs, reverently recorded, might one day be given back to their original creators by Americans who will find some beauty in the true life of a people whom we strive to educate, but never seek to know.

A BIT OF AMERICAN FOLK-MUSIC

CORN-GRINDING SONG

No. 1

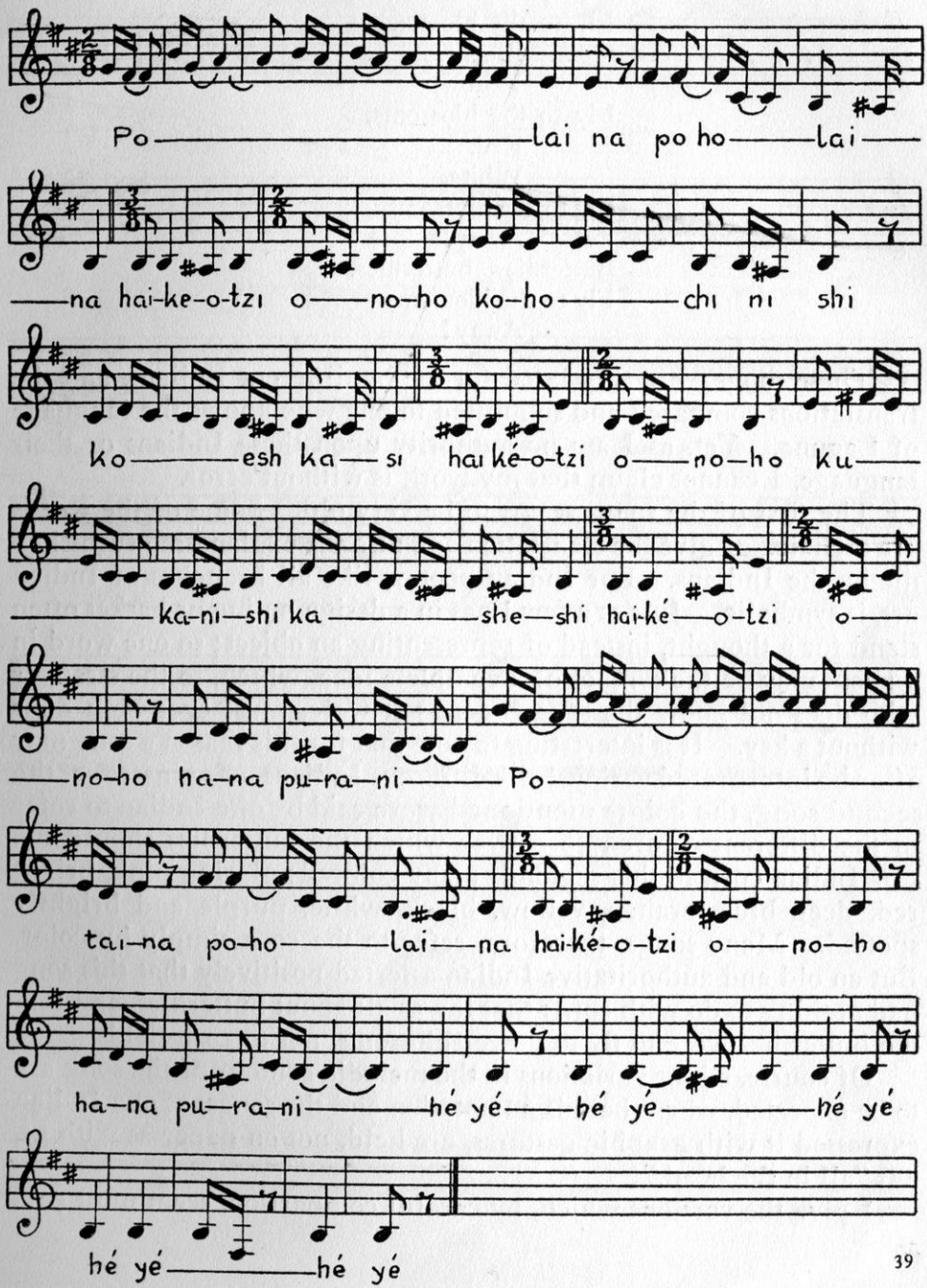


TRANSLATION

I-o-ho, medicine water,
I-o-ho, medicine water,
What life now!
Yonder southwest,
Yonder southeast,
What life now!
I-o-ho, medicine water,
I-o-ho, medicine water,
What life now!

Medicine Water, good fresh water from hollows in the rocks. *What life now!* life and health from drinking this water. *Yonder southwest, yonder southeast*, directions from which the rains usually come. Meaning of the passage: "Look southwest, look southeast! The clouds are coming toward the spring, bringing water."

CORN-GRINDING SONG
No. 2



TRANSLATION

Butterflies, butterflies,
Fly to the blossoms,
Blue,
Yellow,
Fly to the blossoms,
Red,
White,
Fly to the blossoms—
Away!
Butterflies, butterflies,
Fly to the blossoms—
Away!

These songs were translated for me by different Indians, and the translations compared and submitted to one who knows the language of Laguna. Yet, as I am no authority upon these Indians or their language, I cannot claim that my work is without error.

The first of the songs seems to be very old. Some of the words are archaic. I give the translation and also the explanation furnished me by the Indians. For Indian poetry, like all branches of Indian art, is symbolic. Just as a few lines in a design on jug or basket often stand for a thought, instead of representing an object; so one word in a poem may be the symbol of a complete idea, which, to the stranger who does not know the song-code, as it were, must ever be a door without a key. It is interesting to note that for this reason a song may often be interpreted variously by different Indians. For instance, the second song, the colors mentioned were said by one Indian to refer to the different colored corn over which the butterflies should fly. For Indian corn in this region is many-colored: glaring pink, bright red, deep blue, orange, yellow, black, white, purple and brightly spotted. Many songs, therefore, refer to the corn simply by color. But an old and authoritative Indian asserted positively that this song had nothing to do with corn: that it was all about butterflies, and that the butterflies were to fly to flower-blossoms, not to corn-fields.

Of course, slight variations in the melodic contour of the song are to be expected, when there is no notation and the songs, as one Indian expressed it with graphic gestures, are held, not on paper as with us, but "all in the head."

I give the versions which, by careful comparison, seem most cor-

rect, and which were afterwards sung for me by a very old woman, the wife of the medicine-man. The quavering voice of three score years and ten had the ring of old time authority. How often had she sung thus at her grinding in all these many years!

To understand the first song it must be remembered that the need of all pueblo Indians is rain. They are an agricultural people who live in desert lands. Even though the pueblos of New Mexico are near the Rio Grande, and are further aided by an ancient and very adequate system of irrigation, the cry for rain is still expressed in song and dance. When the welcome waters fall, they are caught in hollows in rocks, the primitive reservoirs of nature. From this song it would seem that such water is, or was, prized by the Laguna Indians as particularly healthful and life-giving.

These songs reflect the thought and the daily life of a people, and are thus real folk-music. Their simple poetry and perfect purity are characteristic of all the Indian songs that I know. Their charm is unique, and the strange, graceful melodies will appeal not only to those who love music, but to all who rejoice in the thought that in our country there is still an art born naturally and simply of "man's joy in his work."

> THE pastoral stage was pre-eminently the play period of the race. On equally good grounds it may be called the period in which art made rapid development. Human culture had not advanced sufficiently to secure a clear differentiation between art and play. Neither was there any well-defined boundary between work and play. Now, an activity is more like work, in a moment it is more like play, and again it is art, or, possibly, all three at the same time.
>
> KATHERINE ELIZABETH DOPP,
> IN "THE PLACE OF INDUSTRIES IN ELEMENTARY EDUCATION."

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY AN ANNIVERSARY: A PLEA FOR A DEMOCRATIC ART

BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

AS ONE earnestly devoted to a movement in which I have the utmost faith, and to which I have given the best of my life and energies, I am emboldened to advance certain arguments which I believe to be sane and tenable. This I have chosen to do at a milestone of my efforts: that is, on the anniversary of the birth of The Craftsman, in which, for three years, I have endeavored to express my personal, specific views—often laboring under the difficulty of fitting a first conception to a tangible, practical reality.

The plea which I am about to make is one for simplicity in all that pertains to the environment of material life under a democracy, where practically all work with either hand or brain; the leisure class being reduced to a minimum.

I was led to my present position of thought by my observations and experiences as a cabinetmaker, arriving at many of the conclusions of William Morris, but reaching them from a direction opposite to the one taken by that great benefactor of society, who was first a thinker and afterward a craftsman. For while I advanced slowly from the fact to the principle underlying the fact, he reasoned broadly from the cause to the effect.

At first, in obedience to the public demand, I produced in my workshops adaptations of the historic styles, but always under silent protest: my opposition developing, as I believe, out of a course of reading, largely from Ruskin and Emerson, which I followed in my early youth. More and more did I resent these imitations which, multiplied to infinity, could not preserve a spark of the spirit, the vivacity, the grace of their originals. Yet even this lack of life was not for me their gravest defect. As I saw them growing beneath the hands of my workmen and afterward displayed in the shops, they did not appear to me more out of place in these, their temporary surroundings, than they did in their final destination, the homes of the people. Everything was there against them. They fitted into no scheme of life, or of decorative art capable of being realized by the persons who had acquired them. Sometimes, indeed, a pretentious, scenic background was prepared for them, but in such cases with what seemed to me a pitiable result of unreality. They had the air of being placed

upon a stage, and of awaiting the use and occupancy of persons who, in rented costumes and under assumed names, should recite studied parts.

My impression deepened into a conviction after a European journey which I made in the interests of my craft. Then, for the first time, I saw the French styles in their proper surroundings, acting as integral parts of palace architecture, as at Versailles; as well as these and all other historical types arranged in their proper sequence at South Kensington, precisely as specimens once having had organic life, are classified in a Museum of Natural History.

In presence of these visible objects, the course which I had long wished to follow, shaped itself clearly before me. I returned home strong in my new faith. I reasoned that as each period is marked by some definite accomplishment or characteristic, so each period must also have its peculiar art; since it is art that holds the mirror up to life and catches its perfect reflection.

In France I had seen a republic attempting to patch with a workman's blouse the old rents made in the web of society by monarchies and empires. In England I had witnessed everywhere the power of the middle classes, in comparison with which the effete nobility appeared as a relic of the past, a pageant as antiquated as the Lord Mayor's Show. In America, as I looked about me with a clearer, keener vision than ever before, I recognized that the salvation of the country lay also with the workers, rather than with the possessors of hereditary culture, or of immense wealth and the power attendant upon it. I realized that the twentieth century, then a few years distant, was to be, like the thirteenth, distinctively an Age of the People. Then the judgment—justified by facts—of a certain critic, upon the work of William Morris, rose in my mind with the compelling force of a battle cry: "He changed the look of half the houses in London, and substituted beauty for ugliness all over the kingdom."

This statement assumed for me the character of a revelation in which the socialism of the reformer clothed itself in a mild, beneficent aspect, expressing the true meaning of the word; becoming a work pursued peacefully for the good of his fellows: a socialism of art—art made homely and brought within the reach of all.

I resolved to make a radical change in the productions of my own workshops, and not to be deflected from my adopted purpose by either obstacle or disappointment.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY AN ANNIVERSARY

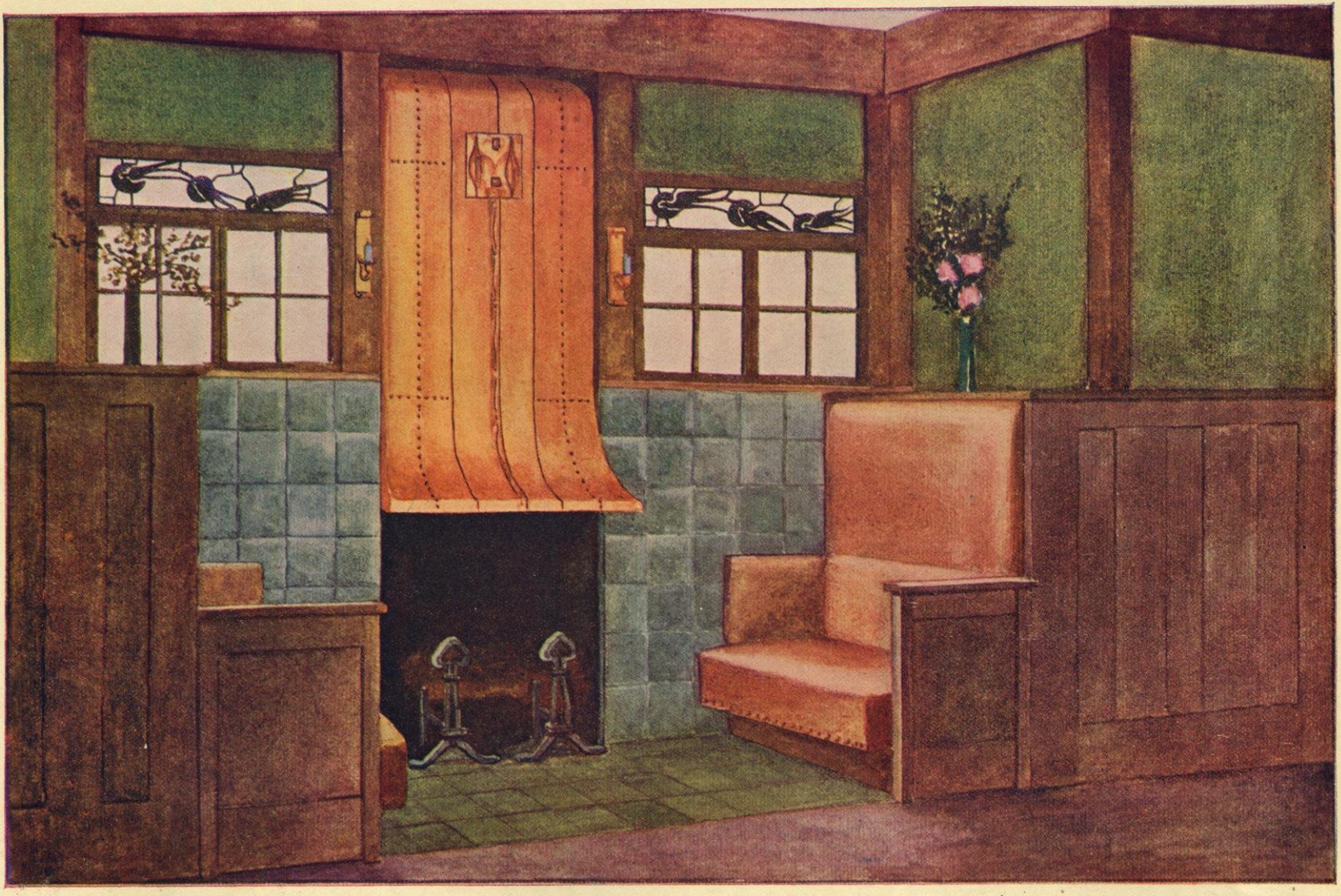
In making preparations for my new departure, I found others setting out with objects similar to my own. This was to be expected, since the germs of revolution never concentrate in a single locality or a single brain. Reform was in the air, seeking soils favorable to its development.

I resolved to join no factional band, however companionable it might be, in whose members the cause had generated that heat of enthusiasm which is all too liable to produce abortive efforts. I further resolved that I would never again be an imitator, and I set my face toward absolute radicalism. At that time, the revulsion toward simplicity created in America the so-called Dutch, Tyrolean peasant, and Mission styles; while from the other side of the Atlantic ripples of influence reached us: from France, Belgium, and from Japan as misunderstood by the Europeans. The shop windows of our large cities began to display ill-assorted collections of cabinet-making, ranging from the heavy to the fragile; in many cases showing no understanding on the part of their designer of the physical qualities of the material used; since bamboo was translated into wood, and attempts were made to render the delicate pliableness of plant-stems in a hard, resisting medium.

In these collections I saw plain evidences of anarchy, instead of an impulse toward reform. If such examples showed the marks of their release from the rule of the historic styles, they had effected but an exchange of tyrants. They had bartered the tyranny of order for the tyranny of chaos. The modern movement, lacking concentration, squandering its energies upon new imitations, was in danger of defeat and annihilation.

I began to seek remedial measures for adoption in my own workshops. As I thought more closely upon this subject, most important to me; as I studied from both practical and historical points of view, I became convinced that the designers of cabinet-making used their eyes and their memories too freely and their reasoning powers too little. Studying their methods closely, I saw their hands mechanically tracing upon drawing paper familiar lines which recurred to them when they formed the mental picture of a chair or table. For the most part, they too indolently accepted tradition. They did not question or think.

By this means of observation, I was led to the only course of action in which I saw development for myself and future good for my work-



SCHEME FOR A FIREPLACE; THE COPPER HOOD ADAPTED FROM A DESIGN OF PROFESSOR J. M. OLBRICH, SHOWN IN THE GERMAN SECTION, VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING, ST. LOUIS

men. I cast aside my traditions, forgot the formulas which I had learned years previously, and began to study structural principles; finding them, as I proceeded, the same in architecture, as in the lesser building art of cabinet-making. From the careful examination of the Gothic cathedral I first learned thoroughly the relations between construction and decoration: finding the best examples of the great mediaeval style adequately ornamented by features, which, like the flying buttress, gave them strength and support; finding also the decadence of the art in later specimens wherein these same features were allowed to exceed their functions, and decoration, like a parasitic plant, spread over the fabric to sap and undermine its foundations.

I thus clearly recognized the dangers of applied ornament and advanced a step from which I have never retrograded. I endeavored to turn such structural devices as the mortise and tenon to ornamental use; to employ them in such a way as to force them to give accent and variety to the outlines of the objects in which they occurred.

This lesson of constructive *versus* applied ornament, derived from the Gothic, was supplemented by one of another and yet allied nature, which I found awaiting me in classic architecture. The Greek temples revealed themselves to me as the plainest examples of the structural style. Their plan is a concept of the primitive man, and, even in their most advanced stage of development, the timber construction, so to speak, is never obscured. The columns, with their fluted shafts, recall more vividly than words can do, the boles of forest trees with their grooved bark. The frieze, with its alternate ornamental markings of vertical lines and circles, is but an allusion to the first type of temple, when planks, set on edge, and tree-trunks were hastily assembled to form a sheltering roof over the god, the treasure and the worshipers. In these edifices, however late the period of their erection, the structural quality is never lost, never even greatly obscured to the eye. The principle of construction involved is a question of weight and mass, and from its skilful treatment results a whole, simple enough to be included in a single glance and conveying an impression of harmony and repose. To sum up, one may say that these buildings, accepted as types of beauty by many centuries and civilizations, were primitive—almost crude in plan; that in them the structural idea persisted to the end, clear and dominant; that they were developed and embellished by subtile modifications of line, by the use of beautiful color and diversified material, by ornament arising from neces-

sities of construction and appearing therefore spontaneous and fitting.

Fortified by this second object lesson, I determined to adhere strictly to simplicity of plan; to express construction frankly; above all, to be modern: a resolution which here requires a word of explanation. In order to illustrate my meaning, I will take the example of a bed. This object, when modeled for decorative effect, I often saw raised on a daïs and surrounded by heavy draperies; both of which features are relics of a past time serving no useful end, and being opposed to advanced ideas of cleanliness and health. They formerly protected the bed from cold and dampness; isolating it from its surroundings and creating a focal point of comfort and warmth. Historically, it is interesting to trace the development of this idea of isolation from the cupboard beds of the Brittany peasants up to the great couches of the French monarchs. But the idea has lost its practical value and the devices have no longer a reason for being. The modern bed, on the contrary, should be constructed with a recognition of the necessity of pure air and of the curative power of sunlight.

The principle of this extreme example I found paralleled in the greater part of objects modeled after old types. For this reason I came to regard with distrust any design which suggested historical development. I sought structural qualities only; choosing rather to be reproached—although justly—for crudity, rather than to set out upon a path which could lead nowhere but to the old commonplaces, even though the way should be long and circuitous. But this crudity, as in the case of the temple construction, I regarded as a mere point of departure from which to develop in certain legitimate directions.

Having now thoroughly assimilated my two lessons: the one relating to plan, the other bearing upon the relations of structure to ornament, I recognized that I had made real progress in my efforts, while I also realized the seriousness of the difficulties which yet lay before me. But I did not falter or waver. The very crudity of my structural plan, as I apprehended it, was to me a proof of its vital power, as well as of a promise of progress, because *formlessness* never follows hard upon crudeness; because also decadence is the natural sequence of over-refinement.

The greatest of the problems next demanding my attention was how I might afford gratification to the eye, while remaining faithful to my newly adopted structural principles. I felt that the solution of this question lay largely in the proper use of color, but the means

to attain this end were not ready to my hand. They awaited development, which was tentative and slow, owing to reasons which I shall explain.

As a cabinet-maker, I was bound to obtain my color-effects largely from wood, aided in some instances by leather and textiles: all of which materials had yet to be adjusted to my structural scheme and thereupon dependent ideas of decoration.

As an American by birth, I chose to work with native growths. I felt the possibilities of our forest products to be great, and I wished to experiment with them; following a desire as spontaneous as that obeyed by the East Indian who carves into designs like wrought iron his heavy, close-grained teak-wood. To speak with all modesty, I determined to treat my chief material by an educative process: in other words, to draw out in it all the potential qualities which I knew it to possess.

One thing I had greatly in my favor. My structural lines made no demands upon the wood which it was not able to meet. They emphasized growth and grain, instead of thwarting them at every turn. They showed that the material was cut and suggested no idea of molding, which should be left to the metal worker. But in order fully to accomplish my object, a long series of experiments confronted me, which now, at the end of several years, I count as only fairly begun. Still, within a comparatively short time, I gained results which more than encouraged me. Through the careful preservation of grain and the development of surface qualities, there resulted beauties which softened the asperities of my outlines: arresting the eye and thereby preventing it from a too rapid seizure of the structural scheme of small objects; by the same means, also, prolonging the interest of the observer and the gratification of his sense of sight. The woods, so treated, invited upon their surface a constant play of light and shade, infinite and never repeated, in studying which I experienced a previously unknown delight, made up of reminiscences of the forest and of pictures of masters. Encouraged, or rather inspired by this success, I resolved to limit myself to the use of such woods as lay nearest to my use, and to devote much of my energy to expand their qualities and heighten their value. At the same time, my antipathy increased toward the glazes which conceal and obliterate the exquisite work of Nature; actually violating the substances created by the Divine Intelligence and perfected by cycles of years. I realized that the cabinet-

maker should receive his material reverently and touch it but to reveal and continue the mysterious and beautiful operations begun in secret, when the wood was yet a living tree.

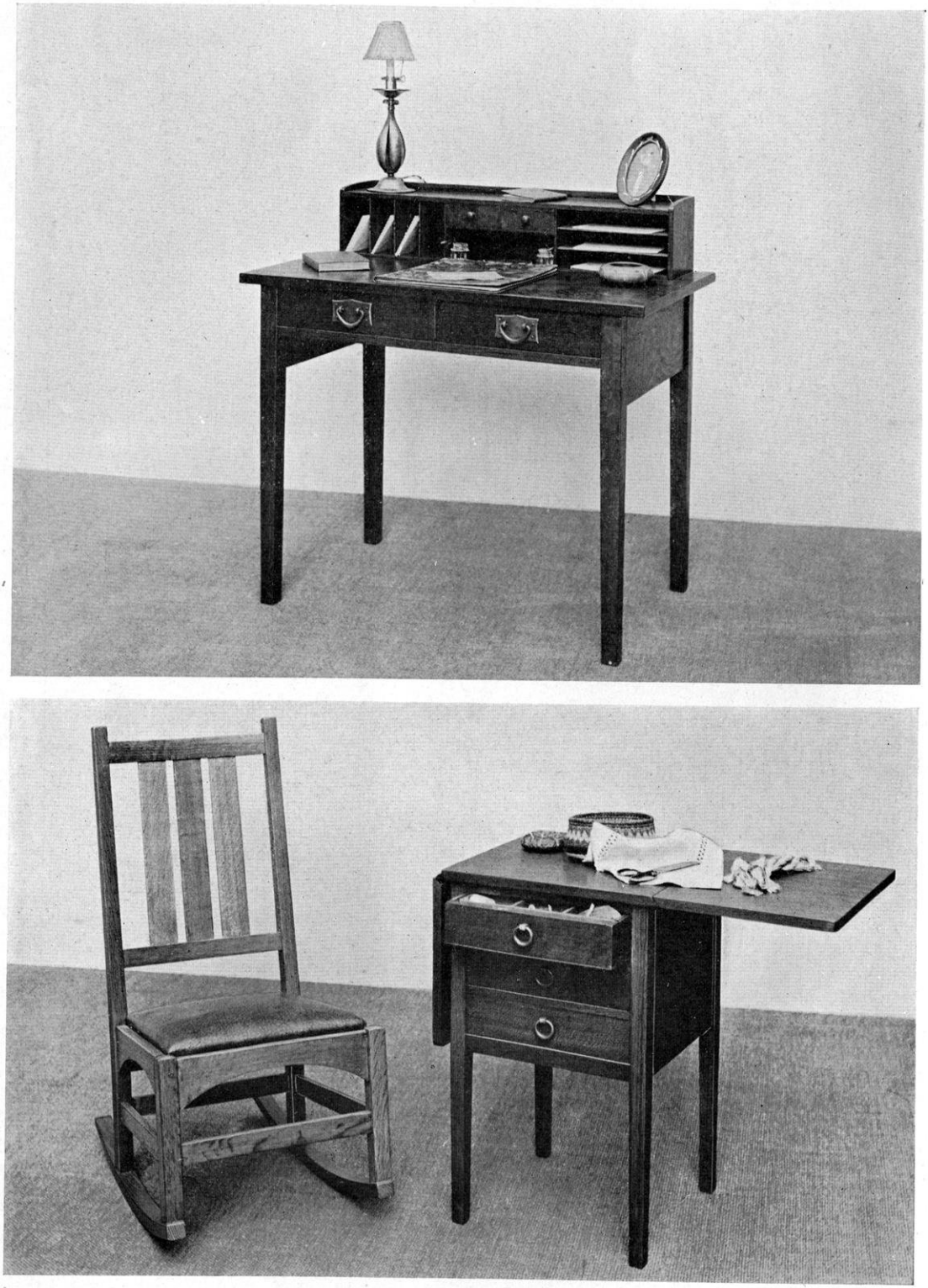
Having arrived at this point of my labors, I saw attractive glimpses of a path far beyond. My thoughts rose from the lesser to the greater of the building arts. I realized that, in our country, new materials await use and new thoughts development. A youthful enthusiasm for my expanded scheme possessed me, and I reasoned as a moment of exaltation might permit:

"Since the genius of the American is structural, as is proven by his government, his control of natural resources, his mastery of finance, let the building art—the lesser as well as the greater—provide him with surroundings in which he shall see his own powers reflected. In the appointments of his dwelling, let the structural idea be dominant, and the materials employed be, as far as is possible, native products, in order that the scheme may be unified and typical—above all, democratic."

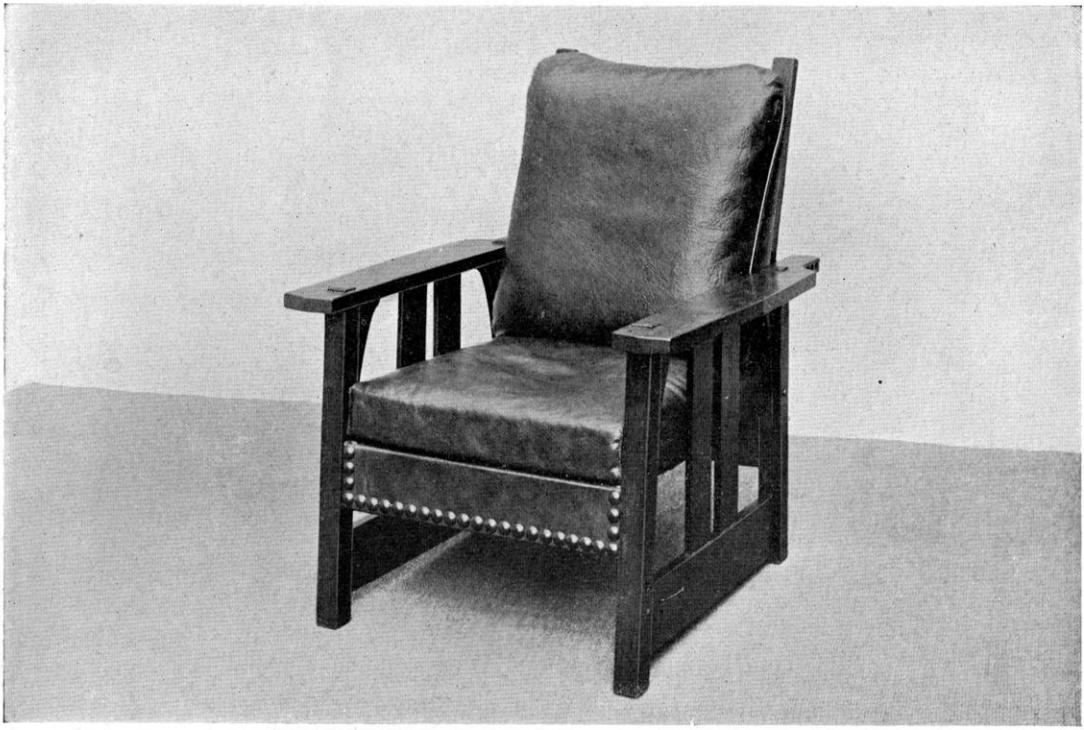
My enthusiasm remained with me, lapsing into a steady courage which tided me over all disappointments. I felt that I was serving the people, in company with many others in various walks of life whom I saw preaching, teaching and practising what I venture to call the gospel of simplicity. In speaking thus strongly, I trust that I shall not be censured as one who over-estimates his own ability, or yet as narrow-minded and wishing to establish one standard of life and art for all sorts and conditions of men. I recognize individuality, the direction given to thought and taste by specific education, the influences exerted by high culture: I admit all these to be beneficial to society. I furthermore acknowledge that luxury and simplicity are comparative, rather than absolute terms, and that they must be judged with the care and seriousness demanded by a question of law. I desire to make clear that I am not constituting myself a critic, or arbiter; that I do not question the conduct or the aestheticism of those whose training, accompanied by wealth, permits them to choose and acquire beautiful objects which, rich in suggestiveness—both artistic and historic—increase for their possessors the pleasures of life. Such persons as these, it is unnecessary to say, are outside the circle of my observation and beyond the need of service other than their own. They constitute a favored minority. They are cosmopolites in the

BASIN (BRÜNNEN) WITH ACCOMPANYING MURAL DECORATION OF WATER SUBJECTS, BY PROFESSORS THOMA AND DIETRICH OF KARLSRUHE

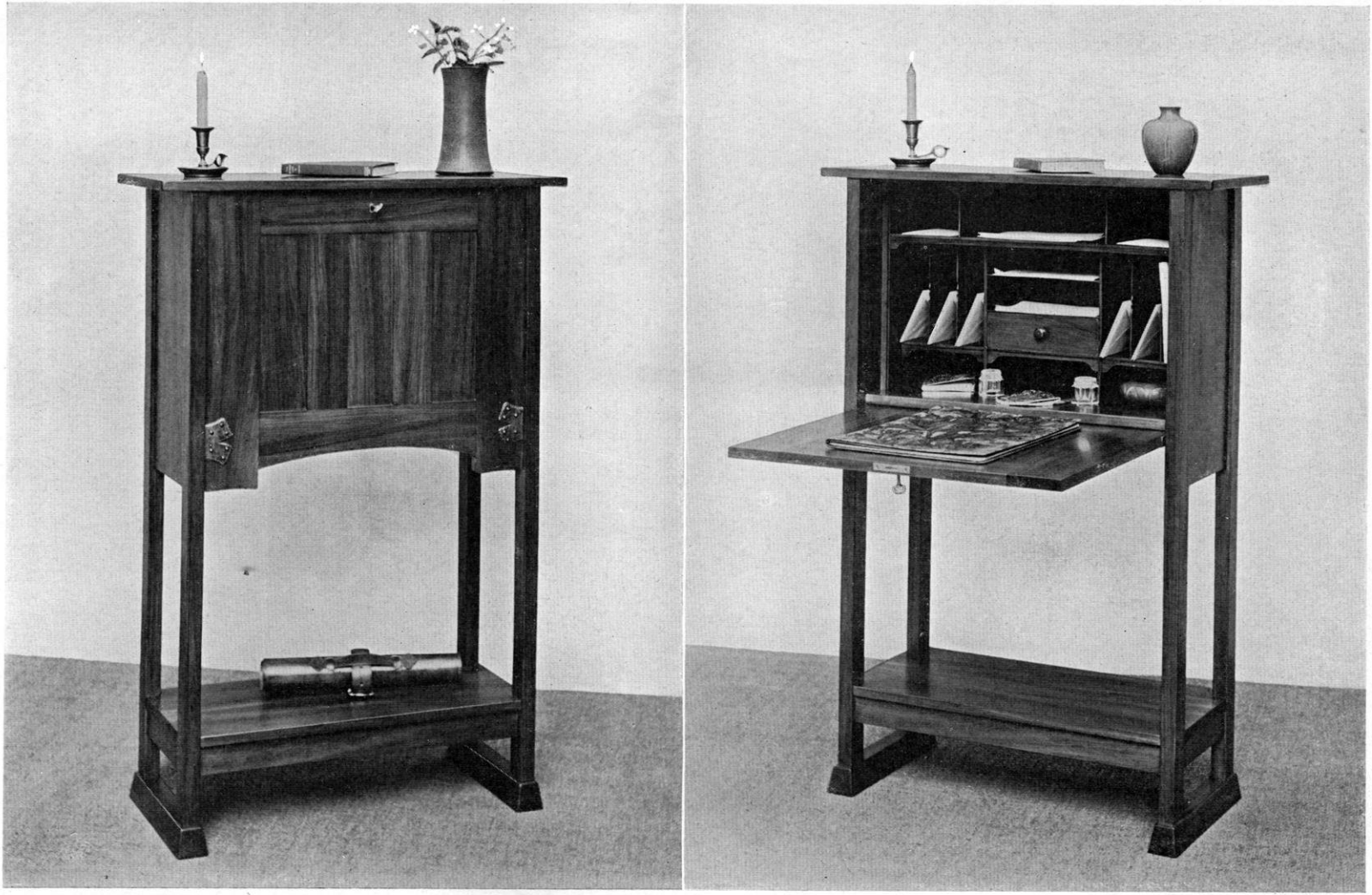
Shown in German Section of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904



CABINET MAKING IN FUMED OAK, BUILT UPON THE SIMPLEST STRUCTURAL LINES, AND DEPENDENT FOR DECORATIVE EFFECT UPON THE COLOR AND SURFACE TREATMENT OF THE MATERIALS EMPLOYED



CABINET MAKING IN FUMED OAK, BUILT UPON THE SIMPLEST STRUCTURAL LINES, AND DEPENDENT FOR DECORATIVE EFFECT UPON THE COLOR AND SURFACE TREATMENT OF THE MATERIALS EMPLOYED



HAZELWOOD DESK (OPEN AND CLOSED), IN WHICH THE SLENDER PROPORTIONS AND SHARP PROFILE ARE CAREFULLY ADAPTED TO THE DELICATE COLOR EFFECTS OF THE WOOD

true sense—citizens of the world—and entitled from their experience to hold broad views of art and life.

But they in whose interest I make my plea for a democratic household art, constitute the majority of our American people. They are the busy workers, "troubled about many things:" professional people; men and women of business; toilers who reach out after objects of beauty and refinement, as if they were the flowers of a "Paradise Lost." They are the real Americans, deserving the dignity of this name, since they must always provide the brawn and sinew of the nation. They are the great middle classes, possessed of moderate culture and moderate material resources, modest in schemes and action, average in all but in virtues. Called upon to meet stern issues, they have remaining little leisure in which to study problems of other and milder nature. But as offering such great and constant service, these same middle classes should be the objects of solicitude in all that makes for their comfort, their pleasure and mental development. For them art should not be allowed to remain as a subject of consideration for critics. It should be brought to their homes and become for them a part and parcel of their daily lives. A simple, democratic art should provide them with material surroundings conducive to plain living and high thinking, to the development of the sense of order, symmetry and proportion.

This plea is certainly inspired by a practical idea, for aesthetic influences are daily gaining wider recognition as factors of usefulness. It is acknowledged that form and color appeal to the senses with imperious force, which is the more compelling because of its very silence. Words are forgotten in their rapid succession; the impression of personal contact wears away; but a significance exists in the individuality of material things which is comparable with human character. We are brought into daily relations with people whom we feel to be honest, inspiring, depressing, or dangerous. Their influences upon us are inexplicable and subtile, but yet they direct and compel us toward good or evil. They give us pleasure or pain. It is the same with material things. To illustrate the influence of structural form, we have but to revert to the two great examples which I have already used: the Gothic architecture, with its pyramidal effects, uplifts us and sweeps us away, as it were with a flame of enthusiasm; the Greek, on the contrary, settles us in our surroundings with a feeling of reliance and ease, as we note the harmony, the delicate balance,

created by its verticals and horizontals. It matters not whether these principles are shown in large or in small, in open-air, or in interior architecture. Indeed, the small things are always with us, they are our constant companions, not too good for "human nature's daily food," and, therefore, we are subject to them. Non-structural objects, those whose forms present a chaos of lines which the eye can follow only lazily or hopelessly, should be swept out from the dwellings of the people, since, in the mental world, they are the same as volcanoes and earthquakes in the world of matter. They are creators of disorder and destruction. The shapes of things surrounding the working members of society should carry ideas of stability and symmetry in order to induce a correspondence of thought in those to whose eyes they present themselves. They should not picture the world in a state of flux.

The tranquil environment demanded by work and thought, and supplied by art is admirably exemplified in the mural painting of Puvis de Chavannes, in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, where the figure of the lecturer, projected against the straight, slender boles of the trees of the Sacred Wood assumes the charm of mystery and thus makes willing listeners of the students.

In taking leave of this branch of my subject I can not too strongly insist upon the influence of material form over mental mood, as inspiring hope, courage, good humor and their attendants, or, on the contrary, as generating the opposites of these lubricators of the wheels of life. I insist that the people and, above all, the children of the people, should be afforded the advantages of a democratic art: one that should insure the comfort and the beauty of their homes and by this means decrease the resistance which they unconsciously make against their surroundings. To accomplish this much-to-be-desired end, the school and the workshop must unite their forces. The public schools must teach art practically: analyzing form and structure, treating them for their own sakes, and not as matters of historical development. The workshop must give the practical demonstration of these principles in the products which they send out, and thus an educative process will be furthered which, in the end, can not fail to create a public as sound in judgment, as just in criticism, as were the Greeks, the Florentines, the French, German and Flemish burghers of the Middle Ages: a result inevitable in any country or period in which art is truly democratic.

But I must not omit to add an earnest plea for the education of the

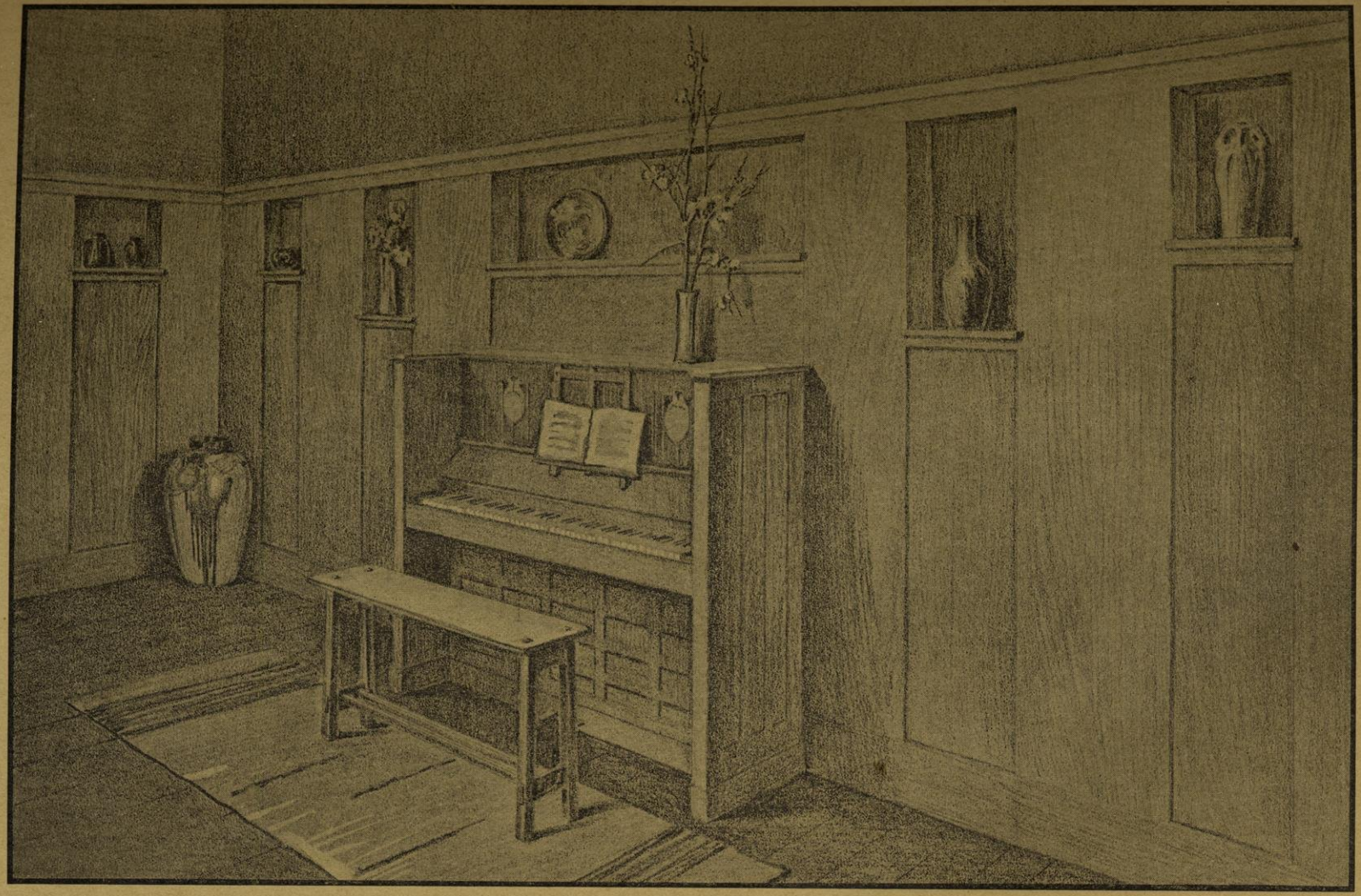
color-sense, as yet undeveloped to a regrettable degree among the people. This sense it is which makes the poor man rich to abundance; for riches, rightly understood, are but the possession of the faculty for enjoyment. The eye to be soothed, or to be excited to pleasure, has but to turn to the outside world. It is thence that the art which seeks to be educative, must draw its lesson, rather than from the secondary sources provided by the sciences of physics and chemistry. And once again for a precedent we must turn to Puvis de Chavannes, whose retina was said to be developed beyond that of any other known individual of the nineteenth century. For that reason his color-combinations appeal less strongly to the eye of the peasant than those of the other modern French masters of decoration. But in his selections the teachings of Nature may be read as in an open book. His dark verdure-tones, so prominent wherever he laid his hand to a wall, repeat the intention of the Universal Mother, who clothed the trees in that same color, that they might soothe the tired human eye and brain with what a great Italian has named their "divine green silence." The air-blues of M. Puvis are those which the Greeks did not recognize as color, since they regarded them as atmospheric effects due to mass and density, rather than to inherent quality. His violets are such tones as pass absolutely unnoticed by the infant and the savage who, at the sight of reds, are provoked to laughter and seized with the desire of possession.

By this illustration I have sought to explain to how great a degree I believe the success of democratic art is dependent upon the educative use of color. And further, as a proof of the sound basis of my belief, I will point once more to William Morris, whose revolution in decorative art, regenerating not only England, but the world, was successful largely through his refined use of the gamut of color-notes. Refinement in the specific sense, like that shown by Morris and Puvis, is urgently demanded among us for the advancement of art, and the more complex refinement of the English craftsman will be, perhaps, the better guide, until we shall have simplified our vision sufficiently to enjoy the primitive refinement of the French painter. But let the work be hastened! Vulgarity in color cries out with strident voice from public and private interiors, from the workshop, and the window of the merchant. To substitute for this harshness the clear, pure note of a beneficent, sympathetic and truly democratic art should be the strenuous purpose alike of artists, educators and producers.

IT may appear that I have abandoned the plain tale of my experiences to wander widely in the field of speculation. But in so doing I have sought only to indicate the benefit which personally I have derived from my self-appointed lessons, and to express my belief that were the principles underlying them diffused among the people, they would accomplish much moral and aesthetic good. I may further acknowledge that this very desire led me to found The Craftsman, in October, 1901, when my experiments in my own craft had reached a stage of development which permitted me a degree of leisure. As I set myself to prepare the initial number, it seemed most fitting to me that this should be devoted to William Morris, whose example of courage in radical and lonely experiment had sustained me through the trials of my modest undertaking. Therefore, this number appeared as practically a monograph dealing with the patron saint of "integral education" from the different points of view of art, socialism, business affairs and friendship. By this publication I sought to honor an abstract principle in which I was interested to the limit of my energies and resources, as well as to pay homage to one of the strongest Anglo-Saxon heroes of the nineteenth century.

In the succeeding number it remained for me to satisfy the claims of a more personal and intimate gratitude. I therefore devoted the second issue to an appreciation of John Ruskin, the writer whose exaltation, or rather, divine madness, awakened within me, in the days of my early youth, ambitions to which I have never proved recreant.

Having liquidated these moral debts, I felt myself free to proceed to develop the magazine from a monograph to a periodical composed of writings which, while diversified in both subject and treatment, should yet offer a consistent, unified whole; which should teach the lessons, in my judgment so desirable to propagate, without trace of fatiguing pedantry. This scheme I found difficult to realize, and my new enterprise, although one of my most cherished undertakings, weighed heavily upon me. For while, in my craft-experiments, my work and myself were the only factors with which I had to deal, I had here to struggle with the unknown quantity of the public. But indications quickly proved to me that my premises were correct ones, and that I was again advancing, although with necessary slowness, to the solution of another self-set problem. Worthy exponents of modern thought and of the new art acknowledged the sincerity of my efforts by offering to lend their names and pens to the columns of The Crafts-



TREATMENT OF A WAINSCOTING ADAPTED FROM AN INTERIOR BY PROFESSOR MAX SÄNGER OF KARLSRUHE

In the German Section of the Varied Industries Building, Louisiana Purchase Exhibition, St. Louis, 1904.

man; while the press and the public were quick to apprehend the trend of my labor as an aspiration toward a democratic art. Especially may this be said of numerous eminent educators who have aided me with their wise counsel, as well as of artists in general, and of the officers of public and private cultural societies, one of whom, as a labor inspired by enthusiasm and friendliness, prepared the scheme for the articles upon certain phases of municipal art, begun in the issue of January, 1904, and to be continued until the end of the year.

A discussion of the wilful and somewhat dangerous tendencies shown by the modern decorative art of the continent, opened early in the life of the magazine by Professor Hamlin of the architectural department of Columbia University, attracted much attention abroad; the very sponsor of the term "L'Art Nouveau," M. S. Bing of Paris, deeming the arguments published of sufficient weight to demand his own explanation of the origin and significance of the movement.

Upon occasion, liberal space has been devoted to illustrations and descriptions of the smaller and finer objects of industrial art; as, for example, the jewelry of M. René Lalique, who by force of his genius, has placed himself among the first artists of France, and whose productions are honored in the Gallery of the Luxembourg side by side with the most celebrated modern canvases.

Thus, while gradually increasing the number of the classes of subjects treated in the magazine, I have sought to do this strictly in accordance with my first idea of the enterprise: for, at the beginning, my purpose was to publish any writing which might increase public respect for honest, intelligent labor; advance the cause of civic improvement; diffuse a critical knowledge of modern art, as shown in its most characteristic examples chosen from the fine, decorative, or industrial divisions; advocate the "integral education," or in other words, the simultaneous training of hand and brain; and thus help to make the workshop an adjunct of the school.

Throughout the existence of The Craftsman I have sought with great zeal, unflinching purpose and perfect modesty, to benefit the people. In the future I shall not relax my efforts.

IN the accompanying pages of illustrations, I have sought to assemble certain objects of craftsmanship and small decorative schemes which correspond more or less closely to my ideas. Other than in the pieces of cabinet-making, which are the products of my own work-

shops, I have sought to choose typical, or else very pleasing examples of foreign contemporary work. This I have done that comparisons may be made and critical knowledge gained from such examination and study. By this means, it will, I think, be proven that rapid communication, far from diminishing the differences between nations, tends rather to accentuate national characteristics; since danger and menace always serve to make possessions dearer and the watch over them more jealous.

This modern tendency toward distinctiveness was well described by the noted French designer, M. Verneuil, in a recent number of *Art et Décoration,* when he said: "It is one of the characteristics of the present movement which is renewing our decorative arts, that it attempts to give to each country a style—a style which is peculiar to it. Henceforth, Austrian art will be clearly separated from the heavier German production, just as the latter is divided not less distinctly from the more graceful French, and from the eccentric Dutch style.

"Whence it must be concluded that each country is on the way to possess an art conformable to the history of its race. And that is infinitely more logical than a general art common to the most opposite races, such as existed a few years since and still partially exists to-day."

With the intentions already defined, I present, for the most part, fragments, rather than whole schemes, as best illustrative of my purpose. The first of these foreign fragments is adapted from the work of perhaps the best known German decorator, Professor J. M. Olbrich of Darmstadt, whose published drawings: "The Ideas of Olbrich," have carried his fame from his own provincial city to all the great centers of both the Old World and the New.

This designer is noted for his light and graceful treatment, and I have chosen from his "Scheme for a Music Room," shown in the German Section, at the St. Louis Exposition, a hood for a fireplace, in which he displays his best qualities of line. The opposition of the convex and the concave curves at top and bottom of the metal sheet gives distinction to this feature, and forms thus a focal point which permits strict simplicity in the remaining fitments and furnishings of the room. I have chosen to picture the fireplace as situated between windows, and so receiving upon its hood and tiling a strong play of light and shade. This constitutes in itself a species of decoration, of which none can ever weary, since it is infinite in variety. The touch of *L'Art Nouveau* found in the floral design set at the center of the

hood, seems to me exceptionally good. It is well conventionalized, without extravagance, and bold enough not to be made trivial by its isolated position.

Another interesting example I have also chosen from the German Section, as offering a suggestive and pleasing feature, which, if it were introduced into American houses, would add distinction and accent to such interiors as might be censured for crudity of treatment. In order to sustain the idea here offered, the triptych must present a pastoral or wood scene, which leads naturally to the thought of streams and springs. One can not praise too highly this transference of a most picturesque feature of the courts of old Italian houses into the interiors of a country in which climatic conditions forbid free open-air life at all seasons of the year.

Still again from the German Exhibit I have selected features of general adaptability: in this case, two examples of wall-treatment. The first shows a simple, symmetrical manner of decorating a blank space above high wainscoting, which may be employed with fine effect in halls and bachelor rooms of private residences, as well as in reading rooms of public institutions, where the rhythm produced by such simple means of ornament will be found conducive to thought and quiet pleasure. The other example is more delicate in treatment, and suitable for music rooms and boudoirs. Here the surface of the wainscoting, in danger of becoming fatiguing by its extent, and of suggesting the effect of a barrier, is relieved at points easily reached by the eye, by moldings of clear profile, which form the base of niches for the reception of small pieces of pottery or statuettes; the former being preferable as offering opportunities for color schemes.

Up to this point my illustrations have been adapted from the work of architects and decorators belonging to the North German Empire. I shall now offer examples of Austrian origin which show such differences and characteristics as are indicated by M. Verneuil, in the quotation which I have already made from him; the illustrations themselves being details from those which accompanied his article in the Parisian Review, *Art et Décoration* for August, 1904.

These details are drawn from a group of four houses situated in a retired quarter of Vienna, named the *Villen Kolonie;* the dwellings being owned respectively by a noted painter, a decorative artist, and two doctors of medicine.

My first choice from the drawings shown in the French Review

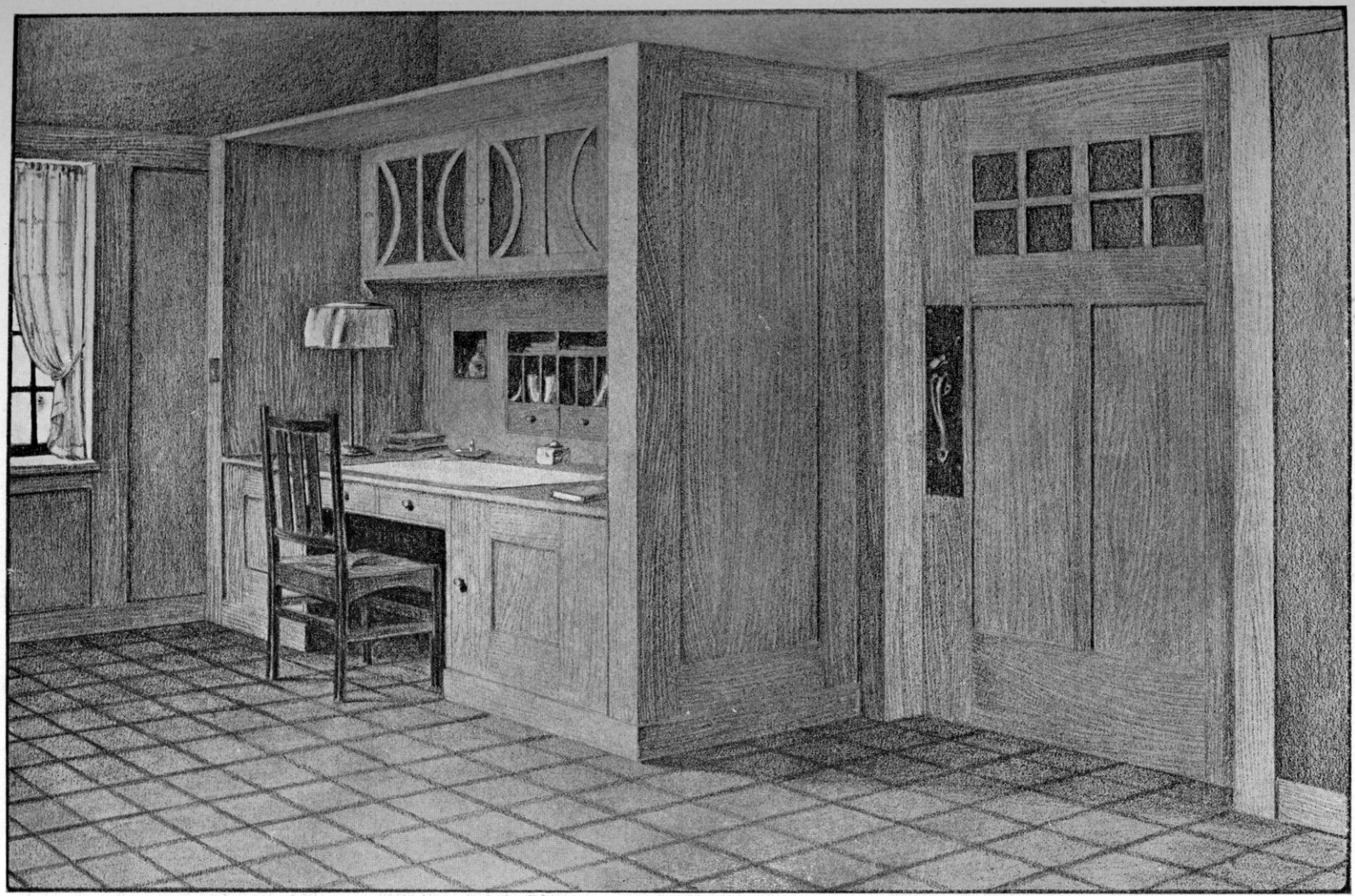
is of a fixed buffet. This feature occurs in a dining room treated in white and black which, as it appears, form a favorite scheme of Austrian decorators—especially of Herr Hoffmann, who is the designer in the present instance. Here, as noted by M. Verneuil, in his visit to Vienna, the fine, delicate lacquer of the furniture and wainscoting offers a happy contrast of material with the rude whitewash of the walls and ceiling, while a few notes of copper give point and accent to the whole. My second illustration from the *Villen Kolonie* is a detail of an *Arbeitzimmer* (study or workroom), the refined simplicity of which is eloquent with what Longfellow named "the sweet serenity of books." Furthermore, the design, with its severity of line, its heavily-latched doors, its extensive tiling, recalls agreeably the bare cleanliness of a convent and the austerity of a life of work. Regarding this severity of style, the comments of M. Verneuil are interesting as those of a fair-minded and enlightened critic who yet retains his racial point of view. He writes:

"It appears that the exaggerated and almost exclusive use of the right line carries with it a dryness and monotony which the best qualities of composition can not remedy. At all events, this uncompromising quality is not capable of appeal to our temperament nourished upon historic styles and more accustomed to grace and pliability than to dryness and rigidity.

"Furthermore, in art excess is never to be recommended. But wishing to re-act, to protest against French grace, the Austrians resolutely set aside every curve; scarcely admitting anything but right lines. They reach, in this way, that effect of dryness which shocks us, although we readily acknowledge that a piece overloaded with curves is flatly commonplace.

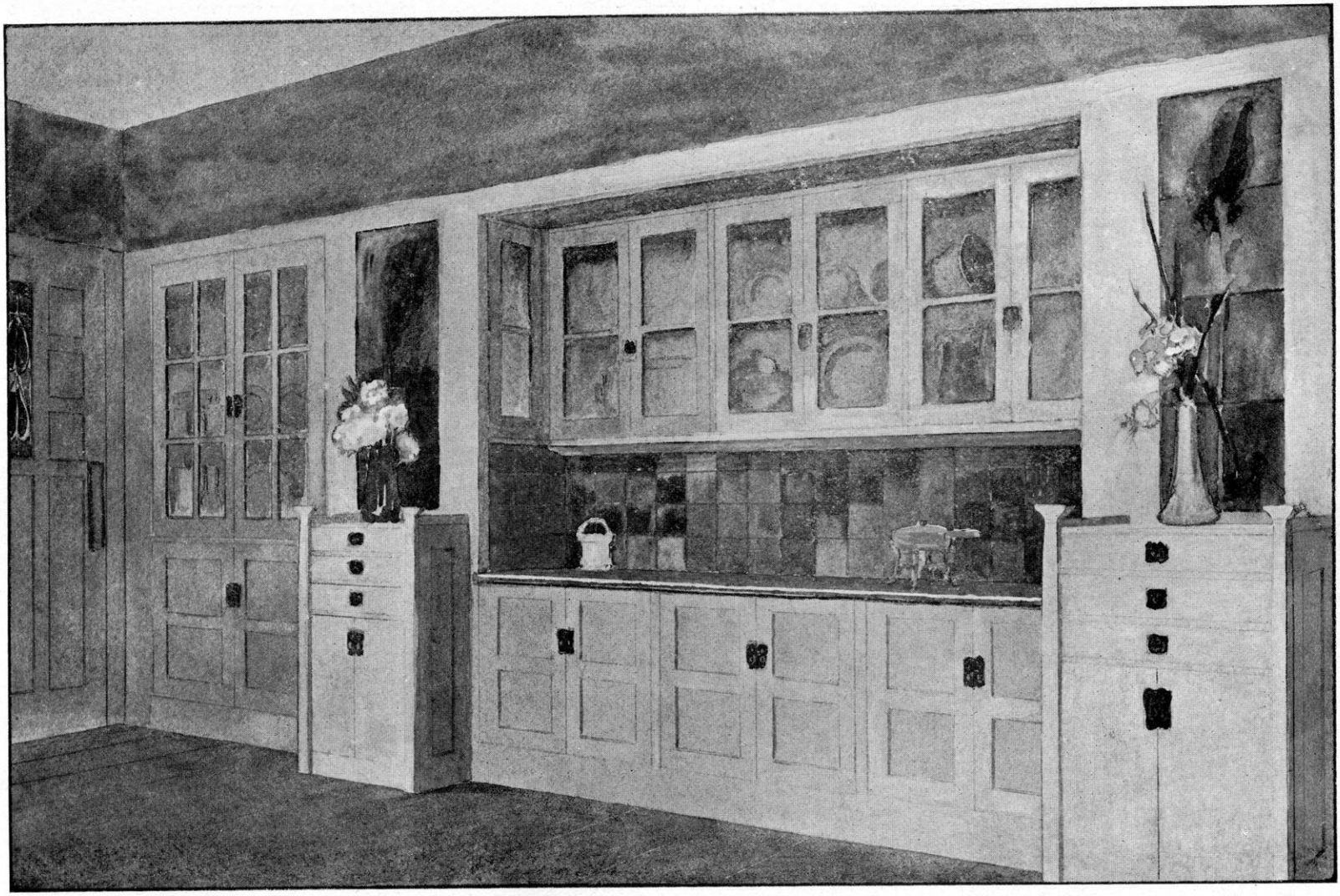
"Finally, the truth—that is, art—apparently lies in a rational equilibrium, in which right and curved lines mingle, oppose one another, and create harmony. And the conclusion is thus reached that in art every absolute system is without foundation, and that, far from adhering to fixed formulas, the artist should seek harmony alone, and care for nothing else than beauty."

To end this well arranged and logical argument I should personally suggest that for the single word "beauty," there should be substituted "the beauty of simplicity."



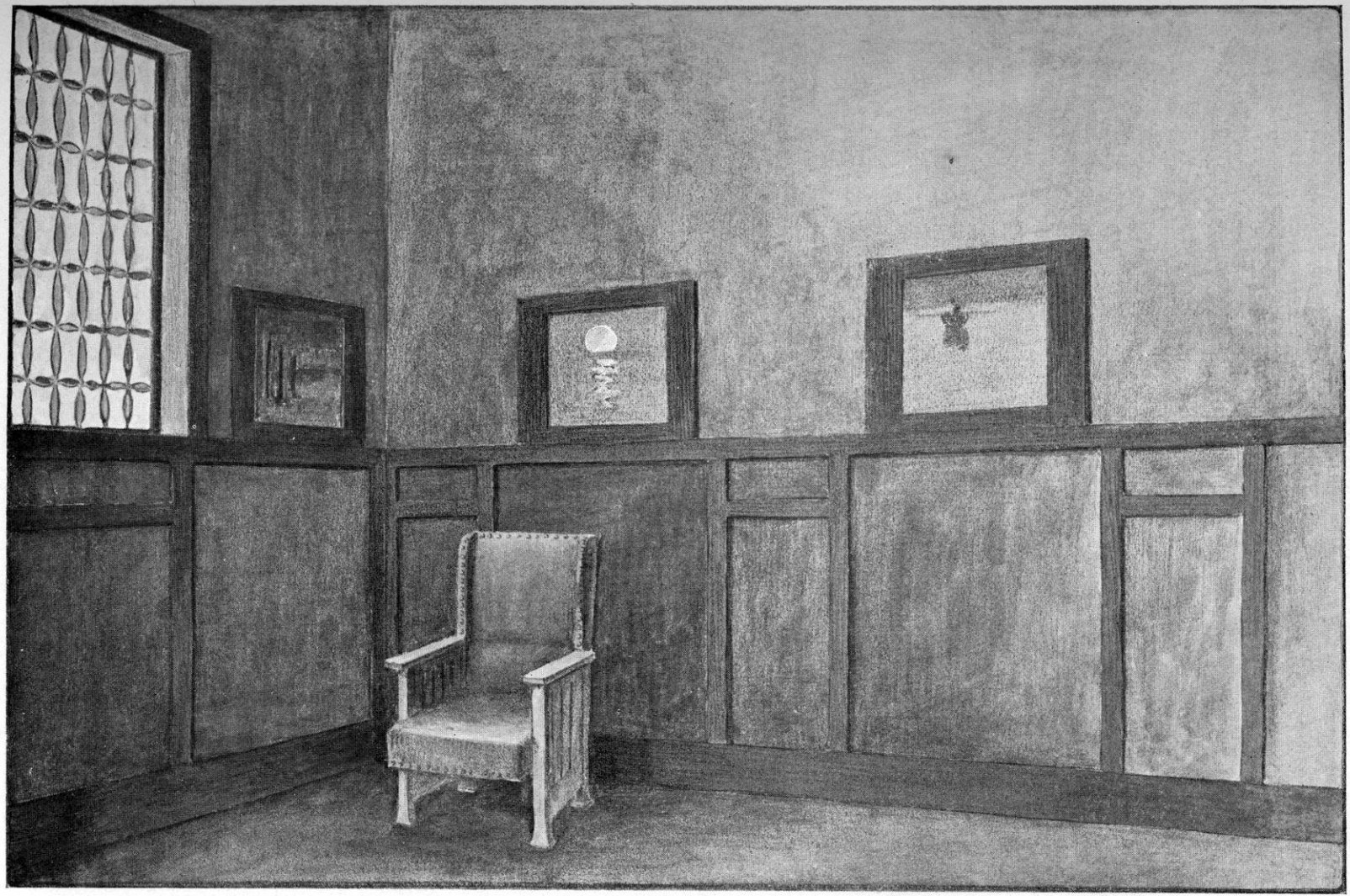
WORKROOM ADAPTED FROM A DESIGN BY HERR HOFFMANN, IN THE VILLEN KOLONIE, VIENNA

Original Published in Art et Décoration, August, 1904

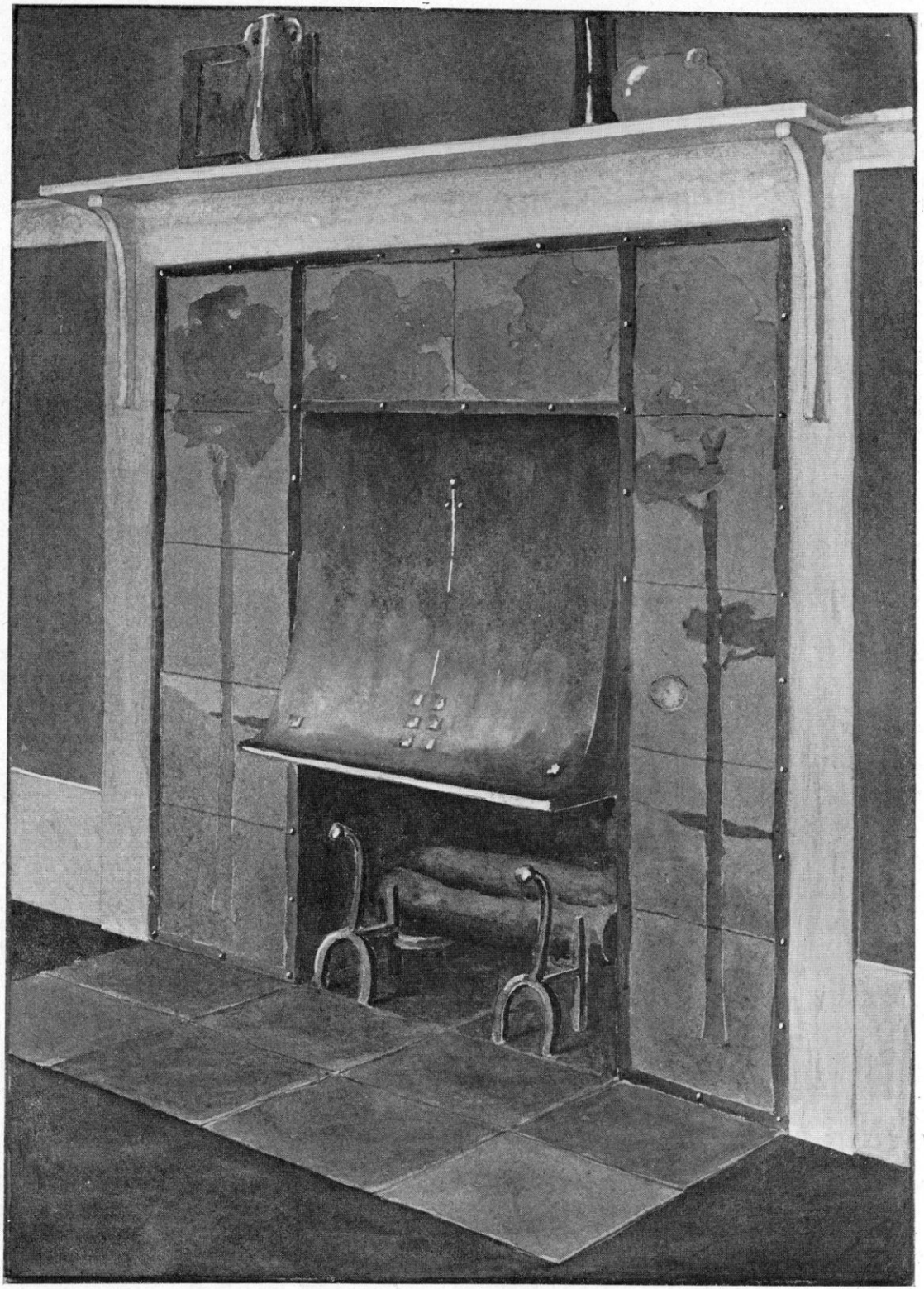


DINING ROOM ADAPTED FROM A SCHEME BY PROFESSOR HOFFMANN

Art et Décoration August, 1904



DECORATIVE TREATMENT OF WALL-SPACE ABOVE WAINSCOTING; FROM A DESIGN BY PROFESSOR J. M. OLBRICH, DARMSTADT, SHOWN IN THE GERMAN SECTION, VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, 1904



FIREPLACE WITH COPPER HOOD; FACING AND HEARTH OF GRUEBY TILES, THE FORMER TREATED WITH A SIMPLE DECORATIVE MOTIF: THE TILES ENCLOSED BY BANDS OF COPPER WHICH ADD MATERIALLY TO THE EFFECT

THE BEAUTY OF UGLINESS, BY ERNEST CROSBY

IN my former papers I have shown that the nineteenth century was the century of ugliness, and that the labor-saving machinery which it gave us in exchange for the beauty of life degraded the workman without really adding materially to the happiness of the consumer. Some of my readers and critics have called this pessimistic, and so it would be, if I had intended to stop there. But pessimism is the root of optimism and you have to be thoroughly persuaded that things are in a bad way before you are willing to set to work to improve them.

And if I have said that the nineteenth century was ugly, I have not said that ugliness was an unmixed evil, for it is not. There is a beauty in ugliness; in fact, the greatest of all beauties, for ugliness usually tells the truth, while beauty is often a liar. The worst sin is hypocrisy and ugliness knows nothing of this. Anything which is ugly at heart ought to look ugly on the surface and has no business to look otherwise. All that we have a right to ask of a face is that it should honestly represent the soul behind it. It is a mistake to whiten sepulchres or battleships. It is their duty to look grim and forbidding. Corruption should be inscribed on the front of the one, and hatred on the other. A slaughter house should have a crude and cruel architecture, recalling the iron age, and when I saw last week the plans of a beautiful building (erected to the memory of an innocent baby, too!), devoted to the torture of animals in the name of science—falsely so-called—it was clear enough to me that here artists and architects had been prostituting beauty to evil uses.

The nineteenth century was guilty of no such subterfuge. It felt the ugliness at its core, and it did the best thing that it could under the circumstances: it let it come to the surface. If it had tried to conceal it, keep it in, and to look pretty notwithstanding, it would have died the death. It is better to break out in ulcers than to let the poison ferment within. Outside and inside should match, and the outside of the nineteenth century, its devastated forests, its black and bleak mining regions, its slums and factories and polluted streams, were merely the outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual disease. The real trouble was that men were harboring a false ideal of life, and it broke out in eruption all over the surface of things. And now with the surface of things ugly, it is harder than ever to cultivate beautiful,

sane and healthy ideals again, for ugliness begets ugliness. I have seen villages in the South which were clearly designed as the background of lynchings, and it is a labor of Hercules to be and to act more beautiful than your environment.

And yet this is the one obvious thing to do. We have never suffered from lack of energy, and the preaching of strenuousness was never more out of place than in America, but we have had low ideals, and the preachers of strenuousness have nothing better to offer us. Our ideal has been to get something for nothing: to reap the forbidden fruit of the tree of others' labor; to rise (or rather to sink) from earnings to income; to seek an "independence" in absolute dependence upon the toil of others; and to shave a profit from the hire of the laborer. Our northern woods have fallen, not for the house-builder, but for the timber-speculator. Coal mines are worked, with an eye, not to the hearthstone, but to the dividend. Railways serve the stockholder and not the traveler. The nineteenth century slaved and slaved, not because things were useful or beautiful, but because they paid. It never cared at all what it was doing, but only for the reflex action upon the doer. Its God was the market, and it built its cities not to live in, but to rent. It is easy to see that such a false motive must be disastrous to all beauty and to all art. Once admit that you are making a thing merely to sell, and you open the door to every commercial villainy. Make it to use, and, at once, all the muses hover about you. The peddler who cried: "razors to sell," and when told by a customer that his razors did not shave, answered that they were "to sell" and not "to shave"—is a good symbol of the nineteenth century. If the twentieth is to be any better, we must go to the root of the matter and set up a new ideal. Profit-mongering, which is nothing but gambling with our workmen as counters, must cease, before the world can begin to be beautiful truthfully, and before art can be anything but a hollow, mincing lie.

> "THERE are two books from which I collect my Divinity; besides that written one of God, another of His servant Nature, that universal and publick Manuscript, that lies expans'd unto the Eyes of all: those that never saw Him in the one, have discovered Him in the other."
>
> SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

PRECIOUS THINGS. BY MARY AUGUSTA MULLIKIN. *From Handicraft for July, 1903*

IN an out-of-the-way church of a small Italian town, the attendant handed me an index of its contents, the *"cose preziose"* (precious things) in possession of the church. They were worth cherishing, these bits of carving and bronze casting, though their makers' fame has scarcely reached beyond their native town.

Suppose one of our present-day cities should be arrested in its development, as was the case with this Italian town, and should be preserved, with all its contents, as it now is, a spectacle to our descendants. Precious things! What do you own that you caress with word and look and touch?

Not long ago, I attempted to buy a bowl and pitcher for my washstand. Until then, I had hardly realized the grotesque shapes and decorations offered us. Cheap and expensive alike were hideous. I was in a real quandary. Could I consent to see and handle daily, to grow accustomed and callous to such deformities? I compromised on a pitcher for drinking-water and a salad-bowl of "willow pattern."

Thus, at my home, we attempt to exercise a strict censorship over everything that enters our door. Yet there is an "open sesame"—the fatal words: "It is a gift." Opening some pacakage we exclaim: "Wasn't it sweet for her to remember us?" Presently we ask: "What shall we do with it?" and the most courageous suggests: "Can't some accident happen to it?"

If you come into possession of a vase, for instance, caught in the plight of ugliness, why not treat it with the same courageous kindness you would a sick dog—put it out of its misery!

Perhaps you are asking: "Why should we be so particular? Why not buy and give, and receive and furnish with and live with, just what the shops offer us?"

But the shops, you know, will furnish us with just what we demand. Do you remember the civil-war standard-bearer who, some hundred yards in advance of his regiment, responded to his Colonel's call: "Bring back that standard," with the retort: "Bring up your regiment to the standard!"

A small proportion of our time is spent in real thinking; more time in doing; but I believe with most of us the largest proportion of our days is spent in a more or less unconscious seeing, feeling, and hearing.

And this receptiveness of the senses builds soul-tissue, just as food establishes the tissues of the body. Shall we take narcotics, opiates, and poisons in the form of sofa-cushions with "Gibson's Widow" on them; plates where painted fruits are more conspicuous and try to be more real than the luscious ripeness served upon them; "Turkish corners" so crowded that they allow no room for would-be occupants?

Furnish a room with lights and shadows! I watch them walk with slow, majestic tread from morning to night across my *small, but spacious* floor. When these senses of ours grow keen to such beauty, we shall be free from "the tyranny of things;" we shall "know how to appreciate art." Money is useless in our hands until we have learned the standard of values inherent in Nature. A beautiful home is always within the power of one who can feel an absolute emotion of joy at the aspect of things so simple as lights and shadows. Otherwise, millions of money could only, as it were, raise the ugliness of one's surroundings to a higher power.

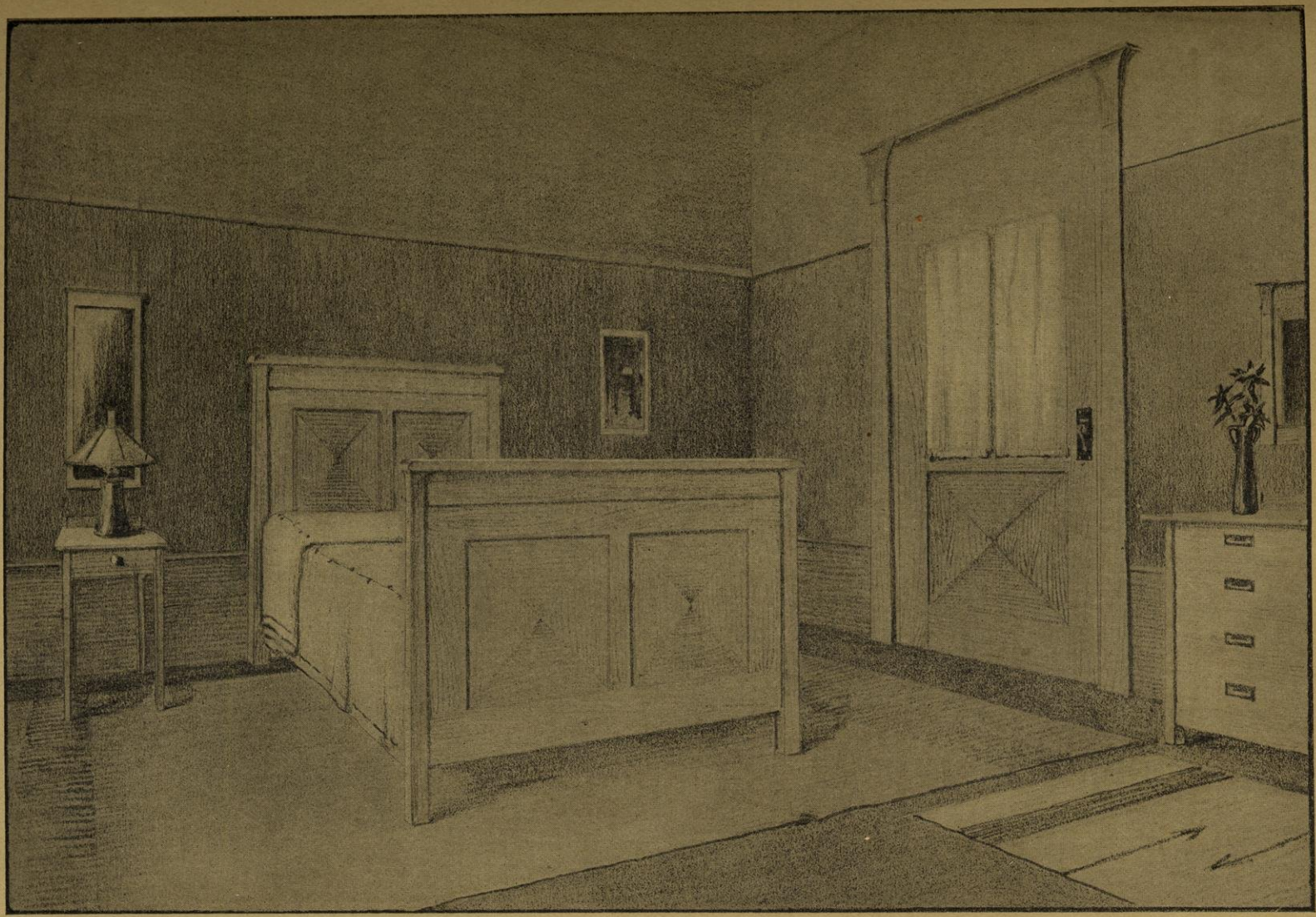
Walter Pater translates a rule of Plato in some such words as these:

"If thou wouldst have all about thee like the colours of some fresh picture, in a clear light—keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to the dwelling-place; discriminate ever more and more fastidiously, select form and colour in things from what is less select; meditate much on beautiful visible objects; keep ever by thee if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal or sea-shell."

This is an old and well-tried rule which may well serve as a guide-post on the way to right living.

"'TIS best to study all things—everywhere—
Nature and man—the great world and the small,
Then leave them at haphazard still to fare,
It is, you see, plainly impossible
That one man should be skilled in every science.
Who learns the little that he can does well."

FROM GOETHE'S FAUSTUS,
TRANSLATED BY JOHN ANSTER.



SCHEME FOR A BEDROOM IN WHICH THE LINES OF THE FURNITURE ARE MADE TO REPEAT OR ECHO THOSE OF THE ARCHITECTURE

A GARDEN FOUNTAIN

DURING a recent visit to Minneapolis, I found unexpectedly a place of beauty which deserves to be widely known, since its influence could not fail to be beneficial throughout the country. I refer to a detail of the surroundings of the Bradstreet Craftshouse, in which, in small, as in the Louis Tiffany House, at Madison Avenue and 72nd Street, New York, on a large scale, one finds so many varying styles, so many features apparently hostile to one another—if considered separately—composed into a perfectly harmonious whole.

The detail which so attracted me was a fountain, created from materials lying ready to the hand of the maker, and productive of far greater pleasure for the visitor than could be any formal design; because it is suggestive, instead of definite: variable in appearance, as Nature always is, and, so, capable of appeal to human moods. It proved the falsity of those garden and suburban street designs for fountains which, because they are traditional, are accepted by the people, thankful to obtain coolness and freshness, even if it must issue from the brazen throats of ugly monsters unknown, we may believe, to the famous Zoo of Noah's Ark.

The Craftsman fountain, designed upon the Japanese principle of presenting Nature in miniature, is no strict or servile imitation. It is vital and without foreign accent, offering a fragment of American scenery "brought into drawing" by skilful methods, and playing a small but piquant part in ruralizing the city, according to the late Mr. Olmsted's great scheme.

A pool, a few large boulders, a quantity of smaller stones, evergreens interspersed with the more perishable greenery of ferns and aquatic plants: these were the simple elements from which this charming result was derived through the exercise of skill and care, themselves the outcome of a sincere love of Nature.

The fountain, as is the case with all logically arranged artistic effects, is not presented to the eye without preparation, as its strength would be greatly diminished by unsympathetic surroundings. It is framed correctly and its problem drawn within limits which harmonize with its small proportions.

The gateway forming the approach to the enclosure containing the Craftshouse and its dependent garden is also Japanese, but not of that artificial type which suggests the stage-setting of "The Darling

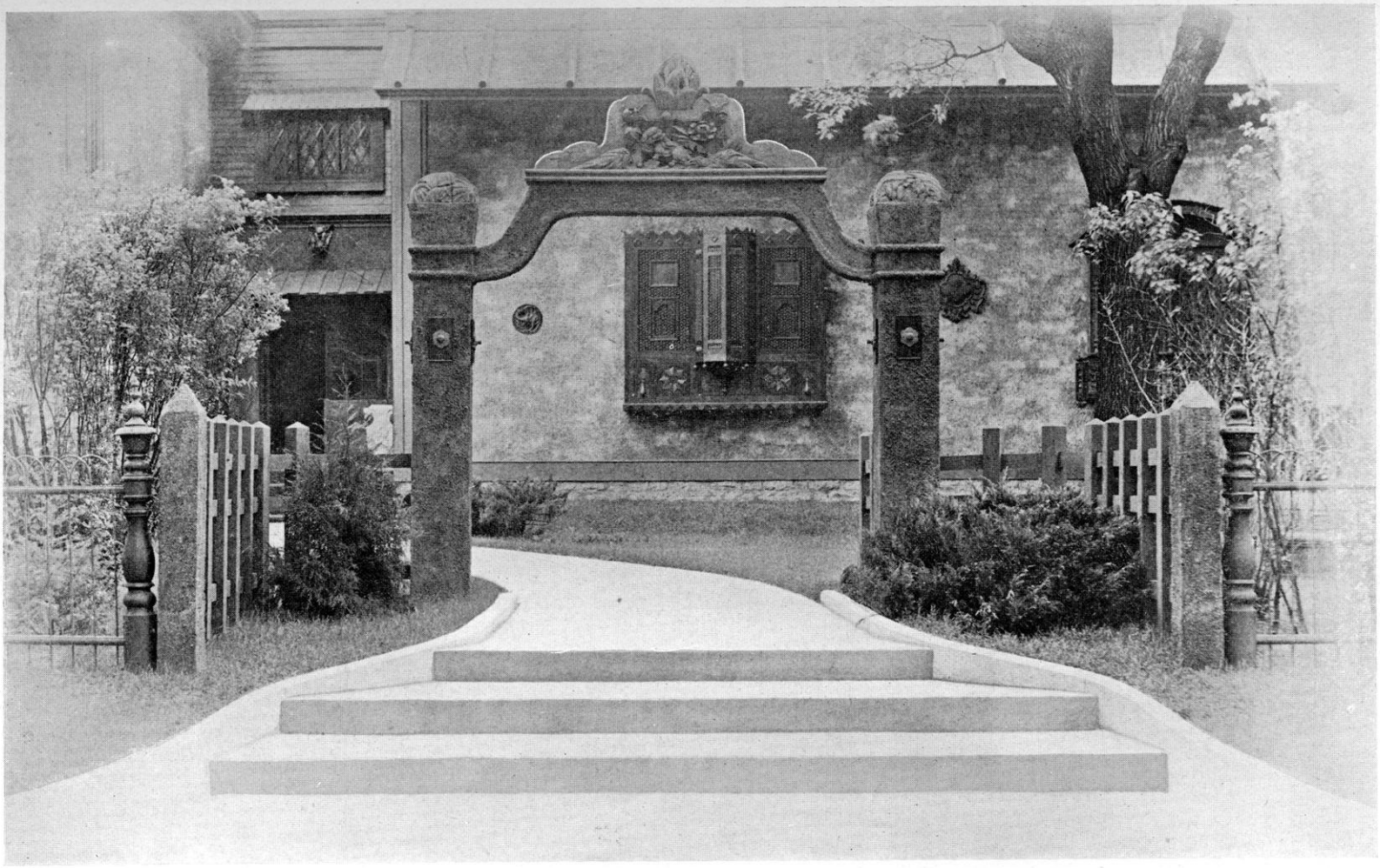
of the Gods" or "The Geisha." It too suggests, rather than possesses, large dimensions: this effect being secured through its broad opening. The frame itself has uprights of cement, colored to a rich, quiet green by means of pigment, and given a rough effect by stippling. The surface is further accented by means of pebbles fixed into the cement when it is yet soft, and brushed with green, in order to give them the appearance of lichens, or other similar wall accretions. The arch, or rather, curved top of the gateway, is an old temple-carving of a rich floral design, possessing a fascination not precisely definable, and for this reason the stronger.

The fountain, whose relative position to the house is determined in the second illustration, offers to the eye an irregular interesting mass, very suggestive of a corner of a Japanese "hill-garden," of the "rough style," and yet, as I have already said, perfectly acclimated to the Northwestern American region. The pool providing the cascade, forms two miniature lakes connected by a narrow strait. The boulders are piled with an art which conceals art, and within their intervals, more or less close, appear small plants, tufts of foliage, and blades of grass, set as if by the hand of Nature herself. The cascade, poured from the mouth of a grotesque, is scarcely more than a thread of water. But it is so skilfully managed that its small volume, caught at various points of the descent by the constantly expanding base of stones, is made to do multiple duty, and its poverty turned to abundant riches.

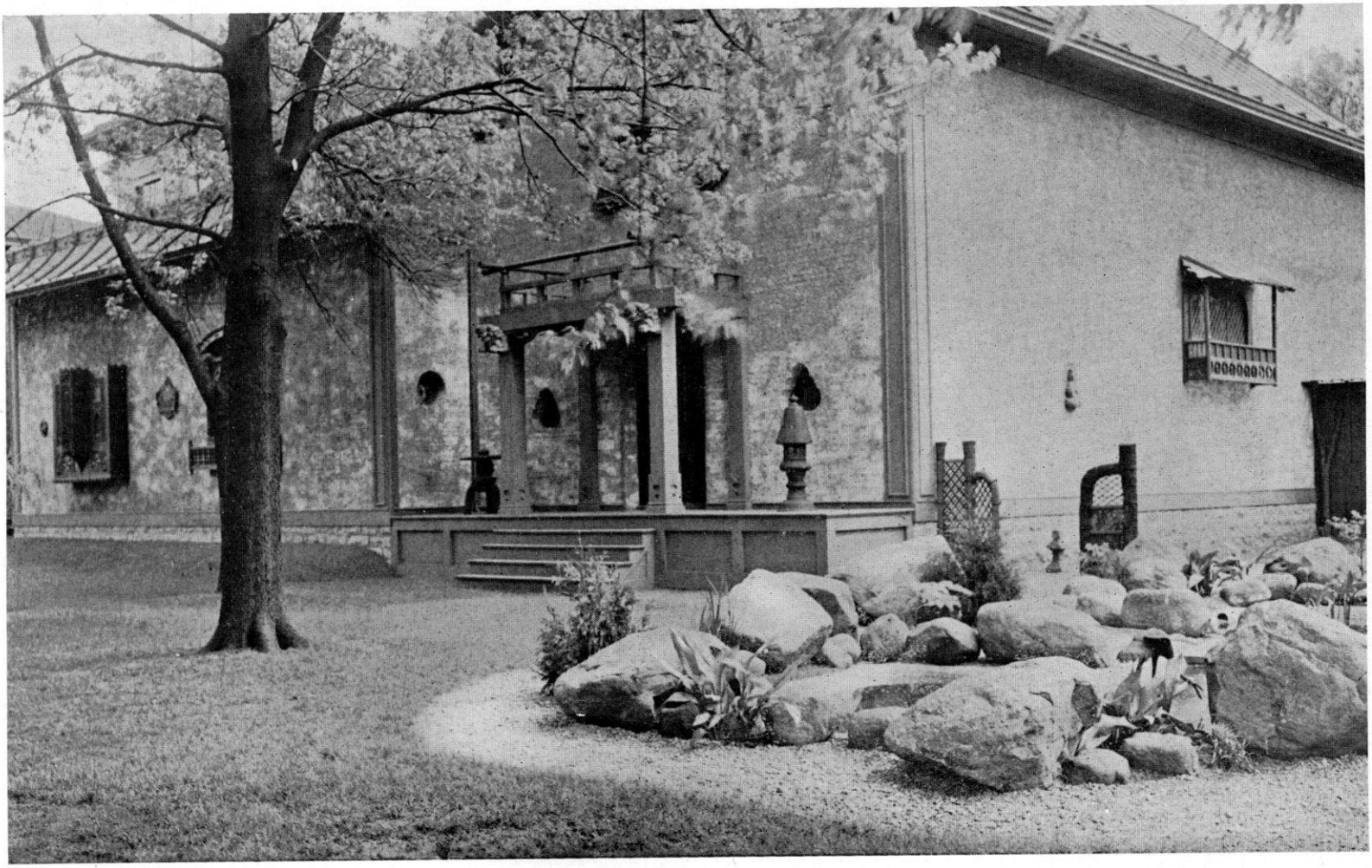
The mass of the fountain is fitted to its surroundings through the agency of large stones placed at various points along the margins of the pool and beyond them; as well as by dwarf cedars, and a stone lantern; the last of which features is necessary to every Japanese garden, adding greatly to the composition in connection with the rockwork, shrubs, trees, fences and water-basin. Located generally at the foot of a hill, and on the bank of a lake or basin, its use is not so much to give light as to afford an architectural ornament; but when lighted softly, as is customary, the illumination upon the water is of beautiful effect.

The last characteristic feature remaining to be noted is the bamboo gate, suggesting the so-called "sleeve-fences" which, in Japanese gardens, are arranged along basins or pools, in order to produce a rustic appearance by bringing together water and water-plants.

But words are quite insufficient to represent the wild beauty of this



GATEWAY TO THE BRADSTREET CRAFTSHOUSE, MINNEAPOLIS



RELATIVE POSITION OF THE HOUSE AND THE FOUNTAIN

THE FOUNTAIN

"Pleasant to the Sight"

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

Written for The Craftsman

"And God planted a garden eastward in Eden wherein He caused to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."

Behold the tree, the lordly tree,
That fronts the four winds of the storm!
A fearless and defiant form
That mocks wild winter merrily.
Behold the beauteous, budding tree
With censors swinging in the air,
With arms in attitude of prayer,
With myriad leaves, and every leaf
A miracle of color, mold,
More gorgeous than a house of gold!
Each leaf a poem of God's plan,
Each leaf as from His book of old
To build, to bastion man's belief:
Man's love of God, man's love of man.

Aye, love His trees, leaf, trunk and root,
The contour stately, upright grace
That greets God's rain with lifted face;
The great, white, beauteous, highborn rain
That rides as white sails ride the main,
That wraps alike leaf, trunk or shoot,
When sudden thunder lights his torch
And strides high Heaven's ample porch.
Aye, love God's tree: leaf, branch and root!
Love not alone the ripened fruit,
As the swine love and feed and die,
Stalled in the mire of their stye!

small spot in which dimensions seem to have lost their meaning, and there is no question of large or little. In studying it I recalled the chapter on "Gardens," found in that charming book of Mortimer Menpes, which he justly calls: "Japan, a record in color." There, commenting upon the Buddhist text: "Who discovers that nothingness is law—such a one hath wisdom," writes: "In Japanese gardens there is no point on which the eye fastens, and the absence of any striking feature creates a sense of immensity. It is only accidentally that one discovers the illusion—the triumph of art over space. I saw a dog walk over one of the tiny bridges, and it seemed of enormous height, so that I was staggered at its bulk in proportion to the garden; yet it was but an animal of ordinary size." The quotation offers by a concrete example, a picture which so-called criticism or generalizations are quite inadequate to render. But in taking leave of my subject, I can not do otherwise than to urge that the principles involved in the production of this beautiful fountain and its accessories be broadly studied in all parts of our country. This for several reasons. Such study will afford a strong impulse toward Nature and simplicity. It will demonstrate that beauty is not necessarily produced by large expenditure. It will promote habits of observation among the people and tend to create a critical public which shall permit no crimes to be committed in the name of municipal art.

The unobtrusive work of Mr. Bradstreet is worthy to initiate a national movement. G. S.

> A garden is a portion of the earth's surface humanized. Nature is subjected to the designer's will; trees, grass, flowers and shrubs are made to do his bidding, and an ordered design takes the place of the capricious wildness of the primitive growth. . . . Gardening is an art of peace and luxury, and, as an accompaniment of buildings, follows in the wake of architecture. "Without it," says Bacon, writing in Elizabeth's time, "buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely."
>
> PROFESSOR A. D. F. HAMLIN IN
> "EUROPEAN AND JAPANESE GARDENS."

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1904, NUMBER X

THE Craftsman House, Number X., as may be learned at a glance at the floor plans, is somewhat larger and more important as a structure than its immediate predecessors. Its dimensions, exclusive of verandas, are approximately thirty by sixty feet; being thus amply sufficient to accommodate a family of five or six persons, together with their servants. To insure the best effect, the house should be situated at the intersection of streets, and set upon a plat of at least eighty by one hundred fifty feet of carefully kept greensward,

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. X. SERIES OF 1904. FRONT ELEVATION

adorned with well arranged vines and flowering shrubs; the vines especially offering fine decorative qualities, since their greens harmonize with the deeper greens and the browns of the masonry, and sharply contrast with the white of the supporting columns and trellis work. They furthermore serve a useful purpose, by affording in summer a grateful shade to the verandas and the windows of the first floor rooms; while the cold months find their brown stems bare of foliage; thus they offer no barrier to the admission of the scant light of the short winter afternoons.

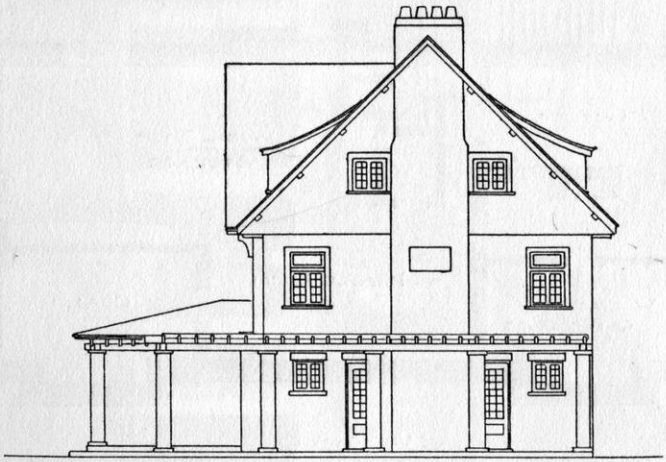
EXTERIOR

The façade pleases, as one approaches the covered veranda, by the placing of the window openings in the long stretch of wall, the hospit-

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER X., SERIES OF 1904

able veranda, and the general effect of repose attained by the preponderance of horizontal lines.

The house is surrounded on three sides by a stone and concrete terrace, which widens and grows higher by an easy step at the middle of the façade: forming thus a rectangular space which, being roofed, provides a roomy and sheltered veranda. The roof rests upon cylindrical columns of wood rising from concrete plinths with rounded corners, and encasing iron supports for the timbers above. These columns are painted white, as are also those supporting the trellis work over the terrace at either side; while the trellis beams and the veranda are treated in the same way.



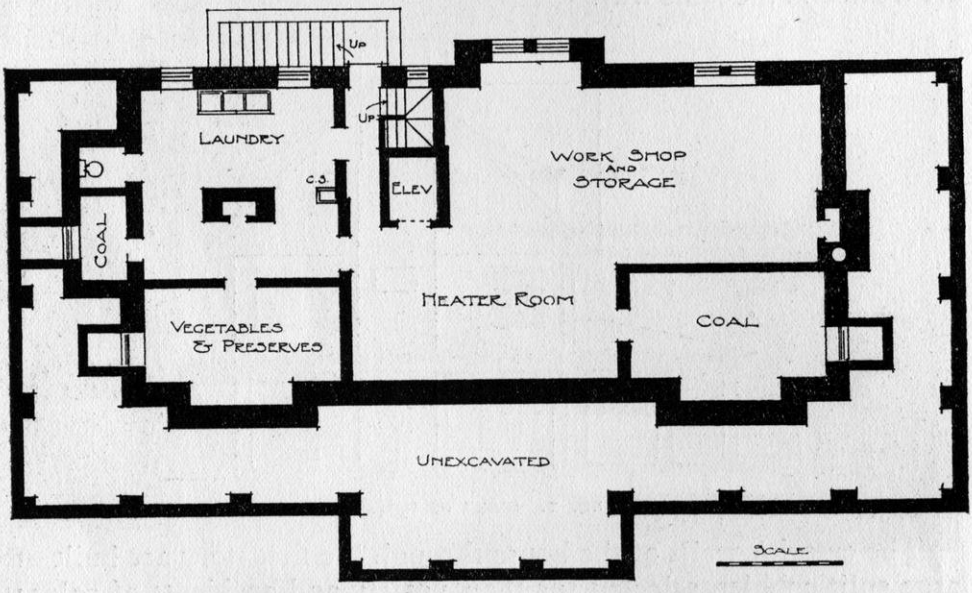
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. X. SERIES OF 1904. SIDE ELEVATION

The exterior walls of the house through the first story are built of large split cobbles, selected for their variety and accidents of color; the masonry being "laid up" so that the rough faces of the fractured stone are exposed in the finished wall, and show pleasing tones of brown, green and gray. The mortar used is darkened almost to black, and given a greenish tone in order to harmonize with the shingles of the second story, which are laid in wide courses, and stained moss-green. The shingles of the roof are stained gray brown, as is also all the exterior finished wood-work, including the window- and door-frames and the front door. The chimneys, built of split cobbles laid in dark mortar, carry their pleasing color-harmony to the roof, where they are finished with a slab of red sandstone, supporting red clay chimney-pots.

THE plan shows a pleasing arrangement of rooms of more than average size, with ample ceiling heights (ten feet for the first, and nine feet for the second story), and abundant lighting from the numerous wide window-openings.

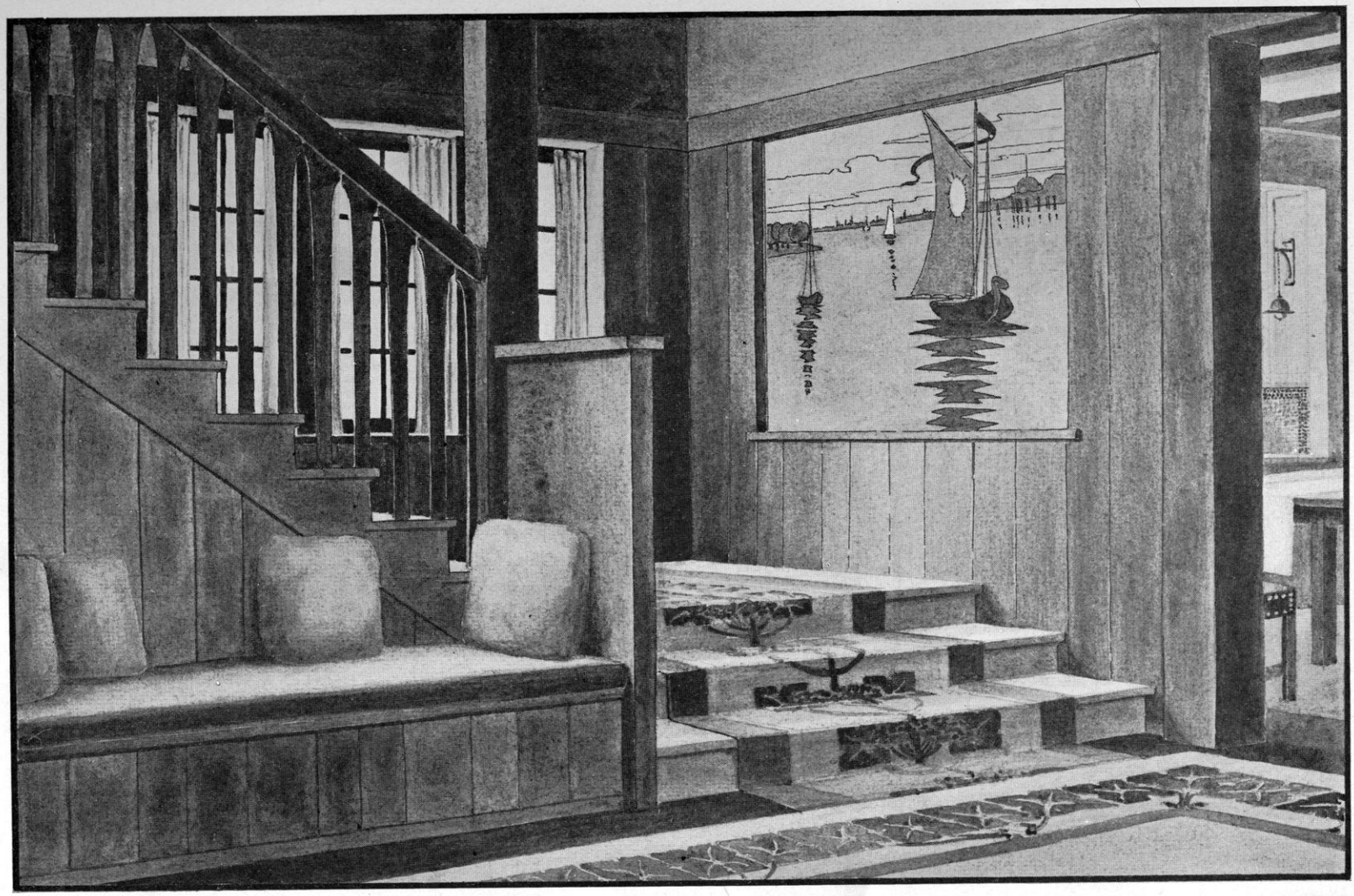
The house, placed with its broad side facing the south, gives the living room exposure to the north, west and south; the dining room a southwestern exposure; and the work-room the "north light" which so materially lightens labor.

The basement, extending under the entire house, contains a number of necessary rooms, separated by brick walls; the heater-room being

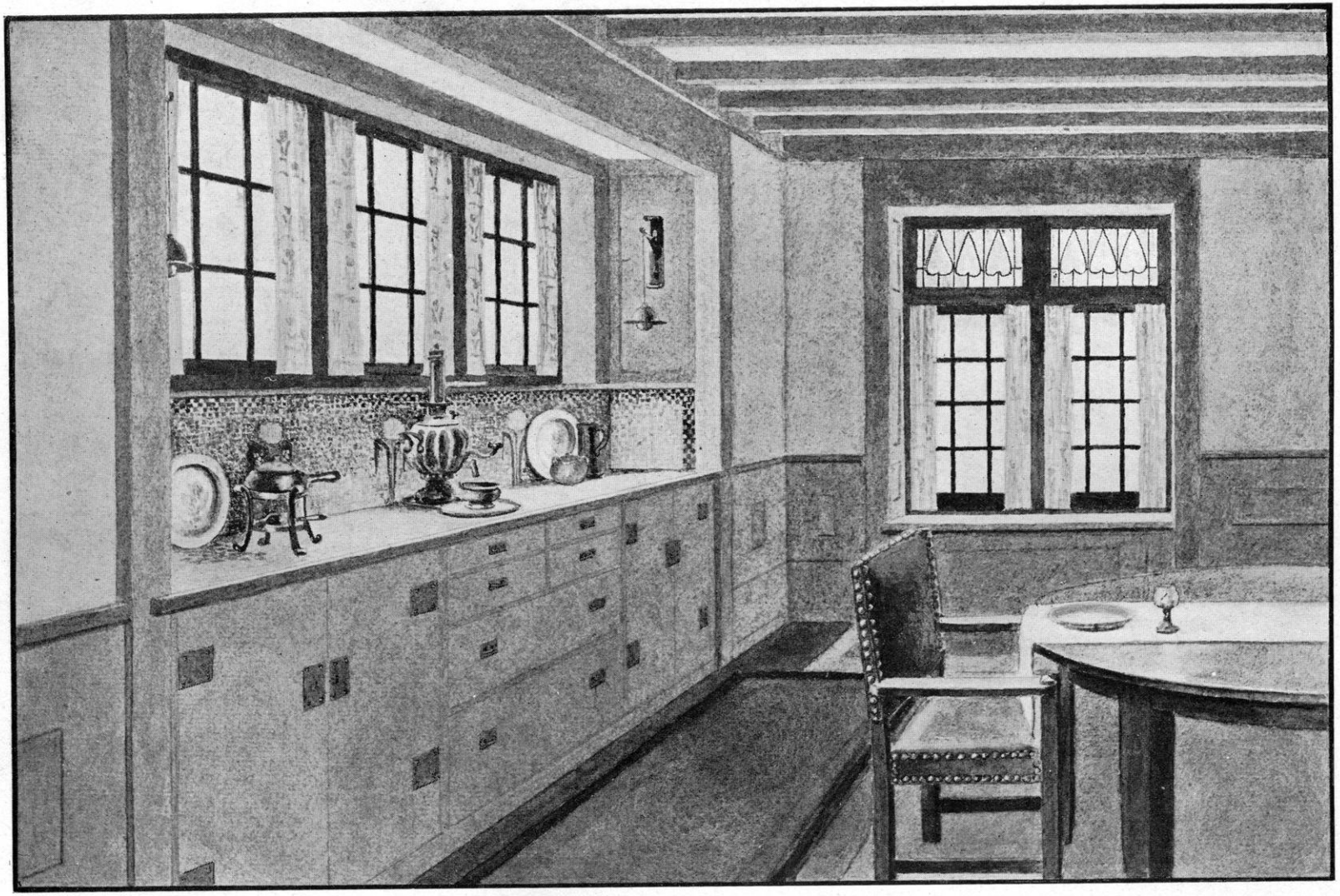


CRAETSMAN HOUSE NO. X. SERIES OF 1904. PLAN OF BASEMENT

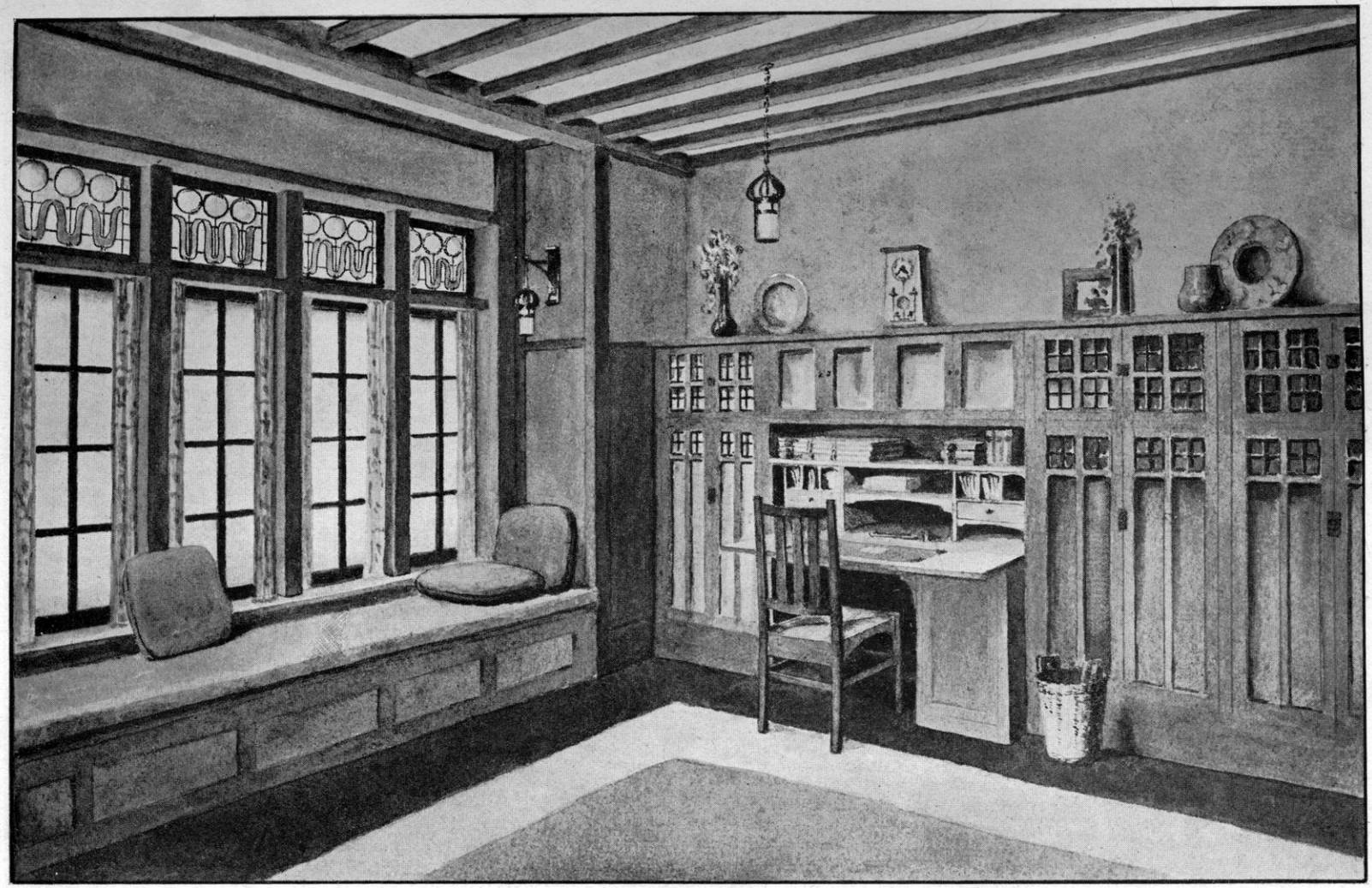
near the middle of the cellar, and adjacent to a large coal storage room. Occupying a corner and lighted by four windows of good size, there is a work shop for the man of the house, which the boys may share, if they are fond of "making things," and anxious to learn the use of tools. Another corner, cool by reason of its location, is occupied by the vegetable and preserve closet containing ample space for shelves and bins. Then follows the laundry with tubs and heater; while an adjoining space provides storage for the coal used in the laundry stove and the kitchen range. Here a clothes chute connects with the floors above, and an elevator, quite unusual in a home of moderate cost, makes quick



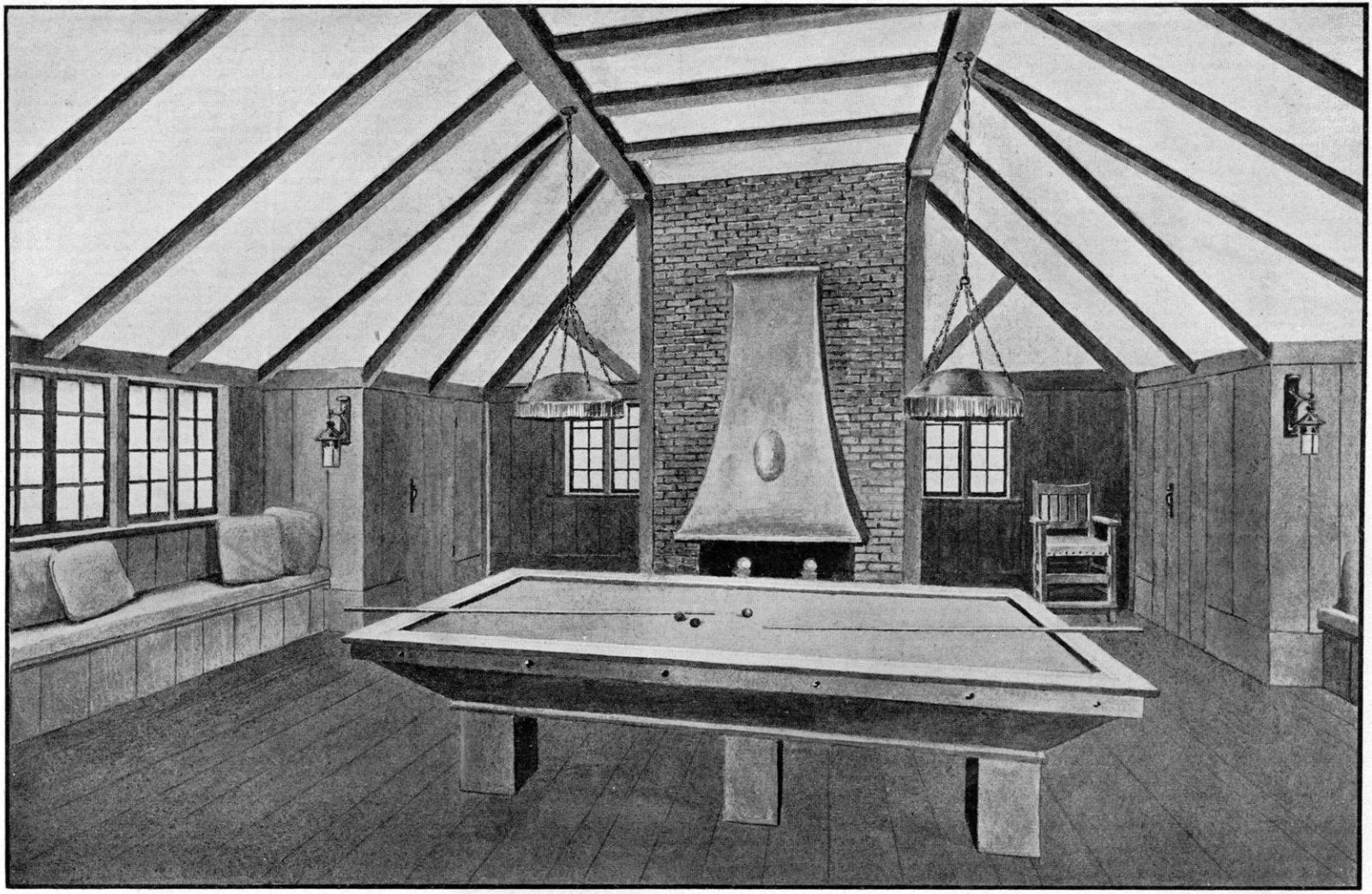
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER X, SERIES OF 1904: HALL



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER X, SERIES OF 1904: DINING ROOM



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER X, SERIES OF 1904: WORK ROOM



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER X, SERIES OF 1904: BILLIARD ROOM

connection between the laundry and the drying room on the third floor.

An outside cellar entrance with steps of cement gives access to grade at the rear of the house, while the usual stairway leads upward to the kitchen. The latter connecting with the dining room through the butler's pantry, has a floor of hard maple left white. Here, the walls have a wainscot of cement about five feet, six inches high, troweled smooth and marked into tile-shaped squares. Above this, the side walls and ceiling are plastered in the usual way, and, because of the northern exposure of the room, are painted with several coats of warm yellow, the last one of which is "stippled," the ceiling being of a lighter tone than the side walls. The woodwork of the room is of Carolina pine, stained a medium tone of green, and includes a cupboard for utensils, the usual table, a sink and other conveniences. The butler's pantry has an oak floor, treated in the same way as the floors of the dining room and the main hall; the remaining woodwork being of chestnut, stained to match the finish of the dining room.

On the first story the floors are of wide, uneven oak boards, stained to a gray somewhat darker than the remaining woodwork. Another noticeable point is that the living room and the other rooms of this story have windows provided with stationary transoms, composed of a carefully worked out pattern in leaded stained glass. These windows not being curtained, throw a glow of warm, ruddy light into the house.

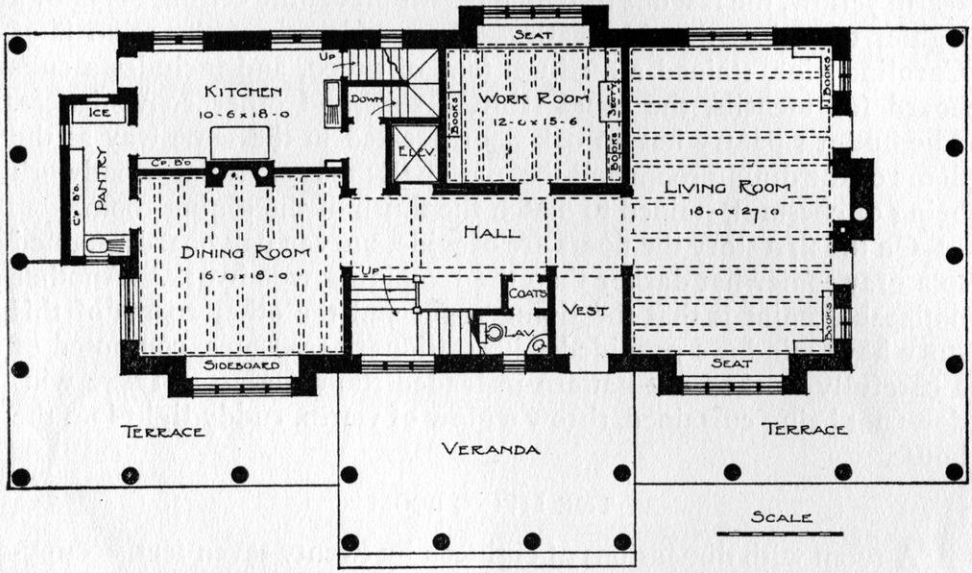
THE LIVING ROOM

A room with dimensions of eighteen by twenty-seven feet, occupying the end of the building and receiving light from three directions, has a beamed ceiling, and a fireplace at the middle of one side, which is flanked by windows opening to the floor and giving on to the terrace.

The chimney, built on the exterior of the house, shows no projecting breast on the inside, and the green Grueby tiles framing the fireplace are set flush. Around these runs a fillet of copper about one and one-half inches wide; while a similar band is carried around the outside of the tile next to the wood beam. The tiles are six inches square, except the six which form a forest-scene in the center, and are of much larger dimensions. Extending around the corner, at each side of the fire-place, there are low book-cases, giving an abundance of shelf room. The greater part of one end of the room is occupied by a window seat of generous proportions, while one long side is left quite

bare of notable features, being marked only by the entrance and a low wainscoting: a treatment which leaves space for a piano and relieves the somewhat elaborate features of the other sides of the room. It must here be mentioned that the woodwork is of chestnut, fumed to a medium gray and very pleasing in appearance.

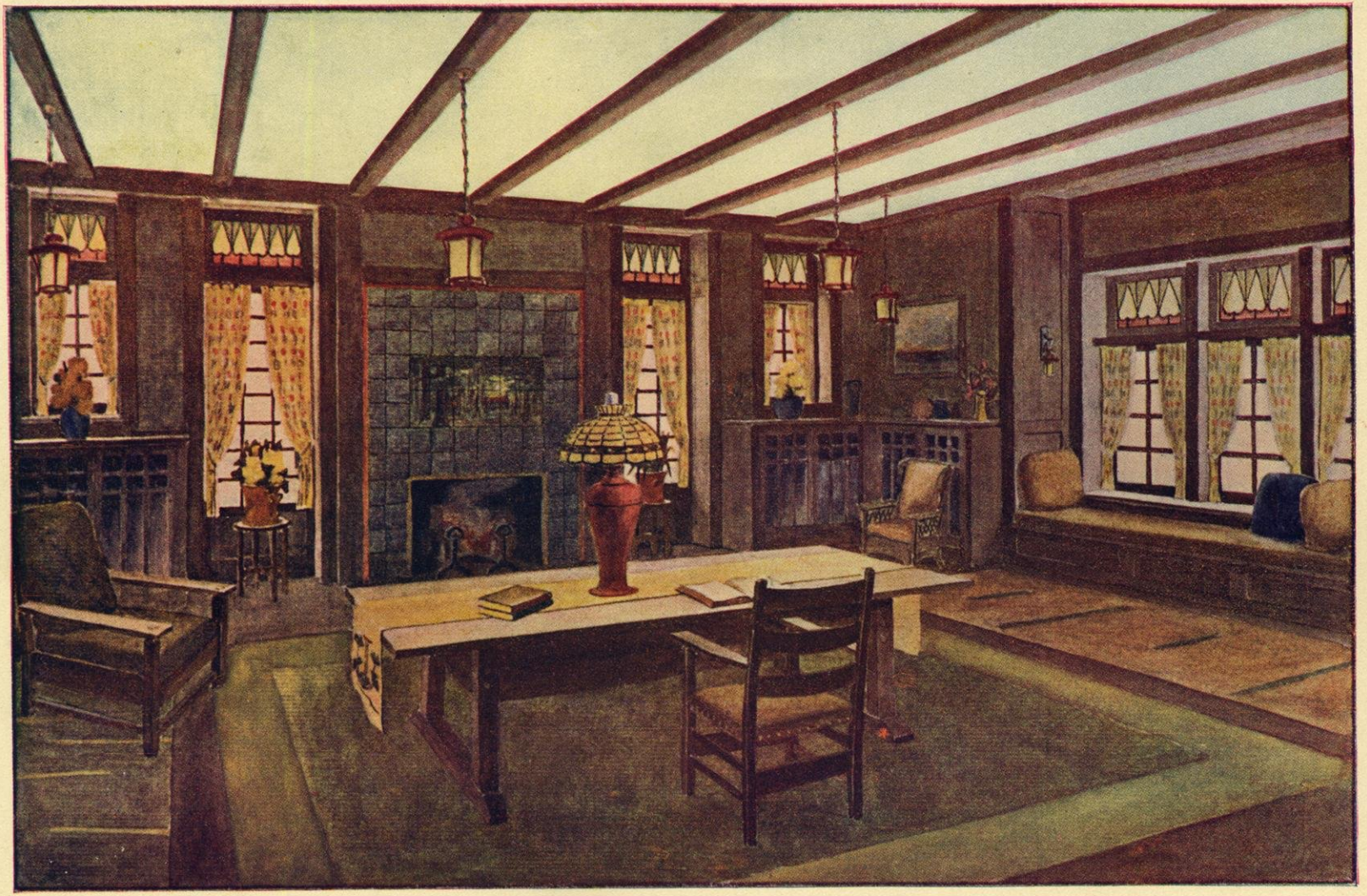
The color scheme of this room is in yellows and greens; the wall covering showing a soft green which forms an admirable background upon which to work for effect. The window curtains are of yellow linen, figured in a pattern of rose and green; the larger rugs are in two



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. X. SERIES OF 1904. PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR

tones of green, with an occasional smaller one in dull yellow; while the scheme is completed by the yellow-brown cover and pillows of the window seat; one blue pillow and some dull blue flower jars, set on the deep window ledges, being added to give the touch and tone of color necessary for balance. The electric fixtures are of copper, with yellow opalescent shades, and are hung from the beams on rather short iron chains: one near each corner of the room and two in the center, over the large table. There are also copper *jardinières* standing in the windows on small tabourettes and holding growing plants.

The movable furniture of this room is of brown fumed oak, with the exception of one willow easy chair, which is stained moss green

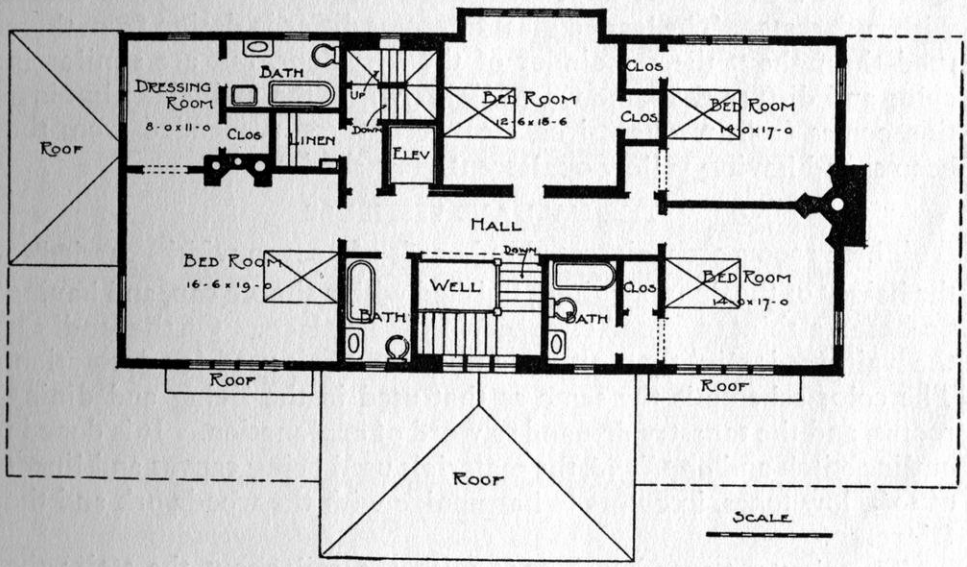


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER X., SERIES OF 1904: THE LIVING ROOM

and harmonizes with the accompanying cushions of soft leather in the same color and tone.

THE DINING ROOM

In this room the most interesting object is a recessed sideboard, having its top and back set with glass mosaic showing a design in yellow and brown upon a background in tones of green. The opposite side of the room contains the fireplace, built of hard burned bricks, selected for their deep color and irregular faces, and "laid up" in "Flemish bond" with wide "raked out" black joints. Here, the color scheme of yellows and greens is similar to that employed in the living



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. X. SERIES OF 1904. PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR

room. The fixed woodwork consists of a low panel wainscoting carried around the room on a level with the top of the sideboard, while the movables are of brown oak; the chairs having their backs and seats covered with Spanish leather, fastened with dull copper nails. The electric fixtures are of copper, with the bulbs set well inside of polished metal domes, which concentrate the light and cast it upon the dining table with excellent effect.

THE WORK ROOM

This is a most inviting place, with its walls of warm brown, and a wide seat with casement windows above it, occupying one entire side.

One end is filled with book cases, while the opposite wall space shows similar book cases, broken with a spacious desk, the details of which will be best understood by examination of the accompanying picture. This room has dimensions of twelve by fifteen feet six inches, and a beamed ceiling, plastered, and left in the rough. Again, the color scheme is composed of yellows, browns and greens; the first color being used in the curtains, the others in the rugs; while the leather seat-cushions harmonize with the wall covering. The "trim" is of hazelwood, treated with a chemical solution, which gives it a satin-like texture of an attractive greenish brown. The furniture is of green oak and consists of a substantial table with drawers, and a few simple chairs with rush seats. The leaded glass transoms differ in design from those used throughout the remainder of the first floor, but are similar in color and diffuse the same warm light; while the artificial illumination comes from wrought-iron electric fixtures, suspended from the beams, and having yellow opalescent glass shades.

THE HALL AND VESTIBULE

These rooms are wainscoted in boards of uneven widths carried to the height of the door openings, finished with a simple cap, and having no base: a thin, two inch strip serving in its place. On the landing, the wainscot is slightly recessed, and a tapestry is used for decoration. The color scheme is the same as that used in the living and dining rooms, and the tapestry demands a word of explanation. It is done in outline stitch and *appliqué,* the materials used being canvas and linens of soft, low tones, in colors to harmonize with the woodwork and the frieze.

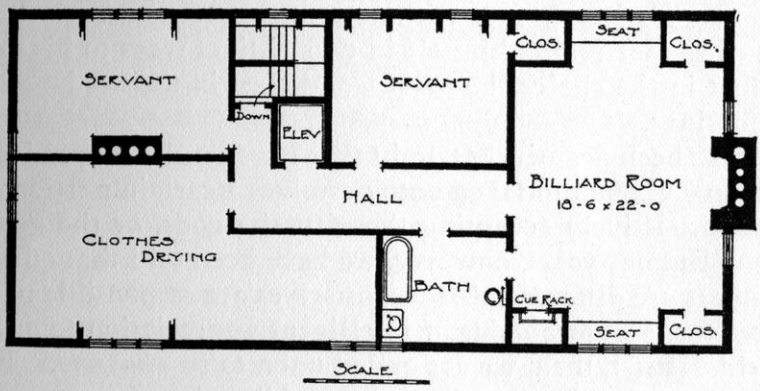
The chestnut woodwork ends with the rail about the stair; the woodwork of the hall and rooms of the second floor being enameled in old ivory, except the doors, which are of chemically treated hazelwood, glazed in the upper panel, and curtained on the inside. The west end of the second story is occupied by a large bed room, to which are attached a dressing cabinet, closet, and private bath. This room has a large fireplace, and it should be treated in a cool tone of green with a ceiling in yellow. The bath has a white tiled floor and wainscot, the latter about four feet in height, above which the walls are painted in light gray-green, with a line of gold one-half inch wide, carried around, three inches above the wainscot, and the ceiling still lighter than the walls. The bath from the hall is treated in the same way, except that pale blue is substituted for green.

In the southeast bedroom the fireplace occupies the corner of the room, and is faced with square tiles in old yellow; the walls are treated in tones of old blue, and the rugs show blues and dull gold. In the northeast bedroom, warm yellows would be preferably used, with a Harvard brick fireplace, and rugs in yellow and green. The north bedroom might be treated in pomegranate, or old rose, with deep cream ceiling.

The third story contains a large billiard room, two large, well lighted servants' rooms and a bath; the remaining space being used for drying the laundry-work.

THE BILLIARD ROOM

This is a large, attractive room with recessed seats at each end, beneath the dormer windows, which are glazed with yellow panes. An immense fireplace, built of hard burned, crooked bricks, with a



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. X. SERIES OF 1904. PLAN OF THIRD FLOOR

great copper hood of sweeping lines, and showing tool marks, occupies one side. Closets are made under the roof on two sides, and a cue rack is just inside the third. The ceiling is of natural gray plaster, and the woodwork, all of cypress, is stained to a soft green by the use of distemper color mixed with a small quantity of glycerine; a process which gives to the wood an autumn-leaf effect, heightened by all the accidents of color peculiar to wood. The furniture is of brown oak and the chairs have green leather seats. Altogether, this room shows the qualities of simplicity, spaciousness and comfort which are the essentials of a room of this character.

To complete the general description of this, the tenth house of the present series, it remains but to state its cost, which may be placed approximately at $13,600.00.

DUTIES OF THE CONSUMER. BY RHO FISK ZUEBLIN

S the world grows up, experience makes it take back many of the sayings of its youth. We have had flimsy adages purporting to sum up moral lessons, and with a touch of fervor we were besought to believe that "beauty is only skin deep." We must now know that beauty, rather, goes to the core, betokening cleanliness, right being and soundness of heart; while physiologists are daily impressing us with the reactive powers of form and color, powers of bestowing rest, refreshment and stimulus, establishing the thoroughgoing relation of beauty, both as cause and effect, to physical life. Unlike the moral being of the past, we may no longer free ourselves from burdens of choice or decisions with the lazy phrase: "merely a matter of taste," since a new occasion has taught a new duty, and the consumer stands face to face with new commandments.

The consumer relates himself in two distinct ways to his material world, first in the choices he makes, and then in the use he makes of these choosings.

We have been negatively taught that beggars should not be choosers, and have virtuously taken unto ourselves a certain portion of contentment in passively accepting the gifts the gods, or the goddesses, provide. In later years, however, we have been told that our virtues as consumers are different, that we ourselves are responsible parties in our selections, and owe debts of intelligent appreciation to our material world. First, then, we are called upon to *be choosers.* But it is appallingly easy to be "lost in the crowd," and to forget our name, and to feel quite sure it is only Tom, Dick, or Harry. We, together with all else, "fall into anonymousness." We are unconvinced and unable to name our own preferences and ideals, those "new names" of personal choice and acquisition which life and opportunity should give to each one of us. We do not really know ourselves. In our sorry haste we forget to become acquainted with our own natures and our own real wishes, and delude ourselves into thinking that doing as our neighbors do is our own personal expression of the joy of life. Beside this awful anonymousness there is a sort of absent-feelingness, perhaps a Puritan legacy, which ought to give way to responsiveness to all beauty and become a constant consciousness of environment. We should have the subjective ability of owning our possessions, of

having them belong to us, and only this art of appreciation and feeling of welcome to their gifts of aesthetic richness can make them truly ours. I know a woman who squanders her possibilities for actual feeling and enjoyment by frequently exclaiming: "Isn't that pretty?" "How lovely this is!"—and when challenged, immediately recants, saying: "No, I wasn't thinking much about it." This is in truth an absent-feelingness, and makes a fatal waste of potential pleasure in lively appreciation and choice.

Of course we know the dangers of assertive and opinionated individuality in art matters, and grant that personal choice can easily run riot. There is the eager feminine frenzy which Mr. Ade has so pithily and pitilessly characterized in his Moral: "There is no place like home, and some husbands are glad of it." Mr. Ashbee lets an Englishman give a discouraging picture of his position in the following description: "I'm a plain man and I know what I want!" Admirable aphorism! But truly paraphrased as follows: "I'm an ignorant man; I know what suits my ignorance, and I'm very proud of it." And Mr. Howells adds his satirical commentary on the American woman who, he asserts, when shopping, looks either sordid or silly.

Yet this must not mean the relinquishment of the pursuit and the blowing out of the candles. But being choosers, we must learn to be better choosers. Part of the trouble is a feature of to-day's educational problem, since the transitional phase of many products, the changing processes as related to material and use, have, for the time being, put first hand knowledge and personal touch far from many individuals and left them unequal to the task or the joy of choosing. Many forms of instruction we used to find in the home through its own activities; now those have been banished and we have lost track of their values and meanings; but the next generation will have regained this knowledge and insight in their school training, and our children will easily rise to the situations which now disturb and confuse the consumer. In our present struggle with the question, we are commanded by three counselors: the economist, the artist and the philosopher, who, in moments of inspiration or zeal, speak regarding the whole duty of the buyer in the art world.

The modern economist, like Hobson, or Smart, impresses upon us the power and need of qualitative consumption, and declares forcibly the growing influence for good the consumer may have upon the mar-

ket. In such scientific pages we find as simple and strong a statement even as this: "You may increase the wealth of the nations far more effectually by educating the consumer than by increasing the efficiency of the producer." In response to such teaching, organizations have been founded informing and enabling men, and particularly women, to become considerate and worthy consumers: organizations such as the National Consumers' League, the Outdoor Art League, and Housekeepers' Associations. There have been established Consumers' Leagues, pledged to demand certain qualities in the goods they buy, for the sake of the makers. Union labels similarly stand for excellence which the consumer is supposedly bound to respect through his own choices.

But in more everyday language than that of the economist we have been exhorted by such men as Morris, Walter Crane, Ashbee, and all the leaders of the Arts and Crafts Movement, to take thought and to take time to become instructed, and then self-assertive regarding the things we admire and choose because of their beauty. They enforce the need upon the consumer of becoming informed, of being willing and painstaking in his quests. Suggesting and urging the proper education, Ashbee has somewhere written: "Regarding the education of a noble youth, Rabelais says in wisdom, as fit for the twentieth as for the fifteenth century, 'Went they likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance, so went they to see the lapidaries: the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones; the alchemists, money coiners, weavers, velvet makers, watch makers, looking-glass makers, printers, organists, dyers, and other such kind of artificers; and everywhere learnt and considered they the industry and advancing of the crafts.' "

Morris vehemently warns us against being "ignorant and noseled" about the arts, saying: "I ask you to learn what you want, and to ask for it; in which case you will both get it and will breed intelligent and worthy citizens for the commonweal."

Alert to such yearnings or possibilities in the consumer, there have been corresponding opportunities offered him. Really intelligent and conscientious buying in the art-world has been made much easier in the last ten years. The arts and crafts exhibitions have proved a help in this particular, and now in many cities there is an increasing number of permanent exhibits of good workmanship in all the crafts. Of recent fame and eulogy is the Bradstreet Crafthouse in Minne-

apolis, where, in surroundings wholly fitting their beauty, one may see well displayed examples in many arts. It has been ecstatically called an "apocalypse of sale," and represents the appropriate and sympathetic housing of things of intrinsic beauty for sale. There is another phase of the influence which is making it more possible for the consumer to be a rational chooser. Art classes and art lectures are now given the salespeople in some of the art departments of large commercial enterprises, a well-known firm of Chicago having done this quite elaborately for the men and women in their pottery rooms. Another house in the same city has established very attractive show and sales rooms and indicates the spirit of the times in a kindly solicitude for the consumer, with, of course, ulterior hopes. In editing its business pamphlet, one leaflet is called "The Fitness of Things," which, although a simple business announcement, might well be called "A Consumer's Symphony:" "To govern selection by excellence rather than expense; to prefer simplicity; to make use serve beauty, and beauty usefulness; to believe in goodness, abhor sham, make surroundings contribute to life; in short to conserve, even in the midst of commercial stress and strife, those eternal verities which make for advanced living; these things are a part of the Ideal and the Working Plan of this store. The intent of the store is that what you buy here shall fit your needs; not merely that you shall be satisfied to keep the purchase, but that it shall satisfactorily serve a real purpose, useful and artistic, in your home. We want you to take advantage of our interest in the fitness of things to the extent of freely using the store, its contents and our counsel in working out a *right* result in home furnishing." In New York City, last winter, there was issued an elaborate prospectus of "A class in practical art, decorating and house furnishing, for salesmen, furnishers, manufacturers, purchasers," the first purpose of which was to make a salesman successful and valuable in his position through real knowledge of the problems involved in his departments, one of the questionable texts being: "the purchaser's extremity is the salesman's opportunity!" Art collections and art museums through better classification of their exhibits, and through explanatory lectures, are constantly adding educational features which make their art treasures more instructive and helpful to citizens.

Thus we find that aside from the consumer's own necessary reading and thinking and seeing, the commercial world, having some

educational ideals of its own, is making a response. In all these teachings and practices we shall come to know that real choosings mean a personal comprehension of comparative values. We have thought that to command valuable services means money power, but it means much else, it means a power of wisdom above rubies, and it becomes a great act of beneficence.

Even so speak the men of science and the men of the market, but the philosopher goes still further in pointing the moral of consumption, and in our perplexities gives us an uplifting and imperative call to prayer. C. Hanford Henderson has written: "Resignation, renunciation, sacrifices, contentment, the whole catalogue of aesthetic abdications are urged by those who have never caught sight of the splendor of life; but it is a coward doctrine, and has in it no element of the divine. . . . . To attain less than the best that is possible is unaesthetic, that is, immoral. Life is not an affair for any modesty of purpose. That is a shabby bit of laziness. Life is an adventure, quite worthy of the superlative. To have the strongest and most beautiful body, the most intelligent and accomplished mind, the most reverent and sympathetic spirit—to wear the most pleasing clothes; to inhabit the most beautiful house; to work in the most charming garden; to produce the most admirable wares; to establish with others the most ideal relations,—this is the formula for a daily life into which the philosophic idea literally translates itself. It is a good motto: *'Le meilleur, c'est assez bon pour moi.'* "

Having thus learned from these three wise men, the economist, the artist and the philosopher, that we must choose well, what must we do with our possessions? The first, and perhaps, after wasting many words, the only answer to this question is like unto the other commandment: *Be users.*

The first word, therefore, in thinking of use, does not belong to the nursery "Don'ts;" making one too chary and alarmed for the sacred care of his possessions even to secure from them the just gratification and help they should give their owner. The first plea is to use them, to make them work hard, to yield to you freely of all of their delightful possibilities, in making for comfort, in being grateful to eye and mind. Our senselessness has become stereotyped in our accepted words of housekeeping and housekeeper. The supreme merit is the forever keeping; the supreme eulogy is for faithful genuflexions to the spirits of camphor, rather than for the truly economic

woman who secures from the house and its belongings the best there is in them to serve family and social uses. This in the end brings the honor due to the household stuff, and the greater power both of usefulness and usableness to the householders. A recent communication in handicraft emphasized this necessary relation between use and beauty in our surroundings, in saying: "What possible use have we for most of these 'things' with which our houses are filled, and from which it is inconceivable that we should ever derive the slightest satisfaction, except in that perfectly vulgar form which accompanies the mere sense of possession? And could anything be more pitiable as a confession of industrial sin than the way in which we ransack every corner of the world to collect as curiosities the adjuncts of healthier and simpler lives than our own? Why can we not learn the perfectly easy lesson that the homely, charming objects produced by people who live closer to nature than we do are more interesting than ours, simply because the life to which they correspond and whose needs they reflect is simpler, and the relation between the needs and their satisfaction more direct?"

And in this consistent using of things we should welcome as honorable scars the normal markings of life. In spite of all our praises and yearnings for youthful beauty in human beings, we really do respect and admire those faces which show life lines, and bear witness to splendid service in the world. The bloom of inexperience and ingenuousness that charms at sixteen, in one who has seen many more summers, could stir only a shudder. In spite, too, of all our proud boasting and of our ability in polishing, covering up, and making over, and our general deceptive practices, the world does like the signs of use in its furnishings. We are partial to the baby's bitings in the old silver spoon; the Eton desks are sacred through the boyish knives of English heroes; and all legitimate, normal wear honors an object. Howells testifies to this really human character in our belongings in referring to the "state of preservation far more heartbreaking than any decay . . . . since all earthly and material things should be worn out with use, and not preserved against decay by any unnatural artifice."

As we demand and admire this serviceableness and honorable age in people and things, and urge use, so should we demur at signs of hard use or abuse. Just how our earth's beauty is defaced through ruthless methods, the sacrifice of our trees, and the insane wrecking

of natural beauties and glorious scenery at the stained hands of the advertiser, are aesthetic wrongs against which the consumer, above all others, should enter a most forcible protest.

Here again it may be necessary for us to take a lesson or two, and learn to be users. The mere using in a direct and firsthand way is not so easy after all, for "the power to consume has some first relation to ability and merit," and to use things well we must be about some becoming business that is making our life worth while in itself. Morris has well counseled us in regard to our furnishing and our living: "The arrangement of our houses ought surely to express the kind of life we lead, or desire to lead: our houses should look like part of the life of decent citizens prepared to give good, commonplace reasons for what we do." By our use we must express our own life and make these activities clearly represent it, and tend to enrich and ennoble it. Very often the reason why one does not admire other people's houses is the personal feeling of discomfort in them, in not seeing just how one could adapt his own doings to these rooms, how one could carry on his own businesses of life there, or, indeed, how these arrangements and furnishings belong to the activities and doings of the people who do live with them. For this very lack of relativity, many houses, big and little, elaborate and plain, are disappointing to the stranger. They fail to explain themselves. We look around in uncomfortable, unconscious query: Where do they sit to read, retire to rest, withdraw to write, gather to converse, stand up to work, where are the signs of life? Again the furnishings suggest simply emptiness of life, showing nothing but foolish interests and occupations, only vain drudgery for housemaids, and entanglement for any real sociability. Alas! In these houses we cannot see where or how the people *live*. With such an active and assertive standard we soon find that the popular phrase "worse than useless" stands for emphatic condemnation.

Not only should our possessions show our life and interest in life, because they are intimately related to our activities, but they should tend to enrich and enlarge our horizon. Any individual with tinges or twinges of personal ambition is disturbed with the problem of comparative virtues and conflicting interests, the relative importance of material or mental cobwebs, of domestic or intellectual confusion. These simple daily crisscrosses often bring thoughts which lie deep enough for a woman's tears. With an exhilarating sense of freedom

one often thinks of Thoreau's annual bonfire as an easy prescription for some of life's complications. Yet such heroic treatment reveals the fact that the summons to plain living and the other mandates of the simplification of life are hard sayings. We should not clutter our lives with many things. We must harmonize our possessions that they may become of actual service to us, and we must so cherish them in return that we know their good parts and beneficent points. Here we do well to remember Ruskin's word: "A thing is worth precisely what it can do for you, not what you choose to pay for it."

There are further lessons, too, in learning to be users. Though often we fancy ourselves hard pressed by our belongings in our care of them, we remain positively ignorant of many of our possessions. Our public benefits and the blessings of commonwealth are increasing fast, and it behooves us, as honest and capable democrats, to embrace our coming duty, and, at least, to teach our children to use our galleries and libraries and parks, and to be at home in our art world.

In thus becoming real and skilled choosers and in making serviceable uses of our possessions, we shall put down the "tyranny of things" and learn the "gentle art of living," and, mayhap, we shall discover that in beauty's behest lies another of those perfect laws of the Lord which have power of converting the soul.

> I DO not want art for a few, any more than education for a few, or freedom for a few. No, rather than art should live this poor, thin life among a few exceptional men, despising those beneath them for an ignorance for which they themselves are responsible, for a brutality that they will not struggle with rather than this, I would that the world should indeed sweep away all art for awhile, as I said before I thought it possible she might do; rather than the wheat should rot in the miser's granary, I would that the earth had it, that it might yet have a chance to quicken in the dark.
>
> WILLIAM MORRIS IN "THE LESSER ARTS."

CHIPS FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS

THE change of season is never unwelcome to the Craftsman, even though, as in the present instance, he must look forward to months of restriction to the close limits of his workshop. To console or rather to inspire himself, he recalls once more the sentence which he has often quoted from Alfred de Musset: "The spirit can open wings as wide as Heaven in a dungeon as narrow as the hand." During the temporary sleep of Nature, he will find ample occupation in thinking kindly of his fellow men, devising plans for their progress, which he would put in practice, were he possessed of material resources.

At the present moment, it is the school children who absorb his interest, as, in June, it was the young men and women coming from the colleges to offer their mental merchandise in exchange upon the world's marketplace. During the last few weeks, working at his door in the September sunshine, the Craftsman has studied the faces and listened to the speech of hundreds of boys and girls, as they pass to and from the many schools of various grades existing in the vicinity of his workshop. A few of these children have the air of affluence; a large proportion of them belong to the middle classes, and bear the stamp of "happy mediocrity," as well upon their countenances as upon their garments, although here and there an individual child is marked with the unmistakable sign of personal power. But the masses of them are the children of the poor, of foreigners who have come to free America, in order to escape the persecution of religious or military despotisms, or to shield themselves from famine, or excessive taxation.

To all these divisions, each according to its peculiar needs—as the Craftsman reasons—the municipality, or better, the Republic, owes the gravest of debts: that is, education, if this process be understood in the sense of development, rather than in the sense of acquisition.

In reality, the children are lent by the State to the educators, and it is for the latter to distinguish means from ends; to provide that method shall not absorb or annihilate the thing in itself: the true education that shall lead its recipient to independence and usefulness.

From his observations, the Craftsman is led to make an earnest, nay a strenuous plea for practicality, for instruction that shall create mental alertness in the child, train him to observe, and give him the power to translate quickly and without waste thoughts into words and things. The humble worker, drawing a lesson from his own experience—which teaches him that the mind is never more active than when the hands are busy—sees in manual training the sole means of reaching an end of supreme necessity. Nor are there objections lying in the way. The system is not one to be restricted in application. This "integral education," this correspondence, friendship,

or rather, working partnership, between the brain and the hand must not be withheld from the children of the rich. Taught to measure and to fit small material objects, they will extend their trained powers to wider fields of judgment; they will be saved from the temptation to become parasites; they will aid in removing class distinctions which trammel the progress of a democracy.

For the children of the middle classes these advantages will be somewhat modified. Further than the acquirement of individual skill, there will be added, in many cases, the incentive to gain distinction, or an ample means of livelihood through the craft so acquired, and, in this way, will relief be brought to the overcrowded professions.

But the masses will benefit most of all by the "integral education." Largely the children of foreigners, they imperfectly grasp abstract principles; retaining by memory what they should seize by reason or logic. But they have the heredity of work, and this may be turned in the best possible directions, to the saving of the individual from idleness and its too certain follower, vice, and more widely, to the building up of the commonwealth materially and morally. Manual training as a propagator of democracy, as a means of manual development, as a preparation for gaining an assured livelihood, is thus a factor in the educational problem confronting the nation, which no thinker or man of good will can afford to ignore.

IN revolving these thoughts in his mind, the Craftsman does not seek to censure those whom it would be presumption in him to judge, but he does not cease to pray that the tool may be put into the hand of the child of the public school, as the modern symbol of salvation.

NOTES

THROUGH the energetic action of Mr. Gustav Stickley, M. Charles Wagner will lecture upon "The Simple Life," on the evening of October 11, in the hall of the Craftsman Building, Syracuse. The press has already given much publicity to the fact of M. Wagner's arrival in this country, and the writings of the Alsacian peasant preacher have for years been appreciated in America by a certain class of persons, most numerous in New England, where the traditions of austerity remain. But in spite of these conditions, popular ignorance and misapprehension exist regarding the view of life taken by M. Wagner, just as the ill-informed and the careless, last year, confounded Parsifal with the Passion Play. Many, as it would appear, believe that the "Apostle of Simplicity," as he has been called, would destroy all modern refinements, and, like a new Savonarola, make street bonfires of "the vanities." To illustrate this prejudice, the case may be cited of a woman to whom a bookseller recently offered a copy of "The Simple Life." "No," she

replied, "I will not take it. It would make me think of four-room flats and bad English. *I want something more elevating.*"

The author of these observations represents a large class of persons who, for their instruction, need not seek beyond the preface of M. Wagner's little classic, to find that he considers simplicity a state of mind, not dependent upon external circumstances: a fixed purpose tending toward a useful end which precludes indecision and complexity of desires.

AN action taken last spring by the Municipal Council of Paris, deserves to be widely imitated. Scientists and artists having observed the destruction of old gardens in many quarters of the city, urged that, at least, some substitute should be provided for these lost spots of beauty and refreshment. The force of their united plea was that the oxygen exhaled by plants is essential to human life; that air passing over masses of bloom incorporates into its substance elements of health; finally, that the sight of gay colors creates cheerfulness and fosters art-education.

Acceding to the spirit of this plea the Municipality established three prizes for window-gardens, with the result that Paris, from Montmartre to Saint Antoine, blossomed with miniature hanging gardens, and that the white-washed walls of old houses hid their wrinkled ugliness beneath mantles of green vines. By this competition which flattered the pride of three persons, the entire population of a capital was benefited and made happier.

Can not this movement be extended to America as a working factor for the elimination of the slum?

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE ROYAL ACADEMY FROM REYNOLDS TO MILLAIS," is the title of a most interesting series of typical illustrations, accompanied by critical text, edited by Charles Holme and published by John Lane. The painters, sculptors and engravers are treated in separate bodies, but collectively, in a continuous narrative. The special sections are preceded by a most interesting account of the origin and history of the Academy, and, at the beginning of the painters' section, there is an admirable *résumé* of the qualities and defects of the English School; a summing up so succinct and accurate that it might serve as a text-book. It condenses into a single page more facts and suggestions of facts than are usually found scattered through a thick volume, and, being thus disconnected, are hard to find and unfit to instruct. The illustrations are representative examples of their authors, and, at the same time, not too well known to have lost their interest for critics and travelers. [New York: John Lane; 8½ by 11¾ inches; profusely illustrated; price $2.00.]

"THE HISTORY OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY," by Jacob Burck-

hardt, has just reached its fourth edition in Germany. Like the preceding one, it is edited by Dr. Heinrich Holtzinger, professor of the history of fine arts in the Technical School, Hanover, who tells in his preface that the old author labored upon the development of the work, even to his ninetieth year. This latest edition contains the result of much research in original sources, and the number of illustrations, before very large, has been further increased. The work itself is too widely known to warrant comment, but the mere mention of this new foreign edition will not, perhaps, be wholly superfluous. [Geschichte der Renaissance in Italien von Jacob Burckhardt; vierte Auflage; bearbeitet von Dr. Heinrich Holtzinger; mit 310 illustrationen; Stuttgart: Paul Neff, 1904.]

"THE CHILD'S BOOK-PLATE" is an exquisite miniature volume which is a strong plea, written from a very youthful point of view. To this are added several simple schemes for book-plates, drawn with a few strokes and seemingly in a childish manner, but showing good qualities of design and workmanship. The plea has such just reason for making, that in view of the instinct which it would correct and direct, it deserves quotation here. It begins: "There is nothing in which a child takes more delight than in a mark of some sort denoting ownership of his little possessions. To see his name on anything he owns gives him such pleasure that, unless his enthusiasm is properly directed, one of its results is likely to be scribbled pencil-marks throughout his books. Of course he does not realize that these unsightly pencil-markings are really mutilations; seeking only as he does to establish his claim to his books beyond a doubt. The possession of a little book-plate of his very own, a little label well designed and printed, denoting his ownership of a book, quite leads a child to greater interest in his diminutive library and its care; wherefore, it is an idea to be encouraged."

In these opinions all who have observed children will concur, and few adults there are who have not suffered from the scribbling propensity of children, which is often but the expression of an art-instinct, as may be deduced from the instance of a little girl of four years, who, being reproached for disfiguring an art-brochure, replied: "I did it with a blue pencil, and that matched the ribbon of the book."

As may be repeated, the little volume can not fail to please intelligent children, beside being capable of serving a useful end in their education. [The Child's Book-Plate by Gardner C. Teall; New York: Charterhouse Press; size 5 x 3½ inches; illustrated.]

There is a new edition of Tolstoy which promises to be most satisfactory, because of the conscientious spirit in which it is undertaken by the translators and editors who, in an extended preface, define their purposes and explain the difficulties un-

der which they labor. This preface is so enlightening that it seems better here to comment upon it briefly than to deal with the body of the work, which, at this late day, it would be folly to attempt to judge. The translators are a husband and wife, who possess not only an adequate knowledge of Russian, but also an acquaintance with the manners and customs described in their text: the latter qualification, as they state, being indispensable, in this instance, to the accomplishment of correct work. The most interesting part of the preface is an account of previous translations, showing that, in many cases, the authors of them have been dishonest, as well as inefficient; retrenching, altering, and inventing according to their own ideas of policy, style, and commercial availability. Among the instances of egregious error cited, is the case of a German, who translated the inscription to "Anna Karénina:" "Vengeance is mine: I will repay," as: "Revenge is sweet; I play the *ace;*" the mistake arising from Tolstoy's use in the Biblical quotation of the Sclavonic of the Russian Church ritual. As a parallel to this error is noted one made by an English translator, who, having misapprehended from beginning to end one of Tolstoy's most serious philosophical works, inquired regarding the author's sanity. Beside this very interesting criticism, the preface contains a comment upon English style, made by the great Russian writer, which is worthy of serious consideration. It runs: "You do not know how to write simply and directly. It is not easy to do it, and you English for generations have had an artificial literary style so engrained into you that there now seems to be no remedy for it." There occur, further, in this part of the book, certain statements regarding the proposed new English edition, which should be read by all admirers of Tolstoy. Among those offering the most general interest are the following: "It will yet need years of conscientious work before a reliable version of all Tolstoy's works can be completed. Every volume should be prepared so as ultimately to fit into its place among the others. In the case of each work, the date of its first publication, the Russian version relied upon, and the name of the translator, should be given; and no version should be included which is not thoroughly satisfactory. In the present edition, it is also intended that sufficient explanation shall be given, in prefaces or foot notes, to enable the reader to understand the relation between the work he is reading and the conclusions Tolstoy ultimately reached, as well as to minimize such difficulties as are unavoidably met with, when the literature of one people is passed on to another."

If such intentions as these shall be fulfilled, the result can not be other than a faithful rendering of material which must be preserved as a link in the evolution of human thought. [Sevastopol and other Military Tales, by Leo Tolstoy; New York: Funk and Wagnalls; price $1.50.]