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See page 112.

BRITTANY FISHERMEN: H. BOUCHARD, SCULPTOR: A MUCH DISCUSSED PIECE OF SCULPTURE AT THE JUNE SALON IN PARIS.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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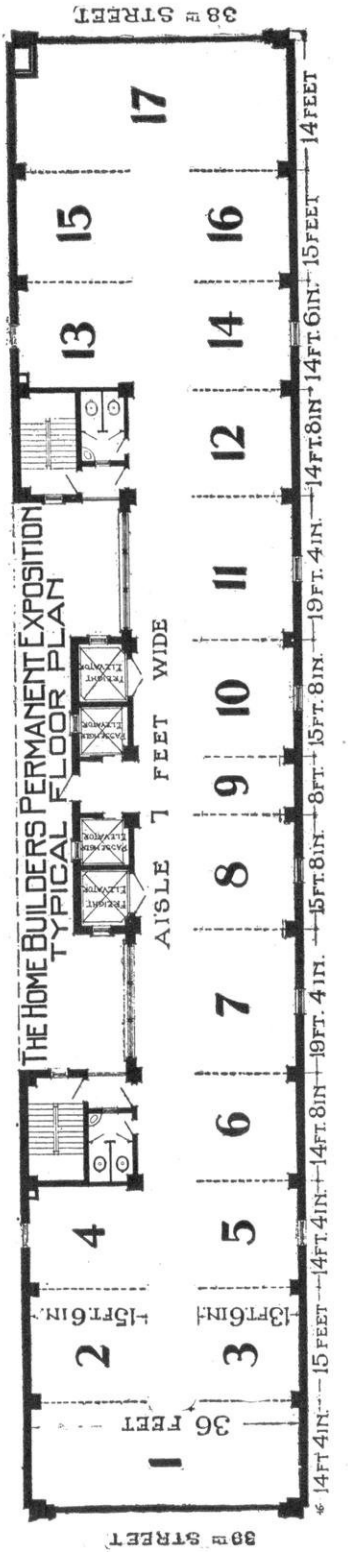

Craftsman Homebuilders' Permanent Exposition

GUSTAV STICKLEY, Director

THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING

EAST THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET / THIRTY-NINTH STREET AT FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Floor Plans showing Exhibition Spaces, their Numbers and Dimensions

This plan applies to all floors

EIGHTH FLOOR

"BUILDING MATERIALS"—Exhibits of

- Cement and Plaster
- Hollow Tile
- Concrete Construction Forms
- Metal Lath
- Brick
- Building Woods (Cypress, Chestnut, Oak, Pine, Red Gum, Maple.)
- Wall Board
- Tile and Faience
- Flooring (Composition, Tile, Cork.)
- Roofing (Tile, Slate, Shingle, Composition.)
- Waterproofing (Compounds and Coatings)
- Insulating
- Fireplaces
- Hardwood Doors
- Millwork
- Metal Construction
- Contractors

SEVENTH FLOOR

"INTERIOR DECORATIONS"—Exhibits of

- Paints
- Stains
- Varnishes
- Enamels
- Flat Wall Finishes
- White Lead
- Wall Coverings— Papers, Burlaps, Fabrics, etc.
- Wood Panels for Wainscoting
- Parquet Floors
- Floor Wax

SIXTH FLOOR

"HOME EQUIPMENT"—Exhibits of

- Heating Apparatus
- Ventilators
- Plumbing Fixtures
- Lighting Equipment and Fixtures
- Wiring Devices
- Vacuum Cleaners (Stationary and Portable)
- Automatic Gas Water Heaters
- Fireless Cookers
- Water Filters
- Hardware
- Window Screens
- Ranges
- Refrigerators
- Kitchen Cabinets
- Incinerators
- Electrical Devices for the Home
- Laundry Equipment
- Coal Chutes
- Dumb Waiters

FIFTH FLOOR

"GARDEN AND GROUNDS"—Exhibits of

- Seeds and Nursery Stock
- Greenhouses
- Pergolas and Columns
- Garden Tools
- Garden Furniture
- Fences, Railing, Gates
- Portable Houses
- Spraying Equipment
- Water Supply Systems
- Lighting Plants
- Sewage Disposal Systems
- Garbage Receivers
- Tools and Work-benches
- Lawn Mowers
- Porch and Lawn Furnishings

FOURTH FLOOR

"HOME FURNISHING"—Exhibits of

- Furniture in Model Rooms (Living-Room, Library, Dining-Room, etc.)
- Period Styles of Furnishing
- Rugs and Carpets
- Draperies, Linens, etc.
- Silverware, Glassware, China
- Paintings, Casts, Pottery
- Arts and Crafts
- Artists' Materials

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE DEMOCRACY OF THE CARPENTER: THE LABORER'S NEED OF AN "INDUSTRIAL PHILOSOPHY:" BY BOUCK WHITE

THE labor movement needs to get a philosophy of the universe. A man's philosophy is the most important thing about him. It determines everything he does. For it is the mold from which his thoughts take their shape; and thoughts are deeds in the gristle. A wrong philosophy will, in the slow, sure grindings of destiny, work itself into a wrong career. And likewise a no-philosophy of life, soon or late, will work itself into a no-career. Show me a man who has no philosophy of life, and I will show you a man who is on a wide sea with neither compass nor chart nor pole star; in derelict condition, the sport of every gust, without steerage way or sailing orders.

The privileged class has had in every age a philosophy of the universe. And thereby has raised up a massive rampart of systems and creeds and laws and institutions which fortify it with an incalculable security. Labor has lacked a philosophy of the universe. Accordingly, it has not captivated the thinkers of the world, but only the dreamers. It has been rather an emotion of the heart than a clarity of the head; a hope, mighty to stir the imaginations of men; but lacking in coherence of thought, or the logical compulsions that mold the will into constancy and marshal transient generations into fixed purposeful array through a long succession of ages. Labor has permitted property rights to boast itself to be The Establishment, with its own rights merely a protest, a criticism, a negation; a body of unorganized despair, making sallies upon a foe secure behind many outworks. Against a regular army, guerrilla tactics have never yet been abidingly prosperous.

Jesus had a philosophy of the universe. And, with slight alterations which are demanded by the scientific advance since his day, it is the philosophy which labor in all time must cherish, as the mainspring of its hope and the replenisher of its idealism. Stripped of its unessentials, his philosophy was this: *The universe has a meaning; and it is an industrial meaning.*

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE CARPENTER

IF THE universe had no meaning, it would be all up with Democracy. For Democracy rests on the grandeur of man. And in a meaningless world, man were meaningless also,—a puny helmsman on a black and driving tide. The social hope above all others needs to be full of immortality. Only they who believe that Time's turbid rush is accomplishing something, shall present to the cruelty of circumstance and the malignancy of foes a sturdy, enduring brow. Any creed declaring humankind to be a cloud of ephemera pursued by the creeping shadows of the night, would strike into Democracy a mortal chill. That which augments human dignity is favorable to Freedom's cause. Small men make contented slaves: increase their stature, you decrease their servitude. (I speak of interior dimensions). Persuade man that he is a transient thing, a vanishing atom, unwrecked, tossed aside by the vast thundering machine, and you have engineered a lapse to complete serfdom.

Jesus held man to be immortal. But it was immortality here below. "The Kingdom", which recurs so readily and fondly to his lips, was his term for a reorganized human society fashioned into fellowship and beauty and truth. Religion constantly seeks to slip the leash and escape into an other-worldly bliss, forsaking earth and her importunate necessities. But not so the philosophy of the Carpenter. Long training as a builder of solid structures had disabled him for interest in an abode in the blue ethereal void. He planned a paradise in the Here and Now; an industrial commonwealth; a city of many mansions; a republic of the free-born, where justice and fellowship should be eternal.

Jesus held that the universe is favorable to the establishment of such a kingdom. The native kindliness of the earth, if only men would put greed away and work with each other, was rudimentary in his creed. The universe can be trusted. Broad-bosomed Earth has stores of nutriment for all of her children. Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Live not anxiously. Be big and liberal and human. Coöperation is a practical scheme. Kindliness begets kindliness. There is room for all. Let humankind put away its feverish competing one with another, and transform into a universal trust company. Give and it shall be given unto you, full measure, pressed down, running over. This was the teaching of the Galilean.

The man who "lays up treasure for himself" violates this creed of fellowship and trust. Therefore, riches kindled in the breast of the Carpenter an anger both durable and vehement. Greed is not only a crime, in that it is anti-social. It is something more; it is a sin, an impiety, betraying distrust in the competency of Mother Earth.

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE CARPENTER

THE Galilean set himself against an enormous bulk of possessions privately owned, because of the excessive caretakings which such a social system imposes—this cumbrous civilization wherein one must bear oneself so warily, and is so full of care. He sought an ordering wherein private wealth should be reduced to a minimum, and common wealth expanded to the maximum. And this he did out of his liking for joy and spontaneity and gladness. Every wall is a prison wall. Build a boundary line against your neighbor, and you have also shut in yourself.

It is because the religion that bears his name has forgotten this glad commandment of the Galilean, that our world is becoming despondent. Gaiety is almost perished! Existence is waning into gray and pallid lines. Pale delights, cheerless toil, life a pilgrimage of dolors!

"Be happy", was a distinct commandment of the Carpenter. And if for no other reason: Happiness conduces to morality. For the slippery paths of youth, in the heat of the day, and in life's sunset and evening glow, there is no angel guardian more watchful and efficient than a happy temper. On every side we hear it said: Be moral and you will be happy. But the Galilean put the stress equally in the other direction: Be happy, and you will be moral. Therefore, his animosity against the dominion of great wealth. He believed that property should not be permitted to stand between a man and his happiness.

The Carpenter phrased his belief in the natural kindliness and fertility of the Earth, in terms of the mechanical theology of his day, wherein the productive forces of nature were personified as a masculine personage, "Father". But the gender is a detail. The underlying, spiritual attitude of trust, is the important thing. Transposing his words into the feminine, in order to bring them into a thought-form more congenial to our most modern conception of nature, he enjoins the mood of cheerful and confiding repose:

Be not greedy. Earth, our liberal Mother, has abundance for all. Her bounteousness is without stint. Behold the fowls of the air. They sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns. Yet Erda, the Great Mother, feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, Mother Earth arrays them as even Solomon in all his glory never was. Therefore, take not this anxious thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? But seek ye first of all the coöperative commonwealth, the kingdom of the Most High, and all these things shall be added unto you.

The plea for a coöperatively ordered society, was a logical part of his "Be not anxious" commandment. For only in a world's work reorganized into a united thing, can come that ample and opulent productivity which would justify a liberal mood of soul. Where the kindly fruits of the Earth are regarded as a thing to be scuffled for, the soil yields not its increase as when fellowship holds the plow and swings the scythe. The wastes of competition, and the ravages of warfare, reduce the fertility of Nature.

This personifying of Nature must not be pressed to the point of exalting her into deity. Deity, as we now know, is moral. And nature is unmoral. She kills the evil and the good with outrageous impartiality; she sends her lightnings, her water floods and her earthquakes upon the just and the unjust. We must turn our steps in another direction or we will never encounter God.

YET there is a God. Jesus believed in him, and cherished toward him a tender intimacy. This God he found, not in the realm of nature, but in the realm of the ethical—the heaven which overroofs our human day, and speaks with the magisterial tones of old eternity. When this Great Unseen was asked by Moses by what name he should be known, the answer came: "The Lord God of your fathers; this is my name forever." And it is a definition of deity which can never be improved upon—"our fathers," that Ensemble whose grand and thundering chorus sheds glory and wisdom from antique time upon our perishable day.

The Great Unseen has animated the courage of all the heroic souls that ever lived. Elisha's servitor, when confusion thickened and foes multiplied, cried out, "Alas my master! how shall we do?" And Elisha said: "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed and said, Lord, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Because the Carpenter was of unsealed eyes beholding this Presence in the world, he sanguinely trusted the future. He knew that the Unseen is on the side of the people against their despoilers. The growth of God is democracy ever widening its tide and sweep. Because God is, freedom shall be. Jesus knew that the social hope was not a phantasy. In times when his soul was worn down, he would open the causeway between himself and the Highest; and lo, it was as though a legion of angels had been sent to succour him; but he quailed not. Measuring with purest fortitude the pathway ahead, he fared intrepidly on, with an energy of purpose which no danger could divert.

And he pressed this truth upon his partisans. This was his purpose in devising those two "Parables of Perseverance." A man went to his neighbor to borrow bread to feed a guest unexpectedly arrived in the night. The neighbor called out: "Trouble me not; the door is now shut; I cannot rise and give thee." But importunacy got the bread at last. If that man was moved by the persistence of the would-be borrower, shall not God bring the Commonwealth, if we but persevere to demand it? Also, there was a certain widow, who by the sheer doggedness with which she followed him, induced a negligent judge to avenge her of her adversary. "And shall not God avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him? I tell you that he will avenge them."

The sureness of the Deliverance, and the certainty of a reward for the pains they were undergoing in Freedom's cause, was the theme also of those Wedding Feast parables. To picture "the joy that was set before them," Jesus resorted for verbal color to well known festive scenes. When the Industrial Commonwealth of God has come, said he, the world will be like a regal banquet for sumptuousness. Then will be heard the "well done, good and faithful servant." Now, hardship was their lot; stoned, drawn asunder, slain with the sword; hunted into holes and refuges. But then: "Enter ye into the joys of your Lord."

There's a good time coming. Jesus taught it, the heart covets it, the intellect ratifies it. Man has no imagination to conceive the "goodness that is laid up for us," when once the extortioner shall have vanished from the earth, supplanted by the grandeur of fellowship's dominion. Nor shall death defeat us of that sight we languish to behold. Over death and the grave, the social faith is more than conqueror.

We live not in a hostile universe glowering upon us with ferocious intent. The problem of evil? Why, the evil in the world is but the spots where the garnishing mind of man has not yet busied itself. The philosophy to regulate his life is that of the Carpenter of Galilee.

CRAFTSMAN FARMS: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND FUTURE

THE lay of the land on which Craftsman Farms rests, deep in the sunny New Jersey hills, and the fashion of the development of this land permitting its curves, its ridges and its declivities to be preserved rather than flattened into conventional outlines, gives to it an individuality, unique and forceful. To make such a vast undertaking as the recreation of this estate take shape and gather beauty has required primarily untold energy, also an imagination able to foresee results far in the distance.

The log house that crowns the elevation toward which the driveway leads, passing meantime through country well wooded yet open, may be regarded as the centralization point of this development which has for its aim the transforming of a fertile strip of country into farmlands of beauty and utility. From the front of this house wherein one sits on a long screen-enclosed veranda, extending the home life and drawing inward the out of doors, a view is commanded over descending grounds toward a strip of flat country which gradually rises until lost in the background of a wooded ridge. One day this log structure will be used as a club house for the whole property, its situation therefore is necessarily that of a permanent center.

Not far away, at the foot of the vine planted hills are already two bungalows facing the valley. To the visitor, however, who stands at the side of this club house and looks in their direction it appears as if they had outgrown the old notion of there being of necessity a front and a back to every house, since the rear elevations of these little homes are as pleasing in outline and conformation to the landscape as either front or sides. The locust tree at the back of one of these bungalows is planted at its base with flowers gay in color, while evergreen shrubs snuggle about its corners giving it throughout the year the softening touch of verdure.

At Craftsman Farms the idea is closely held of a friendly community. The present bungalows, for this reason, are placed near to the log house. Others will follow, the permanent house of Mr. Stickley being placed eventually on a hillside standing somewhat higher than the present buildings.

"I like the houses to be grouped together," said Mr. Stickley, more intimately "the Craftsman." "It makes life simpler, more friendly."

In truth this sentiment has a very vital meaning in winter-time when snows lie heavy on the ground and when walking has ceased to be a pleasure. People still like to draw near together; the primeval instinct of self protection having been transmuted into the desire for companionship.

CRAFTSMAN FARMS

IT IS, at Craftsman Farms, as in all places where a naturalistic development of the earth is pursued, the intervening strips of smooth turf and the places set apart for the planting of flowers that give contrast and meaning to the whole property. For in the development of rough country contrasts are essential to success. The hand of man cannot always be seen in harmony with Nature. She must in places be controlled: in others given her own wild way. The long front of the log house is therefore banked with evergreens, many varieties of natives and Japanese intermingling, while before them blazes a line of bloom pluri-colored as Jacob's coat.

"We will simplify here another year," states "the Craftsman." "We will use fewer colors. This year the planting has been experimental,—that is all but the arbor vitæs. They are here to stay."

These native evergreens form in fact the keynote of the planting and one more beautiful, or more sympathetic could not have been struck. Thousands of them have here been set out with scarcely any loss. They form hedges before walls follow the curved line of road and pathway, stand singly or in groups; the soft tone of their green relieves the brown logs of the club house and other buildings, and makes in various places a soft mosslike background for the bright colors of flowers. It is during the winter, however, that they come into their full splendor. Then when the plant world, intense in its sleep, appears dead to the average mortal, they remain unchanged bespeaking the evergreenness of hope. Of such trees, "the Craftsman" believes, the farm has need, and if for no other reason than the healthgiving sentiment which they exhale vital and fragrant. When those now planted in hedges and in various other places become overcrowded they will be transplanted to spots more distant, their range all the time extending.

Below its foundation planting, the lawn of the club house is interrupted by a sunken, walled garden; the wall in its turn hidden by arbor vitæs following its well planned curve. This enclosed garden can be entered from the road by means of a gateway guarded by two stone posts which give a vista of the scene beyond topped by the long log house. The gateposts are covered with English ivy as vigilant in holding its greenness over the winter as the chosen trees.

This season the tops of these posts, which are earth filled, have been planted with annuals to give color and luxuriant growth until the vines are better established. Several of the trusses of petunias hang downward over the stones as if they were plants of the Mediterranean, a land remarkable for its flower-strewn walls. It is without question that the climate of Morris Plains suits these bright-blooming flowers exceedingly well.

A step into the garden reveals that it has as its center, its very heart, a rose garden. For a garden so young, so untried in its situation it appears lusty and conspicuously in bloom even in midsummer. Later on its beds will perchance be given outline by a low border of box or *Euonymous radicans*, the former, however, doing so well in this locality as to make unnecessary the use of a substitute. Again the evergreen touch will be held throughout the season. Where the bed of roses, following the design of the interior garden, is made about the base of a large tree, a hardier strain of roses, such perchance as the Baby Ramblers, will eventually be used rather than the hybrid teas now in evidence. As is well known roses need all the nourishment that the soil can give; and the roots of a large tree naturally drain this substance to a very large extent. Yet of so great a natural advantage to the garden is this tree that almost anything else should be sacrificed rather than see it perish. A tree, perhaps through its ability to give shade and protection, is one of the most human of Nature's gifts to man. The nearer one can be kept to the garden the more wholesome its life. More seats will gradually find their way into this sunken enclosure, a bird bath will be added, while always it will show a wall of green enclosing bloom and fragrance. There is no more satisfying thing than to have such a garden intertwined with the home life. During the day it gives gladness; peace and sweet sentiment as the twilight deepens. It gives also a definite point for supervision; work in fact for the rose lover. The possible beauty and development of this rose garden appeal as one of the joys of Craftsman Farms.

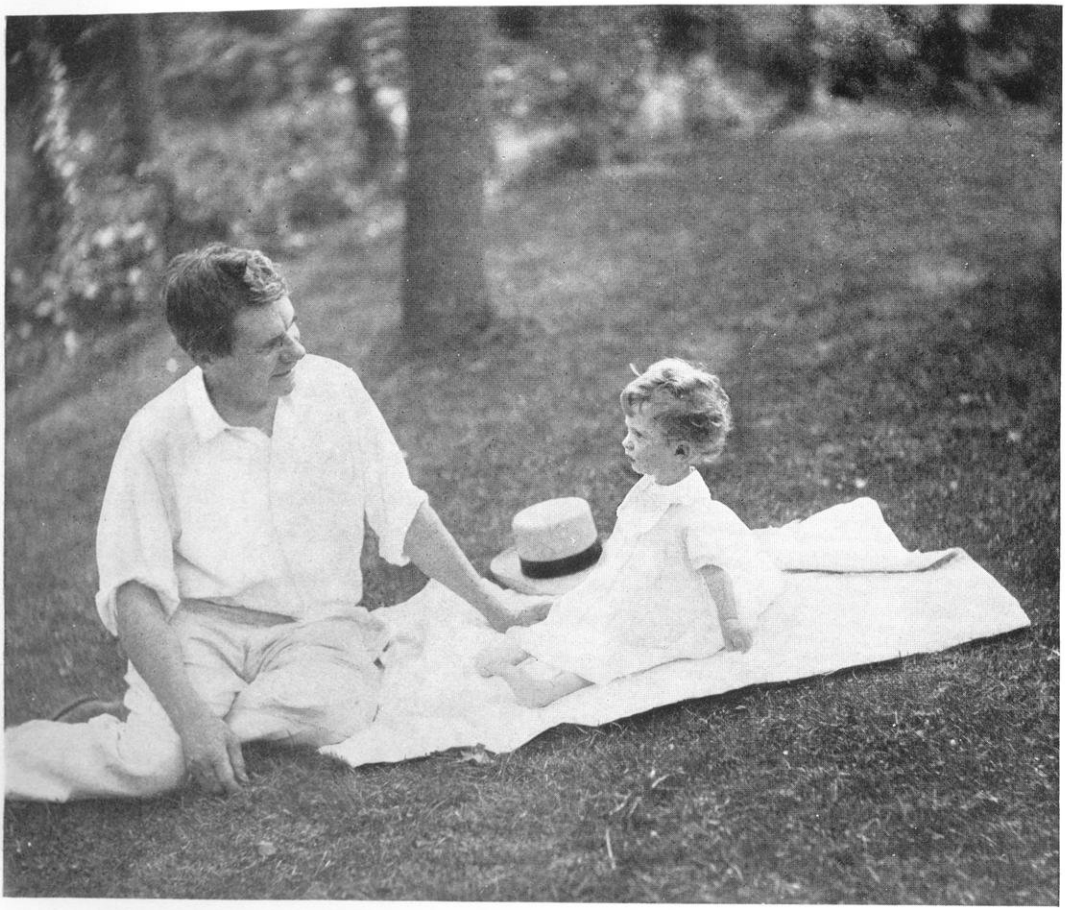
ACROSS the driveway from the sunken garden two other stone gateposts and again two more define an exquisite view over the valley where a Holstein herd ruminate at liberty. On either side of these posts are long beds of flowers; cosmos, tall, green and fleecy in the background waiting its day of bloom, and in the foreground myriads of petunias regal in color and exhaling a jaunty air of independence.

Turning again to look in the opposite direction, a flight of steps is seen guiding the eye past the side of the club house, by the low hill, until arrested by a distant orchard of miscellaneous fruit trees. This flight of steps is one of the best examples of naturalistic treatment here to be seen. It is not built in straight and uncompromising fashion, but rather follows gently the natural trend of the land, curving with it slightly. By such an arrangement the mind unconsciously is kept in harmony with the feeling of the earth.

At the elevation directly at the side of the log house the eye is again caught and held by extensive vineyards as lusty and well grown

A SIDE VIEW OF THE "CLUB HOUSE" AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS IN WHICH MR. STICKLEY AND HIS FAMILY ARE AT PRESENT LIVING: THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN AT THIS PARTICULAR ANGLE TO SHOW THE SECURE AND FRIENDLY FASHION IN WHICH THE HOUSE RESTS UPON THE EARTH: THIS IS PARTLY BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE HOUSE AND PARTLY BY THE PLANTING: THE BARBERRY SHRUBS, THE EVERGREENS AND THE VINES WELD THE HOUSE INEVITABLY TO THE HILLSIDE.

THE TWIN COTTAGES: THE FIRST HOUSES BUILT ON CRAFTSMAN FARMS: THEY STAND JUST ACROSS THE ROAD FROM THE CLUB HOUSE AND THE ONE UP THE PATHWAY IS WHERE MR. STICKLEY'S FIRST GRANDCHILD WAS BORN: THESE HOUSES, BECAUSE OF THEIR COLOR AND THEIR STRUCTURE, SEEM TO BE A VERY INTIMATE PART OF THE SLOPING HILL JUST BELOW THE VINEYARDS.



RECENT PICTURE OF MR. STICKLEY AND HIS FIRST GRANDDAUGHTER, BARBARA WILES, TAKEN ON THE HILLSIDE BETWEEN THE CLUB HOUSE AND ONE OF THE TWIN COTTAGES: MR. STICKLEY AND THIS BABY ARE VERY INTIMATE FRIENDS AND BOTH OF THEM LOVE THE GARDENS AND SPEND THE EARLY MORNING HOURS TOGETHER OUT OF DOORS WHENEVER THE WEATHER IS FAIR.

A FRONT VIEW OF CRAFTSMAN FARMS CLUB HOUSE, WITH THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUNKEN GARDEN IN THE FOREGROUND AND A GLIMPSE OF THE ROSE GARDEN BEYOND: THE PLANTING CLOSE AROUT THE STONE FOUNDATION OF THE HOUSE IS A BLAZE OF WONDERFUL COLOR.

as those of the Rhone and the Loire valleys. For the future, the promise is here given of much fruition.

In this section of the property the future also promises that glass-houses will stretch along the slope at the base of these vineyards,—houses in which opportunity will be given for the propagation of tender bedding plants, the raising of melons and vegetables and for the carrying on of such work as will eventually be identified with the Farms.

The ground in front of the proposed glass-houses will be treated somewhat like a park, groups of evergreens alternating with those of deciduous shrubs, and interspersed throughout the planting a goodly number of dwarf apple and pear trees, appealing objects to stand beside when weighted down with fruit. A pleasing mental picture is thus formed of glass-houses snuggled against the slope, backed by vineyards and screened in the foreground by choice shrubs and trees.

The vineyards here, the feeding herd in the distance, indicate that Craftsman Farms is not merely a place for idle development. It has its defined purpose; its method of becoming intensely useful. It demands, and wisely, the return from the earth that it is destined to give mankind. To make this farm productive in the best and most skilled way is the desire of "the Craftsman."

In an altogether different section of the Farms from the club house, the vineyards and the garden, lie the peach orchards, plantings of great value and promise. These orchards which are extensive are now in their fourth year. They are therefore coming into generous bearing. The trees, at the time of the writer's visit, were heavy with fruit unblemished in bloom and brilliant in color,—a sight exquisite indeed when viewed through long vistas of trees, one after another holding proudly its treasures. The alternating rows of these orchards are planted with apple trees, the darker, heavier foliage of which makes a fine contrast with the long, light peach leaves and pink cheeked fruit. At present the outlook for these orchards seems to indicate that they will well fulfil their promise, that they will make a rich return for the labor expended on them. They have responded to the wisdom of their planting in this section of the country included in the recognized peach belt of the northeastern States. The length of the American autumns, the frequent open winters and the protection by side hills, which hold back fierce gales, mark this dulcet strip of country as very desirable for the growing of this important crop. A visit to these orchards, especially when the peaches hang mellow in the trees is one not soon forgotten.

Now in the fifth year of development, it is not to be gainsaid that Craftsman Farms has begun to show somewhat of the purpose of its inception and to unfold its aims and ideals for the future.

GOD HATH MORE BEAUTIFUL VERSES

OD hath more beautiful verses than mine are,
Far statelier measures. I would I might echo
Their wonderful cadence, but His are not written
Thus flatly on paper:—a tree or a flower,
A child, and a star,—are His poems. I would
That my verses would live thus, and flutter, and glow
Thus brightly, as His do, and Be in themselves.

Wherever I wander, I find poems written:—
That mountain, so stately, and white, and far distant,
My soul finds a rest in its pure isolation,
Its nearness to spirit; and these purple ridges
To whose silence I listen, whose utter and peaceable
Stillness I realize. Th' hillside that seems just
Itself with its weeds and its cactus, its skyline
And Outlook, and "flowers of the sun" keeping summer
In winter. These oak trees so gnarled and well-destinied;
These up-soaring smoke-columns, pillars well builded
In evening's still dwelling. This vast hazy sunset
Aglow at its focus, and, facing its beaming,
The whole great beneficent landscape; and even
The cold, pure mountain, remote and beyond it,
Its snow-sides just brushed by its tender suffusion.
But close to me, here, at the fringe of the hill,
The wee brown birds in the weeds twitter happily,
They sing, too, a poem of God, and I
As I listen, become so attuned to these beauties,
This Infinite Goodness, this Love, that I stand here,
A reader of verses created of God.

MARGARET TROILI CAMPBELL.

THE CRAFTSMAN MOVEMENT: ITS ORIGIN AND GROWTH: BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

A FEW weeks ago I was showing a friend of mine over the new Craftsman Building, explaining my plans for its development—describing all the interesting things I hoped to bring together there. And after listening to me for a while, he said:

"Tell me, what makes you do this? Why do you want to move into this big place? Do you realize the enormous load you are shouldering, how many more problems you will have to solve, and what a difficult undertaking this will be to carry through? You're getting on in years; you've reached an age when a business man usually begins to think about retiring and settling down to a quiet life. Instead, you are taking on harder work and bigger responsibilities. Why do you do it?"

"Because I can't help it," I told him. "A movement that has grown as this one has, must keep on growing, People need it; they wouldn't let me stop even if I wanted to."

As I think the matter over, it comes to me more and more clearly that here lies the true explanation—that it is a *movement*, and not merely an individual enterprise. It must either grow or decay; it cannot stand still. For a movement is like a tree—if it once gets a firm hold in the soil, if it has its *roots in the ground*, it cannot help growing. Barring accidents, nothing can stop it.

In every vital movement this principle of growth is seen, and the Craftsman Movement is no exception. Its development has been a matter of natural, logical expansion. First it had to be rooted in the soil of actual physical conditions, to be the outgrowth of real spiritual needs. It had to push its way up toward the light of a definite ideal. It sent forth one branch after another, each new development suggesting still wider and more varied growth. And like the tree, each branch had to be hardy, had to weather rebuff and criticism just as the branches of the tree have to withstand storms and insects and other natural foes. Moreover, its growth had to be more or less in line with the thoughts and wishes of the people, for the public tendency, in a general way, is right, and the wind that sways and determines the growth of any democratic movement is always the *zeitgeist*, the "spirit of the times." Because of these things its present stature has been reached.

Fifteen years ago this Movement started. It had its origin in a few simple chairs. Yet such sound principles of craftsmanship inspired their conception, and such popular response did their making invoke, that out of this seemingly insignificant beginning developed all that the word "Craftsman" now implies.

THE CRAFTSMAN MOVEMENT

TODAY the Craftsman Movement stands not only for simple, well made furniture, conceived in the spirit of true craftsmanship, designed for beauty as well as comfort, and built to last, it stands also for a distinct type of American architecture, for well built, democratic homes, planned for and owned by the people who live in them, homes that solve the servant problem by their simple, pleasant arrangement, and meet the needs of wholesome family life. Big, light, airy living rooms that foster the social spirit are a part of its purpose; it holds as essential the open fireplace as the natural nucleus for happy indoor life. The plain yet decorative woodwork and built-in fittings that help to simplify housework and produce a restful, homelike atmosphere are inherent in its plan. The sheltered places for outdoor dining, rest and play, and the healthful sleeping porch which is coming to be recognized as so vital a part of the modern home are inevitably a part of the Craftsman home. It stands, too, for the companionship of gardens, the wholesomeness of country and suburban living and the health and efficiency which these imply. It aims to be instrumental in the restoration of the people to the land and the land to the people. It is always for progress, for scientific farming, for closer coöperation between producer and consumer, and less waste in both agricultural and industrial fields. It stands for the rights of the children to health and happiness, through an education that will develop hands as well as heads; an education that will give them that love and enthusiasm for useful work which is every child's rightful heritage, and fit them to take their places as efficient members of a great democracy. Civic improvement is close to its heart, political, as well as social and industrial progress; it desires to strengthen honest craftsmanship in every branch of human activity, and strives for a form of art which shall express the spirit of the American people.

And now as the Movement reaches the next stage in its evolution, the opening of the new Craftsman Building, it seems only fitting, for the information of those who may not be familiar with its various activities, that I should offer this brief explanation of its origin and growth.

I had always been interested in wood, even before I became interested in furniture, for as a farm boy out in Wisconsin I used to make wooden ax helves, yokes for the oxen, runners for the sleigh—whatever happened to be needed for the task in hand. In fact, in the making of these rough farm implements lay the germ of what I have accomplished in later years.

After the farming I took up stone masonry, and it was the hard daily labor with this stubborn material that made me appreciate so keenly the responsive, sympathetic qualities of wood when I began

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE IN ONE OF THE MEADOWS IS MADE BY THE LONG ROADWAY THAT LEADS TO THE WOODLANDS AND A GROUP OF REGISTERED HOLSTEINS FEEDING CONTENTEDLY IN SPITE OF THE CAMERA.

A ROADWAY LEADING TO PASTURE LANDS: THROUGH IT ONE GETS A GLIMPSE OF THE VALLEY AND THE HILLS BEYOND: THE EYE HELD TO THE VIEW BY MASSES OF FLOWERS ON EITHER SIDE AND TALL PILLARS COVERED WITH IVY.

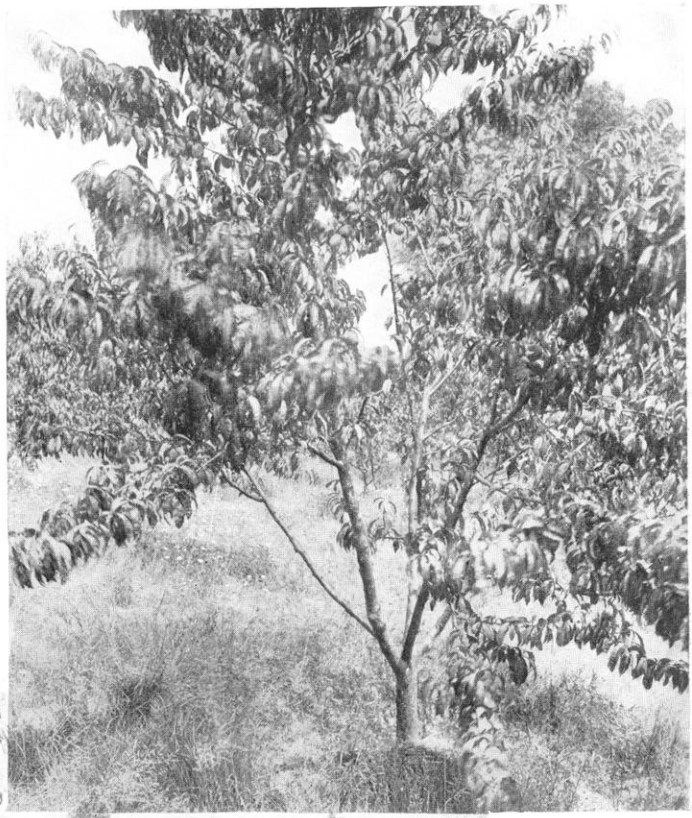
THE STEPS LEADING FROM THE GARDEN ARE BUILT NATURALISTICALLY OF ROUGH STONE, AND GENTLY FOLLOW THE LAY OF THE LAND: THE CEDAR POSTS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE PATH WILL EVENTUALLY DEVELOP INTO A ROSE COVERED PERGOLA.

THE HEART OF THE GARDEN WHERE THE ROSES ARE PLANTED: THE DISTANCE SHOWS THE NATURAL FOREST THAT CLOSES IN THE PROPERTY ON ONE SIDE.

A VIEW FROM THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE WHERE A SUGGESTION IS GIVEN OF THE WIDE VALLEY IN THE DISTANCE AND AN INTERESTING GROUPING OF THE TREES.

ONE EDGE OF THE GARDEN IN WHICH THE BEAUTY OF THE ARBOR VITÆ HEDGE IS ESPECIALLY EVIDENT: BEYOND IS A GLIMPSE OF A COMFORTABLE SEAT, AND TANGLES OF BRILLIANT FLOWERS ARE IN THE FOREGROUND.

AN INDIVIDUAL PEACH TREE IN THE EXTENSIVE ORCHARD OF CRAFTSMAN FARMS, THE FRUIT SO ABUNDANT AS TO BEAR DOWN THE BRANCHES AND APPEAR FROM A DISTANCE LIKE GOLDEN PINK CHEEKED BALLS: THE TREES ARE NOT ALL OF THE SAME VARIETY, SOME COMING INTO BEARING EARLIER THAN OTHERS, A FACT WHICH GREATLY FACILITATES THEIR HARVESTING AND EXTENDS THE SEASON OF PLEASURE FOR WHICH THEY ARE RESPONSIBLE.



A VIEW DOWN ONE OF THE VISTALIKE ROWS OF THE PEACH ORCHARD AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS: THE ROWS ALTERNATING AT RIGHT ANGLES WITH THE PEACHES ARE PLANTED WITH APPLE TREES, ALSO HUNG AT THIS SEASON WITH SOUND, INVITING FRUIT HASTENING TO RIPEN.

afterward, at the age of sixteen, to learn the cabinetmakers' trade. It was like being with an old friend, to work in wood again! I began to study its beauty more carefully, to note its varied grains and textures, the way it lent itself to sturdy simple forms and soft finishes, and these things filled me with enthusiasm for the work.

AT FIRST the furniture I made was on the usual conventional lines; but as the years went by and I experimented with the various forms of construction and design, I began to understand better what good furniture and true craftsmanship meant. I tried to make pieces that would be first of all practical and comfortable, that would last a man's lifetime without being much the worse for wear; the kind of things one could take pride in handing down to one's grandchildren. I wanted them to be beautiful, too, not with the superficial prettiness of applied ornament, but with that inherent decorative quality which comes from good proportions, mellow finish and harmonious coloring. And to these ends I tried always to choose strong, serviceable materials, with the sort of texture, design and coloring that would result in a genuine, homelike charm.

I did not realize at the time that in making those few pieces of strong, simple furniture, I had started a new movement. Others saw it and prophesied a far-reaching development. To me it was only furniture; to them it was religion. And eventually it became religion with me as well.

Thus, unconsciously, a Craftsman style was evolved and developed, a style that gradually found its way into the homes of the people, pushing out a branch here, a branch there, first in one direction and then in another, wherever it met with sympathy and encouragement.

The next thing that naturally suggested itself was the need of a broader medium of expression for these ideas of craftsmanship and home-making; the need of some definite, organized plan for reaching people who, I felt sure, would be interested in what I was trying to accomplish; some means of getting into direct communication with them, of entering, so to speak, into their very homes. And so, in October, nineteen hundred and one, the Craftsman Movement sent forth another branch, full of hope and promise—the first number of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine.

At the start it was only a small illustrated pamphlet, devoted largely to an exposition of Craftsman ideals. Gradually, however, as the little monthly found its way to sympathetic readers, its circulation, size and interest increased. From Syracuse, where for the first six years it had been published, I brought it to New York; for the metropolis, with its wider interests and activities, seemed the natural

place to secure the material I needed, and to get in touch with progressive men and women who were accomplishing significant things in the various fields of work and art.

In the magazine I have striven from the beginning to present the work and opinions of others in sympathy with my ideas, as well as my own suggestions regarding home-making, and point of view about the problems of the day. In as direct, authentic and beautiful fashion as I could, I have set forth what seemed the best and most representative work of artists, craftsmen, architects and other workers in significant fields, both in this country and abroad; reviewing and illustrating whatever I believed would prove helpful to those men and women of America who needed stimulus to spur them on to finer achievement.

But a healthy movement, like a healthy tree, does not grow merely in one or two directions. And while the magazine was sending out its branches and spreading its influence over American homes wherever it could reach throughout the country, the main trunk of the movement was sending forth still other branches.

FOR all this time the original source of the movement, the furniture, had been developing and finding its way to home-loving people who wanted simple, serviceable things. And as the demand grew, I became more and more interested in every detail of the home environment, for I saw that the way a man's house was planned and built had as much influence upon his family's health and happiness as had the furniture they lived with. Besides, such unassuming furnishings as mine were out of place in elaborate over-ornamented interiors. They needed the sort of rooms and woodwork and exterior that would be in keeping with their own more homelike qualities. They suggested, by their sturdy build and friendly finish, an equally sturdy and friendly type of architecture. This being the case, why not build the kind of homes that would be in sympathy with the Craftsman ideal? Thus was evolved what has since come to be known as Craftsman architecture.

I planned these houses with a big living room because I believed in having a comfortable place for general family life, large enough to eliminate that sense of friction which is so apt to invade a cramped and narrow home. In this room I planned a generous fireplace, because I knew that people were longing to return to the oldtime comfort and hospitality that centered so pleasantly around the open hearth. And this fireplace became one of the most characteristic features of my plans—even developing later, after much scientific study and experiment, into a means of heating and ventilating the whole house.

The rest of the space in a Craftsman house I arranged compactly, with as few partitions as possible for the sake of economy and the simplifying of work. More often than not the rooms were all on one floor, to eliminate the trouble of stair-climbing, and special attention was paid to the kitchen and other parts where the maid or housewife would have to spend much time, and which consequently should be light, cheerful and convenient.

Then the question naturally suggested itself—why build homes in the city? Why live in tall buildings, in rows and solid blocks, with a minimum of air and light and garden space, when there is so much beautiful country within reach? Why not live where there is plenty of fresh air and sunshine, plenty of room to grow flowers and vegetables, to rest and exercise out of doors? Why not get "back to the land?"

Thinking and working along these lines, the houses I planned naturally began to take on certain aspects of country and suburban living—big porches for outdoor work and rest and play, dining porches, sleeping balconies, pergolas and other garden features that would link the interior closely with the outdoor life.

The next thing that suggested itself was that people, instead of living in houses built merely for speculation, should plan and build and *own* their own homes—even the people who could afford only a little four or five-room cottage or bungalow. And it seemed to me that if these homes were to be *theirs* in the fullest sense of the word, they must give their own time, thought and energy to the planning of each detail, and then make sure that the architect and builder carried out their ideas in an economical, practical and beautiful way.

These opinions I naturally expressed in THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine, where each month I published one or more of my house designs, thus making them available to readers in every part of the world. I published floor plans and perspective views of both interior and exterior, with practical advice as to construction, finish, furnishing and decorating schemes. People began to look more and more to this magazine as a source of encouragement and aid. Men and women who were expecting to build and furnish their own homes would write to me for plans, ask my advice about different methods of construction or different kinds of wood finishes, or want me to make suggestions for interior decorations and color schemes. And out of these inquiries and their answers, Craftsman Service developed—another branch of the constantly growing Craftsman Movement.

As I was continually advising people to build their own homes in a simple, practical fashion, the next thing that inevitably suggested itself was that I should *actually help them to do it;* show them the

various building materials, point out the qualities and uses of each, explain the different methods of construction, teach them how to choose the most serviceable and appropriate things, how to plan wisely and build well.

So I began to bring together for their inspection samples of building materials, paints and finishes, miniature models of cottages and bungalows, and household devices of various kinds. But I soon found that three floors occupied by my architectural, editorial and circulation forces were quite inadequate to allow a suitable display or to accommodate with comfort all my visitors. It became necessary to move into more spacious and convenient quarters; hence the Craftsman Movement has branched out into the new Craftsman Building.

This building is now the Craftsman home. Here are the showrooms for furniture, metal work and fabrics made in my cabinet and metal workshops at Eastwood, New York. Here is THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine with its several departments. Here are the drafting rooms of the Craftsman architects; the bureaus of Craftsman Service—architectural, gardening, agricultural and real estate; the home-builders' library, the lecture hall, the club rooms for Craftsman subscribers, and the homelike Craftsman Restaurant.

More important than all, perhaps, here is the big Craftsman Permanent Home-builders' Exposition, occupying five floors and including in its scope everything that the homemaker might need to see and know, from brick and mortar to wall coverings and stencil designs, from ice-boxes and vacuum cleaners to garden tools and rustic furniture. And all so conveniently and systematically arranged that the visitor may pass from one exhibit to another in logical order, or inspect some particular feature on which information is desired—with always an expert within call ready to give the necessary advice or explanation. Such an exposition as this must surely prove invaluable to the American homemaker; and surely it is a fitting culmination for all the Craftsman activities.

Thus, like the tree, out of what seemed a small and insignificant beginning, has the Craftsman Movement grown. Not because I consciously willed or planned it; not because of great capital or prestige; but simply because it had its *roots in the ground.* It grew out of actual spiritual needs and physical conditions. It drew life from the warm, fertile soil of the people's interest and enthusiasm. And it depends upon their continued love and help, as well as upon my own endeavor, to keep its branches green, to make it grow into still farther-reaching strength and still wider efficiency.

CHARACTER AND THE CAMERA: BY JOHN COURNOS

TODAY, when a distinguished Englishman feels regretfully that he must have his photograph taken—whether for business or social purposes—he goes to the London studio of E. O. Hoppe. For he knows that there he can obtain a simple, unaffected portrait, one that is characteristic, truthful and at the same time sympathetic, satisfying from both a personal and pictorial standpoint, and free from all those artificialities of pose and attempts at "artistic" backgrounds which are so annoying to the sensitive sitter and so fatal to the really artistic result. After a study of this portrait-photographer's work and personality, one can readily understand how, in the comparatively short space of three years, he has gained such a reputation.

A clue to Mr. Hoppe's methods and one of the reasons underlying his success may be found in his studio. It is a large, three-windowed room, without skylight, the walls of white Japanese fiber reflecting the maximum of light rays and absorbing practically none. The furniture and ornaments consist of a few simple but genuine pieces, including such choice things as an old carved Italian chest, a Gothic reading desk, a Nürnberg madonna. And above all the room is notable for the absence of artificial backgrounds, screens and head-rests and all the objects that go to make up the old-fashioned photographic studio.

"An important problem in photographic portraiture," declares Mr. Hoppe, "is the relationship between photographer and sitter—mostly a problem of personality." It is to the absence of this personal element—for there can be no relationship between the sitter, a living man or woman, and the camera, a mere mechanism—that Mr. Hoppe attributes the non-success of most photographs. They are soulless likenesses and not character studies, a distinction which makes of a photograph a work of art.

In the first place, Mr. Hoppe makes a departure from the popular convention that some physiognomies are not susceptible to the camera. He looks upon the time-worn expression "I don't take a good picture" as absurd. Again he is most emphatic in his avowal that "there is no person actually commonplace," no person in whom there is not a sufficient variation in character from another person, to lend itself to distinction by the lens. To render this shade of difference, this delicate distinction, is the duty and function of the photographer of faces.

How to catch this difference is a problem which requires, not alone a certain character perception, but also a great deal of alertness and sufficient acuteness to grasp the moment, "and one moment only"

when the sitter looks as he is—"the psychological moment when *he* appears absolutely, when he opens himself." To recognize that moment is the photographer's task. Hence Mr. Hoppe seldom takes a picture of a man at first meeting.

Mr. Hoppe's methods require further explanation. He lays stress upon a man's possibilities. He studies him as he changes his position. He draws him into conversation, learns about his hobbies, his station in life, his outlook on life, and watches his eye light up at this or that. He believes in a certain magnetic, or if you will, telepathic communication between himself and his sitter. He shows him prints and a casual remark may give him a clue to the sitter's likes and ideas. Even the thought that traverses like a flash across a man's mind may arrest its owner in a self-revealing pose which gives Mr. Hoppe a certain mental picture of the man and indicates the time to choose the most natural, the most characteristic attitude. If the man is reticent, the very reticence can be suggested. Mr. Hoppe admits going wrong occasionally, but he remains steadfast to his principle that the natural pose of the sitter is the first thing to be sought by the artistic photographer.

He wants to get away as far as he can from conventionality and at the same time avoid artificiality.

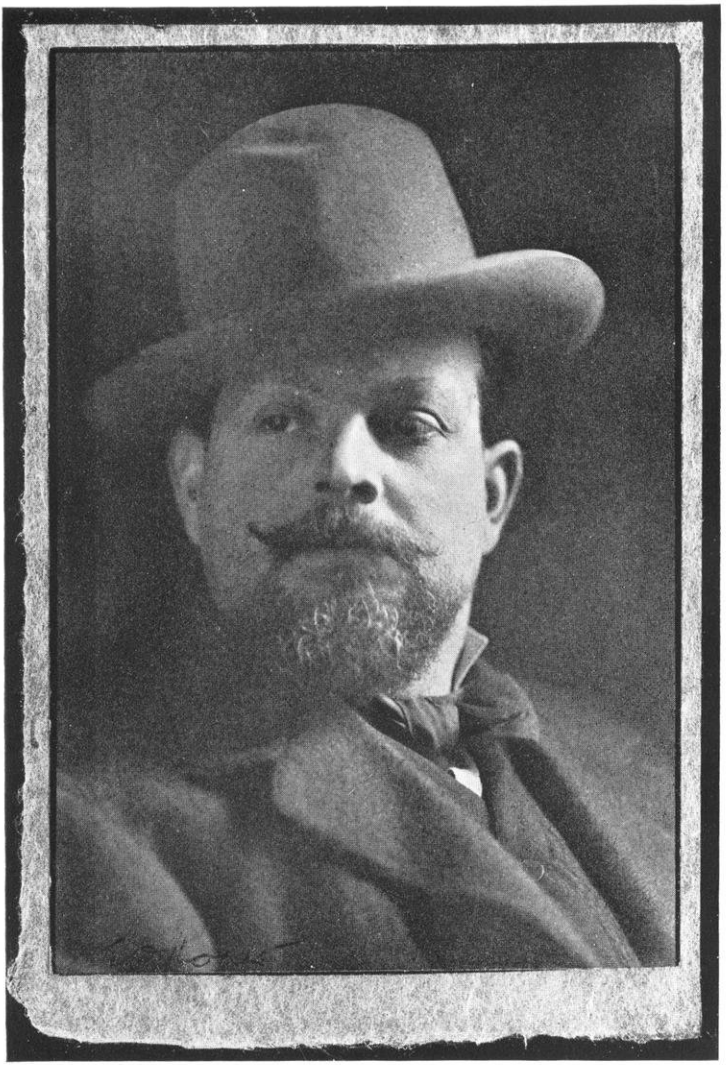
Let us note a concrete instance of this photographer's method. Look at the illustration of Granville Barker, one of the most successful of the Hoppe portraits. Mr. Hoppe started out with a different idea in mind. "But" he explains, "a cat happened to stray into the room at the moment. Mr. Barker's eyes suddenly lighted upon the graceful animal and he was all happiness as it climbed up his knee and onto his shoulder. I snapped him then and there. I was perfectly justified. He had no idea I was going to do it. I recognized the moment."

It is this unpremeditated quality, this ability to snap a sitter unaware, unconscious for the moment of the fact of being in a studio, that is Hoppe's confessed secret of success. He employs a type of reflex camera that is always ready. The slide is always in the register. It is a noiseless instrument, resting on a low stand, and there is about it no suggestive black cloth. It is looked into from the top instead of the back. The rays passing through the lens are caught up by the mirror and reflected on the focusing screen at the top of the camera.

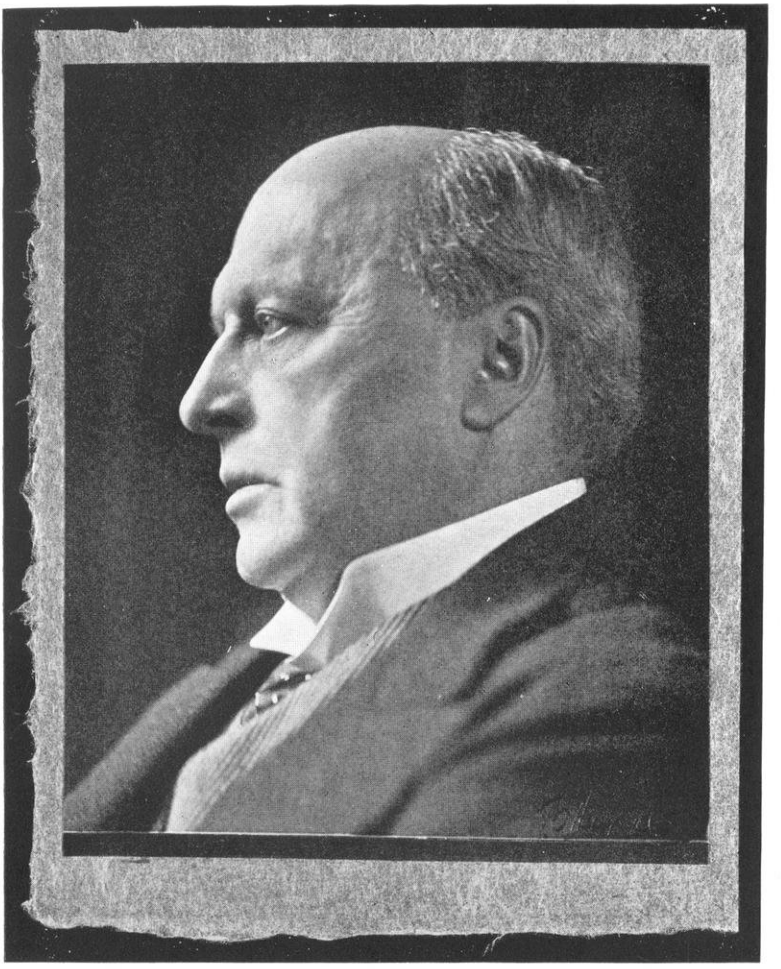
The mistake most photographers make in the opinion of Mr. Hoppe is in spending more time on finishing a picture than on preliminaries; whereas they ought to spend most of the time on preliminaries and very little on finishing. There is the problem of retouching for instance.

"I do very little retouching," says Mr. Hoppe. "Retouching has

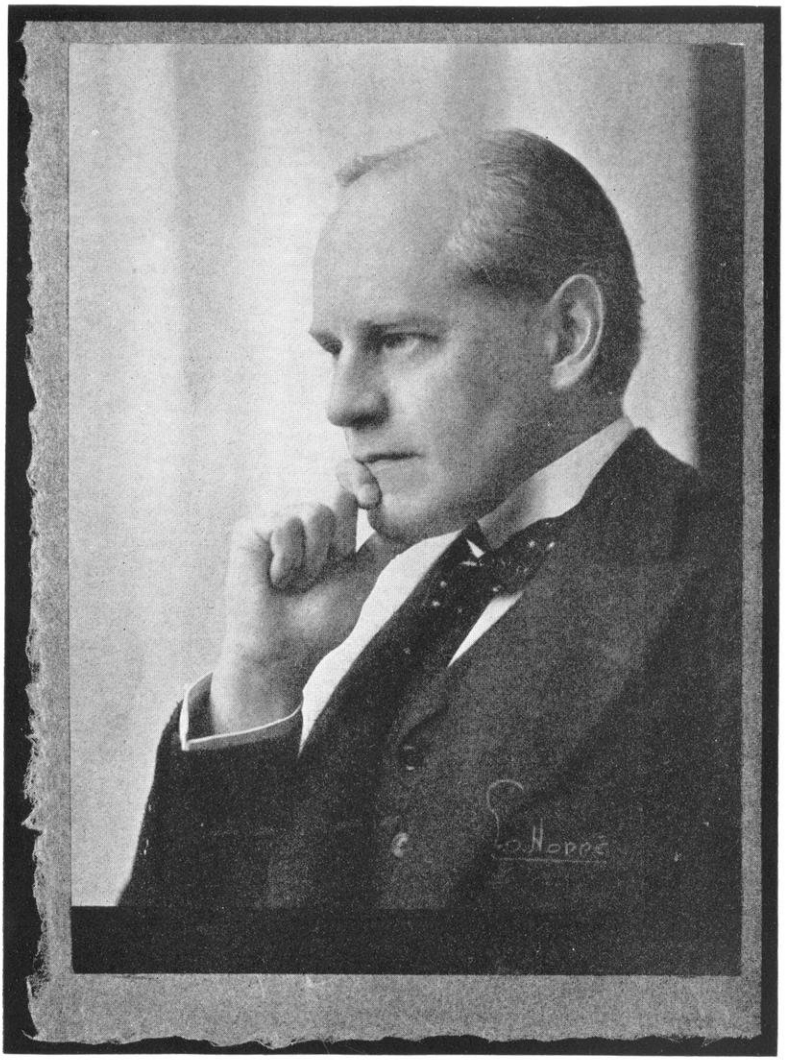
JOHN MASEFIELD: FROM A CAMERA-PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPE.



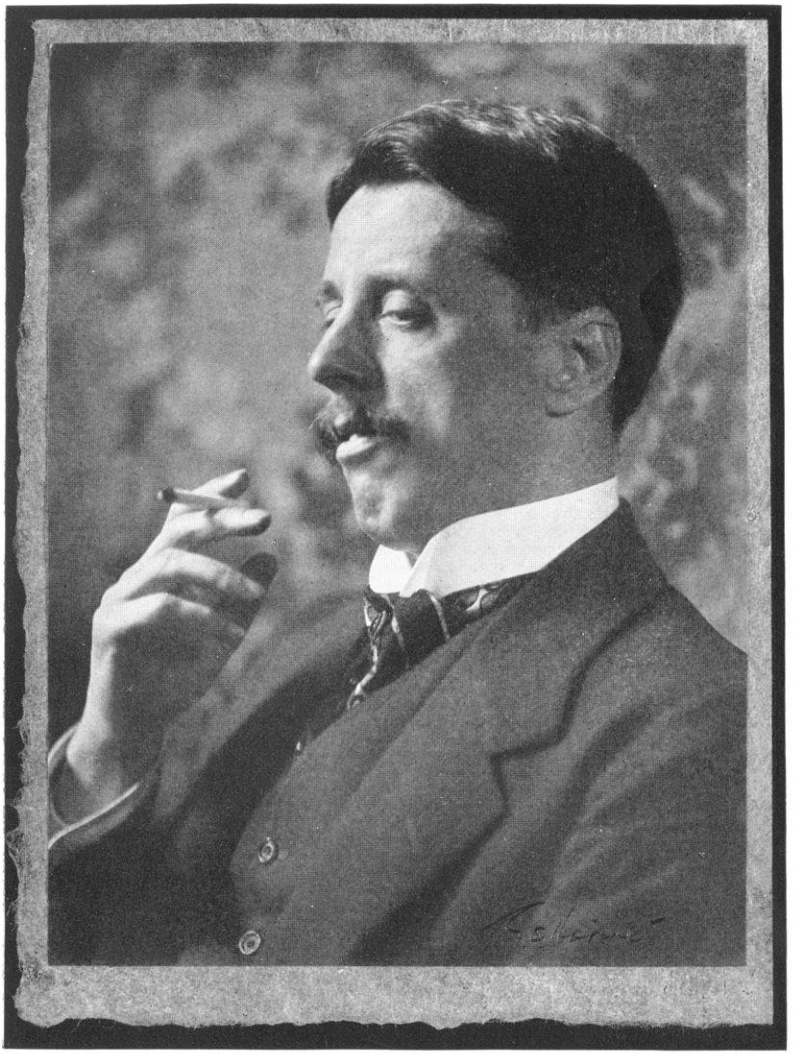
FRANK BRANGWYN: FROM A CAMERA-PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPE.



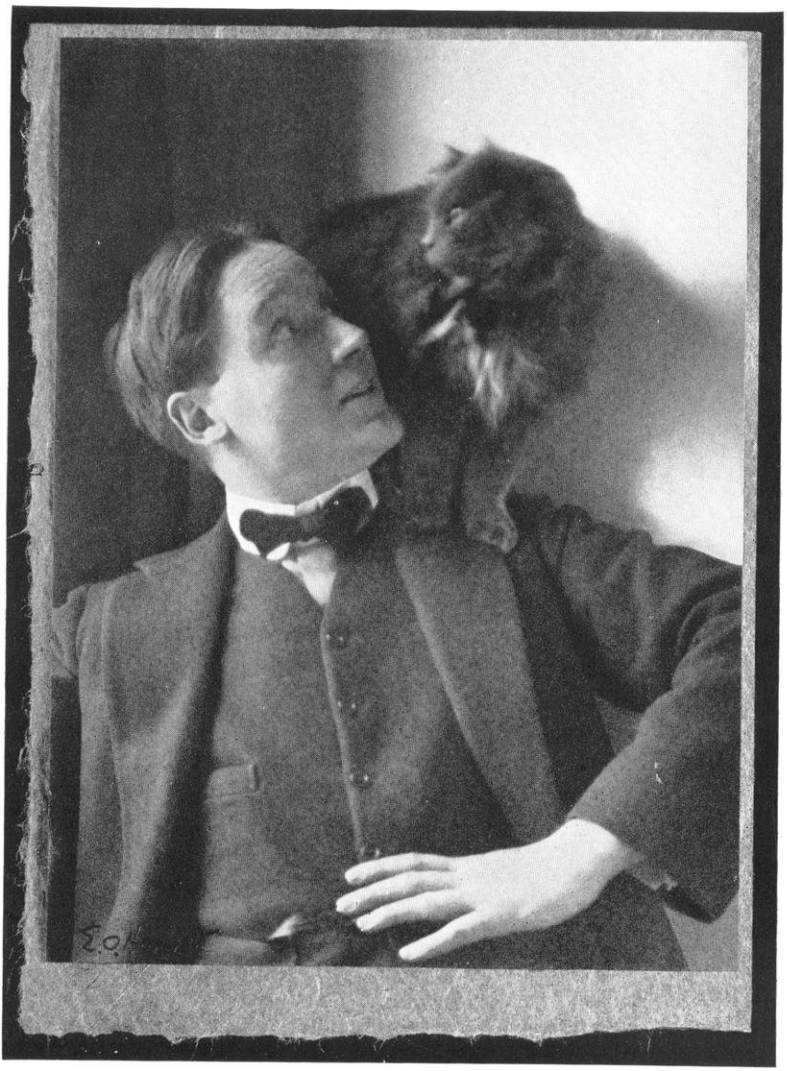
HENRY JAMES: FROM A CAMERA-PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPE.



JOHN GALSWORTHY: FROM A CAMERA-PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPE.



ARNOLD BENNETT: FROM A CAMERA-PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPE.



GRANVILLE BARKER: FROM A CAMERA-PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPE.

been the greatest enemy to photographic portraiture. I confine myself to remedying blemishes inherent in the processes, such as irregularities of skin registered. I rely entirely upon the right lighting of faces. That is the great retoucher—Light."

The fact that Hoppe studied portraiture under such masters of the brush as Von Lenbach and Kaulbach lends interest to his statement that he considers the camera and the rest of the photographic paraphernalia merely as tools, as another artistic medium to be classed with pencils, drawing board, brushes, colors and etching needle. He holds that it is the man behind the camera who can impart artistic value to a photograph. The photographer must not, however, attempt too much; he must know the limitations of his medium.

Painters, Mr. Hoppe thinks, are right in condemning the photography of the present day. Instead of rising to a superior level, it has during the last twenty years come down to a low level among the crafts.

In explaining this, he says: "The first men to practice photography were painters, such a man, for instance, as David Octavius Hill,R.A. His portraits today are unequalled in artistic value, although technique has been made more and more perfect. That's the whole thing in a nutshell. Because these men were artists, the photographs or portraits produced by them were works of art. Therefore it follows that not camera or lens should be considered, but the man. If a man has the artistic instinct and feeling he is bound to produce something of artistic value. It is immaterial how it is produced, so long as it has all the qualities that entitle it to be called a work of art."

Mr. Hoppe is now experimenting with color and has achieved some fine results, which he will show at an exhibition of his work in London next May. He explains the process briefly as follows:

"Any paper coated with gelatine and bichromatic salt becomes when exposed to light, insoluble and the paper thus prepared is printed through the ordinary photographic negative. It is then put into water where those portions that have been exposed will swell up in a very faint and hardly distinguishable relief. That pr nt is then put on several layers of wet blotting paper and dabbed with flat-bound brushes, having ordinary lithographic inos. It is then that the process shows its tremendous latitude. It gives the powers of the painter. The tone values can be altered and corrected. This process was discovered three or four years ago by a man named Rawlins, but merely in monochrome. Its color possibilities are just being realized. Lately a few enthusiastic workers have taken up the process, which of course has its dangers for those who do not understand blending or the harmony of color."

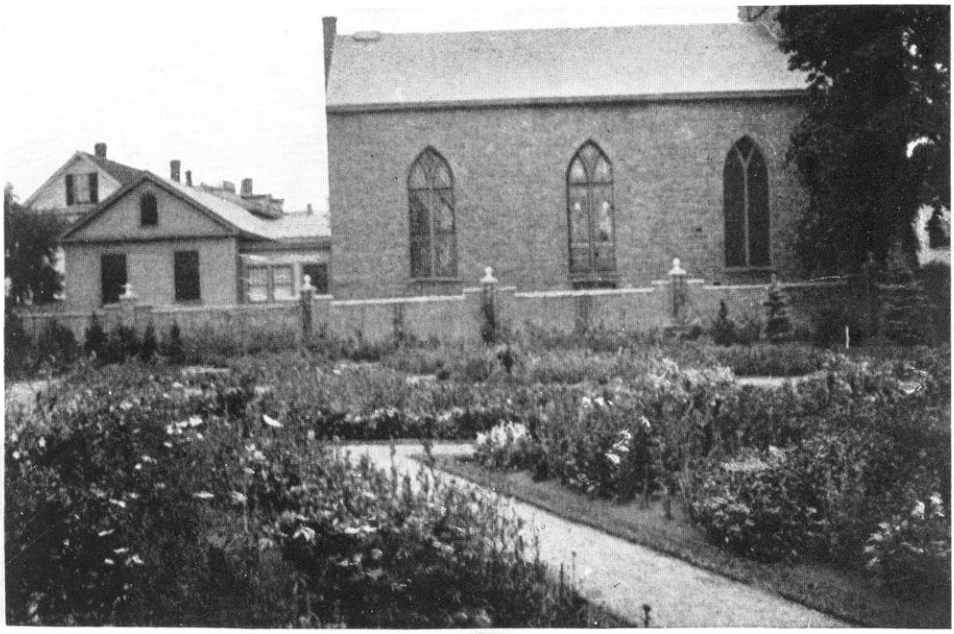
SALEM: ITS HOUSES, ITS STREETS AND ITS GARDENS RICH WITH THE ATMOSPHERE OF ROMANCE AND TRADITION

RCHITECTS, sooner or later, seek in Massachusetts the streets of Salem. Indeed this renowned old town is not imbued with the idea of change, and Chestnut Street is still acknowledged to be the finest example, architecturally, of early American conception. Historians and romanticists as well delight in the place; the former regarding it as the seat of witchcraft and fanaticism, the latter as the environment of the "House of the Seven Gables."

Once the now out-of-the-way situation of this many gabled mansion is reached, romance in its quintessence enfolds the visitor, encircling him in the aroma of its past sentiment. Here, on this very spot, is accentuated the old saw: "the pen is mightier than the sword"; for had the ground on which stands the House of the Seven Gables been a battle-field, it would hardly be more generally visited or afford a more widespread interest than it does today. By the pen of Hawthorne this gray visaged old house has been made of abiding interest in Salem, as if it were a unique human being. Its personality is deeply marked, its atmosphere so individual that instead of succumbing to modern thought, it draws its visitors into the gulf of its own time and standards.

Hawthorne himself declared that the scene of his romance was in one of the old projecting storied houses familiar to his eye in Salem; also that it had been an object of curiosity with him from boyhood, both as a specimen of the best and stateliest architecture of a long past epoch and as the scene of events more full of human interest, perhaps, than those of a gray feudal castle.

Probably the House of the Seven Gables as embodied in his story was the composite of several of the old mansions identified with Salem; for at the time that Hawthorne knew it well it had, so it is reported, but three gables, the others being added later. Most earnestly also did Hawthorne insist that his story should be regarded as a romance; that the characters he drew were of his "own mixing." Moreover he insisted that the aspect of the House of the Seven Gables affected him like a human countenance, and in so saying he voiced the sentiment of many who today pay it a visit. It is a building given over now to the memory of Hawthorne, its owner endeavoring to identify it with the author's work and life as closely as possible, crying out for the realism of characters which he himself deemed but romantic. Each room remains as he saw it and as it became crystallized at the point of his pen. The front entrance of the house is still through a



ONE OF THE GARDENS OF SALEM PLACED AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE: A GARDEN HIDDEN AWAY FROM THE CASUAL EYE, ALTHOUGH SURKOUNDED BY MUCH LIFE AND TRAFFIC: THE COLORED GLASS IN THE WINDOWS OF THE OLD CHURCH APPEARS IN SOME LIGHTS TO BE A CONTINUATION OF THE FLORAL OFFERING OF THE GARDEN: AT TWILIGHT WITH THE CHURCH LIGHTED THE SCENE IS ONE OF UNIQUE BEAUTY.

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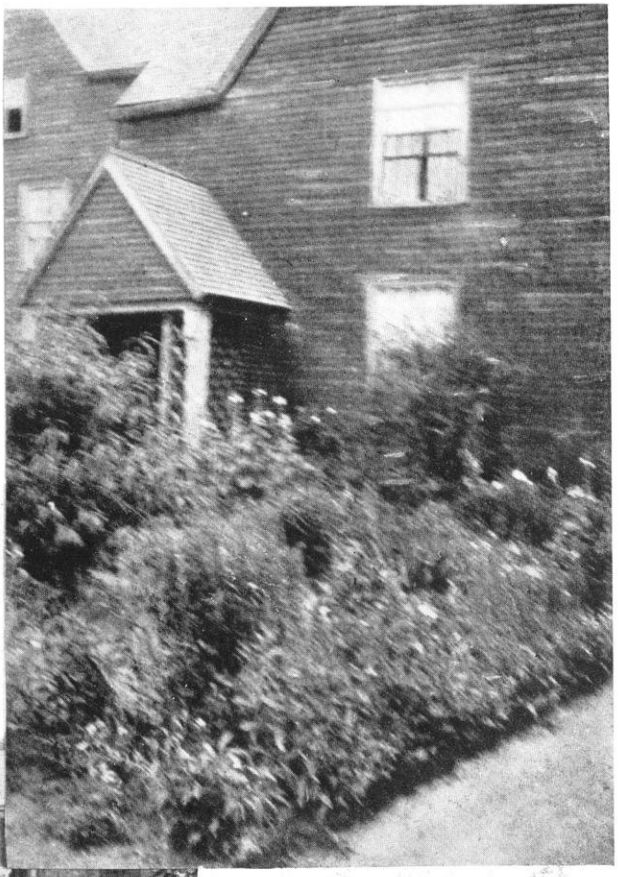
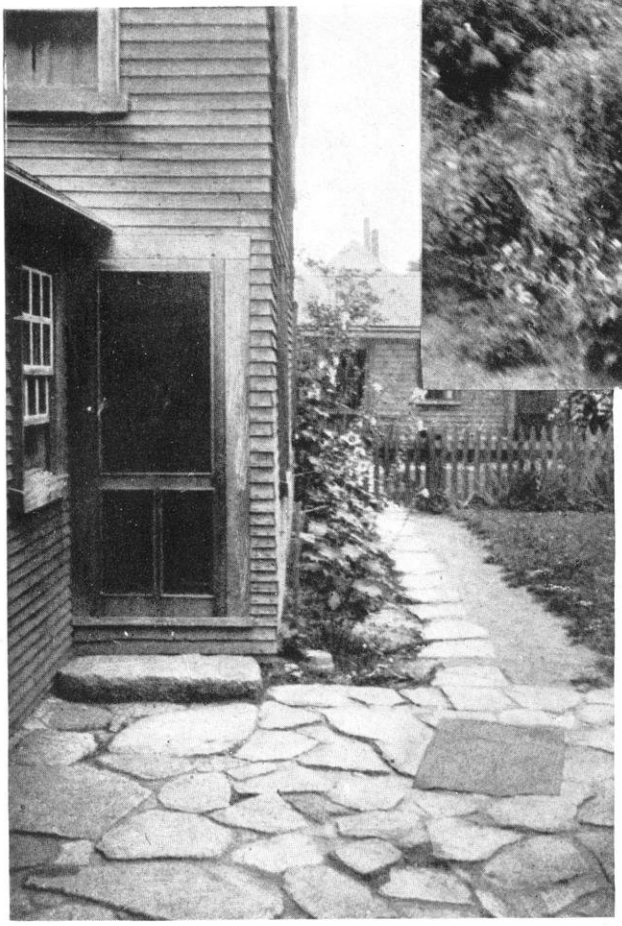
AN OLD SALEM GARDEN, BOXHEDGED AND OVERGROWN, TANGLED AND UNKEMPT: ABOUT IT NEVERTHELESS THERE IS SOMETHING ABIDINGLY SWEET AND HOMELIKE: ONE FEELS THAT IT WAS PLANTED WITH LOVE AND FROM A CRAVING FOR BEAUTY.

"THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES" IS NOW DEEPLY EMBEDDED AT ONE SIDE IN FLOWERS AND VERDURE WHICH TO SOME EXTENT SOFTEN WHILE NOT QUITE OVERCOMING ITS GRAY TIME-WORN VISAGE: A STRANGE HOUSE THROBBING WITH AN ATMOSPHERE OF MELANCHOLY ROMANCE: HAWTHORNE HAS CREATED THROUGH LITERATURE WHAT IS USUALLY BORNE OUT OF ACTUAL HUMAN STRUGGLE.



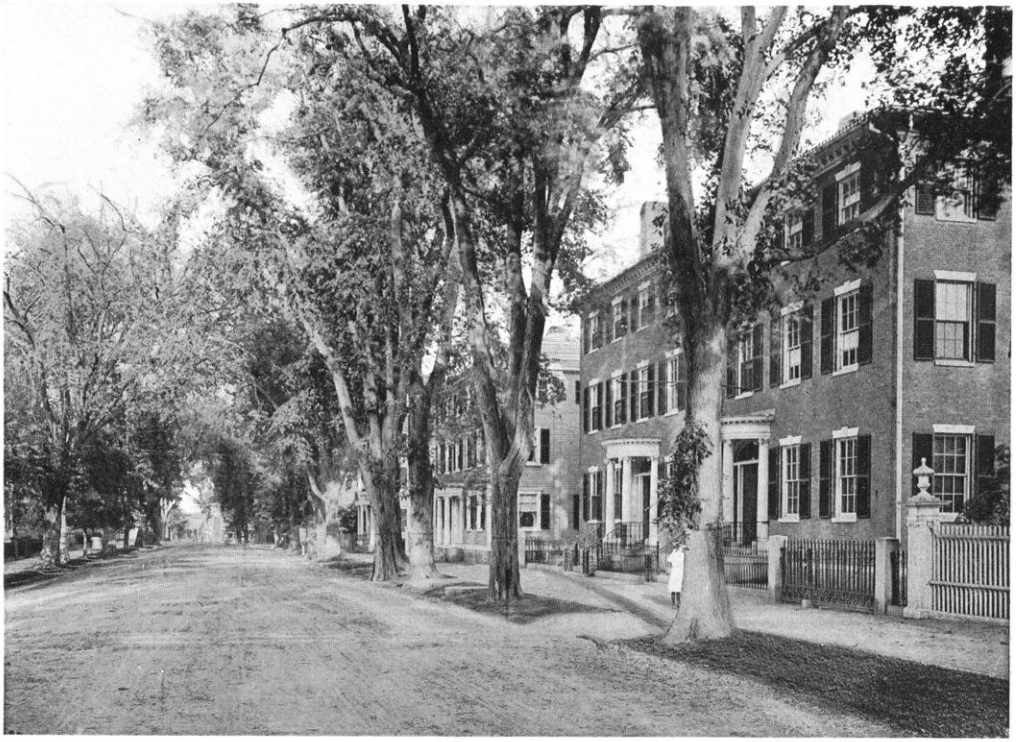


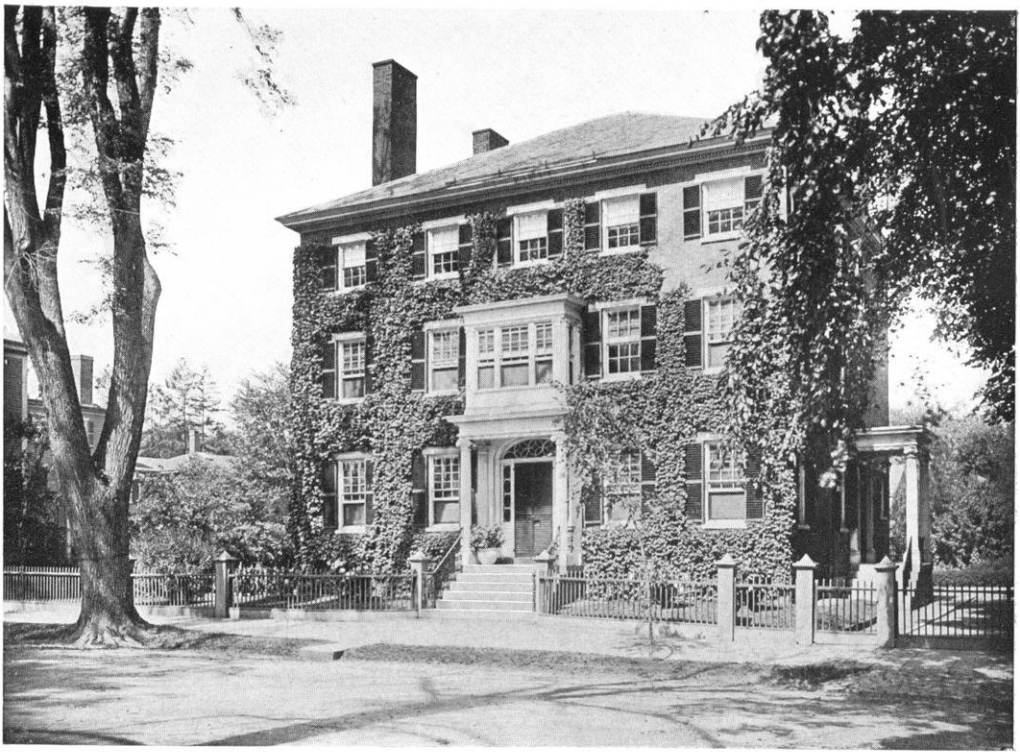
THE SIDE OF "THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES" WHERE TALL HOLLYHOCKS LEAN AGAINST IT IN FRIENDLY FASHION GIVING COLOR TO ITS DISMAL CLAPBOARDS AND HOLDING IT IN TOUCH WITH THE GAY WORLD OF FLOWERS: THE DOOR HERE LEADS TO THE UTILITARIAN PART OF THE HOUSE; THE IRREGULAR PAVEMENT MAKING NO EFFORT TO HIDE THE FOOTPRINTS OF TIME.

CHESTNUT STREET IN SALEM, ONE OF WIDE AND NOBLE PROPORTIONS AND FLANKED ON EITHER SIDE BY VETERAN TREES, HOLDING IN FRIENDLY SECLUSION HOUSES WHICH BESPEAK THE NATIVE NEW ENGLAND RESERVE AND STERNNESS.

A HOUSE ALONG CHESTNUT STREET SHOWING THAT IT HAS MADE USE OF ITS PRIVILEGE ON THE BUILDING LINE BY THE EXTENT TO WHICH IT HAS BUILT OUT ITS FRONT STEPS AND BY ITS SACRIFICE OF A FENCE: THE PIONEER ALWAYS BUILT CLOSE TO THE ROAD FOR PROTECTION AND COMPANIONSHIP.

HOUSES ON CHESTNUT STREET IN SALEM ARE REGARDED ARCHITECTURALLY AS THE FINEST DEVELOPMENT OF EARLY AMERICAN BUILDING: THIS STREET WILL NEVER CALL FOR CIVIC IMPROVEMENT.





TYPICAL MANSIONS OF CHESTNUT STREET IN SALEM, ALSO SHOWING WIDTH AND BEAUTY OF STREET.

THE HOFFMAN HOUSE ON CHESTNUT STREET, GENIAL IN ITS EXPRESSION SINCE SOFTENED WITH VINES.

tiny shop, and while it has graduated from a cent shop as kept by *Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon*, it still offers to its visitors, in unadulterated form, the delectable sweet called "Gibraltar Rock," and little toys and enticements, such as she might have sought on finding it necessary to open her ancestral mansion to trade, to listen with nervous tension for the tinkle of the bell indicating a probable purchaser of her wares.

The young woman who now guides the visitor through the house amplifies her descriptions of each room with such remarks as "this was *Miss Hepzibah's* bedroom: everything here is just as Hawthorne saw it last. All that we do is to keep it well dusted. We never move or disturb anything."

BUT THE thrilling part of the visit is when the guide, with an air of mystery all her own, entices one into a narrow, dark and unprepossessing passage, closing the door as, like some bad man in a fairy tale, she murmurs "I'll meet you at the top of the house." His brain then bestirs itself wondering if it is in accord with the wisdom of the nineteenth century to have followed her so unhesitatingly. Turn back he cannot. The only thing to do is to climb on as best he can the perpendicular stairs, roughly hewn, uncarpeted, holding no sympathy. But as he is in complete darkness, his limbs shake beneath him, a fact he is chary of confessing. Behind him the guide has bolted the entrance door. But when with courage somewhat reinstated, he reaches the top of the mysterious climb, a narrow door is thrown open and he steps out into one of the sweetest, most time-flavored bedrooms that his imagination has ever depicted. His mental atmosphere clears; he realizes that he has trodden the hidden flight of stairs, which from generation to generation has permitted various occupants of this house to appear mysteriously, to vanish with equal rapidity and to overhear conversations thought to be secret.

To see later the chair in which, as the story relates, *Judge Pyncheon* was found dead, gives the visitor another thrill of silent romance and happenings out of the ordinary. The smooth-paved way of modern life, its lack of romantic intrigue and its simplicity seems, after all, a trifle dull.

The last counsel of the guide is to step into the garden and see the gables. They are all there—seven marked off on the tips of the fingers; and snugly beside the house lies a little garden, than which none has been more sweetly, more touchingly described. Hollyhocks cling closely to the gray boards of the house, clothing their grimness with the iridescent luster of bloom, drawing it near to the changeful season. In no way is this garden remarkable, barring its extreme simplicity and lack of all straining after the unusual. Nevertheless it stands in

its original position and the heart goes out to it. It wafts a tender impression to carry away when at length the visitor turns from the House of the Seven Gables, preferring to believe in the absolute reality of Hawthorne's characters rather than that they were, as he claims, products of his own imagination.

CHESTNUT STREET is reached before long,—the finest example extant of Colonial house-building. Looking westward down this street its appeal is at once one of dignity and peace, its broad brick pavement shows that it has been well trodden, but in no way overcome. In such a pavement alone there is an element of repose.

On either side it is flanked by trees, old and stately, having developed with the years marked individuality. They have the scars, the peculiarities, perchance, of age; as well they have the assurance of their years and a reverent bearing which youth does not possess. From them the eye travels naturally to the houses set along the street in detached fashion. They represent an early and admirable conception of house-building, of houses that were homes of comfort and personality. The most notable examples were built in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century, a time when the crackling of warfare was in the air, when Indians had barely become citizens of docility, when religious disputes charged the atmosphere, and after young women had not only been accused of witchcraft, but tried for the crime and burned at the stake. Indeed it is from a scarred and turbulent past that Salem has won its present tranquillity.

These houses are severe and classic in outline: and while varied in treatment there is still enough of similarity about them to give to Chestnut Street the appearance of a harmonious whole. It does not suggest in any way the haphazard or the freakish. It appears well ordered, plainly and strongly executed. The building line has been respected, although occasionally the front steps of a house make an inroad into the sidewalk standing out to the uttermost limit of their privilege. Fences, fence posts and railings have been found useful in holding this line of the street, and are as well objects of distinction. Many examples of fine old ironwork, grilles and railings are also seen along Chestnut Street, in Salem. For the houses the favored building material was brick, although clapboards as well were used. The trim in either case was of wood, in most instances painted white, the blinds being of a darker or different color to give variety to the surface. Somewhat of the severity and the quiescent charm of one of Salem's old houses is well illustrated herein by a photograph. It holds its own along this street of architectural beauty, yet it can be seen by scanning it closely that it has made a subtle compromise with the

spirit of expansion. It has pushed its rights on the building line as far as possible, its steps and iron railings encroaching perceptibly on the pavement. It has sacrificed the protection of a fence across its front boundary. The main part of this house is of brick, severely laid and trimmed, but its rear extension is of clapboards and denotes a later thought than that of the original builder. The bay window over the front portico, exquisite in line and device, must have been added some time after the building was constructed. That it mars the exterior to a certain extent there is no doubt, even though it can be realized that it gives to the interior expansion, air and sunlight.

The bay window, and the front veranda, were conceptions that early began to temper the purity of classic architecture in America. They may have helped the Puritan to unclasp the bands from his soul and to drink in more completely the openness of life as a universal privilege rather than a system of inflexible rules.

IN ANOTHER one of the illustrations the growth of the city street idea is seen, since herein two typical mansions are joined together instead of being planned with an intervening space of earth. They were built, it would seem, with the ideas of chastity and solidity uppermost, also with some thought of ground economy. In houses such as these barely an inch of space was wasted. The hall traversing the middle opens to rooms on either side, rooms of ample and dignified proportions, rooms very regular, without alcoves, niches, nooks or other complications. Even to the top of the house each room has its full allotment of window space, each can be located without the accompaniment of mystery.

There are those who regard the exterior of these Salem houses as forbidding, precise and unalluring, as houses which do not cast forth the radiant note of hospitality. Others, on the contrary, see in them the pledge of reliability and steadfastness, the inability to be moved by every passing whim. In the Hoffman house on Salem Street one reads again the progress of the times in the sunroom built over the portico and in the verandalike covering of the side steps. The spaciousness of this house gives it an imposing air, and its roof, which is noteworthy, must make its upper story very pleasing to live in. Today even when innumerable larger and more costly houses have been built in America, it retains its own importance, proclaiming itself not unlike many stately old English mansions which have passed from generation to generation without appreciable alteration. The vines with which it is well clad soften its austerity, humanizing it and giving it almost the geniality of an old friend.

The doorways of the houses of Salem are an inspiration to archi-

tects of the present. They have a simplicity of outline, a grace of curve and design that is altogether fascinating to both sight and mind. And in Salem admirable examples of them abound, one after another, appealing to the visitor as he passes down the streets. Long flights of steps with simple yet elegant balustrades and newel posts often fantastically curved, are characteristic of the interior of these houses. China closets filled with examples of Lowestoft and curved and decorated at the top somewhat as the doorways; and walls covered with all-over designs of paper, are as essential to their period as is the old town in which they are placed,—Salem with its unflinching past.

BUT IT is not the House of the Seven Gables or the architectural perfection of Chestnut Street that completely fills the visitor here with satisfaction. The gardens of the old town claim his enthusiasm and cause him to wonder at the constancy with which they have thriven over so many years. The majority of these much visited gardens are at the back of the houses, only occasionally at their sides. They are gardens of box hedgings and of old-time flowers, often a bit tangled and confused. They are not especially connected with the houses, as is fashionable in modern landscape gardening, by pergolas, peristyles or covered arches. They simply form an outlet for the home life by keeping the world of nature but a stone's throw away from the back doors. Sometimes they are entered by a demure little white gate, again an arbor leads the way to their center. In almost every case they are enclosed at their outer boundaries by a fence, a necessary adjunct, since these gardens are those of a busy crowded place, not those of the open country. The towers of factories, workshops and other buildings hug them in closely, forbidding them to cross their boundaries without self damage. In Essex Street, a prominent thoroughfare, there is a garden in which everything is said to be over seventy-five years old. Greenness, tangled and sweet, prevails here with now and then a blossom giving accent. It is a quiet garden seemingly remote from the haste and insincerity of modern life. It causes wonder that it has so well and strongly retained its personality. The answer is found in the fact that it, as well as other gardens in Salem, have lodgments in the hearts of their owners. From year to year many of them are untouched by an alien hand; the skill of the professional gardener is here, as the saying goes, conspicuous by its absence. In its place is found the love of Nature, not dependent on her possible effects, but rather on her ability to give solace to the human heart.

Scattered in among the old gardens are newer ones showing the dominant tendencies of the day. They are well contrived, suiting admirably their situations. Yet from them the visitor escapes with

gladness to seek those not far away where the air laden with the scent of box is inhaled and where Nature's own tangles and laws are condoned. In Salem the black cat walks *ad libitum*. The guide suggests, it seems appropriately, a visit to the witch house, turned now into a shop wherein are sold relics, antique furniture and various evidences of long ago. For Salem is still Salem, the offspring of a violent struggle which she neither disguises nor finds discreditable. From its ashes she has sprung and today, in softened mood, seems to have tempered the cruel facts of her history with much that is romantic and legendary.

THE HEAVENLY ROAD

THERE was no milky way of stars,
But just a field of green
With daisies by the pasture bars
All radiant and serene!

There were no angels in the air,
Nor raptured seraphs wise,
But up the noontide's sunlit stair
Trooped gorgeous butterflies!

There was no river of pure gold,
But dancing in the breeze
A laughing brook forever rolled
Beneath the arching trees!

There were no shining jasper walls,
Nor azure baldricked dome,
But just a house with friendly halls,
And quiet peace of home!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE ANSWER: BY ANNE CLEVELAND CHENEY

O many poems to be read,
A world fames fair and true?
Good Sir, I know, but overhead,
A sky is arching blue;
And branches wave across the bright,
All glorified, and seem to write
A lyric for my very soul,
Upon a vast, eternal scroll;
If now, good Sir, I try to read,
I sure must stop my ears to heed,
And hush the beating of my heart,
That both great songs be kept apart!

SO many poems to be read,
And time so short?—For me,
I never, never shall be dead,
Now is eternity;
And listen! Do you hear it sing?
Why, all the world, Sir,—*everything*—
The great, deep, cosmic hum and beat,
The epic of the passing feet,
The ebb and flow of city ways,
Greek chorus of the nights and days—
How can I hold to printed word,
When life—all life—is to be heard?

THE Drama? O, good Sir, I pray
You come to my poor street,
By any time of night or day,
And see the players meet!—
A woman crouches at her door,
With face that hopes not any more;
A small, white hearse moves slowly by—
Mark how she dries her unlit eye,
The piteous trembling of her hand!
No word is breathed, we understand;
Within her sodden face one sees
The mystery of mysteries.

THE ANSWER

A YOUNG, young girl goes laughing in
At the little cheap café;—
Haste after! One more scene to win,
Of my drama called *Today!*
Through blur of smoke and stench of wine,
And following looks of lustful swine,
She flutters down the blighting air—
Just blossoming yet half aware;
Now, in Christ's name, let us take part—
This play is life and needs no art!

SO many sermons do they preach
From pulpit, day by day,
With message you believe may teach
Me better how to pray?
Oh, in the faces that I greet,
All up and down the city street,
A text is writ! I scarce can kneel,
For reaching out my hands to feel
The clasp of brother palm on palm—
A very sacrament or psalm;
While every by-way grows to be
Sacred as paths of Galilee.

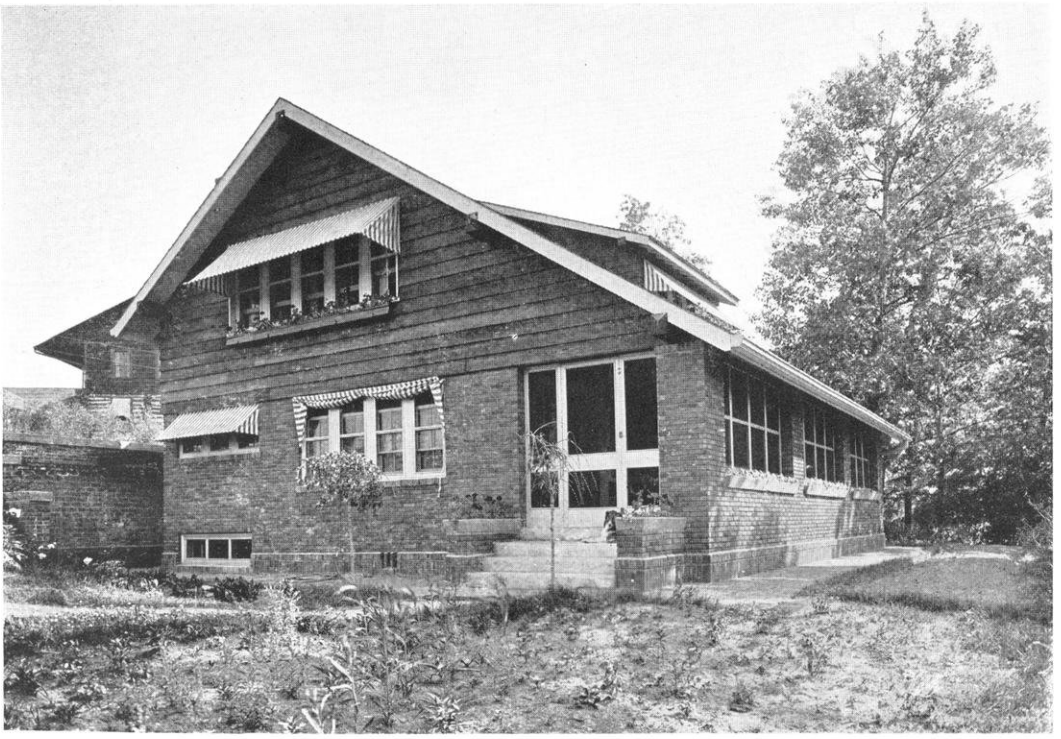
THE EVOLUTION OF A HILLSIDE HOME: RAYMOND RIORDON'S INDIANA BUNGALOW

UCCESSFUL home-building implies something more than the selection of a desirable site, the drawing of suitable working plans and the erection of a practical construction. It implies a sympathetic use of building materials, an understanding of that harmony which should exist between the house and its environment, between the exterior construction and the interior finish and furnishing, between the character of the house and the characters of those who are to live in it. And perhaps more important than all, it implies a genuine home-seeking, home-loving spirit. For the factor that determines the architectural, and one might almost say spiritual, success of such an undertaking is the vision that guides the architect's pencil and the builder's tool, the ideal that inspires the home-maker in the working out of his plans, from the general scheme down to the smallest detail. The house he is building is the house of his hopes and dreams, probably the fruit of long years of work and study and contemplation; its erection means the fulfilment of a long-cherished plan; it is to be a home for his soul as well as for his body, a little corner of the world that is essentially his own. This vision, this ideal is the "north star" which guides the successful home-builder safely into his desired haven.

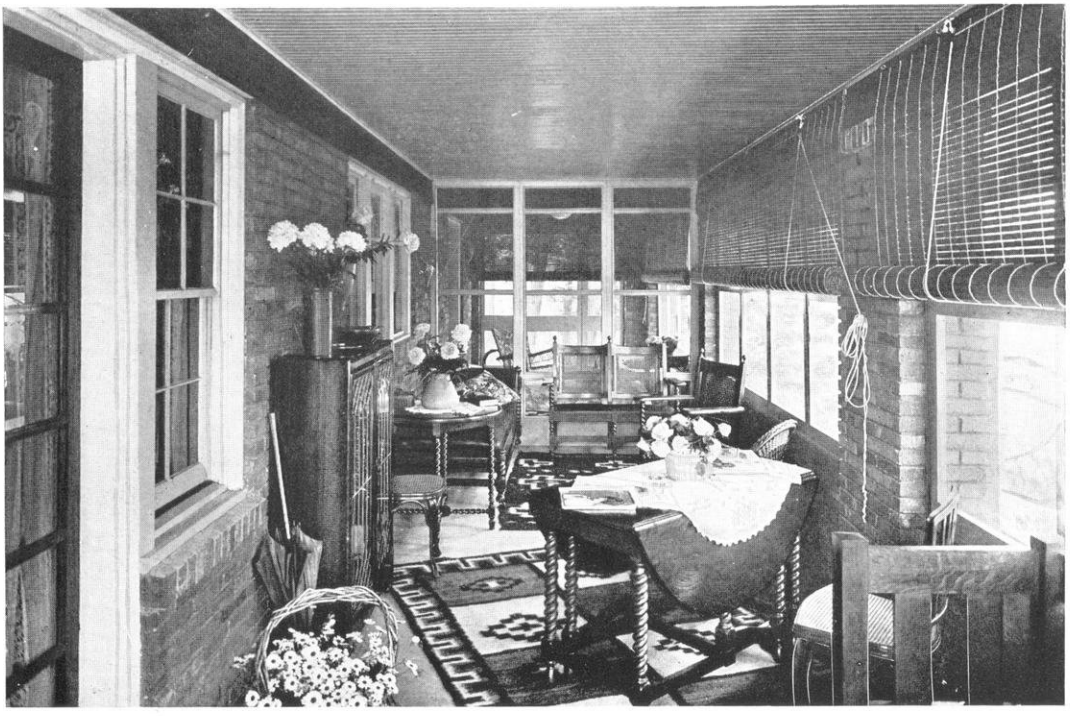
It is just such hopes and dreams, you feel, that must have inspired the planning and building of the house shown here—the home of Mr. Raymond Riordon, Superintendent of the Interlaken School at Rolling Prairie, Indiana. Whether you view it from the lake, the garden or the clover-covered hillside, or whether you step inside its sheltered porch and hospitable rooms, you feel instinctively that it is a real home, planned by those who knew by heart the country, the materials and the needs of the people who were to live therein, and who had studied out, thoughtfully and lovingly, how to make the building fulfil those needs in the wisest and most beautiful way.

Seldom have we encountered a more interesting example of utility and beauty combined, and seldom have we seen a house that was more at home among its surroundings. Nestling there snugly against the gently sloping shore, with the log schoolhouse, dormitory and other school and farm buildings clustered around it, the hill of white clover and the young apple orchard nearby, this brick and clapboard bungalow raises its many-windowed walls, shingled roof and sturdy chimney, an embodiment of architectural peace.

Behind the house an excavation has been made and a red brick court built with a retaining wall eight feet high, edged with cement flower-boxes and broken by an entrance of brick steps leading down

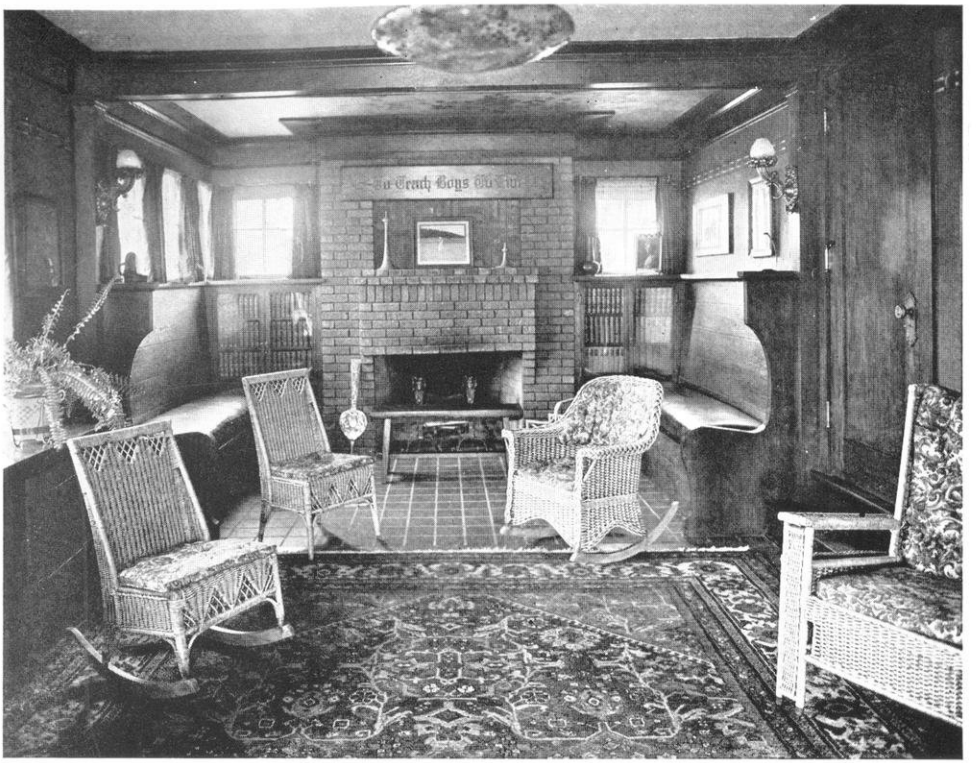


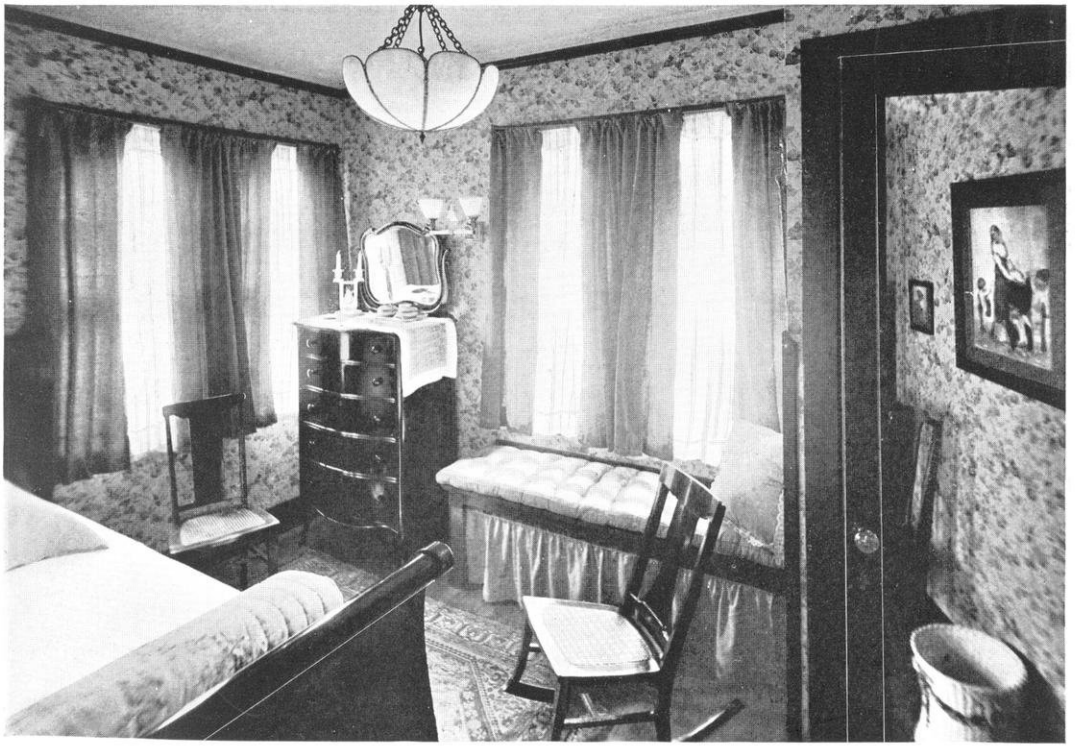
THE CRAFTSMAN HOME OF RAYMOND RIORDON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL AT ROLLING PRAIRIE, INDIANA



ONE END OF THE LIVING PORCH IN MR. RIORDON'S HOME, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE SLEEPING PORCH BEYOND.

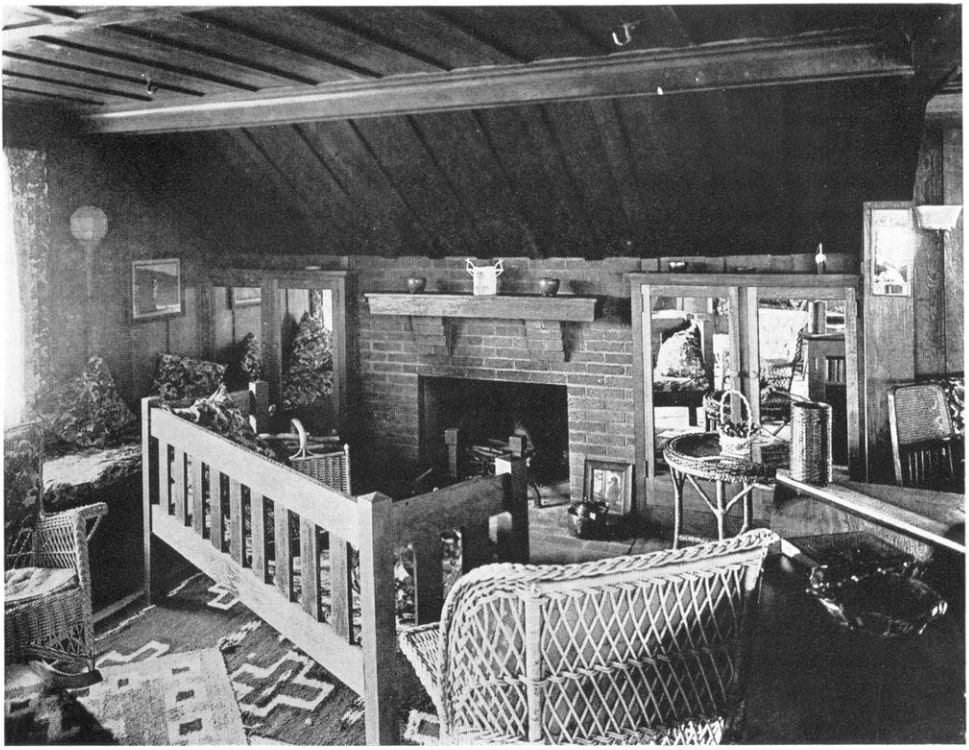
A CORNER OF THE SHELTERED SLEEPING PORCH IN MR. RIORDON'S HOME OPENING FROM ONE OF THE BEDROOMS.





FIREPLACE NOOK IN THE LIVING ROOM OF MR. RIORDON'S BUNGALOW.

A CORNER OF ONE OF THE BEDROOMS, WITH SUN AND AIR THE FIRST CONSIDERATION.



IN WORKING OUT HIS OWN PLANS FROM THE ORIGINAL CRAFTSMAN DESIGN, MR. RIORDON INCLUDED THE LONG SPACIOUS "ATTIC" LIVING ROOM, TWO VIEWS OF WHICH ARE SHOWN ABOVE.

to the kitchen door. Above the kitchen steps is a pergola, and the projection overhead, seen in the photographs, is a rainwater box with a pipe leading to the kitchen basin. This rainwater box contains a steam coil which keeps it warm in winter and free from frost—one of the many instances of practical forethought in which this home abounds. In addition to this, the kitchen is piped, of course, for hot and cold water.

In front of the house is a flower-bed which was planted with a thousand tulips—and one can easily imagine what color glory their bloom must have lent this woodland spot. When their reign was over, the bulbs were taken out and heliotrope planted in their stead to form another link in the garden's circling chain of color and fragrance.

On one side, facing the faculty house, the hill was planted with crabapple and cherry trees, while on the slight slope from the wall to the brick court, vivid peonies bob out in all colors, ready for the picking. In the shadow of the slope and sheltered by these lordly neighbors, modest lilies-of-the-valley raise their white blossoms among the green; toward the ice-house stand the friendly hydrangeas, ready to follow the tulips, peonies and geraniums with their lavish bloom.

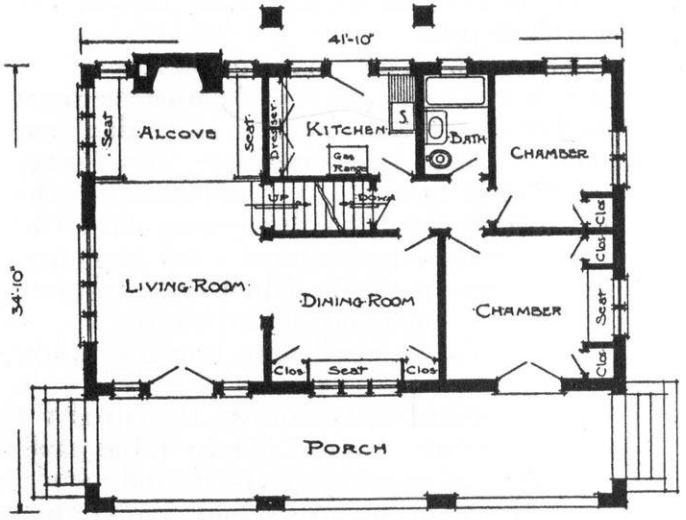
On the lake side, the steeper slope is closely planted with flowering currant, spirea, buckthorn, syringa, and here and there a cluster of bright tiger lilies flashes on the eye. A winding path leads to the boat house, where canoe, rowboat and sailboat nestle on runners ready to slide out for pleasure or for rescue.

The rear of the house is massed with shrubs and cherry trees, and here one finds the rose garden, where hundreds of varicolored blossoms scent the air and add to the beauty of the hill.

And all this gardening was done, all this expanse of plant life propagated, protected and cared for, by boys —mostly by one little boy of twelve!

THAT brings us to the most delightful feature of this lakeside bungalow—the fact that it is not only the home of the superintendent, but also a club house for the boys and teachers of the school community of a hundred and seventy people. And surely, this bungalow is an ideal gathering place for the inmates of such a school — a school that aims to develop body and mind in wholesome harmony.

Turning to the plans and illustrations, we find that the design was adapted from a certain five-room, stone and shingle Craftsman bungalow, published about three years ago in THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine. And it is interesting to note how carefully and at the same time with



MR. RIORDON'S BUNGALOW: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

what pleasing originality the owner and his assistant architect, George W. Maher of Chicago, have adapted the Craftsman plan to meet the special needs of individual and site.

The main floor plan of "Number Ninety-three" was carried out practically as we had drawn it, and to it were added a basement and second story. The changes in the elevation and the detail on the second floor were drawn by Mr. Maher from specifications which Mr. Riordon furnished, and between them they have certainly managed to achieve an unusual and satisfying result.

The front entrance is through the long porch which extends across the entire front of the building and is divided into a "sitting porch"and a sleeping porch, the former opening into the big living room, the latter into one of the bedrooms. Some idea of the substantial comfort and cheerfulness of the arrangment can be gathered from the photographs which Mr. Riordon has sent; for as he remarks in his letter to us, "Photographer Koch has made his lenses do effective work."

Stepping from the porch into the living room, one is greeted by the welcome sight of a big, comfortable fireplace nook, where built-in seats and bookshelves with curtained windows above add to the interest of the rough brick chimneypiece and tiled hearth.

The dining room with its wide opening is nearby, so that it seems almost a part of the large main room, and its wide windows frame a generous view of the lovely countryside.

The rest of the floor comprises a small hallway which serves to shut off the kitchen from the dining room and also separates the two bedrooms and bath from the rest of the house.

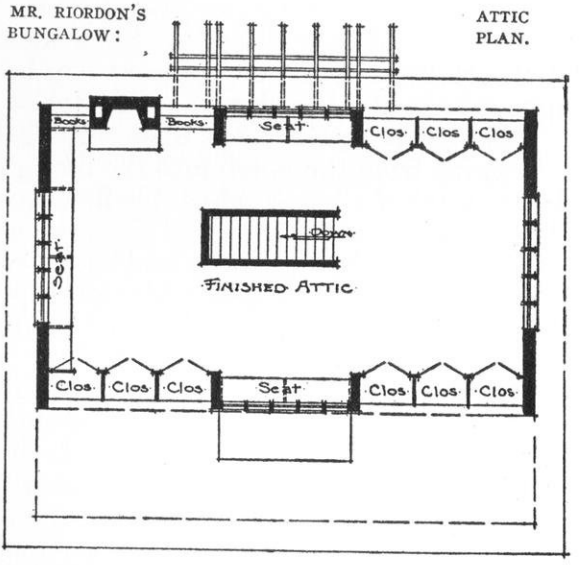
The woodwork of the interior is especially interesting, for its simple construction and mellow finish evince the real craftsman spirit, filling the rooms with an atmosphere of peace and dignity that reminds one of the quiet forests from which the timber came. Oak flooring is used

throughout, and oak is also the finish of the living room. Downstairs all the rest is birch, upstairs yellow pine.

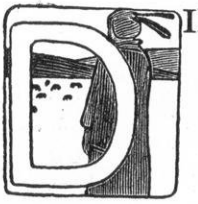
AND now we come to the "attic." We put it in "quotes" because the word loses, or rather outgrows, its usual meaning when applied to such a room as the one pictured here. No dingy, cobwebbed place is this, tucked away beneath the rafters and breathing that strange, musty odor which shrouded in mystery the attic that our childhood knew. No—the term has acquired a new meaning, now that we have seen the photographs of Mr. Riordon's bungalow home. For this is an attic of distinction, comfort and charm.

You climb the staircase that leads up beside the fireplace nook, and find yourself in the center of a long, well lighted room with simple and inviting furnishings—long cushioned seats beneath the curtained windows, willow armchairs and roomy settles, handy tables and shelves where books and magazines lie temptingly about, and best of all an open fireplace, with andirons upon the hearth and faggots that need only a match to start a crackling blaze. The rugs upon the polished oak floor, the shelved closets built against the walls beneath the sloping roof, the lamps for table, wall and ceiling which at nightfall shed their soft mellow glow about the room — all these things contribute to the general air of comfort and loveliness.

The room is large enough for sixty-five boys to enjoy its hospitable spaces, lounge around among the seats and cushions, bury themselves in books, indulge in rest or study, serious debate or idle chat as the spirit moves them. And one cannot help thinking how jolly and companionable it all must be, what a spirit of comradeship such hours must bring to teachers and students alike. Unconsciously one remembers the inscription above the chimneypiece downstairs, "*To Teach Boys to Live*"—and after all, to what finer purpose could any man dedicate his home?



IN CAMP WITH AN AUDUBON BIRD WARDEN: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON



ID you ever broil bacon on a pointed stick stuck slantwise before a camp fire? Each strip turns white and curls on itself, while great, hot, greasy tears fall sputteringly into the ashes below. You burn your fingers and smoke is in your eyes; but you eat that bacon with a marvelous relish while you fight off mosquitoes with one hand and listen to the big bull alligator's sunrise bellow coming up on the wind from the swamp. Perhaps, however, you prefer your breakfast where the plates are ever garnished and spotless linen abounds and the only booming that salutes your ears is the never-ceasing roar of the city streets.

It is really a good thing to get away now and then from some of the conventionalities of life; and if you wander far enough afield you are sure to find some unusual thrills awaiting you.

Not long ago I was awakened by a prolonged rattling shriek which echoed through the starlight stillness of a subtropical night. With weird undulations it passed over our camp, crossed the saw-grass glade and bounded, with many reverberations, along the interminable wall of the Big Cypress Swamp. This most unusual sound might have caused the uninitiated to start up and reach for his gun. But to the bird warden, Rhett Green, who lay beneath his tent it meant only that another day was about to break; and that from the fire-blackened pinelands a sand-hill crane was voicing somewhat of the agony that seems to smite these birds at the first breath of the dawn wind. Again and again the call was repeated, and ever it was answered by another a short distance away.

As if in response to the strident reveille of the cranes the bird world awoke and, as the first faint flush of morning crept across the sky, a wren alighted on the ridge pole of the tent and sang. The whistle of a cardinal bird came out of an oak tree; from the palmetto thicket a chewink spoke, and somewhere a cuckoo clucked. In a pine top above a brown-headed nuthatch called; one answered from a neighboring tree. Then another a little farther on, and another and another, and so on and on through the open pine woods, away and away to the last outskirts of civilization at Fort Meyers resting on the banks of the Caloosahatchee River, thirty miles distant.

It was good to lie there on a blanket in the heart of one of the few really wild spots left in Eastern United States, and to think that the cries and calls of the dawn must be very similar to those often heard by that splendid old mystic Don Ponce de Leon ere he sprang from his couch in the morning to renew his search for the fountain of youth. Occasionally a hunting party penetrates the country, or a cow man

passes in search of his few half-wild cattle: but for the most part the region is primitive. The ax, the stream dredge and the plow have passed it by. Wild animal life abounds. The evening before we had seen the tracks of many deer and coons and had come upon two gangs of turkeys. The spoor of a wild cat was also examined. Then we killed a rattlesnake and made camp with a feeling of security.

When the sky grew brighter we began to see large white birds flying leisurely over the trees as they came and went from their rookery down in the cypress swamp. We were near the northern border of the great Corkscrew bird colony which, with a few interruptions, extends for five miles or more deep into the all but impenetrable wilderness. If you take a land map of Florida and look on it at a point southeast of Lake Okechobee, you will find this region marked "Big Cypress Swamp, Unsurveyed."

IT WAS here that Rhett Green, an Audubon Society bird warden, was stationed for four months last spring and summer, but if he found his lonely watch dull or uninteresting nothing in his behavior betrayed the fact. Cheery indeed was the halloo with which he answered the shouts of the cranes and, as he went for water, he swung the bucket about his head like a boy at play.

"What do you really do here all these long, hot days?" I asked him. "You cannot eat and smoke all the time."

"There is plenty to do," he smiled grimly. "For one thing, I must go into the rookery constantly to see that everything is all right."

"Are you going today?"

"Certainly," he answered.

"May I go with you?"

"I guess you don't quite understand," he explained, "the birds are down in that swamp—and it is a cypress swamp," he added significantly.

"I should like to go, nevertheless," I told him.

For a moment he looked doubtful, then he handed me a pair of old gloves. "Put them on," he said, "or you won't have any hands left when we come out."

According to Green's way of reckoning time, the sun was about "two hands" high when we started to visit the rookery. Half way across the saw-grass glade we looked back. The horse and dog had already taken possession of the camp fire and were reveling in the protection which it afforded them from the attacks of insects. The horse was constantly stamping, and his tail was in perpetual motion. The suit of bagging, with which his neck and body were adorned, was not without its value, but the smoke from the dry pitch pine logs rendered still greater ser-

vice in keeping at bay the swarms of flies which gathered to the feast like a million diminutive vampires. We had done for the poor beast all we could so, wiping the stinging flies from our own necks, we turned again toward the swamp. Progress was slow, for the footing was uncertain and the tall saw-grass cut our wrists and faces upon the slightest provocation.

There are many things unspeakably stimulating about a journey in a tropical swamp. You work your way through thick, tangled growths of water plants and hanging vines. You clamber over huge fallen logs damp with rank vegetation, and wade through a maze of cypress knees. Unwittingly, you are sure to gather on your clothing a colony of ravenous ticks from some swinging branch. Red bugs bent on mischief scramble on you by the score and bury themselves in the skin, while a cloud of mosquitoes wave behind you like a veil. In the somber shadows, through which you move, you have a feeling that there are many unseen things which crawl and glide and fly, and a creepy feeling about the edges of your scalp becomes a familiar sensation. Once we came upon the trail of a bear and found the going easier to advance on hands and knees through the opening its body had made.

In the more open places the water was completely covered with floating water plants, which Green called "wild lettuce." These appeared to be of uniform size and presented an absolutely level surface except in a few places where slight elevations indicated the presence of inquisitive alligators, whose gray eyes we knew were watching our movements through the lettuce leaves.

Although the swamp abounded in unpleasant conditions under foot, we had but to raise our eyes to behold a world of beauty. The purple blossoms of air plants, and the delicate petals of priceless orchids greeted us on every hand. From the boughs overhead, long banners of Spanish moss waved and beckoned in the breeze. Still higher, on the gaunt branches of the giant cypresses a hundred feet above, were the great wood ibises standing on their nests, or taking flight for their feeding grounds a dozen miles to the southward.

WE WERE now fairly in the midst of an immense bird city, and some of the inhabitants were veritable giants in the bird world. The body of a wood ibis is about the size of a turkey hen. Its long neck terminates with a most remarkable appendage, for the head is not only innocent of feathers on the top but it is also destitute of skin,—"Flintheads," the people call them. The bill is nearly ten inches long. It is slightly curved and very massive. Woe to the unfortunate fish and alas for the luckless rat when once the blow falls

from the Flinthead's heavy beak! There were probably one hundred thousand of these birds inhabiting this one section of the swamp. Then, too, there were large colonies of the smaller white ibis and several varieties of herons. Once eight of the almost extinct roseate spoonbills wheeled into view above the swamp, but quickly passed from sight.

The most interesting part of the big Corkscrew rookery, however, and that portion concerning which the Audubon Society is most solicitous, is the colony of white egrets. These snowy birds of exquisite beauty and queenly grace have been persecuted for their plumes in this country almost to the point of extermination, and here is situated the largest assemblage of them left in Florida.

"Those 'long whites' are never off my mind a second," said the warden, as we paused for a few minutes to watch some of them float by.

We were standing in slime and water waist deep, and he made the mud fly as, in a moment of forgetfulness, he attempted to slap his leg by way of emphasis. "Two men came to my camp last week and they thought I didn't know them, but I did. They were old-time plume-hunters. They said they were hunting cattle, but I knew better—they were after egrets and came to see if I was on watch. I told them if they saw anybody after plumes to pass the word that I would shoot any man on sight who attempted to enter Corkscrew. And I would do it too," he declared as he tapped the barrel of his Winchester. "It is a terrible thing to hear the young birds calling for food after the old ones have been killed to get the feathers for rich women to wear, and I am not going to have my birds sacrificed that way."

As I stood there looking into the earnest face of the man before me, I felt that he meant what he said and mentally congratulated the Audubon Society on the agent they had chosen for this region, the position of a warden certainly demanding both courage and hardihood.

All the teeming thousands of birds in this rookery feed their young to a more or less extent on fish, and from the nests many fragments fall into the mud and water beneath. In the wise economy of nature few are the objects of real value which are suffered to go to waste. Resting on the water plants, coiled on logs, or festooned in the low bushes, numerous cotton-mouthed water-moccasins lie in wait. Silently and motionlessly they watch and listen, now and then raising their heads when a light splash tells them of the approach of some heedless frog, or the falling of some dead fish like manna from the nests above. May is the dry season in that section, and the low water in the swamp accounted in a measure for the unusual number of snakes in evidence.

ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF A BIRD WARDEN

THERE are four species of snakes in the United States which possess fangs and poison glands, and one of these is the water-moccasin. We, therefore, deemed it advisable to advance with prudence. The back of a moccasin is black and so well does it match the color of the dead limbs and mud that in some instances we were absolutely unaware of the presence of a snake until, like a flash the white open mouth lunged at the stick with which we always parted the water plants in front of us. Ordinarily these reptiles showed little disposition to flee, and apparently would permit one to step on them rather than move away, as we had abundant opportunity to prove. They are very sluggish in their movements, and at first I felt small hesitation in going among them, even though shod only in thin tennis shoes. Exercising a fair amount of caution, I slew that morning thirteen of them with a stick a little more than four feet in length. Some of the snakes were of large size and must have weighed many pounds. Contrary to the advice of the warden, I attacked and slew one good fighter over five feet in length, whose greatest girt I was unable to encompass with both hands. After securing some photographs to substantiate our snake story, I suggested that we beat a retreat—the nervous strain was getting a little too great, so we left after penetrating the swamp less than three hundred yards. Frankly this is the reason why I did not see more of the wonderful Corkscrew rookery.

So far as could be learned, its fastnesses have never been thoroughly explored except by the plume hunter and the Audubon warden, and not happening to belong to either class I was content to give up the attempt.

This is the region where the bird warden must constantly keep his lonely watch, for should he leave even for a short time there would be danger of the colony being raided and all the protective work of an entire season undone in a day. The egrets out there in the swamp carry plumes on their backs which can readily be sold for seven dollars a bird. A successful shooting trip of plume hunters to the Corkscrew might net the gunners as much as five thousand dollars, and this in a region where money is scarce would mean a magnificent fortune. The warden is fully alive to the fact and is ever on the alert. Many of the plume hunters are desperate men, and he never knows what moment he may need to grasp his rifle and defend his life, away down there in the shadows of the Big Cypress, where the alligators and vultures would make short shift of his remains.

He remembers, as he goes his rounds among the birds by day or lies in his tent at night, that a little way to the south on a lonely sand key, lies buried Guy Bradley, who was done to death by plume hunters while guarding for the Audubon Society the Cuthbert egret rookery.

Only three days before my visit, Green's nearest brother warden on duty at the Alligator Bay Colony had a desperate rifle battle with four poachers who, in defiance of law and common decency, attempted to shoot the egrets which he was paid to guard.

"The white men who shoot plume birds are the only source of real danger to a warden," Green said that evening as we sat by the camp fire. "I have sometimes heard panthers about the camp at night, and now and then a moccasin or rattlesnake tries to crawl into your blanket with you; but panthers never hurt any one except in story books, and if you tuck the bottom of your mosquito bar under your blanket all round, the snakes can't get in."

THEN he told me of the Seminole Indians who often came from their hummocks in the everglades in quest of alligator skins and bird feathers, and how he must guard against their depredations. He spoke of the natural enemies with which the birds had to contend, of the snakes which swallow the eggs when a heron or ibis builds its nest near the ground, and how the alligators are ever on the watch to capture the unfortunate young which fall from the limbs. Wild cats and minks also take their toll of the rookery, but of all the wild creatures the pilfering fish-crow creates the greatest havoc in this vast bird assembly by stealing eggs. There was hardly a moment of the day but what one or more of these black thieves was in sight. They were continually flying into the swamps and returning with their booty. The warden said he thought the Audubon Society would not approve of his shooting the crows, as he understood they were really very valuable when it came to eating bugs, but for his part he had no use for them. Every time he saw one coming from the rookery with an egg on its bill he went after it with his shotgun.

Presently my companion rose to his feet, and taking the bucket went down to the hole he had dug at the edge of the saw-grass glade to get some water. "Get out of there," I heard him shout, and upon returning I learned that he had dipped up a snake in the coffee-colored fluid which by courtesy passes for water in that country.

I like to think of Green as I saw him that night, his brown, lean face aglow with interest as he told of the birds he guarded. The next day I would leave him, and night after night he would sit there in solitude, a lone representative of the Audubon Society away down there on the edge of the Big Cypress, standing as best he could between the lives of the birds he loved and the insatiable greed of Fashion.

THE HUMBLE ANNALS OF A BACKYARD: CLEANING UP: NUMBER TWO: BY WALTER A. DYER

OU can tell a good gardener from a poor one by the number of weeds visible in his garden, but I know a subtler way of judging. I apply my test in November. In the spring an army of gardeners marked out their rows and sowed their seed with proper enthusiasm. Then came the first crop of weeds, and a few weak brothers and sisters fell from the ranks after gathering a handful of spindly radishes.

Then came more weeds, and a further defection.

In July came an early drought. The peas dried up, the lettuce wilted, and even the corn looked sickly. The salvation of the garden was water for the lettuce and faithful cultivation for the corn, and only the Old Guard stood by through the heat and burden of the day.

By fall only a remnant made any pretense at gardening. Beans and corn had been gathered; the tomatoes took care of themselves. Only the faithful kept up the fight for the love of it; only a tried and true Gideon's band remained.

But it is after the first killing frosts that the true test comes. The corn stalks stand brown and withered; the last ungathered tomato hangs shriveled upon its stem. The garden is a scene of desolation—a battle-field whence all have fled save the fallen. The dainty beauty of spring and the fulness of summer have departed. It is no place for the dilettante gardener; most of the backyards on our street are deserted.

But over in Neighbor Burt's yard I see a lonely figure poking around among the debris. (It was Neighbor Burt's Golden Bantam corn that beat us all.) Now he is standing amid the desolation like a widow in a graveyard. His loved ones are dead.

But Neighbor Burt is no faint heart. He is not mourning; listen, he is whistling. He is pulling up his dead plants and vines and piling them neatly for the burning. Soon an aromatic odor will be borne to me; Neighbor Burt will be burning sweet incense to Ceres. And I know that he will find something to do until the snow covers his garden—and then he will begin looking for next spring's seed catalogues to arrive and will begin planning what varieties of dahlia bulbs he will buy.

By these tokens I know that Neighbor Burt and I are two members of the Brotherhood of Year-Round Gardeners.

To me there is a vast deal of satisfaction in cleaning up. I crave orderliness as some folks crave excitement. And there is the satisfac-

tion, too, that comes only from a work that is well done, completed, finished.

I believe that half our restlessness and discontent is due to our inability to finish things. Life is a ceaseless round; duties overlap and crowd each other. It is hard to get the breakfast dishes out of the way and the beds made before it is time to start dinner, and the average housewife is eternally oppressed with the haunting realization of a hundred unfinished tasks. We men folks come home from the office or the shop with our minds full of things we have dropped in the middle, and some of us never finish them until some one folds our hands across our breasts and says, "It is all over."

But the man or woman who works out of doors with things that grow and bear fruit may taste a little of the heavenly joy of things accomplished. For God, who is wiser than our other employers, has appointed the seasons, and has ordained that each year shall come to an end, whether we will or no.

The fruit ripens and is gathered; the leaves fall and the sap runs back into the roots. No overweening ambition, no feverish desire for more time, more time, can stop it. Soon comes winter to seal the earth in compulsory rest. But before it comes Neighbor Burt and I go forth into our gardens and clean up, and we alone of all the people on our block know the joy the craftsman feels when he puts the last fond touches on his work and sees that it is good.

NUT TREES AS A SOURCE OF FOOD SUPPLY AND PROFITABLE FINANCIAL INVESTMENT

THE taste of the public has been somewhat persistently whetted during the last few years by vaguely couched propositions concerning the rapid fortunes to be made through the medium of nut orchards. And like many other rumors that run wildly on the wind there is found in this one a legitimate as well as a sensational value. Men of wisdom have begun to realize the need of turning back to Mother Earth as a natural source of foodstuffs with which to feed an ever-increasing population and as an outlet for the efforts of individuals now hopelessly lost in overcrowded industries.

In European countries nut orchards have been highly profitable as also in the southern and western parts of the United States; while the demand at present for their products in the markets as articles of food far exceeds the supply. As soon as the eating of nuts has ceased to be a fad with a few people and they are seriously regarded as food of nutritious quality, it is likely that this country will reap the benefits of the unselfish labor that a few serious men have put forth while experimenting with nut trees, that their range may be extended.

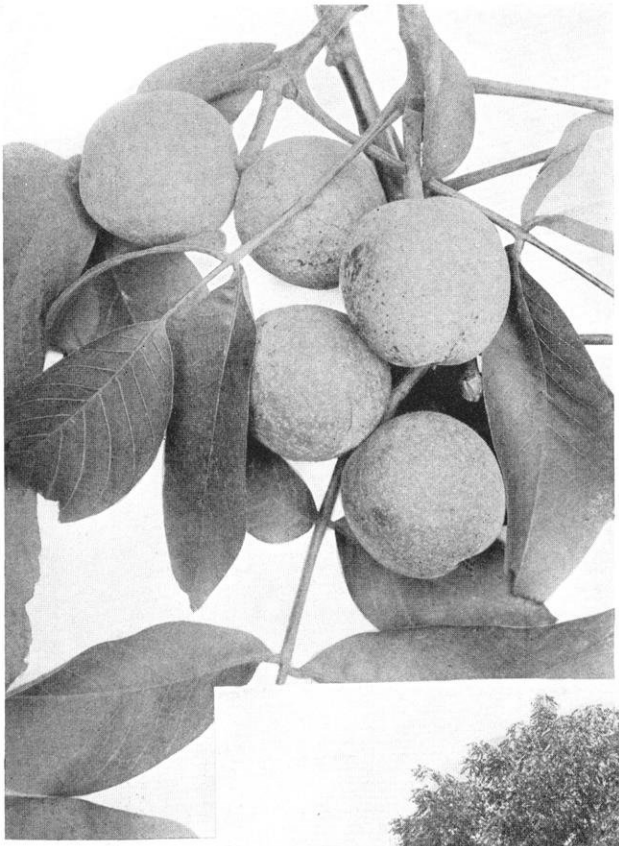
Up to this time such efforts have been mainly directed toward finding species suitable for the northeastern part of this country and for those locations which until comparatively recently were regarded as too severe in climate for the successful propagation of special nut trees. In fact, to plant our vacant lots of the northeast with nut orchards is the ambition, not of the dreamer, but of the clever man having studied well his subject, knowing its limitations and its possibilities.

Today in the American market nuts are scheduled at such high prices as to place them out of the reach of the masses; were they more abundantly grown in this country they would follow the law of such lands as Italy, where chestnuts are as recognized a food of the people, as Chianti is their natural drink. Even at present the home-grown walnuts can be had in the market about two weeks before the arrival of those produced abroad, a fact making them of increased value.

It is with this nut, the walnut, that some very successful experiments have been made, fostering the belief that it can be grown in commercial quantities in the northeastern States. Interchangeably it is known by the common names of Persian, English, Madeira, California and Oregon walnut, unmistakably as *Juglans regia.* The desire, however, among influential nut growers is to gain for it the simple title "the walnut," one covering many varieties.

A PRODUCTIVE ORCHARD OF WALNUTS ON THE POMEROY FARM AT LOCKPORT, NEW YORK: THE CROP IS HERE BEING GATHERED FOR THE MARKET.

A POMEROY VARIETY OF THE WALNUT AS IT FORMS A YOUNG SIX-YEAR-OLD ORCHARD AT LOCKPORT, NEW YORK: THE NUT TREES ARE THOSE WITH LIGHT STEMS, THE OTHERS ARE PEACH TREES USED IN BETWEEN ROWS AS FILLERS.



A SPRAY OF WALNUTS BEFORE THEY ARE ENTIRELY RIPE AND THEIR HUSKS REMOVED: THE CLOSENESS WITH WHICH THEY CLING TO THE STEMS AND THE BEAUTIFUL VENATION OF THE LEAVES OF THE TREE CAN HERE BE SEEN WITH DISTINCTNESS: SUCH A SPRAY OF WALNUTS IS SELDOM SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY WHERE THEY ARE SENT HUSKED TO MARKET, BUT IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES THEY ARE FREQUENTLY PLACED ON THE TABLE JUST AS THEY ARE TAKEN FROM THE TREES, THE OBJECT BEING ONE OF DECORATION, WHILE NOT INTERFERING AT ALL WITH OBTAINING THE MEATS INSIDE: A RECOGNIZED ADVANTAGE OF ENGLISH WALNUTS BEING THE FACILITY WITH WHICH THEY CAN BE HUSKED AND SHELLED.

From Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

BLACK WALNUT TREES, *Juglans nigra*, AMONG THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL OF THOSE PRODUCED BY THE AMERICAN FOREST AND NOW EXPERIMENTED WITH IN THE HOPE OF GAINING FOR THE PERSIAN OR ENGLISH WALNUT TREES, *Juglans regia*, INCREASED HARDINESS AND THE ABILITY TO WINTER IN THE NORTHEASTERN STATES OF THIS COUNTRY.

AS CLOSELY as its history can be traced, the walnut was introduced into Europe by way of Greece and began to be cultivated in Italy about the time of the Christian era. The Arabs knew it early, and their belief in its benefits as an article of food has never weakened. Instead of a sweet or trifle served after a meal, the Arabs place before their guests a small dish holding a long wisplike stem, laden with luscious, fresh dates, a few walnuts and perhaps a mandarin.

In the Imperial days of Rome this nut was called Jupiter's acorn, and was then first distinguished by the generic name of *Juglandes*. Its more intimate history has been varied, since certain kings and emperors have insisted on its prominence, while others would have trodden it under their feet, its range, nevertheless, all the while extending.

The walnut industry in the United States is still principally confined to four counties in southern California. It is thirty years old and yields annually in the neighborhood of two and a half millions of dollars. With these figures in mind, it is small wonder that individuals either from philanthropic motives or else because of land which they own in the Northeast have thought of the possibility of growing these nuts for individual profit and for the benefit of future generations. Until within a comparatively few years it was taken for granted that walnut trees would winter-kill in the northeastern States, but sufficient data has been accumulated to warrant the statement that there are several varieties of walnuts able to grow in this section of the country provided they are well cared for and favorably located.

Dr. Morris, President of the Nut Growers' Association, who has done with nut trees the same work that Luther Burbank has done with various other plants, believes out of the abundance of his experience that in the peach-growing belt of the Northeast, an acre of ground planted intelligently with nut trees can be made to return a thousand dollars a year. These figures are based on the conditions that seventeen of a variety known as Northern trees are planted to the acre and that as much specialized knowledge and attention is applied to them as a young professional man would find necessary to exercise before he could expect to achieve a success netting him two thousand dollars a year. Waste acreage can be planted with nut trees, and when tended with the average, somewhat mediocre degree of knowledge, the return may be expected to be about one hundred dollars an acre. With nut culture as with everything else the best returns only come with application of intelligence and expert care. Unless a nut orchard is well started, hope need not build strongly on future results.

NUT TREES FOR FOOD AND PROFIT

IN BUCKS County, Pennsylvania, there is an orchard of walnut trees some twenty years old. Its success is assured. In Niagara County, N. Y., an orchard of "Hardy Pomeroy English Walnuts" yielded last year an average of a half bushel a tree: the orchard is twelve years old and its output better than that identified with trees of the same age in California. New England, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey have besides fostered many of these trees that have produced fine nuts; and in fact it is now generally conceded that the walnut can be cultivated throughout the peach belt in spite of its somewhat fickle habits regarding fruiting. Much effort has been expended to increase its hardiness by grafting it on the wild black walnut *Juglands nigra* or other species indigenous to the Northeast. Reports have come from some growers that the success of such experiments is due largely to a selection of the right varieties, while others have found it a difficult thing to do and hope rather to gain permanent success in growing this tree in the Northeast through seedlings of individual trees brought over perchance by the early Colonists and scattered over this region. These chance seedlings may indeed prove the foundation of a lasting race of Northern walnuts, more satisfactory than any that have yet been grown. Feeling this point strongly, it cannot be too seriously urged that individuals owning or having knowledge of a tree that consistently bears nuts possessing desirable characteristics will hasten to raise from them seedlings, that the strain may be continued for the good of all interested in nut cultivation.

The black walnut native to the northeastern States has failed up to this time to produce a variety of thin shelled, high quality nuts such as would make it of much value commercially. It may be that its greatest use in the future will be as a stock for the propagation of the more profitable varieties. The time is young in experimental work of this nature, although so widespread is the interest it evokes in nut-growers that the near future is likely to show some startling results. Solomon as evidence of his wisdom planted "gardens of nuts," and it is likely that it was the walnut he planted, a tree not only valuable for its marketable produce, but for its grand, yet simple beauty.

The note of sensation proclaiming that there was a quick-rich enterprise in growing walnuts, was originally given point not only by the importance of these nuts as articles of food, but also because they can be used in so many different ways,—waste in their connection being practically eliminated.

The cracked and whole meats are first selected and sold at a good price; those that have broken in the process of cracking commanding somewhat less; dry, dark and blighted meats are disposed of as food for stock. In France oil is made from them and preferred by many to

that produced from olives. Artists use it as a drying material. Pickles and catsup are besides made in Europe out of the young walnuts, although in America this industry has as yet increased very little. And when all is done with the nuts that can be, there are still the shells, sold for purposes of fuel and bringing as much as twenty cents a sack. The walnut, it would seem, is particularly well endowed with marketable assets.

SIDE by side with the walnut, much present interest centers on the pecan, *Hicoria pecan*, as a future dweller of at least the peach-growing belt of the Northeast. Men wise in nut-lore have had no hesitancy in saying that the near future would show the pecan forming orchards in New England and in the favorable portions of New York State. Many of the difficulties of its propagation have already been overcome, although as with the walnut, it is true that it is still in the state of live experimentation. The tree belongs to the *Juglandaceae*, and is a relative of the butternuts, walnuts and hickories.

The pecan is generally known as a Southern tree, its natural range, however, carrying it to southern Indiana. In the last twenty-five years its development in the Gulf States has been extraordinary. No land-developing scheme has been more widely heralded or its advantages more blatantly set forth than have these pecan orchards. By many this nut is proclaimed to be the one of all others, not only on account of its thin shells, but because of its highly flavored meats having a taste somewhat suggestive of well blended spices.

With nuts as with most fruits, the farther north they grow the richer their flavor. The importance of developing the area in which the pecan grows has been appreciated because the public seldom permits itself to become dependent on a crop that is produced spasmodically. For this reason alone the pecan is not yet the important food for the people that is written in its destiny. The Northeastern man however, desirous of planting a pecan orchard must beware of the wild stories depicting the undertaking as a bonanza, a veritable mine of gold. It cannot be too strongly reiterated that pecan orchards in the North are still in an experimental stage, and that unless the latest and best knowledge in their connection is used, knowledge such as is dispersed by men who have given time and thought to the subject, sure failure will be the portion of the enthusiast. To plant seedlings or seeds of southern trees in the north is a futile undertaking. The trees should be bought from a person of known reliability who has propagated them especially for northern districts, using the Indiana pecan as his stock.

As yet there are only a few men in the country able to furnish

such trees in sufficient quantities to start large orchards. From this fact as well as from others it need not be reiterated that the industry is still young, even though those who have studied the situation believe that eventually through combining the pecan with the hardier strains of hickories a race of hybrids will be evolved able to satisfy the requirements of northern orchardists. The difficulties in connection with the climatic partialities of these nuts are being definitely overcome: For the future hope sings loudly. Still, evolution in a lasting form is seldom accomplished quickly, and those who would believe otherwise are apt to meet with strange nut whimsies almost human in their nature.

FAITH that the pecan can be grown in the north in commercial quantities is based largely upon results already achieved by propagation of the Indiana pecan, from which a number of desirable varieties have sprung. Eventually the hybrid types will be the best, not only because they will be especially adapted to meet certain recognized conditions, but also because their bearing period begins over fifty per cent. earlier than that of other stock. The elimination of long periods of waiting in connection with trees planted for profit is an achievement of no small value.

With chestnuts the case is different from that of either walnut or pecan trees, since chestnuts have passed the experimental stage and reached a recognized commercial scale in orchard-making. In Pennsylvania there are some fine plantations of these trees. The blight that struck them in the New England States with such overwhelming force has tempered for the time being, however, enthusiasm in their connection except that which directs its energy toward overcoming this plague. Such influences, however, endure for a time. Undoubtedly the trouble will be overcome in the future, and chestnut orchards throughout the Northeast will be given a similar amount of consideration to that now bestowed on apples. Chestnuts, moreover, are being hybridized with several varieties besides those of China and Japan, the latter showing marked ability to resist the menacing blight. Naturally chestnuts can be grown in severer climates than either walnuts or pecans. The Asiatic varieties show small trees which have been used advantageously as fillers between those of larger growth.

For those who have the leisure and the means to experiment with nut trees, there is no more fascinating occupation or one likely to be more beneficial to future generations. It is a field, however, that should not be entered recklessly. Whoever wishes to plant a nut orchard should first join the Northern Nut Growers' Association that he may come into contact with men well versed on the subject, profiting by their knowledge and experience. He should also, if he desires to

plant cultivated trees, permit himself to be influenced only by the men who have already produced marketable species of unquestionable value. Otherwise his experience may give point to the old saw in which there is mention made of a fool and his money, while the blighting of his enthusiasms will tend to retard this growing industry likely to be of immense value to the rank and file of mankind.

THE BLIND WINDOWS

(Blackwell's Island, from Queensborough Bridge.)

THEY close the eyes of the House of Dread
That none may watch the sea;
The poor, lost remnants of the town
Are hid from you and me.
Spring comes, with Summer in her train,
But darkness bides in the House of Pain.

The gulls fly over the House of Dread,
The grass grows green at the door;
White sails blow out to the open sea,
And the blue tides kiss the shore.
But blind are the windows, and none may guess
How the seasons come with old loveliness.

O barren walls, like an ancient face,
O sightless eyes that hide the light,
I think of the souls behind you there,
As here I stand on this happy height,
And I long to throw the sunset's beams
Into your darkness, to light it with dreams!

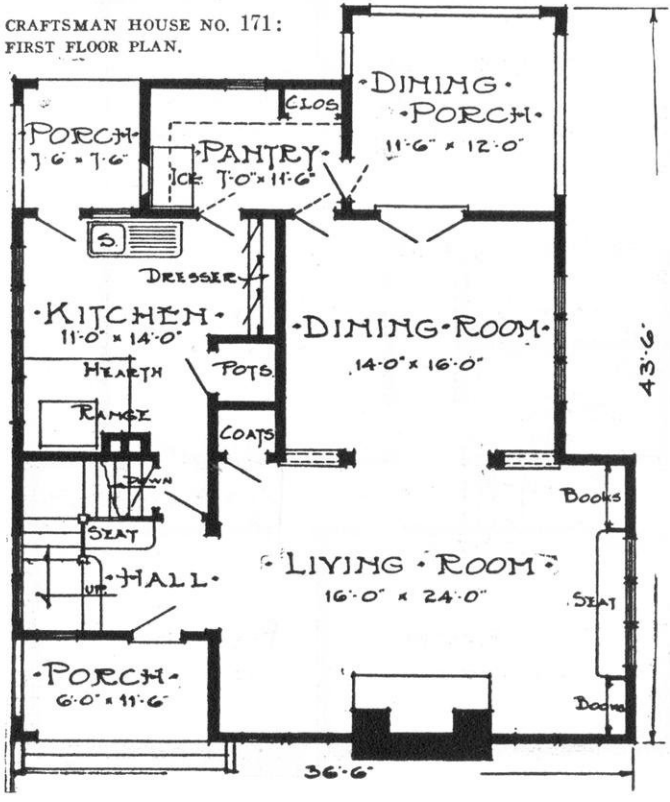
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

CRAFTSMAN SUBURBAN HOUSES FOR FAMILIES WITH ONE MAID

THERE is an old saying that "every man's home is his castle." In other words, be it great or lowly, in its owner's eyes it has the dignity of a personal and family stronghold; it is the treasure-house of both his worldly goods and his affections, the particular spot of earth which has the distinction of being his very own.

In the haste and worry of modern city life, however, we are apt to forget this old-fashioned definition, and to lose sight of the ideal for which it stands. And is it much wonder, considering the way in which so many of us live? Who could develop much enthusiasm for our metropolitan make-shifts, a room on "the third floor back," however comfortable; an hotel suite, however luxurious; a "modern elevator apartment," however well appointed, or even the coveted end house of the average suburban row? Each is immensely convenient in its way as a temporary abiding place and solves for a while many perplexing problems. But none of these modes of existence can ever satisfy the true home instinct, nor can they form the soil out of which patriotism grows. As somebody once remarked, what man would go to war to defend his boarding house? But assuredly there is another side to the picture, for of course one can find beautiful homes, great and small, all over the country. And even the folks who are forced to accept, for the time being, some convenient or inconvenient substitute, look forward to the eventual possession of a real home. They may not be able yet to build the house of their dreams, but at least they realize its desirability, and are making some effort in its direction. And surely they will appreciate that home all the more when they do finally achieve it.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 171: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



The increasing enthusiasm of the people for individual, comfortable, democratic homes, is evident on every hand, and personally we find a very genuine indication of it in the interest which our readers take in the two Craftsman houses published every month in this magazine. And it is through this interest and enthusiasm and the helpful suggestions and criticisms which our friends are continually sending us, that we hope to make

these plans of still greater and wider usefulness.

This month we are presenting designs for two-story houses, suitable for suburban lots and large enough for families of four or five members and a maid. And while these designs possess the main characteristics of a Craftsman home—big living room and fireplace, plenty of porches and opportunities for interesting interior treatment—in each case the plans have been worked out in an essentially individual way. Needless to say, much thought has gone into the planning of the general scheme and each detail of the construction, so that each house may be as practical and homelike as possible.

THE first design, No. 171, lends itself best, in size and general outline, to some form of stucco or concrete construction, although it might be built of brick if preferred—in which case heavy square brick pillars might be used at the corners of the porches. The roof we have shown covered with asbestos shingles, and the outside chimney of the living room is carried up in concrete through a gable extension, ventilated by louvres, as shown in the drawing—a construction which results in a more substantial and pleasing appearance than if the chimney were carried up above the main roof without any support.

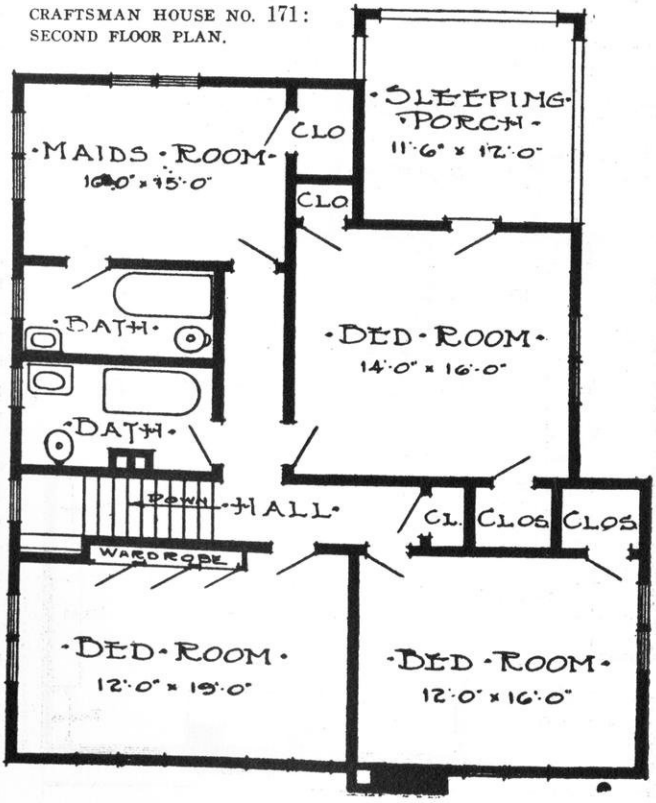
While the house is very simple in construction, the exterior does not look too solid or plain. The walls are pleasantly broken by the recesses and projections of the porches, and the roof lines have sufficient variety to be interesting from whatever angle the building is seen.

The main entrance to the house is protected by a recessed porch and is emphasized by the further shelter of a hood, shingled like the roof and extending over the steps. In the latter we have shown header courses of brick for the treads, to give a touch of warmth and color to the concrete.

The floor plans of this house show what seems to us an unusually practical arrangement, and one that admits of very interesting possibilities in the way of a decorative use of woodwork and other structural features, as well as arrangement of furnishings. First comes the front entrance hall, small, but not at all cramped, for there is a fairly wide opening into the living room on the right, while on the left a couple of steps go up to a landing lighted by double windows. From this landing four more steps ascend to a second landing before one turns up to the second floor. In the angle formed by the stairs is a built-in seat, which adds both to the inviting effect of the entrance and to the decorative value of the woodwork. In fact, if the woodwork is simply and tastefully used and well constructed, this little corner of the house will prove very attractive, adding to the interest of the living room, from which it is seen.

The kitchen stairs descend below the main flight, and beneath the latter one passes through to the kitchen. This arrangement, while effectively shutting off the cooking odors from the front of the house, still permits ready communication between kitchen and front door. Moreover, the stairs being accessible from the kitchen without passing through the main living portion of

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 171: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



the house, no back stairs have been deemed necessary, for the maid can pass up to her own room without disturbing the people in the living room.

The living room has been planned for space, light and pleasant vistas. The fireplace occupies the middle of the front wall between the windows and is naturally the center of interest of the room, and from this point one has a view through the dining-room opening, out through the glass doors to the dining porch at the rear—and no doubt a glimpse of vines or trees beyond. On the right of the living room beneath the window group is a built-in seat, with bookshelves on each side, and from this seat one has a glimpse of the entrance hall and staircase.

In one corner of the living room is a coat closet, and on either side of the opening into the dining room we have indicated post-and-panel construction. The exact details of this construction may be varied according to individual preference. Bookshelves might be built in on the living-room side, and china closets on the opposite side; or if the latter were not needed, the woodwork might be left plain, with a wide shelf across the top of the half-height partition to hold plants.

The dining room, though not so large as the first room, is also well lighted by the windows at the side and the glass doors that open onto the dining porch, and the long wall space on the left affords plenty of room for a sideboard and china cabinet. The dining porch should prove particularly pleasant and practical, for while open to the summer breezes it is sheltered by the walls of the house and the floor of the sleeping porch overhead.

The arrangement of the pantry is also worth observing, for it not only shuts off kitchen odors from the dining room and porch, but is also equally accessible to both. This pantry is lighted by a window in the rear and is fitted with shelves, closet and an ice-box that can be filled from the kitchen porch.

The kitchen has the usual equipment, with the sink and wash tubs beneath the windows, and the range likewise where the cook will have plenty of light for her work.

Out of the L-shaped hall upstairs open three good-sized bedrooms and bath, while the maid's room and bath are at the rear, the two bathrooms being arranged next to each other for economy of plumbing. The window on the half-way landing lights the hall, and as each of the bedrooms has windows on two sides, there is plenty of cross-ventilation.

Naturally the exposure of this house will be an important factor in the health and happiness of its inmates, and we would suggest that it be built facing west. This will give the kitchen, dining porch and dining room the early morning sunshine; the side windows of the dining room and living room will have the noonday sun, and the front windows of the living room and entrance hall will get the last western rays.

IN the case of the second house, No. 172, a southern exposure would be best, as will be readily seen from a glance at the first floor plan. This house is shown with stone foundation and shingled walls and roof, and while the exterior is comparatively simple, the construction of the porch and sleeping balcony, the grouping of the windows and angles of the roof lines give it a certain architectural interest.

One enters through a small recessed porch into a vestibule in which a coat closet is provided, and through the wide opening one has a glimpse of the living room—a cheerful place with a big chimneypiece between the windows at one end facing the dining-room opening, the staircase and its roomy landing nearby, and opposite this, windows and glass doors leading out onto the living porch, which is enclosed by a parapet so that it can be readily screened in summer and glassed in during the winter for a sunroom if desired.

It will be noticed that we have arranged no entrance to this porch from the garden. The owner can, of course, provide one at the front or side if it seems desirable; but our idea in omitting it was to secure greater privacy for the family, who might otherwise be disturbed by callers whom they would rather receive indoors, or by strangers who might mistake the porch steps for the main entrance.

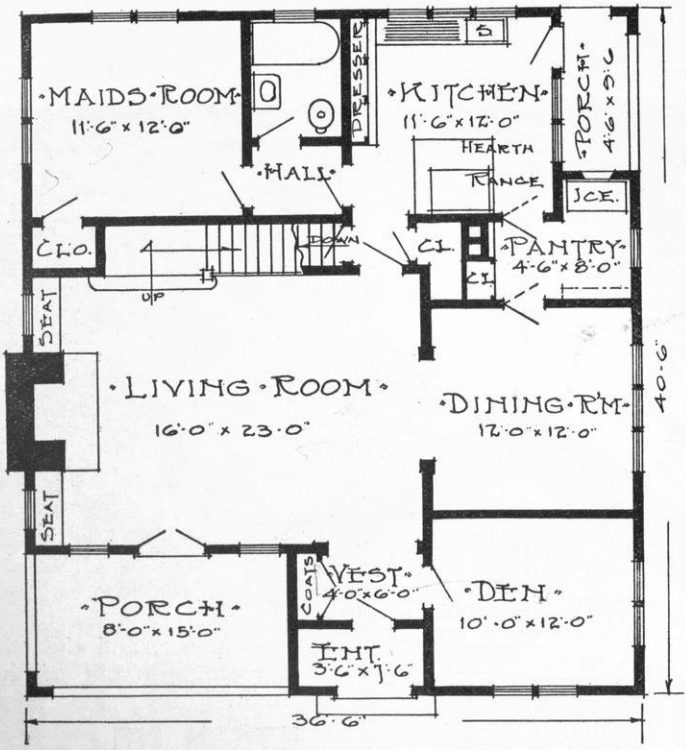
Opening off the right of the vestibule we have planned a room which might be used as a den, library or office according to individual needs. Or if there were several small children, it might be used as a play room or nursery. While there are windows on two sides, there is also sufficient wall space for bookshelves and desk; or if the room was turned over to the children, long seats might be built beneath the windows

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE (NO. 171) ESPECIALLY PLANNED FOR BUILDING IN THE SUBURBS: THE INTERIOR IS ARRANGED FOR A FAMILY WITH ONE MAID: PORCHES AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE ARE AN IMPORTANT FEATURE.

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE (NO. 172) ALSO PLANNED FOR ONE MAID: THE FLOOR PLANS ARE ESPECIALLY ARRANGED TO SECURE THE UTMOST SENSE OF SPACE.



CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE NO. 172: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

and made with lids hinged in sections so that the toys could be kept inside.

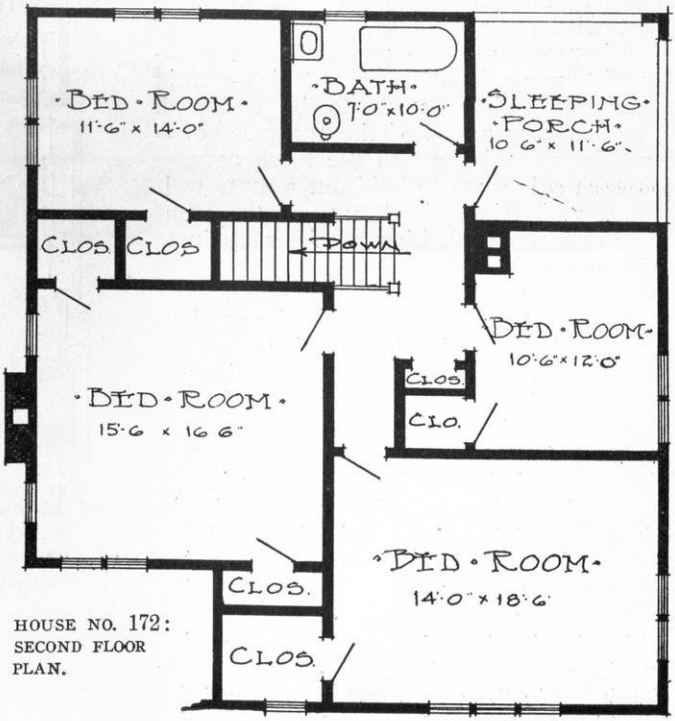
The dining room is separated from the kitchen by a small but conveniently equipped pass-pantry, in a recess of which is the ice-box, which can be filled from outside. The kitchen is well lighted and ventilated, and in addition to its long built-in dresser there is a closet for pots and pans beside the cellar stairs.

A small hallway leads to the maid's room and bathroom—an arrangement which gives the maid a little private suite, as it were, making it homelike for her and convenient for the family.

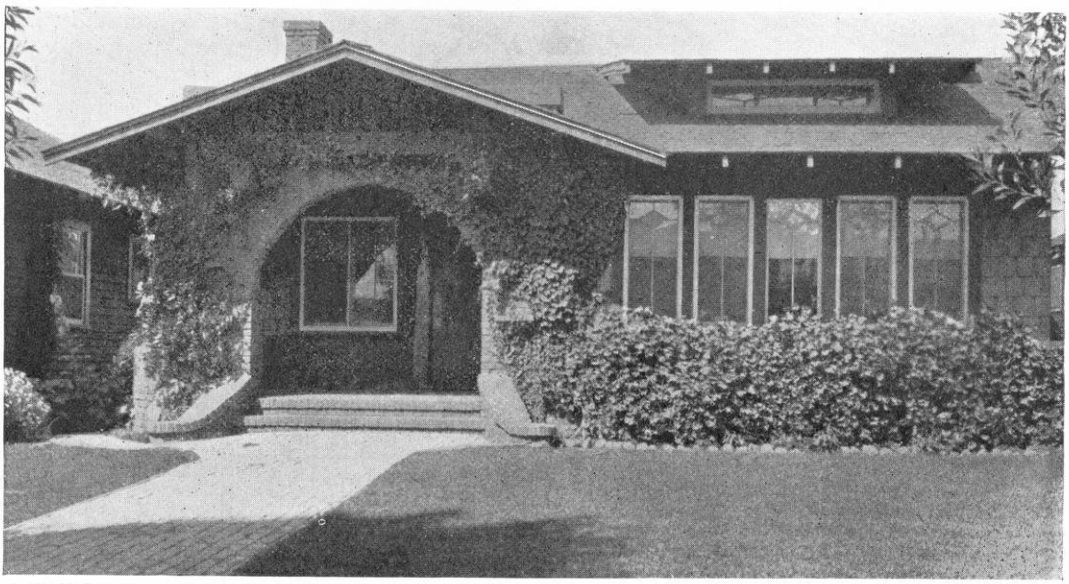
By arranging the maid's room downstairs we have been able to provide four bedrooms for the family on the second floor, as well as a good-sized sleeping porch, which opens from the hall near the bath-room door. If a glass door is used for this porch, the hall will have ample light and ventilation. There are plenty of closets, two being provided in the space beneath the roof where it slopes down over the porch.

In this house, as in the preceding one, the interior offers many interesting opportunities for decorative effects in the construction and finish of the woodwork and other structural features, as a close study of the plans will disclose. And if restful tones are chosen for the walls, with simple, serviceable furniture and harmoniously colored rugs, curtains and other draperies, the result should be full of homelike charm.

The garden, likewise, can be made attractive without much expense, as we have suggested in the exterior view of design No. 172. If the house is built where field stone is available, this may be used for the garden wall, along the edge of the path and for the risers of the steps should the ground happen to be uneven; while at the entrance may be built a simple wooden pergola arch such as we have pictured.



HOUSE NO. 172: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



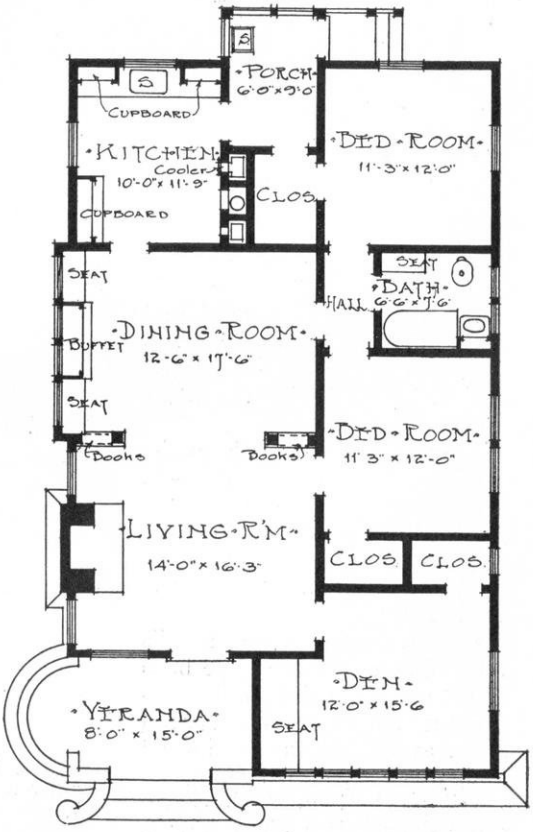
BUNGALOW OF INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION AND GROUPING OF WINDOWS.

A BUNGALOW HOME, COMFORTABLE, PICTURESQUE AND INEXPENSIVE: BY H. L. GAUT

IT is not often that one finds such a combination of the practical and picturesque as this California bungalow embodies—although our Western architects have achieved much that is substantial and lovely in the way of one-story homes. There is something about this one that wins your sympathy and affection as few houses can, for it possesses that quality of "human interest" with which certain inanimate objects seem to be endowed. The shadowy recess of the entrance porch and the curved slope of the brick parapet on each side seem to hold out a mute welcome, while the quiet beauty of the archway breathes something of the sacredness of home.

Nature, too, has evidently responded with sympathetic eagerness to the gardener's coaxing, hanging her gracious drapery of vines about these recently erected walls in a way that softens every trace of newness and makes one feel as though they had stood there for many decades. And then, the windows with their long leaded panes—how pleasantly they must let in the air and sunlight to that quiet interior!

The floor plan shows a very interesting arrangement. The living room and dining room are so open as to be almost one, while the den is tucked away for seclusion in the corner. The kitchen and screen porch are in the rear, carefully planned for the housewife's convenience, and the two bedrooms and bathroom open out of the little hall on the right.



FLOOR PLAN OF CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW.

"HEARTSEASE," ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD, AND NEWLY REMODELED.

"HEARTSEASE:" AN OLD HOUSE REJUVENATED: BY KATHARINE LORD

TO "pick up" an old house and make of it a charming home, fitted to the needs of our modern life, is no uncommon idea. The old houses happily are not infrequent, but the people are not so many who know how to make dreams come true. It is necessary to see under the peeling paint; to have an imagination that can restore sagging doors and broken blinds. To have an eye for line and mass, and to be able to see at a glance what is essential and what is merely accidental.

The house of these pictures is only forty minutes from New York. It is in a country that cannot be surpassed for beauty and healthfulness. It is surrounded by lovely houses, gay country clubs, magnificent estates; yet for many years it has stood, falling ever deeper into the degradation of neglect.

Over a hundred years the house has

LOOKING UP THE HILLSIDE TO THE FRONT PORCH.

"HEARTSEASE": AN OLD HOUSE REJUVENATED

DETAIL OF HOUSE, SHOWING HOW ADMIRABLY THE EFFECT OF ANTIQUITY HAS BEEN PRESERVED.

lived, the homestead of one family. A plain but comfortable farmhouse, it sheltered in its early days three generations of the same name and saw most of the joys and sorrows incident to the life of men. When the family became prosperous its various members built larger houses and the old one became a laborer's cottage. At length it went unrepaired, harboring a succession of chance tenants waiting for the time when it would be torn down probably to make way for some last word in modern construction. But now a long reprieve has been granted it, and the old house smiles once more in fresh paint and tidy surroundings. Flowers bloom all about it and creepers cover the unsightly heap of stones that marked some recent changes in the highway. Within is light and cheer and quiet comfort, and it is perhaps not too fanciful to feel that there is besides a more homey feeling than can be found in many houses that are entirely new.

And all this, including the furnishings, was accomplished for a few hundreds of dollars. Everything is simple, depending for value upon good line, harmonious color, pleasing texture rather than upon rarity of material or long continued labor.

The base of the house stands high above the road, the bank being shored up with a wall of stone topped by a great hedge

THE PORCH AT "HEARTSEASE" IN SUMMERTIME, FRIENDLY YET WITH AN AIR OF OLD-TIME DISTINCTION.

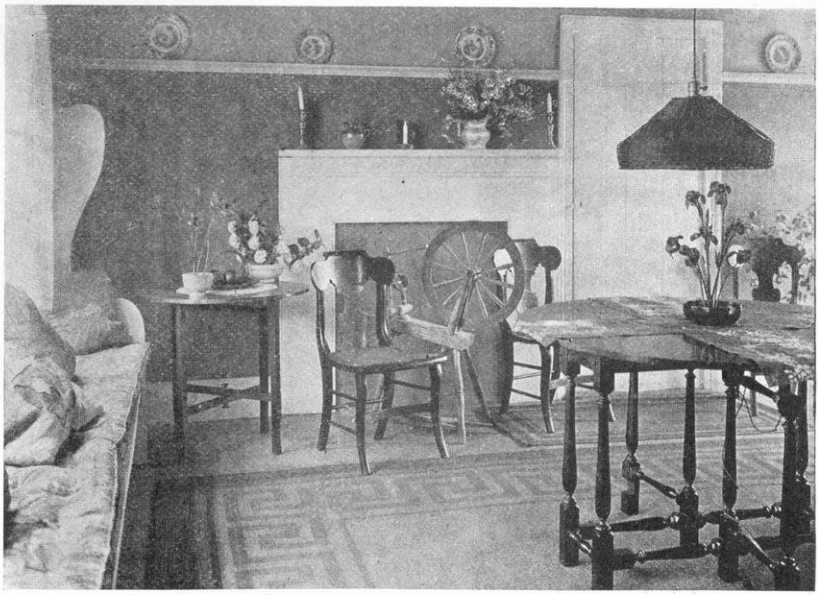
THE WELCOMING ENTRANCE AT "HEARTSEASE."

of lilacs, decades old. Rude stone steps lead up through a narrow gap in the lilac bushes to where the house stands nestling close under a tall pine tree.

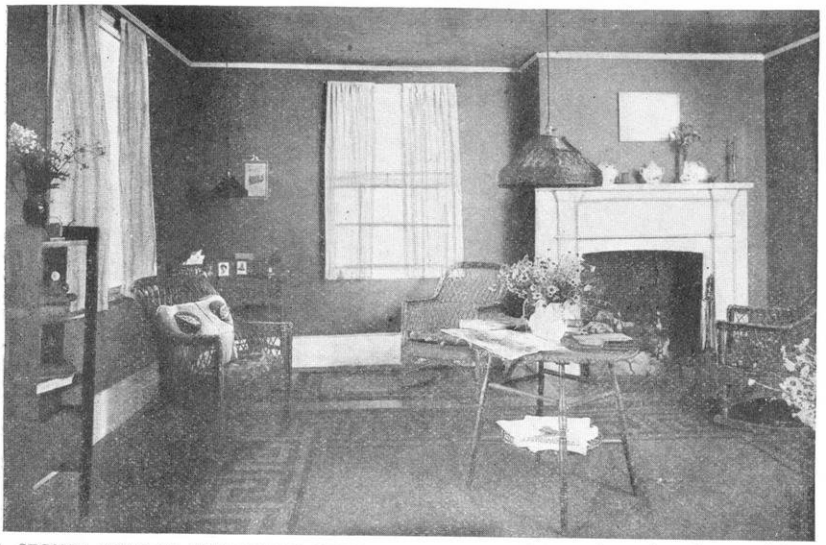
It is plainly rectangular in shape with the narrow end toward the road, so that it looks deceptively small. From this extends an ell, almost as wide, but a little lower; and back of this still another wing, suggesting later additions to the original building. A small hall enters transversely from the side, leaving a large room and a smaller room with one window on the front; another on the side and a still smaller room behind the hall. The first ell constitutes a large dining room and the second a kitchen of generous proportions, while from the latter is thrown out at right angles a smaller wing, mentioned in the deed as the "milk house."

Upstairs the house was found to have four fair-sized bedrooms, a hall, besides a large unfinished space which provided ample storage rooms.

Studying the house as it stood, there seemed to be few structural changes that were necessary. The dining room, though it had windows on both sides, proved to be dark, therefore the one small window of the west side was made to give place to



A CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM APPROPRIATELY FITTED WITH ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS.



A SECOND VIEW OF THE LIVING ROOM.

three larger windows placed side by side. Under them a roomy settle was built, with well shaped high ends that accorded with the woodwork and the simple but pleasing lines of the mantel. The fireplaces throughout the house had been sealed up; but it was a simple matter to open them, and the well built chimneys were found in perfect condition.

The front door was very obviously a makeshift, which probably had replaced the original one. A search through the housewreckers' stores found a charming Colonial door with two tiny glass panels at the top which was an exact fit; and while it was not too fine for the simple house it added to it a touch of dignity. These few changes, with the removal of a small dilapidated and meaningless piazza on one of the ells proved to be all the structural changes that were necessary. The house was ready for the paper, paint and furnishings that were to give it the most delightful home quality.

It is only when we see some charming result accomplished in a house of this kind that we realize what a powerful influence is color; when added to good line in furnishings and a general sense of appropriateness almost any house may be made to have a distinct individuality of its own.

It must be remembered that this house had never been anything but the humblest sort of dwelling, plain and small even among the simple farmhouses of its time; but well built because builders in those days knew no other way. There were about it moreover none of the objectionable attempts at cheap ornamentation that a similar house of more recent date might have had. Its perfectly simple lines, therefore, were an excellent setting for the pleasing color schemes worked out for different rooms.

The prevailing colors in the house were a clear, cheerful yellow, and the pure blue

A QUAINTLY FURNISHED BEDROOM AT "HEARTSEASE."

to be found in old china and in the printed cottons of Japan.

Downstairs all the rooms were papered alike, a plan which makes for seeming spaciousness. The paper was a dull but full-toned yellow, its unfigured surface slightly broken with a cloth effect. A picture rail was placed about eighteen inches from the ceiling and above this and over the ceiling itself extended a paper of a lighter tone, which device helped appreciably to give lightness to the somewhat low ceilings. The floors were painted a good strong dark yellow,—the color sacred to kitchen floors in old-time farmhouses,—and all woodwork of course was white.

In the living room the prevailing yellow led naturally into the brown of wicker chairs and table, and of the Craftsman bookcases and magazine stand. The large rough woven rug was dark brown and the chintz chair covers were of a rich brown and green pattern.

The house had been wired for electricity throughout and the plain drops were shaded with Craftsman willow shades, lined with yellow or blue.

In the dining room, the yellow note was more pronounced, the wall rail was wider, and made a resting-place for several fine examples of old English crockery. A few good pieces of brass gleamed on sideboard and mantel.

It was a bit of great good fortune to find in the lumber-room of the old house, six beautifully shaped chairs of curly maple, the wood so characteristic of early American furniture, and a beautiful pair of brass andirons, which the owner was, with some persuasion, induced to sell. The golden hue of the maple blended harmoniously with the general sunny scheme of the dining room, and a sideboard and gate-legged table of the same wood were secured; the sideboard a genuine antique of fine design, the table one of the excellent reproductions that are so well made nowadays. With table runners of dull yellow Japanese print, settle cushions in yellows, browns and greens, and a green Craftsman rug, touches of blue and of old pink in china, the room was the embodiment of sunshine and good cheer.

Curtains throughout the living rooms were of coarse hemstitched scrim, and in the bedrooms of quaint dotted muslin with side curtains and valances of Japanese towelling printed in patterns of birds or flowers in clear blue. The bedrooms were papered with the same cloth-surfaced paper in a dull soft shade of blue, with a very light tone above the rail and on the ceiling. In the largest bedroom the furniture was of mahogany; white enamel in the smaller ones. Genuine old blue counterpanes and delightful brass candlesticks gave a touch of the past, while electric lights covered with wicker shades painted white and lined with blue gave the actual comfort we have come to require.

No account of the house would be complete without a peep into the kitchen, and no visitor ever went away without a burst of enthusiasm about that blue and white paradise. The woodwork, shelves and kitchen table were painted very sober blue. A white tile paper was used of the kind that has an occasional ship or windmill in blue, and the floor was covered with blue and white linoleum. On shelves above the cooking table were blue and white jars to hold every conceivable condiment and spice, sugar, coffee, flour and all the requisites for making "good things."

A blue covered filing box for cooking recipes occupied a place of honor in the center with a hook above to hold the card in use, far out of the way of sticky fingers. On wide corner shelves were set out blue bowls and brown casseroles, and a generous glassed cupboard held the tableware.

The "milk house" opening out of the kitchen not only made room for the refrigerator and ample shelf space for storage, but in a pleasant corner by the window was placed in summer the servants' dining table, away from the kitchen heat.

Every nook and corner, in fact, of this unpretentious homestead was made as comfortable and attractive as thoughtful ingenuity could devise, and when the transformation was complete the interior was pervaded by a genuine home atmosphere.

Space fails in which to tell of the garden where the master delighted to dig early and late; of the "real woods" only a few rods away filled from dawn till dark with gay bird songs and beautiful wild flowers; of the satisfaction there was in mending the broken steps and wall and of planting creepers over the heap of stones. In each step of the sowing, pruning and general cleaning up there was a separate joy, as in the planting beside the path of a great bed of pansies to fittingly accentuate the chosen name of the home,—*"Heartsease."*

THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. COLVIN, LYONS, N. Y.: ADAPTED FROM A CRAFTSMAN DESIGN.

A HILLTOP HOUSE ADAPTED FROM A CRAFTSMAN DESIGN: BY LAURA RINKLE JOHNSON

TO coöperate with Nature and make the most of whatever advantages she offers, whether it be in the shape of local materials, immediate surroundings or distant views—that surely is one of the requisites in the building of a successful home. And that evidently is what has been done by the owner of the house pictured here.

In an old apple orchard, at the edge of the village of Lyons, in the State of New York, commanding an extensive view of rolling hills and fertile valleys, stands this two-story dwelling, the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Colvin. It was built from a design published in THE CRAFTSMAN for April, 1910.

The house, with its covering of California redwood shingles and its trim of "bottle green" is in keeping with the thickly foliaged trees among which it stands, and the boxes at the windows and on the porch railings are filled with flowering plants and vines that give a brilliant dash of color against the reddish brown of the shingles.

You feel even from a glance at the photograph of the exterior that a two-story house was chosen rather than a bungalow in order to take advantage of the view. Extending across its front is a roomy double porch, the lower part being used as an outdoor living place, comfortably furnished with hammock, table and chairs. The balcony is used as an outdoor sleeping room, and from this, one has cross-country vistas for many miles to north, east and south. The openings are fitted with rolling porch shades, which form an effective screen from the early morning sun, and at the same time are not heavy enough to prevent air circulation. The floor of the lower porch is cement, while that of the upper one is covered with deck canvas.

The interior is equally simple and homelike, as the pictures show. The living room, which is 16 by 21 feet, is entered directly from the porch, and at the right is the staircase. The flight is broken by a landing and turn, three steps from the floor, this landing being made light and attractive by a window with small panes. The stairs are easy of ascent, the treads being unusually low and broad, and an interesting feature of the construction is the manner in which the treads are treated. The ends which project into the room have fastened to them, by two wooden pegs, a strip of oak the thickness of the treads and an inch and a half in width, the strips being longer than the treads by three inches. The spindles are made of chestnut boards six inches wide, out of which is cut a conventional design,

FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM.

and these spindles reach from the treads to the ceiling, thus forming a secluded staircase while not enclosing it entirely.

The living room has two large windows, the one at the front commanding a fine view. Opposite the door is a large fireplace of red pressed brick, with chimney extending to the ceiling, the mantelshelf being formed by a heavy slab of chestnut. At the right of the fireplace is a door with amber glass panes, leading into a coat closet.

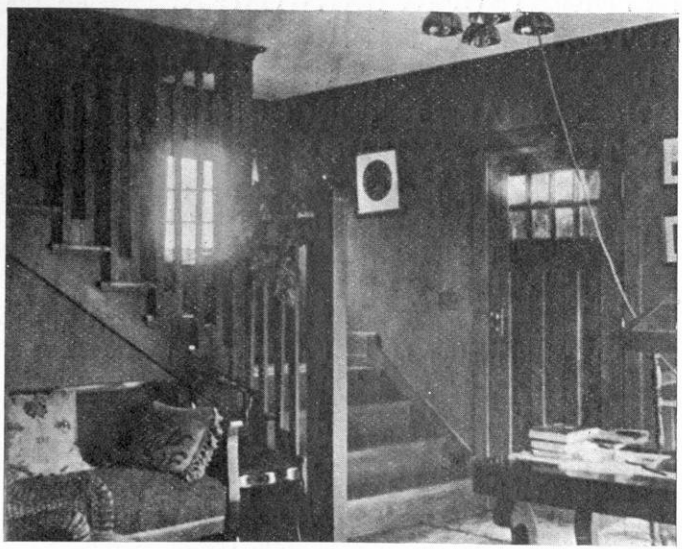
At the other side of the fireplace is the opening into the dining room, which is lighted by two windows, one looking out on the garden and orchard on the west, the other facing the south.

The floors in the living room and dining room are of maple, shellacked and waxed, and the rest of the woodwork throughout the lower story is of chestnut, fumed, waxed and rubbed. The result is a velvety brown finish, of a medium shade, that harmonizes well with the brown paper on the walls.

Next to the dining room is the kitchen, an exceedingly pleasant and comfortable room. On the walls, to a distance of five and one-half feet from the floor, is hard wall plaster, marked off into squares to represent tile and painted white. A built-in cabinet and cupboards are useful adjuncts to this room, and at the rear is a storeroom in which the laundry tubs are placed.

The stairs to the basement lead down from the kitchen. A warm-air heating system is used and has proved satisfactory, notwithstanding the fact that the house is in an exposed and elevated location. In the cellar is a large cistern from which the water is forced to the first and second floors by an automatic pump, for which city water is the motive power. Thus the occupants of the house are assured at all times of an ample supply of soft water, and as the roof is covered with a sanitary patent roofing, the water is devoid of any foreign taste or color, and can therefore be used for drinking purposes.

The second story contains a hall, three bedrooms and bath, the east room extending across the front of the house and opening onto the sleeping porch. A large clothes closet with window adjoins this room, and each of the other rooms has a closet of convenient size. The woodwork in the bedrooms and bathroom is painted white, and while the same design of paper is used in



THE EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE STAIRWAY.

these rooms, it differs in color, that in the north room being yellow, while pink is used in the west room and blue in the south.

At the rear of the house is a garden in which every inch of space is utilized, either for flowers, vegetables or the smaller fruits, and on the south side is a rose bed where fine foliage and beautiful blooms repay the unceasing labor given by the owner.

An interesting feature of this simple home garden is the way in which native flowers and shrubs have been coaxed to take root and blossom there. Under an apple tree is a wild flower bed containing flowers in bloom, from the first hepaticas of spring to the asters and fireweeds of late autumn, while about the house many native shrubs have been planted—dogwood, sumac, mountain laurel and azaleas. Ferns and violets also grow around an ingeniously constructed bird bath, which affords much pleasure to the feathered folk and amusement to the occupants of the home.

A pergola has been built which in time will be covered with climbing roses, thus bringing the building into even closer harmony with its surroundings.

Altogether the garden, like the house, is one of unpretentious charm, and shows what an important factor in home-making is the interest and enthusiasm which the owner puts into the work.

STATE FAIRS: INTELLIGENT PROMOTERS OF THE VARIOUS INTERESTS OF RURAL WOMEN: OUTLETS FOR THEIR ACTIVITIES AND MEETING GROUNDS FOR SOCIAL INTERCOURSE: BY MARY A. WHEDON

MANY things are now tending to promote the interest and individual development of the farmer's wife; among them State and County Fairs as well as the work of State Schools of Agriculture. Through the Extension Division of the latter institutions advanced methods of farming and home economics are carried to the doors of rural schools and homes. Women are thereby touched to new thoughts on a common theme and to the realization that their homes now demand better sanitation and more wholesome cooking; their children, practical clothing; their community, sound schools and pleasant social environments. In the majority of cases they feel the cry of their country for general civic betterment.

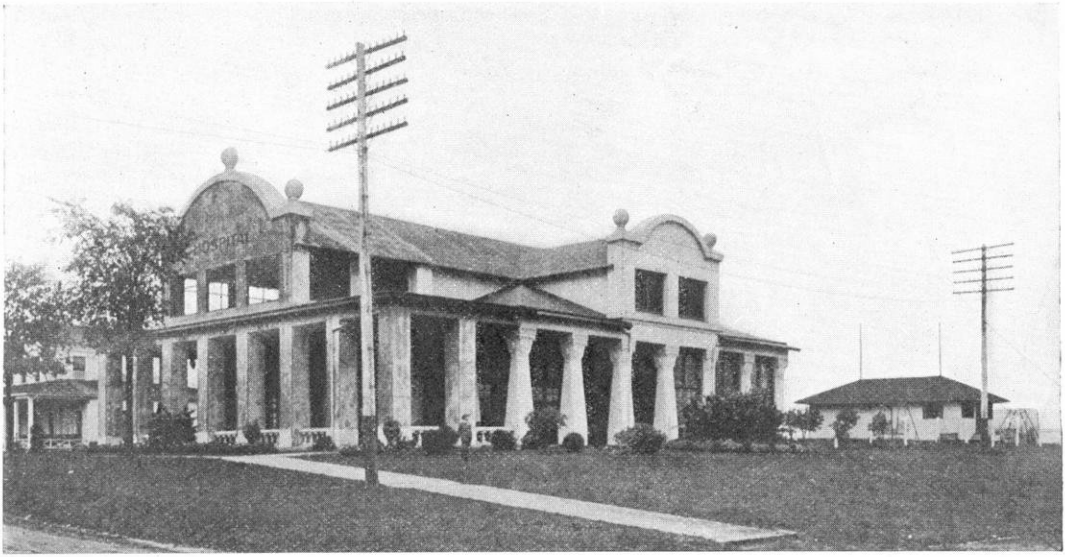
These farm wives and mothers lack, all too often, what their husbands have in abundance,—association with others, coöperation in effort and organization.

The State Fair undoubtedly assists in the work of college extension by developing many additional lines of interest. It is, in fact, becoming more and more a centralization point for the common interests of rural women.

As an example of the impetus given to the lives of hundreds of women the individual work of one State Fair may be cited. The last State Fair of Minnesota dealt largely and liberally with its women. It did more than ever before to enhance their pleasure, their comfort, and to amplify their education. The Woman's Building was one of the "show" places of the great show itself. Not only did this State Fair give opportunities to women, but, like wheels within wheels, it permitted various organizations of women to have their headquarters on the grounds, while to these centers came women, not only of like interests and faith, but others of all creeds, even those of no creed whatsoever.

The Woman's Building is at present one of the largest on the Fair grounds. Part of it is given over entirely to entries of woman's work from all over the State, while the rest of it is devoted to school exhibits. Large show-cases in the aisles and against the walls, and similar ones on the counters, are annually filled with patchwork quilts, knitted spreads, embroideries, lace work, darning, burnt wood, carving, painting, fine sewing and numberless evidences of home crafts. Products of the kitchen are to be found in every form,—pies, pickles, jellies, marmalades, preserves and other things associated with the hands of industrious farm women.

For the last ten years the Board of Managers has employed a woman superintendent to go through the State of Minnesota and meet the women at the various county fairs. This Superintendent has made a point of coming into personal touch and acquaintance with the women, thereby interesting them while assisting to increase this department to its present proportions. The result of this work is that every year women are, in increasing numbers, visiting the State Fair to see their own work and



REST COTTAGE AND DAY NURSERY WITH HOSPITAL.

to compare it with that of their neighbors, perchance with that of those living in an opposite corner of the State. They come to meet each other and to talk over the latest kinks in jelly making, even education and suffrage, as men meet and discuss the latest harvester in Machinery Hall, or politics, peace and war. They come to get standards of living, and to gather ideas for home decoration and entertainment when the long evenings of winter close them in from the outer world. At the Fair they see new pictures of life and absorb inspiration to take back to their families. They meet others having interests in common with their own—a most helpful thing in life.

For ten years the Superintendent of the Woman's Building has watched throngs go back and forth through this Exhibition with no place to rest their weary feet, their tired bodies and their dizzy heads. The unworded cry of the air seemed to be, not "Here we rest," but "Where shall we rest?" till at length the very atmosphere seemed to crystallize itself into thoughts and plans resulting in a Rest Cottage and Day Nursery.

The State Fair Board, all men, were heartily in favor of this new idea and unceremoniously invited the newspaper men to relinquish their quarters in what had been the Minnesota Building at the St. Louis Exposition, and which had been taken apart and brought back to the State Fair Grounds for its permanent home. Their old quarters on Newspaper Row were regarded as good enough for the men, while the rural women of the State were invited to take possession of the large airy rooms, broad verandas and pleasant lawns which had heretofore been a mere show place. Here women could rest, talk, read or sleep between "seeing the Fair," an undertaking that meant traversing three hundred and fifty acres of ground covered by buildings and exhibits.

A hostess was engaged for Rest Cottage to greet the women; to make them feel at home; to see that the needed thread and needle or envelope and paper were forthcoming. Here was a spot that was the farm woman's "very own." In the yard there were playgrounds with swings, bars and sand boxes and all the paraphernalia of a well arranged playground in charge of a regular instructor; here the older children could be left while the mothers went sightseeing. On the second floor was a screened-in crib porch for the babies and a play room for those somewhat older.

Freedom! Association! Here were these two happy elements, together with rest and comfort for the rural women,—the women for whom this Fair is supported and carried on quite as much as for the men. To the men, the Fair had for long been an opportunity for free social intercourse on subjects of common interest whereby they gained inspiration lasting them throughout the year. To women, it had formerly represented a nerve-racking trip or else "stay at home and see the gude man go." The tide was turned by this Rest Cottage, and women came from far and near with cheerful hearts. Indeed out of this meeting-place

INDUSTRIAL ART DISPLAY AT MINNESOTA STATE FAIR.

for rural women have come forth throughout the State the first thoughts of local organizations made up of rural women, organizations which may be affiliated with the State Federation of Clubs. And rural women have begun to join together to promote the welfare of their own communities.

On the second floor of the Rest Cottage last year was located the hospital. At first it was mothered by the Federation of Woman's Clubs, but when the building occupied by this association burned down some years ago the hospital also perished. A year or two afterwards it was resuscitated by the Woman's Medical Club, which has since been responsible for its existence. This year, the hospital in the Rest Cottage had six wards, holding either one or two beds each, a stock room and an operating room. An experienced nurse was employed in constant attendance and two doctors from the Medical Club paid daily visits. Forty-two patients were cared for. This proved to be one of the altruistic works carried on at the Fair.

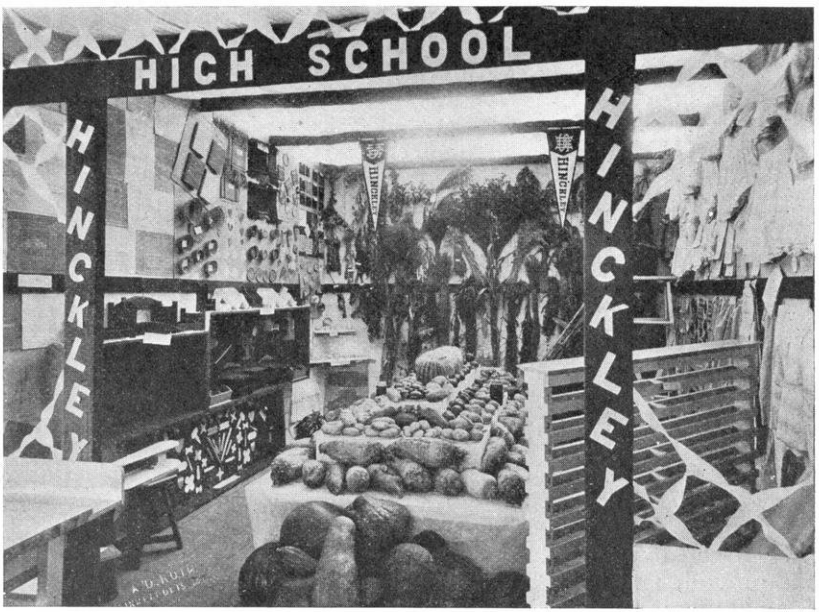
For thirteen years the Federation of Clubs has kept open headquarters at the State Fair so that club women of the State have felt the pleasure of a common meeting-place. A Ladies' Orchestra has given concerts at stated intervals, some of the club women being present to act as hostesses and to take turns in serving light refreshments. Lectures were given frequently on current topics of the day; speakers and demonstrations in domestic science formed a part of the programme. Last year their building was devoted to other purposes, causing many expressions of disappointment from club women all over the State. At the State

SWEDISH EMBROIDERY AT THE WOMAN'S EXHIBITION OF THE MINNESOTA STATE FAIR.

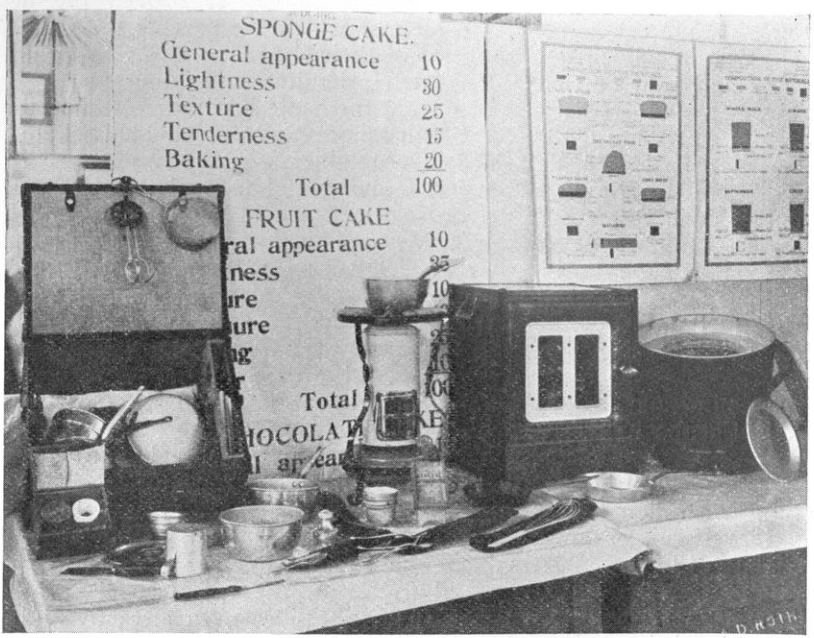
Federation meeting closely following the date of the Fair, steps were taken, however, to affiliate more closely with the State Fair Board and with the work done directly in the Building for rural women.

Many fraternal societies had their headquarters at the Fair, among them the Maccabees, Royal Neighbors, Rebekahs and others. Those familiar with the work of these organizations know it to be fraught throughout with helpfulness.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union for more than a dozen years has maintained headquarters at the Fair. At their own expense these women have built, on one of the main thoroughfares of the grounds, a cozy, three-room cottage with a large and airy porch. The building, together with insurance, painting, repairs and furnishings cost about $1,200. The women furnished their own hostesses and never asked any favors of the Board of Fair Managers, except two daily tickets for assistants. This independence was not assumed because of objections on the part of the Board to grant any courtesies, but as a matter of pride in the strength the women felt in their own work. Last year the State President was present each day. Other officers and representatives from thirty unions of the Twin Cities took turns in assisting.



EXHIBITION MADE AT THE STATE FAIR BY ONE OF MINNESOTA'S TEN AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOLS.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY OUTFIT USED IN THE EXTENSION WORK OF THE MINNESOTA SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE.

The cottage of this organization consists of a reception room, a kitchenette and a bedroom. There many mothers bring their little ones and rest. Refreshments are served and large amounts of "literature" distributed,

a special effort being made to circulate leaflets bearing on patent medicines and the fight for pure food. Farm women evinced a growing interest in the work and the State has already several strictly rural W. C. T. U.'s, ranging in numbers from twelve to seventy-five members.

The Equal Suffrage Association has had in the past many ups and downs, by far the larger number being downs. Some years the members have maintained "Headquarters" by soliciting a "corner," table or chair in the front of a box on which was "literature" and a signature book. Here people, by writing their names, could signify their acknowledgment of the spirit of the times, admitting that women were at least worth a chance to fight for their rights; other years they have not even sought or claimed a "corner." Last year being one of "ups" they selected one of the highest points of the grounds and here "pitched their tent," not only figuratively but literally.

On Machinery Hill, away to the last block of the longest street on the grounds, among the heavy farm machinery and manufacturing exhibits, they established a lunch counter. In this section men were strongly in the majority and since the cause needed the winning of men's hearts, one which tradition claims is through their appetites, the undertaking proved very successful. There were "mother's" apple pies, doughnuts, corn meal pudding, suffrage cake and all sorts of appetizing trifles freshly made by the women every day and sold at the tent. The society got more free advertising than any other section, and closed up with added converts and an increased pocketbook.

Church women from the Twin Cities established lunch tents to the number of a dozen or more. They executed their business well, furnishing hungry people with wholesome food and returned home with money to promote their work during the coming year.

Perhaps no more interesting and unselfish work was accomplished at the Fair last year than that of the Y. W. C. A. From a small booth in one of the main Exhibit Buildings, which was hung with their cards and banners, representatives of this organization distributed thousands of leaflets and pamphlets. Secretaries and representatives from both cities took turns in attending, giving advice to people seeking information or casting about for work and watching for the unaccompanied or unguided young girl who had come alone to the Fair. The Traveler's Aid Department had representatives at the stations to look after young girls, either finding them places to stay or sending them to the Y. W. C. A. headquarters. Young girls were urged not to ask questions of strangers, except those wearing a well-known badge or uniform. At the Fair grounds every effort was made to advise parents not to allow their daughters to come to the cities unless in the care of representatives of the organizations who could vouch for the reliability of the promises of work which had been offered them. Last year 1,700 young girls were lost sight of in traveling between New York and Chicago. Multiply this number by the many other equally traveled routes in the country and the result is paralyzing.

Since the greater percentage of teachers in the country as well as in the cities is made up of women and as a part of the Woman's Building was devoted to exhibits and actual demonstration work in sewing, cooking, art and manual training, it may not be amiss to mention the exhibits as coming under woman's work. In this building was the demonstration work in cooking, art, sewing and manual training. It came from the schools of the three largest cities of the State and the crowds who hovered about the demonstration classes proved the intense interest which the parents felt in the progress of their children.

In the Horticultural Building were exhibits from the State high schools, agricultural high schools and consolidated schools. Garden vegetables vied in interest with sewing, weaving and manual training. In the consolidated school exhibit there were thirty-two varieties of grain. Altogether they gave a strong proof of what women are accomplishing along these lines of agriculture. Poultry entries were made by eight different woman fanciers who showed some beautiful birds.

The department of domestic economy with its workers from the Extension Division of the School of Agriculture was housed in the Agricultural Building. The director of domestic economy exhibited work and gave talks. Her cooking outfit, which she carries to farmers' institutes, agricultural high school short courses and county fairs, proved a most attractive subject for demonstration.

Never before were there such extended

exhibits by manufacturers of household devices to simplify women's work and conserve their strength. Men as well as women thronged about these exhibits, and their enthusiastic interest argues well for the woman on the farm. Now that automobiles have become an acknowledged article of necessity on the farm it may be possible for men to admit that a patent egg-beater should be installed to replace the fork used by their grandmothers.

Industrial art was looked upon as a new departure two years ago, yet one so successful that it was granted space last year in the Woman's Building. It is the child of the Woman's Club of Minneapolis called the Industrial Art Department.

Fine exhibits of hand weaving in linen were shown. Real Cluny lace made on a pillow with bobbins was a center of attraction from the time the little Bohemian lacemaker took her chair in the morning until she left it at night. To inexperienced eyes the flying of the bobbin appeared like the glinting of stars. A case of beautiful handmade Irish lace was also there. Rugs, coverlets, hand-woven linens, rare designs in lace and embroideries all proved the possibility of the execution in our own country of many artistic, useful and lasting handicrafts which our women buy so largely when abroad. The Industrial Art Department claims the possibility of the development of these Old World handicrafts and to that extent has been instrumental in procuring an appropriation from the State Legislature of $15,000 for the State Arts Society, $4,000 of which goes to this department. With this monetary assistance it hopes to put a superintendent or teacher in the field who will gather together exhibits from all over the State, thus fostering the growth of industrial work among the women of the various rural towns. In order to hold satisfactory exhibitions at the Fair it is naturally essential to awaken a widespread interest among the women in the farming districts, and it is also a good idea, and one which will be carried out by these teachers, to hold sales and give small exhibitions in various towns. This recreating of interest in the industrial arts will not only prove remunerative to farmers' families, but will add greatly to the interest of their lives. It is possible, of course, that it will also influence the younger generation to remain on the farm with a better prospect of making money instead of drifting to the cities with their growing uncertainty of outlook.

In a corner of the Horticultural Building was an Audubon exhibit of mounted birds and pictures, and a student of the Agricultural College was employed to explain the work and to distribute leaflets.

The State Society of the Deaf had a most interesting exhibit in the Woman's Building, including several pieces of metal work and dolls' clothes made by a deaf and blind girl.

Not only were these industries and associations able to show progress at this last State Fair in the great works which they had undertaken, but so fully did they arouse the enthusiasm of the rural women that it is not likely they will again accept as a necessity lives of uninspired routine.

EVIL EFFECTS OF LIGHT BURNING ON PINE FORESTS

(From the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

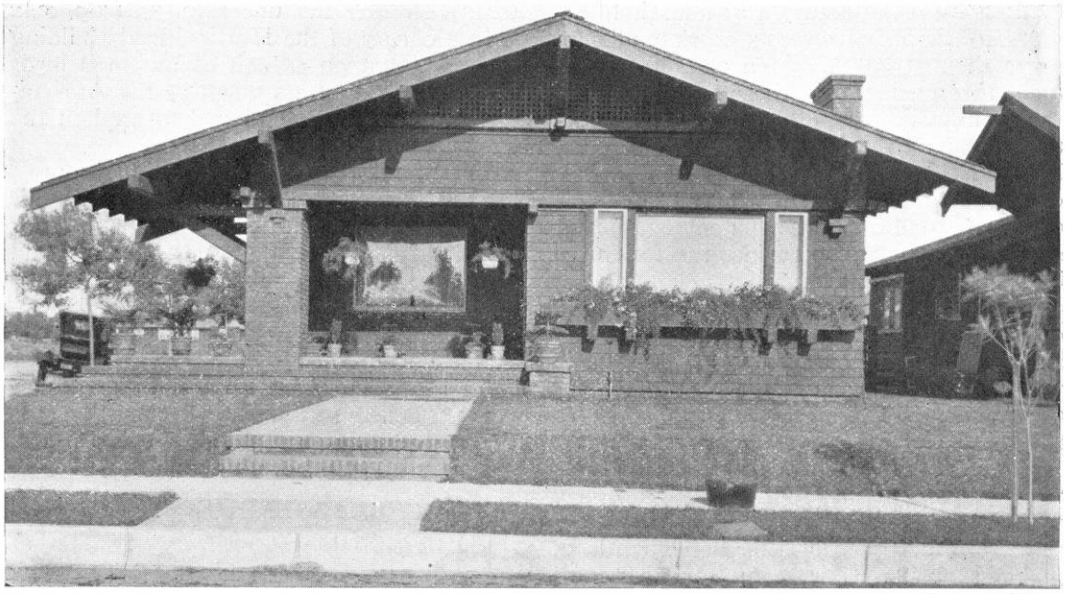
The effect of light surface fires on pine timber is to kill or damage more than half of the mature trees, according to findings just announced by the U. S. forest service.

The studies were made on the Wallowa and Whitman national forests in the Blue Mountains of eastern Oregon. Several typical stands of western yellow pine were selected, where surface fires had recently burned. The region had been periodically run over by such fires for a long time. The most recently burned areas were carefully surveyed and all the trees individually studied to find the effect of the fire.

As a result of this survey the following facts were verified: A surface fire fells from one to three merchantable trees per acre, by eating out basal fire scars; it makes fire scars at the base of 42 per cent., or nearly one-half, of all the merchantable yellow pines; it actually burns to death more than 3 per cent. of the trees—that is, they are killed by the heat of the light surface fire at their bases. In short, of the mature trees more than one-half of the total stand suffer more or less damage.

The stands were selected to insure results representative of the region, according to the forest service investigators, who draw the conclusion that deliberate light burning in such localities to remove brush and undergrowth is distinctly uneconomical, particularly since successive surface burnings only heighten the injury to the trees and make it cumulative.

BUNGALOW FOR A NARROW LOT



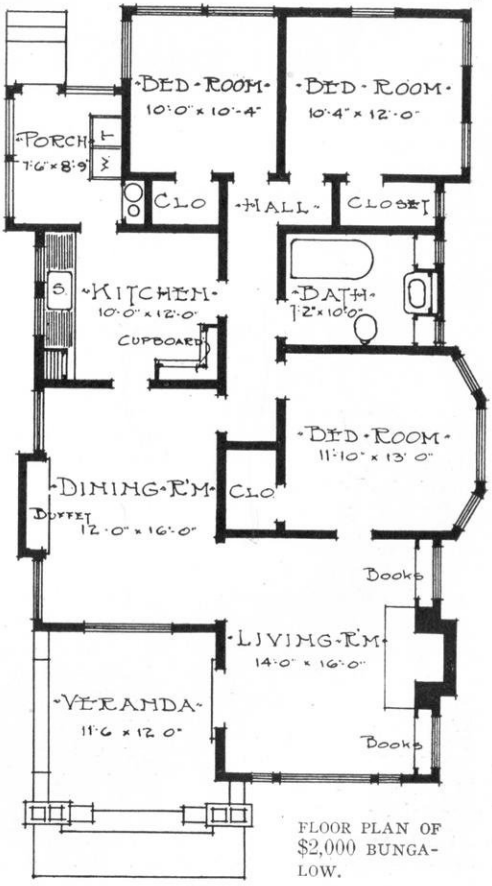
BUNGALOW FOR A NARROW LOT.

A COMFORTABLE BUNGALOW HOME ON A NARROW LOT: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

HOME-MAKERS who are planning to build on a long, narrow lot and must limit themselves to an expenditure of about $2,000, will find this bungalow design well worth studying, for it embodies a great deal of comfort in a restricted space at a reasonable expenditure.

The shingled walls are pleasantly broken by the wide windows, recessed porch, brick pillar and steps, and shadowed by the wide protecting roof; the lattice in the gable serves the double purpose of airing the space between the roof and ceiling, and giving an unusual and decorative touch to the exterior; while the simple grace of the entrance is enhanced by the potted plants and the flowers and vines.

Within, judging from the floor plan, an air of genuine comfort prevails. First comes the living room with its big chimney-piece and bookshelves on either side. On the left one has a glimpse of the dining room with its built-in buffet and casement windows. Beyond is the kitchen and screen porch where the wash trays stand, while the rest of the plan consists of three bedrooms and bathroom opening out of a small hall. There are plenty of closets and a generous number of windows. In short, there is every evidence that the architect has managed to get the maximum of comfort and loveliness in this restricted scope.



FLOOR PLAN OF $2,000 BUNGALOW.

JARS FROM THE OLD CANTAGALLI POTTERY IN FLORENCE.

A POTTERY FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

IN the city of Florence stands the old gateway, the *Porta Romana,* with its massive doors and high archway across the road to Rome. And a few yards farther along the road, at the entrance to a certain quaint old courtyard, you may see another and smaller arch, ornamented with heavy majolica plaques and designs. "Guiseppe Cantagalli" is the name above the doorway. Five hundred years ago it was placed there by the founder of this Old World pottery, and his descendants have worked at the same craft in that same building, and work there today.

It was not until eighty years ago, however, that the firm rose into prominence and the family took a high place in the city. At that time the potter's art was at a low ebb, and there was also much distress in the city of Florence. Ulysses Cantagalli came to the rescue and reopened his shop for the sake of giving work to some of the unemployed.

To reëstablish in Italy the prestige of the potter's craft—that was his aim, and as he was a true artist his productions soon won favor. His ideal was to give to every object he made, even the most commonplace, a certain artistic value, and also to make it possible for every one to acquire it at a moderate price.

In working out this ideal he took in hand the homely flower-pot, developed it and made it a thing of beauty as well as usefulness. And today you may still find the potters of Cantagalli carrying on the work.

In the center of that long, stone-paved courtyard, you will find an old building covered with a beautiful wistaria vine. Entering the door under an archway you will see the potters at their wheels, working just as the ancient potters worked two thousand years ago. In an adjoining room are fifty men who apply the glaze and color, and who paint the designs on the pottery after the preliminary firings. Beside these men you will see old pictures or old pieces

ONE OF THE CANTAGALLI JARS DECORATED WITH HERALDIC DESIGN.

CANTAGALLI CLAY JARS FOR ROSES.

of pottery which they copy with minute faithfulness and wonderful skill.

There is no trade secret about the materials used for the glaze and color; they can be bought at any store where potters' supplies are sold. For the colored pots modeling clay is used, but for the pots that are ornamented with Greek designs the common clay is preferred, as this burns red with a certain roughness of surface.

From the work of these Florentine craftsmen, the American potter, gardener and landscape architect may glean many hints. For instance, they will find that as a rule the Italian considers carefully not only such essential factors as the material, size, shape, color and decoration of his flower-

AN ETRUSCAN VASE, SHOWING THE ORNAMENTAL USE OF POTTERY IN ITALY.

PRINCE PLATOFF'S BALCONY, DECORATED WITH ITALIAN POTTERY.

pot, but also the kind of plant or flower it is to hold. When it is for a yellow flower he uses, say, yellow marguerites on a light blue ground. A pot with a dark blue ground and a colored band and leaves is meant for cinerarias. A crimson and white flower-pot is destined for geraniums, while another, decorated with brown leaves on a dull green background, is meant for roses —preferably white.

The flower-pots shown here are all made

AN ITALIAN "GROTESQUE" FLOWER-POT IN RED CLAY.

of modeling clay painted with a colored glaze and baked in a kiln, and they stand from twelve to fifteen inches high. The illustrations give some idea of the sturdy shape, the richly decorative quality and varied designs of these Italian pieces, and may hold for American clay-workers inspiration for other flower-pots to grace the gardens of our own New World.

For the average owner of a small garden is apt to overlook the usefulness and decorative value of pottery, forgetting how much interest a few well selected pieces can add to even the most unpretentious grounds. A simple jar of clay or concrete, holding a fern or shrub, vine or flowering plant, and placed at some point in the garden where emphasis is needed, may prove a veritable outdoor beauty-spot. There are many places where such a serviceable ornament can be used with good effect—beside the porch steps, on an entrance post, on the corner of a garden wall, in a sheltered angle of the building.

Then, too, there is the architectural value of pottery in the garden. When it echoes, by color, materials or design, some feature of the house itself, it will form a definite link between the home and garden, carrying the spirit of the architect beyond the boundaries of the building into the world of green growing things.

COMFORT AND PICTURESQUENESS OF WILLOW FURNITURE: ILLUSTRATED BY SOME NEW CRAFTSMAN MODELS

WILLOW furniture has an ancient and historic pedigree. Back in the earliest days, before the growth of what we call civilization, those long, smooth, slender "osier wands" or branchlets were used for all sorts of basketry, and in the days of Pliny they were twisted into ropes, as they still are in parts of Northern Europe.

In literature, too, the willow has been immortalized, for so softly did its branches sway with each passing breeze upon the growing tree, and so supplely and pliantly did they yield under the basket-makers' nimble fingers, that people came to look upon the willow as a synonym for gracefulness, and the poets used it in their verses in various similes and metaphors.

Something of this atmosphere of picturesqueness, something of this feeling of outdoor life and growth and calm, we have aimed to embody in our own willow furniture. We have tried to retain, in its firm yet pliant construction and its simple yet decorative design, a hint of that graciousness which characterizes the willow itself. We hope to echo, in the soft greens and browns and natural tones of its coloring, the varying shades that sap and air and sunlight have dyed the branches of the living tree. And at the same time, of course, we purpose to so design and weave and cushion each chair and settle that it will be a thing of serviceable comfort, as well as add to the beauty of the home.

Home-makers are coming to realize more and more the value of willow furniture, from both a practical and æsthetic point of view. They find that it is equally welcome in summer and winter, in the city residence and the country bungalow, in living room, bedroom and shady porch. In fact, there is almost no limit to its usefulness and to the artistic effects that it can help attain.

Not that, as a rule, we plan a whole room or furnish a house entirely with willow. Rather it seems best to use it in combination with other materials and styles. In a living room, for instance, where most of the furniture is solid wood, a few willow armchairs or rockers or a willow settle of colors that harmonize with the general scheme,

THIS DEEP WILLOW CHAIR IS PARTICULARLY COMFORTABLE FOR READING BY AN OPEN WINDOW OR AT NIGHT AT THE TABLE: ITS PROPORTIONS ENABLE ONE TO GET ALL THE REST POSSIBLE; AT THE SAME TIME IT IS NOT OVER LUXURIOUS, SO THAT IT LENDS ITSELF TO READING AND WORKING, AND IS JUST SUITED TO THE LIFE OF MANY BUSY PEOPLE.

THIS WILLOW CHAIR IS SUITED TO ALMOST ANY ROOM AND WILL HARMONIZE WITH PRACTICALLY ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE: IT IS LARGE ENOUGH FOR LOUNGING AND COMPACT ENOUGH FOR WORKING AND CAN BE FINISHED WITH COLOR AND MATERIAL SUITED TO ITS SURROUNDINGS.

form just the right sort of relief among the wood pieces, and introduce a light, graceful note that helps to keep, as it were, the artistic balance, preventing the room from taking on too serious an air.

With a material so pliant and sympathetic as willow, there seems practically no end to the variety of design and shape into which it can be coaxed. Naturally, therefore, as we found so much appreciation of our willow pieces and as our friends seemed to de-

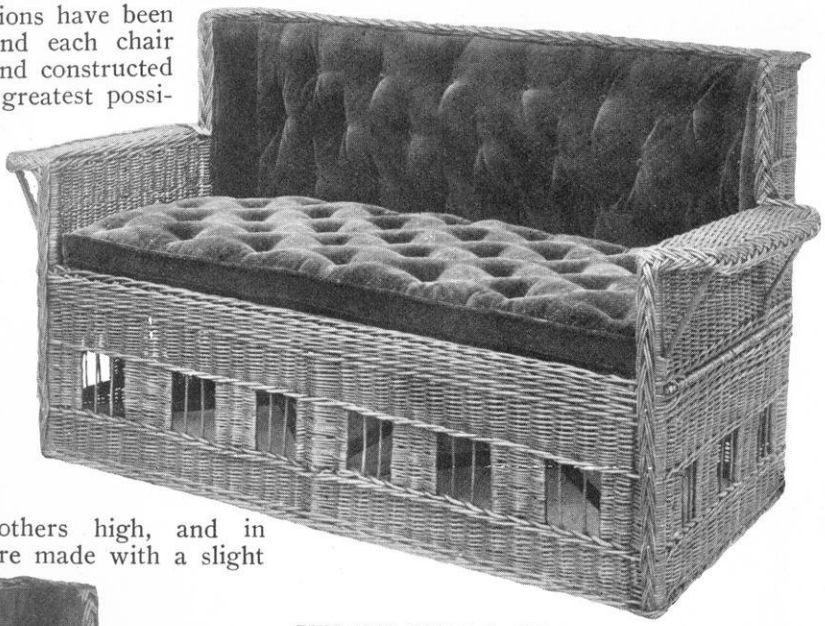
THIS STURDY LOOKING WILLOW CHAIR SEEMS INTENDED FOR SOME COZY FIRESIDE, FOR ITS BACK IS HIGH ENOUGH TO SHUT OUT POSSIBLE DRAUGHTS AND TO EMPHASIZE THE COMFORTABLE SECLUSION OF THE HEARTH.

sire fresh designs from time to time, we now and then add new chairs and settles that seem to us improvements over the old, or that embody new features of convenience and beauty. Some of these recent models we are illustrating here.

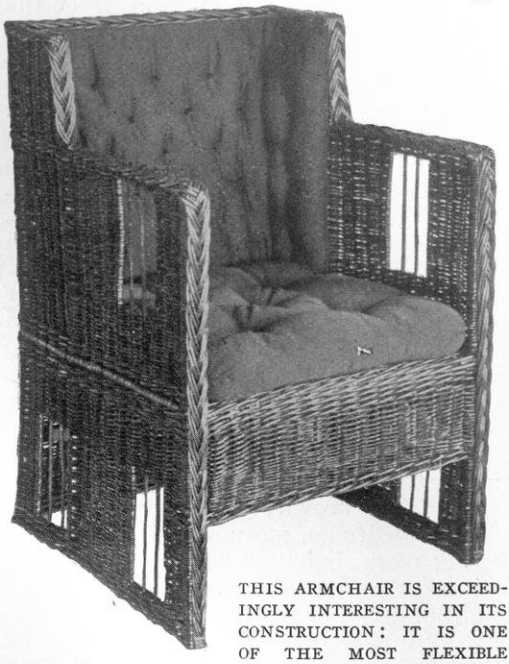
As the photographs show, they are all comparatively simple, built along the same sturdy lines that characterize our oak furniture. At the same time, the willow has been so woven as to include certain openwork effects, which, combined with the interest of texture, color and general outline, prove unusually decorative and graceful. In every

instance the proportions have been carefully studied, and each chair has been designed and constructed with a view to the greatest possible comfort of the occupant.

All of the chairs are made with arms, some broad, some narrow, and in one of the chairs these arms are so constructed as to provide recesses or pockets to hold books, knitting or needlework. The backs of the chairs vary in height, some being quite low, others high, and in several cases they are made with a slight



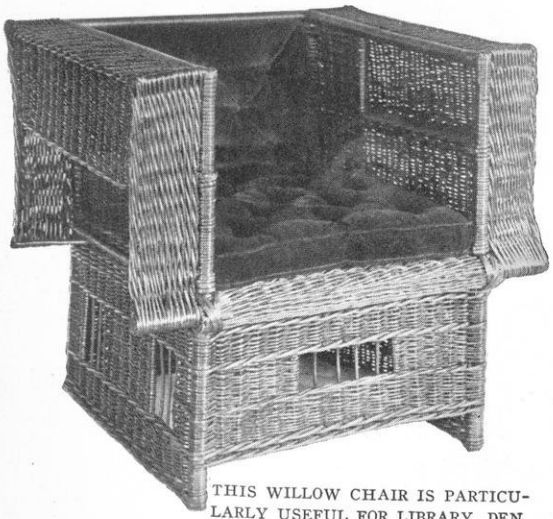
THIS NEW SETTLE IS ONE OF THE MOST LUXURIOUS PIECES OF WILLOW MADE: ITS LOW BACK AND CUSHIONED SEAT MAKE IT A DELIGHTFUL LOUNGING PLACE BEFORE AN OPEN FIRE OR UNDER A WINDOW: LIKE ALL THE WILLOW PIECES IT MAY BE STAINED BEAUTIFUL COLORS, BLUE, GREEN, GOLDEN BROWN OR GRAY: THIS ENABLES IT TO ADD BEAUTY OF COLOR AS WELL AS RARE COMFORT TO A LIVING ROOM.



THIS ARMCHAIR IS EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING IN ITS CONSTRUCTION: IT IS ONE OF THE MOST FLEXIBLE PIECES OF OUR WILLOW FURNITURE: THE BACK IS RECESSED FOR COMFORT, THE ARMS ARE JUST HIGH ENOUGH TO GIVE ONE A SENSE OF SECURITY AND THE CUSHIONS ARE THICK AND SOFT: IT IS A GOOD LIBRARY CHAIR: FINISHED IN LIGHTER TONES WITH CHINTZ CUSHIONS IT WOULD BE ATTRACTIVE FOR BEDROOM OR MORNING ROOM.

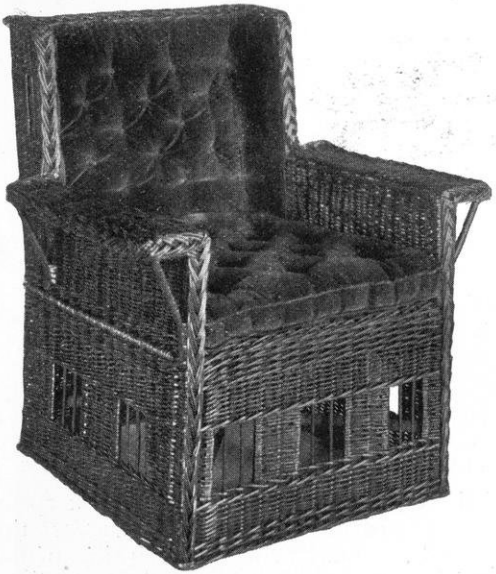
inward curve or angle that emphasizes the cozy effect and reminds one of the big old-fashioned armchair of our grandfathers that used to occupy the post of honor beside the hearth.

The colorings of the willow are also varied. As a rule, it seems best to keep as close as possible to colors that suggest the natural and more or less uneven tints of the growing tree—soft greens, deep or light



THIS WILLOW CHAIR IS PARTICULARLY USEFUL FOR LIBRARY, DEN, SEWING ROOM OR VERANDA, FOR THE WIDE ARMS ARE MADE WITH POCKETS WHICH CAN BE UTILIZED TO HOLD BOOKS OR NEEDLEWORK OR MANUSCRIPT; ALSO THE LOW BACK SUGGESTS ACTIVITY RATHER THAN LOUNGING.

golden browns, straw and natural color. Occasionally, however, some one prefers a different shade—a soft dull blue, a delicate gray or mahogany to harmonize with the color scheme of drawing room, club room, bedroom or boudoir. Then the willow is finished in the shade desired, and upholstered in whatever appropriate material, colors and patterns may be selected. It is a charming fashion to have bedroom chairs of willow upholstered in chintz or cretonne



A STURDY MODEL OF A WILLOW ARMCHAIR, MEANT TO LAST A GENERATION OR MORE: NATURALLY FOR ITS LONG LIFE IT WOULD BE STAINED IN SOME DARK COLOR, GREEN OR BLUE AND UPHOLSTERED IN A DURABLE VELOUR WHICH WOULD HARMONIZE WITH THE STAIN.

to match the window draperies, or to carry out the color scheme in rugs and wall.

It is in the upholstery, in fact, that much variety and charm are possible, and as there are so many different kinds of coverings to choose from, the home-maker, by careful personal selection, can get just the sort of cushions that will be in keeping wth the rest of the interior.

One of the comparatively inexpensive and certainly the most durable of the materials for this purpose is Craftsman canvas, the subdued shades of which are so restful to the eye and so helpful in producing a quiet homelike effect. It can be had in rich warm red, brownish red or dull rose; in brownish green, deep and light blue, greenish blue and a warm brownish gray.

Another material which has an interesting uneven texture is flamme, which is particularly pleasing in soft shades of olive green and brown. Pompeian cloth is also appropriate, and there are of course the hand-printed linens, cretonnes and chintzes, which come in such varied patterns and colors.

Effective cushions are of velour or cotton velvet, which is serviceable and easy to keep clean, as well as soft and pleasant to the touch. Most of the chairs and settles photographed for these pages are shown upholstered with this velour in rich shades of brown or green. It is somewhat more expensive than the other materials just enumerated, but its lasting quality and the comfort it affords make it well worth the extra investment.

Of course, the material and color chosen for the cushions of willow furniture will depend largely upon the room in which the pieces are to be used. Generally, when it is a question of the living room, the home-maker prefers to select some fairly heavy material like canvas, Pompeian cloth or velour, in a deep rich shade that will be in accord with the wall coverings, hangings and other fittings of the room. For example, if the prevailing tone of the room is brown, and the rest of the furnishings are in brown Craftsman oak, brightened by touches of contrasting colors (such as orange, red or dull blue) in the rugs, portières, pottery and other fittings, it might be well to have the willow furniture finished in green and upholstered with olive green cushions. On the other hand, if the color scheme of the room is green or buff, brown willow would afford an effective contrast, with cushions of either light or dark brown or possibly corn color.

For a bedroom, morning room, or for a sewing room, lighter tones would be more in keeping. Here the natural color willow might be used, or some light shade of blue or gray that would be in harmony with the other furnishings and draperies. Cushions of figured cretonne or gay flowered chintz would also be appropriate and would add a bright note to the room.

In fact, the combinations of design, finish, material, pattern and coloring in this willow furniture and its cushions seem unlimited, affording the home-maker a wide range of selection and chance for much expression of individuality that counts so largely in the weaving of that mysterious and subtle quality we call "atmosphere."

WHEN THE AMATEUR KEEPS BEES: BY E. I. FARRINGTON

ONE fine Saturday afternoon in August a commuting friend came into the house carrying a tray loaded down with pound sections of clear, white honey and the thought came, "why should not all people who live in suburban homes, or wherever a little land is available, keep a few colonies of bees, thereby supplying the table with one of the most wholesome delicacies to be found in Nature's storehouse?"

"Walter," I said, addressing my friend, "If you reckon your profits by the dollar sign, with your fun as a bonus, how much do your bees earn for you?"

"About five dollars a colony," was the reply, "sometimes more and sometimes less, depending upon the season."

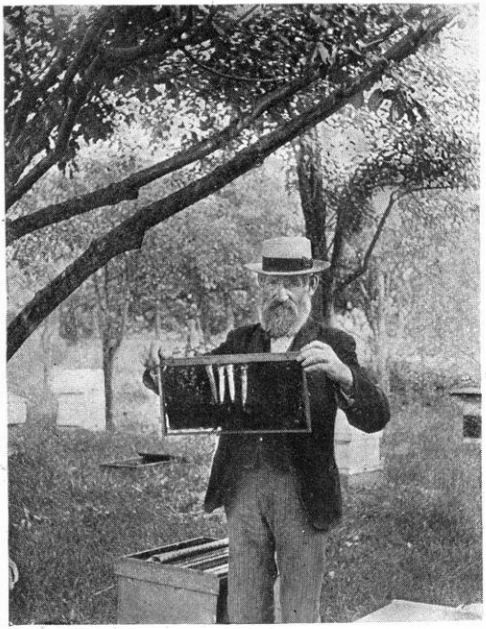
Then he went on to tell me about one colony which he purchased in the spring for ten dollars and which had paid for itself the first season, yielding over sixty pounds of honey in pound sections. That is not an unusual occurrence, either. Often a strong colony will produce 100 pounds or even more in the course of a season. On the other hand, the yield may be practically no honey at all. Everything depends upon starting the season with full, vigorous colonies and then taking pains to prevent overmuch swarming. Each time a swarm leaves, the colony is divided and made weaker.

One colony is enough for the amateur to begin with, for some time is required to learn the habits of the insects, so that they may be properly handled. It is fascinating work, the management of bees, but should not be undertaken until a good book on the subject has been read. Maurice Maeterlink's famous volume, "The Life of the Bee," will fire the reader with enthusiasm, but should not be depended upon as a guide. The A.B.C. of Bee-Keeping, by A. I. Root, and How to Keep Bees for Profit, by Rev. D. Everett Lyon, contain advice and instruction which may be followed implicitly. And both are easy reading.

In most parts of the country, a strong colony of Italian bees may be purchased for ten dollars, including a ten-frame hive. There are eight-frame and ten-frame hives on the market. The larger hives have some advantages over the smaller ones, but if the operator be a woman or somewhat lacking in muscular force, it is well to use the eight-frame style.

A hive is simply a strongly made box, into which are set frames of wood to which the bees attach their combs. Each frame may be handled separately and removed from the hive if desired, even though it be filled with honey or comb containing young bees. This fact makes the manipulation of a hive a very simple matter, but all the hives should be uniform, so that frames may be shifted from one to another. Bee-keeping was revolutionized when these

WORKING WITHOUT GLOVES OR VEIL IN A BEE YARD.



A FRAME OF BEES SHOWING THE QUEENS BEING HELD IN RESERVE AND FED BY THE OTHER BEES.

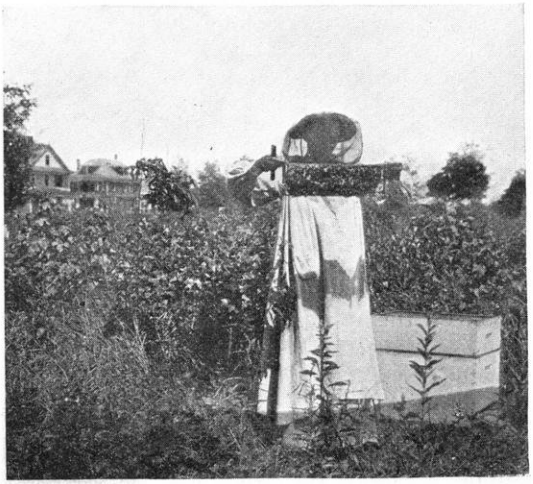
modern hives were invented, for now the bee-keeper can pull a colony to pieces and put it together again without killing a bee or causing more than a temporary cessation of its activities. Even the removal of honey in the old days meant the killing of bees by the hundreds.

Usually it is best to order frames filled with "foundation," which is a sheet of wax as thin as paper, for then the work of the bees is greatly lightened, the wax being quickly drawn out into comb, in the cells of which the honey is stored by the worker bees and eggs laid by the queen. If the bees are compelled to manufacture the wax for their combs, honey storing is delayed, for fourteen pounds of honey are required to produce a single pound of wax. The exceedingly interesting process by which the honey is transformed into wax is delightfully described in Maeterlink's book.

There is no reason for buying an expensive equipment in order to begin bee-keeping in an amateurish way. A smoker will be needed, together with a pair of long sleeved gloves, a good veil, a hive tool, a Porter bee-escape fitted into a honey board, a soft brush, a queen and drone trap and an entrance feeder. These supplies, which cost but little, may be purchased of a local dealer, if there is one, or ordered by mail.

The smoker is indispensable. Even experienced bee-keepers who pay scant attention to stings and scorn gloves and veil, seldom are separated from their smokers. Bees have a deep seated fear of smoke, perhaps handed down from the days when a forest fire was the greatest calamity of which a bee could conceive. Be that as it may, a few puffs of smoke will demoralize the insects, so that even when aroused they may be quickly subdued. A smoker is a tin cylinder in which punk from a decayed tree, old rags or anything else which creates a pungent smoke may be burned, a small bellows attached being used to keep the fuel smoldering and to force out the smoke. When opening a hive, it is customary to puff a little smoke into the entrance, then to lift the cover slightly at one corner and to send a little smoke under that. Next the cover is entirely removed and more smoke administered, if it seems to be needed. It is not well to use more smoke than is needed, for it interferes with the work of the bees. Amateurs are prone to apply it rather too freely.

The best bee gloves have long sleeves which come well up to the elbows, so that the insects cannot find entrance at the wrists. There are several types of veil, but both the Globe and the Alexander are efficient and convenient. It is the fear of stings which deprives many people of the pleasure of keeping bees. Properly protected, the amateur is absolutely safe. The Italians are the best bees to keep, most strains being comparatively gentle. Some colonies are remarkedly good-natured. After becoming familiar with the insects,

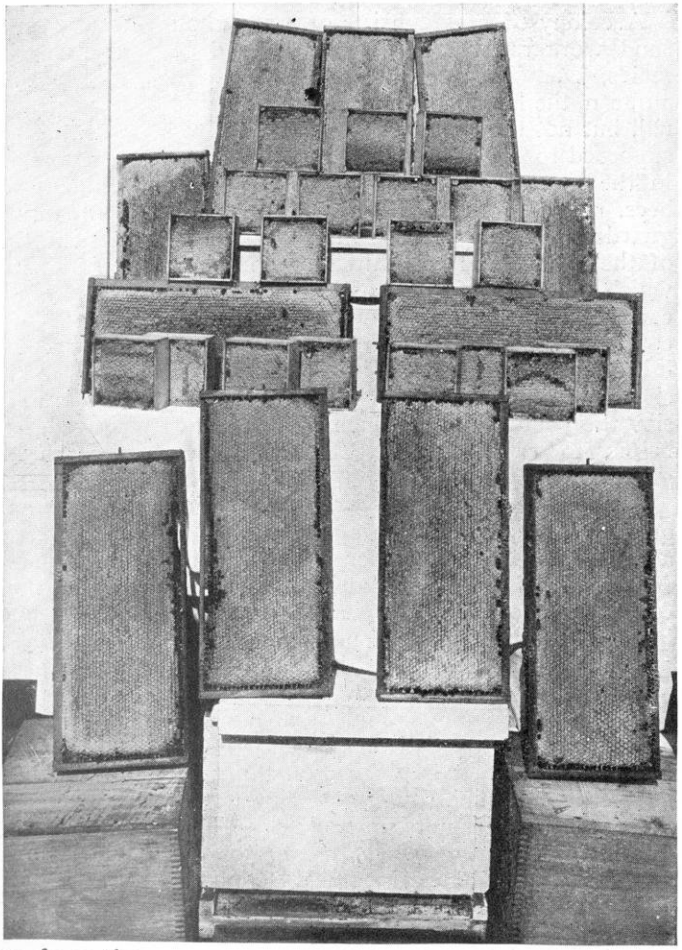


A SCHOOLGIRL AND HER BEES.

even amateurs often dispense with veil and gloves when doing ordinary work around the hives. It is well for men to slip a rubber band around the bottom of each trouser leg, as the bees often fall into the grass and are inclined to crawl upward. Some women wear overalls under their skirts, if bloomers are not preferred.

Bees may be purchased at any time of year, although they are active only in warm weather. The best location for the hive is the south or east side of a wall or building, where the sun's rays will fall upon the entrance very early in the morning, warming the hive and inducing the bees to take up the burden of the day's work before their owner is out of bed. A little shade, natural or otherwise, is an advantage in midsummer.

Often a shed open at one side is used and to advantage, if the location is one swept by strong winds or where the snow piles deeply. There should always be a walk at the back, as it is not convenient to manipulate a hive of bees from the front.



HONEY IN LARGE AND SMALL FRAMES.

Some people like to have their hives close by the garden or as a part of it. Ornamental hives may be used in such situations. Bee-keepers in Europe do this sort of thing more often than those in this country. Wherever the hive may be placed, the bees will quickly fix the location and will return to it, however far they may fly in search of nectar. They will fill the hive body with honey and brood, and will then be prepared to work in the "supers," where the only honey which the bee-keeper feels privileged to remove is stored. The "super" is a bottomless box which rests on the hive and in which are placed rows of pound sections, the latter being the little frames in which comb honey is sold in the stores. The bees swarm up from below and fill these sections. This work may be done very quickly, if there is a generous yield of nectar, in which event the bee-keeper will add another "super" and possibly a third and fourth. The "supers" partly or wholly filled are not removed at once, because it is advisable to allow the bees to cap the combs completely and to allow the honey to ripen a little in the hive.

Taking away the honey was formerly an exciting and lively operation. Now it is very simple, owing to the invention of a little device known as a Porter bee-escape, which is attached to the center of a thin board commonly called a honey board. This board is slipped between the hive and the "super," after which a little smoke is blown into the latter. The bees pass down through the bee-escape into the hive, but find themselves unable to get back, because of the peculiar construction of the little device. In the course of a few hours the "super" will be practically free of bees and may be carried to the house with its burden of liquid sweetness.

THE BUSY BEE AS A MONEY-MAKER

A colony of bees consists of many thousand workers, which are undeveloped females, a few hundred drones or males and a queen, the latter a very important individual, but not the martinet she formerly was supposed to be. The queen is waited upon in the most slavish manner by the other bees, given special food and jealously guarded, but only because she is the mother of the colony and has duties assigned her which no other member of the community can perform. She is not a ruler in the common sense of the term and is not permitted to have her way in all things. If she were, she would quickly turn to and slay the young queens which the bees have begun to rear in anticipation of emergencies.

A queen bee when two years old will frequently lay 3,000 eggs in one day, each in a different cell and worker eggs in a different sort of cell from that in which drone eggs are deposited. Her activity is almost incredible, but it is most necessary, if the population of the colony is to be maintained. A worker bee lives only seven or eight weeks in summer and great numbers of recruits are needed to keep the ranks from thinning. It is a common thing for bee-keepers to substitute new queens for those which are not as prolific as they should be. Rearing queens to sell for this purpose is a line of work carried on by several expert professional bee-keepers, and the queens are sold for from seventy-five cents to as high as ten dollars.

When, in spring or summer, a hive becomes crowded with bees, the queen and a considerable proportion of the other bees swarm out in search of a new home. It is this proceeding which the amateur usually dreads, but without much reason. To begin with, the bees are invariably good natured at swarming time, seemingly care free and at peace with the world. As a fact, they fill themselves with honey before leaving the hive, and are so full that stinging would be a difficult matter, were they disposed to sting.

When the swarm issues, it first settles upon a bush or other object near at hand. This gives the bee-keeper his opportunity to capture it. He sets an empty hive under the swarm or else close by with a sheet or newspaper spread before the entrance. Then he simply shakes the bees into the hive or in front of it. If the hive has been kept in a cool place, the bees usually will scurry in at once, the queen with them. The new hive is then given the place occupied by the old one and the latter moved to one side. Many of the bees which were not with the swarm will return to the old location and go into the new home, aiding to build up a strong colony at the start.

Meantime, the old colony is readjusting itself to the changed conditions. In several parts of the hive are large cells, resembling peanuts, in which queens are being reared. In a few days one of them will emerge and become the mother of the hive. Sometimes a new queen will lead a second swarm in a few weeks, but this is not to be desired, as it weakens the parent colony to such an extent that no honey is stored for the owner. To prevent it, a queen and drone trap is placed at the entrance a few days after the first swarm has issued and is kept there for some weeks. Then there can be no swarming, for the queen cannot get out and the bees will not leave without her. The trap should be cleared of dead bees every three or four days.

Sometimes a swarm issues when there is no one at hand who knows how to capture it, although the process is so simple that any member of the family can undertake it. In such a case, however, the best plan is to sprinkle water on the bees with a whisk broom occasionally. They cannot fly with wet wings and will remain where they have clustered until arrangements for hiving them have been made.

Sometimes the queen trap is used on a hive from which a swarm is expected when the owner is to be away all day. The queen will be caught if she tries to escape from the hive and the bees will return in case they leave without her. At night she may be removed from the trap and placed in the hive. Some bee-keepers find swarming made easy by using this trap. When the swarm comes out, the trap containing the queen is taken away and a new hive placed on the stand of the one from which the swarm issued. Having missed the queen, the absconding bees will soon come circling back and will rush into the new hive without noticing the change. As they go in, the queen may be removed from the trap and quietly dropped among them. She will hurry in, too. If the hive has been fitted out with frames containing foundation, the insects will perceive that in some marvelous manner a vast amount of work has been cut out for them and go busily

about it. To all intents and purposes they will have swarmed.

When winter comes the bees cluster in the hive and move about but little except on warm days, when some of them indulge in a short flight. They must have an abundant store of honey, for they keep eating, and the hive must be protected in some way. Wrapping in heavy paper or packing straw around them will answer for ten-frame hives, but those with eight frames are better protected with an outer case sold by dealers in bee supplies.

People who keep a few colonies of bees and study their habits often become very much interested in them, so much so that they would like to see just what goes on within their little houses. Observatory hives have been invented for the satisfaction of such people and may be placed in a window of the living room, with the entrance outside. The walls of these hives are glass, making all the details of the bees' housekeeping plain.

Even people who live in cities may keep a colony or two of bees. I have seen populous hives on the roof of a business block in the heart of Boston, and I know a banker who has two hives at the windows of his bedroom. Bees will fly three or four miles in search of nectar and in most cities there are parks and gardens where flowers bloom all summer. And bee-keeping in the city or the country, as a pastime, a hobby or for profit, is well worth while.

LITTLE GARDENERS OF NEW ENGLAND WHOSE FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES HAVE WON DISTINCTION

THE interest of American schoolchildren as well as their parents and teachers in the making of gardens is steadily growing, and each week brings to our notice some new development along these pleasant lines, or some proof of what the young folk of our towns and cities have accomplished in their efforts to transform bare ground into fruitful places and convert idle hours into useful happy ones.

Among the recent displays of work by youthful gardeners is the annual exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, which was held the last few days in August and the beginning of September in Boston's Horticultural Hall, where prizes including $200 appropriated by the State were awarded to the successful competitors for their specimens of vegetables and flowers.

The ages of the contestants ranged from five and one-half to eighteen years, and according to *The Boston Globe* the entries were more numerous than usual and the competition keen. In fact, the exhibition was the best of its kind ever held in Boston.

One little girl, not yet six years old, displayed stalks of corn three times as tall as herself, one of the stalks being ten feet high and bearing excellent ears. While another young gardener only thirteen managed to produce on a plot of ground sixty feet square, as many as seventy varieties of vegetables.

In addition to the many workers in individual gardens, whose energy and enthusiasm achieved such encouraging results, there was also represented at the exhibition the collective work of boys and girls who tended together the gardens of their homes, schools and clubs.

"The Waltham school gardens," reports the paper previously quoted, "which were tended by twelve boys, made a fine showing under the direction of Charles Roberts and William McColley, as did the exhibits of the Boy Scouts' gardens under the direction of the Women's Municipal League of Boston, with Miss Persis Bartholomew as teacher. The home and school gardens of Groton pupils, with Miss Bertha C. Rixby, assistant supervisor of gardens, in charge, sent an attractive display."

Other exhibitors were the Quincy Woman's Club, through whose efforts nine hundred children made school and home gardens; the Roxbury and Jamaica Plain Neighborhood Houses; the Sterling Gardens, representing one hundred and fifty plots of flowers and vegetables; the South Bay Union roof garden; the Social Union and other settlement houses.

Altogether it was a very interesting and representative display, and one that spoke well for the efforts of these garden workers, both young and old. And aside from the actual worth of the products, there is the value that such an undertaking always brings to the home, school or community where it is accomplished, in changing barren or untidy gardens into spots of greenery and loveliness, and in letting the children themselves taste the wholesome joy of outdoor work.

WHAT IS COLONIAL FURNITURE? BY JAMES THOMSON

WHAT is the Colonial style as applied to furniture? Strictly speaking, it is that which obtained in America up to the time of the separation of the Colonies from the mother country; but we need not be so exacting and may reasonably include as Colonial all furniture in vogue prior to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Whatever of doubt there may be in regard to the precise point whereat to draw the line, there can be no difference of opinion as to what Colonial furniture *is not;* and it cannot by any possibility be that clumsy pseudo classic stuff which had inception not earlier than the year 1810, and which led us into a dark age of decorative effort from which there was no emergence until the 70's.

Not only has such furniture become known to the trade under the Colonial appellation, but people are furnishing with it under the impression that they are getting the real article. How came this mongrel pseudo classic style to get foothold in this country?

When the time was propitious for Napoleon to throw off the republican mask, there arose the need of imperial trappings to accord with an assumption of absolutism. In obedience to imperial desire, the artist and artisan talent of the time were drawn upon to originate a style of furnishing and decoration to which was given the name "Empire." While based upon the classic, it differed from anything of Greek and Roman character that had preceded it, being formal, stiff, heavy and suggestive of stone or marble rather than of wood. For decorative appeal is dependent upon beautifully figured woods, and chaste, finely executed ormolu mounts. When the brass mounts were omitted, much of the charm vanished, since they lightened otherwise heavy outlines.

FIG. ONE: ONE OF THE INFERIOR MODELS PRESERVED AS "COLONIAL."

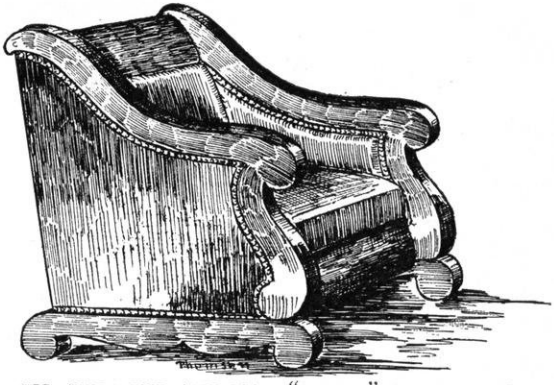


FIG. TWO: THE AMERICAN "EMPIRE" AT ITS WORST.

Though the English were so bitter against the Corsican, they were not deterred from copying a style inspired by his conquests. In 1804 Napoleon was made Emperor and immediately did the new style take hold in England. Unlike the French, however, the English designers with one notable exception made a botch of it. Read what one authority has to say of Sheraton once he had abandoned (in response to public demand) the chaste style that had brought him fame if not fortune.

"Sheraton had no part in introducing the Empire style, and he had fortunately just as little effect on the pieces actually made. Most of the plates in his Encyclopedia are beneath contempt, and I have just as great difficulty in treating them seriously as if they were the ravings of a madman, the light in which I regard them. Sheraton's old aims are lost sight of entirely. He is absolutely unconscious of the vileness of his designs; for of one of the worst of them he says that 'in my opinion it excels in beauty because of its unity and simplicity, which is my constant aim in designing, and constitutes the perfection of art.'"

When England and America made the mad Empire venture in style, a decadence began from which there was no emergence until the 70's.

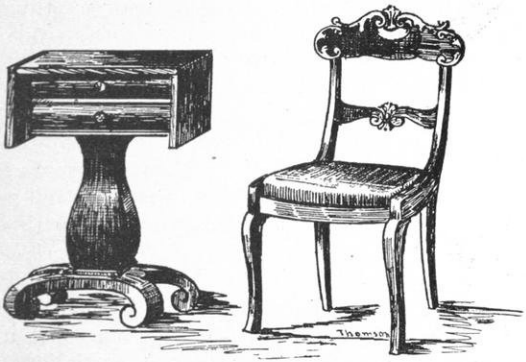


FIG. THREE: EXAMPLES OF VENEERED FURNITURE.

From such decadent conditions as are here outlined came this pseudo classic, clumsy mahogany furniture style which had vogue in this country in the first quarter of the nineteenth century; and to which at the present time, in some ill-informed quarters, is given the name "Colonial," though as a matter of fact it came much too late to entitle it to that honorable distinction.

With the advent of this so-called Empire style, a most vicious veneering practice took root, the demoralizing effects of which it required half a century to overcome. In the chaste styles that had prevailed throughout the eighteenth century in England, and by reflection in the American Colony, the cabinetmakers had regard for solid practice in applying veneers. While solid wood was the rule, there were occasions when to use a thin veneer on an inferior and less costly wood was advisable; and this practice was the more common once Hepplewhite and compeers had arrived. Hepplewhite, however, in laying veneers did so *with the grain* running the *same way* as that of the base upon which it was planted. By this means of the grains of the two running in the same direction, there was harmony in the process of shrinking and swelling, which fact accounts for the fine condition in which we find so many of the old pieces that have come along the century or more to us. Veneer thus applied, there was less likelihood of pulling and hauling and playing at cross purposes.

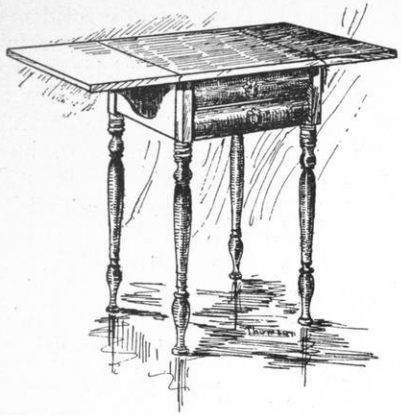


FIG. FIVE: GOOD CONSTRUCTION IN 1825.

FIG. FOUR: AMERICAN "EMPIRE" AT ITS BEST.

It was quite otherwise when the debased, sham, classic style came along; pandering to a vitiated and debauched taste, the cabinetmakers threw common sense to the winds, and began gluing veneers any and every way. It became a common practice to plant a veneer of mahogany with the grain running directly opposite to that of the base upon which it was glued, with oftentimes disastrous results. Ours is indeed a trying climate for cabinetwork, and no doubt we suffered more from peeling veneer than did Europeans. Be that as it may, it was common enough to find these Empire pieces of

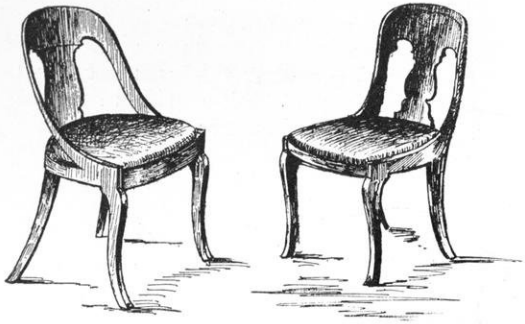


FIG. SIX: BEST DESIGN OF CHAIRS AT THIS PERIOD.

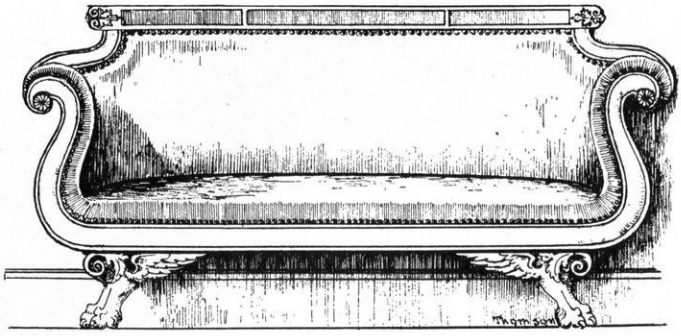


FIG. SEVEN: A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH "EMPIRE," AMERICANIZED.

furniture of the cheaper brand with chipped edges, sections of peeling veneer and the like.

With the advent of "sham" Empire came the custom of employing veneers cut from the branch of the tree where it joined the trunk. Such veneers were often very curiously and beautifully figured, but in small sizes. It was this circumstance that dictated the employment of mahogany veneers in the manner explained. The largest pieces were used for panels, while the trimmings were utilized for small surfaces. In this way the smallest pieces could be joined and used for banding and the like. A special veneering hammer was used to rub the veneer into contact with the ground. Half round and ogee moldings, columns, convex and concave circles, and all manner of eccentric shapes, the cabinetmaker of the period took a pride in veneering. The effort was worthy of a better purpose.

There can be no objection to veneering when rightly done; for we thus get the benefit of beautifully marked wood which otherwise would be out of our reach because of the excessive cost of the solid wood. It is the abuse of the veneering practice that we decry, the fine fruits of which are observable in this "Empire" furniture at present masquerading under the name of Colonial, and which the majority of people (including owners of it for half a century or more) mistakenly imagine to be valuable solid mahogany.

Not one in a thousand know that this supposed-to-be solid mahogany is a fraud. That in many instances the entire body is of pine covered with a thin skin of mahogany. I should say, however, that in the choicest specimens of the style, made in the sincere and honest fashion of the good workman, the ends, say of a bureau or sideboard and the top, are usually solid mahogany of real San Domingo quality, which imparts to the articles a weight that present-day pieces of like character lack. The mahogany which we, at present, have at our command is, as a rule, Mexican grown, and while the grain is all that can be desired, in weight and solidity, it falls far short of the real "San Domingo," which was both hard to work and extremely close grained, but which is not now to be had at any price.

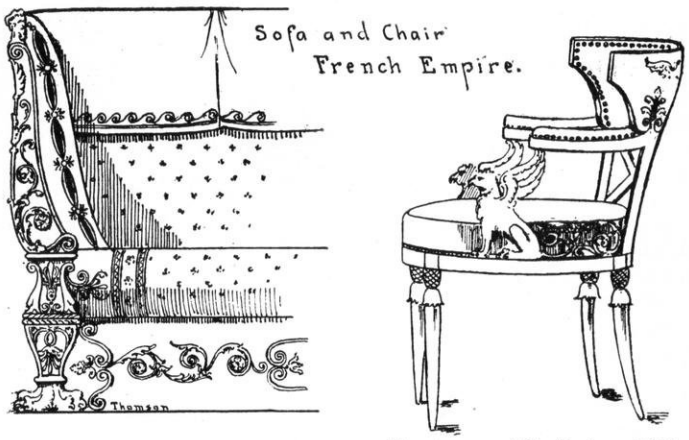


FIG. EIGHT: EMPIRE AT FIRST HAND.

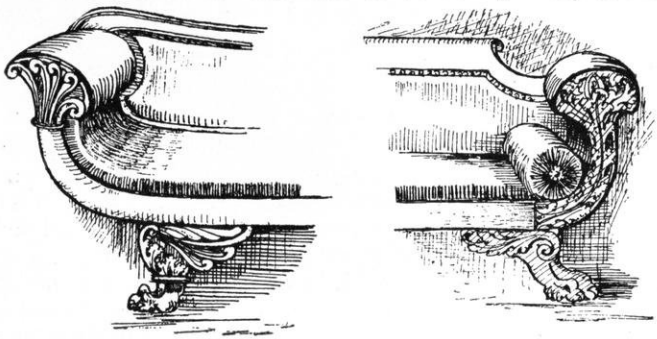


FIG. NINE: MODIFICATIONS OF EMPIRE, BUT TRUE TO TYPE.

Turning to the illustrations, in figure 2 we have the American brand of Empire at its worst. As a horrible example of what to avoid it is supreme, notwithstanding which there are people of wealth and standing to whom the style appeals. This we must take for granted from the fact that they furnished their homes with it.

This particular model embodies in its crude outlines all that is undesirable in design, and as regards cabinetwork it is a sham, the entire surface being veneered. We have here an example of the depths of degradation to which the arts of design and craftsmanship of the chairmaker had reached in the 40's of the last century, the product of our darkest period of decorative endeavor, a period to which we cannot look back without a shudder. This chair was sketched from a half tone cut of an interior in a California home. Chairs, sofas, tables and the like were all in conformity. Whether real old pieces or replicas I have no means of knowing. The owner may have simply wished to furnish in the heavy style of the first Empire.

In figure 1 we have again the style at its lowest degree of degradation. How much of art knowledge did it require to evolve such a specimen? The lady who owns the original, which she prizes because of family associations, values it still more because of its being, as she supposes, *solid mahogany,* and no one of knowledge has the heart to tell her that every inch of the supposedly solid wood is veneer. She might well see it for herself did she but examine the portions where in process of time the veneer has "chipped off" and left the bare pine.

In figure 3 we have common examples of the style. In such a table as is here portrayed all save the top is veneered. As regards the chair, there is to be met with a multitude of variants, some of them extremely uncomfortable, having been fashioned with no thought of the comfort of the occupant. Very often the slat is fashioned in such a way as to dig into the small of the back. Plainer chairs, modeled after designs by George Smith, whose book of designs was published in 1808, are sometimes to be met with, and whatever their shortcomings otherwise, they are extremely comfortable.

The bureau shown in figure 4 is an example of the style at its best and the best here is not unworthy of admiration. This example was made about 1825, as was also the desirable little drop-leaf table depicted in figure 5. Ends and top of bureau are of solid mahogany, but the balance including the columns is veneered, the top being of heavy San Domingo mahogany.

Figures 4, 5 and 6 may be said to represent the style at flood tide, while 1, 2 and 3 show it at the ebb. The examples first enumerated are not unworthy of perpetuation, the others are not, though it is with regret we see designs quite as unworthy being worked up by Western manufacturers and the market in consequence being flooded with the product.

In figure 7 we have a very fine example of the English Empire fashion seen through the American temperament. Sofas of this kind were plentifully made about the year 1820. An English designer named Whitaker in 1825 was responsible for some admirable designs of this character.

Figure 9 depicts other modifications of the Empire idea. Sofas similar to that on the right were at one time very common. While the designs were fairly good, the carving was often execrable. Now this badness of the carving may be ascribed to the fact that the executant was not a practical hand. Many old-time cabinetmakers with but few tools made out to do their own woodcarving, as they also did the polishing, such as it was. If one will but scrutinize the French Empire designs of Percier and Fontaine, whose book, published in 1809, is a standard, one need no longer be in doubt as regards the source of the motives for woodcarving of the pineapple-bedpost order. Our cabinet man simply carved in a coarse, rude manner the motives he found on the ormolu mounts of the French furniture where they were treated with the utmost refinement.

Despite the execrable quality of the carving on some of our Sheraton and Empire work, it is not unattractive when scrutinized none too closely. Viewed in mass it has a certain richness of effect. Many people admire it and think it carving of a high order, which is not at all surprising in view of the fact that so few are qualified to judge.

French Empire furniture was designed by men of the rarest talent. It, moreover, had plain surfaces relieved by ormolu mounts, some of which are today valued as works of art. American designers (no doubt the cabinetmakers themselves) in clumsy fashion imitated the Frenchmen as to woodwork, but save in rare instances

nonchalantly ignored the brass ornamentation. Nor did they substitute any other embellishment save as they carved bedposts and bureau pillars in coarse fashion, taking as their theme, as a rule, some design from the French ormolu mounts.

The examples submitted are sufficient to indicate the more common pieces of furniture to be met with in New England. We have here depicted the style at its best, and at its worst, and the sole purpose of thus bringing it into prominence is to more certainly emphasize the fact *that it is not Colonial,* and that some of it was made within the memory of individuals still living. Some of it was made as late as the Civil War. In 1866 an old-time cabinetmaker who had seen better days came my way. In shabby broadcloth suit, and shapeless beaver hat, he came to a certain cabinet shop and hired a bench-room, to the end that he might make a table in the style of his early manhood for a customer with similar tastes as himself. Making the table, it, of course, proved to be "Empire," and the rope molding around the edge he carved, stating that it had been his custom to do the entire work, including the polishing, without the aid of others.

In view of the foregoing, and considering the fact that our so-called Empire furniture style had inception about the year 1810, and was at the zenith of popularity in 1830, how can anyone claim such to be Colonial? Outside of the question of the period of its vogue, in form it radically differs from prevailing fashions in furniture of the latter half of the eighteenth century which embrace Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Adam and compeers, all styles of character and distinction.

DEVELOPING THE USE OF WATER POWER IN THE FOREST RESERVES

ACCORDING to the estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture, the unused water power in the various national-forest reservations is capable of developing from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 horsepower in the form of low-priced electrical current. In many of the districts adjacent to these natural sources of power there is not yet a large enough demand for current for use in existing local commercial activities to warrant power companies in paying high rentals and building expensive plants for the delivery of current to such users. It has been found, therefore, that to bring about the immediate establishment of power plants and thus to avoid the continued waste of this water power in many sections, permits must be granted power companies upon terms under which the current can be developed cheaply enough to be used in developing new industries which would be unprofitable without a supply of cheap current.

Under a plan which has been agreed upon between the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture, the people at large will be able to get cheap power, as the maximum rate which the power companies may charge is definitely fixed in the permit.

The departments also have surrounded their permits with provisions which prevent power companies from gaining control of these public water powers merely for the purpose of promoting the sale of stocks and bonds. The permits, therefore, have been framed to make certain that companies gaining water-power rights shall supply a given minimum of current at specified rates on or before definitely fixed dates.

In order to make certain that power companies cannot exercise a monopoly and use the entire current for their own purposes, the departments require these power companies to sell at least one-half of the power they develop as rapidly as outside users request its delivery.

A concrete illustration of the application of this policy is the agreement recently entered into by the Department of the Interior and the Department of Agriculture with the International Power & Manufacturing Co. for the development of the natural water power on the Pend d'Oreille River, Idaho. In the district around this water-power site there is at present no demand on the part of private consumers for large amounts of current. This company, however, demonstrated that if it could obtain a satisfactory permit it could use at least one-half the possible power successfully for the manufacture of nitrates in the district. After very careful investigation, the departments decided to issue a permit to this company which would encourage it to develop this power for its own use and make available a surplus of power for private users, electric roads, etc.

Under the terms of the permit the company must sell at least one-half of the developed horsepower, or so much of this one-half as is actually demanded, to private consumers.

The term of rental is made indeterminate, but definite provision is made for readjustment to meet the requirements of the then existing regulations at the expiration of every 20 years. This enables the Government to meet future requirements that result from developments in the district thus supplied with current.

From the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

THE RIGHT EDUCATION FOR BOY FARMERS

I WISH to offer the following suggestions as to the course to be pursued by a farmer whose son is now greatly interested in agriculture, the parent fearing the results of college education as likely to lead the boy away from the calling with which he now is perfectly satisfied. In other words, how to educate the boy and still keep him on the farm.

I would suggest the short course in an agricultural college, choosing the one for which the boy has a natural liking, whether dairying, live stock husbandry or fruit growing.

I know of one case in particular where a bright young man with a liking for the home farm and a deep interest in its operations went through high school without being weaned away into other walks of life, but the parents hesitated to risk a regular course at college, their hearts being set on his taking the homestead when they became ready to lay down its cares.

After graduating from high school he went back home and went to work, being given a share in the income the same as a partner. The next winter he took a short course at the agricultural college of his State and then proceeded to use his new ideas to good advantage, by putting them to the test of practical application. He went a second time to the college for instruction in a special course and is today happy and prosperous, married and settled down on an adjoining farm which his father helped him to buy. To my mind this is one of the best ways to educate a boy who wishes to become a farmer.

Some objections may be made to the high school course as at present conducted. Comparatively few boys finish it and it offers very little of practical value to the average young man who intends to work with his hands. Most of the graduates look for office positions if they have not professional inclinations.

As one hard-headed farmer puts it, "they feel themselves above earning a living with their hands, yet do not know enough to earn it in any other way." With the present trend of thought among educators it looks as if much of the useless stuff which has always been considered essential for young persons to learn in order to be graduated from school will finally be eliminated and in its place we shall have something better calculated to prepare them to earn a living.

I always liked that definition of the word education which reads, "a preparation for contact," in other words a preparation for doing something, a preparation for work. And who shall safely say that educated persons are only to be found among those who have successfully passed the professor's "exams" and gone forth the possessors of diplomas?

I am a firm believer in colleges and universities in so far as they fit young men and women for the actual work they are to do. But since so large a proportion of our farm boys get side-tracked from what would have been their natural calling in pursuing the ordinary college course, parents are beginning to question the wisdom of denying the legitimate claims of the rest of the family in order to put one boy through college, something which frequently proves to be another case of "Keeping up with Lizzie," and which may bring disaster to the entire family in the end.

A method which finds favor with many farmers who desire to give their sons a better education than that afforded by the district school yet hesitate at the idea of a college as the place to get it, is to follow up the eighth grade work with the business college and finish off with as much short course work at the agricultural college as seems advisable. This, while it is not claimed to be complete, is certainly practical and fits a young fellow for his farm work far better than a purely classical education.

By E. E. Rockwood.

From *Hoard's Dairyman.*

ALS IK KAN

AN INVITATION TO THE OPENING OF THE NEW CRAFTSMAN BUILDING: BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

THE CRAFTSMAN is in the happy position of having so many friends that it is compelled to send out a general invitation instead of separate cards for the opening of the new Craftsman Building. This will take place in October, Monday the twentieth of the month. And all who have cared about THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine or rather the Craftsman Movement as a whole, all who have been with us from the start, and all who have even commenced to feel a real friendship for us are cordially invited to come and visit the building, give us a word of congratulation, not sparing advice, and wish us Godspeed in the work we are planning and hoping to accomplish in this new development.

When I first decided some months ago to establish a Homebuilding Exposition in New York City and make its headquarters in the new building which we are going to open, I felt very proud of the undertaking. It seemed to me a pretty significant flowering out of the Craftsman Movement which has been so close to my heart for years. I have always cared more for the development of right homes for the people than for any of the other activities of my life. Indeed the Craftsman Movement has from the start been bent to the furthering of this one great object. And when it occurred to me to have a home center where every branch of home-making could be displayed, where we should have lectures on home-making, home-building materials, a library on home-making, a corps of architects fitted to give advice on this most significant subject, it somehow seemed as though it were a great thing for the country and I felt so glad that the idea had occurred to me and that it was going to be possible to put it into action.

But the longer I work over this new building as the background for the exhibition, the larger the proposition seems to me, the more people who become interested, somehow the more humble I feel. I wonder if it is not so with every activity born in the heart of man. Our dreams make us proud, our accomplishments develop humility. For years the dream of my life has been the development of the democratic home,—the home beautiful, simple, comfortable, adjusted to the lives of intelligent, artistic, practical American folk. I have written about this home and talked about it and built it; but the utmost that I have been able to do in the past seemed but a drop in the bucket. I felt that I could not reach the great mass of people until I conceived this project of the great home center where people from all over the world would be made welcome, where every phase of home-building could be seen and studied, where the practicability of different kinds of building material could be demonstrated and where people could within the four walls of the Craftsman Building plan, design and complete the arrangement for a house suited to their individual needs and their ambitions in the home line.

Every day of my life I am more and more assured that America is developing into a nation of homes. People in every walk in life are determined to live a real life for themselves and their families. This can only be accomplished with the home background. You cannot develop a fine home spirit—the old traditional devotion to parents and the fireside—in a hotel or a bowling-alley apartment any more than you can develop the fine flower of patriotism in a disorganized, uncontrolled country. "Figs do not grow upon thistles," today any more than they did in the Bible times. If we want the best that this nation holds for us we have got to develop the home sentiment. It is inevitable that the patriot should be associated with the home, and the home should develop traditions of patriotism in the nation.

Just so long as I had this ideal only in my mind, as I said before, I felt a bit elated and pretty cheerful over it; but now that I am facing to a certain extent the realization of my hopes I find myself wondering if I am going to be able to develop the home spirit for which I have labored these many years and if the people who have stood by me in the past, the friends of THE CRAFTSMAN, will rally round this new movement, for I feel now as I have felt before that I can accomplish nothing without my friends. If they come to me the twentieth day of October and shake me by the hand and tell me that I am on the right path, I shall have the courage to hold to the ideal and to work for this project through all of the rest of the years

of my life whether they be many or few.

I believe that I have always needed my friends in every development of my life. I have wanted them when I have failed, as we all do, and even more when I have succeeded. And I feel today that no permanent success is possible for the Craftsman Movement without the coöperation of the people who believe in me or rather who are in sympathy with the Craftsman ideal. And so in sending out this invitation to visit us the opening week of the Craftsman Building, I want to extend it to every one who feels that home life is essential to the growth of the nation and that home life in America must be developed along national lines, that we no longer in this country want French homes or Italian homes or Russian or Japanese or the imitation of any other nation's achievement, but homes in which young Americans can be developed and will be developed for the benefit of the nation, for the final perfection of democracy. I may be saying this to people who have never heard of the Craftsman Movement, who have never subscribed to THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine, who know nothing of Craftsman homes. Nevertheless if they are in sympathy with my desire to help create the American home sentiment I shall want to talk to them and I shall want very much indeed to have them seek me out, give me a word of good cheer and all the advice they can possibly offer to one sincerely at the service of every home-lover in the country.

THE HOLIDAY AND THE MILLIONAIRE

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has "ethical" scruples about giving the people on his estate a holiday. According to the New York newspapers of September 2nd, the people who are employed by this many-time millionaire were "for their own good" permitted to continue their work for him uninterruptedly during Labor Day. We read further down the column of the newspaper that Mr. Rockefeller spent the day on the golf links. His reason for so discriminating between what is good for himself and for his employees seemed to be the fact that he knows how to save money and that they might spend it. If they had no holiday they saved their money,—so at least a system of compulsory economy was established. If they had a holiday he seemed to be worried for fear their money would not be well spent. In other words, Mr. Rockefeller seems to hold a mortgage on the money that people earn from him. It apparently is not enough that the workmen on his place give him a good day of hard labor in return for their wages, but the money itself has to be received with advice as to its expenditure or withheld when there is danger of its not being expended as Mr. Rockefeller would think best.

There are two drawbacks to this system of near-slavery which Mr. Rockefeller seems to be trying to establish on his estate; and one is that it is bad for the master and the other is that it is bad for the slave. Mr. Rockefeller has as much power as is good for him in the financial world. To extend this desire to supervise the universe to the people whom he employs is to place himself in a position that sooner or later the world will resent. As for the people who work for him, the sort of dominance he seems to seek to exert must bring about a weakness in their character. People have got to face their own responsibilities to grow. Growth is only through freedom,—mental and physical freedom; and we can only understand freedom by facing all the necessary experiences of life, good and evil. Such a system as Mr. Rockefeller has sought to establish is absolutely destructive to courage.

With such a dark, menacing force as Mr. Rockefeller in the background it is an easy matter for a man to succumb, put his few pennies in the bank, labor through his holiday; but he has learned nothing, and gained nothing and resisted nothing. To take his holiday, to use his money for himself or for some one else, to decide just how to use it, to balance pleasure against need, spending against frugality, requires courage. The man who spends his money on such a holiday wisely, develops his character by increasing his wisdom. The man who spends it foolishly has gained through experience,—the only teacher in the world whose lesson is lasting. And even though Mr. Rockefeller would like to teach his workmen what a fine thing it is to be a miser, he cannot do it when he uses a holiday to gain a day's work devoted to his interest. If he doubled the wages of the people when they labored through a holi-

day he might instil in their minds a sound economic principle; in other words their sacrifice of the day's pleasure would be for the benefit of those who needed their earnings. And a sacrifice that produces joy for others also develops character; but a sacrifice that hoards a few pennies to be poured into the great treasury of a millionaire is equally demoralizing for the man who demands the pennies and for the man who succumbs to the demand.

The holiday question is one that has produced a great deal of discussion in America. Here and there over the world we find a man who proudly announces that he never takes a holiday, and as we look at him and listen to him we are not inclined to favor his system. On the other hand if we watch the use to which the average holiday is put it does not seem to recommend itself as anything so very much better than a day of work with its own profit. But so complex is the working of the human soul and the human mind that the freedom of the holiday is in the long run, unquestionably beneficial even though the detail of the use of that freedom may not quite prove a study in ethical development. Our present system of labor for an opportunity to live is, even when on the best possible basis, something of a system of slavery, not quite the ideal of what man may develop up to, and so it would seem that the release from work for a day or a week, as the case may be, may often result in a reaction from a false condition, and reactions are nearly always an exaggeration of what the human being wants rather than the ideal condition that he would really seek. And so, on our holidays we may play too hard, dance too much, revel too late, all things which Mr. Rockefeller would disapprove, and all proving in reality not that we are expressing in this day of feasting our higher ideals, but that we are making a mad effort to strike a balance between our hours of labor and the life that should leave us leisure for wise joys. And the chances are that no matter how curiously misspent our vacation days may seem, the release that comes to the spirit in turning away from work will, in the long run, far more than counterbalance any ill that may ensue from the waste of hours or heedless expenditure.

We have become very commercial in America; we have almost ceased to think of spiritual things in any way whatever. We want to earn our living, and that is good; we want to make as much money as we can, and that is bad. And we do not realize that while we are making our homes and feeding our children and laying up treasures in the savings bank that the development of the soul, of the thing which freshens our life, gives us grace and joy and makes old age beautiful is a phase of our existence that we are quite neglecting. Mr. Rockefeller must be neglecting it in his own life or he would not ask other people to neglect it in theirs. He does not seem to realize that in the saving of the people's money for them, in the keeping them in the treadmill, he is not only wresting from them the experience which will develop their character, but he is robbing them of their opportunity for freedom which can alone freshen the soul of mankind and save for him a little of the joys of Arcadia of which modern life is taking but little heed and for which generations to come will suffer.

ART NOTES

ART AND SCULPTURE AS SEEN IN THE PARIS SALONS OF 1913

IN a review of the more than 3000 canvases exposed at the Salon of the Société nationale des Beaux-Arts and the Salon de la Société des Artistes Français, it is permitted to those interested in art to choose a certain number of notable works and to search diligently for their significance in connection with the so-called modern movement. For not only the art lover but the merest dilettante of the day is eager to grasp the meaning of the art tendencies in both sentiment and technique.

The struggle of modern art is between the expression of style and an interpretation of life in its crudity and reality. The effort to throw off the yoke of the Julian school is evident. In various canvases, even those most dominated by style, there is now found, here and there, a powerful, vibrant individuality.

More and more rare are becoming the examples of great decorative paintings, since this phase of art has succumbed, like lyrical drama, to the diverse influences of contemporaneous life. Yet in the Paris Salon of 1913 decorative art was seen not perhaps in as original a form as heretofore; but in one infinitely

more daring. The subjects of these works interest less than the process of their doing. The same is true of other expressions of art,—painting, statuary and lyrical drama. The decorative motive is made to respond to some supposed leaning of the soul.

In art, as is justly said, form alone is nothing; but art is nothing without form. The movement in modern art is to see beyond the surface, to cast aside often local color and the photographic exactitude of which we have been too fond, and to grasp at an expression of reality. The Salons of this year have shown some canvases astounding in their beauty of composition, their form and their meaning. Originality has been perhaps less conspicuous than is generally thought.

M. H. Bouchard, the sculptor, has demanded in his work the most humble reality. It is his exposition of this year, "Pêcheurs," which is reproduced this month as the frontispiece of THE CRAFTSMAN.

Monsieur Bouchard has professed the old Gothic as a veritable cult. Nevertheless in his plastic interpretations of modern realism he illustrates the problem presented to the modern sculptor. It is that in searching for reality he arrives inevitably at the translation of scenes and types of contemporaneous life. The progress of this artist toward an execution rude and grandiose has been steadily progressive until in the present work it appears monumental. The two fishermen walking together are slightly bent under the heavy weights of their nets and show in their faces a just lassitude, the result of toil. Their energy is tempered by a certain fineness of the eye, accustomed to penetrate the far distant fog and to scrutinize the waves that reach to the line of the horizon. In the style of the composition, the taste of the details, the care of the whole and the general balance of the composition, is emphasized the preoccupation of these men.

Modern sculpture is active, living sculpture, expressive of the realities of life. And while it has been born out of a form of revolution, it is undeniable that such has not taken place without the loss and neglect, little by little, of the dignity and strong appealing simplicity that accompanied naturally the works of earlier times. The present movement is perhaps a revolt against the formalism of the Canova school, an endeavor to express, and passionately, life in its various forms. Often the expression is agitated, theatrical. When one sees in the hall of the Grand-Palais horses madly in the gallop; heroes, antique or modern gesticulating wildly, one asks what posterity will have to say of these works of art. Are they tableaux vivants in sculpture? A young Bacchante is presented as an active quivering study of life and as such has its value and its attraction. But for monumental statuary a certain element of calm is necessary in order to live throughout the ages.

In many pieces of sculpture in the Paris Salons of 1913 originality was evident, decorative quality and naïveté. Their movement was rhythmical, obeying the laws of equilibrity. Again and again the beautiful quality of composition was subtly displayed. In them was the lure of personality making them in many instances appropriate for purposes of decoration.

Yet great diversity has been shown this year in sculpture. Much has been given prominence that was purely banal or mediocre. But to the pieces, rare among the great number of exhibits, in which was found simple virtuosity and purity of style, the reverence was paid that is universally accorded to all noble works of art.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE NEW FREEDOM: BY WOODROW WILSON

"A CALL for the emancipation of the generous energies of a people" is the supplementary title of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's book entitled "The New Freedom," and such in truth is the theme from beginning to end of its defined purpose.

Very clearly Mr. Wilson points the newness of the present relation between capital and labor, a newness so untried and tender that the laws of the country are inadequate to their sympathetic interpretation. It could scarcely be otherwise since when the existing laws were made the relationships between employer and employee were vastly different from those now existing. Business was early carried on between individuals: the day of great combinations was then not in men's minds, scarcely in their dreams. That these time-honored dictates need adjustment is accentuated in Mr. Wilson's book, economic changes hav-

ing taken place so swiftly as to be almost unbelievable.

Mr. Wilson thinks nevertheless that the intelligent traditions of a people are its ballast: he sounds the fine old cry that America stands for opportunity.

Those with aspiration and with hope for the future must agree with him in these campaign utterances from which "The New Freedom" is compiled; for they are not the expressions of a man seeing only his own political arena, his own self-centered interests. They are the altruistic thoughts of a man sincerely aspiring to minister to every class and grade of people whom he at present serves. He pleads for a better understanding of all mankind.

The finest thing about "The New Freedom" is that it is written so as not to excite class feeling. Mr. Wilson writes calmly, besides cleverly. He does not challenge the monopolist, he challenges his point of view. Naturally he believes in publicity as the most wholesome of all air and in opening the processes of politics and business to purifying currents. Concerning the tariff the book is illuminating, the proposition stated so calmly that a child might understand it and be interested. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 294 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

UNPATH'D WATERS: BY FRANK HARRIS

THE nine stories presented by Mr. Harris under the title of "Unpath'd Waters" are notable not only as a collection, but for the individual worth of each one. These stories are cleverly, even classically written, and ring with truth that indicates deep probing of life, its facts, its unexpected qualities and its eccentricities.

The first three stories use the life of Christ, and the impression it produced on His day, for their setting. They are very beautiful, full of imagination and power. "An English Saint" is a character study extremely well done. In other stories, traits from which the Hebrew cannot disassociate himself are convincingly set forth. The last story in the book, "The Magic Glasses," recalls the work of Honoré de Balzac at his best. It is well handled in every way, its style and poise indicating that of the craftsman dominated by fine and impressive ideals. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 303 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

THE WAY OF AMBITION: BY ROBERT HICHENS

CHARACTER creation, it has been said, is the essential of a well made novel. On this theory it would seem that Mr. Hichens deserves all praise for his book entitled "The Way of Ambition," which is a story of thrilling events, one growing out of the other. Most remarkable it is, however, for the poignant and intimate knowledge which it offers its readers concerning a number of complicated characters. The analytical quality of Mr. Hichens' mind combined with his remarkable imagination, burning constantly like a flame, have never been more finely evident. He knows his men and his women as human beings, also as souls, the intricacies of whose longings and aspirations he is able to dissect most cleverly.

Much of the action of the book takes place in the minds of the people. The story is idealistically conceived and far removed from the flesh. In many ways it is a distinct advance over other of Mr. Hichens' works.

The setting, as is usual with this writer, is particularly brilliant—London, Algeria and New York providing the background. The culmination of the story is reached in an opera house of New York amid scenes and complications of which Mr. Hichens has a knowledge far greater than that of the average American.

As the story advances, "The Way of Ambition" is proven to be a road futile to travel when requiring the sacrifice of individuality in the cause of popular standards. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Illustrated in color and black and white. 473 pages. Price $1.35 net).

ENJOYMENT OF POETRY: BY MAX EASTMAN

MR. EASTMAN, through the writing of his book, "Enjoyment of Poetry," has placed within the grasp of the reading public some knowledge of the everyday happenings that hold the poetic impulse as strongly and in as enjoyable a degree as if they were written down in literature. In perception, in conversation and in literature, Mr. Eastman holds that the poetic impulse is one and the same

thing, a keener realization of which would increase the enjoyment of hundreds of individuals. This impulse he separates widely from the practical impulse, displaying naturally its ability to achieve. In children there is often a poetic instinct.

"The celebrated Abderrahman, son of Hissân, having, when a child, been stung by a wasp, the insect being one he did not recognize, ran to his father, crying out that 'he had been wounded by a creature spotted with yellow and white, like the border of his vest.' On hearing these words uttered in a measure of Arabian verse, as elegant as natural, Hissân became aware of his son's genius for poetry."

In the present day of commercialism, however, the poetic instinct is too often crowded out of the child before he realizes its power to give him enjoyment. Attaining manhood he regards poetry perchance as the idle amusement of the notoriously prosperous. But happily there is now a ripple of a movement toward giving back to the masses the realization of the joy of poetry as perceived in the little things of life. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 224 pages. Price $1.35 net.)

A HANDBOOK OF TREES OF THE NORTHEASTERN STATES AND CANADA: BY ROMEYN BECK HOUGH

THE CRAFTSMAN in its need for a book of reference on trees has again been impressed by the worth of "Handbook of Trees of the Northeastern States and Canada." The book is one that gives its readers information in concise form, teaching quickly by means of the eye, since its many illustrations, especially those of the trunks of the trees, are particularly attractive and helpful. The veriest layman can understand the book. It instructs him in the many varieties of trees and appeals to his interest, besides providing the opportunity to learn somewhat of tree lore.

The book opens to foresters, lumbermen, landscape gardeners, botanists and amateurs, the kind of knowledge that they would themselves seek in the woodlands, along mountain ravines, in swamps and other places where Nature remains untrammeled by convention, if time and opportunity permitted. To those who have studied trees scientifically the present volume moreover appeals as the result of hard and unremitting field labor, of colossal energy and enthusiasm, of abundant patience. It should enhance the love for American trees as well as instigate a proper pride in their use. (Published by Romeyn B. Hough Co., Lowville, New York. Photo-descriptive. 470 pages. Price, Buckram cover, $6.00; half Morocco, $8.00. Express-sage prepaid.)

PRESCOTT OF SASKATCHEWAN: BY HAROLD BINDLOSS

A STORY enthusiastically written, showing originality of spirit and a keen perception of life in the wheat farming district of the Canadian prairies, runs smoothly under the title of "Prescott of Saskatchewan." In parts the book is thrilling, in others it moves under the eccentric humor of an Englishman freeing himself from ancestral conventions in a primitive country. The villainy of the plot is upheld by his sister, an Englishwoman, seeking with her father on the frontier her miscreant brother, even though believing him to be dead. The development of this woman has been cramped by many restraints and when touched and baffled by passion she gives way to the petty wickednesses of a limited nature. *Prescott,* the hero, weathers all things, winning the girl he loves, stands in the end triumphant. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Colored frontispiece. 346 pages. Price $1.30 net.)

THE MAKING OF A TOWN: BY FRANK L. McVEY

"THE Making of a Town" is a volume in which many of the difficulties and unexpected obstacles of community building are set forth in a manner simple and much to the point. This form of work indeed is not child's play, although in the past it has been given much less consideration than city planning. Very little has been written on this problem vitally important to the smaller towns, libraries even offering small assistance to them in their efforts to expand. Usually moreover the smaller towns are hampered by a lack of efficient and disinterested leadership.

The present volume is one to be welcomed as able to give to the townsmen practical directions concerning government,

business, health, schools, morals, recreation and the respective values of organization and advertising. (Published by A. G. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 221 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

AROUND-THE-WORLD COOK BOOK: BY MARY LOUISE BARROLL

"THE Culinary Gleanings of a Naval Officer's Wife" have resulted in the six hundred recipes that are included in the attractive and useful volume, "Around-the-World Cook Book." The recipes, which are in great variety from many lands, are clearly stated and could be followed without difficulty by the veriest amateur in the art of cooking.

To Europeans it has been more or less of a mystery that America with her infinite resources should be so devoid of any real gastronomical sense. The present book, if taken seriously by the housewife, should play its part in increasing her interest in the dishes served on her table and in raising the standard of their excellence. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 360 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

THE THIRTEENTH, GREATEST OF CENTURIES: BY JAMES J. WALSH

"THE Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries" is issued in a large popular edition with the object of placing it as generally as possible before the public. It provides a mass of information concerning the century of the Middle Ages when Europe first saw the birth of a spirit akin to democracy.

Eminent persons of the age, the works of art they produced and the general tendencies then dominant are brought forth so as to add greatly to the information of those who have been deprived of the leisure necessary for classical education. (Published by the Catholic Summer School Press, New York. 490 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.00 prepaid.)

WAGNER'S TRISTAN AND ISOLDE: AS RETOLD BY OLIVER HUCKEL

THE volume of the retold tale of "Tristan and Isolde" is the ninth to appear in a series devoted to the music dramas of Wagner. It is translated into English blank verse both spirited and dignified, losing none of the dramatic power of the Cornish legend. In make-up the book is attractive, designed for an intelligent gift at the holiday season. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. Illustrated. 72 pages. Price 75 cents net.)

THE EFFICIENT AGE: BY HERBERT KAUFMAN

"THE Efficient Age" is a book written with the desire to induce men and women to find out their respective purposes in life and then to push them so steadily forward that they gain thereby self-mastery and success. The text is replete with statements of a kind that are known to be right and sound; but which too often, for the good of humanity, have no stronghold in the brain. (Published by George H. Doran Co., New York. 142 pages. Price 75 cents net.)

THE PUEBLO COUNTRY

"BULLETIN 54 of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution" contains three manuscripts and illustrations under the general title of: "The Physiography of the Rio Grande Valley, New Mexico, in Relation to Pueblo Culture," by Edgar L. Hewett, Junius Henderson and W. W. Robbins. To those interested in the geology, topography and general conditions of this region the present bulletin should appeal as very serviceable.

BOOKS REPRINTED

IT is not unusual for publishers to bring out, especially as gift books at the holiday season, new editions of works that have an abiding interest rather than to test the public temper concerning those that are new and untried.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, has presented among its holiday books a new edition of Wagner's "Parsifal," with 16 colored illustrations by Willy Pogány, the price of which, in cloth, is $6.00.

"Excursions," by Henry D. Thoreau, is a large volume amply illustrated by Clifton Johnson, $2.00 net.

"Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore, with illustrations in color by Christopher Clarke, occurs as another new edition. Its price is $2.50 net.

"The Rubáiyát," by Omar Khayyám, illustrated and decorated by Willy Pogány, is seen as a moderately priced edition ($1.50) and is similar to the more costly one issued by the same publishers two years ago.