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From the National Academy of Design, 1908.
See page 520.

"RED MITTS": HILDA BELCHER, PAINTER.

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THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XV FEBRUARY, 1909 NUMBER 5

IS AMERICAN ART CAPTIVE TO THE DEAD PAST? BY WILLIAM L. PRICE

HOW long, I wonder, will the Renascence hold us in its grasp? How long will the fetters of the past bind us to the arts of other days? How long will Art be led captive to education and be shackled to precedent? For that period following the glorious, if barbaric, Gothic age, which we call the Renascence, was for Architecture no re-birth of art, but a grave-digging resurrection. The people of that day, realizing the crudeness and barbaric splendor of the Gothic, and having rediscovered the classic art and literature of Greece and Rome, made a fatal mistake. Instead of refining the barbaric out of their own art and keeping its glory and its frank expression of materials and the wants and customs of their own day, the educated and refined said, "We can never hope to equal the classic beauty of the past; let us spend our lives in imitating it."

And now the general public, especially the educated public, and the vast majority of the artists and architects, still in the Renascence, are "laying the flattering unction to their souls" that we have achieved a great advance in architecture and the arts in the past twenty years. We have awakened, it is true, but our eyes are still heavy with the sleep of the Renascence. Lulled by the slumber song of a gorgeous past, we think to dream art back into the hungry world. We think to let the mantle of our education cover the bareness of popular apathy and creative thought. We think to lift the masses to an understanding of the excellency of revived styles and resurrected cultures, while we should be studying those very masses for an inspiration, while we should be raised to a pitch of enthusiastic interpretation of their great qualities—those very qualities of which as patriots we boast and at which as artists we sneer. If there is no inspiration for the architects and artists in the life of our own people, then there will be no art of our own people, and this is the fault of the artists, not of the people.

When the naked savage, pushed by the wants of his body, fashioned clay to his uses, or with rude flint tool shaped his weapons for their fell purpose, something happened to him. He was no longer merely a weak and naked animal in a cold and strenuous world. He had

slipped into the god class. He had become a creator, a man who wills, not the blind follower of instinct or racial habit, and the tale of his birth is told in the work of his hands. Having created, he looks with new eyes on creation. Having fashioned for man's service he sees his fellow man, still "but as trees walking," "as in a glass darkly." Yet he sees. And the tale of that emotion is written large on pot and bow, or on the painted bauble for a love's sake that has become more than mere physical sex attraction.

And this is art, fine art, all there is to art, and it is enough. I like to quote to my friends, the artists, the cloistered painters and sculptors, the words of Blount, "The scratched line around the porringer and the carved motto over the cottage door,—these are the beginning and almost the end of the fine arts."

We have hedged about the artists and their work as if they were something apart, their works we have enshrined as gods, and themselves we look upon as the inspired priests of a holy of holies that common men must approach with bowed reverence. But I say to you artists, come out from your dead cloisters. Come out into the free air where men really live, and take the shoes from off your feet, for this is holy ground. You are not the end and aim of life, but interpreters of life as it is, and prophets of life as it shall be. Come out as the savage did and tell the tale of life, and if that life be savage and vulgar, tell the tale so that it will shame the vulgarity and lift the vulgar; but tell the tale, for your job is the same as that of the savage: to show to your fellow men the new point of view, the new beauty in common things, to trace dimly the paths of promise, to break a few steps in the steep path of the hill difficult; and this must be done in the sight of the people. You must also sit at the door of your tents to chip the stone and mold the pregnant clay.

Oscar Wilde says, "The educated man's idea of art is always the art that has been; the artist's idea of art is the art that is to be." And he knew. So if you would be hailed by men as great artists and great architects, build according to your knowledge and their knowledge. Sit satisfied in your Renascence, but if you would lead men on to greater heights and new achievements, build from your secret souls. Let your knowledge guide and conserve, but let your intuition rule.

OH, YOU artists who think yourselves above the pots and trappings of a common life—you who think fine art above the chipping of useful stones and the fashioning of the commonplace—you are not fit to shape the instruments of man's daily needs. You who think that art is to paint silly pictures for silly gilded frames,

whose greatest ambition it is to have them hung in some silly gilded Luxembourg, come out into life and help the people to build a new art for a new day. Better, a thousand times better, the rock-ribbed Gothic of a Whitman than all the curled darlings and simpering niceties of a borrowed culture. And you painters and sculptors who think to get closer to architecture by decorating the stolen and effeminate glories of our modern Renascence, who in the end only emphasize the emptiness of the temple by accenting or ignoring its banalities, come out from among the tombs, join your fellow craftsmen, the quarryman and the woodman, and realize that the cornerstone comes before the capstone. Realize that until the work of our hands in fashioning the necessities of life has been glorified, there can be no art that shall move men's souls.

And you architects who think that architecture can be made in offices, that paper and pencil can express the hopes and aspirations of a people, learn that you cannot save your souls alone, that you cannot drop architecture down on a waiting earth like manna. Architecture comes up from the soil, not down from the skies. And it is the mother of arts because not man but men must create it. Only as you can influence your fellows, the stone-mason and the joiner, can you hope for architecture.

And your great organizations of builders and of workmen, they hold out no hope. And your machines! Only as they free men, not *from* work, but *to* work, shall they help.

The artists of the past about whose graves you linger, who were they? Not the pattern-makers, but the doers. Most of the great buildings of the past are bad architecturally, but they are great as craftsmanship. They shadow forth the hopes and the failures of their makers. They are alive today because men's lives were built into them. Your classmen in architecture can imitate them but they cannot make them. They can point out their failures and their inconsistencies, but with all their machines and knowledge and organization they can of themselves no more create architecture than the architects of that day could. The difference is that those men did not try. They designed with their fellows, the craftsmen, not for them. They accepted the limitations of materials of use and of the workman, and no sculptor was too great or painter too exalted to interpret the common life around them, and if their madonnas were not Jewish, at least they were maternal. If the Gothic sculptures were not natural, at least they were architectural. They tell no tale of anatomy, but they tell the tale of a people's aspirations. "But," says Shaw, "your modern academicians think to paint Giotto's pictures without Giotto's inspiration and correct his perspective into the bargain."

UNTIL we get craftsmen who are architects and architects who are craftsmen, we shall have no architecture. And until we get architecture, or set ourselves in the way of getting it, we shall have no fine art. For fine art is only the fine way of doing things that are worth the doing. And as long as our educated men, whether they be laymen or architects, think that the Madison Square tower which has no meaning, is greater than its prototype, the Giralda, we shall build Madison Square towers, we shall build marble temples for banks, Italian palaces (nearly Italian) for dwellings for the vulgar rich, and English villas in miniature for the vulgar poor. We shall build Colonial houses such as the Colonials never built, for cultured do-nothings, and hotels that are not even French, for snobs and commercial travelers. If our American life is half-way worth the boast we make for it, why is it not good enough to be our inspiration? If our rich men are worth catering to in paint and marble, why are they not worth interpreting in brick and stone? If our Republic is worth defending and upholding, is not its seat in Washington or elsewhere worth housing in something better or at least more representative than the cast-off vestures of monarchy? And that our capitols speak more of feeble-minded monarchy than of strong young Democracy I challenge anyone to deny.

There is only one thing worse than ignoring precedent, and that is following it. Carlyle says, "Originality does not consist in being different, but in being sincere." And there is not only the very soul of individuality in art, but also of style in art. For if we were sincere, our work would vary from type as we individually vary, but also as we are much alike in the same environment, so our sincere work would have much in common, and that is the thing we call Style. Not a fixed form, but an expanding expression of a common impulse. So if we were sincere as we are like our fathers, so would our works follow theirs, not as imitation but as like expression, and as we are different and beyond our fathers, so would our work be different and beyond their work.

Not the feeble, book-learned Colonial of our day, for we are no longer colonists, but the full-blooded expression of a giant Democracy; the strong, rude conqueror of a continent, not the feeble dependent of an outworn social creed. And some there are, groping for this real Renascence, not a resurrection, mind you, but a re-birth of Art. Here and there a free man lifts his head. Here and there a potter lifts his clay out of the common plane of style. Here and there a carver or a sculptor dares say his new day's say. And architecture is creeping to our doors almost unnoticed, close to the soil, still finding its birth, as always, in the simple dwellings of the country-

side. And architects whose great and costly buildings are mere banal European architecture, and not true even to that, are hiding away in the countryside cottages and country houses that are real,—that are neither French nor English, that are just houses, for here they are not afraid. Here they dare be themselves and dare frankly express their fellows.

But our big buildings! It is to laugh. Five-story bronze and steel buildings masquerading as marble temples, orders piled on orders, detail thrown bodily to the top of high buildings for the birds to see. Marble palaces at Newport, chateaux on Fifth Avenue, alleged Pantheons on Broad Street, marble detail cast in clay or painfully wrought in granite. Wood fashioned like stone and stone like wood. As an architect from Ghent, recently here, said, "Oh, that your forests were fire-proof and your buildings were not. I came here full of hope to find a great, new, modern architecture, and I find nothing but bad European architecture." And he had been to Boston, too, and to New York and Albany and Philadelphia. But he had not seen our nestlings, our suburbs, our little real houses in the country.

Our hope of art, like our hope of health, lies in the pregnant call of "Back to Nature." Back to the fields and forests for our nerve-broken health. Back to man and his needs, his common daily needs, for our art.

And, my friends, don't fool yourselves that there is any other way. Look at your own achievements. Look at the architectural triumphs of even ten years ago, and ask yourselves if they will live, if they have anything to say, any new thoughts to thunder down the hollow vault of time. We are a people in the forming, and so have all peoples been when they really lived, and we must build for the moment and go on, and if you don't care to build for the scrap heap, don't build, for it will all go there. But if you build truly, some stones shall stand, some detail will cling to the robes of art and become part of the great whole. Better to lay two bricks together in the new way that tells a tale, than to build a temple for the money changers with no thought in it less than two thousand years dead.

WHAT DOES THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN STAND FOR HAS IT AT PRESENT A VALUE TO THE AMERICAN ART PUBLIC? BY GILES EDGERTON

IT IS worth while stopping to think just what an annual art exhibition like the National Academy of Design stands for. Should it be an opportunity for our nation to inform itself as to its real progress in art, its development in the past, its hope for the future? Should it thus from year to year stand as a record of the best we can achieve? Should we look to it for an opportunity to understand accomplishment and to find inspiration? Should our mature men go to it to watch the progress of our national art, and our students to realize the high standards demanded of them? In other words, is the Academy to be regarded as an ever changing, advancing expression of the living art of America? And is its value to us our opportunity to study and profit by this growth?

Or must we accept this famous institution merely as the art opinion of the academic few who invariably see originality coupled with anarchy, and who reticently offer the public year after year a programme of cold-served repetition, so that an Academy catalogue becomes as familiar reading as one's visiting list? Outside of America it is an accepted fact that growth is what a country demands in her art, indigenous growth, with roots deep in the soil of the nation. But for years past America has been advised to import her art,—in fact, to import all forms of culture. She has been soundly scolded over and over again for any attempt at originality, and has been warned that progress in science and money-making were possible for her, but that a genuine art expression she alone of all the nations in the world was to be debarred from. Of course, the Academy is far more progressive than this. It does not insist that American pictures and sculpture shall all be inspired abroad, although it still holds this view in regard to architecture, but it does feel that any actual vigorous pulsating growth in art is something to be a little nervous about, and which on the whole is rather safer to reject than hang. While as a matter of fact what we need just now in America is this definite expression of the American quality, and every possible individual expression of it, regardless of blunders or difficulties or uncertainties. If we are over-energetic, over-strenuous, over-confident, lacking reserve and subtlety, then let us express these things as we feel them, as we live them. It is only thus that our art may have a permanent significance to us and to others. And of course, withal, let us be students (as was said by Mr. Henri in a recent issue of THE

CRAFTSMAN) of technique, every variation of technique to fit every variation of inspiration, until a man's medium in art is as fluid as his thought, and his thought a direct expression of his life.

And thus, necessarily, as our civilization grows and changes, as our standards advance and our existence is more beautiful, our exhibitions of painting and sculpture,—and, let us trust, eventually our architecture,—must also grow and change, becoming more and more intimate to us, more and more bone of our bone. And then if we blunder in thought and feeling, we shall show these blunders in our art, and it is better so, for in no other way can we truly understand ourselves, our failures and our high achievement.

UNQUESTIONABLY, there are isolated moments of genuine delight at the present Academy exhibit; there are Sargents and Chases, some lovely pictures by Miss Comans, by Redfield, by E. H. Potthast, by Warren Eaton and Paul Cornoyer, by Walcott and Lillian Genth, all of which you are glad to meet again and again, and live happily with ever after. But why not, with these most significant and valuable old friends, present others who are equally worthy,—artists who are seeing the life of their own land clearly, with all its extraordinary lights and shadows, from lowliest narrow street to the last glimmering light overhead, seeing all independently, yet in just relation to life and art and to the fundamental conditions of a strange new civilization.

For truly we need more freshness, more originality, more insular feeling, and it is to an academy that we should look for such growth. It is the leading spirits of the Academy, our famous men, who should with open mind estimate, appraise and judge what of our art means growth and what atrophy, for upon them alone can we depend for the real encouragement and the practical help which means a rapid flowering of art (or the contrary) in America. And yet, alas, it is to the single-man or the small group exhibit we actually do look for the very work which should by rights spring from an academy. And as matters stand, in many ways the single-man display of pictures or sculpture is the most satisfactory form of an exhibition which the modern American artist can hope for his work outside of his own studio; but this is often difficult of accomplishment, expensive and affords the general public who are seeking art cultivation no opportunity for that valuable study which comes from contrast and comparison. Thus we need the Academy or *an* academy to do the very work which the present institution ignores or neglects, to show us where we stand as a nation in art matters; in fact, it seems that the purpose of an academy is essentially this, and that success

should be gained by the great idea, the vigorous individuality, the cultivated technique. It is not as though the institution in question were a shy and timid body; it is courageous to a degree in the bold presentation again and again of some favorite of eighteen thirty, and yet it hesitates year after year at the unexpected, the unfamiliar. It seems to insist upon a well-worn reference for space on the wall. It hangs a picture like Jacovelli's "East Side" where it is a direct intervention of Providence if any human being catches a glimpse of it, and it puts on the line Bellows' "Up the River," a picture in which the landscape seems to be slipping up the river, and the river quite uncertain whether to continue its peaceful painted course or flow inconsequentially out of the frame.

Another example of Academy methods, bound to confuse the unsophisticated spectator who is seeking for justice and virtue rewarded is the giving of the Carnegie prize to Henry Brown Fuller's enormous acreage of canvas called "The Triumph of Truth over Error." There is a hint from a New York critic that this picture is the concerted work of a syndicate of geniuses. That a number of men might conscientiously and impersonally fill up space on such a breadth of picture seems a reasonable suggestion, much more so in fact than that it could be the expression of any one man's conception of a significant contribution to American art. The idea is so world-worn that the very figures droop with the burden of its age. The syndicate undoubtedly worked conscientiously,—they were good craftsmen. But why should the Academy give such a gigantic expression of stupidity and impersonality the seat of honor and a noble prize? The space given to this non-significant painting could have supported nicely a well planned group of the work of "The Eight;" yet it is said that three of George Luks' pictures, brilliant, stirring, real, were rejected, and not a Sloan, Henri, Shinn or Prendergast are to be found on the walls, not even in the eaves, where they occasionally find a modest resting place. There is one Glackens, where it would be to the credit of American art to hang a dozen; one Lawson, and a brilliant storm scene by Jonas Lie, not that Lie is one of the Eight, but he paints so sincerely and so vitally that one naturally classes him in the same group.

Remington is not represented at all, although he is at present one of the most unalterably representative American painters and sculptors which the nation can boast. He is in fact one of the few men in this country who has created new conditions in our art, and must be reckoned with as one of the revolutionary figures in our art history.

Sargent dominates the whole exhibit, and would still dominate it if it were representative of the best art of our country. Most notice-

From the National Academy, 1908.

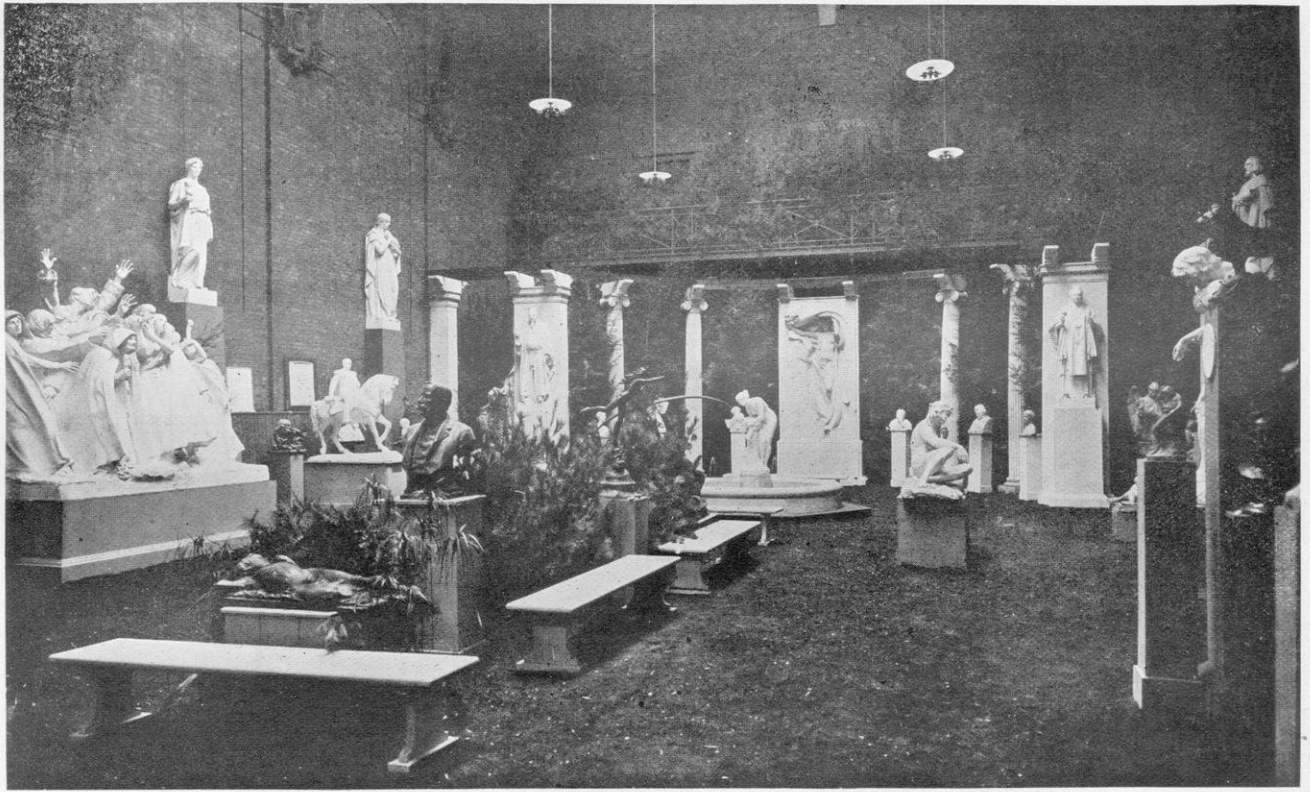
"PORTRAIT": HOWARD GARDINER CUSHING, PAINTER.

From the National Academy of Design, 1908.

"THE MORNING HOURS": CHARLES C. CURRAN, PAINTER.

From the National Academy of Design, 1908.

"SEA BATHS": JEAN MACLANE JOHANSEN, PAINTER.



WEST VIEW OF THE SCULPTURE EXHIBIT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY, 1908: SHOWING THE CHARMING EFFECT OF A FORMAL GARDEN.

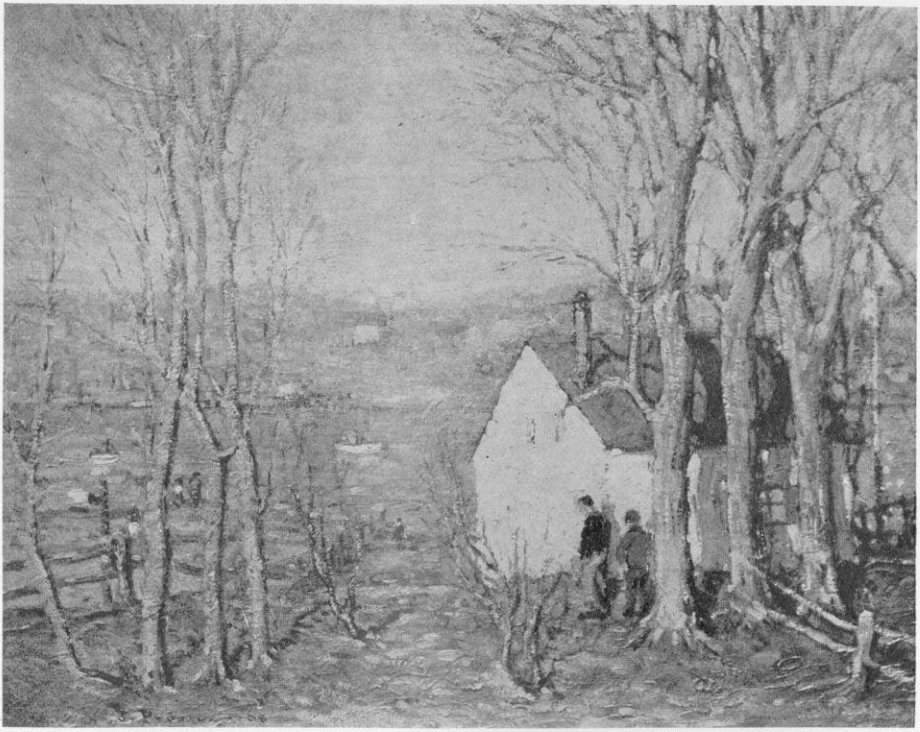
"MIRTH": WILLIAM SERGEANT KENDALL, SCULPTOR.

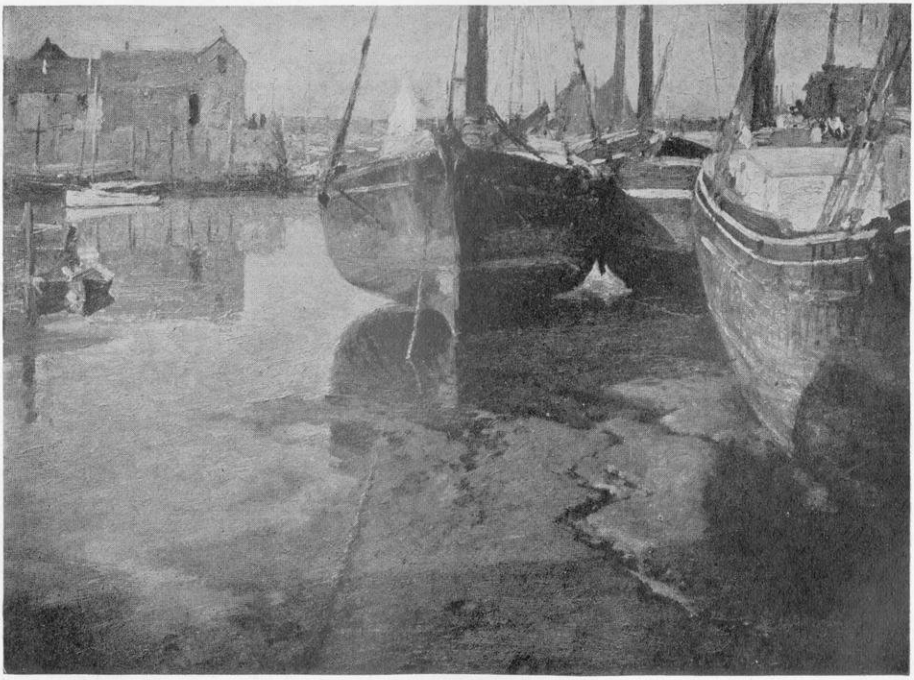
PIERRE MAROT PURVES: CHESTER BEACH, SCULPTOR.

"INFANT'S HEAD": EDITH WOODMAN BURROUGHS, SCULPTOR.

"THE SKATER": ABASTENIA EBERLE, SCULPTOR.

From the National Academy, 1908.





From the National Academy, 1908.

"THE RIVER": JAMES PRESTON, PAINTER.

"BOATS AT LOW TIDE": EDWARD H. POTTHAST, PAINTER.

able of this man's extraordinary work is the portrait of Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer; both of the Pulitzer portraits are masterpieces, most extraordinary psychological presentations in a few dashing inevitable strokes of two people of most noticeable though widely divergent personality. Mrs. Pulitzer in her gorgeous frame has somewhat the effect of being hostess at the Academy, she is so much more vivid and more alive than any of the other paintings, or most of the people. The illusion of life is overwhelming, and the revelation of the personality as frank as it is definite. Before these psychological maps of Sargent's one is often reminded of the little old lady who shudderingly faced a famous Sargent in a London gallery, and implored her niece, "My dear, *never* let that man paint *me!*" And it does seem a very high standard of courage that leads men and women to face this surgeon of the studio.

BUT to return to the attitude of the Academy toward the lay public and that of the public toward the Academy—it is perhaps best exemplified in an incident which came up in the securing of illustrations for this article. A photographer who had secured a permit to photograph in the galleries brought a collection of prints to THE CRAFTSMAN office,—among them scarcely one of real importance or significance, or valuable as an expression of growth in our art,—and the photographer explained, "You see, I never dream of taking any except those on the line, and then only the most popular subjects. It wouldn't pay me to take the skied ones or any of the little ones; the magazines won't stand for them."

Thus the Academy places on the line pictures of established popularity that have been passed upon by other committees of other exhibits, and the photographer takes the biggest and most cheerful of these, and the average magazine selects the prettiest and most ephemeral of what the photographer has thought popular. Thus we seem to secure a lack of thought from Alpha to Omega, and the Academy undoubtedly imagines it is giving the public what it wants, and the public has not been trained to know what it wants or that there is anything else to have.

It has been suggested by an unfeeling critic with a modern point of view, that the Academy could better do justice to art in America if it opened its list more freely to the newcomers and established a separate gallery where all pictures were hung on the line for the superannuated, thus leaving the main galleries to be filled with the work of men who are putting into it their heart and soul as well as gift. This is, of course, a very revolutionary suggestion, and perhaps the superannuated room would become such good form that the

younger painters would be just as unhappy as ever. And yet this course is constantly being pursued in literature. A man who writes lives by merit alone; he must win fresh success from season to season. One great success may sell one or two second-rate books, but only one or two. One great poem may lead to personal popularity, but eventually the poet of the one thought is expected to win a fresh wreath. And this truth is recognized in business, in various institutions; in most phases of life a man is not considered a great runner for one record. Even the church withdraws and pensions its men who can no longer stir an audience, or who have lost capacity for individual growth. And the actor and the singer, they must make good night after night or drift into oblivion. But in art, especially in America, it is the superannuated who often rules, the academic which rejects genius and blazes a path for mediocrity. And yet the Academy should be the final tribunal of justice for growing American art,—an art which is even now throbbing with the life of the most vital, most extraordinary civilization the world has ever seen, and the Academy should be seeking out these men, urging them to newer and stronger effort, calling for their work; should be helping them, cheering them, insisting that the galleries be alive with the dominating art impulse of this part of the century, and that the exhibition walls be free to all who have the idea and the ability to express it.

WE ARE not a stupid people or we should not be producing even the beginnings of such art as we are proving ourselves capable of. And there are many of us vitally interested in the strong work that is springing up here and there throughout the land, not only in the fine arts but in the industrial arts. One may even go so far as to suggest that there are those among us who do not demand the red motor car in literature, the smiling girl in portraiture and the fake Greek column in public architecture; who are honestly seeking truth and the kind of beauty which is only revealed by truth, and who desire the most intimate relation between our life and our art. There are enough of these who would like to see the Academy a vital asset in the development of the nation, who would like to see a new kind of exhibit and even new exhibition buildings. It would be interesting to see an exhibition of three hundred and thirty-eight pictures, with Glackens, Henri and Shinn on the hanging committee. Macbeth experimented in this fashion last winter when he opened his galleries to "The Eight," and couldn't find standing room for the crowds. So it would seem that the public is not averse to strong, vivid, fresh work; the real difficulty is that it

has seen so little of such work, and has not as yet thought much about it. It has taken its art a good deal as though it were a lesson, to be learned and repeated; but when it does stop to think it is not going to be afraid to express its opinion, and eventually it is going to cultivate that opinion and make it worth expressing, and art conditions are going to be affected by it. The real American public is so easily browbeaten, so absurdly good-natured, and after all art has seemed more or less something extraneous, and so it has accepted didactic statements and let habit overcome any tendency to thought. But once the public recognizes its capacity to think, to stimulate, to help by thought its understanding and its appreciation of conditions will astonish and gratify.

But as to the actual exhibit. So general a criticism as the foregoing must be unjust in specific cases, as all general points of view are bound to be. For while you may object to certain tendencies and methods of an institution, no institution which is supported by the people can continue to exist without some rare excellences. Special examples of exceptions to the rule at the present Academy were Paul Cornoyer's "Hazy Morning," Charlotte Comans' "Happy Valley," Paul Dougherty's "The White Tide," Hilda Belcher's "Red Mitts"; "A Wharf at Sunset," by Jerome Myers, "Sea Baths," by Johansen, "Morning Hours," by Charles Curran, Wilhelm Funk's portrait of himself, "Boats at Low Tide," by Edward Potthast, "In Port," by E. W. Redfield; Horatio Walker's "Wood Cutter" and "Ice Cutter," "The Trembling Leaves," by Willard Metcalf, J. Alden Weir's sympathetic portrait of a jovial old man, beautiful paintings of children by Cecelia Beaux and Lydia Emmett, "The East Side," by Jacovelli, Howard Cushing's striking portrait of his wife, "The Mother," by J. Alexander, Tryon's "Sea Evening," "A Winter Scene," by James Preston, and "The Fair Penitent," by H. Watrous.

The exhibition of sculpture, which was a part of the Academy, made a brave little showing at the Gould Riding Academy, which was converted into a most charming semblance of a formal garden for this occasion. It was a small exhibit, but an excellent showing of distinctive work, and arranged in the most satisfactory manner of any sculptures exhibit that the writer can recall in this country. The smell of the fresh tanbark suggested out-of-doors, and the massing of the evergreens stimulated the imagination and roused interest. It was as though there might be many pathways leading to secluded bowers of romance. One permitted oneself to remember Schwetzingen and Nymphenberg, where the sculpture and the gardens are so intimately related.

Again one passed by the prize winners and searched for the more intimate and personal expression, which was to be found in the bust of John La Farge by Edith Woodman Burroughs, the children by Chester Beach, Roth's animals, Abastenia Eberle's little girls, and Laura Eyre's bas relief of Mary Ballard. Of the monumental work, the group of towering significance was "The Blind, "by Lorado Taft, shown and described in THE CRAFTSMAN for April, 1908, a Maeterlinckian drama in plaster. The group of helpless sightless ones and the one seeing child—what tragedy and appeal and sorrow and hope! A second large piece of rare beauty was Daniel Chester French's "Mourning Victory." For sheer splendor of line and exquisite grace in modeling, Mr. French has but few equals either in this country or in Europe. So great is his gift of expression that he awakens in one a sense of actual reverence for the technique of his art. And this gravely beautiful sorrowing Victory is one more of his important achievements along these lines.

To many who are faithfully and enthusiastically watching the development of art in America, a greater proportion of our sculptors than of our painters appear to have struck a definitely frank note of national interest. It is the rule, not the exception, with these artists to manifest, whether consciously or unconsciously, a racial characteristic in their work, so that a small exhibit of American sculpture is apt to express a national feeling more vehemently than a much larger collection of American paintings would be likely to.

And yet numerically our painters so far exceed our sculptors that the actual number of younger men who represent a strong vivid impression of our national quality is far greater among the painters than sculptors. But when it comes to an exhibition of American paintings the proportion of the academic men so far outweighs the younger school that the latter are more often than not snowed under. And we are only just beginning to dig in the right direction to find them, and to proclaim them when we do find them. And this one thing we may not do too often—proclaim aloud and enthusiastically the new vigorous growth in our art, in our painting and sculpture alike, the indigenous growth so long withheld from us, and so essential to our achievement as a nation.

THE ABIDING LESSON OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE: ALL ITS BEAUTY AND INSPIRATION THE OUTGROWTH OF SOUND CONSTRUCTION: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER

"By suffrage universal it was built
As practised then, for all the country came
From far as Rouen, to give votes for God,
Each vote a block of stone securely laid
Obedient to the master's deep mused plan."
—Lowell.

IT IS not the purpose of these articles to attempt anything in the nature of a history of Mediæval industrial art. Within the limits of the space available little more could be done than to set forth in dry, uninteresting data the work of that period. There were many workers in many materials, widely separated as distances were necessarily computed in those days of insecure and inadequate transportation, laboring in different environments and under different influences. There is an abundance of literature on the subject of Mediæval history, the life and customs of the time, the development of its institutions, its architecture and its industrial activities. From this material and from personal observation and study it is the writer's intention to choose certain examples of work in stone, wood, iron, etc., and discuss them from a design point of view, how they were produced rather than why they were produced, and to tell the story in a way that may be of interest to the general reader.

Indeed, the question of how things were made, the study of constructive problems and the conditions under which they were solved, may after all take one nearest to the true spirit of the work. We are apt to see the craftsman of the past as a light in a mist, a vague blur without personality. A philosophy of art fails to reach him; a discussion of abstract ideals leaves him as an unreal factor in the background. We read into his work sentiments and emotions that would cause him to scratch his head in bewilderment if he were to hear them,—for his work, like all true creative art, was not conceived as a conscious message to future generations; it was merely an unconscious expression of immediate needs and convictions. It was a spontaneous development. The man at the bench did not stop to analyze motives; his interest was centered upon technical problems, how to secure a given result and meet definite conditions with the materials, tools and processes at hand. To really appreciate the beauty of nature one must turn to others than the poets for an interpretation of what we find. And to understand the spirit in which

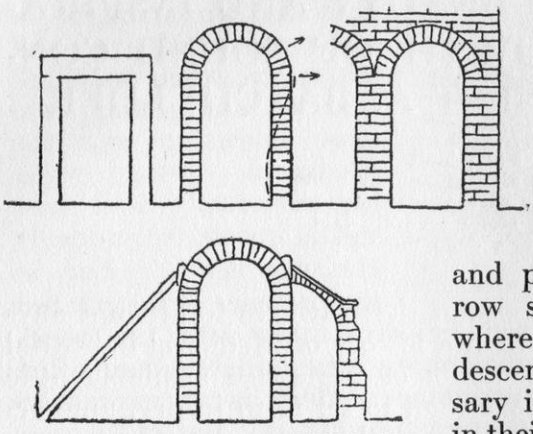


FIGURE ONE

Mediæval industrial work was wrought we must push through the halo of romance and chivalry; through the abstract ideal of the philosopher, even through many of the æsthetic and sentimental motives that legend ascribes to the workers, and penetrate into the crooked narrow streets of the old-world town where the pigs roamed at will. The descent is sudden; but it is necessary if we wish to visit the workers in their shops and watch them as they hammer away at their trades quite unconscious that their product, or such scraps of it as time has spared, is to be reverently treasured under glass by a distant generation.

NOW the life and the thought of the thirteenth century have slipped beyond recall into the past. We would not, if we could, revert to the conditions of that day, nor can we hope to coax beauty back into the world by adopting its industrial methods. That art was vital, as few arts have been, because it interpreted so forcefully and clearly the thoughts that had penetrated into the lives of the people. We cannot by any conscious effort of thought put ourselves back into Mediæval times; that is to say, we cannot look out upon the world through the eyes of the Mediæval people, see things as they saw and understood them. Little enough remains of their activities,—here a church, there the ruins of a castle, again a little cluster of half-timbered houses huddled together in some byway where the current of modern life has passed them, a few manuscripts and utensils gathered into museums where we treasure them as priceless relics. Scanty as are the remains, however, their art was so intimately related to their lives that we may know how they dressed and worked, how they fought and played; even the minute details of

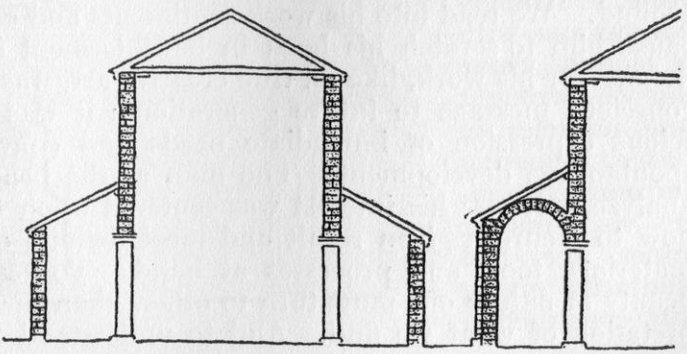


FIGURE TWO

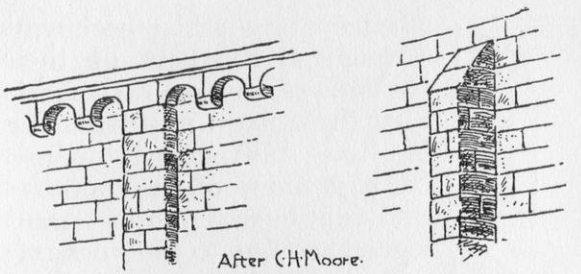


FIGURE THREE

daily life are wrought in stone and wood, iron and glass; but when we think that we are getting into close fellowship with the Mediæval worker, when his personality is almost within reach, he suddenly vanishes again. For in the presence of his greatest achievement, the Gothic cathedral, he slips away into the background, a vague figure, impersonal, more inexplainable than when we first began to make his acquaintance. Here is an expression of the thought that penetrated deepest into his life, and in its presence we feel only a sense of our own littleness and insignificance. It thrusts its gray old towers and pinnacles from out of the Middle Ages above our own petty affairs, and we are almost willing to accept the legends, the stories of wonderful miracles that cluster about it. For we who order our churches ready made much as we do our clothes and groceries, can never hope to understand the spirit that moved men to give of their time, money and labor to the construction of the cathedral, building it and rebuilding it on nobler and grander lines whenever fire or the wanton destruction of war razed it to the ground. Of the old town then clustered about the church we know there were dark, noisome streets, unsafe and unlighted at night, where plague and pestilence often found a breeding place, dingy houses and shops. And yet from these streets, so strangely at variance with the church, came those who wrought these miracles in stone, choosing one from their number as master builder, the rest voluntarily giving to its construction

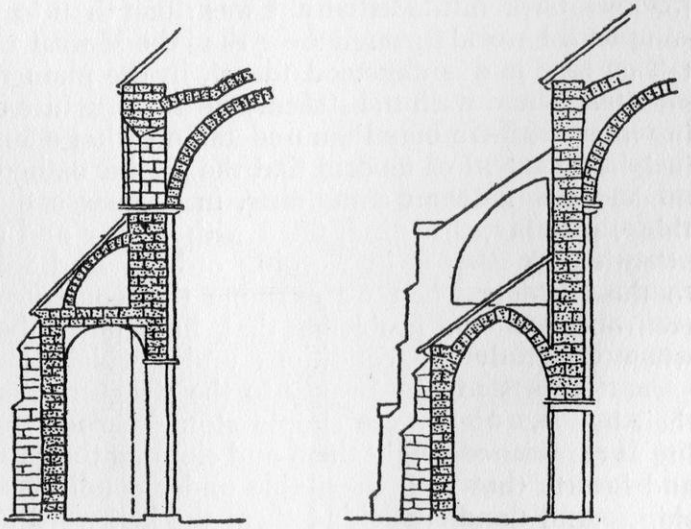


FIGURE FOUR

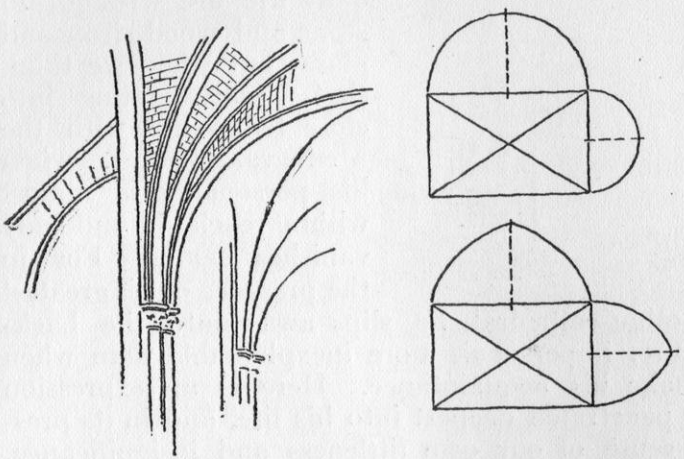


FIGURE FIVE

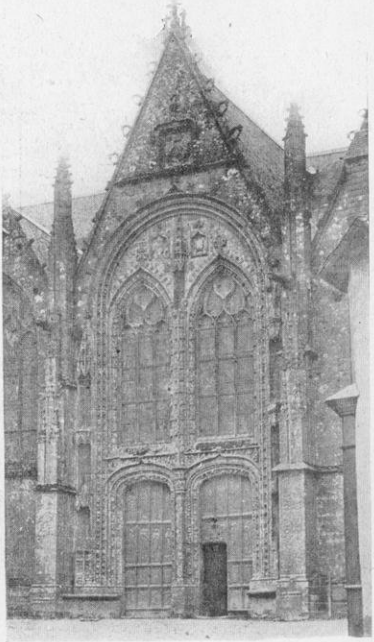
and enrichment the best of their linear thoughts and efforts. The French cathedrals were, in a peculiar sense, the result of communal effort. Nor was there any thought for fame, for very few even of the master builders are known to us, and the countless craftsmen who labored so industriously to give beauty to all the details of the fabric have left no marks by which we may speak their names. It was all for the glory of God, with an element of communal pride, a combination of religious fervor and popular enthusiasm.

TO US the cathedral seems as stable and enduring as the hills or as the cliffs that rise from the sea. It appeals to our imagination so strongly that we are loath to pry into more practical questions of ways and means. We would rather turn to the poets for an interpretation of why it was done than to those practical persons who have clambered over the edifice with rule and compass to tell us how it was done. And yet, in the plain recital of the means adopted to maintain the stability of the structure is a story of absorbing interest. We may then understand what a French writer of keen insight meant when he said that the Gothic cathedral was more like a modern engine than a building, in the sense that it was an active thing, pushing, thrusting, filled with energy and requiring unceasing attention to keep it in working order. And we shall come closer to the builders when we examine the constructive problems that confronted them, problems that had never been solved before; when we study the conditions under which they worked in their earnest efforts to give beauty to the structure that was rising under their hands. Here were simple stone masons and carpenters building as experience taught them and clothing their work with an interest and beauty that were inevitable under conditions of true craftsmanship. And they left behind them the last word in constructive skill, combining original thought and deep artistic feeling; but withal, a

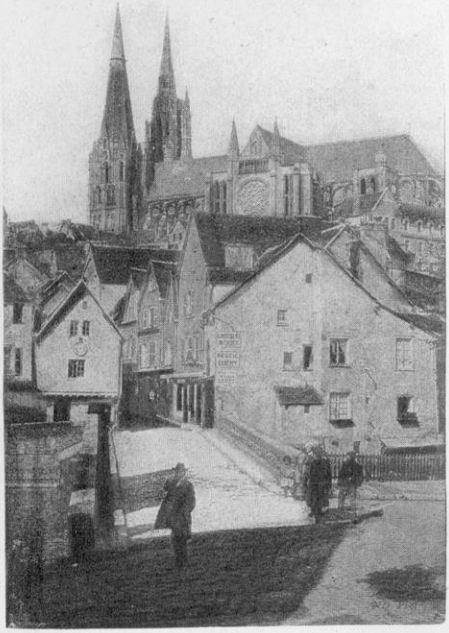
FAÇADE OF THE GOTHIC CATHEDRAL AT AMIENS.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS, BLOIS.

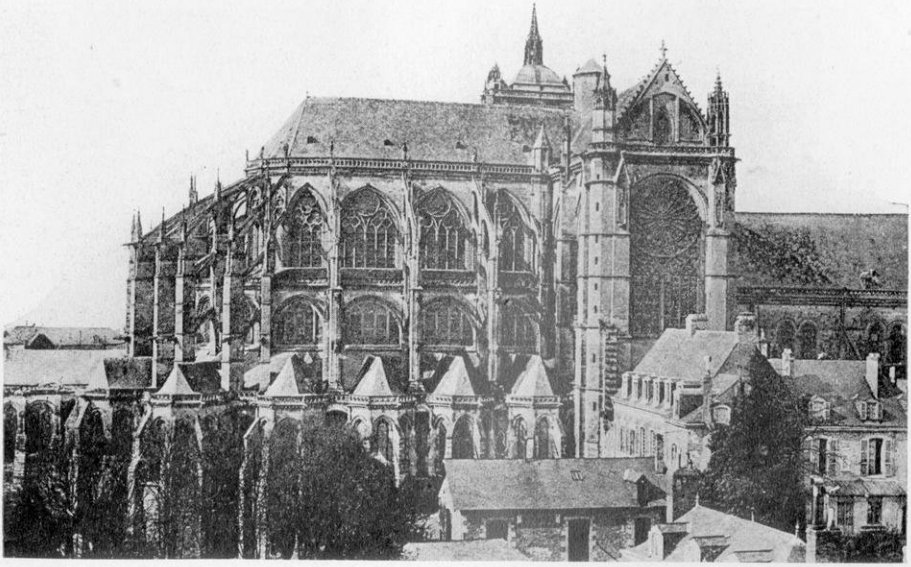
THE NORTH TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL AT ORLÉANS.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. ARMEL, PLOËRMEL.

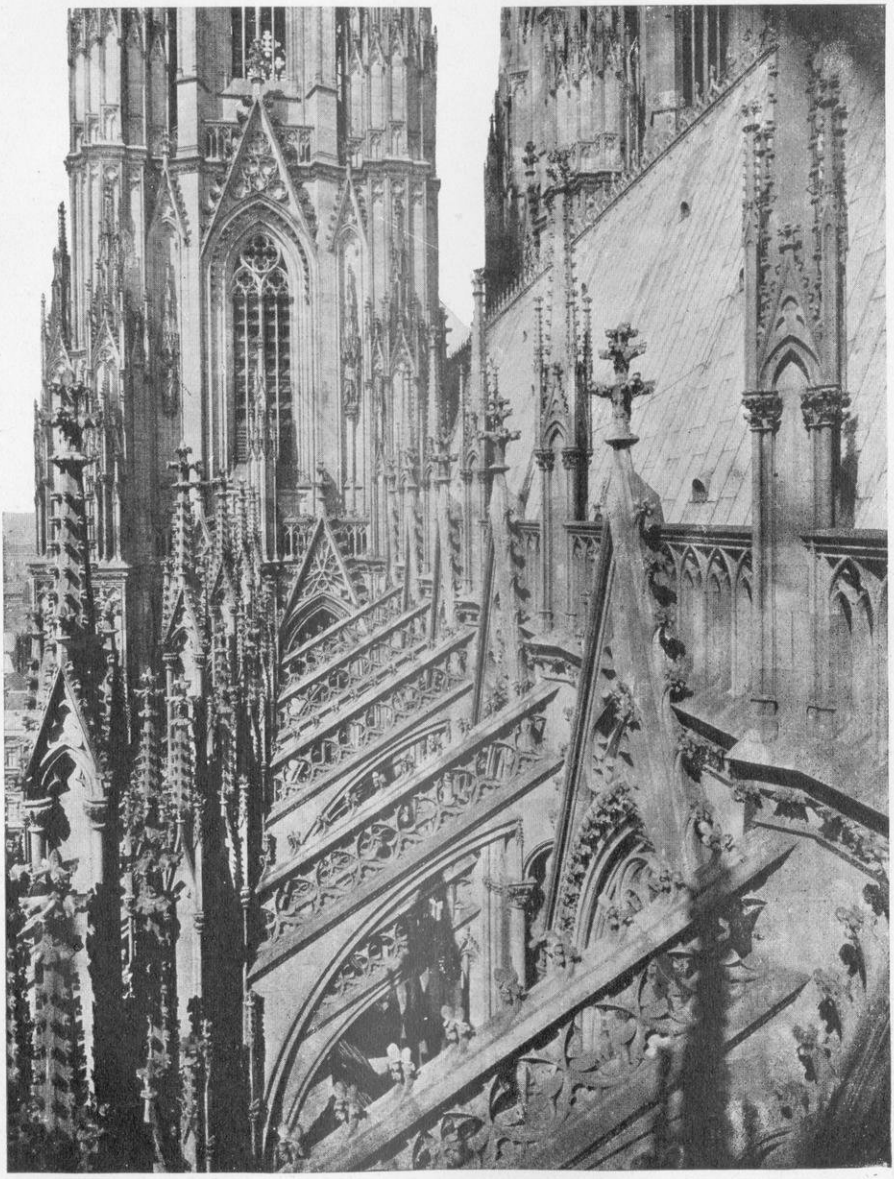


DISTANT VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL AT CHARTRES.

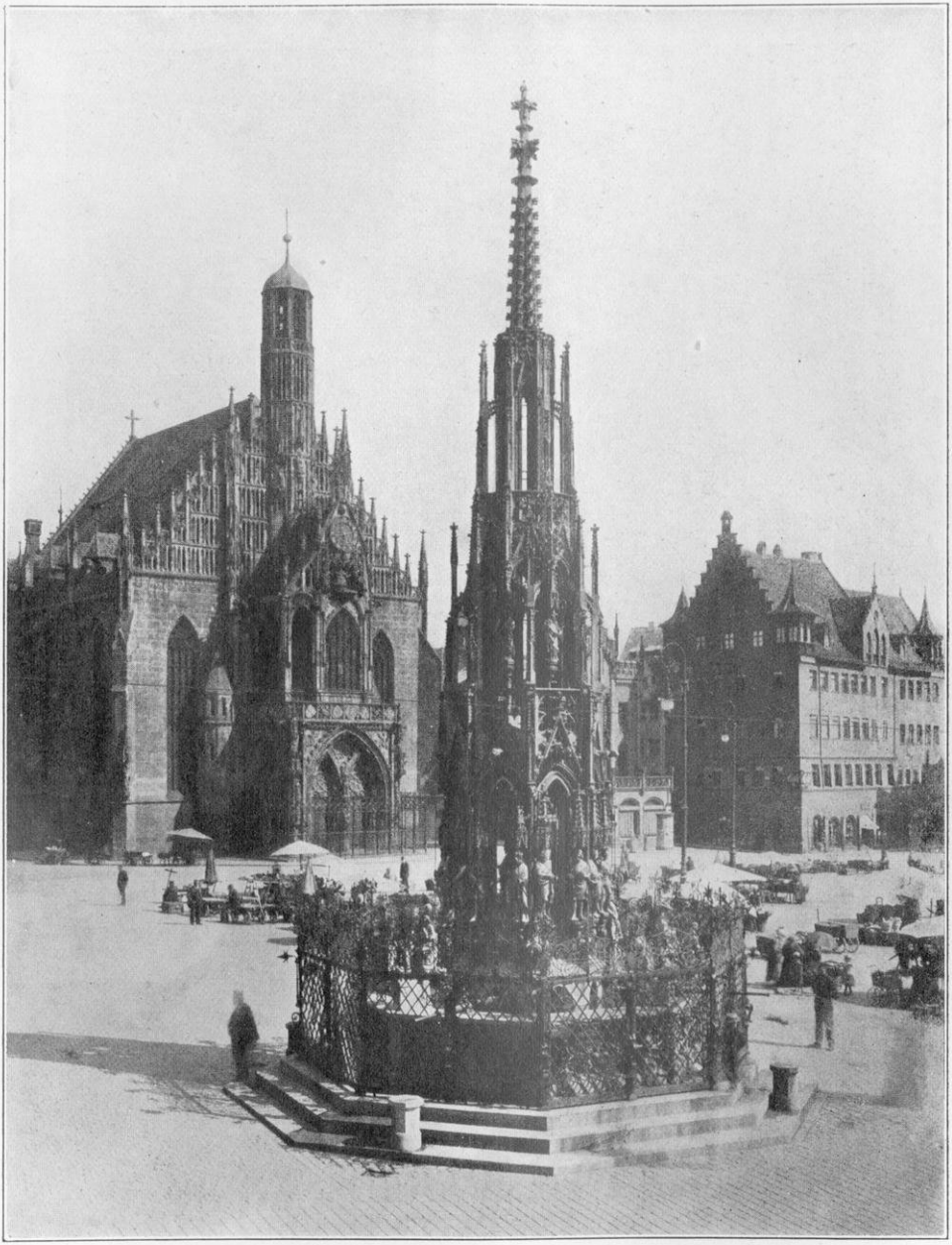


CATHEDRAL ROSACE AT LE MANS.

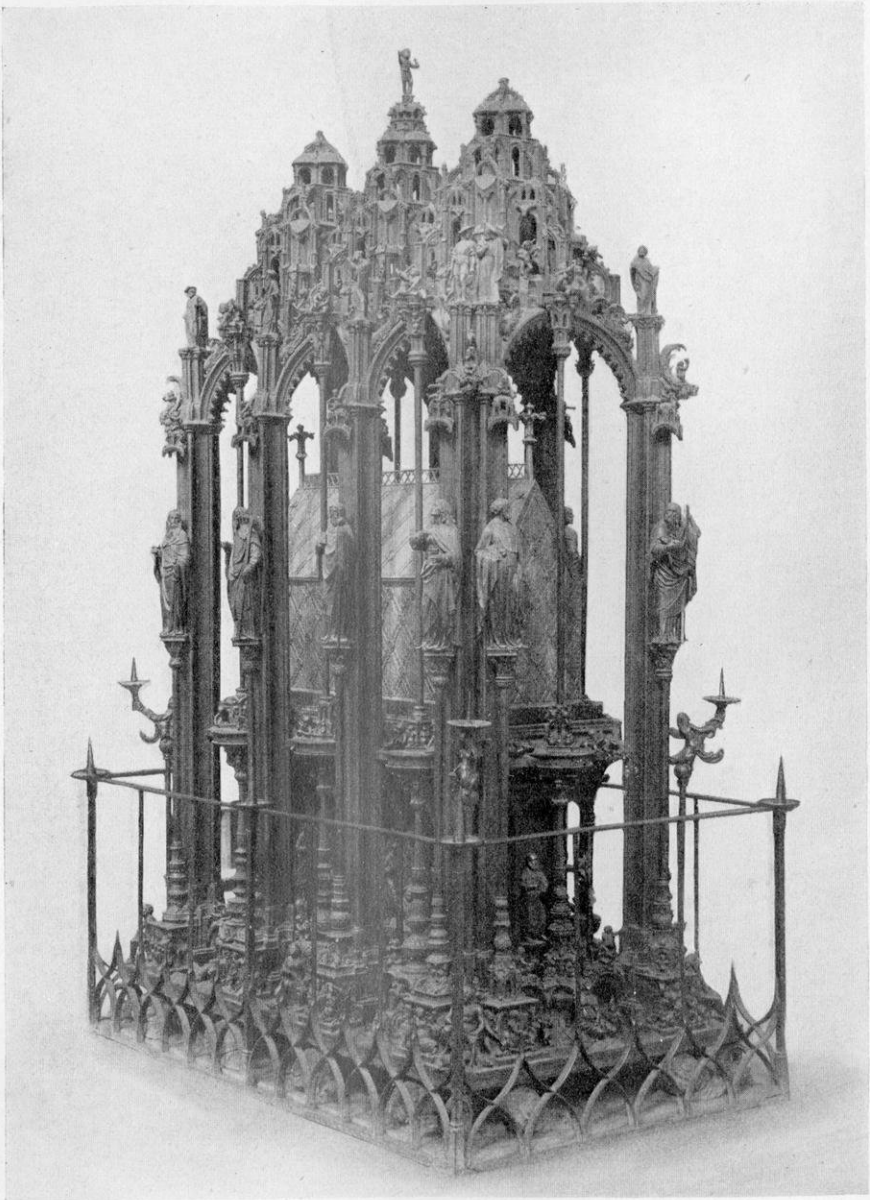
THE ANCIENT TOWN OF CHARTRES,
WITH VIEW OF CATHEDRAL.



FLYING BUTTRESSES OF
THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.



"THE LOVELY WELL": A SMALL GOTHIC STRUCTURE AT NÜRNBERG.



ANCIENT GOTHIC TOMB IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. SEBALDS, NÜRNBERG.

structure in which every feature is organic in character and may be traced back to its simple utilitarian origin.

The building grew as a plant grows. It was not all planned beforehand on paper to the last detail, with malice aforethought, like modern buildings. The master builder lived on the works where he was able to take advantage of every unforeseen circumstance that arose and apply new ideas that came to him as the building progressed. A large measure of the distinction that attaches to the result is due to the shrewd common sense and orderly thought of the "master maker of churches" and to the structural devices that necessity forced him to adopt in order to hold the building intact.

FIGURE SIX

FIGURE SEVEN

AN architectural "style" is very often spoken of as if it were a question of columns and capitals and mouldings. There are many writers who leave us with the impression that architecture and building are two different things, telling us much about the "orders" and "periods," but little about the mechanical problems and constructive methods involved, as if these were of minor importance. If, for example, we compare the outward aspects of the temples left us by the Egyptian and Greek builders, many points of difference may be noted; likewise we may have resemblances in details and in the disposition of the ornament pointing to influ-

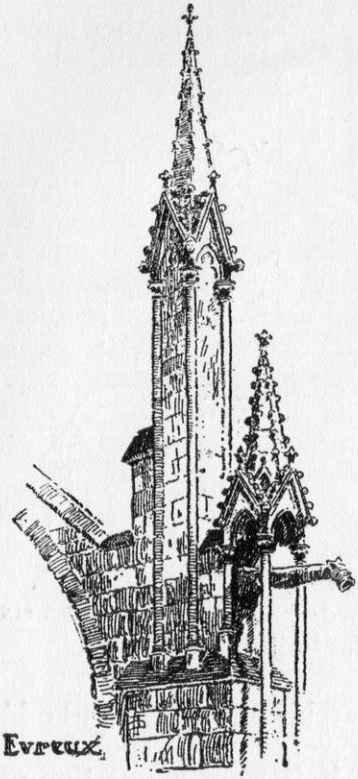


FIGURE EIGHT

ences extending from one to the other. But there was little difference in the constructive methods employed. On the other hand, there are constructive differences between all of those buildings and the churches left by the Mediæval craftsmen, differences in the use of materials and in the solution of mechanical problems, that place the latter in a class apart, a new principle, a new thought. And we have no sufficient clue to the radical differences in the ornamental "styles" until we have studied closely the development of construction, for in each case the ornament was a logical outcome of the structural principles employed. If the Greek builders had discovered and developed the new type of construction, even though they still remained pagans, their ornament would have undergone a complete and inevitable change. Incidentally, there is a grim, pathetic sort of humor in the effort that one finds here and there of an architect of the Renaissance struggling to redress a Gothic Cathedral in a conventional garb of classic ornament. It is difficult to believe that men could have so little understood the real points of difference. The result always looks, as some writer has put it, "like the dead branch of a tree suspended among the living branches."

This last sentence describes in a few words the essential differences. In all that preceded Gothic work the principle may be stated as dead, inert, inactive; in Gothic work it may be called alive, active. Constructively, the point may be illustrated by the simple pier and lintel, as shown in Figure One. If a horizontal is placed upon two verticals it is readily seen that there is nothing involved beyond the downward weight of dead material. The uprights must be sufficiently strong to support this weight. Of such character was a Greek temple with its wooden roof. But if an arch is built over the opening between the two uprights another problem must be faced, for an arch exerts a horizontal thrust or pressure as well as a downward weight. It brings to the problem the element of unrest. If the arch is not securely braced or held in place it will spread outward, some-

what as indicated by the dotted line. The Romans held their arches and vaults intact by so building them that the thrust would always be overcome by a dead weight of material.

NOW in direct contrast to this inert principle is the method so largely employed by the builders of the North. In fact, it is so primitive and obvious in its idea that none but simple-minded stonecutters would ever have puzzled it out. Why not securely brace the thing from the outside? And so in doing that which was most simple and logical, best adapted to the constructive problems that arose, they created a new style in architecture. Simple as the idea seems, however, it took many long years of patient work, many experiments, often disastrous, before it was perfected; for it leads to the active principle of construction, the nicely calculated adjustment of one thrust against another. A cathedral is no mere mass of stone; it is a veritable organism, alive with energy, pushing, straining. "Hold steady," one member says to another. "If you fail me we all go down together;"—and so, pushing this way and that as the builders disposed, the fabric has been held intact for seven or eight hundred years. The modern engineer can figure on paper exactly how it was done; but those men worked it all out through dearly bought experience in handling stone. There were many experiments and discouraging failures; but they dared to try, and try again, until the whole system stood complete. Applied to an arch the idea is of course inadequate; it was only when churches were built throughout with stone that the development of the outer bracing occurred. And in the perfection of the idea, what do we find? Essentially this:—A vast, immensely heavy, vaulted roof of stone poised high in the air upon slender piers, the powerful side thrusts of the vaults caught on the outside by flying buttresses and transmitted to other buttresses with their feet securely braced at the ground. There is no use for walls; the space from pier to pier is filled in with glass. One is amazed at the very thought of such a daring concept of a building. Patience and brute strength were sufficient to build the temples of Egypt; but here are men playing with the laws of gravitation. Surely it is interesting to trace some of the steps in such development.

The earlier churches were built with wooden roofs over both nave and aisles (Figure Two). Constructively, they presented few difficulties; their walls were heavy with small windows above the lean-to roof of the aisle, with columns carrying longitudinal arches to separate the nave from the aisles. The first efforts of the builders to vault their roofs with stone were in the aisles where the vaults were comparatively small and exerted very little pressure. But the pres-

sure of a vault is steady and persistent; so the outer wall was strengthened with a simple pilaster (Figure Three). In time this developed into a real buttress of more pronounced form. Now the point to be noted is that we may already tell from the exterior of the building something of its interior construction, whether its roof is of stone or of wood. But this, of course, is a long way from that system which we know as Gothic.

IT WAS when the builders sought to discard the wooden roof and vault the larger expanse of the nave that the complications began. It may be presumed that the step was taken primarily to give a more enduring form to the building, for we know that the wooden roofs were often destroyed by fire or in other ways. The early struggles of the builders to grapple with this new problem afford sufficient material for a book of intense interest. There are numerous ways in which a vault of stone may be constructed; but the subject is one of too technical a nature to follow here. In their early efforts the builders threw strong supporting arches across the nave and built vaults of the old Roman form between the arches. To strengthen the walls against the arches on the outside, buttresses of the pilaster type indicated in Figure Three were built; but in later years these were found to be insufficient. The roofs threatened to fall and another type of bracing had to be devised (Figure Six). Another experiment is shown in Figure Four, one of the abbey churches at Caen. Here the walls are very heavy and the window openings are still small. In this church one finds an apparent clumsiness in the workmanship, too; but these men were feeling a way into new and undeveloped principles. They had no reference library to turn to; no collection of casts, photographs and picture post cards to help them. They were thrown upon their own resources and inventive skill. The roof of the aisle was raised enough to enable them to construct a long half-barrel vault against the outer wall to transmit the thrust of the big nave vault across the aisle to the strong buttresses and thence to the ground. Time showed this to be another mistake, for the vault over the aisle is too low to catch the full force of the pressure from above.

But about this time necessity compelled these persevering workers to complete another important structural device without which, even to this point in fact, progress would have ceased. It must be understood that to build a vault of stone, of the Roman type, a very expensive and a complicated framework of wood is necessary. Furthermore the vault when completed is very heavy and unwieldy, exerting powerful side thrusts. Again, with Roman mortar the vault was

practically a solid when completed, and we know that the Mediæval builders had no such mortar; it may be that the secret was lost. So they attacked the problem in a different way and after many experiments devised a skeleton of stone ribs into which the roof proper was fitted and upon which it rested. And with this new device in hand they again forged ahead to the perfection of their system. The advantages were many, economically and structurally. It did away with much of the expensive preliminary work in wood, strengthened the ribs of the vault and divided the roof into sections so that a weakness in one part could be repaired without affecting the rest of the vault; it greatly diminished the outward pressure, and, perhaps most important of all, the skeleton frame of ribs, by sustaining the weight of the vault, enabled the builders to distribute the weight and the thrusts to definite points where they could deal with them in the most effective way (Figure Five).

Now, after more than one roof fell in from insufficient external support, the next step was to frankly adopt the primitive idea noted in Figure One, push above the roof of the aisle and throw a flying buttress up against the point where the pressure of the big vault was strongest. There was no precedent for such a unique constructive device; but it is ever a mark of genius to dare that which others hesitate to do because no one has ever done it before. They seemed to give no heed to the odd appearance that such a feature would inevitably give to the exterior of their buildings; it was necessary for the stability of the structure and that was reason enough for employing it,—and therein is the abiding lesson of Gothic architecture; the craftsmen always accepted without reserve the clue that sound construction offered them, giving to each feature such beauty as they could. In later years more sophisticated architects, hidebound to the "true style" and the "five orders," deplored all of the above as a relic of barbarism and diligently strove to hide their construction. Not so the Gothic builders; once established the flying buttress was seized upon joyfully and given endless variations.

On its first appearance it was treated much as if it were a part of the roof itself (Figure Six). Then the forms changed; a pinnacle was added,—for beauty? Indeed no; for weight at a point where weight was needed. Again they accepted the clue and the pinnacles sprang upward into countless beautiful forms. The top of the buttress was scooped out to conduct water from the main roof, and a spout naturally appeared to throw the water away from the building in order that ice might not form on the walls. This feature in turn became a source of joy to the stone carvers and was wrought into all manner of fanciful gargoyles (Figures Seven and Eight).

CONSTRUCTIVE logic developed another feature that is always associated with Gothic architecture,—the pointed arch. Its origin, at least with the Mediæval builders, was not from any æsthetic motives; clear-headed common sense brought it into general use. And here again it was a question of vaulting. A round arch vault has a very powerful side thrust; and moreover it will be noted from Figure Five that it is unsuited for the vaulting of oblong areas. As the height of a round arch is necessarily governed by its span, difficulties are presented which are done away with when a pointed arch is used. In the intersection of two pointed vaults the heights can be adjusted at will regardless of their respective spans. Once in use the pointed form of opening then extended to the windows and doors of the church.

With the pointed vault, the skeleton frame and the buttress system, the new constructive principle involved is apparent. It was not in those features alone, however, that the genius of the builders appeared. In the same logical way the west front was developed from a bare wall with simple doors and windows to the magnificent portals of Rheims. The spires of Chartres, before which one feels like taking a new grip on life, arose through many experiments from a simple belfry roof. And within the church, what one might call the nervous system of the thing is so organic that a near-sighted man may hasten to an examination of the base of a pier and know almost as much about the character of the structure above as the rest of us. For every molding and rib of the huge skeleton is articulated through the piers. Indeed, the pier seems more like a bundle of withes bound together than a single piece of masonry. And as the window openings were enlarged the glass workers filled the space from pier to pier with that hopelessly beautiful wealth of color, most of which, alas! has been shattered and destroyed. With an assured construction the stone carvers multiplied; from bottom stone to topmost pinnacle they wrought with a fertility of invention and imagination that never ceases to excite our wonder and admiration. In fact, there came a time when they were lost in the bewildering maze of their own fancies and staked their skill against the material in which they worked; it seemed more like lace on a delicate tracery of cobweb than stone. And therein came the inevitable decline. For the very life and vitality of a designer's work ebbs away whenever he turns from constructive problems and endeavors to create beauty for its own sake.

To other craftsmen, workers in wood, iron and other metals, the church sent forth a call for the best that mind and hand could do. In succeeding articles it is the intention to follow some of the activities of these other craftsmen from rude beginnings to those achievements of wonderful beauty that in these prosaic days we treasure as priceless.

THE COST OF A GAME: A STORY: BY EVA MADDEN

UIDO loved Messer Leonardo more than anyone else in the world, except Madonna Bianca, his mother. And as much as he loved Messer Leonardo he hated the French. In those days he was just ten, big-eyed, with soft curls for hair and the prettiest, most eager little face one can write about. He loved to go into the churches in his own great city, and there, amid the many colors of painted windows, marbles, and splendid frescoes, to pray to the Saints, the Madonna and the little Bambino Jesus, to bless Messer Leonardo who had promised to teach him to be a painter, and to drive away the French and bring back Duke Lodovico.

Now, Guido loved Messer Leonardo because, though he was the greatest artist in all the world—and the world just then, too, in the year fourteen hundred and ninety-nine, boasted more good artists than it ever had before or has since, for that matter—and knew how to play divinely on the lute, and how to build houses and plan canals, how to write books, to make statues and implements of war, and was able, at least so Guido thought, to explain everything there was in the world to explain, he was so kind that it was really better to be with him than to be with the other boys, playing.

He was handsome, too, tall and noble looking, and he could tell splendid stories, and there was a glow about him which warmed the spirits as the sun does the earth and the flowers. And he gave children little presents, an orange to Beppo, a fig or two to Luigi, a toy to Romolo, and he was kind to every person and thing. When a dog caught sight of him it almost smiled, certainly it wagged its tail and ran toward his hand for petting. Horses erected their ears at the sound of his step, and the poor birds imprisoned in cages by the bird-sellers knew that if Messer Leonardo, the Florentine, chanced to come their way he would buy every cage in sight, open the doors, and smile as he watched the rejoicing songsters fly heavenward.

There were also many reasons why Guido hated the French, the first being that all about him, his father, Messer Niccolà, his mother, Madonna Bianca, his Nonno, the neighbors, all of them, hated the French also. To begin with, they had come to Milan and had driven away Lodovico il Moro, the famous Duke who had done so much to make the city splendid. With the help of Messer Leonardo, he had constructed a wonderful canal and drained the country; he had widened the narrow, dark, dirty, ill-smelling streets; he had begged Messer Leonardo to plan a cupola for the great cathedral, and he had erected statues and constructed noble buildings.

For these many reasons then, Guido—like all the Milanese, who,

pleased at first by French rule, had grown restless under French oppression—hated the French. His special grievance against them, however, was that certain of their Gascon bowmen, for target practice, had made use of the model of Messer Leonardo's great equestrian statue of the Duke's father, Francesco Sforza, and bit by bit, an ear, a cheek, the nose, had shot away this work of genius. For fourteen years Messer Leonardo had labored upon it, and later, when the Duke should have had the money, it was to have been cast in bronze. When the Duke's cousin, Bianca Sforza, had married the Emperor Maximilian and there had been festivities at Milan, the model had been erected in the piazza of the Castello for the people to gaze upon, wonder over, and make their boast even long after every scrap of the model had vanished.

And then the French had come, and as they had shot Messer Leonardo's splendid work to ruins they had laughed and hurrahed, and so little Guido, who each day had gazed on the magnificent thing, hated them for their cruelty.

When he thought of it all he clenched his little dimpled fists and set his white teeth. He could never forget the look on Messer Leonardo's face when he spoke of it. It was as sad as the one he wore when he told Guido and the boys the sad fate of the little Golden Boy of Milan.

That was on an afternoon when Guido, running as fast as his ten-year-old legs could carry him, joined some boys whom he had promised to meet and play with in a certain piazza, where there was room to run in, not far from where the old Castello lifted its gray walls and turrets against the very blue sky of Milan.

He was late because he had stolen into a church and had knelt down to say a little prayer to the Madonna and Bambino about his being an artist. There in the dimness he had gazed from carving to statue, from fresco to splendid tomb, and a great wish had filled his little heart to overflowing. Oh, if he, little Guido of Milan, could one day add his own glorious pictures to these wonders!

He was thinking of this as he ran toward the boys, already gathered in the piazza. They hailed him, eagerly.

They were hot in talk against the French, some of whom had been annoying the family of little Romolo.

"They drove away our Duke, our splendid il Moro! They rule us badly here and we hate them!" cried Lorenzo, and he clenched his fists and stamped.

"*Si, si!*" cried clever-faced Giovanni, "it was different when Lodovico was here; my father says so."

"My father says we had processions," put in Beppo, his hands jerking at his belt.

Processions!

The boys pricked up their ears.

Above all else in the world Italians love processions.

"*Senti*" (which means listen), cried Guido, pushing into the conversation very eagerly, his brown eyes growing big, his curls bobbing as he tossed back his little red-capped head. "Listen, boys; I will tell you."

Even grave Giovanni smiled. They all loved to listen to Guido.

"Oh, they were splendid, those processions," he began, his high clear little voice thrilling, "they were magnificent, for Messer Leonardo planned them. Once he made all the planets and stars of *paradiso* and they sang a song in praise of our Duchess Beatrice D'Este. And he planned a bird with wings. And he had a great idea. Listen, it was to bring down the snow from the Alps and make it fall in our piazza in summer! He knows everything, does Messer Leonardo!"

"More, Guido *mio*, more!" cried the boys, and they pulled the little fellow to the steps of a church.

"We can sit here and listen!" cried Giovanni, but first they all bowed to the statue of the Madonna and Bambino.

Guido thrust back his little cap and began eagerly to describe all the glories of the days which had vanished with the flight of il Moro.

"And our Duke," he went on in his sweet boyish voice, "loved our Duchess more than all else in the world, and to please her he once made her, oh, the most wonderful *festa!* It was New Year and there were two thousand people invited, and there never was such a sight as their silks and brocades and jewels and laces. Messer Leonardo planned all the dishes for the table, and each one was molded in a form to tell a story. But the spectacle!" Guido spread out his hands; "it was called the Age of Gold and it showed the people what our Duke had done for Milan."

"It was the Age of Gold then," put in Giovanni, hitching at his little crimson tunic. "Everybody had plenty then, fine clothes, and food and all you wanted, but now——"

He spread out his hands and shrugged his shoulders in disgust.

"And if our Duke had remained," went on Guido, very earnestly, "Messer Leonardo would have invented wings, do you know that, boys? But now——" and he, too, spread out his hands and shrugged his little shoulders just as Giovanni had done, only his hands were dimpled and still babylike, while Giovanni's were long and thin and slender.

"If Messer Leonardo had made wings," said Guido, very wisely, "we could fly over the mountains to Rome to the Pope and ask him to come and drive away the French. And, oh, boys," and his eyes flashed, "if we had wings we could fly over the ocean to a strange new land which Messer Cristoforo Colombo of Genoa has just discovered! Messer Leonardo knows all about that also, and the men and women there are red, and the rivers are full of gold. Oh, how splendid it would be to fly!"

"*Si, si,*" cried the boys, and with a sudden rush they jumped down from the steps and ran about the street flapping their arms and leaping upward to see how it would feel to fly. When their breath was gone they came back to the steps and Guido.

"Our Duke believed in Messer Leonardo," announced Guido, as proudly as if he owned the artist, "*Senti,* boys, I will tell you something very important. Messer Leonardo would have found the Philosopher's Stone if the Duke hadn't been driven from Italy, and then everything he touched would have turned to gold."

"We don't believe it," said the boys, and one or two hooted.

But Guido persisted.

"The French have ruined everything," he cried, "*Viva il Moro!*" and he waved his little cap.

"*Viva il Moro!* Down with the French!" cried the boys, and they did not notice the black look which passed over the face of one of that race who at that moment came out of the church and heard them.

He was a soldier, and as he went his way, the little boys doubled up their fists and shook them at his back, their dark little Italian faces scowling.

"But the spectacle, dear Guido," and little Luigi, who loved stories, plucked at Guido's sleeve.

"*Si, si,*" and he smiled at the little fellow. He was almost a baby, little Luigi, and Guido felt like a man beside him. "There was a chariot and unicorns to draw it, and on it was a great globe to represent the world. It is round now, you know, since Messer Cristoforo Colombo has sailed to India." The boys gazed at Guido in admiration. He seemed to know everything, he learned so much from Messer Leonardo. "And on this globe," he continued, "was stretched a warrior in a cuirass of rusty iron. He," explained Guido, wisely, "was the 'Age of Iron' which was gone. From out his breast sprang a tiny little boy holding a branch of mulberry——"

"For our Duke," put in Lorenzo, and the boys nodded, all knowing that *il Moro* meant the mulberry, the emblem of their Duke Lodovico.

"And this little boy," continued Guido with great importance, "who was all gilded over his body until he was a golden *bambino*, waved his hand and sang:

"The Age of Gold shall brighten as of yore,
And all exulting sing: 'Long live the Moor' !"

"*Viva il Moro!*" cried the boys, "tell the rest, the rest!"

"Guido," whispered little Luigi, "I would like to be a little boy of gold and ride in a procession!"

But Guido had sprung from the steps, his face all aglow.

"Messer Leonardo!" he cried, "Messer Leonardo!"

Up the street was coming a tall, very handsome man, in a rose-colored cloak and flat Florentine cap. As he drew near, the boys could see the radiance which seemed to glow in the fine intellectual face whose frame was the splendor of long, fine, soft hair and flowing beard, and whose eyes seemed to be gazing into all the mysteries of life with a clear understanding.

When he saw his friends, the boys, his face broke into smiles, and every trace of sadness vanished in the bright warmth of his pleasure. He held out his hand for Guido's. The little fellow clasped it close, and Messer Leonardo smiled. With the other he encircled Luigi, and the boys clustered round.

Only Piero slunk back. Plucking at Giovanni's tunic, he whispered:

"*Ecco*, dear Giovanni, but my mother says Messer Leonardo has the Evil Eye," and he made a sign of horns with two fingers, as the Italians do to this day when they fear evil.

The other boys paid no heed, but drew Messer Leonardo to the steps and Guido, in the pretty fearless way some enchanting little children have even with people as famous as Messer Leonardo, begged him to finish the story.

And while they listened, he described to them the splendor of the Castello, of the guests in the fine raiment, the beauty of the Duchess Beatrice, and all the glory of the car of the "Age of Gold."

"And the little boy, Messer Leonardo, tell that," whispered Guido.

It was then that Messer Leonardo's face had grown sad and his eyes had seemed to glisten.

"He was such a pretty little fellow," he said, "and such a baby! I entreated them not to do it, but the mother was dead, and the father, a poor tinker, sold him for gold, sold his own little boy for gold, though they told him what must happen. It is so with us Italians. Gold, gold, all for gold! Sold his baby for a few *scudi*. It was a pretty sight to see the little golden fellow riding on the world

and waving his branch and crying, '*Viva il Moro!*' and I think, my little Luigi, that many little boys of Milan wished to be in his place that day, and were filled with envy when they saw the sunlight sparkling on the golden *bambino.*"

And Messer Leonardo patted Luigi's cheeks, which suddenly grew very red, as his eyes drooped.

"But when the *festa* was over the fine people forgot the Boy of Gold entirely. I went to him, for I knew what was to happen."

Then Messer Leonardo explained to the boys all about the workings of the human body and told them how they had stopped up all the pores of the little fellow's skin with their gold and for their splendor's sake, wicked men that they were, they had killed him, the pretty motherless little baby.

"He suffered much, and he cried for his mother, poor little one," and Messer Leonardo rose to go his way. He had been holding Guido's hand, and he kept it fast in his.

"Come with me, little one," he said, "I have something to show you."

Then he turned to the boys.

"He will return to you later," he promised.

As they made their way through the streets, Guido holding his hand and prattling away of the time when he, too, should be a great artist, now and then some woman standing in a shop door, or hanging out from some window, would make the sign of the horns or draw back and cross herself. Sometimes a man would suddenly swerve aside and take to the other side of the street.

"He is a wizard, that Leonardo da Vinci, the Florentine," was the whisper which long had passed in and about Milan.

When Messer Leonardo chanced to see such a man or woman a look of pain would, for a moment, pass like a cloud across the radiance of his face. Then his eyes would grow clear, his mouth smile again, and he would pass along his way as if nothing could ever disturb him.

After a short walk, he and Guido came to the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie.

"It was here, dear little Guido," said Messer Leonardo very sadly, "that our Lady Beatrice came on the evening before she died. Nothing has ever gone right since that day in Milan. She was the good angel of our Duke and when she went to *paradiso,* the other place began in our Milan."

As he talked he led little Guido through the door of the monastery there by the church and into a long narrow room where the monks took their meals.

Guido knew then what he was to see. Messer Leonardo long ago had promised him.

For a moment he closed his eyes, then he opened them.

He was only a little child who had not yet been confirmed or partaken of the Holy Communion, but he could not speak for the holiness of his awe.

On the wall he saw the picture of Our Lord and at the table with Him were His Disciples.

That was all, but today that same picture, broken, faded, old, restored, has a power possessed by none before nor after.

"And as they did eat," quoted Messer Leonardo, very softly, that little Guido might understand just what moment the picture represented, "He said, 'Verily, I say unto you that one of you shall betray me.' And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto Him, 'Lord, is it I?' "

Then he changed his tone.

"It is my 'Cenacolo,' little Guido, my 'Last Supper.' "

Little Guido knew them all. There was St. John whom Jesus loved, St. Peter and St. Andrew, his brother and——

"Oh, Messer Leonardo, there is Judas!" and he shrank away from the face which had so long baffled the brush of Messer Leonardo and delayed the picture.

Messer Leonardo gazed long at his "Cenacolo," still holding Guido's hand. Into that fresco he had put the labor of two weary years, and into it, too, he had put his dreams, his genius, his hope for immortality as an artist, always while he painted it being pulled away by his desire to be about any one or all of the many things which also interested him: his mathematics, his science, his sculpturing, all the talents which so fought to possess him that they never let him become the slave of any one of them long enough to finish any number of all the hundreds of things he was always planning, commencing and deserting.

As for Guido, his little heart seemed bursting, for his mother, and Messer Leonardo, too, had taught him to love the Lord Jesus and all the Saints. And here they were alive before him, and his baby eyes, without understanding, saw all the prophecy of the pain and suffering to be; saw all the shadow of the Great Tragedy of the Lamb and the Traitor; his little heart felt all the awe of that Holy Supper, and with it he realized, too, all the homeliness and familiar look of some men, like his own Babbo and Nonno, sitting down to a table with their friend. And as he gazed, it seemed to him that he had never before in all his little life felt such sorrow. Perhaps Messer Leonardo understood this, knowing what a sensitive little soul his was, for he

led him from the solemn room out into the bright sunlight of the afternoon.

"Run away now, my Guido," he said, "and play."

But Guido pulled at his hand.

"Messer Leonardo," he begged, "you will teach me as you do your pupils, as you do Salai?"

Messer Leonardo nodded.

"When you are older, my Guido," he answered with a smile.

Guido ran as fast as he could, for he knew the boys were waiting. His little brain was full of his future and he was planning, oh, such a picture, his mother for the Madonna, little Alfredo for the Bambino, when, with merry shouts, the boys rushed to meet him.

"We have a fine game!" they cried. "Listen, Guido, listen!"

"We are the French," announced one half.

"We are the Milanese," cried the other.

"You are the Duke, Guido," and Giovanni set him apart. "And here is Milan, see," and he indicated a place on the stone paving. "Now, see, we will besiege you, Milan will fall, you will be driven off and then later, with brave troops you will return and Milan will drive away the French. Come, tell us, isn't that a fine game? *Viva il Moro! Viva!* Down with the French!" yelled the boys.

It was a very innocent game. Little boys play the same today, but end it, part friends, run home and forget about it; but not these little Milanese children who, shouting, cheering and laughing, never dreamed the price Milan, Messer Leonardo, the world, and they themselves, were to pay for their pastime.

It went on just as boys today play at soldiering, but as they shouted a French soldier or two passed along—they were everywhere in Milan—paused to listen, shrugged and departed.

Piero led the Milanese, Giovanni, the French. The latter took Milan, the former, after many struggles, drove them off, Guido, his eyes flashing, his curls flying, in command as the returned Duke Lodovico il Moro.

"*Viva il Moro! Viva! Viva!* Down with the French! Down with the French!"

The boys' shrill voices echoed through the street and brought faces to the windows.

"*Viva il Moro!* The French! They fly! They fly!"

Down the street went the rosy-cheeked lads after Giovanni. On, on, the Milanese at their heels, faster, faster!

"*Viva il*——"

The little feet stopped short, the bright eyes faced a line of French guns, real ones, and they were leveled to shoot.

By night the city of Milan was in tumult.

"They have shot down our children, our innocent children, shot them down like dogs in the street! Down with the French! Down with them!"

They thronged the streets, they filled the marketplace, they surrounded the cathedral.

"Down with the French king!" they cried. "Our children, our murdered children!" And they seized guns, and they flashed knives and swords, and they fell upon the French and they massacred them, and they fought and killed until the streets ran red with the blood of their conquerors.

Milan was like a battlefield, and presently the French fled and il Moro returned, only, alas, to be driven away later, but before that came to pass Messer Leonardo heard a knock at his door.

Outside stood a monk, his face full of terror, his habit spattered and dashed with mud.

"Messer Leonardo," he panted, "come, I pray you come! Your picture! Your 'Cenacolo!' The French, driven out, have opened the sluices, the castle is flooded, and we fear for the monastery!"

"Impossible," answered Messer Da Vinci, his tones as calm as ever, "the water will never reach Delle Grazie." And, though the monk insisted, he refused to go.

"I have a child to see," he said, and went his way.

Madonna Bianca met him with the tears streaming down her face. Forgetting his "Last Supper," everything, Messer Leonardo knelt by the little bedside.

"Guido," he said, "Guido!"

Poor little fellow, they had shot him twice.

The priest had come with his little acolyte and the shadow of death was falling. He lay on his little bed, with that look which the cornflowers and poppies have when, cut down with the wheat, they lie about the fields in the hot sunlight.

His eyes, though, were bright and his lips quivering.

"The French have gone, Guido *mio;* the Duke is at Como, soon he will be here," said Messer Leonardo.

"They killed our children, they shot my Guido, *Dio mio, Dio mio,*" wept Madonna Bianca.

But Messer Leonardo was not listening. Holding Guido's little hand in his right one he was drawing fast with his left. He could not help it. He must draw, he must catch the look of the dying child. Later, he might make a picture of it, or he might forget all about it and go to something else, but still he must not suffer one thing of life to escape him, he must gather it all with pencil, brush,

brain, heart, as the earth makes use of flowers, plants, grasses, everything, to drink in the life-giving rain of heaven.

As he drew, the poor little play Duke's hand grew cold in his, and his spirit went to the *paradiso* where had gone before him, Luigi, Giovanni and Piero and the others of those little Milanese boys, who playing at soldiers on the streets of their own Milan had been shot down like great warriors.

"Guido, my Guido!" wept Madonna Bianca, and cried out against the French.

Messer Leonardo went home in sadness. Again the monk was at his door. Again he refused to worry. Again they sent for him, and again.

At last he went.

When his keen nose detected an odor of stagnant water, he laid his hand quickly on his heart, which beat like a hammer.

His statue was ruined, the children who loved him were dead, and now his "Cenacolo"—at first he dared not lift his eyes. He had refused to paint his frescoes as other painters did theirs, in the everyday way which should preserve them from water. He had invented a new way of his own, he believed it to be superior, but—he lifted his eyes.

On the table-cloth near the feet of St. Bartholomew he saw a long crack, the color was fading, and there was a patch of mold.

Into that picture he had put all the greatness of the greatest mind of the world, and when he beheld its ruin his head sank to his breast, his long beard sweeping low in sadness.

There was nothing to do. The picture must go the way of the statue. People might gaze upon it for years—and they did and do——but, damaged, cracked and water-stained, it was no longer his "Cenacolo."

Leaving the monastery he went to his home where his favorite pupil, whom he loved as a son, was busy cleaning brushes.

"Come, my Salai, come," said Messer Leonardo. "Tonight we leave Milan forever."

THE REAL DRAMA OF THE SLUMS, AS TOLD IN JOHN SLOAN'S ETCHINGS: BY CHARLES WISNER BARRELL

HEN an artist feels within him the strong tide of desire to get down into the recesses of human nature and to depict it as it is, he turns, almost perforce, to the phases of human life which are farthest removed from the softening influences of wealth and culture,—not that he does not recognize that human nature, whether in the rough or polished until all the angles are decorously rounded, is all one, and that "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skin,"—but the nearer he can get to the unveiled play of passions and sensations, or to the mere seeking for animal well-being or the dull suffering that comes when it is lacking, the more trenchant are his strokes and the more sweeping his masses of color. The art of a man like Sargent lies in the insight and the power of subtle depiction which leaves the veil intact even while it reveals the inmost nature of the soul which glimmers through and stamps itself upon delicately chiseled and well-controlled features. But the art of men like Eugene Higgins or John Sloan is more obvious and direct, for it comes down to such bald realities as we find in the stories of Jack London and of the late Frank Norris, showing, in all its native tragedy or grotesqueness, the life of that part of humanity which to most of us is known only vaguely as the "other half."

Even in the closest approach to the raw reality of things, it is difficult for an artist to avoid idealizing and so dignifying his subject. The strong, heavy, patient figures of Millet's peasants have at times the immensity of Titans, so close are they to the great primal things of earth and of life; the terrible, heart-wringing poverty, which is the chosen theme of Eugene Higgins, has also a sense of universality, as if the artist saw only abstract human wretchedness in great shadowy masses and painted what he saw. But John Sloan, both in his paintings and in the brilliant relentless little etchings which give us such vivid glimpses of New York life, shows no tendency to grasp human wretchedness in the mass, but rather to show here and there a detached bit of life which has the power of suggesting the whole turbid current.

Master of a psychologic outlook that seems one with that of Dickens or of Balzac, Sloan has registered on canvas, copper and paper his appreciation of the swarming life of the big American cities in which he has lived. He has not sought feverishly for academic motives and poetic *nuances*, so-called,—everything that is

"THE LITTLE BRIDE": ETCHING BY JOHN SLOAN.

human has been grist for his mill, though it may be said that he has more than often found a dash of saving humor in the situations he has depicted. It seems natural that he should be an admirer of the work of Hogarth and of the two Cruikshanks, H. K. Browne and Honore Daumier, and in this connection it is interesting that, even at this stage of his career, he has evinced a greater versatility in his handling of vehicles than any of these famous commentators on the human comedy,—with, possibly, the exception of Hogarth. Indeed, it is with an insight, sympathy and relish quite similar to that which actuated the great eighteenth-century master that he has set about his self-appointed task of tallying with the pencil, brush and needle "the broadcast doings of the day and night." His work proclaims him as the possessor of the same keen, retentive eye as that which distinguished the painter of "The Rake's Progress." By this I do not mean in the least that Sloan imitates Hogarth's manner, for the point of similarity between the famous Englishman and the young American artist lies in the fact that both seem temperamentally akin in their appreciation of the common, everyday life of parlor and pave.

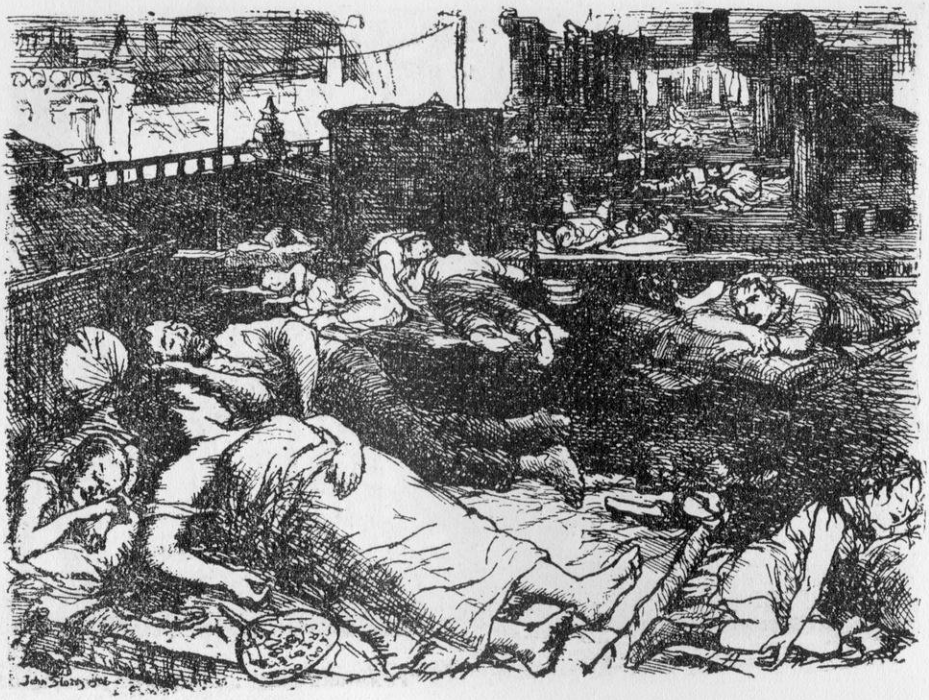
Seeking for a literary analogy to Sloan's art, I have compared

"FUN—ONE CENT": ETCHING BY JOHN SLOAN.

his viewpoint to that expressed in the work of both Dickens and Balzac, but it might be nearer the mark to mention him in conjunction with William Ernest Henley, the poet laureate of the city street,—the London street in particular. Henley would have reveled in such an illustrator, for in Sloan he would have found an able collaborator, one with an unfailing "sense of the poetry of cities, that rarer than pastoral poetry, the romance of what lies beneath our eyes, in the humanity of the streets, if we have but the vision and the point of view!"

The author of "London Voluntaries" missed more than he knew in dying without a view of Sloan's series of etchings, known as "New York Life," and his transcripts in oils, notably "The Rathskeller," "The Picnic Ground," "The Foreign Girl," "The Haymarket," and "The Coffee Line."

THE scenes represented in the etchings range from Fifth Avenue during the afternoon driving hour to the slum roof-tops on a sweltering midsummer night. Sloan has made them as brutally frank and as inherently humorous as life itself. He has put in all the warts and jocular curves. Mrs. Grundy would disapprove of many of these bald depictions, but the man who finds the essence



"ROOFS—SUMMER NIGHT": ETCHING BY JOHN SLOAN.

of romance, tragedy and humor in actuality will probably go back to them again and again with an ever-deepening appreciation not only of their relentless truthfulness but of their significance in showing the trend of some phases of what we are pleased to style civilization.

Among the paintings, perhaps the best known are "The Rathskeller," "The Picnic Ground" and "The Coffee Line,"—often miscalled "The Bread Line,"—as these three canvases have attracted no little attention when they have been exhibited on various occasions. "The Coffee Line," which received honorable mention at the Carnegie Institute in nineteen hundred and five was the most talked of picture of the entire exhibition, and it was largely the strong impression which Sloan made at that time that brought about his recent appointment as head instructor of the Art Students' League of Pittsburgh. Sloan and his brother revolutionaries are often called "Apostles of the Ugly," but the critic who first applied the phrase must never have seen his "Foreign Girl," a beautiful and trenchantly handled study of robust femininity, with graceful unconventional pose and living flesh tints. "The Rathskeller" gives us a glimpse of a scene below ground in the heart of metropolitan Philadelphia—a place of gloomy corners, filled now with bibulous mirth and the rattle of steins and

"THE SHOW-CASE": ETCHING BY JOHN SLOAN.

now with the spirit of imminent tragedy which hovers over the *demi-monde*. On "The Picnic Ground," which was shown at the nineteen hundred and six and seven National Academy, a bevy of city hoydens are romping through a game of tag. They are evidently guests at an "outing" given by a political association in the vicinity of East Fourteenth Street, and Sloan has preserved for us here a vivid slice of familiar observation. The scene of "The Coffee Line" is Madison Square on a bitter, blustery night in winter when the shivering unemployed are forming a ragged waiting line at the rear of a hot coffee wagon. Startling in its fidelity, the picture displays Sloan in one of his most tense and dramatic moods. It is as great a depiction and as biting a commentary upon the social system of our big cities as Stephen Crane's unforgetable prose sketch entitled "The Men in the Storm," or one of Gorky's poignant little masterpieces.

JOHN SLOAN is classed as a member of what is known in our academic art circles as the "Revolutionary Gang," or the "Black School." To speak more plainly, he belongs to that coterie of earnest American realists of which Robert Henri and George Luks are noteworthy members. In common with Luks and many of the others, his work has suffered rejection time and again at the hands of

official juries of selection, although a few of his canvases have been hung at exhibitions at different times, on which occasions they have aroused the interest, not to say the enthusiasm, of the discerning.

Sloan was born in the lumbering community of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, on the second of August, eighteen hundred and seventy-one. He studied in the evenings for a term or two at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, but in general he may be said to be self-taught in art. He owes much of his deftness and vivid human interest to his long newspaper apprenticeship. For several years he was a staff artist on the *Philadelphia Press*. It is rather interesting at this point to note that Luks, Shinn, Glackens, and one or two other brilliant members of the revolutionary forces, were also newspaper artists during the chrysalis stages of their respective careers. Indeed, the illustrated American newspaper seems destined to become a training school for American painters in almost the same degree that it has become a training school for American novelists. Through his journalistic work Sloan developed a rapidity of execution and a clear-cut, incisive facility of expression in varied forms, which he might never have gained in any other way. He early learned to handle the etcher's needle with a measure of distinction, but he did not take up painting until about ten years ago. His first canvases were all done in a much lower key than that which he now affects. "Independence Square," "The Look of a Woman," "Violin Player," "Boy with Piccolo," "Dock Street, Philadelphia," and "Tugs," are the names of the best examples of his first serious work in oils. Somber in tone these pictures are, almost without exception, but interesting to a degree.

In nineteen hundred and four Sloan left Philadelphia, and since then he has made his home in the heart of New York City in a picturesque top-story den on West Twenty-third Street, just on the outskirts of the seething Tenderloin. New York is to him America crystallized, and from his roof or his studio windows he can watch the pageant of humanity stream by in all its million phases. He has not traveled to distant lands for material or sought to surprise life and nature in unfamiliar guises, but has taken the subjects that are commonest and nearest at hand and limned them forth with the strong, sure strokes of a man who sees life with clear eyes and knows how to interpret that which he sees.

THE SPELL OF NÜRNBERG: BY PHILIP VAN ALSTYNE

IT MAY be as you step out of the train at Nürnberg—in spite of all the trolleys you have taken to shrines of the past—that the waiting trams, the sense of busy life about the station, will come to you with a sense of shock. Perhaps for you the name of Nürnberg calls up images of gorgeous processions of the guilds between high gabled houses and along the banks of the river, the serene figure of Hans Sachs in the arched doorway of his house, the austere face of Albrecht Dürer bending over his work beside one of the mullioned windows we see in his pictures. Yet, after all, there is the rugged Frauenthor close to the modern station. We must pass under it as of old to enter the town. And that is typical of the Nürnberg that was and is. The Nürnberg of today is a prosperous modern town, but the past is there beside it, under it, through it. The first shock of that impression of modernity is, one realizes, a superficial impression. It is in a sense the same Nürnberg as of old; the atmosphere is full of memories of which there are visible reminders at every step. Nürnberg was always busy and prosperous, and after a while it comes to one that it is more right and suitable that it should preserve its traditions and contribute its share to the world's work today instead of being merely a monument to its beautiful past.

Nürnberg, it must be remembered, was a free city of the empire until eighteen hundred and six. Since then it has belonged to Bavaria. Its castle, the Kaiserburg, which dates from the eleventh century, belongs in common to the Bavarian and Prussian royal families, and it is there they stay when visiting the city. It is a fine, simple old structure, not the least interest of which lies in its beautiful old paneled ceilings and old porcelain stoves—though the chapel contains some pictures by the elder Holbein, Wohlgemuth and Krafft.

If Nürnberg is one of the places you have visited in your dreams before your feet have actually walked its streets, you will not want to go sight seeing at once, or begin by following your excellent and indispensable Baedeker. You will just want to walk through the strong old Frauenthor up the Königstrasse past the thirteenth century church of St. Lorenz—noting its sculptured portal perhaps without studying its detail, and saving the beautiful old glass windows and sculpture and carvings within for a later time. You pass some beautiful old houses with dark carved wood ornamentation, and you pass over the bridge where the policeman will let you stop and dream over the reflections of the houses in the Pegnitz, provided you follow

traffic rules and keep to the right-hand path. A few years ago one of the parallel bridges that had little houses built upon it all the way across was declared unsafe and torn down. You are fortunate if your first visit to Nürnberg was before this picture making landmark disappeared.

You pass the Frauenkirche, reserving enjoyment of its treasures also for a future hour, but you stop to smile at the quaint little "Goose Man," a small bronze figure of a peasant carrying a goose, which stands over a fountain. It is one of the characteristic monuments of Nürnberg. You pass the Schöner Brunnen with its numerous bronze statues and the Rathaus, which was built in the seventeenth century. (Quite a modern building!) You pass St. Sebaldus and the little chapel of St. Moritz, and you may want to stop at once at the little Bratwurst Glöcklein which leans cosily against the chapel, a little beer and sausage resort of ancient origin. Patrons can barely squeeze into the narrow room, where newly cooked sausages steam at the entrance, and the best of Bavarian beer is served in steins that look as though they might be survivals from the days of Hans Sachs. Indeed Sachs' own stein is solemnly exhibited to you, as well as those of other local celebrities centuries long since gone into dust, but whose names live after them.

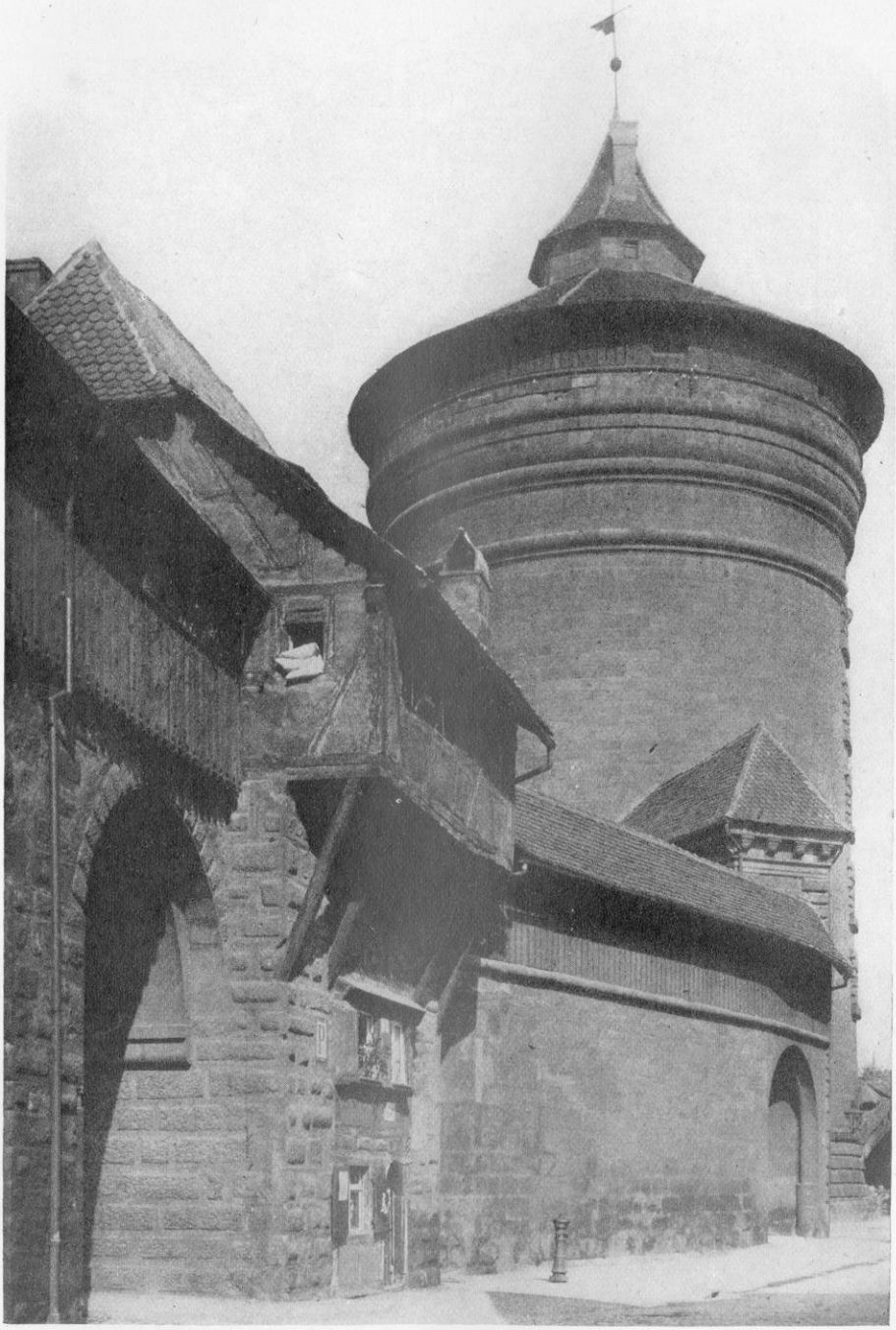
Then you walk all about the little town, lingering longest, perhaps, by the ancient fortifications and the oldest and crookedest streets—a poor part of the town now—where the houses are centuries old and you more than half expect to meet *Eva Pogner* around the corner arm in arm with her father, where you can easily imagine the riot following upon *Beckmesser's* serenade and the scandalized night-capped heads appearing at all those high windows against a background of candle light. Then when you have seen it all you are ready to wander about the dim aisles of the old churches, to spend hours in the indescribably wonderful old museum which is a suppressed Carthusian monastery of the fourteenth century, and examine at your leisure the treasures it contains. If you want to appreciate to the utmost the achievement of Nürnberg's artist-artisans, you will realize it there. Not to speak of the wonderful wood sculptures, the old wrought iron locks alone are sufficient material for an important museum. A school of design might be founded upon its examples. You will want to visit St. Catherine's Church which was long used by the *Meistersänger* as their school and where, you remember, *Eva Pogner* met young *Walther von Stolzung*, and where the apprentices teased *David* and *Walther* with their delectable taunting song—for if you love "Die Meistersinger" it must be inextricably mixed up with all your sense of Nürnberg.

"THE NÜRNBERG MADONNA": A RARE PIECE OF WOOD CARVING IN THE OLD CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY.

THE RIVER WHICH RUNS THROUGH NÜRNBERG IS SPANNED HERE AND THERE BY PICTURESQUE OLD BUILDINGS.

OLD NÜRNBERG HOUSES WITH BEAUTIFUL WOODEN BALCONIES AND TILED ROOFS.

INNER COURT IN THE OLD TUCHER HOUSE IN NÜRNBERG.



THE SPITTLERTHOR, NÜRNBERG: WITH A DWELLING HOUSE IN THE OLD WALL.

ANOTHER place in which to linger and dream dreams is the Albrecht Dürer house, which, except for its lack of complete furniture and household utensils, probably looks as it did in the great artist's time. You can buy beautiful prints of his engravings there for a mark apiece. There are other houses in Nürnberg equally wonderful, and it is not difficult to obtain permission to see them. The simple kindly Bavarians are proud of their past and its relics, and if courteously approached will show the utmost kindness and hospitality to the stranger.

The guide books will tell you about the pictures by Albrecht Dürer and von Kulmbach, the carved wood and bronze statues of Wohlgemuth, Riemenschneider, Krafft and Veit Stoss, the stained glass and the wonderful smith work of Nürnberg; one cannot very well experience the æsthetic joy of them without seeing them, but if you have not yet seen Nürnberg and yet divine that you will love it and want to picture it, imagine instead the time-stained houses, the steep red-brown roofs, the turrets and strong stone towers and walls, the slow brown river upon whose banks the *Meistersanger* met for their contests of verse and song. There are fascinating junk shops, too, along the banks of that river where occasional treasures may be found. You may see a woman lean out of the window and draw up a pail of water from the river for her needs, and it makes modern plumbing seem a poor thing, although, alas, the woman would probably prefer the brass faucet if she had it! There are places other than museums and cathedrals where you want to linger, and which are just as true a part of Nürnberg past and present. There are the toy shops, for one thing. Did you realize that Germans were the first organized manufacturers of children's toys and that they have always been a specialty of Nürnberg? The most fascinating objects for small children are to be found there—very different from the unimaginative marvels of modern toy structures with which our toy shops are filled.

Nürnberg has its comfortable modern hotels, not so grossly pretentious as to offend—just comfortable. It has quainter and cheaper quarters that are clean and satisfactory. It has interesting and inexpensive old restaurants like the Goldene Posthorn. Then there are other memories of Nürnberg, unimportant yet somehow persistent when important facts escape the mind. There is the Tiefer Brunnen near the Vestnorthor Thurm where the stone dropped does not send up its ghostly splash in the water for several seconds. There are the grim torture chambers in the Kaiserburg where the dread Iron Virgin still stands, a hollow iron figure lined with spikes into which the victim was thrust; and there are other equally grisly re-

minders of a picturesque but less humanitarian age. There is that old lime tree in the castle court said to have been planted in ten hundred and two by the wife of the Emperor Henry the Second—and how the perfume of lime trees is bound up with all one's memories of Germany!

Nürnberg is not one of those ancient European cities where one feels the dominance of the kings and nobles and of the rich luxurious class. It is noted for what is called its domestic architecture, and that fact speaks volumes. For while the government was originally in the hands of its patrician families, it was wrested from them by the civic guilds in the fourteenth century. It is true the nobles won it back again, and bitter feuds continued for some time to exist between the two parties—which however seemed not to interfere in the least with the growth and development of the town both in art and industries. Nürnberg was obviously never a poor city. The happiness of a moderate and relatively equal prosperity is impressed upon it. It will be remembered that at that wonderful period, the beginning of the sixteenth century, it was, like Augsburg, one of the chief depots of trade between Germany, Venice and the East, and we can imagine in one of their impressive religious ceremonials or one of those gorgeous processions of the guilds, that strange wonderful Oriental stuffs were worn by its citizens as well as the beautiful native fabrics.

How is one to give any adequate impression of the art treasures of Nürnberg! Continental cities contain many of greater importance in one sense. Perhaps it is only when one is in love with Germany and under the spell of Mediævalism that Nürnberg seems so unique, so rare, so different from any other place. It is small, for one thing, and one can realize it intensely without the fatigue that the most interesting of sight seeing must cause when wonder is piled on wonder. You can sit in the beautiful old St. Lorenz under the many colored light of its fifteenth century windows, you can marvel at the wonderful sense of life imprisoned in the old wooden carvings, you can dream over the look of the enduring old walls in the late sunlight, you can wander in the subdued light of the beautiful stone cloisters of the museum. It is a place for dreams—one of the places where one feels convinced of the truth of that Eastern belief that the spirits of persons and events live on in some inexplicable way in the atmosphere and the stone walls that sheltered them. Albrecht Dürer, Adam Krafft, Veit Stoss, Peter Vischer, the brass founder, Michael Wohlgemuth, Hans Pleydenwurff, Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, each and all have left something behind them more than their tangible works. Perhaps that is the real spell of Nürnberg.

RECLAIMING THE DESERT: THE TRANSFORMATION OF ARID LANDS INTO FARMS AND HOMES: THE QUICKENING OF NEVADA: BY FORBES LINDSAY

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is one of a series of articles which THE CRAFTSMAN is publishing for the benefit of the prospective settler, in which it is our purpose to treat exhaustively the work of reclaiming Western lands by means of irrigation projects.]

HEN the discovery of gold in California started a stream of seekers after sudden wealth across the continent, there was no more dreaded portion of their perilous journey than the desolate stretch of sun-baked desert between the Wahsatch Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. It was a forbidding country, uninhabited, save for a few nomadic bands of hostile Indians. Bare buttes, gray sage and bunch grass filled the landscape. Under a cloudless sky and through a haze of alkali dust, the prospecting parties made their way across the arid tract of four hundred miles. Men and beasts dying of thirst fell by the wayside, and bleached bones marked the trail with sinister significance. When the gold seekers gained the summit of the Sierra pass, they looked back upon that grim region of silence and death with shuddering repulsion and hastened forward to the land of promise—and disappointment.

And yet in this deathlike wilderness were life and wealth—latent, it is true, but not the less present in abundance—life in the rich soil, copious store of water and untold gold and silver in the rocks. But all this was as a closed book to the "forty-niners" who painfully plodded across the plateau of Nevada. They left it as they found it—an untouched waste—and so it remained for about a decade, until the secret of its mineral treasures was discovered.

Then the solitude of the desert was broken by numerous mining towns, and the hum of industry resounded among the hills. Nevada awoke and grew and flourished until her population numbered seventy thousand. But the outpour of gold and silver had not benefited the territory. It had laid no foundation for a permanent and prosperous community and when, at the close of the seventies the located mines began to fail, half the population migrated to more promising fields. Grazing began to assume important proportions and crops of hay were raised through rude and easy methods of irrigation. Still, the possibilities of the dormant soil were not suspected.

The opening of this century brought Nevada a rich return of prosperity. Miners flocked to the newly discovered Tonopah gold fields, and towns sprang up on every hand. The Southern Pacific Railway crossed the State with its main line, and other roads threw

spurs into it. The stream of gold began to run again even more plenteously than in the days when the famous Comstock lode fed it.

But though Nevada's treasure gave millions to many capitalists and made thousands of miners rich, though it built railways, constructed telegraph systems and started factories, the region that was the source of all these beneficences hardly gained anything from them. The output of the mines went east and west. It stimulated San Francisco and strengthened New York. It promoted public utilities beyond the borders of the territory, and the men made wealthy by it took their money elsewhere to spend.

Nevada set her foot upon the first rung of the ladder of sound and permanent prosperity on the seventeenth day of June, nineteen hundred and five. This was the third anniversary of the creation of the Reclamation Service and the day upon which the first unit of the great Truckee-Carson project was formally opened. The waters that rushed through the headgates of the works gave promise of greater ultimate wealth than the mines will ever yield and of—what is of greater consequence—a citizen population attached to the soil and devoted to the welfare of the State. With the irrigation of her marvelously rich land, Nevada has entered upon the first stage of true and lasting development.

THE Truckee-Carson project when completed—and ninety per cent. of the work has been done—will open to settlement by small cultivators, three hundred and fifty thousand acres of the most fertile land, will afford homes to fifty thousand persons on farms and occupation to many additional thousands in the towns included in the tract or adjacent to it. The project, in its entirety, will cost nine millions of dollars, but it will create an immediate aggregate value of eighteen millions and a prospective value of at least twice that amount. A few years hence the crop from this area will sell in a single year for as much as it has cost to reclaim the land. It would be difficult to find a section offering greater advantages in the matters of climate, soil, markets and transportation facilities.

Nevada is the driest of the arid States and the most thinly populated division of our country. Its area is equal to that of Italy, which has seven hundred and fifty times as many inhabitants. Less than four per cent. of Nevada's territory is occupied by farms and only one per cent. of it is improved. But this rich region will eventually be settled as closely as is the contiguous Salt Lake Valley, and its irrigated lands will support half a million people, forming compact communities, devoted to intensive cultivation on small farms. Mines decrease in value with operation, but every day's intelligent labor

expended upon the soil enhances its worth and its capacity for supporting population.

With the exception of a small corner in the southeast, the State of Nevada lies within the Great American Basin, which embraces one hundred square miles of its domain, a region equal in extent to the combined areas of Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia and New Jersey. Although in reality a plateau with average elevation of four thousand feet, this territory is relatively a huge depression shut in on every side by mountain systems and interspersed by minor ranges, with peaks rising to altitudes of ten and twelve thousand feet. The rivers that originate in the enclosing walls of this Basin, having no outlet, either flow into the lakes and evaporate or expend themselves over the surface of the sands. Conserving this waste flow and distributing the waters over the fertile arid lands is the problem.

The Truckee and Carson rivers have their sources in the Sierra Nevada and gain the interior of the State by flowing in a northeasterly winding course through the mountains. The former, previous to the intervention of the Reclamation Service, emptied into Pyramid and Winnemucca lakes and the latter lost itself in Carson Sink. These rivers flow parallel to each other and at one point are not more than twenty miles apart.

The plan evolved and carried out by Mr. L. H. Taylor, the engineer responsible for the construction of the project, entailed the diversion, by means of a dam and a great canal thirty miles in length, of the waters of the Truckee into the Carson drainage, and the union of the rivers in a long depression which has been converted into a reservoir with a capacity of nearly three hundred thousand acre-feet. A few miles beyond this artificial lake another diversion dam directs the combined flow into two large canals which are the feeders for a system of distributing ditches aggregating hundreds of miles in length.

The scheme is simple in its conception, but much money and hard work have been expended on its accomplishment. By the utilization of a number of upper lakes for flood storage, and the conservation, in the manner described, of the flow of the Truckee and Carson rivers, the priceless waters which for ages have run to waste will make fruitful thousands of farms.

The Easterner is apt to entertain very erroneous ideas about the Desert. He pictures it as a flat, featureless waste of sand, intensely hot and hardly habitable. He forgets that many of the ancient civilizations had their birth and growth in the heart of the desert. He overlooks the fact that the most fruitful spots in the world today—such as the States of Utah and Colorado, for instance—are

reclaimed arid lands. Nor can he appreciate that indefinable charm which the desert exerts over all who dwell within it. The man who has lived for a few years under the influence of the opalescent atmosphere, the warm subdued tints of herbage and hills and the pungent smell of sage, seldom desires to forsake them and, if he does so, can never shake off the yearning to return.

The dweller who makes his home in Nevada sacrifices nothing of the essential comforts and pleasures of life. Indeed, in almost every particular, the conditions are preferable to those that prevail in the older agricultural sections of the humid region. Isolation, which is usually one of the chief detriments to farming, is not to be feared here, for the majority of the units in the irrigated area are forty and eighty acres, which will necessitate close settlement and the establishment of numerous small towns. The climate is exceptionally invigorating and dry, so that, while the readings of the thermometer may be more extreme than in Eastern States, the sensible temperature is not so. There is abundance of fine scenery and good hunting to be had within a few hours' ride of any homestead "under the ditch."

BUT the chief concern of the settler is with lands and crops, markets and transportation. The soil on the Truckee-Carson tract is of many varieties and well adapted to the growth of any of the plants which thrive in the northern temperate zone. The bench lands are sandy and well drained, and in many places afford the protection from frost necessary to the successful cultivation of fruit. The bottom lands are heavier in texture and suitable to the raising of fodder, cereals and vegetables. But whatever its character, the land of Nevada, when subject to the magic touch of water, yields abundantly. The section irrigated by the Government is nearly free from alkali and there is no evidence of loss of crops from this source. To make "assurance doubly sure," however, a system of drainage has been installed which includes every farm on the project.

Portions of the Truckee-Carson tract have been farmed with marked success during the past two or three years, but there are hundreds of homesteads at present open to settlement, not to mention the equally desirable railroad lands included in the project. The former are sub-divisions varying in size from forty to one hundred and sixty acres, according to the location and character of the lands; the average being eighty acres. Any citizen of the United States may secure one of these farms by making a selection, filing his claim, complying with the simple requirements of the Reclamation Service and taking up actual residence within six months. The charge for water right is thirty dollars per acre, and the cost of operation and

maintenance, forty cents per acre per year. The water charge is carried over a period of ten years in equal instalments, but the first payment must be made at the time of entry.

The agricultural development of the past two years in the Carson Valley has proved that some of the richest land falling within the Government irrigation system is owned by the Central Pacific Railway Company. It is conveniently located along the line of the road and can be bought at an average price of five dollars an acre on easy terms of payment. Inseparable from its purchase, however, is the condition that the settler shall apply to the proper Government officer for a water right within ninety days of sale.

Honest intelligent labor will insure in a few years to any settler on these lands a comfortable, independent livelihood and provision for the future of his family. Some have attained this assured position in the brief time since the opening of the first unit of the project. A moderate amount of capital is needed in making a start, as it would be anywhere. One thousand dollars, at least, should be at the command of the settler taking up virgin land on the Truckee-Carson tract. In case he enters eighty acres, nearly three hundred dollars will be consumed in meeting the first water assessment and the filing charges. A house, barn, well, fences, farm machinery, horses, tools, seed and household furniture will be needed. As no returns can be expected from the soil before the end of the first year, provisions for the family and feed for the stock must be bought. The prices of everything are high in this new country at present, a condition to the advantage of the established farmer who is a seller to a greater extent than he is a buyer. A new settler may complain of paying ten dollars a ton for hay, but in his second year he will be glad to receive that price for it.

A number of men have succeeded here with considerably less than one thousand dollars to start with, but they are exceptions, not to be followed as guides. One case is cited, however, to show the possibilities open to the energetic settler in this wonderful western land. A mechanic, without any experience of farming, filed a homestead on the Truckee-Carson project in nineteen hundred and six. He possessed four hundred dollars, but contrived to make a living for his family by doing odd jobs at his trade until such time as the land was in condition to support them. In his first year he planted a small patch of ground; in his second he had sixteen acres under cultivation; in nineteen hundred and eight he seeded forty additional acres, but owing to the adverse season, got little from it. In spite of these difficulties, he harvested over one hundred tons of hay last fall. His garden and chickens and cow supplied the family, and his land is now

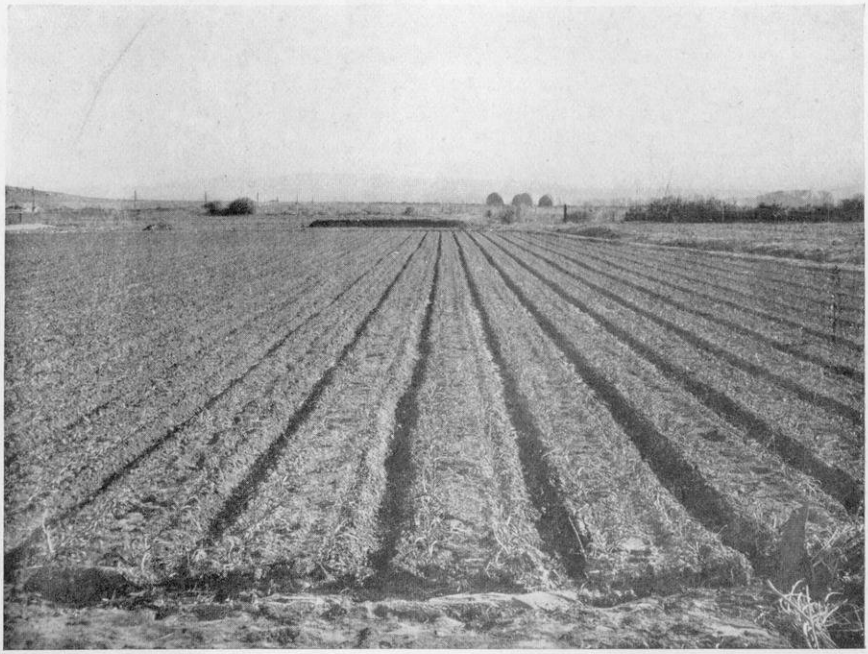
in such a condition that he can rely upon it for a living without resorting to his trade. Today he would not take four thousand dollars for his homestead. This man owes his success to hard work, the use of common sense methods in farming and, not a little, to the aid of his wife and two children.

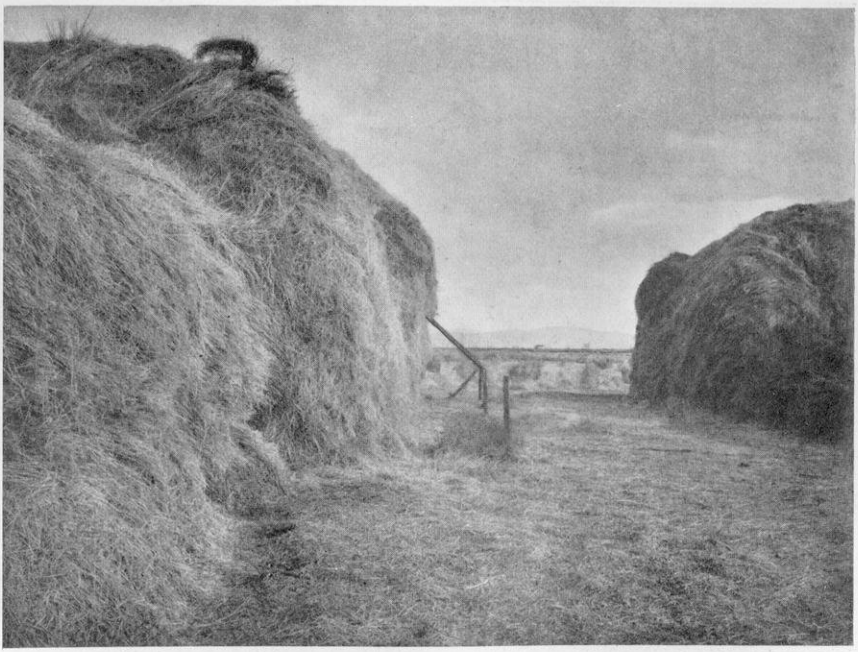
THE community, already a numerous one, is receiving constant additions from all parts of the country. Some of the most successful settlers are from humid regions and have no knowledge of irrigation. This, however, is but a slight handicap. Short experience suffices to put an intelligent man in the proper way of treating irrigated land and the Government has made special provision for instruction in the matter by the establishment of a model farm at Fallon, where the settler may learn the general principles of irrigation, and also ascertain the crops for which his individual land is best adapted.

The tract contains several post-office towns of a few hundred inhabitants each. Along the line of the railroad are strung at short intervals hamlets that will eventually grow into busy centers. The town of Fallon, which is the seat of Churchill County and the geographical, social and commercial center of the project, is the terminus of a branch of the Southern Pacific Railway. This place, which is an outgrowth of the Government irrigation work, now has a population approximating fifteen hundred, and is growing rapidly. It does an extensive business with the mining camps in the adjacent mountains and is the distributing point for territory within a radius of fifty miles. Fallon has many beautiful homes and shaded streets, for trees were planted here as long ago as thirty years. It boasts a public-school building and a high-school building, which cost in the aggregate twenty-five thousand dollars.

There are in the Carson Valley lands that have been continuously cultivated during forty years with no diminution of yield and without the employment of artificial fertilizers. Now, alfalfa, the potent soil renovator, is extensively grown. Three crops of four or five tons per acre are secured, after which stock may be pastured in the field for two or three months. Alfalfa is the principal forage in Nevada. It sells for six or eight dollars a ton in the stack, but some thrifty farmers get the maximum returns by carrying their crops to the nearby mining camps, where twelve dollars a ton is paid for hay, and hauling back ore to the railroad.

Nevada wheat is acknowledged to be superior in quality. The average acre yield is about thirty-five bushels. But the Experiment Station Farm at Reno produces twice as much, and seventy-five



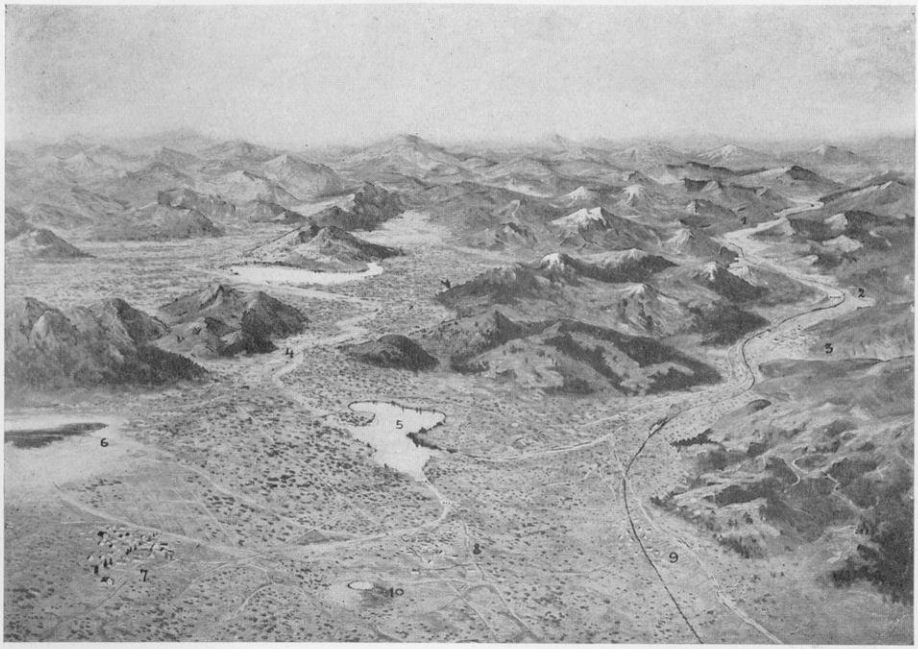


AN ONION FIELD IN A MODEL FARM AT FALLON, NEVADA.

ALFALFA IS THE PRINCIPAL FORAGE IN NEVADA, SELLING FOR $6.00 AND $8.00 A TON IN THE STACK.

SHOWING HOW THEY CULTIVATE CABBAGE IN FALLON, NEVADA.

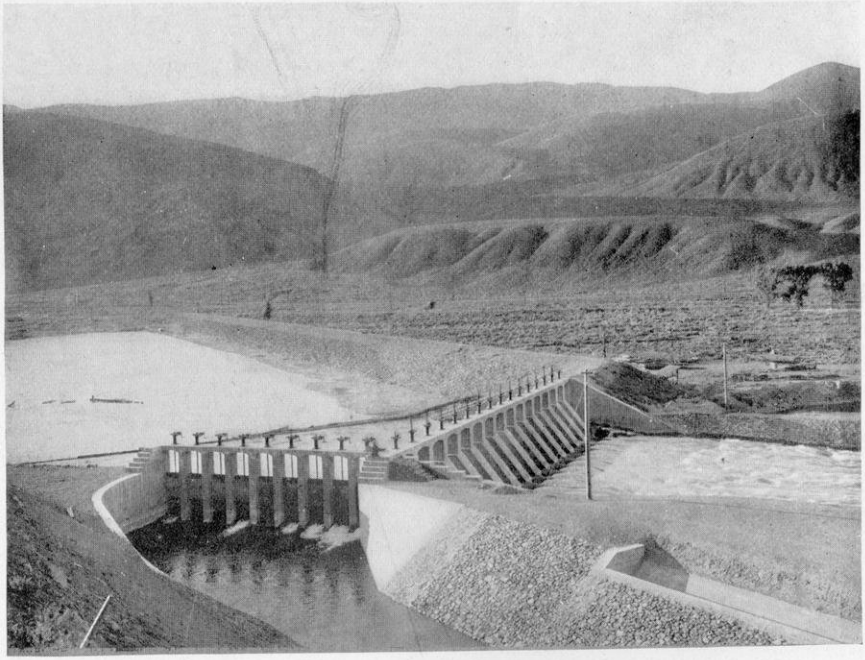
A COUNTY FAIR IN A WESTERN TOWN IS A PROUD MOMENT FOR THE FARMER.

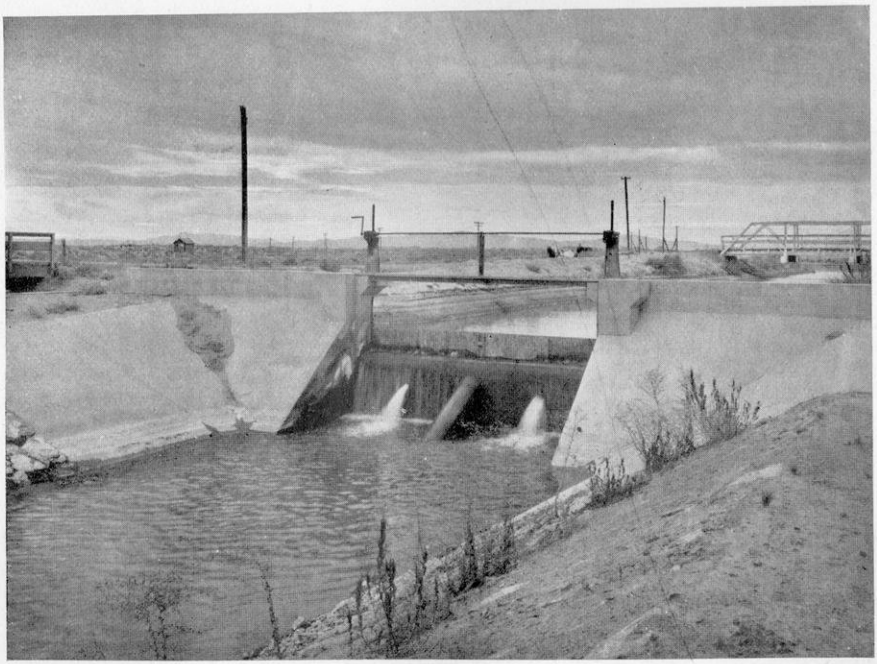


A BIRDSEYE VIEW OF ONE HUNDRED MILES OF THE TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT.

FIG. 1, TRUCKEE RIVER; FIG. 2, DIVERSION DAM; FIG. 3, WADSWORTH; FIG. 4, CARSON RIVER; FIG. 5, CARSON RESERVOIR; FIG. 6, CARSON SINK; FIG. 7, FALLON; FIG. 8, LEETVILLE; FIG. 9, HAZEN; FIG. 10, SODA LAKE.

FOURTEEN-FOOT CORN AT TRUCKEE-CARSON.





MAIN IRRIGATION DAM, TRUCKEE RIVER.

HEADGATE DROP, TRUCKEE-CARSON IRRIGATION PROJECT, NEVADA.

bushels to the acre have been raised at Lovelace, on land that had been but once irrigated. The home demand is so much in excess of the supply that there is no inducement to ship outside the State and, in fact, other sections are largely drawn upon. This is true of all kinds of farm produce. Indeed, it will be many years before Nevada raises in sufficient quantity to meet the domestic call, the food stuffs which her soil is peculiarly adapted to produce in abundance.

All kinds of vegetables are grown easily and with large yield on the tract. Nevada potatoes, which are described as "bunches of meal done up in clean bright sacks," have gained so wide a reputation and command so high a price at distant points that large quantities of them are sent to other States. Ten tons of potatoes are commonly produced from an acre and sold at an average price of two cents per pound. Garden fruits of many varieties are being grown throughout the valley. One-fourth of an acre in such produce will supply a family liberally and leave a quantity for sale.

Fruit trees planted by early settlers are now beginning to bear, and give conclusive evidence of the fact that the hardy varieties such as apples, pears, peaches, plums, apricots and cherries thrive in this section. Nevada apples, in particular, are distinguished for excellence in color and flavor. There are hundreds of localities in the valley especially favorable to their cultivation, and if the right varieties are planted in such places, large profits may be relied upon, as the home demand is met for the most part by importation.

There is little doubt that Nevada will become one of the leading beet producing States. The earth is rich in the elements of plant food necessary to the growth of this root and the almost constant sunshine is favorable to it. Professor H. W. Wiley has said that "there is no other State in which the reports are more favorable. The uniform excellence of the samples cannot be the result of accident, but must be due to the favorable influences of Nevada's soil and climate." The establishment of the beet sugar industry by the erection of a factory, or more than one, will soon be accomplished.

STOCK raising is the oldest agricultural industry of Nevada. It maintains important proportions, but its methods are undergoing a radical change. Alfalfa is becoming the chief agency in stock raising, and fattened cattle go to the market from the field rather than from the range. Even the large range owners supply their animals with cut food during the season in which grazing is scant. One ranch alone uses twenty thousand tons or more of hay in this manner every winter. The small farmer is beginning to see the philosophy of feeding his crop to a few head of cattle, thus making

the farm a factory for the conversion of raw material into a finished food product and securing to himself the ultimate and intermediate profits.

In this connection a much-neglected industry offers an excellent field for the new settler and a sure way of making a good start. Tons of butter are brought into Nevada from Utah and California every month. Nevertheless, the local product is so superior as to command higher prices in the markets of those States than most of the native output. This anomaly is explained by the fact that there are not in Nevada a sufficient number of creameries, by many times, to supply the home demand. No better opportunity for profitable enterprise than this can be found in the State.

For many years to come, Nevada will fall short of meeting her own requirements in the matter of farm products. At present only a small proportion of her consumption of food stuffs is represented by the home production. And her population is increasing at a greater rate than her agricultural development is progressing. But the time will come when the State will supply her own needs and ship a large surplus beyond her borders. No difficulty need be anticipated in finding ready markets. Fallon is nearer to San Francisco than is Los Angeles and the former city will always be a ready purchaser of live stock, poultry, grain and dairy produce. Almost daily, carloads of chickens pass through Hazen bound for California from Eastern States. Carson Valley is as close to tide water as are Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, and one-third the distance from the coast that Chicago is from New York. With the opening of the Panama Canal, the New York market and European ports will be reached as cheaply by the farmers of the Truckee-Carson tract as by those of Illinois.

The Carson Sink Valley offers opportunities in almost every line of industry. It is a virgin field in which agriculture is at its inception and manufacturing not yet started. The reclamation of three hundred and fifty thousand acres of land with a family on every eighty acres will necessitate the establishment of many new towns, and will greatly add to the populations of existing urban centers. These will furnish an extensive field for mercantile business. All mechanical industries that depend on agriculture for their material may here find favorable location. The irrigation system, through drops advantageously placed along the lines of canal, will develop a large amount of power which will be available to manufacturers.

THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE: ITS COST, CURE AND PREVENTION: BY CHARLES HARCOURT

IT IS only by a broad and retrospective view that we can approximate a realization of the wonderful advance that has been made in the science of medicine since the comparatively recent times of Harvey and Priestly. The conflict with disease is complicated by the constantly increasing adverse conditions which grow out of our latter-day social economy. And it is to be suspected that the advanced attainment of the medical profession entails a handicap upon its efforts inasmuch as it involves antagonism to the natural law of the survival of the fittest. The phrase "incurable disease" has almost passed out of use. Young persons suffering from complaints, which had they lived in a past generation would have carried them off before reaching manhood, are now kept alive—as a ship which has sprung a leak is caulked and coddled into port—and permitted to transmit their diseases and defective constitutions.

But, despite the difficulties in its way, the science of hygiene has accomplished marvelous results and has made headway against all the diseases which are either created or fostered by the health-destroying conditions of our too material civilization save, perhaps, those that affect the nervous system. Great decrease in the mortality from malaria, enteric fever, typhoid, diphtheria, typhus and smallpox has been effected. Plague, leprosy and cholera have almost disappeared from Europe and America, while in the days of our grandfathers these were the causes of many deaths.

The general decline in infectious diseases has included tuberculosis, notwithstanding that our social development has set up many factors, such as overcrowding, pauperism and excessive labor, favorable to its growth. In almost all civilized countries the death rate from phthisis has shown a marked diminution during the past half-century. Nevertheless, it remains the most widespread and active of the diseases from which the races of the western hemisphere suffer.

Tuberculosis is the cause of death to upward of eleven per cent. of our people; and this is considerably more than any other single cause. Of the two sexes, females exhibit the greater susceptibility to the disease,—this, probably, because in general a larger proportion of their lives is spent indoors. The mortality returns from the cities are heavier than those from the rural districts; but the difference is not so marked as might be supposed. There are two factors of special significance in this connection. One is the fact that the effect of the farmer's healthful outdoor occupation is largely offset by the

unhygienic conditions which prevail in his house. The other point, which is quite generally overlooked in the consideration of mortality statistics, is that persons who go from the country to the city and there contract fatal diseases—and this is peculiarly true of lingering complaints such as consumption—commonly return to their homes to die.

THE immigrants to our country, of whom the port of New York receives one million or more a year, furnish a large proportion of our consumptives. But, contrary to the general belief, they are exceptionally healthy on arrival. The majority of them have been accustomed to outdoor living and an environment entirely different from that in which they settle down. Commissioner of Immigration Watchorn has said: "I do not hesitate to express the opinion that the stream of immigration pouring into this country is so nearly absolutely unattended by this dread disease as to render it a mighty important factor in securing social conditions favorable to individual immunity." In other words, if we should give these people ordinary facilities for keeping healthy, instead of permitting them to become rapidly diseased, they would be as potent an element for good as they are for evil in this matter. When New York's laboring population is universally provided with light and airy homes and workshops, the greatest step toward the eradication of tuberculosis from the community will have been taken. By precisely such measures, the city of Liverpool has effected a marked decline in the disease among its inhabitants in recent years. The new Tenement House Law of New York, for the passage of which the Charity Organization Society is largely responsible, is an important movement in the same direction.

Fresh air and sunlight are the great preventives and curatives. Consumption cannot maintain a hold upon people who take plenty of pure oxygen into their lungs sleeping and waking. Tuberculosis in any of its forms was extremely rare among the Indians, if not entirely unknown to them, before the advent of the whites. Like the negroes and other members of savage races that have been brought under the influence of civilization, the aborigines of this continent displayed an unusual degree of susceptibility to pulmonary diseases. Since the Indian has begun to change the manner of his life, taking insufficient exercise, over-clothing himself, consuming alcohol and living in a stuffy log cabin, tuberculosis has laid a constantly increasing hold upon him, so that now it is much more frequently manifest in the red man than in his white neighbor.

The Caucasian peoples have combined to fight this fearful enemy

of the white man. In no other concern is international coöperation so complete and harmonious. Nor are these joint efforts confined to scientists and medical practitioners. Associated with these, and no less effectively active than they, are government officials, business men, philanthropists, civic reformers, educators, architects, journalists, and, in short, all manner of laymen.

No matter what the cost of eradication and prevention, it must be an economical measure, to say nothing of its human aspect. Consumption is a wasting disease. The victim's vitality is gradually sapped and his utility is usually impaired or destroyed years before death releases him. Thus, the loss to individuals, their families, and the communities to which they belong, is in the aggregate enormous. The total cost to the United States, according to Professor Irving Fisher, exceeds one billion one hundred millions of dollars per annum. Of this amount, about two-fifths, or more than four hundred and forty millions of dollars, falls on others than the consumptive.

To eliminate the material waste and the suffering entailed by tuberculosis, any amount of public expenditure would be justified. Nor would the outlay necessary for the enforcement of all desirable preventive and curative measures be as great as might be supposed. The State of New York has in recent years committed itself to the expenditure of ten millions of dollars a year on roads and one hundred millions on the deepening of the Erie Canal. Neither of these projects will compare for a moment in beneficial results with the eradication of tuberculosis from the State, which could be effected at a much less cost.

Philanthropists and charitable organizations are generously supporting the crusade, but the work is far beyond the power of such agencies to accomplish. Every State and municipality in the country should, and ultimately must, make provision for the proper care of its indigent consumptives. The great majority of the afflicted belong to the wage earning class with small means. A large percentage of these develop the disease and die unnecessarily because their limited means will not secure for them protection and relief.

Many medical authorities maintain that from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of the persons who contract tuberculosis might be restored to health if they could be subjected to the proper treatment before reaching the third and final stage of development. It would be less expensive to the community to save these lives than to allow them to be sacrificed.

But, vitally important as it is to give every incipient case a chance for recovery, no measures will be so effective in decreasing the prev-

alence of tuberculosis as those which are designed to provide for the institutional care and segregation of the intermediate and advanced cases. These it is that are mainly responsible for the spread of the disease.

Removal of the sources of infection is a factor of such potency as to overcome in large measure the effects of unsanitary living conditions. In large cities, where there is much congestion of the population and extensive segregation of consumptives, marked decline in the mortality from the tuberculous affections has been experienced. In New York we are effecting a decided control of the disease by treating it in the same manner as other dangerously contagious complaints. Compulsory notification of cases of tuberculosis is required, and the removal by force, if necessary, to appropriate places of treatment of such tubercular individuals as are a menace to their neighbors. Every victim of phthisis in New York has the opportunity of being treated and segregated in a hospital for twenty-one weeks.

IN ADDITION to these broad and general measures, there are many others that should be adopted by municipal authorities, and doubtless will be at no distant date. If once the people clearly understand that consumption is a disease curable and preventable, they will insist that the conditions causing and fostering it be removed. First and most imperative of the reformative steps necessary is the removal of all the crowded tenements and unsanitary dwelling places from our cities, and the securing to the poorest of the people a reasonable amount of air and light. Tuberculosis is a "pestilence that walketh in darkness." Its germ thrives in dirt and gloom and weakens in the sunshine. It should be a legal requirement that every room in a dwelling house or factory should be an "outside" room in the sense of freely admitting fresh air and daylight.

Urgent is the need for improvement in our methods of street cleaning. The dust of a large city is laden with the germs of disease. All thoroughfares should be flushed at least once in every twenty-four hours and never swept while dry. For the same reason, ashes and garbage should always be sprinkled before being moved

The less prominent sources of infection are legion, and attention can be called to but a few. Public drinking cups are undoubtedly the frequent means of conveying disease from one person to another, and so also are telephone instruments. The writer has always believed that the cutter which is to be found on every cigar counter is a powerful agency for infection. Men who use these contrivances commonly put the cigar in their mouths before inserting it in the clip.

Until quite recently the medical profession entertained the most

erroneous ideas about tuberculosis, and the general public is only now entering upon the first stage of enlightenment. Among the most important truths that have been established in connection with the disease are the facts that it is curable in the great majority of cases, and that it is never inherited. The child of a tubercular mother may have a constitutional tendency to consumption, and, under the usual circumstances, will probably contract it at an early age from the mother's milk or some other immediate source of infection. But it is not born with the disease, and if it should be taken from the mother immediately after birth and reared under favorable conditions, it would have an ordinary chance of avoiding contagion. Tuberculosis is one of the most contagious of diseases, but it is not inheritable.

Consumption is the most active but not the most potent of the diseases which afflict us. Few of the far-reaching causes of death are more subject to repression and even eradication. None of them affords greater scope to the individual to guard himself against attack, or, if infected, to recover his health, provided he takes timely measures to that end. For this reason, and because hygiene is a more effective factor than medicine in the matter, public education is the most powerful agency that can be employed in checking the spread of the disease.

There is no present subject of study in our public schools which would have as great disciplinary value as the teaching of simple facts about tuberculosis. It should be the subject of open lectures in all our schools. The pupils should be subjected to periodical medical examination, and especially at the time of completing their school course, when those exhibiting the disease or a tendency toward it should be advised as to future occupation.

Clergymen who, in general, display a growing tendency to carry their exhortations beyond the province of religion, may do valuable service to their congregations by urging the campaign against consumption from the pulpit. This is a matter that touches everybody, and when universal concern and activity shall have been awakened, the end will be in sight. Tuberculosis can be practically wiped out.

In America and most European countries, striking declines in the mortality from this plague have been effected in late years. And it is the hope of conservative scientists that in the days of our grandchildren tuberculosis will be as rare as is leprosy among western nations at the present time.

As has been said, consumption is contractible from a variety of sources. The spread of the disease is mainly due to ignorance and negligence. Afflicted persons commonly live with their families under conditions which include no provision for guarding against

contagion. Frequently the victim takes the attitude that he is hopelessly doomed and speedily falls into a pathetic indifference to his own fate and the safety of those about him. Such a person becomes an active center of infection from which disease radiates in numerous directions. His breath, his spittle, the utensils that he uses and the rooms he occupies are all sources of infection.

In the first stage of tuberculosis, it is not necessary, perhaps not advisable, that the person afflicted should be segregated. But he should, without delay, secure reliable advice as to the course to follow in seeking recovery, and his family should be informed of the steps necessary to be taken in order to avoid contagion. The knowledge in question is readily accessible in all our large centers of population. There are now many associations devoted to aiding the poor in the circumstances under consideration. Medicine is of little use and the patent nostrums advertised as "consumption cures" are positively injurious. It is a fallacy to suppose, as many do, that alcohol is a remedy for tuberculosis. Its use is conducive to the disease and it has no curative property whatever.

The three chief agencies for recovery are fresh air, rest and nourishment. A sufficiency of good food is often beyond the reach of the consumptive, and rest is equally difficult of realization, but he can generally contrive to secure a fair share of oxygen and sunlight, and these are perhaps of more importance than the other factors. Physicians are rather too apt to advise patients to go West. No doubt if they can stay long enough to be completely cured, removal to a favorable climate is desirable. But many a man is unnecessarily discouraged by his inability to follow such a course. As a matter of fact, the chances of recovery are about as good in the home as anywhere else, if the right conditions prevail. Fifty dollars will build a hut in the back yard which will, in many cases, afford all the necessary facilities for a return to health.

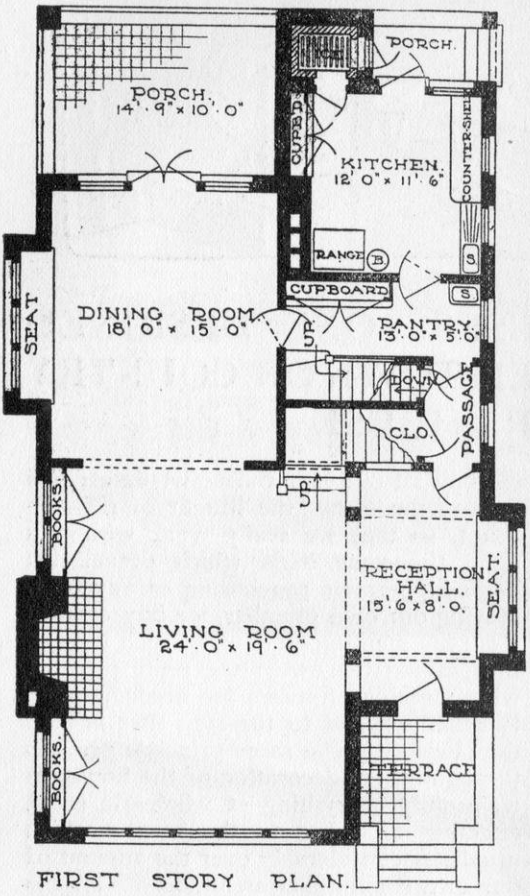
On the other hand, the value of the sanitarium, especially when considered from the disciplinary point of view, is not to be overlooked, and it should always, if possible, be the resort of those who have passed the primary stage of tuberculosis. The work of these institutions is often unreasonably discredited. Patients who have received the most marked benefit from their treatment return to the environment and occupation in which they contracted the complaint, suffer a relapse and die. In such cases, the friends of the victim generally condemn the methods of the sanitarium as "no good," whereas a change in the unfavorable domestic surroundings and vocations might have insured the deceased a long lease of life.

TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES: ONE DESIGNED FOR BUILDING IN EITHER TOWN OR COUNTRY AND THE OTHER A FARMHOUSE

IT is now several years since we began designing Craftsman houses and, as our readers well know, we have during that time been giving to the subscribers of THE CRAFTSMAN working drawings free of charge, these drawings to be utilized by the architect or builder selected by the owner. This plan is still in full force, but finding that in some cases the owner of the house desired that we supervise the construction from start to finish, we have recently made provision to meet this need also by organizing The Craftsman Home Building Company, which either coöperates with an architect or builder approved by the owner, or assumes entire charge of the construction as well as the planning of the house.

Since the organization of this new department, we have received a number of letters asking just what we do, upon what basis we work, and what,—in addition to the satisfaction of knowing that the construction throughout is as good as it can be,—is the advantage to the owner of having his house built in this way. The answer is simple. Directing, as we do, both the planning and construction of the houses and in most cases also the laying out of the grounds, the work is done as a whole, each part of the work being kept in close relation to all the other parts, and the plans of our architect being carried out exactly as he directs. In addition to this, we buy all our material at wholesale and give to the owner the benefit of the discount, so that we really work with him upon the same basis which prevails in large coöperative purchasing of any kind. Having our own plumber, we buy directly from the manufacturer of all such fittings, thus saving the owner the retail price of what plumbing fixtures are needed, which is usually added to the sum that is paid the plumber. The same principle prevails throughout the decoration of the house, as we supply everything at wholesale rates, effecting a saving to the owner which usually is considerably over the amount of our own commission as builders. That is the economical end of it, but what we consider the chief advantage is the thoroughness of construction which we absolutely guarantee. Every house we build is constructed as carefully as were the old dwellings that have lasted for generations and are still good for many years, and having supervision over the materials that are used, we are in a position to see that nothing inferior is used in the construction of the house.

Of course, we work always in close touch with the owner, so that his house is to the last detail exactly as he wants it. While we build only houses that carry out the Craftsman idea, there is never any question as to the plan, because the owner wants a Craftsman house or he would not

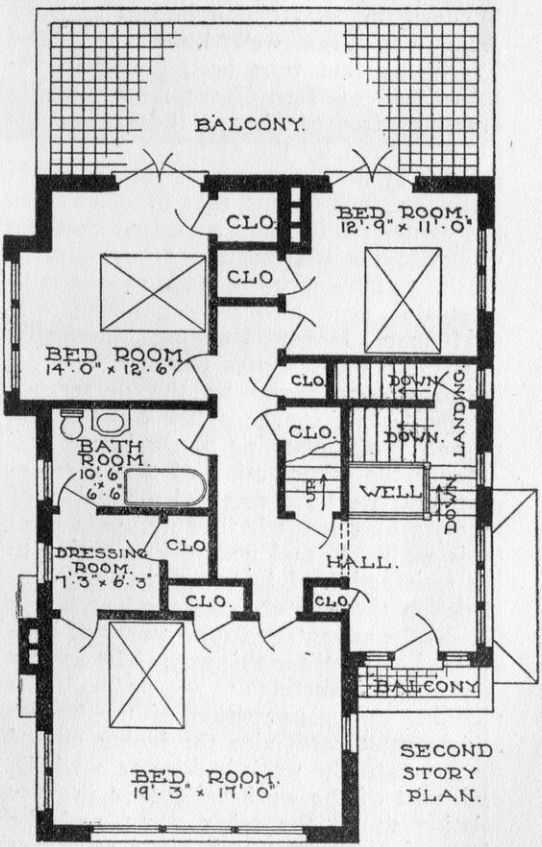


CEMENT HOUSE.

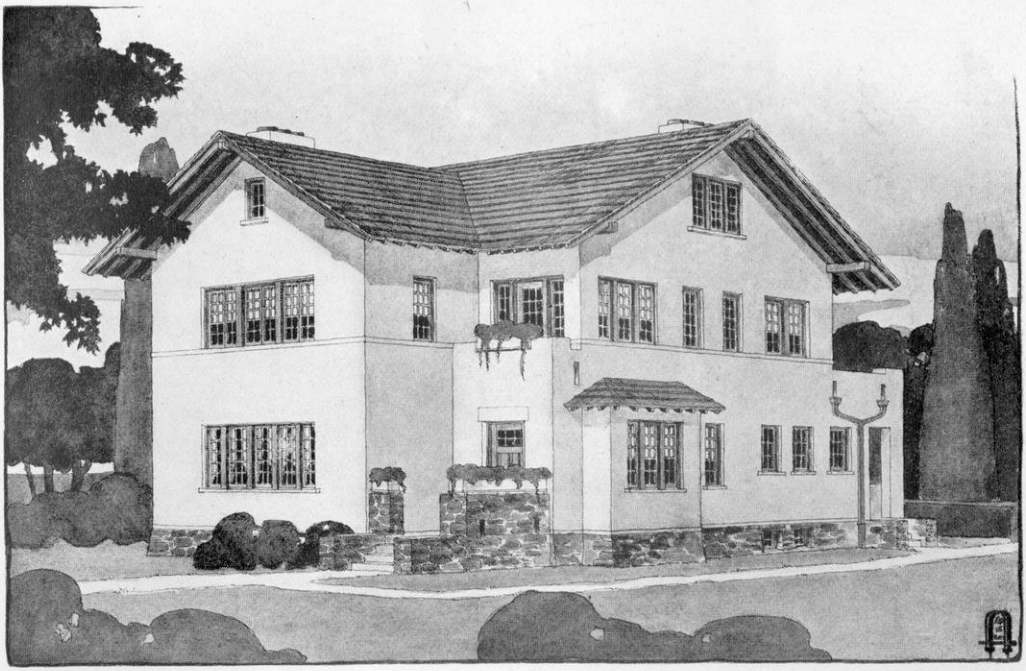
come to us to plan and build it and it is one of the first articles of our belief that a dwelling should, to the fullest extent, carry out the individual tastes and wishes of the owner. It does not affect the validity of these that they are generally modified to some degree by the suggestions that we are able to make as to the style of house that is best suited to any given environment, or the arrangement of grounds that is best adapted to form the right setting for the house.

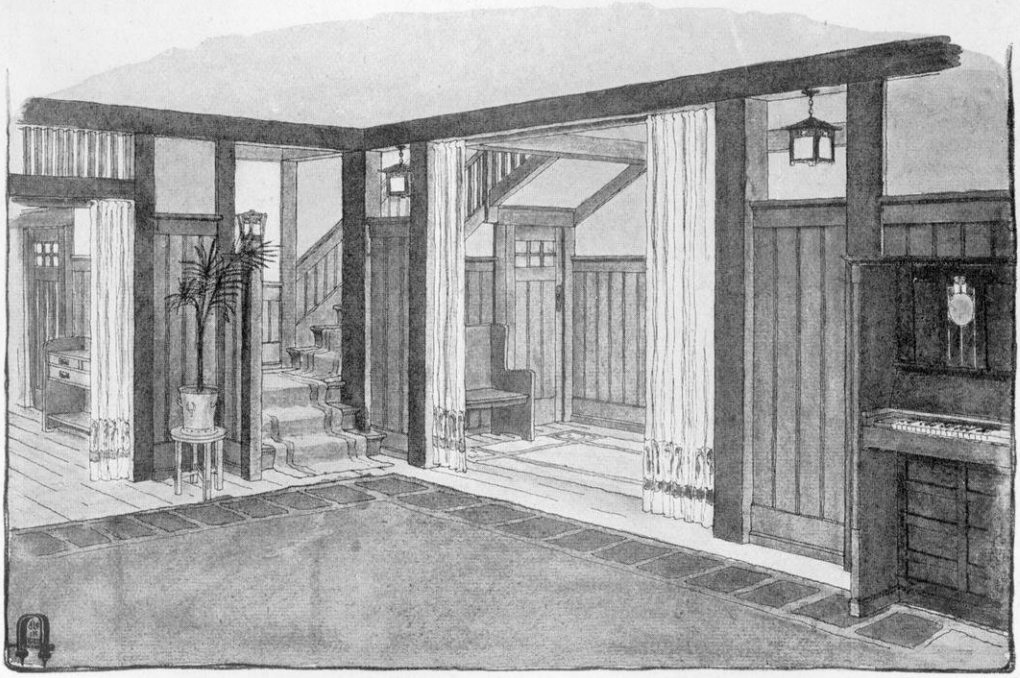
The two houses illustrated here have been planned in this way, but in the case of the first the plans are open to all members of the Home Builders' Club, whether or not they are carried out by our Home Building Company. This is a large cement house suitable for town, village, or country, as it is designed on simple lines that harmonize with almost any surroundings. The walls are constructed of vitrified terra cotta blocks, the plastering being laid directly on the blocks both outside and inside. The foundation and parapet of the little terrace are of field stone laid up in black cement.

We like especially the design of the entrance, which is placed at the corner of the house where the living room projects beyond the reception hall; the corner thus left is filled by the terrace, which is left open to the sky. Above the entrance door the wall runs up straight to the second



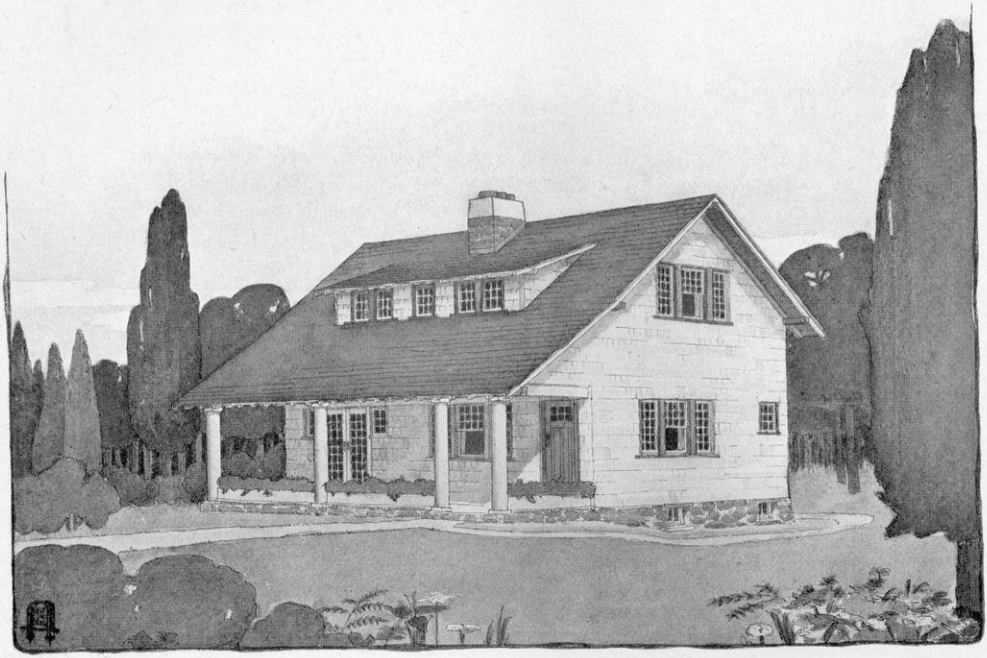
CEMENT HOUSE.

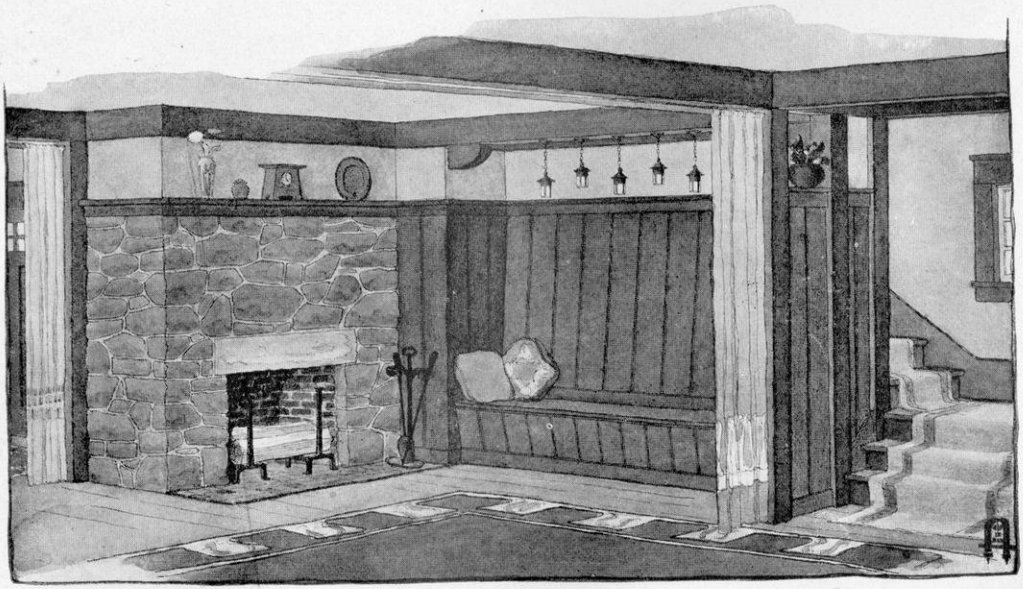




A CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY.

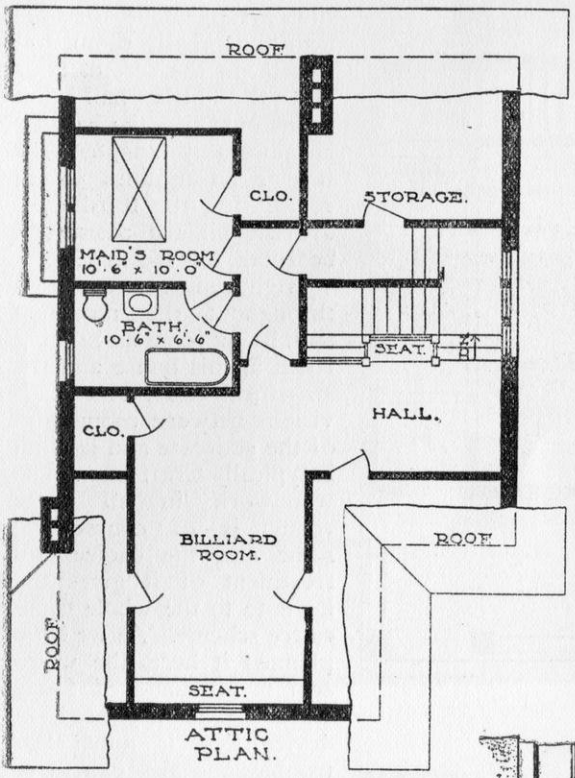
ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRCASE, SEEN FROM THE LIVING ROOM.





A CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE
TO BE BUILT IN BOGOTA, N. J.

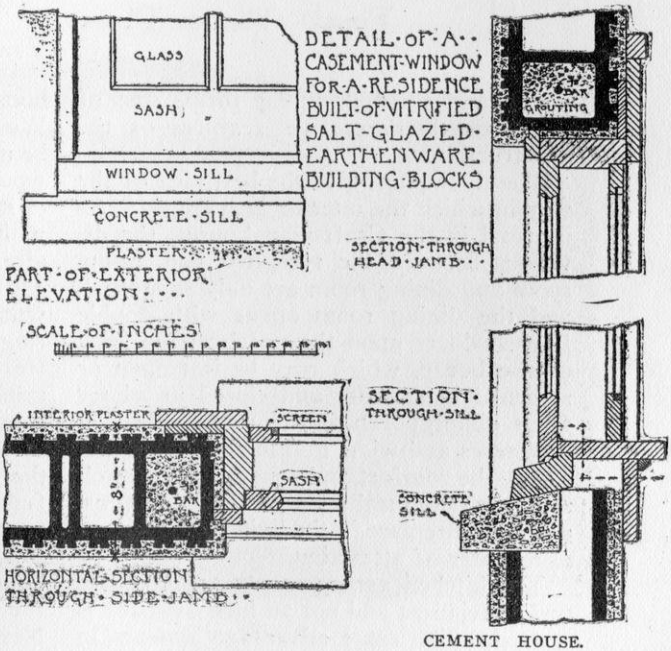
CHIMNEYPIECE AND FIRESIDE
SEAT IN THE LIVING ROOM.



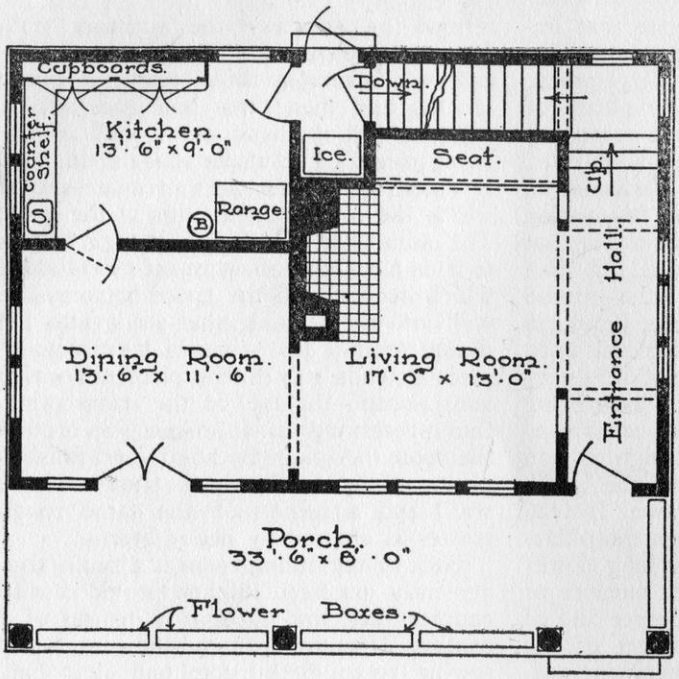
CEMENT HOUSE.

story, where it terminates in a shallow balcony. Provision is made here for a flower box, as the severity of the wall seems to demand the relief in color and line afforded by a cluster of plants and drooping vines. At the back of the house is a similar construction, for in place of a roof above the dining porch and part of the kitchen, a large open balcony, which may be used as a sleeping porch, opens from two of the bedrooms. This balcony is partially shielded by the cement parapet, but otherwise is open to the weather

The roof, which has a wide overhang, is covered with rough heavy slates supported on strong beams and girders which are frankly revealed. The slates used on this roof are the same as those described in THE CRAFTSMAN for November, 1908, when an illustration was given of an old English chapel, the slate roof of which had lasted since the eighth century. The charm of these slates is that they are rough surfaced and uneven at the edges, looking more like slabs of split stone than like the small neat lozenges we have been accustomed to associating with the name of slate. They are laid rather small and thin at the ridge pole, increasing in size and weight as they go down until at the eaves they are large, broad, massive looking slabs as well suited to cement construction as tiles. The lines of the big roof are necessarily simple, as the slates are much better adapted to broad unbroken surfaces than they are to the more conventional style of roof. The little roof over the bay window in the reception hall is also covered with slates and serves to break the straight, severe line of the wall. All the windows are case-



CEMENT HOUSE.



First Floor Plan.

FARMHOUSE.

ments and their grouping forms one of the distinctly decorative features of the construction.

The floor plans give the best idea of the way in which the interior is arranged. As is usual in the Craftsman houses, the divisions between the reception hall, living room and dining room are only suggested, and the dining room opens with double French doors upon the porch at the back of the house, which may be left open or screened in summer and closed in winter for a dining porch or sun room. Built-in bookcases and wide, inviting window seats add to the comfort and convenience as well as to the structural interest of these rooms, and a big fireplace in the living room serves as a center of attraction.

The kitchen arrangements are compact and convenient and not an inch of space is wasted. The same advantage appears in the arrangement of the bedrooms, bath room and closets on the second floor and the little hall that opens out upon the balcony is admirably adapted for use as an upstairs sitting room. On the third floor are the billiard room and bedroom for the maid.

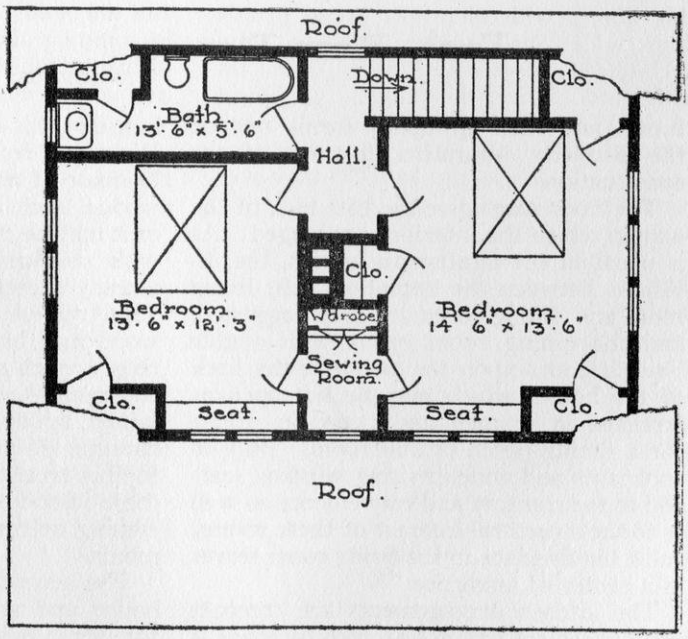
High wainscots are used throughout the reception hall, living room and dining room in this house and the structural effect of the divisions between rooms and of the staircase and landing is typically Craftsman. The woodwork in all these rooms is of course the same and the choice and treatment of it gives the keynote to the whole decorative scheme. As we have planned it here, the wainscot is all made of fairly wide boards V-jointed,—a device that is much less troublesome and expensive than paneling and in a house of this character is quite as effective. We would recommend that the wainscoting be made of one of the darker and stronger woods, such as oak, chestnut or cypress; or it may be made of Southern pine treated with sulphuric acid in the way we have already described in THE CRAFTSMAN. This treatment darkens the surface of the wood and brings out the grain by charring,—much after the Japanese method of treatment,—and excellent effects are obtained upon pine or cypress. Oak and chestnut do not lend themselves so readily to this treatment, as the color quality of these woods is better brought out by fuming or brushing over with strong ammonia.

The second house is decidedly a farmhouse, and as we are building it especially for Mr. Chester A. Lerocker, at Bogota, New Jersey, its plans are not open for

general use. This house is one that imperatively demands the environment either of the open country or of a village where there is sufficient space to give plenty of grass and trees as its immediate surroundings. The walls are sheathed with rived cypress shingles, chemically darkened to a brown weathered tint. The foundation is of field stone sunk low into a site that has not been too carefully leveled off. Not only does this irregularity of the ground add to the attractiveness of the house, in emphasizing its relation to the soil upon which it stands, but it is utilized in a very practical way; the slope at the back being sufficient to allow space for the cellar windows, while at the front it is high enough to bring the cement floor of the porch almost upon a level with the lawn. Instead of parapets, the spaces between the pillars of this porch are occupied by long flower boxes, which serve the double purpose of screening the porch to some degree and of adding much to the color effect of the house. The broad roof extends sufficiently to shelter the porch, which thus has the appearance of being recessed under the wide-spreading eaves, and the sweep of it is broken by the dormer, with its group of casements which give light to both bedrooms and the sewing room on the second floor. The windows in the rest of the house are in groups of three with a double-hung window in the center and a casement of the same height on either side.

The arrangement of this house is especially comfortable and convenient. The entrance door from the corner of the porch opens directly into a little nook from the living room, which is termed by courtesy the entrance hall. Directly opposite the door is the staircase, which runs up three steps to a square landing and then turns and goes out of sight behind the wainscoted wall of the living room. The whole wall on this side is taken up by the long fireside seat of which the high wainscot forms the back. The chimneypiece, which is at right angles to it, is a massive affair of split field stone which occupies all the space between the wall and the opening that leads into the dining room. The stone of the chimneypiece extends only to the plate rail which runs around the top of the wainscoting, thus preserving an unbroken line around the room. A plain frieze of sand-finished plaster above is all that is shown of the wall, and a ceiling of the same rough plaster is crossed by heavy beams.

Back of the dining room is a small, conveniently arranged kitchen provided with counter shelf and cupboards instead of a pantry. Upstairs are two bedrooms, a tiny sewing room, bath room and stair hall.



Second Floor Plan.

CALIFORNIA BARN DWELLINGS AND THE ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOWS WHICH HAVE GROWN OUT OF THE IDEA

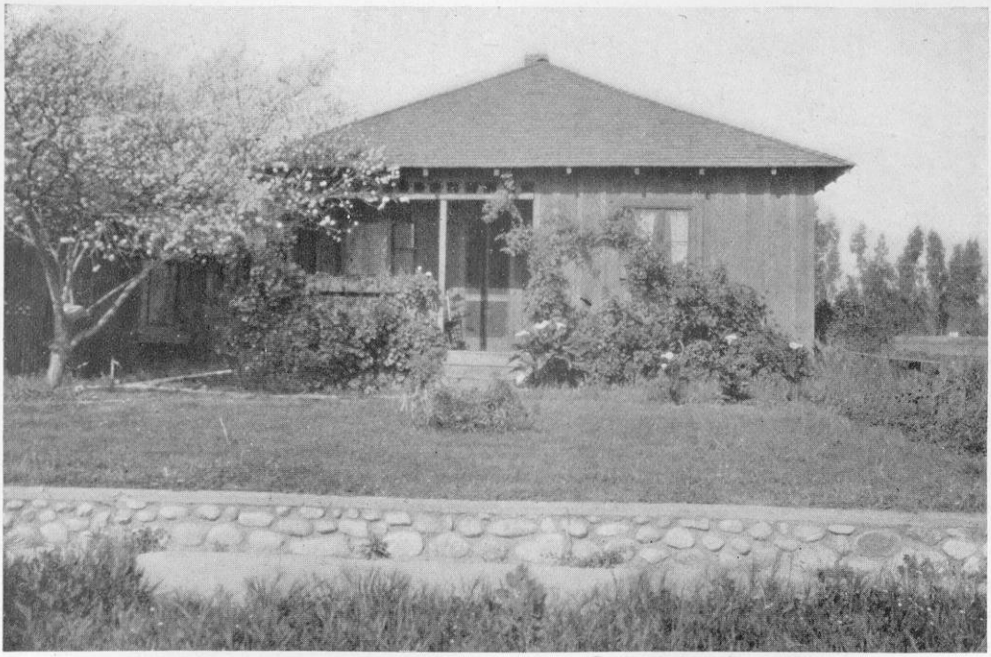
WE have had a number of articles in THE CRAFTSMAN during the past few years, calling attention to various notable illustrations of the development in California of what undoubtedly is an original idea in architecture based upon the necessities of life in that particular climate and environment. It is characteristic of American life that no well-defined architectural style seems to rule the planning and construction of these buildings, but rather there is much evidence that each man builds exactly the kind of house that suits him, and the family resemblance that exists among them is the result of climatic conditions and the general character of the country. That is, these are the obvious reasons that appear on the surface, but anyone who understands the life and character of the West will see more than that, for he will recognize in these free-and-easy comfortable homes with their low broad proportions, wide-eaved, sheltering roofs, ample uncluttered spaces and close connection with outdoor life, the tangible expression of the Westerner's hearty, rugged, cordial personality, which holds out a friendly hand to all comers and believes that every stranger is a good fellow until something happens to prove him the contrary.

So strong is this spirit still in California that it has affected the greater part of modern house building. In the country around Santa Barbara and the San Gabriel Valley there were a few years ago, and probably are still, a number of dwellings comfortable and delightful in every way, which were made out of buildings that had been originally intended for barns. The reason for this was in the first place a matter of convenience. Someone would buy a ranch, plant out his trees and vines and put up his barn. In those days it was thought necessary for the house to be a much more elaborate affair, for Eastern traditions still ruled the numbers of Eastern people who found homes in Southern California. Therefore, the building of the house was often delayed and the family in the meantime "camped out" in the barn.

Now a barn built of redwood or even of pine, with rough boards furred from the saw and big dusky spaces fragrant with the scent of the wood, offers a most tempting opportunity to the instinct of home making. Therefore, partitions were run up, seats and cupboards were built, big chimneys and fireplaces of stone or adobe were added, hammocks were slung across corners, Navajo blankets were hung on the walls or used as rugs and couch covers and in an incredibly short time the barn would take on an atmosphere of home comfort and careless ease and good fellowship that was not to be had in the most elaborately planned and carefully built dwelling house. Guests from town liked nothing better than to be invited for a week-end to one of these barn dwellings, and the children had the time of their lives in romping about a home where they had plenty of room for play and there was not a single piece of furniture that could be spoiled.

The result was that when the dwelling proper was built it was with a distinct sense of homesickness that the family abandoned the happy-go-lucky life in the barn. That was when the original idea of a conventional dwelling was adhered to, but in many cases the barn life had so modified the ideas of the family as to its needs in the way of a dwelling that the house when it was finally built took on insensibly the character of a modified barn. In other cases, the house was never built at all and the barn, with such additions and improvements as were suggested from time to time by the requirements of family life, was made into the permanent residence.

This was the first and therefore the absolutely natural expression of the Californian's love for plenty of room and a minimum of frills and French polish in

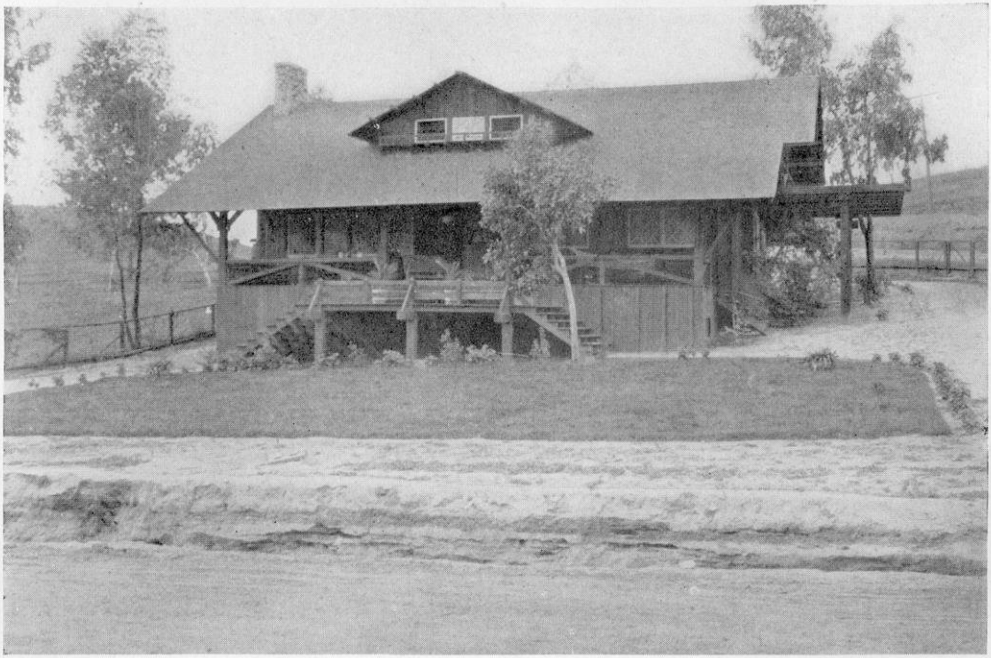


A PICTURESQUE COTTAGE BUILT IN CALIFORNIA FOR $300.

A BUNGALOW WHICH DOES ALL-YEAR ROUND USE IN A WARM CLIMATE OR FOR A SUMMER CAMP; PRICE, $500.

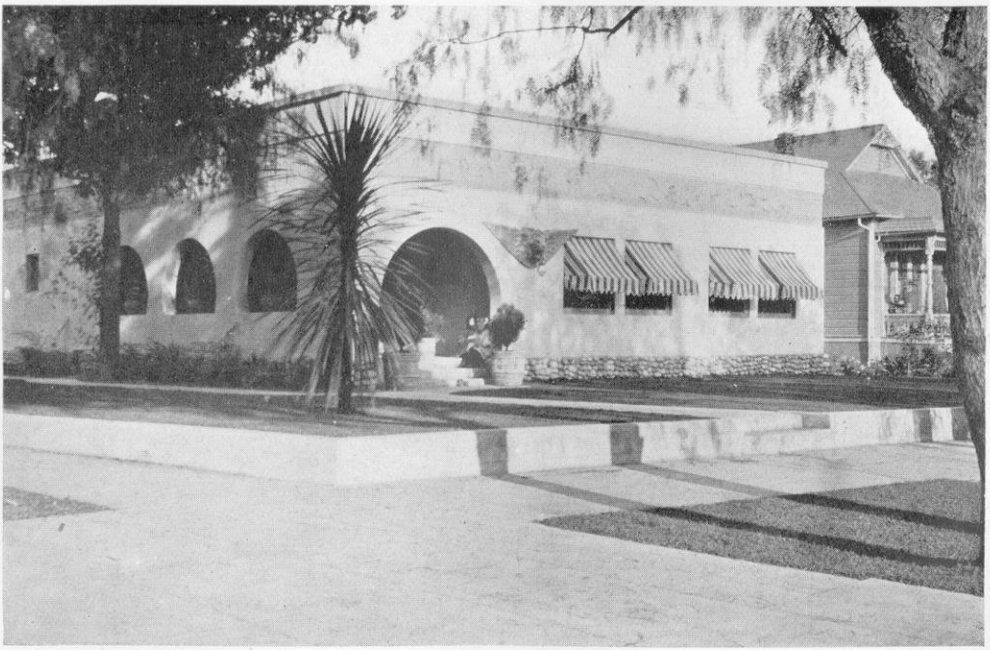
A MORE SUBSTANTIAL COTTAGE WITH CLAPBOARDED WALLS AND SHINGLE ROOF.

A $2,500 COTTAGE, WITH PLASTERED WALL AND A CEMENT FLOOR UNDER THE PERGOLA.



A RUSTIC COTTAGE WITH RUSTIC PERGOLA AND PORCH WITH JAPANESE EFFECT.

AN ATTRACTIVE COMBINATION OF WOOD AND PLASTER.



A PLASTER HOUSE IN OLD MISSION STYLE, WITH BRICK-PAVED TERRACES.

A MORE ELABORATE PLASTER HOUSE IN PURE MISSION STYLE.

his home. At the present time it is probable that few people build barns to live in even temporarily; but one needs only to look over a group of houses like those shown here to see how the idea has taken hold and rooted itself.

The first two cottages shown are simply little barns built of rough boards with the seams battened with narrower strips. The addition of a little porch and a few well proportioned windows, and a touch of decoration that naturally arises from the structure, like the little slatted grille above the porch in the second cottage, transforms them into houses. They are very inexpensive little houses, for the first cottage, which has four rooms and no bath and is finished inside with cloth and paper after the fashion of tropical and subtropical countries, cost only three hundred dollars. The second house cost five hundred dollars, but this is a much more pretentious dwelling, having five rooms and a bath, although one thickness of boards, rough on the outside and planed on the inside, constitute the walls. Of course, this style of house would do only in a warm climate or for a summer camp in our Eastern country. But they are good little houses, nevertheless, and have a very distinct charm of their own.

The second page of illustrations shows a more substantial style of building, although the materials are almost as primitive as those just described. The house shown on the upper part of the page was designed and built by the owner and cost about fifteen hundred dollars. It is built with clapboarded walls and a shingle roof, and the interior arrangements are in the usual California style,—a big fireplace built of clinker brick, plenty of built-in furnishings, a generous use of wood and the minimum amount of furniture, draperies and bric-a-brac. The lower house on the same page approaches a little more nearly to the Eastern ideal because its interior walls are plastered and it has a cement porch under the pergola. This house is rich in built-in bookcases, window seats and the like, and the ceilings are beamed with plaster panels between. There are six rooms and a bath and the house cost about twenty-five hundred dollars.

The rustic idea is carried out a little more elaborately in the upper house shown on the third page of illustrations, for here it is developed until it becomes intentionally decorative. The exterior walls are sheathed with wide rough boards and battens. At one end is a rustic pergola of unplaned timbers and at the other a big clinker brick chimney. The front veranda forms an outdoor living room and is approached by a double stairway and a lower platform. The eaves have a five-foot extension and the windows are all casements with diamond-shaped lattices. The interior walls are like the outside, except that they are made of planed lumber and oiled. The ceiling is heavily beamed. The cost of this house was thirty-five hundred dollars, but it contains eight rooms and a bath.

The house on the lower part of the page is the first of a group of three plaster houses and shows a combination of wood and plaster which is attractive in a way, but rather too intentionally decorative to be quite sincere. This house, which contains nine rooms and a bath, cost forty-three hundred dollars. It was built after the design of the owner. The building shown on the upper part of the last page of illustrations is not a dwelling, but a garage and gardener's tool house combined. It looks exactly like a plastered house in the old Mission style, however, and could easily serve as a model for one, with its projecting wings and brick-paved terrace covered with a pergola. The cost of it was fifteen hundred dollars.

The last house of all is pure Mission, with its round arches, low walls and square straight lines; the only touches of decoration are the broad terra cotta frieze which circles the exterior walls two feet below the roof line, and the winged lion which breaks the space below. This house, which contains ten rooms and a bath and cost nine thousand dollars, is a very good example of the California cement house.

THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB OF NEW YORK: ITS POSITION AS A FACTOR IN THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS, AND WHY IT IS WORTH WHILE: BY GARDNER TEALL

IN its constitution the National Arts Club of New York clearly sets forth the object of its being as follows: To promote the acquaintance of art lovers and art workers in the United States one with another; to stimulate and guide toward practical expression the artistic sense of the American people; to maintain in the city of New York a club house with such accommodation and appurtenances as shall fit it for social purposes in connection with art; to provide proper exhibition facilities for such lines of art, especially applied and industrial art, as shall not be otherwise adequately provided for in the same city; and to encourage the publication and circulation of news, suggestions and discussions relating to the fine arts.

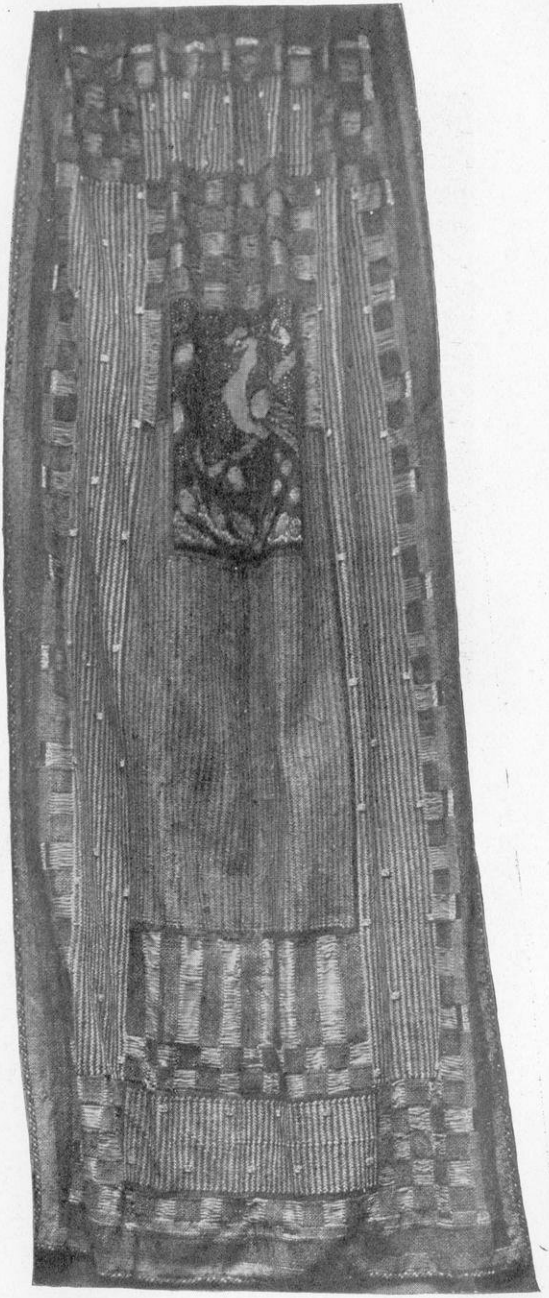
Having thus at the outset taken a public position in the sphere of art activities, it is not impertinent for one to inquire what it has been doing to entitle it to public consideration, whether or not it has proved worth while, and whether or not it has followed out, or has attempted to follow out its plan for becoming an institution of national usefulness.

With a membership representing every part of America, the progress of the National Arts Club becomes a matter of the most widespread importance, and any criticism affecting its relation to the development of the fine arts in America, or to their encouragement, is a matter for serious consideration.

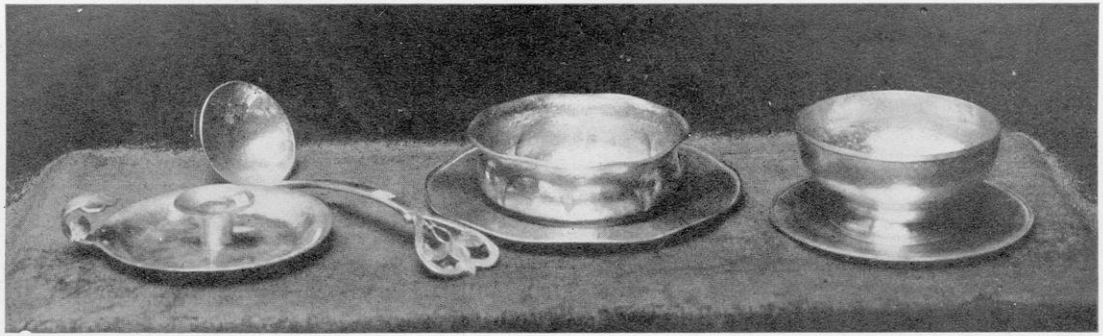
In the first place, just what an organization of the sort might accomplish for art in this country seems very clearly to have been in the minds of the founders. In speaking of the matter, Mr. Frederick S. Lamb, one of the charter members, and the present secretary of the Club, said: "We had organized professional societies and guilds galore, working for professional ethics, and again for professional selfishness, but we did not have in all the land an organization where all the arts,—painting, engraving, sculpture, music, poetry and the drama, by what La Farge called 'collective egotism,' could get together in such a way that the different groups would rub elbows, as it were, in an organization that should be a clearing house for all the arts. Never before the founding of our club had art seemed to mean, to the American public, more than painting, although architecture had come to be so interpreted occasionally. Therefore we felt, naturally, that some definite effort should be made to bring the layman in touch with the connoisseur, and the artist and craftsman with both, and that this could only be accomplished successfully through constructive and recur-

JEWELRY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY E. R. VEDDER.

PRINTED COTTON HANGING: BY AMY MALI HICKS.

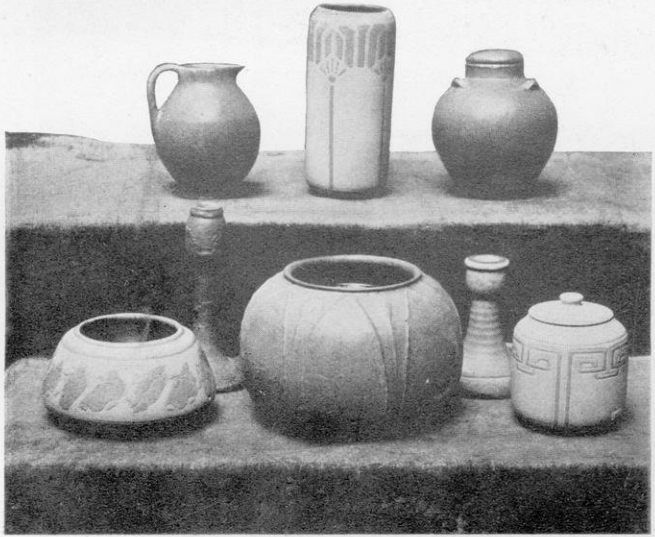


PEACOCK EMBROIDERY DESIGN (AUBUSSON LOOM): BY ALBERT HERTER.



SILVER SOUP LADLE AND CANDLESTICK: BY MISS GRACE HAZEN.

SILVER PORRINGER AND PLATE: BY SAMUEL BULOSS.



TWO GROUPS OF POTTERY SHOWN AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB EXHIBIT OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS, EXAMPLES FROM THE GRUEBY AND MARBLEHEAD WORKS AND FROM THE STUDIO OF JANE HOAGLAND.

DECORATIVE TILES FROM THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB EXHIBIT: DESIGNED BY CHAS. AND LEON VOLKMAR, GRUEBY AND ROOKWOOD.

THREE SETS OF DECORATIVE TILES FROM THE MARBLEHEAD POTTERIES.

rent association. Moreover, the founders of the National Arts Club desired other organizations to endorse, and not to oppose its organization, and therefore we felt that its mission should be auxiliary to much that already existed, as expressed in the constitution, as well as initiative of that which, as yet, had not come into being.

"Perhaps no branch of the arts had been more neglected than industrial art. Therefore we determined that the National Arts Club should consider it within its province especially to encourage applied and industrial art. This spirit brought into existence the National Society of Craftsmen, now less than three years old, organized to promote the creation and sale of products of the arts and crafts, to maintain a permanent exhibition and to establish a Bureau of Information for craftsmen and clients, a society working hand in hand with and under the roof of the National Arts Club, its foster parent.

"In connection with the arts and crafts movement we knew that throughout the United States there were workers in textiles, pottery, metal, wood, leather, etc., who wished to express their individual artistic ideas, freed from the conventionalizing influences of factories and shops. As matters stood they were limited in selling their products to the necessarily narrow circle of their acquaintance. Thus, with the birth of the National Society of Craftsmen under the protecting wing of the National Arts Club, there was provided immediately a permanent exhibition and salesroom where handicraft products could be shown and sold and where patrons desiring work in any specific craft could be put in touch with competent craftsmen. To maintain the highest standard, to do the greatest amount of good, the society needed the financial support, naturally, of craftsmen and connoisseurs as well as their coöperation in other ways, but only in the degree that it might by itself earn all that it received. Otherwise the ethical value of the existence of the movement's right to be would have been negated. Not one cent has the Society accepted or ever will accept as a charity, for it insists on finding its support and maintenance solely in the encouragement of those who can appreciate how much a movement of the sort may be made to mean in the artistic development of America."

That nothing of the sort before existed, and that its value to the arts and crafts movement in this country is a practical one is well expressed in the comment of the *Evening Mail,* New York: "Their inability to sell things has been the bane of the arts and crafts movement in the past. Enthusiasts could make endlessly and fill their houses with beautiful objects—happy thing in itself, no doubt—but what impression could they make on the battlements of ugliness if they could never connect with the people in a commercial way? Now they have their operating agencies and a society, and a steady exhibition like this gives them a chance to let the purchasing world know what they are doing."

As Mr. J. William Fosdick, who is most thoroughly an artist and also a practical craftsman, and the president of the National Society of Craftsmen, remarked: "No one has ever been asked to become a member of the National Arts Club, or of the Society for other than the reasons expressed in the Club's creation. Therefore, with its very large membership it ought to be the privilege of every member to appreciate the opportunity he personally has of helping to promote a greater and a more intelligent interest in the arts. Of course, the members must attain to a realization that they have received the gift of a power to work for artistic ideals hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder. This would lead to the full accomplishment of everything the National Arts Club has declared itself to stand for. The crafts movement in itself is truly so important a movement that untold good can be accomplished in this direction alone, even were nothing else attempted. However, the National Arts Club has not felt that it has been neglecting anything in the great field of art endeavor."

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB

Mr. Spencer Trask, one of the charter members, the present president and one of the most earnest workers in the National Arts Club's upbuilding, feels that the Club has been carrying out its original objects with all possible faithfulness, and that the very few modifications in its policy have been the slight ones necessitated some time ago when it was discovered that personal selfish motives had occasionally prompted persons to apply for membership in the hope of at once finding a sale for their pictures, without their having given the least thought to the Club's vital and underlying principles. Mr. Trask points out that the growth of the National Society of Craftsmen indicates, for one thing, the definite bearing the Club's influence has had upon shaping the course of the Arts and Crafts movement in America, and he does not consider that the National Arts Club has neglected any of its opportunities, opportunities that may, in the future, be further met to an even greater extent, by the added income derived from the revenue that will accrue from the increasing membership.

On the other hand, I think there are many members, Mr. Lamb among them, who feel that the Club has not accomplished all it might be accomplishing even with its present resources. As an outsider, I, with others, have often wondered why the National Arts Club has seemed to neglect the splendid opportunity suggested in its constitution by that interesting outlook offered in its declared object "to encourage the publication and circulation of news, suggestions and discussions relating to the fine arts." There seems to have been very little publishing done by it, a thin bulletin now and then, occasionally an exhibition catalogue, but nothing like a propaganda through far-reaching permanent literature, literature that would place it in the position of the learned societies of Europe toward the public whose tastes they would lift up. If the subscribing to the few magazines in its library were all the encouragement the publication and circulation of art news, suggestions and discussions were to receive at the hands of the National Arts Club, the insertion of this phrase in the first section of its constitution would be a trivial matter indeed. I truly believe that with all it has had to do, and through its struggle to accomplish the much that has been done, the National Arts Club has, for the time being only, forgotten this part of its duty, and that it has, unintentionally, thus neglected one of its most golden opportunities. There is all too little of the right sort of art literature in America,—serious scholarly work.

This matter is one of immediate importance since it suggests that without this the Club would ever remain helpless, and its usefulness be impaired by unsympathetic criticism that not only would not be evoked but could be combated were there a way for its purpose and its work to become better known to the public.

The Club's social side has been criticized as a triviality, as though art were ever given by the gods to be a thing bottled and set apart from man, his life, enjoyment and appreciation, or even given as a thing to be propped up on an easel in some distant gallery. Does one suppose the Casa Medici was merely a gallery, the Gardens merely a workshop, Lorenzo's cabinet only a rostrum? Surely, no. Intercourse meant something to the artists of the Renaissance. Probably Albrecht Dürer, back through the centuries to Nürnberg, found much to bring out the interpretation of the art within his soul in communion with that circle which he found in Wilibald Pirkheimer's house, where the ingenious old German humanists were wont to congregate and talk over everything that affected the broader life, things that made Petrarch and his circle at an earlier day mean something to the artists of his time.

Art is never pedantry, nor is it solely paint; nor is it stone nor wood, nor yet merely metal. It is the thing that gives in the shaping of all these materials their message to the responsiveness of the soul in humanity, and you may find it in a

conversation, in a smile, sometimes in a frown, but always in contact with nature and mankind. Therefore the social side of the National Arts Club means much to art. Those to whom it means nothing are those who enter its circle merely to be amused. If the majority of its members fell under this class then the National Arts Club would not be worth while; but they do not. I myself do not particularly understand what bearing a disquisition on "The Home Life of the Flamingo" may have had upon the arts, for I was not present on that interesting occasion. Yet have I any right to imagine it had none? I presume Leonardo da Vinci would have gone into ecstasies over flamingoes, had he had a chance to hear anything about them; which only makes one feel sure that anything whatsoever in the heavens or on the earth has something to do with art, so much to do with art that anything of interest, anything that brings a hundred people happily in touch at any time, is a thing worth while.

Some hundred exhibitions of importance have been held by the National Arts Club. It is to be remembered that the constitution specifically states that these exhibitions are to be such as may not otherwise adequately be provided for in New York. The exhibitions of Books and Book Making, Pottery, Antique and Modern Jewelry, Textiles and Keramics, Ecclesiastical Art, Municipal Art, and the exhibitions of the Arts and Crafts have been noteworthy examples of the Club's initiative in these fields. The other day a publisher said to me, "I feel that the National Arts Club exhibition of books and book making is of as much importance to the publisher as it is to the visitor, not because it brings the buyer, the reader or the appreciator more closely in touch with him, but because it enables the publisher himself to see, as I did last year, the collective effect and thereby the standard of excellence of the output of any publishing firm. I myself saw for the first time that the appearance of the product of my own house was not all that it should be. I then and there determined upon the improvement in the dress of my books and put it into effect." The exhibit just referred to suggested another helpful one, that of advertising literature in general, an exhibition that was of practical value to every advertiser, every designer of advertising matter, and to every printer. Also the National Arts Club has worked hand in hand with the Municipal Art Society of New York—a society organized to promote in every practical way the development of the city of New York along the lines of embellishment and greater utility to its citizens. Its exhibitions of the work of the Municipal Art Society have shown how earnestly the National Arts Club has set about to aid the work of this organization. Surely such fraternal spirit counts for much, and proves itself to be of communal value.

There are those who have expressed surprise that the Club sometimes admitted to its exhibits the work of seemingly only potential greatness, that it offered space for the arriving, that it permitted itself the privilege of sometimes discovering greatness as well as recognizing the blue ribboned successes. Now, as a matter of fact, it is one of the purposes of the Club to welcome promise and encourage tentative effort. If a second or a third year an artist fails of achievement, does not make good the promise, then the Club turns its attention to fresh effort with fresh hope. It is an admirable, and more or less unique, purpose thus to display the best as standards of excellence with the merely hopeful, that so far as possible no real good shall be lost.

One cannot better illustrate the purpose of the exhibitions of the National Arts Club and their practical value in the encouragement of art conditions than by citing the Club's exhibition of the Arts and Crafts, which is now being held in its rooms. This exhibition is an extensive one in which nearly every phase of applied art is represented. Some of it is very beautiful, nearly all of it seems sincerely worked out, a little of it is absolutely uncouth, and all of it awakens an

interest in the impulse that seems to have been back of it, an impulse rather than an inspiration. Certain members of the Club have conceived the notion that the objects displayed should not bear their prices, and that they should merely be exhibited, and sold elsewhere after the exhibit had closed; all this, I believe, under the supposition that bartering lowers art dignity. As a matter of fact, the price tags are the only matters of interest attached to some of the exhibits. They show that the American craftsworker is apt to place an enormous value upon the product of his hand and brain. Taken a simple design, (a design of the sort that one should be able to produce from a trained invention every half hour) twenty-five cents' worth of linen crash, ten cents' worth of embroidery silk, an hour of labor and then upon this a price of twelve dollars—surely that is food for thought! The craftsworker has not yet learned to place a proper valuation upon his handiwork. This is especially true of the workers in textiles and in brass and copper. As Mr. Trask says, the National Arts Club is doing all within its power to teach arts-craftsmen the sense of the honest relation of their labor to a market, and in this it can accomplish a great work, as there seems no other way of bringing about a reform and of turning the tide of extravagant notions away from the tidy-makers. On the other hand, we are interested that the craftworkers in precious metals and gems can produce such beautiful jewelry for such modest prices. It is one of the best indications of the soundness of the arts and crafts movement in relation to the conditions of modern life. Then we learn that nearly all these jeweler craftsmen ply their craft to their profit, in happiness and contentment. With many of them form seems meaningless, design is woefully neglected, commonplaceness imitated and crudeness imagined to be artistic. But on the whole the jewelry shown this year shows a distinct advance. One is almost glad to have the bad there to compare with the good.

In a pendant of abalone shell and freshwater pearls, somewhat rough but very beautiful, its maker, Mrs. Victor Loring, has not only got away from the souvenir jewelry feeling that reminds one of a Niagara Falls shop, but she has created something very striking, practical, thoroughly made and within reason, so far as its price is concerned. Such things are among the hopeful indications of the movement and should receive signal attention.

Again there is a silver buckle by Miss Susan L. Hill that is one of the sanest and most original things in the exhibition. It cannot interest the reader a hundred miles away merely to scan a catalogue of what has seemed to another to count for the most, but the things I am mentioning are of lasting importance—they are things, it is to be remembered, that have reached their high water mark through just such encouragement as that which the National Arts Club holds forth to them. I wish everyone might see the exquisite emerald and ruby bag exhibited by E. R. Vedder, or the equally beautiful one in turquoise and pearl by the same craftsman.

Perhaps nothing in the entire exhibition this winter gives greater promise of a fulfilment of the mission of the arts and crafts movement in America than the pottery shown there. Generally speaking, a refined but strong sense of form has entered into its composition, the color is more than pleasing,—it is original, original without being startling or bizarre in nearly all instances. One begins to feel that her potters have found a national note at last for American art. Nearly all the forms that have appeared to be based upon Indian, or even again upon Japanese, models have been modified by the sense of new form and a new sense of color, or at least a new manner of its application, which is indicative of the individuality of the artist-craftsman whose intention they express with almost complete harmony. This is especially so in the various exhibits of tiles. An Indian design and a Moose design by F. E. Walrath should be acquired by some museum, or by the

National Arts Club itself, as examples of American attainment in the direction of a national note in art. Then the tiles by Arthur E. Baggs are as beautiful as anything that could come from the Flowery Kingdom, and yet not imitative of the art of Japan nor unduly influenced by it. Mr. Baggs and our other American potters appear to realize the vast palette the clays of this country present to their use, and that the materials our soil offers the artist-craftsman give him an unsurpassed medium for expression along these lines. The Grueby Potteries exhibit an especially beautiful vase whose decoration might well be described as the dreaming of white narcissus. The committee has been unkind enough to hang one of the Grueby tiles upside down, the St. George, but it is worth while to stand on one's head to get a real idea of it. Carelessness of the sort is neither complimentary nor necessary.

An embroidered cover, "Primroses," and an appliqué cover, "Peony," by the hand of Miss Margaret C. Whiting, hanging in the smaller gallery, both on a brown crash material, immediately arrested the attention of the searcher for excellence. I have never seen anything of the sort in any country before, and therefore the strong, sane, beautiful color throughout, the simplicity of the design, redolent in the one with the suggestion of spring, and in the other of summer, appealed to my enthusiasm for anything that may become the foundation of individual expression of a high type. I was not surprised to find that these bits of Miss Whiting's handicraft were not for sale. A printed East Indianish cotton hanging, apparently batik, the work of Miss Amy Mali Hicks, is one of the most consistent things in the exhibition. It is a faithful working out of an established process carried to a successful and to a useful conclusion by being something for which there would surely be a place, a thing of beauty that would fit in the decorative scheme of almost any home, and a fabric of intrinsic interest.

It is particularly appropriate that Victor Brenner should exhibit his Lincoln medal at this time. Brenner is America's leading medalist, and I have not seen another Lincoln portrait that can approach this one. Brenner is one of those persons in whom the National Arts Club can find an ideal member. Ever enthusiastic, sincere, and a loyal and hard worker, his influence is widely felt as something constructive and in accord with the Club's ideals. On the walls of the club rooms hangs a permanent exhibition of Brenner's work, which cannot but have an uplifting influence upon medallic art in this country.

In workmanship the examples of bookbindings reach a high standard, but they exhibit little advance in design. The only one that appeared to me to strike definitely a new note was Miss Mary Chatfield's "Whistler's Ten O'Clock." Not that the note of newness is important in all things and at all times, novelty being really the lowest round in the ladder of progression, but in pointing out that Miss Chatfield has here struck a new note, I mean newness in the sense of distinct growth and of individual accomplishment in expressing art through this medium with fresh originality.

All these things have their direct bearing upon the question as to whether or not the effort of the National Arts Club to foster art and an appreciation of it together with a better understanding of its relation to life have justified the course upon which it has set sail. The most ancient philosophers we can dig out of the past reflected that "any noble idea is worth while." Surely the conception of a National Arts Club was a noble idea, and as this idea seems to have been followed, through much opposition and over many obstacles, by faithful and still earnest and enthusiastic supporters of its principles, the conclusion to be reached is that, as an institution affecting the progress of national art and the development of a national interest in all the arts, the National Arts Club has been and should be thoroughly worth while.

SILK DYEING (CONTINUED): BY PROFESSOR CHARLES PELLEW OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: NUMBER VIII

Skein Dyeing.—When weighting or adulteration is not employed, i. e. in the so-called "pure dye" process, the dyeing of skein silk resembles very closely the piece dyeing described in the last article. The degummed silk is immersed in a dye-bath containing the dyestuffs (Acid Colors) dissolved in "boiled-off liquor" slightly acidified with sulphuric acid. The bath is heated nearly to the boiling point and the silk turned in it until the desired shade is produced. It is then taken out, washed thoroughly in water to remove the last traces of acid and then brightened by passing through a soap bath with some oil, and later through a bath of weak acid to develop the "scroop." A very important part of the process is the final drying and finishing. The drying should be done slowly and carefully and not proceed too far or the silk will be brittle. As is well known to dyers, silk has the power of absorbing 25 or 30 per cent. of its weight of water without becoming perceptibly damp to the hand, and this moisture when not carried too far is an actual benefit to the material, making it stronger and more elastic. This property is often made use of by the honest (?) dyer when, in case some of the silk in a lot has been spoiled by accident or carelessness, he makes up the difference in weight by the liberal use of the watering pot.

The finishing process is perhaps the most difficult and technical of all, for the value of the finished product depends very largely on it and it is almost impossible for an amateur to accomplish it. The skeins, after drying, are hung on a heavy polished wooden bar and with a heavy smooth wooden stick are shaken out, straightened, pulled, twisted and worked until the fibers are all parallel, the kinks taken out, any weak or injured portion cut out and the whole skein has acquired the proper amount of luster.

Sometimes, for especially brilliant fabrics, the skeins are "lustered" by machinery, the so-called "metallic lustering," when the silk, generally enveloped in steam so as to be both hot and damp, is pulled out between two steel arms until it has been stretched a considerable percentage of its original length. This undoubtedly lessens the strength of the fiber considerably and diminishes its elasticity, but under this strain each fiber is stretched out perfectly smooth and thus becomes much more brilliant and lustrous.

Dyeing Silk Black.—The above process, though well suited for quickly producing colors on silk which will be bright and lustrous and, if desired, fast to light although not to washing, is not adapted for blacks. The silk fiber is too transparent and shining to dye a full deep black with any soluble dyestuff. The color, to give really good effect, must be laid on in an insoluble form, either by the use of metallic mordants or by some process of oxidation or condensation. The best that can be done with the Acid Dyes is to give a dark, deep gray, which by itself may look fairly satisfactory, but does not hold its own when matched against a real full black.

The commercial way of obtaining this effect is by the use of the well-known vegetable dyestuffs contained in logwood. Comparatively few dyers take the trouble to make their solutions from the wood itself, but three or four large companies make a business of preparing and marketing logwood extracts of great purity and uniformity, both in solid and paste form. To produce a black with logwood it is necessary to mordant the silk carefully with iron, tannin and in some processes with salts of tin and of chromium. In all cases, therefore, silk dyed black with logwood contains a certain percentage—say, 15-20 per cent. of its weight—of foreign ingredients. When carefully done this does no harm to the material and the "pure dyed" logwood blacks are perfectly satisfactory, both for shade, luster and durability.

Weighting of Silk.—Unfortunately, raw

silk commands a high price in the market, from $3.50 to $6.00 a pound, and there has been for many years a keen and steady competition between the various dyers and manufacturers to substitute cheaper materials for this expensive raw product. During the last few years this has resulted in the production of the different varieties of artificial silk, concerning which more will be said in a future article. Besides this, however, the dyers and chemists have been straining every nerve to make a small amount of raw silk go a long way by first increasing its weight, and secondly, and as a necessary consequence, materially increasing its bulk by the use of chemicals in the dyeing process.

The first efforts in this direction were based upon the saving of some or, indeed, nearly all of the gum which is wasted in the washing or degumming process previously described. This gum, which amounts to from 25 to 35 per cent. of the raw silk, makes the silk stiff in texture and dull in color, and more difficult to dye. But by modifying the dyeing and especially the finishing process, it was found possible to produce the so-called "souples," i. e. silks with little or no luster, but with the characteristic "scroop" or "feel" and capable of replacing bright silk as a filling in many fabrics and yet with almost all the natural gum left in the fiber.

The black silks were then attacked and an elaborate system of mordanting was introduced before the dyeing proper began. For instance, the silk can be dipped alternately into solutions of iron and then of ferrocyanide of potash, thus forming Prussian blue in the fiber. Then the excess of iron can be converted by immersion in tannin solutions, such as Gambier or Cutch, into black tannate of iron, or ink, and finally, after perhaps a bath in chromium or tin salts, the final color is brought out by boiling in logwood extract. The silk is then brightened by boiling with good neutral Castile soap, and after drying and finishing the finished product may easily weigh two or even three times as much as the original raw silk did and still retain its strength, luster and elasticity.

The weighting of colored and bright silks did not proceed so rapidly, and it was not much more than ten years ago that by accident some French dyers discovered that by immersion in a strong bath of tin chlorid (stannic chlorid acidified with some hydrochloric acid) the silk fiber would absorb a large percentage of tin salts without necessarily losing luster or dyeing power or even strength. This at first was kept a secret, but its use gradually spread until now it is a very poor silk dyer who cannot weight his silk 100 or 150 per cent. without spoiling its immediate commercial value.

Without going into unnecessary details the process is somewhat as follows: The silk, after being degummed and thoroughly washed free of soap, is plunged in a bath of tin chlorid and kept there for some hours. It is then taken out and the loose tin salts are washed off in a tank of water (technically called a box) or in a washing machine. To further "set" the tin, the silk is then placed for a short time in a solution of phosphate of soda and again washed thoroughly. It has now gained from 15 to 25 per cent. of its original weight (3 to 4 ounces to the pound of raw silk). If further weighting is desired this treatment, first in tin chlorid and then in phosphate of soda, can be repeated three or four up to five or even six times, increasing in weight with each immersion. Then a bath is usually given of silicate of soda, which adds a little weight, ½ to ¾ of an ounce, and it is claimed benefits the luster and strength of the goods. Then after a final washing the silk is ready for the dye-bath.

The weighted goods are dyed, dried and finished about the same as with the "pure dye" process, and the proud dyer can rejoice at returning to the honest manufacturer from 150 to 250 pounds of finished silk for every 100 pounds of raw silk (containing, by the way, 25 to 30 pounds of gum) which was sent in to the dyehouse.

This "tin-weighting" process is also applied to black dyeing, and enables the black

dyer to build up his weight with tin salts instead of limiting him to iron, chromium, ferrocyanide of potash, tannin and logwood.

Properties of Weighted Silk.—It is scarcely necessary to point out that silk weighted to the extreme limit is hardly to be considered as the most durable and trustworthy of fabrics, even when dyed by the most expert workman. Silk dyed carelessly and weighted heavily is less valuable, liable to crack and wear away with the least provocation.

It may be worth while reminding some of my fair readers that the old test of a silk taffeta, "so thick and stiff that it will stand of itself," nowadays is anything but a proof of good quality. One or two manufacturers in this country have during the past two or three years revived the almost forgotten art of making and selling pure-dyed goods, and one trouble that they experienced in disposing of their products, outside the high price, was the criticism that their silk felt so light and thin.

Tests for Weighted Silk.—At present it is almost impossible, at least in New York, to buy pure-dyed heavy silks. The writer, at any rate, tried hard this last autumn to find for some special experiments a piece of white taffeta which was not markedly weighted. After visiting not only department stores but the very best drygoods stores in the city, at all of which he was informed that no such material now existed, the best he could do was to find one make of silk where the organzine or warp was fairly pure, the tram being well weighted. Light-weight Japan and China silk dyed in the piece can still be procured with little or no weighting.

The test, known to all buyers in the trade, is a simple one. The threads of silk should be pulled and combed out, separating carefully the warp from the filling, and each of them touched with a lighted match. Pure silk burns fast and freely to the end, leaving little or no ash, while weighted silk burns slowly, leaving much residue, and if heavily weighted will not carry the flame at all.

The chemical analysis of weighted silk is not very satisfactory, and in general can hardly be made, excepting by a chemist expert in silk dyeing and weighting as well as in ordinary analytical methods.

Silk Dyeing by Amateurs and Craftsmen.—It is hardly necessary to point out that the above processes need skilled dyers and chemists to produce satisfactory results.

Craftsmen can, however, get quite satisfactory results by "pure dyeing" piece goods and even skeins with acid dyes, in a soap bath acidified with a little sulphuric acid, as described in the last article, although it is hard to finish the skeins without instruction from a professional.

The Acid Dyes, however, are not always satisfactory on account of their behavior to moisture. The best ones are exceedingly fast to light and the range of shades is great, but the colors strip entirely and easily in hot soap baths, and, which is more objectionable, they generally bleed and stain when wet with even pure water.

Colors faster to washing, although not as a rule so fast to light, can be readily obtained by using the Salt or Direct Cotton Dyes, described in the August number of THE CRAFTSMAN; these dye silk readily in a soap bath with the mixture, first, of a certain amount (three or four times as much as of the dyestuff) of salt or Glauber's salt and later of a little acetic acid. Silks dyed with these Salt Colors are "fast" but not "embroidery fast"—that is, they will not stain in water or with light soaping, but cannot be put in the washtub and boiled with cotton goods without bleeding and staining the white goods.

To stand the latter test, the simplest method is to dye the silk with the Sulphur Dyes previously described, care being taken to avoid tendering the silk with the strong alkali of the sodium sulphide. To protect the silk from this it is necessary to use as little sodium carbonate and sulphide as possible, consistent with dissolving the dyestuff. Then, by using a large excess of dyestuff, the silk need be immersed for but

a short time, and finally various chemicals can be used to protect the fiber.

Glucose is often used for this purpose. But, for full shades, the best way is to add sodium bisulphite to the bath, containing dyestuff and sodium sulphide, until the liquid is just about neutral.

To get the best results the reaction of the bath should be tested in the manner known to all chemists, with an alcoholic solution of phenol-phthalein. This solution is colorless in the presence of acids or even when neutral, but turns pink or red with the least trace of alkali. After the dyestuff, dissolved in hot water with sodium sulphide and sodium carbonate, has been put in the dye-bath, a solution of sodium bisulphite is added, little by little, stirring well until a drop of the liquid, spotted on a piece of blotting paper and touched with a drop of the phenolphthalein, remains colorless for a minute or two and then turns a light purple. If the purple color does not develop at all the bath is too acid and needs the addition of a little more sodium sulphide. If the color appears at once the bath is too alkaline, and more of the bisulphite should be added.

In a bath made up in this way silk can be warmed with impunity and by the use of plenty of dyestuff and the addition of two or three tablespoonfuls of salt to the bath after the dyeing has proceeded for some little time, full deep shades can be produced, which, after exposure to the air to oxidize them, can be washed in boiling soap baths without running or fading.

Of course, for lighter shades the bath need not be neutralized with so much care. Bisulphite should be added to diminish the alkalinity, and then the silk dyed as quickly and with as little heating as possible.

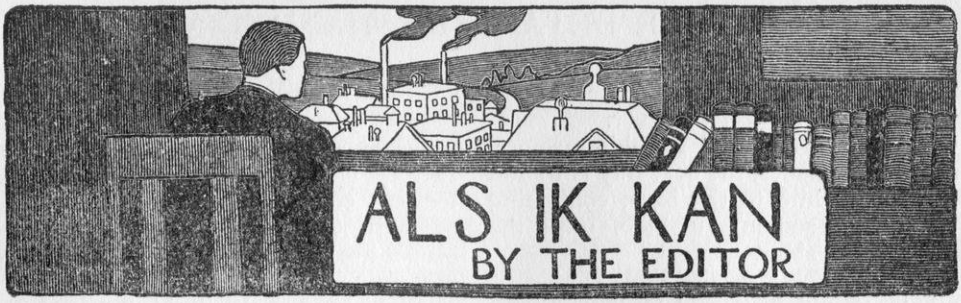
Black Dyeing for Craftsmen.—The process just described is of still greater importance as a means for getting satisfactory blacks on silk without the long, tedious, complicated and difficult process of logwood dyeing. Excellent sulphur blacks are on the market which will give very fair results even to the amateur dyer, and which offer the decided advantage of dyeing cotton and linen fibers in the same bath quite as deeply as they do the silk.

Of course, to get full shades of black, great care must be taken to have the bath the exact degree of alkalinity, and to get the full strength of the dyestuff. A good dye for this purpose is Thiogene Black liquid M.pat (Metz) for the use of which this process was patented.

Besides the Sulphur Colors, dyers sometimes use some of the Alizarine Colors, and, especially, of the new Salt or Direct Cotton Colors suitably fixed, for the production of blacks without the use of logwood.

The Alizarine Colors properly mordanted give excellent shades on silk as well as on wool and cotton, which are among the fastest colors known both against light and washing. Their use, however, is too complicated to be of much value to craftsmen.

During the last three or four years the Salt Colors have been coming greatly to the front, and not only are used for colors but also for blacks upon silk with considerable success. To obtain a really good black it is necessary first to dye the silk thoroughly, as before described, with one of the Salt Colors, and then to fix it by the so-called diazotizing and developing process. This, however, is rather too delicate a chemical process for the average craftsman, and hence it hardly needs describing here.



COÖPERATION OF EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED AS A SOLUTION OF SOCIALISM AND THE LABOR PROBLEM

AMONG the many striking developments of the present age, none is more pronounced than the growth of Socialism. Its following has become so numerous and its propaganda so widespread in Europe and America that at first flush it appears to constitute a serious menace to capital and property. As its ranks are mainly recruited from the wage-earning classes, Socialism is, to all intents and purposes, a labor movement and its activities play an important part in the conflict between Capital and Labor. It is, in fact, the most uncompromising antagonist of Wealth and Private Ownership.

The chief and primary object of Socialism is to better the condition of the workers and the poor. In this respect it is a commendable movement, but the methods which it advocates can never command the respect of an intelligent majority in America. Its assumption that the existence of private wealth is necessarily detrimental to the welfare of the workers is contrary to the truth and is the basis of many of its errors, for it is notably significant that the greatest advance in the betterment of the laboring classes has been made during the past twenty years, a period which has been marked by the greatest growth and organization of capital. This would seem to afford sufficient evidence that the essential interests of Labor and Capital are not conflicting, a view which is being accepted by employers much more readily than by employed.

Many an unsound Socialistic argument has been based upon the statement of Adam Smith that "the wealth of a nation is the creation of labor,"—a fallacy that probably has given rise to more discontent than any other of the many purely theoretical assertions made by ardent social reformers. The greatest danger of such a statement lies in the fact that it is partially true. No one denies that a great part of the wealth of the world is created by labor, but it is equally true that in the final analysis it must be apparent that it is demand, not labor, that really creates value and that there are many other sources of wealth,—as for instance, the increase in the value of real estate which comes solely through an increase in population. At the most, labor can justly claim no more than equal importance with capital and business ability as agencies in the production of wealth, and the ultimate dependence of each and all must be upon the consumer.

Socialism demands "the complete emancipation of labor from the domination of capitalism and landlordism," and assumes that this result can be secured only by the abolition of capital. But while the ultimate emancipation of labor from such domination is not only recognized as inevitable, but is approved by many of the more progressive capitalists here and

abroad, people are also beginning to realize that it can be brought about without involving the complete subversion of the social and economic organization which is the outcome of a slow and upward process directed by the greatest intellects of preceding ages. Every step in the advancement of the race is the natural result of evolution; it is seldom that revolution achieves any permanently beneficial results, except such as come from the natural progress of events when they settle into their regular course after an upheaval.

There is no question but that many of the conditions of the ideal Socialist state are not only desirable, but are inevitable as a further development of our present phase of civilization. Far from being antagonistic to a greater equalization of opportunity and wealth, many of our clearest thinkers and most practical men of affairs are heartily in favor of any sane means of bringing about a permanent reform along these lines, but they also realize that the key to the problem,—the very object which the Socialist claims to seek,—is to be found in the extension to a still further degree of the individualism that has developed with the growth of civilization, rather than in a return to the communism of primitive tribal organization. To have the land and the industries owned entirely by the State would inevitably lead to a worse state of oppression than could exist under the domination of the most powerful corporations and the most grasping landlords, for there would be no chance for advancement, no security and no incentive to a man to do his best work. But when the land is held entirely by small proprietors and the manufacturing industries are controlled by the workmen engaged in them, an ideal state of socialism will have been reached, and such an organization of society will tend naturally to the evolution of the race and the development of the individual. Communism suppresses personal enterprise, minimizes talent, stunts ambition and checks endeavor, while independence and ownership stimulate every effort which makes for the advancement of the race.

Therefore, it is not by antagonism to wealth that the solution of the labor problem may be found. Nothing could be more mutually injurious to Labor and Capital than the active conflicts in which they are constantly engaged. Strikes and lockouts are wasteful and futile, and their effects are harmful to the general public no less than to the participants. These facts are now so generally appreciated that there is a growing demand, in which the more intelligent of the laboring class join, for a cessation of such contests. Arbitration is being resorted to more and more as a means of settling difficulties, and employers are finding conciliation and sympathy more effective than opposition to and disregard of the wishes and interests of their employees. In fact, the trend on both sides is decidedly toward a better understanding and a fairer adjustment of differences.

It is also being more and more widely recognized by practical business men that Capital cannot adopt a better means of establishing amicable relations with Labor or find a surer defence against the threatened spread of Socialism than lies in the so-called "coöperation plan,"—or the admitting of employees to the position of stockholders in the organization by which they are employed,—which has been adopted by many of the larger employers of labor in both Europe and America. As an example of the success of this method of adjusting difficulties and putting things on a more equitable basis, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is perhaps our foremost exponent of the coöperation plan and who has done so much toward putting it to the test of practical application, instances the successful action of the United States Steel Company, which has made shareholders of nearly one hundred thousand workmen in its employ,—these workmen sharing in the profits of the concern and having the right to vote upon questions of policy which affect their interests and welfare.

In his recently published book, "The

Problems of Today," Mr. Carnegie goes into this question at length. To use his own words: "Among the expedients suggested for their better reconciliation, the first place must be assigned to the idea of coöperation, or the plan by which the workers are to become part owners in enterprises and share their fortunes. There is no doubt that if this could be effected it would have the same beneficial effect upon the workman which the ownership of land has upon the man who has hitherto tilled the land for another. The sense of ownership would make him more of a man as regards himself and hence more of a citizen as regards the commonwealth. . . . The joint-stock form opens the door to the participation of labor as shareholders in every branch of business. In this, the writer believes, lies the final and enduring solution of the labor question."

The former ironmaster looks for the culmination of this movement in "complete and universal coöperation," and such "coöperation" as he contemplates would involve participation by the workmen in management and profits and "every employee a shareholder." He declares that: "We are just at the beginning of profit-sharing, and the reign of workingmen proprietors, which many indications point to as the next step forward in the march of wage-paid labor to the higher stage of profit-sharing joint-partnerships; workers with the hand and workers with the head paid from profits — no dragging of the latter down, but the raising of the former up."

This is no new idea. It was voiced by John Stuart Mill in the past generation, when he said: "The form of association, however, which, if mankind continues to improve, must be expected in the end to predominate, is not that which can exist between a capitalist as chief and workpeople without a voice in the management, but the association of the laborers themselves on terms of equality, collectively owning the capital with which they carry on their operations and working under managers elected and removable by themselves."

The disposition to put this theory of coöperation into actual practice has spread so rapidly that it has already been adopted by one hundred and eighty-nine manufacturing concerns in the United States, all of which recognize in one form or another the community of interest which should exist between employers and employed. This is entirely as it should be, but taking the example cited by Mr. Carnegie,—that of the United States Steel Company,—we detect one serious flaw: namely, the guarantee of the employee against loss by giving preference to his share of stock for repayment at cost as a first charge in case of disaster. This comes dangerously close to paternalism and may well excite the distrust and opposition of labor organizations and of the employees themselves, for while it offers a certain advantage to the workman as against the ordinary shareholder, that advantage in itself implies an element of weakness in his position,—an admission of the fact that he must be taken care of because he is not quite able to take care of himself. Furthermore, it implies a possible dishonesty on the part of the directors, for a stockholder who comes in on such terms has no power to prevent disaster and no voice in the division of profits. The real owners cut the pie and divide it according to their own best interests and such a share of it as they think best is given to the workman as a sop to his restlessness and discontent.

Now, the industrious, thrifty, ambitious workman is, above all, independent. He is not likely to be content with a semblance of joint ownership, for his manhood demands that he should be allowed to fight his own battles. If he does not fight them shoulder to shoulder with the capitalist, taking all the risk of loss as well as benefiting by all the gains, the chances are that he will feel that he is treated as a dependent and a beneficiary, rather than as a partner,—a state of affairs that would inevitably end either in his demoralization

or in worse disputes and misunderstandings.

This one point aside, however, we think that Mr. Carnegie is right in believing that the future of the nation and the sound, healthy growth of our industries lie along the lines of mutual understanding and coöperation between employer and employed. And this not alone for economic reasons, for one of the greatest factors in such growth lies in the moral and mental effect of the stimulus which comes from the sense of independence and of having something to look forward to. There is something wrong about a man who rests content to work on a dead level. He may start at the bottom and advance until he has won the maximum wage given by his employer for his kind of work. That is well so far as it goes; but what next? The incentive to further progress is gone. He may be sure of his job, sure that as long as he is able to give adequate work in return for his pay, he will have the same income; but for all that, there must be something still left to be gained by striving, or he falls inevitably into a state of restlessness and discontent, and begins to deteriorate. But when he has an interest, however small, in the concern and feels that he is in a measure working for himself and that the prosperity of the organization means his own prosperity, there is no end to the stimulus that comes with the project of still further advancement. Sharing in the profits of the concern for which he labors will make him a better and more earnest workman. Having a voice in its management will create a sense of responsibility and sharpen the intelligence. The condition of ownership will foster self-respect and independence. And in the end, the three great agencies for the creation of wealth—Labor, Intellect and Capital—will cease to be the distinguishing attributes of classes and will find their chief representation in the masses.

Of course, such a solution is opposed by the labor organizations, because they are largely controlled by professional agitators whose power and profit depend upon their ability to stir up strife, and the presence in the unions of a body of conservative, industrious men who would be inclined to scrutinize keenly all efforts to bring about an upheaval would tend to break down the influence of the walking delegate and make ridiculous the old argument of the oppression of Labor by Capital. Also, the better class of workmen are almost invariably substantial, law-abiding citizens, and with such an element predominating, theatrical defiance of injunctions and a forcing of strikes on trivial grounds would be well nigh impossible.

Every step that Capital takes toward such coöperation with Labor must set back Socialism that much. Socialism can be brought about only by revolution, for to seek it by an evolutionary process would mean gradual retrogression to a primitive state of society. Property is ever averse to disturbance and the shareholding workman may be depended upon to be conservative, for communism appeals only to the man who owns nothing and hopes to benefit by the contributions of others to the common fund. It is safe to say that no considerable number of the hundred thousand workmen who hold stock of the United States Steel Corporation would consider any communistic proposition for a general distribution of wealth.

It is urged by the Socialists and labor agitators that through coöperation and similar means, the capitalists are endeavoring to placate the workingman and to stem the tide of evolution. To this might well be answered: Why not? If Capital and Labor agree to a line of action which is for the advantage of both and which gives to Labor the satisfaction of all its just demands without a revolution, what harm is done? Such a peaceable adjustment would not be to the liking of the extreme Socialist or the professional agitator, but would it not be more to the benefit of humanity as a whole than a social upheaval which could end only in confusion and disorder? The laboring man is bound in any case to come to his own. The upward trend of our civilization is irresistible

and it requires no prophet to tell us that this is the next step in our advance. The only difference between the revolution urged by the Socialist and such evolution as appears to be coming about through the efforts of enlightened thinkers on both sides will be that the workman will have to earn what he gets and to owe his advancement in life solely to his own industry and ability.

NOTES

UNTIL New York becomes a city of artists and art appreciators like pagan Athens and the Florence of the Renaissance—and that day does not seem to be imminent—we cannot expect a work of art to become popular upon the strength of its artistic merits alone. It sometimes happens, even in painting and sculpture, that a great art work has so much human quality that it makes a wide appeal. But music is the least concrete of the arts and popular music in America means tunes and trills. Yet a theater or an opera house may be filled even when a large part of the audience—judging from the comments in the lobby and among one's neighbors—has little conception of the intention of the performance. "Pelléas et Mélisande" is an example of such a box office success; "Parsifal" is another. All of which is a prelude to saying that the opera of "Tiefland," by the celebrated pianist, Eugen d'Albert, which has been so successful in Germany and which was produced at the Metropolitan for the first time this season, is a serious and important musical composition which has been recognized as such by musicians and music lovers—and which has not filled the house. Its success up to the present moment must be set down as one of esteem. Yet the story is both poetic and human, and it does not seem as if even the opera-goer apprehensive of the "classical" should find the music difficult to understand.

As the curtain goes up it shows the mountain top before dawn. We hear the shepherd's horn. *Pedro* is watching his sheep. In the misty early light he tells his friend *Mando* his dream of the woman he is to love. The music is finely expressive of the scene and the hour. When he has finished his story, *Sebastiano* appears with *Marta,* whom he brutally offers to *Pedro. Pedro* recognizes her as "the woman." She runs from him, but he follows her down the mountain crying significantly — and also symbolically — *"In's Tiefland geh' ich."* ("I go into the lowlands.")

The night of the wedding, however, he becomes suspicious. *Marta,* also fearing *Sebastiano's* evil designs upon *Pedro,* sits all night awake before the fire, while *Sebastiano* sleeps upon the floor. So the curtain falls upon them, rising the next act upon the dawn after the night's vigil. *Pedro's* suspicions increase; he becomes wretched, despairing, bewildered. All his inarticulate sense of misery is compressed in his significant cry, "I die in the lowlands!" Eventually *Marta* tells him the truth; then in a struggle with *Sebastiano, Pedro* kills him, according to the ancient law, and carries the woman he loves away up the path to the mountains.

The voice is used as an instrument of the orchestra throughout. Yet, although constructed upon the Wagnerian plan, it suggests Wagner less than Puccini does. It is original, poetic, atmospheric music. In the performance given at the Metropolitan the dramatic interest centers in the character of *Pedro,* a rude peasant *Parsifal* destined to human experience, who follows the woman of his dream into the lowlands where he is to meet life and be bruised by it. Stifled in the valleys, he reverts in the end to his own element, feeling that in the pure air of his mountain top all will come right again. Human and natural as the story is, it will be seen to have its symbolism. One can scarcely overpraise Herr Schmedes' impersonation of the simple shepherd. It is a piece of acting worthy to be ranked with the acting of the theater—which is something that can seldom be said of the acting of

opera singers. Schmedes has the handicap of a most unfortunate vocal method. He is naturally an artist, is obviously possessed of unusual intelligence, and is a musician, born of a family of musicians. And in spite of his painfully "squeezed" tone production, he invariably sings in tune. With proper training his voice would undoubtedly convey his musical intentions more justly. Feinhals, as the brutal *Sebastiano,* put another interesting impersonation to his credit. The rôle of *Marta* was taken by Emmy Destinn, who has made her first appearance here this winter. She is not a sympathetic interpreter of the part. Such dramatic ability as she has is of the crude direct kind, so that one would expect her to be a more convincing *Marta. Santuzza* is one of her best rôles. Yet as *Marta* her effect is unwieldy, uncommunicative and unseductive. She is said not to like the part, however, and it is always difficult to accomplish a result when, as the immortal *Tommy* said, your heart is not in it. Her voice in its upper third is an organ of great beauty, but it diminishes perceptibly in effectiveness as it goes down into the lower tones. She made nothing at all of the episode of the dance which has such interesting possibilities — and which Maria Labia is said to have invested with such significance and charm.

ONE of the most significant art exhibitions of the year is being held this month in the Knoedler Galleries. This single exhibition is shown by Wilhelm Funk. The thirteen pictures are all portraits, and among them are some of the most remarkable portraits New York has seen in years. As you enter the gallery there is an instant impression of brilliancy, vividness, of the vibrating quality of life itself, a note that is seldom struck by any modern painter except Sargent. There is in the work that most indefinable thing which we have grown to characterize as "great style," (something quite different from mere *chic*) and which we realize nowadays is most often found in company with the highest expression of individuality.

This exhibition is so far Mr. Funk's supreme showing of his work, as though a great singer should say, "Tonight is my greatest accomplishment. I may achieve a greater utterance, but I am willing to stand by this." Or that a composer were to express the thought, if only to himself, "I have at last written my masterpiece." This note of personal confidence and exaltation which is sometimes manifested in art is noticeable in the work which Mr. Funk is showing in the present exhibit. You feel that for the present at least this is his best, and there is no question but that this "best" is most rare achievement indeed. You find a technique that is consecutively free, dashing, sensitive, tender, gracious, incisive, vague, subtle. And what sureness of drawing and mastery of color! Perhaps the children's portraits are the most noticeable. They are treated with such tenderness, and yet in composition, color and texture are such valuable expressions of artistic individuality. I question if a more triumphant painting of childhood has been done since the days of Gainsborough and Reynolds than Mr. Funk's portrait of little Ann Seton—radiant, shy, exquisite, an embodiment of love given and received, yet a painting of so rare a quality that it stands alone, even in this showing of unusual achievement.

"BRONZES by a Group of American Artists," was the heading of a catalogue for an interesting exhibition at the Macbeth Galleries the latter part of December. As a matter of fact, though small, this exhibit was a most noteworthy one. It had been gathered together in a most intelligent manner by Mr. Macbeth, whose interest in and enthusiasm for American art is such that his galleries today stand for much of the best in the development of modern American art. This little exhibit as a whole gave greater variety and a wider reach of interest than the bronze work shown at the sculptor's exhibit in the National Academy. For

Mr. Macbeth had brought together some of the very best of our modern bronze sculptors, and to say this is to say, some of the very best sculptors of the modern world. There was a delightful showing of the work of Miss Abastenia Eberle, some interesting pieces of Miss Janet Scudder, Mrs. Bryson Burroughs, Alfred Humphreys, E. W. Deming, Chester Beach, F. G. R. Roth and the work of a man new to the writer, Arthur Putnam.

These bronzes were for the most part small and the work, as one has already seen, mainly of the younger generation of significant American sculptors. Almost without exception these younger men and women deal with the more realistic phases of life, and more often than not the life of the humble people. But their realism is not of the photographic brutal German-art type; it is realism tempered with beauty. To the sympathetic artist the sordid things in life actually have beauty, that essential kind which is line and color, and hence which is everywhere. And so, as the variations of light and shade, form and line are revealed to the painter or sculptor, there is added to that sordidness apprehended by the lay mind the great illusion of beauty which fills all of life for the man of dreams. Thus a little child dashing away on roller skates, of an early spring morning, may be ragged and dirty and noisy, yet there is the joy she expresses in the lines of her young body, there is the whirl of her ragged clothes, there is all the interest which life has for her, and so when she is transmuted into art she has acquired the illusion of beauty, and because of this beauty she becomes a permanent expression of those things which are eventually the great art of a nation.

This expression is what one finds again and again in the work of Miss Eberle, in some of the work of Mrs. Burroughs, almost inevitably in the children of Chester Beach and Sergeant Kendall.

In the bronzes of Deming, Arthur Putnam and Humphreys, our delight lies rather in the extraordinary humorous quality which these men have apprehended in animal life and have found the gift to express. To the developed American mind the lower stages of development, whether of animal life or child life, seem always to possess a certain lovable humorous suggestion, and it is a matter of great significance to American art that our painters and sculptors have discovered this delightful quality and have found in themselves the desire and the ability to express it.

One notices with ever increasing interest the versatility which Mr. E. W. Deming is showing in his work. His decorative Indian mural painting we have all known and admired for some time. At a recent exhibit of his work in his own studio in MacDougall Alley even some of Mr. Deming's intimate friends were surprised at the delightful poetical water colors with which two of the walls of the studio were covered, water color work of that rare kind which carefully selects its subject for its medium and expresses only those tender illusive phases of life which seem essentially to belong to this more delicate phase of art. Again at the Macbeth exhibit Mr. Deming was found standing foremost among the bronze sculptors whose animals are most vital, individual and charmingly playful.

THE people who really care for the best American painting, and they are a rapidly increasing class, are learning to wend their way with due regularity to the Montross Galleries, where during the season they are bound to find some of the most interesting expressions which the modern American painter is making in his art. And one of the best of the exhibits which Mr. Montross has given this year is the present showing of the landscapes by Willard L. Metcalf. As a painter of that most subtle and elusive thing known as "atmosphere," Mr. Metcalf ranks supreme. The variation of expression of the beauty of out of doors which one receives in passing from canvas to canvas at this recent exhibition, leaves one simply

astounded. From one canvas fresh sea winds are blown to you, in another you dream for a moment in a moonlight garden of mystery, across the room you linger on an autumn hillside with the haze of Indian summer in your eyes and the smell of pungent leaves and grass all about you. Again you feel the fresh faint sweetness of an early spring morning, or an opalescent sea rolls and swells toward you in a great rush of gemlike color, and the salt spray and the tang of the sea air sets your heart homesick for the ocean. There are country lanes, too, which wind away placidly on summer afternoons and there are evenings and ebb tides, and for each scene of nature Mr. Metcalf has his own inspired technique, and the impression you receive is unfailingly true and unfailingly convincing. He has no mannerisms in his work; he apparently has no one unfailing inspiration; all the glory and the beauty of out of doors is his for the taking, and he takes lavishly and gives freely, and what he tells you is told with a masterly brush.

IN the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, was recently shown the work of Paul Cornoyer and George Glenn Newell. Mr. Cornoyer is an American who received most of his art education in Paris, but who finds the greater part of his inspiration in the streets of New York City, which he paints with such endless variation and charm. Mr. Newell, who studied in New York, finds his subjects mostly in cattle and sheep in action or at rest in misty or sunshiny meadows and valleys.

EARLY in December M. Knoedler & Co. held in their Water Color Gallery an exhibition of fine and rare old mezzotints and stipple engravings, some of which were in color. Many of the impressions shown were of unusual interest and beauty.

THE Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, has announced a calendar of exhibitions to be held this winter. During December water color drawings by F. Hopkinson Smith were shown under the auspices of the Mt. Holyoke Alumnæ; in February will be seen the thirteenth traveling exhibition of the Society of Western Artists, under the auspices of the Art Society of Pittsburgh, and during March paintings by "The Eight" will be seen at the Carnegie Institute.

A memorial meeting of the American Institute of Architects in appreciation of Augustus Saint-Gaudens was held in December in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C. Addresses were made by the Hon. Elihu Root, the Italian, French, Brazilian, British and Japanese ambassadors and the Chargé d'Affaires of Mexico.

REVIEWS

THE late William Bross, one time Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, was a sensible and far-sighted man. Desiring some memorial of his son, Mr. Bross gave forty thousand dollars to the trustees of Lake Forest University, the income to be spent for the purpose of stimulating the best books or treatises "on the occasion, relation and mutual bearing of any practical science, the history of our race, from the facts in any department of knowledge, with and upon the Christian religion." Some of the most eminent scholars here and abroad have contributed to this "Bross Library," and the latest volume to be published by the trustees of the Bross fund is by J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

This book is called "The Bible of Nature" and its unique value lies in the way in which it compresses within the limits of one small volume the results of the discoveries and researches of the deepest thinkers of the age and yet is in itself a vital and original work, rich in interest and to the last degree stimulating in its suggestion as to further thought along the same lines.

While it is a book written by a profound

scholar, and the problems with which it deals are those which appeal chiefly to learned men, it is yet so lucid in expression and sets forth its conclusions so vividly that the most careless reader could hardly escape its charm. The first chapter, which is called *The Wonder of the World,* seems to open before the mental vision the immensity and the mystery of the universe, and the appreciation of these grows ever deeper and wider with the succeeding chapters, *The History of Things, Organisms and Their Origin, The Evolution of Organisms* and *Man's Place in Nature.* In fact, the whole book carries out the suggestion of its title,—that Nature is a book we can read and ought to read, a book from which we may learn much that concerns our mortal well-being. It is almost inevitable that it should, as the author asserts, be followed up by other books, such as the book of the Law, the book of Psalms and the book of Wisdom. ("The Bible of Nature."—Five Lectures Delivered before Lake Forest College on the Foundation of the Late William Bross. By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A. 248 pages. Price $1.00 net. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

FEW people in this age and time have any personal recollection of the gentle art of letter writing as it was pursued and enjoyed by our more leisurely ancestors. We read with delight volumes of letters which give us intimate glimpses of the lives and thoughts of famous men and women, but—perhaps because we are not famous, and never hope to be,—it seldom occurs to us to do more than write a business letter or the hasty note demanded by common courtesy on innumerable social occasions. But even if we do not like to write letters, we surely enjoy reading them, and in "The Friendly Craft," a little volume of just the right size to go into a coat pocket, Miss E. D. Hanscom has gathered together many letters from people who have contributed to making history in our own land. There are letters from Washington, from Lincoln, from Benjamin Franklin and others of our great men to friends who had the right to know what they really thought and said within their own circle of intimate friends. Thomas Jefferson sends sage counsel to his daughter, Martha, aged eleven, in letters that laid down a line of conduct which would be considered very rigorous by a modern little girl. And Aaron Burr, acknowledging "two elegant and affectionate letters" from his lovely Theodosia, gives some quaint masculine views on the subject of education for women.

The women are by no means neglected in this collection of letters. We have letters from Louisa Alcott, Lydia Maria Child, Celia Thaxton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and many others whose names are beloved and familiar. Taken altogether, the book is delightful and even if it does not reform the reader from the bad habit of neglecting his correspondence, it will at least give him several pleasant hours. ("The Friendly Craft: A Collection of American Letters." Edited by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom, Ph.D. 361 pages. Price, $1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A CHARMING story that is the sequel to another charming story has an interest all its own,—an interest which springs from the pleasure in meeting old acquaintances in new surroundings; but when the story is the sequel of a sequel, the interest is doubled. It is so with "The Diva's Ruby," which is the third and presumably the last of the three books concerning the fortunes of fair *Margaret Donne.* This book is especially exciting because the action opens in Central Asia, where a young Tartar girl betrays the carefully guarded secret of the tribal ruby mine to a Russian cavalier with whom she has fallen in love. The traveler allows her to lead him to the ruby mine, fills his pockets with rubies, blocks up the entrance and leaves her to her fate. The girl gets out, however, and spends the next two or three years hunting for the Russian travel-

er in order that she may make things equally interesting for him.

How her fortunes chance to cross those of *Fair Margaret* and how her adventure with *Margaret's* Greek fiancé results to the very great satisfaction of the American millionaire *Van Torp,* must be left for the reader to find out. To say that the book is a delightfully interesting story would be superfluous, for did not Marion Crawford write it? ("The Diva's Ruby: A Sequel to "Fair Margaret" and "Primadonna." By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated. 430 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

MR. E. V. Lucas has a very quaint and delightful fancy for digging into odd volumes and bringing out all manner of quaint and sprightly treasure-trove. His last volume is called "The Ladies' Pageant," a collection of extracts from the writings in prose and verse of famous men and women. All these writings, though, are about women, beginning with tiny baby maids,—who are collected together in a chapter called *The Buds,*—and going on through the list of beautiful, interesting and famous women in fact and in fiction, from ancient times to very nearly the present day. The book is one to be picked up in the evening and dipped into with chuckles of appreciation and sundry readings aloud of irresistible passages to the rest of the family who are trying to read books of their own. ("The Ladies' Pageant." Edited by E. V. Lucas. 372 pages. Price, $1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

IN "Wroth," the latest story written in collaboration by Agnes and Egerton Castle, there is material for the making of a good melodrama. The hero is as somberly and picturesquely wicked as the most untamable adventurer of bygone days, when gloomy attitudinizing was the royal road to the heart of any right-minded lady fair. The lady in this case proved to be right-minded in the end, for after leading the hero an exciting but wholly unnecessary dance across half of Europe, she finally made up her mind to acknowledge what everyone but herself and the hero knew that she meant from the beginning. The characters in "Wroth" are not always consistent and the plot is slightly too improbable to be called well constructed, but there is a certain dash and go to the book and many dramatic situations that would carry over the footlights very well. ("Wroth." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 486 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

HARD worked editors and art managers of magazines and other publications will find much help and comfort in a tiny book called "A Dictionary of Engraving." It defines every technical term that is used in connection with engraving, the half-tone process and the photogravure process, giving cuts and diagrams to illustrate such definitions as cannot be made clear in words. The dictionary is a tiny book that can be carried in the pocket or tucked away into the pigeonhole of a desk, and we venture to predict that it will help to solve many a problem in connection with the reproduction of illustrations. ("A Dictionary of Engraving." by William Henry Baker. 108 pages. Price, 75 cents. Published by William Henry Baker, Cleveland, Ohio.)

WE have already made the acquaintance of nearly all the characters in Zona Gale's latest book, "Friendship Village," for the separate stories that make up the volume have been published from time to time in different magazines. They are charming little stories, full of human nature which is twinkling with friendly humor over an underlying pathos, and they are pleasant people who live in *Friendship Village,* and do many kindly things for one another and for the stranger within their gates. The book would make a delightful Christmas gift because it is full of the spirit of goodwill mingled with

a certain homely philosophy which goes straight to the root of many of life's vexed questions. ("Friendship Village." By Zona Gale. 323 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THE season of garden planting is coming close enough to remind people of the yearly problem of planting the garden to the best advantage, and in this connection we would like to give them some hint of the pleasure and interest to be found in water gardening, and the individuality which a well planned and well kept water garden gives to any grounds small or large. Everyone likes the idea of a water garden and admires it wherever it is seen, but most people seem to think that it is a difficult thing to make and to keep and therefore a luxury for someone else rather than a new beauty for his own modest garden.

That this viewpoint is a fallacy will speedily be proven by a little study of the fascinating pages of "The Book of Water Gardening," which gives all the practical information needed for the selection, grouping and successful cultivation of aquatic plants and makes its instruction so clear that all sorts and conditions of water gardens, from a few plants in tubs to the little lake on a large estate, are covered.

All books on gardening are the most interesting reading one can have in spring, especially if one lives in the country; but this book is out of the usual line and therefore has more than the usual interest. It is beautifully illustrated with half-tone reproductions made from photographs of the actual plants and pools and has in addition many diagrams showing the laying out of different sized pools and water gardens, the way in which they are supplied with water and protected from flooding and also the apparatus for heating the pool where it is necessary. It is a safe wager that anyone who once gives his attention to the suggestions in this book will not rest until he has a water garden of his own. ("The Book of Water Gardening." By Peter Bisset. Profusely illustrated. 200 pages. Price $2.50 postpaid. Published by A. T. De La Mare Printing and Publishing Company, New York.)

WHEN Stephen Phillips gives us a poem based upon some well-known story, we not only get an exquisitely beautiful treatment of the theme, but usually some new and deeper interpretation of its spirit than we had dreamed of. "Faust" is a poem written in collaboration by Mr. Phillips and J. Comyns Carr, who have, of course, based the work upon Goethe's great dramatic poem, but yet have allowed themselves a good deal of freedom in the adaptation of both form and meaning. The tragedy is all there and the tremendous warring of human passion and temptation, but underlying the whole theme is the ultimate triumph of the good.

The book opens with a wager between Mephistopheles and an archangel that, given entire freedom of action, Mephistopheles will succeed in winning to himself and to evil, the wisest man and most advanced soul he can find, which is that of the wise and famous Dr. Faust. The angel assures the arch-fiend that nothing is forbidden him and that he is permitted to ensnare the spirit of *Faust* and turn it from all that is good until at last he shall stand abashed and learn:

"That a good man, though in the dark he strives,
Hath still an instinct for the truer way."

The tragedy is carried out along the lines thus suggested until Mephistopheles returns to the neutral ground to claim the soul of *Faust,* asserting that his wager is won, only to be met by the angel with the counter-assertion that the great world-wager has been lost by the power of evil, and that the soul of *Faust,* instead of being destroyed, has been saved to better things, because through the woman-soul he has been brought home. ("Faust." By Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr. 208 pages. Price $1.25. Published by The Macmillan Company.)