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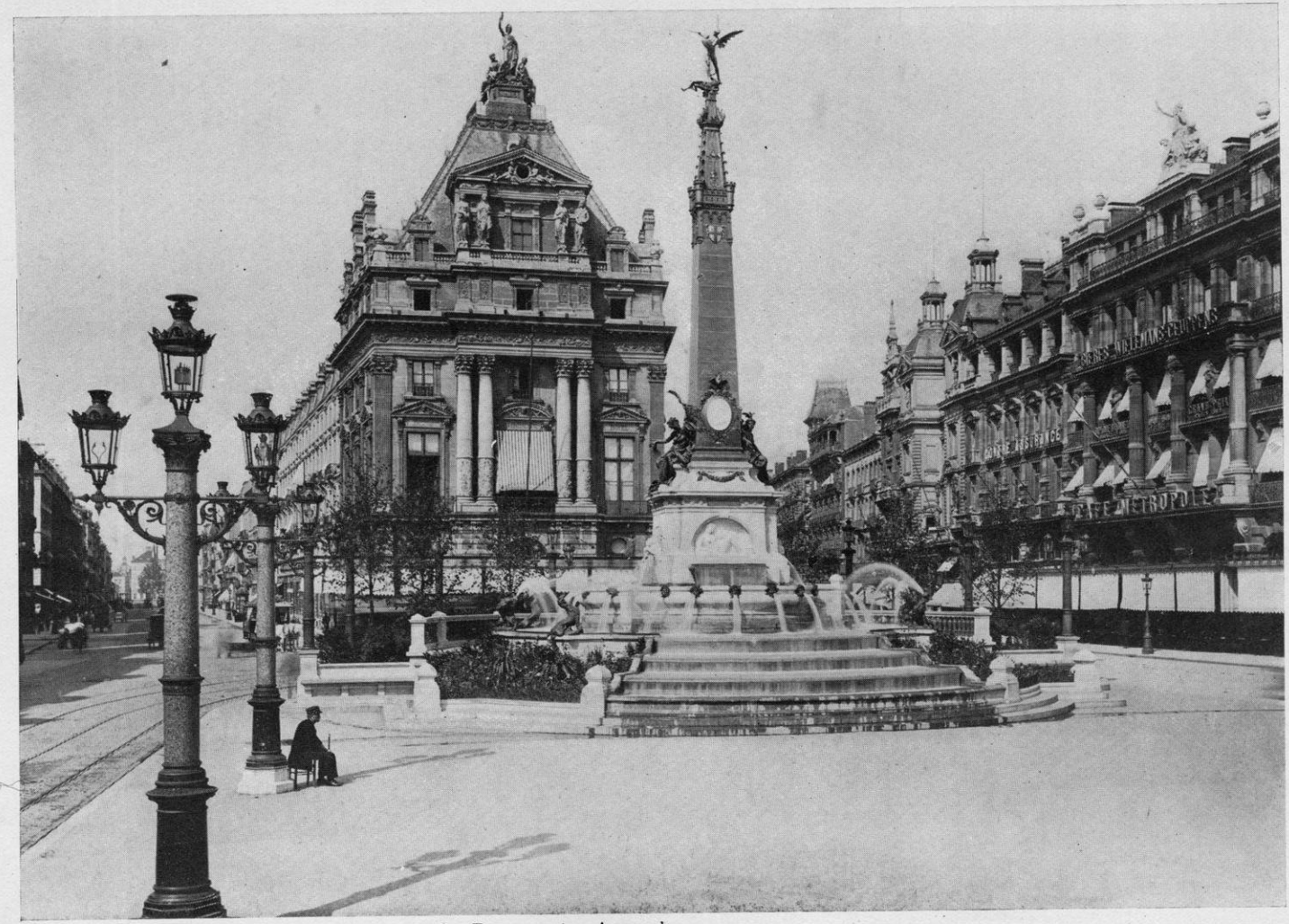

Brussels: Place de Brouckère; Monument to the Burgomaster Anspach

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THE CRAFTSMAN

Vol. VI JUNE 1904 No. 3

STREET FIXTURES AND VITAL ART. BY MILO R. MALTBIE

EVERY scheme for beautifying city streets must recognize the purposes for which streets are created; whatever runs counter to their greatest usefulness must be removed.

FUNCTIONS OF STREETS

Primarily, streets are means of communication, for the transmission of goods, persons of ideas, above, upon, or under the street level, through tunnels, pipes or wires. Secondarily, streets afford access, light and air, and without these open spaces provided by the public authorities, the individual would be compelled to resort to other devices in order to make his property habitable. The laws of many States recognize in the landlord the right to unrestricted access and to light and air. The elevated roads in New York have paid and are still paying immense amounts for damages to property along their lines.

Thirdly, streets are often social centers, especially where the climate makes life out of doors attractive and enjoyable. This partially explains why so much attention has been given to the artistic character of streets in many foreign cities. The people pass so much of their lives upon them—often taking every meal in the cafés that line the boulevards, and chatting with their friends during the evening,—that naturally and properly the city spends large sums to beautify these public places of assembly. It has been remarked that while Americans turn their backs upon the street and devote all their care to the embellishment of their residences, foreigners often seem to neglect their homes, and to bend their energies to the decoration of the streets. Perhaps the contrast is not so marked as thus stated; but still there is truth in the statement.

This brings us to note that the fourth purpose of the street is one of ornament. This statement is less true of the purely business streets than of avenues in residential quarters; for, in crowded commercial districts, opportunities for artistic treatment do not exist, which obtain where traffic is less, where pleasure vehicles predominate, and where the thoroughfares are broader. In some cities, great attention has been paid to the decorative factor, and in attempting to understand the purposes for which public ways are created, one must not forget the art purpose, which is often very important.

If these are the purposes served by thoroughfares, the street which contributes most to the city's welfare is that one which affords every aid to rapid communication, ready access to property, social facilities when desired, and beauty in all. In this paper we are alone concerned with street fixtures; but the purposes for which streets exist must be kept well in mind. The specific problem is: How should street fixtures so be treated as to further the cause of civic art?

Paris: Electrolier in the Place de la République

Paris: Isle of Refuge and Electrolier

REMOVAL OF UNNECESSARY FIXTURES

Doubtless the first answer suggested by a tour through any city is, that the end desired is to be accomplished by *elimination*. There are many fixtures which should not be in the streets at all; such as telegraph and telephone poles, advertising clocks, lamps, and posts of various descriptions. They impede traffic, obstruct the sidewalk, and materially reduce its width, usually where the crowds are so great as to make more, rather than less space, imperative. Lamp posts are frequently left standing after they have ceased to be used. Hydrants occupy valuable space, and the method in vogue in some cities of providing for hose connections just below the surface, by removing a small plate flush with the walk, ought to be widely imitated, particularly in crowded sections. Fire and police alarm boxes could be affixed to buildings, instead of allowing them to stand upon the curb. Indeed, the number of fixtures which might be removed or so altered as to occupy less space, is surprisingly large, as it appears when one stops to consider. That the appearance of the street would be greatly improved by such removal or alteration, goes without saying.

ADVERTISING NUISANCE

If one may be permitted to regard "banner" and "sandwich" men as fixtures, and to include advertisements hung across the streets, or posted upon property temporarily located in the streets: such as ash cans, sewer pipe, construction materials, etc., he has a text for a vigorous sermon. It is strangely inconsistent that cities should devise schemes for beautifying the streets

Cologne: Electrolier in the Jülichs-Platz

Copenhagen: Successful design for electric-light pole

and still give so little thought to advertising nuisances, especially as committed in the streets upon public property. Fortunately, American cities have so far escaped the plague of kiosks which has scarred the face of many European cities. These structures produce considerable revenue, it is true, but the injury done to many attractive streets, and even to parks, by the discordant poster, is greatly out of proportion to the advantage thus brought to the treasury. Many attempts have been made to introduce them into our own country, and large offers have been made for the privilege of erecting them. But thus far public sentiment has prevailed against them. Other advertising nuisances should be condemned as severely.

COMBINATION OF UTILITIES

When it is impossible to remove street fixtures,—and a number of such always will be found necessary,—they should be combined. For example there is little excuse for erecting upon the same corner separate standards for alarm boxes, letter boxes, street-name signs and gas or electric lamps. A combination standard could easily be devised, and, in certain cities, the union of several fixtures has already been brought about. It not only facilitates freer circulation, but it adds to the beauty of the street.

ARTISTIC DESIGNS

In residential and suburban districts, where traffic is not so congested, the necessity for elimination or combination is not so great, provided the fixtures be artistic: doubtless, it is the necessity of making them beautiful which needs emphasis. Appearing as they do at frequent intervals, they are constantly before the eye, and they have a greater effect than is at first imagined. They are often the only fixed objects in the street, and thus largely determine its whole aspect. They are seen by the citizen

every day, and, therefore, have a greater effect upon him than many structures of a purely ornamental character which he visits seldom and at long intervals.

Yet to provide artistic fixtures is a comparatively easy task. The preparation of the model may be expensive, but when the cost is divided among so many thousand copies, the extra expense becomes insignificant. The cost of manufacture need not be greater for an artistic, than for an inartistic fixture, for when an object is to be seen so constantly it must have simple, graceful lines and harmonious proportions: which properties add nothing to the cost. It must be substantially built, of course, but this feature will cheapen rather than increase the final expense.

Apparently the only reason why streets do not have beautiful fixtures, is that officials are not made to feel that there is a public demand for them, and that they are not aided in securing good designs. In certain cities, private organizations have wisely gone so far as to prepare suitable designs and to present them to the city. In others, where it seemed impossible to secure official attention, these organizations have erected fixtures at their own expense, as examples of what should be done. In still other towns they have worked through the contracting companies, who have welcomed practical suggestions, and altered their plans to meet the requirements of art. Experience shows that great need exists for an active public sentiment and a willingness upon the part of art workers to place their abilities at the disposal of the city.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TREATMENT

Although attention has been paid only recently to the character of street fixtures, even in those cities which have made the greatest progress in civic art, we have already many instances of artistic designs. The accompanying illustrations (from photographs taken by the writer in 1903) of electric lamps in Cologne and Paris, show how two cities have successfully solved one problem. These designs have been widely reproduced, with some variations, in other European cities and to some extent in America. The plan of placing the electrolier in the center of the street, instead of upon the curb, is worthy of special notice. It divides traffic and affords a refuge for the pedestrian who is hard pressed by reckless Jehus. The street is better lighted and at less expense; for each lamp illumines a circular area, as compared with a semi-circle when the lamp is placed upon the curb.

Copenhagen: Successful design for a trolley-pole

Vienna: Tramway Station

Occasionally, the electrolier includes a clock as well.

Trolley poles and wires disfigure a street more or less, and any system of electrical propulsion which avoids their use is greatly to be preferred. But the overhead trolley is cheaper than the other devices, and, at present, it is the only electrical system profitable in sparsely settled districts. As many towns prefer it, the question to be considered is how to make it the least objectionable. Where streets are narrow, the wires may be strung from building to building, and the use of poles be thus avoided. But this device is not of general application, especially in American cities. Sometimes it is possible to utilize electric light or telegraph poles, but the latter should not be allowed in cities, and the former are generally too far apart, and not set with sufficient care to endure the strain. Thus, practically the only resource, where there must be trolley poles, is to provide an artistic form.

To speak of an artistic trolley pole sounds chimerical, but this is a both possible and practicable object, as is seen by a design now employed in Copenhagen. Lightness and strength are therein secured by the use of open-work steel construction. The lines taper gradually to the top, which is capped with a modest ornament. Painted an olive green, these trolley poles are the least objectionable of any I have seen, although there are other designs which are creditable. Visitors to Hamburg will recall those ugly poles along the *Jungfernstieg* which are so loaded with meaningless ornaments as to be distasteful. These represent the other extreme.

If the streets threaded by trolley lines are bordered with trees, it is often possible so to place the tracks that the poles, wires and cars are hidden to some degree by the foliage. By this means, a ride in summer is made doubly refreshing, and the noise is partially smothered. Yet these are but expedients, and the time will be welcomed when such progress shall have been made in the electrical industry as to cause the trolley pole to be abandoned.

The elevated railroad is a still greater affliction, although fortunately a less common one. However, much can be done by careful study to reduce its objectionable features. The stations need not be ugly; the lines of the structure need not be abrupt and diverse. The *Hochbahn* in Berlin leaves much to be desired, but yet it is such an improvement over the Manhattan Elevated and the line recently constructed by the Rapid Transit Commission in the Borough of the Bronx, that it seems almost a work of art. A comparison of the shelters over the entrances to the Subway in New York with those of Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, Paris, or Boston, should put Father Knickerbocker to confusion and shame. Can it be that it does not matter to New York what ugly structures stud and mar the streets? Why should we create a special municipal commission to beautify the city, while other city departments pay no attention to civic art?

One might multiply instances of artistic designs, including public comfort stations, letter boxes, street-name signs, street railway transfer stations, fire and police call boxes, hydrants, telephone and telegraph offices, gas lamps, drinking fountains, and

Budapest, Hungary: Entrance to subway station

even telegraph poles, but such multiplication is not necessary. Enough has been said in order to indicate that no necessary street fixture need be ugly. Each one can be made more or less artistic, and when this result has been accomplished, the appearance of our cities will have been materially improved at a slight expense.

ART IN THE STREET

Plans for street embellishment should not stop here; they should also provide works of art: such as monuments, fountains, statuary, columns, arches and the like. I do not mean that these should be so placed in crowded quarters as to increase congestion by reducing street area, but upon land, if need be, allotted for this purpose. Small open spaces, the forks of diverging avenues, street intersections and termini of bridges are especially well adapted to ornament. Witness the arch of triumph in Paris, from which radiate twelve avenues, the monumental fountain in the Place de Brouckère, Brussels, the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, London, the William I. Monument facing the City Hall in Hamburg, or the Campanile in Florence.

Hamburg Docks: Public clock

But however important may be the question of location in relation to its effect upon a work of art, there are other reasons why art works should be placed in, or near to a street. Every citizen uses the streets and often many times each day. Thousands pass a given point in a public thoroughfare, where a score visit a spot in a park. Therefore, the pleasure, the inspiration, the educative influence produced by a work of art in a busy center, is many, many times that of a statue, for example, in a sequestered spot. Parks, it is true, should have art works; but we must not forget that if the vast mass of our citizens are to be benefited and influenced by art, works of art must be placed where they may be seen constantly. It is not the isolated, infrequent glimpse which will effect results, but rather repeated, daily contact. The masses cannot be taken to art; art must be brought to them, just as small parks have been brought to the people in the tenement districts.

TREE PLANTING

Probably no one thing contributes so much to the beauty of a street as the planting of trees. The foliage adds color,—meeting a need which is so generally unsatisfied. The green is also restful and refreshing. The shade tempers the heat and glare of the sun upon hot, summer days. Even in the winter, the street which has

trees appears less bleak and bare. Indeed, the contribution of these natural growths to the beauty and health of a city can scarcely be overestimated. Modern city conditions: narrow streets, asphalt paving, gas pipes, electric wires, lofty buildings, etc.—have made it difficult to grow trees, but they

Cologne: Kaiser Wilhelm Ring

have also made the need of them greater, and it is most unfortunate that so many cities have practically eliminated this important feature. A great portion of the reputation of Paris, as the most beautiful city in the world, is due to the thousands of trees which line her avenues, and the care with which they are tended and preserved.

It is quite impossible to have trees upon all city streets. In busy business districts, where traffic is dense and every available foot is needed for purely utilitarian purposes, there is no room for them. But in the residential districts, there is room and if only slight care be used, they will grow, even under the present disadvantageous circumstances, as has been demonstrated again and again. Where the thoroughfare is wide, the omission of trees would almost amount to a crime, since the purpose of parkways and boulevards is principally ornamental.

The difference in the purpose and character of streets determines the whole method of treatment. A plan which may be entirely appropriate for one locality, or one street system, would be wholly unsuited to another. The fixtures adapted to a suburban district, for example, would probably be out of harmony in a crowded, business district, or in a manufacturing center. Civic art is worthless, if it is not practical, and if it does not take into account the utilitarian side of every situation.

It is beyond the province of this paper to discuss the means by which private buildings might be beautified, but it is proper to note that the artistic treatment of street fixtures will indirectly contribute to this result. The example set by the city will induce private owners to erect better buildings, to present more beautiful façades, and to conduct business so as to contribute to rather than detract from the attractiveness of the street. The city, representing the entire people, should set the standard. Then, the individual may reasonably be expected to do his part.

Paris: Approach to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile

THE RELATION OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS TO PROGRESS. BY ARTHUR SPENCER

A MOMENT'S reflection will show that the distinction between the fine and the useful arts does not go back to the beginnings of civilization. The earliest arts had their origin in necessity, and the aesthetic purpose sprang into existence only when the practice of successive generations had evolved a higher type of skill than that requisite to satisfy the demands of utility. Then, after this higher degree of skill had been attained, beauty was sought not as something apart by itself, but as an adjunct to utility. In this manner architecture, which has been called the mother of the arts, gave birth to sculpture, which at first served simply to adorn the building, and only after a long period grew into something complete in itself. Painting began in ornament, and ornament cannot exist without utility, for ornament applied to useless things would be a self-contradiction. Just as in sculpture and painting the purely aesthetic aim did not at first predominate, and beauty was sought as something subordinate, something incidental, before it became a goal of conscious effort, so in architecture it was only at an advanced stage of development that beautiful forms grew to be striven for, as of no less importance than the adaptability of the building to its purpose. In all the fine arts, the ideals of beauty which they represent may be considered as the culmination of a long series of traditions extending back into the past, of which each has added something to its predecessor through skilled selection and imitation of the beautiful forms evolved, sometimes deliberately, often unconsciously, in the practice of men learned in the secrets of the craft. Thus, the fine arts are not, as some suppose, of an utterly different lineage from the useful arts, but are descended from them.

Without perceiving the relationship between the fine and the useful arts it is hardly possible to comprehend the real meaning of the Arts and Crafts Movement, which assumes at the outset that beauty and utility are to be sought in combination and not in singleness. Granted a common origin to the arts of utility and those of beauty, the question, then, may be raised in what relations they now stand to each other.

Animated by a lofty enthusiasm, the fine arts have become more spiritual, more enlightened, than the arts from which they sprang. Their adoption of beauty as the definite object of their endeavor might seem, at first thought, to have resulted in the separation of that from other objects, and, consequently, in their indifference toward the useful. In architecture it has, of course, been impossible to concentrate attention upon aesthetical, by ignoring practical aims, but in painting and sculpture there would apparently be much reason in saying that the aesthetical purpose has come to prevail to the exclusion of all others. Yet it is difficult to conceive of artistic perfection going hand in hand with absolute uselessness. To the greatest art, though utility is not requisite, it is scarcely going too far to say that a certain quality of practicalism is indispensable. By this is not meant the sort of practicalism commonly associated with money-making, but

rather the sane, matter-of-fact habit of mind found in men who are in close contact with the age and the society in which they live, and are not given to extravagant judgments or to over-sanguine expectations. It is entirely reasonable to say that an exquisite sensibility may exist in the same person whose mind is of marked practical temper, nor will such a combination necessarily result in artistic sterility. An illustration of the necessity of such a blending of practical and idealistic qualities in the greatest art may be found in painting. Command of technique, exquisite taste and skill in composition, might be present in a picture, yet those qualities alone could not make it great, though they might make it beautiful. To be great, the picture not only must possess refinement and beauty, but through its expression and through its subject must evoke sensations such as no degree of exquisiteness of design or delicacy of coloring, unaided, could produce. It is easier to define the requirements of a good, than those of a powerful or great painter. Perhaps, however, the latter should have what for lack of a better phrase may be called a quality of practical idealism. A quality of idealism tempered by common sense may certainly be said to be necessary to the highest excellence in each one of the fine arts. By the highest excellence are meant the power and the vitality which the world acknowledges by the lasting fame accorded great masters. One can readily conceive of an art of truly classic perfection, judged aesthetically, which, though capable of being fully appreciated only by a limited circle of people of culture, might be said to exert an uplifting influence in the world. Such art has perhaps deserved not infrequently to be called great. Yet its greatness is not to be inferred from its perfection, but must depend on certain potential virtues which may be understood only through analysis of it in its human and vital aspects.

Further consideration would perhaps show this requirement of practicalism to rest upon a form of social obligation. It is axiomatic that no man can perform acts affecting the happiness of his fellow men without assuming responsibility for their consequences. It cannot be asserted that an ugly or morbid work of art is of no concern to any one but its owner. Art has ceased to be what it was among the ancients, something exclusively appropriated to a solitary class, and has become the collective property of society. Art can no longer merely adapt itself to private caprices, but must meet the test of public opinion, and public opinion demands of it a sense of responsibility to society.

The weakness of much of our modern art is perhaps not due so much to mediocrity of talent as to excess of talent. We are too eclectic, too versatile, too learned in the traditions of the past to create an art of the present that shall be simple, vital, and straightforward. The truth of this is nowhere more in evidence than in architecture, where preference is shown for the florid forms of the Italian and French Renascence and a sterile academicism is working to bring about a mincing inferiority of design. Academic traditions are properly not a substitute for beauty, but a medium of expression; but the vice of academicism is to confuse the means with the end, and to make of technique something vulgarly conspicuous, rather than

subtly elusive. It is this vice from which modern art is suffering, and which will cease only when workers in the arts shall perceive that their work to be great must be free from anything suggestive of esotericism.

If we compare the history of useful industry with that of the fine arts, we find that they have possessed less in common than one would wish to discover. In the useful arts there has not only been room for beauty, but there has been in a greater or less degree a popular demand for it. The love of fashion, of ostentation, and of luxury has made people willing to put up with many substitutes sometimes known as "comforts of civilization," but if people have not always known how to distinguish beauty from its counterfeits, they have at least desired to choose the beautiful to the extent of their capacity for enjoying it. Unfortunately, modern trade has developed in such a manner as to quicken aesthetic desires without affording means for their gratification. Modern machinery has stereotyped the forms of beauty so that what was once novel has become commonplace, and so that the worth of creativeness and originality has been displaced by the cheapness of incessant reiteration and imitation. Moreover, the modern distribution of labor has separated the functions of the designer and the workman, and design has not only deteriorated into mechanical drawing, but the craftsman has become an operative or a mechanic.

We are apt to think of mechanical inventions as a powerful instrument of civilization, and they have, beyond question, stimulated certain forms of activity, yet they have not rewarded man with happiness in proportion to the amount of energy which they have consumed. They have created a vast multitude of artificial wants, and they have failed to satisfy natural and noble needs. To say that the world would have been better without machinery is, of course, absurd, but it is by no means unreasonable to hope that machinery may some time become more definitely than now the servant of man's higher nature, and that it may come to minister to his happiness, without hedging him about with a great number of artificial limitations. For machinery has economized human effort as regards quantity, but not as regards quality. It has multiplied the output of labor indefinitely, and in so far as production in bulk has been work of the sort which could be performed more effectually with its aid than without it, it has been of unmixed benefit to society. On the other hand, where the excellence, rather than the volume, of the product has been the thing to be considered, it has been a crude makeshift, and has exercised an arbitrary rule over men's habits, the evasion of which has been attended with the greatest difficulty. For the result of machinery has been to make the finer products of human skill, though naturally neither costly nor rare, seem expensive in comparison with the output of machinery. This is not as it should be. Man does not require complicated and artificial habits to make him happy; his happiness depends rather upon the question whether his natural wants are satisfied. In supplying the latter, variety and mediocrity are less effective than simplicity and excellence. If more energy had been lavished upon the task of making modern life sweeter and less upon making it more elaborate,

excellence might be bought more cheaply, and only the superfluous would seem dear.

Let not machinery be banished from modern life—that would be absurd—but let it be made to play the part of a menial, not of a master. This is necessary in the interest of civilization, the degree of advancement of which may be gauged by the refinement or crudity of the agencies ministering to the higher wants of the race. Moreover, the character of these agencies is of great ethical significance, for the reason that in an industrial civilization they possess a more powerful influence in the formation of ideals and beliefs than any others. In our own generation they are evolving types of character which may not be altogether fit to serve as models. In an advanced civilization a premium would be placed upon the highest qualities of excellence, and the men possessing such qualities would be drawn by a kind of natural selection into the positions of greatest influence, greatest wealth, and greatest responsibility. An industrial system so organized as to reward somewhat commonplace types of business ability more liberally than superior practical and moral efficiency might perhaps be said to be imposing a penalty upon progress. Economic conditions should tend to nourish, not to stultify, individual merit. When practical men see that only by struggling to attain excellence they can hope to succeed in their business enterprises, then, and only then, will the world have the right to call itself highly civilized. Such a struggle for excellence would imply that machinery had become a tool in the hands of a skilful and noble master workman, and had ceased to be a mere instrument for money-making, subjecting to economic tyranny those allured into purchasing its useless products.

From the foregoing it may be seen that the arts which are primarily concerned with utility, though not of necessity hostile to beauty, have come to deal solely with utility, while it was previously discovered that the fine arts had grown to disregard to a large extent all practical needs and to concentrate their attention upon special forms of tradition. In their development, therefore, the two forms of activity have been drawn farther and farther apart, in spite of their common origin, and in spite of the fact that a just interpretation of values would bring them into close affinity. It has been pointed out that work in the fine arts of to-day needs to possess what has been called practical idealism, that it requires a sense of social obligation, before it can attain to power or vitality. In a word, the fine arts to fill a place of dignity in life must be humanized, though not vulgarized—must be recognized as the property not of any one class, but of all mankind. It has also been shown that the useful arts, which were formerly handicrafts but have now in many cases become vast mechanical industries, need to be made to minister more effectually to civilization, by bestowing greater attention upon beauty, and by refusing to permit artistic workmanship to be driven out of the market by mechanical inventions. This regeneration of the handicrafts, this humanization of the fine arts, are what the Arts and Crafts Movement, broadly interpreted, may be said to signify. It does not aim to play the part of an iconoclast, but realizes that special arts may have their special problems; yet its animating purpose, as the writer conceives it, is the recon-

ciliation of beauty and utility, in the belief that the higher happiness of mankind can best be served by refusing to regard aesthetic wants as more exclusive and less vital than other needs and as demanding their own peculiar mode of treatment.

The real meaning of the Arts and Crafts Movement cannot be grasped without conceiving it as something more than a revival of handicraft. Underlying the enthusiasm of its devotees is undoubtedly a conviction that the world does not necessarily prefer ugliness to beauty, and that art should address itself, not to any small fraction of society, but to humanity in general. Such a belief, of course, implies that architecture, painting, and poetry, are to be regarded in much the same light as useful handicrafts, and that the former, not less than the latter, are to be considered as requiring close contact with life. Such a belief, moreover, presupposes as its foundation strong faith in democracy, as signifying equality of opportunity, and, so far as may be consistent with the moral welfare of society, equality of condition for all men.

The Arts and Crafts Movement cannot but tend to make art more democratic, and of the characteristics of a democratic art we may find an illustration in the best work in the municipal and public art of this country, of which there is, unfortunately, however, too little. Possibly the most notable instance of it is to be found in the case of the late Frederick Law Olmsted, whose work in designing public parks was so emancipated from formal and academic traditions that in faithfully reproducing the beauty and freedom of nature it was able to suit the needs of his countrymen as no art possessing the distinctive marks of any cult or school could possibly have satisfied them. It is unfortunately true that in municipal architecture, in spite of the rich materials of the Georgian style—the nearest approach to a distinctive native style that we have—very few analogous examples of similar universality and power have thus far been produced. The recent achievement of landscape architecture may well serve to stimulate architects and workers in related arts to develop a mode of treatment which, while not defying tradition, does not yield it servile obedience, and which, without creating a new school, is perhaps, not to be classed as adhering to any existing school. Such art will perhaps possess, in the hands of a master, the characteristics not so much of a style, as of an individuality. Good municipal art cannot consistently cultivate methods which are not skilfully harmonized with democratic institutions, and for this reason the purposes of such art at its best can be none other than those underlying the Arts and Crafts Movement.

The animating spirit of this movement might perhaps be defined not inaccurately as that quality of practical idealism which has been declared essential to serious accomplishment in the fine arts. The movement must aim at once at the satisfaction of practical wants and of aesthetic cravings, and demands of craftsmen a combination of artistic enthusiasm with knowledge of men as necessary to their attainment of excellence in their several vocations. Without such a combination of enthusiasm with sagacity, the Arts and Crafts Movement would never have been summoned into existence; without men possessing the same qualities to carry on its work, it can never

hope to fulfil its noble function in modern life. Its success certainly demands a broader outlook than either the artist or the artisan of the past can be said to have often possessed. But is not the object to be sought worthy of engrossing the attention of the finest talents evolved by the Titanic forces of our modern complex civilization? The prospect of happiness more generally diffused, of a state of society in which vice is rendered more difficult of attainment than virtue, of the love of excellence cultivated among all sorts and conditions of men, may well quicken the imagination, and should spur on to more earnest endeavor every one who desires to see art become, more definitely than now, a civilizing force in the world.

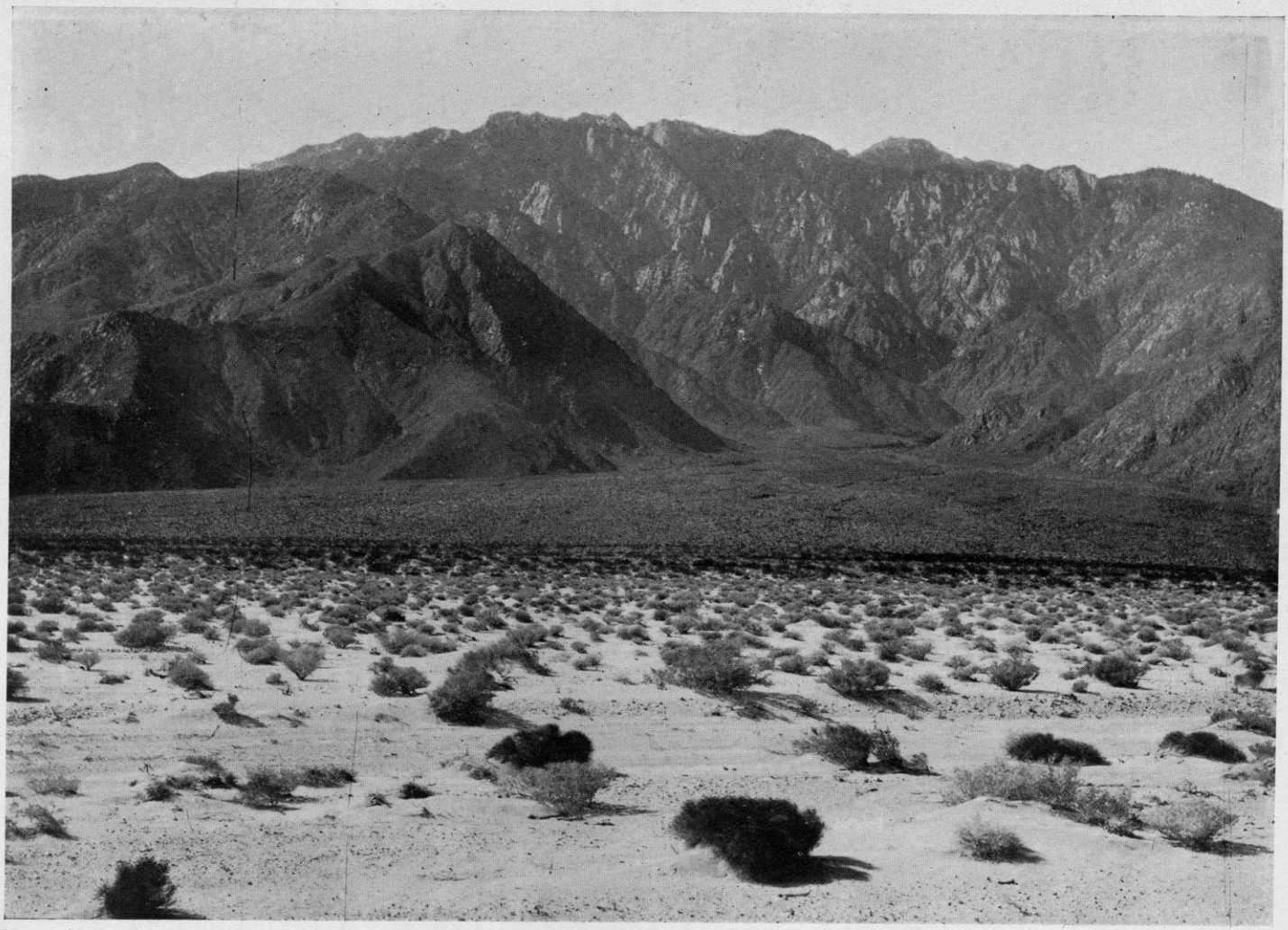
MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS IN AMERICA

IT has been recently stated on good authority "that if municipal improvements in America follow too closely upon foreign precedent, it will be indicative of an unfortunate state of affairs —that improvements to be of value, should be of local development and an answer to local demands."

This statement is undoubtedly true and difficult to combat; if it were possible, it might be better to develop slowly and to let our municipal improvements be the result of local demands. But such, unfortunately, has never been the case; precedent has always played an important part, and to prevent precedent from being too literally followed, a full and exhaustive study has always been necessary.

"Knowledge is power," and it is only by a full and complete understanding on the part of our authorities of what is being done abroad, that we can place ourselves in a position to secure the best for our country. No city plan can be complete in the fullest sense of the word without a thorough understanding of what is being done in the great cities of the world for the enlargement of cities. No city plan can be effective without a full comprehension of the important part that transit plays in this expansion. No plan can be effective without a full understanding of the economy that is to be obtained by a present provision for future necessity. Much of the confusion that now prevails, many of the difficulties which now confront us, would be eliminated by an intelligent understanding of foreign methods of both surface and underground transportation.

—*Architect: and Builders' Magazine, May, 1904.*



Mount San Jacinto, California, with a fragment of the Colorado Desert

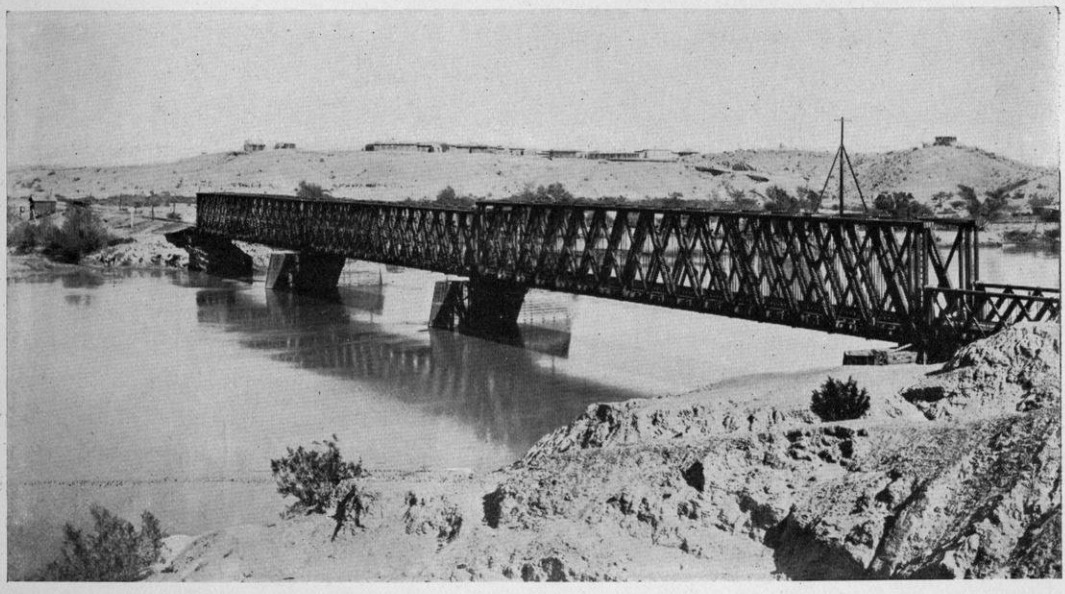
THE COLORADO DESERT AND CALIFORNIA. BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

IN the old days, when transit and communication were slow, books and sketches of travel were eagerly seized upon by those whom circumstances bound to a certain point of the earth's surface. Then, description was expected by the reader and was absolutely necessary to his understanding of the country or region treated, since his sources of knowledge were few: the principal one residing in the encyclopaedia.

But now, things separated from us by seas or continents, seem little more distant to our imagination than the next station upon our local railway. "There is no more near nor far." Travelers, descriptions and pictures are multiplied to the point of becoming wearisome. Our neighbors every day depart for or return from some visit to strange countries and peoples. We are surfeited by our own or our friends' experiences among the Filipinos or the Zulus; while the scenic effects of the entire globe are as familiar to our mind's eye as the grove in which we picnicked only last summer.

By reason of the new conditions, those who treat of travel with either pen or pencil, can no longer simply describe, if they wish to produce something of interest and value. They must be impressionists and critics; not content to record facts, but eager to attempt the more difficult task of representing things as they see them, through their own medium of vision, physical or intellectual. The public now demands of those who use their powers for its instruction or pleasure, concepts and ideas, something personal, which tells that the things described have been approached with sympathy and studied with intelligence.

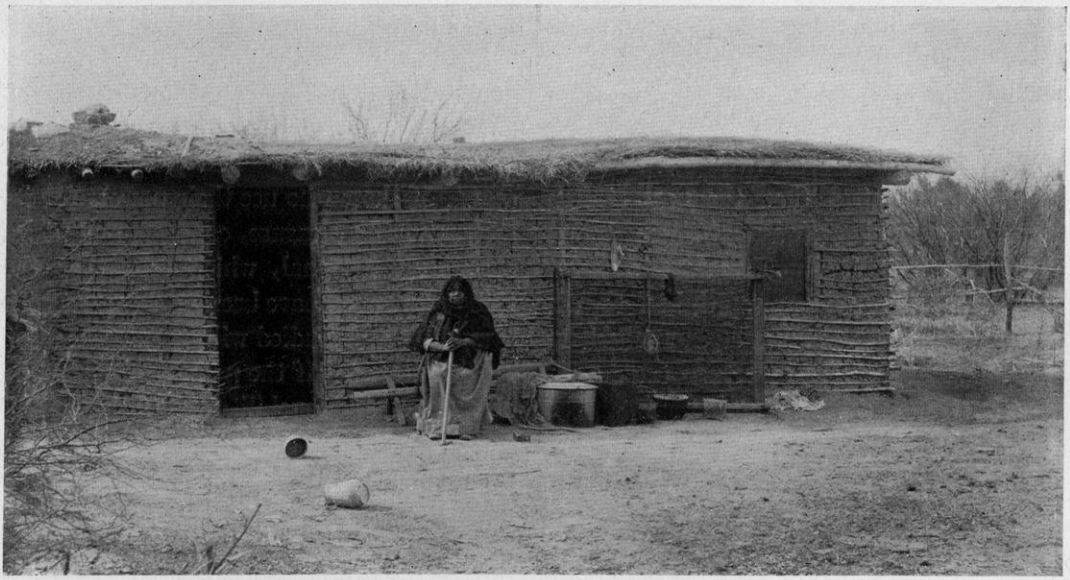
It matters not if the point of view be one of questionable tenability, or if the mental



Southern Pacific bridge over the Colorado River at Yuma, Arizona

lens distort, to some degree, the objects submitted to its power: some partial truth will be present in such transmission, and, in the suggestions so offered, there will reside a real value, which can be put to profit by the receiver.

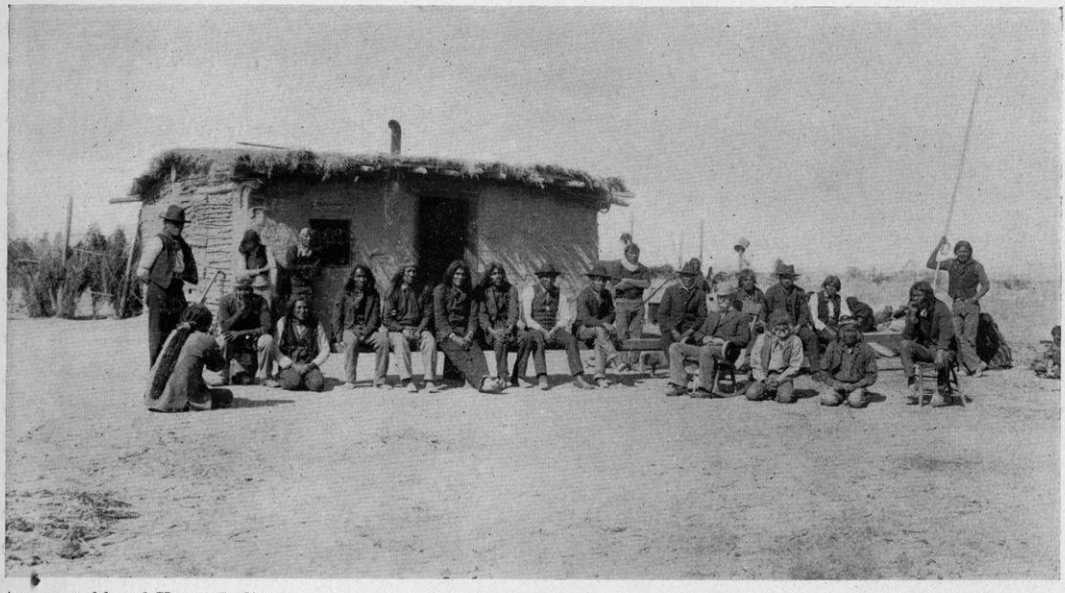
In accordance with such principles, rather than as a narrative of travel familiar to many through personal experience and to many more through the medium of books, certain impressions of the Colorado desert and California are here recorded.



"Kan" of the Yuma interpreter, "Maggie Scott"

SOUTHERN California in springtime is perhaps paralleled in beauty by only one other region of the world, similarly situated, and when visited at the same period of the year: that is the Riviera, or northwestern coast of the Italian peninsula. The Golden Age of the poets then becomes in either country a realized dream of which the most fanciful products can be seen, touched and tasted. The spontaneity of Nature inspires feelings in the human heart before unknown to it. The fullness pervading all life makes accomplishment seem easy, although necessity for effort is largely removed. The very names and abundance of the fruits are idyllic, the number of them not being exceeded in the faery feast described in Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes." Here are found in perfection oranges, lemons, limes, figs, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, nectarines, quinces, guavas, with the product of the loquat vine, the almond and the walnut trees. The eucalyptus everywhere makes its healing presence felt and the air is laden with delicate perfumes. The sight is no less flattered than the other senses, and it would seem that in this region, at this exquisite season, the climax of sensuous pleasure is attainable.

But the idyl changes to a vital book of history, a lesson of stern endeavor, of religious zeal, of bold political and economic enterprise, if one is able to resist the Eden-like loveliness of one's surroundings, in order to study the memorials of the Spaniards in the Missions and Haciendas. And once again, the scene assumes a new character, if the motley population be taken into account, since this pronounced feature of the great gold-bearing State presents one of the most varied studies of races to be found in the world: a place in which several radically differing divisions of humanity live and labor side by side, and can consequently be accurately judged by comparison.



An assembly of Yuma Indians

The pleasure to be derived from the romantic beauty of the coast is enhanced by the contrast of the barren wastes which precede it for the traveler who arrives upon the Southern Pacific Railway. But while, as it can not be too strongly insisted, the beauty of this charming region is thus enhanced, the interest and singularity of impression afforded by the Colorado Desert can not, presumably, be paralleled save by the experiences of travelers in the Far East.

First among the striking phenomena of the American Sahara must be placed the awful sandstorms which, when encountered, seem like the struggles of man with the Arch Fiend, since almost superhuman strength and nervous force are required from one who grapples with their fury. It was my lot to experience one of these whirlwinds, although from the shelter of the railway carriage; the storm being of no unusual degree of violence. But even in its attenuated form, the phenomenon defies description. It must be witnessed in order that any adequate conception be formed of its character. Its effects, spectacular and physical, can not be communicated by

speech. As in the presence of all stupendous actions, whether of man or Nature, words fail one who would use them, and terms of qualification shrink until they seem too poor and mean to be pronounced.

But such facts will not deter me from speaking "right on," as one to whom, from childhood, Nature has appealed in "a various language," fitted to hours of gladness, or yet again with equal power to the darker musings of the mind. Conscious also that the Desert has been described, as by a picture, in certain "Studies of Natural Appearances," recently published by one of the most distinguished of American art critics, I shall not hesitate to note here my own impressions. Thus leaving technicalities to the students, I shall hope to meet with that sympathy which is evoked in many hearts by the plain, honest record of profound feeling.

Yuma Rhapsode, recounting the origin and wars of the races of men

The sandstorm which I witnessed occurred near the limits of the great waste, whither I had returned from the coast with a party of friends whom I had persuaded to turn back that they might gain a closer knowledge of the region than can be obtained from a single rapid passage across it.

Upon our right, like a succession of majestic towers, rose the San Jacinto mountains: their loftiest peak capped with clouds and attaining a height of eleven thousand feet, while its base lay nearly three hundred feet below the level of the sea. On our left stood the no less imposing San Bernardino range, distinguished by two superb mountains: the one named from the saint of Clairvaux; the other, called San Gorgonio, showing a long, smoothly convex gigantic oval of granite which attains a height of twelve thousand feet. Between these two Titanic natural barriers, which seemed to lock us within a prison area, the train wound its way, delivered up to the fury of the storm. As we advanced, external Nature gradually assumed a single color, becoming a chaos of brown. The atmosphere showed a light *café au lait* shade, transmitting no blue of sky, no azure or purple of mountain, no green of vegetation. Spirals, whorls, fantastic shapes and formless masses of sand, reached apparently from the earth to a sky piled with denser sand-clouds; while beside the tracks, eddies, currents and ridges of sand, although subjected to a motion more rapid than the passage of the train, made the surface of the soil appear like the drained bed of some vast river or sea. Phy-

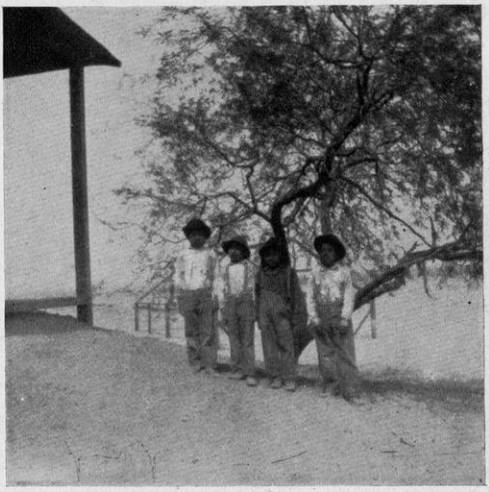
sical discomfort became intense: the exposed portions of the body are literally scrubbed by the sand, while the organs of respiration feel as if they were subjected to the same process of trituration. A similar effect is to be noted upon substances less sensitive than human tissue, for the telegraph poles are slowly being sawn in twain, and the clapboards of the railway stations consumed by the cutting power of the fine diamond-like particles.

If exposed to the open fury of the storm, and if the temperature be high—that is, ranging from 110° to 130° Fahrenheit,—all living things suffer to a degree which is almost indescribable. Horses lie down, pant, groan, and permit their heads to be covered with blankets, in spite of the intense heat and threatened suffocation. Men, because possessed of the fine natural instruments of self-preservation residing in the hands, can alternately hide and uncover their faces, and so mitigate their sufferings. They can drink quickly and easily, and by this means economize their water-supply, which, in such events, constitutes the chief means and hope of salvation. But the animals must be made to drink from bottles, thrust far into their mouths, and often they kick, gasp and struggle, defeating utterly the human purpose, and casting away the precious liquid to be absorbed by the sands.

Night during a desert sand-storm brings little of the relief and rest usually afforded by that restorative season, and morning elsewhere, fresh, sweet and invigorating, has a character perfectly expressed by Browning's criminal, Sebald, who, waking, downcast and unrefreshed by sleep, exclaims: "Morning! I thought it was night with a sun added."

But the storm, once experienced under the mild conditions which I have described, becomes a memory which one would unwillingly relinquish; since, as in all past events of travel, the mental impression of emotion and exaltation remains, while the sense of physical annoyance and pain, at the time so distressing and poignant, is forgotten as utterly as if it had never existed.

The objective point of the day's journey during which I witnessed the overwhelming spectacle of the sandstorm, was Yuma, a

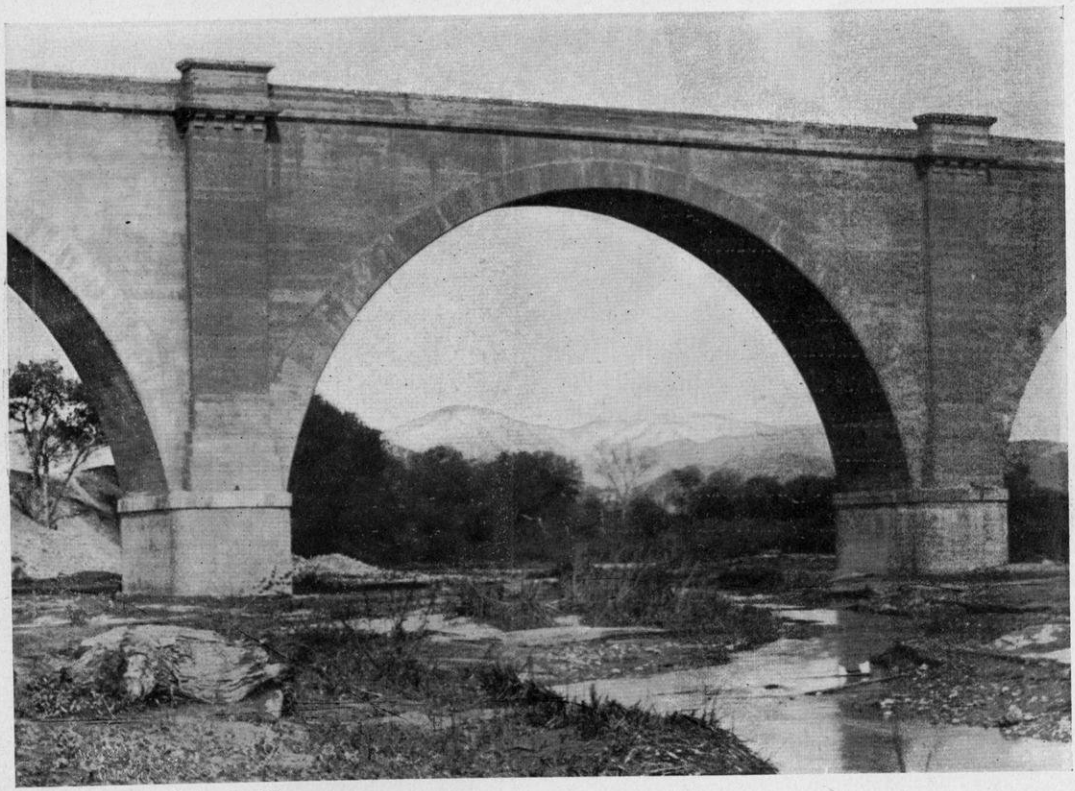


Yuma Indian boys

town situated at the confluence of the Gila and Colorado rivers, on the confines of Arizona and California. Here, there awaited me experiences as new and unexpected as those occasioned by the desert sandstorm. I saw in full vigor a life which I supposed had been extinct for two or three decades at the least. The scene produced upon me the effect of a drama built up upon phases of California life, at the period of the "Gold Fever." At first, I could not believe what I saw passing before my eyes to be spontaneous, unpremeditated action.

The men and women appeared to be playing parts, while the background against which they were projected, seemed ready to fall at any moment, and to disclose its shabby falsehoods of paper and lathing. But gradually I recognized that I was surrounded by true pioneer conditions. Yuma, owing to its comparative isolation, exists as a survival. The character-types of its floating population are almost classic: so often have they appeared in tradition and literature. Like the gypsies in Granada, like the persistent people of the Spanish Basque country, the inhabitants of Yuma, although little cohesive and representing widely differing races, classes and conditions of men, form a distinct whole, and afford a vista into the past life of the mining districts of the Pacific Slope.

But yet, after studying this peculiar life, one must recognize that it can not last long; that, through the operation of science as applied to means of transit and communication, the "local color" of Yuma will be swept away, as a wind scatters a mirage, leaving the commonplace to pervade and dominate the town.



Bridge over the Colorado River

At present, the first impression there gained is the sense of openness. Vice is everywhere apparent and seemingly waiting for the coming of its brother Crime. The seven mortal sins can be committed rapidly and without effort by him who so wills, and it would seem that the atmosphere of the

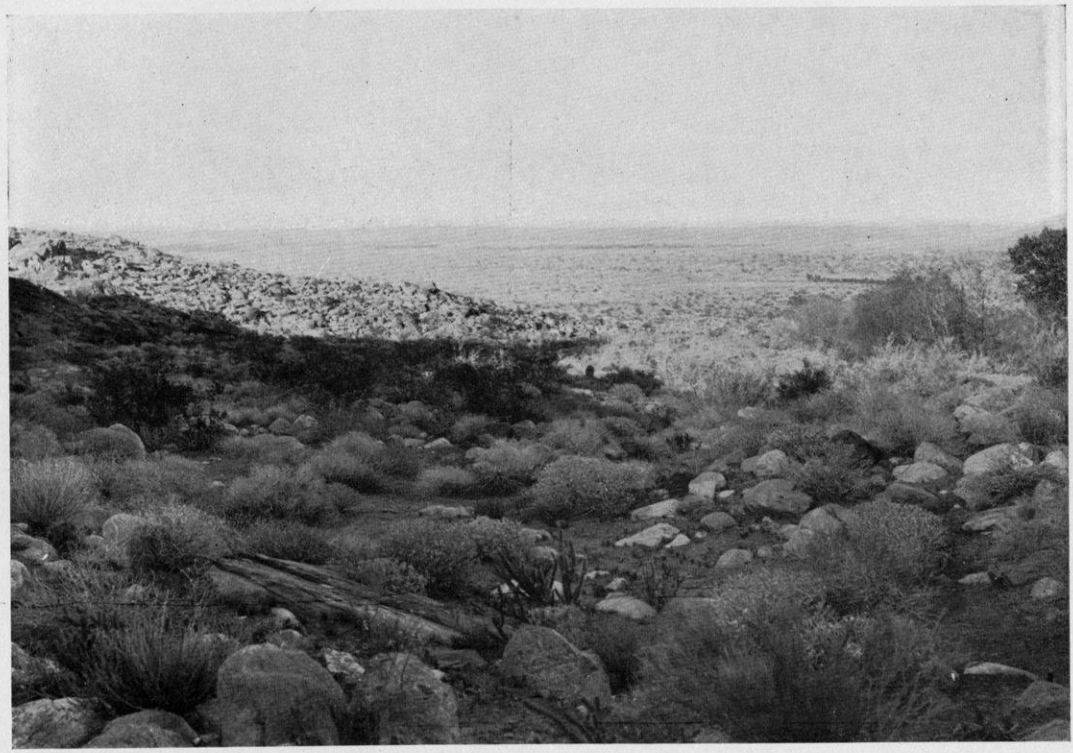
place might easily generate seven others more unclean even than those which are known to the Church.

At night, the streets appear to serve no other use than that of paths to the saloon, the dancehouse and the gambling hell, and in my experiences of travel I can remember nothing quite comparable with what I may be permitted to call the *enthusiasm for evil* which is manifest in Yuma. There, of course, the element of danger for the spectator is no greater than in Mediterranean seaports; nor are the types of humanity encountered more depraved than those found in the vicious quarters of any important focus of population. Simply, the type of town represented by Yuma is abandoned to a perpetual carnival of passion; there being no opposing current of educational movement or business enterprise. The memory of one among the many places of resort which I visited, remains in my mind, fixed there by the sonorous voice of a negro who sang melodiously the ballad, "If I but Knew;" while the "wheel of Fortune" turned, and the strident voice of the *croupier*, if such he could be called, commanded: "Make your bets, gents," "Name your p'ison," or articulated other more "technical" phrases, such as variegate the pages of Bret Harte and his imitators. In such assemblages as these, found at every street-turning in Yuma, slang is felt to be the proper standard mode of speech, suited to the surroundings to the same degree that conventional evening dress would be unsuited. And to the places themselves what designation could be more appropriate than "dives," since in them descent is made to the very slime and mire of human instincts? Alike the places and the assemblages are object lessons for the traveler, be he never so little given to reflection and moralizing. For, in order to prevent overpowering despondency, one must turn to the streets which show a moving panorama quite as picturesque, if not so imposing, as any offered at the meeting places of varied races in the old world. Indeed, many times in my passage through this town of the Far West, I was reminded of La Cannebière, the famous boulevard regarding which the inhabitants of Marseilles

Yuma mother and papoose

express their civic pride, by saying that if Paris possessed such a promenade, it might boast of equaling their own city. But lest I may be accused of contrasting the sordid with the splendid, I hasten to say that I make the comparison only between the race-types encountered in the two places; setting aside the brilliancy of the French seaport, with its lavish display of free space, its fine trees and shrubbery, its dazzling lights, its shops stocked with costly wares, and the elegance of the majority of its promenaders. But as far as the race-types are concerned,

the comparison remains valid. It is true that in Yuma there are no Moors to accent the throng with their white turbans and burnouses; but, in their place, we find the Chinese with their pendent queues, blouses and wooden shoes; Indians swathed in blankets and flaunting the gayest of bandanas, plumes and other head-ornaments: their long, straight black hair beneath, irrigable lands; gold miners, prospectors and promoters; scholarly-looking men who, upon inquiry, are found to be Government experts in geology; finally, an occasional priest, or parson, whose face, bearing and garments are no more unmistakable than those of the professional gambler also mingling in the motley throng, and believing himself to be perfectly disguised. Still



The Colorado Desert: view near Palm Springs, California

beaten by the wind and adding to their weird appearance; also, slender Mexicans, marked by their sinuous movements and subtle eyes, wearing their sombreros with the airs of Spanish grandees; cowboys in the full costume of their kind, forming a sharp contrast with soberly dressed farmers from the Middle States in search of other types there are and in profusion; but those already enumerated will give some slight idea of a street scene in a town whose singularity overtaxes the descriptive faculty of all save those who have genius in the use of pen or pencil.

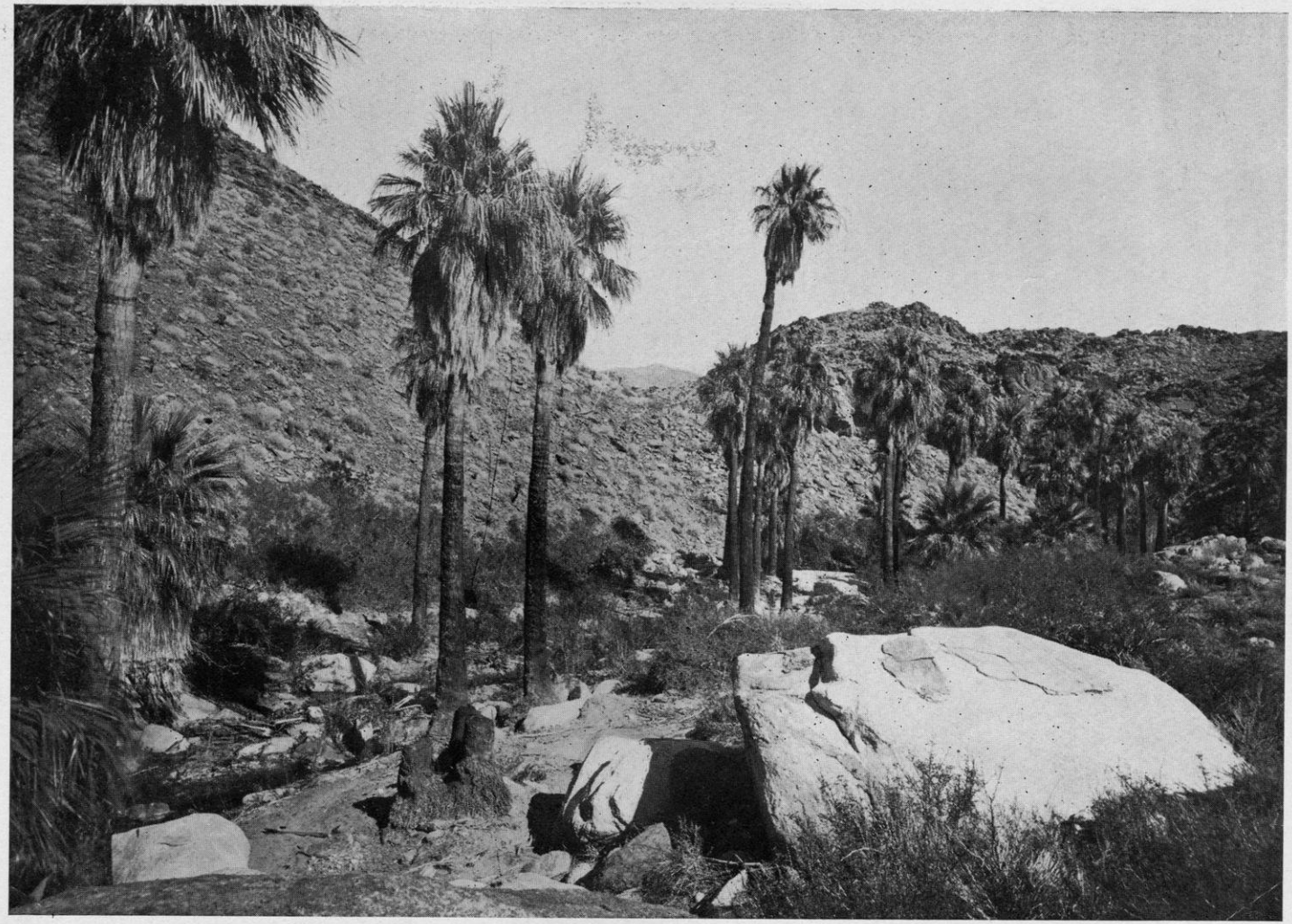
As one might infer from the scene, the population of Yuma is an indeterminate

quantity. These curious types, fascinating by their picturesqueness, their ugliness, or even their sinister quality, are there to-day and gone to-morrow. But the assembly is ever renewed and the town is an old one. More than a century ago, it was the site of the labors of certain monks of the Franciscan order, who established two Missions

Irrigation Canal: Palm Springs, California

there. Gradually it became a definite halting place for travelers, and it was the point chosen by the Mexicans for crossing the Colorado, on their way from their older country, to their later established province of Nueva or Alta California. Such was its character when it was visited by Generals Sloat, Fremont and Kearney, as they advanced to plant the standard of the United States upon the Pacific coast.

The separate stages of development, as is usual in all settlements, are recorded in the buildings of Yuma. Adobe structures stand side by side with frame houses and with the most modern brick buildings, just as, sometimes, at an unsuspected point, an old formation of rock pierces the stratum lying nearest the earth's surface. But the sterility reigning in the great, circumscribing desert, seems to have stricken the brain of the men of Yuma. Bare necessities of shelter and trade alone produced the habitations and public buildings of the town, rigidly excluding therefrom all pro-



Palm Canyon, California

visions for the gratification of the eye. Yuma is simply a halting place in the desert, where routes meet, hostelries thrive, traffic is active, enterprise abounds, and the vices of many races unite in a maelstrom of evil.

On the day following my arrival, I visited the school maintained by the United States Government for the local tribe of Indians. The school is housed in the officers' quarters, and the barracks of the old and now dismantled Fort Yuma, situated on the California bank of the Colorado river. The incidents of this visit—consisting of the inspection of dormitories, the examination of school work, listening to the school band, conducted by an Indian leader, and seeing a pupils' meal in progress—would not have made a deep impression upon my mind, had it not been for a spirited, although friendly discussion which arose between the superintendent in charge, Mr. J. S. Spear, and myself, regarding the policy to be pursued in the education of these representatives of a primitive and presumably inferior race.

The superintendent expressed his strong belief that the shortest road to civilization for the Indians lay in teaching their children how to do everything in the white man's way. He maintained that there should be no compromise, no absorption, no amalgamation of ideas, such as occurred, when the pagan world gradually became Christianized. He advocated enforced and radical changes in the dress, food, games, social customs, arts and religion of the nation's wards: regarding all these manifestations of taste and feeling as ties to the old, free, irresponsible life, and consequently as obstacles barring progress and education.

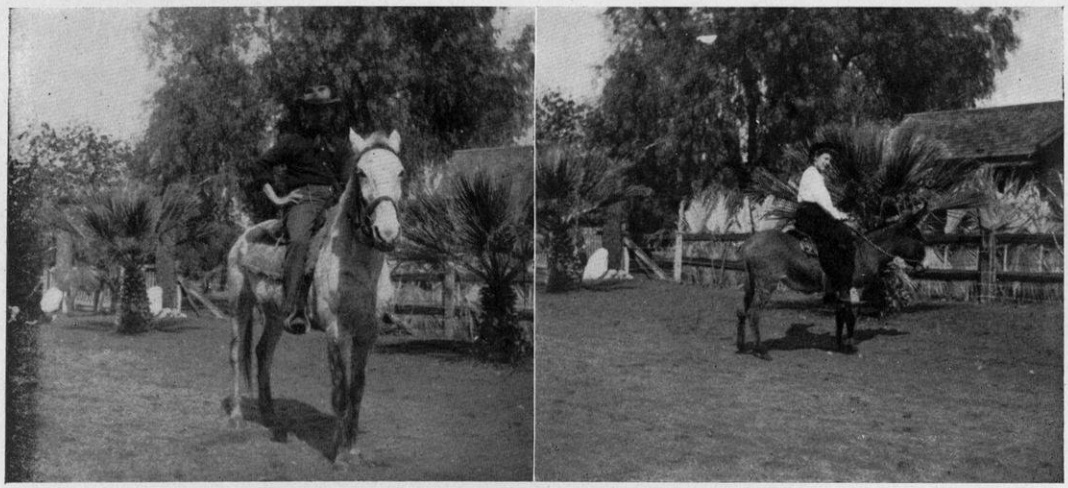
Certain features of such radicalism appearing to me as revolutionary, destructive and deplorable, I made an earnest plea for the preservation and fostering of the arts of basketry and pottery-making among the Indians,—especially among the tribes of the Northwest, who, if left to themselves, produce exquisite objects which join usefulness with beauty, embody a delicate symbolism and possess indisputable claims to be regarded as works of art.

To this plea I received the equally earnest reply that no such favor should be shown these two crafts, which ought to be swept away, together with the other employments of blanket,- mat- and bead-weaving, savoring yet more of the man of the forest and primitive life. The products of such barbarous art, Mr. Spear urged, were museum objects, beautiful from a certain point of view, but most of all, worthy of study as examples of racial limitations, like the Egyptian hieroglyphs in which we see the ideographs of a people who, however hard they labored, were not able to produce an alphabet. "We do not," concluded my opponent, "leave the feeble-minded of our own race to multiply their kind without question. We study their infirmities by scientific methods, restrain them for the good of humanity at large, and seek to bring them as near as possible to the normal standard. The same means must be employed with the Indians."

In reply to those strong statements I again pleaded for the preservation of the original handicrafts of the Indians; directing my strength toward the rebuttal of the policy outlined in these sentences directly

quoted from my adversary: "I would abolish all their barbarous arts. They must be made to relinquish their own life and to accept ours. The only way to reach this end is to deprive them of everything to which they have hitherto been attached."

On the contrary, I maintained that the North American Indian expressions of art are excellent of their kind; that between classes of types comparisons are idle; that such objects must be judged by their adherence to certain fixed laws, or their departure from the same; but that no one critic or body of critics chosen from a single race is capable of establishing standards which are perfect and permanent. In my efforts to argue, rather than to assert, I instanced the two great systems of art,—the Oriental and the Western; emphasizing the fact that while the external differences between them are wide, the investigations of connoisseurs have proven them to be built upon the same laws of beauty, symmetry and unity. I reasoned that artistic sentiment, or the lack of it, is always revealed in the things of service fashioned by any given people; urging that the display of that sentiment always commands the attention of the world: as we see the decorated war-club of a savage tribe occupying a place in "Grammars of Ornament," side by side with a Persian book-cover, a carefully wrought inscription from the Koran, or a conventional flower-pattern from a Chinese tea-cup; all these objects serving the special uses of the people for whom they are intended and differing radically in themselves, while remaining obedient to the same principles of art, as many races of varied languages and customs might unite in a single religion. If, therefore, it is obedient to these laws of form, color and unity of design, the basket or blanket becomes a work of art. It matters not by whom it is woven or fashioned: the Hawaiian or the Navajo woman, or yet the graduate of Wellesley,—the preference, if any, belonging to the barbarous expert, because of her



A semi-tropical paradise

disposition toward originality and invention. The object itself being accepted, we should, I continued, leave all further considerations to ethnologists: to those who study the races of men. It is for them to decide the relative rank of the races, to declare that the predominance of plant-forms in design shows the higher possibilities, while that of animal shapes denotes low powers and early racial decay. We are here concerned solely with a question of what is good or ill in art, and it were a pity to deprive these Indians of their traditional skill, in order to impose upon them some fragment of our civilization for which they are illy-prepared and against which they will rebel, or which, at best, they will accept with sullen apathy.

In pursuance of this point I expressed my sincere belief in the advantages of primitive simplicity over certain features of our own too artificial life; condemning the policy of depriving a people of the handicrafts which they have slowly developed from their necessities, and still pursue with the fervor and keen intelligence born of such conditions. I concluded by suggesting that against the suppression of their handicrafts the Indians might raise, in a crude way, the same argument that was used learnedly by the Chinese Minister at Washington, at the time of the Boxers' war, when he described the differences separating the Yellow from the White race; pointing out that each had arts, manners and customs, systems of philosophy, and a religious faith suited to it; and that the interference of proselyting agents of Western ideas was useless, because, being directed toward ideas which had stood the test of centuries upon centuries and partook of the very life of the native people, it could have but a superficial and hostile effect.

If, perhaps, such things be true in the more important case, I argued, why should they not extend to the lesser? Why not pursue toward our nation's wards a course of development, rather than one of interference: allowing them to exist side by side with our own people, and to test, by comparison, the value of our ways; since historical examples prove the success of the policy of assimilating conquered peoples or tribes, and the folly—even crime—of the contrary policy of suppressing them. Arrogance is as much to be regretted in nations as in individuals, and all those who are in power would do well to stop upon the threshold of action that they may ask themselves: "Are the changes which we contemplate suggested by justice, or are they instigated solely by the desire of personal, selfish domination?"

AT this point my reflections were interrupted by the arrival of the wagon sent to convey us to various points of the reservation, and during this extended drive I observed much to confirm the beliefs which I had already expressed. I saw how much is necessary to be done by our Government for the health and happiness of these representatives of the primitive people of our continent. I recognized also in the people themselves germs of intelligence and goodness, which, if properly fostered and developed, might lead to the most desirable fruitage.

At first, I was depressed by my surroundings. Here were large areas of land sus-

Façade of Glenwood Hotel, Riverside, California

ceptible to cultivation, lying waste; marred for the sight by great fields of burrs; dotted here and there by sad-looking willows and mesquite trees, with a patch of tilled soil at rare intervals. The houses, or rather huts, corresponded to their environment. They were poor, dilapidated and neglected to the point of filthiness, as may be inferred from the fact that their floors were of sand long-used and contaminated, which rose in clouds when trodden upon. There was no attempt at brick-making, and no use of mud, far preferable to the sand, in that it would harden and form a concrete mass, comparatively cleanly and susceptible to washing. These conditions appeared to me to reach the limits at which the barbaric retrogrades to the savage life. But the observance of other facts soon afterward led me to take a more hopeful view of the possibilities of these Yuma Indians. I remarked in certain individuals evidences of their desire to surpass their fellows in personal adornment, and this desire I remembered Carlyle to have declared to be the first spiritual impulse of the barbarous man. I remarked furthermore a general and very strong interest in athletic games, and the efforts made by all the males to excel in them.

These hopeful indications were corroborated by the marked individuality of each face and the invariable erectness of bearing, while other noticeable evidences of intelligence lay in the inventive power of the men as shown in their pastimes, and the dexterity of the women in their methods of crude craft-work. I watched, with much interest, a handsome brave who was catching fish in the Colorado river, by means of a simple but ingenious willow snare. But I devoted an even longer time to a woman-potter who, with grave, emotionless countenance, plied her art, as if unconscious of my presence. She sat with her clay before her; the material being already rolled into long strips. These she coiled into a shape, the ideal of which she carried in her mind, and slowly realized, as she pressed each coil upon the one preceding it, expanding or compressing, smoothing and modeling the work.

Apart from the favorable indications revealed in the work and recreations of the Yuma Indians, there existed other evidences of their capabilities for social progress. These appeared in their affection for their families and their veneration for old age; two sentiments necessarily strongly pronounced among the builders of society, since the family is but the State in miniature. Indeed, as I passed from "kan" to "kan," visiting the separate families inhabiting those singular shelters, I thought more than once that in the matter of reverence for age and domestic affection, the barbarous Yumas might teach our own youth a wholesome lesson, which must be enforced if we would not see our most important institutions fall into decadence.

Beside visiting several of the "kans," or shelters, upon this reservation, I also attended a *powwow* or conclave of the Indians belonging to the hostile faction, which is composed of those natives—and they exist in large numbers upon all reservations—who, while making no open resistance, are yet unwilling to renounce their own religion, social customs and occupations, in order to assume those of the white race. The cry of this faction is: "Why trouble us? Leave us to ourselves! We ask noth-

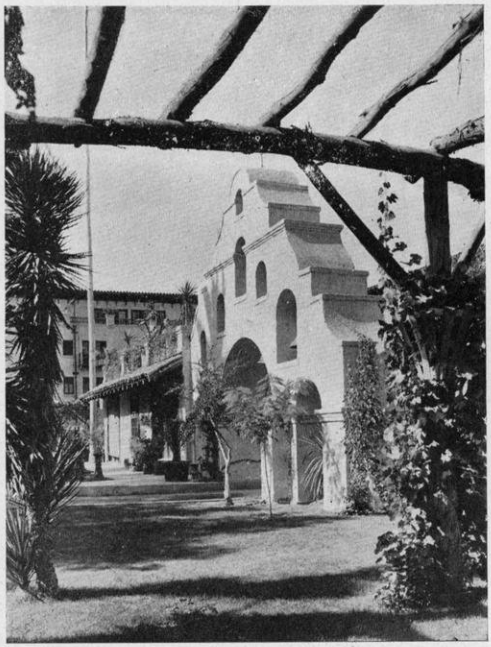
The Adobe, Glenwood Hotel, Riverside, California: President Roosevelt planting an orange tree

ing but to retain our old methods of life." On the contrary, the "friendlies" avail themselves of school privileges, associate with the "pale faces," and eagerly seize upon the fragments of loaves and fishes which fall to them from the Government table.

Upon the occasion of the conclave, our interpreter was an aged squaw, passing under the name of Maggie Scott, who speaks English readily and has an interesting personal history. She it was who translated into simple, poetic words the legends told by the old rhapsode, or "Elder," who, as he discoursed, carried one away to youth and school-books, for, like Ovid, he began his history of the universe with chaos and ended it with the age of war and strife for which no name sufficiently base could be coined. In a kind of monotonous chant, he related that "when the people of the earth were created, each family was given its own home, language and color. The great *Ko-Ko-Mat* made all men, yet he did not wish them to live together. So, he separated the tribes from one another by rivers, mountains, canyons, deserts and forests. Each family lived for many ages within its own limits. But gradually these were passed. Indians fought among themselves, and white men fought them all together. Then, the whites seized the Indian lands, and we were told that the Big Father at Washington was to be our Chief. We were few. You were many, and we had to do as we could."

Here the old man ended a strophe, and, turning sharply to me, asked in more ordinary tones: "What would you have done?" Upon receiving my answer, which counseled resignation, he continued: "We did surrender. Men are everywhere the same. Their hands and feet and bodies may be red, or black or white. But inside they are all the same. We are like you. So we say to your President: 'This part of my body (indicating the lower half) I yield to you. But this (pointing to the upper part) is my own. This I give to no man.' "

In pronouncing these words the old man took on something heroic and grand. One

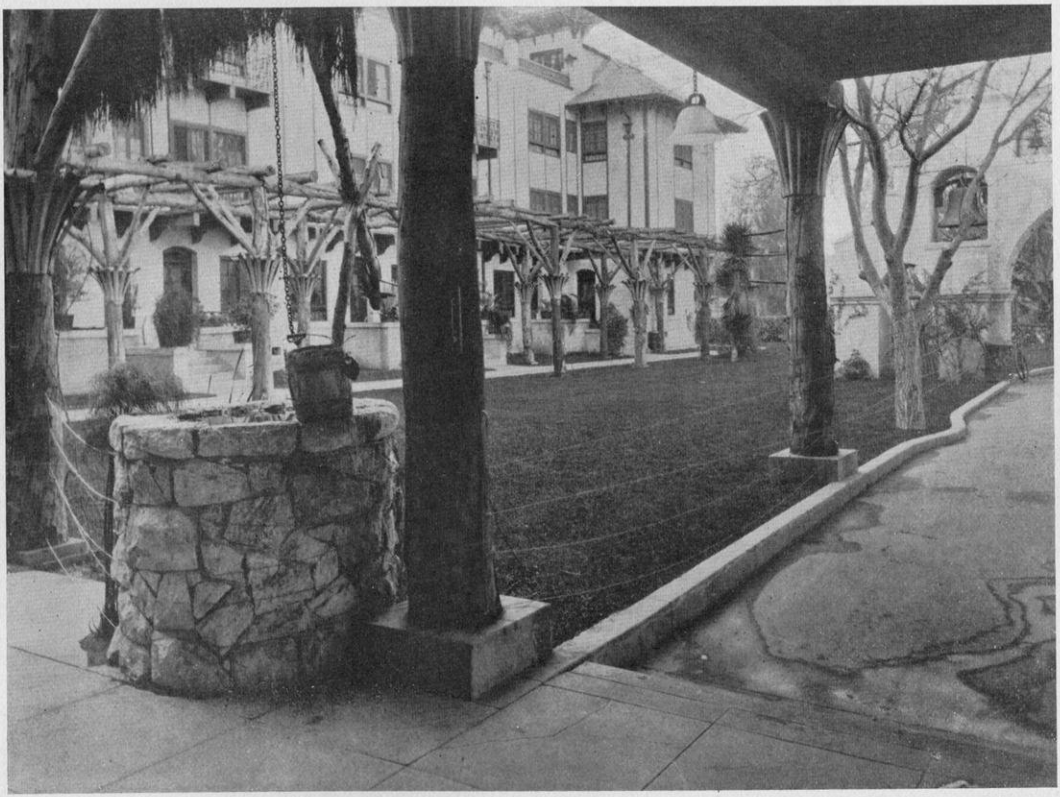


The Campanile at the Glenwood

again turned in thought to one's school-days, and the vision arose of those old Gallic and German chieftains who resisted to the bitter end the power of the invading Romans. And with the vision there came also the feeling that we Americans are also the makers of a history, in its way, second to no other recorded chronicles; and that, this being true, we should strive to avoid injustice toward the weaker, less civilized races, lest our own memories be stained, like

those of former dominant peoples, whose crimes so detract from their glory.

The old rhapsode, dignified and melancholy, preoccupied me for hours. But on the following day he became merely a striking figure projected upon the background of my reminiscences of travel. I returned from Yuma by train, through Coachilla, all parts of the country,—one might better say, of the world,—to work at the preparation of salt, gathered from the soil by steam plows, or to engage in the culture of melons which, as we remember from the Arabian Nights, are products of oases, and constitute almost the only solace of travelers through the great desert of Asia. The



Eucalyptus pergola and Saint Catherine's well; Glenwood Hotel

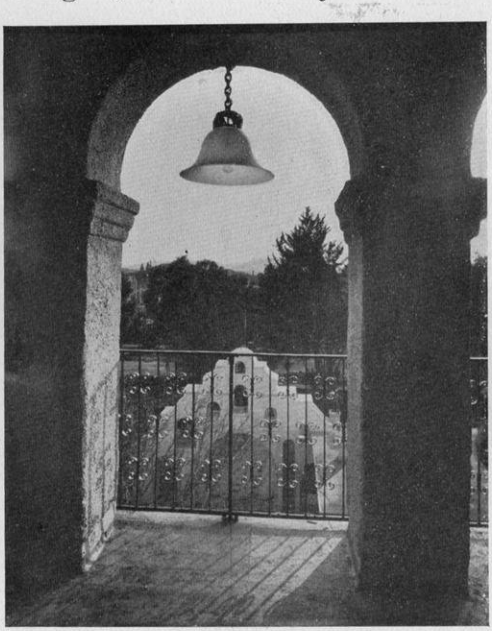
Indio and Salton, to Palm Springs Station, which is situated at the upper end of the Colorado Desert. The country traversed, once a complete waste, is now rapidly being converted into fertile and profitable lands, by means of irrigation from Artesian wells. Within three years, a population of five thousand persons has assembled there from American fruits can not, it is said, be surpassed; lacking only the flavor of romance, just as our own Hudson bears comparison with the Rhine in all save the legends which cluster about the German river.

My point of destination, Palm Valley, I found to be an ideal oasis, which receives its name from the Blue Palm (*Washingtonia*

Filafera) having here its original home, and now scattered from end to end of California. At Palm Springs Station, five miles away, the wind was still high; but as we neared the valley-oasis, great buttresses of the mountain range stretched out their walls to offer protection against the elements. Orange, lemon, fig, almond and apricot trees were in full bloom; the air, of a caressing softness, was laden with mingled perfumes; the eye was intoxicated with the beauty of sky, foliage and flowers, and the outside world seemed a troubled dream.

That evening, resting in a tent cottage belonging to the hotel of Dr. Wellwood Murray, I remembered those other delightful *alberghi*, scattered along the Bay of Naples, which so often bear the name *Quisisana*—(Here one is restored to health.) Then, my thoughts reverted to a scheme long cherished in my fancy, but for which I had vainly tried to find a suitable place of execution. My scheme was the establishment of a community in which men and women could work out together the problem of a useful, moderately laborious life, which should assure health, provide against the corroding action of care, and afford sufficient leisure for the pursuance of means of culture and recreation.

At Palm Valley, it seemed to me, all the preliminary requirements of my scheme were fulfilled. Intrusion and interference were remote evils little to be feared. Out of door labor was not only practicable, but even alluring. A central, coöperative *dépôt* could be established for the purchase of supplies and materials at the lowest consistent prices. Each worker could make whatever he desired in his own home or workshop, thus precluding all vexing questions of capital against labor. A board of managers might be chosen to examine articles intended for sale, which after being successfully subjected to a thorough examination, should be stamped with the community seal, as a final and absolute mark of approval. All foodstuffs, with the exception of a few luxuries could be produced in the region, and each family could own a producing area large enough to supply its wants.



One of the paseo arches: Façade of Glenwood Hotel

Thus, that evening, I fitted the outlines of my scheme to the beautiful region of which I had caught glimpses on my way from the station. The following morning, a disappointing surprise awaited me. On visiting the immediate neighborhood, I saw everywhere marks of neglect and indolence. As in many places in Italy, it seemed here as if the generosity of Nature had proven a curse, rather than a capital upon which to build fortune, comfort and happiness. All

the properties, with their once fine groves and orchards, were neglected, while many places were utterly abandoned. The settlement was a practically abandoned one; but the reason for the desolation was not apparent. I subsequently learned that the regrettable conditions existing were largely due to a lack of coöperative spirit, and to the selfishness of a single individual, who, several years previously, had gained control of an irrigation-canal finely constructed from stone and cement, leading a distance of fifteen miles, and capable of supplying water to the entire community. Having once obtained control of the canal, this man sought to give laws to his neighbors and to bring them to his own terms, which he did with the disastrous result of ruining their promising industries and of reducing a wide area of bloom to a scene of desolation.

Upon learning these facts, I became yet more strongly convinced of the feasibility of my scheme, and every detail, as well as the principal features of the region, confirmed my first judgment, or rather inspiration. I saw in mental vision my ideal community realized and active: men and women not living in a golden age, as a first glance at the surrounding Nature might suggest, but working in groves, vineyards, orchards and fields, or at handicrafts fol-

Nature and architecture

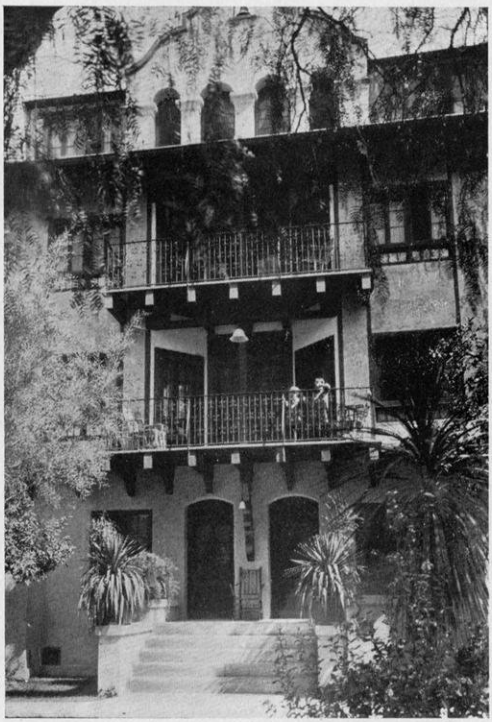
lowed in their own dwellings; leading no idyllic existence, but free, at least, from the more depressing anxieties, and circumstanced far more happily than if they had remained in the crowded cities, or upon the unproductive farms of the East.

It would have been my will to linger longer in that place, in order to advance farther with my long-cherished scheme. But the exigencies of time hastened me onward. I next spent a day with my party in the Palm and Andreas Canyons, the former of which is destined to become one of the noted scenic places of the world.

This valley, also, I could imagine as the seat of a flourishing community, devoted to date-culture, since it is positively asserted that the fruit of commerce will grow there. At present, the attractions of the spot consist in aged palm-trees: their gigantic trunks scarred by the festival fires of the Indians, and their fan-like crowns of graceful, bluish leaves giving an Oriental effect to the landscape. Fully as interesting as the famous Big Trees of California, they need only time and acquaintance to make them equally renowned. Their fruit, hanging in long pendants, fibrous and small, has yet the precise flavor of the Arabian date, a fact which would in itself argue for the establishment of a scientific culture.

From another canyon, the Chino, visited upon the following day, and reached by a rough and difficult road, we obtained a superb view of the Desert, as through a frame made by the high, dark walls rising on either hand. The eye swept over vast areas of sand, leading to a distant mountain range, which separates the Colorado from the Mohave Desert; the masses differing from one another in color-tone and varying with the hour. In presence of this magnificent picture, I remembered Professor Van Dyke's "Studies of Natural Appearances," in which he analyzes the phenomena of light in the Desert, and I was led to profound admiration of that writer's scientific accuracy and his yet keener artistic sensibility.

Leaving Palm Valley, I next visited Riverside, the great orange-producing city,



"In a balcony": Glenwood Hotel

the approaches of which recalled to me the suburbs of Genoa, because of the thick, finely-kept and extensive groves which, for miles about, displayed their lantern-like globes of gold amid heavy, dark and glistening foliage. Within the city, the very street names, like those of foreign towns, are suggestive and inspiring; while the

streets themselves, shaded by graceful palms, acacias and peppers are so delightful as to cause one to forget time and to abandon all desire of shelter.

And yet, a unique place of rest and recreation is provided for visitors in the Glen-

But yet this title is a too restrictive one by which to designate a building so intensely suggestive. The Glenwood is first of all, Californian: that is, perfectly adapted to climatic and local conditions. And this result would seem to have been accom-

Terrace: Glenwood Hotel

wood Hotel, which, because of its most interesting architecture, I made an object of special study. Its builder and owner, Mr. Frank Miller, sensitive to the atmosphere of historical romance investing the region, has allowed no vitiating element to enter his carefully planned structure, which may be designated as a successful example of the Spanish Mission Style.

plished through the study of buildings existing in places similarly situated.

The Spanish Mission Style certainly predominates in the façade of the Glenwood, but traveled visitors will recognize in the structure features borrowed from more distant sources: borrowed, but well assimilated, and united naturally and gracefully into a pleasing and consistent whole.

The original inn built of adobe, has been utilized with picturesque effect: being now joined to a screen-like wall pierced below with a great carriage gateway, and above with niches for bells, and for this reason, receiving the name of *campanile*, although it does not in the least resemble the cylindrical or square towers in Italy, which were isolated from the churches of which they formed a part, in order that the vibrations of the bells should not shake the masonry.

An example of simple construction: Glenwood Hotel

The adobe building and connected campanile standing thus across the space enclosed upon three sides by the modern building, suggest the barbacans, or advanced gateways seen often in the Moorish structures in Spain. It was a happy thought so to use the crude and humble adobe construction which, in itself, is a reminder of the Mexican ownership of California. The tiles roofing it were brought from one of the old Missions, while the *campanile*, it is unnecessary to say, is a successful reproduction of the Franciscan style. By this ingenious use of a relic which most architects would have destroyed ruthlessly, the visitor, at his very entrance, is put in sympathy with the region and given a foretaste of the experiences which await him. For one would be indeed dead to all sentiment who could not imagine what possibilities of enjoyment, incident to Southern life, lie concealed within the walls.

The exterior features of the Glenwood

are simple, in accordance with the principles usually observed in the domestic architecture of warm countries. The façade might easily be mistaken for a street-front in Rome, Florence, or Seville. The plastered walls, the disposition of the windows, the terrace, or *paseo*, with its balustrade the marks of the brush with which it was applied, the simple window- and door-frames, are all elements of a system of architecture which presents, so to speak, an emotionless countenance to the street, while reserving for the interior courts its good humor and smiles. It so acquires the same

Mezzanine at the Glenwood Hotel

supporting potted palms—all are familiar, because before seen in many different places; all are perfectly adapted to this special locality. The simplicity which is here observed, partly for its own sake, and partly to limit expense, could not be destroyed without disastrous result. The very roughness of the plaster, which shows interest that is awakened by a silent person. It is tantalizing and mysterious. Who, in continental towns, has not stopped before grilled gates and small, blinking windows to wonder what delights and beauties they sheltered and concealed?

The advantages of simplicity are also plainly evident in other portions of the

exterior, two of which I have chosen for illustration. In the long wall of the Wing, the classic severity of line, perfectly maintained, and the color scheme, confined to the gray of the plaster and the dark green of the projecting second story of wood, contrast finely with the natural curves and the luxuriance of foliage displayed in the opposite line of tropical trees.

At certain points, also, the architecture relaxes its severity, breaking into curves, as in the "broken-arch" pediments seen above the balconies. And here the narrow fronts of the Venetian palaces are suggested without making the spectator long to be in a gondola, upon the Grand Canal—for California has charms which bear comparison with those of the Bride of the Sea.

Another view of the wing—this time facing the interior of the hollow square—shows an almost conventual effect. With its well, named from a much honored saint, and its eucalyptus pergola, it translates us from our work-a-day existence into that old world of peace, cloistered and quiet, in which silence was broken only by the step of the sandaled monk upon the stone pavement, and the musical note of *Aves* and *Pater Nosters* rising through the calm air to Heaven. But yet the pergola tells us that a new missionary has taken the place of the old Franciscan. An age of science has succeeded to the age of faith. The eucalyptus, native to Australia, has been transplanted to the wlidest and most malarial regions, in which, absorbing the evil about it, it gives out, in return, a gospel of life and health. In California, it continues, under a modern form, the work of Padre Serra.

From the point of view of architecture also, the pergola is eloquent. It demonstrates more plainly than many dry lessons could do the groined-arch construction; the pseudo-capitals of palm-tree wood adding greatly to the effect. It reveals, like a flash light, the origin of those wonderful vaults of the English Gothic builders, which culminated in the chapter-house in Salisbury and in Henry Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

Time fails me in which to treat of the interior of this building, so simple, strong and suggestive, as it would be my pleasure to do. I shall, therefore, merely allude to my illustrations of the *mezzanine* and the dining room, which latter I should prefer to call a refectory. For were this room stripped of its modern table appointments, the plain round arches, the exposed rafters, the crude masonry and plaster work would form, in all respects, such a place as that in which the vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience were assumed, and from which the light of St. Francis, like a new sun, streamed out upon the world.

PREHISTORIC POTTERY IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE. BY ANNA B. A. BROWN

TENNESSEE, Mississippi and Arkansas are particularly rich in prehistoric relics; the mounds of various shapes and sizes scattered over the valley of the Mississippi river yielding to the enthusiastic archaeologist thousands of stone implements, and a rich harvest of pottery in singular designs. In the Cossitt Library Museum, in Memphis, there was installed, in March of this year, one of the most complete collections of Mound Builders' pottery ever seen: the gift of Mrs. Carrington Mason to the city of Memphis. While in the possession of Mrs. Mason, it became known as the finest private collection of its kind in the world, and it has been compared favorably with the pottery in the Smithsonian Institution. There are nearly one thousand pieces in all, the designs being varied and wonderfully striking, if one considers the limited resources of the potters of that remote age.

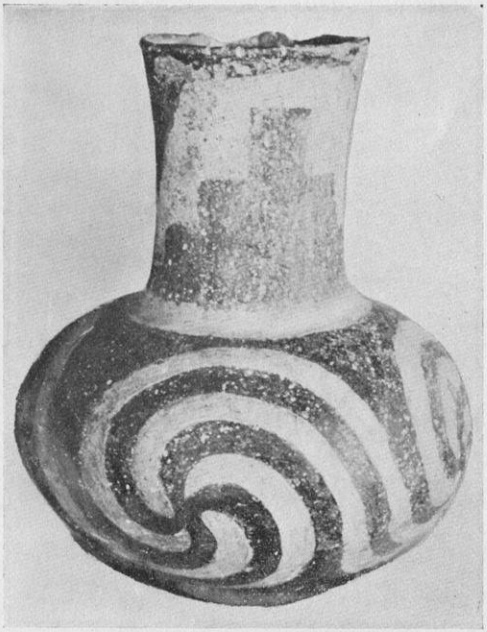


Figure II. Swastika and inverted pyramid

Figure I. Greek scroll pattern

The Memphis collection is interesting from the fact that every piece in it came from one mound in Arkansas. This place is situated about forty miles from the city, and each piece was dug, under Mrs. Mason's personal supervision, by a half-Indian, half-negro workman, who soon became expert in recovering the treasures unbroken. The mound rises in a rectangle, in a wooded flat, occupying a remote corner of a large plantation, and covers a piece of ground quite large enough for a good-sized village, if it were compactly built. Indeed, it may have

been the place of a village, as investigations show many to have been built on sites similar to this. The mound now stands two

Figure III. Egyptian type

or three feet above the surrounding country, and possibly, when built, stood much higher; since, the low land surrounding it has been filled in with the rich alluvial deposits brought by the overflows. From this fact, it is believed that this mound and many others in the valley were thrown up as refuges for the villagers and farmers, when the Mississippi overflowed, just as the planters to-day build mounds, on which to drive their cattle, during the high-water season, when the river has left its banks.

The pottery was all found in graves which had been made side by side, on the outer edge of the rectangle,—possibly just beyond the village walls. The presence of each grave was recognized at the time of the excavations by a little heap of wood ashes, which seemed to have been placed over each interred body.

The pottery is generally made of the clay peculiar to the country contiguous to Memphis, but many pieces of different material show that a commercial spirit existed even among these primitive craftsmen; being probably the result of trading with nations to the east and to the west. The vessels were fashioned for many different uses, and have often the shape of birds, beasts, fishes, human beings; while some are idealized objects. Certain pieces have peculiar marks. One bears the famous swastika, or Greek scroll pattern (Figure I.), borrowed by the Greeks from the ancient Egyptians. The design is intricate and the specimens bearing it are exceedingly rare. This is one of the best known. Others like it have been found in a few instances on the Mediterranean sea floor, the possible flotsam and jetsam of older civilizations than the world remembers.

Figure IV. Peruvian type of face

Another design shows the inverted pyramid (Figure II.), used by potters and dec-

orators of the Mediterranean countries. Many of the faces represented are distinctly Egyptian in type (Figure III.), many are Peruvian (Figure IV.). The animal forms are usually good, although occasionally the observer finds himself in doubt as to the meaning of certain designs. There are frogs, fishes and turtles. One, the model of which is difficult to determine, may represent either a turtle or a camel with equal accuracy, for the head is crudely fashioned, the legs bowed, and in order to make the vessel useful as a holder of food or water, the body has been distorted until the original outline is lost in obscurity (Figure V.).

Some of the jars are so carefully modeled that, if an animal be represented, the legs are made hollow (Figure VI.), and when a jar is made to be a triple vessel, each bowl, as well as the slender neck, is hollow (Figure VII.).

The most notable jar in this collection is modeled in exact imitation of an old Norse rowing vessel, of the design in use more than a thousand years ago. In securing the jar, the old digger shattered the middle or bowl part, leaving intact the end pieces.

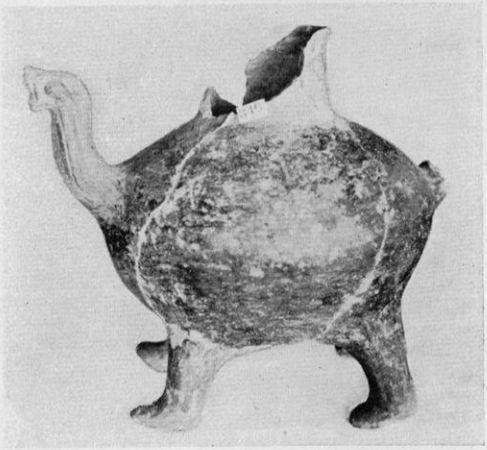


Figure V. Camel or turtle design

These represent accurately the figure-head from the prow, and the ornamental piece from the stern of the boat (Figure VIII.).

Figure VI. Jar with hollow legs

This piece of ware was evidently an exact copy of the "Viking:" the boat which was sent across the open sea from Norway to the Columbian Exposition, in Chicago. It will be remembered that this "Viking" was reproduced accurately from an old vessel taken from the sands on the coast of Norway, after having been buried for more than a thousand years.

Several jars have a peculiar pattern, seeming to be overlaid with cords of twisted grass. This effect was produced in the clay, and is evidently an imitation of the net-inclosed water-jars found to this day in the possession of the Aztecs and the Peruvian Indians.

These pieces of ware clear one or two debated points in primitive handicraft. It has been asserted by several good authorities that the art of glazing was unknown in prehistoric times. The Memphis collection shows a fish-shaped jar or bowl, of a red color exquisitely glazed (Figure IX.). The ability to use different colors in the same jar is also proven. The swastika, or Greek scroll pattern already mentioned,

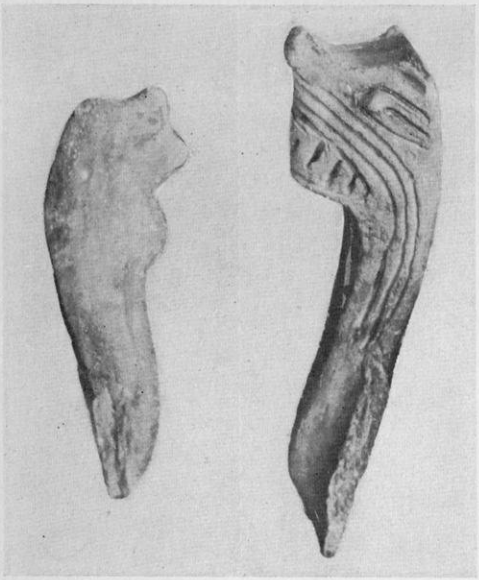
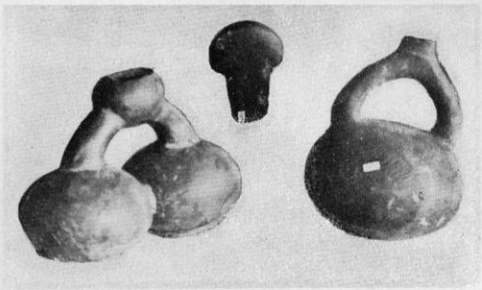


Figure VIII. Prow and stern of Norse boat

being wrought on one of the vases in red, yellow, gray and brown clays.

The collection contains innumerable spear- and arrow-heads, axes and hatchets. One of these axes refutes an old theory that pudding-stone or conglomerate is too hard to be shaped into implements. This example is beautifully shaped, and polished as highly as a mirror (Figure X.). Other celts in this assemblage of implements are excellent examples of the stone-work of the epoch.

From an archaeological point of view, this pottery is exceptionally valuable. In the copy of the Norse vessel lies the long-



Figures VII. and X. Double jars and hatchet of conglomerate

sought proof that at one time the adventurous sea-kings touched the American shores. For they must have been seen by the aborigines, and this little clay vessel is the tangible thing binding the history of the New with that of the Old World. It may be that some trader from the Mound-Builders' country, traveling to the East, saw this strange little craft over on the Atlantic coast, and modeled for his people its unfamiliar outlines. Or can it be that, at some time, in those dim ages, the strange vessel was pulled by sturdy arms through

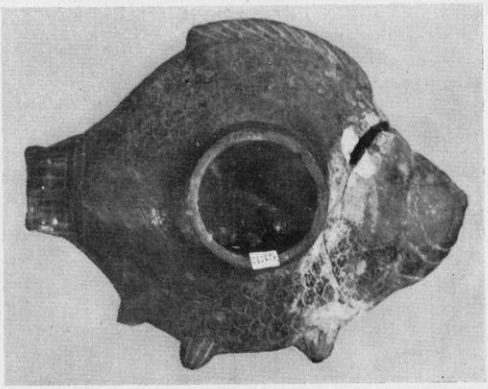


Figure IX. Jar in fish pattern, showing scales and fine glaze

the Gulf and up the Mississippi, and that wondering, hospitable natives reproduced

it in clay, as it swung at anchor in the yellow tide?

The antiquity of the pottery cannot be questioned. Just how old it is, none can say. Professor Schliemann, in his exhaustive archaeological investigations, spent much time in the study of the site of ancient Troy. He found there evidences of six perfect and distinct civilizations lying one under the other; the latest of them dating to 1000 B. C. Beneath the oldest of the six, he found a civilization similar to that of the American Mound-Builders. Therefore, this handiwork of the ancient Americans must date back almost to the beginning of time itself.

Evidences of travel are many in these relics. There is pottery made of clay from "the great red Pipe-stone Quarries" of the Northwest; there are shells from the Pacific, stone weapons from the Appalachian range, and from the Rocky Mountains.

These jars and pots, arrow-points and spear heads, the sole remaining proofs of a vanished race, form a most interesting passage in history, preserved by kindly Nature for her youngest children to read.

IT has been frequently remarked that plant forms are rarely represented by savages. A possible explanation may be found in the fact that plant life is so passive, it does nothing actively or aggressively as compared with the irrepressible vitality of animals. Thus it does not impress itself on the imagination of backward peoples.

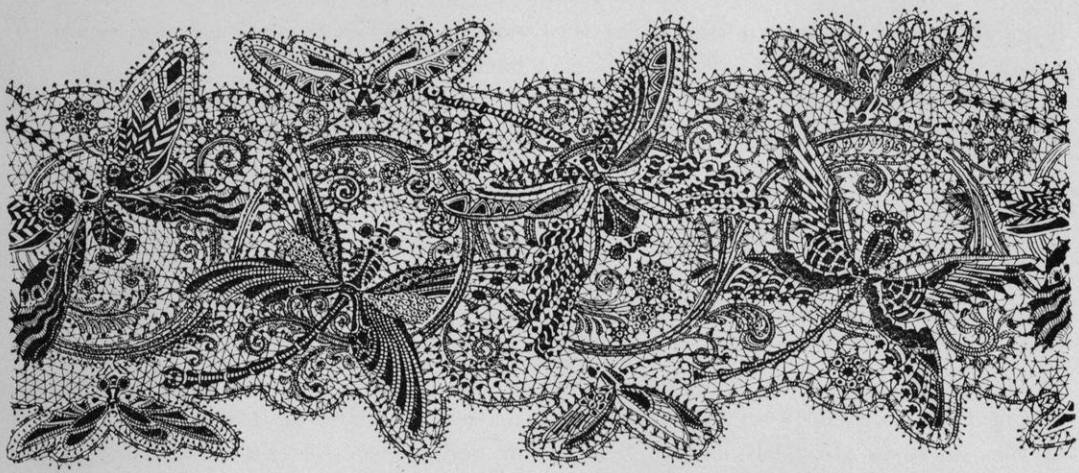
Another explanation has been suggested to me by Dr. Colley March. The need of ornament is based on expectancy. The eye is so accustomed to something in a certain association, that when this is not seen there is experienced a sense of loss. Among savage people the eye is accustomed to dwell on vegetal forms which are always present. It is only when they cease to be present, as in the exceptional circumstances of desert places, or walled towns, that the sense of loss can arise.

It is very probable that the reputed paucity of ornamentation derived from the vegetable world amongst primitive folk may be partly due to our not recognizing it as such. Their conventions are not the same as ours, and they are often satisfied with what appears to us to be a very imperfect realism.

Backward peoples have to be taught to see beauty in nature, and it is very doubtful if the elegance of the form of flower or leaf appeals to them. Bright colors we know please all, and it is the color or scent of flowers and leaves which causes them to be worn or used in decoration.

Where plants are represented by savage peoples we shall probably find that as a rule their employment is primarily due to other causes than the selection of beautiful forms and graceful curves for their own sakes.

—*From "Evolution in Art" Scientific Series*



Adaptation of the dragon-fly to a lace pattern. Mlle. Olga Slom: first prize

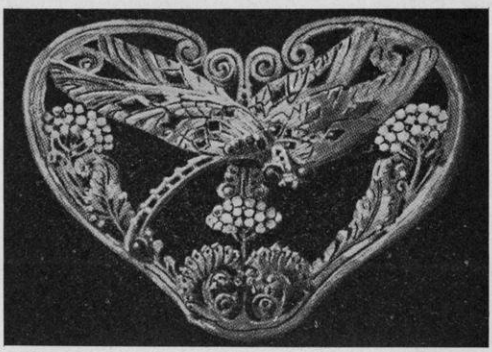
DECORATIVE STUDIES OF INSECT FORMS. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY IRENE SARGENT

THE prize contest, opened in February, 1904, by the editors of *Art et Décoration*, was an important one, considered from several points of view. If the dimensions of the required designs were small, the variety of *motifs* demanded was great, and the nature-study necessitated was purposely widely extended, in order to attract a large number of competitors.

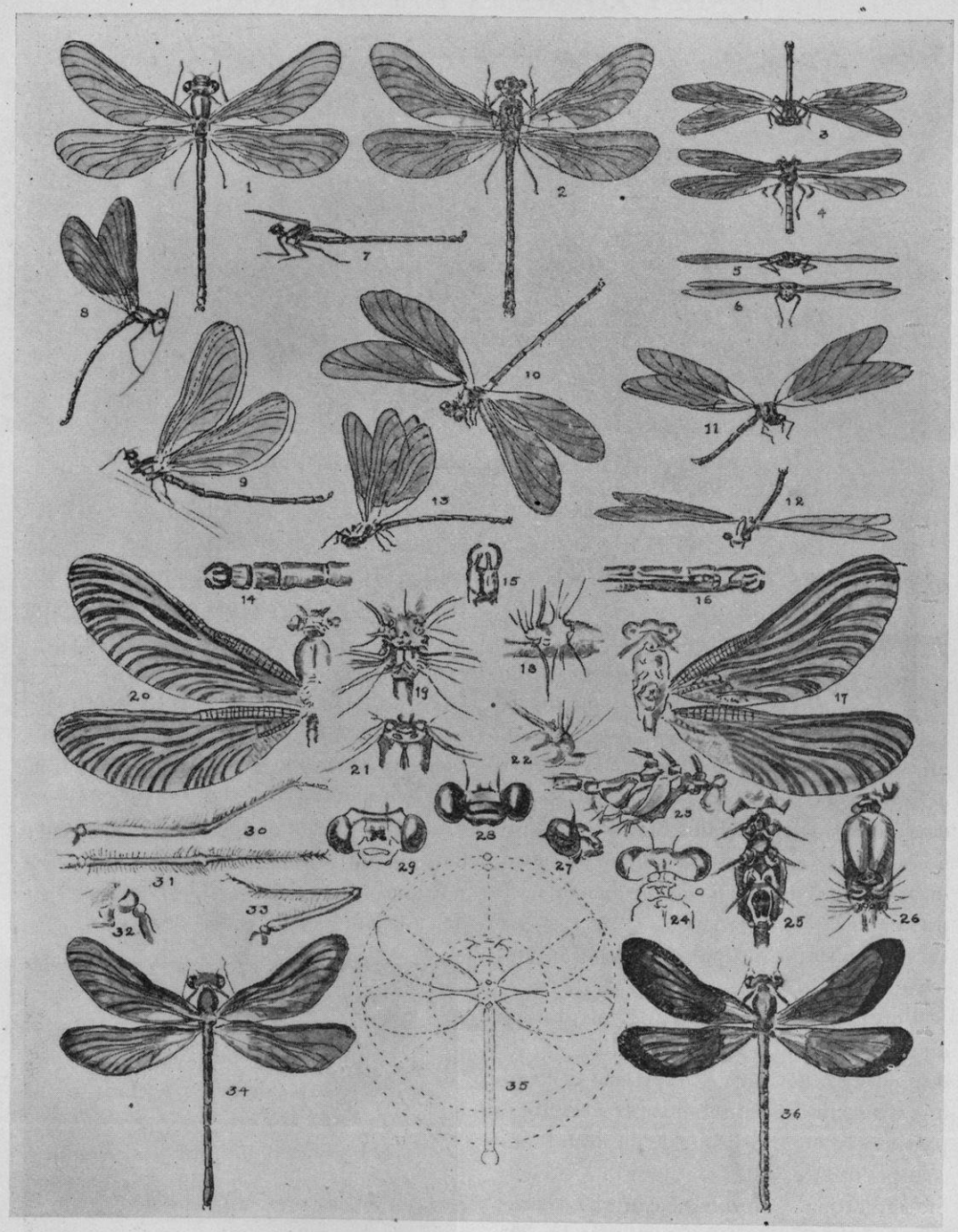
The subjects proposed in the contest were:

Three different decorative adaptations and a complete study from life of the dragon-fly: the three adaptations demanding strongly defined separate treatments in passing from a belt-buckle in metal and enamels to lace, and from lace to a sketchy interpretation. Nothing can be better adapted than such exercises to display the decorative sense of an artist and his understanding of different mediums of expression: that is, of different materials. But it is usual that one of these materials is specially favored by the designer, and that the others suffer by reason of his preference.

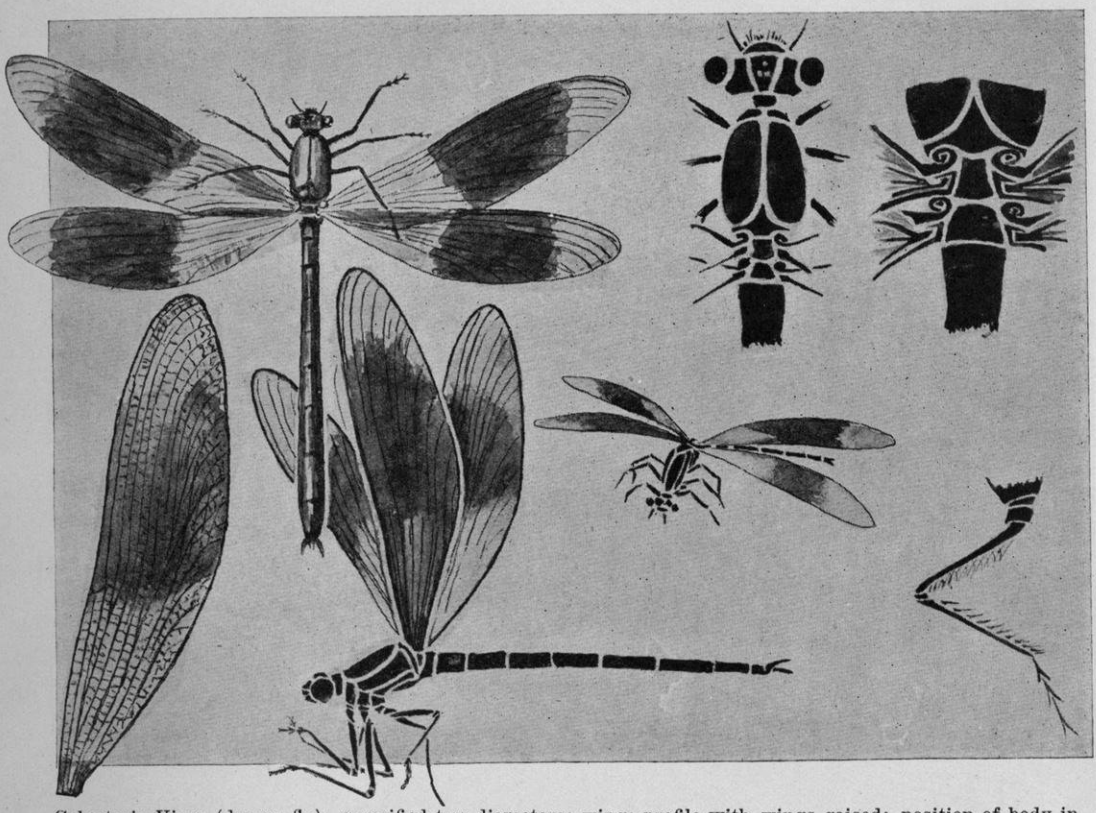
As to the study from Nature, it reveals above all, the sense of precision, which is not, as must be conceded, the only quality indispensable to a true artist. Indeed, one may conjecture that the contrary is sometimes the case, and that a given drawing, most successful as a scientific study, does not imply that the use to be made of it will be adequate artistically. On the other



Dragon-fly designs for silver belt-buckle. Mlle. Olga Slom: first prize

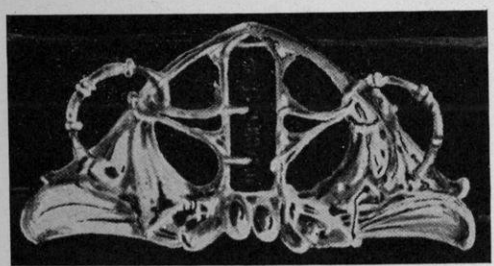


Numbers 1 to 12: dragon-fly in various views and positions; Numbers 15 to 33: details of the male and the female insect; those of the female at the left, those of the male at the right of the sheet; Numbers 34 and 36: respectively the male and the female insect; Number 35: geometrical diagram of the dragon-fly



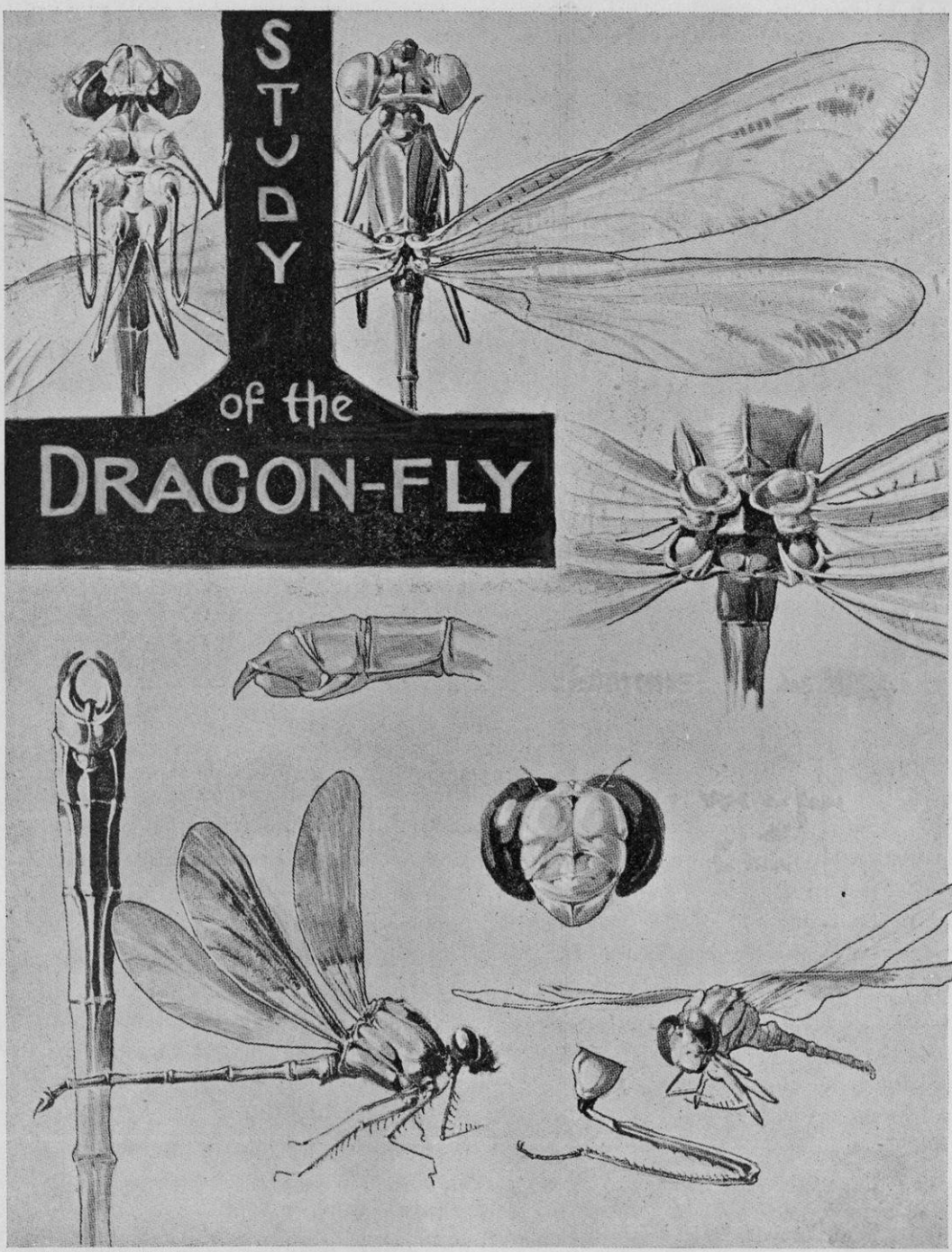
Calopterix Virgo (dragon-fly): magnified two diameters; wing; profile with wings raised; position of body in flight: leg; articulations of the wings. M. André Herpin: second prize

hand, there exist admirable works resulting from simple, well-executed sketches. Undoubtedly, an exact knowledge of the natural object gives greater assurance in the use of its form, but at the same time, it restricts imaginative treatment. In justice to this necessary element of success, the critic may plead against the employment of details discovered by the magnifying glass, or the microscope, and which are invisible to the naked eye. In truth, what popular interest can be possessed by such, since outside of scientific circles, no one suspects their existence? For this reason, their use in magnified proportions, in works of decorative art, can engender only repulsive monsters. It is to be regretted that the designs submitted in our prize competitions are usually too prolific, rather than too sterile, in enlarged details.



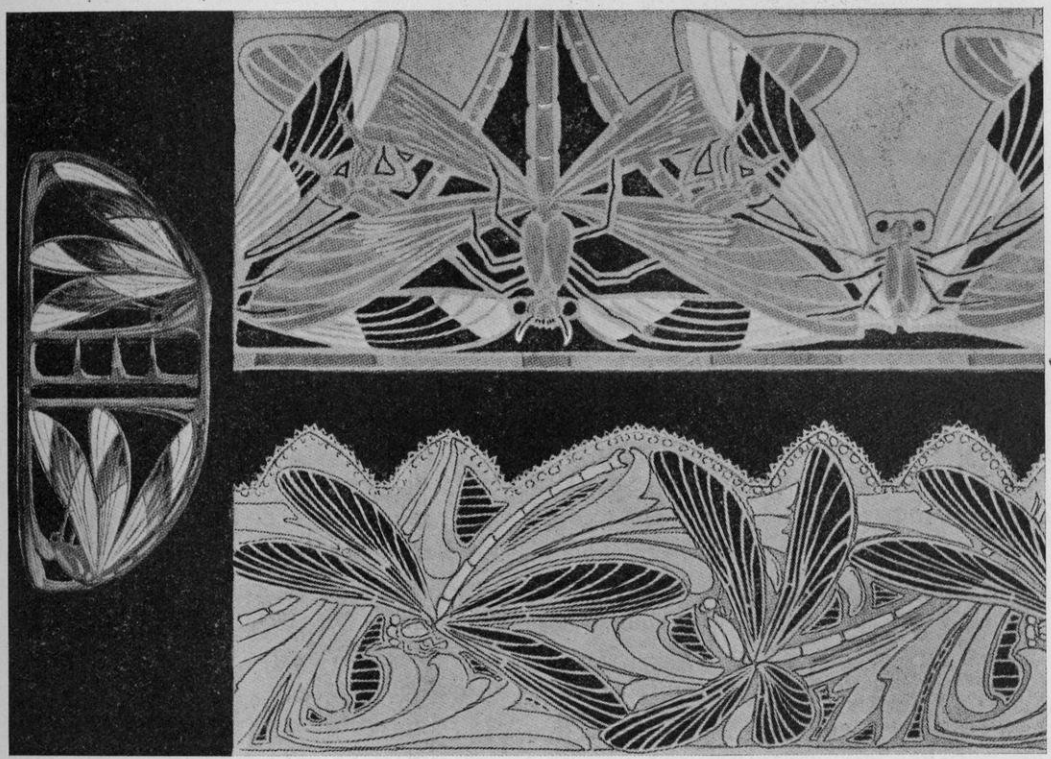
Dragon-fly design for silver belt-buckle. M. Méheut: third prize

Furthermore, flat drawings could in no wise answer decorative requirements. The relief of masses must be carefully indicated.



M. Méheut: third prize

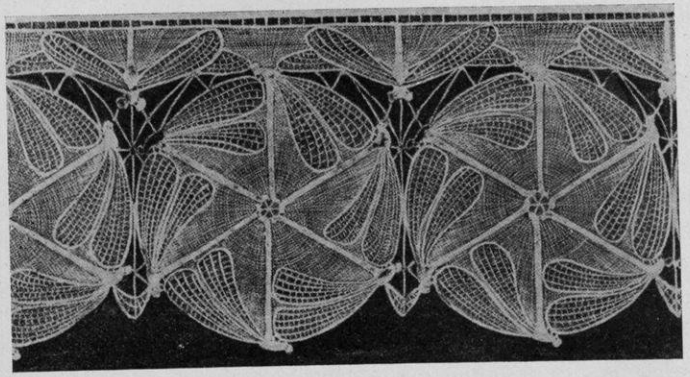
THE above considerations influenced the jury governing the contest here described, to award the first prize to the work of Mademoiselle Olga Slom, whose treatment of the whole was judged to be the most complete. Her sheet of studies from Nature was, perhaps, too well filled with specimens, but it shows, in their true proportions, very exact studies of the male and the female insect. The geometrical diagram, so necessary to analysis and to the understanding of the whole, and, in this instance, so well presented, is absent from the work of the other contestants. The adaptations made by Mlle. Slom are in no way inferior to her scientific notes. Her design for a belt-buckle is unified, clear, pleasing and rich. It would leave nothing to be desired, if the edge of metal were made thinner in appearance, either by perforations, or by details slightly cutting and, so modifying, the continuous form. The lace design is also interesting. It has, furthermore, the quality of lightness which should characterize a lace-pattern. Beside this, it emphasizes the theme proposed: a result which all the contestants were not able to obtain. Finally, the sketches of this lady are creditable, although they might be criticised as being too simple.



M. André Herpin: second prize

The second prize was awarded to M. André Herpin, principally for his three compositions which are frank, strong and expressive. In this instance, the sheet of

studies is the weaker portion of the work; since mass and relief here play but unimportant parts. The sketch, however, possesses much character, although the insects whose bodies form spherical triangles, produce a linear confusion. The belt-buckle, to be executed in gold, blue, green and white enamels, is admirable for its simple and striking design. The lace pattern has excellent qualities and would be without fault, if the ornaments in the background had been reduced in scale.



M. Sézille: honorable mention

The winner of the third prize, M. Méheut, obtained his rank among the many contestants largely through his sheet of studies executed in a faultless manner, although upon a somewhat large scale. Very good, also, is his design for a belt-buckle, which is slightly marred by a heavy touch, principally noticeable in the wings of the insect. But it is plain that the drawing would gain much, were it translated into metal. The lace pattern of this contestant is faulty in presenting a series of isolated units without means of connection.

Beside the work of the winners of the three prizes, that of M. Sézille deserves mention. His drawings include a lace pattern which is most pleasing, although the six radii formed by the bodies of the dragon-flies are quite too apparent.

As a whole, it may be noted that the competition revealed the fact that there are many earnest, sympathetic students in France who are following the path long since indicated to designers by that great lover of divine Nature, Michelet, whose book upon "The Insect" has attained a world-wide currency.

ORIENTAL RUGS: THEIR DESIGNS AND SYMBOLISM. BY JESSIE KINGSLEY CURTIS

CIVILIZATION has, in all ages, a kind of kinship. The newest fashion is often the very oldest. The hand-made rug, with which we, to-day, adorn our homes, has an ancestry as ancient as the monuments of Egypt, or the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. On the tombs of Beni-Hassan, Egypt, are women weaving rugs on looms very like those of the Orient in our time; yet these carvings must date from, at least, the twenty-fifth century before Christ. Others are found in the excavations about the Euphratus, closely resembling those that we now delight in. These figures, having met man's approval in all ages, have become art's fossil forms, fixed forever by their own intrinsic beauty and value.

Carpets, the ancient name of rugs, are mentioned in Scripture and in many of the ancient classics. Even Arius and Athanasius, occasionally forgot creeds in carpets; but Egypt, the home of letters, was, probably, the birthplace of the rug. It went, perhaps, with Cadmus, to Greece. The rare beauty which color can assume in the finest wools, the symbolic forms filled with sentiments, attracted Byzantium. The Mohammedan, with his love of splendor, with a religion that forbade the copying of living forms in any realistic way, has seized on this symbolic art, along with the church and city of Justinian, and has made it seem his own special inheritance. But Mohammedanism itself is many thousand years younger than the artistic forms she has so unceasingly woven for the world, and carried, with her sword conquests, to the far East and the still farther West: since the Navajo blanket is made from designs, furnished by the early Spanish invaders and borrowed, by them, from the Spanish Moors.

The oriental rugs of commerce come largely from the Caucasus region, various towns of Turkey and Persia, and from parts of India. The looms are simple stretchers, held together by pegs. Every stitch is knotted, as it is drawn through the warp. A hand-made rug can always be identified by this knot, seen by bending the pile apart. It is a proof which all can make for themselves, with no more danger of deception than in the axioms. Formerly, the weavers were women and girls; but, in modern times, boys have made this an occupation. Owing to their dark and crowded homes, much of this work must be done in the open air, either in the intense heat of summer, or in the bitter cold of a "warm" country in winter. Sometimes friend joins friend and talk relieves the tedium of the task. Death may come to the original weaver, and another finishes the work. The men tend the flocks, dye the wools, prepare the looms. The wools used are the sheep, Angora goat and camel's hair, all thoroughly cleansed in running water, as clothes are washed in a Tyrolese, or an Italian village to-day. The dyes used in good rugs, and none others are worth writing about, are first vegetable, next animal, but never chemical. The madder produces: two reds and a yellow; certain berries: brilliant greens and yellows; indigo gives blue, and combined with yellow, green; tumeric, saffron and sumac give other shades; kermes and cochineal are derived from

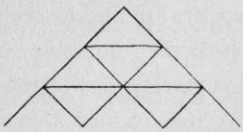


Figure I

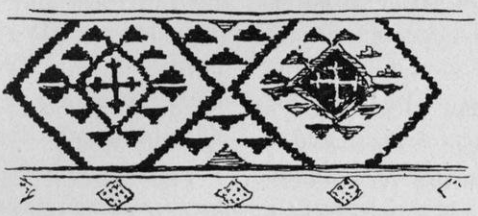


Figure II

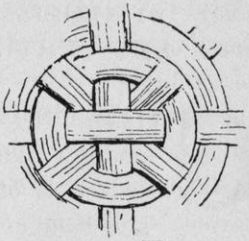


Figure III

Figure IV

Figure V

Figure VI

Figure VII

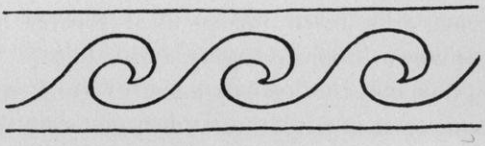


Figure VIII

Figure IX

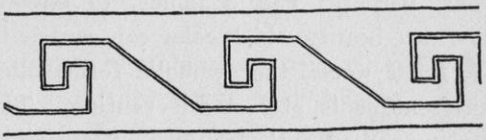


Figure X

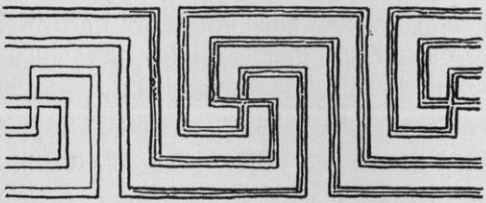


Figure XI

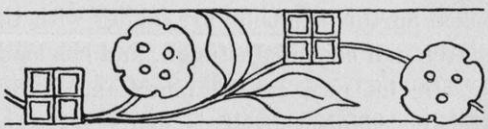


Figure XII

insects. Color also has a symbolic significance: red symbolizes zeal, faith—whatever might become a soul passion; blue, truth, something eternal as the sky above; green represents the Most High, why it is difficult to tell, and this color was sacred to Mohammed and his descendants. For these reasons we seldom see green used freely in oriental rugs. It belongs especially to the prayer rug, which was not to be trodden upon. All shades and every color are found in these rugs, in a harmony only Nature, the Orientals, and the Venetians, their near neighbors, have ever quite understood. These rugs mean love of labor: the first creed of any true art. Every stitch is tied, like the love-knot, for time to strengthen; form and color have a sacred significance; while the flowers, the fruits, the shrubs, and even the insects have been sacrificed to the service of these beautiful fabrics. The "antiques" will outlast our puny lives, and, what is not always true of human beings, they gain in value each year of their existence. Beauty is not their sole excuse for being. Economy also makes its claims.

FIGURES IN ANTIQUE RUGS

THE figures, in an antique rug, are an evolution of forms which belong to all peoples having an artistic sense. For the human race, in all its wanderings, all its limitations, religion is an inborn instinct: so, likewise, is a love of the beautiful. The human expression of one is mythology, of the other, art. With the pagan nations, these two were joined in unholy wedlock, until art became idolatry. Art has either risen to the highest form of beauty, as in Greece, where truth was the conscience of all expression, or it has sunk into the absurd symbolism of India, where mythology was the supreme thought, and both truth and beauty were lost forever. The Jew, forbidden by his religion to worship idols, followed the law beyond its letter, and dared not create the image of "any living thing." This law Mohammed adopted, but, with the art-instinct of the Orient, he chose what could not be an image, but was a suggestion of such. He selected, wisely and well, that decorative art of the ages which Egypt, Assyria, Greece, had created solely as ornament. This the Mohammedan has combined again and again, but failed to exhaust, because, like the notes in music, its figures are governed by strict laws and are capable of countless combinations. As music is the expression of sentiment in sound, this art is the expression of sentiment in color and form.

Give a child pencil and paper, and his first attempt is the straight line. Thus did his savage ancestors, in the far-off forests of Asia, begin their art. The straight line is found in every rug of the Orient: color lends it a charm, it divides part from part. Some exquisite rugs, especially those from the Caucasus region, have their chief charm in adaptations of the straight line. These have cross-bars, either as diagonals, or parallels running lengthwise, or meeting at acute angles. Often color alone, sometimes very simple figures, are the sole additions to the straight line. In many rugs, the diagonal is crowded into a very small space between black lines. This has been unfortunately named the "barber's pole," but it had no such significance at its first formation. It suggested rather earth,

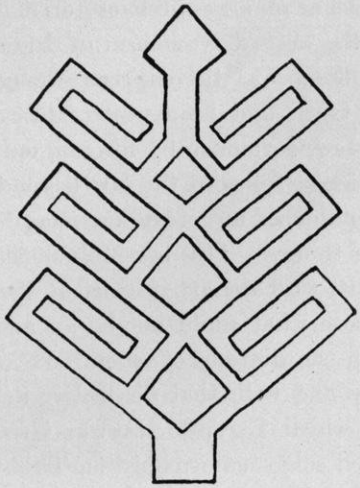


Figure XIV

Figure XVI

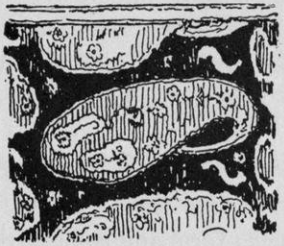


Figure XIII

Figure XV

Figure XVII

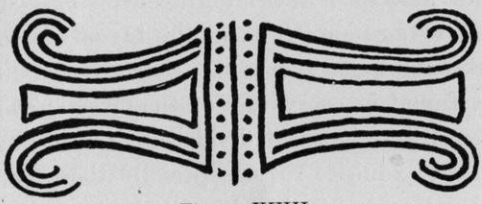


Figure XVIII

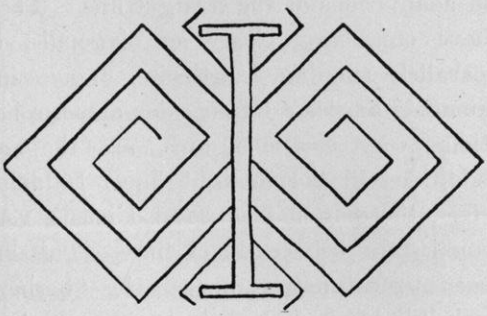


Figure XIX

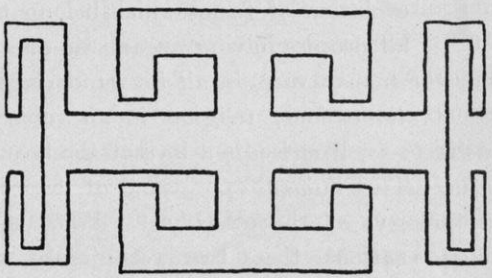


Figure XX

short-lived, but sure, encompassed by eternity.

But exactness is not human, and the zigzag tells of the many breaks in the earthly part of our eternal being. It means unrest, life ever beginning, ever ending, earth always constant to change. These *motifs* are found in both pottery and textiles among all the early races of Asia, Africa and the Americas. They are especially used in the outer borders of rugs. Then, there are the irregular lines, stopping, then beginning in another direction, like those which break the monotony of the *royal Bokhara*. These show uncertainty,—that man must seek beyond himself, if the soul is to be satisfied. These line ornaments are the oldest species of decorative art, and they may be traced thousands of years back of the Christian era. For twenty centuries they were the world's favorite ornament, and, to-day, they form a large part of the vast sum of decorative art. Only, we regard them solely as objects of beauty; forgetting that the earliest thoughts of man, spoken in decoration, before books were born, meant the grandest thoughts life has yet furnished: in spite of the instability of earth is the endlessness of existence.

The Mohammedan loves the solid and the substantial beneath his hand, and lines soon formed themselves into triangles, squares, rhomboids (Figures I. and II.), and various geometric figures, until we have the diaper patterns spread out in their greatest glory in the Alhambra. All these forms assume many varieties of color, until mathematics is translated into beauty and changes from a science to an art. We find these triangles piled into one, or into squares or pyramids, as in the Khilims and Sehnas. The rhomboid is a characteristic of the Sumaks and Bokharas, the Afghanistan and Beloochistan display all geometric figures in their different fabrics: while squares and diamonds are found everywhere in Oriental products, usually set at right angles to the rug; simplicity and harmony of color giving them beauty. The hook and latch pattern, a border frequently found in the Oriental rug, particularly among the simple figures of the Caucasian, is used to break the formality of the square and to shade one color into another. It is the relief element: what comedy is in the drama, the gargoyle in architecture, and rests in music. It softens contrasts, both of color and line. As Mohammedan art is never literal, but always suggestive, these solid forms are always the simple surface of the plane. But all the transitions of the changing centuries and sentiments have been given to them, until, as Michelangelo has exhausted drawing, the Mohammedan has exhausted the beauty and variety of these figures.

Early in man's life, something beside his hands and his head was needed for carrying objects from place to place, and, in the reedy Nile region, baskets began to be made. Soon the beauty of form created by these plaitings was transferred to art, both in pottery and weaving. Here combinations of color have their opportunity, and a vacant spot, filled with basketry, loses its look of loneliness. (Figure III.). Often the reeds, at the bottom of the basket, assumed the appearance of the cross, which had its own suggestion of suffering long before it was glorified on Calvary. We often find this in the Sumak rugs, where it

breaks the line of the large rhomboids. By some strange absurdity, the Mohammedan has mutilated Santa Sophia, by scratching out the crosses throughout the building; yet he has woven it again and again in his rugs. These basketry forms have not the grandeur of suggestion which belongs to the line *motifs*. They mean less of heaven, but more of earth: that man has become a creator, that he is making a home for himself, and that all which pertains thereto of convenience claims his interest. Beads and baskets have always been the factory of the savage. On them he has expended his inventive skill and his delight in color combinations. These basket forms of the rug are the first records of civilization. They forestall and foretell the multitude of modern inventions which make life comfortable for us of the twentieth century.

The flexible birch came early into use for tying purposes (Figures IV. and V.), for gates to fences, and oars to the thole pin. The peculiar knot thus used has been called the reefer knot. This is an especial characteristic of the Kasak rugs. It is a much traveled form and is found in Britain, on altars, and often in the Orient. It shows us Nature serving man, as she is ever ready to do.

Early man was content with this material world. Heaven lay about the infancy of our race. The next step was upward to objects made by God. The sky, with wondrous forms marshaled in majestic order, engrossed man as astrology. This science soon entered the field of art, and a disc or crescent came to mean the moon: a form which is found in pottery much oftener than in the rug, for the weaver selects straight lines, and soon turns curves into angles, the moon into a star. This form is in constant use. Some prayer rugs have simply stars to indicate the place for the head and knees. Vacant places in rugs are often starred, with sometimes a goodly constellation, possibly to indicate the conjunctions of the planets at the time of weaving. These designs lend themselves to ornamentation quite as well as the basket forms. The stars indicate heaven, even when we tread on them as we walk. They come from those early superstitions which show how that religion permeated with her sentiments even savage man.

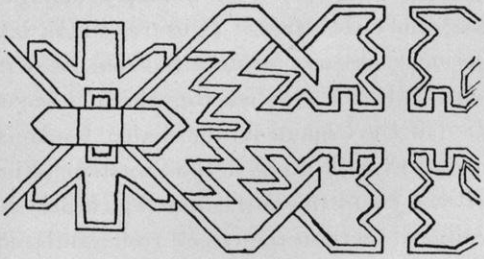
All these lines, solids, basketry, knots, stars, are the earliest Mohammedan ornament. All, as we see, are forms from lifeless matter; but to them have been given thoughts, feelings, sentiments,—a higher life. To-day, they have the vitality of many long centuries in the past and of many more in the future which shall be theirs.

DEVELOPMENT OF ORNAMENT FROM LIVING FORMS

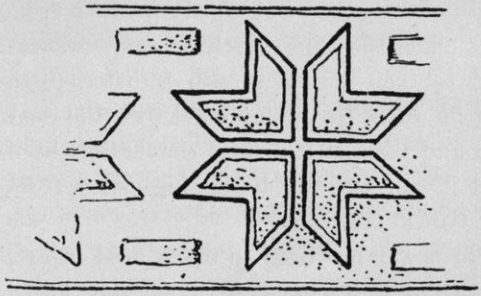
LIFE is ever making its claims on living beings, and art is never quite content until she has made every earthly object her special possession, particularly the objects which have life. But the Mohammedan, with his dread of idolatry, long hesitated to treat such in his art. Naturally the first to occupy him were the forms of mere animate existence,—plant life. But savage and simple peoples regard examples of vegetable life as too passive for repetition. Only as they catch a higher meaning from them do they care to repeat them as ornaments. Therefore, the plants which they use must appeal to the soul

rather than to the senses. The vine, because of its grace, but chiefly because from it is made the wine which brings exhilaration to their dulled senses, is often used. But its many curves interfere with the weaver, and very soon it is so conventionalized that it can scarcely be distinguished from the Greek fret.

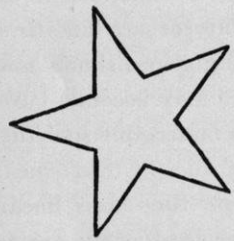
No flower has been so much used in art, particularly Eastern art, as the lotus. (Figures VI. and VII.). At first, it was symbolic of the sun. We find this inscription: "The sun rises, like a hawk, from the bed of the lotus. When the doors of its leaves open in sapphire-colored brilliancy, it has divided the night from the day." At sunrise, these blue and white blossoms, completely covering the waters, look like a miniature of the heavens. Later, as the blossom was seen to rise from muddy waters, then rest calmly, like a safe soul upon them, hiding all their filth, it came to be regarded as an emblem of resurrection and immortality. The Egyptian was animated with this thought; he felt sure of eternity; it was not mere hope, it was firmest faith. For ages, the lotus was used as a proof of this thought. It was buried with the mummy in the dark tomb; again it was raised aloft in the monuments which pointed toward the sky. It is ever varying its form in art, according to the purpose it serves, and from the changes it undergoes in the process of evolution. We find it, in very old rugs, especially Kabistan, almost a portrait of Nature's blossom (Figure XV.), except that the artist used whatever color suited his rug. Then we find the leaf and flower interlaced. This is a common pattern, occurring in a great variety of rugs. Both forms are frequent in the Kabistans. First, flower and leaf are simple serrated outlines; then plain; finally, we reach the Greek fret. (Figures VIII., IX. and X.). Sometimes the blossom loses its leaves and is a mere rosette, which is one of the border ornaments in many kinds of rugs. Finally we have the Swastika (Figure XI.) and the half Swastika, which are nothing else than the Greek fret interlaced. One large Sumak rug is made up mostly of these figures, large and small, dark and light, combined in a multitude of colors, with exquisite harmony, the intervening spaces being filled with a combination of basketry in a rectangular form. This is a rare and very beautiful rug and shows how elaborate a simple figure may become. No species of ornament has undergone so many changes at the hands of ancient draftsmen. None, unless we except the mere linear *motifs*, which are as universal as the exclamations of speech, has every wandered so far from its original home as this Egyptian emigrant. It is first found along the Nile in 3500, B. C. It then journeyed along the Euphratus, it entered Greece, and mounted the Corinthian column and the temple pediment. Northern Europe soon surrendered to it. The "hardy Belgae" might resist Caesar's sword bravely, but they were conquered by the conventionalized lotus. Ireland claimed it. Our Puritan forefathers carved it on columns and table legs. Thus, the gospel of man's resurrection and redemption has been preached to countless thousands of all tongues and tribes, in all climes and times. Since the lotus first entered the realm of art, nations have risen and fallen, the world has altered its ideal of life, resurrection has changed from faith to fact, yet, for almost fifty-five

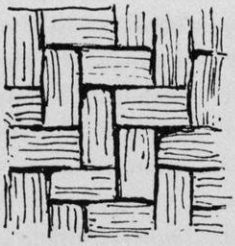


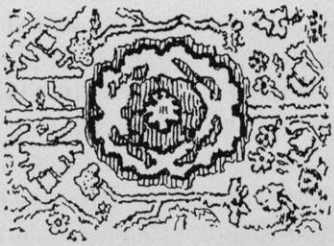
Lotus Derivative

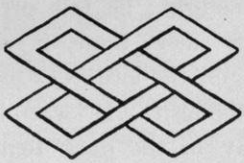


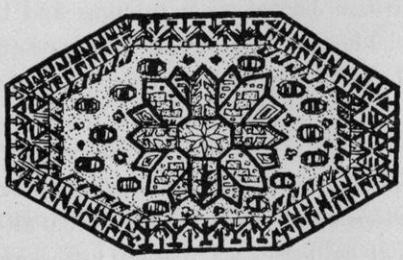
Star Derivative

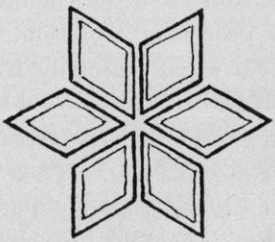












centuries, this tropical blossom has been sculptured in wood and stone, woven by hand and factory looms, until, as one writer says, "It has multiplied and replenished the earth." Beauty alone could not give any form such length of days, such mastery over men and nations. Only as a talisman of eternity could it thus hold its own in the realm of art. An oriental rug that has no form of the lotus within its borders lacks something of the one thought which has engrossed the ages.

The tree, grandest of vegetable forms, appeals only occasionally to the artist of the Orient; and then not for its beauty, or its adaptability to ornamental decoration, but chiefly since it entered into sacred literature in the Eden story, and from thence sifted into other literatures. Sometimes tiny trees form themselves into large ones, as in the Princess Bokhara; but these are "stark and stiff, as if run in a metal mold," or borrowed from some child's Noah's ark. Some critics have suggested that these smaller ones are candelabra. Again, we find the tree filling the whole body of the rug, more stiff and solemn than the cypresses which shade the dead throughout the Orient. The sheep feeding at their roots, the birds in their branches, both with figures as formal as the trees, may suggest the tree of life. Leaves, especially the maple, or plane-tree, a native of Asia, are often found.

As we go farther to the east in Persia, we find less of the conventional, consequently a closer approach to nature. The rose (Figure XII.) is the special flower which delights this land. It surrenders enough of its natural grace to the weaver's art to become a conventional figure; but it is easily recognized, which is a proof that it has suffered few evolutionary changes. Sometimes the central figure expands into an immense rose, as in the "rose of Kirman." In the Ispahan rug, an ancient relative of the modern Kirman, a conventional rose joins with other shapes, mostly mathematical, to form a medallion which may be repeated several times throughout its length.

A bursting blossom, quite changed to a conventional form, is frequently found in rugs, dotting the central surface, running down parallel cross-bars, or entering into borders. Thus other flowers are not forgotten, even though their symbolism is not sufficient to give them the world wide currency that has always characterized the lotus.

The few vegetable creations thus used, endless variety in which these shapes appear, show how the Eastern mind, with its child-like imagination, can multiply a figure or a thought, into infinity itself and give a soul to every substance.

One whose birthplace is Asia, although it is extensively used in the East and copied everywhere, has been called the palm leaf (Figure XIII.), or the pear pattern. It rather resembles a gourd with its bent neck; but this would take all poetry from one of the most beautiful ornaments of the East. Sir George Birdwood has suggested that it is a flame just bursting forth from a cone, and that it was copied from the crown jewels of Persia, that country of fire-worshippers. This explains its coloring in the rugs, where it appears like a mass of rubies, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds. But no reason of state can quite justify the extensive use of this figure, for even beauty suc-

cumbs to the changing fashions of time. Religion alone has ever held any pattern in use for centuries. Taking it as a flame, a child of the sun, we have Eastern reverence for Nature's grandest object translated into beauty and holding its even course along the centuries.

As we rise to animal life, we find fewer forms in art: the dread of that one word "living" seeming to have passed from the Jewish command as an influence over the entire conventional art of the East. But the serpent-story took strong hold of the imagination, and snakes swallowing themselves or bound in a hopeless coil,—a symbol of evil undoing its own deeds,—is frequent in pottery and is sometimes found in the rug, though it does not serve the weaver so readily as the painter.

The Egyptian and far Eastern nations claimed, not the monkey, but the alligator, as their most ancient ancestor. (Figures XIV., XV., XVI. and XVII., alligator designs on pottery.) The teeth of the creature were a talisman, and they prayed before the dead alligator which had once the power to prey upon them. This animal (Figures XVIII. and XIX.: alligator designs in rugs) has almost as many stages of convention as the lotus. It is quite as far from the original object in appearance, and it commands a territory almost as extensive. The last stages of both designs are difficult to distinguish. Sometimes the crab is used, although this is so much like the square with the hook and latch border, and likewise the extended palm of man, that one is often mistaken for another. Thus, symbolic figures are forever running into one another, showing us that there is the same unity in art as we are forever finding in nature.

The sheep that furnish the wool for the rugs are often copied, as if for a sort of testimonial of their services. They are always stiff and angular, like toys. We sometimes see the fear of Nature's forms or the carelessness of the weaver in these. I know a rug in which the central figure is surrounded by four sheep, one of which "has left his tail behind him," but has been provided with five legs. Anatomy need never trouble the purchaser of an Oriental rug, as it certainly never entered into the thoughts of the weaver.

There are Mosul rugs displaying a regular menagerie of animals. (Figure XX.) One has to study hard, in order to distinguish the sheep from the camel, the goat from the cow, in this herd. Often these are in pairs; it may be a preparation for the ark, or the work of some person who had accepted the Indian belief of the transmigration of souls.

The salamander, almost exactly copied from Nature, is often found. This, being a relative of the alligator, offers its sacred suggestions.

Sometimes, a face, rather of the "man in the moon" style, or the child's attempt at picturing the human face, is woven in a rug. This may be a prayer rug, the face for the worshiper to touch with his own, or it may mean humanity in a generic way. Sometimes this has additions which give it a type of Chinese art. These are the far Eastern limit of rugs and show the influence of locality on the Mohammedan.

We have now examined the chief figures of the oriental rug. All have a growth, just as surely as the flower in the field, the

tree of the forest. They follow nature's laws even in their deviation from nature's forms. There is no sense of a sudden creation about them. They bear the insignia of the centuries and of many and varied nations. A new form in conventional art is utterly meaningless. It has no ancestry to make its appeal from the long past, no promise of life in the longer future. One writer says of such, "Like alien plants, they pine away and die." We would add, "This is the happiest event in their short lives."

All conventional forms that have had growth, whether Oriental, Gothic or Grecian, belong to that universal language of man which, for convenience, we call art, but which is one of our noblest inheritances from pagan to savage ancestors, who sought blindly and bravely to find God in His beauty and truth. As these forms have lost their resemblance to Nature, they have gained a soul breathed into them by tradition, which is the exchange of sacred sentiments along the ages. The very restfulness of the Orient speaks in these figures,—the contentment of races living in the sunshine, and satisfied with simplicity.

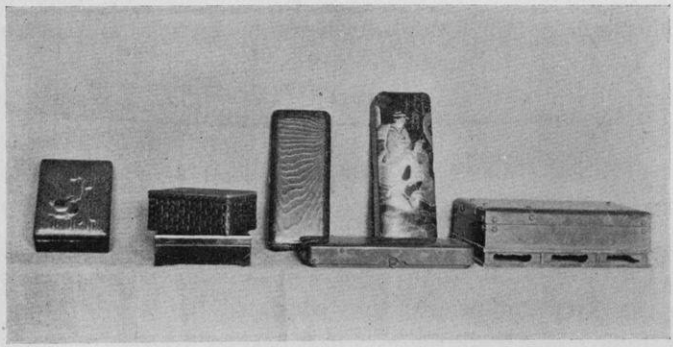
In color, nothing in all the world's factories, equals these rugs. They grow softer, purer, richer with time, until the "bloom" thus gained surpasses the best of silks in its shimmering face. In color also, nature's laws are followed: red and yellow for the high lights, blue and green in the shadows; while the primary colors are always preferred. All the shades employed unite in a harmony which is like the faith of friends: one ever helping the other to a higher beauty of life. Balzac says, "I don't know how these Orientals manage to put the sun into their stuffs. The Eastern peoples are drunk with light."

We use these rugs, sacred among the people who wrought them, as we do the common things of life. To their makers they spoke great religious truths. They are family inheritances surrendered to us under the stress of poverty. We tread on thoughts of eternity and themes of deity and the soul, and forget, in our reckless living, the ideals, the constancy and the conscience of a people who translated the beatitudes of their religion into beauty itself.

ABOUT JAPANESE BOXES. BY OLIVE PERCIVAL, MEMBER OF THE LONDON JAPAN SOCIETY

ONE of our racial prerogatives seems to be the easy acceptance of all things beautiful, convenient and desirable, as if they were created solely for us. Rather too often we remain ignorant and quite careless of the intent of the designer.

When, for example, we are told that the Japanese boxes we have so long used as convenient receptacles for our gloves and handkerchiefs, were really designed as coverings in which to send ceremonial gifts, or to hold the sacred books of a temple, we smile (but not at ourselves) at the absurdity of the Japanese idea. It has been one of our opinions,—inherited to be sure,—that art has little to do with aught except the pictorial, and that any real feeling and power is not to be expected in mere design or craftsmanship. Yet, ages ago, the far-away, quite isolated Japanese were sufficiently advanced to recognize art in the humblest object and material, and offered neither apology nor explanation to the masses. The greatest and most successful pictorial artists of that country did not disdain to become occasional craftsmen, and many of them have left their gold-lacquer signatures on little boxes.



Three work-boxes at left; four letter-boxes at right

One could, if one chose, learn much of the art, the history, the religion and the customs of beautiful Old Japan through the sole study of Japanese boxes.

Very little is known regarding them by the majority of their foreign admirers; although they have been very generally admired and collected since the days of Madame de Pompadour and Marie Antoinette.

Few of the best boxes of Old Japan have come to us, and the few are in the museums of our greater cities; yet among these there are some which fully convince us of the superiority of the Japanese artist in his ideas of construction and design, as adapted to innumerable purposes and materials. The commoner boxes, finding their way to our shops, are those designed to contain the sacred books in the temple; to carry the family picnic luncheon, or medicine, or perfume, or a man's seal; to hold incense, or tobacco, or ink, or a mirror, or a fan, or poems (one of the everyday refinements of Japan is writing poetry!); and in which to send gifts or letters.

The material most commonly employed is wood and it is lacquered, or carved, or else entirely dependent for its artistic value upon the beautiful, satin-like surface of the natural wood. Tortoise-shell, ivory, bronze, brass, copper and porcelain are also frequently used.

JAPANESE BOXES

One of the most satisfactory work or photograph boxes imaginable is the *Bento-bako* of the Japanese, which is in reality a pile of boxes of a uniform size, fitting perfectly to one another, with a lid for the uppermost. When the Japanese family-man takes a holiday to see the blossoming cherry-trees (or, perhaps, the wisterias, or the iris-fields, or the lotus-ponds, or the maple-trees), he has a luncheon packed in a *bento-bako* (of porcelain or lacquered wood), and tied up in an immense square of print, or silk. He then thrusts a stout bamboo stick under the knot, and, followed by his little wife and children in their best frocks and sashes, he sallies forth with the *bento-bako* over his shoulder. Some of the choicest examples of gold lacquer are seen on this kind of boxes.

The incense-boxes (*Kogos*), if at all pretentious, have inner boxes for holding the incense appropriate for each season of the year. The workmanship, especially of the tiny inner boxes, is exquisite and unapproached. Some of the old *kogos* are of ivory, with an all-over, inlaid decoration in gold and silver; the crest of the family being the *motif*. The common, modern ones are most frequently of porcelain, and are found even in our department stores, where they are sold to hold pins, collar-buttons, or cold-cream!

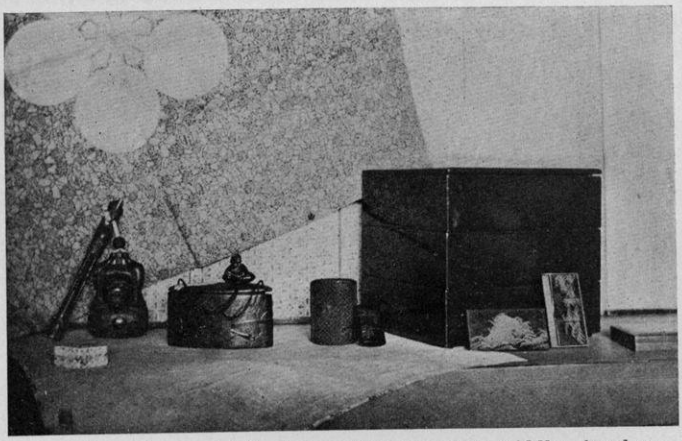
Perhaps the most fascinating of all the many boxes offered by the Japanese is the *Inro*, or medicine-box, which is an original little contrivance on the principle of the *bento-bako*, but in the form of deep trays, pierced at the ends and strung together with a silken cord.

This box was worn by the gentleman of Old Japan suspended from his girdle, and in it he carried medicines, perfumes and his seal. An imposing array of *objets d'art* was the *châtelaine* of a conservative Japanese gentleman! First of all, he wore at his girdle an ornamental button, called a *Netsuke*, to which were attached by silken cords the many little articles indispensable to his comfort. Usually, the *netsuke* was of ivory or wood, exquisitely carved and sufficiently large to stay above the sash, and not be pulled through by the weight of the attachments,—which included a medicine-box, a tobacco-box, a pipe, a pipe-case, a purse and a writing-case, with paper, ink and writing-brush. When one considers that each of these articles was the work of a skilled artisan and artist, and that the materials chosen were ivory, metal, brocade, leather and rare woods, it is possible to get an adequate idea of the splendid total. Many famous signatures were once seen on old *inros:*—such names as Yosei, Zeshin, Korin and Hokusai, and some of the best lacquer work was done on these little boxes. We cannot all know much about good lacquer, as the export of

Luncheon and incense boxes

the best has always been forbidden. Certainly, the modern pieces are seldom worth buying, as the wood is too frequently half-seasoned and soon warps and splits; the lacquer cracking and peeling off at the corners.

When a letter was sent in the old days of Japan, it was placed in a box ("glove-box"), and tied with a heavy silk cord, in a certain correct way. The box was then sent by the hand of a servant, who it is said, sometimes wore a cloth over his mouth, lest he should accidentally breathe upon the honorable missive. When the dispatch was sent by a nobleman, the box was generally retained as a valued gift by the recipient, who then sent his reply in a box of his own. The crest of the owner usually figured on a letter-box as the sole decoration. Japanese crests are extremely decorative and are common on all modern Japanese objects, although seldom recognized as such. They are, generally speaking, conventionalized flower-forms, and not lions, bears, wolves, cocks, eagles, and arms brandishing swords or scepters. The sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum is, of course, well known as the official crest of the emperor; the *motif* for his private crest being three leaves and three flowers of the beautiful *Paulownia imperialis* tree. The crest of the mighty Tokugawa family (remarkable rulers and great patrons of art) is composed of mallow, or hollyhock leaves in a circle, in the center of which their points meet.



Two tobacco-boxes at left; two medicine-boxes in middle; luncheon box at right; other objects are incense-boxes

The letter-boxes shown in the accompanying photographs are of plain, persimmon-colored lacquer, studded with small brass nail-heads in the form of cherry-blossoms; of plain red lacquer, lined with mirror black; of tortoise-shell, with a rich gold lacquer decoration; and of plain wood, silver-lined, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl and lacquered in different effects of gold and silver.

When a ceremonial gift was sent, according to the etiquette of Old Japan (that is, a wedding gift, or one sent at New Year's, or, on an anniversary, or, at the birth of a child), it was never offered in common paper, tied about with common string. Even a humble laborer was not so inelegant as to do such a thing as that! The gift was placed in a beautiful box made for such occasions only, a silk cloth was thrown over it, and then a servant carried it carefully to its destination. Of course, the recipient was always polite, and before taking out his present, he paused to admire both the box and the gift-cloth (*Fukusa*), which were returned to the owner. The

choosing of the *fukusa* to be used on such occasions, gave a fine opportunity to show one's perfection of breeding, as the occasion, the recipient, the gift, and the social position of the giver were all subjects of consideration. *Fukusas* were once an important part in the outfit of every Japanese bride of high family: some were plain squares of silk, or *crêpe*, but others showed the family crest, the regulation long-life symbols, the New Year's ship of good fortune, or the seven household gods.

CIVILIZED man, and especially one of Anglo-Saxon descent, is a home-loving creature. To him the dwelling-place stands for his most important institution. The arts, sciences and traditions he pursues, mainly as they are to minister unto it, and its fruition is the goal of life. About his dwelling-place, then, there must be a very great deal to be said, indissolubly associated as it is with everything in life worth having—one's childhood, parents, children, wife, sweetheart, and next to these one's own personal comfort—one's hours of leisure and recreation.

The home one builds must mean something beside artistic and engineering skill. It must presuppose, by subtle architectonic expression, both in itself and in its surroundings, that its owner possessed, once upon a time, two good parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on; had, likely, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, all eminently respectable and endeared to him; that *bienséance* and family order have flourished in his line from time immemorial—there were no black sheep to make him ashamed—and that he has inherited heirlooms, plate, portraits, miniatures, pictures, rare volumes, diaries, letters and state archives to link him up properly in historical succession and progression. We are covetous of our niche in history. We want to belong somewhere and to something, not to be entirely cut off by ourselves as stray atoms in boundless space either geographical or chronological. The human mind is a dependent thing and so is happiness. We may not, indeed, have inherited the house we live in; the chances are we have not. We may not remember that either of our parents or any of our grandparents before us, ever gloried in the quiet possession of an ideal homestead; but for the sake of goodness—for the sake of making the world appear a more decent place to live in—let us pretend that they did, and that it is now ours. Let us pretend that God has been so good to us, and that we have proved worthy of His trust.

—*Joy Wheeler Dow in "American Renaissance."*

THE PLAY PRINCIPLE. BY OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

BEAUTY, the end of art, in its essence is Pleasure. Pleasure is the accompaniment of the active functioning of personality. This creative activity of personality I denominate Play. I purpose in this paper to examine the principle, the phenomena of play, and having found their meaning, to apply the principle to the solution of some problems in industrialism and in education.

The properties of play may be determined by a study of its modes among animals, and of its processes, when it becomes humanized and consciously artistic. What, in fine, are the conditions under which necessity becomes freedom and the useful is idealized and transfigured?

The function that beauty serves in evolution is an important one. Not infrequently the law of the survival of the fittest means the survival of the most beautiful. The graceful feathers of the lyre-bird, the gorgeous coloring of the peacock and humming-bird, the calls of monkeys, birds and insects, the brilliancy of flowers:—all represent evolutionary selection in lines of beauty. Fair form and colors are the summons sent from objects to objects for fusion and union. Impressionability to beauty implies a conscious aesthetic sense on the part of those creatures thus affected. That there is aesthetical feeling among the lower forms of life is proven beyond a doubt. The famous bower-birds of Australia furnish the most notable instance of aesthetic display among animals. For use during the time of courtship these birds construct bowers of twigs and grass. These halls are not made for practical use, but serve as festal structures, or avenues of assembly, in which their owners may plume and display themselves. The greatest care and taste are lavished upon the work. Foundations are laid in the ground, and a bower of grass and bushes, several feet in length, is arched overhead. The courts at the end of the bower are paved with small round pebbles, and bright stones, shells and feathers are so displayed that a color adornment is secured. Such structures, not being intended for nests, but simply to be used during a special festal period, are wholly ideal in their nature, and evidence the presence of the spirit of play.

The aesthetic display in man began with the same reference to his mate, but the feeling was gradually extended to comprise outside persons, and having assumed sociological import, it became in time a most efficient instrument in the struggle for existence. The savage adorned his body, decorated his utensils and weapons, shaped and colored his dwelling place. To the adornment of his home he further employed sculpture and painting. Under excitement, he sang—a simple musical chant, and to its rhythms he danced, and out of the dance poetry and the drama arose. Everything in primitive life points to the immense importance of the aesthetic activity. The quality of the art and the stage of culture correspond intimately. When men ceased to hunt, and settled as agriculturists, the richness of their art compared with the former poverty, is a sign of social advance. But this very improvement is in part due to the order and unity introduced into the fluctuating life of hunting tribes by various forms of art, particularly the dance, in which activity

whole family groups engaging, furthered greater social union.

What now is the source of the artistic impulse and with what life process is it associated? Among the lowest forms of life all the energy of being seems to be expended in sustaining and preserving life. Among the higher orders, where the conflict of life is less fierce, opportunity is afforded for escape into ideal action. The energy of being, not fully exhausted in the effort to supply physical needs, engages in some form of free expression, as directed by more or less conscious ideal desire. Play implies freedom from physical need, an excess of life functioning, some degree of self-determination, some conscious satisfaction, and a certain power of abstraction.

To justify this statement let me pass in review a series of activities; advancing from the simple to the complex and from animals to men.

The simple aimless running about of animals and men in play rises into the more complex forms of the leap and gesture, in a more advanced civilization passing to forms of the dance. The simple shout and cry develops into successive and pleasing notes, as of a bird, and issues in human song. The purposeless clawing and cutting of animals and men became some form of pleasure-giving construction, such as purposeful carving and adornment, with delight in form. The simple color sense leads to decoration for pleasure and with a sense of harmony. The adornment of nests with bright objects proceeds to construction, with a sense of form, and, among men, to building with a conscious feeling for proportion.

Now examine the later modes of these activities and note the common characteristic! The dance, the complex form of running and leaping, is distinguished by conscious rhythm. The song, the higher form of the cry, is characterized by a conscious sense of time. Carving, the artistic outcome of cutting, is differentiated by a knowledge of design. Color decoration, the complex form of a simple sense for bright objects, is distinguished by perception of color harmony. Finally, building, the higher form of construction, is done under knowledge of proportion. What is added in the second series to the first? Plainly in the first series the activity is aimless; in the second there is order and design. The presence of order evidences the introduction of mind into the process. The savage dances in rhythm, sings in time, paints in color, builds in proportion, because it is pleasing to him psychically to engage in an ideal self-determined exercise. Here, then, play-activity becomes aesthetic; his play is carried on with conscious purpose, freedom, self-determination, and pleasure.

Where purpose does not enter, the activity is not truly denominated play. The deer in running strikes his hoofs in order, but the order is mechanical and not self-controlled. The bird sings in successive notes, the beaver builds dams, ants build hills, bees construct cells; but these results are not intentional. The animal is unconscious, merely under the control of evolutionary forces; the excellence of the result not being dependent upon conscious intelligence, but upon fixedness of habit and the very narrowness of the line of improvement. The flower displays its color, but it has no sense of its harmony in a field. Birds sing

pleasing notes, but not, as in a choir, with a knowledge of a general harmony.

Mentality is perhaps most readily perceived in music. The cries of animals and the notes of birds can hardly be designated as song. The indefinite shouts and irregular cries of primitive man were expressions which had not yet arrived at aesthetic value. Sounds become musical when mind controls the succession and coördination. Music ascends from simple concord of two notes to ever more complex phrases, strains, songs and choruses:—ever higher and higher above the plane of sensation, until in orchestral and symphonic music the effect is almost wholly mental. Into the work of art reflection, intention and invention enter.

A convenient savage for our scrutiny in these respects is Browning's Caliban: a primitive man, yet one sufficiently evolved to exhibit racial characteristics. He is undeveloped, yet old enough to be taught of deity by his dam, and to think somewhat for himself. His sensory experiences are of a low order. Within the range of his interests, his senses are keen, but only now and then does he see or hear aesthetically. He has learned the look of things in relation to his physical safety. He would examine clouds and sunsets as tokens of storm. The range of his interests is shown in his first reflection:

"Will sprawl now that the heat of day is best,
Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,
With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin,
And while he kicks both feet in the cool slush,
And feels about his spine small eft-things course,
Run in and out each arm, and make him laugh;
And while above his head a pompion-plant,
Coating the cave-top as a brow its eye,
Creeps down to touch and tickle hair and beard,
And now a flower drops with a bee inside,
And now a fruit to snap at, catch and crunch—
He looks out o'er yon sea which sunbeams cross
And recross, till they weave a spider-web—
Meshes of fire some great fish breaks at times,
And talks with his own self."

In one of these sensory experiences: namely, when he looks out over the sea and watches the play of sunbeams, Caliban is receiving an aesthetic effect which has no relation to his bodily pleasures; it is not a sensuous pleasure only, but, also, an intellectual enjoyment. Furthermore, he is a creative artist. Thus he compares himself with Setebos:

"Tasteth himself no finer good in the world
When all goes right, in this safe summer time,
And he wants little, hungers, aches, not much,
Than trying what to do with wit and strength,
Falls to make something; piled yon pile of turfs
And squared and stuck their squares of soft white chalk,
And with a fish-tooth, scratched a moon on each,
And set up endwise certain spikes of tree,
And crowned the whole with a sloth's scull a-top
Found dead in the woods, too hard for one to kill.
No use at all in the work, for work's sole sake."

The conditions of his artistic activity are thus his physical safety, satisfaction, and consequent excess of energy. He is freed from external objects and permitted to give his ideal faculties full play. All that he does, thus conditioned, is characterized by the presence of design; all is proportioned, harmonized and well ordered. He was under no compulsion to make these objects; he was purely self-conditioned in doing so, and manifestly he works to the end of pleasure.

Evolutionary aesthetics, then, establishes several important facts about art and the artistic impulse. The essential characteristic of artistic expression is freedom. Art is not a product of necessity or related to use. It affords gratification to instincts

and feelings which find their exercise only when necessity and use are satisfied. Practical activity serves as means, aesthetic activity is an end in itself. When savage tribes engage in warfare, their energy is practical. When victory is celebrated with dancing, the aesthetic is brought into play to the degree of the pleasure experienced by the dancers in their own rhythmic movements. In art, man is not the creature of fate, but the arbiter in the ideal realm, at least, of his own destinies, the maker of his own world. The artist is absolutely the only free man.

And connected with this attribute is that of self-determination. When moved by the impulse to create, the artist proves his individuality. He becomes conscious of possessing ideal faculties which, in order to realize, he must objectify for his contemplation. Thought must be expressed. Freedom is not lawlessness. But inner control is exchanged for outer law. When the artist creates a form and embodies himself therein, he is made aware that he is a free, self-determining, law-abiding personality.

The third characteristic implied by the other two is what I shall call, for want of a better term, ideality. It is not the function of art to reproduce the real world. We have senses of our own and can take the artist's skill for granted. What we want displayed and defined is personality. What is the man's mystery? As we have seen, simple play becomes aesthetic, when it is conscious and conducted in freedom to the end of self-realization. Order, proportion, harmony are laws of art, not from any enactment on the part of critics, but from the very nature of mind. Mind is itself an order, a rhythm, a harmony. The history of art, therefore, is the history of a freely developing personality. As the soul expands and contains more, it expresses more. Mediaeval art is, in a sense, greater than Grecian art, since it contains more of life and experience. Gothic art may be inferior in point of skill and manipulation, but its soul is greater, its feeling more intense, its grasp of ideality more complete. The ancient world has no counterpart to Michelangelo, with his fierce, vital, electric face and his turbulent, strenuous soul. The difference between the classic and the mediaeval is wall expressed in Gilder's poems of the Two Worlds: one the world of the Venus of Milo:

"Grace, majesty, and, the calm bliss of life,
No conscious war 'twixt human will and duty.
Here breathes, forever free from pain and strife,
The old, untroubled pagan world of beauty."

The other is the world of Michelangelo's Slave:

"Of life, of death the mystery and woe,
Witness in this mute, carven stone the whole!
That suffering smile were never fashioned so
Before the world had wakened to a soul."

To the same effect is a passage in Lowell's Cathedral:

"The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness.
But ah! this other, this Gothic that never ends,
Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
As full of morals half-divined as life,
Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise
Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
Heavy as night-mare, airy-light as fern,
Imagination's very self in stone!
Your blood is mine, ye architects of dreams,
Builders of aspiration incomplete."

To illustrate the growth in ideality one might bring a Greek of the age of Pericles into the Western world. How much of the mediaeval and the modern would he comprehend! He would stand before a Gothic

Cathedral with amazement. The meaning of the structure, the sign of the Cross in transept and nave, everywhere the symbols of aspiration, of the yearning of the soul to reach through material forms to a spiritual truth far higher than Olympian heights: these would pass his understanding. If taken to a Symphony Concert, he would have neither the sensory experience nor the ideality necessary to comprehend the different movements. How could he, who thought to enter the region of calm tenanted by Zeus, feel the mighty passion, the tumultuous struggles of Beethoven's Heroic Symphony! Take him into a gallery of painting—would he not be bewildered by the complexity of modern life? What reading would he make of the pain and power in Millet's peasant faces? What conception could he have of the tragedy and depth of the life conducted on the vast laborious earth? So would not the more recent psychic experiences of the race be beyond his comprehension?

While the World's Fair was building at Chicago I watched the simple Java folk erect their huts and wattled fences beside the complex gigantic Ferris Wheel. I could not see that the Javians looked upon the wheel even with any wonder. They were hardly curious. The whole mechanical mystery was utterly beyond their grasp. The ideality of the wheel, the principles of its construction, were many fold greater than that of their simple dwellings.

The whole Fair, by the way, was a colossal play:—the Titanic sport of a summer, a buoyant lyric endeavor just meant to exhibit for a moment the hidden prophetic intentions of an ideal people, the scope of whose ideality was but inadequately measured by the vast arches that spanned the space of the manufactory building. Festivals, shows, pomps, may be as important as the realities of the streets, opportunities for ideal exercises, for which trade and commerce are the preparation and the background. When the complaint is heard that World's Fairs represent economic waste, it is well to be reminded of that saying of Schiller: "Man only plays, when in the full meaning of the term, he is man, and he is only completely man, when he plays."

When man plays he is free, he is self-determined. Freedom, self-determination, ideality:—these are the characteristics of aesthetic play.

An important truth remains now to be stated. It is this: whenever a man expresses himself under conditions of freedom and self-control, he is an artist—whatever his occupation or field of activity—and he receives the rewards and gains of an artist: the reward of pleasure, the gain of an enlarged personality, and an increasing personal force. What are called The Fine Arts are by no means the only aesthetic field. These have to-day limited an instinct which is common to all, usurped a privilege that should be shared by all. It has come about through historical changes that the artist, in these more specialized spheres, is the only free man in the world of work; all others, in some degree, live under compulsion. Therefore, the problem of freedom in the modern world is to extend that freedom that the artist alone enjoys into every field of industrialism. We may summarize our freedom thus far in these terms: Man is free politically. We have struggled with thrones and tyrannies and have won the victory. If we suffer

misgovernment to-day, we have ourselves to blame. So man is free in religious matters. We have battled with priesthood and ecclesiasticism and have gained the right of worship according to our conscience. If we remain evil, the fault is at our own doors. In these realms we are practically free, shapers of laws and creeds for ourselves. These matters have already receded in special interest, and special devotion to them bespeaks a retarded development. But, in the way of work, in what is for most of us most intimate, we are little better than slaves living under necessity, obeying machines, attending to masters. Now, as political liberty does not mean license and lawlessness, but rather the right to be a law to oneself as religious liberty does not mean the right to have no religion, but rather to be self-directive in worship and service, so industrial liberty does not mean freedom from labor, but freedom in labor. For this right of self-directive labor, or, in the terms of this paper, for the right of play, the modern world is battling. Disguise the situation as we may, the industrial world is in a state of warfare. Various compromises have been agreed upon, whereby a partial freedom is enjoyed. Thus, we distinguish between our activities; setting aside a portion of the day to toil and drudge, yielding this much to submission, hoping to escape at night, when we can indulge our higher desires and live a moment spontaneously and instinctively. Meanwhile, we clamor for shorter hours of labor and a longer time for play. So long as labor is under bonds, untransformed by freedom, so long will this division and clamor continue. But the granting of an eight-hour day is no real solution of the problem. It is simply compromise and leaves the situation unchanged. The only satisfactory solution lies in the consecration of labor to the ends of life, to the ends of personality. Toil is a "curse" to none but slaves. To a freeman it is pleasure and desire. Conditions must so be changed that the laborer can find in his very work his genuine satisfaction. He must be granted the privilege now enjoyed by the artist only: the privilege of free expression, of self-determination, of ideal creation. Art and labor must so be associated that the one be extended and made universal as labor, and the other be redeemed and made delightful as art. It was some such association that Thoreau was making, when he said, at work in his field of beans: "It was not I that hoed beans, or beans that I hoed." He had in mind a celestial kind of agriculture and was raising a transcendental crop of virtues, patience, manliness, clear-thought and high-mindedness. It is better to produce great men than abundant crops. The reversal of this proposition as applied in modern industrialism is provocative of mirth,—when one is not too angry at the spectacle. I submit that how to make a freeman at play out of a slave at work is the problem of history, the problem of democracy, the problem of to-day.

The problem of education in a democracy is the same as that of industrialism. Shall education be motived by the desire for a special culture, a sort of objective product, or for a special character, a form of interior life? It seems to me that our education is even yet too formal and objective, too much concerned with knowledge and machinery, and not enough with character. The ideal prevailing in our centers of education is

that of the cultured gentleman:—a culture special, possible to the few, a culture dependent upon refinement, intelligence and knowledge of books in a library, a culture that tends to separate men, that erects barriers between the wise and the not-wise, that is selfish and unsocial. This is an ideal which we have inherited from feudal countries and from the theory of the leisure class. The cultured man, in fine, is prepared to live in an aristocracy and not in a democracy. His sympathies are untouched. His imagination is without vitality. His fellows have no interest to him, save as they are comprehended in the same exclusive circle. However attractive the ideal may be, it is destined to fade away before the slowly unfolding meanings of democracy,—fade as the ideals of kings and knights and priests have faded and become lost in the distance. Democracy demands a man of generous sympathies, with imaginative, if not actual community, in every experience, a genuine social being, "a fluid and attaching character": one capable of living, not in an exclusive aristocratic coterie, but in an inclusive democratic society, and one able to live at large, not with condescension, but with full sympathy. Now, personality is the one common possession of all men—this is the comprehensive and unifying principle. It is of no account to hold men together by a written constitution. A nation is compacted by love and sympathy. Extend the essence of each until he comes to include the multitude; until his right becomes the right of all, and his law the law of all. Produce great men; the rest follows. Educate the interior men; avoid the ceremonial; educate for freedom, self-control, ideal action, creative character.

It was not without reason that Lincoln was called by Lowell "The First American." For this man was the very embodiment of the democratic idea. He had a culture that was broad as life, as generous as love. Frederick Douglas said of him: "He was the first man in whose presence I forgot I was a negro." That is a sublime testimony, and signifies what I mean by an inclusive character. Lincoln was not educated in our schools. The college might have instructed him, but it would have destroyed him. Democracy contemplates the possibility of education through the simple life processes, or at least, through the expert selection of those especially fitted for education. Lincoln's associate in democratism was Whitman, a man who escaped the traditional discipline of the schools, but who, in secret striving for the culture of life, achieved a character that so combined the intellectual and the sympathetic, the individual and the social, that in his own personality he comprehended humanity. If Lincoln was the only man, "Leaves of Grass" is the only book to which Douglas might come and find himself sympathetically comprehended. One of the greatest lines in modern literature is Whitman's address to the poor outcast: "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you." In one of his poems, he proclaims the ideal of life in a democracy:

"I announce natural persons to arise.
I announce uncompromising liberty and equality.
I announce splendors and majesties to make all previous politics of the earth insignificant.
I announce adhesiveness, I say it shall be limitless, unloosened.

I announce the great individual, fluid as nature, chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully armed.
I announce life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold.
I announce an end that shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation."

The educational problem presented by the lives of these two men, the first practical democrats the world has known, is profound and not easily solved. They represent the ideal around which the sympathies and imagination of men must henceforth gather. They exhibit a special development of personality and to their making ages of history have gone. Dare we face this ideal? Might not education assist the individual through some method of self-activity? Might we not adopt for our whole educational system the principle of play? Man has something to learn, something to receive, but also something to give and achieve. The educational watchword of a former generation, the generation of culture, was discipline. The watchword of the present, the generation of knowledge, is observation. Might not the future, the generation of personality, take for its sign the watchword, play? The need of the hour is education by execution, by creation, by modes of self-realization—controlled always by the motive of helpfulness. By such modes alone the personality is extended and the individual rounded full-circle.

The beginnings of such education have been made in the kindergarten; this being the latest, the most modern in spirit and most democratic section of our educational system. This is the children's age, and a little child is leading us away from our formalism and traditionalism, and compelling a more sincere study of the actual field. In the kindergarten the principle of play is frankly adopted. The application of the principle in the upper grades, where traditional ideas are intrenched, has yet to be accomplished. By the introduction of Manual Training, which is only a name for the educational principle of self-activity, a means of self-expression is afforded the older pupils. In the more progressive schools there is taking place a reconstruction of the school program with the various art studies as the coördinating center. Vacation schools in the larger cities are experimenting with the new ideas, and it is not unlikely that the success of their freer methods will bring about extensive modification of the traditional curricula. All these are signs of the evolution of play; of the effort made by modern man to adopt social forms to current idea.

That this adjustment of man to his immediate environment will continue in all the fields of human endeavor, there is not the slightest doubt. The evolutionary forces are always at work. Nature creates to-day, as in the early ages of the world. Man's creative power is deepening and widening. There are many evidences of increase in personality, most notably, perhaps, in the arts which still afford the field of purest play. I refer particularly to the instance of music, the art at present in most rapid process of development, the one most capable of bearing the high emotionalism and the complex idealism of the modern world. The history of music shows that an enormous distance has been passed from Mozart to Brahms. Once the former was thought to have reached the perfection of composition. Then came Beethoven with newer modes. Then followed Wagner

and Brohams and Richard Strauss, each adding something to the expressiveness of music. To-day, Mozart is simple, hardly interesting, apprehensible to a child. Wagner is now at the point of full reception. But few have the capacity to follow the complexities of the latest composers. But will not Brahms be as simple to the ordinary ear, as Mozart is now to the critical musician? What does this growth in apprehension signify, if not that the race is advancing farther and farther into the interior region, where harmonies are realized and ideals formed?

In conclusion, the matter may be summed up by saying that, at every stage of his being, man has possessed an ideal self-determined life, existing side by side, but apart from his life, as conditioned by material needs. The origin of this freedom is lost in the dim evolutionary regions; the poets and some scientists postulate a certain degree of sentient life in the material atom. Certainly, the higher animals experience a degree of freedom. In such moments, they engage in play. In the lower grades of life, this activity is merely play; in the higher grades, it takes the rational and significant form of artistic creation.

In some future golden age, foretold by poets and prophets, it may be that all work will be play, all speech will be song, and joy will be universal.

THERE is a question in regard to which one can scarcely find any difference of opinion. It is well-nigh universally agreed by men of all parties, not only in England, but all over Europe and America and our colonies, that it is deeply to be deplored that the people should continue to stream into the already over-crowded cities, and should thus further deplete the country districts.

Lord Rosebery, speaking some years ago as chairman of the London County Council, dwelt with very special emphasis on this point:

"There is no thought of pride associated in my mind with the idea of London. I am always haunted by the awfulness of London: by the great appalling fact of these millions cast down, as it would appear by hazard, on the banks of this noble stream, working each in their own groove and their own cell, without regard or knowledge of each other, without heeding each other, without having the slightest idea how the other lives—the heedless casualty of unnumbered thousands of men. Sixty years ago a great Englishmen, Cobbett, called it a wen. If it was a wen then, what is it now? A tumor, an elephantis sucking into its gorged system half the life and the blood and the bone of the rural districts."

—Ebenezer Howard in "Garden Cities of To-Morrow."

ON EARNING ONE'S LIVING BY THE WORK OF ONE'S HANDS. BY ANNAH CHURCHILL RIPLEY

"To the glory of Christ, I, Johannes Bosscaert, honestly bound this book."

(From an old book-binding.)

THE so-called arts and crafts movement in America has accumulated sufficient power in its brief course to make it a matter of timely importance that craftsmen here should put one or two somewhat searching questions to themselves as to what they mean by what they are doing. Are we doing our work as well as it can be done—or just well enough to find a market? Have we chosen handicraft solely because of the commercial opportunity it seems to offer for the moment—or because of its deeper artistic and economic claims as well? Is our work *honest* in the sense that Johannes Bosscaert honestly bound his book hundreds of years ago? And if not, why handicraft?

The advantage of handicraft above various other means of livelihood is mainly that thereby one may accomplish a necessary end by an ennobling means, the reactionary effect of the work upon the worker tending to develop the mind as well as the hand and eye, to bring the faculties generally into united action. Handicraft is a form of self-expression, which expression reacts again upon the mind, producing new impulse. As any live thing will decay if confined, so a vital impulse without some form of expression is worse than useless in the mind. "The thought which leads to no action is no thought." If this kind of work, then, can be used as one's business in life, occupying the best of one's time and strength as one's business must, how far superior must be its general effect upon the individual to that of work uncongenial in every particular, when, during working hours, instead of exercising one's highest powers, one rather reserves them until the day's work is over.

The difficulty lies principally in a peculiar incongruity between the mediaeval nature of the work, and the surrounding present-day conditions of life and thought. Where the fifteenth century workman sat over his work-bench patiently, laboriously, devotedly following his craft, absorbed in doing his work as well as it could be done, his life simple to a degree, his recompense just enough to support that living, his satisfaction lying in the work itself, the modern craftsman finds himself confronted not only by the problem of how to support life at all, under the extremely complex social conditions of to-day, but also by the question of how far it is possible to accept the generally prevailing mercenary standards of success, and at the same time to be true, or, at least, not to be untrue, to the claims of his individual work.

Which brings us directly to the vital question of what we mean by success. It is undoubtedly a commercial age. Most of the people about us would uncompromisingly judge our success or failure according to mercenary standards, and expect so to be judged. I have heard it said of those who are cultivating a manner, or, I might better say, spirit of living which seems to have found a fitting name in M. Charles Wagner's little book, "The Simple Life," that they are in most cases making a virtue of necessity—so unlikely, it seems, that any such choice can be sincere.

If any craftsman is using the opportunity created by the revival of interest in handicraft purely for commercial advantage, at the sacrifice of the quality of his work, let him consider Johannes Bosscaert's quaint honesty, and pause! Handicraft is primarily an art, rather than a business, and must be considered as such. "We need the best in art now, or no art." Better the clean, machine-made product than shiftless hand-work. Neither can substitute for the other—both are necessary. Happily, we believe there are other elements in success as vital as the accumulation of money. The successful life is the life of full and rich development, intellectual, spiritual, physical; and in choosing our work in life—our work by which to support life—it is of the utmost importance that we remember that the value of money is a means to this development, not an end in itself.

The modern craftsman should realize all the historic tradition of the past as well as his personal responsibility to the present, and at least so far honor the achievements of the workmen of the Middle Ages as not to treat lightly the crafts which they endowed with such dignity and seriousness. Space will not allow a digression into the exceedingly fascinating subject of mediaeval craftsmanship, though the mere mention of early European Guilds and Leagues, to say nothing of the genius of the Orient as proven for all time in weavings and manuscripts, marvellous tiles and hand-wrought metals, pottery, inlay, carvings, jewelry, enamels, is endlessly suggestive. Whether we picture the rug weaver of the Orient, or the Italian monk laboring over his illumination in the monastery's scriptorium the burger-craftsmen of Bruges or Ghent, with their fine public spirit, their perfect citizenship; the *meistersinger* of old Nurnberg, the leather-workers of Spain, or the enamel and metal workers in their little booths along the streets of Ispahan, we find alike among them all, stronger than aught else, this note of *sincerity*.

In making our modern application of these mediaeval arts we cannot revive the past altogether, but in our effort to apply what has been good in the past, let us, first of all, emulate Johannes Bosscaert's honesty of purpose. There are deeper principles involved than the mere binding of a book. First, make your work, whatever it is, an expression of your individual self. Second, let each single piece of work be done as well as you are capable of doing it. Third, remember the lines:

> "Who works for glory, misses oft the goal—
> Who works for money, coins his very soul.
> Work for the work's sake then, and it may be
> All these things will be added unto thee,"

—and be patient!

Excellence is a very safe aim. The craftsman who excels, who has attained at last, may find his craft even a considerable financial success, but it has been gained by artistic fidelity, and it is through artistic fidelity alone that he has won his place among the little group of the master-craftsmen of to-day. Whether he works individually in a small Paris *atelier*, spending his six or eight hours a day of many months on some one object; or whether he works in the heart of New York, training many craftsmen under him to express themselves, to do each smallest part of their work with their whole might—the spirit is the same. It is wonderfully worth while to have made

something beautiful, and it is vastly stimulating to feel that thereby—by the full expression of one's best—one may conquer the practical bread and butter problems of life. Thoreau says:

"It is truly actually as it is true really, it is true materially as it is true spiritually, that they who seek honestly and sincerely with all their hearts and lives and strength to earn their bread, do earn it, and it is sure to be very sweet to them. A very little bread—a very few crumbs are enough if it be of the right quality, for it is infinitely nutritious." The living earned by such effort is the smallest part of its reward.

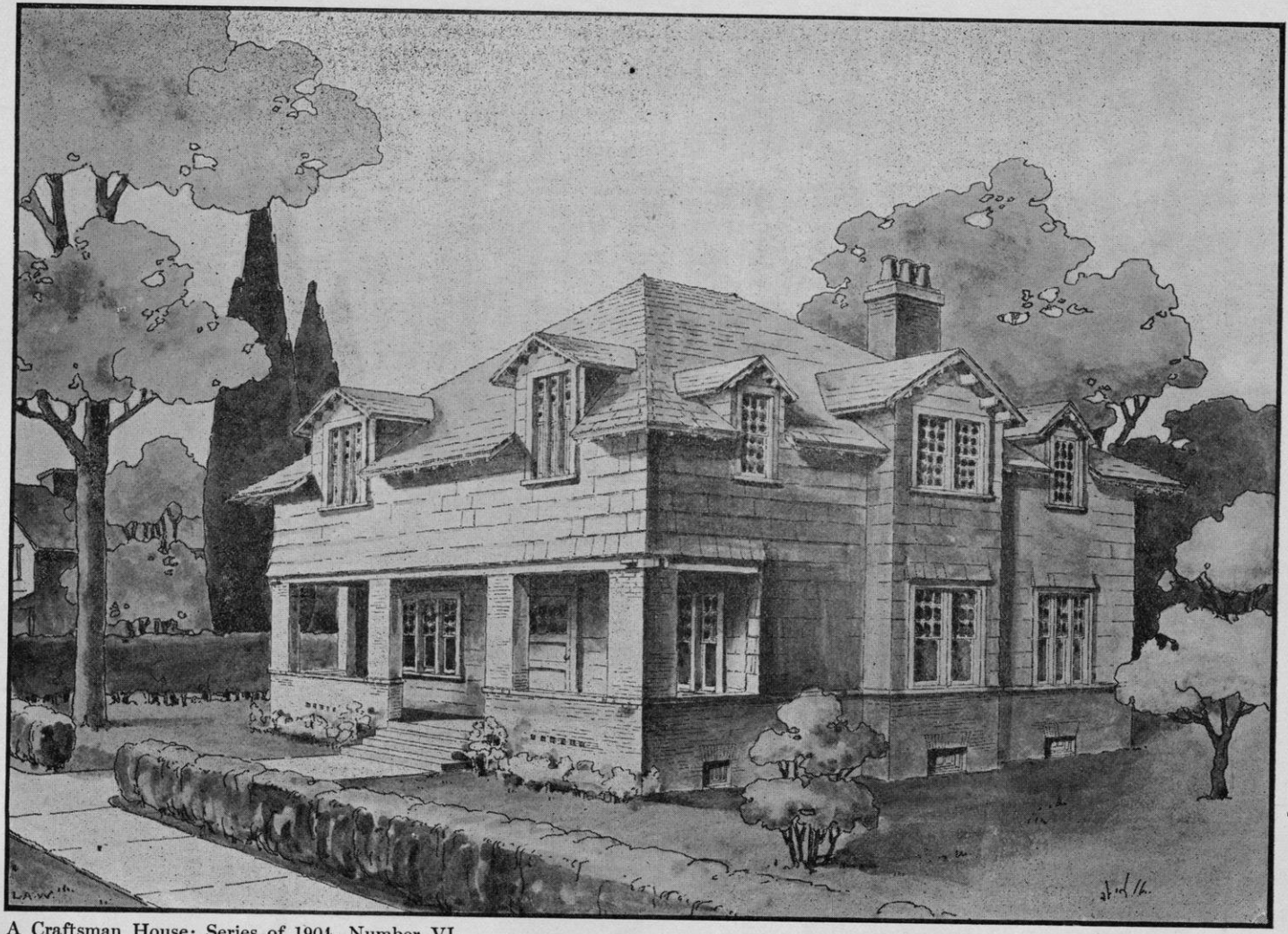
THE STORY OF THE RUG

THE origin of design is surrounded by mystery, but it is generally conceded that the first designs were geometrical, copying, doubtless, the plaiting of rush mats, which preceded carpets in the evolution of floor coverings. Later, as the artistic instincts of these early weavers were developed, they wove into their fabrics the beauty in form as well as color which they saw about them. Walter Crane, in his "Basis of Design," would make the floral Persian carpet the imitation of the Persian garden, for he says: "The love of the sheltered, walled-in, and natural garden is very evident in their literature, and the influence of their flora upon their designs of all kinds is evident enough. The idea of the Eastern paradise is a garden. We have it in the Bible in the Garden of Eden—an enclosed pleasance or park, full of choice trees and rare flowers, animals of the chase, and birds. This idea recurs constantly in Persian design. The very scheme of the typical carpet seems derived from it—a rich, varicolored field, hedged about with its borders. The field is frequently obviously intended for a field of flowers, and sometimes a wood or an orchard of fruit-trees."

According to design, Oriental rugs may be classed as of purely Aryan, or floral type, including Persian and East Indian rugs; of Turanian, or geometrical, patterns embracing Turkoman and Caucasian carpets; and of a combination of the two, as represented in Turkish, Kurdish, and Chinese weaves.

The Oriental has imitated Nature or translated her into textiles, sometimes very literally, and again with great freedom. In the sumptuous old Persian carpets, intended for regal homes, full hunting scenes with a great deal of action are wonderfully pictured; hunters on horseback, with their dogs, among the forest-trees, are in pursuit of animals of the chase; and in others, more quiet landscapes, with trees, flowers, and birds, are imitated. One which Mr. Stebbing describes in his book on the Holy Carpet is of this nature: "Various trees of the forest, planted in horizontal lines, are connected on each line by the serpentine course of a stream, forming shallow pools, with a growth of wild flowers on the bank—the mud-flats left by the receding water very carefully indicated in the weaving."

—Mary Beach Langton in "How to Know Oriental Rugs."



A Craftsman House: Series of 1904, Number VI.

Front elevation

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1904, NUMBER VI.

THE House Number VI. of The Craftsman Series for 1904, as may be judged from the elevation, is adapted equally well to suburban districts, and to purely rural surroundings. If intended as a suburban home, it will require a frontage of at least fifty feet, in order to render it effective, while an addition of ten feet to this estimate would prove a distinct advantage.

No traces of a "style" have been allowed to enter into the composition of the exterior: the attempt having been limited to the production of a modest, refined dwelling.

The walls reaching to the sills of the first story windows are laid in "Harvard" brick, set with black mortar and wide, "raked-out" joints, as are also the piers supporting the projecting second story. This treatment, together with that of the roof and dormer-windows, give accent and distinction to the front; separating it from the multitudes of its own class, if ranked according

Side elevation

to its building costs. Another detail of the front, contributing much to the general effect, is found in the structural device of the mortise and tenon used at the corners of the building to unite the wooden band spanning the piers, with the timbers running at right angles to it.

From the point indicated above, the walls are faced with shingles of Washington cedar, or white pine, laid wide to the weather, and stained to a rich nut brown, which chords admirably with the deep red of the Harvard brick.

Smaller details of the exterior, deserving mention, are: the basement window openings which are spanned by flat arches of shaped bricks, and have slip sills of local stone; the low steps ascending to the veranda, which are of bush-hammered limestone; finally, the veranda floor, which is made of a special cement-like composition, impervious to moisture and stained green, like the window "trim," although showing a darker tone. It may be noted also that the veranda is fitted with winter sashes, and can be supplied with warmth from the heating system of the house: so becoming, if desired, a "sun parlor," during the cold months of the year, since the house is designed for a southern exposure.

The picturesque roof of the house is shingled with the same stock as the side walls; the same moss green stain being applied (brushed on) to the wood, as to the doors, windows, and all casings. The chimney is faced with brick, similar to those of the basement wall, and is surmounted by a white concrete cap; the chimney-pots again showing the deep, warm red.

From the veranda the entrance door leads

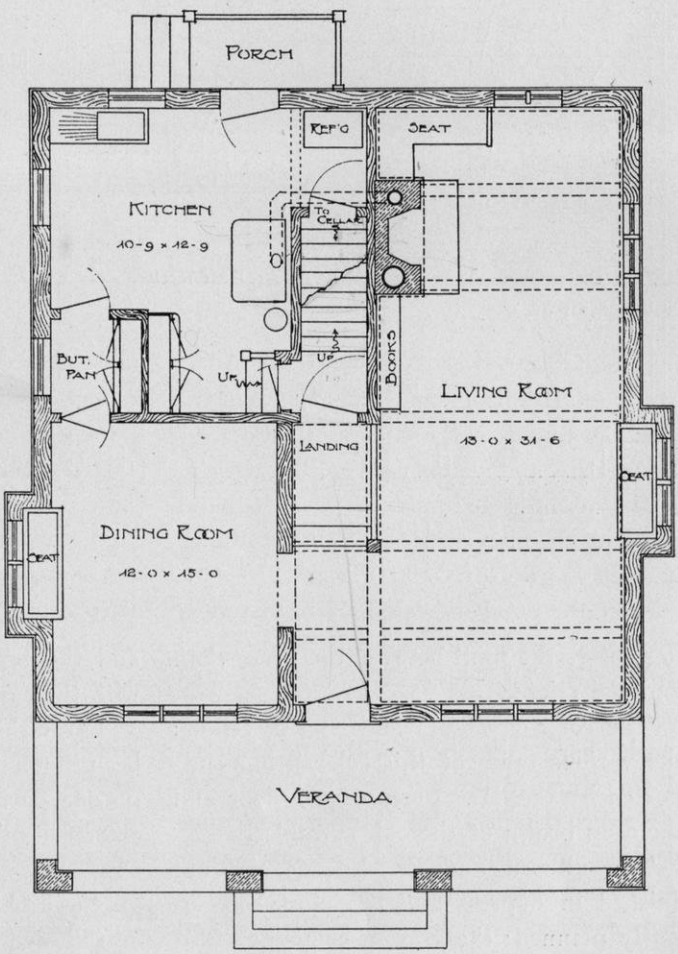
into the living-room, which occupies the full depth of the house and has windows upon three sides, one of which (the western) projects into a shallow bay; thus affording space for an ample window-seat. In the chimney-piece of this room Harvard brick are again used, being here laid in mortar colored with ochre. The fireplace, as may be read from the floor-plan, is situated well toward the rear end of the east wall of the living room, and is flanked on the left by a book-case, and on the right by a corner-seat.

Beyond the book-case, and toward the front of the house, the stair-case rises, screened to the first landing by a continuation of the paneled oak wainscot, which is carried around the room to a height of six and one-half feet. The wainscot is stained to a rich nut brown, above which a canvas frieze, with a design stenciled upon a tan-colored background, shows to excellent advantage; the applied colors being brown, gray-green and indigo blue. The ceiling is of cream-tinted plaster, left rough, "under the float," and is divided into panels by oaken beams.

In this room the Scotch rugs of brown and green are well relieved against the floor, which is of matched boards of medium width, stained to a very dark green.

The dining-room, occupying about half the depth of the house, and situated at the left of the entrance, is of sufficient size to meet the needs of a family of four or five persons. A bay springing from the side opposite the entrance from the living-room, and pierced by a window placed at a high level, is designed to contain the sideboard, which exactly fits the space.

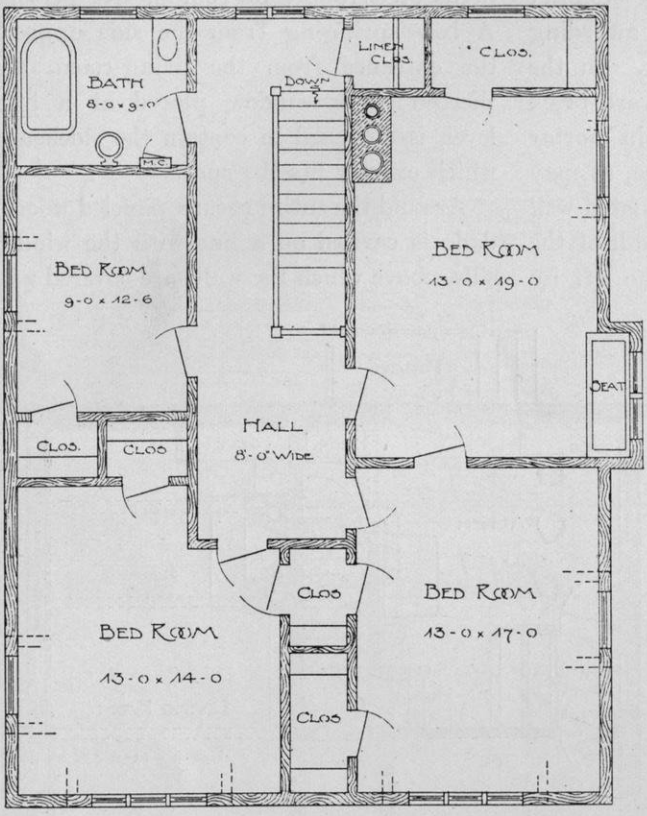
Around the entire room a paneled wooden dado is carried on a line with the window sills, above which the walls are covered with



FIRST-FLOOR-PLAN

SCALE IN FEET

Japanese grass cloth, to a height of six feet, six inches; at the latter level, a molding covers the joint between the grass cloth and the frieze.



SECOND-FLOOR-PLAN

SCALE IN FEET

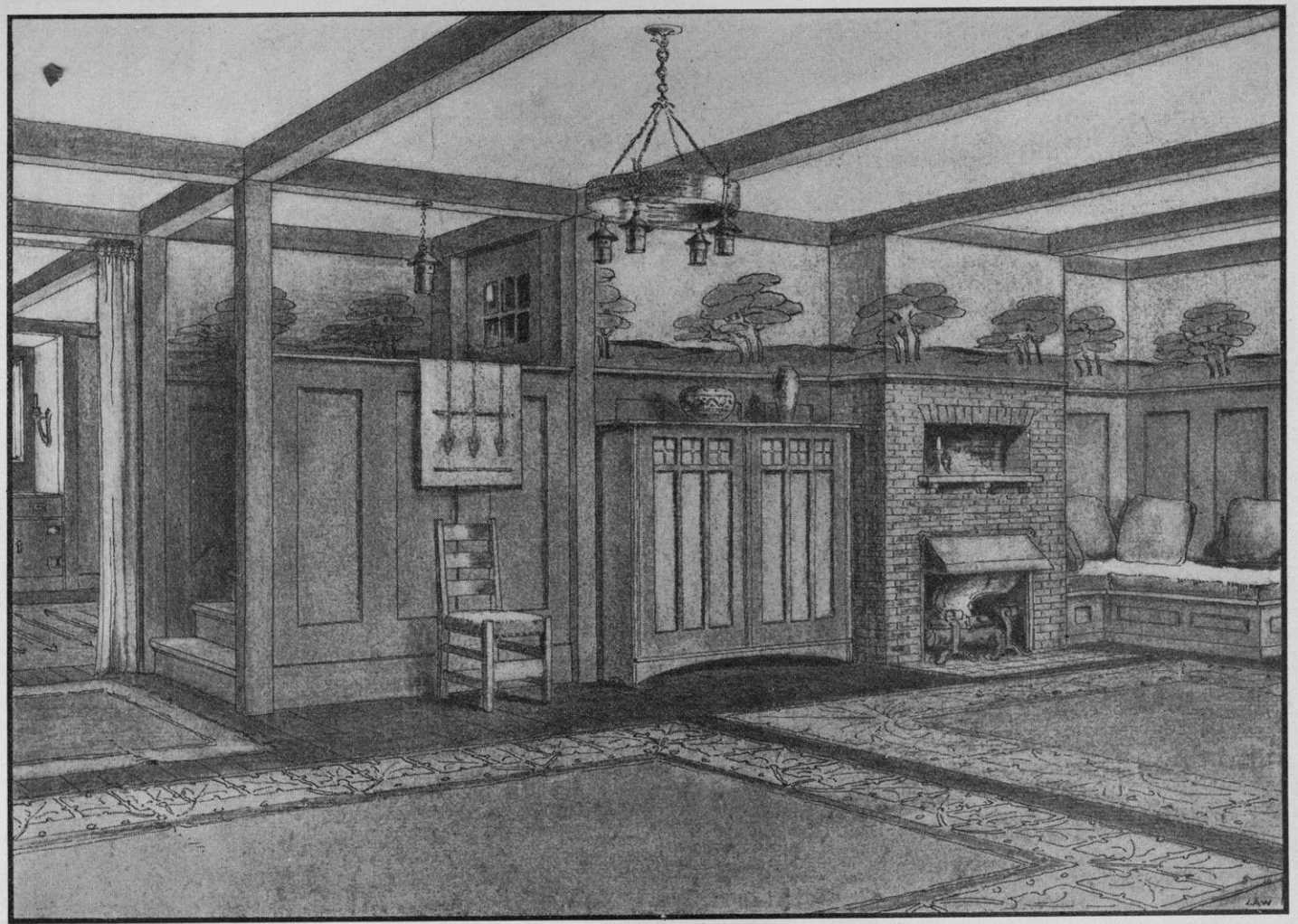
The color-effect of this room is yellow: the various tones of this color being supported by the dark green of the floor and the deep brown of the oak movables.

The kitchen and its dependencies are finished in cypress and are most conveniently planned; the kitchen being provided with stairs leading to the cellar, and also to the landing on the main staircase. This room is isolated in situation and closed from the main portion of the house in every direction by at least two doors.

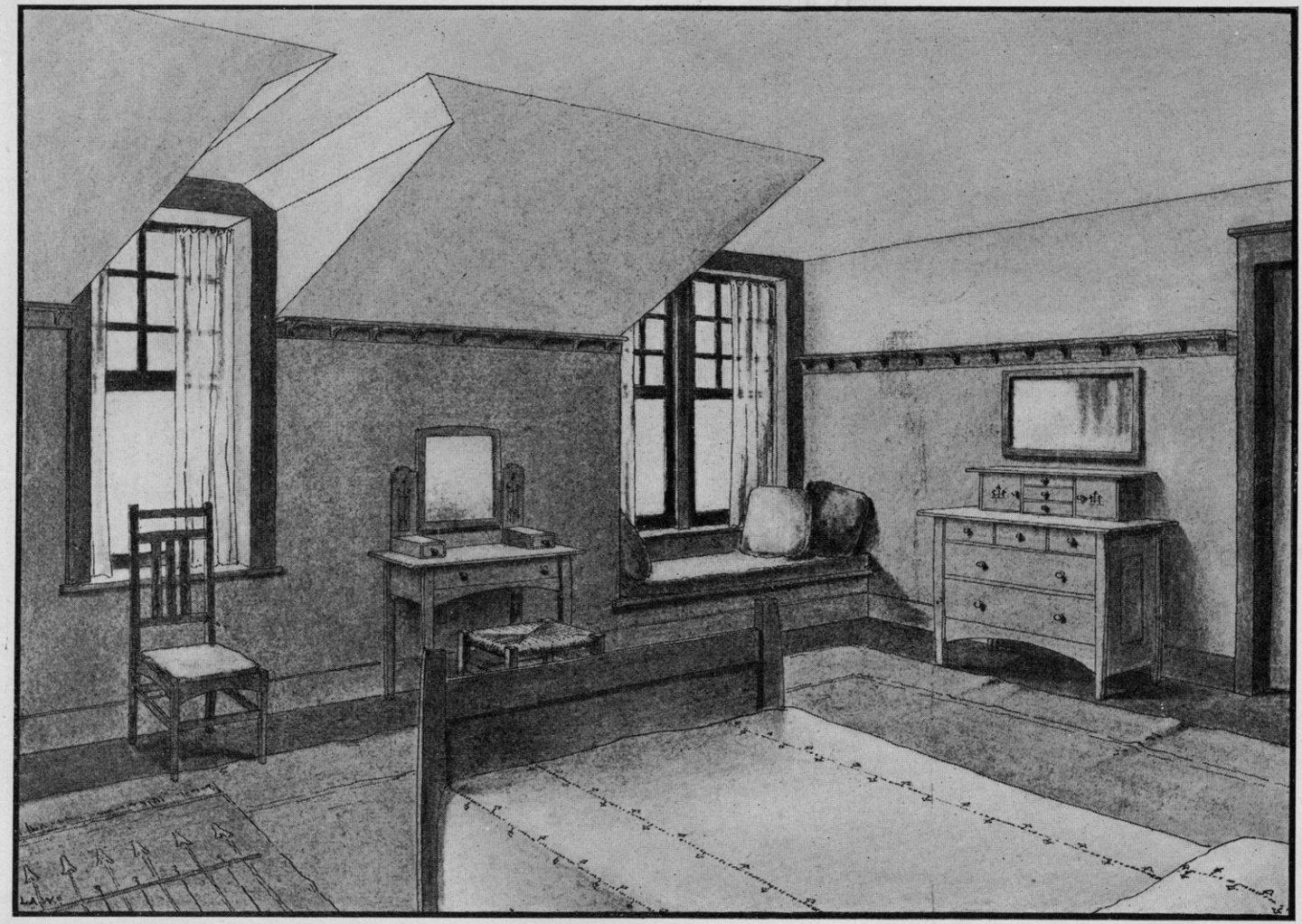
On the second floor a roomy hall gives access to four sleeping rooms: three of which are of good size and all having ample closets. The remaining space of this floor is occupied by a bath-room and a large linen closet.

The bedroom, shown in illustration, contains a pleasing effect in the sharp-angled ceiling and the long window seat running beneath it. Here the walls are covered with Japanese grass cloth to the height of the rail, above which the walls and ceilings are colored to a warm tint, in order to insure a pleasing play of lights and shadows. The movables are of the beautiful maple wood which is obtainable in a soft, satin finish, and the textiles are chosen in accordance with the exposure of the room.

Throughout the house simplicity has been the first essential sought, in order that no one portion might be prominent to the detriment of all others. The estimates have been made with great care, and it is believed by the architects that if their instructions be followed, the building costs will not exceed three thousand, eight hundred dollars.



A Craftsman House: Series of 1904, Number VI. The living room



A Craftsman House: Series of 1904, Number VI. View of a bedroom

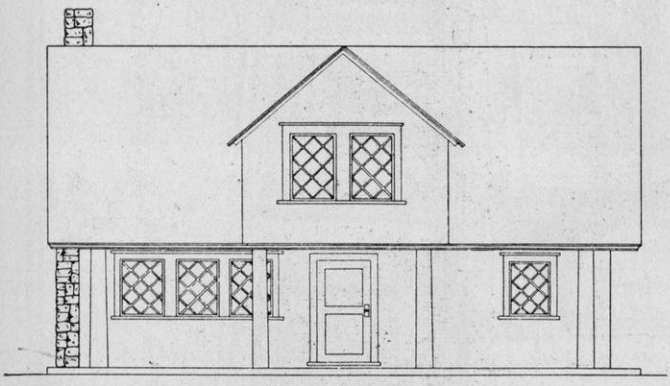
A FOREST BUNGALOW

WORDS themselves, like the thoughts of which they are the winged messengers, modify their meaning, as they pass from mouth to mouth. Formerly, the name Bungalow, when pronounced, reflected in the minds of those who heard it pictures of the East Indies. And to those who were unable to represent to themselves the suburbs of Bombay or Calcutta, the dictionaries offered the following definition:

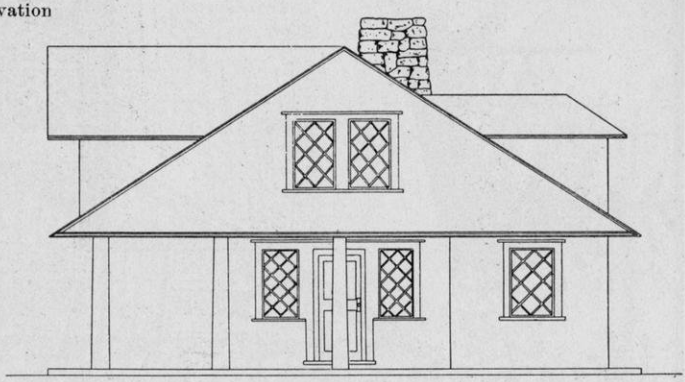
"Bungalow,—a house or cottage of a single story, with a tiled or thatched roof."

Such definition is no longer adequate. The idea of the convenient little habitation has developed and extended during its passage to new countries. The single story and thatch, or tiles, are no longer the essentials of the Bungalow. Camps or cottages passing under this name, and in which the primitive type native to British India is wholly obscured, accent the Atlantic coast, the Adirondack forests, and the shores of the Saint Lawrence. A structure of the later, more advanced type, as may be learned by reference to the accompanying illustrations, is now offered by The Craftsman, in response to the demands of the vacation period.

The Bungalow here presented in elevation, is designed to be set low, with the first floor at a level not exceeding eight inches above the surrounding grade.



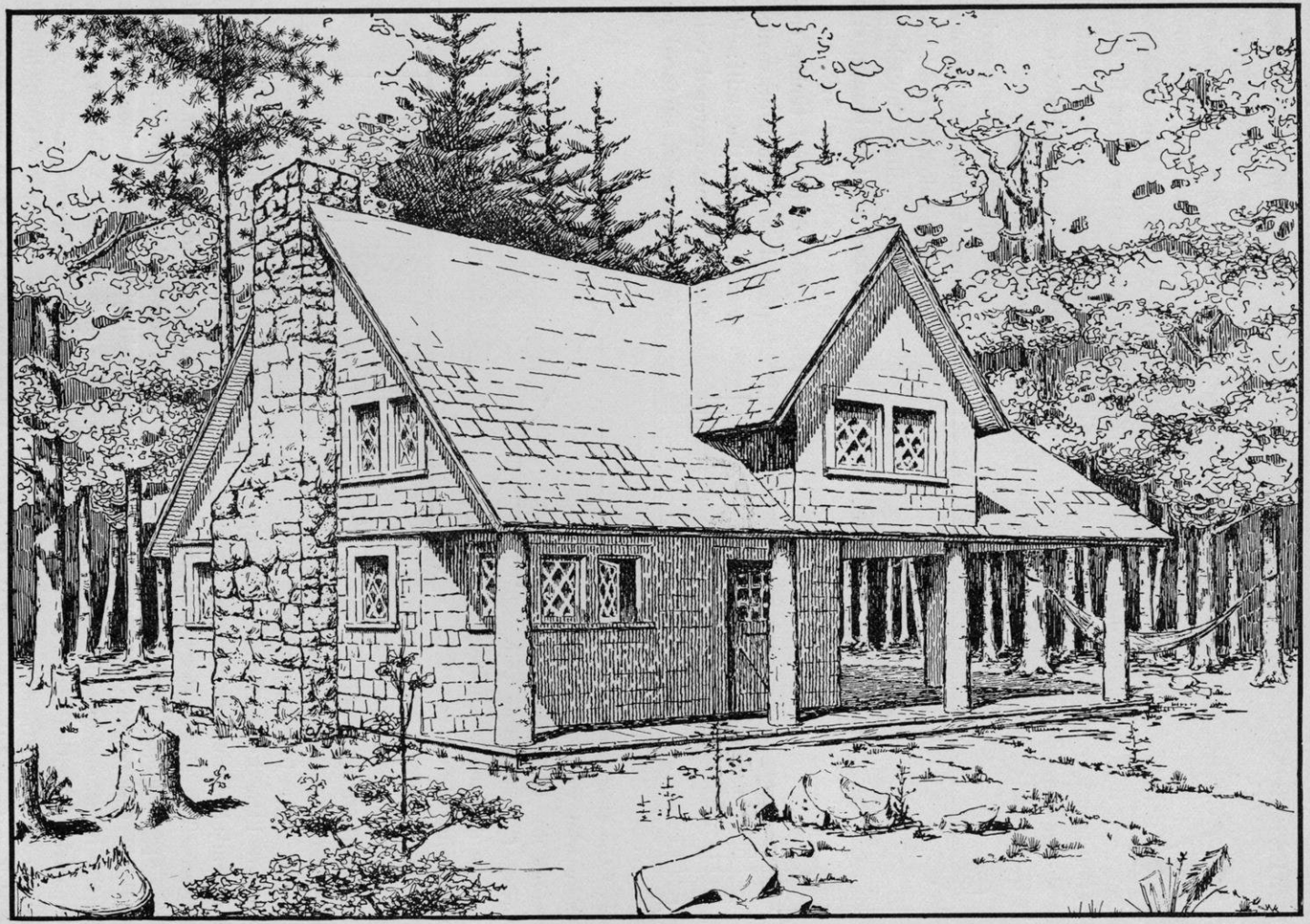
Front elevation



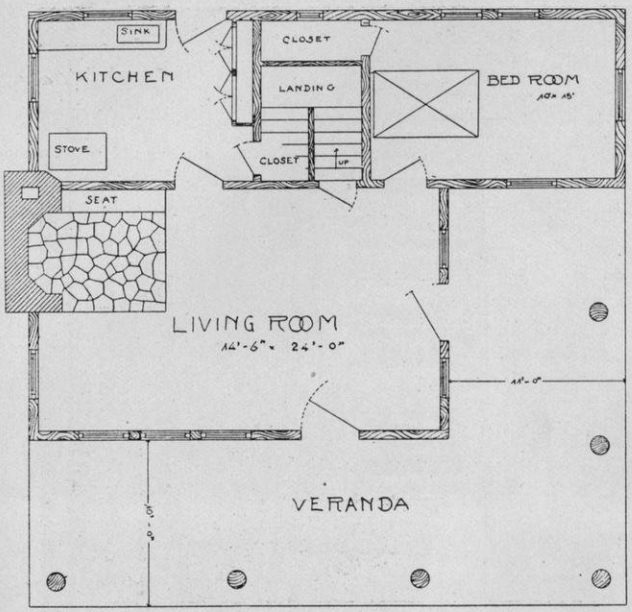
Side elevation

The building is supported by rough piers of masonry extending below the frost line; while the pillars upholding the roof are tree trunks, still covered with their bark.

The structural timber employed is hemlock or spruce, rough from the mill; the frame being covered with matched boards, surfaced on the inner side. This boarding may be overlaid on the outer side with building paper, in order to assure additional warmth, and the walls are lastly covered with split shingles, laid wide to the weather and left to acquire a natural stain. The large area of the roof with its dormers, is also covered by shingles; in this instance of the ordinary kind; brush-coated to a deep moss-green.



A Forest Bungalow



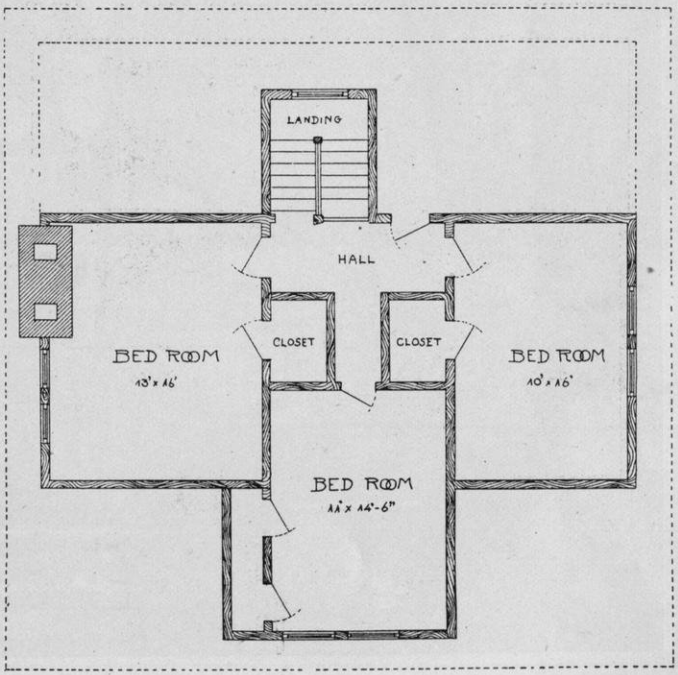
First floor plan

The batten doors can easily be made upon the site; the flooring of the veranda is of two-inch plank; the chimney is built of boulders gathered from the locality, with field stones used as binders to strengthen the masonry.

The space of the first floor is apportioned into a living room, a bed room and a kitchen.

The first of these rooms has dimensions of fourteen feet, six inches by twenty-four feet; one end being occupied by a fire-place large enough to contain a four foot log. The hearth is formed of large flat stones set in a bed of earth, and the floor of the room is laid in matched pine boards, six inches in width. The studding of the side walls is left exposed with the intervening panels either stained to a warm brown, or hung with burlap, as desired. The ceiling is not covered: the exposed floor-joists of the second story thus giving it a beamed effect.

A cross-section at the rear of the building contains, at the right: a bedroom, ten by fifteen feet in size, with dependent closet; next, an ample space is devoted to the staircase which opens into the living room; while the large square remaining at the left of the rear cross-section, forms a well-ventilated, convenient kitchen, provided with a built-in cupboard, a sink with drain-board, and a second cupboard or closet made by utilizing the space beneath the stairs.



Second floor plan

The Dining Room of the Poplar Frieze

The second floor contains three bedrooms, with storage room under the eaves at the rear of the building: this extension of space being in itself a proof that the Bungalow, in its later development, is a habitation much more convenient and agreeable than existed in its primitive form.

THE DINING ROOM OF THE POPLAR FRIEZE

THE dining room shown in the opposite illustration can not but charm by a simplicity which is marred by no element of crudeness. Its beauty, like that of the old interiors of the Low Countries, results largely from the judicious employment of color. Its scheme has, furthermore, the very valuable capability of easy production, at a slight comparative cost, and of being successfully applied to any ordinary room without necessitating important previous changes or decoration.

The only requirement of the room is that it shall be well-lighted by day, in order to insure a proper play of shadows upon the surfaces of the woods and textiles.

The walls above the wainscot to the top of the window casings are covered with Japanese grass cloth, in a soft leather, or tan shade. This covering is met at the upper point mentioned by an oaken plate-rail, four inches in breadth, which runs about the entire room, forming a base-line to a paper landscape frieze in old tapestry shades of browns, greens and heliotrope; the agreeable scene composing the unit of design being suggestive of Northern Italy with poplars, a background of mountains, and foreground curves which might be the windings of the Po.

The frieze is headed by a cornice of rather bold projection, consisting of a wide band, dentils, and a simple edge, the whole executed in oak, like the plate-rail.

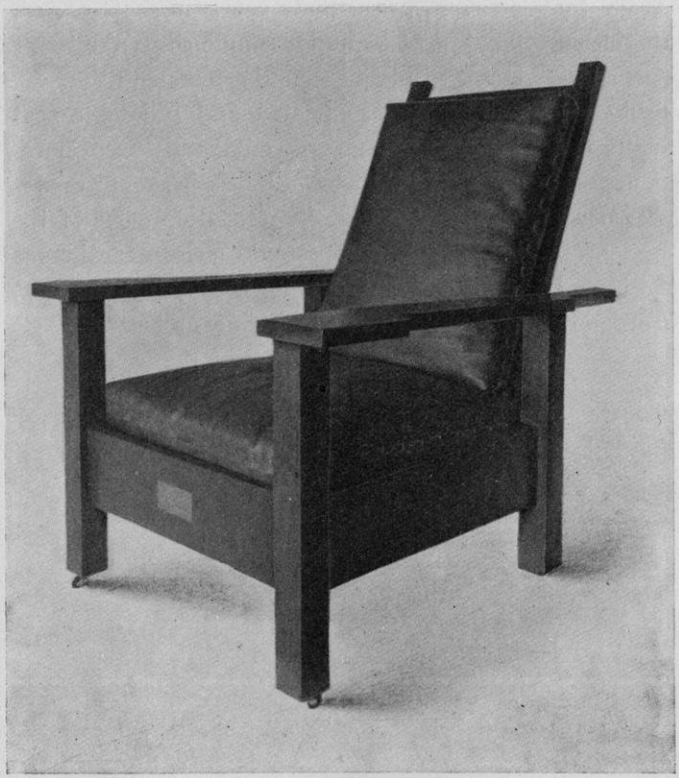
The rugs, curtains and pillows repeat the browns and greens already mentioned, adding to the basis of the scheme high notes of yellow; while the rich, deep color of the oaken movables sounds a low continuous bass to the decoration theme, like the part of a violoncello in a string orchestra.

MANUAL TRAINING. BY B. W. JOHNSON, INSTRUCTOR MANUAL TRAINING, CITY SCHOOLS, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

AN educator of prominence once said: "Animals can be trained, but a boy can be educated." The development, then, of the boy or girl must comprehend something more than mere training. The acquisition of knowledge and mental discipline are essential; yet they are but the half of any well balanced scheme of education: the means to an end. The test of our schools is the power to act, to do, developed in the boys and girls who pass daily into the very serious business of living for themselves and for others.

Manual training is proving of great service in education. The process of acquisition and mental discipline are both greatly helped by the self-directed motor-activity of the shop. The knowledge and mental development gained, serve the boy and girl, not as ends in themselves, but as means to translate well-defined purposes into results.

A noted Bishop was asked: "To what one great cause, do you think, more than to any other, is due the majority of failures?" He replied: "Thinking without doing; doing without thinking, and neither thinking nor doing." The education of the past emphasized the thinking, the learning; for man had to "do" to work, enjoying little opportunity for thinking and studying. To-day, the balance is sought by giving thinking its proper expression in doing. Thinking and doing in our schools are made possible, only when real conditions are to be met, and real things dealt with: "a strong motive behind and a real outcome ahead." When this is true, how the whole boy goes to work and how deep and potent is the interest developed by this stimulus to work!



Chair: Flemish oak; cushion of horsehide in mottled green. Presented by the High School students to Mr. F. B. Cooper, Superintendent of City Schools, Seattle, Washington

The accompanying photographs are evidences of an endeavor to carry out these ideas in the schools of Seattle. The desk, made by a boy of eighteen in his third year of the high school, is one of several examples, different in design. Cabinet making is

Desk (closed): quartered oak, with waxed surface; trimmings in hammered copper

taught in the third year when sufficient skill and knowledge have been acquired in the two years' previous work to permit any constructive problem to be easily solved. Catalogues are studied and furniture shops are visited by the class, and the elements of design and construction there found, are explained by the instructor. Each pupil then prepares his sketches of the object he desires to make, and from them he makes his own working drawings and details; adapting them to his own ideas of form, proportion, and design. He then draws up his specifications and stock list, pays for the material required, and proceeds to work out his idea from the drawing into concrete form. Many difficulties may induce discouragement, but the boy finally feels the divine satisfaction of seeing his conceptions realized and his own work completed before his eyes.

Definite knowledge, good judgment, and efficiency are evident. To incarnate a noble thought is to live. It is this experience and the forming of right habits that will outlast the knowledge gained and the thing made.

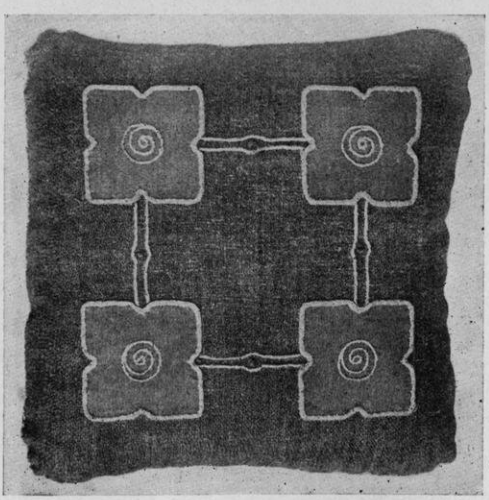
It is with pleasure that the Editors of The Craftsman note such encouraging signs of the times as those indicated in the article contributed by Mr. Johnson. Cities of the Eastern section of our country are all too prone to disregard the great impetus toward culture which is stirring the West, and even now producing admirable results.

Desk (open): inner compartments of white spruce, natural finish

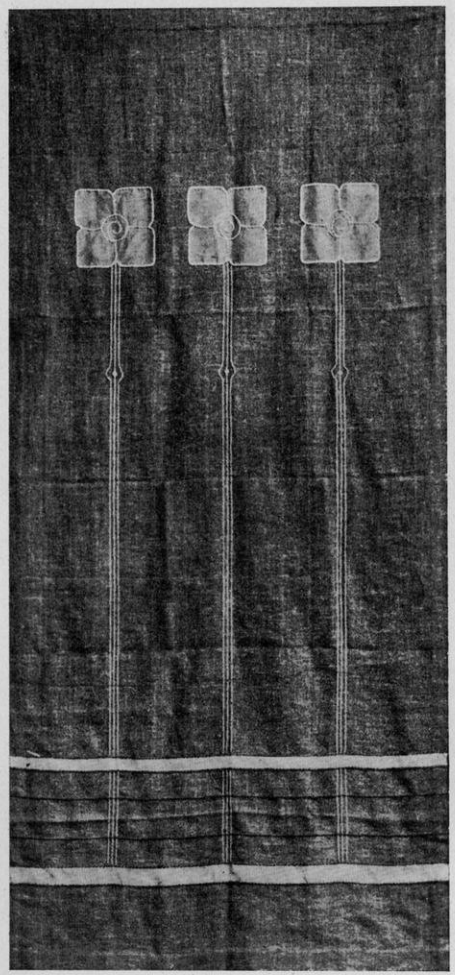
FLOWER MOTIFS FOR CURTAINS AND PILLOWS

THE designs here presented for curtains and pillows are all to be executed upon an imported canvas fabric, the use of which has been often advocated in the pages of this Magazine. The applied materials are linens, also imported, and now obtainable in all colors and an extensive range of shades. Finally, the couching is to be done with linen flosses, which are at once more durable and effective than the silken thread generally employed for the same purpose.

The designs of these articles, based upon floral forms, are rather more realistic, or, it were better to say, less conventionalized than the majority of motifs which are today composed in accordance with new art principles; since the whole plant, or, at least, the entire flower here appears, instead of floral details which have been drawn and re-drawn in a series of studies, until the originals are obscured to the point of being scarcely more than linear fancies.



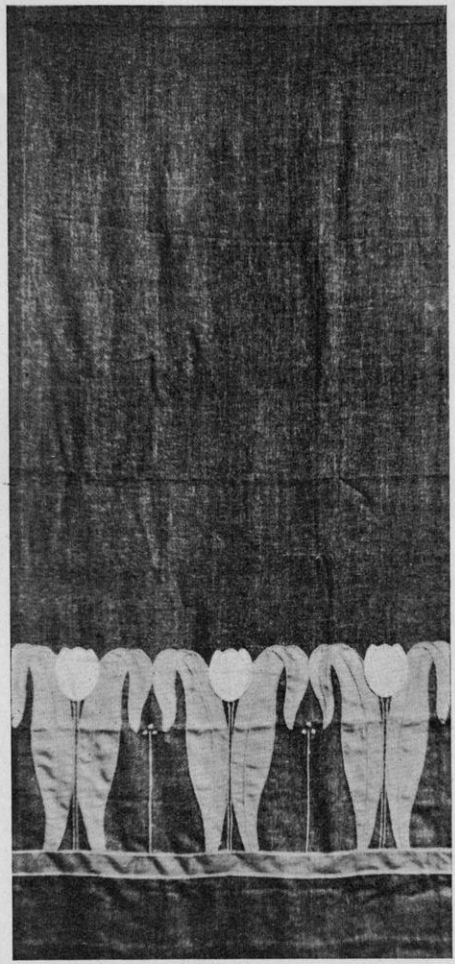
Rose motif



Rose motif

THE pillow showing the Rose Motif is covered with russet-green canvas; the *appliqué* forming the flowers being of pomegranate linen, with all the outlining done in sea-green.

The curtain wrought also with the Rose-Motif, is of the same material as the covering of the pillow seen in the first illustration; the color scheme already described is repeated, with the addition that the bands



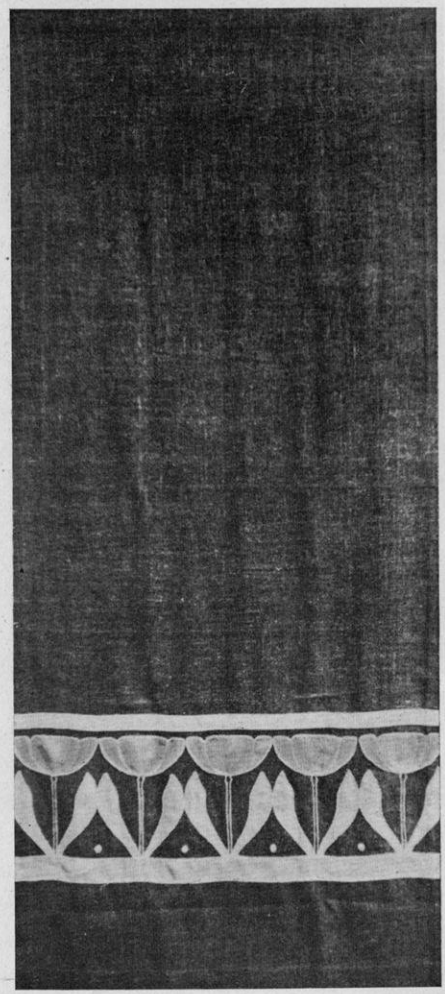
Tulip motif

forming the base of the design are of grass green linen, applied with dull red floss, and that the long straight stems are worked in a pale sea-green which shows effectively against the russet of the canvas.

The Tulip Motif is executed upon a greenish blue canvas of a color quality familiar in old tapestries. The flowers are applied in warm yellow, the leaves are blue-green, and the design rises from a band of dull red; all outlines being done in sea-green.

This design is one of the most successful as yet produced in the present long series, and the drawing is further enhanced by the color-scheme, which recalls the fine effects of old Dutch and Flemish pictures.

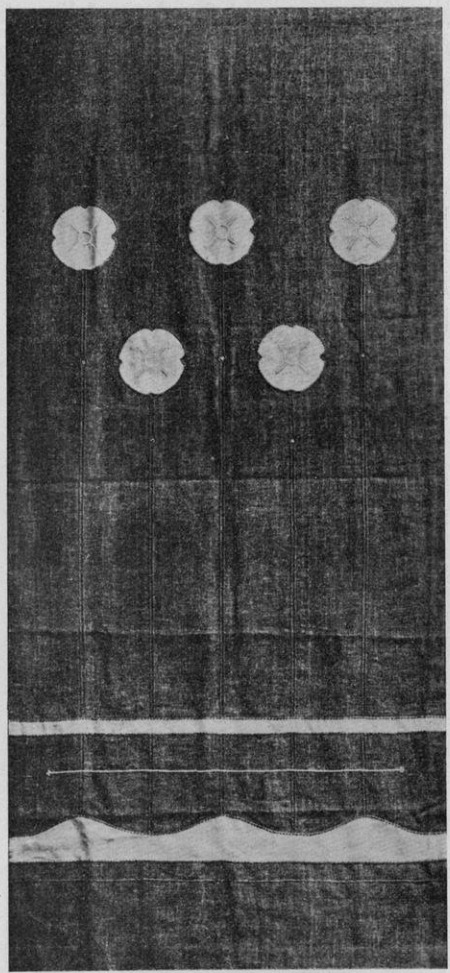
The Poppy Motif, affording less opportunity for grace and freedom of line than the tulip, is yet a most pleasing composition: the arrangement of the leaves being grateful to the eye, and the motif well held



Poppy motif

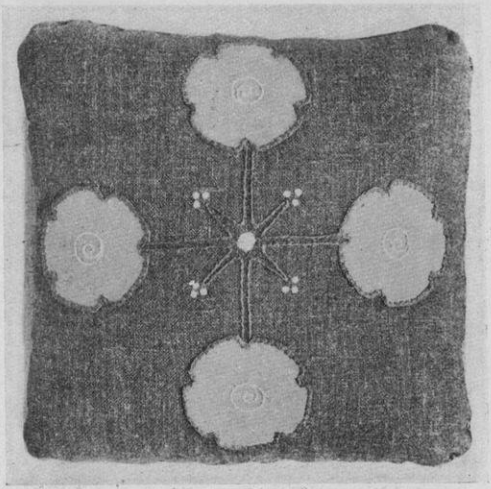
together by the bands placed above and below the floral units.

The design appears upon a pomegranate background, with the lower band of leaves in grass-green *appliqué*, and the top-band in gray-green, the flowers in pomegranate, and all outlines in sea-green.



Poppy motif

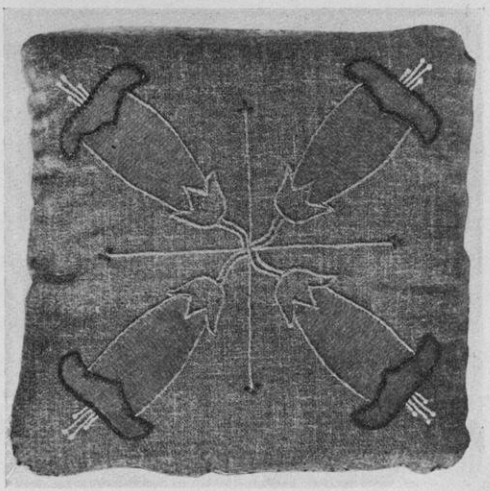
The curtain displaying the Poppy Motif is of greenish blue canvas, with the flowers in gray-green "bloom" linen, and the lower band of blue-green applied to the fabric by floss of a strong, deep blue shade.



Poppy motif

A variant of the Poppy Motif occurs in a second pillow; the design being wrought upon a green-blue background, with the flowers in gray-green "bloom" linen, the anthers in tan-color, and the outlines in strong blue.

The Trumpet-flower Motif, the most realistic of the designs, is wrought upon a gray-green background: the flowers obtaining bold relief from their application in a



Trumpet flower motif

pomegranate shade. In this instance, the outlining of the calyx and corolla is done in floss of a warm yellow-green, with the reversed throat of the flower in brick red, and the stamens in tan-color.

It may be added that these designs gain much in execution: the substance and texture of the materials forming an integral part of the harmony based upon the line and the color employed.

CHIPS FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOP

THE Craftsman sat in his workshop, unmindful of everything about him. The fresh beauty of the youthful year, the discomfort of the first heats he passed unnoticed, living for the moment only in his work. Before him lay a design showing few lines and rapid execution. It was his first conception of an object which, later, he was to realize in solid form. He was aglow, mind and body; his pulses beating, his brain quickened by the joy and pride of having created something. In this special labor he had as yet experienced nothing to cool his ardor. The always unforeseen, inevitable disappointment coming from the impossibility to adjust the ideal to the real, had not occurred. The thing upon which all his mental powers were concentrated, appeared to him adorable and perfect. He was not silently apologizing to the world for its faults, as he would be later, when he should see it developed from the design which was its embryo, and standing in three dimensions before him.

And because his pride, his joy, his love were temporarily so acute, his sense of ownership was strengthened. A few moments later, his mood changed, as a bolt strikes from the blue. A feeling of pain, as intense as his former happiness, a sense of suffering wrong verging upon the consciousness of servitude, seized him. He grasped his design, as if to save it from a hostile hand, and, while feeding his eyes upon what he regarded as its perfections, his frame contracted with anger. A thought destructive of calm, swept through his mind, as a sudden violent storm blackens and destroys the beauty of a summer day.

In imagination he saw the object which he had already conceived by the effort of his knowledge and experience, finished and complete, going out from his workshop to be forever lost to his parentage. He was denied the privilege of the artist who signs the work which he produces. His own sign manual, the mark of his tool which he wielded with absolute conscientiousness and accuracy, counted him for nothing. The line dividing the fine from the industrial arts, appeared to him as expanded to a profound abyss into which precious values were dropped from the weak grasp of the hopeless.

He saw the artist protected and the craftsman ignored. He saw his own creation ill-treated at the hands of other workmen less skilful and less honest than himself; its excellences half-understood by them and debased by servile copying: that euphuism for robbery. At length, his fertile fancy showed him the factories of the country yielding imitations of his cherished object, multiplied to infinity and deformed to the point of positive ugliness and vulgarity, like those malformations, those structural

vagaries of nature which caused him to shudder as he met them in his walks and journeys.

Together with the spreading development, the Craftsman also saw clearly the result of the evil. The caricatures of his cherished creation, things "common and unclean," palpable falsehoods and mockeries, brought discredit upon their model and original. Like unworthy children, they involved their parent in their own disgrace. The persons of moral and aesthetic rectitude to whom he had sought to appeal through his creation—for what earnest, noble work is accomplished without hope of meeting the reward of sympathy and appreciation—those very persons, despising the caricatures, came also to slight and to suspect the type which the falsified objects so cruelly misrepresented. Thus, the incentive to good craftsmanship was removed, the intelligent worker dissuaded from devoting his powers to the further development of the finer industries, and art separated from the life of the people to be made the exclusive possession of the few: a condition always hostile to social progress—indeed plainly indicative of social decay.

Arrived at this point of his revery, the Craftsman lost momentarily the steps of his argument in the maze of his emotions. His nature had become intensified through concentrated effort, through the isolation necessary to the pursuance of thought and work, through, also, the attainments of certain successes productive of legitimate self-confidence. And now he abandoned himself to discouragement. Since he saw the use and end of honest production defeated, he approached the decision of no longer continuing to produce. He would not falsify, in order to earn easily that he might idle afterward. He could not create without the spur of enthusiasm, nor yet could he suffer his creations to meet with indignities offered them by his unworthy colleagues. Overcome thus by depression, his emotions slackened, even as his thoughts had previously ceased to direct him. The suspension of his powers became almost complete. The avenues of his senses closed. He perceived nothing but the heaviness of his own heart. But gradually his introspection became less absolute. His eye caught involuntarily certain details of his surroundings. He began minutely to note the tools upon his working bench, as another, plunged in equal despair, but differently circumstanced, might have traced out the interlacing lines of a Moorish pattern on wall or rug.

The sight of external objects brought distraction and then developed a thought in the mind of the despairing workman. The design of his new object which he had raised his hand to destroy, he smoothed into place upon his drawing board. The presence of the traditional tools upon his bench brought to him pictures of other times and memories of happier conditions. He turned in thought to the period when "art was still religion" and craftsmanship was the lay sister of art; when there was little question of lower or higher, provided that the thing wrought by the tool for the daily domestic service of man, like the cup or the chair, received the impress of the genius of the workman to the same degree as did the things wrought by the brush, or the chisel, solely to gratify the aesthetic sense.

Following this argument in substance,

the Craftsman could not avoid the conclusion that, to judge from historical precedent, which is another name for fact, his functions and destiny were equal, parallel and united to those of the artist.:

The consciousness of this great truth suggested to him the advantage to be taken of his legitimate and strong position. Amid obstacles and difficulties, he saw clearly the way to relieve his own despair, to force the respect of the people and thereby to regain his historical position, to improve economic conditions in the republic of which he could not but recognize himself as one of the most useful citizens, finally to contribute to the spread of the gospel of beauty, which is also the gospel of content and of temporal happiness.

In pursuance of his new resolutions, the Craftsman grasped with eagerness a sheet of paper upon which he traced a signature, symbolic and characteristic, which he would impress upon each one of his subsequent creations. Similar signatures, he reasoned, had been the deep-lying causes of the economic prosperity and political importance of a government such as Florence, and of municipalities such as those of Flanders. The devices of the old guilds and of their master-workmen were responsible in their time for the map of Europe. Why then, reasoned the Craftsman, could not the modern representatives of these oaths of honesty and good faith become strong agents in maintaining the internal peace of the newer America? The good accomplished by the Clothdressers' Company for Florence might certainly be repeated in a modern sense for a broader fatherland.

Again hopeful to the point of inspiration, the Craftsman resolved to assume for himself, to advocate for his colleagues, a representative sign to be impressed upon each one of the objects formed by his hands, as a token of his own responsibility, as a right to which he was entitled by reason of his attainments, as a public safeguard, and finally as an incentive and spur to generous, honest action, thrown out like an exhortation or battle-cry, to influence and encourage whomever it might.

The Craftsman series of articles upon the Spanish Missions in California, which is suspended in the current number, owing to the late arrival of Mr. James' manuscript, will be resumed in the July issue. The succeeding article will treat of the interior architectural effects and the mural decorations of the most interesting chapels established by the Franciscans in the locality under consideration.

BOOK REVIEWS. BY J. C.

"GARDEN CITIES OF TO-MORROW," by Ebenezer Howard, is a new book on an old theme. It has sufficient improvement over all that has preceded it to make it an original work.

The theme is the ideal city. It gives plans, methods, costs, all possible details for planting cities, instead of having them grow, as London has, like an immense "tumor," to have plenty of parks, wide streets, school houses, play grounds, museums and all else that pertains to city life, without tearing down expensive property, to make them. Also, it shows how to avoid the smoke nuisance, stale vegetables, garbage and the other unpleasant nuisances of

our present city life. It also settles the farming question, which, by its loneliness, has come to be one of the serious questions of the present time.

Most of the former schemes have carried communism to excess, even to the breaking up of family life. "Looking Backward," the best, probably, of "The Garden Cities" predecessors, took away too much individualism from life, and no mere physical comforts can ever compensate for the loss of character which complete communism must cause. "The Garden City" shows how to create ideal cities, ideal farms, ideal factories. No one city is to go much beyond thirty thousand inhabitants, but other cities are to be planted in the same manner near by, thus creating a circle of circular cities in groups which might, in time, depopulate London and Birmingham. The book is English and written, of course, from an English standpoint, but the theme is far more applicable to America where cities grow in an hour's time to great size, and the rush for new homes moves with the rapidity of lightning.

We suggest that some syndicates for manufacturing attempt a scheme on the plan of "The Garden City," in the new west or the deserted east. We commend the book to all interested in better ideals of living. [Garden Cities of To-morrow, by Ebenezer Howard London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.; illustrated; pages 151; price $1.25.]

"Little Gardens." A little girl of ten, taken to Boston to visit her new mother's old friend on Newbury street, shocked a caller, an old time Bostonian, by saying: "I am disappointed in Boston. I thought it was a beautiful city." "But why isn't it beautiful?" asked the Boston lover. "It has no yards around the houses," replied the child, fresh from a Syracuse home. The first part of "Little Gardens" is for the South End, Boston, Upper New York, and the slums, and tells each what to do with limited spaces, ranging from a square yard to 25x60 feet. A veritable oasis can be realized from city deserts by following the ingenious plans of Charles M. Skinner.

Mr. Skinner tells what to avoid and why, how to care for the soil, fertilizers and tools. He even adds a water garden with its water blooms, and shows how to keep out mosquitoes without kerosene.

Next, country gardens are considered. There is more space, a wider range. The garden may be made to conform to the architecture, when there is any. Color should be scientifically considered in order to be aesthetic, and the rainbow followed, as Nature's law. "We can paint the earth with flowers that gleam like jewels."

Next the author treats of the seasons of flowers. One can have bloom from frost to frost.

In the "choice of flowers," the vase, the blossom of the blessed Virgin, and the beautiful Venus is given a foremost place. A list of "ten best" flowers is added. As an experienced physician can do all his doctoring with ten drugs, so the gardener with ten plants. Creepers are duly considered. "Vines are human bent on rising, no matter what the means." Many flowers are wisely characterized: "the iris fragile as a form in tinted ice;" "nasturtiums soak in sunshine, then give it back in generous measure;" shrubs, trees, exter-

nal decorations are well treated. The author is rather hard on Mary Ann, who often mothers the flowers with her great heart. Any one with a bit of flower space will find the book helpful.. [Little Gardens, by Charles M. Skinner; New York: D. Appleton & Company; illustrated; pages 250; price $1.25 net.]

"The Simple Home," by Charles Keeler, was written primarily for Californians, but as home is a universal institution, and much of the book is on general principles, it must apply to the entire world.

The first chapter, "The Spirit of the Home," traces the subject back to prehistoric man. It is a plea for simplicity, hospitality, truth.

"The Garden" is a chapter largely out of our sphere, as plants that blossom the entire year, and tropical shade trees with their mingled fragrance, are all impossible in our own section. But "gardens that will bring nature to our homes and chasten our lives by contact with the great Earth-Mother," belong to us all.

"The furnishings of the home," in these days of rented houses, should interest every reader. A color scheme is of first consequence. White is excluded as out of harmony, a blaze that refuses to be toned down, though where cleanliness is a feature, white may be used, as on the evening dinner table, and in the bedroom. Warm colors are preferred to cold, a neutral tint to one "too aggressively pronounced." Figured wall paper and figured carpets are tabooed. They are too suggestive of the machine that made them. All possible furniture, as sideboards, window seats, book-shelves, should be a part of the house architecture, straight lines are given precedence in form—especially the "mission furniture," that "in form and workmanship leaves nothing to be desired." *Old* mahogany may be introduced.

Among pictures, photographs and carbons of the "old masters" should be given the first place. They educate one to buy modern works aright.

The last chapter, "The Spirit of the Home," may be condensed in one sentence: "All art is a form of service inspired by love." [The Simple Home, by Charles Keeler. Illustrated with ten photographic reproductions. 55 pages. Size, 7x5. Canvas, paper label. Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco: 75 cents net.]

In these days, when every family is ransacking the attic for ancestral belongings, books that may identify things thus found, are quite essential to the family library; especially when the discoveries thus made lead one to purchase additions and thus become an amateur collector. For this reason "The Illustrated Handbook of Information on Pewter and Sheffield Plate," by Wm. Redman, is worth owning.

We learn from this book that pewter was the first table luxury of European royal palaces; that the early Edwards and Henrys and both the weak and the cruel Richards dined on pewter; that the "silver age" came in with the Georges, although the Charleses and Queen Anne possessed a small number of silver spoons: two or three, perhaps.

The plates are very helpful, giving shapes and signs with full explanations. Prices are also given, though they are much more moderate than in the junk shops of our own city.

Among bits of information, we learn that English pewter goes back to the tenth century, that in the fourteenth the Earl of Northumberland hired his pewter pieces by the year, that by the next century people began to buy, that in 1577 the Archbishop of Canterbury owned two hundred pieces of pewter, that the clergy patronized pewter before the laity.

There are valuable hints to collectors and recipes for cleaning pewter.

Old Sheffield plate is also considered. We are told how to detect the real Sheffield from the electro-plate on copper. Advice worth many times the price of the book is given to the owner of Sheffield plate.

Exquisite examples of old Sheffield are given in the plates. The book meets a want of the collectors. It is an English work imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"American Renaissance, a Review of Domestic Architecture," by Joy Wheeler Dow, himself an architect, is a brief history of American architecture from its early beginnings, when the chief thought was to transfer the old English home to America. These houses were ever homelike, because they suggested what each remembered from the country that was then a mother to her colonies. Among the finest examples that are given of this is Washington's home at Mount Vernon, some of the Salem houses with their "historic atmosphere" most carefully preserved, the John Cotton Smith house at Sharon, Connecticut, "that money will not buy," and many an old New England farm house, with its deeply slanting roof and its many gables, which give them a familiar old-time look.

This author objects to the pseudo-gothic, with their excess of machine carving. The introduction of Franco-Italian architecture, that came with the sudden riches of the Civil War, he terms "The reign of Terror." Taste was only a display of money; cupolas, turrets, windows too painfully paned were in excess, the Mansard roof was out of place. The new Newport and Berkshire palaces are set down as universally bad.

The chapter on adaptation is excellent. In writing, one must use the same old words, as all others use, so in architecture. Language is a growth of the ages; we shudder at slang. All art is an evolution from nature's forms under fixed laws of suggestion. Architecture came from mounds and caves and forests, man's early home: hence the Pyramids, the cathedrals, and the columnar and Gothic forms. Learn all kinds, adapt but do not invent, must be the order of work.

Only bare mention is made of church architecture, Richardson's masterpiece, Trinity church, Boston. We could wish that the author would write another volume on the unecclesiastical edifices that are dotting the country and multiplying in our cities; also that he would protest vigorously against the tearing down of the beautiful old colonial *temples* that once stood beside the village park or common, or rose lonely on the hillside, their tall steeples "like long white fingers, pointing heavenward." [The American Renaissance, by Joy Wheeler Dow. New York: William T. Comstock. One large 8vo. volume illustrated by ninety-six half-tone plates; price $4.00.]