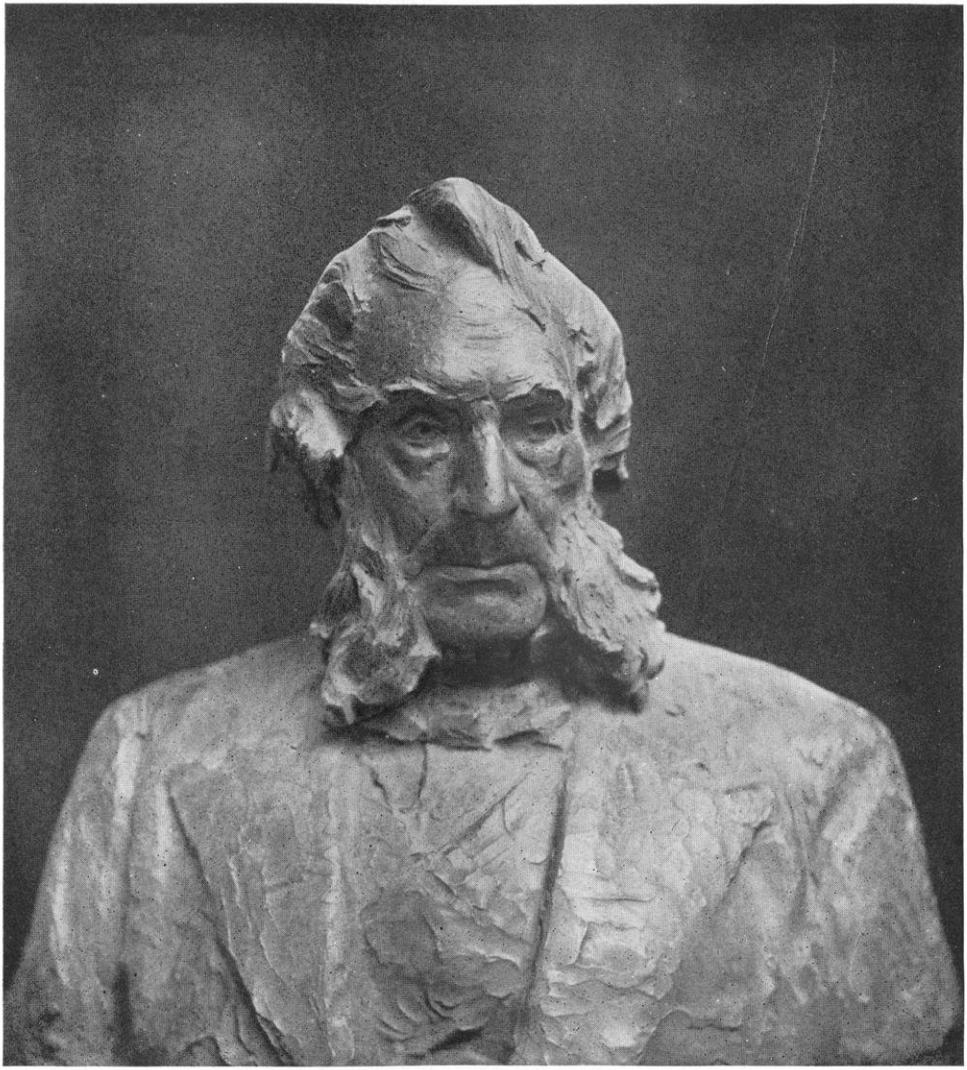
The craftsman. Vol. XXI, Number 5 February 1912

Eastwood, N.Y.: United Crafts, February 1912

Cover page
is not
available



See pages 491, 572, 581.

JOHN BIGELOW, AUTHOR, LAWYER, DIPLOMAT: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A RECENT BUST BY EDITH WOODMAN BURROUGHS.

THE CRAFTSMAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO
41 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

GUSTAV STICKLEY, Editor
MRS. M. F. ROBERTS, Managing Editor

BEN. WILES, Circulation Manager
EDGAR E. PHILLIPS, Advertising Manager

VOLUME XXI **Contents for February, 1912** NUMBER 5

Unsigned articles in THE CRAFTSMAN are the work of some member of the Editorial Staff, frequently the result of many editorial conferences.

All manuscripts sent to THE CRAFTSMAN for consideration must be accompanied by return postage. A stamped addressed envelope is the most satisfactory plan.

All changes of address should reach us on or before the 25th of the second month preceding the date of publication: as for example—to change an address for December, word should be sent to us by October 25th.

Western Advertising Office:
14 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. 25 CENTS A COPY: $3.00 A YEAR New England Advertising Office:
24 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

THE CRAFTSMAN

PUBLISHED BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.
VOLUME XXI FEBRUARY, 1912 NUMBER 5

THE STORY OF THE CREATION TOLD IN STONE IN THE GREAT NEW CATHEDRAL OF BARCELONA: BY MILDRED STAPLEY

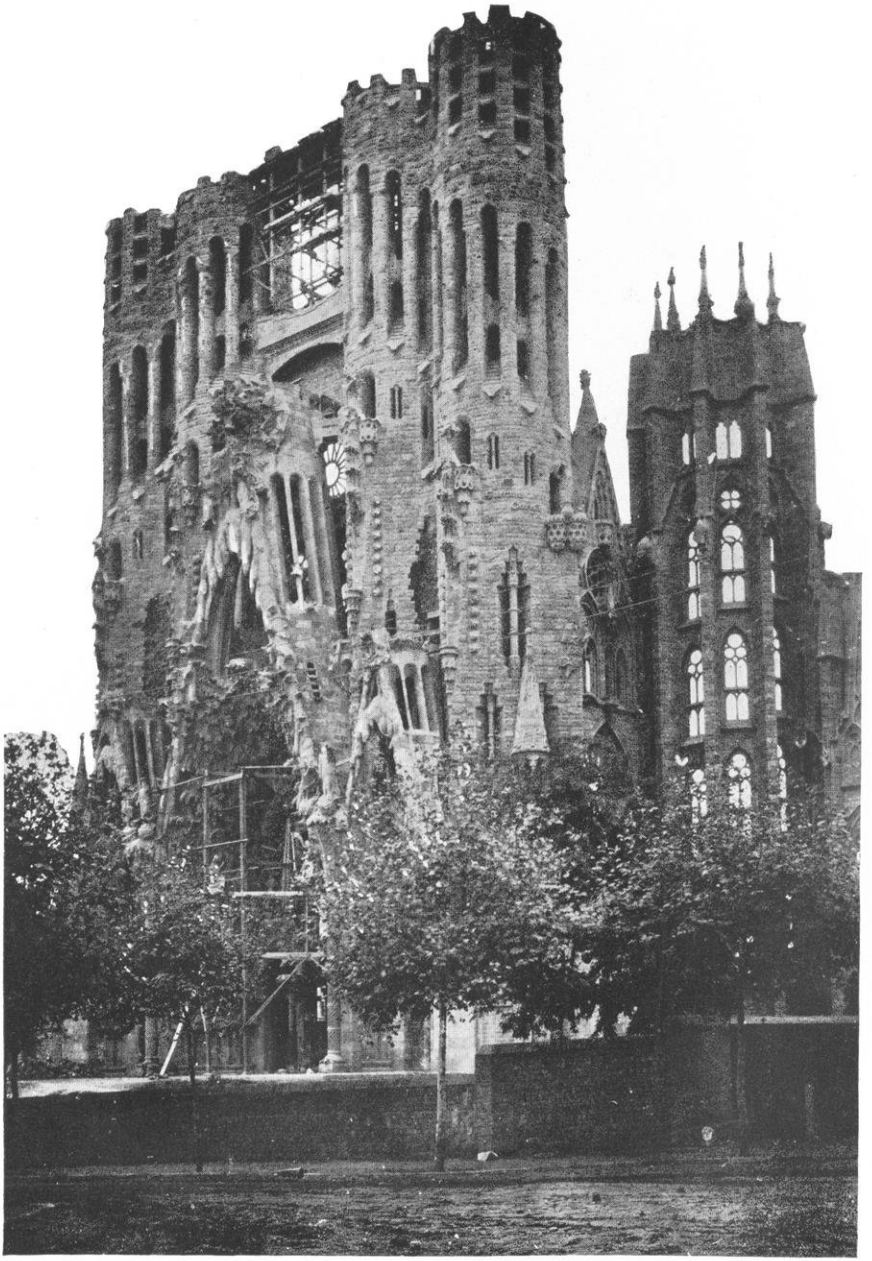
CATHEDRAL of dreams is indeed the splendid ecclesiastical structure which year by year is taking form in Barcelona. It is something of a surprise to find in a city of progress and radicalism this most inconceivably wonderful modern church structure. It is an immense building, this church of the Holy Family (the *Sagrada Familia*) and one which is building very slowly. As it takes form, from season to season, it seems as though the New Testament were slowly being visualized out of the huge masses of stone, from chaos to the development of the human race.

Everyone in Barcelona, strangers and old residents, are absorbed in the wonder of the art and poetry which is being made manifest in this new building in the new quarter of the ancient city. The streets about the Sagrada Familia are not yet even paved, and although the cathedral was started more than a decade ago, only one entrance, a lateral or secondary doorway, and one wall, have been completed. But the extraordinary beauty of this fragment of the massive structure is already enough to make the building not only the wonder of Barcelona, but of Southern Europe.

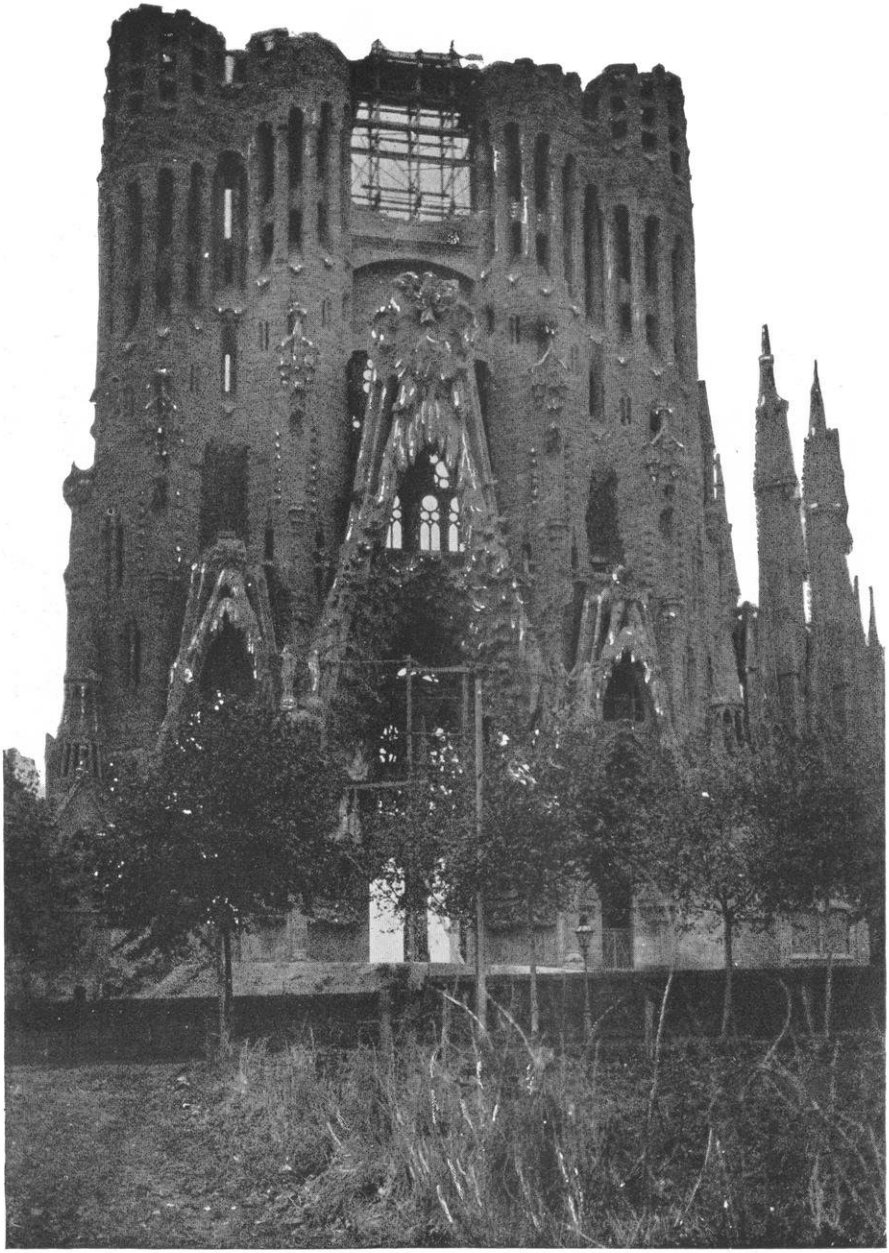
The Spanish people themselves are divided for and against the work of this new architect in ecclesiastical achievement. The older people, the Romanists, feel that the departure is too much of a novelty, an innovation, to be endured. The Spaniards of today are saying to each other, Why not new thought in new building? Why not the great picturesque interest of the Old Testament in place of the Mediæval forms expressing Mediæval devotion? Of course, those who are against the architect, Senor Gaudi, delight in thinking him mad, and those who are filled with awe at the marvel of the new building, claim him as the greatest genius of the age, the creator of a modern ecclesiastical architecture. There is at present in Barcelona a Sagrada Familia fund and it is interesting to note that even those who are opposed to his architecture still find it possible to contribute to the fund, and are more or less proud of the work of this already famous modern idealist.

It has been said the world over that no further progress in ecclesiastical architecture is possible; that the summit of it was reached in the splendid spirit of devotion and of religious enthusiasm which built the great churches of the Middle Ages, a spirit which has since wholly died out; that church building, until a new spiritual inspiration overtakes us, must be imitative and secondary. Although we have hoped and prayed for and insisted upon a new domestic architecture, at least in America, the foregoing point of view in regard to church building has been accepted as final, so that not only is Senor Gaudi's design for the building of the Sagrada Familia a marvelous expression of one artist's understanding of the beauty of the most tremendous romance of the world (the Creation), but also an astoundingly courageous answer to all argument against a new ideal of cathedral building. The great ecclesiastical structures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries find no echo in the Sagrada Familia. Senor Gaudi's is a new art, perhaps it is the great new art for which Europe has been waiting and struggling and feeling for in the last few centuries. Certainly Senor Gaudi has done as much as one creator could do in a lifetime to change the aspect of church architecture. It is hard to say if he intended to limit himself in this creative design to merely the *aspect*, for in this tremendous, yet enchanting erection, which we are just beginning to see, there are everywhere, in base and buttress and tower the great underlying truths that all architecture must present, the eternal stone upon stone, forever the lifting of tower above buttress, the reach from the earth to the heavens. And yet so completely does this modern architect's method of achievement vary from the Mediæval spirit, that it is almost as though the very conception of ecclesiastical architecture were changed. He has the gigantic proportions of the old Gothic churches, but never the gargoyles glowering down on the wretched world, never the fine spirals hopefully reaching beyond the gargoyles. All the upper part of the structure whirls in mists, the mists of chaos, out from which in the body of the building grope curious animals and bird forms, as though in bewilderment at the new life afforded them. The eye is held by beautiful seaweed and living birds, and then the human form appears with the accepted traditions, and Peter is recognized by his keys, or Catherine by the wheel on which her martyrdom was accomplished. Over the face of the four lifted turrets the most striking argument and the most definite churchly feeling is the word Sanctus which trails in and out in large letters forming a spiral band from turret to turret.

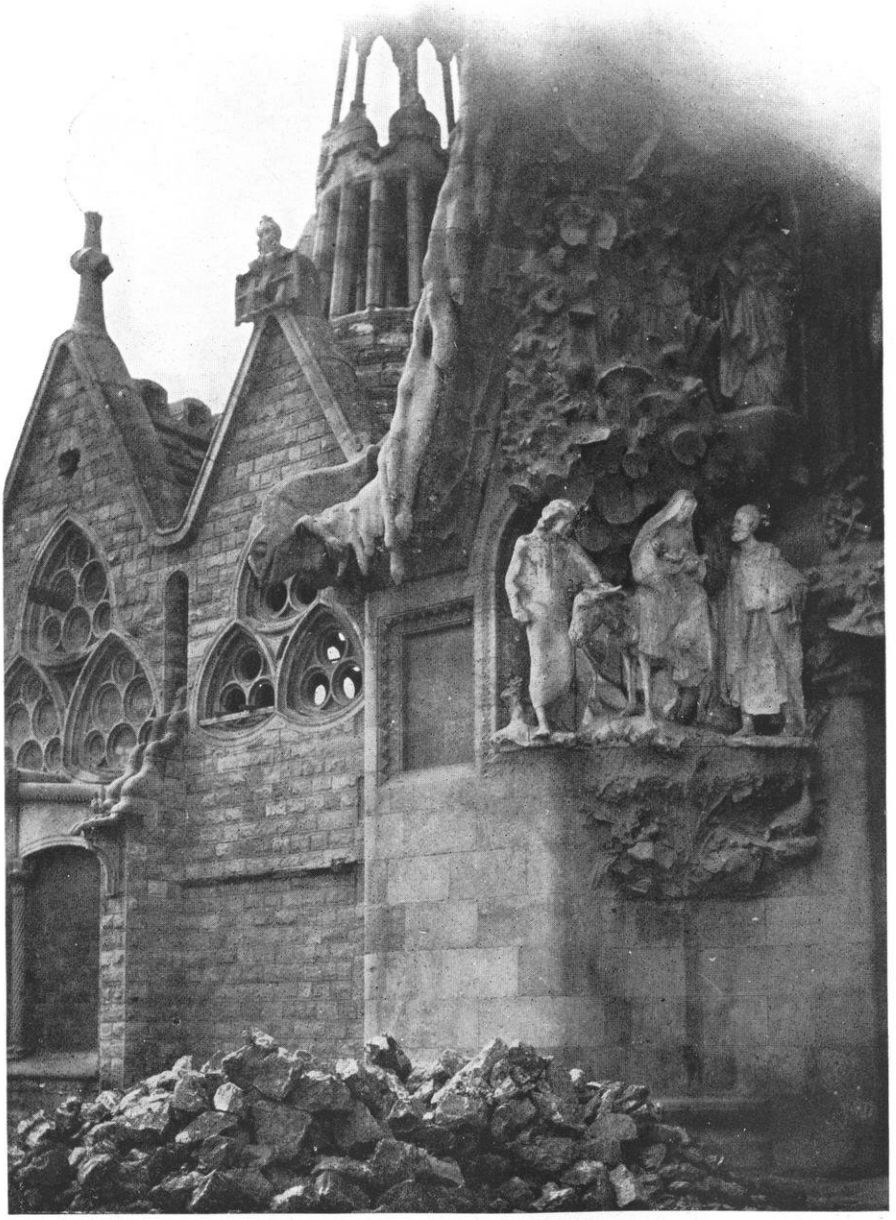
Of the more actual Bible history there is much. As the eye descends to the more completed and easily studied central portion of the cathedral, one makes out the column shaft to be again spirally



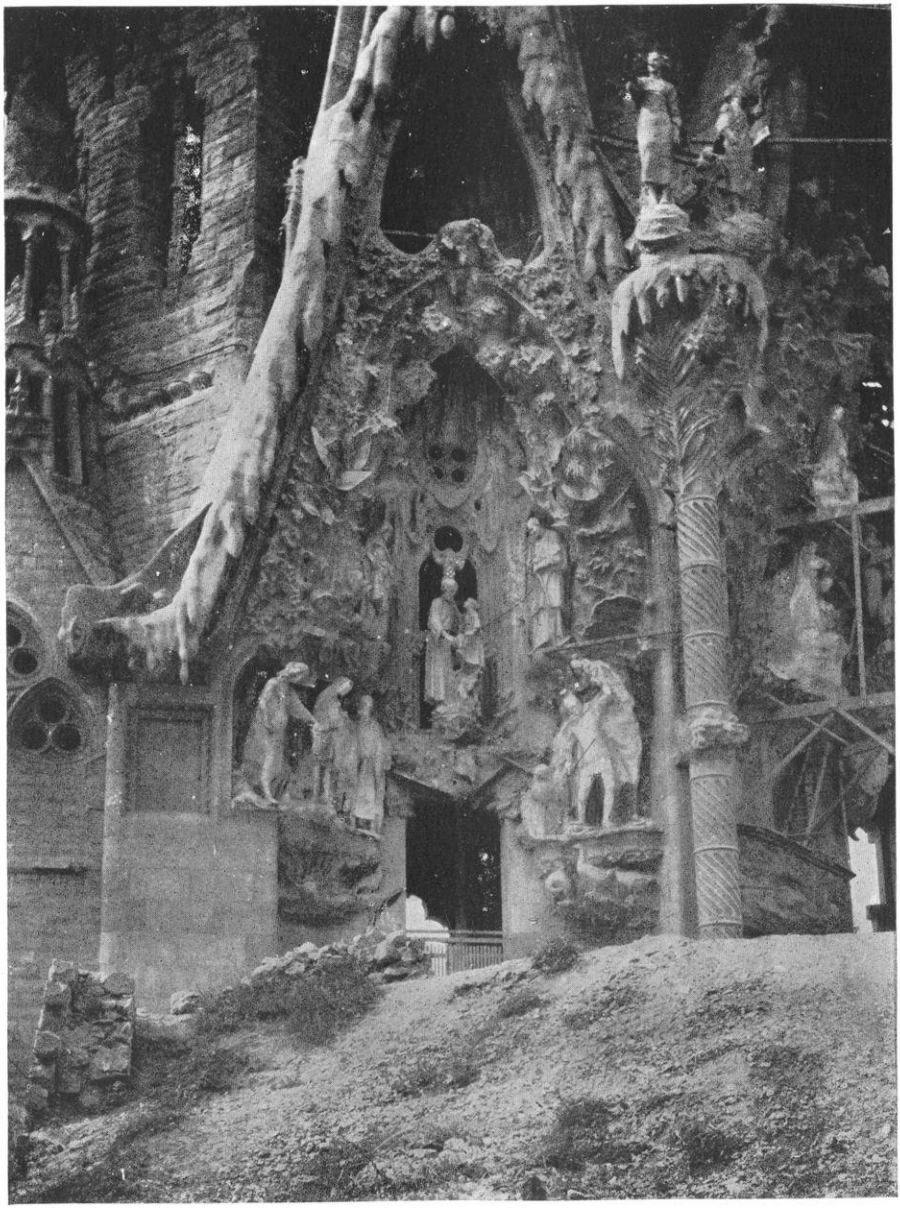
ALTHOUGH THE CATHEDRAL OF THE SAGRADA FAMILIA WAS STARTED MORE THAN A DECADE AGO, ONLY ONE ENTRANCE AND ONE WALL HAVE BEEN COMPLETED, BUT THE EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY OF THIS FRAGMENT IS SUFFICIENT TO MAKE THE BUILDING NOT ONLY THE WONDER OF BARCELONA BUT OF SOUTHERN EUROPE.



SO COMPLETELY DOES SENOR GAUDI, THE ARCHITECT, VARY IN HIS METHODS FROM THE MEDIÆVAL SPIRIT THAT IT IS ALMOST AS THOUGH THE VERY CONCEPTION OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE HAD NEW BIRTH IN HIS WORK.



THE UPPER PART OF THE STRUCTURE WHIRLS IN THE MISTS OF CHAOS, FROM WHICH IN THE BODY OF THE BUILDING GROPE OUT CURIOUS ANIMALS, BIRD FORMS AND HUMAN BEINGS.

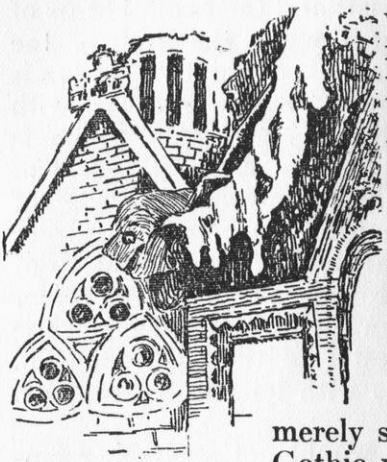


DETAIL OF DOORWAY, SHOWING THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT AND THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS, ESPECIALLY GRAPHIC FRAGMENTS OF THE WORK: THIS PHOTOGRAPH ALSO REVEALS THE NEW CONCEPTION OF BASE AND CAPITAL WITH ITS EXTRAORDINARY ORNAMENTATION.

carved, this time with the genealogy of Christ; and the capital to be of shell forms with the letters Jesus across them, while the arch of the door is made half of ox and of horse heads, half of saints. Above is an array of leaves twining around the words *Gloria in excelsis,* with fine groups of figures each side of an oddly twisted central pinnacle and silhouetted against two Gothic windows. The great reveal of this central doorway is ornamented on the left by a procession of turkeys, on the right by one of guinea-hens; then come the larger columns between the gables, showing a startlingly new conception of base and capital, for the former is a colossal tortoise peeping from under his shell, the latter gracefully spreading palm leaves. Halfway up, the shaft is interrupted by waves that crest into the word Joseph. The palm leaves support groups of angels with long iron trumpets, and standing on worlds of iron stars.

What can it all mean, one asks. But would not a Greek reëmbodied, say in the fourteenth century, and suddenly set down before Chartres or any of the great Gothic cathedrals, have asked the same thing? Could anything have been a greater shock to his ideals of classic symmetry and restrained highly conventionalized, rhythmic ornament? What the Barcelona cathedral means, according to a native whom I heard explaining it to a provincial friend, is Senor Gaudi's assertion that architecture is capable of telling a story, and he has made it tell the story of the Creation. Strange to say, it is the scientific version—the world emerging from chaos and producing successively plant and animal life. The culminating act is the birth of the Savior, so naturally scenes from His life have supplied subjects for most of the sculpture. If it was the architect's object to tell a story in stone certainly he who runs may read and read plainly. The ornament tells the story and because of the continuity of the theme, it has wonderful consistency. Unlike ancient imaginations that have whipped up monstrous forms of sphinx and centaur and mermaid into details, we have here a simple, logical growth of natural forms, admirably executed and admirably consistent—two prime requisites of good ornament. It is the sort of decoration that is very satisfying to the sculptor because it is so sculptural, but that is insufficient to the architect because it is not always structural. It even strains one's credulity at times that this church front of

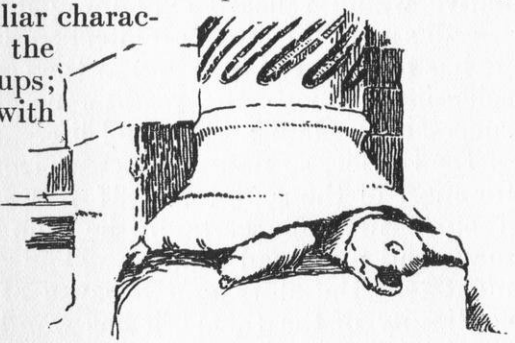
DETAIL OF "SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS" WITH PROCESSION OF BARNYARD FOWL BELOW.



DETAIL OF "MIST OF AGES" IN ENTRANCE.

waving palms and dripping icicles should really be solid masonry, and not some plastic substance.

The amount of embellishment around the three important portals, overwhelming as it is at first glance, is really no more than at Rheims, but it appears so because it is freer, and because it never repeats itself. But though really less in quantity than it appears to be, one is nevertheless staggered on reflecting what a prodigious task it must have been to detail it on paper; for in these days when workmen are merely stone cutters, and not artists as were the Gothic workmen of Rheims, every feature down to the minutest detail must be drawn either at full size on paper for them, or at quarter size for a sculptor to make a plaster model to hand over to the stone cutters. This latter was the *modus operandi* at Barcelona, for some of the groups were still only of plaster waiting to be criticized and corrected in position before being cut in stone. Owing to the peculiar character it is difficult to appreciate the monumental scale of these groups; but examining the fragments with which the ground about is littered we found a turtle and a seal waiting to be hoisted to unimportant points in the façade that measured seven feet. The detail, however, is far from being impressive for size alone. For all of it Senor Gaudi has insisted on the best talent procurable (and even in this commercial age the Catalan hand has not lost its cunning). Figures, beasts, birds are not only admirably modeled, but have decided charm. The Flight into Egypt, Christ as a Carpenter, the Slaughter of the Innocents, are splendid groups of sculpture: the little compositions of barnyard fowl each side of the doors are full of sentiment. In short, one not conversant with the exactions of modern architecture can hardly realize what a herculean task it has been to erect even this small portion of Barcelona's new cathedral, for there is nothing else in the world of modern architecture comparable to it.



TORTOISE CREEPING OUT OF SHELL, FORMING BASE OF COLUMN.

EDUCATION AS A PREVENTIVE OF DIVORCE: BY MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON

AT THIS time, when the question of legislation on divorce is being discussed not only by statesmen and clergy, but also by many of the interested laity, it seems appropriate to inquire what divorce essentially is—whether it is, in and of itself, a social disease, a cure for a social disease, or a symptomatic resultant of more grave disorders. If we decide that divorce is, in itself, the evil, then we should expect to find a maximum of morality and happiness where there is a minimum of divorce. There are a few superficial observers ready to make this claim. But those who have to look below the surface of things have become suspicious of this conclusion and have been forced to believe that there is probably as much marital unhappiness without divorce as with it, and as flagrant violations of the moral law. But without divorce such unhappiness and such violations are more discreetly veiled than is possible when relief may be sought in court.

On the other hand, most right-thinking people will agree with the clergy that divorce is a very questionable cure for the evils from which we suffer, at best the clumsiest sort of social surgery, frequently causing as much harm as good by poisoning the blood of the social body.

Let us, therefore, for the purposes of this article, accept the hypothesis that divorce is really a result of diseased conditions and a warning that preventive medicine is needed. Let us admit that the real evil lies deeper than we have hitherto realized, in our lack of educative preparation for domestic relations, and in our conventional thought (or lack of thought) about the duties, responsibilities and privileges of married life. We have not remembered soon enough that what young men and women, or even girls and boys, think about marriage before they marry is an important determinant of their subsequent way of living.

Let us admit that the real cure does not lie altogether, or even chiefly in the hands of legislators, much as we do need uniform legislation in this country, but rather in the hands of all those who have any part in the education of the public mind and conscience. Legislation can make marriage more difficult, thereby increasing illegitimate relationships already too numerous, or it can prohibit or restrict divorce with a limited and negative result in the favor of righteousness, but *right education can make the informed mind and the poised character which are necessary to the solution of great problems individual and national.*

And this brings to us a momentous choice. Either we must

abandon the great monogamic ideal which centuries of painful evolution have brought us, and set up for posterity a lower and easier ideal, thus taking a step backward for the whole race, or else we must prepare men and women to live in harmony with this ideal. Otherwise we shall always have divorce.

Roughly stated, the monogamic ideal is the free choice of one woman by one man and one man by one woman as mates for life. It is an ideal that demands more in the way of constancy and self-control than any which preceded it, and yet, perhaps just because of this fact, and also because of the security it affords the child, we have firm faith in it, and there are few who would be willing to give it up. We are inclined to agree that the race has, at last, made a good general plan for the marriage relation, and that our difficulties (as is also the case with the ideal of democracy) are practical rather than theoretical. We are all individuals sharply differentiated one from another, and it has become a matter of vital importance to us to marry the right mates on the right terms, and to be loyal to them when chosen. After ages of rigid discipline we have developed a sense of responsibility toward our neighbors, a realization that our marriages are important not only as touching our own temporary happiness and consequent usefulness, but also as they affect the lives of others. Therefore we have the monogamic ideal. But we have not been able to cut away the aftermath of the old systems of marriage, and with hardy courage to prepare ourselves for the attainment of the new ideal. Therefore we have with us divorce, which good clergymen abhor, good statesmen deprecate, and good people everywhere wish to avoid.

After centuries of shameful mythology which denounced motherhood as the "curse of Eve" we have come at last to declare the truth, even with lavish sentiment, that the functions of maternity are the noblest and most altruistic functions of physical life, and that spiritual motherhood is the greatest asset of civilization. But we are still childishly ashamed of the sex that goes before maternity and makes it possible. In these days of acute respect for scientific law we are apologetic for the reverent bi-sexual evolution whose highest triumph we are, and while, in our hearts, we thank God for making mothers, with our lips, or by silence, we chide Him for having made men and women diverse. Nor does the recognition of the altruistic power of spiritual motherhood lead us to trust in it, and to make it fully effective by turning its force into the channels of public as well as private life.

Our young people do not clamorously demand a knowledge of Greek, Latin, or higher mathematics, but these things we are care-

ful to offer them. They do, universally, demand a working knowledge of life and love, but this we prudishly deny. Yet we have only to read the "advice to the love-lorn" column of a metropolitan daily to perceive a genuine anxiety about the wise choice of mates, and a thwarted idealism, which, if trained and encouraged, would blossom into the health and glory of the nation.

Of course, we are properly shocked when boys and girls of good stock and fair promise "go wrong," but we seem quite willing to leave them unaided by knowledge, to wrestle vainly for control with the mightiest and most superb of biological forces.

With naïve sagacity we advise boys and girls to marry "good" boys and girls, and think that in so doing we have done enough. But where is the definite standard by which they shall recognize "goodness," when they are turned loose in a world that will deceive them if it can, and just what degree of goodness can they demand and find?

We have begun to develop our girls along individual lines, as we develop our boys, but we still expect them to be contented with a submissive life of marital dependence, in which the will of the husband assumes all dignified responsibility and control, and all liberty for achievement. If there is something of value in each human ego, feminine as well as masculine, then is it not as valuable after marriage as before, and should we not either be consistently Chinese in a refusal to develop feminine individuality at all, or else adjust ourselves as speedily as possible to a plan of life that will give women greater scope for achievement? And should we not foster conventions flexible enough so that a woman is not forced to adopt either cooking or calling as the chief duty of life according to the weight of her husband's purse?

These are but a few of our inconsistencies—enough perhaps to hint at the causes that destroy homes through ill-considered and unsuitable marriages and ill-adjusted life plans. Oh, that our humanity were not afraid to be richly and fully human in its every manifestation!

WHERE there is no love—let it be many times repeated—there is no home, even though both persons with uncompromising firmness, resolve to stand by a bad bargain "for the children's sake." This requires a very substantial heroism on the part of parents and is productive of good, for, in many cases, it secures to the child a protection which would otherwise be lacking. But it is not health, it is not happiness, it is not idealism. That divorce may cease to exist there must be right marriages, and that there

may be right marriages there must be love and educative preparation for the passions as well as the labors of life.

To this end we must teach the right things about sex before the wrong things are learned, and we must be ready to do away with all notions of marriage and love that do not coördinate with the great ideal we have in view, and are, therefore, a corrupting force in our life. The first part of this twofold task is difficult, but the second part is herculean.

It is not within the scope of this article to outline any scheme of sex education. Many of the best minds of today, here and abroad, are giving their attention to this matter, and something has already been wrought out for us in the way of awakened public interest and a braver and more direct approach to the questions involved. Suffice it to say here that sex education must no longer be sentimental, superficial, insubstantial and illogical, but definite, scientific, ethical, firmly established on cause and effect, and closely linked with the religious awakening of adolescence, so that its principles will not evaporate at the first encounter with actualities, but will stand fast in the reason, strengthened by the desire of the heart.

But we can do more than teach accurately the anatomy, physiology and ethical hygiene of sex. We can give young people, and especially girls, some knowledge of the why and wherefore of the right social customs. In homes of sincerity and refinement this is frequently done—but not always. And right here, I believe that some sweet-hearted woman of the "old school" will gently remonstrate "Innocence is very sweet!" Yes, verily, dear lady, but it belongs to the time when your boys and girls are always under your eye. When you cease to be with them hourly as protector they should be fit to protect themselves. Innocence belongs to childhood and to an age or conditions that does not make it necessary for young men and women to face the industrial struggle together and to choose their own mates and solve their own problems. There is nothing more pathetic than the young girl alone in a city boarding-house, committingly, unwittingly as God knows, and men do not know, little indiscretions which cause ill-natured gossip and bring hot tears of humiliation that are all quite unnecessary and only exist because the dear mother in her quiet home does not realize the danger and has not fitted her girl to face it.

Those who are eager to begin the reconstruction could not do better than read Olive Schreiner's solemnly beautiful and prophetic book, "Woman and Labor." To read that book is to declare war on every morbid and unhealthy prejudice which prevents women from taking their rightful place in the world, and marriage from be-

coming the glorious thing it ought to be. Let us now tear down a few old idols from their places that we may set new gods in their shrines.

One of the most persistent and hideous of the old prejudices is the idea that, willy nilly, with or without the right opportunity, every girl should marry. This idea is made the more absurd by our absolute knowledge that not all girls can marry. Once upon a time marriage was very nearly essential to women for their own safety, and quite essential to the women of a race of fighting men in order that the ranks be kept full and strong by the birth of many lads to take the places of those slain in battle. Under such a régime there was no place for the spinster. But our civilization is not a civilization of war, but of industry, and an individual's value to society does not lie simply and solely in parenthood, important as that may be. As it is no longer necessary for all men to be warriors, so it is no longer necessary for all women to be wives and mothers in order that the race may advance. This old, androcentric civilization that bred men chiefly for war, and, inversely, provoked war whenever men became too numerous, is passing away forever and giving place to a civilization at once more human and humane.

NO ONE wishes to dispute the fact that the woman who has a happy home, a loving and lovable husband and sweet little children is, indeed, blessed, and is living in obedience to the high behest of Nature and of God. But it is time to maintain, for the good of all, that the woman who enters into the bonds of matrimony for a home, or because it is considered the thing to do, without being sure of the love that would illumine the way, not only degrades herself, but paves the way to the divorce court by her insincerity. And it is time to show honest respect for the girl who is brave enough to go through life alone rather than become a counterfeit, giving to her husband an unsatisfactory and insincere relationship, and to her children a home life unsound at the core. And it should redound to the credit of President Taft that he has seen this truth better than most men of our time, and that he is decidedly on the side of good morals when he says, "I wish that every girl in the world were so situated that she would not think it necessary for her to marry unless she really wanted to."

In the interests of honest living it is time to set before girls another ideal, the ideal of service, which bids them marry and make all legitimate sacrifices with the right love for the right man, but, failing this, bids them give themselves over to such labors and pursuits as will make their lives strong, hearty, productive and happy, and will

enable them to contribute to our civilization in ways for which the married woman has little opportunity.

And why not do away, also, with that decaying relic of barbarism, the notion that woman was divinely created for the pleasure of man? In a certain high sense it is true, just as the converse is true, that man was created for the happiness of woman, each for the other. But in its generally accepted sense it is utterly false. It is not the chief duty of young women to attract or "lure" young men at all costs, or the duty of the married woman to gratify every whim of her husband without regard to reason, justice or common sense.

It is this idea, as much as any other, that makes the "trail of the serpent" apparent in the city streets today. It is this idea that is responsible for the oversexing of girls, the pernicious something which leads them to adopt, with great loss of dignity and value, a too coquettish dress and a too pliant manner—even a few of man's milder vices—in order to gain attention. It is this idea which prevents men and women from appealing to the best in each other, from rousing and stimulating the finer sex attributes, and which holds women back from the attainment of the genuine blessings, human privileges and real virtues which are men's!

In the days of new civic righteousness that are to come, we shall pay a lesser tribute, I think, to the coquettish, decorated, supersexed "eternal feminine;" for a woman may be as feminine as the pronoun "she" without any real grandeur of mind and heart. And we shall offer deeper homage, I believe, to the normal, natural, simple and serene "eternal womanly," for womanly no woman can be without strength, patience, fortitude, self-reliance and love. In those days the woman a man honors with an offer of marriage is less likely to be a flippant young miss who will bore him to distraction at the end of the first year, when he has had time to estimate her weakness and shallowness, and when the glamour has faded from the pitiful little tricks that won him.

We must accustom ourselves to another new idea—that as marriage is no longer a duty for all women, so it is no longer a trade or profession, requiring all the time and labor of all married women. Some confusion has arisen on this point because certain labors have been associated with marriage in the popular mind. But these labors may in the near future come to be considered as trades in themselves, not inseparably connected with marriage, and the wives of the days to come may be found performing diverse tasks. For we know that in our own times a woman may be the best of good wives and good mothers but with small knowledge of spinning, weaving, basket-making, pottery-making, agriculture or even baking, although all of these trades

used to be inseparably connected with the lives of married women. And tomorrow, owing to changed conditions, the woman doctor or lawyer may seem to be as desirable a mate as the cook or seamstress today. So much is possible!

AND here we come to the most potent of all causes of divorce—the conventionally enforced idleness of many married women—parasitism Mrs. Schreiner calls it—and the overwork of many of our men. As Mrs. Schreiner lucidly demonstrates a large part of the good, old-fashioned household labor of women has been taken from them, or at least from their direct control in the home, by the invention of machinery and the use of it by men. And women have not been able to balance this loss by assuming rapidly enough their share in the new intellectual fields of labor. Instead they have become, in ever-increasing numbers, dependent upon men for support without the old tasks that justified, to a certain extent, the old economic position of women, or at least made it consistent with self-respect. And it is one of the gravest evils of our times that, in order to satisfy certain pernicious conventions and support one or more healthy and capable women in comparative idleness, many of our finest men are compelled to hurry through life with no opportunity for culture and the sane, slow ripening of masculine character, with no time for altruistic service of the town, the commonwealth or the nation, and with no leisure for happy companionship with those women for whom he gives up so much.

The rush of our present life comes to bear most heavily on our most chivalrous. It wears them out physically and mentally and discourages them spiritually before they are fifty years of age. It gives them only time enough to nourish a vague doubt of the womanhood that is content to fatten on their toil, instead of laboring staunchly with them as healthy womanhood should do. They find their usefulness limited, their powers exhausted and wonder why. And then, sometimes in utter weariness they throw off the yoke and try to begin again. But the women are not always wholly to blame for this condition. Sometimes with a perfectly unreasoning "I can support a wife" pride, a man will insist that a woman should give up once and forever the only work in which she takes any interest, and leaves her a choice between idleness and housework in his home (which always, with or without fitness, a man will permit a woman to do)! But if a woman should say to her husband before, or soon after marriage, "John, it does not please me that you should be a lawyer—you must become a stock broker," or "James, when you marry me you must give up the art that you love and become a car-

penter," would we not be quick to decry her injustice ? Yet there are men who still say to their wives, "The work you love you must give up. You may do the work I provide or none at all."

Of course, motherhood brings to women certain temporary limitations, but the thing we do not recognize is that these limitations are temporary. And, if, in all the ages past, women were able to combine with motherhood the most arduous physical labors, it seems probable that, in the present and the future when the demands of maternity are less rigorous, women should be able, with gain to the race, to enter the new fields of labor and accomplish laudable results.

Suppose a woman has been denied her own labor for conventional reasons and given the choice between housework and idleness. Suppose her children are out of her arms and at school and that a large part of her time is her own. Suppose that her husband's income is just large enough to admit of keeping a servant, provided they do not try to save. She does not like housework and keeps the servant, salving her conscience with the thought that "when John gets a raise" they can begin to save. Then she becomes a card fiend or a culture fiend—it does not much matter which, and for lack of good wholesome labor, employs a caddy to help her keep thin. Her husband is forced to become a work fiend, a drudge, a mere provider, and can no longer play the rôle of romantic lover. He is too sleepy in the evening to attempt to keep abreast of her interests, and his accounts of his work probably do not interest her, since she is not a worker herself. Comradeship dies, and trouble begins right here.

Surely there is no greater safeguard for man and woman than the work in which mind and body can delight. Surely there is no more arbitrary convention than that which permits a man to dictate to his wife in her choice of labor. Surely it is time to give girls vocational training and permit wherever it is possible and right, the exercise of individual powers by married as well as by single women, and to say, with Mrs. Schreiner, "We claim all labor for our province."

NOR is there any greater foe of divorce than the full, reverential and human companionship of the man and woman who are husband and wife. For both it is cultural and valuable beyond the power of words to tell. But it is only possible between equals, and, say what he will to the contrary, no man of good sense can respect as an equal the woman whose days are so many efforts to kill time.

And, if the marriages of tomorrow are really to be happier than the marriages of today, girls must demand this status of full equality with the men they marry, not an *equality of privileges only*, but

an equality in responsibilities, duties and powers, which, nevertheless recognizes that they are not identical.

The young wife must be strengthened in her vague belief that, although married, she is still a person and should be the director of her own physical, mental and spiritual activities, and responsible for them. For, when a woman, through force of misfit circumstances, becomes subservient in any great degree to the man with whom she lives, she loses, quite naturally, her sense of conscience and responsibility in matters over which she has little or no control. The old social custom which gave husbands absolute power in the control of wives had, at least, consistency to recommend it, since it also made them responsible for their wives' behavior. Today the etiquette of life and the law of the land hold that women are morally responsible creatures, but the exigencies of life place them at a great disadvantage in matters of self-control.

When such a woman becomes restless and unhappy in her own home, she is shorn of all power to help herself because her thought and her desires have no value there, and she must go out of her home, into court, for redress, cherishing the sullen feeling that she "couldn't help it" and was not "to blame!"

And, if it is true that girls should demand less of men in the way of unearned leisure and luxury, and more in the way of liberty to control their own lives, it is also of primary importance that they should demand more of men in the way of temperance, soberness and chastity, and that they vehemently refuse the double standard of morals and stand firmly for the pure man as a father of tomorrow's citizens.

Let the boys and girls, then, face marriage with their eyes open, knowing that the decision about marriage is the most important an individual is called upon to make. Let them be trained from childhood in the laws of sex and right living, so that they fully understand the duties and privileges of life's greatest relationship. Let both be self-reliant economically, and offer them as many legitimate forms of amusement as possible, so that, by studying together, working together, and playing together they come to understand each other and do not make choice by force of proximity or moonlit perfervid error. Then, having met and loved, let them, before they marry, make their fundamental life plans, assign to each other the places they wish to hold, agree as to their economic relations and respective duties, and so, with the domestic altar firmly built upon a rock foundation, marry and fulfil their destinies.

Until these things have come to pass there can be no adequate cure for the "divorce evil." When they have come to pass there will be no "divorce evil" left to cure.

MARTHA ANN JACKSON: A STORY: BY GERTRUDE RUSSELL LEWIS

WO sisters married: one went to town to live and had a hired man to work for her and one went to a farm and worked for the hired men. And they each had sons and a daughter. As time passed the town establishment grew more and more elaborate and Auntie's cares so heavy that she sent out to the farm for Martha Ann Jackson, and Martha Ann came in and saw Auntie through the training of a new cook or whatever it might be. Then Rosalie went to college and Auntie must not be alone, and Rosalie went abroad and decided to stay and study, and of course Martha Ann went in to be with Auntie, and after a time Rosalie married and then surely Auntie could not be left with that great house on her hands; and later Rosalie came home with the babies and her social duties so engaged her that Martha Ann was more than ever needed with the children. And so her home came to be with Auntie and when Rosalie had an evening dress Martha Ann had a pretty organdie, which equalized the situation.

But in the course of events, well into the course of events, for Martha Ann was growing toward thirty, Martha Ann became fond of a good, quiet doctor in the nearest town. No one knew how they could have met, and in a tentative way, depending, of course, upon Auntie, they became engaged.

Now Auntie, from lack of other interests and no cares had taken up invalidism as a profession, and the prospect of losing Martha Ann was not to be contemplated. Whereupon Martha Ann promised not to leave her. And so fourteen years passed and Martha Ann became heavy and a little gray and the good doctor in the next town became gray and a bit heavy, and at last Auntie became really ill and died. And before she died she said: "Martha Ann, promise me you will not leave Rosalie for a year." Martha Ann promised and Auntie died, leaving Martha Ann her smallest diamond ring.

And ten months went by and one day the good gray doctor who had not had a comfortable bed or a well-ordered dinner in all his faithful, tired, hourless professional life, dropped by the weary way. Martha Ann placed Rosalie's baby gently by and answered the telephone. The voice said: "Is this you, Martha Ann? I wondered if anyone thought to tell you that Doctor Waite died this morning."

So then Martha Ann was free to go home to her worn-out mother who hardly knew that she had a daughter. And when later one said: "What a comfort it must be to Mrs. Jackson to have Martha Ann at home again," they answered: "Didn't you know about poor Martha Ann? She has paresis and hasn't known her mother for two years."

WHEN GOD IS FOUND

THERE are those who say that our age and our race have lost God. If that be true, what will result when we have found Him again, and how shall we find Him?

When God is found again the hills and plains will be sacred in the beauty He gave them, and no advertisement of cigars, or soap, or whiskey, or patent medicine will be deemed holy enough, or lovely enough, or necessary enough to adorn the countryside through which our trains must pass.

When God is found again there will still be crude harsh labors for us, forceful, dangerous and ugly tasks—otherwise there would be small chance of heroism—but the bodies and souls of our kind will not perish in the fires of our factories, and the smoke ascending from their chimneys will not be symbolic of a human holocaust. For the laborers will be allowed to labor sanely and will be rightly rewarded.

When God is found again society will have learned the law of cause and effect, and will no longer manufacture crime and then lift up hands of vengeance against the criminal. Society will rather seek the redemption of those born in filth and nurtured in squalor and sin, and will provide for future births in virtue and health.

When God is found again nations will no longer murder each other nor will they arm themselves for the preservation of selfishness, but will purge themselves of individual lusts, and blot out their boundaries by love so that all citizens may be citizens of the world, protected under any flag. And in those days there will be but one army and one navy, equipped for the restraint of evil and the furtherance of justice, and the taxes of the people will be small, and every man will be a prince of peace and every woman a staunch soldier of the God Who is found.

When God is found the white slave will be delivered from bondage, for her destroyer will become her brother, and the world will be a world of wives as well as husbands, of mothers as well as fathers, a world of women and men, with equal rights and opportunities.

When God is found there will be a great blossoming of genius, a florescence of pictures and poems and songs and symphonies and inventions, and many gardens will be planted upon the face of the earth. The dogmas and cults will be few, but prayers and praises many.

But God will not be found until we go out to seek him, a vast human throng with a divine purpose, with our hands held in other hands, or with our arms about one another's shoulders, close-knit comrades, with eyes seeking one vision, and lips and hearts singing in unison the pæan "Together!"

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

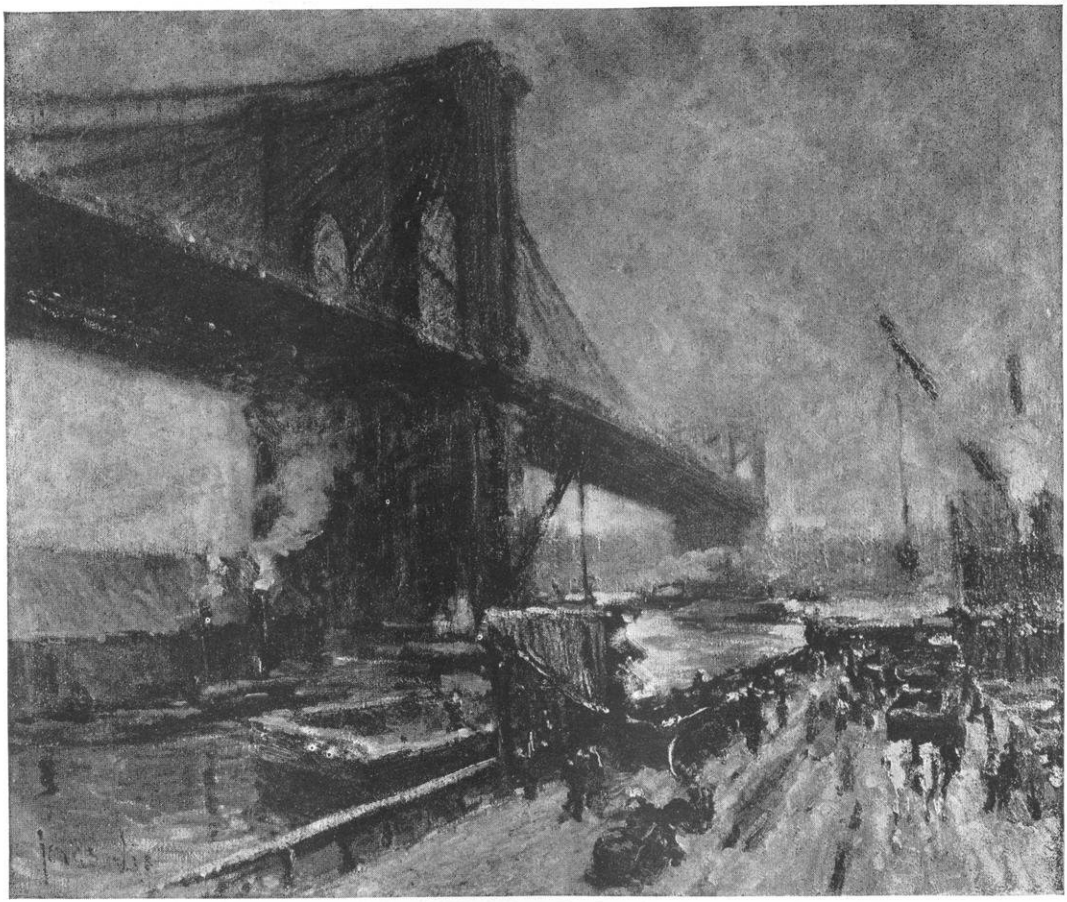
THE REAL VALUE OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

ERHAPS the highest benefit to be derived from the National Academy, as it exists today, a formal institution, is its power and amiable willingness to furnish contrast in art ideals. The fact that its time-honored system renders it possible to hang side by side the work of artists interesting solely as historical items of American art with that of a "revolutionist" so vigorous that he forces his way past the most sincerely conventional jury; the fact that the strongest work of the man who has arrived with all the slow certainty of genius may touch elbow with the fresh temporary success of eccentric youth; the fact that a gorgeous Russian canvas may hold the place of honor with the most tenderly human Sargent portrait lost in the shadow of a symbolic Blashfield; that Glackens is on the line flanked closely with ancient chromo landscapes, that the most vital art critic of the day praises George Bellows' beautiful blue and gray canvas, in spite of its faults, and condemns Kenyon Cox's "Christmas card" in spite of its virtues, all furnish contrast in art conditions and tend to develop the critical judgment of those who have the temerity to accept our native art as something besides a state of mind or a remote possibility.

The Academy this year, happily for the ideal opportunity of contrast, is typical, lacking not one element of dignity, strength, absurdity, weakness, that must always characterize an institution combining a loyalty to original high purpose and the stiff senility of exhausted years. Whatever institution opens its doors for fresh young life must realize in return strength and flexibility, which in a measure can well balance its greatest weakness, namely, the sure hardening into conventionality of the men who fearlessly inaugurated it in years gone by to express their own revolutionary tendencies. Life is a terrible satirist and knows full well that the one menace to the anarchist is success, for the satisfied do not want change, and the successful revolutionist eventually becomes the satisfied pillar of society.

Of course, the sum total of an exhibition, which permits one canvas on the wall to every academician *who will claim it*, must inevitably lack freshness. For the man who has the courage to paint with vigor and insight and enthusiasm would want the excitement of convincing the Jury. It is the man who is sunk deep in the channel of self-satisfaction who uses his privilege to get on the wall. And those mechanical ghosts of the old spirit that brought together the first group of academicians and held them to success are a pathetic reminder of the power of age to touch art as well as muscle, to stiffen

MISS MARJORIE CURTIS, FROM A
PAINTING BY BEN ALI HAGGIN



"THE BRIDGE—WINTER AFTERNOON"
FROM A PAINTING BY JONAS LIE.

"JOY OF THE MORNING," FROM
A PAINTING BY H. M. WALCOTT.

MARY SHEPARD, FROM A PAINTING BY M. JEAN MCLANE.

courage as well as joints, to weaken spiritual insight as well as physical eyesight. And yet after all, as we said at the beginning, it is this very power of the exempt card to force the tottering toneless canvas to the line, that brings it cheek by jowl with Glackens and Bellows and Jerome Myers, that gives us the very opportunity we are seeking in modern art conditions, the finding of those contrasts which are productive of standards. For nothing is more difficult than to achieve an ideal without the opportunity to test it against its final opposite. As Mr. Huneker has already so tellingly suggested, it would be hard to really see the force and strength of Bellows' Manet-like portrait without the sentimentality and weakness and egotism of Kenyon Cox's colossal chromo which flanks it. And what more enlightened opportunity for the realization of variation could be afforded than the savage splendid heterogeneous canvas of Nicholas Fechin which has the place of honor in the Vanderbilt Gallery and the ultra-modern, distinguished æsthetic portrait of William Chase, which hangs near it at the right,—one of the most beautifully painted Chases ever exhibited at the Academy. The composition of this portrait is a little confused, the figure a little definite, yet there is a handling of textures and materials, a placing of colors, a fine suggestion of physical allurement that is more perfect than the most perfect of any former Chase; a distinctive style, too, which stands out from Fechin's barbaric mastery of form and color all the more convincingly because of contrast. It would be hard to realize how essentially modern and American Chase is without Fechin close at the left, and still harder to realize how wholly savage and remote from what we call civilization, yet how magnificent in its presentation of native traditions the best of Russian art is, without seeing Fechin in the Vanderbilt Gallery, with Chase near and the exquisite idealism of Alexander a few steps beyond, and the elaborate symbolism of Blashfield controlling one end of the great room.

NO OTHER single exhibition that I have ever seen in America more completely demonstrates the changing phases of our art at the present moment than the present Academy exhibition. Ten years ago no such opportunity would have been afforded by the work presented. The exhibition would have been too wholly academic, too much in the hands of the "old masters." Even five years ago a Glackens or a Shinn would have been so hopelessly skied that the artists themselves could have toured the gallery without the faintest realization that they had been accepted by the Jury. The days of pure formalism at the Academy apparently are past, just as the early days of wonderful adventure and romance of the

beginning of the Academy are but a memory. In the exhibition today there are exponents of practically every school, not only of America but even of Paris and of Spain, revealed at intervals and separated by the quiet placidity of the old Hudson River school. Grouped about the new are the ultra-formal, hardly more definitely conspicuous than a frame to the "revolutionists' " effort. Even when the old-time picture sings loud and is centered, it becomes in spite of all pretense and proportion a gentle background from which Ben Ali Haggin's wonderful lady with the swan, Luis Mora's imaginative "Blue Veil, Grand Cañon," Jonas Lie's sparkling, valiant painting of "Children Bathing," May Wilson Preston's vital convincing portrait of E. Lawson, Jean McLane's quaint, humorous vivid portrait of little Mary Shepard, and Paul Dougherty's stirring "A Freshening Gale" must forever stand out as significant centers of interest. It is quite extraordinary how the fresh new things, such figure painting as Lilian Genth's "Promenade," such composition as M. Petersen's "People's Park, Jersey City," such tenderness as Lathrop's "Twilight," such youth as Dufner's "Portrait of Miss R.," does not somehow touch to life the large regiment of old academicians. How can they see striding ahead such a vanguard of freshness and strength and courage without throwing forever aside the red badge of inefficiency, without taking heart, without feeling life in their veins, without discarding the old standards, without falling into line with the new? When we say the old academicians, of course, we mean those who do avail themselves of the Academy's privileges, and not those who in spite of all temptation resolutely send in their pictures to the Jury.

Contrast, for instance, Alice Schille's "The Promenade at Night," with its Whistler-like quality of receding mysterious blue-blackness, with its delicately painted people on the beach, with its tender human reality, and then notice nearby, a few figures away, Louise Cox's "Goldielocks," hard, unreal, unchildlike, unconvincing, and you see opposed purpose and influence. Again, note Jerome Myers' "An East River Dip," with the children piling in and out of the cool water, alive, joyous, ragged, and take one fleeting glimpse at F. S. Church's "Saint Cecilia," just one, and the power of contrast is forever established. Where could such a canvas as the latter ever be hung except on the line at the Academy? And so, one by one, we find ourselves acquiring standards, not because the new work—the courageous work—is all so fine, but because, uninspired dull old work is so very bad in comparison, and we see what American art has accomplished in the past decade, and especially what has been done at the Academy since the doors of its Jury have been set ajar.

SCULPTURE in America, and here there is less contrast because the art of sculpture is practically entirely new in this country, seems to be somewhat at a standstill. Here and there is strength, but not more than one felt five or six years ago; here and there is beauty, but it is not more vigorous and human than it was five or six years ago. Edith Burroughs exhibits a portrait-bust of the late John Bigelow, strong, valiant, intelligent, as was the life of this famous, happy old American, but it has no greater strength or breadth or beauty than Mrs. Burroughs' bust of John La Farge, which THE CRAFTSMAN published at the time of Mr. La Farge's death. Anna Hyatt is doing just as interesting animal work as she did when we first heard her name, and rejoiced to hear it. Mahonri Young, from the West, receives a prize for his figure of "Labor," but it is the old sad attitude toward labor which Mahonri Young is presenting, not the new ideal that rejoices in work and makes progress through it. Roland Perry has a striking bust of Wilhelm Funk. Like all Mr. Perry's portrait work, it is delightful and individual. It is keen and strong, but what we are really looking for at every sculptors' exhibition is something imaginative, something that was suggested in Mr. Perry's early work over in Paris, that made George Grey Barnard and French and Borglum all turn to him as one phase of the hope of the art of a young nation.

But to return to the Academy walls, one seeks again and again Charlotte Coman's beautiful painting of hills and clouds; what sunlight pours over the friendly little house, nestling in the shadowy meadows, a delightful study, tenderly painted, a thing to remember and to rejoice in. Probably nothing more striking, even in the Vanderbilt Gallery, is shown than Ben Ali Haggin's "Miss Marjorie Curtis," which we reproduce in this number. The composition is as subtly graceful, as exquisite in its harmony as some of the wonderful old Chinese paintings. The light and dark is beautifully balanced, with the light centering in the face, each shadow seeming to have its definite purpose, and the beauty of the flying swan somehow suggesting the beauty of the seated figure.

EVERY DAY: BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

RS. TUTWELL had taken particular pains with the coffee, but her husband was obviously not pleased with it. He held the spoon back against the edge of his cup with his thumb that it might not interfere with his drinking, took a long, noisy swallow, and set the cup down with a clatter.

"I don't understand," he complained, "why you can't make better coffee. This stuff isn't fit to drink."

"I put in four spoonfuls," protested his wife, "an' the cream was so thick it fairly hung to the pitcher."

Tutwell said nothing and bolted his sausage with one eye on the clock. He had to watch the clock carefully. He was bookkeeper in a large canning factory at a salary of forty-five dollars a month. There were a good many bookkeepers in the same office, and none of them was a very skilful clerk. They had to be about good enough to hold their jobs and that was all. But they had to be that good, and being late was no way to keep the job. So Henry Tutwell regulated the eating of his breakfast carefully, allowing himself exactly so many minutes to catch the trolley at the corner.

His wife watched him anxiously. She ate nothing herself. Her breakfast, consisting of hasty mouthfuls snatched while she was "doing" the dishes, would come after Henry had gone. She leaned her sharp, red elbows on the table, and watched him, supporting her thin chin on her water-reddened hands. He appeared unconscious of her existence, intent only on the food before him. But wise, from ten years of watching him across a rather mussy breakfast table, his wife prided herself that she was able to gauge the state of his mind from very small things. She decided now that it was safe to make the suggestion which was in her mind.

"Henry," she began diffidently, fingering the red tablecloth—then, plunging forward she finished the rest of the sentence, rapidly, seeming to fear that she would change her mind or lose her courage, "don't you think we could save a little money if I put up your lunches instead of your having to buying them at restaurants?"

As she spoke his name, Tutwell had paused, a large piece of sausage impaled on his fork and raised halfway to his lips. He kept it there during her question, and then lowered it to his plate in impressive silence. The expression on his face convinced her that she had mistaken his mood.

"Now I like that," he commenced, sarcastically, "I like that a whole lot! Do you think I hanker after the stuff you cook so much that I want to eat it cold at noon? Save money! If I didn't have

them full meals at noon I wouldn't be able to earn the money that supports you. Me carry a dinner-pail? I guess not!"

He left the table and went into the hall to put on his coat and hat. A moment later he came back and stood in the doorway. His wife had not moved.

"I'll just run the things around the house a while longer," he warned her, belligerently. She made no answer and this seemed to irritate him. He put his hat on the back of his thin head of hair and relieved his mind at length. "I suppose you'd like to rob me of the little fun I get every day. You prob'ly think I have one hell of a good time out of life. Yes, I do——not! All day long every day I add and subtract and write figures in red ink or black 'til I could kick them ledgers and journals into a corner and jump through the window. At noon I go to lunch with the boys and get a little change. Staying here in the house, you don't know what such things are like; you don't know what it is to go to the same old thing every day of your life. And you'd like to have me eat your cold grub at noon and save money! Not on your life!"

He went out of the house and slammed the door behind him so violently that the red and green glass vase on the parlor mantel rattled for several seconds after he had gone. His wife sat perfectly still at the table for some time. From force of habit she reached out her fingers aimlessly, picked up a piece of cold toast, a bit of sausage and ate them absent-mindedly, looking out the window. Then she commenced carrying the dishes out to the kitchen table. Halfway through this operation she paused long enough to drink a cup of lukewarm coffee, remarking to herself as she did so that it seemed no different than usual—save that it might perhaps be a little better. She commenced washing the dishes more slowly than usual, for she was trying to think things out and she was not accustomed to much mental effort.

It was not the first time that her husband had complained of the dull monotony of the work at the office. She knew it was hard and uninteresting, and all that. She was also a woman too much reconciled to her lot to compare her husband's work with the dull drudgery of her own toil, which neither ceased nor accomplished anything lasting. She knew that Henry was a man, and could never be made to understand such things, and, indeed, she accepted her side of existence without question. She knew nothing of a world in which women were expected to do anything else. Her mother had slaved as she was slaving; there was nothing unfair about that. Her father had toiled at the same task from morning to night as long as she could remember, and sometimes he had complained—his complaints taking

the form of bestial fits of drunkenness which ended in broken furniture and the signing of the pledge. She was thankful that Henry was not a drinking man.

But he had never said as much before as he had this morning and she was vaguely alarmed. The ten years of sameness had flattened the romance out of their lives. She had lost the good looks which had made Henry marry her, and he had become round-shouldered and was getting bald. It could hardly be said that they were conscious of any affection existing between them; everything seemed purely a matter of inexorable habit. And so, even though life held no bright spots, the thought of a change was dimly terrifying. She knew she was not a very good cook, but she did what she could—and all the baked things came from the little German bakery around the corner, and Henry liked them. He had never complained before. Well, she would have to take more pains, that was all, and the matter of the noon lunches would not be reopened. Henry would probably have something more to say about it when he came home at night, but she would be discreetly silent, and the matter would be at an end.

Henry must be kept good-natured. Suppose he should take to drinking, or run away and leave her! She trembled at the mere thought, because she knew that it was not much of a home he had to come back to at night. If only their baby had lived! She always felt that its death had been her fault—in Henry's eyes at least. A baby in the house would make things livelier. As it was, there was nothing for Henry to do. He took off his shoes, sat with his feet on the fender of the stove and read the paper while he smoked his pipe. She sat close to the lamp and mended stockings. About nine o'clock or earlier Henry was tired, and they went to bed. In the morning the same round began again. Years before they had played cribbage of an evening, but Henry always beat her and he had tired of the amusement. They never went anywhere together. Whether Henry did or not she did not know. He very seldom went out in the evening, and his goings were never accompanied by explanations.

She went through the work of the morning clumsily, broke a dish, neglected the dusting, and finally gave up, sitting at the dining-room table, her head buried between her arms on the red cloth, weeping silently and with no hope of finding relief in tears. Her dread was the more terrible because it was unformed. There was nothing very desperate that Henry could do because he was dissatisfied with everything. He was that sort of a man. But the very thought of a break was paralyzing. It did not occur to her to think of any mode of life which might be more pleasant; she could only conceive of those which might be a great deal worse. She felt that she could

not face these—any of them. She was not even clear as to what would happen if any break should come. Her thoughts did not center on anything as definite as death or running away. She simply knew that it would be unbearable and that something would snap.

All day she was harrowed by these shadowy fears. From time to time desperate, half-formed resolves came into her head. Perhaps she was responsible for Henry's unhappiness. If he went through drudgery every day, was it not her place to make the evening something more than it was? She went into the attic and pulled out clothes which she had not worn for years. The sight of them brought back memories and she cried again, sitting in a disconsolate heap on the dusty floor in front of the trunk. She put on some clothes, looked once into the glass and took them off quickly. She remembered how she had looked when she wore them last, and the sight of the gray-haired, thin-necked tearful woman who looked out of the glass at her was more than she could stand. She began to dread Henry's return at night. She must do something out of the ordinary for him. To put on the fine clothes of other days was impossible; it would only show him how completely her good looks had been washed out.

At three o'clock in the afternoon she went out and bought a thick beefsteak for his supper. She had to pay forty cents for it, which she knew was more than she could afford. After she got home with it she regretted her purchase, and stared at the brown-paper bundle apprehensively. It might be that such extravagance would be the one thing needed to make Henry do that unguessed thing, fear of which made her turn white and tremble. But the meat was bought and she had to make the best of it.

She had the supper ready a half-hour before the usual time, and was put to infinite pains to keep it warm without running the danger of burning the meat. Her husband was perhaps ten minutes late, and she suffered agonies of apprehension until she heard his hand on the door-knob.

"Hello!" he said, tonelessly, as he came into the room.

Had he looked at his wife he would have seen that she was as white as chalk, but he did not bother to look at her. She mumbled some inaudible reply and went into the kitchen.

Afraid to look at him she brought the platter of meat to the table. He paid no attention. The meal passed in almost absolute silence, Henry eating as any man would eat when hungry, paying no particular attention to what was set before him. The woman drew a long breath when he finished and pushed back his chair. The failure of her effort to make him feel more cheerful was blotted out by relief

in the consciousness that he was at least not angered by what she had done.

After supper she went into the kitchen while Tutwell sat down as usual in front of the stove. Through the open door she could follow every move that he made from the familiar sounds. She heard him grunt as he took off his shoes and pulled on his slippers. There followed the soft scraping of wood against cloth as he drew the green-upholstered patent rocker to the place where it had worn deep grooves in the carpet. The newspaper rattled, and she heard the double sound of his slippered feet striking the fender one after another. His match (lazily held against the isinglass of the stove door instead of scratched) sizzled and flared, and presently the odor of the poor tobacco burning in the cob pipe floated out to her.

It was Saturday night, and Sunday promised to be hideous because it would leave her in suspense that much longer. It would have been better had it been summer, for he would have gone to the ball-game in the afternoon, after reading the pink part of the Sunday paper during the morning. Otherwise he would sleep until almost noon, and after dinner he would play lugubrious scales and tuneless melodies from a square, green book on a battered cornet.

When she had finished her work she went into the sitting room and got out her darning-basket with its ever-present load. Henry looked up as she came into the room, then laid aside his paper and stretched.

"I'm going to bed early," he announced.

Frantically the woman searched through her scant stock for the right thing to say.

"Has it been a hard day at the office?" she asked.

The man yawned.

"Oh, no," he answered, "but I've got to get up tomorrow morning early."

Her heart gave a great lurch that almost cut off her breath. Something had come, then!

"What for?" she managed to ask.

"Walter White," he explained, "has bought him a rifle, and he's asked three or four of us to go into the country tomorrow and shoot at a mark."

She had the usual deadly fear of firearms which most women possess, but she said nothing. At the back of her mind there lurked a crazy idea that perhaps Henry was going to kill himself in this way. There were a thousand things that she wanted to ask—she longed to tell him all her half-thoughts and fears of the day, to plead with him for she knew not what.

"You'll want your breakfast early then?" she asked.

"Yes," agreed her husband.

He ate his breakfast at six o'clock the next morning, and went out soon afterward. For his wife, the day passed as had the day before—save that it was a thousand times worse. She did her work, forgot to eat at noon and began slowly going through the same round of dusting, wiping and cleaning that had occupied the morning, intent only on keeping busy. It seemed to her that Henry would never come. Her vague terrors of the day before gave way to a thousand impossible conjectures. She almost screamed with relief when she heard his voice outside the door.

"All right," she heard him call, cheerfully, to someone in the street, "next Sunday morning—same time!"

She could hardly believe her eyes when she saw him. The November wind had brought a thin tinge of color to his cheeks, and there was almost a sparkle in his mild, blue eyes. Also he seemed to stand straighter, and his narrow shoulders to be wider and less stooping than usual.

"Hello, Mary," he called, cheerfully, "what have you been up to all day?"

She stood, speechless, fighting with the choking lump in her throat while he hung up his hat and coat. He came into the room rubbing his hands together, walked straight to the stove and spread his red fingers out gratefully to the heat.

"Say," he commenced, "I'm not so slow after all! Guess what I did?"

She shook her head, and Tutwell threw back his head and laughed as she had not heard him laugh for years.

"Well, sir," he explained, "it's funny. Here, I am, never shot a gun in my life, and I go out and beat Walter White and Sanborn and Withers, and they've shot all their lives. And I beat 'em good and proper, too!"

He stood for a moment gazing into the glass of the stove, smiling slightly at the remembrance of his triumph, then he said whimsically:

"By George, I believe that's the first time in my life I ever beat anybody doing anything!"

They sat down to the table and Henry talked incessantly, filling his wife's ears with details of Walter White's rifle, of which she understood not one word, but to which she listened with a feeling around her heart such as must throb through the banks of a lake when the winter's ice lets go in the spring. Halfway through the meal Henry paused.

"This steak," he announced, pointing to the remains of the meat

which he had not noticed the previous day, "is great! Withers was blowing about how his wife could cook, and I told him you could give her cards and spades. I just wish he could put his teeth into this to see!"

She tried to answer him, but the corners of her mouth shook too much, and she could only smile at him, faintly.

He plied his knife and fork for a time in cheerful silence, then commenced speaking without looking at her.

"I believe," he admitted, "that this sort of thing might do me good. We're going to do it next Sunday, and maybe every Sunday that it's nice weather. You know, it kind-a made me think to beat those fellows shooting. I ain't anything but a bookkeeper, but I guess there's worse ones. The other day I got my balance done before anybody else 'cept old Meekin, and he's been at that same desk nineteen years this June! I wouldn't be surprised if maybe I'd get a raise one of these days, and then I can afford to get a rifle of my own!"

He dwelt on this happy thought an instant, smiling happily to himself. His wife looked straight into space, the tears (and these tears did not hurt as had the others) falling unheeded down her cheeks.

"And say!" Tutwell went on, suddenly, "if the weather ain't too bad next Sunday, you and M's Withers and M's White and all are going along to watch us fellows shoot, and we'll have lunch in the woods. How does that strike you?"

He looked up to see his wife's head between her hands, her shoulders shaking.

Henry Tutwell was not a particularly intelligent man, but in that one instant he understood a great deal that had been crowded into ten long years. He got around the table very quickly and took his wife in his arms.

"There now," he comforted, "don't you cry! I guess we haven't had much fun for a good while, but we ain't too old to learn by a good deal. I guess we can get in a good day like this once in a while, and things won't be so bad, will they?"

For answer she flung her arms around his neck and continued to cry happily on his shoulder, while Henry blew his nose without trying to conceal the fact that it did not really need blowing.

PHEASANTS, THE FUTURE GAME BIRD OF AMERICA: THEIR CULTIVATION WIDESPREAD AND SUCCESSFUL

HEN the Argonauts in their famed wanderings visited the ancient country of Colchis, they found large flocks of gorgeously plumaged birds, fleet of foot, swift on the wing, in possession of the groves and champaigns that margined the river Phasis. The great beauty of these birds, whose brilliant metallic colors surpassed anything they had ever seen before, the toothsomeness of their flesh, their wary cunning when being hunted, endeared them at once to their discoverers. From that day to the present time, pheasants, named from the river where they were found, have been highly esteemed as game birds as well as a nourishing table delicacy, and also for their ornamental use in parks and royal gardens.

But a new reason for the admiration of the pheasant is now being brought to the attention of people all over the world, a strictly utilitarian one, one that is being appreciated by Americans in a most surprising way. It has been proven, owing in great part to investigations carried on by the Government, that these beautiful birds are of great value to agriculturists as destroyers of the insects that cause so great an annual loss of crops. Their exceeding usefulness as destroyers of insect pests, worms and field mice, added to the great beauty and value of their plumage, the nourishing and appetizing flavor of their meat, their clever traits as game birds, has made them an unparalleled all-around bird of interest.

Since their introduction into Europe by the Greeks, they have spread so widely over the continent that it is almost impossible to determine to what land they are really indigenous. They are now plentiful in Scotland, Ireland, Scandinavia, Samoan Islands and other countries, and there is every reason to believe that they will soon become as fully established in America. It has been prophesied that they will become the future game bird of America.

Their introduction into our country has already passed the experimental stage, for it has been proven beyond a doubt that they can be acclimatized. Since the Government has shown the advisability of stocking farms, ranches, forest reserves and unoccupied lands with these useful and beautiful birds, breeders have undertaken the raising of pheasants and a profitable industry has thus been inaugurated. A number of the States have imported stock, successfully raised and then liberated the full-grown birds. The birds soon learn to take care of themselves and multiply and thrive as in their

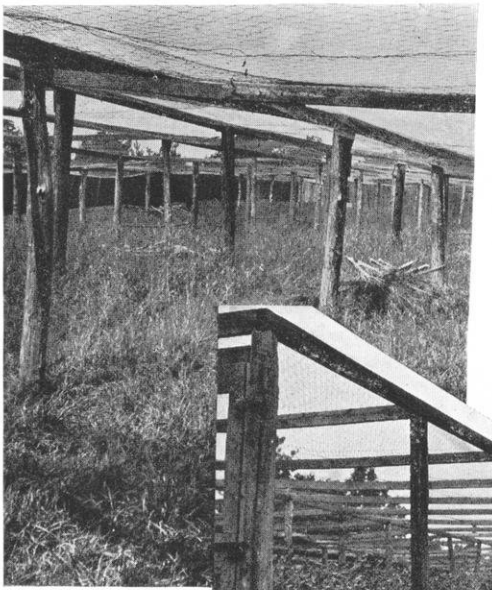
native land. The chief bar to their increase is not so much one of climatic conditions as of the depredations of hunters who are eager to add the wary, swift, beautiful, toothsome stranger to their bag.

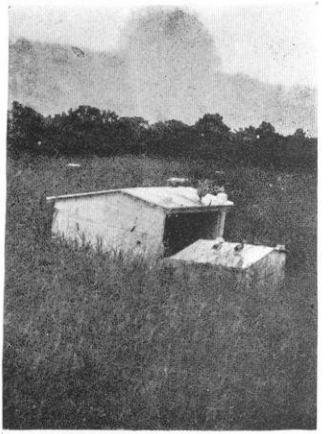
MANY failures have been experienced in liberating pheasants, due mainly to ignorance as to the cover and food supply necessary. In some cases the food supply was lacking or not of a nature understood by the pheasants or the cover was insufficient. They love to wander, much as our quail do, by streams, through the long grasses of meadows, in bramble thickets and tangled woods, hunting for the seeds, insects, ants, ant eggs, grasshoppers, berries that compose their food, roosting in thick bushes in the summer and in low, sheltered trees in the winter. Like all gallinaceous birds their plumage varies during the year, being most brilliant during the mating season, when the males display gorgeous colors as of burnished metals, unsurpassed by any other bird. After the nest is made the female is deserted and brings up the young alone.

Though their innate timidity is great they soon lose their fear of a familiar object, and are therefore easily tamed. They are difficult to domesticate, however, for even when bred in aviaries they retain their original wildness and long to roam at will through covert and wood. They are not migratory but change their habits somewhat as winter approaches, creeping closer into more sheltered quarters.

When bred in pheasantries the eggs are brooded over by bantams or small hens which are placed in boxes surrounded by wire, that prevent the young chicks from becoming chilled by the wet grass, for they are extremely delicate the first month. After that they are very hardy, often preferring to sleep in the open runways, under leafless bushes, rather than in the warm shelter provided for them. They are no more difficult to raise than chickens or ducks and less so than turkeys, after their requirements are once definitely known, and there is a much greater financial compensation.

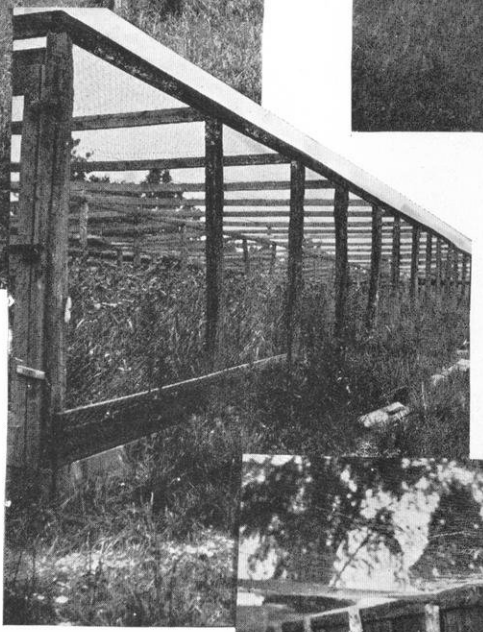
There has been such a steady campaign of education from newspapers and magazines, headed by the Department of Agriculture, urging the need not only of protecting insectivorous birds but of increasing them, that it will be impossible for many years to come to overstock the market with pheasants. Though pheasantries have long been adjuncts of English estates, it is but very recently that they have been raised commercially, and it has been proved by many private people and by corporations that there is immense profit in a well-ordered pheasantry. The demand from all over the country greatly exceeds the present possibility of supply. Farmers are real-

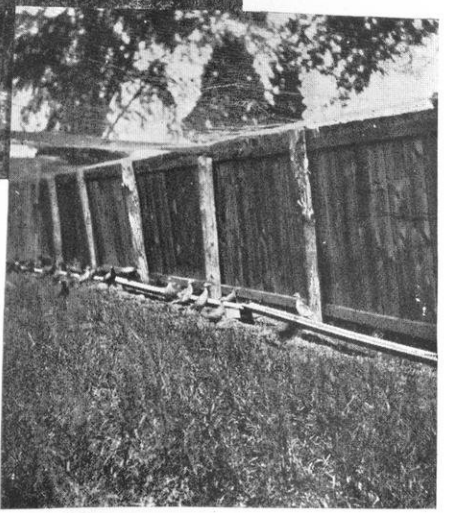




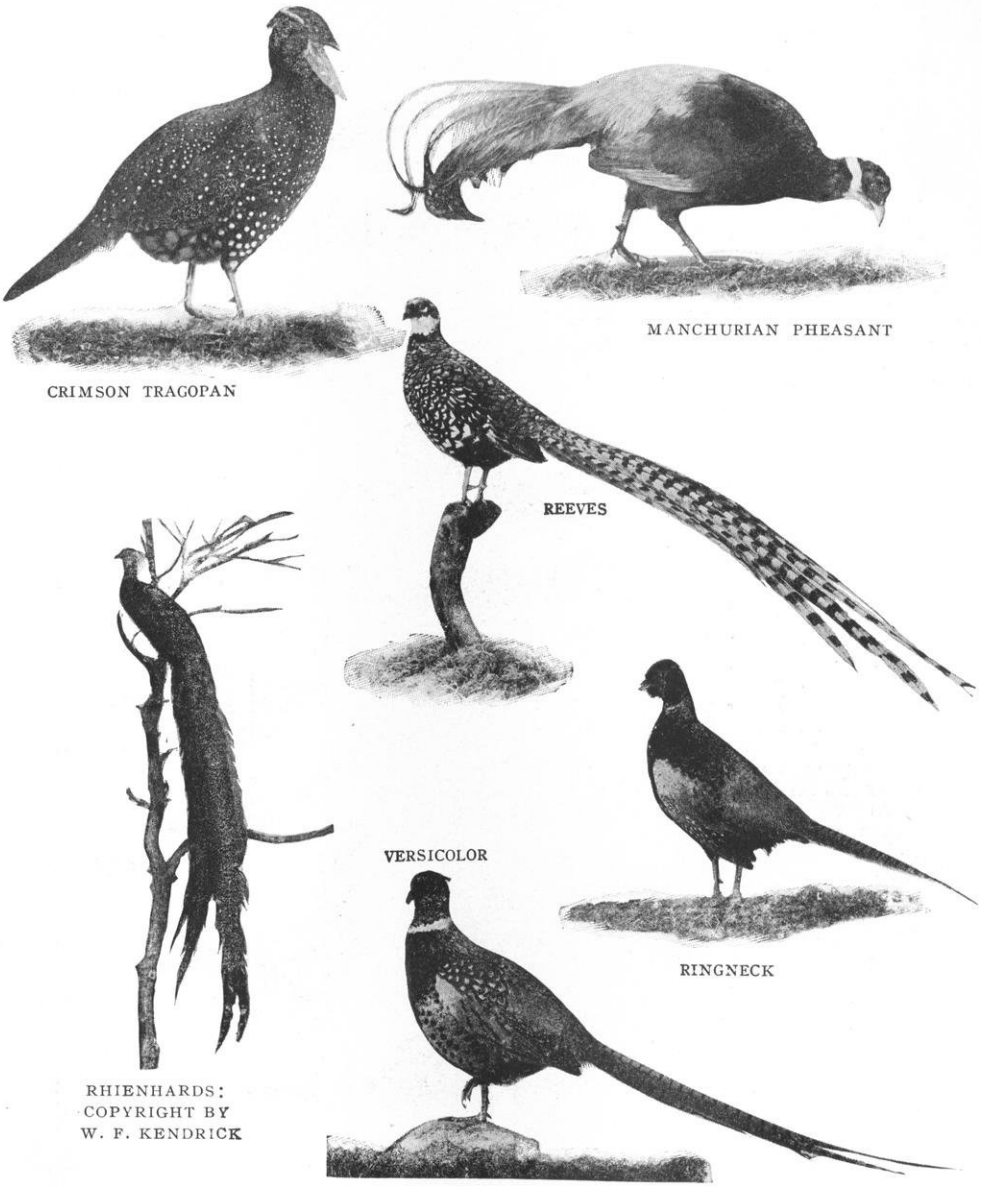
THE PHOTOGRAPHS ABOVE AND AT THE RIGHT SHOW BREEDING PENS, ONE HUNDRED BY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET, CAPABLE OF HOLDING ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PHEASANTS, WITH THE LONG GRASS AND SHELTER BUSHES NECESSARY FOR THEIR WELFARE.

ABOVE IS A SATISFACTORY TYPE OF REARING COOP, TWO FEET SQUARE, WITH SLIGHTLY SLOPING ROOF.

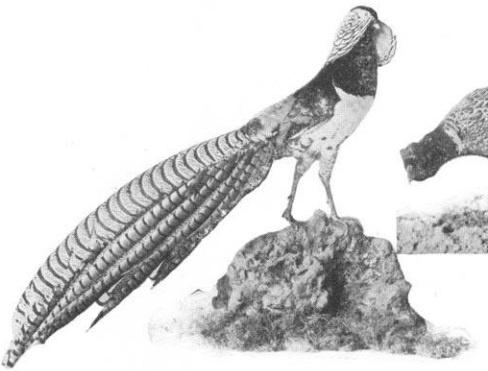




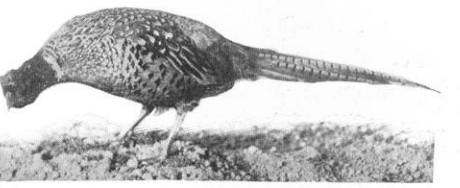
TWO PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH SHOW ANOTHER TYPE OF REARING COOP AND A BREEDING PEN BOTH MUST BE SUPPLIED WITH AN ABUNDANCE OF FRESH COOL WATER.



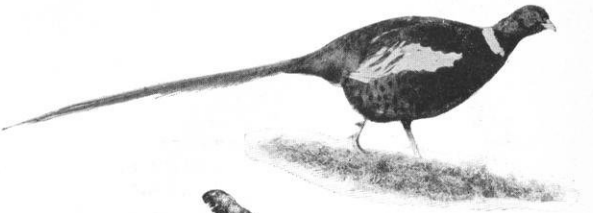
PHEASANTS ARE NOW FAIRLY WELL ESTABLISHED IN SUCH PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES AS HAVE TRIED THE EXPERIMENT OF LIBERATING A FEW AND ALLOWING THEM TO PROPAGATE IN A WILD STATE: THEIR GREAT BEAUTY IS RAPIDLY MAKING THEM A FAVORITE AVIARY BIRD.



LADY AMHERST

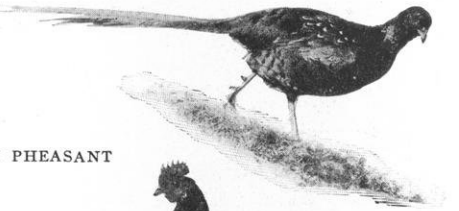


CHINESE RINGNECK

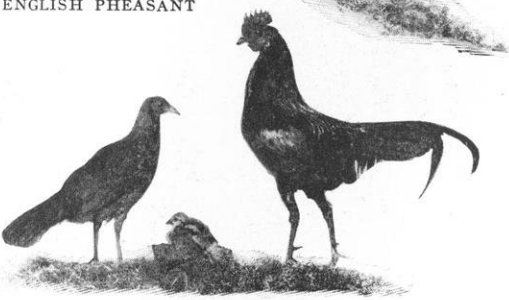


MONGOLIAN

MONAUL



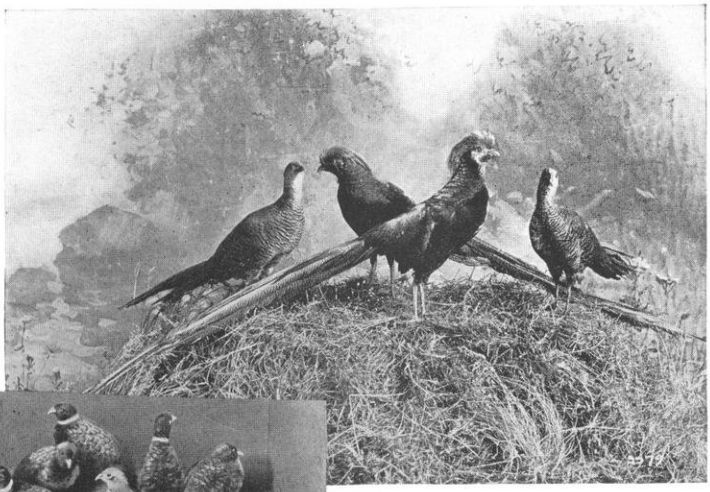
ENGLISH PHEASANT



RED JUNGLE FOWL

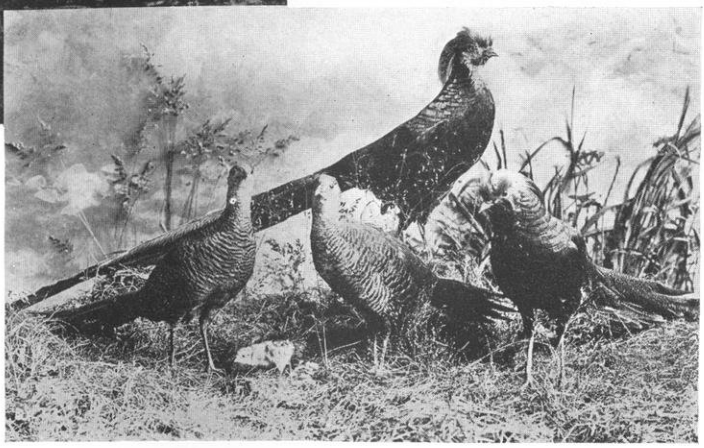
THE BEAUTY AND USEFULNESS OF THESE BRILLIANT BIRDS HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT A NEW AND PROFITABLE INDUSTRY IN AMERICA, FOR FARMERS AND FRUIT GROWERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, HAVING LEARNED THAT PHEASANTS ARE INVALUABLE DESTROYERS OF INSECT PESTS, ARE SWIFTLY ADDING THEM TO THEIR LIST OF FARM NECESSARIES.

THESE THREE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE COPYRIGHT BY W. P. KENDRICK



TWO PAIRS OF GOLDEN PHEASANTS WHICH HAVE BEEN SO EXTENSIVELY REARED IN THE GAME COVERTS OF ENGLAND; THEY ARE ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST COMMONLY IMPORTED OF ALL THE PHEASANTS.

THE CHINESE RINGNECK PHEASANTS ASLEEP ON ICE, SHOWING THE HARDINESS OF THIS UNIVERSALLY POPULAR GAME AND INSECTIVOROUS BIRD.



A GROUP OF GOLDEN PHEASANTS WHICH, THOUGH ORIGINALLY FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF EASTERN TIBET AND WESTERN CHINA HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY LIBERATED IN AMERICA.

izing that it is a matter of economical wisdom to purchase these useful and beautiful birds and liberate them upon their land, for they more than compensate for their initial expense by efficient service in the grain field. They consume an incredible number of the flies, worms and grubs so destructive to crops. Their insatiable appetite for the boll weevil, cinch bug, crane fly and wire worms have convinced agriculturists that they are profitable investments.

The pheasant keeps its head near the ground and peers upward for the larvæ and eggs on the under side of leaves, which are devoured without injury to the leaf. Countless pests are eaten at a single meal. It does not reach up and eat the grain, but late in the season when insect food is scarce it picks up the seed of the harvested grain fields. It is also fond of field mice, which it pursues with amazing swiftness. The continued demand for pheasants by farmers and orchardists is steadily bringing a new and profitable industry into existence.

OREGON was the first State to recognize the value of pheasants and successfully to raise and liberate them. Oregon's experience in stocking the State roused general interest, and urgent requests for birds came from all over the country. Propagation for distribution was undertaken by numerous pheasantries, and shipments of birds made to a number of States. Many efforts by other States failed, however, owing chiefly to improper methods of handling or to the unsuitableness of locality. But now that wider knowledge is had of the needs of these important birds, better success is being met with. In Oregon, Washington and British Columbia the ringneck is now a permanent addition to the game list. The game warden of Oregon in eighteen hundred and ninety-three reported the number killed in one season (three months) to be thirteen thousand in one county alone, and during the winter twelve hundred dozen pheasants were sent to one dealer in San Francisco. Experiments were also made on a limited scale with the silver pheasant, which proved to be easy to raise but very pugnacious. It is still occasionally found wild in northern Oregon.

Indiana tried the experiment of establishing more than one hundred preserves of from four thousand to ten thousand acres each by contracts with farmers who agreed to allow no hunting for four years after the stock was liberated. Imported pheasants were then set free, fed and cared for, but allowed to propagate naturally. This movement is popular with farmers and sportsmen, and has resulted in thousands of pheasants being acclimatized in the State.

Illinois, in the spring of nineteen hundred and five, established a State game farm, raising pheasants under the personal supervision

of the State game commissioner, and then distributed eggs among the farmers who brooded them under common hens.

New York, realizing that a large area of the State could be stocked to advantage with pheasants and quail, and realizing also that the crops of the State demanded a recall of the insectivorous birds that had thoughtlessly been destroyed, recently ordered the establishing of a State farm for the propagation and distributing of pheasants, quail and partridge. The endeavor to restock the State roused much interest and was supplemented by many commercial hatcheries and individual pheasantries. At present there are many private preserves in different parts of the State and on Long Island.

Through the philanthropic efforts of Mr. W. F. Kendrick, thousands of pheasants have been liberated in Colorado, which are adding much to the attractiveness and beauty of the State. This enthusiast, recognizing the necessity of encouraging the breeding of insectivorous birds for the protection of the country, has done much to educate farmers and horticulturists as to the inestimable value of this bird. He has at great personal expense experimented with different varieties, endeavoring to determine which is most suited to our climate, which is the hardiest, the most prolific, the most delicate of flesh, and which is the better game bird. He states that while many varieties are suitable for aviaries, as display birds, the Golden gives the most pleasure, followed closely by the Lady Amherst. The Reeves he found to be a strong bird of great beauty, flying high over tops of trees, making it valuable as a game bird. But the strain best adapted to our climatic conditions is the Chinese ringneck, the same that is now so fully established in Oregon. This bird has been universally proven to be the easiest to raise, best suited for liberation, most valuable to farmers and the one most in demand.

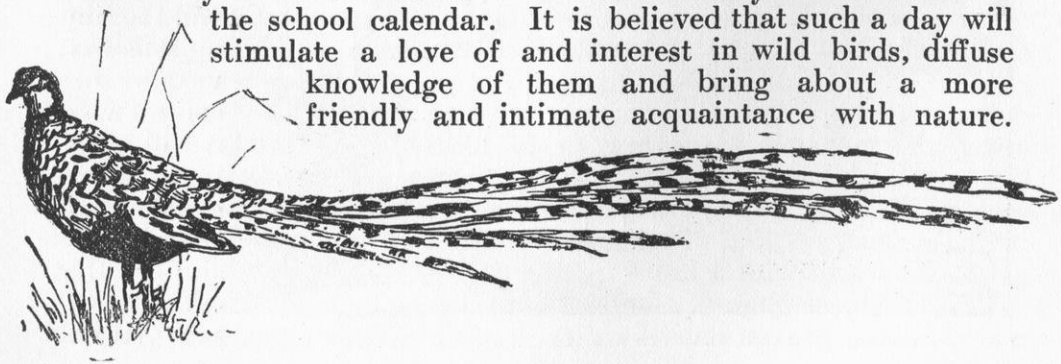
THERE is no other bird that will add more beauty to the country or serve it better than the pheasant, for it is the most valuable insectivorous bird known. It is prolific, gamey and extremely hardy and destined to become of great value commercially. Many millions of these wonderful birds will be required to stock the country and the demand that now exists is far greater than anyone who has not followed the movement to introduce pheasants into America can possibly comprehend. They are destined to attain high favor as a nourishing and delicious table delicacy, so that a market can be depended upon as steady as that of other fowl. They can be raised as cheaply as chickens and with a much greater profit.

The Chinese ringneck undoubtedly leads in commercial importance, having proven itself hardier than the English ringneck (which

was originally the Chinese ringneck). The Reeves is one of the most brilliantly feathered pheasants, and in favor for exhibition purposes in parks and public aviaries. The Golden and Lady Amherst, originally from the mountains of Thibet and China, are also chiefly valued as show birds. The Manchurian is a large bird belonging to the eared pheasants. It is timid and apathetic and therefore not in favor with sportsmen. It is inferior in flavor of its flesh, but in demand for zoological collections. The Mongolian has a more or less complete white ring about its neck and is even more rarely seen in preserves and aviaries. The Crimson Tragopan, a large showy bird of the horned variety, the peacock and fireback pheasants, the Argus, Prince of Wales, Versicolor, the jungle fowl and many others have been successfully bred and reared in America, but mostly as show specimens.

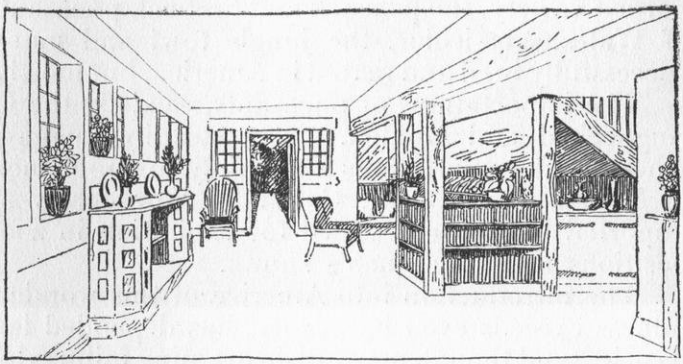
The importations of pheasants,—chiefly the Chinese and English ringnecked and Golden,—have steadily increased with each year. These fresh importations are mainly to supplement native-bred birds of New York, Oregon, Colorado, New Jersey and Illinois. Many imported birds are destined for exhibition in zoological gardens, expositions and sportsmen's shows.

The introduction into America of this wonderful bird, whose usefulness exceeds even its beauty, has depended largely on private enterprise, and though many disheartening failures have been experienced knowledge has grown until the experimental stage is a thing of the past. The work done by various States has been considerable also, and has at last aroused a widespread interest not only in pheasants but in all insectivorous birds. Pheasant raising is growing to be a profitable as well as a pleasant occupation for both men and women. On a small scale, it can be supplementary to other business, affording relaxation of mind and financial gain. So great has been the interest in the preservation and increasing of birds that there have been a number of requests sent to the Government asking them to appoint a Bird Day in the schools—similar to Arbor Day now included in the school calendar. It is believed that such a day will stimulate a love of and interest in wild birds, diffuse knowledge of them and bring about a more friendly and intimate acquaintance with nature.

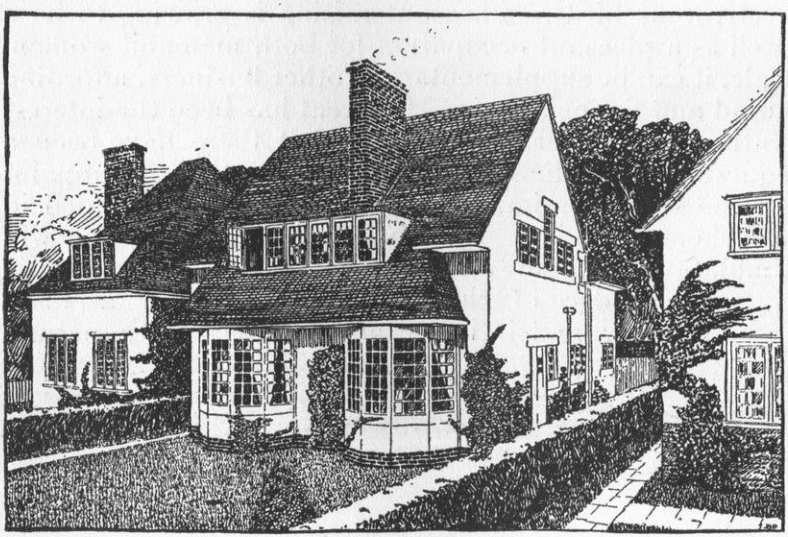


MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY-TWO

THE concluding sentences of the last article make it almost inevitable that we should proceed to consider the planning of cottages built in rows or in blocks, say, of four or six. This is one of the most difficult problems which architects have to solve. The best way is not to heed the customary methods of solving it, but to take the essential elements of the problem and to postulate as clearly as possible the requirements and the conditions. After studying what has already been done, build up something which will meet and comply with these requirements and conditions. But perhaps the best way of presenting these problems in an article is to show the customary solutions of them and point out wherein these are most conspicuously defective and then suggest ways in which these defects might be remedied. Important as is the question of the aspects of the various rooms in larger houses, it is still more vital when cottages are under consideration, and the time must surely very soon come when it will be no longer regarded as merely desirable that every cottage living



LIVING ROOM IN COTTAGE SHOWN BELOW.



SMALL DETACHED COTTAGES PLANNED FOR LIGHT AND AIR: SEE DIAGRAM ONE.

Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

A GLIMPSE OF A LINE OF COTTAGES IN THE MODEL VILLAGE AT NEW EARSWICK, YORKSHIRE.

A CLOSER VIEW OF TWO OF THE MODEL EARSWICK COTTAGES.

A BLOCK OF FOUR MODERN ENGLISH COTTAGES:
DESIGNED BY BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN.

Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

A ROW OF TWELVE MODEL COTTAGES ON STATION ROAD, LETCHWORTH.

COTTAGES ROUND A GREEN IN WESTHOLM, LETCHWORTH.

Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

TWO ROWS OF MODERN COTTAGES FOR WORKINGMEN ON PIX ROAD, LETCHWORTH.

room should have a sunny aspect, but it will be considered absolutely essential. Conditions making this absolutely impossible can scarcely ever arise.

The most difficult conditions which are likely to occur are as follows: A plot with very limited frontage on which a detached house is to be placed; a northern outlook of such charm that it must be secured for the principal living rooms; where a good living room, small parlor, kitchen, scullery, four bedrooms and a bathroom are required, the maximum accommodation likely to be demanded under these circumstances. In cases where the living room must command the view to the north and should also have a good window to the south, we may build it to run through from the front to the back of the house, and so meet the demand that even under the most difficult circumstances cottage living rooms must be sunny. (See Diagram One and sketches of house built according to these plans.) But perhaps it will help us to realize some of the commonest defects in planning cottages built in rows or blocks if we take a flagrantly bad example such as we have in Diagram Two, and note some of the defects as briefly as possible. Apart from the sunlessness of the living room and parlor, the most patent defect is the absolute lack of comfort in the living room, which is due to the fact that it has six doors opening into it, and that one of them inter-

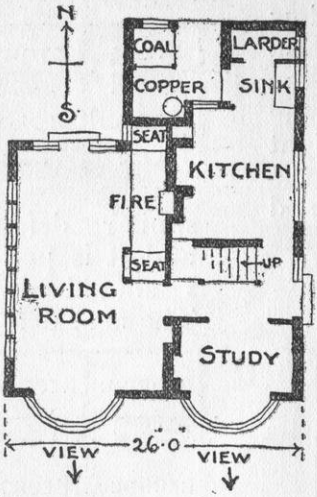
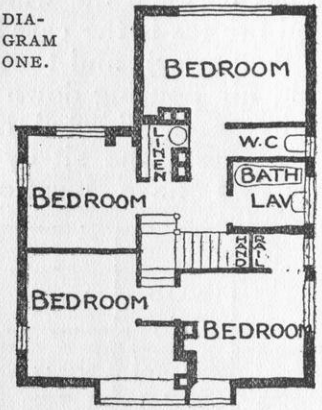
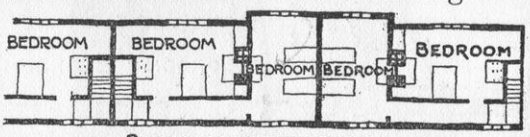


DIAGRAM ONE.



TWO-STORY COTTAGE.



BEDROOM FLOOR PLAN.

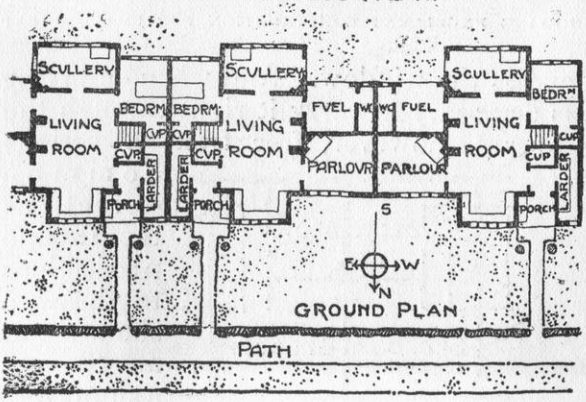


DIAGRAM TWO.

venes between the window and fire (as is the case also in the parlor), and that the cold air pouring down the staircase is directed right onto those who sit by the fire. I have mentioned

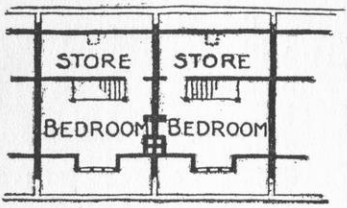
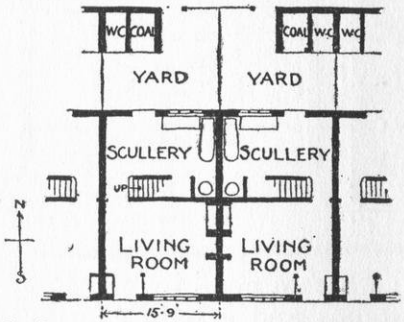
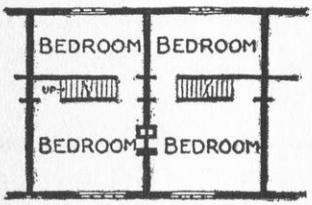
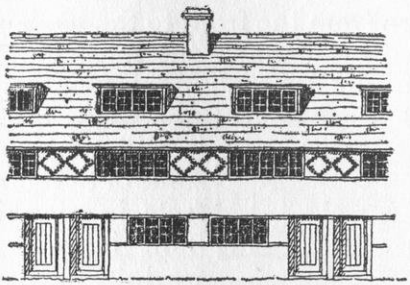


DIAGRAM THREE: SHOWING BAD CONSTRUCTION FOR SMALL CHEAP COTTAGE.

similar defects in larger houses, and it is perhaps unnecessary that I should dwell upon them here. The next defect is that to get to the parlor it is necessary to pass through the living room. One of the chief advantages of the parlor is that it is sometimes convenient to be able to show visitors into the parlor rather than into the living room. If the visitor must pass through the living room to get to the parlor this convenience is lost. Then again much space is wasted on the first floor landing and in a lobby at the front entrance, which directs the draught from the front door across the window. And when emptying the bedroom waste water, it is necessary to carry it right through the living room. These cottages are, however, free from a serious common defect, as there are no projections to throw a shadow at any time on a sunny day over the







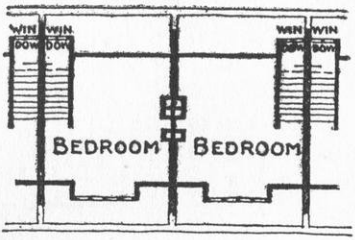
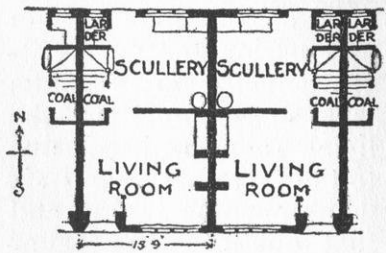
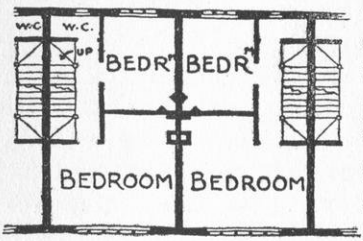


DIAGRAM FOUR: SHOWING EXCELLENT CONSTRUCTION FOR SMALL CHEAP COTTAGE.

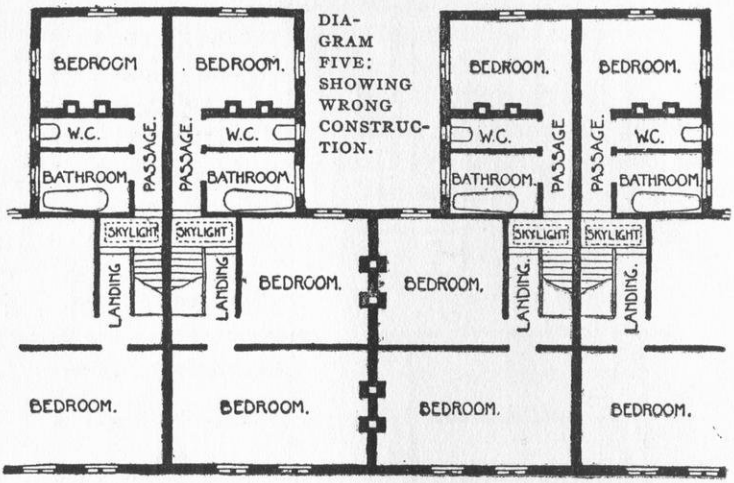


EXTENSION OF DIAGRAM FOUR.

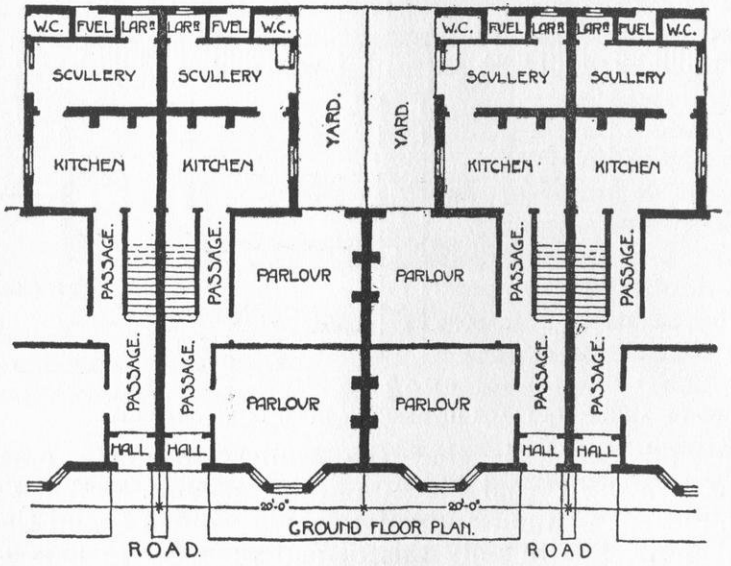


windows of rooms in which sunshine is important, or render any room airless and dismal.

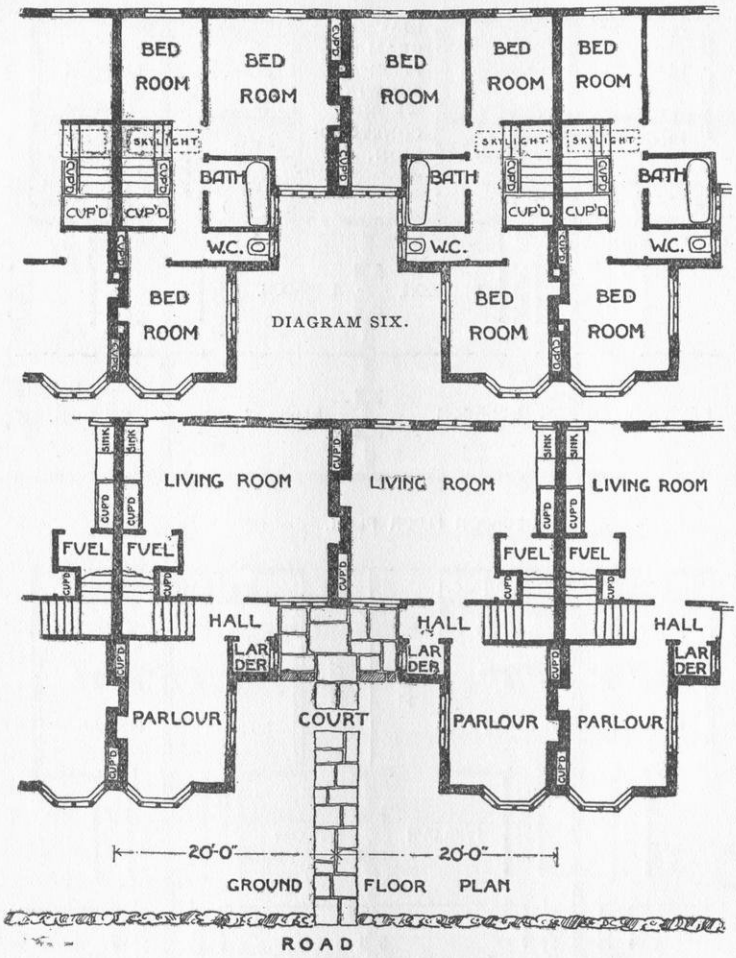
When any builder is asked to construct the smallest and cheapest cottage possible with three bedrooms, the plan he almost invariably adopts is Diagram Three. The main determining factor in the plan he chooses is always width of frontage, because the land is generally sold or let at so much per foot frontage. Among the principal items in the total cost of a cottage are the charges for making the road, and laying the sewer, gas and water mains, which again are charged according to frontage; so it matters little how far the cottage extends back from the road, but every inch of its width is important. The cottage we are considering has these three principal defects. The first is that the staircase is dark and unventilated; most of the exhausted and vitiated air from the ground floor rooms finds its readiest outlet by means of the stairs, and the result is that it fills the bedrooms. Therefore, instead of



BEDROOM FLOOR PLAN.



FOUR SEMI-DETACHED COTTAGES.

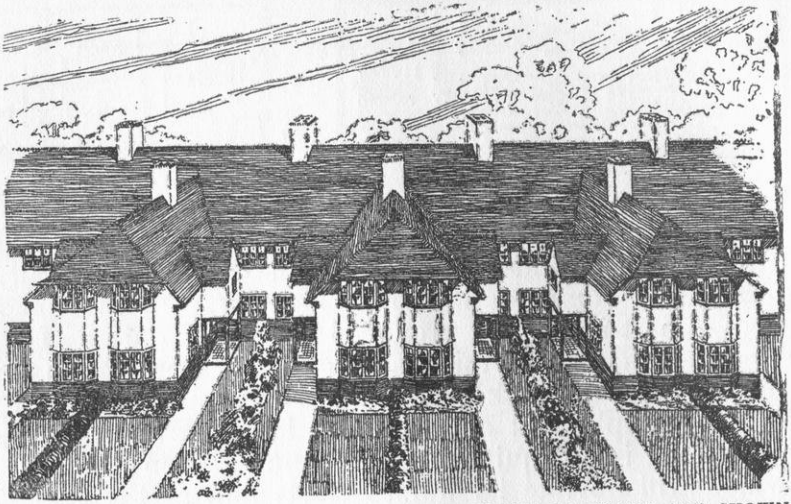


GOOD PLANNING IN PLACE OF DESIGN SHOWN IN DIAGRAM FIVE.

breathing fresh air when he sleeps, the cottager always breathes over again the air that has come up from the rooms below. We need only a slight personal experience of the stuffiness of such bedrooms to convince us of their unhealthful qualities. A dark staircase, or what is perhaps worse, one lit only by artificial light, is a defect which will scarcely need to be pointed out. The danger of such a staircase and the difficulty of keeping it clean are apparent. The second defect is that the scullery windows open only upon a backyard, a coal place and an ashbin. When we realize that hundreds of thousands of working women spend the greater part of their lives with only this dismal prospect to look upon, we understand that this is a defect that should be got rid of at almost any cost. Another defect which need only be pointed out without comment is that to get to the attic bedroom it is necessary to pass through one of the second floor bedrooms. The fourth defect is not perhaps quite so obvious. It is that in a cottage of this design the difficulty in contriving an adequate larder almost always results in the provision of a mere cupboard in the living room. I would suggest that if the builder can be induced to do nothing more than substitute my Diagram

Four, without any increase in the width of frontage or the size of the cottage or its cost, the main defects of Diagram Three can be overcome. The staircase can be thoroughly lit and ventilated by a window on the upper floor, so that the exhausted air from the scullery and living room will be extracted and will not enter the sleeping room. As the coal place and lavatories are included under the main roof, no outbuildings need be erected to obstruct the outlook from the scullery window, so that the dismal squalor of a backyard is no longer invited. A place can be found for a proper larder with a window leading direct into the open air, and the attic bedroom is not accessible only through another bedroom.

But suppose our builder is asked to erect a larger cottage, with parlors and bathroom added to the accommodation which the



FRONT ELEVATION OF ROW OF COTTAGES, PLANS OF WHICH ARE SHOWN IN DIAGRAM SIX.

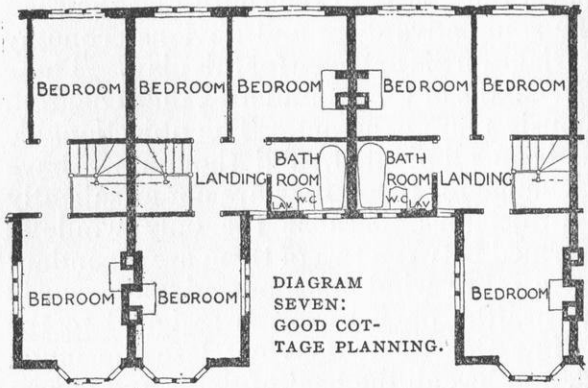


DIAGRAM SEVEN: GOOD COTTAGE PLANNING.

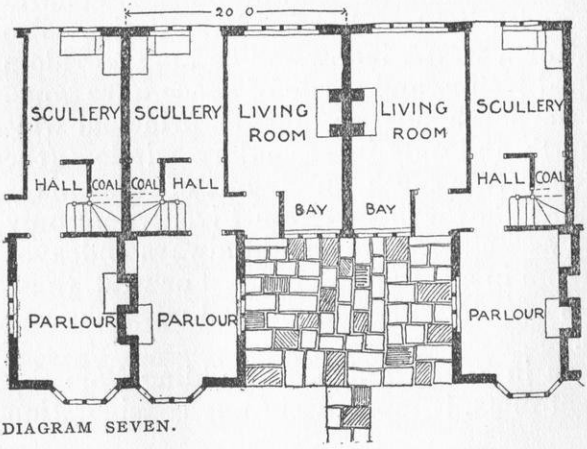


DIAGRAM SEVEN.

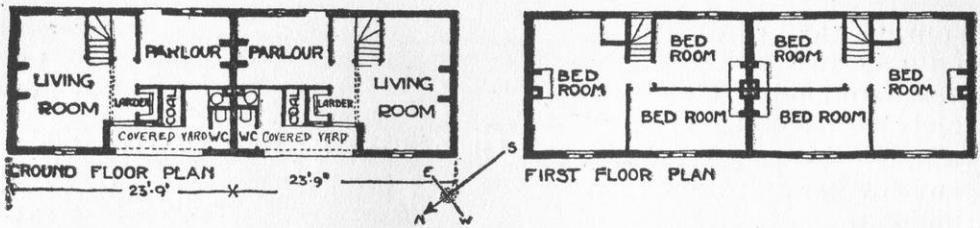


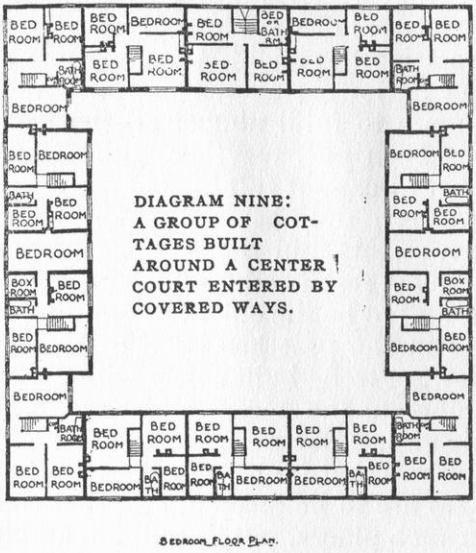
DIAGRAM EIGHT: COTTAGES WITH COVERED YARDS.

other affords. Under present conditions he very naturally will attempt to fit this accommodation to the narrowest frontage possible, and the plan almost invariably produced is some variation of Diagram Five. The worse defects in this plan are the back projection which so effectually renders the back room and kitchen dismal, sunless and unhealthy, and the unpleasant and wasteful long corridors both upstairs and down. It is not quite so easy to find a plan to substitute for this, which will obviate its worst defects and at the same time comply with the conditions, imaginary and real, which it has been evolved to meet. When the pleasantest outlook is to the south and the road is on the north, there will be some advantage and obvious economy gained by substituting either Diagram Six or Seven for this plan. These diagrams cover only about five-sixths of the ground area that Diagram Five does, and are conspicuously more compact. The objectionable long back projections have been eliminated, and though we have projections out in front in exchange for them, they are not as saliently objectionable as the back projections, because the only windows which open onto the spaces formed between two of them are secondary windows in rooms which have other windows more advantageously placed. The bright, sunny, healthy open aspect is assigned to the living room. At the same time this room does not lose the much prized outlook onto the road, and has all the healthfulness and charm of a through room, together with light and ease of ventilation; also the parlor may have an east or a west window. The long corridors with their unpleasant cramped feeling and waste of space have gone. Even if the road passes on the south side, so that the principal window of the living room is north and only its secondary window (the one looking out into the forecourt) is south, surely one of these plans may be substituted for the one shown in Diagram Five, where only the parlor would get a south aspect. As we should always endeavor to provide a through living room in a cottage facing east or west, these plans would have advantages over the other when used where houses have either of these aspects.

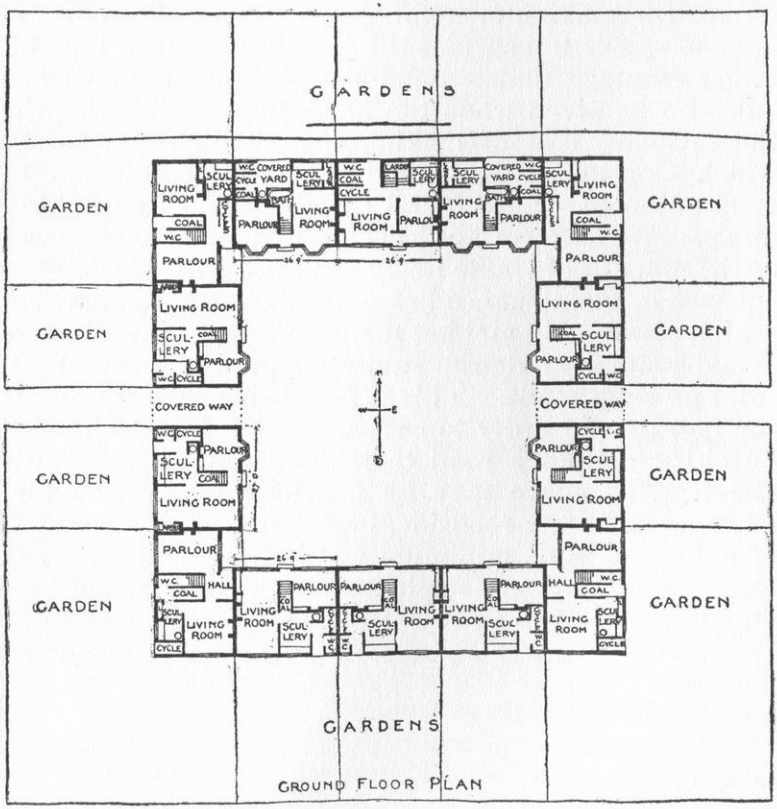
That *reductio ad absurdum* in house design, of building from the same cottage plan on different plots, irrespective of any consideration

of aspect and prospect, too common to be left mented on here. Build- have done much to se- nite air-space for all and our growing knowl- importance of sunshine ally secure a maximum shine also (in the living rate) for all cottages. that because one side of called the "back," that any degree of squalor ble there, and that it mal and depressing, is must also gradually lose the past, people have built cottages regard- aspect, but have even been known to rent or buy them without knowing what the aspects of the several rooms were.

The back- yard has been useful, chiefly as a sort of open- air wash- house. For this pur- pose it might be retained in many cases, and yet it should be



is still far uncom- ing by-laws cure a defi- cottages, edge of the will gradu- of sun- room at any The idea a house is therefore is admissi- may be dis- one which ground. In not only less of their



so contrived that it does not form the sole outlook from any window. In several of the plans given here, a sort of a covered yard is shown (see Diagram Eight, and the most northerly cottages in the quadrangle of parlor cottages, Diagram Nine). In some cases these are large enough to fulfil almost all the useful purposes to which a backyard has been put, together with several others which the uncovered backyard cannot fulfil.

So far, we have only been considering cottages to be built where land is costly, streets and roads expensively made and the frontages therefore the most restricted, and where this limited width of frontage has been allowed to be the chief determining factor in planning. The usual custom in the past has been to plan cottages and the ground on which they are to be built solely with a view to getting the greatest possible number to the acre, and to make any conceivable sacrifice to attain this end. But even the staunchest advocates of this point of view will admit that it only applies to a limited number of areas on which cottages are to be erected, and that there is a growing demand that, even in such places, public opinion and legislation should greatly reduce the maximum number of cottages allowed. This is making it unnecessary to consider the greatly improved type of plan which a larger frontage makes possible. A great impetus in this direction will also be given when the increasing demand for the reduction of the excessive cost of making roads which give access to cottages, which is prescribed by many by-laws, has had its effect. In the past, local authorities have found that the easiest way to secure sufficient air space for each cottage has been to demand wide streets, irrespective of the amount of traffic likely to pass over them. The desire to save expense in maintenance has naturally led these authorities to require a high standard in making roads, but they have not foreseen that this would react very detrimentally on the type of cottage which would front on such roads. This is now being widely understood, and also the fact that in order to secure the requisite width between cottages on either side of a road there need not be an equivalent width of street. The space may be provided in gardens for the cottages, greensward at the roadside, or in many other ways. The absurdity of fixing the same minimum width and standard for making streets, whether they were or might be used for important through traffic or only gave access to a few cottages, is becoming patent.

(*This subject will be continued in THE CRAFTSMAN for March*)

LEARNING TO READ

I WONDER why it takes so long
To make the letters shape a song?
And how the words can ever know—
All down the pages—where to go?
Sometimes alone a letter stands;
Sometimes the words take hold of hands;
I see them gather thick and black,
Then turn about and travel back;
I look just where they were before
And find there aren't any more.
But Mother says "Most words are queer
Until you come to know them, dear."
It seems no matter what they do,
She knows where they are going to,
And reads some books all through again.
One song there is about the rain
That has a comfortable sound—
"The rain is raining all around;"
When I just read it in the book
How strange the marching letters look.
But hearing her I seem to see
Ships and umbrellas, field and tree.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF THE ILLUSION OF ATMOSPHERE IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING: BY J. F. EARHART

HE question as to what is the real cause of the illusive effect of atmosphere in modern landscape painting has been answered in various ways by different writers; but the answers are not satisfactory because they do not give any clear demonstration of the explanations offered. It has been demonstrated to be an absolute fact that the *illusive atmospheric effect* which is evident in the best of modern landscape paintings is *wholly* due to the law of *simultaneous contrast of colors*, first established many years ago by Chevreul, the noted French chemist.

It is generally known that two colors are complementary when their prismatic mixture will produce a white light. The artist can readily prove this with the naked eye, and without the use of scientific apparatus. Every color has its complement, it does not matter whether it be pure or broken, high or low in tone. If we look at any color for a few minutes, and then suddenly shift the vision to a white surface, we will see a pale tint of a color which is complementary to the color of the object looked at; and if we look at any color for a few minutes and then suddenly shift the vision to a colored surface, we will see the latter slightly changed in hue by the complement of the first color looked upon. So it is plainly evident then, that after we look upon any color for a very short time, the next object we look upon will be seen through the complementary tint or "after-image" of the color just looked at, and hence will at first glance be changed in hue by that complementary tint; but if the color and object be placed side by side, then this complementary influence will continue, otherwise it will vanish after a few seconds.

This apparent change in color is due to the peculiar action of light upon the retina of the eye. This action calls into existence in the eye a pale tint, which is always complementary to the color projected upon that part of the retina. The retina is a very delicate membrane lining the inside of the back part of the globe of the eye. This membrane is composed of thousands of cones or nerve ends, which unite into what is called the optic nerve, connecting the eye with the brain. The retina is said to be divided into different sets of nerves intermingled, each set being directly sensitive to one kind of light vibration (that is, one of the colors of which white light is composed). When a colored shape of any kind is projected upon the retina, the nerves within that shape which are directly sensitive to the light vibrations will quickly become fatigued, while all the other nerves within the same shape upon the retina (which represent the other colors of the spectrum,

that in combination produce a color complementary to the color of the object looked upon) will become sympathetically excited to such an extent that the resulting complementary tint will apparently take the place in the eye of the color just looked upon; so that if the eyes are suddenly shifted to a white surface, this complementary tint will be seen, instead of the first color looked at.

This secondary effect is aptly termed an "after-image" by Von Bezold; and this "after-image" is always just the shape of the object looked upon, and becomes so strong in the eyes of some people as to cause confusion of the judgment as to the real color of some objects; and in some cases it almost completely neutralizes the first impression made upon the retina, especially by red or green. In such cases persons are said to be color-blind; but in healthy normal eyes this secondary effect merely causes an apparent dulling of a color when looked at persistently, without changing its hue.

When complementary colors of equal tone-value are commingled, then we get as a result a luminous atmospheric effect, due to *simultaneous contrast.*

By *contrast* is meant the effect produced upon each of two or more colors possessing different or opposite qualities, when they are compared, intermingled or placed in juxtaposition. The effect is always to emphasize the quality of an opposite tendency in each. So, the real reason for this illusive atmospheric effect is simply that a mixture takes place in the eye of the rays of light coming from different pigments which are complementary in color or nearly so, producing in the eye the sensation of white or colored light through which that part of the painting is really seen. Of course, this result is through vibration, the vibration of different rays of light impinging upon the sensitive nerves of the retina, which combined, results in a sensation of white or colored light.

When two colors are viewed one after the other, we get what is known as a successive contrast—in which the second color is influenced by the complementary tint (after-image) of the first color looked upon; for example, when red and blue are placed together and are viewed at close quarters, the red will appear to be more orange than it really is and the blue to be more green than it really is. But when red and blue are placed together and looked at from some distance, then we get what is known as a simultaneous contrast—a reciprocal action in which the complementaries of both colors are mixed in the eye, producing the effect or sensation of a colored light, through which is seen all the colors in that part of the painting.

The change then which apparently takes place in colors, when placed together, or when they are looked at in rapid succession, is

due to the fact that we really see one color through the "after-image" (complementary tint) of some other color. When the eyes are first focused upon any color, the focus-point is never completely at rest upon any minute part of that color, but instead, plays with lightning-like rapidity here and there all over the color looked upon. In this rapid shifting of the focus-point of the eyes, the impression made upon the retina of the eye by one color will at times be partially or wholly overlapped by the impression made by the other color; the result is that when red and blue have been viewed at close quarters both have been successively impressed upon the same part of the retina; so that when the eyes are focused upon the red it is for the moment apparently seen through the complement of blue, and when the eyes are focused upon the blue it is for the moment apparently seen through the complement of the red; the result being, as stated before, that in the case of successive contrast the red will appear more orange than it really is, and the blue more green than it really is. But when these colors are viewed from a distance then we get a simultaneous contrast because both colors have been almost simultaneously impressed upon the same part of the retina, producing in the eyes a mixture of the complements of red and blue, resulting in the sensation of a colored light through which these colors are seen. This so-called simultaneous contrast is in fact a very rapidly continuous successive contrast.

Now, we will proceed to a simple demonstration of the truth of the claims made in this paper. Let the reader take a sheet of white paper and place upon it, about four inches apart, a spot of orange cadmium and a spot of medium cobalt blue.

Then place a black dot in the center of each spot and also a dot halfway between the two for the purpose of having fixed points upon which to focus the eyes. Now, allow the eyes to focus upon the dot on the orange for a minute and then look at the black dot between the two colors and there will be seen a pale blue tint of the color which is complementary to orange. Now, allow the eyes to rest upon the dot in the blue spot for a minute and then shift the vision to the dot between the two, and there will be seen a pale tint of orange which is complementary to the blue.

We will now allow the eyes to dwell for a few seconds upon the dot in the orange spot, then shift the eyes to the dot in the blue spot for a few seconds, then back again to the orange spot, repeating this "to and fro" action in a regular manner for a half minute—and then suddenly look upon the dot between the two and there will be seen a *pure white* spot, which is equivalent to a prismatic mixture of the complementary tints of orange and blue.

Now try this experiment again and then immediately look upon some colored surface—and there will be seen a pale spot upon this surface, which is intangible, hazy and atmospheric in appearance. It is the same in effect as seeing the surface through a white fog (atmosphere) because the sensation of white has been produced upon the retina by the vibratory mixture of these complementary tints.

The mixture in the eye of the light coming from the colored pigments on a canvas takes place in the same manner except that the observer does not deliberately shift the vision from one spot of color to another, but instead, the focus-point of the eyes causes the mixture naturally, by a rapid play all over and across the different spots of color, and produces the sensation of white or colored light in the eye, through which atmospheric haze the landscape is seen, and hence, this mysterious atmospheric illusion.

When two or more pure colors which are complementary, or three or more which produce a complementary balance, are commingled, they will produce the sensation of white or colored light in the eye, causing the effect of luminosity. When broken or dark complementaries are commingled, they will produce the sensation of a low-toned white or gray light in the eye. When colors which are not complementary, are commingled, then they will produce the sensation of a colored light in the eye. For illustration, let the reader take a sheet of white paper and place upon it a spot of red (a mixture of vermilion and madder lake) and a spot of medium cobalt blue.

Then place a black dot in the center of each spot and also a dot between the two, for the purpose of having fixed points upon which to focus the eyes. Now allow the eyes to focus upon the red spot for a minute and then look at the dot between the two, and there will be seen a blue-green tint, the complement of the red. Now allow the eyes to rest upon the blue spot for a minute, and then look at the dot between the two and there will be seen an orange tint, the complement of the blue. Now, allow the eyes to rest upon the red spot for a few seconds, then shift the vision to the blue spot for a few seconds, then back again to the red spot, repeating this action for a half minute, and then suddenly look upon the dot between the two, and there will be seen a pale yellow light which is equivalent to a prismatic mixture of the complementary tints of the red and the blue. Now, if this experiment be repeated and the eyes are suddenly shifted to some colored surface, there will be seen a hazy atmospheric spot slightly tinged with yellow.

It should be evident to the reader that when red and blue dots of equal tone-value are intermingled on a canvas, that a similar mixture of their complementaries takes place in the eye when they

are viewed from a sufficient distance to produce the effect of a simultaneous contrast.

Monet and other "luminarists" have frequently failed to attain a perfect atmospheric and luminous effect by the spot method, because some of the spots would be too strong in tone; notably the blue or violet—entirely out of value with the other colors used to attain the result desired. I have seen some paintings which were marred by the fact that the dots used to produce light and atmosphere were not of the same tone-value. The result being that the yellow dots would vanish at about ten feet from the canvas; the red dots at about fifteen feet; the blue dots at about twenty-five feet; and the violet dots persisted clear to the opposite side of the gallery thirty-five feet away.

Now, suppose we wish to produce the effect of light and atmosphere in a sky by the commingling of different pigments upon the canvas. We may use pairs of complementary tints like the orange and blue, yellow and violet, or tints that are nearly complementary like crimson and lemon yellow, red and cerulean blue, or orange and cerulean blue, or we may use five or six different colors—red, orange, yellow, blue, violet and crimson at the same time. It is of the utmost importance that whatever number of tints are used should be so well balanced—so equal in tone-value, that when commingled on the canvas, they will occupy one atmospheric plane in the painting—that is, will appear to be the same distance from the eye. When this result is obtained then the different dots as individual colors will vanish simultaneously at a certain distance from the painting and the mixture in the eye of the rays of light coming from the different pigments will be complete, and we will get as a result a luminous atmospheric effect. The color quality of this light can be controlled by simply allowing one or more of the colors to predominate; that is, if a blue tinted sky is desired, then show more of the blue than the other colors.

Any color can be made atmospheric and luminous by having small spots or touches of its complementary scattered or broken all through it. If it is desired to represent distant objects, earth, grass or foliage then, of course, the complementary touches must be sufficiently gray to keep the proper distance from the eye. This art of commingling colors which are more or less complementary, for the purpose of producing the illusion of light and atmosphere, can be applied to the darkest of night effects as well as to the brilliance of day. The luminous and atmospheric darks of night can be produced upon canvas, through the same law of simultaneous contrast, by the commingling of very dark colors which are more or less complementary.

PLANTING ABOUT THE HOUSE: SOME PRACTICAL IDEAS FOR AMERICAN GARDENS

VERPLANTING the small space that is within the immediate vicinity of the house is a common mistake and should be distinctly avoided. It tends to distort the fine proportions of the house and causes a cramped, awkward, overgrown effect that is decidedly inartistic. Eccentricities are always in bad taste, monotony is equally unpardonable, but freshness and originality carry undisputed charm. Small spaces are more satisfactory if treated in an unpretentious, informal, natural way. Simplicity rather than ostentation, privacy rather than display, restfulness rather than spectacular surprises should be the aim in small gardens.

The virtues and beauties of compactness should be understood. The vegetable and flower plots should blend together with no sharp line of separateness, no decided break to call attention to the smallness of size, for one continuous sweep of ground seems larger than when broken into several small beds. Vegetables planted by the side of the kitchen doorway and against the base of the house should be fully as ornamental as a planting of flowers, and the accessibility should be an endless source of joy. A grape-vine over the kitchen doorway is fully as ornamental as the wistaria or clematis that blossoms over the front door and has the charm of utility. Rows of feathery foliaged carrots and purple leaved beets are extremely decorative and fresh green curly heads of lettuce make an admirable border plant. They need not be hidden from view as if they were unsightly, but should be allowed to add their valuable variety of texture and color to the rest of the visible growing things.

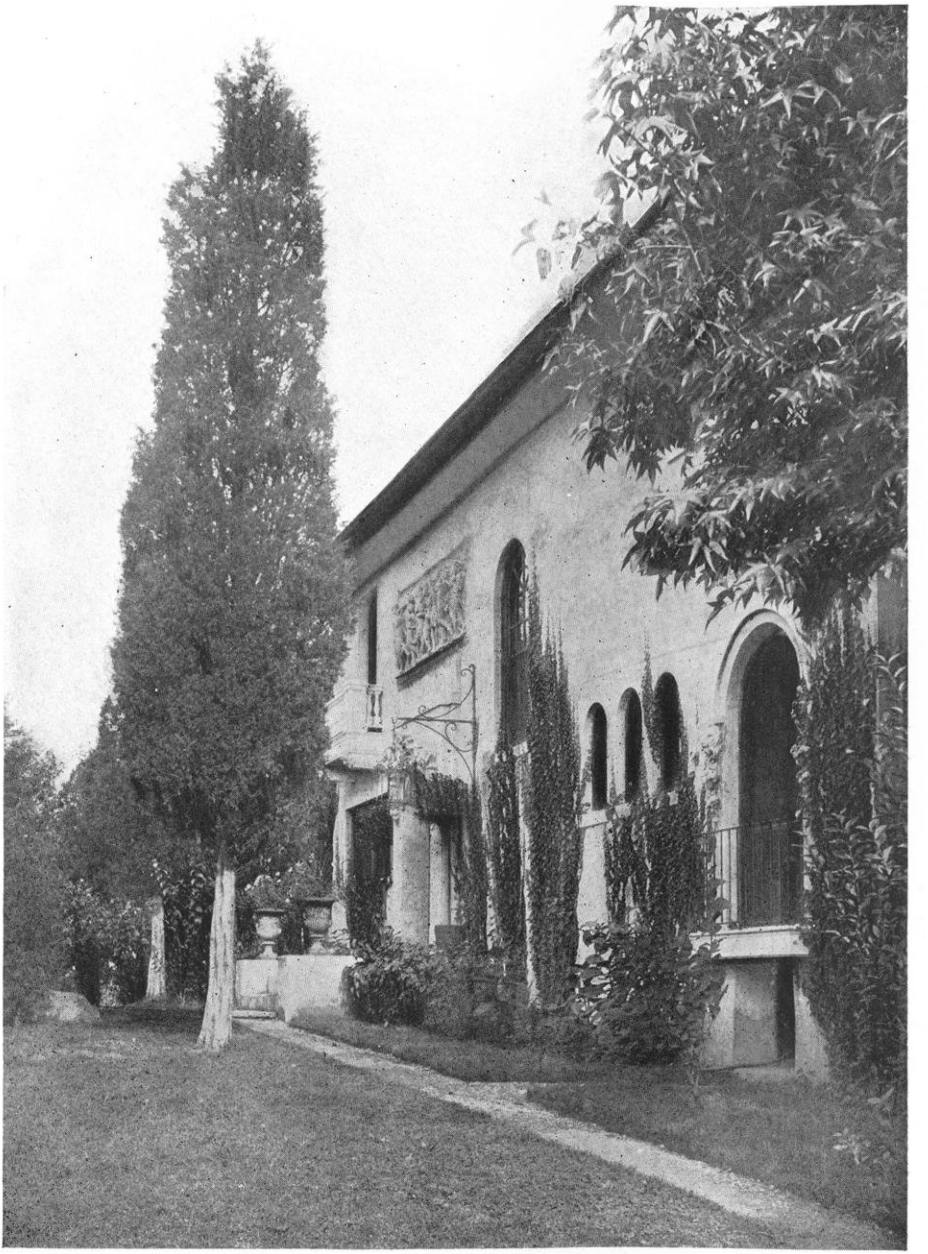
Every feature of house and garden should be in intimate relation so that nothing appears extraneous. The house and garden can be pleasantly blended with no abrupt line of separation, by partially concealing the foundation of the house with plantings of dwarf evergreens, shrubs, vines or massed flowers.

The view from the windows and porches must not be obstructed, yet a certain privacy should be retained. The vista from the street should partially reveal and partially conceal the home. A liberal use of shrubs should be in evidence in planting both large or small spaces, for they are invaluable in breaking up monotony, relieving barrenness and adding variety of form, color, texture. Different varieties can be found suited to damp or dry conditions, sun or shade. They can be trained, thus adding a touch of formality or if allowed an unrestrained growth will be an important note of delightful, rambling informality. Well-tried shrubs adapted to shady grounds are the ever useful evergreen andromeda, the azalea, viscosa, sweet-

scented shrub (calycanthus), button bush (cephalanthus), sweet pepper bush (clethra), holly (ilex) of many kinds, mountain laurel (kalmia), magnolia, weeping willow, chokecherry (pyrus) and many others. In making selections of shrubs that are to be planted near the house it is good to intersperse deciduous and evergreen, for the beauty of both are thus enhanced. Many of the deciduous shrubs and trees have great beauty of bark coloring and grace of limb, which is well brought out by the dark green massed foliage of the evergreens. Winter will never create desolation about the house if ivy (euonymus radicans) be planted so that it can climb up into the branches of leafless trees, or carpet the slope of a terrace or cling to the foundation of the house.

IN FRONT of all shrubs or evergreen trees that are intended to conceal the base of the house, may be planted borders of perennial flowers, intermixed with the more showy annuals. In this way there will be a never-ceasing display of growing plants to delight the members of the household. Beginning with the pussy willows of February and the crocus of March, there can be a steady procession of color and beauty until the winter bids all the flowers sleep, that their youth and beauty may return again to grace the world. There is a never-failing delight in watching the resurrection of old flower friends, of seeing the same plants shaking out green leaves and opening their familiar beloved eyes, year after year, with unfailing constancy. Their visits are looked forward to and welcomed as one would welcome well-tried friends. March and April awaken the violets, trilliums, columbines. In May blooms the lily-of-the-valley, anemone, peony, phlox, iris, lilac. June causes the poppy to flame, roses to bloom, spirea, forget-me-not, campanula to flourish. In July we expect the yellow day lily, hollyhocks, starwort, harebell, evening primrose. In August we prepare for the delphinium, lavender, sunflowers. In September, eager asters arise and coventry bells and gentians. October finds hardy asters and chrysanthemums ready with gay colors and sturdy resistance to cold. These plants and many other old friends and still other newer ones can be depended upon to renew their acquaintance with you year after year with almost no attention after they are once given a place in your garden. There are perennials for the shady side of the house, some for the sunny side, for moist ground and rock gardens. So in planting small gardens or small estates, shrubs and perennial flowers should be lavishly used, for their charm is beyond question and comparatively little care need be expended upon them after they have been set out.

In planting all small areas, the boundaries must be concealed



TALL RED CEDARS ECHOED IN LINE BY TRAINED VINES AGAINST THE HOUSE GIVE A STATELY CLASSIC EFFECT TO THIS CONCRETE HOUSE.

A DENSE PLANTING OF TREES EFFECTIVELY SCREENS A STABLE FROM THE MAIN ROAD: CLEMATIS AND VIRGINIA CREEPER AGAINST THE STONE WALL OF THE BUILDING AND HOLLYHOCKS PEERING OVER THE TOP OF THE PRIVET HEDGE GIVE A CHARMING VARIETY.

A RICH COLOR EFFECT HAS BEEN OBTAINED BY BRINGING THE GREEN OF THE GARDEN IN CLOSE CONTACT WITH THE GRAY CONCRETE WALLS OF THE HOUSE: THE PRECISE PLACING OF TUBS CONTAINING SMALL BOX TREES GIVES A SLIGHT SENSE OF FORMALITY.

SHOWING THE INTERESTING EFFECT THAT CAN BE OBTAINED BY EVERGREEN SHRUBS ABOUT THE HOUSE; DWARF CEDAR, BARBERRIES AND PERENNIAL FLOWERS SATISFACTORILY CONNECT HOUSE AND GARDEN.

whenever possible, for the feeling of space is greatly enhanced if the determining lines of extent are not seen.

An expanse of lawn helps to increase the sense of space, and serves as excellent foil and as a background to the bordering plants. In preparing the ground for a good lawn, there should be at least six inches of good top soil before the seed is sown. The borders destined to hold the flowers should be dug at least two feet deep and filled with a compost of manure and top soil. These borders should be mainly of small evergreens and perennials with a sprinkling of annuals. Great care must be taken to ensure harmony of color.

Individual specimens of trees, such as the Norway maple, purple beech, white birch, European linden, Nordmanns fir, Colorado blue spruce, etc., add greatly to a garden and help center the whole. The adjustment of different parts such as lawn, borders, single trees, etc., requires a finer balance when small spaces are planted than when larger ones are. Large spaces require a greater breadth of treatment, though this does not mean neglecting interesting detail work.

Landscape gardening is as much an art as painting, music or literature. The spirit of Nature must be caught, retained, enhanced, as in a picture. To do this requires a knowledge of unity, proportion, continuity, variety, finish, and should be the work of one mind, the same as any composition of music or a poem or a picture. A beautiful view is the goal in landscape gardening, and this is brought about by the use of trees, shrubs, flowers, paths, fountains, disposed as an artist places his colors, in groups and masses, and a centering of interest upon a single object of beauty in the foreground. Only in the case of garden designs, the foreground ever changes as one walks about, so that different pictures are constantly being made from the finished whole, with the trees as a frame. Masses can be obtained as background to the picture by groups of large trees. Sometimes a building needs screening, which can be done by an alternate planting of Lombardy poplars and Norway maple. By this wise arrangement the poplars can be cut out when they begin to deteriorate, leaving the screen always in good condition.

AN EXAMPLE of the utilitarian and decorative use of trees as a screen is shown in the photograph of a stable, hidden from the main road by a dense planting of large trees and shrubbery. This picture also shows a charming natural planting of trees on the hillside which the most skilful landscape architects would find difficulty in improving upon. The contour of trees against the sky line is full of beauty, presenting such a variety and grace that any thought of monotony is impossible. The straight line of hedge broken at the

corners and relieved from severity by tall hollyhocks peering over the top is a pleasing feature, combining neatness and service with distinct æsthetic charm. The Virginia creeper and clematis break up the wall of the stable just enough to add grace without destroying the contour of the building.

Tall slender trees such as the poplar or red cedar standing amidst a group of trees of rounding outlines, or as sentinels at the doorway of a house or at the main entrance to the grounds, give one of the most decorative effects possible to obtain in landscape gardening. They take the place in the garden ensemble that a well-directed line takes in a picture, becoming the keynote or clue to the whole composition. The value of a straight line in floral as well as pictorial composition is well exemplified by one of the photographs accompanying this article. The tall red cedars on either side of the door give a sense of simple, almost royal, dignity and distinction, and the delicate echoing of line in the clinging creepers against the house is as the parallel line so often, openly or suggestively, made use of by designers of pictures.

Still another use of trees is shown where a pyramidal arbor-vitæ is placed in the center of a bed of mixed shrubbery, thus becoming the focusing point of the whole. In this case it centers the group both as to size and color, for the grading was carefully considered from the first low green of the grass, through different tones of green and variety of foliage texture and sloping heights up to the aspiring dark line of the arbor-vitæ, which completes the shapely and interesting bed. Again is demonstrated the charm that comes from the repetition of a line, for the outreaching curves of the foliage in the center bed are emphasized in the branching figures of the vine against the wall, so that the effect is light and graceful, as full of motion as a dance. This photograph also illustrates the beauty that comes from partially covering the walls of a building with vines, which soften angles and conceal too severe structural lines.

An arrangement of shrubbery against a house that is full of interest, one that will be beautiful both winter and summer, is shown in an accompanying photograph. The cedars, barberries and evergreen background will give a feeling of warmth and life during the winter season and the other vines and bushes will record with their glowing blossoms the arrival of spring, summer and autumn. Though there is a sense of trimness and neatness, there is no feeling of formality anywhere, for the naturally uneven terminations of bushes prevent stiffness and give sensitive grace. There is just the right planting of flowers and shrubs to sympathetically unite the house with the

ground. No abrupt line of contact is allowed to mar the unity, so that house and garden seem on friendly terms.

Still another way of uniting house and garden is shown where the arrangement is a more formal one. In this case the veranda is the connecting link, which, though neither house nor garden, embodies the joy and comfort of both, is in fact a mediator of both. The little box trees in tubs give a slight touch of formality that is extremely decorative when used in conjunction with the irregular massing of the foreground bushes and flowers, and the swaying festoons of the vines. In this case the large tree holds the center of interest, as it is so eminently fitted to do. Vines should be trained to cover the unsightly drain pipes.

In planning the garden near the house, winter effects should be borne in mind as well as summer ones. There are a number of shrubs, suitable for use in the small spaces near the home, that bear bright berries such as the barberry and chokecherry. And there are a still greater number that keep green leaves throughout the winter, such as the magnolia, laurel, rhododendron, holly, Mahonia. It is also advisable to have some of the very earliest of blossoming shrubs that will bloom even before the first birds arrive, The golden bell (forsythia) is among the very earliest to bloom, sometimes daring even the severe winds of March. The bright pink flowers of the Japan redbud or Judas tree (which is in reality but a bush) push into the sunlight of early April long before the leaves dare venture. The dogwood is another excellent bush, for even its bare branches are beautiful and add much to the pleasure of the winter garden, and the early appearance of its spring flower-snow blossoms is one of the most inspiring sights of the whole year.

Among the vines that may hide the drain pipes and cover the gateway, pergola or porch, there are the fine foliaged maidenhair vine, the fragrant honeysuckle, kudzu, trumpet, clematis, wistaria, besides the many varieties of climbing roses. Scattered among the shrubs either in small irregular groups or in masses should be the annuals suitable for use as house decorations—those that thrive on a vigorous pruning of the blossoms. Among such perennials count the iris, phlox, asters, delphinium, coreopsis, hardy pinks, foxglove. The list of fragrant lovable annuals is too long and the items too well known to need mentioning, but would a garden be the delightful place that it should be, without a bit of mignonette or forget-me-not?

HELLERAU, THE CITY OF THE FUTURE: BY EVA ELISE VOM BAUR

O COME upon Hellerau is to experience a rare pleasure; to inspect it, forewarned of all its charms, is to become convinced that it is possible to maintain, in the modern scramble for existence, a community ideally planned and practically executed, a town possessing all the advantages of civilization. For Hellerau is the city of the future—of that future when men shall live, not each one for himself alone, but all for one another. It was a moody April day that we jogged our way along the trolley line, out to Hellerau. We passed through New Dresden, beyond the military garrison where we caught a glimpse of a green-clad hunters' regiment at artillery practice. We left the trolley for a path through the woods, which a picturesque sign-post assured us would take us on the direct route to Hellerau. A group of stone-breakers with their horse were working by the roadside. How happy they looked! The men were working as leisurely as one may while maintaining a semblance of earning one's pay; rhythmically they lifted the hammer and rhythmically they let it fall. In time with this measure they puffed their pipes. The horse seemed to grin cheerfully at the contemplation of that peaceful scene of which he formed a part.

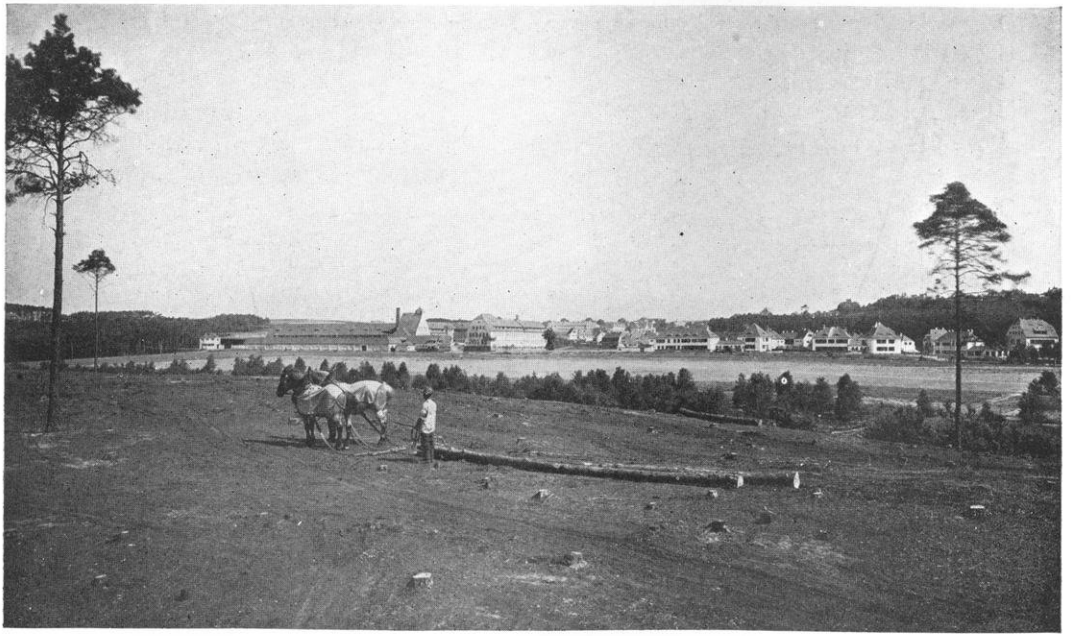
As we passed, the workmen all stopped as by signal. "*Guten Tag,*" they said, as though trained to act in chorus; the horse turned his head and gave us a benign equine blessing.

"*Guten Tag,*" we replied, having learned our little lesson of Continental greetings well, "*Noch weit zu gehen, nach Hellerau?*"

"*Nicht schlimm,*" they called after us encouragingly, resuming their pipes, their hammers and their leisure.

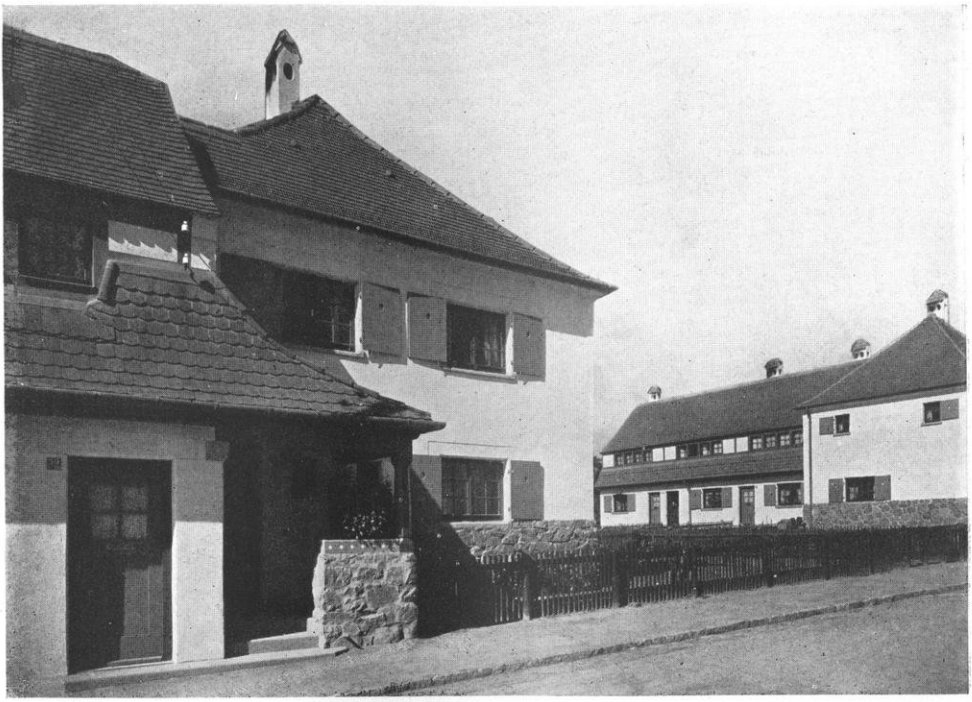
"*Steinklopfer bin i*" I hummed, understanding, for the first time, the deeper meaning in the words of the man in the Strauss song who is proud to do anything for his country—even if it is only to break stones by the roadside.

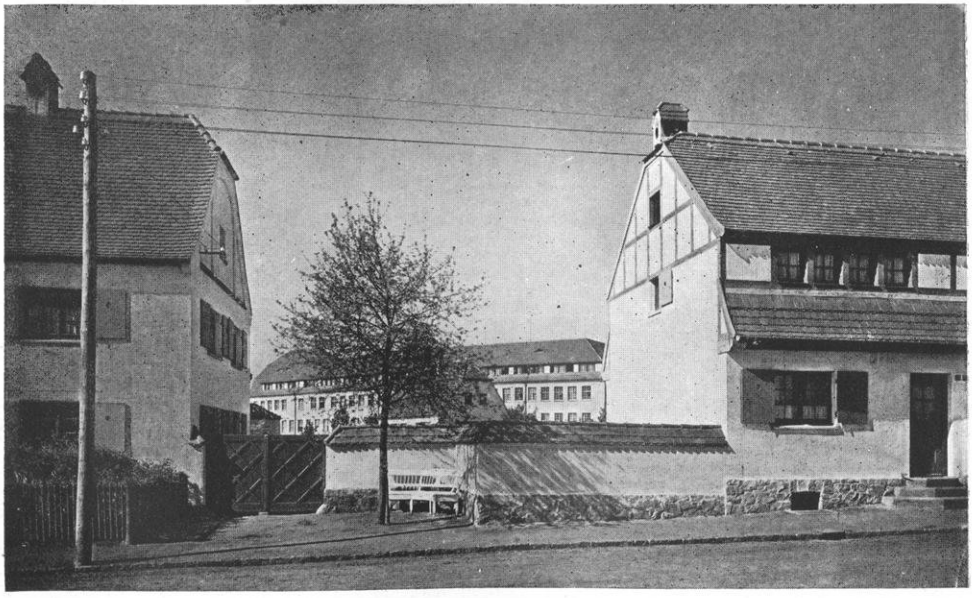
But further speculation about the possibilities for joy in the occupation of stone-breaker soon came to an end, for we came upon a sight, so real in its peace and beauty, that theories and resentments had to flee before it. It was a simple town of winding crooked streets, white houses with green blinds and red roofs, and it lay in snowy silence at our feet. Directly in front of us stood the inevitable *Waldschenke*, the German beer garden and afternoon coffee rendezvous. To the left spread a low, long building with wings at unexpected angles, and many courtyards. A profusion of windows and a generous supply of smoke puffing out of picturesque chimneys suggested that it might be a factory, but the very profusion of the win-



THE FIRST VIEW OF THE INN AT HELLERAU, LOOKING UP THE WOOD-PATH LEADING FROM THE TROLLEY LINE.

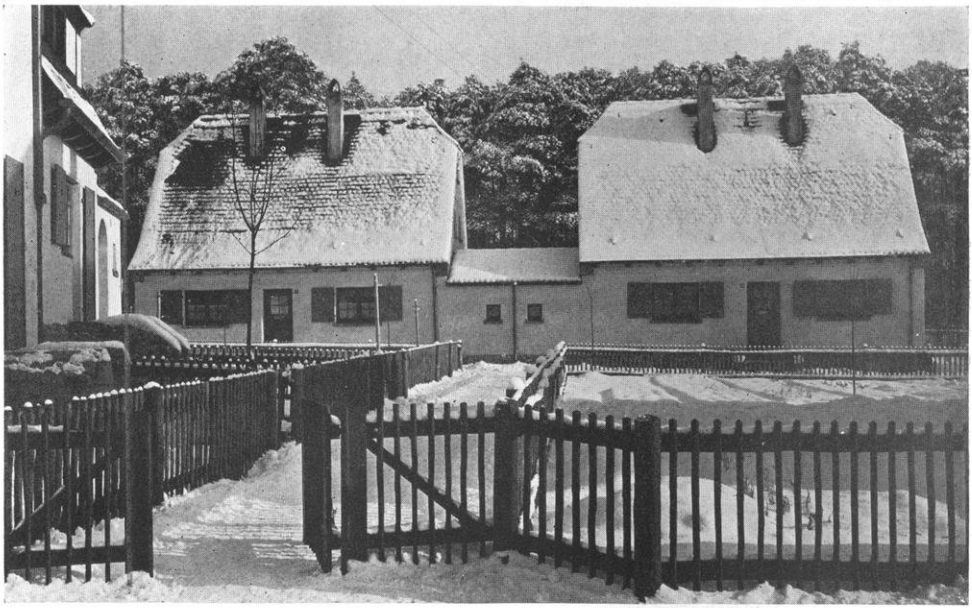
A VIEW OF HELLERAU ACROSS THE LAKE: TO THE RIGHT STANDS THE INN, TO THE LEFT THE FACTORY, AND BETWEEN THEM A GROUP OF MORE PRETENTIOUS COUNTRY HOUSES.





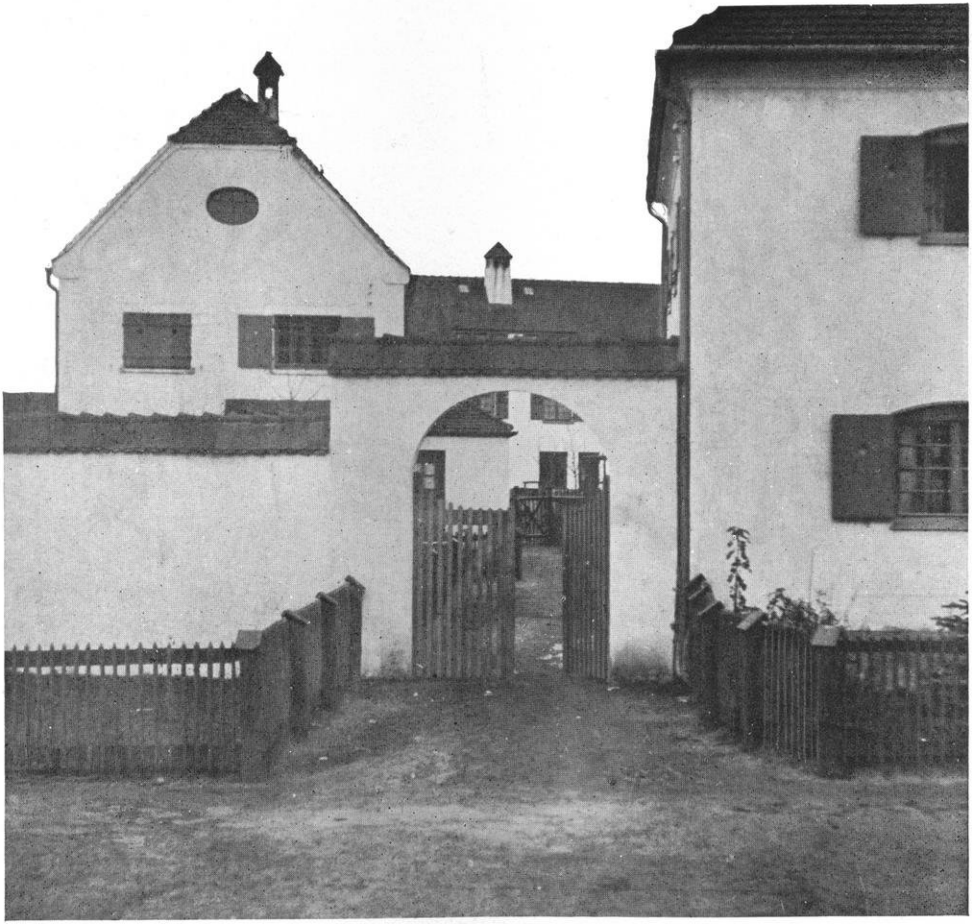
IN THE FOREGROUND A MORE HIGH-PRICED TWO-FAMILY HOUSE, TO THE RIGHT A ROW OF FOUR-ROOMED HOUSES: NOTE THAT THE LATTER DO NOT FACE THE STREET DIRECTLY, BUT ARE ACCESSIBLE BY A PATH RUNNING THROUGH THE GARDENS.

A BIT OF THE STREET OF THE GREEN COAT-TAIL, SHOWING THE SKILFUL USE OF FENCES AND WALLS, THE INTRODUCTION OF AN ARBOR HERE, A BENCH THERE.



HELLERAU IN WINTERTIME, WHEN THE WHITE HOUSES ARE CHARMING WITH THEIR GREEN BLINDS AND RED ROOFS.

A ROW OF HELLERAU HOUSES: THE IDEA IN HAVING WINDING STREETS IS TO GIVE EACH HOUSE AN EQUAL SHARE OF LIGHT AND AIR.



A GLIMPSE AT THE BACKYARDS OF THE HOUSES WHICH FRONT ON THE STREET OF THE GREEN COAT-TAIL.

dows and the very picturesqueness of the chimneys gave us pause in coming to our conclusion. Beyond it, through silvery slim birches and a curtain of finely falling snow, we could distinguish mansionlike houses on a hill slope.

To the right, up a little hill wound a crooked little street lined on both sides with neat white cottages, similar enough to be harmonious, different enough not to be tiresome. I was for exploring them first, especially as the street bore the appealing name of "*Am Grünen Zipfel*,"—"At the Green Coat-tail," but decided, upon second thought to go to the big building first to find out just what it was we had come to see.

WHEN we read the sign on the big building, "*Deutsche Werkstätte für Handwerkerkunst*," we recognized it immediately as the factory of the biggest German firm for interior decoration. Karl Schmidt, the founder of Hellerau, is not a dreamer of dreams, but a most practical business man who has worked his way up from the carpenter's bench to the ownership of one of the biggest craftwork factories in Germany. He is neither a sentimental philanthropist nor a theoretical economist, but a man who understands the needs of human beings and believes in the joys of coöperation. As his creed includes a belief that man is the sum of all his conceptions and that, as such, he is the reflection of his environment, he is convinced that if work is done in pleasant surroundings, under hygienic conditions, this will invariably show in the finished product.

"For instance," he amplified the last remark, "I believe that my men will learn to love only good and beautiful things if they can always see a pretty landscape from the windows, or a picture of artistic merit on the walls of the factory rooms as they go about their work.

"In business, in finance, in literature, in education and science—even in the courts—men are trying to live ahead of their times, to break away from useless traditions in order to meet the needs of the present state of civilization. We, here in Hellerau also believe in casting off the trappings of other centuries and living entirely in our own. In the houses we build and the furniture we make, we imitate nothing; we merely utilize such historical forms as we deem beautiful and applicable to the needs of today.

"You Americans,"—I had been waiting for the unavoidable dig at us Americans and here it was, thank goodness, soon out of the way,—"have this advantage over us, that you have no traditions to fight against. And then what do you do? You hunt them up and create them for yourselves. If you could only know how we

laugh at you for coming over to buy up trunks full of ugly little things, for which you pay fabulous prices—only because they are old!"

He then explained to us that he had been unusually fortunate in finding a piece of land near a large city, comprising about three hundred and seventy-five acres free from the clutches of land speculators and real-estate boomers. This he had been able to buy up from seventy-three different farmers for the average price of about thirty dollars a square meter. As he believes that everyone should think and work for everything he gets, he did not build barracklike rows of houses by the wholesale for his employees; believing also that the people who work in one place should not all live in one place without the stimulating company of people who work elsewhere and on other things, he bought up much more land than he needed and turned it over to a garden-city association which should develop it for the use of all sorts of desirable tenants in sympathy with a communal plan of living and in search of inexpensive lodgings in artistic surroundings. This association planned the city in accordance with the newest ideas of city building, with winding roads, frequent irregular open places, many three-sided street corners to give lots of room and light and air. Then they, in turn, parceled off a certain district to a coöperative building association which should erect and maintain smaller houses for the workmen. The Land Insurance Company of Saxony was willing to take a first mortgage for three and one-third per cent. with an amortization of one per cent. and a great many inhabitants of Dresden were found eager to buy shares.

THE principal object of both these companies is to prevent land speculation, the inflation of land values and the accumulation of the unearned increment by the individual. To this end they have decreed for all time that no land shall ever pass out of their hands, that it may, on the other hand, be leased indefinitely by individuals who have shares in the company and that these stockholders shall never receive more than four per cent. on the capital they have invested. The surplus is invariably to be used for objects of mutual benefit,—an idea that has been in operation now for two years and working successfully. Each member of the coöperative association pays fifty dollars a share, which brings him four cent. interest and which entitles him to become a tenant in one of the houses the association builds. No man may hold more than one hundred shares, and there are stockholders who never mean to live in Hellerau. The income derived from these shares, from the savings bank connected with the association (which also pays only four per cent.), the three and one-third per cent. mortgage which the Land

Company of Saxony holds, is enough to cover the expense of building, to allow for an amortization of one per cent. to pay off that mortgage in one hundred years, and to have a surplus fund for the building of schools, libraries, museums and other civic and social centers. The rents charged for the houses are equal to but five and one-half per cent. of the value of the land, its improvements and the buildings upon it.

As the rents for these smaller houses may never exceed one hundred and fifty dollars, those who want villas or more pretentious country houses must apply directly to the Garden City Association for the use of the land, pay six per cent. of its value and five per cent. of the cost of the building to be erected as rental and take out a mortgage of four-tenths of the value of both as a guarantee for the undertaking. The prospective builder receives four per cent. for this loan, but may not claim full payment of it for five years. To prevent the inevitable introduction of speculation, mortgages and shares may not be sold to any but members of either association, and so though the value of the property may increase, the individual gets but four per cent. on his investment and the town gets the benefit of the increase.

There are now about two thousand people living in Hellerau, but there is room for thirty thousand. There is enough land, a guide explained to us, to admit of wide expansion, and enough restrictions to keep it intact. As these restrictions are self-imposed, the inhabitants have to abide by them or make their objections in public at a meeting of the Self-Government Association. This is composed of all the members of the coöperative association and the Garden City Association, who elect two representative bodies: a Board of Managers to do the work and a Board of Directors to see that it is done. To both of these Karl Schmidt is the advisor.

As we left the factory with our guide, we walked past the *Waldschenke*, where the meetings are held, up the street of Green Coat-tail which had charmed us when we had first entered the town. There we found two kinds of houses, the *Reihenhäuser*, groups of small houses, built connectedly for the economy of roof and wall space, with a tiny garden front and back, and the *Kleinhäuser*, separate houses with free space all around and the rent a little higher. The idea in having both kinds of houses on one street, it was pointed out to us, was to mix the company that lived in them. As a result of this plan, only forty per cent. of the inhabitants of Hellerau are connected with the factory. On this one street, for instance, there lived besides some employees of the *Werkstätte*, a lawyer from Dresden, a widow who wrote books, a well-known violinist, a retired actress and the editor of a Socialist magazine.

In one house we visited we met a seamstress who with her two little children had lived there ever since the town came into existence. In Dresden she had paid about one hundred dollars for four rooms, she explained to us, two of which were "blind" and none of which was big enough to turn around in. Here she had four rooms, a garret storeroom and a laundry-cellar supplied with apparatus for heating and hot water, and all the air and sunshine she could possibly want or use for sixty-two dollars. For the "decorative" garden in front, big enough for a flower-bed, and the "utility" garden in the back, supplied with three baby fruit trees by the Association, she paid an extra rent of eighteen *pfennige* (four and a half cents) per square yard annually.

THE neat green placard hung over the bell informed us that we were calling on Frau Lisa Brödel. The tow-headed little Lieschen that let us in hadn't time to tell us that the *Frau Mutter* was at home, before the seamstress mother, with some of her sewing still in her hand, came forward to greet us. From the tiny hall into which we had entered, she had led us into the *gute Stube*, the general utility room. The sight that greeted us as we stood in the doorway assured us that this one was used not only as dining room, sitting room and parlor, but as a dancing hall, too, for there in the middle of the floor whirled and spun an elfin sprite with a tousled yellow head.

"Gretl, Gretl," her mother, remonstrated, "*Du bist nervös; geh' rhythmisch.*"

Whereupon the tousled head came to a sudden standstill, a wee small voice belonging to it, counted *one*-two, *one*-two, until arms and legs under perfect control and with great grace removed it into the next room, an adorable example of the subduing possibilities of rhythmical gymnastics. We were enchanted.

"You all believe in it, don't you?" I said, turning to Frau Brödel.

"Oh, yes, we go to dancing class almost every evening."

"You enjoy it—you really love it?"

"Not always." Seeing the questioning gaze in our guide's face, she hastened to explain, "that is, when it interferes with business. For weeks I have had a quarrel with Frau Straubenmüller about a bill for a dress I made for her, and last night, what was my luck—I had to draw her for my partner for the evening. You can't be angry when you do rhythmic gymnastics—that doesn't go—I smiled on her before I knew it, and now, I am sure of it—she will not pay me that money."

Hellerau is a garden city patterned very much after the English models, especially Letchworth, and has the same advantage that it

is not only planned and managed by a political economist, a man of practical business sense, but that it is built up by architects and artists of the first magnitude. The name of Herman Muthesius, a Berlin architect whose services are sought by the builders of villas in the exclusive Gruenewald, a man whom the Government consults in weighty matters of art and architecture, is modestly signed beneath the plans of one row of houses. Carl Riemerschmidt, the founder of one of the most modern schools of interior decoration and architecture, has had more to say about the laying out of Hellerau and the building of its houses than anyone else. Karl Bertsch, another Munich artist; M. H. Baillie-Scott, of English fame; Heinrich Tessenow and Theodor Fischer are among the other contributors.

As we walked along the street, noticing the carefully laid out houses and gardens, the artistic groupings of the trees, the skilful use of fences and walls, the introduction of an arbor here, a bench there, we were so well pleased by the outside of Hellerau houses, that I couldn't help thinking what a disappointment it must be to the men who had conceived all these things, to find the inside misused. When I expressed this to our guide he set my fears at rest by saying :

"Oh, we take care of that. See, here, we have three model houses full of suggestions for what is fit, and—by omission—what is not fit. The workers in the *Werkstätte* acquire there, of course, a sense of beauty in furnishings, and many of them, when they have finished making furniture for the factory, make copies for their own homes. Here is a five-room house we have furnished for three hundred and thirty-seven dollars from garret to cellar, with solid, practical things. We have everything here which is absolutely necessary—we believe in having nothing but that in a house. Pictures, of course, and books, but no unnecessary pieces of furniture, no lavish profusion of things, just because you can afford to have them."

What startled us in the Hellerau style of interior decoration was the profusion and garishness of color that is everywhere in evidence—color that is not only gay, but decidedly giddy. Bright blue and apple green woodwork were no exception; the bold contrasts of colors in autumn leaves and wild flowers were frequently used as motifs for sofa-cushions and table covers; and the bright blue crockery was decorated with bright green irregular splotches, so that even more daring combinations soon seemed commonplace.

THE other two show-houses, larger and more pretentious, served rather as advertisements of the wares of the *Werkstätte*. But the gospel of color was preached here too—bright yellows and purples and blues, toned in with quieter browns and grays. Riemer-

schmidt is one of the first Germans to build a house "from the inside out," that is with a thought for the utility of space and economy of natural household resources, but his ingenuity oftentimes brings him perilously near the grotesque.

At the end of the "*Grünen Zipfel*" we came upon the market-place, the shopping district of Hellerau. It was not completed when we were there, but a variety of holes in the ground indicated that there would some day be quite a galaxy of shops upon the place. They are to be rented out to anyone wishing to venture in business in a model town, irrespective of membership in either of the companies. It is doubtful, however, whether merchants will be found in great plenty to avail themselves of the opportunity, for besides a financial risk they must also run the risk of offending Hellerau taste with their wares. "Anyone who wants to sell ugly, useless things, can do that elsewhere," Karl Schmidt had said. "We are going to have an art commission here to see that everything in and outside of these shops is in good taste and this commission is going to have authority to insist on beauty in everything from sign-boards to women's gowns."

As it was getting late, our guide rushed us by the street of the "Little Ditch" ("*Am kleinen Gräbchen*") down Street Three, past some very handsome villas in which the managers of the factory, some of the architects and directors of the Jacques-Dalcroze School of Rhythmical Gymnastics lives, and back again to the factory. Here in the courtyard we found a crowd of jolly, red-cheeked chattering children with their school books strapped to their backs in military fashion, coming home from school. They seemed much happier and more carefree than the average German children. Our guide agreed with me when I expressed this thought to him. "Yes," he said, "they were all a nuisance in Dresden, and they felt it. They are a blessing here, and they know that, too."

Having made a tour of the town, we were allowed to go through the factory; the thing that appealed to me most was the system of management,—without the time-check, without fines, without docketing. It is run entirely on the honor system—(a system stranger in Germany, even, than here) and Karl Schmidt declares that his are the most punctual and the most conscientious workers in the Fatherland. They elect delegates to a parliament which confers with him regularly, that he may know what they think about their work and the conditions under which they must execute it. A spirit of comradeship was evident there that I have never seen anywhere else; a spirit, too, of the joy of work; it almost seemed, above all, as though each man were doing his best in the individual task, that the whole might be perfect.

H. P. BERLAGE, THE CREATOR OF A DEMOCRATIC ARCHITECTURE IN HOLLAND: BY W. G. PURCELL AND G. G. ELMSLIE

MSTERDAM is a busy city, bustling with commercial activity, much like our American cities, and a new Chamber of Commerce was needed. The City Council had given this architectural commission to one H. P. Berlage, and just why, or indeed why not, no one could say. True, Kuypers, the elder, architect emeritus, had given deliberate opinion that Berlage was technically equal to the task. The members of the City Council liked his reasonable and straightforward analysis in discussion, and there were the other buildings of his that seemed to meet real needs, and wear well with everyday feelings, so sentiment somehow crystallized toward this practical, friendly, dignified, and slightly different architect. Berlage was to build the Chamber of Commerce. How wise a choice, and how far reaching, Amsterdam was and is yet to know.

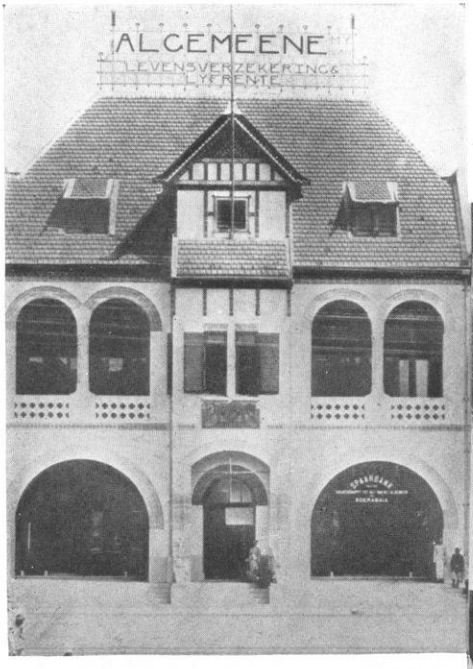
It was a great commission for any architect and in compact, thrifty Holland it meant Opportunity. But it also meant seven years of patient striving, not so much with the architectural problem, for years of preparation had stored up the needed power, as with an exasperating and opinionated general public and an aristocratic (though professedly democratic) company of business men, artists and connoisseurs. "Had not Holland, and Amsterdam in particular, a proud record in art?" "Came not the thousands each year to dream in her past and study the beauties of her art?" And here was the architect of her most notable building concerning himself not at all about the "Orders" of architecture, or the correctness of his "proportions," and apparently very little concerned about its beauty; truly a most astonishing condition; artists, persons of correct taste and authorities on the fine arts were shocked, but a few poets and simple souls of more wisdom than learning, waited, and were full of hope.

The appreciation of Mr. Berlage's art requires no point of view that is either more deeply philosophic or so very different from that which we bring to the various commendable activities of any people, past or present. But this point of view must not include an insistence upon the outward and conventional attributes of beauty. This matter we call beauty seems to be the all important, certainly the most evident factor in the culmination of all great arts, but only because beauty is the common denominator of all the ways in which any work of man—or of nature—is successful. Millet says "Beauty is that

which is *in place.*" An art work may be "in place" from many points of view; a great art work must be "in place" from all points of view. Berlage's work then, in this respect recognizes beauty as an attribute, a spiritual consummation that cannot be trapped within a form, or described by rules. His art, therefore, does not concern itself with whether a thing be beautiful or not, knowing that if a work be useful, direct, just, earnest and truthful, beauty will be a part of it and in no other way. Mr. Berlage *lives* the great axiom derived from all past art,—that the individual may charge nothing with beauty; he can only be "in place." Then what he produces will be alive, and beauty will be a part of it as it is of nature.

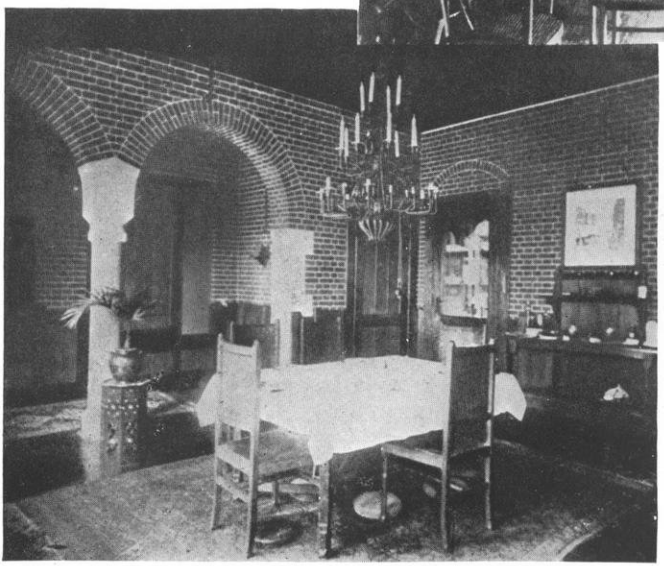
We shall not readily arrive at an appreciative understanding of this new Dutch architecture if we assume the characteristic attitude taken by the foremost architect in this country when Mr. Berlage commented upon a library of his as being "a beautiful building but a copy." The gentleman replied in part by saying that since the critic admitted that the building was beautiful, and since that was the one thing most to be desired in architecture, the criticism was accepted as complimentary. I believe any reader not an architect will not seriously affirm that the first duty of the farm, the book, the law, or the building is to be beautiful, although they may represent a vital and highly developed art, and are charged with that beauty which we may come to see if imagination has not been rendered fruitless in an effort to transfix the spirit of beauty by too much post-mortem dissection of the art of ages that are dead to us.

MR. BERLAGE has brought back the art of architecture to the art of building. He thinks of them as one. Engineering and architecture are for him but bone and spirit of the same body. The importance and radical character of this statement will not be realized by those who are unfamiliar with the methods and ideals of the French School of Architecture, which has extended its unfortunate influence throughout Europe, and in this country has its imitations and an active link, in its system, in the Beaux Arts Society ateliers of our larger cities. This system of architectural education is based on a method of study of ancient architecture which very much resembles the early attempts at botany. The wilted flowers were carried to the laboratory, taken apart, and catalogued. Rules were deduced, proportions fixed, and the specimens fitted into arbitrary categories. But the overwhelming amount of information forced the botanist out of doors and led him to *living* plants and their environment. The architect, on the other hand,—I should like to call him archæologist had not the archæologist like the botanist



LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING ON THE ISLAND OF JAVA DESIGNED BY H. P. BERLAGE, EXEMPLIFYING IN CONCRETE THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS THAT ARE EVIDENT IN HIS BRICK CONSTRUCTION.

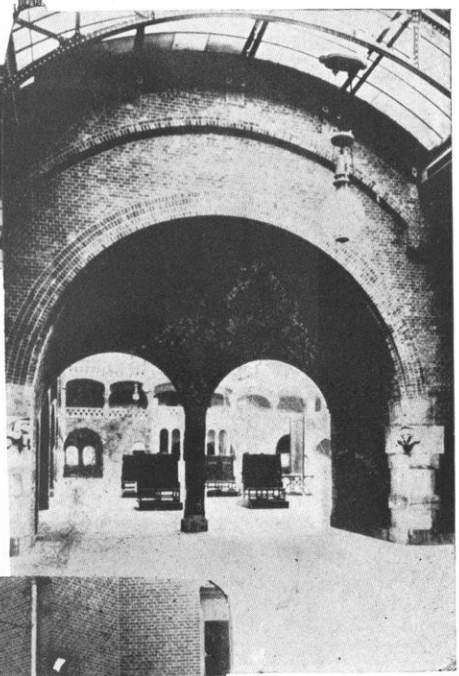
LUNCH ROOM IN THE NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, AMSTERDAM: NOTE HOW THE BRICK WALLS AND ARCHED ENTRANCES OF THE EXTERIOR ARE CARRIED OUT IN THE TREATMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

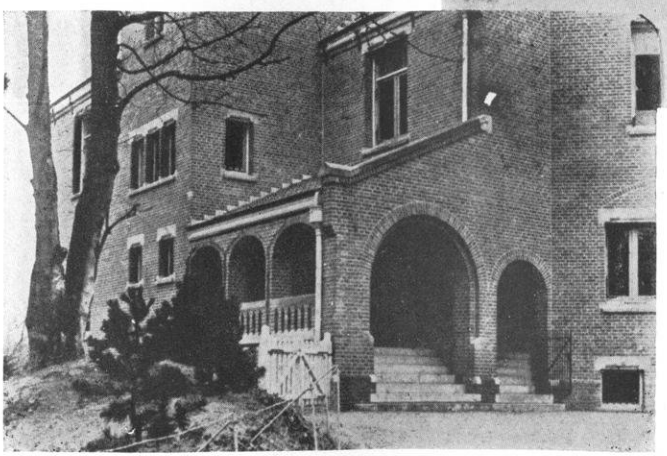


DINING ROOM IN M. HENEY'S HOUSE, THE HAGUE: "MR. BERLAGE'S ART DOES NOT CONCERN ITSELF WITH WHETHER A THING BE BEAUTIFUL OR NOT, KNOWING THAT IF A WORK BE USEFUL, DIRECT, JUST, EARNEST AND TRUTHFUL, BEAUTY WILL BE A PART OF IT AND IN NO OTHER WAY."

THE NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN AMSTERDAM, AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF H. P. BERLAGE, WHOSE DESIGNS ARE WHOLLY ORIGINAL AND BASED ON THE NEEDS OF THE BUILDING: HE SAYS: "IN ALL GOOD ARCHITECTURE THE ARTISTIC FORM MUST BE THE RESULT OF PRACTICAL CONSIDERATIONS,—THE MATTER OF FACT NOT ONLY DOES NOT EXCLUDE THE BEAUTIFUL, BUT DOES APPROACH IT, WHILE THE IMMATERIAL HAS IN REALITY LED TO THE UGLY."

THE ENTRANCE TO THE EXCHANGE ROOM IN THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, GIVING A CLOSER VIEW OF THIS ARCHITECT'S TREATMENT OF ARCHED ENTRANCES.





ENTRANCE TO THE RESIDENCE OF M. HENEY, THE HAGUE: THIS DESIGN SHOWS THE SAME FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES THAT ARE EVIDENT IN MR. BERLAGE'S PUBLIC ARCHITECTURE.

come to study his material in the open,—has added the astonishing folly of trying to make a new and living organism out of pieces from all countries and climes, Greek and Barbarian, arranged according to his rules. That the result is not alive, not organic, not real and not of *himself* does not seem to have disturbed him.

Mr. Berlage concerns himself with the building, not the "design," and he approaches his work with the insistence that *cause* shall be permitted to precede *result*, not follow it. He works with the active and optimistic knowledge that the attributes of an art arise out of it, and that a great work of art, always a living thing, cannot be pieced together by a clever person with a head full of æsthetic rules which his critical faculty has secured by tearing to pieces the flowers of some virile and lovely past.

His personal style began to develop in a very simple and most characteristic way; by asking questions and demanding answers. This active questioning of his art did not come until his well-rounded architectural and engineering education had had full opportunity for practice and experience. He had been working and building in the usual Dutch Renaissance style when such questions began to come to him as "What is a column?" "A beautiful post—burden bearer." "If no burden why the support?" From his project all unnecessary columns disappeared. "What is a cornice?" "A beautiful rain-water trough and wall protection." "If our water is not best collected behind the wall, and the wall is already terminated without it, why the useless cornice?"—and off came the cornice. And so, for every part, came the question, and what was not real had to go. The organism was being stripped back to a very matter-of-fact object that to the public seemed to be neither architecture nor beautiful. "Beautiful" had become too small and pretty to enfold a fundamental and essential appeal to the best that was in them. At any rate, the earnest and sincere builder stood before a problem that demanded courage and imagination, for conventional beauty sat well in the eye. People do not mind the shame and pretense—and they were satisfied to follow the changes of yearly fashion, so long as the cost of doing so was not too much in evidence.

It was at such a point that the real value of his training stood him in good stead. There came the working idea that the experience of the great architecture of the past was to be profited by; not its appearance copied. History is always saying: "You cannot steal my Doric column, look at it!"—"It was just a stone post." "How did it come to be as it is?" "Why is it beautiful?" "And you with your post there, cannot you also study your material, which is different, your methods which are different, your workmen, who are of another

training and ambition, and the myriad influences of your land and your time, which you express unconsciously in your every thought and action; then will your stone burden bearer be worthy of your nation, beautiful with the beauty of your people, as was likewise the Doric column, and no more."

THAT was the great answer of all answers, the one that is answered by the race and not by the philosopher. The foundations of a great art were being laid, and they were being laid in an integrity upon which the structure of a new architecture could rest securely. Mr. Berlage had arrived at the conviction that has been reached by every great artist—the fact that an art work is concerned solely with what *is*, not with what *was;* and he had arrived by the same route, that of accepting the apparently "impossible" in his art, rather than compromise with perfect integrity. He stands on a solid Dutch foundation, a pioneer and prophet of a new day in his art, the new day carried on in other fields, in sister arts, by Millet, Wagner, Rodin.

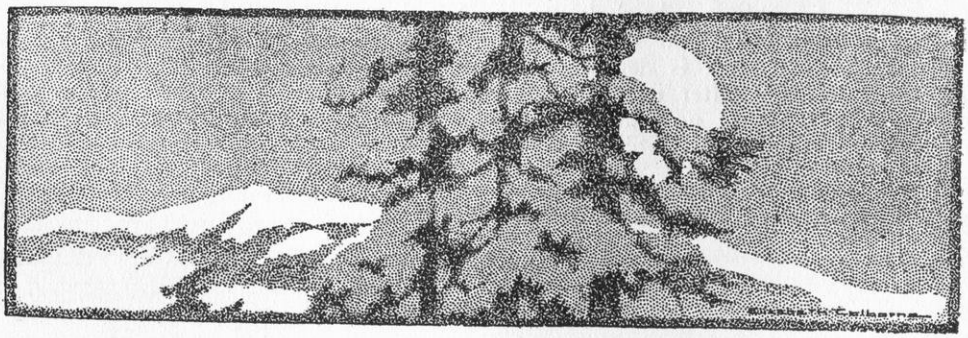
What Mr. Berlage has to say of his art is what Millet, Whitman and Wagner have said,—Millet that: " * * * *Beauty does not consist so much in the things represented, as in the need one has had of expressing them * * * *. Everything is beautiful provided the thing turns up in its own proper time and its own place. * * * *" Whitman: "The great poet * * * * swears to his art, I will not be meddlesome. I will not have in my writing any elegance, or effect, or originality, to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains." Wagner: "Need being at the root of things, at the other pole we find fashion and custom * * * *" and that the wealthy, living divorced from actual needs, make art a toy, and it degenerates into mannerism.

And now we hear Mr. Berlage saying: * * * * "This same 'businesslike' element in the spiritual movement (of architects) has loftier intentions than simply to satisfy material necessities, so that not alone is this matter-of-factness, this circumspection, in art not inartistic, but it represents a closely-related loftier intention. * * * * (In) all good architecture * * * * the artistic form must be the result of practical considerations * * * * that the matter-of-fact not only does not exclude the beautiful, but does approach it; while the immaterial has in reality led to the ugly."

A most interesting parallel, and surely nothing could be further from the spirit of the "Ecole des Beaux Arts," a spirit which is well illustrated by an occurrence of but a few years ago. A leading New York firm of architects engaged on an important Fifth Avenue build-

ing paid for the useless cut stone cornice out of their own pockets, rather than see their "design" executed in sheet metal. This act was heralded far and wide by our best architects, but indicated really a complete inability to see the inevitable quality necessary to a work of art, the organic relation not only of one part to another, but of the whole with the forces and life which brought it into being. Mr. Berlage would have fought the owners to prevent the lugging of such irrelevancies in either stone or metal.

The art of H. P. Berlage can be best appreciated, therefore by understanding that it results from the handicraft idea as an educational and inspirational preparation for a vital architecture; that its fundamental philosophy insists that the members of a building must be real, living parts of it, and that the building must not contradict any fact or condition; and finally that it recognizes that the "proportions" of a great architecture *result* from its beauty, and are not the *cause* of it. In very fact it is an attempt to produce real buildings out of real materials, without the interference of paper and pencil theory; to rejoice in the magic, the romance and the poetry of the great life of which we are for so brief a time a part; and finally to let the full tide of this life flow through him as an unobstructed channel into his art, knowing full well that the larger the personality the fuller, the freer and sweeter the way for the passage and transfiguration of the elements that crowd our days. Mr. Berlage's thumb mark is upon his work, but not because he kept in mind the necessity of placing it there.

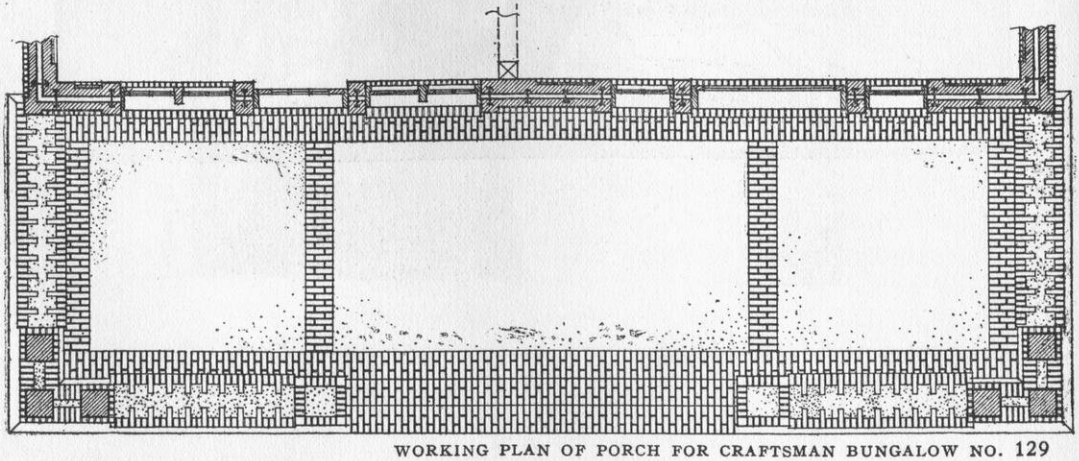


TWO CRAFTSMAN BRICK BUNGALOWS

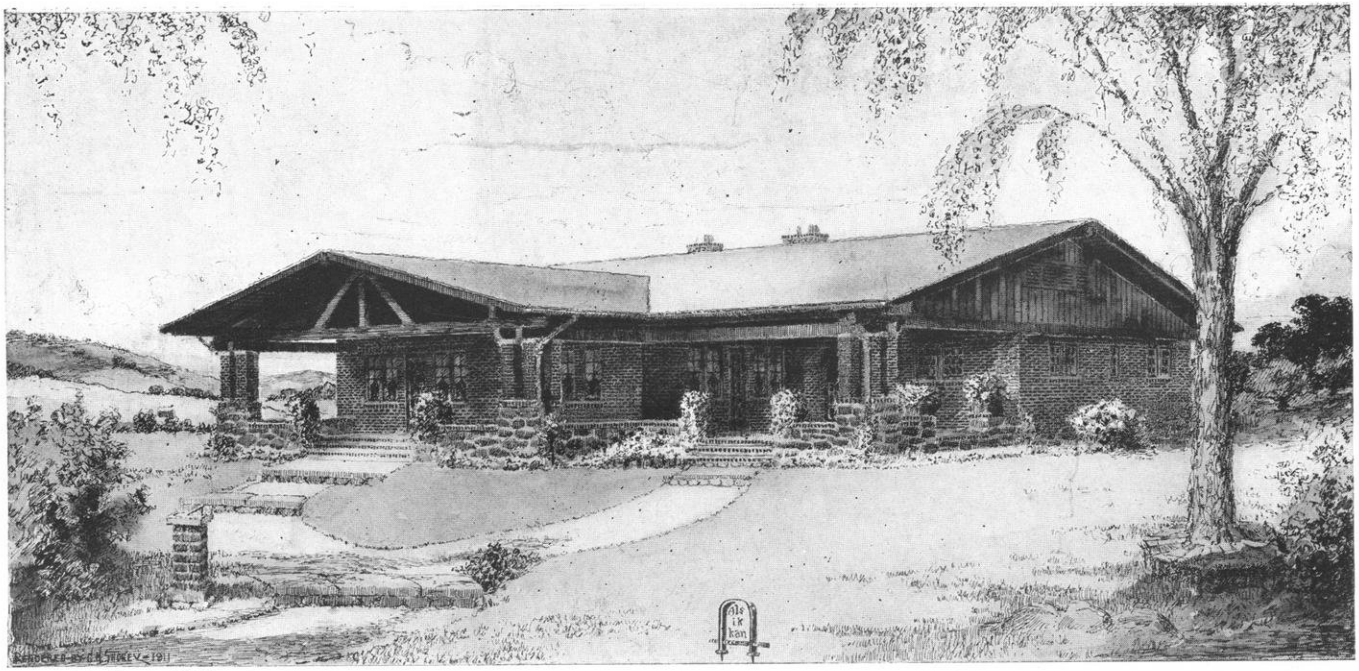
BRICK is undoubtedly advancing in favor as a building material for houses. This is not only because people are demanding a more permanent form of home architecture, but because the wood supply of the country is becoming a matter for serious consideration, and some material must be found to take the place of wood which is equally or even more satisfactory.

Brick nowadays is much more beautiful and durable than formerly. It shows significant signs of eventually superseding wood, at least in the exterior construction of houses, and is becoming a feature of interior finish as well. It is adapted to almost any style of building, whether large or small, furnishing a delightful note of color to any landscape, and carrying a distinct and pleasing individuality. Although the first expense of building a brick house is somewhat greater than that of a frame house, yet in the end it is decidedly the more economical, for after it is once finished it requires almost no additional expense to keep it in order, while a frame house requires constant repairing and painting. Is it not much more profitable to build better and repair less? Besides, there are other advantages. A brick house is more easily heated during the winter, and is far cooler in the summer than a frame house. Brick being practically fireproof, the rate of insurance is less, and being more durable the building does not deteriorate in value so quickly.

Perhaps one of the most notable things about modern brick is the way it is laid up, for the result is so much more interesting and beautiful than with the old-time method. The old brick was of a uniform red, laid up with a narrow white joint. This mortar was made of fine sand, cement and lime, and the joints were very narrow and pointed smooth. Sometimes these joints were painted a glaring white so there was no mistaking the regularity and perfection of the bond. But the modern brick is far removed from this, for the aim now is to avoid startling contrasts and pronounced colors. If the house is to be of red brick, they are used in many different harmonious tones; if of buff brick, they are in shades of old buff, golden brown and deep cream. These are placed in position about as they

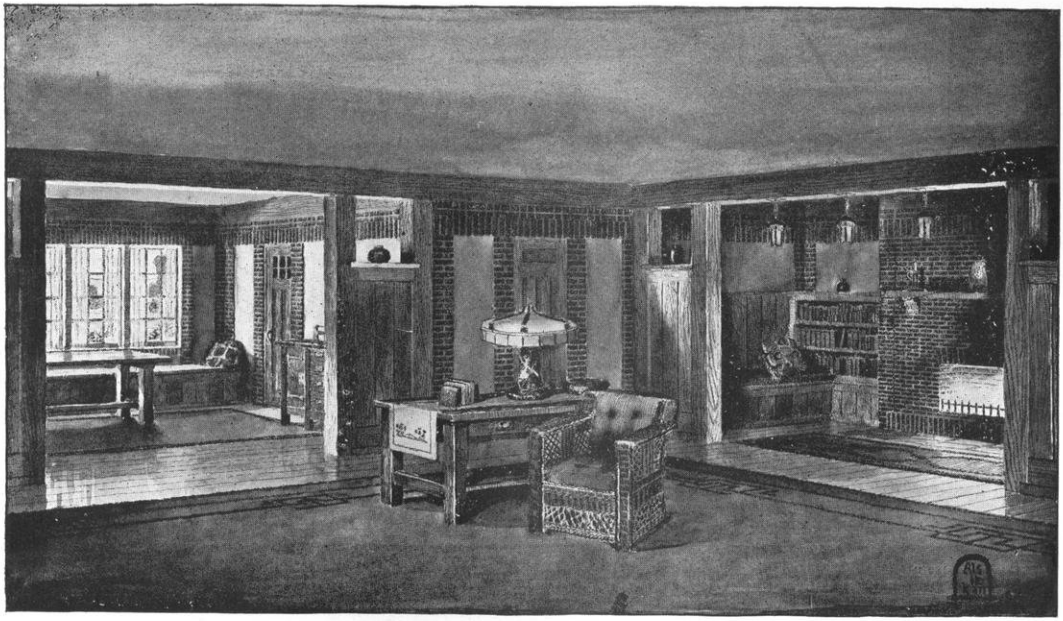


WORKING PLAN OF PORCH FOR CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 129 SHOWING DETAIL OF BRICK AND CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION.

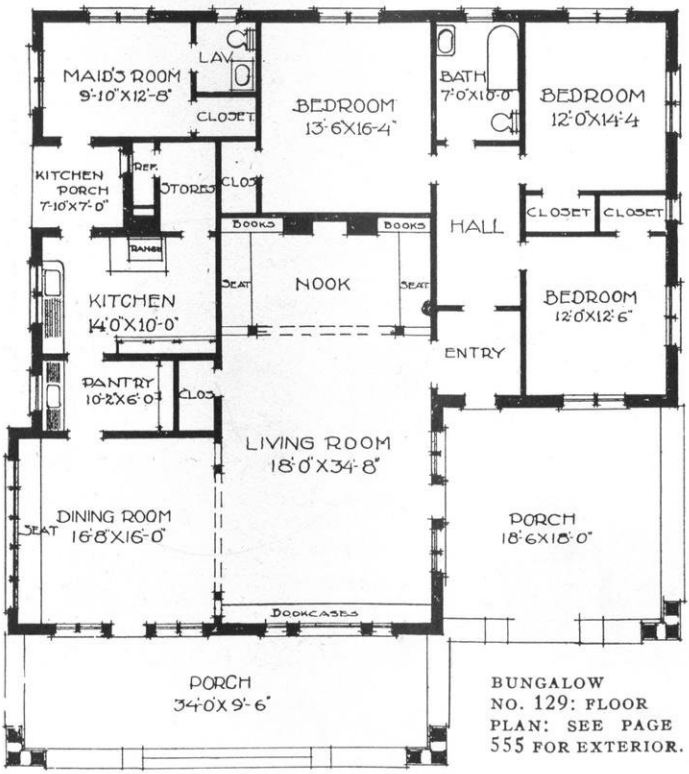


Designed by Gustav Stickley.

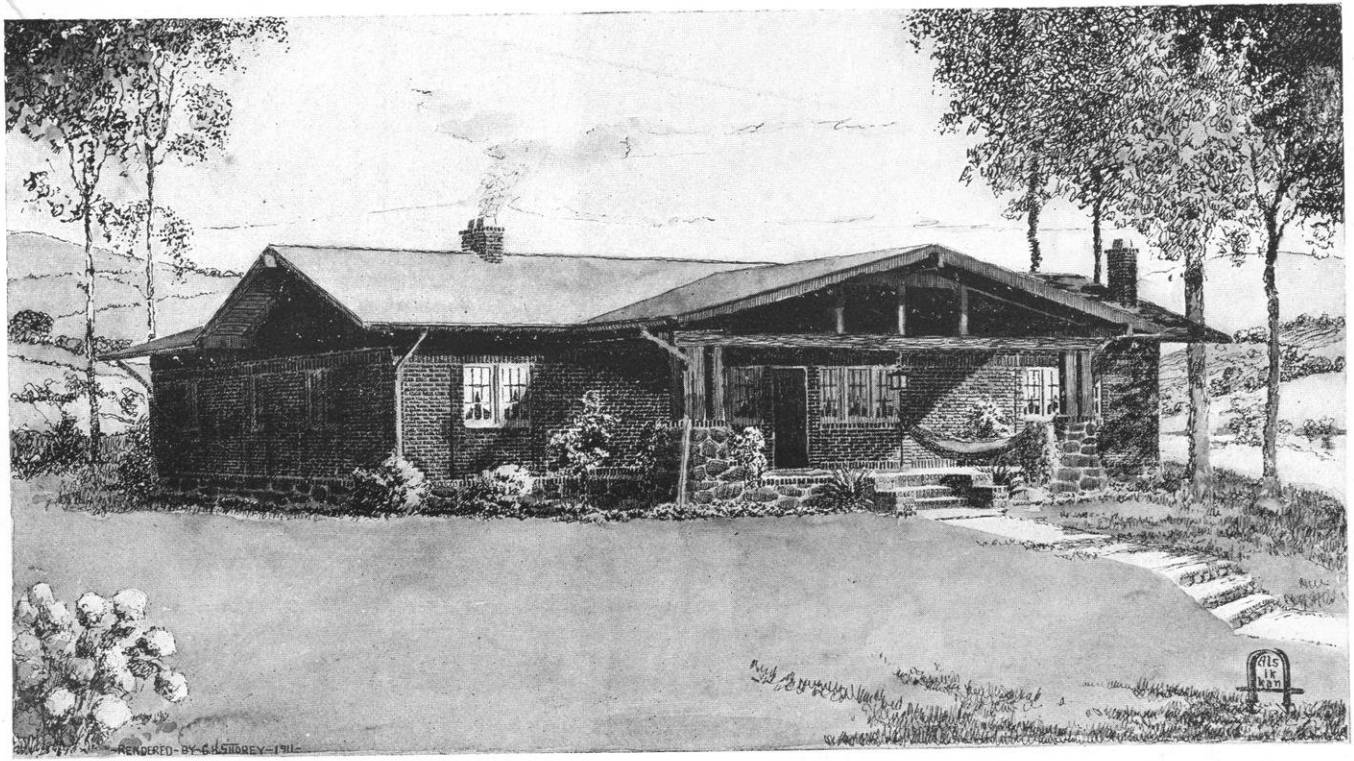
A CRAFTSMAN BRICK BUNGALOW WITH CYPRESS GABLES: NO. 129: FOR FLOOR PLANS AND VIEW OF INTERIOR SEE PAGE 556.



CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 129: SITTING ROOM WITH VIEW OF DINING ROOM: THE USE OF BRICK IN INTERIOR FINISH IS OF ESPECIAL INTEREST.

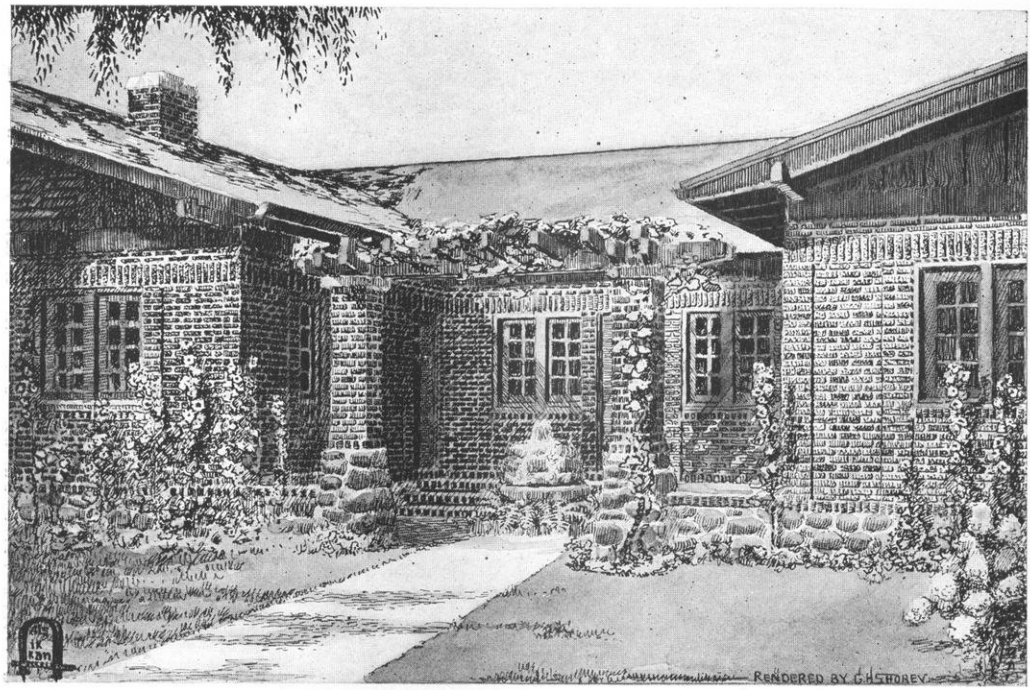


BUNGALOW NO. 129: FLOOR PLAN: SEE PAGE 555 FOR EXTERIOR.

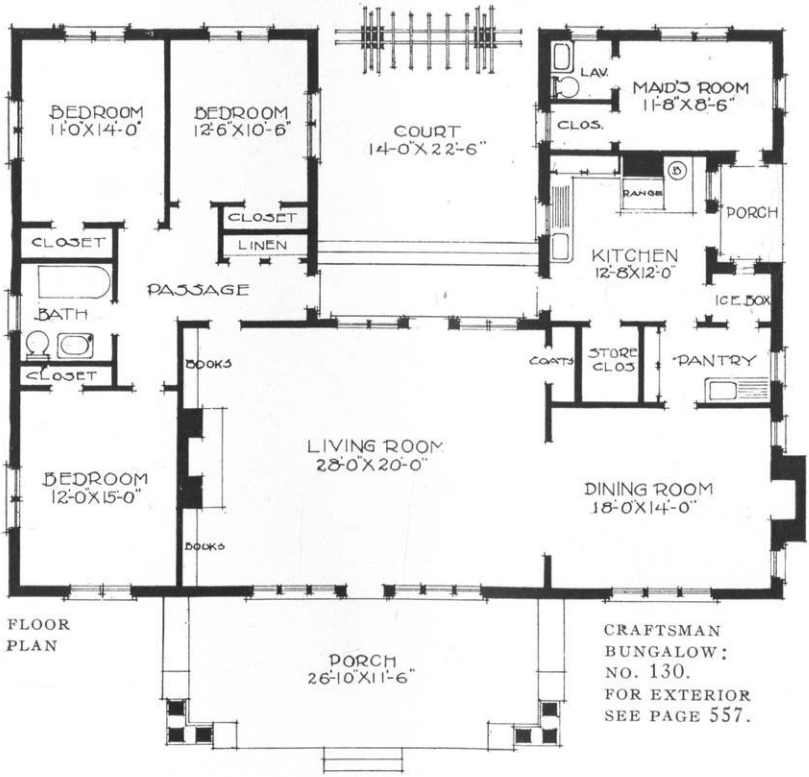


Designed by Gustav Stickley.

ANOTHER TYPE OF A CRAFTSMAN BRICK BUNGALOW WITH WOOD GABLES, NO. 130; FOR DETAIL OF COURT AND FLOOR PLAN SEE PAGE 558.



DETAIL OF PERGOLA COURT FOR CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 130.



FLOOR PLAN

CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW: NO. 130.
FOR EXTERIOR SEE PAGE 557.

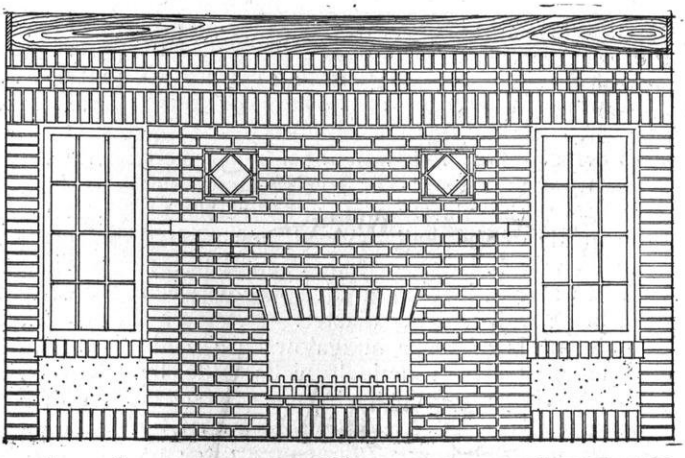
come, care being taken not to put together any two of a like tone. This gives an indescribable variety to the wall, an effect of great uniformity of tone, yet full of interest that is far removed from the monotonous solid red wall of old time.

The new mortar is made to produce a texture similar to that of the brick and is often one-third or one-half the thickness of the brick. This innovation is made practical by the improved method of the mixture. Grit, sand, cement, lime and coloring matter are mixed according to an exact formula. The "grit" consists of small pebbles screened from sand in order to allow a perfect measuring of sand and "grit.' The sand is coarse and sharp and is never taken from a beach, for in the spring the effervescing of salt water causes an unpleasant disfigurement of the wall.

We give one formula for mixing mortar, and it is hardly necessary to add that any formula used must be strictly adhered to throughout the building, so that no variation of shade mars the perfection:

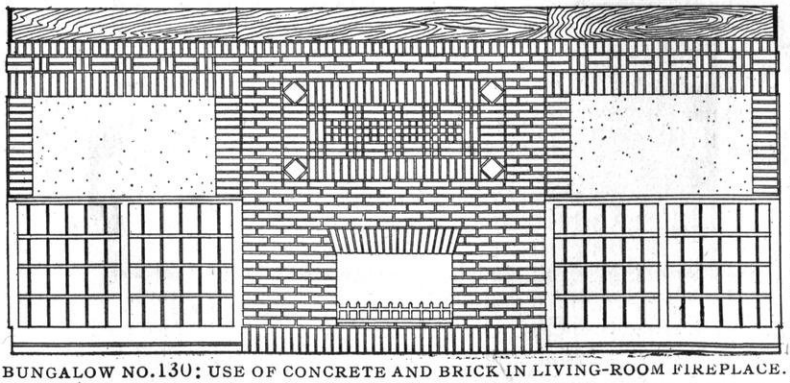
"Grit"	3	parts
Sand	5	"
Cement	1	"
Lime Putty (hydrated lime)	1/2	"
Brown (paste)	1/3	"
Yellow (powder)	1/3	"
Black (paste)	1/50	"

The joints are finished in many ways, though the most frequently used are the "rough cut flush," made by allowing the mortar to ooze out beyond the surface of the brick and then cutting it off with a sharp, quick stroke of the trowel, and the "raked out joint" made by cutting the joint back from the surface of the brick with the point of the trowel, a nail or a bit of wood. In both cases the mortar should show as much texture as the brick.



BUNGALOW NO. 130: BRICK CONSTRUCTION ABOUT FIREPLACE IN DINING-ROOM ALCOVE.

BELIEVING, therefore, that there are great possibilities for durability and beauty in the modern use of brick, we have planned this month two bungalows which embody several new ideas in brick construction. The use of brick in the interior as well as the exterior of these bungalows is of especial interest, and we are giving several drawings which show in detail the great decorative effect obtained by this new method. Rough surfaced, hard-baked brick, of several harmonious tones of red or brown, is to be used, which gives a rich sense of warm, friendly color decidedly different from the old-time lifeless red.



BUNGALOW NO. 130: USE OF CONCRETE AND BRICK IN LIVING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

In the exterior of these bungalows the brick has been combined with stone, relieved by wood in the upper story and by the ornamental as well as structural use of heavy beams. A detailed floor plan of the porch of the first house, No. 129, is given, showing how an interesting combination of concrete, brick and stone can be made. Dividing the floor space into three sections by the use of brick brings

about a charming decorative effect, while the low stone balustrade gives a sense of seclusion and permits a note of color to appear in the form of flowers or ferns placed upon the low corner posts.

Formerly the brick walls of a house were laid up in an eight- or twelve-inch solid wall, and the plaster was put directly on the inside of the wall. A wall constructed in this way sweats, so it was found necessary to furr it, leaving an air space between the brick wall and the plaster.

The walls of these bungalows are made by erecting two four-inch walls, side by side, leaving a two-inch air space between. These walls are tied together by metal tie straps inserted every few courses. This provides a good air space all around the house, giving perfect insulation from heat and cold, and at the same time it allows the use of fancy brick for the outside and common brick for the inside wall, which considerably lessens the expense of building. The cost of furring will be saved also, for the plaster can be put directly on the inside wall, as the air space will prevent condensation or sweating. The partitions of these houses are of brick, the wall at the baseboard, side and head casings being eight inches thick, while the panels between are only four inches thick. These panels are plastered on both sides, leaving a reveal between the plastered panels and casings of about one and one-quarter inches. Doors and windows are hung on jambs only, expensive frames and trim being thus saved. This treatment of the walls gives æsthetic quality to the whole interior.

The use of brick in the interior of a house not only lends it decorative charm and individuality, but is a source of economy. The interior wood finish of a house is always expensive, because it requires skilled labor, the best of materials, and cannot be done quickly.

The main walls only of these houses have been planned to be built of brick, but where partitions are only suggested—as between the living and dining rooms and inglenook of the first bungalow, No. 129—we have used the post and panel construction in wood. As the interior view shows, wooden ceiling beams mark the division between the rooms and run around the walls above the brick frieze; and the built-in seats and bookshelves of the nook, as well as the long window seat in the dining room, are all of wood, the seats being paneled with V-jointed boards. Not only does this use of woodwork add to the friendly quality of the interior, but it serves as a link between the structural features, built-in fittings and the rest of the furniture, while the combined effect of the brick, plaster and wood gives to the rooms an interesting sense of variety of textures and materials, and yet does not mar the underlying harmony of the whole.

The unity introduced into a room by a consistent color scheme is not, however, the only necessary element of harmony. Another factor is needed: namely, design. Now brick not only furnishes the uniformity of color requisite to carry out whatever tone harmony is desired, but it can also be laid in a pattern which will either emphasize the prevailing style of the room or else be in itself the suggestive or dominating note. Brick as now manufactured lends itself to various forms of design, for it comes in so many sizes that almost any geometrical pattern can be carried out with it, and the finished frieze, support or arch will have almost the quality of a mosaic.

A frieze such as we have designed in these two bungalows, running around the whole room, has therefore the double interest of pleasing color and design. The interior view of bungalow No. 129 and the details given of the two fireplaces in the second bungalow, No. 130, illustrate the decorative results of this method of wall treatment. If the bricks are well chosen as to color and laid with good judgment and taste, they are most effective, and add to a room a rich note not unlike that of old tapestries. They can be laid in many pattern, intricate or simple, according to the desire of the owner. We are showing three simple styles that are both practical and pleasing. In planning the floor space of the first bungalow, No. 129, convenience—always an important item in home building—was carefully considered, and a study of the plan will reveal how satisfactorily it has all been worked out. A roomy, pleasant, homelike atmosphere is noticed on entering the house, brought about partly by the view from the large living room into the bright, sunny dining room, and the cozy nook by the fireplace with shelves of books within easy reach, lights conveniently arranged, and an open fire to give warmth and cheer. The whole effect is rich, genial, attractive,—qualities so endearing in a home that they become another cause of desire for permanence.

Every convenience has been planned for the kitchen. The pantry, which is indispensable for serving and prevents the kitchen odors from entering the dining room, is fitted with a sink and draining board on each side. Another sink and large drain board are placed in the kitchen under the windows so that plenty of light can be had at this necessary working place. The range is within easy reach, a good-sized storeroom is provided, and even a cheerful kitchen porch, which serves the combined purpose of separating the maid's sleeping room from the kitchen, giving access to the refrigerator, and holding extra vegetables and different working accessories of the kitchen.

The bedrooms are shut off from the kitchen side of the house and the bath is placed conveniently. Not a particle of space is wasted in this plan, which includes living room, dining room, kitchen, maid's room, three other bedrooms, hall, bathroom, many closets and two porches, either of which is large enough for an outside living room in summer.

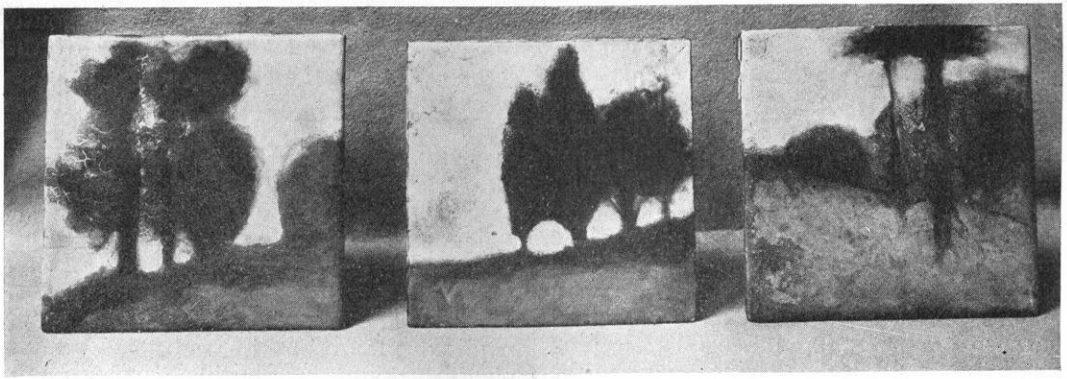
The floor plan of the second bungalow, No. 130, is if anything even more interesting than the first one. This gives a large living room with a dining room which is practically an extension of it. As one enters this room a direct view is had into the open pergola court, and also the fireplaces of both rooms can be seen, which gives a combined sense of home comfort and outdoor delight. The color of this room, brought about by the rich tones of the rough-surfaced brick, is especially restful, and the light from the fireplaces and from the windows that open onto the court add to the warmth and cheerfulness of its welcome.

The placing of the bedrooms upon one side of the house and the kitchen and dining room upon the other is particularly happy, for each is thus practically shut off from the other. The pergola court with hanging vines and splashing fountain makes a delightful passageway between the two divisions. A small hall near the living room permits indirect entrance into the bedrooms, thus giving a desired sense of privacy. The kitchen is provided with a convenient and pleasant little porch, similar to the one in No. 129. And there is also a large ice-box, pantry, store closets, two sinks, with the maid's room within easy reach, yet separated by the porch. There is a similar number of rooms in each house, the court of one taking the place of the second porch of the other, but the arrangement of the given space is decidedly different in each bungalow; each one is attractive in an individual way to suit the needs or pleasures of different people, yet both are practical and homelike.

These bungalows have been designed especially for eastern climates and are therefore fitted with Craftsman fireplace-furnaces. This system of heating covers the requirements of an all-round home heating plant—making for health, comfort and pleasure. Until the present time it has taken two systems of heating to cover these three needs,—a furnace of some kind to supply the warmth, and a fireplace to supply the pleasure of an open fire.

A home never seems complete without some open fire where the family and friends can gather for that exchange of confidences, plans, hopes, ambitions which prevent life from becoming a grind of duty only. The open fire often furnishes the inspiration for the whole plan of a man's career, the talks before its meditative glow sometimes alter the course of a life, and it never fails to give relaxation and peace to tired workers. An open fire has hitherto been something extra, something added to the indispensable utilitarian furnace; but now, by this new system, the heat that is generated from the fireplace is directed into the other rooms and the open fire thus heats the whole house besides adding so materially to its cheer and pleasure.

Perhaps the best feature of these fireplace-furnaces is that they ventilate perfectly the whole house while heating it. There is no longer the necessity of opening doors and windows now and then to let out vitiated air and let in fresh, wholesome air, thus cooling the house and subjecting everyone to the danger of draughts, for these fireplaces regulate the incoming and outgoing air, keeping the atmosphere fresh and pure. Since they are installed in the main body of the house instead of in a basement, there is no waste of heat, and they are therefore very economical in the matter of fuel, while the expense of installing these fireplace-furnaces is less than with many heating systems. One of these furnaces will heat the whole house during the winter if coal is burned, and wood is all that is needed in the middle seasons of spring and fall.

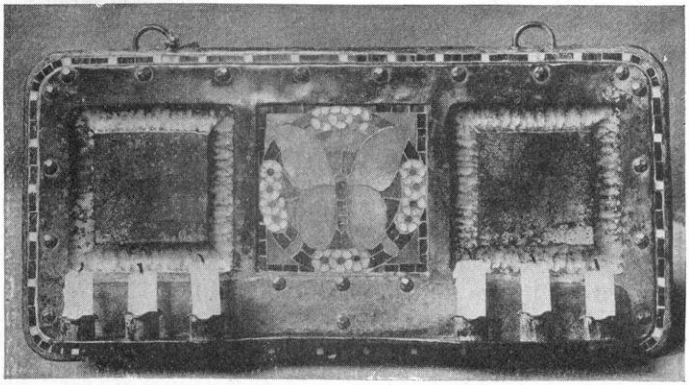


TILES FROM THE VOLKMAR POTTERY.

THE FIFTH EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN

"REVIVING handicrafts" has been for for some years past a pet occupation in America. Happily for us, from being purely imitative, modeling our houses on Colonial patterns, our furniture on Colonial designs, our wallpaper long stretches of strange landscapes, and with imitation Sheraton buffets adorned with imitation Paul Revere silver, we have begun to realize that what we want to revive is the old art spirit of the Colonial times, not the furniture and furnishings suited to other days. We have found, as we have worked with our hands, that the only things worth expressing were the things we really were interested in, and that what we have needed for our houses were fittings suited to our present lives. And so at last American craft work has commenced to be a presentation of new ideas suited to modern conditions, and done with some of the ardor of the old spirit of craftsmanship.

In a small way we have begun to work intelligently and sincerely to produce new and valuable wares, intimate to modern conditions. There can be no doubt that perhaps the very best pottery which is being made by hand today is to be found in America, in the shops of the Grueby people, at Rookwood, Teco, Marblehead and other factories too numerous to mention. We will look in vain for better hand-tied rugs than those made by Helen Albee in her looms out on the New Hampshire hills. Our very modern, hand-made silverware is well worth careful observation. We have simple models, good craftsmanship, and where decoration is used it adds to the beauty of line and meets the demand for color. There is purpose throughout our silver craft work. It is very odd in a way that, whereas our silverware ranks so high, it is the exception to find American jewelry expressing individuality and taste. It is mostly, more or less, imitative of Paris or of the modern Turkish and Syrian jewelry makers, without the imagination of the Parisian workers or the craft work of the Orientals. But our silver work is our own. There is a hint of the beauty of the old Colonial methods in the simplicity of the outlines of the pieces we are making today. There is perhaps imitation of the antique Bavarian silver in our fine finish; but the designs are those we need for our modern table, suited to the ways we live today, substantial, not too ornate, light in weight, and practical for the fairly hard usage the present-day culinary department is certain to furnish. Some details of the work of our silversmiths are especially worthy of

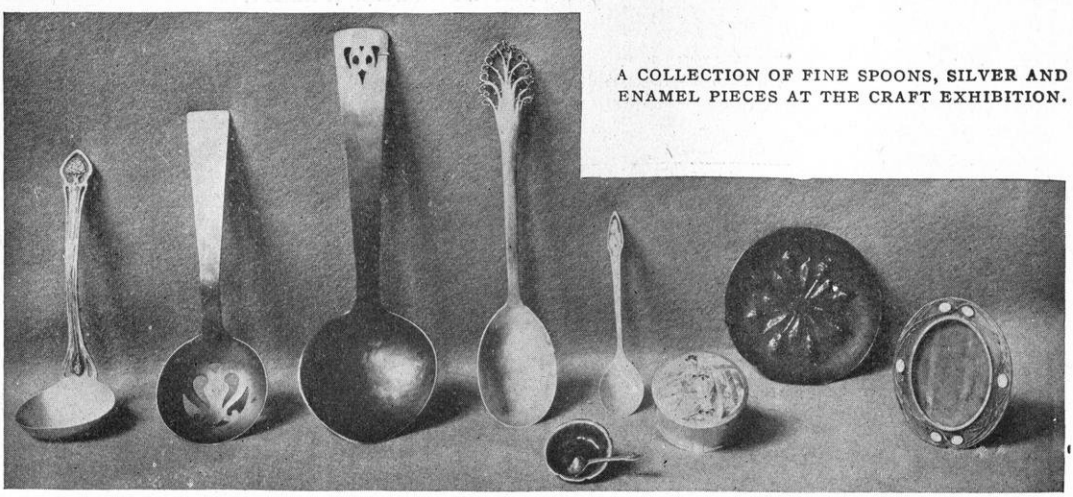


SCONCE OF COPPER AND MOSAIC BY J. CHARLES BURDICK.

notice, namely, the use of decorative enamels in sconces and jewelry boxes and in ornamental pieces for the table, as well as the very interesting adaptation of mosaic work to the ornamentation of silver for the table, for the toilet table, for the desk and for the merely ornamental products,—the latter, however, are very scarce in the shop of the modern craft worker.

POTTERY EXHIBITED BY MR. WALRATH.

In the more purely practical craft work, such as weaving, dyeing, block printing, stencil design, tied and dyed work, etc., we have been for the past decade producing results well worth the labor involved. And this success is not restricted to any part of the country. There are craft shops in the South, in the Middle West, in the Far West, up in the Catskill Mountains, out in New Hampshire, and all around and in and about New York. Some of these shops have graduated into small factories. Others are still under the management of the individuals who had the good taste and the wisdom to incorporate them, men and women who have cared to devote a lifetime to the occupation of adding a little beauty to the world. Not only have individuals and companies given their attention to the development of hand work, but many of our educational institutions have in suitable departments taken up craft work along with manual training. The question of modern dyes has received thoughtful attention and is being wisely developed in America. In Columbia University special courses of instruction in the art of dyeing are given every year in connection with the chemistry department, and our modern dyes, which for many years were considered the most impracticable substitute for the old vegetable colors, have come to be recognized as capable of the widest usefulness and beauty. It has been demonstrated by months of work in the chemistry courses that these dyes can be made as permanent, as durable, in spite of sun and rain and wear, as the dyes of the most artistic people of the oldest nations. So widespread has become the interest in this phase of craft work that lectures on weaving and dyeing have been introduced into many of our college courses and into the departments of our public schools. The oppor-



A COLLECTION OF FINE SPOONS, SILVER AND ENAMEL PIECES AT THE CRAFT EXHIBITION.

tunity to study craft work is now furnished not only in manual training schools and public schools, but in many private schools, normal schools and even in some of our universities.

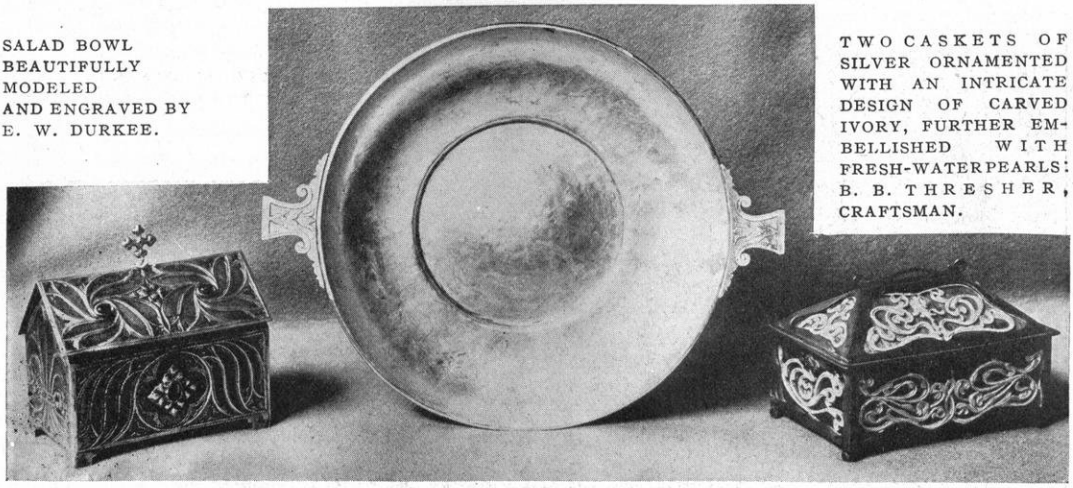
It would seem that theoretically we are on a tidal wave of appreciation of craft products, and that in spite of being an age of machinery, in a civilization of which the foundation is almost wholly scientific, we nevertheless have opened our eyes again to the need of beauty in the practical details of everyday life, and that some of us at least have been willing to sacrifice the opportunities of great commercial success for the sake of understanding, producing and adjusting a new standard of beauty.

All of this is very worth while and satisfactory, and yet the fact remains that as a whole the arts and crafts movement in America has not progressed as rapidly as any movement for the development of the fine arts, and that it is still in an unsettled and unproductive condition for the wage-earner. We must realize that any movement which is of inherent value to the world and at the same time unsuccessful has in some way failed to find for itself a right channel of progress, to fit into the tremendous current of "conditions as they are." There are more varieties of trees and shrubs and flowers than one could easily calculate, but they practically all have root in the earth. There may be endless activities or various grades of usefulness and beauty in one kind of civilization, but they must all, to live, take root in the fundamentals of that civilization. Now, it seems to us that with the matter of the arts and crafts movement in America, its great difficulty has been that up to the past year or two it has practically refused to take root. It has been an exotic, whimsically planning to grow and flower and seed in the air. In other words, it failed to relate itself satisfactorily to modern life and to the demands of existing social conditions, because it would not take root in the soil of all modern civilization, which is commercial. Nothing practical can succeed in this country today that is not in line with business activities. This does not mean that everything has got to be a money-making affair. It does not mean that beauty must be sacrificed to gain; it does not mean that gain is sufficient without beauty. But it does mean that we have gone beyond the days of the endowment of Beauty, that today Beauty has got to stand on her own feet, to prove herself of actual value, and that our kind of values rest on a commercial foundation.

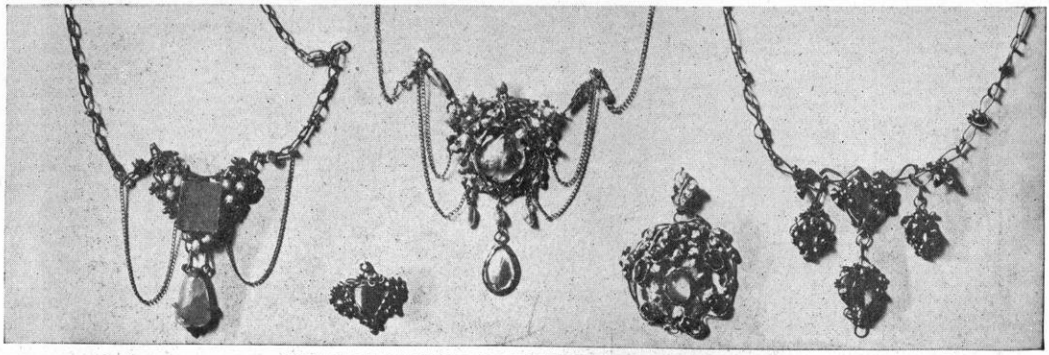
BOX OF COPPER AND BRILLIANT ENAMEL: BY MISS E. MACOMBER.

For a short time craft work flourished on a sentimental basis in America, and in England, too, for that matter. It was thought very fine to do things with one's hands, far finer than to use one's brain through a machine. A fad came over to us from England for hand work, and this was supposed to involve living in a picturesque studio. It was supposed to do away with the necessity of trim and tidy dressing, to

SALAD BOWL BEAUTIFULLY MODELED AND ENGRAVED BY E. W. DURKEE.



TWO CASKETS OF SILVER ORNAMENTED WITH AN INTRICATE DESIGN OF CARVED IVORY, FURTHER EMBELLISHED WITH FRESH-WATER PEARLS: B. B. THRESHER, CRAFTSMAN.

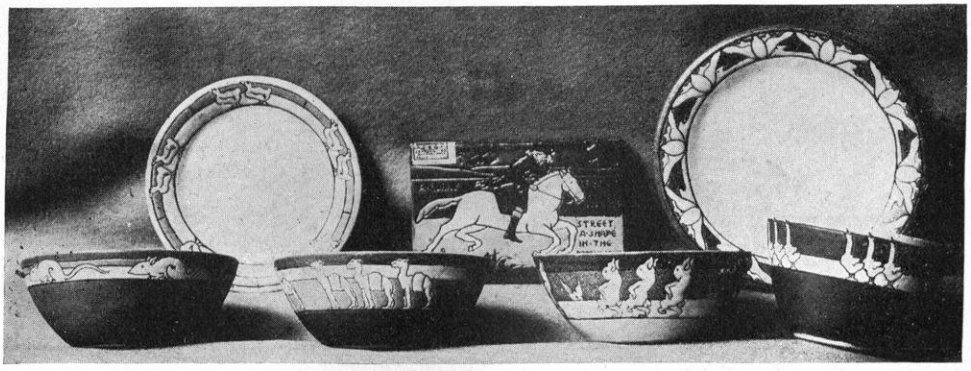


CREATIVE DESIGNS IN JEWELRY, FINELY EXECUTED BY ROSALIE CLEMENTS.

elevate the worker to an artistic plane. And the important thing, second only to an eccentric personal appearance, was to ignore the question of money. Beautiful things must be made for art's sake, and for the individual's sake, and for anything in the world except a wise and just economic relationship to existing conditions.

There can be no doubt whatever that the surroundings of much of our present life are barren and tawdry, but the "studio" point of view toward beauty did not remedy this. It accented it, if anything, because the people who had been trained not to see beauty were irritated at the idea that anything existed that they did not understand, and the people who wanted to create beauty were supercilious in regard to its having a money value. And so for a while hand work meant nothing that was very real or very worth while even. Then so many young people had invested in studios and clay, looms and stencil devices that it became necessary for some of them to earn a little money. The result was the spasmodic desire to create false money values for hand work. Whereas it was before supposed to ruin hand work to sell it at all, it later became imperative to sell it for a price far beyond its highest real value, and so while we first smiled at the idea of work that had no "value," later we were called upon to smile again because there was no limit to its value. Now, while the desire to earn money through craft work was essentially wise and was the only means of eventually making hand work feasible, nevertheless popularity and success were greatly hampered by the fact that young, untrained craft workers created extortionate valuations for their crude work, so that the people who really cared for the simple and beautiful things were debarred from them, and the people who did not care, those who were too vain or too ignorant to care, could afford to ignore so much curious confusion.

But in craft work, as in all things essentially worth while, the right valuations slowly became adjusted. The *dilettante* days have at last began to pass away. The foolish æsthetic ideas have almost died out, and the men and women today, or the girls and boys, who want to make beautiful things and to earn their living by so doing are growing to understand that all things to last in our kind of civilization have got to have an economic standard, and to be held to it. It is wise to realize that craft work cannot be done for the price of machine work, that it has an individuality which the machine work can never attain, that certain kinds of intelligent people are willing to pay enough more to have that value added to the utility of the article. And so, as we go about at different craft exhibitions in different cities today, we are beginning to find that a greater and greater per cent. of craft work is priced not in relation to the young worker's exalted ideal or to the time that has been expended by a person not proficient, or by the fact that the maker of the object likes an expensive studio, but solely in relation to the prices that are charged in the shops for the same kinds of things made by machines, with the added value that the intelligent, the artistic mind finds in the more subtle beauty of the hand-made product. There is no other valuation than this possible for handicraft in modern times. That we have commenced to understand this is greatly to the credit of our young workers, because, so far as we know, it is a matter that has not been often presented to them or that has seemed of far-reaching importance. Most of them must have found it out through the failure



PAUL REVERE POTTERY FROM THE BOSTON BOWL SHOP.

of their wares to sell. Clothes and food and rent had to be won. There was but one way to accomplish this and that was to sell the products of the studio. To find out how to sell them was the problem of hundreds of these people, a problem which was undoubtedly worked out simultaneously in the hundreds of harassed minds and in the midst of troubled surroundings.

I remember once several years ago talking over this matter with a craft worker who had shown me a luncheon set of linen, embroidered. The linen was not handmade, the embroidery was only reasonably well done, not that of an expert in the trade, and the whole set was possibly worth at an excellent valuation $18. It was priced at $35. The girl who made it said, "But you don't realize that I am a beginner and work slowly, that I could not find an inexpensive studio, and that I am not strong and have to have pleasant surroundings." In order to adjust her life to her standards of comfort and pleasure, it was, according to her point of view, necessary that whoever bought the luncheon set should donate $17 to her ideals of personal affluence. I remember when I made this point that the girl grew very angry, and her eyes filled with tears, and she intimated that I was a heartless person with a hideous commercial soul.

At the Fifth Exhibition of the National Society of Craftsmen, probably the most satisfactory phase of the whole exhibition was the greater practical understanding of the actual value of handicrafts. The work was on a higher level as a whole, better models were displayed in almost every branch of the activities and the prices were such as to place the work within the hands of the cultivated busy people, who are almost the sole buyers of hand work in this country. Among the really rich the craze for the antique or for the modern Parisian is as strong as ever. It is the exception to find a piece of modern American furniture, pottery, jewelry or tapestry in the homes of our millionaire class, and our laboring people are just waking up to the value of the machine-made, showy, tawdry article. It is, thus, the people who lead busy lives, who are sometimes self-educated, who are intelligent and interested in life, —the painters, the musicians, the literary people, the individual manufacturers, the lawyers, etc., who care for real beauty in the details of their somewhat simple lives, who cannot afford the antique, who will not purchase the imitation, but, nevertheless, desire comfortable, satisfactory, beautifully adjusted daily surroundings. I felt that at the recent craft exhibition almost without exception the workers had come to realize the kind of people they were working for, and were trying both in product and price to meet the demand they had at last grown to understand.

No such beautiful pottery could be found at any price, it seems to me, as that shown at the recent exhibition. Unhappily, there were no examples of the old Grueby pottery, as this maker of most individual, beautiful and reasonable ware has failed. That such a factory producing such work could fail is one of the saddest commentaries possible on the cultivation of the artistic sensibility of the American public. But even without the Grueby there was a rare presentation of interesting American ware. Practically all the pieces were beautiful in outline, in color, in design, but made to meet some need in the household, to carry flowers or ferns or nuts or bonbons, as bowls for lamps, as table services and for the nursery. I do not recall a

single piece designed from the purely decorative point of view, although practically one and all were extremely decorative as well as useful. The most noticeable examples were the Paul Revere Pottery, the Marblehead Pottery, the Van Briggle ware, the Walrath and the Glen Tor. In our illustrations in connection with this article we are showing examples of the Paul Revere work, also that of Mr. Walrath, who is one of the instructors in craft work at Columbia University. It is impossible to show Mr. Walrath's pottery to the best advantage in reproduction, as the designs and the colors used are so subtle that they escape the camera and the engraver's tools. The beauty of the shape, however, can be seen in the group of Walrath pottery which we show. The price of the pottery, with all its satisfactory beauty and usefulness, was such as to place it within the means of the busy, intelligent working people of this country. There is no reason in the world why those who care for such things should not have many household details for which this pottery is suited, made beautiful in place of the types of things which are usually considered necessarily ugly and to be purchased only from the stores handling machine products.

A delightful quality of the Paul Revere pottery was the humorous note which ran through the decorations, a humor that would touch childhood as well as age, that seemed to include all the world. The colors employed were exquisitely harmonious, the forms and decorations simple and the latter almost always including some phase of animal life, and animal life rather as children see it, for children have great jokes and playtimes with little animals, and seem to find exquisite joys and amusements in them that escape the older and perhaps less sympathetic response. And what a delightful thing it is for children to grow to understand decoration as possessing the sort of beauty and tenderness and humanness which they feel in their own little growing souls. A humorous understanding of animal life is as beneficial a part of a child's development as can well be furnished. In fact, as we grow more appreciative of the opportunity of having our daily life made beautiful by our craftsmen, we will find our children growing up with a more inherently wise right attitude about the surroundings of life. They will be getting standards in the nursery, in the drawing room, and we hope in the kitchen, which will be an inestimable part of æsthetic education.

Of the quality of the silver work at the exhibition we have already spoken in a general way, but we would like to call especial attention to the silver pieces, engraved and set with jewels, which were exhibited by Miss E. W. Durkee, the silver and enamel work sent by Miss Mildred Watkins, the beautiful little silver salt dishes lined with pale enamel, the work of Miss May Ellery, and the wonderfully brilliant enamel and copper work displayed by Miss E. Macomber. A very unusual combination of metal work was shown in the silver and ivory pieces sent by B. B. Thresher and a rarely interesting combination of valuable work in metal and mosaic was displayed in a sconce the handwork of J. Charles Burdick.

Among our illustrations we are also showing a set of tiles sent by the Volkmar people. Even in reproduction something of the Corot-like beauty of these pieces of painted pottery is shown. The endless possibilities for adding to the decorative beauty of rooms and for the exterior of houses, for that matter, which lie in the modern tiles

A TOILET SET OF PAUL REVERE POTTERY.

is something that has never been fully presented to the public, for their charm is not limited to the fireplace, or the overmantel, or for the dining table, but can add a color note or establish a color scheme around the doorway of a concrete house that is more beautiful than any applied ornament that has been used in domestic architecture.

In looking through the textiles and the decorated fabrics, we find the greatest satisfaction both in the quality of the work and in the reasonable prices maintained, and not only were there strips of beautifully woven linens and cottons, but in several instances these materials were made into children's dresses; made in the most practical and simple fashion, yet with the love of handicraft shown in the method of making and in the delicate simple ornament used. The prices for these little dresses were no higher than one would pay for the average ready-made gingham trimmed with cheap embroidery, and yet one of them would serve as a model for a child's dresses for several years, and for all the little children in the neighborhood for that matter. The materials used were durable, the decorations permanent, and the little fashions so simple and so beautiful that the question of style could never come up in connection with them. There were, of course, many luncheon sets and doilies and table scarfs and buffet scarfs, and all kinds of chiffon veils and opera hoods and bags, simple and elaborate, almost invariably beautiful and quite reasonable enough to warrant to any worker preparing them for the market a feeling that there must be a sufficiently intelligent, artistic public to purchase them.

The leather work, like the jewelry work and the wood carving, did not seem to have made much progress in the last few years. Mr. Karl von Rydingsvärd had his usual display of beautiful Norwegian wood carving, interesting models, adorned after the fashion of the work of the old Norwegian peasants; interesting in the hands of a modern Norwegian, but without great value to the progressive young American worker who desires so far as possible to create the right sort of craft models for a new and practical existence.

The bookbinding was distinguished to a degree, without, so far as a layman could detect, the faintest creative note. It was all imitative of the old models of Continental bookmaking, with an exquisite quality of craftsmanship, a subtle and cultivated color sense,—the work of the luxurious *dilettante* craftsman for the luxurious booklover, but not the work of the modern craftsman for the modern home, and so without special value to this article, or to the public, for that matter.

The display of baskets was singularly uninspired. The only ones of even a little beauty were an imitation of the old Navajo and Hopi models. Many of the basket workers seem to have taken machine-made models and to have reproduced them rather badly.

The palm in the jewelry department unquestionably went to the work of Rosalie Clements. We are reproducing in one of our illustrations a group of her pendants, and here again it is very difficult to begin to do justice to the beauty of her designs, the value of her color combinations and the rarely exquisite quality of her craftsmanship. Perhaps over and above all these things we should say that the most noticeable attribute of her work was the fact that it carried the hint of genius. So far as one could tell, no other work of any other time had suggested to her the kind of beauty which she brought together in her combinations of colors and materials. Her own imagination, with the deftest of craft fingers, had brought out her own feeling about beauty in these little pendants, a beauty that depends so much upon the subtlety of color, the fineness of workmanship, that our pictures can give but the faintest hint of what Miss Clements' work really stood for in the collection of jewelry in the National Arts Exhibition. The prices of practically all the jewelry, we were pleased to note, were much lower than in past years, and yet enough higher than the bad machine-made product to make one realize that these craft jewelers are self-respecting workers who expect some return for the intelligence, time and enthusiasm which has gone into their labor.

It is impossible to visit such an exhibition as this, so large, so varied, and so widely beautiful, without feeling vastly encouraged for the success and development of the arts and crafts movement in America. There is a place for it. Its intelligent workers are finding the place and the people who appreciate beauty in the surroundings of their daily lives should help in every possible way by their encouragement and coöperation to make this place a secure and lasting one.

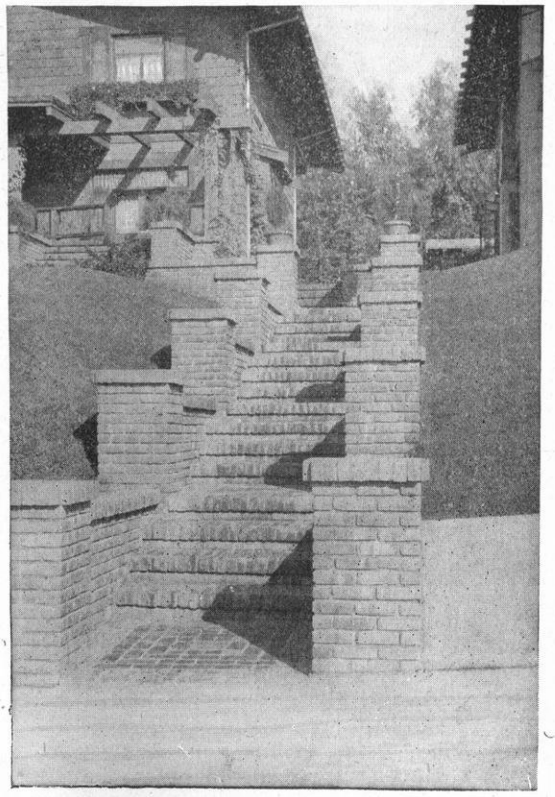
APPROACH TO THE HOUSE

Illustrations from Photographs by Helen Lukens Gaut

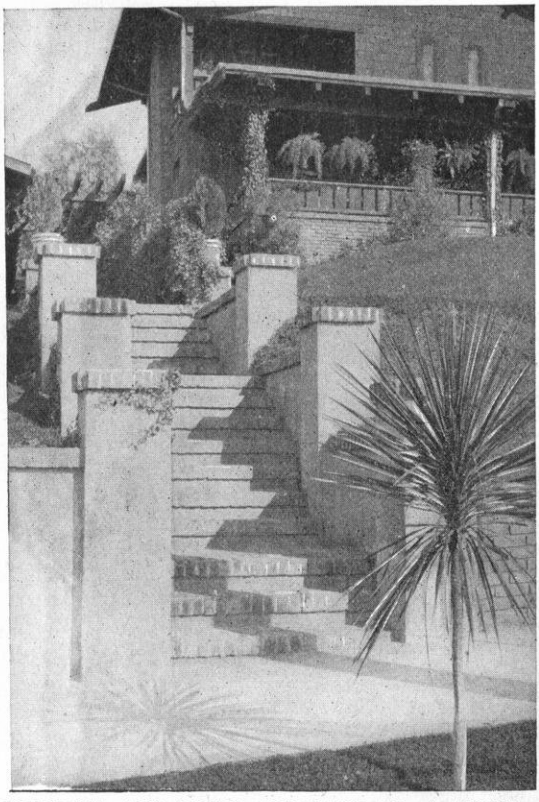
A TRAIL that winds in and out through a flowery meadow and on into a little grove is as alluring a bit of landscape as the mind of man can conceive. And the very next thing in the order of outdoor witchery is a flight of steps leading up toward the brow of a hill. A steep ascent almost loses its terrors for those of untrained muscle if winding, twistings steps are cut for the comfort of hesitating feet, or a vine-wreathed seat be placed invitingly at intervals, or a bit of level ground be provided for a breathing place and a chance for a glance around at the expanding view.

It is certainly encouraging trespassers to build a house upon a hill with green trees for a background and a flight of steps leading up to it under pergola arches, for it coaxes passersby in unspoken but luring words to enter the enchanting upward path, to wander on to the house and make themselves at home!

In one of the accompanying photographs a most inviting approach to a home is shown. The materials combined are brick, concrete, with wooden beams, and the whole is made lovable by vines, the play of sunlight and shadow and at times the blossoming flowers. This use of materials seems especially suited to the shapely, classical pergola arches and walls, much better than the informal rustic design would be. Of course, in certain woodsy country places nothing can compare with rustic. This is especially true when the rustic pergola leads to the small cottage with its lattices hidden under roses and its sloping roof in some mossy tone. But for the more lavish pergola architecture, and especially for the California landscape, the concrete and brick, or the concrete alone, are more eminently suited to pergolas, pathways and hillside steps. This particular pergola stairway has been beautifully designed as to proportion, for it is slender and delicate in every way. The vines even cling to it lightly; they do not vigorously and riotously take total possession, covering up the graceful pillars and walls. The ascent is easy, the slight curve leads one far away from any thought of



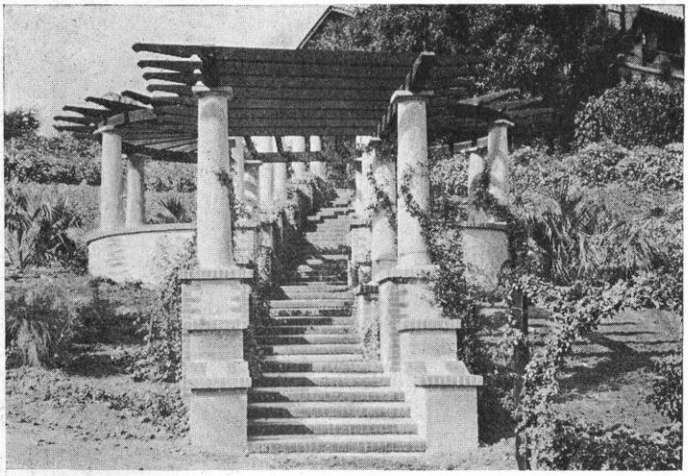
ENTIRE BRICK TERRACE| STEPS LEADING TO A VILLAGE GARDEN.



CONCRETE AND BRICK APPROACH TO A TOWN HOUSE.

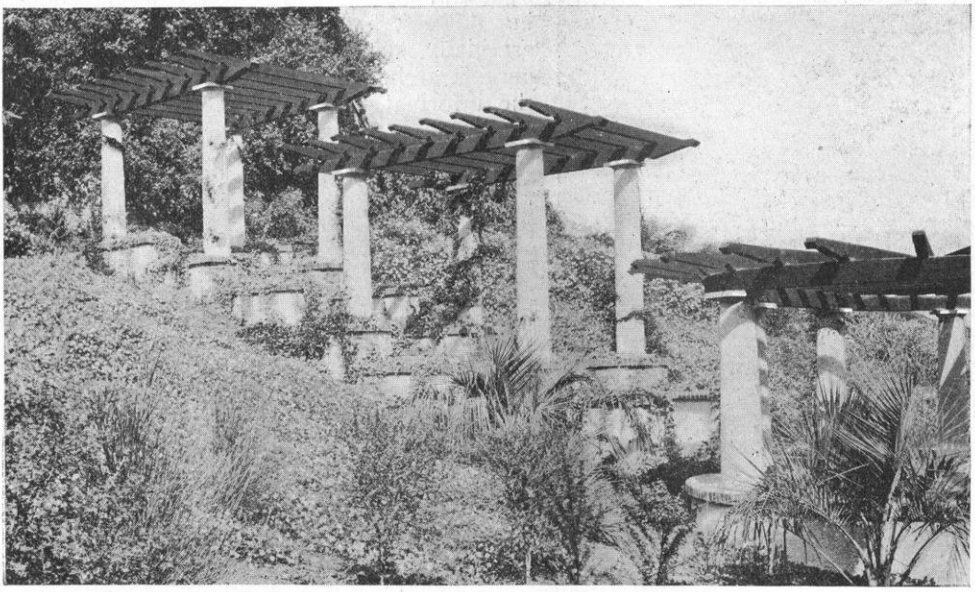
severity that a straight and narrow way inevitably suggests.

Another good example of the treatment of hillside steps leading to a house upon a hill is shown. This illustrates how architects and homemakers of California meet the problem of making a house upon a hillside easy of reach. Several resting places are provided where one can examine the flowers, loiter by a lily pool, or look off over the sloping breast of the untamed hills. This photograph is a good illustration of how a few steps of stone or concrete, a balustrade, a hill and blue skies can almost make the observer believe that a bit of Italy has somehow found its way to our land. Not that Italian gardens are copied—for they are not—but that this sunny land has certain essential features not unlike that of Italy. Again, the architect chose wisely when he built this graceful stairway of concrete alone. The palms, yuccas, bayonets, reeds, papyrus, umbrella plants and plants of large tropical leaves have created an ensemble of rare beauty. Especial attention must be called to the lily pond at the base of the wall for it is so charmingly in keeping with the whole picture. Nothing could be more pleasing or refreshing than the glimpse of a quiet pool with lilies resting upon the water mirror. The entire design—construction of wall, stair, pool, and the planting of palms and flowers—is surely a rare example of successful garden architecture.



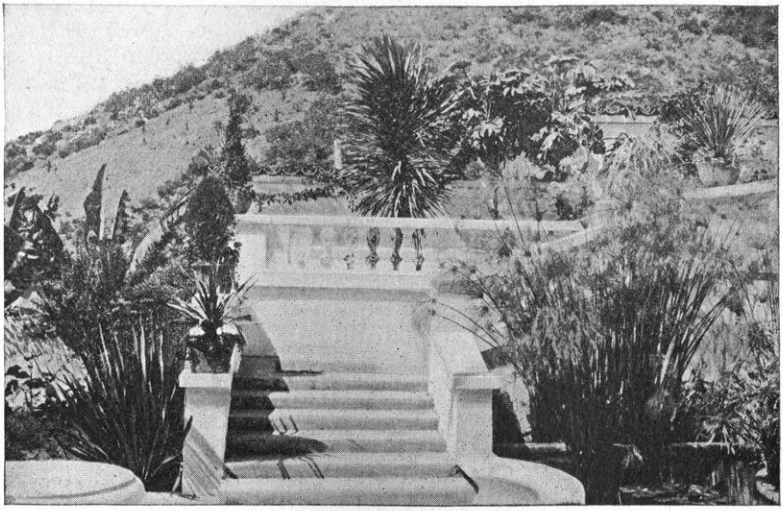
PERGOLA APPROACH OF CONCRETE, BRICK AND WOOD LEADING TO A HOUSE UPON A HILL.

In contrast to these interesting examples of hillside treatment of steps to a country home are shown three photographs that reveal an equally interesting way of treating the steps that lead to a town hillside dwelling. The first one is attractive because it illustrates what can be done with brick alone. Not a vine or a flower is used to



SIDE VIEW OF PERGOLA APPROACH: SHOWING BEAUTY OF CONSTRUCTION.

break the line of ascent, yet there is no suggestion of stiffness. In fact, one could not wish it other than it is. It is clear cut, but not hard — simple, dignified, pure in design, satisfying in every way. The fringe of trees against the sky, the flowers and swaying vines immediately around the house give the necessary sense of grace. An interesting use of brick is seen in the floor of the first landing. It is laid in a simple pattern, but somehow shows that loving thought has been brought to bear upon the whole construction. A simple design, instead of the commonplace herringbone or straight bond, is responsible for this pleasant result.



CONCRETE APPROACH TO HILLSIDE HOUSE, WITH LILY POOL AT THE LANDING.

A stairway somewhat similar in plan but quite different in treatment is shown, where a combination of concrete and brick has been used. The deep brick steps, being of the same material as the foundation of the house, bring house and entrance into a related whole. The simple balusters and walls of concrete are held in close harmony with the rest of the plan by the crown of brick. The delicate touch of vines is like an exquisite bit of carving.

The last photograph illustrates still another successful use of brick and concrete, and also shows how gracious an effect is obtained by the presence of a large tree. The drooping branches of this pepper tree help much in bringing about a homey, hospitable-looking entrance.

The approach to a house is always a matter of much consideration to an architect, even when the building is on a level with the street, but when the house is upon ground slightly, or a great deal, higher than the street the matter becomes much more complicated, yet though it is a difficult matter to design hillside steps, it offers so many more opportunities for beautiful pictures and is so rich in suggestions that most architects enter upon the task with enthusiasm. To the pictorial effect of an entrance must be added the matter of practical ascent. A serviceable way to mount the hill is the first consideration.

CONCRETE AND BRICK STEPS AND WALL FOR TOWN HOUSE.

JOHN BIGELOW

JOHN BIGELOW, author, journalist, statesman and lawyer, died in his ninety-fifth year at his home in New York, on Tuesday, December 19th, 1911, after a long and eventful career. In his passing America lost one who had been for many years a vital, useful citizen, a man whose versatile activities had brought him in contact with many of the most significant people and events of his century, and made him an important factor in the literary field as well as in national and international politics.

Among the many expressions of regret, Robert Underwood Johnson, Secretary of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, spoke on its behalf with such sympathy and appreciation that we quote with pleasure his words:

"Mr. Bigelow was almost, if not quite, the last of the type of old-time New Yorkers of literary activities—the man of the world who was also the man of the study—a type represented by Richard Grant White and George William Curtis. Next to politics, he was perhaps most interested in the history of politics, with a special talent for biography.

"Who that was at the public meeting of the Academy and Institute at the New Theater can forget his venerable and noble presence last year when the house paid him the unique compliment of rising when he came forward to read his reminiscences of the elder Dumas, and again when he left the desk? His genial and scholarly wit and his wise counsel will be greatly missed by his associates of these two organizations, whom he inspired with both respect and affection."

Born at Malden, N. Y., on November 25th, 1817, John Bigelow came from one of the old New England families founded by an Englishman of that name who settled in Watertown Mass., in 1642. A graduate of Union College in 1835, John Bigelow entered a law office and was admitted to the bar in September, 1838. In addition to his legal work, he seriously considered political and social questions, and the public interest which his expressions of opinion were beginning to arouse was evidenced by the fact that his articles on constitutional reform, printed in *The Democratic Review* in 1845, were reprinted in pamphlet form and largely circulated.

For three years he held office as one of the New York State prison inspectors, and as shown by his annual reports as a result of his careful management Sing Sing prison was run on an economical basis, its earnings in the last year of his administration coming within a few hundred dollars of the expenses.

A little later, during the anti-slavery contest, Mr. Bigelow was an active supporter of Martin Van Buren's nomination for President of the Free Soil Democracy, and following his zeal in this cause came an invitation to join William Cullen Bryant in the partnership of the *New York Evening Post*. This point marked Mr. Bigelow's withdrawal from the legal profession and the beginning of his career as a journalist. In this new field success seems again to have waited upon his efforts, for under his management the paper gained greatly in its yearly income, and the prestige of his opinions grew nation-wide.

It was during this period, in June, 1850, that Mr. Bigelow was married to Jane T. Poultney, the daughter of Evan Poultney of Baltimore, Md.

After ten years in the newspaper world he accepted the American Consulate to Paris. Serving later as Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, and after that as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Empire, he rendered valuable service to his country.

Aftr three years' residence in Germany, Mr. Bigelow returned to America, and as chairman of a committee of the New York Legislature investigated the management of the canals of the State. This resulted in a reform in the administration, and a very considerable reduction of expense. Next he was elected on the Democratic ticket as Secretary of State of New York, and this was practically the last of his political activities, for although he was offered later the office of New York City Chamberlain and then that of Assistant United States Treasurer for the City of New York, he accepted neither. From this period until his death he devoted himself to his farm and to literature, and he was also actively interested in the establishment of the New York Public Library.

Mr. Bigelow was the author of many publications, political, historical, biographical and literary, including his own three-volume "Retrospections of an Active Life," published when he was ninety-two.

WOOL EMBROIDERY

(These illustrations are reproduced from Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration)

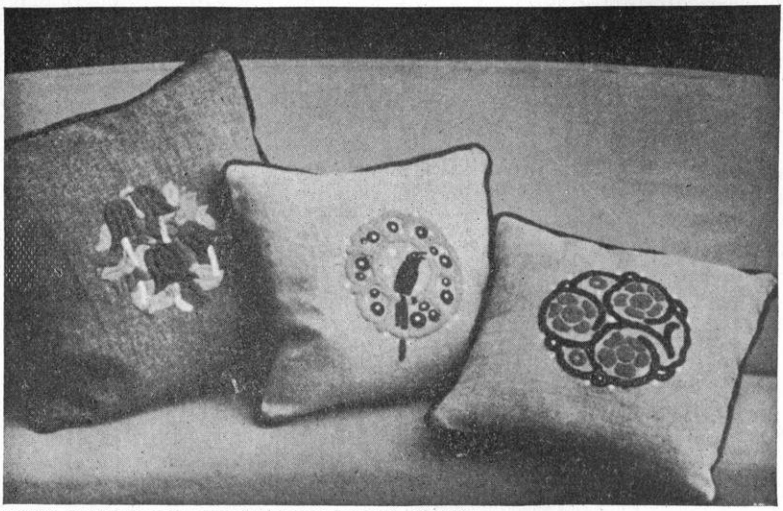
IN the furnishing and decorating of our homes we seem to be beginning to realize the value of sofa cushions to give or accentuate a color note in a room. The overelaborate cushion chosen haphazard for some striking and usually unrelated design is being discarded for ones of more solid worth. The most favored kind are made of durable material, plain in color, that will stand a lot of wear, for, in spite of its decorative possibilities, the primal value of a cushion is its usefulness.

In the past, to gain a decorative effect, we have run the gamut of possibilities for combinations of materials used for embroidery, and have decorated everything, from delicate silks to leather, and have used for the embroidery every kind of material that could possibly be threaded through a needle and pulled through fabric, from gold thread to raffia and straw. After trying all manner of combinations to gain the effect that seemed beautiful to us, we have sometimes gone back to some combination that had apparently outlived its charm, and found therein new interest that had been overlooked or wearied of.

An interesting example of the revival of an old-time medium is the wool embroidery that has been used so extensively this winter. Although the method of working is essentially the same as that employed to gain the sometimes discordant effects

APPLIQUE AND WOOL EMBROIDERY.

achieved in other days, we have begun to use the wool with a clearer insight into its possibilities. The right use of this material in a simple way, with the colors harmoniously chosen, often leads to unexpected results of decorative interest. The cushions we show here are of German design made in rough homespun linen, embroidered in two or three colors. The most interesting effects are obtained by using bright tones, — in keeping, of course, with the decorative scheme of the room, —which glow vividly on the background of dull or somber color. The conventionalized flower *motifs* are easy to execute and offer a wide range of opportunity.



WOOL EMBROIDERY IN VIVID ORIENTAL TONES.

THE VALUE OF SUITABLE DOORS

THE beauty of a house, no matter how perfect the main lines of it may be, depends largely upon the treatment of its details, for in these apparently insignificant things rests the important matter of "finish." Even such a detail as the door greatly enhances or mars the appearance of a house, and this is in turn enhanced or marred by its details—the latches, knobs and hinges. There must be a positive uniformity of design throughout any one piece of work if it is to be of lasting worth. A stately palace with a cramped doorway is an object of ridicule, for good proportion has been lost—uniformity of stateliness has not been carried out. A cozy, homelike little cottage with a pretentious entrance is equally absurd, for the keynote of simplicity has been departed from.

There was a time when inscriptions were emblazoned on the escutcheon of the door or set in ornamental way over the portal of the house door. These inscriptions generally embodied the philosophy of the master of the house, that the waiting stranger might be made acquainted with the manner of the man within. Sometimes these inscriptions were written on iron plates which served also as door sills, and were called "threshold plates." As a matter of fact, the master of a house may proclaim his status without the need of emblazoning it in letters upon a door, for the door itself may reveal his taste and judgment, telling whether he is simple, kindly, retiring, presumptuous, generous or miserly. The door of a house, therefore, should receive the most careful attention, so that it will interpret truly the character of the owner.

There is not a wide choice of materials of which a beautiful, suitable door can be built. Wonderful wrought-iron doors have been made that serve to protect as well as ornament a house, but they seem to be usurping the scope of a gateway. Asbestos and metal doors are extensively used in fireproof buildings, but on the whole there seems to be nothing that gives more all-around satisfaction than wood. Now that wood is seasoned in a dry kiln, a door of wood is much more dependable than formerly, for it is not so apt to warp. This kiln-dried wood can safely be used either as a veneer or as a basis for a veneer. A door of solid oak is undoubtedly most suitable for some types of houses, but for some of the simpler modern houses it might be wholly out of place. One of a lighter wood, such as cypress, gum, pine, birch, ash or chestnut would be more suitable.

Experience has proven that both oak and cypress are the best woods for outside doors for they are better suited to stand extreme weather conditions. Outside doors should never be solid, but should be "built up," for a solid door is almost certain to warp or twist or sag, while a "built-up" door can be depended upon to hold its position through almost any weather conditions.

The doors for interior use should be made of the same wood that is used for the trim of the room. The grain of such wood as the Southern yellow pine, brown ash, red or white birch, gum, red oak, can be brought out clearly by a simple oil finish, or fumed or stained to harmonize with the house or the room in which they are destined to be used.

Doors made of birch or light pine with a veneer of birch are quite suitable for use in the interior of a house. Birch has a very beautiful grain and can be finished in many ways. Sometimes it is stained to resemble mahogany, but its own grain cannot be improved upon for beauty. These doors are suitable for bedrooms, for they are light in weight and tone and moderate in price.

Another useful wood for door construction is gum. The heart of the tree is quite dark, is known commercially as red gum and is beautifully grained. The outer part of the same tree is light in tone and almost without grain. The intermediate section is known as unselected gum and shows a startling grain, for the dark of the inner wood and the light of the outer sections meet and fuse with remarkable markings. The white outer wood is almost worthless for artistic use, the unselected is approved of by some because of its remarkable grain, but the inner dark gum is one of the most charming of all woods for interior use. It takes a stain well, revealing soft and rich colors and markings. All gum doors must be built up instead of used solid, for it is hard to manage when used alone.

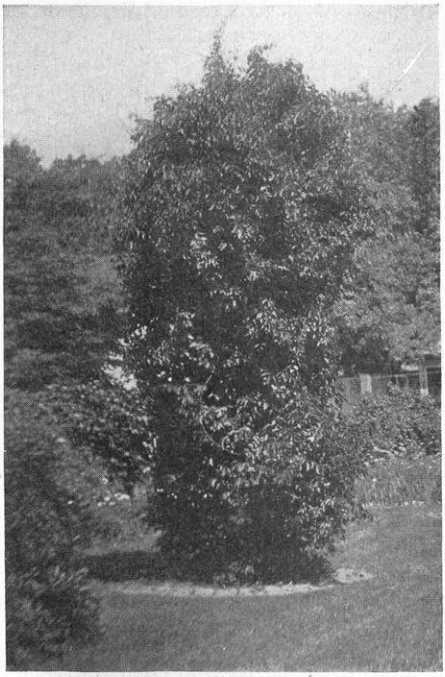
A bedroom door with one side made of mirror glass is an innovation sure to be more popular as time goes on, for it provides the bedroom with a most acceptable adjunct—a full-length mirror, and at the same time takes up no extra room.

HOW WE CAN MAKE OUR GARDENS ATTRACTIVE TO THE BIRDS: BY G. R. SHORE

IN planning the home grounds don't forget to provide for the birds. Trees, shrubs and hardy vines in abundance to nest, hunt and hide in and, if you can combine the ornamental with those that furnish food, all the better will the place suit the homeseekers. Every spring they fly into our gardens on a tour of inspection and bright eyes take note of its possibilities. If the cat is missing, it will add to its attractiveness. You must decide which you want, birds or cats, for they cannot be combined in any possible way and have both alive.

A good many years ago we bought a place with a number of old apple trees on it. One that stood nearest the house was a fine large and sound tree, but it was a nuisance on the lawn, as the dropping leaves and apples made so much litter. It was used so much by the birds and being so near the house gave us such a good chance to watch them that we hated to part with it. We had the top taken off 18 or 20 feet from the ground and planted all around the large trunk roots of our common bittersweet. In a few years it completely covered the tree with a mass of beautiful foliage and quantities of the red berries make a bit of color during the winter.

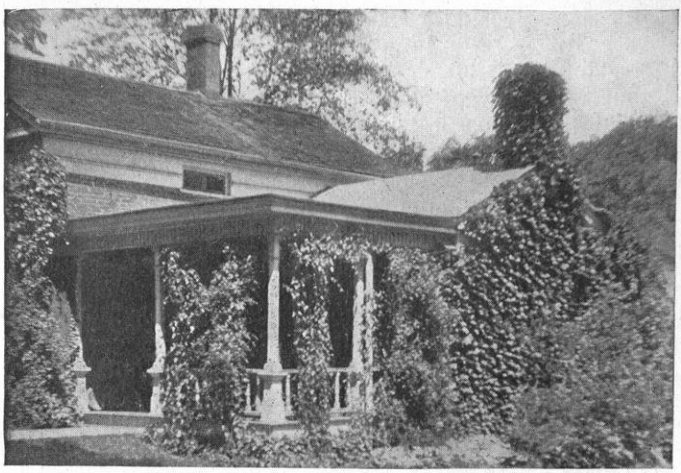
The birds find shelter and nesting places in the old tree trunk, and it is not an uncommon thing to see twenty or thirty of them come from the tree each morning for their breakfast, which we have ready for them — crumbs, seed and suet near by.



APPLE TREE COVERED WITH BITTERSWEET.

Birds can endure much cold, if well fed, but unless we assist nature their winter cupboard is often bare. Never is hospitality so greedily received. Sweep away the snow on a cold morning and scatter seed and crumbs and you will soon have guests, who will show their appreciation of your bounty, and stay with you all through the year.

The wrens are so sociable that they build every year in boxes and nests made from dipper and bottle gourds within a few feet of our back door, and one box at the corner of a veranda that is used by us constantly in the summer. The wrens seeming perfectly at home will light on the chains of the porch swing and sing with delight.



A FINE NESTING PLACE FOR BIRDS.

For a few weeks in the fall we have the little ruby-crowned kinglets in the grape arbor and among the shrubs in a hardy border; they are so shy and silent that one has to watch for them.

A young cherry tree in the back of the garden furnishes food for the robins, and when

it is in bloom I have watched a rose-breasted grosbeak and its mate go over the tree with care, seeming to get something they liked from each blossom as the oriole does from the apple blossom.

If a place is large enough to have a few large trees, birds will stay the year round, especially if we study their wants and provide for them.

In our little place where we use vines in place of trees so that we may have the sun in the back garden for flowers, we still manage to have birds with us both summer and winter. From the back door to the end of the garden is a grape arbor and on the posts of it in winter we nail large pieces of rough suet, which are visited daily by blue jays, downy woodpeckers, nuthatches and chickadees all winter.

Sparrows usually live in peace with the other birds, though they try their best to take up their quarters in the wrens' nests. If the opening is made the size of a quarter of a dollar it effectually bars out the sparrows.

Wrens like best to build in the gourds, but will take a box for their second nest, if it is good and handy. The boxes are easier to get than the gourds are to grow, as the season has to be a long one to mature them. They must be ripe, so that the shell is hard to make a good nest, and if taken down in winter, the same gourds will last several seasons.

The wrens and sparrows a few years ago fought a great battle for the place. Though the sparrows outnumbered the wrens, the wrens held their ground and since I seldom see any fighting among them. I have seen a wren drive away a red-headed woodpecker four times its size that ventured too near its prospective nesting place. They are great fighters, but they are such cheery little fellows that we would greatly miss them if they failed to make their appearance in the spring. Mulberry trees and fresh drinking water in a handy place are both strong attractions for the birds.

A bird lover in Detroit who owns a large tract of land a few miles out of the city is doing quite an extensive work in making shelters and comfortable winter quarters for wild birds of all kinds, in the hope of getting them to remain all winter. He employs a man all of the time in the work and will take a census Christmas Day to see how large a colony has been induced to test out a Michigan winter.

We will watch the experiment with interest and judging from the success of our own efforts in a small way can see no reason why in time we may not have some places in this country that will compare favorably with the work of Germany in the care, protection and preservation of birds.

BIRD STUDY AT HOME

A TABLE for birds was once laid in the branches of a scraggly hazel bush that grew at the edge of a California redwood forest. This little bush was also close by the kitchen door of a little cottage where a woman spent the choice hours of early morn and eve, making sacrifices at the woman's altar—the cook stove! These sacrifices were far from being penances, yet they prevented the walks into the woods that were so full of the bird life she so longed to study. So a table was spread with delicacies (from a bird's point of view), and the problem of going to study the birds was happily solved by the birds coming singly and in flocks to be studied.

The first to arrive were the chickadees, who were also the first to venture upon the window sill and then upon the bit of bread in the hand and finally upon the outstretched hand that held no bread—but only friendship. The juncoes came next, trim, modest, black-capped and with streaks of pure white in their tails. Then the noisy, brilliant blue jays came—both the Stellar and the Eastern—who generally demanded to be served first. Because of their valuable police duty such impoliteness was tolerated. The varied robin overcame his fear and feasted warily but often upon the dainties set for him. The spurred towhee, forsaking his custom of hunting on the ground, flew often to the table. The fox sparrow, who scratched with both feet at once in a funny, clever way, the ruby-crowned kinglet, the thrasher, the hermit thrush, came bowing, curtseying, singing, to this table constantly spread with bread, crumbs, grain, bits of meat, suet, bones, fruit and a shallow basin of water. So their shy, pretty ways, their changing coloring, their nesting habits, their call notes and songs were studied under the pleasantest conditions and in the nicest of places—one's own dooryard. And as soon as their children could fly they were brought and instructed in the delights and safety of this happy hunting ground.

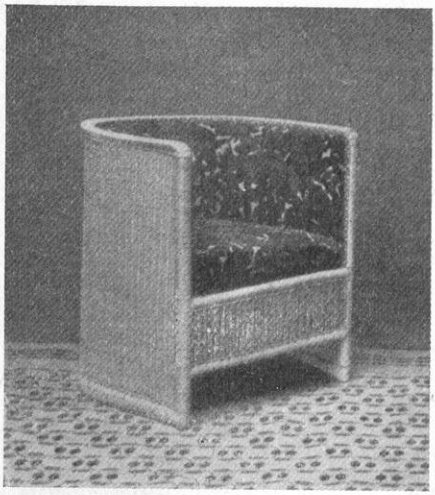
WOVEN WILLOW FURNITURE

Illustrations from *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.*

A WOVEN willow chair holds much the same qualities of intimacy and charm as a basket; it is, in fact, a piece of basketry, being woven in the same way and having the same elastic spring and flexibility. Such a chair is proportionately light in weight as a basket, and can be almost as easily moved about. It is always an object of interest because it comes under the list of handicrafts and therefore contains unlimited possibilities of individuality in the making.

The construction of willow chairs is not a difficult art, for the material is very pliable and lends itself easily to the many forms of intricate or simple weaving. The great danger in this branch of furniture-making is that many people, in their earnest effort to make their work attractive, overdo it, depend upon ornamentation rather than upon construction, try to hide imperfections of line by elaborate patterns of weaving.

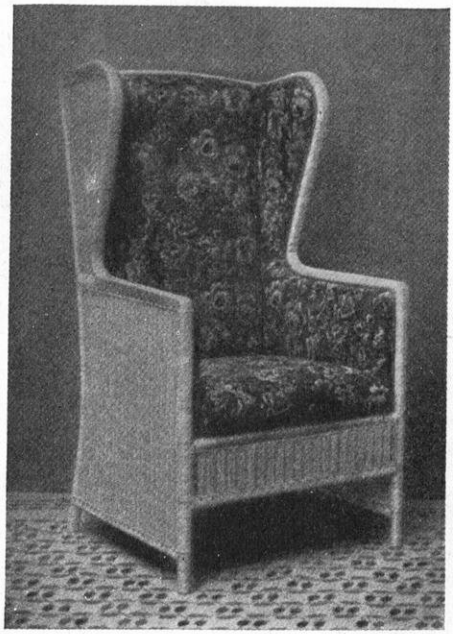
Willow is interesting and beautiful enough in its own form and color, and the less these inherent characteristics are changed the better; but the natural luster and color of it is often destroyed by a heavy coat of paint or enamel which cheapens the work and takes away all sense of kinship with basketry. If, instead of such artificial and unsympathetic finish, the willow is treated with a stain which will change the main color of it, but not destroy its luster and freshness, a much more friendly result will be attained.

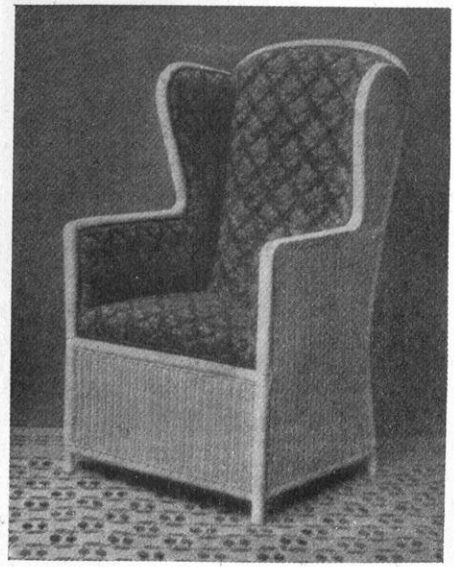


SMALL WILLOW EASY CHAIR: INTERESTING PROPORTION AND CONSTRUCTION.

The simpler the form of construction and weave the better. If one wishes the best results the furniture should be made along the lines of the greatest simplicity, based upon the same form of construction that characterizes furniture of wood, yet keeping always the inherent flexibility of the material.

The illustrations on these pages are in-

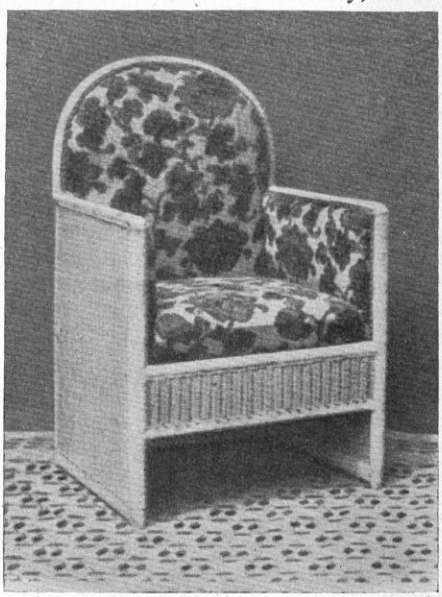




TWO LARGE ARMCHAIRS IN WOVEN WILLOW: NEW GERMAN MODELS, SIMPLE AND DIGNIFIED.

teresting and convincing examples of the principles just set forth. These six comfortable, unpretentious armchairs prove that good, firm construction underlying a plain form of weaving has an unmistakable air of superiority far removed from the usual elaborate type of willow chair. The entire absence of ornamentation gives them a distinction, a dignity which no amount of intricate trimming could achieve.

Could anything be simpler than the little square armchair with its sturdy, unaffected lines? Even in its weaving it is consistent, for it is without pattern of any kind. It is light and durable and full of grace, though built on the same plan as a cube. And yet, in spite of the almost primitive plainness of its structure, there is nothing crude about it. On the contrary, the very



WOVEN WILLOW CHAIR WITH CURVED BACK

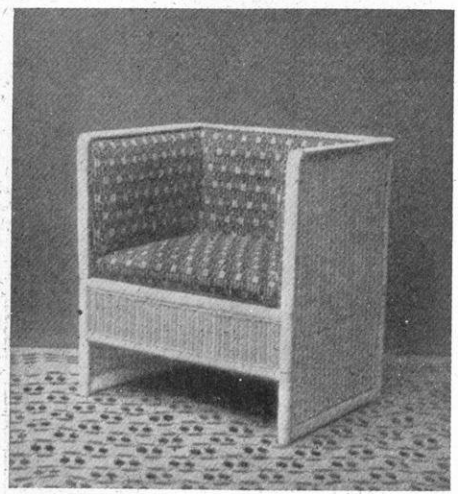
practicability of its design and the fitness of its proportions suggest an innate refinement.

Very similar in appearance is the other small chair, the note of variation revealed in the contour of the back and seat which are curved instead of rectangular. Here again we find the same qualities of restfulness, of homelike charm,—the outcome of strict adherence to a practical structure. The simple lines of the chair seem to hold a mute invitation, embodying the very essence and spirit of the ideal home.

The other chairs illustrated are larger and a trifle more varied in design. Yet in

WOVEN WILLOW CHAIR OF RECENT GERMAN MODEL UPHOLSTERED WITH FLOWERED CHINTZ.

these, too, the same simplicity of thought is shown. In each one the proportions evidently have been carefully thought out; strength, comfort, economy have all been considered; no superfluous details have been introduced to mar the effect of unity. And the result is a piece of furniture which fulfils its purpose directly and unaffectedly, and in doing so achieves a sense of harmony that is inescapable. Variety for its own sake has obviously not entered into any one of these designs.



INTERESTING GERMAN DESIGN FOR SMALL WILLOW CHAIR.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A CLAY PRODUCTS EXPOSITION

A MUNICIPAL congress is to be held at the Chicago Coliseum, March 7th to 12th, in connection with the Clay Products and Permanent Home Exposition that should be of interest to every citizen of the United States as well as to the mayors and delegates directly associated with it. The purpose of this congress is to give the public practical demonstrations of ideal municipal constructions, ideal from both utilitarian and æsthetic standpoints.

A full-width street will be shown with sewer lines, conduit, brick paving, clay curb, special street railway block and all of the other features of an ideal thoroughfare. The sewer pipe will be of all sizes, including some that are large enough for a man of average height to walk upright through.

Paving block of all descriptions, including vitrified brick, a new kind of clay block and other new products in street surface that have been thoroughly tried and proven, will be on exhibition, as well as conduit for electric wiring, telephone systems, power lines, pneumatic tubes, the best type of fireproof construction for schoolhouses and all other municipal buildings to prevent fire horrors and stop the enormous fire loss.

The Exposition itself will be one mighty crusade in favor of permanent homes and fireproof city buildings. When we read that the annual loss from fire is about $400,000,000 a year, and that this congress is organized for the purpose of reducing this loss to a minimum through the advocacy of fireproof municipal construction, we realize how important such an object lesson may be.

This Exposition will also show homes that are proof against incendiarism and that are beautiful to look at—model houses with all the modern contrivances for use and beauty. One of the unusual features will be a display of furniture made entirely from clay.

This Exposition is not only for the purpose of showing the public the importance of fire protection, but also for the purpose of promoting interest in all clay products. The extent of clay industries is greater than is understood by most people. It comprises in fact the third largest mineral industry in the country, being exceeded only by iron and coal.

The value of the annual output of American pottery is more than $25,000,000, and the greatest exhibit of pottery ever made will be one of the features of this exposition. Clay manufacturers from every part of the United States and from some foreign countries will contribute to the interest of this feature, and opportunities will be given of watching a potter at work. Thousands of objects of beauty and usefulness not commonly associated with clay, but which are nevertheless products of it, will be on display for the interest and instruction of visitors.

There is also going to be a competition for the best five-room brick bungalow, which is to be an effort to solve the problem of building attractive homes at a low cost. It will be interesting to see how the architects all over the country solve this most serious difficulty of modern times, and from among the hundreds of plans that will be shown in this competition it is certain that there will be a sufficient number of satisfactory ones to give variety to home building and result in ultimate improvement in the appearance and comfort of residences in the suburbs.

Among the contestants in this competition is a woman architect of Chicago. As this problem of beauty and economy in the home affects women so much more vitally than men, a woman's solution of it should be most valuable and significant.

Much interest will center around the burned clay as used in all forms of construction, especially of homes, for the erection of permanent fireproof homes is a subject with which everyone is vitally concerned. Architects from all parts of the United States will display their efforts at solving the question of building a house of moderate cost that embodies all the modern requirements of sanitation, protection from fire, architectural beauty, etc. Prizes have been offered for the best plans of a brick cottage costing from $1,500 to $5,000 that will cover these requirements. These designs and plans will form an interesting part of the display. Conventions of architects, building and paving brick manufacturers, pottery makers, ceramic societies, tile manufacturers, etc., will be held in the city during the progress of this comprehensive exhibition of clay products, so that a renewed interest will be brought about and an exchange of ideas and enthusiasms of benefit to both producer and consumer.

COLOR: THE NEXT TRIUMPH OF PHOTOGRAPHY

IF we are to judge man's future accomplishments by the past, we are safe in saying that the final success of color photography will soon be assured, for he has set his heart, will and mind upon the solution of this problem, and whenever he determinedly attempts to solve a question he succeeds. This question of color photography is the foremost subject of discussion with the majority of photographers at the present time. Scientists and artists are also much interested in the success of this experiment, for the perfecting of this department of photography will open new possibilities for the discovery of interesting and vital truths in the domain of art and science. New methods are constantly being tried, difficulties being overcome and success seems very near.

Experiments in printing photographs have mostly been carried on along three different lines. The first plan was to expose a separate plate for each color and then fasten the plates together one over the other. This is a most troublesome method, involving extreme care and requiring an exactness that few people possess. Another plan consists in printing on a silver subchloride paper. But this proved to be most unsatisfactory, for the prints turn white when exposed to the daylight and then later on become black, so that the colors could not be depended upon.

The other method is to print on what is known as "bleaching paper." This paper is prepared especially by being coated with a mixture of three aniline colors with a sensitive emulsion. When this paper is put under the original plate, only those colors which receive light through the same color on the original plate hold fast; the rest are washed out. Unfortunately the aniline dyes bleach out, so that unless the print be kept in the dark it will soon fade away.

Experiments with making the plates themselves have been so numerous that no one but those personally engaged in this branch of experimental photography is able to follow them understandingly. They all seem hopelessly intricate and impossible to the majority of photographers, and few but the fortunate ones possessing leisure and capital can afford to enter the list of explorers and discoverers of this realm of color photography. It requires an accuracy of exposure, preparation of plate and printing paper that places the photographer in the class of a scientist. Yet there is every reason to believe that in the future we shall all be able to accomplish what only photographic giants are able to do at the present day.

At the Boston Art Club's exhibition last September Alfred H. Lewis showed a wonderful group of autochromes, which convinced even the most skeptical of the truthfulness, beauty and value of this most important new branch of the art. Such a collection of successful color photographs sets even doubting minds to dreaming of the days when flowers, sunsets, sunrises, mountain lakes can be reproduced accurately.

One of the interesting phases of this work is the difficulty of getting a plate to interpret color as we are accustomed to thinking it should look. The ordinary plate does not translate red, for instance, as a bright bit of color. A field of red poppies as reproduced by the ordinary lens will show the poppies as black spots in a light field, just the reverse of the way our eye receives the impression. The camera lens also would lead us to believe that blue is white, green, lifeless and dark. To overcome this difficulty various plates have been invented which, with the addition of a ray screen, will reproduce the light and shade values of colors truthfully.

The results obtained by these sensitive plates are truly wonderful, for a field of flowers, a cumulus cloud rising behind a dark green mountain, a sage brush desert, the waves of the sea, appear in the finished print in the same tone relation that they do in nature. This is, of course, only a black and white translation, but a true one, and it is a long step toward the final solution of reproducing the exact colors.

No subject has been of such absorbing interest in the domain of photography since the days when daguerreotypes were considered as marvelous a creation as this present one of color, and there is no longer any doubt of its ultimate success.

The struggle at the present time is to simplify it, to get it within the reach of everyone's photographic ability. In the future we will without doubt carry a color camera into the fields, snap it carelessly and bring home a single plate, from which a single printing can easily and quickly be made.

ALS IK KAN

THE REWARD OF LABOR

YOUNG men went very often to the late John Bigelow to ask his advice about the ways of attaining success in life. John Bigelow was in the main a wise man, a very successful man, and a man who had won the respect of two hemispheres. And yet so complex are our present economic conditions in America that on one occasion he gave the following advice to a young friend: "Save money," he said; "put aside this money every week in the bank, so that when you are middle-aged you will be independent and can turn away from earning your living and be useful."

"Turn away from earning your living and be useful." These are the exact words, I understand, that Mr. Bigelow used. And these words must have been born from the widest experience of life, because they were uttered a short time before his death, and he died at the age of ninety-four. He must have known life very well; he must have known young people very well. What words could be used that would be a more terrific denunciation of modern business conditions,—a more serious accusation of commercial futility, of vast human waste!

What has happened to us as a nation, to our ideals, to our sense of values, that we can no longer be useful and earn our living *at the same time?* In *what* way are most of us earning our living that we must put aside labor as undignified, unworthy, when we become wise and middle-aged in order that we may amount to something?

Formerly the busy people proved their worth by the *kind* of work they did. We remember Sir Christopher Wren by the cathedrals he built, not by the ways in which he spent his declining years. We think of Rembrandt not in connection with his views on social and political conditions, because he was interested in all matters as an older man, but as a worker, a painter, an etcher, a goldsmith. The world's estimate of great men really begins and ends with the period of their activity. How do we recall Wagner? Surely we think of him as the overworked, heart-broken man who gathered in the hidden melodies of the singing earth, not in the later days of his leisure, when he was argumentative and wrote biographies.

Yes, these men were artists, but that does not make any difference, for all good artists are hard workers, and the best work the hardest, and their value to the world is because through their work they have been able to express the vision of their souls. The men who have accomplished, who have left records of what they saw and felt in life, were not waiting to *stop work* in order to accomplish great things. Theirs was the sane, right valuation of life that made success inherent in labor, a man's achievement depending upon the quality of his daily toil. There is no other high standard of usefulness and success than that based on personal achievement through individual endeavor. No man can be of value to the world who has not first of all proved his capacity to be useful to himself. If a man has made his work sincere, progressive, productive, his own personality will grow with the development of his work, and he will find himself opening up pathways of value not only for himself, but for others, and this is the way, the only way, that a man may be useful to the world.

We have slowly grown to realize that the success of a scientific civilization must depend very largely upon its capacity for producing wealth, that in spite of intent to hold to civic and personal ideals, money has more or less become the terrible, dazzling "ideal" for which here in America we are all struggling. We often forget what we want it for, or what use it can be to us, or the fact that it is merely a symbol of the most valuable thing, work. And we debase work, we put it into vicious channels for the sake of acquiring its symbol, and then we use the symbol to gain conditions which are valueless, which have no relation to the essential development in life. We have gone to the point, many of us, where for the sake of this money we are not only willing to give our labor, but to sell our strength, our conscience, our spirituality, and in the end all we can do with the money is to conform to social conditions that are born out of the misuse of money.

This is why Mr. Bigelow grew to believe that the only way a man could do good works was to get away from the conflict between the spiritual and the material, take his bank account, and try to develop his ideals. But I feel that this is impossible. A man could no more develop his ideals in later life than he could with a weakened body and constitution suddenly start to build up vital, glowing health. He may turn his face toward ideals instead of toward financial conflict; he

may exercise his flabby muscles instead of weakening them, but right spiritual and physical growth must be involved in the whole course of life. A man's later life is but a reflection of his early days, and as in America the early manhood of most men must be spent in labor, there is no possibility of final spiritual development that is not a part of the man's work. It must be inherent in it. We must learn the one fact, that as we *work,* we *are;* that work is not a means of livelihood, but life itself. We have no right to debase it, to use it as a vulgar currency. It is the essence of life, not a means of exchange for prolonging life. It is only in our present civilization that work has been made a mean and unholy thing, where men do the least they can, in the worst way they can, and hope for the greatest return for it. For ages and ages men stood in relation to civic life according to their work.

Of course, we realize that it may be better for a man's declining years to be turned toward what he thinks is useful than for it to be spent in idleness and weariness; but more often than not, these belated ideals of usefulness will not be very practical or very valuable either to the man or to the people with whom he experiments. For usually the middle-aged gentleman who suddenly decides to be useful turns his unformed idealism into a career of philanthropy. In other words, he attempts to meddle in the affairs of the workers, whom he does not understand, and more often than not he unfits them for their own career of work, and renders them at least, if not idle, dissatisfied.

And this state of society must continue so long as we regard *money as success,* so long as we feel that the spiritual is something which can be approached when a man's income is secured, so long as we expect nothing in return for our life's work but a bank account. Mainly in life we get that for which we seek most earnestly. If it is achievement through work, we become in our own way, great or small, a part of the progress of the world. If we are willing to sell our great heritage (the divine right to labor) for a mess of pottage in a gold bowl, we will find it hard suddenly to reclaim that heritage after we have sacrificed our lives to our gold standards. For the sordid pursuit of wealth involves the sacrifice of those very qualities which are essential to a life of usefulness,—qualities of courage and patience and self-restraint and abstinence, wise self-sacrifice, and still wiser reticence. These fine perfections of the soul we do not take up at will; we get them through the training of our spiritual natures from the beginning of life. And when the time comes that our bank account is large enough for us suddenly to be willing to flaunt these qualities for the edification of our neighbors, the chances are that we have not a banner to stream in the wind; we have bartered everything for the bank account which we have been advised to get. We have given up all our chances to become a great citizen in order to become a rich one. And when we have become the rich one, the qualities which make for greatness are atrophied. Our sinews have shrunk and the wings of our spirit are trailing in the dust.

We beg that our readers will not misunderstand for one moment our attitude in this argument toward money. We value money, we must have it to live wisely. Every man must understand that the right handling of money is only a part of the general wisdom of life. But to make money a useful factor in life, it must be earned through the work which is a part of our own development. Money must become a symbol of good work, which in turn must become a part of our own life progress. We must seek not to separate work from life and money from spirituality. In no other way can we bind together the varying, divergent essentials of modern life. We must meet our present kind of civilization with willingness to compromise; that is to say, we must combine the wise and understanding use of money with the realization of the spiritual value of labor and the desire to make of the earlier years of life and labor a preparation for the complete usefulness of our later days.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Virginian:" By Owen Wister. New edition with illustrations by Charles M. Russell and drawings from Western scenes by Frederic Remington. 506 pages. Price $1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Adventure:" By Henry Bryan Binns. 96 pages. Price $1.00 net. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York.

"Alys-All-Alone:" By Una MacDonald. Illustrated. 301 pages. Price $1.50. Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston.