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MR. LOUIS SULLIVAN, ARCHITECT

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME X

MAY . 1906

NUMBER 2

Contents

Mr. Louis Sullivan, Architect	Frontispiece
What is Architecture	By <i>Louis H. Sullivan</i> 143
A Study of the American People	
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Folk-Lore of a Vanishing Race Preserved in	By <i>P. T. Farnsworth</i> 150
The Paintings of Edwin Willard Deming	
<i>Illustrated</i>	
The "New-Old School of Japanese Art".	168
Landscapes that Have the Modern Spirit with Traditional Methods	
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Artist and Silversmith	177
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Work of the People's Institute as Originated and	By <i>Edgar A. Russell</i> 183
Carried on by Charles Sprague Smith	
In the Firelight. A Poem	By <i>Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald</i> 190
The Dutch Woman Outdoors	191
Japanese Architecture and its Relation to the Coming American Style	192
<i>Illustrated</i>	
The Bridge Keeper. A Story	By <i>Frank H. Sweet</i> 213
An East Side Music School	By <i>Katharine M. Roof</i> 219
How Art Helps to Make Good Citizens	
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Window Gardens and Vines	229
Handicrafts Back in English Peasant Homes	By <i>Alice Dinsmoor</i> 237
<i>Illustrated</i>	
A Woodland Hillside	By <i>James B. Carrington</i> 246
Half an Hour's Ride from New York	
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Home Training in Cabinet Work : Fourteenth of the Series	250
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Craftsman House : Series of 1906 : Number IV	254
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Als ik Kan . Notes . Reviews . Our Home Department	
The Open Door : Suggestions of Interest to Builders and Home-Makers	

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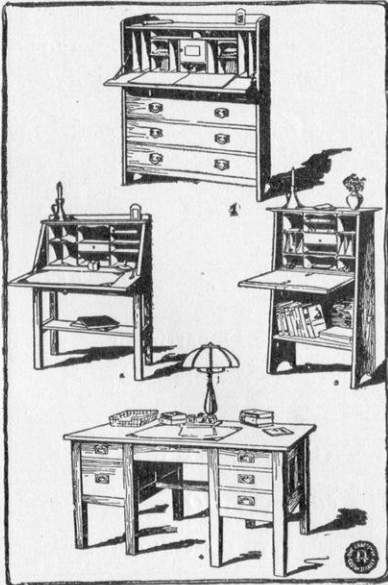
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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME X MAY, 1906 NUMBER 2

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?—A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: BY LOUIS H. SULLIVAN

Sometimes it is given to a man to utter fearlessly and in simple, direct words the thought that characterizes an age or a race,—a thought so true that every man, if he be honest with himself, will recognize it as his own, although unuttered and perhaps unformulated. Such a thought has been uttered by Mr. Louis H. Sullivan in this mercilessly penetrating study of the American people. It is an estimate to be read and pondered over with the open mind that makes for understanding, for it is true. It is not at all flattering, but it is better than that,—it goes down to the foundation of things and shows where lies a brave hope for the future. So important does this essay seem to the clear exposition of all **THE CRAFTSMAN** stands for, that it will be printed entire in three sections, of which this is the first. [EDITOR]



HE intellectual trend of the hour is toward simplification. The full powers of the modern scientific mind are now directed, with a common consent, toward searching out the few and simple principles that are believed to underlie the complexity of Nature, and such investigation is steadily revealing a unitary impulse underlying all men and all things.

This method of analysis reveals a simple aspect of Man, namely, that as he thinks, so he acts; and, conversely, one may read in his acts what he thinks—his real thoughts, be it understood, not what he avows he thinks. For all men think, all men act. To term a man unthinking is a misuse of words; what really is meant, is, that he does not think with accuracy, fitness and power. If, then, it be true that as a man thinks so must he act in inevitable accordance with his thought, so is it true that society, which is but a summation of individuals, acts precisely as it thinks. Thus are the thoughts of a people to be read in the acts of a people, as clearly as words are read upon the printed page.

If, in like manner, we apply this method of analysis to the complex spread of historical and contemporaneous architecture, we perceive, clearly revealed in their simplicity, its three elementary forms,

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

namely, the pier, the lintel and the arch. These are the three, the only three letters, from which has been expanded the Architectural Art as a great and superb language wherewith Man has expressed, through the generations, the changing drift of his thoughts. Thus, throughout the past and the present, each building stands as a social act. In such act we read that which can not escape our analysis, for it is indelibly fixed in the building, namely, the nature of the thoughts of the individual and the people whose image the building is or was.

Perhaps I should not leave the three elements, pier, lintel and arch, thus baldly set forth. It may not appear to the reader that the truth concerning them is as clear and simple as I state it. He may think, for example, that there was a marked difference between the Egyptian and the Greek architecture, even though both were based on pier and lintel only. There was a marked difference,—the difference that existed between the Egyptian and the Greek minds. The Egyptian animated pier and lintel with his thought—he could not do otherwise; and the Egyptian temple took form as an Egyptian act—it could not be otherwise. So Greek thought, clearly defined, took form in the Greek temple, clearly defined, and the Greek temple stood clearly forth as a Greek act. Yet both were as simply pier and lintel, as I, in setting one brick upon two separated other bricks, simply expose the principle of pier and lintel.

Similarly the Roman aqueduct and the Mediaeval cathedral were both in the pier-and-arch form. But what a far cry from Roman thought to Mediaeval thought! And how clearly is that difference in thought shown in the differences in form taken on in each case by pier and arch, as each structure in its time stood forth as an act of the people. How eloquently these structures speak to us of the militant and simple power of Roman thought, of the mystic yearning of Mediaeval thought.

BUT you may say, these structures were not acts of the people, rather, in one case the act of the emperor, in the other case an act of the church. Very well; but what really was the emperor but an act of the people—expressing the thought of the people; and what was the church but similarly the thought of the people in action? When the thought of the Roman people

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

changed, the vast Roman fabric disintegrated; when the thought of the Mediaeval people changed, the vitality of the church subsided exactly in proportion as the supporting thought of the people was withdrawn. Thus every form of government, every social institution, every undertaking, however great, however small, every symbol of enlightenment or degradation, each and all have sprung and are still springing from the life of the people, and have ever formed and are now as surely forming images of their thought. Slowly by centuries, generations, years, days, hours, the thought of the people has changed; so, with precision, have their acts responsively changed; thus thoughts and acts have flowed and are flowing ever onward, unceasingly onward, involved within the impelling power of life. Throughout this stream of human life, and thought, and activity, men have ever felt the need to build; and from the need rose the power to build. So, as they thought, they built; for, strange as it may seem, they could build in no other way. As they built, they made, used and left behind them records of their thinking. Then, as through the years new men came with changed thoughts, so arose new buildings, in consonance with the change of thought—the building always the expression of the thinking. Whatever the character of the thinking, just so was the character of the building. Pier, lintel and arch changed in form, purpose and expression, following, with the fidelity of Life, Man's changing thoughts as he moved in the flow of his destiny—as he was moved ever onward by a drift unseen and unknown—and which is now flowing and is still unseen and unknown.

This flow of building we call historical architecture. At no time and in no instance has it been other than an index of the flow of the thought of the people—an emanation from the inmost life of the people.

Perhaps you think this is not so; perhaps you think the feudal lord built the fortified castle. So he did, ostensibly. But where did his need and power so to build come from? From his retainers. And whence came the power of his retainers? From the people. As the people thought, so they acted. And thus the power of the feudal lord rested upon the thought, the belief of the people; upon their need and their power. Thus all power rests upon the consent of the people, that is, upon their thought. The instant their

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

thought begins to change, that instant the power, resting upon it and sanctioned by it, begins its warning. Thus the decay of the old and the formation of the new are synchronous effects of one cause. That single cause is: Thought. Thus we perceive that the simplest aspect of all human activity is change.

To analyse the influences that cause thought to change would take me, now, too far afield. Suffice it to say that thought, once having undergone change, does not again become the same—however great the lapse in time. Thus is there ever new birth, never re-birth.

IT may now become clear to my reader that we ought, in viewing historic architecture, to cease to regard it under the artificial classification of styles, as is now the accepted way, and to consider (as is more natural and more logical) each building of the past and the present as a product and index of civilization of its time; and the civilization of the time, also, as the product and index of the thought of the people of the time and place. In this way we shall develop in our minds a much broader, clearer panorama of the actual living flow of architecture through the ages; and grasp the clear, simple, accurate notion that the architecture always has been, and still is, a simple impulse of which the manifestation in varied form is continually changing.

I should add, perhaps, that, in speaking of the people, I do not use the word in the unhappy sense of the lower classes so-called. I mean all the people; and I look upon all the people as constituting a social organism.

I am quite aware that these are views not generally held among architects. Indeed you will not find a thesis of this kind set forth in books or taught in schools. For the prevailing view concerning architecture is strangely artificial and fruitless, as indeed are current American ideas concerning almost any phase of the welfare of all the people. That is to say; in our democratic land, ideas, thoughts, are weirdly, indeed destructively undemocratic—an aspect of our current civilization which, later, I shall consider.

I therefore ask my reader, for the time being at least, to repose sufficient confidence in my statements, that he may lay aside his existing notions concerning architecture, which are of necessity

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

traditional, and, as such, acquired habits of thinking, unanalysed by him; and thus lay his mind open to receive and consider the simple and more natural views which make up my paper, to the end that he may perceive how far astray we are from an architecture natural, truthful and wholesome, such as should characterize a truly democratic people. I ask this because the welfare of democracy is my chief concern in life; and because I have always regarded architecture, and still so regard it, as merely one of the activities of a people, and, as such, necessarily in harmony with all the others. For as a nation thinks concerning architecture, so it thinks concerning everything else; and as it thinks concerning any other thing, so it thinks concerning architecture; for the thought of a people, however complicated it may appear, is all of a-piece and represents the balance of heredity and environment at the time.

I trust, further, that a long disquisition is not necessary in order to show that the attempts at imitation, by us of this day, of the by-gone forms of building, is a procedure unworthy of a free people; and that the dictum of the schools, that architecture is finished and done, is a suggestion humiliating to every active brain, and therefore, in fact, a puerility and a falsehood when weighed in the scales of truly democratic thought. Such dictum gives the lie, in arrogant fashion, to healthful human experience. It says, in a word: The American people are not fit for democracy. Perhaps they are not. If so, we shall see how and why. We shall see if this alleged unfitness is really normal and natural, or if it is a feudal condition imposed upon the people by a traditional system of inverted thinking. We shall see if those whom we have entrusted with leadership in our matters educational have or have not misled us. We shall see, in a larger sense, if we, as a people, not only have betrayed each other, but have failed in that trust which the world-spirit of democracy placed in our hands, as we, a new people, emerged to fill a new and spacious land.

All of this we shall presently read in our current architecture, and we shall test the accuracy of that reading by a brief analysis of the thought and activities of the American people as they are expressed in other ways. For, be sure, what we shall find in our architecture, we shall as surely find elsewhere and everywhere.

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

IF it is assumed that the art of reading is confined to the printed page, we can not go far. But if we broaden and quicken our sense of reading until it appears to us, in its more vital aspect, as a science, an art of interpretation, we shall go very far indeed. In truth there will be no ending of our journey; for the broad field of nature, of human thought and endeavor, will open to us a book of life, wherein the greatest and the smallest, the most steadfast and the most fleeting, will appear in their true value. Then will our minds have escaped slavery to words and be at liberty, in the open air of reality, freely and fully to deal with things. Indeed, most of us have, in less and greater measure, this gift of reading things. We come into it naturally; but, curiously enough, many are ashamed because it does not bear the sanction of authority, because it does not bear the official stamp of that much misunderstood word scholarship, a stamp, by the way, which gives currency to most of the notions antagonistic to the development of our common thinking powers. It is this same scholastic fetichism, too, that has caused an illogical gap between the theoretical and the practical. In right thinking such gap can not exist. A true method of education, therefore, should consist in a careful and complete development of our common and natural powers of thinking, which, in reality, are vastly greater, infinitely more susceptible to development than is generally assumed. Indeed the contumacy in which we habitually underrate the latent powers of the average human mind is greatly to our discredit. It constitutes, in fact, a superstition,—a superstition whose origin is readily traceable to the scholasticism of past centuries, and to the tenacious notion of social caste. It is definitely the opposite of the modern and enlightened view now steadily gaining ground, that the true spirit of democratic education consists of searching out, liberating and developing the splendid but obscured powers of the average man, and particularly those of his children.

It is disquieting to note that the system of education on which we lavish funds with such generous, even prodigal, hand, falls short of fulfilling its true democratic function; and that particularly in the so-called higher branches, its tendency appears daily more reactionary, more feudal.

It is not an agreeable reflection that so many of our university graduates lack the trained ability to see clearly, and to think simply,

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

concisely, constructively; that there is perhaps more showing of cynicism than good faith, seemingly more distrust of men than confidence in them, and, withal, no consummate ability to interpret things.

In contrast, we have the active-minded but "uneducated" man, he who has so large a share in our activities. He reads well those things that he believes concern him closely. His mind is active, practical, superficial; and, whether he deals with small things or large, its quality is nearly the same in all cases. His thoughts almost always are concerned with the immediate. His powers of reflection are undeveloped, and thus he ignores those simple vital things which grow up beside him, and with which, as a destiny, he will some day have to reckon, and will then find himself unprepared. The constructive thinking power of some such men, the imaginative reach, the incisive intuition, the forceful will, sometimes amaze us. But when we examine closely we find that all this is but brilliant superstructure, that the hidden foundation is weak because the foundation-thought was not sought to be placed broad, deep and secure in the humanities. Thus we have at the poles of our thinking two classes of men, each of which believes it is dealing with realities, but both, in fact, dealing with phantoms; for between them they have studied everything but the real thoughts and the real hearts of the people. They have not sufficiently reckoned with the true and only source both of social stability and of social change. If, in time, such divergence of thought, as it grows in acuteness, shall lead to painful readjustments, such will be but the result, natural and inexorable, of a fatal misunderstanding, the outgrowth of that fatal defect in our system of thinking which is leading us away from our fellows.

(To be continued)

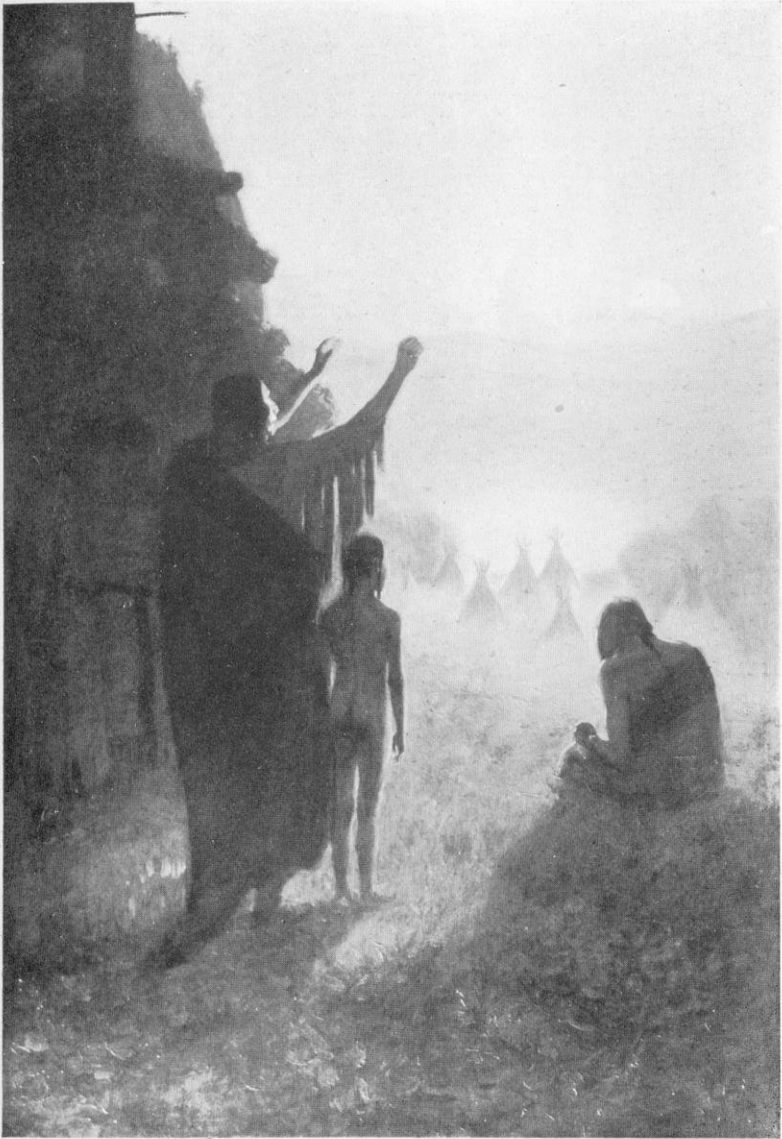


FOLK-LORE OF A VANISHING RACE PRESERVED IN THE PAINTINGS OF EDWIN WILLARD DEMING—ARTIST-HISTORIAN OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

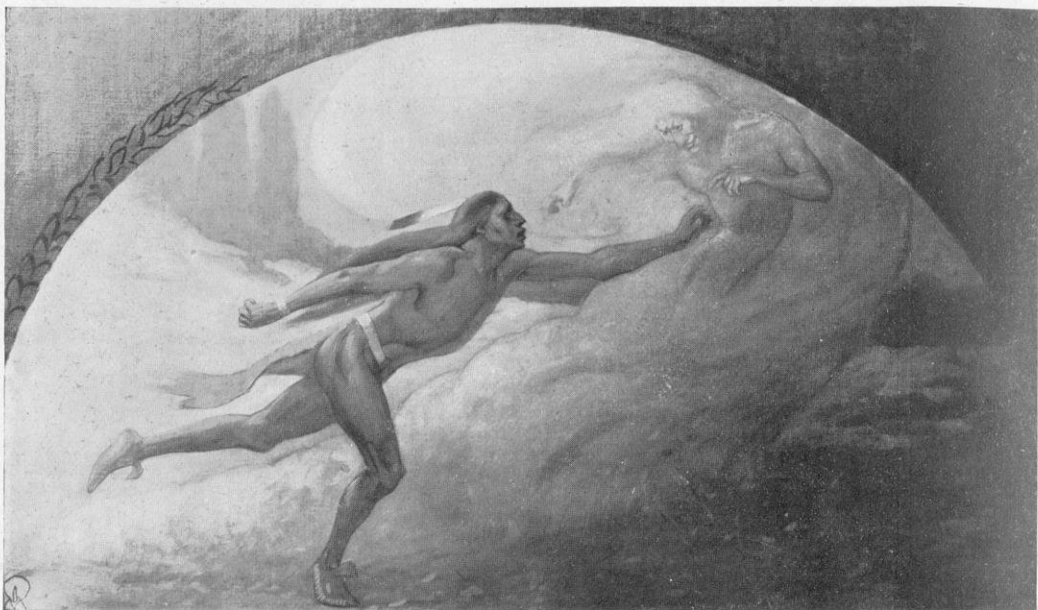


WHEN the American Indian becomes semi-civilized, he may still possess special interest for the ethnologist, but he will have lost much of the picturesque quality of his ancestors. He has been taught that the religion of his fathers is simply folk-lore, and his hold on Christianity is feeble. As a result, his moral standards are shaken, and his ways have become devious. This has sometimes given the Department of the Interior trouble,—but that is an old story, and what follows is new, because it relates to the primitive savage. There are Indians yet living who cling to the ancient traditions. Their love and hate is of equal intensity, and their simple code of morals is drawn from tribal folk-lore that has been passed down from age to age. Quaint as some of these legends are, they inculcate the higher principles of truth, honor, fealty, kindness and heroism. Every year there are fewer of these Indians; in a few generations more, they will have passed away, and their folk-lore, which embodies their religion, will become as the myths of ancient Greece and Rome.

Occasionally a white man wins the confidence of these primitive tribes, and then, if he have understanding, he will learn many quaint and curious things. Mr. Edwin Willard Deming, the New York artist, is one of those who have been favored by the friendship of these Indians, and nearly all of his canvases bear witness to the strange fascination of their life and customs. He has been a welcome guest in their teepees at times when it would have been almost certain death for an unknown white man to appear. Just before the battle of Wounded Knee, when 4200 Indians were gathered on Grand River, excited almost to frenzy by the great Ghost Dance, Mr. Deming was among them, a guest in the camp of Running Antelope. Every morning, just about daylight, Sitting Bull, the old Sioux chief, would enter the camp, riding on his white horse, and harangue the braves, urging them to battle with the whites. Only a short time before Wovoka, a young Paiute prophet, had arisen in California as the Messiah of the Red Men. He claimed to have been conveyed in a trance to Heaven, where



PRAYER TO THE SUN.
BY E. W. DEMING



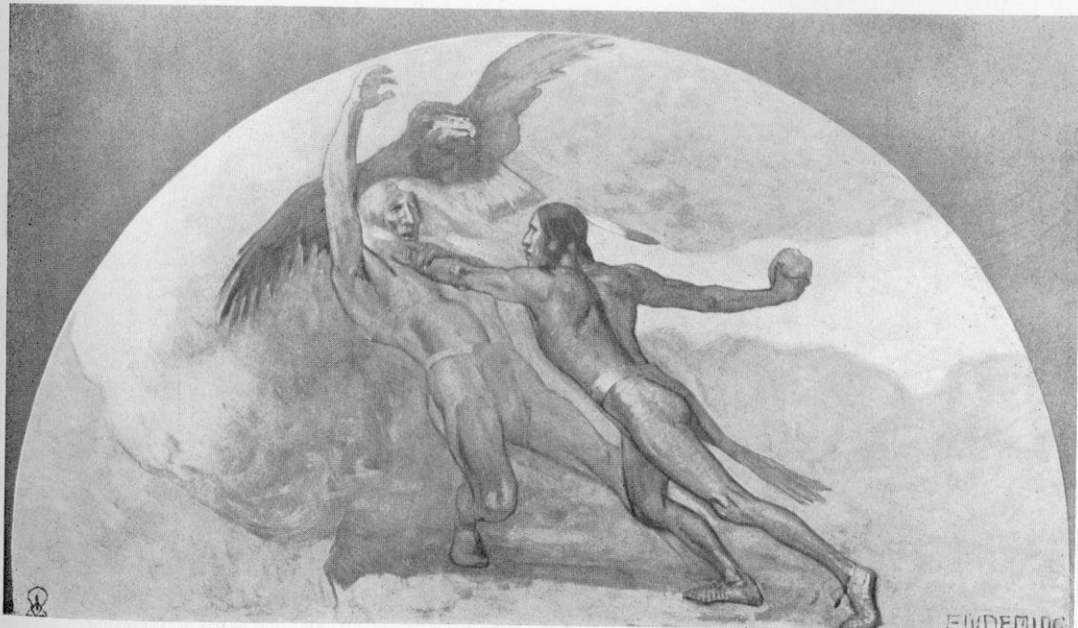
HIAWATHA CHASING THE SPIRIT
OF MISCHIEF. BY E. W. DEMING



HIAWATHA'S COMBAT WITH THE PERSONIFICATION
OF FEVER AND AGUE. BY E. W. DEMING



HIAWATHA WRESTLING WITH MONDAMIN.
BY E. W. DEMING



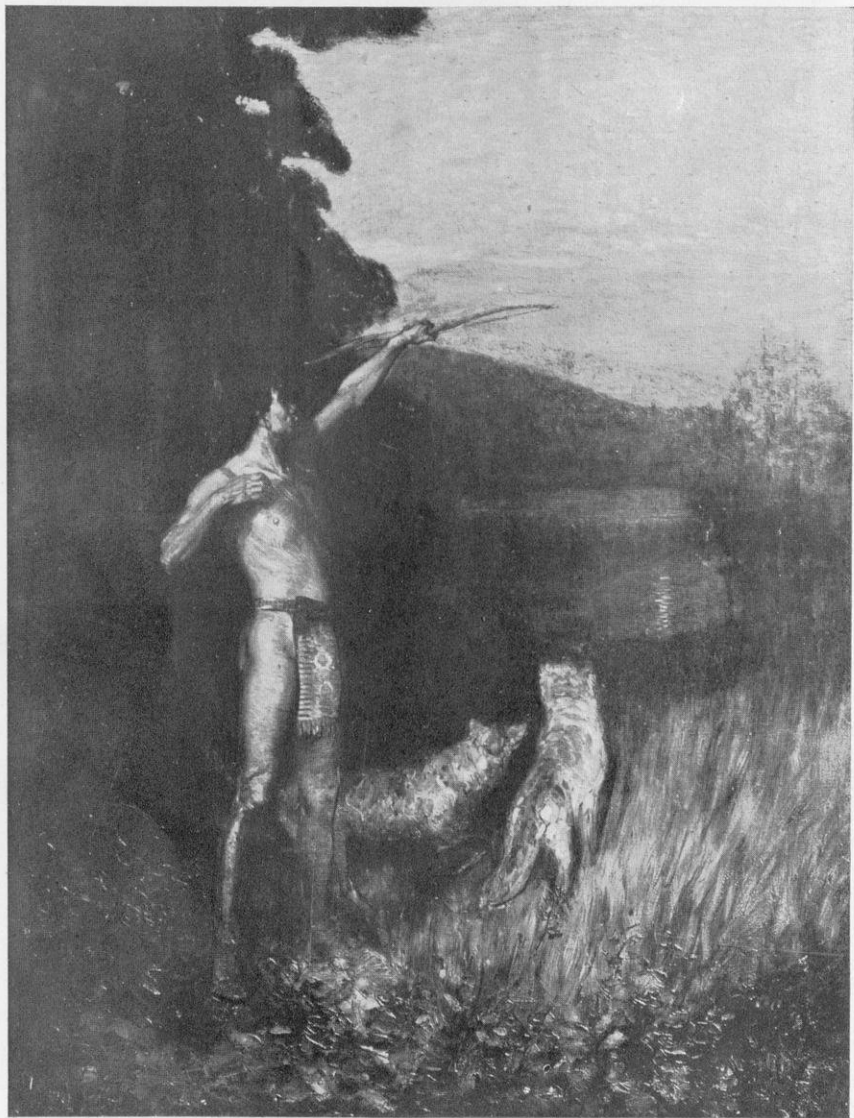
HIAWATHA'S COMBAT WITH THE WEST WIND.
BY E. W. DEMING



A FASTING WARRIOR'S VISION OF THE ANIMALS
OF THE UNDERWORLD. BY E. W. DEMING



THE GHOST DANCE AMONG THE SIOUX.
BY E. W. DEMING



PRAYER TO THE NEW MOON.
BY E. W. DEMING

FOLK-LORE OF A VANISHING RACE

the Great Spirit had given him a message for all the tribes. They were to bury all animosities among themselves, and to live in peace with the white men. If they heeded this message, the Indian millenium would very soon arrive; the world would become young again, and blossom with fruits and flowers; buffalo, and all manner of game, would be plentiful, and with them, would come the spirits of dead braves, to live once more upon the earth; all old Indians would renew their youth and become immortal, while the white race would disappear. In the meantime, Indians of all the tribes might hasten the coming of this golden age, by engaging in the Ghost Dance which the Great Spirit had taught Wovoka.

The effect of this message was tremendous. Tribes that had been at enmity for years became as brothers, and all sent emissaries to the prophet to hear the message direct, and to get instructions about the Ghost Dance. Among most of the tribes this dance was purely religious in character, with nothing warlike about it, and the participants at each ceremonial, listened for the rumbling of the earthquake, that was to precede the great change. But among the Sioux, there was discontent with the United States government, and the prophetic dance quickly took on a warlike phase. In the frenzy of the dance the warriors often thought they saw the spirits of the dead returning in the mist that rose from the river, driving the shadowy forms of phantom buffalo before them, and hailed the vision with shouts of frantic joy. These dances were held in an enclosure about sixty feet in diameter, and Mr. Deming took many snap-shots of them with his camera. Later, he painted from the photographs a picture of the Ghost Dance. This is one of his largest canvases, and conveys a magnificent idea of the frenzied excitement of the dancers. For some reason the artist himself takes little pleasure in this painting, for he has cut it out of its frame and it lies in a roll in the cellar under his studio. Only occasionally, when her husband is out, Mrs. Deming will show this canvas to friends whom she knows will appreciate its value. Perhaps it was because so many of his Indian friends were killed in the Wounded Knee fight that Mr. Deming does not like the picture. That affair followed very soon after the dance, and the massacre of the Indians was as complete as that of Custer's ill-fated force.

FOLK-LORE OF A VANISHING RACE

BUT it is in his pictures illustrating Indian folk-lore that Mr. Deming takes the greatest interest. One of these, "The Vision," represents a young Indian undergoing the fast that each brave must make just as he attains manhood. It is a custom for the young warrior, at this time of his life, to go alone into the woods and fast from four to eight days. In the semi-delirium that attends the fast, he will often see the beasts of the Under World; some one of them will take him particularly under its protection, and will give advice which the Indian will heed all the rest of his life. In "The Vision," the young warrior is seen in the mysterious evening light seated on the shore of a lake, while out of the water a huge buffalo, a wolf, a bear, a badger and a turtle are rising. All are coming toward the devotee, and some one of them will speak and advise him about the future. The origin of this singular custom lies in one of the myths of Hiawatha, who, under various names, is the hero-god of nearly all the Indian tribes. He fasted in his youth and received counsel from the creatures of the Under World, so each Indian, at the proper time, must do the same.

It is the Indian belief that the bodies of all savage animals are inhabited by the spirit of some brave warrior; therefore when a beast, like a grizzly bear, has been killed, the hunters offer propitiatory prayers to the dislodged spirit before cutting up the body for food. He is told that only the urgent need of the hunters for sustenance has caused them to harm him. This custom Mr. Deming has pictured in "The Prayer to the Manes of the Dead." Another hunting superstition is portrayed in "The Indian Shooting an Arrow at the New Moon." This is to propitiate the god of the chase, and usually the best arrow in the hunter's quiver is devoted to this purpose. In the picture the Indian is seen aiming his feathered shaft at the crescent in the sky, while his two wolf-like dogs stand near him, intently watching the direction of the shot.

DIFFERENT versions of the Hiawatha legends are found among nearly all the Indian tribes. In his attributes, the Indian hero closely resembles the demi-gods of the Grecian myths, who slew evil monsters to deliver their oppressed people. The principal legend relates that Nokomis, daughter of the Moon,

FOLK-LORE OF A VANISHING RACE

was swinging in a rope of twisted grape vines, surrounded by her women, when one of them out of jealousy cut the vine, and Nokomis fell to earth. Here she bore a daughter whom she warned against Mudjekeewis, the West Wind. But one day the West Wind found the maiden lying among the lilies, and he wooed her with such sweet words and soft caresses that she forgot the warnings of her mother. She bore him a son, Hiawatha, and then, because the West Wind forgot her, she died. Hiawatha, who is known among the different tribes as Michabou, Chiabo, Manoboza, and Tarenyawagon, was reared by his grandmother Nokomis. She taught him to understand the voices of the woods and waters, and told him the legends, which he in turn gave to all the Indians. These legends tell how the Aurora-Borealis is the Death Dance of the Spirits, the brilliant lights being the plumes and war clubs of the warriors; that the Milky Way is the broad white road of the ghosts through the sky, and that the Rainbow is composed of the flowers that have perished upon earth. Hiawatha passed much of his time alone in the woods, where he learned the language of birds and beasts, and played so sweetly on his flute that they would follow him wherever he went. Mr. Deming has portrayed Hiawatha in his character as the Indian Orpheus in a number of charming canvases breathing the true spirit of the myth.

When Hiawatha attained manhood he went alone into the forest for his fasting vigil. The first day he saw innumerable birds and beasts, and he prayed the Great Spirit that the life of his people should not be dependent upon them. The second day he saw wild fruits and flowers, and on the third the fish in the water, and prayed that life might not be dependent on them. At dusk on the evening of the fourth day came Mondamin, the Spirit of Famine, and challenged him to wrestle. The Spirit appeared in the guise of a youth with golden hair, above which waved plumes of green. He told Hiawatha that his prayers had been heard, and because he had asked for nothing selfishly, they would be granted. The hero-god wrestled with Mondamin for three evenings in succession and on the last evening the Spirit of Famine was vanquished. Hiawatha buried him, placing the earth loosely over the body, and sat down to guard the spot. In time a couple of green sprouts burst through the loose earth, and, growing rapidly, took the form of a stalk of

FOLK-LORE OF A VANISHING RACE

corn. Then it tasseled and the ear appeared, and Hiawatha knew, when he saw the yellow silk with the green plumes waving above, that it was Mondamin, who had returned as corn to feed his people. Mr. Deming has portrayed the exploits of Hiawatha in four lunettes, and one of them shows the hero-god wrestling with Mondamin.

Hiawatha had a pair of magic mittens with which he could split rocks asunder, and magic moccasins with which he traveled a mile at a stride. From his grandmother he learned the story of his mother's wrongs and set forth toward the portal of the setting sun to punish his father. He found the West Wind in his home in the inaccessible crest of the Rocky Mountains. Mudjekeewis, when he saw his son, recognized him, and, pleased with his beauty, gave him a warm welcome. For several days they talked together and Mudjekeewis boasted of his exploits. Hiawatha smiled as he listened and carelessly asked his father if he were invulnerable. Mudjekeewis replied that nothing could hurt him except the black rock of the mountain, to which he pointed, and artfully questioned Hiawatha in return. His son, apparently taken off his guard, replied that his only fear was of the giant bulrushes which grew nearby. At this, Mudjekeewis stretched out his hand, as if to pluck a bulrush, and Hiawatha shivered in seeming dread. Hiawatha charged his father with being the cause of the cruel death of his mother, and the two rose to fight. The young hero split off huge crags of the black cliff with his magic mittens and hurled them at his foe, while Mudjekeewis fought with bulrushes. For three days they battled, Hiawatha driving his father backward over the mountains, and only ceasing to strive when convinced that Mudjekeewis was immortal and could not be vanquished.

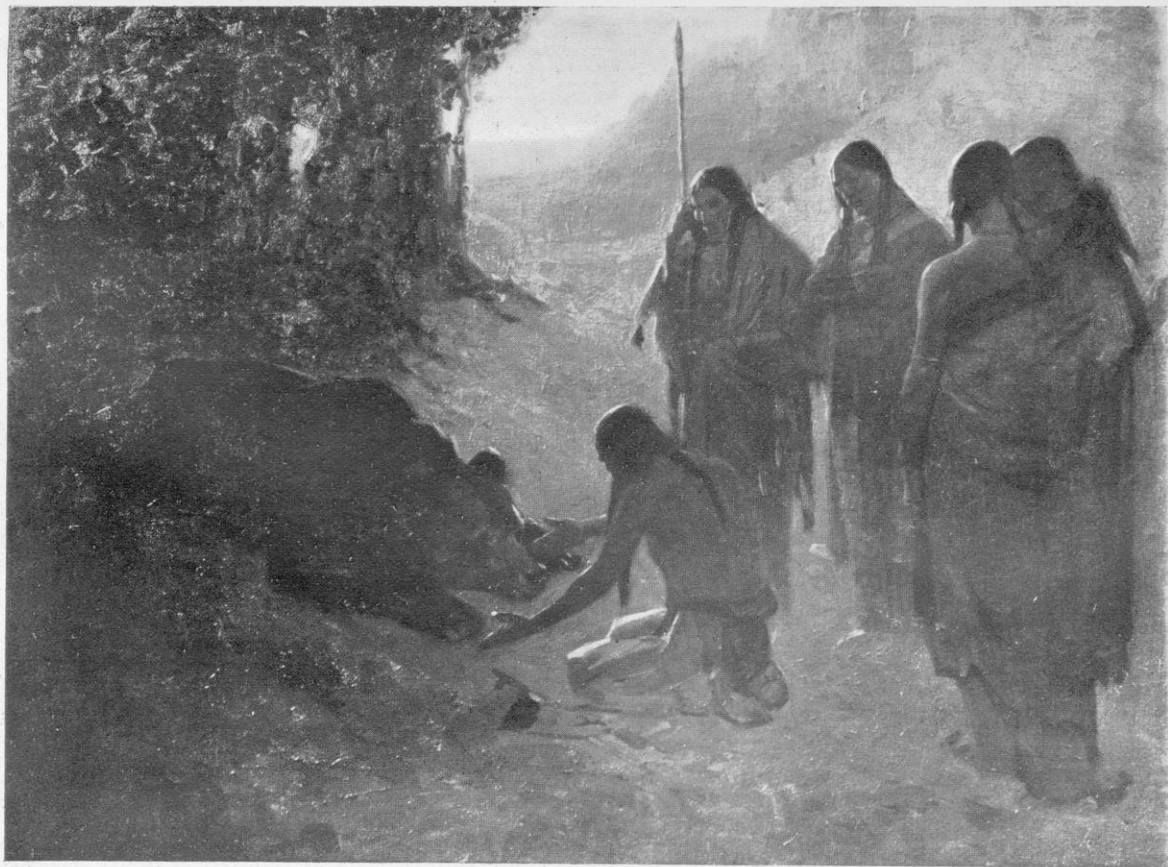
THE first canoe was made by Hiawatha, who borrowed the bark of the birch for the shell, the boughs of the cedar for the frame, the roots of the tamarack for the thread and the balsam of the fir to close the seams. There was no need of paddles, for the thoughts of Hiawatha propelled the craft wherever he would have it go. His next exploit was to rid the land of Pearl Feather, the evil magician, who lived in a house of white fog, on the verge of the black pitch water. He it was who spread chills



DEFIANCE. BY E. W. DEMING



THE YOUNG HIAWATHA PIPING TO HIS
FOREST FRIENDS. BY E. W. DEMING



PRAYER TO THE MANES OF THE DEAD.
BY E. W. DEMING



PORTRAIT OF "RAIN-IN-THE-FACE."
BY E. W. DEMING

FOLK-LORE OF A VANISHING RACE

and fever among the people and brought low young and old. Armed with his bow and jasper-headed arrows, the hero-god steps into his canoe and starts across the dark water. Huge serpents rise in his way and try to drive him back, but he kills them with his arrows. The instant his canoe touches the farther shore, Hiawatha sends a challenging arrow into the white house of the evil demon, and Pearl Feather rushes out to the combat, clad from head to foot in armor of wampum. They fight all day, and at evening Hiawatha, wounded and exhausted, finds he has only three arrows left, while his enemy is still unharmed. As the hero-god pauses for breath, he hears the voice of a woodpecker in a nearby tree, telling him to shoot his arrows into the top of Pearl Feather's head, where his scalp-lock begins, because that is the only place in which he is vulnerable. Just then Pearl Feather stoops to pick up a rock to hurl at his foe and Hiawatha sends the first of his last three arrows into the top of his head. The demon totters and the second arrow brings him to his knees, while the third stretches him lifeless on the ground. In recognition of his services Hiawatha dipped the head of his feathered friend in the blood that poured from Pearl Feather's wounds, and that is the reason the woodpecker's head is red to this day. One of Mr. Deming's lunettes portrays Hiawatha at the moment of his victory over Pearl Feather.

Pau-pak-keewis, the Spirit of Mischief, who often appears amid the dust and leaves of the whirling summer wind, entered Hiawatha's teepee in his absence and created havoc with everything there. When the hero-god returned, he was very angry and started out to punish the depredator. Pau-pak-keewis saw him coming and a chase began that carried them over mountains and plains, through forests and over streams. At last Pau-pak-keewis, closely pursued, came to a little river where the beavers had a dam. Here, at his request, the busy little animals changed him into a beaver and welcomed him to their lodge beneath the dam. But, because Pau-pak-keewis was conceited, he compelled them to make him ten times larger than any of the other beavers, and said he would be king of them all. Hiawatha, following the trail of the mischief-maker, came to the dam, where he saw that it ended and thus knew that Pau-pak-keewis had hidden among the beavers. With his hunters, he began tearing the dam to pieces, and all of the beavers

FOLK-LORE OF A VANISHING RACE

slipped out of the entrance and sank into lower water, but Pau-pak-keewis, who was too large to get out, was caught by Hiawatha and killed. Yet the ghost of Pau-pak-keewis escaped, as full of mischief as ever, and vanished through the woods. Hiawatha, who saw the leaves rustle where the spirit passed, hastily dropped the lifeless body and pursued. Closely pressed again, Pau-pak-keewis came to a lake, where the wild fowl changed him into a brant, and he rose in flight with them. As they passed over the village of Hiawatha, Pau-pak-keewis looked down, and that instant his pinions broke and he fluttered lifeless to the ground. But his ghost again took flight in human form, followed fast by Hiawatha. The hero-god came so nearly overtaking the ghost that he reached out his hand to seize him. Instantly Pau-pak-keewis spun around in a little whirlwind and sprang into a hollow oak, where he changed himself into a serpent. Hiawatha smote the oak to splinters, but Pau-pak-keewis glided out through a hollow root, and, assuming his human form, sped away in full sight. He took refuge in a cavern in a mountain where his pursuer could not enter. Hiawatha then called the thunder and lightning to his aid, and they killed Pau-pak-keewis. The ghost, which could never more resume human form, was changed by the victor into the bald eagle, which still sweeps in circles through the sky, to remind the people of his former nature. Mr. Deming's lunette of the Pau-pak-keewis myth shows the Spirit of Mischief changing himself into a whirlwind just as Hiawatha is about to seize him. In the Sioux legends, Pau-pak-keewis is called the Spider Man, and he is always laying traps for others, into which he falls himself.

MR. DEMING delights in scenes in which there is the mystery of twilight. It is the custom in many tribes, when a war party has met with disaster, for the few remaining braves to return in the dusk of the evening. Even if near home at midday they will wait several miles off until twilight, before entering the village. Then they will come in one at a time very slowly. The baying of the village dogs is usually the first signal of their approach. It calls the people out of their teepees and the wailing of women begins. In the semi-gloom of the evening, a single rider appears with his head bowed on his breast. He dis-

FOLK-LORE OF A VANISHING RACE

mounts in silence and enters his teepee. An anxious wait follows and then the second brave arrives. One by one they go into their teepees, and then, there are no more; and the mourners can count the dead by the missing. One of Mr. Deming's canvases depicts a scene like this; the wailing women and silent horseman stand out like weird shadows in the evening light. Another illustrates an Indian legend of Famine, in the form of a gaunt, bent old woman, traveling with incredible swiftness by the use of her staff across the plains. Behind her follow countless droves of wolves, some of which fawn at her feet and look up into her shrouded face.

A singular legend is that of the Stingy Men, which Mr. Deming brought back from the Chinooks. In this myth the men of a certain village were so mean that they would go out to an island, where they would kill a walrus, feast on it all day and then, in the evening, bring back only mussels for their wives to eat. The chief's son was the only man who was not allowed to go with them, for they feared him. One day the young chief, while walking along the beach, killed an immense bald eagle. He got inside of its skin and flew out to the island, where he discovered the Stingy Men at their feast. Flying back to the village, he changed all of the women into killer whales, that instantly leaped into the sea, and all the children into red-billed gulls. The gulls flew out to the island and, circling around the Stingy Men, alarmed them so with their cries that they hastily returned to the village. There they found not a living soul, but only the half-starved dogs, which snarled at them. When it is remembered that Indian women do all the work, and the men nothing, the full horror of the young chief's retribution will be appreciated.

Mr. Deming has illustrated many stories and books dealing with Indian life. One of these is a most interesting little volume of Indian folk-lore written by his wife for children. Mrs. Deming accompanied her husband on many of his western trips, and while among the Indians, she gathered material for her book, "Red Folk and Wild Folk." The characters in it are mostly Indian children, and their adventures are with wild animals that do most wonderful things. The illustrations are very clever and are all in color.

THE "NEW-OLD SCHOOL OF JAPANESE ART"— LANDSCAPES THAT HAVE THE MODERN SPIRIT WITH TRADITIONAL METHODS.



IN the quiet reserve and a certain cold beauty nothing could be more Japanese than the way in which the modern Japanese landscapes were presented at the Fall Paris *Salon*. At first glimpse, one not familiar with the Japanese point of view about art was too surprised at the reticence and lack of modern enterprise in presentation to fully realize the extraordinary beauty of this new landscape work, with its simplicity of composition and a sensitiveness as great as the simplicity.

As is inevitable with the Japanese artists, the few pictures were presented with proper environment. Some very rare old objects, which had furnished the simple but beautiful houses of Japanese peasants, some prints from the fine collection of Camondo and some precious bits of old Japanese ceramics, with a few well-placed, delicate-hued, long-stemmed chrysanthemums, formed the background for the Exposition of the twenty-two paintings shown by two of the best known modern Japanese painters. And yet this small exhibit, at once so simple and reticent, was classed by the French art critics as the most serious interest of the *Salon*—simple pages, as though taken from a sketch book, yet done with a sureness of touch and a sentiment for truth, for all the most difficult subtlety of truth, that placed them among the most important works of our modern school of landscape painters.

Traced by the same swift and accurate brush, there was a young priestess, such as one would see officiating ingenuously in the temples of Ise back in the heart of Japan, belonging to a class of young girls, who, like the Athenian maidens, consecrate themselves for a certain number of months every year to the gods of their especial region; and near this, two young athletes struggling in Jiu-Jitsu, suggesting a rare old print of Hok'-sai, and then a group of naked fishermen, and beyond this landscapes, always full of temperament and charm, and a poetical *finesse*, which appealed at once to both literary and artistic appreciation.

The pictures of Yokoyama, Taikau, and Hishida-Shuinso, although framed as simply as possible, and of the roughest of materials, hold the eye and caress the mind by a surface of unapproachable purity of expression, coupled with brush work surpris-

MODERN JAPANESE LANDSCAPES

ingly definite, and all done without canvas or "board," but on a stretch of thin, fine, rice silk.

Kio'-sai, the last pupil of Hok'-sai, was one of the most ardent advocates of the wonderful atmospheric effects to be gained from the use of glazed paper. "It has," to quote from this famous Japanese artist, "the charm of delicacy combined with a supreme distinction." And he had his own receipt for glazing paper in a way to get the most interesting results. He used to pass it through a boiling preparation of gelatine and alum, and while the silk was wet and elastic from the heat, the surface was made uneven by rubbing with a brush. This is one of the very old methods of securing that interesting, uneven surface, and at present its use is confined to the two artists under discussion.

THESE two men live with their pupils out in the cherry-blossom edge of Tokyo, in the simplest Japanese fashion, ignoring modern European civilization, and defending the ways and traditions of their forefathers against all intrusion. They scorn our new preparations of tube paints, of canvases and stiff "boards," and yet they are expressing, in the landscapes being exhibited during the present year throughout Europe, the most ultra-modern point of view in the presentation of nature as it is.

Because of certain reserve and formality, it would be unjust to hold against these men that their art has not the literal living quality of European art. It would be difficult to find a more luminous atmosphere in a Corot or in our own Tryon pictures than in some of these modern Japanese landscapes. In their sincerity it sometimes seems that they even go too far, and examine the results of the camera, and ask themselves if that impersonal eye could have seen better than the vision of the old masters. The artists of New-Old-School of Japan—such is the name of these innovators and traditionalists,—seem to see before them nature as it really exists in Japan, and to so present it in their landscapes; at the same time, to hold in their presentation and technique, as far as possible, to the formality and suggestiveness of old Japanese art.

Naturally, if one is studying all of modern Japanese art much will be found in this transition period that shows timidity and inexperience, making one feel that the traditional style has been lost and

MODERN JAPANESE LANDSCAPES

that the modern expression is still a tangled underbrush. But in the work of the men appearing in Paris during the last year, although many of the subjects can be traced to the old inspiration, still the modern feeling of presenting art is there,—the methods of elimination rather than conventionalization. The sentiment of the modern Japanese artist is growing more chimerical and more tender. This is especially noticeable in one modern landscape exhibited in Paris at the Fall *Salon*. About a bunch of high rocks in the background of the picture is a moving trail of serpentine vapor; the rocks rise high and sharp, yet in spite of the clear cut outlines they seem to be hanging in the clouds, a silver silhouette against a gray ground. The suggestion of drifting vapor, the great mass of rocks, the sense of space and height, all give one an astonishing, convincing impression of reality. It is not a painting, but the thing itself, miles of the earth held in a frame.

In a second mountain scene, there is the same amazing presentation of a natural condition. The background of the picture consists of two distinct mountain peaks, one very sombre, the other luminous gleaming with crusted snow. Wraithlike figures of mountaineers, advance through a greenish fog, so thin, so ghostlike, that you would need the eye of an Alpine climber to believe their existence possible. It is a picture that changes and grows as one watches it, and permits one's personality to become sympathetic with it, a quality which is a part of Turner's great genius, and which in a smaller way Mr. Harry Snell, among our own painters, has.

AMONG the landscapes which boldly present this new interpretation of nature are the pictures illustrating this article. One shows an early morning, all yellow-gold in tone, while on limpid water a bark is drawn with extreme precision, seeming to move in the transparency of the air. A restless movement of water marks the wake of the little craft, and a line of foam, from the wake, lies vaguely on the sands of the beach. Another, shows a winter sea, weighted with wind-swept gray clouds; the low waves without foam, creep up and flatten out in jets of fine mist. Through everything vibrates the mournful hushed tone of the sound of the dark green winter sea.

But even greater than the sea poems which were shown in this exhi-

MODERN JAPANESE LANDSCAPES

bition are the subjects which are drenched with mist and fog, moonlight or twilight, where technique is lost sight of, and where the imagination is stirred as when only great artistic feeling is involved. And whether the red sun is shining through a gray veil of fog, or whether an entire sea is dimly seen through quivering mists, there is at least never any doubt as to the inspiration in the mind that presented the subject, even though skilful drawing had not entered into his *naïve* heart.

In one wonderful bit of poetry, a landscape by Hishida-Shuinso, all that is encompassed in the narrow frame is a group of Japanese pines, four slender, needle-like trees, appearing and disappearing through a fine gossamer mist, that does not seem to have been painted, but to have been drawn like a cobweb over the trees and clouds. There is no background, no foreground, no middle distance, not a rule that belongs to an ordinary picture has been observed, yet the landscape is a thrilling, exquisite work of art.

And the poetry of these Japanese landscapes is not exclusively in the inspiration and presentation. Every old-time Japanese picture carries in some one corner a little decorative verse, the "hai'-kai." Many of these have been most beautifully translated by Lefcadio Hearn. To the Japanese mind, which is so exquisitely harmonious, the "hai'-kai," is an integral part of the picture. It is often the inspiration of the picture, undying words of some famous poet. The "hai'-kai," old and modern, is an extremely simple expression of equally simple and beautiful thoughts of the love of nature, the love of children, or the love of country. A very lovely one, decorating one of the *Salon* pictures, is strangely enough suggestive of Verlaine. It is easily translated in French, but almost inevitably slips into prose in English:

"There are far away dream villages, where one may never fish nor gather flowers, but there is always a quiet peaceful evening, and the poetry of the moonlight."

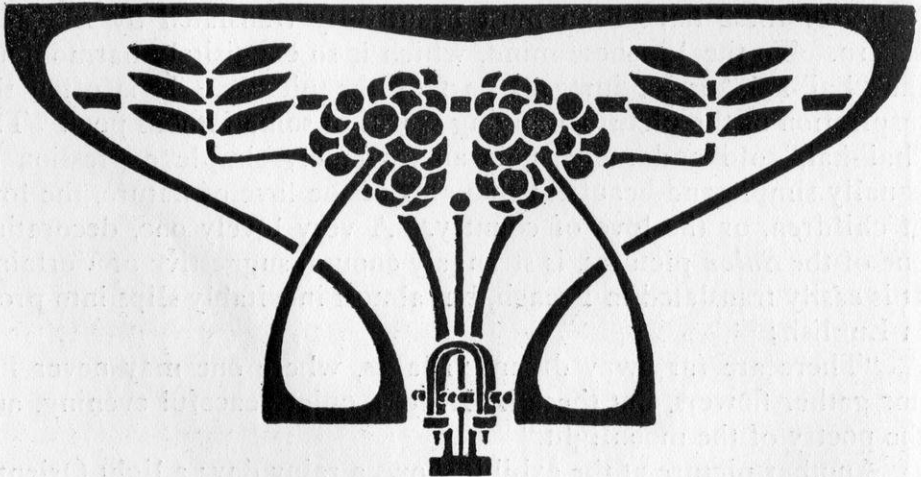
Another picture at the exhibit shows a rainy day; a light Oriental rain steady and slow-falling leaves the wood glistening, causes the roofs to shine; the peasants, in the soaking streets, are seen in their huge straw umbrella hats, and here is the "hai'-kai," which appears on the picture, which sounds like an exquisite eighteenth century roundelet of Büson:

MODERN JAPANESE LANDSCAPES

“The spring-time is full of rain, and the streets are silhouetted with figures draped in shadowy water-cloaks, and protected by wide hats of thick straw.”

Another moonlight picture carries a “hai'-kai,” which is hardly more than a delicate poetic thought, “The light from a rain-hidden moon is everywhere diffused in a delicate pallor.”

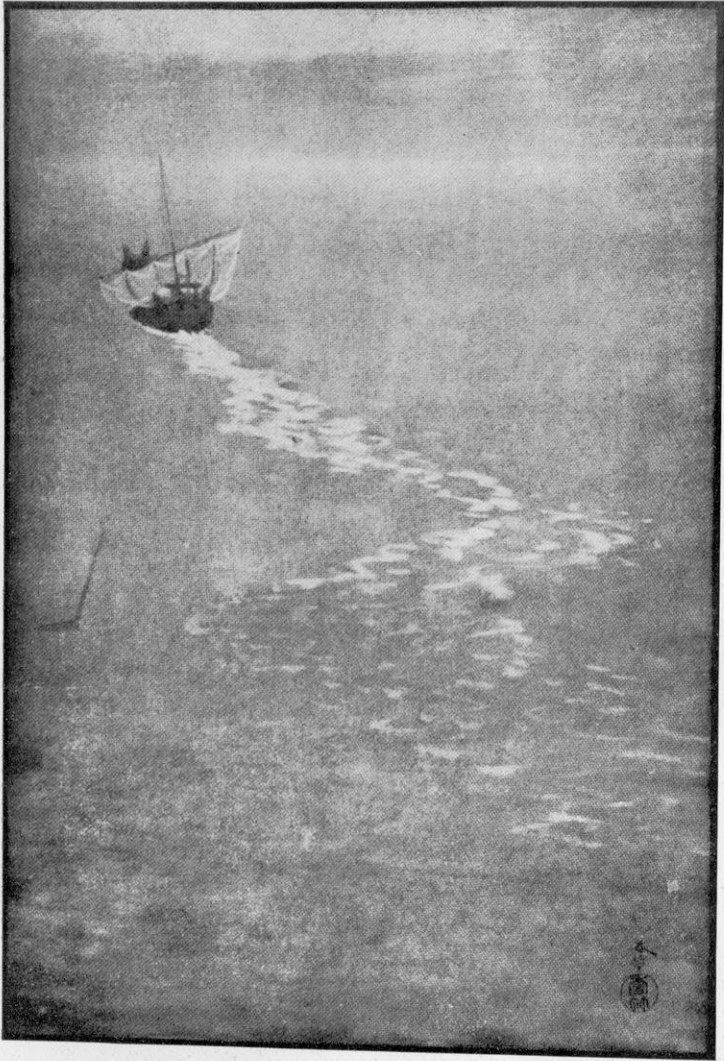
By the very literal mind which does not always approach poetry with imagination, the “hai'-kai” has been accused of being insignificant; but so, from the same point of view, could one call the delicate verses of Verlaine or Mallarmé insignificant, or the illusive sketches of Whistler. Fineness is not insignificance, and these exquisitely suggestive lines of poetry are full of inspiration, perfect in their harmony with Japanese art. Utterly simple, yet fragrant with memories of the wonder and mystery of the first snow fall is the following “hai'-kai”: “The first snow in winter! yet unless one dreams in it, why should it fall?”



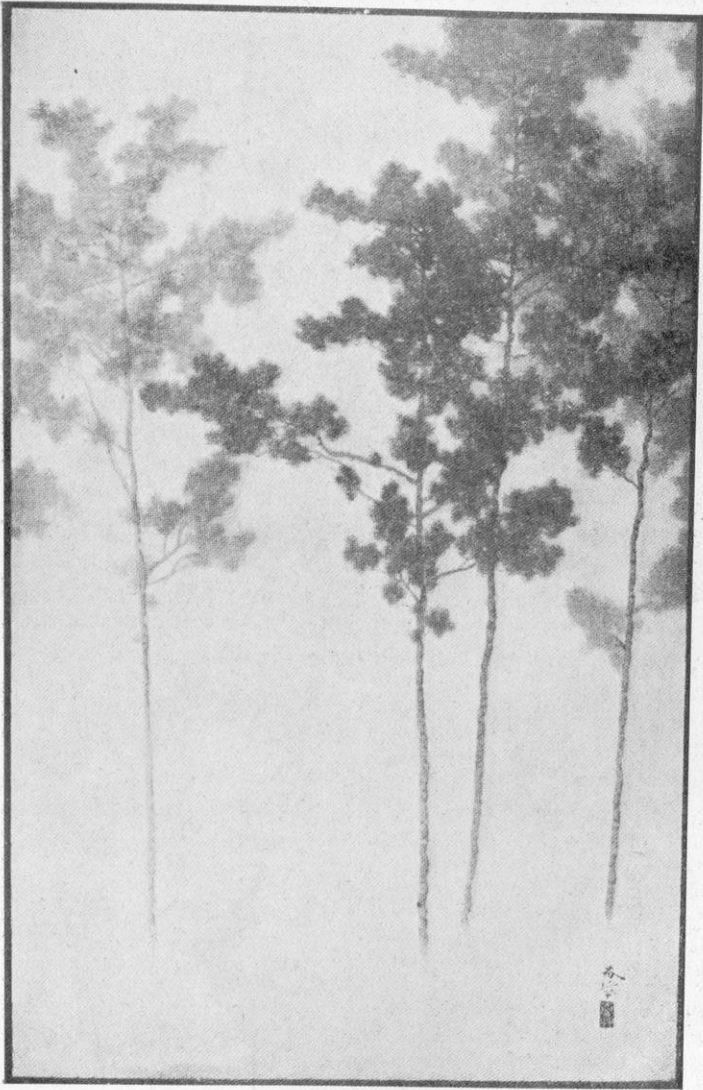


MOONLIGHT. BY HISHIDA-SHUINSO

TWILIGHT. BY HISHIDA-SHUINSO



THE WAKE OF THE SHIP
BY YOKOYAMA-TAIKAN



PINES ON THE RIVER EDGE
BY HISHIDA-SHUINSO



PUNCH BOWL DESIGNED BY ALBERT A. SOUTHWICK.
EXECUTED BY LOUIS TIFFANY & CO.



FRUIT BOWL DESIGNED BY ALBERT A. SOUTHWICK.
EXECUTED BY LOUIS TIFFANY & CO.

ARTIST AND SILVERSMITH--HOW ONE MAN WORKED TO BE A SUCCESSFUL DESIGNER.



HERE must be inspiration as well as craftsmanship in any really permanently beautiful work in metals. A man must be an excellent artisan, skillful in technique; but with skill,—before it, in fact,—he must see things with a fresh, open mind; he must be a poet in feeling—every artist is—and every original designer must be an

artist.

And many of the greatest of the old world artists, in those famous art years, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were most excellent craftsmen, proud of their skill as engravers, designers, gold and silversmiths. They liked handling beautiful mediums and developing new possibilities of beauty in metals by thinking original thoughts through them. The Renaissance goldsmith was a man of distinction, even in his own country and in that most aristocratic of ages. But in America, in the heart of democracy, we are just beginning to understand and value the importance of craftsmanship and the need of the artisan-artist to reestablish standards of beauty in industrial arts.

AS matters stand to-day in the art world, it takes considerable courage for a man to decide to make his contributions to art out of a frame. Just now the vogue is for pictures; other art objects may be of greater importance in the world because of use as well as beauty, but the painting is the fashion, and to be a designer, to make metal or wood or pewter a means of expression for interesting thought, is less popular. And so it is interesting to find a man, an artist like Albert A. Southwick, practically giving his life to creating interesting designs and new methods in craftsmanship for commercial purposes. To be sure there are few establishments where a man would be allowed greater freedom of originality, greater opportunity for developing workmanship, than Louis Tiffany & Company; still, when there are misty hills and velvety nights and steep cliffs and dashing waves to creep into the artist's mind and beg to be put on canvas, and when fingers are often homesick for brush and little heaps of color to work from, there must be a great love and appreciation of the importance of industrial art to hold one to the artisan's table instead of the artist's easel.

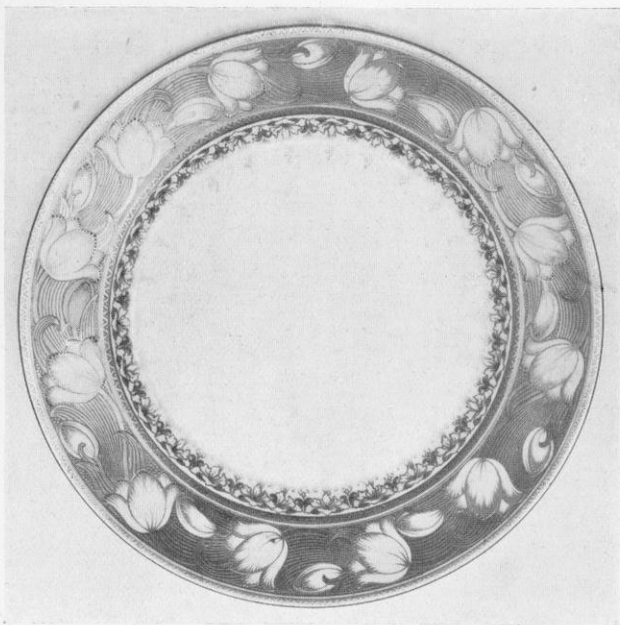
ARTIST AND SILVERSMITH

BEFORE taking the position as designer with the Tiffany firm Mr. Southwick had studied and traveled thoroughly over the art world. He began at fifteen to do practical work, engraving and die-cutting, to earn money to study. In six years' time he had earned the money. Then he went to Berlin and studied steel-engraving at the Craftsman School. After Berlin he studied whatever of fine workmanship Dresden, Vienna and Paris could give him, and always uppermost in his mind was the work of the silversmith, all other arts only contributed to his zeal for silver-work.

IN 1898 he returned to Paris and took an examination in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. For two years he worked in the evening classes, and studied by day in the galleries and in the studios of Julian, Constant and Laurens, preparing himself to be a great silversmith,—in other words, a good artist.

He was painting pictures, too,—interesting pictures with a fine, free technique, with some of the real outdoors in them,—and doing clever pen-and-ink portrait sketches; but, first of all, making and studying and planning to be a designer. The latter part of Mr. Southwick's work in Europe was during the first flush of interest in the Art Nouveau movement. His work with the Tiffany Company shows this influence markedly, for although some of his designs are in the old classic or worse, the rococo spirit, to meet the demands of customers, where freedom of thought is permitted there is the new art feeling, the using of simple designs in permanently beautiful effects. For instance, a noteworthy silver bowl carries a decoration of a pine branch and owl, most simply done, but the lights and shades, the relief, is so managed, so massed that there is atmosphere and mystery, almost a sense of night. It is the silversmith as an artist. A silver coffee set has no ornamentation but clusters of berry leaves, but the proportion is perfect and the ornament applied so as to intensify, not mar, the beauty of line. In other words, the composition is good, as it would be in a painting.

Mr. Southwick is versatile in his craftsmanship. He again resembles the old artists in that his cultivated ability has many expressions. In half a dozen different ways he is ranked as exceptional. In the illustration used with this article, the designs are Mr. Southwick's original creation.



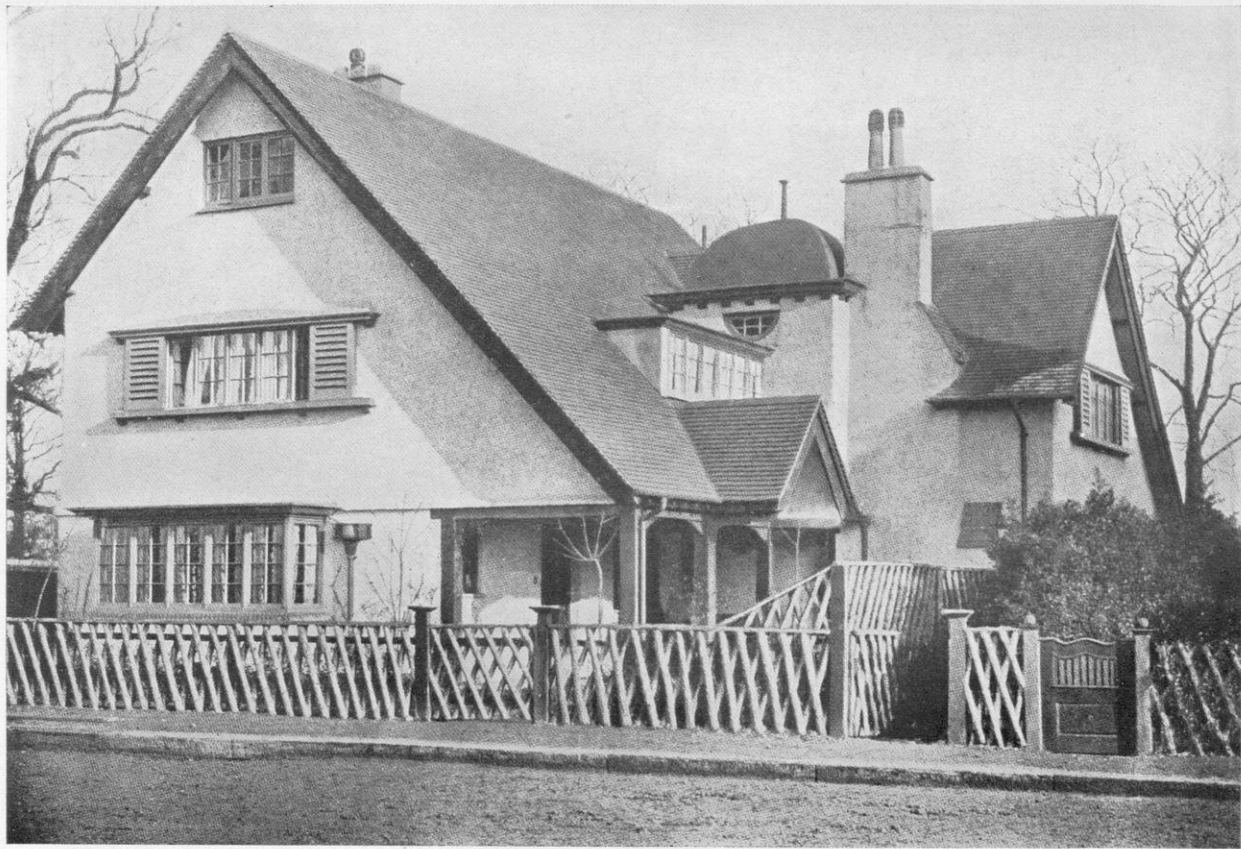
TULIP PLATE. DESIGNED BY ALBERT A. SOUTHWICK
EXECUTED BY THE "LENOX INCORPORATED" FOR TIFFANY & CO.

COFFEE SET IN ART NOUVEAU. DESIGNED BY
ALBERT A. SOUTHWICK EXECUTED BY TIFFANY & CO.



A. Jessop Hardwick, Architect.

BRICK HOUSE IN ROEHAMPTON, SURREY—WITH TOP
STRUCTURE OF "WATTLE AND DAUBS"



A. Jessop Hardwick, Architect.

WOOD HOUSE IN ROEHAMPTON, SURREY—WITH OVER-
HANGING ROOF AND RECESSED PORCH



Author of "Working with the People"

CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH

WORK OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE ASORIGINATED AND CARRIED ON BY CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH: BY EDGAR ALEXANDER RUSSELL.



NINE years ago, a man who was mastered by a great idea called together a representative body of the citizens of New York to discuss the advisability of putting it to the test of practical application. The man was Charles Sprague Smith, formerly professor of languages and literature at Columbia University, and his idea was nothing less daring than the conception of a new educational institution that should stand free and alone, responsible neither to college, public board of education, political, social nor labor organization, and with a governing body representative of all conditions of society. It should be a school for the people, where social science and all kindred topics could be studied on the basis of considering the life-record of each race as a part of the universal human record and a factor in the sum of human experience; its purpose should be to promote a better understand and coöperation between men of different occupations and social theories, and thereby assist in the peaceful reorganization of society on the basis of the recognition of solidarity, and to accomplish these aims there should be not only classes and lectures free to all, but a non-partisan, non-political platform provided for the free discussion of all vital problems of the day.

Among the men present at this consultation were R. Heber Newton, Felix Adler, Robert Collyer, Abram S. Hewitt, Grade Dodge, William S. Rainsford, Samuel Gompers, St. Clair McKelway, E. R. L. Gould, George Tombleson, Richard Watson Gilder, R. Fulton Cutting, Henry White and Charles B. Spahr. The outcome of their deliberation was the establishment of the People's Institute as suggested by Mr. Smith, who was made managing director, giving up all college and class affiliations to take up this broader life work with the people. The use of the great hall of Cooper Union was offered by Mr. Hewitt for the lectures and meetings of the new Institute, although he said to its founder, "But I have seen this thing tried many times before. It has always failed and you will fail also."

Shrewd judge of people and of conditions as was Abram S. Hewitt, he had in this case the great satisfaction of seeing himself

WORK OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

proved a false prophet. The People's Institute has grown and flourished, and, during the years that have elapsed since its organization, it has not only so guided and shaped the awakening social consciousness of thousands that it has become a powerful factor for good in the turmoil of city politics, but it seems to have discovered a means of definite advancement toward the solution of many of the complicated social and industrial problems that beset the opening years of the twentieth century. The unshakable faith of its founder in the basic principles of unity and brotherhood has won the confidence of the people as it won the confidence of the men at the first meeting for organization, and their belief has been justified by the success of this fearless experiment in the application of altruistic theory to the most prosaic practice among plain, hard-working, direct-thinking men. Out of the purely educational work of the Institute has grown a People's Forum, where all questions of general interest are brought up for discussion, a People's Church, where preachers of all races, creeds and beliefs are invited to talk to the mixed audience of thousands upon the fundamental principles of religion that lie behind all sectarianism; a People's Club, self-governing and self-supporting, of which Ernest H. Crosby was the first president; a People's Choral Union, under the leadership of Frank Damrosch; a People's Symphony Concert Association, under the direction of Franz X. Arens, and now, for the last three seasons, the management has been experimenting with recitals of the dramas of Shakespeare, in order to test the demand for a representative People's Theatre.

CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH is a New Englander of Puritan descent, and one of a family that twice within three generations has set apart its accumulations for philanthropic purposes,—in one case the foundation of the famous Smith Charities of Massachusetts, and later the endowment of the Smith College for women. His college years at Amherst were followed by five years of residence and study abroad, where he became familiar with life and its conditions in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, England, Denmark and Sweden. This varied experience, utilized to the utmost extent by the deeply receptive mind of a student, naturally gave him a comprehensive grasp of the literature, history and

WORK OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

languages of the leading nations of Europe, and led almost inevitably to a comparative study of history, ethics and kindred subjects. From this mental training he derived the conviction that there was but one history, the history of humanity, and that each special history should be taken simply as a chapter in the great book of human experience; that there was but one religion, each of the so-called religions being but separate attempts to reach one truth,—the relation of the individual to the all.

There was nothing new in this conviction; it has been held and is held by nearly all thinkers and philosophers who have gone into things deeply enough to get a glimmer of Truth. The new thing was that this man dared to make a practical application of it, and to resign the chair he held at Columbia when he found that he could not there realize his ideal of establishing a department for the comparative study of literature, and go out to begin life anew.

This step was the beginning of his life's useful work. Contact with conditions outside of his own class and the narrow world of the college professor brought him experiences that were rich in instruction. He shared the lot of the many and came to know the hopes and fears, the toil and uncertainty, the ambitions and disappointments of their lives. His reward came when his former realization of the unity of history, literature and religion broadened into the conviction, gained from actual contact with life, of the universal brotherhood of man. From the theorizing scholar he became the practical worker.

THE basis of the whole People's Institute movement was the recognition that in a democracy it is neither wise nor safe to neglect provision for instruction in those departments of knowledge that especially qualify the voter for the intelligent use of the ballot. Especially is this essential in a country where the voting population is made up largely of foreign elements, as in America, and where a right understanding of the social system of a republic involves not only the reception of many new ideas, but the overthrow of many old ones. For these reasons, free instruction in the laws and facts of social science, and a non-partisan, non-political platform where social theories and the questions of the day can be freely discussed, were deemed imperatively necessary to the promotion of good government, coöperation between all sections of our citizenship, and peaceful social evolution.

WORK OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

The growth of the work has been rapid and steady. The first year's programme embraced nineteen lectures and discussions and drew audiences numbering perhaps as many thousands; the sixth year's courses filled one hundred and twenty evenings at the Cooper Union, the audiences aggregating about one hundred and fifty thousand. And the scope of the work has broadened with the years. While everything centers in the study of social science; literature, art, ethics, philosophy and natural science are nevertheless taken up in their relation to sociological problems and are eagerly welcomed by the people.

Anybody is welcome to speak from the platform of the People's Institute, provided he can prove that he possesses the three things that entitle him to a hearing,—knowledge, sincerity and sanity of viewpoint. If he is found wanting, he is hardly likely to seek an opportunity to be heard again, for the audiences at Cooper Union do not hold men and women who regard these lectures as a fad or only one of many amusements. As Mr. Smith himself puts it: "Downtown, the people have larger knowledge in regard to all questions involving the social problem and a much keener interest therein. The problem is indeed more vital to the masses than to the classes. It may safely be affirmed that no audience remotely approaching ours, either in numbers or alert interest, could be gathered continuously from the cultured classes for the consideration of social questions."

It is a severe test for a superficial theorist to undergo the free discussion that follows each address at Cooper Union. When the speaker knows what he is talking about, the new information elicited by the keen, intelligent questioning of his audience is often the most valuable given during the evening, for these working men and women have an uncompromising way of going straight to the point. On the other hand, if his position is not well fortified, the weak points are almost sure to be shrewdly attacked in the discussion, and scant mercy is accorded to any wilful slurring or evasion intended to cover lack of knowledge or to avoid expressing an opinion.

In the first year there were two courses of lectures offered, the theme chosen being the comparative study of democracy, with the purpose of examining in turn the leading democracies, past and present, and to point out the causes of their failure or success. The

WORK OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

lecturers chosen were men who were unquestioned authorities upon the several branches of the subject. From the beginning, the audiences rarely fell below one thousand, and when a series of five lectures on Spanish history was added,—on account of the impending war with Spain,—crowds gathered far beyond the capacity of the great hall, which seats sixteen hundred people. During the Japanese-Russian war a series of lectures was given on Japanese history and literature, and again, when America was entering upon her new colonial experiment, not only were courses given descriptive of the lands and peoples whose government had passed under control of the United States, but also careful comparative study was undertaken of the leading colonizing nations of the world,—Spain, Holland and England.

IN direct connection with the educational work of the Institute is the People's Forum, which largely takes the form of mass meetings in the great hall of Cooper Union on Friday evening of each week. The subjects of discussion are "questions of the day," non-partisan in character, although they deal with the social and civic activities of the people. The purpose is to keep people in touch with all of importance that is transpiring at home and abroad, and to advance the cause of true democracy. The most important single contribution to civic instruction made by the Institute in this field was the Trust Conference, which lasted for five evenings and was attended by seven thousand people. The legislation proposed by the Child Labor Committee was supported with an unanimous vote, estimated at fourteen hundred, and Commissioner DeForest was endorsed by a vote of seventeen hundred to one, in his campaign in defense of the existing Tenement House laws, when his position was violently attacked from the floor by one reported to be interested in East Side real estate. The audience, largely dwellers in tenement houses, pledged its support both individually and as a body, and promised to arouse, if necessary, the entire East Side for the defeat of the attempt to weaken the safeguards placed by existing law about tenement life. In both cases the legislature's final action was in accord with the vote taken. Another important result of one of these mass meetings was the influence exerted in favor of the Rapid Transit Act, which makes the subway the property of the city. The Institute

WORK OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

stands firmly for the conservation of the rights of the people in the property of the whole people, and it therefore opposes the granting of all franchises for public utilities either in perpetuity or without a compensatory gain.

ANOTHER branch of work is the organization of the People's Clubs. The purpose here is to carry the principle of fraternity into the social field,—in other words, to provide homes for workers of both sexes, where social life may be developed and all class distinctions obliterated. The principal club has a membership of about three hundred and fifty, one-third of whom are women. It is practically self-supporting, and the club house is open every day in the week. Besides the social life, which is mainly emphasized, there are classes for the study of history and literature, as well as a dramatic section, which studies and at intervals presents, under the direction of the Institute, examples of the classic drama. In addition to the main club, there are two working girls' clubs and two school-children's clubs, one for boys and the other for girls. These clubs are entirely democratic in government, and although the Institute, through its Board of Trustees, has the right of supervision and the veto power, it has rarely been exercised. The club library, which consists of considerably over one thousand volumes of standard works, is the property of the Institute, and the taste shown by the people in the choice of books is in accordance with their choice of subjects for study and discussion.

APEOPLE'S Church has also been organized in connection with the Institute work. It meets every Sunday evening in the great hall of Cooper Union, the audience, which is almost exclusively men, varying from fifteen hundred to two thousand. Some of the most noted preachers in America and from abroad have gladly accepted an invitation to speak at these meetings, where men of all religious faiths and of no faith may assemble to hear the views of leaders of ethical thought, both in the churches and out of them. Following each address, a period varying from half an hour to an hour is devoted to questions and discussions bearing upon the theme of the address. The creed of the church may be expressed in two articles: first, a belief in the brotherhood of man and the possibilities

WORK OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

of society organized upon the basis of fraternity; second, a belief in a force that lifts the individual and society to a higher plane,—that which encourages the individual to place his personal life force in line with the action of the Supreme Force.

Lastly, the work of the Institute in the direction of music and the drama has proven that the best forms of both strongly appeal to the people. Symphony and Chamber Music concerts have been given for the nominal price of ten cents for a single admission, or twenty-five cents for the series of five concerts, and the response has been most gratifying, the interest being so great that for the present year the entire house was sold out before the first concert. In addition to the concerts, Shakespearean recitals have been given for the last two years in the great hall, which has been crowded at every recital, with hundreds turned away. At some of the recitals all of the seating capacity has been fully occupied, as well as all the allowable standing space, and at least one thousand people were turned away from the doors. During the past year, in addition to the recitals, there have been dramatic performances of a high character, largely of Shakespearean plays, and the largest theatre in New York was filled to overflowing at every performance. Matinees were reserved exclusively for school children, and the overwhelming demand from the public schools opened up an entirely new field for the work of the Institute.



IN THE FIRELIGHT.

WHEN the wind wails round frosty eaves
Like some unhappy soul that grieves,—
When snow-flakes fall and fields lie deep
Beneath white counterpanes asleep,—
What mirth around the fire prevails
When the wind wails.

One dear blond head and one of brown
Against my knee are nestled down,
While dancing shade and flickering flame
Play through the dusk an elfin game,
And shimmering fairy lights are shed
On each dear head.

Too brief this hour, when childhood's lore
Is woven in wondrous webs once more,
And all sweet hearth-side spirits bring
Of happy thoughts their offering;
No storms that cry, no clouds that lower,
Can mar this hour!

—*Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.*

THE DUTCH WOMAN OUTDOORS.



HOLLAND and its people inevitably suggest pictures. It is not only because the costume is still worn there; everything about the country and its customs has the picture-making quality,—the far stretch of low lands with the irregular line of the windmills, the blue note in the women's costumes, repeating the blue in sky and marshy water, the Dutch reds and greens and blues along the canals or by the sea that are so gorgeous in the sunshine and so full of tone on the gray day. With the work of the older Dutch artists we associate the Dutch women and children with the interior, but in the work of the modern artists, appealed to by Dutch figure subjects, we are more apt to see the women in white cap and colored gown done in relation to the landscape.

The Dutch women have outdoor occupations unknown to the American housewife. Not only do they, like other Continental women, wash their clothes outdoors, but also other things seldom, if ever, washed in other countries,—namely, the outsides of their houses. Every Saturday, in front of nearly every little house in a Dutch village, a rosy-cheeked and probably fair-haired woman is to be seen paddling about in her sabots in a little sea of soapy water, scrubbing the bricks and stone sills of her house as if she liked it.

Another unexpected sight as the train whirls you for the first time through Holland is the genial, wrinkled, russet face of a Franz Halz old woman who is the keeper of the railway gate. She may be seen more completely by the waiter at the roadside, letting down the bars with a grave sense of the responsibility of keeping the population of Holland from being diminished by the wheels of the coming train. The women work just as the men do at the drawing in of the boats. Many a sketch of this subject in strong action is to be found in the artist's Holland sketch book.

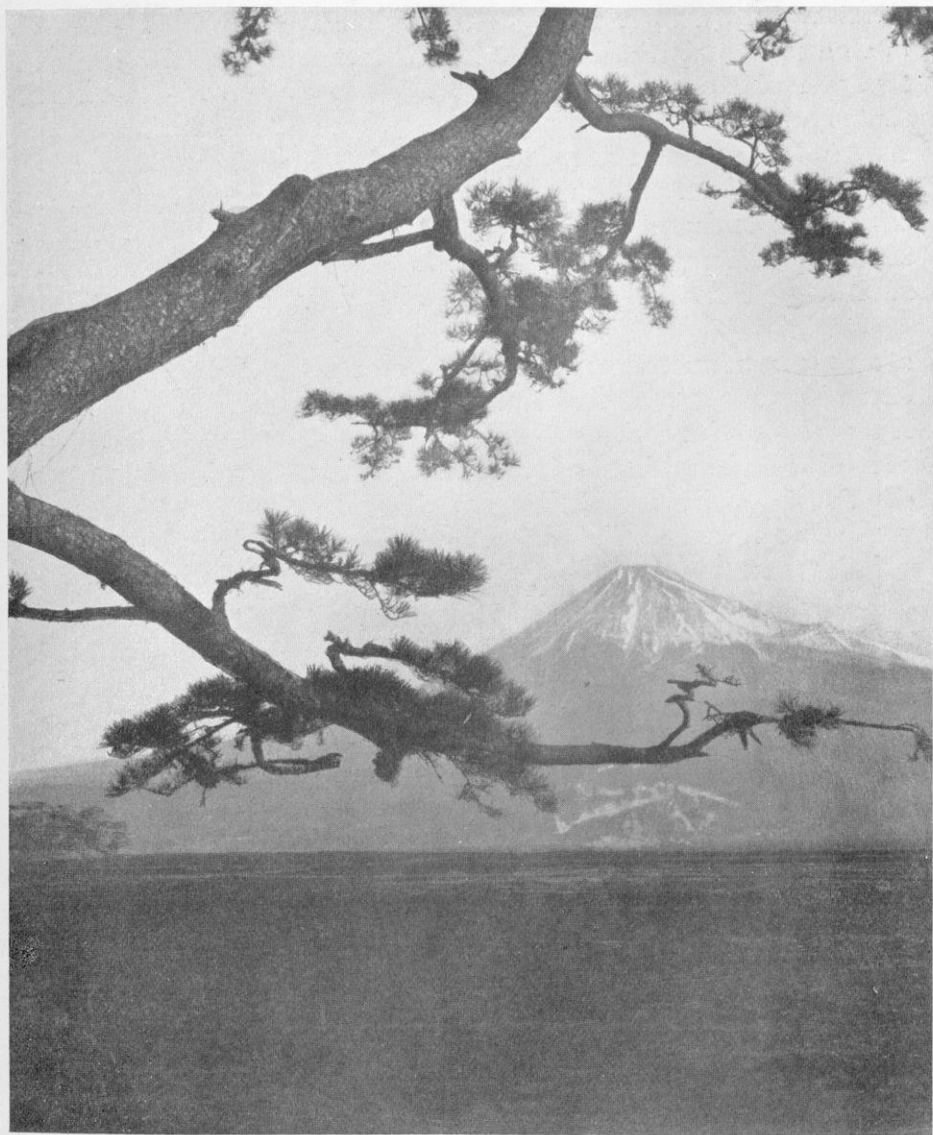
The Dutch women and children seen on the streets look radiantly healthy. The children seem to be constantly outdoors, the smallest ones with the mother. Every traveler through Holland must have the memory of a tow-headed Dutch baby clattering down the tiled street in its little wooden shoes, straining back from the maternal hand for a last glimpse of the queer looking stranger.

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE AND ITS RELATION TO THE COMING AMERICAN STYLE.



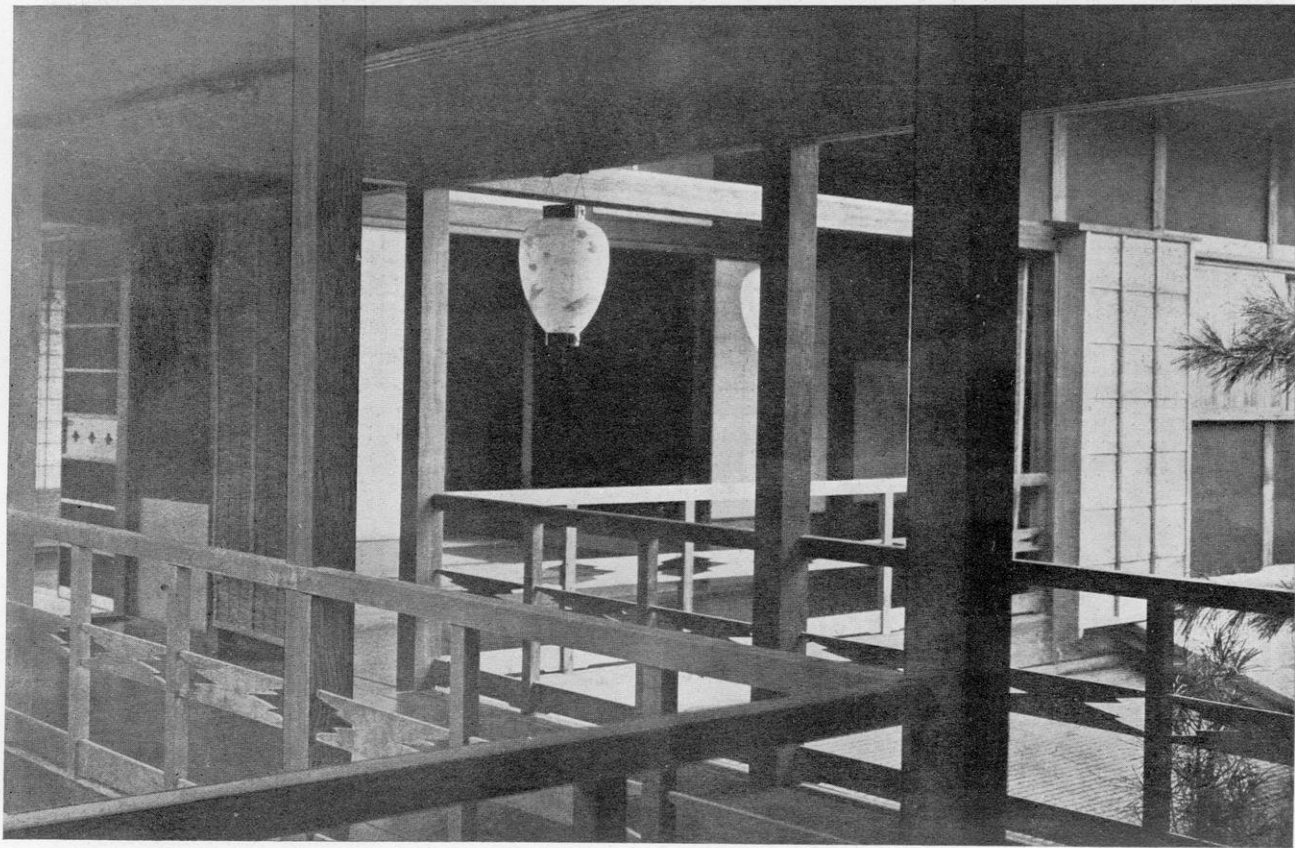
THE trend of modern thought and art, with its strong revulsion toward simplicity and a return to first principles, makes Mr. Ralph Adams Cram's "Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts" one of the most notable books on architecture that has appeared for years. It is not that the book is an exhaustive and scholarly treatise on architecture; it is rather an appreciation of the peculiar genius of the Japanese people, and the causes,—social, political and religious,—that led to the development of the world-famous art spirit of Japan. With all the appreciation of Japanese art that has arisen of late years, there has been almost nothing said of the architecture of this exquisitely cultivated people. When any comments have been made, the general tendency is either to make light of Japanese architecture as rather a trivial thing having no distinct style, or to rhapsodize over the gorgeous ornamentation of the temples built in the luxurious Tokugawa period, when in fact, as Mr. Cram clearly shows, the architecture of Japan is one of the world's great styles, ranging over a period of twelve centuries, during which was developed a style of construction in wood as perfect as the Gothic is in stone.

Even more important than this new light on a great style in architecture hitherto almost unknown to the Western world, is the fact that the fundamental principles of that architecture are, aside from the universality of the principles underlying all great art, identical with the elements that promise permanence in the new thought that is steadily gaining strength in this country as well as in England, Germany and France, a return to honesty and simplicity in construction, rejection of all false ornamentation and the meeting of all actual requirements in the simplest and most direct way. The architectural gospel preached by *THE CRAFTSMAN* ever since the issue of its first number is here echoed in no uncertain tones, and from the other side of the world. For this reason, even more than because the book is delightful as literature, it seems worthy of extended quotation and adequate illustration in the pages of this magazine. In his first chapter, which is a keen and subtle appreciation of the genius of Japanese art, Mr. Cram says:



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A VISION OF FUJIYAMA



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INTERESTING ARCHITECTURE IN JAPANESE HOTEL GALLERIES





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AN EXAMPLE OF CURVE COMPOSITION
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JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

“ALL the art of Europe is individual: all the art of the East is communal. With us, the greatest art, the art of the church-builders, the Venetian painters, the German masters of music, is gauged by its departures and its adventures: with them, the men of China and Korea and Japan, the art is greatest that is most conservative, most faithful to reverend tradition. In a way, Greek and Japanese art are closely akin: each represents the exquisite perfecting in every minutest detail of a primary conception neither notably exalted nor highly evolved, yet the result is, in plain words, final perfection. Byzantium, Italy, France, England, each struck out dazzling flashes of transcendent genius; each was supreme as a radiant, almost divine conception, but none, not even thirteenth century Gothic, nor fifteenth century Italian painting, was suffered to develop to its highest possible point: each was abandoned when hardly more than sketched in, a new prophet arising to claim universal allegiance, and, after a very few centuries, to inherit implacable oblivion. In Japan one mode, one civilization, held for more than one thousand years, essentially changeless and unchanged. Shinto, Confucianism, Buddhism, all beat and broke against the adamant of a racial character fixed for ages eternal. Buddhism did, indeed, create Japanese civilization and art, but it was only the divine spark, the finger-touch of God, that stirred the waiting potentiality into activity. As a religion Buddhism was powerless to bring revolution or fundamental change.

“Japan is the vortex of the East. Unto her has been drawn the essential elements of India, China, Korea: she stands now, preserved to our own day by the wisdom of Tokugawa Iyeasu, the sole representative of Asiatic civilization. Her art is not only intrinsically precious, but infinitely valuable as a record of sociological and spiritual development.

“The architecture of Japan is one of the most perfect examples of steady development and ultimate decay—the whole lasting through twelve centuries—that is anywhere to be found. In the West a certain style lasts at most three centuries, when it is superseded by another of quite different nature, itself doomed to ultimate extinction: in Japan we see the advent of a style coincident with the civilization of which it was the artistic manifestation, and then for twelve hundred years we can watch it develop, little by little,

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

adapting itself always with the most perfect aptitude to the varying phases of a great and wonderful civilization, finally becoming extinct (let us hope only temporarily) after a blaze of superficial glory that led to the imperiling of national civilization and the submergence of a great and unique nation in the flood of Western mediocrity.

“CAREFULLY analysed and faithfully studied, Japanese architecture is seen to be one of the great styles of the world. In no respect is it lacking in those qualities which have made Greek, Mediaeval, and Early Renaissance architecture immortal: as these differ among themselves, so does the architecture of Japan differ from them, yet with them it remains logical, ethnic, perfect in development.

“In one respect it is unique: it is a style developed from the exigencies of wooden construction, and here it stands alone as the most perfect mode in wood the world has known. As such it must be judged, and not from the narrow canons of the West that presuppose masonry as the only building material.”

The history of Japanese architecture, from the first impulse that was derived directly from the noble and simple building art of China and Korea, through all the unrestrained splendor of the feudal period, when architecture was merged in decoration to such a degree that it lost its original qualities as a system of constructive design, to the day when the opening of the ports sounded the death-knell of the ancient régime, is swiftly reviewed in a couple of chapters that treat vividly and comprehensively the slow development of centuries. Some examples are given, notably that of the Ho-o-do of the temple of Byodo-in at Uji, dating from the eleventh century, of which Mr. Cram says: “In delicacy of proportion and refinement of composition it marks the culmination of Japanese architecture; the coming centuries were to see structures of far greater size, grandeur and dramatic quality, but in no instance were they to approach this ‘Phoenix Hall’ in all that makes for refinement and classical perfection.”

Mr. Cram passes somewhat lightly over the temple architecture of the famous period of the Tokugawa Shogunate,—examples of which, to the superficial Western observer, represent Japanese architecture in its prime,—and dwells with the delight of the artist and

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

enthusiast upon the more reserved feeling shown in the domestic and secular side of the building art in feudal days. Again to quote directly from the book:

“OF the secular architecture of this period we have many existing examples, all, as was to be expected, characteristic of the dominant feudalism. The great castles of Himeiji, Kumamoto, Nagoya, and Hikone are magnificent representations of the feudal establishments of the daimyo, or territorial nobles, and it is most regrettable that their palaces in Tokyo, where they were compelled to live a portion of the year, have been destroyed, nothing remaining but the great gates and surrounding barracks. The arrangement of these ‘yashiki’ varied but little: a hollow square, often very large, was formed by the barracks for the daimyo’s retainers; these barracks were usually two stories in height, surmounted by low pitched roofs of tiles with the heavy ridges and angle rolls with their clumsy terminals so characteristic of the last stages of Japanese architecture; the walls were covered with black or blue-gray tiles, about eighteen inches square, set diagonally, the joints being protected by great rolls of cement. In the center of the principal façade was the great gate, used only by the daimyo or by guests of equal station; these gates were the most elaborate and stately portions of the entire group of buildings, and are of two types: the first a single line of gigantic columns of wood, square, and capped and bound with bronze or iron, supporting a massive system of huge beams that bore the tiled roof. On either side were porters’ lodges and rooms for the guard, usually very rich in design and forming a part of the whole composition. The second type was one which took the place of that already described, in case it should have been destroyed by fire: because of some superstition or prejudice, the original gate could never be restored on the same lines.

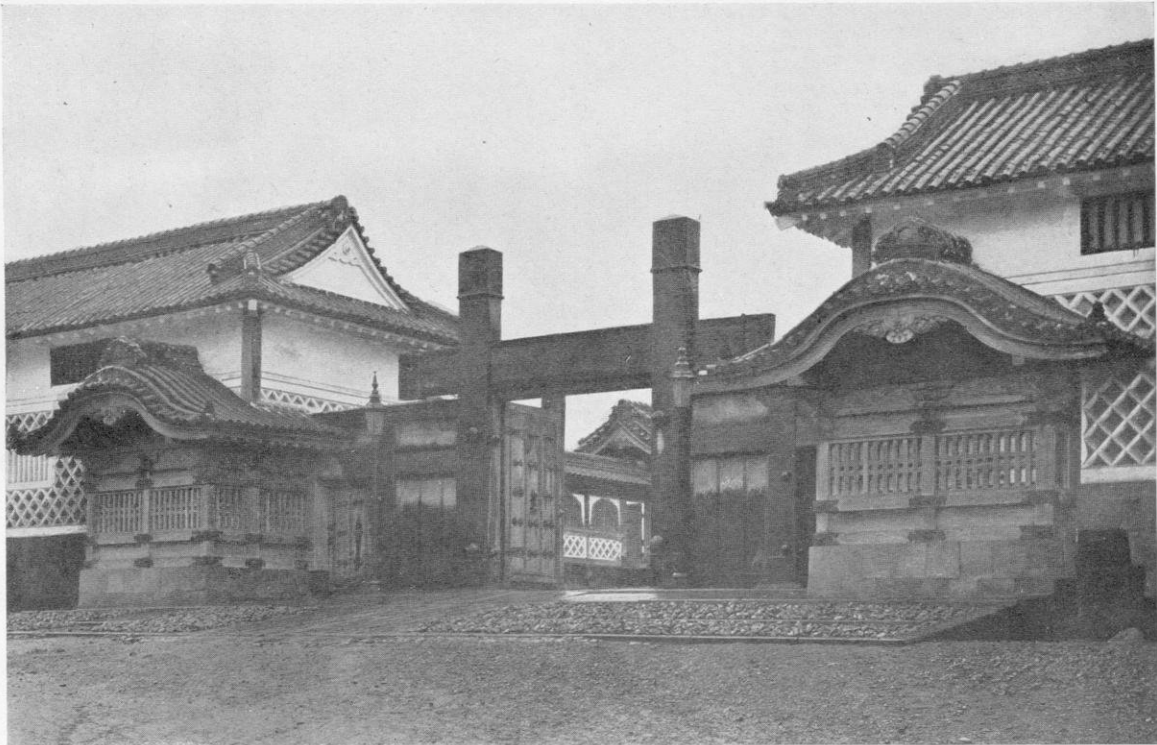
“These substitute gates still retained the flanking guard-houses, but the main roof was omitted, and the enormous posts with the equally massive cross-bar acted no longer as supports, except for the ponderous gates, studded with big bronze bolt-heads. Inside the quadrangle of barracks came a second for the accommodation of the domestic officials of the household, and finally in the center of all

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

was the daimyo's yashiki, a plain one-story building, huge in extent, but very simple. A forest of square wooden columns arranged on a unit of six feet formed the frame of the structure, and sliding screens of rice-paper or heavy wooden 'fusuma,' gorgeously painted and gilded, filled in the spaces between the posts, forming rooms of various sizes. In certain specified places the walls were of solid plaster, but this was unusual except around the place of honour where were two alcoves called 'tokonoma' and 'chigai-dana,' in the chief rooms. Around the greater part of the house was a narrow gallery called the 'yen-gawa,' which by its projecting roof served to protect the rice-paper screens, or 'shoji,' that formed the outer walls of the house. The principal rooms, 'jo-dan' and 'ge-dan,' were often of great size; the former was raised a step above the latter, and at the end were the tokonoma and chigai-dana where the picture for the day, and a choice selection from the art treasures of the daimyo, were exposed. On one side of the upper room where the lord sat on state occasions were two doors of the most gorgeous workmanship, through which he came from his anteroom. Around these two rooms ran the 'iri-kawa,' or corridor, from six to nine feet wide, forming in fact a portion of the state apartments, though of less honour than the jo-dan.

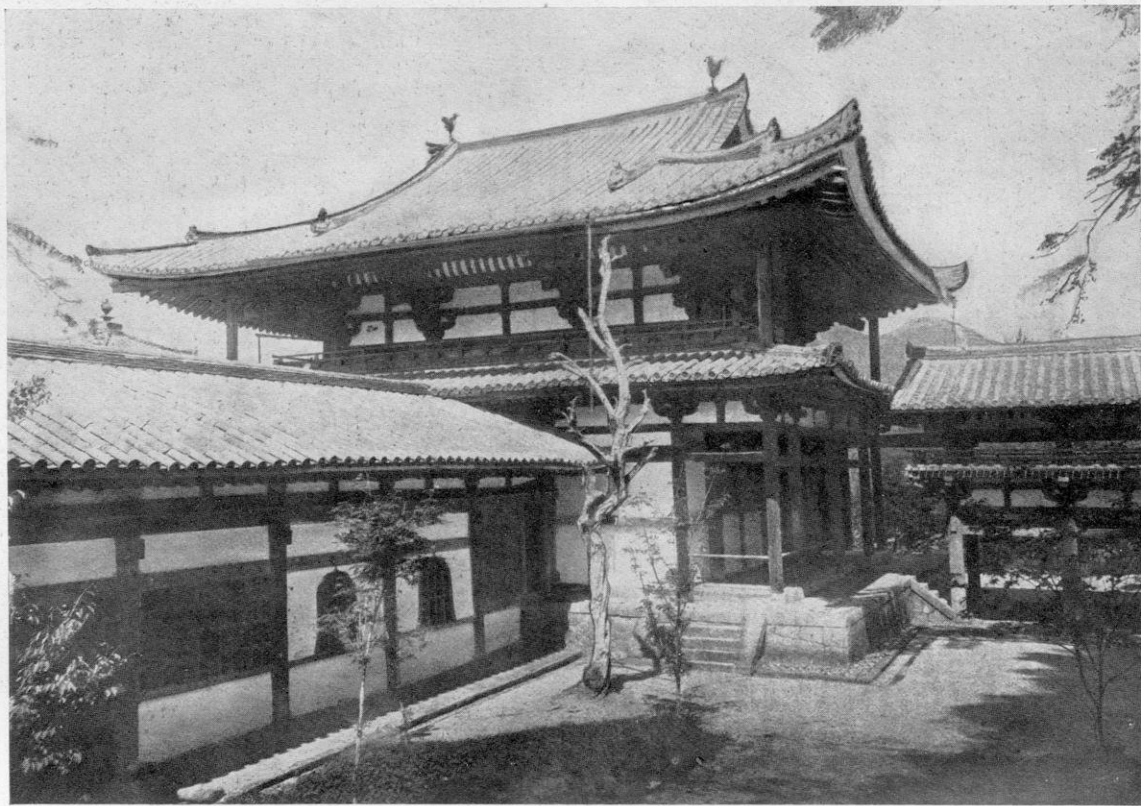
"The royal palaces are externally simple and monastic, but within the decoration is often splendid beyond description; gold, black lacquer, carved wood, coved and coffered ceilings, and splendid wall paintings making up a whole of extraordinary richness; but in the palace of the daimyo much greater simplicity was the rule, and the wood was usually left with a natural satiny surface, while the ceilings were of plain boards delicately veined and coloured, the whole effect being one of great simplicity, reserve and refinement.

"I have dwelt at length upon the arrangement of the yashiki, for with allowances for the difference in station of the respective owners, it is practically a type of the contemporary domestic architecture of Japan. The system of construction is the same and the arrangement of the rooms very similar, except that the state corridor is often absent and the jo-dan and ge-dan have become modest apartments of eight or ten mats in size, and serve as parlor, bedroom, and dining-room as the case may demand."



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A YASHIGI GATE



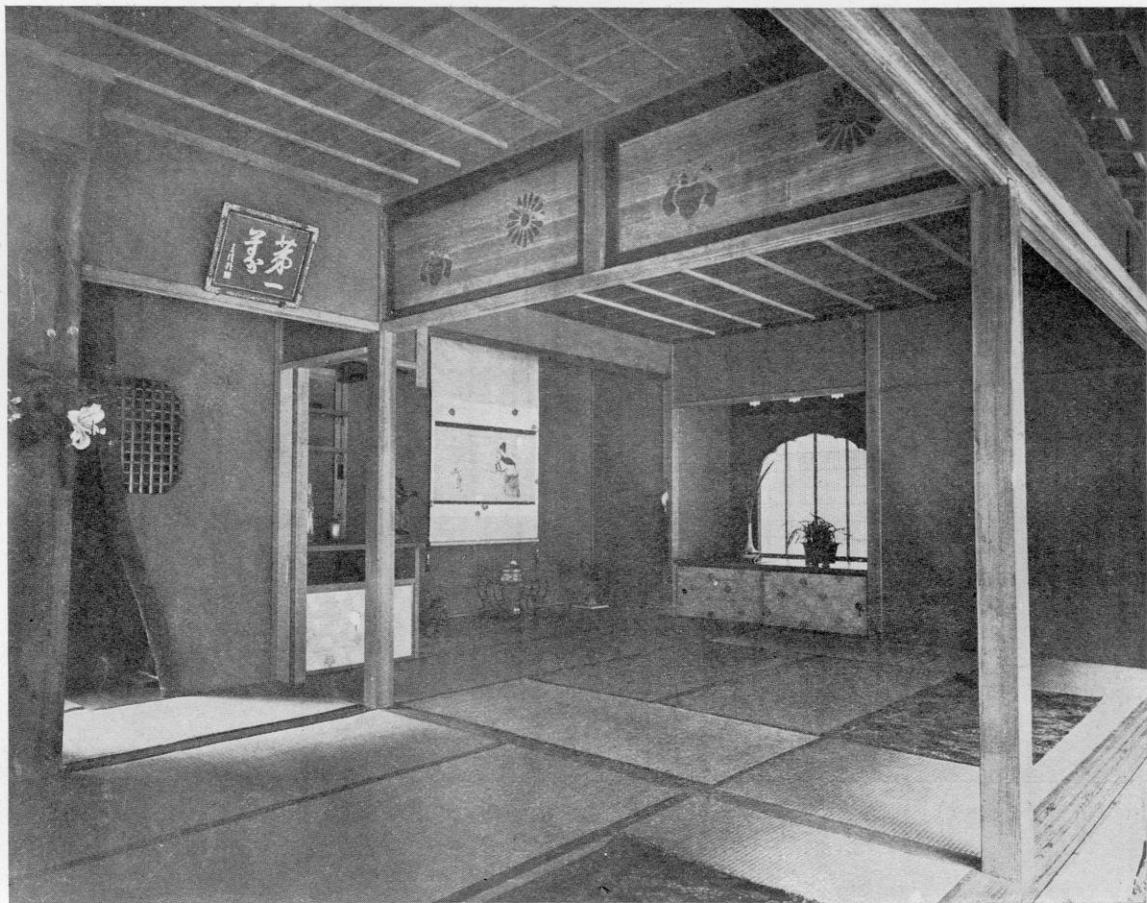
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THE SANCTUARY OF THE HO-O-DO



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AT SHIOGAMA



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A JAPANESE DOMESTIC INTERIOR

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

THIS same contemporary domestic architecture of Japan is the phase most lovingly dwelt upon by Mr. Cram, and it is the phase that appeals most to all who have begun to realize the meaning of the beauty of simplicity and of the direct meeting of requirements in everyday life. It is interesting to trace the analogy between the national spirit that expressed itself in these simple dwellings that are the perfection of beauty and of usefulness, and the national spirit that is groping dimly after the same artistic ideal. Western architecture, as Mr. Cram says, may have sounded the death-knell of the pure national style of Japan, but the tendency of the age seems to suggest the possibility that the long-sought American national style will yet owe its life to the inspiration of this same pure, distinctly democratic art that is passing in the East. To use once more a direct quotation:

“In the ultimate analysis a Japanese house is seen to be simply a wide floor raised on posts two or three feet above the ground and matted with woven straw; covered by a low, tiled roof supported on many square posts and then divided into apartments by sliding screens of varying sizes. There are no windows as we know them and no doors.

“Around the outside of the narrow veranda run the amado or storm screens of solid wood, closed tightly at night but pushed back into pockets during the day. On the inner side of this yen-gawa is the sliding wall of translucent rice-paper screens, through which the light comes soft and mellow to the living rooms. Between the inner posts run the solid fusuma that may be removed altogether, throwing the whole space into one enormous apartment, should this be desired. In modern times, permanent walls of plaster have taken the place of some of the sliding screens, but the greater part of the dividing partitions still remain temporary and removable. Seldom more than six and a half feet high, these fusuma have a space between their tops and the ceiling and this is filled with openwork panels or ‘ramma,’ often marvelously elaborate in design, their delicate patterns coming black against the pearly light that glows through the white shoji. In plan a private house is irregular and rambling to the last degree. The corridors reach off into long perspective, the rooms open out one after another, full of varying light and subtle colour; here and there little gardens appear in the most unexpected

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

places, giving wonderful glimpses of pale bamboo groves and dwarfed trees and brilliant flowers, with silver sand underneath and tiny water courses paved with round pebbles. Great stone lanterns and bronze storks and dark pools of water are arranged with the most curious skill, and from every room one can look always either out to the great surrounding garden with its thick foliage and wandering brooks and curved bridges, or into the little enclosed courts, dim and damp and full of misty shadows.

“**F**OR the courtesy and simplicity of Japanese home life, the domestic architecture forms a faultless setting. It is absolutely frank and straightforward in construction, perfectly simple in its forms, and reserved and refined in its decorations; all the ornament is rigidly constructional, while the furnishings are of the simplest quality and only such as the nature of the life demands. There is no ornament for the sake of ornament, no woodwork or carving not demanded by the exigencies of construction, no striving for picturesque effect through fantastic irregularity, no overloading of unnecessary decoration, no confusion of furnishings, no litter of trivial and embarrassing accessories. The spirit of ornamental construction and no other ornament whatever that characterized Greek architecture finds its echo in Asia. As a result the effect is more reserved, refined, gentlemanly, almost ascetic, than is to be found elsewhere. No greater contrast to our own fashion could be imagined. With us the prime object appears to be the complete concealment of all construction of whatever nature by an overlay of independent ornament. With wainscot and marble and tiles, plaster, textiles, and paper hangings, we create a perfectly fictitious shell that masks all construction and exists quite independently of it.

“We pile up our immutable little cells in superimposed courses, cut narrow openings in the walls and fill them with flapping doors that are always in the way. We perforate the outer walls with awkward holes and fill them with plate-glass in order that we may gaze on a narrow back garden or a narrower street where nothing that is worth seeing ever occurs. With wainscot and drapery and paper hangings we strive for an effect of protection and then nullify it by our plate-glass windows that afford only a garish light.

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

“THE extreme reserve that marks the architectural forms is echoed in the furnishings; they are few and of the utmost simplicity, nothing appearing except such articles as are absolutely necessary, and, inconsistent as it may appear with the common ideas of Japanese society, there is a certain austerity, asceticism even, about the native character that reduces this list of necessities much below what would be acceptable to Western ideas. A number of thin, flat, silk cushions to kneel on, one or two ‘tansu,’ or chests of drawers, ‘andon,’ or lamps, with rice-paper screens, small lacquered tables a foot square and half as high for serving food, ‘hibachi’ or braziers, several folding screens, a standing mirror of burnished steel, and dishes of lacquer and porcelain form the entire list, with the exception of cooking utensils, and the beds that are rolled up and put away in closets during the day. Under ordinary circumstances a living room, even of the best class, contains nothing in the way of furniture except what appears in the tokonoma and chigai-dana. Cushions are produced when the room is in use by day, beds at night, small tables when food is served, and a brazier if the weather is cold,—this last apparently as a formality, for it has no appreciable effect on the temperature. One would say that the result would be barren and cheerless, but this is not the case, every detail of form and colour being so exquisitely studied that the empty room is sufficient in itself. There is something about the great spacious apartments, airy and full of mellow light, that is curiously satisfying, and one feels the absence of furniture with a sense of relief. Relieved of the rivalry of crowded furnishings, men and women take on a quite singular quality of dignity and importance. It is impossible after a time not to feel that the Japanese have adopted an idea of the function of a room and the method of best expressing this, far in advance of that which we have made our own.

“From the moment one steps down from one’s ‘kuruma’ and, slipping off one’s shoes, passes into soft light and delicate colour, amongst the simple forms and wide spaces of a Japanese house, there is nothing to break the spell of perfect simplicity and perfect artistic feeling; the chaos of Western houses becomes an ugly dream.

“In the chigai-dana and tokonoma are concentrated all the richness and decoration in the apartment. In the ancient palaces and

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

yashiki they were of incredible magnificence, gold and lacquer, carving and precious woods forming a combination of almost unexampled richness; but in the modern house, while they remain very beautiful, they have become comparatively simple and modest. In every case, however, they show to perfection the wonderful artistic feeling of the race, for in line and colour and form the combination of pictures, flowers, and bric-à-brac is beyond criticism. One picture only is exposed in each room and this is changed daily. Is the master going a-fishing? Then some appropriate kakimono is hung in its place. Is it cherry time or the time of chrysanthemums or peonies or any of the wonderful flowers of Japan? Then this feeling is echoed in the kakimono and in the flowers that stand in front. The whole basis of artistic combination may be gained in a study of Japanese tokonoma, for in them one finds preserved all the matchless refinement of feeling, all the result of centuries of artistic life that raised the art of Japan to the dizzy height from which Europe and America are now engaged in casting it ignominiously down.

“IT is when we come to the domestic work of Japan, however, that we find more in the way of salutary teaching. Of course the Japanese private house in plan and construction is utterly foreign to Western conditions and requirements. Indeed, were it not for the amazing hardiness and indifference to cold which characterize the people, it would hardly do even for Japan, for it is probably a development from Southern types. For a tropical climate it is beyond criticism, but in the cold winters of northern Japan it leaves much to be desired. It has certain qualities, however, that we could imitate to advantage. One of these is the perfect simplicity of each room, with its soft mats, its beautiful wood, its subtle colouring, its reserved and satisfying decoration. A Japanese room is full of repose, and after one has come to feel these qualities fully, one remembers with a kind of horror the stuffy chaos of the apartments in a modern American dwelling.

“Perhaps the greatest lesson one learns in Japan is that of the beauty of natural wood, and the right method of treating it. The universal custom of the West has been to look on wood as a convenient medium for the obtaining of ornamental forms through

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

carving and joinery, the quality of the material itself being seldom considered. In Japan the reverse is the case. In domestic work a Japanese builder shrinks from anything that would draw attention from the beauty of his varied woods. He treats them as we do precious marbles, and one is forced to confess that under his hand wood is found to be quite as wonderful a material as our expensive and hardly worked marble. In Japan one comes to the final conclusion that stains, paint, and varnish, so far as interior work is concerned, are nothing short of artistic crimes.

“To the Japanese, wood, like anything that possesses beauty, is almost sacred, and he handles it with a fineness of feeling that at best we only reveal when we are dealing with precious marbles. From all wood that may be seen close at hand, except such as is used as a basis for the rare and precious lacquer, paint, stain, varnish, anything that may obscure the beauty of texture and grain, is rigidly kept away. The original cost of the material is a matter of no consequence; if it has a subtle tone of colour, a delicate swirl in the veining, a peculiarly soft and velvety texture, it is carefully treasured and used in the place of honour. The same respectful regard is shown toward plaster. With us of the West, plaster is simply a cheap means of obtaining a flat surface that afterward may be covered up in many different ways; with the Japanese plaster is an end in itself, and well it may be! We ourselves know nothing of the possibilities of this material. In Japan it has the solidity of stone, the colour of smoke and the mist and ethereal vapours, and the texture of velvet.”

IN contrast to all this beauty comes the modern reign of ugliness and artificiality. Yet even in regretting this the writer sees hope for the future in the fact that the common people hold to the vigor and purity of the ancient ideals. He says of this:

“We have now reached the present day, and only a word is necessary as to the architecture under the new régime of Westernism and ‘progress.’ Domestic work is still almost wholly on the old lines, so far as the middle classes are concerned; the nobles are building palaces from European designs that would dishonour a trans-Mississippi city or a German suburb. The public buildings designed by local ‘foreign’ architects are even worse, and the least offensive

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

examples of Western styles are the work of natives, the Nippon Ginko and the Teikoku Hotel being fairly creditable examples of German classic.

"While in public architecture, in painting and sculpture, in the industrial arts, and even in the greater part of the domestic architecture of the better class, Japan is fast losing all national quality, the houses of the lower and middle classes still preserve the beautiful characteristics of the old art, so unique, so refined, so wholly ethnic and national.

"The nobles are making themselves uncomfortable and absurd in preposterous structures designed by third-rate English and German architects, and the same agency is responsible for the shocking public buildings, vast in size, fearful and humiliating in design.

"Yet there are wise and philosophical men in Japan who fight strenuously against the foolish fashion of Westernism, and are made to suffer for it. Then there are architects who steadily refuse to have anything to do with foreign architecture in any of its forms. Thanks to these men and their colleagues, and thanks also to the strong conservatism of the middle classes, Japanese domestic architecture is still a vital art, strong with a life that may last even through the present inauspicious days, and form a basis for more logical work, when the times have changed and national self-confidence is restored again."

SUMMING up Japanese architecture as a whole, Mr. Cram makes one observation that, like the description of the Japanese home, is singularly close to the present drift of the best Western thought. He says:

"It is possible for us to learn many most valuable lessons from it. In the first place we shall see how delicately buildings of all kinds may be made to fit themselves to their surroundings. In this respect the architecture of Japan acknowledges no superior. Nothing could be more subtle and sympathetic than the relationship between the temples and pagodas, the castles, cottages, and inns, and their natural surroundings. In every line and mass the harmony is complete. The buildings seem almost to be a concentration and perfection of the hills and trees of which they seem to be a part. One feels this particularly when looking on any structure designed on

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

Western lines, no matter how excellent it may be according to European standards. The native work is a part of the country, the foreign is ugly, ungrammatical, offensive.

“Another quality that is most salient is the exceeding unity and perfection of composition either of single temples or of whole groups, either of the exterior or the interior. The whole thing is built up with the utmost subtlety of feeling and delicacy of appreciation until it forms a consistent and united whole. The refinements of line and proportion have their equal only in the architecture of Greece and Mediaeval Europe. The mere measuring of some one of the older buildings reveals a subtlety of feeling for proportion that is amazing. Such measurements show at once that every curve and every line has been developed with the most astonishing care.”

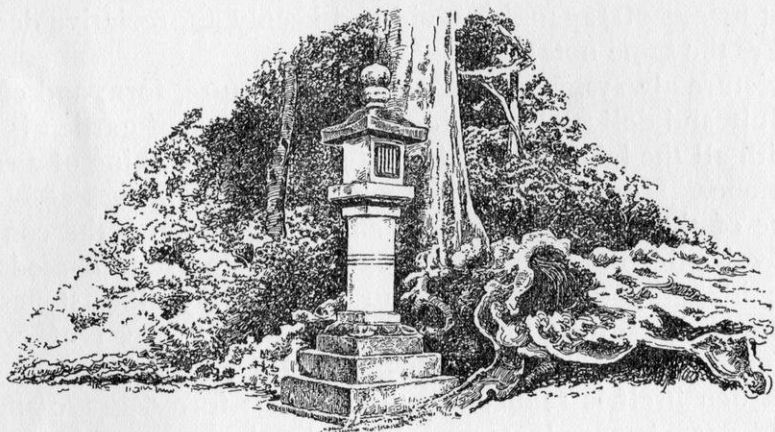
Again, speaking of landscape gardening as developed by the Buddhist priests of Japan, his vivid and keenly appreciative description strikes the same note:

“A picture always, you must note: line, texture, form and colour, all are duly and delicately considered, and a space of garden is composed with all the laborious study that goes to the making of a screen or kakimono. How perfectly the whole thing composes at Narita, the curve of the bridge, the sharp angle of the steps, the convolutions of volcanic rock, the clean cleavages of the slate chased with exquisite ideography; and in colour, silver gray slate stones and lichened granite, green bronze, and the deeper green of cryptomerian leaves. Or again in the shrines of Uyeno consider how wisely the garden itself is reduced to the simplest forms, grave and flat stones and a few bronze lanterns. Here the cherry trees are supreme and they are given full sway; flowers and shrubs are banished for they are unnecessary. The great trees do their full work; yet this is good gardening, and quite as legitimate as would be the case were all the flowers of the earth brought under requisition. A Japanese gardener can work with anything—or almost nothing.”


Of the long art life of Japan, considered in all its phases, and all are graphically treated,—Mr. Cram speaks again and again. He has felt the grip of the immemorial East and realized the crude, self-confident youth of the West. In one trenchant paragraph he makes the inevitable comparison, and here lies the whole

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

meaning of the book: "The great art of the West is comprised in two brief periods, one of some three hundred years ending with the Christian era, one of a similar space of time dating from the crusades to the Reformation: the art of Japan lasts unbroken from the middle of the seventh century to the middle of the nineteenth, a duration of twelve hundred years. It is the most prolonged art-record in the world, and though it passed through many vicissitudes, it never lapsed, remaining always vigorous and true. At different times it expressed itself through different modes, sculpture, architecture, painting, decoration and arts and crafts, and each in turn has served its purpose as a vehicle of expression for a passion for beauty that never failed."



THE BRIDGE KEEPER: BY FRANK H. SWEET.

“O, we have no work for you. We're only taking on fresh, young blood. I'm sorry, but you're too old,” and with a half glance toward the white hair of the applicant, the speaker swung his chair back to the desk from which he had turned at the man's entrance.

“Do you know of any place where I can find a job?” the man asked, hesitatingly.

“No,” curtly, “our company controls everything on both banks of the river. Still, there are a few cheap concerns on the other side where you might find a temporary job. What's your line?”

“Nothin', only to do odd jobs, sir. I've been on the sea most o' my life, an' never learned any trade exceptin' sailin'. But I'm handy.”

“So they all say. Well, you can try over there; though, frankly, I do not think you stand much chance.”

“No,” gravely, “there don't seem much chance anywhere. I was on the other side before I came here, an' they said I was too old. Everything seems to hinge on one company, an' they want only young men and boys. I tried to tell 'em I'm not quite so old as my hair shows for, an' that I was ready to put myself up against as hard work as the strongest man they hired did; but no, 't wa'n't no use, they didn't want me. I've been off the sea sixty days now, an' ain't found a chance yet. I'd like to stay on shore the balance o' of my life, though,” a little wistfully, “on account o' my granddaughter. There ain't only me an' she. But it don't seem as if I can. I guess I'll have to go back to the water.”

“I guess you will,” abstractedly. “That seems your line.”

The old man left the office and walked slowly down to the long bridge that spanned the river. He had come across on the train after stopping a day on the other side, for his ticket had read to this point and he had saved the bridge coupon. Now he would have to walk back over the bridge and on to his seaport home, twenty miles across the country to the coast. He had only taken just money enough to pay for the ticket, leaving the rest of their small hoard with his granddaughter, for he had confidently expected to find a job in one of these busy towns and be able to send for her to join him. There was nothing left but to go back and remain with her a few days, and then seek a berth on some vessel.

THE BRIDGE KEEPER

But as he approached the center of the bridge, he suddenly paused. There was a bar across and a turn-gate, and he understood what that meant. Before he could pass he would have to pay toll, and he did not have a cent. Beyond the gate and leaning against it was a boy of seventeen or eighteen, with his eyes fixed eagerly on a gesticulating crowd in an open field on the opposite shore. Evidently a ball-game was in progress there, and the youthful bridge tender was very much excited over it, for often his hands rose into the air and sometimes his hat, and once his voice echoed an enthusiastic cheer which came across the water.

THE old man hesitated, and then went to one of the bridge benches, very close to the gate. He had a right to come this far, and he would stay until night. Perhaps the bridge would not have a tender then, and he could pass; if it did, he would try to slip by. He had never tried to evade any obligation before, but he must cross the bridge and reach home as soon as possible.

Meanwhile the bridge tender was becoming more and more excited, and several times he started forward as though half inclined to forsake his post. Suddenly he noticed the old man sitting by the gate.

"Hello," he called eagerly, "going to stay here long?"

"Why, yes, quite a while, I think."

"Then you look out for my place a few minutes. I'll be awfully obliged," and without waiting for consent or comment the boy sped away toward the farther shore and the yelling crowd.

"Wait! Hold a minute!" called the old man after him; but the boy did not hear. His head was down, with his arms pressed closely to his sides; he was sprinting and oblivious of everything he was leaving behind. The old man went through the gate, his face anxious and perturbed.

"Whatever's to be done, I wonder," he muttered aloud. "I don't know the toll, and—good land!" as he noticed water through a narrow open space in the bridge and extending entirely across from side to side, "if it ain't a draw. How d' they open it? I hope no boat'll come till the boy gets back. He's crazy."

But he did not even think of deserting the post. That would

THE BRIDGE KEEPER

not have been the man's nature. Keenly the eyes under the shaggy brows swept about in search of the means of opening the draw in case of necessity; then a bicycle coursed swiftly across the bridge, and he turned to the gate.

"Good morning. A new man, I see," exclaimed the bicyclist as he passed through, and the old man felt a nickel slipped into his hand. That settled one problem. The toll was five cents. Then his gaze went back in search of the key to the bridge opening.

But he was a "handy man," who had lived on shipboard most of his life, and was accustomed to windlasses and screws and various means of shifting heavy weights. Soon the keen eyes discovered what they were after, and none too soon, for almost at the very moment came a vigorous "Ahoy, draw!" from up the river. A schooner was sweeping straight down upon him, under a full head of canvas. But though he had found the means, his hands lacked the dexterity of experience, and they fumbled with hurried unfamiliarity until there came a second hail, this time sharp and impatient. Then the bridge swung open and the boat shot through.

"Thank you, keeper," came a relieved voice from below. "I was afraid you didn't see me, and was on the point of tacking off to avoid smashing things. But I see you know your business."

The old man's face grew more tranquil. There were no people in sight on the bridge now, and no boats very near. He opened and shut the draw several times, allowing it to swing a few yards either way, until he felt that he had it under control; then he went to the tiny building which was the bridge tender's home and office, and found a broom. With this he went vigorously to work clearing away the litter that the boy's neglect had allowed to accumulate.

TWO hours went by, and in that time four boats had gone through and perhaps fifty people passed over the bridge; and at the end of that time the gate and draw and benches were as clean and neat as broom and brush could make them.

There were no signs of the boy, but the old man had scarcely given him a thought. He was at work now, and at just the work that was peculiarly congenial. The anxiety for the time being was gone from his eyes, and he went about the self-sought duties with cheery little snatches of sea songs breaking occasionally from his

THE BRIDGE KEEPER

lips. Only once did he pause suddenly, in the midst of a breezy refrain, and that was when he glanced into the tiny house and realized what a cozy home it would make for himself and his granddaughter.

The breeze was now freshening, and there were several boats coming down the river together under full sail. He was in the very act of turning the draw when a carriage dashed upon the bridge, with another scarcely twenty yards behind it, and both evidently in a great hurry. The first would reach him considerably in advance of the first boat, with ample time to open the draw; so he waited, though he could hear the sharp "Ahoys!" of the boatmen.

It was now that his experience of winds and tides stood him in good stead. A swift glance, and he could have told to almost a second when the boats would reach the draw. He waited until the first carriage had swept across, and then, with a warning call to the other coachman, swung the draw open to the leading boat which was less than twenty yards away. After they had passed through he shut the draw for the second carriage.

The coachman was red and angry.

"Look here, you bridge man," he cried, "what'd you shut us back for? We're in a big hurry, an' could 'a' got through in another minute, an' there was plenty o' time. D'ye know who I'm a carryin'?"

"James! James!" came a stern voice from the carriage, "that is enough. The man did just right. I was watching. It was as fine a bit of calculation as I ever saw." Then, as the carriage came opposite the old man, "Let me—But hello! where is the regular keeper?"

"Why, sir, I—think he's gone over to the ball-game, for just a few minutes," hesitated the old man.

"And left you to fill his place?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are an experienced bridge keeper, I see."

"N—no, sir, I never tried the work before this."

"U'm! Then you are quick to pick it up. The young man showed you about it, I suppose?"

"No, he—he was in quite a good deal of a hurry, an' just asked

THE BRIDGE KEEPER

me to look out for the work. But I'm handy about pickin' up things. I've been on board ship most o' my life, sir."

"Oh, a sailor. That accounts for your quick judging of the boat's speed. You're a friend, or perhaps a relative, of the young man?"

"No, I'm a stranger to everybody here. I've been lookin' for work, but couldn't find any. I was just—sittin' down here a while when the boy spoke to me."

"U'm, a stranger, and he asked you to look out for his job, and did not wait to tell you what to do. You said for just a few minutes, I believe. Can you tell me exactly how long he has been gone?"

The old man hesitated—

"Well, ye see, sir," he apologized, "there was a ball-game, an' ye know how boys are about such things. Ye mustn't be hard on him. I've done the best I could, an' don't think anything's gone amiss. The money's in on the table there, every cent. The boy means all right, I'm sure."

"Can you tell me how long he has been gone?"

"Two hours, mebbe," reluctantly.

"You could not find a job, you say. How would you like this one of bridge keeping?"

THE old man caught his breath, and a look came to his face that momentarily transfigured it. The man in the carriage saw, as he had seen everything, even to the work of the broom and brush and the unusual polish of the foot passenger's gate. But the old man shook his head.

"Thank ye kindly, sir," he said, "but I can't do it. I don't want to get the job away from the boy."

"He has lost it already. If you do not take the place, some one else will. I think we have made a mistake about young blood—what do you say?"

"Why—I—I—yes, an' thank ye," huskily.

"Very well. Here," writing a few words upon a slip of paper and passing it out, "give this to the boy when he returns."

Half an hour later the boy came, breathless.

"Everything all right?" he asked. Then, as he looked around,

THE BRIDGE KEEPER

"Yes, I see it is. I'm awfully obliged. Why, what's up?" for the old man was looking at him with perturbed face.

"A man stopped here in a carriage an'—an' let me have this paper for ye."

The boy took the slip and read it, his face changing.

"It's from the owner," he gasped, "and says I must come to his office. Well, my jig's up here."

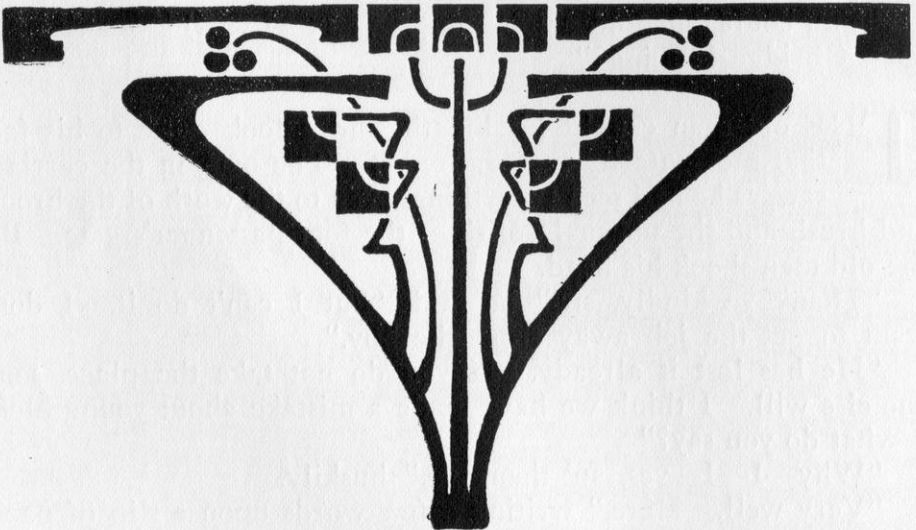
"I'm sorry," the old man said, his face full of genuine sympathy. "I didn't want to tell anything, but he made me."

"Oh, that's all right; if he asked questions of course you had to answer. I guess the trouble's up to me."

An hour later the boy came back, walking very straight, with square shoulders and with a new look on his face.

"I—I hope it wa'n't so bad as ye feared," said the old man anxiously.

"Bad? Well, it couldn't 'a' been worse, exceptin' he's given me another show."



AN EAST SIDE MUSIC SCHOOL—HOW ART HELPS TO MAKE GOOD CITIZENS: BY KATHARINE M. ROOF.



HE sociological problem with which America is confronted to-day might be defined as an oversupply of raw material. Exactly similar conditions do not exist in any other country in the world. Within the last twenty years a steadily increasing number of steerage emigrants from all parts of Europe has been arriving in the country. A few years ago the majority of these new residents were Irish. At present there is a preponderance of Jews and Italians. There are also—as we all know—a number of Germans, Russians, Hungarians, Swedes and Norwegians, Finlanders, Syrians,—indeed there is scarcely any nation that is not represented.

The problem of this Tower of Babel condition is more evident in New York city than in any other one spot in the country. Here the congestion and variety are greatest. The difficulty of dealing with the resulting situation is one not only obvious to the sociologist, political economist, settlement and church worker, but must be patent to every observer who travels in the street cars, walks in Central park on a Sunday, or crosses the city squares. The conclusion of all thinkers has been the same upon one point,—namely, that the work of assimilation and reorganization must be carried on through the children. The solution of the difficulty lies with the educationalists, whether working through schools, churches or settlements.

One of the most practical and successful of this sort of enterprise in New York is the East Side Music School Settlement. Although its work, according to literal classification, would come under the head of specialized education, yet its influence is infinitely more far reaching than such a characterization would seem to imply.

And with all the confused ideas and ideals that exist among us with regard to education, certainly one thing is clear: the country that can afford it owes to every man, woman and child the thing it earnestly and definitely reaches out for with the willingness to work. It must come to the mind of many thinkers on the subject, that general enforced education is a doubtful good, and that much in our training, through schools and missions, is productive of evil and tends to create a discontented class of individuals, unfit either for what

AN EAST SIDE MUSIC SCHOOL

they came from or what they crudely aspire toward. But the thing that people will work for, deny themselves to obtain, as do the majority of the East Side Jews for the education of their children, is a thing that they should be helped to attain. When young children are willing to work hard at what is called the drudgery of music, and can even have an enthusiasm about it, then, unquestionably, those children should be given that opportunity. It is just this opportunity that the Music School offers.

THE history of the work is interesting. In the beginning it was the idea of a woman,—Miss Emilie Wagner who is still head of the violin department in the school. Twelve years ago she began giving violin and piano lessons in a room in Chatham Square to the children of the neighborhood. Her experiment soon attracted the attention of the College and University Settlements, and was, for the time, carried on in connection with these organizations, progressing all the time into a larger and more important movement. David Mannes became interested in the school and has for several years taught some of the advanced violin pupils; also Frank Damrosch, although he does not teach in the school, keeps a sympathetic eye upon its progress. The founders,—Mrs. Samuel Untermeyer, Mrs. Frederick Van Beuren, Mr. Charles Ditson, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer and Mr. James Loeb, and the other patrons who first contributed to the endowment of the school, have interested their friends, and so the work has grown into a little conservatory which now occupies two houses, once substantial old New York homes, in East Third Street. In the present management there are four resident workers who attend to the social administrative duties and over forty teachers, including salaried, volunteer and pupil-teachers, who do not live in the settlement. Mr. David Mannes is director of the orchestra class and of the pupil-teachers' violin class. The general violin department is under Miss Emilie Wagner, and the piano department under Mrs. James Herreshoff. The volunteer teachers are examined as to their fitness by the heads of their departments before they are accepted, so that the standard is maintained on an absolutely professional basis whether the teacher's services are salaried or given.

The pupil-teachers, who constitute an important part of the



PROMISING YOUNG VIOLINIST AT
THE MUSIC SETTLEMENT



PUPIL-TEACHER GIVING VIOLIN LESSON
AT THE MUSIC SCHOOL



AN EARNEST LITTLE PIANO PUPIL



A STRING QUARTETTE OF MUSIC SETTLEMENT BOYS
A TRIO DOING SERIOUS WORK

AN EAST SIDE MUSIC SCHOOL

scheme, are older scholars who are preparing to become professional musicians and have advanced sufficiently to be capable of instructing younger pupils. The average age of these pupil-teachers is eighteen years; they are not, as has been mistakenly supposed by imaginative enthusiasts unacquainted with the exigencies of art education, precocious infants of six and seven. These pupil-teachers are regularly paid at the rate of fifty cents an hour, which is a very fair price compared with the average salaries paid to musicians and the relative cost of living in that part of the city; for the uptown pupil-teacher, with greater expense of living, often does not receive more than a dollar an hour. The pupils pay twenty cents a half hour for their lessons which, although less than the pupil-teacher is paid for the instruction, is yet, relatively again, a fair price, and saves both parents and children the discomfort of feeling themselves objects of charity. The pupils, however, seem to realize, appreciatively rather than sensitively, that they are receiving more than an equivalent for their money.

The pupil-teacher system has other advantages beside that of giving the pupils of ability and industry a paying occupation and experience in teaching, for it is often the case that the pupil to whom technical processes are still recent problems is better equipped to meet and overcome the difficulties of the beginner than the virtuoso teacher who has left first processes, both mental and mechanical, far behind.

INSTRUCTION is given in piano, violin, viola, 'cello, singing, harmony and history of music. There is also a senior and a junior orchestra class, and classes in sight-reading for the older pupils. This vocal work is necessarily undertaken in a more general and simple way than the instrumental music, as it is unwise to attempt specialized training of the voice at an early age.

The education of the pupils not only consists of study of the instrument with which the child expects to specialize, but usually of one or two others, beside lessons in theory and composition. Thus the child specializing as a violinist will probably play the piano and often the viola and 'cello. The value of this all-around musical education cannot be overestimated even as a means of musical culture, and if the child should develop any ability for composition, the im-

AN EAST SIDE MUSIC SCHOOL

portance of an early knowledge of the possibilities and effects obtainable from various instruments is incalculable.

Every month there are musicals at the Settlement at which well-known artists often give their services. The children also play occasionally for entertainments at other Settlements. Some of the advanced pupils are permitted to accept engagements to play in drawing-rooms or at entertainments, on a professional basis.

The children who attend the school do not, as a rule, come from the very poorest of the East-Side families, as their ability to pay for their lessons testifies. Many of the older children are in the High School and the Normal College. A number of scholarships exist, however, and are given to those pupils who show marked talent and are absolutely unable to pay for their lessons. The whole scheme is such that pupils without obvious talent are dropped after a just period of probation, as the school has a waiting list of seventy in the piano department alone. Many of the pupils will undoubtedly be able to become self-supporting. They seem to take their work seriously and to believe in themselves, and, in spite of the outspoken flattery of the thoughtless visitor, to remain unself-conscious.

The attitude of the children toward themselves and the other pupils is both interesting and amusing. One little boy asked one day concerning another pupil if he was "a talent." Their critical attitude does not only include the other pupils, arguments about the "form" of some well-known artist that the children have heard are frequently to be overheard among them. In arranging for the quartette picture reproduced here, the small first violin was by mistake put into the seat next the 'cello, which he took, objecting, "The viola sits here." It is impossible to make the most superficial visit to the school without noticing some illustration of this serious professional attitude in the children. When a tiny girl at a reception musicale forgets the cake she is eating in listening to a fellow pupil's interpretation of a sonata, one realizes suddenly the quality of that childish interest. Almost all of the pupils play with intelligence, a good feeling for rhythm, and for the idea contained in the music.

The pupils are, for the most part, Russian and Roumanian Jews, although there are a few Germans and Americans. The Russian Jews, especially, seem to have a strong predisposition toward music, and no musician or music lover can fail to be interested in what the

AN EAST SIDE MUSIC SCHOOL

school is accomplishing with them. Every art sympathizer must feel that the individual possessing musical talent is entitled to the opportunity for self-development,—which is all that any art education can do for the student,—and more than this, that by providing the means for this development we are promoting the advancement of musical culture in this country. But there is, as has been said, a significance in the work of the Music Settlement larger even than its artistic importance, and that is its sociological aspect.

THE Jews exist, at present, in our city in such numbers that it is impossible to ignore them as a force to be reckoned with. It is a fact recognized, I believe, by all Settlement workers, that they are more ready to avail themselves of opportunities for advancement than any of the other foreigners living and constantly coming in such appalling numbers to our country. As pupils, the Jewish children are ambitious; the parents are ambitious for their children. In many cases it must be admitted the ambition is commercial and selfish. In almost as many it is artistic and intellectual, with an aspiration toward the professions and the arts. The art impulse in itself contains many germs for the advancement of the individual, for the love of art brings with it a desire for the absorption and production of beauty rather than for accumulation and personal possession. It brings to the possessor a joy in the immaterial; a joy that is not of things, but of the perception of beauty in the world, whether of sound, form or color. This must, in many cases, prove an advantage to the individual and to the home to which he or she belongs.

There is, of course, the problem, which is often a tragedy, of the intermediate or transition stage,—the individual of unequal development, highly educated in the matter of art, an imperfectly evolved product of the tenements in other respects. Yet it seems only logical to suppose that in the next generation the inequalities will be largely smoothed out, and a type of individual be evolved which will be of advantage to the community.

The marked difference discernable between the shop-keeping American Jew and the continental Jew of the corresponding class is, unquestionably, the result of the rapid advancement possible through commerce and manual labor in this country, and its effect upon the individual possessed of an ambition that is not uplifting as a motive.

AN EAST SIDE MUSIC SCHOOL

But the art ambition—even if it be nothing finer than the desire to excel along that line,—can not fail to be somewhat uplifting in its effect. For that reason, if for no other, the work of the Music Settlement has significance not only as an art movement, but as one tending toward the advancement of this nation which bids fair to be a country of many nations.

While the school is purely for musical education, and the children go only in the afternoon after school hours, yet a bathroom is provided for the girls and a shower bath for the boys. There is also a yard where the children can play before and between hours.

A word must be said as to the spirit of the teachers and the resident workers, which, while always kind and sympathetic, is delightfully free from the sentimentality that is too often a part of Settlement work. The children's attention is centered upon their work and every effort is made to keep them from feeling themselves objects of interest to the visitor.

ANOTHER fact which the visitor cannot fail to notice is the good manners of the children. While some of this may be due to the influence of the school, Miss Crawford, the resident worker in charge, says that courtesy is an Oriental characteristic natural to the Jewish children. Throughout the entire school one never seems to meet that uncomfortable aggressive attitude toward class distinction which is as characteristic of many of our recently acquired citizens as of the uncultured American. As this resentful attitude is unpleasantly noticeable in so many missions, Girl's Friendlies and King's Daughters Associations, where the members are kindly and simply met by the workers, it seems logical to attribute the difference, to some extent, at least, to the fact that these serious little disciples of music live in the atmosphere of the democracy of art which is, perhaps, the only real and unqualified democracy that the world has ever known.

The demand for tuition in the music school is so much on the increase that it is the hope of the organization to be able to enlarge its scope.

The fees paid by the children do not, of course, contribute materially to the support of the school, and the present endowment, although sufficient for present purposes, will not admit of any greater expenditure.

WINDOW GARDENS AND VINES



WHEN the first days of Spring bring the stirring of the sap and the fresh earth-smells that renew the youth of everything that breathes, there comes one desire to every man, woman and child who has ever felt one touch of healthy, normal life,—the desire to get out and dig in the ground and to plant things that will grow. The feel of the moist, brown, fragrant earth brings a sense of primal kinship, and helping to release the life that lies dormant in dry, brown seeds and withered-looking roots and bulbs, seems to link one anew to the great scheme of creation. There is no tonic like it, and no course of mental or moral education that produces such quick results. A feeling for beauty as dormant as the seeds and bulbs will quicken into life with the green, growing things that spring from them, and an impulse toward right living follows as inevitably as the plants stretch up their tendrils toward the sun.

The realization of this stamps every effort made for social and industrial improvement, and permeates the whole of the modern thought that turns so persistently back to the fundamental things of life. There is no greater artist in America than its best landscape gardener, and yet the feeling that impels him to lay out a magnificent chain of parks that will be to future generations a monument of this age of general reform, differs not a whit from that with which a woman or child whose life is barren of beauty, tends the humblest window-box or fire-escape garden that is struggling to live in a crowded tenement.

And between these two extremes there is a growing love of every variety of gardening, great and small. Not so many years ago, the garden of any sort was considered to belong solely to the country. In the city the costly conservatory was almost the only expression possible of the flower-lover's delight in being surrounded with growing things. For people of moderate means, a stand of house plants or a few flowers on porch or balcony in summer-time was all that seemed possible. Now, under the new impulse toward beauty given by the untiring efforts of municipal art leagues and associations of one sort or another working in the interests of civic adornment, there seems to be a general response to the words of the enthusiast who said: "Above all, grow things! Do not wait for acres, or even one acre. Have you a window with a bit of sunlight? Then every delight

WINDOW GARDENS AND VINES

possible to an enthusiastic gardener can be yours. If by good luck you are the possessor of a plot of real ground underneath the window, then you can feel yourself thrice blessed, for you possess everything necessary to become a landscape gardener."

FOR most dwellers in both city and country, the window and porch boxes are sources of never-ending pleasure and are very little trouble. Not only are they a delight to the owner, but to the whole street, which is transformed when the fancy for window gardening becomes so general that every house in the block, or in a number of blocks, has its windows, balconies and entrances so adorned. It takes but little to start such a fashion in any locality, for the example of one house usually affects the whole neighborhood with a desire to go and do likewise.

For instance, in Canterbury, England, the entire main street is made beautiful by masses of flowers at the windows of nearly every house, and it all came about from the fact that, a few years ago, the houses along this street were decorated with flowers in honor of a visit from the Prince of Wales, who went to Canterbury to dedicate some important building. The effect was so charming that it occurred to several people that it would be a very good idea and would cost very little money or trouble to make the decorations permanent. The custom has gained ground rapidly in England and in foreign countries generally, and in America it is getting a good healthy start in a number of cities. Brooklyn set an excellent example by responding to the movement for the adornment of whole blocks, inaugurated by the Municipal Art Society of New York, and Walnut Street in Philadelphia has been made attractive for a good portion of its length through the concerted movement set on foot by the City Parks Association.

In the industrial villages, such as the N. C. R. domain at Dayton, Ohio, and Hopedale, Vermont, landscape gardening plays an important part in the far-famed beauty of the model factory surroundings. The employees are encouraged by prizes, lectures, exhibitions and other means to compete with each other for the most beautiful gardens around their cottages, as well as the most attractive display of vines and window-boxes, and the result of their efforts is being felt throughout the whole country around them.

WINDOW GARDENS AND VINES

When once it is demonstrated that the skilful massing of shrubbery and flowers at the base of the walls of a house breaks the harsh angle and forms a gracious curve of greenery that seems to link the building with the ground on which it stands, and that the bare skeleton of a porch or veranda becomes a thing of beauty when it is draped with vines, it is a matter of a very short time before surrounding houses show the same adornment. A backyard, with its clothes lines, garbage cans, woodpile, etc., is hardly a thing of beauty in itself, but it may be endured in all its naked ugliness as a necessary evil until someone thinks to conceal it from the street or road with a well-placed wall of shrubbery that forms at once a fence, a screen and a beautiful feature of the landscape.

AND the expense is so slight. In one of the illustrations shown here, a bare fence and rough board seat were transformed by a clever kindergarten teacher into a veritable bower of morning-glories, sunflowers and castor beans, where lessons could be learned and recited all summer long out of doors. It is a delight to both teacher and children, and the cost was less than one dollar. Another illustration shows a vestibule made charming by rustic porch boxes above, filled with bright petunias, and woodbine-covered walls at the side,—the whole the work of one child who was taught to take an interest in gardening.

Children are natural gardeners. There never was a child born that did not love to grub in the dirt, and when the grubbing instinct can be turned to good account so that the child can really feel that he is producing something by his play, the whole inherent spirit of craftsmanship comes to the front. President Patterson, of the National Cash Register Company, found that a tract of land in the immediate neighborhood of his factory was considered an undesirable locality for building solely on account of the depredations of a few "bad boys" that harried the place. It was a problem, and the solution of it clearly depended on the right disposal of those boys so that they would do no more mischief. The result of the action taken by Mr. Patterson may be seen any day by visiting the "Boys' Garden," which now numbers seventy-two individual plots under excellent cultivation by the boys of the neighborhood. The ground, with the first plowing done, is allotted to them, and seeds and gardening tools

WINDOW GARDENS AND VINES

are distributed. An instructor is provided, and the rest is left to the boys, who are encouraged to work by being allowed to dispose of the produce of their plots for their own benefit, and by the distribution of cash and other prizes at the annual exhibition. That neighborhood is now untroubled by mischievous pranks. The boys are too busy.

For most gardening on a small scale, the best results are obtained by using the hardy, old-fashioned flowers and shrubs. A good rule is to plan for more shrubs and vines than flowers, using the greenery for a framework and the flowers for color accent. Hardy perennials that sow themselves year after year take very little care, and a good growth of shrubs and vines once established will practically look after itself. A charming porch decoration is to have boxes made that will just fit the copings, and from these to extend a coarse wire netting to the eaves. A line of quick-growing vines, such as clematis, morning glories or nasturtiums, will soon form a drapery that completely screens the porch from outside view, and the rest of the box can be filled with other flowers. It is always best to use as few varieties as possible, as a mass of one kind of flower, or of varying shades of one color, is always more satisfactory than when several kinds are crowded together.

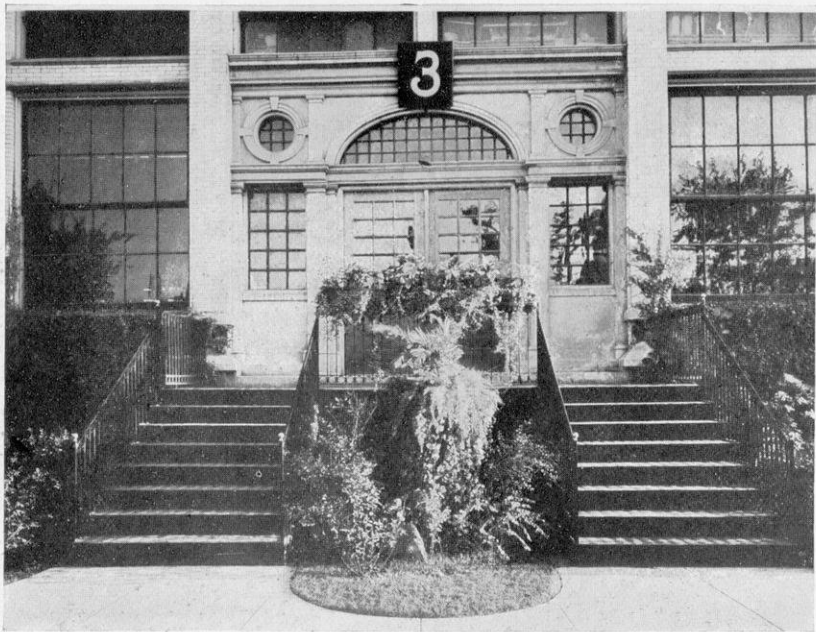
Unless delicate or foreign plants are chosen, a window or porch box, if well drained and sufficiently watered, will give very little trouble. The care it requires is rather a pleasure than a tax, and even if it were doubled, the pleasure that comes from its possession, and the beauty it adds to all one's surroundings, would more than repay the outlay of time and money necessary to add it to the home.





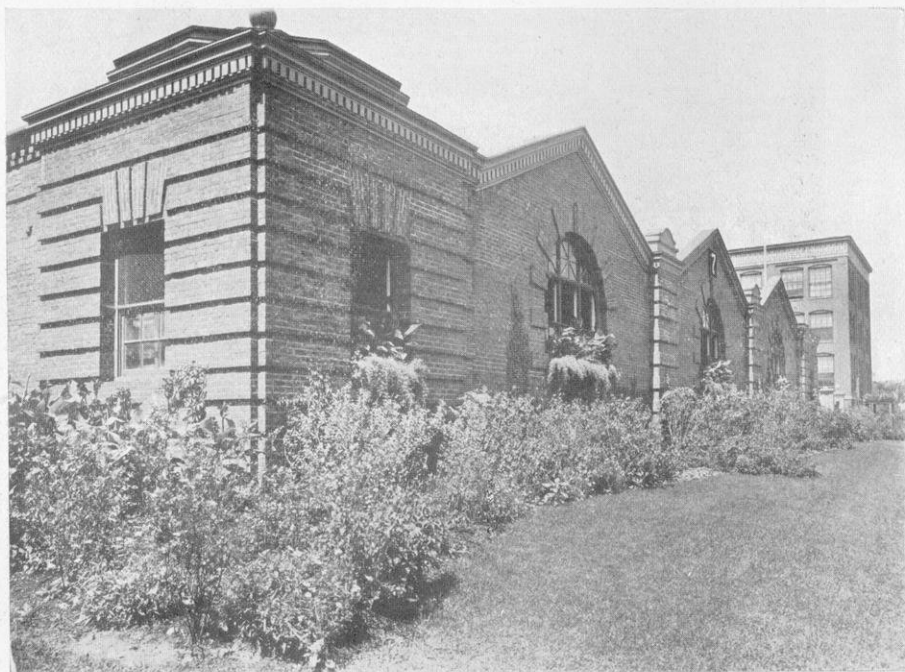
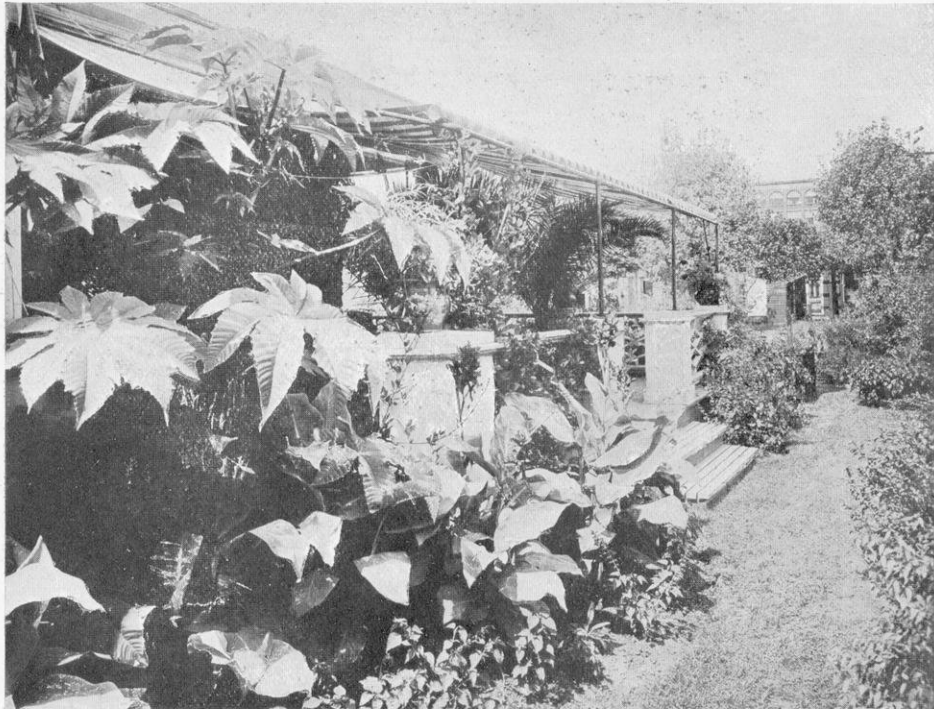
ENTRANCE TO FACTORY MADE BEAUTIFUL BY A CHILD'S INDUSTRY

A BARE, WOODEN BENCH CONVERTED INTO A WOODLAND NOOK BY MORNING GLORIES AND CASTOR BEANS



FACTORY ENTRANCE ADORNED WITH BOXES OF FLOWERS AND VINES

WORKINGMEN'S HOUSES MADE ATTRACTIVE BY BOWERS OF CHEAP VINES



TROPICAL EFFECT IN DECORATION GAINED FROM
CASTOR BEANS AND SWAMP FERNS

WINDOW BOXES AND VINES TRIMMING A BRICK
FACTORY



AN ENGLISH SPINSTER AT WORK AT HER LOOM

HANDICRAFTS BACK IN ENGLISH PEASANT HOMES: BY ALICE DINSMORE



HE visitor to the North of England who begins his wanderings in the Lake district with the drive from Ambleside through the Langdales to Grassmere, has a succession of mild surprises. Along the winding roads, the ancient-looking stone bridges, the quiet meadows, the mirror-like tarns and the noisy waterfalls, are the gentler features, to which the mountains, bracken and heather clad at the foot, jagged and portentous at the summits, add the elements of grandeur.

At the highest point, under the shadow of the Langdales, there comes a profound impression of solitude that is deepened as one descends to the gloomy Dungeon Ghyll. The spell of the loneliness of the region is still upon the traveler when he finds himself beside a tiny, one-roomed dwelling from which a little girl appears.

She offers for sale bags and scarfs made of linen of the natural color, adorned with embroidery and lace. Very beautiful they look in this far away spot, and beautiful they really are. The linen of which they are made was spun in this bit of a cottage. For all about in this Langdale region the spinning wheel is again "murmuring" as in the days which were already passing when Wordsworth wrote his "Song for the Spinning Wheel."

It was in 1883 that Miss Marion Twelves of Elterswater, with the financial support of Mr. Arthur Fleming of the "Crag," Loughrigg, undertook to revive this industry. She had been impressed by Ruskin's theories in regard to the moral value of an industry that can be carried on in the home and participated in by every member of the family. The "Master," as Ruskin is called by those who follow most closely his teaching, deeply deplored the cessation of the wheel in the dale cottages.

Search was made for a wheel. It would have been easy to find one in New England, but not so in all Westmoreland. However, the search extended to the Isle of Man, and there a wheel was discovered and a skillful carpenter made fifteen copies.

Then Miss Twelves opened a school for would-be spinsters near her home in Elterswater. Needy women and girls came to learn, the wheels were distributed among them, and they began to work with flax brought from Belfast.

HANDICRAFTS BACK IN THE COTTAGE

IN three months enough thread had been spun to make a good-sized web. And then another search was begun—this time for a loom. Half a century had gone since a hand loom had been in use in the region. Among the cobwebs of a cellar in Kendall, the detached pieces of an old worm-eaten one were found and taken to Elterswater.

The story of its rehabilitation reads more like legend than history. When the village carpenter, aided by the advice of Miss Twelves and the parish priest, had painfully succeeded in patching together the fragments so that every part seemed to be in its place, the loom could not be worked—something was wrong. They were in despair. Suddenly Miss Twelves bethought herself of a photograph of Giotto's reliefs illustrating the art of weaving, on the Campanile in Florence. They studied that photograph—and the mystery was solved. The shuttle would fly, and Giotto, six hundred years in his grave, had set to going a loom in the Highlands of Briton!

The necessary warping frame was built; a bobbin winder was made; an old man who had once woven was engaged, and in the spring of 1884, the first piece of linen was finished.

After the industry had been going on eighteen months, a visitor wrote this about it:

"In this cottage—St. Martin's—are stored the bales of flax from Belfast which Miss Twelves divides into hanks and weighs out to the women who fetch it home to spin. Here, too, is the store of spun flax returned by the women, and the warping room, where the threads on the bobbins are prepared by Miss Twelves herself for their place in the weaver's loom.

"And, above all, hard by the house is the weaver's shed, and, what is worth going a hundred miles to see for the sake of the very old man, the weaver, who must have been at weaving when George III was King, and who has brought with him the dearest look of kindness, purity, and industry, which makes his withered face beautiful."

Within the next five years Miss Twelves added instruction in embroidery and Greek lace to her curriculum, and they greatly enhance the beauty of the fabrics.

The spinners can earn on an average, between one and two dollars a week. Not much, we say, but their five or six shillings go further

HANDICRAFTS BACK IN THE COTTAGE

than the same amount here, and make a very important addition to the family income, necessarily so meagre in this mountain region where the soil yields little except pasturage for sheep.

It took but a short time to prove that Ruskin and Wordsworth were right about the moral influences of spinning—the atmosphere of contentment has either come for the first time, or returned to those cottages with the wheel. Old rheumatic fingers that were almost useless can manage the distaff. Only those who have known the weariness of enforced idleness can realize the joy that has come to these women in the relief from the tedium which made the aching joints doubly painful.

SOME women were able to leave the dangerous and unsuitable employment of a powder factory. They can not earn as much spinning as they did in the factory, but they can look after their children; they can stop the wheel to cook the family meal and quickly resume it. Their husbands are better fed, and the family so much more economically and comfortably managed that, on the whole, they are better off than before.

And the intellectual life has also been quickened, for Miss Twelve organized spinster tea parties, where, now and then, the women who can come, meet, and in addition to the friendly gossip of the hour, they have the poets, or the "Master" of them all read to them, so that they go back with fresh thoughts to set to the rhythm of their wheels.

When Miss Twelves had seen the industry well started in Westmoreland, she essayed to do the same service for Cumberland. So she took with her a spinner from Langdale and set up a loom in connection with the Industrial Arts School at Keswick.

Last summer I saw her in her own quaint vine-covered cottage near Crossthwaite church, where she is now carrying on the industry independently. Over the door are the words, "The Ruskin Linen Industry." Over the mantel in the low room one enters first, is the "Master's" motto, "To-day." Here she now has a paying business. The mighty and noble have learned that her linen is every thread flax and untouched by acid dye or bleach; that it lasts and grows always more silky and beautiful. Her orders come from all over the Kingdom and beyond, from the royal family and

HANDICRAFTS BACK IN THE COTTAGE

the rich plebian alike. An outgrown frock of Mr. Gladstone's little granddaughter Dorothy was there, sent as a sample for another web large enough for Dorothy the grown young lady.

The really sacred product of the loom and Miss Twelves' spinners, I saw in the Ruskin Museum at Coniston. It is a pall, spun, woven and embroidered by the loving hands under Miss Twelves' directions, which was laid over the coffin of Ruskin. It is exquisitely beautiful: In the center "To-day" is wrought in wild-rose pink, while embroidered at intervals all over the covering are his best-loved flower—the wild rose—the fallen petals, the buds, the full blown blossoms scattered over it, and the lining is the same shade of pink silk. For Ruskin, who loved color, who had his mother's casket covered with a light fabric, nothing could have been so fitting as this.

In those last years of Ruskin's, while the sands of life were running low, how comforting must have been the thought that his seeds of truth had so sunk into the hearts of some of his friends that they were bearing such fruit as this work of Miss Twelves!

OTHER fruit of his teaching at Keswick is that begun by his one-time student at Oxford and constant friend, Canon Rawnsley. There in the parish house of the ancient church of St. Kentigern, he and Mrs. Rawnsley in 1883 opened evening classes in metal work for men and boys. Mrs. Rawnsley had acquired skill in their former parish at Wray, and was the first teacher. The winter evenings are long, and the visitors who give employment to many men in summer are an unknown factor there. And the mischief which Satan finds for idle hands had not been lacking in that hill-town. So Mr. and Mrs. Rawnsley found it a most suitable place to verify Ruskin's wholesome teaching:

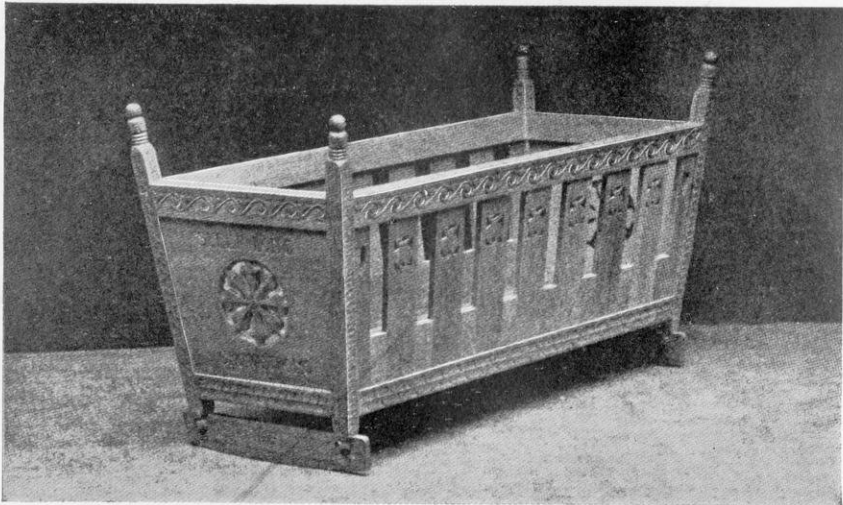
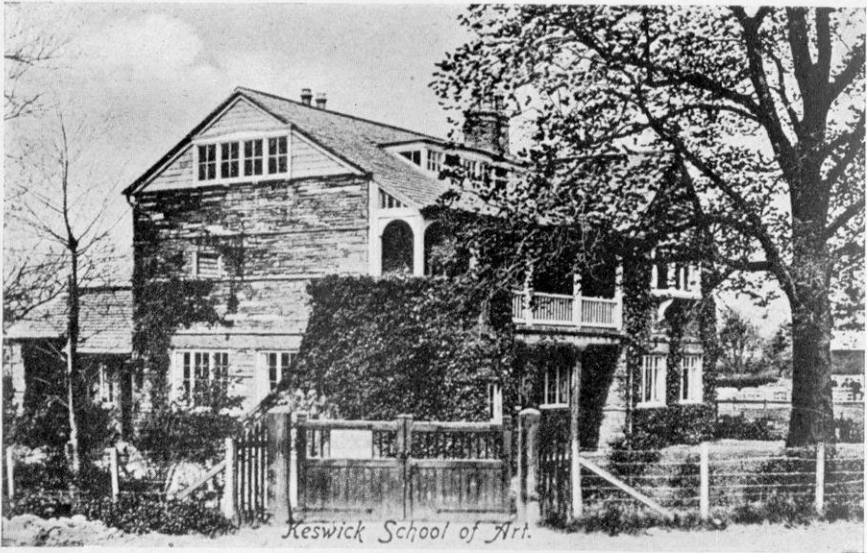
"For the continual education of the whole people, and for their future happiness, they must have such consistent employment as shall develop all the powers of the fingers and the limbs and the brain; and that development is only to be obtained by hand-labor, of which you have these four great divisions—hand-labor on the earth, hand-labor on the sea, hand-labor in art, hand-labor in war."

The history of the growth of this industry is vividly interesting. To-day the institution is housed in a most picturesque stone building



PICTURESQUE HOME OF ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL WEAVING COMMUNITIES

MISS BAYLEY'S HOME AND WORKSHOP AT SHOTTERY



THE KESWICK SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ART
CARVED CRADLE MADE AT THE KESWICK
INDUSTRIAL ART SCHOOL

HANDICRAFTS BACK IN THE COTTAGE

near the Greta. The winding stone steps, in a low turret leading up to the gallery and the entrance to the show-rooms, are covered with a luxuriant vine. This gallery is such an one as the spinsters spun in of yore along the Borrowdale road, at Hawkshead, and indeed generally in the Lake District. Below it is the legend:—

“The loving eye and skilful hand
Shall work with joy and bless the land.”

The show-room is the place of chief interest in summer when the work almost ceases because the men must be otherwise busy. This cheerful room when I saw it, was fascinating in its array of metal repoussé work and wood carvings. Here were trays of copper with charming designs upon them, of every possible size and shape, jars and jugs and vases, silver and silver-lined alms dishes, altar crosses, ink-stands, soup tureens, tea table appliances,—these and other things in brass, all hand-made after original designs.

The carved woodwork is scarcely less beautiful—chairs, a cradle, chests, cupboards, cabinets, etc. The value of the output of the year is about eight thousand five hundred dollars, and advance orders are always on the books.

In winter evenings, the work-rooms below stairs are busy, happy places, with men hammering, blow-piping, and working at the anvil fashioning beautiful objects.

Two nights a week the rooms are quiet, for all the sixty members of the school are drawing and designing.

This “Keswick School of Industrial Art,” as it is called, is on a substantial paying basis—has a name to live in the United Kingdom,—but this tells the smallest item in the story. These men and boys who had lived among the mountains, where ghyll and dale and tarn and tree lends each its charm, but had not seen the beauty, have had their eyes opened to the fair forms of Nature. They had known no better place to spend their evenings than the public house—drink was here (as where is it not?) the crying evil. Now all is changed. This is the most effective temperance agency in the place.

The director of the school never hears a coarse word, he sees refinement everywhere, and more—he sees true brotherliness. If a man gets some new shade of color, or degree of temper, or turn of form that others have not happened upon, he is ready to share what he has gained.

HANDICRAFTS BACK IN THE COTTAGE

The wives speak with tear-dimmed eyes of the comfort and peace now in their homes—due to the school.

Canon and Mrs. Rawnsley are so ready to ascribe all this work "to the mind and spirit of John Ruskin," that it is no little satisfaction to another to say that both the Crossthwaite parish and strangers from afar, find in it strongest evidence of the wise and self-denying devotion of their rector and his wife to the physical, moral, and spiritual well-being of their people.

SOMEWHAT more than five years after Miss Twelves began her school in the North country, Miss Clive Bayley opened a school of weaving. She told me she had long felt that the simplest lessons in weaving learned by every child who attends a Kindergarten might easily have a sequence in practical work done by children of a larger growth. She had observed that many girls who lead lives first of wretchedness and then of immorality have strongly marked artistic temperaments. They have neither talent nor means, in most cases, to devote themselves to study in an art school. For such she would make an outlet through handicraft. So for years she developed her ideas at Bushy, near London.

Last March she took a life lease of a quaint cottage at Shottery, so that whereas in time past Anne Hathaway's house was the sole object of attraction in the quiet village, now there is a double reason why strangers should go there. Here last summer I had a delightful interview with Miss Bayley. The interior of her cottage is far more old-fashioned than the exterior—the rooms are tiny and low. The one where visitors are received is crowded with the work that has been done at the old school,—draperies, friezes, banners, scarfs, carpets and rugs are hanging and spread about, the colors and designs are alike beautiful and many of them are highly artistic. To her initiative is indirectly traceable the recent revival of an ancient art in Southern England, for almost under the shadow of the majestic Cathedral are now installed the "Canterbury weavers."

Generations had lived and died since weaving had been done in old Canterbury when Miss C. F. Phillpotts and Miss K. Holmes conceived the plan of resuscitating the industry. They were interested in the well-being of women and girls in the town, and so they sent a few of them to Miss Bayley's school, then in

HANDICRAFTS BACK IN THE COTTAGE

Blenheim Street, London, to learn the art of weaving. When they had gained sufficient skill, they began with Swedish looms in a room in the High Street, Canterbury, to weave woolen for clothing. Very soon the good quality of their fabrics won purchasers for their goods and an independent industry was established, which three years ago moved into the present fitting quarters—the very house once occupied by Huguenot weavers. Though the building had been used in the intervening time for an inn, the present occupants found, in dark corners and crannies, bits of silk and wool, and parts of looms and bobbins that dated back two hundred years.

THE old house has been sufficiently remodeled within to make a comfortable and even spacious weaving room, while the overhanging roof and projecting windows, fringed with vines and blossoms both on the street and on the Stour sides, make the exterior fascinating beyond words.

About thirty girls now ply the shuttle here, producing dress goods in linen, cotton, and wool which, while they are of necessity more expensive than machine-made fabrics, are also far more durable.

What is true of both the institutions at Keswick, and of Miss Bayley's at Shottery, is true at Canterbury; there is no suggestion of factory life in the appearance of the workers, as there is none of the factory in the rooms where they work.

The girls look well and contented and talk with gentleness and intelligence. In their healthful, homelike surroundings, they have conditions calculated to stimulate their best efforts.

Beautiful and honest handiwork is being produced at all these places, and this can not fail of making its impression upon the thoughtful workers. And better far than this, the workers themselves are given not only a fair chance to live a cheerful and comfortable life, but to grow in mind and spirit.

A WOODLAND HILLSIDE---HALF AN HOUR'S RIDE FROM NEW YORK: BY JAMES B. CARINGTON.



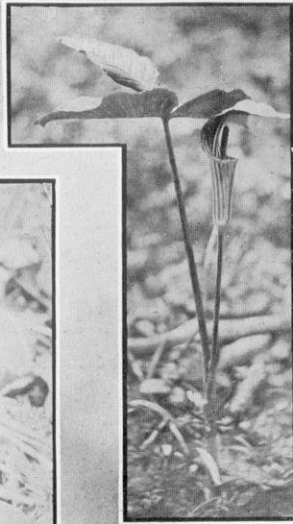
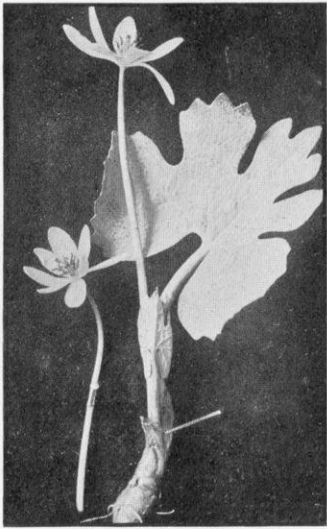
HE hillside I know is within half an hour's ride by steam from the heart of New York City, in a part of Westchester County that is becoming rapidly the dwelling place of the suburbanite. At its foot runs the public highway, while its upper edge leads off into broad stretches of green pasture lands. Thus far it has escaped, by sheer force of rugged and general inhospitality, any attempts at cultivation. The trees that cover it afford a deep shade for its abundant and lush undergrowth and many of them are worthy the respect due to ripe and vigorous old age. Their young offspring crowding about are growing in a most unmannerly way, all trying to force themselves into the sunlight above, which they need for their well-being.

In the spring and early summer is the time when the hillside offers the most allurements to the curious. Then the heavy black earth is soggy with moisture and clings to your shoes as you pull them up for another step ahead. Walking is much like plugging through a newly ploughed field, only at every step you are conscious that you may be crushing out the life of some delicate forest growth.

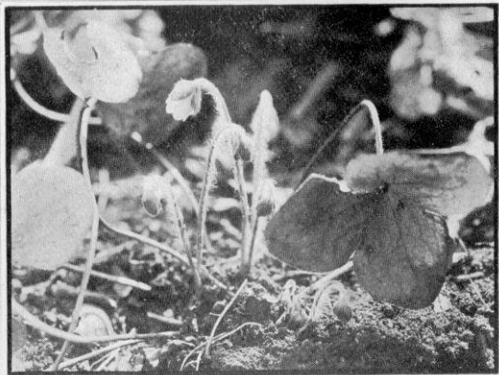
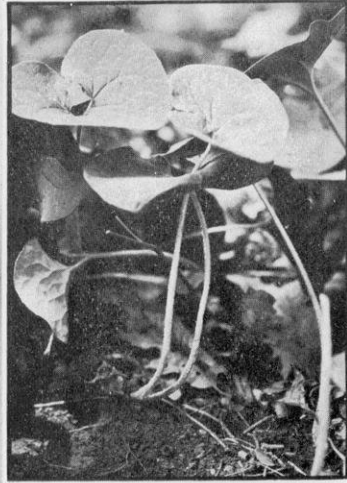
The sound of running water comes to the ears, occasionally, with almost startling distinctness, again with a muffled cadence that suggests that it is trying to steal away without being caught. This is a steep hillside and climbing up its short height is good, vigorous work, all the harder because of the soft and uncertain footing.

The smell of the damp ground gets into the nostrils with a peculiar pungency. There is a certain rankness about it that is at first almost offensive. Down near the road the queer uncanny skunk cabbages have poked their mottled heads and coarse leaves above the slimy ooze, sure harbingers of the new season.

Overhead the sky is covered with a film of grey clouds, and the air has a penetrating rawness unpleasantly accented by the surrounding dampness. Young leaves unfolding from their cramped winter encasements with the most wonderful flutings and crimpings, show a tenderness and variety of greens, pinks and reds, in the first flush of youth, that are soon lost in their full summer luxuriance.



SOME OF THE EARLIEST BLOSSOMS ON THE
WOODLAND HILLSIDE



"EVERY STEP MAY BRING A NEW SURPRISE
AND APPEAL TO THE EYE"

A WOODLAND HILLSIDE

Two-thirds of the way up the hill, at the foot of a ledge of bold rocks that overhang in irregular layers the turf below, are shining bunches of the little white saxifrage, with rosettes of bright green leaves, while in the crevices here and there nod at the slightest wind's will, the coral tinted petals and delicate spray-like stems and leaves of the beautiful columbine. Coarser in fibre, hardier and more assertive in their native vigor, stand many of the striped Jack-in-the-pulpits, supported by their three big leaves. Spring beauties grow in profusion everywhere. A watchful eye may catch an occasional sight of the tiny purple blossoms and hairy stems of the hepatica, and, by stirring up the dirt a little, discover its queer brown three-lobed leaves. Along the edge of the miniature brook that is almost completely hidden by a thick bordering of ferns, may be always found the spotted dark green leaves of the dog-tooth violet and the drooping yellow heads of the blossoms.

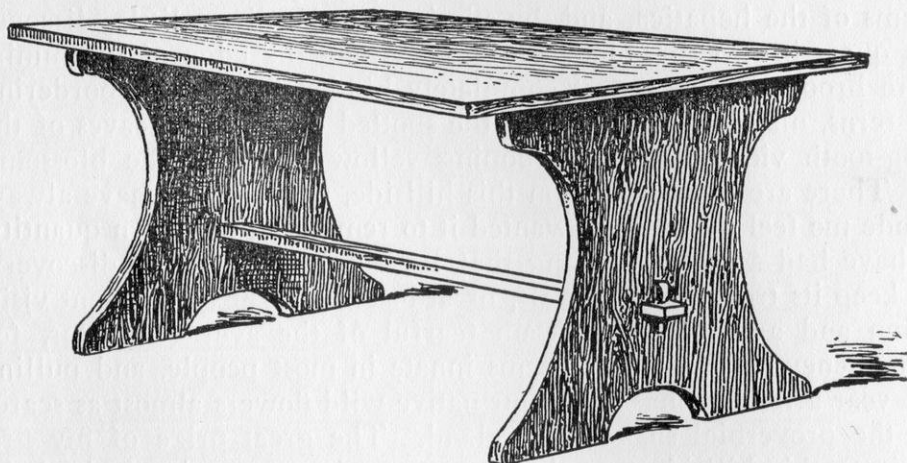
There are some things on this hillside, though, that have always made me feel that I have wanted it to remain an unknown quantity. I have had a jealous feeling that I deserve, by right of discovery, to keep its treasures to myself, or at least by right of frequent visitation and appreciation. I am fearful of the average visitor, for a tendency to pull things seems innate in most people, and pulling up year after year has made our native wild flowers almost as scarce as the proverbial snakes in Ireland. The great prize of my first visit to this hillside was the discovery of an extensive bed of the not very common blood-root. It grows here in profusion, and I have brought many of the blossoms home by way of my camera, in a variety of groupings. Another odd little plant is the wild ginger, with its big leaves, its slender stems, and tiny little flower growing out of the base of the stalk.

Every bright day makes me think of what new surprise may be preparing on the hillside, and at each visit I find something new. It is not altogether the mere hunter's instinct, however, or the interest in growing things for themselves, that makes this particular hillside fascinating. The flowers and the foliage, and the color are but pleasant and alluring incidents of the pleasure to be found in all vigorous exercise in the open and the suggestion of a certain primitiveness in the unrestrained growth and the bare, forbidding ledges of frost-broken rocks.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOODWORKING. FOURTEENTH OF THE SERIES

CHILD'S TABLE

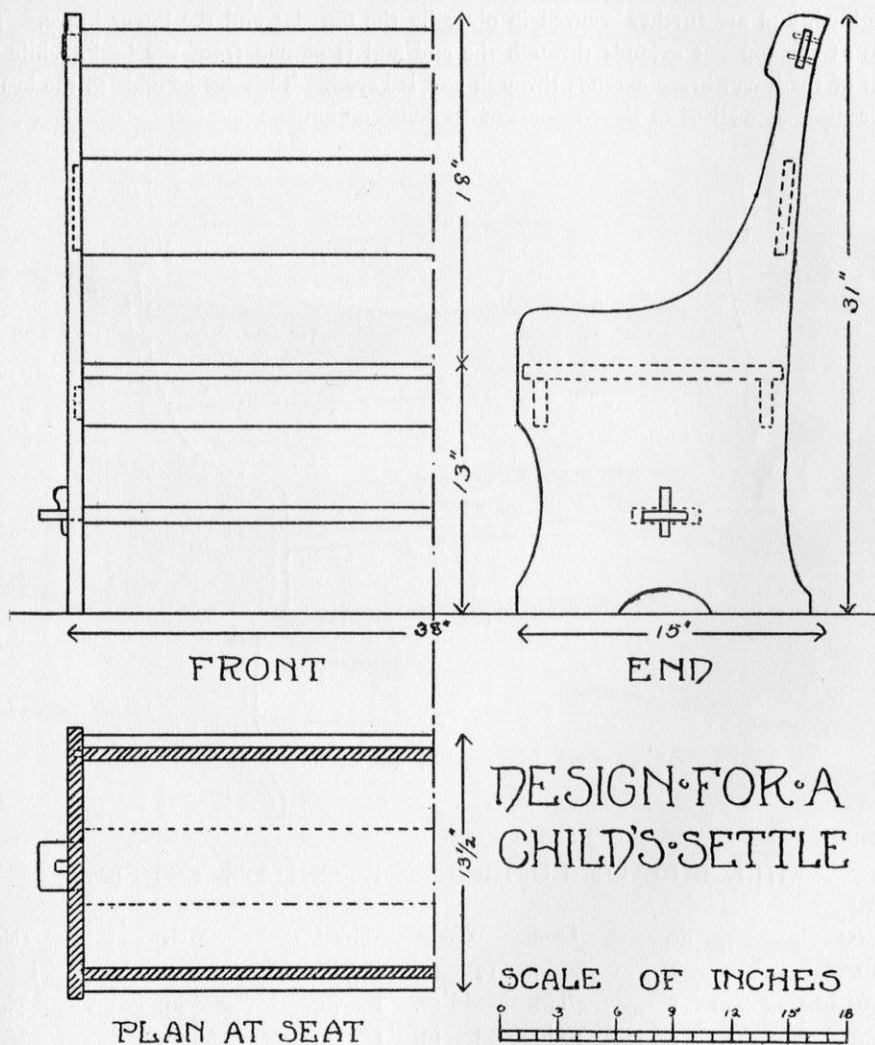
THE construction of the child's table shown here is so simple as to be elementary. The top is fastened with the regular table irons, which give opportunity for any slight swell or shrinkage of the wood without checking the top. The stretcher is tenoned through the ends and is securely fastened by pegs. This little table is designed to be used with the small settle illustrated on another page of this number.



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR CHILD'S TABLE

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Thick	Wide	FINISH Thick
Top	1	37 in.	24½ in.	1 in.	24 in.	¾ in.
Ends	2	22 in.	20 in.	1⅛ in.	pattern	1 in.
Braces	2	27 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Stretcher	1	32 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	⅞ in.
Pegs	2	4 in.	2 in.	1 in.	pattern	¾ in.

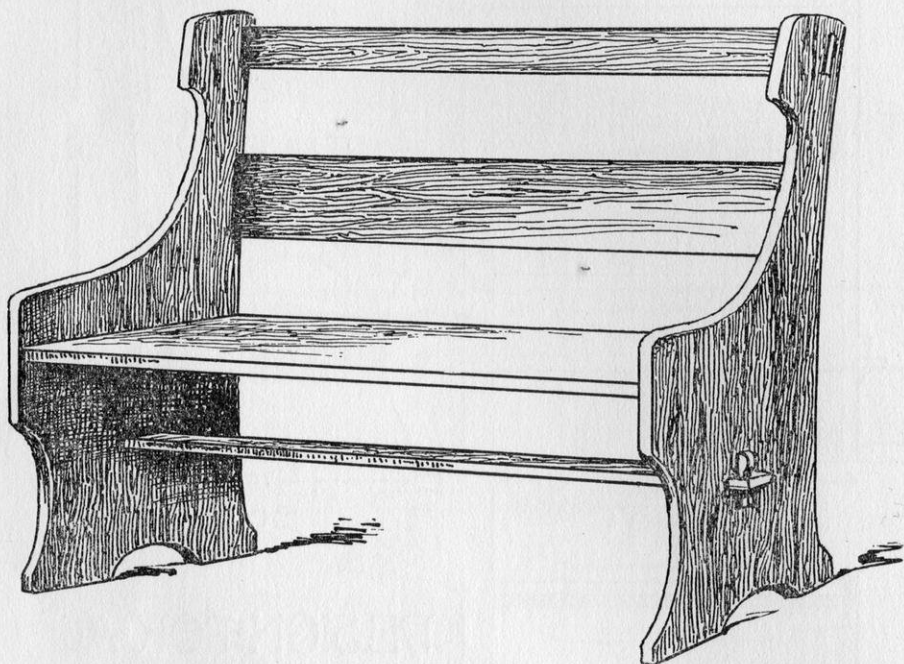
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

CHILD'S SETTLE

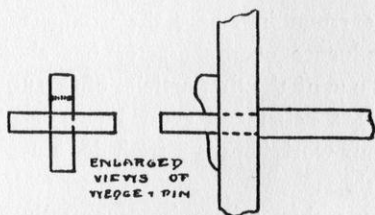
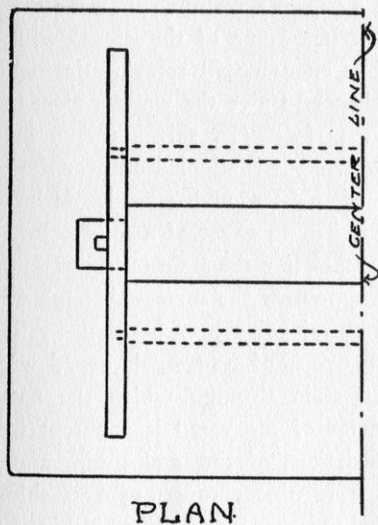
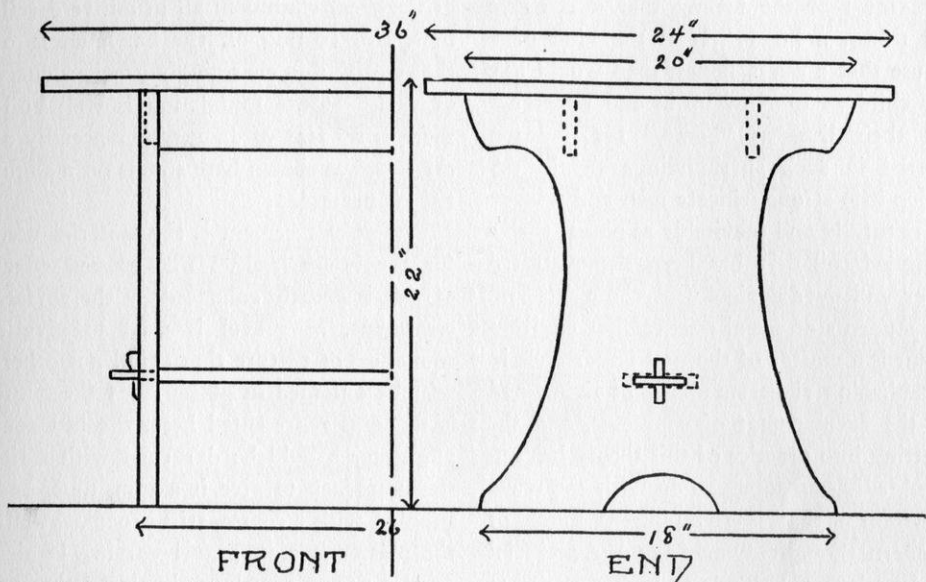
THIS little piece is both attractive and easily made. It is designed to be used with the child's table given in this number, and it is well to make two settles as companion pieces to one table. The seat, braces and center back slat are tenoned and glued, and are further secured in place by the top slat and the lower brace. The tenon of the top slat extends through the end and is pinned from the back, while the tenon of the lower brace extends through and is keyed. This device adds to the beauty of the piece as well as to the firmness of its construction.



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR CHILD'S SETTLE

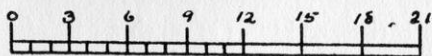
Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Thick	Wide	FINISH	Thick
Two ends.....	1	50 in.	17 in.	1 1/8 in.	pattern		1 in.
Top of back.....	1	40 in.	2 1/4 in.	1 in.	2 in.		7/8 in.
Seat	1	40 in.	13 in.	1 in.	12 1/2 in.		7/8 in.
Seat braces	2	40 in.	2 3/4 in.	1 in.	2 1/2 in.		7/8 in.
Lower brace	1	44 in.	3 3/4 in.	1 1/8 in.	3 1/2 in.		1 in.
Pegs	2	4 in.	2 in.	1 in.	pattern		3/4 in.
Center back slat..	1	40 in.	6 1/4 in.	1 in.	6 in.		7/8 in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR A CHILD'S TABLE

SCALE OF INCHES



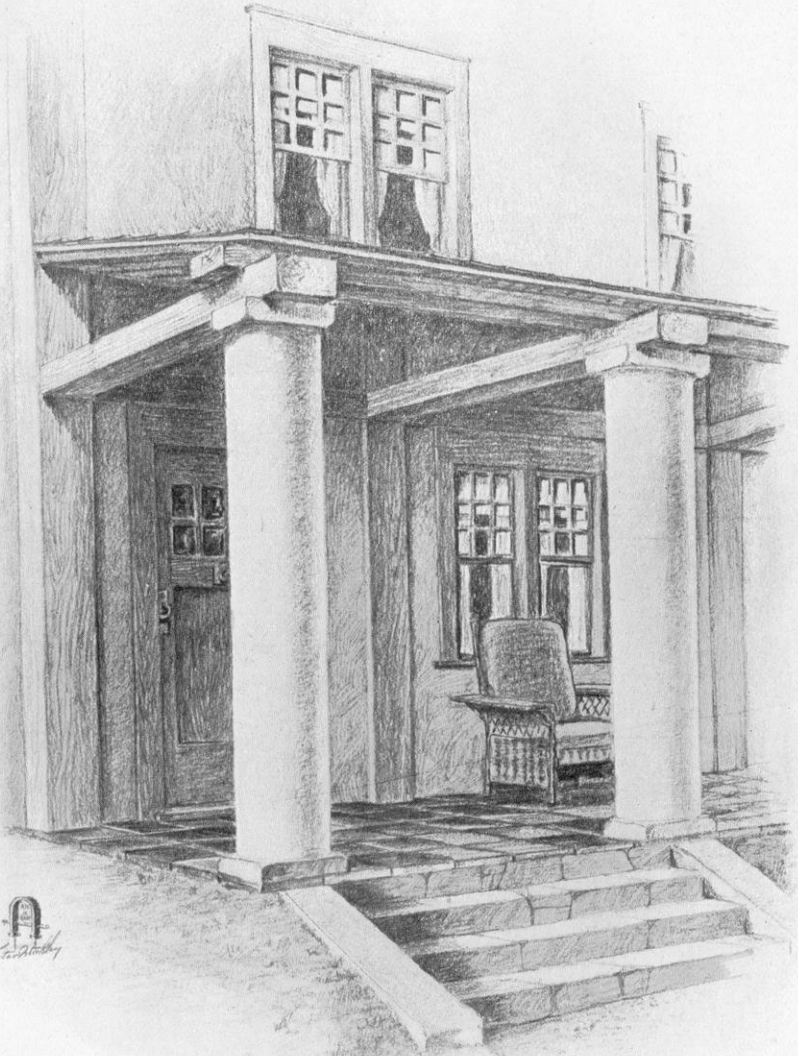
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906: NUMBER IV.

IF any one quality is predominant in the Craftsman House for May, it must be the feeling that it is above all things a home. It is the kind of a house that a plain, honest man would like his children to grow up in and remember all their lives as "home," for children reared in such surroundings should develop into strong, sincere men and women as naturally and inevitably as plants thrive in good soil. It has been demonstrated over and over again by psychologists and by students of social science that environment is a matter of the first importance in establishing right standards of living and in the development of character, and the putting into practice of this theory has undoubtedly had much to do with the wave of reform that is sweeping so much of modern thought away from the artificial and back to the simple and strong. That the home surroundings have the strongest possible influence over character has always been one of the first articles of THE CRAFTSMAN'S belief and every house designed in our workshops is a fresh declaration of faith.

The house shown here is structurally almost a return to first principles. Instead of being concealed, the construction is frankly revealed in all its salient features, and its character is primitive to crudeness. With its sturdy proportions and its few and simple lines, the whole building seems to belong to the soil from which it rises, and to be as much a part of the landscape as the trees that shelter it. The foundation of split field rubble is sunk so low in the ground that the floor of the porch is but a few inches above the

grassy slope of the terrace, giving that sense of closeness to the earth that is one of the great charms in all primitive dwellings, and cutting off the harsh angle of the steps with a charmingly gracious curve of turf. If the foundation is well built there is no fear of dampness, especially as the house as shown here stands on a slight rise of ground.

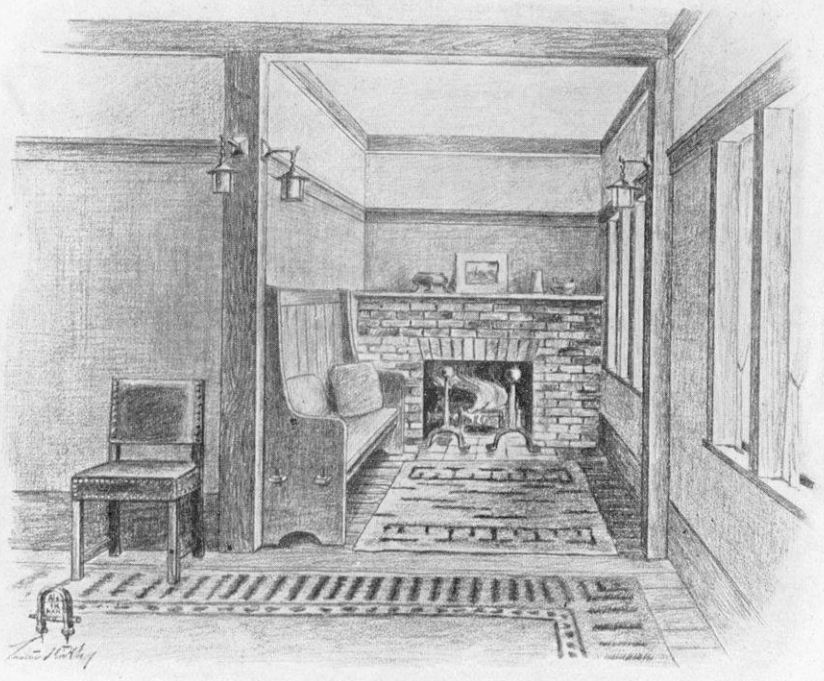
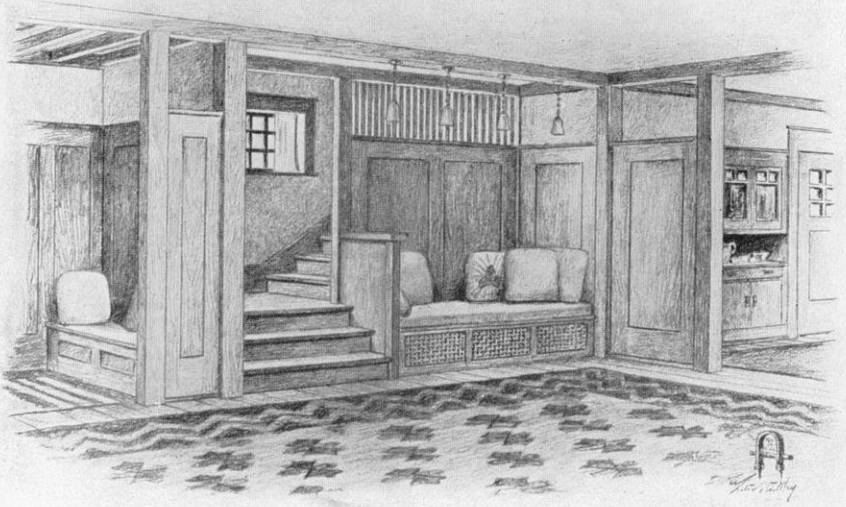
Rough cast cement is the material used for the house itself. The rugged effect of this is greatly enhanced by the surface treatment, as gravel is used to give a roughness of texture that could not otherwise be obtained in plaster. If the house is to be as represented here, the last coat of plaster should be darkened with a little lampblack to give it a gray tone, and stippled with a coarse, stiff broom. While the plaster is wet, gravel varying in size from a pea to a walnut should be thrown against it. Some of the gravel will fall off, but enough will remain sticking into the plaster to give the walls a most interesting surface. In this house, a mossy-green pigment is stippled on over the final coat of plaster and gravel. When so used it has no effect of a solid color, but acts rather like the stain on wood in casting a tone over the surface through which the natural color may be seen. All the woodwork is of cypress, darkened with a brown stain through which the natural character of the wood is apparent in all its variations of tint and grain, and the roof is of thick, rough cypress shingles treated the same way. The kinship of this house to turf and trees is as close as that of an Indian teepee or a Mexican adobe hut, and yet it satisfies all the require-



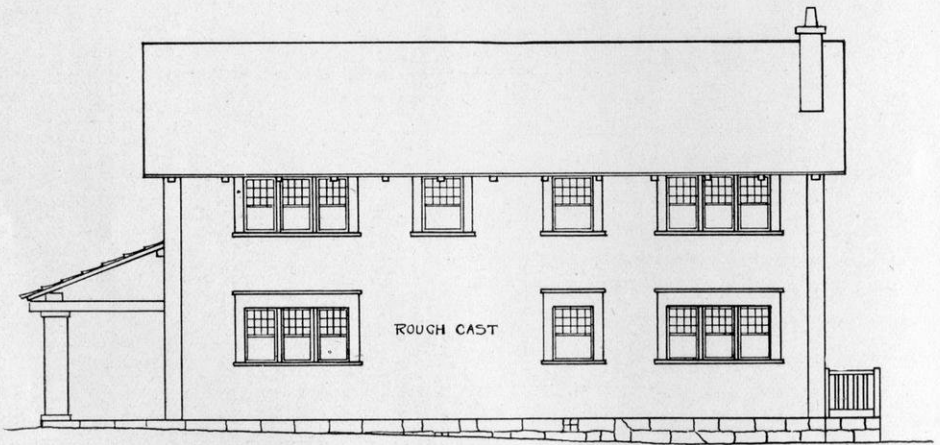
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906, NUMBER IV.
PORCH ENTRANCE



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906, NUMBER IV.
EXTERIOR VIEW



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906, NUMBER IV.
STAIRCASE AND COZY NOOKS
RECESSED FIREPLACE



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906, NUMBER IV.
FRONT AND SIDE ELEVATIONS

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER FOUR

ments of modern life for comfort and beauty. The charm of the primitive is everywhere apparent, but it is the primitive used understandingly and with a cultivated judgment fully conscious of its value and its honest, simple comeliness.

Plain to severity, this house owes all the beauty it possesses to the materials of which it is built, to the massive simplicity of its construction and to its proportions. And of these the last is the greatest, for one error in the harmony of these severely straight lines would alter the character of the whole building. All its friendliness comes from the low, broad effect of the walls,—a feeling enhanced by the low pitch of the wide-eaved roof, from the suggestion of shelter and welcome in the porch that seems a link between house and terrace, and in the proportion and grouping of the windows. With the exception of one casement these are double-hung with small, square panes in the top sash, and they are proportioned in exact harmony with the lines of the house,—low and wide, and with heavy, sturdy frames.

The porch is structurally the most attractive feature to be seen in an exterior view of the house. The wooden pillars are painted pure white, and are very thick and massive in proportion to their height. The rafters are left in view where they support the roof, and a heavy beam running the length of the porch serves to uphold the rafters. Square, massive cross beams extend from the pillars to the wall, where the ends are sunk in the framing of the house. The large, solid wooden posts at the corners of the building are repeated across the front to correspond with each pillar, and the lengthwise beam sunk in

the wall at the top of window and door casings ties the whole structure together. The floor and steps are of cement colored a dark brick-red and marked off in blocks like tiles, and the copings that appear at the sides of the steps are of the same material. Blocks of stone, smoothed off, may be used for both floor and steps, but the effect is rather cold and colorless compared with the welcoming warmth of the red tiles in contrast with the green-gray walls. This note of color is repeated in the red brick chimney.

Freedom, convenience and economy of space are the leading ideas worked out in the floor plans of the interior of this house. This is true of all the Craftsman houses, but the present plan is unusually successful in the matter of utilizing every inch of space to the best advantage. The house is only twenty-four feet wide, with a depth of forty-two feet exclusive of the eight-foot porch, yet the arrangement of rooms, the absence of unnecessary partitions and the directness of communication between all parts of either floor, make the interior seem that of a much larger house.

The front door opens into a small entry that is really but a recess in the living room. It is just the width of the staircase landing and three lower steps, as shown by the glimpse of it given in the illustration, and the wall space is filled by a built-in seat that comes just opposite the entrance door.

This arrangement throws a little partition between the entry and the staircase, allowing the latter to open directly from the living room instead of being separated from it by the usual hallway. Not only is there economy in space in this plan, but

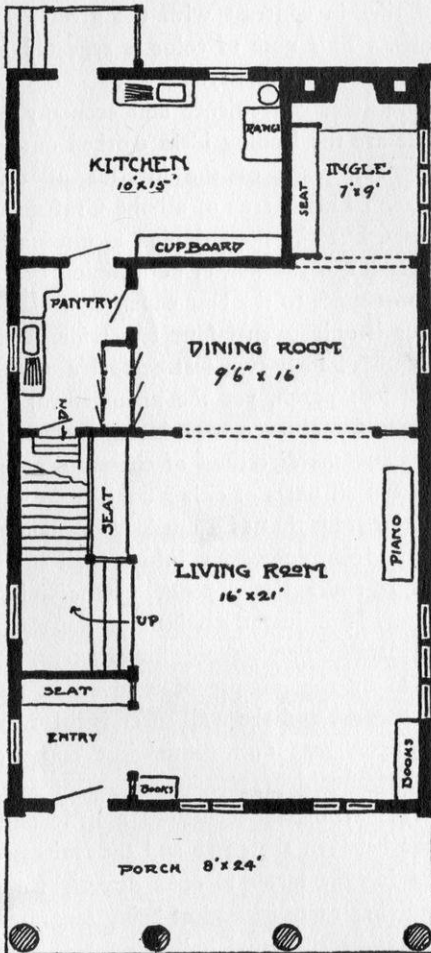
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER FOUR

the living room gains greatly in structural beauty and interest. As this room is designed, the staircase is the principal feature in the construction, and is very decorative as well as an addition to the apparent size of the room. The small casement window in the wall above the landing is an attractive feature, and the matter of regulating the light on the stairway and on that side of the room is pro-

vided for both day and night by the arrangement of the *grille* of spindles between the high wainscot and the ceiling beam in the partition that partly conceals the stair. In the daytime, the light from the casement streams through this *grille* into the room, and at night the stairway is lighted by the row of lanterns hung from the beam just over the recessed seat below. The hot air registers which heat the living room are placed under this seat and are masked by the dull copper grating that forms the three panels in front. Space for a small bookcase is left in the front corner of the room between the entry and one of the double front windows, and a larger one is provided for in the opposite corner. The wall space just opposite the stair seat is large enough for a piano.

In the dining-room, which is merely a continuation of the living room with only a suggested division marked by the posts and panels where the partition would be ordinarily, the main point of structural interest is the double cupboard that serves for both sideboard and china closet. This opens from both dining-room and pantry, and is a contrivance that saves much time and many steps as well as being an addition to the beauty and interest of the room. The fireplace is in a deeply recessed angle nook that is like a small room in itself, especially when closed in by a screen. This nook is lighted by triple windows, opposite to which a high-backed oaken settle is placed at right angles to the fireplace. The mantel is of hard-burned red brick with a heavy plank shelf and a tiled hearth.

The woodwork throughout the lower

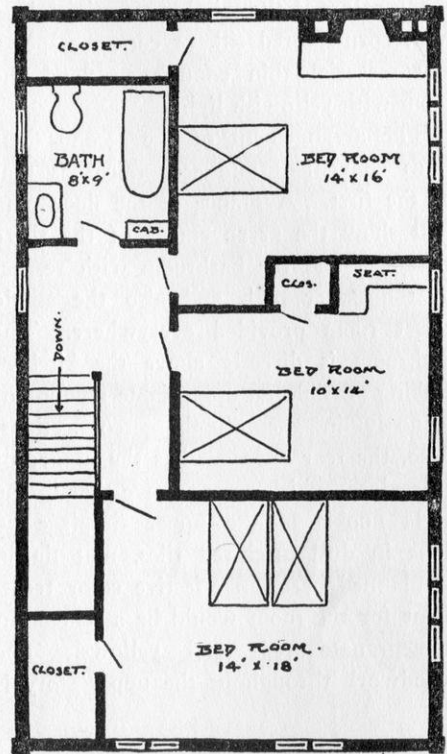


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER FOUR

story is of chestnut stained a rich dark brown, and the floors are of quartered oak in a rather darker shade, laid with wide boards. The lavish use of woodwork in the living room makes the chief beauty of the room. The broad, plain panels show to full advantage the charm of chestnut, which, when properly sandpapered, lacquered and waxed, takes on a surface like satin. The play of changing tones of brown and green gives a never-ending fascination to the wood when thus treated, so that in itself it becomes the most beautiful decoration in the room. The walls, aside from the woodwork, are finished in a neutral tint, not too light and tending toward a green tone. The frieze and ceilings throughout the lower story are left in the natural gray sand-finished plaster, giving a very cool and restful color scheme to the rooms.

The idea of showing the real structure of the building is carried out in the interior as well as outside. The posts and beams in the large irregular room which takes up almost the whole of the lower story are of course there for decorative effect, but the effect is decorative because it is the real structure. Although the exquisite finish of the woodwork takes from it any suggestion of crudeness, it is absolutely primitive in the simplicity of its frank appearance of usefulness. The furniture of such a room should show the same characteristics of strength, sturdiness and straightforward usefulness. The room is complete in itself before a single article of furniture is put into it, and any superfluous furnishing or ornamentation seems like an intrusion upon a well-ordered whole. Only such articles as are



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

absolutely necessary for daily use should have place in the living or dining-room, and these should be in harmony with the room itself if they are to become a part of it instead of mere accessories. In the room just described the natural furniture would be plain and solid, preferably of fumed oak with pillows and cushions of either leather or canvas in rather light green; the rugs mainly green in tone with some touches of tan and pomegranate red. The electric fixtures as shown are of hammered copper with globes of straw-colored opalescent glass, hung with wrought-iron chains. Warmth and atmosphere will be given to a room in these cool,

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER FOUR

shady colors if the windows are curtained with corn-colored silk or cotton crèpe,—any material thin enough to flood the room with yellowish light.

The arrangement of the second floor is as convenient and economical as that of the first. A glance at the floor plan will show the arrangement of the three chambers and the bathroom with respect to the upper hall, and also the ample closet room provided everywhere. The bathroom is directly above the kitchen, making possible an appreciable amount of economy in the plumbing connections. Also, the rear bedroom has the luxury of a fireplace, which comes above that in the ingle nook. If the upper fireplace be done in dull brick-red tiles, mat finish, as planned here, an effective color treatment for the room would be a scheme in pomegranate reds and yellows. The woodwork throughout the upper story is

of poplar, stained to a dull green, and the floors are of hard comb-grained pine, done in brown.

The center bedroom would be attractive with corn yellow walls and cream ceiling, with crisp white muslin curtains at the windows. The seat which is built in the corner by the window is an attractive feature in a bedroom which may sometimes be used for a sitting-room. With the color scheme as suggested, this seat could be cushioned in dull gold, with pillows of the same color and of rich gray blue. Mahogany furniture would look very well in a room so fitted.

The front bedroom, which is very large, is designed to be furnished in dull blues and soft yellows, with furniture of fumed oak.

The cost of the whole building is estimated as approximating \$4,200.



ALS IK KAN

NOT long ago, one of the leading commercial houses in this country published in a daily paper a full-page advertisement of its spring fashions in gowns. It is a house noted for its advertisements, which are considered so attractive to customers that their style serves as a model for many enterprising managers anxious to make a good record for selling goods, so it is fair to suppose that this particular account of the spring supply of gowns was written with a full knowledge of what would prove most interesting to the average American woman. In part, following is the inducement held out to prospective purchasers of clothing to wear in the spring and summer of the present year of grace and of supposedly sensible and practical living:

"When, in 1865, the Empress Eugenie took the artist dressmakers of Paris under her patronage, establishing the Renaissance of Fashion which had been banished with the great Napoleon, France had her second birth as the originator of Style for the world.

"All the glory of her splendid history gave inspiration to those who strove to make the Second Empire as magnificent as the First. Genius was still alive, even after all the years of suppression, and dormant art burst forth to adorn the court of the new Empress in a splendor worthy of the nation's fashion history.

"These brilliant pages have been scanned for the *motif* of the dresses of the present year. True, Paquin is still dreaming of the First Empire and has produced some most exquisite costumes after

this period. Others, including Baer, have caught their inspiration from the Directoire, and the gowns are marvels of beauty. But the fluffy skirt, the exquisite flounces, the short jackets and short sleeves of the days of 'Sixty-five are the dominant features of the styles of Nineteen Hundred and Six.

"This diversity of conception has brought forth a vastly varied style array. In order to give the women of America a comprehensive exhibition of all that Paris had brought forth, it was necessary to assemble the greatest collection of gowns ever brought together."

As a key to American taste in dress this advertisement is most interesting. It is the boast of the nation that the American woman is individual and independent, and also that she has a natural instinct for dress. And this is true, when she uses her brain and has the courage of her convictions, regardless of the dictation of milliners and manufacturers, whose interest is purely commercial. Because she does not think the matter out for herself, the average woman who loves pretty things,—and what woman does not?—meekly accepts at its face value the assertion that France is the originator of style for the world, and never stops to inquire of herself whether or not she thinks that styles originated in France under the conditions that prevailed in the days of the Empress Eugenie, and designed to suit the very crude tastes of a showy and extravagant court of parvenus playing at royalty, are really suited to the needs of the twentieth century American woman. She knows, if she happens to be one of the thousands of business women who earn

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

their daily bread as honestly and capably as the men with whom they work, that frills and flounces and long, dragging skirts are as out of place in an office as would be a cocked hat, sword and lace ruffles in place of the man's plain sack suit, and yet, if the silly, inconvenient styles of 1865 are announced as the choice of Paris, it is ten to one that her clothing will show an attempt at imitating them, even while her soul longs for the comfort of the plain, trim, immaculately-laundered shirtwaist and short skirt that are suited to her work and her surroundings.

With the so-called "fashionable" woman it is even worse, because she has money and leisure to indulge in any extravagance of fancy, and her life is passed in the search for some new thing. She might be an obedient automaton for all the individuality she shows in anything she does or says or wears. In fact it is "very bad form" not to be and to look exactly like everybody else in her class, and her showy imported gowns might be a uniform for all that they express of the real woman. When sensible or beautiful fashions happen to rule, as they do occasionally, she is in great luck, but when the commercial interests that see the probability of a slight lessening of expenditure decree that they shall pass, she makes no effort to hold what belongs to her and what she really likes, for she "must look like other people."

Two or three years ago, the craze for athletics brought with it garments in which a woman could really move about freely and enjoy life. Her waist grew to normal size, her lungs expanded and

her feet had a chance. Women said joyously: "No more tight lacing or high-heeled shoes or skirts that sweep the streets. We will never go back to them after this." Such sentiments were dangerous. Women were really beginning to develop a will of their own, and it might even be possible for them to wear a gown or a hat for more than one season without being conspicuously out of style. Something had to be done. There were whispers of crinoline,—dear to manufacturers and shop-keepers because of the forty yards or so required to make the kind of dress that goes with it, but that was a step too far and taken a little too soon. It was beyond even the fashionable woman, so the styles of 1830,—hideous and uncomfortable beyond measure—came in. Skirts were once more held up with both hands, waists were squeezed into the old dimensions, and heels three inches high were the only proper thing in footwear.

And women accepted the change. True, they murmured and rebelled and the great army of business women succeeded in forcing some modifications, but in the main the new vogue prevailed and changes have been rung on it ever since.

It is simply another phase of the same old question. Mr. Louis Sullivan deals with it on the architectural side in unmeasured terms in the leading article of the current issue; *THE CRAFTSMAN* has preached and argued for months and years until the argument is a thrice-told tale, and the trend of all that is worth while in modern thought is setting strongly and unmistakably in the direction of a return to fundamental honesty and the straight-

forward expression of individuality in all things. Yet the majority of men and women flock like sheep after the artificial standards in dress, in building, in furnishing, in all that makes for the surroundings of everyday life, derived from the imitation of foreign styles and alien periods. In any house furnished by a fashionable decorator, in any building designed by a fashionable architect, may be seen only another reflection of the same spirit to which this quoted advertisement appeals. It is the slavish imitation that arises from utter lack of thought. In truth, and when he takes time to think at all honestly or deeply of what concerns him, the constructive mind of the American speedily grows restless under the tyranny of tradition, and he is apt to set about making the thing he wants in the most direct and practical way. When he is too busy with other affairs to pay attention to merely personal matters, he turns the whole thing over to some one who presumably understands how to do it, and accepts the result. A man submits to the dictum of his architect as the woman submits to the rule of her dress-maker, and so it goes through all the affairs of life,—a queer jumble of imitation and adaptation instead of the thing that is needed under just the present circumstances and in the present surroundings.

After all, though, there is the little leaven that by and by leaveneth the whole lump, and this leaven is the quiet and steady growth of the belief that true beauty, in anything that is made for the use of man, lies in simplicity and purity of construction, and in direct suitability to the purpose for which it is to be used.

NOTES

THE reunion of the Society of American Artists with the National Academy from which it seceded a number of years ago has been an interested subject of discussion since the announcement has been made public. Mr. John La Farge in a recent newspaper interview indulged in some reminiscences of the days preceding the break, when Chase and St. Gaudens were rejected and Whistler was skied. In those days a prejudice existed amongst the older Academicians against the younger artists who had studied in Europe and the inevitable split ensued. Mr. La Farge recalls that in that first exhibition of the new Society of American Artists, Whistler, Chase, Inness, La Farge and Homer Martin were represented.

The name of Whistler has been definitely associated with the spirit of revolt in "the Society"—as it is commonly abbreviated. Only a few years ago a number of Whistlers loaned by Mr. Freer, not meeting with adequate appreciation from some member of the hanging committee, were withdrawn before the exhibition by their owner.

In time the Society also laid itself open to the charge of conservatism and deterioration, so that eventually a little group of men seceded from the Society and formed themselves into a new organization known as the Ten American Painters. This association still exists but the proposition for a reunion between the two larger societies, which has been under discussion for some time, has been finally accepted and consummated.

One of the amendments of the new

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

constitution is a rule by which every member serves his time upon the jury. On the whole a wise reform. The new organization may be expected to have some such place in the mind of the public as the Salon in Paris and the Royal Academy in London—although our painters would reject with scorn comparison with the last named exhibition.

Mr. Charles de Kay, in the *New York Times* has commented on this fusion of the two exhibitions into one as significant of the changing conditions in the city. It is undoubtedly true as Mr. de Kay remarks, that a greater number of people will be likely to attend the one large exhibition. And also this would be most likely to be true of the picture-buying class. Mr. de Kay's comment on the painter's illogical attitude toward the commercial side of his work, however, does not seem entirely just. Of course the artist, if not independent, needs to sell his work; but there is no essential inconsistency between his scorn for the commercial in art and this necessity to sell his wares. The commercial in art is a catch phrase of some vagueness. The commercial element in the artist's philosophy of life that really deserves contempt lies in the case of the painter who knows better and paints what the Philistine public wants *in order to sell*.

What is really, perhaps, the most important consideration involved is the question of providing a permanent and larger gallery in which to hold the exhibitions. This financial consideration will be materially assisted, although not entirely met, by the consolidation of funds.

The causes which led the Society to

secede have been somewhat equalized with the years, as considerable dead wood has been removed from the Academy exhibitions, and a great deal of inferior work has been permitted to be hung upon the Society's walls. What we will hope for as the result of the fusion is a survival of the fittest from both associations.

THE Ten American Painters seem associated in one's mind with the painting of light, whether light in the open, or light in the interior sifting through green blinds or striking through the half open door. Recalling one of their exhibitions we would remember a group of Benson's children in the wind and sunshine by blue water, a snow-swept landscape of Japanese delicacy or white houses among green trees, as Twachtman and no one else saw those things, perhaps a cool decorative dream lady by Robert Reid and a girl by Edmund Tarbell in a room full of space and shaded summer light.

The exhibition this year is very much worth visiting. Benson has again his outdoor children—in the shadow of the pine woods, this time—a crisp, cool, charming bit of painting. The "Portrait of a Man" is convincing but the "Coasters in Harbor" less successful, being rather more suggestive of paint than of the elements. Edmund Tarbell's contributions, although pleasing, do not strike any new note and are rather less important than other work he has exhibited along the same line. "The Girl Mending" is, however, an agreeable canvas. Joseph de Camp shows two interesting studies, of a girl in the

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

lamplight and a good portrait of himself. William M. Chase, the new member, elected after the death of J. H. Twachtman, shows two portraits and an interior. The "Portrait of a Young Musician," a red-haired subject, is rendered with that absolute truthfulness as to the idiosyncrasies of the type characteristic of the old masters. It is also the kind of painting that is of the greatest interest technically to the student. The interior, showing the light through a green curtain, is a cool, restful rendering of indoor atmosphere.

Childe Hassam has sent four outdoor pictures,—a study of Central Park from above, overlooking the tree tops, and three studies of nude figures in the landscape. Of the three, the small sketch, "The Bather," an exquisite bit of color and movement, is by far the most successful.

Robert Reid has contributed a landscape, a head, a study of flowers and a large decorative picture, which while less interesting than many of the canvases of this artist, is yet broadly treated and pleasing. The little head is charming. T. W. Dewing has sent one portrait in his familiar manner. Alden Weir exhibits six canvases, of which the night scene, "Hunting the Raccoon," an attractive effect of figures about a camp-fire, is the freshest and most interesting. Willard Metcalf's work in this year's showing is a surprise, being something of a departure from his usually smooth and rather uninteresting brush work. "November Sunshine," a study of autumn leaves against a rocky hill, has both animation and pleasing color.

THE last exhibition which will be held under the name of the Society of American Artists, is as uneven as the Society's showings are apt to be, containing a few important canvases, many that do not rise above the level of the average, and some that cause the visitor to wonder how it happened.

Among the portraits, the Chase portrait of Whistler, the Irving Wiles portrait of Dr. John Burgess, the three by Robert Henri, the Smedley portrait of Irving Wiles, Ellen Emmet's portrait of Mrs. G. and Adelaide Chase's figure of the little boy in white are conspicuous by their excellence. Ellen Emmet's portrait of Mrs. Mark Hanna is also a remarkable bit of portraiture although as a picture it lacks tone and tends to be a little cheap and Chartran-like in color. Wilhelm Funk's head of Mrs. Herford, although less important than some work he has exhibited recently, has delightfully recorded a gaiety of passing expression. The Chase head of Whistler is one of that painter's most successful achievements. While satisfying from all standpoints, the quality it possesses most conspicuously is style,—an indefinable quality which is best explained by illustration. To say that among moderns it is noticeable in the work of Whistler, Manet and the painter in question is perhaps the nearest approach to a definition that should be attempted on paper. The Smedley portrait of Irving Wiles has the same interest for the observer of an artist's growth that Wiles' own work has had,—the evolution of the painter from the illustrator. This is not to say that the painter was an illustrator by choice, but merely that the fact is

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

worth noting that a man's art can emerge intact from the least artistic form of illustrating, for the illustrations of both of these men were of the photographic variety conspicuously lacking in the art quality that such illustrations as, for instance, those of Maxfield Parish, possess; therefore the butterfly transformation is all the more interesting. Irving Wiles' vigorous brush work and gift of characterization have won him, in a few years, a recognized and enviable position as a portrait painter.

Robert Henri's work never fails to make one pause before it. The three canvases in the Vanderbilt gallery are all good. It is probable that in time this gifted young painter will use less similarity of manner in treating his different subjects.

Louis Mora has sent a number of Spanish pictures that while giving an impression of truth are lacking in imagination and distinction. The two men's heads and the full length man's figure,—*Don Diego El Gitano*, contain some of the vigorous handling of which his brush is capable. Mr. Mora is a young artist whose talent, while unmistakable, has somehow not yet found itself.

Everett Shinn's outdoor theatre pictures are cheap and disappointing results from a talented brush. Leslie Thompson's "Bright Morning at Boulogne" is a charming, light-hearted expression of French sunshine and gay-colored figures, accomplished with a most professional use of the brush.

Martha Walter's small canvas of "A

Dutch Family" is worthy of attention. Karl Anderson's study of an artist and model resting is a remarkably strong, capable bit of painting and a delightfully fresh seeing of a long popular subject. It is a canvas that attracts the eye at once in glancing about the walls.

There are a few worth-while landscapes and marines. Frederick Waugh shows some particularly true studies of water. "The Seventh Wave" and "Cloud-swept Moonlight" are especially good. Walter Clark's "Autumn," Allan Talcott's "Indian Summer," Gifford Beal's "The Valley" and Josephine Lewis's "The Cottage," all hold that suggestion of country sweetness which of all qualities is perhaps the one most likely to keep us before a landscape. In Chase's seashore subjects and Jules Guerin's "Pittsburgh" the element of style and individual interpretation is strongly felt. Guerin's treatment is usually semi-decorative. "On the Beach" is one of Chase's delightful expositions of the value of the figure in the landscape. The piquant, childish figures in the strong sea wind, the delicious note of the little overturned red pail—a bit of color so inevitably right in feeling—all have that touch and individuality that make the outdoor work of this artist so distinctive.

THE CRAFTSMAN would like to call attention to the fact that the George Washington University, photograph of which appeared in the April number, was designed by George B. Post & Sons.

REVIEWS

IN this issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* is printed an article containing extended excerpts from "Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts," by Ralph Adams Cram, and a number of illustrations from the book. The book itself, which has attracted much attention and favorable comment from such authorities as Ernest F. Fenellosa, Russell Sturges, Dr. William Elliott Griffis, Okakura Kakuzo and others, was so remarkable on account of the close resemblance of its subject-matter to the artistic and architectural ideals advocated by *THE CRAFTSMAN*, that it seemed worthy of more extended notice in this magazine than could be given in a book review. ("Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts," by Ralph Adams Cram. 227 pages. Illustrated. Price \$2.00. Published by The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.)

"THE New Art of An Ancient People: The Work of Ephraim Moses Lilien" by M. S. Levussove of the Art Department, College of the City of New York, is announced for publication this season by B. W. Huebsch, New York.

The book deals with the personality and accomplishments of one of the most brilliant and original artists of Europe whose drawings in black and white for *Jugend* and other periodicals, and illustrations to books dealing with Jewish subjects, have been the theme of laudatory monographs by foreign critics. In America, Lilien is unknown except to a

small circle and this appreciation, illustrated by characteristic examples of his work, will bring him before an interested public.

Mr. Levussove has viewed Lilien's art not only from the standpoint of the professional critic, but also as an expression of the new spirit developed in the Jewish people by the Zionist movement.

"Christian Origins" by Otto Pfeleiderer, D. D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin, translated into English by Daniel A. Huebsch, Ph. D., is also announced by the same publisher. The author enriches theological literature with a much-needed volume. The strands of thought which, through more than four centuries of curious interweaving, combine to make up the history of the teachings of Christianity, he has presented in a clear and succinct style.

A PAMPHLET valuable to those interested in the Arts and Crafts movement in America is about to be issued by the American Civic Association. The pamphlet is written by Mrs. M. F. Johnston, president of the Art Association of Richmond, Ind., and advocates the establishment of a department of Arts and Crafts to work in conjunction with, and as a part of, the American Civic Association. In addition to this, it gives certain hints to workers seeking instruction as to the best way of organizing handicraft societies, the best literature to read for information on the subject, the most practicable way of arranging for exhibitions, etc., that should prove very helpful. A list of books and magazines valuable to the worker is appended.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

"FANCY WORK" AS A PHASE OF INDUSTRIAL ART

IT has come about, during the development of American life toward greater beauty and greater simplicity, that various former methods of decorating houses and people have gone out of favor or changed so completely in character as to be in harmony with the new American standards of beautiful environment.

That old set purpose of every over-worked housewife to hide the light of her house and furniture under a bushel of artless (in the literal sense of the word) adornment and to exhaust life to add futile trimming to her own heavy, graceless clothes is happily becoming a more or less obsolete condition.

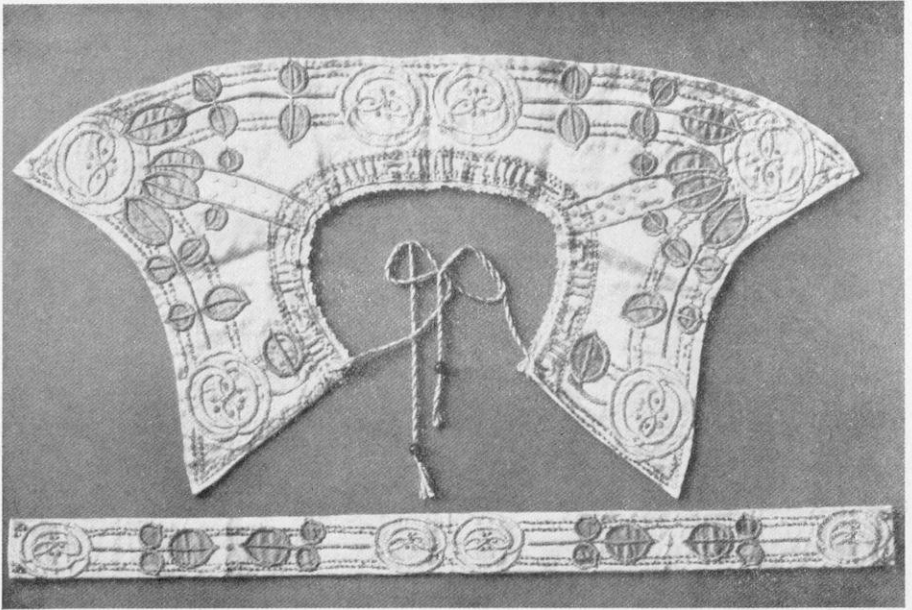
Many women, enough to group as a type, in this more enlightened century, furnish their houses for convenience and permanent comfort, to suit their own needs, not the whim of some one in a different country or circumstance. These same women also appear to consider that clothes should have some relation to individuals, some purpose besides enriching the merchant world.

They also take their "fancy work" seriously. Indeed so dignified is the attitude toward this final effect in home decoration that it is justly ranked as a legitimate and important expression of industrial art—that phase of art whose purpose is to make all the useful conditions of life beautiful, which would bring art close to everyday, common life—which is nearly all the life most of us have—and render all the surroundings of the most arduous toil comparatively restful and comforting because, in their way, beautiful.

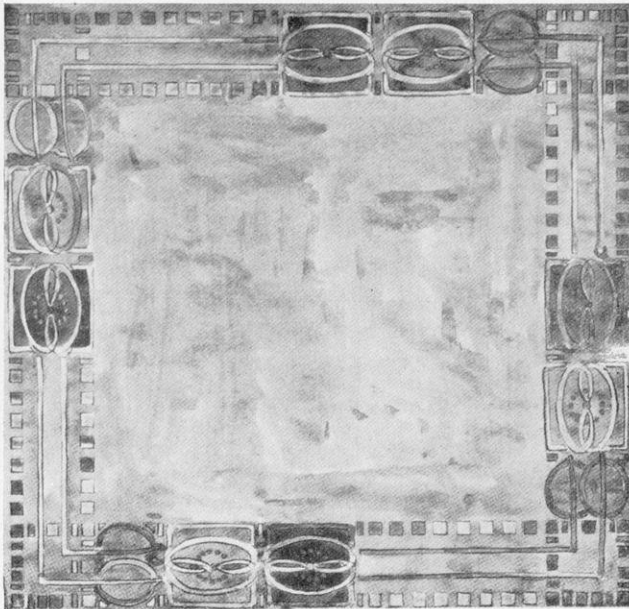
"Fancy work" was a cruelly right name for the old-time decoration so labeled. It was fancy, superfluous, and very hard work, and the burden fell alike upon those who made it and those who beheld it.

Fancy work to-day, in Germany, Austria, England, and happily at last here in America, is being made the subject of careful study. It is included in the color scheme of the home, it is expected to be useful and contribute to the family comfort and it must be beautiful in design and handiwork. Perishable, gossamer confectious in fadable tints that may not be cleansed by sun or water are wholly excluded from fancy work that ranks as industrial art. Sofa-pillows, buffet scarfs, table spreads, bed spreads, curtains, portieres, centerpieces, are all needed articles in every cozy home, and in the new art fancy work they are made durable, convenient and very beautifully permanent works of art. There is less work and better effects than formerly. Beauty is not gained by patience alone, or solely by much labor or expense; but, as the people who best understand real beauty, the Japanese, have taught us, by the right texture, the right tone and the few lines of ornament that are most pleasing in that one place.

Our American Indians, whose beautiful primitive industrial work we are destroying along with themselves, knew somewhat of this great art of reserve in decoration, and to-day their simple, symbolic designs are being copied among our



NEW ART IN GERMAN NEEDLEWORK FOR COLLAR AND SLEEVE-BANDS



AN EFFECTIVE USE OF APPLIQUE ON A TABLE SPREAD

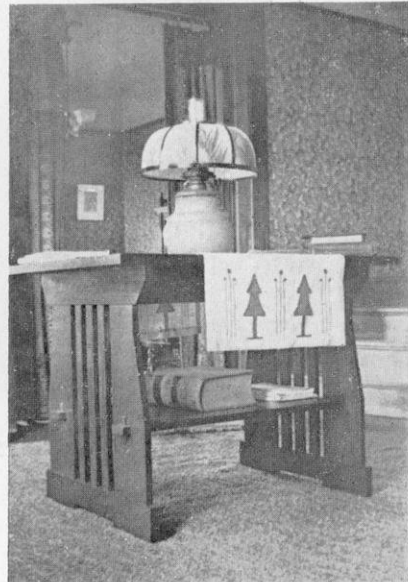
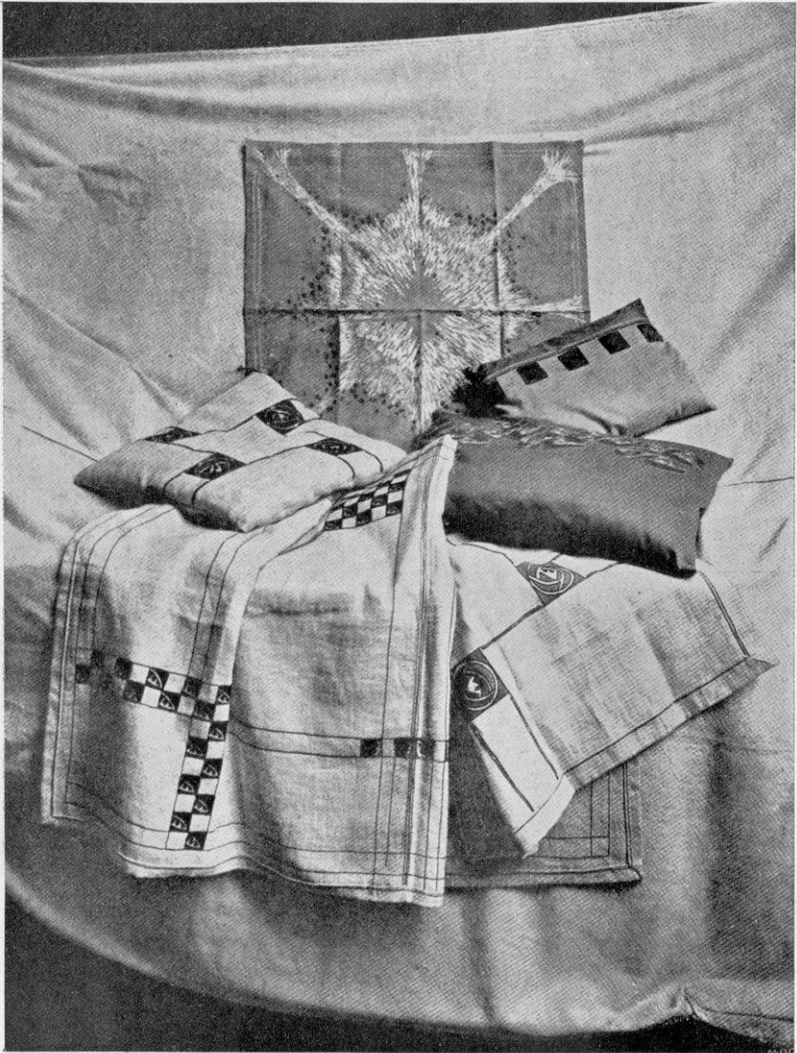
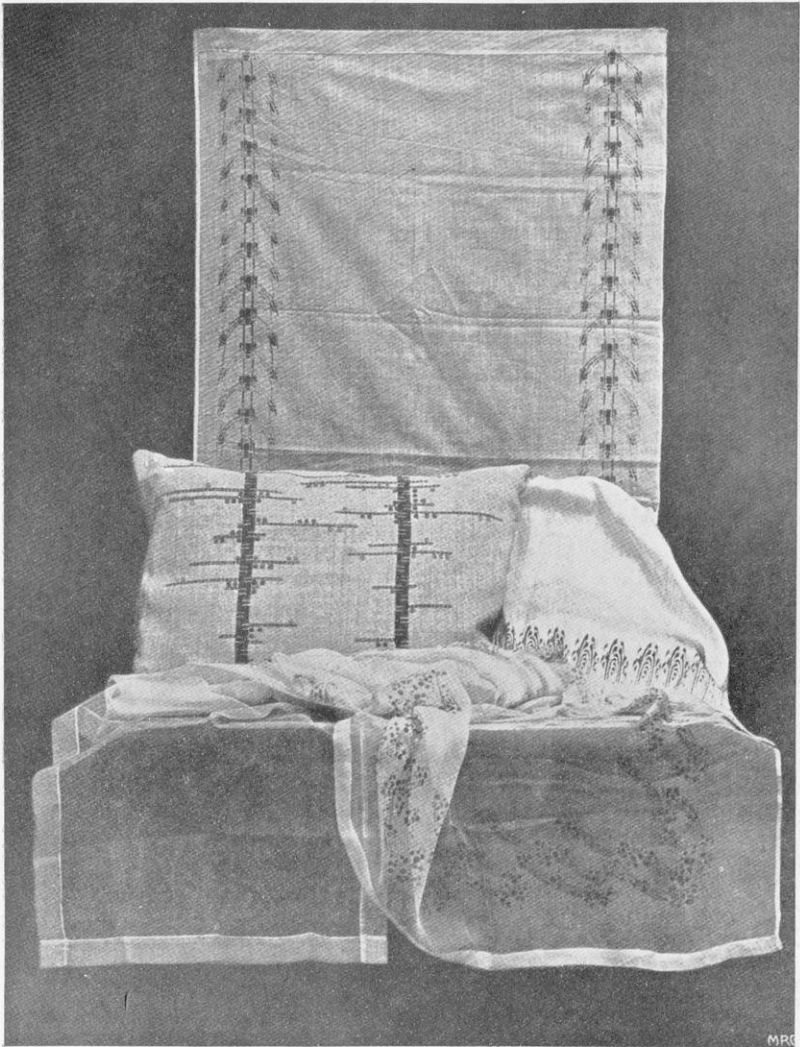


TABLE MADE FROM CRAFTSMAN MODEL



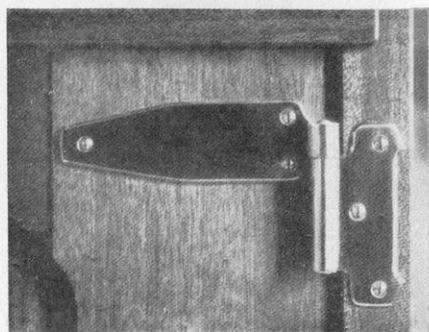
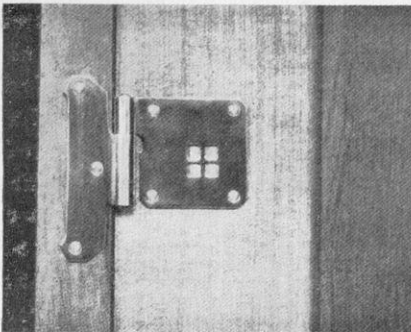
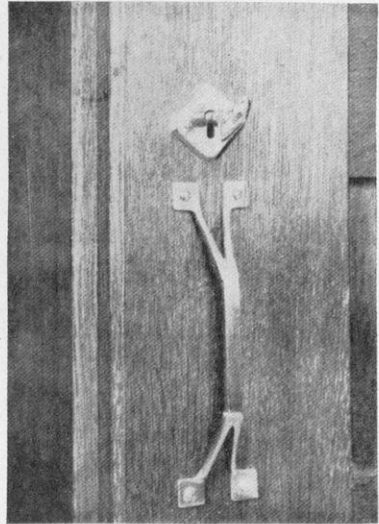
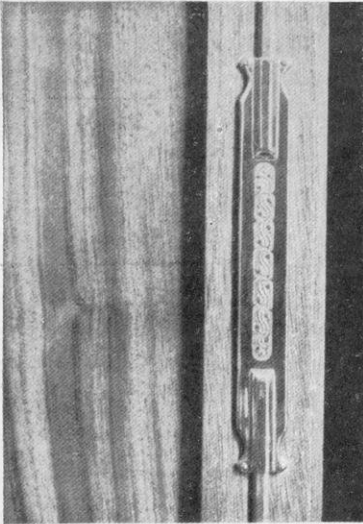
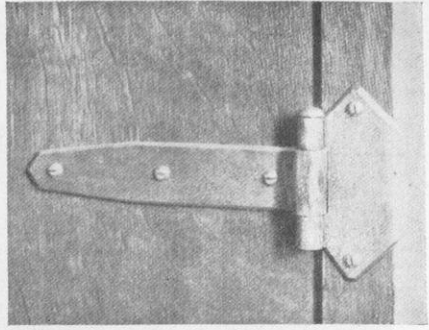
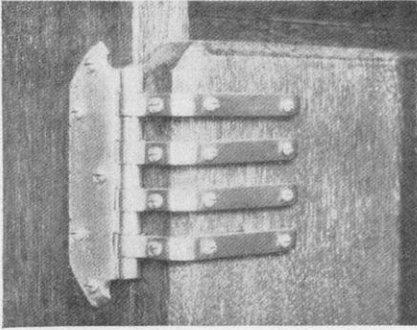
From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

INDUSTRIAL ART NEEDLEWORK. DESIGNED AND
EXECUTED IN MUNICH



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

INDUSTRIAL ART NEEDLEWORK SHOWING INFLUENCE
OF INDIAN DESIGNS



(Reproduced from Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration)

DESIGNS FOR HAND-WROUGHT METAL BY
RICH. RIEMERSCHMID, MUNCHEN

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

own best industrial artists; and in both modern German and British fancy work there are traces of the inspiration of the Swastika and the rain-cloud designs.

No sooner was there a need felt for materials which in texture and tone were exactly suited to the new impulse in decoration, than all over the country, especially in England and America, new looms were heard murmuring melodious advertisements of new weaves in variety beyond belief. In New England, in the southern mountains and out on the plains are an ever increasing number of hand looms with artists for weavers, and with real beauty the standard of achievement.

THE CRAFTSMAN has for years been instrumental in developing an appreciation of beautiful weaves and simple, artistic ornamentation, and in the Craftsman Workshops, "fancy work" has progressed to "needlework," which is never fancy, and always simple, as one uses this word nowadays to mean *sufficient*.

The needlework in these shops is all done on the new textures, which are woven in England, Scotland and Ireland for Craftsman use. Two of these most usable and beautiful fabrics are now widely known as Craftsman canvas and Craftsman linen. The canvas has a curious and interesting variation in color secured by a combination in the weaving of linen and jute which is dyed in the piece, each raw material absorbing the color according to its own individual character. This variation of color affords the same joy to the thinking beholder that the uneven weave from a hand loom does, or the uncertain texture of a hand-made paper. It suggests personality instead of a machine.

It is companionable as never a bleak, even surface can be.

Having found that there are many reasonable materials at hand for the new needlework, the next step is to study carefully the color relation of decoration to room. The soft, kind tones dyed to closely suggest vegetable tones are best, then a simple *motif*, a pine cone, or Indian design, a Japanese branch or a conventionalized flower, these in a second tone or in several shades that are suggested by the design, and suit the room.

On the right fabric a very little needlework done boldly, even dramatically, and your fancy work is complete, and is durable, and beautiful as long as texture and tone survive.

There can be no fads in industrial art decoration. There is good or bad needlework, and many kinds of each; but the good can never honestly "go out of fashion," and the bad has no right with thinking people ever to "be in fashion." There are art standards in ornamentation as well as in structure, a truth too obvious to need stating, yet more often neglected than any other fundamental truth in the surroundings of the civilized life of women.

How many women do you, does any one, know, who would be willing to be judged by the kind of fancy work that was a few years ago widely the vogue? Yet we must express something in the article we are willing to spend hours and hours creating, either thought, or absence of thought. If we feel ourselves better than our needlework, then we are not doing good needlework; and if, on the other hand, a woman is willing to be estimated

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

by a flippant, futile bit of silk and lace, then she is not expressing the best thought there is in her.

All this sounds like mixing up philosophy with floss, but the truth is that you can't live at your best and put all your art into frames. If the surroundings of everyday life are allowed to be artificial or sordid, then the thought of everyday life is here and there going to be tinged with these same qualities. This is especially true of the surroundings we create for ourselves, as needlework for example; the surroundings which are thrust upon us cannot be taken as an accurate personal index, unless they are allowed to encroach upon the soul, and color it to harmonize.

And so it is true that needlework may express either art or philosophy, and that the best needlework may express both, and that no woman with fine personal standards for beautiful living can afford to indulge in the even momentary weakness of flippant fancy work.

THE GERMAN APPLIQUE

A PPLIQUE used decoratively gives almost an inexhaustible opportunity for ornamentation, both in house-fittings and in dress. The decorative value of appliqué is one of the many developments of the New Art movement; and especially in Germany has its ornamental purpose been enlarged to a wide field of usefulness.

To really understand why the artistic, home-made, ornamental fitting seems so often to have birth in Germany it is well to remember that no women in the world are so devoted personally to home-living. Largely, if her home and clothes are attractive, it is because the *hausfrau* makes them so. She is constantly seeking new

yet simple methods of adding to the beauty of her house, and so far as she sees, to the improvement of her clothes.

Now appliqué ornament is one of the most primitive expressions of a desire to decorate; but done with artistically colored materials, with the simple yet most noticeably ornamental New Art designs it becomes a part of a manifestly modern progressive step in art.

There is an infinite variety to the possible decorative effects in appliqué; not only in the colors, simple, everyday designs, and materials, but in the methods of applying the design. Couching on with a heavy cord brings out the pattern in bold relief, catching down with a buttonhole stitch sinks the individuality of the design into closer harmony with the background. Overhanding on with a different color accentuates a part of the design at the expense of the rest.

A CRAFTSMAN table, made by a reader of the magazine, Charles Sidney Smith, is illustrated in Our Home Department this month; not merely because it was made from a model in our Cabinet-Making department, but because it is a beautiful, well-finished table made from one of our models.

We are seeing as beautiful tables every day from the Craftsman shops, but this particular table proves the value of our Cabinet-Making lessons, when the lessons are well learned and patiently practised.

It is fair to infer that Mr. Smith acquired much more profit than one article of furniture in the making of this table. He has experienced the joy of success in manual labor and of the difficulty involved in doing good work.

