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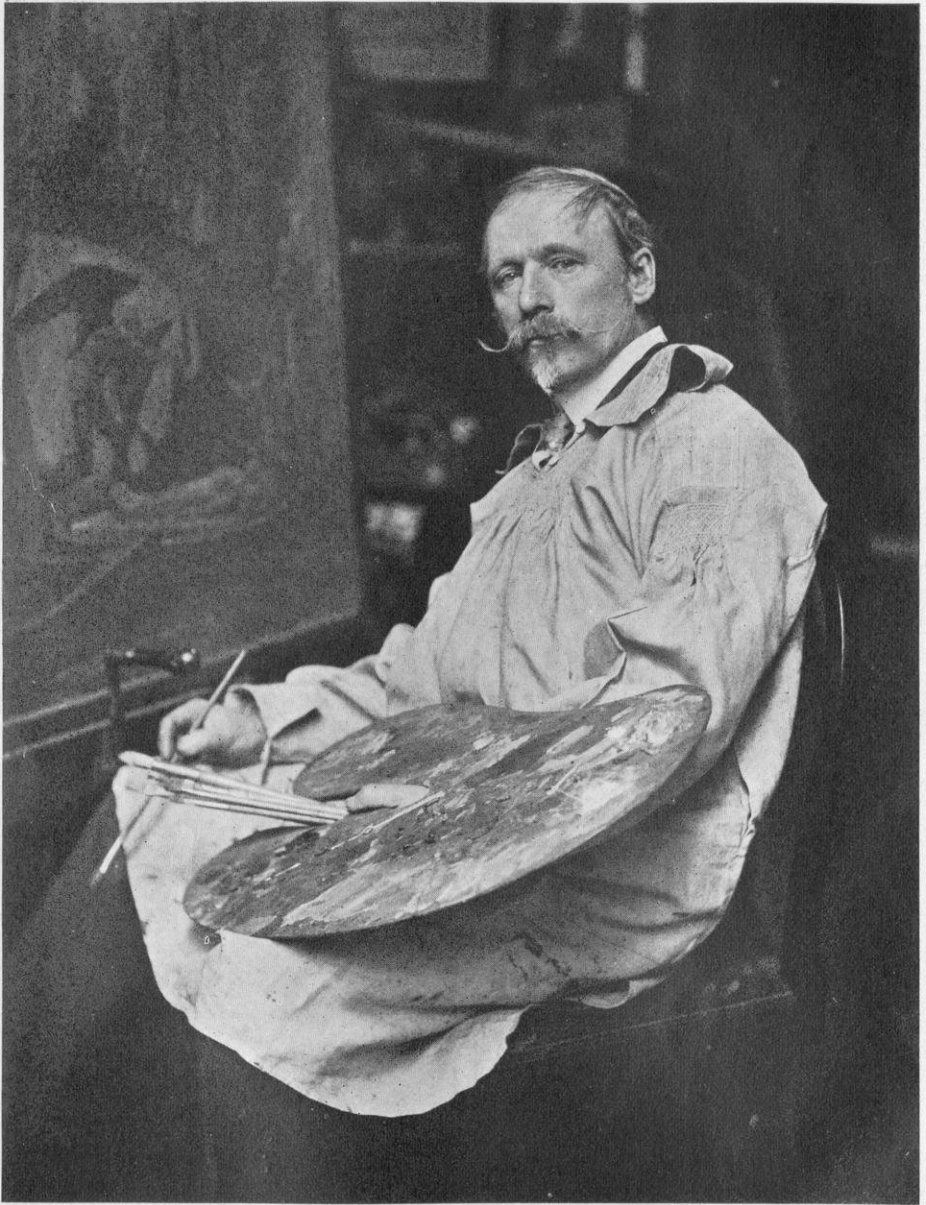
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MR. WALTER CRANE : FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH
TAKEN IN HIS SOUTH KENSINGTON STUDIO.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVII

OCTOBER, 1909

NUMBER 1

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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XVII OCTOBER, 1909 NUMBER 1

AN HISTORIC HOUSE ON THE HUDSON: THE SILENT WITNESS OF THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN FREEDOM: BY NATALIE CURTIS



WEST of the Hudson River, about six miles above Newburgh, stands an historic house,—the oldest house in that part of the country,—whose history suggests the three great principles which are the foundation of American life: religious liberty, political independence and strength of individual endeavor. The house, which was built somewhere between seventeen hundred and fourteen and seventeen hundred and twenty, rests in a hollow, on a road leading downward to a rocky point of land jutting into the river. This point forms the northwestern head of Newburgh bay, and around it cling perhaps the oldest traditions of that region; for its story reaches back into the primitive life of aboriginal America.

Long before the white men, fleeing from religious persecution, sought homes in the New World,—long before the Dutch and English pushed to the shores of the Hudson River, the native Americans, the Algonquin tribes of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, met at certain seasons to worship in their own way along the river banks. The crooked roads past Newburgh and down to the water's edge, over which throngs the traffic of the white man today, are simply enlargements of Indian trails beaten by moccasined feet through what was then a primeval wilderness. From all directions the trails converged at the spot where the house now stands, and led downward to the point on the shore where the Indians held their ceremonies. Down from the North, up from the South, and across the mountains from the West came the tribes, sometimes from two hundred miles away, to gather on the rocky point. Here they danced in ceremonial rite, chanting their harsh, rhythmic liturgies and invoking the supernatural forces that to them were manifest in nature and in the animals. Thus the red men implored the greater powers to aid them in their struggle for existence, praying for help in war, in fishing expeditions and in the chase. Colonial chronicles tell that these rites were held before starting on the hunt, or on war ventures, in order that the Indians might learn whether they would be successful. Could the

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Indian medicine-men, the tribal priests and prophets, have understood the sign that floated up the Hudson past their place of ceremony in the historic year of sixteen hundred and nine, what message of despair would they have proclaimed to their people! But the Indians little knew at that time that the coming of the white men meant their doom. Tradition says that Hudson's ship lay by night at anchor off the rocky point, while the Indians performed their ceremony. What a sight met the eyes of the astonished sailors! Strange forms upon the shore, lit only by the flare of a great fire, danced and leaped around the blaze, while out over the waters floated a shrill, barbaric chant which must have seemed to the white men the very voice of the unknown wilderness. If the Indians further down the river, who by day had seen with awe the approach of the strange ship, had welcomed the white men, thinking them gods,—so now the sailors, struck with terror at the Indians upon the river bank, thought indeed that the aborigines were in league with the devil! In fact, a description of the Indian ceremony written in sixteen hundred and twenty-one, naïvely states that at a certain moment in the dance "the devil appears (they say) in the shape of a ravenous or a harmless animal—the first betokens something bad, the second something good." It is uncertain just when the rocky point on which the Indians held their ceremonies received the suggestive name by which it still is known. The story goes that it was a Dutch skipper, somewhere between sixteen hundred and twenty-four and sixteen hundred and forty, who with the picturesque and superstitious fancy of that period, first called the spot, "De Duyfel's Dans Kammer" ("The Devil's Dance Chamber"), which title has been solemnly inscribed ever since on maps and legal records.

The Indians continued to hold their ceremonies at the Dans Kammer many years after Hudson's advent, until early in the eighteenth century the simple worshipers retreated into the forests, driven back by the settlements of the whites.

IT WAS in the reign of "Good Queen Anne," over a hundred years after Hudson's discovery, that a large grant of five thousand nine hundred acres on the Hudson River known as the "Harrison Patent," was issued and divided among five owners. The northern portion of this grant containing about one thousand acres of land, including the Dans Kammer, was obtained in seventeen hundred and fourteen by an obscure but interesting personage known to local history as "Gomez the Jew." From his name Gomez must have been by ancestry a Spanish or Portuguese Jew, possibly one of those whose family had known little peace in Europe since the expulsion

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of the Jews from Spain in fourteen hundred and ninety-two, but who, like religious refugees of Christian faith, had found temporary asylum in brave and tolerant little Holland. Or he may have been descended from the little band of Jews who fled from Portuguese Brazil and landed at the New Netherlands in sixteen hundred and fifty-four. However this may be, we hear of Gomez only as "a Jew and a merchant of New York." Here then, on the Hudson, in a hollow of the hills, close to the main Indian trail leading across the mountains to the Dans Kammer, Gomez built his house. Pioneer settlers in those days naturally selected such location for their dwellings as would provide them best protection against the elements and against hostile Indians. Gomez therefore built his home in a warm spot at the head of a valley facing the south, near a spring. As this spring was a favorite stopping place for the Indians, being on the main trail leading from the back country to the Dans Kammer, it can readily be seen that the house must have been built with the idea of fortification against possible Indian depredation. Indeed, Gomez was six miles from any other settlement and thus lived in comparative isolation. The house was therefore a stronghold,—a stone block house of the type often built at that period in outlying districts. It consisted of two front rooms and back of these two cellars wherein were stored provisions and possessions safely barricaded against the Indians. Over the whole sloped the slanting Dutch roof characteristic of New York dwellings at that time. It must have been Gomez, or his workmen, who first felled the primeval forest trees of this region to furnish timber for the roof.

Whether or not the Jewish merchant piled up the stone walls with his own hands, or whether he employed Dutch or English builders to help him, is not known; but the house was skilfully and well built. The common field stone was the only material used in the entire structure except the wood for the roof. There was no lime, yet the stones were so well fitted, and so cunningly locked together that the observer would fancy them laid in mortar. The unavoidable cracks between the stones were simply chinked with clay—found near at hand—to keep out rats and weather. The great walls, over two feet in thickness, have stood for nearly two hundred years, just as they were when the stones were first laid.

It is probable that like many another early New Yorker, Gomez sought the wilderness for trade with the Indians. Indeed, the location of his house at the convergence of the Indian trails, near the Indian spring and camping ground, would indicate that he purposely established himself where he could come into ready touch with the red men for purposes of barter. We may imagine the Indians on

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their way to the *Dans Kammer* stopping at the block house to leave their furs in exchange for the hatchets, knives and trinkets that they coveted. The strong cellars in the back of the house were probably built to hold the peltries acquired by the merchant, as well as the articles of exchange for the Indians. Trade with the natives was indeed one of the commonest forms of livelihood among the Dutch and English of New York, and it is not unlikely that Gomez was a rich merchant with paid assistants, and that his trading was an enterprise of some importance. It is curious that he should bear the same name as Estevan Gomez who in fifteen hundred and twenty-five sailed from Labrador to Florida and was one of the earliest navigators to notice the mouth of the Hudson River.

SO STOOD as a frontier settlement this house of an early Jewish pioneer whose presence, even as a merchant-trader, suggests reflection on the spirit of religious freedom which was avowedly the first principle of the settlers in the New World. At that time bigotry and persecution raged in Europe among those who were all Christian and racially related, but differing Christian sects had endured persecution at each other's hands only since the Reformation; the Jews had endured it at the hands of all almost since the advent of Christianity itself. It was therefore a significant test of American ideals of religious liberty, that the Jew as a Jew, so early found a home among the Colonists. Perhaps nothing proves more convincingly the sincerity of the followers of Roger Williams than the reception of the Jews by Rhode Island. When some of the oppressed and harried Hebrew race asked if they could find a home near this settlement, they received in answer this statement, "We declare they may expect as good protection here as any stranger, not being of our nation, ought to have." For did not the very Charter drawn up by the Rhode Island assembly of the people contain the words,—“No person shall at any time hereafter be in anyways called in question for any difference of opinion in matters of religion . . .”

In August, sixteen hundred and ninety-four, a band of Jews landed at Newport, and there, true to their faith, they subsequently built a Jewish house of God on American soil. Longfellow has sung the pathos of this persecuted race in his poem on the old Colonial Jewish burial ground at Newport. But it was not in Rhode Island that the Jews were first received; New Amsterdam had already opened its harbor to the Jewish refugees from Brazil. Though Peter Stuyvesant, then Governor of the colony, had ordered this little band of Jews to leave the country, he received instructions from Holland that this course would be “unreasonable and unfair,” and



SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF GOMEZ THE JEW:
INDIANS BARTERING FURS WITH THE TRADER.

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that he was to allow the Jews to remain and to accord them such civil and political rights as were granted them in Amsterdam. The Jews found happiest homes, however, in the colony of Roger Williams, who was beloved for his justice and broad-mindedness not only by his own followers but by the Indians as well,—he who feared that England and the other nations would one day have to regret their treatment of the Jews, and who declared, “I desire not the liberty to myself which I would not freely and impartially weigh out to all the consciences of the world besides.”

To appreciate what this spirit of religious tolerance—or perhaps more truly, the effort toward it—meant in those times, we must remember how Europe had been torn by jealous and bloody wars in which religious bigotry had played hideous and cruel part. The block house on the Hudson, like many another old American dwelling, was therefore, in a measure, a silent witness to a new spirit of freedom,—to a spirit of growth in racial as well as in religious tolerance. Who can foretell, in our nation of many races, what the complete development of this spirit of tolerance may mean in the ideals and in the “new religion” of the country. Certainly, in regard to the Jews, the opening to this keenly intellectual race, of professions and activities which had been denied them during centuries of European oppression, should have a quickening effect upon our institutions, stimulating progress in the arts and sciences, and grafting upon a cosmopolitan and youthful country the seasoned cultural influence of an ancient civilization. Indeed, Harper’s *Encyclopædia of United States History*, in writing of the Jews in America, says that already “their homes, asylums, hospitals and educational establishments are among the best endowed and most progressive institutions in the country, and the benevolent acts of prosperous Hebrew men toward objects and institutions other than those of their own people have received a high and deserved recognition.”

“Gomez the Jew” must have held his lonely citadel for some thirty years or so. His block house subsequently changed owners,—and in seventeen hundred and seventy-two, four years before the Revolutionary War, it was bought by a patriotic Dutch-American named Wolfert Acker, during whose possession the house entered upon its second period of typical American life.

This Wolfert Acker was a great-grandson of Jan Acker, one of the early Dutch settlers in New Netherland, and a grandson of the older Wolfert whom Washington Irving has immortalized with such quaint humor in his sketch called “Wolfert’s Roost.” This younger Wolfert is in no way to be confused with the elder, nor is the block house of “Gomez the Jew,” on the west bank of the Hud-

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son to be identified with the "Roost," or "Sunnyside," on the east bank, described by Irving. Wolfert the younger was a Revolutionary patriot who attained much local prominence during the war. He seems to have been a man of decision and energy, and to have been filled with a fine spirit of American patriotism. At a time when New York was wavering between loyalty to the crown and the determined stand for independence, Wolfert came forward in his local precinct as a stanch and daring adherent to the cause of liberty. Newburgh was then the principal town on this part of the Hudson, and we repeatedly find the name of Wolfert Acker upon the town chronicles.

THE story of the settlement of Newburgh is not without picturesque interest. It was in seventeen hundred and nine, a hundred years after the discovery of the Hudson River, that a group of Protestant German peasants, known as the Palatines, were driven by the Catholic French from the Rhine during the war of the Spanish succession between Louis XIV and the Grand Alliance of European powers. The villages in the Palatinate were burned and the peasants reduced to starvation till at the instigation of Protestant Queen Anne and her statesmen, the German refugees sought English protection and were sent to America. Most of the Palatines settled in Pennsylvania—(having perhaps already come under the influence of William Penn during his travels in Germany) and there they left their impress in the quaint dialect known as "Pennsylvania Dutch." But a few came to New York, for, homesick for their Rhenish country, they had petitioned the "Goode Queene" for lands in the new world as like as possible to their beloved banks of the Rhine, and a grant on the beautiful Hudson River had therefore been issued to them. Some ten or twelve rude log cabins of these Palatine settlers formed the beginning of what is now the town of Newburgh. The German colony was short lived, however, for in seventeen hundred and forty-three the increasing stream of English settlers bought out all the Palatine farmers, who sought homes elsewhere,—all except one family, the descendants of Michael Weigand, who are still to be found in Orange County.

It was at the hostelry of Martin Weigand, mentioned by historians as "the Weigand Tavern at Newburgh," that the daring General "mad Anthony Wayne" made his headquarters, while Washington stayed at the historic "Washington Headquarters" still standing in the town. In seventeen hundred and seventy-five, before the outbreak of the war, a meeting was held by the patriots at the Weigand Tavern, when Wolfert Acker and others were appointed "A Com-

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mittee of Safety and Observation." The Tories in the northern part of the precinct were aggressive and prominent, and had incited the neighboring Indians to depredations upon the Whigs. It was as necessary to protect the settlers at home as to send troops to the front. A little later in the same year, we find Wolfert among the delegates selected to attend the Provincial Convention in New York. Still later we see him chairman of another important meeting at the Weigand Tavern, when the Committee "formulated and placed a copy of the pledge of the patriots there for signature." We are told that Wolfert was in fact a "zealous Whig," and that he was noted for "hunting Tories." We are also told that a regiment located at Newburgh in seventeen hundred and seventy-three had Wolfert Acker as second lieutenant. He contributed freely of his means to the Revolutionary struggle, and, indeed, he seems to have left nothing undone that was in his power to do in furthering the cause of American independence.

The block house near the Dans Kammer now became the meeting place for the Whigs in all that part of the country, and indeed the favorite resort of the local patriots. The house, as occupied by Wolfert Acker, stood for the great principle of political independence. On the Sabbath day the neighboring Whig farmers gathered at Wolfert's house to confer together and to learn the latest war news. Wolfert opened these meetings by reading a chapter from his old Dutch Bible; after this he recounted to his audience whatever news he had received, then the current Whig newspaper was read, and a general discussion followed. The meetings broke up early that the farmers might reach their homes before dark. We may imagine that the Whigs dreaded to leave their farms unprotected after sundown; and though the old Indian trails had long since become high roads along which the people had built their homes, perhaps the revolutionists never felt wholly safe from Tories and hostile Indians after nightfall.

With what joy must the Newburgh patriots have welcomed the victorious close of the war! Surely they must have felt that some thanks were due to the local efforts of Wolfert Acker. For we are told that by the little Sabbath meetings in his stone house Wolfert "continually strengthened the hearts and hands of the friends of Liberty during the whole War."

After the seven years' struggle was over and commerce and industry were again striving to emerge from the ruin that had blighted New York, we find Wolfert Acker vigorously engaged in new pursuits. With the creative enterprise and self-reliant initiative that were and are typical of American character, we see Wolfert estab-

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lishing a landing on the Hudson (now known as Cedarcliff); throwing a ferry across the river; sending a packet line of sloops to New York City; operating grist and saw mills on the stream flowing past his house, known on old maps as "Jew's Creek" in honor of Gomez; and busily occupying himself on his own premises with the manufacture of brick,—a trade in which the Dutch excelled. The brickyard was but a simple affair. Acker had found clay in the hill above his house, and utilizing the natural opportunity thus offered he had his negro slaves cast bricks in home-made molds. The block house now enters upon the third era of its life. It bears witness to the pluck and industry with which the New Yorkers rebounded from the devastation of the War. It becomes transformed from a mere pioneer stronghold into an American home. Acker knocks off the old sloping Dutch roof and builds a second-story from his own bricks. So stands the house today,—an old American mansion on the Hudson River, having outlived those who made its history, but still filled with the honor of by-gone days.

We part reluctantly from the forceful character of Wolfert Acker the younger, and from this interesting period in New York history. In eighteen hundred and twenty-four the house and property passed from the old Dutch family into other hands.

FORTUNATELY for the house and its history, the present owner is himself a native of Newburgh who values the old traditions of the Hudson River. When the house came into his possession, he found it quite a modernized dwelling. With care, prompted by taste and intelligence, he undid the work of the last fifty years and restored the house to its old Colonial dignity. The task was only accomplished by patient study and effort. Bit by bit, beneath the modern innovations, the true character of the old dwelling was discovered and again brought forth. Let us look at the house today. There it stands, half stone, half brick, nestled deep among the hills, sheltered from the winds in winter, shaded by the trees in summer. Before it rushes the mill-stream with its ceaseless song. A little path leads to the door, whose framework is still the wood of those first trees felled by "Gomez the Jew." Opposite the door in the center of the house is a steep pine staircase built by Wolfert Acker. To the left of the staircase on the ground floor, is the larger of the two rooms built by Gomez. Here is the huge stone fireplace, whose opening is at least eight feet wide and between five and six feet deep, before which we may imagine that the Indians warmed themselves when they came in winter to barter furs. What a picture it makes for the fancy—the pioneer Jew and the Indians in the broad,

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low-ceiled room, lit by the roaring fire of mammoth logs. In the smaller room to the right is another equally large fireplace, in the center of which hangs an iron chain with a hook at the end on which a pot or kettle was hung in the old days. Back of these two rooms, bedded in the hillside and thus quite inaccessible from without, are the two cellars. Upstairs there are several rooms, built, of course, by Acker, and above this second story of brick is a garret in which may now be seen a number of spinning wheels collected by the present owner of the house.

The great stone fireplaces of the Jew had been bricked in by Acker, and Colonial mantelpieces placed above them. Later comers had made the fireplaces still smaller, according to modern fashion, so that no traces of the original hearths were to be seen. The present owner noticed that the chimneys in the garret were enormously wide, and he wondered why they were so much larger than the fireplaces below. Convinced that the original fireplaces were very large and were still beneath the modern ones, he began to dig and found, as has been said, that two successively smaller fireplaces had been built into the first cavernous ones. So he restored the rude picturesque hearths to their original aspect. This is only one detail of his work upon the house.

It is gratifying to find an American of today unpossessed by the fever of tearing down the old while striving for the new,—one who as a private individual is willing to give time and study to the preservation of an old American landmark. Surely this is a pastime,—if we may call it by so slight a word—of benefit to a local community, as well as of credit to the individual. Our past is not far behind us, it is true; but our history, though only a few generations long, is worth remembering.

They say that some of Wolfert Acker's many descendants pushed westward. Let us hope that they inherited the vigor and initiative of their progenitor. The desire for liberty of thought and of individual enterprise is as characteristic of our struggling Western towns today as ever it was of the first settlements. Indeed, could the old house on the Hudson but speak, it might justly echo for the present generation of Americans the Colonial maxim declaring freedom of conscience "to every man, whether Jew, or Turk, or papist, or whomsoever steers no otherwise than his conscience dares."

MODERN BRITISH ART, AS SEEN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD



THE several exhibitions of pictures held in London during the past summer offered exceptional opportunities to the student of conditions and tendencies in modern British art, for, in addition to a large and very representative showing at the Royal Academy, and the innumerable minor exhibitions by single men or small groups, there was on view at the Grafton Galleries a notable collection of significant work done by the younger men,—the daring and revolutionary spirits who for the most part are outside the sacred precincts of the Royal Academy.

For this reason the group of more than three hundred "Chosen Pictures" shown at the Grafton Galleries was acknowledged by the art critics to be the most important exhibition held in London for many years. It carried the greater weight because it was partially a retrospective exhibition, including not only canvases fresh from the easel, but examples of the most characteristic paintings, drawings, etchings, engravings and sculpture done by the exhibitors during the past ten years. The idea of holding such a retrospective exhibition was borrowed from the Council of the Royal Academy, which a short time ago held a similar exhibition of the work of well-known academicians. This was considered at the time to be a vindication of Academic art, and also somewhat of a challenge to the revolutionists, but it was not regarded as an unqualified success, as a showing of the past efforts of those officially high in British art circles resulted in a display of weakness rather than of strength.

But the indirect effect of it has been well worth while, for the men of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers and of the New English Art Club took up the gauntlet which had thus been thrown down and gathered together a thoroughly representative collection of their own work, which was opened to the public simultaneously with the opening of the Royal Academy, and continued until the close of that official exhibition.

As a matter of course, people interested in art matters went from one to the other again and again, observing, comparing and judging respective merits according to the measure of their own critical powers and their predisposition toward one or the other expressions of the national art feeling. The revolutionaries most assuredly did not lose by such comparison, for, although it was admitted everywhere that the level of the Academy was unusually high this year, it was still very much of a level, and nothing was offered that was either new



From the recent exhibition of "Chosen Pictures" at the Grafton Galleries, London.

"THE GRAY FEATHER": JOHN
LAVERY, PAINTER.



From the recent exhibition of "Chosen Pictures" at the Grafton Galleries, London.

"SUPPER TIME": WILLIAM
STRANG, PAINTER.

THE TENDENCY OF MODERN BRITISH ART

or specially significant. It goes without saying that it was very much more the vogue than the exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, for the Royal Academy is a time-honored institution, and society would no more omit visiting it a certain number of times, than it would omit the Ascot or the yacht racing at Cowes. And it was undeniably attractive and charming, the technique uniformly high,—otherwise the pictures would not have been admitted,—but it was the same well-bred, conservative, optimistic, thoroughly conventional British art which has held its own for so many years, serene in its placid consciousness of superiority, and undisturbed by the efforts of the many succeeding groups of revolutionists.

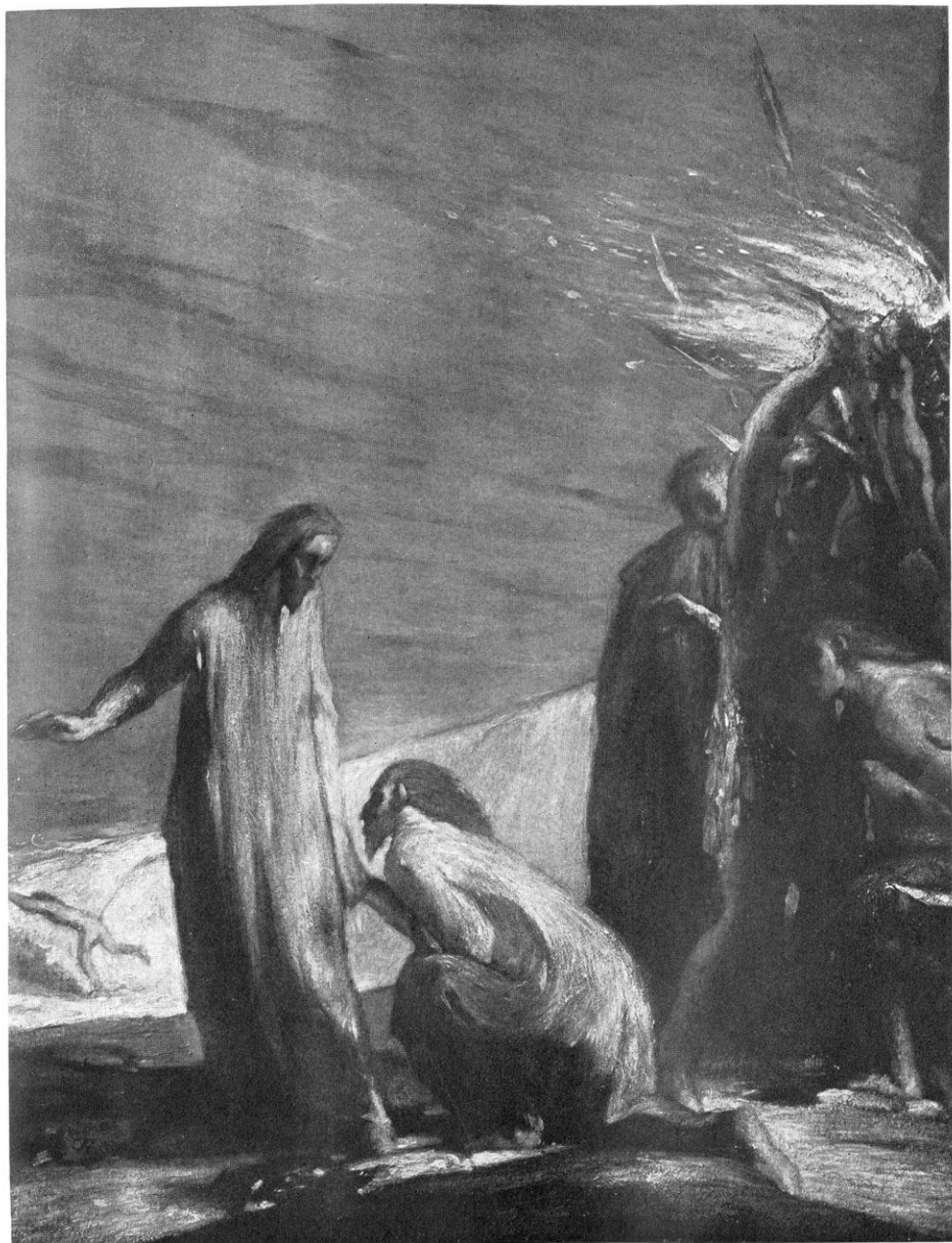
THE element that predominated,—if any one element in so large an exhibition could be said to predominate,—was portraiture. There were hundreds of brilliant, well-painted canvases and smooth well-modeled statues and busts of distinguished men and women, slender, high-bred young girls and beautiful children,—a most aristocratic and charming display of conventional and presumably charming people. There were landscapes in almost equal number, showing bits of the lovely, prosperous, well-groomed English country, delightfully quaint and mellow old villages, stately castles, rugged Scotch and Welsh mountains and gorges, and richly colored glimpses of Italy, Switzerland and the Riviera,—all painted from the English point of view, which is as unmistakable anywhere in the world as the Englishman himself. The lower classes were by no means neglected, but in these pictures they were all comfortable, prosperous and well-behaved,—sturdy plowmen going home at twilight, bare-footed lassies tending sheep or picking buttercups, and nice old women knitting in pleasant cottage kitchens. Ragged, gaunt, desperate poverty, such as may be seen any day in Whitechapel, does not gain admission to the Royal Academy, unless indeed it may lend itself to such dramatic handling as robs it of all its misery and sordidness and lends it a sentimental charm that is pleasantly exciting to the emotions. Of course there were mythological and historical pictures by scores and hundreds; so many “Judgments of Paris” that one grew to look for them and to recognize them from afar, almost as automatically as one spots another “Susannah and the Elders” in the Continental galleries. But even here the British viewpoint prevailed to such an extent that the Greek goddesses, nymphs and Andromedas, clad only in their own loveliness, were all nice pretty golden-haired English girls unmistakably conscious of the indecorum of appearing in public without the customary skirt and blouse. The knights and ladies, gay young squires and pretty pages with lutes and

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lovelocks, were more convincing, because although they happened a long time ago, they still belong to the soil and in their time were members of the very best English society. In fact the entire exhibition was a complete revelation of the life, opinions and viewpoint of the upper and middle classes,—sleek, prosperous, well-bred and very pleasant to look upon, because so irreproachably presented, but not of a character to grip either mind or heart with profound conviction or compelling emotion, because it so systematically ignored the rugged facts of life.

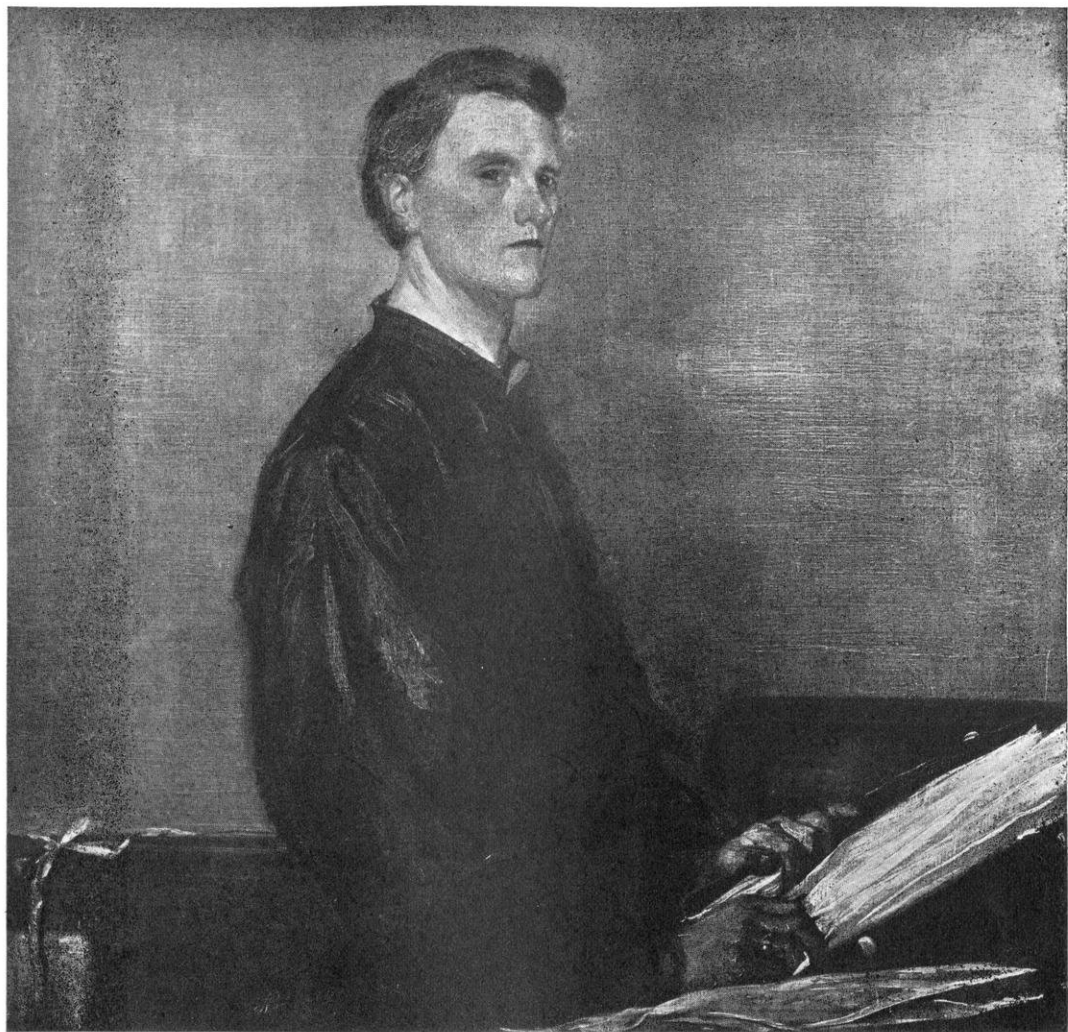
WHEN one went from the Academy to the Grafton Galleries, the first impression was that here one was face to face with the work of men who are doing real things,—revealing honestly what they see and think and feel; struggling for true and vivid expression, often without much regard for beauty or grace, and boldly experimenting with methods which in some cases have not as yet become entirely familiar, but which are always vigorous and sincere. This exhibition showed the spirit of unrest,—transition period,—as clearly as the Academy showed the preponderance of the established order, but in the latter case the evidences were all of an awakening art spirit. The pretty picture with a story in it was not to be found; the portraits were vigorous, truthful and convincing, and the excursions made into the past resulted in a bringing back of the feeling that belonged to the times depicted.

The influence of Whistler was very strong, and there were also traces of kinship with Puvis de Chavannes, Manet and Monet, as well as the modern Dutch School. The Glasgow men were very much in evidence, showing some of the strongest canvases in the exhibition. Naturally, the leader among these was John Lavery, who combines great vigor and sincerity with a most subtle and delicious color and a delicacy of handling that emphasizes the poetic side of his subject. One of the most striking of the group of pictures shown by Mr. Lavery was entitled "The Gray Feather,"—a portrait of a dark-eyed, dark-haired young woman in a black frock. She wears a gray hat with soft gray plumes and a filmy veil and leans on a dull yellow cushion, the color of which accentuates the olive tone in her clear dark skin. The high notes of color are given by the roses lying on the cushion and by the sparkle of the jewels on her throat and lifted hand. Quite as interesting, and much more delicate and elusive in effect, is another portrait called "The White Duchess,"—an excellent example of Mr. Lavery's astonishing skill in handling the varying tones of white combined with the faintest gray and pale tints of yellow, pink and violet. The whole picture is like an opal.



From the recent exhibition of "Chosen Pictures" at the Grafton Galleries, London.

"THE BETRAYAL": CHARLES
RICKETTS, PAINTER.



From the recent exhibition of "Chosen Pictures" at the Grafton Galleries, London.

"THE MAN IN THE BLACK SHIRT": A PORTRAIT
OF CHARLES SHANNON, BY HIMSELF.



From the recent exhibition of "Chosen Pictures" at the Grafton Galleries, London.

"THE SCULPTRESS": CHARLES SHANNON, PAINTER.



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“END OF THE MORRIS DANCE”:
WILLIAM NICHOLSON, PAINTER.

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Still another portrait, called "The Gray Horse" shows a favorite and most characteristic subject with Mr. Lavery. A slim young woman in a black habit sits on the back of a gray horse of which only the head and back show in the picture, the figure of the rider being given all the prominence, while the horse is merely an accessory to make possible the pose. This picture is full of sunshine, which sifts through the leaves of an overhanging tree and dapples horse and rider with splashes of dazzling light.

ANOTHER Scotchman who shows a notable group of paintings is William Strang, who has strayed from his original place in the Academy,—because he is an A. R. A. in spite of his revolutionary tendencies,—and he seems much more at home here than in the decorous assemblage of the immortals. Mr. Strang derives his methods of color and treatment from the Venetians, and his inspiration from the Golden Age. The pictures are full of rich mellow sensuous color and a certain full-blooded daring joy of life. Most of them are groups of nymphs, satyrs and delicious little plump sun-browned babies tumbling and playing about on the velvet grass in the warm sunshine of the South. They are not modern women and children bereft of clothing, but real pagans and forest creatures belonging to the days when the world was young. Mr. Strang also has a more serious vein, for he shows one or two forceful portraits, one of which, the "Rouge-Croix Pursuivant," is handled with heraldic severity and very flat tones. Perhaps the most charming of the group, however, is the little domestic scene reproduced here. It is called "Supper Time," and shows the pause of the simple peasants for grace before meat. They are true children of the soil, young and lusty and content with life. The young mother, with her fair rosy skin and hair of ruddy brown, throws back her gown of dull pink cotton to nurse the plump sleepy baby, whose little yellow head nestles against the soft gracious shoulder; the young father with his jet black hair and bronzed face and arms, white shirt and russet waistcoat, forms a delightful contrast in color, and the scheme is completed by the dull blue of the cloak thrown over the end of the table, the blue porringers and the brilliant oranges that lie against the cloak.

Also rich and luscious in color and whole-heartedly pagan in feeling, is a portion of the group of paintings shown by Charles Shannon, who has forged rapidly to the front within the past few years, and is now one of the leaders in this little assemblage of strong men. "The Wounded Amazon" is here, the picture which won the Gold Medal at Munich ten years ago. She is a magnificent creature, a splendid savage woman-warrior sitting in a forest glade, apart from

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the battle, to examine a wound in her leg, which is revealed by the removal of her brazen greave. Her expression is that of impatience rather than pain, and she plainly intends to give very little time to her hurt beyond what is needed to stanch the flowing blood. Another picture in this gay pagan manner is the "Wood Nymph," a lovely forest creature sleeping with a baby faun beside her and a group of graceful deer examining her curiously. In choice of subject and in feeling these pictures have about them a strong reminiscence of Böcklin, but they are less weird and more human and therefore much more alive and delightful,—also much better painted.

There is, however, another side to Mr. Shannon's art, which one cannot help feeling is more characteristic of the man. This is shown in the two pictures reproduced here, which are both painted in a very low key, with a skilful use of black against a flat neutral background. They are severe and almost melancholy in effect, showing a restraint as marked as is the abandon of the pictures we have just described. "The Sculptress" has just been purchased by the French Government to be placed in the permanent collection at the Luxembourg. The other, which is entitled "The Man in a Black Shirt" is a portrait of the artist by himself. In some ways this picture is the most interesting of all, because of the quiet strength with which the fair, finely modeled head is handled, so that it is given due emphasis and yet brought absolutely into key with the somber tone of the rest of the picture. Another portrait in the same manner and almost equally interesting is called "The Man in the Inverness Coat,"—a portrait of Charles Ricketts, another artist who is doing work that absolutely commands attention. This portrait shows a man with a thin spare frame and the head of a mystic and a dreamer,—a man who craves for nothing except the power to represent what is in his mind, and who would starve sooner than sacrifice his ideal.

ONE of the most striking of the group of Mr. Ricketts' pictures selected for this exhibition is illustrated here. It is called "The Betrayal" and even in the reproduction it is possible to gain some idea of the breadth and simplicity of its treatment. It is a strange and highly imaginative piece of work, done with great sweeping strokes of the brush and very little detail, as if the man were so filled with his subject that he grappled with the spirit of it regardless of all else. The coloring is all somber, representing the night as stormy, with a dark murky sky, streaked with livid driving clouds; the men who have come to take Him are huddled to one side, shrinking back in unexplained fear, and the flame of their torches, held high in air and blown by the wind, streams toward Him

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like banners of fire. His pale robe is flushed with the ruddy light from the torches, but the garments of the traitor kneeling at His feet to give the kiss of betrayal are dead and dull. In the background, against the faintly glimmering cliffs, is seen the fleeing figure of the young man who left his garments in the hands of the soldiers and ran away naked. The figure of the Christ is full of sorrowful dignity, with a certain stern majesty that is absent from most conceptions of Him. Altogether an unforgettable picture, to which one turns again and again, drawn by an ever-increasing fascination. All the work shown by Mr. Ricketts has this same strange compelling quality. There is one picture called "Christ before the People" that is heart-searching in the tragedy it suggests, and another, "The Good Samaritan" that is compassion itself,—as well as a wonderful piece of painting. His sculpture is equally remarkable, the most striking being two small bronzes, one of which shows Herodias holding Salome on her knee,—the tigress mother and strange cruel voluptuous young; the other is called "The Sphinx," and shows a creature that is half woman and half lioness, padding with long sinuous steps down to a stream, to which she bends her beautiful head to drink. Until one sees this bronze, one does not realize how seldom the sphinx is thought of as a creature that might have life, and the bronze itself is the most uncanny and the most attractive thing imaginable.

A **N**OTHER man who leans far toward the unusual is F. Cayley Robinson, who, in his own way, is one of the best. Some of his pictures are strongly suggestive of Puvis de Chavannes, showing chalky flat tones and archaic severity of composition. One of these, called the "Deep Midnight" is as purely Egyptian in feeling as if it had been done in the time of the Pharaohs. It represents a group of priests and priestesses standing on the flat roof of a temple, studying the stars that burn whitely in the deep blue tropical sky. The clear darkness is wonderfully rendered and the whole picture is pervaded with a sense of stillness and deep reverence. Another picture, called "Dawn," shows a boat moving slowly through the gleaming pale waters of a river, in which it is faintly mirrored in the early morning light; a woman standing at the prow holds a lantern, which forms a glowing spot of light amid all the pale dim tones of the rest of the picture. It is said that Mr. Robinson lived for two whole years in a small yacht, sailing from place to place or lying at anchor,—a thing that can easily be believed when one sees his deep understanding of the unearthly pale light that lies between sea and sky at dawn.

Very different in feeling is the robust joyousness of William

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Nicholson's "End of the Morris Dance." This shows the burly hero of the village festival carried high upon the shoulders of his fellow dancers, and in composition and color the picture is a very characteristic Nicholson. In the background are dun-colored clouds, and the dull green and brown tones of massed trees and buildings. The dancer is clad in a white smock and everyday corduroys, but his high hat is garlanded with bright flowers and stuck with feathers, and a bright green sash crosses his broad chest. On his legs are leather greaves, like those of a cricket player, hung with sleigh bells and ornamented with bunches of red and green ribbons. Another and similar picture of the same group shows the dancer in full career down the village street, but this one is the more exciting because it represents the supreme moment of a contented simple existence.

The organization of this exhibition was largely due to the exertions of Francis Howard, Honorary Secretary of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, and himself an artist of note. His own work is represented by several pictures, of which the most attractive is the portrait of his wife, a slim, dark-eyed young woman in a brown velvet gown, plume hat and fur boa, painted in a manner that was plainly inspired by Whistler. Although he has lived in England for many years, Mr. Howard is an American, and it is perhaps due to his native heritage of "hustle" that he was able to "achieve the impossible" and bring this amazing exhibition together within the space of three days. Although extended notice can be given only to the artists whose pictures we reproduce here, the remainder of the exhibition is equally interesting, containing as it does such pictures as "The Sons of God and the Daughters of Men," by Maurice Greiffenhagen,—who also shows some brilliant portraits; a group of landscapes by David Muirhead which are veritable gems of big work within small compass; several interesting pictures by William Orpen and Harrington Mann, and some notable paintings and drawings by Augustus John, who is a master draughtsman of pitiless realism and almost brutal power. The etchings and engravings shown by such men as Max Beerbohm, T. Sturge Moore, James Pryde, Muirhead Bone, Francis Dodd and Edward J. Sullivan, as well as Charles Shannon and William Nicholson, are of a quality to deserve an article to themselves, and the sculpture also would furnish ample material for separate treatment. There is talk of bringing the whole collection to New York this winter and if it comes it is safe to predict that it will be found most valuable in suggestion and inspiration to those of our own men who are working along the same lines of sincere endeavor to express direct vigorous thought and to compass the interpretation of life as a whole.

A TRINITY

THERE is a trinity holy and worthy of honor, representing our best.

The first member of the trinity is a man,
A lover of other men and a friend of women,
A laborer, practical in meeting life's issues,
Yet tender to the touch of young fingers,
Fond of his home and his garden,
Devoted in his work and his religion,
Responsive to all that is beautiful in his surroundings,
Ready to risk much for his ideals.

The second member of the trinity is a woman,
In all respects the equal of the man,
Strong and buoyant of body, sane and healthy of mind,
Self-reliant and possessive of herself,
Able to meet all men frankly and honestly with straight glance,
Able to meet women with sympathy and affection,
Interested in the progress of her times,
Possessed of the largest patriotism,
A worker indefatigable and proud,
A seeker after righteousness.

The third member of the trinity is a child,
The fruit of the love of the man and the woman,
The great first privilege of their union,
The great first duty of their lives.
And in the child are all possibilities,
Health, mentality, spirituality,
The progress of the new generation,
The onward urge of the race,
The quest of divinity.

This is a trinity of great excellence,
For what are their faults when we consider their virtues?
And what are their sorrows when we consider their joys?

BY MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

COLOR: A STORY: BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS



KATINKA stood before her mistress in the dark little kitchen and took the orders for the day. The mistress was small and sharp. She scolded Katinka for a yesterday's stupidity; she warned her that in the future she must grow more intelligent. Katinka was so used to being scolded that she did not listen. She stared instead at her mistress's neck ribbon. It was red, very broad and red, and it warmed Katinka. She wanted to touch and feel it. Everything else in the room—about her mistress and about herself—was ugly and faded. Only the red ribbon glowed like fire.

Soon the mistress went out of the kitchen, and Katinka began to work. There was enough to be done to last that day and the next and the next. The air in the kitchen was heavy and close, but she did not notice that. The coals in the stove gleamed orange and breathed out stifling heat. She bent her flat thin body stolidly over this heat—opening and slamming the rust-turned doors of the stove. There were unwashed dishes piled high on the table. Later she would have to wash them—and then there was the sweeping and cleaning such as it was, and the making up of three rooms and the serving—and after that, more work still. Katinka was strong, even though she looked bloodless and badly fed. Now she clattered clumsily around her kitchen, with her huge flapheeled shoes, her flabby skirts hitched up in front and dragging limply behind, her dirty brown gingham waist gaping open at the throat. And always she thought of the red ribbon and how bright and cheerful it was.

The first thing she remembered in all her squalid life, was a red handkerchief about her mother's neck. Otherwise she could only look back upon beatings and cursings, and the bitter cold, the biting cold of Russia. Since then she had seen countless colors, in stuffs and ribbons, but she had never owned one of them—never even a colored spool of thread. Her mistress had many ribbons of reds and blues and purples. And her mistress's child had many ribbons, too. That was a lucky child! It had much to eat, a nice white bed, gay toys, kind words and pretty dresses with sashes and shoulder knots to match. The child came often into the kitchen to plague and tease Katinka. It seemed to like the kitchen, just as Katinka liked the parlor, where everything was red plush, and where there were big pink paper roses in the window.

This particular morning, the child stole in earlier than usual. It was dressed in white, with a wide blue sash, whose dangling fringe swept the floor as the child darted here and there, fingering every-

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thing, disarranging the dishes, peering on the shelves, questioning and getting in Katinka's way. Katinka was not afraid of the child as she was of the mistress, so she dared touch the sash. Its silk slipped scrapingly through her rough fingers as she stroked it and whispered guttural words to it. It seemed to streak in a broad blue band of light through the undusted kitchen.

Soon however, the child grew tired of Katinka and not even an offer of jam and bread could keep it near her. It ran wilfully, with a flirt of its sash, out of the door. The kitchen seemed darker when the mistress and child were not there. Katinka felt dumbly alone and sullen.

As she waited on the table that noon, she noticed that the child was wearing more finery than usual—also that the mistress was dressed as for Sunday. Katinka was glad of this, because it meant that they would be going out that afternoon and that she would have the house to herself. She wondered where they were going.

Immediately after dinner, they started off. Katinka watched them from the window. The mistress walked carefully and stiffly, holding her best skirt high above her brown cotton petticoat. The child in its big flaring hat and starched dress, minced along beside its mother. When they had disappeared around the corner, Katinka went directly to the parlor and sat in one of the big red plush chairs. She liked to smooth the plush with her fingers. But she did not dare to stay there long. The dishes must be cleared—the rooms done.

After she had finished all the downstairs work, she went to the child's room. There lying on the bed was the blue sash. It curled on the white cover like a blue snake. Katinka stared at it, fascinated. It had grown dark and gray outside and it was raining in great flat drops against the window pane. The room was very untidy, and was trimmed profusely with a soiled salmon pink. But to Katinka's eyes it was beautiful, and far above the daring of her dreams. Now the blue sash seemed to make it more beautiful than ever. She could not work while the sash lay there. The consciousness that she was alone with it overpowered her. She took it up timidly and put it like a scarf, around her neck. It clung boldly to her dull brown gingham waist, as if it had innumerable claws, clutching at her for support, sucking in her immobility. She stood motionless for some time. She seemed afraid to move—to put the scarf down where she had found it. She touched it carefully. But finally the first instinctive fear of such intimacy retreated and left her trembling over the pleasure of being alone with the sash. As she tidied up the room, she still felt the blue ribbon about her narrow shoulders.

At last, however, her work in the room was finished. She put the

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sash slowly back on the bed, but her shoulders twitched rebelliously. Then with a sudden uncouth gesture, she caught the sash up again, carried it out of the room, and started climbing the stairs to the garret where she slept. The stairs were steep and black. They creaked with each thud of her heavy feet.

It was damp and brown in the garret. The low wooden rafters of the ceiling pressed down smotheringly. A kitchen chair, a cracked wash-basin and pitcher, a wooden wash-stand and a narrow iron bed were all the room contained. Katinka shut the door behind her—the blue sash slipped from her shoulders and lay coiling and writhing on the dusty floor. She stooped awkwardly and picked it up. Then she sat on the edge of her bed and patted happily the soft blue silk of the ribbon.

Suddenly she started. The front door had slammed. The mistress and the child were back. At once she thrust the sash beneath the cover of the bed and without a backward glance at it, she stumbled downstairs. The mistress scolded her well for not being at the door. The child ran up to its room, but evidently did not miss the sash, for it did not ask about it.

Katinka went at the rest of her work stupidly. She could think of nothing but the blue sash waiting for her beneath the cover of the bed.

That evening her young man came and sat with her. Katinka never thought of this young man, except on the one night a week when he was allowed to see her. He was honest and sober enough. Some day she would marry him. He had often told her that she was a good worker. She worked while he was there. She darned a big black heap of the child's stockings. He watched her with dull approval. They neither of them felt it necessary to converse. At nine o'clock promptly he went away. Katinka was glad. She wanted to be alone in the dark with the blue sash. There was no remorse in her heart. She did not consider it wrong to have taken the sash. She might have taken it long ago if she had thought. She slept with it around her neck, that night. At dawn she woke to touch it and look at its warm blue. When she was dressed, she hid it again under the mattress.

But the suggestion of the sash upstairs stayed with her all that day and started a strange unwieldy revolution of her being. She felt suddenly drunk with the idea of owning more ribbons and finery. She thought constantly of this, and the more she thought of it, the more tenacious and fixed became her greedy and starving wish for other companions.

She began to watch her mistress and the child. Her eyes turned

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always to their rooms and the pretty things they left about. Whenever they went out, she would fumble and hunt slyly in their bureau drawers, until little by little, her treasure grew. A ribbon here—a belt there, a piece of gay-colored stuff—small bits, each of them, but mounting steadily into a rich pile of flaming color—hidden by day beneath Katinka's mattress, scattered by night in prodigal wealth over the iron bed. Katinka hugged her secret. She brooded over it gluttonously. Now during the day, she was still the drudge, going and coming, carrying and washing and serving others. But the dark little kitchen, the scoldings, the flat colorlessness of the day slid by her vacantly. The weekly visits of the young man blurred themselves into the whole. She did not think of telling him her secret. She sang sometimes tunelessly as she worked. Even the mistress noticed the change in her and began to watch her, for she was suspicious of things she did not understand, and there was no reason that she could see why her servant should sing. So she scolded and spied upon Katinka more than ever.

Only the nights were Katinka's own, and in them, she learned to be happy. Night after night, she played with her treasure. Her one little candle burned palely in its sickly yellow point. Its light was feeble by contrast to the ribbons. Sometimes she would lay them out in different patterns on the floor and look at them for hours. Such patterns as Katinka would weave! Narrow and broad, short and long ribbons, smooth and wrinkled, they would stretch their orange, blue and red arms out into the shadows and beckon and twist and turn and point. Sometimes when a sliver of moonlight crept painfully in through the top of the narrow window, Katinka would blow out the candle, and heap them in the thin path of the moon whiteness. Then the colors would burn strangely, as with a thousand eyes. To Katinka they seemed to stir and breathe. She would often seize them up, and strain them to her, and as she bent over them, with her pale hair and face, her high hard cheekbones, her narrow sunken shoulders, the ribbons looked in their brilliant tones as if they had sucked the life from her. Other times she dressed up in them. They hung from her grotesquely, like weird flapping winged banners. There were indeed many ways in which to enjoy them. Oh, those were gay warm-blooded nights spent with good friends!

Still Katinka grew bolder. Her passion became fierce as a miser's greed for gold. The day was dull and worthless in which she did not bring another ribbon to add to her pile beneath the mattress. Once a danger note sounded. The child wished to wear the blue sash. It was nowhere to be found. The mistress asked Katinka if she had seen the sash, and Katinka, in a sudden panic, answered

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that one day when she was cleaning, it had blown out of the window. The mistress accepted this explanation silently and no more was said about it. But from that day the mistress grew very careless. Once she left her best brooch—a big bowknot with a bright stone in the center of it—on the bureau. It did not tempt Katinka. She looked at it without envy. But that same morning she found a long piece of brick-colored satin ribbon lying on the child's bureau, and that she took greedily.

In the evening, her young man came to see her. Katinka had so much work to do that she could not sit with him. She was tired. Her head ached doggedly. Her thick ankles and feet turned in resistlessly, as she shuffled about the kitchen, scraping the rust-worn pans, washing the greasy dishes. A smell of fish hung strongly in the air. Katinka's young man snuffed it in contentedly. He stared at Katinka and thought to himself that she would make him a good wife. He did not notice the drabness of her hair, the flatness of her face, the shapelessness of her figure. Katinka was glad he was there—she would be glad when he went. She wanted to feel the silky touch of her new ribbon slide through her rough fingers.

Suddenly a door slammed and there were footsteps on the kitchen stairs. Katinka recognized them. They were short flat steps. She had heard them descending those stairs every morning since she had been in this place. She put her big red hands, dripping as they were with dish water, under her apron. It was an instinctive gesture. She could not imagine why her mistress was coming down to the kitchen.

The young man rose awkwardly and made as if to go, then he changed his mind and stood on one foot, with one thick shoulder and arm sagging. His little eyes shifted uncomfortably from Katinka to the door of the kitchen which opened presently with a rattle. The mistress walked in. Her blue silk and lace waist and the black satin skirt rustled aggressively. Katinka was not used to seeing her mistress in the kitchen after dinner, and it gave her a vague feeling of confusion. Also she was afraid that the mistress would scold her because of the young man. The mistress stood small and sharp in the middle of the room. The cheap kitchen lamp flared in her face; the silk of her skirt crackled as she turned to the young man.

"Are you Katinka's friend?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, hoarsely.

"Then you come upstairs with me—and you, too, Katinka," commanded the mistress.

The young man looked at Katinka helplessly, but Katinka did not meet his eyes. She was used to obeying her mistress. She

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shambled after her now—the young man following. The mistress went on ahead rapidly—up the black kitchen stairs to the parlor floor. The young man gaped in at the parlor, with its red plush furniture and pink paper flowers. It looked very pretty, lighted up with the pink paper shaded lamp, in the middle of the table. But the mistress did not pause there. She went on past her own room and the child's room. The child popped its head around the half-open door of its room and stuck its tongue out at Katinka.

Finally they reached the crooked dusty flight of stairs leading to the garret—the mistress still hurrying ahead. Katinka mounted the stairs breathing heavily. The young man came slowly after her—his eyes looked bewildered.

The mistress threw open the door of Katinka's wretched room. The candle was burning wanly. It flickered in a sudden frightened panic from the unexpected draft. The room looked stale and damp—it smelt of dust. The bed clothes had been disarranged and pulled apart, the linen sheet trailed on the floor, the mattress was awry, the woollen blanket was pushed back—and half dragging on the dirty floor, half lying on the covers, were all the ribbons that Katinka had taken. Strangled and coiled, one with the other, they looked like bleeding tortured things thrown aside to die.

Katinka gave a little guttural cry when she saw them and her face twisted itself into a grotesque mask of pain. The candle light fell palely on the colors, which seemed to be trying to hide by fusing. The whole heap of them dissolved into purples and reds. The mistress pointed to them.

“There”—she said to the young man. “She stole them. They're all mine.”

The young man stared at the mistress stupidly. Katinka crouched in a corner, her eyes on the ribbons.

“That's what she is,” continued the mistress, triumphantly—“A thief. Do you want to have a thief for a wife?”

The young man shook his head. He seemed incapable of words. A dull red flushed his face. He no longer looked at Katinka.

“Then you can go,” said the mistress. “No decent respectable man would have it. You'd better go.”

She motioned to the door. The young man backed out of the room. His steps marking heavily his descent, grew fainter and fainter. Katinka seemed hardly to notice that he had gone. She had looked up once at him, while her mistress was speaking, but the rest of the time she stared as if in a stupor at the ribbons.

“As for you,” said the mistress. “You pack your trunk and get out early tomorrow morning. It's no more than you deserve. And

COLOR

before you go—the first thing in the morning, I want you to press each one of these things neatly, and lay them on the kitchen table. I won't touch them in the crumpled state they're in now. I've counted them all, and if you take as much as one I'll have you arrested. You're very lucky that I don't anyway."

Then she went out of the room and shut the wooden door behind her. Katinka was alone.

Katinka went over to the ribbons, seized them passionately in her arms and crushed them to her. They streamed gaily from her hands, and flung out long red and blue banners, which clung to her dirty apron and torn skirt. They seemed to recognize her touch. She talked to them incoherently, and stroked them and laid her cheek against them. Then she knelt on the floor and counted them, sorting them carefully. The last one of all which she took up was the blue sash. She looked at it a long while. Finally she rose, and stood holding it in her hand. Then she put it around her neck. The silk was soft and brushed against her skin. She shivered as it touched her. Then she put it down and dragged her box out, with a slow rasping sound, from beneath the bed; she unhooked a few limp dress rags hanging behind a faded curtain and put them in the box.

Suddenly she slammed down the lid of the box, and snatching up the sash again, buried her face in it. Then a gust of shivering seized her. As if impelled by it, she climbed painfully on top of the box, and reaching up knotted an end of the sash to one of the low rafters. Then she made a loop in the other end of the sash, put it carefully around her neck, and stepped off the box. The other ribbons sprawled at her feet. The candle spluttered after a while and went out.





Drawing by Walter Crane to commemorate the International Convention of Labor, 1901.

AN AFTERNOON WITH WALTER CRANE: HIS VIEWS ON THE ARTISTIC, SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS PREVAILING IN ENGLAND TODAY: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD



VERY American interested in art matters knows the many-sided work of Walter Crane. Both as a member of the famous group of Pre-Raphaelites and as an individual worker he has exerted a strong influence upon the development of modern art in England and abroad, and no nation is more alive to this than we on the western side of the Atlantic. As one would naturally expect, Mr. Crane lives in a quiet and time-worn part of London. Going to South Kensington one turns from the busy thoroughfare up a narrow alley paved irregularly with ancient flagstones, past a gray old church that looks as if it had been there since the days of the Norman Conquest and into a street so still and deserted that it is like a cloister set apart from the rush and roar of London. The house, too, is definitely old-fashioned; built in the fourth year of the reign of George III, it is a perfect example of Georgian architecture and, save for the alterations necessary to modern ideas of comfort, it has been left untouched.

Entering, one feels instantly that it is the house which in the very nature of things would belong to Walter Crane, for on every hand is the record of his varied activities. The walls are literally crammed with pictures, tapestries, embroideries, rough sketches and cartoons, and the furniture, which is as old as the house, belongs to it so completely that not a piece could be spared from its place without a definite loss of comfort and individuality. In one corner are shelves

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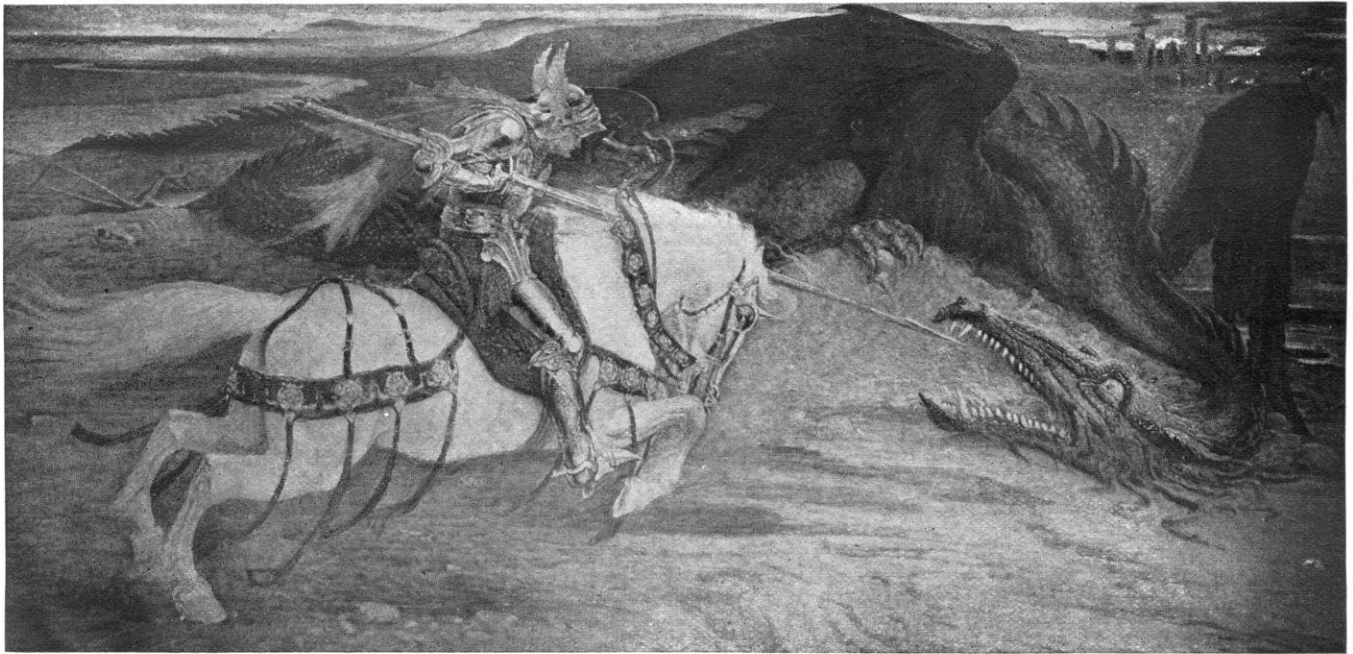
piled with pottery covered with strange and most decorative designs, and here and there the dull gleam of quaintly shaped vessels of copper and brass, wrought with intricate traceries, bear mute witness to the artist's many experiments in the various crafts. Had these things been brought together merely for the purpose of accumulation, the house would be overcrowded, but as it is, everything bears so distinctly the impress of a single strong personality that all melt imperceptibly into the parts of one whole. They show plainly that this is not a collection, but the record of the experiments and achievements of a busy life; the things which he had done himself and which were kept by him because they were nothing more than his thoughts and fancies put into form.

This impression had just taken definite shape when the man himself came in. He was much younger looking than I had expected, for we have known of him so long, but when I remembered that his first picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy when he was only sixteen years old, and that he has been doing the work of four men ever since, for in addition to his painting, decorating, designing and book illustrating, he has been writing and lecturing all this time, I realized that a lifetime is not always measured by years. He is a quiet, fair man, very taciturn, and yet friendly, with a trace of diffidence in his manner that makes one forget for the moment the honors and decorations that have been awarded him in many lands, the enterprises he has established and fostered, the important work he has done in the direction of social reform, and the many honorable offices he has held and still holds, and remember only that for the most part he worked out things for himself when he was a boy, and that he has been working them out in his own way and along many lines ever since.

IT SOON became evident that Mr. Crane did not talk fluently of his own achievements, and it was a little difficult to find a beginning. Fortunately, however, a pile of sketches lying on a chair provided a starting point, for they were landscapes, and landscape painting is the special hobby of this master designer. He would talk about these, for it was plain that each one brought to his mind a pleasant memory of some wild bit of Welsh mountains or rocky coast, some quiet glade or half-ruined castle in England or Scotland, or, better still, some recollection of the gorgeous coloring and decorative possibilities found in Italy, India or Ceylon. They were landscapes, yet each one was in itself a decorative design, for Mr. Crane sees things in that way. The composition in nearly every one was first of all decorative, and one felt that, for example,



"THE WINDS OF THE WORLD":
WALTER CRANE, PAINTER.



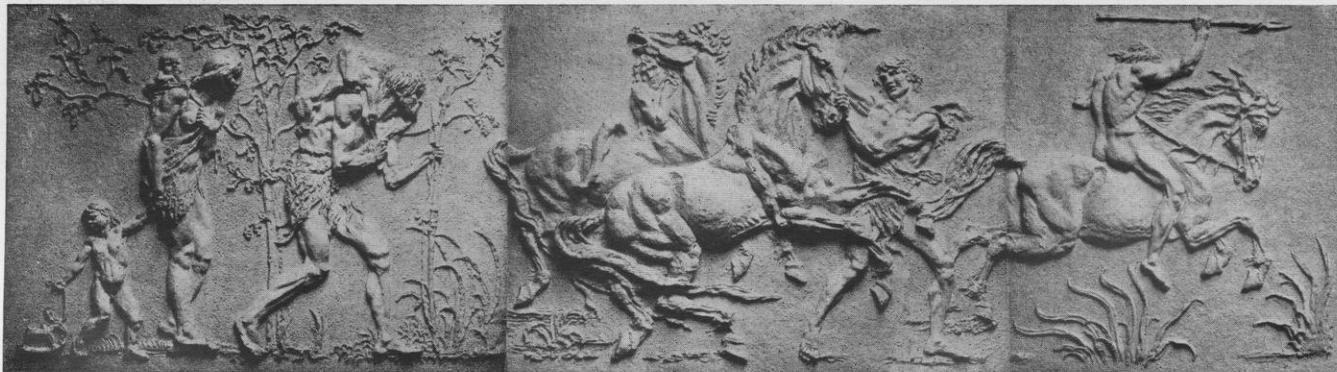
"ENGLAND'S EMBLEM": WALTER
CRANE, PAINTER.



"THE RENASCENCE OF VENUS":
WALTER CRANE, PAINTER.



THE CANOE: THE OX CART.



PRIMITIVE MAN: THE HORSE.

TWO DETAILS FROM THE FRIEZE "LOCOMOTION AND TRANSPORTATION," MADE FOR AN ENGLISH RAILWAY MAGNATE AND NOW IN PLACE AT PADDOCK-HURST, SUSSEX: DESIGNED AND MODELED BY WALTER CRANE.

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the strip of white-hot sand and peacock-blue sea, seen through the slim straight stems of a group of tall palms, was more a decorative motif than an actual record of nature, and that the red sandstone tower, carved with strange symbols at the gateway of some old Indian city, or the huge milk-white dome of an Oriental palace gleaming like a pearl against the burning blue, was quite as characteristic of Walter Crane as it was of India.

Turning from these it was an easy transition to the discussion of tapestries, covered thickly with arabesques and the luxuriant intertwining of plant forms, and of dull-hued hand-woven linens printed with the same gorgeous designs. One piece that is a great favorite with Mr. Crane is a panel of embroidery wrought after his design by Mrs. Crane. It was suggested by the first two lines of the "Divina Commedia," and shows Dante straying through the forest, with a leopard, a lion and a wolf slinking stealthily toward him,—all very low in tone and done in pale dull hues suggesting the gloom and mystery of the twilight land that lies between the worlds.

But there was work of a much later period to be seen and this was in the studio across the way, so we crossed the street, plunged into another tiny alley, swung sharply around a corner and there, at the end of a passage so narrow that one standing in the middle with outstretched arms might almost touch the walls on either side, was a hooded doorway embowered with vines. Passing through this, we went down a flight of three or four steps into a little garden that is one tangle of green and that forms the entrance to Mr. Crane's workshop. It is a workshop in very truth, large and well lighted, and bare of all studio belongings save the necessary easels and painter's tools, but crowded with paintings and cartoons, some finished, others in various stages toward completion, and still others merely sketched in. A large picture that seems almost to leap out at one entering the door is the celebrated "Prometheus Unbound," home temporarily from its many travels among the exhibitions. It is a most satisfactory picture, for we are so used to thinking of Prometheus as chained to the rock and helpless while the vulture tears at his vitals, that it is a great relief to see him alive and vigorous with his chains cast away, giving the vulture full payment with interest for all his past torture. Running around the wall of the studio is a plaster model of the great frieze made for a railway magnate and now in his place at Paddockhurst, Sussex. The subject is "Locomotion and Transportation," and the different stages are expressed by symbolic figures, beginning with primitive man journeying from place to place on his own feet, advancing to the taming of the horse, then to the canal boat, ox-cart, stage-coach, and so on to the most modern and approved methods

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of transportation, the whole idea being summed up in two large panels, one showing the Genius of Mechanical Invention uniting Agriculture and Commerce, and the other, the Genius of Electricity uniting the Four Corners of the World.

On the easel was a half-finished painting of the lunette designed for the building of the West London Ethical Society. It symbolizes the advancement of the race, and is founded upon the line:

“Still the race of kindred spirits pass the torch from hand to hand.”

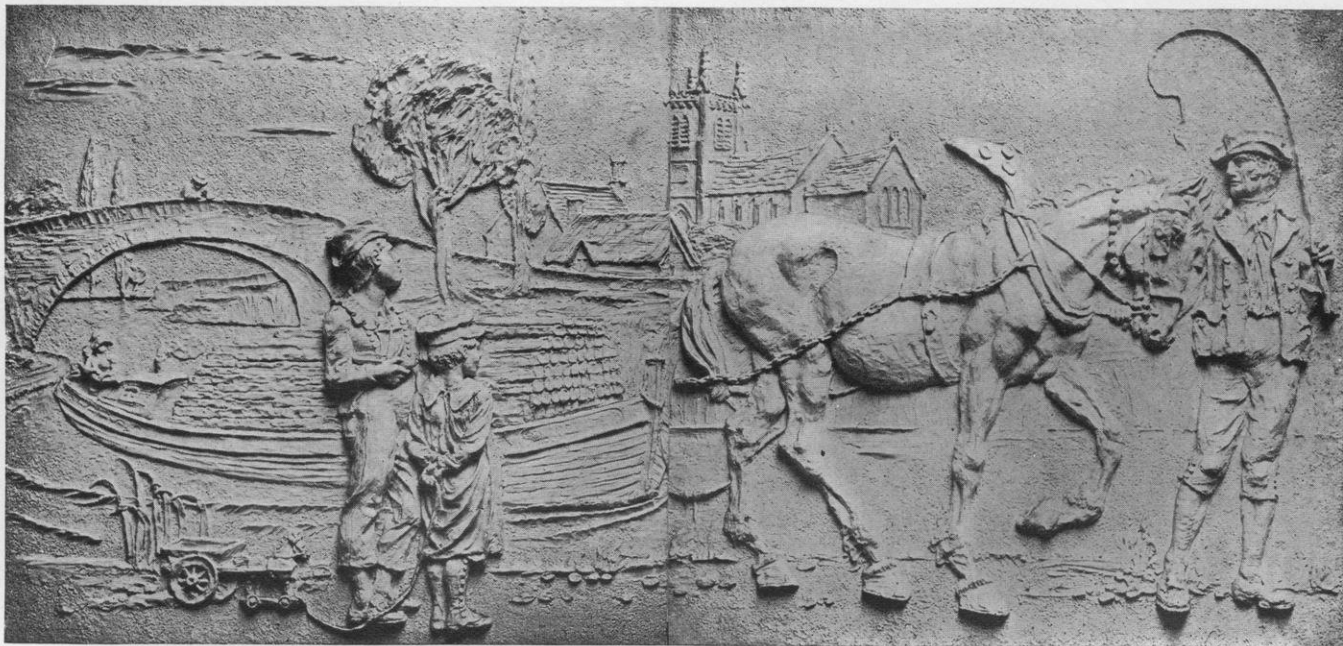
A line of running athletes passes over the half-circle made by the top of the globe, and each man as he runs extends his torch to the man ahead of him, and reaches back with the other hand to take the torch from the one behind.

IN SUCH surroundings it was easy to lead the talk in the direction of Mr. Crane's methods of working, and he told me simply that he had to express his thought in the medium that seemed best fitted to it; that, being both writer and artist, he most frequently works out an abstract idea, first in literary form and, as it takes shape, he sees it in the pictures which are generally his most vivid means of expression. There was a reminder in this of William Morris, and, the similarity of methods being suggested, he said it was quite true that Morris worked in much the same way, except that, being primarily a poet, each one of his designs became visible poetry in his hands, and he took a delight in working out in stained glass or weaving into tapestries the rich fancies with which his brain was always teeming analogous to the joy he experienced in weaving strange tales and old romances into his verse. Mr. Crane has the same versatility of expression, and his mastery of many forms of art makes it easy for him to express his thought at times in a picture, again in a story, and at other times in designs for tapestry, stained glass, metal work, pottery, carving, embroidery or an entire decorative scheme that might include all of these.

He spoke most cordially of the appreciation that had always been given him in America as well as on the Continent,—especially in Germany, where the symbolism which he uses so lavishly carries a strong appeal to the imaginative and philosophical turn of the national thought. Generous as has been the recognition accorded to him in England, he has always felt, he said, a certain lack of real understanding, for the reason that the English taste is not for allegory, and lies more in a direction of the expression in realistic form of domestic sentiment or portraiture. This led naturally to a discussion of the general attitude of the English people toward art, and Mr. Crane said frankly that men who were trying to do vigorous and original



"THE STAGE COACH": DETAIL IN THE FRIEZE
OF "LOCOMOTION AND TRANSPORTATION": DE-
SIGNER AND MODELER BY WALTER CRANE.



"THE CANAL BOAT": DETAIL FROM THE FRIEZE
OF "LOCOMOTION AND TRANSPORTATION": DE-
SIGNER AND MODELER BY WALTER CRANE.

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work were apt to find the public rather stolid and apathetic, although in this period of transition along all lines and of reaching out for new expression in so many directions, there were most promising signs of a coming change for the better.

BEING a Socialist and at all times actively engaged in socialistic work, Mr. Crane naturally keeps in close touch with all the revolutionary tendencies of the age, and his feeling is that all the world over the times are now, as he puts it, "in the very rapids of the coming revolution," and that old ideas as well as long established customs are gradually breaking up and giving place to new and better things. So many new currents of thought set in motion by the social and political unrest of the age must inevitably affect modern art, and, to Mr. Crane's way of thinking, a new and vital expression may come sooner than we expect it. He is of the opinion that this is by no means an age of spontaneous art expression, for it is unquestionably a fact that the center of interest is held by science and mechanical invention. Both work in direct opposition to art, but especially the latter, for every great mechanical invention so scatters people over the world that they lose the personal touch and the free and natural expression of individual life upon which all art must rest. The modern tendency being to disperse instead of to concentrate, art is naturally dormant; because people are for the most part living restless and artificial lives, far removed from the earth out of which all real art must spring, and the great mass of them are so preoccupied with business invention, money-making and luxurious living that they have no time for the self-expression which alone is art.

The same thing, of course, affects the progress of the crafts. Mr. Crane spoke of the impulse given to the revival of handicrafts by the efforts of William Morris and his group of workers, of which he himself was one, but he candidly admitted that the limitations of their work lay in the fact that their leader was wholly inspired by Mediæval design, and that, mighty as was his genius, he could not get outside of his own time; the vogue for his work was subject to decline like other fashions; but the effect of his principles was likely to be lasting: for there is now coming more and more into evidence a powerful secondary effect that is making itself felt not only in Europe but in America, and his ideals and doctrines are steadily gaining influence because they are founded upon the great basic truth that art belongs to daily life and must be the result of natural and healthy living. The world at large has grown used to being supplied by machinery with all its needs, and as a consequence it clamors for large quantities of things made after the same pattern and at the same moment,—a demand

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which can be met only by the factories; not by the workshops. Until the public taste grows beyond this, the crafts will not be restored to general use, for the inspiration to do good work can only come from the desire of the man who buys it to have the stamp of his own taste and individuality upon all his surroundings and upon everything that he uses.

Fortunately, there are many signs that the public taste is slowly improving, and Mr. Crane feels that the steadily growing socialistic tendencies of the age hold out the promise that people, even under the conditions of our present-day civilization, may yet realize the value of living simply in the open and of having independent local centers of life and industry, where the things needed by the community may be made in the community, when and where they are wanted. This once established, the homes, villages, churches, and all general meeting places, would inevitably become once more full of interest, because they would be made each for its own particular use, and in such surroundings and under such conditions with certain economic changes, the old content and leisure, which in former ages produced such beautiful things, would come once more into the daily lives of the people. To this end, every social experiment, every little independent settlement of workers, every garden city, indeed, every individual workshop, is a step in the right direction,—an evidence of healthy growth even under conditions as they are.

WITH regard to what is called the New Art movement, Mr. Crane sees in it little more than a passing eccentricity. The reaction from mere inane prettiness was inevitable, but in most cases it has gone to the other extreme of fantastic ugliness. Especially is this true in France, Germany, Austria and the Netherlands, where the revolutionists have discarded old methods and old ideals without finding anything worthy to take their place. In France he has found much contemporaneous art not only morbid and decadent, but absolutely childish, especially in the case of the present fad for single-line drawing,—a dangerous method of expression, because it takes a master draughtsman to handle it. A single-line drawing which is not well drawn is merely a desire for eccentricity carried to absurdity. In Germany the Secessionists are simply running wild, or as Mr. Crane tersely expresses it “they do not know where they are or what they are driving at.” In England the new men are doing better things,—at times extremely good things,—because the natural conservatism and common sense of the Anglo-Saxon are apt to temper and bring into line with sanity any strong impulse toward originality at any cost.

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Regarding the present social and political condition of England, Mr. Crane says again that it is a period of transition,—a most interesting period,—when the constant unrest and the fear of upheaval are keeping things so healthily stirred up that the solution must come in no very long time. The demand is dogged and constant, and in political circles it is confessedly the time of the half loaf, of constant small concessions made in the effort to placate the discontented. Those who are powerful are also humane; they like to be comfortable themselves and they like to see others comfortable, and while at present the efforts toward social betterment are chiefly philanthropic,—because they cannot as yet see that things are changed,—the realization of social justice is coming nearer and nearer, for the reason that the demand for it is the one deep steady note that sounds unceasingly through all the turmoil. In answer to a question concerning his connection with the Fabian Socialists and his opinion regarding the policy of that group, Mr. Crane replied that he had left the Fabians at the time of the Boer War, which he personally thought a crime, and that he had never rejoined the Society; that it unquestionably had done and was doing a certain amount of good, but that in his opinion its policy of permeation,—that is of endeavoring to influence the trend of events by working subtly to affect existing conditions,—was rather in the nature of hedging, and, while he himself preferred peaceful methods of reform, he felt that it was better to avow openly one's social creed and to stand by it at all costs,—better in its immediate effects and more certain to bring about the desired results.

The final thing before taking leave was to get Mr. Crane's own choice of pictures which he considered representative of his work. So he good-naturedly got out the pile of photographs which form his personal collection and record, and from these selected the pictures which illustrate this article. They cover a long period of years and are indicative of many sides of his art. "The Triumph of Labor" is one of his best-known designs; it was drawn to commemorate the International Convention of Labor, held in nineteen hundred and one, and is most characteristic both in the symbolism and in the character of the design. "The Arts of Italy," which is very personal, was originally designed for *tableaux vivants* and was afterward carried out in water-color for Sir Henry Irving. The figures are all portraits, that of Cimabue being a portrait of the artist himself. As will be remembered, the design is divided into three groups, typifying the arts of Venice, Rome and Florence. "The Renaissance of Venus" is one of his most famous pictures and, after being exhibited in all the principal cities of Europe, was bought by the late G. F. Watts and bequeathed by him to the National Gallery of British Art.

THE NEW ROMANCE OF THE ROAD



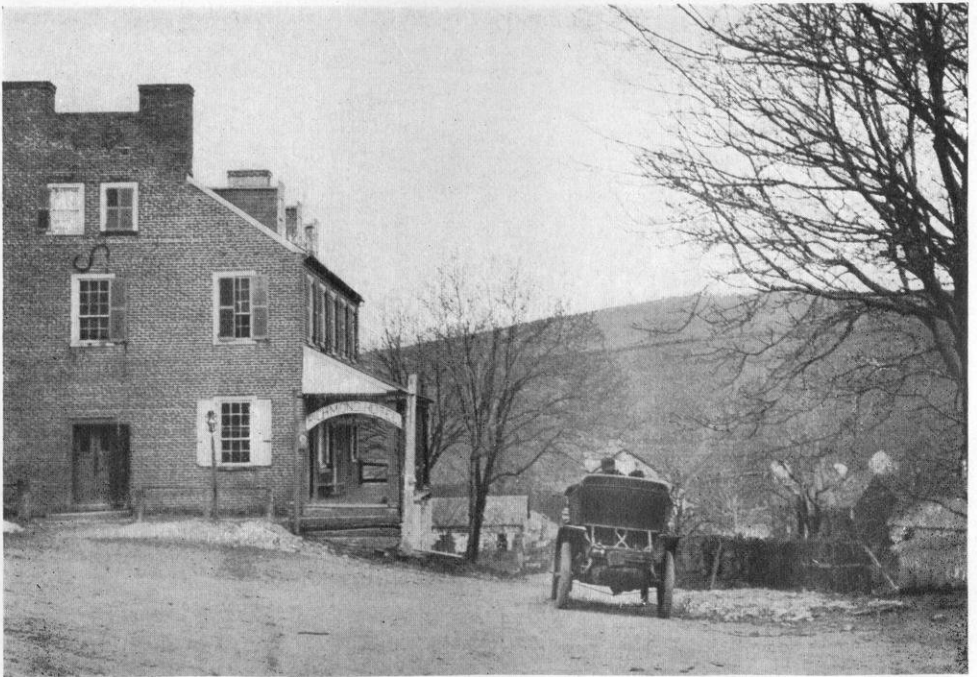
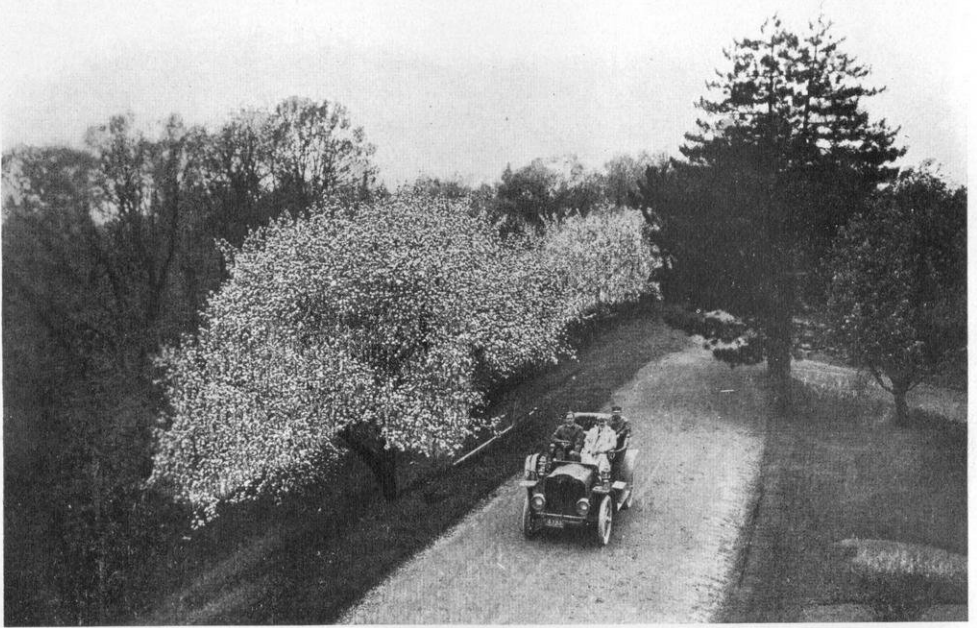
IT MAY be that romance, like sun spots and panics, has its law of periodicity, although the fact has not yet found a place in the text-books of any of the exact sciences. It is at least certain that the recorded story of man's life on this spinning planet is marked at intervals by "purple patches" of intenser meaning, periods of expansion during which the adventurous spirit forced new doors of experience in response to the lure of strange landfalls and the glimmer of more distant horizons. Sometimes the dominant motive, the vital force which blossomed to leave us the splendid heritage of a romantic period, was the sane and hardy spirit of commerce. This was the genius which filled the sails of the Phœnicians and guided their prows across unknown seas to inter-course with stranger peoples. It was this, together with the glint of legendary gold and the splendid spur which the voice of adventure applies to the red blood of youth, which drove the oaken keels of Queen Elizabeth's day westward toward the beckoning possibilities of the New World, as well as south and east toward the jewels and spices and ivory of Africa and India. On the other hand, it was an abstract idea of religious loyalty which drew the flower of Europe's chivalry into the long and arduous adventure of the Crusades, enriched history with another period of romance, and widened inter-course and understanding between alien branches of the human family. And the history of literature, like the history of life, records its periods of romantic revival, eras when the heart of man seems to live more intensely, to surge more resistlessly toward new spiritual experiences, to demand of its surroundings room for a fuller and more complete existence. Backward toward these various Golden Ages of our story turn the longing thoughts of many a poet who lacks the virility of vision to see that for all the splendor of past sunsets there is ever a more glorious day breaking in the east.

The past, of course, is our splendid and stimulating heritage, but in the future lie the promise, the inspiration, the fulfilment of the dream. We look backward, and, thanks to the elimination time effects, the more vivid and glowing incidents in the long tale of human passions and aspirations, of sometimes blind and sometimes inspired gropings and stumblings, fall easily into the colors and pattern of romance. Or we look far forward with the eye of speculative imagination and recognize romance in an age of man's complete mastery over the forces of nature, when Science shall have won the final battle in that warfare with time and space in which the telephone, wireless telegraphy and the aeroplane already mark the capture of commanding positions. But in the present in which we love and work and dream,



THE USE OF THE AUTOMOBILE HAS BEEN FOLLOWED BY A PERIOD OF MORE SCIENTIFICALLY CONSTRUCTED ROADWAYS.

NOW THAT WE KNOW OUR COUNTRY BY THE HUNDREDS OF MILES "THE LURE OF THE ROAD" BECOMES A PHRASE OF NEW FORCE.



THE AUTOMOBILE IS BRINGING THE SUCCESSFUL CITY MAN WITH HIS RESTLESS DREAMS AND AMBITIONS BACK TO THE COUNTRY FOR THE LIVING OF HIS REAL LIFE AND THE REARING OF HIS CHILDREN. TRAVEL TODAY IS GAINING SOMETHING OF THE INTIMACY AND ROMANCE WHICH CHARACTERIZED THE OLD DAYS OF THE WAYSIDE INN.

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a multitude of details fills our field of vision, so that romance may be weaving on a world-wide scale and our eyes fail to recognize the pattern.

SO IT is with us today in these United States of America. In this case the shuttle that weaves the unseen pattern—the warp and woof being our city and our country communities—is nothing more than a mechanical invention, already a commonplace feature of our highways and byways, whose scurrying to and fro the country has watched now for years with observant and interested and sometimes hostile, but withal uncomprehending, eyes. For ever since the motor car became, in this country, not a curiosity and an experiment, but a practical vehicle for the use of the wealthy and the moderately well-to-do, the press has been garrulous in regard to it. But the topics discussed have been such minor ones as the dangers and evils of “joy-riding,” the automobile as an incentive to the making of good roads, its tendency to bring to the surface the latent arrogance and selfishness of its driver, or its probable disruption of the long-established relations between man and the horse. But we have waited in vain for illuminating comment on the influence of this invention upon the life of the community as a whole, the non-users of it as well as the users.

Yet as a matter of fact the now ubiquitous motor car seems destined to be the principal factor in a beneficent readjustment of relations between our urban and our rural communities,—a readjustment which is already silently under way, and which means the practical reversal of a tendency and a debt which have been in evidence ever since the Civil War. It was that great national crisis which first disturbed the balance of power between our cities and our farms, drawing off to death on the battlefield or to other channels of activity after the war was over, the pick of our rural manhood. At the time the cities paid less heavily in brain and brawn than did the farms, their most efficient and successful citizens being in a position to pay substitutes to bear arms for them while they attended to their home responsibilities; and later, the strongest of the survivors tended to drift cityward rather than back to the land, drawn by the more varied opportunities for the development of their powers.

The current thus started has continued to flow to this day, the farms pouring into the cities their most virile and ambitious young men, the cities molding these into the strong leaders of our commerce and statecraft, thus making good their debt to the nation as a whole, but returning nothing of this brain and vitality and aspiration to the farms whence they were drawn. An extreme but illuminating ex-

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ample of what this leads to is supplied by the farming communities of New England. In all our country sections, in varying degree, this same warning is written. We have drawn too heavily upon the fundamental sources of our power, and we have not paused to replenish. We have bred too close, letting the human stock from which our best have come stagnate a little through lack of the stimulating ozone of outside intercourse, new blood, and fresh ideas and interests. These things the cities have to give in payment of their ancient debt, and the payment, thanks to the motor car, has already begun.

Hitherto the chief physical link between town and country has been the indispensable but at best impersonal bond afforded by the railroads, and the chief points of contact between the two have been the railroad stations. And we need only to go to any country station in New York State for graphic evidence that the cities' prolonged overdraft upon the country's human assets has begun to tell, and that the time for readjustment has arrived if the body politic is to continue its functions sanely and normally. Here the types that the traveler sees idling with some vague and purposeless interest around the incoming and outgoing trains have little to awaken the enthusiasm of either the poet or the statesman. We glance at these faces in vain for some revealing glimmer of joy, some light of quiet purpose, or even some more vivid glow from the mere physical fire of life. Their heavy indifference or trivial interest is unlightened by any underlying aspiration or far impulse, or at best is clouded by a vague discontent.

THE motive of this article, however, was not lamentation that such conditions should have come about, but joy in the belief that they are already inevitably changing for the better, and that a great though unconscious process of readjustment is actually under way. For the automobile is bringing the successful city man, with his restless dreams and ambitions, back into the country for the living of his real life and the rearing of his children. Although the problem presented by the constant drift of the unemployed and inefficient into the fiercer struggle of the cities remains to baffle the political economist, we see on the other hand a tide setting countryward among the overemployed, highly trained, resourceful and efficient heads of city families, men of fertile ideas, keen-eyed for the passing opportunity, and not blind to the finer values and pleasures of life when their affairs give them a chance to perceive these.

The man of affairs who thinks far enough into life to wish that his children should have of it the real best rather than the false best

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that it has to give, he is the unconscious missionary and evangel of the new order, the stimulus of whose personality and activities will leaven the life of the country community where it has tended to grow heavy and stale. This man is building his real home in the country—the country beyond the immediate circumference of the railway station, now for the first time made easily and quickly accessible by the automobile—and some of his interests are being diverted from his desk to take root in the soil. Thus, if he brings to the countryside the tonic influence of his enterprise and ambitions, he learns also to ask of it advice and help in meeting the problems of his new life which are strange to him, and he learns to accept silently and understandingly the spiritual sustenance and solace that the wind-swept stars, the winding road, and the widespread meadows have to give.

The fact that what this type of city man gains consciously and thankfully from the new life thus opening up to him is at least the equivalent of what he unconsciously gives in the way of general stimulus only strengthens the ground of our optimism. For that is a bargain after the finest pattern by which both parties are benefited, and it is by such spiritual commerce that life enlarges its boundaries. If the automobile opens to our successful city men the hitherto over-difficult or unnoticed door into the fragrant, sunlit, red-blooded life of the country, it also brings to rural sections grown inactive and blind to the bounties and opportunities at their threshold the spur of a refreshed vision and of a new viewpoint. And if this contact stings the country into keener interests and new activities, it also guarantees to the children of those city parents who follow this summons Edenward a heritage of treasures incorruptible in the impregnable storehouse of Memory. For no garden of wonders revealed to Aladdin ever bore fruitage of joys more many-colored and unforgettable, no shadowed paths of fairyland ever shimmered through an atmosphere of magic more enthralling, than do the remembered fields and streams and woodlands of our childhood, and the pathways once familiar and forever alluring. Will the scattered brood from one gray old farmhouse ever forget the hard rolling roadway that led past the willows at the bubbling spring to the upland pastures and the maple groves, the graveled walks among the jeweled currant bushes and tapestried flower-beds of the old-fashioned garden, or the trail worn by the cattle down through the alders to the lush green solitudes of the wild meadow? Such indefinably precious memories as these are the inalienable birthright of that man or woman whose childhood belonged to the country.

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NOT only is the automobile teaching us what England long ago learned, namely that only in the country is home life in the best sense possible, but it is also bringing back to travel something of the intimacy and romance which characterized the old days of the stage-coach and the wayside inn. Already the purposeless lolling life of the summer hotel feels its unhealthy calm ruffled by a rising wind of change, and the desire to go somewhere and do something is cutting into the daylong inertia induced by the hammock and novel. Now, after a meal at a wayside inn—a meal to which we bring appetites blown keen by the buffeting air—we return to our car and take up the trail of new adventures, following a road with the same loving excitement with which a canoeist explores a new stream. Thus the road to the true automobilist, like the stream to the born canoeist, is always a thousand times more than a mere available way of reaching the next stopping place. It becomes the pathway of adventure, the thread along which may be strung who knows what passing but memorable human encounters, what sudden responses to Nature's moods of beauty, what unforeseen possibilities of interest and stimulation! The most matter-of-fact highway, when we make its acquaintance through the good auspices of the automobile, may well be followed with confident expectancy of new beauties to be revealed at every turn and dip and rise. Now that we can know our country by the hundreds of miles as intimately as we formerly knew it by the mile, the "lure of the road" becomes a phrase of new force and meaning, concerning which the millionaire may be able to compare notes with the tramp.

With the romance of the road thus revived, with the men of the cities and the men of the country rediscovering one another on their human and spiritual sides, there has followed, of course, a period of better road-making, of more scientifically constructed highways for the facilitation of this intercourse. A great book which still awaits an author will tell the story of the roads man has builded for his needs, and this, when written, will be the history of human civilization. The indestructible causeways Rome laid for the feet of her armies, the trails blazed by our own pioneers between settlement and settlement, and the impersonal but potent ribbons of steel and timber by means of which our railroad builders link ocean to ocean and whisk their millions back and forth across the continents, are all factors in the great process by which the human race will at last emerge through many misunderstandings upon the table-lands of sane brotherhood and quiet wisdom. And not least will be the part played by the automobile.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY: BY WILLIAM L. PRICE



MANKIND has two major dreams,—the Golden Age and the City Beautiful; two haunting aspirations,—peace and achievement. The Golden Age always lies in the past. It is the day before yesterday of all time, while the City Beautiful lies just over the hill in front of us.

In these two dreams lies wrapped the story of what we are and what we shall become. One is a dream of knowledge and rest, the other a dream of prophecy and effort, and they are both woven in and out through the lives of men; and men and peoples advance and overcome, or sleep, as one or the other of these visions dominates their lives. How passionately regretful we look back on the easy achievement of yesterday, on the good that our fathers had, and their imagined peace seems a dream of rest that we have not yet learned to reflect upon with content. The weary worker and the sated rich alike build on the hope that that sleepy Golden Age of lazy innocence will sometime come again, and the pious, hopeless for their dream on earth, build a shadowy land of rest in the sky. But if a live man reached their heaven, what would he do with it,—with its intense self-gratification and its utter lack of service? If he were a true son of God he would rather go to hell and improve it, than to endure a prepared heaven, where he could not even wish for anything that was not ready-made.

The City Beautiful is the better dream. It has yet to be built, and it spells fellowship in the building. A man may build a house, but it takes men and women and little children to build and keep a city, and better yet, it is always a-building, never built. Every now and then we hear that the City Beautiful is about to arrive. Architects announce it, Governments authorize it, wealth prophesies it; but the City Beautiful tarries. We even believe that we commence to build it. We dedicate parks in the slums to the use of the people, and the land speculator reaps the benefits and pushes the slum two or three blocks back. We open boulevards to the joy of the politician and the automobilist. We build fountains that are a pleasure to those who hear but do not see. The Government, at the instigation of certain influences not entirely disinterested, appoints a learned Board to tell us how to make our City Beautiful thoroughly and logically orthodox. We build quantities of new-cut marble into dead forms, but the result is not the City Beautiful and cannot be, for the City Beautiful will not be built at the dictates of education or with stolen ideas or stolen money. We shall first have to build the People Beautiful, and then we need take no thought for the building of the

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City Beautiful, for it will, as inevitably, be the fruit of good living as the city hideous is the fruit of bad living.

You cannot have the City Beautiful with marble-embellished boulevards at one end and filth-breeding alleys at the other, with palaces where the city spends its money, and slums where it saves it. Beautiful playhouses will not offset ugly and unwholesome factories. Nor may we dig up the stones of the Golden Age to build our city from. It must be a real City Beautiful to endure, and it must be founded on the rock of economic justice. "The earth must," indeed, "belong in usufruct to the living."

WHEN work has become joy, when plenty has destroyed fear, when brotherliness has taken the place of greed, then the gates of the City Beautiful will swing wide open to the children of all men. And it may be tomorrow if we will it. When in the fulness of their lives the joy of creation dominates men, when no fear for tomorrow's bread oppresses them, when the desire for self good no longer means taking from others, when there are neither robbers nor robbed—what can men do to express all this but to build the City Beautiful, embodying their joy of life and their fellowship in voluntary work for all? Then we shall build Senate chambers in which well-honored men will sit to devise new joys and new good for all, in which no plea of individual interests or even of national interests could stand against justice to the least and fellowship with the farthest. Then will these same glad men build real playhouses and play in them for the joy of playing, real halls of music in which the melodies of the folk shall be crystallized by genius into expressive song; real temples that shall express the joy of life and spontaneous thankfulness for it. When not the least beautiful buildings in your city are its workshops, then we shall know the true City Beautiful has arrived, and nothing short of this will do. We can have no real architecture, no real art, on any other terms.

We have fooled ourselves with the idea that injustice and forced inequality were necessary to art, that unless we had the palace builders we could have no domestic architecture, no painting, no sculpture; that unless the extravagant rich should endow colleges we could have no education; that unless music and religion were subsidized they would cease to be. And what has come of it? The Golden Age nostalgia with its veneration for the past, with its fatuous reproduction of once vital architectural forms; men and women and little children hopelessly shredding out their lives in factories, that they may merely eat; marble and gold and onyx wrought into tedious sump-tuousness by hateful toil at the mandate of stolen wealth; sham mahog-

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any halls of legislation where paid servitors of special privilege wrangle over who shall have the spoils; laws enacted in the name of protection that do and can only protect special interests, that buttress the possessors not against foreigners but against the dispossessed, who are kept quiet with the bribe of the crust of higher wages thrown in contempt, and inevitably snatched back by increased cost of living; the fruitful earth made sterile by extravagant waste and the preëmption of title holders.

AND you architects and workmen; you painters and sculptors; you mechanics; you musicians; you hope for harmony out of this sickening chaos? You draw the mantle of your exclusive craft about your empty hearts and say, "What business is it of ours? What have we to do with the people's problems? What have we to do with economics? We worship at the shrine of art. We live for art. Let the politicians attend to economics." Fools all. There is no music but folk music. There is no architecture but folk architecture. There is no vital art that is not the cry and prophecy of the common heart.

And the worst folly of all is believing that invention and trivial comforts can take the place of joyous work, that real plenty means plenty of things regardless of how they are made; that any extravagance in the mechanical making of wealth or in the expenditure of it for what we call art, or even for education, can uplift man. Until we realize that in the necessary work of our hands lies our best education, until we realize that beauty is only incidental to art and that service is fundamental to it, until we realize that while any starve physically, mentally or socially, our art and our leisure only blacken our souls, we shall have no City Beautiful. Men do not need to be taught art,—do not need even to be shown the joy of good work. They need to be taught that the only road to them is an economic system that shall abolish slavery of every form, by establishing equality of opportunity in the use of the earth, our only storehouse and workshop.

When free men work they always build suitable and vital arts. When slaves work the cry is ever "Bread and the circus." And the swarm of so-called artists that batten on the festering sore, cannot with all their education and technique achieve any art worth the name except the melancholy songs of servitude.

Out of the workshop comes the genius. Up from the fields comes the statesman. Architecture arises at the call of sane men who being well fed by intelligent production, demand a fitting house for their work and for their home. Municipal architecture comes when these same men, out of the fulness of their lives, give service to the state.

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Sculpture and painting are the flowers of the artist-builders, the loving decoration of the necessary stones of building, the exuberant coloring of its walls. But these so-called fine arts can be significant only with the significance of a fine general life. Music must have ears to hear it. Painting and sculpture must appeal to opened eyes. Men may paint at the immediate compulsion of their souls, but men do not paint in the wilderness. Architects cannot and would not build houses for the snake and the lizard to bask in. They not only build them for men, but with men and of men, and if the lives of men are noble, architecture will be noble and will breed nobility, and if the lives of men be base and mean, so will the fruit be. The monumental mausoleums we build for our Congresses are no less dead than the laws enacted in them, and their gilded shams no more false than the promises made before elections.

And we have what we deserve and desire. If craftsmen are satisfied with work that yields nothing but wages, then wages will be our standard of art. If they are willing to produce shams and adulterations, then shams and adulterations they must consume. If the promise of an hour's less toil will bind them to the wheels of mechanical production, then the machine ideal will enter into their being, and they will become the enervated cogs in a destroying mechanism, and with initiative and reasoning power weakened, they become the inevitable dupes of unprincipled men who use them and their lives for their own futile ends.

AND these exploiters who buy some of your pictures after you are dead, who build what you call your architecture, are a sure result of the loss of the art spirit in man, with its concurrent loss of independence. Do not forget that the art spirit produces free men quite as much or more than freedom produces art. That man is free who shakes off the fetters of his spirit even though his hands be bound, and no man is free who is afraid to be himself, who is bound by precedent, whose work is laid out for him by the living, or its manners dictated by the dead. And no man can be free who has not realized the possibilities of freedom through creative work, who has not looked upon the work of his hands and seen that it was good. "I know what joy is, for I have done good work," was the exultant song of Stevenson, and it will have to be the song of the average man before we can hope for any real craftsmanship, before we can realize a civilization that shall possibly produce the City Beautiful, with its days of upbuilding toil and its nights of well-earned recreation. Shortened hours of labor, more sanitary factories, child labor laws, and all the mitigating charities only put off

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the good days, because they are accepted as solutions, because they put us to sleep, alike bribing the worker and lulling the reform spirit.

The true constitution of Democracy is not written on parchment, but in the hearts of far-seeing men. Its laws are made effective not by parliaments but by the brotherliness of kindly men. The real democrat refrains from trespass not because of the "Thou shalt not" of extraneous laws, but because of the "I will not" of his own being.

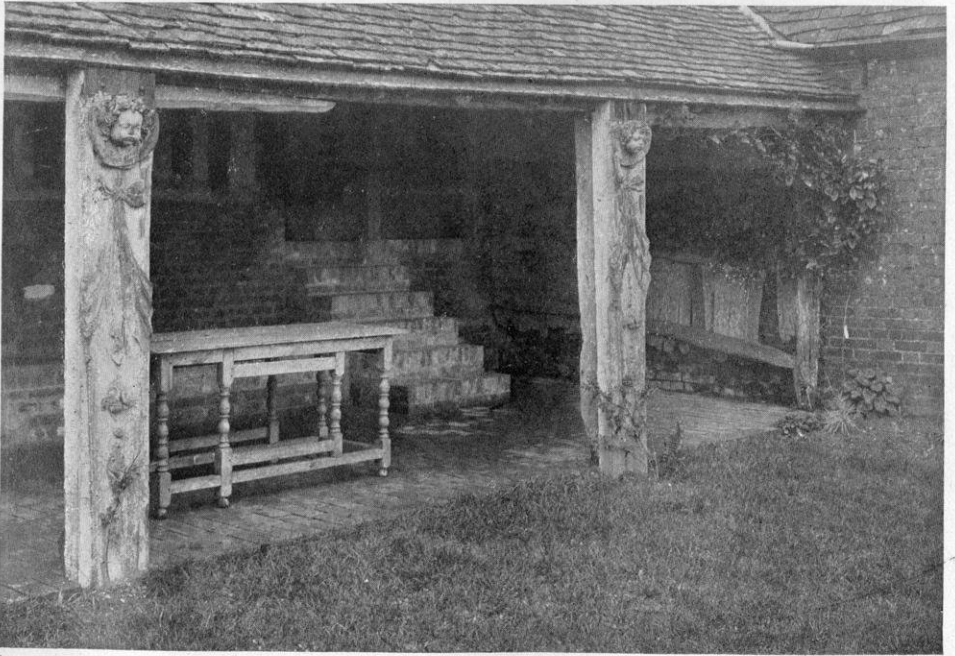
When men see the real possibilities of growth through joyful constructive work, it will be unnecessary to make laws forbidding them to work in filth, to work in life-destroying methods or surroundings, or at the sort of unthinking mechanical labor our civilization is built upon. Men will decline to work at the tail of the automatic machine and will decline to be satisfied with its mechanical products, and no promise of leisure or greater wages in material things will lure them away from the joy of individual creative work, and the natural coöperation of joint production. What has it profited us that we have bartered all art, all pleasure in our work, all beauty in the product, for the knowledge that things can be made by wonderful machines in enormous quantities? What has it profited us that we have cut down our forests and torn up our earth to make furniture that, by the grace of the varnish on it, sticks together for a few years, and requires as much lumber in the making as furniture that lasts a hundred years and is a continuous satisfaction to its possessors? Not so many things, but better, must be the cry of the consumer, and things good enough to be a joy in the making must be the demand of the worker, and until these demands become peremptory we shall hope in vain for a civilization that shall be worth while; we shall look in vain for a real City Beautiful; we shall dream on in our regret for a Golden Age that, out of barbarism, never existed but in the dreams of men too lazy or too educated to build.

A FOUR-HUNDRED-YEAR OLD COTTAGE IN KENT, WHERE ELLEN TERRY LIVES IN THE SUMMERTIME



IT WAS the country that has been painted into landscapes for centuries by England's most famous artists that we drove through that radiant June day, over the rolling hills and green pastures and under the blue skies of Kent. We were spending a week-end with Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett at Maytham Hall, and knowing that our time for seeing the quiet beauty of the English countryside was short, we lived out of doors all of the first bright blue day that came our way, driving from one quiet old town to another, from Rolvenden to Tenterden, and from Tenterden to Smallhythe and even out to Burwash, where Kipling sometimes lives. We had not the time to get to Rye, where the inspiration for a third of all modern fiction, Henry James, dwells to hide away from imitators and investigators. But several times we repassed for the sheer pleasure of the vision presented, the quaint centuries-old house that Ellen Terry has made seem a comfortable home in which to spend her days of rest away from the stage. It is quite wonderful how essentially an abiding place this little Kentish cottage has become, without marring in a single detail the charm of the original structure and the graces that have come to it from age.

Unfortunately for our enjoyment of the inside of "The Farm," Miss Terry was away on tour, and her daughter, who lives near her in The Cottage, was also away, so that our interest had to be confined to the outside, but that was great. Of the charm of the interior we learned later from Mrs. Burnett's fluent description and Miss Frances Johnston's friendly, intimate pictures, which are reproduced, and which are most convincing as to the old-fashioned charm of the house. "The Farm," which is the only name this unpretentious country place claims, is in the southwesterly corner of Kent, a land of sunlight and blue skies and wide sea marshes. In the days of the dramatic Henry the Eighth the little town of Tenterden was a thriving port where the royal barges were built from lumber out of the nearby forests. There still exists the little old ferry that carried the builders from marsh to hill, and there is an old-time bridge over a tiny stream and an old-fashioned woman ferry-keeper who is happy over very small change. And just here, where life had halted some four centuries, Ellen Terry found and swiftly purchased for her use the black-timbered farmhouse with its moss-hidden shingles, its latticed casement windows, wide fireplaces and carved porch posts, all of which she has had the rare beauty sense to preserve unaltered.



From a photograph by Frances B. Johnston.,

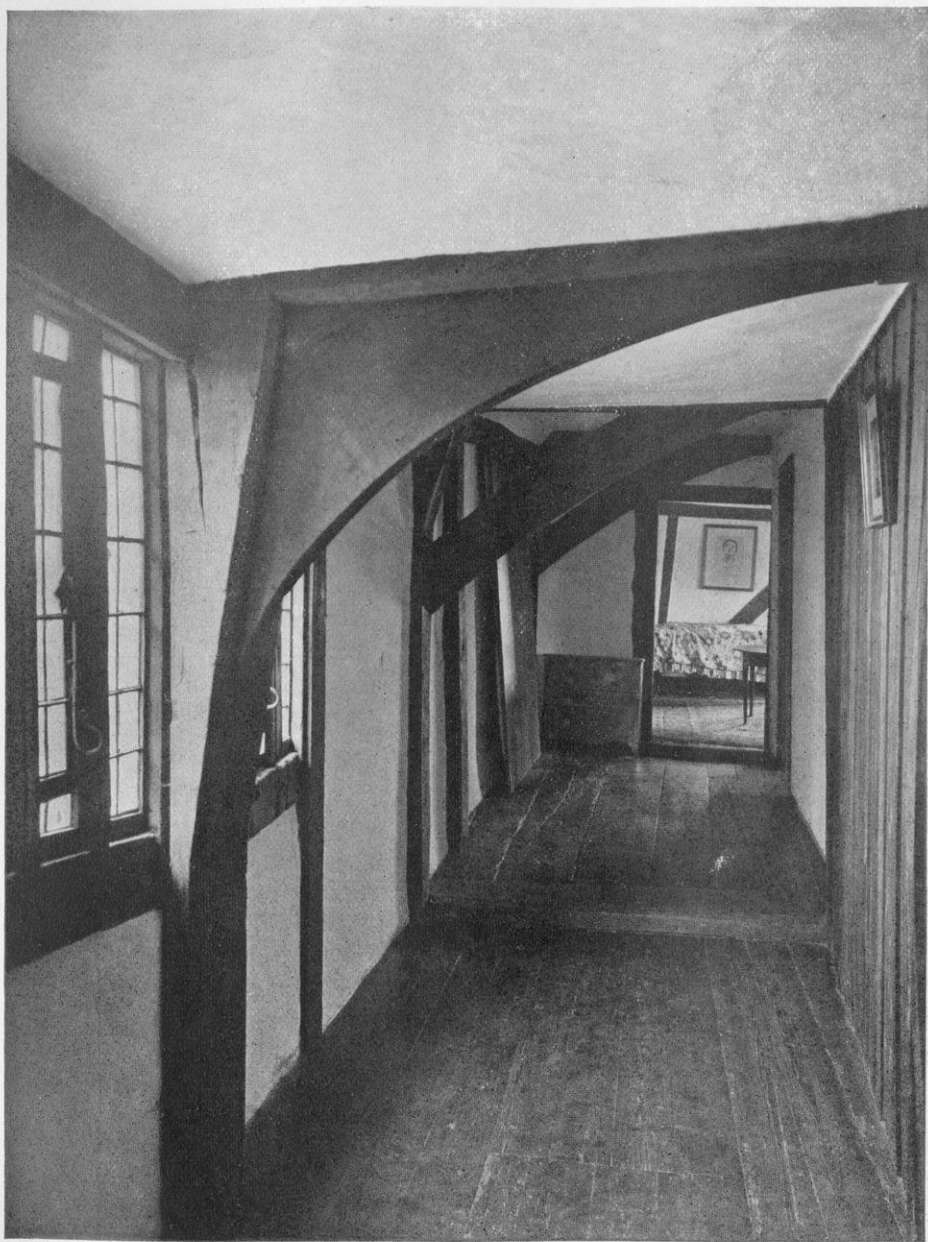
A GLIMPSE OF THE ENTRANCE TO MISS ELLEN TERRY'S COTTAGE IN KENT, SHOWING WHERE THE LAWN DIPS TO MEET THE INLET, WHICH ALL UNCONSCIOUSLY HAS TAKEN ON THE AIR OF A WATER GARDEN.

THE PORCH OF THE COTTAGE IS A RECONSTRUCTED COWSHED: THE ROUGH HEWN TIMBER SUPPORTS ARE CARVED IN QUAIN AND INTERESTING FASHION.



From a photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE HOUSE IS TYPICAL OF THE OLDEST COTTAGES IN KENT, OF BLACKENED TIMBER AND ROUGH PLASTER, WITH LATTICED WINDOWS AND A MOSS-GROWN SHINGLED ROOF.



From a photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF THE HOUSE
IS THE OLD HALLWAY WITH ITS TIMBER
BUTTRESSES AND CASEMENT WINDOWS.



From a photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

THE FIREPLACE IN THE SITTING ROOM IS WIDE AND DEEP, WITH AN OAK SETTLE UNDER THE MANTLETREE.

AT THE END OF THE OLD HALL IS MISS TERRY'S OWN SLEEPING ROOM, PLASTERED AND PANELED WITH WOOD: THERE IS QUAIN'T FURNISHING AND AN INTERESTING OLD FIREPLACE.

WHERE ELLEN TERRY LIVES IN KENT

Of course, there was some supplementing of the simple, comfortable, friendly old furniture, the addition of rugs, antique and rare, an abundance of linen and napery, a new teakettle for the old, old fireplace, the mending of shingled roof and brick chimney, fine careful mending that left no cruel scars. And, too, there has been no disfiguring of the little inlet which has strayed away from the neighboring river and which the lawn dips to meet. With the flowers about it and the freshening up of its stony banks and the lilies at its edge, it has grown quite unconsciously to suggest a water garden, but it is really only an inlet and a patch of beauty for the eyes of the visitor on the porch. From the porch, also, can be seen the beds of lovely old English posies at the water edge. The day we drove by there were more roses than anything else in the garden and near the house, but it was June, and Kent was rose colored then.

THE porch which overlooks the rose garden and where tea is often served and where one lounges on warm mornings, is just a reconstructed cowshed, the walls and floors paved with multicolored bricks. The steps leading up to the kitchen are also brick, weatherbeaten in rich tones. But most enchanting of all of the old life of this house are the porch supports of rough-hewn timber, carved elaborately at the top of the outside square, each with a cherub head and conventional drapery floating about. Nothing more fascinating and grotesque could well be imagined than the rough old posts, blackened with age, as a background for these quaint, friendly, pouting, almost humorous little faces. As I remember them one smiles a little more than the other, but I cannot now tell which. They are at once a welcome to the present and a sign-post to the past. Vines, too, are about this lovely porch, but none are allowed to encroach upon the habitation of these baby household gods. As "The Farm" is supposed to have originally belonged to the humble builders of royal boats, it is possible that the carving on the posts was done by some old sailor man who felt that good pieces of lumber should always be decorated for a possible ship's prow against a time of need. From the porch you look out past the cherubs over the water garden to the wonderful rolling hill country of Kent, which Constable, especially in his earlier sketches, has for many years made even the stranger know and love.

The living room is, of course, properly beamed with heavy black timber and the roof upheld with huge wooden supports. The floor is tiled over in simple country style, a table is drawn up near the fireplace on one side and on the other a fine old oak settle holds heaps of pillows. The fireplace is very deep, and back under the shadow

WHERE ELLEN TERRY LIVES IN KENT

of the manteltree is ample space, in a real inglenook, for a smaller settle which faces the old-time brick oven, and I do not know whether this is still in use on "The Farm" or not. It is worth noticing the interesting construction of the fireplace, the plaster and oak panels about the mantel and the use of brick and tile.

The hallway leading to the pretty bedroom is untouched save that it is now fresh and clean. The same old worn wide plank floors are there, with wooden buttresses to support the roof, and from one end of the hall to the other are lovely old leaded windows with elaborate wrought-iron fastenings. The walls and ceilings are plastered between wooden panels, at once decorative and durable.

At the end of the hall is Miss Terry's own sleeping room, plastered and paneled like the hall, with a wooden floor and most interesting wide, tile hearth fireplace. The modern bed is hidden under a fine old flowered patch quilt, and on the modern rug stands a delicate old spindle-legged table. In the intimacy of this chamber one notices the large portrait of Eleanora Duse, whom one remembers is one of Ellen Terry's most beloved friends—a pleasant peaceful room, the final remote inaccessible corner where Miss Terry may rest or work. Much of the picturesque quality of the interior of this old house was found by scraping away the superficial walls, by tearing off old wall paper and getting at the original structure of the ancient dwelling. Lovely windows have thus been revealed; fine old oak door frames and ancient fireplaces; until now it seems as though practically all of the charm of the house had been rediscovered. And it is difficult to imagine anything that could add a fresh delight to this new-old home, except that one should always find there the gracious owner with her humorous twinkling smile and that hospitality which belongs only to the simplest and the greatest in life.

As we drove by the house the second time at the end of our day's companionship with the pleasant Kentish land, we stopped and looked long at the fine old building, so simple, so durable, so well planned by heart and conscience, so mellow with the good things time holds for the strong and true, and there seemed to grow out of it a lesson on this question of home building. Why should not a man take joy in putting together beautifully his own dwelling place? Why should not his home become eventually a monument to his taste, to his strength, to his understanding of beauty? Why should not coming generations look upon it not only with joy, but with affection? How much, indeed, has one woman and all those who pass before her home today gained from the honesty of purpose, the courage, simplicity, the genuine appreciation of beauty in the hearts of those old barge builders back in the ruddy, sometimes o'er-stren-

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uous days of the vigorous King Hal? It is through the construction of such homes as these, as well as in the folklore and music of England, that one succeeds in understanding something of the achievement of the British folk, who have made some resounding history in the world's annals.

As we started homeward down the fragrant old English lane we turned for one more glimpse of the June garden, the roses climbing over doorway and casement, of the house itself stooping a little under the weight of four centuries of home giving; yet with all its past burdens, and they have been many since the cupid first appeared on the porch post, it still possessed a fine dignity of presence that no new dwelling ever can, or deserves to, reveal.

NASTURTIUMS

THIS early morn I knelt upon a bed
Of fragrant blossoms fair, all draped in dew,
And none was there to greet the day anew,
Or see the buds of orange, brown and red
Which lay asleep within the perfumed bed;
For I was sent to pluck the flowers that grew,
All dripping still with midnight's sweetest dew,
To deck a home wherein a child lay dead.

I could not clearly think what death could be
Which had reached forth, and with his secret might
Struck down a life, which ne'er again would see
The summer sun fold up the tent of night,
Or hear the wrens within the cherry tree
All chirping of the joys that were to be.

MARJORIE SUTHERLAND.

VISION THE SOURCE OF ACHIEVEMENT: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

"I know what joy is, for I have done good work": Robert Louis Stevenson.



AMONG the North American Indians, before our Government methods of dealing with them had made them into very poor farmers or good beggars, there was always a man in the tribe who gained his wisdom by his nearness to Nature, who most often put his ear to the ground in order to keep in closest sympathy and understanding with the truth in life. It was this chief, or medicine-man, who knew of the first coming of friend or enemy, who heralded for his people the approach of storm, who felt from afar the tread of the buffalo; it was he who dreamed of spring fragrance before the ice broke in the rivers, who heard the call of the first meadowlark ere the sweetbriar was green. With his ear to Nature's heart his soul was quickened, he saw the great simple truth of life, and his own life was an expression of it. He became a seer, a man of vision, to whom the tribe looked for prophecy and advice, and he lived as close to his people as he did to Nature. He was the man to whom every other man turned in times of joy or trouble; he was the man who saw most clearly and whose word was always the word of truth.

But in modern ways of civilization we have forgotten these great chieftains; our feet, not our hearts, are close to the earth, and we must turn back to ourselves for counsel and instruction. In this turning to ourselves for help, each must become his own prophet, each must get from the height of his own imagination and from the depths of his own soul the vision of his achievement. And for a man to desire to see things as they are is to begin to create for himself the power to do so. For genius is only a real perception of beauty, which should be universal instead of exceptional. The great painter, the great musician, does not create beauty; he sees it or hears it as it has been from the beginning of time, and but translates to the more artificial his impression of the beauty-laden world. Perhaps the great man is simple for the very reason that he has learned to know that all greatness should be for all people, that it is but chance that he has had the unencumbered mind and the clear vision, and the skill to show others a glimpse of what he sees. For each man who will clear his mind and strengthen his eyes for the sight of life as it is, for all the truth he is capable of assimilating, will find his imagination stirred, his understanding quickened, his capacity for achievement pulsating with life hitherto undreamed of. And though each may not achieve all that his vision pictures for him, he will accomplish

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only as he follows the vision. Perhaps he will follow but halfway; perhaps but a few faltering steps, but always he will go beyond where his feet would have trod with veiled eyes.

Education is supposed to, but never can, take the place of this vision, for education trains people only to do well what they understand well, while vision is the final conception of the right thing to do. It is the mental picture of the perfection of achievement, a vital thing, stimulating each man's development and related to his personality. While on the other hand education as formalized today is but the ghost of dead men's visions, unrelated to personalities born under new and different conditions. Thus education is valuable as a history of past visions and past achievements; but far more vital to each man today is his own conception of truth, his splendid vision of achievement for himself. The splendor cannot be too golden, the dream too high, for once recognized and accepted as a personal ideal the vision is but the beginning of the struggle to realize it, and development must follow through the battle, through failure as well as accomplishment, and ever through renewed effort toward understanding. Success is only for those who follow the light, whose imagination is stirred beyond the ordinary, who see things as they are or should be, and this is true whether the vision is of rare melody, of sunlight on canvas, the flight of an air-ship over mountain peaks or the development of a railway through jungles and deserts.

No man is dull whose vision is clear, for every hour is to him a succession of enchanting rendezvous with life. It enables him to see through the glittering mortuary veils of convention and superstition which dangle before his eyes. To him they are all thin with age and broken with Death's touch. In place of these glimmering fantasies he sees opportunity for labor, the desire for physical development, the need of spiritual growth.

Without the vision man does not see beyond the present, so that he is easily led. It is not that he prefers the dull, the sordid, the mean aspects of life; it is that he cannot see beyond these things and so lives within the commonplace. What, for example, can fill a vaudeville theater in the country on a summer afternoon, with sane, pleasant, kindly people, when the woods are but a step beyond them, and the river flowing nearby, with a fine June sky reaching over lovely meadows? It is not that the theater is more alluring, more generous to man's needs; not that the stage can give more help and knowledge than Nature. It is just not seeing clearly; not having that vision which would present the truth and let a man balance fairly the benefits of Nature against the stage spectacle. Unfortunately, a man does not need eyes or vision for the vaudeville; he can be led there; but

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to the country he must take understanding. Nature is silent to the deaf and vague to the blind, and remote to the artificial; but to the man who sees clearly she is prodigal her kind arms are open wide and her voice riven with sweetness, her bounty and beauty never failing.

How many names we have found for this vision: the poet calls it rapture; the musician, inspiration; in religion it is conversion; to the young, love; to the scientist, knowledge; to many of more lowly ambition it is simply enthusiasm, that joy of endeavor that ever follows ambition with fluttering wings. To most of us it is undreamed of. To most of us it is within reach.

THE road was wide and the man walked with a light step. It was uphill; the man liked that, too. All his life had been uphill and he had often had pleasanter resting upon the brow than in the valley. He walked with his eyes uplifted a little, as though watching the hilltop to measure his strength. In this way he often passed by things in the valley without seeing them, small worries and cares, petty annoyances which peered at him curiously as he climbed.

On this day the man's slowly uplifted eyes shone a little. As he tramped the road, his heart thrilling with the full joy of living, he was remembering boyhood days and rejoicing that they had been earnest, simple days, spent in labor on the farm, in the woods; days in which he had learned, through labor, the value of resolution, the use of self-control, the purpose of self-reliance, all those essentials in character building which the country may supply to the boy who is willing to learn his lessons without desk or ferrule. He was glad, too, that he had never seen the city until he was sixteen, when he had already learned his lessons with Nature and had studied hard with labor as a taskmaster. He had commenced to see clear, to hearken to the truth before the artificial lure of the city reached him. Even at sixteen he had "seen beyond," and all the uphill trail of his life had been toward the ideal of achievement which had begun with this vision.

Today he was living out one of the dreams of these early boy days, for the road he was climbing was his road, leading up to his own high hilltop, and in a second more, with his feet firmly planted on the last height of the hillside, he would look out in every direction over his own land,—his fields and meadows, his orchards, his treetops and winding streams, his homeland where his children should dwell joyously.

He had seen it all before, as a boy, in radiant visions of the best that life could hold for him, and for others. Even as a child his

VISION THE SOURCE OF ACHIEVEMENT

dreams had always included the others, and his desire for achievement reached always beyond self out to humanity. Life as most people live it, had always seemed too burdened to the man, too unreal, too remote from beauty, too full of effort wasted along futile lines. Things were never like this in his vision, then or now; to him there had always been the right way in life, just as he felt that there was always the right way in Nature. It seemed inevitable that one could find the truth in living as the great artists had found it in art, and that somehow a finer harmony in existence could be achieved through it.

The man loved his own land; he ardently desired for it a perfection of beauty, not only in art but in home life, in all the essentials of beautiful home making. In his own lifelong vision he had seen for his country artists thrilling to the inspiration of their own land, buildings which fulfilled every craving of a man's soul for a home which would meet his needs and express his own appreciation of beauty, which would satisfy those men and women who loved life because they had earned the right to live; those men who had found the way to support themselves and their families through labor which brought also much of strength and development; those boys and girls learning to live happily by first learning the meaning of life in development through work. Often in the past as he had worked at his bench at daybreak, or rested at noontime from the plow, or dreamed at twilight at the farmhouse door, he had had this vision of a nation redeemed by labor. And it had always filled his heart with gladness and his soul with hope to think of helping in the smallest way to the realization of this ideal. This was what the vision had held to the boy, to the youth, and to the man of iron-gray locks as he stood on his hilltop.

The sun was setting as the man reached the brow of the hill. The meadows were golden, the hills of his dream deep blue, the roadway below a path of endless peace. The supreme joy of the man's life brooded over him. In the glimmering yellow light the final vision of perfect realization took shape before his eyes. He saw his grape arbors lying purple and fragrant in the opal light; young peach trees, orange and red-hued, covered the land between woodland slope and garden edge; apple trees, heavy with autumn richness, shaded porch and kitchen path, and from a gateway of friendly beauty and welcome a wide road stretched past every color of growing vegetable; flowers bloomed a kindly screen for the garden, and curving along either side of the road were low green trees, a fringe of verdure to the beautiful home path, as it passed from low meadow to high orchard, skirting the woods, crossing the trout stream and threading its way back between garden and house, lake and cabin.

VISION THE SOURCE OF ACHIEVEMENT

Homes were there, of simple outline, harmonious structure, rich in tone, ample in proportion; homes in which men and women and little children might find rest and joy, and beauty, which should be an essential to all home making—homes built with equal parts of love, understanding and economy, real abiding places, with few burdens for the home maker, who most of all should know the joy of rest and peace. Past the open doors were glimpses of bright fires in great chimneys. Through the sunset glow came to the ears of the man the sound of joyous labor, the bringing home of cattle, the final stroke of the axe for the evening fire, boys and girls gathering fruit and vegetables for the evening meal. On the porches women were singing sweet twilight songs to babies whose garden days had brought happy dreams.

Then suddenly, unexpectedly, through the quiet charm of the evening peace, the sound of honking motor cars came to the man, and he watched the happy faces of men and women from city offices as they sped by, entering the stone gateway, moving swiftly up the road, past the shimmering pond, sending cheery hallos to the boys climbing out from the evening swim after the day's work in shop or garden, rushing past the group of children paddling upstream with fresh trout just caught for the evening meal, past the club house of logs cut from the woods about, on up the winding roadway fragrant from the border of evergreen, up to the very purple edge of the orchard, then stopping at the low crouching bungalow, half-hidden with flower and vine, to find welcome at the wide open door and to rest in the deep chairs on the porch, in the fragrance and beauty of the early country twilight. Everywhere the man saw peace, plenty, all gained from wise labor and all expressed in rare beauty. There was no unbeautiful spot on all the broad acres, no useless stretch of land, no overornate dwelling, no waste ornament, from friendly gateway to the last peak of the last hill bathed in the autumn sunset.

The man drew a long breath and stood with bared head as he looked out over the ideal of his life, a village where all was serene, all simple, of a quiet perfection of beauty, and all won through toil. Then the sun slipped down behind the deep blue hills, the meadows turned gray, the empty hillside slept, the green fringed road sank into the greensward and the vision vanished. Down from the hill the man came with face transfigured. He had seen the perfect concept of beauty which all of his days he had struggled to achieve.

ALL through the fall and following winter the man worked, with others, in the empty fields on and the barren hills where his vision had rested that wonderful autumn day. He cut down trees where it was necessary; he started his roadway; he traced out

VISION. THE SOURCE OF ACHIEVEMENT

and dug the draining ditches. He said to a stony hillside, "My peaches shall grow there." He measured out wide pleasant spaces for homes, a few. "My gardens," so he thought, "shall extend for many acres, for in them shall be abundance for all. And there at the foot of the stream shall be a pond, in which my boys (for he always dreamed of working with many boys about him, and all boys who cared to work were his) shall build their cabins and there in the pond below they shall swim after a summer day at work, or skate happily in the bright sun of winter noons." Everywhere he pictured young people, always happy and often at work.

In the early spring the ground was plowed, the springs of water opened and safeguarded. Not later than May the beginning of the peach orchard stood pale green on the site of the pasture lot. In June the grape-vines reached up their delicate tendrils and put forth sweet fragrance. Then the road took shape, at first borderless and without the flowery pathway at the sides. The man worked from day-break often, and often with heartbreak, yet ever clear shone the vision just beyond. As his road grew he planted rows of green on either side, and he put in the seeds for the flowers which were to stand as pleasant sentinels over the wide vegetable garden. Down at the foot of the road where he had walked that first day he made over a tiny cottage into a home for himself, a home of comfort and of simple beauty, and very often at night, resting near the open fire after a day in the fields, he fancied that he heard again the women crooning sweet songs to tired eyelids, and boys shouting as they compared the success of the day at the bench and in the field.

But oftentimes he was called away to the city to guard other enterprises and was compelled to gather up his mind for different purposes, and resolutely put aside the memory of his shimmering pond and wide-reaching gate and cool fresh springs, of the noonday under the trees, of the springing up of wheat and corn and the first budding of the apple trees near the beautiful unbuilt gateway. And then, back again to his hillside with renewed effort, with fresh hope. Yet often to be met with burning disappointment,—the delicate peach orchard gaunt and dead, burned to the root through some heedless experiment, the young trees crushed and hurt where he had hoped to hold them for comfort and ornament.

In spite of this from day to day he found always fresh ambition, fresh achievement, and he seemed to move nearer and nearer to the vision in spite of sorrow and failure, foreboding and misunderstanding. And then at last the home was started. Stone for it was gathered from the old fences and wood cut from the forest on the hills. Every detail of the home the man planned himself, for in it he was to realize

VISION THE SOURCE OF ACHIEVEMENT

all his lifelong dreams of what a home should express of vital beauty, of sincere construction, of true simplicity. Thus the summer passed swiftly, happily, as time does when men work to achieve.

The second autumn came, and at sunset one golden day a memory came to the man of his year-old vision. Almost without set purpose, he found himself again tramping up the wide road to the far-off hilltop. This time he paused by the little creatures of the lower plains, the disappointments, the mistakes of feeling, the errors of judgment, and again they lifted eager designing eyes to him. "I have learned from them," he thought, as the iron of their purpose caught his heart for a moment, "I have learned from them because I have battled with them. They have helped me to test my courage, and so I have needed them in part, and so I know that they can never again detain me." And he wondered with a half-tender smile (which the man often had for blunders in life, others' as well as his own) if perhaps all these sorrows had not really been in the first vision of the year, and if the shadows on the hills which had seemed all beauty then had not really been the trials and burdens which had mixed with the joys of his work as he followed the ideal. But as he passed by he forgot all sorrow and his heart grew lighter; he was moving up to the height which he had remembered throughout the year. For one brief moment as he reached the hilltop the contrast between the vision of the past and the present achievement smote him with great and terrible bitterness. "Where are the flowers and the hearth-stones," he cried, "and the singing mothers, and the hills made purple by ripening grapes?" And then the light of the September sun flooded hill and meadow, and suddenly all that the man had really done, all that he had actually gathered out of the heart of Nature, was unveiled before him—a goodly land of his own making, yellow with wheat, green with corn, grape-vines strong and large-leaved, the rich brown earth furrowed and folded over the gray ghosts of the little peach trees, the roadway holding promise of leading to many homes, flowers reaching up from garden, springs guarded and led by kindly ways to home and field, the silvery trout stream broadened to a fuller gleaming through the vivid fall colors of the trees, a crystal pond like a blue mirror dropped by the roadway, and above the pond wide fields of strawberry vines and acres of raspberry, currant and gooseberry bushes. The straggling woods he saw held back with new dignity to right confines. But best of all, the crown of the year of labor, he saw the home on the hillside, a friendly low dwelling which seemed to send roots down into the earth and to grow from the very soil, with its low, dipping red roofs spreading wide brooding wings, symbols of peace and contentment.

TRUE EDUCATION

As he looked over his pleasant land from tree to chimney top and saw the fair response Nature had given to his days of toil, his soul sprang up with joy. "I have followed the vision, though afar off," he said, "yet I have never lost sight of it. I have done little, failed much, but all my achievement is through my first conception of perfect beauty, my first vision of life as it is and as it should be."

And the man turned homeward gladly, saying to himself that the time would yet come when from the hilltop he would see further expression of his dreams, the schools for his boys, the shops for his craftsmen. He would yet plant the wide garden for all those who lived within the gateway, and the gateway would be such that all men would desire to enter in. The flowers would yet glow at every turn in the road, and his own life center at one hearthstone where he would forever dream fresh dreams, yet never cease to labor.

TRUE EDUCATION

IT SEEMS to be an accepted idea nowadays that the better educated anyone is the more he must require. "A plowman can do on so much a year, but an educated man—Oh, quite impossible!"

Allow me to say that I regard this idea as entirely false. First of all, if it *were* true, what a dismal prospect it would open out to us! The more educated we became the more we should require for our support, the worse bondage we should be in to material things. We should have to work continually harder and harder to keep pace with our wants, or else to trench more and more on the labor of others; at each step the more complicated would the problem of existence become.

But it is entirely untrue. Education, if decently conducted, does not turn a man into a creature of blind wants, a prey to ever fresh thirsts and desires—it brings him *into relation with the world around him*. It enables a man to derive pleasure and to draw sustenance from a thousand common things, which bring neither joy nor nourishment to his more enclosed and imprisoned brother. The one can beguile an hour anywhere. In the field, in the street, in the workshop, he sees a thousand things of interest. The other is bored, he must have a toy—a glass of beer or a box at the opera.

Besides, the educated man, if truly educated, has surely more resources of skilful labor to fall back upon—he need not fear about the future. The other may do well to accumulate a little fund against a rainy day. (From "England's Ideal:" Edward Carpenter.)



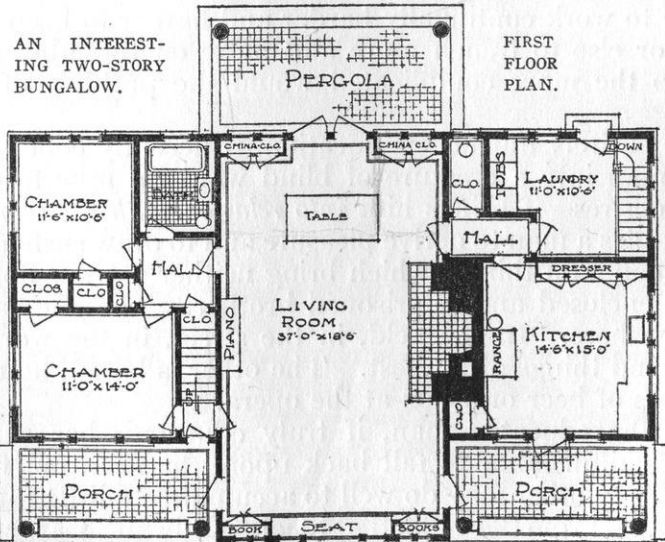
COUNTRY HOUSES FOR ALL-YEAR USE: A TWO-STORY BUNGALOW AND A LITTLE HOUSE WITH BIG COMFORTS

WITH the increasing appreciation of the one-story bungalow there has been a growing demand for two-story houses, and the first house that we are showing in this number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* illustrates one of the ways in which we have met this problem. It is a two-story bungalow and makes a particular appeal to us because it expresses in so interesting a way the characteristics which we feel every country house should embody. It is to be built for one of our clients in Maplewood, N. J., and stands on the side of a mountain above Roosevelt Park. A variation of ten feet was found in the elevation of the building site, and this has been met by a series of rough terraces in keeping with the rugged character of the vicinity. A gravel path

winds up the hillside to the door, with here and there a step made of the stone found in the country about, which also forms the low foundation upon which the house rests. Although this house was designed for a hillside situation, the broad, low lines of the structure adapt it equally well to a level suburban site. The siding is of rived cypress shingles left to weather, and the roof is of rough slate with a tile ridge. The floors of the whole house are of cement.

The object has been to bring as much of the outdoor feeling as possible into the house, and to this end especial attention has been given to the windows, of which there are a great many. In the gable a group has been arranged of two small casements flanking a larger double-hung window. By this

AN INTERESTING TWO-STORY BUNGALOW.



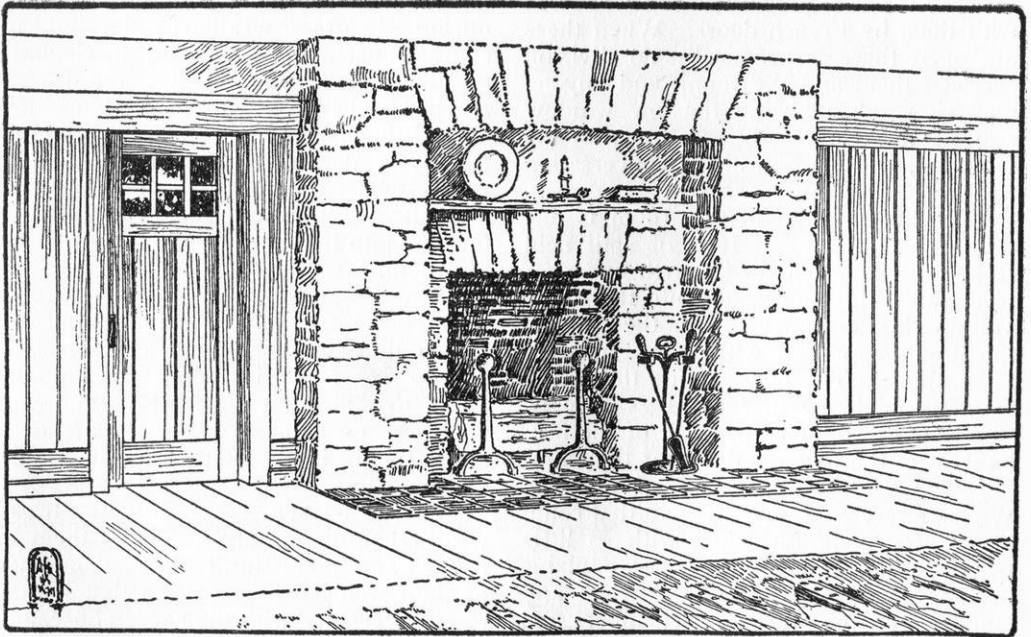
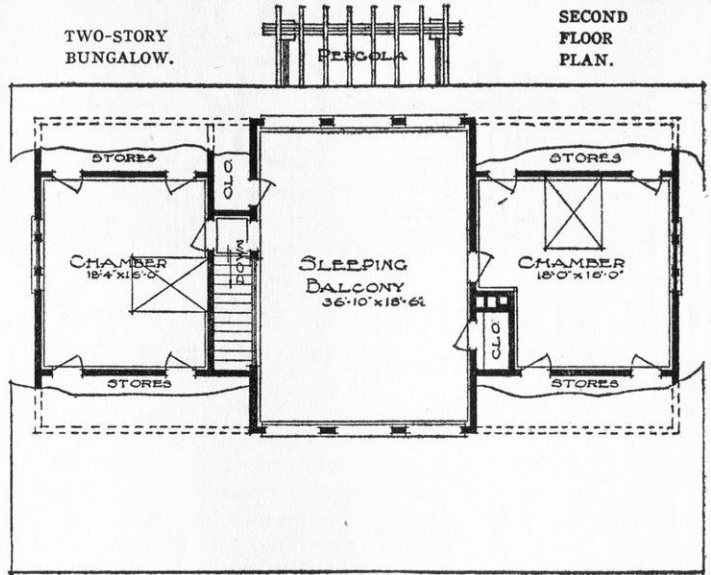
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

COUNTRY HOMES FOR ALL-YEAR USE

means the greatest amount of light and air can be admitted, for there is the advantage of a narrow window which can run up into the peak and also of a broad window, utilizing the width of the gable; it is a more interesting effect than windows of an equal height would furnish because it harmonizes with and suggests the lines of the gable. An impression of the airiness of the rooms can best be got from the interior view and the plans.

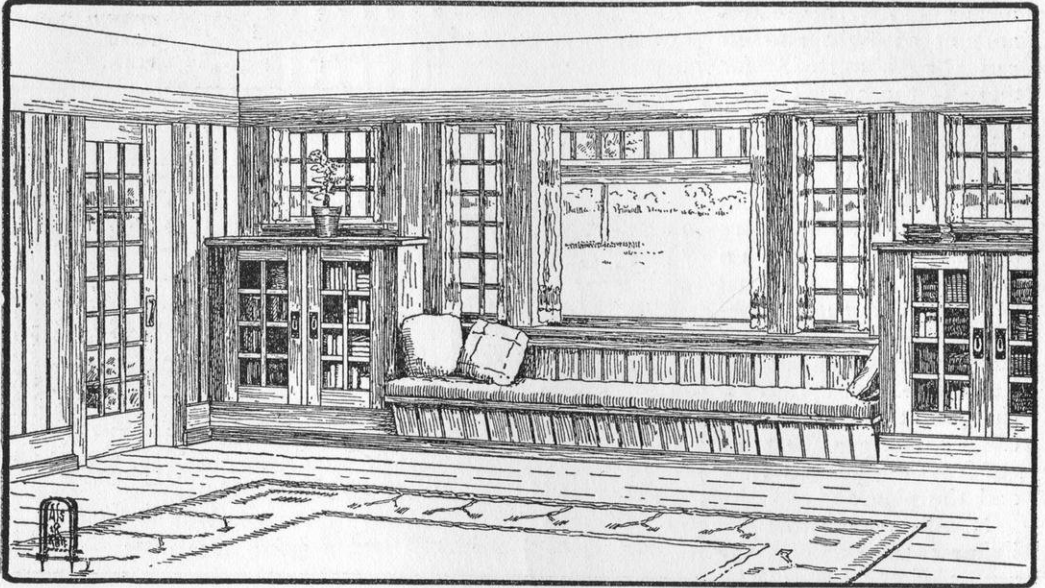
It will be seen that the living room occupies the center of the house. The rear end is used as the dining room with double French doors leading out under a pergola. On either side are casement windows, so that the end of the room is largely glass. Beneath the casements two

particularly useful pieces of furniture are constructed; combination sideboards and china closets. The front wall of the room is also chiefly windows, and the contrasting proportions of the big stationary panel



THE CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE TWO-STORY BUNGALOW IS OF SPLIT FIELD STONE, WITH A ROUGH TILED HEARTH.

COUNTRY HOMES FOR ALL-YEAR USE



ONE END OF THE ROOM PROJECTS OUT BETWEEN THE TWIN PORCHES AND IS CONNECTED WITH THEM BY FRENCH DOORS.

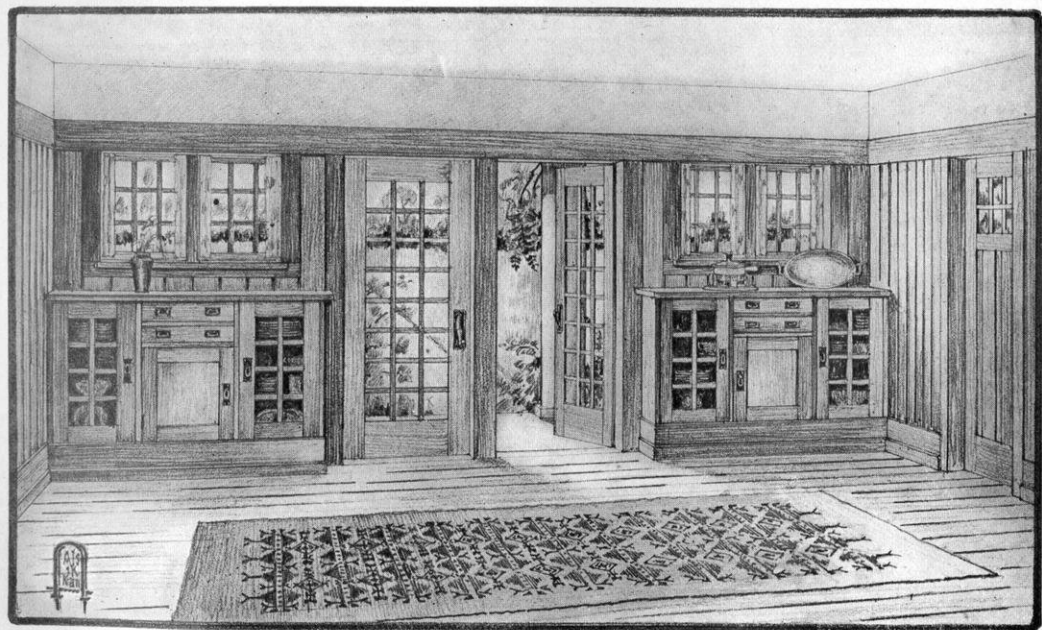
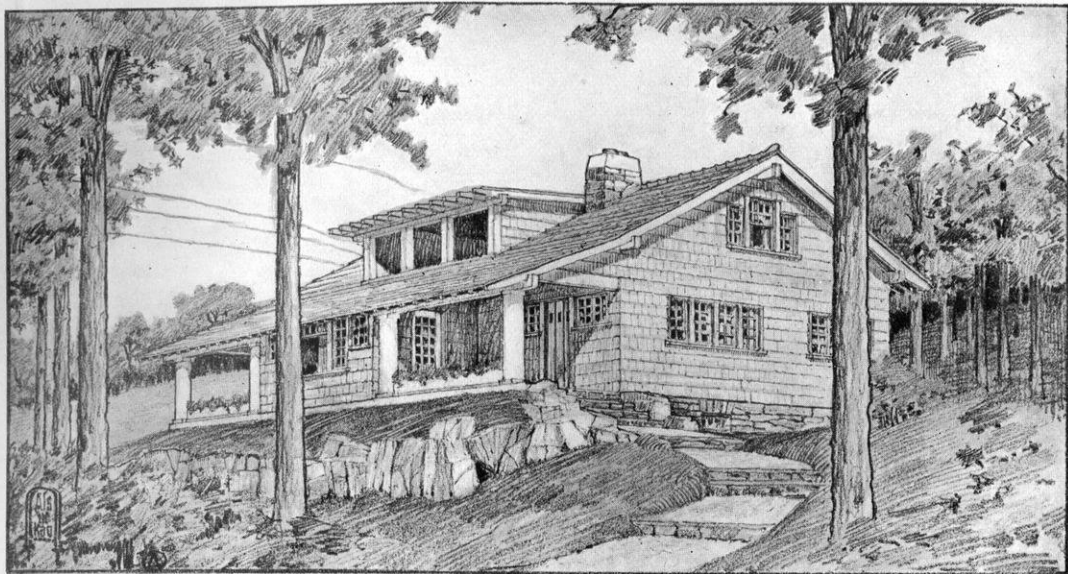
with the transom of small panes, a convenient ventilating arrangement, and the sizes of the casements are very pleasing and graceful. This end of the room projects between the twin porches and is connected with them by French doors. When these are open there is practically no division between them and the room, and anyone may sit comfortably on the low window seat, sheltered from the sun or from the night air, and yet join in the conversation with those upon the porches.

The chimneypiece in this room is one of its chief beauties. It is of split field stone with a rough tiled hearth and projects about eighteen inches into the room. Within this, on a level with the wall, is the fireplace proper, with a rough board shelf above. The opening for the fire is five feet high, so that the logs may be stood upon end, and the effect of the fire-light from the unusual depth of the chimneypiece is very beautiful and unusual. We have rarely designed a room that could be so effectively furnished with so little trouble. The rest of the house explains itself. On one side are the kitchen and laundry; on the other, two chambers and

a bath. It is the plan of the owner to use the sleeping balcony on the second story during all sorts of weather, and a flight of stairs connects it directly with the chamber on the first floor; but it may also be reached from the living room. On either side of the sleeping balcony, which is protected by dormer roofs, are two large rooms which may be used as a barracks and fitted with hammocks and bunks, or finished into the more usual style of sleeping room.

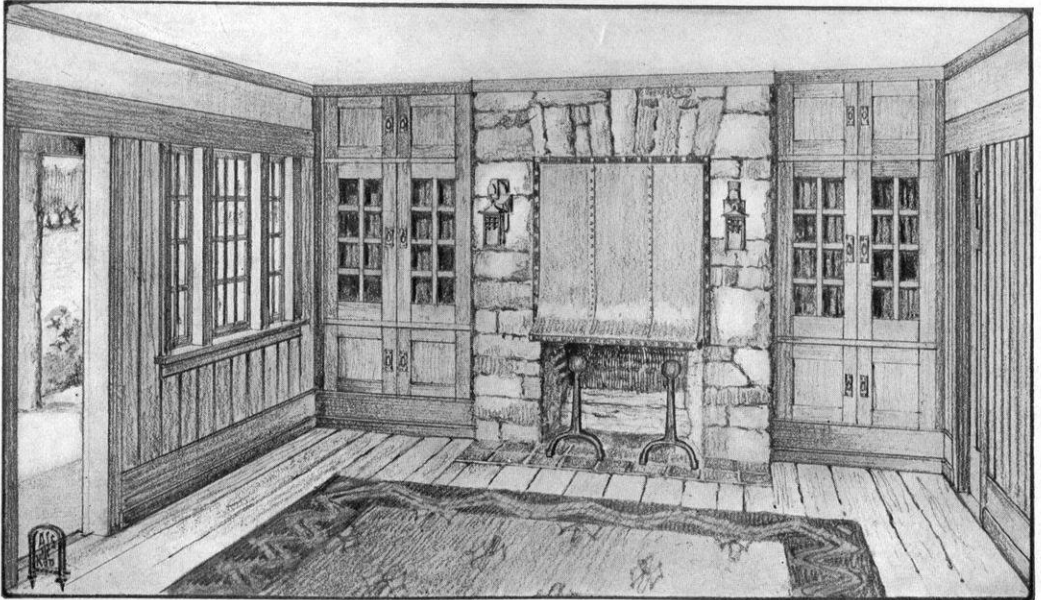
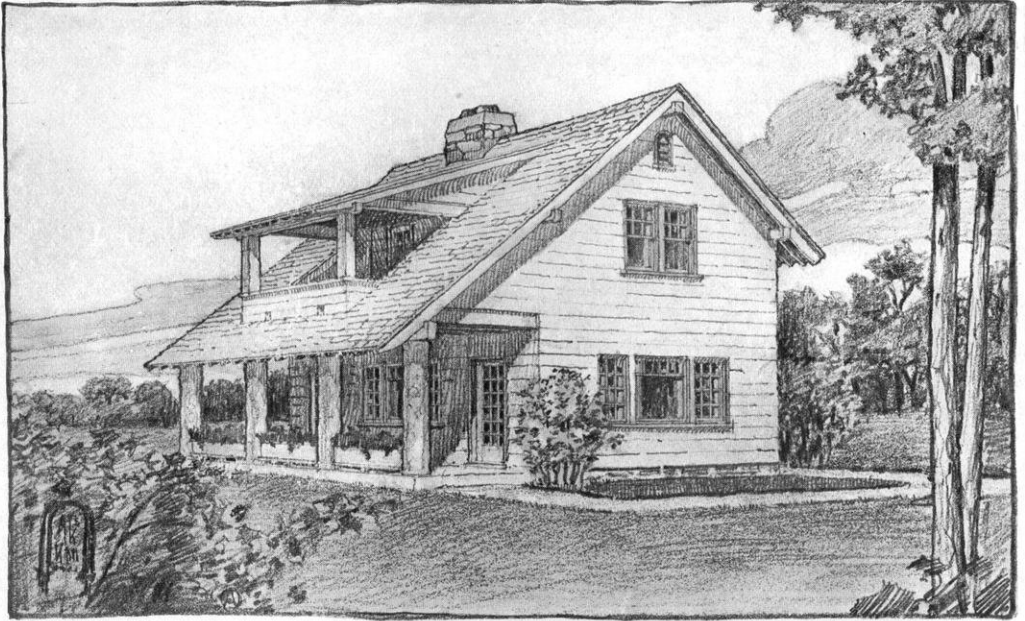
THE second house is much smaller, only twenty-eight and a half feet by twenty-six feet, including the porch, and yet contains all the comforts and conveniences essential to a normal life of a small family in the country or in a suburban town.

The walls are covered with broad weatherboarding, which gives them a rugged and interesting texture. The floor of the porch is of cement, so that it may be easily cleaned with the garden hose, and



A CRAFTSMAN TWO-STORY BUNGALOW BEING ERECTED IN MAPLEWOOD, N. J.: NOTE INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS.

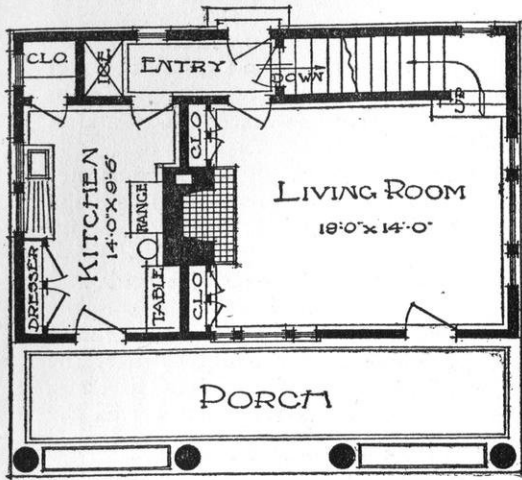
THE REAR END OF THE LIVING ROOM IS USED AS A DINING ROOM, WITH DOUBLE FRENCH DOORS LEADING OUT UNDER THE PERGOLA: COMBINATION SIDEBARDS AND CHINA CLOSETS ARE BUILT IN BENEATH THE CASEMENT WINDOWS.



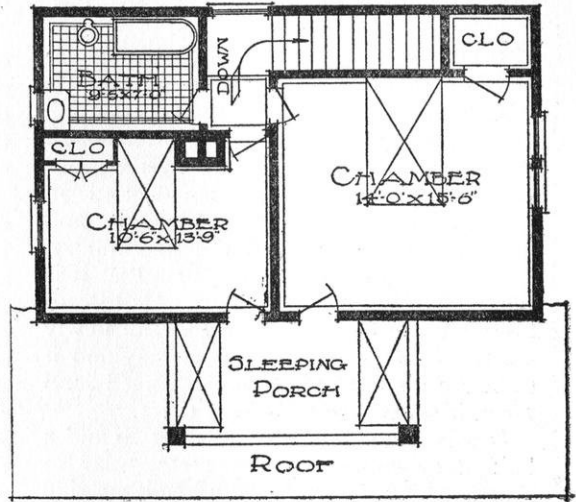
SMALL TWO-STORY CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE, WITH ALL THE COMFORT OF A LARGE DWELLING.

LIVING ROOM OF COTTAGE, SHOWING FIREPLACE, WITH BUILT-IN BOOKCASES ON EITHER SIDE.

COUNTRY HOMES FOR ALL-YEAR USE



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF COTTAGE.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF COTTAGE.

the pillars, and flower-boxes running between them, forming a low parapet, are of the same material.

Within, every effort has been made to utilize the floor space to the best advantage. The kitchen and living room, which divides with the porch the duty of serving as a dining room, occupy the first floor. Both open upon the porch by broad French doors, and the living room has besides a group of windows opening upon it, so that this wall contains a great deal of glass. With a similar group of windows at either end of the house, the rooms are as light and airy as those of a larger house would be. A high wainscoting of V-jointed boards runs almost to the ceiling; the plaster is rough and colored to harmonize with the woodwork. The chimneypiece is of split field stone with a hearth of rough tile, and the fireplace has a hood of hammered iron, which aids in heating the room. The fire dogs are also of iron, as are the little lanterns suspended from brackets set into the rough stonework on either side of the chimneypiece, which greatly increase the interest of this end of the room, at the same time throwing a con-

venient light into the bookcases beside the chimneypiece. The wooden paneling in these bookcase doors and the finish of iron locks and handles give them an unusually solid appearance, and, indeed, the whole house has a sturdiness about it that gains an added charm in a building of such small size.

Behind the kitchen, the convenience of a cold closet and an outdoor icebox are found, and the kitchen itself is well furnished by the built-in fittings alone. On one side of the room is a big dresser or kitchen cupboard containing a store closet and drawers below, and china closets above. Opposite this is a counter shelf which also has a closet and several drawers beneath, and is raised upon three-inch legs so that it is possible to stand close to it. The stairs lead from the corner of the living room to the second story, which contains two large chambers with good closets and a bathroom, and even a sleeping porch has been managed by means of a dormer roof broken through above the porch. No essential convenience is missing in the little home, and there is much beauty, too, in structure and finish.

HOUSE SHOWING THE VALUE OF COÖPERATION BETWEEN THE OWNER AND THE WORKMEN

THE house had been ready for occupancy but a week, and yet it radiated a definite and delightful atmosphere of its own. Although standing in the midst of the green unoccupied fields of a newly opened suburban section, it had none of the nondescript and uncertain appearance of the new house, which somehow usually suggests that it is surprised at its own existence. Had it not been for the bare trellises and the newly started vines, one could have imagined it to be the remnant of some old Long Island farm, it seemed so to belong there.

It was a very moderate-sized, two and a half story cottage, nearly rectangular in shape, with a latticed porch at either side and a big dormer broken through the back slope of the roof that ran down to protect a broad porch. The walls were covered with rived shingles, whitewashed after the fashion of cottages in the Colonial times; the roof was gray. A row of casements along the front of the house stood hospitably open to the air and sun. At each end a red brick chimney ran up from the foundations with a quadrant window on either side in the gables, and a red brick

walk led up to the stoop. From the open door one could look down the hall that ran through the house out upon the garden in the rear with box-bordered beds and a sun-dial in the center.

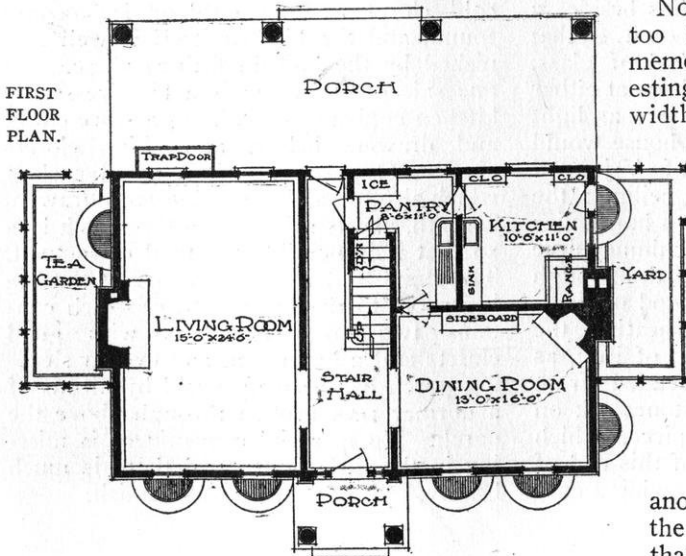
Within, an air of maturity and completeness permeated the rooms, such as one feels when a house has been long lived in, and, by elimination here and addition there, has slowly become adjusted and adapted to meet and further the comfort of those beneath its roof. It seemed, as it were, a house well ripened by use, the shelter of a long-established home life, and, in a sense, this was true, for it was the realization of a long series of plans and dreams. The house had been built many years, not perhaps the exact house that had now arisen, but this, in that it expressed the needs and desires of its owners.

The genius of the house who seemed to have created it fully armed to meet the exigencies of becoming a home, had been the patient and untiring builder of an ideal. In little girlhood, planning the house she would have had been a favorite game, and the imaginary construction never lost its pleasure in later life.

No cottage that she passed was too humble to be recorded in memory if it showed some interesting use of a window or unusual width of siding or proportion.

No written description of a real or imaginary house came to her hand without being carefully read and mentally pictured, and the suggestions that seemed valuable noted down. The Colonial houses of simple and graceful architecture were thoroughly studied and the slope of a staircase recorded in one, and the turn of a novel post in another.

Thus the stairway in the house has the proportion of that in the ancient Bowne house





A MODERATE-SIZED COTTAGE DOWN ON LONG ISLAND,
WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED WITH THE SPIRIT THAT
BUILT THE CATHEDRALS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.



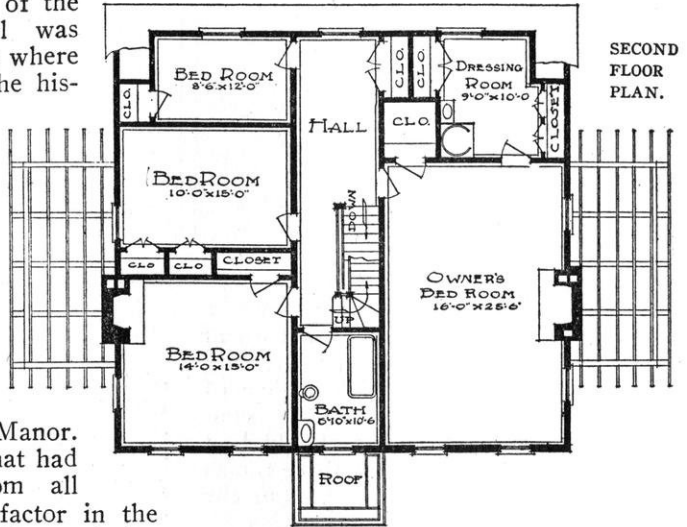
VIEW OF THE REAR OF THE HOUSE, SHOWING PORCH,
MOST INTERESTING ROOF CONSTRUCTION AND LAT-
TICED PORCHES AT EITHER END OF THE DWELLING.

HOUSE IN WHICH OWNER AND WORKMEN COÖPERATED

at Flushing, but the width of the slender, graceful hand-rail was noticed in an old farmhouse where a chance call was paid. The historic Pepperell mansion in Massachusetts furnished the idea for the living room chimneypiece, and some of the other mantels were copied by a clever carpenter from the McKnight homestead out on Long Island. The entrance door, with its single panel and finely proportioned sidelights, was adapted from the door of Douglass Manor.

But the harvest of ideas that had been slowly gathered from all sources were but a small factor in the building of the house. Personal inventions were worked out to meet individual needs. For example, since the modern clothes-tree was dwarfed into absurdity by the tall posts of an old-fashioned bed, the standard of an equally old piano stool was found to make an excellent base on which to mount a pole of the desired height made by the local carpenter. From time to time sketches of possible structures were worked out, proportions calculated and various schemes of the arrangement of rooms discussed. The house was the ruling thought and as the various ideas grew and were classified, they almost arranged themselves into a unified and consistent whole, so that when the actual moment came for building there was little difficulty in describing to the architect the sort of house that he was to design, the number of rooms and their proportions and arrangement. The plans, drawn and delivered, the mistress of the house became its presiding genius. She herself built it with the practical aid of carpenters, plumbers and masons.

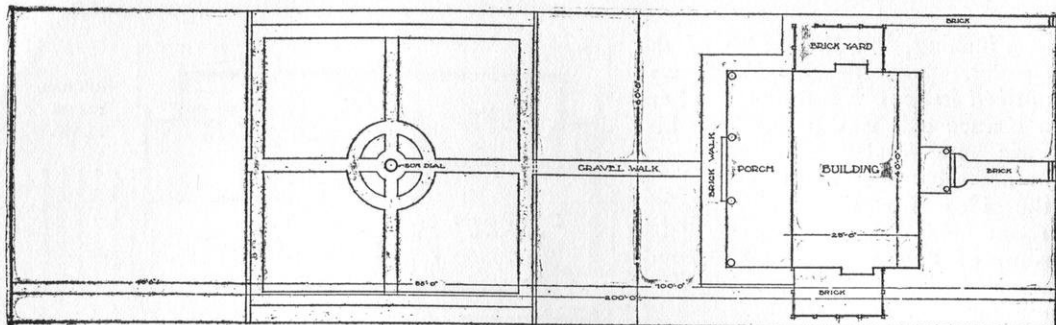
So clearly had she seen every effect that she desired and so carefully worked them out in detail, that she could give the minutest directions concerning their reproduction. No desire was too difficult to attain.



The wonderful ivory-tinted paint within the house she had mixed for the painters, having learned the formula from a factory making French furniture, upon whose manufactures she had first noticed the delicate and interesting tone. The stain of the floors, six-inch quartered oak, was the outcome of many experiments, which resulted ultimately in the color best calculated to tone with, and set off, the ivory-tinted paint.

The living room was one of the most delightful surprises in the house. The walls from top to bottom appeared to be of wood paneled after the Georgian fashion, and in noticeably graceful proportions; the ceiling of small beams was also set with narrow panels between. A thousand dollars would not have covered the cost of such work at the present day. As a matter of fact, the walls were of smooth plaster and the panel effect was made with picture molding, at three cents a foot, tacked to the surface and painted over. On either side of the fireplace two Colonial pilasters ran from floor to ceiling. These were the result of a long hunt among stores that purchased the interiors of old houses, and they were the one finish proper to emphasize the simplicity of the paneled walls.

HOUSE IN WHICH OWNER AND WORKMAN COÖPERATED



SHOWING PLACING OF HOUSE
IN RELATION TO GARDEN.

Upstairs, as the floor plans show, was a big airy bedroom, opening into a bath at one end and at the other into a dressing room, in which every possible article of wearing apparel had its own place, constructed in the manner that should best preserve its freshness. These three rooms occupy one side of the house. On the other side were three bedrooms, each showing the same adequacy to meet every need and comfort.

The entire house was furnished with beautiful old mahogany of the Colonial period, some that had been brought from England by early members of the family, and some that had been collected by the mistress of the house. Among the latter was a rare old secretary, the panels in its doors of blown glass slightly iridescent. This had been the property of an old woman who kept a penny store, where, as a little girl, its present owner had been wont to invest her pennies. Then it held glass jars of peppermint sticks, lemon drops and "bolivers," with many other delicacies that doubtless aided in impressing it upon her memory, and when the news reached her of the old storekeeper's death and that her few possessions were to be sold she hastened to make arrangements to secure the old secretary. With its beautiful rich-hued mahogany, exquisite chintzes, crisp white curtains and delicate paint the house combines the simplicity of the Colonial life with the conveniences and modern appliances that we have come to consider essential to home comfort today.

Outside, the porch, supported by big wooden pillars, was floored with gray cement tile and furnished with dark green willow furniture. Before it a little stretch

of lawn led to the garden hedged about with box, red brick paths radiating from the sun-dial among the beds. There were beds of larkspur and foxgloves, old-fashioned pinks and rows of hollyhocks, and about the sun-dial beds of roses. Behind these was a little vegetable garden, and at the foot of the garden a miniature orchard of dwarfed trees; apple, cherry and plum. The entire garden was only a hundred by sixty feet. It had been planted while the house was in process of erection, and in its first season had yielded fruit, vegetables and flowers enough for the household use. Nothing was lacking in either house or garden, bearing witness to the fact that thought is the one substitute we have for time.

"Everyone has been so kind in helping me," said the mistress of this well-appointed little Paradise; "I feel that all my friends and everyone who has worked here has a part in my house. I am sure I had the best carpenters, the best painters, the best every sort of workmen in the country, for they have been as careful and thoughtful as if it had been their own house. We all built it together." And, indeed, the house shows everywhere the spirit in which it was built. It is the result of the blended interests of many people, and although it may seem a disproportionate comparison, this little cottage has been built with the spirit that builded the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages, to which every craftsman brought not only his work but his heart, to realize the dream of a master mind.



See page 87

A COTTAGE LIVED IN BY ONE OF THE LACE MAKERS AT
ASPLEY GUISE, BEDFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND: AND TYPICAL OF
THE HOMES OF THESE INTERESTING AND SIMPLE PEOPLE.



MRS. TAYLOR, ONE OF THE LACE MAKERS OF ASPLEY GUISE, IN THE DOORWAY OF HER COTTAGE, WHICH IS AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE SIMPLICITY AND DURABILITY OF OLD ENGLISH HOUSE CONSTRUCTION.



THE LACE-MAKERS OF ASPLEY GUISE: BY KATHARINE BUNNER

EVERYWHERE in Great Britain and Ireland one finds attempts being made to plant or to reestablish home and village industries. Some are successful from a practical point of view; others are not. Each one, however, is an effort in the right direction and helps to establish an attitude toward handicrafts that finally must result in better social and industrial conditions. But the real interest lies in the discovery in England of a village industry that, unlike most of the crafts, has never needed reviving, because for centuries it has been carried on by the people as a means of livelihood; a hereditary handicraft that has descended from mother to daughter, and that is practiced more or less as a side issue, occupying the time that can be spared from the work of the farm or the household.

This industry is the making of lace in Bedfordshire. It is said that the craft was first introduced in the shire by Catherine of Aragon, and the fact that most of the patterns are reminiscent of Maltese lace seems to confirm the general belief. Whether or not it is true that the luckless Queen of Henry VIII found employment for some of the spare hours of her troubled life in teaching the art of lace-making to the peasants in certain portions of her adopted country, it is at all events certain that the people of Bedfordshire learned much about lace-making from the French refugees who came over to Eng-

land in large numbers some generations later, and who were forced to eke out a living as best they might by putting to practical use such of the French crafts as they happened to know, for traces of this French influence, as well as of the Spanish, are plainly discernible in the Bedfordshire lace.

Some of the most interesting of these laces are made in the little village of Aspley Guise, which lies just outside the gates of the great park surrounding Woburn Abbey, a country seat of the Duke of Bedford. Aspley Guise is little more than a hamlet,—just a handful of quaint old thatched cottages in a more or less doubtful state of repair, but each one nestles in a garden such as grows only in England; a genuine kitchen-garden, where flowers, berries and vegetables grow sociably and closely together, each inch of ground yielding its all. In these later years, the center of the village life is the thriving little Agricultural School established not long ago. This is a place where the farm lads and lasses of the country around may learn the best and most modern methods of farming, dairying, poultry raising, bee-keeping and cookery. The lace-making is rather scorned by the rising generation, although here and there some daughter or granddaughter takes sufficient pains to learn the ancient craft of the village; spurred to it perhaps by the praise given by visitors to the exquisite laces that grow into being on the big round pillow

THE LACE MAKERS OF ASPLEY GUISE

that is the special property of the old grandmother, and by their admiration of the wonderful dexterity with which the quaint carved bobbins are handled by the aged fingers,—for in the village of Aspley Guise it is the old grandmother in each household who makes the lace. If the family happens to be fairly well off, she makes it to occupy the time that hangs somewhat heavily on her hands, but if times are hard, and the howl of the wolf at the door is sometimes heard too plainly, then the grandmother's withered fingers fly swiftly among the bobbins for long hours every day, and the few pence gained by the sale of a yard or two of lace help to buy food and to keep the roof over their heads.

The first of the lace-makers we visited the day I went to Aspley Guise, was Mrs. Williamson, for many years a charwoman at Woburn Abbey, and now living on a small pension. As her husband is living and she has a thrifty family of sons and daughters to help her, her lace is usually not for sale. She makes it for her daughters and her daughters-in-law and for all the sisters, cousins and aunts that belong to every well-regulated English family, with the result that these plain farmer folk own a store of laces that would be worth a small fortune in New York.

Mrs. Williamson is a hearty old dame who enjoys seeing visitors, and as she works she will tell you how she was sent to a lace school when she was a wee mite of five. In the old days girl children were put to the lace-making very young, partly to keep them out of mischief and partly because they gained a dexterity of hand and eye that was considered impossible when the craft was learned later in life. Nowadays, even in the country villages in England, child labor is illegal, but Mrs. Williamson stoutly declares that she was never the worse for the work she did then, and that the girls of today would be better off if they were made to do something useful instead of fiddling away their time. The teacher was strict and, whether the pupil were apt or not, a cer-

tain amount of lace had to be made each day. If the tale were not complete at the close of the day, the luckless little worker had to stay until it was finished. Therefore the task meant constant attention and quick work,—which must at the same time be most careful and accurate, because a mistake meant raveling out the faulty piece and doing it over again, and raveling took two or three times as long as the making.

When she married, Mrs. Williamson dropped her lace-making because the care of her house and children and her duties at the Abbey took all her time, but in later years when the heavy work was performed given over to be done by younger and stronger hands, she turned again to her lace pillow. Her old art came back to her as if it had been a thing of yesterday,—and when she tells you of this the musical clash of the bobbins grows a little quicker and there is a ring of pride in the pleasant English voice that forms a running accompaniment to her work. Then the lace pillow is pushed aside and a box is brought out, from which roll after roll of blue paper is taken and a wealth of lovely laces are spread out over the table for the visitor to admire, but by no means to buy, for they are all gifts to the daughter who has stayed at home with her mother, and who has been moving about quietly and busily all the time the mother worked and chatted. There was in the collection one or two pieces of old Bedfordshire point, the making of which is almost a lost art now, for it is the most difficult and tedious of all and brings but a fraction more money than the cobwebby patterns which go so much more swiftly.

But there were other workers to be visited, so we strolled down the one street of the village to see Mrs. Taylor, whose tiny cottage dates from the days when the oaken beams of the framework were all revealed on the outside, slightly sunk below the surface of the thick rough plaster walls. Mrs. Taylor is a widow, and lace-making with her is no recreation for spare hours, but a very real necessity. Most of

THE LACE MAKERS OF ASPLEY GUISE

her living must come from her little garden and from the lace she is able to make and sell; so in this case there was no question of vainly longing to possess some of it, for here we could buy. The beautiful piece she had on her pillow, an edging more than two inches wide, was promised to someone else, but she agreed gladly to duplicate it for me at a shilling a yard as soon as she had finished the order for three yards which was then making. But she had a piece of insertion that was ninepence a yard, and we lost no time in coming to terms over that, although, recollecting the price I would have paid for it in New York, I had to fight hard against an impulse to offer the sweet-faced old woman three or four times the modest sum she asked. But my hostess, one of the instructors at the Agricultural School who brings many an order for work to her friends the lace-makers, told me that I must pay them only the price they asked, for the sum they named was what the lace was worth to them and to raise the price by too liberal payment would perhaps mean the destruction of their market and the loss of their livelihood. So two or three small coins were put into the wrinkled hands, which closed on them with as much gratitude as if they had been sovereigns, for that piece had been made purely on the chance of selling, not on order, and the sale of three yards, which came to a total of two shillings and three pence, was a joyous windfall. Then she calculated eagerly the days it would take her to finish the order I left with her and finally named a day upon which I should surely have it, "if the dear Lord spared her that long."

At the foot of Mrs. Taylor's trim little garden we entered another cottage, and here was a case of still greater need for all that could be gained from the time-honored craft of the village, for Mrs. Wood was seventy and badly crippled with rheumatism,—so badly that she could only sit at her pillow plying the bobbins with her stiff fingers and making lace to pay not only for food and shelter, but the small

wage that must be given each month to the neighbor's daughter who came in to do the necessary housework. Mrs. Wood's husband sometimes earns as much as ten shillings a week, but it is whispered that not all of that wage goes toward the housekeeping, and that the greater part of the burden too often rests upon the crippled hands that yet have the power to make laces like fine frost-work. In this house there were several pieces of lace for sale and the luck that brought a purchaser to her door was even more remarkable to Mrs. Wood than to her neighbor, Mrs. Taylor. The narrow laces cost fourpence-halfpenny a yard, for, as she apologetically explained, there was nearly as much work in them as in the wider pieces that would bring sevenpence, ninepence or even a shilling. For an elaborate piece so wide that it would have made a very respectable flounce, the sum of three shillings a yard had to be asked, but that was so expensive that there were very few orders for it.

With the exception of some old woman here and there who has only her lace pillow between her and the workhouse and clings to it with the fierce independence of the English peasant, hoping that her power to work may not be taken away from her until she is laid in her coffin, the industry is practiced merely as a side issue to gain a little extra money or to enable the worker to make for her friends and kindred presents which she could not afford to buy. The living of the people is gained from the farms, the poultry, the garden and the bees, so lace-making cannot be said to form an important asset from the commercial point of view, but as a home industry, carried on during the leisure hours, it is so well worth while that philanthropists who wish to establish some such form of work in this or that rural community would do well to go and see the quaint old women who make lace under the thatched roofs of Aspley Guise, and to learn from them something of the pride and pleasure which comes from the turning of an honest penny here and there by the making of a beautiful thing.

INTERESTING MODERN FRENCH WORK IN JEWELRY AND ENGRAVED MEDALS

THE jewelry represented in the accompanying cuts formed a part of the recent exhibition at the Galliera Museum in Paris, and in looking over this exhibit one reviews the latest phases in the development of this craft in Europe, England and America, for the markets of Paris have always been the barometers of the fashions. In the same way reviewing the different periods of French jewelry it is possible to realize the entire evolution of the craft in many countries and to a certain extent, to trace the causes that influenced the various periods.

For example, the jewelry that was in fashion during the last of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth shows the unmistakable influence of the painter David. He was the first artist in the reaction that followed the light and graceful school that included Watteau and Boucher. David returned deliberately to the classic style and impressed his methods not only upon the painting, but upon all the decorative arts of that period. The jewelry was stiff and set to a degree; Percier-Fontaine and La Fitte were the chief designers of this time and they found their inspiration mainly in political and military events, thus after the campaign in Egypt, scarabs, sphinxes and obelisks became the mode. All this jewelry was of most imposing size, as indeed such heavy subjects would have demanded, even had it not been that they were designed to be worn at official ceremonies where they were meant to contribute to the effect of the pageant and so naturally had to be of theatrical dimensions. The stones were well cut, well mounted and of rare quality, a general excellence traceable again to the thoroughness of David's methods, but their artistic value was little or nothing. This was the time when women wore heavy chains and bandeaux, impressive tiaras and large corsage ornaments, the time when cameos were in style, and framed in diamonds and pearls commanded a high price. Napoleon was much interested in

this work, perhaps because he saw in it another method of preserving the fame of his conquests, for he established a school to teach the process of cutting cameos, many of which bore scenes from his various campaigns.

Coral next came into fashion for a little while, but this was soon routed by a ponderous gold jewelry in which stones were little used; ear rings, pendants and chains that went sometimes a dozen times about the throat and diadems in the form of the classic olive branch were characteristic of this time. This was the so-called Roman style and the next step was naturally to the Gothic. Wherever we find the Gothic in any art we find also imagination and grace, and so the jewelry, especially that by Bapst, contained some pieces which may be placed among the master works in the art. The influence that the musician Wagner brought to bear upon the artistic world, produced a more romantic type of jewelry, and the artists of his period began to wake to the possibilities of the craft.

With the second Empire, jewelry passed through another period of decadence. New diamond mines had been discovered and diamonds were almost exclusively used. The setting was of little importance at this time, the clarity and size of the stones were everything. Thanks to Massin, jewelry again found itself. He set aside the fashion of using single stones and began to group them in the forms of flowers or clusters of leaves, oftentimes stiff, and showing little imagination, but at least a step on the right road.

We must consider the year eighteen hundred and ninety-four as one of the most important dates in the history of the craft, for in the Salon of that year René Lalique made his first exhibit and his talent, so curious and original, effected a revolution in the making of jewelry. At first he met with the hostility that opposes any original creative effort, but in a little time he arrived at a triumph almost too complete. His influence was in the first instance pernicious, but not more so than



HAT PIN: BY NICS FRÈRES.



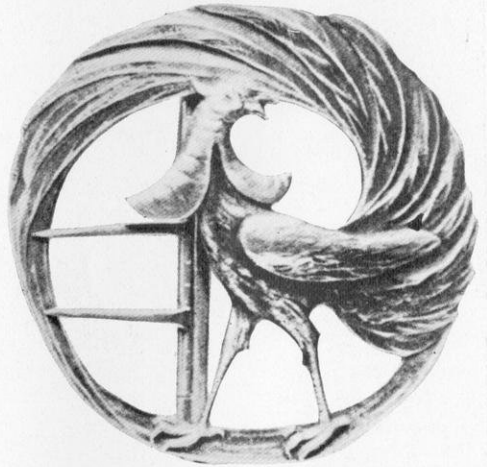
NECKLACE: BY M. FOUQUET.



HAT PIN: BY E. BRANDT.



BONBONNIÈRE: BY M. FEUILLÂTRE.



BUCKLE: BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.



BRACELET: BY M. FEUILLÂTRE.

MASTERPIECES IN JEWELRY BY MODERN
FRENCH ARTISTS. FROM *Art et Décoration*.



"THE FRIEND": ENGRAVED MEDAL BY M. NICLAUSSE.



"CAPTAIN COFFEY, APACHE": BY EDWARD SAWYER.



"STUDY": BY O. YENCESSE.



A COLLECTION OF MODERN FRENCH ENGRAVED MEDALS: FROM *Art et Décoration*.

"TRANSPORTATION": PLAQUE IN COMMEMORATION OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBIT AT MILAN.

FRENCH JEWELRY AND ENGRAVED MEDALS

that of any artist of great force of genius, as for example, Wagner in music, or Rodin in sculpture. The imitators, who are bound to follow in the steps of a great man, without the power to grasp the hidden spring that makes the work of a master vital in a unique way seize upon the externalities within their grasp and reproduce only the mannerisms of his work. Thus for a long time we have been deluged with trinkets "after the manner of Lalique" but, alas, without his skill and imagination. Now, however, the first domination of his genius has passed and the true artists have returned to listen once more to the voice of their particular inspiration, but more wisely because of the broadening that they have received under Lalique's tutelage. For Lalique seems to have been visited by all the muses; in his enamels he shows the color sense of a painter; he models his reliefs like a sculptor, his settings show the expert jeweler and the whole is welded into a single piece worthy the dream of a poet. He cares little for the value of the materials which he uses; with the least expensive he has made some of his most beautiful pieces.

This exhibit made clear also what an impression science has had upon this craft. Many of the designs were taken directly from nature and showed a careful study, not only of exterior forms, but of botanical and zoological detail. M. Fouquet's exhibit contained a beautiful collection of jewels designed by his head workman, M. Desrosiers. The necklace in the illustration is from this collection and shows a thorough technique as well as a graceful conception.

M. Feuillâtre, on the contrary, is first of all a student of color and he is best known by his work in enamel and appliqué. The motifs are usually in delicate colors against backgrounds of deep rich tones. The bracelet and the bonbonnière accompanying this article show something of the method with which he works out his startling but beautiful color schemes.

A hat pin is shown by M. Edgar Brandt, one of the younger artists who is best known at present for his metal work. His designs are always graceful and very simple in line; he uses few stones and those usually pearls or opals or similar stones of a quiet color.

Nics Brothers were represented by many pieces of unusually delicate workmanship and fine design, of which one of the hat pins reproduced is an excellent example.

The progress of M. Boutet de Monvel has been of great interest; the belt buckle using the figure of a pheasant shows the reason for this interest, the design is so striking and so admirably adapted.

THE medalists are more and more gaining the attention of the public to their interesting art. In America we are most familiar with the work of the late Saint-Gaudens and that of Victor Brenner, who designed the one-cent piece now current; but for the most part, the medalist along with the miniature painter has not yet won the general appreciation of the public.

The last Salon at Paris showed a very complete collection of medals by artists of various countries, and it was interesting to note how much the field of subjects had broadened. M. Vernon, one of the foremost of the French artists, showed a bust of President Fallières, revealing to a remarkable degree the great simple nature of the man, who in spite of the conventional life of Paris and the anxieties of political strife, still keeps the simple air of the Gascogne peasant.

Ovide Yencesse was particularly noticeable in the exhibit for his wonderful ability to portray human emotion. He seems more a painter than a sculptor, as his "Study" reproduced in this article shows. His figures are almost full face, a very difficult position in medal work where the relief is of necessity low, and Yencesse works in more than usually low relief. The modeling, it will be noticed, is very accurate, the figures are full of

A REVIVAL OF NEEDLECRAFT

life and the expressions tense and very clearly defined. The plaque, commemorating the industrial exposition of Milan is also by this artist. The perspective and the various textures so ably brought out make this deservedly one of his most famous pieces.

Among the medals and plaques exhibited by M. Niclaussé, the head of the old peasant entitled "The Friend" is most interesting in subject and execution. Here again we find the full face shown,

wrinkled and seamed by age and toil. The modeling about the eyes and ears is especially fine.

Edward Sawyer contributed a very American subject in the head of the Apache Indian, Captain Coffey. The strong features, the keen eyes under the heavy lids, lent themselves admirably to the relief and the novelty of the type made this, with another Indian subject, a most striking feature in the exhibit, and one in which Paris was greatly interested.

A REVIVAL OF NEEDLECRAFT: SOME FRESH SUGGESTIONS FOR ORNAMENTING BEDROOM DRAPERIES: BY KATHRINE SANGER BRINLEY

NO applied art is more interesting in its modern development than embroidery; and it is a good thing that in a department so intimately connected with the home, vital art is taking the place of unimaginative labor. Out of the dead past of "fancy work," a fresh and personal interpretation of beauty has grown; the womanly craft of the needle has again allied itself to art.

All along the lines of needlework sincerity is replacing affectation and making its appeal in embroidery, as in all the decorative arts, to hundreds of thoughtful people. The awakened desire for homes expressive of the simple beauty of life, reaches out for means of setting forth in all the departments of those homes the beauty which is simplicity; so the right kind of house leads on to the right kind of furniture and furnishings, till the reconstructive spirit has brought every detail of a little world into harmony with itself.

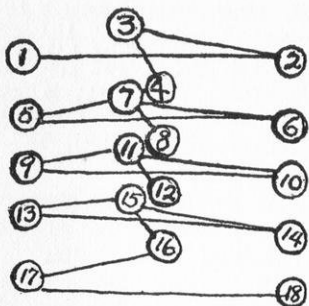
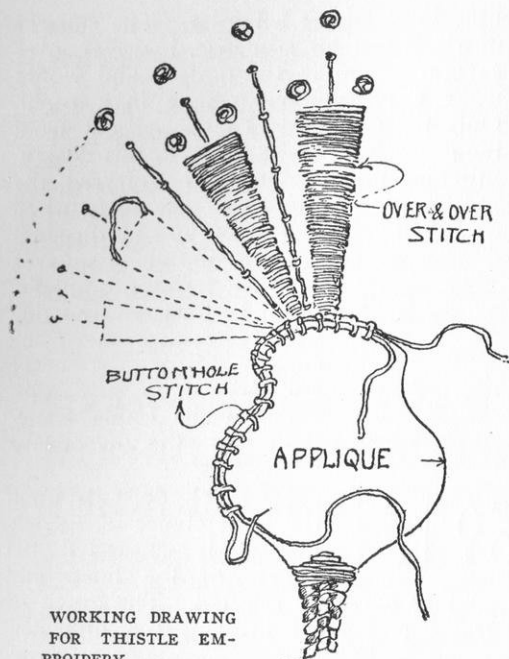
To those who are interested in this new embroidery, and have perchance a bedroom which awaits the proper note of decoration, the accompanying designs for bureau scarf, bedspread and curtains may be of value. They are based on the pasture thistle. Sitting under August skies, watching through a golden haze their

purple glory, they seem to typify the joy of life,—and not, as their name in Latin signifies, "Tribulation,"—the joy that can spring up in stony places, with hardly a grain of comfort to give foothold! These purple blossoms, beloved of bees and butterflies, held in their green vases of classic shape, have been, of course, conventionalized, and fitted to their various positions.

The designs shown in this article are planned for a combination of appliqué and stitching. In appliqué embroidery, strictly speaking, the accent is either upon line or upon mass; in these examples there is very little line work and more stitching than often is found with appliqué; the flower petals, being of solid work, help to put the accent upon the mass of the design, which gives breadth of feeling and a certain quietness.

Creamy hand-woven linen is the foundation of the bureau-scarf and bedspread, as shown embroidered. The panel which is set into each end of the scarf is of pale violet linen upon which the design is first worked; when finished, this is basted into position upon the scarf ends and framed with a band of Oriental stitch in green silk. The buds, calyxes and leaves of this design are cut from green linen and

A REVIVAL OF NEEDLECRAFT



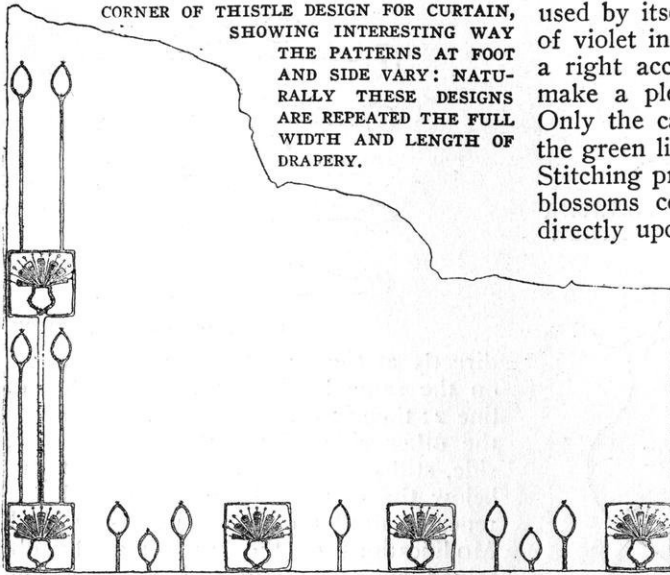
DETAIL OF ORIENTAL STITCH.

directly at the top of line 3, bring it out on the same level, that is at the top of line 2; then insert the needle again just at the other side of the thread, the lower side, still on line 2, and bring it out just below the first stitch on line 1. This is repeated until the whole stem is worked. Modifications of the stitch may be obtained by using four guiding lines and spacing them so the two inside ones are very close together, or further apart, as one desires the middle rib of the stitch to be short or long. It is usually worked horizontally and, though requiring a good deal of silk, is a very effective and quickly worked stitch.

fastened to the violet background by buttonhole stitch in green silk worked over a thread of violet silk, the stitches being set far enough apart to show this violet thread gleaming through. A beautiful edge of broken color is thus obtained, while at the same time the edges of the applied parts are strengthened. The flower petals are worked over and over with purple silk three shades darker than the background. The French knots are one shade lighter than the petals, and the straight rays are lightest of all, and are simply couched single strands. All the stems are worked in Oriental stitch, using green silk. It may be well to explain how this stitch, which is of the feather-stitch family, is worked. Three guiding lines are necessary to perfectly even working,—in the case of this central stem, for instance, the two outside edges and a line running parallel with them through the middle of the space is marked. Beginning with the left, these lines may here be referred to as 1, 2, and 3. Begin then by bringing the needle out of the top of line 1, insert it

The hems of the scarf and of the spread, after basting, are ornamented with crewel and knot stitches which take the place of regular hemming. As shown, the scarf hem was first marked off every two inches, then every other space of two inches was subdivided into half inches, and at these points the double back stitches were taken which simulate knots, being worked with the same thread used for the other spaces, which were covered with a line of crewel stitch. This, it will be recalled, is akin to outline stitch but gives a richer line and is worked in the opposite way; that is to say, in this case the thread is kept always below the needle and to the right, while in outline stitch the thread is always above the needle to the left. Bring the needle out each time in the hole made by the preceding stitch. The wider hem of the spread is spaced every three inches for this stitching. The design is treated in the

A REVIVAL OF NEEDLECRAFT



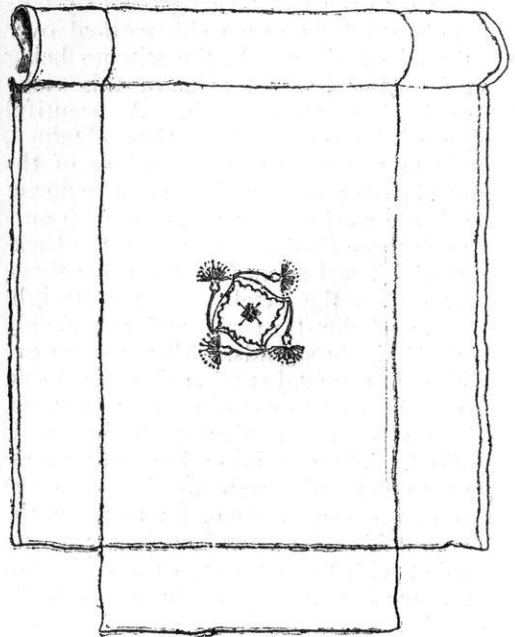
same way as the scarf panel; the leaves turn back upon a field of violet linen, which is first embroidered with a central ornament of French knots and couched rays. The blossoms and stems are embroidered directly upon the spread.

The curtain design is perhaps the happiest of the three and has the advantage of being so constructed that if preferred a part only might be used as a repeat, or the whole might be modified. As it stands the design is planned for a curtain two yards long by one yard wide, a soft gray sheer grass linen. Every twelve inches a square of violet linen four by four inches bears upon it an embroidered blossom, the whole being framed in a band of Oriental stitch in green silk. These squares are connected down the length of the border by elongated stems worked in Oriental stitch, two of which bear buds beneath each blossom. The bottom of the curtain is bordered by the same squares set at the same intervals, but buds on stems of alternating height replace the long stems of the edge. The simple motif of buds stitched around with green buttonholing and the violet thread—which last is used for the little spikes at the top—might be

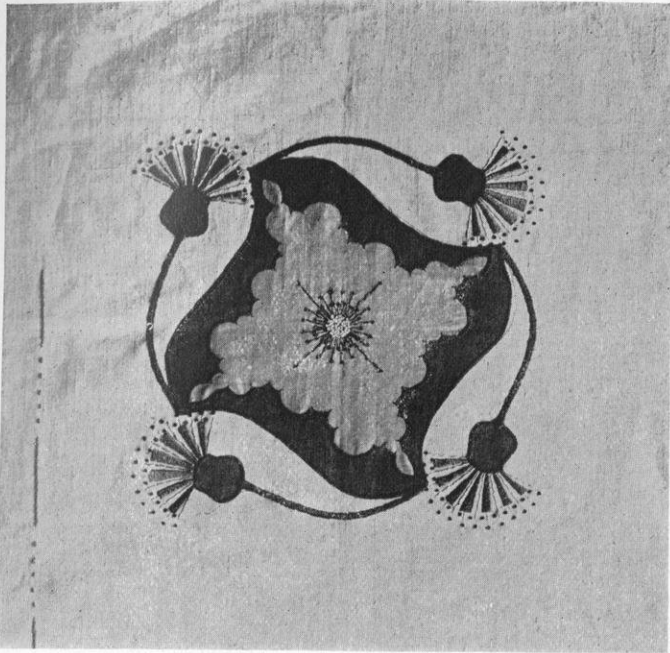
used by itself for a border. The squares of violet in their sequence, however, give a right accent to the design, and would make a pleasing color note in a room. Only the calyxes and buds are cut from the green linen and applied in this design. Stitching predominates. If preferred, the blossoms could in each case be worked directly upon the curtain and by dispens-

ing with the violet squares and their framing, a quieter result be obtained, but one would disassociate the curtains from the scarf and spread to a certain extent while losing something of the decorative value.

So much depends upon the right choice of shades, that it is suggested the violets of the linen and silks be carefully selected. The green of leaves and stems presents less difficulty.



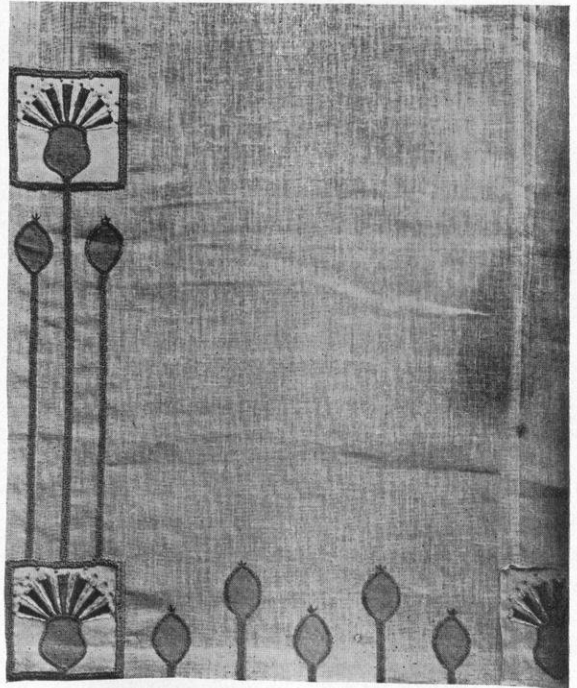
SHOWING THE CORRECT PLACING OF THISTLE DESIGN ON BEDSPREAD.



THISTLE DESIGN FOR BEDSPREAD.



THISTLE DESIGN FOR SCARF END: IN THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER IS SHOWN A CREWEL AND KNOT STITCH, USED AS A FINISH FOR THE HEMS.



DETAIL IN THISTLE DESIGN FOR CURTAIN, SHOWING POSSIBILITIES OF INTERESTING VARIATION IN MOTIF.



FIGURE ONE.



FIGURE TWO.



FIGURE THREE.

THE three styles of Craftsman electric lamps shown on this page have been particularly designed for use on desk or small table. Design No. 1 is a very satisfactory reading light. The shade is triangular in section and can be tilted at will. It measures $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 8 across the base of the triangle. It is constructed on a copper frame with the two end panels of copper. Two thicknesses of glass are used in the shade, the lining of white porcelain and the outer glass

a soft mottled antique. The stand is constructed of quartered oak, the joints mortised and doweled.

Design No. 2 has a shade of small opalescent panes set in copper, and gives a rich glowing color when lighted. The stand for this lamp is comprised of a wooden shaft, banded at the top and bottom with copper and mounted on a square base. Four copper supports project from the stand to the edge of the shade. The shaft is mortised to the base.

Design No. 3 is similar in construction to No. 2, but it is lighted with a cluster of three bulbs controlled by a switch at the top of the shade, which is of sweet grass and is very light in weight. Willow or raffia may be used instead of the grass. All the woodwork in these lamps is stained and finished with the Craftsman Luster.

Our present space will not permit more detailed descriptions of these lamps. But if any of our subscribers find one or all of them of sufficient interest to desire to understand their construction and will write to us to that effect, we will furnish detailed technical information for putting them together, with illustrations, in the Cabinet Work department of our next issue, providing, of course, request is received in time.

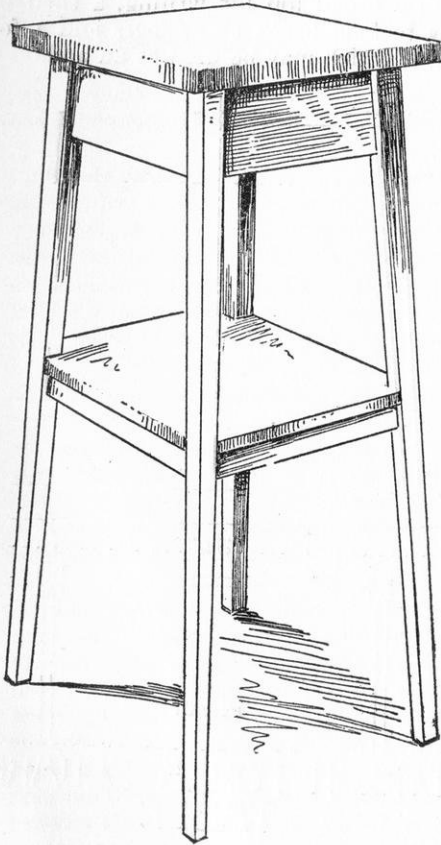
LESSONS IN PRACTICAL CABINETMAKING AND METAL WORK

WE are resuming in this number the publication of lessons in cabinetmaking and in metal work. We are omitting the mill bills for stock in the cabinetmaking because they take more space than can be spared, and because the individual worker can easily make them out for himself from the measurements given in the working drawings.

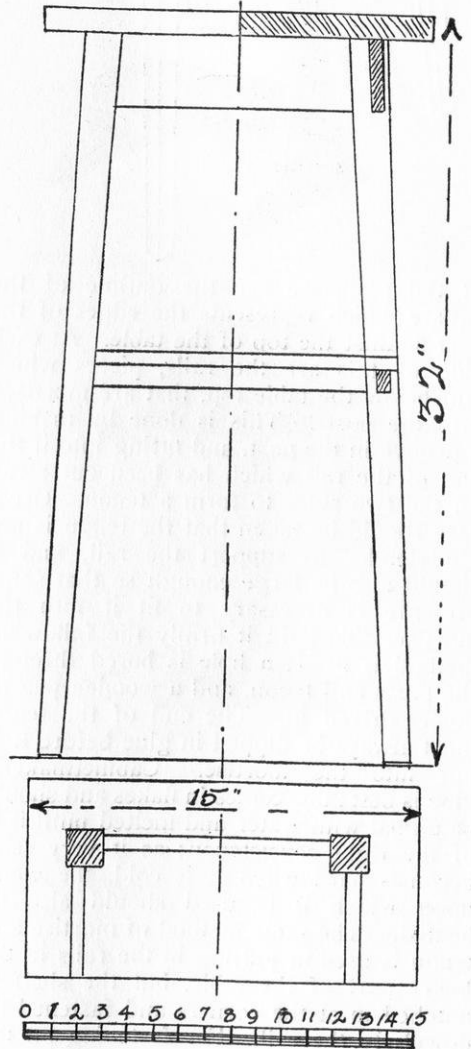
The first design shown is for a telephone table, but would be equally useful as a stand for a big plant, a lamp, or even as a work table. It is very simple in construction, and a scale of measurement is given below the working drawing. The drawing of the corner section and the plan

of the table top, shown on page 102, illustrates the method used in putting the main body of the table together, and the same principles are repeated in the construction of the other two tables. Looking

DESIGN FOR A TELEPHONE TABLE

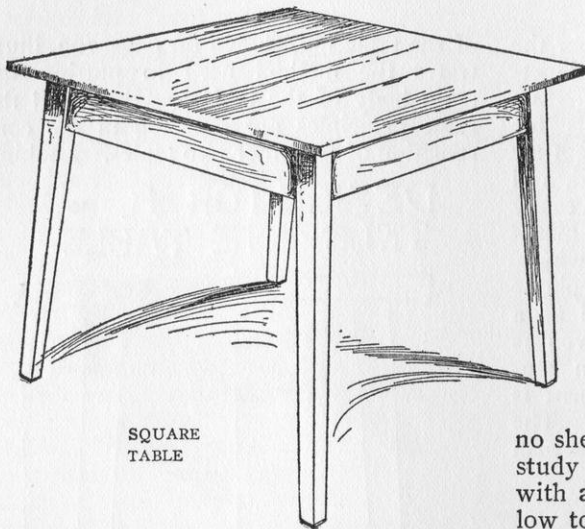


TELEPHONE TABLE.



SCALE OF INCHES

CABINET WORK AND METAL WORK

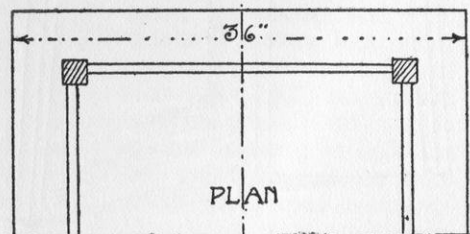
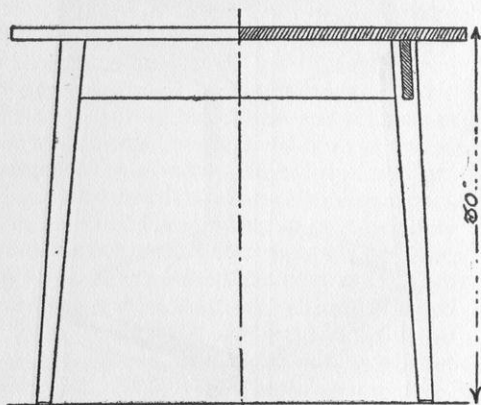


SQUARE
TABLE

at the plan, we see the outline of the square which represents the edges of the post against the top of the table. At each side of this are the rails, pieces which run below the table top, that are mortised into the posts. This is done by making a groove in the post, and fitting into it the end of the rail which has been cut away on the two sides to form a tenon. Great care should be taken that the tenon is not too slender to support the rail, and it should also be large enough so that some pressure is necessary to fit it into the mortise. To hold it firmly the following method is used; a hole is bored through the posts and tenon, and a wooden peg or dowel driven in. The end of the tenon must always be dipped in glue before it is put into the mortise. Cabinetmaker's glue is best; this comes in flakes and should be mixed with water and melted until it is of the right consistency; as it very soon becomes hard when it is cold, the wood upon which it is used should also be heated. The same method of mortise and tenon is used in putting in the rails in the lower part of the table, but the shelf is notched in at the corners and fastened by dowels to the rail. For fastening on the top, the best method which we have found is the little dumb-bell shaped pieces of iron

and screws. A groove should be cut in the top of the post and one end of the iron set down into it until it is level with the surface. This is then screwed into the post while a second screw secures the end which projects to the table top. These should be used at intervals along the rails at the discretion of the builder. The builder can easily make such pieces for himself; or if he does not wish to go to that trouble, he can get them from us.

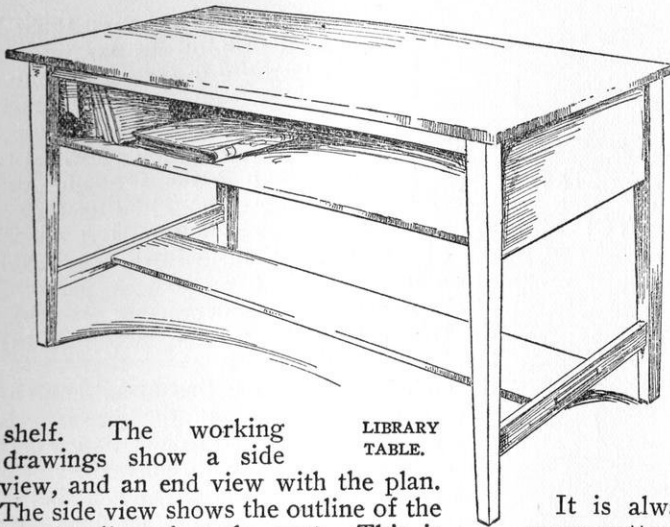
The second table is simpler, if possible, than the first, as it has no shelf. The third piece is a very useful study table. It is of a convenient height with a broad top for writing, a shelf below to hold books and papers and a foot board which may be used as an additional



DESIGN FOR A SQUARE
TABLE



CABINET WORK AND METAL WORK



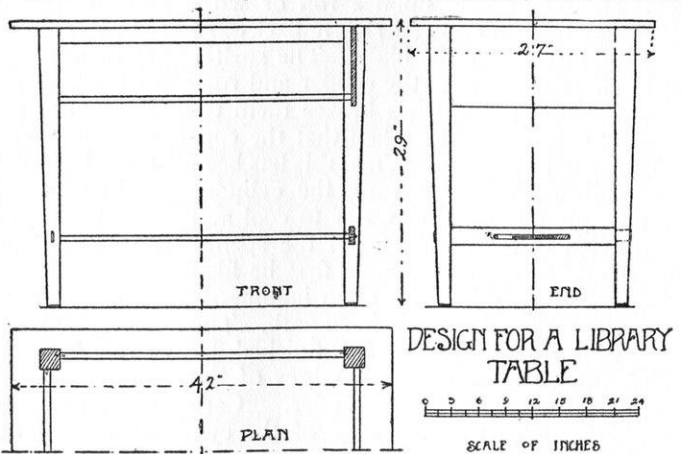
LIBRARY TABLE.

shelf. The working drawings show a side view, and an end view with the plan. The side view shows the outline of the broad rail against the post. This is held in place by little pins, one end fitted into a hole in the edge of the rail, the other slipping into a corresponding hole in the post, much as an extra leaf is fastened in a table; about three of these pins are necessary for the width of the rail. The foot board is held by a tenon, the end projecting through the rail with beveled edges, to give a smooth and attractive finish. It is well, also, to slightly bevel the feet of the posts so that the wood does not splinter as they are moved across the floor. The shelf beneath the top rests in a deep groove cut in the rail and is notched around the corners of the posts.

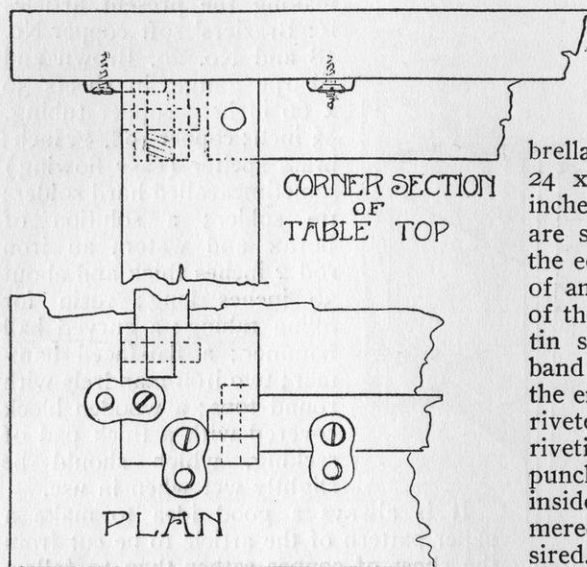
In *THE CRAFTSMAN* for October, 1907, we published our first lesson in metal work, and gave a complete list of the tools necessary in making the simpler forms in copper; this list the beginner will find of great advantage to him. Several other lessons have been given showing the construction of bowls and dishes of easy design, and gradually introducing more difficult processes and forms. The equipment necessary for

making the present articles is: Braziers' soft copper No. 18 and No. 20, Brown and Sharpe gauge, in sheets 30 x 60 inches; copper tubing, $\frac{3}{8}$ inch; copper rod, $\frac{3}{8}$ inch; brass spelter (easy flowing) sometimes called hard solder; tin solder; a solution of borax and water; an iron rod 2 inches thick and about 36 inches long; rosin for filling tubing; a curved ball hammer; a flat-faced hammer; two iron mandrels with round tops; a wooden block covered with a thick pad of sacking, which should be slightly wet when in use.

It is always a good idea to make a paper pattern of the article to be cut from the sheet of copper rather than to follow the dimensions firsthand on the copper itself. The first steps in the construction of all these pieces are the same. After a piece of the right size and shape has been cut from the copper, one edge of it is notched as in Fig. I; the two edges are then brought together and the smooth edge slipped under the alternating notches so that in general the result looks like Fig. II. Place the cylinder thus formed over the iron rod and hammer the seam until it clinches; pour the borax solution along the seam on the inside until it runs



CABINET WORK AND METAL WORK



WORKING PLAN FOR CONSTRUCTION OF TABLE TOPS.

through the joints. This cleans the metal of all foreign matter and holds the spelter in place after it has been sprinkled freely over the seam. It is then ready to be brazed.

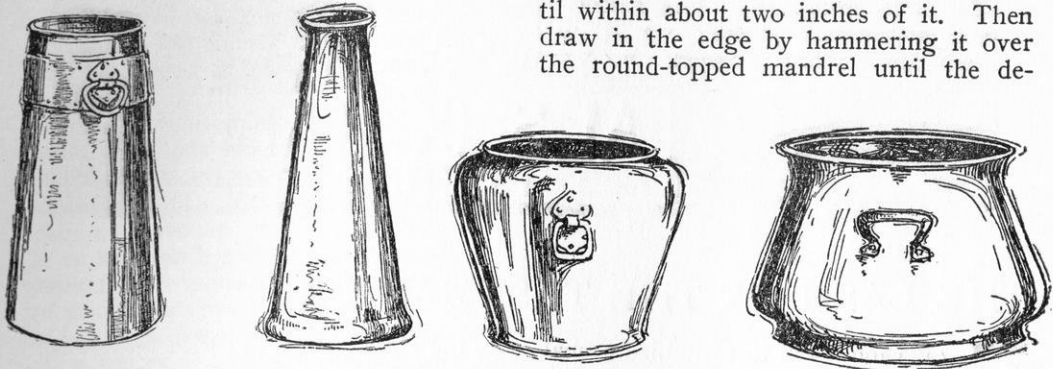
In brazing, a forge or furnace with an air pressure is necessary, and charcoal or hard coal is the fuel to be preferred. The blaze should be confined to the center of the coals, which should become quite hot before the cylinder is exposed to them. This should be held upon a rod or wire, seam downward, and run slowly backward and forward above the blaze. The spelter melts more easily than the copper and running through the notches brazes them together; care should be taken that the copper does not also melt. When this has been accomplished with due care, the cylinder may be plunged in cold water to cool and then dried in the sawdust. If the spelter shows any lumps they should first be filed down and then the whole seam hammered over the iron rod until it is smooth. The tops of all these pieces are finished by being turned over wire, the edges of the copper carefully tucked under. Care should be taken that the edge of the cyl-

inder to be turned is of even thickness, and it should be *repeatedly heated or annealed to prevent the material cracking.*

The first design is for an umbrella stand. The copper should measure 24 x 33 inches across the top and 39 inches across the bottom. The first steps are stated above. The bottom is a disc, the edge of which is turned over about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch; this is fitted into the bottom of the cylinder and soldered into place by tin solder to make it water-tight. The band around the top is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, the ends are brazed together and it is then riveted to the stand. In the process of riveting, holes are first made with an iron punch, the rivet is put through from the inside, and the projecting end is hammered into a round or flat head as desired. Fig. III in the working drawings shows the shape of the plate which holds the handle; this is also copper, No. 18 Brown and Sharpe gauge. It is first cut into a flat piece and then is bent up as the drawing, giving the edge of the holder demonstrated. The ring is of $\frac{7}{16}$ or $\frac{3}{8}$ inch tubing. In order to have this keep its shape while it is being bent, it should be filled with hot lead or rosin, which may be removed when the desired shape is secured by bending it around some solid form. The ends are slipped into the holder, which is riveted to the stand covering the seam in the band.

The second design is for a vase; this is 15 inches high, 21 inches in circumference at the base and 9 inches at the top. Fig. I shows the pattern of the vase before the edges have been joined. When they have been brazed and hammered, the cylinder is held at an angle to the padded block and the copper is beaten out as shown in Fig. IV. The bottom of the vase is a disc-shaped piece, Fig. V, about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch larger in diameter than the bottom of the cylinder. This allows it to be notched all around to the depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. It is then slipped into the cylinder which appears as in Fig. VI, half of the notches on the outside of the edge and the alternating

CABINET WORK AND METAL WORK



til within about two inches of it. Then draw in the edge by hammering it over the round-topped mandrel until the de-

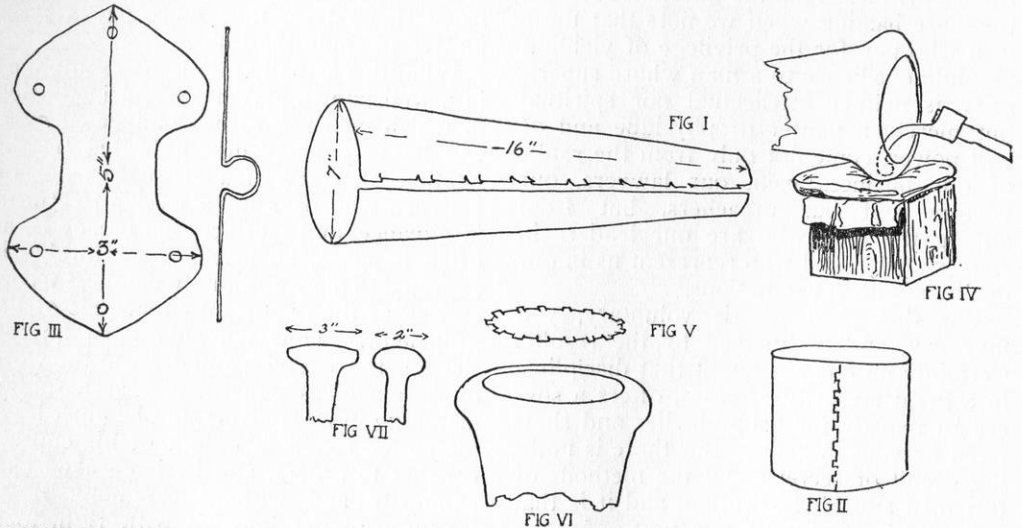
half on the inside. It is then turned over the flatter of the two mandrels, the seam hammered down as described at the first of the article, and brazed with the spelter.

The third design is for a jardinière. This is 30 inches high and 25½ inches in circumference at the top and bottom. After brazing the copper into the form of a cylinder, it should be placed upon the padded block as in Fig. IV. Holding it at an angle, begin to hammer it in the inside at about the center, turning it slowly in one direction so that the indentations work spirally toward the bottom edge un-

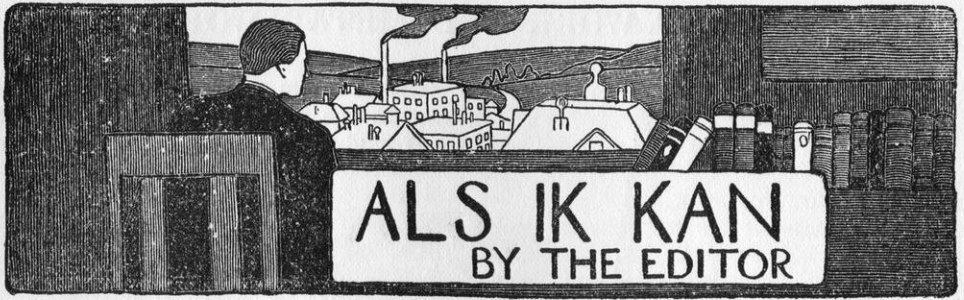
DESIGNS FOR COPPER UMBRELLA STAND, VASE AND TWO JARDINIÈRES.

sired shape is made. Toward the base the jardinière becomes smaller, flaring at the bottom edge. This is done by hammering the copper upon the outside and turning it back over the mandrel.

The dimensions for the flat copper of the second jardinière are 14 inches in height by 30 inches. Note that the outward curve is at the base of this jar. In both of the jardinières the bottoms are soldered in.



WORKING DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING CONSTRUCTIVE STEPS IN THE METAL WORK SHOWN IN THIS ARTICLE: FIG. I: SHOWS THE COPPER SHEET NOTCHED AND BENT IN CYLINDER FORM: FIG. II: THE SEAM JOINED AND READY FOR BRAZING: FIG. III: THE HANDLE PLATE FLAT AND BENT: FIG. IV: POSITION OF THE CYLINDER ON THE BLOCK: FIG. V: BOTTOM DISC WITH CIRCUMFERENCE NOTCHED: FIG. VI: END OF VASE HAMMERED OUT AND READY FOR BRAZING: FIG. VII: TWO MANDRELS.



THE LASH OF THE TASKMASTER

WE cannot fail to recognize a challenge in the fact that a certain ex-trainer of pugilists and champion of the wrestling ring has grown rich at the rate of a hundred thousand dollars a year by literally bullying men's bodies back into health. All forms of bullying, be it remembered, affect the will as well as the body. The challenge then takes the form of an interrogation mark. Why does one man pay another one hundred dollars a week for allowing him to submit to a system of arbitrary routine and of personal tyranny which would arouse protest in the inmates of a State's prison? And the question becomes the more baffling when we note that these men who pay for the privilege of yielding absolute obedience to a man whose superiority is neither intellectual nor spiritual but merely a matter of physique and of will power, come not only from the ranks of our business men, our lawyers, our doctors and our preachers, but from among the men who are our leaders in statesmanship and who represent us in our dealings with other nations.

But this obedience is voluntary, you may say, and is justified by the results. Certainly no one can doubt that discipline, in a great majority of cases, offers a sovereign remedy for flabby bodies and shattered nervous systems. But there is nothing occult or secret about the methods of this man and his institution, and it is that fact which affords us our text. Among the class of people from whom his patients are recruited there can be few indeed who

do not already know, at least theoretically, the value of simple fare, ample outdoor exercise, regular hours for eating, sleeping and working, and abstinence from all narcotics and artificial stimulants, as aids to physical rehabilitation. And all these factors in the recovery of health are within their reach at any time, freely theirs for the taking. What they buy of this man, then, is something more than a course of treatment. It is the temporary use of his will. But for the driving force of this one man's will their pampered and undisciplined bodies would refuse to reach out and grasp the health which is really always accessible. Not having the will-power to drive themselves, they must pay a taskmaster to apply the lash.

What this actually means, as exemplified in a well known and successful institution in which men pay to be domineered over, can be very eloquently indicated by the citation of a few unadorned facts. The patient—who pays for a week's treatment in advance, and sacrifices his money if, as often happens, he leaves prematurely—is expected to obey absolutely the most trivial as well as the important commands of the proprietor. Thus not only must he eat, sleep, bathe, exercise and dress at the word of command as punctiliously as a soldier marching in manoeuvres, but he must leave his coffee spoon in or out of his cup according to orders, and he is checked peremptorily and without ceremony if he ventures to get into his bath right-foot-first when he has been told to get in left-foot-first. He may be a Supreme Court

THE LASH OF THE TASKMASTER

Judge or a United States Senator, but he stands up and sits down at the word of an ex-trainer for the prize-ring as meekly as any schoolboy. Nor are the words of command here in vogue spoken gently or softened by any of the formulas of courtesy. Instead it is "Didn't you hear what I said? I wonder how long it will be before I smash one of you muts!"

Is this whole amazing phenomenon, we may ask in passing, merely another instance of our blind acceptance of the "institution"? To answer this question fairly it would be necessary to examine all the facts connected with its growth and development, and these facts we have not at hand. But it would seem that something of this must have entered into the situation before a system of discipline which reduces men to tears in the privacy of their cubicles could become almost a fashion.

Now it is doubtless true that the orders given are, in the main, wise orders, even if roughly uttered. And it is also doubtless true that by obedience to these orders the patients regain bodily vigor and re-establish their general physical and mental efficiency. But is it conceivable that their self-respect, that essential element of personal integrity, has not suffered in the process? They will perhaps salve their wounded dignity by philosophizing on the value and beauty of obedience. As one of them said, "It is a good thing for a man to learn to obey." Yet the worth of obedience depends entirely upon where it is rendered. There is virtue in obeying just laws, or the dictates of our conscience or our reason. But on the other hand there is often just as much virtue in disobedience and revolt. In this case, obedience should have begun earlier, and it should have been obedience, under no other coercion than that of the individual's own will, to those simple laws of physical health which are today a part of the common knowledge of the race. Is such obedience too much to expect of the average well-educated man or woman in this day of wide enlightenment? If it is, then

we must accept with what grace we can the humiliating spectacle of men from our cultured professional classes and even molders of our national policy flocking weakly around a man of will and paying him to force them to live, for a time at least, sanely and temperately.

It is true, of course, that the inmates of sanitariums as a whole present many a depressing spectacle of enfeebled will power, many a futile and fluttering pursuit of that health which would probably have been nearer their grasp had they not broken in panic from their places, in the great ranks of the world's workers. It is always pathetic and saddening to see people dropping out of the main current of life to wander in search of that which should be as much their birthright as the air they breathe. But many of these deserters from the field are really old and broken, and many have been hopelessly handicapped from birth. On the other hand the health resort which forms our text is recruited only from those who are still capable of bearing a part in the battle—men whose vitality is sufficient to flame up instead of flickering out under the heroic treatment accorded them. Is it anything less than an indictment of our civilization that such men should have need of such a refuge?

"It is a sick business," says the proprietor, "trying to make anything decent out of these fellows." There speaks the understandable scorn of a man who, through his will, is the master of his own body, for those who have let the reins slip from their fingers to be caught up by one form of destructive excess or another—excesses of appetite or of indolence, of barren dissipation or of productive but ill-regulated labor. Is not the scorn deserved? And when we look at the class of men who incur it—men who have had all the advantages of our elaborate educational system, and who may therefore be regarded as to some extent typical of its results—we wonder if it is not time for some shifting of emphasis in our national ideals. There are some salutary truths that Sparta taught

NOTES: REVIEWS

and that we have forgotten. It would be nonsense to take the pessimistic view that we are an effete people, no longer able to subject our own bodies to the wholesome, hardy discipline of sane living—which is the only freedom. But it is not extravagant to suggest that by our educational methods we have laid less stress than we might on the development of the individual will. We have not given to self-control and self-mastery as high a place as they deserve among our national ideals. If we had, would we find so many of our successful men, men of position and achievement, paying a fellow man large sums to browbeat them, through lack of ability to enforce their own authority over their own bodies?

We see on every side of us such men, who have cultivated their brains, at least along the particular line of their ambitions, but have indulged and pampered or else neglected and abused their bodies, and have allowed their wills to atrophy, except in so far as these served to hold them true to their little inadequate vision of success. Is not such self-defrauding blindness, or ignorance, or indifference, if we stop to contemplate it, one of the most amazing spectacles afforded by our marvelous, blundering, half-realized civilization? Yet even modern philosophy, which aims to look all the facts in the face and can scarcely be suspected of a too easy optimism, admits that it is perfectly possible to adjust all the demands of life to one ideal,—which for lack of a better word we may call happiness—and to adjust that ideal to its natural conditions. In other words, it is possible to live that sane and poised life which is the life of reason, and which has happiness and well-being for its sanction. As steps toward this goal it is perfectly feasible to treat our bodies with respect, and to keep our wills on the drivers' seat in fair weather as well as foul. Would it not be well to impress these possibilities upon our citizens *as children*, and thereby save them from the necessity of sacrificing their self-respect to regain a partial dominion over their bodies in middle age?

NOTES

MR. Robert Henri preceded the opening of his school on the Tuesday after Labor Day by an exhibit of foreign prints reproducing many of the famous paintings and drawings of the old masters, chiefly those of Franz Hals, Rembrandt and the Spanish painters, Goya, Greco and Velasquez. The prints are the property of Mr. Henri, collected during his various trips abroad for reference and study. They have been carefully selected and many of them are rare. Mr. Henri's object in exhibiting them was to give his pupils a comprehensive review of the work of each of these artists, and thus to show the pictures not as individual specimens of the men's methods, but as various ways in which the artists found expression. We have the pleasure of a one-man exhibit frequently among modern artists, but where, as in the case of the old masters, every famous gallery of Europe, England and America cherishes one or two particular jewels of their work, it rarely happens that we can see more than a few of their pictures together.

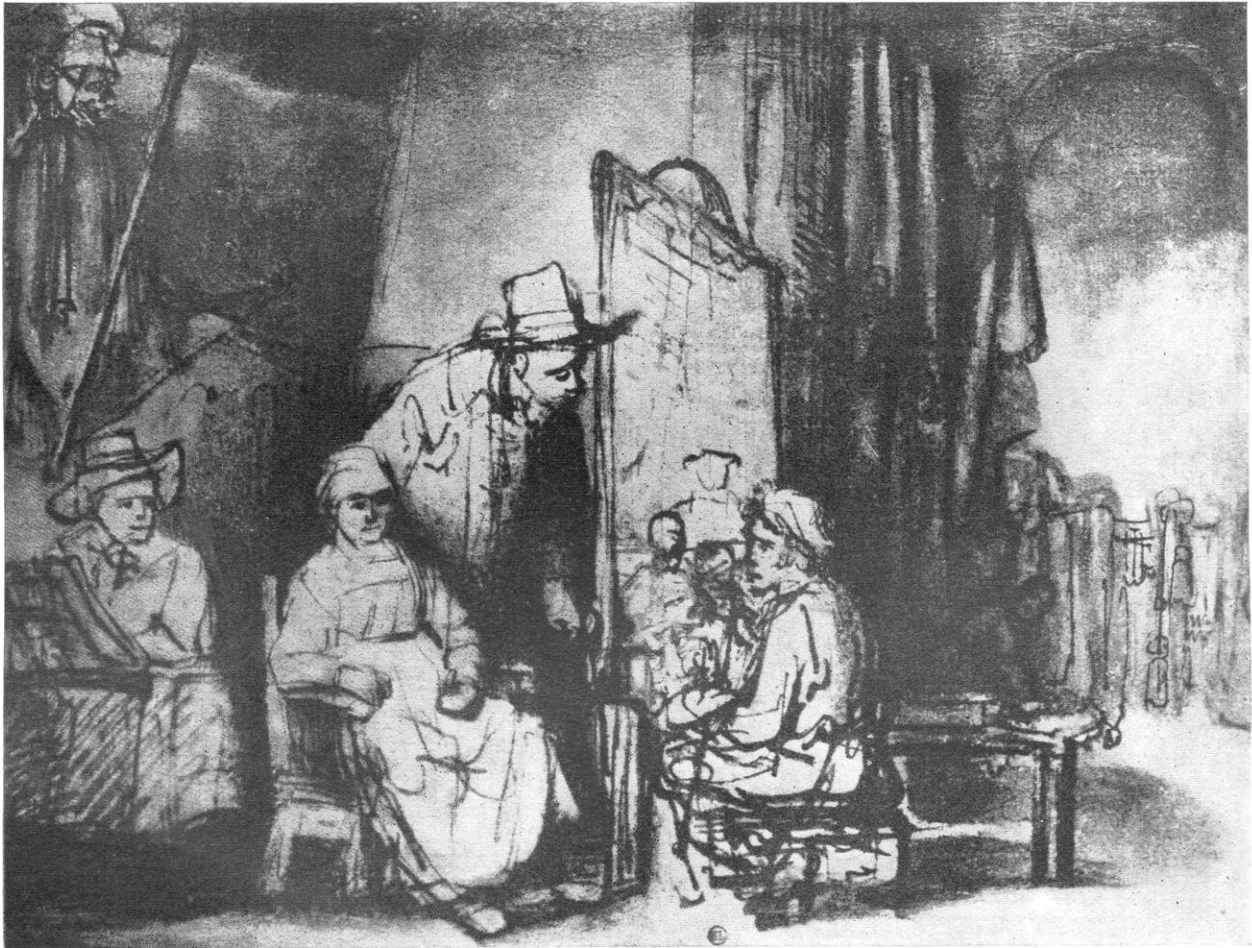
The large collection of Goya was a particularly valuable experience. It is interesting to recall how little we knew of Spanish art twenty-five years ago. It is to Whistler, largely, that we owe our pleasure in the galleries of Spain, and the Hispanic Society of America has done much to foster our interest by its exhibits of the modern school.

During the Zuloaga exhibition last winter, it will be remembered that his work was compared to that of Goya, whose earnest student and admirer he was. This was again emphasized in the prints of the older artist. There was the same wide range of subjects, each painted with a deep understanding that related them to the greater world of human emotion. Goya lived in the last of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth; he was a many-sided man, roisterer and gentleman, rebel and patriot, and his art evi-



See page 106

SKETCH OF AN OLD WOMAN:
BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.



See page 106

"THE ARTIST'S FAMILY" FROM A
SKETCH BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

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denced his varied view of life. We find gruesome scenes from the Inquisition and hardly more horrible grotesques and fantasies; delightful portraits of individual treatment, full of the personality of the sitter, as well as dramatic compositions of great beauty and spirit. He was the only painter whose works represented the political atmosphere of his time, and a series of etchings entitled the "Horrors of War" were very nearly the means of bringing a sentence of banishment upon him. He was an indefatigable worker with a never-waning imagination and an unusually broad view of life which enabled him to paint the street woman or the laughing child and give each her proportionate weight and value in the scheme of existence.

Greco, two hundred years earlier in date, was not so much a painter of religious subjects as a religious painter. In his portraits, even, there is an aspiration toward something felt but not understood expressed in the wide seeing eyes and the elongated lines of the hands and bodies. His religious pictures have an atmosphere of sweet and humble adoration. Greco seems not to have regarded his pictures as the symbols of a frozen creed, but as an expression of what to him was the supreme mystery.

Velasquez, who is far the best known of all the Spanish artists, was represented by some wonderful photographs from the details of his larger canvases which brought out very clearly the dignity this artist seems to find inherent in everything animate or inanimate.

The three Spanish painters were in interesting contrast. Greco, the poetic aspirant, overwhelmingly conscious of the secret of the world but with no hope of fathoming it, Goya, full of turbulent energy, seeming to have delved wildly into existence and found it a rich, wonderful mosaic of human passions, and Velasquez, content to take things as they came, finding all worth while and innately right.

The wall devoted to Franz Hals was like a patch of sunshine. His simple-

hearted burghers and their wives, looking out benignly from their splendid velvets and damasks and great ruffs, were marvelously presented. In the center wall space was that delightful portrait of the artist and his wife like the good king and queen of the pictured populace. Among these prints was a copy of the new picture which the Louvre has just purchased.

The Rembrandt drawings were perhaps the most interesting of all. They were hurriedly executed with a few big blots of shadows and the fewest possible lines, but the swaggering buccaneer, the child screaming and struggling in its nurse's arms; the age-broken man, were each as present as in the most carefully constructed painting.

It is unfortunate that the exhibition could not have been delayed till later in the season, for it was of unique interest not only to the students but to the general public.

THERE has been a great deal of talk this early fall in New York about Educational Opera, and a supplementary season presented by Mr. Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House has been so designated—as a matter of fact, rightly so. Surely all well sung, sympathetically presented, intelligently staged opera of a character important enough to merit such management, must be ranked as educational. Each opera season at the Manhattan or the Metropolitan is essentially a matter of educational importance. And the more beautiful the presentation, the more perfect the voices brought together for the purpose, the more truly educational such opera must become. The only bewilderment we feel in regard to Mr. Hammerstein's adjective is that he should seem to limit it to his supplementary season of opera, which, however beneficial to the public it may prove, and it must be this through good work, cannot hope to accomplish the sort of cultivation we expect to glean from the more supreme music and final achievement of the singers of the

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regular season, both on Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street.

And so while we feel that Mr. Hammerstein is wholly within his rights in the characterization of the cheaper opera season, he seems to be doing himself an injustice by establishing a limitation to the work of opera as a whole in New York. For every opportunity to hear good music, of which New York avails itself so freely and extravagantly, is progress out into the wider margin of development for our people. For it is only through an appreciation of the best of all the arts that one is enabled to complete the circle of one's own understanding of all that beauty which encompasses life. It is through our men of genius that we find the straight road to beauty; it is what these artists express of the final loveliness of the world that creates in us a desire, one by one, to travel slowly after them, to a better realization of what art really is.

And so each man and woman who furnish opportunity for the presentation of art are doing the finest and best educational work possible, for they are giving the public an opportunity to develop appreciation for the beauty that might otherwise have escaped it. In this sense not only is all of the best opera educational, but also all sincere drama, all painting which is inevitable in its relation to life, all poetry which upholds a social or national ideal. Indeed, true art cannot express itself in authentic channels without becoming a means of education to those who appreciate its power and service.

And so we apprehend excellent opportunity for culture, not only from Mr. Hammerstein's supplementary season, but his more representative winter work, as well as from the opportunity of treading down the wide road of beauty which the Metropolitan Opera House is promising to open for us, and also in the excellent work of the smaller Italian Opera Company, which is not only presenting the opera of its own people most sympathetically, but has had the courage and initiative to bring to America the most notable of all Russian

women singers, Mme. Makaroff, who ranks as the greatest soprano in her own country, and who has up to the present time never been allowed to sing other than on the Russian stage.

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THE tales in "Roads of Destiny" by O. Henry rank in our estimation with some of the best short stories of de Maupassant, Poe and Hawthorne, men who have made of short-story writing a separate and distinct expression of literary art. Many authors write short stories which are really long stories reduced in size, but there are few who have the instinct to select *the one* vital instant from the mass of surrounding circumstance and see it as the index of an entire life, which is the gift of the short-story writer. From his first publication Mr. Sidney Porter ("O. Henry") has shown himself a master of this literary form, which has been so aptly described as "cross sectioning life," and in spite of a large output of stories he has maintained a standard of excellence that is pleasantly reassuring in this time of sudden successes and equally rapid declines.

He is, moreover, one of the most truly American writers we have, and among the very few whose work has an historical value. Who else has shown us such a variety of American types or so many sides of American life? He has not delved into the peculiar psychology of any one type, or undertaken to solve any one national problem, but his mind has traveled like the ray of a searchlight out all over the country, and he has hit us off as a nation with light but unerring strokes. The scenes that he reveals are widely different in nature, but they are all thoroughly American in spirit, and the humor, semi-satirical, and yet with an occasional touch of pathos, in which he sets forth his characters, is a peculiarly American characteristic. Mr. Porter has lived in many parts of the country, and one feels that he has the whole field before him, not

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only a knowledge of some particularly interesting section, and that he has only to direct the searchlight of his understanding upon any portion of American life to reveal innumerable other dramas as vivid as those he has already presented. The book under review takes its title from the fanciful first story of the French peasant, who is a shepherd-poet.

The other stories are immensely entertaining, with a preponderance of Western yarns. "The Passing of Black Eagle" and "Friends in San Rosario" are especially attractive and amusing. The book is in every way up to the level of its predecessors and adds a valuable quota of population to the miniature America that O. Henry has been building up these last few years and which we earnestly hope will prosper and increase. ("Roads of Destiny." By O. Henry. 376 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.)

"RED Horse Hill," by Sidney McCall, is obviously a problem novel and deals with the factory conditions in the South. It is valuable and interesting as an accurate picture of the conditions existing there, of which the author has made a careful, personal investigation. No detail has been spared and the book gives some startling revelations upon the matter of individual freedom in the South. Everyone is familiar with the child-labor problem in that section of the country but not so many know of the position of the "whipper-in" whose duty it is to go about, rounding-up the truants, and too often the sick children, and driving them with a long-lashed whip into the factories. The idea of a child deprived of play time and light and sun is sufficiently revolting, but the effect that this treatment has had upon their characters, hideous little grotesques of Ishmaels that it has evolved, makes the brief chapter in this book dealing with that subject leave an indelible impression upon the mind of the reader. Child-labor exists everywhere, but not under the conditions and circumstances that make it absolute slavery.

The leading character of the book is rather too neurotic and hysterical a type to gain the entire sympathy of the Northern reader, but the subject matter of the book is of absorbing interest and clearly set forth. ("Red Horse Hill." By Sidney McCall. 361 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.)

"ARE the Dead Alive?" Under such a title Mr. Freemont Rider offers a book that aims to present a summary of the knowledge gained about spiritual phenomena during the last decade. Whether men of the caliber of Camille Flammarion, Sir Oliver Lodge, Cesare Lombroso and William James are right or wrong in their belief of an unseen world where the dead work and love and live, Mr. Rider makes no attempt to judge. Simply, he has collected a mass of data fraudulent and otherwise, belonging to the field of psychical research and combining this with the published statement of the many notable men interested therein, he presents in popular and concise form a series of articles which when read, give to the layman a working knowledge extensive enough to permit of his thinking and deciding for himself.

Many of the illustrations are reproductions of spiritualistic photographs and such as are known to be fraudulent are described in the processes of their making. Chapters of this book appeared in *The Delineator* last year, causing considerable sensation. Inquiries were received, so the author states, from many who demanded positive assurance that their dead were alive and begged for ways by which they might communicate with them. ("Are the Dead Alive?" By Freemont Rider. Illustrated. 372 pages. Price, \$1.75. Published by B. W. Dodge & Co., New York.)

"ENGLAND and the English," by Price Collier, contains the elements that should go to produce in a book of this title a serious study of a triumphant race. It is not, however; but the very more or

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less unscholarly inconsistency of viewpoint that makes it not so, lends the book a charm which permits one to read it comfortably without fear and with profit. The author is delightfully human and strong in his likes and dislikes. He likes the English but dislikes the Englishman, and he tells us so, though not in so many words. And these warring attitudes get sadly mixed up at times, and we are confused, mystified maybe, but we keep reading on and on, all the while profiting from the really wonderful amount of information Mr. Collier has collected. We never find out, of course, just how John Bull can be impossible one minute and a "bully fellow" the next, and yet remain the identical John. But this really doesn't matter, for when we close the book we have learned a good deal about the English, and are satisfied to forget our author's inconsistencies. ("England and the English." By Price Collier. 434 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

OCCASIONALLY an involved sentence or poorly constructed paragraph mars one's pleasure in reading "Alaska" by Ella Higginson. Often, too, history and anecdote are run together in a way to confuse; but speaking not too critically, the book is delightful. This is true mainly because it so obviously expresses the author's love and enthusiasm for the country she describes, and places her work far from the made-to-order variety so common nowadays. On page after page you are made aware that Miss Higginson is no ordinary tourist, confining her attention to the "sights," but a seeker of lost traditions and generally unknown facts.

The historical side in one place at least, is dealt with authoritatively and after reading this version of the attitude we have taken in the Alaskan and British Columbian controversies, one is inclined to believe, with the author, that but for either Governmental inefficiency or cowardice, the United States today might

possess, rightfully, a much larger portion of the beautiful and valuable country called Alaska. ("Alaska." By Ella Higginson. Illustrated. 530 pages and index. Price, \$2.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

AN Attempt to Solve the Trust, Labor and Negro Problems" is the subtitle of a book from the pen of Harry Earle Montgomery, entitled "Vital American Problems." It is absurd and impossible for us or anyone to attempt to judge how near Mr. Montgomery comes to a solution of these interesting questions. Time alone can show that, but in the meantime every American would do well to read this volume because the facts contained therein are exact and concisely put in their logical order. Good citizenship is, after all, more or less a matter of education, and in "Vital American Problems" many will find information and suggestions that will lead them to think carefully before casting their votes in the coming elections. ("Vital American Problems." By Harry Earle Montgomery. 362 pages and index. Price, \$1.50. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

USERS of glass rather than manufacturers will profit by reading "Glass Manufacture" by Walter Rosenhain. All processes of manufacture are described, however, though in untechnical terms, and the distinctive varieties are grouped under different chapter heads and told about separately. In his preface Mr. Rosenhain points out the interesting fact that in all other books upon glass extended mention is made of certain ingenious methods for the making and blowing of glass, although these ways have come no nearer to a state of practical use than that of being described in the records of the patent office. Such material has been left out of the present volume and the reader is assured that practical ways and means in everyday use alone are written of. ("Glass Manufacture." By Walter Rosenhain. 264 pages. Price, \$2.00 net. Published by D. Van Nostrand Company, New York.)

