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**Cover page
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*Drawing by Frances Lea
See Page 13*

"AFRAID OF ME!" HE PERSISTED, AND SHE HUNG HER HEAD WHILE HE PLYED THE PADDLE VIGOROUSLY. "BUT I AM TO BE YOUR HUSBAND," HE ADDED.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XIII

OCTOBER, 1907

NUMBER 1

Contents

Mahngequay and Tebikoosa. Drawn in Color.	By Frances Lea	Frontispiece
The Courting of Mahngequay A Story of Life Among the Ojibways before the Days of the Reservation. <i>Illustrated in Color.</i>	By Frederick Burton	1
Lafcadio Hearn on the Decadent School His Views as Expressed in Some of His Delightful Letters to a Friend.	By Osman Edwards	14
A Japanese Impressionist Some Delicately Imaginative Studies of Birds and Flowers by Hiroshige, Whose Fame Rests Chiefly upon His Landscapes. <i>Illustrated</i>	By Anne Heard Dyer	22
Love, The Logician. A Story	By Katharine Metcalf Roof	32
Portents. A Poem	By Charles G. D. Roberts	35
Secession Art in Europe Its Growth, Meaning and Failure. <i>Illustrated</i>	By the Editor	36
Millet as an Etcher Some Reminiscences of Wyatt Eaton at Barbizon. <i>Illustrated</i>	By Giles Edgerton	50
A Song of the Tide. A Poem	By Agnes Lee	58
Augustus Saint-Gaudens The Sculptor Who Has Typified American Character and Has Left Us Noble Memorials of Great Events in American History. <i>Illustrated</i>		59
Among the Craftsmen The California Bungalow: A Style of Architecture Which Expresses the Individuality and Freedom Characteristic of Our Western Coast. <i>Illustrated</i>		68
What the Craftsman Intends to Do Toward Fostering Interest in Handicrafts by Teaching Structural Design and Why Ernest A. Batchelder Was Chosen as Instructor. Design in Theory and Practice: A Series of Lessons: Number 1 <i>Illustrated</i>	By Ernest A. Batchelder	81
From The Craftsman Workshops		
Lessons in Cabinet Work <i>Illustrated</i>		90
Lessons in Metal Work <i>Illustrated</i>		94
Craftsman House <i>Illustrated</i>		103
Decoration of Wall Spaces <i>Illustrated</i>		108
Als ik Kan		112
Notes and Reviews		116
Important Announcement		

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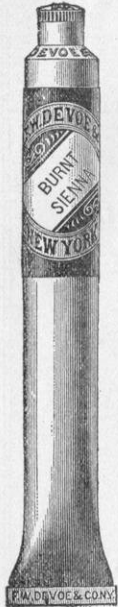
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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XIII OCTOBER, 1907 NUMBER 1

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY: A STORY OF LIFE AMONG THE OJIBWAYS BEFORE THE DAYS OF THE RESERVATION: BY FREDERICK R. BURTON



IN THE flat rock that dipped straight down into water so deep that four tall men standing on each others' shoulders could not sound it, nearly the whole village was assembled; and the chattering, laughing, screaming and boasting made such clamor that the crows on the island opposite stopped their noise from envious mortification and flapped themselves disgustedly away to the forest. Not a cloud was in the sky, not a breath rippled the surface of the lake. The lofty pines, ever ready to murmur at the slightest provocation, were silent as the grave, and the noonday sun was hot. It was a time for profound rest, and the elders in the village, from the chief down to the youngest squaw, had been imitating the example of their beloved pines, the men too contented with repose to undergo the exertion of puffing at their pipes, when the shrill voices of children threw the place into bustle and excitement.

"*Okahawis!*" they cried, "*okahawis!*" by which everybody within hearing knew that a school of herring was in the deep water off the flat rock where the children had been at play.

The first to respond was Maskenozha, youngest son, but not the youngest child of the venerable Megissun. He was lying flat on his back under the pine beside the wigwam, staring at the patches of sky visible through the green branches. With one bound he was on his feet; another took him to the wigwam, where he seized one of a number of poles leaning against it; then he ran full tilt through the village to the flat rock. As he ran he unwound the line of ash fiber coiled at the pole end, and inspected the bone hook.

The air was buzzing with herring flies when he crossed the grass plot between the village and the rock. One lit on his arm. He plucked it off, impaled it on the hook, and, thus prepared, selected

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

the best place at the edge of the rock, sat himself down and cast his bait into the center of the disturbed water. It was all rippling and flashing with the excited fish, so many in fact that scores of them were actually floundering on the surface, crowded out of their element by the shoal of their kind below.

Maskenozha's hook had no more than touched the water when it was seized, and with a shrill yell he yanked a victim to the rock. The hapless fish fell off without disturbing the bait, and the youngster threw in again only to repeat the operation as quickly. By this time there were other arrivals, each armed with pole and line of some sort, almost every one with a birch bark basket or a bowl. And after them came still others, until all the space along the edge of the rock was occupied, and late comers found difficult foothold where the cliff sloped roughly into the bushes at either side.

The chief was there, fishing with the rest, smiling with grim amusement when the women screamed over their luck. Old Megis-sun himself hobbled down last of all. He brought no pole, for the several members of his family, all spryer than he, had taken the whole of his outfit. His dim eyes searched the row at the edge of the rock and presently he shook his youngest son gently by the shoulder. Maskenozha promptly but sulkily gave him the pole and his place also, and ran back into the bush to improvise another.

In all a long summer the herring run no more than a dozen days at the most, and it is not always that they offer themselves so conveniently. So the people made the most of it. Nobody could help catching the fish. If the flies did not light within easy reach, hooks were dropped bare of bait, with results almost as satisfactory. A half hour the fish lingered near the rock, and by then every bowl and basket was more than full. Some of the men were tired of the childish sport and were merely looking on.

Just before the school departed, one of three girls yanked up a fish with such violence that it caught in a high bush behind her and would not be dislodged, no matter how hard she jerked the line. Her companions were screaming over their own efforts at the moment and would not turn to help her.

A burly young brave who stood idle beside the chief—for when the chief gave over the sport he deemed it befitting his dignity to do likewise—observed the accident and started across the rock to disentangle the hook, for the fish had dropped off by its own exertions. This was Iggadom, by his own accounts the strongest man in the tribe. Certain it was that he had thrown all adversaries who ventured

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

to wrestle with him; that he had put a stone further than any; that he had driven an arrow into a tree so hard that it could not be pulled out but must be cut out. These deeds were known—the council had voted him feathers for them—and they lent credibility to many another deed of which he spoke on all occasions. Iggadom started, then, across the rock, but when he was half way the tall and slender Tebikoosa emerged from the bush where he had gone to cut a withe for his catch; and Tebikoosa reached up his long arm, loosed the girl's hook, put a fresh fly on it and tossed it over her head into the lake.

"*Migwetch*" (thank you) said she, shyly, and turned her face to the water.

Tebikoosa's swarthy cheeks glowed with unwonted redness, though he had hardly glanced at the girl. He kept his eyes fixed steadily on those of Iggadom, who had stopped short and was regarding him with an ugly scowl. They stood thus, facing each other, for as long as one might count three. Then Tebikoosa, with a scarcely perceptible shrug of his shoulders, went on to his place at the edge and began to string his fish.

Iggadom gave a quick, crafty glance around. It seemed that nobody had observed the incident. With a swagger of indifference he lounged back to the chief. Almost at that moment the herring ceased to bite, and all but the children and some of the women began to coil their lines.

"It is about time," said the chief, thoughtfully, "that one of you young men should marry the youngest daughter of Megissun. She is more than comely."

"Yes," Iggadom responded, "I have made up my mind. I shall marry her."

Both looked toward the three girls, but their eyes were fixed only on the one whose hook Tebikoosa had released. Comely indeed she was! Sixteen summers had fashioned her graceful form into the full lines of mature womanhood, but the soft brown cheeks were yet round and baby-like. They glowed now and then with the flush of sport and laughter, and her wondrous deep eyes sparkled as she chatted gaily with her companions. Perhaps she had been told that she was the beauty of the village; perhaps the spring and the placid lake told her, for they were her only mirrors; but if so she played not upon her beauty, for not one of all the young braves who looked upon and sighed for her, had ever had so much as a direct smile from her in token of interest in mankind.

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

Mahngequay she was called, for her first wail of protest against life mingled with the distant shouting of a loon (*mahnq*) and her mother heard both sounds. So, "Loon-girl" she was in her babyhood, and though her life was watched for episodes of more significance, none occurred to justify another name.

"Ah," said the chief, "so you have made up your mind."

Iggadom glanced sidewise at him. There seemed to be a tinge of irony in the chief's tone. "It is all settled, then," the chief added.

"I shall marry her," said Iggadom. "What I say I do."

The maiden herself, unsuspecting that she was the subject of conversation, took her basket of herring and went blithely up to the village with her companions. Megissun hobbled after her, and all the people straggled homeward except a few of the men and boys. While they were dispersing, the chief was silent, but at length he took his pipe from his lips and remarked quizzically—"I thought just now that Tebikoosa might have something to say about that."

Iggadom started uncomfortably. So the chief had observed the incident of the tangled hook!—and Tebikoosa, hearing his own name but nothing else distinctly, looked up inquiringly.

"It is I who have spoken!" said Iggadom, angrily. "When I speak I mean it. No other man has anything to say about it. I shall marry her."

"*Gayget, gayget,*" (yes, indeed) the chief responded soothingly, but with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, "it is all settled and we will look forward to a grand feast."

"Feast! Feast? Where? When? What about?" eagerly asked Baumequod, Baumequod the glutton, Baumequod the ever hungry because he ate so much that his hard worked squaw could by no means keep the wigwam larder full.

"You see what is before you, Iggadom," laughed the chief. "It will have to be the grandest kind of feast, or Baumequod won't have enough to keep him alive through the night."

"What's it all about?" Baumequod demanded again.

"Iggadom is going to be married."

"Ah! a marriage feast! Yes, that will surely be worth while," and Baumequod smacked his lips in anticipation.

By this time all the men, young and old, had gathered in a group before the chief. Among them towered the slender Tebikoosa, holding his string of fish and listening gravely.

"He says he is going to marry Mahngequay," the chief added, and he looked in the most expressionless way at Tebikoosa, whose



Drawing by Frances Lea.

"ONCE, TO PLEASE HER CHILDISH CURIOSITY, HE HAD TAKEN HIS FLUTE, THE ONLY INSTRUMENT OF THE KIND IN ALL THAT PART OF OJIBWAYLAND, AND PLAYED THE SONG FOR HER."



Drawing by Frances Lea.

"IN THE MOONSHINE, IGGABOM SAW MAHN-
GEQUAY STANDING WITH BOTH HANDS UP-
RAISED AND THE BACKS TOWARD HIM."

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

cheek turned as pale as an Ojibway's can, but who had eyes only for Iggadom.

"I shall marry her," said Iggadom, his tone betraying his consciousness that his chief was baiting him. "What I say I do."

Nobody in the group responded, though several of the young braves exchanged meaning glances. The chief said: "I was just saying that perhaps Tebikoosa would have something to say about that."

"Tebikoosa has nothing to say about it!" cried Iggadom, thoroughly angry. "Nobody has anything to say. I have said it. That is enough."

He talked to the group, but directly at Tebikoosa, who made answer slowly, "I have been taught that the Ojibway maiden has something to say in such a matter."

"*Gayget! gayget!*" exclaimed Iggadom, expanding his broad chest, "the maiden has all to say. She will say it. There is no maiden in all Ojibway land who would refuse me if I asked her. Am I not the strongest man among you? Have I not slain moose and bear and elk? Has any brave of my years as large a stock of skins as I have?"

He paused in his boasting and defiantly eyed the group at large, but he fixed his gaze on Tebikoosa, who stirred not nor answered. An aged man's cracked voice broke the silence: "In my day the young man courted first and talked afterward."

Iggadom shook with rage, but the man was old and feeble. If only the cowardly Tebikoosa had said that! But Tebikoosa simply looked at him. There was dislike and sorrow in his eyes, but he said no word to justify a blow.

"Very well," growled Iggadom, choking down his wrath, "you shall see. You have heard what I have said. I shall marry her. I will court her before another sun."

He swaggered away to his father's wigwam, and the group slowly dispersed, Tebikoosa going also without a word to anybody.

"Yes," said the chief, serenely, to the aged man, "the maiden has all to say, and she will say—what she pleases. It was time to bring the matter to a head, for the girl is more than comely. All will be well when she has decided."

"She'll take him," babbled the aged man. "A strong arm and a loud voice go a long way with women folk. It was so in my day, and it will be so, I suppose, a thousand moons from now."

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

MEGISSUN'S wigwam was the largest, save the chief's, in the village. It was built on twenty-four poles, by which the pale-face can understand that it was twenty-four feet in diameter. Sibequay, Megissun's squaw, made it. She stripped the bark from the birch trees in the Moon of Strawberries, when the bark peels easiest and is in the best condition. She dug the tamarack roots and made the cords with which the edges of the bark sheets were sewed to sticks of split cedar. Aided only by the children, she raised the heavy poles, and placed the bark sheets upon them so that the edges overlapped. Perfectly weather-proof was her dwelling and as clean as the needle-strewn sward beneath the pine trees. Let other Ojibways fashion their houses of skins after the manner of the hated Sioux, or let them use the cloth that the Hudson's Bay Company gave to the Indians of all tribes in exchange for skins; Sibequay knew that the ancient way was the best; that the bark dwelling, the only genuine wigwam, never let in the rain, and that it would stand in a hurricane before which the skin and cloth tepees went ballooning far away, or tore to useless shreds. A wise and capable old woman was Sibequay. A mighty hunter her husband had been before age dimmed his eyes and palsied his arms; he had won his majestic crest of eagle's feathers by valiant deeds in wars against the Sioux and Iroquois; his voice was listened to respectfully in the council of chiefs; but within the wigwam, and without it, where domestic matters were concerned, Megissun took second place. Sibequay's word was law, and no one, husband or grown-up children, ventured to disobey her.

Late in the evening following the run of herring the entire family was gathered in the spacious wigwam. Sibequay and Megissun were in their proper places in the circle, just across from the open doorway. In the order of their ages sat the men children on Megissun's side, and their young squaws on the other. Nearest the doorway were Maskenozha and Mahngequay. Had a visitor arrived, the persons in the circle would have been moved at Sibequay's command to give the caller a place according to his rank or the esteem in which the Megissun family held him.

Even the youngest there, the beautiful Mahngequay, knew that a visitor was expected; else why had all the family been summoned within? and why was the restless Maskenozha sharply rebuked for attempting to slip out unseen in the darkness? But Mahngequay knew not who the caller might be, nor did Maskenozha, for the elders had not deigned to take the younger children into their confidence. They knew, the elders, for gossip is an Ojibway institution as old as

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

the nation itself and as mighty. They knew, as did all in the village, what had passed on the flat rock between Iggadom and the chief. So they sat and waited, silent, as indifferent to the dragging of time as the wigwam itself.

A low fire burned lazily in the middle of the dwelling, not so much to overcome the chill of evening, as to give light; for when the visitor should arrive, a few bark chips would quickly illumine the interior with the brightness of noonday.

And so they sat and waited, and presently they heard the beating of a drum very near. No one stirred save the restless Maskenozha, who sat up, listening sharply and wondering. A look as of sudden memory came upon his face.

"Now I know," said he, and his eyes were teasing as he turned them upon his sister.

"What is it, brother?" she asked apprehensively—and who knows that some subtle message had not come to her before he spoke?

The drum was beating very slowly and the strokes were not loud as yet, but they could be heard by the idlers on the flat rock at the other end of the village. There were nods of the head there, and significant smiles, and "Now we shall see," from one to another.

"It's Iggadom coming to court you," said Maskenozha, softly. "I heard him tell the chief that he would marry you."

The boy chuckled and edged closer to his sister that he might not miss a word, but she said nothing. Her lips were slightly parted, as with fear, her eyes swept the circle of grave faces, and rested on the open doorway—but not there, not there lay safety or escape, and Mahngequay knew it.

"He's beginning his dance!" whispered Maskenozha, excitedly. "You'll hear his song soon."

The slow preluding of the drum had given place to rapid beats alternately loud and soft. In rhythm with them came the shuffle of moccasined feet upon the turf hardly an arm's length from the wigwam wall. With measured tread and with constant turning of the body around and around, the dancer made the entire circuit of the wigwam. When he passed nearest where Mahngequay sat, the moon threw his shadow in at the doorway, and the girl shrank back as if she feared it might touch her.

"It's Iggadom," Maskenozha told her; "I saw his face plain enough, but you'll be sure when he sings."

Again the dancer made the circuit of the wigwam, and when a second time he passed the doorway the girl did not shrink from the

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

shadow, but peered out and saw her suitor's face. Then she clasped her hands tightly together and waited.

"You'll take him, sister," whispered Maskenozha, eagerly and half interrogatively. Mahngequay's reply was a shudder that told him nothing.

"Take him!" urged he; "then there'll be room here for my wife. I shall bring her——"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "You are too young to talk of bringing home a wife."

"I'm older than you!"

"Yes, but you're only a man. A woman may go as a wife even before she has seen as many summers as I have, but she must go to a man who's older than you. You are very silly, brother."

"Anyhow, you'll take him," said the brother. "He's bound to have you," and then he ceased his argument, for the suitor had completed his third circuit of the wigwam and was beginning his song.

No half veiled utterance of secret love was there, no imagery, no bashful pleading; the suitor did not abase himself at his lady's feet and beg her favor; he did not extol her charms, or tell her that she haunted his dreams, or vow by all his gods that he would protect and cherish her. And yet his wooing was conventional enough from the Ojibway point of view, and not Mahngequay herself, presumably, found anything in itself offensive in the words with which the suitor declared his intentions. It was an old, old, well known song of the people that doubtless many hundreds of lovers had used under similar circumstances with merely a necessary change in the name:

"*Nenemoshaynon Mahngequay, heyah!*" which, reading backward, means precisely, "Heigh ho! Mahngequay is my sweetheart."

The tune was what the paleface might term a round, for it came to rest nowhere, the apparent ending being merely a compulsion to go further and driving the singer to endless repetitions. Iggadom's heavy voice roared this forth while he continued to dance around the wigwam and beat his drum.

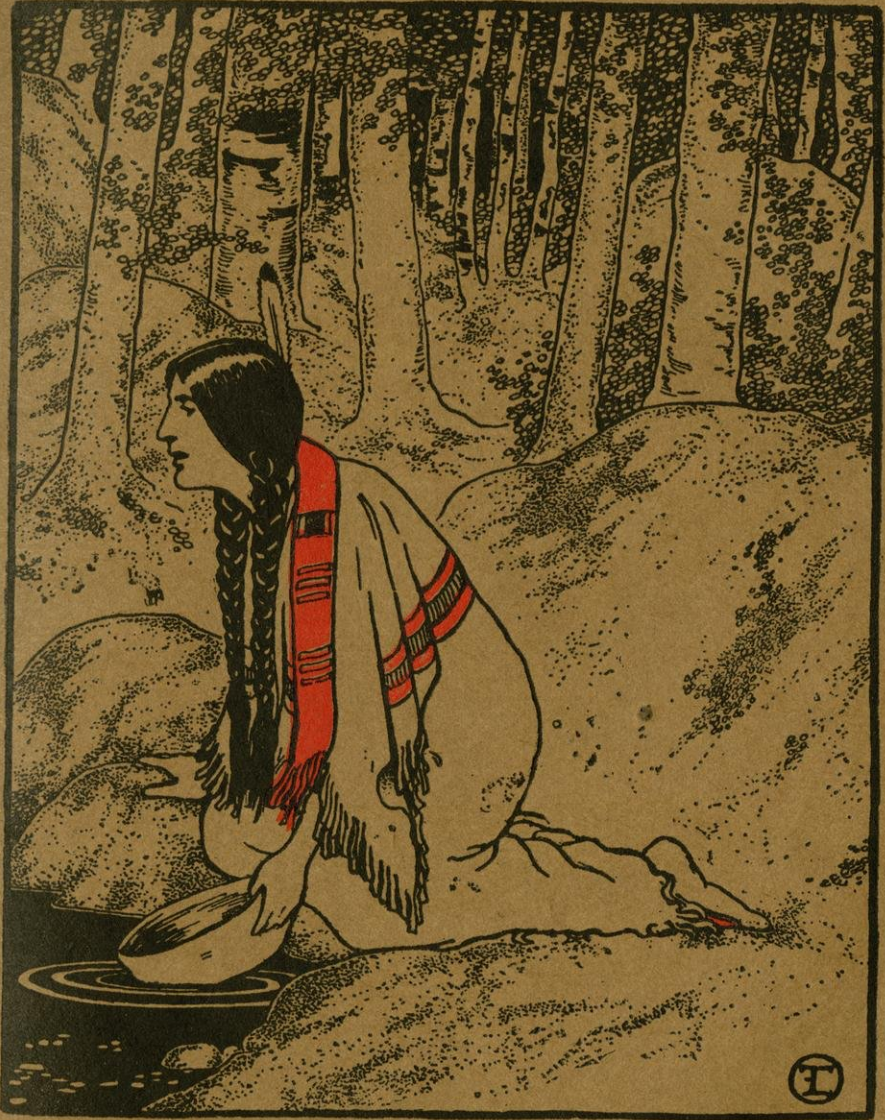
Mahngequay sat motionless, not answering or turning when her brother whispered, "Hurry! don't keep him singing all night!"

Iggadom desisted at length from sheer breathlessness. The drum was silent, the moccasined feet no longer shuffled over the sward. His shadow lay across the doorway. Sibequay leaned forward and laid a piece of bark on the fire. By the instant blaze she saw her youngest daughter looking appealingly at her. "You must give him a sign, child," she said.



Drawing by Frances Lea.

"TEBIKOOSA RAN STRAIGHT INTO IGGADOM'S ARMS
AND THE WATCHING BRAVES CAUGHT THEIR
BREATH AT THE AUDACITY OF THE MOVE."



Drawing by Frances Lea.

"HIDDEN BEHIND THE ALDERS, A SUITOR WAS SINGING UPON HIS FLUTE, SINGING TO HER A LOVE SONG. WHO COULD IT BE?"

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

Just then the drum and song began again, louder, more insistent than before. Mahngequay waited until her confident suitor had made one circuit of the wigwam. Then she arose slowly and stepped forth into the moonlight.

Immediately the drum ceased and the song came to end in an exclamation of satisfaction that was followed at once by a gasp of astonishment and incredulity; for there, so plain in the moonshine that he could distinguish the delicate purple of her finger nails, Iggadom saw Mahngequay standing with both hands upraised, and the backs toward him.

"Girl!" said he, in a hoarse whisper, "it is I, Iggadom, the strong man—don't you see?"

She dropped one hand to her side and waved the other toward him, still showing him the back of it.

"You know not what you do!" he began passionately; "it is Iggadom who comes to you——" but she had turned and gone within the wigwam where she sat down again beside her brother.

"SHE keeps him waiting long," they were saying on the flat rock by the lake, and they chuckled at the expense of the boastful Iggadom. One went so far as to wonder if she would show him the back of her hand, but the others, while quick enough to enjoy the momentary rebuff to the strong man, were sure that it would be no more than momentary. "Why should she let him think that she yields easily?" they asked.

One there was who said nothing; a tall, slender young man who lay stretched full length on the rock a little apart from the others. It was he who arose when Iggadom came running from the village and demanded, panting, "Where's Tebikoosa?"

"Ah!" snarled the rejected suitor, "there you are! I'll make you suffer, you dog! You've witched her, that's what!"

The moonlight full on Tebikoosa's face was fairly dimmed by the overmastering joy that gladdened it. "Ho! ho!" he laughed, and the islands sent back a dozen scornful echoes, "the maiden had something to say, and Iggadom knows not how to take it!"

"Witchery!" screamed Iggadom, who must need volunteer an explanation ere he be embarrassed by questions, and he made a mad rush toward Tebikoosa as if to overwhelm him at once.

The slender man leaped aside but clutched his adversary as he passed, and immediately they closed in a furious struggle. The idlers scrambled to their feet to avoid them and give them room. A few

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

who had been smoking late pipes before their wigwams, among them the chief, hastened from the village and joined the onlookers.

"Hang on, Tebikoosa!" cried one voice, but no others spoke, for, while there was little love for the boastful Iggadom, it was Tebikoosa's fight, not theirs, and it was a fair fight thus far and pleasant to look upon.

The skill and strength of the wrestler told at length and he shook himself free, leaping back a pace to poise for a new spring that should give him the hold he desired. His adversary did not wait for him. Lithe and noiseless as a cat, Tebikoosa ran straight into Iggadom's arms, and the watching braves caught their breath at the audacity of the move. They did not perceive for the moment that it was the slender man's one hope. Iggadom must not have time to choose his manner of fighting.

Tebikoosa charged, Iggadom aimed a blow at him. The slender man half parried it, but it stung his cheek and burst all the hidden sources of anger in his heart. It gave him new agility, new strength. While yet Iggadom's arm was recoiling from the blow, Tebikoosa struck under it, one hard fist on the boaster's chest, another on his mouth.

Iggadom gasped and reeled under the impact. The line of watchers gave way, as it appeared that he would stumble among them, but Tebikoosa caught him around the waist, lifted him clear of the ground, ran to the edge of the rock and dropped him into the lake.

A chorus of shrill cries startled the echoes again in the distant islands, hoarse laughter, shouts of triumph, for indeed Tebikoosa had fought the common fight and not one was there to pity the twice discomfited boaster and bully floundering in the water. When he rose to the surface, blowing the water from his mouth and gasping for breath, they jeered at him; when he grasped a little projection from the cliff, they found poles and beat his hands off; and when he swam away to search for a landing place, one with a sharp memory spoke:

"You in the water, there! Iggadom, the strong man! 'I have said it. What I say, I do!'"

"Ho-ho! ho-ho!" roared the braves, young and old, in such a discordant chorus that the islands were hard pressed to send back all the sounds.

But one there was who shouted not nor laughed. Tebikoosa stood at the edge with folded arms until Iggadom began to swim. Then he strode through the noisy crowd, through the length of the village, and away into the forest.

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

THREE nights had passed and no suitor had brought his drum to the Megissun wigwam.

“Iggadom is a good hunter,” said Sibequay, regretfully; “young girls are foolish. Mahngequay will some day take up with one not half his equal.”

But she cast no reproaches on her daughter, who went her way, as usual, with outward serenity. When she met Tebikoosa, who also went about as usual, she looked studiously at the ground before her feet; and at that moment he studied the ground before his feet; and neither seemed to be aware of the existence of the other. For Mahngequay knew—her brother’s account of it was detailed and enthusiastic—all of what happened on the flat rock by moonlight, and how Iggadom had gone with his hunting outfit on a long, long journey to the Batchewana tribe far westward. And the tall, slender young man who had not quailed before the strongest of the braves, was frightened of his life in the presence of this fragile maiden.

So Tebikoosa’s drum did not sound at night; but at sunrise on the fourth morning after the moonlight battle Mahngequay was startled by a sound of a different kind from the bushes just beyond the cool spring where she went with birchen bowls to get water for the family breakfast. That was her regular duty as the youngest daughter of the house, and no one stirred within it until she had prepared the meal.

It was not a bird that sang in the bushes, though sweet was the song, and soft, and wordless. Her heart beat high as she stooped to fill a bowl. Well she knew the general meaning of the song, though never before had such tones been made for her ears alone. Hidden behind the alders, a suitor was singing upon his flute—singing to her—a love song, and thus declaring the passion that he dared not as yet put into words. Who could it be? She would not give a sign unless she knew, and very slowly she filled the second bowl while she listened, and thought, and thought.

Who among the youth of the village would choose this subtle and rare way to address her? One name only occurred to her, but she would not frame it in her thoughts, not yet, and by some accident she upset the bowl and had to fill it again.

She remembered the song now. It was made by a man who was still alive in the village when she was a child, and he had made it in his youth at a time when his sweetheart was on a visit to a distant tribe. Often she had heard him sing it as his part of the entertainment at a campfire. Once, to please her childish curiosity, he had

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

taken his flute, the only instrument of the kind in all that part of Ojibway land, and played the song for her.

"Maybe, little girl," he had said roguishly when he put the ancient instrument away, "maybe your lover will sing that song upon a flute for you before he ventures to speak, for many a man now knows the song."

Aye, many! she seemed to feel the mournful words throbbing to her heart upon the tones of the melody: "*O nenah nenahwendum*"—"oh! I am very lonely," they began; but who, knowing the song, could breathe it into the flute? For there was still but one flute in all that part of Ojibway land, and that was kept sacredly in the family where it belonged in respectful memory of the good man who made it.

Could there be any other than the logical conclusion? For the maker of the flute was Tebikoosa's father.

Mahngequay arose and stood by the spring with a bowl in each hand. She peered vainly into the thicket of alders, but of a sudden her face lit with a shy smile, and then she turned about and ran to the wigwam.

That evening, very late, the drum sounded near the Megissun wigwam. Thrice the dancer made the circuit before he began his song, and when the words came at last, "*O, nenah nenahwendum*," Sibequay knew who it was and went forth to tell Tebikoosa that her daughter was from home.

The drum fell from his hand. "Have you spoken to her?" asked the squaw. "I played the song at the spring this morning," said Tebikoosa, sadly.

"Then I understand. She is frightened, the silly child, and has run away. You know what to do."

"Yes!" and Tebikoosa's voice was firm, almost joyous now; "I will find her. When did she go?"

"We have not seen her since sundown."

"I will find her."

There was but one way she could go at the beginning, for the village lay upon a point of land that protruded far into the lake. The trail inland divided a half hour's journey from the village. At that point the anxious yet confident lover paused long, trying the various devices known to his race to determine which had been Mahngequay's subsequent course. When he had decided, he ran swiftly for hours, pausing now and again when the moon gave sufficient light through the foliage to examine the path. At length he sat down and buried his face in his hands. It was not despair that afflicted him,

THE COURTING OF MAHNGEQUAY

but thought, hard Indian thought, putting himself in the girl's place, recalling her favorite haunts so far as he knew about them, and reasoning out the probable objective of her flight.

When he started on again it was not in the direction he had first taken, but back to the village. He launched his canoe and paddled fast till the sky took on the gray of dawn. By then he was at the mouth of a bay where the forest retreated from the water, leaving an ample open space. Giant white lilies grew all along the margin, and luscious berries were abundant on shore. Many a basket of berries had been gathered there by the girls of the village this very summer.

Tebikoosa paddled slowly now and noiselessly. The morning sky was clear, the light grew fast, he saw the whole curve of the shore. There was a single scrub pine growing from the crevice of a ledge in the open space; close to its base the rock was carpeted with deep moss; and there, her head resting on her arm, lay the beautiful Mahngequay, fast asleep.

Gently the canoe was beached a few paces distant from the tree; gently Tebikoosa stepped forth and approached; and Mahngequay awoke with a start only when he stood over her. She scrambled to her feet and stood before him, blushing and shyly looking at the ground.

"*Ne nemoshayn,*" said he, holding out his hands. "*Ne nemoshayn,*" she responded in a whisper, and gave him hers.

He led her to the canoe and helped her in, his heart throbbing with happiness, his mind filled with that wonderment that every male being in all creation, human and brute, has felt. He voiced it.

"Tell me, sweetheart, why you ran away from me?"

And Mahngequay answered honestly.

"I was afraid," she said.

"Afraid of me! of me?" he persisted, and she hung her head while he plied the paddle vigorously. "But I am to be your husband," he added.

"*Gayget,*" said she, "I am to be your wife."

Sibequay was preparing breakfast when they arrived home.

"I knew you would find her," she said. "Eat with us."

Tebikoosa gave the grandest wedding feast that had been known for many a year. The chief told him so, and the chief was to be believed, to say nothing of the testimony of Baumequod, who ate so much that he was not hungry for six hours thereafter.

LAFCADIO HEARN ON THE DECADENT SCHOOL: HIS VIEWS AS EXPRESSED IN SOME OF HIS DELIGHTFUL LETTERS TO A FRIEND: BY OSMAN EDWARDS

NOTE:—Readers of Miss Elizabeth Bisland's fascinating "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" will have noticed that the stream of correspondence, though rich and copious enough to satisfy legitimate curiosity, appears to lack in the last few years something of its earlier force and volume. This is due, I think, neither to failing power on the part of the writer, whose last book, "Japan: an Interpretation," is in some ways his best, nor yet to the growing burden of domestic anxiety, caused by the precarious tenure of his professional post at Tokyo. It has been pointed out by Professor Chamberlain in the kindest and wisest manner that the dead idealist had a habit of "gradually dropping all his friends with but very few exceptions," and that this habit may be justly ascribed to an over-generous estimate followed by inevitable disillusion. One may assume that each new friend, before becoming a "quondam friend," was favoured with the lion's share of intellectual and emotional wealth from an inexhaustible treasury, though the oldest and deepest friendships were never wholly neglected. It was thus my good fortune to receive in the course of two years (1899-1901) a series of frequent and lengthy letters, which deal more fully than any hitherto published with Lafcadio Hearn's attitude towards contemporary French literature, while they supplement and intensify previous utterances on things English and Japanese. By an unfortunate combination of obstacles I was prevented from placing them at Miss Bisland's disposal and I deeply regret their exclusion from her invaluable biography. It is, perhaps, not too late to add, after the manner of the faithful at the Shrines of Jizo, my handful of precious pebbles to the cairn which her loyalty has so worthily erected.



THE two masters of style, by whom Lafcadio Hearn's own writings were most deeply influenced, are, of course, Gautier and Pierre Loti. Not only did he devote much time and labor to unappreciated translation of his favourites, but to the end of his life, whatever may have been the fate of his non-literary friendships, these literary admirations were immutable. He was far too modest to perceive or admit that a single page of "Kokoro" or "Out of the East" contained more truth and deeper insight than underlay all the chiselled, hollow prettiness of "Madame Chrysanthème." And in defence of M. Viaud he penned the following eloquent analysis:—

"There is not much heart in Loti; but there is a fine brain; and there is a nervous system so extraordinary that it forces imagination back to the conditions of old Greek life, when men had senses more perfect than now. Very possibly this Julian Viaud has in his veins old blood of Magna Græcia. No other literary man living sees and hears and smells and thrills so finely as he; we are in presence of a being of immeasurably superior organization—therefore exceedingly unhappy in this world of the nineteenth century. I doubt whether he has ever loved, or could love—in our sense. But I think we must study him as a creature apart.

"As for what he says of the Japanese women, it is perfectly, im-

LAFCADIO HEARN ON THE DECADENT SCHOOL

peccably accurate so far as it consists of a record of observations of sense. Loti's senses can never err any more than the film on a photographic plate with a sensitivity of one hundred. But he keeps to surfaces; his life is of surfaces. Almost in the way that some creatures have their skeletons outside of themselves instead of inside, so his plexuses of feeling are. What the finer nature of the Japanese woman is, no man has told. Those who know cannot tell: it would be too much like writing of the sweetness of one's own sister or mother. One must leave it in sacred silence—with a prayer to all the gods."

In a previous letter he had written less critically:

"My feeling to Loti is that of fanatical, furious adoration. I am awfully sorry that you do not like his books upon Japan. With the solitary exception, (only perhaps) of 'The Soul of the Far East,'—I hold that no other foreign writer has been able to give the feeling of Japan. I say this after having re-read 'Madame Chrysanthème' 'Les Japonneries d'Automne,' and the other scattered Japanese studies at least half a dozen times over,—looking for inaccuracies, misapprehensions, mistakes. And the more I read, the more I wonder and worship. Loti is certainly to my thinking the greatest writer in the world."

TOWARD the modern poets, who are often loosely grouped as decadent or symbolist, his attitude was one of vehement dislike. His own art was so firmly rooted in the precepts and practice of their elders, that it was almost impossible for him to recognize beauty or justification in the lyrics of either Verhaeren or Verlaine. As he frankly said:

"I fear I am a hopelessly insensible man to the decadent movement. I believe that Hugo and Baudelaire and the matchless Gautier exhausted the real capacities of language in French poetry—just as Rossetti and Swinburne have done in English romantic poetry, and that no amount of ingenious effort will produce really new effects until the language itself becomes vastly enriched. And I must confess that I love lucidity, sharpness, firm, hard outline—the style of the 'Emaux et Camées.'"

But vagueness was the least heinous of the qualities which aroused antipathy. He expressed himself as "angry and disheartened" with "Poètes d'Aujourd'hui," and thus pronounced anathema.

"The new poetry is simply rotten!—morally and otherwise. I am not prudish: I still think Gautier's 'Musée Secret' (in the 'Souvenirs'

LAFCADIO HEARN ON THE DECADENT SCHOOL

of Emile Bergeret) the finest poem of an artistic kind in the French, or in any other, language. But there is in it a splendid something entirely absent from the new poetry—the joy of life. There is no joy in this new world—and scarcely any tenderness: the language is the language of art, but the spirit is of Holbein and Gothic ages of religious madness. I do not know that poetry ought to be joyous, in a general way; there is beauty in pain and sorrow. Only,—is ugliness or pain, without beauty, a subject worthy of poetry? (I am not including subjects of cosmic emotion in the question.) ‘Ionica,’—a rare English example of exquisite grace and loveliness in melancholy—contains a dozen little pieces, any one of which is worth all the pieces in ‘Poètes d’Aujourd’hui’: I think it illustrates what I mean. What has neither joy nor beauty, nor the power of bestirring any great quality or volume of emotion, any cosmic feeling or generous feeling, ought not such a matter to be excluded from poetry proper?”

THE absence of joy, and, even more, the absence of tenderness, could not be atoned for by any verbal dexterities in the judgment of Lafcadio Hearn. Throughout his own books, like inextricable golden threads, the twin emotions of joy and tenderness lend meaning and unity to the vaguest and driest of themes. Whether he be discoursing of gods or female names or dragon-flies, there is always a hinted kindness, a suggested sympathy, in explanation or allusion, which links his study of impersonal facts with warm humanity. But one may doubt whether the altruistic test, which he applies in the letter that follows, to all art, would have been much less deadly in the case of Baudelaire than of Pierre Louÿs.

“This reminds me of Pierre Louÿs—have you not noticed the tendency to *cruelty* in his work? I delight in normal, healthy sensualism—or *sensuousness*, at least, but that is always ideal in its emotional life—therefore tender, and therefore partly unselfish. The other tendency seems (in modern times at least) toward necrophily. Altruism is perhaps a test of the question whether anything is artistic in the true sense. Does the book or the picture or the statue or the music fill you with a generous desire to sacrifice self for the sake of an ideal, a principle, a person? The first recognition of a girl’s beauty does this for the average healthy young man. A work of art ought to do the same thing—help to make us unselfish. The youth wants the girl of course; but he is willing to die for her—to cut off his hand for her sake. Well, a work of art ought to stir the sensuous life in us, the life of desire, in a healthy way; but ought it not also at the same time to

LAFCADIO HEARN ON THE DECADENT SCHOOL

make us feel that there are things which it were beautiful to die for? The latter-day books and pictures seem to me to lack this power, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases of a thousand."

Judged by this test "the lesser symbolists and mystics" fared badly and were thus finally dismissed in his last utterance to me on this subject:

"I fancy they will hold their own for a good while, though they have nothing to teach and less than nothing to express. They will hold their own until the giants come—simply because the world is tired of love and doubt and despair, tired of the selfish expression of passion in prose and song, and tired of the aggressive agnosticism (*not* that of Spencer) which would refuse everybody the right to speak of the eternal mystery and beauty of things. Turning one's back upon science is, however, a poor way of literary progress. The new poetry must be made by men who can think like Meredith, and find a new infinite hope and joy in the very knowledge that is filling small cowardly minds with silly despair."

THIS sweeping denunciation of minor poets did not altogether exclude Verhaeren—the one great poet, whose verse has been shorn by time of much that was extravagant and *macabre*, until the acme of fine and sober expression was achieved in "Premières Tendresses" and "La Multiple Splendeur." But the naturalistic violence of his less mature poems found scant appreciation at first. Only by gradual study was Lafcadio Hearn induced to recognize his supremacy. I had sent him a volume, containing "Les Apparus dans mes Chemins" and "Les Villages Illusoires" and the first verdict was far from favorable.

"Won't you forgive me for saying that I cannot greatly admire Verhaeren? I could not even rank him so highly as Richepin, the poet (alas!) of 'Les Blasphèmes,' but also the poet of 'La Mer.' I do not think I am blind to all his good qualities: the opening verses of 'L'Attendue' have a thrilling sweetness that I do not know how to praise—

Elle était comme une rose pâlie;
Je la sentais discrète, autour de moi,
Avec des mains de miel, pour ma mélancholie.

Sa jeunesse touchait à ses heures de soir;
Quoique malade, elle était calme et volontaire
Et m'imposait et sa tendresse et son espoir.

LAFCADIO HEARN ON THE DECADENT SCHOOL

—that woman lives in your heart for ever after you have read the poem. But could any really great thinker have written such a monstrous and brutal absurdity as ‘L’Aventurier?’ I cannot believe it. Think of how a really great artist—not afraid of the horrible—treated a kindred emotion—think of the marriage of *Quasimodo* in ‘Notre Dame de Paris,’ for example. Or think of the atrocious, but nevertheless artistic realism of Baudelaire’s ‘Charogne’—great because of its daring and mocking presentation of the Riddle that no wisdom can read! But ‘L’Aventurier’ is void as well as foul. ‘Le Forgeron’ seems to me to represent a grand opportunity lost; and you will find that the finest thoughts in it belong to Tennyson’s ‘In Memoriam’ (see CXVIII., stanzas V.-VII.) Splendid suggestions about the ‘*lames immenses de la patience*’ are followed by the most disappointing and (to my thinking) inapposite imagery. I mention only a few pieces as illustrative. No. I cannot think Verhaeren a great poet—except in flashes—and I feel sure that he is not a thinker—not *yet*, at least. He has great feeling for weird and curious word-values, for surface-colors, for grotesques; and he has power to give certain queer and delicate sensations.”

The poem of “L’Aventurier” (the title in the first edition had been “La Ferme Ardente”) describes the return of a rustic Lothario to the farm, from which he had been driven for making love to the farmer’s wife. Long years have passed, the woman is dead, the farm gone to ruin. Haunted by morbid memories of passion the *valet blond* first heaps the chamber that had seen love and death with massed roses. Then the skeleton of his mistress is drawn from the tomb and laid in triumph on the gorgeous bed:

Avec ses mains qui ne la sentaient pas,
Avec ses yeux, qui ne la voyaient pas,
Avec son cœur aveugle et fou
A mot fervents, à deux genoux,
Il adorait la pourriture.

At length the madman realizes that his bride is really dead, and lights their nuptial pyre. While the “mixture of love and worms” shocked the critic’s “emotional faculty,” it suggested to him an interesting parallel from experience.

“As you suggest,” he writes, “the Elizabethans went to extremes in the same direction; and modern nerves are not vigorous enough to bear the twanging of the old masters. . . . It occurs to me that you might be interested by a curious memory of mine. I knew of a cer-

LAFCADIO HEARN ON THE DECADENT SCHOOL

tain Irish widow in New Orleans who used every year to visit the grave of her husband in the old St. Louis cemetery (you have seen those strange pigeon-holes, no doubt) and take the dead man's skull out, and kiss it, and talk to it by the hour. Sometimes she would sit down with the skull on her lap. She was a strong-minded, energetic woman—not in the least of a dreamy or brooding disposition—and the mother of many vigorous children. For certain very deep forms of human love, death has no horrors.”

THE Greek spirit, which drew Hearn away from such writers as Verlaine or Shelley toward the more congenial Gautier or Keats, would never allow him to give more than a secondary place to Verhaeren's genius. After reading the “Villes Tentaculaires” he wrote:—

“I must say now, that having read and re-read him carefully, and found delicious gleams and colors and flashes of suggestion everywhere in him, I still think that he will never rank high, as a durable artist, unless he changes his method and concentrates his power, instead of scattering himself. I have the notion that he has never done his best, and has also done too much. Glints of ruby and topaz and emerald, lights of opal and beryl are everywhere; but when you try to grasp anything, you find that the gems are of some fairy lapidary—made of thinnest air or the substance of bubbles. Or perhaps I had better say that his verse seems to me like his own:—

Or idéal et si lointain
Que les regards sont incertains
Des qu'ils le comptent.”

Taking as a text three stanzas of “La Dame en Noir,” that wonderful symbolic figure which the poet invests with all the terror and black misery of urban vice, the critic declares:

“His creations remind one somehow of a structure in which Gothic, Byzantine, Arabian, Indian, Greek, and Chinese architectures are mingled into one composition. The incongruities startle; while the space and height and vistas are undeniably impressive. That quotation of yours from a poem of his upon the Woman in Black is a wonderful thing: the single phrase about the catafalque is unforgettable, and the sinister splendor of the whole unquestionable. I did not like, however, the simile about the brandishing of a body like a blasphemy before God, and I don't think it could be defended upon any theory of art. It forced me to think of *Quasimodo* whirling that

LAFCADIO HEARN ON THE DECADENT SCHOOL

body about his head before dashing the fellow to pieces. However, the question of the poet's divine right to use any simile must be settled by time: I cannot yet bring myself to acknowledge it, because it shocks me to have one fine image suddenly shattered by another and another, in kaleidoscopic succession."

Published in "Les Flambeaux Noirs" and partially inspired by a first impression of a foggy, chaotic London, as it loomed on the recipient retina of a Belgian visionary, here are the stanzas in question:

La dame en noir des carrefours
Qu'attendre après de si longs jours!

Aux douloureux traceurs d'éclairs
Et de désirs sur mes murailles,
J'offre le catafalque de mes chairs
Et les cierges des funérailles.

Je leur donne tout mon remords
Pour les souler au seuil du porche
Et le blasphème de mon corps
Brandi vers Dieu comme une torche.

SHORTYshrift was allotted to Verlaine by the admirer of Barbier. "Excuse my prejudices: as a lover of Baudelaire, I cannot conceive the right of Verlaine's poetry—or at least of his popularity to exist. However that one line of his about the *grands jets d'eau sveltes* is something to be grateful for. I think that certain men have worked only to thrill after-time with the power of a single verse or phrase. Barbier was, perhaps, such an one. I have been haunted for years by the splendor of that enormous phrase:

'O Corse aux cheveux plats, que
la France était belle
Au grand soleil de Messidor!'

It was especially in the West Indies that the poet's sun of Messidor shone day and night in my dreams."

References—too short for citation—to Gérard de Nerval, Saser-Masoch, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, prove both the extent of Hearn's acquaintance with the Romantic writers and his fidelity to the admired models of his youth. I conclude with a passage, which intimates clearly why he parts company with the younger generation, whose writings offended both his moral and æsthetic sensibility.

LAFCADIO HEARN ON THE DECADENT SCHOOL

“I re-read every year the best of Anatole France. His ‘Thaïs’ I have had but a short time; yet I am never tired of reading it over and over, by fits and starts. So, too, with the ‘Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque’—and the priceless volumes of short stories and sketches—I now never buy a book that I cannot feel sure of wanting to re-read. That is a test of which the value must be relative—must depend upon temperament; but I doubt if there be a better.

“There are dangers, I suppose, in the freedom enjoyed by French letters. But, after all, I imagine that English and American training suppress too successfully the life of the senses. Are we not really more barbarous than the Latins—at least than Italians and French? Surely our language is less perfect than theirs—though perhaps stronger to express all that relates to force and profundity. What Englishman or American could write a book like ‘Thaïs’ or the ‘Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque?’ And yet—happily be it said—no Englishman or American could or would write such a thing as ‘Aphrodite’ or the ‘Bilitis’ of Louÿs. ‘Thaïs’ is an immortal book—an ironical psychological study beyond all parallel. ‘Aphrodite’ and ‘Bilitis’ are crimes. I feel they are. (Why? I think it is because they are totally unsuggestive, and written by will.) And the same freedom that permits, and ought to permit, ‘Thaïs,’ when unrestrained by the real sense of higher art, produces necessarily ‘Bilitis’ or ‘Aphrodite.’ There is the ethical difficulty. Taine says that the powerful Northern temperament renders it impossible for Englishmen to dare what the Latin can do with ease, safety, and grace. Probably he was right. But what would he have said to the publication of ‘Bilitis?’”

For one reason or another none of the moderns pleased him. He viewed their work in the light of remembered enthusiasms and prayed for renewal of the dawn.

“Thanks for those most interesting and clever verses by Rostand. I have his ‘Cyrano.’ He is immensely clever but—is not this kind of drama only a magnificent puppet play? Do these figures live? I should say the same of Phillips’ ‘Paolo and Francesca.’ These people are phantoms, simulacra. Soul is evaporating. Oh! for a true Romantic revival!—Some work that takes you by the throat and makes your heart leap!”

A JAPANESE IMPRESSIONIST: SOME DELICATELY IMAGINATIVE STUDIES OF BIRDS AND FLOWERS BY HIROSHIGE, WHOSE FAME RESTS CHIEFLY UPON HIS LANDSCAPES: BY ANNE HEARD DYER



HIROSHIGE is justly called the last of the great artist of Ukiyo-ye. This celebrated genre school had run a course of a hundred and fifty years' development, and was already well into its decline when he appeared to awaken into a last creative glow its closing era. Up to this time landscape had played but a minor part in the depictions of wood engraving, being for the most part merely conventional and subsidiary to figure delineation; but it was now to take on an independent and impressive significance of its own. At the center of this movement stands Hiroshige, the creator and shaping influence thereof.

As a landscape artist, Hiroshige is fairly well known to the lovers of Japanese art in this country, and to many of them his work has served as inspiration and suggestion, but his pictures of birds and flowers remain almost wholly unknown, although some of his finest work is to be found among his "Kwa-Cho," or bird and flower studies. Before speaking of these specifically, it may be well to state briefly the main facts of Hiroshige's career, and the place that he fills in the history of Japanese wood engraving, a place that has been securely fixed by the lapse of two generations since his death.

Born at the close of the eighteenth century, of humble parentage, like most of the artists of this school, he began his career about eighteen hundred and twenty, and from that time until his death in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine his wide and varied activity never ceased. His fame rests chiefly upon his great sets of landscape views—the fifty-three stations of the Tokaido, the high-road running along the coast between Kyoto and Yedo (the present Tokyo); the sixty-nine Kisokaido views, the mountainous high-road of the interior running between the same two termini; the Kyoto Meisho, or views about Kyoto; and his celebrated hundred views of Yedo and its environs. Other smaller sets, perhaps less generally known, reach an even more sustained height of excellence; notably, the Yedo Kinko hakkei, the Omi hakkei, and the Kanazawa hakkei. These three latter sets, unfortunately now very rare, consisting of eight sheets each, are so gem-like in quality as to constitute the high water mark

A JAPANESE IMPRESSIONIST

of this kind of portrayal. Their themes are full of poetic suggestion, and cover a rich scope of atmospheric effect: evening rain—morning snow—homing birds—twilight bells—returning boats—clearing sky after storm—sunset—and the autumn moon—each depicting a varying phase of a certain famous locality.

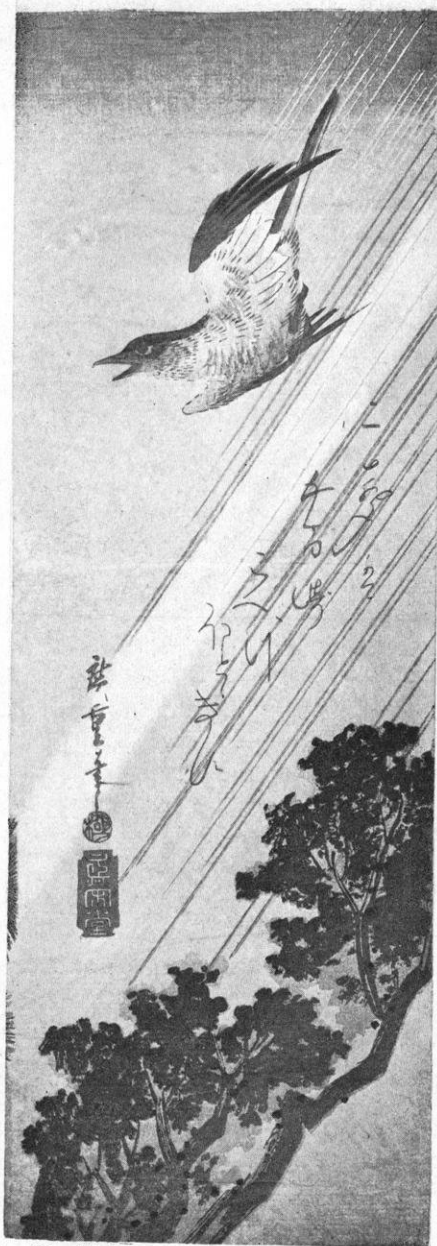
If in this work we try to analyse Hiroshige's charm, we come to see that it lies not in the things he depicts, for other artists have chosen equally attractive subjects, nor in the manner of his portrayal, for his technique is fully equalled by that of Hokusai and, in a narrower field, by that of Yeisen and Kuniyoshi, but that it lies in a certain subtly subjective quality of his art which enables him to portray not only the thing or scene, but also the mood awakened in his soul by the thing or scene, whether it be but a lonely little clam digger on the shore, or a rugged grandeur of coast scenery. In this respect he is pre-eminently an impressionist, perhaps not so much a visual as an imaginative impressionist; the subjects he chooses are those that have power over his feelings, not his thought. The bent of his genius may be described as emotional rather than scientific. Certain atmospheric effects seem to have exercised upon his feeling a peculiar power—the hour of dusk, for instance, when the pink and golden lights of sunset turn into the indigo softness of twilight, blurring the outlines of objects, eliminating sharp boundaries, and enlarging the sense of distances material and spiritual. Mist—and there are no mists like those of Japan, blue, spectral, immense—touches for him the phenomena of the world with a magic wand. Other artists have depicted the peculiarities of mist formations, and we know that it is mist, that underneath the fantastic aspects it produces are the unchanged outlines of the natural place; but when Hiroshige enters the mist world, we enter it with him. It is like opening suddenly a door of our forgotten childhood, when all things fantastic and strange were natural and real, and the world of goblins and elves even more vividly true than that of mere men and women. And so with snow and rain and wind. Atmosphere was a vital part of his consciousness and in studying his work, it becomes a part of ours. For this we owe him much, and it is by no injustice that his fame rests finally upon his great landscape productions. But it rests not alone upon these. There is another field, if not of equal importance, at least of equal charm, in which he is too little known.

In the earliest years of his artistic activity, when his energies were more or less tentative, Hiroshige tried his hand at many things, among others at actor and figure delineation. He quickly perceived

A JAPANESE IMPRESSIONIST

that not here was his *metier*. His figures were with few exceptions wooden, his actors conventional. Here he could but follow in the path marked out by others, and Hiroshige had the spirit of a leader, a pioneer, a discoverer. He next turned his attention to the world of Nature. But in the animal world there had always been great masters, whose conceptions were of a boldness, a bigness, with which he, constrained by the narrow limits of wood engraving, could never hope to compete. Ganku's tigers glared at him from a painter's canvas with fiery contempt. In like manner the delicious monkeys and puppies of Okio treated him with merry derision. This sphere was already occupied, filled, and there was no room for flat, wooden-block depictions of a life that floated and moved in space. But there was another and closely related natural field, that of birds and flowers, which, to be sure, had been consummately treated by Korin, Sotatsu, and others of scarcely less fame, but which nevertheless lent itself readily to the methods of the wood engraver. To this Hiroshige applied himself with zeal, and at least a decade of his freshest activity was spent in developing to something like perfection this line of his invention.

Here we see the beginnings of atmospheric effect in his art. Although subordinated, the moods of nature which were later to take such deep hold upon his feelings and artistic consciousness are not absent even in these vivid realistic studies of the flying inhabitants of the upper air. Almost we can hear the exultant cry of the wild hawk dashing through the blast of a storm that turns to inky blackness the tops of the pine trees below, while the rain sweeps in slanting broadsides from above. In fine contrast with this print we have a companion one of two mandarin ducks (*oshidori*), emblems of conjugal love, swimming peacefully in a still pool, on the edge of which grows the wild marsh grass. And in both we find a vigor of treatment, a broad and powerful manner quite lacking in some of his later work; while the richness of his color, the masterly blending and gradation of his tones, is hardly conceivable as the result of such rude means as the wood engraver possessed in a few coarsely cut wooden blocks. The sharp *notan*, or balance of color value, of the flaming red parrot perched on a pine branch between spiky whorls of softest green and astringent black, is depicted with a sculpturesque precision. Again in excellent contrast is the dreamy poetry and melancholy of what is perhaps the most beautiful of all this class of prints,—that of the wild geese silhouetted in flight across a full autumn moon shining clear above gray masses of scudding cloud. This theme is always



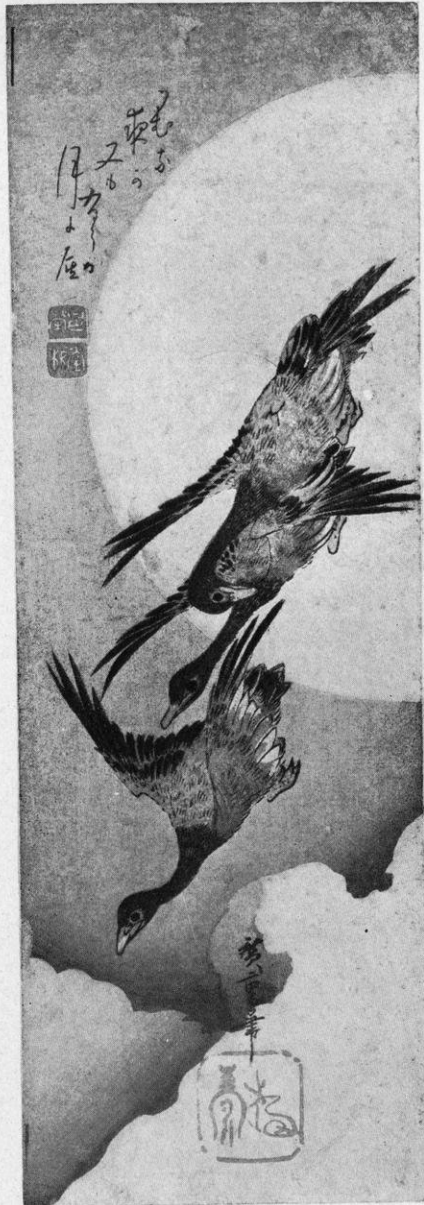
From a Print by Hiroshige.

“ALMOST WE CAN HEAR THE EXULTANT CRY OF THE WILD HAWK DASHING THROUGH THE BLAST OF A STORM * * * THE TIPS OF THE PINE TREES BELOW.”



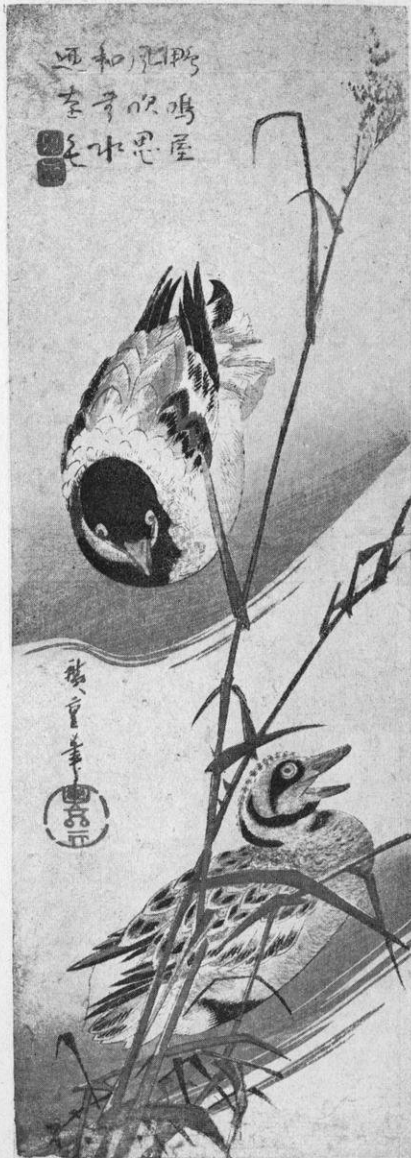
From a Print by Hiroshige.

"THE VERY ESSENCE OF SPRING IN THE OPEN-THROATED ECSTASY OF THE LITTLE GREEN SONGSTER ON A CHERRY BRANCH DROOPING WITH BLOOM."



From a Print by Hiroshige.

"DREAMY POETRY AND MELANCHOLY SHOWN IN PRINT OF WILD GEESE IN FLIGHT ACROSS A FULL AUTUMN MOON, ABOVE MASSES OF SCUDDING CLOUDS."



From a Print by Hiroshige.

“MANDARIN DUCKS SWIMMING IN A
DEEP POOL ON THE EDGE OF WHICH
GROWS THE WILD MARSH GRASS.”



From a Print by Hiroshige.

"TENDERNESS AND CHARM IN THE GROUP OF HOME SWALLOWS DARTING TOWARD A NANTEN BUSH IN THE ROSY EVENING LIGHT."



From a Print by Hiroshige.

"KINGFISHER HOVERING ABOVE A SPRAY OF IRIS, FROM THE FOOT OF WHICH CURVES AWAY AN ELUSIVE BLUE SUGGESTION OF WATER."

A JAPANESE IMPRESSIONIST

closely associated in the Japanese mind with the bereavement of conjugal love. There are numberless poems on this subject in their literature, and it is a favorite conception of their art. Full of tenderness and charm is the depiction of a group of homing swallows darting toward a *nanten* bush in the clear, rosy, evening light; while a little poem without words might be called the narrow panel—just the shape and size of the strips of stiff paper upon which Japanese poems are usually written—which shows us a kingfisher hovering above a spray of growing iris, from the foot of which curves away in elusive blue a shadowy suggestion of water.

As in the landscapes, here, too, we see the power of Nature's moods emphasized; perhaps more truly we might call it the power of the momentary, the transient in nature, as opposed to the habitual and permanent. Hiroshige's treatment of this world is never that of still life; it is a world always animate, in motion, in the act of change. His view is not that of the naturalist, it is objective, sympathetic, emotional, almost sensuous. He never presents to you a species of bird, as such; but he gives you a momentary glimpse of the beauty of nature as typified by the joyous darting of a bird through blue air; or, as in the print reproduced, the very essence of spring in the open-throated ecstasy of the little green songster on a cherry branch drooping with bloom. What a suffusion of life, color, movement, sound, is here expressed in three flat tones, green and white, with a strip of rose color at the top of the panel, a mere convention of atmosphere, signifying the brilliant rosy light of early morning, of a day clear as crystal, still beaded with dew perhaps, but with no filmy mists or soft obscuring hazes; it is a world washed with light, new-born, fragrant, with the dazzling clarity of certain rare days in a Japanese April, such as only the Japanese and the fortunate few who have lived in Japan can know. Yet no naturalist could more perfectly represent the character of a bird.

Could the peculiarly spiritual quality of Hiroshige's art be summed up in a phrase, it might be in that which Mr. Henry James applied to Flaubert: "The sweetest things in the world of art or the life of letters," he says, "are the irresponsible sympathies which seem to rest on divination." It is these "irresponsible sympathies that seem to rest on divination" which Hiroshige, by virtue of his peculiar sensitiveness, his gifts of mind and heart as well as those of eye and hand, has been able to grasp and render palpable, so that the impressions that set his mind vibrating with pleasure and emotion are crystallized for us into eternal possessions.

LOVE, THE LOGICIAN: A STORY: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



HE was glad it was settled at last. It was a relief to feel that it was all over, the long struggle, the indecision. She heard the hall door close behind Joseph. The sound gave her a little start. It came to her vaguely that it was a symbol; the door was closed upon the past. She had burned her ships behind her.

Yes, she was glad. Joseph was so dear, so kind, so dependable. He never bored her, either. And his consideration was so exquisite. So few men were considerate. She had observed the fact herself and had heard her married friends remark upon it. All men were selfish, they said. A woman was foolish who expected anything else. Joseph was certainly the exception, then, for he was obviously, undeniably unselfish, always at the service of his friends in trouble—dependable, that was what Joseph was, first and last. She was glad she had decided to marry him. She believed that women were happier married. She was tired of living alone and of fighting the world. It would be a rest to have some one to fight it for her—some one kind and strong like Joseph.

It was still early in the evening. Joseph had had to leave to meet an appointment with a ne'er-do-well friend in difficulties. She rose a little restlessly and began looking among her books for something to read. She took out a volume of Browning. As the book fell open in her hand a line came to meet her eye: "Who knows but the world may end tonight."

She frowned and turned the page. Something fell from between the leaves. She stooped mechanically to pick it up. It was a pressed wild rose; one crisp, dried petal was broken by the fall. She felt a little pang at the sight, then a swift impulse of anger at herself because of it. She remembered that day last June when Stephen had picked it for her—that long, golden afternoon when they had sat together in the hay field and read "The Last Ride Together." It was a stupid trick, keeping dead flowers—stupid, sentimental—she crumbled the frail little flower harshly in her hand and dropped it into the scrap basket and then found that there were tears in her eyes.

She went to the window and threw up the sash and leaned out. It was a warm night, almost like spring. "Who knows but the world may end tonight——" Well—if such a thing were to happen and one could know—how absurd! . . . But if it could, and one were to know—would she—would she spend those last hours, those precious last hours, with—Joseph? She caught the thought back sharply and

LOVE, THE LOGICIAN

drew in from the soft darkness outside the window. How weak and foolish she was now that she was through with all that. She was glad, *glad* that she had cut Stephen out of her life. Whenever she was away from Stephen she had seen the wisdom of it so clearly. Other people saw it, too. Stephen was not the man to make a woman happy. She felt a sense of rest at having put it all behind her. As she turned from the window she saw Eliza, the maid, standing in the doorway, evidently desiring to communicate something. Behind her in the hall a man was standing. Perhaps Joseph had come back. As she came forward Eliza effaced herself, murmuring a name, and the man entered the room. Her greeting was an exclamation: "Stephen!"

He put out his hand with something less of his old confident manner and smiled—the smile that always began in his eyes. She recognized it with a pang.

"I did not expect to see you," she said.

"No, I suppose not. I am just back today. To be entirely exact, I came right here from the train. Wasn't it tiresome of me?"

She dropped her eyes. "It was foolish."

"Oh, no, not foolish. My appreciation of you, Anne, is the one sensible thing about me."

"Oh, Stephen," She sat down and he drew forward a chair and seated himself opposite her, "I believe those impressive little speeches never fail you in any emergency of life!"

"I never say them to any one but you——" Then he met her eyes and smiled, "I never mean them to any one but you, in any case. That is the simple truth and you know it."

She was silent. It might be the truth. She had always believed he was different with her—but of what importance was it any way, now that it was all settled.

"Did you have a successful trip?" she asked him. But he replied promptly,

"Yes, but I don't want to talk about that."

As she met his eyes she saw that his lightness and gaiety had vanished. Decidedly she must tell him at once. The expression in his face made the announcement imperative. She looked at him again; she saw the way his thick hair grew about his forehead, his boyish eyes, his clean cut jaw and chin. The lines were not weak yet she had always felt him to be more or less unstable. He had succeeded in his work. He did not lack will or courage. But Stephen's was the gift to win more than he gave to the world. Every one liked Stephen, things came easily to him. Perhaps that was the secret of his suc-

LOVE, THE LOGICIAN

cess. It was difficult not to believe in him when he had that serious look in his eyes, yet he was, no doubt, more or less worthless. She had always felt it underneath in her mind. She was glad she had put herself out of his reach forever with this promise to Joseph.

"Stephen," she began.

"Yes, sweetheart."

That little familiar vibration in his tone! Her heart leaped in response while she struggled to resist it. He left his chair and coming over near her threw himself on the floor beside her in a boyish way he had and took her hand.

"I was so far away over there," he explained.

She tried to draw back her hand, then giving up the struggle left it in his clasp. The situation would settle itself when Stephen understood.

"You won't feel that way when you hear what I have to say. You will be angry with me then."

He shook his head and laid his cheek against her hand. "That would be impossible, dearest."

She drew back her hand with a sudden movement and rose to her feet. "You mustn't. You don't understand." She walked over to the window. He followed her.

"Yes, I do. You are trying to throw me away. But you mustn't, Anne. I can't get on without you."

"Stephen! How childish! Sometimes I am sure that you are precisely five years old."

"Don't laugh at me. You have no idea what it means to me. In some queer way my whole life seems all tied up with you. I can't imagine myself doing anything or being anything without you."

"Then you are confessing yourself a very weak sort of man, Stephen." But under the steady fire in his eyes hers fell.

"What I mean is, that my life would be a very poor, futile, uninspired thing without you. It would go on I suppose, I would do my work——" He covered his eyes with his hands a moment, then suddenly he took her in his arms.

"Oh, Anne, Anne, I need you! I can't get on without you. I can't."

It was a moment before she tried to release herself. "Don't! You haven't any right to now. You must let me go."

He obeyed her and she stood a little breathless, playing with the window curtain, struggling for self-command. He needed her—yes and no doubt realized, too, the unfair appeal of that thought to a

PORTENTS

woman. She forced herself to think of Joseph—strong, kind Joseph. He had never made use of that weapon—Joseph—whose life was rather filled with the people who depended upon him. Then, as she turned and looked again at Stephen, like a great wave the consciousness rolled over her that she loved every line of his face—loved it as a woman loves the face of her lover and of her child. She looked away quickly, but he came close to her and taking her face between his hands forced her to meet his eyes.

“Anne, you were going to tell me that you love me.”

The waves began rolling rapidly over Anne’s soul, extinguishing the last fires of her resistance. She shook her head. “No,” she managed to whisper.

He took her in his arms again. “But it is true, you do love me and you are not going to make me wretched.”

She smiled tremulously. “No—I am afraid I am going to make myself so instead.”

His arms tightened about her. “What do you mean?”

“Just that—I do love you. I don’t want to—but I do.” And then with a great wave of fear extinguished by another of new and reckless joy Anne knew that the struggle was really over.

She had forgotten Joseph.

PORTENTS

Under the pillars of the sky
I played at Life, I knew not why.

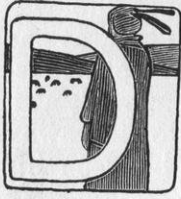
The grave recurrence of the day
Was matter of my trivial play.

The solemn stars, the sacred night,
I took for toys of my delight.

Till now, with startled eyes I see
The portents of Eternity.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

SECESSION ART IN EUROPE: ITS GROWTH, MEANING AND FAILURE: BY THE EDITOR



DURING the past few years much has been heard of the New Art movement as gaining in power and importance in Europe, but in spite of official recognition in the case of Germany and Austria, and a certain measure of popularity with the restless seekers after novelty in all countries ripe for revolt against established artistic traditions, this later development seemed to point to degeneracy and to inevitable and speedy decay. At its first demonstration in the early nineties, this protest on the part of a few revolutionary spirits against lifeless convention and rigid formalism seemed to hold a promise for the future development of a new and vital art which should be expressive of the spirit of this age. That such an art should spring up would seem almost inevitable, for this is a period of restlessness and upheaval in every phase of life, social, political and industrial, and everywhere there is a tendency to cast aside old forms and traditions and to blaze out new paths. It would be only natural that a new and vigorous art should be the outflowing of this turbulent, iconoclastic, yet in many ways constructive spirit, but so far the achievement of the so-called Secessionists has in most cases been a disappointment.

It is the greater pity because the first promise was very fair. The underlying motive of all work of the revolutionists seemed to be an effort to return to Nature and to primitive simplicity,—a motive on which might easily be based an art expression as free, spontaneous and genuine as any that grew out of the simpler and fuller life of ancient and mediæval time. Yet, except in a few cases, the only freedom achieved has been the freedom to rebel against tradition. Very little that is great or even honest has appeared to give evidence that somewhere in the turmoil there is a genuinely constructive spirit working steadily out of the chaos to better things. The tendency seems rather to be the other way. Advocates of the movement urged some years ago that its fantastic products were due chiefly to the errors of youth and enthusiasm, and that if they seemed trivial and freakish, the New Art would ultimately find itself and that then the fruits of freedom would be made manifest. But this assurance has not been borne out by the fact. The force of the movement instead of concentrating, appears to be scattering into an ever-increasing individualism. Beauty of thought or of form is held of no account, and all that is sought is the shock of the ultra *bizarre*.

SECESSION ART—GROWTH, MEANING AND FAILURE

L'Art Nouveau, as the movement in France was named by Marcel Bing, one of its leading exponents, has appeared in many forms and set up many standards. In France it displayed itself in a close adherence to the forms of natural flowers and foliage, with graceful waving lines and a certain elvish prettiness of effect. This, naturally, found its best expression in designs for jewelry, *bibelots* and other small ornamental forms, but was utterly inadequate when applied to the building art, cabinet-making, and other things which depended upon fixed principles of construction. France had too many artistic traditions and cherished them too deeply for a new movement containing no more intrinsic vitality than this to become very deeply rooted, so in that country it has always been more or less sporadic and superficial and seems to be losing instead of gaining ground.

In Belgium the society of artists calling themselves *La libre Esthétique* developed a form of decorative art which depended solely upon the effect of the sinuous line. At first, this seemed full of possibilities, but its limitations are becoming more and more evident in a certain monotony of tortuous lines and fantastic forms which are growing wearisome and commonplace through their very effort to avoid monotony and commonplaceness. Especially has this form suffered at the hands of the German and Austrian Secessionists, who eagerly seized upon it as a basis for much of their own work, and by whom it has been exaggerated to the point of morbidity.

In England the revolt against the stodgy ugliness of the early Victorian period embodied itself in the Arts and Crafts movement, which alone out of all forms of the New Art appears to have in it some of the elements of permanence. The reason is not far to seek. The enthusiasts for the revival of arts and crafts were sincere, and, moreover, they returned in their work to the earlier and more primitive forms that were the honest expression of the common life of an earlier day. "Because of this element of primitiveness and sturdy honesty, the Arts and Crafts movement has been much more generally accepted and has gained a much deeper hold upon the affections of the people than any of the freakish and revolutionary efforts to establish a new style abroad.

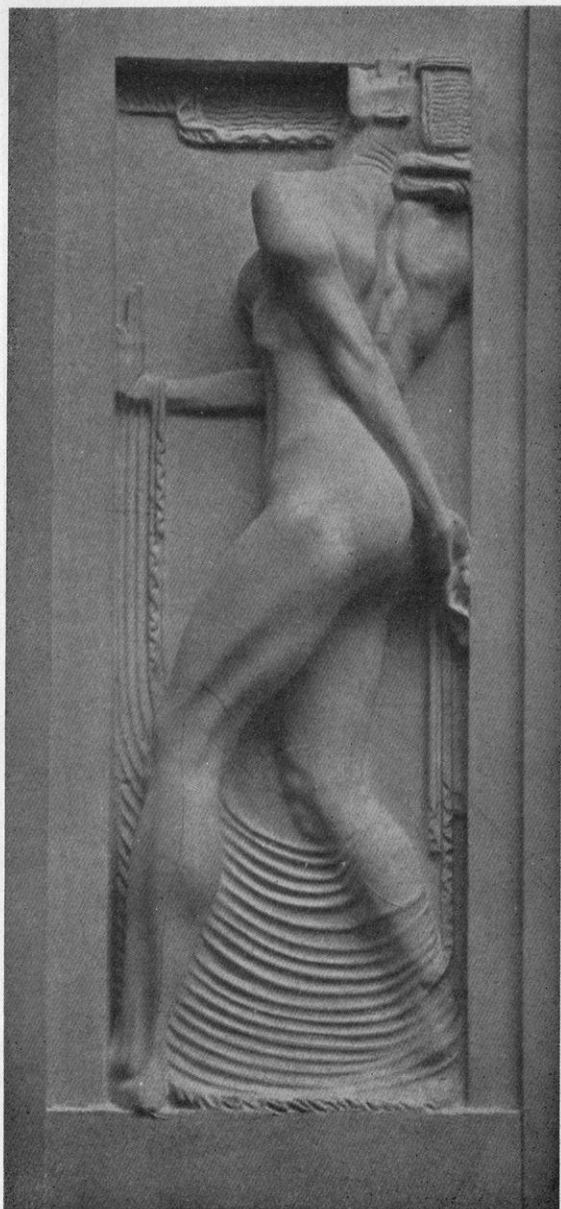
Almost the worst and most decadent achievements of Secession Art on the continent are found in Germany and Austria. At the beginning the inspiration was borrowed and since then widespread plagiarism has been carried on with an energy worthy of a much better cause. All countries and all ages have been laid under contribution to furnish "inspiration," the latest efforts showing unmis-

SECESSION ART—GROWTH, MEANING AND FAILURE

takably a tendency to return to the symbolism of Assyria and of ancient Egypt. At first it seemed as if the German Secessionists meant to develop sanely and well the idea which they had received in the first place from England. Especially was this true with reference to the decorating of rooms and the designing of furniture, as shown in the North German exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition in nineteen hundred and four. The style was frankly English, the furniture shown being modeled almost directly after that made by J. S. Henry, an English cabinet-maker who exported large quantities of furniture to the Continent. The style he had devised was a new idea and, so far as England was concerned, a purely commercial idea, but it seemed to give Germany the start she needed for the development of a style of her own. A certain sturdy simplicity that characterized it seemed to be in harmony with the German national character, and the inference was that, while these particular examples of German Secession Art were openly adapted from English models, they yet formed a point of departure from which Germany bade fair to develop a new and vigorous art which should be honestly expressive of the nation in its present stage of development.

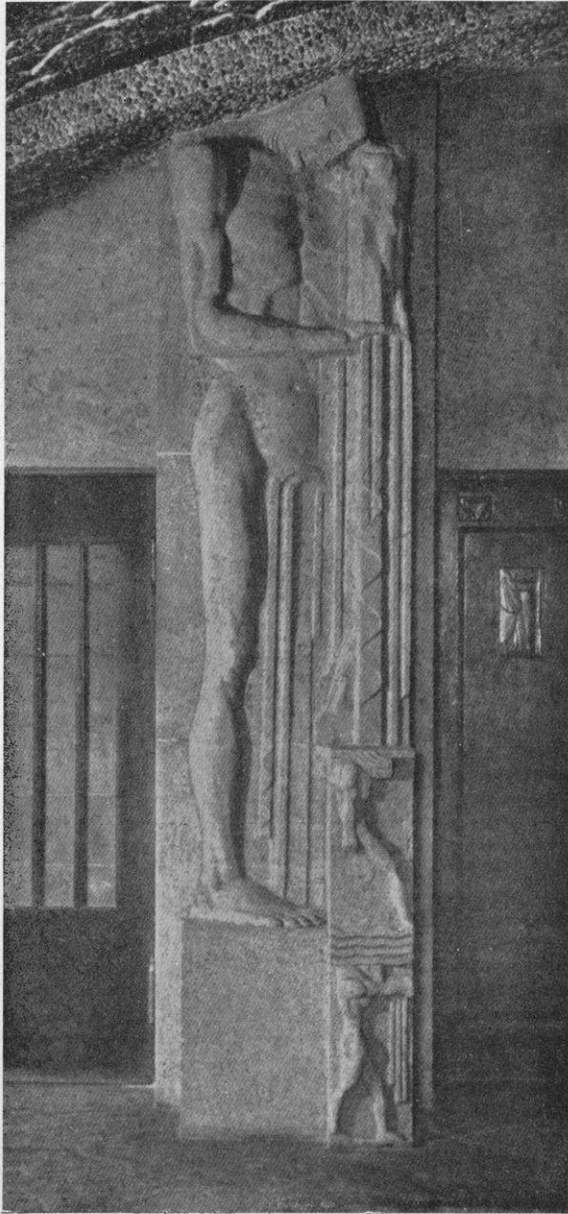
TO SEE how far this promise has failed and how the idea of a new art has been debased into commercialism pure and simple, one need only look over the pages of one or the other of the prominent art journals of Germany today. One of the best known of these, which is said to be the organ recognized and encouraged by the government—for Secession Art may now be called official art in Germany—gives in each issue many examples of the work of leading Secessionists, painters, sculptors, architects and craftsmen, and it is amazing to trace through it all the unblushing plagiarism from nearly all forms of art, ancient and modern; that restless search for novelty which is always characteristic of commercialism, and the utter degeneracy of the greater part of the work that is proudly heralded as fearless and progressive.

From the first, the weakness of the whole movement on the Continent was that it was in most cases negative, representing merely a protest against existing forms and traditions, and not the necessity to express some vital development in national life or thought, or the spirit of the age considered as a whole. It had no roots in the life of the people; it was founded upon no need, and so it has always resembled the fantastic flowering of a parasite, rather than the healthy growth of a plant rooted deeply in the soil of national life.



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

PANEL IN HIGH RELIEF, SHOWING THE LENGTHS TO WHICH THE SECESSIONISTS CARRY THE IDEA OF A "DECORATIVE" USE OF THE HUMAN BODY.



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

SECESSIONIST CONCEPTION OF A CARYATID, WITH
A FEW SUBSIDIARY FIGURES ADDED TO FILL SPACE.



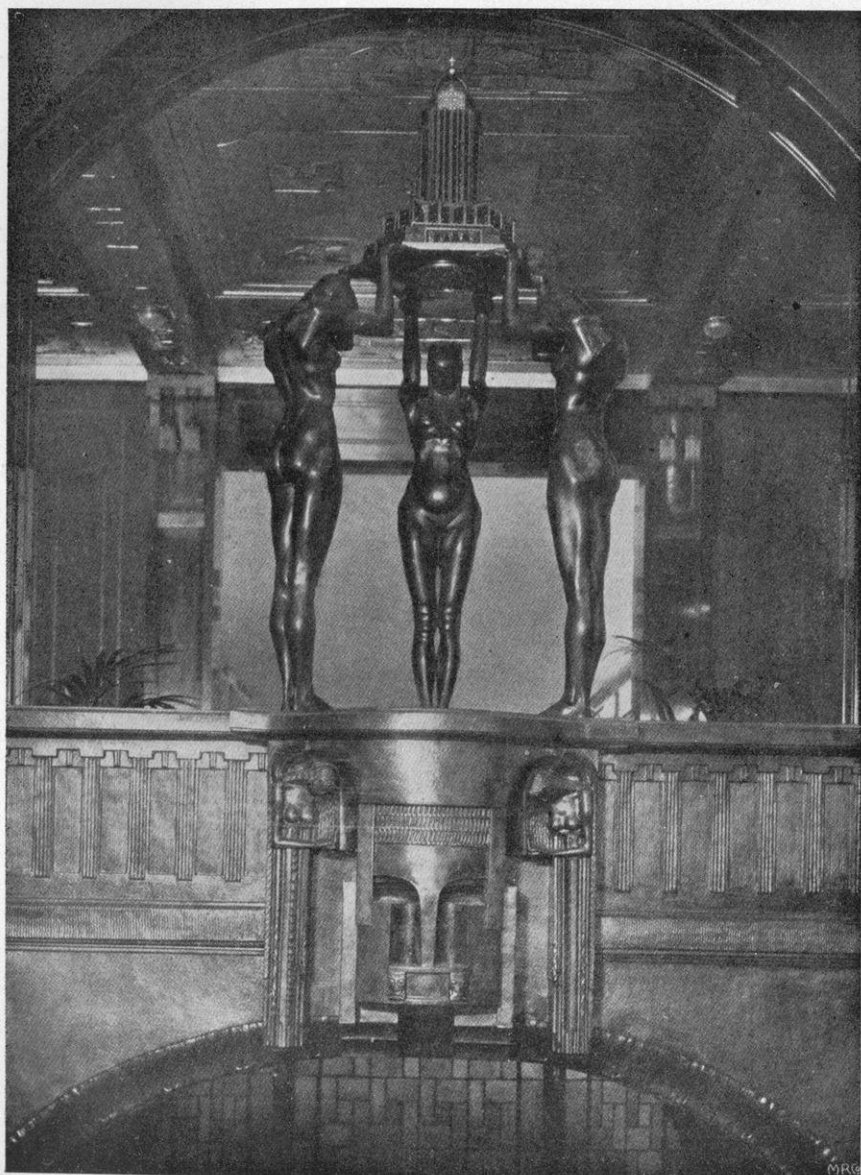
From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE WAY SOME GERMAN SECESSIONISTS SYMBOLIZE MYSTERY AND SUBLIMITY.



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

PANEL OF CARVED WOOD, SHOWING SOME SECESSIONIST ADAPTATIONS OF ANCIENT SYMBOLISM.



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

"FOUNTAIN OF THE RHINE DAUGHTERS":
A FAIR EXAMPLE OF SECESSIONIST DESIGN.



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

WOOD PANEL IN HIGH RELIEF;
A GOOD ILLUSTRATION OF DECADENCE.

SECESSION ART—GROWTH, MEANING AND FAILURE

As it is the fate of all imitators to exaggerate, there has lately appeared among German and Austrian Secessionists a veritable orgy of tortured lines, misshapen forms and morbidly fantastic ideas. Tiring of the simple models which were at first adopted with enthusiasm, they have gone farther and farther afield, returning in many cases to ancient mythological symbolism and decorative forms, from which all meaning perished centuries ago, and attempting to draw from them "inspiration" for conceptions the like of which were never seen on land or sea. The illustrations republished here from *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration* are fair examples of the length to which these degenerate ideas of decoration have gone. The building from which these examples of Secession ornamentation are taken is considered sufficiently important to have devoted to it an entire number of the art journal referred to. Although only a restaurant and wine-cellar, it is called "A symbol of the new Berlin," and its designer is enthusiastically hailed as "the genius of the century," and "the founder of the new German monumental art." Another point of merit claimed for this achievement is that the building was completed inside of a year, from the first sketching of plans to the last detail of the finished work.

THE illustrations speak for themselves. The first shown is one of a series of decorative panels which ornament the façade of the building. The German critic frankly confesses that the intention is to express the strength necessary to carry great weight, but that as the figure is purely decorative, the head is made practically into "an extended console" from the body, for the reason that if the head or shoulders had been used in a normal way to give the effect of supporting weight in the manner of the Greek caryatides, there would have been a space above the shoulders that could not have been filled to the satisfaction of the artist. So the neck is bent back into a position where, if any weight were put upon the head, the spine must snap. One hand pushes apparently in agony against the side of the wall and the other arm is wrenched sharply backward to the point where the shoulder would be dislocated. Even the face upon which rests all the seeming weight is distorted almost out of resemblance to humanity, the forehead, nose and chin being brought to a straight line in order to preserve the "decorative" squareness of the head.

In the panel carved in high relief from wood the suggestion is equally morbid and painful, the figures appearing to have been tortured beyond the limit of human endurance, and then, drooping and dead, to have been propped up in the niches to get them out of the

SECESSION ART—GROWTH, MEANING AND FAILURE

way. All the lines and muscles of the body are as grotesquely accentuated in this wood carving as they are in the stone, and, in the effort to fill the space in a decorative way, the artist has so cramped these weird semblances of human bodies into the allotted spaces that the only suggestion conveyed to the mind is that of one of those mediæval cages for political prisoners, which were ingeniously built so that the unfortunate occupant could neither stand up nor lie down. Another example of the Secession idea of wood carving is shown in the reproduction of the large wood panel, with its meaningless whorls and scrolls, serpents with human heads, misshapen human bodies crowded into spaces too small for them, and other forms apparently adapted from the ancient symbolism, which at one time conveyed some idea to the mind, but which now, except to historians and archæologists, is lifeless and devoid of all significance.

Equally decadent is the Secessionist idea of a caryatid, as seen in the carving of one of the great stone pillars which support the vaulted roof—the gaunt, nude body of a man, apparently bearing the enormous weight of the arch on the back of his neck, which gives the appearance of having been sawed off for the purpose. Still worse is the high relief decoration of other pillars, each of which shows only an enormous face, the weight of the arch resting upon the wrinkled brow and the pillar standing apparently upon the tip of the beard. In each one of the designs appears, in addition to the main monstrosity, a number of futile little subsidiary forms of decoration, introduced apparently with the sole idea of filling space and of carrying out the impression of novelty and daring.

THAT such a thing as this should be taken seriously in Germany forms the only reason for reproducing it here. A more searching commentary upon the lengths to which commercialism can carry what in the beginning was an honest revolt against lifeless forms could hardly be imagined, and it proves absolutely the contention that no living art is possible unless it is founded upon the need of expressing some vital element in the life and thought of the people. Where art exists, there is no need to search for novel and startling forms, but where the matter is merely one of merchandise the shocks given to a taste enfeebled enough to crave such stimulants must be always stronger and more frequent to prevent such “art” from perishing of sheer inanition. If these things were put forward frankly as merchandise there could be no objection to them, but where they masquerade under the name of art and claim to represent the life and

SECESSION ART—GROWTH, MEANING AND FAILURE

ideals of a great nation, there is evidenced a lack of sincerity and of fundamental thinking that is little short of appalling.

It cannot be too often repeated that art is so intimately connected with life that it can have no existence save as an expression of life. There can be no living, growing art in any nation except in so far as it expresses the life of the people of that nation, their experience, the problems, their aspirations. Where there is only imitation of the past—where a nation's architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, or the industrial arts are not born of an impulse to express its own feelings and needs, the living soul of art cannot abide, and there remains only its sepulchre. We have repeated endlessly the art expressions of ancient times and of the Middle Ages, because, although lifeless now, they once were sincere and most beautiful expressions of a life so vigorous that expression became an imperative necessity. The modern Secessionists affect to take all their inspiration from Nature, and yet so far they have succeeded only in evolving weak or fantastic forms of which the best that could be said was that they were different from the accepted traditional forms.

The mediæval craftsman never thought of art, never searched for new, strange things, but did his work well, as was the custom in those days, and lived his life joyously. He saw the beauty in Nature because he was a normal being, closely attuned to the delight of the material world about him, and he expressed his own gratitude for that beauty and the joy he felt in life in an irresistible impulse to make beautiful all that he wrought. When the great cathedrals—which took so many years in the building and were a life-long task to hundreds of men—were erected, they were the outflowing of all the ideals, hopes and religious enthusiasm of the age. They may be imitated, even reproduced, in every smallest detail, or they may be "adapted to modern conditions," but the life is gone. For the beauty of a cathedral is a subtle thing, belonging not only to the building itself, but to its site, its environment, the skies above it, the history it records, and the feeling toward it of the people whose ancestors labored to build it, and who had walked its shadowy aisles with awed footfalls, feeling a sanctity none but themselves could feel. It would be just as rational in this day and time to reproduce the tombs and the memorial brasses, tablets and effigies as to attempt to reproduce the cathedral walls and spires. When we go back five hundred or a thousand years for our ideas of a temple worthy to worship God in we only make the humiliating confession that we have no conception of our own of what constitutes fit worship and a fit place in which to

SECESSION ART—GROWTH, MEANING AND FAILURE

worship. Instead of expressing the life and thought of our own time, we are attempting to recall the symbolism of an age gone by, and the attempt can never be other than a lifeless imitation. It is the reproach of the formal schools that they do nothing but repeat and reproduce. Copies of great works of art, if well made, are valuable for the instruction they give and for the light they shed upon the history of the race, but that is not living art. To delve into the records of the past and to interpret them is a worthy and a necessary task, but historians do not make the life of the present. Art must be born anew in every age, in form and spirit molded by the age.

Only in countries like China, where for many centuries life has remained unchanged, can art be unaffected by the ceaseless change that is a part of the progress of the race. When Greece was emerging from savagery, China was already an old nation. Practically there has been only one revolution in all China's history, and that occurred two thousand years ago. Since then, during all the centuries, if we except the last twenty-five years, China has scarcely changed at all. In such a country, art must necessarily be fixed because life itself is fixed. The art of these old nations conveys the impression of petrified perfection. It seems to have matured to its highest degree and then have been suddenly arrested and stopped. For centuries and centuries the creative impulse seems to have been lost, during which time, the artistic spirit having dwindled and died, art has been purely instinctive. There has been no further growth, the art produced having been, with rare exceptions, nothing more nor less than an almost endless repetition of already attained results.

EVEN the feeling for beauty has died in the old countries. The Chinese accept passively the art of the past as a part of their traditions, but, of all people in the world, the Japanese have been supposed, even at the present time, to be the most sensitively appreciative of beauty, and the most ready to express their life in exquisite art forms. Nevertheless, the fact that the living spirit of art has really perished from among the Japanese, as well as from the older race, has been proven by the immediate result of the commercialization of Japan. As soon as the cheap, tawdry goods of European and American commerce were introduced into the Japanese ports, the native art was practically discarded. Except far in the interior, where there remain places as yet untouched by the foreign spirit, the beautiful old things in porcelain, ivory, teakwood and bronze, the product of years of work on the part of craftsmen who deemed a lifetime all

SECESSION ART—GROWTH, MEANING AND FAILURE

too short for the expression of the beauty that they saw and felt in the world, are being rapidly replaced by the vulgar atrocities of commercialism. So little sense of beauty remains with the modern Japanese that they are not only perfectly willing, but even seem anxious, to exchange the most exquisite of their native creations for the ugliest of machine-made products that appear to them to typify western progress and civilization. Nor is this insensibility to beauty peculiar to Japan; on the contrary, it seems to be in accordance with an almost universal experience. Our own Indians will exchange the finest examples of their native handicrafts for shoddy gewgaws which the Indian craftsmen would not have tolerated for a moment had not the art spirit been dead within them and their craftsmanship degenerated into a wholly mechanical and perfunctory exercise.

THE real creators of a new art expression in Europe have been such men as Rodin, Jean Francois Millet, Manet and Sinding. In the world of plastic and graphic art these men and others like them have done what Whitman did for literature and Richard Wagner for music. They have wrought under control of a spirit so great and so vital that it must needs burst all bonds of tradition, and in doing this they have accomplished without effort the thing that has been sought with so much labor and noise of trumpets—they have enlarged the boundaries of human expression. Böcklin and his followers have sought to do the same thing, but they have gone back to ancient times and beliefs, and have expressed only a riotous and fertile fancy. To depict the great god Pan, one must have listened with believing ears to the echo of his pipes and have seen along the streams the print of his goathoofs. To the modern artist, great Pan is dead, nor can he be galvanized into even a semblance of life.

The old pagan joy of life has faded from the world, and it has no place in living art, but instead, there is the great complex urge of modern life seeking expression. If there is to be a new art, it must turn for inspiration not to the ancient mythology or symbolism, or to the fantastic misinterpretation of natural forms in a mad search for novelty that the market for "artistic" products may be stimulated, but prayerfully seek for some measure of comprehension of the spirit of the men who created the art of other days. Then the art of the twentieth century will come unheralded and without effort, for it needs nothing more than the creative power of a soul attuned to the perception of all the conditions, needs and aspirations of our life as it is to-day.

MILLET AS AN ETCHER: SOME REMINISCENCES OF WYATT EATON AT BARBIZON:

BY GILES EDGERTON



THE late Wyatt Eaton was both friend and pupil of Jean François Millet. They were both landscape painters and both etchers; and they worked together in the wide harvest fields about Barbizon. They advised with each other and criticised each other. Millet was unquestionably the greater landscape artist and Eaton equally the greater etcher. They relied quite as much upon mutual companionship and sympathy as upon that honest criticism which only genuine artists can give each other. The best of Eaton's etchings were made in and about that most picturesque old French village; and, at last, after the death of Millet, when everything of his estate was left in confusion, Eaton was called by the friends and son to open the studio where Millet's greatest work had been done, to help set things to rights, to find out what could be done to meet the host of creditors and what could be saved for the son François, whom was left, it seemed, almost without revenue.

There are many visitors to Barbizon to-day; the wretched little trolley line that jerks you out from the last station of the French railway potters about through the meadows and enters the narrow Barbizon street with much commotion and apparent reluctance. And this narrow pathway is the main street of the village, on which you find the studios of the great Frenchmen who have studied and painted there. Diaz's studio is picturesque to a degree, it has a porch and vines, and you pass in succession the working places of Rousseau, Daubigny and others of the Barbizon school who studied quietly and peacefully in this beautiful remote part of France—that is, remote so far as the usual occupations of life are concerned, and remote because difficult to reach. Almost at the end of the jerking little railway you come to the present Millet house and lovely old studio. A step beyond this the trolley stops and you walk out to the forests of Fontainebleau and rest there and regret all the sadness of Millet's life and the tragedy of his early death, and marvel a little at the American woman who was in the Millet garden as you passed the house which was saved for François, her husband, how she lives there, quite alone, with all the mournful memories that are hers, following after a probably very gay American girlhood. They say that she is always in the garden when the trolley runs through the little village, looking for familiar faces, or even American faces, to speak to and to invite



Owned by Mr. Frederick Pratt.

"LAURE," BARBIZON PEASANT:
ETCHING BY WYATT EATON.



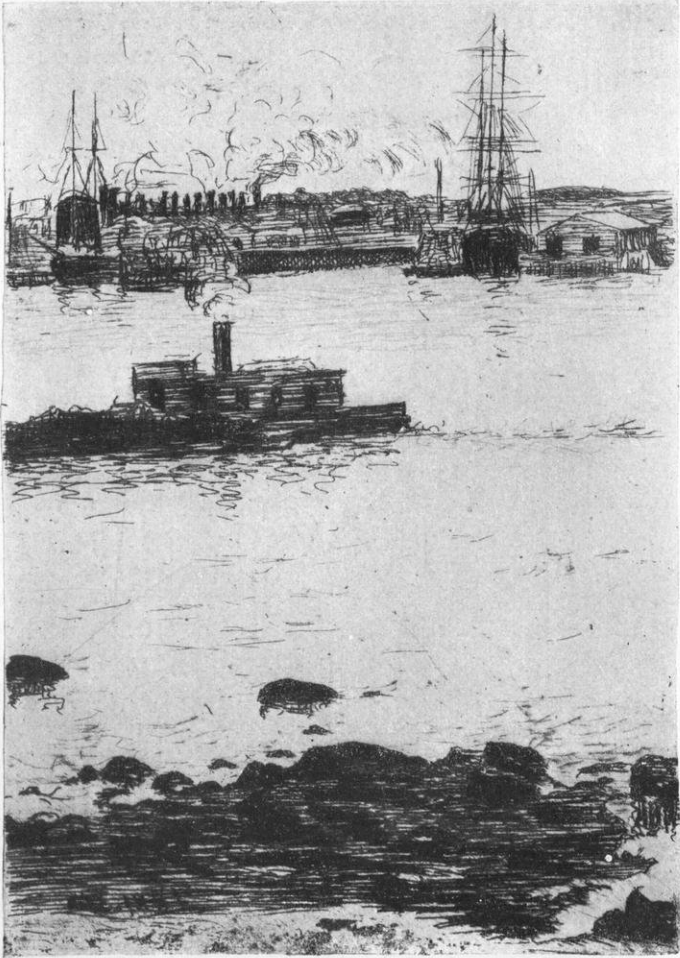
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STUDY OF HAYSTACKS AT BARBIZON:
ETCHING BY WYATT EATON.



Owned by Mr. Frederick Pratt.

TREES IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU:
ETCHING BY WYATT EATON.



Owned by Mr. Frederick Pratt.

GLIMPSE OF THE RIVER SEINE:
ETCHING BY WYATT EATON.

MILLET, AS A FRIEND SAW HIM

into the shade of her porch for a cup of tea in exchange for a word of American life—a sad-looking woman with much dignity of mien, and especially an air of quiet melancholy if the trolley brings her no visitors for her tea table.

At various times in his life, Wyatt Eaton studied and worked with the man whom he considered the greatest master. They planned out methods of etching together, and although Eaton respected all that Millet did in the line of craftsmanship, he still felt that etching was not his best medium of expression. To quote directly from notes which were left after Eaton's death:

“There is little to be said about Millet as an etcher, he was so free from the devices which are common to the craft. Had etching, however, been his only or principal means of expression he probably would have called forth all the resources of the copper plate, but etching as generally understood and practised was really not adapted to his temperament. As everyone knows, his work was simple to a degree, and his methods of work always straightforward and direct, and in etching he could not, as in drawing or painting, see before him the effect he was constantly producing.

“**H**AMERTON tells us that Haden's theory of line is that where a light tone is to be given a great many lines very near together must be made on the plate, and where deep, dark and heavy lines are to be given, there must be but few lines well separated, the many lines representing the light tone to be bitten but a few minutes in the acid, while the few lines representing heavy tones should be bitten for a long time, the effect upon the copper being just the contrary of what is to be obtained as a final result. I mention this as but one of the many roundabout ways which have to be resorted to in making use of the copper as a means of producing the more subtle qualities of light and dark, after the drawing upon the copper, which, as I have said, has to be done in a way that distorts the design which is to be represented.

“It can be readily understood that all of this was very remote from the almost childlike simplicity and naïveté of expression which was most in harmony with Millet's character, and which, while it interested him, carried with it a certain irritation that always exists where a man is not expressing himself absolutely in his work.

“The biting in etching, which has to be done almost in the dark; that is, purely by calculation—the effect of the picture being obliterated upon the first stopping out—was another part of the process

MILLET, AS A FRIEND SAW HIM

which was not calculated to interest the master as did his more direct method of working upon canvas. Even where the most direct methods are applied which can be used in etching, the effect is uncertain, the lines shining in some places and looking dull in others. The 'continuous process,' and drawing in the bath, (a later method in etching, I believe, and still more a matter of calculation), would have been even more unsympathetic to the nature of Millet—for in both of these methods the artist is obliged to give a disproportionate amount of thought to the means of which he is making use in order to express his idea."

In another note also unfinished at the time of Mr. Eaton's death, he makes a statement to the effect that, "In etching, Millet would draw upon copper as if it were paper, and attempt to carry out this effect of the first drawing in the biting and printing. This would naturally as a result have a more intimate or autographic value."

In still another note Mr. Eaton recalls a conversation with Millet, in regard to Rembrandt's etchings. "I spent a memorable evening with Millet in looking at reproductions of Rembrandt's etchings. I had just secured a copy of the first edition of Charles Blanc's Rembrandt Catalogue, and Millet not having seen it, I took it over to the house with me. He was, of course, familiar with many of the more important plates, but the smaller reproductions were mostly new to him. These he examined with an absorbing interest and at times seemed quite overcome with admiration. He remarked that 'In looking at the works of a great master, one is always disposed to feel that here is the greatest.'"

IT IS interesting to quote Mr. Eaton's own words regarding the opening up of the studio at Barbizon after Millet's death: "The illness which resulted in the great master's death took him from his work almost without warning; when the studio was reopened by other hands I was allowed the sad privilege of assisting François in arranging some of the pictures for exhibition—thus I saw everything as left by Millet set aside, as it were, for the day. There were a few pictures nearly completed, some old canvases put aside as failures, but the large number of canvases were pictures in various stages of progress—some in charcoal, some in ink outline 'rubbed in' in partly thin and partly opaque color, or broadly 'laid in' in masses with opaque color, one painted in grisaille, etc., besides water color drawings, pastels, crayon drawings, charcoal sketches, etc., but in the whole of this large collection—left as I have said, almost with-

MILLET, AS A FRIEND SAW HIM

out a moment's warning—nothing was found which was not in a certain sense in a state of completion.

“In fact, when the pictures came to be exhibited and were sold, it was thought by many that canvases barely covered with paint—and upon which Millet intended to work for months—were finished pictures, and that the black outline showing more or less all over the canvas, and quite plainly in places, was premeditated as a means of attaining the effect he had produced. At the same time amateurs were right in thinking the pictures finished, for I am quite satisfied that Millet never left his studio before the canvas he was at work upon was in a certain sense in a state of completeness. He was always preoccupied with the general appearance of the picture. If working in outline, he would so direct his work that a general sense of values would be given—that the figures should have the right prominence in the landscape, giving distance, space, etc. When he took up his palette he would strike immediately for the effect, and before laying it down again, there would be no question as to the direction from which the picture was lighted, whether it represented morning or evening, summer or autumn, and it would be difficult to say what part of the picture should be more finished, what should be done next or what would add to the effect. I speak of Millet's methods as illustrating his temperament—we all now have an equal opportunity of acquaintance with his works—but it was my privilege to observe him while at work.

“A friend told me of having seen a picture in pastel done by him, when very young, a shepherd and shepherdess, in imitation of Watteau, but it was Millet all the same—the unhesitating way the youth clasped the maiden in his arms, and planted the kiss on her lips could have been done by no other hand than his.

“It was Millet's art to produce with his materials—which might be called limited to one or two figures or domestic animals and the most simple landscape—an effect upon the eye and mind analogous to that of a range of mountains, the Pyramids, or an heroic statue. It was the monumental which he felt it necessary to produce—not that he could not see and make use of the details of Nature—but feeling the limitation in the power of reproduction, he discarded all that would not add to the aspect of his picture.

“I would say that in a most exceptional way Millet came to his canvas with a full understanding of his subject, and with a clear vision of the completed picture, resulting in a most rapid execution.

“A better proof of this could not be given than the fact that can-

A SONG OF THE TIDE

vases upon which he had worked but a single day, and upon which he would have continued to work for months perhaps, had he lived, have gone into the market as finished pictures, and indeed with these as with other canvases seen occasionally by his friends and family in an early state, one questions whether much could have been added, the impression is so vivid, the picture so solidly modeled, and powerful in effect and color."

The above notes, which it gives THE CRAFTSMAN great pleasure to print, were furnished by Mrs. Wyatt Eaton. They were found among Mr. Eaton's papers about Millet, after his death, and are published here without change. The etchings which illustrate the article were also furnished by Mrs. Eaton and have not, so far as we know, ever been published. They were made by Mr. Eaton at Barbizon, while he was working with Millet in the now famous studio, and present the simple life of the village peasants of that section of the country with the combination of romance and fidelity which was so typical of Millet himself.

A SONG OF THE TIDE

L IFT me into thy bark, Love,
My own it is poor and spent.
Take me out of the dark, Love,
To the country of thy content!

I would sit so safe, so still, Love,
Sheltered and sure and strong,
My will my captain's will, Love,
I have tossed in the tide so long!

Thine eyes are keen to the star, Love;
Thou wilt not take me in.
Thou speedest more fast, more far, Love,
The land of the lights to win.

Thou'lt look not back from the stern, Love,
When my bark is a speck of brown,
To see it struggle and turn, Love,
Or dip in the twilight down.

AGNES LEE.

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS: THE SCULPTOR WHO HAS TYPIFIED AMERICAN CHARACTER AND HAS LEFT US NOBLE MEMORIALS OF GREAT EVENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY



WHEN, on the morning of August the fourth, the news was flashed to all parts of the country that Augustus Saint-Gaudens lay dead at his home in the little village of Cornish, New Hampshire, the feeling foremost in the minds of all interested in the growth of true American art was of personal sorrow at the loss, in his prime, of the man who had used without stint his great power of brain and hand to typify the noblest phases of American character and to record the epoch-making events in American history. When Yale, two years ago, conferred upon Saint-Gaudens the degree of LL.D. in consideration of his being "the foremost sculptor of America," the honor merely indicated the estimation in which he was held by the American people. In addition to the high quality of his artistic gift, it was a part of the good fortune which seemed to attend Saint-Gaudens all his life that the opportunities for his largest and most significant work came in the form of commissions for monuments and public memorials raised in honor of the great men of the nation. This circumstance ensured the maximum of popular appreciation for everything that he did, and, at the same time, his realization of the magnitude of the events and deeds which he was called upon to commemorate stimulated to the utmost that rare quality of idealism which knowingly and courageously admits all the limitations of its medium and of its subject and uses these limitations as its greatest source of power.

The part played by Saint-Gaudens in the development of a distinctively national art has been of the first importance, and yet he was an American only by adoption. Fortunately, though, his French and Irish extraction supplied him not only with the temperament of the artist, but with the predisposition toward close sympathy with the characteristics of his adopted country. Born in Dublin in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the year of great stirrings of the human passion for liberty, and brought to this country when only a few months old, he was by both heredity and environment rendered peculiarly susceptible to the significance of the series of stirring events which have done so much toward shaping our national life. The fact that he received the greater part of his artistic training abroad and has always spent a part of his time on the other side of the water,

SAINT-GAUDENS' AMERICAN WORK

seemed to give him only the perspective needed to enable him to grasp the full depth of meaning in the characters and events he was called upon to portray, and so to give to well-known facts a fresh form and significance which have brought him credit for a very high degree of creative imagination.

ALL the advantages of an early struggle with poverty and hard work were granted to young Saint-Gaudens. When his parents came from Dublin to America in the rush of Irish immigration that followed the troubles in Ireland, they stayed in Boston for a month or two, and then settled in New York City, where the father opened a little shoemaker's shop. The boy received the ordinary public school education, but left school at thirteen and became apprenticed to a cameo cutter, a Savoyard named Avet, with whom he remained for three years. At the close of this time, he apprenticed himself to a French shell cameo cutter named Le Breton. Through all his six years of apprenticeship, during which he came to be known as the best cameo cutter in New York, the boy was preparing himself for larger work by studying nightly after his working hours at the Cooper Union art classes, and, during the last two years, at the National Academy of Design. In eighteen hundred and sixty-seven he went to Paris, and after a few months in the Petite Ecole he entered the studio of Jouffroy in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Fortunately, perhaps, for the quality of his future work, he was obliged to maintain himself while studying and used to spend half of each day working at his trade as a cameo cutter, giving the remaining time to study. In later life Saint-Gaudens was never tired of insisting that the discipline of this labor, the regular hours and the responsibility for doing work promptly and well was an influence of great value in his life. "Don't be afraid of hard work," he would say to his pupils. "It is very good training if you want to be great artists."

Saint-Gaudens entered the studio of Jouffroy in the year of the great Universal Exposition, famous as the occasion upon which Paul Dubois led the revolt from spiritless classicism by the exhibition of his "Florentine Singer," which had won the medal of honor at the Salon in eighteen hundred and sixty-six. Saint-Gaudens, therefore, found himself in a group of artists profoundly stirred by the new spirit of naturalism. Jouffroy, his master, was not a radical; he viewed the new movement with sympathy, and to some extent encouraged it, but his encouragement was moderated by a wise restraint. The influence of this viewpoint upon Saint-Gaudens has been

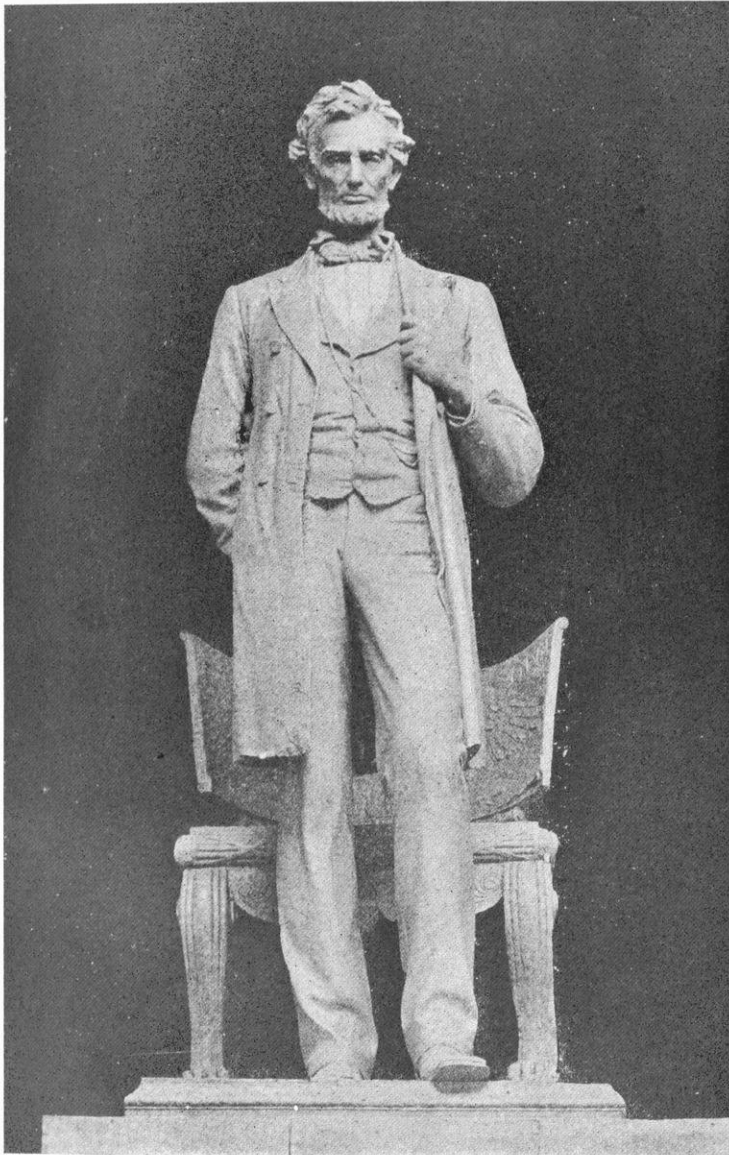


*From a Photograph by De W. C. Ward.
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Augustin Saint-Gaudens



"GRIEF": A MEMORIAL IN ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C. AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, SCULPTOR.



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, CHICAGO.
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, SCULPTOR.



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ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, MADISON SQUARE, N. Y.
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, SCULPTOR.

GENERAL SHERMAN, CENTRAL PARK, N. Y.
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, SCULPTOR.

SAINT-GAUDENS' AMERICAN WORK

shown throughout the latter's whole artistic career, for while progressive and strongly individual in his work, Saint-Gaudens has never been revolutionary, and has always displayed something of the moderation and conservatism which was unquestionably a result of his training under Jouffroy as well as of the years of delicate, conventional work which must have modified his natural temperament. When, in eighteen hundred and seventy, the Franco-Prussian war broke out, many young artists fled from Paris to Rome and among them was Saint-Gaudens. His first work in Rome was really the beginning of his career as a sculptor of American historic events, for the now well-known "Hiawatha," which was bought by Governor Morton, of New York, first attracted the attention of the American people. It was due to Governor Morton's influence that Saint-Gaudens received the commission for the Farragut monument in Madison Square, New York City, a most significant event in his career, for it was not only his first commission for any public work—indeed, his first important one of any kind—but the Farragut monument was the first of that remarkable series of memorials to Civil War heroes, all by Saint-Gaudens and by far the most worthy commemoration of the leading events of the great struggle, that has yet taken form as a result of any artistic achievement. The five monuments in this series are: the Farragut statue, the Robert Gould Shaw memorial in Boston, the statues of Lincoln and of General Logan in Chicago, and the equestrian statue of General Sherman which stands in the Plaza, just outside the entrance to Central Park, New York.

AN EMINENT critic has called the Sherman monument "the third greatest equestrian statue in the world," placing only the "Colleoni" of Verrocchio and the "Gattamelata" of Donatello before it, but there are many who regard it as inferior to much else of the sculptor's work. Be that as it may, the quality that is objected to as over-detailed and academic is subordinated by the sense of vivid immediate actuality which the group as a whole inspires. There is a question as to whether the presence of the Winged Victory advancing just in front of the horse does not detract from the force and simplicity of the group, just as the Victory flying above the heads of the group of marching soldiers and their leader in the Shaw memorial is often criticised as a piece of over-obvious symbolism. The viewpoint as to the desirability or undesirability of the presence of these symbolic figures is largely a matter of individual opinion, which does not in the least affect the dignity and freedom with which

SAINT-GAUDENS' AMERICAN WORK

the sculptor has met the problem of combining an actual event in history with an ideal representation of its significance and the fact that the result has been in each case a group that is sculpturesque in line and bulk and alive with elevated and inspiring energy. In both groups the sense of virility and force of irresistible advance, and the suggestion of the tremendous issues of the war that loomed up behind these figures, is present to the imagination of everyone who sees them, as they were to the imagination of the sculptor who conceived them.

Nevertheless, it is in his simpler work that Saint-Gaudens has attained the most profound significance in his portrayal not only of the character of a man but of his individuality in relation to the larger issues of his time. Most notable of all of these, of course, is the Lincoln statue, which, when it was unveiled twenty years ago, was greeted not alone as the sculptor's masterpiece, but as the most important expression of monumental art in this country. The simplicity and straightforwardness with which Saint-Gaudens met the problem of showing by means of a simple standing figure, gaunt and ungainly and clad in commonplace modern clothes, the noblest embodiment of all that was best in the character of Lincoln himself and of the country which he both guided and represented, speaks volumes for the power of the artist to grasp a great opportunity and to reach through the fact to the soul within the fact. Even the sole accessory which builds up the composition of the group is symbolic in its character, for it is a chair of state, suggesting the vantage point from which the grand, homely figure controlled and shaped the destiny of the nation.

The statue of General Logan, mounted on a pawing horse and waving a banner, is of a very different character, as frankly dramatic as was the man himself, and the spirit of the whole work is the very essence of that of the brave, spectacular hero who never failed to grasp to the full the dramatic possibilities of his achievements. In the Farragut statue the standing figure of the Admiral is merely an excellent portrait, showing the dominant characteristics of the man, with no other artistic accessory than the beautiful low relief decoration of the exedra below.

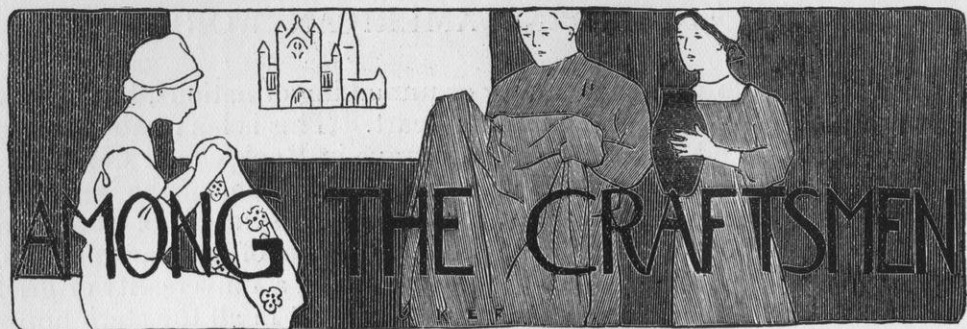
IN THE war memorials there was unquestionably an opportunity to which any man might well rise, and to which Saint-Gaudens did rise with rare achievement. Nevertheless, the true quality of the man's imagination is best shown by a purely ideal figure, which

SAINT-GAUDENS' AMERICAN WORK

has nothing to do with the making or unmaking of nations, but simply symbolizes an emotion of the human heart. This is his famous statue of "Grief," placed over the nameless grave in Rock Creek Cemetery, near Washington, D. C. The story is familiar; that of the bereaved husband who directed the sculptor to ignore all symbols of hope and to give utterance only to the grim endurance of irreparable loss. Saint-Gaudens did that and more—he expressed a universality of grief that has in it all the sorrow of the world, and yet in all the stern hopelessness of the face there is no desperate revolt, but rather super-human courage and endurance, and, with it all, the suggestion of a knowledge that looks beyond earthly loss and composes itself to await patiently the time when all things shall be made clear. In the final summing up of all his work, it is this statue which will best express the power of Saint-Gaudens to express the soul in stone, and it is to this incomparable figure that the mind turns most naturally when the sculptor's name is spoken.

Although he was a man of striking versatility, the heroic seems to be his most natural expression; and yet the beautiful series of his low relief portraits show that he was open not only to impressions received from the larger aspects of life, but also to those that were delicate, subtle and sweet. Of these portraits the best known are those of the children of Prescott Hall Butler and of Jacob H. Schiff, and the medallion of Robert Louis Stevenson. The most striking omission from the wide range of Saint-Gaudens' work is the nude figure, which he practically never attempted. True, the "Diana" which he modeled for the top of the tower on Madison Square Garden is a nude figure, but it is designed to be seen from a great distance and to convey only outline and pose. It gives no idea of what the sculptor might have done with the subtle problems of the nude.

Saint-Gaudens was fortunate in attaining signal success at a bound with his first serious work, and in maintaining it by all he did in the long period of nearly thirty years which elapsed between it and his death. The academic honors for which all artists strive were showered upon him by his admirers in Europe and this country. France, proud of her share in his genius, made him an officer of the Legion of Honor, and the art societies of France elected him to the highest positions within their gift. But the honors which he valued most of all were the degrees conferred upon him by the universities of Harvard and Princeton. These were the gratifying tokens of a recognition by great centers of learning of the fact that he had done notable work in raising American sculpture to its present height.

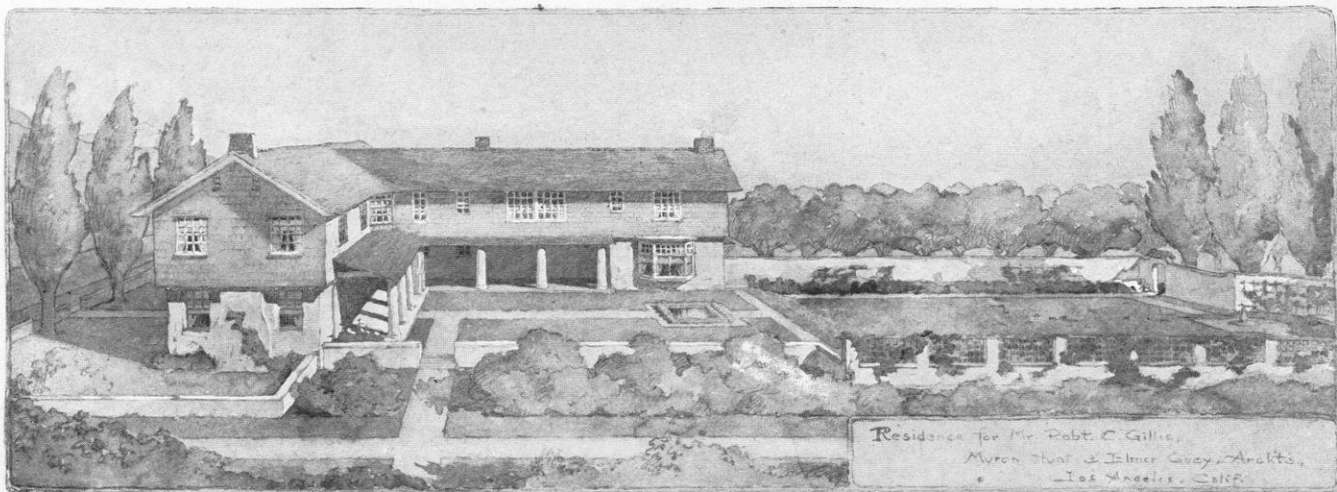


THE CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW: A STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE WHICH EXPRESSES THE INDIVIDUALITY AND FREEDOM CHARACTERISTIC OF OUR WESTERN COAST

WE have the pleasure of publishing in this issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* some of the best examples that have come to us of the new American architecture, which as yet can hardly be considered a style so much as a series of individual plans adapted to climatic conditions and to the needs of daily living, and in harmony with the natural environment and contour of the landscape. In a country like our own, where all these requirements vary so widely, any one style would be altogether inadequate, but the new architecture that is so rapidly and steadily developing in America is rather a general expression of that spirit of individuality and freedom which is especially characteristic of this country. In the north and east, for example, a style of building is required which would be absolutely out of harmony with the life and surroundings to be found in the south and west, and in California,—especially in the southern part of the state,—conditions prevail which are found hardly anywhere else on the continent. For fully eight months in the year the constant sunshine,

unbroken by clouds or storms and relieved only by an occasional fog drifting in from the ocean, permits a life that is practically all out-of-doors, or, at all events, maintains such a friendly relation with out-of-doors that the house seems more in the nature of a temporary shelter and resting place than a building designed to be lived in all the time and to afford constant protection from the elements.

The country out there is one of great restful spaces, with wide plains and low, rolling hills which lead up gradually to the stupendous mountain walls of the Sierra Nevada and the lesser but still imposing peaks of the Coast Range and the Sierra Madre. There are no thickets of slim saplings and green undergrowth, no little creeks and springs, and none of the somewhat aggressive picturesqueness found at every hand in the east; only huge grain fields, orchards and vineyards and wide stretches of sun-dried grass, scorched to a warm, tawny brown during the long rainless season that follows the brief winter of green grass and wild flowers. The colors, too, are differ-



Residence for Mr. Robt. C. Gillie,
Myron Hunt & Ismer Gray Architects,
Los Angeles, Calif.

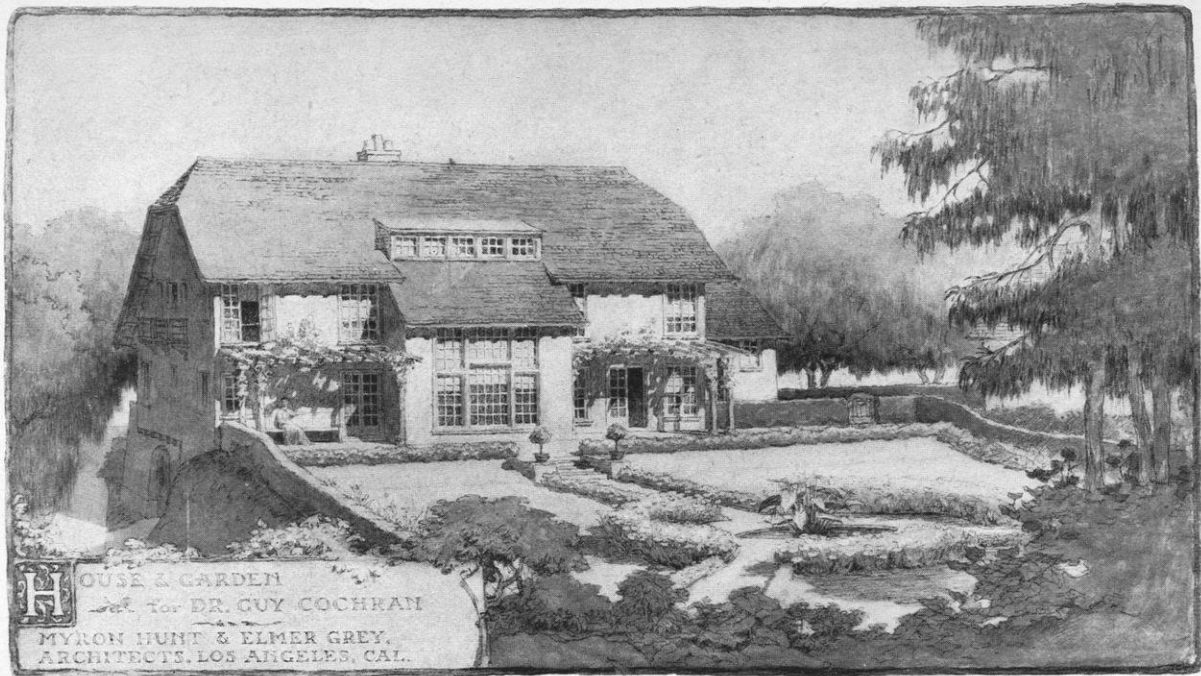
"THE ADOBE WALLS, WHICH WERE FORMERLY BUILT FOR DEFENSE, ARE NOW MODIFIED INTO GARDEN WALLS, WHICH AFFORD COMPLETE SECLUSION.



A California House and Garden

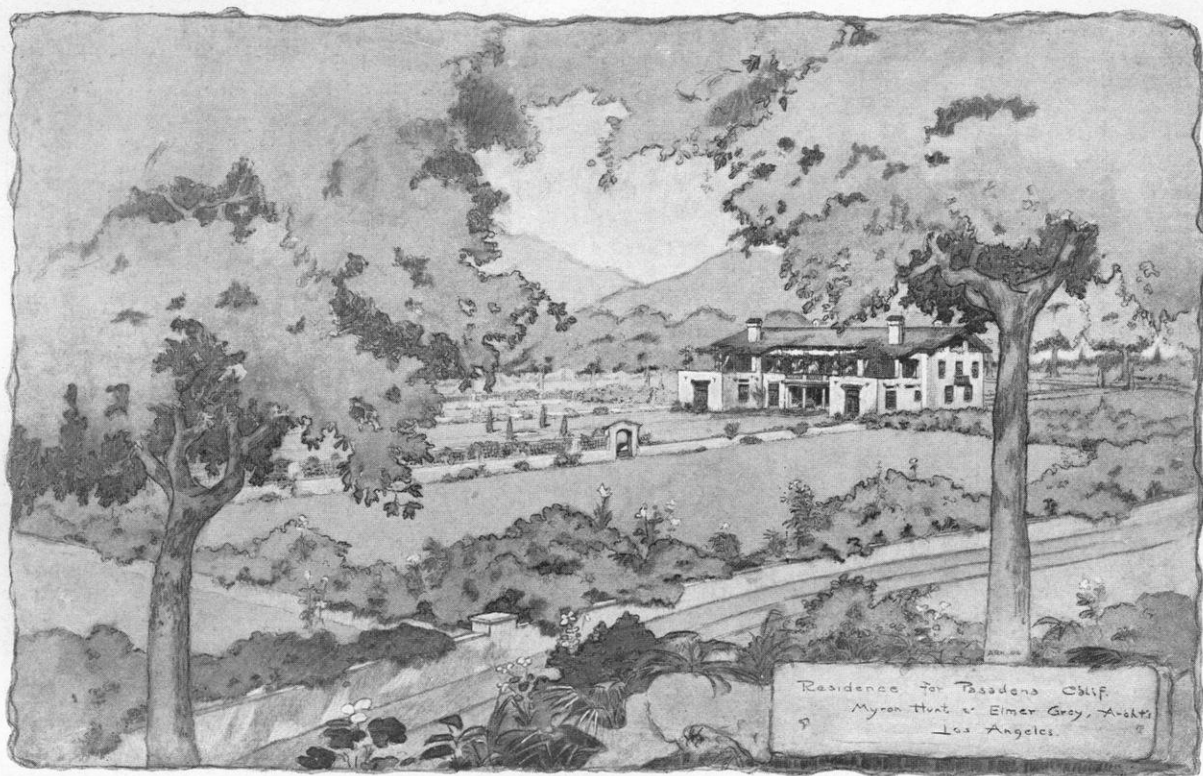
Myron Hunt & Elmer Grey, Archts.

"THERE ARE HALF-COVERED PORCHES (PERGOLAS) THAT SUGGEST SHADE AND COOL, AND STILL ALLOW THE SUN TO CARPET THE GROUND WITH DAPPLED SHADOWS."



HOUSE & GARDEN
des. for DR. GUY COCHRAN
MYRON HUNT & ELMER GREY,
ARCHITECTS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"THE GROUPING OF THE WINDOWS IS A FEATURE OF MARKED INDIVIDUALITY: THEY DO AWAY WITH THE SENSE OF BEING ENCLOSED WITHIN WALLS."



Residence for Pasadena Club.
Myron Hunt & Elmer Gray, Architects.
Los Angeles.

"IN A COUNTRY WITH THE CONTOUR AND COLORING OF CALIFORNIA THERE CAN BE NO STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE SO HARMONIOUS AS THAT FOUNDED UPON THE OLD MISSION BUILDINGS."

THE CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

ent. Our watery, gray-blue skies and the blue haze of the distance is replaced by burning sapphire overhead and an atmosphere so filled with the golden dust haze that all distance disappears in a mist of warm rosy violet.

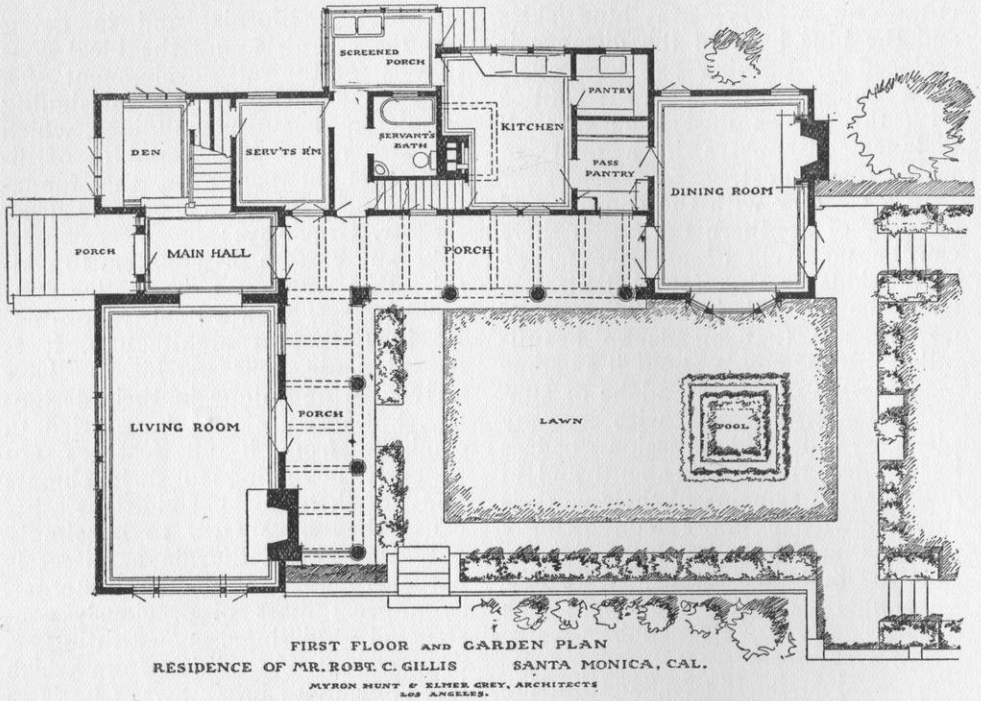
In a country with the contour and coloring of Southern California there can be no style of architecture so harmonious as that founded directly upon the old Mission buildings, and no material that blends so beautifully with the colors about it as some modification of the old adobe or sun-dried brick, covered with creamy plaster. The old Mission padres knew what they were about, and in nothing that remains of their work is this knowledge more convincingly shown than in the plans of the old Mission buildings which were the forerunners of the modern adobe houses. Even the adobe walls, which were formerly erected for defence against hostile Indians outside the Mission grounds and the protection not only of the monks but of the Mission Indians who sought refuge within the enclosures, are now modified into garden walls which afford complete seclusion, if desired, by giving a garden close, filled with green grass and tropical foliage, which is almost a part of the house.

Messrs. Myron Hunt and Elmer Grey, the architects who designed the houses shown here, are pioneers in the development of the new American architecture. They both brought to their work in Southern California the energy and progressive spirit of the Middle West and the training of finished architects. Mr. Hunt went to Los Angeles from Chicago and Mr. Grey from Milwaukee, both in search of the improved health that is to be found in the mild and equable climate of

Southern California, and in going out there both found the ideal conditions for the full development of a very unusual gift for designing simple and beautiful buildings, which are also remarkable examples of direct thought based on the fundamental principle of response to need. As Mr. Grey says:

“Many eastern people seem to consider that we have a distinctive style out here. If such a quality does exist in California architecture, it is not because our architects have striven to be unique in their designing, but because they have tried to eliminate from it all features not properly belonging to their climate and to their local conditions,—because they have tried to be simply natural. The California architect is not surrounded, as is the easterner, by a great mass of previously constructed buildings, constituting a dead weight of tradition from which it is difficult to break away; he is in a comparatively new country, the climate of which is radically different from other portions of the United States, and so in design he seeks suggestion, not from the work about him,—which is apt like his own to be more or less experimental,—nor from remote parts of the country which are very different from this; but from Italy, Spain or Mexico, where similar climatic conditions prevail. If he has a proper sense of the fitness of things he will not implant amid the semi-tropical foliage of California such architecture, for instance, as the Queen Anne or the Elizabethan. He may admire the English style greatly, and may have profited by some of its lessons, but if his designs show anything of this influence they will also express his loyalty to California and his desire not to place any foreign element in

THE CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW



it that has not first been thoroughly naturalized. His respect for traditional architecture may be profound; but because he does not wish to see destroyed what little tradition his own part of the country may have, he feels bound to respect its peculiarities and to try to preserve its architectural integrity in his work."

The examples shown here amply illustrate the viewpoint held by Mr. Grey. They are almost all planned after the manner of the bungalow, a word which is generally used to convey the idea of a dwelling with its rooms all on the ground floor. Such a house, of course, is not well adapted to a cold climate, as it is difficult to heat easily and economically a number of rooms spread over the ground. In California this objection has no weight, as there is

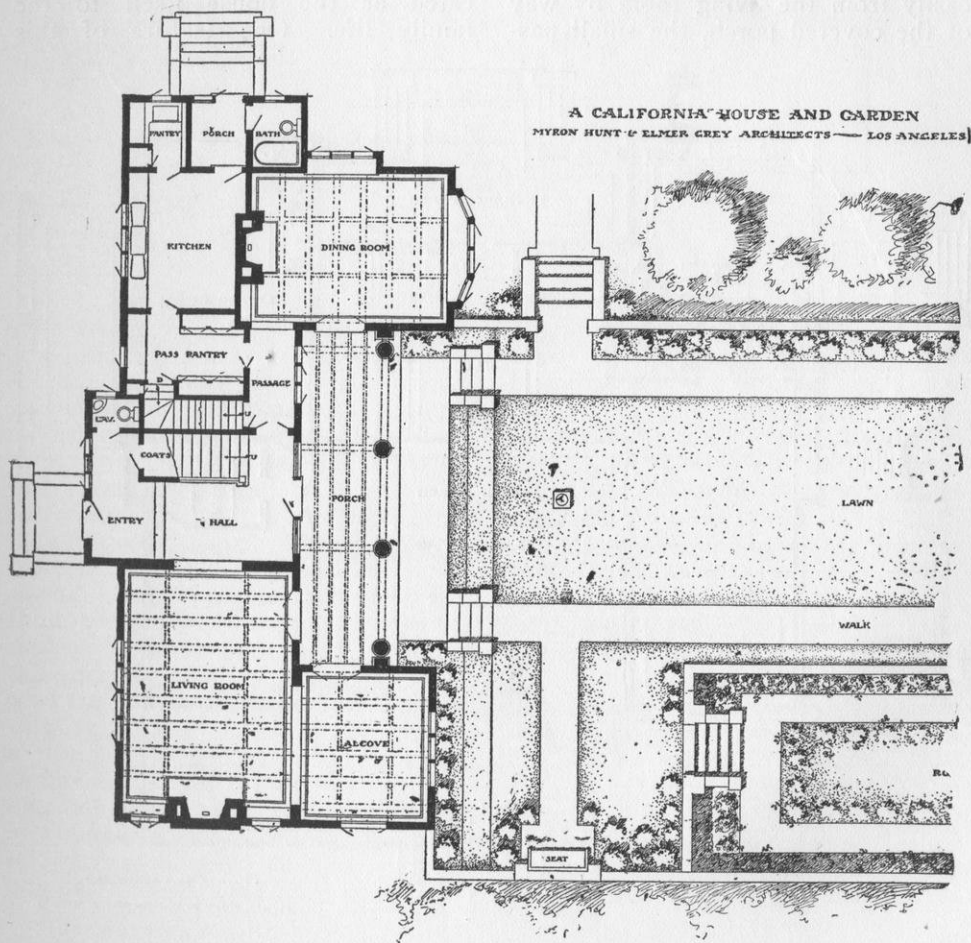
no need of heating any house save by means of an occasional fireplace, and the bungalow there has the advantage of simplifying housekeeping and making its occupants feel a closer relationship to the great out-of-doors. The California bungalow does not, however, resemble the original East Indian dwelling of that name so closely as it does the old Mexican *hacienda* or ranch house, which was almost invariably built around three and sometimes four sides of a square or rectangular court. This style is called a *patio* house, and it makes a most delightful form of dwelling for Southern California. Such a house, of course, must be surrounded by trees and spacious grounds, as it would be entirely out of place in a city lot with high buildings around it, and

THE CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

so again it conforms to the conditions of life in Southern California rather than to those of the east.

THE dwelling of Mr. Robert C. Gillis, although a decided modification of the *patio* house, is a characteristic example of a house intended for life in Southern California. The garden is enclosed within a wall which affords a sense of privacy from the street without giving any feeling of confinement or separation from the country all

around. The living room opens directly upon the long porch, from which one again walks out almost on the same level onto the lawn. The only way to reach the dining room is through the porch which runs at right angles to that opening from the living room. The entrance to the house is on the opposite side from this porch, and one especially attractive feature of the plan is the long vista across the main hall and porch through the dining room and along the entire length of the gar-

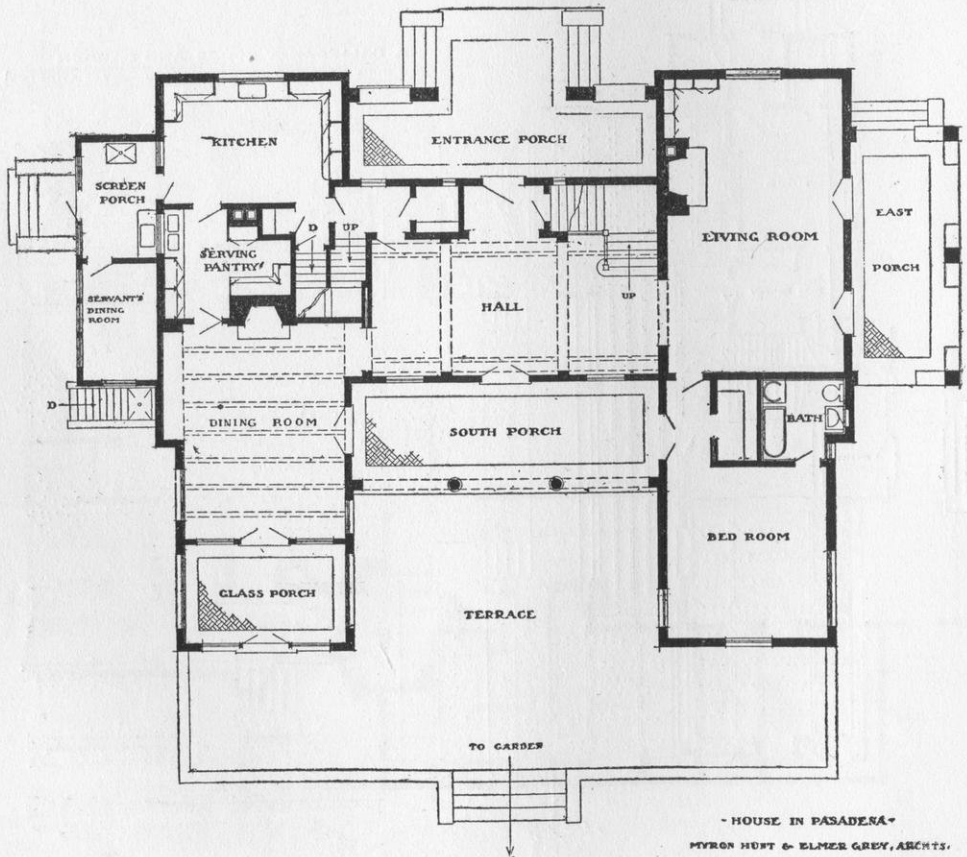


THE CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

den. French windows are employed in the place of doors, so that nothing occurs to break the vista. The main bedrooms are all upstairs facing the court.

IN the design called "A California House and Garden," a still greater departure from the strict form of the *patio* house and a nearer approach to the more usual eastern planning is seen, yet the principal features of this house plainly show its adaptation to the California environment. The dining room is approached most easily from the living room by way of the covered porch, the small pas-

sage between the hall and the dining room being incorporated merely as an emergency thoroughfare to be used in inclement weather. Here again a delightful vista, through glass doors and windows across the porch and then down the length of the garden, is seen by anyone entering the hall. Both the living room and dining room face the garden, while the kitchen is placed upon the north side of the house facing the street, so that the main outlook is always upon the beauty and seclusion of the enclosure that is dedicated as the house itself to the family life. One feature of this



"HOUSE IN PASADENA"
MYRON HUST & ELMER GREY, ARCHTS.

THE CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

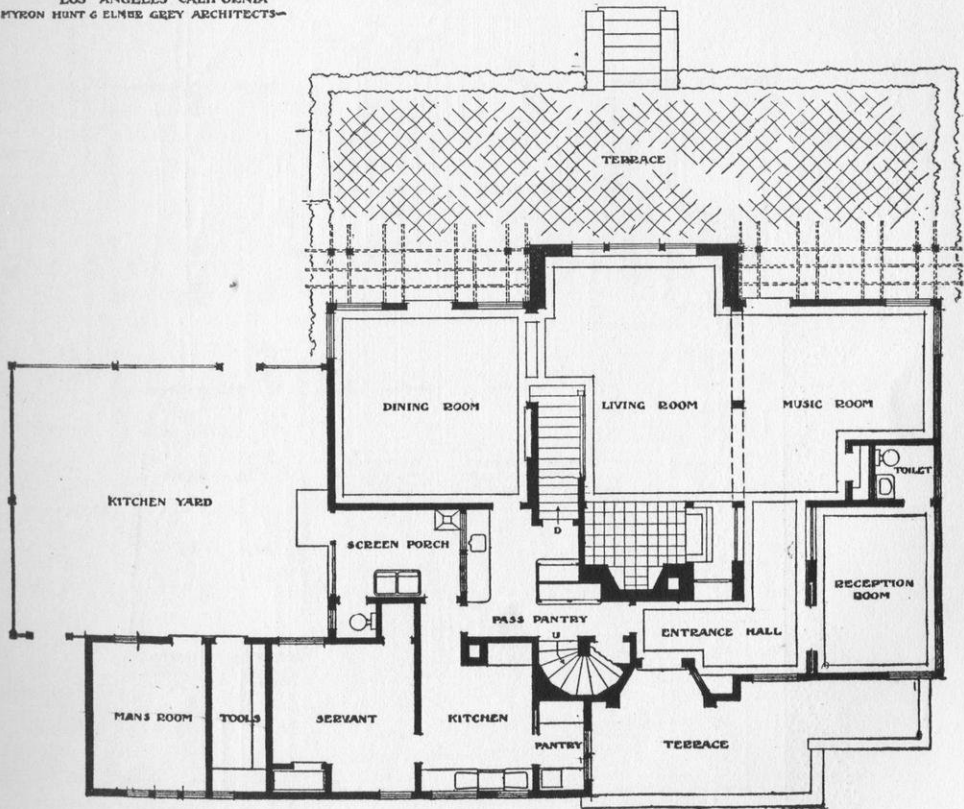
house that adds much to its attractive individuality is the grouping of the windows, which not only admit the greatest possible amount of air and sunshine, but form an admirable division of the wall space. The bedrooms are all upstairs facing the garden, which, of course, is the sunny side of the house.

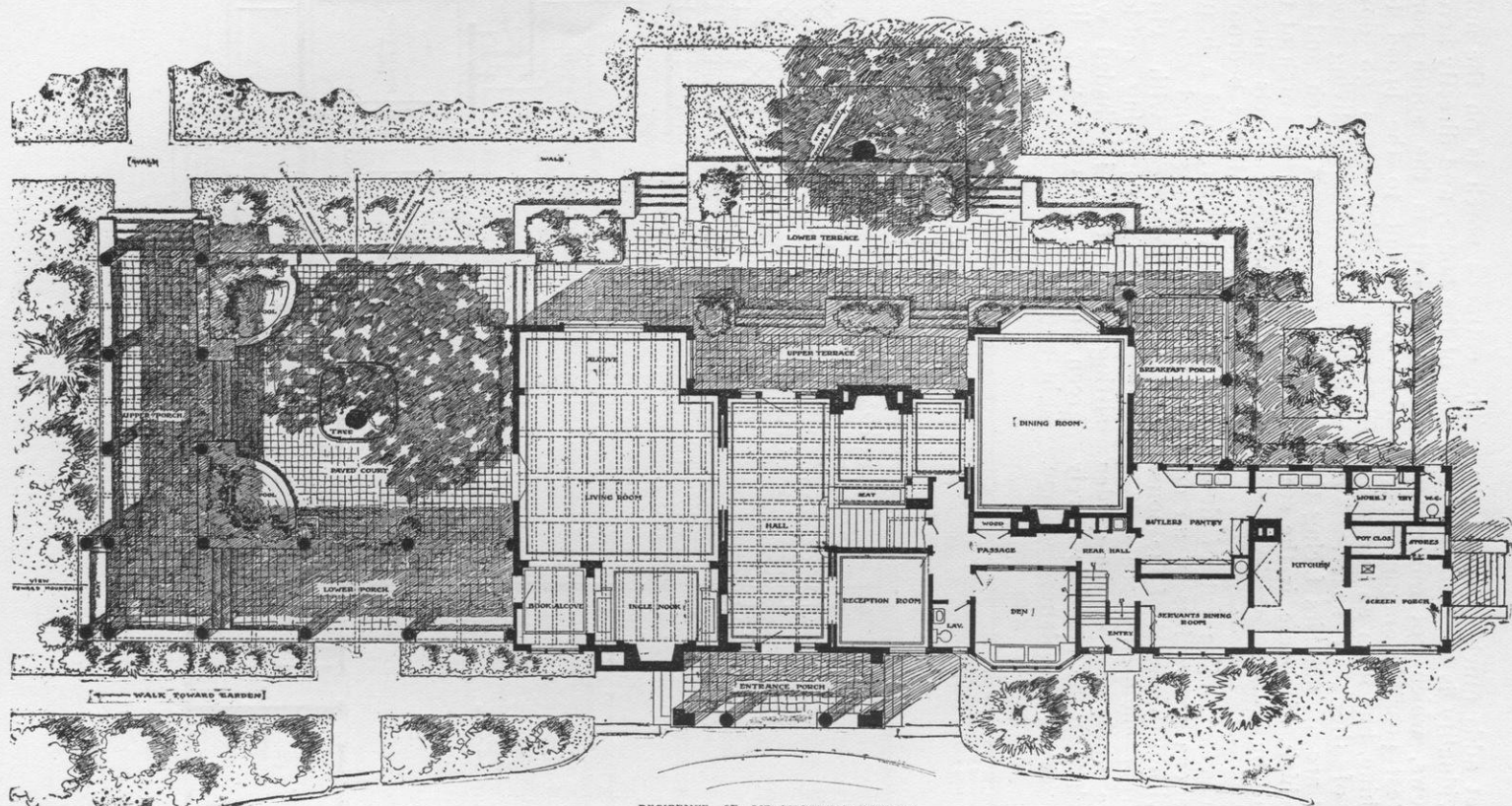
The entrance porch is on the north side of the house, and directly across the large hall is the south porch which leads out to the broad terrace, from which steps go down into the garden. The living room opens upon the east porch and the dining room is a closed porch at the south side which connects directly with the terrace. All the bedrooms, save one, are upstairs, and a beautiful feature of the second story is the pergola covered with vines, which affords a charming outdoor sitting room that is shaded with green and yet cuts off very little light and no air from the bedrooms.

THE chance to live out of doors Pasadena shows less of an enclosure within the walls of the house and a larger enclosed space out of doors, the whole plan of the garden being such that the house is merely the center of a well-balanced scheme.

GARDEN

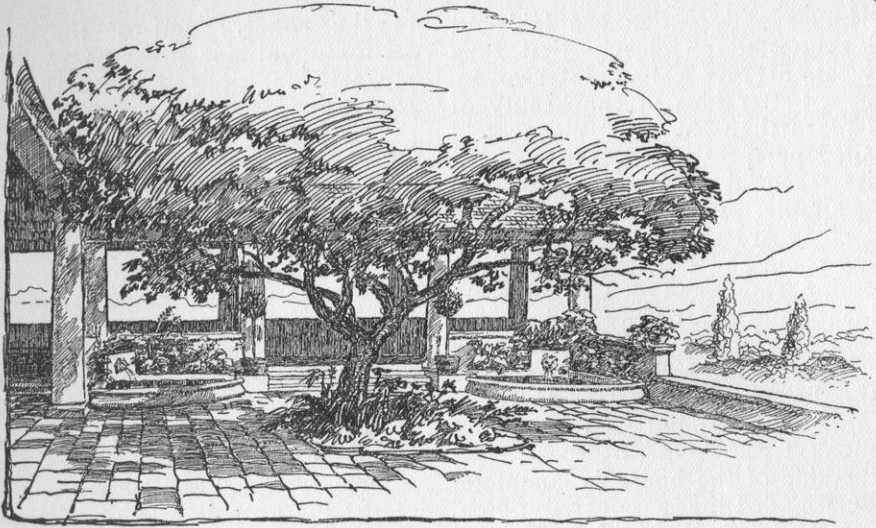
HOUSE FOR DR. GUY COCHEAN
LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA
MYRON HUNT & ELMER GREY ARCHITECTS





RESIDENCE OF MR. GILBERT E. PERKINS
 OAK KNOLL, PASADENA. MYRON HUNT & ELMER GREY
 ARCHITECTS

THE CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW



Porch and terrace - The Gilbert E. Perini Residence
Maple Street - Glenn Cary, Architect.

The beautiful lines and proportions of this house and its perfect suitability to its surroundings make it one of the best examples of the group.

PERHAPS the very best, though, is the house and garden designed for Dr. Guy Cochran, which is less distinctively Californian in design, but is nevertheless admirably adapted for the southern climate and outdoor life, and in itself is one of the most beautiful houses which has ever been reproduced in the pages of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Here again the grouping of the windows is a feature of such marked individuality that it commands the attention with the first look at the house. The enormous windows from the living room, looking out upon the terrace and garden, give such a sense of relationship between the two that there is almost no feeling of being enclosed within walls. The French windows seen elsewhere give the same sense of direct communica-

tion with the garden from the dining room and the music room, and equally large casements placed just above look out from the upper rooms upon the green drapery of the two pergolas that shade the terrace. The long line of casements shown in the broad, low dormer that seems to grow out of the roof gives exactly the right balance to the great spread of glass below, and the lines of the roof itself are so friendly, gracious and inviting in their suggestion of comfort and shelter that they add the last touch of the feeling of inevitableness that is conveyed by the whole design. Here again the garden is almost a part of the house and is walled away from the street on one side and the cliff on the other.

ONLY a suggestion is given in the small line drawings made of "Oak Knoll," Mr. Gilbert Perkins' residence in Pasadena, but the large floor plan showing the way in which

THE CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

the house and garden are laid out and connected so closely that they may almost be called interwoven, gives a better idea of the beauty of this place than the most elaborately detailed perspective. When reduced to its essential elements the plan is quite simple. The main rooms of the first story are the living room, hall, dining room and kitchen, as the little reception room and den are merely incidents and can hardly be included as important parts of the plan. The unusual and most delightful feature of this house is the system of paved terraces built around two spreading live oak trees. One of these oaks at the side of the house is completely surrounded by a covered porch, the square or court thus formed being paved with tile and made delightfully attractive by a semi-formal arrangement of paths and steps leading up to the higher portion of the porch. The other oak is situated in front of the house and also has terraces built all around it, thus making additional living space which receives the benefit of its shade. From both of these terraces a magnificent view of the San Gabriel valley and of the Sierra Madre mountains is obtained. Although the interior plan of this house is not so very different from many eastern houses, the system of terraces and porches and the means provided for ready access to all of these is well worth studying as a plan that is admirably adapted to Southern California, as it is most expressive both

of the country and of the sunny, leisurely outdoor life that under all normal conditions is lived there by everyone.

THE chance to live out of doors and yet enjoy the utmost comfort, even luxury, is what the California bungalow suggests, not only at a first glimpse, but after most careful investigation. The entire building is kept close to the ground; there are groups of windows that bring indoors the pleasure of blue sky, of purple hills or wide stretches of hazy prairie; there are vine-covered pergolas that suggest shade and cool, and still leave patches of blue overhead and allow the sun to carpet the ground with dappled shadows of leaves and beams. The house, the garden, the terrace, the patio, the open porch are all one domain, one shelter from the outside world. It is home in that big, fine sense of the word that leaves the horizon, not four walls, for the boundary lines.

And this dwelling, which at the first blush seems but a cross between an East Indian bungalow and a Mission adobe house, in reality proves to be the most genuine expression of American feeling in domestic architecture that has yet appeared. Built to suit the needs of one great section of our country, it has developed a beauty and a charm of its own. It is original because it is like the country it has grown out of; it is becoming a definite style because it has met a definite demand, and because it is genuine it will be permanent.



Residence for the Rev. Dr. S. P. ...
Designed by ...

WHAT THE CRAFTSMAN INTENDS TO DO TOWARD FOSTERING INTEREST IN HANDICRAFTS BY TEACHING STRUCTURAL DESIGN, AND WHY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER WAS CHOSEN AS INSTRUCTOR

IN this issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, which opens a new year for the magazine, we begin the courses of definite instruction in design and handicraft which we have already announced. As the basis of all good craftsmanship is a knowledge of the principles of design, we give the first place to a series of comprehensive lessons upon "Design in Theory and Practice," by Mr. Ernest A. Batchelder, a teacher, artist and craftsman who adds to his thorough technical knowledge years of practical experience in actual work with his hands. The instruction given in these lessons will furnish to all students who are inclined to foster and increase what creative powers they have a foundation from which may be developed all manner of designs, not only for the making of desired articles, but for ornament based upon and harmonizing with the construction of the piece to be ornamented.

Even in this country, where the movement toward a new and more vital expression of art is showing signs of such vigorous growth and development, it would be hard to find a man more thoroughly qualified to speak with authority upon the subject of design based upon purely structural principles than Mr. Batchelder. He has been a teacher for many years and has already published a book on "The Principles of Design," which has gained wide recognition as an admirably direct and comprehensive treatment of the subject.

These principles, as developed in Mr. Batchelder's book and in the series of

lessons which will continue throughout the coming year, are so in accordance with the viewpoint of *THE CRAFTSMAN* that the author was chosen to strike the keynote of all the educational work upon which we lay so much stress. Mr. Batchelder, as we have said, is not only an artist and teacher, but is a thoroughly trained craftsman who has toiled at the bench in America, England and Germany in order to acquire a working knowledge of handicrafts, and has done equally thorough and conscientious work in the office of an architect, in order that he might gain the same practical experience in the building art. He has traveled in every country which had anything to give him in the way of knowledge or experience that he might bring to the furtherance of his work, and has given to his teaching the same earnestness of purpose and thoroughness of method that has characterized everything in the way of handicrafts that he himself has done.

Mr. Batchelder at present has charge of the art department at Throop Polytechnic, Pasadena, California, a department which includes constructive and applied work as well as the more theoretic forms of art. His work in the Summer School of the Handicraft Guild in Minneapolis has also been productive of most successful results, as he was amply equipped to satisfy the demand of the students for a man who had had the training of both theory and practice and who could see design and construction as parts of one whole.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: A SERIES OF LESSONS: BY ERNEST A. BATCH-ELDER: NUMBER I

"Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful we must have it with us or we find it not."—*Emerson.*

IT is the aim of these articles to be helpful, not only to teachers and students who may be directly interested in the subject, but to the many others who feel the lack of some criterion or standard to assist them in forming a judgment in questions of design. A judgment is of little value unless we can back it with a logical reason. If we would judge wisely and discriminate well it must be on a more stable basis than personal whim or fancy. Hence we may consider as pertinent any serious discussion which aims to define the fundamental principles of design, touching upon a more sane, more artistic production on the one hand, and a more intelligent, more discriminating judgment on the other.

At the start then let us understand that the writer intends to treat the subject of design in as simple and practical a way as possible in order that its appeal may be to the largest number. The purpose is best accomplished by the presentation of a series of problems leading from the simple to the complex. In the development of these problems elementary principles will be defined, and the application of these principles to constructive work illustrated. We learn best by doing. In setting mind and hand to the solution of a definite problem we meet and overcome questions which no amount of reading can foresee. We may attend lectures and indulge in critical discussions of design in terms of language; we may become well versed in the history of art, and in the biographical data pertaining to the lives of artists; yet find ourselves quite at a loss when con-

fronted by a simple, practical, everyday problem in constructive design. An art spirit which does not manifest itself in daily life and work, in the home and in the shop has little true worth.

Unfortunately, in the presentation of this work the value of personal contact is lost. On the other hand, though, this loss of personal contact may have a compensation in the necessity for a clearness and directness in the definition of terms and principles. Nothing can be taken for granted; it must be assumed that you are all beginners. Much will be given you at the start; little will be asked in return. The props will then be removed one by one, throwing you more and more upon your own resources, and finally leaving you, it is hoped, with clearer ideas and firmer convictions. Failing in this, the work has failed in the accomplishment of its purpose.

Mr. Ruskin says that "drawing may be taught by tutors; but design only by heaven." In other words we may be taught to observe things placed before us and to make an adequate, if not an artistic, representation of what we see. In the representation of a chair, for instance, we may prove that a certain line is right or wrong; it admits of demonstration. But in designing a chair we pass beyond questions of right and wrong into fields where other distinctions must be sought. A design for a chair may be interesting or uninteresting, worthy or unworthy; but no man shall say this design is right; that design is wrong. A chair must be comfortable to sit in, strong and durable in all of its parts. These demands alone necessitate certain constructive elements—seat, legs, back, rungs, possibly arms.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

In the adjustment of these constructive elements we have the first step involved in the problem. Thus far distinctions of right and wrong may admit of demonstration. Now supposing it is our intention to make a beautiful chair: Our first clue will be furnished by the various constructive elements; in the adjustment of the lines and proportions demanded by utility. But in the refinement and enrichment of the lines and proportions we are faced by a problem answered only in part by utilitarian demands. Our chair may be structurally adequate, but stupid and altogether uninteresting in design. For the rest we must possess that subtle quantity commonly called good taste. It requires a sound judgment, an appreciation of fundamental principles, a criterion or standard, whether of natural intuition or acquired through long years of training and experience, which will lead us unerringly to the interesting expression of an idea. To stimulate and develop the creative faculty demanded in the production of a design for a chair is quite a different task from developing the faculty of observation required to make an adequate representation of a chair.

To design is to give tangible and definite expression to an idea. The term design implies an interesting, possibly a beautiful, at least an orderly, rendering of this expression. It may seem superfluous to say that we must first have an idea! Yet it is the very paucity of ideas, the lack of imagination, that forms the first stumbling block in the path which leads into our subject. In this age of acute specialization we are so dependent upon others for the things which we gather about us in daily life that few of us know the joy of creative work, of planning, building,

completing things. Where, indeed, can one who uses no tools, practices no craft, attempts no creative work, expect to evolve ideas or find a stimulus to the imagination? The beautiful things which we treasure so carefully in our museums and galleries were designed and executed by men with tools in their hands in those bygone days when art was not afraid of the grime and soot, the din and clatter of a workshop. To such men ideas came without effort and were given expression in terms of wood, metal, stone and paint as part of the day's work. There were no artists then; nothing but craftsmen—some better than others. No one thought of studying design; much less of teaching it. Good taste and sound judgment came as a matter of course during the long years of apprenticeship at the bench. The principles of design were felt intuitively; but through succeeding generations of imitation and adaptation we have too often lost sight of principles and borrowed mere outward forms and symbols. We have drawn upon ideas which were once fresh, real and significant because they embodied in their expression something of the thoughts and feelings of the times in which they were used, but which now appear as misapplied finery.

First, then, we must have an idea. In our expression of that idea we commit ourselves at once to definite lines, forms and tones. The result will be beautiful in a direct ratio to our control of the tools and materials with which we are working, and our appreciation of the principles underlying line, form and tone composition.

What is beauty? How are we to know it when we have achieved it? Things may be pretty, rich, stylish, elegant, and still lack all of the essential elements of beauty.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

Beauty is undefinable, though it is universal. It has no style or period or country. It may appear in an Indian basket woven under the heat of an Arizona sun by one whose life has known no other horizon than the line of the desert mesa tops; it may be found above the plains of Athens in a form so enduring that time, war and pillage have been unable to efface it.

If beauty is undefinable we may at least learn something of the various ways in which it manifests itself. As we may know a man by the character of his acquaintances, so we may learn to recognize the beautiful in design through the associations with which it has always been found. The beautiful thing, whatever it may be, is invariably sane and orderly in arrangement, clear and coherent in expression, frank and straightforward in an acceptance of all the conditions imposed by questions of use, environment, tools, materials and processes. All of these things we can analyze; we can reduce them to simple terms for purposes of study, and endeavor to establish definite principles for our guidance. Then, from simple beginnings through a process of experiment and comparison, a never ending process, we may hope to express ourselves in an orderly, simple and coherent way. "We try for order and hope for beauty."

Where to begin; how to begin. These are questions which interest the student. "Go to Nature," one may say. "There you will find your inspiration and there you will discover all the clues to consistent ornament." But will you? Nature is indeed necessary to the designer, but not to the design. One is reminded of the old Spanish proverb, "He who would bring home the

wealth of the Indies must take the wealth of the Indies with him." What do you expect to find in Nature? What message do you expect she has for you? You may be sure she will return to you just what you take to her; nothing more. It is like seeing faces in the fire. To one the fire is living; the flames dance and laugh and whisper. To another the fire is merely a bed of sputtering coals shedding light and heat through the process of combustion. To each the fire is a reflection of the individual mind. Nature will not equip you with an imagination, furnish you with ideas or teach you how to use the wealth which she places at your hand. These must originate with you. If you have them not, you might as well seek the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow as to expect help from Nature. When we have learned to think in terms of line, form and tone, and have studied the possibilities and limitations of the tools and materials with which we are trying to express ourselves we may then turn to Nature for suggestions and assistance; she will never fail us.

"Go to Historic Ornament," another says. "In the various Historic Styles you will find the key to good ornament." And so we continue to build Gothic churches, and Greek convention halls, and Queen Anne cottages. Many of our designers boast of an ability to design anything from a chair to a house in any given period or style of ornament without an error of detail. What we most need are workers who can approach each new problem unhampered by traditions; though open minded to any structural suggestion which the past may offer, alert to all the possibilities of materials, tools and processes, finding here the stimulus for

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

their ideas, able to express without affectation, in a clear, straightforward way, something of our lives, our times and our environment. It is our continued study of Historic Ornament, our familiarity with so-called styles and periods, that has given us the characterless bog of modern work, a century of borrowed and misused finery. Is it not odd that we should resent plagiarism in literature and music, but complacently accept it as necessary in design? We are sometimes told that originality is no longer possible or desirable; that our best things have already been done for us. But do we not mistake the meaning of originality? It may result from a determination to be unique, eccentric, different; but we may be quite as original without departing from paths of order, simplicity and frankness.

The writer recalls a time when he was asked, in the course of events, to study Greek ornament. He gathered about him all the dry bones of Greek art which the archæologists have reproduced with such deadly, unsympathetic accuracy. The problem to which this research led was the designing of an umbrella stand in the Greek style of ornament. Nothing was said of good, strong Greek art as distinguished from the weak, paltry efforts of decadent designers. It is less important that we should possess an accurate knowledge of the details of any style or period, than that we should have some standard of judgment to enable us to choose the good from the bad. If we would study Historic Ornament, then let it be as ornament and not as history. To this end, as in our approach to Nature, we must learn to think in terms of line, form and tone.

Our problems follow closely along

the line of racial development in design. They did not originate in any theory that this should be so. It is something of a coincidence, the more interesting in that the work is the result of several years of observation and experience in constructive work with pupils of various ages. Briefly the racial development in design is as follows: In the early stages of primitive work geometric motifs dominate. This is not because primitive minds have a natural bent toward geometry, but because in the practice of their earliest crafts the materials used have necessitated an expression through geometric ornament. Weaving or plaiting is the first craft to offer an opportunity for a distinctive artistic expression. In weaving or plaiting strands of grass, bark or other materials, an accidental variation of line, form or tone may have been seized upon as a keynote. In an orderly adjustment of these variations, in a continued practice with the materials, and a wider application of the craft, the first simple patterns were improved and perfected. Later, when clay, wood, metal and other materials become more generally employed, the influence of geometric ornament remains; the familiar patterns are applied with gradual modifications to other forms.

In the meantime graphic expression was attempted; contemporaneous with the earliest work in design are rude sketches of animals, birds, men and women. The interest is in a depiction of animate life. It is the translation of animate life into terms of geometric design that we find the next interesting development. In many cases a mere symbol results; again the derivation is unmistakable. This interplay between the geometric and animate life brings us to the

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

final stage of primitive work. People do not find a source of suggestion and inspiration in inanimate life, leaves, flowers, etc., until they have passed into a stage of culture which cannot be designated as primitive. We shall start, then, under the restraint imposed by geometric ornament, seek a definition of elementary principles through that means, find our first suggestions from nature in animate life and gradually essay the production of work involving greater freedom and a wider play of the imagination.

FOR those who may wish to undertake the solution of the problems to be given the following list of materials is suggested:

- (1) Drawing board.
- (2) Pencil, medium.
- (3) Eraser.
- (4) Sheet of "squared-underlay" or engine ruled paper. That which is ruled into quarter-inch squares is best.
- (5) Several sheets of transparent Japanese watercolor paper.
- (6) Watercolor box of six colors and charcoal gray. For various reasons the "School Arts Color Box," manufactured by the Wadsworth, Howland Co., of Boston, is recommended as being best suited to the color problems which will be given.
- (7) Brushes: A large one for washes and a small one for lines.
- (8) Bottle of waterproof India ink.
- (9) Thumbtacks.

Under the assumption that the tools and materials with which we are to work are not entirely familiar, a few words as to their use may be advisable. Pin a sheet of the transparent paper over a sheet of the squared-underlay. The paper should be tight and flat with a thumbtack in each corner and one in the center

of each side. The object of the squared-underlay is to furnish a guide in the measures and directions of lines. It will be found of material use, helping in many ways, where a ruler or other mechanical device will hamper. Now take a small brush and try a few ink lines of varying widths. The paper should be in a horizontal position; the brush perpendicular to the paper. Press the brush down until a line of the desired width is gained; then using the little finger as a gauge drag the brush steadily across the paper. A well rendered line demands more practice and care than might be expected. It should be of approximately the same width throughout; but in no sense with the mechanical accuracy of a ruled line.

PROBLEM: Proposition One:— There should be such an adjustment of the space and mass relations in a design that the spotting, as a whole, will be of interest. To this end there should be a dominant space and a dominant mass, with other spaces and masses subordinate.



FIGURE ONE

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

Several explanations may be demanded. It will be our object, through a number of problems, to define the above proposition. For the present let us say that by space we refer to the part of a design that is left untouched. In Fig. 1 the space is the plain weaving of the basket; in Plate I the spaces in each design are the spots of white untouched paper, bits of silence, left as a background. By mass we refer to the portion of the design that is given up to the ornament, whatever it may be. In Fig. 1 we would call the mass the area of darker weaving; in Plate I the concentration of lines in each design furnishes a mass which, contrasted with the space, forms a spotting of light and dark. By a dominant space or mass we refer to a space or mass that dominates the design by reason of its tone, measure or shape.

In Plate I, Figures ii, iii, iv, v, we find an interest in the big, simple spotting of the designs. By way of comparison Fig. vi lacks force and strength. We may feel that we are beginning to exercise some command over our materials and tools when we can adjust these relations of space and mass at will, alter their tones, measures or shapes to conform to the idea we wish to express.

As a first effort in design we shall find our resources sufficiently taxed

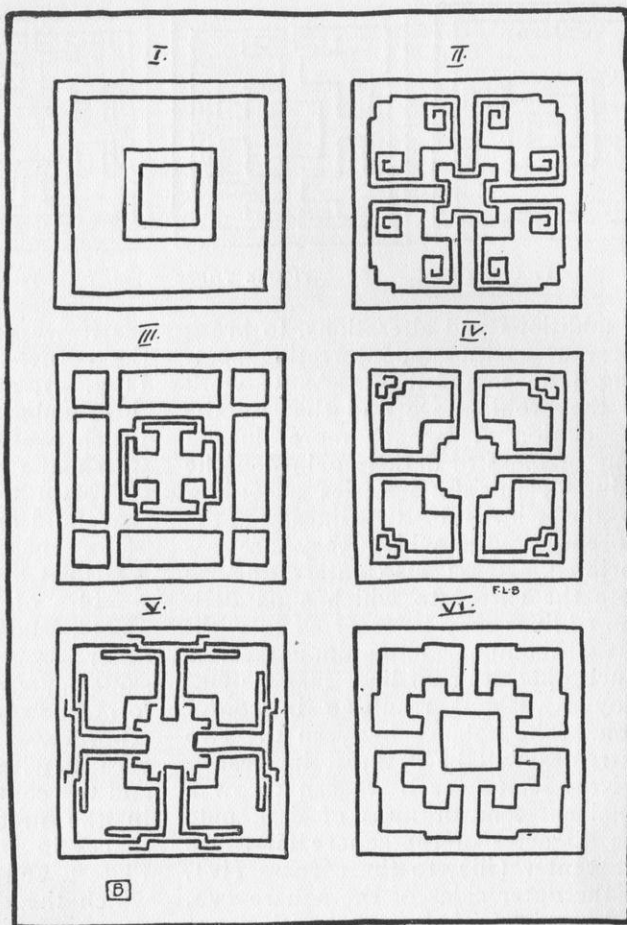


PLATE ONE

by a limitation to straight lines, vertical and horizontal. Stretch a piece of transparent paper over the squared-underlay; draw with light pencil lines a four-inch square, with another square one-quarter inch inside the first. Draw in the center a third square two inches in diameter with a fourth a quarter-inch inside of this. We shall then have a result similar to Plate I, Fig. i. From this starting point, under the limitations imposed, we will endeavor, by means

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

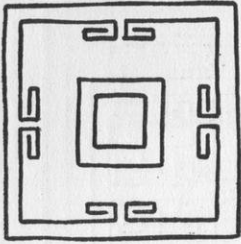


FIGURE TWO

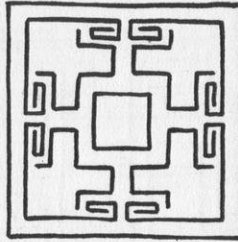


FIGURE THREE

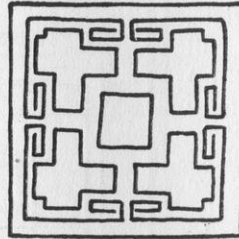


FIGURE FOUR

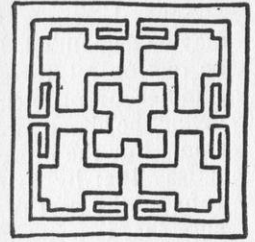


FIGURE FIVE

of additions and alterations, to break these areas into an interesting spotting of space and mass. As we work at the problem we find that by the association of two or more lines a tone or mass of dark is gained. The value of this tone varies according to the widths of the lines, or the closeness with which they are associated. It is also interesting to note the extent to which a parallelism of lines may be resorted to without becoming monotonous; how much opposition of lines may be employed without resulting in confusion. The balance between the two extremes will be of most interest.

Now let us see if we can throw a dominant tone or mass of dark onto the diameter of the square (ii), into the center (iii), to the corners (iv), to the outer sides of the square (v), and retain withal a contrasting opposition of space or silence. The space is quite as important in the design as the mass.

In order that we may get a right start Figures 2, 3, 4, 5 are added to show a possible development of such a problem. It is our purpose to throw the dominant mass of the design on to the outer sides of the square. This is accomplished at once in Fig. 2; but there is lack of interest elsewhere. In Fig. 3 the big areas are broken and the various elements are bound together. Let us

see if we can give more interest to the corners (Fig. 4), to the center (Fig. 5), and still manage to keep them subordinate to the idea with which we started. We must also watch the areas of white in order to retain the necessary contrast of space and mass.

PROBLEM:—Let us clinch the idea of space and mass arrangement of lines by the solution of another problem which presents the same material in a slightly different form, the repetition of a unit through a border. We are just as much concerned with the grouping of lines and the contrasting spots of white as in the first problem. Fill in the spaces in any one of the designs in Plate 2 and note the immediate loss which the design suffers. We may then appreciate the value of the background as a factor in the result.

In a solution of this problem we are brought to another important consideration. The mere repetition of a unit at regular intervals is at the best a mechanical process; we can hardly distinguish it by calling it designing. But by interrelating or binding together the various units of repeat in such way that each unit supports or completes its neighbor we are really beginning to exercise our faculty for designing. By way of illustration, in Fig. 6 there is no

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

particular merit in the regular repetition of a geometric figure. Each unit stands severely by itself, scarcely on speaking terms with its neighbors. But in the second section of the border we are imparting some thought to a solution of the problem by giving to the result a unity or wholeness through an interrelation of all the units of repeat.

Plate 2 shows several expressions of the idea. In the evolution of a piece of work of this character there must be many experiments and comparisons, and a final choice of the best expression. The result is not complete until we feel that no line, space or mass can be altered without destroying the unity of the result. A few trials will be sufficient to demonstrate the importance of each line and area; the slightest change at any point results in an entire change of effect or spotting in the whole. Each design becomes a carefully tuned symphony

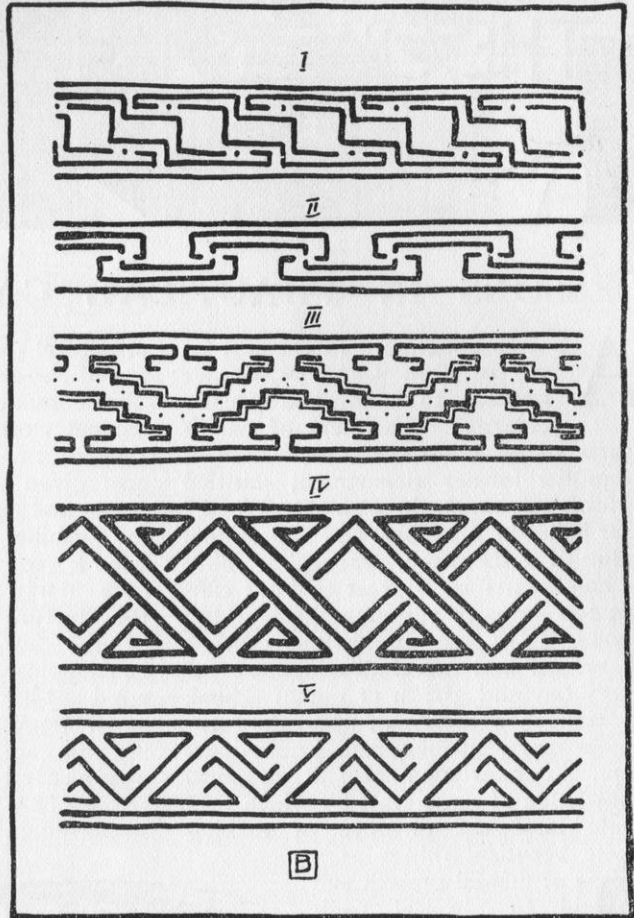


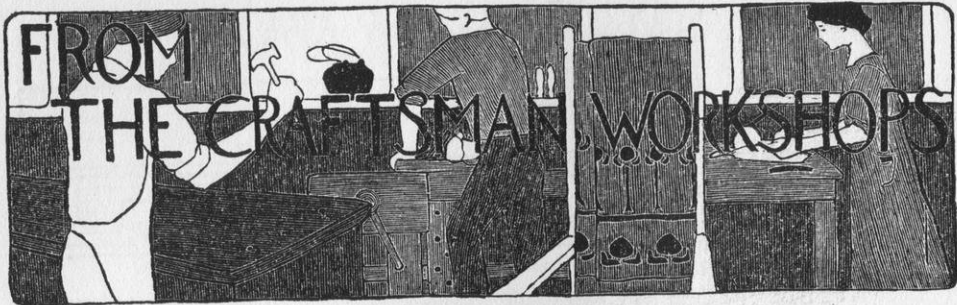
PLATE TWO

in straight lines, perfect and complete in itself.

(To be continued.)



FIGURE SIX

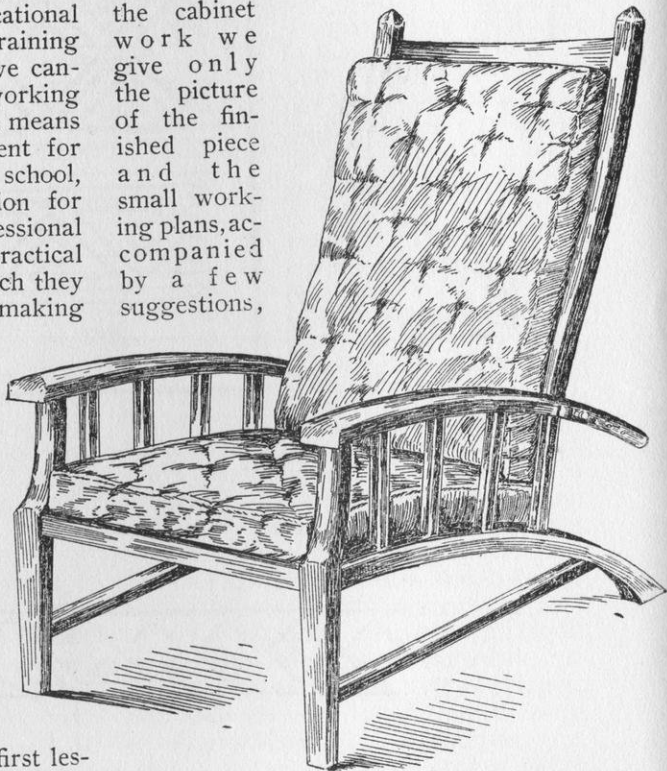


LESSONS IN PRACTICAL CABINET WORK

AS was announced in the last issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, we purpose to conduct a greatly enlarged department of handicrafts of all kinds, as a development from the former department entitled "Home Training in Cabinet Work." Our belief in the moral and educational value of a thorough, practical training in handicrafts is so great that we cannot too strongly advocate the working knowledge of some one craft as a means of mental and moral development for every boy and girl in or out of school, as well as a means of recreation for nerve-weary business and professional men. For women also a practical knowledge of some craft by which they could have the pleasure of making really beautiful things as a means of mental growth and an aid to physical well-being, is an advantage, the importance of which can easily be proven by anyone who tries it. We purpose during the year to take up work in wood, metal and leather, needle work, weaving, stenciling, block printing, book binding, pottery and kindred crafts, as well as a thorough course in designing, wood finishing and house decoration. In the present number we publish the first lesson of our contemplated course in

structural design, which should be followed carefully in doing original work.

The models given here are all for cabinet work and metal work. In the case of the latter careful instructions are given regarding both measurements and method of working, but with the cabinet work we give only the picture of the finished piece and the small working plans, accompanied by a few suggestions,

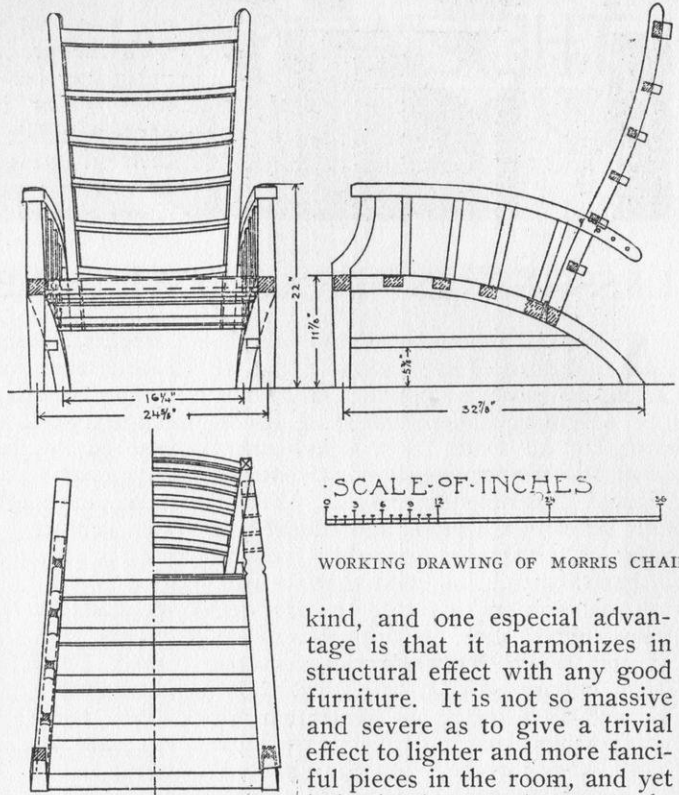


DESIGN OF ORIGINAL MORRIS CHAIR.

LESSONS IN CABINET WORK

as more detailed instruction seems unnecessary. Owing to the greater length of the department as it now stands, we are compelled to omit the mill bills for stock in the cabinet work, as they take more space than can be spared, and also because a mill bill can easily be made out by the individual worker from the measurements given in the working drawing.

THE beautiful Morris chair given here as a model for advanced workers, is an almost exact replica of the original chair designed by William Morris, which is, of course, the model from which all the modifications of this comfortable and useful chair have been made. No better or more comfortable chair was ever designed. The curve of the side rails down into the back leg is not only a graceful and unusual feature of the construction, but it gives a curve to the side itself which makes it fit the body in a way that gives the greatest amount of restfulness. The chair seems to hold out an invitation to complete repose and relaxation, and this feeling is carried out by the backward slope of the curve which conveys to one sitting in the chair the feeling of being held in. The arms follow the curve of the side rail, and the back also is curved both in posts and uprights to fit the body. This chair has always seemed to me one of the best of its

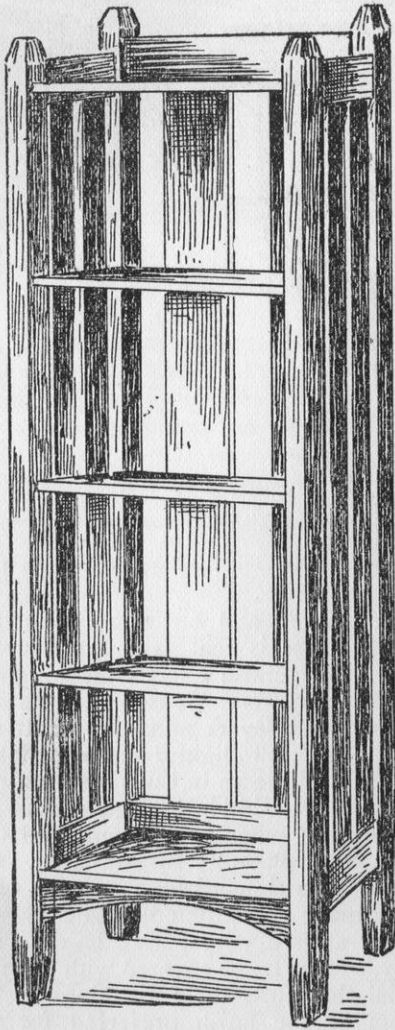


kind, and one especial advantage is that it harmonizes in structural effect with any good furniture. It is not so massive and severe as to give a trivial effect to lighter and more fanciful pieces in the room, and yet it is simple enough not to obtrude itself when brought into relation with the plainest furnishings. The cushions as shown here should be carefully made about four inches thick and firmly stuffed with curled hair. They may, of course, be covered with any material that suits the furnishings of the room or the finish preferred for the chair.

As this is a piece more than usually difficult to make and the comparatively unskilled worker will require very accurate drawings, we not only give the small working drawings as shown here, but are prepared to furnish any further aid or suggestion in our power to any of our students who desire to attempt the piece.

The small table desk shown in the

LESSONS IN CABINET WORK

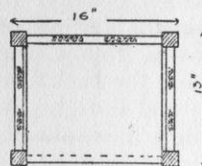
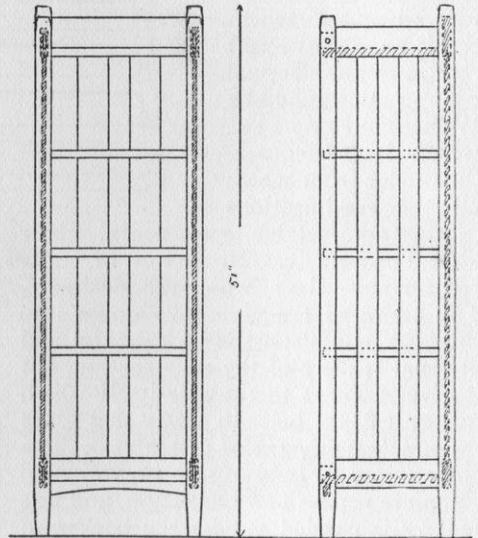


MAGAZINE OR MUSIC CABINET.

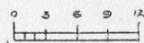
next illustration is much easier to make than the Morris chair, and yet is a piece that requires careful workmanship and close attention to the details of construction. The greatest care should be given, naturally, to the fitting of the two drawers and to the finish of the whole piece. All the difference in effect between a crude piece of work

and one that would bear comparison with the production of a skilled cabinet-maker lies in the care given to the finish. For instance, the edges and corners, while sharp enough to retain their crispness of outline, should always be softened sufficiently to take off any suggestion of harshness, and the wood should be sandpapered and rubbed until it has the dull satiny surface that is so attractive and that brings out all the beauty of color, texture and grain.

The small chair shown in our illustration is suitable either for a desk chair or for use in a small dining room. It is not difficult to make, requiring only the same care in workmanship and finish that is given to any good piece of hand-made furniture. The seat, if properly made, will retain its shape as long as the chair lasts. Make the four-



SCALE OF INCHES.



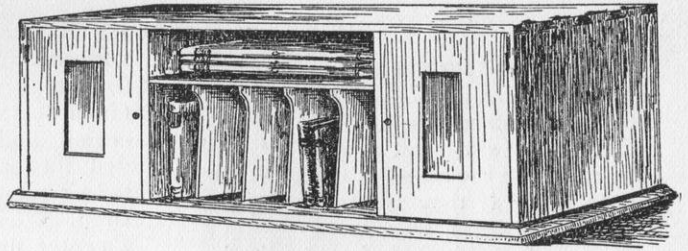
WORKING DRAWING OF CABINET.

LESSONS IN CABINET WORK

dation of thick, firm canvas, which is to be stretched tightly over the side rails, wrapped clear around and nailed underneath. Then over this weave heavy webbing as closely as the width of the strands will permit, and lay just enough padding over the top of this to give a smooth surface and not enough to interfere with the perfect flatness of the seat. Then stretch the seat covering over the rails, wrap it around and nail it on the inside. The square-headed nails shown at the corners are used merely to fasten the covering around the post. We regard heavy leather as the best covering for a seat of this description, but it could be made of any desired material that is durable enough to stand the wear at the edges where it is stretched over the rails.

The magazine or music cabinet shows an attractive structural feature in the sides and back, which are made of slats instead of being solidly closed in. It is an interesting piece for fairly advanced workers, and, while requiring some skill and a good deal of care to make it satisfactory, it is not too difficult for boys who understand how to use their tools.

The small portable cabinet shown in these two illustrations is for use on the top of any table which is used as a writing table. It is provided with little compartments which are protected by doors with flat key locks, and with a shelf and pigeonholes for books and papers. The piece is perfectly plain except for the slight decorative touch of the

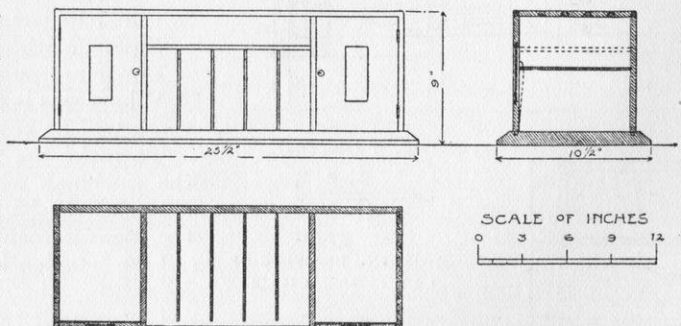


PORTABLE CABINET.

dovetailing seen at the ends, but if the wood is well chosen and carefully finished it will be found a very convenient and satisfactory piece of furniture as well as an interesting model for young workmen.

Much simpler and in a smaller way quite as convenient is the letter file which is also meant for use on a writing table. It has four compartments for note paper, envelopes and letters, and here again the only decorative structural touch is in the dovetailing which joins the sides and ends. An extremely useful piece of furniture for the home bookkeeper.

With the exception of the Morris chair, which stands by itself, the models given here form a complete set for a library, studio or den, and can be made without difficulty by any amateur cabinet-maker who has gained some experience in construction and the use of tools.



WORKING DRAWING OF PORTABLE CABINET.

LESSONS IN METAL WORK

METAL WORK

The models for metal work shown this month are all simple, but, without exception, interesting. While not requiring any very great amount of skill, they will give the amateur metal worker plenty to do if they are to be finished in a workmanlike way.

In the first place, before beginning even the simplest piece of metal work, the student requires the following list of tools:

- I bench anvil about 2" by 6" face.
- I vise—3½" jaws.
- I hand drill press 18" high, (drills generally come with small presses).
- I piece of lead about 6" square and 1" thick.
- I ¾ lb. ball-pein hammer.
- I 1½ lb. ball-pein hammer.
- I hack saw, frame and blades.
- I pair tin snips, about 10" or 12"

long is required.

I Bunsen burner and hose.

(Nail sets can be annealed and hammered into a small chisel or punches as desired.

I center punch.

I cold chisel ¼" wide.

I cold chisel ½" wide.

I ball iron to clamp in vise for hammering concave pieces.

I piece of iron ¾" sq. and 10" long, (for use in riveting).

I piece of iron ¾" diameter, round, 10" long, (for use in riveting).

I steel square.

I 2-foot rule.

I pair of long flat-nose pliers.

I pair of end cutting nippers (cutting off tacks, etc.).

I small screw driver.

I medium size screw driver.

I pair steel dividers.

I 8" flat bastard file.

I 6" half round bastard file.

I 6" round bastard file.

I 8" half round smooth file.

Emery cloth of different surfaces.

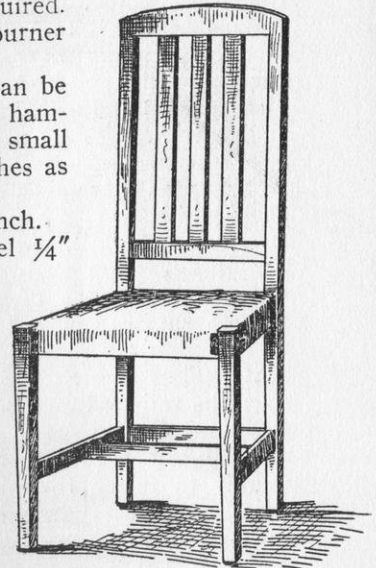
Powdered pumice stone.

Where gas is not to be had a gasoline torch will be convenient.

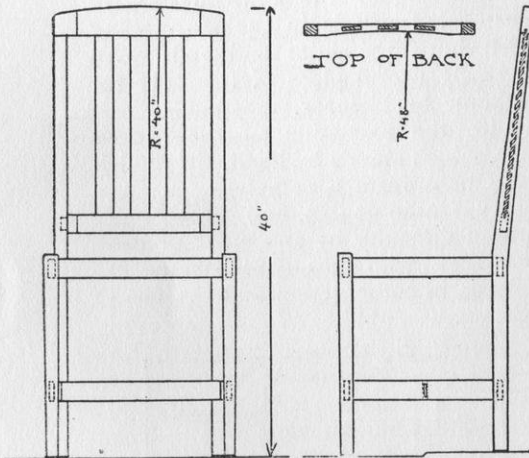
To make the wall sconce Number 1, the workman will require the following materials to be prepared according to the measurements given:

One wooden back 11" long, 4" wide, ½" thick.

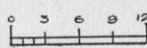
One wooden shelf 4" long, 4" wide, ⅝" thick.



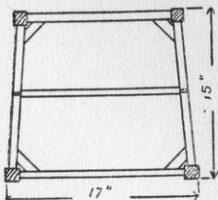
CRAFTSMAN CHAIR.



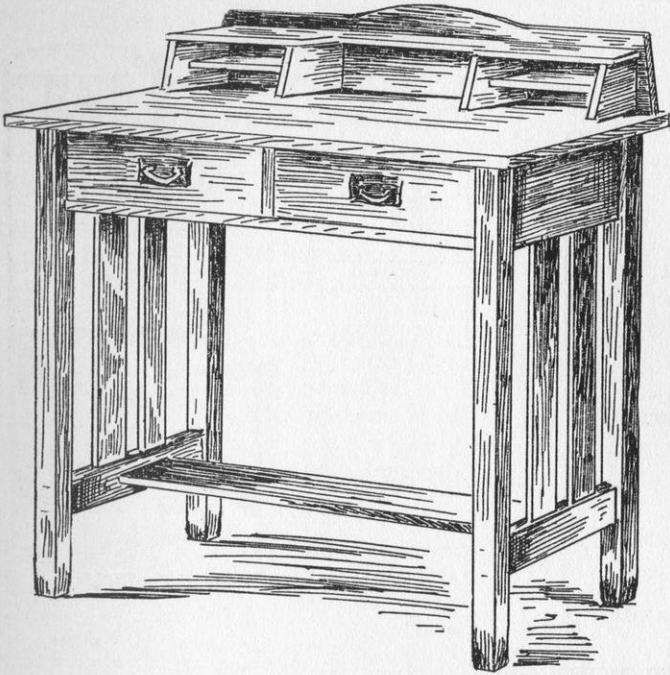
SCALE OF INCHES



WORKING DRAWING OF CRAFTSMAN CHAIR.



LESSONS IN METAL WORK



A TABLE DESK.

Two wooden brackets $2\frac{1}{2}$ " deep, 1" wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick.

One copper plate $8\frac{1}{2}$ " long, $3\frac{1}{4}$ " wide, No. 20 gauge.

One candle cup $\frac{7}{8}$ " in diameter, 1" high.

One rim to cup $1\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter.

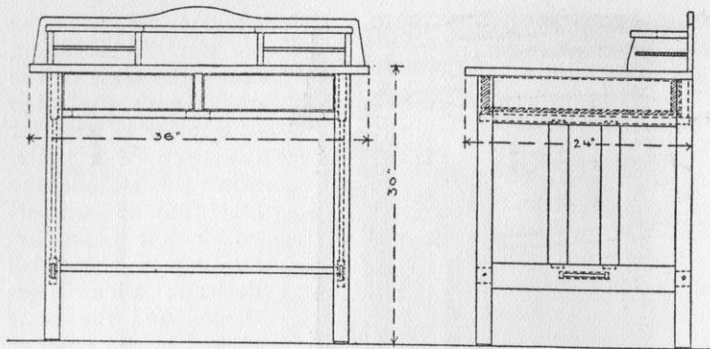
Twenty escutcheon pins $\frac{3}{8}$ " long.

From a well-seasoned piece of oak or other wood, saw the back shelf and brackets according to the measurements given above. The brackets and shelf should be glued to the back with cabinet-makers' glue. Then cut the plate of metal for the back, flattening it carefully by laying on a flat surface, putting a block of wood on top and hammering on the block. This method will flatten out the metal without hardening or denting it. It is always best to avoid hardening metal before it is shaped, as it is then much easier to work. After the metal is flat, file the

edges and remove the file burr by scraping along the edge of the metal with the edge of a piece of steel or the back of a knife. After this is done, the plate may be hammered or left plain, according to the finish desired; the holes drilled and the plate tacked to the wooden back with escutcheon pins. If the pins are placed in the vise and the heads are lightly hammered before tacking to the wooden back a much better finish will be made, especially if the metal plate is hammered.

The cup can then be made. First cut a strip of metal $3\frac{1}{8}$ " long and $1\frac{1}{4}$ " wide. Mark off the length in four equal parts, allowing $\frac{1}{8}$ " on each end for lap. Then leave four tongues or lugs $\frac{1}{4}$ " wide by $\frac{1}{4}$ " long at the bottom edge, and cut out the space between these lugs. After bending the cup and making the lap, drill the holes in the lap and insert escutcheon pins to hold the metal together. The points of these pins should be cut off, leaving only enough to rivet. After riveting, the tongues or lugs can be bent at right angles with the cup and one hole drilled in each one. Next make the cup flange, or rim, of a round disk $1\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter. An inner circle must be formed the same size as the inner diameter of the cup. Two lugs should be left in this inner circle and the remainder cut out. After this the lugs should be bent down at right angles to fit inside of the cup and riveted to the cup. This will leave a clear space

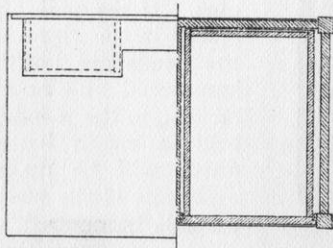
LESSONS IN METAL WORK



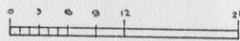
sired color appears. Care should be taken that it is not heated too long; otherwise the metal will turn black.

The second wall sconce with the curved back will require the following materials and measurements:

One wooden back 12" long, $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick and 4" wide—which allows $\frac{1}{2}$ " for the curve at the top. One shelf 4" deep, $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick and 4" wide at



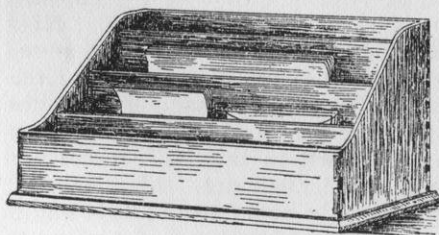
SCALE OF INCHES-



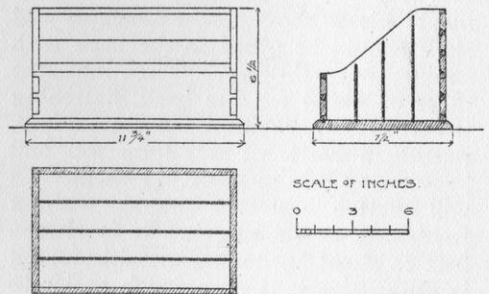
WORKING DRAWING FOR TABLE DESK.

for the candle. The lap of the cup should face toward the front, and the lugs of the cup flange should be riveted to the sides of the cup. After the cup and flange are riveted together, the cup can be fastened to the shelf with escutcheon pins, driven through lugs left at the bottom of the cup. The metal can be finished by rubbing thoroughly with a cloth and powdered pumice stone. If a dark finish is wanted, the piece can be held over a fire or torch after the rubbing with pumice stone until the de-

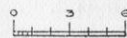
scribed drawing in to a point, giving the same shape as appears at the top of the sconce. Two brackets $2\frac{1}{2}$ " deep, 1" wide and $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick curved. One candle cup $\frac{7}{8}$ " in diameter, 1" high. Rim cup $1\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter. Eighteen escutcheon pins $\frac{3}{8}$ " long. The wooden back of this sconce can be carved or left plain, as desired. The shelf is cut into a curve the same as the top, the back edges of the shelf pushed



LETTER FILE



SCALE OF INCHES.



WORKING DRAWING OF LETTER FILE

LESSONS IN METAL WORK

flush with the back of the sconce, with the front part flaring rather wider. Otherwise the methods of workmanship are the same as described in the sconce shown in the first illustration. Each sconce should have a "blind eye" at the back, which will catch over a nail head on the wall. This can be made by boring a hole about $\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter in the back of the wood, but care must be taken not to allow the point of the auger to penetrate to the surface at the front. A round copper disk about 1" in diameter with a hole large enough to go over the head of a nail should then be tacked over the auger hole.

For the letter rack, the materials and measurements are:

Black plate 8" x 6" extreme measurement.

Center plate $8\frac{1}{2}$ " x 5" extreme measurement.

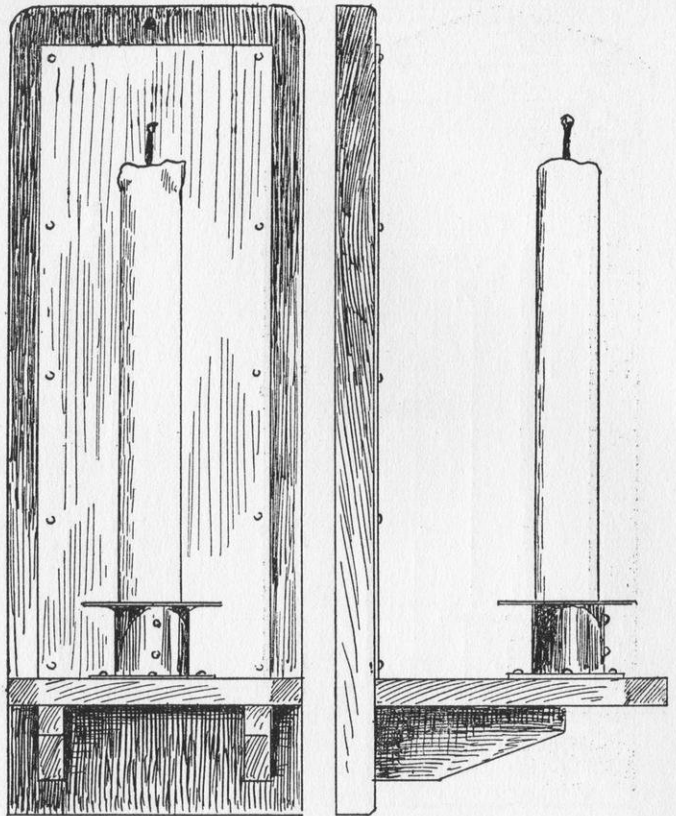
Front plate 8" x $4\frac{1}{4}$ " extreme measurement.

End pieces $5\frac{1}{4}$ " extreme height, $3\frac{3}{8}$ " extreme width.

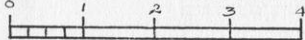
Back corner pieces 5" long, $\frac{1}{2}$ " long at each angle.

Front corner pieces $3\frac{5}{8}$ " long, $\frac{1}{2}$ " long at each angle.

In making this letter rack, the back, the center and front plates have an allowance of $\frac{1}{4}$ " to be bent at right angles at the bottom. The end pieces



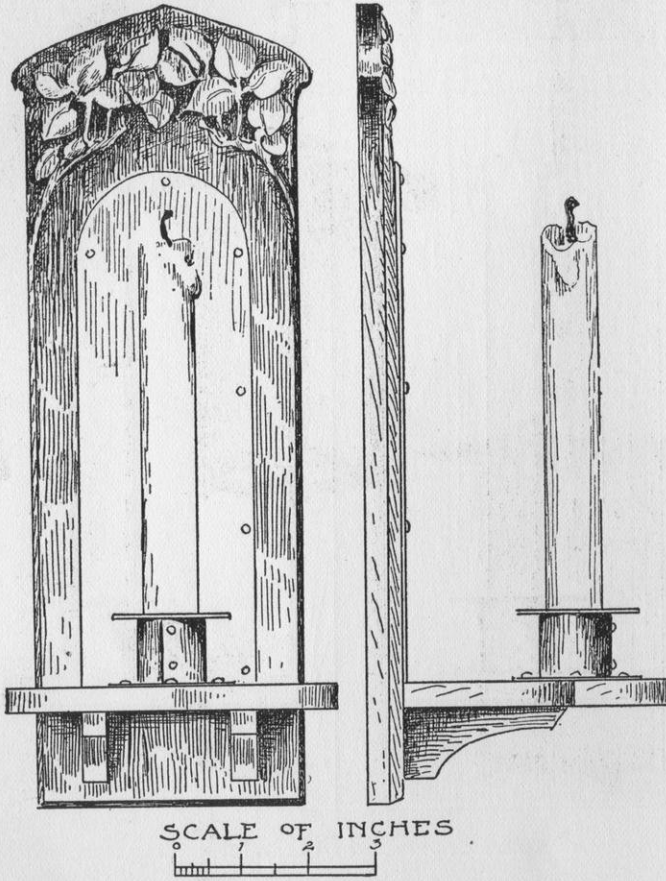
SCALE OF INCHES



WALL SCONCE NUMBER ONE.

also have an allowance of $\frac{1}{4}$ " for the angle to be bent at the bottom. The four $\frac{1}{4}$ " angles of the outer pieces are bent inward. The angle of the center plate is bent backward, and $\frac{1}{4}$ " is allowed for an angle at each end of the center plate to be bent back. The corner angles are bent from an inch strip, forming $\frac{1}{2}$ " angles. If a hammered effect is desired, the hammering should be done before the angles are bent, and also it will be of great advantage to anneal the metal before

LESSONS IN METAL WORK



SCIONCE NUMBER TWO

filed flush. It would be best to apply felt or sheepskin to the bottom plate, so that the table will not be marred by any edge of metal. This can be done by painting the bottom plate with shellac and immediately applying the leather or felt, and then allowing it to set a few hours to prevent it from slipping.

For the round serving tray the material and measurements are as follows:

Size of circle 17"; including handles, 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

Width of rim, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "; depth, $\frac{3}{4}$ "; gauge of copper, No. 19 or No. 20.

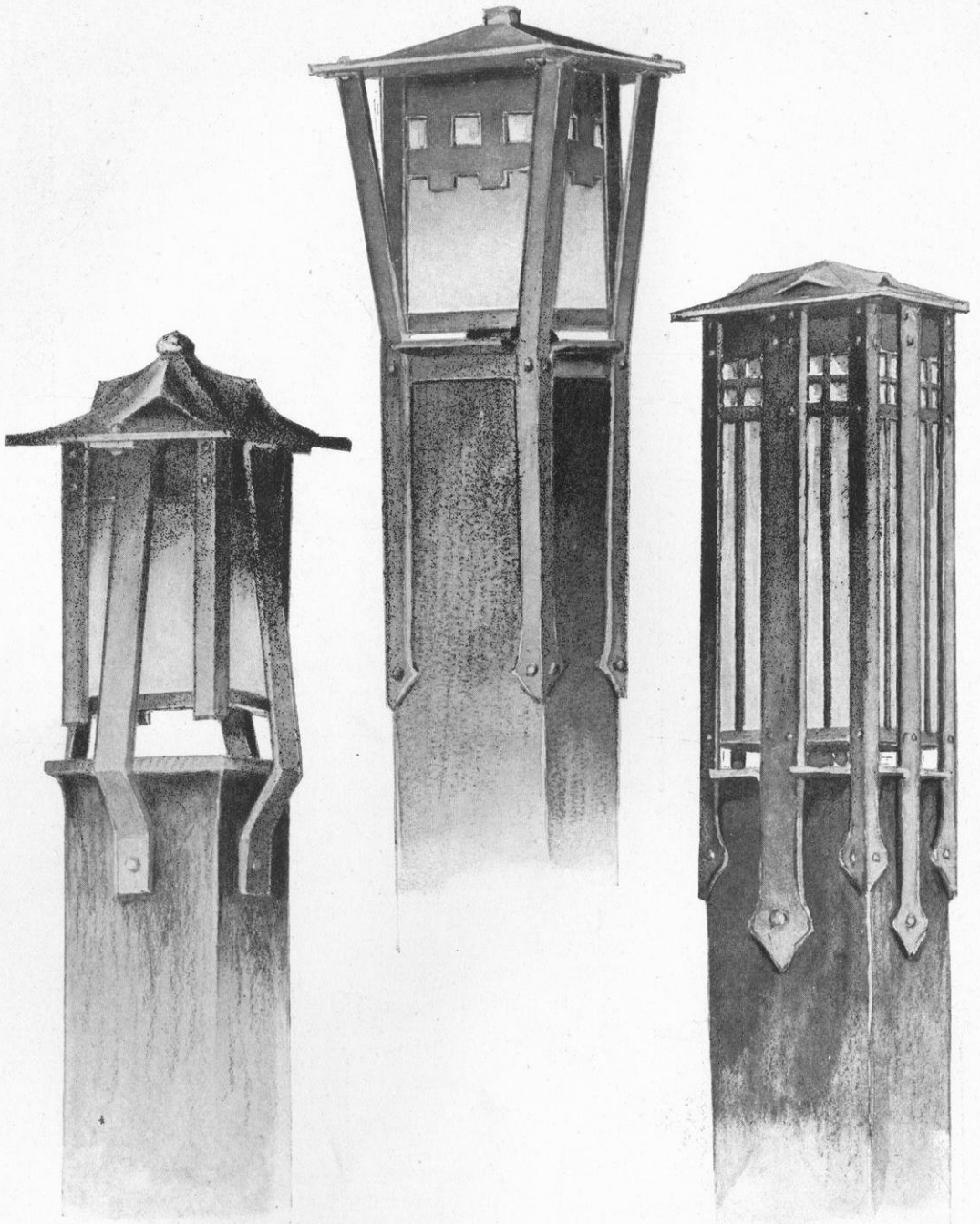
Cut from a sheet of soft copper with a pair of snips or tinner's shears, a piece of the length and width given above. A pattern should be used for cutting the handles. After following the pencil line very closely with the shears, the metal should be flat-

tened as described above by laying on a smooth, flat surface and hammering it out by striking on a block of wood. The edges should then be filed and the file burr removed with a piece of steel as already described. After this is done mark the rim around the tray, being careful to maintain the width given in the list of measurements. Then take a piece of lead about 6" or 8" square and 1" thick. First hammer down a concave in the lead about $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep, then lay the copper sheet on the lead, holding it up at an angle and begin to

bending the angles. In assembling the rack, first rivet the three face plates to the bottom, placing the $\frac{1}{4}$ " angles of the back and front plates under the bottom plate and the $\frac{1}{4}$ " angle of the center plate on top of the bottom plate, riveting all angles to the bottom plate. The corner angles should then be riveted to the back of the front plates; after this the ends can be slipped into place and riveted complete. The rivet holes in the bottom piece should be countersunk on the end side, and after riveting, the rivets should be



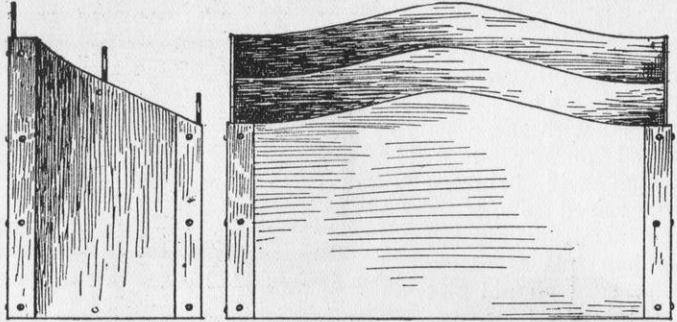
HAND-WROUGHT METAL LANTERNS
FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOP.

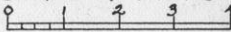


A STRUCTURAL FINISH FOR NEWEL POSTS: SHOWING HOW A PLAIN COLUMN CAN BE ORNAMENTED BY AN APPROPRIATE HAND-WROUGHT LAMP.

LESSONS IN METAL WORK

hammer down the metal just inside of the inner line of the rim. Hammer all around until the metal is sunk to the proper depth. After this, anneal the copper by placing it in a fire or holding it over a torch. This annealing will be found very useful in flattening out the dents made by hammering in the lead. After it is heated to a cherry red, cool off in water then lay the bottom of the tray on an anvil and with the flat of the hammer begin in one corner and continue hammering all around very lightly, just enough to take out the large dents and the twist, if there is any. Next lay the rim on the edge of the anvil and smooth it out. Then set the tray on edge or on the drop beveled and smooth this out also, using the ball-pein of the hammer this time. Anneal again and turn the tray over



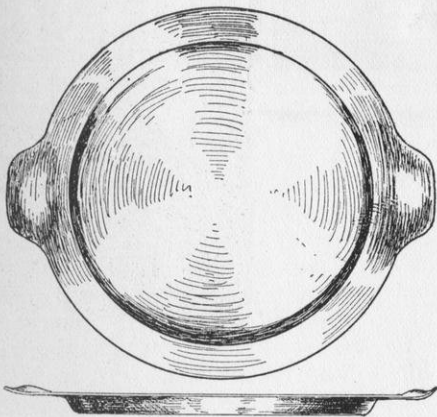
SCALE OF INCHES



LETTER RACK.

face down and hammer lightly on the edge to take out the warp. If the bottom of the tray is found to be buckled up in the center, the buckling is caused by the stretching of the metal under hammering, and the best way to remove it is to hammer all around the edge of the bottom, hammering out from the center; that is, holding the hammer at a slight angle and striking from the center to the edge. This, if carefully done, will take out the buckle. The tendency to warp and buckle always appears when the metal is hammered more in one place than another, and the best way to overcome it is to hammer all around the place that is buckled.

After the tray is made perfectly flat, it should be modeled with either the ball-pein or the flat of the hammer, whichever seems best, but the method chosen must be carried throughout. To form the concave in the handles lay the handle end of the tray face down on the lead already referred to and hammer down to the desired depth. Then turn over and smooth out by hammering on the ball iron which is held in the vise.

The tray is flat now except for the finishing, which should be done with powdered pumice stone and fire, as already described. If a very dark finish



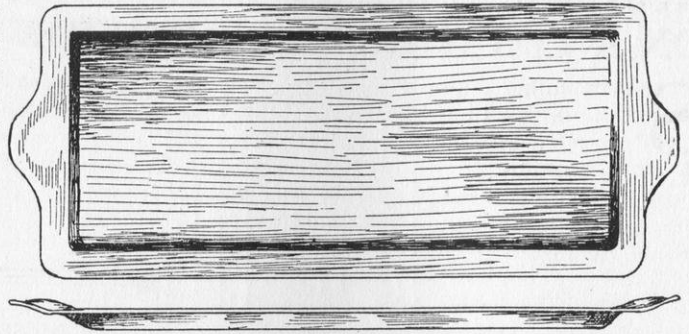
SCALE OF INCHES


ROUND SERVING TRAY.

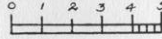
LESSONS IN METAL WORK

is desired, the copper may be heated long enough to turn it black and then rubbed with the powdered pumice stone, which will brighten the raised places on the metal, leaving the sunken places dark. The tray should not be lacquered as age gives the best possible finish, and this is prevented by lacquering.

In the case of the rectangular serving tray the method of working is precisely the same as that just described, and the list of materials and measurements is: Width, $9\frac{1}{2}$ " ; extreme length, 22" ; width of rim, 1" ; depth, $\frac{5}{8}$ " ; gauge of copper, No. 20.

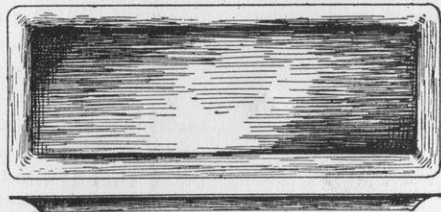


SCALE OF INCHES

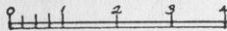


RECTANGULAR SERVING TRAY.

The pin tray requires only one piece of flat copper $8\frac{1}{4}$ " long and $3\frac{1}{4}$ " wide. It is made in the same way as the larger trays, but care should be taken to avoid hammering too hard, on account of the difference in the size of the trays.



SCALE OF INCHES



PIN TRAY.

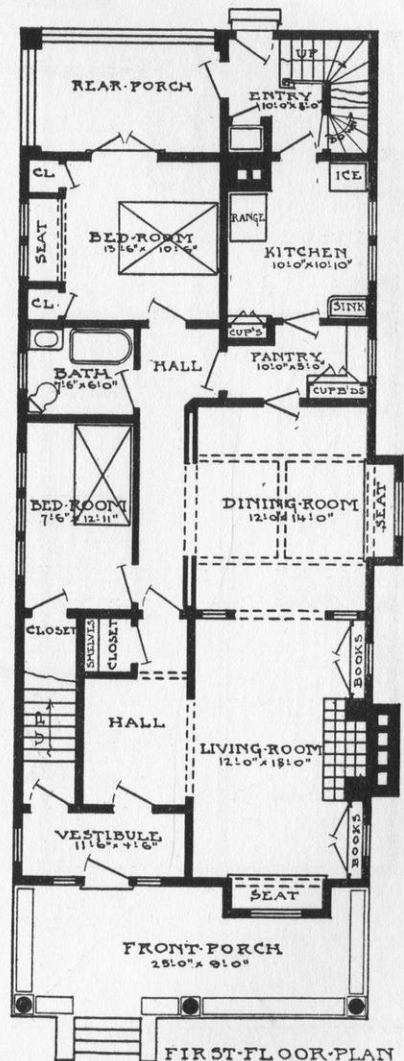
A CRAFTSMAN CITY HOUSE, PLANNED TO ACCOMMODATE TWO FAMILIES AND BUILT ON A LOT THIRTY FEET WIDE

SOME months ago a problem was brought to us which proved interesting not only in itself, but on account of its application to a condition which in city life is almost universal. It was this: A man who owned a lot in Brooklyn thirty feet wide by one hundred feet deep, desired to build within this space a CRAFTSMAN house, which should not only show a departure from the usual design of the city house in such matters as economy of space, arrangement of rooms, interesting structural features that would serve as a basis for interior decorations and furnishing, etc., but would accommodate two families who desired to live independently of one another as they would in separate houses.

It has often been brought to our attention by people living in cities that all our plans were for detached dwellings in the country or the suburbs, where the houses could have the environment of ample grounds and be given all the room necessary to carry out any idea of arrangement that seemed desirable. This method of living in the open, with plenty of room and green growing things all around has been so much more in accordance with the CRAFTSMAN idea of a home environment than any house cramped to fit the dimensions of a city lot, that our suggestions for house building have naturally taken the form of dwellings best fitted for the country. The number and frequency, however, of the requests which have come to us for city houses made the present problem one that we have taken much interest in working out. The house has been built and is now occupied, and the owner has kindly given us permission to reproduce the plans and two per-

spective drawings, to serve as a possible suggestion for other city houses which must meet the same conditions.

As the owner desired a detached house with a walk on either side, it

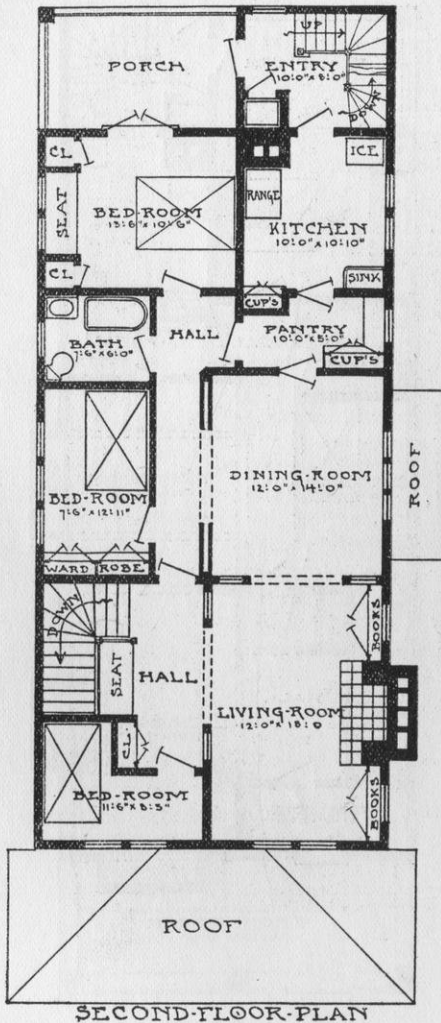


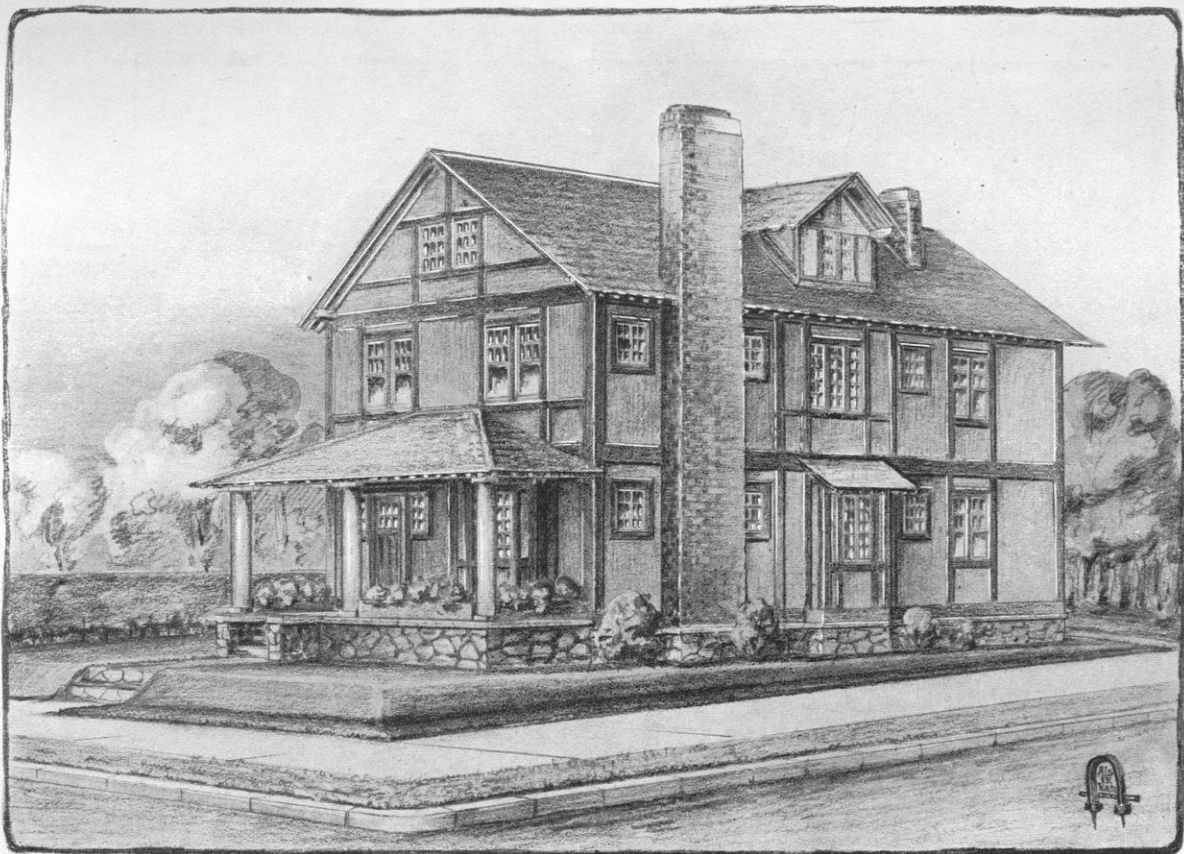
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

was necessary to bring the dimensions of our plans within a very narrow space. Accordingly, the width of the house was fixed at twenty-five feet, with a depth of sixty-eight feet, including the front porch, which is nine feet wide. The first story is occupied by a tenant, the owner reserving the second floor for himself and his family.

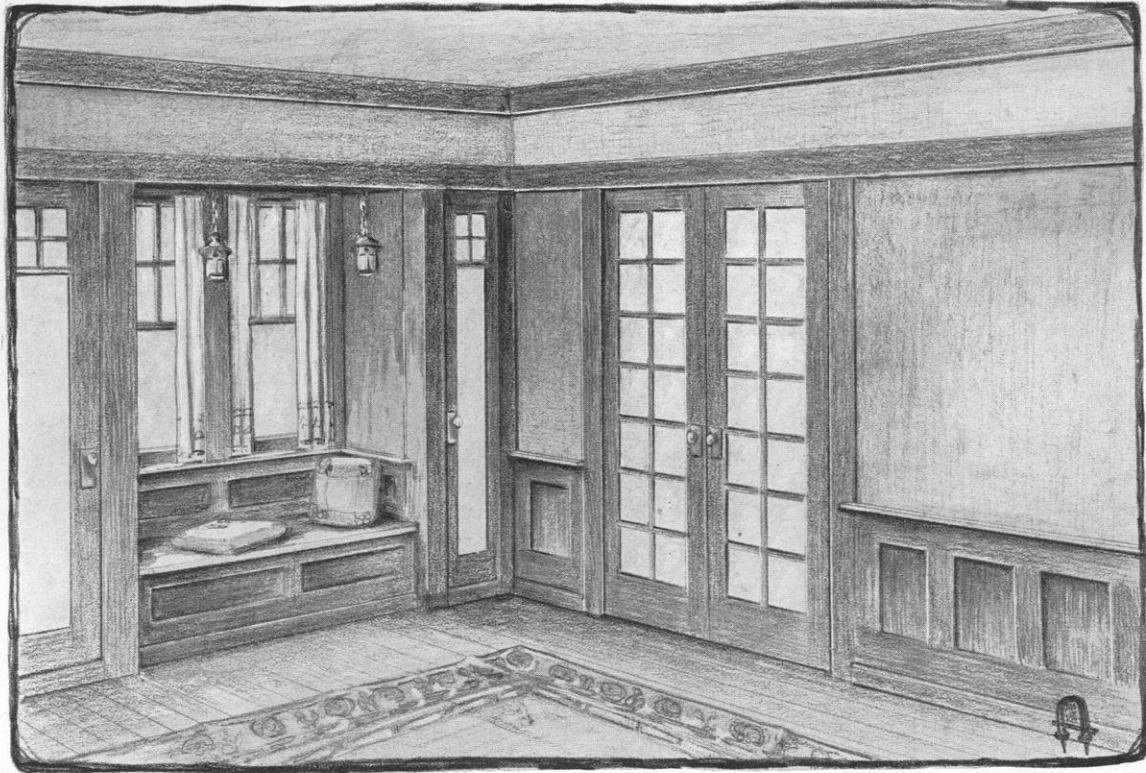
The price was rigidly restricted to five thousand dollars for the building proper, a sum which called for strict economy, as the prices of materials and labor in and around New York greatly increase the difficulty of getting what seems to be a satisfactory return from a specified sum of money.

It will be noticed by looking carefully at the floor plans, that only the front porch, the vestibule and the rear entry can be used in common by both families. There is no connection between the two apartments. One door from the vestibule opens to the stairway which leads to the second floor, and the other opens into the hall of the first story. Both stories are the same in arrangement, and are planned to secure the greatest possible openness and freedom of space in the living rooms. The large bedrooms at the back of the house open upon rear porches, which are glassed in for the winter and screened in summer to serve as outdoor sleeping rooms. The illustration shows a corner of one of these two bedrooms, which are alike in plan. We have chosen this corner for the reason that it illustrates what we consider a successful example of the arrangement of closets in such a way that the beauty of the room is increased and the amount of space taken up is reduced to a minimum. The two small closets are built in at each corner, the partitions forming a recess which is just large enough for a comfortable window seat. The closet doors are long mirrors with small mullioned panes set in at the top in such a way as to give a decorative effect and yet not interfere with the use of the mirror. The seat is paneled in the same manner as the wainscot that runs around the room, and the small square panes of the French doors which open upon the porch appear again in a slightly differ-





A CRAFTSMAN CITY HOUSE BUILT ON A
LOT THIRTY FEET WIDE TO ACCOMMODATE
TWO FAMILIES.



A SUCCESSFUL ARRANGEMENT OF CLOSETS ON
EITHER SIDE OF A BEDROOM WINDOW SEAT IN
A CRAFTSMAN CITY HOUSE.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

ent form in the upper sash of the window. There is no feeling of being cramped for room or of having the space cut up in any way, and the structural balance is maintained so as to be unusually interesting in effect, while serving all purposes of utility in the most direct way.

The floor plans themselves will give a better idea of the arrangement of space in the apartments than any description. Both kitchens are provided with gas stoves and individual boilers for hot water. A dumb waiter extends from the cellar to the attic for the convenience of the upper apartment. The cellar contains individual store rooms and coal bins, and a big laundry with a set of three tubs, and a stove is to be installed, together with a hot water heating system for the entire house. The attic is divided in a way that provides two rooms in the dormer for the servants of both apartments, as well as a large room facing the front can be used as a dry room in inclement weather, or as a playroom for children. The house is of half-timber construction, with plastered walls, a shingled roof and an outside chimney of brick laid in Flemish bond. The cellar walls are of concrete faced with split field stone over the grade line, so that the house is absolutely healthful and well drained.

The chief reason why this house has been so interesting to us, is that it is in no sense theoretical, but a practical meeting of every-day conditions, such as a narrow city lot, a limited sum of money, and the planning of a house that must accommodate both owner and tenant, without inconvenience to either. Every detail of the plan has

been worked out with the coöperation of the owner, so that each difficulty has been met according to the individual tastes and needs of the people who are to live in the house, and who care to build it as a permanent home, not only for themselves, but for the friends of like tastes who are to share it with them.

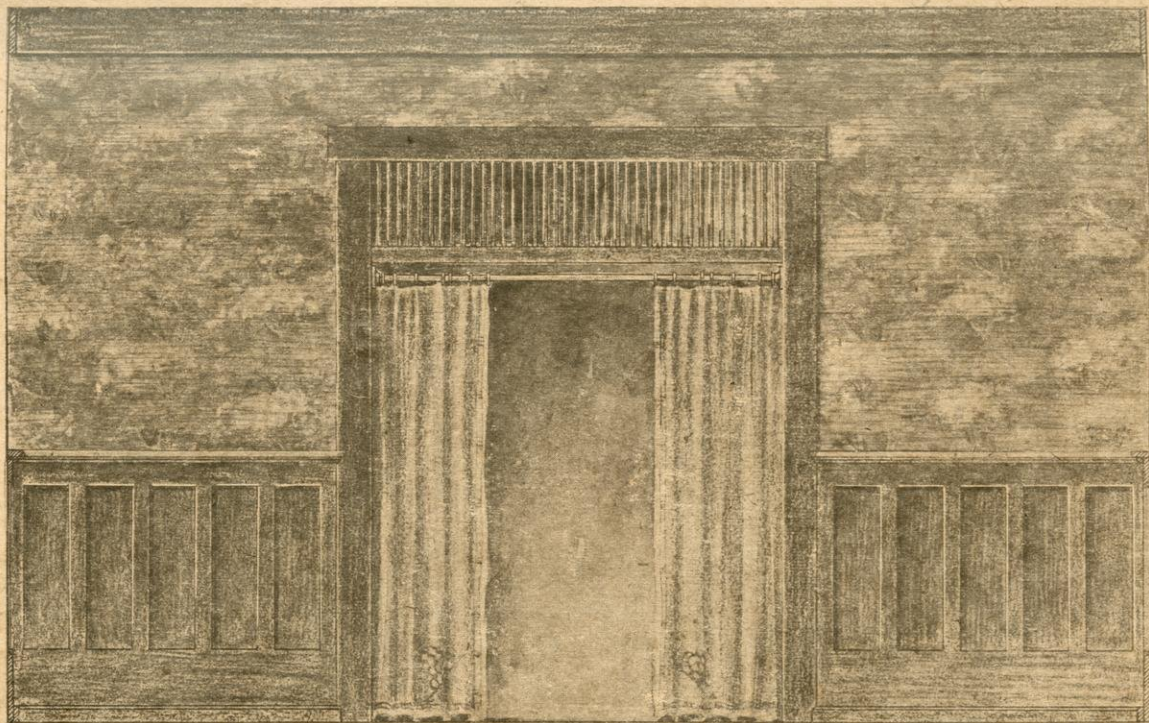
The fact that the house is built with the idea of renting a part of it, and that the part intended to be occupied by a tenant is just as carefully thought out and finished with just as much attention to beauty and interest, as well as to convenience, as the portion intended for the owner and his family, suggests an interesting possibility with reference to the business shrewdness of putting thought, care and individuality into the planning and building of a house intended solely for letting. Would it not be worth more money to both landlord and tenant to have a house of this character than one of the ready-made variety, in which there can be no sense of home comfort, and no special desire to stay? Given a house, at once beautiful and friendly, to be had for a reasonable rental by a man who did not feel that he could afford to build, would there not be every incentive for that man and his family to regard it as a home, and not only to stay there, but to take good care of it? The fact that the landlord had not offered him a shoddy, machine-made building, but had taken some pains to give good value for the money paid as rental, would count with the average tenant, and such a policy, if widely adopted, might have a tendency to anchor some of our shifting population.

THE DECORATION OF WALL SPACES: SUGGESTIONS FOR THE REMODELING OF COMMONPLACE INTERIORS

ONE of the most important problems in interior decoration, and also one of the most difficult to solve, is that of remodeling, in such a way that it will be permanently satisfying, a room which has already been finished in a commonplace way. Many a home maker whose taste points unerringly toward simplicity and beauty in the decoration and furnishing of her house, is confronted with the apparent impossibility of overcoming such difficulties as bare or badly spaced walls that are too high in proportion to the size of the room to allow any sense of friendliness or comfort; of windows that serve well enough the purpose of admitting light into the room, but have otherwise very little interest or merit; of obtrusive and commonplace woodwork, and of doorways that are too high and too narrow to give just the sense of generous and well-adjusted proportions that makes a door or open doorway an essential part of the beauty of a room, instead of merely a means of communication with another room. The fireplace, too, in an ordinary dwelling frequently gives rise to a feeling akin to despair in the heart of the owner or decorator who is endeavoring to create an interior that shall be beautiful, restful and homelike. The atrocities of highly varnished wood, glaring marble and obtrusively ornate forms which characterize the average ready-made mantel, sound a note of discord that it is impossible to smother. If the fireplace is for practical use, the mantelpiece must be left bare in all its complacent ugliness, or be concealed by draperies that are both clumsy and dangerous. In fact, the effort to disguise or cover up structural defects

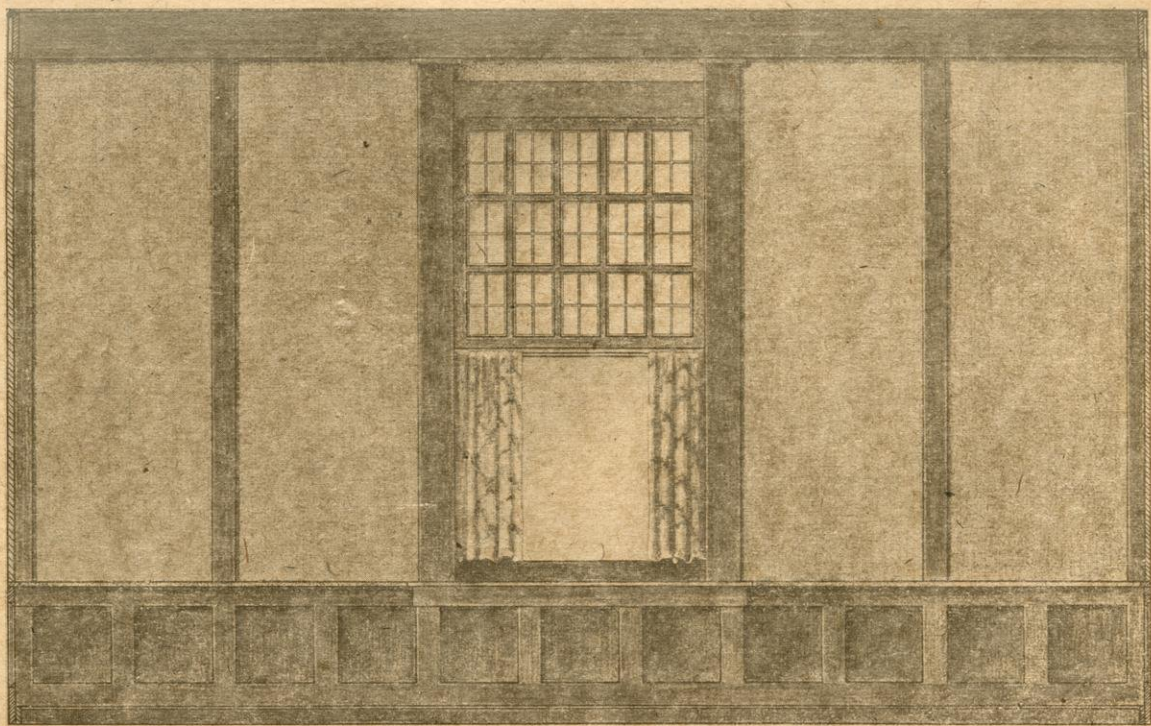
is largely responsible for the over-use of draperies in general, which gives to so many rooms a sense of dust and stuffiness. Once get the room itself right and there will be no temptation or desire to use hangings in the attempt to obtain an interesting effect, and the comfort and cleanliness as well as beauty of a room where the greater part of the care, thought and expense of remodeling and redecorating has been put upon the structural features and the wall spaces can hardly be over-estimated.

In each one of the rooms shown in the accompanying illustrations the walls are wainscoted. This feature is emphasized because in our opinion there is no way of treating the wall that is so homelike, friendly and permanent-looking as the wainscot. At one time to follow this suggestion would have rendered the cost of remodeling almost prohibitive for people with moderate income, but now oak wainscoting can be purchased by the running foot, with the parts ready to be fitted together and put in place with very little trouble or expense for adjustment, and in any height or size of panel desired. Also any finish can be applied, as the wainscoting comes in the natural oak. If this wainscoting is used, it practically compels the use of oak for all the interior woodwork in the room, but this limitation is one that brings few regrets, as no more satisfying wood has ever been found for interior woodwork than the white oak, when finished in such a way as to bring out its full beauty of color, texture and grain. People who know oak only in the guise of the glaring, varnished "golden oak," or as it appears with the dull, smudged surface given



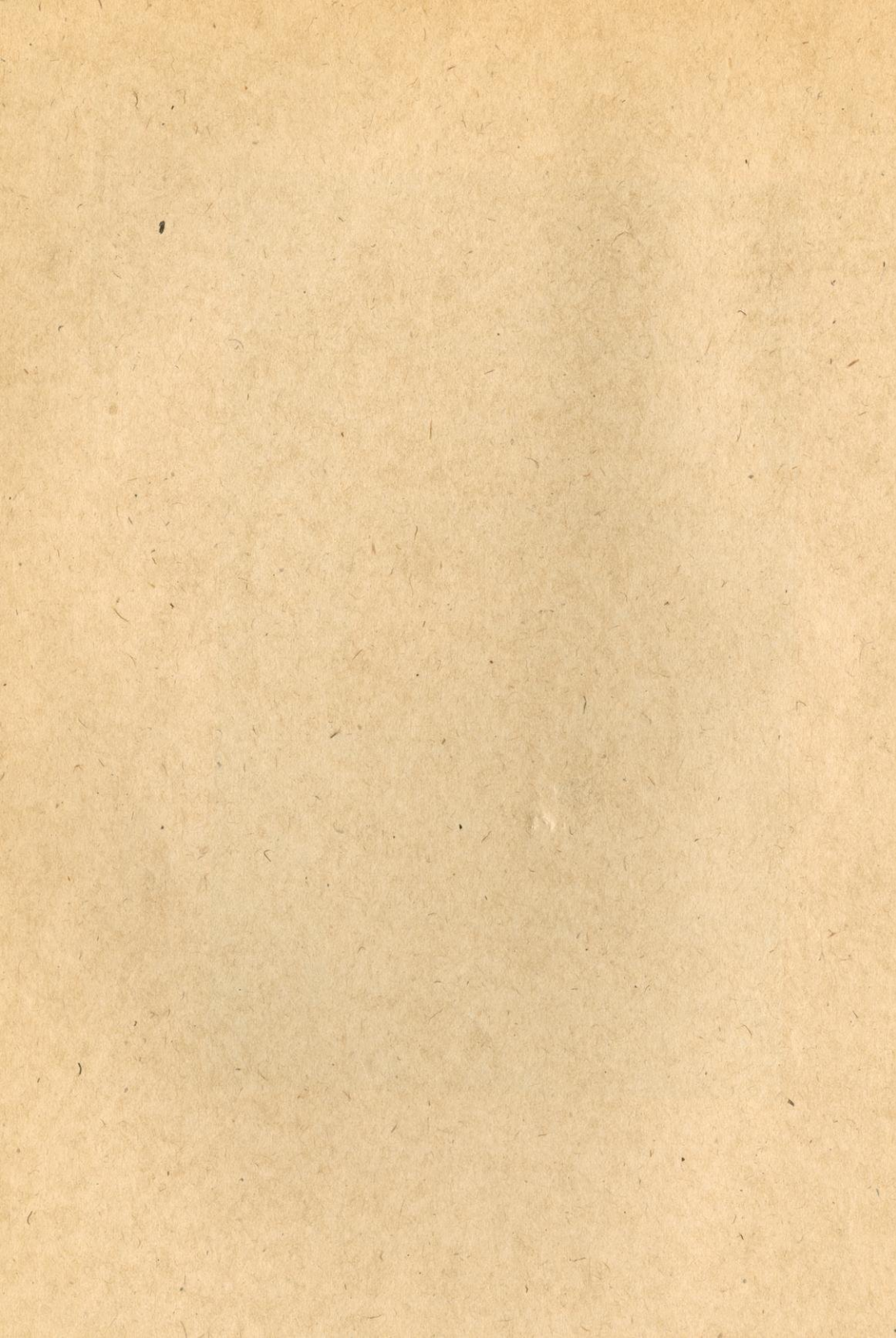
Craftsman Design for Wall Decoration.

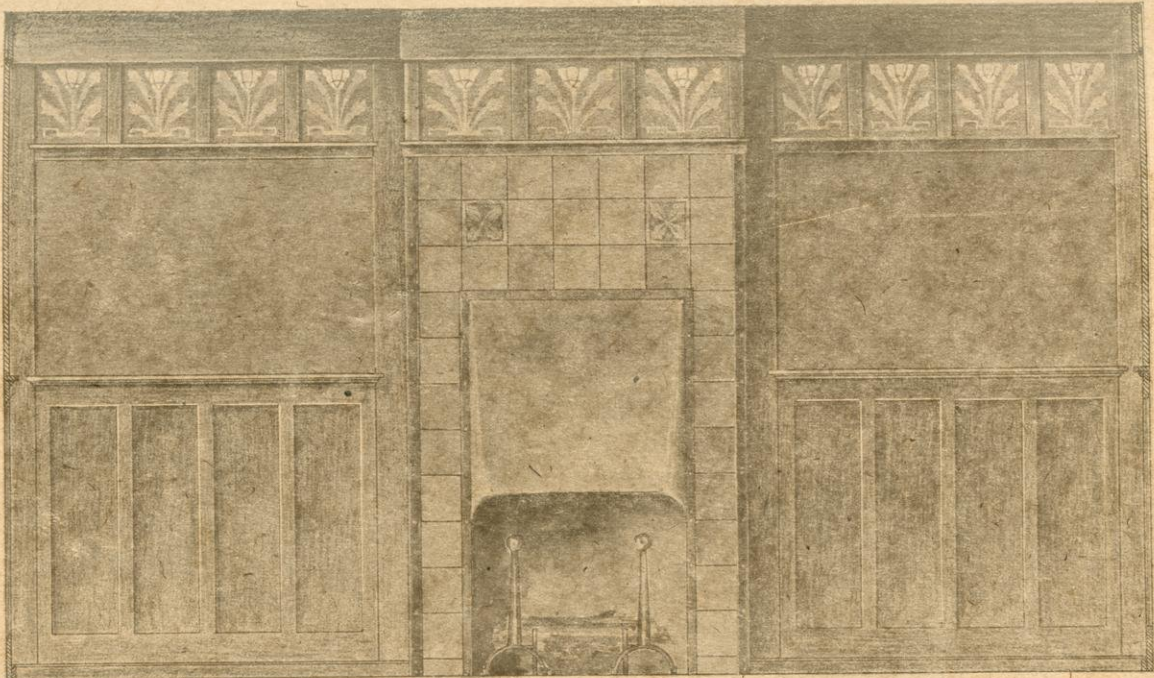
TREATMENT OF WALL WITH DOUBLE DOOR: A SPINDLE GRILLE USED TO LOWER THE SPACE: THE WALL AN INTERESTING COLOR HARMONY OF TAPESTRY PAPER AND OAK WAINSCOTING.



Craftsman Design for Wall Decoration.

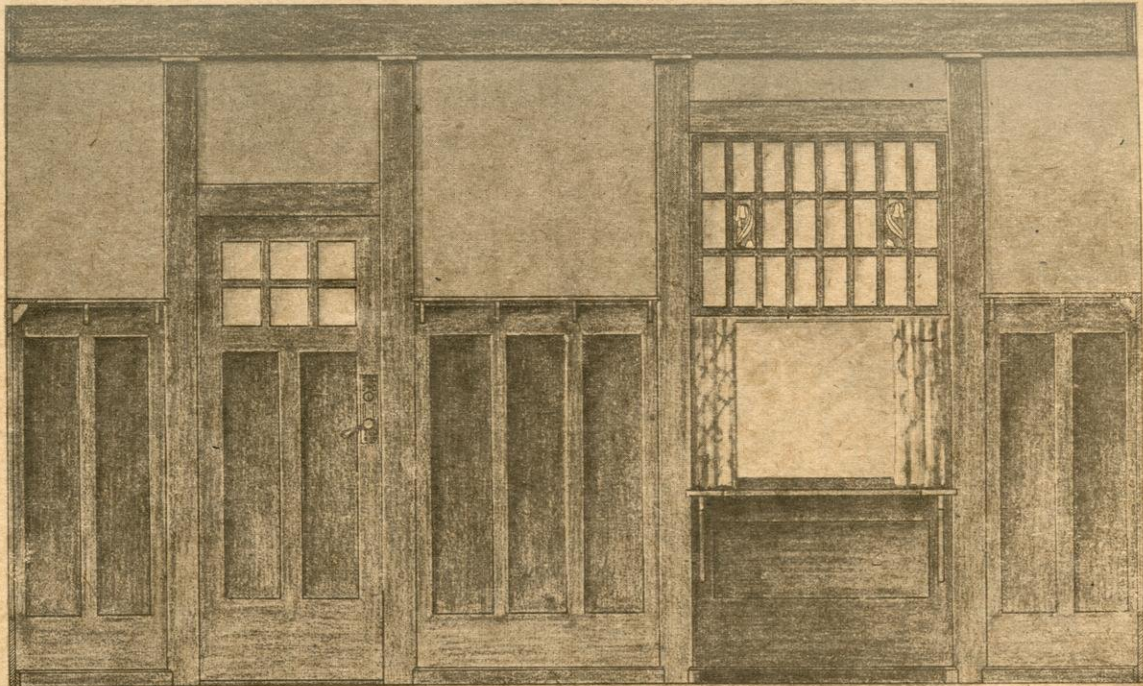
SHOWING WHAT CAN BE DONE TO CONVERT A
COMMONPLACE WALL AND ORDINARY WINDOW
INTO A SPACE OF RARE DECORATIVE VALUE.





Craftsman Design for Wall Decoration.

“SHOWING A DECORATIVE SCHEME FOR BRINGING
DOWN A HIGH WALL INTO THE LIMITS WHICH
MAKE A ROOM SEEM INVITING.”



Craftsman Design for Wall Decoration.

LOWERING OF WALLS BY MEANS OF A HIGH
WAINSCOTING: DECORATIVE TREATMENT OF THE
GLASS IN WINDOW AND DOOR.

DECORATION OF WALL SPACES

by the use of some crude, dark pigment under the name of "mission" finish, have hardly any conception of the beauty of the wood when its natural mellow brown tones, in which there is a strong cast of grayish green, is brought out by a process that gives the look of the natural wood ripened by age. So treated, any one of the inherent color qualities of the oak may be made prominent, furnishing a basis for widely varying color schemes. The only color that it is desirable to keep in the background is the yellow, which is very obtrusive when allowed to predominate. When subordinated, it serves merely to give life to the brown of the wood, so that it has almost a luminous sheen under the play of light and shadow. The same wood may be given a very dark, ripened nut-brown tone, or a light mellow brown which suggests merely that the wood is not so aged as that of the darker color; or it may show a decidedly green cast through which the brown appears as an undertone, or a well-defined tone of gray which also blends with the brown that is the predominant natural tone of the wood.

The fact that these varying tones may be brought out in the color of the wood does not in the least interfere with the "natural" effect, and almost any color scheme desirable for rooms in constant use, like the living room, hall or dining room, can be built up from the keynote given by oak woodwork that shows the predominance of one or the other of these tones. As the most permanently satisfying for steady use in living rooms are the varying shades of brown, we have selected this color for all save one of the illustrations shown here as suggestions for the treatment of wall surfaces in remodeled rooms. The first one shows a wainscot, about four feet high, of the lightest tone of brown

oak. The beam that takes the place of a frieze is of the same wood, and the original door frame has been replaced with a plain oak frame. The doorway, as built in the first place, was much too high,—a common fault in ready-made houses,—so it has been lowered by a *grille* of slender square spindles of oak, which is much more in harmony with the simplicity of the woodwork than one of the fanciful stock *grilles*. The opening is thus made low and wide instead of comparatively high and narrow, so that the portières are of the right length. Nothing so much detracts from the effect of a portiere as to have the sweep of it too long, giving inevitably a stringy look which takes out all the generous effect of ample folds. In this room the walls are covered with a tapestry wall paper from the W. H. S. Lloyd Company, the importers of some of the most beautiful English papers. It is in varying shades of leaf green, ranging from the dark, dull green of the leaves in the background to a very light tone as of young leaves in strong sunlight. The tan and brown tones that appear in the branches give the needed relief to the mass of green, and bring the paper into perfect harmony with the brown oak of the woodwork. This same design of tapestry paper comes also in a very much duller green with touches of dark, shadowy blue in the background, and a cool gray-brown in the stems. For a room which is exposed to a glare of sunlight the more sombre coloring would be the better and would harmonize equally well with the oak woodwork. The paper first mentioned would bring life and light into the dark room of a city house. Still another coloring used for this design shows varying shades of cloudy gray, ranging from the dark gray of a storm cloud to a pearly tint that is almost white, while the stems are

DECORATION OF WALL SPACES

merely faint gray-brown shadows. This would be good in a room where an effect at once light and cool is desired and would not be out of harmony with oak that has been given a decided tone of gray. Of course, the furnishings in the room would carry out to its completion the color scheme suggested in the wall covering and woodwork, as, no matter how good the treatment of the wall surfaces, much depends upon the choice of rugs, portières, window curtains, etc., for the harmony of the general effect.

The second illustration shows the treatment of plain wall spaces and an ordinary window. In this case the walls shown are not quite so high; therefore the wainscot, with its plain, square panels, is only two feet high, and the window sill is brought into line with it. In all the examples given, the broad beam at the angle of the ceiling is used in place of a frieze, as in the majority of cases this treatment has proven the most permanently satisfying. The plain, bare wall spaces are broken by strips of oak, and the window frame is fitted into the structural scheme by extending the sides of the frame up to the ceiling beam, allowing a little plain space to appear between them at the top. The walls are covered with a species of prepared burlap which is sold under the name of "Kord Ko-na," (an improvement upon the well-known "Fa-bri-kona" and made by the same people), and in this case a very dull mustard yellow verging almost on a brownish tone has been chosen. This color, while dull and woody in itself, harmonizes beautifully with brown oak, whether light or dark, and when seen on the wall gives an effect of warmth, light and cheer in the room without any of the over-stimulation and restlessness that is the result of the too lavish use of a warm or bright yellow.

The sash curtains used in the lower part of the window are of the dull, rough Shaiki silk, in an ivory tone, upon which is printed a trellis decoration in rich shades of golden brown, varying from light to dark, in almost the wallflower coloring. The upper sash of the window is divided by the broad muntins into small panes, each one of which is leaded into four still smaller ones. The glass of the lower sash of course is plain and clear, so as not to interfere with the vision, but in this upper sash antique glass is used which has a faint tone of yellow. This antique glass is in no way to be confused with the ordinary stained glass. The yellow in it is not at all pronounced, being only a tinge such as might appear in imperfect glass which was not quite white. The roughness also is that of glass made under primitive conditions, and has none of the intentionally rough effect of hammered glass. The surface is most interesting and the faint tinge of color gives a mellow sunniness to the light which filters through it, without any of the effect of definitely colored glass.

The third illustration shows the bringing down of a very high wall into limits that make a room seem inviting in its proportions. The wainscot is higher than the others, and below the beam at the top is a deep frieze connected with it by strips of wood and having a picture rail below. This leaves very little wall space to be considered as a plain surface, and the horizontal lines not only bring down the apparent height of the ceiling, but materially increase the apparent size of the room.

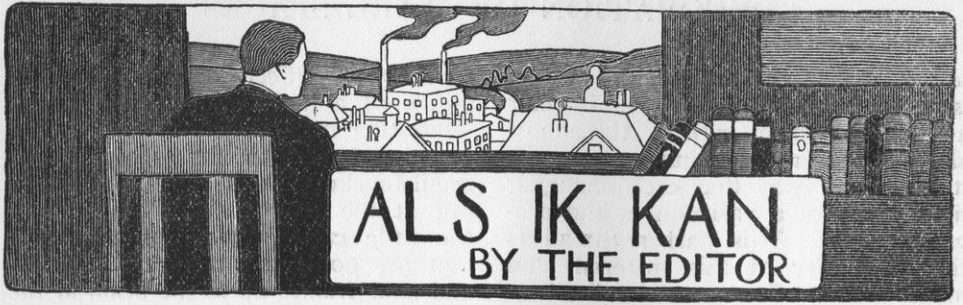
The color scheme in this room is cool and most restful in effect. The wood is given a greenish gray cast with the gray predominating, the natural brown of the oak showing through as an undertone. The wall space, clear

DECORATION OF WALL SPACES

to the beam at the angle of the ceiling, is covered with "Kord Ko-na," in color a dull gray-blue with a thread of slightly darker blue running through it in such a way that each changing light produces a variation in the prevailing tone. This darker thread is the peculiarity of this material, and makes it most effective as a wall covering. The fabric is used not only to cover the plain wall surfaces, but also as a background for the frieze, and in each of the square openings of the latter is a stenciled decoration of a conventionalized poppy, with the leaves in the natural dull green and the flower in a very soft, dull brick red. The original mantel in the room having been removed, the chimneypiece is faced up to the height of the frieze with square tiles, matt finish, in a dull grayish green that is just a trifle darker than the color of the poppy leaves. The two decorated tiles that gives accent to the mass of dull green have a background of dull blue, very close to the color of the wall, and the decorative figure in each has green leaves and small spots of the brick red. The metal bands which frame the fireplace, the hood and the andirons are all of wrought iron, finished in such a way that the high lights of the slightly roughened surface have a gray look. The leaf green, dull blue and brick color of the walls should be repeated in the rug and hangings in the room, and the woodwork forms the connecting link which holds it all together.

The fourth illustration shows the treatment of both door and window, as

well as the effect lowered walls by means of a high wainscoting. Some interesting little structural touches are introduced here in the shape of the small brackets which support the plate rail at the top of the wainscot, and the little caps on the upright posts that are continued from the window and door frames up to the beam at the angle of the ceiling. The ordinary door is replaced by one of oak that harmonizes with the wainscot and has small square lights of antique glass at the top. The upper sash of the window is divided into small panes with rather broad wood muntins, and just the decorative touch needed to give interest appears in the two small picture panes that show conventionalized plant designs. The wood is a rather dark grayish brown oak, in which the brown predominates. The wall spaces are covered with a heavy paper that shows a good deal of the texture of parchment and comes in delightful colors. It is one of the Lloyd papers and is called "Silk Fibre." The color chosen for this room is a dull greenish gray that shows a play of light and dark tones under the silvery sheen of the surface. This, while harmonizing admirably with the oak, produces enough contrast between the upper and lower divisions of the wall to lend life and interest to the color effect. The hint of green is carried down into the brown of the woodwork by the window curtains, which are of Shaiki silk having a groundwork of silvery gray-green upon which is printed a decorative design in darker tones of green.



THE true craftsman rarely begins the labors of a new day without making a rapid survey of yesterday's accomplishments, for it is thus that the unity of the work is maintained, thus that each successful stroke provides inspiration and each blemish a warning. Something of this desire of the craftsman to note the progress made, to gauge results and gather for our guidance all of inspiration and admonition contained in our experience, prompts us, as we write the first words of a new volume of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, to take "a backward glance over traveled roads" before entering the new path to which they have led, and which we hope, will lead in its turn to a broader field of usefulness.

Rarely, if ever, has a periodical with anything like the serious purpose of *THE CRAFTSMAN* been launched with so little preparation and knowledge of the conditions of periodical publication. At this date there can be no harm in confessing that in the beginning there was little to justify the venture except the urge of a great, vital impulse; a feeling that in our work as makers of things aiming at the union of simplicity and beauty, certain experiences were constantly involved and problems encountered which seemed of profound significance, and for the serious discussion of which existing periodical literature seemed to offer

no opportunity—notwithstanding its bewildering array. Like the burgeoning of the trees in springtime, our thought developed and *THE CRAFTSMAN* appeared.

By a coincidence, the first issue appeared in October, the anniversary month of the death of William Morris, from whose teachings we received our first inspiration. On the artistic side we sought to extend the principles so vigorously asserted by Morris, that the luxury of taste should be substituted for the luxury of costliness; that beauty does not imply elaborate ornamentation, and that simplicity, individuality and dignity of effect must be the cardinal principles of all lasting and worthy art and work. Upon the socio-economic side our experience has led us to the full acceptance of the dictum that, "It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither overwearisome, nor overanxious." In so far as we could be said to have a programme at all, it consisted solely of these few simple principles. Perhaps it would be fair to say that at first we had no thought of going outside of the arts and crafts in our interests, except so far as extending sympathy and friendliness to all honest and constructive efforts aiming at the social ideal of the freedom of the workman

ALS IK KAN

from commercialism. Our problems were essentially of the workshop.

But life's fabric is woven of many threads in a complex pattern. Into its warp and woof enter all kinds of influences, conditions and experiences—physical, mental and moral. We soon found that we could not treat art as a thing apart from other phases of life and remain practical. When we asked ourselves *why* it was important that things should be well and beautifully made, why we should strive for greater simplicity in art and work, Life itself answered the question. At once it became apparent that things are of no importance except as they affect the lives of men, either of those who make them, those who own them, or those who behold them. Things are of no moment in themselves. Only their influence upon our lives is important. They are means to an end, and that end is richness of life. So men became of more importance than things in our programme, life more important than art. To stop short at advocating better work and better art, and refrain from carrying the principle underlying these on to the advocacy of a more reasonable way of living would have been as foolish and vain as to build a bridge where no one would ever need to cross. We should have been no whit wiser than the hero of our nursery days, who boldly "marched up the hill and then marched down again."

Ever holding ourselves open to the reception of truth, our working and thinking led us to realize the fundamental and important relation between the things men make and the lives of those who make them; between the craftsmanship which engaged us day by day in the shop and the larger craftsmanship of life itself. Making beautiful, honest things, no

matter what they may be, is of importance only in so far as the things themselves, and, more especially, the making of them, contribute to the development of beautiful and honest living.

In thus enlarging the scope of our interests we were not denying the principles with which we began, but adhering to them, with sincerity and whole-hearted devotion. Sometimes our friends did not understand. They interpreted our title too narrowly and thought we were going too far afield when we discussed many of the problems of philosophy, ethics, politics, economics and statecraft. They did not see that things must always be subordinate to men and that nothing that is human can be arbitrarily excluded from our interest without impairing our lives.

In its inception the arts and crafts movement was a protest against commercialism on its purely material side. The things produced in a commercial way were barren of the beauty common to things wrought by hand. But it was easy for commercialism to defend itself against such criticism. It could reply, in fact did reply, "Very well. Give us your models expressing your ideas of grace and beauty and we will reproduce them so faithfully with our machines that you will not be able to distinguish the copies from the original. Nay, we will go further: we will improve upon every detail, carrying your own ideas to perfection. Do you protest against the ornament with which our furniture is covered? Very well, we will leave off the ornament! Do you claim for your straight lines or simple curves that with their simplicity goes a subtle beauty, and a satisfying power our complicated commercial forms have missed? Very

ALS IK KAN

well, then we will make by means of our machinery lines straighter than **anything ever** drawn by mortal hand, curves more perfect than Michaelangelo could make."

What answer could be made to such a counter-challenge as that? What, indeed, but to rejoin: "That is all very well in its way, *but what will you do to the makers of tables and chairs* while you are making the lines straight and the curves perfect? While you copy the grace and beauty of our models with your wonderful machinery, what will you do to the human beings who work the machines and are almost part of them, like so many cogs or levers? Will you make their lives graceful and beautiful like the things they make? Or will you dull their lives, narrow them, brutalize and dehumanize them? We are not primarily concerned about making beautiful things, but about developing makers of beautiful things; men and women in whose lives rise the fountains of beauty and gladness, who see the soul of beauty in the simplest flower and the farthest, faintest star; workers whose work will be full of grace and beauty because of the indwelling grace and virtue of their lives. Can you give us this human beauty by your commercial methods?"

Such was the deeper, profounder spiritual significance which the arts and crafts movement developed. The new spirit set higher than the work itself the human development of which the work was the expression. Work and character go together. It is no accident that in the great crises of history the leaders and deliverers of nations have been found among those who have toiled in the sun, whose hands have been trained as well as their brains. Nothing is more certain than the

fact that creative labor gives as nothing else does a normal view of life, the faculty of seeing things in their true perspective.

The whole indictment of commercialism rests here. In its last analysis it presents itself as a subtle conspiracy against self-development. It begins with the child's toys and ruthlessly follows every subsequent step along the pathway of life. The boys no longer make their own sleds, wagons, bats and boats; the girls no longer make dolls' clothes, cradles and baskets. Later in life, the men never think of making the furniture for their homes, nor the women of making clothing for themselves or their families. From the baby's first rattle to grandmother's walking-cane we depend upon the commercial provider. Is it any wonder, think you, that the boy who gets a dollar as a gift from his father and buys a wagon or sled values it less than he would if he had made it and paid the natural price in labor and sacrifice for it, or that similar influences at every step of his growth and training will make him a man with a perverted view of life, wholly devoid of a rational sense of values? We wonder sometimes at the wanton wastefulness of people, and at their helplessness to meet the faintest attacks of adversity, but surely it is only the natural fruitage of the commercial idea!

As we survey the progress—and there has been appreciable progress—of the movement toward handicrafts during the past five or six years, and note how surely the revolt against commercialism has shifted from the mere question of how things shall be produced to the consideration of the effect of the spirit underlying the manner of production upon the development of

ALS IK KAN

character, we see the result of our labors. For among all the influences which have brought about this salutary change we believe THE CRAFTSMAN has had the foremost place.

Now, much as we may deplore it, the age of handicraft is gone beyond recall. It is idle to hope for the restoration, except in a very small way, of the old apprentice system and the craft guilds. The great machines have created conditions which no propaganda will overcome. This fact the movement toward handicrafts must frankly recognize if it is to be anything more than a poor exotic in our industrial and social life. But this does not necessitate the abandonment of handicrafts; does not mean that the triumph of commercialism and the crushing out of the craftsman spirit must be accepted.

To the great body of those whose lives are divorced from normal, healthy labor; to the student, the professional man and the man of business, we urge handicrafts as a means of physical and spiritual development, rather than a way of making things. No matter how well you may make things, commercialism will make them equally well or better and cheaper than you can make them. But when you buy a table or a chair you cannot buy with it the exhilaration of exercising your own creative faculties, the physical development, the peculiar mental discipline and the joy which comes to the maker of things when his work is self-chosen and inspired by love of it. And you can never buy with a piece of furniture the satisfy-

ing pleasure which is an inherent quality of the creation of your own hand and brain. In this lies the value of handicrafts for the numberless thousands of men and women who are living ill-balanced, abnormal lives today. Our practical lessons in handicrafts are designed to point the way to a means of healthful and joyous development, not to the making of things for their own sake.

But our programme goes further back to the source of the evil. Whatever influence we may be able to exert in that direction will always be used to urge that, from the very first, parents should train their children to make their own toys, to do things for themselves, as far as that is possible, thus laying foundations of character, the divinest craftsmanship of all, in the very playthings of the children. And more and more, as we study the problem of education and its bearings upon life, we are convinced that drawing and manual training are far more important than is yet commonly recognized. The time is coming when to send a boy out into the world without training in some craft will be considered, in the moral judgment of intelligent citizenship, as a parental crime. The influence of THE CRAFTSMAN, therefore, will always be cast on the side of the development of manual training for our boys and girls in the public schools. Whatever we can do to stimulate this side of our educational system we shall do, conscious that by so doing, we shall be contributing to the building of character and self-reliance in the nation.

NOTES AND REVIEWS

NOTES

RODIN is planning a Monument to Labor! For which, apparently, he is hoping that American millionaires will furnish the money and that artists all over the world will contribute free the labor.

This very bald statement of a colossal undertaking causes two questions instantly to arise in the practical mind: Why, in the name of all that is great and lovely and necessary in life, should there be a monument to labor? And if this commercial absurdity must be perpetrated in France, then why should America pay for it? And why, again, should various artists all over the world contribute their talent and time to the execution of a monument designed by Rodin?

If Rodin feels that a spiral stairway carved and ornamented, covered with a pink marble tower and further adorned with a gold cap, all in honor of labor, is an essential decorative feature for the Paris of the future, why does he not seek the co-operation of French artists and look to the French government for the price?

Either this tower of labor is a fine thing for a nation to possess, or it is not. If the former, then the French government can be relied upon to aid in its evolution; but if it is not all Rodin's fond fancy has pictured as a universal expression of joy in labor, then why should the world at large help to erect it?

A monument to Labor! Let us gather together mentally and dwell for a moment upon the novelty of this thought. To most of us, at least, the idea of a monument is involved with the idea of achievement, not necessarily the achievement of good, but inevitably accomplishment of some sort. A monument to Frances Willard one

can understand, or to the wicked old Emperor Hadrian, but to Labor, is an anomaly. In looking at a monument, new or old, there is the immediate impression of human activity; something has been done, for good or evil. There is always the sense of personal effort, of honor paid to the achievement that ends struggle. A monument has grown to seem, to most of us at least, as the essence of vital appreciation, of what man may temporarily express for man; all of which stirs the heart and appeals to the imagination.

One may even understandingly go beyond a monument to individual effort or achievement; as, for instance, the various monuments to Victory which adorn the cities of the world. But even here the monument is not to Victory in the abstract, but to the definite accomplishment of one nation over another, and in looking at the monument what we remember is this or that man, or this or that group of men, who achieved in battle. It is again the personal element which awakens our interest.

But a monument to Labor! One might as well erect monuments to air, or Nature, or kindness, or evolution.

If the idea of labor must be presented in concrete form to the world for admiration, it could well be introduced into the work of decorative panels, or into a frieze which is a part of a general scheme of decoration; and it is good in this way to remind man that labor, especially creative labor, is the foundation of all progress and bigness and wholesomeness in living. But to erect a monument is to make labor not an expression of man's growth, but the creative power itself, the living force, the sentient, conscious energy. To the men who have shown the greatness of labor, who have helped the world to regard work as the most beneficent of

NOTES AND REVIEWS

life's possibilities, to these men the best and highest of monuments. But to Labor!—no more than to the sea, or the clouds that float over the sea, or the tides within its waters.

For a decade, and much more, Rodin has stood foremost among the artists of Europe as a man who thinks—not merely a dreamer of lovely dreams,—and as such he would have been welcome—but as a man who with the great gift of expressing thought convincingly has also the power to think widely, deeply, down into the subtle relations of all outgrowth of Nature and human nature. He has seen how man comes out of the heart of Nature, feeds upon that heart and returns to it in the end, and he knows how to make others see these things. And for this man, from this pinnacle of greatness, to suggest a monument to labor to be erected in France and paid for by the guileless, eager, susceptible American millionaire! What must one think? What inevitable conclusion is forced upon those who *do* think?

There seems but one conclusion. Commercialism. The flight of the American eagle (gold) over the studio by the Eiffel Tower.

For how can bigness of soul—the drive of great inspiration—be expressed in such a futile, sterile production as this suggested Tower of Labor? If the making of the Tower were a commission to Rodin into which he infused all the strength and beauty and bigness possible, the result might live as a monument to the artist. But to this Tower of Labor Rodin gives no hint of his own desire to work, no expression of his own unleashed imagination, no gladness that by his hand France should be enriched artistically. Apparently he has simply evolved a scheme to divert American money to France, and to himself as the originator of the scheme. The "Tower," at

least if one can judge by newspaper reports, is just one more proof of the dreadful blight of commercialism upon the greatest of modern art.

It is a repetition of Charles Wagner's downfall. At first, there was the simple, rural pastor who loved his peasant congregation and thought for them, striving to make them see the beauty of the simple life about them. Then came the book, that others to whom he could not preach might also understand what sane, quiet living could do for people. And then followed America. The beautiful book, hawked about the streets with jests on the simple life, notoriety of presidential approval, and lectures at hundreds of dollars per lecture, all about the kind of living which did not remotely appertain to his audience—and at last, donations for a gorgeous "Temple" to be dedicated to the simple life—the final step of the complete commercialism of all the wholesome, beautiful truth preached to a rural people, and so the end of Pastor Wagner's usefulness—dollars for dreams, and then stagnation.

THE CRAFTSMAN can only most earnestly hope that the "Tower of Labor" will perish in its incipency, and Rodin's genius be saved to further contribute to the art needs of his own land.

THE Montross Galleries opened for the coming season on the third of September. Among the many plans for exhibits Mr. Montross already announces: An exhibition of American water color paintings beginning November fourteenth, and on the same date in a separate gallery a showing of etchings by Alexander Shilling from new plates made this past summer in Holland. In December follows an exhibit of Childe Hassam's pictures, and in January some landscapes of Metcalf

NOTES AND REVIEWS

will be shown, and along in March the annual exhibit of The Ten American Painters will be held. The work of other important men will be shown as they fit in during the season. Horatio Walker will have a characteristically interesting exhibit, and so will Tryon, two of our biggest men.

"What nation in Europe today can show two such figures in outdoor painting?" said Mr. Montross, in speaking of the work of these men. "Where can France show their equal, except in Corot and Rousseau, two of her great artists. I believe when Walker is justly estimated he will tower above many of the greatest artists of both continents. He not only sees color in all its contrasts and harmonies, but answers completely to that interesting definition of an artist so often quoted from Hamerton: 'An artist must be a craftsman as well as a poet and a scientist,' and Walker is profoundly a craftsman."

"Also he has learned to understand the simple side of beauty," suggested the writer.

"Which means the best side," answered Mr. Montross. While talking Mr. Montross uncovered two pictures of Walker's which will be shown again this year. "The Sand Pit," with its big human quality and most perfect use of color, and a small water color sketch of a very humble man milking a pleasant cow, the man in a dull blue blouse, and back, a green meadow and hillside; a tiny canvas, and all the poetry of twilight and peaceful rural living in the narrow frame.

There was also a small Tryon put up on an easel, a little gray-brown scene with a far-away cottage on the edge of a long, lonely rough land, a light in a window, and above a shimmering silver sky, and the moon quivering through luminous clouds; over all a light that illumines and

hides, that makes any man's house the place which poets see in homesick dreams—a picture with the power to stir memory and weave a spell about the heart.

A criticism of Childe Hassam's method of introducing very materialistic nude ladies in otherwise lovely landscapes, brought out for display a small Hassam canvas—a blue river, with depth of blue especially known to this artist, a spring background, intangible, impossible to label; moving across the foreground a line of straight fairy trees, and then two cameo figures, one small, near edge of the blue, and one exquisite nude body in foreground bending forward to comb with a long sweep of the arm a mass of wonderful copper hair outlined on the blue—all decorative, harmonious and inevitable. It is Mr. Montross' way or arguing.

AT the Macbeth Galleries this fall there are new and old favorites. One finds a familiar landscape by Charlotte Coman, a stretch of rolling meadow land with low hills lost in blue mists at the background. There is a sense of a great deal of country on the small canvas, but absolutely no feeling of geographical survey. It is a poem, not a map.

Two of the best of Luks' East Side paintings are there, "The Dancing Girls" and "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," recently reproduced in *THE CRAFTSMAN*. And there are several interesting examples of the work of Arthur B. Davies, the figure of a little girl that suggests Whistler and is totally unlike him, and a mother and child—a picture full of tenderness, exquisitely painted, from an artist's point of view. Yet, as in many of Davies' pictures, the writer feels a lack of complete understanding. The background seems crude and unrelated, and the sky just paint. Later in the season Mr. Mac-

NOTES AND REVIEWS

betn will have an exhibition of Mr. Davies' collected work, which will be noticed in *THE CRAFTSMAN*.

In February the little group of American painters who have been ignored by the Academy, the eight "revolutionary" men, will hold an exhibit by courtesy of Mr. Masbeth, at his galleries. A further notice of this collection of paintings will be given at the time of the exhibition.

THE Knoedler Art Galleries open the fall with no one marked exhibit, but with a very high average of special individual work, both American and foreign. Twachtman and Remington are the most important in American work, and Thaulow and Th. de Bock and Josephs among the foreign men.

The Remington is quite the most spirited work of this artist the writer has ever seen, barring "The Broncho Buster" and other bronzes. A six-inch hand coach is being held up by a small band of Indians—Indians out for scalps, not gold. There is all the panic of sudden attack. The horses are smitten with that agony of fear which comes to them from the unexpected. The men on the coach are quiet gray figures facing death and firing accurately.

Over the prairie is a blinding glare and through the glare where it melts into vapor are dim Indian figures galloping rapidly and madly to aid the unequal fight. The frightened, maddened horses, wounded and crazed, fill the foreground of the picture. They furnish the action and the color, the tragedy lies in the remote driver and his escort.

The painting is amazingly well done; you feel the impact of the fierce onslaught, the sense of helplessness in the desolate, wide prairies, and a fine

grave courage in the two gray targets on the box.

The drawing of the left leader seems wrong to the lay mind of the writer, the front legs appeared muffed, inadequate. But horses in motion are deceptive to the uninitiated, hence these criticisms may be considered withdrawn if unmerited.

The painting by Twachtman is a scene which Remington's dauntless pioneers may have left behind in New England—a bit of tawny landscape, with sunlight through branch and leaves, the leaves gleaming yellow, and below, a pool. The shrubbery that fringes the pool and the trees are all gathered into the bosom of the water, and below there is silent beauty. Every fundamental charm of nature is there, all that poetry can find in earth, water and air, each saturate with the heat and color of the sun. It is hard to look deep into one of Twachtman's wood pictures without a pang of regret that life could have so wounded this man, and then ended his life in its prime, with so much yet due the world of his great gift.

The two landscapes of Th. de Bock are nut-brown scenes, a fine, strong presentation of nature. The J. S. Kever is a homely interior, just a simple woman and child and some fat little chickens as a point of interest for the child, and through it all a friendliness and a sense of goodness, expressed with a masterly brush.

Bail Joseph's picture is another expression of the present-day interest in the beauty of simple things—a beauty, which as we are learning to love in art, we are endeavoring to destroy in life. A canal study by Fritz Thaulow is hung nearby, a bit of brilliant color. The red brick buildings edging the canal are made gorgeous by the late sun, which also glimmers down vividly red over the water. In contrast to the

NOTES AND REVIEWS

Thaulow is a moonlight scene by Cazin—a chateau in a formal garden all mellowed and grayed in the moonlight.

THE Print Publishers' Association of America held its first exhibition in New York City, at the Imperial Hotel, during the week ending August 31; it proved to be such a gratifying success as to lead to a prompt decision to hold similar exhibitions annually. Some fourteen or fifteen of the largest art publishers in America, representing the full membership of the Association, exhibited, in separate rooms, complete collections of their reproductions.

Since its organization nearly five years ago, the Print Publishers' Association of America has confined its activities mainly to securing such reforms in the copyright laws as will protect the interests of artists, publishers and dealers. Further, by excluding all "pirate" publishers and insisting that no publisher who misrepresents his goods to the public shall be admitted to membership, the Association has done much to protect the public against imposition. It has established a standard which buyers have learned to respect.

Among the most important exhibits at the exhibition were those of the following well-known firms: American Colortype Company, Berlin Photographic Company, Braun, Clement and Company, Curtis and Cameron, Detroit Publishing Company and C. Klackner. Each of these displayed a wide range of goods, from cheap prints costing only a few cents to exquisite carbon reproductions costing over a hundred dollars. The facsimile reproductions of works by the great masters, ancient and modern, exhibited by several of these firms, were remarkable for the fidelity with which they repro-

duced the color and tonal qualities of the originals.

Great credit is due to the president of the Association, Mr. W. A. Livingstone, of the Detroit Publishing Company, for the successful manner in which the exhibition was carried out. The Association has made steady progress, and a future of great usefulness undoubtedly awaits it.

MR. Frederick Harrison first saw Paris in eighteen hundred and fifty-one. In the August number of the "Nineteenth Century and After," he compares that first vision with the Paris of the year nineteen hundred and seven. Much of what he finds changed does not please him. Of the city's picture galleries and museums, he speaks quite in the tone of the laudator of past times:

"When one passes from the permanent collections of former days to the huge collections of contemporary art, the soul sinks within one at the spectacle of universal degeneration. Painting, sculpture, porcelain, jewelry, all forms of decorative art, testify to the same decline. And it is a decline stamped with one vicious craze which has poisoned genius and skill of hand. That craze is the passion to do something new; something which may attract attention; startle, even if it disgust the public. The curse on modern life—the thirst for the new, the rage to get out of the old skin—is a blight on our literature, our art, our drama, our manners—even our morals. It is a passion without aim, or conviction, or feeling—a mere restless itch to get free from old habits and to get into something uncommon, it hardly matters what, if only it can announce itself as "unconventional." It is not to be beautiful—indeed the beautiful in any form is "conventional"—

NOTES AND REVIEWS

rather it must be ugly, so long as the ugliness is unusual. It may be gross, absurd, horrible, obscene, tawdry, childish, so long as the older generations would have turned from it with anger or pain. If so, it is *l'art nouveau*.

REVIEWS

THREE additions to the excellent series of books upon art and artists, entitled "The Library of Art," and published by Duckworth & Company, of London, have been imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

One is an interesting review of the life and work of Antonio Pollaiuolo, by Maud Cruttwell. The little that is known of his personal history is entertainingly told. An artist-craftsman of the fifteenth century, he spent his life laboriously and austere, allowing himself little scope for the indulgence of any "artistic temperament" he might have possessed. His bottega, like that of Verrocchio, united the crafts of sculpture, painting, portraiture, goldsmith, jeweler, architect, decorative designer and bronze founder, and in each of these different branches of art we have record of work executed by him. Vasari writes that Pollaiuolo's bottega was the most popular in Florence and that he was the most renowned draughtsman of his day. The remainder of the book is devoted to an excellent critical description of his work and his methods of working, with an appendix containing the list of all that are known and the galleries where they may be found. The illustrations are numerous and give an excellent idea of the interesting work of this sterling old Florentine.

Another book of the series is "Roman Sculpture from Augustus to Constantine," by Mrs. Arthur Strong. It

is largely historical, of course, and is valuable mainly for reference to those interested in Roman art. As the author says in her introduction, it is only very lately that Roman art is beginning to take a distinctive place as a subject of esthetic study, for with all our modern admiration for the Romans as great administrators, great soldiers, and even great writers, most people nowadays conceive of them as aliens within the sphere of formative art, confining their achievement to imitation or at most to adaptation of Greek models. The object of the book is to show the genuine expression of the Roman spirit in the national art. Greek art already had triumphantly solved the rendering of the single figure in the round, but in composition involving more than one figure it largely failed to apprehend or convey the relations of objects to one another in space. It came to be the peculiar merit of Roman artists or of artists working under Roman influence that they partially solved the tridimensional or spatial problem, thus creating what has been called the "illusionist style." The book is, of course, amply illustrated, in fact, its main interest depends upon the excellent reproductions of representative works of Roman artists, the text being largely a critical and technical description of these.

The third book is "Sir William Beechey, R. A.," by William Roberts. It follows the usual style of the series in giving first a brief biographical sketch of the artist and a glimpse of his times, and then taking up the critical description of his work in periods. Many representative portraits are reproduced, giving an excellent idea of the charm of the period as well as the individual interest of Beechey's style, so like that of his contemporaries and yet so full of individual piquancy and

NOTES AND REVIEWS

charm. An exhaustive list of Beechey's work is contained in an appendix. ("Antonio Pollaiuolo," by Maud Cruttwell. 286 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00 net. "Roman Sculpture from Augustus to Constantine," by Mrs. Arthur Strong, LLD, Associate of the British School at Rome. 408 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$3.00 net. "Sir William Beechey, R. A.," by William Roberts. 302 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00 net. All published by Duckworth & Company, London. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

ONE of the most picturesque little books of the year is "Indian Love Letters," by Marah Ellis Ryan, who has written a number of stories of the Far West.

This book purports to be the letters of a Hopi youth, who had received a white man's university education, to a white girl whom he had met in the East. Convinced, as he says, that the Indian life is best for the Indian and that the white man's life is a life unfulfilled for him because it promises everything but leaves him with empty hands, he writes in the first letter:

"Yes! I am again an Indian! From the moccasin of brown deer skin to the head band of scarlet there is not anything of the white man's garb to tell your friends that I was a player in the university team, who for a little while was called by a white man's meaningless name and who sat beside you on the sand dunes of the Eastern Sea a year ago! I sit alone under the Arizona skies, at the foot of old Walpi's cliff."

The book is full of the natural poetry of the Indian viewpoint, but it is the poetry of Indian life and religion as seen by one of them who has acquired the white man's point of view toward both without losing his understanding

of the spirit of either. The meaning of the Hopi religion, the mischief done to the people by the work of well-meaning but tactless missionaries, school-teachers and government agents, and the simple beauty of the Hopi life, are all set forth so vividly that when the book is once taken up it is almost impossible to lay it down unfinished. ("Indian Love Letters," by Marah Ellis Ryan. 122 pages. Illustrated. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

THIS year's edition of that useful book, the "Architectural Directory and Specification Index," has just come in. This is issued annually by William T. Comstock, who publishes the "Architects' and Builders' Magazine," and it contains the names and addresses, and the affiliations with the different architectural societies, of practically all the architects in the United States and Canada. A special list is devoted to landscape architects, and the architectural societies are also listed with the accepted abbreviations of their names. Under the Specification Index are listed and classified the names and addresses of prominent manufacturers and dealers in building materials and appliances, and there is also a selected list of books on architecture, building and carpentry. (Architectural Directory and Specification Index for 1907. 192 pages. Price, \$3.00 net. Published by William T. Comstock, 23 Warren Street, New York.)

THE literature of Socialism grows with astonishing rapidity. Dr. William B. Guthrie, of the City College, New York, is among the latest to join the ranks of those who have written upon this much discussed subject. In "Socialism Before the French Revolution," Dr. Guthrie has given us a very readable sketch of those early

NOTES AND REVIEWS

European social theorists whose ideas seemed to foreshadow those of Karl Marx and his school.

Social strivings and ideals are by no means peculiar to the last few years. As a result of existing social conditions, the movement of the present day toward social readjustment possesses distinct characteristics of its own. But there have been strivings and yearnings in the same general direction for the greater part of the Christian Era—to go no further back. Professor Guthrie does not attempt to give the history of all the socialistic and communistic theories and movements which preceded the French Revolution. He does not even touch upon the socialistic movements in Germany during the Middle Ages. He starts his outline with Sir Thomas More and his famous "Utopia," and his sketch of that great statesman and scholar, largely based upon the work of the German, Karl Kautsky, is the most interesting part of the book.

Less familiar to the average American reader, probably, is the life of the Calabrian monk, who was at once a philosopher, a poet and a revolutionist, Tomasso Campanella. This sixteenth century Italian priest and dreamer has been called "The Homer of Communism," but with no great reason. Campanella is best known, even to the few students of such subjects who are familiar with his name, as the author of an idealistic and fantastic work describing a social utopia called "The City of the Sun." He was, however, a poet of power, something of a political philosopher, and very much of an agitator. He suffered twenty-six years of martyrdom for his ideas, and bore the martyrdom with nobility and dignity. A lucid and interesting account of his communistic theories is given in a chapter full of suggestions to the student of such matters. Campanella be-

lieved in a thoroughgoing communization of wealth, but not in democratic government, although he advocated what Carlyle would call an "aristocracy of talent." With greater fervor than almost any other of the long line of utopian architects he emphasized the nobility of labor.

The chapter on Eighteenth Century Radicalism in France is notable as a permanently useful summary of an important period in the development of social thought. Writers little known to the average student are brought forward out of their obscurity and their work discriminatingly summarized, the treatment of Morelly in particular being sympathetic, adequate and just. It is not to be expected that the interest in this subject will be as keen or as widespread as in the vital social movement of today. But for those who are interested, who find the history of social theories alluring, Dr. Guthrie's little manual may be cheerfully and confidently recommended. ("Socialism Before the French Revolution." By William B. Guthrie, Ph.D. 338 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THE title of Professor George Pierce Baker's work, "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist" is sufficiently explanatory of its nature and roughly indicates its scope.

Professor Baker opens with a consideration of the dramatic inheritance of Shakespeare, the state of dramatic art in England when he brought to it the force of his great genius. The sketch of dramatic conditions, of theaters, audiences and performances is at once interesting and critical, displaying much scholarship. In the pages devoted to the technique of pre-Shakespearean, Elizabethan dramatic performances we get a picture of much more elaborate stage and scenic effects than

NOTES AND REVIEWS

is generally imagined. From fifteen hundred and ninety-eight, the year in which the Globe Theater was built, at least, the stage was not by any means ill-equipped. It responded to the needs of the drama as they developed. For the dramatist, "conditions were far better than today, indeed, well-nigh perfect."

But the tracing of Shakespeare's own development as a literary craftsman is, of course, the special purpose and interest of the book. From the two poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece"—two of his earliest productions, erotic poems rather than dramas in the stage connotation of the term—we have Shakespeare's whole intellectual output subjected to intensive criticism and study. ("The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist." By George Pierce Baker. 329 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50, net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THERE is a good deal that is useful and true in Mr. Carleton Noyes' book, "The Gate of Appreciation," but along with much that is fundamental and significant, there is a good deal that is comparatively of minor value.

The aim of the book is "to suggest the possible meaning of art to the ordinary man, to indicate methods of approach to art, and to trace the way of appreciation." Mr. Noyes assures us that the book is essentially an account of his own adventures with the problem, and it would be safe to hazard a guess that the fundamental things are those which have come from that experience. There is so much that is helpful and true that it is not easy to repress the desire to quote copiously. There is nothing novel or startling in the following passage, for instance, nevertheless it states a basic principle

with rather unusual force and clarity and is therefore worth quoting:

"The difference between work which is art and work which is not art is just this element of the originating impulse and creative act. The difference, though often seemingly slight and not always immediately perceived, is all-important. It distinguishes the artist from the artisan; a free spirit from a slave; a thinking, feeling man from a soulless machine. It makes the difference between life, rich and significant, and mere existence; between the mastery of fate and the passive acceptance of things as they are. If a mind and heart are behind it to control and guide it to expression, even the machine may be an instrument in the making of a work of art. It is not just the work itself, but the motive which prompted the making of it, that determines its character as art. Art is not the *way* a thing is done, but the reason *why* it is done. A chair, though turned on a lathe, may be a work of art, if the maker has truly expressed himself in his work."

The temptation to quote further is strong, but it is better perhaps to refer the reader to whom the foregoing extract appeals to the book itself. There is some alloy in the foregoing; it is not difficult to see that the "reason why it is done" may be as excellent as the result is poor; that a work may be poor and useless, barren of any semblance to art, though "the motive which prompted the making of it" was pure and noble and worthy of Angelo himself. But there is enough that is true, clearly and bravely stated, to make the passage worth careful study. It is, in a way, the keynote of the whole volume. ("The Gate of Appreciation." By Carleton Noyes, 280 pages. Price, \$2.00, net. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.)

