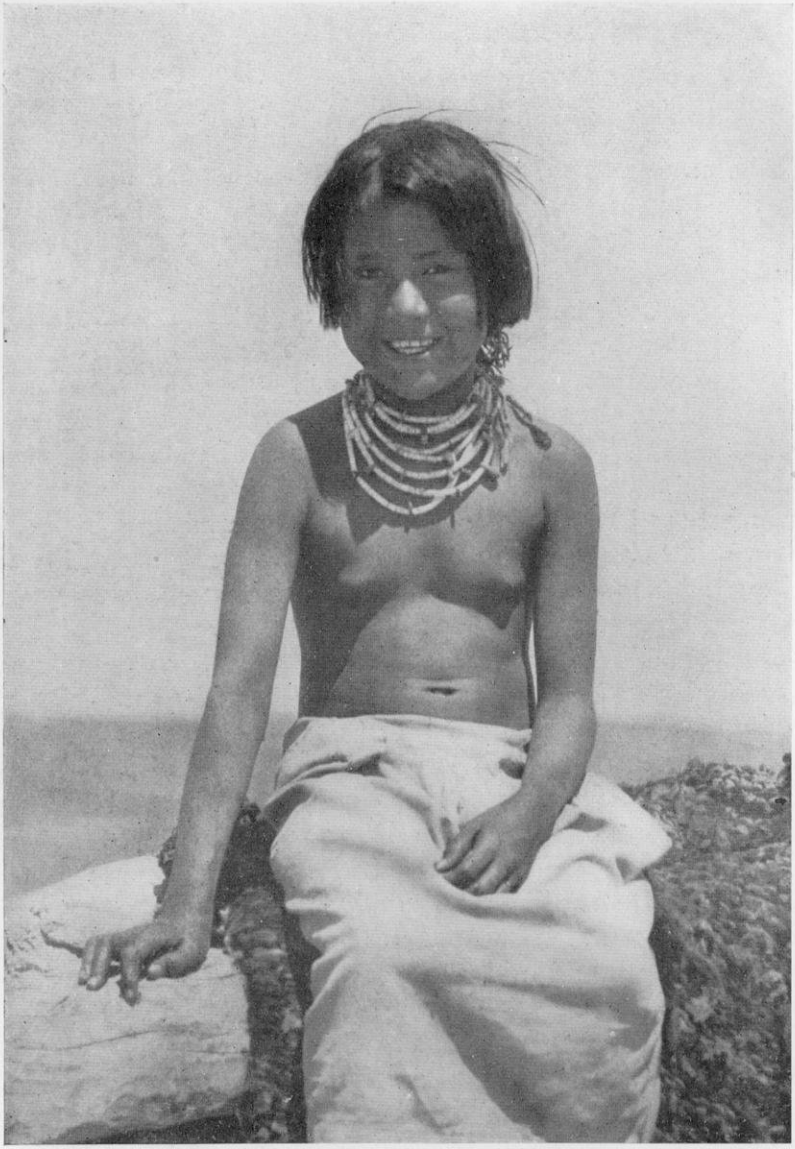
The craftsman. Vol. XII, Number 1 April 1907

New York, N.Y.: Gustav Stickley, April 1907

Cover page
is not
available



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

A HAPPY LITTLE HOPI GIRL.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XII APRIL, 1907 NUMBER 1

Contents

PUBLISHED BY GUSTAV STICKLEY, 29 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK

25 Cents a Copy : By the Year, $3.00

Entered June 6, 1906, at New York City, as second class matter

FURNITURE OF CHARACTER

is just as desirable as are friends of character and is sometimes as scarce. There is a line of Furniture and Home Furnishings however into which has been worked not only the choicest wood and leather, the best designs for proportion and adaptability to use, and a finish which is a subtle charm, but the experience of years backed by an uncompromising slogan: **"Als ik kan,"** (the best, and all that I can), means just the difference between good work and poor, and the spirit of this personal motto pervades the workmen who fashion

Craftsman Furniture

Our New York Show Rooms at 29 West 34th Street are open for your convenience and inspection. CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE is carried by a leading house in most of the large cities. Write us and we'll refer you to our nearest associate.

"CHIPS"

¶ A most interesting booklet regarding Craftsman Products will be mailed you freely on request. It clearly states Craftsman principles and reasons.

Gustav Stickley
The Craftsman
29 West 34th St., New York City

THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII APRIL, 1907 NUMBER 1

MARVELOUS BRONZES THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD FOUND IN ANCIENT GRAVES AND AMONG FAMILY TREASURES IN CHINA: BY DR. BERTHOLD LAUFER

CHINESE bronzes have not yet found the recognition and appreciation due them both from their archæological importance and their value to our own art industries. That the latter could profit by a close study of those works and receive from them new inspiration and ideas in technique and forms of ornaments, is obvious, and has been fully acknowledged by the museums of Industrial Art of Vienna and Berlin, which have issued instructive publications about Chinese bronzes, particularly designed for the purposes of the craftsman. The bronze-workers of this country now have an opportunity of learning from the great examples of Chinese art by a study of the present collection at the Natural History Museum, from which our illustrations are drawn.

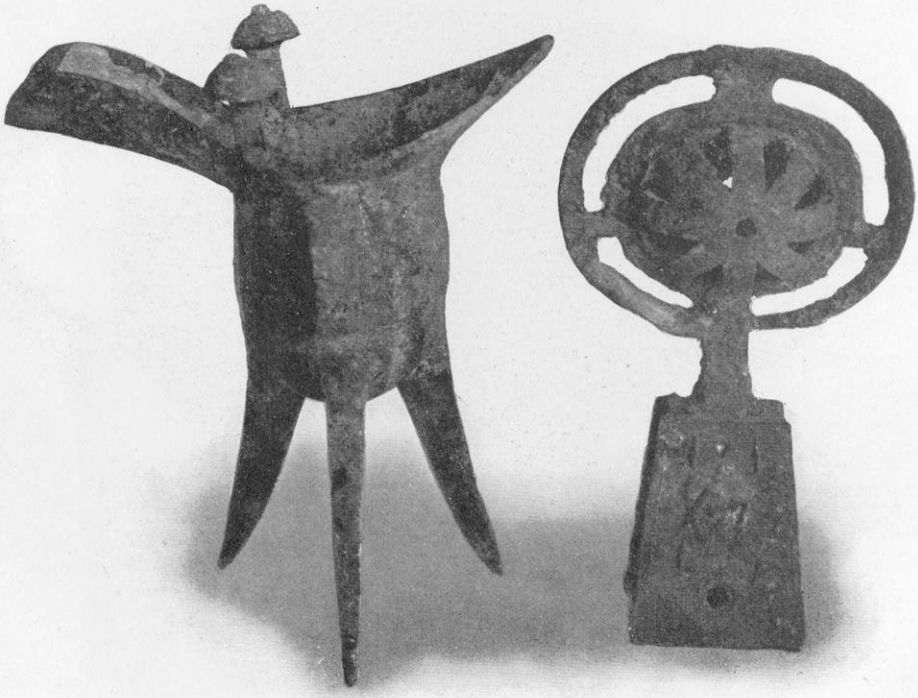
In China the archæologist does not share the happy fate of his colleague in Greece, Egypt and other lands, who enjoys the pleasure and privilege of personally bringing to light the costly treasures of bygone ages hidden away in the soil. The Chinese penal code makes special provision for any disturbance of graves, but it is not, as is generally believed, a deep-rooted feeling of reverence and awe for the burying-places of the dead which handicaps the attempts of the foreign investigator in trying his spade on promising spots. Neither ancestor-worship nor superstitious belief has ever deterred the enterprising Chinese treasure-seeker from opening tombs and delving deep in the ground. Ever since the early days of the Han period, this undaunted rifling of graves has been in unchecked operation, partly to satisfy the curiosity of real antiquarian interest, partly from motives of selfish gain. Hardly any people cherish and prize their antiquities more than the Chinese, and a collection of ancient art-trea-

sures becomes the unrivaled pride, nay, the highest valued property and inheritance of a family, and is handed down from father to son. It is not merely adoration or affection that prompts them to hoard these relics of the past, but also inquisitive and actually "scientific" interest, that love for research which dominates the tendency to store up large collections in the hands of an individual. Numerous are the books written by Chinese collectors on their bronzes and paintings, and many are the inscriptions accompanying them; these publications are usually adorned with fine wood-engravings unsurpassable in softness and delicacy of line. Particularly in their bronzes have Chinese scholars pursued most industrious and ingenious studies. As early as the eleventh century, an Imperial Museum was founded, in which the highest productions available at the time of the arts of casting, sculpturing and painting were hoarded—a collection which every modern art museum might look upon with justifiable envy. The descriptive catalogues then issued at the command of a broad-minded, art-loving monarch now form an indispensable source of information concerning the forms, significance, periods, and ornaments of bronzes and jades.

The uninterrupted demand in the native market for art works has created two unavoidable evils—the development of a special profession of art-dealers, and the wholesale manufacture of countless imitations to meet a demand often far exceeding the supply. Even family heirlooms which fell into the tradesman's greedy hands from time to time were not enough to fill the orders, so that nothing was left but to dig in the ground for the new and unexpected. Noted dealers still keep a host of employees running about the country, treasure-hunting, under cover of night. That their work is detrimental to scientific research is evident. No information can be obtained under such circumstances regarding the exact locality or the particular conditions under which the finds have been made. Neither do these adventurers care for all the treasures found in the grave. All minor and not marketable objects, which to the scientific mind would have great value as revealing former religious customs and worship, are carelessly thrown aside; only profitable pieces being selected from the plunder. As all trades in China are closely allied in guilds and unions, the professional spirit is developed to a marked degree. And it is exactly this commercial monopolization of the art-trade and the effective organization of the art-dealers which are the causes of the foreign

From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

"FLOWER VASE OF A HUNDRED RINGS."
BUT THREE OF THESE BRONZES ARE IN
EXISTENCE: SUNG DYNASTY 960-1126 A. D.



From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

CENSER: RATS STEALING GRAPES. MING DYNASTY 1368-1640 A. D.

LIBATION CUP FOR OFFERING WINE TO DECEASED ANCESTORS: SHANG DYNASTY 1766-1154 B. C.

MUSICAL RATTLE: HAN DYNASTY 200 B. C.-23 A. D.

From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

CENSER: MING DYNASTY 1368-1640 A. D.
CENSER: MING DYNASTY 1368-1640 A. D.

ORNAMENTAL VASE: HAN DYNASTY 200 B. C.-23 A. D.

From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

VESSEL FOR CARRYING WINE: CHOU DYNASTY.
BATTLE AXE: HAN DYNASTY.
LIBATION VESSEL: CHOU DYNASTY 1122-255 B. C.

student being hampered at the outset in any active exploring work. The fears and beliefs of the people with regard to tampering with graves might eventually be overcome by closer personal acquaintance with them, by winning their confidence and sympathy, by tactful procedure in handling coffins and skeletons which, after examination, would be reburied at the discretion and expense of the investigator; even the revengeful spirits of the dead and the raging ire of the offended local gods might be pacified by an equivalent sacrifice in cash value deposited in the *yamen* or with the temple's priesthood. But to oppose the sacred prerogatives of an established trade organization would mean a vain struggle against a superior force, with no possible hope of victory; from the view-point of these traders—exclusive trust magnates, as it were—they would not hesitate to brand all efforts as illegal competition, as a menace to their business, as an impudent encroachment upon their ancient and inherited rights, and to denounce the offender as a dangerous villain, guilty of high treason and sacrilege, who should be punished by the unrelenting hatred and persecution of the populace.

However discouraging and to some extent unfruitful it may be, the student of archæology has no other choice than to take what falls to his lot. But it must not therefore be presumed that his task is by any means easier than that of his fellow-worker who harvests the results of his own excavations. The intricate and mysterious ways of the Chinaman form a harder soil to work upon than that in which he plows. To him, it is comparatively easy to interpret the language of his spoils by a skilful combination of all circumstantial evidence brought out in the exploited field; while the collector of archæological specimens in China is confronted with the single piece only, just offered for sale, on which alone he must exercise all his wits to bring out its period or to judge its historical and artistic merits. His brain must always be vigilant and alert, and his knowledge extending over numerous historical and philological subjects. He must be able to decipher seals and inscriptions in the ancient style of character, which in itself is a complicated study, and he must be familiar with the language and terminology of the dealers, with their queer fashions and customs, with their hundredfold tricks and manipulations, against which he must keep a constant lookout. And no less important is the finding and seizing of the right opportunity and the managing to obtain the services of the proper men.

BRONZES, THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

WHILE on my mission in China on behalf of the American Museum of Natural History, it became clear to me after careful consideration that the opening I desired was in the ancient capital of Hsi-an-fu, province of Shensi, whither, as is well known, the Empress Dowager and the Court had taken refuge in 1900. There, in the once flourishing center of Chinese civilization—the metropolis of the Han emperors under whom art had attained to a remarkable height, my hope of obtaining genuine material in bronze and clay from the early epochs of Chinese art was finally fulfilled. Nothing could be discovered in Peking or in the large treaty ports of a character to rival the venerable art-treasures of Hsi-an-fu. This city was, and still is, the distributing center of the whole trade in art objects which are shipped from there to the capital, to Hankow and Shanghai. I had the good fortune to meet there Mr. Su, an enlightened, well-educated Mohammedan, whose family had been in the antiquarian's business since the seventeenth century, and who enjoys a reputation all over the country for being an honest, straightforward connoisseur of antiquities.

The way in which the art-trade is carried on in Hsi-an-fu is a matter of curiosity in itself. The shops of the dealers are tiny rooms, dimly lightly and a never-failing source of wonder to the new arrival. Trifling bric-a-brac is heaped up in the front room, some crumpled paper paintings spread over the walls; not a sign that important art objects would ever be forthcoming. The foreigner whose eyes are accustomed to the magnificent, glaringly gilt stores of Shanghai and Peking has not yet learned that the true Chinese antiquarian never exposes his heart-loved treasures to the profane eye. What he displays openly is cheap trash to allure the innocent and ignorant. Woe to him who is trapped in this pitfall; he will never rise to see himself treated to a good genuine piece. It requires patience, proper introduction, personal acquaintance, and the power of wholly adapting one's self to Chinese usages, to be initiated into the sanctum where true art wields the scepter; it is not the possibility that the foreigner may be willing to pay the price—or any price, that induces the Chinese to lift the veil; but the certainty that he possesses a discriminating knowledge and judgment. Only this affords a passport to the hall of adepts and to fair treatment. The shrewd Chinaman is well aware of the fact that he can palm off on the inexperienced

From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

VESSEL IN ONE CASTING:
CHOU DYNASTY 1122-225 B. C.

From Collection in Natural History Museum, N. Y.

TEMPLE BELL. INLAID WITH GOLD AND SILVER. STRUCK ON THE KNOBS, EACH PRODUCING A DIFFERENT MUSICAL SOUND. CHOU DYNASTY 1123-255 B. C.

foreigner an imitation at the same price as an original. Why therefore should he let him have the genuine article of which he does not recognize the value? Another peculiarity of the art-dealer is that he does not talk about his objects; the buyer of ancient art is expected by him to know all about them as an expert and is responsible for his own failures. If he is disappointed, he must take the blame himself. It has also become an established rule that antiquities must be paid for, cash down, at the very moment of the sale; while on the other hand, there is hardly anything that a Chinaman can not obtain on credit. Another interesting point is that in Hsi-an-fu no discount is allowed on any great work of art, except by small houses which may be in immediate need of cash. All the world knows how dearly a Chinaman loves bargaining and haggling, and how he advances prices to a point he never dreams of realizing, just for the pleasure and excitement of a bargain. But for the real works of art such haggling is not permitted, and where the valuation is thought excessive, a piece may as well be given up at the start. How the prices are made is a mystery; there are no fixed rules and standards, everything depends on chance and circumstance, and on the rarity of a piece; a trade mark with date, or an inscription consisting of a few characters, always commands an additional sum; in lengthy inscriptions the number of characters is carefully counted, and a conscientious estimate is put upon each of them.

There are two sources of supply for the art-dealers of Hsi-an-fu—first, the numerous and practically inexhaustible ancient graves in Shensi Province, many of which belong to the Han period, and second, the transactions with distinguished families residing in the city. Of these, there is a goodly number and many of them are wealthy, as the place is a favorite resort of retired officials. Because of the difficulty people not engaged in actual business encounter in finding a good opening to invest their capital—great real estate openings are lacking in China—they buy up valuable antiquities as an investment on which no losses are liable to be incurred. Many families have a large proportion of their money in such property. If then, for a journey, a marriage, a funeral or other occasion some ready cash is required, an heirloom is disposed of through a middleman who acts as broker for the family. According to all precedent, to deal directly with the owner is impossible. A place and a time are appointed for

the examination of the piece in question. Wonderful in such cases is the completeness of their departure from the customary Chinese deliberateness; to effect a speedy transaction, the term for the exhibition is limited with rigorous sternness to a few hours, after which the piece is taken away and the meditative customer who could not make up his mind on the instant will never see it again. My own success in bargaining was fair, for the majority of the large pieces of bronze in my collection represent treasured heirlooms from the possession of noted families in old Hsi-an-fu.

LIKE the peoples of Northern and Central Europe, the Chinese passed through a genuine Bronze Age, during which only bronze and copper weapons, implements, and vessels were employed, and iron was entirely unknown. This period terminated at about 500 B. C. The art of casting bronze had reached its greatest perfection before that time, and was in a highly flourishing condition at the period of the earliest dynasties. The process followed was always that known as *à cire perdue,* of which Benvenuto Cellini has left us such a classical description. A great influence in the development of bronze vessels was the worship of ancestors, which culminated in a minutely ritualistic cult that created an epoch of artistic vases. The prescripts of the ancient rituals exactly determined the shape, alloys, measures, capacity, weight, and ornaments for each type of these vessels, and their forms were defined according to the nature of the offerings, which were wine, water, meat, grain, or fruit. The adjustment of the proportions of the single parts is most admirable in the majority of them. The libation cup from which wine was poured in worship of the spirits of the dead, and which, according to the explanation of the Chinese, has the shape of an inverted helmet, is a relic of the Shang dynasty (B. C. 1765-1145), and is the most ancient example of this art in our collection. The bell, the large bowl, the vase with handles formed into animals' heads, and the vessel for carrying wine come down from the time of the Chou dynasty (B. C. 1122-247). The bell is a masterpiece encrusted with gold and silver, proving that the art of inlaying was well understood at this early period. It is remarkable that all these ancient bronzes, despite their colossal dimensions, were executed in one and the same cast, bottom, handles, and decoration included, and rank, even from the view-point

of the modern bronze-caster, among the greatest works of art ever created in metal.

DURING the Middle Ages, a great renaissance of art arose under the Sung, when bronze vases of most artistic workmanship were turned out. While the deep religious spirit which inspired the creations of the early masters had gradually died away, the worldly element now came more and more to the front, and with it a more human touch. Greater stress was laid by the new artists on elegant forms, on pleasing and harmonious proportions, on delicate treatment of ornamental details. The "Vase with a Hundred Rings," which is actually adorned with that number of movable rings on its four sides, is a good example of the accomplishments of this period. In its shape, it imitates one of the honorific vases of the Chou, which at that time by imperial grace were devoted to the commemoration of exceptionally heroic deeds and bestowed upon worthy officials as a mark of distinction. During the Sung and the later Ming periods, such vases served decorative purposes in the way of flower-vases. The addition of the rings is likewise not an inheritance of the past, but an idea of the Sung artists. The traditions of the latter survived to the Ming dynasty and down to the end of the eighteenth century.

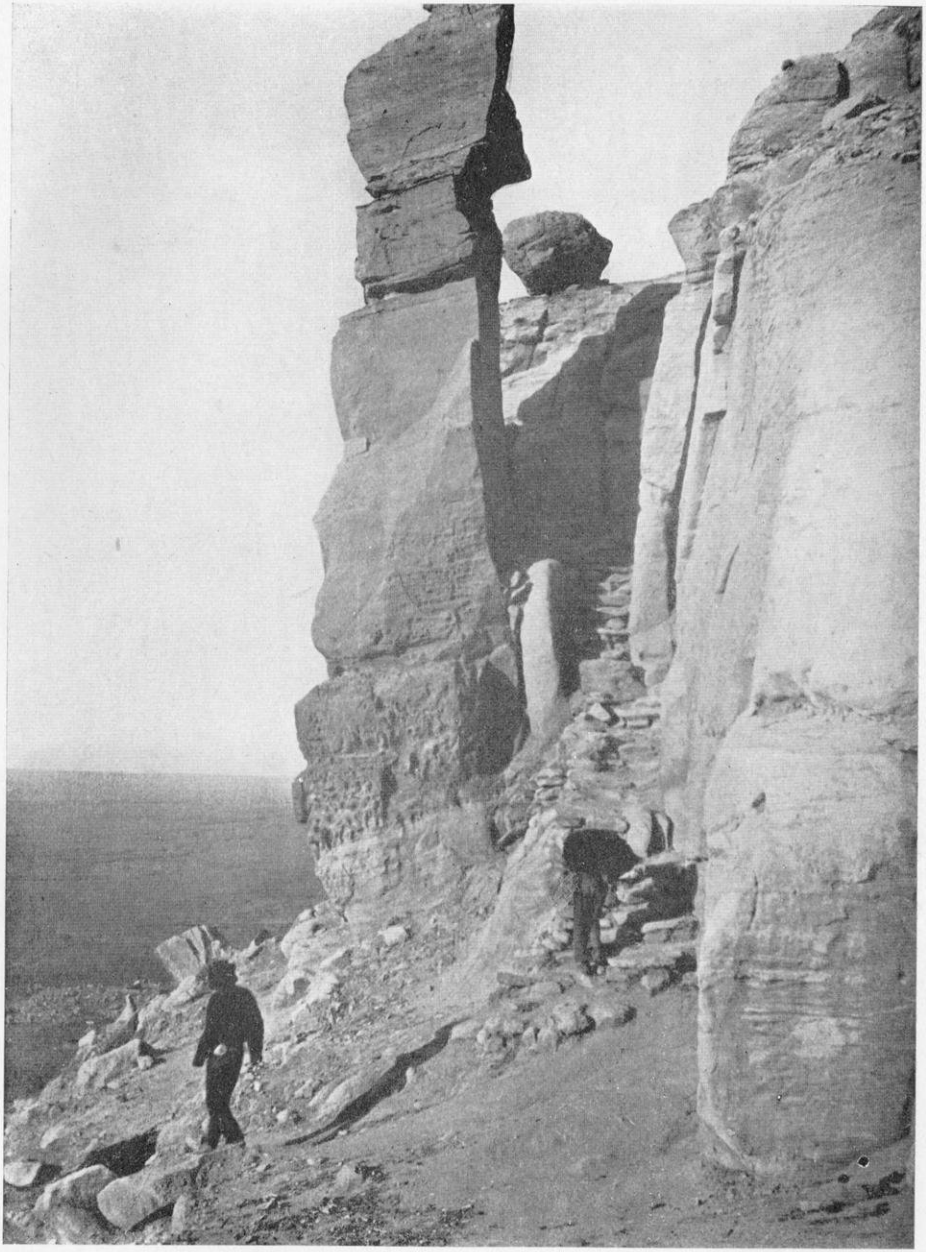
The Ming period excels in number and beauty of incense-burners. Incense proper came to China from India, and incense was burned in religious worship only after the introduction of Buddhism. The censer as a type of vessel is by no means of Indian origin, but is derived from the form of one of the sacred ancestral vessels of the Chou. In no other bronze work has the creative power of the artist shown such great variety of beauty.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The series of old Chinese bronzes here shown are the result of a recent expedition to China under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, made possible through the generosity of Jacob H. Schiff, Esq. As the collection is considered the largest and most representative ever brought out from the Chinese Empire to this country, the foregoing narrative by Dr. Berthold Laufer, Chinese scholar and Oriental explorer, setting forth the peculiar and little known methods of obtaining these ancient master-pieces, together with a general description of the specimens here reproduced, is of timely and instructive interest.

PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT: HOW THE HOPI BUILD THEIR COMMUNITY DWELLINGS ON THE CLIFFS: BY FREDERICK MONSEN

IN SPITE of its isolated position in the heart of the desert, surrounded by unfriendly tribes and far away from civilization, the little commonwealth of the Hopi cliff-dwellers has of late years become fairly accessible to the traveler, who may well feel repaid for a journey across the desert by the interest to be found in the strange habitations, primitive customs, and barbaric art of this remnant of a prehistoric race. Two days on horseback, or three in a wagon, northward from any one of several Arizona stations on the transcontinental line of the Santa Fe Railway, carries one through a land of long desert slopes and sage covered valleys; past volcanic peaks and cinder cones, bad lands and alkali wastes, mesas covered with juniper, pinons and cedars, and finally into the real desert—the Painted Desert, that mysterious land, full of color and enchantment, which is the heritage of the gentle Hopitah.

From the top of the last divide that marks the boundary of the Hopi country, one sees on the horizon line the high mesas that project into the desert like the bows of great battleships. These mesas end very abruptly, giving a most precipitous look to the high cliffs on the top of which are located the seven Hopi pueblos. You strain your eyes to see the towns on the crest of these great cliffs, but so like are they in color and outline to the living rock, that it is impossible to distinguish them until you come within a couple of miles, when you suddenly realize that the mesas are crowned with human habitations. As you climb one of the precipitous trails leading to the villages, you wonder what overpowering motive could have forced these people to build their homes in such inaccessible places, but a closer look at their architecture reveals the fact that it was fear of man that must originally have caused them to build their fortress-like cities at the top of the cliffs. In fact, the very trail by which you climb could, in the days when bows and arrows and stone axes were the only weapons, have been easily held by one man against an army. From necessity the ancestors of the Hopi lived on the mesa tops in the immemorial past, and the same necessity for centuries compelled their descendants



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

A PRECIPITOUS TRAIL LEADING
UP A MESA TO A HOPI VILLAGE.

From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

HOPI TOWNS IN COLOR AND OUTLINE ARE SO LIKE THE CRESTS OF THE MESAS THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DISTINGUISH THEM A FEW MILES AWAY.

to follow their example. Now that all danger of invasion is past, the Hopi of the present day still live there by choice, and this in spite of the fact that all the water used in the villages, except such as is caught during rains in the basin-like depressions in the rocky surface of the mesa top, is laboriously brought up the steep trails in large pottery water bottles slung over the backs of the women. Not only water, but supplies of all kinds, harvested crops, provisions, fuel, etc., have to be brought up these steep trails, and often from a distance of many miles. Since the rediscovery of Hopi Land by the white man about twenty years ago, the government has attempted, by offers of building material, to induce the people to settle nearer to the springs and their farming lands, but the conservative people cling as tenaciously to the home sites selected by their ancestors as they do to the ancient architecture and the customs and traditions of their forefathers.

I SAY "rediscovery by the white man," for it was nearly four hundred years ago that the Hopi pueblos first became known to the white race. The contact between them and the outside world was but brief, for, although discovered by one of Coronado's expeditions, they soon settled back into their original peaceful seclusion. The story of how the pueblos were first found is the same as that of the discovery of many other ancient cities on the Pacific Coast. The sixteenth century was prolific in exploration and discoveries in the new world. The Spaniards had taken Mexico and were casting about for new worlds to conquer, when their adventurous spirit was fired afresh by fabulous tales of treasure to be found in great cities to the north. Report followed report, each more vivid than the last, until the viceroy of New Spain, inflamed by tales of Pizarro's bloody conquest of Peru, organized a great expedition and sent it out to find and conquer the Indian cities of the North, and to bring back the rich treasure which would surely be found there.

And so it came to pass that a splendid caravan of adventurers, led by armed cavaliers, and with one thousand Indian allies bringing up the rear, began the most remarkable journey of exploration ever taken in America. The commander-in-chief was Francisco Vasquez Coronado, and on Easter morning of the year 1540 the little army marched away with all the pomp and circumstance that attended the under-

taking of such an enterprise. For months the adventurers traveled over deserts, mountains, and plains, meeting with every vicissitude and hardship to be encountered in an unknown country, until at last they reached the region now known as Arizona and New Mexico. Here, so the story goes, they found not only wild and warlike Indians, but a gentle race of aborigines, much farther advanced in the arts of civilization than any other they had seen since leaving Central Mexico. These people, although composed of many different tribes speaking distinct languages, were practically one in development and had reached a high degree of culture, compared with the nomadic, warlike tribes surrounding them. They formed a nation of agricultural people, dwelling in stone and adobe houses on the very sites occupied by their descendants to this day. In some instances, the identical buildings that were standing when Coronado's expedition first visited Hopi Land are occupied to-day. Coronado had hoped to discover the Seven Cities of Cibola, as the cupidity of the Spaniards had been excited to a frenzy by the mythical tales of rich treasure to be found there, but after conquering the finest of these cities, he found himself possessed of nothing more than a mud-built pueblo of New Mexican Zuni Indians. At this pueblo, Coronado heard of other towns toward the northwest, and dispatched one of his lieutenants with Indian guides to find them if possible. In this way the Seven Cities of Tusayan, in the northern part of the present Territory of Arizona, were first made known to the white race. These seven cities are now known as the seven pueblos of the Hopi Indians. After the Coronado expedition came the priests who followed always in the trail of the Spanish Conquistadores, endeavoring to graft the Christian religion upon each pagan cult they found. But the Hopi would have none of it. They disposed of Christianity by the simple but effective method of throwing the priests over the cliffs then and there, and for three hundred years they remained free from the yoke of foreign invasion.

From that time until about twenty years ago very few whites ever entered the country of the pueblos or came in contact with the Hopi Indians, partly for the reason that they were far from the beaten trail of travel from Old Mexico, but especially on account of their natural isolation. Surrounded on all sides by a great waterless desert and by warlike tribes of Indians, they escaped both the Spanish and Mexican influence, and not until they were taken in hand by the

United States Government did the missionaries again begin to labor among them. This, so far as we know it, is the story of the Hopi as told by the white man of long ago, and so it happens that we have here in the heart of the youngest and most progressive of modern countries a primitive race of men who have escaped the blight of civilization, and who are to us a perfect exposition of the way the prehistoric American lived and died, ages before the paleface came to bring destruction.

IN THE seven villages which to-day constitute the little Hopi commonwealth live about two thousand home-loving, law-abiding Indians who have managed somehow to maintain an absolute independence for all these centuries. They are a people without jails, hospitals, asylums, or policemen, and crime is almost an unknown thing among them. They are entirely self-supporting and have never asked from the United States Government anything but to be left alone. The first mesa top contains three villages, Walpi, Shichumnovi, and Hano. Of these Walpi is by far the most picturesque as well as the most primitive. Situated on the extreme end of the mesa, where the long rock tongue gradually tapers to a point, its site is so narrow that nearly the whole top of the cliff is covered with buildings,—some, in fact, actually overhang the precipitious walls. Hopi villages are all built on the defensive plan. The house clusters are generally two stories in height, although at Walpi and Oraibi four are more often seen. The building material is stone laid in mortar and mud, and the fronts of the buildings have a general tendency to face eastward. In former times the back walls had neither doors nor windows, and the only entrance to the lower story was from above by means of ladders thrust through holes in the roof. Ladders or steps cut into the partition walls afforded access to the upper stories.

This necessity for being constantly on the defensive arose from the fact that the daily life of the Hopi was fraught with danger. In the old days they were the constant prey of the ferocious nomadic tribes around them, and unrelaxing vigilance was necessary to prevent extermination. In the present day this danger is past, but the Hopi still must struggle with natural forces that seem at times enough to overwhelm them. Their little farms have to be watched with the great-

est care from the time that the corn kernels are planted in the damp sand of a dry stream bed until the tender plant sees the light of day. Then windbreaks must be erected to protect the growing corn from the ever shifting desert sand, which would bury it in a night; and shades must be built to keep the fierce sun from burning it up. Then come rabbits and other animal pests to devour all the little crop, and crows, black birds, and locusts drop from the sky to rob the poor Hopi of his food supply; lastly come the poaching horses, burros, and bands of sheep, to say nothing of thieving Navajos, and, as if this were not enough, at any time great floods may come down the natural water channels where the Hopi plant their corn, to destroy in a few minutes the labor of many months, or the burning sun of a rainless season may shrivel the growing crops.

IT IS this relentless domination of an austere environment that forms the keynote of the whole religious and social life of the Hopi, for the Indian is much more helpless in the presence of Nature than the civilized man. Where we may frequently offer successful resistance to natural forces, the primitive man has no recourse but to yield to circumstances that are due to his surroundings. The sincerity of their faith and their absolute belief in the Nature God is most interesting and wonderful to see. Every act of their life, be it great or little, is attended with prayer, and all important things, such as the planting of the seed, and the maturing of the crops, give occasion for elaborate and beautiful religious ceremonies. These ceremonies, with many praise-offerings and incantations to propitiate the gods, accompany every personal event, as well as those controlled by Nature. For instance, there are ceremonial observances at birth, marriage, and death, and also at the dedication of each new home.

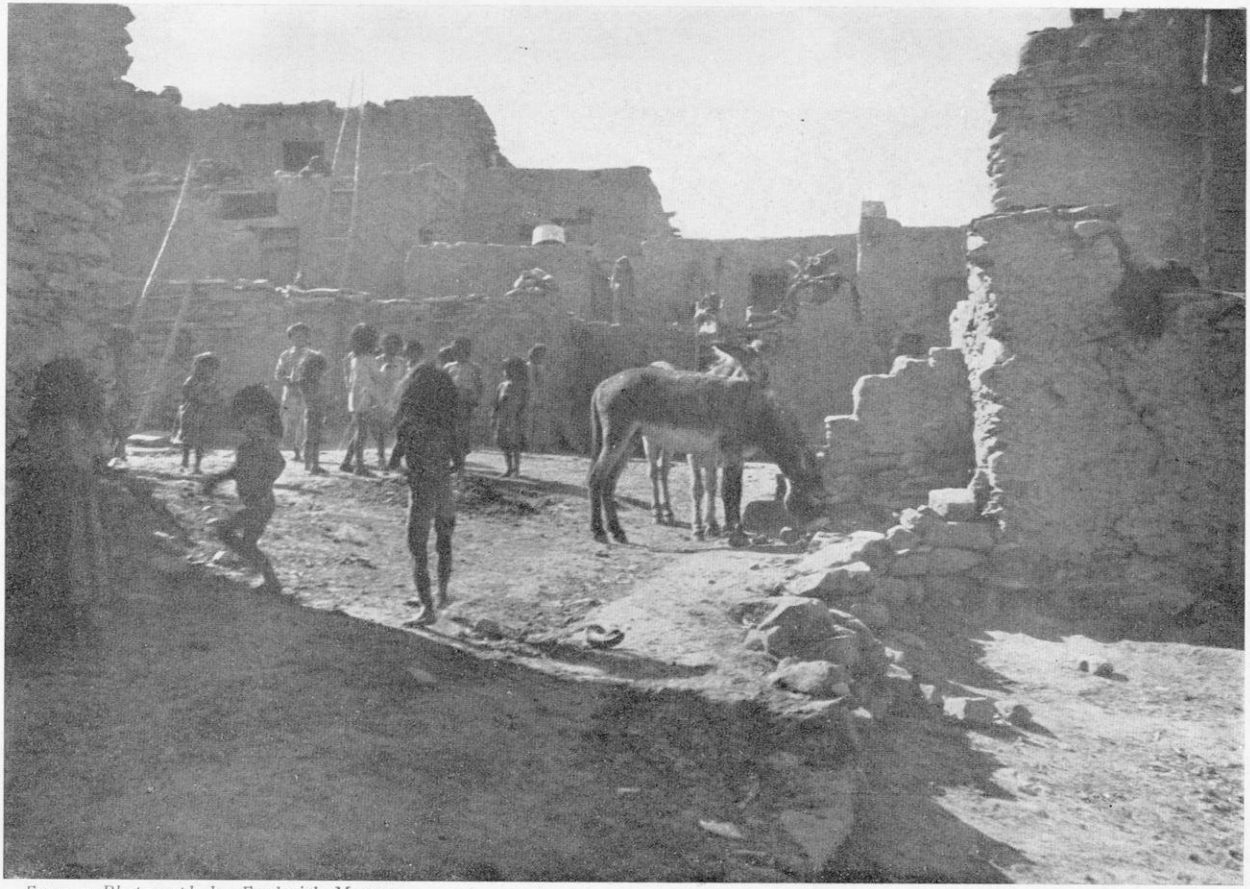
The building of the Hopi house is most interesting, and is carried out according to certain prescribed rules, from the selection of the site to the feast that opens the house as a dwelling. After the site of the house has been determined and its dimensions roughly marked on the ground by placing stones where the corners are to be, the next step is the gathering of the building material. In this the communal idea of the Hopi with regard to work is strongly in evidence, as the prospective builder calls to his assistance all the friends who belong to his own clan. These helpers receive no compensation except their

From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

THE HOPI PUEBLO OF ORAIBI IS FOUR STORIES HIGH.

From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

IN THE PUEBLO THERE IS NO PREARRANGED PLAN OF CONSTRUCTION, THE VILLAGE GROWS, ONE ROOM AT A TIME.



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

THE HOPI CHILDREN ARE STRONG AND ALERT, WITH HAPPY LITTLE HEARTS AND AMICABLE WAYS.

From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

THERE ARE SIX GENERATIONS FROM GRANDMOTHER TO BABY, YET THE OLD WOMAN IS STILL A STRONG, USEFUL MEMBER OF HOPI SOCIETY.

food, and, as is the case with all communal labor, the work is carried to its completion with a good will and spirit that has no parallel in civilization.

And the accumulation of building material is not an easy matter, notwithstanding that the Hopi town is built of stone quarried from the top and side of the mesa upon which it stands. This is a stratified sandstone which is easy to quarry, but the timbers for the roof must be brought from a great distance. Tradition says that before the period when the history of the Hopi became known to us, it was necessary to transport these great beams by human muscle alone, and to lift them sometimes for six hundred feet up the precipitous trails. The main beams of the roof are usually of pine or cottonwood, but all trees indigenous to the country are used in house construction.

So far as I have been able to observe, there is no prearranged plan for an entire house cluster of several stories, nor is there any consideration shown for future additions or contiguous dwellings. One room at a time is built, and additions are made as more room is required. Therefore the single room may be considered as the unit of the pueblo, and this is found to be true of the greater number of prehistoric ruins found in this region, as well as of the living villages, which are formed upon exactly the same architectural model.

AFTER the gathering of the building material has been accomplished, the builder goes to the chief of the pueblo, who gives him four small eagle feathers to which are tied short cotton strings. These feathers are sprinkled with sacred meal, and are placed one at each of the four corners of the house, where they are covered with the corner stones. The Hopi call these feathers *Nakwa Kwoci,* meaning a breath prayer, and the ceremony is addressed to *Masauwu,* the sun.

The next step is the location of the door, which is marked by the placing of food on either side of where it is to be. Also, particles of food, mixed with salt, are sprinkled along the lines upon which the walls are to stand. Then the building itself is begun. Among the pueblo people, the man is generally the mason and the woman the plasterer, but from my own observation I have found that the women often do the entire work of house construction, the material only being brought by the men, who sometimes assist in the heavy work of lifting

the long beams for the roof. While the men are preparing the stones, the women bring water from the springs at the foot of the mesa, also clay and earth, and mix a mud plaster which is used very sparingly between the layers of stones. The walls thus made are irregular in thickness, varying from eight to eighteen inches, and are carried to a height of about seven or eight feet.

After the walls are raised to their full height, the rafters are carefully laid over them, about two feet apart, and above these are placed smaller poles running at right angles and about a foot apart. Across these again are laid willows or reeds as closely as they can be placed, and then comes a layer of reeds or grass, over which mud plaster is spread. When this is dry, it is covered with earth and thoroughly stamped down. All of this work is done by the women also the plastering of the inside walls and the making of the plaster floors.

When the house is completed thus far, the owner prepares four more eagle feathers, and ties them to a little stick of willow, the end of which is inserted in one of the central roof beams. No Hopi home is complete without this, as it is the soul of the house and the sign of its dedication. These feathers are renewed every year at the feast of *Soyalyina,* celebrated in December, when the sun begins to return northward. There is also an offering made to *Masauwu* in the form of particles of food placed in the rafters of the house, with prayers for good luck and prosperity to the new habitation.

These ceremonies completed, the interior of the house is plastered by the women, who spread on the plaster smoothly with their hands. The surface thus given is exceedingly interesting, as the hand strokes show all over the walls and the corners have no sharp angles, only soft irregular curves where the plaster has been stroked down and patted with the fingers. After the plastering a coat of white clayey gypsum is applied, making the room look very bright, clean and sunny. Unlike most Indian habitations, the interior of a Hopi house is always clean and fresh-looking. It is generally bare of furniture, although during the last few years, tables, chairs, and iron cook stoves have been introduced by the Government, and have been accepted by some of the more progressive. These modern improvements, however, are much frowned upon by the conservative Hopi, and are by no means an advantage from the view-point of one who enjoys the artistic effect of their primitive customs.

In one corner of the room is built a fireplace and chimney, and the top of the latter is usually extended by piling bottomless jars one upon the other. These chimneys draw very well and their odd construction adds much to the quaint archaic character of the house. The roof is finished flat and is a foot lower than the top of the walls, so that the earth covering is in no danger of being washed or blown away. Drains are inserted in the copings to carry off storm water and so prevent leakage from the roof.

After the house is completely finished and dedicated, the owner gives a feast to all the members of his clan who helped him in the building, and each one of these in turn brings some small gift to help along the housekeeping of the new home.

HOPI LAND comes very close to being a woman-governed country, for the status of woman in this little republic has as much freedom and dignity as it possessed ages ago in other tribes governed as communes. Hopi society is based upon the *gens;* that is, upon the tie of blood relationship. It is a society of equals where help is extended and received in the true communal spirit. How long this will last now that the touch of civilization threatens to fall upon them, can easily be guessed. Among the Hopi the women are excellent specimens of primitive humanity. The young women are well-formed and strong, and of irreproachable character. They own the houses as well as build them, and all family property belongs to the woman, who is acknowledged as the head of the household. Inheritance, therefore, is always through the mother, and descent is reckoned through the female line. In spite of the liberty and importance enjoyed by the Hopi women, their reserve and modesty is surprising. They are as quiet and shy as if their lives had been passed in the utmost seclusion and subjection to the dominance of man. Their whole lives are devoted to the care of their children, and the matrimonial customs of the Hopi are of a grade, which, if generally understood, might make civilized law-makers and writers of civilized customs stop and think. It is marriage from the view-point of the woman, not of the man. It is a striking example of the principal effect of woman rule, and it must be admitted that it is dominated by the highest order of purity as well as of common sense.

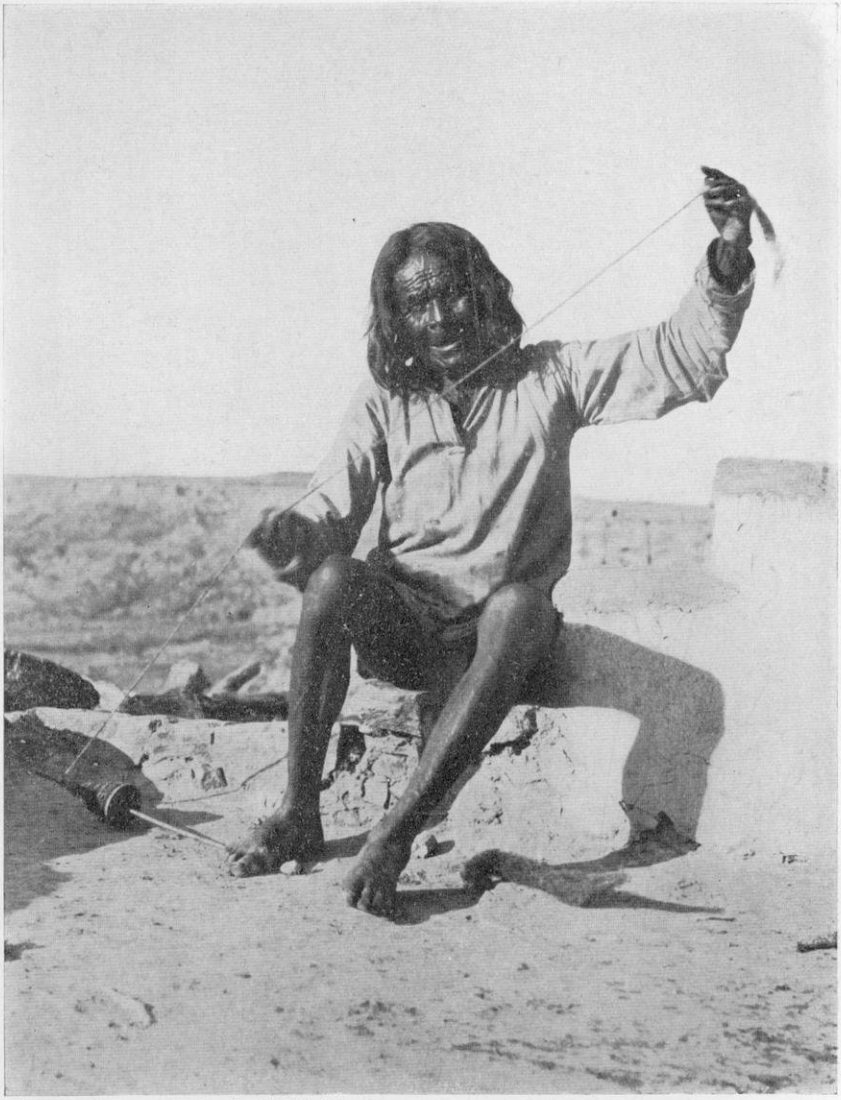
The education of the children is very carefully considered. The

Hopi have no written literature, but an almost boundless store of oral traditions, which are handed down unimpaired to each generation in turn and which form the guiding principle of their religious belief and of their whole life. Every clan, and there are a number of family clans making up the various Hopi towns, has its own *kiva* or underground ceremonial chamber, entered by a ladder through a square opening in the roof, which is but a foot or two above the general level of the ground. Here the education of the boys is carried on, beginning at the age of seven or eight years. They are instructed day by day in the literature, history, and myths of the tribes, the priests being the teachers. Without writing and without books the Hopi have an extensive literature, and that the utmost accuracy is observed in its oral transmission from generation to generation is revealed by certain comparisons with the records made by the Spanish explorers in the sixteenth century.

IT IS an interesting thing to visit a Hopi home, for they are a friendly and hospitable people, and until they feel that they have reason to distrust a white man, their attitude toward him when he presents himself as a guest at their door is actuated by the most cordial spirit of hospitality. I well remember a visit I once made, many years ago, to the home of the Governor of the pueblo of Walpi, in order to secure his permission to make photographs within the limits of his jurisdiction. His home was on the third floor of the great irregular pyramid which forms this pueblo, and I had to climb up rude ladders and ascend many steps cut in the partition walls before I reached it. My approach had been announced by numbers of children playing around the street, who, with shrill cries of "*Bahana, Bahana*" (white man), brought many of the Hopi to their doorways to look upon me with good natured curiosity. When I reached the door of the Governor's home, two women bending over their mealing stones looked up at me with smiles of welcome, while on the floor three naked brown babies were playing with a kitten, which they abandoned to stare at me mutely with preposterously black eyes, as if they had been hypnotized and were bent on hypnotizing me in turn. The women were cordial and laughed freely. One of them went for the Governor while the other handed me a drink of water in a bowl of their interesting native pottery. When the Governor came from an inner room,

From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

THE HOPI WOMEN ARE WELL FORMED, STRONG AND INTELLIGENT, AND MUCH OF THE GOVERNMENT IS IN THEIR HANDS.



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

THE HOPI MEN ARE THE SPINNERS AND WEAVERS OF THE NATION.

I found him to be a man of about sixty, of medium height, but magnificently built. As a race, the Hopi are models of form, the pure air, simple food, and constant exercise giving them perfect physical development. The Governor was dressed in the typical modern Hopi costume of white cotton trousers, slit up at the sides, and a loose shirt drawn in at the waist by a splendid belt of silver disks. His long hair was held in place by a narrow band of red wool, and brown, silver-buttoned leggings and moccasins completed his costume.

I told him I wished to secure a room to live in, to arrange for Hopi servants, and to make pictures. He answered courteously that I was welcome to stay in the pueblo and might remain as long as I choose; that he would find me a house and arrange for his people to bring me wood and water, and for a woman to do my cooking, but I must not take photographs, that he could not allow. This was a great disappointment, as work among the Indians was then comparatively new to me, and I had much difficulty in overcoming his prejudice. Just at this time dinner was announced and I was invited to partake of it. It was my first Hopi meal and I shall never forget it, for it was a liberal education in many things, including the evolution of cookery. We were eight all together. The three grandchildren, the two women I had seen, the Governor and the grandmother. The menu consisted of mutton stew, sweet corn on the cob, *piki* bread and corn pudding. The mutton had been cooked in an iron kettle over an open fire on the roof outside. It was mutton stew without the vegetables, but it was properly salted. The Hopi use salt and native peppers, but no other condiments. We sat on the floor and had no knives or forks. Doing as my Indian friends did, I seized in my turn a chunk of mutton from the kettle and proceeded to eat it. How I was to get my share of the stew, however, I could not conceive, as licking one's fingers is a slow process and inadequately nourishing. On the floor table, however, was a pile of what looked like dark blue lead pencils. The Governor took one, stuck it into the kettle and peacefully sucked until he was satisfied. It was simply sucking—not lemonade—but mutton stew, through a straw. Then he carefully proceeded to eat the straw. Sucking the stew through it had softened and flavored it for eating. I mastered the game at the first trial, and from that time was a devoted adherent to *piki* bread, as well as to many other dishes and customs of my good friends the Hopi.

(*To be continued*)

THE TAMING OF THE BEAR: BY PAUL HARBOE

AGE had tried harder than ever that day to win. There had been the usual, the almost daily wrangle. He had brought his every weapon into service, but was overwhelmingly outclassed. His wife now leaned back upon the couch, dramatically, and sighed. The wild gesticulation, the fierce foot-stamping on the uncarpeted floor, the mixed noises—in short all that din of words clashing with words and miscellaneous sounds had wearied her. Victory was no longer a glorious prize; it was of too common occurrence; it was growing stale.

And Page—Page took his hat, and left the room. He felt like an unwelcome guest in his own house.

They had been married for seven years. They were a childless couple. It was well thus, her mother held. Oh, her mother was a sage. Nothing lay beyond her reach; everything was easy, so very easy! When she relinquished her daughter—her only child—she knew that he drank. She knew he was a bear, and accordingly it was incumbent upon her to tame and to train him. However, she had handled men, her late husband, for instance. Her late husband was a bear, too; not, verily, a big, strong, burly grizzly like Page, for he had been a small slim person of no physical power and gentle as a lamb. All the same, from Mrs. Marston's point of view, he *was* a bear, being of the masculine sex.

So, on his wedding day, the experiment with Page began. He was tamed and trained by his mother-in-law, who found this occupation a fascinating pastime, a kind of sport difficult to leave. For a while, her daughter was a spectator only. But the game wearied her, it dragged like certain novels, she thought. It lacked "ginger." Hence, at length, she herself took hold of the reins. Her mother, of course, continued to flourish the whip. But two drivers to a single steed are sometimes worse than none.

Page had cared a little for his wife the spectator, believing when he married her that she loved him. He respected and listened attentively to the counsel of his mother-in-law. In Mrs. Marston's way of approaching him there was, now and then, a note of solemn politeness that left him with a delicate sense of awe. He saw that it was wrong in him to drink. But if he should stop taking strong liquor alto-

gether, he would lose many friends, and, really, he was not yet ready to enter a new world. He liked his home immensely, in the beginning; it was cosy, cheerful, elegant. Page regarded it as a magnificent gift, paid for by himself, while selected by more competent hands.

PAGE could not give up drinking. While his home fairly sang with all its beauty, the song somehow did not seem to come from the heart. It was devoid of the emotional essence that might have wrought inseparable ties. In the grog shops near his great ship-building works, where dirt-spotted, ragged men drank and laughed—men who were under his charge—he found human values in the light of which he discovered, strangely, some of the vital needs of his own being; bare places within his soul, gulfs of nothingness. He liked to frequent those noisy taverns, not so much to drink as to hear the men's stories, feel their interests, catch intimate glimpses of their ways. Page knew their language, their crude, unpolished manner of saying things, and thoroughly understood them. They all had something to tell; they were delightfully articulate. Page marvelled at this; he had nothing to relate, he thought, nothing worth a story.

Certainly, he might have talked about his great success in life. He might have described his sure gradual rise from obscurity. He might have spoken of certain sacrifices the cost of which haunted him now. But he questioned the quality of his success, the longer he stared at it the cheaper it looked. Perhaps those hoary fellows who came too often to the grog-shops and stayed too long, perhaps their success was of a finer clay than his. Perhaps they could have been rich, had they desired wealth, and in the pursuit thereof followed other paths. He did not know; money was a subject they never discussed. Some of the men who came less frequently to the grog shops, spoke tenderly of their wives and of their children with enthusiasm. In Page they found an eager listener; it was all so romantically fresh to him. Had he ever felt a desire to speak of his wife with anyone?

As for the children—he had observed them too—those little careless grotesque figures that tumbled about in the gutters in summer half-naked, and in winter, painstakingly huddled up in bundles of cloth, ran to school mornings, and at noon carried dinner-baskets to their fathers. It was a long, long time since Page had carried a dinner-basket.

And he had been a child, too! This consideration comforted him now. But to-day he was a man. They called him "prominent," "efficient," "far-seeing," they praised him enthusiastically—other men. They talked so much about him and his achievements, but never about his wife, never about his home.

Why should they? After all it was of no concern to them. Yet their wives, their homes, their children were circles in which they moved with naive joyousness. It was the very spirit of this interest that led him to their haunts. He was in truth, at times, but a child in the group of childish workers; he was only the leader of the game. And the playground was his great ship-building works on the shore.

All this his mother-in-law knew. Herein lay the root of the evil for which there must be some remedy. Page was uncouth, eccentric, and he drank. If he would but give up that habit and put an end to his familiar contact with the men! How could he find happiness in the dirty grog-shops and not in his elegant home? It was ingratitude; it could be nothing else.

They had played for him, and sung for hours and hours, but Page could not appreciate the music. It floated away from his ear and sounded like dim echoes. On watching his wife's fingers trip across the keyboard he did, on rare occasions, take a certain sort of pride in her accomplishments, but he could never quite dismiss the feeling that they, the entertainers, were patronizing him.

The trivial misunderstandings, the little difficulties and the restrained quarrels all expanded in the course of time, grew more ominous of aspect. After a while the common wrangle came into use at Page's home.

And Page would take his hat and go out, feeling like an unwelcome guest in his own house.

IT WAS his birthday; he was forty years old. He had just suggested to his wife the plan of inviting a number of his friends to spend the evening with them. His wife, half laughing, responded that she had already perfected arrangements for a more or less formal reception. Page wanted to know who had been invited. Well, five or six of Mrs. Marston's friends, seven or eight of her own, and a few of Page's: a wealthy lumber dealer, a railroad president, and a certain prominent manufacturer.

But hadn't she invited Ritchie, and Collins, and Masterson, and—? Of course not! No! No! the idea! Who was Ritchie anyway? Who was Collins? She did not wish to know. A tired smile of faint scorn overspread her face. Page said something in a low voice, a few words uttered hopelessly in suppressed bitterness. She did not hear, she was thinking of her superior breeding. She remained standing, not listening, not even expecting any word of reply.

"Well, entertain *your* guests as you please," he cried. "If I can't have the people here that I want, I'll go to them."

He started to go, but stopped short to gaze with a kind of admiration about the room, at the rich lace, the priceless vases, the paintings, and, finally, at his wife. It was all very much like a quick comparison of things. She had been watching him not without interest, and as he moved across the floor she smiled encouragingly. At the door he paused.

"You might, I think you might, have consulted me, Helena. But words—words between us are pretty useless. You've got the stronger will, I suppose, and the straighter way. You didn't know it was my birthday until I told you this morning. But, never mind, though a word of congratulation from you—"

She had paled a little and drew back from the fear of him, as he surmised. What, could he have frightened her? She had often reproached him for *glaring* at her in a weird way. He turned suddenly, and before she could express a polite thought that had come to her mind, he was gone.

In due course, the guests began to arrive; the wealthy lumber dealer, the railroad president, the prominent manufacturer, and the friends of Mrs. Marston's. Page passed their carriages in the street.

"Have a good time, honored guests," he smiled, turning into the alley that led to the most popular of the grog-shops.

HERE in the gloom of the narrow passage, the real dismal sadness of his condition came full upon him. He had a home, but he was homeless. He was rich, but he felt like a penniless vagrant. He was a man of vast resources, and yet it was beyond his power to harness the littlest ray of happiness. With every step he was drawing farther away from the spot that had been, imaginatively, the goal of all his endeavor.

Suddenly Page thought of Masterson, the reticent, hermit-like Masterson, a foreman in the works. Undecided, he turned, quickening his pace, and made for Masterson's lodgings.

The foreman was at home, and a curly-haired little child lay asleep on his knee. That is why Masterson did not rise to open the door, at Page's knock. The ship-builder, pleasantly surprised, smiled, but made no sound. For five minutes the two men sat perfectly quiet. Then Masterson carried the little girl into an adjoining room. When he returned, Page averted his face for a moment, before he found the courage to ask:

"Whose is the little girl, Dick?"

"Don't you know? Tom Miles'. You remember him, don't you, a particular friend of mine, he was. Killed in the works last year. Accident, some people said, I say suicide, for I happen to know what a miserable family life the poor fellow was up against. Misery, misery, and nothing but misery at home. So I took the kid, and I'm mighty glad. Excuse me a moment."

Masterson again got up and entered the bedroom. While he was gone, Page did not stir. But in his heart many things leaped and weltered. What did it mean, all this strange feeling, for the flow of which the pulses of his being were so utterly unprepared? He looked up, startled, Masterson had returned.

"Most beautiful sight I ever saw, Mr. Page; Nancy's face in sleep. Nothing like it this side of heaven, and nothing finer there, I guess. Have a look at her?"

The two big men moved stealthily over the floor, Masterson first, and carrying the lamp. At the side of the cot Page bent down and kissed the warm white forehead of the sleeping child. To his bewilderment she opened, very slowly, almost painfully, her eyes and looked with full security into his. Then her lips moved, and she uttered with the faintest note of joy: "Father," and the next instant she was sleeping as peacefully as before.

"She's the sort of kid you ought to have, Mr. Page," Masterson ventured to remark.

But Page only stared; plunged his hands into his pockets, cleared his throat, frowned almost imperceptibly, bit his lip, and stared again, straight ahead, seeing nothing.

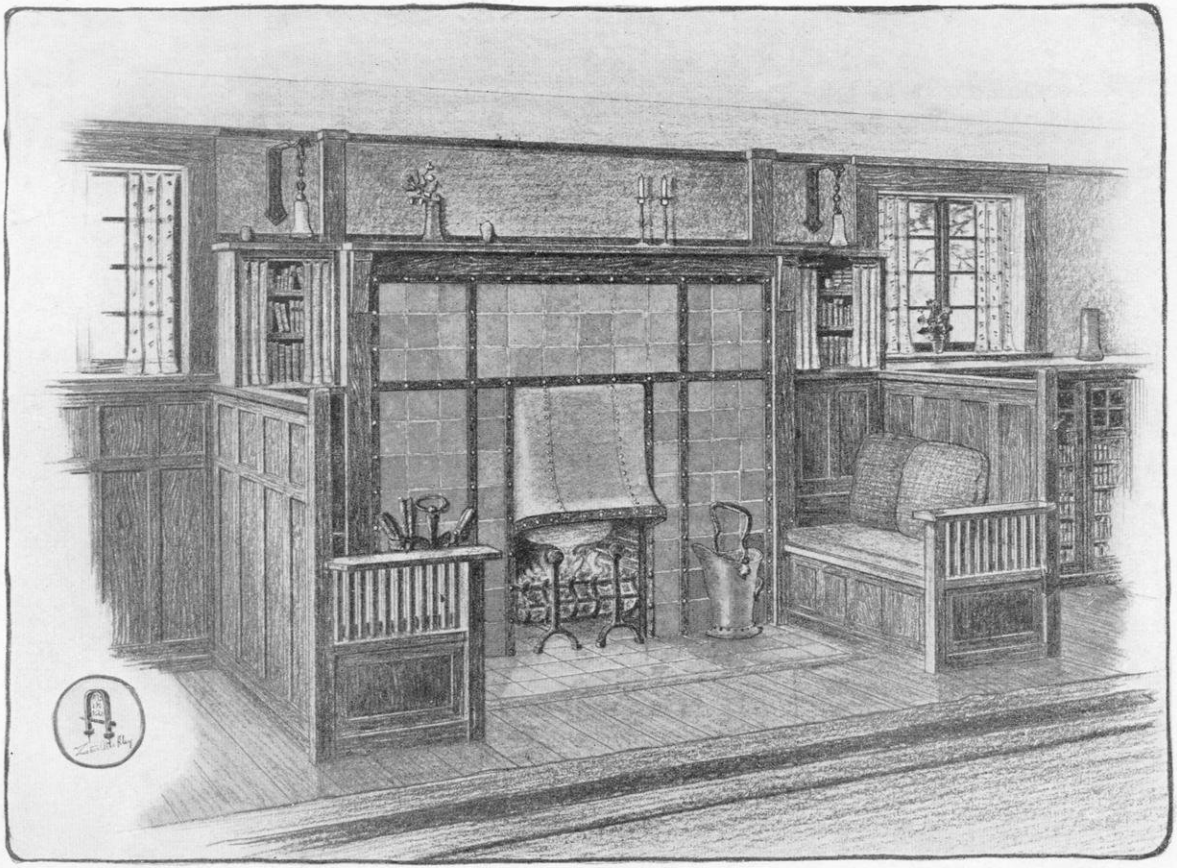
SOME CRAFTSMAN CHIMNEYPIECES, ANY ONE OF WHICH MIGHT FURNISH THE KEY-NOTE FOR AN ENTIRE SCHEME OF DECORATION

IN MOST well planned rooms, the main feature of structural interest is the fireplace, which, by reason of being the natural center of comfort and good cheer, not only dominates the construction of the room, but gives the keynote for the entire scheme of decoration and furnishing. Everything should lead up to the fireplace as the principal attraction in the room, and, naturally, the fireplace should be worthy of its pre-eminence. Yet in many houses which have been planned without thought and built in a commonplace way, the chimneypiece, with its showy, flimsy mantel and miserly little fireplace opening, is anything but a feature of structural interest, and fails to an equal degree to convey any suggestion of welcome and home comfort. Rooms may easily be redecorated, but in many cases the hopelessly commonplace chimneypiece seems to stand as a permanent obstacle in the path of any effective effort at sufficient remodeling to change the character of the room.

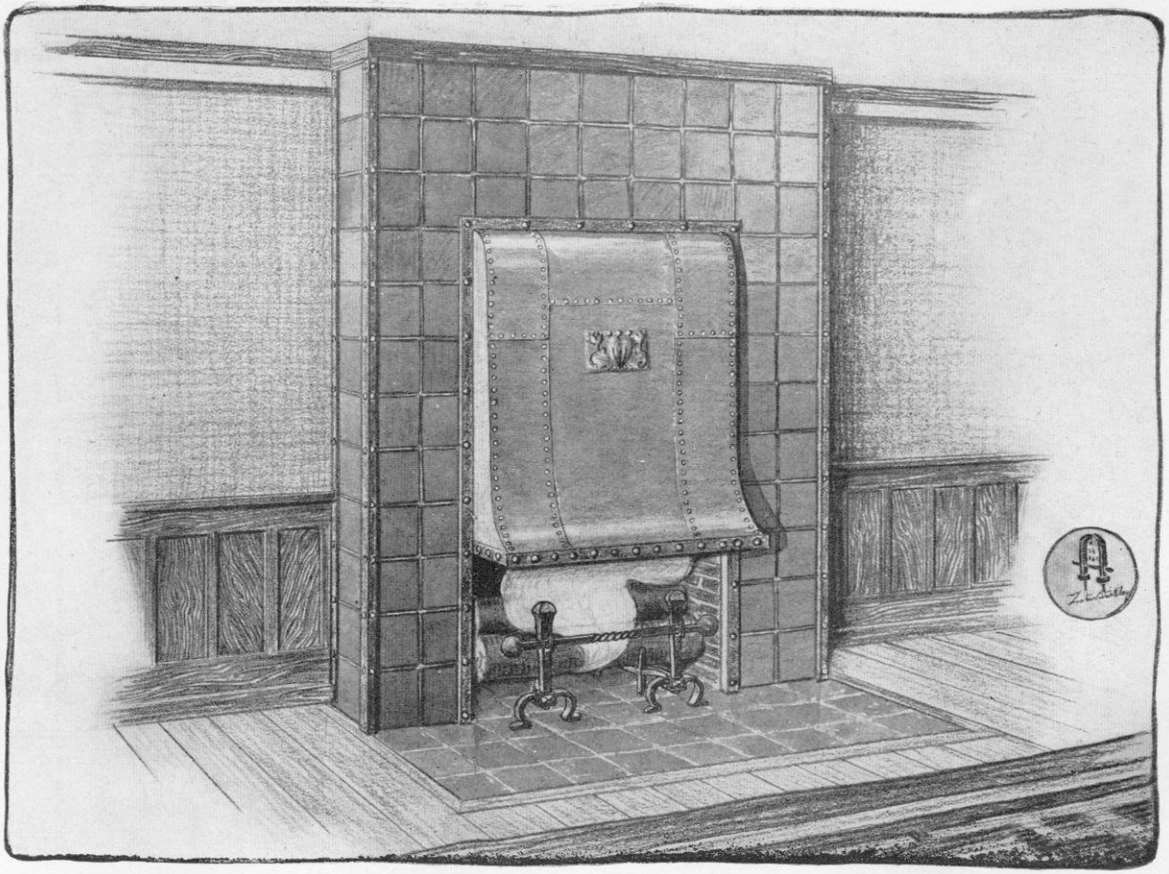
It is because so many rooms fail of interest and any permanently satisfying quality,—for the reason that they lack a sufficiently strong starting point from which to carry out a well balanced scheme of decoration,—and also because so many plans for remodeling commonplace rooms fail for lack of suggestion as to practicable ways of bringing them into more satisfying shape, that the designs here given for eight CRAFTSMAN fireplaces are so carefully illustrated and described. Each chimneypiece as shown has a distinctive character of its own. Some are meant for large rooms, some for small, some for the big geniality and homeliness of the living-room, and others for the dainty finish of a woman's bedroom or small sitting-room. Some are of tiles in the soft dull reds and milky greens and biscuit color that form such charming notes in the decorative scheme of a room, and others are of the dark red hard burned brick that seems, after all, more structural than any other material that can be used for a chimneypiece. Not only are the fireplaces carefully shown in detail, but with each one is given enough of the woodwork, wall spaces and structural features surrounding it, to convey a tolerably clear idea of the scheme of deco-

ration most in harmony with the particular form of chimneypiece with which it is associated. As will be seen by studying the illustrations, the height of wainscot, the depth of frieze, the placing of seats, and nearly all other characteristics of construction are dictated by the height, form, and general character of the chimneypiece. Given this, and it is easy to evolve an entire scheme of decoration that will be satisfying. Of course, these fireplaces are not intended to be used only in remodeling rooms. Their first and principal use would be in a new building whose entire construction would be in harmony with the sort of chimneypiece shown here, but, failing that, any room can be remodeled at a cost by no means prohibitive to a moderate income, if the right idea can be given and consistently carried out.

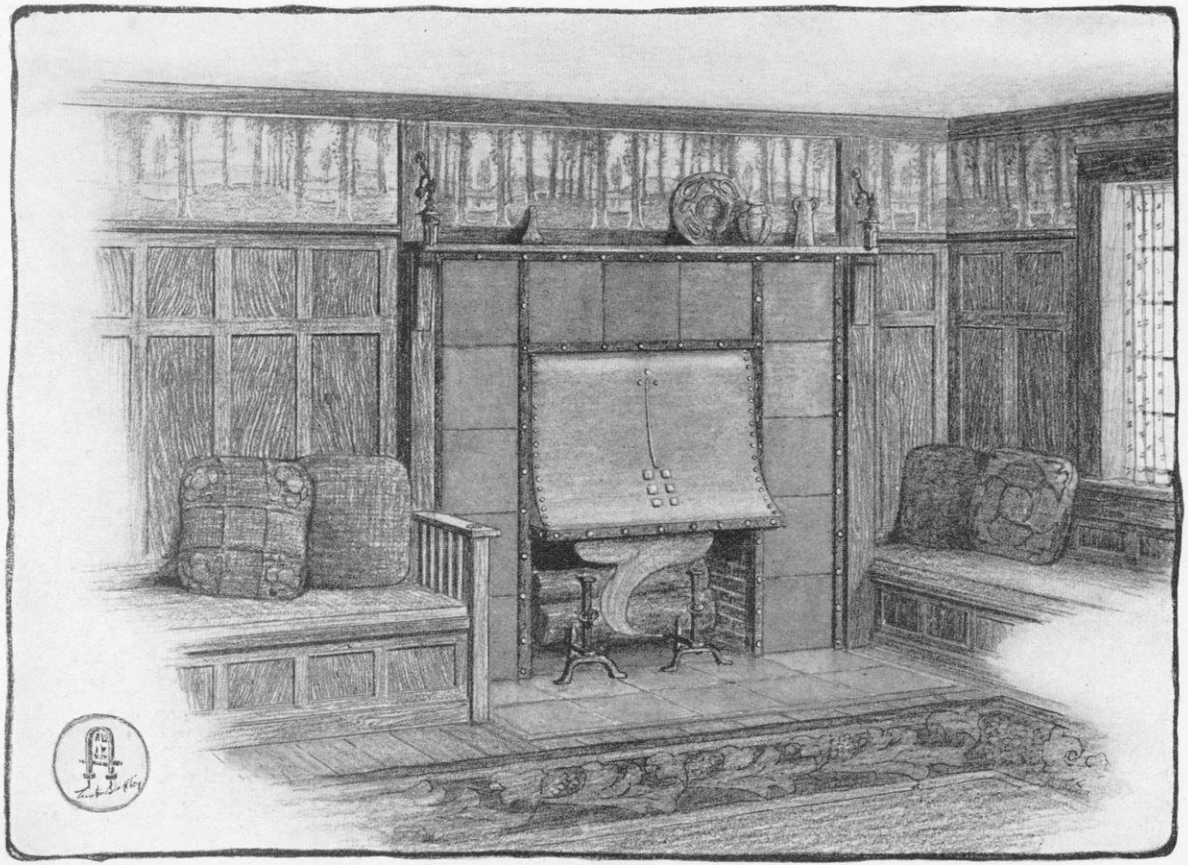
THE first chimneypiece shown would be best suited to a large living-room or library. It is made of Welsh tiles in the natural dull red, and these tiles are framed into panels by bands of wrought iron, which not only define the outer edge and the fireplace opening, but also divide the tiles with one crosspiece and two uprights. The fireplace, as illustrated, shows a basket grate supported on andirons, but the grate might easily be omitted and the andirons used for logs as in the other fireplaces. The hood is especially graceful in shape, having a bold outward spring at the bottom that brings it almost into a bell shape. It is rimmed with a broad hoop of wrought iron, and the only decoration is furnished by this band and two lines of copper rivets. The mantel-shelf is placed high and is made of a heavy oak plank which extends to the casement window on either side, forming a top to the small bookshelves, which are built in and slightly recessed. The mantel-breast projects twelve inches from the wall, and the little bookshelves only nine, but below, on a level with the sill of the casement window seen on either side of the fireplace, is another shelf, which is of the same depth as the mantel-breast. This shelf forms the top of the two small cupboards that appear at the wall end of the seats, and is extended over the bookcase built in on the right side. The wainscot shows on the left, where a writing-desk might be placed. The fireside seats are just large enough to afford a comfortable lounging place for any one who wishes to sit by the fire and read, and the whole effect of fireplace seats, casements and bookcases, gives a homelike and inviting character to the entire room.



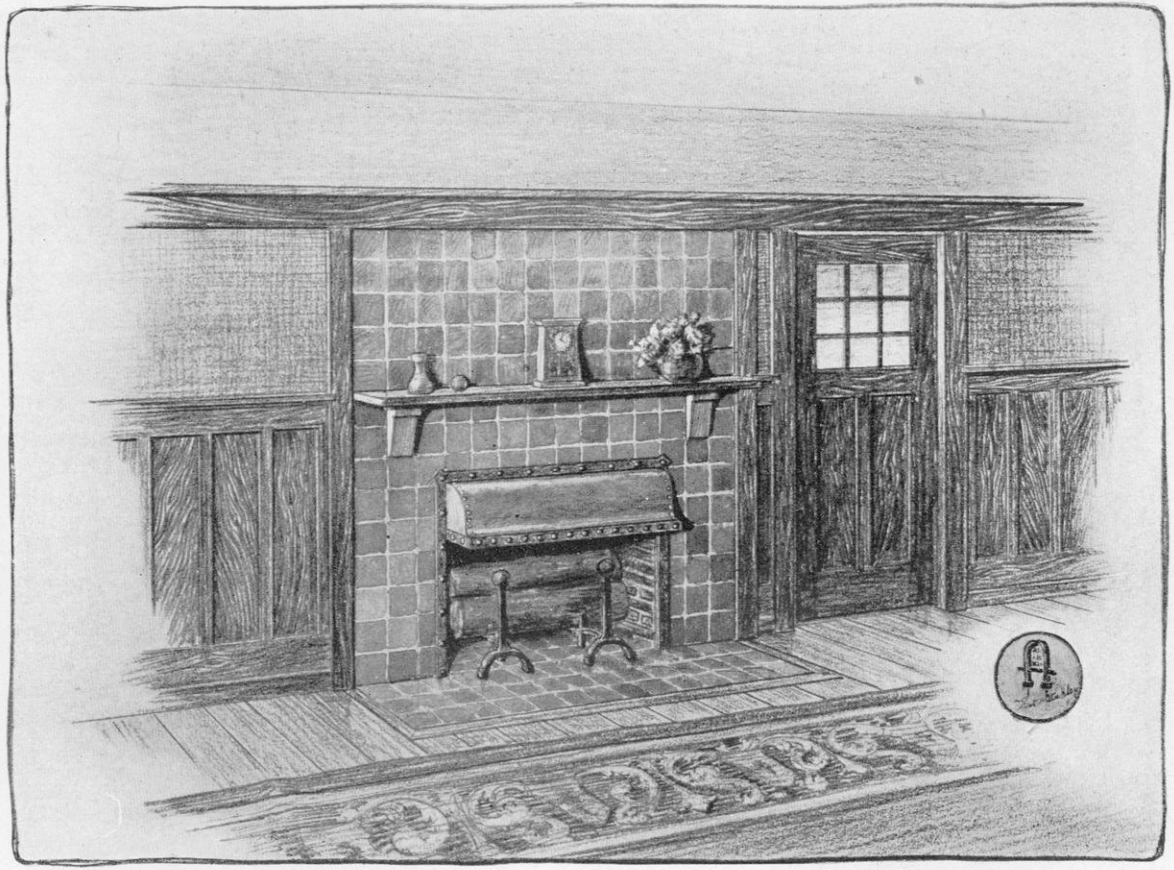
CHIMNEYPIECE OF WELSH TILES, WITH FIRESIDE SEATS AND SMALL BOOK CUPBOARDS AS A PART OF THE STRUCTURE.



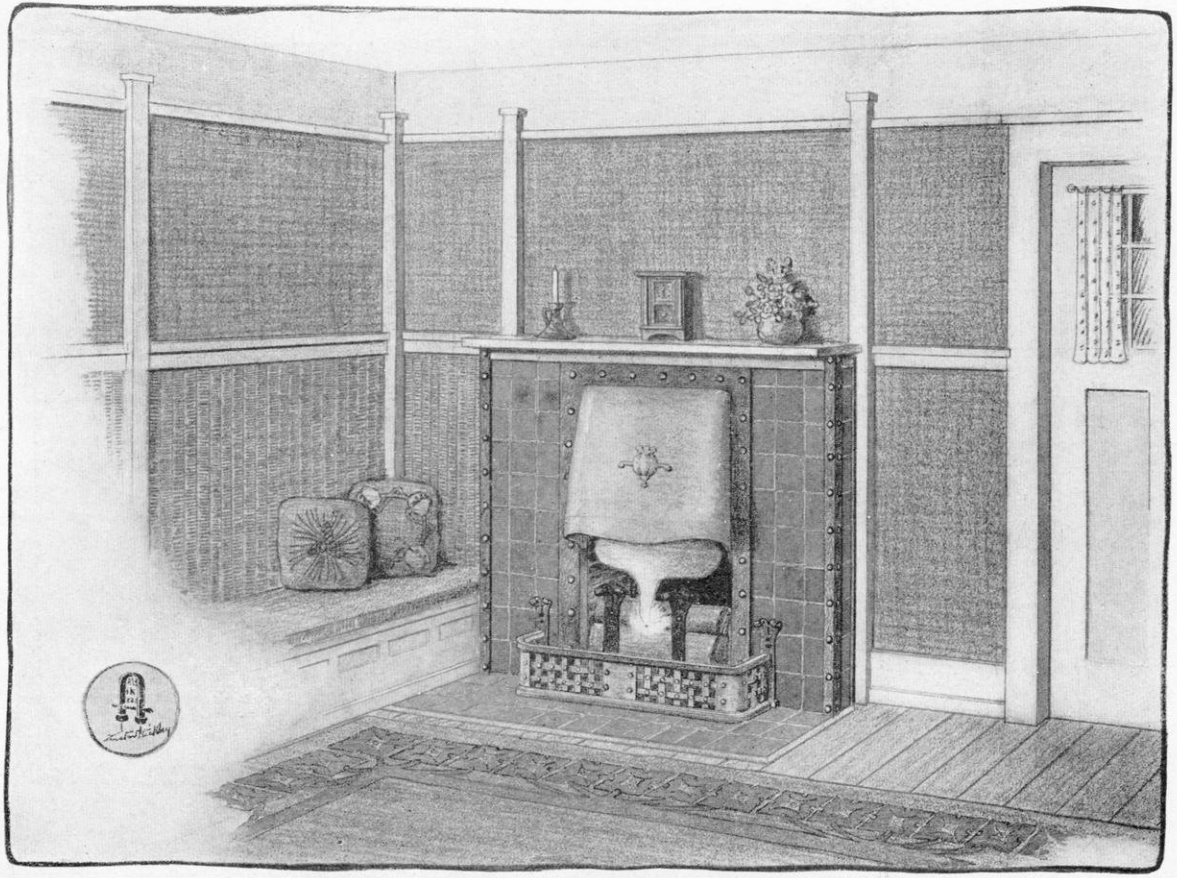
TILE CHIMNEYPIECE WITH COPPER HOOD,
FINISHED WITH IRON BANDS.



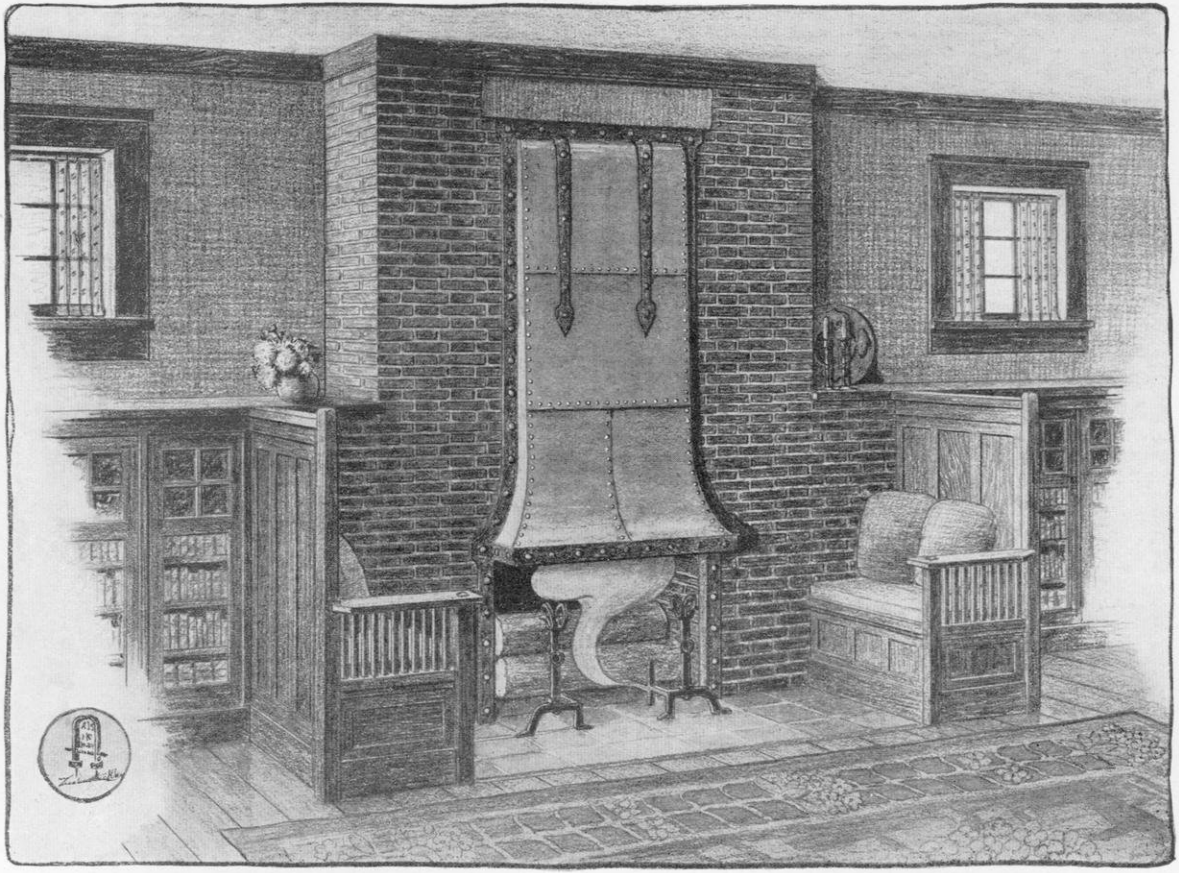
CHIMNEYPIECE OF GRAYISH-GREEN TILES, MATT FINISH AND BANDED WITH WROUGHT IRON.



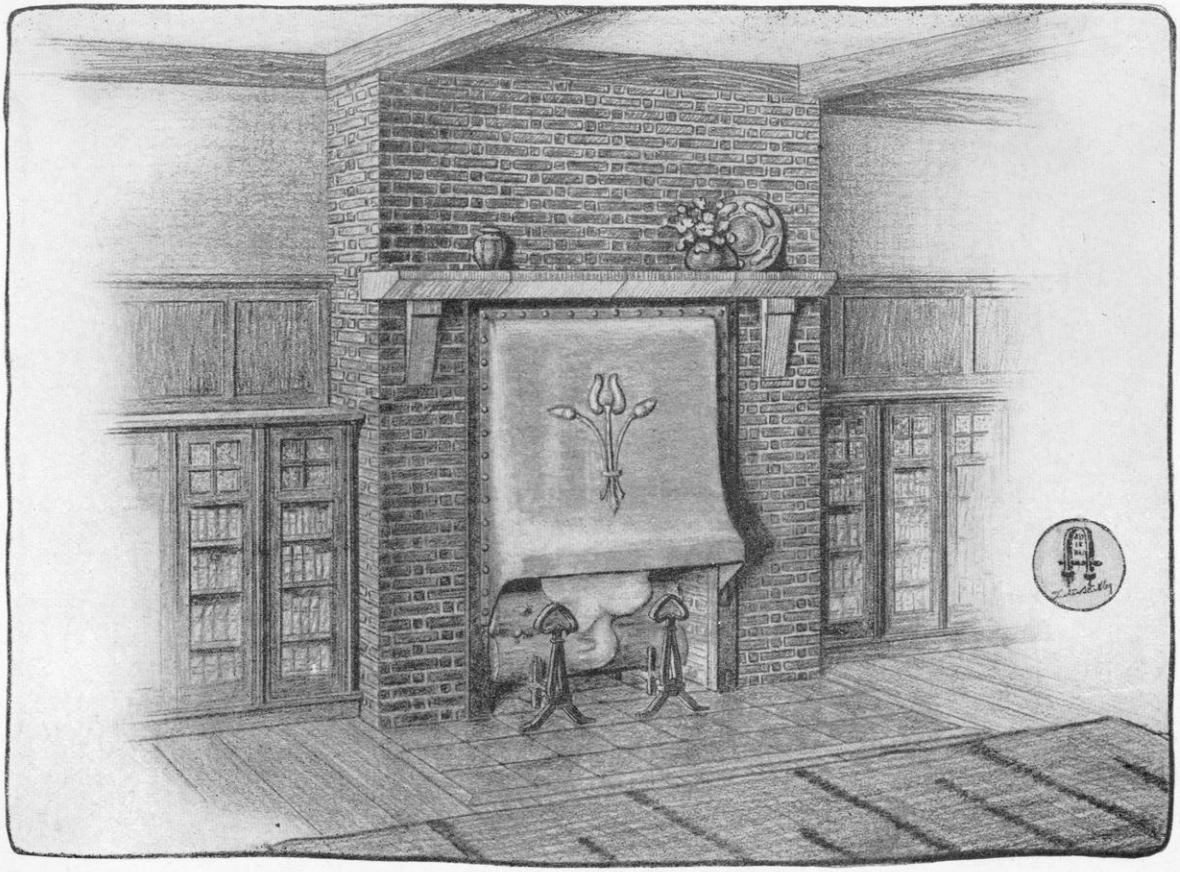
BISCUIT-COLORED WELSH TILES ARE USED IN THIS CHIMNEYPIECE, WHICH IS SET FLUSH WITH THE WALL.



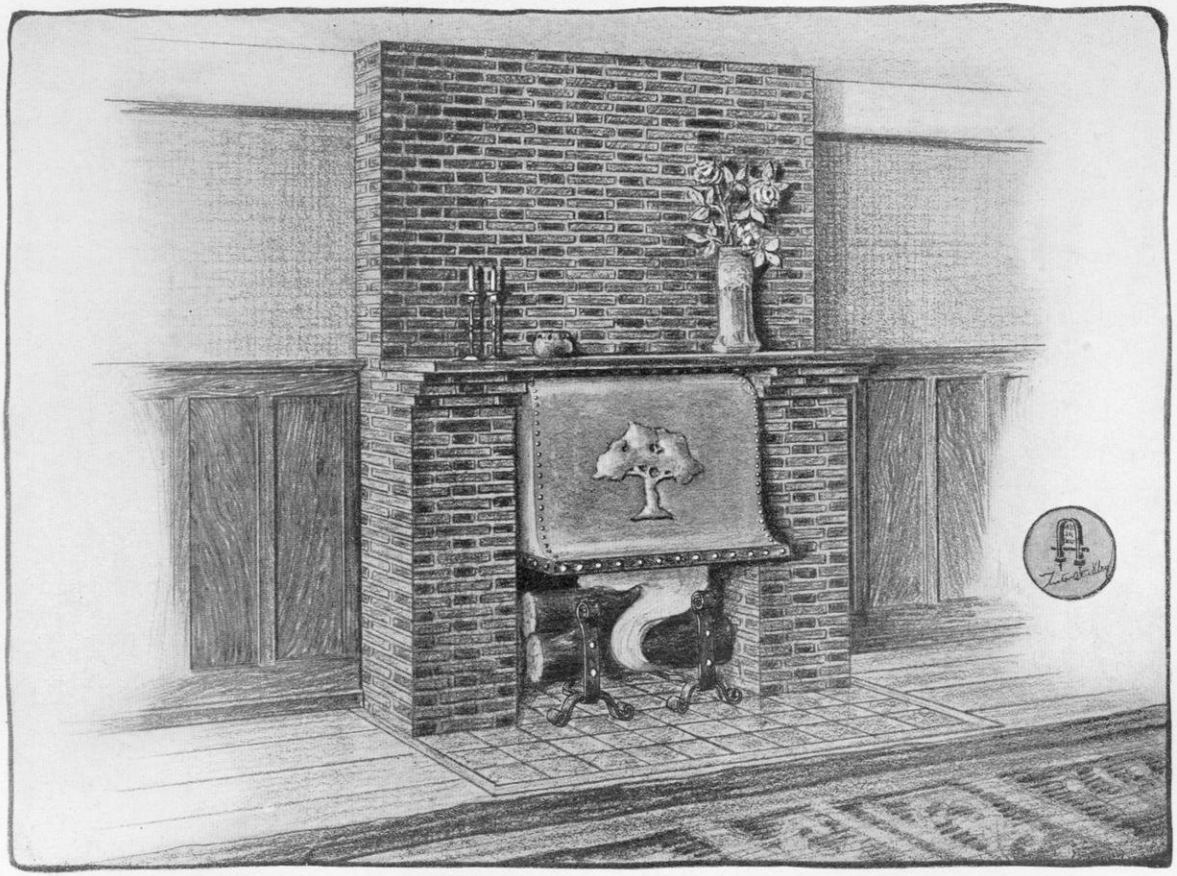
BEDROOM CHIMNEYPIECE OF GREEN TILES, COPPER HOOD, THE TILES IRON BOUND.



CHIMNEYPIECE OF RED BRICK, SEATS AND BOOKCASES A PART OF THE CONSTRUCTION.



CHIMNEYPIECE OF BRICK, VERY PLAIN AND MASSIVE, STONE LINTEL, BRACKETS AND HOOD OF BEATEN COPPER.



BRICK CHIMNEYPIECE FOR A SMALL ROOM, WITH WAINSCOT CARRYING THE LINE OF THE SHELF.

Another mantel-breast of tiles is seen in the second illustration, and, while simpler in design than the first, it is equally effective for use in a large room. Here the bands of iron are heavier and appear only around the fireplace opening and at the corners. They are fastened with very heavy copper rivets, and these form the principal decoration of the hood, which is made up of separate sheets of copper frankly riveted together. A band of wrought iron gives strength to the hood where it flares at the bottom, and the andirons, of course, are wrought iron. The treatment of the walls on either side is as simple as that of the fireplace, with a low wainscot of oak and wall spaces either of rough plaster or covered with canvas or burlap.

The third fireplace would be more suitable for a smaller room, such as a small library or den. The room is wainscoted to the height of the frieze, and, owing to the fact that this wainscoting can now be obtained in any height desired at a reasonable price by the running foot, it is no longer an almost unattainable luxury to one of moderate means who wishes either to build or remodel a room after this design. The charm and comfort of a room that is all in wood is hard to equal, especially if the wood be so finished that the friendly quality of the oak is fully revealed and the soft ripened color which is a blending of gray, green and brown is made the ground-work for the whole color-scheme of the room. In this case, the space above the paneling is decorated with one of the English landscape friezes, a shadowy woodland seen just at twilight, the whole being a study in soft dim greens and browns. The chimneypiece, as will be seen, is exceedingly simple, and is made of large square tiles of dull, grayish green, matt finish, and banded with wrought iron. The simple hood, iron banded and riveted with copper, harmonizes exactly with the unpretentious construction of the mantel, and the shelf above is merely a plank of oak.

In the fourth picture, oak wainscoting for the walls appears again, with rough plaster on the ceiling and frieze, and Japanese grass cloth in a silvery burnt straw color in the wall spaces. The mantel is set flush with the wall, and is of Welsh tiles in varying shades of biscuit-color. The brackets holding the oaken shelf are of cement in the same shade, and the hood shown here is very shallow, as suits the wide, low proportions of the mantel. This should be most effective in a large reception hall.

The fifth and last of the tile mantels shown here is meant for a bedroom. The woodwork of this room is either enameled an ivory white, or shows the natural color of one of the lighter, finer grained woods that look best in a room of this character. The tiles of the mantel are of a soft, milky green, supported with very broad bands of wrought iron, riveted with copper. The low fender is also of wrought iron, riveted with copper, and the hood is of copper.

WHILE tile mantels are very interesting and beautiful, for the characteristic CRAFTSMAN house we lean rather toward the rugged and simple brick, laid in black cement with the joints well raked out. The chimneypiece shown in the sixth plate is typically CRAFTSMAN. It extends to the ceiling, with a stone lintel just under the beam at the top of the great copper hood that runs from the fireplace opening up to this lintel. This hood is perhaps the most decorative of all the group shown here, as, in addition to the framing and banding of wrought iron and the riveting of the separate sheets of copper, it is supported at the top by two large straps of the copper riveted iron. In design this chimneypiece seems at first glance not unlike those shown in the first plate—with the fireplace seats, casement windows and flanking bookcases, but the details are very different and the construction here is much simpler, This is one of the best fireplaces for a large living-room, where warmth of color and a certain massive generosity of form is required.

The square, straight brick chimneypiece used in so many of the CRAFTSMAN houses appears on the seventh plate. Here the mantel-shelf and brackets are made of cement and are very massive, and the hood, like the others, is of copper framed in wrought iron. The built-in bookcases appear again as flanking this mantel, and the line of the mantel-shelf is carried around the room by the top panel of the wainscot.

The last plate is another brick chimneypiece quite as simple, but a little less severe in form. Here the top part of the mantel-breast is only about half the width of the lower part, and the heavy oak plank that forms the mantel-shelf is supported upon corbels that extend the full width of the mantel on either side of the hood. This hood shows the decoration of a conventionalized tree hammered in low relief in copper, but otherwise it is very simple.

THE SOCIALIZED CHURCH, WHAT IT IS DOING FOR THE WELFARE, COMFORT AND HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON

OT even the religious world has escaped the effect of changed social conditions. The separation of the masses and the church is a significant development of our time. This is partly the fault of the church which has hitherto expended her best energies in splitting hairs over useless things—she has been so busily engaged in following the time honored counsels of her human advisers that she has wandered far away from her Divine Teacher whose message is social as well as spiritual. It is due partly to a social situation unlike any the world has ever seen, conditions which have become the touchstone for religion, politics, education, economic questions, to test them for enduring good, to search out weak spots, to devise new methods to meet present day needs.

Because religious denominations as a whole have feared the slightest deviation from antiquated methods, some of the churches have solidified. Their congregations have dwindled to a mere handful of women and children, men have almost ceased attending religious services, particularly young men and workingmen; the latter not only stay away, but withhold their reverence. During the teamsters' strike in Chicago, the pastor of a Methodist church needed a man to haul some lumber. Wishing to give employment to an out-of-work man he sent to the union officials asking for a union teamster. The request was courteously made, but the reply was "the church be d——" and this attitude may be taken as fairly typical of the working man's relation to the church everywhere.

When labor is speeded up to the point that a man is exhausted and laid upon the shelf by the time he is forty years old, when new inventions and combinations of capital force the cost of living up and the chances for employment down, what earthly good does it do the workingman to tell him of the glories or the pains of the world to come? He is now in this world, his pressing need is peace in it, the chance for decent, upright living in it, protection for his wife and children, reasonable opportunities for earning a wage sufficient for their support.

Of course it is not the business of the church to see that every man has a job; but it unquestionably is the church's affair to do its part to suppress social and civic evils in order that people may be able during the week to live up to the advice given them on Sunday.

While church membership has but held its own during the past thirty or forty years and population has vastly increased, it is a great mistake to conclude that the world is growing irreligious, for such is not the case. On the contrary, the world is more religious than it ever was, but it needs, wants, and will have a living gospel and refuses to be content with its husk and shell. The trouble lies in the way religion is taught, not at all with the gospel itself, for that is just as true, as vital, as spiritual, as it ever has been, and where Christ's message is given in its purity and simplicity the question of how to fill empty benches does not exist.

RIGHT now the churches have an opportunity for evangelization such as they never had before. Some of them are taking advantage of it, and are doing a tremendous spiritual work through social forces. Such churches are called socialized or institutional because they have adopted, in their religious life, institutions and methods hitherto considered secular. To begin with, instead of holding services a few hours on Sunday and a prayer meeting or two during the week, the doors of the socialized church are rarely closed. The church proper is always open for prayer and meditation, the parish house is a center of constant activity, the members, imbued with the Christlike spirit of fellowship and helpfulness, are impelled to become "doers of the Word, not hearers only," intent upon bringing the kingdom of God on earth by putting into practise the teachings of the risen Lord.

The socialized church is essentially the product of the city, but there is no reason why such methods would not prove valuable in rural districts as well. The percentage of insanity is very high among farmers' wives, due in great measure to the monotony of the country, coupled with the constant drudgery of farm life. Young people either go into the city as soon as possible or drift into mischief for want of amusement. A socialized church in charge of the right leader would work a miracle in such places.

Because the fearful congestion of population in cities makes decent

living difficult, it is there that the socialized church has advanced most rapidly. The kind of work undertaken is determined by its environment. If situated in a neighborhood of fairly well-to-do wage earners, its opportunity lies in the provision of amusement for those who have a little money to spend for pleasure, but not enough for the better kind of theaters and concerts. It is too often the case that only undesirable vaudevilles and dance halls are cheap enough for the patronage of this class. The church fills a necessary and very human need by affording facilities for pure recreation under proper auspices. If in a very poor neighborhood, whose people are ever face to face with abject poverty, the greatest need is for industrial training and employment for the unskilled. In the midst of an immigrant population, education is clearly the need, for if foreigners are to be assimilated in a way beneficial to the state, the children must learn the English language and certainly should be taught the principles of good citizenship.

The socialized church goes into a crowded locality and finds the people with no social life beyond door-step gossip among the women; it organizes all sorts of clubs, and places at the disposal of the general public a room for neighborhood meetings. The corner saloon is the only place where men may have a chat in the evening; men's clubs are formed in rooms where they may read, talk, smoke, play billiards, dominoes, checkers, and, in some cases, cards, find an outlet for natural inclinations in a healthy atmosphere. Women know little of housekeeping, and the proper care of children, for the tenement house baby's greatest danger is the ignorance of its mother; in mothers' clubs advice is given upon all matters connected with home-making, sanitation and hygiene. It finds boys and girls loitering in the streets; musical, dramatic and dancing clubs are formed. By thus adapting herself to present day needs, the socialized church enters intimately into the lives of the people, she reaches and spiritualizes them, for the every-day institutions are only a means to an end and are never permitted to obscure the real purpose of the church, which is to point the way to heaven through a better life on earth.

IN NOTHING does the modern church show more progress than in the Sunday-school. Fifty years ago anybody was thought good enough to teach a few cut and dried precepts to inquiring young minds. To-day the progressive Sunday school is graded, the primary,

intermediate, junior, and senior grades taught by trained instructors, some of whom serve voluntarily, others paid regular salaries. The management is business-like and yields far better results than the old time plan both in attendance and interest.

Socialized churches ordinarily have kindergartens and day nurseries for small children; cooking, sewing, manual training and educational classes for boys and girls; a variety of clubs for both old and young. Usually there is an employment bureau, sometimes there is a dispensary with a competent doctor who may be consulted for a nominal fee or none at all if the patient is unable to pay. One New York church has a loan bureau where a person may borrow tide-over money at a reasonable rate of interest instead of the exorbitant charges of money lenders. Frequent stereopticon lectures are given by good speakers upon topics of popular interest.

Certain churches specialize in various ways according to local demands. The First Congregational Church of Jersey City does effective religious work through recreation. The parish house, called the People's Palace because it was inspired by Sir Walter Besant's book "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," is a new five story and basement building. It contains a good library, club rooms, parlors, an assembly hall where weekly dances are given, and which is sometimes used as a banquet hall, a well appointed kitchen adjoining, a theater fitted with scenery and modern appliances, even thunder, lightning, and wind storms, a bowling alley, billiard room, rifle range, and, best of all, a fine gymnasium larger than any other in the State except the one at Princeton University. An efficient director is in charge of the physical training which serves as a safety valve for much of the growing boy's surplus energy, and has been found an excellent antidote for cigarettes, the dime novel, and general mischief. There is a summer camp at Lake Hopatcong, but in going there the physical director and the boys scorn civilization's conveniences, for instead of taking the train, the entire distance is traversed on foot, modern Don Quixotes in search of nothing more formidable than the peace and contentment which may be had from a simple life in God's pure air.

The Morgan Memorial in Boston is in the heart of a cosmopolitan neighborhood where Jews and Gentiles are crowded in with Catholics and Protestants of all nationalities, Irish, German, Italian, American, English, Chinese, and Scandinavian. It is undenominational, which

is both its strength and its weakness; its strength, because believers in all creeds, and those who believe in none, may find there a church home; its weakness, because it does not appeal to the loyalty of any denomination and hence receives little financial support except from Methodists and Unitarians, although it enjoys the good will of all. Its highest endorsement lies in the fact that two denominations so diverse in their beliefs can unite so cordially in its work. Moreover, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Jews and Catholics co-operate with Methodists and Unitarians assisting the pastor as city missionaries. All seats are free, no distinction is made as to "color, clothes, cash or character," the only condition for admission is good behavior. For the sick, aged, or infirm, who can not go to church there is a band of volunteers who go into tenement homes, read the Bible, sing and conduct simple services.

The co-operative industrial work enables the stranger or very poor to obtain the absolute necessaries of life through employment which does not pauperize. An applicant is never turned away, but relief is given, sometimes by outside work, more often through some one of the church institutions, where the endeavor is made to train the recipient's brain and hand so that he may become permanently self-supporting, if possible.

MUTUAL aid is the underlying principle of the industrial department. For instance, one day four persons applied for assistance, two men in dire distress, one of them an unskilled worker in need of a coat to replace the ragged one on his back, the other a shoemaker, convalescing from a long illness; a woman asked for fuel, another for shoes for her small son in order that he might go to school. The unskilled worker sawed wood for the woman who wanted it, who in turn mended a coat from the clothing bureau for him; the shoemaker repaired shoes for the small son, for which he received meals and a night's lodging, and the woman paid for his work for her, by doing scrubbing for another who was ill and could not do it for herself.

A great quantity of cast-off clothing is sent to the church in the Relief Bags. A well known Boston merchant gave a number of coffee bags which are placed with people of means who return them filled with old shoes and clothes. All garments are first sterilized, then cleaned and repaired by poor men and women, to be either sold to the

needy or given in payment for work done. Garments past mending are ripped up, sorted and sold to woolen or paper mills, or woven into rugs in the arts and crafts department. There are now five hand looms in operation, making a good beginning in a movement which may do as much for the seventh and ninth wards of Boston as for the towns of Deerfield and Hingham.

The object of the Real Estate Department is to attract good tenants, to improve housing and sanitation in the neighborhood, and to afford property owners a reliable agency to look after their interests, particularly in preventing the use of houses for immoral purposes.

A temperance saloon, if such a term may be used, is conducted, called the Men's Spa and Amusement Room, filled every evening with men who would otherwise drift into saloons or walk the streets. Here a light, low-priced lunch, tea, coffee, and temperance drinks, may be had, games are provided and a piano for frequent concerts. Every Sunday morning a Bible class of the habitués is held in the Spa, a room where they feel at home and very likely the only place where they could be induced to listen to religious teaching.

Undoubtedly picturesque, probably considered sensational by the ultra conservative, the Morgan Memorial's industrial features are a potent factor for good. They are an incentive to church attendance and serve as a gateway through which a glimpse may be had of the straight and narrow path for eyes otherwise blind to spiritual things. Industrial work is done upon upright business principles, not for profit or for the sake of doing business, but in order to demonstrate that co-operative philanthropy interprets the gospel.

The Morgan Memorial has more than a thousand children connected with it, the same number of men and women who neither need, ask, nor receive aid of any kind, but who are affiliated with it just as the membership of other churches, and an annual average of over a thousand human derelicts through misfortune, incapacity, or weakness, who are lead through industrial work or training, to become self-respecting men and women.

THE Halsted Street Institutional Church in Chicago is situated in a densely populated district. Within a radius of half a mile there are fifty thousand people, only one in twenty-six of them American. There are one hundred and fifty saloons within four blocks

of the church. There are sixteen thousand children less than fifteen years old with no park or playground within two and a half miles of them. Absolutely the only safe place for these children is in the one gymnasium at the Halsted Street Church.

While much of its social and athletic work is among the young it is by no means confined to them. A large class of tenement house mothers, under the guidance of a physical directress, regularly enjoy systematic exercise in the gymnasium which puts new life into tired, overworked bodies, and minds sluggish with the constant strain of the struggle for existence.

A working girls' lunch room and noon-day rest serves a plain but substantial meal for fifteen cents, or, if a girl prefers to bring her lunch from home, she is welcome to the use of the tables, magazines, games, and gymnasium.

The most painful thing about social work among people of this type is its failure to reach so many of them, a failure clearly brought out in "The Jungle" and Owen Kildare's "My Mamie Rose." The question recurs to the mind again and again, "Why did these people in such sore straits not go to the well-known settlements and churches whose very existence depends upon their needs?" Undoubtedly it was because they did not know that aid, which they might have had for the asking, was so near at hand. There is so much misery in the world, comparatively so few agencies for its scientific relief and those which are at work so heavily burdened by the pressure of life around them, that it is all they can do to relieve the wants of the people who seek them without going out into the highways and byways to hunt up others. The Halsted Street Church widely and wisely advertises its social features by distributing circulars setting forth its advantages in several of the twenty-two languages spoken in the neighborhood.

The Church of the Holy Communion, one of the oldest in New York, has impressed its stamp upon both the civic and religious life of the city. Years ago a tiny library was formed which has become the Muhlenberg branch of the New York Free Public Library system; the infirmary, whose modest beginning consisted of a few cots in the care of the church sisters, was the foundation of St. Luke's hospital; the boys' choir, organized in 1846, and the Sisterhood, formed in 1852, were the first institutions of the kind in the United States.

A workingmen's club, twenty-seven years old, having for its object

mutual aid, furnishes medical advice to members free of charge, to their wives and children for fifty cents a visit. Sick benefits are paid; at death a member's nearest relative receives as many dollars as there are club members. If his wife dies, he receives as many half dollars. Since its foundation the club has disbursed more than thirty-three thousand dollars.

As a religious body the Church of the Holy Communion is unique in that the best of its social work is done all the year round in a village community, comprising five hundred acres, on Long Island, called St. Johnland. There the two extremes of life are cared for, babies and the aged. By removing the helpless from the city, from a harsh to a sympathetic environment, the church corporation is doing this part of its work in a particularly effective manner, for St. Johnland is a place whose restful quiet becomes a beautiful memory to the young, after they leave it for the workaday world

The babies have a new, modern house especially adapted to their use, another building houses forty aged men, eighteen aged women occupy a cottage built for the purpose and Sunset Cottage is a home for twelve aged couples.

Other churches in New York engaged in social work are St. George's, St. Bartholomew's, Grace, Church of the Incarnation, the People's Home Church, Spring Street Presbyterian Church and the Metropolitan Temple. The two denominations having the greatest number of socialized churches are the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian, but many Congregational, Methodist and Baptist churches are engaged in multiform social activities.

The conventional urban church has become subservient, to put it mildly, to the moribund fortunes of this generation, and is in danger of permitting a golden muzzle to impede the fearless utterance of the word of God. The socialized church, by bringing religious leaders face to face with life's stern verities, by disclosing purity amid foul surroundings, strength in temptation, generosity in poverty, unselfishness in an age of greed, is brushing aside false standards, breaking down the barrier of worldliness and restoring to religion its former influence.

When Christ walked on earth He gave His message into the keeping of the lowly. It may be that He is again speaking to the world through them.

TRAVELING LIBRARIES: HOW FREE BOOKS ARE SENT TO REMOTE COUNTRY DISTRICTS: THEIR SIGNIFICANCE IN OUR CIVILIZATION: BY GEORGIA H. REYNOLDS

HE underlying principle of the present day philanthropic movements in all of their varying phases, is that of popularizing education and bringing it within reach of every person.

Free scholarships, lecturers sent from universities, improvement of town schools, consolidation of country schools, and rural wagons for the transportation of pupils, all tend to bring education to every one capable of taking it, not even poverty being allowed to interfere. In this broad scheme of altruistic endeavor books for the home become a feature of widest importance.

Mr. Melvil, the State librarian of New York, was the first in the United States to effect a systematic method of getting reading matter directly into farm homes and those of small towns. He realized that a part of the people were abundantly supplied with literature, while others living in villages and rural communities had for various reasons few books and were unable to procure more. These men and women, "just off the main line," with as many questions to decide, problems to solve, and children to rear, needed vigorous, life-giving books even more than those of the cities. In 1892, Mr. Dewey received an appropriation from the legislature for traveling libraries; a new department of extension work. He began at once sending out boxes containing fifty, seventy-five, and one hundred volumes to any locality where the people were willing to form associations by filling out a blank form of application carrying the signatures of twenty-five taxpayers. They were called upon to care for the books and return them at the expiration of six months, and pay a small fee to cover the express. The work was an immediate and assured success. Requests were received from all parts of the state. In three years, forty thousand books had circulated and six permanent little libraries were established.

In 1895, Michigan received an appropriation for traveling libraries. The following year, Iowa and Ohio were given state aid. Appropriations were granted in 1899, to New Jersey, Minnesota, Maine, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, for the establishment of similar systems. Since then, Vermont, Oregon, Nebraska, Maryland, and California

have entered the field. In many of the states, Public Library Commissions were created for the purpose of giving advice on all matters of organization, maintenance, or administration of the local public libraries, and these commissions were also authorized to send out traveling libraries.

Previous to legislative action, the Federation of Women's Clubs fitted out cases and attended to the circulation of the books in several of the states. In Kansas, the women were untiring in their efforts to secure the libraries, and as soon as the bill was passed authorizing them, the Federation donated three thousand books to be used in the department. In Colorado and Utah, the women's clubs maintained traveling libraries for a long time, sending the books out to the ranches and into mining and lumber camps away from the railroads. The system was started in Washington and Idaho through the same source, and women's clubs have carried on the work almost exclusively in the Southern States. In Georgia, the patrons of the books are required to form village improvement associations, by which they endeavor to improve the roads and lawns, keep up the fences and sidewalks, plant trees and flowers, and in every way beautify the locality in which they live. Ten years ago, the president of the Atlantic Seaboard line offered to carry the books free of charge. Since then, they have been sent through North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Florida, and Georgia. The railroad also offered prizes of libraries to the best kept up schoolhouses. The books have visited hundreds of little towns and struggling communities, where they have proved a benefit and a joy.

TRAVELING libraries were started in Washington, D. C., by putting the books on the canal boats. The students of Hampton Institute carry them to their own people, and the women's clubs of Kentucky have sent them through very isolated portions of the mountains, to the "poor whites." Books in the traveling libraries shorten many a solitary hour for the keeper and his family in the lonely lighthouse, and carry cheer and encouragement to the weary workers in the rice fields of Louisiana and the cotton fields of Tennessee. Traveling libraries are stationed in engine houses where the men are required to be constantly on duty, yet with many leisure hours at their disposal, and are also placed in factories and jails. A young

man in one of the reformatories said to the librarian, as he returned the book he had been reading, "If we'd had some like that in our house, I wouldn't be here now." After circulating for six months in a village or farming community where there is a scarcity of books, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Rebecca of Sunny-brook Farm," "Little Women," and volumes of St. Nicholas have been returned "read to pieces;" while the man who judges and condemns the entire negro race by the one or two persons he has known in his locality, will write for the sequel to Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery."

New York State has long since been sending out pictures to the town and country schools—large reproductions of the famous masterpieces, giving the children, situated miles from museums and studios an opportunity to become acquainted with the best in art. Many of the other states now furnish schools with pictures and photographs for use in the history and literary work.

Wisconsin deserves special mention for its traveling library department. The first books were sent out by Senator Stout to the people of his own county. He contributed five hundred volumes. Later, county systems were established with a Library Commission at the head. The state is sparsely settled in parts, and yet books have been sent to the remotest districts. Foreign books have also been furnished in localities settled by Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, and others. The state libraries have proved so successful that several little public libraries have been established as an outgrowth. In many instances the furnishing of traveling libraries has led to the establishment of town reading rooms and libraries in the community. An instance of this occurred in Indiana, recently: A women's club, in a town of six hundred inhabitants, was using one of the collections; another club sent for one; arrangements were made for half a dozen, by as many associations, a men's club came to the front and offered to pay for a reading-room and meet other incidental expenses for a three months' trial. If this proves a success, steps will be taken to establish a permanent library, with traveling libraries as an aid. In another instance in the same state, a bright, interesting woman, the mother of two boys, hearing of the traveling libraries, wrote for information concerning them. She met all requirements and within a week a collection of good, fresh, readable books was shipped to her,

the entire cost being seventy-five cents, the round trip express rate. She placed the books in one of the rooms of her home, made as attractive as possible with chairs and a large table in the center, over which was suspended a hanging lamp. The boys of the neighborhood were invited in. At first, they were inclined to view the surroundings suspiciously, but one after another drew near and indifferently thumbed the books. Within four months, a second library was asked for, as the one collection was not enough, the report recorded that each place about the table was occupied during the evenings, and often two boys would be crowded on the same chair.

Much depends on the interest the local librarian himself takes in the books. A librarian on a rural route in Indiana reported that when he found something in the collection likely to prove interesting to a neighbor, even though not a member of the association, he would put it in his carriage and drive around to said neighbor with it, or take it to the village post office to be called for.

INDIANA is mainly an agricultural state and the greater proportion of her books are loaned directly to the farming districts. Seven hundred and sixteen libraries, averaging forty books each, have been sent over the state in the past two years, visiting from two hundred and fifty to three hundred localities, with an estimated circulation of twenty-five thousand. In a certain locality of forty-five inhabitants, nine libraries, or three hundred and sixty books have been in use in the past three years. One library is held until another is received and ready to use in its place.

The questions are often asked as to whether the libraries are returned promptly and what the people in the country and villages like best to read. The books are, for the most part, well read and carefully handled, and always returned when due. If a volume is lost or damaged the local librarian invariably asks to have it made good. The circulation proves in all states that the readers of traveling libraries are interested largely in the same books and subjects that are in demand in our city libraries.

The system of loaning libraries is much the same in all of the states. The majority of the commissions require the signature of from two to five taxpayers, with three or four others acting as officers. In some states the books are loaned free of expense to the associations.

They are sent out for three months, with the privilege of retaining for a longer time, and are loaned to small libraries, reading-rooms, women's clubs, town and country schools, Sunday-schools, lodges, granges, country clubs, and to homes.

An added feature in the extension of traveling libraries is the book-wagon. Books have been carried directly to homes, off the railroads or inter-urban lines by this means. The book-wagon of Hagerstown, Maryland, is a significant instance. A varied assortment is stowed in a wagon made especially for this purpose, then with a driver who knows the country and is a member of the library staff, knowing the books and capable of assisting the readers in selection, an inestimable amount of good is accomplished. The books loaned in a locality are passed from one to another; the wagon revisits the community at the expiration of two months and gathers up the stock, leaving a fresh supply.

Aside from the effective work carried on by the states, the railroads have played a part in traveling libraries. Several years ago, the New York and Albany road, also the Baltimore and Ohio and others, established reading-rooms and sent out books along the road for the benefit of their employes and families. Through a lack of systematic administration they were often lost and stolen. Many of them have been turned over to the railroad branches of the Young Men's Christian Associations, of which there are two hundred and twelve in the United States, who are now loaning them to points along the various roads, the companies carrying them free of charge.

Thus the effort to get reading into the farthest corners and poorest hamlets is being extended and furthered by the states and corporations and individuals. Professor Zeublin, of Chicago University, has said that the traveling library is an ideal form of philanthropy, because "it's not carried on by the rich for the sake of the poor, nor by the educated for the uneducated, but by the people for the sake of the people."

Can we who are surrounded with our books, "messages," as Kingsley wrote, "that speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers," estimate what rays of sunshine or happiness a paltry few may have carried to the man and woman by the lonely fireside, in the lumber camps or on the distant prairies, and caused them to rise up with new hopes and ambitions.

THE DOUKHOBORS OF CANADA—A COMMUNITY OF SIBERIAN EXILES WHICH IS BEING BROUGHT TO GREAT FINANCIAL PROSPERITY BY A RUSSIAN CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY: BY KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH

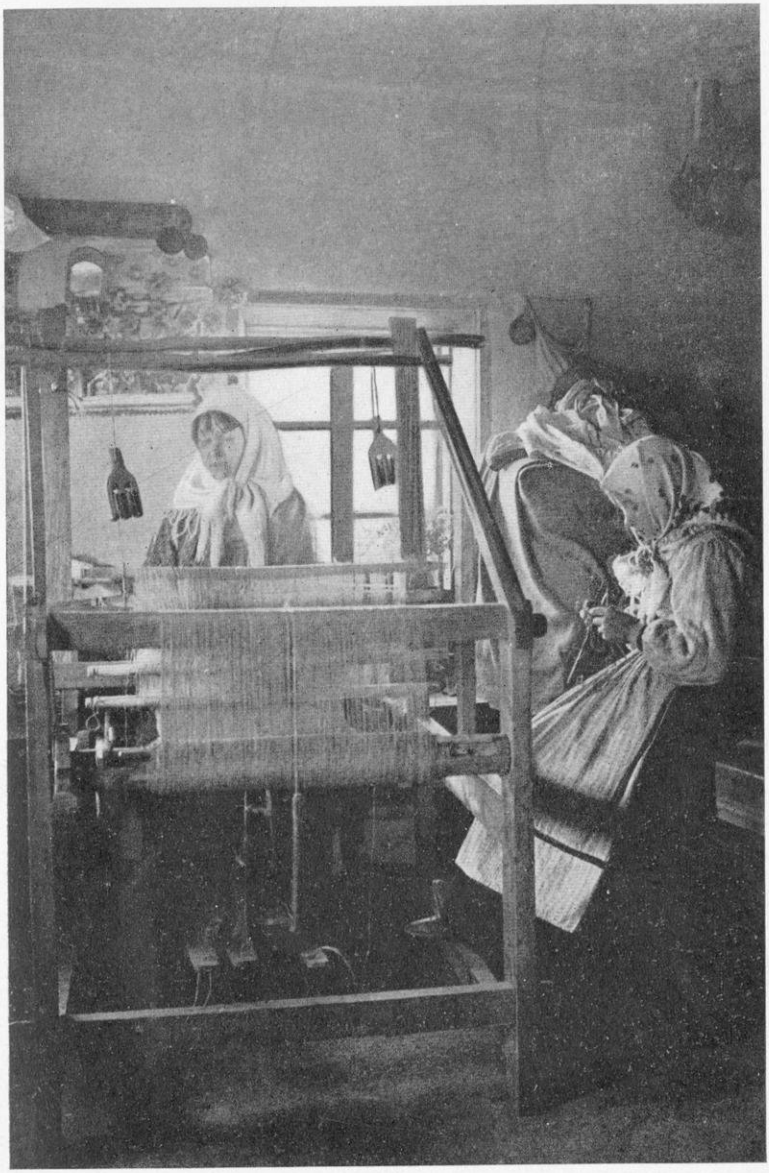
HE Doukhobors in Canada, or Universal Community of Christian Brotherhood—as their leader, Peter Verigin, while still in Siberia, suggested that they be called—have now forty-four separate villages, with one to two hundred people in a village, and represent a prosperous form of community life. When they came to America they had nothing. To-day, they have land, horses, food laid up for emergencies, twenty threshing outfits, six flour mills and five lumber mills. They also have a blacksmith and carpenter shop in every village, and run a large brick yard. Fifteen steam plows break up the land quickly. The possession of these labor saving devices is said by those who know Peter Verigin, to be an example of his adroitness. One of the tenets of the Doukhobors is to care for animals, and when they suggested it was wrong to work horses in this way, their leader instantly improved the opportunity by advising the use of steam plows. These people are natural tillers of the soil. They like village life, have been for centuries accustomed to agricultural pursuits, and are indefatigable workers. Their only holidays are the Sabbath and Christmas. Easter Day is not observed, "for Christ is ever resurrected in every man's heart."

The growth of the Canadian Doukhobors is amazing to any one who has known their history from the start. Five years ago six thousand of these people came to this country with nothing but strong hearts and willing hands. They were poor, not one in five hundred could speak English; they knew nothing of Canadian customs, and for two centuries had been oppressed; their property had been repeatedly confiscated, their women ill-treated and their leaders condemned to Siberian mines. To-day they are one of the most interesting communities existing in the world. They do business on modern and approved methods, they issue financial statements, have co-operative stores, buy necessities at wholesale, and are rapidly taking advantage of those usages and customs of civilization which do not conflict with their religious belief.

THE OLD WOMEN AMONG THE DOUKHOBORS
SPIN THE YARN FOR THEIR OWN LOOMS.

LOOKING DOWN A PEACEFUL DOUKHOBOR VILLAGE STREET.

SIFTING GRAIN IN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY: WOMEN, THE WORKERS.



DOUKHOBOR WEAVING IS DONE ON A HAND LOOM OF MOST PRIMITIVE CONSTRUCTION.

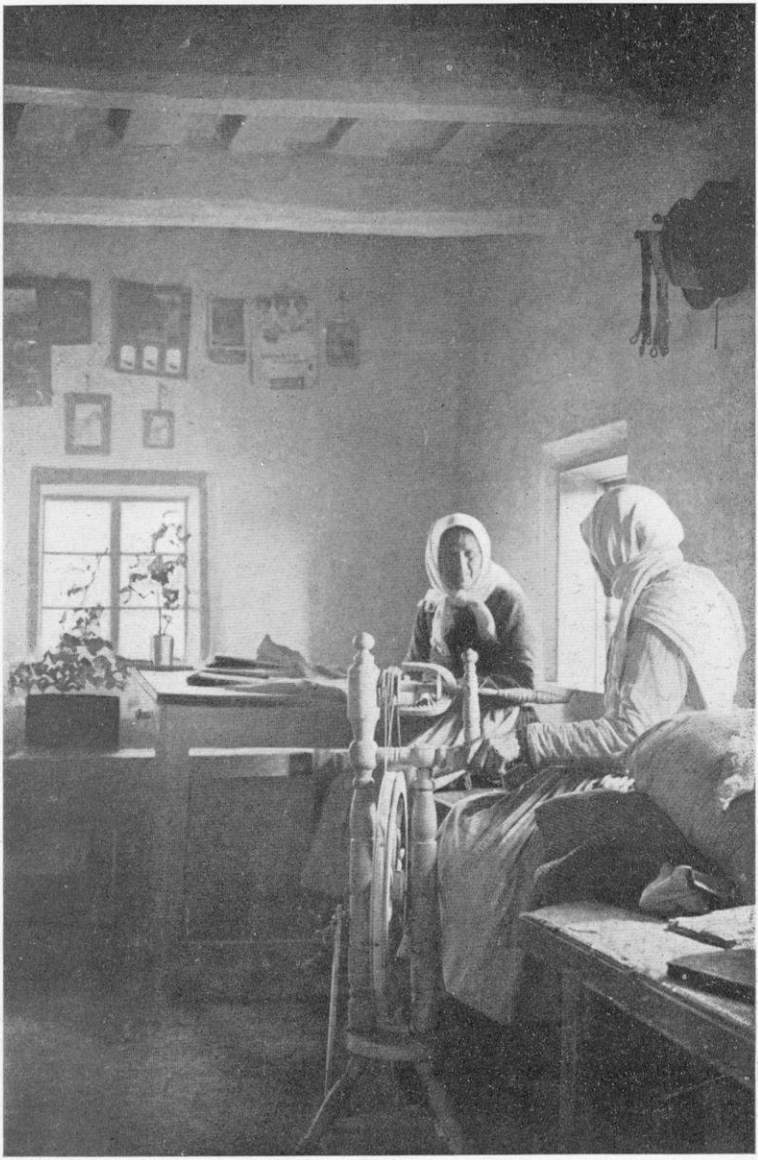
IN HARVEST TIME THE WOMEN GLEANERS TAKE THEIR NOONDAY MEAL IN A FRIENDLY GROUP IN THE FIELDS.

A DOUKHOBOR GARDEN, WITH THEIR FAVORITE THATCHED GATEWAY.

THE MEN PLOUGH AND SOW:
BUT THE WOMEN REAP.

BEATING FLAX BY HAND
AT THE HARVEST SEASON.

BREAKFAST TIME IN A DOUKHOBOR HOME. THE
RUSSIAN COSTUME LENDS A PICTURESQUE NOTE.



THEY WORK ALWAYS—THESE PEASANT WOMEN,
EVEN WHEN VILLAGE GOSSIP LURES THEM.

THESE EXILED RUSSIAN PEASANTS DO BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY. IT IS A RECREATION TO THEM AFTER A MORNING AT WORK IN THE FIELDS.

Without doubt this change of attitude is largely due to Verigin, who is a veritable captain of industry, well calculated to be a leader, and tactful in persuading his people to adopt new labor saving devices and progressive measures. No one can see Verigin without being impressed by the man's capabilities and the conviction that he is a remarkable character. He is an active manager, a worker as well as director, and though it is impossible outside the sect to discover his tribal or hereditary right to lead, or to understand their belief in his divine origin—which many of his followers affirm—every one who sees Verigin is convinced of his power and his influence among the Doukhobors.

Whatever his life may have been in youth, or however he obtained his present position as head of this sect, to-day he is physically and mentally well equipped to be a leader of men. He is fully six feet in height, broad shouldered, deep chested, well built. He has a swarthy complexion, a strong but kind face, wears a moustache and his hair is growing thin. His personal appearance is pleasing, but it is his mentality and ability to guide the ignorant Doukhobors that arouses admiration. He came to Canada when they were in the midst of confusion, with their new life hardly started, their settlements scarcely formed, and disintegration imminent. With triumphant bugle call he rallied his army and led it to victory. Verigin reveals in his conversation a bright, keen, active mind, fully competent to deal with the problems of his people. Though he talks frankly, one is conscious that he speaks with discretion, and keeps in reserve what he may think it unwise to impart. He is well read, masterful without being arrogant, and, most important of all, tactful. After meeting him one does not wonder at his power and influence, nor at its lasting through the years that he was in captivity.

In fact, many of the Doukhobor doctrines are the result of the influence of this young man, who managed to keep in touch with his people while in Siberia. Possessing some education when he was banished, he met followers of Tolstoi early in his prison life, and from them, from reading the philosopher's works, and from direct communication with the Russian sage, he became imbued with Tolstoi's ideas and the doctrine of non-resistance. As a result he sent messages by Doukhobors who managed to keep in communication with him, and advised his followers not to carry arms, to give up meat,

not to use intoxicants or tobacco, and to live a community life. As most of these precepts were in accord with the former teachings of the sect, his suggestions were readily accepted by his devoted people.

VERIGIN reached Canada, after his release from Siberia, at a critical time. It was just after "The Pilgrimage," when the Doukhobors had left home, stock, and all belongings behind and started toward Winnipeg. The results of this, to others, crazy movement are well known. The Canadian government was obliged to interfere, the mounted police saved the horses and cattle from starvation, and by persuasion and force the deluded people were sent back to their villages. At the time, they accounted for the hegira by saying they took the Bible literally, and "did not Christ say to take no thought for the morrow and that material things were of no account?" Whatever the cause of this peculiar psychic-religious mania, whether it was sincere, or, as some affirm, an effort to meet Verigin, who they had heard would reach them about that time, the fact remains that since the advent of their leader these Russian peasants have made only one similar attempt at a pilgrimage, and that was promptly stopped by Verigin.

On reaching Canada, Verigin organized the disrupted communities, put them on a paying basis, acting with promptness and decision. The Doukhobors, perhaps from long persecution, are a silent people and reluctant to tell how they are governed; but it is well known that Verigin has an immense power over them, that they expect to do as he suggests, and that they recognize that it is to their interest to follow his advice. There is no doubt but his task in Canada has been a hard one, and it is fortunate that he has approached it tactfully. Canadian lands are rich, well adapted to agriculture, and the Doukhobors own fine tracts. Since their leader has succeeded in centralizing their labor and holding the men together, their lands have become some of the most productive in the Northwest. That he is capable of handling the six thousand peasants, many of whom do not read or write, is shown by the fact that, in spite of the confusion and waste that greeted him on his arrival in the face of discouragements, such as neglected cattle and the destruction of food and clothing, in one year after assuming the helm he was able to present a report far from discouraging, and systematic in every detail.

When Verigin reached his fanatical countrymen, he persuaded them to choose capable men for a community council, to continue their self-government, and to select a certain number of men besides himself to be head of affairs. In this way he obtained the advice of those familiar with conditions, and was able to appoint a competent corps of assistants. Each man does his share toward the property getting, and even the children earn money by digging roots and herbs, and turn it into the exchequer. Verigin is custodian of the public trust, and by his practical methods, high ideals and understanding of his people's peculiarities, has so far proven himself more than worthy. As there are so many Doukhobors, it is evident they can provide largely for themselves without outside help. They buy at wholesale, grind their own flour, and in every possible way conduct business so that financial returns will come back to them instead of to other parties. In this way, and with a committee attending to the community funds, they have developed the largest experiment in pure communism that has ever been attempted.

NOTHING can be more convincing of the present success of this community life than a glance at one of the reports handed in at the general meeting. Two men and one woman delegate are always sent from each village, as well as the men who hold offices in the settlement. The meeting is opened with the Lord's Prayer, and ends with the singing of psalms, but the business questions are discussed thoroughly, and all items of expenditure, from small incidentals up, are accounted for. The reports of these meetings, which are in quaint, archaic English, would make a modern bookkeeper wonder at their accuracy. For instance, at the last meeting, held in February, 1906, at the village of Nadeshda, the account shows that the Doukhobors purchased over six hundred thousand dollars worth of goods, but by buying at wholesale effected a saving of two hundred thousand dollars. The report then goes on to state that sauce pans that retailed for one dollar were obtained for sixty cents, twelve cent prints were bought for eight cents, etc. The cash account is interesting as showing a satisfactory statement, for the income of the community for the past year amounted to one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, and their expenditures to half a million. The sundries account shows modern up-to-date methods, and among other

things, the repayment of a loan by the Bank of British North America, amounting to fifty thousand dollars.

The meeting ended with an appeal to the women present to tell the women in the villages, "to be imbued with the sentiment of high duties as mothers of manhood; to commence in future to ennoble man, as by nature itself women in character are much softer than men. They, men, in daily life are moving amid rougher surroundings, doing hard work, hauling timber, and suffering from winter cold, and there is no wonder that the character of men is much ruder than that of women. It is very desirable that when men will return from their outdoor work, women should give them solace and good comfort in their homes." This, after the meaning of community life had been expressed as first, "spiritual fellowship and meekness between men, in which people are understanding great gentleness," and second, "material profit."

Truly an odd business meeting in the year of grace, 1906. And held by a body of people who only a few years ago conducted a "nudity parade," and abandoned all they possessed in a fit of religious frenzy. Nothing shows more plainly the power Verigin has over them. The working day of the Doukhobors is from five in the morning until eight in the evening, but this is divided into three shifts of five hours each. One set of men and horses go to work at five, stopping at ten for five hours rest, while another shift continues the work. At three in the afternoon the first shift resumes work and continues until eight in the evening. This makes one shift do ten hours' work, while the other does five hours, but the heavy and light shares are taken alternatively every other day.

Many Doukhobors are employed in building railroads, and the recent impetus in railroad construction throughout Canada has afforded favorable opportunities. Every summer they take large railroad contracts and the executive committee provides scrapers, wheel-barrows, shovels, and other equipment for the purpose. In working on railroads the men live in camps, and are accompanied by enough women to do the sewing and washing. The camps are pitched in a convenient spot and are well equipped with sleeping tents, store tents, kitchens, blacksmith shops and stables. All cooking is done by men in primitive brick ovens after the fire has been removed. Coke is largely used and is made by burning Balm of Gilead poles in holes dug in the ground.

As a matter of fact, the Doukhobor's domestic methods are crude, but they serve the purpose as well as more modern appliances. Their method of community life makes work on the railroads comparatively easy. This was especially true when they first arrived in Canada. They were without means, and it was necessary that the men should leave their land and earn enough money to purchase the necessities of life. It was difficult for one man to go any distance and leave an unprotected family in an unsettled country. In a large community, a division could be made whereby a thousand men or so could be away on railroad construction and as large a number stay at home to work the land, put in the crops, and build houses. Those who were away earned money for communal supplies and eatables, and the work and profits were thus about equally divided.

THE Doukhobors built their own mud or log houses, and the communal stables, of which there are one or more in each village for the horses, cattle, and hens. Early in their Canadian life, they were joined by the wives and children of two hundred men who had been exiled in Siberia. These were taken care of by the community until the men were liberated, when they at once came to Canada. If individualism had been practised, it is difficult to say what might have become of these fugitives. So far, this religious sect has not made much advance in education. Verigin gives as a reason that "the first duty of the Doukhobors when they arrived was not to teach their children to read, but to get food for them." Money has been offered them to assist in this work, and the Quakers of Pennsylvania, who have been attracted toward them by many similarities in their beliefs, have several times suggested sending teachers. Such proffers have been refused on the ground that, "It is against our principles to accept charity, and we do not wish to accept a sum for the purpose of building schools without seeing our way clear to repay it." Quaker nurses have been among these people for some time, and recently Verigin has announced that he thought they were in a financial condition where it would be best to start buildings which could be used either for school or church, and to engage teachers.

Growing out of the religious tenet that they must not eat flesh, is the desire to care well for animals. The horses used in connection with railroad construction are kept in the best of condition. Their

coats are glossy, and one man is constantly employed to chop and prepare their food. One of the topics discussed at a recent business meeting was the care of animals, and it was unanimously decided that as they did not kill animals for food, they should treat them as well as possible. Cows should have light, dry quarters; work horses should not draw heavy loads, and should not be taken out of the stables in winter if it was colder than thirteen degrees Fahrenheit.

Altogether, these Doukhobors are a strange people; a sect dating from the early part of the eighteenth century, and holding religious views which at one time set them in a frenzy, and at another tend to set them apart and to make them appear as the most Christ-like people in the world. It is difficult for an outsider to define their religious belief, for they are illiterate peasants, have no creed or writings, and their unwritten belief is handed down much like the Sagas. Orest Novitsky, who made a careful study of their religion, divides it into twelve essential tenets, the purport of which is that they are "led by the Spirit," and "that the kingdom of God is within you." It can be said that without priests they have a religion, with no police they have little crime, without lawyers they settle disputes, and without "frenzied financiers" they have thriven as regards this world's goods.

As the Doukhobors wait until the spirit moves them before they speak in church, the service is usually long, and frequently lasts from four A. M. to eight A. M. The ceremony is very interesting to strangers, and consists largely of recitations given by the men, who are prompted by the women. Before they close, the men bow to the women, kiss each other, and then turn around and bow to the women again. Then the women do the same to each other and bow to the men. It seems an interminable process, this round of kissing and bowing, but that they look upon a kiss as a bond of amity is shown by their kissing each other before meals instead of saying grace. The opinion of the old men in the community is much valued, and after church it is their custom to congregate to discuss affairs and to read aloud letters from relatives who are exiled in Siberia. The life of the Doukhobors is of the simplest. When they work on the railroad they have no "boss" or section man, and they work so incessantly that they resemble a hive of bees. They show great capacity for road building, bridge making, and handling large cuts and grades so that their railroad work is accurate and lasting. This, with the wonder-

ful fertility of Canadian soil, has enabled them to pay off loans and to get a good start. Some of the sect are separated from the main colony and are living in Prince Albert district, but Verigin hopes to obtain land so that all the Doukhobors in Canada will be in one section.

One thing is obvious, and that is that they look to a leader, and according to whether that leader is capable or incapable, good or bad, they will flourish. They are fortunate in possessing a head who has so far been able to cope with the problems presented by these erratic people in a strange land. There are those who assert that the Doukhobors are clannish, that years of persecution have made them deceitful, and that they frequently do what they affirm they will not do. Whether this is so or not, it will be interesting to watch the changes that years in a new country will make. Verigin, during the time he spent in Siberia, where he was thrown in with men of liberal views and education, developed remarkably; yet it is apparent that many of his Tolstoi views have proved impracticable since he has taken the reins of the community. Again, he shows an inclination to like and accept modern ideas, many of which would conflict with the preconceived notions of his people; but it is an open question if he will allow any changes which will affect his position as leader, and whether he will not insist that they shall always be a people apart. In a recent interview he stated that though a Doukhobor might marry an outsider, he would, in doing so, be virtually giving up his religion, for, according to fundamental principles of the sect, a Doukhobor might not destroy life, and no true Doukhobor could live in a home where meat was cooked or tobacco used.

There is no question but that Verigin has a hard task before him, for in many ways the community religion does not conform to the laws and customs of a country. Take, for instance, the question of marriage and divorce. There is almost no prostitution among them, yet they feel reluctant about registering marriages. When they first came to Canada, they objected to making entry for their homesteads, in accordance with Canadian laws, and protested against registering births and deaths. They are sincere, but ignorant. They have faced complex problems, and are liable to come in contact with others, from their peculiar views and attempt at community life.

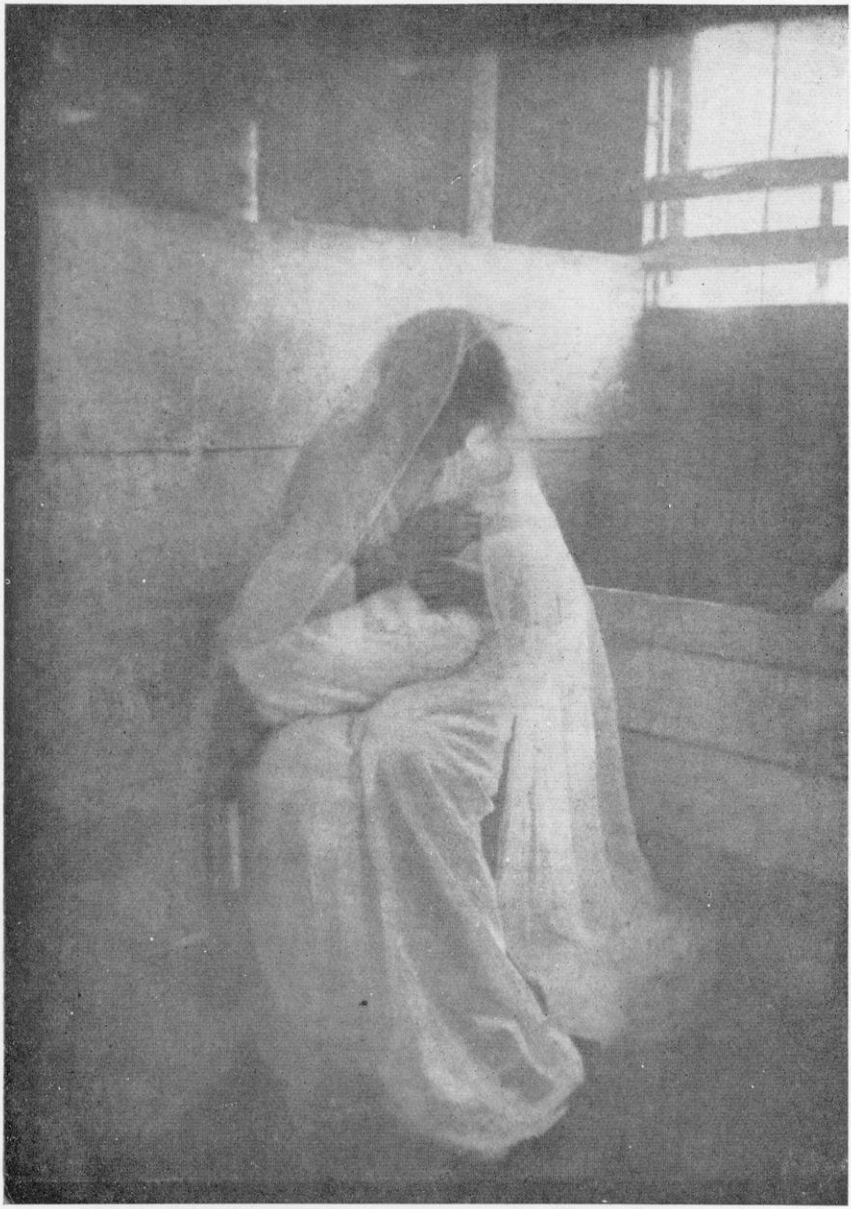
PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN EMOTIONAL ART: A STUDY OF THE WORK OF GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: BY GILES EDGERTON

HOTOGRAPHY as an emotional art is one of the interesting discoveries that the twentieth century has forced upon us, for the Secession photographers here in America have made the phrase "mechanical process," as applied to the camera, show ignorance in the critic rather than limitation of the instrument. It is now acknowledged that Secession photography is in its way strongly creative, inasmuch as it reproduces conditions mellowed by the imagination and saturated with the quality of the artist, just as a Chase portrait is a creation, or a Tryon landscape is a work of individuality. Gertrude Käsebier, who is one of the original secessionists from conventional methods of photography, distinctly belongs to this class of emotional artists, because, in every photograph which she takes, she is expressing her own temperament and life as it has reached her through her imagination and through her growing understanding of humanity.

Creative art demands that the artist should know life, either by experience or by inspiration, and this knowledge of life must develop a profound sympathy with humanity. The technical method of expression may be whatever the artist wishes, whatever seems the simplest process. There is not a variety of creative arts; there is imagination and impulse to create and a variety of methods. The past few years have proved that photography is one of these methods, and Mrs. Käsebier has done much to establish this method on a basis with the older and more significant arts. She began doing this by living, in a largely comprehensive way, life as it came to her; by having the temperament that felt all its joys and its agonies; that was attuned to the utmost subtilty and resented equally all banality. Later was born in her the great need of expressing what had been experienced; then technique was acquired and the creative impulse found its channel. That this channel proved to be the camera rather than the palette or a musical instrument or a bit of wax, did not change the quality of the imagination which moved through it. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Käsebier first painted portraits, but felt it to be for her talent a less significant medium than photography and has actually

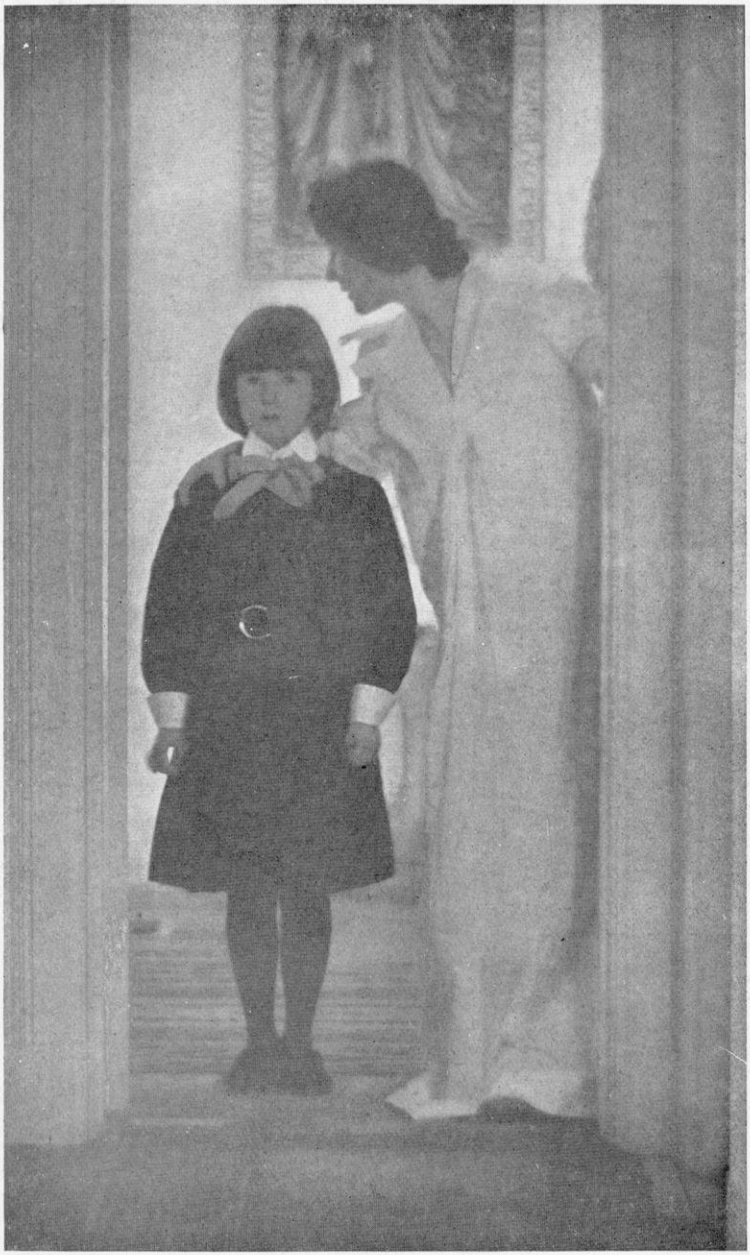
From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

"REAL MOTHERHOOD." FROM THE SERIES OF MOTHERHOOD PICTURES.



From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

"THE MANGER." FROM THE SERIES OF MOTHERHOOD PICTURES.

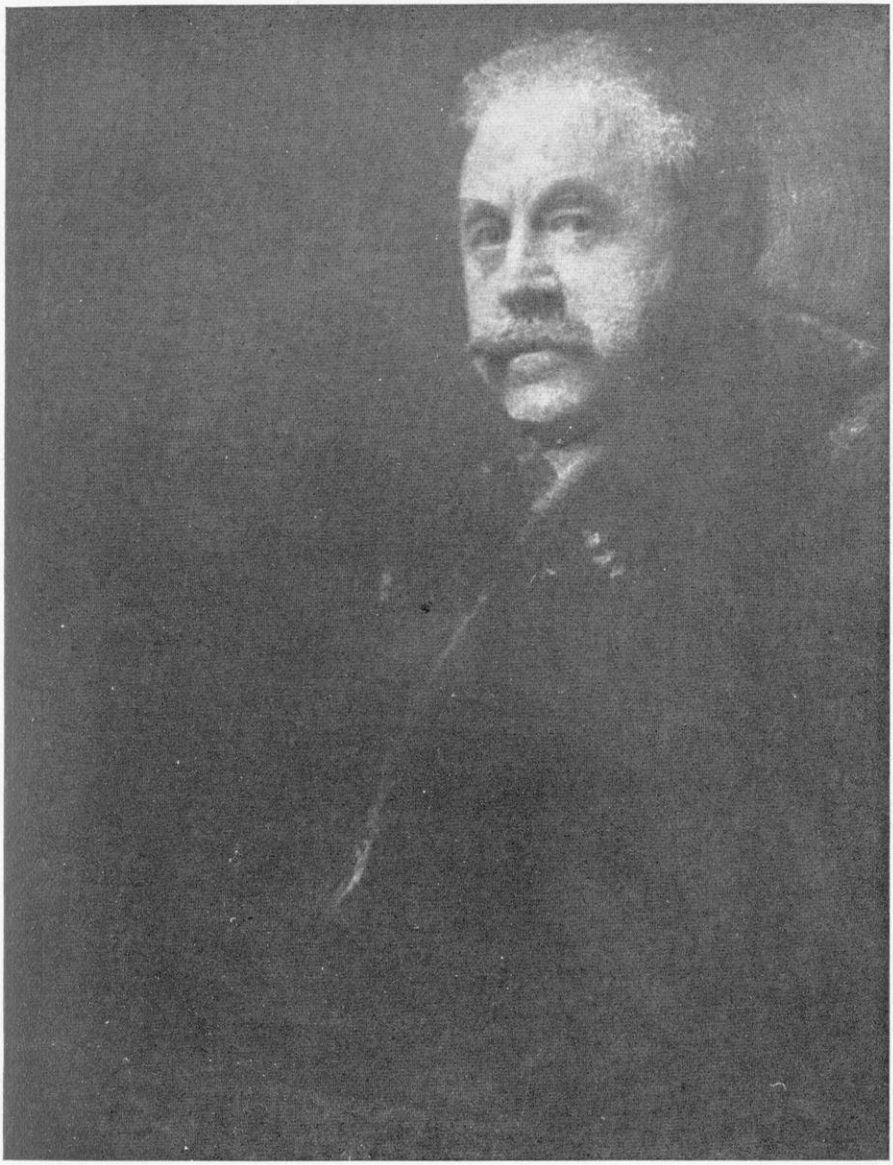


From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

"BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN." FROM THE SERIES OF MOTHERHOOD PICTURES.

From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

"THE HERITAGE OF MOTHERHOOD." FROM THE SERIES OF MOTHERHOOD PICTURES.



From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

STANFORD WHITE. "THE MAN OF FUNDAMENTAL KINDNESS AND GREAT ACHIEVEMENT."

From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

AN INDIAN PORTRAIT.

done greater work with her camera than she ever did with her brush. She lived, and then studied, and then achieved, which is the natural process for the development of creative art, and of these three stages of growth the method of expression is the least significant. Possibly the greatest joy for an artist is to be found where the method is more or less undeveloped, where it can be enlarged, and where something of creation goes into the mechanical side of expression. It would seem that there was but little further opportunity for variation in painting or music, although in recent years Monet has enlarged our field in one direction and Richard Strauss in another; but the people who have dealt with the camera during the last few years have all but originated a new method of expression. It is an interesting experience in life to an artist when the medium and the art have grown side by side.

Yet the medium ever remains but a necessary detail which should never be confused with art itself; for art must come out of nature. And the price exacted from life for admitting workers into an intimacy is that they express her vividly, emotionally, heart-breakingly, perhaps, but truly at any cost. Thus is art created. To be an artist is to suffer through nature, and to think suffering a little price for great emotional opportunity. Each man makes good according to his own method. He expresses his interest in life, in what he has experienced, in the way which best suits him personally.

AFTER studying six years to become a portrait painter, overcoming almost unsurmountable difficulties to adjust her work to her home duties, and at last arranging matters so that she could see what Paris had to give her, just by chance Mrs. Käsebier discovered that the camera afforded her the widest field of expression for what she had found in life, and without any hesitation she promptly relinquished the "north light" for the "dark room." The point of view of the world at that time toward photography as a mechanical process without relationship to great art held no significance for her. She knew that when she was taking a photograph she was realizing an opportunity for big expression, for getting the utmost from her sitter, for accomplishing the utmost that she could in life, and so she devoted her time to making portraits in this way rather than in any other, regardless of the work she had done to perfect herself in portrait painting.

To quote Mrs. Käsebier's own words, "I am now a mother and a grandmother, and I do not recall that I have ever ignored the claims of the nomadic button and the ceaseless call for sympathy, and the greatest demand on time and patience. My children, and their children, have been my closest thought, but from the first days of dawning individuality, I have longed unceasingly to make pictures of people, not maps of faces, but pictures of real men and women as they know themselves, to make likenesses that are biographies, to bring out in each photograph the essential personality that is variously called temperament, soul, humanity.

"Now, from my point of view, it is impossible to understand people unless you understand life. You see through experience. You can not read faces, the joy and sorrow in them, unless you have suffered and enjoyed; we do not see far beyond our own development; at least we see better through our own development, and my development came slowly through much suffering, much disappointment and much renunciation. I have learned to know the world because of what the world has exacted of me.

"First I gave my life to my children, then I gave years of it to the conventional study of portrait painting, and so it has come about that the quality in my portraits that is hardest to describe, for which the public has placed them in the realm of art, which has seemed to touch the heart of the world, I have achieved by getting at humanity, down in the deep sad places of humanity. I have learned most from the simple people, from their primitive qualities, and among these simple people are some of the greatest I have ever known—Rodin is one of them, my frontier grandmother was another. My people were all simple frontier people, out in the beginning of things in the West. My grandmother was of the splendid, strong, pioneer type of women. She was an artist with her loom. She made her own designs, and weaved the most beautiful fancies into her fabrics. She knew life from living, and was great through her knowledge. She was a model to me in many ways, and the beginning of what I have accomplished in art came to me through her."

In speaking of her need to express a certain creative impulse in art, Mrs. Käsebier used almost the identical words in which Eugene Higgins, the "painter of poverty," recently expressed his attitude toward his art.

"Certain conditions in life," said Mr. Higgins, "certain qualities of people seem to me so overwhelmingly significant that I must express them in some way. I have often felt that I could not live without expressing them. There is a terrible picturesqueness and almost frightful beauty in the masses of color and outline that go with the last stages of poverty. These are the things that I want to speak of—not from the sentimental interest in poverty, but from the paintable quality of it, though that may sound very cruel and heartless." The one medium that appeals strongest to Mr. Higgins is painting. The urge of expressing himself would be no greater and no less, if it were plaster or music. Charles Haag, the sculptor, who has the same point of view about the picturesqueness of misery, does not wish to say it in color, but in plaster and bronze, and Rodin can see things best in stone. Mrs. Käsebier creates her most mysterious and beautiful effects in technical expression when seeking to realize the quality of her sitter, while studying every light and shade that will express the soul of the person before her; and with the work of adjustment and arrangement often is born a rare subtilty of atmosphere and of wonder that no striving for mechanical perfection would produce. It is the creative urge, not the machine, that develops the photographs which have made Mrs. Käsebier the subject of comment among artists all over the world.

It is a matter of fact that this photographer never approaches the sitter without a feeling that is a combination of excitement and stage fright. Each picture is a fresh experience to her, just as each painting must be a new phase of life to the artist, and each composition a fresh development to the musician. Every man and woman, old or young, who comes to Mrs. Käsebier, becomes for the time a part of her life. She is reading their biographies and studying into their lives, while she is posing them and moving her camera about. She has grown to understand people from this short reading of faces and expression as a blind man grows to see faces by touching them; the appealing glance of a plain woman, the patience on the face of the mother, the hope and inexperience in the young girl, are all twice told tales to this student of humanity; the man who has lived through imagination to indifference, the woman who has gone through joy to boredom, they all find a genuine sympathy, and their development, through success or failure, is what Mrs. Käsebier is photographing to the amazement of sitter

and friend. These portraits are ultimate studies of the real people; they are human documents of permanent significance.

"It is not just that I am anxious to make these photographs for the sake of people," is Mrs. Käsebier's expression, "I am thirsty to do it for my own sake, to express what there is in me. I want to re-live life in this way. I want to see what life is doing to other people. I want to acquire the widest possible outlook on life. It is my way of living to the utmost to see other people live, and to prove that I have seen it in my pictures. I do not think of my work as photography, but as opportunity." And this is surely the profoundest craving to express the creative impulse which, when born of inspiration, becomes that strange thing we know as genius, and, when born of experience, follows in the footsteps of genius, and often fits into them very perfectly. Of course, apart from the emotional side of Mrs. Käsebier's art, there is a most careful study of mechanical detail, and the sincerest effort to perfect the means so that it may most completely express the end. Her knowledge of painting she has found invaluable in giving her a wide mastery of posing. She also has an understanding of color and form, and has learned to translate color into black and white at a glance, and to get effects from masses without being troubled by detail. Of the usual expressions of technical methods and the usual studio talk Mrs. Käsebier cares nothing, and knows but little. Her interest is not centered in the mechanical end. She knows it, and uses it with supreme skill, but with that unconscious skill with which a musician plays or a great painter wields the brush.

HER real work is done with the sitter—not in the dark room, and even here it is again not detail that interests her, not the actual question of dress and form; to her, photography is the essence of the individual, not the external. It is very difficult to express in words what this artist wishes to achieve in her photographs. She is trying to gather up the illusive mystery of character, of life itself, and hold it on paper in black and white. Rodin recognized this when he signed a letter to Mrs. Käsebier—"From one artist to another." The great Frenchman felt in her work what he had achieved in his own. And this quality of world sympathy it would be hard to express more sincerely and convincingly than Mrs. Käsebier has done in a series of photographs of Motherhood (which are shown in this article): "The

Manger," or "Ideal Motherhood," "The Real Mother," "Blessed Art Thou among Women," and "The Heritage of Motherhood." To those having still in mind the old attitude toward photography, "that the camera does it," "The Manger" seems little short of a miracle. There is first of all a Corot quality of atmosphere, of light and shade through spaces of interior; and there is supreme management of composition and draperies, the effect of color and radiance, and withal the most exquisite tenderness and feeling, the most complete expression of maternity and motherhood. Prints of this subject are sold at one hundred dollars, and are now difficult to secure even at that price, for Mrs. Käsebier does the printing of each proof herself and discards many as unsatisfactory for one that is expressive of her ideal of the subject.

The photograph of Stanford White, which is shown here, was laboriously achieved by printing and reprinting during a period of two years. "I could not seem to get into the print," Mrs. Käsebier explained, "what I had seen through the camera. White was to me one of the best of men, but the camera would not say so, and then suddenly, at a last trial, I realized that the real person, the man of fundamental kindness, of great achievement, had found his way into the picture. For a long time Stanford White would not come and see the photograph. He said it would be too ugly, and that he did not like looking at pictures of himself, but at last he came one day, and then begged for it, but I had worked so long over it that I could not sell it, or give it up, so I used to loan it to him at intervals. And at the time of his death, I had just borrowed it back again. He once said to a friend that he thought it was the greatest portrait through any medium that he had ever seen."

But to return to the Motherhood pictures, which Mrs. Käsebier feels expresses more completely than all the rest of her work the greatness of artistic opportunity possible in photography. The second in the series, "Real Motherhood," is the portrait of her daughter and granddaughter. In speaking of this photograph she said quite frankly; "While posing my daughter there suddenly seemed to develop between us a greater intimacy than I had ever known before. Every barrier was down. We were not two women, mother and daughter, old and young, but *two mothers* with one feeling; all I had experienced in life that had opened my eyes and brought me in close touch with

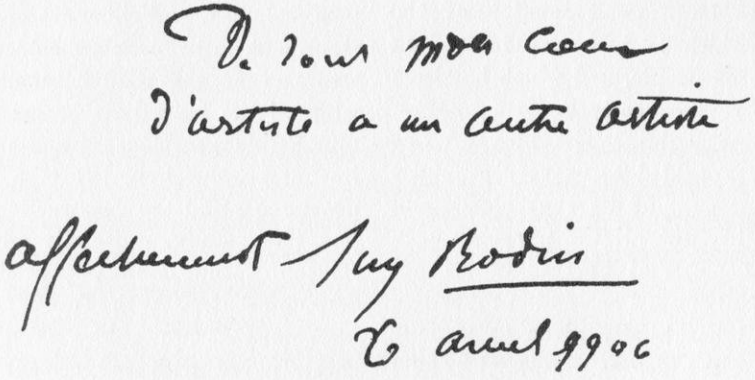
humanity seemed to well up and meet an instant response in her, and the tremendous import of motherhood which we had both realized seemed to find its expression in this photograph."

The third of the series is called "Blessed Art Thou among Women." It is the photograph of a plainly clad, strongly alert little girl standing in a doorway, with a slender woman bending near and suggesting in gesture and pose the utmost reach of tender maternity, the affection that is of renunciation and self-control rather than demonstration. It is a picture of great beauty and peace achieved in a chance moment as a "study in white" at a friend's home. The camera had touched upon a great spiritual moment, and Mrs. Käsebier realized it in taking and printing the picture.

"The Heritage of Motherhood" is the fourth, and perhaps the greatest, of this group. This particular subject Mrs. Käsebier had been waiting for fifteen years to secure. She did not wish to pose a model for it, but to gain her inspiration from some unconscious sitter posing for a portrait. What wild wastes of desolation, what barren paths of mental agony must a woman have trod to reveal to the camera this ghost of radiant motherhood! Ibsen would have written a four act tragedy from this picture.

A point to be made in this group of pictures is that in every instance there was no posing for these particular effects, no special arrangement. They were simply photographs taken for portraits of the people as well as photographs could be taken, the spiritual side developing during the sitting and being accentuated in the printing—in other words, coming through the temperament of the photographer, for Mrs. Käsebier ranks herself first of all a photographer; her profession in life is to make professional portraits—a great many of them, and within the reach of the mass of the people. She has on hand, since the beginning of her work, at least twenty thousand registered negatives, which shows that her interest in the camera is not that of the dilettante. The reason that her portraits are greater than the usual photograph is because she herself is greater than the usual photographer. She finds a way to express personality in her picture because she has it herself. Her great achievements in portraits have not been planned—are not studied arrangements, but the results of her emotional experience at the time, which gives her greater insight and greater power of expression. She does not seek to compose

pictures of artistic merit in cold blood; her enthusiasm comes at the time of the sitting. People are an inspiration to her, she longs to understand them; she wishes to show what she has understood, to prove all that there is in each person, and incidentally in doing this, she achieves what the world has acclaimed as great photographs. In making a picture of Rodin, she sought to understand him, to make the portrait show his greatness as a sculptor and an artist, and out of this has grown a picture unique in composition, and a portrait that shows the depth of a marvelous nature—a genius among France's greatest men. Thus through the simplest methods, through feeling and insight, and real humanity, Gertrude Käsebier has become a pioneer in creating what the world must agree to recognize as a new art.



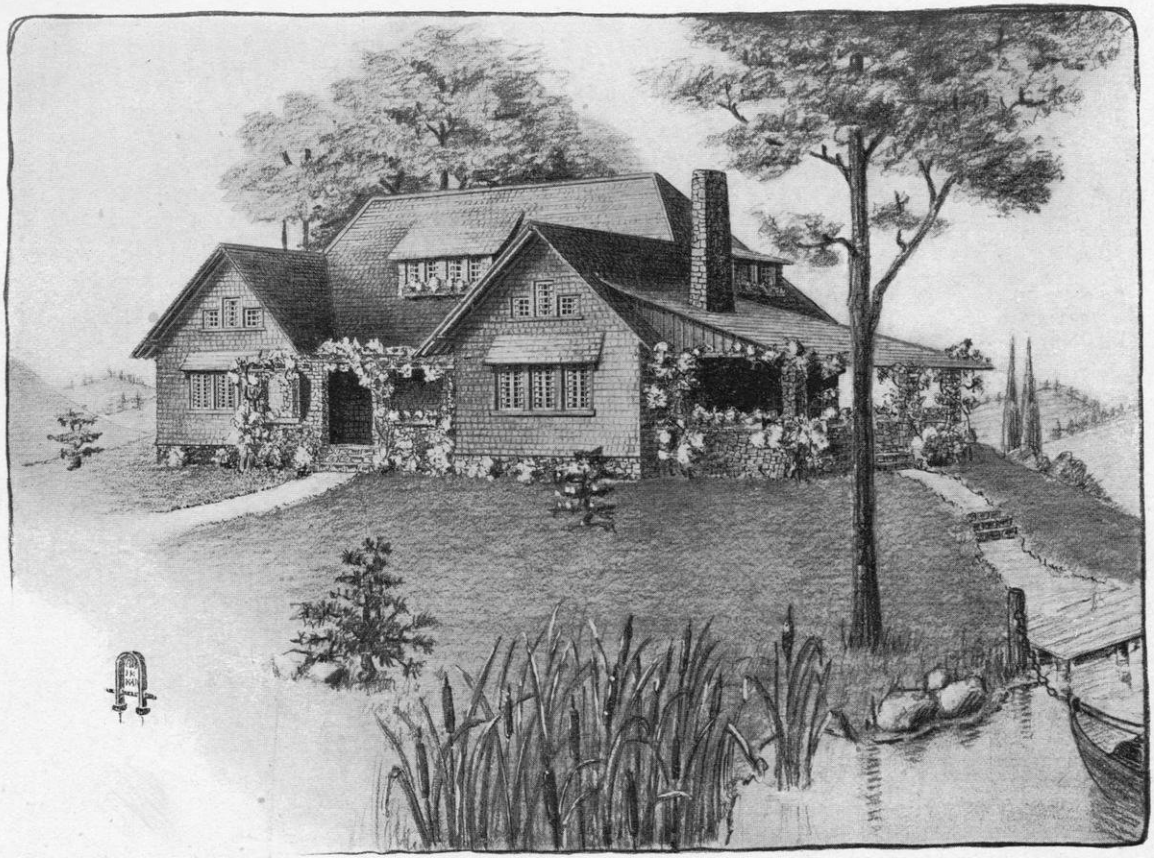
FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNATURE IN RODIN'S LETTER TO MRS. KÄSEBIER.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1907: NUMBER IV

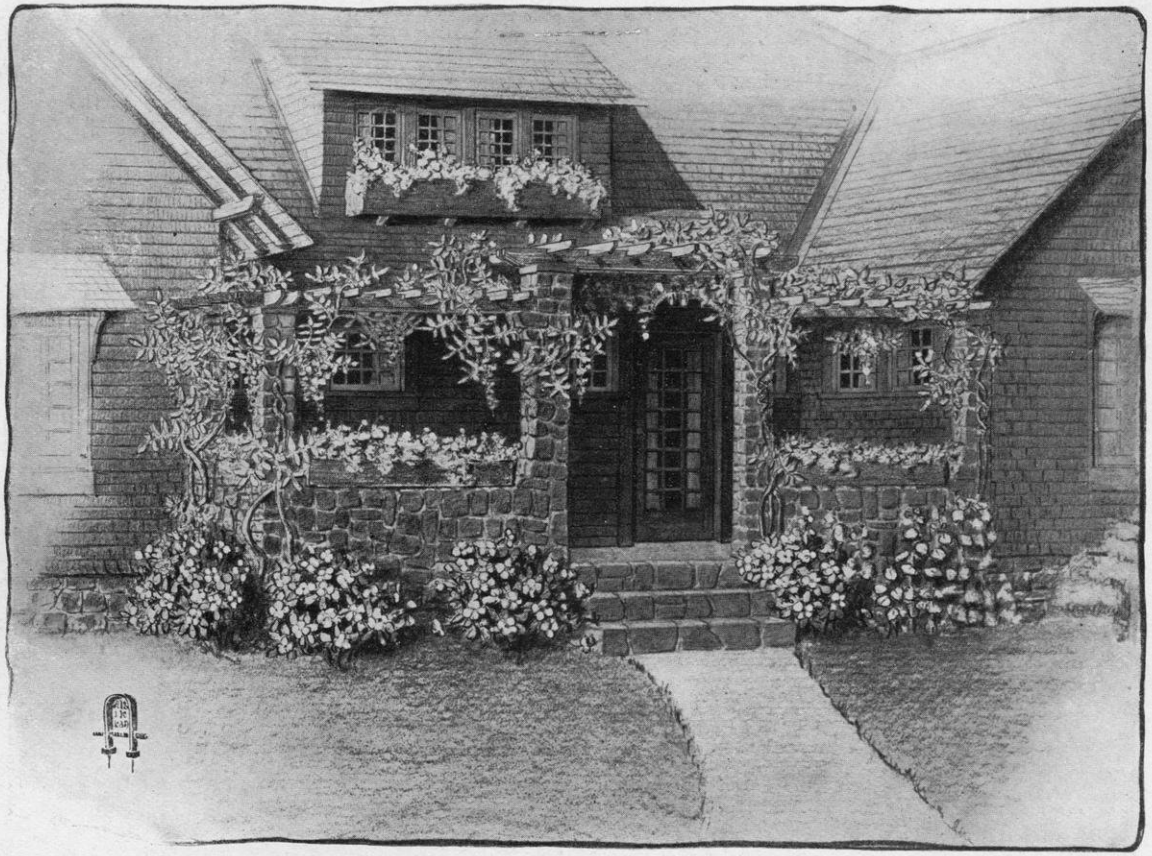
THE plans and drawings of the bungalow published this month in THE CRAFTSMAN House series are adapted from rough sketches sent us by one of our subscribers, Mr. George D. Rand, of Auburndale, Mass. Mr. Rand is an architect who has retired from active work, and these sketches are some he has made recently of a bungalow which he purposes to build this spring in the mountain region of New Hampshire. The sketches were sent to THE CRAFTSMAN for the reason that they seemed to Mr. Rand and his friends to be a good solution of the problem which is just now interesting a number of people, and which has been taken up so frequently in THE CRAFTSMAN House series. The idea of this bungalow appealed to us very strongly, both on account of its convenience and practicability for all the purposes of a summer home, and because of its unusual beauty of line and proportion. Mr. Rand has kindly given us permission to use the idea as suggested by him with such alterations as seemed best to us, and in accordance with this permission, there have been quite a number of minor modifications made in the original design, and many of the suggestions for construction are our own.

As is plainly shown by the perspective drawings and the elevations, the house is somewhat irregular in design, but so admirably proportioned and planned that the broken lines impress one as they do when seen in some old English house that has grown into its present shape through centuries of alteration in response to changing needs. It seems, above all things, to be a house fitted to crown a hilltop in the open country, especially where the slope is something the same as indicated in the site here shown. The line from the back of the roof down to the boat-landing comes as near to being a perfect relation of house and ground as is often seen, and this relation is of the first importance in the attempt to suit a house to its environment.

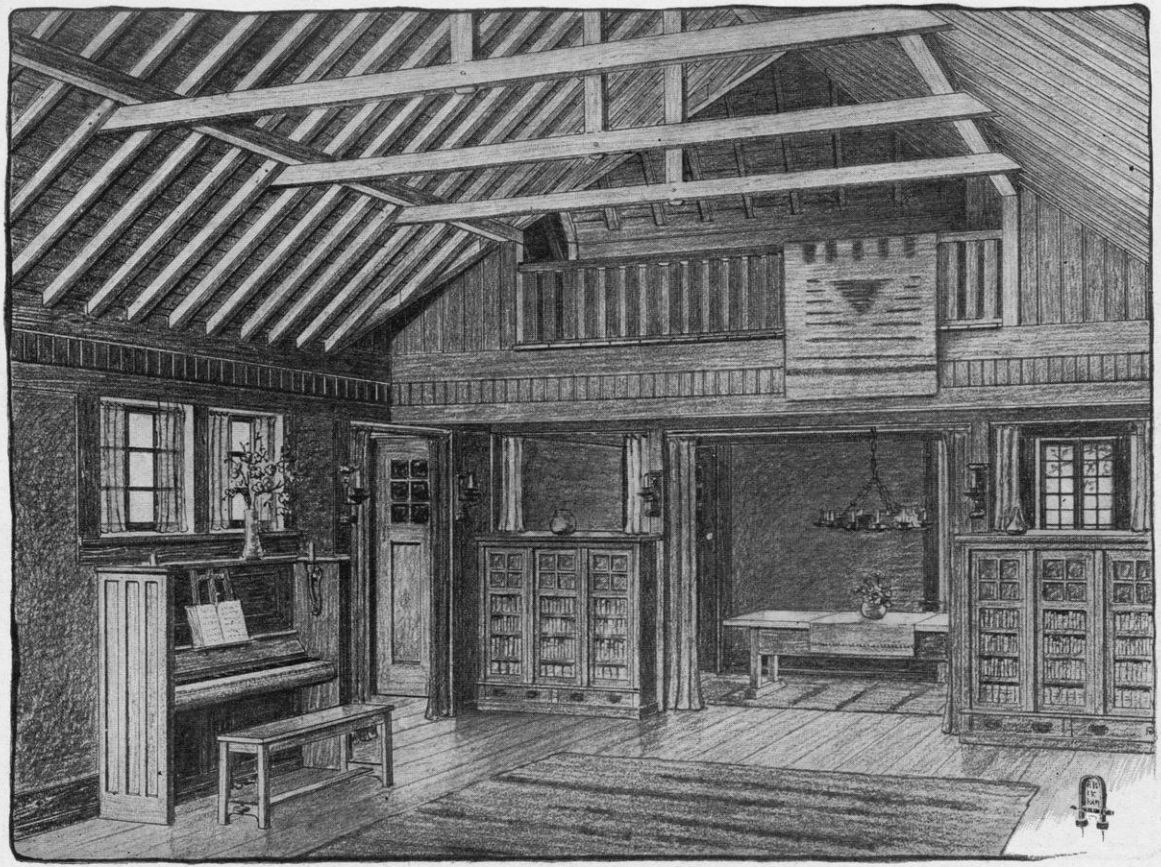
The exterior walls and the roof are of shingles, and the foundations, parapets, columns, and chimneys are of split stone laid up in black cement. The construction of the roof is admirable, as with all the irregularity there is a certain ample graciousness and dignity in line and proportion. It is a very unusual roof, and the construction will repay close study, especially where it is shown in outline on the plan of the second floor and roof. At the front of the house between the two gables is a recessed court, paved with red cement cut into squares like tiles, roofed over with a pergola, of which the beautiful construction is shown in the detail given of this court. The central columns are higher than those at the corners, so that the sides of the pergola are quite a bit lower than the center. The copings support flower boxes, and vines clamber over the pergola, so that, with the window box in the dormer above, the whole recess would be filled in summer with verdure and color. The construction of the pergola is very interesting in relation to that revealed under the wide eaves of



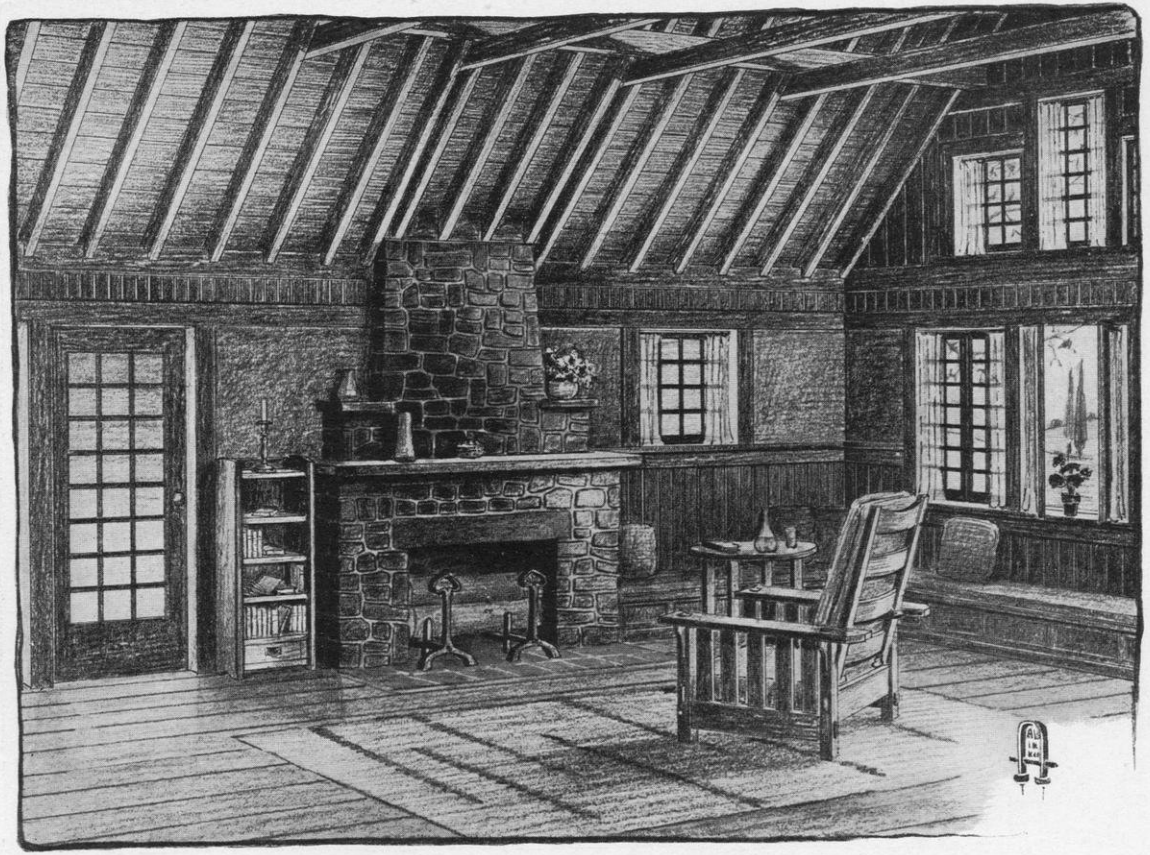
CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW: SERIES OF 1907: NUMBER FOUR.



DETAIL OF COURT AND PERGOLA:
SHOWING USE OF VINES.



BALCONY END OF LIVING ROOM OPENING INTO RECESSED DINING-ROOM.



FRONT OF LIVING ROOM SHOWING RAFTERED CEILING AND PLACING OF WINDOWS.

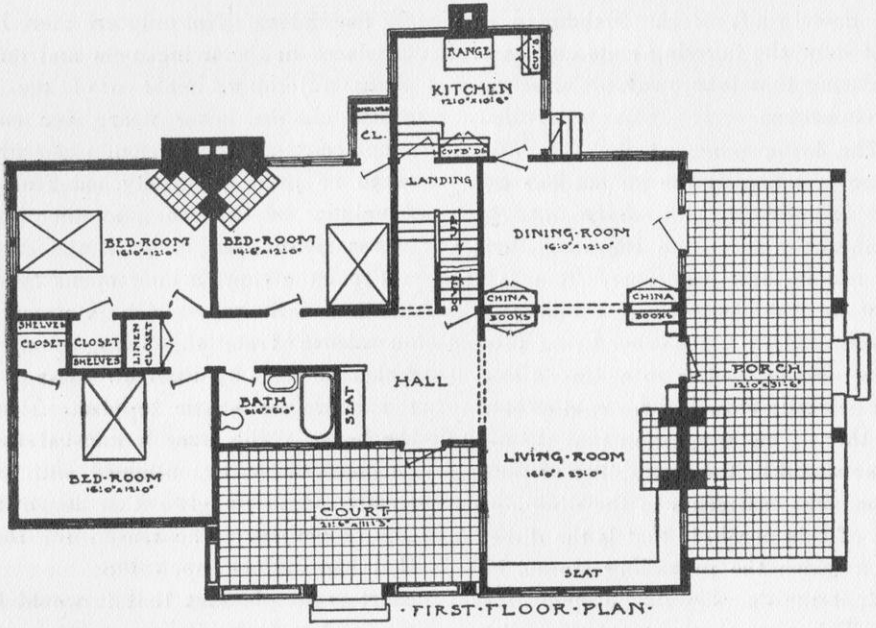
the gable roof, as the timbers in each case show the tapering ends and careful mortising that take away all appearance of clumsiness.

The large porch at the side of the house is intended for an outdoor living and dining-room, and corresponds closely in arrangement to the rooms which open upon it. Its construction is the same as that of the court, except that it is sheltered by a wide-eaved roof instead of a pergola, and is so arranged that it can be easily closed in for cold or stormy weather. One suggestion that we would make would be the desirability of putting permanent casements in the dining-room end of this porch, if that is the direction from which the prevailing storms blow, so that the doors could be open or shut at will in any weather. At the end corresponding to the living room there is a large fireplace, built of split stone, which exactly corresponds with the fireplace in the indoor living-room. This gives just the touch of comfort that is so appreciated when one wishes to remain outdoors in the spring or early fall, and the weather is cool enough to make a fire very comfortable. It has the same effect of warmth and cheer as a camp fire and is just as distinctly an outdoor thing. If casements were placed all around the porch so that it could be entirely closed in in time of storm, it might be an excellent idea to floor it smoothly with wood for dancing, but if it is to be exposed to the weather the cement floor would be more durable, as sun and wind soon roughen a wood floor.

This house is rich in fireplaces and chimneys, as will be seen by a look at the floor plans. Not only are there large fireplaces in the living-room and on the porch adjoining, but two of the bedrooms on the lower floor have corner fireplaces. As the kitchen is so placed as to be practically detached from the remainder of the house, another flue is necessary for the kitchen range.

From the court a door opens into the small, square hall, which is practically an alcove from the living-room, and which connects by a narrow passage with the bedrooms at the opposite side of the house. This door is unusual for an entrance, as it is mullioned with small square panes of glass that reach from top to bottom. The reason for this is that the outlook upon the vine-covered court is so pleasant that it would be a pity not to make it, as far as possible, a part of the room. This effect of bringing the greenery into the room is made even greater by the casements set high in the wall on either side of the door. Two small casement windows also serve to admit light to the bathroom from the court. The bathroom is placed almost in the center of the house, which might be undesirable if it were not completely shut off from the living-rooms by the plan of the hall and by the same plan rendered easily accessible to the three bedrooms. A built-in seat is placed across the end partition of the bathroom at right angles to the entrance door and opposite to the broad opening which connects the hall with the living-room.

The construction of the living-room is very interesting, as everything is revealed up to the ridge pole and rafters of the roof. The roof itself has such a

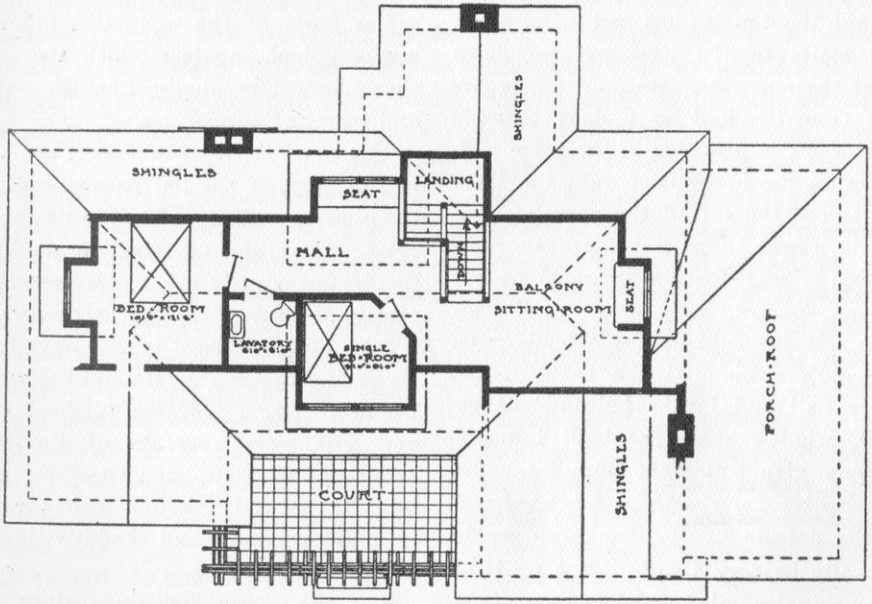


long sweep that there would be danger of its sagging were it not for the trusses that brace it in the center. These trusses, in addition to their use, add much to the decorative effect of the structure. Across the front and down the side of the living-room to the fireplace is a built-in seat, paneled below and backed with a wainscot of V-jointed boards. If desired, the top of this seat can be hinged in sections, making the lower part a place for storing things. Loose seat cushions could be fitted to these lids, or, as might seem more in keeping with the character of the house, the boards could be left uncovered and plenty of pillows thrown about. The window above this seat in front gives an unusually interesting effect, as there is a triple group of casements on what would in an ordinary house be the lower floor, and another group of single casements, the center one higher than the sides, just above the frieze and beam. Another casement set high in the wall is placed beside the fireplace, corresponding in position to the door which opens upon the porch.

The chimneypiece is exactly suited to a house of this character, as it is built of split stone, with a stone lintel over the fireplace and plain shelves made of thick oak planks. The lower part of the chimneypiece projects about eighteen inches, with the shelf two or three inches wider. The upper part recedes to about eight inches in depth and tapers toward the top into the chimney proper, which goes up through the roof. Two small shelves at the sides break the line of this upper part very pleasantly, and the line of the broad shelf is carried on by the sill of

the window just beside it. Extending to a point half way across the opening into the hall, is the balcony, which forms the upstairs sitting-room. This is divided from the living-room only by a railing. The roof construction over this balcony is very interesting, as a sharp bend in the ridgepole gives an irregular line, which can be best understood by referring to the roof plan shown in connection with that of the second floor. The floor of this balcony forms the ceiling of the dining-room, which is separated from the living room only by double cupboards, made to be used as bookcases on one side and china closets on the other. These cupboards extend to the same height as the window sills and mantel, carrying this line around the room. The space above is open and hung with small curtains. This effect of a small, low dining-room recessed from the living-room that runs clear to the roof, is delightful in its sense of homelike comfort. As the house, being designed for the country, is not likely to be within reach of gas or electricity, candelabra and sconces for candles take the place of other lights, and make a virtue of necessity by giving the pleasantest possible light in the room. One feature of the construction at the junction of walls and roof is given by the two beams that run around the larger portion of the living-room, with a small frieze between of V-jointed boards, finished like the remainder of the woodwork in the room. In the alcove there is simply one beam in the angle of the low ceiling.

An ingenious feature is the separation of the kitchen from the rest of the house by the same design which renders it per-



·SECOND·FLOOR·AND·ROOF·PLAN·

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NUMBER FOUR

·FRONT·ELEVATION·

fectly easy of access from the front door. As will be seen by a look at the floor plan, a narrow passage from the hall ends in three steps going up to a landing, from which the staircase turns and goes on upstairs, giving access to the upper hall and the balcony sitting-room. At the back of this landing a flight of three steps runs down into the kitchen, so that one summoned to the front door has simply to cross this landing and go through the hall, instead of going around through the dining-room and living-room. The stairs to the basement go down under the main staircase, and are separated from the hall by a door. Ample closet room is provided in the three bedrooms on the lower floor, and the linen closet is at the end of the passage leading to them. Upstairs there is room under the roof for one bedroom with a dormer window, and for a small bedroom, which would do for a boy's room or maid's room. At the back of the upper hall and in the balcony sitting-room, window seats are built into the dormers, giving pleasant lounging nooks.

As to the color scheme, the treatment of the outside of the bungalow would naturally be very simple. The walls of cedar shingles, oiled and left to weather, would take on a silvery gray tone, harmonizing admirably with the stone of the foundation and parapets. The roof could be treated with a mossy green shingle stain. The whole color scheme of the interior would depend upon the treatment of the woodwork. For the ceiling construction of rafters, trusses and boards, the best wood to use would be Carolina pine. This should be given a soft grayish brown finish, which has in it a suggestion of green. In the softer parts of the wood this takes on a mossy look, against which the grain shows in colors almost like the yellow and russet of autumn leaves. The figure in this wood is very prominent, but, used in this way, is not too pronounced. If the pine were oiled and left in its natural color, the ceiling construction would be so prominent as to overpower everything else in the room, and the suggestion of a barn would be hard to get away from. By giving boards, rafters and trusses the treatment suggested, the subdued color and soft mossy surface of the wood brings the whole upper part of the room into its natural relation with the rest by making it soft and shadowy, instead of light and glaring.

For the frieze, built-in feature such

as bookcases, china closets, window seats and the like, wainscots and window and door framing, the best wood to use would be the grade of chestnut technically known as "sound wormy." This wood is exceedingly inexpensive, as it is chiefly used for boxes and other articles that do not usually call for fine grades of wood, but it is quite as good for interior woodwork as any other chestnut, if the lumber is carefully selected, as the tiny worm holes do not interfere at all with the strength of the wood and do not show enough to harm the general effect. If this wood is given a delicate tone of gray-brown that takes on a silvery sheen in the lighter part of the grain, and shadows that are almost black in the soft parts, it will not only be most interesting in itself as forming the chief interior decoration of a room of this description, but will harmonize beautifully with the warmer tones of the pine above. The sand finished plaster walls should be given a very light tone of yellowish olive to bring them into harmony with the wood, and at the same time obtain a little warmer color as a contrast to the cool tones of the wood.

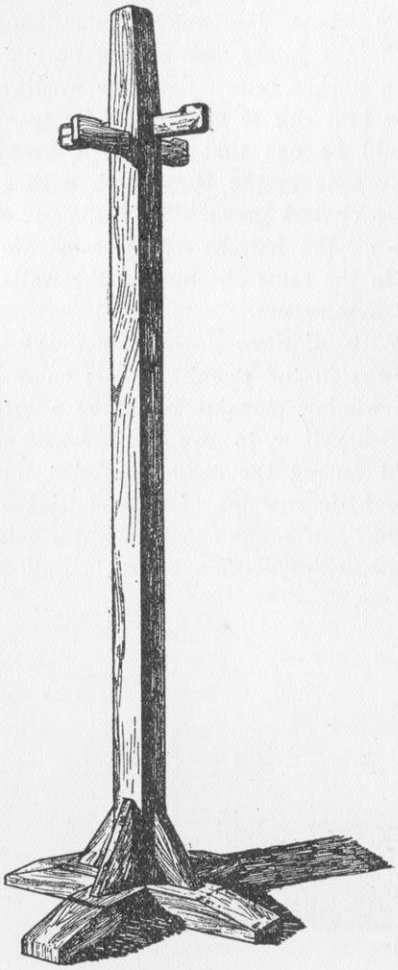
The floor should be of the same grade of chestnut as the woodwork, but with wide boards laid in irregular lengths with butt joints, and should be stained to a darker brown than the woodwork. The best rug to use in this living-room would be one that showed a greenish gray tone in the body, with dashes of black or dark green. The walls and railing of the balcony sitting-room would be in the same chestnut as the walls of the living-room.

With all these greens and grays and browns in the room, the best color for the window curtains would be a bright golden yellow, to give the effect of sunlight among the shadowy forest tones. The little curtains above the bookcases could be of rough silk in a warm golden bronze color, with a figure in dull leaf greens.

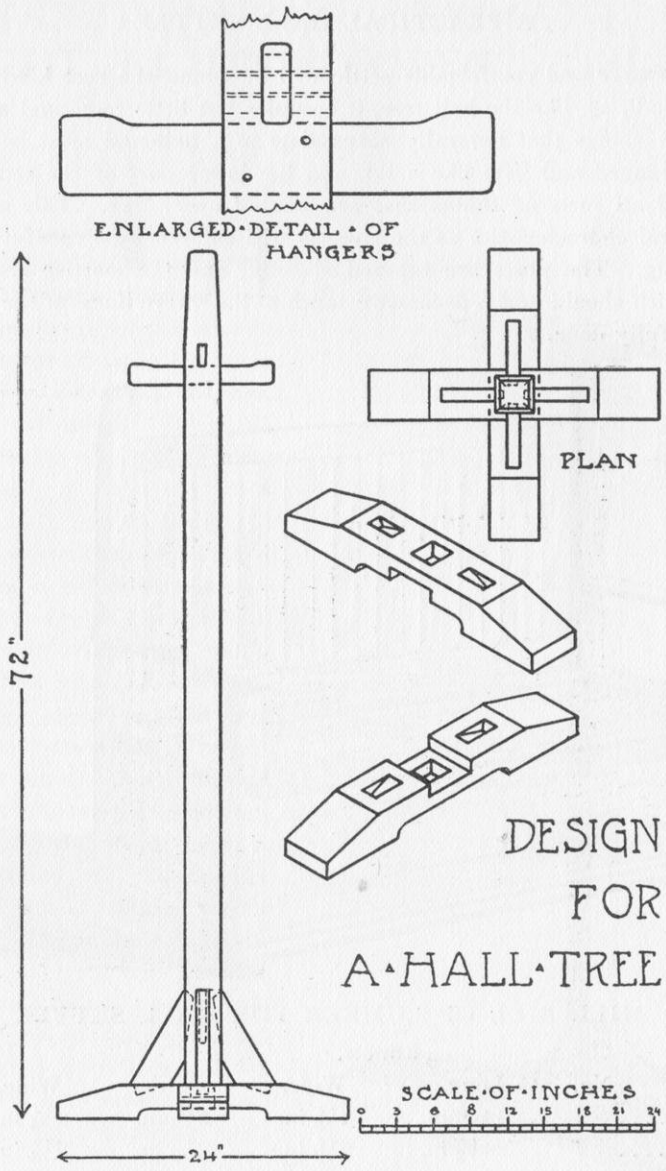
·SIDE·ELEVATION·

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: TWENTY-FIFTH OF THE SERIES

CRAFTSMAN HALL TREE



HALL furniture has been selected for this number of the cabinet work series for the reason that it seems harder to procure really simple and satisfactory furnishings for the hall than for any other part of the house. The model shown here can easily be made at home by anyone at all skilled in the use of tools. The convenience of a simple hall tree of this design is that it takes up so little room, and yet affords accommodation for a good many coats. It will stand in any nook or corner out of the way, which is more than can be said of the larger and more elaborate trees that sometimes appear to take up nearly all the room there is in the hall. This design is simple to a degree, but must be very carefully made and finished in order to produce the best effect. As will be seen by careful study of the details, crudity is not sought, either in shape or workmanship. The pole must be very delicately tapered at the top in order to avoid clumsiness, and the mortising must be very carefully done, if the piece is to have the craftsman-like appearance that constitutes its chief claim to beauty.

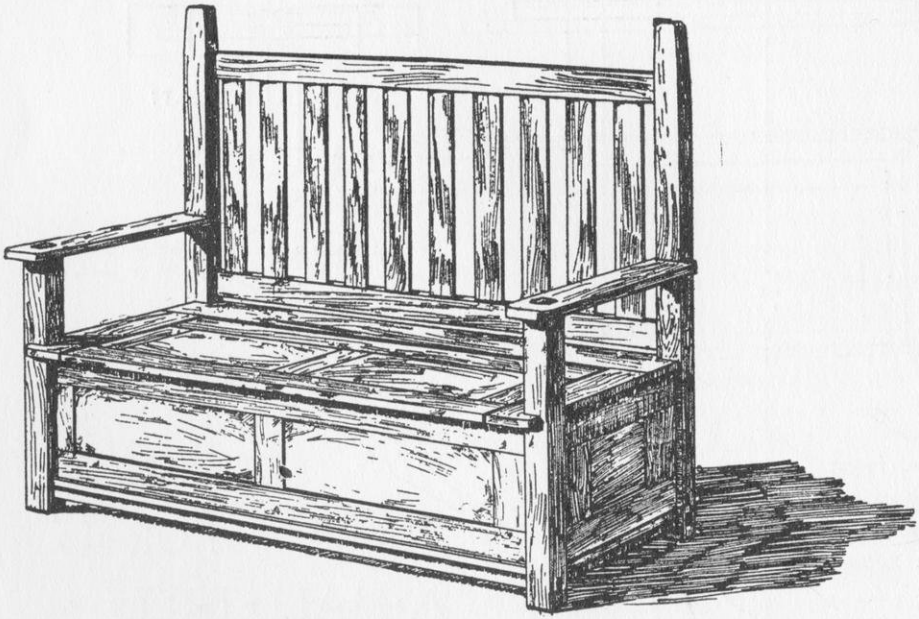


MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HALL TREE

		Rough.			Finished.	
Pieces.	No.	Long.	Wide.	Thick.	Wide.	Thick.
Post	1	72 in.	4 in.	4 in.	3 in.	3 in.
Feet	2	24 in.	4½ in.	3 in.	4 in.	2¾ in.
Braces	4	10 in.	4 in.	1¼ in.	3 in.	1⅛ in.
Hangers	2	12 in.	2 in.	⅞ in.	1¾ in.	¾ in.

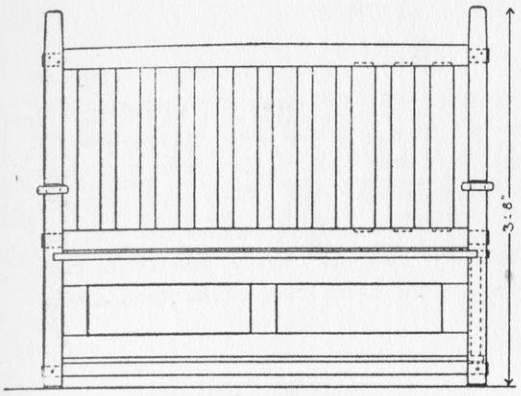
A PRACTICAL HALL SETTLE

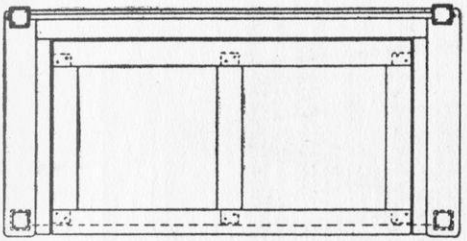
THIS roomy and comfortable settle will be found the best kind of a seat in the hall, as, like the hall tree, it occupies but little room and accommodates many things that naturally accumulate in a hall and must be disposed of. The seat is hinged and lifts like a lid, and the lower part of the settle is a chest made to hold all sorts of things that are wanted every day. This settle has the same structural characteristics as the tree, as will be seen by a careful study of the detail drawing. The posts are tapered slightly, and the mortise and tenon construction, which should add a decorative touch to the severe lines of the piece, should be most carefully done.



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HALL SETTLE

		Rough.			Finished.	
Pieces.	No.	Long.	Wide.	Thick.	Wide.	Thick.
Back posts.....	2	44 in.	2½ in.	2½ in.	2¼ in.	2¼ in.
Front posts.....	2	24½ in.	2½ in.	2½ in.	2¼ in.	2¼ in.
Arms	2	27 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3¾ in.	⅞ in.
Center of lid...	1	20 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3½ in.	⅞ in.
Ends of lid....	2	20 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Panels of lid...	2	18 in.	20 in.	1 in.	18 in.	⅞ in.
Bottom	1	52 in.	26 in.	¾ in.	25½ in.	⅝ in.
Center stiles....	2	7 in.	4 in.	1⅛ in.	3½ in.	1 in.





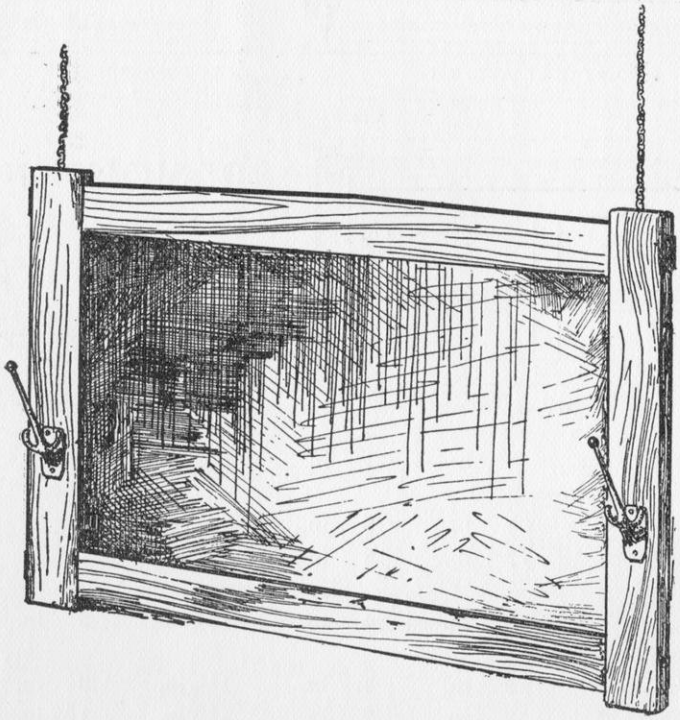
DESIGN FOR A·HALL·SETTLE

SCALE·OF·INCHES

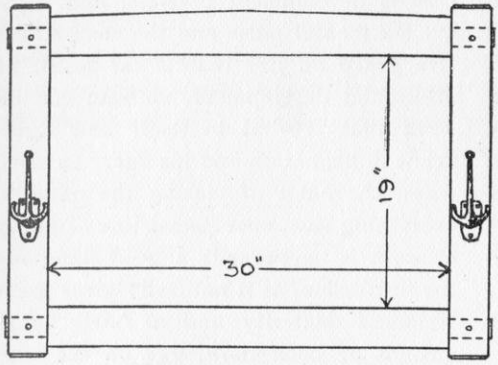
End stiles.....	8	8	in.	4	in.	1⅛	in.	3	in.	1 in.
Panels of front and back.....	4	21	in.	8	in.	¾	in.	7	in.	½ in.
Panels of ends..	2	17	in.	8	in.	¾	in.	7	in.	½ in.
Top and bottom rails	4	49	in.	4	in.	1⅛	in.	3	in.	1 in.
Top and bottom rails	4	23	in.	4	in.	1⅛	in.	3	in.	1 in.
Bottom stretcher	2	53	in.	2	in.	1⅛	in.	1¾	in.	1 in.
Bottom stretcher	2	24	in.	2	in.	1⅛	in.	1¾	in.	1 in.
Back slats.....	10	20	in.	3	in.	¾	in.	2¾	in.	½ in.
Back rail, top..	1	53	in.	3	in.	1⅛	in.	2¾	in.	1 in.
Back rail, bottom	1	53	in.	3	in.	1⅛	in.	2½	in.	1 in.
Ends of seat...	2	24	in.	5½	in.	1	in.	5¼	in.	⅞ in.
Back of seat...	1	53	in.	4	in.	1	in.	3¾	in.	⅞ in.
Lineal feet of strips		12	ft.	2	in.	¾	in.	1¾	in.	½ in.
Lineal feet of braces		5	ft.	2	in.	2	in.	1¾	in.	1¾ in.
3 pair of hinges										

A HALL MIRROR

ONE piece of furniture that is well-nigh indispensable in a hall is the mirror. The model shown here, like the rest of the hall furniture, is plain to severity in design, all its charm depending on the nicety of proportion and workmanship. The corners show the same mortise and tenon construction, with the tenons projecting slightly and very carefully finished. The top of the frame

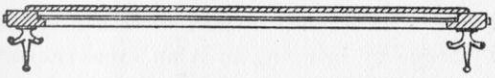


shows a very slight curve,—so slight that it is hardly preceptible, yet it makes all the difference between an effect of crudity and one of carefully designed proportions. The chains from which the mirror hangs should be of wrought iron, with fairly heavy links. The hat hooks on the sides of the mirror may be of iron, brass or copper, according to the tone of the wood and the general color scheme of the room.

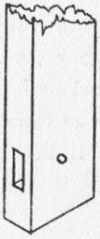


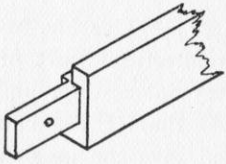
FRONT ELEVATION

SECTION



HORIZONTAL SECTION

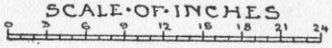




DETAIL OF TENON

DESIGN FOR A HALL MIRROR

SCALE OF INCHES



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HALL MIRROR

		Rough.			Finished.	
Pieces.	No.	Long.	Wide.	Thick.	Wide.	Thick.
Top rail.....	1	37 in.	4 in.	1¼ in.	3½ in.	1⅛ in.
Lower rail.....	1	37 in.	3½ in.	1¼ in.	3 in.	1⅛ in.
Stiles	2	27 in.	3½ in.	1¼ in.	3 in.	1⅛ in.
Back	1	34 in.	23 in.	¼ in.		

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

A SHORT time ago, in answer to the usual formal inquiry concerning renewal of subscription, we received from one of our subscribers the following letter:

THE CRAFTSMAN, New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: Answering your letter of inquiry enclosed, our draftsmen complain that THE CRAFTSMAN is giving too much attention to politics and Maxim Gorky. As architects, we are not interested in politics, and as men and citizens we are not interested in Gorky, and, therefore, your publication does not meet the wants of this office.

Yours very truly,

P——— & M———

P. S.—Our Mr. M——— says that the architectural part of your magazine is very interesting, and therefore we will add that if you can get rid of Gorky and give the magazine a thorough disinfection, we might be induced later to subscribe for the same.

P. & M.

We publish this letter for the reason that it is the most complete illustration that has yet come to our notice of the mental outlook which is the almost certain result of over-specialization in any art or profession. The human mind, as the medium through which the immortal spirit lays hold on life and uses all knowledge and all experience to aid in its development, is necessarily the most active force known to our plane of existence, and when it is given free play it is also the strongest. But for its best service it must be free,—free from the limitations imposed by a too rigid adherence to custom or tradition in any line of thought or work, and free to know and be keenly interested in all phases of life. Only through such freedom is development possible, and without the mental poise and the comprehensive grasp on life that is the result of all-around development, no man can do work that is vital in itself and significant to his nation and his age. In some ways, the habit of closing the mind to everything save one special line of study or work is temporarily a good thing for the profession, as it naturally gives great technical dexterity and a fairly large amount of book-knowledge on the subject chosen by the specialist, but it is death to individuality and creative power, and so in the long run has the effect of fossilizing that particular line of achievement, instead of widening its scope by bringing to it an ever-renewed vitality.

The worst of it is that the specialist appears to take such honest pride in his own limitations, that in nine cases out of ten he seems to be so sincere in his belief that it is a hallmark of culture or of intellectuality to display ignorance of, or indifference to, the problems that affect all humanity. The complacent superiority with which the writer of this letter affirms that "as architects, we are not interested in politics, and as men and citizens, we are not interested in Gorky," tells the whole story. It is a naive revelation of the attitude of mind that has come to be characteristic of a certain type of American,—that of closing the mind to topics of broad and vital interest as related to the general development of the nation and the race,

in order to devote it exclusively to the study of what other men have thought about some one subject, and of feeling most self-righteous and superior because it is closed.

Why, in the name of all human interest in right living, should architects be supposed to be above an interest in politics? Why should an American citizen, who is honored with the immense and hard-won privilege of the franchise, pride himself on his neglect to take an interest in the way in which his country is governed? It is such men as these, more than any other class, who are responsible for bad government and for the legislative corruption which exists. The unscrupulous politician who fattens at the public crib lives and thrives because of the indifference of men whose influence, did they see fit to exert it, would unquestionably be used in favor of decent government. To admit an intelligent interest in politics by no means implies the necessity of descending from the heights of artistic and intellectual pursuits to follow the gossip and tittle-tattle over every fresh scandal in legislative centers or every shrewd move in the political game, but it does imply that a man's mind is broad and virile enough to allow him to rejoice over every chance to do his share in grappling with the problems that affect the welfare of his country and of the society to which he owes all that he is and every opportunity that life has brought him.

And the man who does this as a matter of course, regarding it as one of the big ways in which he may touch and take part in the life of his age, is not likely to confine his interest to his own country any more than to his own little personal or professional affairs. Why should not men and citizens of all countries take an interest in Maxim Gorky? —not so much in the man, as in the life-work to which he is devoting all the power of a wonderful brain, of a strong, though naturally warped and somewhat embittered, nature, and every penny he and his family possess? As a man, Gorky is well worth the keenest interest, if only on account of what he has done with a life that started from the very dregs of humanity, and with a brain that no hardship, suffering or oppression could dwarf or keep from bold utterance of what he felt and saw while in the depths,—but as a Russian, he is one of the significant figures of the world to-day, in that he is the concrete expression of the suffering, the rebellion against overwhelming oppression and the frantic straining toward better things, that has come to be the mental attitude of all Russians of his class who have the power to think and feel. Men and citizens of all countries are now watching the savage throes of Russia, as she struggles like a blind giant to realize her vague dream of freedom, even as men and citizens of another age watched the lesser struggle of America for independent national existence. The outcome of that fight for liberty made possible the greater part of the achievements of the nineteenth century; what the outcome of the struggle that seems about to begin will mean to the twentieth century is a matter of the greatest interest to the whole world to-day.

Our correspondent closes his criticism by admitting that the architectural part of THE CRAFTSMAN is found to be "very interesting" to his associates in the office, and graciously adds that if we "can get rid of Gorky and give the magazine a thorough disinfection" they may be induced later to subscribe for the same.

It looks to us as if this much to be desired subscription might be very long in coming,—in fact, as if it might never come. If THE CRAFTSMAN were given the "thorough disinfection" so virtuously recommended, and were henceforth to confine its efforts to the straight and narrow path of architecture, it would have nothing to offer to any architect that is not already a matter of record. The only reason that the architectural part of this magazine is found to be of any value in the way of suggestion, is because the views it advances on the subject of architecture are direct, and the power of direct thought comes only when precedent and tradition are cast aside, and every lesson that life has to offer is eagerly welcomed and assimilated. The bigger the grasp on every phase of existence, whether it be personal, national, or world-wide,—the greater vitality in every achievement of the creative spirit, no matter what form it may take. The keener the interest in all affairs of the life that presses close around us,—the more instant the understanding and appreciation of that fundamental need which lies at the basis of everything that is significant in art.

In this matter of architecture,—especially of the home architecture that has so much to do with shaping the life of the individual through the force of environment,—the thing that lives must express the needs and the character of this age and this people, and to do that, it must be worked out from the viewpoint of intimate understanding of those needs and that character. And that intimacy comes, not from confining one's reading to architectural books and periodicals in order to find out what other architects have done and are doing, but only through vivid personal interest in people,—in the nation,—in the world. Once get a glimpse of the fact that the building of life is greater than the building of houses,—and the house will follow as a matter of course if a man's inclination and his technical training happen to lie in that direction. The individual comes first and all that he is able to achieve depend upon the breadth and vigor of the thought he is able to bring to bear upon any problem which confronts him; his training as an architect is only a means to an end, an equipment which may increase his power to produce something in which his whole interest is concerned. If his interest never travels beyond the realm of architecture it is limited by the fact that he knows too much in one direction and not enough in others. His mind is cramped by the pressure of borrowed thought until he fears—and actually prides himself on fearing—to think for himself.

To such a man THE CRAFTSMAN has nothing to offer,—for he shuts himself away from all that we are struggling to express. The part of this magazine that is devoted to architecture is of no

more significance to us than any other part,—and of no less. We are just as much interested in sociology, in politics, in education, in healthy outdoor living, in revolutions and in dress reform. All are parts of the general business of life, and all the significance that attaches to anything that we or others have to say about any or all of them lies in the honesty and directness of our point of view concerning them, and the power of that viewpoint to stand the test of practical application to the most practical affairs of life. Life itself is our only concern, and art is only one way of getting at and expressing life.

NOTES:

"TONE paintings," O. H. von Gottschalk calls the very unusual collection of landscapes which he exhibited the first week in March at the Salmagundi Club.

"But they're all just black and white," was the comment of the first art student who went in "to study something new." And at first glance there is an effect of absence of color, of delicate grayness and gray whiteness. This is of the exhibit as a whole; but select some one picture, perhaps "The Nocturne," which is a small ocean canvas, and as you watch the water undulating softly from frame to frame, it grows green and translucent, the green of the deep sea and the depth and thick clearness of mid-ocean. The gray sky lifts high from the water, and a certain radiance escapes the clouds and touches the wave crests; and then you drift away to sea and the lure of the ocean creeps into your heart.

There is a "Second Nocturne," which is an expanse of quiet ocean drenched in moonlight. The moon is rising, and a long pathway of pearl light lies across the waves. The water quivers in it, and the low waves melt into each other.

In "After the Storm," a small picture shows the aftermath of a tremendous storm. The water is still tumbling about, black and fierce from the wind, the wild clouds are cut apart with glittering steel light. Through the gloom and dire disturbance there is a sense of disaster, of malign rage that is but part spent.

"The River Bend" is just as full of peace as the storm-ocean scene is of dread. There is a wide silver river that flows serenely away to a far distance, a bend in the stream, and then the imagination travels away down the current into quiet pastoral living.

The winter scenes are full of the ineffable quality, the pang that remote, snow-covered country brings to the sensitive. "A Winter Morning" is a vivid scene, suffused with the translucent glow of a windless sunrise. No one is yet abroad. There is a sense of sleep about the houses. Nature is having a radiant moment unseen—a picture that stirs the emotions as the Walkyr cry or the song of a Syrian lover.

And so, one could catalogue picture after picture, each with its individual appeal, each so full of color, so truly and significantly nature, yet nature through the mind trained to know all her reserves, her illusiveness. And the color that seems absent at a first glance slowly fills each canvas with beauty as the mind is attuned to its subtilities.

THE William Schaus Art Gallery announces the sale to the Corcoran Art Gallery, of Washington, D. C., of a painting by Albert L. Groll, "The Land of the Hopi Indians." All lovers of paintings of the Western country will recall the article published in THE CRAFTSMAN in May, 1906, about the work of Groll and fully illustrated by reproductions from his paintings.

THE Buffalo Fine Art Academy is just closing a most complete and interesting exhibit of the water colors of Genjiro Yeto, with a brief biographical note at the head of the catalogue, as follows:

"Genjiro Yeto was born in Japan in 1867. He came to America sixteen years ago and became a pupil of the Art Students' League and of John H. Twachtman, New York. He is a member of the New York Water Color Club. (For further biographical data see "Academy Notes" for February, 1907.)"

The list of Mr. Yeto's pictures reads like a romance of Lafcadio Hearn. There are "A Rainy Day, Nikko," "Fuji from Iwabuchi," "The Ni-o Gate, Nikko," "Blossoming Plum Trees, Tokio," and so on through cherry gardens and misty twilights and sunrise views of far mountains, past plum trees in bloom, and across bridges of infinite beauty. Mr. Yeto has acquired a technique distinctly modern, but holds to his nation's preference for putting simple things on an uncrowded canvas.

CLEVELAND, from May seventh to tenth, will be the seat of the first joint meeting of Eastern and Western associations. Among the associations that have decided to get together and talk it over are: The Eastern Art Association, of which George H. Bartlett, of the Boston Normal Art School, is President; the Eastern Manual Training Association, William H. Noyes, of the Teachers College (Columbia College), President; the Western Drawing and Manual Training Association, Miss Florence E. Ellis, President. Pratt Institute will send a large exhibit, as will the Boston Normal Art School, the Art Institute of Chicago, and other important associations.

LOUIS Mora's work has been seen very often this winter, at the New York exhibits, at Pittsburg, and recently a special exhibit at the New York Art School,—a new gallery, well lighted and delightful in tone. With each fresh glimpse of any number of his pictures you feel more and more certain that his metier is portrait painting, in spite of his vivid, realistic Spanish people, his sympathetically, brilliantly painted small interiors, his picturesque peasant folk in well-related surroundings, and his monotypes of most convincing technique and suggestions of strength and space.

Always in each exhibition you return to the portrait, and feel there the potentiality in this young man for great painting. As yet, Mr. Mora has developed absolutely no fads, no artistic whimsicalities. He seems to regard good painting as more essential to art than the repetition of some eccentric personality or point of view. And so, the inevitable thing in his work is not a trade mark in the way of a figure or patch

"THE SUN SCREEN":
BY LOUIS MORA.

"DON DIEGO," MADRID, 1905
BY LOUIS MORA.

of blue or a bit of drapery, but just a fine mastery in the handling of his brush and a technique that is as conscientious (if he will pardon the word) as it is brilliant.

At the New York Gallery exhibit, the most inescapable pictures were "The Black Shawl," a portrait of his wife; "The Sun Screen," a portrait of his wife's sister, and a "Portrait of My Father." Next to these ranked "Don Diego," which is essentially a portrait of a fine devil-may-care Spanish tramp. "The Black Shawl" is a tall figure in a clinging light dress with a Spanish shawl falling loosely from bare shoulders. The one touch of actual color is a blue shoulder knot—a picture in which composition, technique, color, grace, and portraiture divide your interest and hold your attention. "The Sun Screen" is a painting in which many difficulties have been overcome in the doing. It is full of sunlight drifting through the lattice of a screen. Vines trail on the edge of the screen, and they are dappled with sun spots. The girl in blue is illuminated with sunlight, and all so brilliantly done that the illusion of a burning day without is perfect. A second sun picture is the "Spanish Café." Two figures are sitting at a table. They are smoking and drinking. A blazing light drifts in the open slats of the window, and in the glow of light the man and girl are living out some phase of a love tragedy.

The artist world looks to Louis Mora for great and greater achievement. There is trust in his integrity as a worker and belief in his power as a creator.

ANOTHER scholarly and authoritative book on architecture has been written by Mr. Russell Sturgis, who has contributed so much that is valuable to the artistic and architectural lore of this century.

This "History of Architecture" is in three large volumes, exhaustive in the information they convey, yet condensed and very clear in style. They are amply illustrated with engravings and line drawings, showing the best examples of architecture obtainable from each country and each period. The first volume is devoted entirely to the buildings of antiquity, so that it is very nearly a history "from the monuments," and it shows the research of the scholar combined with the feeling of the artist and the knowledge of the practical builder in recreating the form of ancient buildings, so that some idea may be had in our own times of the principles upon which they were constructed, the need which lay behind these principles, and the method of construction employed.

The first book, in Volume I, is devoted to the architecture of ancient Egypt, beginning with the prehistoric buildings of sun-dried brick, wood, reeds, and rushes, and going down to stone buildings, the pyramids, and the tombs. The second chapter is devoted to columnar architecture in Egypt, and is most interesting in the account it gives of Egyptian methods of construction, with illustrations showing numerous examples of massive pylons, propylons, sculptured walls, colonnades, and the details of sculptured, fluted, and reeded columns and lotus capitals.

The second book takes up the art and architecture of Western Asia up to 300 B. C., showing the characteristic buildings, sculptures, and decorations of Chaldea and Assyria, with their temples and palaces of unbaked brick; of Persia, with its more elaborate structures of stone, wood, and hard brick, and of Syria and Phoenicia, with their tombs hewn out of the living rock or built of massive blocks of stone, ending with a brief account of the uncertainties and difficulties of archæological exploration in these countries.

The third book deals with the art of Greece from the pre-classic ages and the ruins of unknown date; the earlier temple buildings of sun-dried brick, wood, and stone, especially the earlier Doric temples from which the great impulse of Greek architecture was derived. Coming down to classic times, there is a scholarly analysis of the perfected Doric temples and buildings, with much technical information as to methods of construction and ample illustrations by halftones or pen drawings of each point as it is brought up. From the Doric the natural course of the story of Greek architecture goes on to the Ionic, and then to the more florid Corinthian, and this division closes with a most interesting account of the architecture, sculpture, and painting of the Greeks, and the arrangement and grouping of their buildings to produce the broadly artistic effect of perfect harmony with their environment.

The fourth book has only one chapter, giving a general account of the architecture of the Italian peoples before Roman control, and the fifth and last book of this volume contains a very clear and understandable review of Roman Imperial architecture; the different systems of building which were its component parts, the expression of the Roman spirit in their building art, and the tendency of the whole Mediterranean world under Roman control to follow the Imperial Roman style. Following the style of the emperors comes the expression of the Italian spirit in the arcuated buildings, such as the amphitheaters, memorial arches, and architectural gateways, many fine examples of which are shown in the illustrations; then an account of the columnar buildings and the effect of Grecian influence, with separate chapters on the massive construction that prevailed in Roman buildings; the plan and disposition of large buildings, with their effect of grandeur and large utility and their indifference to small refinement; the plan and disposition of smaller and private buildings, and the question of surface decoration.

Like all of Mr. Sturgis' books on art and architecture, this one is admirable for purposes of reference when a technical or historical question is to be decided, as well as most interesting for the layman who feels some interest in knowing of the arts and industries of ancient times. The succeeding volumes will be reviewed in THE CRAFTSMAN as they are published. ("The History of Architecture," by Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. Volume I—Antiquity. 425 pages. Octavo. Illustrated. Price, $5.00. Published by The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

THE TECHNIQUE OF SIMPLE RUG WEAVING

THE newest and best of the modern home-made rugs bear little resemblance to the "hit and miss" rag carpets which have been woven in country places for many years past, and which, though durable, are usually ragged in appearance and uncouth in coloring. A few women who care about these things have decided that there is no reason why a home-made rug should not be as beautiful in color and texture as it is durable, and this desire for beauty in the simple things which are a part of every-day life, seems to have brought about a revival of old time industries, particularly of weaving. Old hand looms of Colonial days are being widely sought after, and are generally preferred, at least by the amateur, to the more profitable efforts of the steel looms.

Not only is there a desire among country women to know how to make home products beautiful, but there is a commercial demand for these home-made rugs, and women who want to make extra money, and who usually need to make it, are finding a ready sale for these new designs of simple rugs and hangings, which can be seen to-day at all the best of the arts and crafts exhibits.

THERE are several varieties of good steel looms on the market, which cost anywhere from thirty to one hundred and twenty dollars. This, however, is a large outlay for the woman who wishes to supplement her income with a few dollars a week, and this expense is not necessary to the woman with any ingenuity. All over the continent there are old hand looms to be found, which, for the beginner at least, will answer every purpose. They are stored away in the attics and barns of farm houses, and almost without exception the farmer's wife, unless she is a weaver herself, is glad to dispose of them. Often they can be picked up at junk shops in country places. And it is rare to find an auction in the country town without a loom or two for sale. If one does not know just the barn or attic to invade, or if there is no auction "on," then a sure way to find a loom is to advertise in one or two papers of remote, old-fashioned villages. As a rule, these old looms can be purchased for five dollars or less, and it usually requires a dollar or two outlay to put them in order.

It is best, if possible, to have the loom put up by a practical weaver, as a modern carpenter is not often familiar with loom building, and certain essential parts could be missing without his realizing it. An old loom consists of a frame of four square timber posts about seven feet high. They are connected at the top and bottom by frame work. At the back of the loom a yarn-beam is placed, about six inches in diameter. Upon this beam are wound warp threads which are stretched over it to the cloth beam at the front of the loom, which is about ten inches in diameter. In addition to the yarn-beam and cloth beam, a loom

is fitted up with heddles, a lay or batten, a reed and shuttles, and a wheel for winding the materials; the wheel for winding the strips usually goes with the loom. The placing of the warp-beam is not often nowadays done by the weaver herself, as it is a complicated process and difficult to describe. The amateur weaver usually sends the warp-beam to a beamer to be fitted up. This costs but very little and enables the beginner to start in the right direction. Usually people who sell the warp can tell the weaver where a beamer is to be found and what to pay.

As the commercial warps are rarely fast color, unless dyed to order, white warp is the most practical for almost all kinds of weaving, and if a light weight is chosen, the warp threads are almost concealed by the weft. When the beam is placed in the loom, the warp threads are carried across the beam, over the back cross-bars and threaded through the two sets of heddles, then through the reed and over the front cross-bar of the loom, where they are attached by an iron bar which is connected with the cloth beam. The heddles consist of two frames containing looped wires for the warp threads, which are on different horizontal planes when the shuttle is thrown through the warp. It is almost impossible for a beginner to realize how the heddles should be threaded without first watching a weaver, so that it is decidedly best to engage for a day or two a weaver who can erect the old loom, and adjust the beam containing the warp, show how the heddles should be threaded, and spend the rest of the time in teaching the process of weaving.

A rag carpet weaver's knowledge does not often go beyond the making of rag carpet; but the fundamental principles are the same here as in weaving a better grade of rugs. Of course, the village rug-maker will say that white warp must not be used, that it should have been made in groups of all the gorgeous colors that rag carpet weavers love, as they rely entirely upon the colored warps to brighten their dingy rags. If the craftsman is far removed from a town, warps can always be purchased at the village store, where also one can usually get in touch with a weaver.

RAGS have long been discarded for weaving, and new materials are used, cretonnes, ducks, denims, Canton flannels, ticking, unbleached muslin, prints, and roving yarns. Care should be taken to select fabrics that have been carefully dyed, so that when the rugs are washed there will be no danger of colors running. The "oil dyed" turkey twills in red and blue can be relied on. For plain border making, the cream of unbleached muslin is much prettier than white muslin. It is not so conspicuous, and does not soil so readily. Materials at fifteen cents are often not as expensive as those at seven cents, as a material that crushes up into a small space will use more yards than a bulky material, like denim or Canton flannel. In many towns there are shops that buy "seconds" from the mills, and these can be made use of for individual work, as a piece of material which has a blemish in the weaving is just as good for weaving as a perfect piece. Sometimes a bolt of

denim is badly marked by the dyer, and is condemned as a "second," but the variations in color would in nowise detract from its value for weaving. As these odd lengths cannot be matched, they can only be used for individual pieces.

Having decided upon the color-scheme and bought the material, it must be cut or torn into strips. If a smooth finished rug is required, cut the material, if a rough surface, it must be torn. The tearing is a simple process. If materials like duck, denim or Canton flannel have been selected, divide the width of the material into inch strips, cutting these about two inches deep, to insure the goods being torn perfectly straight. Then cut off about twenty yards and tear it quickly. By nailing the width to woodwork and running quickly from it, it will be well and rapidly torn. The material should be wound into balls immediately to keep it from tangling. The cutting can be done by winding the material into a tight roll, and tying it with string; then taking a sharp carving knife or butcher's knife and slicing it like a loaf of bread. If a piece of paper has been laid on the table, with the inches indicated, it will serve to guide the eye.

The beginner usually finds considerable difficulty in estimating how much material to prepare for a given length of weaving, and this cannot be ascertained without some little trouble. Every piece of material should be weighed and measured, and the amount jotted down in a book. Afterward, it can be ascertained how far it went. Good, firm weaving should weigh not less than two and one-half pounds a square yard, which would mean that from five to seven yards of heavy material, like denim, will be required to make one yard of weaving. If turkey red twill is used, it would take ten yards to make the weaving firm enough.

HAVING put the loom in order and prepared the fabric for weaving, the ball of material must be wound onto an iron rod which is turned by the winding wheel. It is then placed in the shuttle, the rod first being removed. The end of material is threaded through a hole at the end of the shuttle and pulled through about half a yard. Before beginning to weave the material, six or eight inches of warp must be left for the knotting of the fringe. A heading of warp must also first be woven for an inch and a half, to keep the fabric from fraying. The seat must be adjusted to a comfortable height in order that the worker may have full control over the loom. Then push the left treadle down with the left foot, which will cause a gap in the two layers of warp, take the shuttle in the right hand and throw it to the other side of the loom, between the warps, holding with the left hand that part of the loom which contains the reed. This is called the lay. Leave a couple of inches of material at the edge of the rug. After the shot has been thrown, pull the lay or batten forward, and press the right foot down, releasing the left, which will make a reversed gap between the two lays of warp. The shuttle is then placed in the left hand and is thrown from right to left, between the

warps, the lay being pulled forward between each throw. This is the simple process of weaving, repeated over and over again until the shuttle is empty. When the new shuttleful is added, do not sew two strips together, but cut each into a tapered point and overlap them. The join will then be invisible, which is not always the case in amateur work.

Having woven the heading, the material is then woven for five or six inches. A beginner must first learn to make three plain borders of contrasting colors before beginning the more intricate patterns. Supposing blue denim, with plain unbleached muslin for the borders, is selected for the first set of rugs. Weave about five inches of denim, and then two inches of unbleached muslin. The blue is then woven for three inches, followed by another two inch border of cream muslin. Repeat, making three bars at each end of a five by six foot rug. If the rugs are longer, five bars would look better.

Many of the old-fashioned looms have templers for stretching the fabric while it is being woven. They have little teeth at the ends, but as these are apt to make holes in the material, the modern substitute is a simple arrangement of hooks and string on either side of the rug, supported by the frame of the loom and weighed at the ends of the string. These, however, have to be moved forward as the weaving proceeds.

It is a great waste of time to cut the rugs out of the loom until all the warp is used up, but, of course, it can be done. The cloth beam will hold over fifty yards of weaving, and a very usual length of warp to order is enough to make fifty yards of weaving. In weaving a rug a certain length, it will be found that there will be twenty-five per cent of shrinkage, or "take up," as the weavers call it. This means that when the rug is in the loom it is tightly stretched. This shrinkage must be allowed for, and the rug in the loom not measured by actual inches. For instance, to make a three by six rug, take a length of tape and pin it firmly to the heading. Then indicate on it the length of forty-five inches. As the rug is woven, the tape is visible, and when the mark of forty-five inches is reached, pin the tape securely to this spot, which should be the center of the rug. Then weave the other forty-five inches, placing the borders in the same places as in the first half of the rug, which should have been indicated on the tape. This will enable the weaver to make the rug the desired length and to make the borders match.

IN looking at the detail illustration of a Martha Washington rug, it will be noticed that white stripes have a blurred effect of color introduced. This is formed by using a broad striped material with the bars of color running horizontally. When this is cut lengthways, the patches of color come at regular intervals, so that the color-scheme consists of two shots of this material woven into each of the four white borders. In examining the borders it will be seen that the first shot consists of a twist, followed by one shot of the strongest color in the rug. Then follow

two white shots and two of the striped material; two more white shots and one of the strongest color are then woven. Next a medium shade is introduced, with the dark color in the following shot. After this the white border with the stripes is repeated, and a wide green border is woven, outlined on either side with a dark red. The center of the green border has a crow's-foot of red and white. Then follow two more white borders, which are woven the same as the two white borders on the other side of the green center border, forming a mass of beautiful coloring, easy to copy, but not particularly easy to evolve.

A detailed illustration of a John Alden rug shows one of the modern loosely woven styles. When threading the loom for this weave, instead of putting the warp through each heddle, two warps are threaded through one heddle, and the next one is skipped; two warps go in the third heddle hole, the fourth one being skipped and so on across the loom. This is called "double warping." This border is exceedingly simple, and is made by first weaving twelve shots of white, and then a shot of color; one of white, another of color, alternately for three inches. Twelve more shots of white complete the border. This forms a checkerboard pattern, which is very effective, and yet easy for the beginner. This open weave is well suited for a bath mat, as it is soft to stand on, especially when made of Canton flannel; this weave is also recommended for draperies.

Another form of simple pattern making is to weave an entirely plain rug, and afterward to add designs by strips of material threaded through a bodkin. This is advisable when a series of arrows and Indian designs are wanted. These rugs do not wear quite as well as the woven ones, so that it is better to make use of this kind of design formation when weaving curtains or pillows. Sometimes the ends are left sticking up, which is suitable in a hanging and entirely out of place in a rug. This kind of pattern making gives opportunity for all sorts of individual designs; they can be worked out on paper first and the sketch followed when the rug is on the cutting table.

The most intricate style of border making is shown in the Waverly rug. which is attractive in the sitting room where a pile rug seems more in keeping than an ordinary woven rug. The material used for making this rug, unlike the denims and cretonnes, is especially woven on a finely threaded loom into what is known as "weft cloth." This cloth is made from cotton yarns, which can be procured from a yarn merchant. The yarn is dyed the desired colors before being woven into a weft. The pattern having been decided upon for the border, the yarn is then woven in plain bars of different colors at varying distances apart. In the border shown in our illustration, seventy-two inches of black were first woven, then thirty-six inches of cream, seventy-two more of black, and fifty-two inches of cream, two inches of red, twenty inches of cream, six inches of tan, two of red, two of red and five inches of cream, two inches of tan and three of tan, two of tan and five of cream, three of red and two of

cream, six of tan and five of cream. This description has only specified enough for one-sixth of the border, which is repeated in the same manner. When the weft is made as above directed, it is cut into inch strips, when it will be found that each strip makes a complete border. An eight-inch border will take thirty-two shots in the rug, so that the "weft cloth" would have to be woven thirty-eight yards long before the border could be made, but if the cloth is thirty-six inches wide, thirty-six borders could be made, so that it will be seen that this form of rug necessitates a great many rugs being woven at the same time, and only a weaver who is making rugs in large quantities could afford to have so many yards of material on hand, yet it is one of the most interesting forms of hand weaving.

WHEN the rugs are woven, the length must be cut out of the loom and laid on the cutting table. The fringe is cut across, and each rug is gone carefully over with shears to remove any irregularities in the weave that would look untidy. They are then ready to be knotted, which is the last process in weaving rugs.

The knotting of a rug gives it a finish, and must be done carefully. Simple, straight knotting of every six threads will insure the rug from raveling, but decorative fringes of all kinds add no little to the beauty of the rug. They can be knotted with a double or triple knotting, or straight, or worked into points. They can also be braided like some of the Oriental rugs. Portieres, curtains, and table covers require less bulky knotting than do rugs.

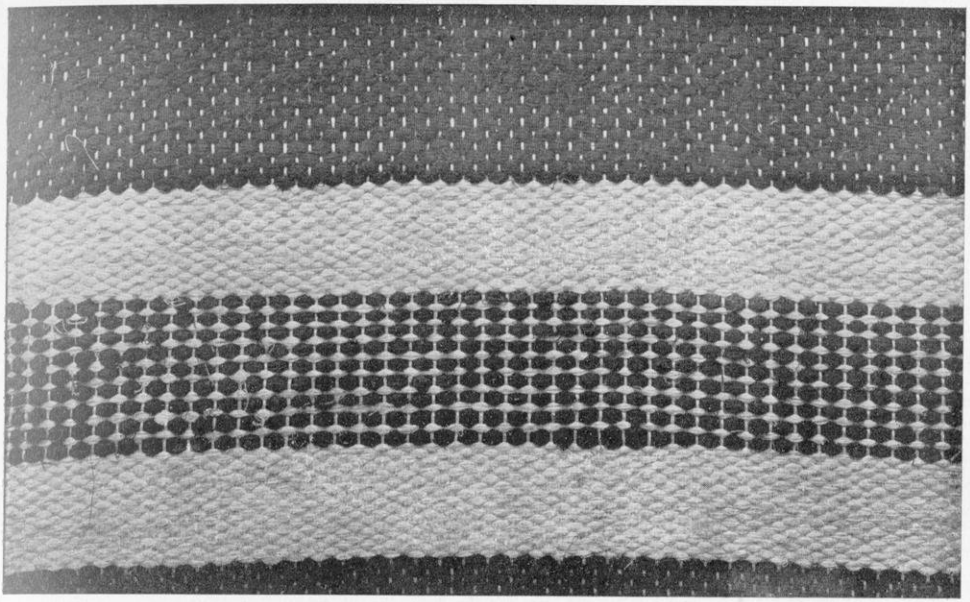
Our illustration of a group of fabric rugs shows several kinds of knotting. The two Martha Washington rugs in the center are more elaborately knotted than the Priscilla rug at the righthand corner, which has simply a group of warp tied in a single knot at the heading. The Waverly rug is knotted like the Priscilla.

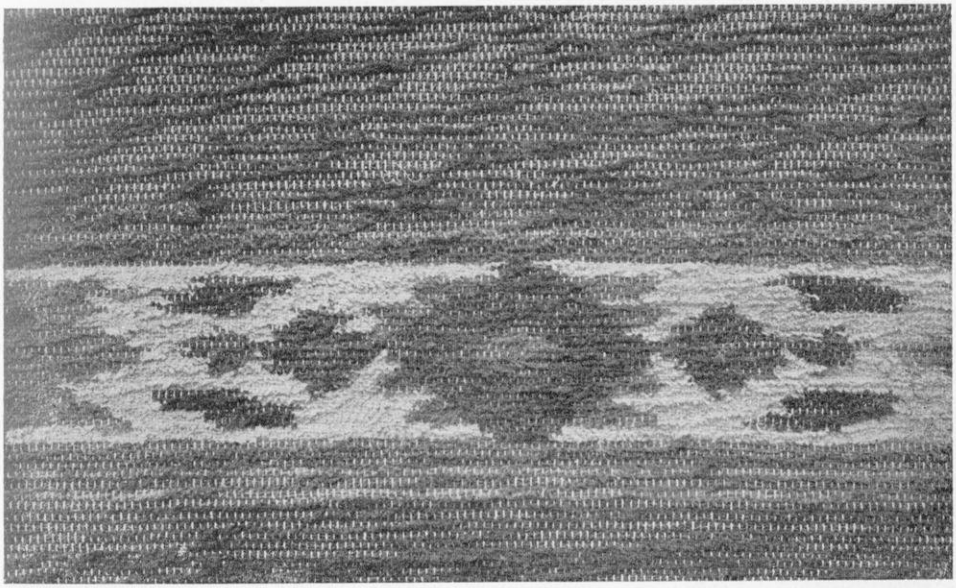
MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN.

THE RIGHT TO BEAUTY

THE one way to bring about a more sensible style of dressing, is to train girls to think more about their clothes. This suggestion will bring a shock to the puritan American, who feels that there is a certain relation between holiness and bad taste—and there is still much unregenerate puritanism in this country. But, in truth, wearing unbecoming, badly made clothes is no more spiritual than to wear ultra-fashionable clothes; both indicate lack of thought, both are the product of mental laziness, and both are equally unproductive of growth for the girlish mind and of beauty of expression in material things.

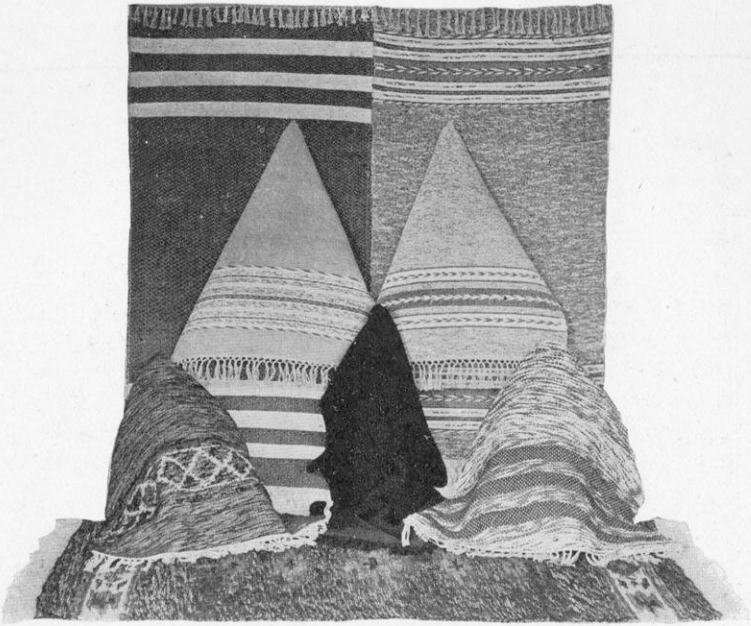
The "puritan" in her ill-fitting, dowdy, ready-made cheap serge is no nearer a wise ideal of clothes than is the social beauty, with her silly, over-ornamental, over-fitted, sparkling useless dress, for which someone, somewhere in the scheme of her home life, has paid count-

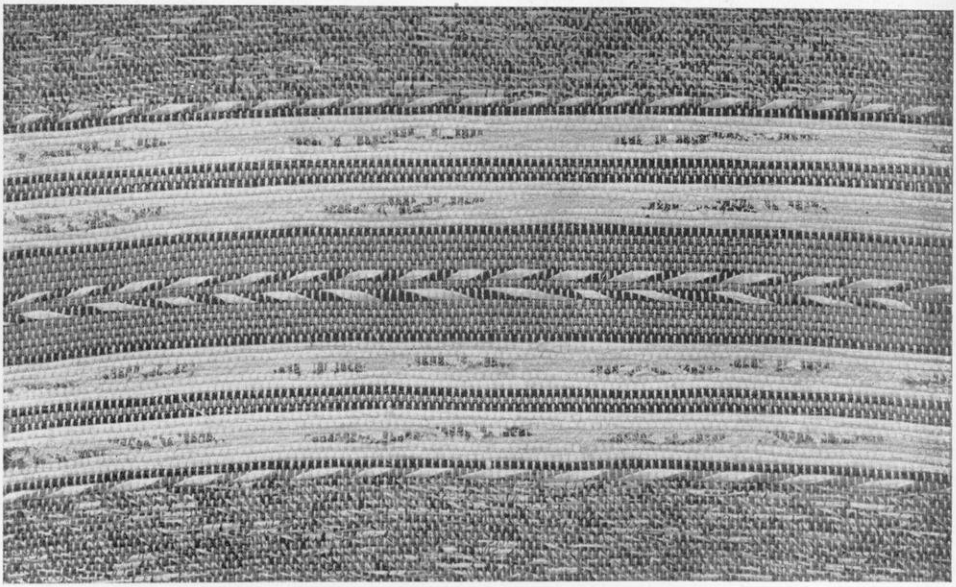




DETAIL OF A "JOHN ALDEN RUG"

BORDER OF A WAVERLY RUG.





A GROUP OF SIMPLE HOME-MADE RUGS.

A KNOTTED MARTHA WASHINGTON RUG.

HOME-MADE COMMENCEMENT FROCKS FOR GIRLS OF EIGHTEEN.

GRADUATING FROCKS FOR YOUNG GIRLS: MODELS FOR HOME SEWING.

less dollars; neither is appropriately, becomingly, wisely nor comfortably dressed; neither has ever stopped to realize that her personal interest in her own clothes could be a part of a general reform in dress, a necessary detail in the changing of the absurdity of modern sartorial conditions, and a frank proof that she as a woman had begun to use her mind to some purpose.

Girls should be trained to the philosophy of dress. Talk more to them about their clothes, but for the sake of the nerves of all the race, talk differently; train girls from the time they can begin to think, to think infinitely more about dressing, but to actually *think,* to understand the principles of dress, and not merely to talk mere twaddle, to grow more vain, and to spend more money for fewer results.

A girl has a right to know that she looks better in one color than in another, and why she does; she is entitled to a clear explanation (possibly many of them) as to what materials suit her best, as to what lines are best related to the structure of her body; and above all she must know by heart the injury to her beauty (for, of course, she expects to be beautiful) and health the wrong sort of dressing can do—whether it be fashionable or just careless—whether it be slovenly, tawdry, badly cut, or overaccented dress.

Every girl should be taught the simple and praiseworthy philosophy of dress, just as she should be taught how to arrange and furnish her house in the simplest, most beautiful and least difficult way. So long as the average American girl is likely to be called upon to develop into a home-maker, and often a dressmaker, she should be trained for these professions from childhood up; and the training should not be of a nature just to make her contented with housework, with her kitchen and needle; but by teaching her to think, to so train her mind that she grows up knowing how to manage her home—in fact, how to create a home—in the wisest, most practical and beautiful way.

By thinking, she lessens labor, both in kitchen and dress, and by thinking she renders the result of all her labor interesting and harmonious to herself. She, in fact, expresses herself in her work, and so her work is related intimately to her life, the way she has decided that she wishes to live.

This is absolutely as true of clothes as of housekeeping or handicraft work or of painting. If a girl is trained to use her brain in planning and making her clothes, her dresses and hats and scarfs and belts will all relate to her personality and express the degree and kind of cultivation her mind has absorbed. This is as inevitable as the fact that a flower proves the kind of soil it has grown out of, or that the hue of a frock tells the vegetable or mineral dyes that went into the vat.

For generations it has been considered quite wise and reasonable to let a child grow up absorbed in the novelty of fashions, well posted about styles, with a wide reach of knowledge about what the latest thing from Paris or London is. Money, time, strength have all gone into the effort to keep children "in style,"

and they have been taught, or allowed to absorb unconsciously, the impression that there was a certain fineness of quality in being "in style," that fashionable clothing render them superior to the unfashionable girl, that the latest Easter hat endowed the possessor with virtues quite apart from her character, that fashion was a talisman in fact; and little girls wearing "out of date" clothes have been made to suffer many a pang at schools and parties, and have grown to associate nice dressing with happiness and admiration and even appreciation—all of this has seemed legitimate to mothers, wise and loving in most matters of rearing their children, and sincerely anxious that their little daughters should be sweet and wholesome.

The same mothers would hesitate, nay, think it almost criminal, to teach a child the good points of herself instead of her clothes; to train her to understand that it is natural and right and worth striving for to be beautiful; that she is intended by nature to have rosy cheeks, a straight back, strong, lithe little legs, a stout chest and radiance of body and mind. And even having survived the shock of the wisdom of teaching her child that beauty and health and strength were normal, what fashion-loving mother would further dare to open the child's mind to the relation of clothes to personal beauty and charm, making clear to her that certain types demand certain colors, that lines should be adapted to figure, that real beauty of dress consists in appropriateness all along the line,—to climate, to occupation, to individuality, to physique, to personal taste.

Why, in truly teaching a child all the philosophy of clothes, a mother is teaching the best philosophy of life. She is developing taste, cultivating sensibilities, making clear the value of economy of strength and money and is contributing widely to the increase of real beauty in the world, a beauty that is associated with health and sanity, not a striving for effects which are subversive to the essentials of happiness.

The first response coming from modern mothers is, "but I do not want my child vain; if she thinks herself pretty, she will be vain." Exactly, under present utterly false conditions, she will grow vain if told out of a clear sky that she is pretty. And what a perverted state of affairs it is—that for a child to discover that she belongs to a normal right state of existence is to make her silly! It is all because the mother's point of view is wrong. She is not *thinking*, and so she teaches the child a totally wrong estimate of beauty in relation to life: Namely, that it is vain to think about being pretty, but right, even necessary, to seek beauty in clothes, or rather not beauty, even here, but a general standard of novelty and variety.

Poor little maids, who may not know that it is as natural for them to be lovely as for the roses to smell sweet or birds to sing in scented apple boughs! It is indeed so right and normal for children to be beautiful and strong that it should be taken for granted. There is no vanity about normal conditions. A child is not vain of having two hands or ten fingers or an ear on each side of its curly head. It should be the same with beauty.

And the girl who has grown up, expecting all these gifts of the gods, and has also been taught the real significance of clothes, their relation to her beauty and to her usefulness in life, will enjoy making her own clothes, will make them so that they are becoming, graceful and economical, and will think it as interesting as to display her skill at the piano or in cooking or writing a story—just one way of contributing to the pleasure and charm in life.

But what about the girl who has been trained to regard style as the great essential, rather than beauty? It is a greater task to begin to teach a girl the philosophy of dress, but not an insurmountable one. At sixteen a girl is still impressionable, she is vastly interested in herself, and much absorbed in the idea that she is a separate individual, not merely a daughter, but a woman. You can not teach her as you would a child, but there is plastic material at hand and interest in life.

If a girl is about to graduate, begin instruction with her graduating dress. Let her select it, but guide her in the matter; ask her to make it, but help her at each step, and have the making a lesson about the relation of her clothes to herself. Help her above all things to see the importance of simplicity in dressing, that beauty is in the color, the grace, the becomingness, not in the exaggerated mode. Create so much interest in the planning and making of a really pretty frock that the mere question of stylishness is snowed under. But do not yourself wholly ignore the prevailing style, adapt it to the girl, modify it and adjust it to your own ideas of what is suitable and becoming.

For nothing would so completely antagonize a girl at the start as to send her out among her fellow girls looking eccentric and conspicuous. She must have admiration for her home-made graduating frock. She must look so pretty and attractive that the other girls will envy her taste and skill, or the philosophy of dress will cease to awaken her enthusiasm.

The sketches of graduating frocks shown in this department have been especially designed to carry out the CRAFTSMAN idea of home dressing for girls. They are simple dresses of inexpensive materials. Any girl who cares to prove herself capable of making her own Commencement Day frock can select the one of these four designs which suits best her style, and make it with her mother's aid and advice in a few days. The only lining used is from the shoulders to four inches below the waist line. The sleeves and skirt are left without the bulk of a lining, to show the pretty softness of fabric. Any fitted waist pattern will serve for all four models, and the outside can be fulled on the lining after it is fitted. The skirts are all a full circular model, gathered or puffed as the young dressmaker may prefer. The princess design may require a princess pattern, unless mother is a rather accomplished worker. But work everything out without any pattern beyond the lining when it is possible. You will find that this method cultivates the eye as well as doubles the pleasure by developing a sense of creative ability.

The princess dress, which is designed for a girl of eighteen, is made in a fashion so simple, and yet so artistically complete, that any ornament would be wholly superfluous. The material is India silk, ivory white, fine in texture, and very soft.

The yoke dress is almost as simple in construction. The skirt is an extra full circular model, with ruffles of the same material (a pale silvery blue silk muslin); across the wide front gore where the skirt joins the belt, the fulness is tucked down a few inches. This design is particularly good for a girl inclined to stoutness.

This design would be lovely in jonquil yellows (for a graduating gown need not of necessity be white), or in many primrose shades. And if a girl can not find netting in pale tints, let her dye some.

For a girl of sixteen, the simplest model is given, to be made of mull, white or any tinted silk mull at a dollar a yard or of the lovely cotton mull at twenty cents a yard, and wide, too. The circular skirt flares gaily about the white slippers, and at the waist the fulness is gathered into puffs, giving a suggestion of a princess model.

The embroidered gown, for an older graduate, is of a pinky-white Liberty silk, and the scheme throughout its making is a variation of delicate pink tones. This sounds a bit elaborate, but is really not in the least difficult, and an excellent opportunity for a lesson in developing color harmonies. Embroidery, merely to embroider as a pastime, is a most pathetic waste of time, but embroidery as an opportunity to secure interesting variety of color and as a means of making a girl use her eyes, her fingers, her taste harmoniously is a very important part of her dressmaking training—and this apple-blossom frock is shown with the purpose of making it a part of a valuable lesson in dressmaking.

The Liberty silk is in the most delicate hue, the petticoat a shade deeper, and the Japanese branches in all the natural variety of tones of the apple-blossom. The petals and leaves should be marked out in the most impressionistic manner, with the longest stitches, and flat surfaces, no shading. Grayish shadows in very loose embroidery will add to the effect. The scattered petals should be faded, as fallen petals are.

If apple-blossoms are not a favorite with your daughter, let her select her own flower, or use the college flower. At an embroidery shop a Japanese design could be worked out, or she could achieve one herself with a little study and thought. And the delight of a gown so created is limitless. It is an object lesson in "dress reform," which no lectures nor sermons could equal.

Looking into the detail of the designs given in this magazine, you will notice that they are all designed for the healthy athletic figure, for the girl who means to go on growing in her clothes, whose shoulders are wide, whose chest is full and who isn't afraid of a waist-line in proportion to height and health. Healthy girls are happy girls, and healthy, happy women are the trademark of a wholesome nation.