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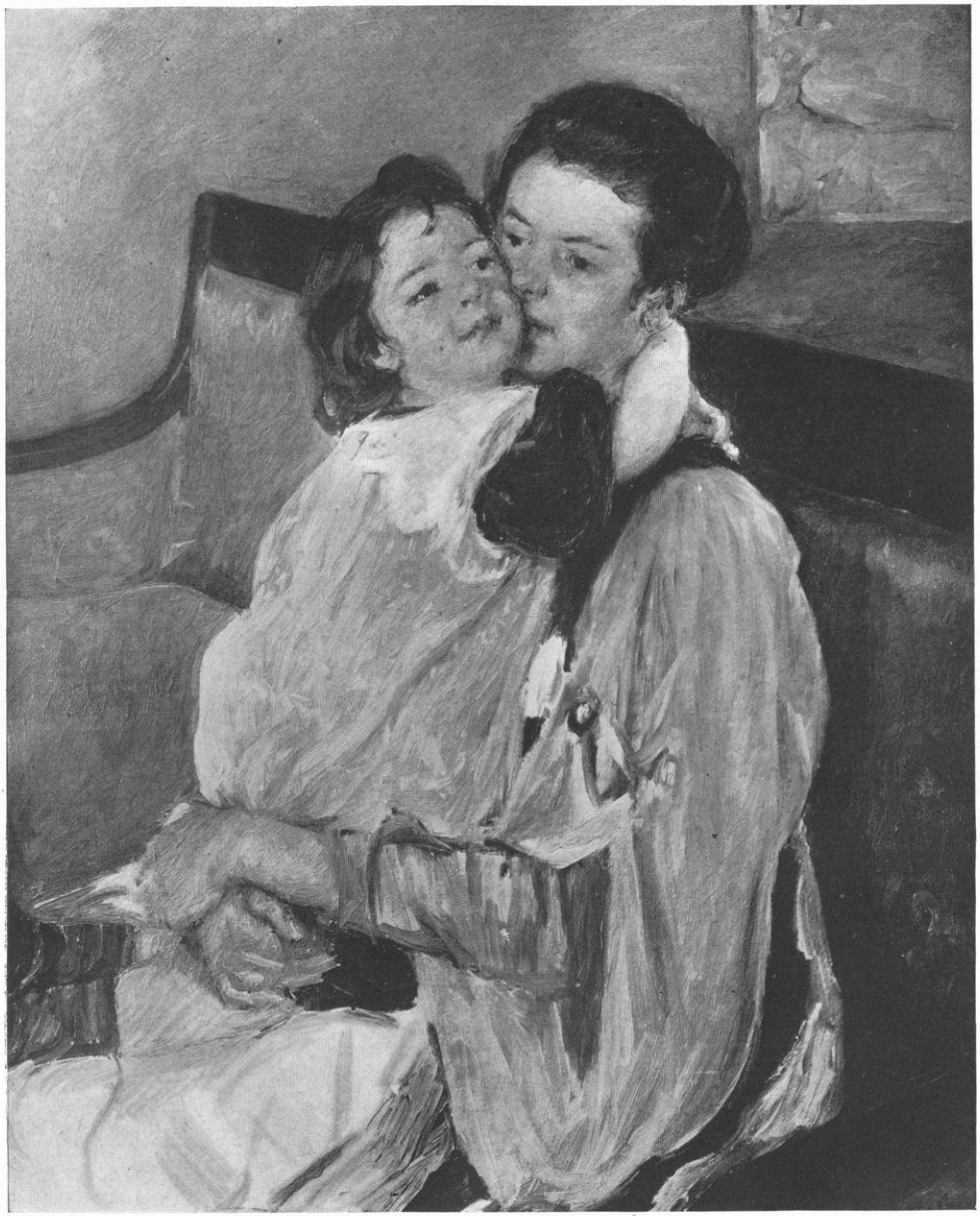

From the Exhibition of American Art in Berlin.
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See page 310.

"MOTHER AND CHILD":
MARY CASSATT, PAINTER

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVIII JUNE, 1910 NUMBER 3

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THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XVIII JUNE, 1910 NUMBER 3

THE PRINCE, THE PAUPER AND THE GOLD EN MEAN: BY WALTER A. DYER

ONCE upon a time there lived a Prince who was very fortunate and very unhappy. He was the son of a King who, when he himself was a king's son, had married a goose-girl after a romantic wooing, and the Prince inherited certain tastes and mental twists from his mother that proved to be most upsetting. The Prince was heir to a great kingdom and vast riches. One day he would don the ermine, grasp the scepter and mount the golden throne, where he would sit in state, surrounded by his counselors, and receive the homage of subjects and ambassadors. But he had a ploughboy's heart in his breast, and he was unhappy.

The Prince was young and strong and handsome. His people loved him. In prowess with arms and skill in horsemanship he surpassed all the young men of the realm. But he liked not the royal forest and the jousting field. He had a gypsy heart in him, and he longed for the open road and the wide world. The Prince was betrothed to a Princess of a neighboring kingdom. She was tall and fair as a lily, and her hair was like spun gold. She was so virtuous that the witch under the hill had never discovered a flaw in her character. The two Kings had arranged the match, and the Prince had no rival. But he had a troubadour's heart in him, and he was unhappy.

At length he became so dissatisfied with his lot that he determined to set forth alone to see the world. Saddling his white mare one night, he muffled her feet and stole from the city. When the morning sun struck the plume on his hat he was far from the gates, and the dew was glistening on strange fields.

As he rode along he heard singing, and soon he overtook a ragged Vagabond.

"Why do you sing?" asked the Prince.

"Why does the lark sing?" responded the Vagabond. "I have no care resting on my heart, and so the songs must needs come forth."

"How did you lose your care?" asked the Prince, dismounting from his white mare and walking by the Vagabond's side.

"I never had any," he replied. "I have no home, no wife, no

money, no duties, no destiny. Nothing is expected of me. No one loves me, and no one hates me. I have no thought but for one day at a time, and at night I sleep because I am tired. What is care?"

"I don't know," replied the Prince, thoughtfully, "but I have it. You are wise, I see. How can I get rid of my care?"

"Change places with me," replied the Vagabond. "Give me your horse, and your plumed hat and your silken doublet and your well-filled purse, and take my shirt and staff and old shoes. Take my joy, and give me your care. I would like to know how it seems; I will make a rare adventure of it." And he laughed heartily.

So the Prince gave him his horse and sword and doublet and purse, and set out on the road afoot, seeking happiness.

When the Prince's absence was discovered at the palace, a great hue and cry were set up, but the Prince could not be found. The King ordered his royal charger, and with his trusted knights set out in search of his son, but to no avail. After forty days they gave him up for lost.

When a year had rolled by, the Prince returned, footsore and battered, a sorry-looking beggar, and applied for admission at the palace gates. They drove him away thrice, but he persisted. Then they brought the dogs to set them on him. But the Prince's faithful hound knew him, leaped joyfully upon him, licking his hands.

Then the Prince showed the old gatekeeper the birthmark on his left shoulder, just the size and shape and color of a ripe strawberry, and desired that the Queen be told of it. Doubtfully, the gatekeeper sent a messenger to tell the Queen mother, who came rushing out in all her purple robes and threw herself weeping on the Prince's neck.

So they made a great feast, for the Prince had come back to his own.

But soon the Prince was unhappy again, and one day he summoned his father's oldest and wisest counselor.

"Why am I unhappy?" he asked. "I gave away my purse and my sword and my good white mare, but I got no joy in return. The stones hurt my feet, and the food I got sickened me. I met with dirty people who drove me from their low doors. And so I came back again. Now I am as I was before; why am I not happy?"

The wiseacre thought a long time, and then he answered.

"You are half prince and half peasant," quoth he. "If you are very rich the peasant in you is unhappy; if you are very poor the prince in you suffers. You must seek a golden mean. Your father loves you, and will give you whatever you wish. Ask him for a hill and a valley in the outskirts of his kingdom. Ask him for flocks and herds, and honest peasants to tend them. Go there to live as

the ruler of a little rural kingdom. Ask not for gold or for a court, only for those necessities which the royal part of you must have, and not for the things which a shepherd is happier without."

But the Prince scorned this advice. Such a life was too tame for his young blood. He was loath to give up again the luxuries to which he had been born. He did not know that they and care were the same. So, shaking his head sadly, he turned away.

LET us give heed to the parable. Most of us either are princes or are trying to be. We are working to heap up for ourselves treasures on earth, and the labor of it is killing us. We become so entangled in the process that we even forget what we are working for. We think we are working for a future happiness; we believe we are climbing toward a heaven of joy and repose, and we are only piling an Ossa on a Pelion of care. Sooner or later we realize this, every one of us. To some the realization comes too late. We have grown too old, or have become too inalienably devoted to the false quest. We have formed a habit that we think we cannot break.

But for most of us it is never too late, if we will but think so. Don't you believe it? Have you despaired of ever finding release from the enthralment that you have cast about yourself? Listen.

We must brush away the cobwebs and get down to first principles. In this world we must work to live. Even if we are born to the purple, we must work to live adequately. A workless life is a desecration. Nature abhors a drone.

Now, then, what are we living and working for? To gain happiness? To render service? Both, I submit. Carlyle called blessedness the chief end of man, and he meant that highest form of happiness that comes indirectly through service rather than through self-seeking. It is self-realization brought about through the enlargement and outspreading of self to include those things one loves and cares for. And the happiest man is he who has the largest circle of loves and interests all intimately connected with himself. You will find all that in the Spencerian philosophy.

But it is a sort of selfishness, after all. If we are candid we must admit that. History is the record of the human attempt to become happier, with a constant increase and elevation in the requirements of happiness.

Let us say, then, that we are living and working to become happier, and let us not lose sight of it. Then we are not living and working for money, are we? Of course not! Perish the thought! We are not of that sordid clan, you and I! We work for money simply as a means to an end. We earn money for its power to purchase hap-

piness in the form in which we desire it most. Money is but a medium of exchange. Work, money, happiness; that is the cycle.

And that is just where we are prone to go astray. Simple as the formula is, we become mired before we wallow through it. The more money we can earn, we say, the more happiness we can get. So, fixing our eyes on the nearer goal, we work for money, and for the visible indications of its possession. We err here, every mother's son and daughter of us, to a greater or less extent. "Just a little more money," we say, "and then, ho! for happiness." And we seldom get beyond the first step.

Now the point I want to make is this. We have built up this three-part cycle logically enough, and then we set it up as a graven image and worship it, forgetful of its true significance. And in so doing, we have complicated life and enthroned the complication. What we must do, sooner or later, is to simplify life. And the only way to do that is to eliminate as far as possible the middle member of the cycle, and work directly for happiness—the highest form of happiness that our natures will permit. Money is but a medium of exchange, and the less we make of the medium, the simpler life will become.

I need not argue that we want life simpler. I think we have all come to feel that. The way the public, a few years ago, bought and read Charles Wagner's book was evidence of it. A thousand pities that he was so academic and so vague in his practical applications. The question is, how can we reduce life to simpler terms, and so give our souls the chance to contemplate the beauty of life for a little space before we go?

Now that the high cost of living has become such a vital question, especially to those of us who live in cities, I find more and more people turning their faces countryward. There the cost of living is less. There life is simpler. There the medium of exchange dominates life less completely. Every fifth man I meet is talking more or less definitely of buying a farm, and some of them really mean it. And heaven knows this country needs more and better farmers.

And they are on the right track, too. Until some of us get out of town, the town will be too full. We can't all go, but some of us must, and I believe we who go will be the lucky ones. Something must be done to relieve the tension. Young men are filling the agricultural colleges, which are spreading education and uplift throughout the rural districts. It is a sign of the times, and one of the things that makes me optimistic in the face of imminent sociological and industrial upheaval. When the storm breaks, these educated American farmers are going to be the ballast in the ship of state. You'll see!

But for us it is an individual question, and it is the individual, here and there, that is leaving the slavery of the shop and the office for the liberty of the farm. "Back to the land" has become a fixed phrase in our language.

Now comes the danger. The Prince steals forth from his palace and takes up his life of vagabondage. Whither will it lead him? Through mountain waste and deep morass, unquestionably. We must not be too hasty. We must seek a golden mean.

I have heard lately of several people who have steeled their hearts and cut loose from the city, and they have come to regret it. They have embarked on a new enterprise ill prepared. No man would be so foolish as to open a drug store or start a newspaper with so little training and capital. So these would-be farmers, and their poor wives, pass through a period of real hardship, for which they are not at all fitted, and they are glad enough to get back again to the old bondage of the palace.

I find that the back-to-the-land movement has already received a setback from this cause, and the wisest of us hesitate to give away our swords and our purses and our good white mares. We have seen farms and farmers. We dislike the barnyard. Noisome boots and overalls in the dining room spoil our appetite for breakfast. We dislike to wash at the kitchen sink. Better five rooms and a bath in the Bronx, say we, than a cold and lonely farmhouse at Podunk. And so we give up the dream and go back to our more or less suicidal jobs in town.

I contend that these hardships are not necessary, and that is the burden of my song. Whatsoever is good, whatsoever is uplifting, whatsoever is sanitary in city life, you can take these with you to the farm. In seeking the simple life, you must cast off the artificialities of life, but you need not abandon its refinements. There is nothing complex or complicating about culture. A stable and a bathroom are not inherently incompatible. By taking thought, you can save yourself and your city-bred wife much suffering, and perhaps avoid a failure of the whole plan.

I know people who have gone back to the farm, and who have degenerated. I know some who are passing through a purgatory of discomfort and hardship. I know some who have utterly failed with the whole thing. But I know some, too, who are succeeding, and I mean, some day, to be one of them. They have been prudent. They have not set forth without a loaf in their knapsacks. They have not expected too much. They have been prepared to work—not for money, but for happiness, appetite and blessed sleep. They have not mistaken a new kind of bondage for freedom.

If you have no money at all, you must fight it out somehow, whether in country or in town. But if you have a little—just a very little—you can make it amount to something in the country. An income of five hundred dollars a year is a drop in the bucket in New York; it is a fortune in the village of Farmingtown. You can buy a farm that will give you a living, and your sons after you, for the price of an automobile that will be scrap-iron in six years.

And I for one prefer the farm. To stand on your own hilltop, looking across your own orchard and meadow, with your own grain greening in the July sun, with your own cattle standing knee-deep in your own brook, with your wife singing in the kitchen of the little farmhouse that is your home—that is the simple life that satisfies! Joy-riding on Long Island isn't to be compared with the rattle of the buggy wheels, when Old Dobbin goes to town.

And when winter comes, and the stubble-fields lie sleeping beneath their white mantle, there is time for books, and talk, and dear old friends. And best of all, you needn't be marooned among a lot of ignorant, hard-shelled, vulgar hayseeds. The city is sending its best back to the land, and you'll find others like yourself at Farmingtown. Time and room to think, to enjoy, to live. Don't you hunger and thirst for it?

An old chap named Abraham Cowley, away back in the time of Cromwell and Milton, said some very sensible things on this very subject. He cut loose from the city and found the simple life, and for those who, like Cowley, long for time and room to cultivate their own minds as well as their own fields, a quotation may be permissible.

Says the genial sage: "Since Nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and Fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility, of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make are the employments of a country life."

And yet I know that many, like the Prince in the parable, will read these words and turn sadly or scornfully away.

BONDAGE

THE poet is a prisoner for all time;
But, captive in the shining House of Song,
Life, Love and Sorrow 'round about him throng,
And sweet are his enchanted chains of rhyme.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

A HOME OF HER OWN: BY GERTRUDE RUSSELL LEWIS

HE district school-teacher, sweet and intelligent, had married the farmer's son. Her hours were lengthened from six to sixteen and her modest stipend stopped. But she was congratulated: "For now you have a home of your own," they said. She smiled happily. "Then my Delft room will come true," she responded. They were well to do. The land came by inheritance; the farming equipment was of the best. But in the house she found that the old way prevailed, and while her wishes were not denied, they were simply unfulfilled; they were unimportant. And first the tastes were dropped, and then the desires and, too often, the needs repressed.

The work grew heavier; no labor-saving device was wanting for the men, but their time meant money: hers meant only love. And the agricultural journals that phrased the bucolic mind and advertised quite eighty columns of most elaborate and expensive machinery for the ten-hour men without the house, gave her but a scanty woman's page, not of expenditures for her comfort, but of makeshifts for her economies. Even the new cream separator meant not an advantage to her, but the withdrawal of the butter money to her husband's purse.

And the parlor carpet was yet to buy. Five years had toiled away and the blue and white parlor, painted and papered by her own hands, with painful care, draped, but as yet rag rugged, waited.

Rugs elsewhere, yes, but not in one's parlor on a prosperous farm, if only for the neighbors' pride. She was reduced to argument: "The Dorcas Band meet here next time."

Then the man came in. "I am going to town; give me your money and I will get the carpet." They were not even to choose it together. She returned with the original pieces, here and there a silver dollar, hardly a paper bill in the roll, and handed them to him. "Remember the color, Henry," wistfully, "and if you cannot get blue, do not get a red one, even if we wait until fall. My Delft plate hangs there you know."

He came in late but jubilant. "I got a bargain Smythe could not sell. The color isn't good, he says, but it will wear forever. I saved five dollars on it toward the binder."

The carpet which she had to sew was red and green. The Dorcas Band met with them in their turn. Her successor, the young school-teacher, was present with a shy new look of interest in domestic themes. "It must be sweet to have a home of your own," she said.

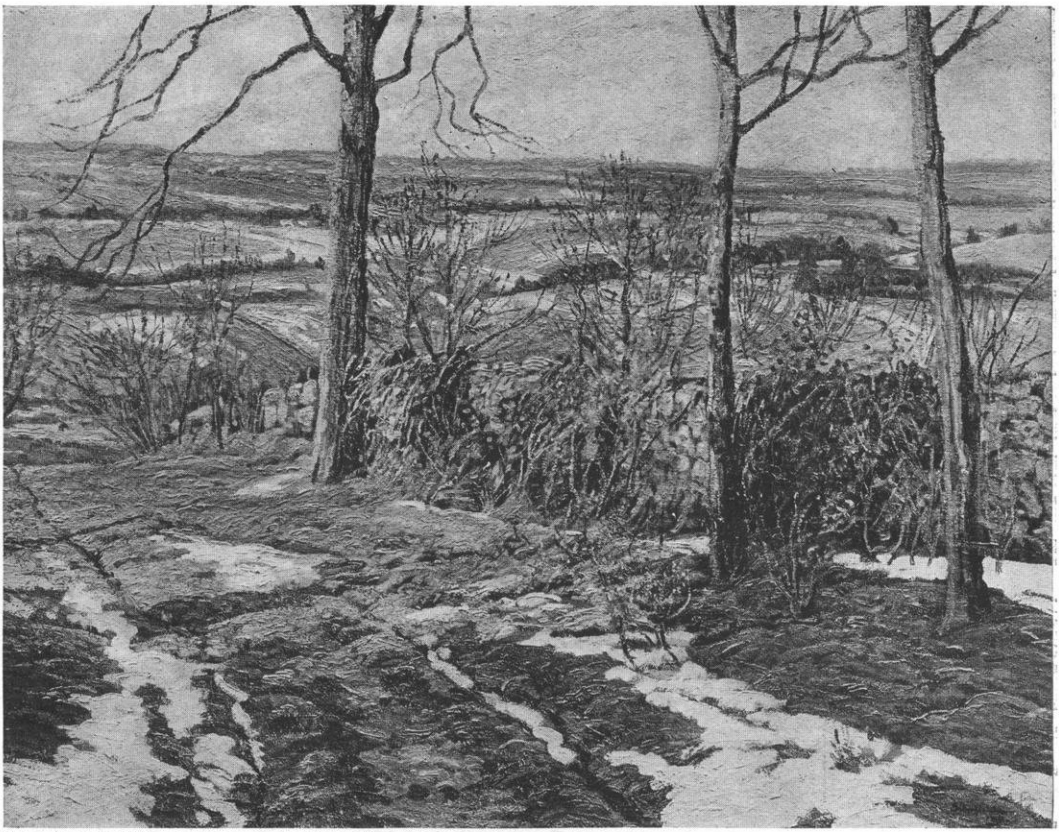
AMERICAN ART IN GERMANY: THE VALUE OF OUR PRESENT EXHIBITION IN BERLIN AND MUNICH: BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

HE day of intellectual and artistic reciprocity is manifestly at hand, and no two nations better illustrate this most enlightened of modern cultural movements than do Germany and America. The recently established system of exchange professors is already producing admirable results, and there is every reason to hope that a similar situation may obtain in the sensitive and persuasive province of the fine arts. In the field of the intellect the equilibrium between the two countries has been moderately well maintained. The majority of American college professors have studied and taken their doctorates at the various German universities, and Germany has in turn given the United States a brilliant succession of high-minded thinkers as well as sterling patriots. In manners æsthetic, however, the balance has by no means been so carefully adjusted. For numerous reasons Americans are more conversant with German art than are Germans with the American product. Many of our foremost painters have been trained either at Düsseldorf or Munich, and have brought back Teutonic sympathies and certain scrupulous technical methods which have not been without influence upon the native school. There has furthermore been for generations a public eager to possess examples by the leading German masters of the day; in addition to this, the expositions at Chicago and St. Louis measurably advanced a knowledge of the subject. All this has nevertheless been in a sense circumstantial and even accidental. The first conscious and deliberate move toward establishing artistic reciprocity between these two great nations, both so progressive and so legitimately ambitious, was made last season when there was held at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, at Copley Hall, Boston, and at the Art Institute of Chicago, a notable exhibition of contemporary German art. It is this latter event which more than anything increased current American interest in Teutonic achievement, and which, in large measure, is responsible for its logical sequel—the present exhibition of American painting in Berlin and Munich.

The reasons why Germany has up to the present time known but little of the art which this display serves so opportunely to introduce are not far to seek. During many arid and dubious years there was no such thing as American painting, and later it was so tentative in quality and so slender and widely scattered in quantity that its very existence was barely recognizable. The geographical isolation

From the Exhibition of American Art in Berlin.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. WILLIAM ROCKWELL CLARKE: ROBERT HENRI, PAINTER.

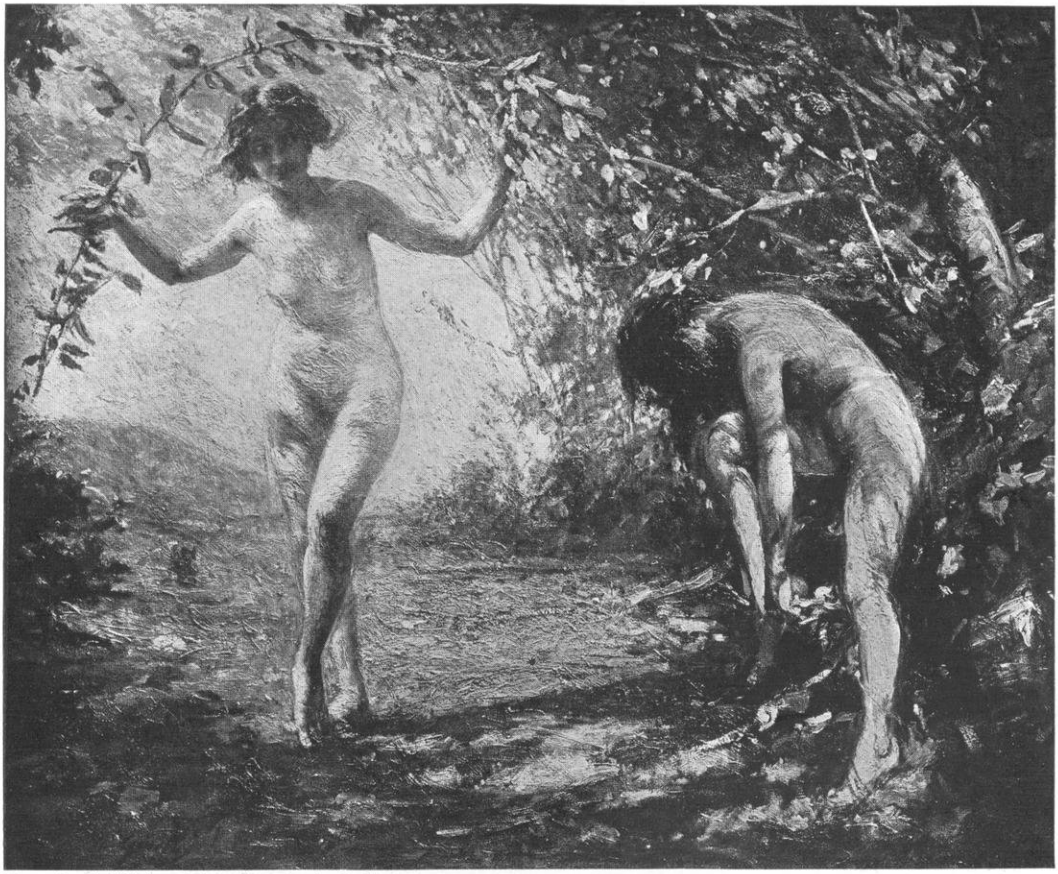


From the Exhibition of American Art in Berlin.

"MARCH SNOW": ELMER W. SCHOFIELD, PAINTER.

From the Exhibition of American Art in Berlin.
By Permission of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

"NOVEMBER": ROBERT WILLIAMS VONNOH, PAINTER.

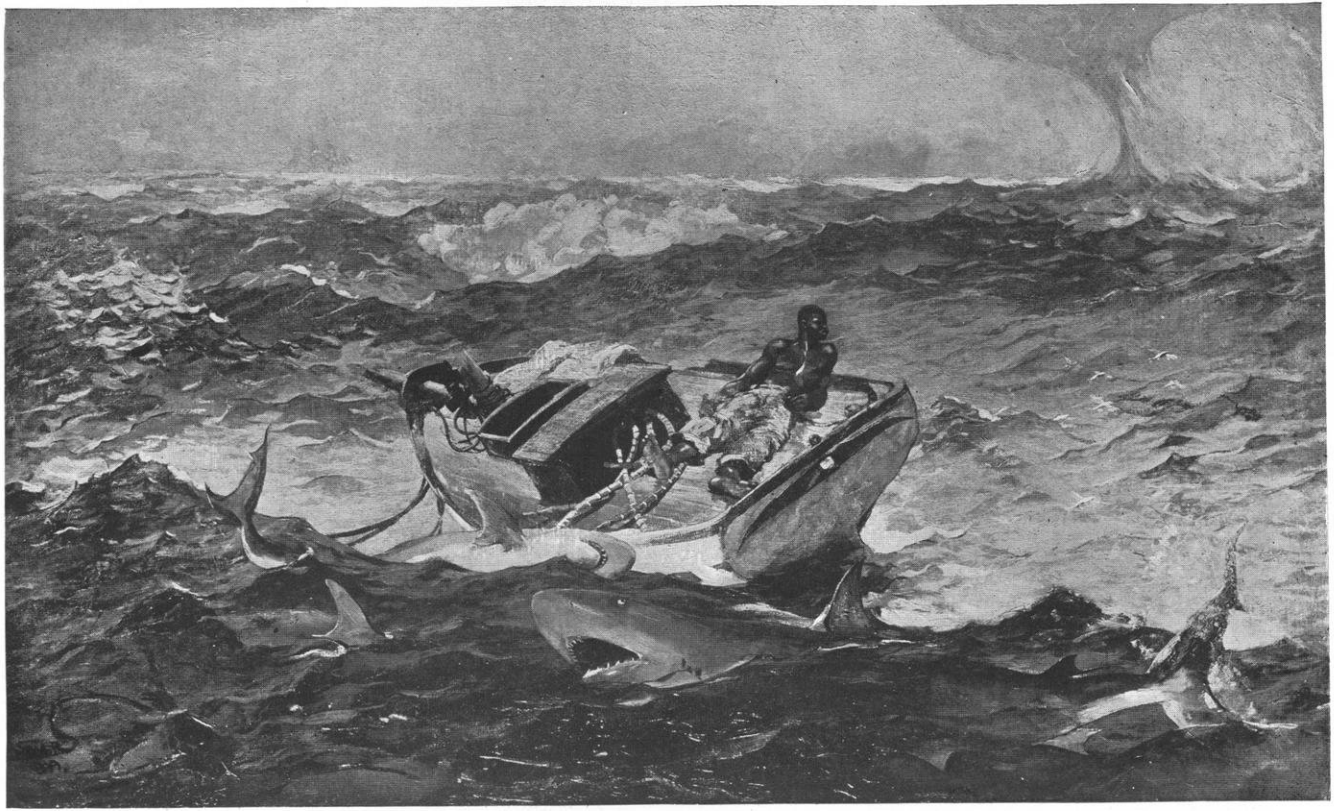


From the Exhibition of American Art in Berlin.

"GOLDEN DAYS": LILLIAN GENTH, PAINTER.

From the Exhibition of American Art in Berlin.

"THE QUIET CORNER": IRVING R. WILES, PAINTER.



From the Exhibition of American Art in Berlin.
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"THE GULF STREAM": WINSLOW HOMER, PAINTER.

of America, the stern problems of early conquest and self-preservation in a new country, and the long period of enforced provincialism each rendered the evolution of æsthetic expression both difficult and precarious. Once painting in America may be said to have gained a footing, its leanings were naturally toward the English school, and subsequent influences have, save for a brief interlude, been almost exclusively French. There has thus been little possibility of enlisting German interest, and scant opportunity for increasing any latent curiosity. The points of contact have been few, especially since Americans exhibit regularly at that great international art bazaar, the Paris Salon, and only intermittently in the Fatherland. In view of these facts particular significance attaches to the exhibition in Berlin and Munich. It is the first time American painting has been adequately presented to the German public. It places before Teutonic eyes an art which offers many new and distinctive features, and which has matured under conditions never duplicated in the history of æsthetic development.

THE exhibition which is attracting the Berlin and Munich public in such numbers to the Kunst Akademie in the former city and to the Kunstverein in the latter, owes its inception, as did that of contemporary German art at the Metropolitan Museum last year, to the enthusiasm and liberality of a single individual. Already well known on both sides of the water as the possessor of an exceptional collection of modern international art, Mr. Hugo Reisinger encountered little difficulty in enlisting in each instance the highest official patronage. He has shown American painting under the most favorable auspices, and naturally his efforts have met with corresponding appreciation.

Profiting by his experience in organizing the exhibition of German art, Mr. Reisinger, in the present case, has made a distinct advance upon his previous undertaking. Not only is the collection of American painting now on view in Germany numerically more imposing, it is also more comprehensive and representative. The period covered is substantially the same, the German display having begun with those great pioneers of the modern movement, Menzel, Böcklin, Lenbach and Leibl, and the American starting very properly with such pathfinders as Fuller, Hunt, Inness and LaFarge. In each case the development of pictorial art has been carried down to our own day, the joyous pantheists of the "Scholle," among them Putz, Erler and Münzer, being paralleled with us by Henri, Luks, Glackens, Bellows and their colleagues. Guided by a kindred sense of conservatism, Mr. Reisinger paused, however, in both instances before

those more advanced tendencies which in Germany are represented by the leading spirits of the Berlin Secession, and on this side by those brilliant experimentalists who, under the protecting ægis of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, are now creating such turmoil in the breasts of the timid.

AMERICAN art is predominantly Anglo-Saxon in its inception. It was initially fostered by the stern Puritan of New England and the sturdy Quaker of Pennsylvania, and in its early manifestations evinced decidedly more moral rigor than sensuous charm. Though conditions have changed considerably with time, Puritanism still persists in our midst, together with its legacy of prudishness and even hypocrisy. Furthermore, we unfortunately find few congenial fields for the employment of the figure. We have no pagan myths or classic traditions; we have no deep religious convictions and we are lacking in creative imagination or a taste for the symbolical. Art is a social product, and no one can form a discerning estimate of a nation's painting without some knowledge of forces that are broadly human as well as specifically æsthetic. This viewpoint toward American painting is precisely what the foreign public is apt to overlook. We render the spirit of landscape with singular perception because the aspect of our land is familiar and full of significance to us; we paint the figure feebly or not at all because the figure has never become a vital part of our artistic consciousness. These facts should go far toward explaining the situation to our German friends and incidentally accounting for the lack of important work of this class in any collection of American art.

With a single ungracious exception, all the owners, whether public or private, of important American pictures have been generosity itself toward Mr. Reisinger regarding the loan of canvases for the German display. The Metropolitan Museum, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; the newly organized National Gallery of Washington, the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, and the Museums of Chicago, Buffalo, Cincinnati and Worcester, have all been drawn upon, while among private owners the names of Mr. Freer, Mr. Canfield, Sir William Van Horne and Mr. Evans figure prominently among those who have cordially supported the undertaking. It is incredible that any collector should fail to appreciate the service to American painting of such fundamental courtesy. Our country was sadly misrepresented last summer at the Venice International Exhibition, and every effort should be made to redeem such a disgrace and to render its repetition impossible. Realizing the situation, Mr. Reisinger's activities were unceasing, and fortu-

nately the proper support was forthcoming. In a higher sense, collectors should not consider themselves the owners of pictures but merely their temporary custodians, and the sooner this view is taken the better for the interests of art in general.

THE scope of the display is confined entirely to contemporary production, no examples whatever being selected from the Colonial epoch or from the works of those patient and industrious early landscapists who constituted our first really native school. Of that great quartette, however, through whose efforts our painting was finally freed from its long period of provincialism—Fuller, Hunt, Inness and LaFarge—the exhibition contains numerous typical canvases. The caressing and penetrant vision of Fuller is recalled by the three-quarter length of "Nydia" from the Metropolitan Museum, while the free brush and fine observation of Hunt find expression in "The Bather" and two other subjects of interest loaned by Mrs. Enid Hunt Slater of Washington. To Inness, the first and still the foremost exponent of emotion in American landscape, have also been alloted three canvases, "The Delaware Valley" and "Autumn Oaks" from the Metropolitan and "Sunshine and Clouds" from the collection of Mr. Evans. So varied in his activities and so eclectic in his inspiration, LaFarge was a difficult man adequately to represent. . . . These men, who typify phases of native art which are already of the past, were closely followed by the two great landscapists of the transition period, Homer D. Martin and Alexander Wyant, who further paved the way for the future and whose work of necessity finds place in the current display. That fine canvas formerly known as "Harp of the Winds" but now called "View of the Seine," is Martin's chief contribution, while from Wyant's more sensitive and poetic brush are three pictures, the most important being "View in County Kerry" which is likewise familiar to visitors at the Metropolitan Museum. With these men closes what may be termed the retrospective section of the display, figures like Albert P. Ryder and Ralph A. Blakelock occupying a place apart. They are both individualists in the extreme sense of the word. Their lives have been passed in isolation, and, though owing much to surrounding influences, works such as Ryder's "Siegfried" and Blakelock's "Moonlight" and "The Pow-Wow" belong to the romantic by-paths of artistic production, not to those broad channels of progress upon which are built the successes of the men of the middle and later periods.

It is obvious that our art did not achieve conscious and characteristic expression until the coming of those two radically opposite but equally national painters, James McNeill Whistler and Winslow

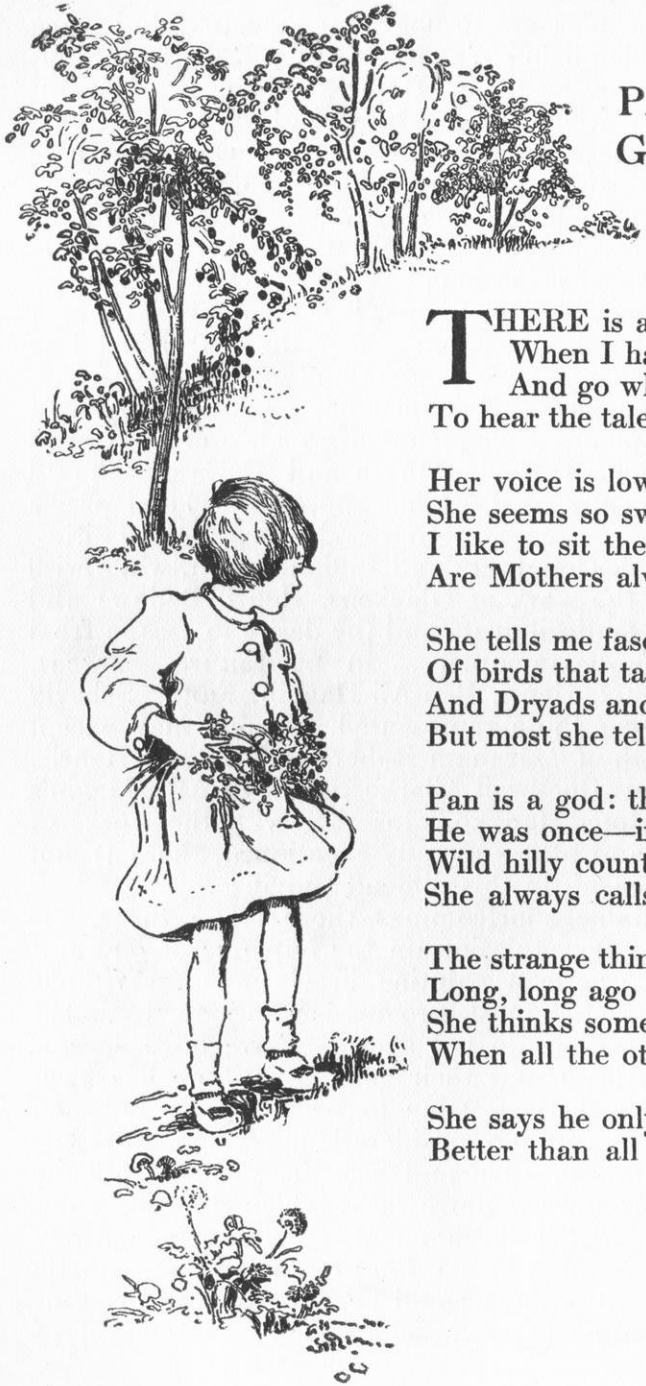
Homer, both of whom are this year introduced to Germany for what is practically the first time. Owing to the liberality of Mr. Freer and Mr. Canfield, the delicate and subjective art of Whistler is being splendidly represented in Berlin and Munich. While it is true that the simultaneous exhibition of some forty-odd Whistlers at the Metropolitan Museum has deprived Mr. Reisinger of several desirable canvases, yet the incomparable "Balcony," "Phryne," "Nocturne—Blue and Silver," and other subjects, supplemented as they are by a number of pastels and etchings, give a fulfilling idea of the subtle magic of a brush which seems never to lose its freshness and appeal. In direct antithesis to the elusive vision of Whistler stands the sturdy objectivity of Winslow Homer. In his marines Homer reaches the apex of his achievement, and of these Germany has the pleasure of seeing four examples, the most important being "The Gulf Stream" from the Metropolitan, and "All's Well" from Boston. Heightened by a sure sense of dramatic effect, the stirring naturalism of Homer's art has not failed to arouse enthusiasm. If in the realm of the spirit Whistler stands first, in the vigorous, visible world the name of Winslow Homer is preëminent in American painting. The one is psychic in essence, the other physical, and neither has as yet been surpassed in his particular province, though each has given his countrymen a legacy which can be traced through many channels of development.

IT WOULD be manifestly pedantic to enumerate all the painters who have been selected for appearance in the Fatherland. Notable among the figure men are Thayer and Brush, who in different ways perpetuate the academic tradition, and Alexander and Dewing who owe not a little to the persuasive spell of Whistler. Each of these latter is represented by characteristic works, Alexander's most typical canvas being the fluent and aristocratic "Portrait of Mrs. Alexander," and Dewing's "Before Sunrise" and "Lady Playing the Violoncello," giving a welcome idea of a vision which is ever refined and tenderly transubstantial. Needless to say, certain of the older men such as Chase and Duveneck, who have done so much for the progress of art in America, have not been overlooked, nor has that brilliant array of expatriates living in Paris or London, including Dannat, Sargent, Harrison, Mary Cassatt, Mark Fisher, Walter Gay, McClure Hamilton and George Hitchcock been in anywise neglected. The sound draughtsmanship, clear tonality and strong characterization of another distinguished internationalist, Gari Melchers, find full scope in his "Mother and Child" and "Portrait of President Roosevelt," both of which were accorded special praise by the German Emperor. There is also a group of still younger men who possess marked Euro-

pean affiliations, and it is a pleasure to note that they, too, find place with the others; among them being Walter McEwen, Robert McCameron, George Elmer Browne, Henry S. Hubbell and the two brilliant and effective newcomers, Richard H. Miller and F. C. Frieseke.

The real strength of the exhibition lies not, however, with these more or less cosmopolitan painters, but with those who, after receiving their Continental training, returned home to face adverse conditions and to achieve their hard-won successes on native soil. While fully sensible to the subdued appeal of the tonalists such as Dewey, Ranger, Minor, Murphy, Tryon and their pendants, it is a matter of record that chief interest attached to the members of the "Ten" and to those in sympathy with their particular aims and efforts. It is only natural that the vibrant glory of Hassam's palette, the clear-toned lyricism of Metcalf, the pictorial eloquence of Reid, and the broad vision and fine handling of Tarbell, Benson and DeCamp, should entitle them to a full measure of Teutonic approval. Equal praise was bestowed upon still newer and more vigorous personalities, notably Redfield, Schofield, Dougherty and Lillian Genth, while with them may be mentioned the work of Glackens, Henri, Bellows and Luks, which is so full of youthful gusto and the desire to escape from the sentimental and the commonplace. In portraiture, Sargent, Chase, Wiles, Cecilia Beaux, Henri, Ben-Ali Haggin, Funk, Schevill and Müller-Ury are among those represented. If one may except Sargent's supple full length of "Graham Robertson," Robert Henri's Portrait of Mrs. William Rockwell Clarke and Ben-Ali Haggin's decoratively conceived "Mme. Hanako," together with the works of Melchers and Alexander and others already mentioned, there is not much of compelling moment in this difficult province.

Despite certain inevitable shortcomings there is on the whole reasonable cause for self-congratulation on the outcome of our first important exhibition of American painting in Germany. Without question, the Germans are the most progressive and open-minded of latter-day Europeans. They do not accept all we have accomplished with equal enthusiasm, but their general attitude has been most gratifying. There is distinct value to be derived from such undertakings as the one here under consideration. American painting is undeniably brilliant, sensitive and eclectic, yet in academic circles there is a tendency toward narrowness which must be combatted if our art is to attain higher development. We have not entirely cast off that provincialism which has so long restricted our æsthetic and intellectual growth, and nothing could be more fruitful or stimulating than regularly submitting our achievements to the test of enlightened foreign opinion.



PAN IN A CHILD'S GARDEN

THERE is a time in every day
When I have had enough of play,
And go wherever she may be
To hear the tales she tells to me.

Her voice is low—her hands are cool:
She seems so sweet and wonderful
I like to sit there at her feet:
Are Mothers always made so sweet?

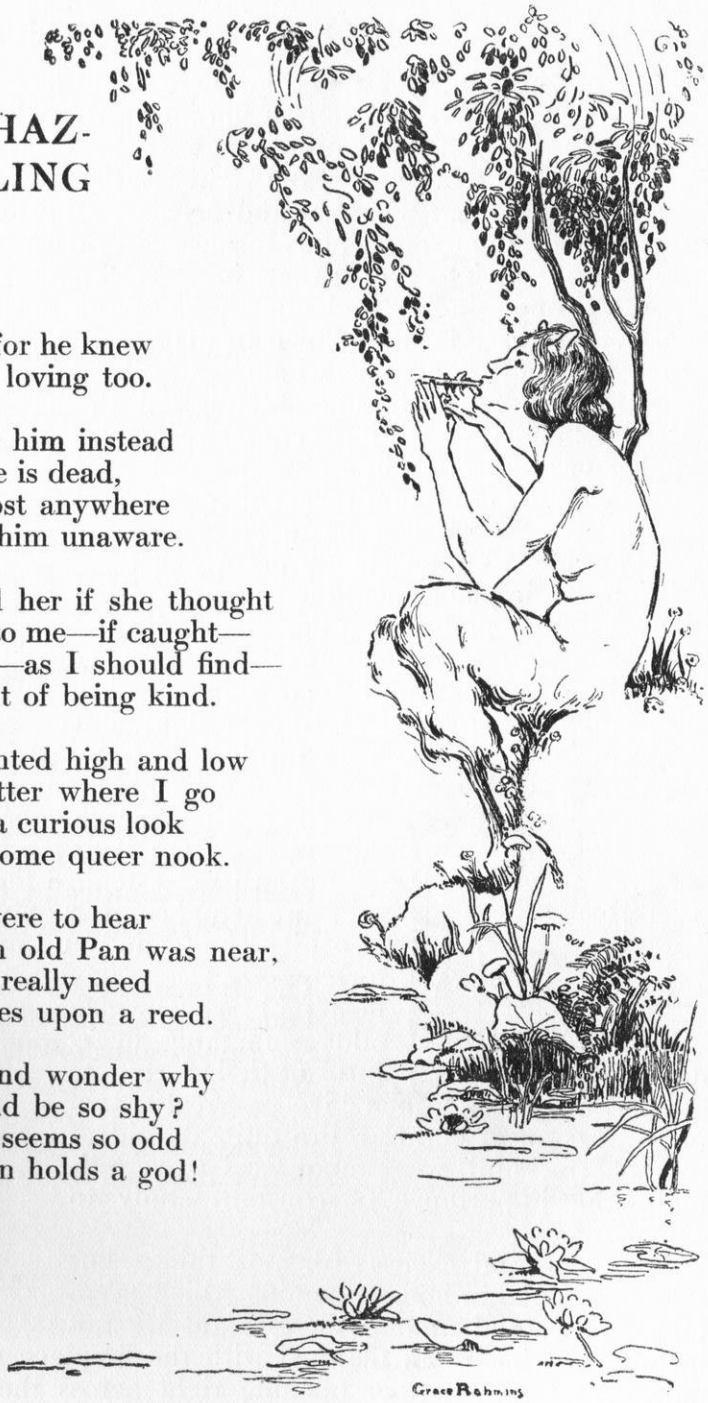
She tells me fascinating things
Of birds that talk and elves with wings
And Dryads and the Shadow-man:
But most she tells me about Pan.

Pan is a god: that is to say
He was once—in a faraway
Wild hilly country by the sea:
She always calls it Arcady.

The strange thing is that though they said
Long, long ago that Pan was dead,
She thinks somehow he still lives on,
When all the other gods are gone.

She says he only asked one thing
Better than all the worshiping—

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING



To be remembered: for he knew
Remembering was loving too.

If you but care for him instead
Of telling people he is dead,
She says that almost anywhere
You may surprise him unaware.

And when I asked her if she thought
He would be kind to me—if caught—
She said that Pan—as I should find—
Quite made a point of being kind.

Since then I've hunted high and low
For Pan. No matter where I go
The garden wears a curious look
Of hiding him in some queer nook.

She said that if I were to hear
Soft laughter—then old Pan was near,
But to be *sure* you really need
Three piercing notes upon a reed.

I search for him and wonder why
A god so old should be so shy?
And all the time it seems so odd
To think my garden holds a god!

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER THREE

OME little repetition here of subject matter which was in "The Art of Building a Home" seems inevitable. We there pointed out that an appreciation of the importance of the right relation to one another of the doors, windows and fireplaces must exist in the mind of anyone who is to succeed in designing a comfortable living room; that in a rectangular room which has one door, one window and one fireplace the most comfortable distribution of these is that shown in diagram one, but that in a room which has more than one window the pleasantest is that shown in diagram two. All will understand that these two diagrams must only be taken as showing general principles capable of application in an infinite variety of ways to endless different forms of rooms, and of course they do not apply to bedrooms, for in a bedroom the bed should occupy just the position the fireplace should occupy in a living room. Rooms planned on the lines indicated in these diagrams are comfortable not only because those who sit round the fires in them are out of the draughts and well in the light, but because they may be free from the apprehension of disturbance caused by other members of the household entering or leaving, and are where they see the room and command the outlook from it to the best advantage.

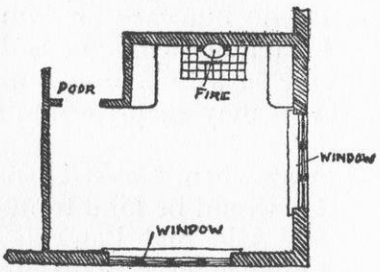


DIAGRAM TWO.

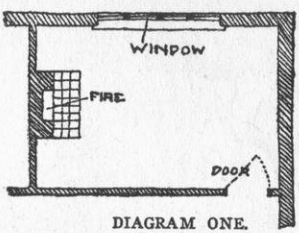


DIAGRAM ONE.

But we must realize that it is not enough to secure actual comfort only, the planner must also give the feeling and appearance of comfort. Some rooms have a welcoming, cheery, hospitable aspect which adds something every day to the sum of happiness of their fortunate users; but others, which give as great actual physical comfort perhaps, are quite devoid of this charm, and we cannot easily overestimate the importance of constant study to gain it.

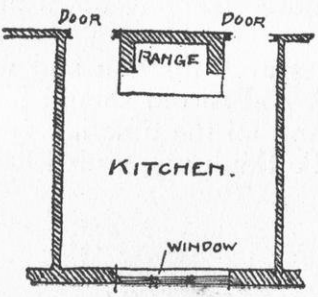
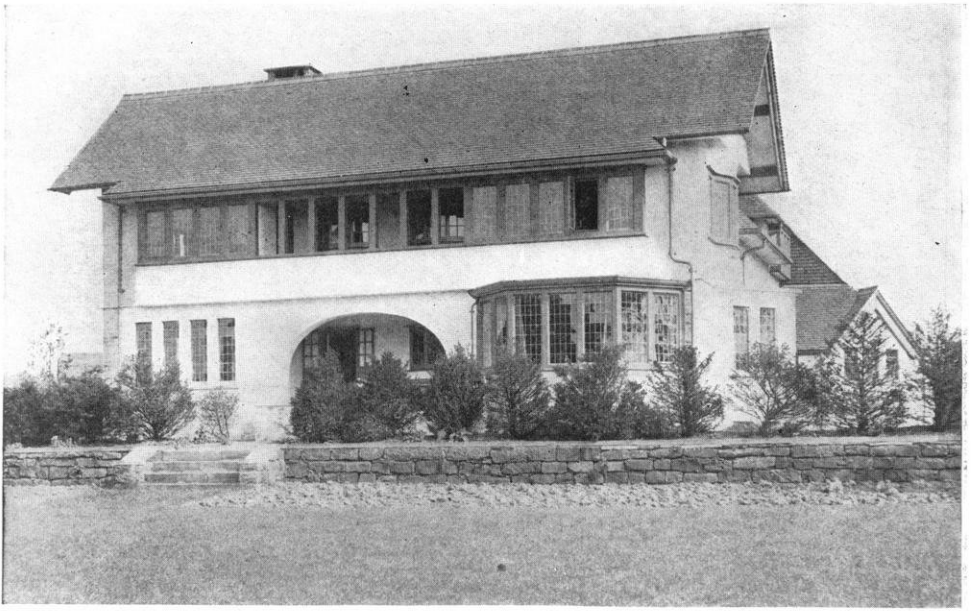


DIAGRAM THREE.

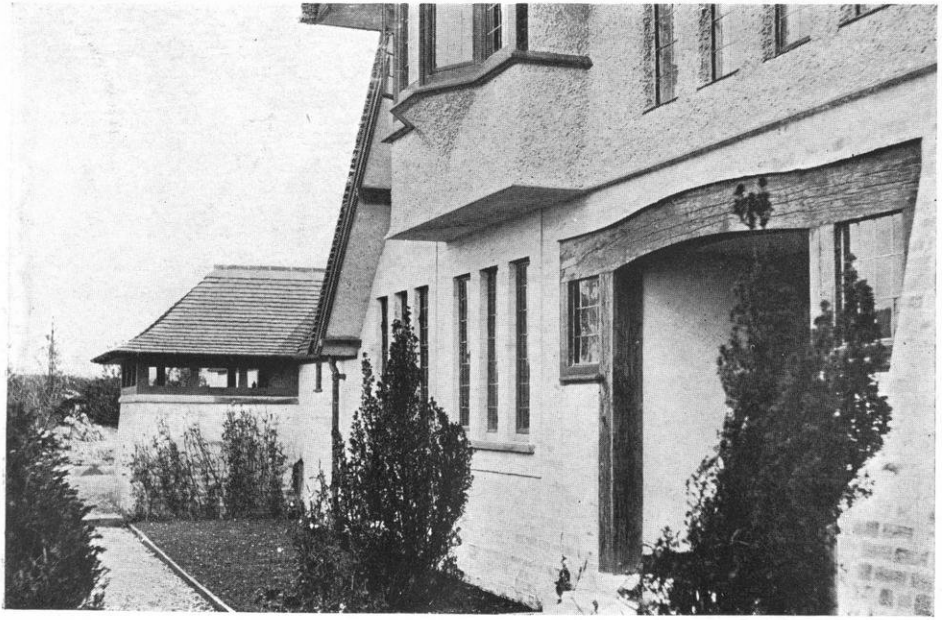
One can find excuses for most things, but there are faults in house planning which seem inexcusable, and among these might we not include a living room planned with the fireplace where the room is darkest, or with a door opening right across the fire? A kitchen



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

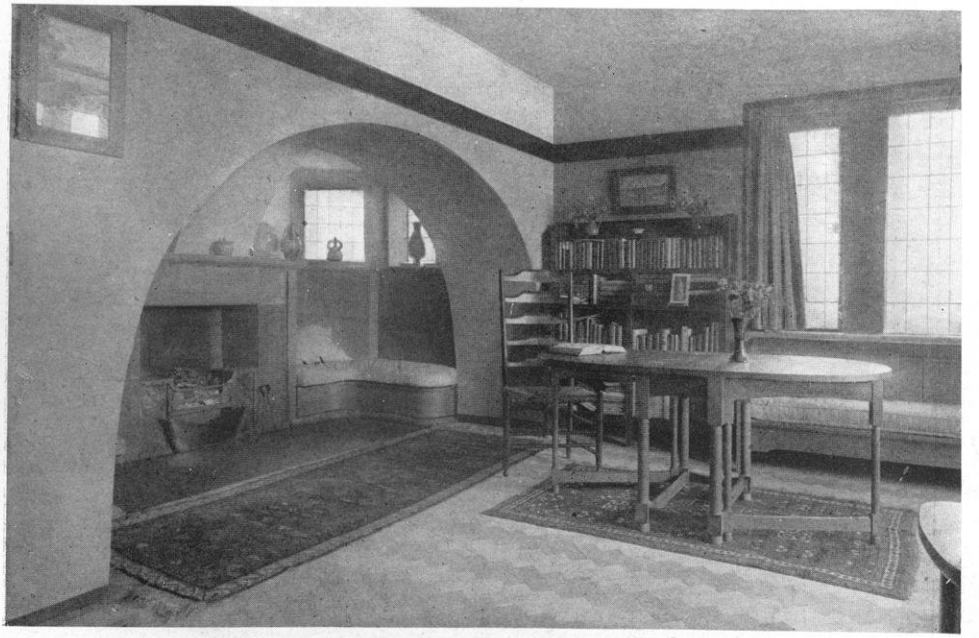
THE HOME OF MR. C. F. GOODFELLOW, AT NORTHWOOD, NEAR STOKE-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND: FRONT VIEW.

REAR VIEW OF MR. GOODFELLOW'S HOUSE, SHOWING HEDGES AND GARDEN.



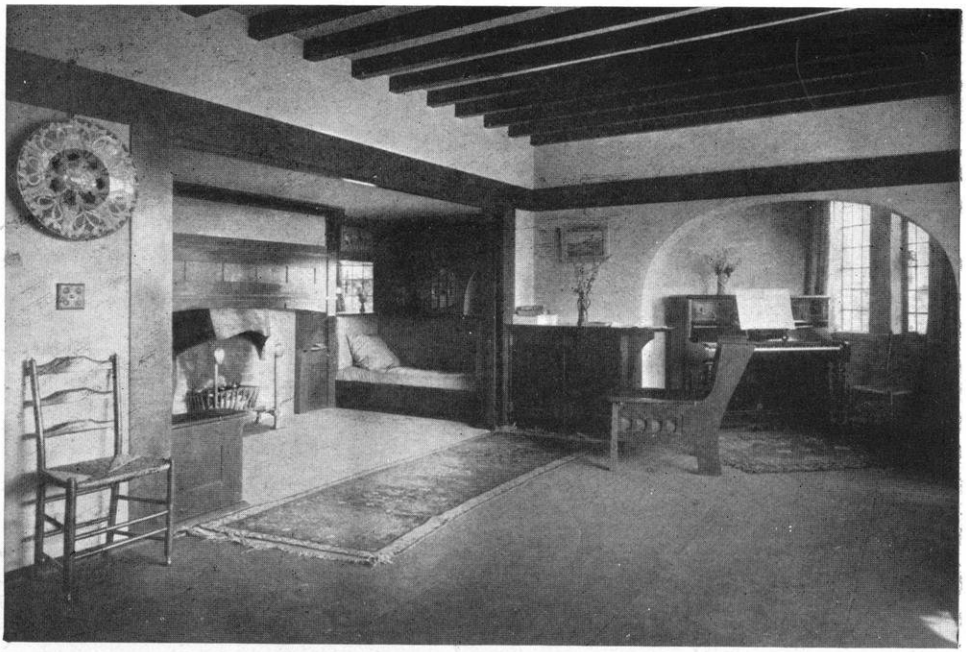
DETAIL OF FRONT ENTRANCE OF MR. GOODFELLOW'S HOUSE.

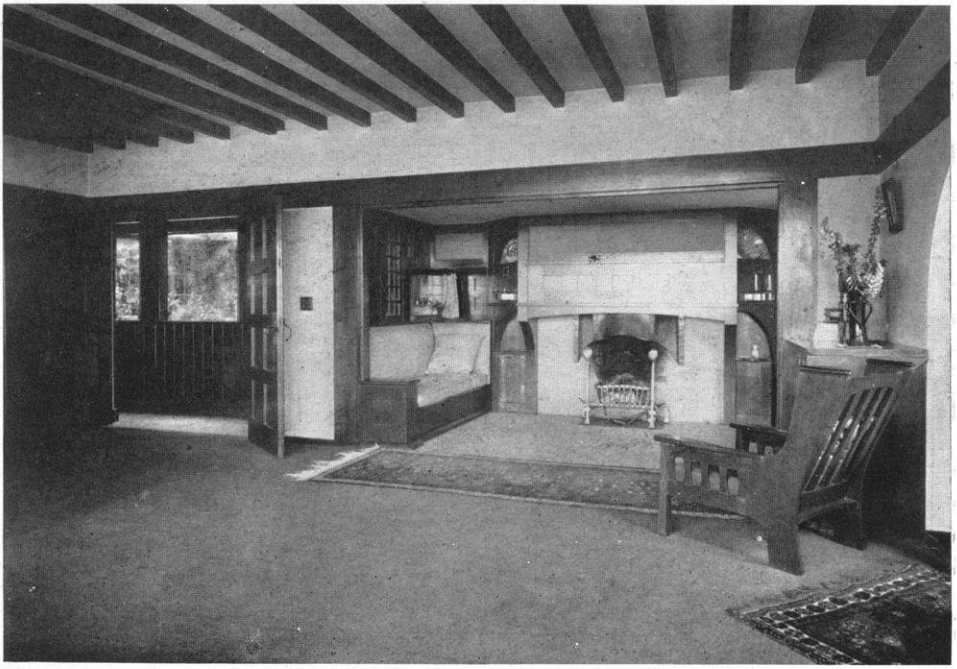
INTERESTING USE OF WOOD IN DOORWAY AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE.



FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING HALL, WITH VIEW OF OPEN COURT.

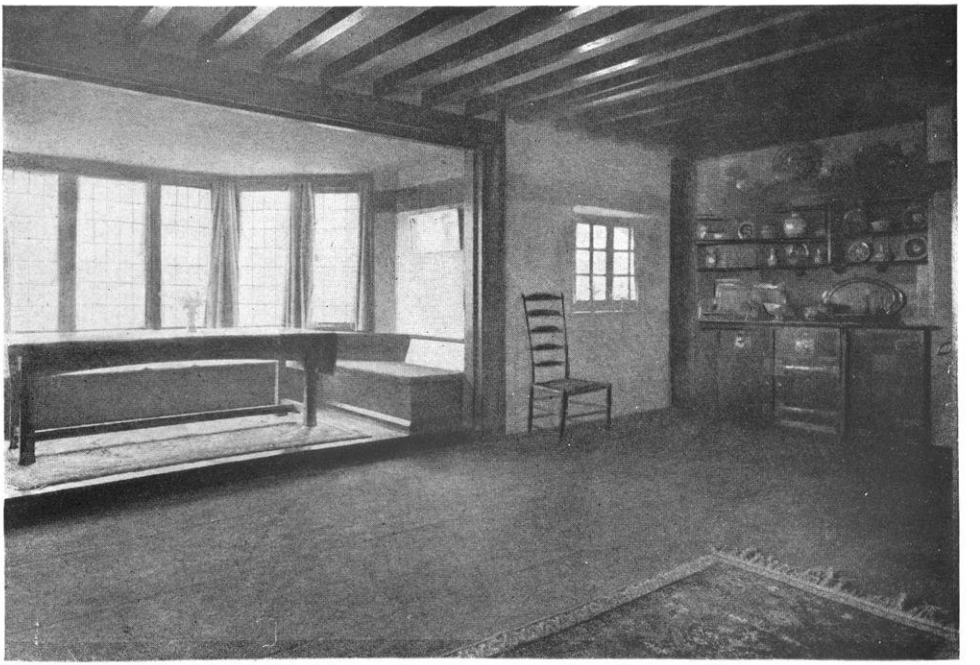
CORNER OF HALL, SHOWING WINDOW AND RECESSED FIREPLACE.





LIVING ROOM, SHOWING BAY WINDOW AND DEEP INGLENOOK.

LOOKING STRAIGHT INTO THE INGLENOOK OF LIVING ROOM, WITH GLIMPSE OF OPEN COURT.



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM, SHOWING BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD.

THE DINING TABLE IS PLACED IN A WINDOWED DINING RECESS, FROM WHICH A FULL VIEW OF THE FIRE IS GAINED.

BEDROOM IN MR. GOODFELLOW'S HOUSE, SHOWING RECESS FOR BED AND INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS.

THE BUILT-IN LOW CUPBOARDS AND PLACE OF DRESSING TABLE IN THIS ROOM ARE VERY ENGLISH.

planned in such a way that the cook will when cooking block out the light that would (were she not there) fall upon the range, or to have doors on each side of the range as shown in diagram three?

There is a common supposition that small rooms are necessarily most economical of space when square in form. For a small bedroom the square form is not the most economical because all the space the bed does not occupy comes to be merely a narrow passageway around it. A room oblong in plan works out much better, for there space is left at the foot of the bed available for dressing in. Neither is the form of room shown in diagram four really necessarily the best for a small dining room, though it is generally taken as a matter of course to be so. Something on the lines indicated in diagram five has many advantages over it. No one sits at the dining table with his back to the fire roasting himself and keeping the heat from the others. No one sits in his own light or where he keeps the light from falling on the table, and the door does not open right behind one of those at the table, but where there is a little space between those at the table.

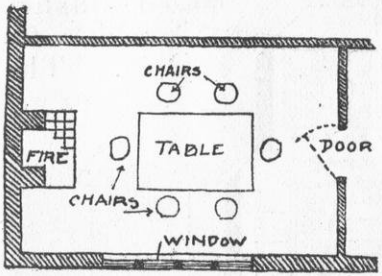


DIAGRAM FOUR.

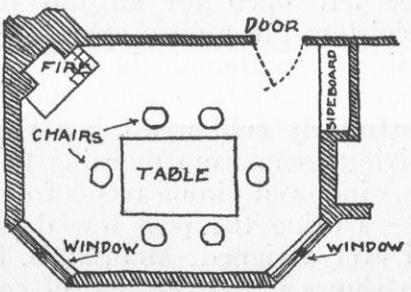
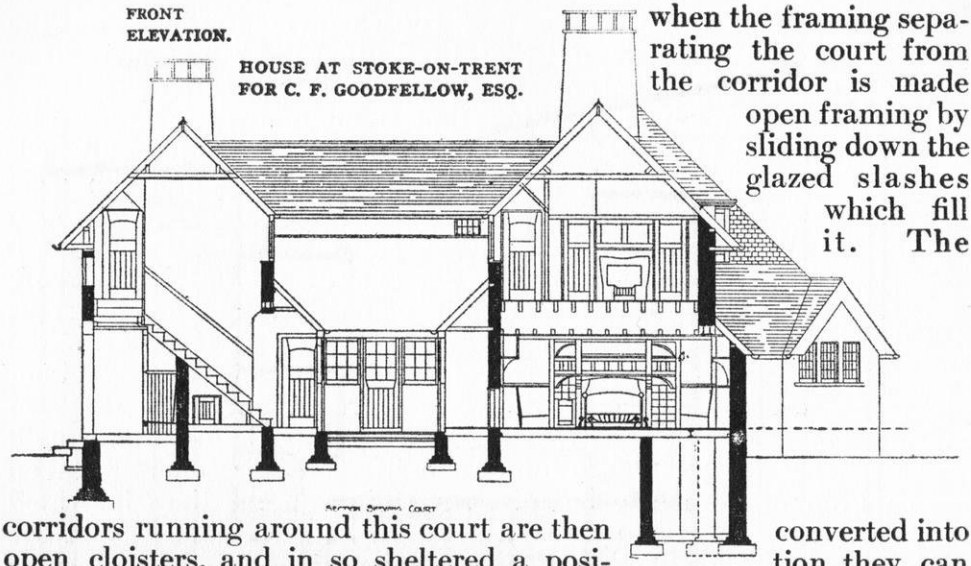


DIAGRAM FIVE.

READERS of "The Art of Building a Home" will be specially interested in the illustrations accompanying this article, because we there described and gave plans of a house designed for a site at Northwood near Stoke-on-Trent, together with reproductions of some of the first of my preliminary sketches for this house, and we are now able to give reproductions of photographs which show what resulted from the carrying out of these plans and sketches. We repeat the plans to explain the photographs and we give a section through the house to show how the court was planned to have the roof sloping down to it on all sides to make sure that light should always flood it, and that it should bring brightness and cheeriness and airiness right into the midst of the house. We have all seen small courts the effect of which was the very reverse of this, and was even one of well-like darkness, and so we realize the importance of avoiding this. I am glad to say the pleasantness of this court was beyond what we hoped it would be when we planned it. This pleasantness is enhanced



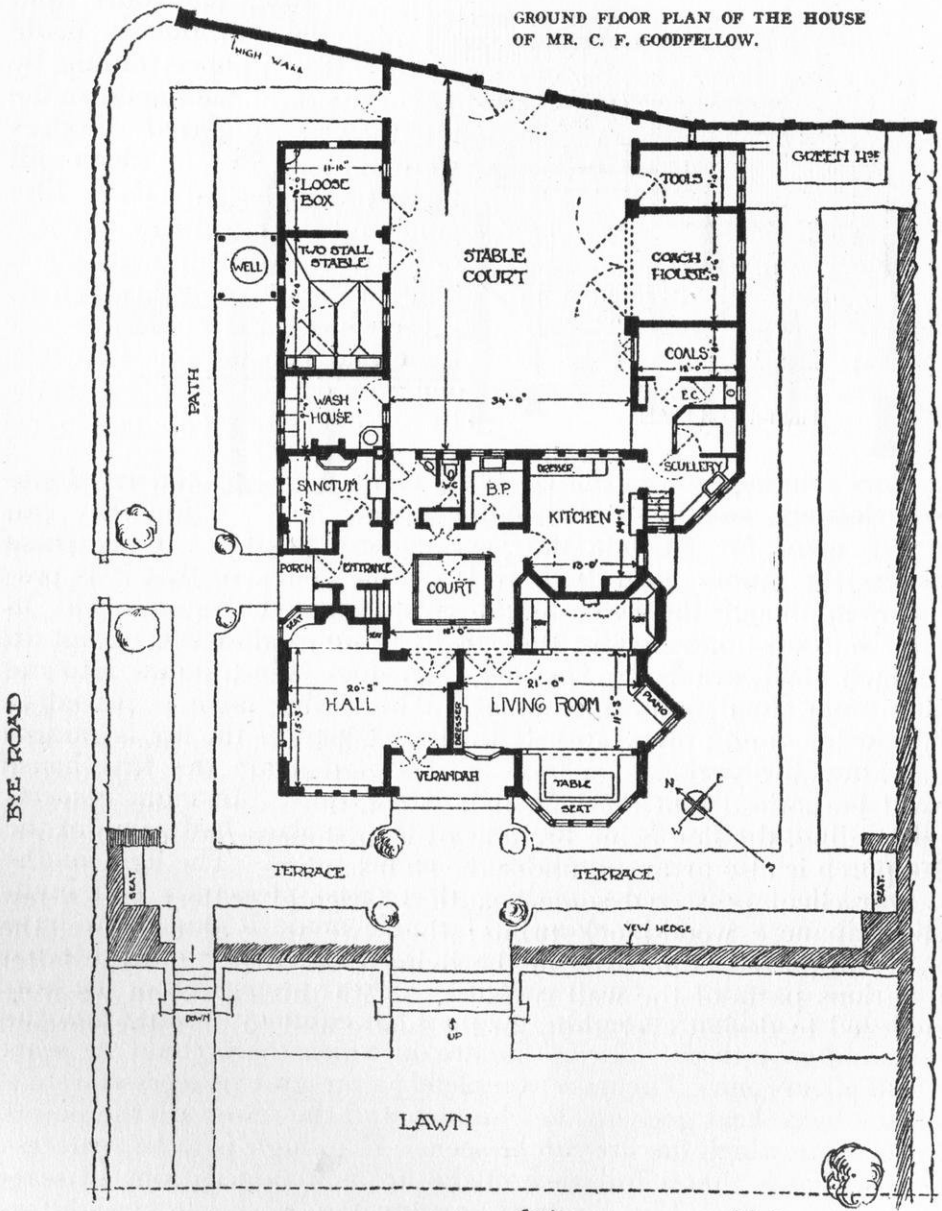
FRONT ELEVATION.

HOUSE AT STOKE-ON-TRENT FOR C. F. GOODFELLOW, ESQ.

when the framing separating the court from the corridor is made open framing by sliding down the glazed slashes which fill it. The corridors running around this court are then converted into open cloisters, and in so sheltered a position they can be left open for all but the very coldest weather. Onto these cloisters the rooms open with wide double doors, so that it is possible, even though the house occupies an exposed site on a hill, to have the rooms open to the fresh air to an unusual extent, except in extremely cold weather. The sun, if it does shine, shines into the living room from morning to night. The dining table is placed in a windowed dining recess from which a full view of the fire is gained.

During the past few days I have visited again the first house I ever designed, Moorlands, Buxton, Derbyshire. In many respects it shows imitative work, of course, but the fireplace had some of the advantages of the ingle fireplaces of olden times. The light of the fire filled the whole recess, making it contrast pleasantly and invitingly with the rest of the room. The ingle made it possible to have the grate standing and the fire burning right out in the room, protected from cross draughts. This resulted in a great proportion of the heat which in an ordinary fireplace goes up the chimney coming into the room, and gave three sides of the fire on which there could be seats instead of only one. The more completely a fire-grate is recessed into a wall the more heat goes up the chimney and the fewer are the points of view from which the fire can be seen. If an ingle is to be a success one essential is that a full view of the fire is obtained from all seats within the ingle. The design is at any rate a simple straightforward one, depending for any charm it might have on frank acknowledgment of the facts of its construction and of its uses. Well, upon my recent visit I discovered that the present owner

GROUND FLOOR PLAN OF THE HOUSE OF MR. C. F. GOODFELLOW.



BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

Scale of Feet
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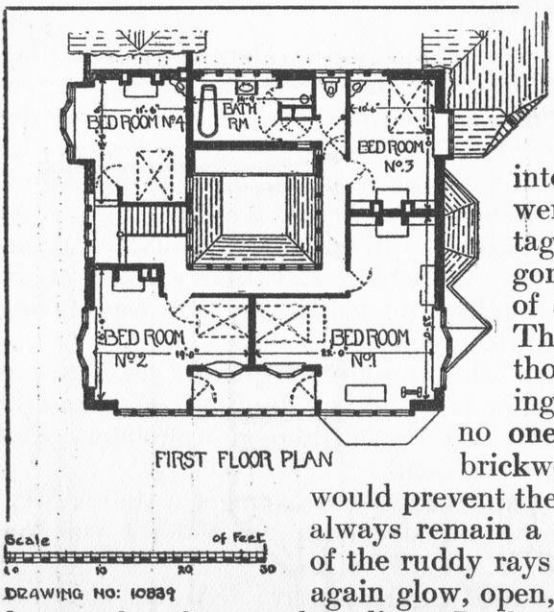


had built out a chimney-breast projecting into this ingle and in this chimney-breast had placed a fire-grate of the ordinary type recessed into the wall. The consequences were that any practical advantages the ingle had before were gone and the effect was only that of a fireplace within a fireplace. The fire could only be seen by those who sat in front of it. The ingle had become one in which no one would ever sit, because the brickwork of the new chimney-breast would prevent their seeing the fire, and it would always remain a dark recess behind the range of the ruddy rays from the fire. It could never again glow, open, spacious and inviting; it had been reduced to an absurdity. In the house at Northwood our effort was to approach our work in the spirit which would prevent our falling into mistakes such as these, for it is all a question of the spirit in which the work is approached. Work done with the object of gaining certain definite advantages of utility or beauty, which one really values and appreciates, is work which if simply, honestly and straightforwardly done generally comes out right. At Northwood it will be noticed that the hall ingle is contrived under the staircase and landing, the flue being brought over in stonework onto the arch. The porch is also arranged under the stair landing.

Our client possessed some beautiful Oriental pottery and a few good Japanese wood-block prints; these we were able to use, the former in glazed cupboards in the living room ingle, and the latter on various parts of the wall surfaces. With this exception we were privileged to design everything in the house and to plan the garden.

THE DINNER PAIL: A STORY: BY LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

T HALF past six o'clock on a December Saturday morning Evy Gilroy was dressing for a day at Taggart and Emslie's pattern counter and an evening at the Royal Arcade Theater. Her small sister Agnes who shared the room with her was still in bed, for Agnes had not yet reached a size that could attain even "workin' 'stificates for th' holidays only." Agnes was not asleep, the vehemence with which Evy had yanked at an unruly bureau drawer had thoroughly aroused her and she was staring with shrewd eyes at Evy's frantic preparations.

"Your rat shows this side," she announced gravely as Evy put down the comb with an exasperated sigh of finality. Evy caught at the hand mirror and scrutinized the cushioned upholstery that loomed above her nervous little forehead.

"Darn!" she snapped, despondently, "if I ever get a dollar fifty-nine ahead I'll buy me a good transfermation and don't you forget it!"

"You'd be a fool to," responded Aggie, sagely; "Annie Halleran was telling me and Meg that up to her store they are selling hardly any; she says they are goin' out entirely and that coronets is goin' to be all th' rage."

"Is that so?" asked Evy, with deep scorn, "did she tell you any other re-cent news?" She paused to suck ruefully at the thumb her belt pin had penetrated. "Gee, and the bunch of cheap folks that mob that store up there! What does she know 'bout style? Why the Cramer girl, you know that one that had all the money left her and that got married to old Anderson's son?—well, she's back from a Paris honeymoon and she was in Taggart's yesterday and I saw her close up—and her hair was pomped—not so high as some, but it was pomped all right." Evy paused a second time, she was pinning an elaborate lace collar underneath her hated black blouse before fastening the stiff little collar prescribed by the store rules, an operation requiring much skill and many pins. "You can tell those Halleran girls that," she ended, contemptuously, "and you can tell 'em that what they think about style or anything else don't cut any——"

"Say," interrupted Aggie, sitting up in bed excitedly as she spied the collar arrangement. "Are you goin' to another show tonight? You've been four Sat'days runnin' this makes!"

Evy smiled, a very tantalizing little smile, and finally laughed outright.

"Did th' Halleran tribe want to know anything about that?" she asked; "you can tell 'em I'm liable to be goin' for some Sat'days

more. If you want to know it, Dan's got regular *sub*-scription seats engaged for the rest of the season, N seventeen and eighteen."

"You certainly did grab Annie's beau all right," giggled Aggie; "goodness knows he hain't worth the fight you two put up, but Annie certainly is madder than mad."

"Dry up!" commanded Evy, shortly, "Annie Halleran's been stuffing you with lies——"

"Shame to you!" cried Mrs. Gilroy from the doorway; "you've no call to be talking against Annie Halleran. I'm 'shamed to meet her mother these days from your carrying on so wid Annie's feller—'nd him so small he can't pertect himself," she added, scornfully.

Evy went red with rage. Danny was a shipping clerk, he could wear his "good" clothes every day and he did not carry a dinner pail, but he looked ridiculously small beside Evy, daughter of big Marty Gilroy, even when she adroitly carried her hat in her hand.

"A man's no call to be a telegraph pole," she flared back, "and Danny hain't always so covered with dirt you can't see whether he's big or little!"

"Well, you've no call to be knocking your father all the time," retorted Mrs. Gilroy, slamming the toast plate before her daughter; "a man can't work all the time and then come home widout a bit of honest dirt to him——"

"Honest dirt!" snorted Evy, jabbing her hat pins through her long-suffering pompadour; "Heaven knows there's enough 'honest dirt' around here all the time and you 'widout' the sense to get out of it." She flounced angrily through the outer door. "You needn't to put by any supper for me, I'll not be home."

And all day long, as she scornfully flipped over the gaudy pages of the fashion journals for the worried devotees of "style," she brooded over the petty morning squabble. As the nervous strain of the day's work increased, her resentment of her mother's interference and Aggie's malicious teasing grew so sharp that she was in a mood of ill-suppressed rage when she met Danny at the great iron gateway of the employee's exit.

Until now she had always charmed him with the sharp gaiety of her "company manners," and he stared in amazement at the petulance of her greeting.

"Tired?" he asked, anxiously.

"Dead to the world!" she snapped; "I'm sick of the whole darned show!"

"Who's jumped on you?" he demanded, promptly.

She laughed a little at the shrewdness of his query.

"Oh, nobody in the joint," she said, with a backward nod of her

head to the building behind them. "It's just up to the house. Ma picks on me and picks on me."

She was still grumbling over the querulous plaint of her wrongs when they turned through the shabby doorway of the tawdry little eating house.

"I'm sick of being treated like a kid," was the burden of her wail. "Ma acts as if I was a dog sometimes—I'm getting dead sick of the whole thing, I am."

Danny leaned across the imitation marble top of the table and put an apologetic hand on the much-manicured fingers that were beating out an angry little tune with the salt cellar.

"Evy," he protested, "don't get a grouch on the old lady. It's a hard life our mothers gets—since mine's gone I get 'most crazy thinkin' about it sometimes—women has th' hard time."

"They 'has'," mimicked Evy; "they certainly 'has,' if they 'hasn't' the sense to take care of themselves or else find somebody decent to do it for 'em." She tossed her head impatiently. "They don't have to tie up to the first guy that comes along and then keep a-saying 'thank you' all their lives every time they get hit in the head."

All through the evening in "N seventeen" of the Royal Arcade Theater he sat with a proprietary arm over the back of "N eighteen." He was not thinking about the play, he was pondering over Evy. Until tonight she had always seemed to him a radiant being who moved in a happier sphere than mere work-a-day man. A dull pity for her sorrows possessed him, a pity that roused a daring hope. He straightened his shoulders manfully and grinned.

She sighed as they stepped out into the snowy dampness of the night.

"It was an elegant show," she said, politely; "I think she was ever so much grander than she was last week in 'Trilby'. I'll bet," she added slyly, "she'll be simply great next week in 'East Lynne'."

"Will you go?" he asked, promptly, "I got th' seats reserved regular, you better use 'em."

Evy smiled into the swirling storm.

"I might if I don't find a better fellow," she replied as Danny tucked his arm protectingly through hers. They were loitering carelessly under the entrance portico, an elaborate structure of stucco and tin, when Evy spied Annie and Meg Halleran with their gawky brother as escort pushing their way from the narrow doorway that served as the balcony exit. She grinned with malicious sweetness. Danny's embarrassed touch to his hat brim provoked Annie's noisy mirth.

"Look who's here!" she cried out; "hang onto him, don't let him get away or you might lose him; th' little thing gets lost easy!"

"Gee, she's awful sore on me," Evy remarked with guileless innocence, "and her and my mother's cousins, too."

Danny stood in chagrined silence.

"Annie's all right," he answered, nervously; "I used to be good friends with her—she was just kiddin' me—she was always kiddin' me—it wasn't you she was knockin'——" he ended, feebly.

"Take it if you want it," said Evy, shortly; "I'll get enough more of the same all right, when I get home."

Danny stopped and drew her into the shelter of the drug store's gleaming vestibule.

"Evy," he said, huskily, "you don't have to go back and take their lip unless you say so. You and me can hike over to Jersey and—and——" his voice quavered with excitement. "I suppose that sounds dead crazy to you, but I—I been thinkin' about it this long time back and didn't have th' nerve to ask you. They can't kick on your goin' out with me if—if you're married," he laughed nervously and his voice grew deeper, "I'll be good to you, Evy, always, I will, and you can take it good and easy—I'm getting twenty-eight now—and I—I'm dead gone on you," he ended, pleadingly.

"I don't know," whispered Evy, "I——"

She stared into the storm, her thoughts were whirling like the snowflakes. She was no longer young, her little dreams of romance were tucked away in the long ago days when she had lived through a heart-aching "crush" for a frock-coated floor manager, and the deadly monotony of behind-counter life stretched before her appallingly. That Danny—Danny who in her own parlance was "Annie's mash being strung along for a good thing"—that Danny actually wanted to marry her—that was the stupendous unexpected.

"Will you?" he asked, breathlessly.

She looked at him, startled by the intensity of his tone. Again she felt that tremor of fright that she had experienced earlier in the evening. A vague sense of unfairness, toward what she could not have told, made her hesitate. Her voice quivered.

"Are you sure you want me?" she faltered; "are you sure?"

"Dead sure," whispered Danny, gravely, "dead sure, Evy."

The first weeks of their life together passed like a child's holiday. Evy luxuriated in the first real idleness of her life. Their "light housekeeping rooms" seemed to her the very heaven of elegance and the money Danny so willingly gave into her hands every Saturday she spent with a joyous prodigality that seemed to him altogether delightful.

Afternoons she dressed herself in her new finery and sauntered about the stores as a resplendent customer, gossiping with her old friends behind the counter when the floor manager had passed by. One red-letter day she flounced haughtily into the "Gates Hair Emporium" and nonchalantly bought a "seven dollar and ninety-eight cents, twenty-seven-inch, extra quality Maxine coronet," which the trembling fingers of her erstwhile rival were forced to adjust under the pompous supervision of the proprietor.

These were the days of Evy Noonan's pride, the pride whose very arrogance brought light to her dancing eyes and smiles to her thin lips. Her quarrelsome family, in the reflected light of their daughter's rise in the social scale of Shonnard street, forgot their former grievances against her and exulted in her pretty airs of condescension.

"She's a regular high stepper and no mistake," chuckled her father; "I meets her tonight goin' to the office wid a feather as long as your arm to her hat—'Good evenin', Mis' Noonan,' says I, winkin' to th' boys. 'Good evenin', Mister Gilroy', says she, sassin' me back, cutelike. And bye and bye she comes along back wid th' boy wid her. He's all right if he is small," ended Marty, reflectively, "and certainly dead stuck on Evy. Looked as solemn as a church over it."

Danny looked as "solemn as a church" for many nights to come, for that was the night when Danny lost his job. Though he searched unceasingly there seemed to be no other job. Evy no longer tripped gaily about the shops. The old lines of worry and discontent were creeping back into her face and for whole days she scarcely spoke to Danny. For Evy had no patience with adversity and professed a fine scorn for "luck."

"Luck!" she sneered, when Danny with buoyant faith in the next day insisted that it was all a "chancy thing"; "folks make me sick and tired always talkin' about 'luck!' What am I goin' to eat tomorrow? Your luck?"

And then it was that Danny rose up and went out into the night, leaving her to fret and fume until she had cried herself to sleep. It was long after midnight when he came back and woke her with his little rollicking laugh.

"Your father's the grand man," he cried out, joyously. "I was chasin' around with my grouch and I meets him on th' corner and he stops me and gets me to tell him what a mut I've been and then he chases me up to Hanan's house and gets me a job!"

Evy sat up in astonishment. She pulled her gaudy kimono over her cheap bridal laces and stared.

"I didn't know pa had any pull there," she said, stupidly.

"You can just bet pa has a pull," sighed Danny, contentedly; "he's goin' to stop for me in the mornin,' we'll be goin' up together."

"What makes you go so early?" she asked, "th' office don't go down till eight. There's no use your hangin' around th' yards till an hour."

"I'll be hangin' around th' yard nine hours," said Danny; "it's not in the office I'll be."

"And you'll be in the yards?" gasped Evy. "You went and took a dirty job in the yards?"

He could not understand the sudden flood of anger that she let loose. He could not realize that it was not simply a definite outburst against Danny Noonan; but that it was the accumulated rage of years, the foolish shame of a girl for her father's humble occupation; the pitiful, unreasoning resentment of a woman against the lines of caste that manual labor meant to her. He could only grasp at one concrete thing, that constantly her teeth clicked over one word, an insulting reiteration of "lit-tle—lit-tle" until he could endure it no longer and burst forth.

"Little am I? I was big enough—you were glad to get me a few weeks back!"

"And a fool I was!" she snapped; "I thought you had th' makin's of a gentleman, but you're like all th' rest! Fit to be some decent fellow's slave!"

"I'm no more a slave in th' yards nor I was in th' office," he answered in amazement; "it's decent work and it's decent pay!"

"Decent!" Evy snorted. "Decent! You talk like an old woman! If you think it's so decent I 'spose next you'll be gettin' a pick and gettin' down in th' trench—or maybe you can get you one of them fine jobs on a swill wagon—seein' you're so ambitious! You'll be th' elegant lookin' little shrimp when you get into jeans and trot off with your dinner pail!"

"Evy Gilroy!" he cried, desperately; "shut your mouth or I'll shut it for you! Your own father carried a dinner pail these years to feed you and I'll do the same by you, but I'll take no more of your lip this night!"

Frightened by the queer gleam in his eyes she let her tirade die away in muttered grumbling, grumbling that slid into trailing bits of speech like a tired child that will not stop its fretting.

He was gone when she awoke in the morning, but all through the day she brooded sullenly. The few tasks she might have busied herself about she deliberately neglected; she did not even dress herself, but cuddled, wrapped in her kimono, in a chair by the window, idly watching the children in the street below.

When she heard Danny coming she fled obstinately to the bedroom and buried her face in the pillows.

"Where'd you put yourself, kiddo?" he called, cheerfully; "where'd you get to?" and he stumbled into the dark room, shielding the lighted match in his hand. When he had lighted the gas he went over and tugged at her shoulder gently. "Let's shake th' grouch," he said, tenderly; "I dropped mine. Come on, let's cut it out! Gee, what you got for supper? I could eat any old grub!"

The more she pouted and grumbled, the louder he laughed. At length he pulled her out of her pillows, set her on the floor and kissed her resoundingly.

They ate their supper in awkward silence. It was not until she began to drop the spoons noisily into the pan that she spied the shining object he had half hidden among the gaudy couch cushions. Behind his paper he was watching her anxiously. She dropped the pan with an abrupt bang and crossed the room hurriedly.

A moment later a very new dinner pail went hurling through the window to the street below and Danny and Evy Noonan took up their quarrel again with all the intensity of their young souls.

The weeks that followed were filled with nights of ceaseless bickering and days of sullen brooding. All the little griefs and grudges with which Evy Gilroy had fretted away her girlhood, all her disgust for the distasteful occupations into which poverty had forced her, were lost in her anger at this one great blow to her pride. She felt she had been cruelly cheated, that she had been unfairly tricked; she had given all her prettiness and smartness to a man who pretended to be Danny Noonan, shipping clerk, but who was really only Danny Noonan, laboring man.

This new Danny Noonan, a sturdy little figure in jeans, dusty shoes and slouch hat, with his dinner pail on his arm, seemed to her a daily insult.

In some blind, unreasoning way, his greatest crime was the fact that he felt no shame in that pail—the outward sign of his degradation. From the night when she had sent it flying into the street she had hated it with all the intensity that an angry woman can cherish toward a thing inanimate.

Mornings she taunted him bitterly while he clumsily tucked great slices of bread and meat into it. Evenings, if he chanced to put the pail on the table she would brush it angrily to the floor and scold over the "dirty, cluttering tin." Sundays she affected great pity for the trial it must be to him to leave it behind him.

Under the steady insolence of her constant scorn a far better man than poor Danny Noonan might have been driven to desperate lengths,

but in some mysterious way the great love that he bore her made him pity her unreasoning rage.

And vague memories of the pride that had made his struggling mother keep him in shoes when other little urchins scampered joyously barefoot, made him realize that the "looks of the thing" meant far more to the heart of poor, foolish womankind than the mind of man could comprehend.

Evy's flimsy attempts to hide their discord from her family amounted to so little that she found a fresh impetus for her rancour in their open sympathy for Danny.

In his blundering way, Marty Gilroy, his great heart aching for his foolish daughter and his manly sense of justice roused at the manifest suffering of Danny, tried to smooth things over.

"Don't mind her too much, Danny," he faltered, "she got a bit fussy working in th' swell places she did. Just plain folks like us fret her. You see me and her ma spoiled her some—her bein' our first. So's if you'd just humor her like——"

Danny turned his head away and spoke thickly.

"Lord knows I have," he said, "It's a-makin' it worse, too. I guess we just got to scrap it out—but, gee— it's the divil!"

"It's hell, a thing like that is," answered Marty, solemnly. He stopped in the middle of the street and put his hand on Danny's arm. "Boy," he said, wistfully, "it's askin' a lot, but maybe it would help some if I knew—what's she set on? I know her—she's set on somethin'—what is it?"

Danny laughed mirthlessly.

"She's set on nothing," he said, shortly, "she's set agin some thing."

"What?" demanded Marty.

Danny lifted his dinner pail and sighed.

"It's this," he said, grimly.

And Marty Gilroy, brave soul, laughed with his rare but hearty laughter.

"Lord love us, lad!" he said, "Wid her mother 'twas me pipe!"

"Pipe!" gasped Danny.

"Old Dugan's son Jack that married her sister was smokin' se-gars," chuckled Marty, "and me—well, I liked me pipe. An' many a one we broke between us! An' to think I'd forgot it all these twenty years! Danny, you'll have to wait till it senses itself to her. There hain't no other way about it wid women. You can talk it out easy and square wid a man, but wid a woman—she's got to sense it herself. An' she'll sense it the queerest way—ways you and me couldn't see into—suddenlike sometimes and sometimes slow

like—but turrible easy when she does it! Don't you fret, boy, don't you fret."

But Danny did fret, he fretted out his very soul in these trying days. For over and over there was borne in on his consciousness the fact that Evy did not really care for him, that she had only married him "to better herself."

He plunged into his new work with an intensity that startled his foreman. He pored over the books that sympathetic man advised. He was no stupid cog in the great machinery of the "yards" was Danny, he was a man, a man stirred deeply by the ambitions of a woman he had doggedly determined should care.

By some delicious freak there came into that dreary February a delectable, springlike day, a day so deceptively fair that all humanity felt itself stirred by the recollection of summer joys and a disgust for the unprofitable monotony of things urban. Danny and Evy were but a small, small part of the great throng that swarmed beachward to stroll along the ugly seaside streets down to the great bulkhead that ended the boulevard.

They leaned over the parapet like the rest, alternately gazing out over the water or looking back at the shining line of motors drawn up at the head of the drive.

Evy watched the women in the tonneaus jealously.

"If I rode in one of them automobiles," she said, fretfully, "I'll bet I'd get myself up somehow. There's plenty of cute bonnets they could wear instead of those veils. They certainly isn't any style to tying your head up like the toothache."

"They certainly haven't nothing on you for looks," responded Danny, gallantly.

Evy made no answer. She was eyeing the occupants of the car that had stopped directly back of them. To her amazement the young man who was clambering over the steps was greeting Danny with a friendly,

"Hello, Noonan! Some day, isn't it!" and was actually lifting his hat to her. Even before she could respond with a dazed nod she was staring at the pretty young woman he was helping over the step.

"Dan," she whispered, excitedly, "it's that Miss Cramer—with all the money—that married old Anderson's son——" but her bit of gossip died away unheeded for the pair had advanced to the edge of the bulkhead where the former Miss Cramer leaned far out over the railing taking long, delighted sniffs of the salty air.

The two men talked a moment, then young Anderson turned easily to his wife.

"Ruth," he said, "this is Mr. Noonan, *the* Mr. Noonan."

"I don't know whether I'm glad to meet you or not," said Mrs. Anderson, holding out her hand, "You've made Jack altogether too fond of you."

Evy turned from the trio with awkward reluctance. She felt a soft touch on her arm.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Anderson, "that I've met you, too, Mrs. Noonan, only I can't just think where."

"I used to be at Taggart's before I was married," blurted Evy and bit her lips over this needless betrayal.

"Then I guess we're both haughty brides, aren't we?" laughed Ruth. "Isn't it the grandest day? Don't you just love it?"

"Yes," said Evy in vague discomfort.

"Were you going to walk along the sand?" persisted the girl. "We were, only I suppose now Jack has a man to talk to he's quite forgotten me. We might stroll along just to see if they'd notice us," and so Evy let herself be carried along, pride and resentment struggling in her silly heart and her sulkiness betraying itself in her thin lips.

"Aren't men the dearest?" babbled little Mrs. Anderson, "look how chummy they get right away and you and I as stiff as sticks because we don't know each other! But then that's not fair to us, either," she added, ingenuously, "because they did know each other before. Jack is so fond of Mr. Noonan!"

Evy's eyes turned upon the girl beside her in startled amazement.

"He thinks he's one of the brightest men in the yards," went on the soft voice, "night after night I have to listen to 'Noonan—Noonan—Noonan!' Reckon I'm jealous of Mr. Noonan sometimes! You see they have their lunch together most days."

Evy's eyes opened wider, she could hardly tell what the little lady beside her was saying.

"*Had lunch together!*"

Evy went on stammering stupid yesses and noes while the voice chattered on.

"Dear me, isn't it the worst thing, putting up lunches! I've ransacked about twenty cook books trying to find new kinds of sandwiches! Once I made some lovely sounding nut ones that Jack perfectly loathed, he said if it hadn't been for Mr. Noonan's pail he would have starved. I guess, Mrs. Noonan, you must be cleverer at it than I am."

"I guess not," stammered Evy.

"I guess yes," contradicted Mrs. Anderson, merrily. "You're just modest about it. I'm not. I'm blatantly proud of my sandwich ability. I think I could write a book about them, and lately," she confided with a bridelike importance, "when it's very cold I put up

a hot lunch and take it down at noon." She nodded her head sagely. "I think hot things are much better for them. And then, too," she laughed infectiously, "I think the yards are wonderful."

"Wonderful?" echoed Evy stupidly.

"Do you know," said Ruth, putting her hand impulsively on Evy's arm, "I never was brought up decently in some ways, my father is disgracefully lazy and all my life long there was something I wanted terribly, I couldn't explain it, I just wanted it. And the first time Jack took me down to the yards I knew what it was—it was that!" Her eyes shone roguishly. "Of course I know a lot of it is caring about our particular man—but somehow the tremendous bigness of seeing them all working together, making such wonderful, powerful things! Oh, it must be beautiful to be a man and do things —big things like that! Don't you think so?"

"I—guess so," said Evy uneasily.

"But then," went on the voice, "it's rather nice being a girl and seeing it all and helping a little bit—of course not in an important way like men—but some. It's all part of the game Jack says. I like calling living the game, don't you? They actually do miss us!" she ended, abruptly, "that's Jack's whistle."

"How dreadful of me to have chattered so," she said after they had walked back silently, "Do forgive me, Mrs. Noonan, the ocean just runs away with my tongue some days."

"It's all right," said Evy, slowly, "I don't mind. I guess I—I guess he wants you should hurry," she ended, lamely.

"I guess," laughed Mrs. Anderson, "you see we borrowed my dad's car and we've got to get it back to him before five." She held out her hand in warm friendliness when they parted. "Good-bye," she said, "it's very nice to know you." And then she smiled, that slow adorable smile that brought a queer choking feeling to Evy's throat.

"Good-bye," said Evy.

All the way home in the crowded train Evy's thoughts lingered around the smile and joyous cadences of the voice. After a time the easy phrases began to recur in her mind and she frowned, a puzzling frown of bewilderment.

"The big things men do—the game——"

And then it was that the blessed light of understanding began to creep into Evy Noonan's heart. It did not come with blinding force, it came with quiet peace, stealing little by little into her selfish soul.

She was strangely silent all through the evening and far into the night she lay puzzling and thinking, groping through this strange new labyrinth of ideas. She was too bewildered to grasp it all, she

had for the first time in her life, the curious sensation of seeing herself as somebody else; she was like a bedtime child patiently sorry for the deed its naughty little daytime self had done.

In the flood of thoughts that swept her along Evy flared back in anger and resentment.

"If she'd grubbed along like my folks and me," she thought, hotly, "she wouldn't think things so——" but in the midst of this there came back the memory of the smile and the deep contented tones of the voice.

"*And Jack is so fond of Mr. Noonan!*" They liked him down there! They did not despise him! And suddenly, tired from the maelstrom of thought, she dropped asleep.

She woke early with an unaccustomed sense of coming back to something pleasant. She rose quietly and went out into the living room.

In the corner beside his heavy work boots lay the dinner pail. She went over and picked it up with a laugh.

All through breakfast Danny stared at her.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded.

"Nothin'," she answered, demurely.

And when he had finished his coffee he began spreading great slices of bread and stacking them awkwardly together. She watched him, her eyes brimming with fun like a mischievous child.

For some inconsequent reason her laughter hurt him more than her scorn.

"It's funny, hain't it?" he said bitterly, and all the light of joy went out of her face. She got up abruptly and went over to the window where she stared out into the street through her hurt tears.

He crossed the room heavily, jerked the pail from the floor and banged it down on the table. The cover flew off with a clang. For a moment as he stared down into the pail at the food she had so deftly tucked into it he could not realize what had happened.

Then suddenly his voice rang out.

"Evy! Evy!" he cried. "What ever came over you to do it?"

She turned very slowly, this strange, new Evy and stood, her hand on her heart, looking across the room at him. An ineffable peace possessed her soul, she smiled dreamily through her tears, all the new-found wisdom of the night lending sweetness to her voice.

And then came the miracle.

"Gettin' to care, Danny," she said, simply.

IRVING R. WILES: DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTER

NE of the many interesting things in the work of Irving R. Wiles is that just as you have thoughtfully and satisfactorily catalogued it you come across a fresh canvas entirely along new lines, telling you an invigorating story of an ever-enlarged interest in life and an ever-increasing grasp of a sound and intelligently handled technique. You had perhaps thought of him first and foremost as a painter of artists' portraits, portraits that from their essential values have become a part of the record of the growth of portrait painting in America, and you have found in these portraits—the greatest of them—that he was most interested in portraying the men and women of achievement, those who were contributing to the progress of art in America. This is true to such an extent that he has been called the artists' painter, but it would be equally true to call him the actors' painter, remembering his portrait of Julia Marlowe and that masterpiece of portraiture, Mrs. Gilbert.

Yet many who know Mr. Wiles' painting best turn to his presentation of youth, and there indeed you have a fresh phase of his art, just as convincing and just as sincere. His children are full of charm. The very technique he employs in painting them is more joyous, the color fresher, "younger," than in his delineation of mature life. There is a seemingly all-unconscious exuberance in his canvases of young people that stirs the imagination, and your response is immediate, not only to the artist's accomplishment but to childhood itself, to the young days, your own and all others. And yet in these paintings of boys and maidens there is never for a moment the faintest suggestion of sentimentality. The charm lies in the truth about life which is shown and in the artist's power to present it with a certain golden freshness and profound understanding. The wholesome realities of life are depicted in Mr. Wiles' canvases, the gladness of childhood, the dignity of age and the glory of good work. You feel that Mr. Wiles sees these things before all others in life. He helps you to see them, and, even if you are a critic, in spite of yourself, you rejoice with him that such things are true. And if your experiences in life have given you romance as well as sorrow, you respond to the fine philosophy of life which touches all the art of this man as swiftly as you respond to the art itself.

Perhaps this sounds a little elaborate. If so, it is an injustice to Mr. Wiles, for his work first of all suggests simplicity, simplicity of feeling, simplicity of expression. He presents no intricate symbolism in his work, no revelation of a nature complicated beyond power to

express its thought. Mr. Wiles' mind, on the contrary, is evidently as serene as his methods of painting are frank. And you are very grateful to him for this, for the temptation today to bewilder an audience by a rapid-fire presentation of a befogged effort at symbolism is one that some of our young artists find it impossible to resist. Undoubtedly the man troubled with great imagination must sometimes see beyond his power of expression, but the difficulty is that so often he is willing to fumble in his technique because he has not yet learned to see clear and to master his imagination and make it a part of the great equipment of his art. And the public is likely to fall into that very heedless attitude (especially is it a pitfall for the critic) of fancying that the man whose method of expression is clear and fluent is lacking in the subtler qualities of imagination. We have let ourselves believe that imagination must be a vague and ponderous thing rather than a vital quality which shall help a man to see all of life vividly and to record it clearly; whereas the real mystery of the imagination is that it has the power to stimulate vision. For the sake of the right progress of art we should cease to regard the tangled and the formless in art as expressive of vast heights of genius, and demand something greater than a self-absorbed artist, a bewildered onlooker and art as a victim of so-called symbolism.

In Mr. Wiles' frank simplicity we feel a deep-laid purpose. He has found the ideals of art in the realities of life—real people, young and old, workers mainly, these have furnished him sufficient inspiration for a life of ceaseless activity. It is interesting to note the extent to which the world is ready to respond to this sane joyous wholesomeness in art. For years Mr. Wiles has been a member of the National Academy of Design in New York. He has had many prizes from the Society of American Artists as well as from the Academy. He has received medals from Chicago in eighteen hundred and ninety-three, from Buffalo in nineteen hundred and one, from the Universal Exposition in Paris in nineteen hundred and three, from St. Louis in nineteen hundred and four. In addition to his portrait work he has exhibited repeatedly the most interesting and delightful genre painting.

If we were to select the pictures of Mr. Wiles which seem to us to represent his widest range of interest, his most complete realization of beauty, his most inescapable charm, we should group together the various portraits of his daughter, also an artist, young, with an inevitable quality of picturesqueness and the sensitiveness of temperament which render her equally interesting as a sitter and painter. She has been the inspiration of some of her father's most distinguished work; among others, "On the Beach," "The Girl and Horse"

"ON THE BEACH": IRVING R. WILES, PAINTER.

MASTER ALFRED LAWRENCE:
IRVING R. WILES, PAINTER.

MRS. GILBERT: IRVING
R. WILES, PAINTER.

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY: IRVING R. WILES, PAINTER.

(published in THE CRAFTSMAN for March), 'With Hat and Veil," "The Black Shawl," "The Window," "The Student," "Autumn Stroll," "The Studio" and "Mrs. Wiles and Daughter." All of these portraits, whether indoors or out of doors are inevitably full of light, of spontaneous charm, possessing a beauty that is built up of a realization of American ideals, and presented with a certain refined vigor which is the essential quality of Mr. Wiles' work. Refinement, in fact, is never absent from his canvases, but it is not the refinement born of petty conformity; it is rather that of restraint and of determined avoidance of all eccentricity.

Fortunately, Mr. Wiles' earliest instruction was from a sane, wholesome American point of view. His father, a gifted painter of landscapes, was his first instructor, and although he subsequently studied in Paris with Carolus Duran and Jules Lefevre, he returned to America to work definitely to express himself as an American artist. At the start he did excellent drawings for the illustrated periodicals of the times. He contributed to the Water Color exhibition, but little by little his attention turned to the more vital quality of portrait painting. He never sought the attention of the world through eccentricity of subject or technique. He has never been identified with any special school or any new movement. He has always worked quietly toward the accomplishment of his own ideals by way of his own fine purpose, until the public has grown to expect a standard of excellence in all his work, to the point of taking it for granted; for Irving Wiles is a student, which means that he is interested in his own development, and as life is his master, one expects that his growth will be along ways that are good for the artist's feet to tread.

At an exhibition of Mr. Wiles' work at Knoedler's in February last it was possible to estimate the sum of his achievement as a portrait painter with some degree of satisfaction. Sixteen portraits were shown, among them some of his most distinguished canvases. The inescapable characteristics of the work were strength of modeling, freshness of tone, simplicity of treatment and always the capacity to say convincingly how wonderful is the beauty of youth. Mr. Wiles has come close to the ideals of his own country and has been generous in presenting them in his work. And the better we as a people realize the significance of these ideals the more grateful we shall be to the men who treasure them for us in their art.

ROSES: BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GARDEN IN THE WILDERNESS"

EVER since I was a little girl, I've hoped each spring some nice old uncle from India would send me fifty dollars accompanied by a gruesome threat, such as: "If you use one cent of this money for anything but roses, the first night the east wind blows a blackbird will come along and nip off your nose." But as it hasn't really happened yet, I have to pretend along the last part of April or first of May that it is about to happen and start to work to select the fifty dollars' worth.

It is so hard to advise another just which roses to get, because my list of irresistible ones grows each year, and then the rose-growers have been so generous sending me unlabeled gift roses it so happens now that some of my loveliest roses' real names are unknown to me —they've had to attain names as best they might. For instance, that delicate pinky-white climber with the great loose clusters having the odor of frankincense and myrrh, is known to us as the "horse-bitten-rose," but to you that name would not be enlightening.

Of course, we all have reminiscent reasons for wanting certain roses, and, if you are like me, you'll keep on trying Marechal Niel and Fortune's Yellow even though geography prohibits and zero browbeats you. One of my rose prides is the Cherokee which I have teased through three winters now, because of the great wild hedges I remember along the highways in the South. Each winter I lighten its protection, as I have a theory that if you can persuade a delicate rose to survive several Northern winters it grows hardier, following out Nature's old law of adaptation to condition.

SUPPOSE we pretend together that the old uncle from India has stingily sent us only nine dollars and twenty-five cents instead of the expected fifty dollars, and make the best of it. Out of that amount we'll have to get hybrid perpetuals, hybrid teas, plain teas and climbers—and feel thankful all at the same time. The hybrid perpetuals, you know, are the perfectly hardy roses, supposed only to bloom in June, though mine bloom spasmodically through the following months until winter. After each flowering I cut the branch that has flowered almost back to the original stalk, and then it puts out new shoots which often blossom.

The hybrid teas have a hybrid perpetual ancestor on one side and will stand through a Northern winter with protection. They are perpetual joys, blooming constantly until November. We'll have to have the hybrid teas even if we economize on the hybrid perpetuals.

The teas—if you live in the North—are the roses you'll keep

on trying for sentimental reasons, association, or sheer bravado, because they are not hardy here. But they are the most florescent and are very beautiful, so we'll have to indulge in a few for luxury and by getting two-year-old plants we will be generously rewarded this season anyway. The climbers we'll purchase will be of the rambler and Wichuriana varieties. If we could have only one hybrid perpetual I'd beg for Gloire Lyonnaise. Its blossoms are sumptuously beautiful in form and of a golden white shade. The foliage is distinguished and it is unpopular with insects.

Soleil d'Or is the most spectacular rose—a mingling of peach, marigold and flame. Given great richness of fare the bush will grow to prodigious size. A splendid velvety reddish black rose is the Prince Camille de Rohan. With Mrs. John Laing—that exquisite pink rose, we will have a white, a pink, a red and a yellow.

If you know roses at all, and I said, "guess which hybrid tea I'll mention first," I am sure you'd say "Killarney." Well, you would be right. It's the Irish queen I'd be pining for first of all. In bud it is perfection; open, it "spreads and spreads till its heart lies bare." Even fallen, each petal is a poem—a deep pink shallop with prow of gold.

Bessie Brown is so dignified, pallid and austere she is known as Elizabeth in my garden. The Kaiserin Auguste Victoria has a Teutonic hardiness and carries her cream-white flower head high and regally.

Souvenir de President Carnot has a feminine-like blush, but a masculine vigor. The Wellesley gives us a delicious shade of pink. But here we have chosen two pinks and no red at all. How could I have forgotten that giant J. B. Clark, when he has grown nine feet in height trying to woo my Dorothy Perkins? He is the reddest, healthiest, tallest man-rose in my garden.

For yellow we will choose the Maman Cochet. Now that we have reached the plain teas I'm glad to begin with one that has proved almost as hardy with me as a hybrid tea—that is, the Coquette de Lyon, which is a lemon yellow and positively wears itself out blooming. The Souvenir de Malmaison is strictly speaking a Bourbon, but we'll let it be a tea for our purposes. It is so lovely with its shell pink tones, and we may be able to winter it, with especial care.

Isabella Sprunt is another yellow rose of great florescence. It is so easy to get yellows in the teas, and yellow seems to go with frailness of constitution. But I've chosen only the ones that have proved hardiest with me, and those I can brag of having wintered a few times. For pure recklessness, let's buy the Golden Gate, simply because we can't resist its blending of pale gold and rose. Another

extravagance will be the Sunset, which we will be satisfied to entertain this one summer for its topaz and ruby beauty.

Of course, we can't do without that fragile creature, the Duchesse de Brabant. Such silky texture and delicate pinkness of cheek has she.

"Citron red with amber and fawn shading," say the rose catalogues of Souvenir de Victor Hugo—nobody could resist *that.* It is all that is sung of it and more, for they do not mention its fragrance.

HERE we are to climbers and I find Lynch's hybrid at the tip of my pen first. Wherever you live, you may one day see a strange rose branch looking over your fence, and I'll just tell you now, that it will be *my* Lynch's hybrid. Not content with spreading in every direction, over all neighboring roses, I'm sure it will soon ignore garden bounds and become a wandering minstrel. I permit its branches to grow six or ten feet, then drape them over to adjacent arches or neighboring rose poles. This has happened so often that now when the Lynch's hybrid blooms there are ropes and ropes of roses swinging in every direction. It is of the Wichuriana family and blooms only in June, but it blooms all of June. Its clusters are of many perfect fairylike roses of pink, paling to white. Of the Wichurianas my next favorite is the Evergreen Gem. Its blossoms are not in clusters, but each rose comes in an *edition-de-luxe.* Of a pale yellow with apricot tones, the color of the flower is enough to recommend it. But shut your eyes and whiff its perfume, and you'll say, "ripe apple." The Evergreen Gem prefers to sprawl on the ground and delights in covering stone terraces; it can be trained up, just as a monkey can be taught man tricks, but what's the use?

Manda's Triumph (white) and Lady Gay (cherry pink) we must have. And I can't resist ending with Dorothy Perkins, but to praise her well-known charms would use up needless type. I'll only say, save all the cuttings of the Dorothy you plant, so you will have at least a thousand to comfort you when you've grown old.

Now we'll count up our list and put the roses down sensibly in line so we may see both what we have and what we have spent.

Hybrid Perpetuals

Gloire Lyonnaise, larger size	$0.20
Soleil d'Or, two-year-old	.60
Prince Camille de Rohan, larger size	.20
Mrs. John Laing, larger size	.20

Hybrid Teas

Killarney, larger size	.30
Bessie Brown, larger size	.25

Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, larger size	.20
Souvenir de President Carnot, larger size	.20
Wellesley, larger size	.30
J. B. Clark, larger size	.40
Yellow Maman Cochet, larger size	.25
Teas	
Coquette de Lyon, two-year-old	.35
Souvenir de Malmaison (Bourbon), two-year-old	.35
Duchesse de Brabant, two-year-old	.35
Souvenir de Victor Hugo, two-year-old	.30
Isabella Sprunt, two-year-old	.35
Golden Gate, two-year-old	.35
Sunset, two-year-old	.35
Climbers	
Lynch's Hybrid (Wichuriana), two-year-old	.40
Evergreen Gem (Wichuriana), two-year-old	.40
Manda's Triumph (Wichuriana), two-year-old	.40
Lady Gay (Rambler), two-year-old	.40
Dorothy Perkins (Rambler), two-year-old	.40
Total	$7.50

And after all we haven't used up all the nine dollars and twenty-five cents; so you may either change "larger size" to "two-year-old," or you may spend the surplus on that dream shatterer, the blue rose, which I see advertised on the back of the latest rose catalogue.

IT IS worth considering in connection with our expenditures, that an ordinary bunch of roses you'd buy at the florist's to send your sweetheart might cost more than all our old miserly uncle has sent us, and the bouquet from the florist's would be withered and thrown out in a week, while here we're starting a rose garden for the grandchildren of that sweetheart to enjoy years and years from now. And so when we begin our rose garden we'll begin it right—no superficial digging and sticking in any old way of these precious plants. First we'll lay out our garden with a ball of twine tied to a stick, either informally or, improvising as we go, in some private original design which expresses us, not our neighbor. Then we will have it all dug as deep as we by strategy and beguilement can lure some man to dig. When it is all dug, then to mark out the individual holes, leaving generous space between the hybrid perpetuals because they grow to be such big fellows, and not forgetting to give Mr. J. B. Clark plenty of courting room.

The hybrid teas need less space, generally speaking, while the teas may be planted, say, about a foot apart. Save a climber to cover the arch (designed by yourself, not a store bought one) at the entrance to your rose garden, and trail the others over your paths in spots where one will have to stoop perhaps a little when passing under blossoming branches to find new beauty on the other side.

Each hole must be twenty inches deep; take all the old everyday soil out, and put a little coal ashes in the bottom for drainage. If you have a compost pile, mix compost and well-rotted cow-manure, filling half the hole with the mixture. Sprinkle this with the plain soil, then place the sacred bush in the hole, spreading the roots in the direction they naturally take. Cover the roots with more bed-soil, then press gently, gently, until the plant is firmed. Now pour in water, from which the chill has been taken, until the hole is almost full, letting it soak in gradually, then put compost and cow-manure until it is higher than the surrounding ground. Plant your feet firmly, but not disrespectfully, on the surface of the hole, packing it down around the rose-bush, which you meantime hold in upright position. As a finality, draw the bed-soil up loosely about the stem of the rose, leaving the surface quite dry so the sun may have no chance to bake or broil.

If you've done all this simple, yet seemingly complex, business properly you need never water your rose again!

When the bushes reach the blooming stage, trim back severely the branches which have flowered, always trimming so as to leave an eye *on the outside* of the branch. Don't be afraid of cutting too much. The courageous rose-surgeon is the one who gets the largest fees in flowers. If you have done enough trimming through the summer blooming months, there will be no necessity for any trimming in the fall, except always to cut out dead branches. Then, too, when you think of the cold that's coming, and the struggle the poor things will have to go through during the winter, to trim them at this perilous time would be as mean as to strike a man when he's down.

In mid-April, prune all blackened ends and weak branches. Some of your hybrid teas may look absolutely dead, but don't give them up yet. Trim the bushes down to within two inches of the ground, and shortly you will be rejoiced to see red-nosed sprouts peeping through the ground—shoots from the roots, which generally survive.

If you don't own a compost pile begin one now. Even a weed becomes valuable when pulled up and thrown on the compost. Contribute all dead blossoms, weedings, trimmings, garden rubbish, leaves, manure rakings and even some garbage and dish-water.

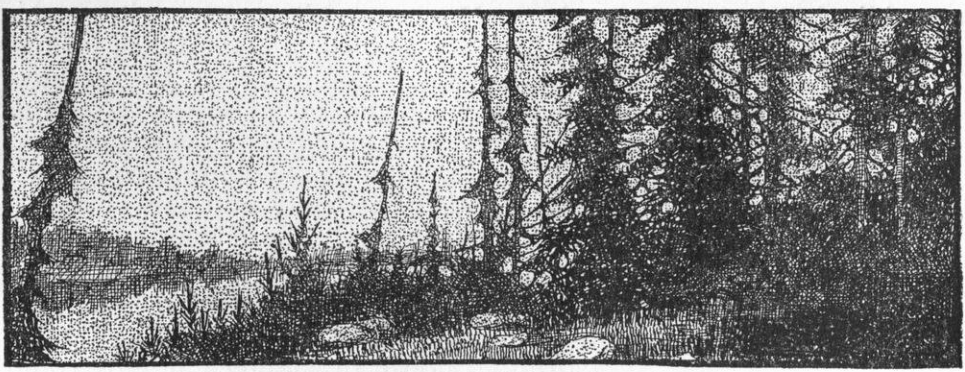
Place the compost far enough from the house so you won't bother about the sanitary problem, and every few weeks spade a few shovelfuls of earth over the whole pile. After a year's mellowing you will have something more valuable than manure to work into your rose beds.

Dig continually with pronged spade about your roses, being careful not to tear the roots. The soil should always be kept loose if you would be spared the bugbear of watering. Mulch with lawn clippings, spading old supply under when the fresh is ready. Spray once a week with a water made foamy by tobacco and sulphur soap. You will not vanquish the insects—no, not in this world, but even abating them is a human triumph.

About the middle of November purchase rye straw by the bundle and after tying your rose-bushes gently to a firm stake, sheathe the straw about the hybrid teas and plain teas not too tightly, tying in about three places. The hybrid perpetuals may go nude all winter.

A trip to the West Indies or Sicily about the middle of March might help you to overcome the unconquerable temptation of uncovering your roses too soon. Returning from your voyage about the second week in April, the plants could be disrobed safely, and—live happily ever after, or at least all summer.

You will realize, of course, that growing roses is not easy work. Believe me, the rose-grower can be neither a fool nor a lazy man. It's so hard to write plain, practical facts about roses. To write of them properly one would irresistibly compose a sonnet. And when you pick your first great basketful some very dewy June morning, please place them in an old blue bowl for my sake, and the sake of our Indian uncle, whom we had almost forgotten.

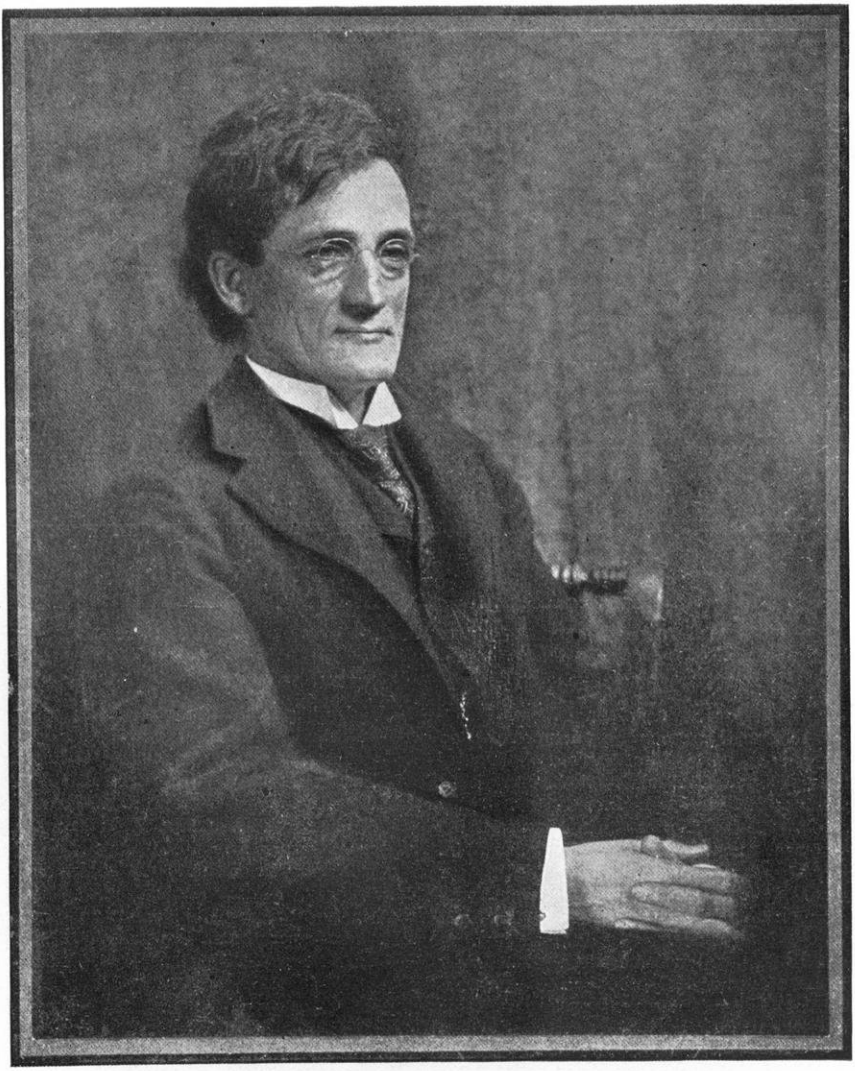


PROF. L. H. BAILEY, DIRECTOR OF THE NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

ROFESSOR L. H. BAILEY, who was appointed Chairman of the Country Life Commission by President Roosevelt, had his agricultural career forced upon him contrary to all his personal ambition. When he was asked to become Director of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University, Prof. Bailey was recognized as the leading horticulturist of the country, and his income from his books and farm made him financially independent. But President Schurman and the farmers of New York told Professor Bailey that he was the only man who could build up a college of agriculture equal to those of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois. They were right. Professor Bailey secured a building worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the State legislature, but a life of political and administrative cares was much against his taste. He preferred writing and lecturing, was afraid of travel and looked forward to testing dwarf apples on his own farm. But duty called him and he gave up his private pleasure for the public good.

Prof. Bailey's love of nature developed very early. He was brought up on a fruit farm near Lake Michigan, and at the age of fourteen he read a paper on birds in relation to agriculture before the fruit growers of his county. His interest in botany was suddenly aroused, as in the case of Asa Gray and John Bartram, and the first flower he analyzed was a crocus. He became an assistant to Gray at Harvard and is now the leading American authority on the botany of cultivated plants. His particular hobby is the notoriously difficult genus Carex, which comprises the sedges.

Prof. Bailey is a wonderfully versatile man. His magnetic personality makes him an inspiring teacher and he is in great request as a public lecturer and speaker. He is a philosopher, witness his "Survival of the Unlike," and has even published a volume of poems. The number of books written by him is prodigious. His greatest editorial undertakings are the "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture" and "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," each in four volumes. His philosophy of agriculture and country life is comprised in "The Agricultural Outlook" and "The State and the Farmer." But the book he loves best, so they say, is "The Evolution of Our Native Fruits," which comprises some of his best work as an investigator. Liberty Hyde Bailey was born at South Haven, Michigan, March fifteenth, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, and was graduated from the Michigan Agricultural College in eighteen hundred and eighty-two.



PROFESSOR L. H. BAILEY, DIRECTOR OF THE NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Reproduced from a Portrait of Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, Painted by Wilhelm Funk.

MRS. DUNLAP HOPKINS, FOUNDER OF THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF APPLIED DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

MRS. DUNLAP HOPKINS, FOUNDER OF THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF APPLIED DESIGN FOR WOMEN

OST people in New York are aware that for some years past there has been a School of Applied Design for Women down on Twenty-third Street, and that within the past year it has been removed to a new and commodious building on Lexington Avenue and Thirtieth Street, but few realize the profound social significance of this school or remember that it has all grown out of the inspired common sense of one woman. Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins is a wealthy and fashionable woman, gifted with a wide understanding of life and social conditions. Being kind-hearted, she was often appealed to in former days to help this or that struggling genius to find a more or less precarious market for work that had but little market value, and through experiences of this sort she came to realize the great need for some system of training which would fit talented girls to earn a livelihood by producing work of a kind that would have a definite and permanent market value.

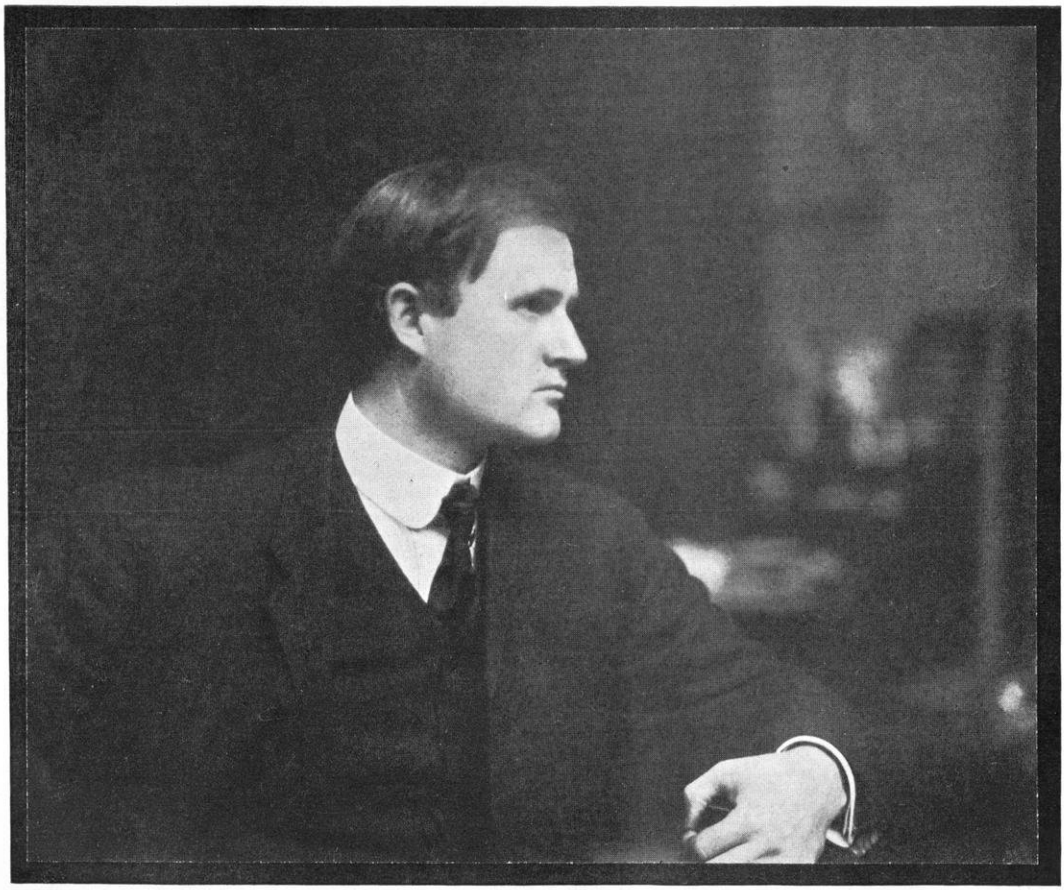
Here was an opportunity for the kind of help that would be worth while, and Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins enlisted the interest and support of a number of her friends and, eighteen years ago, she founded the New York School of Applied Design for Women. The institution grew rapidly and within two years was self-supporting, so that three-fourths of the subscriptions were returned to the donors, the founder believing that the school would be hampered rather than aided by having superfluous funds at its disposal. A modest tuition fee of fifty dollars a year was charged each pupil for the regular course of instruction. Special courses were added, and prizes were given for good work, and the school found opportunities for the students to sell any of their designs that proved to have a market value, no commission being asked for the sale. The instructors were all practical men and women actually employed in manufactories or offices in the different branches which they taught, and one thing insisted upon was a thorough knowledge on the part of the student of the process by which his design would be applied or reproduced. As a consequence, over four thousand women have been fitted to fill permanent and well-paying positions as designers, illustrators and architectural draughtsmen during the few years since the school has been opened. There are now five hundred pupils, and the new building on Lexington Avenue has been erected entirely by the school, with the aid of funds contributed by Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins and other regular patrons of the enterprise.

JAMES E. FRASER: AMERICAN SCULPTOR

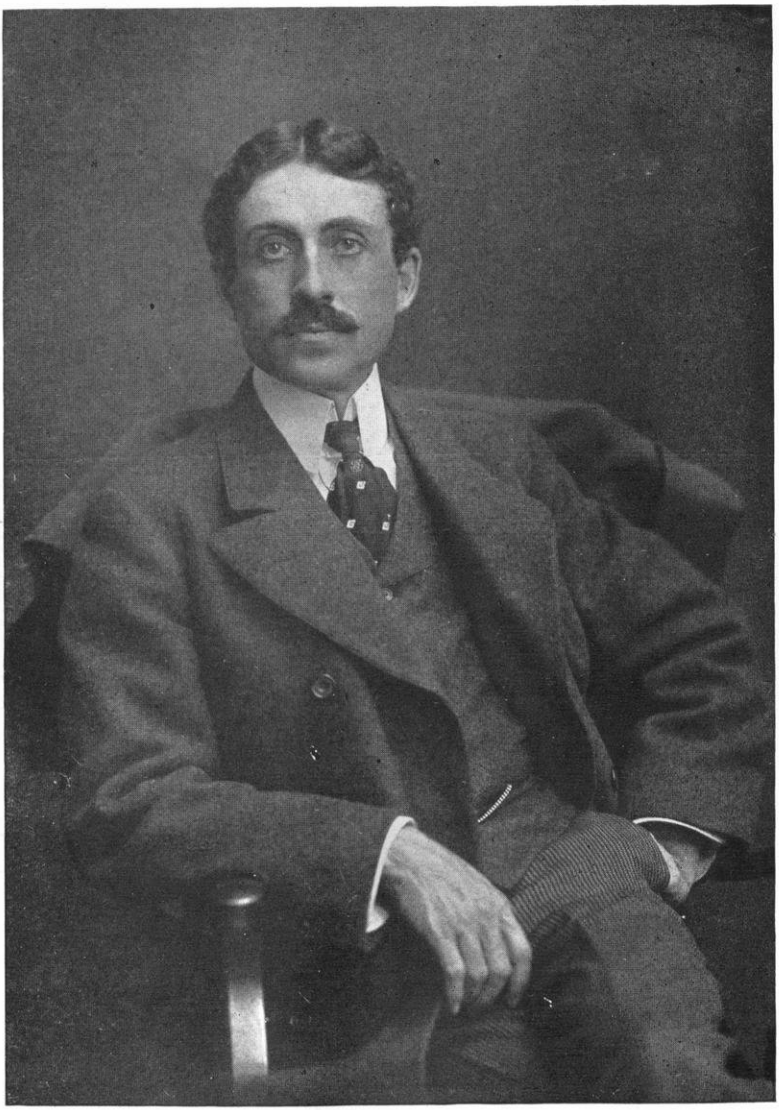
JAMES FRASER is an American artist who has lived practically all his life in this country. As a boy he had the great good fortune to live out in the West. He was born in Winona, Minnesota, in eighteen hundred and seventy-six, and his father was a railroad constructor, so that when he was quite a little lad he had the happiness of traveling about from place to place over the most romantic and picturesque country. In this way he came to know of the wild free life of our great Western land, and his work today shows the result of his early life in no less a degree than that of Gutzon and Solon Borglum and of Frederic Remington. He must have been an extremely impressionable child, and undoubtedly received inspiration in those early days that has vivified and invigorated much of his work. He was interested in sculpture from the time he began to think about any sort of boyish accomplishment, and was only fourteen when he started carving figures from the schoolroom chalk furnished to work out problems in arithmetic.

In eighteen hundred and ninety-eight he won a prize offered by the American Art Association in Paris for the best work in sculpture, a competition open to all his countrymen. Saint-Gaudens was one of the jury that decided on the work of the competitors submitted in this contest. He at once became interested in Fraser's work and wrote to him saying that he would be glad to help him in any way. This resulted in the younger man becoming chief assistant to one of America's greatest sculptors, and working with him on many of his masterpieces. One feels very definitely Saint-Gaudens' influence in Mr. Fraser's work, and if it had not been for those early days of vigorous Western life, the strength and the power which he had absorbed from it, it is possible that this influence might have been detrimental. For what we need in America today is essentially the American sculptor, and Mr. Saint-Gaudens, with all his rare achievement, was essentially the universal sculptor. Fortunately for his work, Mr. Fraser has in addition to his buoyant Western experience a very sympathetic interest in the ordinary conditions of human life; children interest him and the definite personality of all kinds of people interest him. With a certain wide artistic outlook he also is intensely personal in his work, and it is this phase of his achievement which is most significant to his country.

He has not exhibited as often as many sculptors whose work we look for at all the various public gathering together of sculpture; on the other hand, he is well known among the people who best realize what progress our nation is making in this most plastic and vital art. Mr. Fraser's life is one of absolute devotion to his work. His studio is down in the artists' colony of MacDougal Alley, New York.



JAMES EARLE FRASER,
AMERICAN SCULPTOR.



WILSON EYRE, A PIONEER IN AMERICAN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

WILSON EYRE: A PIONEER IN AMERICAN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

IT IS safe to say that in future days when someone writes a history of the growth of American architecture as distinct from the traditional styles we have imported from older civilizations, the name of Wilson Eyre will stand well up in the list of the pioneers who were not afraid to work out a building art expressive of the needs and character of the present day and of the American people.

Seeing that all our civilization is built up from the achievements of older nations, it seems fitting that Mr. Eyre should have gained his earliest impressions of art in Italy. He was born in Florence in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, and was not brought to this country until he was eleven years old, so that with his American faculty of keen and quick observation he had absorbed during these impressionable years an ideal of beauty which has never failed him, and which has found expression in every dwelling as well as every public building that he has designed. Fortunately for the development of his own individuality, Mr. Eyre has had very little technical training in architecture, beginning work for himself after a period of study covering only five years. He has traveled widely and has studied the building art of many lands, and the fact that he has frankly built up his own art upon the broad foundation of the varied impressions he has received, makes it more definitely American than it would be even if he had evolved an entirely new style. In spite of his many and successful public buildings, Mr. Eyre is best known through the dwellings he has designed. These range from large and costly country seats, set in the midst of acres of ground laid out with the idea of furnishing the best possible environment to the house, down to simple cottages and bungalows, which are if possible even more a part of the landscape than are the larger establishments.

Mr. Eyre is a stickler for the use of local materials, especially in the building of dwellings, for he holds that a properly-built house should not only conform in line to the contour of the landscape, but that in character it should give the effect of having grown up where it stands. Therefore his houses are as distinctly one with their surroundings as are those in the quaint old villages among the hills of Kent or Surrey. He goes at the building of them in the same spirit that animated the builders of an earlier day, when craftsmanship was a matter of pride and thoroughness of workmanship was taken for granted. To his way of thinking architecture is based upon craftsmanship, and its beauty grows out of the thoroughness with which constructive problems are solved, and the necessary work is done.

COÖPERATIVE STORES IN ENGLAND: ADVANTAGES OF THE SYSTEM AND HOW IT DIFFERS FROM THE TENTATIVE EFFORTS MADE TO ESTABLISH COÖPERATION IN AMERICA: BY THE EDITOR

HILE the high cost of living has induced many people in this country to think seriously of the advisability of establishing coöperative stores, with the idea of doing away with the middleman and his profits and endeavoring to establish a more direct relation between producer and consumer, the experiments made so far have mostly been tentative in their nature and, if the promised reduction in the prices of foodstuffs and clothing material comes about within a reasonably short time, it is quite probable that the idea of coöperative distribution will remain in a theoretical stage for years to come. Nevertheless, the economic value of the system, as established in England and several of the Northern European countries, is just as true as if we were forced by the pinch of necessity to recognize it in a more practical way, and there is hardly any question but that it will ultimately gain a foothold here as it has in the older countries. In our preceding number we reviewed the earlier history of the coöperative movement in England, showing the foundations upon which it was established and the reasons for its great success. But the progress it has made, and the part it plays now as an economic feature of English life, is so significant that it is worth going into a little more.

We hear vaguely about the big coöperative associations in England, and we know that they include both producing and distributing organizations, but the majority of us do not realize that one out of every four persons in England is actually benefiting from the establishment of coöperative methods in manufacturing, buying and selling the necessities of life. In this country we have not advanced beyond the stage of considering it a pleasant but more or less vague and idealistic scheme, advocated earnestly by the Socialists and by economists and social reformers, but hardly to be considered as part and parcel of our industrial and commercial machinery. Yet the English people are as commercial, hard-headed and practical as we are, and they have a far keener sense of the value of economy. So, considered wholly in relation to our own advancement, it is significant that the coöperative idea permeates the entire salary and wage-earning class of England to such an extent that nearly every town and hamlet in the country has its local coöperative society. According to statistics given a little over a

year ago, there are enrolled as members of different coöperative organizations in England, Scotland and Ireland, close to two millions and a quarter heads of families, which means,—estimating an average family at five persons,—over eleven millions of people, out of a total population of forty millions, who are actually realizing every day the benefits to be derived from coöperation.

This is due to the fact that the coöperative system in England is based on sound business principles, is complete in all its details, and is thoroughly adapted to the conditions it is intended to meet. It represents in essence the struggles of individual men to save a portion of their earnings, and to bring within reasonable limits the cost of the actual necessities of life. It is a thoroughly personal and individual thing, and we can gain the best idea of its workings by tracing the relation to it of some one of the ordinary members. It is more than likely that this member will be either a clerk or a laborer, for it is in these and related classes that the movement had its origin and still has its greatest strength. This man may have heard through some personal friend of the advantages he can gain by joining a coöperative organization, or he may perhaps have received one of the many pamphlets or newspapers sent out by the Coöperative Union. This is the publicity bureau of the federation, and its methods show the admirable management which has contributed so largely to the success of the whole movement. It is supported by contributions from all the organized coöperative societies, the members of which are assessed each one penny a year for the support of the institution. It is the center of all publications, publishing a regular paper as well as all reports, distributing literature that explains the purposes and benefits of coöperation, holding meetings, and doing everything that may further the cause.

If an active man with some capacity for organization becomes interested in the idea, he is apt to see the advantage of starting a coöperative society in his own town. He talks of it among his friends and, if he can get together seven who are sufficiently interested to go into it, he is ready to form his society. The English law makes it very easy to organize such associations, for they come under the Industrial and Provident Society Act, which requires in such cases that seven persons shall join together; that they shall adopt a list of twenty simple rules, and that they shall nominally subscribe five one-pound shares for each man,—of which the subscribers shall be obliged at the beginning to contribute only one shilling per share. Therefore they need only be able to muster thirty-five shillings among the seven men to form the organization, and their liability in the association is limited to five pounds for each man.

IT IS interesting in this connection to compare the facility with which such an organization may be formed in England, and the difficulties which beset such a step here. Not only do our corporation laws vary widely in different States, but under the easiest of them it would be necessary for even a coöperative organization to be incorporated, and the mere expense of drawing up and getting out corporation papers would be nearly two hundred dollars. This item alone is quite sufficient to deter people of limited income, such as would be likely to originate such a scheme, from taking it up. Moreover, it would be necessary to state the capitalization, and ten per cent. of that stated amount would have to be paid up. These difficulties go far toward explaining the slowness with which the people of the United States have taken up the coöperative idea.

But in England, when seven or more men have formed a society in their own village and have provided a store or warehouse of some kind, the organizers would begin to consider from whom they would buy, and in most cases they turn entirely to the Coöperative Wholesale Society, Ltd. It is the Coöperative Wholesale Society which has really perfected the entire system of coöperative distribution in Great Britain, for it is an immense central organization or federation of retail associations, through which the smaller local societies are able to reap all the benefits that accrue from coöperation and concentration in manfacturing. It stands in the position of a manufacturer with whom all the smaller societies deal, and its effect is to make them practically a unit in interest, purpose and methods of business.

Naturally, the idea being to spread the principles of coöperation as thoroughly as possible through the wage-earning class, it is made very easy for a new local society to enter into membership in the Wholesale. To do this the local organization need only subscribe for a number of shares, valued at one pound each, equaling the number of its members, and to pay down one shilling a share. This relation does not in any way force the local society to buy entirely from the Coöperative Wholesale Society, but in practice it is usually the case that most of the stock for the smaller organizations is bought from the federation. We gave some idea of its activities in our preceding number, but it may be as well to emphasize the extent of its resources by stating that in Ireland it has established seventy-five creameries, and scattered over England it has establishments for printing, for making biscuits and candy, soap, lard and starch, woolen cloths, clothes, flour, furniture, pickles and vinegar, linen goods, millinery, paper, tobacco, flannel, corsets, hosiery, hardware and butter. It has its own tea gardens in Ceylon, its fruit farms in England, its own steamships, forwarding and purchasing departments in the United States, Canada, France,

Spain, Denmark and Sweden, and banking connections all over the world.

Because the factories belonging to the federation are run on coöperative principles, and because all their business is interrelated, so that one factory can get what it needs from another at the lowest possible cost, it is easy to understand that immense savings are effected. Also, it is made an item of the first importance that the factories shall be run in the best and most economical manner, getting a maximum of efficiency at a minimum cost, just as in our own huge commercial organizations. It is impossible that the control of them should be abused, because each member of the network of small coöperative associations all over the country is really a shareholder in all of these institutions, and is personally interested in the way they are conducted and in the economies that may be effected. He has a vote in electing the officers and managers. The Wholesale Society holds quarterly elections, for which the country is divided into districts in which preliminary elections are held, and from them delegates are sent to the central meeting in Manchester. The interest that the individual members show in the elections and in the quarterly balance sheet accounts in a great measure for the success of the movement. These men show themselves amazingly capable when it comes to understanding the complex mass of figures, covering nearly one hundred pages, that constitute the report and balance sheet, and are very acute in detecting bad management or bad policy at any one of the many factories controlled by the Society. In fact, it is doubtful if any factory managers in this country are called so strictly to account by their owners as are the managers of these coöperative institutions.

AN ACCOUNT of the success of the coöperative movement in England carries with it a question as to why the people of the United States, usually so progressive, have not only failed to be pioneers in this movement, but are hardly entitled to be termed even laggards in the rear-guard. Many coöperative schemes have been started in America, but, except for the creameries in the Middle West and in certain locations where a large proportion of the population is foreign —as in Minnesota where there are a great number of Scandinavians,— no one of them has ever made a success. The reasons given for this state of affairs are many, but in every case they are based upon our own national peculiarities rather than upon any defect in the coöperative system as exemplified in England,—this being the system which would naturally commend itself to the business sense of Americans. Our great manufacturing and commercial concerns are miracles of economy in their administration, but the resulting profits are all for the

benefit of the owners and stockholders of the concern. We pride ourselves so thoroughly upon our efficiency in this direction that it is amazing that we have not taken the one step further which, by a wider application of the same efficient and economical methods, will bring about a distribution of the profits to the people who produce and consume the goods. It is urged that we as a nation are not yet old enough to realize the advantages of such a step sufficiently to induce us to take it. Furthermore, that our intense individualism and far-reaching personal ambition tends to make us take "every man for himself" for our motto rather than seek to find a just, wise, economical and truly human method of carrying on the work necessary to satisfy the needs of mankind. Americans fully appreciate the money-making side of the coöperative idea, but the difficulty is that they are not contented with small investments and small returns. Each man wants to own a lot of stock and realize big profits for himself, whereas in a coöperative concern he would simply take his pro rata share as evidence that he had discovered a practical way to do his purchasing economically, the great advantage being the saving on expenses rather than any marked addition to his personal income.

PROBABLY the largest of the coöperative movements recently started in this country is that carried on by the Socialists, under the name of the American Wholesale Coöperative. This aims to develop along the lines of the Vooruit of Ghent, or the Maison du Peuple of Brussels, both of which are purely coöperative in their principles and carry on a wide range of social work. There are now about forty retail coöperative organizations on the Socialist plan in operation throughout the Eastern States that will probably be combined under a central management as they are in England, and the organizers of the American Wholesale Coöperative believe that within a short time between three hundred and four hundred stores will be established with the Wholesale as a center. This American society differs in purpose from the English organization, which is carried on wholly as a producing and distributing concern, and does nothing in the way of outside social work. The purpose of the American society is to centralize the purchasing power of the retail coöperatives connected with it; to form coöperative distributing societies; to sell merchandise to retail coöperative organizations, and to supply them with a uniform system of bookkeeping and method of doing business. Its membership is made up of retail societies instead of individuals, but individual members are allowed under the name of adherent members who come in purely for the purpose of helping to make the enterprise a success.

The plan of the American Wholesale is a combination of the principles which govern the Vooruit, the Maison du Peuple, and the successful coöperative associations which have been formed in Finland and in Holland. Its organizer, Mr. Peter Vlag, has had the opportunity to gain ample experience in the best methods of coöperative distribution according to socialistic principles, through his connection with the management of the Vooruit, and later of the Maison du Peuple. In the light of this experience, Mr. Vlag has developed a system of his own for the carrying on of the American Wholesale Society and its affiliated retail organizations, as they shall come into being. This system is simple and practical, its chief advantage being that it eliminates the necessity for an elaborate system of bookkeeping. Stamps are sold to the consumer, and are used instead of cash to pay for the goods. Every Friday and Saturday the treasurer, or a member of the finance committee, is in attendance to sell stamp books to all who may wish to purchase. These books each contain twenty-four dollars worth of stamps. The purchaser indicates the amount that will probably be expended for the supplies of the coming week, and buys stamps up to this amount, which are initialed by the treasurer or his deputy. The whole book is given to the purchaser, but, as the stamps which do not bear the initials of the treasurer have no purchasing power, all outside of the amount indicated are meant for future use to be initialed as they are paid for.

If the purchaser thinks ten dollars worth of stamps will pay for the supplies needed during the coming week, he pays ten dollars to the treasurer and stamps equal to amount are initialed, to be used at will. The stock in the store is kept by valuation alone, the clerk being responsible for goods up to a certain amount. As he receives the stamps in payment for purchases made from these goods, they are put into a drawer, and when the inventory of stock is made, once in three months, it is by valuation alone, the clerk being expected to have either the goods or the stamps which show exactly how much has been sold. No itemized bills are sent to the consumer, but a pass book is given him whereon the amount of stamps purchased each week is credited and the total amount of purchases made during the half year is put down. When the dividends are declared it is necessary only to run through these books, note the total amounts, compare them with the valuation of the stock, and calculate the dividends. These are made entirely upon consumption, no rebate being given upon the purchase. All sales are at market prices, it being the policy of the Society to keep on good terms with other dealers and never to cut the prevailing prices.

The methods of the American Coöperative Wholesale are very conservative in every detail, and it recommends that all retail organiza-

tions should begin by dealing in the simple staples of life, such as bread, groceries and coal, and shall go into other branches only when the demand has been established and the advisability of expansion is beyond a question. A consumer who is not ready to become a member of the Wholesale Society may deal with it for cash, and receive dividends to one-half the amount given to members of the Society, until such time as the other half,—which has been retained by the Society instead of being distributed to its members,—amounts to the par value of a share of stock. Then the consumer is requested to join the Society, and if he should not desire to do so the amount retained becomes the property of the Society.

One of the most interesting features of Mr. Vlag's system is the way he handles the credit difficulty. He holds that coöperative stores in this country have failed for two reasons,—because they gave credit and also because they did not give credit. In the case of the stores which gave credit the business was carried on at a risk, as the consumer was trusted without sufficient security, so that in case of loss of work or other emergency which rendered him unable to pay his bills, the store was necessarily the loser. The stores which are carried on upon a strictly cash basis, refusing to give credit to anyone, lost heavily in times of financial depression, because the workman out of a job could get credit at the corner grocery sufficient to tide him over the time when he could not pay cash. The plan of the American Wholesale Society is really admirable, and is entirely its own. It can afford to give credit without danger of being swamped, because the member who feels that he may at any time desire such credit is paid only a part of the dividends belonging to him, the other part being retained by the Society as a fund to be kept in reserve for tiding its owner over difficult places. When the depositor of such a fund is out of work, or for any other reason cannot pay cash, he is given goods on the strength of this reserve fund until it is exhausted, and then if he needs still further tiding over, all the members of the Society are assessed one or two cents each until he is on his feet again. It being one of the cardinal principles to help any member who is temporarily in difficulties, all give willingly enough in such a case, the reserve fund acting as a sort of insurance against suffering in hard times.

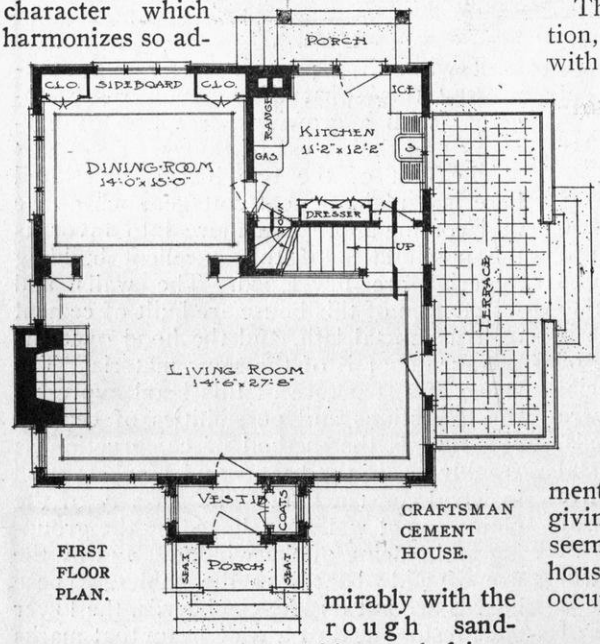
TWO SIMPLE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SMALL FAMILIES

THE Craftsman style of building is so pronounced in its simplicity that it is difficult, in describing the houses which are designed from month to month, to say anything about them that is strikingly new or different. In the case of the two houses illustrated here, their special value depends upon the fact that they were both designed to meet individual needs, which after all are very apt to be universal needs. The requirements of modern life vary but little among the great majority of people who surround themselves, as a matter of course, with a home environment that is comfortable and convenient, simple and beautiful. Thanks to the quickness of the American people to adopt and put into effect a new idea when once they have become convinced that it is sensible and therefore desirable, simplicity in designing, building and furnishing homes has come to be the usual thing instead of the rather eccentric thing it was only a few years ago. It is the exception now to find a house cut up into a number of fussy little rooms, overloaded with furniture and ornamentation. The charm of big free spaces, of rich, quiet coloring and of simple, durable furnishings that do not tax the time and strength of the house mistress with their demand for constant care and renovation, has made itself felt through the length and breadth of the land, with the result that the great majority of the better class of houses built within the past few years have expressed this spirit of common sense, together with a growing perception of harmony and the fitness of things.

The first of the two houses illustrated here is a plain cement cottage, such as we find coming more and more into favor as the possibilities of this excellent building material are developed. The walls and foundation of this house are built of cement on truss metal lath, and the hood over the entrance door is of the same material. The shape and structure of this hood expresses the limitations and possibilities of cement, and reveals the method of construction as frankly as do the beams and brackets used in wood construction. The severity of the plain cement walls is relieved by the grouping and placing of the windows, and by the use of wide boards in the gables. These boards are put on like clapboards, the lower ends resting against a wide beam that marks the upper termination of the cement wall. The roof is of ruberoid, and is made in the way we have so often described, the lengths of the material being brought down from the ridge pole to the heavy roll at the eaves, and each joint covered with a strip of wood which caps the rafter to which the roofing is fastened.

A cement seat is built at either side of the entrance porch, and the front door opens into a small vestibule with a coat closet at one end. This vestibule leads directly into the living room, which extends across the entire front of the house, with a big fireplace at one end and a glass door at the other leading to the terrace at the side. This living room is wainscoted to the height of the frieze with wide V-jointed boards,

and the staircase and all the interior woodwork are of the same wood. For a Craftsman house, as we build it, we are very apt to give the preference to chestnut for this kind of interior woodwork, as it is very interesting in texture and grain and takes on a beautiful color under the dull smooth finish of the surface. This wood is particularly desirable in a room because of its quality of mellow radiance, and the sturdy character which harmonizes so admirably with the rough sand-finished plaster of the ceiling and frieze.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE.

The staircase and landing occupy the greater part of the wall between the living room and kitchen, and the remainder of the wall space is taken up by the wide opening into the dining room. On either side of this opening is a post supporting the beam which runs around the room at the top of the wainscot, and between this post and the wall on either side is sufficient space for a built-in bookcase or cabinet.

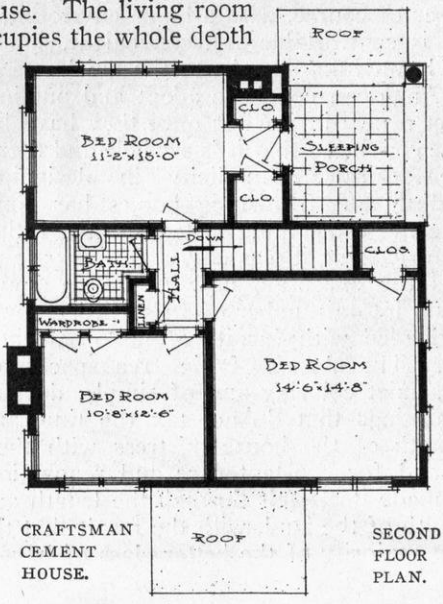
The dining room is finished in the same way as the living room, as the intention is to throw the two into one large room, the division between them being merely suggested. The entire end of the dining room is taken up by a built-in sideboard, with a group of three casement windows set high in the wall above, and a good-sized china closet on either side.

The kitchen is arranged with a special idea of simplifying the housework as much as possible, the intention being to make this a house that can easily be taken care of in the event of a shortage in the supply of domestic servants.

The upper floor is divided into three bedrooms, a well-equipped bathroom, plenty of closets and a good-sized sleeping porch, which can be screened in summer and glassed in winter if desired. The bathroom and this sleeping porch, as well as the terrace below, are floored with red cement marked in squares.

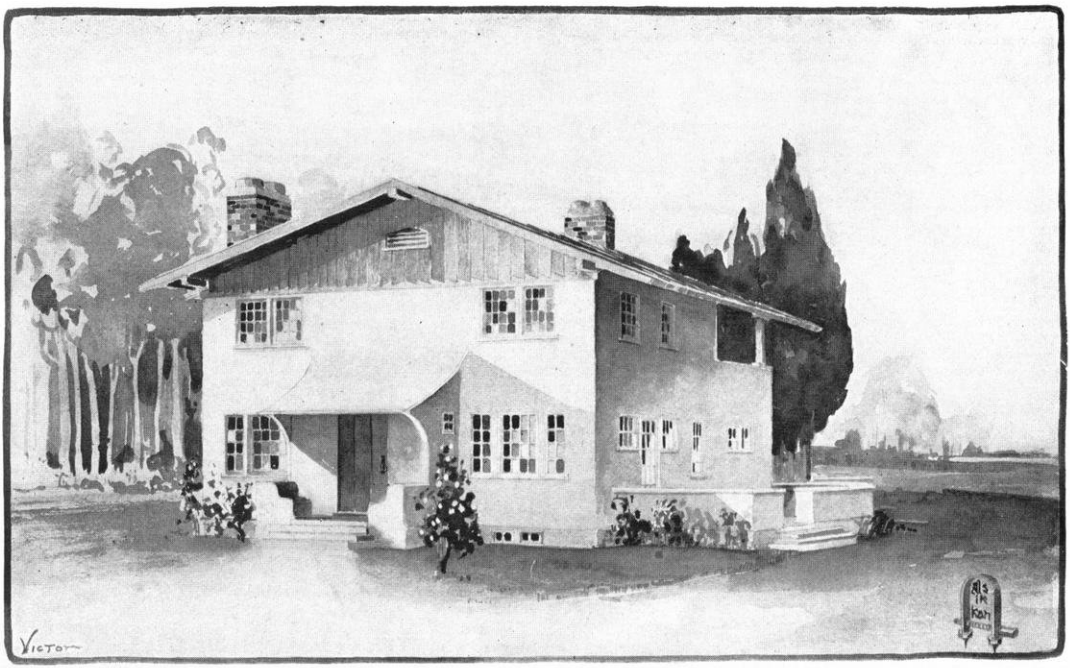
The second house is of shingle construction, and the whole of one end is taken up with the recessed porch and sleeping balcony above. The small entrance porch is sheltered by a shingled hood supported on brackets, and small hoods appear over each of the windows that are exposed to the weather, and also over the openings at the ends of the upper and lower porches. The roof, like that of the cement house, is of ruberoid. Used in the way indicated here, this material makes a very interesting as well as durable roof, and is much less expensive than shingles or slate.

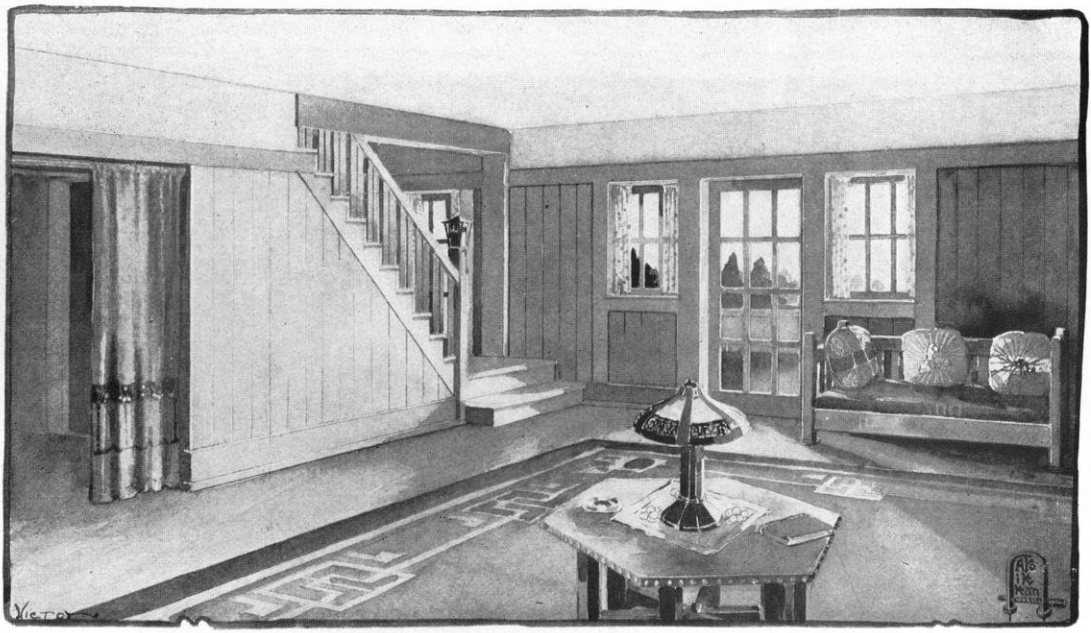
This building is as simple in form as the cement house, and the arrangement of the lower story is quite as open, giving the effect of more space than would seem possible, considering the size of the house. The living room occupies the whole depth of the building. A big chimneypiece is built in the middle of the outside wall, the chimney projecting on both porch and balcony. On either side of this chimney-



CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE.

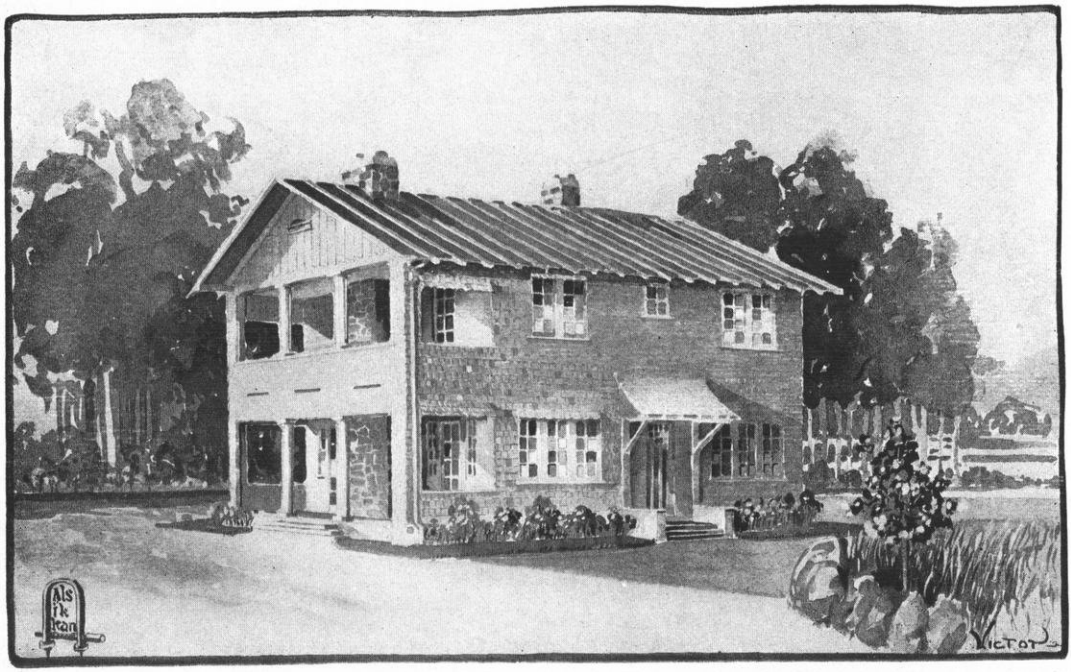
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

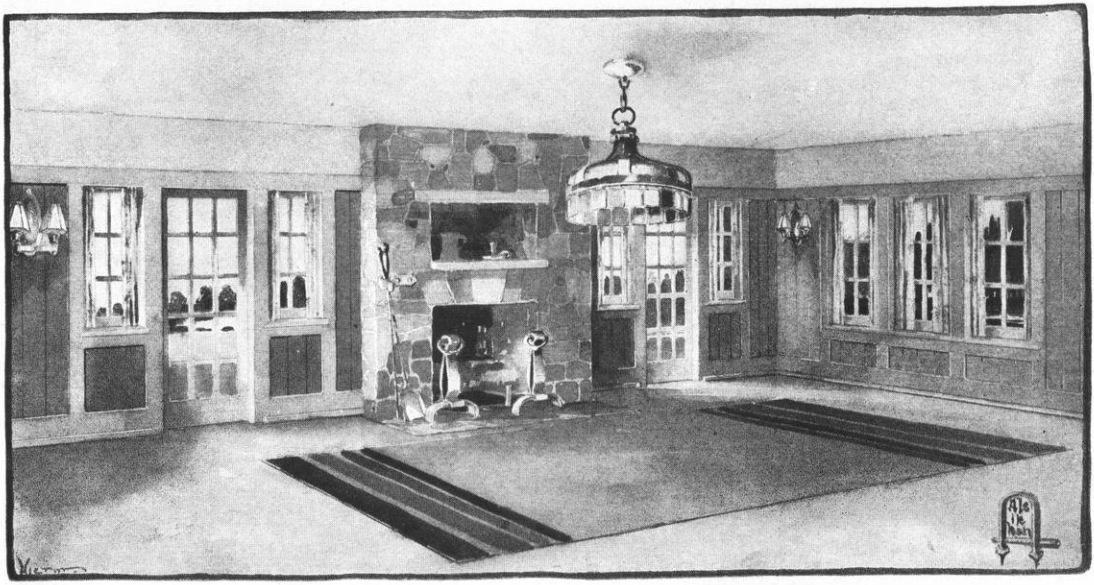




CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE: VIEW SHOWING ENTRANCE, TERRACE AND SLEEPING-PORCH AT THE BACK.

LIVING ROOM, SHOWING STAIRCASE AND DOOR LEADING TO TERRACE.

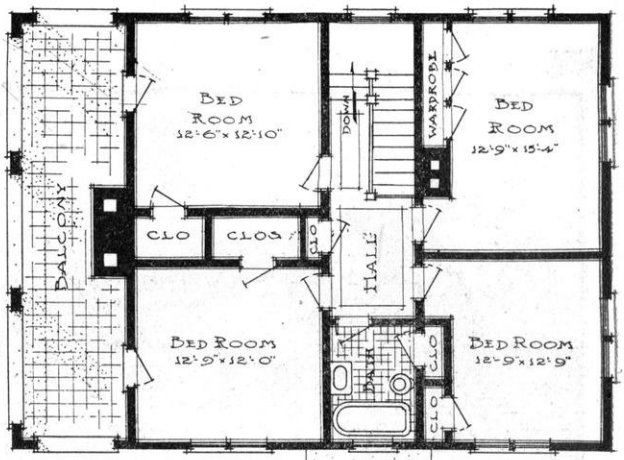




CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE WITH RECESSED PORCH AND SLEEPING BALCONY.

VIEW OF LIVING ROOM, SHOWING FIRE-PLACE AND DOORS TO PORCH.

piece is a glass door leading to the porch, and windows on either side of these doors give the effect of a triple group of windows. Grouped windows also appear at either end of the room, so that it is well lighted and cheerful. The entrance door opens into a small vestibule, which leads in turn into a hallway that connects the dining room and living room. The position of this hallway is hardly more than indicated by the staircase opposite the vestibule, the heavy ceiling beam that runs across the wide opening of the living room and the posts that define the opening into the dining room. The walls in both rooms are wainscoted to the height of the frieze with V-jointed boards, and the frames of doors and windows are so planned that they appear merely to emphasize the construction of the wainscot.

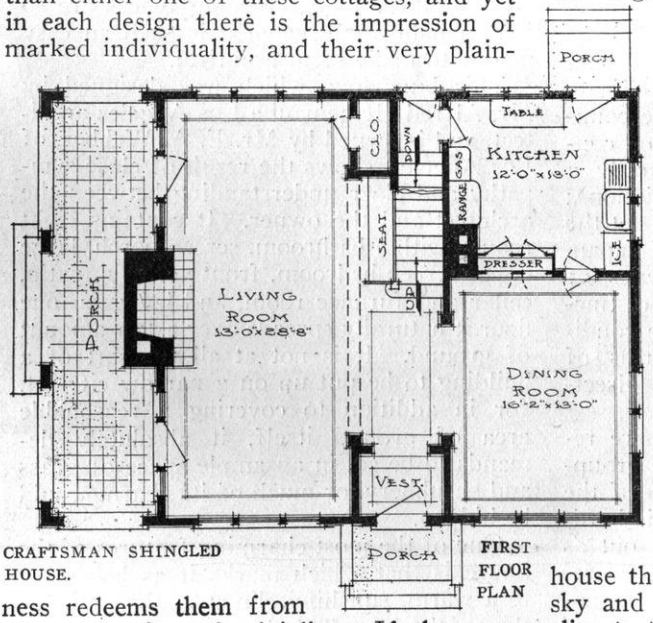


CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

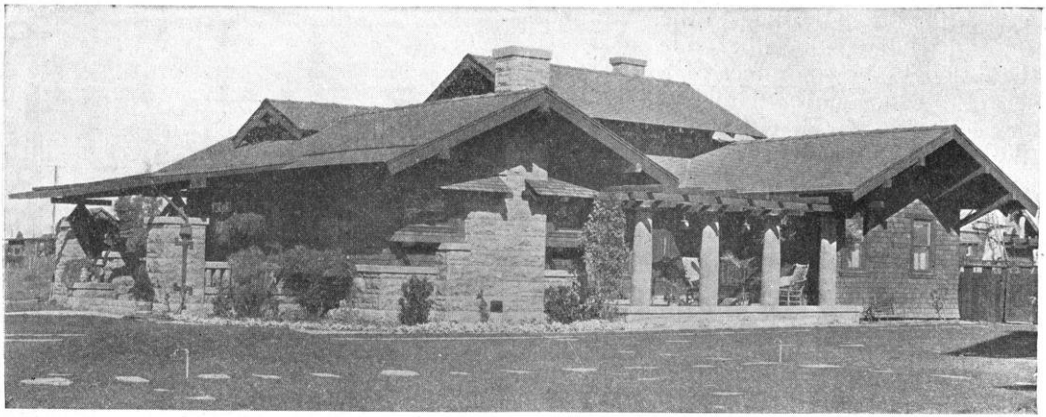
The arrangement of the kitchen and of the bedrooms, closets and bathroom on the second story, are quite as compact and convenient as they are in the cement house, and the upper balcony provides a commodious sleeping porch.

Nothing could be more unpretentious than either one of these cottages, and yet in each design there is the impression of marked individuality, and their very plainness redeems them from any suggestion of triviality. If they are well constructed there is no reason why they should not last for generations, with very little cost in the way of repairs. It will be noticed that there are no projections and no applied ornament to rot away and crumble under the action of the weather. The construction offers no opportunity for deterioration, because everything is exposed and made as solidly as possible. The arrangement of the interiors expresses the same idea of exceeding plainness that yet is interesting and dignified. Rich color is given by the presence of much wood, and the high wainscotings assure a warm, friendly, substantial feeling in the living rooms,—a feeling which is inherent in them before any furnishings are put in. Also, the flooding of these rooms with light from the many windows gives them a wholesome cheerfulness that is never to be found in a room where the sun cannot come. Were it not for the mellow color of the wood, which seems to have the property of absorbing light and radiating it again in a soft glow, there might be almost too much light in rooms so surrounded with windows. But the wood gives to the whole room the atmosphere of a mellow autumn afternoon, and the free view of the outdoors is so essentially a part of the whole character of the house that it would all be changed if the sky and the trees were shut out as being alien to the life carried on indoors. There is a kind of plainness that is barren and cries out for relief, but on the other hand there is a plainness that is restful.



CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN



BUNGALOW OWNED BY MR. E. A. WEBBER, OF LOS ANGELES: DESIGNED BY MR. ALFRED HEINEMAN.

AN EXAMPLE OF PROGRESSIVE ARCHITECTURE FROM THE PACIFIC COAST: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

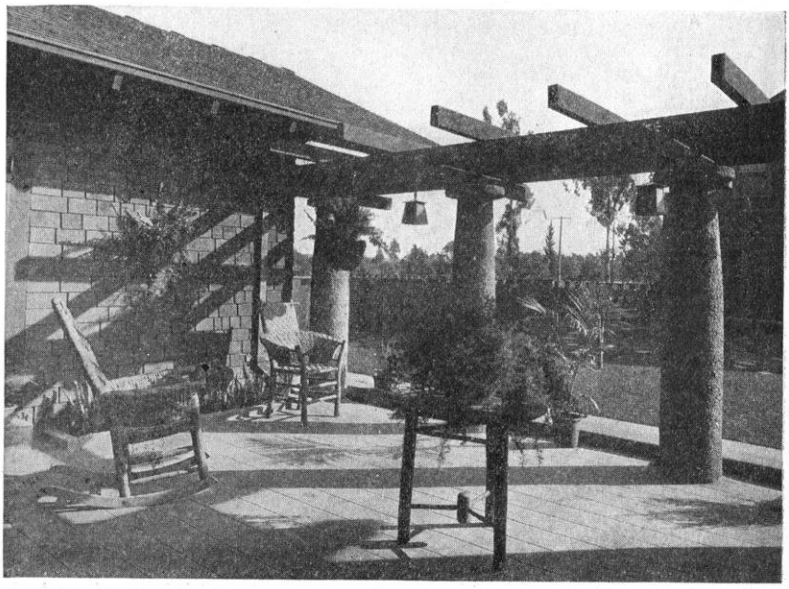
SO many beautiful and unusual designs for houses come to us from the Pacific Coast, that it would almost seem as if the West were the only home of the new American architecture. It is perhaps natural that this should be so, for the true Westerner is a practical soul, and ever open to suggestions from any quarter which promise to increase his comfort and gratify his sense of beauty. Furthermore, the Californian has the courage of his convictions in building the kind of house that seems to him most suitable for the climate and surroundings of that part of the country. Therefore, he either builds it of concrete, in which case it takes naturally a form resembling that of the old missions; or he builds it of wood, and here we get the influence of the Orient, especially of Japan. This does not mean that both types of houses are not entirely modern and distinctively American, only that the same conditions which created the older forms of building have been met with equal directness in the new.

Therefore the bungalow shown here reminds one distinctly of the Japanese grouping of irregular roof lines, and also of the Japanese use of timbers. Yet there is hardly a feature which one could point out as being derived from the Japanese. The resemblance comes rather from the same appreciation of the decorative possibilities of wood as a building material, and of the modifications that present themselves naturally when the wood is combined with the rough cement blocks and pillars of a part of the construction. Both the shingles and the heavy timbers are of redwood, the rich red brown tone of the oiled wood contrasting pleasantly with the deep biscuit color of the concrete. The decorative use of wood is shown in marked degree in the fence which extends from the back of the house to the stable. The device of wide boards of alternate length, set close together and capped with a heavy square rail, is so simple that the individual effect of such a fence is amazing, and sets us to wondering why most of these high screening fences are so irredeemably ugly when it is such an easy matter to make them beautiful.

This bungalow, which was designed by Mr. Alfred Heineman, a Los Angeles architect, and is owned by Mr. E. A. Webber, of Los Angeles, shows the result of close sympathy and clear understanding between the architect and the owner. It contains eight rooms, with a bathroom, screen porch, large upper screen bedroom, front veranda, patio, cellar and furnace room, and being on one floor it naturally spreads over a fair amount of ground. It is not at all the sort of a building to be put up on a narrow city lot, for in addition to covering a reasonable area of ground itself, it absolutely demands to be set in an ample space of grass and shrubbery, or much of its charm would be hidden.

One of the most charming features of the house is that which marks it as belonging to a warm, sunshiny climate,—the patio on the south side. This is put to precisely the same use as it was in the old Spanish days; that is, much of the family life is carried on out there, the place being made charming

with rough, comfortable furniture that can stand exposure to the weather, and with pots and hanging baskets of palms, ferns and flowering plants. A small open space between the pavement and wall of the house allows for a flower bed, so that all the plants are growing and healthy. At night the place is lighted with lanterns of hammered glass that hang in wrought-iron frames from the cross-beams of the pergola. The vines, which will ultimately clamber all over this pergola, have been planted so recently that they have barely reached to the top of the pillars, but when they attain their growth, as they will do within a marvelously short time, the last touch of beauty will have been added to this pleasant outdoor retreat. The admirable arrangement of the bungalow is clearly shown by the floor plan, but a more

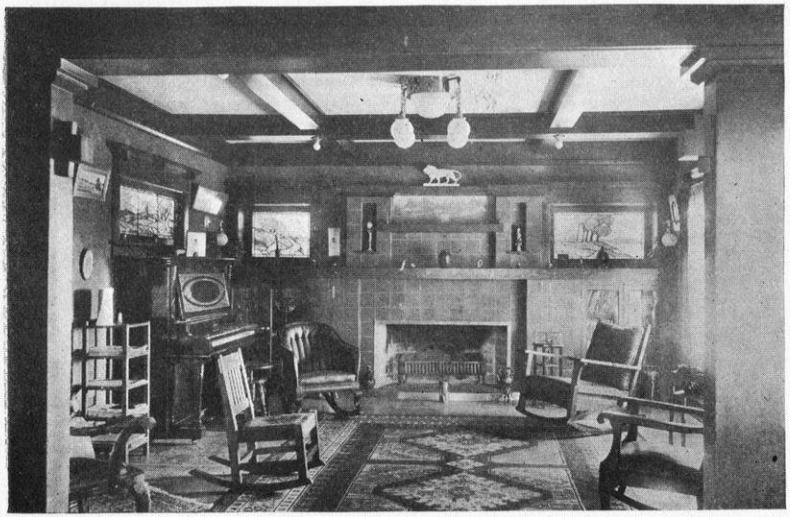


PATIO IN MR. WEBBER'S BUNGALOW.

LIVING ROOM, LOOKING INTO DEN.

vivid idea of the rooms and their relation to one another may be seen in the reproductions from photographs of the interior. Although this house is distinctly a bungalow, there is nothing crude about its finish or construction, either inside or out. The woodwork of the interior is all of redwood, finished so that the satiny surface and beautiful color effects are given their full value. The beams which span the ceilings of the living room, dining room and den are all boxed, as are the massive square posts that appear in the openings between the living room and den and also between the dining room and breakfast room.

A particularly charming effect is given by the arrangement of the tiled chimneypiece in the living room. This is low, broad and generous looking, and the bookcases on either side, with the leaded glass windows above, form a part of the structure which is treated as a whole and fills the entire end of the room. Leaded glass, in beautiful landscape designs and harmonious coloring, is used with admirable effect in the windows above the piano and fireplace, and also in the glass doors of the buffet and book-

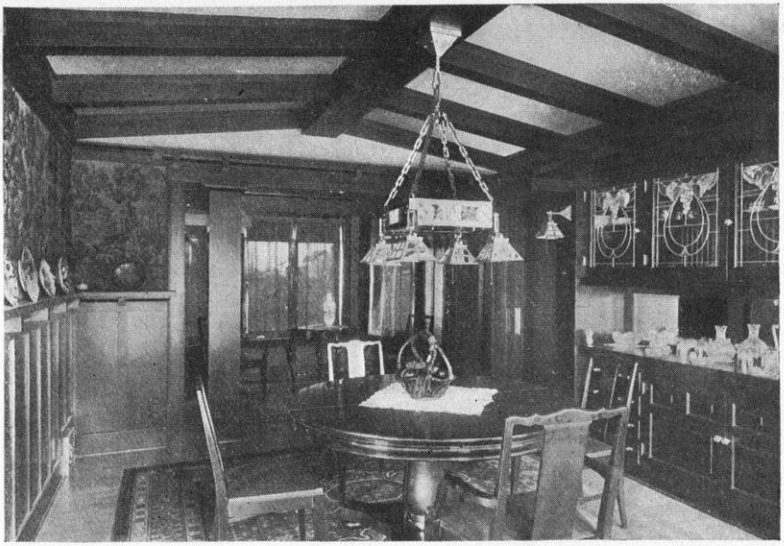


LIVING ROOM, SHOWING FIREPLACE.

cases. The den, which forms a part of the living room, is treated in much the same way as the larger room, save that its walls are wholly paneled with wood, and in a recess at one side of the window is built a wall bed which can be let down when necessary, converting the room into an additional bedroom to be used when the house is full. The opening into the dining room is so wide that it also seems to be a part of the living room. The ceiling differs from that of the other room in that it runs up to a slight peak where a massive girder affords support for the cross-beams. The walls of this room are paneled with redwood to the height of the plate rail, and the wall space above is covered with tapestry paper in a low-toned forest design. The large buffet is built in, and with the china closet above, extends to the ceiling.

Just off the dining room is a small breakfast room which, with its wide bay window, is hardly more than a very large window nook that is flooded with sunshine in the morning, and is a delightful place for breakfast. It is also used as a supplementary dining room when entertainments are given.

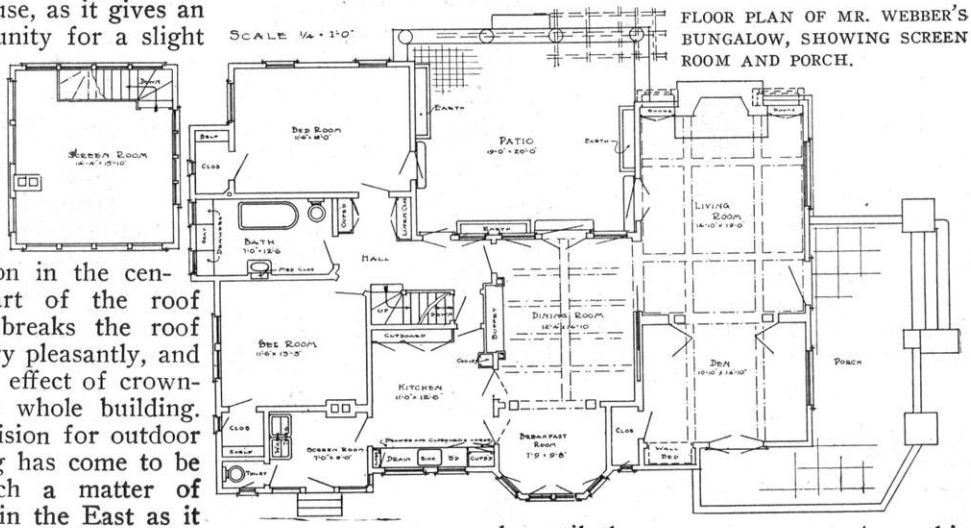
The same taste that ruled the building and decorating of this house also directed its furnishing, so that the furniture falls readily into place as a part of the whole scheme of things, and harmonizes completely with the woodwork and the whole style of construction. It is not often that one sees this because, although people may build an entirely new house, they usually go into it laden with possessions which are dear to them, but which can hardly be said to harmonize with the structural scheme of a modern bungalow. In this case, however, the furniture might have been chosen with a special reference to this house. Even the Turkish rugs, ordinarily so difficult to reconcile with the slightly rugged effect that usually prevails in a bungalow, are quite at home here, because the whole interior finish is so complete and delicate that the house affords an admirable setting for Oriental rugs.



DINING ROOM, SHOWING BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD.

Plenty of outdoor sleeping accommodations are afforded because a screen porch opens from one of the bedrooms, and up-

stairs is a large screen room which gives ample accommodation to all who care to sleep out-of-doors. This upstairs screen room is not only a convenience, but its presence adds much to the exterior beauty of the house, as it gives an opportunity for a slight elevation in the central part of the roof which breaks the roof line very pleasantly, and has the effect of crowning the whole building.



FLOOR PLAN OF MR. WEBBER'S BUNGALOW, SHOWING SCREEN ROOM AND PORCH.

Provision for outdoor sleeping has come to be as much a matter of course in the East as it is in the West, and this screen room would be particularly well adapted to the Eastern climate, because the widely overhanging roof affords plenty of shelter even from driving storms. Also in an Eastern climate it might be advisable to transform the patio into a sunroom by the addition of a glass roof and a front wall of glass in place of the pergola and pillars. With a southern exposure this would mean a delightful sunroom and conservatory, especially in winter, as it would get all the sunshine there is and would also be sheltered from cold and wind by the walls of the house. If the glass roof gave too much light the open space could, of course, be roofed over in the ordinary way.

A BUNGALOW BUILT BY AN EASTERN MAN FOR HIS OWN USE ON A CALIFORNIA RANCH

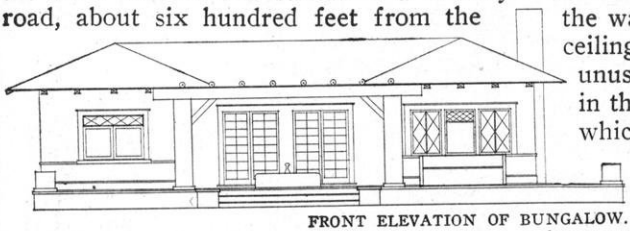
SO many of our best examples of bungalow construction come from California, which seems to be the natural home in this country for such hot climate dwellings, that it is hardly surprising that when an Eastern man wants to build a bungalow after his own ideas, he goes out there to do it. We have just received from Mr. C. L. Newcomb, Jr., of Holyoke, Massachusetts, some very interesting plans and elevations of a five-room bungalow which was planned and built under his own direction and for his own use at Kenwood, in northern California. The house was finished last year, but there are no photographs of it and none will be made until the owner goes out there this year, so we are giving the plans alone for the benefit of our readers, as the house is so compactly and conveniently designed that the plans are of value as suggestions to others.

In the first place, the bungalow complete cost only $2,000, although it would probably take a great deal more than that to build it in the East, as the prices of both material and labor are higher here. It was specially planned to do away with the usual drawback of the bungalow style of dwelling—dark rooms, for as a rule the wide verandas, which are the greatest charm of this type of house, mean that the interior is very dark. Of course, in a hot, sunny climate this is a distinct advantage, as shade is eagerly sought for during the greater part of the year, but in the East it forms an insurmountable objection to the bungalow in the minds of many who would otherwise find this kind of house most attractive.

As the floor plan shows, Mr. Newcomb's bungalow is built somewhat in the Spanish style, with a patio in front and a large square porch at the back. This rear porch, which opens from the dining room, is screened so that it can be used for an outdoor dining room if desired, and also for a sleeping porch at night. A wide terrace extends across the whole front of the house and around one corner, and a large pergola

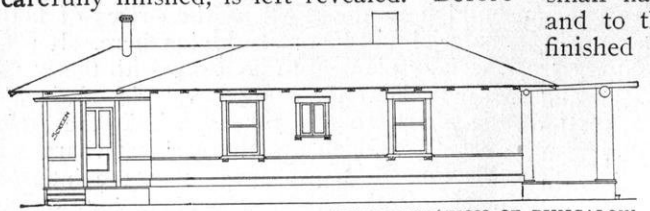
covers this terrace in the center, extending across the full width of the patio, to which it forms an effective entrance.

The bungalow is built on a knoll which slopes away to a small stream in front. On the other side of this stream is a country road, about six hundred feet from the house. A private road leads up to the bungalow from the main road, and this is bordered with a hedge, so that from the main road the place has a charming sheltered look, as the low building appears to nestle in a luxuriant mass of trees and shrubbery.



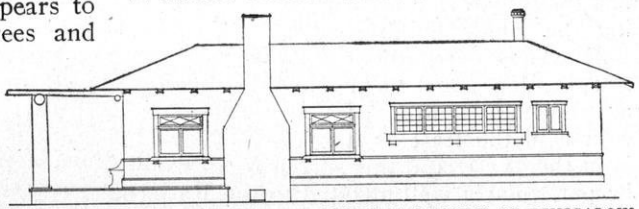
FRONT ELEVATION OF BUNGALOW.

The living room is of ample size for the needs of the family, and appears much larger than it is, because the whole front end, looking out upon the terrace and the patio, is almost solid glass. In addition to this, double French doors open to the patio and a broad archway connects the room with the dining room. The interior finish of the living room is very interesting. The studding, which is all surfaced and very carefully finished, is left revealed. Before the exterior siding was put on the walls were ceiled with slash grain Oregon pine, also surfaced, so that they have a paneled effect that is charming. The window sills and caps are heavy, and the massive fireplace and chimney are built up on a concrete foundation with basalt paving blocks, which are admirable when used in this way and are very inexpensive. A large panel of red sandstone is set in above a heavy rustic plank mantel, making an interesting chimneypiece at comparatively small cost.



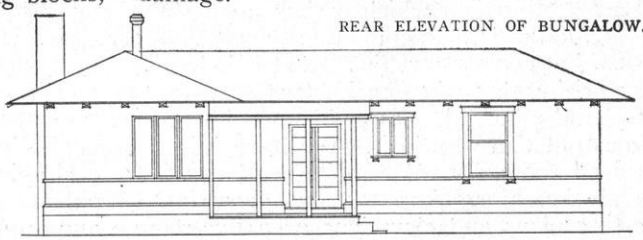
LEFT ELEVATION OF BUNGALOW.

The dining room is the central room of the bungalow. It is wainscoted to a height of six feet with Oregon pine, like that used in the living room. The studding is not revealed in the dining room, but the joints of the wainscot are battened with three-inch strips. Above the plate shelf the walls are plastered and tinted, and the ceilings in both rooms are beamed. An unusual and very convenient contrivance in the dining room is a disappearing bed, which slides under the floor of the closet in the rear bedroom. This bed is covered in the daytime by a false drawer front which makes the lower part of a built-in desk. A device which gives an extra bed that can be eliminated in the daytime is one which will be appreciated by every owner of a bungalow. A double French window leads to the back porch, and two more open upon the patio, and as these always stand open in the summer time, the dining room, like the living room, seems a part of out-of-doors.



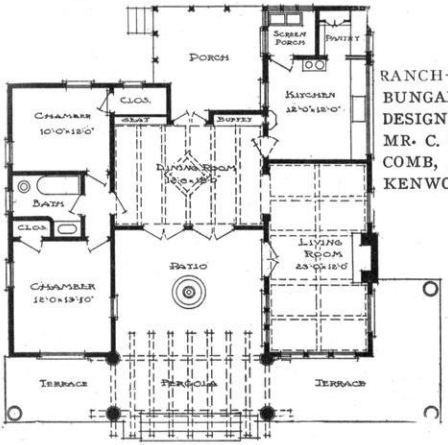
RIGHT ELEVATION OF BUNGALOW.

From the dining room one steps into a small hall which leads to both bedrooms and to the bathroom. The bedrooms are finished in hard wall plaster with white enameled woodwork, and the bathroom is finished in hard waterproof plaster marked as tiles and enameled, so that it has very much the appearance of tiles. The floor slopes from all sides to a drain under the tub, and is covered with a layer of imported red cement, smooth finished, which is attractive and thoroughly waterproof. This arrangement is Mr. Newcomb's own idea, as he wishes to be able to turn the hose into the bathroom without damage.



REAR ELEVATION OF BUNGALOW.

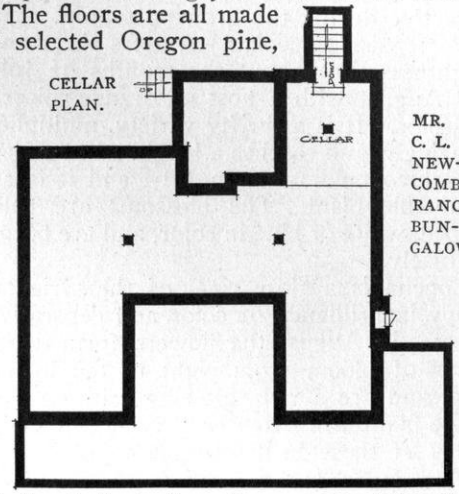
The kitchen, which in a house of this kind is one of the most important rooms, is designed with the special idea of minimizing the housework. The sink and drain-



RANCH-BUNGALOW DESIGNED BY MR. C. L. NEWCOMB, JR., IN KENWOOD, CAL.

board take up one entire end of the room, and along this side are four sliding windows. Opening from the kitchen is a large pantry with a sliding door, and in this pantry are the necessary cupboards, shelves, flour bins, work boards and cold closet, so that all the work of cooking can be done in this room. The outer door of the kitchen leads to a small screened porch on which are two set tubs. Under the kitchen is a large cemented cellar with a hatch from the outside. The cold closet in the pantry is connected by a dumbwaiter with a like closet in the cellar. A room for the servant and a storeroom for wood are provided in a separate building just back of the house.

The floors are all made of selected Oregon pine,



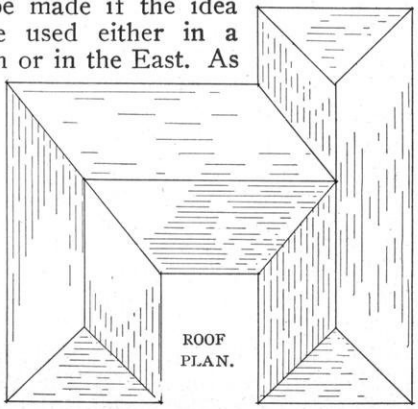
CELLAR PLAN.

MR. C. L. NEWCOMB'S RANCH-BUNGALOW.

filled, shellacked and waxed. All other woodwork in the living room and dining room is stained dark and waxed, but the woodwork in the kitchen is left in the natural color and finished with spar varnish so that it can be washed.

The exterior of the bungalow is sided with wide redwood boards, split and lapped like clapboards. A heavy building paper was put under the siding and between the double floors, so that the walls are sufficiently thick and warm. The exterior of the building is stained a dark brown, and the shingled roof is mossy green. The bungalow is wired throughout for electric lights, and the sewage is taken care of in a septic tank. The patio and back porch are both floored with red brick, and the pergola is made of rough redwood logs.

This bungalow, of course, was specially planned for the requirements of California ranch life, and some changes would have to be made if the idea were used either in a town or in the East. As



ROOF PLAN.

it is, the cellar is large enough to permit the installation of a hot water heater, and a concrete foundation is built under the entire house so that the mud sills rest on this, leaving a space of eighteen inches or more under the building.

THE TWELVE BEST PERENNIALS FOR THE MODEST HOME: BY ADELINE THAYER THOMSON

THE many advantages of hardy plants over the more tender annual varieties have been so fully and convincingly set forth by our leading floral magazines and papers that perennials are recognized today as being the most satisfactory for the permanent home. So much has been said in regard to "massed planting," "naturalizing by the thousands," "stocking the yard with hardy plants," "harmonious

color combinations," etc., that the modest property owner is apt to gather the impression that perennials must be planted in quantities to be satisfactory, and because but a few varieties can be afforded, defers planting them from year to year. A great deal of satisfaction, however, may be had from a dozen well-chosen hardy plants, and delayed planting means only wasting precious time, for within two years these same perennials may be divided, and one's stock increased at least fourfold.

Long printed lists of plants are always confusing to the amateur, and if one is limited to the choosing of but a few varieties, unless there is perfect familiarity with the different perennials, it is a difficult matter to know which are best adapted for the home yard.

As an aid to the amateur, the following hardy plants have been carefully selected from the host of varieties as the twelve best perennials for general use,—the choice being based upon a standard of extreme hardiness, beauty of form and color, adaptability to different soils and locations, and varying seasons of bloom that will insure a continued floral display from spring until fall.

The hepatica is the best hardy variety for early spring blooming. At the very threshold of April, when the other perennials are only beginning to push their way through the dry leaves of winter, this plant unfolds its harvest of delicate blossoms, and for three weeks or more it is easily queen of the garden. The hepatica thrives luxuriantly in sun or shade, and increases rapidly by self sowing. Its height is six inches.

The columbine,—that old, old favorite,—still possesses the characteristics that make it invaluable. This plant is among the hardiest in cultivation, thrives in sun or shade, and is entirely free from insect pests. The nodding, bell-shaped blossoms are very attractive and appear generously throughout the month of May. It grows one foot high.

The German iris is a highly decorative variety that grows two feet high and adapts itself readily to all planting effects. The flowers unfold in May and are large and exquisitely formed. Varieties may be had in colors shading from the purest of white through many different tints of yellow, brown and purple. The iris increases rapidly, but resents disturbance to its roots any time but in the fall.

The delphinium is the most conspicuous plant among all June-blooming varieties. The azure blue flower spikes are borne from four to six feet high, and one can scarcely imagine a more brilliant effect than this plant presents when in flower. It will blossom again in the fall if the flowering stalk is cut down immediately after its beauty has faded—an advantage which few perennials possess.

The soft, silvery foliage of the hardy pink, which grows one foot high, makes it an effective plant at all times. It blooms profusely, however, and during the month of June is loaded with a mass of attractive flowers that fill the air with a rich, spicy perfume. Stock is readily multiplied by cuttings made in the early spring, for at this time they root most easily if planted in a shady location and carefully watered.

The Oriental poppy is the most gorgeous plant among the perennials. The flowers are unusually large and glowing red in color, while the petals are fantastically blotched with markings of black. The plant flowers in June and always attracts great admiration. The stock may be increased quickly by cutting the root into pieces, and each part will form a new plant. This work should be done immediately after flowering, and the new plants rooted in the shade. It grows two feet high.

Pyrethrum is another perennial which flowers in June. The blossoms are daisy-like in form, but they possess a range of color unknown to that variety. The unusually graceful foliage makes the plant attractive during the growing season.

Coreopsis (lanceolata) scatters cheer and brightness throughout the months of July and August with a host of orange-colored blossoms. It is a thrifty variety, multiplies amazingly, and reaches a height of two feet.

Platycodon flowers in July, and it is an invaluable plant. The blossoms are bell-shaped, white or blue in color, and are borne profusely.

Lobelia is a close rival of the Oriental poppy in brilliancy of color and decorative effect. In August the flowers form dense heads of bloom from eight to ten inches long, and are a rich, glowing crimson. A single plant will often send up six or eight stalks of these brilliant spikes.

The Japanese anemone is an exquisite variety, and its delicate pink and white flowers are among the most beautiful in cultivation. This plant blossoms in Sep-

tember, and flourishes until frost. Height, one foot.

The pompon chrysanthemum braves the cold, chilling winds of November, and thrives until severe freezing weather. No collection of perennials would be complete without this variety, which reaches only two feet in height.

The foregoing collection of perennials means an outlay of about a dollar and a half. No other investment could give more real pleasure, or pay a higher rate of interest, for once planted perennials thrive a lifetime, and with the passing years they increase in numbers and in added charm.

SOME PRIMITIVE CRAFTSMEN IN MEXICO: BY VERONA GRANVILLE

SILVER has been the favorite metal of nearly all primitive craftsmen who work for beauty's sake. This is especially true of the Latin races, and their descendants in Mexico of today are among the most skilled workmen in the world. It is most interesting to watch a native *platero* at work in his quiet little shop in some of the larger cities where few strangers penetrate, and away from the tourists' demand for the gaudy cut-out jewelry made from Mexican coins; the hideous belts, bracelets and watch fobs, and cheap brooches of butterfly and lizard designs, much of the latter coming from Italian and German factories.

I have in mind a little old half-Mexican, half-Indian, and his tiny shop in a side street in Guanajuato, where more than ten years ago there was only a local supply for silver ornaments, and the primitive workers depicted with an astonishing grasp of intimate detail only such objects and scenes as they were familiar with in daily life.

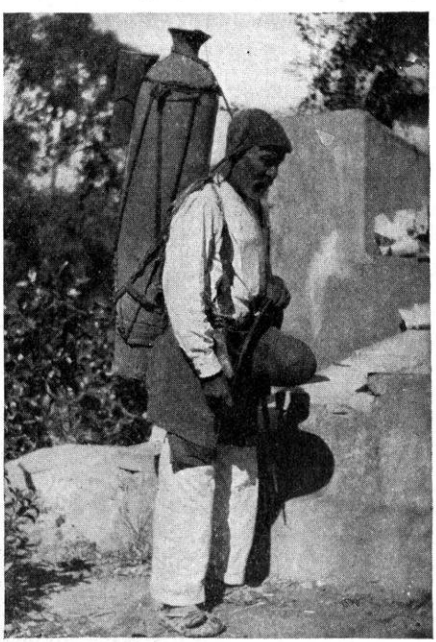
One day while sitting on a rickety bench by the side of the patient old man, he told me his story with much naïveté and charm.

"I was born," he said, "in the great patio of the Valenciana mine, the greatest but one in the world, only the Potosi mine of Bolivia showing a greater record in adding to the world's supply of silver. My father was killed when the great octagonal shaft of the Valenciana was flooded. My mother worked as an ore sorter in the patio. She was of pure Indian blood. I suppose that I inherited my love for silver ornaments from her. She always wore beautifully chased silver earrings and bracelets, and she constantly bought more, although we were very poor, and often there was a lack of *tortillas* and *frijoles*. When my mother died, her little store of jewelry was mine. Here they are. I will never part with them. They are a source of constant inspiration."

He showed me a little carved cedar box, full of silver trinkets, among them an especially beautiful little figure of an ore carrier, with a basket held by a leather strap from his forehead. "I made it," the old man said. "You may see the same young peon at the Cardones mine."

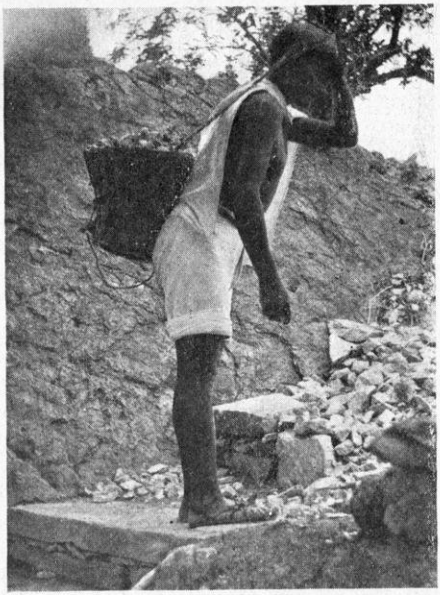
A few days later I photographed the Indian model for the little ornament, as well as an old water carrier, of whom the *platero* had a statuette in clay.

"I was employed for several years



OLD MEXICAN WATER CARRIER: A MODEL FOR THE MEXICAN SILVERSMITH.

about the assay office of the great mine," the *platero* went on; and, quite unblushingly, he said: "I stole many of the beads as they came from the cupels, and often bits of silver wire. I learned assaying, and when my knowledge of an-



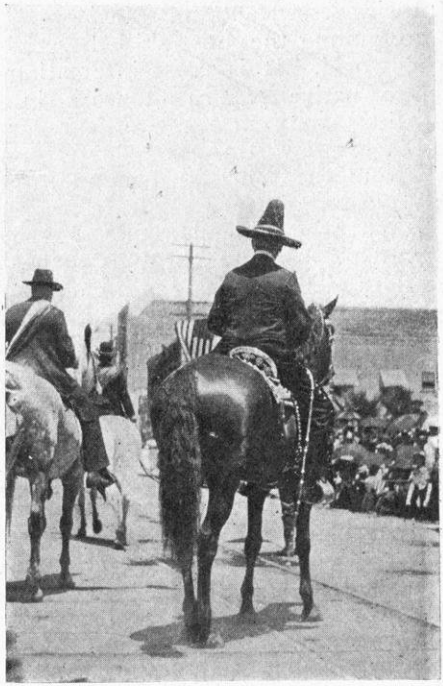
A MEXICAN ORE CARRIER: MODEL FOR THE MEXICAN SILVERSMITH.

nealing silver, drawing wire, and other work became sufficient to set up a shop of my own I came here; and here I have worked for thirty-two years. No master has taught me anything. It is a heaven-sent occupation. I would not exchange it for any other, although the profits are meager."

I bought four of his silver thimbles, with agate, onyx and jasper tops. Technically and artistically the work is delightful, with curiously carved and intricate designs of flowers and birds. He afterward made for me a set of six teaspoons, representing the various classes of work performed about a mine. There were Indians driving wood, and ore-laden burdens; ore sorters in the great patio, ore bearers struggling up the "chicken ladders" from a depth of 1,500 to 2,000 feet with 200 pounds of ore on their backs, skilfully etched mules at work in the *arrastras,* and realistic pictures of rich, pompous old Don mine owners.

The little old man himself went with me to the splendid mansion of Señor Alcazar, a wealthy Spaniard, who has probably the most complete collection of curios in Mexico. There are more than 800 gold and silver watches, 200 Spanish fans of lace and gold and ivory; scores of curiously wrought old candlesticks in silver, copper, brass and bell metal, carved rosaries, crosses and antique silver and gilt plate, old china and embroideries, books and pictures, but to the old *platero* the most interesting objects in the collection were the splendid hand-wrought silver stirrups, saddle and bridle ornaments.

"We Mexicans, like the Spaniards," said the little *platero,* "love nothing so much as a splendidly caparisoned horse; and, oh, but it was a great sight in the old times to see from two to three hundred *caballeros* mounted on high-stepping horses, on *fiesta* days, with handsome *charro* suits of terra-cotta colored leather, trimmed with chased silver buttons, tassels and braid. And the saddles and bridles were heavy with silver trappings; and all of the *caballeros* vied with one another, especially in the choice of their stirrups. This pair," and he lovingly touched those shown in the accompanying photograph, "was made in Guanajuato, by a famous *platero* of pure Indian blood. They are among the

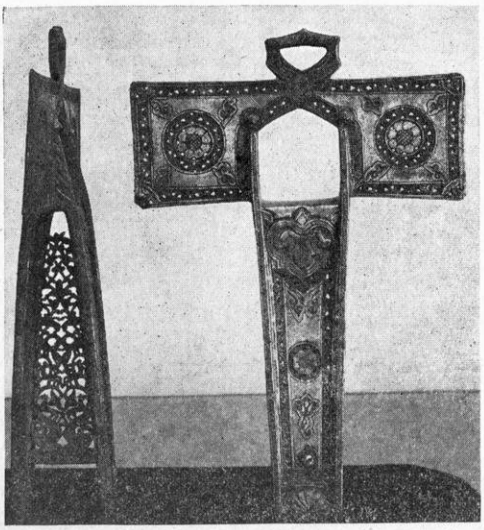


MEXICAN CABALLERO WITH SILVER SADDLE TRAPPINGS.

heaviest I have ever seen, each one weighing forty pounds. The silver came from the great Valenciana mine.

"All beautiful work is of the mind, the cunning hand being but a servant. All great *plateros,* too, are their own de-

signers; there are no specialists among us yet, thank heaven, as among modern silversmiths. We think, think; observe, observe, sometimes pondering for weeks over a suitable design for a pair of stirrups and the decorations for a saddle; then all in a flash comes the inspiration, and the work is quickly accomplished, while every detail is fresh in the mind.



OLD MEXICAN STIRRUPS, SHOWING THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE PRIMITIVE SILVERSMITH.

I always work the same way, and never alter the pattern which is accurately impressed here," and he struck his low, wrinkled forehead. "This chain, this rosary and this thimble with Baja California pearls I made in a week, although their designs had cost me many days of serious thought." He showed me his handiwork eagerly, and was gratified at my praise, for nothing from the hands of famous Spanish *plateros* could excel the patiently chased saddle trappings and the bridle decorations in the famous Alcazar collection.

In Mexico today but little of this beautiful work is left, and practically none is being made. The tourist wants too much for too little to make possible the transmuting of rare imagination through deft craftsmanship into a work of art. The souvenir craze has killed the desire, even the capacity, for skilled labor among the craftsmen of the Southwest. New designs are no longer to be secured, and the old ones are imitated by the unintelligent workmen so heedlessly that the very beauty of the original thought has vanished.

WHAT THE MOTOR CAR HAS DONE TO COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE

"FRANCE is of all countries the most conservative, for the people who have the secret of the enjoyment of life are in no haste to lose it. I used to think that the blue blouse of the men and the white cap of the women might pass for symbols of constancy or conservatism, so sure was I that the pleasant things they stood for would resist all change. Summer after summer I would return to the charming, well-ordered town, the friendly, comfortable inn, the courteous people, the joyous feasts, to find them as I had left them. But when I return now, I come everywhere upon the trail of the innovator. France I do believe has changed more in the last few years than in the whole century before, and one of the most immediate causes of the change is the motorist. It has been said that the motor car has restored the romance of travel; it would be truer to say that the motorist has destroyed it forever. A quarter of a century ago—I have not forgotten—Ruskin was saying the same thing of the cyclist. But the cycle brought back freedom to the traveler without demoralizing the countries through which he passed. . . . To be a cyclist was not to be a millionaire. But to motor means money, and money recognizes only one standard of comfort and insists upon maintaining it. The cyclist took things as he found them, asking of his Touring Club only to reduce the cost of life for him as he rode; the motorist will have nothing remain as it is, but clamors for the latest fashions in plumbing and upholstery, and for his own hours, and his own *menu*, his own table at meals, and he raises the scale of living as he goes. . . . He does not know that it is just in the old-fashioned inn he disdains that the traveler who does know is sure of an excellent dinner and a good bottle of wine, a comfortable bed at night and, most likely, a cheerful landlady and gay talk at the *table d'hôte*.

The motor gives to the traveler who can afford it the opportunity to see the world as it never was seen before, and the motorist is fast making the world not worth seeing at all."

E. R. Pennell.

A FRIEND OF THE TREES: BY M. KENNEDY BAILEY

THE first time I saw Enos A. Mills he was addressing, at a national convention, an audience which became strangely silent as he pleaded for his friends the trees. Wearing as he did the look of one who lives his life in the open,—the look of contact with the trees and the beating sun and the forest trail, there was something in the man's personality that spoke unconsciously of decades consecrated to the wilds and cloistered in them. He seemed to have come to the platform impelled by his affection for the forests to go out and tell the world of their danger. As you listened you felt the beauty of the forest's life, the pathos of its struggles against the accidents of nature and the abuse of man, the joy of its days, the majesty of its nights, the tragedy of its death. You felt almost as if this man had been sent by the trees themselves to ask a busy world of men and women to protect them, for in the bearing and look of the speaker was unmistakable kinship with them,—a kinship that told of many years spent alone with nature in the intimate companionship of which poets have dreamed, but few men have actually experienced,—perhaps no other for the same purpose and in the same spirit that has animated Enos Mills.

Years later I saw Mr. Mills in his own mammoth forests up near the timber line in the Colorado Rockies. He was still about his business, this time writing the message that for ten months of the year he had been delivering from the lecture platform. He wrote in a cabin studio that would have delighted William Morris by its simple furnishings made from the limbs of fire-killed trees, its tables supported upon weather-carved stumps, its wonderful balustrades of rock-flattened pine roots, wrought by time and nature into beautiful shapes and strange fretwork. He is not at first easy to understand, unless you approach him as he approaches the trees, meeting him on his own ground of love for the natural and sweet and wholesome. As he laid down his firearms before entering the sanctuary of the forest, so must you lay down the armament of conventional small talk and small thought before being admitted on a basis of friendship with so intense and sincere a lover of nature.

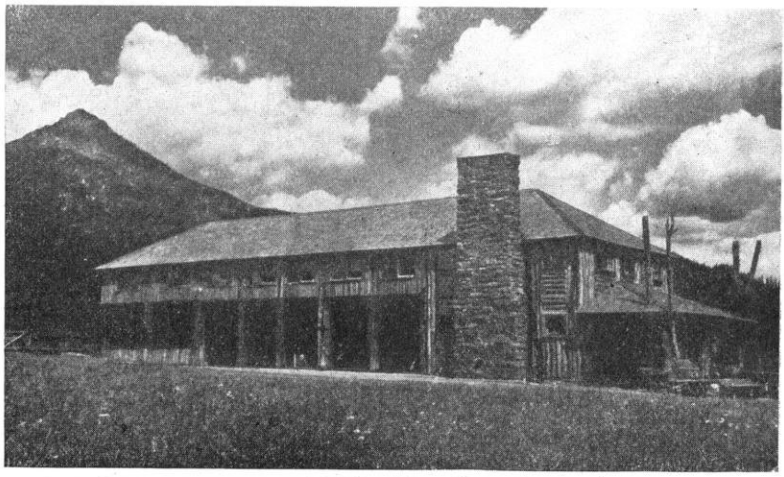
It is really the artist in Enos Mills that has made him one of the most effectual defenders the forests have today. He knows

OLD WHEN AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED.

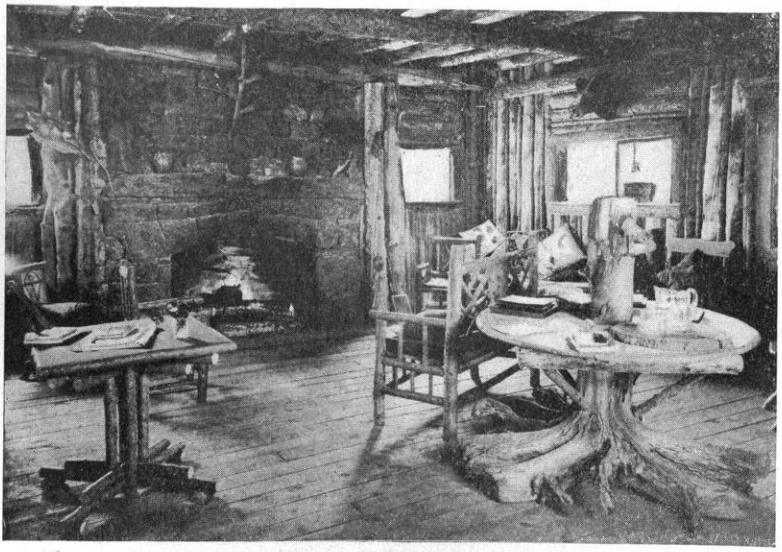
that he may fail to save the trees and beaver and mountain sheep and flowers and lakes of his beloved Colorado, but he will at least have given his life to the effort. It is the artist in him that will not give up the forests, the poet in him that learns the secrets of the trees, and the naturalist that watches

the beavers at their work of soil-making and moisture-conservation.

On the broad east shoulder of Long's Peak, Estes Park, Colorado, Mr. Mills has built an inn for the entertainment of nature-loving holiday makers, artists, writers and students. Naturalists and nature-students are apt to congregate there in summer. Botanists take the mountain trails every morning and return at noon with full portfolios. In the evening young men armed with field-glasses and knapsacks start for "The Timberline," another cabin built by Mr. Mills at the point where the forest stops and the snow begins. There they spend the night and make an early start the following morning for the Peak. Nobody plucks wantonly the flowers on Long's Peak and nobody shoots the game, and as you walk along the mountain trail you realize that this is the true spirit of Arcady,—this leaving of the flowers to bloom, the flocks to feed and the trees to flourish.



LONG'S PEAK INN: MR. MILLS' MOUNTAIN HOME.



LIVING ROOM IN THE INN.

The sleeping cabins and large central structure of the Inn cluster about Mr. Mills' own cabin studio, where he lives all winter as well as summer, when not lecturing. He has probably made more speeches on the subject of forestry than anyone else in America, carrying his plea for their preservation into every State and territory and before audiences as various as there are kinds of human beings. No one is too old or too young; none too rich or too poor to feel the blessing of trees. Fashionable society and the slums have heard him in large cities; he has spoken in college and in kindergarten; the students at Tuskegee have listened to his impassioned words and Boston has been aroused to enthusiasm on behalf of the forests. In clubs and conventions interested in the conservation of the natural resources of the country, Mr. Mills has been much in demand. Most of his early addresses were delivered at his own expense,—a kind of philanthropy not very popular or widespread ten or fifteen years ago. Inasmuch as he earned the money to pay for his self-appointed mission of tree-preserver by deserting it at intervals to work in the mines or to act as guide through mountain passes, his task was not an easy

THE STORY OF MANY WINDS.

one. That it brought results of immense importance we are assured by the changed conditions that exist today. It would be difficult to estimate the influence of this one man in bringing the country to its senses with respect to the forests. Now the forests have many champions and the idea of their conservation is becoming firmly established.

Mr. Mills' book, "Wild Life in the Rockies," which appeared a year ago, is a new and vivid interpretation of the spirit of the wilds. The chapter entitled "The Wilds without Firearms" is an interesting revelation of Nature's friendliness, her fine response to the overtures of one who persisted in entering her domain unarmed and in regarding her forests as sanctuary. It is to this chapter that one must look for a revelation of the author's personality and what he encountered in his early acquaintanceship with the deep woods. Another chapter is "The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine,"—the first adequate biography ever written of an individual tree. This pine tree essay brings a new, large and most interesting element into literature. "It is almost a marvel," we read in this essay, "that trees should be the oldest of living things." The pine of which Mr. Mills wrote was born in the year 856 near the Cliff-Dwellers' Mesa Verde. It was cut down in 1903. A poet might have taken these dates and reconstructed from his imagination the drama enacted about it in all those centuries of time. But poet and naturalist together have done vastly more than that. Not only has Mr. Mills painted with swift, bold brush-strokes the pageant of the years, but he has read from the tree's own scroll, as it opened under his saw and knife-blade, the records of its personal experiences. He knew in what year the borers attacked it and what year it was cured by the woodpecker surgeon. He knew the very season and the year in which it suffered an earthquake shock, and when it was, in turn, the target for Indian arrows and for the bullets of white men. His Old Pine was 636 years old when Columbus discovered America, and yet it was green and healthy when cut down seven years ago.

One of the aids Mr. Mills has found ready to his hand in expressing the natural life of the mountains is the camera, which he uses with marked success. Here again the artist stands revealed where naturalist and forester may have been supposed to have it all their own way. His pictures are remarkable for the skill and imagination displayed in the selection of subjects.

THE DEMOCRACY OF ART

"POTENTIALLY, every man is an artist. Between the artist, so called, and the ordinary man there is no gulf fixed which cannot be passed. Such are the terms of our mechanical civilization today that art has become specialized, and the practice of it is limited to a few; in consequence artists have become a kind of class. But essentially the possibilities of art lie within the scope of any man, given the right conditions. That man is an artist who fashions a new thing that he may express himself in response to his need. Whatever the form in which it may manifest itself, the art spirit is one."

Carleton Noyes.

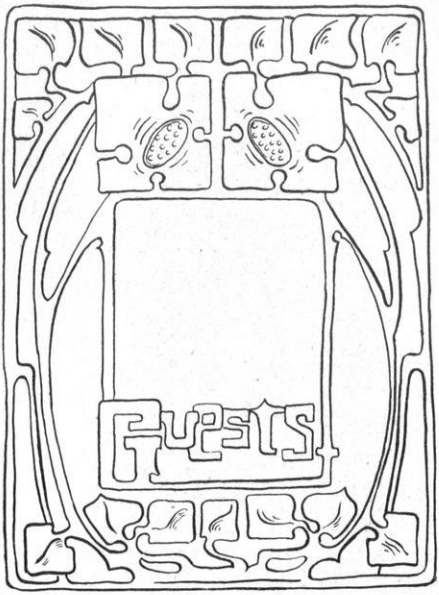
GUEST BOOK IN TOOLED LEATHER: CRAFTSMAN PLANS

IN designing a guest book we would endeavor to construct something radiating a little of the feeling that the home owner wishes to give out to the welcome guest—individuality, warmth and personal cordiality. There is charm in a guest book that is made by the hand of the house owner, with the cover tooling a bit of self-expression, with the page quotations

GUEST BOOK: COVER OF TOOLED LEATHER.

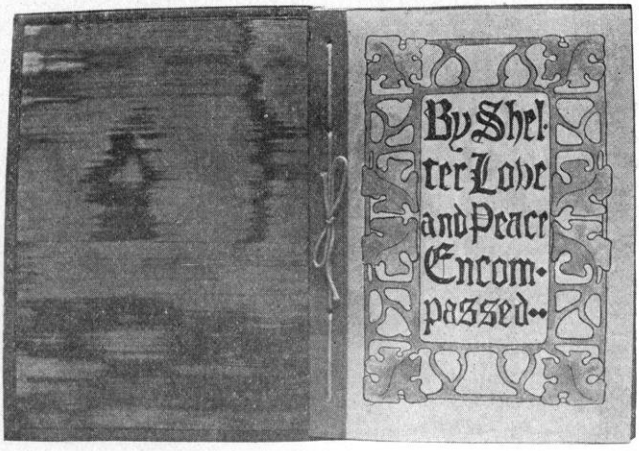
chosen because of real appreciation. And an echo of others' thoughts, or, better yet, a carefully worded original phrase from the guest, who should enjoy paying some personal tribute to the friends who have given him joy, is greatly prized.

This guest book is made of tooled Craftsman sole leather, which is very easy to work. The decoration is on the front cover. There is no interlining, the body of the leather giving the required stiffness to the cover. The edges of the leather are pared down thin and turned over in a sort of a hem, inside of which the silk lining is pasted. The binding on the inside makes it possible for the leaves to be removed and replaced by others when these are



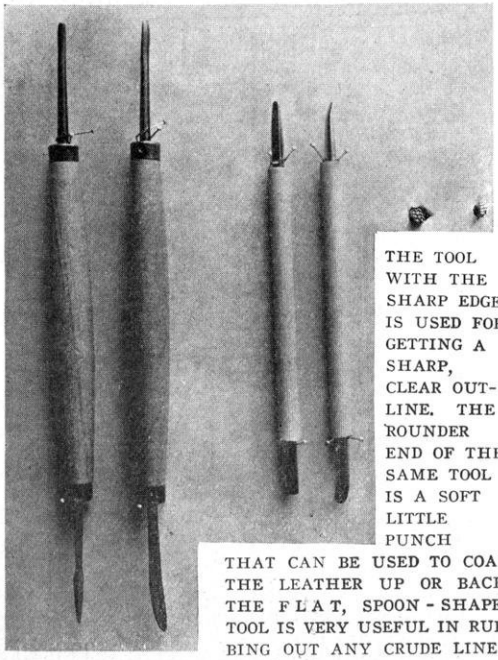
SECOND DESIGN FOR TOOLING GUEST BOOK COVER.

filled with the names of guests. This is done by placing two pieces of stiff leather, about one-half an inch apart, on the inside of the covers. The pages are fastened in with lacings which pass through them and this stiff board. The front page is decorated by hand, tinted in water-color the same tone as the soft shade of green that is used for the silk lining of the cover, with a little touch of pink and blue here and there. The lettering is done by hand. This book has no set margin on the inside pages, the idea being to allow absolute freedom to the



DOUBLURE AND TITLE PAGE OF GUEST BOOK.

guest in expressing his own individuality. Many guest books we have seen have been most interesting on account of the sketches



THE TOOL WITH THE SHARP EDGE IS USED FOR GETTING A SHARP, CLEAR OUTLINE. THE ROUNDER END OF THE SAME TOOL IS A SOFT LITTLE PUNCH THAT CAN BE USED TO COAX THE LEATHER UP OR BACK. THE FLAT, SPOON-SHAPED TOOL IS VERY USEFUL IN RUBBING OUT ANY CRUDE LINES.

or sonnets or bits of prose which express the individuality of the person in the whole arrangement of the page. But margins might often be an addition, as they would make the book a more complete design, if the handwriting were confined in a more conventional way.

We show some pictures of tools which give suggestions as to how we can bring up the leather. The one with the sharp edge is used for getting a sharp clear outline. The rounder end of the same tool is a soft little punch that can be used to coax the leather up or back, as desired, in working from either the front or the back. The flat, spoon-shaped one is very useful in rubbing out any crude lines that are not wanted. It is not necessary to indicate the uses of the tools, because the ingenuity of the worker will at once suggest ways of bringing up the leather with the help of the different shaped ends.

In fact, the chief interest and value of this sort of work lies in the possibilities it affords for the development of the worker's ingenuity and resourcefulness. A feeling for design and some technical skill in its application is, of course, a wonderful advantage, as by that means the worker's own ideas can be given the fullest expression that lies within his power. But if this be lacking, very satisfactory effects may be obtained by using care in tracing or copying.

THE CONVENIENCE OF BEING ABLE TO BIND BOOKS

BOOKBINDING is one of the pleasantest and most interesting of the handicrafts, and, given a fair amount of skill in handling tools, it is not difficult to learn. The difficulty is that most people who take the trouble to learn it do so with the idea of making money by it and, as the demand for hand-bound books is very small, it naturally follows that only the expert bookbinders who are designers as well find any market for their work, and even these find it difficult to sell hand-bound books at the prices they must ask to make the craft at all profitable, unless they are fortunate enough to be regularly employed by some big publishing house which makes a specialty of *editions de luxe*. But as a home craft to be applied to one's own books there are possibilities in the art of bookbinding that have never been developed.

We all know what it means to have a favorite book grow shabby and dog's-eared, and how frequently we regret that it costs so much to have it rebound as we would like it. After all, there is nothing like leather for the outer dress of a book that is much used and handled, and the more "leathery" it is the better. But if one sends the book to a regular bindery to be rebound in leather, the cost of it would probably buy a new copy of our most expensive and treasured volume. Yet if only the binding could be done at home it would be a simple matter not only to restore respectability to a book which has become worn and loose-jointed, but many a tasteless cloth binding could be replaced with flexible, soft-surfaced, mellow-toned leather that is a joy to the touch as well as the eye.

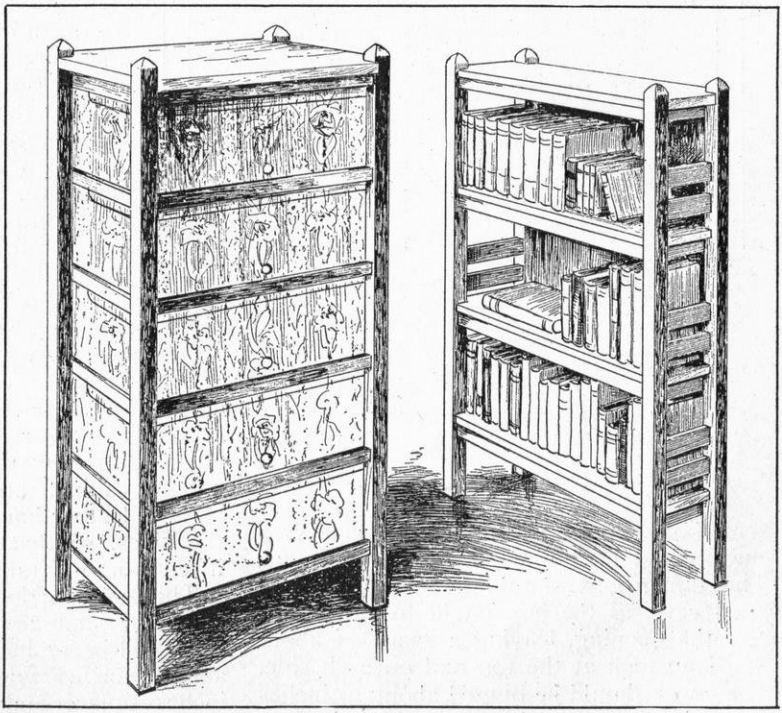
We described in the preceding article the advantages of being possessed of sufficient skill in bookbinding to be able to make a guest book that expresses the individuality of the hostess and something of her feeling toward welcome guests, but this is only a part of the pleasure to be derived from a study of the art of bookbinding purely for personal use and pleasure. If once the idea of profit could be taken away from the practice of this craft, it would take much firmer hold upon the affections of people who have plenty of taste and leisure time and who would feel genuine interest and pride in their ability to do some unusual and beautiful thing.

SOME CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS FOR BUNGALOW FURNISHINGS

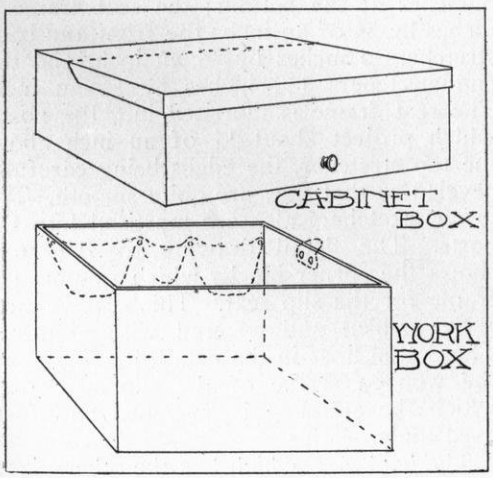
AS this is the season of the year when most people are beginning to think about the furnishings of their summer homes, we are giving as models for home cabinetmakers some pieces that are specially suitable for use in the mountain bungalow or seaside cottage, as they are very simple and inexpensive, are easily made and are sufficiently durable for all ordinary use, besides being rather light and cheerful looking,—qualities which seem specially in keeping with the furnishings of a vacation home.

The box cabinet is meant to serve in place of a bureau, and the frame holds specially-made boxes of heavy pasteboard covered with gay cretonne, which are used as bureau drawers. The piece can be made in any size to fit any given space in the room, but as shown here the frame is 50 inches high, 26 inches wide and 18 inches deep. The posts should be 2 inches square, and the stretchers made of strips 1¼ inches square. The top should be ¾ of an inch thick, and the back is made of V-jointed boards ¾ of an inch thick.

Although the construction of the frame is very simple, care should be taken to make it firm and exact. As shown in the perspective drawing, the front and back stretchers are so placed that they are flush with the inside edge of the posts. Tenons are cut at the ends of these stretchers, so that a check or shoulder is left on either side, but not on the top or bottom. The

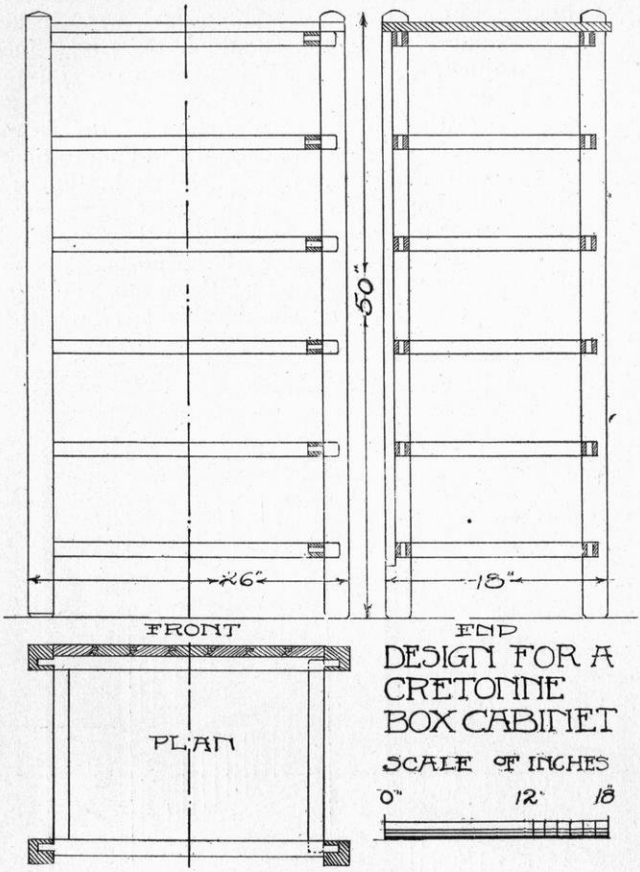


CRAFTSMAN CRETONNE BOX CABINET.
CRAFTSMAN BOOKCASE.



side stretchers are carefully mortised into the front and back stretchers, so that they fit closely against the posts, which help to keep them firm. The back is fitted into the space left behind the back stretcher, and is made flush with the outer edge of the post. The top is notched at each corner so that it fits around the posts which project above them. The joints are all made with dowel pins in the regular way, and are carefully glued into place. Care should be taken to bevel the bottoms of the posts so that they will not splinter when the piece is moved.

Five cretonne-covered boxes should be provided to fit into this framework, and it would be advisable to have them made at



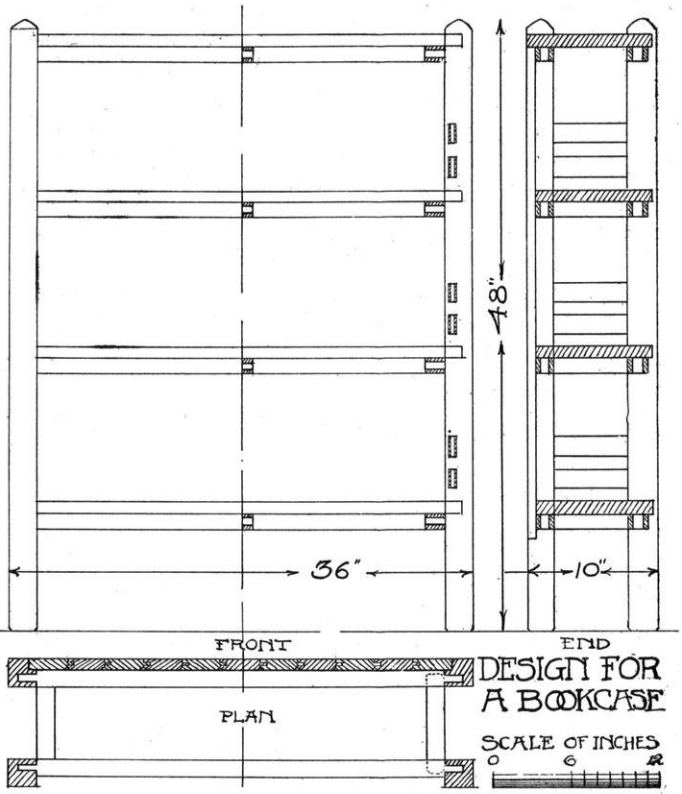
some box factory, as this can be done very cheaply and much more easily than at home. The dimensions should be observed with great care, as the box ought to slip freely into the opening, leaving a space of about ¼ of an inch at the top and on each side. The cover should be hinged about 10 inches from the front, as this will allow the box to be drawn out about 2/3 of its length, and the cover lifted without the necessity of removing it from the frame every time anything is needed. In case the boxes are made at home, a strip of light canvas should be used to hinge the cover. It is a very simple matter to put on the cretonne covering, which is drawn firmly around the sides and pasted on, the cretonne being cut at each corner and pasted under the box, so that it forms a neat joint without humps. About 1½ inches should be left at the top to draw over the edge of the box and paste inside. The bottom is covered with a square piece of cretonne the exact size of the box, and should be very firmly pasted so that it will not pull off at the edge. The top is carefully finished in the same way.

The work-box and stool are designed as companion pieces to the cabinet, and should make very attractive furnishings for a bedroom that is also used as a sewing room. The frame of the work-box is 25 inches high and 18 inches square, and as it is a much smaller piece than the box cabinet, the posts and rails are lighter, the posts being only 1½ inches square; the top rails 1⅛ inches by ⅞ of an inch, and the bottom rails 2 inches by ⅞ of an inch. The three stretchers that support the box should be 1⅛ inches square. The rails are doweled to the posts, as their position forbids mortising, and care should be taken that the dowels do not interfere. The three stretchers in the bottom are mortised into the lower rail. All the rails should be made flush with the inside of the posts, so that the box will slip in and out easily. The detail of the box shows the way it is made, with pockets for thread, thimbles and other sewing materials. It should be covered with cretonne in the same way as the boxes for the cabinet, and carefully lined. Two leather handles should be riveted to the sides, so that the box may be easily lifted from its frame.

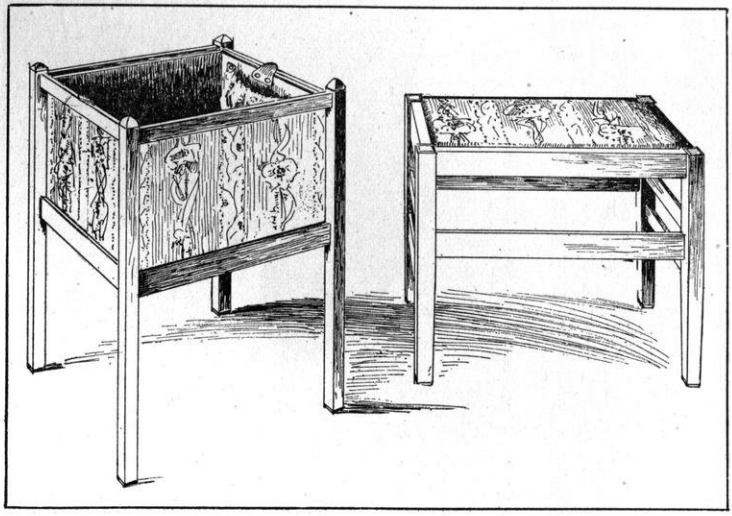
The construction of the stool is very much the same as that of both box frames. It should be 17 inches high, 20 inches long and 16 inches wide. The posts are 1½ inches square and are tapered for about 6 inches at the bottom; the seat frame 2 inches by ⅞ of an inch; the front and back stretchers 2 inches by ½ an inch, and the end stretchers 1¼ inches by ½ an inch. The seat frame is mortised into the posts, which project about ¼ of an inch above the top stretcher, the edges being carefully beveled so that they are quite smooth. The lower stretchers also are mortised into the posts. The detail drawing of the stool shows the corner blocks which support the frame for the slip seat. This seat is carefully padded and covered with cretonne. The dotted lines in the detail drawing show the wooden frame of the slip seat, over which the cretonne is stretched and fastened underneath.

The bookcase, which like the other pieces

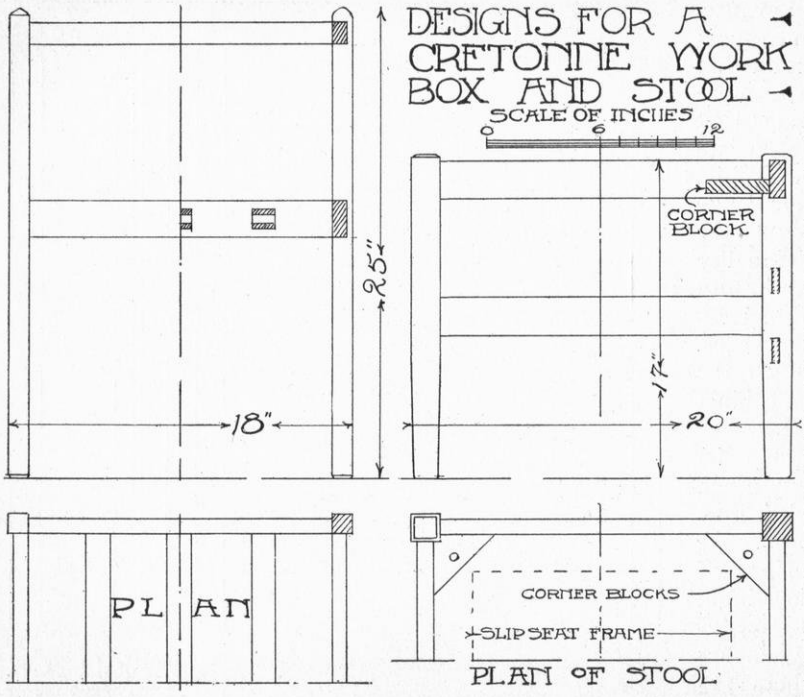
is intended for bungalow use, shows a certain primitiveness in design and construction that will harmonize with the more or less rugged furnishings that we are accustomed to associate with a vacation home. While it is neither massive nor crude in construction, its extreme plainness gives it individuality and a certain austere beauty that we are accustomed to associate with very heavy pieces. The construction is much the same as that of the box cabinet and, as in the case of the cabinet, the dimensions may be altered at will to suit any given space in the room which it may be intended to occupy. As shown here the dimensions of the piece are: 48 inches high, 36 inches wide and 10 inches deep. The posts are 2¼ inches square, and the stretchers 1½ inches wide by 1⅛ inches thick. The shelves are ¾ of an inch thick, and the slats at the end are ½ an inch thick. These slats are mortised into the posts at each end of the bookcase just above the shelves, so that they will support the books at the ends. The shelves and top are notched at the corners to fit around the posts, and the latter project above the top and are rounded off. The bottoms of the posts are, of course, beveled to prevent splitting. The back is made of thin V-jointed boards, fitted in as described in the instructions given for the box cabinet.



It goes without saying that, simple as this piece is, it should not be crude in workmanship or finish. It may be made of almost any one of our native woods that are sufficiently hard to be used for furniture, as for bungalow use it is not necessary to have the maximum of durability or finish that is required for a piece of furniture meant for the permanent home. Of course, if oak can be obtained it is the best of all woods for making such furniture. If it is possible to fume it with ammonia, it should be given this treatment, which mellows and ripens the natural color of the wood. If it is fumed it should be well sand-papered afterward, lacquered and waxed.



PRACTICAL DESIGNS FOR CRETONNE COVERED WORKBOX AND STOOL.



One advantage of these cretonne-covered boxes set in frames is the ease with which they can be renewed when they become soiled or shabby. The frame is good for years of wear, and it would be a simple matter to put fresh coverings on the boxes each year, so that they would always be bright and dainty. The idea of flowered chintz or cretonne is always associated with a bright, attractive bedroom, particularly in a country house, and this use of it makes one think of the quaint furniture seen in old English homes.

A BEDROOM SET DONE IN CRAFTSMAN NEEDLEWORK ON CANVAS OR HEAVY LINEN

FOR home craftworkers we give this month designs for a set of bedroom fittings, and for a willow rocker that is meant to be a part of the bedroom furniture. Of course, any comfortable willow rocker might be used, but this one was made by a woman who has learned basketry, and shows how skill in willow working may be applied to simple furniture as well as to baskets.

The cushions, as shown here, are made of wood-brown canvas, with a design in braiding and satin stitch worked out in tan-colored soutache braid and linen floss. The great advantage of this design is that it allows the use of narrow strips of canvas if necessary, instead of taking one whole piece, so that small pieces of canvas left over from other work may be utilized. The design, of course, may be varied according to personal taste, as the idea of it is very simple and admits of development in almost any direction, according to the individual fancy of the worker. The spaces left in the braid loops are filled in with linen floss in dull coral and sage green, and the center

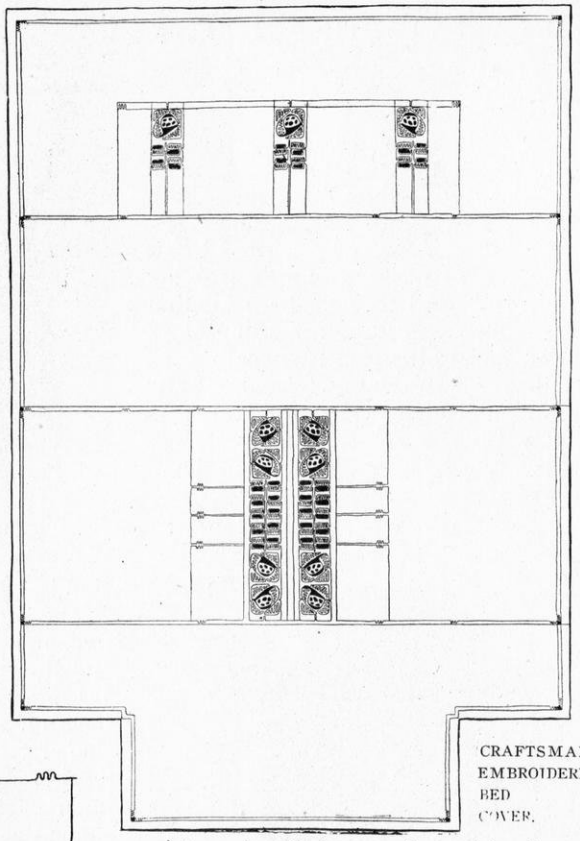
EMBROIDERED CUSHION COVERS FOR CRAFTSMAN WILLOW ROCKER.

of the conventionalized blossoms at the top show large dots done in satin stitch to represent the seeds.

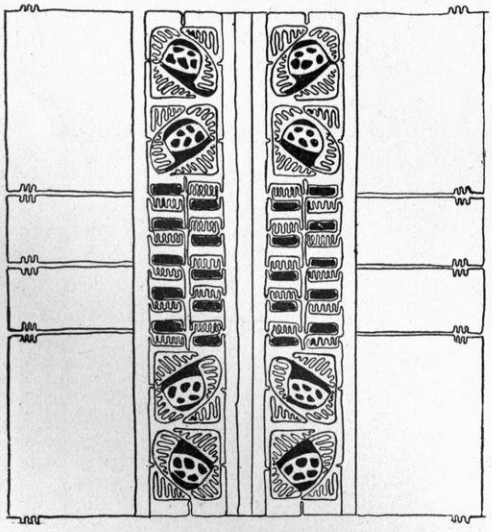
The scarf, which is meant for a table, bureau or dressing table, is bordered with plain lines of the braid, broken at intervals with small loopings. The ends show the

same pattern that appears in the back cushion of the rocker. The bedspread is easy to make in that it allows the use of narrower strips of canvas than would ordinarily be used for a piece as large as this. The detail drawing of the whole spread shows the way in which the design is applied, and the smaller detail drawing gives a clear idea of the design itself. In case couching or outline is preferred instead of the braiding, it is quite possible to carry out this pattern with outlines of linen floss, and of course any color scheme may be used. It would be very effective done in heavy hand-woven linen instead of canvas, with the pale pastel colors that harmonize with the cool gray of the linen used to develop the design.

We find that, in a Craftsman bedroom, linen or canvas in soft grays or browns harmonize much better with the furniture and

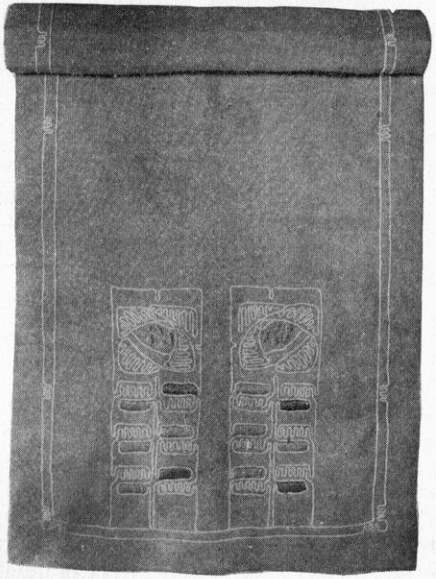


CRAFTSMAN EMBROIDERED BED COVER.



DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY IN CRAFTSMAN BED COVER.

other fittings than pure white or lace-covered scarfs and bedspreads. A very charming effect might be produced by the use of ivory linen or canvas with the design worked out in two shades of gray-blue, or it might be done in all-white embroidery on natural-colored linen. This last is one of the most generally satisfactory color schemes for bedroom furnishings, as it is quiet and will harmonize with almost any colors in walls or furniture, and will wash and wear admirably with any sort of care, and is exquisitely fresh in effect.



A CRAFTSMAN TABLE SCARF EMBROIDERED TO MATCH BEDROOM SET.

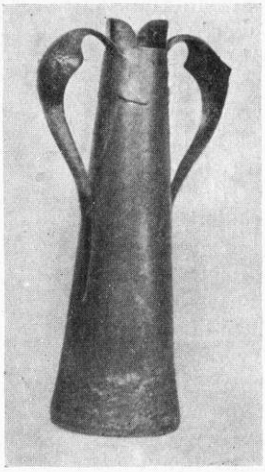
GOOD AMATEUR METAL WORK BY ANDRÉ DESCHAMPS

A keen feeling for decorative form is shown in the two pieces of metal work illustrated on this page. Both are the work of Mr. André Deschamps, of New York, who writes to us that he has never had any technical training in metal work, and has picked up all that he knows about it through reading THE CRAFTSMAN during the past two years.

It has always been the greater part of our purpose, in publishing designs and instructions for various sorts of handicraft, to make these more inspirational than technical in character, believing that the best work and the greatest pleasure in work can be gained only through rousing the true spirit of craftsmanship which seeks expression in its own way, paying but little heed to rules and formulæ and the copying of set designs.

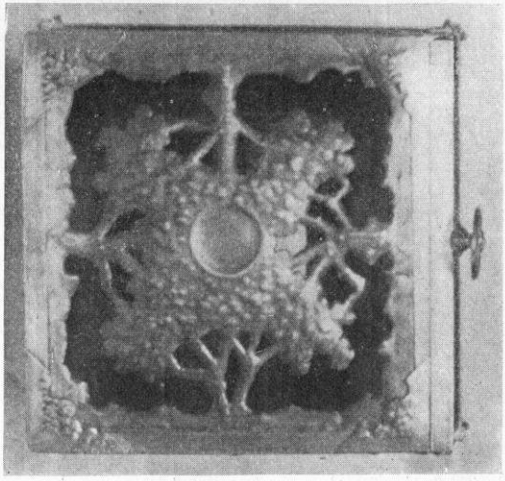
HAMMERED BRASS LANTERN.

That it is evidently a material entirely congenial to him, is proven by the boldness and luxuriance of the decorative forms that appear on the hammered brass lantern. Absolutely straight and severe in shape, the panels of this lantern are made of brass hammered into impressionistic tree forms, the metal being cut out to allow the light to stream through the antique glass which lines the pierced metal. The effect is heightened by hammering the trunks and foliage of the trees into low relief, so that the forms are slightly rounded instead of flat. The same form of decoration appears in the top of the lantern, and the bottom, which is shown separately, is decorated with a suggestion of the trunk and spreading roots. The lantern is of medium size, being 9 inches square with lights 13½ inches high. The roof is 11 inches square, and from top to bottom the piece stands 18 inches high, so it is not small.



COPPER VASE.

The copper vase is less strikingly decorative, but its shape is simple and graceful, and the hammering at the bottom is almost Japanese in the simplicity and boldness of the suggested decoration. The handles are shapely, but show the inexperienced metal worker in that they are curved so that the inner part is hollow. This gives a graceful shape on the outside, but does not make a good handle, which should be so shaped as to be easy to grasp. Equal beauty could have been gained by curving the handles the other way, so that the hollow would be on the outside. This would make the handle entirely practicable without altering its graceful shape with reference to the vase.



DETAIL OF BOTTOM OF LANTERN.

ALS IK KAN

THE QUESTION OF READY-MADE FARMS

THE latest device to get people back to the farm is the result of a philanthropic impulse on the part of Governor Hadley of Missouri, who suggests that it would be a nice thing to have an incorporated association, with plenty of capital at its command, locate well-stocked model farms in various States and allot them to promising applicants. This plan has gained the support not only of such well-known social workers as Miss Jane Addams, Mr. Jacob Riis and Dr. Lyman Abbott, but also of the Secretary of Agriculture, so there must be something more in it than at first meets the eye. Yet the policy of handing out ready-made farms to people who apparently lack the ability to gain farms for themselves would not seem to be the most wholesome and progressive in the long run. The object of this group of philanthropists is to dignify agriculture; but would such a plan dignify it? It is universally admitted that the country needs competent, energetic farmers, but would any man continue to be competent and energetic if he were suddenly put in possession of forty acres or so of good land with all the modern scientific equipments of a model farm? Would not such a gift from a benevolent organization tend rather to undermine his self-respect and self-reliance, and to kill what little resourcefulness the schools had left him? It is safe to say that every thinking man or woman who has reached middle age knows that the very essence of success in any line of endeavor grows out of the effort used in overcoming obstacles. Our pioneer forefathers, who went out into the wilderness and hewed their farms out of the heart of the forest by main strength and stubbornness, were the men who made this nation possible. But would the beneficiary of a group of wealthy and kindly people, who purpose to stock model farms and hand them out to the deserving, be the kind of man to whom we would like to trust the shaping of the nation's future?

THE DANGER OF TOO MUCH BENEVOLENCE

THE hope and belief that a genuine altruism is more and more modifying the aggressive individualism of the age is one to rejoice over, but in our enthusiasm it is just as well to be careful that the altruism is not carried too far. The fact that our national resources have been practically boundless, and that our easy-going Government has placed them freely at the disposal of anybody who was clever enough to exploit them, has made us the wealthiest and most recklessly extravagant people in the world. The fortunes of our multimillionaires stagger the imagination, and when these millionaires show a disposition to use their gigantic resources for the benefit of society at large, our first impulse is that of unqualified approval. But is there not a demoralizing side to all this lavish helpfulness? The patricians of ancient Rome were ready enough to give bread and games to the multitudes who fawned upon them, but in this age we do not look back upon those patricians as shining examples of altruism. It is so much easier to give things out of our abundance than it is to get right down to bedrock and try honestly to do our part toward creating conditions that will give everybody a fair show. This last is not easy, and we know it. The old wholesome pioneer conditions are gone, and the West holds the only remnant of the spirit which made them. Here in the East we have to take into consideration on the one hand the tremendous power of money linked with our well-nigh perfect industrial and commercial organizations, and on the other the load of poverty and ignorance that is being continually dumped on our shores from the old world. In the West life is still primitive enough to make success or failure a matter of personal ability, but here the ordinary individual has to encounter at every turn the hard aggressiveness of our modern spirit of conquest, and to feel grateful or resentful, as the case may be, when it is relieved by an outburst of paternal benevolence. It is easy enough to object to the demoralizing tendency of many philanthropic efforts made to relieve the conditions of the poor and discouraged, but we must acknowledge that they are considerably better than nothing, at least until we can manage to readjust our social conditions so that there will be no need of benevolence.

THE TASK OF THE INDIVIDUAL

THE whole course of events as we see it seems to prove that the permanent bettering of conditions which we deplore lies in the hands of the people themselves, and that until they take hold of it

the well-meant efforts of philanthropists to provide the framework for a model community will go but a very little way. Whether farmer or working man, salary earner or laborer in the mines, each man has to meet his own difficulties, solve his own problems and build up for himself the measure of success which he is fitted to achieve. Naturally the task is much easier when the means of education and improvement are placed at his disposal, but these means should be general in their scope and application and not individual. The agricultural schools and experiment stations, which are established by the Government for the improvement of agriculture, are a real benefit because they put within the reach of every farmer the opportunity to increase his knowledge and improve his condition if he will. If he does not avail himself of it, and from it create his own opportunity, he would do but little toward keeping up and developing a well-stocked model farm. The spirit which suggests this method of "enticing men back to the farm" is undoubtedly kindly and well-meant, but the result will probably be exactly the same as that encountered by many philanthropic manufacturers in their attempts to establish model villages, and to regulate the lives of their employees according to more refined standards. The more general conditions are improved the better, but in each and every individual case the man must think for himself and work his own way out, or he will at best be but a feeble product of an artificial environment, instead of a free citizen of a democratic community.

WHEN VOTERS THINK FOR THEMSELVES

IN this connection one of the most hopeful signs of the times is the fact that people are beginning to think for themselves on matters of national and vital import, as is shown by the awakening of interest in social and political affairs and the tendency of the best citizens to take matters into their own hands and see to it that an effort is made to cleanse politics from corruption and to secure a decent administration of public affairs. The alarm has been raised many times that a spirit of class hatred is growing in America which ultimately will bring revolution, but at present there does not seem to be much danger of that. The Americans are a virile, self-respecting race, if anything, too aggressively independent, and it only takes a generation or two of life on American soil to put something of the same spirit into the most hopelessly poverty-stricken and down-trodden of our immigrants. The American people do not want things done for them or given to them, but they do want a hand in working out the national problems and a voice in the government of city, State and nation, and as things look now they are likely to get it. Luckily the great middle class of salary earners, the intellectual and professional people who have hitherto kept away from politics as they would from the race track or pool room, are beginning to wake up and to acknowledge something of their obligation as citizens. Also, as the results of some of our recent elections show, the great body of voters are coming gradually to recognize that the power of the franchise is meant to give the people something of what they need and want, and that if they choose to exercise it no party organization, however well intrenched, is invincible, and no privileged interests can stand against the sincere expression of public opinion.

CITY GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

IT is interesting to watch the spread of the idea that cities are better governed by commissions under the direct control of the people than they are by the ordinary machinery of municipal government. The experience of Des Moines, Iowa, has been eagerly observed with reference to its application to the affairs of other cities, and its success so far has been accepted as a triumphant demonstration of the practicability of a simple, direct and purely democratic form of government. The plan of having five men, elected directly by the people, run the city upon simple business principles, has been as successful as only a simple straightforward plan can be. The right of Recall, by which twenty-five per cent. of the voters can demand a special election to oust any of these five men at any time; the Initiative, by which ten per cent. can demand a popular vote on measures they refuse to pass; and the Referendum, by which ten per cent. of the voters can call for a veto by popular vote of any action they take, puts the whole responsibility of the government up to the people themselves by making the commission directly responsible to them. The best part of it is that, in order to carry on such a

form of government, the people are compelled to think; to decide questions for themselves, and to abide by the consequences of their decision. Once put a goodly number of our cities and towns under such a form of government, and there would be little to fear from the domination of any party machine.

BUSINESS METHODS APPLIED TO COURTS

ANOTHER evidence that the people are taking things into their own hands is the growing demand everywhere for reform of our courts, so that the present abuses and delays in litigation shall be abolished. Chicago has shown us that this can be done by establishing a municipal court which carries on its business promptly and honestly, and has already proved that straightforwardness and efficiency in the punishment of wrong-doing and the award of civil justice is quite possible by the application to court procedure of common sense business methods. During the three years that it has been in operation this court has been a complete success, and this year a number of our larger cities, especially in the Middle West and South, will take steps to create a similar court. President Taft has long urged such a reform. Nevertheless the method of putting it into effect is that of the people, and, combined with clean and effective city government by commission, it gives the people a grip upon public affairs that they could never get under the old rules.

WHAT THE HOUSE OF GOVERNORS MIGHT DO

CARRYING the idea still further, the establishment of the proposed House of Governors would assuredly bring the people into much closer touch with the affairs at Washington than would be possible in any other way. The meeting once a year of the Governors of the separate States, to agree upon uniform laws regarding subjects which affect the welfare of the whole nation, and to recommend legislation to that effect, would do wonders in clarifying public opinion and keeping the people at large alive to the importance of certain great questions. This House of Governors would have no legislative power, but it would have behind it the tremendous force of public opinion. The Governor of each State, elected by the people of that State, would naturally seek to represent their interests, and a yearly convention of such men would bring the people of the whole United States into much closer relationship and a clearer mutual understanding.

THE VALUE OF EXPERIMENT

WHEN so many people are hoping for the sovereign remedy that shall cure the ills of our body politic, and are willing to try so many experiments, it is safe to say that much in the way of sound and permanent progress will come from the stirring up of popular thought along these lines. Fortunately the spread of education tends to make it popular thought instead of popular feeling or prejudice, and the thought of the people, when it is left unclouded by the dust of political clamor, is apt to be fairly straightforward and direct. Many mistakes will be made, and the process of evolution will be slow, but who shall say that this is not the remedy, and that the spirit of altruism which now finds expression in various forms of benevolence will ultimately develop into a spirit of self-reliance and mutual helpfulness that shall carry this nation far along the same road on which its journey began one hundred and fifty years ago?

NOTES

WOMEN SCULPTORS AT THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF APPLIED DESIGN

AN extremely vigorous showing of sculpture by women was an exhibition this spring at the new building of the School of Applied Design for Women. The women we have grown accustomed to expect at an exhibition of sculpture were there,—Anna Hyatt, Abastenia Eberle, Caroline Peddle Ball, Edith Woodman Burroughs, Clio Bracken, Janet Scudder, Enid Yandell, and there were many others whose work is not so generally exhibited, but should be, Annetta Saint-Gaudens, Carol B. MacNeil, Helen F. Mears. The first impression of the work was extremely interesting, as not at all suggesting a woman's exhibit. The effect of the ensemble was not in the least sentimental, as a group of women's work was bound to be some years ago; or particularly colossal, which followed the sugary period in women's art in America, or essentially eccentric, which the work of the French women is apt to be today. It averaged just sane wholesome modeling, far

more American than foreign in inspiration and technique, and definitely explicit as to the fact that women are taking their work in the field of art seriously, with courage and sincerity. No sculptor in America is doing more sincere modeling than Abastenia Eberle. She works from life, any life that touches her imagination. She is a fearless, vital worker, and her achievement is good for herself, for art, for the country. With a different interest in life, but the same quality of attainment, is Anna V. Hyatt. Her animals rank with similar sculpture of the Borglums. She knows animal psychology and expresses it with a sure and subtle technique. Caroline Peddle Ball did not show a very characteristic exhibit, for her work is extremely individual as a rule, without affectation or foreign influence.

Mrs. Saint-Gaudens' work was delightful, particularly her faun-like children, full of humor and insistent charm. Mrs. Bracken's "Little Boy and Dragon" was another exquisite presentation of youth, the appeal of the heartbreaking perfect beauty of childhood, the idealism that every normal youth should have, and that the mother who has achieved it for her boy must watch vanish year by year as life shadows the ideal. There were also some beautiful nature fantasies of Mrs. Bracken's, and a bit of fine craftsmanship in a bronze door handle. Mrs. Farnham showed a "Mexican panel" for the "Bureau of South American Republics," and Mrs. Whitney an "Aztec Fountain" for the same building in Washington. The latter seemed to lack subtlety.

WOMAN'S ART CLUB OF NEW YORK

AT the Macbeth Galleries during the early part of May there was also an exhibition of women's work, painting and sculpture. Going from one of these exhibitions to another, as the writer did, there was opportunity of interesting contrast of what American women are doing in these two fields of art, sculpture and painting, and the decision, with but very few definite examples, was in favor of the work done in the more plastic art. There is no question about it—on the whole you do not feel the personality of women in painting or music. You feel rather the kind of art in which they have been interested. The women who have acquired the freedom of thought, interest and technique to express themselves genuinely on canvas are the exception as yet. You feel a vital utterance in the work of such women as Cecilia Beaux, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Mary Cassatt, Charlotte B. Coman; they have become a part of the accomplishment of painting in America. But at this exhibition of seventy women painters you were a little bewildered at the sense of reminiscence which haunted you from canvas to canvas. Ellen Emmett's portraits were most interesting, and Alice Schille had an excellent "Young Man with a Dog." (And it is worth mentioning that some of the most interesting *plein air* pictures at the spring Water Color Exhibition were by this same artist.)

Helen Turner's "Summer Night" held the mysterious charm of a still summer evening, and Alethea Platt showed an interesting moonlight scene. The sculpture was in a way a repetition of the names at the School of Design,—strong, sincere work, if one except "Paganism Immortal," by Mrs. Whitney, which seemed a definite striving after the weakest tendency of one phase of modern French sculpture.

MRS. DUNLAP HOPKINS' LANDSCAPES

A decidedly unique exhibition of landscapes by Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins was shown in April at the Knoedler Galleries. Mrs. Hopkins, whose picture we are reproducing this month among our Significant People, is best known as the founder of the New York School of Applied Design for Women. It was not until she was past fifty that she gave any attention to developing her individual interest in art. Two years ago she was visiting in Brittany with a group of people who were painting. As she watched them from day to day she felt an almost unconquerable impulse to present on canvas some of the scenes which had interested her most. She talked it over with one of the artists, and finally it was decided that she should try her hand at an oil painting. The result was something remarkable, and she spent the whole summer painting with her friends. The pictures which were exhibited at Knoedler's were the result of this summer's work, and when one takes this into consideration the work is a rare achievement. Her color sense is most interesting; her appreciation of the subtlety of elimination would be noticeable in an artist of much longer experience, and her keen feeling for the poetic phases of

nature is evidenced throughout the work. Many artists of New York have been most interested in this exhibition and have assured Mrs. Hopkins that she should devote as much of her life as she could take from her original interest to this newer line of endeavor. The critics feel that we have in the painting of this woman of already great achievement an artist whose work will be of distinct significance, if her progress in the future can be measured by the work of the past two years. It is Mrs. Hopkins' plan to spend this coming summer in Belgium and to paint in and about Bruges, which is so full of inspiration for the lover of landscape work. Mrs. Hopkins herself feels that the best and biggest part of her life must be given to aiding the progress of the students at the School of Design, and yet she finds great joy in this personal expression of her own interest in the beauty of the world.

REVIEWS

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE: BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

A criticism of our present college system that educators and students alike should read with care is "The American College," by Mr. Abraham Flexner. The book is the result of twenty years' study of the subject, based upon the author's own work in preparing pupils for college, a close observation of their development during and after their college careers, and his personal experience as graduate student at universities in this country and abroad.

Mr. Flexner first defines his problem by outlining the work and development of the American college from its foundation in the days of the Puritans down to the present time, showing the conservatism that has so seriously hampered the wider usefulness of these institutions, and also the tentative efforts now being made toward widening the curriculum sufficiently to make college training more useful to the practical work of after life. These efforts to reorganize the curriculum on vital modern lines have failed in effectiveness because, as the author summarizes his argument: "The American college is wisely committed to a broad and flexible scheme of higher education, through which each individual may hope to procure the training best calculated to realize his maximum effectiveness. The scheme fails for lack of sufficient insight; in the first place, because the preparatory school routine, devised by the college, suppresses just what the college assumes that it will develop; in the second place, because of the chaotic condition of the college curriculum; finally, because research has largely appropriated the resources of the college, substituting the methods and interest of highly specialized investigation for the larger objects of college teaching."

The way out, as Mr. Flexner sees it, lies in the vigorous reassertion of the priority of the college as such; the shifting back of the point of emphasis to the training of the undergraduate; a reform of the preparatory school so that the transition to college would be less mechanically regulated, and an emphasis of the teaching motive that will put an end to commercialism. (Published by The Century Company, New York. 237 pages. Price, $1.00 net.)

HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE: BY RUSSELL STURGIS

WITH the death of the late Russell Sturgis this country lost one of its most notable writers on art, architecture and the crafts, so that the second volume of his "History of Architecture" brings with it a sharp regret that the work must be finished by someone else. The third volume is in preparation by his son, and others who have sufficient knowledge of his plan of the whole work to finish it. In the volume at hand the history of architecture is brought down to the later Romanesque in the several countries of Europe. It will be remembered that the first volume dealt with the classic architecture of ancient Egypt, Western Asia, Greece and Rome. The second, which is quite as exhaustive and scholarly in its handling, takes up architecture in India and Southeastern Asia and in China, Japan and Persia. This is followed by an account of the styles resulting from the decline of ancient art, of which a historical sketch is given. Next come descriptions and illustrations of the earlier Basilicas, the churches of Radiate plan, and the effects of the Byzantine influence upon Christian architecture; then a sketch of Moslem architecture in Syria, Egypt, North Africa, Persia, India, Sicily and Spain, and the latter part of the book is devoted to the development of the later Romanesque in Italy, France, England, Germany, Spain, Scandinavia, Armenia and Southeastern Europe.

Mr. Sturgis' work is so well and widely

known that comment upon the deep learning and careful research shown in this history is unnecessary. Had he lived to finish the work it would undoubtedly have been the most important history of architecture produced in this country, and even the fragment we have of it in the first two volumes is invaluable to those who wish to gain a comprehensive knowledge of the history and development of the building art. (Published by the Baker & Taylor Co., New York. Volume second. Illustrated. 448 pages. Price, $5.00.)

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL IN AMERICA: BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

WHILE admitting that the stupendous natural beauties of America cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world, it is amazing how we neglect them for the wonders that lie across the sea. Probably it is because this is all one country, and although we may travel thousands of miles we are still in America, while in Europe one can change one's environment so completely within the space of a few hours that the way of the tourist is always pleasantly diversified. Yet if we travel in this country in the same pleasant, responsive frame of mind that we assume almost unconsciously when once we have crossed the ocean, we will find much to interest us in the people as well as in the towering mountains, enormous rivers and lakes and broad fertile plains and valleys, and once in a while someone makes us see that this is so.

Mr. Clifton Johnson, in his "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast," gives us a vivid description of the country and also brings us very close to the human element, for the book is crammed with anecdotes of the people of the West, bringing us into close touch with the cosmopolitan population of California, Oregon and Washington. There are stories of the Hopi and other Indians; stories of the Chinese and Japanese traders, gardeners and house servants; of the Mexicans and Spaniards who remain from the old days of Spanish dominion, and of the bustling, cheerful, aggressive Americans who have revolutionized life in California.

Another book by Mr. Johnson is called "The Picturesque Hudson." This is not so full of anecdote, but it goes most entertainingly into the history of this most beautiful river in all America, recalling the days of the Dutch rulers and the happenings that led to British occupation and domination. Many things have happened on the banks of the Hudson, and you will find the story of most of them in this book. (Both books published by The Macmillan Company, New York. "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast." Illustrated. 323 pages. Price, $2.00 net. "The Picturesque Hudson." 227 pages. Price, $1.25 net.)

THE PATH OF LIGHT: TRANSLATED BY L. D. BARNETT

THE effect of the wave of Eastern philosophy which has overwhelmed the Western world within the past few years is being felt in almost every branch of Western thought where it touches the questions of cosmogony or metaphysics. As is always the case, the awakened demand has brought the response, and excellent translations of famous Eastern classics are now at the disposal of everyone. A few years ago a series of small inexpensive volumes containing translations of Indian, Chinese, Persian, Jewish and Arabian masterpieces of philosophic literature was issued in London and found a very cordial reception. The editors and translators of the series were Oriental scholars, both English and Indian, and their object was to create a closer understanding between the East and the West —the old world of Thought and the new of Action. This was done with the belief that a deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought might help to the revival of a truer spirituality in the more energetic and materialistic people of Europe. This belief has been amply justified, and now an American edition of these invaluable little books is being published for the benefit of people in this country, who may be interested in knowing the great works of Eastern philosophers through the medium of translation rather than that of commentary and adaptation.

The latest addition to this series is a manual of Mahā-Yanā Buddhism, entitled "The Path of Light." It contains an introduction which gives an admirable idea of the personal teachings of Gautama and his chief followers, followed by the text of the Bodhicharyāvātara of Sānti-Deva, rendered for the first time into English by Canon Barnett, the well-known Oriental scholar. (American edition published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 28th volume in "The Wisdom of the East" series. 107 pages. Price, 60c., net.)

A REFERENCE LIST ON COSTUME

PEOPLE who are interested in getting up historical and national costumes for theatricals, charades or pictures will find much help in a comprehensive reading and reference list published by the Brooklyn Public Library. This list is not for sale, but single copies will be sent to any of the readers of THE CRAFTSMAN upon application. It is useful to people in all parts of the country, as well as to those within reach of the library, because the listed names of reference books and their authors, together with the brief description of the contents of each book, will be most valuable in directing the researches of any student of costume. (Published by the Brooklyn Public Library, Brooklyn, New York. 64 pages.)

REPLANNING READING: BY JOHN NOLEN

SINCE the publication in THE CRAFTSMAN of the articles on town planning in England we have had many requests for information regarding the planning of new towns or the remodeling of old in this country. Therefore we imagine that many people will be interested in Mr. John Nolen's book, "Replanning Reading," showing how an industrial city of one hundred thousand inhabitants is being rearranged with a view to creating more healthful conditions as well as greater beauty. Maps are given of the old town and the proposed alterations, and many illustrations reproduced from photographs. The plan is rich in suggestive value to citizens who may be interested in projects for remodeling other towns. One valuable feature of the book is a carefully selected list of books on civic improvement. (Published by George H. Ellis Company, Boston. Illustrated. 108 pages. Price, $1.00 net.)

ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND MODERN MASONRY: BY C. H. VAIL

THE strict secrecy observed regarding the mysteries of Freemasonry has given to most people the idea that all the teachings of the Masons are kept as carefully hidden as were the ancient mysteries upon which Masonry is founded. Nevertheless, there is only a part of it that must be kept secret, and the Order publishes books giving to the world all that is permitted to be known of the symbolism and philosophy so carefully preserved by its members. One of the most interesting of these books is "Ancient Mysteries and Modern Masonry," by the Rev. Charles H. Vail. It gives a brief but very clear and vivid account of the origin and object of the ancient mysteries—Egyptian, Hindoo, Persian, Druidical, Gothic, Grecian, Jewish and Christian; shows the symbolism underlying all of them, and the symbolic meaning of the true initiation into these mysteries as it was practiced in ancient times—a knowledge as vitally important to humanity now as it was then. The present rites of initiation merely serve to recall the memory of the earlier ceremonies, but the symbolism remains the same, giving the key to many a dark saying in our own Scriptures, and reconciling many a puzzling contradiction that seems apparent in the teachings of the Christian religion. (Published by The Macoy Publishing & Masonic Supply Company, New York. 214 pages. Price, $1.00.)

HINTS ON HOUSE FURNISHING: BY W. SHAW SPARROW

ANYONE who has ever seen or heard of the beautiful English homes will find much that is delightful as well as instructive in Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow's "Hints on House Furnishing." Mr. Sparrow is an authority on architecture, interior decoration and furnishing, and this book forms an admirable supplement to "The English House," which was published a year or two ago and reviewed in this magazine. "Hints on House Furnishing" is not a dry book of directions for interior decoration, but a most sympathetic description of the treatment of certain well-known houses and rooms that were planned by famous designers. The principles that are laid down as a foundation for home furnishing are sound and universal, and if they were more generally applied in this country our houses might be less showy and more homelike and beautiful. The book is amply illustrated with color plates, half-tones and line cuts of interiors, furniture, metal work, draperies and the like. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated with color plates, half-tones and line cuts. 307 pages. Price, $2.50 net. Postage, 18c.)

THE ISLE OF WIGHT: BY A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF

WE all know that the Isle of Wight is a famous English resort, yet in this country there are many thousands of people who have not the slightest idea what constitutes the peculiar charm of the place.

Therefore the pleasant and interesting book, written by A. R. Hope Moncrieff and illustrated with color reproductions from paintings by A. Heaton Cooper, will interest many people. Not only does it give delightful descriptions of the natural beauties of the place, but the reader will also gain from it a clear idea of the history of the island, which is closely bound up with the eventful history of England. The story of the Isle of Wight simply emphasizes such portions of English history as are directly connected with the smaller island, and it is safe to say that anyone who reads the book and studies carefully the charming sketches that illustrate it will feel like spending his next holiday wandering through the quaint old villages that crown its hills and nestle in its valleys. (Published by Adam & Charles Black, London. Imported by The Macmillan Company, New York. 175 pages. Price, $2.50.)

THE STUDIO YEAR BOOK

ALL who are interested in knowing what is being done abroad in art and architecture will welcome the current issue of "The Studio Year Book," which is given over entirely to a review of the latest developments in the artistic construction, decoration and furnishing of the house. An admirable paper on English domestic architecture by C. H. B. Quennell, F.R.I.B.A., serves as an introduction, and the remainder of the book is given over entirely to half-tones and color reproductions of photographs, drawings and paintings of some of the best British country houses built in modern times; the most significant things that are being done in the way of interior decoration, stained glass, tapestries, needlework and metal work, together with descriptions and illustrations of modern art and architecture in Germany and Austria. The volume contains the best of the illustrations that have appeared during the year in *The Studio,* and forms an admirable book of reference. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 258 pages. Price, $3.00 net.)

VILLA FRANZ VON STUCK: BY FRITZ VON OSTINI

WE have received from Germany a book, beautifully illustrated with half-tones and photogravures, which contains an account of the villa recently designed and built by Franz von Stuck and intended for his principal residence. The house is a complete example of the German new art, and is most elaborate in design and execution. Approaching from the front the building, which is severely classic in general form, is seen framed in tall trees that stand at its sides like sentinels. At the back is a beautiful Italian garden with pergola, statues, fountains, and straight formal walks. The interior is costly and elaborate, more like a royal palace than a home, and all is absolutely in keeping with the somewhat fantastic spirit of the new art as they see it in Germany. The house is as expressive of Franz von Stuck as are his pictures, and has the same strange mingling of severity and barbaric splendor. (Published by Alex. Koch, Darmstadt. Illustrated. 32 pages.)

HISTORY OF MARLBOROUGH: BY C. M. WOOLSEY

A good idea of the Colonial and Revolutionary history of this country is given in "The History of Marlborough," by C. M. Woolsey, who has carefully gathered together all records of the town and people of Marlborough and compiled them into an interesting book. Old legal documents are included, old letters and petitions, so that a complete view of the life, ambitions and trials of the people is given to the reader of the present day who may wish to know something of the brief past of this country. (Published by J. B. Lyons Company, Albany. Illustrated. 468 pages.)

A BOOK OF OPERAS: BY H. E. KREHBIEL

A boon to all opera-goers is a recently published volume by Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel, entitled "A Book of Operas." In this is given the history, the plot and the leading themes of all of the best-known operas of the old and the new schools, including the great Italian and French operas which have become classic, and the Wagner operas. Mr. Krehbiel does not touch upon the intensely modern productions of Strauss and Debussy, but confines himself to the works that have stood the test of time. The portraits of great singers, both of the past and present generations, are used to illustrate the book, and brief accounts and anecdotes of these singers enliven and humanize the text. The story of each opera is told as a story, and its relation to the music is made clear. It is just the book to brush up one's knowledge and memories before going to hear any of

the great operas. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 345 pages. Price, $1.75 net.)

GOLDEN TREASURY: BY FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE

A new edition of Francis T. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" has recently been issued. The text has been revised and enlarged, and the first and second series are combined in a small book that can easily be slipped in a coat pocket or a hand-bag and taken along when one goes for a solitary walk in the country. The anthology covers three centuries of English poetry, and contains the very best lyrical songs and poems in the English language. It is well printed on thin opaque paper, and contains a great deal within a small compass. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Selected from the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language. Revised and enlarged. Two volumes in one. 270 pages. Price, $1.00.)

NATURE AND ORNAMENT: BY LEWIS F. DAY

THE derivation of ornament from natural forms is treated in a very interesting way in "Nature and Ornament," by Mr. Lewis F. Day. The book is in two volumes, the first dealing with nature as the raw material of ornament, and the second with ornament as the finished product of design. Mr. Day is an authority upon this subject, having written a number of books of design and various processes of craft work. This one deals with its subject thoroughly and authoritatively, and the points of the author's argument are made clear by numerous illustrations showing both the natural forms and the decorative forms derived from them and applied to painting, carving, sculpture, leather work, fabrics and papers, both the natural forms and the conventional forms being used, and their uses explained. (Published by B. T. Batsford, London. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Illustrated. 280 pages each. Price, per volume, $3.00 net.)

POEMS: BY PERCY MACKAYE

MR. Percy MacKaye, the playwright and poet, has just published a volume of charming poems, chiefly lyrical and descriptive, that draw their inspiration partly from our own country and partly from the riper civilization of an older world. There are delicious little ballads and love songs, sonnets and fragments, most of which show great beauty of thought and expression. The book contains *The Sistine Eve,* fragments of an oratorio written for the beginning of the twentieth century, in which there is rich imagery and daring thought as well as musical utterance. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 184 pages. Price, $1.25 net.)

FRENCH CATHEDRALS: BY E. R. PENNELL

IT is sufficient to know that Elizabeth Robins Pennell has written a book on French cathedrals, and that Joseph Pennell has illustrated it with reproductions of his wonderful drawings and etchings, to make the big volume most welcome to all who have felt the charm of the old Gothic churches and have wondered over the life which brought them forth. And the book more than fulfils all expectations. It was not written hastily, nor is it the result of a quick and businesslike tour through France. From beginning to end it took eighteen years to gather the material and write and illustrate the book, and during that time these two cathedral-lovers rode, walked and cycled all over France—north, south, east and west—staying sometimes for weeks in one cathedral town or months in another, as the case might be, living with the people and sharing their home life, and loving every minute of it.

Therefore it is not strange that the book has an intimate charm very seldom found in a book of travel, and almost never in a book on architecture. The impression one gets is that the travel was simply an opportunity to get close to the life of France, past and present, and that to both writer and artist the cathedrals are simply the fullest expression of that life. It goes without saying that the book is not illustrated with photographs as usual, but with drawings and etchings that capture all the poetry and charm of the country as well as of the great minsters which are here grouped together to form an unbroken record of the Middle Ages. The descriptions of these cathedrals occur almost accidentally in the story of life as it is gathered about them, and the whole has a vivid personality that makes it as fascinating as a romance. (Published by The Century Company, New York. Illustrated with 183 pictures by Joseph Pennell. 424 pages. Price, $5.00 net.)

ORIENTAL CARPETS: BY SYDNEY HUMPHRIES

COLLECTORS and connoisseurs whose special hobby is Oriental rugs and carpets will be delighted with "Oriental Carpets," by Sydney Humphries. This is a large and very handsome volume, published in England and recently imported into this country. The story begins with the allegory of the Golden Fleece and the quest of the Argonauts, followed by the story of Jason and Medea, who stand side by side as types of the combination of industry and art. The second chapter gives an exhaustive but delightful history of ancient rug weaving and its contemporary arts, enriched with many beautiful color plates of famous rugs and carpets; then a more specialized account of carpets, runners and rugs, and a history of the work of Joseph Marie Jacquard, with a full account of his method of weaving reproductions of the Oriental rugs. The last part of the book is devoted to the romance that is woven into the old Oriental carpets, to a full analysis and description of the illustrations, and to a very complete bibliography and index. The book is almost large enough to be called a "ponderous tome," and is sumptuous in every detail, from its white and gold binding to its color plates, which are as rich as oil paintings. (Published by Adam & Charles Black, London. Imported by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated in color and half-tone. 428 pages. Price, $10.50 net.)

HUGO WOLF: BY ERNEST NEWMAN

THE marvelous songs and ballads of Hugo Wolf are well known in this country. With his operas we are not so familiar, and his choral and instrumental works are known only by the few to whom Wolf's genius makes special appeal. But the songs have made their own place, and now comes a most sympathetic biography of the man himself; a study of his life and character, as well as of the work which grew out of them. The story of Wolf's hard and unhappy life comes only too close to the usual thing, for there was the terrible struggle with poverty and lack of appreciation; the difficulty to obtain recognition; the uncompromising attitude that made him the most drastic of critics, and the final nervous collapse which ended in his death only seven years ago. It was said of him that he bore a whole tone-world in his brain, but fate made it possible for him to give to humanity only a small part of it. Nevertheless, humanity is richer for that part, and hundreds of people will welcome this sympathetic portrayal of the man. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated with portraits. 274 pages. Price, $2.50 net.)

CATALOGUE OF ART WORKS IN NEW YORK

A good deal of time, trouble and money has been spent by the City Government of New York in making a catalogue of all the paintings, sculpture and other works of art belonging to the City of New York. The catalogue is the work of the Art Commission of the City of New York, and will be valuable as a reference book to those who wish not only to identify the more prominent pictures and statues, but also to discover other works of art that are but little known. (Published by order of the Art Commission of the City of New York. Illustrated. 240 pages.)

AMERICAN ART ANNUAL

THE current volume of "The American Art Annual" (1909-10) has just been sent to us. It includes a list of sales of all paintings sold for $50 and over, which are classified under the name of the artist, arranged alphabetically. In addition to this, there is a list of the books on art that have been published within the past two or three years, obituary notices of prominent artists, and a directory giving the addresses of painters, sculptors, illustrators, architects and art dealers. (Published by The American Art Annual, Incorporated. 284 pages. Price, $5.00.)

MUGEN: BY F. R. POOLE

A book of verse by Fanny Runnells Poole, entitled "Mugen," shows a quality that is sweet and musical, rather than great—a pleasant treble note that is very soft and silvery, but much better suited to ballads and other lyrical forms than to the stern dignity of the epic or the concentrated essence of the sonnet. (Published by George William Browning, Clinton, New York. 94 pages. Price, $1.00.)