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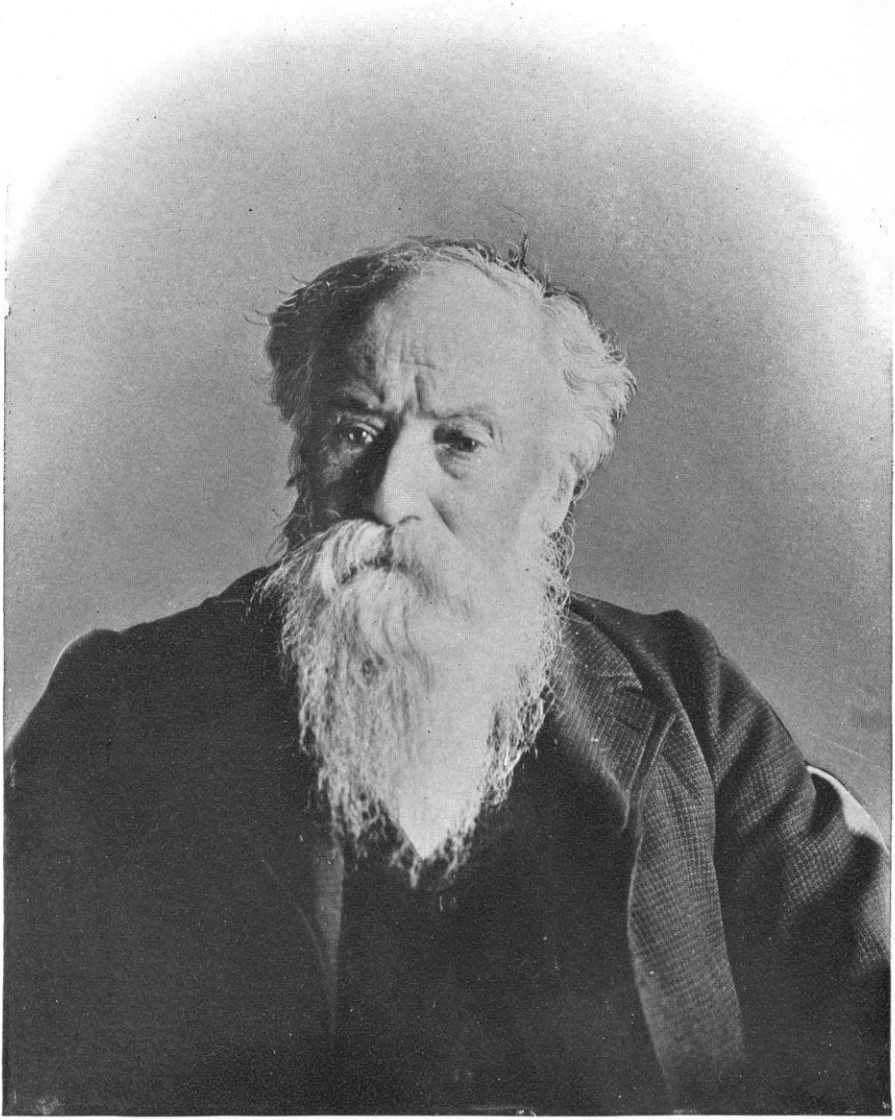

The Latest Photograph of John Burroughs
Taken by his son, Julian Burroughs.

"BEST OF ALL I WAS A FARM BOY
BROUGHT UP ON A FARM."
—JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS: BY JULIAN BURROUGHS

OMEHOW my earliest recollections of my father and our life here at Riverby are inalienably associated with a square piece of canvas. This piece of canvas, thick and patched with a smaller square broadly lapped upon it was all that remained of the sail of my father's boat, and for some reason it seemed to be the only remnant of his life here that was before my time and so not shared by me. For years this piece of canvas was spread under my chair at mealtime to keep the crumbs that I dropped from making grease spots on the carpet. Being told by my mother that it was a part of the sail of father's boat my imagination was aroused, especially since not only did boats of all kinds make the strongest appeal to my interest, but also because mother told me stories of this boat, how father was swindled in both buying and selling it, how he took no care of it, how it was stolen and recovered, borrowed and misused, the sail becoming mildewed, the oars lost and broken. That boat came to be like the lost chapter in a story. And my father would say lightly "Oh, yes, when I came here to live I thought I would spend half my time on the river, having great fun, but very soon I lost all interest in it." And this is one of the predominating traits of my father's character—there had been no rivers like the Hudson in his boyhood country, therefore it could never have a real or lasting interest for him; once his curiosity was satisfied he found it had nothing for him. The great tidal river, almost like an arm of the sea, was wholly unlike anything in Nature that he had learned to love. The trout streams, the woods and fields, the farm and animals of his boyhood, supplemented by books and people, were his life interests. Tides and waves, shad and herring, would be forever strange to him. I could never make a riverman of him. He could never love the Hudson. He almost hated it. It had not the spirit of anything of his boyhood and so its spirit could never be his. The little piece of sail was a mute acknowledgment of his failure to learn to know the Hudson. As for me, though I have learned to know the trout brook and under my father's tutoring to become something of a trout fisherman, I can never love it as I do the big river, the flow of tide, the dash of spray and the wide sweep of wind and water.

One summer evening we were sitting in the summer house that overlooked miles of the Hudson, talking, dreaming, becoming cool and rested after a hot day, as one or both of us have done hundreds of times, when down the New York Central tracks opposite us came three brightly lighted passenger trains, the black water and shadowed hills reflecting their light and sound, making them so conspicuous that they were the focus of attention, especially as each in turn was held up and stopped in the block exactly in front of us. That anyone in our position could have helped seeing this almost stupendous demonstration of the much talked of block system, I would not have believed until in speaking of it I found my father had not seen it at all! He had looked at the trains with unseeing eyes. Back in the great rolling hills and mountains of Delaware County sixty years ago there had been no block system, no brilliantly lighted trains, and so there would never be for him.

The most noticeable and characteristic objects on the Hudson at night are the towing lights, three of them, one close above the other, hung on the highest pole of the tugs or on the stacks of the sprawling side-wheelers, conspicuous for miles. Though having lived on the banks of the Hudson for years and looked at the great tows as they labored past countless nights, father had never noticed this distinguishing mark or even known that it existed. It was simply his blind side; in other directions he had so trained his senses that they were marvelously keen—he could hear a drumming grouse in the breathless Indian summer woods when try as I might I could not catch a hint, even, of that most elusive of sounds. From out of a confused, to me, babel of bird voices, he would catch the note of some rare visitor, a song perhaps he had not heard in years. To many, no doubt, his always finding bird nests or happening by when some comedy or tragedy of Nature took place, something significant or illustrative of the fundamental truths of Nature, might have seemed luck. It was not, however, it was his eyes and ears long trained to interpret every sound and sight, to follow up every clue, to go straight to the heart of the matter, to catch every hint and arrive at once at the conclusion. Though well trained in the ways of the woods myself, father would see twice what I would in the same time. Finding four-leaf clovers is not luck; it is simply a matter of training, anyone can soon train the eyes so that four-leaf clovers can be picked up everywhere clovers grow. Once I remember our horse got away and in the search we came to a fork in the road, and how pleased father was because I quickly noticed a thin, almost invisible, cobweb across one of them and at once said the horse had not gone that road, a conclusion that proved to be correct.

AND my father had trained himself, had broadened his vision until he saw at a glance all that the out of doors had to tell simply because he loved it all. "Best of all I was a farm boy, brought up on the farm and I had it in my blood, I guess"* * * * "In writing of a day afield I lived over again that day, tasting again the joys of it all that I had experienced, and trying to make it possible for others to experience that joy also." In short, he went to Nature because he loved to do so, and he wrote of it all because he loved to write of it, living it all over again as he wrote—and this is the keynote of all his work—love. Nothing could be more simple; it is like a law of Nature itself. From his boyhood life on the big Delaware County farm he gained a knowledge of Nature, simple, direct, wholesome, and to this he brought a love of literature gained spontaneously from such books as fell in his way in those impressionable years of youth, and from it all grew his life work, a work of love.

Not only do I believe that my father is a craftsman in the fullest and best sense of the word, but in many ways I have come to realize how impossible is the accomplishment of real work without the qualities if not the virtues of the true craftsman. "There is but one way to learn to write and that is to write—if you only want to write hard enough you will learn," he would tell me. For all his life he went to school to that master of literary craftsmanship, Emerson. "For years I steeped myself in Emerson, I had my being, I lived and thought in Emerson, until when I began to write for myself everything that I wrote had an Emersonian flavor—my first article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, called 'Expression,' was attributed to Emerson. Of course, if I had tried deliberately to imitate Emerson I should have failed, it was a wholly unconscious imitation." It was always a disappointment to my father that I did not relish Emerson and find in him the inspiration that he did. "Oh, the new generation is too smart, it knows too much; it is too sophisticated to care for Emerson—you have been to college, you did not begin Emerson soon enough. Emerson was my college, my text books."

And so like the true craftsman that he is, it is the form, that elusive quality in writing that we call style, that has always been of vital interest to him—almost equal to that of the substance itself. "Make your form and substance one," he would say, and quote lines from the great poets that were as indestructible as the mental images that they bore. "And art is to conceal art, the structure must not be so finely wrought that it becomes conscious, we must not think, 'Oh, how fine this is, how well written,' but we must

forget the art, the sentences, and have rather our imagination or emotions stirred." I shall always remember how delighted my father was with the story of a well-known English author who went fishing on one of the famous salmon streams and of whom one of the guides said, "Oh, yes, Mr. Blank comes here and fishes, and he fishes beautifully, every season; he is the most beautiful fisher you ever saw, though he never catches any fish!" One must not snarl the line, to be sure, yet fish must be caught! As Sainte-Beauve has said, every peasant has a style because he has something to say, or as Balzac expresses the same thing, "In France style comes as much from the substance as from the words." And my father had many of the virtues of the peasant.

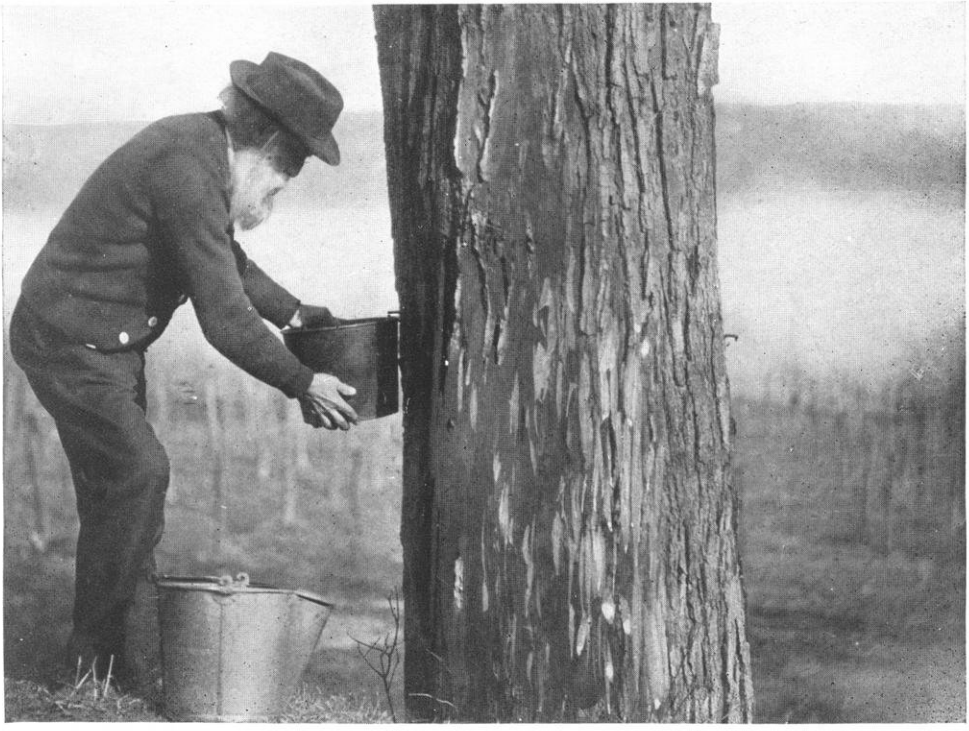
AS AN example of this my father would often tell of the long-forgotten speech of Everett at Gettysburg and the immortal words of Lincoln. "Ah, Lincoln had it in his heart; he had been through the awful sorrow of it all; to him it was all so terribly real that it made his words seem alive." Though we do not carry the grief of a nation in our hearts as Lincoln did, we must be just as sincere, in our own way, in what we write. In the many long hours we have spent alone together, walking along the hilltop highways of the further Catskills, dreaming in the forest shade, beside the open fire, or in the summer house, my father has always impressed upon me, unforgettably, the value not only of determined, unrelenting work, but of sincerity, humility, freedom from vanity or sham. "The moment you feel yourself better than your work you are lost; you must love your work so well that you forget yourself." And this, it seems to me, is the true craftsman's greatest virtue, if not the secret of peace and happiness—humility. And from humility comes sanity, the predominating quality in all my father's work—just as love inspired it, so does sanity pervade it. Though sensitive and excitable, often suffering acutely from his sensitiveness and embarrassment, as well as from the tortures all artistic temperaments must know, none of this appears in his work. His writings take an even tone of joyousness, never obscure, never in doubt, yet never overdrawn or feverish, never dull and never excitable. The tonic and wholesomeness of what he has written is like that of the out of doors of which he wrote, like the fresh joyousness of an April morning or the brooding pensiveness of Indian summer.

Once father wrote a "daily theme" for me for English twenty-two at Harvard and I copied it, handing it in as my own. It came back marked "Sane and sensible," the instructor quite uncon-

JOHN BURROUGHS AND HIS LITTLE GRANDSON HUNTING FOR BIRDS' NESTS IN THE MEADOWS AT WEST PARK.

A FAMILY PICNIC AT WEST PARK, PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

MR. BURROUGHS MAKING HIS OWN GARDEN IN THE SPRINGTIME AT SLABSIDES.



"APRIL IS JOHN BURROUGHS' FAVORITE MONTH, NOT ONLY BECAUSE IT IS HIS BIRTH MONTH, BUT BECAUSE IT MEANS THE COMING OF SPRING, MAPLE-SUGAR MAKING, THE ARRIVAL OF BIRDS, THE AWAKENING OF NATURE."

ALTHOUGH JOHN BURROUGHS LIVES NEAR THE BANK OF THE HUDSON AND HAS MERRY TIMES WITH HIS GRANDCHILDREN OUT BOATING, HE HAS NEVER LEARNED TO LOVE IT AS HE DID THE TROUT STREAMS AND THE WOODS AND FIELDS OF HIS EARLY BOYHOOD DAYS.

sciously hitting upon the fundamental quality of my father's style. I remember the theme was about the statue of John Harvard that is in the triangle in front of Memorial, the statue being life size and of bronze and sitting bareheaded in a meditative attitude, such as one might take before an open fire at home, the statue, however, being here exposed to all weathers. The incongruousness of this at once appealed to father, who said in the theme that he always had a feeling that he should go and hold an umbrella over John Harvard to protect him from snow or sun. Evidently the instructor caught his point of view.

Often people would send him manuscripts for criticism, something he would rarely ever make except to give one or two words that simply characterized the whole composition. I remember that he said of a story of mine that won a prize in a sporting journal, "You bent the bow too hard, you made it seem overdrawn." Though always a student of style and constantly striving to perfect his form he would rarely criticize any sentence, structure or form for me, except sometimes the use of a word or the substance or aptness of an expression. As a child I had a silver cup from which I drank my milk, playing also with it at table when I had emptied it. Later when I saw my first railway train at close range and watched the ringing of the bell I exclaimed "Cup open bell!" and for years father would repeat this childish though apt expression to me with great relish. If ever I wrote a sentence that knit the form and substance together it seemed to give him the greatest pleasure, as much as, if not more than, if he had written it himself.

DOUBTLESS it is a wise provision of nature that we cannot begin life with a full heritage of wisdom, but must go instead the long road of experience. And even though as we go this road we become strangers to ourselves of a few years back, we always have sympathy and understanding with our childhood. I know it was so in both father's and my case; in fact, he lived over again to a certain extent his own unforgettable boyhood in me. There is one way to be a boy's friend and that is to become his equal in purpose, which means to take him seriously, and that was what father always did—what was real to me became real to him, and he often entered into my undertakings, if not actually taking the lead, in many out-of-door sports. From the fragrant days in May when he would show me how to make whistles of the young shoots of dogwood or basswood to the skating trips to the ponds, he was more often my companion than other boys. As I grew older, however, my pastimes took me more and more out on the open water

where my father was always much of a stranger. But even here if he did not accompany me in the flesh he did in spirit and I lived the day over again in telling him of it in the evening by the open fire. He would always question me about what I had seen, the birds, the animals, and how they had acted, and often explain something I did not understand.

No one could swing a scythe with more skill or handle a trout rod better, and though it was father's boast that he had never had a hired man that could outmow, or even mow as well as he, I could never make him paddle correctly. Years ago, before the prohibited spring shooting, we spent many delectable days in the Shataca, taking our dinner with us and paddling an old skiff up and down the stream, chewing spice bush wood, then in bloom, listening to the screaming hawks and seeing all the birds returning from the South, scaring the brightly colored turtles from their sunning places on the old logs that hung low over the water, sometimes shooting a duck or two, giving us a day of rare delights, such as only springtime can give. On one such a day I know we started upstream, father paddling, I in the bow with the gun, all excitement, expecting to see a duck spring from behind every clump of willow herb and dodder. Soon father gave up, laying down his paddle, his method of paddling with his waist and wrists tiring him—in vain I showed him how to paddle, using the straight arm thrust from the shoulder. "Your way is all right in theory but not in practice," he would reply. So I had to paddle, with the result that in a few yards up jumped a duck, I bemoaning the luck and father assuring me that I could not have hit it anyway. Several more flashed the silver lining of their wings at us before we got to our destination, a little island in the flooded swamp, where we made a fire and ate our dinner. On the way back, the current being with us, I was able to again take my station in the bow, where I soon had a chance at one of the ducks I had been told that I could not hit. The result was that I made such a clean straight kill as the duck bored its way through the tree-tops that I really believe father was more pleased than I. After that I heard no more about being unable to hit flying ducks.

THAT line of Shakespeare's, "Proud, pied April," was often quoted by my father, and in fact April was his favorite month, April not only being his birth month but meaning to him as well the coming of spring with all its joys; the maple-sugar making, the arrival of the birds, the awakening of all Nature. Only being away from home kept him from making maple sugar, and I have had him write me from California or Florida that he wished he

were home listening to the bluebirds, skimming the boiling sap and seeing the ice going out of the river. Sometimes he would go to Roxbury to help in the sugar-bush where he had made maple sugar as a boy. Sixty and more years ago the methods were all most primitive and the sugar when made was used at home; the white cane sugar of today being then unknown in Delaware County. So often has father told me of those days, the melting snow, the cows lowing and looking wistfully toward the hills where patches of brown earth showed, the calling geese, the homesick notes of the chickadees, the sound of the sap gouge in the sugar-bush like some big, metallic, downy woodpecker, and all the delights of the first warm days that it all seems most real to me. And the stock of big, fragrant maple sugar cakes in the attic, each like a loaf of bread, the pile waist high, filling the room with their aroma!—I have seen them and eaten my share, too. And the "lock jaw"—who nowadays knows even what it is? Every spring we always make some, not alone for the association it has with the past, but for the indescribable deliciousness and fun of it. Father always leads, his face ruddy from the fire and sun, his eyes happy and smiling, always saying, "Have some more." The maple syrup is slowly boiled down until when poured hot over snow it forms ribbons of plastic, sticky, golden candy, which you wind up on a fork and eat. Its name of "lock jaw" is well earned.

For several years during his boyhood father tapped some trees about the house, tapping them early before the big sugar-bush was tapped, boiling down the sap on the kitchen stove, making some small cakes of very white, fine sugar which he peddled out in the village, thus earning some money. "One year I earned three dollars, all in silver," he would say, chuckling with pleasure at the memory of it, "and I bought a little double-barreled shot-gun, a crude, weak little thing made by some country blacksmith, but it gave me untold delight and made me envied by every boy in Roxbury. One barrel was bigger than the other and one was not straight, yet sometimes it would go off, and I killed gray squirrels, rabbits and some partridge with it. I wish I had it now."

Of more interest is the fact that another spring the carefully hoarded silver shillings, earned by making sugar, were spent for school books. Father wanted an algebra and a rhetoric, but as grandfather had not studied these books himself he could see no need for them and so refused to buy them. Often father would tell the story of how he coaxed for permission to buy them and how grandfather refused until after father had started off toward the village, when grandmother made grandfather change his mind and

he called from the door to buy those books. "But my blood was up then and I scorned his help. I was resolved to earn the money and buy them myself, which I soon did, selling my little cakes of sugar." In the years to come very often did father spend his last penny, earned teaching school, for some coveted volumes, walking home over the mountains with an empty stomach, not having money enough left for stage fare or for his breakfast, arriving home foot-sore and hungry, but safe with the precious books! The hunger and fatigue were soon forgotten, but the books lasted. And today father takes from the shelf one of these books that he carried home over the hills and mountains of Delaware County sixty years ago, quaint volumes, almost as brown as the hand that holds them, and tenderly turns the leaves that once opened to him a new world. Locke's essay on the Human Understanding was a favorite among these books, which were nearly all on the old elastic dogmas. "And once when someone gave father one of *my* books they say that as he took it in his hands tears came in his eyes," he would say softly.

(*To be continued in July.*)

THE SONG OF JETHRO THE POTTER

JETHRO the potter am I,
Lord of no ancient line,
Yet at my breath the clay
Glows with the spark divine.
Though at my bidding, men
Bend not the servile knee,
Yet in my hands dead earth
Takes on eternity.
Mounted on prancing steeds,
Kings pass me by, nor guess
How soon shall pomp and name
Suffer forgetfulness;
While I, all ragged clad,
Shaping with fingers deft
Urns for the dust of those
Time has of life bereft,
Whistle my life away,
Kingdoms and kings forgot,
Sure that while time endures
My art shall perish not.

REGINALD DUNDERDALE FORBES.

RAFFAËLLI, A FRENCH PAINTER OF THE PEOPLE: BY DELIA AUSTRIAN

JEAN FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI has had the great advantage of beginning life with definite responsibilities to meet. He was only fourteen years old when much of the heavy burden of his immediate family was placed upon his slender boyish shoulders. Even at this age he had felt the definite pull toward the artist life. He wanted to paint or sing or model. But there were people to be supported, and it was absolutely necessary that he should contribute a very good share of the essential income. Happily for him, he found an engagement in a little theater in Paris where he earned thirty-seven francs a month by singing a few solos every week. As the work was in the evening, it left him much of his days free to study at the Beaux Arts. Later on he secured an engagement to sing in one of the churches and then in addition to working during the daytime he read and studied late at night. All of his youth thus was spent in lifting the cares that were thrust upon him and yet in preparing himself for the career that was essential to his happiness and to the development of his own soul.

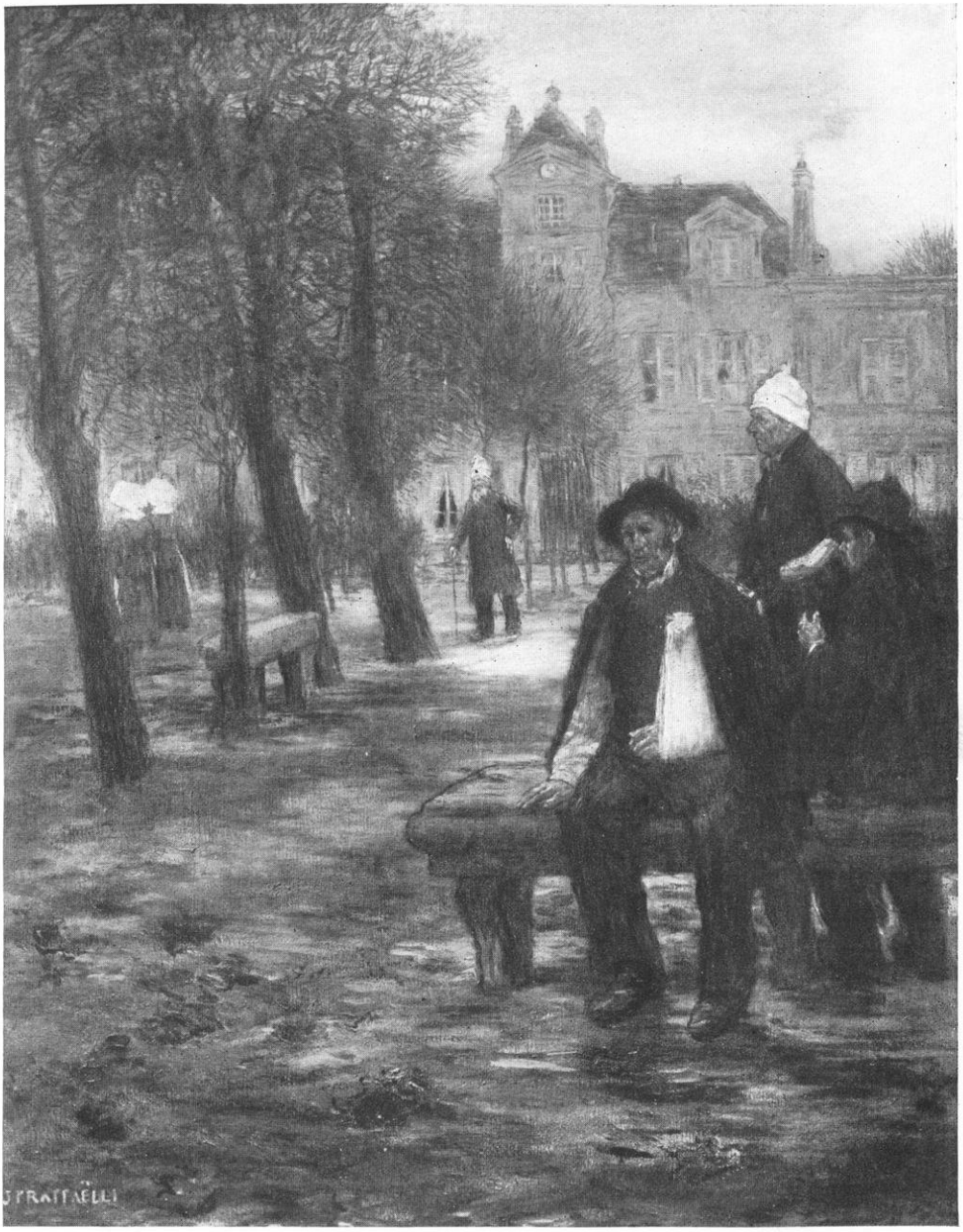
There are very few of the French artists of today so well known here in America as Raffaëlli, and many of his most interesting paintings have found a home in the galleries of the United States. From time to time he has exhibited here with other Continental artists, and not only has he awakened much interest in his point of view and his technique, but his influence has been felt among our younger artists, especially his outdoor work, where he has rendered sunlight and fresh air and the spirit of French street life as few other painters. The Paris of his own times he has revealed with a freshness and a lightheartedness and a beauty that will make it live through all ages.

At first, of course, his work was subject to much bitter criticism. It was so unusual and so new. There were certain conditions that he strove to express and he searched through all his consciousness and his understanding of life to gain the right technique for this expression. He knew that he must have it; he must bend every energy and condition to it. And when he finally found just the method for making the great buildings of Paris swim in wonderful golden light, for making his children run and play in the parks and along the boulevards of Paris, for pouring sunshine over the dingy quarters and along the sad edges of the Seine, people at first refused to accept the result and turned all their energies to criticizing the wonderful technique which had brought it about. But this was only at the beginning. The artists, the men who were striving to accomplish what Raffaëlli was presenting, the bigger spirits, the men of genius,

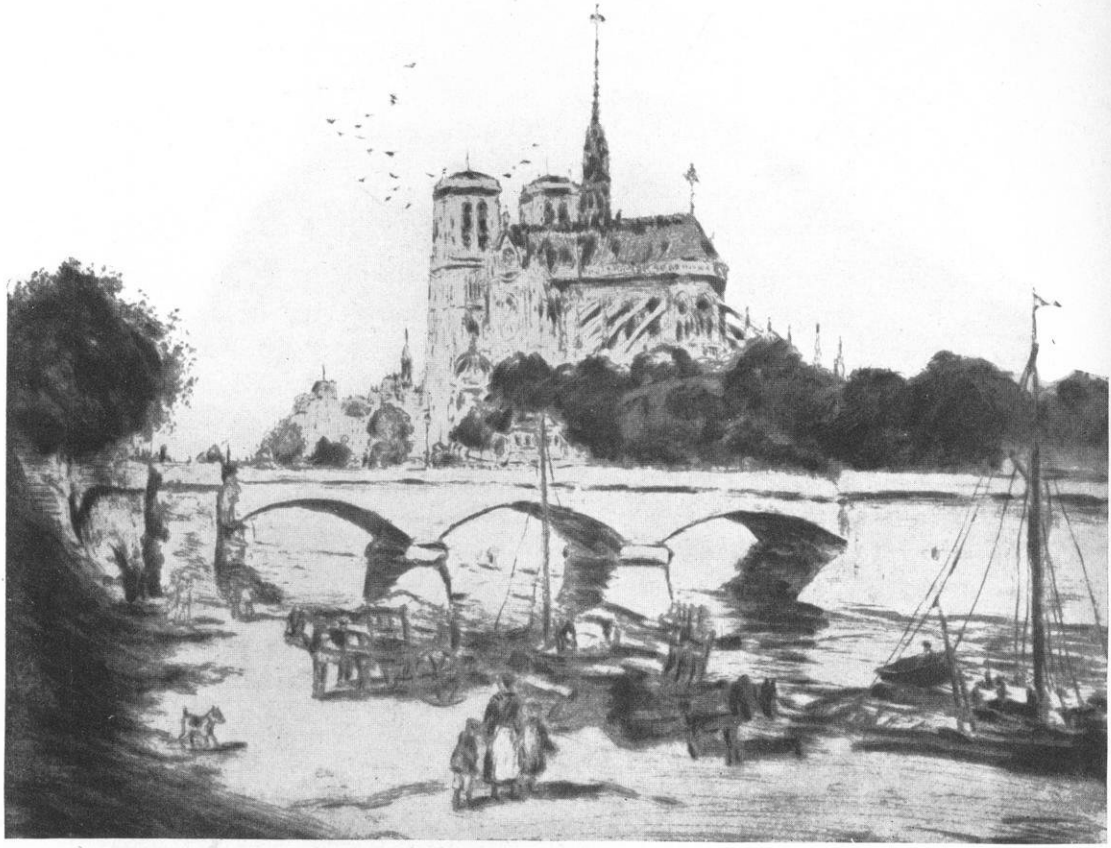
swiftly recognized his greatness and acclaimed it not only in Paris but in Germany, in England and most widely in America.

As is the case with most painters of distinction, Raffaëlli does not limit to palette and canvas his interest in presenting all phases of life. Like the great Leonardo and Angelo, Raffaëlli is also an etcher, a sculptor and wood engraver. He sings delightfully and writes with convincing skill. One is filled with pleasure when so wide a range of genius is revealed as in the personality and achievement of Raffaëlli. Until such versatility as his is disclosed to us, we do not let ourselves realize that genius need never limit itself to one channel of expression, for all genius is the same,—that is, the source of all genius is the same. It is always the lifting of the veils which shut away truth from human understanding, and once a man achieves this vision of the truth there is no reason why he should not express it in every channel known to the artist. All that is necessary is the technique for such expression. For the man who paints the great beauties of the world should be able to put them in sculpture as well as painting, in music as well as sculpture, if he has only cultivated for himself the means for so doing. If an artist decides to limit himself to one channel of expression, it is only because his interest is greater there, or because he has not furnished himself the proper technique to express his vision along many lines.

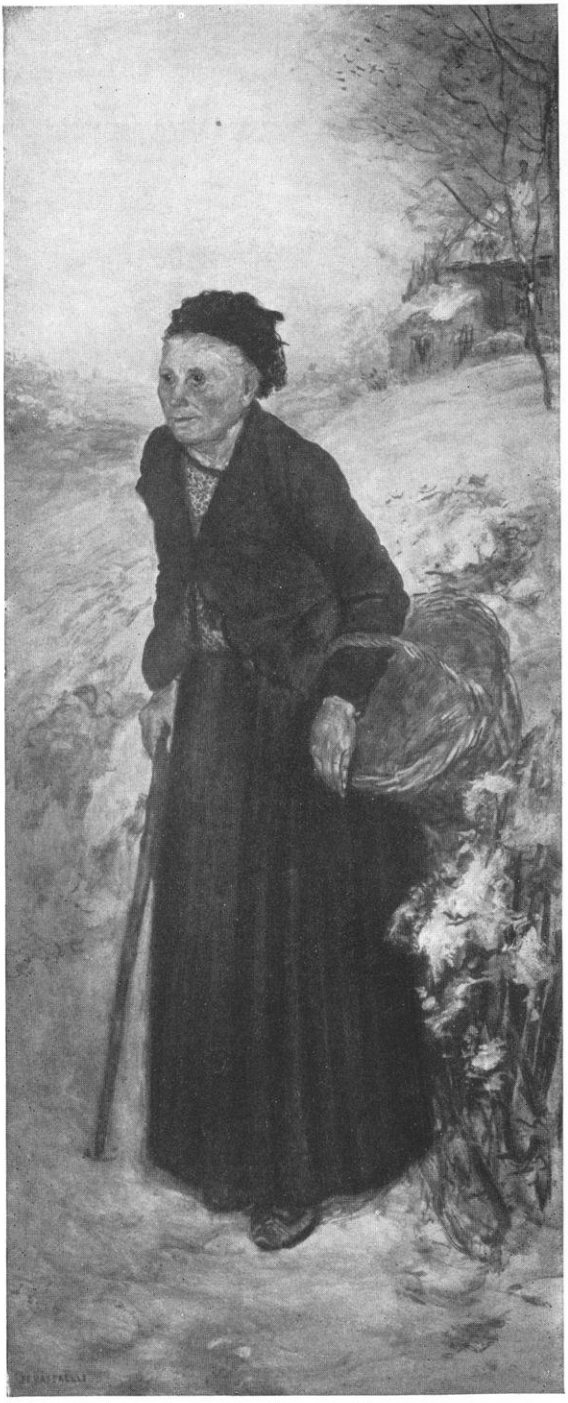
AFTER years of work, of self-sacrifice, of self-development, Raffaëlli finally achieved the proud distinction of earning one thousand francs a year. This was money that was not needed to meet the burdens which had early come to him, but which he felt quite free to use for his own happiness. Then he married and went away joyously with his wife to Italy. In Rome he studied more in the galleries than in the schools, and even more from Nature. Always this earnest student had found that close contact with people and with rural conditions brought his greatest inspiration, and already he was beginning to show in his sculpture and on his canvases that live human quality and that mastery in depicting atmosphere which has since brought him fame. Through the appreciation of friends he was enabled to sell some of his Roman paintings, and then happily he journeyed on to Naples. This sea-town somehow meant more to him than Rome had, because there he could study Italian ways with greater freedom, and the picturesqueness of the cosmopolitan life gave him an inspiration greater than he had yet experienced. His enthusiasm and energy quickened and he worked with such zeal that eventually his health broke down and he was forced to seek quiet and rest out in the rural country about



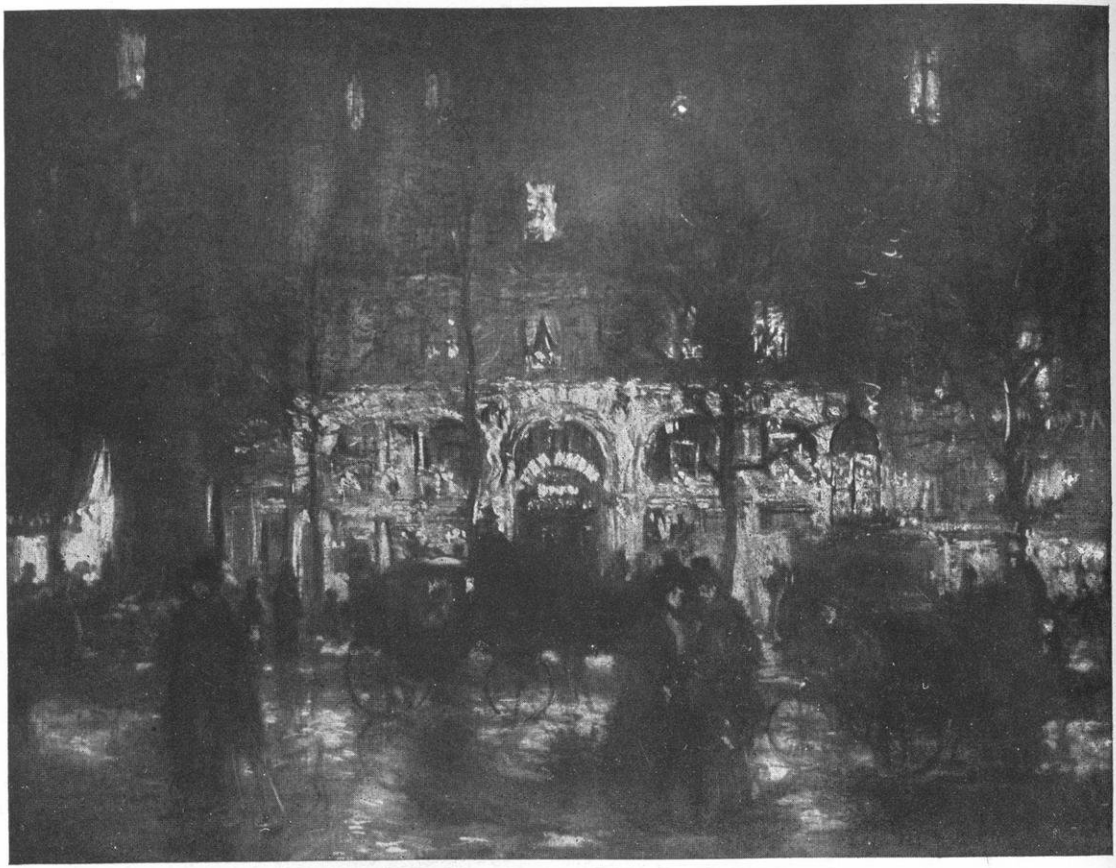
"THE OLD CONVALESCENTS": FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI IN THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM.



"AT NOTRE DAME": FROM AN ETCHING BY RAFFAËLLI.



"AN OLD WOMAN UNDER THE HILL": RAFFAËLLI, PAINTER.



"AT THE FOLIES BERGERE":
RAFFAËLLI, PAINTER.

Naples. But this return to Nature had its compensation, as is usually the case with a quickened intelligence, for it brought him into relation with primitive conditions and into close companionship with the Italian peasants. The value of this association never passed out of Raffaëlli's life, and even after his return to Paris he went out among the country folk again and again to study their ways of living, their joys and their sorrows. In after years he sometimes painted the people of the ultra-æsthetic class, but these are not the canvases we know and love. And the paintings, the sculpture, the etchings of Raffaëlli which will be remembered longest are those which he did among the very poor, both in the centers of great cities and out in the rural lands.

One of Raffaëlli's contemporaries, M. G. Geoffrey, says of the artist: "From the earliest days he consecrated his talent to painting the people as well as to painting Nature. He seemed best to love the peasants at work, and the meadows where they worked, the people busy in the city streets, the children playing at the river edge, and the great wide rivers and the hills and the trees. The real conditions carried the most poetry for him, and so he has made permanently beautiful for us the fisherman resting on the banks of the Seine, an old man in a Paris alleyway grinding scissors, a fresh-cheeked woman going to market, or the toilers of the sea as they are pulling in their nets at night."

Huysman has so truly said of him: "This master's work will long survive him, for it fills an important place in the art expression of France. He is the Millet of Paris, and he is alive to the melancholy of humanity as well as to all the poetry of Nature and all the moods of the various struggles of city and country."

Raffaëlli himself has said in relation to his interest in the simpler phases of life: "Nature is a wonderful book which everyone should learn to read and which all artists should learn to depict with words or brush." And his faith in and love of Nature, of humanity has not gone unrewarded, for he has depicted these real things as few people of his century, and happily for the world his achievement has not robbed him of his virile interest in life or of his simplicity, while his enthusiasm for his work is as great as in the early days of his experiments. He has traveled the world over, and his visits to the various countries in Europe and the United States have naturally done much to enlarge his sense of humor and his interest in human nature.

TO ENJOY any great artist's work, really to understand and appreciate it, one should know something of the man, something of his way of living, of his attitude toward life. And M. Raffaëlli more than most men who are accomplishing things in

the world presents to us a charming personality which has profited by the experience of living in many lands and working among many people. His home is a real expression of his interest in life. It is furnished without pretension yet is a revelation of genuine art feeling. Though he has a large studio where much of his work must necessarily be done, he loves to work at home in the company of his wife and only daughter. The day I had the happiness of meeting the artist he was working at his easel with his daughter nearby watching with the greatest interest, and his wife busy sewing near one of the windows. Against the walls were placed two large paintings which were not yet finished. They were orders for one of the large galleries in South America. The larger one was called "The Village Beneath the Hill," and showed a small village resting at the foot of a great hill. The picture was painted on an autumn day and the hillsides were red and brown from the turning foliage. The chilly atmosphere was shown in the greenish blue foreground which was a delightful contrast to the warm tones of the earth, and down the roadway an old woman was going to market. Another attractive painting was of his daughter dressed in pure white. The likeness was remarkable and the whole painting possessed rare decorative quality.

M. Raffaëlli has achieved as great a success in his etchings as in his paintings. He was one of the first to essay the colored etching, and rural scenes which he has done through this method recall Corot in the wonderful poetry of atmosphere. The most vivid scene is his Grand Prix etching. In contrast with the bright turf are the jockeys and the race-horses flying by. Everywhere is a sense of excitement, and the color is wonderful.

One feels in reviewing the work of this man how great is the confidence he has in his own power. He hesitates at nothing. The subtleties of the gentlest rural scene are presented with absolute fearlessness on one hand; on the other a stormy day in Paris is given with as great assurance. Always he is seeking to present with the least effort, with the least elaboration, the various phases of rural or city life which seem to him to show forth unexpected joy or beauty.

THE STORY OF GOVERNMENT RESERVATIONS FOR WILD WATER BIRDS: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON: SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES

NEW YORK naturalist stood one day on the beach of the lower east coast of Florida, absorbed in watching what appeared to be a gigantic sea serpent disporting itself along the crest of the waves. As the strange spectacle drew near, it resolved itself into a long, undulating line of brown pelicans winging their way homeward from the outer feeding grounds. With alternate sailing and rhythmical beating of wings, the line of great birds was seen to pass on until it settled on an island in the heart of the Indian River. A field glass revealed the fact that hundreds of other pelicans were already there.

A boat was procured, and the naturalist soon set foot upon the island, which, however, was the signal for the birds to depart. They were alarmed at the presence of the man, and seemed to distrust human intrusion. Fishermen nearby stopped hauling their nets long enough to explain the reason for the birds' hasty retreat. Yachts, they said, often came to anchor in the vicinity and seldom did they weigh without taking with them trophies of their visit, and leaving behind many demolished nests. Birds were often killed for their feathers, or to satisfy the passing desire to possess for a moment a creature of unusual form and size. Sometimes a dozen were shot to demonstrate the skill of a rifleman in knickerbockers, or again a hundred were sacrificed to procure a small portion of the skin of each bird with which to make a cloak of a kind seldom seen along the avenue.

The naturalist's curiosity and interest were now thoroughly aroused. He made a careful survey of the island and found it to cover an area of about four acres. He counted the pelicans' nests, the young birds and the adults, as opportunity offered during the period of several days, and estimated that the pelican population consisted of about twenty-seven hundred full-grown birds. This was in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. Two years later he again visited the island and found that the bird inhabitants had shrunk in numbers to an extent of nearly five hundred.

This gentleman was a member of the Audubon Society and, being strong in the faith held by that organization, believed that these birds should in some way be protected. True, they were not known to be of any economic value, but on the other hand they were harmless

creatures. Then, too, they were interesting—one reason being that they were so large. When one of these pelicans spread its wings and set out for a sail down Indian River, it would have required a tape line six and one-half feet in length to reach from tip to tip of its mighty pinions. The pelican's bill is thirteen inches long, and the pouch suspended beneath it is capable of holding four gallons of water. Even with such a mouth no pelican—not even a lady pelican—was ever known to utter a sound, as in the adult form they are absolutely silent birds. Surely such creatures were worth preserving as living curiosities. If attempts were to be made to guard them, here was the place to begin, for with a single unimportant exception there existed no other breeding colony of pelicans on the Atlantic Coast of the United States.

UPON returning to New York the naturalist unburdened himself to the officers of the Audubon Society, with the result that plans were immediately set in motion to preserve the inhabitants of Pelicanville. There was no law in the State of Florida at that time extending protection to birds of this character, but on January fourth, nineteen hundred and one, the Legislature was induced to enact a statute making it a misdemeanor to kill interesting or valuable non-game birds. The Audubon Society at once employed a man to see that the law was enforced on Pelican Island.

Then murmurings began to be heard, "Pelicans eat fish and they should not be protected," declared a stalwart Floridian. "We need the quills for the millinery trade," chimed in another one with a keen eye to the main chance. There was talk of repealing the law at the next session of Legislature, and the hearts of the Audubon workers were troubled.

Then someone suggested that as there were Federal military reservations, and Federal forest reservations, why not make this a Federal bird reservation and permit no trespassing. The island proved to be unsurveyed government land and this gave force to the argument, but there was found to be no legal provision whereby this could be done. There existed no law or precedent for such an act. The discussion at length reached the ears of President Roosevelt, and he settled the difficulty at once and for all time by issuing, under March fourteenth, nineteen hundred and three, a remarkable document which ran in part as follows:

"It is hereby ordered that Pelican Island in Indian River is reserved and set apart for the use of the Department of Agriculture as a preserve and breeding ground for native birds."

The gist of this order, bearing the signature of the Secretary of

Agriculture, was quickly painted on a large sign which could be seen for miles as it stood on the end of Pelican Island.

Imagine the chagrin of the Audubon workers upon learning that when the pelicans returned in spring to occupy their ancestral breeding ground, they took one look at this declaration of the President and immediately decamped bag and baggage to a neighboring island outside of the protected zone! Signs less alarming in size were substituted, and the pelicans, with their feelings appeased, graciously returned and, much to the joy of the naturalist and the Audubon Society, have since peacefully dwelt and flourished beneath the protecting care of the Government. Incidentally, a lesson was learned in dealing with wild birds.

When this act by President Roosevelt came to the attention of the general public, it was not hard to find men who complained loudly that our national executive had overstepped the limits of his legalized power. "What meat is this," they asked, "on which our Cæsar feeds that he should take to himself such powers?" So the friends of the wild birds had another task before them—the President must be given this power. A bill was therefore drafted and after a short delay was enacted by Congress, giving the President authority to establish reservations of this character on government lands not fitted for agriculture.

This accomplished, and the legal difficulty removed, the way was open for the establishment of other bird reservations and the Audubon Society eagerly seized the opportunity. Explorations were at once started to locate and survey the territory holding important breeding communities of water birds situated on government lands in other sections of the country.

Plumage hunters and eggers were busy plying their trade wherever water birds were known to collect in numbers, and in consequence several interesting species were rapidly nearing extinction. Ten thousand terns were known to have been shot in a single season on Cobb's Island, Virginia. The ten thousand pairs of wings collected went to the millinery houses of New York and ten thousand baby birds were left to perish for want of parental care. In the same way, during the seven years preceding nineteen hundred and eleven, twenty colonies of gulls and terns along the coast of the Carolinas were utterly wiped out of existence. From the lakes of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast thousands of grebes' breasts were torn from nesting birds every summer, and shipped East to adorn the hats of fashionable women, while the infant grebes were left to call and creep among the tule until the breath of death should end their cries.

GOVERNMENT HOMES FOR WILD WATER BIRDS

MR. FRANK M. MILLER, now State Game Commissioner of Louisiana, reported a case in which five thousand sea birds were broken on a nearby island inhabited by sea birds in order that fresh eggs might subsequently be gathered by the eggers whose waiting boats lay at anchor off shore. No wonder the friends of the birds were profoundly disturbed concerning the future welfare of the wild water birds, and hailed with delight the accession to their ranks of the daring, precedent-breaking Mr. Roosevelt.

So enthusiastic was Mr. William Dutcher, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, with the results achieved in Federal reservation work in nineteen hundred and five, that he declared in his annual report that if the Association had done nothing else than secure Federal bird reservations and help guard them during the breeding season, its existence would be fully warranted.

That year President Roosevelt established four more bird refuges; one of these, Stump Lake, in North Dakota, was an immense nursery of gulls, terns, ducks, cormorants and snipe in summer, and a safe harbor for wild fowl during the spring and fall migrations. Huron Island and the Sickiwit group of islands lying in Lake Superior were the homes of innumerable herring gulls, some of which perhaps find their way to New York Harbor every autumn. These were made perpetual bird sanctuaries and an Audubon warden took up his lonely watch to guard them against all comers.

Away down in the mouth of Tampa Bay, Florida, rests the one-hundred-acre island of Passage Key. Here the wild bird life of the Gulf Coast has swarmed in the mating season since white man first knew the country. Thousands of herons of various species, as well as terns and shore birds, make this their home. The dainty little ground doves flutter in and out among cactus on the sheltered sides of the sand dunes, plovers and sandpipers chase each other along the beaches, and the burrowing owls known to inhabit no other point on our Gulf Coast, here hide in their burrows by day and explore the island by night.

When this place was described to President Roosevelt, he immediately declared that a bird must never be killed here without the consent of the Secretary of Agriculture. With one stroke of his pen, he brought this desired condition into existence. Mrs. Asa Pillsbury was duly appointed by the Government to protect the birds of the island. She is one of the few women bird wardens in America.

These things happened in the early days of Government work for the protection of water birds. The Audubon Society had found a new field for endeavor, which was highly prolific in results. With all the limited means at its command, the work of ornithological ex-

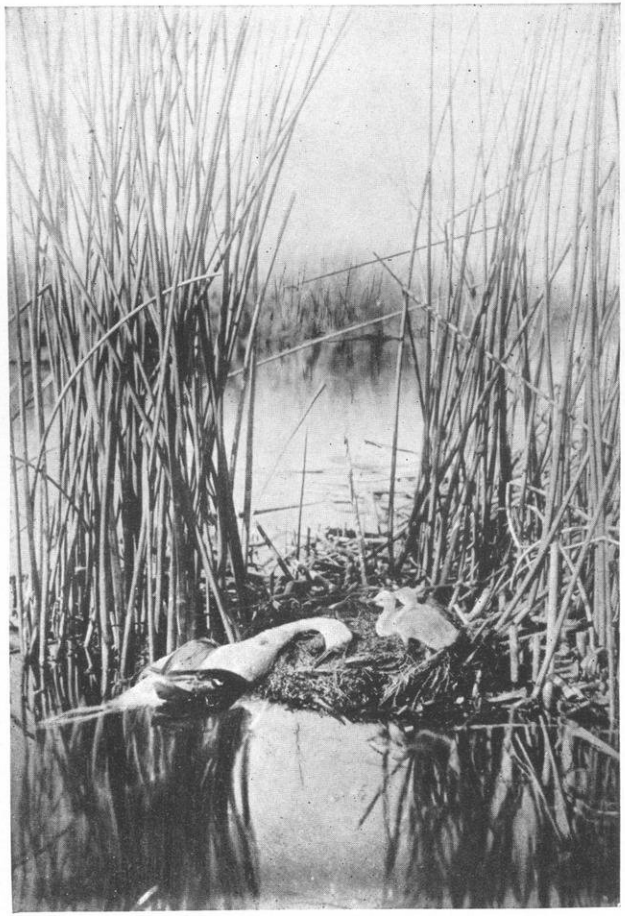
A SOOTY TERN ON HER NEST AT DRY TORTUGAS, A FLORIDA RESERVATION.

TROPICAL NODDY TERNS, NESTING TIME AT THE DRY TORTUGAS RESERVATION.

THE GREAT PELICAN COLONY ON PELICAN ISLAND, INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA, THE FIRST OF THE LARGE GOVERNMENT RESERVATIONS FOR WILD WATER BIRDS.

YOUNG PELICANS ENJOYING PEACEFUL HOME LIFE ON THE GOVERNMENT RESERVATION.

TWO VIEWS OF ROYAL TERNS ON THE BRETON ISLAND RESERVATION, LOUISIANA: THIS HOME FOR WILD BIRDS EMBRACES HUNDREDS OF SQUARE MILES AND INCLUDES SCORES OF ISLANDS AND BARS.



A GREBE FOUND DEAD NEAR A NEST OF YOUNG, OVERLOOKED BY THE PLUMAGE HUNTERS.

KLAMATH LAKE RESERVATION IN OREGON, THE SUMMER HOME OF MYRIADS OF DUCKS, GULLS, GREBES AND OTHER WILD WATER FOWL.

ploration was carried forward each summer. Every island, mud flat and sand bar along the coast of the Mexican Gulf, from Texas to Key West, was visited by trained ornithologists who reported their findings to the New York office.

The Breton Island reservation for the coast of Louisiana, embracing hundreds of square miles of territory, and including scores of islands and bars, was established nineteen hundred and four. Six additional reservations were soon created along the west coast of Florida, thus extending a perpetual guardianship over the colonies of sea and coastwise birds in that territory,—the pitiful remnants of the vast rookeries which had been despoiled to add to profits of the millinery trade.

The work was early started in the West, where Malheur Lake and Klamath Lake reservations in Oregon resulted. The latter is today the summer home of myriads of ducks, geese, grebes and other wild water fowl, and never a day passes but what the waters of the lake are fretted with the prow of the Audubon patrol boat, as the watchful warden extends his vigil over those feathered wards of the Government.

ONCE set in motion, this movement for Federal bird reservations soon swept beyond the boundaries of the United States. One was established in Porto Rico, and several others among the Aleutian Islands, where on the rocky cliffs may be seen today clouds of puffins, auks and guillemote—queer creatures which stand upright like a man—shouldering and crowding each other about on the ledges which overlook the dark waters of Behring Sea. One reservation in Alaska covers much of the lower delta of the Yukon, including the great tundra country south of the river, and embraces within its borders a territory greater than the State of Massachusetts. From the standpoint of preserving rare species of birds, this is doubtless one of the most important which has thus far come into existence. It is here that many of the wild fowl which frequent the California coast in winter, find a summer refuge safe alike from the bullet of the white man and the arrow of the Indian. Here it is that the lordly emperor goose is probably making its last stand on the American continent against the aggressions of the destructive white race.

Away out in the western group of the Hawaiian Archipelago are located some of the world's most famous colonies of birds. From vast and often unknown regions of the Pacific, the sea birds journey hither when the instinct for mating comes strong upon them. There are beautiful terns of many species, and albatrosses, those winged wonders whose home is on the rolling deep. Their numbers on these islands were such as to be beyond all belief of men who are unfamiliar

with bird life in congested conditions. On February third, nineteen hundred and nine, these islands and reefs were included in an executive order whereby the "Hawaiian Island Reservation" was brought into existence. This is the largest of all our Government bird reserves; it extends through five degrees of longitude.

At intervals in the past these islands had been visited by vessels engaged in the feather trade, and although no funds were available for establishing a warden patrol among them, it was fondly hoped that the notice given to the world that the birds here were now the wards of the United States would be sufficient to insure their safety.

A rude shock was felt, therefore, when late that year a rumor reached Washington that a Japanese poaching vessel had been sighted heading for these waters. The revenue cutter "Thetis" then lying at Honolulu was at once ordered on a cruise to the bird islands. Early in nineteen hundred and ten, the vessel returned, bringing with her twenty-three Japanese feather hunters who had been captured at their work of destruction. In the hold of the vessel were stored two hundred and fifty-nine thousand pairs of wings, two and a half tons of baled feathers, and several large cases and boxes of stuffed birds, for which, had the Japanese escaped, they would have realized over one hundred thousand dollars.

Not only have Federal bird reservations been formed of lakes with reedy margins and lonely islands in the sea, but they have been made to include numbers of the big Government reservoirs built in the arid regions of the West.

President Taft has shown much the same interest in bird protection as did his predecessor, his last reservation being Hogg Island in Lake Michigan, which was created no longer ago than February twenty-first, nineteen hundred and twelve.

Up to the present time there have been established by executive order fifty-six of these Federal bird refuges which in the aggregate annually shelter millions of water birds at all seasons of the year.

The likelihood that this method of protecting birds will continue and the number of reservations greatly increased amounts to an almost certainty as the Government policy in this direction is now firmly established.

The movement came not a day too late to save for our North American fauna some of our most interesting feathered forms of life. Within the past generation the Eskimo curlew and the Labrador duck have ceased to exist, and the trumpeter swan, the least tern and the long-billed curlew are examples of others that are fast hastening to join the list of wild creatures which through the greed of man are now known only by name.

BRINGING COUNTRY BEAUTY TO THE CITY STREETS: BY ARTHUR HAY

ECAUSE the natural human being, whether primitive or civilized, responds to Nature's stimulus, it is a wise and right plan never to put ourselves wholly out of touch with her inspiring forces. For this reason, as well as for many others, we cannot too closely and intimately surround our metropolitan lives with the beauties which Nature makes it possible to transplant from her own reserves to our city streets. It would be hard to estimate readily the value which trees have in the metropolis, even over and beyond their important decorative and utilitarian service. We who must spend our lives in the city have the greatest possible need of the quickening and restoring power of Nature's beauty, and the streets in which most of us at least must pass a certain number of minutes a day, should become the chief means of keeping us in touch with the natural beauties which we cannot hope to incorporate in our homes and offices, and which we have here in America at least, so often, perhaps all unconsciously, sacrificed to our commercial activities. We should never allow our city streets to become merely highways to business centers, but should religiously hold them for avenues of beauty so that we may pass through them with pleasure, receiving that inspiration and stimulus for work which so often follows the sight of Nature's fresh loveliness.

Although it may not be possible to ornament and keep beautiful the busiest streets in a crowded metropolis, where every inch of space is demanded for the painful conditions of modern traffic, yet surely in our broad avenues and residential side streets and in the living quarters of the poor we can establish some cheering beauty by the careful planting of such trees as have the power to cope with city conditions and which will eventually reward us with spring, summer and autumnal beauty.

There are not, in fact, many trees that are actually adapted to city life. Many of those which grow most rapidly and blossom most quickly are short lived in proportion and often lacking in grace and unsuitable in city existence. Therefore, to gain the best results in the planting of city streets great care should be exercised in the selection of trees which will bring the utmost permanent value. So far as possible we should plan to have them harmonize with the surrounding buildings, and certainly we should select them with a view to vigor of constitution.

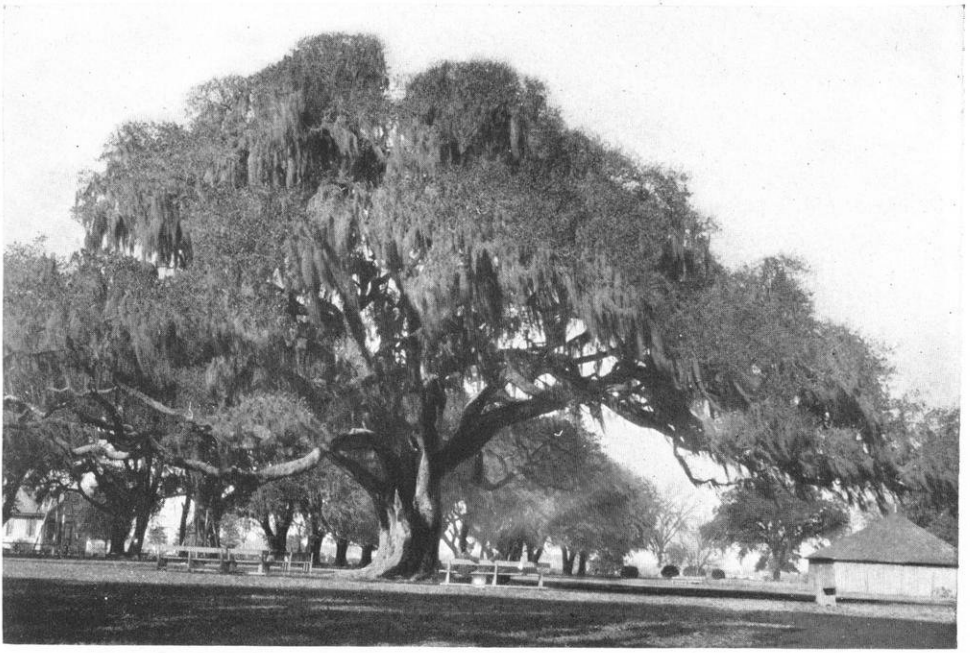
Deciduous trees are on the whole more suited for planting in city streets than are the evergreens, giving as they do the shade so needed in the summertime and in the winter permitting the sun to

cheer, dry and warm the streets. Trees that blossom effectively in the spring should be given due consideration in the selection for planting, though, of course, this is not as important quite as the question of autumnal coloring. The best trees are those that put forth their foliage early in the spring and provide shade and beauty until fall, thus prolonging the period of their usefulness and decorative charm.

When city squares or parks are to be planted, the beauty and value of the individual tree should be considered, but where the planting of entire avenues is under consideration, the charm of the individual tree must be subordinated to the effect of many trees in lines or groups. The question of overcrowding in the initial planting is one that must be carefully considered. Large spreading trees should stand at least thirty feet apart, and if placed fifty feet one from the other, the result in the long run will be better. Planted as they sometimes are, twenty-five feet apart, necessitates in a few years either the sacrifice of alternate trees, or constant pruning, which must to a certain extent destroy the characteristic contour of each growth.

SHADE trees suitable for street planting come under four general classes: the Columnar, such as the Lombardy poplar, Irish juniper and red cedar; the Cone-shaped, such as the sugar maple, sweet gum, white pine; the Vase-formed, or spreading head, as the American elm and silver maple; the Round-headed form, such as the Carolina poplar and horse chestnut. The redbud or Judas-tree, the magnolias and similar varieties are excellent for use on lawns or city squares, but not suitable for street planting on account of their small size and habit of growth. It is best to select trees from nurseries in the fall, so that their form can be fully determined, and this is also a good season for transplanting, for the roots can then become established in new quarters before frost. The trees should be well pruned, and after the ground is frozen a mulch of leaves about six inches deep (held in place by branches, but which allow aeration of ground) should be put on. This will furnish heat, and, by putting it on after the first frosts, will prevent the mice from building nests in, or nibbling, the roots.

The Vase-formed trees, which arch gracefully over the street, and of which the elm is so perfect a type, are quite generally conceded to give the best effect. The American elm is preëminently the street tree of the older towns of the East and Middle West, and rightly so, as it is both rugged and graceful. It grows with uniformity, yet without monotony, shows great individuality without departing from type, developing in age what might almost be called personality. The



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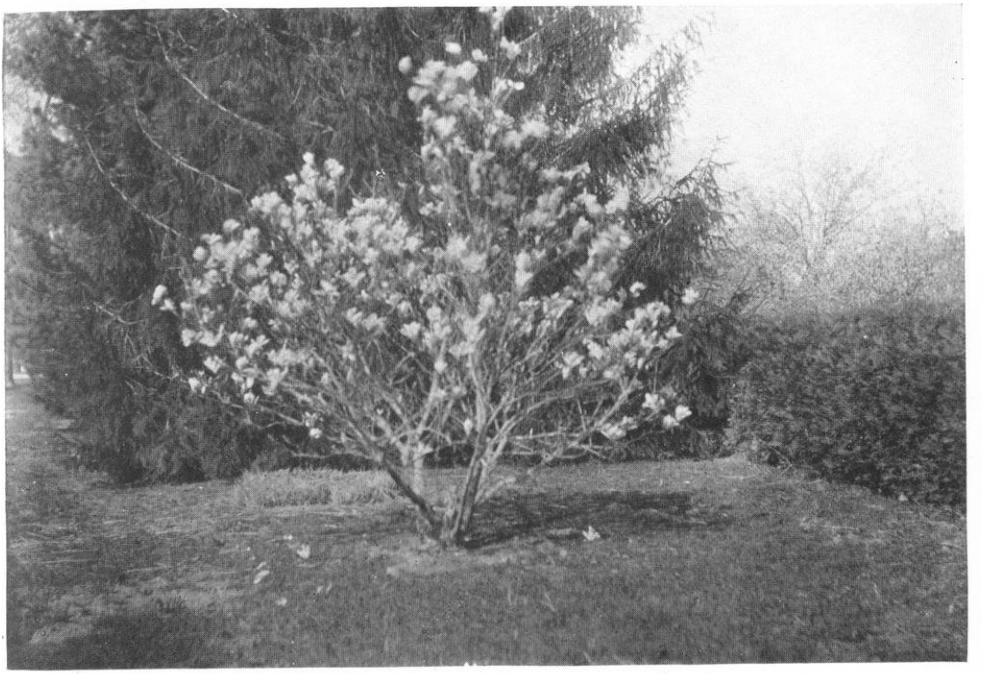
THE LIVE-OAK IS AN EXCELLENT SHADE TREE FOR CITY STREETS IN WARM CLIMATES BECAUSE OF ITS BEAUTY, HARDINESS AND THICK FOLIAGE.

THE SUGAR MAPLE ADDS GREAT CHARM TO VILLAGE OR TOWN STREETS: IT IS INTERESTING AT ALL SEASONS, HAS A FINE SPREAD OF BRANCHES, FEW INSECT ENEMIES AND GORGEOUS AUTUMN COLORING.

Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE TULIP TREE IS AN ATTRACTIVE BORDER FOR CITY STREETS, ESPECIALLY IN THE SPRING, BUT IT IS NOT AS MUCH USED AS SOME OF THE COMMONER TREES BECAUSE OF THE DIFFICULTY OF TRANSPLANTING: ONCE ADJUSTED TO A NEW SOIL ITS GROWTH IS EXTREMELY SATISFACTORY.



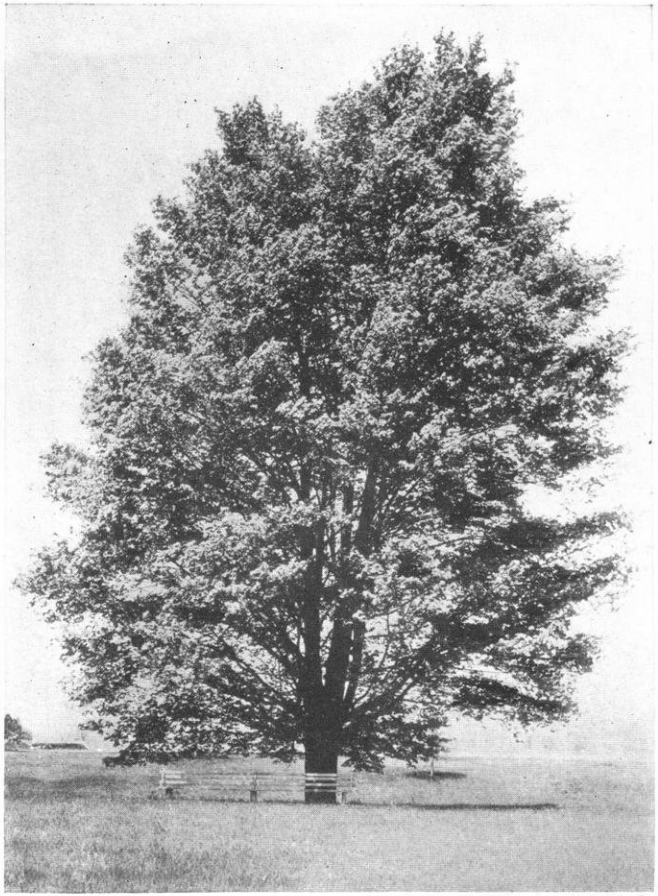
Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA IS AN ESPECIALLY INTERESTING TREE GROWTH FOR SHADING AVENUES IN SOUTHERN CITIES: IT IS HARDY AND BEAUTIFUL IN BLOSSOM: IN THE NORTH IT WOULD REQUIRE CONSIDERABLE CARE.

THE NORWAY MAPLE IS A POPULAR SUBSTITUTE IN CITY STREETS FOR THE SUGAR MAPLE: IT STANDS METROPOLITAN LIFE BETTER, THOUGH ITS LEAVES DO NOT TURN TO QUITE SO GORGEOUS A COLOR IN THE FALL, AND IT IS SLOW OF GROWTH.

Reproduced by permission of the U. S. Forest Service.

THE LOCUST TREE GROWS WELL IN THE EAST AND MIDDLE WEST: IT GIVES A PECULIARLY LIGHT AND PLEASANT APPEARANCE TO A STREET: ITS LEAVES COME OUT A PALE SOFT GREEN AND GRADUALLY DEEPEN THROUGH THE SEASON TO A RICH GREEN.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE LUXURIANT GROWTH OF THIS MAPLE TREE SHOWS THE ADVISABILITY OF WIDE PLANTING ALONG CITY STREETS, AS THE EXPANSION OF THE BRANCHES WOULD IN THE COURSE OF YEARS EASILY ABSORB A FIFTY-FOOT SPACE.

seclusion and beauty of Eastern academic cities, duplicated in some of the Middle West towns, have become historical in great part by reason of the magnificent elms which border the avenues and fill the yards and university grounds. These noble trees were planted when wood was burned, and they were well grown before coal smoke and gas made city conditions so difficult for flourishing tree life. Young trees nowadays must fight so many adverse conditions in cities that it seems unlikely they will ever reach the fine proportions of their stately ancestors. City life does not materially affect old trees, but stunts the growth of the young ones and deprives them of much of their grace and vigor.

That the fight against city life is a keen one is shown by the fact that elms in a city will shed their leaves fully a month in advance of their rural relatives, and that often the leaves turn brown and drop off with no color change, while those in the country will sometimes turn such brilliant shades of yellow that pilgrimages are made to the fields or clay knolls where their beauty is revealed in natural and unhampered perfection. The gypsy and brown-tailed moth have made serious inroads upon the health and beauty of the Eastern elms, but up to the present time they are unknown in the Middle West. Western horticulturists, knowing that they cannot hope wholly to escape the visit of these pests, are putting forth earnest efforts to discover some method of extermination. The European elm, though hardy, is stiff, lacking the graceful arching character of the American elm. The hackberry, a fine large tree, so like the elm that it is often mistaken for it, is subject to attacks of a fungus that causes an unsightly growth of twigs.

The silver maple, another of the Vase-formed type of tree, is excellent for planting in city and town streets, it is quick growing, long lived, graceful and not expensive to start. It is apt to be attacked by the cottony maple scale, a scourge which is, however, easily overcome by spraying. The wood is brittle and weak, so the symmetry of a tree is often ruined by wind or sleet storms which, while breaking off large branches, do not kill it. Its autumn foliage is not very brilliant and its leaves curl up and drop quickly. This tree was formerly extensively used, but is now being supplanted by the Carolina poplar, which is cheaper, grows even more quickly and propagates easily. It is not so shapely or fine a tree as the maple, has little character or individuality, and therefore, makes a monotonous, uninteresting avenue, as artificial looking as a building made of cement blocks. But it has few insect enemies, will flourish where soft coal smoke is constant, and will resist the city conditions of tight pavements and gas permeated soil that are so fatal to the majority of trees.

It is probably short lived, as are most soft wood trees, a fact to be borne in mind in planting city streets.

THE sugar maple is charming at all seasons, has a fine spread of branches, few insect enemies, is long lived (being still youthful at seventy years of age) and has a wonderful display of autumn coloring, the gorgeous yellow, orange and scarlet foliage remaining several days after turning. No tree is to be compared to it as a border for an avenue, but unfortunately it is not very tolerant of city life, reaching perfection only in towns or villages or in the country. The Norway maple is the popular substitute for the sugar maple, because it stands city life better, but its darker foliaged leaves are not so gorgeous in the fall and it is of equally slow growth. The red maple flourishes in the North and East, but finds the Middle West less congenial.

The sweet gum does not thrive in the north Central States, but is one of the most vigorous and striking trees when grown in the latitude of Missouri, southward, and in the Mississippi Valley, where it makes as gorgeous an appearance as the sugar maple. It is especially fine in the fall, when in addition to the yellows, oranges and scarlets of the maple, it puts on marvelous purples and bronzes, often displaying all these colors on a single tree. There is an avenue of sweet gum trees in Lower Grove Park, St. Louis, one-half mile long and one hundred feet wide, now about eighty feet high, that cannot be equaled in the world for gorgeous and impressive beauty when in autumnal dress, and this effect could be duplicated in any Southern city. The gum tree is pleasing in the summer on account of its glossy leaf and interesting in winter because of the peculiar bark wings that are then revealed on the twigs and small branches.

Nearly all the oaks seen in city streets are of the red oak family. They are the fastest growers, they vigorously resist diseases and pests, thrive well in a poor soil, and the autumnal red and mahogany foliage hangs on the tree often for several weeks.

The white, chestnut and burr oaks are fine trees, but not suitable for city use, for they grow slowly and are not easily transplanted. The pin oak is shapely and graceful and does well in suburban localities where it can have a fairly moist soil.

In the olden days people went to the creeks and river bottoms and transplanted trees for their streets, but now they must go to a nurseryman who, alas, most often advises them to buy stock that is easily propagated in nurseries, and the fine old trees, relics of other days, that occasionally may be seen in our streets clasping the soil with massive roots like giant fingers, having the rugged dignity of

the backwoodsman, are generally sacrificed to the unfortunate insanity of city improvement committees, who hew them to the ground, and replace them with symmetrical young striplings that in comparison look like foolish upstarts.

The Lombardy poplars are great favorites with street landscape gardeners, for their Columnar form gives a needed variety to parks and avenues. They are cheap, but cannot be counted on for more than twenty years of growth and are apt to winter kill. Some misguided folk "top" these trees about twenty-five feet from the ground, which causes them to grow to a round crippled head, a process which strangely enough is called decorative.

There are streets in Salt Lake City laid out on the generous scale permitted in the days of eighteen hundred and forty-eight (one hundred and thirty-two feet wide and blocks six hundred and sixty feet long) bordered with poplars which have grown to a height of one hundred feet, because climatic conditions are similar to their native Lombardy. They are green, pliant and so supple that when the heavy storms blow they sway like long plumes, bending under the rush of winds like a field of wheat—a wonderful sight. The white or silver poplar has all the faults of the species, namely too much cotton, weak wood, short life and in addition it throws out a perfect thicket of suckers which ruin the lawns, ditches, sewers or streets nearby.

THE sycamore does better under adverse city conditions than any other tree except the Carolina poplar, though its white mottled bark is not as pleasing in city streets as in its native haunts. The American and European sycamores are called by nurserymen the American and European plane. The former is apt to have a fungous growth which causes the leaves to drop off in midsummer, but the latter is free from this disease. Its bark is less white and its leaves are darker than the American variety, so that on the whole it is considered a better tree for city use. The Oriental plane is common on the boulevards of Paris, but does not thrive on the narrow side streets, for it needs air and roomy quarters. Our native sycamore is hardy under city conditions and is long lived and inexpensive, but is apt to develop with age an oddity of growth, sending out a long branch far to one side, outbalancing the head, which is decidedly unattractive in a street, though finely picturesque by the side of winding streams.

The round-headed linden is an excellent tree for city planting, for its leaves are able to throw off the soot that is so deadly to the hairy-leaved group. The honey locust grows well in most places of the

East and Middle West, and on account of its delicately pinnate leaves which come out pale soft green and gradually deepen to a rich dark color, it gives a peculiarly light and pleasing appearance to a street. The type has the trunk covered with long jagged thorns, but a thornless variety (Inermis) which should be chosen for street planting, may be obtained from the nurseries.

The gingko, though not native to America, is rapidly becoming acclimated, claiming attention as a tree of importance. It is interesting because its leaves resemble the maidenhair fern. When young it grows in Columnar form, but on reaching maturity, the lateral branches droop, and more and more its growth resembles the oak. Unfortunately for street use, its fruit when crushed under foot releases a disagreeable odor. The tulip, straight, clean and refined in appearance, grows moderately well, though it is not much used because of the difficulty of transplanting. It requires great care the first few years. After that it becomes hardy and puts forth a profusion of beautiful greenish and slightly reddish blossoms. The cucumber tree (magnolia acuminata) is frequently used to good advantage in adding variety to parks. The horse chestnut or buckeye is of rather slow growth, with showy blossoms that make it of value in parks and in the country, but is not to be depended upon for city planting. It is a sure prey to the tussock moth, which frequently defoliates whole avenues, so that the street looks as if swept by fire. The white ash is approved of by some authorities for use in city parks, as is also the golden rain and European and copper beech. In the South the magnolia grandiflora is undoubtedly the best for shade, beauty and hardiness, though the live-oak is a close rival. Evergreens are rarely used in the Middle West and only in special cases in the East, mainly because of their funereal and gloomy appearance and their usual association with cemeteries.

City streets should never be planted with horticultural freaks and botanical monstrosities such as the catalpi bungei, which looks like a balloon on a stick, or the weeping varieties of elm, ash, etc., which remind one of rheumatic mendicants with distorted and twisted limbs. The beauty and variety in the natural species of tree not only please the most exacting taste, but bring rest and peace to the jaded metropolitan spirit, a far more desirable achievement than to pique interest in Nature's abnormal possibilities.

THE RETURN OF THE INNOCENT: A STORY: BY ALPHONSE COURLANDER

TOWARD the evening of a day in late autumn a traveler came out of the forest to the bleak emptiness of Windy Heath. He stopped with the manner of one unfamiliar with his surroundings; looked hesitatingly to the left and right, uncertain which of the three narrow footpaths to take. He was the only living figure visible against the dark background of the forest; very few people came to this lonely part of the country.

He glanced upward and saw from the southwest a black smudge of cloud spreading over the skies. The air was still, not with the calmness of peace, but still and heavy with the menace of a storm. And, as he stood there, hesitating over the three paths that ran like dust-colored ribbons through the hard gorse of the heath, the sky swiftly darkened above him, and the place became full of fateful and chilling shadows.

A few drops of rain fell, thick drops that made a rustle among the trees of the forest as they splashed to the undergrowth. The rustling grew quicker and louder—a flash of lightning made a jagged trail across the darkened sky—and the rain poured down filling the silence with a rushing noise.

"Confound it," said the traveler. "This is just my luck; either I shall have to go forward, or take shelter in the forest and lose my way." He buttoned his coat collar tightly round his neck, and, unfastening a bundle from his back, unrolled a short mackintosh cape.

"It's the fault of that fellow at Chadley," he muttered. "He told me to take the first to the left and bear round to the right over the bridge. . . . I did it. . . . And now where am I?" He seemed to find some satisfaction in speaking aloud to the empty heath. "Not even a sign-post," he said with disgust in his voice.

He took the middle of the three paths, and plodded forward, with his head bent to the rain and the wind, and so he passed across Windy Heath, a solitary figure in the gloom, not knowing whither he was going, and thinking hardly of that fellow in Chadley whose directions had caused him to lose his way.

The darkness came. He went blindly on for miles.

And suddenly, on the very edge of the heath, just where the first cottages of Little Garrow straggle down to meet it, he saw the shine of lights in the windows.

"Thank God, I've got somewhere at last," the traveler muttered. His face was wet with the rain, and his heavy walking boots were clogged and clotted with mud. "There may be good people here," he said, pausing before a cottage door. "At all events I shall find out where I am." He knocked.

A woman stood before him in the open door, framed in the dim light of a lamp that she held in her hand. He saw that her face was full of a strange eager happiness, for a moment, and then, he noticed, just as a shadow passes, her expression changed to one of disappointment.

"Good evening," he said, raising his soaked tweed hat, "I'm afraid I've lost my way. The rainstorm overtook me and I had to hurry on. Could you tell me where I am?"

She lifted the lamp a little higher so that its light fell full on his face. "Little Garrow," she said. "Leastways you're three miles from Little Garrow."

"I'm on a holiday," he said. "A walking tour, you know: could you tell me how I can get to Osterden?"

"Osterden," she echoed. She must have detected the cultured inflection of his voice, "you're a long way out of your way for Osterden, sir. You want to get back to Chadley. . . . "

"Chadley," said the traveler, in consternation. "That's eight miles back again."

The woman considered a moment. "It's a terr'ble night," she said. "You'd better come in, sir. . . . P'raps the rain will stop, and if it doesn't . . . "

"You're very kind," said the traveler. "I'll be glad of a fire until the rain stops." He followed her into the house.

She set down the lamp on the table, and he saw that he was in the low-ceilinged room of a cottage, half-kitchen, half-living room. The lamp made deep shadows beyond the ring of light that it gave. At first he noticed nothing except the clean white tablecloth arranged for a meal: the teapot in the center, a joint of meat, and a loaf of bread. The table was laid for three.

Then, by the red glow of the fireplace, something stirred. His eyes peered into the shadows and he saw the vague figure of an old man crouching in a large high-backed chair. He could just define the white hair, and the withered, trembling hand that rested on a stick. The man by the fireplace spoke in a thin wheeze, as though his voice were as dried up as his body.

"Is it Jim?" he asked.

"No, father," said the woman, in a gentle voice. "It's a visitor—a stranger who's lost his way. 'Tis a terr'ble bad night outside, so I asked him in for warmth and a dish of tea."

"I thought it was Jim," mumbled the old man. He took no further interest in the traveler, but remained just as if he were a carven figure, brooding over the fire, detached from his surroundings. Nor did the woman bother herself about the old man. In-

stead, she turned to the traveler and, in a gentle, courteous voice, asked him to take off his wet cape.

"There's another chair there, by the fire. You might like it."

The traveler paused indeterminately. His eyes had grown more accustomed now to the half-light of the room. He saw that the woman was gray-haired and elderly, with a face that showed she had lived through many sorrows. Yet there was something in her bearing that suggested happiness, at all events for tonight. Her eyes held a quality of gladness in them.

She, too, had been looking at the traveler's face, and she marked the thin, high cheekbones, and the deep eyes of black, the broad intellectual forehead with hair white at the temples. His grim-set lips were clean-shaven and his chin was round, heavy and dominant. A man of sixty, she guessed,—one of the gentry.

"You're expecting somebody, aren't you?" he asked, glancing from her to the old man in the corner, and then to the three places at the table. "I shall be in the way."

The woman hesitated in embarrassment. "No—leastways we are expecting somebody. But it doesn't matter, eh father?" she called.

"What does he say," croaked the old man.

"He says we're expecting somebody."

"Jim!" said the old man. "But that don't matter."

The traveler felt a desire to know who Jim was. An odd constrained atmosphere seemed to make itself felt in the room. There was something of suspense and mystery, too. It seemed to the traveler that these good people were agitated by conflicting desires. They were anxious to show him hospitality, to give him warmth and food, according to the traditions of the lonely countryside. And yet, he could not help feeling that he was an intruder on some family festival. He had come out of the rain and the darkness outside into an intimate phase of their lives. He was conscious of being ill at ease: better he thought to rest a few minutes longer, and then to face the dark and the wet.

"Is the railway station far from here?" he asked, as he sat down in the wooden chair by the fireplace opposite the old man.

"There's one two miles away up beyond Little Garrow. But the trains are few," the woman said. She looked toward the great clock that stood in the corner. "There's one due now," she said with a sigh.

"The train that Jim's coming by?" he hazarded with a smile.

The woman nodded and changed the subject.

"You're not often in these parts?" she asked.

"No," answered the traveler. "I'm fond of walking, and I'm fond of fine scenery. Every year I go on a walking tour somewhere. It's very pleasant and healthy, especially when you're shut in for the rest of the year."

"Shut in?" asked the woman. He detected surprise in her voice, and then she went on hurriedly. "Oh! you mean at work. What a funny way of putting it—'Shut in'."

She went into another room for a moment, and the traveler sat warming himself by the fire, opposite the old man who never spoke a word; who never took his eyes from the fire.

"Well," said the traveler to him agreeably. "I suppose you're anxiously waiting for Jim?"

The woman had returned suddenly. "It's no use your talking to him. You must shout. He's quite deaf."

"I only said I supposed he was looking forward to seeing Jim."

"Ah," said the woman. "I think we are."

"Is he the old man's son?"

"No. That's grandfather. Jim's my son," the woman answered, and there was a world of love and pride in her voice as she said "my son."

"No wonder you're happy," the traveler observed. "Has Jim been away long?"

"For—fifteen—years," she said, in a peculiar deliberate way, half-closing her eyes.

"That's a long time," the traveler said, briskly, "I expect you'll find him changed."

"Do you think so?" asked the mother. "Do they change very much when—" She stopped suddenly. The traveler could not help noticing the curious inflection in her voice.

"When—" urged the traveler.

"I mean does a hard life change a boy very much?"

"A boy?"

"Well, a man, I suppose. He was twenty when he said 'good-bye'. I suppose he's a man now, to the world."

"Well, it depends on the work, you know. Is he a soldier?"

The woman shook her head sadly. "No. He's not a soldier. He wanted to go in the army, he was a fine, big, headstrong boy."

"A sailor, perhaps. . . . ?"

"No. He's not a sailor, though the sea would not have been too hard for him, he was so strong."

The old man stirred in his seat. The air came cracking upward from his lungs.

"What are you talking about?" he said, querulously. "I can see your lips moving, but I can't hear."

"I was asking him whether a hard life changes a man much."

"Prison life does. . . . Prison life breaks 'em," said the old man. The woman gave a sob, and her hands went up to her face. The traveler understood suddenly.

"So it was fifteen years," he said.

"Yes."

"That must have been for something very bad," the traveler's voice was calm, and level. "A man doesn't get fifteen years for nothing."

"My boy did!" the woman whispered, "my boy was innocent. There was a keeper shot, and Jim, like many another good lad, had done his bit of poaching. What's wrong with that? But they took him because he'd been seen about that night. They couldn't prove it, but the judge was dead against him. So the jury found him guilty. They said something about mercy, and gave him penal servitude for life."

"At the Assizes?"

"Exeter," said the woman. "Were you ever in Exeter?"

The traveler looked away from the woman. "Yes," he said. "I've been in Exeter."

There was a sound of wheels on the road outside. The woman's face became suddenly illumined with a glow of joy.

"That'll be the carrier's cart," she said. "Jim was coming by it." She ran to the door, and the damp air rushed into the room.

The traveler looked at the old grandfather. He was asleep. He touched the old man's withered hand, and his filmy eyes opened.

"What did you wake me up fer?" complained the old man.

"Jim's come," shouted the traveler, pointing to the door.

"Oh . . . well . . . " murmured the old man, and closed his eyes again. "It's a hard life," he mumbled, "breaks 'em body and soul."

The traveler looked curiously toward the door. His face was well in the shadow. He heard footsteps, and a sudden movement in the passage as though all their words were being stifled by an embrace, and only "mother," and "my son" escaped like little sobs.

Then the woman appeared leading a man by the hand. The traveler saw him with his shoulders bowed, his large hands hanging loosely by his side, and his face was bony and grim.

"This is my son," she said proudly. "This is Jim." And to her son she said. "It's a wayfarer who lost his way in the dark

and rain . . . a gentleman. . . . He knows, Jim. Grandfather told him."

"Babbling old fool," the man muttered. "Why couldn't he keep his mouth shut?"

He went over to the old man.

"Better not wake him," his mother said. "Let him sleep."

"All right," said the son. He bent down to the puckered face. "He's changed a lot . . . he's got older," he said.

"And you," said the mother, "you have changed too, Jim." She took up his hand and fondled it. "Oh!" she cried. "How terrible they have made your hands. Rougher than they were. And your face is thin—so thin."

The traveler had not yet spoken. He did not wish to interfere with the home-coming. But now, when the mother took the kettle from the hob, and began to pour it into the teapot in preparation for their meal, he moved uneasily.

"I think I'd better be going," he said.

The son looked at him, at the sound of his voice. Then he looked away again, with a puzzled glance at his mother. She was busy cutting the bread with a long, thin knife. He passed his hand over his forehead, and laughed stupidly. The woman invited them to sit down at the table. "You take grandfather's place," she said to the traveler. "He'll wake up and have his tea later."

They sat round the table. The traveler was hungry, too hungry to notice that all through the meal the son was staring at him, peering at him beneath his heavy eyebrows. The traveler ate lustily of the thick home-made bread, and the rich country butter.

Several times during the meal the woman spoke to her son, and at the sound of her voice he was seized with a momentary fit of trembling. His eyes had a cowed and beaten look in them. He used his knife and fork with peculiarly clumsy gestures, and once when the mother dropped her spoon with an inadvertent clatter against the saucer, he half rose from his seat at the noise.

"What was that?" he asked in a husky whisper, and then as if to reassure himself, he laughed. "It's my nerves," he said. There was no mirth in his laughter. "I'm not used to it all yet. . . . I still think I'm in that hell."

"Don't think of it, Jim," said the mother.

He put his hands before his eyes, for a moment.

The traveler spoke for the first time.

"You've paid the price like a man," he said solemnly. "You're still young and there are the years of your life to live."

The son lifted his head suddenly at the traveler's words. He

tilted his head slightly on one side, and bent forward across the table, with the gesture of one listening intently for an echo.

"What did you say?" he said. And again he frowned.

"I said that you've paid the price—your punishment is over." His voice was slow and deep.

"There's something about you—" began the son, then he checked himself. "Mother," he said pushing his cup away. "I can't drink tea, fetch me a drop of whiskey. . . . it'll be the first since I left prison."

The mother got up with a sigh, and went into the little room at the side. When she had gone the son rose and crossing swiftly to the door, turned the key in the lock.

The traveler stood up from the table. His chair scraped on the floor, and the sound of it set the old grandfather nodding in semi-wakefulness. The man who had come back from prison lifted the lamp from the table and held it level with the traveler's face for a few seconds. Then he set it down, breathing heavily.

"I know you," he said in a hoarse voice. His nostrils dilated and the muscles of his face twitched. "I could have sworn I knew your face. . . . It was the last face I remember hating before I went down the steps to be shut away. . . . And when you spoke. . . . My God! I've heard the voice speaking always."

The traveler made a step forward. His face was suddenly white, "You're mad, my man," he said.

"If I'm mad—you and your cursed sentence drove me mad."

There was a knocking on the door. "Jim . . . Jim . . ." cried the mother. "Why have you locked the door?"

The son paid no attention to her. He stood glaring at the traveler, his eyes no longer dull, but burning with the rage of hate.

"Stand out of my way," said the traveler, making for the door.

And when he saw, in the traveler coming toward him with a menacing gesture, the judge who had sat in scarlet robes high in the Assizes court on that January day sentencing him, in a merciless, cold voice to death, the man who had returned from the horror of a living tomb wherein he had died daily for fifteen years leapt to the table. The long thin knife flickered like a flame in the air. The old grandfather woke up and screamed in his chair as he saw the traveler throw up his hands and fall face forward.

The door trembled and rattled with the mother's knocking.

"Jim!" she cried. "What was that?"

He threw the knife from him and went toward the door with slow steps.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE

THROUGHOUT this series of articles I am purposely avoiding the discussion of anything which is definitely *town planning*, so far as is possible in dealing with topics so closely related to it. For town planning is too big a subject to be treated as a side issue, and its introduction here would only tend to obscure the points which I have desired to make clear. It is impossible, however, to consider the planning of houses apart from laying out the areas on which they are to be built, just as it is impossible to consider the laying out of areas apart from the planning of houses to be built upon them. But I include only so much about laying out estates as seems absolutely necessary to a clear understanding of house-planning problems, and these are confined to residential areas.

For some time past the art of laying out such areas has been influenced by two ideals—first, the desire to secure at any cost the largest return for the land owner, and second, the ambition to produce certain architectural effects which would impress visitors. Our hope for the future of the art is that these ideals shall give way to a desire to produce the right sort of places to *live* in.

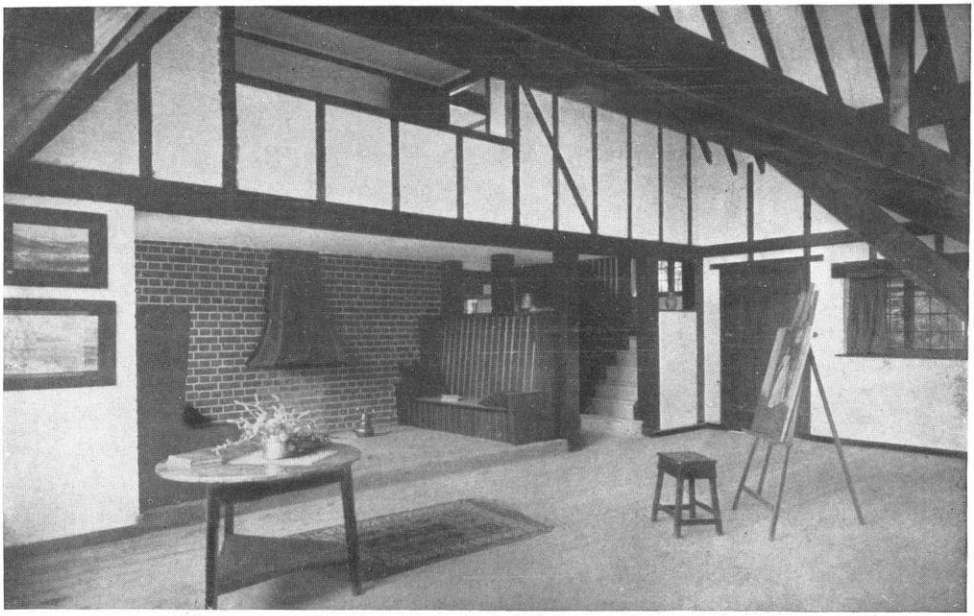
In the past, house designs have often been influenced by the need of securing good drainage systems and of effecting economies in the amount of cutting and banking required in forming roads. This has led to the lay-out being adapted to the contour of the land, which in its turn has developed a certain naturalness and sincerity of planning. But far too often those who have had the work in hand have considered how many building plots an estate might be divided into, instead of securing for each plot as many desirable features as possible. In such cases the need of preserving natural beauties has had little weight. Trees have been ruthlessly cut down wherever they presented difficulties in carrying out a plan, and historical associations have too often counted for nothing.

Let me illustrate the differences between an area laid out to impress the sightseer and an area planned so as to be a pleasant place in which to live. And in this connection it is well to keep in mind that a prime essential of good planning—though not the only one—is a proper relationship between the cost of development and the number of building plots created.

A conspicuous example of an area laid out solely for effect is Edinburgh "New Town." I have taken the section which includes parts of Abercrombie Place, Drummond Place, Dublin Street and Nelson Street (see Diagram One). Practically any part of this sec-

Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

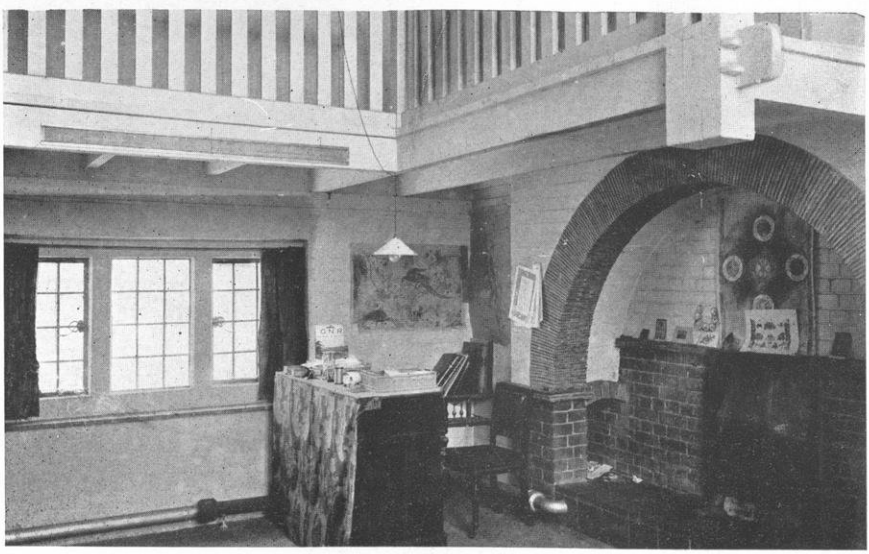
PICTURESQUE ENTRANCE TO A COUNTRY STUDIO BUILDING IN ENGLAND: FOR DETAIL FLOOR PLANS SEE DIAGRAM THREE ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX: INTERIOR VIEWS GIVEN ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY.



TWO VIEWS OF STUDIO, EXTERIOR OF WHICH IS GIVEN ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF INGLENOOK AND NORTH WINDOWS.

Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

THIS STUDIO WAS ADDED TO AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE ALREADY BUILT: BY A CLEVER ARRANGEMENT OF CURTAINS SHEER NORTH LIGHT CAN BE HAD AND SUNLIGHT CAN BE ADMITTED OR EXCLUDED FROM THE WEST WINDOW: FOR DETAIL PLAN SEE DIAGRAM FOUR ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE.

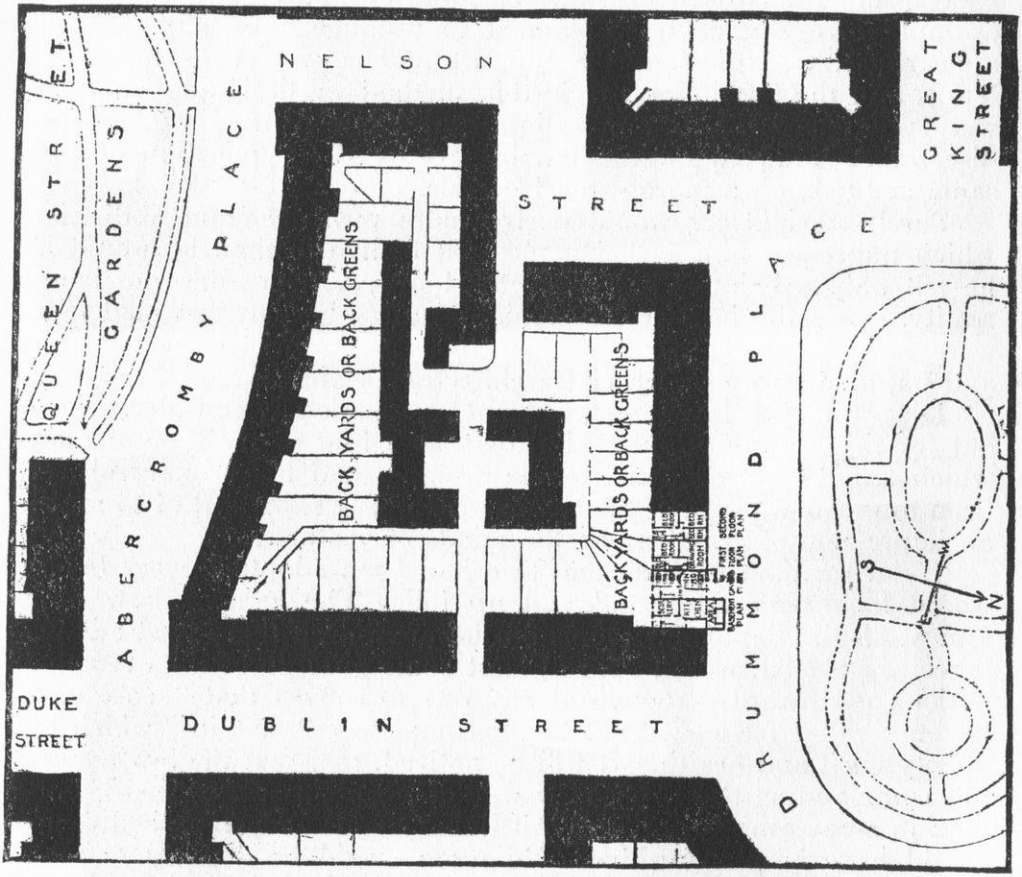


Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

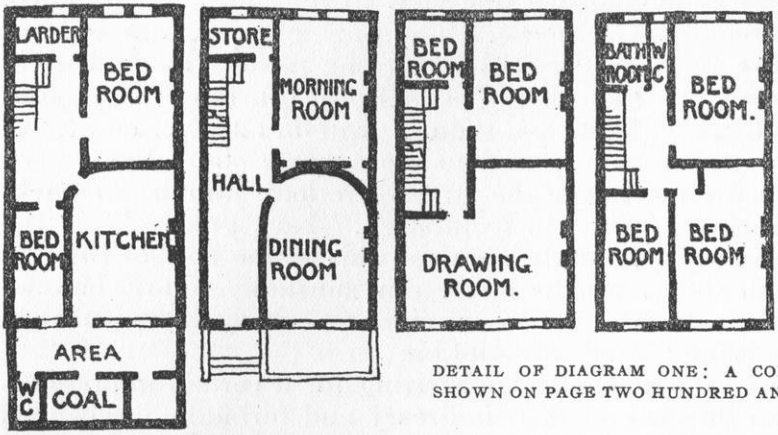
VIEWS OF ENGLISH WEAVING WORKS: PLANS GIVEN IN DIAGRAM FIVE ON PAGE THREE HUNDRED: THE LOWER PICTURE SHOWS STUDIO WITH NORTH LIGHT AND INTERESTING INGLENOOK.

tion might have commanded a fine view to the north, but this has not been secured for any house. The only glimpses obtained of such a view are those vouchsafed to anyone passing along Dublin Street. A great proportion of the houses are so arranged that sunshine never enters their principal rooms. Dublin and Nelson Streets are so steep that one is surprised to see a horse climb them. All the rooms which do not face the streets overlook jumbles of backyards or, as they are called in Edinburgh, "back greens." In the case of the many north-fronted houses, this is the sort of outlook provided for all rooms which receive any sunshine. This chaos of back greens, each surrounded by an eight-foot wall, offers a dreary outlook which almost defies description.

All this has been the result of striving for a certain impressiveness of exterior effect, even if it is dreary and forbidding, when all other considerations have been sacrificed to this aim. In THE



EDINBURGH "NEW TOWN": DIAGRAM ONE.



PLAN OF A TYPICAL HOUSE IN EDINBURGH, "NEW TOWN."

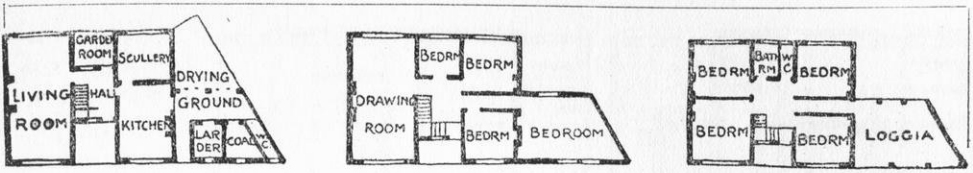
DETAIL OF DIAGRAM ONE: A COMPLETE DIAGRAM SHOWN ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE.

CRAFTSMAN for November, nineteen hundred and eleven, I gave an example of a single house planned to produce a certain external appearance, regardless of the comfort and convenience of the interior, and the sacrifices which this method of designing entailed were pointed out. And in Edinburgh "New Town" we see the discomforts inflicted on the inhabitants by the application of the same methods on a more extensive scale.

Surely a sightseer would derive more pleasure from a district which impressed him as being pleasant to live in than he would if he felt only a balance of architectural masses expressing no living reality. And the inhabitants would certainly be only too glad if it were not necessary to adapt their lives and sacrifice their health and happiness to a superficial architectural scheme.

Diagram Two is put forward not as a seriously considered lay-out for this Edinburgh area, but only as a hint of the type of plan which *might* have occurred to the designer had his primary object been to create a pleasant district in which to live, instead of to make an impression of grandeur on the minds of visitors.

If such a plan as Diagram Two had been adopted, every house would look both down hill and up hill. The arrows show how almost all the important rooms on the area, even those least advantageously placed, would gain at least some glimpse of the extensive outlook northward,—enough at any rate to convey that "sense of a beyond," that feeling of not being completely "shut in" which so affects spirit and health. It will be noticed, too, that the few houses not commanding the north view would still secure an extensive outlook in some other direction. All living rooms and many bedrooms would have ample sunshine. No room would be doomed to look out over backyards; instead, each would overlook a garden. Each



PLAN FOR TYPICAL HOUSE IN DIAGRAM TWO.

house would be "double-fronted," and each front would overlook a garden "place."

Imagine the difference such a plan would make in the lives of those, for instance, who occupy houses on the north side of Drummond Place. Instead of drawing rooms and dining rooms facing north, getting no sun and overlooking only the confines of the "place," all these rooms would look out south over another garden "place" and north away to the hills.

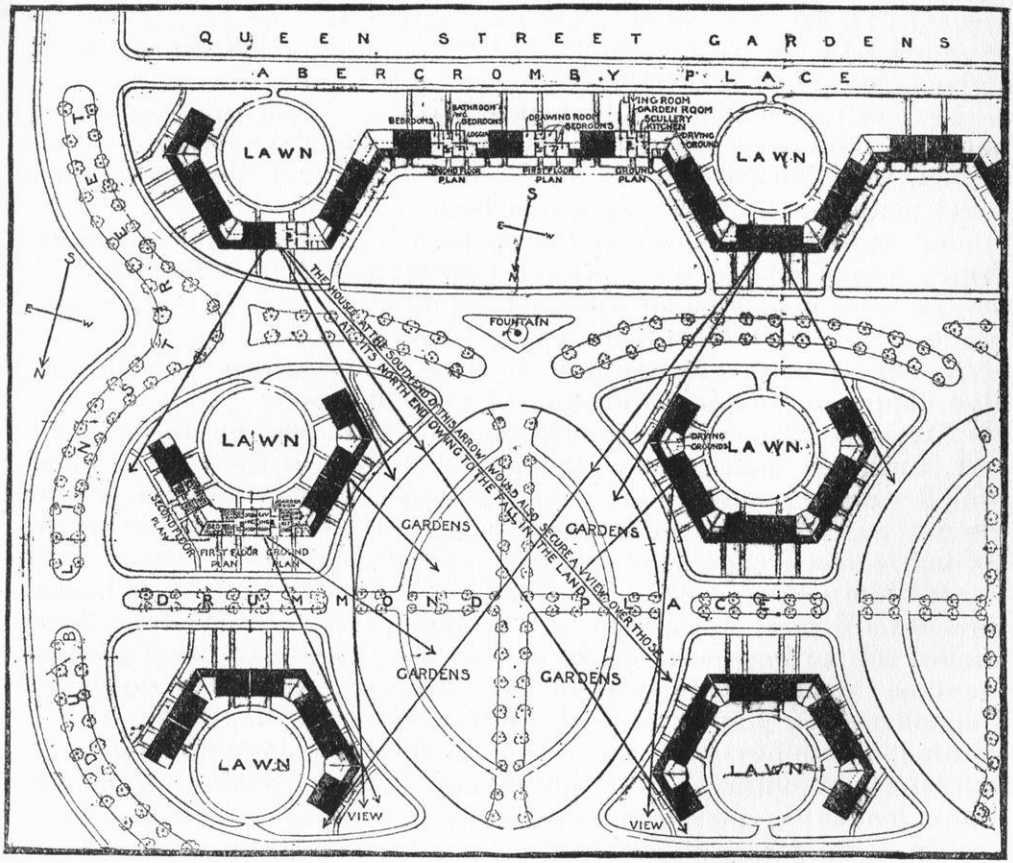


DIAGRAM TWO: HOW MR. PARKER WOULD HAVE PLANNED THE AREA SHOWN IN DIAGRAM ONE.

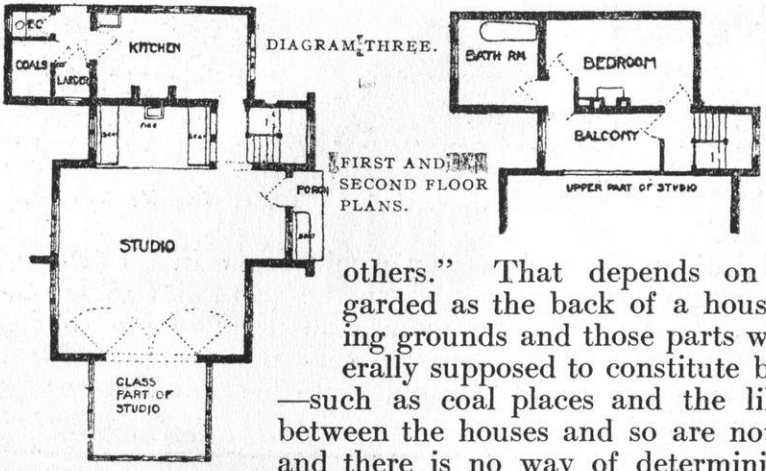


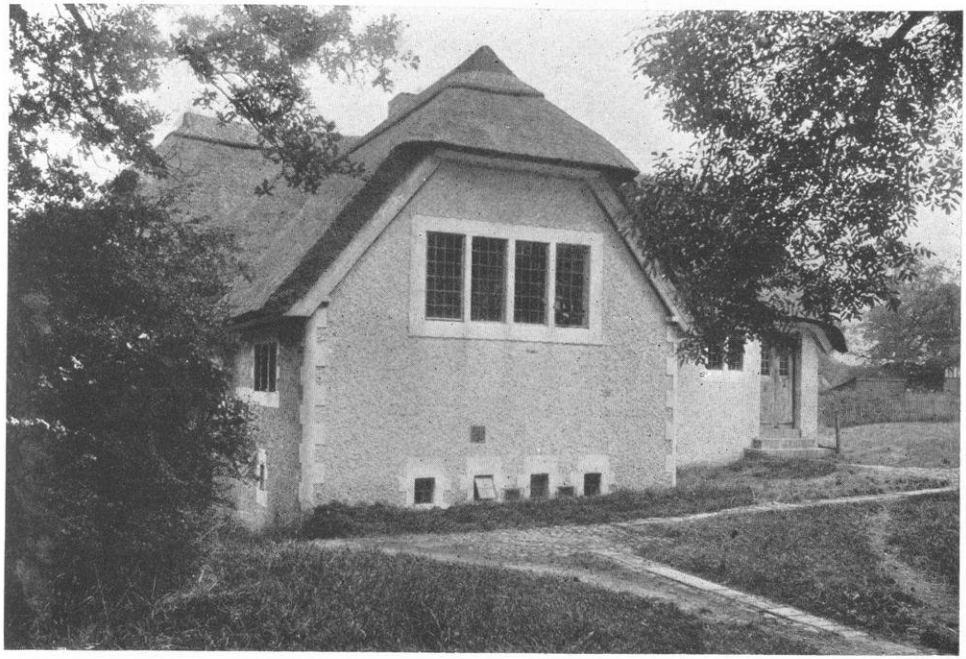
DIAGRAM THREE. FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS.

The superficial observer might say here: "But some houses would overlook the backs of others." That depends on what is regarded as the back of a house. The drying grounds and those parts which are generally supposed to constitute back premises —such as coal places and the like—all come between the houses and so are not overlooked, and there is no way of determining, from the character of the rooms which look out on one side or another, which side might be termed the back.

In such a plan as that shown in Diagram Two, there would be none of those excessive gradients in certain streets in "New Town" which have been the result of the imposition of a plan not based sufficiently on the contour of the land. Nor would this plan demand that a smaller number of houses be built. The land falls very sharply toward the north, so that many of the trees shown on my sketch might be allowed to grow quite tall, for the houses would be so placed as to command a view above the trees.

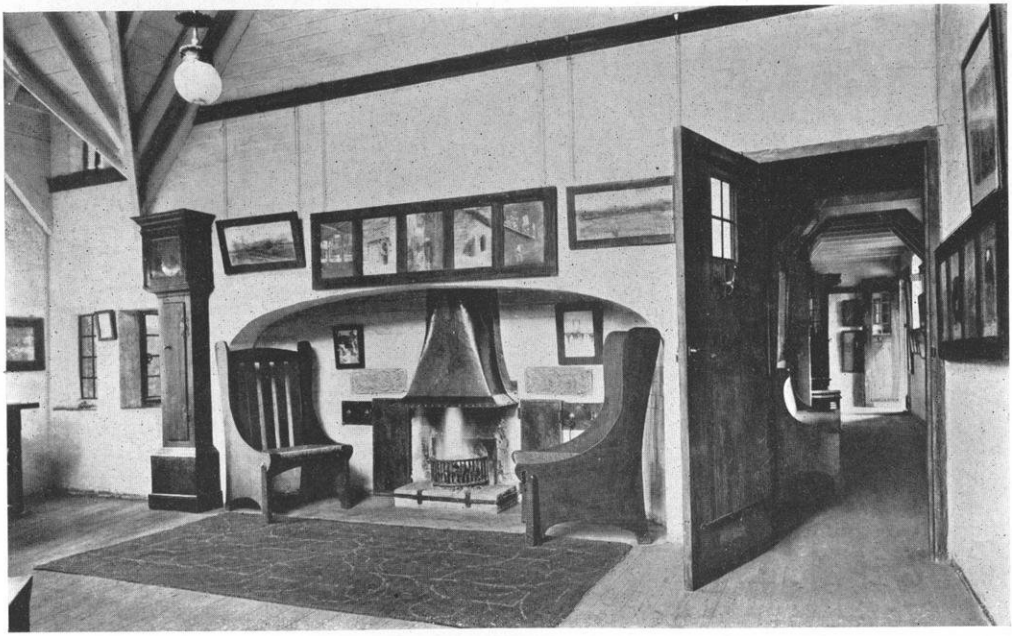
In this part of Edinburgh as it exists today, a tenant has at best the choice of remaining indoors or of going into a public garden. No tenant has any private place in which he may enjoy the open air, unless he succumbs to the attractions of his back green, and this he never seems to do. The loggias on the top floors indicated in my suggestion would provide him with open-air facilities combining attractiveness and privacy, and garden rooms would also tempt him out of doors. The loggias would also afford opportunities for a logical application of the classical orders and the colonnades supporting the roofs, instead of the existing illogical application, as these classic features merely strengthen walls which obviously do not require any more support than the adjoining walls, which are not so reinforced. Also, such an arrangement would give happy architectural effects of solid and space, light and shade, which are quite lost in the present structure.

In some types of architecture one feels that the designer, in planning the exterior, has conceded—as an unfortunate necessity—that there must be rooms for people to live in behind his architec-



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

TWO VIEWS OF AN ENGLISH STUDIO, THE UPPER ONE SHOWING INTERESTING APPROACH AND THE LOWER ONE SHOWING THE STUDIO NORTH LIGHT: DETAIL FLOOR PLAN SHOWN ON PAGE THREE HUNDRED.



TWO VIEWS OF STUDIO SHOWN ON PRECEDING PAGE, THE UPPER ONE A DETAIL OF NORTH LIGHT AND THE LOWER ONE A DETAIL OF INGLENOOK WITH MOVABLE SEATS.

tural composition. While in Edinburgh "New Town" this impression is not so definite as in some instances, there must still be a vague hint of this in the mind of an impartial observer. Emphasis is not placed where it is needed to express the facts. Expense and elaboration are applied to the middle and end houses of a terrace, not because they contain more important apartments than the other houses or that more distinguished people are to live in them, but solely because they are the middle and end houses.

Edinburgh "New Town" has the charm of rhythm and cadence. But just as rhythm and cadence will not produce poetry if applied to words in a way that obscures their meaning, so they will not produce good architecture if applied in a way which does not express the facts. And it is just as true in architecture as it is in poetry, that emphasis applied without regard to meaning usually results in absurdity.

Our consideration of residential areas leads us to the conclusion that right architectural composition is most likely to be attained if we plan our houses with cheerful and sunny outlooks. The next thing to be considered is the planning of a class of buildings which are best when lit from the north. To this class belong factories, workshops and studios. But is it really true that all sunlight should be excluded even from the studio and workshop? A steady north

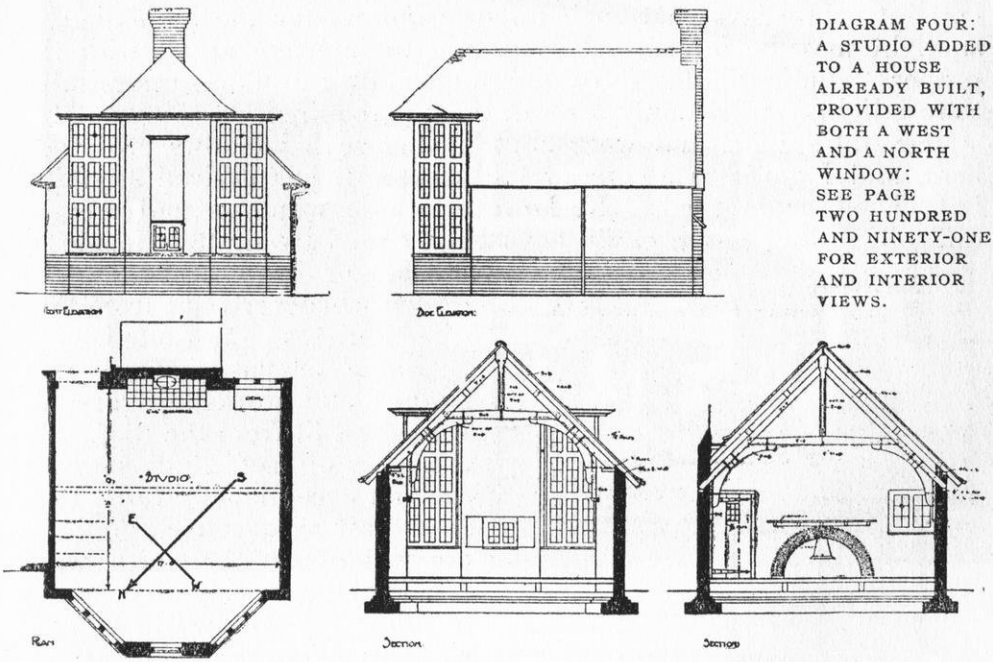


DIAGRAM FOUR: A STUDIO ADDED TO A HOUSE ALREADY BUILT, PROVIDED WITH BOTH A WEST AND A NORTH WINDOW: SEE PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-ONE FOR EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS.

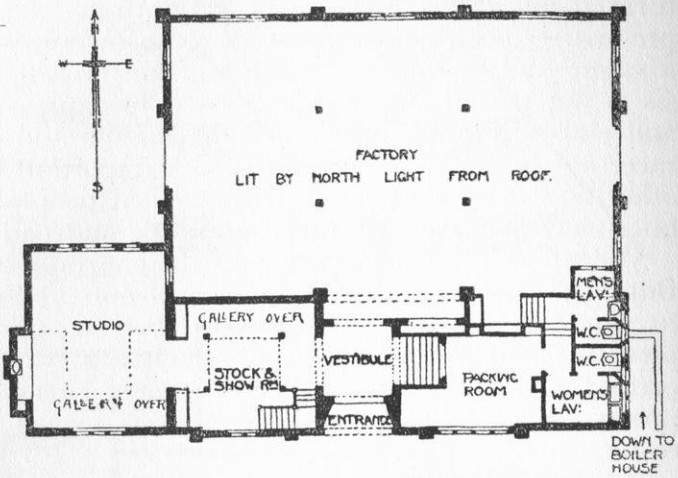


DIAGRAM FIVE: IN ORDER TO SECURE ADEQUATE LIGHTING IN THE WEAVING WORKS, IT WAS THOUGHT JUSTIFIABLE TO PLACE THE BUILDING AT A SLIGHT ANGLE TO THE SURROUNDING ROADS.

light, and any amount of it, is essential, of course, and it should be admitted by windows which face due north. If the windows be turned the least bit toward east or west, the worker will be disturbed by the admission of sunlight. But need these be the only windows in the rooms? We must remember that studios and workshops are, after all, living rooms, and that no living room can be healthy if the life-giving and germ-destroying rays of the sun never enter it. I believe that such minor windows for the admission of sunlight may be introduced so as not to interfere at all with the proper "studio lighting" of the rooms, or introduce undesirable "cross lights" where only a north light is required.

Several studios and workshops having such windows are given here, and I am sure no one of the occupants has derived anything but benefit from them. If, however, these windows had created difficulties, they could easily have been closed by shutters inside or outside or by a heavy curtain drawn whenever light from that direction was not wanted.

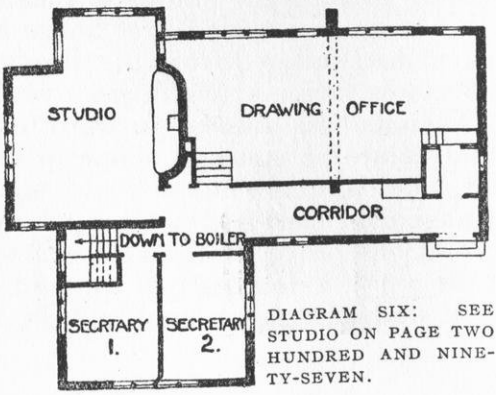
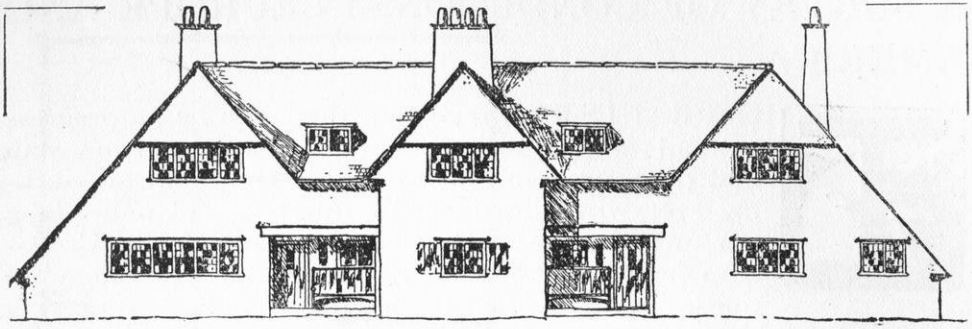
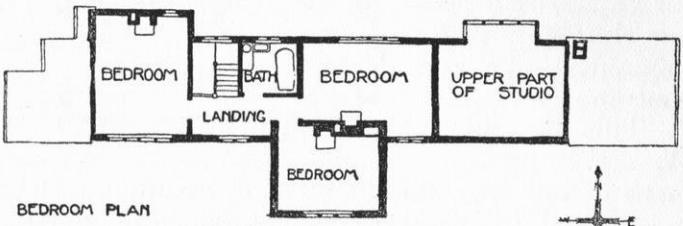


DIAGRAM SIX: SEE STUDIO ON PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN.

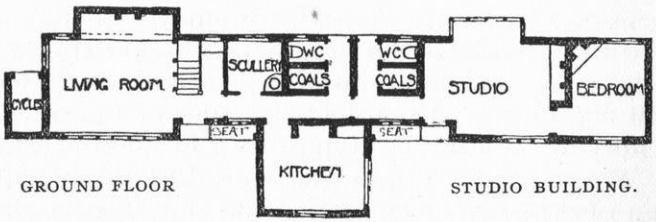
Some people contend that studios and workshops are always best lit from the roof. As a matter of fact, studios which are not exceptionally large may be almost as effectively lit by a big window in the north wall, provided the room is lofty enough to allow the window to be carried up high. But for large



AN ENGLISH STUDIO BUILDING WITH INTERESTING LIGHTING AND ARRANGEMENT OF FLOOR PLANS.



BEDROOM PLAN



GROUND FLOOR

STUDIO BUILDING.

workshops no lighting has yet been found to equal that from glass in the north slopes of the roofs, provided these slopes fall to the north absolutely and not the least degree east or west of north.

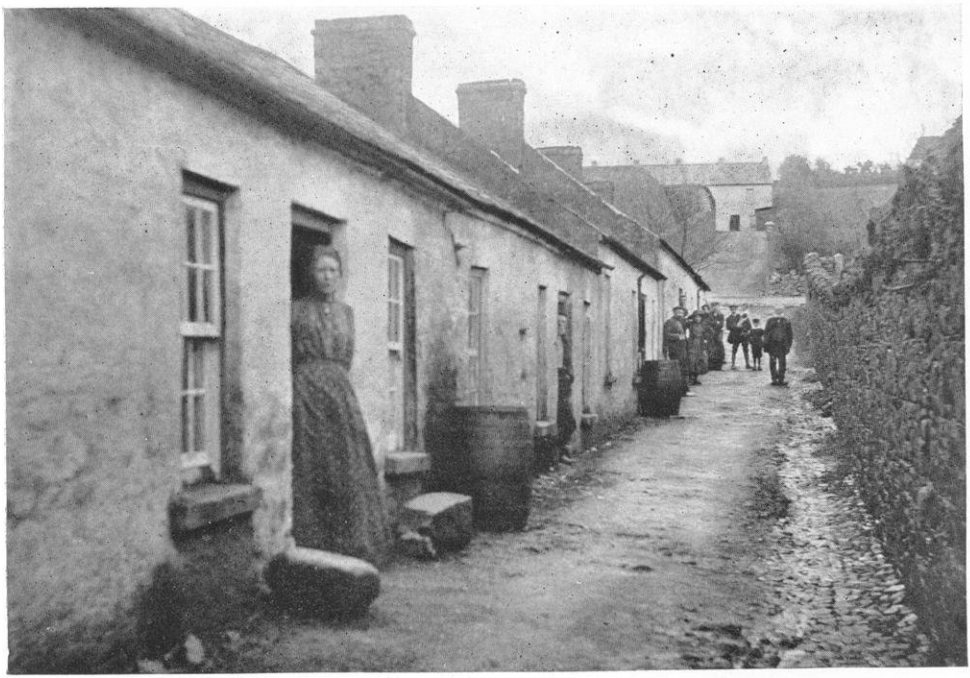
In order to secure such lighting in the weaving works illustrated here, it was thought justifiable to place the building at a slight angle to the surrounding roads. In the case of the studio illustrated by Diagram Four and the accompanying photographs, it was not possible to turn the studio so that any wall came due north, because this room was added to a house that had already been built. My client had suffered from the disadvantages of a studio which had its window facing a few degrees west of north. At the end of the day, when he was pressing forward to finish his work before dark, around came the sun and shone in upon him, so the idea of not having a due north window could not be entertained. However, the arrangement shown here was hit upon as a way out of the difficulty, and has proved entirely satisfactory. Heavy curtains are provided at the west window, so that sunlight can be admitted or excluded at desire, and pure north light may be had when the work demands.

HANDICRAFT IN TODAY'S CIVILIZATION: A SURVEY OF CONDITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

HE CRAFTSMAN feels that there can be no progress without craftsmanship, and no good craftsmanship that does not result in progress. Hence we are seeking everywhere for signs of progress, not only along our own lines of work in the development of Craftsman houses, Craftsman furniture and Craftsman fittings, but out over all the world. Whatever is making for greater real beauty in the lives of the people, for a more harmonious simplicity in home surroundings, for more actual comfort, more inherent peace and deeper spirituality, we give place and hearty welcome in THE CRAFTSMAN.

This has often been called an essentially American magazine. We are, in fact, deeply and permanently interested in all the achievement of our own land, in a more complete development of its art, in its hope for a greater civic beauty, in the betterment of daily life, in a wider understanding and sympathy for and a wiser use of the crafts; we are watching politics and hoping they may grow into statesmanship; all phases of our civilization are of vital importance to us, and so we are in reality first and foremost American. And the more we study this country, the more we discuss its development, the more fully we realize that America is becoming a battleground for the biggest art, civic and political struggles of the world, and that the great history of the century is in process of making all about us.

We have always felt that a right understanding and a presentation of American activities could not be accomplished without a far survey of the progressive conditions in other lands. This search for knowledge and for a more general understanding of craft conditions has been typical of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine since its inception. Shortly after the first number was issued, Mr. Stickley decided to make a special study of craft work in England and on the Continent. This trip was taken at the time when Art Nouveau was first establishing its claims as an art inspiration all over Europe. It was difficult even then to find furniture, pottery, jewelry or architecture that was not more or less overgrown with the blight of Secession eccentricities. In the course of his travels, seeking for whatever was inherently good, Mr. Stickley had the opportunity in England of talking over the arts and crafts problem at length with Mr. Charles F. A. Voysey, and when he returned to America he brought home specimens of this craftsman's work, which at the time was regarded as the most significant and individual in England.



THE PICTURESQUE HOUSE AND LOVELY OLD GARDEN OF A LACE-MAKER AT ASPLEY GUISE.

AN OLD STREET IN BAINBRIDGE, IRELAND, WHERE THE HAND LOOMS ARE STILL USED.

A LINE OF PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSES AT BAINBRIDGE, WHERE SOME OF THE BEST HAND-MADE LINEN IN IRELAND IS WOVEN.

MR. AND MRS. NELSON, FAMOUS WEAVERS OF HAND-MADE IRISH DAMASK.

In Paris he met and knew Lalique, and found his achievement almost the only real expression of craft beauty which France could then offer, if one excepted the work of the Maison Bing, which although touched by Art Nouveau, as indeed was Lalique, still had genuine and exquisite feeling for color and line. It was this finer vision of craft beauty that enabled both of these men to establish a style of their own in craft work.

In Germany the matter seemed even more hopeless to Mr. Stickley. It was hard to find anywhere in use the old German models which had so interested and inspired him in the beginning of his furniture work. All furniture and fittings were expressing the new idea, the New Art, in spite of its being merely an extraordinary fungous growth which had never for a moment thrust roots deep into life.

A FEW years later, when Miss Sargent, one of the early editors of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine, undertook a pilgrimage to Europe in the interest of our periodical, Art Nouveau was at its very height, a fact which greatly limited Miss Sargent's accomplishment on the Continent and in England, for the New Art carried little interest for the magazine, and the work of the older artists had at that time already been somewhat widely presented. She found, however, still lingering in England the inspiration of Morris' great achievement; also, she made a very special study of the more formal workers in porcelains and potteries, both on the Continent and in the British Isles. Eventually, the result of her travel was published in a series of interesting articles in the magazine. But the complete summing up of her experiences held no permanent value, either for Mr. Stickley's periodical or for the art world at large; for neither England nor the Continent seemed to be developing modern ideas, and on the other hand, they were not holding close to the ideals of the most vigorous of the old craft workers. Everywhere Miss Sargent found in the fine arts and in the industrial arts, whimsicality, eccentricity, hyperelegance.

Oddly enough at this very time in America we were hearing of "the revival of craft work in England, Scotland, France, Austria and Hungary." Unfortunately it was then, as it has been to a great extent since, a "revival" of forced interest. The Governments and certain societies had decided to have revivals in craft work, regardless of the needs or desires of the simpler folk. The nations were fearful that they were losing beauty in their daily life. They were afraid that conditions were becoming too sordid, or too material. There was a very real desire for beauty, but a very illogical course was taken to bring about its development when it was decided that

the rural people should be made craftsmen whether they wanted to or not. And so the growth was exotic to a degree, without much more real rooting in the soil than Art Nouveau had had.

Before another trip abroad was made for the magazine, Mr. Stickley had created in America the Society of the United Crafts, and under the auspices of this Society several interesting exhibitions were held from time to time in the Craftsman Building in Syracuse, New York. These meetings brought together collections of the very best handicraft work that America had produced. Interesting specimens of pottery were exhibited, fine fabrics were shown, iron work, jewelry, were sent from all over the United States. Examples of modern basket weaving were on hand. There were metal and leather work, clever pieces of cabinetwork, ceramics, stained glass, bookbinding, book-cover designs, book plates, and even interesting productions from various printing presses were to be seen. During the exhibitions prominent workers in the crafts of this country addressed the people who had gathered together to cultivate finer artistic ideals and to gain more practical knowledge for their crafts. In every way the effort was made to have these exhibitions as representative and significant as possible, yet in the course of several years Mr. Stickley felt that the result was not vital enough, that the work being shown from time to time was more or less imitative of the beautiful antiques and that the American effort in handicraft work was being thwarted, as it was in Europe, by the influence of Art Nouveau, that as yet our people did not seem to possess the real spirit of the craftsman. And he began to realize that when people want houses and furniture, pottery and fabrics suited their own ideals and interests, want them adapted to their houses and beautifully made, then only will the craft spirit stir within them, that unless they are making these things for themselves, or encouraging the making of them for themselves and for others, unless they feel the necessity of them and the value of them, it is impossible to hope for the birth of that creative spirit which is essential for the progress of handicrafts.

LATER on in the history of the magazine, some three years ago, Mr. Stickley, always hopeful of the progress of beauty in one land or another, arranged for a member of THE CRAFTSMAN staff, Mrs. MacDonald, to visit the British Isles in search of the good things in art. He was especially anxious at this time to find out just what was being accomplished in the way of modern embroideries for household fittings; interesting weaves in linens and silks also appealed to him, and he hoped for some great inspiration along these lines among the hand weavers and craft workers in Ireland and Scot-

land. Mrs. MacDonald's visit was practically spent in the special places in the British Isles where such work was being done. In England she found an interesting little colony of lace-makers at Aspley Guise in Bedfordshire, where the making of fine cushion laces had been traditional labor among the people since the time of Henry the Eighth. But even where some comfort for the people depended upon this one industry, she realized that its progress was in the hands of the older people, that the younger people did not want to sit in the picturesque little doorways, holding wide cushions on their knees and deftly moving fine threads over the pins. They accepted the laces as beautiful heirlooms and hurried away to London to work and live in more modern fashion.

In Scotland Mrs. MacDonald had interesting experiences among the weavers of the Harris tweeds. The old men and the women crowded out to meet anyone from the "new country" and told her all about the heather dyes used in their beautiful wool stuffs, of the making of the colors and the odor gained from the smoke of the peat fires. But here, as at Aspley Guise, she found the industry was in the hands of the older people or the very poor, and the doing of it was not a matter of vital interest or joy, but it was in part tradition and part weakness, the inability to avail themselves of the new and more profitable opportunities of the younger generation. There was much of interest in this old craft work, but not much hope or inspiration among the workers.

While in England Mrs. MacDonald visited Edward Carpenter, hoping that she could gain from him some inspiring ideas in relation to the progress of the arts and crafts. But Mr. Carpenter saw for this phase of development in England as for all others, but one solution,—the political success of Socialism, the reorganization of the people under different controlling influences. And yet as he talked sincerely and spiritedly about this reorganization it seemed to be one for politics rather than for industrial betterment.

In London Mrs. MacDonald found that the hand embroideries, which were few enough, were always expensive and that little in the way of real progress was shown later than the time of Morris. The best of the modern house fittings all owed their beauty to his courage and taste. While each of the little London craft workers seemed struggling not so much for the progress of the industrial arts as for his or her small individual success, seeking for the utmost financial return and yet pinning capacity for success on the glory of England's one great modern craftsman. At the time of Mrs. MacDonald's visit the Secession influences were ceasing to be felt among the English architects and craft workers. The architects had liberated them-

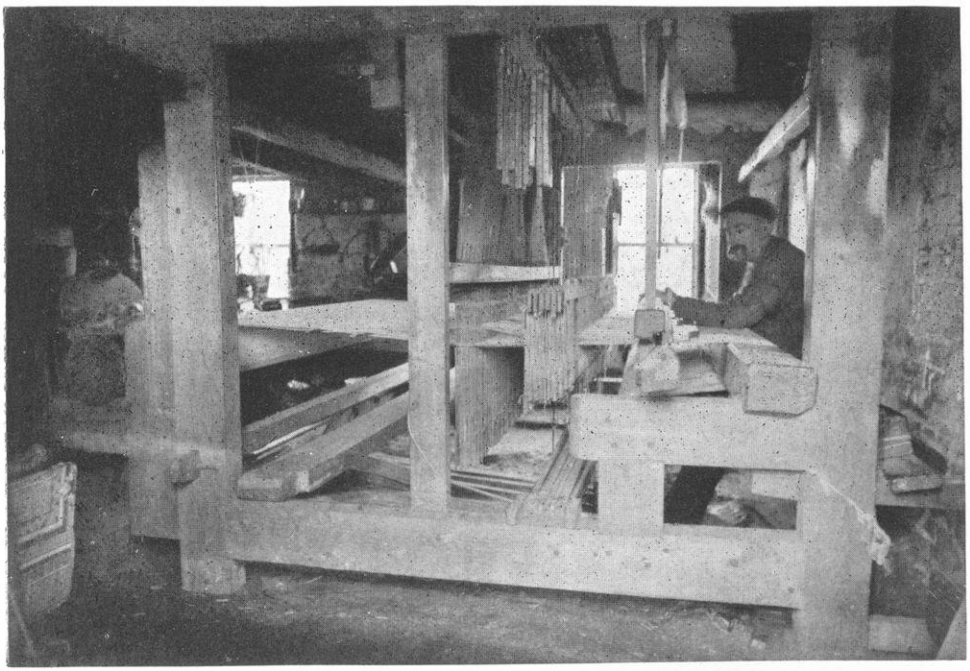
selves completely, and their work seemed the one significant, sincere art impulse of the nation. Englishmen had commenced to build houses as real, as personal, as beautiful for modern more democratic conditions as centuries ago they had realized in their great stone piles the need and the sense of beauty of Mediæval times. If, as has been said, the Englishman's home is always his castle, surely we are getting more and more to believe that even the Englishman's castle may also be a genuine home.

In the English public schools Mrs. MacDonald also found a more progressive spirit in relation to the proper training of the English artisans. It seems in a way, as though, with the decline of the smaller societies for the promotion of the industrial arts, the effort were being made all over England to improve the standing of the artisan, so that the trade workers should be more highly trained for and more interested in their own method of gaining a livelihood.

During the past few years Mr. Stickley has seen, as have all those who are especially interested in the progress of the fine and industrial arts, that a change is taking place both on the Continent, in England and here. The overwhelming and disintegrating influence of Secession Art has been passing away. What would come in its place (for there is always some sprouting art impulse in every nation, primitive or civilized) was a matter of the profoundest interest to THE CRAFTSMAN.

MR. STICKLEY realized from a close observation of years that real progress was being made in America along certain lines; namely in domestic architecture and house furnishings. As the development of these two phases of essential art are in line with what Mr. Stickley has been working for from the beginning of his career, his interest has been great. All over the country he found a growth in domestic architecture which was little short of phenomenal, —houses being built not merely as in the past, elaborately for the rich and badly for the poor, but wisely and prudently and beautifully for the great mass of people who in America have moderate means with cultivated intelligence. He found that the vogue for imitation Period furniture was beginning to pass away; he found the people who were building simple, beautiful houses insisting upon harmonious, comfortable and simple furniture, and with the furniture a demand for fabrics, metal work and potteries that proved to him that there was a stirring of the artistic impulse in all detail of house equipment.

When he sought to find the source of supplies for the furnishing of the new type of house in America, he did not find it in the schools

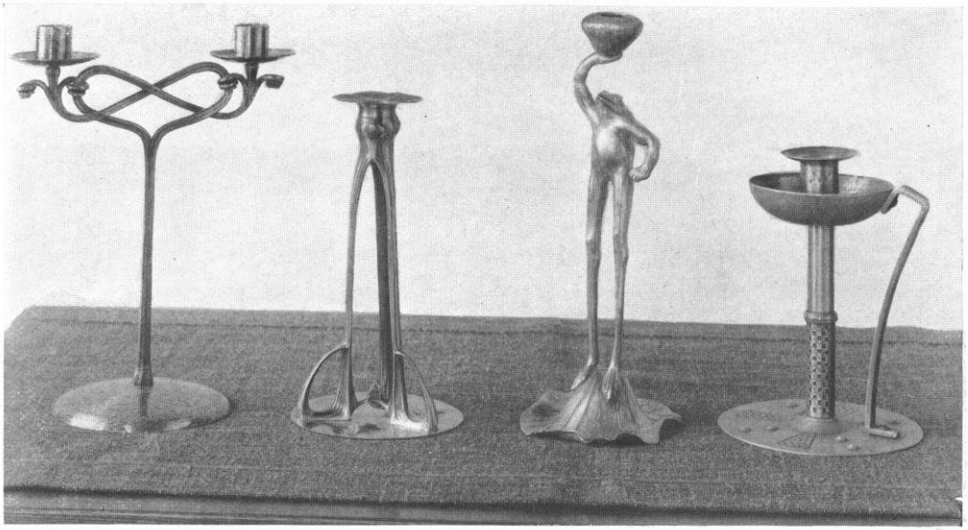


LIVING ROOM IN AN IRISH WEAVER'S COTTAGE: PROBABLY FEW BETTER WEAVERS ARE LEFT IN IRELAND TODAY THAN THE OLD LADY BY THE FIREPLACE.

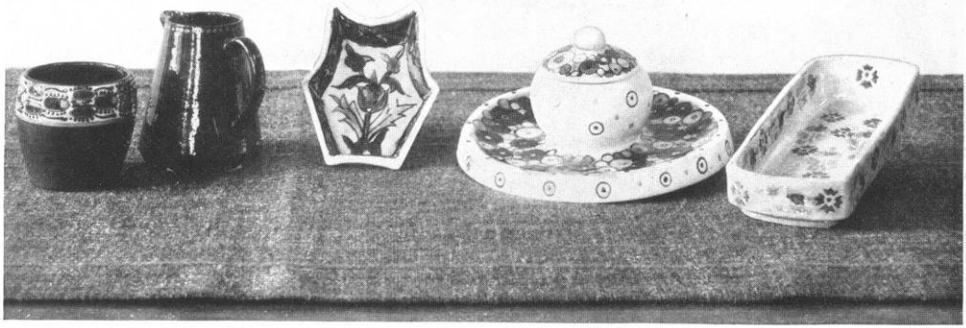
AN IRISH LINEN WEAVER AT WORK ON ONE OF THE OLD BAINBRIDGE HAND LOOMS.

MODERN POTTERY FROM THE PROVINCE OF FLANDERS: THE TONES ARE PALE VIOLET AND GREEN AND THE MODELS ARE ALL TAKEN FROM OLD PEASANT DESIGNS.

MODERN GREEN BELGIAN POTTERY, THE OUTGROWTH OF AN OLD PEASANT HANDICRAFT: THE TRAY ON WHICH THIS POTTERY IS GROUPED IS ONE OF THE NEW WOODEN ENGLISH TRAYS WITH WILLOW BORDER.

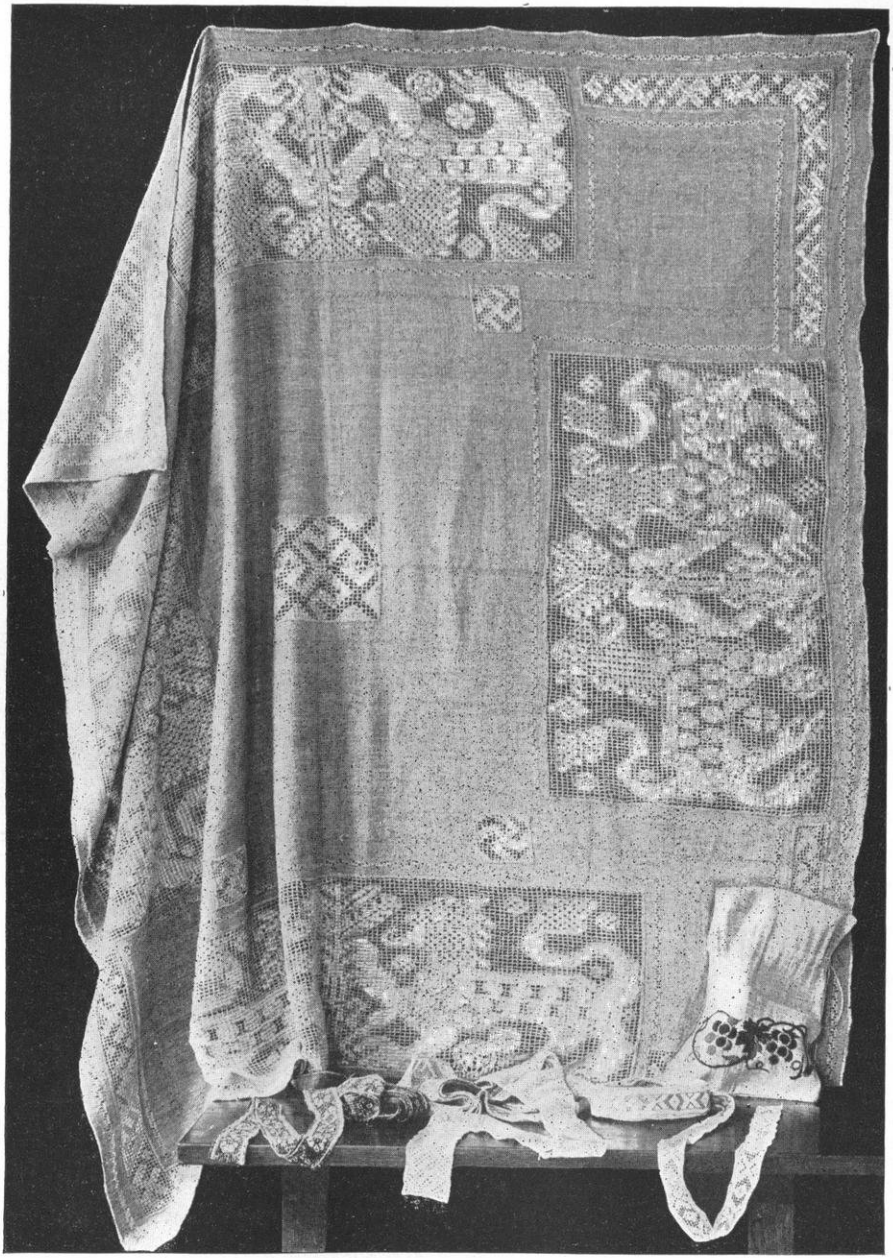


MODERN METAL CANDLESTICKS: BEGINNING AT THE LEFT, AN EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH HAND WORK, A MODERN JAPANESE MODEL, BELGIAN BRASS AND COPPER DESIGN AND BELGIAN FACTORY WORK.



A COLLECTION OF MODERN POTTERY FROM OLD PEASANT MODELS: BEGINNING AT THE LEFT, A RUSSIAN PEASANT BOWL, SWISS PEASANT PITCHER, TURKISH TRAY MADE BY THE PEOPLE, AUSTRIAN REPRODUCTION FROM AN ANTIQUE DESIGN AND PORTUGUESE ORIGINAL PEASANT DESIGN.

A COLLECTION OF MODERN POTTERY FROM FRANCE, ENGLAND AND BELGIUM, SHOWING THE MOST INTERESTING DESIGNS AND FINISH IN THE NEW LUSTER WARE.



ONE OF THE BEST EXAMPLES OF A RUSSIAN PEASANT BEDSPREAD IN EXISTENCE: THERE ARE OVER TWENTY-FOUR STITCHES IN THE DRAWN WORK DESIGNS AND BORDERS: A MODEL WHICH THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS ARE STILL MAKING OUT IN THE REMOTE COUNTRY WITH VARIATIONS ACCORDING TO THE TASTE OF THE WORKER.

or the colleges or to any great extent in the art societies, but rather in the hands of the individual here and there through the country, who were meeting a practical and definite interest in and desire for good craftsmanship. He discovered that Mrs. Albee was making her most interesting and valuable American rugs in the hills of New Hampshire, that fabrics of unusual beauty of texture and color were being woven by the people in the little village of Berea in Kentucky. He found Mr. Walrath designing and executing his own potteries in a little New England town, and Mrs. Butterworth carving wood panels in her studio in New York. He discovered that Professor Pellew was perfecting modern dyes that were the equal in color and permanency to the most interesting of the old vegetable products, and so on, from studio to studio and from individual to individual. Everywhere it seemed to him there was a widening interest in creating beautiful home environment, creating it out of existing conditions, making the needs of one set of people the opportunities for another.

Finding so genuine and sincere an awakening in the art impulse of this country, Mr. Stickley desired once more to investigate conditions in the British Isles and on the Continent, and to discover for himself what was the aftermath of Art Nouveau, what new and interesting art development might be found pushing its way up from the soil to hide the scars left where Secession eccentricities and obscenities had flourished, and died. Surely, he thought, new things must have sprouted quickly and grown beautifully over these waste places in Germany, France, England and Belgium, and all these good things must hold inspiration for the earnest workers of our own land. He hoped to find houses that the people needed for their comfort and convenience, that would make their children contented and interested; to find decorations which were suited to these houses, the outgrowth of their structure, and furniture that would last as long as the houses did, and, of course, all the details of the houses once more being made beautiful by interested craftsmen. And the painters, he trusted, and the sculptors, were adorning the land with their own visions of truth, that the people's imagination might be touched and their hearts made sympathetic through an understanding of the vision.

BUT when Miss Fanton, our latest representative, went over last December, as a matter of fact, nothing of the sort was to be found. Art Nouveau was more or less on the wane, but in its place the land was not filled with moving and kindly beauty. To be sure, many societies and factories were turning out quantities of elaborate decorations for the newly rich who craved elaboration,

fragile and expensive wares were being produced, showy tapestries were being made, the members of craft societies were charging fabulous prices for not always beautiful products, but the great thriving, splendid creative art impulse had not yet been born again. The best work to be found in England, France, Belgium, Bavaria, were the close replicas of the old peasant potteries and porcelains, fabrics and embroideries.

Russia was one of the rare places where the peasants themselves were still doing interesting and beautiful things. This was also true to a certain extent in Hungary. Austria was reproducing a great many of her ornaments and household fittings from peasant models, the factories and the art societies vying with each other in copying antique designs which have been gathered and put in the museums and held as precious curiosities. Occasionally in Austria the peasant designs were being combined with Egyptian ideas in architecture and in decorative effects. In Hungary also was found the touch of Art Nouveau and of Egypt, but mainly their crafts today seem the outgrowth of the crafts of yesterday, with the result that there is nothing more interesting on the Continent than the handicraft work seen in the Hungarian shops.

The so-called *original* modern house furnishings, the fabrics, the brasses and the bronzes, the porcelains, were with but few exceptions without interest or life, made to sell, not to last; their inspiration financial, not artistic. The designers and the manufacturers apparently no longer think of the industrial arts in relation to practical life. No one plans to have joy out of their making, or to gain joy from their use. And the result is that they take their place as one more fad of the hour, which crops up for a brief unimportant moment, and as swiftly dies.

In a few instances, mainly along the coast of France and the adjacent country, the craft ideal of the peasants has projected itself into the factory work; that is to say, the same models, the same ideals have been moved from the houses to the factory, and the potteries which are especially the product of this part of the country, are still being made by the people for the people. They are also practical and simple and inexpensive, because they are needed and liked, because they are an expression of the people and their purposes. In Belgium there is today a so-called modern pottery, as there is in the province of Flanders, and the beauty of these products is that they are the actual outgrowth of the old peasant art. Fortunately, the simplest forms are still adhered to, and as the people of this region are more or less of a sea-faring turn of mind, the potteries are in the richest tones, for the folk who live close to the

sea practically always crave colors which the dampness and the mists sweeping in from the ocean cannot hide or deface. There is little variation in the patterns of these potteries; what design there is seems inherent in the outline. Delightful, humorous animals seem to meet with the greatest favor. Funny mice creep in and out of the edge on great flower bowls. Porringer dishes for the family service are ornamented with grotesque birds and flower forms, and one fancies how greatly they must amuse the little Belgian babies.

While practically all of the modern pottery from Flanders is rich in color, usually a vivid green, some of the newer Belgian craftwork shows a combination of pale mauves and greens, and though the use of the color is very simple and primitive, the tones are often exquisitely blended, as one would fancy in an early spring sunset, half-hidden with mists.

There is a rumor that the Brittany ware with its interesting gray and coffee colored grounds and its delightfully naïve decoration will soon be crushed out of existence by the inroad of cheap foreign factory productions. Brittany potteries have retained their fresh, naïve flavor of the early peasant work more completely and beautifully than almost any other Continental craft work. It is little short of a tragedy in the craft world that the imitative, vulgar excrescence of today should force out of existence a work so satisfactory to the peasant people and so interesting to art lovers the world over.

In England, Scotland and Ireland Miss Fanton found the interest in potteries as in other practical handicrafts, very largely on the decline. To be sure, the clack of the old hand-made looms is still to be heard in the little Irish villages, and the most beautiful linens and fine damasks are still being woven by the old peasants in these bare but picturesque houses. But little by little even these small industries are falling into the hands of the power looms, and it is almost impossible to buy a yard of hand-made linen from the Irish weaver who makes it. He will only shake his head and refer you to the agent to whom the lovely fabrics are sent and who controls the sales.

Some of the pictures which we are showing in this issue of the magazine were taken in the streets of Bainbridge, Ireland, where weaving is done in the old-fashioned ways on the oldest of hand looms, but with all the beauty and picturesqueness of the streets and the houses and the gentle, simple people, there is felt the atmosphere of sadness which forever emanates from the factory control of human industries. And lovely old Bainbridge figures in one's memory as the end of a phase of industrial art, which it seems impossible to save under existing commercial conditions.

In traveling over Ireland Miss Fanton found although the peasants were poor and the industrial conditions so handicapped by lack of finances that whatever is undertaken more likely than not brings financial and civic complications, yet in spite of all, that Ireland still holds her imagination, her love of poetry, her capacity for writing stirring drama, her interest in all that is beautiful and wonderful in the world of romance.

In search of the Scotch linens, Miss Fanton visited Dunfermline, the center of the industry. Here, as in many other of the manufacturing towns of Scotland, she found the factory built as castles have always been, on the brow of the hill, and so well built that it seems a part of the landscape. In Dunfermline the output is mainly of the fine Scotch damask; while in quaint and pretty Kirkcaldy the plain coarse linens are woven. The factory at Kirkcaldy also rises up on the edge of the hills, and the road to Kirkcaldy from Edinburgh is beautiful. Mostly it runs along the Firth of Forth.

It is odd that while the hand work is so rapidly disappearing from all over the face of the British Isles, not so many years ago several Irish weavers were taken over to Flanders to teach the weaving on hand looms to the peasant people. And fortunately for the industries of Flanders and for the interest in hand work all over the world, these industries spread rapidly over the peasant country, until now no part of the Continent can furnish a finer, more beautiful linen than is sent from the hand looms of Flanders. The center of the hand-loom work in Belgium is now at Courtrai, where some of the finest French linens and beautiful hand embroidered filet nets are to be found.

Practically all the work done by the common folk of Russia is from the hand looms, each piece individual and interesting and unlike anything else that even the same weaver will ever do. Much of the Russian peasant weaving finds its way to London, as do the embroideries and the wood carvings. No large orders can ever be taken on this work, because, as has already been said, each piece is an individual expression of the interest and taste of one craftsman, and unhappily for our modern civilization, we mainly seem to want to duplicate things instead of finding fresh interest in a fresh individual outlook.

Miss Fanton succeeded in finding in the Russian shops some beautiful pieces of the old embroideries. One of the most interesting bedspreads is reproduced in this article. Dozens of stitches are found in this single piece of drawn work, and the pattern is that most often seen in Russian carving, embroidery, drawn work and metal

work, namely, the double-headed dragon of the Russian Imperial coat of arms.

In other illustrations given in this article we have sought to make clear how definitely the best work today on the Continent is alive with forms and designs of peasant workmanship, as it exists today or existed in the past. We are showing on page three hundred and eleven replicas of peasant faience from Russia, Austria, Portugal, France and Belgium. In many instances not only are the pottery and the porcelain made from old models, but the draperies, the tapestries, the carpets, the inlaid designs on furniture, the metal work used in these countries today are reproducing the old ideals of peasant handicrafts.

The result of Miss Fanton's travels and her careful investigations in the factories, in the home industries, in the life of the people, brings us back to the conclusion which we have so long held in the magazine and which seems an inevitable point of view, that handicraft can only succeed as the work of the people. It must be designed and developed by the people who need it and want it and love it. We cannot take craft work back to the people. Neither can societies of dilettante craft workers devise it to meet the whim of the rich. It is the expression of a more or less creative people of their actual needs and their joy in meeting their own wants. Wherever craft work has developed along these lines, it has been interesting, satisfactory and permanent in its hold on the people. What we can substitute for it, whether it will ever be possible to hold craft work into the life of the peasant people with the changes that civilization is bringing about in all primitive conditions, or whether we must face a certain generation of factory conditions, without interest and without beauty, time alone can decide.

On the Continent the situation appears more or less hopeless. It seems impossible to recreate live art patterns on dead social fabrics. In America there are so many people who so much desire beautiful and interesting surroundings in their lives, that it is possible craft workers will spring up to meet these needs, and because they have a definite object will also produce work of definite interest and beauty. We cannot but feel after this fourth survey of Continental conditions that the great hope for a simple yet beautiful existence lies in this country, for the reason that America is still in the process of growing, and while a nation is alive and progressing, conditions suitable for art development are sure to be found. The growth of the arts, especially of the industrial art, seems to be always concurrent with the actual development of social vitality. As a nation approaches the more formal and

classic period of its existence, the heart atrophies and beauty is hidden under gray veils. It is rather in newer lands with all their progress and blunders, with all their joys and difficulties, with all their crudenesses and vitalities, that art flourishes. And while America is beginning to be a little matronly in actual years, in the development of her social life she is young, a child. All phases of her life are at present undergoing tremendous reconstruction and reorganization. So swift and so many are the changes that out of this surging life is apt to blossom the beauty which belongs to the vital growth of a nation.

SUCCESS

THEY speak not true who say that I am fame
Or wealth or high position or the gem
That glitters in the gorgeous diadem
Of royalty; I bide not in the name
Burnished with blood or builded up of blame
In whole or part; and not for them
The truth and beauty in my garments' hem
Who love dishonor or the kiss of shame.

But I am one with all the multitude
Of souls who find in their hearts' honest beat
That life is good; I dwelt amidst the herds
Of Abraham in hearts of shepherds rude—
I was the Christ at toil 'mongst shavings sweet;
The good Saint Francis preaching to the birds!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

WHY MORE FRENCH ART IN AMERICA?

IT seems that America's newly awakened art impulse has quickened the affection of the French nation, and quite recently a committee of busy French gentlemen have come over here to see about it.

Many of us can easily remember the time when unless a house or a garden or a painting was labeled "French" and "imported" it had no interest for the people with money to spend, even those of us who did not know much about French art insisted upon the all-important Parisian label. We had no interest in American productions; we had never for a moment considered the possibility of American art. We were satisfied that our Colonial houses should be Greek, our Colonial paintings English, and everything in modern life French. Naturally, this not only was very bad for America, but extremely satisfactory and beneficial to France. We became a source of rich revenue to the French artists and merchants to an extent probably not realized by them or by us until within the last decade the tide began to turn. A change of heart set in in this country. We began to waken; our imaginations were touched by the beauty of our own land, and our spirits were quickened toward the possibilities of the development of an art which would belong to us, sacred to our country.

This revolution naturally came about very slowly, is by no means an accomplished fact even now. And yet the condition is probably more widespread than we have realized. At least it is sufficiently general to have alarmed the French nation, and while we here in America are just congratulating ourselves that we at last have time or impulse to think of the development of national styles in architecture, painting, even in ways of living, the French people have suddenly discovered that not only has their financial loss been increasing year by year since the beginning of our national art life awakening, but that they are likely to lose us almost wholly as a source of revenue unless something very significant is done to concentrate once more the interest of the rich American on French production.

And because we are interesting to France, not only as comrades and friends, but as an important source of revenue, we find a committee of gentlemen coming over to visit us, and telling us that we are such nice people that they are going to give us a French museum of art, which will be created by the French Institute of the United States, which will be a branch of the Comité France-Amerique, with headquarters in New York. They are doing all this that the bond between us may be nearer and dearer, that we may understand their unselfish love for us and their desire to share with America whatever is beautiful and interesting in France.

This committee of gentlemen brings us a bronze by Rodin for the Champlain Committee. This is very interesting, so far as it goes. Anything Rodin does should be of interest to America, for he is not only a great artist, but a great democrat, and we should receive such a gift in the appreciative spirit I picture France would manifest if a bronze of George Grey Barnard were made as a gift to the city of Paris. But the point which is of essential interest to THE CRAFTSMAN and which does not seem to have as yet awakened the sense of humor of the American public, is the fact that while we are welcoming with open arms this group of estimable gentlemen, and entertaining them at the White House, at Harvard University, in the homes of our new- and old-rich, they have really come to create once more in America an interest in French products in order that the awakened art impulse which they have observed amongst us, and which is a fact, should be diverted from its natural home channel and flow persistently in rich floods through the shops of France.

It is rather astonishing, considering the frankness of these gentlemen in their speeches and interviews, that the country has not opened its eyes to the fact that they are here "on business." Although they praise the country and the women and their reception, they speak with customary honesty in regard to the purpose of this French museum of art, and what they expect it to accomplish for France. Of course, they do not say definitely and boldly, "We want American trade in France because our banks are not as rich as when we had more of your money," but they have made from time to time amazingly ingenuous statements to private individuals and to the press at large. M.

Hanotaux, who is a representative of the French Government and a member of the French Academy, has expressed his point of view toward the United States as follows in the French papers: "The mighty United States will some day rule both oceans and possibly both ends of the Continent. Is France *doing her duty* and assisting as she should this wonderful development? The part which America now plays in the world's economic life and in the development of civilization is undoubtedly the most important fact of the nineteenth century." M. Hanotaux questions the world in regard to the French attitude toward the development of America in these naïve words: "Is France giving to the American continent the sympathetic attention it deserves?" It would seem that the impression we are expected to receive is that the great and powerful French nation has not quite recognized America and her little development in Art, but that she is willing to do so if America makes it worth her while. And so this French museum of art will bring to our eager and thirsty art souls a greater knowledge of what France is achieving, and create in us a greater sense of appreciation.

The plans of this museum are very ambitious (for France). Every season masterpieces of French art will be loaned to us. Lectures about French art will be given all over the country. No effort or expense will be spared to create the widest interest in France as a pleasant place in which to live and spend money; in French art as the greatest of the world; in French fashions as essential to the happiness of woman. The free public lectures will be on such subjects as Modern French Etchings, Art Nouveau, Sèvres Paste, Beauvrais Tapestries (all for sale); there will also be committees to give lectures and issue pamphlets on French ceramics, tapestries, textiles, jewelry, Period decorations, furniture, casts, sculpture, engraving, wood carving.

Mr. McDougall Hawkes, an enthusiastic American supporter of this organization and an ardent admirer of French culture, has perhaps more frankly expressed the real purpose of the visit of the Committee and the future work of the French museum than one would quite expect under the circumstances. "This country," he says, "is undoubtedly ready for the extensive *popularization* of French art and French styles. An extended period of prosperity in America has been very favorable to the development of decorative art. Under the influence of hundreds of young men trained at the Paris Beaux Arts, American architecture, not only in cities but in our smaller country towns, is leaning decidedly toward French styles. The development of this taste will create a steadily increasing demand for the products of French industrial art. At present, however," remarks this noble patriot, "we have not in this country the craftsmen who could supply this demand. This newly born taste for decorative art of quality must be carefully nurtured and directed *along the right line.* For that purpose the works of art which the generosity of American philanthropists now and then add to the collections of our museums are totally insufficient." (In all this matter Mr. Hawkes is alluding only to French collections.) He goes on to say: "We must collect (French) documents, photographs, casts, slides, since we cannot collect all the originals. Finally for those who cannot go and look at our collections, we are going to publish a monthly bulletin recording every step forward taken by the institute."

Was there ever such an astonishing and naïve statement put forward by a native of a country in regard to the art of that country? In other words, the awakening of an art impulse in America toward American conditions is a thing to be perverted from its birth, and to be used absolutely to swell the bank accounts of another nation. We are to sell our heritage of art in this country for a mess of French pottage.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more detrimental to our nation than this movement of the French merchants, artists and politicians to atrophy the growth of American art and to graft upon our very young tree branches of French productivity that would eventually flourish unconditionally and absorb all the life of the trunk and roots.

Why should we open our arms to such a project? Why should we make welcome in this country a group of French gentlemen whose sole object is to strip from us the young fresh growth of art which we are just beginning to water and tend and understand and plant slips from out over the whole land? What hope can there be

for us in any department of our social progress if we permit ourselves to be wholly dominated by the art influences of another land?

This does not mean for one moment that America does not appreciate French art, has not often been vastly benefited by it, does not wish examples of it in museums and homes, as part of the history of art necessary to widespread culture, but it does mean that the effort which is being made to strangle at its birth the art impulse of this country in order that the French painters and merchants, the French industrial art workers, the French modistes and the French builders may be enriched, is a project which not only should be refused opportunity to implant itself in this country, but should be faced and reckoned with from the beginning.

It is very well that we as a people should welcome this committee as bearers of a bronze statue by Rodin for the Champlain celebration. They are gentlemen, if not of great importance to France and America, at least of international interest, and that they bring us a beautiful work of art in commemoration of the early struggles of this country, in which France was more often than not our friend, deserves courtesy and honor; this we gladly offer to them as representatives of France, as envoys from France's greatest artist. But as a group of business men sent by the keenest business interests in France to establish schools throughout America for the expansion of French art in its fullest sense, surely the civic patriot has no open hand or cheerful word. France may flatter us by telling us how important we are and how significant we are going to be, and how we should be an art center. We are very glad to hear these things. We are interested that a nation as intelligent as France should recognize our possibilities. But why should we for one moment permit her to imagine that she is going to use them as well as recognize them? If we have grown into the possibility of becoming the art center of the world, we owe it first of all to ourselves to become the art center of American production, and not to crawl at the feet of another nation and permit ourselves to be exploited for her financial and artistic betterment. As a matter of fact, we do today know as much about French art as is good for us. We have her history in all our museums and libraries; we have her influence in some of the most wideawake and significant of our young men. We have been practically for generations crushed under the tight hand of the Beaux Arts in our architectural development. What we need now is to digest all the good things we have eaten from the hand of this nation, to flourish with the strength they may have given, then with what help we have gained from this and a dozen other influences, to put heart and soul and energy into the production of our own art, that it may flourish from one end of the nation to another, for our betterment, for our fame and wherever possible for our own financial help.

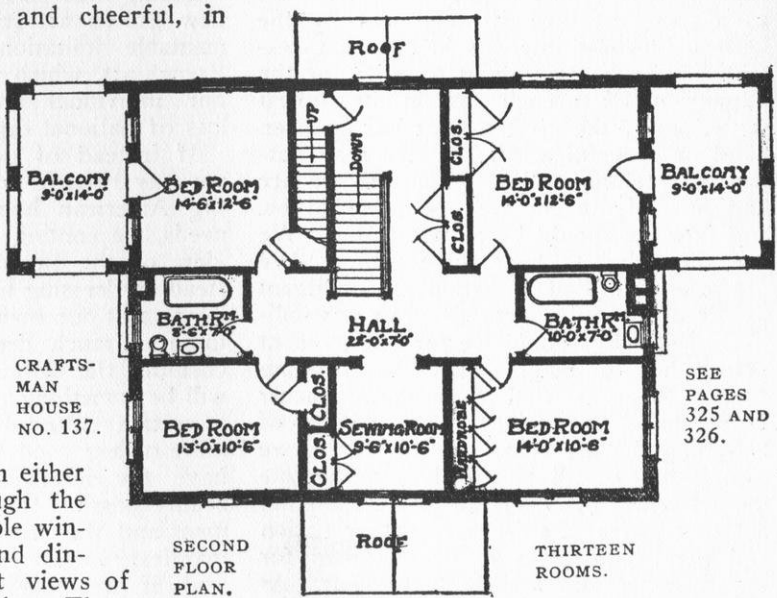
Of course, we cannot prevent France from organizing a museum in New York if she chooses to. We cannot prevent her giving free lectures; we cannot prevent her opening the doors of her museum in order to show us how much France has accomplished. As a matter of fact, it is not necessary to prevent any of these things. It is very good of France to want to keep us in touch with all she is accomplishing. It is good for us to know where every nation stands in relation to its own art history; but what we must understand and then absolutely overcome, is the purpose of this committee and those who are receiving them in America, to sidetrack our new grown art impulse into the old lamentable imitation and appreciation of French art, which must result in death to our individual artistic development and loss of national dignity.

If instead of developing American art we buy French art; if, instead of building American houses suited to our own needs, we continue to import the point of view of the Beaux Arts student; if, instead of dressing to suit our lives and living to suit our own ideal of happiness, we import French dresses and manners and customs, the demoralization of our nation will be something past belief. At one time a certain cultured influence was possibly more or less good for us, but now that we have the imagination to apprehend the beauty possible from our national environment and the stirring impulse to make it manifest, we are scorning the gifts of the gods if we turn back and consent once more to ornament our lives with the surplus art products of any nation, however cultured and progressive.

TWO LARGER CRAFTSMAN HOUSES PLANNED TO ADMIT PLENTY OF FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE

LOOKING at the views and floor plans of the Craftsman houses shown this month, one is impressed at once by the pleasant way in which each interior is linked with the garden about its walls. Especially is this the case in the first house, No. 137. As one steps from the little sheltered porch into the long open hall, the first impression that one receives is the sense of air and sunlight, of kinship with the outdoor world. On every hand through glass doors and casement windows one catches glimpses of the garden beauty, of sky and tree-top, flowers and vines. There is no "shut-in" feeling; it is all wide and cheerful, in close touch with the nature-things outside.

Opposite the front door, at the other end of the hall is a door of glass leading out into a recessed dining porch bordered by a curved parapet and having a pergola roof supported on the corner posts, so that one gets a charming vista down the hall through a frame of vines out across the lawn or flower-beds beyond. On either side of the hall, through the wide openings, the double windows in living room and dining room give pleasant views of the garden at the side. Then, passing through the cheerful living room to the many-windowed library, one feels still more the nearness of the garden presence, for there on the left, separated only by low bookshelves with casement windows above and a glass door between, is the most delightful feature of all—the sun room. Here one finds windows on every side, looking out upon the surrounding garden, and as the division between sun room and library is practically all of glass, a veritable flood of light will pour into the rooms and bring an outdoor spirit into the whole interior. If the exposure of the sun room be south or southeast, this will insure an ample supply of sunshine throughout the year, and when the summer heat becomes too great, the shades can be drawn or awnings lowered. The idea is, of course, to have only the most durable sort of fittings and furnishings in this room, so that there will be no need to worry about injury from exposure to the weather or the danger of colored ma-



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 137.

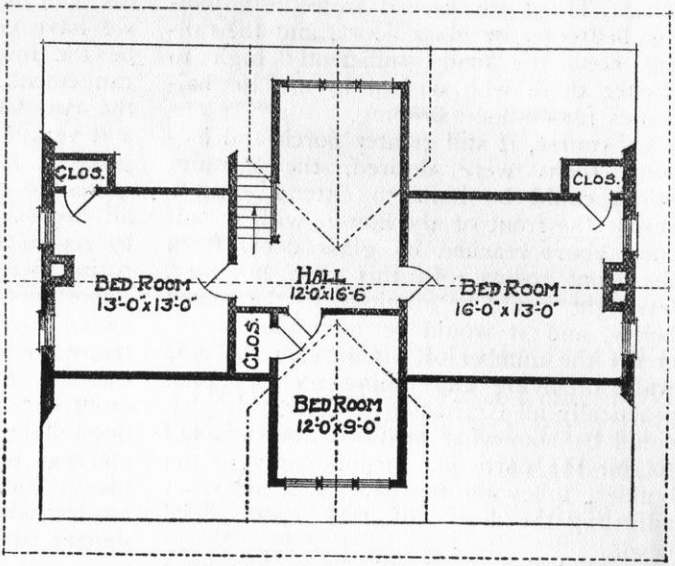
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

THIRTEEN ROOMS.

SEE PAGES 325 AND 326.

terials fading under the sun.

Not only will this sunny wing add greatly to the health and joy of the household, but it will prove a very interesting part of the architecture from every viewpoint. Outside, its extension, capped by the balustrade that walls the balcony, forms a pleasant variation in the somewhat plain lines of the building, while indoors, seen from the library, it is an unusually decorative corner. The floor of Tapestry brick tiles, which come in such wonderful colors and varying tones, the brick posts and walls with their rich rough texture, the outward-opening casements with their small glass panes—these will be sufficiently suggestive of garden architecture to emphasize the outdoor feeling. Flowers and growing plants will add to this effect, and baskets of ferns can be suspended from the ceiling beams. Low bookshelves beneath the windows are built between sun room and library. Willow furnishings, both in the sun room and on the dining porch will add to the comfort and picturesqueness of these fresh-air living rooms.



ATTIC FLOOR PLAN. HOUSE NO. 137.

While the porches will be used for outdoor living only in the warmer months, the value of this sun room will be felt all the year round, for in summer the open windows will let in every breeze, and when closed in winter against the cold they will still admit ample sunlight, making the rest of the rooms more cheerful. Besides, in such a room it is possible to have so many plants and vines that it will seem almost like a corner of the garden, serving as a most delightful substitute for those who would like but cannot afford a real greenhouse. The welcome colors of foliage and blossoms will brighten the house all winter when the garden outside is leafless and brown.

On the opposite side of the hallway is the large dining room with its corner fireplace. Swing doors lead to the kitchen through the pantry, which is equipped with ample shelf and closet space and a sink beneath the window. Additional storage room is provided off the kitchen, the large square closet being lighted by a window in the pantry wall. The smaller closet opening into the hall will serve for coats.

A door from the kitchen leads to the recessed porch at the rear, so that meals may be served there conveniently, and on the other side is another porch which will be a pleasant place for the maid.

The staircase leads up from the hall, and like the rest of the woodwork will form an interesting and even decorative part of the interior structure. Portières hung in the wide openings between the different rooms will soften the lines of the interior, add to the color interest of the furnishings and give opportunity for greater privacy when desired without destroying the sense of spaciousness which pervades the lower floor. The two fireplaces will focus the attraction of the rooms, with comfortable chairs and settles grouped about the hearth, while long deep-cushioned seats beneath the windows will be most inviting and increase the hospitable air of the whole.

The arrangement upstairs is equally simple and commodious. There are four good-sized bedrooms, each occupying a corner of the floor plan, all well lighted and provided with plenty of closet room. Between the two front bedrooms is a smaller sewing room, and two bathrooms open out of the wide central hall.

The most inviting feature on the second floor, however, is the provision of the corner balconies, one over each lower

wing. These are reached from the adjoining bedrooms by glass doors, and the railing could be made sufficiently high to shelter those who wished to use the balconies for outdoor sleeping.

Of course, if still greater porch and balcony room were desired, the entrance porch could be built to extend entirely across the front of the house, with a balcony above reached by glass doors from the front rooms. In this case, however, less light would be admitted to the rooms below, and it would be advisable to increase the number of windows in the side walls of living and dining rooms. Like practically all Craftsman designs, this plan could be somewhat modified and adapted to suit the particular requirements of the builder, following the general scheme but adjusting the details of it to meet special needs.

The third floor of this house has been utilized to the best possible advantage, and in addition to the dormer bedroom and the corresponding space opposite which would serve for storage, it includes two larger rooms, lighted by windows in each gable. These will serve for the maids and possibly a member of the family, and increase the capacity of the house to a considerable extent. All told, in fact, there are thirteen rooms, two baths, three porches and two balconies, making a much larger dwelling than the majority of those which we design. For this reason it will probably be of especial interest to those who have found our smaller plans inadequate for their needs.

In selecting the materials for the first house, we have chosen brick on a stone foundation, porch pillars of wood, and plaster for the interior walls. Either the common hard-burned brick may be selected or the rough-textured Tapestry brick which is being used nowadays with such pleasing effect. The bricks are shown laid up in Flemish bond, but a more decorative style can be adopted if preferred, and geometric designs included to break the plainness of the surface. If Tapestry brick is used, the "rough cut flush" mortar joints will serve, as the brick itself furnishes sufficient variety. But if the common brick which has a comparatively smooth surface is selected, a touch of interest may be added by raking out the mortar joints.

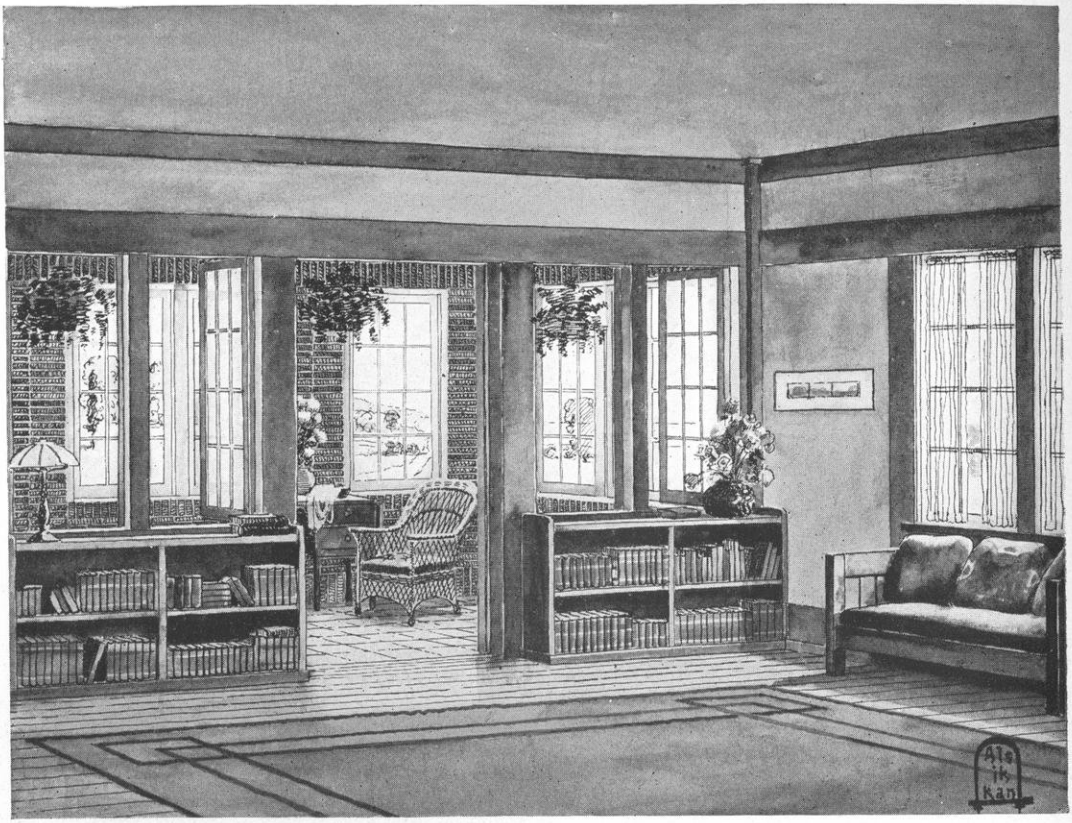
In determining the location of the heaters both in this house and in the next one, we have considered carefully what would be the most efficient and economical arrangement. As shown by the floor plans, the two Craftsman Fireplaces which heat and ventilate house No. 137 have been so placed that only one short pipe is required to convey heat to the sewing room, all the other rooms being heated directly by registers in the floor or wall communicating with one of the chimneys. The importance of this will be readily appreciated when it is remembered that in many buildings not only does the large number of pipes needed to conduct heat from the furnace to the various rooms necessitate much expense and labor in installing, but the cutting up of the floor beams for the passage of the pipes weakens the whole construction and adds to the danger of fire.

FOR the second house, No. 138, we have also used brick on a stone foundation, but in this case flat tile is used for the roof, and the walls of the living and dining rooms are wainscoted. This house has been planned especially for the ordinary narrow city lot, and is only 27 feet wide. Within this restricted space, however, we have endeavored to combine as much practical comfort and beauty as an economical form of construction would allow. The rooms are large, light and cheerful, the living room which one enters from the long front porch being unusually large for a city house. Bookshelves are built into the space between the open fireplace and the wall, and on the opposite side is the staircase and the hall with its convenient coat closet. There is also a wide opening into the dining room, which increases the sense of spaciousness downstairs without destroying a certain amount of privacy between the rooms. A built-in china closet fills the space behind the living-room bookcase, and swing doors through the pantry lead to the kitchen, which is light, airy and conveniently arranged. The cellar stairs lead down from the pantry, which is fairly large and fitted with cupboards, table, sink and drainboard.

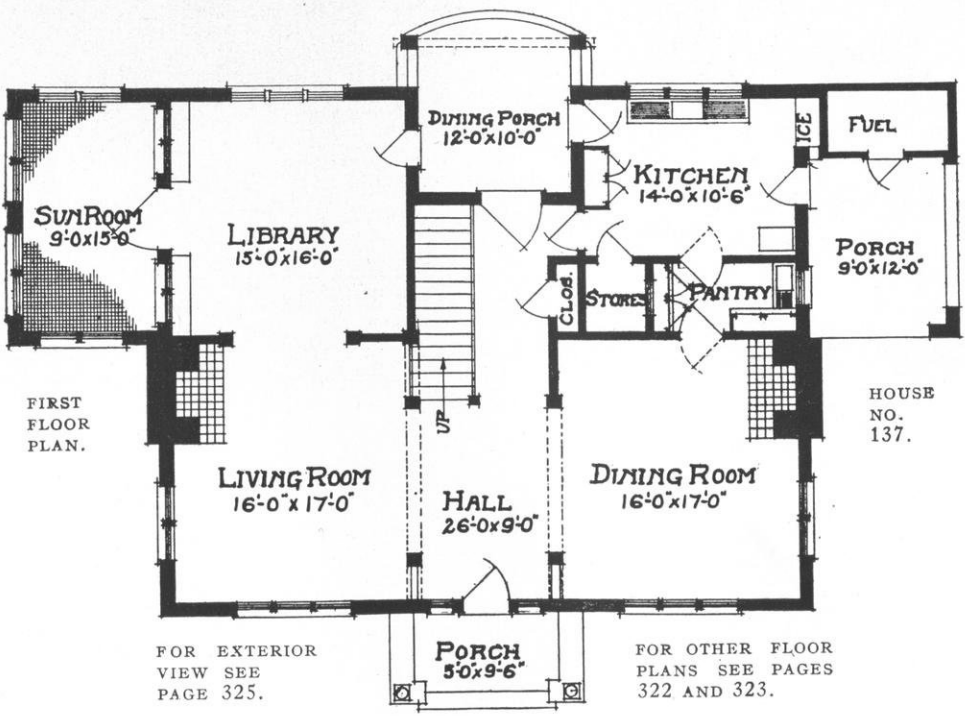
Both dining room and kitchen communicate with the large sun room that occupies the remaining corner of the plan, and the division between sun room and dining room consists of two windows and a glass door, so that the latter room has plenty

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

A BRICK CRAFTSMAN HOUSE
WITH THIRTEEN ROOMS AND
FIVE PORCHES: NO. 137.



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 137, LOOKING OUT TO SUN PORCH.

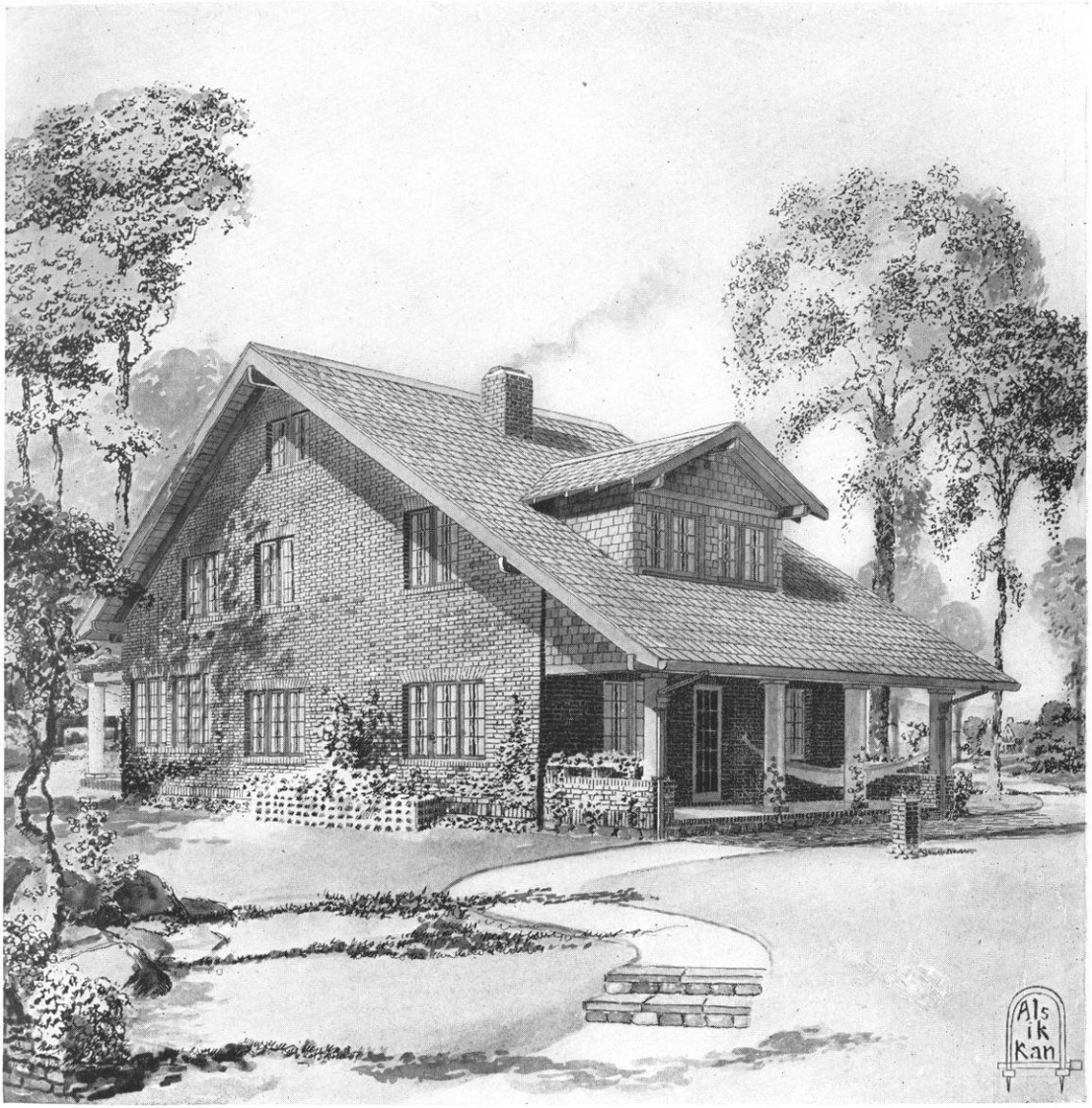


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

HOUSE NO. 137.

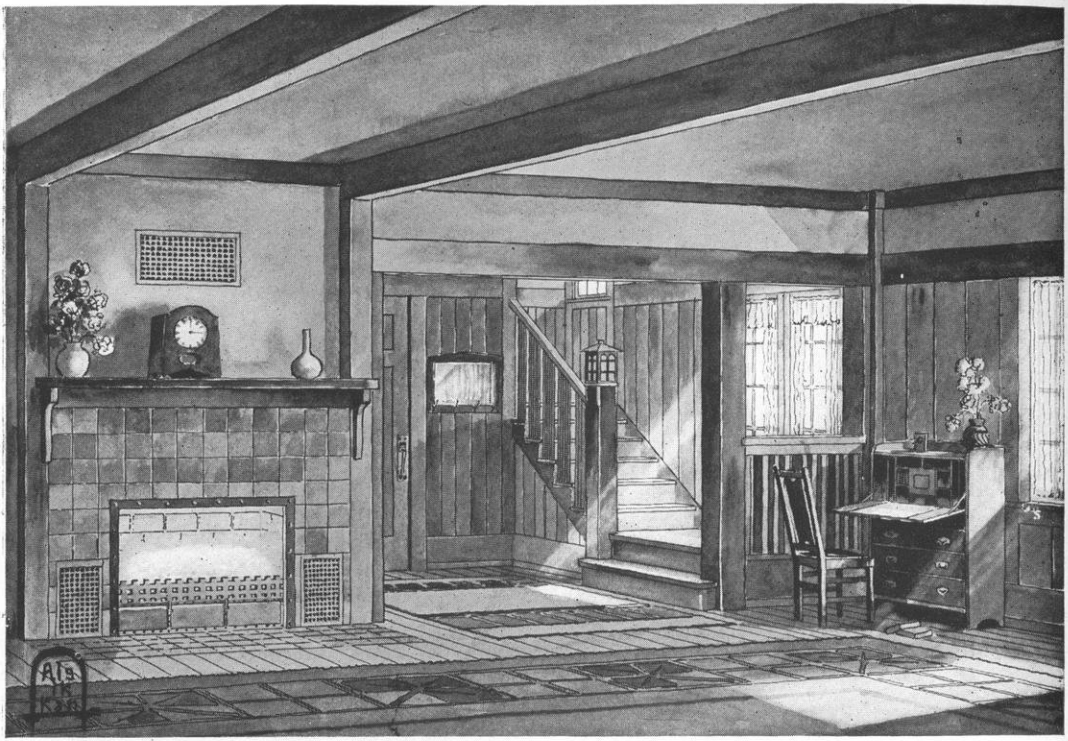
FOR EXTERIOR VIEW SEE PAGE 325.

FOR OTHER FLOOR PLANS SEE PAGES 322 AND 323.

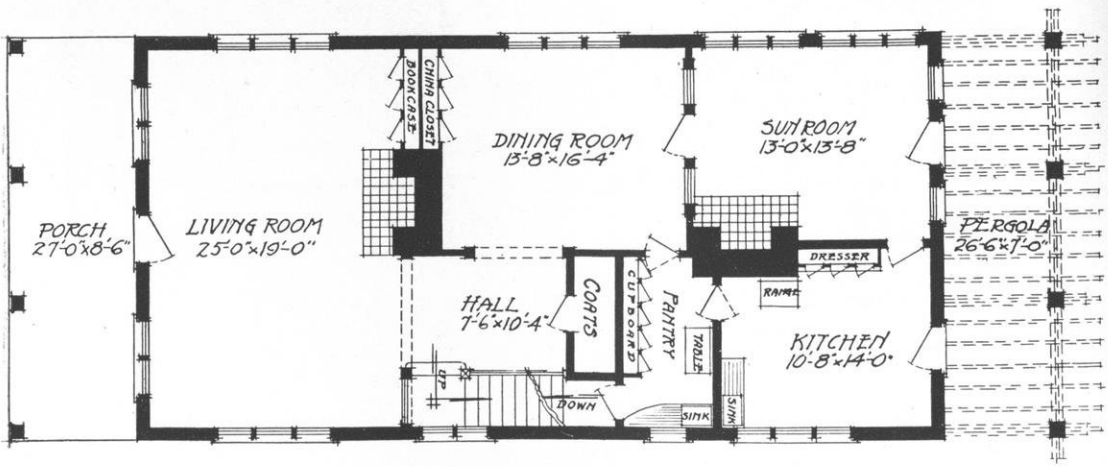


Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSE WITH TEN ROOMS, LIVING PORCH AND PERGOLA, NO. 138.



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN HOUSE NO. 138 SHOWING CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE AND STAIRWAY.



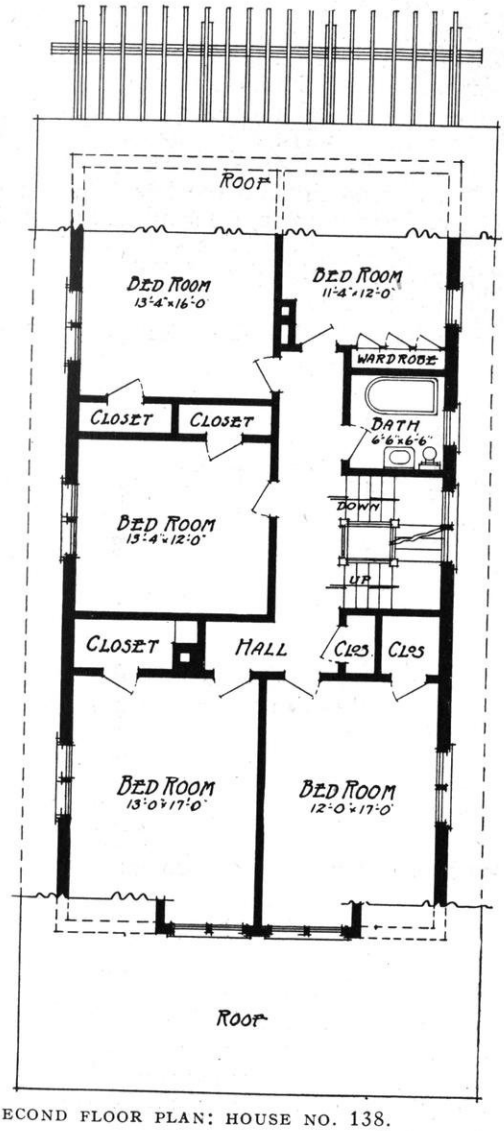
FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 138: FOR EXTERIOR SEE PAGE 327.

of air and sunshine as well as a glimpse of the vine-trained pergola in the rear.

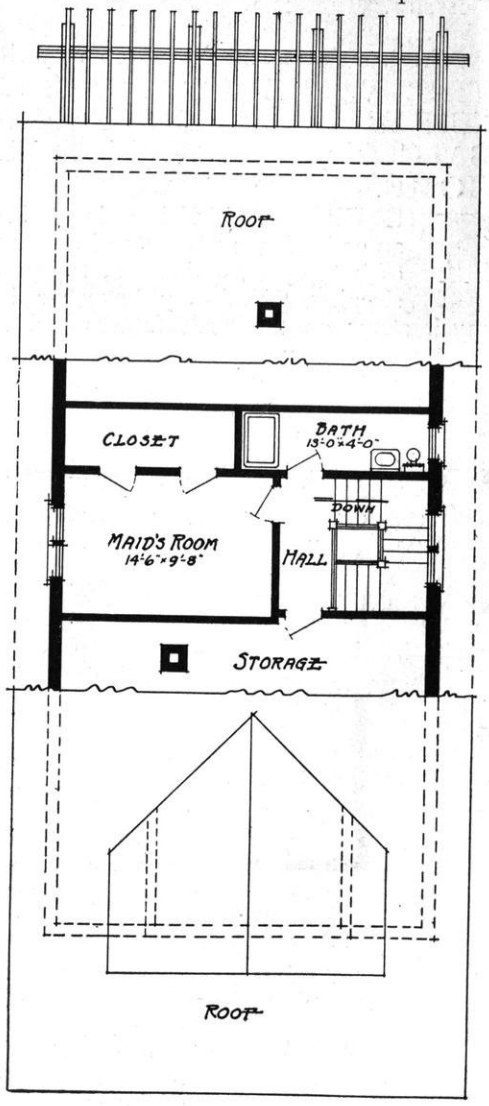
In this house we have built the second fireplace in one corner of the sun room, which will add to its picturesqueness and comfort. At the same time this arrangement allows the flue from the kitchen range to be carried up within the rear chimney, and only one short pipe will be needed to carry heat to the bathroom on the second floor, the rest of the rooms being provided with registers communicating directly with the chimneys. Pipes will be needed on the third story to convey heat to the maid's room and bath, but these will be short and can be easily installed without much cutting of the floor beams.

Five bedrooms and bath occupy the second floor plan, the front rooms having slight recesses in the dormers which will serve as a most appropriate and friendly place for window seats. The rooms are all light, with ample closet room, and there is a linen closet in the hall. The stairway to the attic, unlike the average plan, is well lighted by the windows in the side wall and is easy of ascent, two landings being provided and the stairs being no steeper than the first flight.

In addition to the maid's room and bath on the third floor there is a large closet and storage space beneath the slope of the



SECOND FLOOR PLAN: HOUSE NO. 138.



ATTIC PLAN.

roof. Altogether there are ten rooms in the house, and the pergola in the rear would be a delightful place for outdoor life, as would also the ample front porch if screened from the street by vines or bamboo shades in summer.

The sun room could, of course, be altered to a den or library if preferred, using some of the window space for bookshelves. But the plan given here seemed to us by far the more pleasant, for if the narrow space around the house is planted with a few trees, shrubs and flowers, and if plants are grown indoors beside the windows, the whole interior will be gladdened by friendly glimpses of leaves and blossoms. In this way, even in the heart of the city one could keep something of the freshness and beauty of country life.

THE VALUE OF PORCHES, SUN ROOMS AND SLEEPING BALCONIES IN THE MODERN HOME.

THE CRAFTSMAN has always been an enthusiastic advocate of the value of both open-air living and open-air sleeping. Not only have we laid much stress on the healthfulness and delight afforded by the ample provision and use of porches, sleeping balconies and sun rooms, but we have tried to increase their usefulness and popularity by incorporating them in the house plans which we publish from month to month. For we believe that in the city as well as in the country, a home is incomplete unless it makes some definite provision for outdoor life.

The majority of people—especially the mother of a family whose duties keep her much within the house—gets comparatively little outdoor air and exercise during the day. At the same time there are many household tasks which could just as well be done in the open whenever the weather permitted if only a convenient place were provided. For this reason we find that it is always well, wherever possible, to plan a kitchen porch,—not the unsightly bare projection that one finds on so many houses, but a sheltered friendly corner, draped with vines and gladdened by pleasant glimpses of the garden, the sort of place where it would be a real pleasure for the housewife to sit and shell the peas or pare the potatoes, or for the maid to rest when work is done.

The main porch, of course, should be as far as possible an outdoor living room, protected somewhat from too great heat or wind, but open for air and sunshine. If the house stands very close to the street, privacy can be attained by a plentiful use of vines and flower boxes, but if the garden affords generous spaces all around there will be no need for extra seclusion. There will be swinging seats or hammocks and comfortable chairs in rustic, willow or some simple style that will not be hurt by sun and damp, and plenty of durable cushions will add to the comfort and hospitable air. If there are children, the porch will be an ideal outdoor playroom, and for the grown folks it will be a most inviting spot in which to work or play, read or rest.

When the weather is too inclement for sitting out of doors, the presence of a sun room will be immensely appreciated. To have a corner in one's home where the walls are practically all windows, where even on the dullest days one can find light and a sense of outdoor openness, where one can enjoy all through the late fall, winter and early spring as much sunlight as though one were really outdoors—this would certainly add to the joy of living, whether the house were on a city or suburban street or in the open country. Especially would it increase the cheerfulness of the interior if it were made a place of flowers and greenery, so that one could bring within doors the growing things from whose loveliness we are too often self-made exiles. This would be particularly delightful in the case of a city house where the backyard affords little room for gardening. One can hardly imagine a more cheerful room, for instance, in which to read or sew than a sun room such as those included in the Craftsman houses shown this month.

As to the value of the sleeping balcony—modern authorities on health have been urgent in their advocation of its use, not only by consumptives and other invalids, but also by people in good health. The popular superstitious dread of "night air" is giving place universally to an appreciation of the manifold benefits of thorough ventilation during both night and day, and the even more healthful results of actually sleeping out of doors. Believing in the efficacy of the latter habit when proper precautions are taken as to shelter from weather, warm coverings, etc., we have included one or more sleeping balconies in our house designs so frequently that this has come to be a typical feature of Craftsman architecture.

A BUNGALOW BUILT IN SPANISH STYLE

A BUNGALOW BUILT IN SPANISH STYLE IN GLENDALE, CAL., THE HOME OF MRS. J. S. JONES.

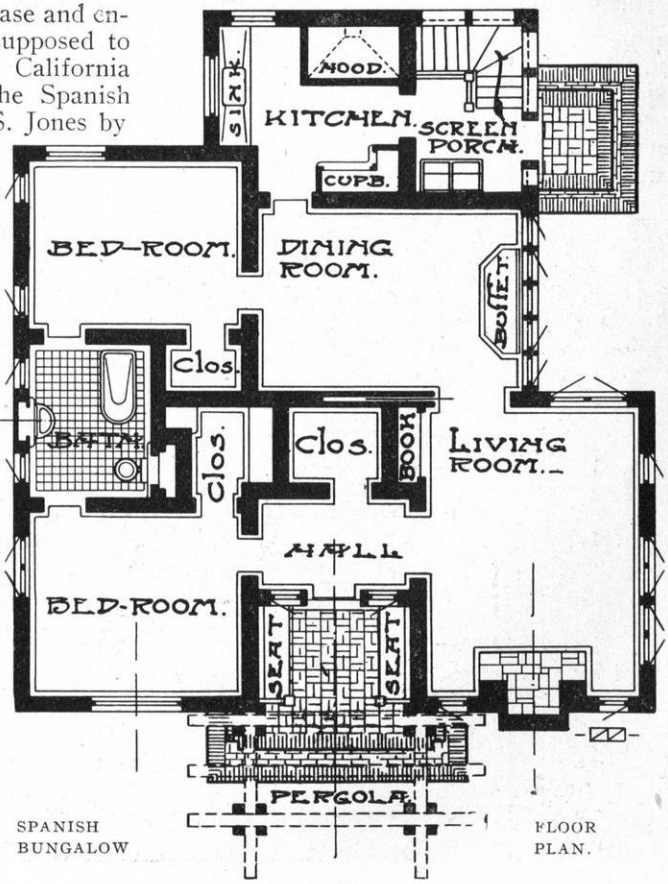
A MODERN CALIFORNIA HOUSE OF THE SPANISH TYPE: BY DELLA M. ECHOLS

TYPICAL of the comfort, ease and enjoyment of life that is supposed to be inherent in southern California and its bungalows, is the Spanish residence designed for Mrs. J. S. Jones by a local architect. It is built on one of the beautiful avenues of the suburban town of Glendale, a few miles north of Los Angeles, and is surrounded by wide-spreading pepper trees and other native shrubbery.

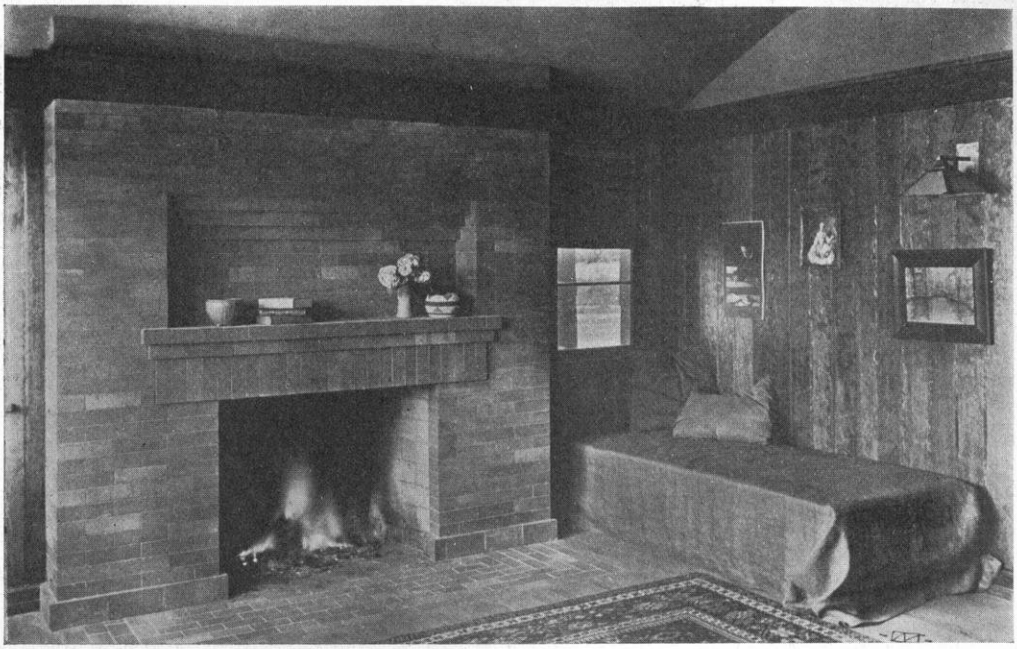
This type of dwelling is especially adapted to the southern climate, for all its rooms are spread out on the ground and so are in close touch with out of doors. Moreover, with no stairs to climb, the work of housekeeping is considerably lessened.

The exterior is of sawed shakes down to the water-table, below which are red brick in white mortar. The massive chimney is also of red brick in white mortar. Like all Spanish residences, the roof is flat with a wide overhang about 3½ feet in width, extending the entire distance around the house. This gives the building a much wider appearance and emphasizes the low bungalow effect.

A great deal of skill is shown in the ar-

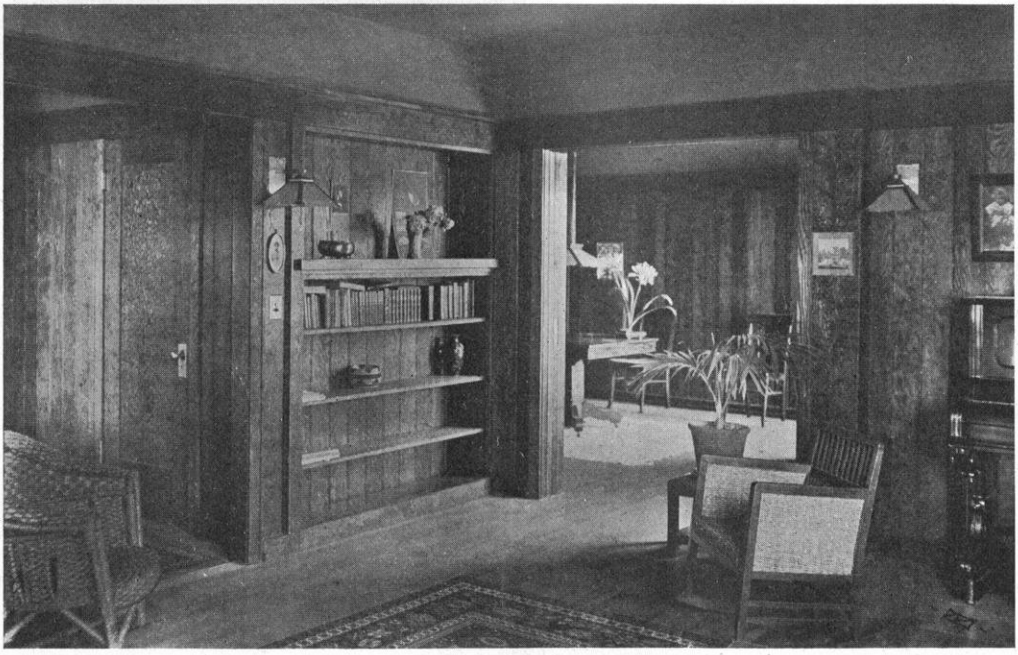


SPANISH BUNGALOW FLOOR PLAN.



FIREPLACE CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN SPANISH BUNGALOW, SHOWING INTERESTING WALL FINISH.

rangement of the rooms, the idea having been to get the maximum of comfort, convenience and beauty with a minimum of expense. This has been accomplished by a practical and very compact floor plan and by making interest of materials and structural proportions the basis of all decorative effect. There is no attempt at elaborate ornamentation; everything is simple, homelike, designed primarily for household comfort, beautiful because it is appropriate and worked out with artistic feeling.



LOOKING INTO DINING ROOM FROM LIVING ROOM.

From the pergola at the entrance one steps into a hall which separates the living room from the guest chamber. The house is trimmed in natural woods, unmarred by paint and varnish and finished so that one feels the interest and color of the grain. The wainscoting of channel boarding in hall, living room and dining room is 6 feet high. This not only adds to the friendliness and charm of the rooms, but is especially harmonious with the built-in furniture—bookcases, buffet, china closets, etc. These are all constructed on strong, simple lines, and in filling the various needs in a practical way add much to the structural decoration of the interior.

The central point in the living room is, of course, the fireplace, which is built of old gold brick. What a contrast is this "room to live in"—16 x 20 feet—to the cheerless, formal "parlor" of twenty-five years ago! The dining room beyond forms an extension of the living room, and with its combined buffet and china closets is especially convenient.

The kitchen is equipped with all modern conveniences, so that the work of the housewife is more of a pleasure than a drudgery. A very practical feature is the large built-in hood which comes down low over the stove in one corner of the room and carries off all smoke and cooking odors. The kitchen is as cheery in appearance as the other rooms, being all white enameled. A screen porch immediately off the kitchen contains the sanitary laundry trays and also the stairs leading down to the basement, where the furnace is placed.

The bedrooms no less than the living or day rooms are planned for health and restfulness. The windows and doors are arranged so as to provide the best possible lighting and ventilation, while leaving ample space for the beds and other furniture. Access from the bedrooms to the bathroom is easy, and these rooms are conveniently separated from the rest of the plan. The bathroom has a modern equipment, being finished with a tile floor, white enamel woodwork and nickel hardware.

There is one feature in home-building which every woman appreciates, and that is an abundance of clothes closets, particularly the kind that admits sufficient light and air. This plan makes ample provision for such closets. Another factor which adds materially to the beauty of the rooms and helps to lighten the work of keeping them clean, is the provision of hardwood floors. These do not add greatly to the cost, and are certainly worth while, for they permit the abolition of carpets and the use of rugs—both an æsthetic and a sanitary gain. The electric fixtures throughout were designed by the architect, and it is just such attention to detail and careful workmanship evinced in every room which helps to make this little home a place of unusual comfort and loveliness.

The total cost of construction was $2,600.00.

ASBESTOS: AN ANCIENT MINERAL WITH MODERN USES

ALTHOUGH we are all familiar with asbestos in many forms, few of us know where it comes from or what strange and interesting uses its history reveals. The word itself is Greek and was applied by ancient authors to quicklime, though Pliny is said to have used it in its modern sense. It meant "unquenchable" and also "incombustible," asbestos having the power of resisting the action of fire.

This fibrous mineral was used by the ancients in various ways, being woven sometimes into shrouds. These, wrapped about bodies which were to be cremated, prevented the ashes of the dead from mingling with the wood ashes of the funeral pyre. It was also spun and woven into fabrics, such as handkerchiefs, which were regarded chiefly as curiosities, and perhaps its most romantic use on record is the possession by the Emperor Charlemagne of an asbestos tablecloth which, when soiled, was cleansed by being thrown into the fire. The Eskimos of Labrador have used this versatile mineral as a lamp wick, a use to which it was also put in some of the sacred lamps of antiquity.

As to its modern application, one could make a long list of its increasing uses in the industrial arts. It is made into yarn, felt, cardboard, stage curtains and fireproof clothing for firemen; it is used in machinery as packing, and as jackets for boilers and steam pipes, as a filtering medium for corrosive liquids and as an electric insulator.

The most used variety is the serpentine-asbestos called chrysotile. It occurs in narrow veins, the fibers, only a few inches in length, being usually of a delicate, silky luster, very flexible, elastic and of great tensile strength.

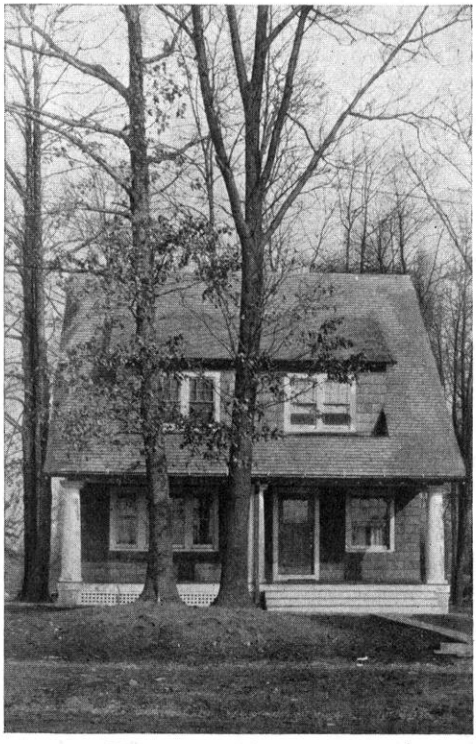
THE HOME OF MR. W. M. COLLINS, BAYSIDE, L. I.

A HOME THAT WAS BUILT AND FURNISHED BY THE OWNER FROM CRAFTSMAN INSPIRATION AND DESIGNS

EACH day in our heavy mail we receive from subscribers and friends fresh proof of their interest and appreciation of some particular phase of our activities. But there are few things which give us more genuine encouragement and pride than to find that the principles of architecture and furnishing which we advocate and the plans of houses which we publish in THE CRAFTSMAN have been not only a source of inspiration but an actual and practical help to someone who is building a home. Already we have presented to our readers a number of houses built after Craftsman designs, and these have occasioned so much interest that we feel sure there will be a ready welcome accorded to the one illustrated here.

This house is located in Bayside, Long Island, and was planned and built by the owner, Mr. Walter M. Collins. Mrs. Collins writes us: "We first purchased your book of 'Craftsman Homes,' and altered one of the small plans to suit our needs." The three views of the exterior as well as the floor plans show how carefully and practically the whole was worked out. So well proportioned is the building, so satisfying are the angles of the long roof lines, the placing of the dormers and the grouping of the many windows that from whatever point one views it, the house seems equally pleasing in appearance. In fact, if it were not for the wide entrance porch it would be difficult to say which was the more attractive—front or back.

The outside of the house is covered with twenty-four-inch cedar shingles, stained gray, and the trim is white. Inside the walls are all of rough gray plaster, except in the kitchen. The trim in living room and dining room is chestnut, stained to an-



FRONT VIEW OF MR. COLLINS' HOUSE

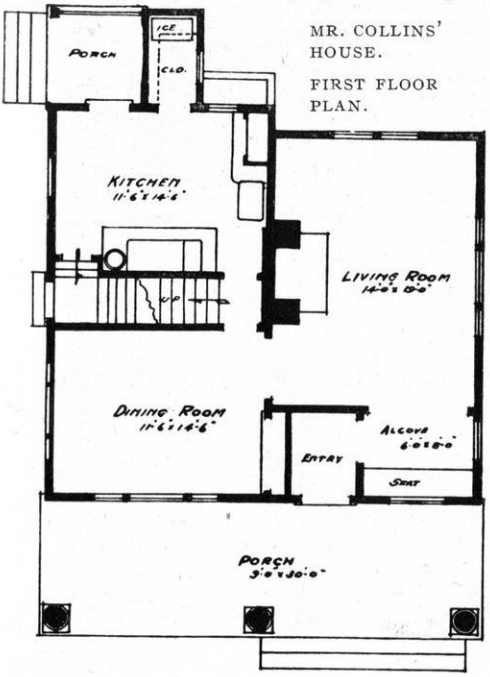
tique oak, with oak floors, the kitchen floor being maple. The metal work is copper. Upstairs the trim is all of whitewood, painted white, with mahogany-stained doors and floors of North Carolina pine, scraped and filled. The hardware is of old brass finish with glass knobs, and cost about $75.00. Grueby tiles of mottled yellow-green are used in the fireplace.

The floor plans are both compact and convenient. The living room is protected from front-door draughts by the arrangement of the entry which opens into an alcove with a long, inviting window seat in front. The living room itself is deep and spacious, lighted by cheerful groups of windows with single large panes in the lower part and smaller panes above. A wide opening leads into the dining room on the left, and beyond the stairs is the large kitchen with its pantry and square sheltered porch. Upstairs are sewing room, bathroom and three good-sized bedrooms, each with a square corner closet.

A feature of this homelike dwelling of especial interest is the simple and charming way in which it has been furnished. About ten years ago Mr. Collins began making the furniture of quartered oak in very plain straight lines, and judging from the photographs he seems to have succeeded in evolving not only very serviceable but also very attractive things. After looking at the views of the interior and noting the unpretentious and substantial manner in which the different pieces were built, we were pleased but not surprised to learn that they were made and selected under the inspiration of Craftsman designs. Most of the furniture, the electric and oil lamps, fern dish and trays, drawer pulls on the sewing table, etc., were made by the owner.

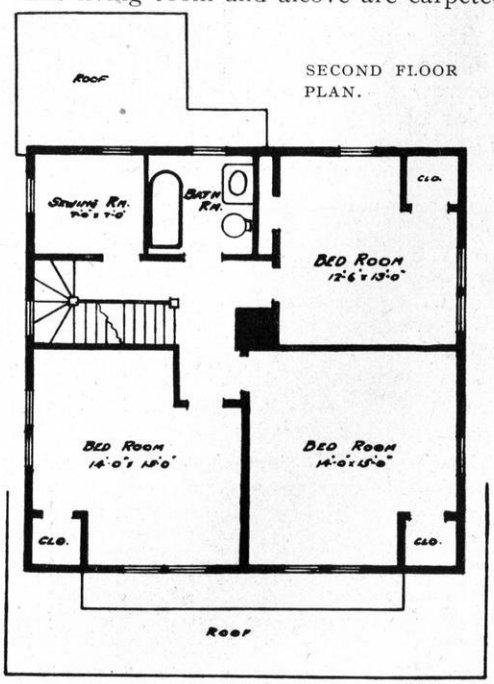
The living room and alcove are carpeted

BACK VIEW OF MR. COLLINS' HOUSE, SHOWING INTERESTING ROOF LINES.

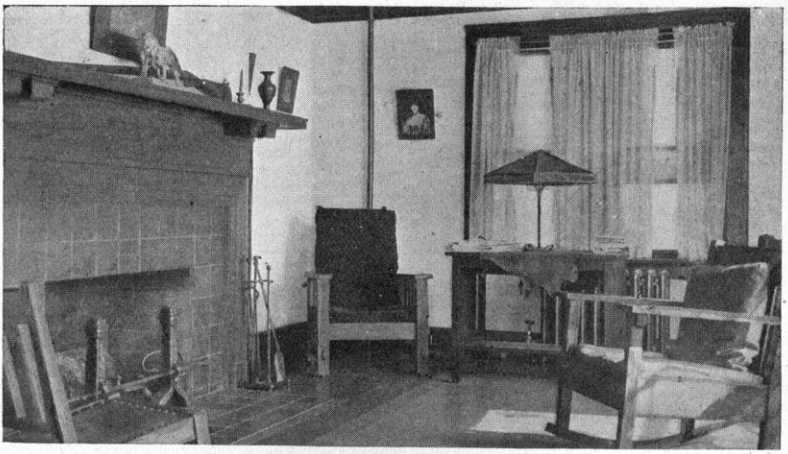


MR. COLLINS' HOUSE.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

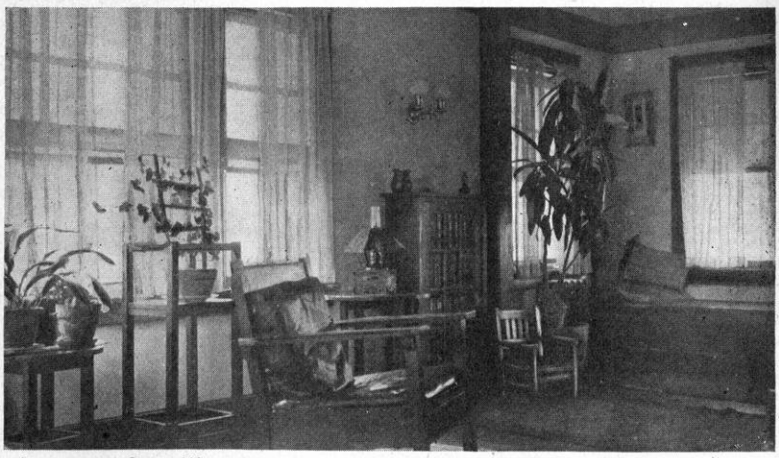


VIEW OF FIREPLACE IN LIVING ROOM.

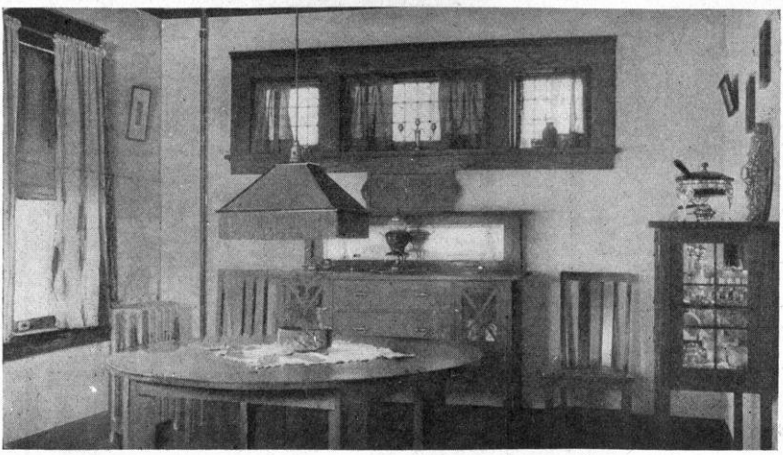
with three rugs of the same green shade, curtains of écru scrim are used at the windows, and these with the varying brown shades of the furniture blend into a most harmonious color scheme, and, as Mrs. Collins puts it, give a "true living-room feeling." The fireplace with its blazing log on a chilly day brings still greater cheer to the hospitable room.

The dining room is similar to the living room in the style and color of its furnishings, but here the rug is brown. One illustration shows the practical arrangement of the built-in china closet above the little serving-table, the small leaded panes giving quite a decorative effect. The row of windows in the wall above the sideboard also have small leaded panes and add much to the structural interest of the room.

The total cost of this house was $5,000. The plumbing, steam heating and metal work made up about $800 of this sum. The best quality of material and workmanship was put into the building, including double floors, sheathing quilt, and asbestos packing over the porch. All interior trim was put together at the mill.

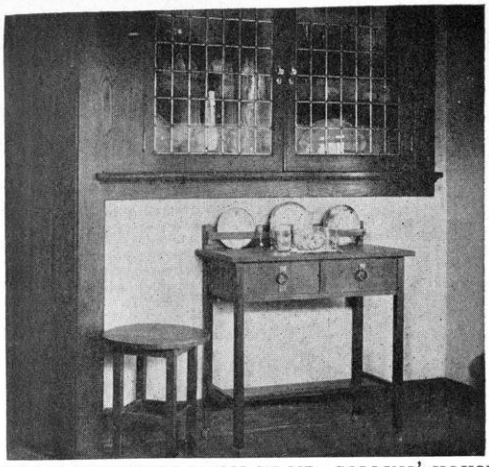


A CHARMING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS.



A CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM IN THE COLLINS HOUSE AT BAYSIDE.

Although from the photographs the rooms seem to be fitted up already in a most comfortable and satisfying way, Mrs. Collins tells us that there are still many things to be made to complete the furnishing of the interior, and the grounds have yet to



DETAIL OF DINING ROOM IN MR. COLLINS' HOUSE.

be laid out. "This," she adds, "means many an overhauling of the old CRAFTSMAN files in search of ideas necessary to start the spark of inspiration."

We believe that a search through the back numbers of the magazine as well as the coming issues, will reveal many helpful suggestions and plans both for the details of the interior and for the arrangement and planting of the garden. And this, by the way, is a useful thing to keep in mind for all those who are in want of that spur of enthusiasm and practical aid which one needs in reorganizing old surroundings and arranging new ones; for the principles and designs for architectural and garden schemes and interior furnishings which THE CRAFTSMAN publishes, are the kind that never go out of style, simply because they are based on principles of common sense and permanent beauty. The suggestions of last year or several years ago will be found just as applicable today as when they were first published, and will be even more popular, in many cases, for people are favoring more and more the simpler methods of home-building and home decoration.

Certainly, these views of the Collins residence, with their delightful homey air and their freedom from all discordant notes, both in architecture and in furnishing, should prove both an incentive and a practical help to others who long for just such simplicity and friendliness of environment. The things which these enterprising people have accomplished, aside from the personal enjoyment and satisfaction which they must have got out of the work, have resulted in the creation of the sort of domestic atmosphere which must make every evening's home-coming a thing for warm anticipation; for such a dwelling is a very haven of restfulness after a tiring day. And as for its influence upon the children, one can only wish that more homes were as wholesomely and cheerily fitted for the molding of little lives.

GARDENS ON IDLE CITY LAND

THE Philadelphia Vacant Lots Cultivation Association has published its fifteenth annual report for the season of 1911, and the contents of this little pamphlet are so encouraging that we are glad to quote from them here. The association received more applications for land than it was able to fill, a fact which, although it indicates an unfortunate need of employment among the poor, shows at the same time the genuine interest which is being taken in this useful and healthy form of labor. As it was, 338 families, comprising eleven different nationalities, were assigned gardens during the season, on 72 acres of land. Of these, 186 families had been assigned gardens one or more previous seasons, while 152 cultivated them for the first time.

The benefits resulting from this work are many-sided. Not only does it materially help to raise the standard of the individuals themselves by giving to many poor families the opportunity to grow wholesome food and earn their own living under healthful conditions, but in transforming vacant and often ugly city lots and idle tracts of land into beautiful and productive areas it benefits the whole community.

Then there is the inestimable value of the garden lots to the children. "Every year," says Mr. James H. Dix, the superintendent of the association, "our gardens act as a summer's outing to hundreds of little folks who do not get other outings. They are lured from the dirty streets, alleys and gutters, where they have been accustomed to playing during the hot summer days. We have no way to estimate accurately the full value to various sections of the city, of the improved health thus gained by these children. . . . Each healthy child with rich, red blood and strong lungs is like a little stone wall blocking the way of disease in times of contagion.

"Not only have the children been improved in health, but the men and women are likewise benefited. In addition to the

valuable training and development received by those who cultivate the gardens, we continue to have many evidences of this training being put to practical account on a larger scale than on the gardens themselves. For example, during the past season one gardener has secured a position with the State Forestry Department, another has started farming for himself, and others have proved themselves capable of filling various gardening positions when the opportunity offered.

"One of the many features that our work has demonstrated is that by our method of increasing the opportunity for the families to help themselves, we make it possible for them to maintain their self-respect and confidence by holding their own or improving their conditions before they have lost their foothold in the degradation of poverty and become pauperized by having to ask and receive aid from others."

Mr. Dix says further: "During 1911, an especially strong influence was noticed along the line of bringing about the use of many other tracts of idle land over which we had no direct control. These tracts were worked by families in the neighborhood who, being inspired by what they saw in our work, secured the use of nearby land, and started little patches of their own. In one section, particularly, a most excellent lot of gardens was started on various tracts of land lying around one of our garden farms, which had attracted a great deal of attention.

"Our work continues to be copied in other cities. Among recent reports received, one from the London Vacant Lots' Cultivation Society which started the work in London several years ago, shows exceptional progress there. One of the latest cities to start vacant lot cultivation is Minneapolis, where during the past season over three hundred families cultivated gardens.

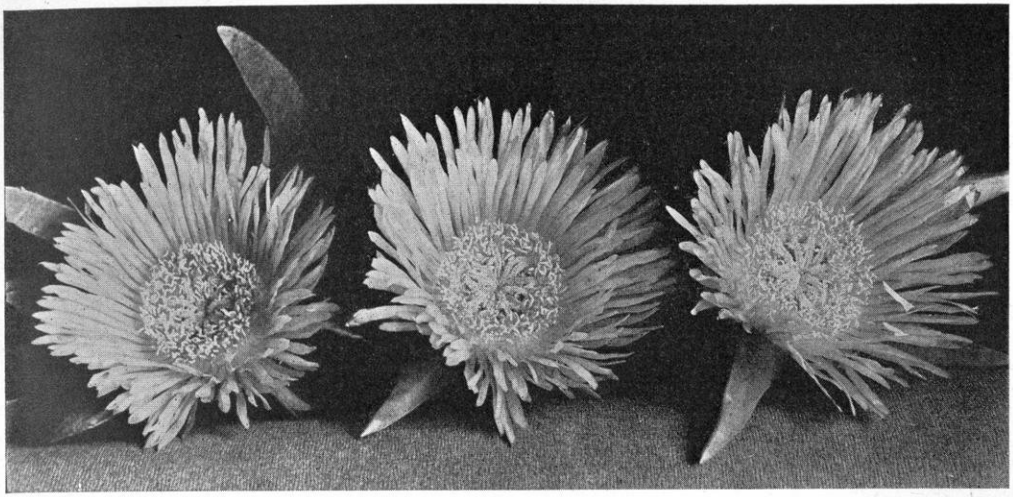
"The manner in which our work prevents idle tracts of land from becoming dump heaps, unsightly and unhealthy, and transforms them into gardens, is one thing which attracts many of the communities where similar work has been started or is being considered. But while this is undoubtedly a valuable consideration in any community, and is being understood as such more and more as we come to realize the influence of environment upon the health as well as moral and industrial welfare of our people, it is not the main one.

"The effect upon the health of the men, women and children engaged in the garden work where they get ideal exercise, as well as spend a very large percentage of their time in the open air, does not only affect the families directly connected with the gardens, but has a continual influence through their changed habits upon their neighbors.

"In these days when the importance of manual training is being forced to the front more than ever before, there has been found no method with greater educational powers than gardening. In addition to training the eye, the mind and the hand together in proper relation, gardening trains the worker to use great foresight, to be prepared for emergencies. To be successful in gardening, one must be prepared to do things at the proper moment. Seasons and weather conditions will not wait. Attention must be given to crops at the proper time or the detrimental effect cannot be avoided. This is undoubtedly one of the most necessary lines of training in preparing children to be successful in their industrial life.

"The very effective material relief furnished by our work at so small a cost, and the fact that we keep our beneficiaries up or raise them in self-respect and confidence instead of simply ministering to their physical wants after they have gone down in degradation, has undoubtedly been one of the many factors in spreading the influence of our work in other localities."

Mr. Dix makes one remark which suggests the urgent need of applying this work of idle land cultivation on a much broader scale. "It is unfortunate, indeed," he says, "that some arrangement cannot be made whereby families who are anxious and capable of leaving the crowded industries of the city and entering gardening work can secure idle suburban land at reasonable expense and upon terms of occupancy of sufficient length and definiteness to insure a practical and profitable development of their work." If such an arrangement could be made for utilizing the idle land about our cities it might go a long way toward solving problems of unemployment and congested population. Is not such a plan as this worth serious consideration by all who are interested in the solution of labor and social difficulties and the helping of the mass of people to healthful and happy conditions of living? The movement has certainly proved a practical one thus far.



THE FIG MARIGOLD THAT GROWS IN PROFUSION ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE WILD SEASHORE GARDENS OF THE PACIFIC: BY MRS. A. S. HARDY

CALIFORNIA'S ocean beaches are either rocky buttresses or shifting sand dunes or stretches of sand beaten by the waves to hard and glittering floors. And these have their gardens, wide, abundant and brilliant; some of them fringing, others strewing the sandy floors or catching and binding down the sand dunes, or trailing over the rocks to the edge of the sea. The more we study the sea-beach gardens, the more our wonder grows, and our admiration for the plants which cling and beautify the wave-swept, wind-swept sandy reaches where to mortal eyes only discouragement and death await any attempts at gardens.

Incessantly, and from out beyond our vision, roll in the heavy surges that seem most like racing steeds white with foam of angry haste; leaping upon the beaches, stamping, pounding and pawing with silver hoofs. Then comes the tides creeping slowly but surely, reaching out their shining fingers for whatever spoils they may gather from the land.

And if this were not enough to discourage the most optimistic of plants, the sea water is salt,—and too much salt, we know, is fatal to plant life in general.

These sea-beach gardens only widen and brighten with the years, and are covered with blossoms whose petals are as silken and stamens as fine and flossy as if they grew where no troubles ever come, and no tragedies threaten.

From above dear old Monterey and running down beyond the boundary line into Lower California grow great garden beds of beach primrose (ænothera cheiranthifolia) lifting cups so golden as to tempt one to the fancy that like the clay which once holding a rose forever kept its fragrance, so these uplifted cups have held the sunshine until their chalices are golden. The flowers are thick-set among stemless leaves silvered like the sea they love.

Old primrose myths come to us of the German "Key Flower," a name applied in Germany and England alike, to the yellow primrose and its fair cowslip cousin. The German myth tells us how a fairy maiden enticed through a lane of primroses to an enchanted castle, a "Key Flower" in the hand touches the castle door and it swings open on golden hinges. The favored mortal passes into a mystical room where tall as primrose stalks stand urn and cup and amphora, carved with primrose patterns, and filled with jewels and gold. The favored mortal who holds the Primrose Key and enters the charmed portal may have the jewels and gold, but he must leave, forsooth, the more precious Primrose Key, or henceforth he will be followed by a shadow,—a black dog old and ugly, the legend calls the shadow.

This beach primrose is my "Key Flower." It opens to me charmed doors into enchanted moods, and palace thoughts, and jeweled memories.

My yellow primrose suggests Leigh

A STRETCH OF BEACH COVERED WITH FIG MARIGOLD.

Hunt, of whom it has been said by one who knew him,—"He is the only person, I believe, who if he saw something yellow in the distance and was told it was a flower, would be disappointed if he found it to be only a guinea."

Often a yellow butterfly—symbol of a soul—floats over my sea-beach garden, resting here and there in a primrose heart.

From far northern coasts down to the low warm lands of the southern peninsula, wherever the sea roars and gives its salt spray to the air, there we find and love the seaside daisy with purple rays and yellow disc. Science has named this dweller on surf-tormented shores erigeron gloucus, but its lovers call it simply seaside daisy or beach aster, resembling as it does its cultivated cousin—the China aster, both of whom are charming little Compositæ.

Does the world stop to think how much it owes to the Compositæ family of plants? What lovers of gold they are, bunching it in shining discs large and small and scattering their little suns over the earth. They are a brave folk, too, making their settlement often on deserts and on sands and are as radiantly happy when beautifying waste places as when planted in kings'gardens.

Most conspicuous upon the beaches are the mesembryanthemums, growing in thick mats over the sand. Fig marigold is their common name. Very showy plants they are, covering large tracts of sand with their mats of green. Their long stems, heavy with succulent leaves and bright flowers, reach like long arms over the arid ground and trail down the façade of rocks as if longing for closer contact with the sea. The landscape owes much to these dwellers on the ocean beaches, and so wide and stalwart

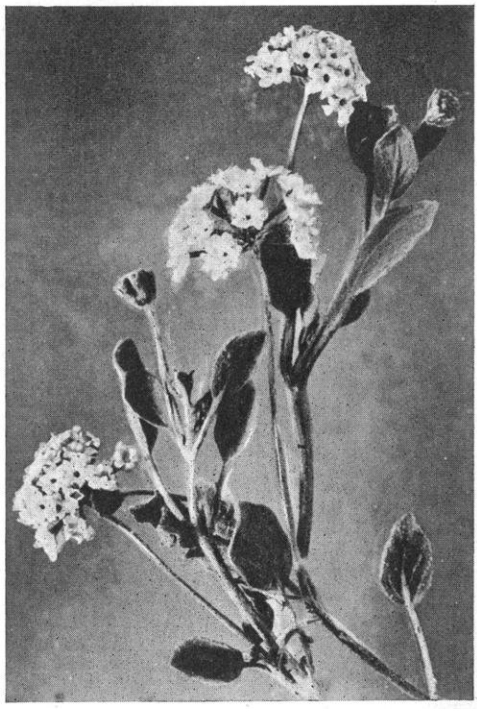
THE BEACH PRIMROSES MAKE BEDS OF FLAMING YELLOW ALONG THE SHORE.

are their colonies we would take them to be real aborigines—California-born; but the wise ones tell us that these plants with a long name are Africans who have made their way to this coast in remote ages, no one knows how. Their stems, thick and succulent, often take on a kind of fleshlike hue, and reaching out over desert wastes they shine in bronzy substance like a Cleopatra's arm banded with green and gold.

M. crystallinum decks herself with crystals of mimic ice and is familiarly known as ice plant. We wonder how this African with leaves like outspread palms and tufts of pink and white bloom came to be so diamond decked. Did some ancient ancestor round Cape Horn on an iceberg and in commemoration of the voyage leave to its descendants this dower of icy ornaments as a kind of family coat of arms?

A FEW STALKS OF BEACH PRIMROSES.

These plants have another habit which hints strangely of sea life; their blossoms are close imitations of sea-urchins, the rays of the flower mimicking the spines and tentacles of the fuzzy echinoidæ. Curious and interesting as is the M. crystallinum, it does not court human companionship. Too rudely touched its icy crystals break and discharge unpleasant alkaline juices. Plainly they were not made to be walked among.



THE SAND VERBENA WHICH GROWS A LITTLE BACK FROM THE SEA, OVER DUNES AND BEACH MEADOWS.

They were made to beautify stretches of desolation; to sit down in dry sands and work the miracle of drinking where no water is, and there to fill their cells and fruits with juices, to lean over the rocks for the chrism of ocean spray, and to dream sea dreams.

Not quite so close to the thundering waves, but creeping out to sandy dunes and to white stretches of sea sand, we find and love the pretty abronia or sand verbena. They are of prostrate, creeping habit, bearing delicate, fragrant flowers of lavender or pink. They belong to the four o'clock family, but long ago abandoned their ancestral habit of not opening their dainty trumpets until four o'clock. Instead, they carry armfuls of verdure and bloom out over the dreary sands and all day keep their trumpets open to the tuneful winds.

A Seashore Parable.

"Pity for the bare sea sands so fills my heart that half my blossoms blight," said one Primrose to another as they stood among the lilies under the pines. "When the sea grows restless and his heart is stormy with anger, how he beats the little sea sands, and run as they will, they have not so much as a leaf to hide under."

"I have seen it myself," answered the

other Primrose, "and I am glad that we can go to the very border of the sandy beaches and show them what beauty is."

"But I have been thinking that it may be possible to do more than that," said the first yellow blossom, "and I am resolved to try. I hear the raging of the sea all day, and even at night when my blossoms close for sleep. I can bear it no longer. I am going out myself to live in the sands by the sea. I will give them all the grace and the help that I can."

"Dear little sister Primrose, you shall not go alone. I will go with you," said the other.

So the two brave little pioneers sent out their roots further and further through the sea sand, and as they stepped on and on, at every place they rested they left a colony. So enriched were they in giving themselves, and so glad grew their hearts, that blossoms unfolded on their stems as no primrose blossoms had ever done before.

But that was not all.

When they were fairly out upon the sandy stretches and could see far up and down the coast, the bare beach was so wide and so long that even hearts as brave as theirs were affrighted. "Alas!" they cried. "The task is greater than we knew. We can never clothe all these sands with beauty, though we work a thousand years. Our hearts fail us. But we must still toil on. We will do the best we can."

Then it was that stormy winds raced over the ocean and billows mountain high came rolling in from afar; and in riding upon the crest of one, a strange plant leaped upon the sand close to the little primrose town. "Oh!" exclaimed the voyager, "most glad am I to touch land once more. For æons, it seems, I have been sailing stormy seas, tossed and shipwrecked, bewildered and bruised; but never lost out of my heart the voice that thrilled me to leaving my native shore. Something told me, speaking clear and plain, that other sands were needing me somewhere, that I must go and clothe them with my beauty. Long and hard has been the voyage, but something told me in my heart that one my pilot was who would bring me into harbor just when and where I was needed most."

So came the mesembryanthemum to the California ocean beaches.

How joy blooms leaped along the silvery primrose stems! Faster now the blessed work went on.

The winds that blew over the ocean played their sea songs on reeds that grew just beyond the sand dunes. Blue asters heard afar the syrinx-blown story of brave deeds, and started southward to join the hero band who were giving gardens to the ocean beaches.

One day a trailing Verbena, who lay with her ear close to the reed stems, heard the wind-played hero song. Nothing so thrills as love and the hero-spirit, and as soon as the Verbena heard, she blew clarions on her tiny horns till all her clans listened, then she sang over to them the hero songs she had heard about plants that were toiling and stretching to clothe the barren sea sands with their beauty. Then all her clans, wearing their white and their purple and pink, started toward the ocean. "We will go, too! We will carry our grace to the barren sands!" they said. Then the winds added another stave to the hero song they played upon the reeds.

So it came to pass that the sea beach has its gardens; and where once stretched but wastes of storm-beaten sands, trailing plants weave now their borders and mats of green and gold and rose! and when the sea rages in wild unrest, the little sands run up under the spreading leaves and hide until the tempest is over.

Never had blossomed before primrose and mesembryanthemum and aster and verbena so gloriously as those that for love and pity went out to live on the barren sea sand.

THE WHITE PINE TREE

THE designation "white pine" is applied to any one of several species of Pinus, having a white or whitish wood and leaves in clusters of five. There are three chief varieties in this country: first, the common white pine (Pinus strobus) of the northern United States and Canada, which has been perhaps the most valuable lumber-tree in the United States. Being light, soft, straight-grained and easily worked, it is adapted and used for all kinds of carpentry and construction. Then there is the mountain pine (P. monticola) of the western United States, and the Western white pine (P. flexilis) of the mountain ranges from Montana to Arizona at high elevations. (In Oregon the white pine grows at an altitude of 4,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level.) There is also a species of white pine found in Australia and New Zealand, —a large tree (Podocarpus dacrydiciodes).

AN AMERICAN BUILDING SUITED TO MODERN BUSINESS CONDITIONS

BUSINESS conditions in modern cities often make serious demands upon architects' skill and ingenuity. In congested districts houses must necessarily shoulder each other, and yet light and air must be secured for the dwellers or workers within their walls. An interesting expression of American architecture has come to our notice in the form of a building recently erected in New York. In this instance the architect's problem was to construct a building to be used as a show place and selling place for rugs and carpets, a class of wares that demands large spaces and plenty of light. So close has the architect hewn to the line that the result is inevitably simple, practical, logical and beautiful. So admirably have the demands of the city in which the building is placed and the requirements of the wares been taken into consideration that the structure is typical of our civilization.

This extremely practical and interesting building is eight stories high, with basement, and is faced with Indiana limestone. It is solid and substantial in construction, simple and dignified in design and yet not in the least severe or forbidding. The many large windows solve the lighting question and make the sturdy structure seem but a frame to hold them.

The interior arrangements have been well thought out, and the spaces intended for the various departments of a modern business firm are not only ample for their purpose, but most conveniently located. There is only one row of supporting columns on each floor of the building; this allows the greatest amount of clear floor space. The first floor is very lofty and occupies nearly all the ground space of the building. On the right are two electric passenger elevators of unusually large capacity. On each side of the elevator is a white marble staircase leading to the second floor. The elevator well is completely enclosed through all the floors of the building by wire glass panels covered with metal grill work. The main staircases communicating with the upper floors are of white marble, like that between the first and second floors, and they are also located next to the elevator well.

THE IDEAL BUSINESS BUILDING BECAUSE ABSOLUTELY SUITED TO ITS PURPOSE.

The show windows are very wide and high, and have side and rear walls of dark oak paneling. These windows, in their dimensions, and more particularly as their finely polished hardwood floors are but slightly elevated above the level of the outside pavements, are intended closely to simulate the appearance of real apartments. In the extreme rear of the ground floor and upon a mezzanine floor above are located the administrative, clerical and accounting offices of the retail departments.

There are many more rooms upon the second and third floors, the walls of which are all plainly and simply paneled, but which differ somewhat in their tinting. All through the building the coloring and decorations are in neutral and subdued tones.

Many other features of this modern building are noteworthy. A complete vacuum cleaner plant is included in the mechanical equipment. Filters of large capacity purify the water used for drinking purposes, and this is piped to all floors into white enameled coolers. Each cooler is equipped with sanitary individual paper drinking cups. The electric lighting throughout is admirable for business purposes. Tungsten lamps of high candle power are set in glass reflectors in the ceilings.

Two combination passenger and freight elevators of very large size are at the extreme rear of the building, connecting with every floor and the basement. Directly back of the main stairway is a second enclosed stairway, with iron flights and cement landings, communicating with each floor by means of fireproof doors. There is another iron stairway adjoining the elevators at the rear of the building.

THE NEW GAME FARM IN MASSACHUSETTS

SPORTSMEN and all who are interested in the protection of game birds in this country will be glad to hear that the American Game Protective and Propagation Association announced in its March bulletin that it is founding a large game farm for the breeding of wild duck, quail, ruffed grouse, pheasants and other birds. The land acquired for this purpose comprises between 5,000 and 6,000 acres, and lies in Carver and Plymouth Townships, Massachusetts, about forty miles from Boston, near the town of Tremont on Cape Cod. This area is especially desirable, as it has been used as a game preserve for three or four years, and there are many quail and ruffed grouse in the covers. The winters there are never severe enough to kill such hardy birds.

"At one time," the bulletin says, "the ponds afforded some of the best duck and grouse shooting in New England. They lie directly in the line of flight of these migrants, which, since restrictions have been placed on shooting them, have been alighting there in increasing numbers on their northward and southward journeys. Many wild fowl breed there, and the association plans to increase the number by affording them unusual advantages in the way of food.

"The breeding of wild ducks will be the initial work in propagation. A supply of black, mallard and wood ducks will be purchased immediately. Corn will be distributed in the shallow water around the edges of the ponds, so that the flocks brought down by the propagated ducks will be encouraged to nest there. The eggs laid by the tame flock will be hatched under hens. This method of propagation has been successfully carried on many times, and as black ducks and mallards are great layers, it is estimated that thousands can be raised this year."

The wood duck, which was formerly so plentiful throughout the country, and is now almost extinct, is to have especial attention, its present scarcity being due simply to American thoughtlessness.

"The reasons," continues the bulletin, "for so many failures in attempting to propagate our native birds have been various, but it is not at all strange that we should fail in this country at the beginning. People point to the fact that in England, Scotland and on the Continent thousands of native birds are raised annually, but they do not stop to consider that they are raised by gamekeepers, father and son having been engaged in this occupation for generations. They have learned the secrets of the trade, while in this country we have given little thought to the matter.

"It is quite likely that the association will procure an expert gamekeeper from Scotland to take charge of rearing upland birds. The foreign gamekeepers in this country have been very generally successful. Undoubtedly they will teach their profession to Americans, and will thus start a line of gamekeepers in this country."

The bulletin announces that birds will be distributed for stocking purposes, wild duck, quail, ruffed grouse and pheasants being raised for free distribution among members. The association urges the establishment of game refuges all over the country, and predicts that these will improve the shooting in the vicinity.

"If the birds have a place where they can raise their young in security and where the coveys will not be reduced to one or two each fall, they will increase so rapidly that they are bound to overflow into the surrounding territory.

"The Massachusetts farm has been taken on a ten years' lease, with an option to buy for the original price of $13,000 any time during that period. The land, which is worth many times this amount, was purchased by disinterested sportsmen, each putting in about $1,000 on condition that no shooting be allowed upon it. These men have very kindly turned it over to the National Association.

"The only restrictions attached are that it shall continue to be a sanctuary for twenty years after the date of the lease, whether or not it is purchased. It is also stipulated that at least $500 a year must be spent in reforestation."

INDUSTRIAL ART IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

THE School Art League of New York is not more than a year old. It is the vigorous little child of the Public Education Society, and its first public picture appearance was at the American Fine Arts Building in May, 1911.

"The purpose of the School Art League," according to its circular, "is to foster the interests of art education in the public schools of the City of New York, and to secure to this end the coöperation of other societies. The League is designed as an organization for all interested in the creation of beautiful school surroundings, in the training of the young to the appreciation of fine and applied art, and in the preservation and development of talent in gifted pupils.

"The Art League now has in its possession a number of excellent casts and pictures which have been donated for use as prizes, and will be awarded for drawing competitions during the present year. Nearly four hundred fine craftsmanship medals will be awarded each year.

"A series of illustrated lectures is carried on in the winter for the members at the Metropolitan Museum. Various speakers have been engaged as specialists to explain the Loan Collection of Rugs, the Winslow Homer Exhibition, the Armor Exhibition, the Principles of Design, etc.

"A series of visits to art galleries is conducted for high-school pupils, each of the important current exhibitions being visited in turn. At each, the pupils are met, the exhibit is explained, and the students conducted by the speaker through the galleries. Free admission has thus been secured by the League for pupils attending the Architectural League, Academy of Design and Special Metropolitan Museum Exhibitions.

"A Committee on Schoolroom Decoration has placed casts and pictures in the schools as these are secured by special contributions.

"The Art League will, as soon as possible, offer through competitive examination a number of Industrial Art Scholarships for talented pupils who graduate from the art classes of the high schools and desire to continue the study of design in professional schools for the education of workers in the industrial arts. Other cities offer many of these scholarships, but there is at present not one open to the graduates of the New York City public schools. The need for these scholarships is urgent.

"The several school activities of the Art League may be classed as Teaching, School-Museum Coöperation, Schoolroom Decoration, Prizes and Awards and Scholarships."

There is no branch of the League's activities that does not touch one's appreciation and approbation. The work exhibited at the first of the exhibitions showed a very real and pleasing development of art understanding among school children. The colors were harmonious. The designs were mainly well drawn and neatly executed. Practically all the work had been done with seriousness, and some interest. The work as a whole was very flattering to the teachers in charge and to the inaugurators of the movement.

There seemed but one drawback. You could not feel that the child somehow had any very consciously close relationship to the work. There was practically no variation in the designs or in the sense of color or in the ideal. I recall but one sketch really having creative feeling, and that was done by an Italian schoolboy, I think. It was a decoration for a book, and there was a procession of tigers, as I remember, around the subject. It was very conventional and delightfully humorous, as only a boy would be humorous. The tigers were fierce to such a degree as only a schoolboy who had imagined tigers and never had seen one could possibly execute. Each tiger possessed three bristling whiskers on each side of a man-eating jaw, and these three whiskers sticking out without a wavering line and adding to a general effect of naïve ferocity I have never seen equaled. You knew that the boy had only dreamed of such jungle beasts as this, that deep in his practical soul he knew that they could never be so fierce as he had drawn them, that he smiled a little at his capacity for outdoing Nature in her most dangerous moods.

Other than this rapacious study of tigers, practically all the work might have been done by one child or any one teacher. You felt the children's training, but not their interest. They had been well taught, but had not expressed any personal development through their work. It seemed amazing that out of the quantity of work there was not a greater sense of the children's

feeling about it or their attitude toward it. It led one to wonder if it is possible to awaken interest in children in their achievements without developing first in them some purpose about the work. I mean a practical, not a theoretical, purpose. Will any normal child take much interest in doing anything to increase his mental or normal or æsthetic development merely? And can a child really grow without a vital personal interest in his daily occupation? Must not every child have some practical application of his work to secure through it the full value? Can we ever hope that any child will put heart, soul, mind, body into a drawing that does not mean something beyond technical skill? And can any child learn to think unless there is something real about the work he is doing—unless he knows why he works and has a sense of pride in the result of his effort?

If, for instance, a child had always to bind his own schoolbooks, and his sister had to make the curtains for the teacher's window, or both were making a doll for the baby at home, or a playhouse for the sick child in the neighbor's family, would not there develop a certain practical interest and purpose in the work? Would not the child almost inevitably show personal taste and desire to have the thing he was creating done in his own way? Or, if an older girl should make a fashion design for her own dress and then evolve a pattern for the design and then make the dress, it seems to me that all along the line she would study sartorial economy, she would grow herself in the making of these three things, and the pattern would be very vital to her comfort and happiness.

When a boy faces problems which he must overcome, he has *got to learn to think.* And as he is *thinking* his way through these problems he comes up against the need of information on certain subjects and of his own accord he seeks knowledge to help his thinking brain. He learns eventually to value books, not as something to study or as a means of culture, but because they help him work. They make success in what he wants to do easier. He learns to respect the writers of books, some of them at least, because they have solved problems that have perplexed him. He turns to a bookshelf, instead of shying away from it, because he knows that back within those tiresome-looking covers are facts which he has got to get hold of. He cannot work *well* without them. Mathematics help him to work miracles. And science he finds after all just the commonest thing in the world; it is only a guide-post to make clear the details of his work which were a little perplexing. And by and by, through this need of knowledge, he establishes a wider interest in the merely cultural education.

An important point to make right here is that a lot of boys or girls turned loose in a carpentry shop, where they were allowed to make rather poor furniture, allowed to do anything without understanding the need of perfection in it, would not be much better off than children who are just making sketches for exhibition purposes. It is the philosophy under the making of all things that stirs a child's mind. It is understanding that beauty is buried deep in doing perfectly the usual simple things which establishes a child on an imperishable foundation of truth that will last through youth and strengthen old age. The child's vitality, enthusiasm, sense of relation to the whole structure of the world must be stirred, stimulated and encouraged, and this can only be done by bringing him personally in contact with the creative universe through useful labor.

The need after all of teaching children to understand and to value work by releasing their imagination toward it does not decrease the value of lessons in drawing and knowledge of color harmony and appreciation of the beauty that other people and nations have accomplished. In fact, it may be that we must go slowly in the final training of children toward what seems to us the only real education—the understanding of work. And certainly every step that makes a child interested in what is beautiful today and has been beautiful in the past, is a step in the right direction. And whatever children do well with their hands must help them finally to understand more fully the dignity of manual labor.

WOMEN AS FARMERS

WOMAN is taking a more important place in the "back-to-the-farm" movement than is generally supposed. She has long been the unnoticed power behind the movement, urging and pleading for a more natural life and home and a better playground for her children than the vicious, unwholesome streets of a city. It is she who generally instigates the search for an abandoned farm that will

serve as a summer home, or leads in the hunt for the small spot in the mountains or near the sea where a tent could be pitched or a tiny cabin built as a summer's refuge.

Not only has she been instrumental in urging the more sane and simple life of the country, but has at times actually taken the reins of government in her own hands. Women are now personally managing thousands of prosperous farms in America, though the heavy work is done by men. It is, of course, no uncommon sight to see women at work in the fields throughout Europe, though it will doubtless ever be an unusual sight in this land. Yet we have heard of girls seeking employment on farms in the Northwest, who declare they prefer such outdoor labor to work in hotels or as general city servants. They like the fresh air and greater freedom, and take pride in the added health gained in such labor. In the West women often work in the hop fields and vineyards, for they enjoy sorting and packing the fruit and olives under the shade of trees, regarding it as infinitely better than confinement in some dingy, noisy city office.

When a woman is left to the management of a farm, or deliberately goes out in search of one (which is often the case), she brings to bear upon her work much native managerial skill. Not having the physical strength to do the heavy labor, she employs strategy, as it were. She studies the soil, interviews every farmer in the neighborhood, that she may profit by their experiences. She quickly sees the wisdom of spraying trees, fighting garden pests and of giving personal attention to the preparation of the soil before the seed is put in. She goes to infinite pains to procure the best of seeds, plans ahead for the haying, fruit picking, etc. Such work calls for the intelligence, vigilance and thrift that she has been accustomed to exercise in conducting all the innumerable detail work of her home.

Now that scientific knowledge about farming is more widely appreciated and the work of a farm not the crushing, cruel toil of former days, a new vista is opening for woman's work and happiness. How many New England farms have been kept going by the thrift and energy of the women who encourage and stimulate the men to try new methods! The farm women like to read the papers and magazines on scientific farming and are eager to follow the advice given in them.

Almost every paper or magazine that we pick up contains some account of a woman's success in conducting a farm. One Miss Frances Mitchel, in Boone Co., Mo., a college graduate, went back to the worn-out home farm of 320 acres and has made a model place of it. She rides over the farm, starts the men at planting and mending fences, keeps everything in perfect repair, buys all her seed, stock, farm tools and implements. She enjoys her work to the utmost, keeps up with the times and travels extensively during the winter. Another, a Vermont school teacher, was left in control of an apparently worthless farm in Florida. She decided to raise beans upon a small patch, and by much work and in spite of mistakes, raised a profitable crop. At the end of four years she is now cultivating six acres, entirely without assistance except in picking time, and in spite of mistakes and losses she nets about one hundred dollars a month.

There is a farm of four hundred acres near Boston owned and operated by Mrs. John Cummings, the business of which amounts to $40,000 or more a year. The work of financing so large a place (requiring no little ability) as well as the active direction of the thirty or forty men regularly employed is attended to entirely by Mrs. Cummings herself. The question of help, generally so serious a problem on large farms, receives her personal and sympathetic interest. The men and their families live in small houses on her land, so that they are contented rather than restless and regard her place as their home as well as business center.

Many girls have joined the corn clubs of the South and West, taking active part in the contests, sometimes carrying off the prizes, one girl, Miss Hannah Plowden, receiving the gift of a free scholarship for four years in Winthrop College, for her creditable efforts.

It is a significant fact that the very first call for a book at the opening of the magnificent new library in New York City was for a book on farming—and by a woman! And that the two first requests at the opening of the New York Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations (organized for enlarging the field of employment for educated women) were for women capable of managing small farms.

IMPROVING THE WOODLOT: EXTRACTS FROM ONE OF CORNELL'S HELPFUL PAMPHLETS ON FARM FORESTRY

FARMERS, foresters and agriculturists generally, who are not already aware of the fact, will be interested to know that the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., is publishing a series of extremely practical and helpful pamphlets dealing with various farming problems. L. H. Bailey is the Director, and Charles H. Tuck is the Supervisor of the "Course for the Farm."

Not only is the subject considered in detail with many instructions and suggestions which the farmer may profitably follow, and illustrated by a number of photographs which bring out graphically the points taken up, but there is also enclosed with each lesson a "discussion paper" containing questions on the more important topics. Readers, if they wish, may answer these questions either from the lesson or from practical experience, to help fix the information firmly in mind, returning the paper to the Supervisor. "Each discussion paper returned," the notice says, "will be read over carefully and will not be quoted. It will require letter postage, which is the only expense connected with the course. We regret that we cannot reply to every discussion paper personally, but we shall write to those who need definite information that we can supply." Readers may also indicate any new series of reading course lessons they wish to take up. When the lessons in any series have been studied, references for further study will be supplied on request.

Altogether, the idea of the course seems most wise and helpful, and no doubt will prove immensely valuable to many farmers who desire to put their work on a more efficient, economical and profitable basis, or to extend their knowledge along various agricultural lines.

The pamphlet before us is on "The Improvement of the Woodlot," by Walter Mulford, and contains so much useful information and so many interesting and practical suggestions in farm forestry that we cannot do better than quote some of it here.

"In order to get a crop of potatoes," says Mr. Mulford, "we plant and cultivate; if we want the best orchard, we spray and prune; but we let nature plant and care for the woodlot—and then we wonder why that woodlot does not pay!

"Look carefully at your woodland. Are all the trees of the kinds that you like best? Are there places where the trees are so crowded that none of them can grow well? Are there young trees growing so far from their neighbors that they will hold their branches most of the way to the ground, and so make knotty lumber? Are there open spaces with no trees at all? Are there decaying, crooked or forked trees, whose room could be more profitably occupied by better ones? Is there grass in the woodlot? If you care for the woodlot as a place to raise timber rather than to furnish pasture, a cover of grass instead of a leaf mulch is as bad a condition in the woodlot as is a tangle of worthless bushes in the orchard.

"It is sometimes said that the woodlot needs no care because timber will grow without help. So it will. And so will the natural meadow yield a crop, but if we want plenty of the best hay we do not trust entirely to the natural meadow. The woodlot will respond to care just as much as will the hayfield, both in the amount of product and in its quality.

"The most serious objection made to giving care to the woodlot is that it takes too long to raise the crop. It is true that many years are required to raise timber of considerable size. This is one of the reasons why the Government should practice forestry on a large scale. The national, State, county and city governments will probably raise most of our large-sized timber of the future. It does not take so long to raise small and medium-sized products, however, and there are several reasons why it is usually good business to raise them on the farm.

"A large amount of farm land is too poor to be used profitably for the regular farm crops. Instead of being cultivated at a loss, or lying idle, such land should be used to raise timber crops. If there is already some thrifty young timber on the land, it will not be many years before it is large enough to cut. By giving such timber a little care, it can be brought to merchantable size much sooner than if left to itself. Even if the woodlot must be started from seed and therefore a long time must pass before the harvest, its care is an easy and safe way in which to build up a bank account of several

thousand dollars for old age or for one's children. Moreover, the time is coming when first-class woodlots of thrifty young timber not yet large enough to cut will have a decided value. Such a woodlot will give a higher value to the farm as a whole.

"The worth of the woodlot should not be judged simply by the sale value of the product raised on it. If there is no woodlot on the farm it will be necessary to buy wood materials; and the buying price is decidedly greater than the price for which the farmer could sell the same products, entirely aside from the cost of haul. The convenience of having wood, posts and timbers of various sorts at hand when wanted is in itself no small matter. Further, many woodlots increase farm crops by shielding them from wind. Because of the protection it affords against disagreeable winds, and because of its beauty and the pleasure to be derived from it, the woodlot often makes the farm a still more pleasant place on which to live. For this reason alone the farm frequently commands a higher sale price.

"The expense needed in caring for the woodlot is much less than for other crops.

"One of the troubles with the farm-help problem is that many farms do not have enough winter work to hold the good help all through the year. The woodlot offers one means of providing winter work for men and teams at times when they might otherwise be idle.

HOW TO CARE FOR THE WOODLOT

"There are three chief aims to be kept in view in caring for the woodlot: (1) to keep the ground covered with as many trees as can grow to advantage; (2) to have only the best possible trees; (3) to make the trees grow rapidly.

DENSITY OF STAND

"Openings in the forest do several kinds of injury. An open space is idle ground. The trees around it will have many low branches unless their trunks are already cleaned of limbs to a good height, and each branch means a knot in the timber. Every opening tends to dry out the soil by letting in sun and wind, and means a poorer leaf mulch on the ground. Care should therefore be taken that all open spaces are covered with good trees as quickly as possible. This is done by protecting desirable young growth and by planting trees or seed when a good crop will not start of itself.

"Young trees need protection from grazing animals, fire and breakage due to carelessly felled timber. A little care in felling trees will often save many thrifty seedlings and saplings.

QUALITY OF TREES

"Poor kinds of trees should be discouraged and good kinds favored whenever timber is being cut or new trees started. Not only should the poor kinds be removed, but also poor specimens of good kinds, such as decaying or crooked trees. Whenever possible, such trees should be cut instead of the best ones.

RAPIDITY OF GROWTH

"The income from the woodlot depends largely on how fast the timber grows. Aside from climate, the rate of growth depends principally on three things: first, the species or kinds of trees that are being raised; second, the moistness and mellowness of the soil, and third, the amount of light that the tree receives.

SPECIES

"When choosing species to be favored or planted, their rate of growth should be considered. For example, among fence-post trees red cedar grows slowly, locust rapidly.

SOIL CONDITIONS

"Soil moisture and the mellowness of the soil strongly influence the rate of growth. The growth of timber depends more on these things than it does on the richness of the soil in plant food. A mellow, moist and well-drained soil is best for the forest.

"The best way to keep the soil moist and mellow is to keep a layer of leaf litter on the ground. The litter serves as a mulch in holding moisture; it keeps the soil mellow by supplying organic matter; and it acts at a fertilizer by returning large amounts of plant food to the soil. Every effort should be made to keep a leaf mulch on the ground, except when trying to get new trees started from seed scattered by neighboring timber.

"Fire, sun and wind are likely to destroy the leaf mulch. Slight surface fires do great harm by burning off the mulch, even if no trees are directly hurt; therefore care should be taken to keep fire out. If much sunlight reaches the ground it causes rapid decay of the litter; for this reason openings in the forest should be filled quickly, so that the ground is kept well shaded. Wind destroys the leaf mulch by blowing the leaves so that they gather in heaps in-

stead of covering the ground evenly; in order to keep out wind, all openings should be filled and the exposed edges of the woodlot kept as dense as possible, especially on the sides exposed to the most trying winds. This may require the leaving of otherwise worthless trees and underbrush, or the planting of more trees on the exposed edges. Norway spruce is a good tree to plant as a windbreak.

"Water is lost by allowing sunlight and wind to get to the ground, not only because of injuries to the mulch, but also because both wind and sun greatly increase the evaporation from the soil. By keeping the ground well shaded and providing windbreaks on the exposed sides, this loss of moisture may be decreased.

"Grass is very undesirable in the woodlot. It uses much water that should be used by the trees if the main object is to raise timber. Grass and a good leaf mulch cannot both exist. When grass comes into the woodlot, the chances are that the timber will grow much more slowly. Grass should be kept out by having the ground well shaded.

AMOUNT OF LIGHT

"The third important factor that determines how fast a tree will grow is the amount of light it receives. The food materials that are later used to make new wood must be worked over in the leaves and the leaves must have light in order to do this. The more leaves there are on a tree, and the more light they have, the better chance the tree has of making a large amount of new wood. If closely crowded by its neighbors, the tree will not have a well-developed top or set of branches (called the crown); therefore it will not have as many leaves and will not grow so fast as it might otherwise do. By removing a few trees from crowded clumps, relieving the best trees from too great competition, these trees can be made to grow much more rapidly."

We regret that there is not space here to quote Mr. Mulford's further remarks on the benefit to the woodlot by improvement cuttings, methods of starting new trees (to fill openings or replace timber to be harvested), by sprouts, by seed falling from neighboring trees, by sowing seed broadcast and by planting trees or seed. Those who are interested, however, can write direct to the college for a copy of the pamphlet itself.

ALS IK KAN

THE VALUE OF THE SMALL FARMER

IF we of the city intend to turn our footsteps to the country, to live and work there, surely this is the season. We are often warned by the over-prudent that the only time to look at country property or to go out on a farm, with a view of buying, is in the winter when it is bleak and desolate and when every disadvantage shows to its utmost. I feel quite differently about it. There are bad times for living in every climate and every season, and if we want to think of the country as a place of home making for ourselves, the time for us to go is when everything is as beautiful as possible, when welcoming hands are held out to us, when the sky is blue and the sod green, when the air is gentle and filled with sweetness and the birds tell their own story of peace and happiness.

Why should we not see at the very best the thing we have longed for as a background for our own lives and for our children? Surely we do not judge our friends when they are in tears, or when they are weak or failing. We hope to find them happy when we go to see them; we like to remember them as in the midst of joy. And so the wise person who has decided to make a homestead for the family should select the place where he will build his nest, or even the nest that he may buy that someone else has built, in the most perfect season of the year, when everything is clean and fresh and new and fragrant.

We do not need to tell the middle-aged or the aged that the country holds rainy autumn days and bleak wintry ones. We have all learned that there is a somber side to life in rural lanes as well as in metropolitan streets. But what we are seeking in the country is the side associated with happiness, the productive side that brings us in touch with the great creative forces of the world, and enables us to *do for ourselves* rather than to *buy from the world* what it has reluctantly done for us. Not only do we seek the country for healthier, saner living, for greater peace of mind and bodily health, but we expect to find there a higher and finer spirituality. We hope not only to grow good things in our gardens, but in our souls. We hope that our characters will develop because we know that country life rightly used furnishes an opportunity beyond all others for the com-

pletely rounded growth of man or woman. For if we are in debt to Nature for our comfort, for our joys, for the house that protects us, for the beauty we long for, we are more than likely to come to some real appreciation of her power and influence. Country life taken at its best and lived to its fullest not only brings about self-reliance and develops physical energy, but it creates in the young as well as the old a sense of justice and of fair play. Men in the country also get to understand the interdependence of human beings. The farmer regards the person who lives next door to him not as an unknown quantity recognized occasionally at the doorstep, but as his neighbor, his helper in the field, his friend in the hour of joy and trouble.

And in all thought of a return to rural life we must bear in mind this spirit of neighborliness,—the farmer needs it in his life. He cannot grow and be content without it. More neighbors is what every farm district in America requires, more people to talk to, more people to work with, more community spirit, more recreation, a greater consciousness of the joys of companionship.

It seems to me that the way to accomplish this is to get the manufacturing interests into the country. Get the factory near the farmer and the home of the factory-worker near the shops, so that a threefold interest is created. Bring action to the country. Let the farmer realize that the world is about him and needs him, and above all make an opportunity for the indoor worker to live in the country near his trade or profession.

When we stop and think how far the average man lives from his source of supplies and in many instances how far from the base of his daily activities, we realize how much time is wasted in merely connecting with life, how much strength is exhausted getting to and from work and how much valuable effort goes for naught in the course of a year. I know a man working in New Jersey who lives in Long Island. In order to reach his place of work he gets up at five in the morning, hurries (underground) to New York, from New York crosses a ferry out to New Jersey. With the return trip this means four hours of activity and productivity gone to naught, and a condition of mental and physical exhaustion induced which renders the work a hardship and life at home empty of real joy.

I feel more and more that not only could the high cost of living be in a measure reduced, but that the happiness and health of the great mass of working people could be vastly increased if the manufacturing interests which now fill so large an area of metropolitan life were forced out into the country districts. If the men and women who work in the factories and the shops lived in pleasant houses, with interesting surroundings, near their work, what an amazing difference in the joy and the satisfaction of living! Suppose that this workman whom I have in mind even continued to get up at five in the morning and put two hours daily in caring for his own garden and chickens and in milking the cow. At night, suppose only a half hour of the time were given to watering his garden and the other hour and a half spent resting on his porch or chatting with his neighbors or to attending some lecture or some concert, or riding or walking about through the country with his wife and family. There is really no argument that I can see to prove that this would not be better for the individual, for the race, for the civic life of the nation. For not only does this gardening add to the health and happiness of a family, every member of it, but it lessens the cost of living to an extent hard to understand until one has tested it.

We are all talking about and suffering from the present high cost of living, and we are blaming the trusts, the middlemen, transportation, the tariff and what not; but how many of us have tried to think the matter out, really to understand what seems to me the fundamental reason,—namely the loss in the United States of the *small farmer,* his growth into the business farmer with a new standard of weights and measures and a hard and fast system of bookkeeping. Agricultural colleges, systems of intensive farming, Government experiment stations, etc., have opened the farmer's eyes and taught him the advisability of considering farming and gardening as legitimate business enterprises. On one side of his books the business farmer estimates the money invested in his farm and fittings, the value of his time and that of his family, his taxes, and the wages paid; on the other side of the ledger stand the prices he receives for produce. In other words, the farmer has become his own business manager. He knows what it costs to raise a potato and the expense of bring-

ing up a cabbage. The big farm has got to pay, or the farmer sells it to a rich relative for a "homestead" and goes to town. This economic readjustment of the farmer naturally reacts on the cost of living, for the consumer has to pay for the farmer's good business methods. This is right when farming is regarded as a means of livelihood. There is but one way to meet the difficulty, and that is for the worker in trades or professions also to become the little farmer. With the manufacturing interests held in rural districts, clustered about with little villages, the worker regarding the factory or shop as the essential source of revenue, why should not every house have its own garden, large or small, where vegetables are raised, flowers cultivated, a cow kept, and always chickens?

Equally there is no reason why the man who continues to work in a city should not live thirty minutes, or an hour even, from town, in a house suited to his ideals of home, and work in his garden morning and evening, with his wife to help,—for gardening is better than gymnasium or dancing class for health and beauty. And if there are children a most significant part of their education will be gained in the plowing, the seedtime, the planting and the harvest joys.

Every man who has his little country or suburban place, where his occupation is in the immediate vicinity, or even in the busy metropolis, can become the producing center for his larder, monopolist of his garden produce. No one can raise the price of milk for him or make it impossible for him to have berries in the spring; no one can charge him extra because there is a great demand for new potatoes. He has the comforts and the pleasures of his life in his own hands to develop and make flourish as his capacity for production and his understanding of the value of it increases.

I remember when I was a boy in the West, when the season of work ran low in the factories and in building, there was no sense of panic among the workers, because practically every man had his own little house and garden and when the factory doors closed the garden gate opened, and the man with his family to help him cultivated the soil, fed the chickens, tended the cows and produced about enough from his own few acres to keep his family alive through any period of business inactivity,—not only alive, but flourishing, for the food from the garden was better than any that could be purchased and the health that was gained in producing the food prepared us again for the difficulties of indoor life when a period of commercial prosperity set in. It was wonderful, how much we enjoyed and appreciated these opportunities for gardening. My mother enjoyed and appreciated them as much as I did, and aided me in them. They probably had much to do with the health of our family in after life, when we left home and scattered about over the world to face its cares and difficulties.

Home life in the rural parts of France at the present time, I fancy, does not vary much from the life I led in the West as a boy. I am told that the one great industry in France today is the hen, for practically every French peasant or small business woman in country or town has her own little chicken yard which not only helps to supply the family table, but which sooner or later becomes the nest egg for the family fortune. As I have already indicated, the great reason for this immense wealth from the chicken raising of France is because it is done not as a big business enterprise, entailing vast cost, but as a side issue by the individual, so that there is no charge account in the family ledger against the keeping of the chickens. The production is practically without cost, and the gain is very near one hundred per cent. And it is far more valuable to the state that thousands of families should have small gardens and a few chickens, which means the capacity for production, than that a few men should have hundreds of acres with thousands of chickens, the outgrowth of a big business proposition, which must of necessity and legitimately greatly increase the cost of living.

I sometimes wonder if we realize how high a price we really pay for life in the city, not merely in the actual cost of house and food and clothes, but in the separation of family interests, in the lack of opportunity to live and work and play together. Possibly the greatest value that the little garden or that the little farm holds is the chance it furnishes for family life to cement its interests, for it is quite impossible that husband and wife and children should work intelligently together for their own mutual benefit without gaining in mutual understanding and happiness; when the father

is away at his daily labor the boy must help with the farm work and must develop through the helping, while in the morning and in the evening toiling side by side the father and the son get really to know each other. The wife gets a truer understanding of her husband's strength and patience and love of his family, and the man must surely gain a wider reach of sympathy and affection in the early hours out of doors working with those nearest and dearest.

It seems as though there were some intimate relation between the development of humanity and its *capacity to produce* the essentials of life. And once we have learned the value of producing the essentials, we will quickly grow to realize how necessary it is to create our pleasures and happinesses. For every complete life must have joy and recreation as well as its problems and difficulties. One of the saddest things we contemplate in modern American life is our tendency to buy everything,—our houses, our gardens, our food, our clothes and all our pleasures. Instead of planning and evolving our homes and home life, we pay men to plan our houses, men to build them, men and women to adorn them and men and women to amuse us in them. This certainly will lead to a very sterile condition, mentally and spiritually, if it is allowed to progress to its ultimate end. And a step away from it, a step surely in the right direction is toward the country in the springtime, when we see all the beauty that may be ours with a right understanding of life, with a willingness to face complications and difficulties.

In addition to reducing the cost of living and to acquiring a wider mutual understanding and sympathy in family life, we shall learn through our gardens one of the great lessons that Nature has to teach us. In other words, that we cannot have a complete enjoyment of existence and a real growth in it without directly *producing for ourselves rather than buying.* It is impossible in the world as it stands, always to be the recipient of necessities and pleasures and at the same time to attain our real development, mental and spiritual. Nature in her way is something of a tyrant, and she demands from us that we grow to understand her by working with her. Those of us who neglect to profit by the opportunities she gives us for laboring under her direction, will find in the long run that we have not received the fullest of her bounty. However negligent the human parent may be in insisting upon a mutual relation in life, the great parent and master of all, Nature, has no such sentimentality in the more subtle relation which she has established with her human children. If we release ourselves from any obligation to her, we will find sooner or later that the opportunites which she offered us are no longer open for our advancement and our happiness.

And it is in the springtime that Nature woos us most ardently and reveals to us most lavishly all that she has to give in return for our willingness to work in her garden. So do not let anyone deter you this spring from going to seek your own homestead, from planning your life far in the country or even at the edge of the city. Go on the brightest day to the sunshiniest spot; drink in all the beauty that the freshness of Nature can give you, and make up your mind then and there to become a part of it, to live close to it, to find out and benefit from the miracle that Nature works for those that choose her for a lifelong companion.

WHAT A GREEK GENERAL THOUGHT ABOUT WORK

DURING the old days of Theban supremacy, Epaminondas, one of the ablest of the Grecian generals, replied to the enemies who had tried to disgrace him by electing him public scavenger:

"If the office will not reflect honor upon me, I will reflect honor upon it."

More than two thousand years have passed since the words were spoken, and they are no less significant today, for they embody a philosophy of life and an ideal of labor which, with all our culture and civilization, we have not wholly attained.

It is not the work itself so much as our own attitude toward it that counts. That is what Epaminondas realized; that is what he meant when he spoke of reflecting honor upon his office. We forget that in the use of our hands lies one of the greatest channels of self-expression, and that the humblest kind of physical work, if rightly done, may be a source of invaluable training, a field for the development of manual dexterity, wise judgment, alertness, intelligence, thus serving as a firm basis for future material and intellectual achievements.

When New York and Brooklyn put their

army of street-cleaners into white uniforms, we felt as if we had moved a little nearer to our civic ideals. White uniforms may be a bit impractical, but they were symbolic of a great idea. They raised the wearers, somehow, in the public estimation. We began to think of them as a useful body of men whom we had perhaps not sufficiently appreciated. We even began to admire their work, to feel grateful for it. For was it not necessary, sanitary, a benefit to the community? The white uniforms seemed to raise these men with brooms and dust-carts nearer the level of those other servants of humanity,—the skilful-fingered surgeon, the patient, white-capped hospital nurse. We felt that perhaps manual labor was not really so degrading as we had been taught to believe; its differences of dignity and compensation were only a question of degree. It was the outward symbols that had deceived us. Suppose the "noble art" of war were suddenly to be stripped of its uniforms, its titles, its medals, its false patriotism and fine-sounding glory. Would we not then be more likely to see it as it really is, to see the far-reaching horror, the barbarism, the commercialism of it?

In determining, therefore, the dignity of any occupation and its claims to respect, it may be a good plan for us to forget the symbols of it for a moment, to forget society's attitude toward it, our own preiudices of caste, our own stupid notions of life, art and labor. Then we may find that there is more honor with the old woman who scrubs our office floor and scrubs it clean, than there is with the most influential politician who mismanages affairs of state. In other words, that the value and meaning of the work and its reaction upon us depend chiefly upon ourselves.

I know a woman whom the pressure of circumstances has forced to accept the much-despised position of janitress. She is a fine woman, physically and mentally, the mother of strong, beautiful children, and as everybody puts it, she is "above that sort of work." But unlike most people who feel themselves "above" their work, she makes an excellent janitress. For the sake of those children she gets down on her knees with scrubbing brush and a pail of soap and water, and scrubs the steps and hall of the apartment house in the basement of which she lives. And every time I see her I think of Epaminondas, the great Grecian general; for behold, here is a woman fashioned after his own soul—one who reflects honor upon her office!

Epaminondas saw the importance of a man's feeling about his work. The work is inanimate; it is the worker who has the will-power, the soul. His is the shaping influence, the subtle force that makes or mars, that draws good or evil out of his environment, that bends and molds the raw materials into their finished form, stamping, consciously or unconsciously, the personality, the greatness or the meanness of the maker upon the humblest and most insignificant object beneath his hand.

There is a law of conservation and transformation of energy in the spiritual as well as in the physical world. What we get out of our work depends upon what we put into it. Thus, if we put in skill, earnestness, patience, sympathy, we shall find efficiency and beauty in the result. On the other hand, if we work grudgingly, with our eye on the clock, our mind on the pay envelope, and in our hearts antagonism and ignorance instead of sympathy and understanding,—then in the final product there must inevitably be inefficiency, coldness, poor workmanship.

The time is coming—or perhaps we should say it has already come—when we must readjust our attitude toward labor, and especially toward that form of manual labor which we have looked down upon as "menial." We must break down many useless class distinctions and put aside many false kinds of "dignity" and "pride." We must recognize the fact that while there are necessary differences in the forms of labor and in the degree of intelligence which each requires, yet every necessary task, done well, with the right spirit, by the right person, holds in addition to its inherent dignity of usefulness and fitness, the opportunity for physical and mental development. And when we do recognize these things, then it will be our endeavor to make the conditions under which each task is performed as healthful, as cheerful and as beautiful as possible, so that work may be a world power for good instead of evil; so that instead of dragging men and women down through varying stages of material and spiritual debasement, it may lift them up to greater efficiency of achievement, and so to greater capacity for happiness. Then will "dignity of labor" be transformed from a fine-sounding phrase into a noble fact.