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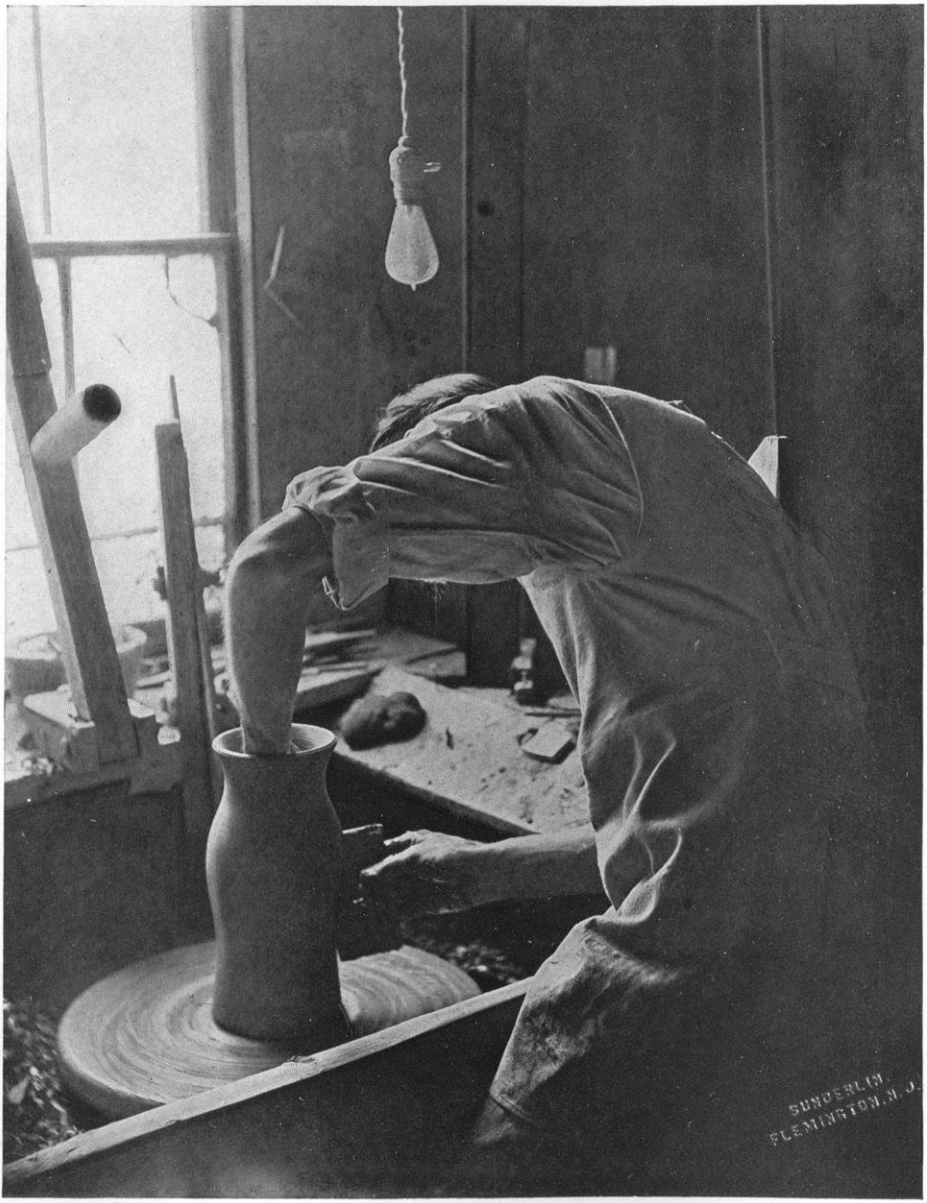

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THE POTTER AND HIS WHEEL.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE CRAFTSMAN

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A DEMOCRATIC VIEW OF EDUCATION: BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THOMAS JEFFERSON, who seems to be the father of our American democracy, also seems to have been the father of the elective system in American colleges. The elective system was educational dynamite. Before Jefferson's day the education of a gentleman was fixed. It required a certain amount of Latin, a certain amount of Greek, a certain amount of mathematics, a dash of Hebrew and a drop of philosophy, the mixture being as rigid as to formula as a mint julep. The youth who swallowed the educational concoction were educated; all other youth were not. Jefferson added modern languages, physics, a study of natural phenomena, government, law and ideology. And he made most of these subjects elective. With the coming of the elective system of higher education the classical triumvirate—Latin, Greek and mathematics—abdicated in favor of the Democracy. Education ceased to be a formula and became an influence. But economic forces stopped the growth of the elective system in America until after the Civil War; and after the War the country witnessed the rise of the industrial democracy and the progress of more truly democratic higher education.

During the three months just passed all America, young and old, has had its nose in the college catalogue. It is a wilderness of monkeys if there ever was one. Fathers and mothers devoutly wish their children to have what is called an education. But the more college catalogues father reads the surer and surer he becomes that there is no such thing as an education. The elective system introduced by Mr. Jefferson has been elaborated until it includes every conceivable branch of investigation. If a B.A. degree from a standard college or State university is an education, it may be obtained with the widest latitude. A State university like that of Kansas—one of the big State schools, with over two thousand five hundred students—has but four required subjects for the B.A. degree—English, rhetoric, hygiene and physical culture—though in Kansas University sixty year-hours of work are required upon the studies to be elected in the course. But even the number of hours

of work necessary for the B.A. degree varies in our State universities from fifty-two in Virginia to seventy-one in Florida. And the tendency in higher education, in the State universities and in the colleges is to veer further and further from any standard. Looking over the catalogues of the leading colleges and universities of America, one is surprised to find how far removed are the courses which young men and women may and do elect for this degree of Bachelor of Arts. And the thing that gives the fond parent, trained in the straight-jacket of the sixties and seventies, the creeps, is the wide variety of things once believed to be essential, that the youth today may ignore and still march forth from the university with the rank and insignia, privileges and emoluments of an educated gentleman. Democracy is saying with all the emphasis possible in all the college catalogues that education is for use, not for adornment; and as a corollary we may infer that man is made for use and not for show. Education seems to be in a state of confusion, possibly preceding some period of coherent organization; but while it is reasonably true that there is no such thing as an education—definitely and certainly prescribed today, yet we may be well assured that when it is declared and set, education will be more of a handsaw than a plume. It will be cultural only as it is vocational. It will fit men and women to live and aspire as workers—not as drones. That much Thomas Jefferson did when he deposed the classical triumvirate.

THEREFORE at the coming of the harvest season, after we have had our summer's course in the unsolvable puzzle of the college catalogue, and after the winnowings of the harvest have been invested in college haberdashery and college banners and the chaff in college books and impedimenta, it may be well to pause for a moment and to inquire with an humble and a contrite heart—what is the proper education for a democracy? We may not hope to define it. But we may hope to consider education in its relation to a democracy, and we may then reach down with the consecrated ballots and help such poor devils as are delaying progress by lagging behind.

We must not expect the coming of democracy to change human nature; though it may change the exterior forces that play upon human nature. But men always must have leaders. The qualities of men differ so widely that there may be no equality save that of social inheritance—that is, equality of youthful opportunity. But the leaders of their fellows—men with those widened perceptive faculties that make for high quality, must be leaders in a democ-

racy, by reason of their quality, not leaders by mere chance of birth or fortune. The schools of democracy must solve this problem. They must develop the latent qualities of leadership in men, and at the same time breed into the social body the talent for recognition of wise leaders. To establish a system of education that will make men useful, and at the same time make them wise enough to choose leaders who will shrewdly direct the usefulness of the masses—that is the problem of democracy. Will not a plan help that will insure an approximate of justice in the schoolroom by promoting industry and sincerity in youth? Vocational work, honestly graded and arranged so that promotion may go as a reward of exceptional industry and sincerity, must be given to those who by their limited qualities always must be followers. It is also necessary to develop leaders; but will not the same plan that rewards inferior humanity according to its merits, the plan that promotes for qualities of industry and sincerity, also stimulate high qualities? It is a difficult problem. But if democracy is to prevail this problem must be solved. Let us restate it: We must promote social justice; to do that requires men and women who know what social justice is and who can tell it to the people in any crisis; and second we must develop in the masses an enthusiasm for social justice so sufficiently unselfish that they will recognize it in spite of their self-interest, and follow wise leaders at whatever temporary sacrifice, when the general welfare demands it. We must put into each that spirit of abnegation that controls men in war. We must educate men worthy of a great people and a people worthy of great men. That is humanity's puzzle; no one knows the answer now. But there is an answer. Democracy is one side of the equation. The answer is the other side. And to quote Captain Cuttle: "When found, make a note of."

To realize the aspiration of democracy must be the chief business of education. It must pour into society men and women capable of sustaining a sane wholesome public sentiment; for without vision the people perish. To encourage righteous public sentiment men and women in their youth must be inculcated with a spirit of industry, with a feeling for justice amounting to enthusiasm, and with a kind of indomitable sincerity that marked the old Puritans. *The public schools as they stand do not produce the citizenship needed for the work ahead of the country.* The spirit of sham in them that mocks justice, is the theory that everyone is educated to be a prince or a princess. The grades aim at the high school, the high school aims at the Bachelor's degree, in the college the Bachelor's degree is pointed at the Master's degree, and that, at the Doc-

tor's, and the Doctor's degree is tipped toward the clouds. That is hitching one's wagon to the stars; but it is neglecting the good roads movement on earth—which is highly important.

EDUCATION must prepare for the life that is to be lived. It must be in a sense vocational. It must not teach even by implication, the "degradation of hard work." Yet by example, as well as by precept, youth is taught that the gentleman is the idler. Schools must teach industry. But to teach men to work, the rewards of work must be sure. The snap course makes drones. And the snap course is the bane of the elective system; and today the elective system begins in the grades. A snap course is a snap teacher—one who either because he is lazy or vain "gives good grades." The child who sees that he can get good grades for easy work will have a low opinion of human justice, no matter how it is preached at him. Grades must be uniform. The law of averages teaches us that the few who are absolutely perfect and the few who absolutely fail, form the same small per cent.; that those who do excellently and those who do poorly, form another per cent., a little larger than the perfect ones and the failures, and that those who do fairly well and fairly ill, form the great bulk of humanity. Why should not this fact be brought into the classroom; and every teacher be allowed a certain per cent. of perfect marks in a hundred to correspond with the absolute failures; a somewhat larger per cent. for those who are excellent and those who all but fail, and a much larger per cent. for the tolerably good and the tolerably bad. Would not this end snap courses? Would it not in some measure stop favoritism? Would it not implant a belief in justice in the minds of youth that this country needs in its progress?

Another thing: in school, boys and girls should be taught by every mechanism of the system that good work pays better than poor work. As it stands, it takes the tolerably bad student and the excellent student the same number of years to go through the grades into the high school and through college into life. Aside from the injustice of this plan, consider how it propagates laziness by rewarding it. Does not the system of counting equally for promotion every grade except absolute failure, instil in youth the belief that life is a lottery? Suppose that the student who does excellent work —perfect work—in every branch might be graduated from the grades into the high school and from the high school into the college and from the college into life two or three years ahead of his easy-going fellows—all accomplished from a system of grades based not upon the temperament of teachers of snap or hard courses, but

upon the law of human averages; would there not be an immense gain in the moral sense of that youth? All about him he would see industry rewarded. He would see justice prevail, and he would see that sincerity counts. What an important lesson! For sincerity is one of the few things that does count for ultimate happiness in life. It may be demonstrated that it makes little difference in a youth's education what studies he elects; he may choose a classical course, a scientific course, a business course, a philosophical course—or what not, and succeed or fail, according to the sincerity he puts in and the character he takes out of his work. For it is not *what*, but *how well;* not the facts he acquires, but the habits he forms which make the character that marks out his career. And if the educational system from the grades through college tempts him to snap courses, to shoddy work, to believe in the value of indolence, of trickery, of shams—what kind of a citizen is he going to make in a crisis that demands fundamental faith in the triumph of industry through justice and sincerity?

The problems affecting this democratic movement will not be solved by young men coming from the schools imbued with the damnable doctrine "what's the use?" Cynicism is an intellectual sloth. It is a moral atrophy, that expressed in public opinion becomes a social leprosy. Is not our educational system based upon the sham that manual work is degrading? Is it not erected upon a plan that permits favoritism, and offers no substantial rewards to sincere effort to achieve? Will it not pour into the democracy millions whose pessimistic folly may poison the wells on the way to progress?

But after we have established something like justice in the school system, it will be necessary to teach youth more practical things than are now generally taught. Having implanted in the boy or girl a conviction of the righteousness of industry, justice and sincerity, it is necessary to make youth effective.

Consider at least what education should not be in a democracy, and determine some of the ideals of democracy to be fostered by education. For education—whatever it is—must be the most potent weapon in the hands of the prophets and dreamers who are striving in a sad world to realize the day of the psalmist when "the needy shall not be forgotten," and "the expectation of the poor shall not perish."

IT WILL be well in this discussion to define our terms. Let us, therefore, call education that influence which prepares adolescence for the employment of the full measure of its inherited capacity, remembering always that man's inheritance is twofold,

physical and social. Let us call democracy that ideal form of society that guarantees to the individual equality of opportunity for useful happiness, remembering always that while character in a large measure controls human happiness, the environment of man often directs character. Therefore the education of a democracy must be that influence which trains the body and the mind of youth so that men and women generally may be happy; presuming, of course, that to be happy they must be in the environment wherein they may enjoy their highest economic use. So much for our problem and its terms.

The coming of democratic forms into European and American civilizations seems to be inevitable. The movement toward self-government as opposed to delegated government is as strong in Europe and Australia as in America. Everywhere in Christendom power is falling from the representative into the hands of those who are represented. The representative who remains in public life remains as a messenger bringing the registered convictions of some one else. Freedom of choice is bestowed upon public men in smaller and smaller measure. The atrophy of the electoral college in America is spreading. Legislatures are instructed by the voters how to vote for senatorial candidates, and the congress itself through the rise of the party system is become less and less deliberative and more and more mechanical. The individual in the masses is acquiring strength; crass majorities are conquering cunning minorities.

But to what end? There is nothing essentially good in democratic forms. The politics of the world are struggling to gain engines of popular powers, but there is nothing righteous in them merely because they are large, or because they are accurate in their register; for unless the rule of the exact majority approaches justice more nearly than the rule of the minority, the world will profit nothing by the democratic movement. Moreover, unless the institutions of democracy are manned by a militant righteousness, they will be turned against the masses. Exalting the man in the crowd, gives power to the men who control the man in the crowd. It will be found as easy to beat the democratic game as it is to beat the representative game, unless we put something besides self-interest in the ballot box.

FOR man is a gregarious brute. Every year his faculties for organization are becoming stronger. Circles outside of circles, groups of groups, and groups of groups of groups are continually forming. Self-interest has proved a potent glue; it holds men together in the partnership, the company, the corporation, the trust, the community of interests. In commerce this irrepressible

spirit of organization based upon the faith of men in one another to conserve mutual self-interests, has organized every great industry into a marvel of economic perfection. In American politics, the party system similarly has organized men, drilled them, inspired them with faith in the party as a means to their own ends, until American partisans are drilled better than Napoleon's soldiers. It was inevitable and—according to the ideals of the time and the place—altogether commendable that the two great organizations, business and politics, should merge. For half a score of years commerce has financed politics; politics has protected business. The two organizations ran the country. It was a great and not at all blameworthy scheme—if one believes that self-interest, enlightened or unenlightened, is a sufficient motive to govern the destinies of this world.

The altruistic spirit of the average man was the sand in that vast machine of government by the benevolent despotism of commerce. In the past ten years that sand has broken cogs, worn down bearings, and twisted cams, so that today the machine seems almost ready for the scrap pile. Democracy, which appears to be altruism trying to express itself in terms of government, has been moved by the spirit of organization. Democracy is now forming groups outside of groups, rings beyond rings, inner and outer powers. Its aim is to dominate politics and thereby control commerce; to become a great enveloping circle, embracing the merging circles of business and politics. Democracy would not destroy the inner wheels of commerce and politics; it would harness their power and direct it toward the common good. The organizations of commerce, such as companies, corporations, combinations, trusts and communities of interests have more good than bad in them. They represent the faith of humanity in itself. They are as necessary and as powerful as the spirit of democracy, indeed they manifest the spirit of democracy, but today they are hitched to the wrong belt; the problem of democracy is to change the belt without stopping the machine; to make these great organizations of industry and these other mighty organizations of politics pull more and more of the load of the general welfare.

FOR the common sense of the people tells them that something is out of gear in the economic machine. Nature is impartial. Babies of a given race are born equal; the vices of the rich are about as bad on babies as the vices of the poor. But the social inheritance often is stolen from the baby in the tenement and given to the baby in the mansion. No one pretends that if the stations of life would change babies, the following generation would change

stations. Disparity of environment makes inequality of opportunity in youth, and that inequality of youthful opportunity rests as a blight upon the individual. The environment of the slum or the environment of the normal home casts the die for the average child. Social environment is entirely a human device. The environment of the slum is a remediable condition. Democracy sees this. It is forced upon the average man day after day, that certain industrial conditions are abnormal, that they are purely artificial, and that it is the business of the average man to remove these conditions. So he is whetting the tools of democracy, whistling hopefully as he contemplates his job. He is taking more and more political power directly into his own hands for a purpose, but the purpose is not political—it is social and economic. The subconscious mind of the civilized world recognizes the evils that have accumulated with the growth of industrial organization, and civilized humanity proposes to remedy those evils. The coming century will see marvels of justice as wonderful as the marvels of industrial enterprise that crowned the last century. The norms or standards are in the public mind today. The industrial evils of today are not merely local evils; they are as universal as the use of steam, spreading over civilization. And the aspiration to cure those evils is also distributed throughout the world. Broadly speaking the aspirations of democracy of today seem to be these:

1. Public utilities must be sold impartially at cost under public supervision; public utilities are transportation, fuel, communication, power and water; also their by-products and probably the land itself.

2. As society guarantees certain capital wisely and honestly invested in necessary industries a living rate of interest, so certain kinds of honestly and wisely directed necessary labor should be sure of a living wage.

3. Society must bear through increased prices of commodities the waste and wear of labor in sickness, accident and death due to the peculiarities of any useful industry.

4. To conserve the public health the hours of labor and the kinds of labor of women and children must be rigorously controled by society.

5. The collective bargaining of labor with capital, insured under public supervision, and the rights of capital to combine must be equally and similarly safeguarded.

6. When by industrial necessity labor is congested, or when by specialization the laborer loses his general manual skill, society should see to it that the laborer's hours are short, that he is pro-

vided with a decent home at a reasonable rent, and that he has places and means of public recreation and public libraries for his intellectual improvement.

This is not an unreasonable program. Every demand of it is now in successful operation in some part of the civilized world. The whole program has already penetrated the politics of every country in Christendom and is being thoroughly discussed in our cities, our States and the Federal Government here in America. Much of it has been achieved by us. Yet, as a completed program, it is not so simple as it seems. For while here and there a part may be written into law, when all these propositions are made a part of our life, an economic evolution will have been accomplished.

To accomplish this industrial change, it must be done with justice to all. And to show that justice, a greater social intelligence than we now have is needed, and a deeper sense of social responsibility. To acquire that deeper, wider social morality among the masses must be the work of education in our democracy. For, no matter what weapons of democracy we have now, to proclaim this program today would invite public calamity. To complete that program and to make it work successfully will require a sense of public restraint, a feeling of social justice, that we may find only in another and a wiser generation. For we must not hope to pass a few laws, however just, and thereby be transported to the millenium with a hop, skip and jump. The spasmodically benevolent democracy can do little more than the spasmodically benevolent despot. Social evolution is slow. Permanent gain in social institutions depends less upon the result of any particular election today than it depended upon battles in the old days. How slow men are to learn that social institutions determine elections and battles; countless millions hope for a better day; many millions believe in a better day; a few millions earnestly desire a better day, but the world must jog on in the old rut until the desire of the few becomes the passion of the multitude. Institutions grow only as men put emotion into their common sense. When the man on the street is willing to sacrifice some real, vital part of his life for an idea, anxious to be taxed for it, then say it is public sentiment. Until the program of democracy is public sentiment, it is the mere shadow of a dream.

WHAT the youth learns, must help him to live—to get all out of life that his capacity warrants. The man who thinks must do it at his leisure; he must do his stint of work in the least time if he expects to be worth much to public opinion. Education in a democracy must offer to the boy or girl something

concrete; it must help him in his daily life. It appears from our school statistics that about one-tenth of our American population over ten years of age is illiterate. This is much more than the per cent. of illiterates in Germany, Switzerland, in France and England. Moreover, the American schools do not hold the children. Of one thousand children who start to school in our American cities, nine hundred and forty-four drop out before finishing high school. And a competent authority has testified that "the most potent reason why children are in the factory is the school system." Our schools fail to interest a vast majority of our boys and girls after the age of fourteen. Andrew S. Draper complains that "our elementary schools train for no industrial employments; they lead to nothing better than the secondary schools which in turn lead to the college." Seven-eighths of the American children never enter high school.

The end of all schools—high and low—*must be life* or public education will fail, and the fabric of democracy rests upon education. To aim at a cultural target and hit it once in a thousand times with a waste of the other shots, is folly. We may with propriety and good sense keep all that is cultural in our educational system. There is always need of it. But in keeping the cultural part of our education, we must provide also for the practical, the vocational. Industry has been revolutionized. Machines are making everything. Boys and girls used to leave school to learn trades; but today there are few trades to learn. Boys and girls now leave school to watch great machines do the work that their fathers did as apprentices. Industrial life demands specialists, men and women who can do one thing expertly. Our schools are not supplying the demand. They are turning youths from the grades into the streets or factories and from the high schools into the stores and offices to make what their class-conscious fellows call "the poor plutes." And how many of them we know are poor plutes indeed; afraid of losing caste by manual work, spending all their scant earnings upon "appearances," place-seeking, unscrupulous, social climbers, their humanity squeezed and soured, they are skimping, fretting, covetous, jealous failures. We put more money into our schools than into any other public institution. We are unselfish enough, heaven knows, and we mean well. But as matters stand aren't we kowtowing more than we should to the pale god of a false respectability? He is a sham god and he loves shams. Yet unless education makes men and women who know shams and hate them, education is a failure. The children of democracy some way must be taught how to live well and see the truth. They must work themselves into a better environment than their fathers knew.

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW OF EDUCATION

RACE histories are repeated in the individual, and the story of life is pictured in our human social organism. Life's first forms are those in the instinctive group, fixed and unprogressive, inheriting everything, learning nothing; its secondary form is the plastic group that learns by imitation, that has a social as well as a physical heritage; this group learns something, not much. But when imagination enters the group men stand up and walk. Over and over during the ages in human social organization these groups are repeating themselves; men who do the rough hard work motived for the most part instinctively grope in darkness; men above who see some small light and know the patter of their caste form the middle group, while a little lower than the angels stand God's messengers, the inventors and dreamers, the poets, prophets and martyrs, the great democrats and saviours of men. Slowly through the ages the tide of life has been rising. Those whose work in life kept them always upon the edge of physical need, those to whom a large number of motives, instincts and habits were biological rather than social are coming into a higher type of life. Comfort is replacing necessity in their scheme of things. The plastic or social group is enlarging. It dominates the world. And the earth is filled with leaders, men of constructive imagination who are quickening civilization. The absolutism of kings led men from barbarism; the power of the nobles led men from ignorance; democracy should lead them from poverty. Let us hope that this century will see the last of the belief that starvation is needed as a prod to make men work. It is as foolish to maintain the slum as a social or industrial necessity as it was to keep the Bible a sealed book. Chronic poverty among a civilized people is as wicked and foolish as chronic ignorance, and the fact that illiteracy and poverty are twins should make us think. Perhaps ignorance causes poverty and poverty reacting causes ignorance. Teach men to read and they will aspire; teach them to aspire and they will work; guarantee them a living wage and they will rise. Poor folks have poor ways—exactly, but you may not starve people into thrift. It has been tried for ages and has failed. A book and a bath and a steady job will make a worthier citizen than all the laws of supply and demand freezing his fingers, breaking his wife and starving his children. While there are thousands of idle acres and thousands of hungry men looking for work, while there is a closed mine and a freezing family anxious to earn a living, while there is a hungry man and a rotting crop, it is grotesque to talk of the inexorable laws of supply and demand. The conditions that make many men rich as we all know are partly artificial. The same artificial conditions make other men poor.

One man gets what he does not earn from society which takes from a thousand others the right to get what they do earn. There are, of course, personal injustices in the world due to character; but where there is class injustice it is due to ignorance. The school teacher must precede the judge into the slums before class wrongs may be righted and it is one of the enigmas of democracy to bring the school teacher to the slums, to bring truth to those who need it.

For after all democracy is an experiment. It must be tried in fear and trembling. The establishment of democratic forms will avail nothing unless we have the democratic spirit—the spirit of altruism. To give men power who have a world-old grievance is merely to invite vengeance and anarchy. But give them wisdom, give them an enthusiasm for social justice and they will generate their own power and use it in the fear of God. Education that teaches men merely to read and write and figure, is not sufficient. Real education must teach men to sift the false from the true; without that education democracy will be the mockery of the ages. And to detect a sham, men must cease being shams. To know the truth, one must live the truth. The world will not be ready for democracy any more than it was ready for Christ, until the masses are ready to be fair to those who seem to have wronged them. Until those who believe they are oppressed desire something more than the right of oppression for themselves, democracy will right no wrongs. Liberty, equality, fraternity will be a phantasm of rhetoric, until industry, sincerity and justice control humanity. In short, it all amounts to this: until we can organize in laws the altruism of the world in a practical working plan of applied righteousness, as the egoism of the world is organized in combinations of capital, democracy must be merely an aspiration. Men must cease to serve to live and begin to live to serve. This is the truth they must have before they can be free. The great servants of men have been its great democrats. They lived life to the full because they served to their capacity. All men must know something of this before they may be liberated. Education must teach it by example as well as by precept. Laws will do something—a little; they will change the sordid environment of hopeless men and that will help some. But education—education that teaches men to do their best and live their wisest, education that gives man a love of industry, justice, sincerity—that must save. That education must be the hope of democracy. It must teach men the restraint that makes for social justice, it must bring them the freeing truth which shall lead them into that abundant life for which our Greatest Democrat gave His.

ALBRECHT DÜRER, THE MAN, IN HIS OWN EYES AND IN THE EYES OF HIS NEIGHBORS: BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN

ÜRER once said, "I believe that no man liveth who can grasp the whole beauty of the meanest living creature." He knew whereof he spoke. With an interest that never wearied, with an industry that knew no rest, he sought for the beautiful and pictured it in everything that came under his eye, from beetles to bishops, from blades of grass to great landscapes. This was his lifelong habit, yet he never believed that he grasped the whole beauty of anything. A few years before his death this man, who designed "The Apocalypse," who drew "The Green Passion," who engraved "The Arms of Death," who painted "The Four Preachers," spoke of himself, in his impersonal way, as "an untaught man of little learning and of little art."

If we credit the reformers, and those whom they sought to reform, evil was not dormant in the Holy Roman Empire of the early sixteenth century. Yet the guileless eyes of Dürer seem never to have seen it. Luther, the artist's greatest contemporary, said that Dürer "was worthy to look upon nothing but excellence," and it would seem that the purity of his heart showed him the excellence of God in all things. Not only did he find pleasure and excellence in cocoanuts, sugar-cane, green parrots, little baboons, and other natural objects with which he filled his house, but also in his neighbors, from his fellow-townsman who was jailed for libeling him, to the Emperor Maximilian who patronized him. In most men he found, to quote words of his own, "sense and knowledge . . . noble sentiment and honest virtue." "Who seeks for dirt," runs one of Dürer's rhymes, "will want no more, if first he sweep before his door."

His patrons discovered that he had a saving knowledge of his own worth, but this was tempered by an inherent modesty. He once told a friend who was going to write some facts about him for publication, that he wished him to say nothing "boastful or arrogant." Although expressed four centuries ago, this wish shall be respected in the present attempt to show what manner of man was this "Albrecht Dürer, the German."

"My father," wrote Dürer when a middle-aged man, "took special interest in me because he saw that I was diligent in striving to learn. So he sent me to the school, and when I had learnt to read and write, he took me away from it, and taught me the goldsmith's craft. But when I could work neatly, my liking drew me rather to painting than to goldsmith's work, so I laid it before my

father; but he was not well pleased, regretting the time lost, while I had been learning to be a goldsmith." [As we see it now, it was time well spent.] "Still he let it be as I wished, and in fourteen hundred and eighty-six [when the lad was in his sixteenth year] . . . my father bound me apprentice to Michael Wolgemut, to serve him three years long. During that time God gave me diligence so that I learnt well. . . . When I had served out my time my father sent me away, and I remained four years abroad [it is not definitely known where] until my father desired me to come back again."

With books full of sketches and a head bursting with ideas, with heart and hand yearning to prove their worth, in the strength of unsullied manhood, young Dürer returned to his parents and to Nürnberg. The sequel shows that he could not have been contented elsewhere. Happy parents, fortunate town, that claimed the devotion of such a son!

"AND when I came back," continue the fragmentary notes* Dürer left of his life, "Hans Frey treated with my father, and gave me his daughter, by name Jungfrau Agnes, and he gave me with her two hundred florins, and we were wedded." The Freys had social standing above the Dürers, but Agnes was not educated nor was she her husband's intellectual equal. There is now no convincing evidence that their married life was happy or otherwise. One letter, written in anger by a man notoriously unfitted to express an opinion of any value about a good woman, contains the whole case on the negative side. This man acknowledges Frau Dürer as "honorable, pious and very God-fearing," but asserts that she worried her husband to death. It is evident that letters passed between the Dürers while he was in Venice, but none is now extant. Dürer left several drawings of his wife. On one is written . . . "when we had had each other in marriage twenty-seven years," on another, "my Agnes." Neither phrase suggests unhappiness. After her husband's death, there being no children, Agnes Dürer, "of her own desire, and on account of the friendly feeling which she entertained for them, for the sake of her husband," made over to his two brothers a quarter of her inheritance. Until proof to the contrary is forthcoming, we may assume that Albrecht and Agnes Dürer dwelt together in peace.

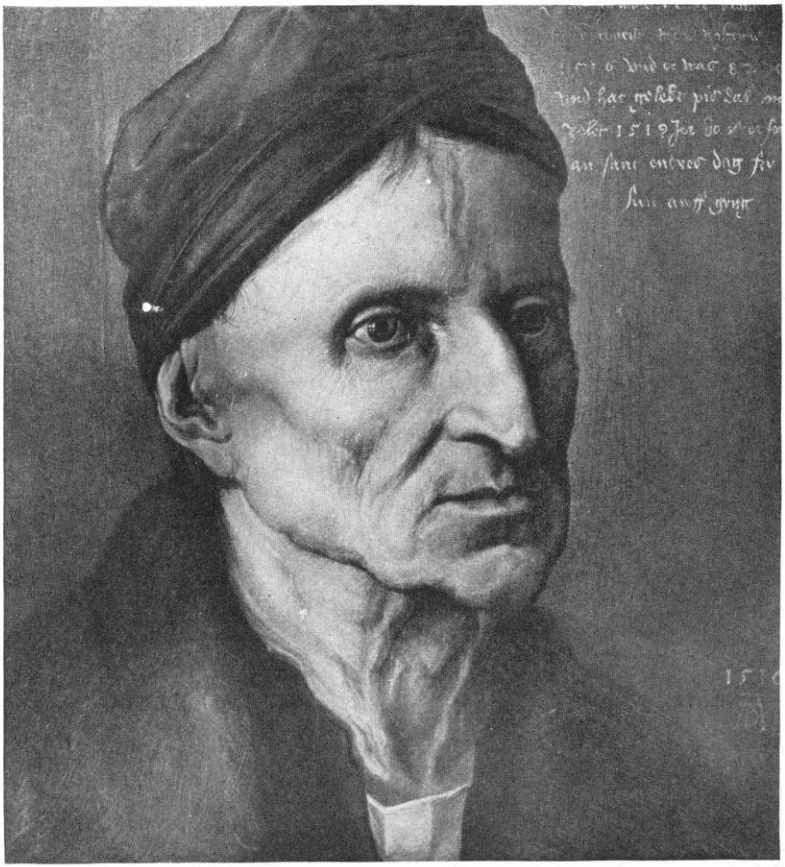
Until the death, in fifteen hundred and two, of Albrecht Dürer the elder, the young couple lived with him. Some notes which the artist left about his parents are eloquent, not only in ingenuous

*The quoted notes throughout this article are given in condensed form.

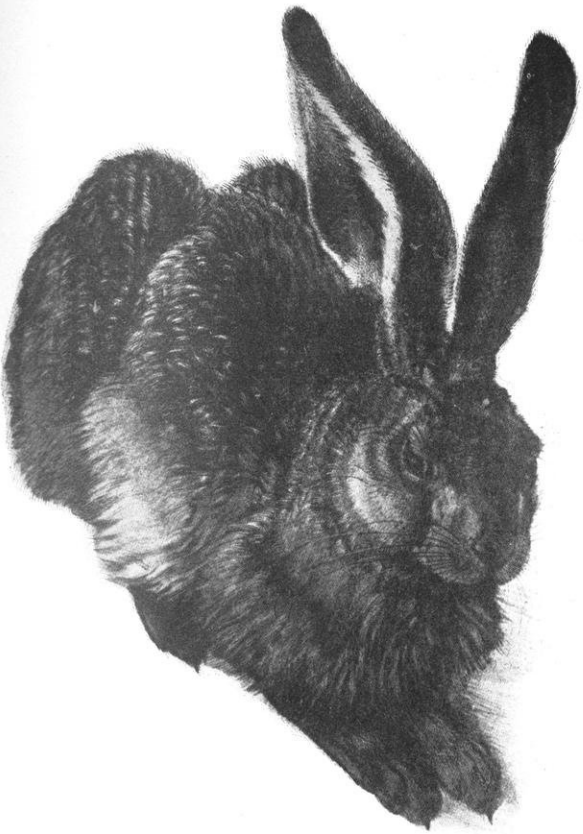
ALBRECHT DÜRER AS A YOUNG MAN: FROM A DRAWING MADE BY HIMSELF, NOW IN THE PRADO, MADRID.

ALBRECHT DÜRER, AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN:
FROM A DRAWING BY HIMSELF DONE IN 1494.

STEPHEN PUMGÄRTNER: FROM A PAINTING BY ALBRECHT DÜRER.



"THIS HAS ALBRECHT DURER DRAWN IN COUNTERFEIT, AFTER HIS MASTER MICHEL WOLGEMUT, IN THE YEAR 1516, AND HE WAS EIGHTY-TWO YEARS OLD."



THESE SKETCHES OF THE WING OF A BLUE JAY AND A RABBIT ARE REPRODUCED TO GIVE SOME DEFINITE IMPRESSION OF THE VERSATILITY OF DÜRER'S TALENT, HIS EXTRAORDINARY KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMALS AND HIS EXQUISITE TECHNIQUE WHEN HE CHOSE TO WORK FOR FINENESS AND ACCURACY.

STUDIES IN HEADS BY ALBRECHT DŬRER: SHOWING VARIATION IN TECHNIQUE AND MEDIUM.

tributes to them, but through the insight afforded of the character of their famous son. "Like his relatives, Albrecht Dürer the elder was born in Hungary, and his kindred made their living from horses and cattle. My father's father came as a lad to a goldsmith and learned the craft. His first son he named Albrecht; he was my dear father. He, too, became a goldsmith, a pure and skilful man."

Out of eighteen children only three lived to grow up; Albrecht and his younger brothers Andreas, a goldsmith, and Hans, nineteen years younger than Albrecht, who became a court painter.

There can be no doubt that Dürer's affection for his mother, whose care with that of his youngest brother he now assumed, was the strongest passion of his life. With great tenderness he wrote of her:

"HER most frequent habit was to go much to the church. She always upbraided me well if I did not do right, and she was ever in great anxiety about my sins and those of my brother. And if I went out or in, her saying was always, 'Go in the name of Christ.' I cannot enough praise her good words and high character. She often had the plague and many other severe and strange illnesses and she suffered great poverty, scorn, contempt, mocking words, terrors, and great adversities. Yet she bore no malice." Again he says: "More than a year after the day in which she was taken ill, my mother Christianly passed away. But she first gave me her blessing and wished me the peace of God, exhorting me very beautifully to keep myself from sin. She feared Death much, but she said that to come before God she feared not. I saw also how Death smote her two great strokes to the heart. I repeated to her the prayers. I felt so grieved for her that I cannot express it. And in her death she looked much sweeter than when she was still alive."

Both Dürer's parents died in the old faith, his mother's death occurring three years before Luther took the step from which we may date the Reformation. Of Dürer's admiration for "Little brother Martin" as a man and teacher, there can be no doubt. When Nürnberg, first of the free cities of the Empire, declared for Luther, Dürer and his friends stood with the Council. He eagerly read the works of Luther, but he kept on painting Madonnas and saints, generally without halos, frankly enjoying the gorgeous ecclesiastical pageants, and even so late as fifteen hundred and twenty-one, we know that he went to confession. Dürer's religious sense was akin to his artistic sense; it was broad and it found excellent many things not universally so labeled.

Although Dürer was deeply interested in the great religious

FIVE FOOT-SOLDIERS AND A MOUNTED TURK: SKETCH BY DÜRER.

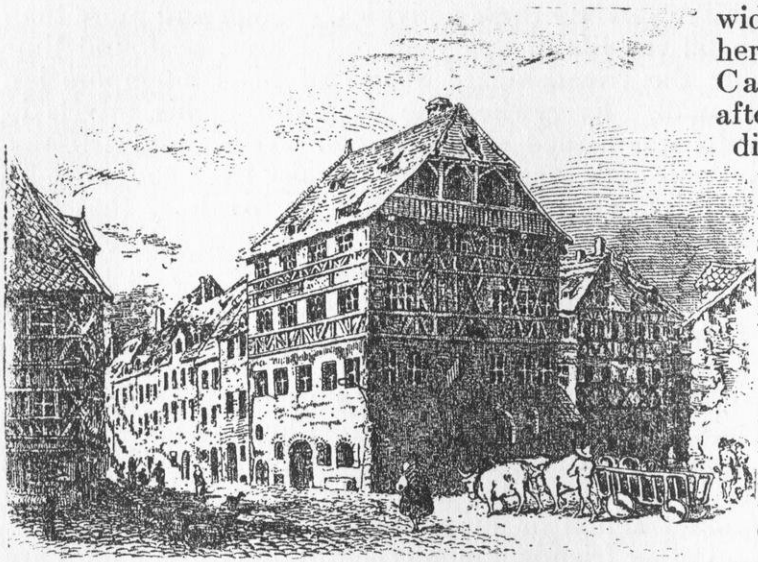
questions with which Germany was ablaze, although he spent time on music and more time on mathematics, although he wrote long treatises on national defence, and various art subjects, and did many other things, he was at the same time one of the most prolific of artists. He painted religious subjects, then in great demand for altar-pieces, he painted portraits of the great men of his day, and drew others in charcoal, chalk and silver-point. (During his year in the Netherlands he made no fewer than one hundred and ten of these minor portraits.) He also engraved portraits and other subjects on copper, designed innumerable wood engravings, made numbers of exquisitely finished drawings in various mediums, besides filling sixteen of Pirkheimer's books and one of the Emperor's with pen drawings, undoubtedly the first work of the kind ever done. He was among the very earliest etchers, and the first to carry sketch-book and pen and brushes in his wallet. A friend has said of him that his nearest approach to a fault "was his excessive industry."

NOTWITHSTANDING these activities, enough and more than enough to fill the life of any man but Dürer, he found time to cultivate the friendship of scores of his contemporaries, both great and small. Everywhere he went during his travels in the Netherlands he was loaded with presents. Artists and artisans, town officials, humble folk, even haughty royalty itself sought to do him honor. I find by careful compilation from his diary that during this year of travel he dined out over two hundred times. He surely loved his fellows and was good company at every board.

Wilibald Pirkheimer is usually considered Dürer's most intimate friend. I feel, however, that in spite of all the evidence of the artist's regard for this man (it is chiefly from Pirkheimer's own collection), there must have been more congenial spirits in the large group of Dürer's friends. Pirkheimer was a gross-looking, loose-living, self-important, exacting patron, albeit he did much for Nürnberg and bulked large in the life of the day. He generally managed to have the artist under actual or supposed obligation.

But Dürer had other friends, among them those whose names are still honored for their work in the fateful years when Europe trembled before the impact of moral and intellectual revolution. Besides the great leaders of the Reformation, were Hans Sachs, Conrad Celtes and Lazarus Sprengler who inspired their country in its time of stress to sing new songs, and Niklas Kratzer, the Oxford professor, and Stabius, inventor of astronomical instruments, and Joachim Camerarius, the Nürnberg educator, who has left an affectionate description and appreciation of Dürer. Then there were the artists: Adam Kraft, the reverent sculptor of the stations of the cross; Peter Vischer, the wonderful worker in bronze; Wolgemut, the painter-engraver, "sent into the world not to paint but to teach Dürer," and Giovanni Bellini, patriarch of Venetian art, who befriended his German fellow-craftsman when in a strange country. Among the great merchants too, the numerous Nürnberg inventors and the men of affairs, Dürer had hosts of friends: the princely Fuggers, the powerful Imhofs, Pfinzing, the Emperor's secretary, the Pumgärtner brothers, and many other friends from all walks of life, a simple list of whom would be unwieldy here.

Although we have no writings that passed between Dürer and Melancthon, we know that here a very beautiful friendship existed. Each openly and frankly admired the other. Whenever Melanchthon was in Nürnberg, he and Dürer were much together. The artist paid tribute to the reformer by engraving his portrait, and inscribing the plate with words of warmest appreciation. It was doubtless in furtherance of her husband's wishes that Dürer's



ALBRECHT DÜRER'S HOME IN NÜRNBERG. FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

widow, although herself a faithful Catholic, soon after his death, did the very unusual thing of founding a scholarship in Melanchthon's Protestant University of Wittenberg. Melanchthon's high opinion of Dürer was well known and often quoted. Among other things, he called him "a wise man, whose genius as a painter, were it ever so brilliant, would be the least of his gifts." The gentle scholar must have turned a very sympathetic ear to the sensitive artist, for in a wonderful manner he opened to him his innermost heart. When news reached Melanchthon of Dürer's death, he used the memorable words: "It grieves me to see Germany deprived of such an artist and such a man." Thus it was on every hand. Dürer's rank as Germany's greatest artist was never questioned; he was devotedly loved as a brother and hailed as a prince among men.

TO THE universality of this state of mind, there was one notable exception. His native town, prosperous and worldly-wise Nürnberg, treated her great son in a niggardly manner. This is the more inexplicable because he constantly gave proof of his unselfish love for her. Indeed, he was a striking example of a great prophet without honor in his own country. Nürnberg was proud of her independence, her privileges, her importance as one of the chief towns of Europe. By the work of her inventors, artisans, and merchants, she constantly proclaimed the truth of the proverb, "Nürnberg's hand goes through every land." But in the eyes of her "Honorable Wisdoms" of the town council, her commerce was the paramount thing. The Council advised Hans Sachs to stop verse-making and attend to his cobbling; it ignored Dürer's great-

ness almost to the last. In a courteous letter to the Council a few years before his death, Dürer states the case with absolute fairness. He says: "During the thirty years I have stayed at home I have not received from people of this town work worth five hundred florins. [This speaks badly for Pirkheimer.] I have earned and attained all my property from Princes, Lords, and other foreign persons, so that I only spend in this town what I have earned from foreigners." He further says that he declined annuities from the cities of Venice and Antwerp, "because of the particular love and affection which I bear to this honorable town, preferring to live under your Wisdoms in a moderate way rather than to be rich and held in honor in other places."

Two years later, Dürer further showed his love for Nürnberg and again proved himself above petty considerations by presenting to the town a painting in two parts, known as the "Four Preachers." Although he speaks of it so modestly, there is good reason to believe that he considered it his masterpiece. In presenting it he said, "I have been intending for a long time past to show my respect for your Wisdoms by the presentation of some humble picture of mine as a remembrance." He concludes: "praying with all submission that you do think fit graciously to accept this little gift." The Council acquiesced, and Dürer died in the belief that his "Preachers" should always proclaim their message from the walls of the Nürnberg Rathhaus. The inscription which Dürer attached to the paintings shows his earnestness of purpose. It reads in part: "All worthy rulers must take good heed in these perilous times that they accept no vain doctrine of men instead of the Word of God." With humility akin to that of John the Baptist he desires his work to be but the "Voice" to attract men to the teaching of the Evangelists. "Hear, therefore," he says, "these four right worthy men, Peter, John, Paul and Mark." Then follows a long quotation from the writings of each of the four. With utter disregard for the memory of their greatest burgher, and to the everlasting disgrace of the Council, these paintings were eventually sold by the thrifty "Wisdoms" of a later day, and removed from Nürnberg. One would suppose that the modern town would realize the importance of retaining anything of Dürer's which they possessed. Before the middle of the nineteenth century Longfellow gave clear warning:

"Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard."

It was not two generations later (eighteen hundred and eighty-four) that the "Holzschuher," "the pearl of all Dürer's portraits," and Nürnberg's last great painting by her illustrious son, went the way

DETAIL FROM THE "FOUR PREACHERS." FROM A PAINTING BY DÜRER.

of all the others. Today Venice, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Madrid, even London, are rich in Dürers, while Nürnberg is miserably poor, and justly so,—she deliberately sold her birthright for a mess of pottage.

THE atmosphere of thrift, which pervaded Nürnberg undoubtedly influenced Dürer. He had been a sympathetic witness of his father's struggles to provide for his family, and money remained an important consideration to him ever after. He earned it, if ever a man did, by the sweat of his brow; on the other hand, he spent it freely. For instance, he was fond of fashionable clothes and often refers to them in his letters and diary. He speaks of a coat he got in Antwerp for which he paid thirty-seven florins. (A "very fine and careful portrait in oils" by himself he considered worth twenty-five florins.) He kept account of his money to the smallest fraction of a stiver. The low contract price of a painting was no bar to his best work going into it. When sometimes he found that he had painted an exceptionally good picture, he said so, much as a delighted boy might. When he found that it had taken double the expected time, he told his patron this also, and naïvely suggested that he be paid more than the stipulated price. Some amusing letters passed between Dürer and a rich Frankfort merchant on just such a situation. Although the merchant became stubborn and angry, Dürer won the point. He got not only the advanced price but presents for his wife and brother to boot. There is no question that Dürer managed his business affairs honorably and well. The

six thousand florins he left to his wife would equal today about fifty thousand dollars.

A contemporary who knew Dürer well says: "Nature gave our Albrecht a form remarkable for proportion and height, and well suited to the beautiful spirit which it held." His face, familiar to all through his several self-portraits, strongly resembles that of the accepted type of Christ. Although physically never robust, Dürer appears to have escaped the prevalent diseases of the day. In Zeeland, however, he says that he contracted a "wondrous sickness" from which he never really recovered. Eight years after, it brought about his death, which, Camerarius says, "was desired by himself and only painful to his friends." Perhaps his high living at the time had something to do with the coming of the sickness. The Netherlands trip appears to have been a year-long gala-day, with late hours, much feasting and partaking of wine between times.

DETAIL FROM THE "FOUR PREACHERS."

WE ARE told that Dürer's "conversation was marked by so much sweetness and wit that nothing displeased his hearers so much as the end of it." He was not, the writer continues, "of a melancholy severity . . . ; pleasantness and cheerfulness . . . he cultivated all his life and approved even in his old age." He had his times of depression, but as his marginal drawings in Maximilian's Book of Hours and his letters to Pirkheimer abundantly attest, he had also a lively sense of humor.

Dürer had some definite, rational, and one might almost say modern ideas on education. He says that a child should "be kept

eager to learn and be not vexed." If a child become melancholy through overwork, he should "be enticed therefrom by merry music to the pleasuring of his blood." He believed that a child should be "brought up in the fear of God and be taught to pray to God for the grace of quick perception." He should "be kept moderate in eating and drinking and also in sleeping." He should "dwell in a pleasant house . . . and guard himself from all impurity." He should be able to devote himself to his studies without anxiety and his health "should be attended to with medicines." "Depart not from Nature," . . . , he says to the student of art, "neither imagine of thyself to invent aught better . . . , for art standeth firmly fixed in Nature."

WHAT Rembrandt was and is to Holland, that Dürer was and is to Germany. Each filled so large a place in the art history of his day that he remains the representative artist of his native land. In many other ways the two were similar. Each, while still a boy, so impressed his father with his talent as to reverse completely the parental plans. Each married a wife of social standing above his own, who brought her husband a little fortune. Each spent much in collecting objects of art. They were both Protestants, although neither was a bigot. Each had a strong love for painting religious pictures. Each painted wonderful portraits. One holds rank as the greatest of etchers; the other as the greatest of line engravers. Each was indefatigably industrious and left posterity a remarkable legacy in the work of his hands.

But if in some points these two old masters, separated by more than a century, bore a striking resemblance to each other, the points in which there was a contrast are perhaps more marked. I name but a few. One came of humble miller-folk; the other of ancestors who were artistic by inheritance and training. One rejected the academic training offered him; the other eagerly but vainly desired it. One was for years practically a hermit, his hand too often against every man's, his own desires too often making naught the laws of God and man; the other increasingly interested in the world's affairs, with hand outstretched in good will and helpfulness, scrupulously careful in his duty toward his neighbor, correct of life always. One was frequently hailed into court sometimes for disgraceful conduct and always defiant; the other after his one legal battle magnanimously secured liberty for his imprisoned opponent. If, as Dürer says, "the man does not live who can grasp the whole beauty of the meanest living creature," we must rest content if, in considering the excellence of one of the noblest of men, we have caught but a glimpse of his beauty.

THE TURNIP TOP: A STORY: BY CONSTANCE SMEDLEY ARMFIELD

THE sunlight filtered through the blind-slats and the occupant of the ground-floor sitting room moved her head trying to escape the rays. She was a youngish woman in clothes of country cut. Her thick shoes, carelessly brushed hair, and lounging way of sitting gave evidence of solitary, independent habits. She was refined and nervous-looking, though her skin was tanned to wholesome brown; if it had not been for the hardness in her eyes and mouth, she would have been beautiful. Brow and eyes were open, even unusually honest in their expression, and her features were not mean but generous in their modeling. Some trouble had evidently seared a fine nature and driven her into herself. She was dulled, careless, self-engrossed, as if she had brooded too much.

The gaudily-covered magazine she was reading obviously did not hold her attention. Her eyes strayed over the pages listlessly and now and then remained fixed for minutes on one spot, staring aimlessly.

It was too hot to read, and she never could keep her mind on a book. Besides, today her thoughts were perpetually harking forward.

In two hours more he should be here.

He was her husband, but it would be like meeting a stranger. She had known a dignified man, yes, dignified even though he was not very old. He came of Calvinistic stock and inherited the gravity and self-respect of his Covenanter forebears. He kept everyone aloof: even she had always been uncomfortably conscious of his dignity. One always felt one had to live up to it. The thought of Henry in prison was even now an impossible anomaly. She couldn't imagine him obeying orders.

Besides, his whole appearance depended on his dignity. She remembered him in the dock, separated from her and all their friends as inexorably as if he had been in his coffin. His straight, fine features, steel-gray eyes, and fair hair had stood out like a cameo from the surrounding dinginess.

But that was five years ago. Now she was facing the near future when life would have to be taken up again. A dull fear eclipsed all feelings about his return; wherever he went, there would always be the risk of some one finding out. And one couldn't explain to people he had not meant to do wrong.

His own property was locked up in what he thought were safe

securities; he had used certain moneys of his clients for his private expenditure instead of selling his own shares at a depreciation. He had never dreamed of not repaying.

And then the crash had come: a financial panic: his shares at zero: and calls he could not meet.

It had come without warning; he had not been looking well for some time; but she had attributed his pallor to the London season. They were out a great deal. She had not seen him that last morning; he had left as usual at nine, and been arrested at his office.

She turned shuddering from the recollection of the days that followed: the sale: the trial.

She had a little money of her own, enough to take her away, right away into the heart of Devon where no one knew. They had both been fond of gardening and she made it her hobby at first and gradually it had become a business. She grew mushrooms and violets for market, and was doing well. Gradually she had become used to the loneliness and a life of purpose and interest had been established; one strikes roots anywhere in time. Her cottage had been dear to her at first as a shelter; now it was the center of many interests and activities. She would not admit she feared the disturbance his coming would create. She told herself it was for his sake she had determined he must be sent off to Canada at once—alone.

The heat was oppressive. She got up, struggling against the feeling of inertia. The tiny lodging-house apartment provided nothing of interest, however. As she stood by the mantelpiece, a small dish caught her eye among the unpretentious ornaments. It appeared to hold a doll's fern, but looking, she perceived a live plant was growing from a brown disk set in water. The quaint little thing amused her for a second; it brought back the recollection of a Japanese tree her husband had given her when they were first married. Her eyes grew moist at the remembrance.

She could not stay longer in the heat-filled room; her bedroom was at the back of the house and she picked up her book, to go upstairs. The dusty streets made no appeal.

As she passed through the hall, she saw a door was open at the back, through which came a glimpse of sky. Investigating, she discovered and descended a flight of steps which led down into a grimy area, surrounded by brick walls, whereon the London soot had settled heavily.

Presently she heard a sharp yapping below and perceived a tiny dog had run out from the basement and was standing barking at her. He was quickly followed by a little girl who picked him up, addressing soothing words to him. She was accompanied by an

enormous Persian cat, well-brushed and plump, and the woman glanced down at them with a hard look. She had to be thankful they had had no children.

She returned to her magazine again until a suppressed laugh rippled out and, looking down, she saw the child had dressed the dog in a doll's bonnet and had placed him in her doll's perambulator, where he lay at ease.

She smiled in spite of herself at the queer sight and then beheld a row of little plants similar to the one she had noticed on the mantelpiece. The child had arranged them on a ledge and had evidently been watering them. She called down to the child and asked what they were.

It turned out they were merely the discarded "tops" of the roots "mother" used for cooking. The one in the sitting room was a turnip top. She "grew" them in her doll's tea-service.

The child was glad to show her treasures and soon volunteered the news that she had white mice and ran into the basement where she lived, appearing with a glass box in which three mice were flourishing amidst the joys of Indian corn.

Some corn wrapped in a moist blanket was produced, germination being joyfully anticipated.

While she showed her things, the child's talk ran on gaily; she had been taken to the Park that afternoon and the swans had eaten from her hand. She had been painting all the morning; she had been ill and her Sunday-school teacher had written her such a lovely letter. She was going back next week.

The dingy area which formed the child's home was no prison to her, but a playground full of infinite possibilities. She exhaled an atmosphere of growth and life, and around her animals frolicked, and the refuse of the ash-barrel put forth dainty leaves and fronds, and was cherished as tenderly as priceless flowers. The dusty streets which had kept the woman prisoner had been an enchanted highway leading to a place of flowers and birds and beasts—more friends. Dog, cat, mice, and swans shared and cheered her quarantine.

The little dog moved suddenly and tried to get out of his coverings and the child flew to his rescue; peals of laughter mingled with the dog's yappings and the yard was the scene of a boisterous chase.

If such happiness could flower in such surroundings, was there any possible limit to what might be—for anyone—in all conditions?

What was that verse? "The wilderness shall blossom like the rose." Could the desert of his future blossom too, beginning with his home-coming? There was new light in the woman's eyes, a faint hope, though somewhat clouded still.

She wondered why she had not brought flowers from the abundance of her garden. He loved the old-fashioned garden flowers. But she had not been thinking of what he loved—only of what she feared.

She had suggested the meeting in London,—she had not wanted him to invade her country home. She had come up, to arrange a separation in deed if not in name, she had not thought of his desires at all—consigning him to some place far out of England where he could make a new start—and she would not be disgraced.

She hurried through the streets until she found a florist's; there she bought extravagantly and returned with her arms full, and rang for vases, arranging them with speedy fingers. So soon he would be here.

For the first time she was trying to realize what liberty would mean to him. The sky, the fresh air on his forehead, the power to do and go as he pleased, the welcoming flowers, her love. Where she had seen dark clouds, she saw the sunshine of infinity. The past had gone, slipped utterly away with the last fleeting minute. All that they *could* live was the future. By their own volition only, could it be shadowed by memory of the past.

If they put it right away from them, why not begin life from the very moment when they met; go back at once to the cottage, tucked away among the hills and streams with the sea booming a perpetual reminder of its wide expanse? Ah, there is where she should have welcomed him! There in the healing silence of the trees and flowers and fields.

Her eye fell on the turnip top in the doll's sugar basin, and with strange tenderness she pulled it forth and set in it a cleared space.

As she did so, the bell rang, and she stood transfixed. Would he be altered? Would prison have stamped something terrible upon him? What was he feeling?

Anguish unspeakable rushed on her. In that minute she saw the selfishness which she had shown to him. Before the crash she had spent money, insistently, on the luxuries she called "necessities." She it was who had insisted on moving in to town from Marlow; who had filled the flat with all the latest "bibelots"; who had cultivated smart amusing people. The last years they scarcely ever had a moment to themselves. She had developed "nerves," in the incessant rush, and talked much to everyone about her delicacy. That was why he had striven to keep everything from her knowledge, plunging recklessly at the end in the endeavor to supply her "needs."

And after the trial and the sentence, she had still thought only of herself, had shut him out of her consciousness as much as possible, had not been to see him, had hugged her selfish seclusion, concentrating all her thoughts on her business, her gardening interests. Even today when she had come up to meet him, she had not troubled to look nice; she was in her old gardening things, untidy, careless, —she who had used to dress so well and whom he had admired so heartwholly.

It was as if she stood before God's mirror, and saw a distorted monster in place of the martyr, the courageous sufferer she had thought herself. In that one moment, as drowning men see all their lives in one great flash, so she, too, saw.

And seeing, was astonished; and astonished, turned in horror, melted, humble, whole.

"Mr. Southfields," said the servant at the door, and Henry came in.

Could Henry's hair be gray? That wonderful lustrous corn-color have lost its hues and turned to ashen brown streaked with silver?

Could Henry's eyes have lost their crystalline clearness, and be drooping, furtive? Could her husband stand there, just within the door, miserably indecisive, ill at ease with *her?*

What to say to him? How—how to atone?

As if in answer to some God-sent intuition her fingers touched the turnip top, and she held it out to him, speaking as she would have done in their old sweetheart days.

"Look Henry! Isn't it sweet? What do you think it is?"

She was laughing.

He sought the tiny object blankly; then his face lightened with instinctive curiosity.

"I don't know."

His voice was the same.

"Look!"

He had to come near to take it.

"Something you've brought up; something you've produced?"

"No; it's a turnip top. The child here grows them. I must take you down to see them."

He was beside her, holding the tiny plant, his eyes fixed on it as if he dared not raise them further.

Then he did.

And then they were together, and the tears were flowing, healing, helping tears.

CONSIDER THE BIRDS OF THE AIR!

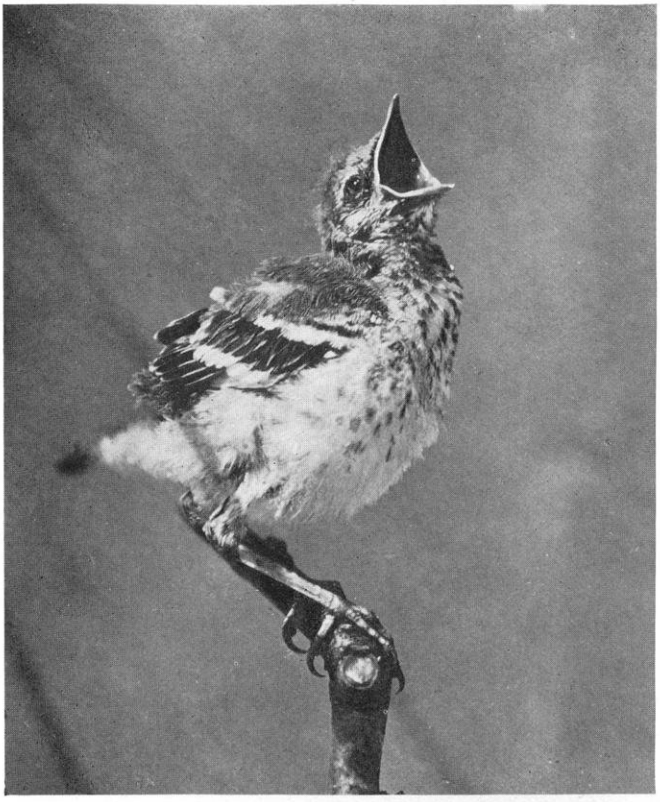
MERICA is rapidly awakening to an appreciation of the necessity of conserving its agricultural and horticultural resources, for the prosperity of the whole country depends largely upon what use is made of the farming lands. Farmers should hold the land as a trust, and should be given the respect that is accorded men who are in charge of large affairs. We should coöperate with them in every way possible, for our welfare is in their hands. The fact that a bill is to be introduced in Congress making it a misdemeanor for a man to misuse, deplete or ravage the land shows that we are awake to the importance of conserving our land as well as our forests.

While man has, in the past, wasted his glorious inheritance of land and forest, has carelessly and unwittingly interfered with Nature until he has come dangerously near changing her perfect balance, he is now at last seeking in many ways to restore what he has destroyed. He has learned that he cannot ruthlessly lay waste the forests without disastrous consequences, for they are important adjusters of the climate and equalizers of the water supply in streams. He is coming to see that the hot desert places have some potent reason for existence, and that to arrogantly alter them might prove the upsetting of climatic balance. And he now sees that the birds which he has so constantly persecuted are important factors in Nature's scheme of balance, and is endeavoring to recall them to the fields and forests.

It is a pity that man only protects what is of use to him, yet, by protecting he learns to love, and loving, his eyes are open to new beauties. We are not altogether a commercial people, so we need "beauty reserves" as well as "utility reserves," and preserving the latter we find we have preserved the former, for beauty and utility are too closely interwoven in man's life to be easily separated. We save our forests, deserts, lands, birds, that our lumber, climate, food crops, be not lost to us, but walking through the forest that we have kept from being destroyed we find that its beauty has had some subtle effect on us, that we have loosed our grasp on certain pettinesses and small cowardices. To spend a night in the solitude that only a desert can give, watching the stars that shine more clearly there than over sea or mountain, is an experience that raises one to a new consciousness of the greatness of life, and the complaining speech of our lips is hushed. To see a lark spring from his lowly nest among the grasses, mount with strong wing straight into the sky, flooding the air with the piercing sweetness of his exultant sunrise song, is to follow his trail to high realms.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page and Company

FLICKERS: UNOFFICIAL INSPECTORS OF FORESTS DOING VALUABLE POLICE DUTY IN KEEPING THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE TREES FREE FROM INSECTS, BUGS AND WORMS.



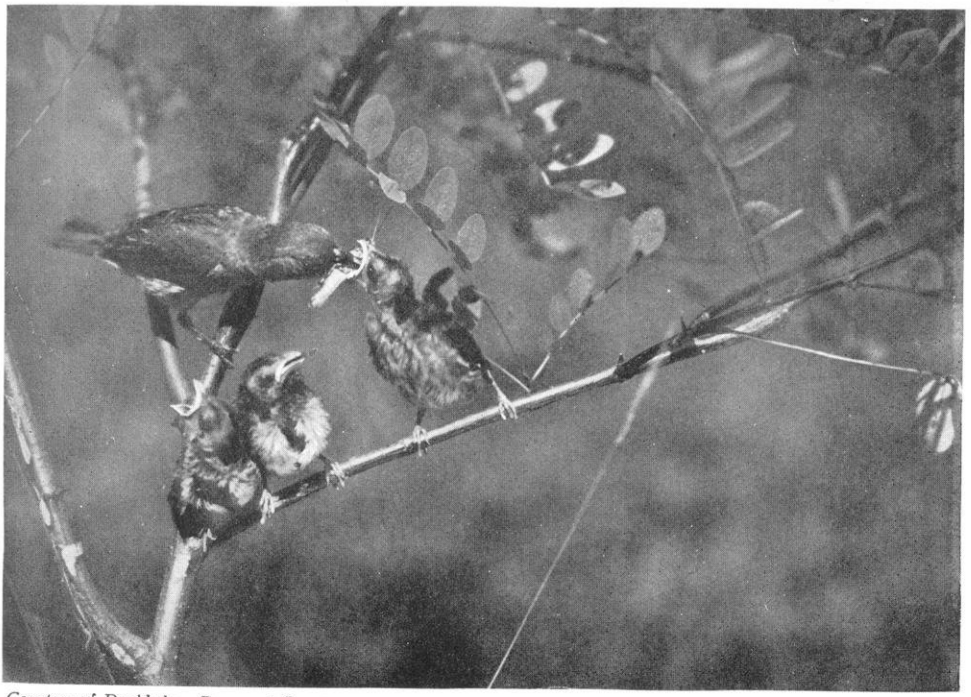
YOUNG MOCKING BIRD: "MORE! MORE!" DEMANDS THIS OLIVER TWIST OF INSATIABLE APPETITE, WHOSE CRIES FOR INSECT FOOD SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED BY ALL FARMERS.

YOUNG ORCHARD ORIOLES PATIENTLY WAITING, HUNGRILY EXPECTANT, UNTIL THEY ARE OLD ENOUGH TO BEGIN THEIR WORK OF RIDDING ORCHARDS OF PESTS.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page and Company.

DOWNY WOODPECKER SEARCHING OVER AND UNDER EVERY BIT OF BARK, PEERING INTO EVERY CREVICE FOR LARVÆ.

INDIGO BIRD: A TIRELESS HUNTRESS WHO SERVES MAN DILIGENTLY WHILE FEEDING HER FAMILY.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page and Company.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page and Company.

THE ROBIN: THIS FAITHFUL RANGER OF ORCHARDS, DESTROYER OF RUINOUS PESTS, SHOULD RECEIVE OUR AID IN PROTECTING HER HOME FROM ENEMIES.

CONSIDER THE BIRDS OF THE AIR!

Nothing so surely impoverishes as ceaseless taking, taking, taking,—the balance of giving and giving must be borne in mind. Granting liberty, we find we have won a loyal service. Wanton destruction of our birds, ceaseless taking, taking of their lives, has reacted like a boomerang to the serious injury of our welfare.

WHOLESALE killing of certain birds has been known to bring on a pest of locusts. Whole crops of grain have been ruined by field mice that increased rapidly because of the absence of birds. Birds are one of Nature's checks, a balance against the inroads of insects; and when we read reports to the effect that the loss from insect and rodent pests in the United States this past year amounted to eight hundred million dollars, much of which would have been prevented if the birds had not been so nearly exterminated, we realize what a valuable asset they are to the farmer and through him to the whole nation. They are his indispensable assistants as much as the sun, the winds and the rains. They are public benefactors, singing merry songs of cheer the while they serve. They forage under every leaf, running on the ground, searching the cabbage, beet, lettuce, tomato plants for the destroyers and hang head downward on swaying branches of the trees, feasting on the larvæ that would, unless found by these pretty little hunters, soon devour every green leaf. They peer into every crevice of the bark, holding at bay the horde of invaders. They fly by day and by night, keeping the highways of the air clear of destructive moths, millers, flies. And the country would be overrun with weeds were it not for the birds who winter and summer feed upon their seeds.

We are astonished when we read in reports sent out by the National Association of the Audubon Societies and the Department of Agriculture how great has been the loss to our crops through ignorance concerning the economic value of our birds. From the reports of thirty-six States and Territories we gain the impression that during the last fifteen or twenty years bird life has been decreased by about forty-six per cent. Gallinaceous birds, such as the grouse, quail, partridge and wild turkey, have been most affected. Wild ducks and shore birds have also been noticeably decreased, while the passenger pigeon, prairie chicken, Carolina paroquet and bluebird have almost disappeared from the land.

June twenty-third, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a bill which was wrongly supposed to benefit the farmers. It permitted the wholesale slaughter of hawks and owls which preyed upon their chickens. The farmers soon discovered that mice, moles, gophers were injuring their crops

so completely and increasing so rapidly in numbers that bounty to the sum of ninety thousand dollars was paid out in an endeavor to exterminate the invaders. This money for bounty alone added to the great loss of the crops, was the costly result of saving a few chickens.

Dr. C. L. Marlatt of the Bureau of Entomology says that the Hessian fly causes a loss seldom under ten per cent. of a wheat crop, and that in nineteen hundred and four this amounted to over fifty million dollars, and in nineteen hundred the loss ran close to one hundred million dollars. We also are told that the cotton-boll weevil caused a thirty million dollar loss in one year, the potato beetle ten million dollars and the chinch bug three million dollars a year to the corn growers. It is hard to credit such figures and to realize that much of this tremendous loss of labor and money could have been averted if the birds had been protected.

A young bird is said to have eaten about ten times its weight by the time it leaves its nest, so the fecundity of insects is well balanced by the appetite of the birds. According to Mr. Charles W. Nash, a young robin that he experimented with ate one hundred and sixty-five cutworms a day. Other observers report that a sparrow ate fifty-four cankerworms at a sitting, that a common mourning dove ate seven thousand five hundred seeds of the wood-sorrel in a day, and that a prairie chicken eats hundreds of locusts a day. Is it not plain to be seen that the birds would render valuable service if left to do their appointed work? Bob-whites are efficient helpers of the farmers, a pair of barn owls are quoted as being worth one hundred dollars a year, and the toad, who is such a persistent hunter of insects, is said to be worth twenty dollars. Even blackbirds and crows are found to be much maligned servants and are not as black as they have been supposed to be, for the mischief that they do is more than offset by the service they render.

It is pleasant to note that "Bird and Animal Preservation" was the subject of a lecture given at the summer school of agriculture at Amherst, this year, for it shows that birds are being reckoned among things to be understood by farmers equal with rotation of crops, fertilizers, bacteria, deep plowing, irrigation, etc.

IT IS also good to read about the reserves being established here and there where birds are encouraged to dwell, by feeding in winter, by little nesting boxes placed conveniently all about, by having running water within easy access. There is a plot of land at Pomfret, Conn., of seven hundred acres maintained by the coöperation of fourteen landowners, and one at Meriden, N. H., established solely as a "sanctuary for birds" where they may breed

in safety, which consists of pasture land, grassy meadows, groves and a forest, with a brook running through it, so that every kind of bird can find a building site to its liking. The birds are carefully guarded and their enemies rigorously excluded. And through the efforts of the National Association of Audubon Societies fifty-two national bird reserves have been set aside and maintained, and many places have been supplied by the Government through their efforts, with wardens to protect the birds through the breeding season.

Orchardists now and then send in reports that the placing of nesting boxes in their orchards has done away with the necessity of spraying; for robins and all birds soon spy out their friends among mankind and stay where they feel secure.

The question of bird conservation came up before the New York Legislature last spring, when a bill was introduced intended to cripple the Shea plumage law. By the provision of this law, plumage of protected birds of New York must not be found in the possession of anyone for purposes of sale. The question involved was whether the State would permit a few business men to drive a flourishing trade with feathers for millinery uses, to the injuring of crops and the destruction of the natural beauties of the State.

And right here is where everyone can coöperate with the farmers for everyone can lend a hand in protecting the birds around their immediate neighborhood. And that thoughtless, heartless tyrant, Dame Fashion, can be openly disobeyed when she suggests bird feathers for hat trimming. In fact, she should be defied! There are many beautiful ways of trimming hats without the use of feathers, and if women, who feel pity for a squirming fishworm, only realized the suffering of the beautiful white bird when the aigrette worn on the hat was torn from its body, if they could know that the aigrette was obtained at the cost of the lives of the young, the fledglings who starve slowly, lacking the care of the mother who wore the aigrette as nuptial plumes—then they would be ashamed to be seen with one. Woman ornaments herself with it now because she does not realize all this, but when it is brought to her knowledge she will refuse to wear ornaments bought at such a cost.

If we had coaxed, invited the birds to live in our city parks, if we had given them attention and protection, we should not have had the sad, disgraceful sight of the ragged, ruined elms that are inglorious monuments to our neglect. Why go to the trouble and expense of spraying the trees or burning the eggs of the caterpillars to the injury of the trees instead of filling the parks with birds, giving them protection and feeding them during the winter? And the birds would be a delight and add to the beauty and interest of parks.

CONSIDER THE BIRDS OF THE AIR!

GERMANY has preceded us in the conservation of birds as well as of the forests, and has done much to supply in artificial ways what had been destroyed through carelessness or by widespread cultivation of the land. They are growing hedges where certain birds can nest, cutting off the tops of trees in places so that they may spread out lower branches, thus forming the thickets that birds love and that have been too thoroughly done away with by civilization. They tie bushes together to make better shelter, hang skilfully constructed boxes everywhere possible to take the place of dead trees. The Grand Duchy of Hesse installed nine thousand, three hundred of these boxes in the Government forests that were all in time discovered by the birds and taken possession of. The Government has also ordered the old trees to be left standing in the crown forests that the natural nesting places be not all destroyed.

Baron von Berlepsch, called the father of modern scientific bird conservation, has equipped his large estate at Seebach as an experimental station for bird protection. His methods of feeding, his skill in imitating the natural holes found in old trees that birds use for nesting purposes, his clever and sympathetic way of making birds that nest in the grass, bushes, thickets, tall trees, dead trees, clay banks, etc., feel at home, are copied by many other landowners. And the wisdom of his protection has been thoroughly proven, for at times when adjoining estates were ruined by insect pests his were fresh and unharmed, an undeniable proof of the service the birds render mankind when permitted to do so. His orchards furnished with nesting boxes are free from caterpillars when all the rest of the neighborhood suffers from these pests.

In America the National Association of Audubon Societies is the pioneer of bird protection and it has been of great benefit in calling public attention to the service the birds render mankind and to incite it to active means of conservation.

In an address by James Buckland before the Royal Society of Arts, London (and now printed and distributed through this country by the N. A. A. S.), he said: "Let man remember Hungary; let man remember the Island of Bourbon; let man remember the dozen other instances in which he has banished the bird, only to hurriedly rescind that judgment and to call it again to his aid, lest he should perish. And fortunate indeed it was for him that the bird was not beyond recall!" And again he said: "Were it possible to sweep suddenly every bird from the earth it would be a span of a few years only before this globe would become uninhabitable."

THE HOUSE OF THE DEMOCRAT: BY WILLIAM L. PRICE

"And what wealth then shall be left us when none shall gather gold,
To buy his friend in the market, and pinch and pine the sold?

"Nay, what save the lovely city, and the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty and the happy fields we till."

Y DEFINITION of Democracy is a state wherein there is no special privilege; my definition of a democrat is one who of his own impulse can truly say with Walt Whitman, "By God, I will not have anything that every man may not have the counterpart of on like terms." Not the "Thou shalt not" of extraneous force, but the "I will not" of self control and brotherliness. And the House of the Democrat? It must need no special privilege for its gaining, and it must not oppress by its possession.

I once built a house for a Democrat,—a man who left a money-making partnership when he believed he had as much money as he could employ profitably to his fellowmen,—and his one concern for this house was not that it should cost too much, but that it should in no wise embarrass his friends: ample enough to contain them; simple enough to leave them unoppressed; yet with artistry to please and to lead them, if they would, to do likewise. Some of his friends were not well enough off to afford such a house, some of them were rich enough to build palaces; yet his house was not to make the one envious or the other contemptuous.

But such a house is only possible to the real Democrat, the man who demands equality of opportunity without desiring an *impossible* equality of attainment. A man may, perhaps I should say, must be a stately gentleman to be such a Democrat. His possessions may be many or few and his house great or small, but to have arrived at the dignity of democracy is to have arrived at stateliness. To have in your possession nothing that is not by right your own, to ask no favor but comradeship, to demand no rights but equal rights, to produce and get the equivalent, to be able to give of yourself rather than of your goods,—this were an achievement that would gild a cottage, or make simply human the stateliest habitation.

But no man can be a Democrat by himself, however many sturdy steps he may take towards it or however his heart may swell with the hope of it. "We be of one flesh, you and I," and we neither live to ourselves nor build to ourselves nor by ourselves. A man may by a wish set the feet of the whole world toward democracy, but the house of the democrat can only be built by the willing hands of

democrats, so as there are few democratic architects and few democratic craftsmen there are few democratic houses.

Look to your own houses, my friends, the houses of your friends, and the houses that line your roadways. You may find, here and there, an old farmhouse springing out of the soil, built by village carpenter and mason and smith, with low roofs and wide spreading porches that mothers its human brood as the hen its tired chicks,—and when you find it, your heart will yearn to it; you will feel that a Jefferson might have spoken his noblest thoughts under its roof-tree and the simplest yeoman his simplest hopes for tomorrow's crops with an equal dignity and an even fitness.

I do not mean the pillared porticoes of the stately mansions of Colonial days; they speak of pomp, of powdered wig, of brocade gown, of small clothes and small sword, of coach and four, of slavery or serfdom; nor do I speak of the lesser imitations of such houses. When Jefferson and Washington spoke of democracy, they spoke not of what was, but of what *was to be;* they spoke of democrats in spite of kings, of democracy in spite of palaces.

AND we who have built up privileges and powers and potentates in the name of democracy, we who have reëstablished the power of dead men and their deeds over the living, we who have repudiated Jefferson's "The earth belongs in usufruct to the living," we who in this civilization of stupid waste play shuttlecock to the barbaric battledores of roaring Hells and stifling pens,—what should we know of the house of the democrat? We are fastening tighter the rule of the past in the name of education and taste; we are forging chains of "wisdom" and knowledge and riveting them on the arms of Prophecy; setting up styles in art at the mandates of established orders of taste, just as our "Supreme Courts" are binding the hands of Tomorrow with the precedents of yesterday, as if there were any supreme court but the people whose hands they vainly try to bind, of any canon of taste more holy than fitness. Our laws are like our houses, cluttered up with imitations of the outworn junk of other days.

There is scarcely a molding in your house that is not stupidly copied or perverted from some lost meaning expressed by men of other days in the building of temple or palace; no stupid, dirty, wooden baluster that had not its inception in crook-kneed debasement to an unhallowed state, no ornament that does not reek of the pride of place and power; shield and wreath, festoon and torch, they speak no word to us at all, and if they could speak would tell only of the pomps and prides of other days, of an order that has passed in the

flesh even in those old lands where the people still hang the remnants and insignia of powers gone, on their sham princes and powerless potentates, and even the spirit of that false pride is dead for they produce no new emblems, no new visible manifestations of rank and power, but are content to pass over the tawdry finery of the past.

And, however, with our lips we have repudiated those shams—in our spirits we still kiss the feet of place and pomp; we still glorify hereditary power; we still hold up its hands to our own undoing, and we still copy so far as we can its vainglorious essays at expression. Our dress at a few cents the yard must ape their gorgeousness, our models must come from Paris even if our goods come from Kensington, and are made up in loathsome sweat-shops. Our furnishings, tossed out by machines and held together by the grace of imitation varnish, and our houses tacked together, putty-filled, mean in workmanship and mean in design, lick the feet of a pompous past, bow down in worship of a time that, at least, had the conviction of its sins, and openly elected to be lorded over by privileged classes.

WHEN at last we build the house of the democrat, its doors shall be wide and unbarred, for why should men steal who are free to make? It shall be set in a place of greenery, for the world is a large place and its loveliness mostly a wilderness; it shall be far enough away from its next for privacy and not too far for neighborliness; it shall have a little space knit within a garden wall; flowers shall creep up to its warmth, and flow, guided, but unrebuked, over wall and low-drooped eaves. It shall neither be built in poverty and haste, nor abandoned in prosperity; it shall grow as the family grows; it shall have rooms enough for the privacy of each and the fellowship of all. Its arms shall spread wide enough to gather in a little measure of the common earth, for your democracy will provide leisure and your democrat will not only pluck flowers but will grow them, not only eat the fruits of the earth but will find joy in planting, in "seed time and harvest," and all the myriad days of growth between will look to the sundial rather than the timetable for the ordering of his day.

The rooms of his house shall be ample, and low, wide-windowed, deep-seated, spacious, cool by reason of shadows in summer, warm by the ruddy glow of firesides in winter, open to wistful summer airs, tight closed against the wintry blasts: a house, a home, a shrine; a little democracy unjealous of the greater world, fenced in, but pouring forth the spirit of its own sure justness for the commonwealth.

Its walls shall be the quiet background for the loveliness of life, hung over with the few records of our own and others' growth made in the playtime of art; its furnishings the product of that art's more serious hours; its implements from kitchen-ware to dressing table touched by the sane and hallowing hand of purpose and taste. "Not one thing," as Morris says, "that you do not know to be useful and believe to be beautiful."

This is the house of the Democrat, and of such houses shall the democracy be full: none so humble that they may not touch the hem of art; none so great that the hand of art, whose other name is service, shall have passed it by.

When the tale of our hours of labor is a tale of hours of joy; when the workshop has ceased to be a gloomy hell from which we drag our debased bodies for a few hours of gasping rest; when the workshop shall rather be a temple where we joyously bring our best to lay it on the shrine of service; when art shall mean work and work shall mean art to the humblest,—then democracy shall be real; then shall our hours be too short for the joy of living; then patiently shall we build up a civilization that shall endure; then shall we laugh at the slips of our eagerness, and no more remember the horrid gorgon-headed monster, privilege, whose merest glance turned the hearts of men to stone, set nation against nation, armed man's heels to crush his fellows, fenced our coast from our fellowmen, built strong portaled prisons, armed ships to kill, filled our hearts with devastating fear, clouded our clear sight and spilled the lives and hopes of the many, and stole their hard-bought wealth for the bedecking of her snaky tresses—then shall we build the house of the Democrat.

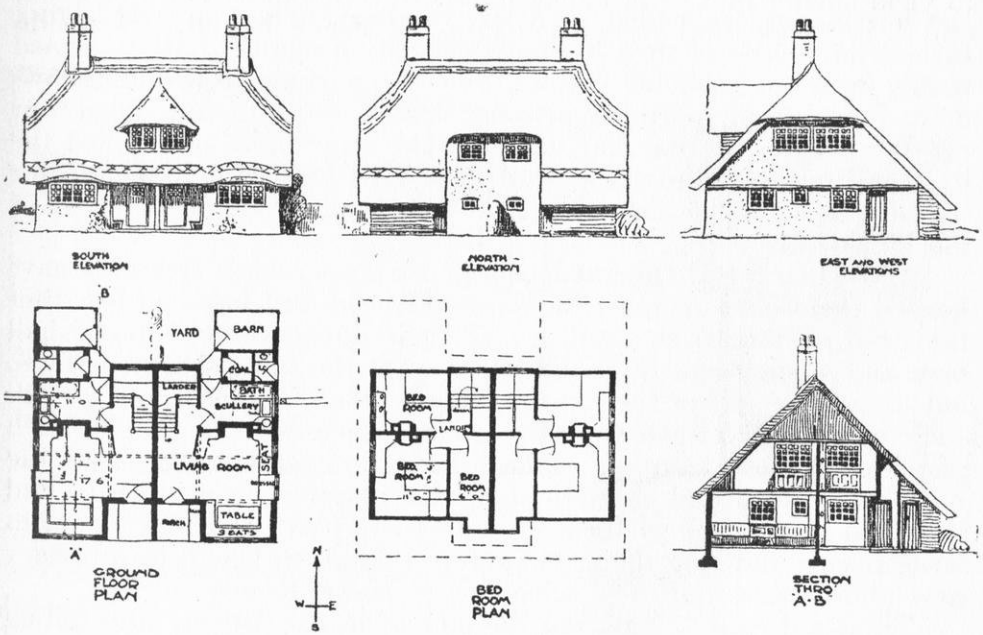
And when the Democrat has built his house, when free men have housed themselves to meet their present need and have no fear that the need of tomorrow shall cry at their doors unmet,—then shall men and women and little children, out of the fulness of their lives, out of the free gift of their surplus hours, build for each and for all, such parks and pleasure places, such palaces of the people, such playhouses, such temples, as men have not yet known. And the men and women and children shall find playtime to use them; find time and powers out of their work to write plays and play them, to write poems and sing them, to carve, to paint, to teach, to prophecy new philosophies and new sciences; to make, to give, to live.

"Is it a dream? Nay, but the lack of it, the dream; and failing it, life's love and wealth, a dream; and all the world a dream."

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

ASSUMING that the fitness of everything to its purpose is the prime essential to success in gardening as in all other branches of design, it perhaps behooves us to consider a little more closely our purpose in having a garden. From a utilitarian point of view, part of our object is to secure around the house the air space requisite for health, to grow vegetables and fruit for our table, and flowers which will add beauty to our environment and decorate and scent our rooms, and also to insure a pleasant outlook from our windows so that we shall be less at the mercy of our neighbors in this respect. Moreover, we wish to surround ourselves with pleasant places in which to live and work and rest, to play games and entertain our friends. For some of these purposes any form of garden space will suffice, but in other cases the design must be considered.

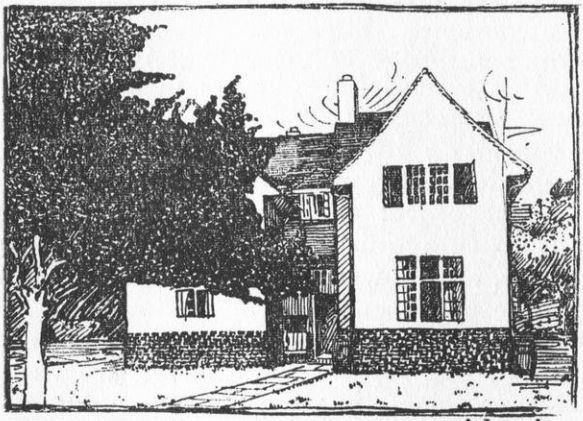
When planning a garden, let us first humbly solicit suggestions from the site, carefully noting the charms it possesses and the sources of those charms, so that if possible we may dispel none of them in



A COTTAGE FOR HOLLESLEY BAY LABOR COLONY.

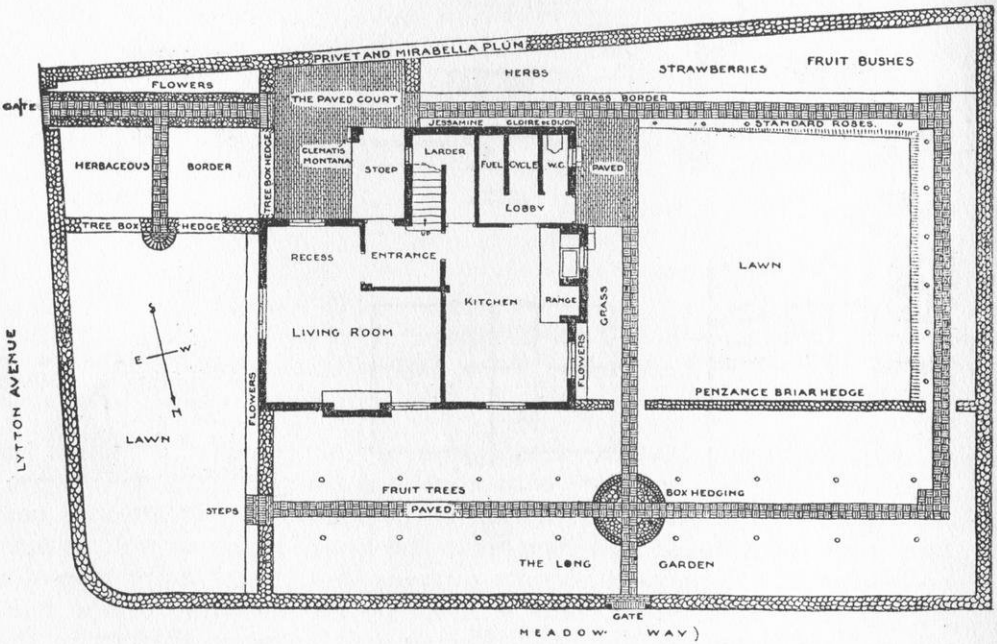
BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN ARCHITECTS LETCHWORTH. DRAWING NO. 3961

SCALE - EIGHT FEET TO THE INCH.



SKETCH OF ORCHARDS, STEEPLE MORDEN, SHOWING SEAT BY FRONT DOOR.

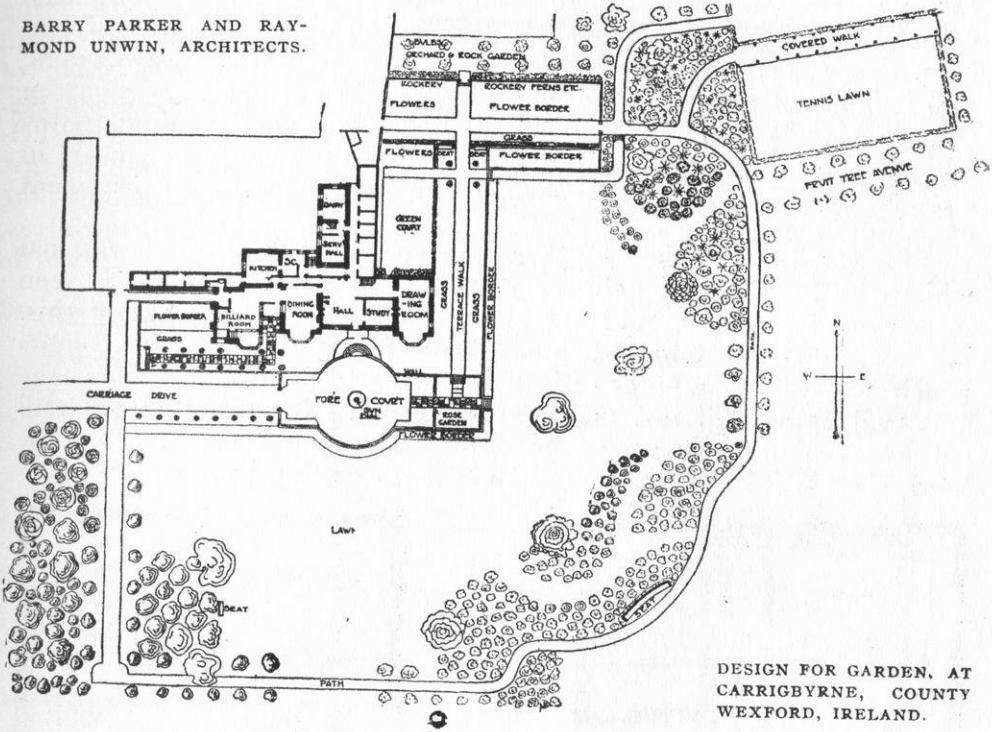
the process of translating it from a crude to a finished state. Let us rejoice in everything which may be left with advantage untouched, and in all which may be turned to good account by modification. Then let us next assign to everything the place we deem most suitable. Here, for instance, we say, shall be the tennis court, lying with its longest dimension north and south, that the level rays of the morning or evening sun may not shine into the eyes of players. Over there shall be a place for vegetables; yonder shall stand sheltered seats; in other places sunny seats. Fruit trees shall occupy that part, and our favorite flowers this. We will grow hedges here to yield shelter and form backgrounds for our plants and ourselves, and bring scale and proportion into the whole layout. If we do



DESIGN FOR THE GARDEN AT "BRIGHTCOT," LETCHWORTH: BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

these things with care, and if we put each element of the design where it will come most conveniently, effectively, easily and economically, we shall be also following the path that leads to the most beautiful results. But great stress should be laid upon the logic and economy of our selections. For games such as tennis and bowls, level lawns of a prescribed size and form are required, so in providing these, many main lines for the garden will at the same time be determined. Some plants require that sunny and yet sheltered places shall be found for them, while others are "shade-loving;" some again must have sun, but are independent of shelter, while others depend more on shelter than on sunshine. So the form of our garden design will be modified a little by our choice of plants.

BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.



DESIGN FOR GARDEN, AT CARRIGBYRNE, COUNTY WEXFORD, IRELAND.

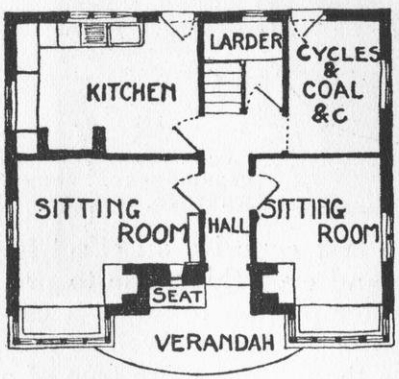
It would seem that the temptation to first conceive an effect for a garden and then sacrifice convenience and everything else to produce it, is less frequently felt than is the temptation to adopt a certain front for a house and then fit in the house plans as well as may be behind it. Perhaps it is more obvious though not more true of a garden than of a house, that it must be the outcome of the conditions laid down by the site. Certainly it is more obvious in the

case of a garden than it is with a house that if a design were produced without consideration of the site and the attempt were made to apply it, the result would not be happy.

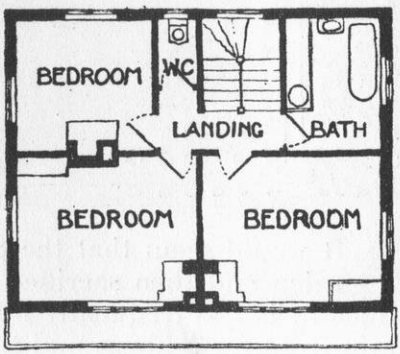
In most cases true economy brings efficiency, just as surely as true efficiency brings economy, and both give pleasure. And nowhere is this truer than in a garden. The garden in which we feel the site has been made the most of, natural features taken advantage of, local characteristics retained, is the one in which our pleasure will probably be greatest. And it is for this reason that the study of economy is so important.

We have noticed in a room just as on the exterior of a building, how beauty of ornament, if it is to appeal to us, must be allowed to do so from an ample field of undecorated surfaces, or at least from a surface of which the decoration has only the value of texture. This is true when the decoration of a room is natural flowers, and it is also true of flowers in a garden. We are as dependent on the plain surfaces of lawns, clipped hedges, paving, walling, paths and massed foliage to enable us to see fully the beauty of flowers in a garden, as we are on plain surfaces for the true value of ornament on a building.

Great value attaches to these surfaces as backgrounds against which the beauty and delicacy of plants and flowers may be seen to advantage. We should not allow ourselves to lose sight of this. We are sometimes tempted to substitute for a clipped hedge, plants which we think more beautiful in themselves, quite ignoring the fact that these will not make a background for other plants and will not reveal their graces so completely, and therefore that the total effect will have less charm than if the setting were simpler.



GROUND PLAN

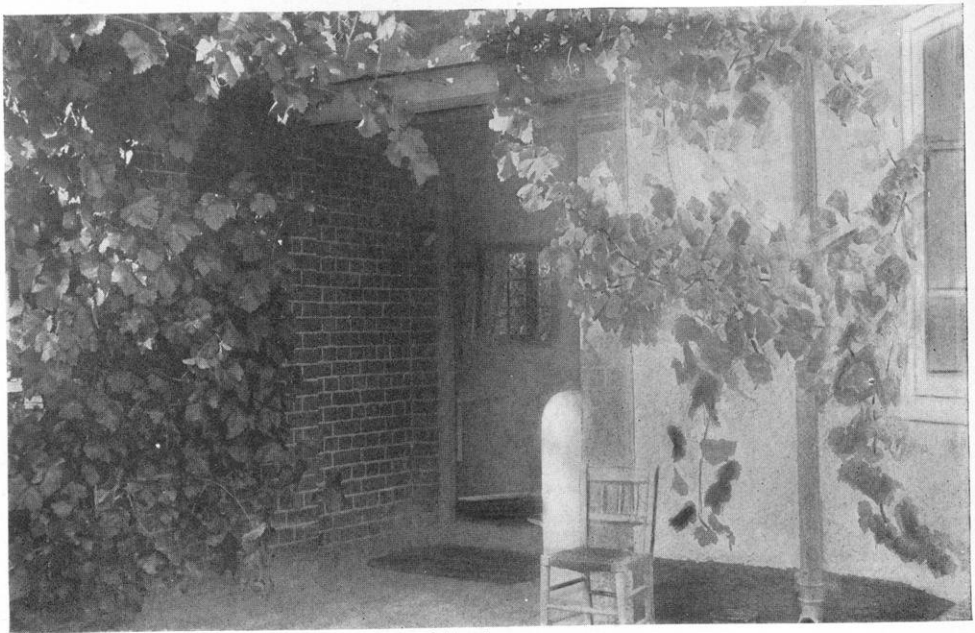


BEDROOM PLAN

FLOOR PLANS FOR HOUSE IN HAMPSTEAD WAY.

Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

HOUSE IN HAMPSTEAD WAY, HAMPSTEAD, N. W., ENGLAND:
SHOWING FRONT GARDEN AND RECESSED PORCH.



Both Houses Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin.

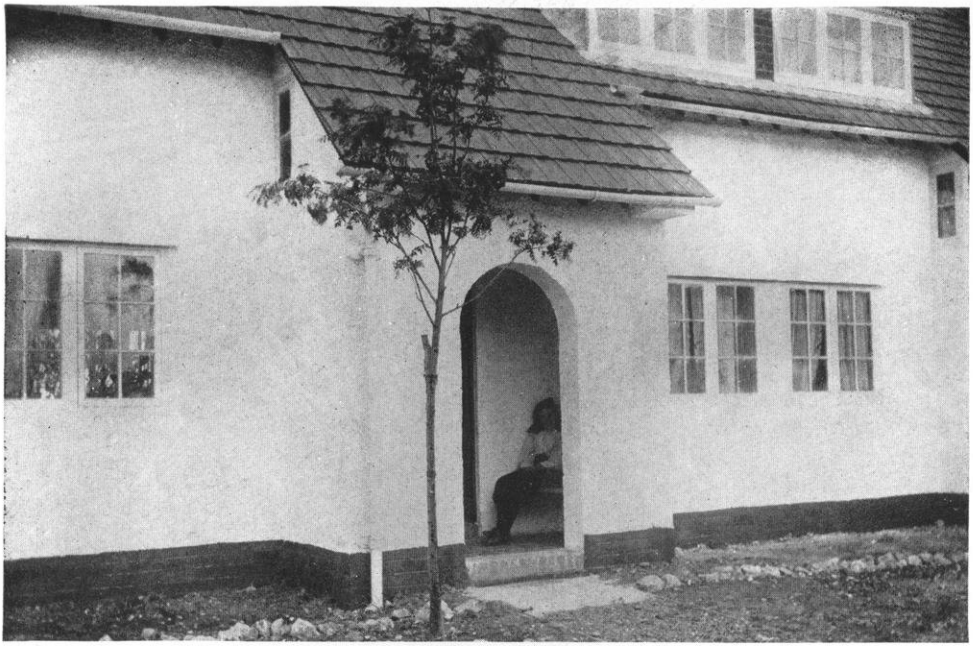
RECESSED PORCH AT "CRABBY CORNER," LETCHWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE.

SMALL RECESSED PORCH AT "LANESIDE," LETCHWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE.

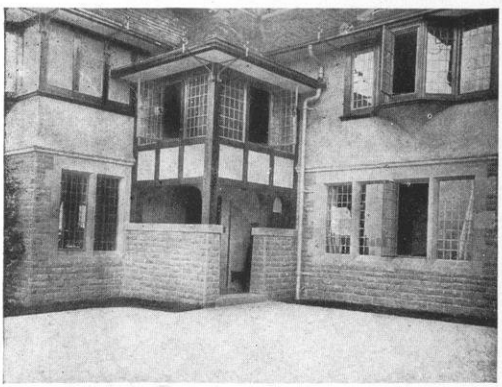
Both Houses Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin.

SMALL RECESSED PORCH FOR A COTTAGE ON HILLSHOTT, LETCHWORTH.

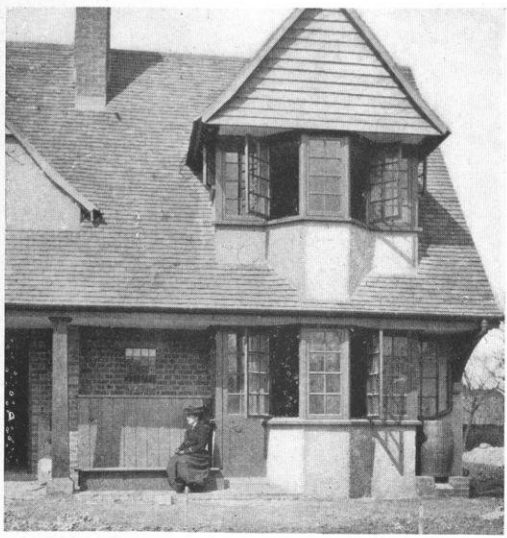
ENTRANCE PORCH TO A HOUSE AT NORTHWOOD, NEAR STOKE-UPON-TRENT.



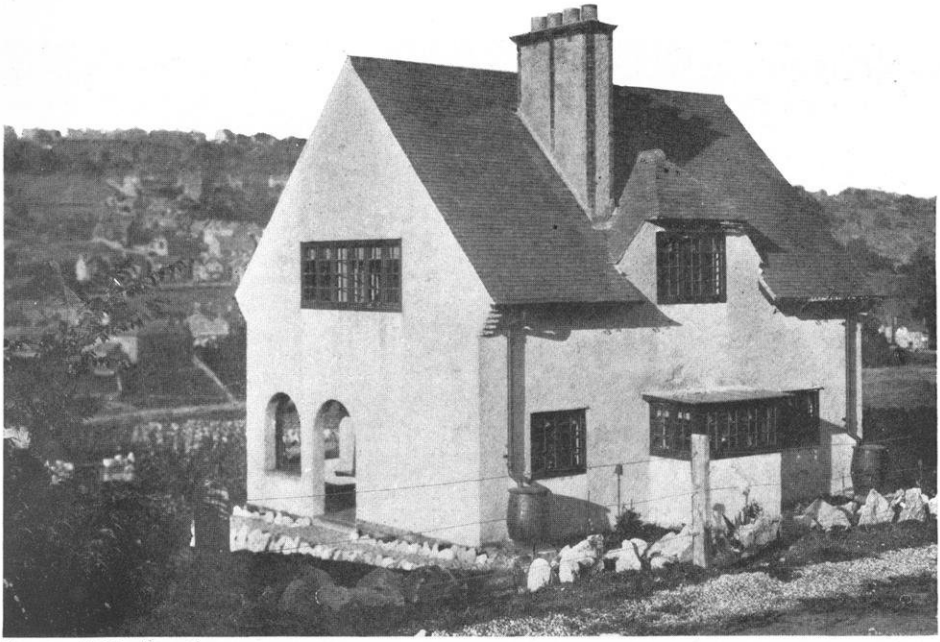
PORCH TO A COTTAGE ON BROUGHTON HILL, LETCHWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO "GREENMOOR," BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE. THESE THREE HOUSES WERE DESIGNED BY BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN.



ATTRACTIVE LITTLE PORCH IN A HOUSE AT CLAYDON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

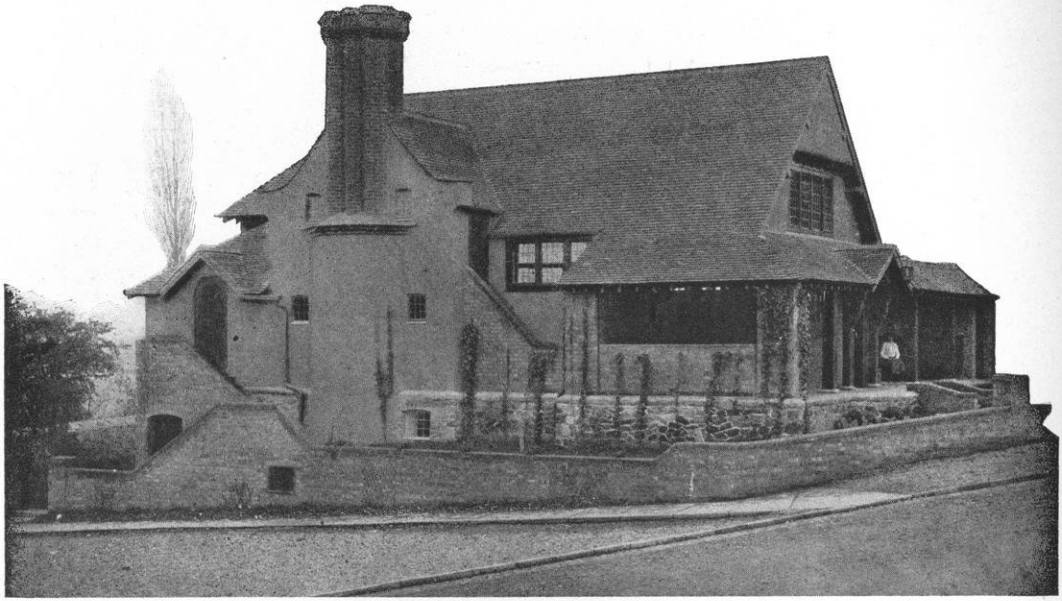


See page 176 for floor plans.

Both Houses Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin.

GLIMPSE OF PORCH IN A COTTAGE AT MEGDALE, DERBYSHIRE.

PORCH TO "THE DEN," NORTON, HERTFORDSHIRE.



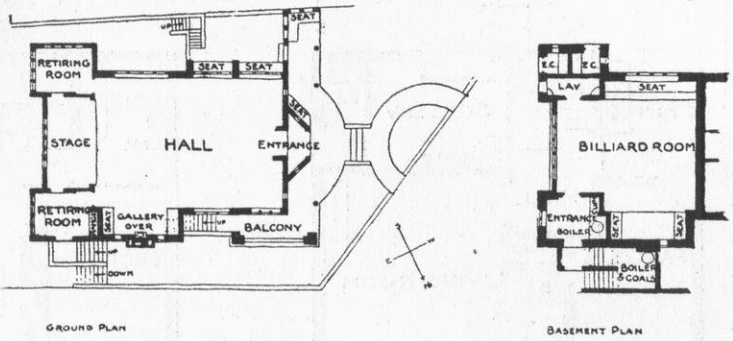
For floor plans see page 175.

Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

VILLAGE HALL AT CROFT, NEAR LEICESTER. A TYPE OF CLUB HOUSE TO BE SEEN IN MANY SMALL ENGLISH TOWNS.

INTERIOR OF CROFT VILLAGE HALL, SHOWING THE MAIN ROOM USED FOR CONCERTS, LECTURES AND DANCES.

In the decoration of our household furnishings, ornament which explains and emphasizes their forms and follows the lines of their construction will generally be found to impart a grace and sincerity which can never be given by ornament that runs counter to, contradicts or disregards these constructional features. So when we have planned the main form and framework of a garden, arranged our vistas and changes of level, and come to the disposition of decorative details, such as ornamental beds and color schemes, we shall find it best to let these follow and emphasize the main lines and never thwart or contradict them, or seem the result of whim or chance. This will prevent our making the mistake of cutting meaningless angular, circular or shapeless beds in our lawns, destroying that repose and breadth of treatment which are essential characteristics of a lovely garden. Our endeavor must be, in a garden as in everything else, to "ornament construction and not to construct ornament."



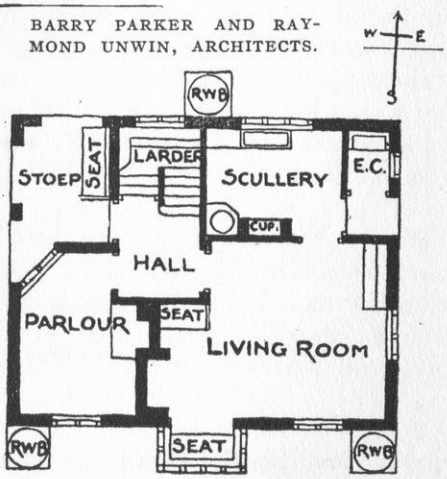
PLANS OF VILLAGE HALL AT CROFT, NEAR LEICESTER.

I must not attempt to enlarge upon all that light and shade may mean in a garden, upon the beautiful effects which come from alternating and contrasting one with the other, or upon the pleasure it gives us to come upon an open sunny flower garden out of a dim and shady alley. All these must be experienced to be understood. Mere words, too, can never make us realize the joy of those surprises and elements of mystery which a good garden designer will secure for us.

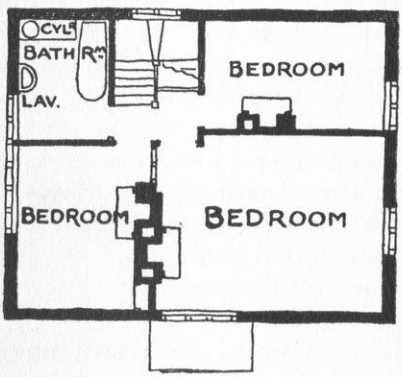
Nor has every architect sufficient horticultural knowledge to write effectively on the arrangement of color schemes in a garden. Obviously he must collaborate with the horticulturist if the best kind of garden design is to be reached; the only question is, at what point should this collaboration begin? Until comparatively recently it has been almost necessary that the main lines should be laid down by the architect who would call upon the horticulturist to bring his knowledge to bear upon the choice and disposition of the plants. But there is now springing up a school of garden architects who have added to their horticultural skill, architectural knowledge and

feeling which qualify them to undertake both sides of the work. As would naturally be expected they are most insistent on the importance of coördinating the designs for the house and those for the garden.

BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.



PLANS OF COTTAGE AT MEGDALE, DERBYSHIRE: SEE PAGE 173.



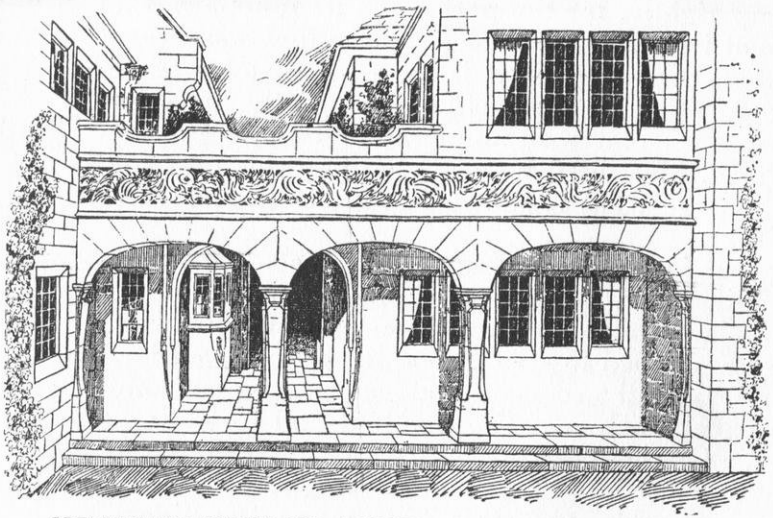
My plan for the garden at "Brightcot" in Letchworth is given here as a typical example of a design for a small garden evolved in the way I have attempted to describe, and brought to the point to which I have generally found it desirable to carry a garden plan before asking for expert horticultural advice. But when the garden architect's advice becomes more available many architects will gladly welcome his coöperation at a much earlier stage in the work; though no architect will ever agree to the house and garden being regarded as separate entities.

Among the lesser causes of lost charm in a garden it seems to me one of the most frequent has been the lack of seats. Often one may wander all over a garden without once finding an invitation to sit down and rest. Not only is this actually fatiguing, but it is not pleasant to be obliged to stand or walk all the time, for a garden should be before all things inviting, and what can tend more toward making it so than the provision of hospitable seats? The whole appearance of the garden is altered by their presence. I would have them everywhere, terminating and commanding vistas, under banks and around the boles of trees, but especially close up under the house, for there they will be most used. Beside the front door seems one of the most natural positions, partly because it is customary to arrange some shelter there, and this shelter may so easily be extended to cover a convenient seat, and partly again because anyone waiting for a few minutes at the door will not be obliged to stand.

We therefore give here several instances of seats by the front door or other convenient places. Among these are the entrances to a house on Windermere, to "Greenmoor," Buxton, to "Orchards," Steeple Morden, and to the house at Northwood near Stoke-upon-Trent.

All these houses have ample open-air facilities in addition to those shown here; but for smaller houses, seats which can be contrived by the front door often have to suffice. Cases in point are the houses at Claydon, Buckinghamshire, at Hampstead Way, Hampstead, and "Laneside," "Crabby Corner" and "The Den," all at Letchworth.

Coming to smaller houses still, one at Megdale in Derbyshire, is given as an example of a very desirable arrangement. The porch is here made really almost a garden room. It commands a view not easily surpassed, is away from the road, is large enough for meals to be taken in it comfortably, and provides a fine place for the children to play.



PRELIMINARY SKETCH FOR A HOUSE ON WINDERMERE: THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

When preparing the design for any cottage I would like one of the first questions to be: How far is it practicable to afford shelter around the door? Consider the average workman's cottage; we could scarcely find a better instance of how convention instead of the needs of the occupants, dictates what shall be provided in a dwelling. If we noted the lives of the workman and his family what would probably first strike us is the great proportion of time that is spent at and around the front door. Here, except in the very worst weather, the housewife spends almost every moment of leisure

she can snatch. While waiting until the water boils she goes to the front door; it is the brightest and most cheerful spot she has. Here her husband stands or sits to smoke his pipe in the evening. Around the door is where the children play most. The doorstep is the drawing room of the cottage; all that which corresponds to drawing-room life in other circles is enacted there,—the equivalent of the afternoon call, the gossip, the friendly chat. The parlor will never be used for any of these purposes.

In fact, we must accept the truth that unless very great changes take place in the lives of cottage dwellers the parlor will continue to be used only by a supreme effort two or three times a year, perhaps compensated for by the relief experienced when it is over. During all the time I have devoted to investigating, on the spot, what the workman and his family really wish the architect to give them, none of my visits has been spent in their parlor. I have never been invited in there, but for hours and hours at a time I have stood talking to them on their doorstep. Yet we continue to provide parlors, and often very rightly, for the parlor has its functions, though unrelated to the real lives of the people. These functions we will consider in due course. My plea now is for shelter and seats where they are really demanded by the actual lives of the inhabitants. I would fain have such places as ample as that at Megdale or at Hillshott, Letchworth, illustrated here; but where this may not be, could we not often have what is shown in my design for the cottage at Hollesley Bay?

In other instances, perhaps, these seats and shelters would have to be limited to what is shown in the photograph of one out of a block of six cottages on Broughton Hill at Letchworth. These cottages were planned to give a good living room, parlor, scullery, three bedrooms and all necessary conveniences as economically as possible, and they each cost one hundred and forty-six pounds and ten shillings. Of this cost the porches represented seven pounds each. If the cost must be so low that nothing more than a hood over the door is practicable, even this will make some difference, for it will allow the door to be left open many times when it would otherwise be too unprotected, besides permitting the life about the door to go on when the weather would have interrupted it. But I would strongly advise cutting down expense elsewhere, if necessary, and having for each cottage, if possible, a stoop almost equivalent to those at Megdale or Hillshott, and a seat with its back against the main wall of the house. Even where there are places for children to play, the smaller ones must remain under the mother's eye. Imagine the difference it would make to have them in such safe

places as those suggested here. This was brought home to me again a little while ago when I passed a row of cottages in the rain and saw five poor little urchins huddling up under the wall in their attempt to keep dry. I realized that their mothers could hardly have them in the living room, but that they must go not "out of her ken," and I knew each cottage had a parlor of which no use was made. I could not help wishing that the money spent on the parlor had been turned to some better account for the children and their parents.

If the children in the workman's family were ever allowed to use the parlor to play in, it would be different, but even then it could not take the place of a stoop from a health standpoint or from any other. We often find educated people with a large room in which the family lives, and a large nursery, but we never find the workman's family converting their parlor into a nursery; if we did our views on parlors would be modified.

The stoop is a great asset when embodied in the design for a village hall or institute. In the old days the smallest cottage almost always had its porch, and much of the common life of the village was spent in front of the village inn. An example of this suggestion is given in photographs and plans of Croft Village Hall near Leicester. Such halls and club houses are springing up in almost every village and are becoming centers of communal life. In this connection the roof garden is also doing very good service and is destined to play an important part in town life.

Finally, let me pay a tribute to window boxes. We shall never fully realize what the window box has done toward beautifying many a mean street and keeping hope alive in many a crushed life. Recently in a number of very inexpensive cottages, instead of overhanging the eaves, we expended the money thus saved on window boxes in order that we might have in a more serviceable form something which would give us the invaluable bit of shade we had lost by doing away with eaves. Not one out of these twenty-two cottages was without plants in the boxes a week after the dwellings were occupied, and the experiment has proved in every way a most happy one.

FRANZ LISZT: HIS GREATNESS AS MUSICIAN AND MAN: AN APPRECIATION ON THE OCCASION OF THE LISZT CENTENARY: BY NATALIE CURTIS

"Say to thyself that only continuous work and constant striving can win for a man freedom, moral worth and greatness." Liszt, to his son Daniel.

"LET us never put anybody on a parallel with Liszt, either as pianist or as musician, and least of all as man, for Liszt is more than all that—Liszt is an Idea." So said Anton Rubinstein of the great Hungarian the one-hundredth anniversary of whose birth is celebrated this year. While Liszt-Festivals are being held in Germany and Hungary, the new world, young in art, will also do honor to the composer. The opening concerts of the New York Symphony Society in October will be devoted to Liszt's works; on December eleventh the MacDowell Chorus under Kurt Schindler will produce the master's "Legend of Saint Elizabeth" for the first time in New York; at the subscription concerts December twenty-first and twenty-second of the Philharmonic Society a commemoration Liszt program will be given when Arthur Friedheim, one of the most celebrated pupils of Liszt, will play the A-major concerto and the orchestra will perform the "Fest-Klaenge" and the Dante Symphony, the choral part of which will be sung by the MacDowell Chorus. It is safe to surmise that this season throughout the country the American public will have opportunity to hear at least some of the greatest works of Liszt.

To Liszt did so-called modern music (as contrasted with "classical" music) owe much of its recognition, and to some extent its very existence. It has been said that in all the history of art there has never emanated from a single individual so wide an influence as that which Liszt exerted on the musical world. Admittedly the greatest pianist ever known, Liszt gave up his career as piano virtuoso before he was forty years old to devote himself to furthering what was then the new movement in music. As conductor of the Court Theater in Weimar he produced works which otherwise would have struggled long for a hearing. Raff, Berlioz, Schumann and the titanic Wagner were championed by him and many a lesser composer owes to Liszt his victory. Liszt stood for the whole creative effort of the new school—he was indeed "an Idea." Wagner wrote to him again and again: "If I ever come to the fore it will be your doing," and Liszt's heroic and successful effort to give to "Lohengrin" a first performance drew from the composer, then in exile, sad but tender words of gratitude.

THE GREATNESS OF LISZT

IN THE history of art it is rare to find a creative genius capable of supreme unselfishness in both art and life. For genius is imperative and usually makes the mortal whom it endows oblivious of all but the necessity of uttering his own message. But of Liszt it is said that his very being seemed made of large-minded sympathy. He always had time for others. Though his devotion to art might almost be said to have had in it that piety that characterized his childhood and his latter life, though Liszt knew that in helping artists and fighting the battles of young composers, he nobly served art and mankind and posterity as well, yet there was in his help always the element of personal kindness, of gracious thought for others and recognition of their needs. In his relation to Wagner, Liszt showed not only admiration and complete understanding of the artist but utter devotion to the man. Indeed the friendship of Wagner and Liszt with its recognition of genius by genius is one of the great friendships of history.

Like his mind and his heart the purse of Liszt was always open. But it was not only to genius that Liszt freely gave of his time, money and interest; he helped the less talented as well, always provided, however, that they were thoroughly in earnest. He also gave largely to charity and to worthy public enterprises such as the erection of the Goethe-Schiller Memorial in Weimar and the Beethoven Monument in Bonn,—a tribute which could not have been completed but for Liszt's generous gift of thirty thousand francs.

It seems strange that the phenomenal success that attended everything Liszt undertook never appears to have drawn his thoughts to center on himself. Wagner wrote: "Is he indeed with all his individuality too little of an egoist?" And Liszt seemed unconsciously to answer the question when he modestly replied to a letter from Wagner: "I am really much obliged to you for taking interest in my overtures and must ask you to forgive me for not having thanked you before; but the fact is the greater part of my time is occupied with other things than me and my works."

Like nearly all great musicians Liszt showed his talent at an early age. Within the radius of Raiding, his native village, he was spoken of, while still a child, as "the artist." His extraordinary gift was in part a heritage. His father, a gentleman of noble family but very moderate means, had longed to be a musician, but had been obliged to renounce this aim to accept a business position in the employ of Prince Esterhazy. It seems as though the repressed desire of the father had found expression in the gifted child who was to transcend every ambition and indeed every known standard in the art of piano-playing. Already at nine years of age he played in

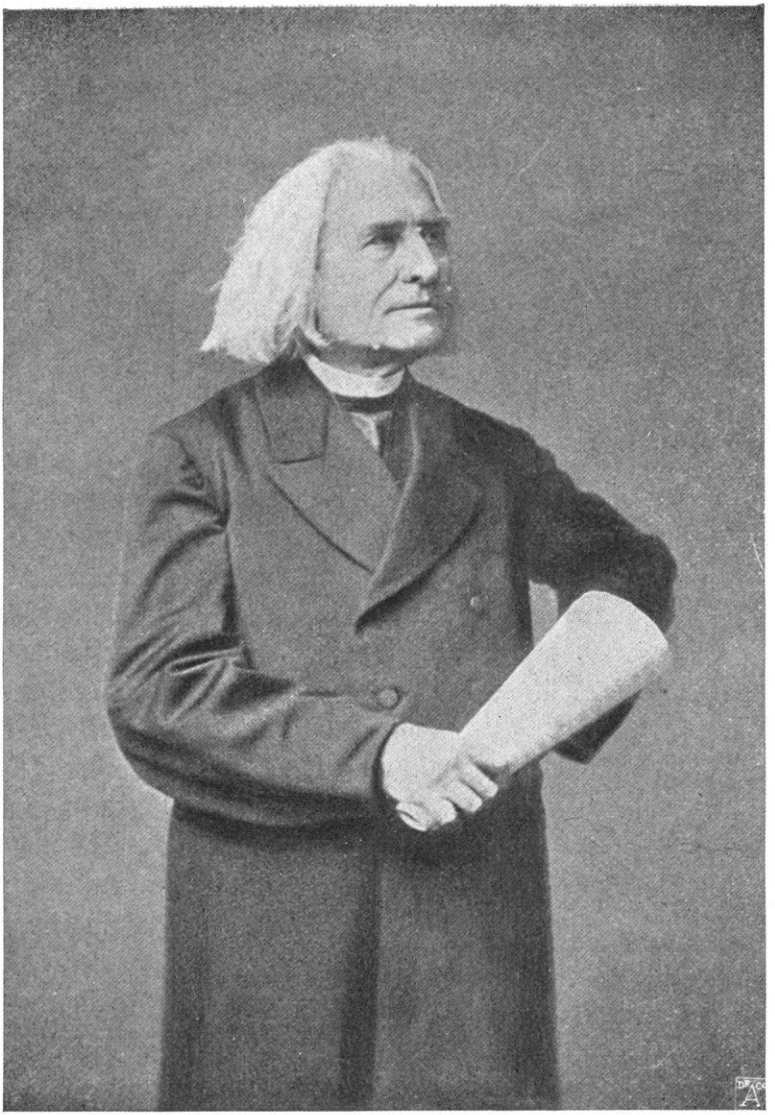
concert and so dazzled his auditors at Presburg that six Hungarian noblemen made up a fund to enable the marvelous boy to pursue his studies for six years at the great music centers.

TO VIENNA then went the Liszt family, and here after a year and a half of study under Czerny (and may every unwilling student who struggles with the "School of Velocity" spur his ambition with the memory that Czerny was the master of Liszt), the young artist again astonished the public with his concerts to one of which reluctant Beethoven, then already very deaf, was persuaded to come. The playing of the eleven-year-old child roused the audience to tumultuous enthusiasm and Liszt treasured throughout his life as a sacred memory the kiss that Beethoven placed on his forehead.

Then followed a period of study in Paris where it is said that Liszt's father urged the boy to play daily twelve fugues of Bach transposed into all keys! Paris became Liszt's home for several years where he was fondly called "the ninth wonder of the world." The salons of the aristocracy delighted to honor him; the magnetic personality, the creative genius (for Liszt enraptured his audiences with his improvisations) and the marvelous playing of the youth were recognized and applauded as descriptions say "with frenzy."

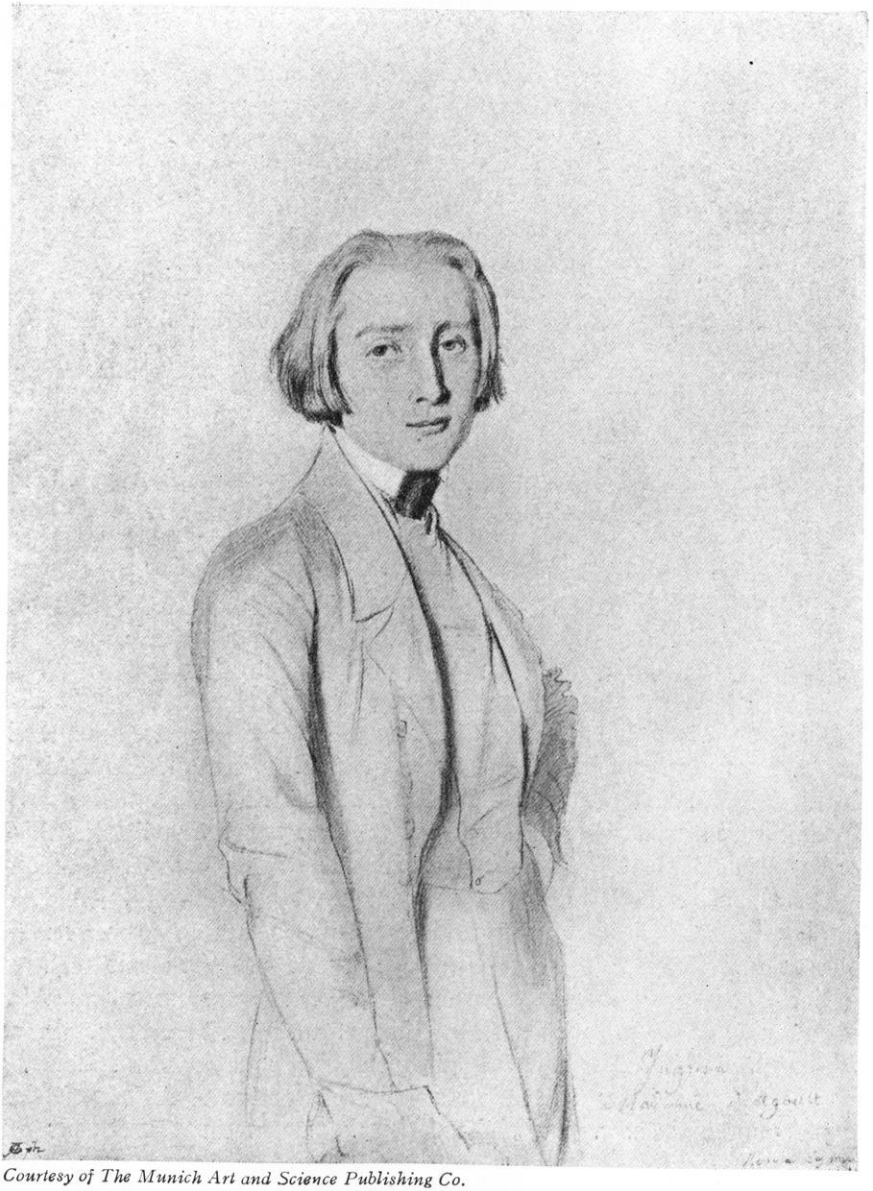
In eighteen hundred and thirty-one Paganini, the sorcerer of the violin, visited Paris. His concerts produced such an impression on the twenty-year-old Liszt that it seems as though the young Hungarian then determined to be as absolutely supreme upon the piano as Paganini on the violin. They say he practiced as few mortals can and soon acquired technically an astonishing mastery of the instrument, such as perhaps no pianist has ever equaled. Then began his brilliant and unparalleled career as a virtuoso. He was what Paganini never could be, for besides his genius he was an artist whole-heartedly devoted to a great ideal.

The story of Liszt's triumphs, of the fascination exerted by his person and his art and of the "absolute worship" to which he was accustomed seem fabulous as well as romantic and often fantastic. He has been described as having "marched through Europe like another Alexander the Great"; he was decorated by every court in Europe; he was fêted like royalty wherever he went; often even people on the streets cheered him; and in Russia when he drove to the opera, police were necessary to keep back the crowds. Unlike most artists there were for Liszt no weary years of discouragement. His was a golden career, a long life full of indefatigable work, ceaseless activity and sublime results.



Courtesy of The Munich Art and Science Publishing Co.

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF
FRANZ LISZT, TAKEN IN 1886.



Courtesy of The Munich Art and Science Publishing Co.

FRANZ LISZT AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

Though one cannot demand a definition of genius, I once asked Friedheim wherein Liszt was so wholly different from other great pianists, and he answered: "In that he was incomparable. Other pianists reveal human thought and feeling. But in Liszt's playing were forces that seemed elemental and eternal." Liszt enlarged the whole sphere of pianistic expression. His poetic and monumental transcriptions for the piano of songs and orchestral works have helped to prove the capabilities of the instrument. Those of us who are too young even to have heard him must be content to catch faint echoes of his art in the performance of the pianists of today to whom Liszt must ever remain a traditional ideal.

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven Liszt closed his virtuoso career as such; he had already provided for his mother, whom he supported, and his three children. After that his appearances as pianist were only occasional, for his work for art and for others in his position as Court Kapellmeister absorbed him wholly. At Weimar he drew around him at the "Altenburg" an ardent circle of musicians who came from every part of Europe and even from distant America to study with "the Master." The greatest pianists, von Bülow, Taussig, d'Albert, Rosenthal, Friedheim and many others were his pupils, he taught them for no reward but the gratification of his generous artist-nature, and to some of them he even gave financial aid. During the years that Liszt spent at Weimar the little town renewed to some extent the fame that had made it shine throughout Germany in the days of Goethe and Schiller.

LISZT'S commanding personality, his extraordinary magnetism, his grace and dignity have often been described. But perhaps nowhere can we find a simpler or more graphic picture of Liszt at the piano than this from the pen of George Eliot, written on the occasion of a visit to Weimar. She says: "I saw reflected on that face, lit as it was by a ray from on high, gentleness, genius, tenderness and benevolence; an expression in perfect harmony with his ways. Liszt played. For the first time in my life I witnessed a real inspiration. * * * His lips were closed, his head a little thrown back and his face looked simply sublime. When the music expressed rapture, a sweet smile wandered over his lips like a sunbeam on the water. When triumph was the keynote his nostrils distended and a heavenly light seemed to play on his features. Nothing small or artificial came to spoil the picture."

Liszt had begun to compose as a child (indeed, when he was fourteen years old, a one-act operetta by him was performed in Paris), and parallel with his career as virtuoso there flowed from

his pen many brilliant compositions for the piano which form an important part of piano literature. But it was after he had settled in Weimar as an orchestral conductor that he began to write those works of larger form by which his true place as a composer can best be estimated. To this period belong the Dante and Faust symphonies and the many Symphonic Poems whose musical form, dictated by the poetic concept of the composition, was a creation of Liszt and marked a step into greater freedom in symphonic music.

After leaving Weimar in eighteen hundred and sixty-one, Liszt gave himself almost wholly to still another cause, in art: the purifying and ennobling of church music. He wrote: "In these days when the altar shakes and totters; in these days when the pulpit and religious ceremonies serve for the sport of the mocker and the doubter, art must leave the inner temple and spreading out through the world seek a place to exhibit its magnificent accomplishments. As in former times—nay, even more than it did then,—music must recognize the people and God as the sources of its life. It must speed from one to the other, ennobling, consoling and purifying man, blessing and glorifying God." Fully to achieve this aim Liszt became *Kapellmeister* of the Pope and to this end he took orders in Rome. A number of great choral works fills this latter period of Liszt's life. His "Oratorio Christus" which he called his "musical will and testament" he considered his greatest work.

The "Legend of Saint Elizabeth," another beautiful oratorio, was written for a festival at the Wartburg, the Thuringian castle which was the ancient home of the canonized Princess Elizabeth. It seems a miracle of art that Liszt to whom Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was as the blood in his own veins, could also have made the Wartburg echo with music, reviving the poetry and pageantry of the Middle Ages—yet "Tannhäuser" and "Saint Elizabeth" are wholly different and in no way has one friend encroached on the domain of the other. Liszt also set many of the Psalms to music filled with profound religious feeling, and his great masses are described by Janka Wohl, a Hungarian friend and pupil, as "prayers rather than compositions."

OPINIONS differ as to whether Liszt as a composer may be placed among the greatest, though his Dante Symphony above all would seem to gain him immortal laurels. Those who love his works find in them a depth of poetic thought, a bigness of grasp, a beauty, now mystical and ethereal, now brilliant and daring that give to them a poignant spiritual charm. Saint-Saëns says: "It is in the exactitude and intensity of his expression

that Liszt is incomparable. * * * His music utters the inexpressible."

No consideration, however brief, of Liszt's compositions may omit the mention of his Hungarian music (the Rhapsodies Hongroises, etc.) in which he has preserved in art form the strange music of that strangest race in history—the gypsies. Liszt tells us that the soul of this enigmatical people who possess neither civilization, religion nor literature, is poured forth in their one passionate art expression—music. According to Liszt the characteristics of this music have been absorbed to great extent into the music of the Magyars, the Hungarian people in whose territory the gypsies, as chronicled by old historians, were already increasing in the thirteenth century. As every little town in Hungary had its band of gypsy musicians, Liszt was familiar from earliest childhood with the playing of this nomadic people, who in their wanderings often camped near his native village. Always fascinated by the wild and pulsing music that was a part of his own fatherland, Liszt strove to capture its spirit and to give it a place in art. And his manner of doing this revealed his genius and his instinct for truth. For he did not transplant the Hungarian gypsy melodies into already existing art forms. The Romanys' impetuous rhapsodic strains which were always the creation of the moment's impulse and never twice the same received under Liszt's shaping hand form, it is true, but a form peculiarly their own. Liszt writes: "If we would preserve the so-called Hungarian music in all its integrity we must leave to it its own atmosphere." And again: "In music as in architecture there may be styles which, so to speak, are born afar from the royal road trod by Art. Having grown up in shadow one might believe them to have been products of spontaneous generation for one cannot see how they have been brought to life. Such seems to be the music of the gypsies. * * * In mixing with the contemporaneous products of European music it would annul its very being. * * * The art of the gypsies may claim a place or a name in future times on one condition: that it remain as intact as a cippus, as a single triumphal column or a funeral urn curiously wrought." Liszt in his treatment of Hungarian melodies is a lasting example to those who may follow in other fields of folk-lore. He made the art of the gypsies his own, not only through his rare artistic sensibility and the fine discernment of his imaginative and impressionable nature, but also because of his understanding of the people themselves.

He became a chosen friend of the wanderers and for the time being shared with them their life in forest camp. Only by such complete sympathy between the artist and the people whose soul

he reincarnates in art can such an artistic incorporation be truthful and sincere. In the life of Liszt there are no more fascinating passages than those that describe his visits to the gypsies as chronicled by himself. With what rejoicing his dusky friends received him, what woodland festivals were held in his honor, how the gypsy orchestra with its soaring violins and trembling cymbalas resounded in praise of him! The master writes: "I knew this music—it seemed to me my native tongue."

HOW fully Liszt absorbed the very spirit of the gypsy life we may judge from these words freely translated from his fascinating book on the gypsies and their music: "One must often have slept beneath the canopy of far-distant heavens; one must often have been wakened by the rays of the rising sun; one must often have studied the irregular melodies of the storm and the rich orchestration lent them by the pines of a thousand needles and the reeds of a thousand pipes; * * * in one word, one must have lived the life of the gypsy to conceive how, after that one can no longer exist without the balsamic odors of the forest, one can no longer sleep immured in walls of stone; * * * and the ear pines if it may no longer hear the grand modulations of the symphonies improvised by the evening storm."

Liszt felt that the gypsy who was in absolute rapport with nature reflected in his music the spell of the forest, of the storm and of the woodland revel when man and nature rejoiced together. That Liszt must fully have caught this spirit was strangely evinced once in talking to an educated American Indian. She said: "Your 'civilized' music sounds to me either very tame and monotonous or else strangely confused. The only thing I like is the Hungarian music of Liszt. *That* affects me. I took my sister, fresh from the reservation, to hear it,—her eyes shone, her nostrils dilated, she was fascinated, almost hypnotized. That Hungarian music seemed like our own!"

Though with Liszt it is usually the piano that sings and thunders instead of violins and cymbalas, the artist has truthfully immortalized the "wild muse" of the Hungarian *Tsiganes* and has thus performed a national service to his country. In every respect artistically Liszt deserved the saying that he was the greatest genius Hungary ever produced.

It was at Bayreuth in eighteen hundred and eighty-six that the great friend of Wagner passed painlessly away. The anniversary of that day is reverently kept by Liszt's daughter, Madame Cosima Wagner, and her children at "Wahnfried," the Wagner

home. Only a few intimate friends are invited to this "*Liszt-Feier.*" The gathering has in it the quiet solemnity of a pious offering, and music by Liszt is devoutly rendered by pupils of the master or artist friends of the family. The chapel built above Liszt's grave in the cemetery at Bayreuth is always heaped high with wreaths and flowers brought by admirers from all parts of the world. In the case of Liszt the Shakespearean axiom seems reversed: whatever the great musician possessed of human weakness is "interred with his bones"—the good lives on. And we today, one hundred years after the birth of Liszt, cannot do better than to repeat his art-ideal:

"May the artist of the future with joyful heart renounce a frivolous egotistical rôle * * *

"All is perishable, only God's word remains forever and God's word is revealed in the creations of genius."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—During the winter of 1911-12 THE CRAFTSMAN proposes to bring out a series of articles on music and different phases of musical development in this country, to be written by Miss Natalie Curtis, who is already known to CRAFTSMAN readers. Miss Curtis' wide studies in music will make her words of interest. Among her most valuable musical experiences she treasures her study of the piano with Mr. Arthur Friedheim, a former pupil of Liszt, her lessons in harmony with Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, and her years in France and Germany, where she enjoyed the friendship of many great musicians, among them the Wagner family at Bayreuth.

THE FOREST

SEEKING inspiration, I leave the city and go to the forest, journeying there by the path of memory, for chains, self-forged, prove too strong for release from city desk.

I visit in thought its oratory, whispering a prayer of love and praise, place flowers upon the altar of stones made beautiful with velvet of moss and lichen lace.

The winds teach my lips a new song, the sun grants my eyes fresh vision, earth fastens wings on my feet.

As I walk through its aisles I am shrived of weariness, weakness, fear. At the font of a spring am I baptized into new understanding.

Then, receiving the benediction of the trees, I return again to my desk, renewed in spirit, strength and, above all, in love.

THE JUNIPER GIRL'S IDEA: A STORY: BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

"HE isn't there," I told Big Franz that day. He was just in from the garden.

"Who isn't where?"

"The Juniper Girl, in the Next Garden. It's the first garden-day she's missed in weeks."

Big Franz said "Juniper Girl? Well, I am sure you must know!" and laughed. He is my father and quite splendid, he is so big. The other day Penelope called him a Viking, and when I asked her she said a Viking has yellow hair and sea-blue eyes and must be big. So I can't be one, for I am Franz Junior and only seven, and my eyes are brown; but out in the garden I pretend.

"Are you sure it is a garden-day? See the clouds!" my mother said from the window-seat. Penelope is the name we love her with.

I looked out. It is the rainy season and you never can tell. The morning had been blue and freshly washed and topped with big white clouds that went tumbling softly down the sky, but now the sun was gone it was as though they had all stopped laughing and turned serious.

"They are not white any more; they are like my gray pigeons," I told her; and Big Franz loosening the thick braid wound around her head like a crown of queer light-colored gold, so that it hung down across her shoulder as he likes to see it, looked out at the clouds too and said to her:

"Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of."

She always knows what he means even when it is hardest; and she will smile him to the piano and he will play. That day I 'specially remember how she looked over at the keys as though they were waiting for something. He began to finger them very softly and said,

"What goes into the rain music today?"

"Put the pigeons in," I told him. "There are two, sitting quite still in the pelting rain with their feathers puffed out so they are fat, fluffy balls. Their heads are tilted to one side as though they were listening, and one is white but one is gray alone."

All the time I was telling him he made music. "This," he said, "tilts their heads to one side. You see them, Penelope? This tune that shakes and shivers like leaves in the wind is what I think they are hearing. Here are the pink coral feet. Are they by the pomegranate tree, Pancho? May I put in the pomegranate tree?"

But what he played was a queer crying song, a very under-your-breath song, that wanted something.

"That can't be the pomegranate tree," Penelope said, and he answered,

"No; that is the one pigeon gray alone."

She leaned toward him, her hair all awake in the air from the open window. He jumped up.

"Pen, you big girl," he said taking care of her, "you must not sit there in the damp wind."

"Yes, I must," she said. "Play the rain."

But it was her hair awake in the wind that he played, watching it. It is the queerest hair. She likes to keep it very smooth; she puts it to sleep she says, but it never sleeps long. I laugh to see it wake up; it makes soft feathers that curl about her ears and it lifts like little flying wings that flutter to get away. It is dull and shadowed until she tosses her head; then it shines and flickers like a yellow flame. The reason we like to have her braid hanging over her shoulder is that it is more golden underneath. She has almost yellow hair, and is tall; but her eyes turned out brown gold, which is why she can never be a Viking.

Big Franz kept playing about her and forgot the pigeons and the rain; and I saw they had both forgotten my Juniper Girl. So I put on my big sombrero—here in Mexico we don't need umbrellas—and went out to look through the gate between the gardens, for she never used to mind the rain. Once I heard her talking out 'loud in it; once I saw her hold out her hands to catch drops as they tumbled. . . . I peered through the iron grating. She had not come.

Every day for an age of days after, I went to look. I could see the broad stone bench plainly, close-fitted in between two big junipers tipped like plumes. All the three months since we had begun to live there in our garden, she had spent her mornings on this Next Garden bench, sitting in the sun with a book but never reading much. I used to pretend with her, only how could she know when she never saw me? I pretended I might frighten her away. . . . At first she had more the look of the one pigeon gray alone, but the last days I saw her she was in fluffy white like the other pigeon and she was smiling. One night when I was near the gate in the red wall, I heard a man's voice. It was sunset. I heard him say in the tone Big Franz takes care of Penelope with,

"Tired waiting, sweetheart?"

I ran away. She did not seem so much a Juniper Girl as she had all alone. It was the very next day she forgot to come.

I was busy in the garden, counting oranges on the trees, keeping the ditches clear for the garden's drink at sunset, cutting sweet-

peas for Penelope, collecting snails. All the time it was the most wondering thing where she could be. When I asked Penelope what she supposed the Juniper Girl was waiting for, she smiled at me patiently as though waiting were a game. Or you might have thought Penelope was waiting for something too. She would play, and her songs had tears in their eyes. Once Big Franz went up behind her as gently as though he were not so big.

"No, Pen darling," he said, leaning over and playing, "this is what you mean."

He made me think of that time they call April just before the buds and flowers. Penelope listened with her head tilted to one side like the pigeons. . . .

It was a sudden thing—like fairies—to go one morning and find the Juniper Girl back. I had never talked to her because she had never seen me, but that day I stared, and she called,

"Don't you want to see what I have here? Juan will unlock the gate."

She motioned to a gardener to come, and swung the gate open herself, and there in a bundle she held was a rather red baby.

"Don't you like him?" She sounded proud, so I told her,

"Very much. And what do you call him?"

"His name is Pomeroy."

"That seems a strange name, doesn't it? Something like a fruit," I told her as politely as I could, and she laughed and said,

"It *is* strange, 'specially with his other names. All of his name is Pomeroy Dix Callender. I hope though that it will be useful?"

She seemed anxious, so I told her I was certain it would be.

"And have you arranged to keep him?" I asked her.

She was surprised and laughed again.

"Yes, I have arranged to keep him always. Isn't it a splendid idea? You see I want him to play with me and I want to watch him grow up."

"You will have him to pretend with;" I said; "it *is* a splendid idea," and I asked her whether she thought Pomeroy would turn out to be a Viking?

"A *what?*" she said; but I heard Big Franz call "Pancho?", and I had to go. "I'll tell you tomorrow," I called back, and she waved,

"*Adios,* Panchito!"

Big Franz had been cutting roses for Penelope's bowl-with-fairies-on, and at the garden door I caught him.

"The Juniper Girl has come back," I told him, "with a boy baby. His name begins like pomegranate but goes trailing off half-

way; Pomeroy, it is, Pomeroy Dix Callender. But she thought it would be useful. And she has arranged to keep him always to watch him grow up. Isn't it a splendid idea?"

"It is indeed," Big Franz said with one of the smiles that make him look hard to understand. "Your mother and I were talking of some such scheme. Tell her about this, will you?"

I told her, and she opened her eyes. "Then there *is* a Juniper Girl?"—and fancy! They thought I had made her up, like my friends who are fairies!

"Do you know," she said to Big Franz, "a girl I used to know well married a Dix Callender and went to Mexico to live, long ago? Before we were married, I mean. There could never be two men of that name. Be sure to ask about him, will you, dear?"

"Pancho," she asked me then, "are you lonely sometimes?"

I told her it would be more convenient to have somebody to pretend with.

The next morning I went out very early to tell the Juniper Girl what a Viking is, in case her baby had a chance. She had not come. I waited for her but I got hungrier and Maria came to take me to breakfast; she said I was not to wait for my mother and father. And after breakfast Pablo brought 'round my pony; they said I was to ride. So I got on Centavo, wondering where they were; and Pablo took me 'round and 'round the Alameda and back by a new road with trees, to the garden again.

Big Franz lifted me off the pony.

"Your mother wants to see you about a baby she has upstairs and would like to keep," he said. "In fact we thought the Juniper Girl's idea so splendid that we have arranged to keep this one to watch it grow up, if you'd care to, Pancho?"

I held my breath I was so astonished. Then I said,

"You did it quite suddenly, didn't you! Will Penelope let him go out with me now—*now?* And I can show him to the Juniper Girl and Pomeroy. *He* isn't a Pomeroy, is he?"

Big Franz laughed and took me upstairs on his shoulder.

"This baby is another Penelope," he whispered. "Speak low; they may be asleep."

But they weren't. Penelope's brown gold eyes were wide open and her hair was more than usually awake all over the pillow. And the new Penelope was so little I could not find her until my mother uncrooked her arm and there was a baby staring upward with sea-blue eyes.

"O, Penelope, she has a chance to grow up a Viking!" I said;

and Big Franz was as puzzled as the Juniper Girl had been. "But isn't she rather red?"

"Only rather pink, I hope," Penelope said; and Big Franz took a pink rose out of the bowl-with-fairies-on and shook some petals down beside the baby.

"The red wears right off away," he told me, "and then she will match these."

"Have you put her into music yet?" I asked him, because he puts everything into music.

"Come; we'll do it now," he said. "Pen, you wonderful dear, shut those big eyes—will you?—and rest."

He kissed her eyelids down as he does, and we tiptoed out. But while he was playing I slipped away into the garden, for I couldn't wait to tell the Juniper Girl.

The gate was open. She stood there in it as though she hoped for me, and while I was hurrying down the path she called,

"Pancho! Is it true you have a baby sister to keep? What a splendid idea!"

"Isn't it!" I agreed. "You began it, you know, with Pomeroy. Did you forget him?"

For I saw no bundle.

"O, never! But tell me; it is a little Penelope? For I've heard your mother is a Penelope."

"How did you hear?"

"There are always the little talking birds. . . . Will you take my roses to her, Pancho? And Pomeroy sends the little Penelope these white violets. What *did* you say Pomeroy might turn out to be?"

Then I told her what a Viking is; and that I have one for a father, but stand no chance myself because of brown eyes.

"But the new baby has sea-blue eyes already."

She showed dimples.

"What a glorious beginning! She will be the Viking father over again. But you, Pancho, you are the child of a dryad with brown gold eyes."

I know what dryads are.

"Was Penelope ever a dryad?" I asked Big Franz.

"How did you guess?" he said. "I caught her outside of her tree and wouldn't let her go back."

"Like the Juniper Girl," I told him. Penelope was loving her roses.

"Who is she, Pancho? Your Lady of the Next Garden? And why is she a Juniper Girl?"

She seemed quite anxious to know so I explained.

"She is tall and has a kind of juniper look, but softer; and I saw her always by her tree. But I don't know which tree it was after all. She has dimples, but no chance in the world to be a Viking. And I like her, and—"

A card tumbled out of the roses; Penelope read it to us.

"I have seen Pancho's eyes," the Juniper Girl wrote, "and you are a Penelope; I believe you are my blessed Pen Solloway by some miracle come to live in the very Next Garden. If so it is a Double Garden; take your roses from the other side of the wall. And when may I come?

"Jane Templeton Callender."

"Why, Pancho," Penelope said when she read the name; "I've known your Juniper Girl all my life!"

INDIAN SUMMER

IT was a day of tender haze
That shrouded half the earth.
Along the leafy woodland ways
Awoke no sound of mirth.

There was a silence in the air
That breathed upon the dust
And made the grasses tall and fair,
And all the flowers august.

A magic not of light or shade
Was laid upon the stream.
And every nook in glen and glade
Was steeped as in a dream.

A mystery held the skies in thrall,
And no wind loosed its breath;
Hushed nature dreamed, while over all
There slept the peace of death.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE NEW LOG HOUSE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS: AN ARCHITECTURAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOG CABIN: BY NATALIE CURTIS

WHAT is there about a log cabin that appeals to our imagination, that seems so alluring and full of the suggestion of romance? The new log house at Craftsman Farms seems to visualize this question, for it is a log cabin idealized. Though adapted to the demands of modern civilization it yet has the charm of the more primitive dwelling and creates the same suggestion of simple and natural living and kinship with the outdoor world. While retaining its dignity of architecture it invites a sense of informality, of intimacy. Here the visitor feels instinctively and immediately at home.

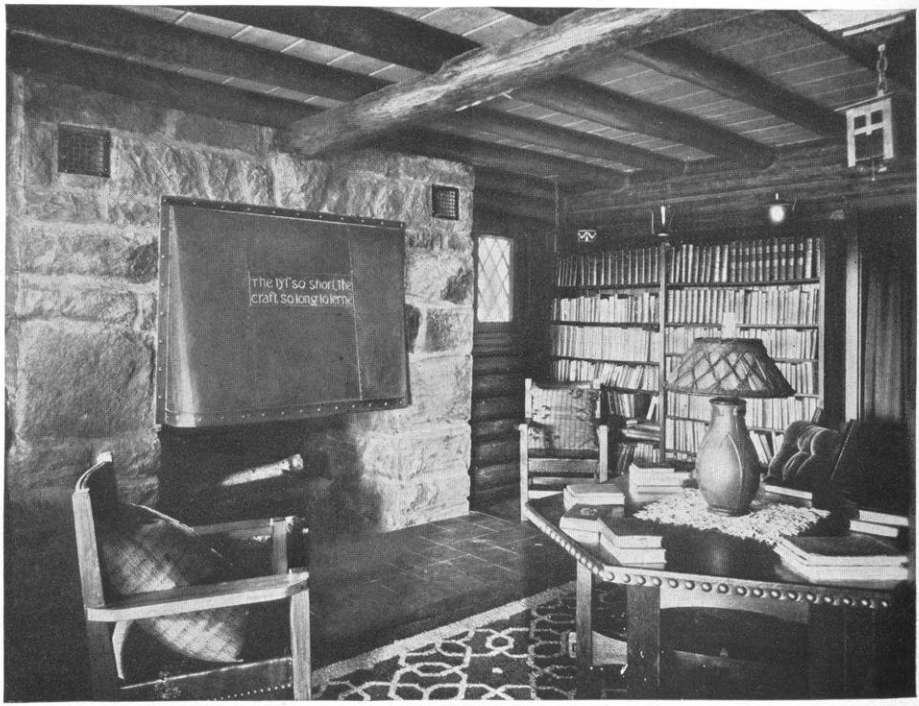
Seated on the broad veranda with the fields below and the hills beyond, the guest tries to analyze the unconscious fascination of the log cabin which in this building seems intensified by the conscious art of the architect. He looks from the giant beams to the living trees and the forest seems to tell the answer to his thoughts: The house of logs appeals to us because it is a part of our heredity. It was a primitive home to man, a rudimentary sheltering of domestic life, a place of safety where love and friendship could be shut in and foe and danger shut out. The early homes of our Germanic ancestors were huts in the forest sometimes built around a central tree which grew up through the roof and spread its sheltering branches over the dwelling. We came from the forest, and trees formed our home and our protection. And so today a house built of wood which has not been metamorphosed into board and shingle but still bears the semblance of the tree rouses in us the old instinctive feeling of kinship with the elemental world that is a natural heritage.

To us in America the log cabin seems a near friend. For many of us it was the home of our immediate ancestors and it forms a vital part of the life of the white man in this continent. What a train of historical reminiscence the mere thought of the log cabin awakens: the landing of the first settlers, the unbroken wilderness of the primeval forests, the clearing of the ground, the building of the first homes. How great must have been the need of the comfort of the hearth and the strength of fellowship in that lonely and desperate struggle against the elements, the foe and starvation. Scattered far over this continent, moving northward, southward and westward, the log cabin has been the pioneer of civilization, the sign of the determination of the white man to face the unknown and to conquer all obstacles. Viewed in this light it seems of a certain poetic significance that Lincoln, one of the greatest of the nation's leaders, should have been born and reared in a log cabin.

Since the log house has played so important a part in our history its development into a definite and characteristic type of architecture might give us something national, something peculiarly American in suggestiveness. Of the distinction and charm of such a type the log house at Craftsman Farms is a proof. Besides, there are elements of intrinsic beauty in the simplicity of a house built on the log cabin idea. First, there is the bare beauty of the logs themselves with their long lines and firm curves. Then there is the open charm of the structural features which are not hidden under plaster and ornament, but are clearly revealed—a charm felt in Japanese architecture which is, as Cram has said, "The perfect style in wood as Gothic is the perfect style in stone." The Japanese principle: "The wood shall be unadorned to show how beautiful is that of which the house is made" is true of the Craftsman development of the log house. For in most

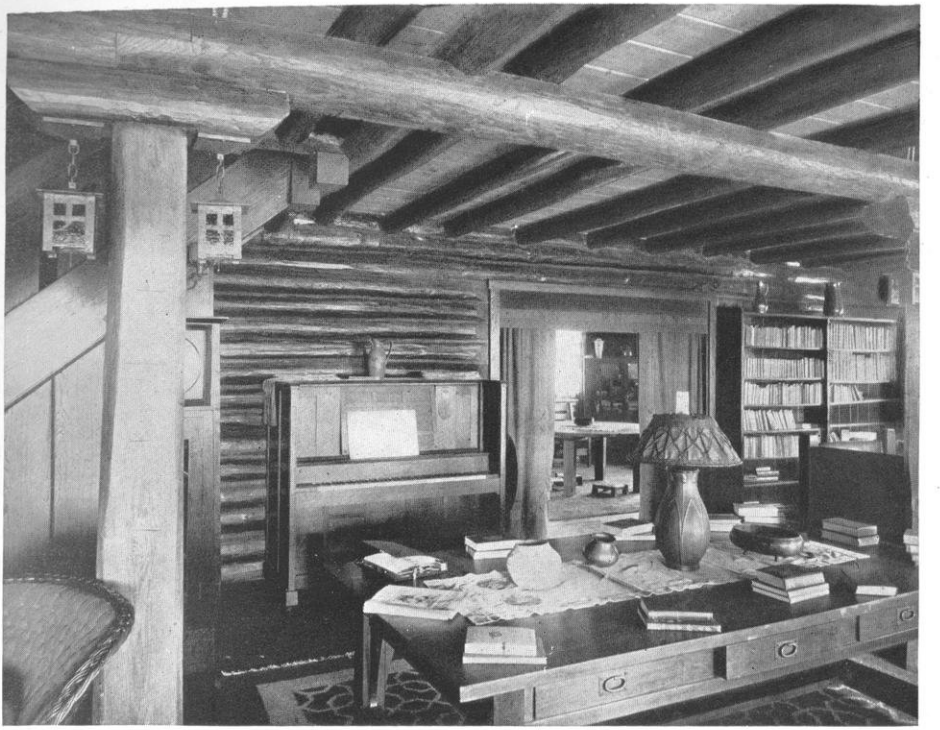
THE LOG HOUSE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS. SIDE VIEW SHOWING STONE CHIMNEY AND METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

CLOSER VIEW OF LOG HOUSE SHOWING ENCLOSED PORCH, FIFTY-TWO BY FOURTEEN FEET.



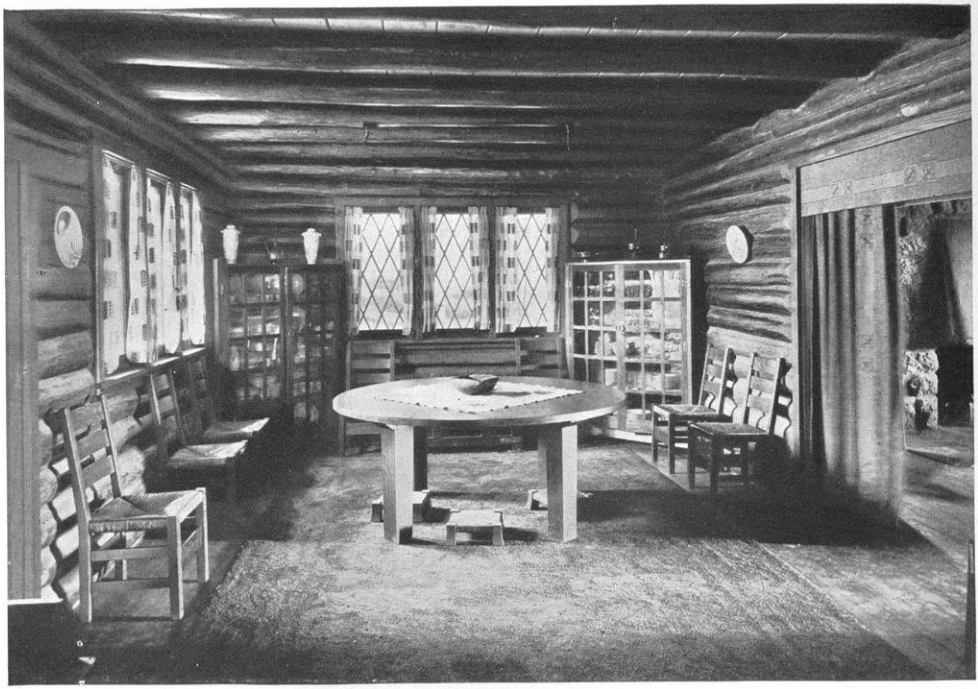
VIEW OF THE GREAT LIVING ROOM IN THE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSE, WITH STAIRWAY AT THE LEFT AND STONE CHIMNEY AT THE FURTHER END. THE OPEN DOOR AT THE RIGHT LEADS TO THE PORCH.

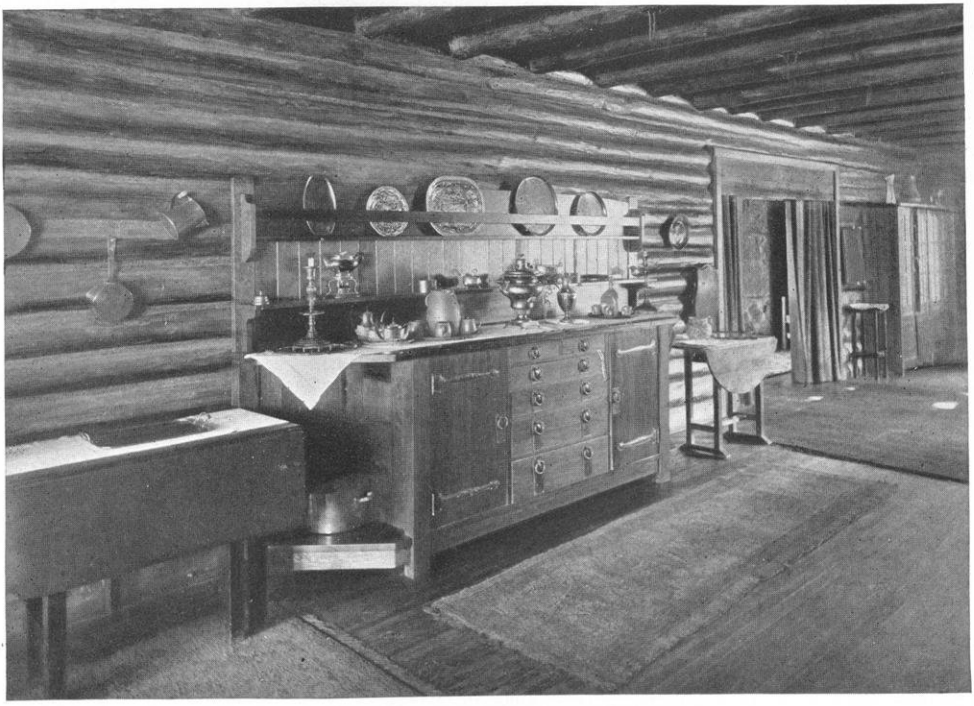
DETAIL IN ONE END OF THE LIVING ROOM SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE ABOUT THE STONE FIREPLACE.



DETAIL OF LIVING ROOM SHOWING ENTRANCE INTO DINING ROOM. THE LOG CONSTRUCTION OF THE INTERIOR IS INTERESTINGLY SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE.

ONE CORNER OF THE LARGE BEDCHAMBER ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSE, WITH ALCOVE FOR BED.





ONE END AND THE SIDE OF THE DINING ROOM IN THE LOG HOUSE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS. THE LOGS IN THIS ROOM ARE FINISHED WITH A WOOD OIL WHICH GIVES A DELIGHTFUL MELLOW TONE AS THOUGH THE SUNLIGHT WERE POURING INTO THE ROOM. THE FURNITURE THROUGHOUT THE ROOMS IS FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS.

of our modern houses "ornament by its very prodigality becomes cheap and tawdry" and by contrast the quiet rhythmic monotone of the wall of logs fills one with the rustic peace of a secluded nook in the woods.

The log cabin type of house seems of all others most fitted for this hospitable Craftsman home. It invites rest in that it seems in itself just a part of the wooded hillside, the human element in the life of forest and field. There is nothing about it that can remind one of street and city, it only deepens the sense of glad release from tension and artificiality.

But now let us consider in detail the interesting features of this house. As in pioneer days, so here, the space for the house had first to be cleared in the forest. The abundant chestnut trees were cut down and of them the house is built. The logs are hewn on two sides and peeled and the hewn sides laid together. (If the logs are not peeled worms are apt to get behind the bark and work their way through because of the dampness of the wood. The danger is not so great if the wood is dry.) The logs are then "chinked" with cement mortar, which is mixed in the proportion of two parts sharp sand to one part cement. As far as has been tested this cement mortar adheres perfectly to the wood and makes an absolutely tight joint. Where the logs cross at the corners they are halved and laid over each other, projecting about a foot. The logs are stained with a Craftsman preparation of wood-oil in which a little brown is mixed to give to the peeled wood the color of the tree trunk.

A stone foundation runs under the whole building supporting the great veranda fourteen feet wide which stretches the entire length of the front of the house. This veranda, swept by every passing breeze, nestling amid the green of the hillside, seems like a vast outdoor living room. There seems space enough here for everything and everybody, and hammocks, books, tables and comfortable chairs tempt one to read, work and play in the open air. At Craftsman Farms there is no excuse for remaining within doors.

A wall two feet wide runs around the veranda, with a door at each end. From the wall rise posts, hewn so slightly that the form still suggests the living tree. These posts support the ceiling of the veranda, which is the floor of the front rooms on the second story. The floor beams, which thus form the ceiling of the veranda, are from six to eight inches in diameter, hewn straight on one side to receive the floor foundation, which is of two-inch hemlock plank V-jointed. Over the planks are spread layers of thick paper or deafening felt and on top of this is laid the finished floor of regular maple flooring, tongued and grooved.

Of the veranda furniture one of the most interesting bits, from a practical standpoint, is a box thirty inches deep and eighteen inches high, which is made in two sections and forms a combination bench and wood box. In this is kept the smaller wood for the fires.

Most attractive is the cement flooring with its note of color in the border. The foundation of the floor is filled with stone and rubble, the cement is then laid over it. The border is formed of six rows of red bricks placed on edge with wide joints of black cement. The floor is laid in two panels, divided by the border; each panel slopes very slightly to its center, in which is a drain so that the floors can be cleaned with a hose.

Leaving the veranda we enter by a wide door into the great living room. We pause on the threshold, stirred by a dim feeling of the Long Ago. There is something nobly barbaric in the massive rough-hewn posts supporting the stout beams overhead, the two great hearths with their copper hoods, the crude beauty of the natural wood and the glint of color in the dull orange hangings. From the bare and primitive structure we might fancy ourselves in some tribal hall on the Rhine in the early days of Germanic history; we could imagine *Wappen*, shields and lances, hanging from the great posts; we think involuntarily of the sagas of the North, of the "Niebelungen Lied" and of the poems of William Morris. Yet when we step inside and find ourselves surrounded by the comforts and the culture of modern civilization, the rustic setting seems but to deepen the homelike charm of the room and to offer the welcome of old and familiar association.

To return to details, we are first struck by the size of the room which, like the veranda, runs across the whole length of the house. There is a fireplace at each end, corresponding to the two end doors of the veranda. The great hearths, which have special ventilating appliances, are built of

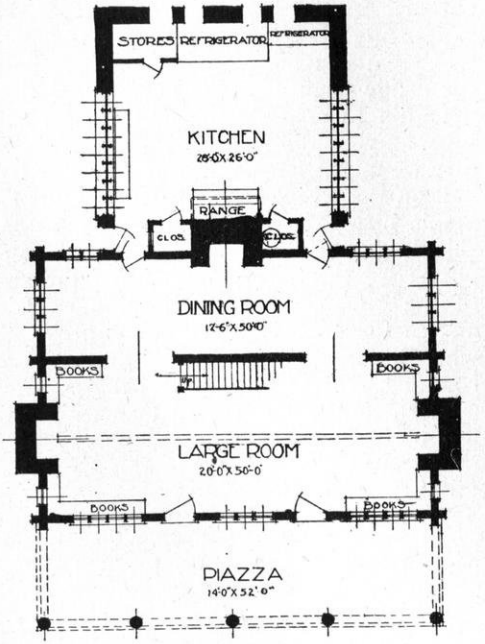
field stone gathered on the place and are topped with low-hanging hoods on which are embossed appropriate mottoes in quaint lettering.

The keystones of the arches over the hearths support the ends of the enormous central ceiling log which runs straight through the middle of the room from hearth to hearth, upheld by three posts. This beam is in reality composed of three logs spliced to look like one; but the illusion is complete.

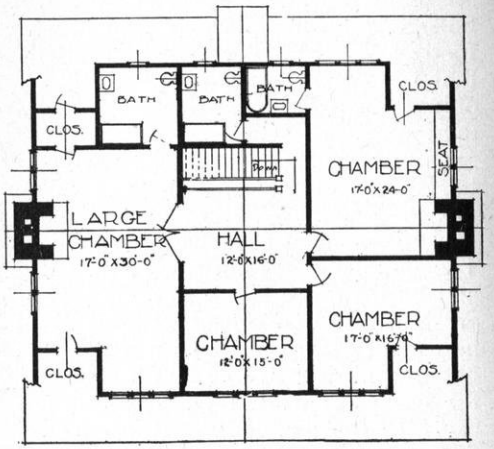
In spite of their refinement and detail, the table in the center of the room with lamps and books and the piano in its appropriate Craftsman case harmonize perfectly with the harsher accents of the log structure which is stained the same brown as the furniture. Most of the available wall space is filled by bookcases whose volumes offer a background of dull diffuse color which helps to soften the crudity of the wood. Above the bookcases and over the settles are windows with many small diamond-panes, which form a happy contrast to the heavy horizontal lines of the structure and relieve the massiveness of the logs by an effect of delicacy. The light is softened to a mellow glow by casement curtains of burnt orange with a border worked in appliqué linen.

On the floor are hand-made Drugget rugs of bullock-wool, imported from India. These rugs are green, relieved by a design of pale grey, and they harmonize with the wood trimmings and the oak staircase, which are stained leaf-green.

The color scheme of the whole room reminds one of the forest—brown and green with the glint of sunshine through the leaves, suggested by the gold of the windows and the gleam of copper in the hearth-hoods, the door-latches and the vases and bowls on the bookcase and table.



LOG HOUSE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS: FIRST FLOOR PLAN



LOG HOUSE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

The dining room runs parallel to the living room. Here also is a big ventilating hearth. These fireplaces heat the entire house with hot water and warm air. The color scheme in the dining room is much the same as in the living room, except that the rugs are brighter in tone, being hand-made Donegal Irish rugs in which a yellow design blends with green. A long side-board with drawers and cupboard bears the weight of copper candlesticks and table furniture.

Beyond the dining room is the kitchen, a large room, light and airy, with a huge range capable of cooking for a hundred people. There are special appliances for convenience in washing dishes and excellent stationary tubs. The kitchen is painted a cool white.

The main rooms on the second floor are at the two ends of the house; one of them, a bedroom, is furnished and decorated in yellow and seems aglow with sunshine; the other, a much larger bedroom, is done in blue and gray. This latter room has a peculiar charm because of its woodwork of dark gumwood, which is perhaps as beauti-

ful as any produced by Craftsman design. The color scheme has a certain feminine refinement. The walls are covered with gray Japanese grass-cloth and the hearth is of dull blue Grueby tiles with a brass hood. The furniture is gray oak, decorated with a small design inlaid with blue and copper. This design is outlined in black and is crossed by a delicate vine-like figure of greenish yellow. Unlike those bedrooms in which "daintiness" is expressed by weakness, tawdry trimmings, flippancy and ruffles, this room has both delicacy and strength and is thus appropriate to the ideal of the modern woman.

The log house at Craftsman Farms expresses that simple sincerity that is part of the Craftsman ideal. It charms the visitor by its harmony with nature and its unity of the best in civilization with the best in cruder forms of life. To the strength, the courage and the honest effort typified by the primitive log cabin, art has here added the grace of beauty, and science the requisites of comfort.

USE OF LOGS IN BUILDING

LOGS destined to be used in the building of a home should be cut in the winter and the bark removed. They should be well seasoned before being used in the construction of a house so that the possibility of shrinking, warping or loosening of the chinking will be avoided. A house can be made with the logs standing on end or in a horizontal position, but in either case they should be dressed on two sides so that they may fit together better. The inside and outside of each log should be left round that the grace in the curve of the log may be retained.

The fitting of the logs at the corners when they are to be used in the old-time horizontal way must be carefully done when each log is ready to be laid in position. The irregularity of the logs demands very careful measuring for the halving of the corners. The logs are pinned together at the corners with wooden pins about an inch in diameter. If the logs are very long, if the house is to be a large one, wooden pins are used occasionally between the corners to hold the logs firmly together.

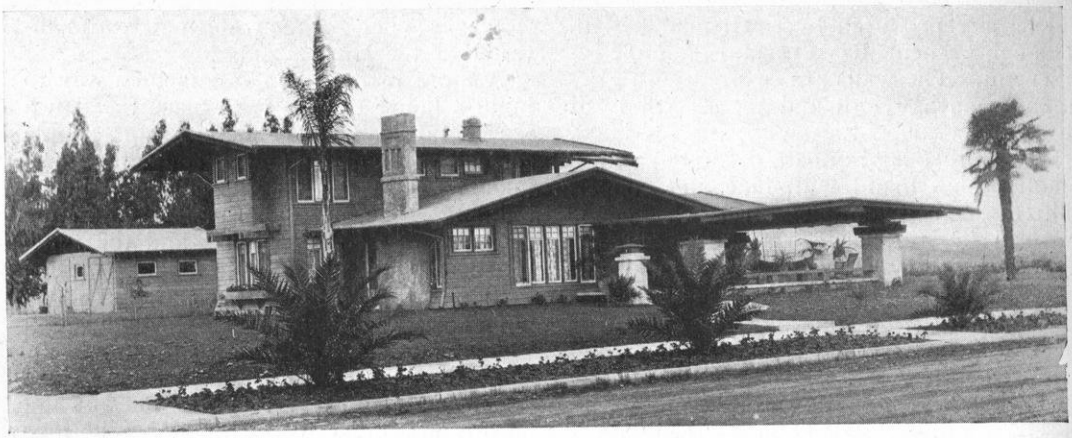
After the walls have been built up then they are pointed with cement mortar, which makes a permanent and a tight solid wall. This cement chinking can be stained to match the timbers so that one even tone can be obtained for the whole exterior or interior of the house.

A more modern and satisfactory way to build a house of logs is to place them in a horizontal position. This is a more simple form of construction and so could be undertaken by those not experienced in log house building. The difficult process of plumbing the corners of the building and the tying together of the logs is eliminated in this method. The logs are stood on end on sills and held at the top by a plate through which wooden pins are driven into each log. The inequality of the logs holds the cement chinking in place and thus a substantial and decidedly artistic wall is obtained. The logs can be waterproofed and preserved by the application of wood oil, and if desired stain can be added to this oil, which will render logs and chinking of one tone. Logs with the bark removed will weather to soft grays and browns, but if a definite tone of brown, gray or green is preferred it can be applied with the wood oil, which acts as a preservative as well as medium for the stain.

Log houses properly built upon stone or concrete foundations will last from generation to generation—a constant delight to the eye and source of satisfaction in every way.

In the early days a woodsman generally built his house of logs without removing the bark, not because he thought it looked better, or that it blended in an inconspicuous way with its surroundings, but because he was usually in haste to occupy his home. And the little house, not much better than a hut, was never intended to endure a century or more, though such log houses have occasionally stood the test of time for more than the three-score-years-and-ten allotted to man's term of usefulness. These primitive houses were pointed with whatever mud or clay was nearest at hand, and, needless to say, the task of rechinking was of frequent occurrence; but if the foundation be well laid, the logs well seasoned, the chinking well done with cement mortar, the log house of today will hold its own among ancestral homes of the future.

Logs of chestnut with the bark removed have great substantial value in building these houses. They weather beautifully or take any stain desired. In the absence of chestnut, cedar logs could be used; these are rich in tone without the necessity of applying a stain. Oak logs have also proved satisfactory.

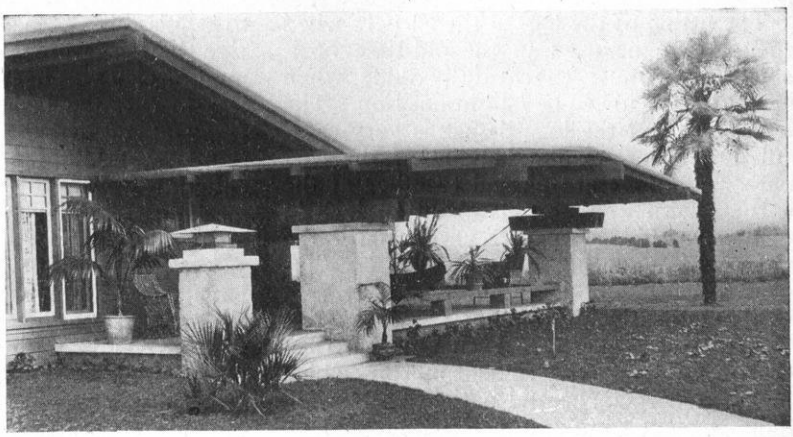


A BUNGALOW BUILT IN LOS ANGELES, CAL., BY REGINALD HARRIS.

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW OF ORIGINALITY AND CHARM

IT would be difficult for even a stranger, much less an acquaintance, to pass by this house without entering and making himself happily at home upon the cool wide porch! Its invitation is so evident, so genuine and irresistible that it seems to include the world at large as well as intimate friends. The soft green of the rugs and wicker chairs, the palms and ferns so excellently placed, the rich color of the wood, combine to weave a lure that is almost peremptory. The low railing around this porch is an interesting feature, forming a convenient receptacle for a magazine, book, workbasket or pot of flowers, as well as adding a cozy sense to what is essentially an outdoor living room. Everyone likes to sit on the railing around a porch, no matter how high, frail or uncomfortable it is, and this low, broad, substantial balustrade permits such treatment in comfort and safety. Such a simply constructed railing should be a joy to any housekeeper, for it is free from the obstructions found on most porch railings that make it difficult to keep the floor well swept.

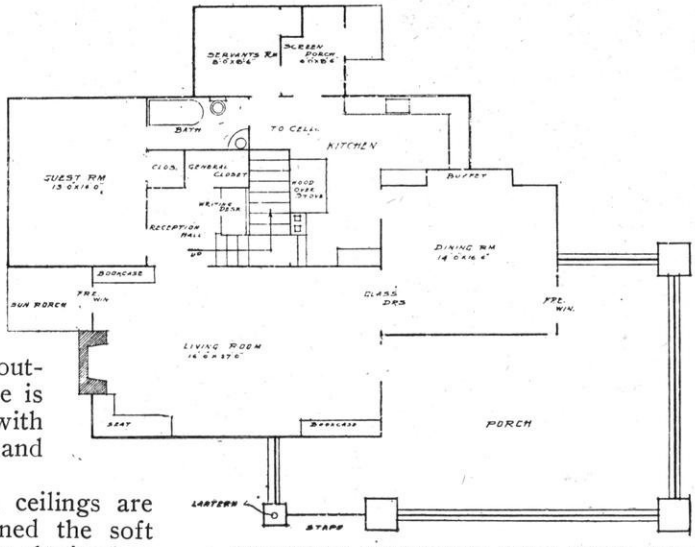
The most distinctive feature of this charming Los Angeles bungalow is the roof, which the architect, Reginald Harris, has treated in the bold and original manner so suitable to California architecture. The immense overhang of it, the grace of its sweeping lines, the balance of one line with another, the composition of the whole, the management and arrangement of the upper and lower roof areas are distinctly original and decidedly beautiful and give an air of magnificence to a house that is really very simple and inexpensive. The house is a typical bungalow in the height of its ceilings, which are eight feet six inches downstairs and seven feet six inches upstairs, and the low, gradual, broad sweep of the roof lines keep the two-story house within conventionalized bungalow limits. The large copper lantern is in admirable keeping with the general style of breadth and grace, adding a note of welcome at night, throwing a soft, subdued light over every-



DETAIL OF THE PORCH SHOWING INTERESTING USE OF CONCRETE.

thing. French windows opening from the dining room make it easy to move the table out on the porch, that the breakfast, luncheon or tea may be served there.

The interior of this home is simple, convenient and comfortable. Large windows and doors made of glass let in plenty of light and air and are so arranged that they make a decorative note in the general design of the exterior. The outside of this commodious house is of ordinary weather boarding with concrete pillars and chimney, and ruberoid roof.



CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

The living-room walls and ceilings are finished in Oregon pine stained the soft green that can be so successfully obtained on this wood. In every room is to be found some useful built-in features. In the sitting room are bookcases, in the dining room a buffet, and cabinets in the kitchen, chests of drawers in the bedroom. Economy of space is thus obtained, a convenient place for everything is assured, and a decorative effect in each room is produced which is attractive and satisfying in every particular.

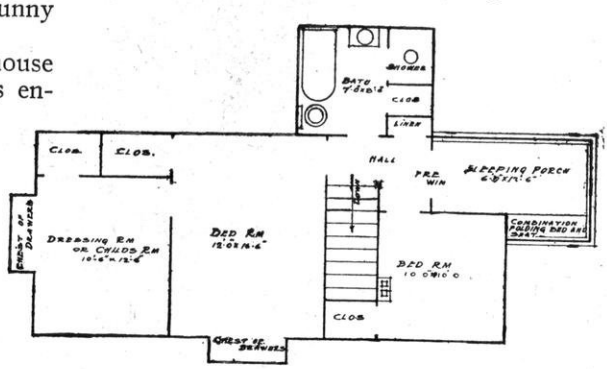
The walls and ceiling of the dining room are also finished in Oregon pine, with the exception of the frieze introduced above the plate rail. This frieze adds to the sense of outdoors given to the room by the large windows and glass doors, for it shows a bit of forest, just such a glimpse of trees and soft skies as would be seen through real windows. The frieze of trees, continuing from window to window, gives an apparent outdoor view without a break around the whole room, so that the dining table seems to be set at the edge of a forest glade, the real open windows giving a vista of sunny plains.

Another interesting feature of this house is the outdoor sleeping room, which is entered from the upper hall, through large French windows. These outdoor bedrooms have come to be as much a part of a Californian house plan as the kitchen, dining room or reception room, for whoever has once slept in the open air never willingly shuts himself up in the ordinary old-time bedroom again. Almost everyone in this favored clime has, through friend or hotel, been given an opportunity to sleep in one of these starlit rooms and at once the ambition to possess such a sweet, wholesome bedroom takes possession of the guest or traveler. So hardly a home is to be found without such a bedroom, either built especially for such purpose or else created as successfully as possible from some porch.

In this sleeping room a disappearing bed is installed which permits the room to be used as outdoor sitting or sewing room during the day, the bed itself forming a comfortable seat and convenient lounging place.

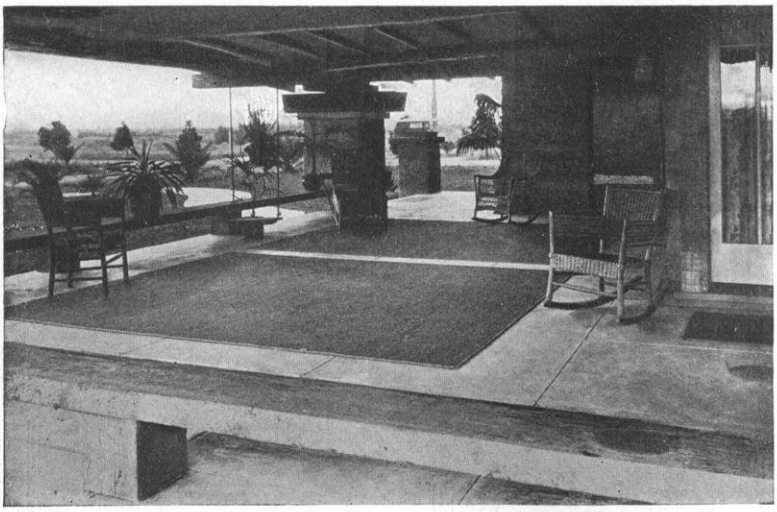
The bedrooms are all finished in white, which is a universally satisfactory way of finishing sleeping or dressing rooms because of the resultant lightness, freshness, cleanliness, airiness.

Nothing expensive has been installed in this house. It is just another of the many beautiful bungalows being constructed by home-makers and architects throughout the



CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW OF ORIGINALITY AND CHARM



VIEW OF THE OUTDOOR LIVING ROOM.

West. The immense overhang of the roof creates the shade so much to be desired at midday in this sunny land, besides adding the distinct note of originality and beauty to the building. This bungalow, so simple, informal, comfortable, "homey" in every way, could be duplicated, considering the number of rooms it contains, for a price surprisingly low, because it is so free from unnecessary ornament or display.

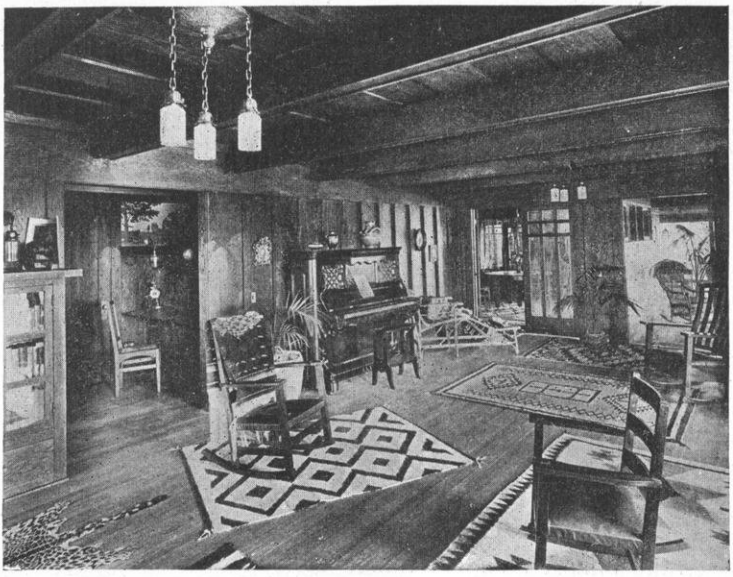
The floor plan is well worth a careful study by anyone wishing to build a home where economy of space is to be a feature, for there is no waste of double partitions, no unnecessary hall space. The rooms fit together with the utmost ease, apparently, yet all home-builders know that this is the result of careful planning. All the measurements are broad and generous, like the entrance to the house itself, and also the passages from one room into another. The vistas from room to room, the charming use of glass doors from living room into dining room and the French door from the dining room onto the porch, give a sense of space, as of one great room barely walled from the weather. The many windows and the sun-porch extension heighten this sense of outdoor life. Certainly as much of the light, cheer and vigor of the out-of-doors is retained as is possible in any house.

The centering of stairways leading up to the bedrooms and down to the basement, with the several closets, is an excellent arrangement of great working convenience and an example of wise use of wall space—which simplifies building. This use of the inner walls for household convenience leaves the outer walls free for an abundance of large windows. Where there is not a window it is because there is a door leading to a porch. The kitchen porch is well placed for entry and usefulness generally.

In the second floor plan can be seen the same simple arrangement of rooms that distinguishes the first floor. The many closets and the built-in chests of drawers lead one to believe that the housekeeper must be a perfectly satisfied one, for certainly the rooms are amply provided with these necessities of order and convenience. The plan shows the sleeping porch with the bed which closes into a lounging couch or seat during the day, thus converting the sleeping porch of the night into an outdoor sitting room for use during the daylight hours.

CORNER OF OUTDOOR LIVING ROOM.

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW OF ORIGINALITY AND CHARM



INDOOR LIVING ROOM LOOKING INTO DINING ROOM

It is hard to find more ideal conditions for the exercising of an architect's ingenuity and good taste than in this western land. The cost of construction is much less than in the East because the necessity of meeting the severity of winter is done away with. The problems of plumbing, lighting and heating are reduced to a minimum, so that an architect can devote the major part of his skill to creating beauty. Elsewhere these three problems sometimes drive beauty of line into the background and they also demand so large a part of the price set aside for the construction of the home that there is little left to be devoted to the beauty without which a home is built in vain.

The West, or rather the people who are drawn to seek a home in the West, encourage simplicity of living. And simplicity of living permits simplicity of building. It also encourages originality in every direction, the builder's ideal being not to build as others have built, but to build as he himself desires. And when people dare to be true to themselves there is bound to be a great manifestation of originality. For it is the slavish obedience to custom or precedent that makes for monotony, and monotony leads to degeneration. A copy of a copy is the surest way in the world to lose the beauty that marked the original and that prompted the first copy. Just as no two people are alike in character, but each interesting in some especial direction, so no two homes would be alike, but each interesting and beautiful in a separate way if the builders of the houses would but exercise the individuality they find in themselves. Since the West encourages originality in every way and scoffs at the dulness that knows only how to imitate, the homes of its people, the office buildings, stores, bridges are marked by a freshness of design that furnishes one of the chief charms of the Pacific Coast. Every effort is made to have each new home different from all others, not that it may rival its friend and neighbor, but that the beauty of each and the civic beauty of the whole community may be enhanced. Imitation in architecture is not the "sincerest form of flattery"; it is a form of cheapening.

ONE CORNER OF DINING ROOM.

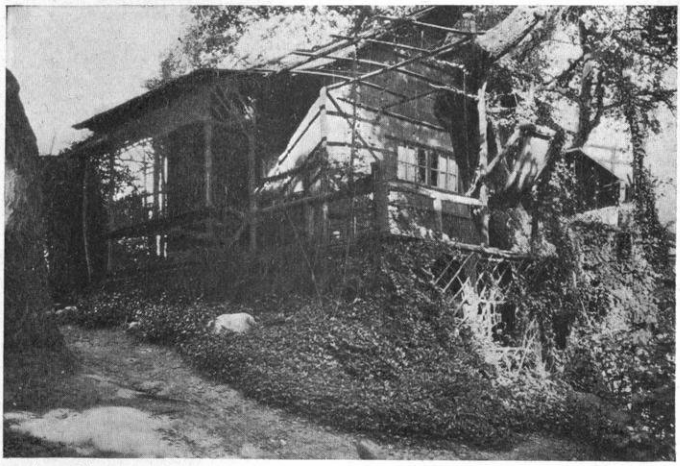
A COTTAGE TO LIVE IN FOR SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

FOR an expenditure of only $75.00 this little home is a marvel of neatness, compactness and daintiness and may prove an excellent suggestion for the would-be bride and groom who are waiting until enough has been saved and earned to build and start housekeeping, or for the Nature devotee who wants ideas for an inexpensive summer camp. When one hears of some one erecting a building for such a trifle the impression gained is that this building must be a woodshed or a chicken house, and usually this is the case. But in this instance a genuine livable house was actually built for the above figure.

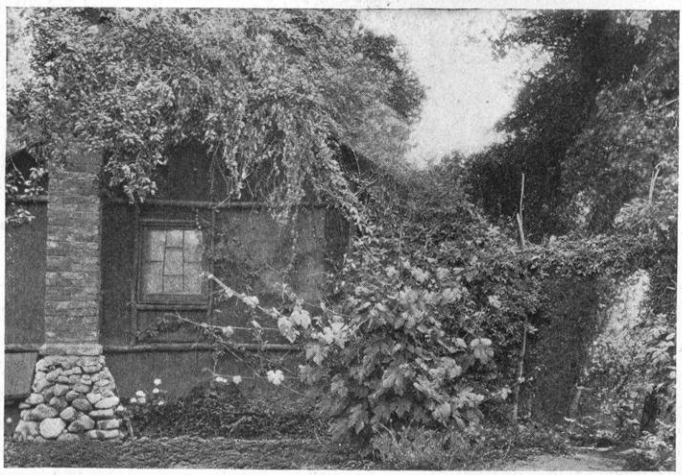
Like almost all good things it was born of necessity. A newly married couple, rich in happiness but poor in finances, purchased a large wooded lot on the instalment plan. The monthly payments with interest were small and could be comfortably met on the margin of salary left after all living expenses had been paid. After making the first payment, which gave them possession of the property, they had just $75.00 left. With this they determined to build themselves a house.

That they succeeded is shown by the accompanying illustrations. Every bit of work was done with their own hands and they speak of this period of "nest building" as the happiest in their lives, though it happened some years ago, and the little home has been replaced since by one much larger and more pretentious. The original dwelling has been left intact on the grounds and brings in a yearly rental considerably in excess of its first cost. So it not only made a delightful home, but an excellent investment.

It was such fun to scheme and plan and construct; there was a sort of mysterious uncertainty about how things were to turn out. In fact, the pleasure of these two young people was decidedly different, decidedly greater, than that of those who employ an architect, and check from a healthy bank account. Near the center of the lot where the ground dipped slightly was a huge oak tree with gnarled, knotted trunk and wide-spreading branches. Under this, in fact, around this tree, the house was built. Other trees on the lot were trimmed of superfluous limbs and branches, the larger ones just right for foundation posts, the smaller for lattice work and for trim and ornament. By using this oak wood quite a bit of money was saved on timber. Owing to the slope of the ground one side of the house was necessarily raised considerably. This permitted the pretty diamond lattice to be seen in the illustration. In rustic this makes a charming

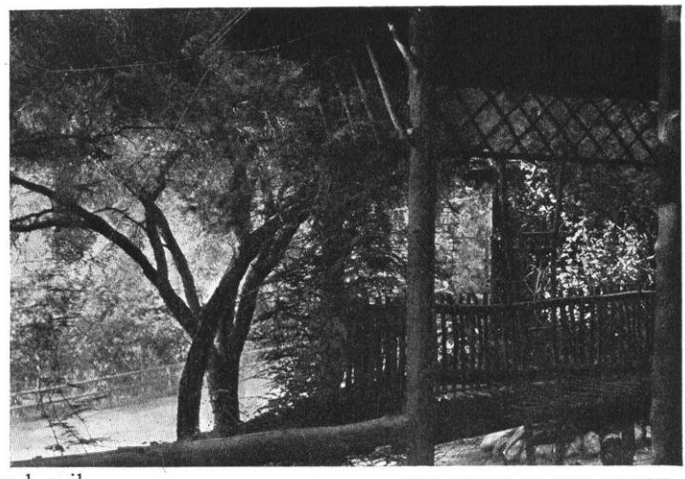


VIEW OF COTTAGE AND PORCH.



VINE-CLAD END OF COTTAGE.

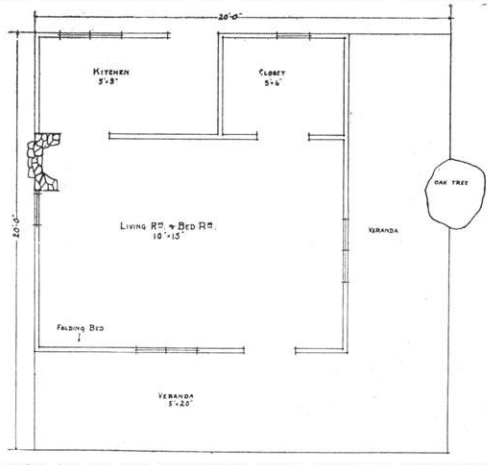
screen as well as a foundation for vines. The lower portions of the walls of the house are of boards two and one-half feet in height. Above these there is a five-foot width of extra heavy art burlap in dark gold-brown. Above this and filling in the gable ends are redwood shingles. Concealing the joints between the boards and the burlap below and the shingles and burlap above, are split rustic timbers. Smaller split timbers are also used for outside window frames with excellent effect. The corner supports are of tree trunks, as are the porch posts and rail.



THE SHADY RUSTIC PORCH.

At the front, under the porch eaves, is a frieze of rustic lattice eighteen inches wide. Below this is a charming rustic seat with back and sides and bottom made of small but strong oak twigs. The roof is shingled. No paint or stain has been used, the brown burlap and the weathered timber making a pleasing color combination in the nature setting of trees, vines and flowers. Covering the ground about the cottage and forming a deep green mat through which here and there a huge cobblestone can be seen lifting its white head, is the good old-fashioned Wandering Jew. English ivy and fragrant honeysuckle clamber up sides and back of the cottage, while at the front is a mass of lacy-foliaged asparagus fern.

Inside, the wood wainscot is covered with matrix, then comes the five-foot width of brown burlap, then a frieze of the matrix. Most of these matrix pads show cartoons and illustrations of considerable interest, in fact, they present a wall library and pictures and stories in which one can find both humor and pathos. They were brought by the builder from his newspaper office and are reminders of "detail" stories exciting and otherwise. These mats can be obtained from almost any newspaper office for little or nothing, and for decorative purposes, as in this instance, they are just the thing. In color they are gray-white and will harmonize with any color scheme.



FLOOR PLAN OF SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLAR COTTAGE.

The ceiling follows the roof lines and is faced with the brown burlap. In one corner of the living room is a folding bed daintily curtained, and with its top shelf lined with books it appears more like a curtained cabinet. The tiny fireplace heats the house satisfactorily in the California climate and adds a bit of cheer that is delightful. The house is admirably suited for all-year occupancy in any moderate climate, and for a summer camp in any locality. The veranda, through the floor of which the great oak tree rises, permits freedom of outdoor life and is a delightful place to sleep, either in hammocks or on portable canvas cots.

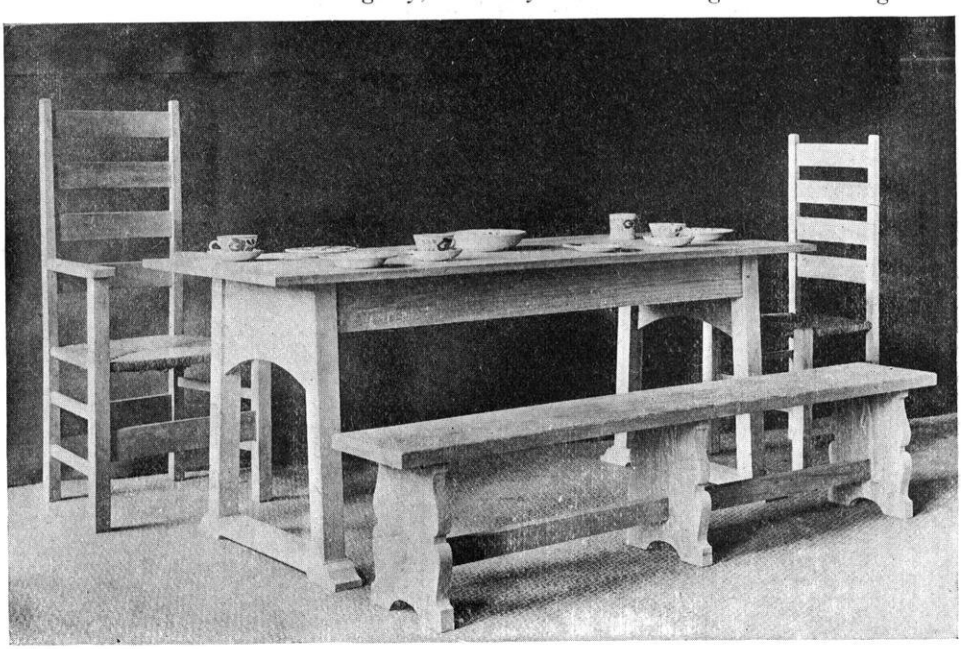
"ENGLISH COTTAGE FURNITURE"

WE have been so much interested in what is being done in England in the designing and making of simple furniture for cottage homes, that we have decided to reproduce in THE CRAFTSMAN this month a number of photographs of this kind of work. These pieces were designed for the cottages of garden cities, and their chief charm lies in

the fact that they are so perfectly adapted to their purpose. They show what opportunity for simple living may be embodied in this branch of craftsmanship; they illustrate how beautiful things can be produced at small expense. What a pleasant contrast such furniture presents after the mass of shoddy objects which flooded the markets and homes of the Victorian period—things which were overornamented, imitative, devoid of real meaning and definiteness of purpose, calculated to destroy genuine artistic feeling and love of simple beauty, and to promote instead unthinking attitudes and snobbish ideals of living. After such cheap commercializing of a branch of industry which should be so close to the real life of the people, what a relief to find them realizing the futility of it all and seeking for better and truer methods of expression, for things which will fulfil each purpose simply and honestly and at the same time satisfy the need for comfort, beauty and harmony. So we are glad to welcome any evidences of these good efforts on the part of our English friends.

Consider these few pieces of cottage furniture. They are worth studying, for they embody in their unpretentious way some of the most important principles of design. The chairs, the firm, well-built table, the interesting sideboard, the bookcase with its simple lines—all have an air of dignity, of friendliness and hospitality. This is furniture you could have about you in your home and not get tired of. There is no fussiness to irritate, no eccentricity to annoy. These things are nothing more or

"COTTAGE" SIDEBOARD AND CHINA RACK.

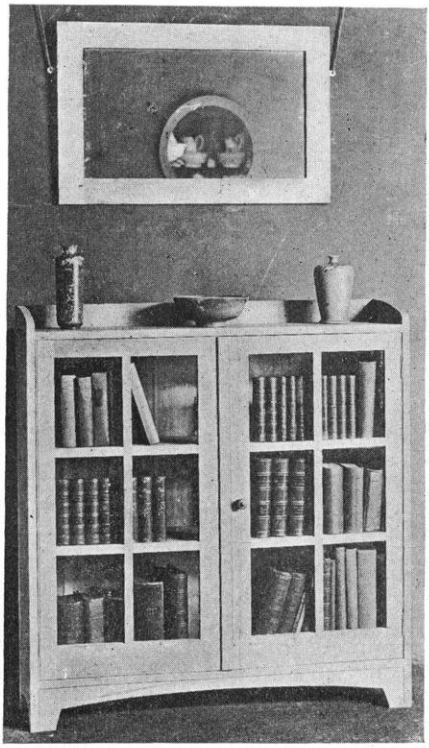


"COTTAGE" DINING ROOM FURNITURE IN FUMED OAK.

less than what they appear—and of how many products of our modern factories and workshops can we say as much?

Surely the effect of this type of furnishing upon the people themselves must be definitely beneficial. In the cottage of the average English family, for instance, what could be more suited to the home life than these simple pieces? Aside from their practical qualities, the atmosphere of repose and charm which they impart must be infinitely better in its influence than an environment of ornate and unsuitable objects which would only stimulate a feeling of snobbishness and insincerity. Such work as that shown here seems to emphasize the dignity of labor, the imperative need of thoroughness and beauty, a relation of friendliness between the workman and his work. And as society discards old prejudices for bigger truths, and learns to readjust the existing conditions between capital and labor, substituting coöperation for competition and putting work on a new and better basis, this kind of furniture must come to be recognized as an aid toward the establishment of the right home surroundings and a factor in the unconscious molding of the characters of those for whose daily use it is intended.

CORNER OF DINING ROOM FURNISHED WITH "NEW ENGLISH" FURNITURE.



"COTTAGE" BOOKCASE AND MIRROR.

When these pictures were submitted to us to show what is being done in England along these lines, they were accompanied by a note suggesting that it would be well if our American manufacturers could follow in this path and construct a similar quality of furniture for the mass of people who want beautiful things without great expense. This suggestion is particularly interesting to THE CRAFTSMAN, for on careful examination of the photographs we discovered that not only were they designed on Craftsman principles, but the very details of our construction have been followed, with a result that is as charming as one could wish. On the whole, the coincidence is one which affords us immense satisfaction and encouragement, and we are only too glad to find that on both sides of the ocean our work is finding favor because it is based on sound principles and has its root in the real needs and lives of the people.

After all, the responsibility of encouraging the manufacture and use of good furniture throughout this or any other country lies only in part with the manufacturers

themselves. They put on the market what they believe the public is most likely to buy, and so long as the public continues to buy furniture which is poorly designed and badly put together, just so long will the majority of merchants continue to make it.

WASHSTAND IN "ENGLISH COTTAGE FURNITURE."

But when people come to see the futility of filling their houses with objects which bring them no lasting satisfaction and instead seek and insist upon getting those things which stand for real comfort and beauty, then the manufacturers will cease to offer shoddy wares and strive to meet the new and higher demand. Then we may hope that common sense will take the place of fashion, and thoroughness and beauty be prized above the doubtful merits of a "novelty" or an "antique."

To achieve such vital changes in our attitude toward these things will no doubt take some time. It is no easy matter to discard old habits, to root out old prejudices, and above all to think for ourselves instead of accepting the opinions and preferences of others. And besides, it is not enough for us to adopt simple furnishings just because they seem to be coming into vogue. That would only be another form of imitation, of thoughtlessness. It is when we arrive at such conclusions by our own initiative, when we really care about making for ourselves the right surroundings, when we really prefer simplicity to ornateness and quality of workmanship to resplendence of varnish, when the designs embody our own inherent convictions of what is fitting and beautiful —it is only then that we shall have achieved permanent progress.

MODERN ALADDIN LAMPS

IT is almost impossible to see an Oriental lamp, especially a Persian one, without thinking of Aladdin and the wonders he produced by cherishing one of these lamps. A Persian lamp conjures a visionary Aladdin as certainly as this beloved hero in times past by gently rubbing a small lamp conjured the Genii who gave him everything he wished for as fast as he could think of anything else to wish!

A sense of opulence hovers around all things Oriental, and a bit of brass or silver hammered in painstaking fashion by some modern wizard of Syria, set upon our mantels or tables seems to enrich the whole room.

These lamps carry great individuality —they cannot be said to "fit in" with the furnishings of our homes, blending unobtrusively with our surroundings. But their presence enriches the whole room, adds a tone not jarringly barbaric, but richly luxurious.

When a Persian lamp is lighted in American halls we almost expect it to give forth aromatic perfume—the exotic color of it seems to promise rich odors as well.

America is now importing Persian, Syrian, Japanese, Chinese lamps of exquisite workmanship that we may have a glowing note of splendor in our homes and at a remarkably low cost.

Lamps from Damascus come "knocked down," as it were, and are assembled in this country. So these lamps, rich in engraved and openwork designs, the patient work of brown men who have handled the graver's tool from time immemorial, combine the art of the Orient with the practicality of the Occident. They are put together by our experienced metal workers so they are substantial, reliable, will not come apart, and will hold an American burner and wick.

For instance, take one of the adjustable piano lamps. It is unmistakably of Damascus,—the simitarlike shape of it, the perforated design, the rich color of the silk showing through, bringing out the pattern, the bead fringe. But the clever way it is mounted so that it can be bent upward if placed on the side of the keyboard so that the full rays may fall upon the music, or bent downward if placed on top of the piano, or sideways, so it can be

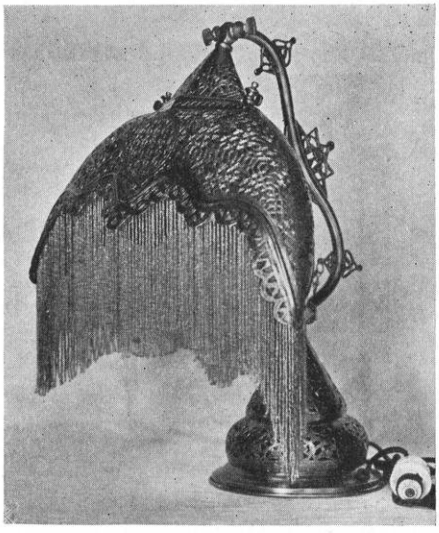
made to shed light upon the music no matter where the stand may be, is unmistakably American. These adjustable piano lamps are therefore Orientally beautiful and Americanly practical. The American setting of them in no way changes the character of their beauty but permits them to be of use to us as well as an ornament.

Then there are the tall pedestal piano lamps of Damascus workmanship, also some of Egyptian design, richly engraved and finely perforated, put together in this country. These brass lamps are 5 or 6 feet tall and finished with elaborate brass shades lined with silk of every possible color and fringed with beads that match the silk.

LAMP FOR DRESSING TABLE, OPEN-WORK OF BRASS.

These piano floor lamps come at $35 and upward to $125, and the adjustable piano lamps are $25, prices which are astonishingly small when one considers the days of careful work required to engrave and make them.

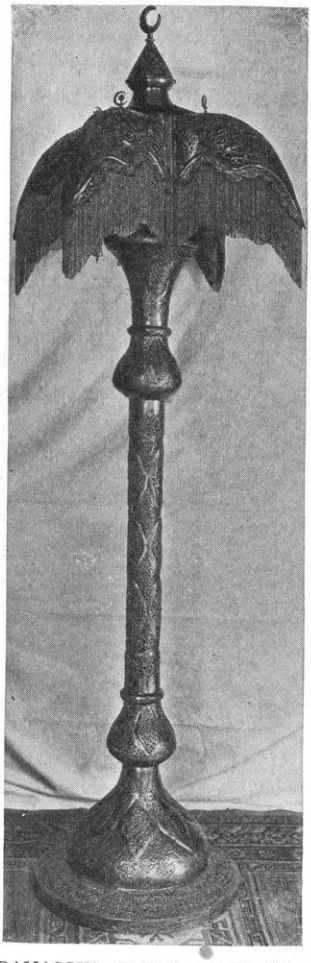
The little Princess lamps, as they are called, are worthy their name, for they are delicate, rich, unusual—and are worthy a place on the dressing table of a real princess.



ADJUSTABLE PIANO LAMP OF OPEN-WORK BRASS.

Japanese bronze and Japanese pottery lamps come in fascinating shapes, colors and designs. The shades are made of rice paper, brass, gauze, metal or silk, hand painted, engraved, perforated. Infinite are the shapes and colors of the bases and the shades, so that everyone will find a lamp to his or her liking, to fit in rooms of every possible color scheme.

And there are manifold Chinese blue and white pottery lamps with blue and white paper or silk shades suitable for boudoir or dining room, which are both decorative and useful.



DAMASCUS FLOOR LAMP OF OPEN-WORK BRASS.

FOSTERING LACE-MAKING IN RUSSIA: BY ROSE L. ELLERBE

ALMOST romantic legend is still current among the peasants of Europe concerning the origin of lace. As the story goes, a lover who could offer his betrothed no costly gift, one day brought to her a leaf which he had plucked in the forest. She accepted it as a true token of love and preserved it with care. In time the lover went away—to the wars perhaps—and never returned. The maiden prized the leaf then as a sacred treasure, and when she found only the delicate veining left of her keepsake, she took needle and thread and tried to copy the fairylike web. And thus was made the first bit of real lace.

That a peasant maid should have first created lace is fitting. Although lace has been the favored adornment of kings and queens, of princes of the church and of noble lords and ladies, it has usually been the product of the peasant woman—she of slow brain and deft fingers. Great ladies and simple nuns, it is true, once spent their hours over the needle and wove marvelous broideries and laces; but the finest and the rarest laces, the treasured cabinet specimens of Rose point, Mechlin and Valenciennes have been the work of long-suffering souls, who found in these exquisite creations of their fingers, the only joy and solace of their hard-pressed lives. Often, in order to preserve the delicacy and pliability of the threads, the work was done in damp, dark cellars or over cow-stables. That this, the most fragile, the most poetic of all handiwork should always have cost so lavishly in womanhood, in toil, in eyesight and in suffering, and should always have been rewarded by a pittance barely sufficient to keep life in the body, is one of the tragic mysteries that go to make up industrial history. The story of the lace-makers of the world is one that stings the soul with its pathos.

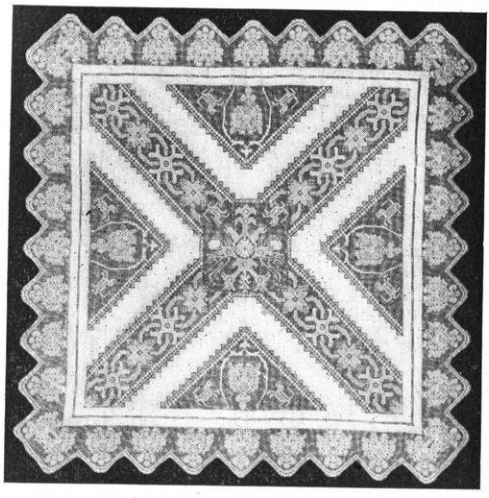
Students and historians of lace paid small attention to Russian laces, for little was known upon the subject, until the publication of an elaborate work by Madame Sophie Davydorf, dealing with the laces and lace-makers of that country. About 1870 this lady became interested in the home industries of the Russian peasants

WOMEN OF THE VILLAGE OF VISELKI-VISOYKA WHO DO LACE WORK FOR MADAME DE BLUMENTHAL.

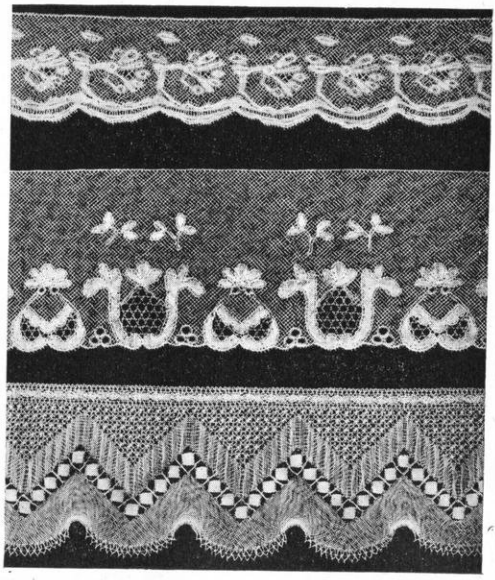
and began an exhaustive study of their needlework and its history. For more than a quarter of a century she continued her investigations and her book contains hundreds of plates, showing the development of the art, with many copies of rare and forgotten specimens as well as examples of the most intricate and varied patterns of today. She traces the history of needlework to its introduction with the Christian religion, when it was most largely used in the churches and made by nuns. During the Middle Ages the Russian nobility displayed a barbaric richness in dress, wearing laces heavy with gold and silver threads and silks and velvets embroidered in gold and precious stones.

Under serfdom, the lace-makers labored for their masters. A Russian gentleman thus recalls the scenes of his childhood:

"Hundreds of young girls were engaged, in many households, in the never-ending task of supplying their mistresses with the most beautiful productions of their toil. Till this very day I cannot recollect without a shudder the dark picture of those crowds of silent, pale girls, patiently bent over their frames, as I have seen them in my childhood. From five o'clock in the morning until late at night they were pulling threads out of fine materials, counting almost imperceptible threads, and after many an hour of agony, producing wonderful results. Cruel punishments were inflicted upon those who did not seem to be quick enough or skilful enough, and if



COAT-OF-ARMS TEA CLOTH: A SINGLE PIECE OF DRAWN LINEN WITH DESIGNS WORKED IN WITH NEEDLE.

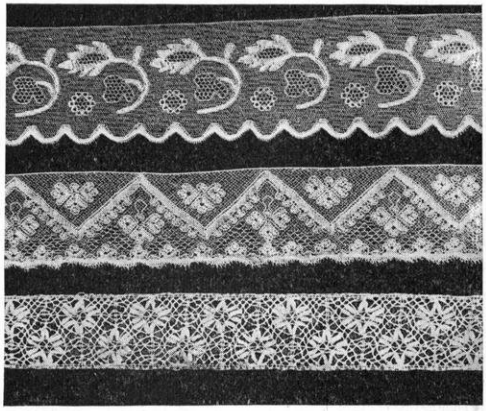


RUSSIAN HAND-MADE VALENCIENNES LACE.
COPY OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PATTERN FROM THE SCHOOL OF MADAME DE OGAREFF.
LACE REQUIRING THREE MONTHS LABOR TO MAKE A SINGLE YARD: FROM THE SCHOOL OF PRINCESS TENISCHEFF.

sight gave out, as happened only too often, workers were replaced by younger ones. Women were of no account—work only was wanted, to embellish the mistress with extravagant richness and fill the chests of the daughters for their doweries."

Besides laces, drawn work was done on linens and homespuns—bedspreads, table covers, altar cloths of a single piece of linen drawn all over, with the designs worked in with a needle, were common. One piece of such work often represented the labor of several women for months. The distinctive feature of all Russian needlework is its substantial quality. The linens and threads used are of a firm texture and the work is close and often heavy. The most elaborate and intricate patterns are worked out in infinite detail. In their laces no braids or nets are used. Every stitch is taken with the needle or made with the bobbins.

Peasant women employ needlework for their own adornment. No girl is wedded without her bridal costume. In older times these were very elaborate. In the vast patchwork known as Russia, these costumes varied much in material and workmanship; but all represented long and patient toil with needle and with loom. Aprons, towels and head-dresses were



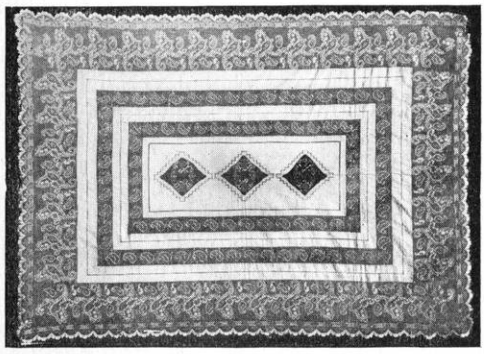
LACES FROM THE SCHOOL OF PRINCESS TENISCHEFF.

richly adorned. The materials used were sometimes coarse and the designs crude, yet the effect produced was usually symbolic and often artistic. The more ancient patterns especially exhibit the Slavic love of color in a coloring as passionate, although less harmonious, than the more sophisticated Oriental blendings; while most of the earlier work shows marked traces of its Byzantine or Oriental origin.

To the ignorant, hopelessly downtrodden peasant woman, needlework was the one expression of artistic and religious instincts. Madame Davydorf says: "In most provinces of Russia, laces and embroideries were the product of a work essentially domestic, having at all times been an indispensable part of each trousseau; it has been at the same time the expression of the thought, the creative force and the religious sentiment of the young Russian woman. Lace and lace-making is not only important historically and industrially, but has a most happy moral influence upon the workers."

After serfdom was abolished, lace-making continued in the *izbas;* but the industry seemed doomed to destruction under the blighting influence of rapacious tradesmen, who paid almost unbelievable pittances for the work they purchased of the ignorant and often starving workers. Mr. I. V. Illagen, of the government of Riazan, a district where much drawn work is done, says in a recent report: "As poverty prevailed everywhere and very seldom the workers had means for starting work, the middlemen would supply them with linen, thread, cotton, needles, and so on, and when the work was ready take it on commission. Long months elapsed generally before the much expected return of the peddler, who, however successful, had seldom anything but sad reports; the pay of the workers was reduced to 9 or 10 kopecks per day, while children earned 4, 5 or 6 kopecks per day. Sometimes there was no pay at all for the work, under the pretext that it had not been paid for by the purchasers. Investigations of complaints were of no avail."

Madame Davydorf and other investigators have stated that the average pay of the needleworkers was but ten cents a day —and this for work that showed real creative and artistic value, as well as beautiful execution. When these facts became known to the public many liberal Russians began to interest themselves in trying to better the conditions. As a result of these efforts, schools were established to aid the lace-makers and attempts were made to encourage the use of Russian needlework, both at home and abroad.



RUSSIAN DRAWN-WORK TABLECLOTH: THE WORK OF SEVERAL WOMEN FOR A YEAR OR MORE.

In 1873 a collection of Russian laces was presented by the Duchess of Edinburgh, daughter of Alexander II, to the South Kensington Museum, London. This was the first foreign exhibit of Russian needlework and it attracted wide attention. The Russian Government was aroused and founded a large institution to aid the workers of Moscow and vicinity, and arranged for exhibits of native needlework in Moscow and St. Petersburg. In 1883 the "Practical School of Lace Industry" was established for the benefit of workers in eastern Russia. Here a careful study of ancient laces was made; laces from other countries were introduced and copied and every effort put forth to "perfect the technique and form the taste." Teachers trained in these schools are sent out to the vil-

lages, and exhibits of the work done encourage the workers and arouse national pride. A museum devoted to the Russian needlework arts is one of the features of this school. Another school has lately been established in St. Petersburg, under the patronage of the dowager Czarina, for the training of teachers of needlecraft.

Schools are also maintained upon many private estates. These supply the workers with materials and patterns; they also direct the cottage workers and, in most cases, receive the finished work and endeavor to find a market for it. Under the tutelage of the schools and their patronesses, Russian peasant workers are now producing almost perfect copies of the laces of other countries, as well as greatly improving their own distinctive workmanship. Schools are also promoting the various weaving industries, and hand-woven linens, crashes and homespuns—of flax, flax and wool mixed, and pure wool, are becoming an important industrial product. All of this work is generally done in the *izbas,* or huts, of the workers and it is one of the principal aims of the patrons of the cottage industries to continue this home work and discourage the women from leaving their homes to seek factory work.

Among those who have devoted their efforts to saving the lace and needlework industries, after Madame Davydorf, are Madame Souchitine, a daughter of Tolstoi; Princess A. D. Tenischeff, whose school is the center for several hundred workers; Madame Nadine de Ogareff, who opened her magnificent home in St. Petersburg for an exhibit and sale of Russian handiwork—an innovation among Russian noblewomen. In 1907 Princess Sophie Tenischeff made an elaborate display of Russian work in Paris, a showing which greatly surprised the public and art connoisseurs by its variety and excellence. Many other men and women have lent their aid to this effort to save and foster an industry.

But the schools and their patrons have also been largely at the mercy of the lacemaker's evil genius—the middlemen, since they continued to be the chief purchasers. Attempts were made to establish depots for the sale of the work in England and in France. But the high prices paid for the goods by the women who bought the beautiful laces were largely absorbed by the various handlers, and the workers still receive astonishingly low prices for their work.

A Russian woman, Verra Xenephontavna Kalematiano de Blumenthal, residing in this country has developed her own method of dealing with this problem. A descendant of an old Russian family and a member of the nobility, she had been interested in the efforts to aid the laceworkers before coming to America. Her heart was still with the struggling masses of her countrywomen. Through Professor Miliukoff she received packages of the laces and drawn work from Russia, which she exhibited privately and sold for prices that seemed fabulous compared with those usually received by the workers, but were beggarly when compared with those charged in the stores for real laces. From this small beginning Madame de Blumenthal has continued to receive larger and larger consignments of the work. Her effort to create a market has been unique. She was determined to increase the prices paid the workers. Through many difficulties this has been her constant aim. She receives the work from the schools or the workers direct, sells it and returns the market price with, in most cases, 40% added to the original price. In the village of Riazan from which most of the drawn work is sent to her, Viselki-Visoyka, a part of this additional money has been deposited in bank to the credit of the women workers. From this fund they can draw without interest to purchase materials or when in special need. In the school of Princess A. D. Tenischeff, from which many of the laces come, a fund has been established for the training of girls in the lace schools.

An exhibit of the drawn work and laces sent to Madame de Blumenthal was shown at the last annual exhibit of the National Arts and Crafts Society, New York, and attracted much attention.

Undoubtedly Russia is destined to furnish a large portion of the real laces and needlecraft of the future, for only in that sad country still exist the conditions that make such handiwork possible. With all the efforts now being made to preserve the lace industries of various countries and to increase the pay of the workers, the long and life-sapping toil necessary to produce genuinely artistic needlecraft has never yet been adequately rewarded.

MAKING BOX FURNITURE: ITS PRACTICAL AND ETHICAL VALUE

ONCE upon a time—not so very long ago—a woman of New England, inspired by the thought that everything that was of interest to humanity, was of interest to her, decided to enter the social service work, but in her own way. She wanted to become a friend to her neighbors, not just a resident among them, and for neighbors she chose those who live in what is commonly termed the "humble walk of life." She fitted up her rooms as simply and inexpensively as possible, kept them immaculate with soap and water and, sharing her home with a deserted scrub woman and her child, entered with zest into the work of turning neighbors into friends.

The woman was Louise Brigham, her home became known as Sunshine Cottage, and Cleveland, Ohio, was where she began her work that is now widely known. Because so many women and children congregated around her the housework assumed proportions not possible to be handled by one pair of hands, so a dishwashing committee was formed, with John Johnson as chairman, who entered so heartily and vigorously into the task of "helping" that not a dish was left unbroken at the end of the week! The disappointment of the children because there were no more dishes to wash, resulted in the establishing of dishes unbreakable, pewter, copper and brass mainly, and to this day throughout all her homes only unbreakable dishes are used.

She also established the beautiful peasant custom of placing an extra seat at the table for the stranger, and since the major part of her visitors were children the extra seat took the form of a high chair for the babies. Since everything must be simple, not beyond the possibilities of her friends, and because money was not limitless, the little chair was made of a box. Not just a box on end, but a box ripped apart and the material (pieces of wood and straightened out nails) put together in better form, so that it was beautiful, as befitted a guest chair. This little chair was the first of the vast array of box-chairs and furniture that now have become so well known.

Desiring to see America's emigrants in their native homes that she might come closer in touch with their loves and their needs, she resolved upon a journey to them. She visited nineteen countries, studying the crafts, weaving, spinning, dyeing, basketry, wood-carving, metal work of the different natives, entering literally into their homes, living their life and eating their food. She saw their customs, games, festivals, endearing herself to them and, naturally, learning to understand and to love them.

MISS BRIGHAM'S OFFICE FURNISHED WITH BOX FURNITURE.

While abroad she studied with Professor Joseph Hoffman at the Imperial Art School, Vienna, Austria, and with Charles MacIntosh, Glasgow, Scotland, and at the National Art School of Haarlem, Holland, the National Industrial Schools of Copenhagen, Denmark, and of Christiania, Norway, and at the Sloyd Institute, Nääs, Sweden, also in Paris and London. She introduced basket weaving in Social Service work in Holland.

When a child she did not care for tools, but being interested in whatever could be done with hands she soon acquired the use of saw, chisel, hammer and square. Her first serious study of domestic arts was begun at Pratt Institute.

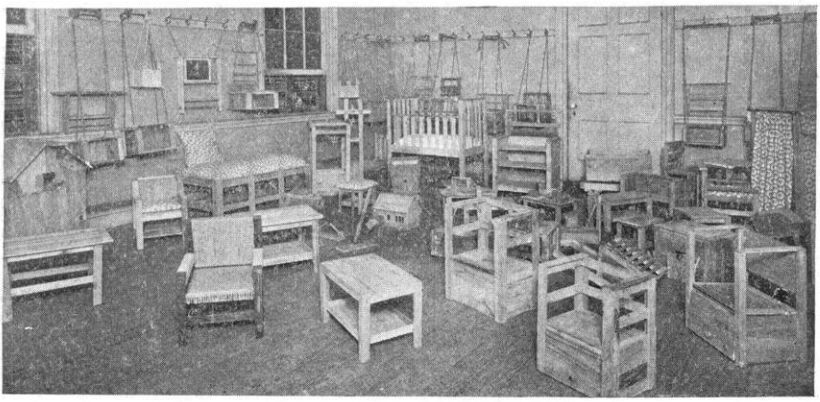
While visiting with friends in the Land of the Midnight Sun, an opportunity came for her to experiment more fully with the box furniture idea. Her host, the man-

ager of large coal mines, was obliged to ship many provisions into this land where reindeer was the only fresh meat to be had, and of course there were many large packing boxes. She saw the possibilities that dwelt in these boxes, and with the sun shining day and night and plenty of time at her disposal she began a long list of experiments. She furnished for her hostess an eight-room house out of the boxes that formerly were considered as valueless. The dressers and sideboards were not just boxes set side by side, draped with cloth and supplied with shelves. But every box was first carefully taken apart, then put together along lines of good proportion, stability, beauty. The wood in boxes generally being of the poorest quality and the edge of each board weakened somewhat by the nails driven in and pulled out, she devised the scheme of nailing strips of board as a corner trim which gave strength and steadiness and also produced a panel effect quite decorative in quality. This work was not undertaken from necessity but from the joy of working out the possibilities that she had seen in the boxes.

Then, after visiting and working in Norway and Sweden, she furnished a Social Service club room in Copenhagen entirely out of boxes.

SORTING LUMBER GLEANED FROM OLD BOXES.

Having obtained intimate knowledge of the life of the peasants of many lands and having many practical crafts at her command she was ready to resume her work in America. This time she chose to live in New York and found a small, inexpensive five-room apartment on the East Side, near the river, which she furnished entirely from boxes transformed by her clever fingers into charming tables, chairs, sideboards, desks, etc. At her window is a seat made of boxes, cushioned with crafts cloth stuffed with the shavings left from her work of transformation, hung and tied in place with clothesline cunningly knotted. At the window are two flower boxes made of cocoa boxes reinforced with the corner strips, hung with clothesline over meat hooks. And so on throughout her tiny apartment we find everything of the simplest, yet well proportioned, useful, beautiful and within the making or purchasing possibilities of every man or woman, rich or poor.



BOX FURNITURE MADE BY EAST SIDE NEW YORK BOYS.

The way to help people is not to sprinkle truths down upon their heads from lofty heights, for standards do not filter down. Wholesome growth is from the bottom, up to the top. Help is not given by much talk and advice, like the frog puffed out, of popular fable. It is

CORNER OF A BEDROOM IN MISS BRIGHAM'S BOX-FURNISHED APARTMENT.

given by example only. The best teachers are those who permit others to see the workings of their lives. The example of right living is not only the truest form of helping, but is the source of the greatest inspiration. And it is in this respect, that Miss Brigham's work is most convincing. Her house is furnished at an astonishingly low price, yet all is restful, inspiring.

During this last vacation season she has inaugurated a good work among the boys of her neighborhood. She obtained permission to use the old Gracie Mansion in Carl Schurz Park, formerly East River Park, where she has held a vacation workroom for the boys, the attendance being voluntary of course; but what boy is not happy with a box and a saw, hammer, nails, and an opportunity to "make things!"

The boys, 115 in all with an average attendance of 20, constructed a cart out of some second-hand wheels purchased at a wheelwright's, and it is a pleasant sight to see them pushing and pulling this cart about, collecting the boxes from all the grocers of the neighborhood. They pile the boxes neatly in one of the back rooms of the old mansion, and at certain times carefully rip them apart and pile each piece according to its height, in orderly piles, so that they can see and get quickly at a piece of whatever length is needed, in order that nothing may be wasted.

Their work benches are large boxes, screwed firmly to the floor. Each boy made his own vise and keeps his own tools in order. Each set of tools consists of a cross-cut and a rip-saw, jack-plane, square, claw-hammer, screw-driver, pinchers, draw-knife, nail set, sandpaper, pencil and ruler.

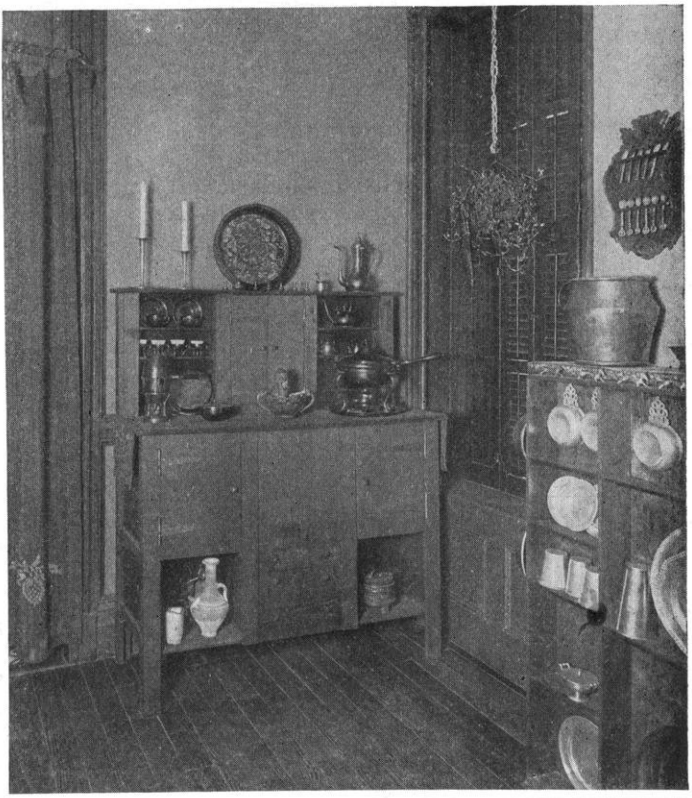
The boys make things that their mothers need, especially the things needed to make the baby comfortable, such as cribs, cradles, sanitary chairs, high chairs, jumpers, swings, dressing stands, etc. And they are wonderfully attractive little things. They make for the mothers a coal box, hat rack, bookshelves, kitchen cabinet, etc., of original designs. For themselves are dump-cars, boats and model derricks, pile-drivers, hay-ricks, stables, electric cars, freight trains,—crude, to be sure, for the workers are very young and the lumber is not of the best, and their experience is small; yet the objects are most interesting to see and wonderfully does such play or work develop the children. Each boy tries to improve upon each piece; he invents new devices. For instance, a baby swing had the safety bar fastened in place with a hinge; but the hinge costs two cents, and two-cent pieces are not as the sands of the sea! So one boy thought of making a wooden pin, and another made holes in the safety bar and slipped the hanging rope through it. And so they contrive and develop, learning to use their minds and hands at the same time.

The pupils had an exhibition of their work in September. The walls of the room were papered and painted by themselves, and their pieces arranged according to their judgment of how a fine exhibition

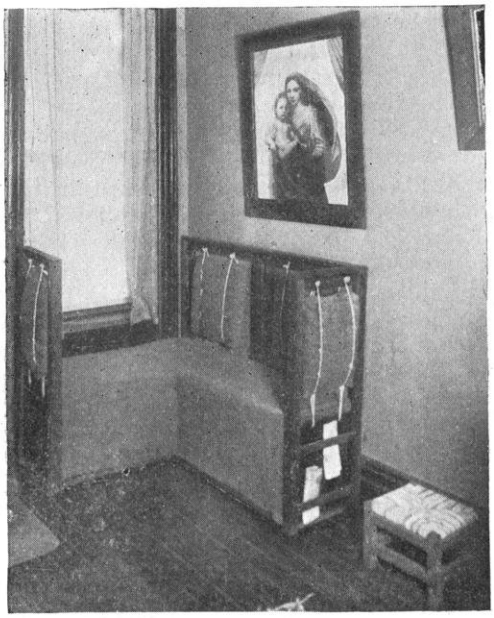
ought to look. The babies' room was in white and pink, all the little furniture being painted white. The girls use the workroom on Wednesdays and Saturday mornings, when they braid the raffia for the chairs and footstools and make the mattresses and pillows for the cribs, cloths for the tables, etc.

This work is really the outcome of the Child Welfare Exhibition held in New York last spring. Miss Brigham had a child's room there fitted up with her box furniture, and it attracted so much interest that it was taken intact to the Chicago Child Welfare Exhibition afterward. The success of this room in these two cities gave her the idea of letting the boys of her neighborhood make things like them and take them home to help their mother make the house beautiful and convenient.

How to provide tools for the boys was the problem, but it was soon solved by a few interested men and women who formed the Home Thrift Association. It is through their efforts that the work here is being carried on and developed. The rooms are to be kept open in the evenings all winter, the boys continuing their box furniture making and the girls their weaving, spinning and basket making.



A CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM IN MISS BRIGHAM'S APARTMEMT, FITTED UP ENTIRELY WITH BOX FURNITURE.



A BOX CORNER-SEAT IN MISS BRIGHAM'S APARTMENT

The Home Thrift Association has charge of the other box furniture centers now being formed in other cities. It does not insist that furniture should only be made of boxes, or inferior woods, but it insists that it be simple, of good lines and good proportion.

The fathers and mothers of the boys who have demonstrated during their summer vacation that furniture of good proportion could be made of boxes have been much interested in the work and have visited many times the rooms where the furniture was on exhibition. They lost no time in telling their friends about it, the friends told other friends and so it spread until the attention of Park Commissioner Stover was gained. He went to see the work, saw that it was of civic interest, and has now obtained it for the city of New York as a permanent exhibition.

ALS IK KAN

"When ye Have Gathered in the Fruits of the Land, ye shall Keep a Feast unto the Lord."

PRIMARILY it is the fruit of the land for which we make acknowledgment and express gratitude in our Thanksgiving Day festivities. The lustrous corn, the orange pumpkin, the hard, plump grain, the purple grapes—these we exalt as emblems to remind us that "there is no joy dead in the world today, no sunlight lost on the hills." They remind us of the immemorial miracle of earth's response to the white sunlight and the gray rains. But they are the emblems also of another mystery; they typify something more than the hearty bounty of nature. They speak to us of the discovery that the traditional curse under which man was exiled from the Garden of Eden—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"—is in reality no curse but a blessing. For our poets, our seers, our men of far and loving vision, have long ago glimpsed the truth that the chase is greater than the quarry, the battle than the victory, the struggle than the prize. The hunger in men's hearts is an infinite hunger and no material reward can permanently satisfy it. But it is in the preordained and wholesome struggle for those material rewards, especially in those moments when, almost spent, we emerge breathless from the black shadow of imminent failure, that we *know* ourselves to be part of the great inscrutable scheme of things. Of the strain and toil and tumult are our moments of illumination born.

Then when we give thanks for the fruit of the land, let us give thanks also for the straining muscle and the aching sinews which coöperate with sun and earth and rain to produce it. And let us see in the clustered grape and garnered grain, the symbol not merely of material rewards and bounties, but of man's most inestimable gift, the travail which lifts him above the brutes and enables him to confront the ultimate mystery with squared shoulders and fearless forehead.

As our days fall into line behind us and we see them in perspective, have we not actually reason to give thanks for much that at the time seemed only a loss and failure? Have not the buffetings of defeat even lent a strength to our spiritual sinews and a resurgency to our hearts such as the unbroken ranks of auspicious days never brought us? Why have we imagined that in such a stupendous scheme of evolution as the creation and the development of the universe, all the care, struggles and conflicts, even the failures should be negation, leading nowhere, without relation to ultimate good? For if we are to give thanks only for the smooth-running days how are we ever to reconcile the years of battle with the idea of economy in the use of human material for world-building? If we are only to reckon with the successes, where do we find place for the trials, sorrow, bitter struggles—what room have we for blights and plagues and spiritual conflicts and material hurricanes?

And yet from the beginning of days so far as we know sorrow has gone hand in hand with joy, failure has moved swiftly after triumph, disaster has shadowed success, death has forever looked in at the windows of the house of the living. This being true, can we believe that half of life, all the shadowed side of it, is a blunder on the part of the Creator? On this basis life would be hard to face, for nature herself is fearless in striking her balance of good and evil, of success and failure. We plant seed and the harvest is destroyed. We build cities and they are shaken to the ground. If, on one hand, nature reveals her curious secrets to us, on the other, she teases and troubles us with drought and bacteria, with winged pests and crawling worm. Apparently she is not content that man should gather in the fruit of the land wholly with rejoicing. A scheme of material prosperity ignoring failure is not suited to her ways. She furnishes difficulties, failures and every so often the heart-break that freshens vision. And we learn in time that spiritual stock-taking usually follows disaster and that growth follows the spiritual stock-taking.

In this day of athletic activities practically all of us are thankful for exercise which hardens our muscles. And failure and defeat, if we will so accept them, are nothing more or less than a spiritual punching-bag on which we may harden our moral fiber. Nature in every blow she strikes is striving to teach us this lesson—the value of power to resist difficulty and the value of experience gained from failure. One does not need to think long to realize that physical and spiritual vigor cannot be gained by sliding down hill.

The people who have really achieved in

the world tell but one story—battle, defeats used as stepping-stones, power developed through conflict. It was an interesting lesson that the writer had some years ago in listening to a newspaper man interview one of the most successful writers of modern days—a man who has a large estate, a beautiful home, a delightful and harmonious life. The reporter said: "How strange it is that success comes in such overwhelming ways to some!" And the successful writer smiled and said: "It would take more hours than you could give me to tell you of the days and years that I lived so close to starvation that we never ceased to look each other in the face; of the years in New York that publishers refused even to read my manuscripts; of the years in Paris that the artists laughed at my drawings. In fact, there are so many years of what most men would have considered failure that I still have hard work to understand what success means. And even now I have few hours to enjoy the woods and the lake and the house I have earned. I have to reassure myself about it; I wake up in the night and wonder if it is actually true. I have found no easy road to comfort, and everything that spells success I have won through the hardest battles."

All the romance in the growth of civilization is born of conflict. Heroes are not made out of affluence, ease. Adversity is most often their birthright, and difficulty only means to them opportunity. For the hero is not the man who remembers his wounds, but one who is fighting down on his knees, perhaps, back of his shield, retreating, and who often finds himself at the end of the struggle on the hill-top, his shield shining in the sun.

Perhaps nature affords no more compelling illustration of the development of power through resistance than in the case of the electric current. To force this fairy current to give up its treasures of light and heat and power we oppose the easy ways of its life; we compel it to traverse a territory that is not sufficient for it; we press it through wires not large enough, we break the wire which it is to travel; we put difficulties in its way all along the line. And the result is that by making it leap from point to point we acquire the marvelous arc light; by passing it through slender filaments which resist its passage we get the softer incandescent light, and by forcing a small current through many involutions of some medium of low conductivity, we generate heat in quantities available for cooking and other household uses. In every case it is electricity impeded, electricity in chains and battling to free itself, that serves us.

It is our attitude toward failure which in the long run will prove our capacity for success. When the little maid in the fairy tale saw something fine in a beggar's eyes and touched him with sympathetic hand, his rags vanished and a glorious prince knelt at her feet, offering her joy and wealth because her discerning heart had enabled him to throw off the disguise and show forth his true character. We are equally astonished when we find what our too quick judgment had pronounced a nuisance, is a by-product, yielding greater profit than the original objects of our hopes. How long must we hold in disparagement things of worth and commend the lesser things! How many times must we be shown that the plant we thoughtlessly termed a weed and spurned contemptuously is found by someone else to contain miraculous powers of healing! When we strive for success in some direction and fail utterly, that failure, if we treat it rightly, will be of great value to us in showing us some other better way.

"O Earth! Thou hast not any wind that blows
That is not music. Every weed of thine
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine."

Nothing is so dwarfing as the gratification of every desire. Do we not remember "Peau de Chagrin," Balzac's story of the wild ass's skin that had the power of gratifying every wish of the wearer! But with every gratified wish it shrank until it brought about the wearer's death.

And there is the story of the man who was so strong and wise and powerful that no one could overcome him. His enemies went to the gods asking aid, and they said: "Enter into war with that man and let him be always victorious. He will become weakened by too much self-confidence, his eyes will become dimmed by pride, he will think that he is all-powerful and relax his effort and *then* he can be easily overcome and destroyed."

"Day unto day uttereth speech, but night unto night showeth wisdom." If there were nothing but sunshine the world would soon be a desert—nothing but success would make for death. Storm, stress, fair weather

keep the world wholesome, fertile, useful, beautiful. Emerson says that "The frost that kills the harvest of a year saves the harvests of a century by destroying the weevil or the locust."

So the flood of thanksgiving that rushes from our hearts today is for the privilege of work, and we are thankful for both aspects of it—the successes and the failures—for both have worked together, moving onward toward perfection.

NOTES

FORECAST OF THE MUSICAL SEASON IN NEW YORK, 1911-12

THE outlook for good music during the coming months is unusually stimulating. The Metropolitan Opera Company plans to produce at least three new works, perhaps the most important of which will be the Russian opera, "Boris Goudonov," by Moussorgsky, a composer who died many years ago, but is still little known in America, though enthusiastically extolled in Russia and France. The opera, based on an historical theme, presents the Czar and the people of Russia, and is a brilliant example of the peculiar realism of Moussorgsky's art, which shunned the conventional as well as the false and aimed directly at the true as seen by the composer, who was also his own librettist.

Another new work will be Ludwig Thuille's "Lobetanz," a German opera, whose story seems as enchanting as a Hans Andersen fairy-tale, with the same vein of poetic significance, and whose music, to judge by accounts, has equal charm. A dainty humorous Italian opera entitled "Le Donne Curiose" (The Inquisitive Women) is also promised. It is by Wolf-Ferrari, the German-Italian composer, who is already known to New York by his Dante Cantata, "La Vita Nuova." The possibility is held out that Wolf-Ferrari may visit this country to attend the premiere of his opera, thus following the example of Puccini and Humperdinck.

In the concert world the advent of the new conductor, Josef Stransky, as leader of the Philharmonic Society, is of paramount interest. Mr. Stransky has spent the summer in England, learning English, and comes to this country with ardent sympathy for his work here and evidently prepared to devote himself to the best interests of art in America. His programmes cover a wide range of musical literature and include twenty-four symphonies by sixteen different composers headed by Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. Mr. Stransky will also produce several new works which New York ought to hear.

The New York Symphony Society will give no evening concerts this year, but will devote a Friday afternoon series to educational programmes to be preceded at each concert by a short explanation from the conductor, Mr. Walter Damrosch. The Young People's Symphony concerts will also continue their excellent work of offering special programmes for schoolchildren, which help to form good taste musically and make for a growth of artistic understanding among the young people of this city. The Oratorio Society will perform the Messiah as usual at the Christmas season and will combine with the Symphony Society in a Brahms festival later in the year.

The MacDowell Chorus, led by Mr. Kurt Schindler, will give two subscription concerts in Carnegie Hall, one in December and one in February. The December concert will be devoted to the performance of Liszt's "Legend of Saint Elizabeth," which will be given for the first time in New York. This will be one of the most important Liszt celebrations of the season which marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the composer. The name of Liszt will be seen on the programmes of many soloists as well as on those of the great musical organizations, for throughout the entire musical world this will be a Liszt year.

There is everywhere evident an encouraging interest in music for the people—that is, concerts whose admission prices fall within what are known as wage-earners' rates. The Music School Settlement of New York has opened a new branch at the Bronx and the People's Choral Union has also widened its range of activities. The Philharmonic Society offers subscription rates in the balcony of Carnegie Hall for its Sunday concerts at three dollars for eight concerts, so that good music and the very best performances are now actually within the reach of all.

Several great pianists are visiting America this season, among them Arthur Friedheim, already well known here, the famous exponent of Liszt and one of the master's most devoted pupils. He is a titanic player and will first be heard at the Philharmonic

Liszt Centennial Concerts in New York and Brooklyn.

Vladimir de Pachmann, a wholly different type of artist, excelling in delicate effects and marvelous finesse, has long been considered a Chopin player *par excellence;* but his first programme in New York this season, made up wholly of Weber and Liszt, shows that he is not to be regarded as a specialist of any one composer.

Harold Bauer and Josef Lhevinne are also here, as well as Katherine Goodson, the English pianist, and Augusta Cottlow, the talented American.

Contrary to expectations, Josef Hofmann has been persuaded to return, but only for a limited number of concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Among the violinists are the new-comer, Efrem Zimbalist, heard for the first time this year; Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian, who leapt into the first rank last season, and Jan Kubelik, who is advertised as bidding this country farewell.

The list of singers at the Metropolitan and Philadelphia-Chicago opera companies hold new names as well as those already known here and a brilliant array of concert singers contains many old friends. Mme. Nordica, Mme. Emma Eames, Mme. Schumann-Heink and Mme. Gadsky will all be heard in concert, and Miss Gertrude Rennyson has begun her American season with a concert tour.

The coming 27th season of the Kneisel Quartet will include, in addition to the usual programmes throughout the country, a series of six concerts in New York, beginning on the evening of October 31st. Among the numbers rendered will be several Beethoven quartets, a quintet and a sonata by Brahms, a Tschaikowsky sextet ("Souvenir de Florence"), a serenade by Hugo Wolf and quartets by Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Kopylow, Smetana, David Stanley Smith, Debussy and Ravel.

The David and Clara Mannes piano and violin recitals will also be an interesting and welcome addition to the chamber music of the season. Their programmes will include sonatas by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Corelli, Lekew, Mozart and Veracini, a suite by Reger and a fantasie sonata, "De Voluntatis Virtute," by Charles Dumergne.

BOOK REVIEWS

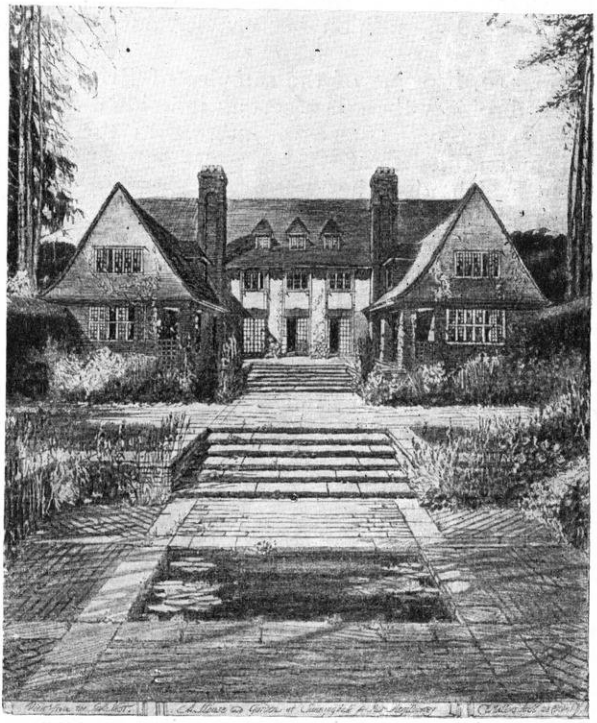
"THE STUDIO" YEAR BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART, 1911

Illustrations used in this review by courtesy of John Lane Company.

TO the student and lover of the arts and crafts "The Studio" Year Book, with its wealth of illustrations in both color and line, is full of interest. English, German, Austrian and Hungarian architecture are represented here, with furnishings, interior decorations and examples from the various crafts, showing the latest developments in many branches.

Among the British country houses, for instance, both in general construction and in the more intimate details of the interiors, there is an air of individuality, permanence and comfort and a certain quality of workmanship that is very satisfying in contrast to the insincerity of the cheaper type of modern building. And this sense of thoughtfulness is perhaps most noticeably emphasized by the use of built-in furnishings, which, combined with interesting treatment of woodwork and wall space, lend to a room such a pleasant atmosphere of hospitality and repose.

Moreover, in the separate pieces of fur-



SUNNINGDALE, ENGLAND: F.E. MALLONS, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT.

COTTAGES AT WHITLEY WOOD, BERKSHIRE ENGLAND: C. B. WILLCOCKS, ARCHITECT.

niture there is a dignity, quality and simplicity of design which is most welcome to eyes tired with the meaningless frills and imitations turned out by the average factory. You feel that each piece was built for use and beauty, to fit some definite need, not manufactured to satisfy the popular furniture fad of the hour, to be discarded when the succeeding fashion decreed it "out of date."

So, too, in some of the samples of British embroidery there is a certain individuality of design, a sense of interest in the fabric and its treatment which give the work an artistic value that no amount of elaborate ornament could attain. And one cannot help wishing that more of the other fabrics and tapestries illustrated in the book were as worthy of admiration.

The volume, on the whole, is rich in suggestions of what to cultivate and what to avoid. And at least it gives one an interesting outlook on the progress that is being made in Europe among the arts and crafts of today. For, whether it be in architecture or in furnishing, in mural decoration, in wood or metal working or in the making of pottery, there is always encouragement and inspiration in the knowledge that men and women are once more realizing that it is the quality and not the quantity of the thing that counts, and that a piece of work designed with real thoughtfulness and interest, and made with thoroughness and skill, is after all a much more significant achievement than any number of the cleverest imitations which the most up-to-date factory can produce. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 274 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price, $3.00, net; postage 35 cents.)

JOHN LA FARGE: A MEMOIR AND A STUDY: BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

NO matter how much we may admire the work of an artist, a sculptor, a writer or a poet, no matter how much pleasure and illumination we may draw from the canvas, marble or written words, there are few of us who do not feel that something is lacking in our sympathy and understanding of the subject if we are not at least somewhat familiar with the personality and history of the master himself. For after all the work

"EDGEHILL," LIMPSFIELD, ENGLAND: ARTHUR KEEN, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT.

of art is only the outward symbol of the inner life, the concrete expression of individuality, the composite result, as it were, of years of action, thought and feeling. The more we know of the life and character of the man himself the more intimately his message seems to reach us.

And so there is always room for the biography of a man who has accomplished things that are significant and worth while in whatever field he has chosen for his particular form of artistic expression, especially when it is written by one who understands and sympathizes with the life and work of his subject. This memoir and study of John La Farge will be welcomed by those who wish to know more of the personality underlying the achievements of a great American painter. Many of the pages are quoted from La Farge himself and more than a dozen photogravures of his work lend additional interest to the volume. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. 263 pages. Illustrated. Price $4.00 net.)

SOCIAL FORCES: BY EDWARD T. DEVINE

THESE articles, reprinted from the pages of *The Survey,* of which Dr. Devine is editor, are strong, fearless and to the point. Contrasted here are the old and new views of charity—the substitution for the old-fashioned alms-giving of the deeper, broader form of philanthropy which seeks to root out the causes of social evils rather than to soften the results. There is no utopianism here. The attitude is that of the social reformer, the man who realizes the disgrace and crime of existing industrial and social conditions, and in pointing the way to their effacement through reorganization, emphasizes the need for the development of greater responsibility both in the individual and in the state. He realizes that our civilization, no matter how marvelous science can make it, how beautifully our artists may adorn it, how luxuriously its comforts can be contrived, is nothing but a mockery, unstable and insincere, so long as the burden of the nation rests on the backs of the oppressed. He realizes that so long as a large percentage of our population are overworked and underfed, born and brought up in vicious, unsanitary surroundings, the victims of both heredity and environment, not only are their own chances for mental, physical and spiritual development reduced to a minimum, but they are a hindrance to the progress of the nation. And it is in the elimination of such conditions by practical and radical methods, not by the old ways of charity, that a solution to the problem can be found. (Published by Charities Publication Committee, New York. 226 pages. Price $1.25.)

HUMAN CONFESSIONS: BY FRANK CRANE

THERE is something about that word "confessions" which always seems to appeal to the imagination and curiosity of the normal reader. Many reasons might be given for this, some of them perhaps a trifle morbid, but is not the chief reason because to "confess" implies—to tell the truth? And is it not because frankness is so rare, in life, literature and art, that we greet with more than usual eagerness anything which seems likely to speak to us straight out from the heart of a writer, voicing something deeper than the conventional and superficial thoughts which the average book contains?

In this book of essays, however, there is nothing strikingly original, nothing to startle, as the title might suggest. Many of the thoughts have been expressed before by the philosophers of every age, from Socrates to Emerson. And yet they are not exactly hackneyed, for Mr. Crane has said what he has to say freshly and tersely, though at times he is illogical and inconsistent. What he thinks about life and its myriad phases, about his fellow-beings and their foolish, lovable ways. what his working philosophy is—all these things he tells you briefly and rather picturesquely. The personal element is a good deal to the fore, but you feel that this is not exactly egotism, but is simply because he is essentially human, and that in expressing his own point of view he is giving speech to what many vaguely feel. (Published by Forbes & Company, Chicago. 228 pages. Price $1.00.)

WORLD LITERATURE AND ITS PLACE IN GENERAL CULTURE: BY RICHARD G. MOULTON, M.A., PH.D.

TO present the literary field of the world seen in perspective from the point of view of the English-speaking peoples is the purpose of "World Literature," by Richard G. Moulton, professor, lecturer of note and author of several other books on the classics of the ancient and modern world. It suggests to the general reader "a rational

scheme of connection such as should be at the back of every attempt to make choice of 'the best books.' For the student it illustrates a treatment of the subject unhampered by divisions between particular literatures in different languages, divisions which make the weakness of literary study in our academic systems."

The subject is handled in a clear, comprehensive and interesting way and will prove a valuable guide-post to those readers who wish to acquaint themselves with the classics of the world. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 465 pages. Price $1.75 net.)

THE YOUNG IDEA: BY PARKER H. FILLMORE

THIS little collection of short stories, many of which have previously charmed the reader of current magazines, is another delightful addition to the list of amusing studies of the mischievous and irrepressible ways of youth. Therein is chronicled the ruination and regeneration of small *Willie Jones,* in whose young career the ingenious and enterprising *Marjery* played such an important part. The tales are written by one who has a keen appreciation of the humorous elements of child psychology and who knows how to make these little people tantalizingly lovable and real. A few graphic sketches from the familiar pen of Rose O'Neill add flavor to the already piquant pages. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 341 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.25 net, postage 15 cents.)

QUOTATIONS ON ART, MUSIC AND LITERATURE: COMPILED BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

A very charming little book is this collection of quotations, and one which art lovers will surely welcome. Between its brown limp leather covers are brought together the words of many of the world's greatest thinkers—words that are so apt, so full of melody, so evergreen with truth, that they are as full of life and meaning today as when they were first written. Although, as Mr. Byers says, the little volume is intended "mainly as a gift book for lovers of art, music and literature," it should serve as a useful book of reference for writers. (Published by the C. A. Byers Publishing Company, Los Angeles, Cal. 153 pages. Price $1.25.)

WOOD PATTERN-MAKING: BY HORACE TRAITON PURFIELD

THE fact that this is the second edition of "Wood Pattern-Making" would seem to indicate its value as a text book "for the use of High School, Trade School, Technical School and College Students." Revised and newly illustrated, the various branches of the subject are presented in a clear and systematic form, with perspective and working drawings which should prove very helpful. (Published by The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Illinois. 238 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.25.)

VALENCIA AND MURCIA: A GLANCE AT AFRICAN SPAIN: BY A. F. CALVERT

THESE two old Spanish kingdoms are probably unfamiliar to the average reader, and travelers and tourists seem usually to have given them but little attention or comment. As a part, however, of Mr. Calvert's Spanish series we find some interesting notes followed by a very ample collection of photographs of these ancient provinces, with their rugged, sun-scorched hills and fruitful, luxuriant valleys, their historic architecture and their picturesque inhabitants. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 45 pages and 288 plates. Price $1.50 net.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Dorothy, the Motor Girl:" By Katharine Carleton. Published by The Century Company, New York. 386 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.50.

"The Forest Castaways:" By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Published by The Century Company, New York. 392 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.50.

"Young Crusoes of the Sky:" By F. Lovell Coombs. Published by The Century Company, New York. 380 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.50.

"Team-Mates:" By Ralph Henry Barbour. Published by The Century Company, New York. 381 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.50.

"Freshman Dorn, Pitcher:" By Leslie W. Quirk. Published by The Century Company, New York. 335 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.50.

ALL changes of address should reach us on or before the 25th of the second month preceding the date of publication; as, for example, to change an address for the December magazine, word should be sent to us by October 25th.