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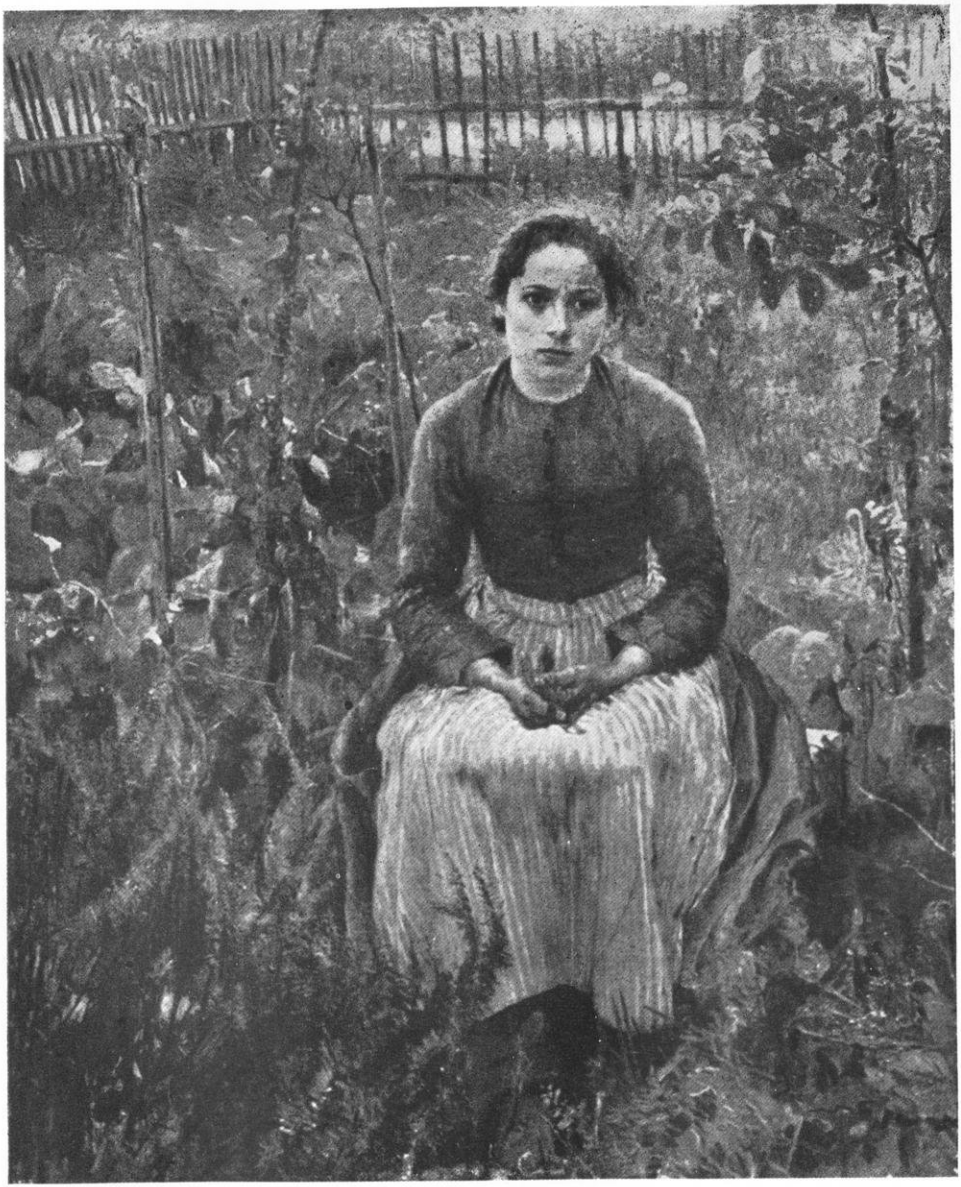

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"IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN." FROM A PAINTING BY THE LATE FRITZ VON UHDE.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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IS OUR PRESENT VACATION SYSTEM A MENACE TO THE HEALTH AND PROGRESS OF OUR SCHOOLCHILDREN?

EVERY normal healthy child is burning with interest in regard to all natural—and for that matter all supernatural—conditions. "Why?" is the unceasing word in the mouth of all youth. And what is education but answering why? Children are full of interest in all material as well as spiritual phenomena. An education should be but the means of slaking this thirst for knowledge. And yet how unrelated modern education really is to little children!

For with this wholly natural desire *to know* instinctive in every normal child, we have contrived to make school (the fund of all general information) the most abhorred of childish experiences. By our school systems we have killed children's interest in acquiring facts. We have made them resent opportunities for getting knowledge. We have made them feel that to drink of the great, wide, flowing rivers of wisdom is a hardship and a burden and an injustice. We have put a premium on truancy in their fanciful little minds which can only be overcome by the fear of the truant officer. We have established a system of education to which young folks thirsting to know life have to be dragged by the strong arm of the law, with the fear of punishment in their hearts! Surely we are not yet quite on the right educational road.

But as though it were not enough to have made children hate education, we have done them further injury by creating a time of absolute idleness called vacation; about this time of unrestraint and weariness we have draped the mantle of romance, and if we have made our schooldays stand for all that is difficult, tiresome and uninteresting, we have instilled in childish minds the equally unreal idea that this idle time is filled with freedom, joyousness and permanent good.

Yet the normal little child is never naturally idle. The happiest and healthiest little children in the world are most often to be found speeding toward the carpenter's shop, the kitchen, the sewing room, the garden. These are the favorite haunts of simple, genuine child-

hood. No child with even the least chance for the right bringing up counts an idle day a happy one. And practically every child we have ever known would rather do real things than "play pretend." It is the mothers and fathers who separate play from work, study from joy, presenting work as unpleasant and idleness as delightful; whereas, as a matter of fact, children whose fine little souls have not been twisted out of shape by unthinking parents love to help, love to accomplish. They like to make beds and wash dishes and dig in the garden, and their best-beloved "playthings" are hoes and rakes and little brooms and shovels. A boy for the time may like his glittering tin express wagon, but once give him a chance to make a wobbly, unfinished wooden wagon for himself and he will treasure it for years and he will learn something making it. He will work and ask questions and acquire information and develop, and think it all the greatest fun in the world!

THIS instinct for work, for accomplishment, is innate in all normal children. They "play" in the ordinary acceptance of the word only as a substitute for work. They want to *do*, to *make*, to *succeed*. They only cease to want to work when it is presented to them as a hardship, when it is separated from companionship and joy, when they are made to see it in the light of a punishment. It is we older folks who have made children dislike work by making the work which is given to them sordid, cruel, without right relation to life, untouched by the light of youth's imagination. We render work, the most essential thing in life, intolerable to our little children, and then we seek to remedy this abnormal condition by creating a time of idleness—our vacation season—as compensation for the wretched schooldays we have thrust upon them.

Thus, instead of regarding education as an open door into a beautiful room filled with the great marvelous, mysterious facts of life, through which little children are allowed to pass to their great delight and happiness, we make the schoolroom of the present time a sort of prison where children are shut up through terrible hours of restlessness, and "education" a formal system of confused subjects, presented without kindness, without reality. We expect our children to hate this system, and they realize our fondest hopes. And vacation time which we hold up as the goal and opportunity for childhood's joys is as unwise and irresponsible as our educational institutions are dreary and ineffective.

From the earliest days we seek to rob children of their natural instincts *to know* and *to do*, and instead of enlarging these impulses through the right instruction we have developed an "educational

institution" which submerges the proper instincts of childhood and is only of value to adults as a chance to pamper their own vanity and to exercise their futile learning. In other words we allow the unthinking, the selfish, the vain to exploit childhood in order that a wasteful, unprogressive institution may thrive.

"But quite apart from good or bad qualities of our present school systems, surely children must have a play time, a rest, for the sake of their physical development?" This is the plea made by "lovers of children." Vacation, they say, must be good because it is the reverse of the school system—which they have invented, and which, according to their own strong logic, must be bad. And so children have three months every summer of unrestrained, unproductive idleness. And this period of wasted energy is called "play," and children are taught to look forward to it, to regard it as the only real joy of childhood, as a reward for the awful other months of incarceration in schoolrooms.

And because most of us have accepted this tradition of separate work and play for our children, we are shocked at the idea that vacation as it exists today is an unhealthful, unprogressive, abnormal condition to which we subject our children, no more enlightened than our "prison-school" system to which we also subject them for a longer period of time.

IF FOR no other reason, our present arrangement of vacation is too great a rebound from too much school discipline. Such a violent reaction is bound to be demoralizing both spiritually and physically. Children cannot adjust their little lives so swiftly to violent changes. They cannot comprehend why such "high ideals" as school on one hand and vacation on the other should be so utterly contradictory and so utterly remote from each other; why it should be good for them to work too hard one season and play too hard another. It brings about a confusion in standards that is disastrous. It certainly must be a perplexing occupation to be a modern little schoolchild!

But how significant is this one plea offered for the modern vacation, "that it sends children back to the weary school hours better prepared to stand the nine months strain on health and amiability?" If it were true and if our school systems could not be reorganized, there should be no complaint made of this wholesale vacation plan now in good repute. But as a matter of incontrovertible fact this one foundation on which the whole edifice of vacation rests is unstable; our children do not return to the winter's work refreshed and vigorous for the nervous intellectual race. It

has been proven by accurate scientific experiment that the average health of schoolchildren in the fall is lower than in the spring just after the close of school—and this in spite of the fact that most of our schoolhouses are arranged for no outdoor life, have hours too long for little children to remain inactive, and a confusion of subjects little short of maddening for undeveloped brains. These experiments have proved that bad as our arrangement for indoor school work is at present, it is better for children's health than unrestricted liberty, unlimited idleness, unbridled overexertion, lawless overeating and the whimsical gratification of unreasoning impulses.

This description of the average American child's vacation may sound exaggerated to the unobserving; it is, however, tragically true, and the experiments above alluded to have proved that our children as a rule return to school life after this sort of holiday in a depleted physical condition, irritable and nervous. Under these circumstances, so long as vacation is used not as an opportunity to recruit the health of children, but rather has degenerated into a means of destroying their moral fiber as well as their physical well-being, it can scarcely be regarded as a valuable feature of our present civilization.

AMONG the various plans that are being tested for the readjustment of our present faulty vacation systems is the establishment of Vacation Schools, where interesting study, short hours, outdoor occupation all coöperate to awaken in children their normal enjoyment of work and study, and to save them from the results of the archaic ideal of strenuous idleness. The secret of the success of the vacation schools has been in teaching the children those things which they long to learn. With the pupils, excepting sometimes delinquent scholars who are retrieving past failures, work has become a pleasure. The children are happy, contented, eager. They are learning the things that count. To the average child the prospect of having ultimately to earn his own living has become in our civilization a fearsome one. Therefore, any teaching that makes the hands skilful—(and all primary, necessary occupations have need always of the trained hand)—any teaching that makes a child proud with the spirit of self-mastery and puts him, when at length brought face to face with the world, upon a firmer footing, is desirable and can be made popular with children.

A child grasps first and most readily the concrete example, and from that, reasons to the abstract. It is essential in matters of practical teaching to recognize this fact of fundamental importance.

This recognition of essentials in education accounts for the success of the vacation school. The children, learning to do well work that interests them, learn at the same time happiness and the secret of contented living.

The first vacation school was started in Newark in eighteen hundred and eighty-five. From there the movement spread rapidly over the country until now one-third of the cities of thirty thousand or more inhabitants have summer courses of some kind. Nowhere has a vacation school once begun been abandoned. This, in itself, is an indication of their influence and popularity.

Clarence Arthur Perry, of the Sage Foundation, whose new book, "Wider Use of the School Plant," has attracted so much attention among educators and all those who are interested in the subject, tells in the chapter in this book which he devotes to vacation schools, of his first visit to one, located on the East Side in New York City. Down through that crowded tenement district, where the air crawls through the streets reluctantly, he made his way until he found himself at last sheltered by the cool corridors of the school building. All others who have made that trip have been impressed by the contrast between street and corridor and have thought what it must mean to the children of that section of the city to escape from the turmoil of the streets into the cool and quiet of the workroom, transformed by the very nature of the subjects taught into a place of happiness. Can there be any question as to which is better for the child—street or schoolroom?

Picture to yourself—and this school is selected among many as an example—a long room filled with carpenters' tables and benches, and alive with the sound of tools. Here is a group of boys busy with work of various practical kinds, and so interested in what they are doing that they are hardly aware of the presence of the instructor until he stands at their shoulder with helpful suggestion and advice. Girls too are in that school, learning how to make handkerchiefs, aprons, petticoats and dresses. Out of twisted wire, girls are also fashioning hat frames. Others are learning embroidery and all are enjoying the work in the cool air and pleasant room.

In the domestic science room—in reality a kitchen and a schoolroom combined—a large class of girls learn not only cooking but all the absorbing details of housekeeping. At home how gratefully many a foreign mother must draw on the learning of these young girls! It has been demonstrated that vacation schools have lifted the whole tone and way of living of a community. Homes become cleaner, clothes better kept, and the tenement baby, given milk as nourishment rather than coffee, doughnuts and fruit, responds

gratefully by becoming less a care to an overburdened mother. The possibility for all this improvement the boys and girls bring home from their summer vacation school. For domestic science means domestic economy, and better, saner, healthier living.

EVERY year a quarter of a million children drop out of school. According to our system a child who fails of promotion at the end of the school year has the whole year to repeat. Only unusual precocity enables some brilliant scholar to do double work the year following his failure. In New York City this past year one hundred thousand children were dropped. That means that they will either be discouraged and leave school for good, or have to repeat the grade they failed in—to them a loss of valuable time and to the community no small item of expense. It costs the taxpayers in New York twenty-three dollars whenever it becomes necessary for a child to repeat a course. Here the vacation schools, which cost on the average four dollars a pupil to maintain, fill a want economic and far reaching in scope. For it has been shown that if the majority of the boys and girls who fail in June attend vacation schools, it is possible for them to prepare themselves to continue in the autumn with their own class.

Statistics show us that an annual average of two hundred and fifty-two pupils during the past seven years has attended the Cleveland summer high school. As a result twelve hundred scholars, who would have been prevented otherwise from doing so, were enabled to advance. Seven hundred grammar school-boys and -girls were promoted in nineteen hundred and nine because of the work they had done during the summer. From Cincinnati we learn that of those in attendance eighty per cent. were promoted in the autumn. And here, as elsewhere, we read again the now frequent and always significant statement: The children's zeal surprised even the teachers. They loved their work, were interested in it, devoted themselves to it with their whole souls. Always it should be remembered that at these schools attendance is *voluntary*. Children come to this work of their own accord, yet the impetus acquired during the summer sends them through the following winter with flying colors, though previously they were considered backward scholars.

From this may we not conclude that any school which leads the children to sustained voluntary effort—effort that continues even when the advantageous surroundings have changed—has fully and completely justified its mission and existence?

In complexity only do any of the twenty-eight vacation schools in New York differ from those in the smaller cities. The under-

lying idea is always the same. According to statistics issued by the Sage Foundation, the activities in the schools most common are, basketry, sewing, woodwork, cooking, sloyd, kindergarten, drawing, cardboard work, nature study, singing, games and dressmaking. Common, too, is the interest in iron work, raffia, reed work, household arts, physical training, excursions, chair caning, clay modeling, millinery, embroidery and knitting. One finds also such subjects studied as shoe-making, gardening, nursing and toy-making.

WITH different cities the courses and methods of teaching vary. The hours, however, are always short—usually from eight-thirty until eleven-thirty, or from nine till noon. And who can doubt that the children are far better off in these cool, well-ventilated schoolrooms than in a stuffy apartment or at large on the baked pavements of the crowded city streets?

The subjects taught to each child are limited. No one may study more than two. In St. Louis the children are divided into grades as they are in the regular schools. Here the housekeeping course for girls is very thorough. What they learn they learn well and completely. They are taught, for instance, all the details of washing (rinsing, starching, bluing and drying). They are taught how to cook a meal, to set and serve a table, to wash dishes and to make beds. Best of all these summer schools are spreading, by medium of the children, broadcast among the poor, new notions of what it means to be clean. How far-reaching this may be in good effect none can say.

There remains no question now among those who have had this work under scientific observation that the children all return to the work in the fall less demoralized than they would otherwise be. What they learn at vacation school they may apply and work out for themselves in the interim between the six weeks summer session and the opening in September.

In the matter of instruction the vacation school presents two distinct advantages. Only specialists are chosen to teach, and the proportion of the teachers to the pupils guarantees more individual attention than is afforded in the regular session. The cost of maintenance of the schools varies from four dollars and eighty-three cents per pupil in New York and four dollars and ninety-seven cents per pupil in St. Louis, to one dollar and ninety-seven cents and one dollar and ninety-six cents per pupil respectively in Cambridge and Cincinnati. So it may be seen that for results obtained the cost to the taxpayer is nominal merely.

Our present system of public education is wrecked in a foggy

sea. We do not know what we want the children taught, we are at a loss what to demand in the way of teaching and of knowledge. We are adrift and uncertain of our bearings. This much, however, we are coming to believe (and before us the child has known it instinctively): that any system of educational training that does not fit the child to face the world, and because of its influence find himself the more able to earn his daily bread, must go! Gradually from all systems of education the useless will be eliminated, the useful kept or duly incorporated. Too long have the children grown into manhood and womanhood, faced the world incapable, and in a passion of resentment realized that while they were expected to earn a livelihood their education had not prepared them to do so.

Surely the ideal school will be filled with pupils seeking knowledge. When the growing children pass from subject to subject because each succeeding topic of study interests them, because they feel the need of that special knowledge, when they study because they long to know, then we shall have a school that is a power in the community. Give the children *what* they need. Show them *why* they need it, and how they may *use* their knowledge.

We have been teaching children things they did not need to know. That is why they did not want to learn. Offer them what they need and truant officers will become a thing of the past, and our schoolhouses will overflow with eager, earnest thousands, working of their own choice because they love their work. This is what the vacation schools are striving to accomplish.

THE GLEANERS

THE husbandman with loud and creaking wain
Drives home with fragrant harvest of the clod.
And in his wake the robins gather grain,
Shy pensioners of God.

And I who long resigned my heart's desire
Dreaming the spring would wake not from the dead
Until the summer heaped like coals of fire,
The roses on my head;

Lo, I who sowed in bitterness and tears
Walk now like Ruth within the afterglow
Gathering the golden fulness of the years—
The peace that victors know!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

CHARLES COTTET: ONE OF THE GREAT INDIVIDUALISTS IN MODERN FRENCH ART

E DO not know Charles Cottet in America, except perhaps a few old pupils of Julian's, or those who are in Paris for the salon every few years. Cottet does not belong to any famous school. He is not of Barbizon or Giverney. No reflected light has touched him, no dealer has exploited his imitations of himself. He has followed the trail he started on at the age of fourteen, and this has led him up high mountains and down into sad valleys, but never has he left it for the illuminated pathways of popular leaders. He has always been his own pioneer.

While he was still a student in Paris he spent his free hours and days with his color box under his arm roaming out into country toward the sea, until on one vacation excursion his travels took him as far as Brittany, the sea-land of his dreams. Like others of his contemporaries he was a keen analyst of life, an impressionist, as all sincere, vivid youth must be. Always from the first days in Brittany his vision was of the sorrows of the country by the sea; to him Brittany was ever in mourning, and aged mothers and sad resigned young wives crushed with grief filled his paintings. The land itself he portrays at the season of its interludes, twilight, early night, the shadows of approaching storm.

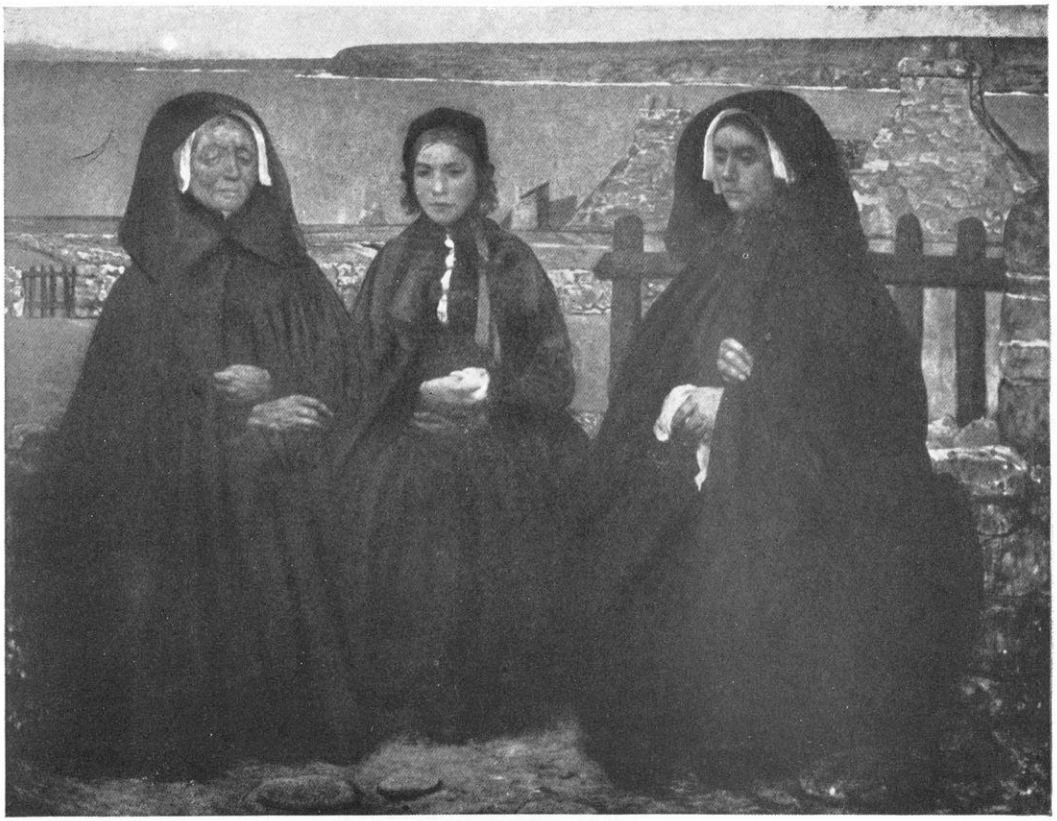
And yet his paintings are by no means colorless, grave tragedies. They are profoundly touching, rich, warm in tone, delicately splendid in their artistic light and shade. Cottet's composition is marvelous, proving him a student of his art, humble, inspired. He has not sought the sorrows of Brittany to produce in his work a melodramatic note; rather he has apprehended sorrow as the dominant note of all lives lived at the ocean's edge where death exacts a human toll for her reluctant bounty. He has discovered that the great emotions of the fisher folk are never joyous, that their big moments are experienced when the sea rises in her cruel might and exacts her price for her meager gifts. As Cottet lived with these simple primitive people, he learned that childhood was a quiet, reticent period; that youth held but a melancholy feeling of beauty, and that age was silent with certain expected sorrow. There was inevitably the heart-breaking "adieu," and always sooner or later the wreck drifting empty homeward.

The very title of Charles Cottet's great canvas at the Luxemburg—"The Country by the Sea—L'Adieu," has ringing through it the solemn cadence of poignant sadness. It is forever adieu in this sad land, and each farewell foreshadows a final separation. The women expect their sorrow early, to be repeated over and over

again as their little lads at their knees grow older and turn eager faces to the vast remorseless taker of tolls.

Cottet has painted Brittany without her sorrowing women as well as with them. He has shown wonderful sea pictures full of somber beauty, his harbor scenes are done with rare color and his groups of little vessels are marvels of composition. Few who have loved and painted Brittany's coast have more completely mastered the wonderful light which trails over her harbors at twilight, the splendor of her green waters, the tender dying of her rose days. And every quality of picturesqueness, the aspiring line of her little fishing boats, the grouping of masts and sails, the contrasting tints of sea and land, the desolate beauty of the aged, the pathetic sweetness of evanescent youth—how he has loved and shown them all, yet never curious, never self-seeking. His pictures with all their warmth of understanding are rather a presentation of tragic natural conditions than the revelation of personal grief. His women are treated sympathetically, yet remotely; they embody universal sorrow rather than reveal individual suffering, and never does the artist fail in supreme mastery because of any restless sentimentality. He is always the great painter, eager over the beauty of his composition, and equally keen, equally vital in portraying the psychology of a simple people held in the thin terrible grip of the remorseless sea. His love of the sea itself seems as great in his seascapes as his love and knowledge of the people who live at its borders. Such passion of tenderness is his over the brooding still places left by the evening tide. It is as though a mother revealed to you her lovely sleeping child deep in the curves of her protecting arms. Peace he finds in these quiet pools, the surging tide is forsaken. Grave tumbling clouds hide and protect these inlets of rest and only the quiver of light at the edge of the pools reveals the restless heritage of the sea.

YET though Cottet has seemed to have given his greatest achievement to Brittany, he has not let the sad fascination of the country by the sea hold him away from the vivid interest of picturesque lands. He has traveled in Algeria, Egypt, in Spain and Italy. Spain especially touched his interest in architecture, the somber beauty of the mighty old buildings which the minds of the Moors left magnificent, stimulated Cottet to valuable expression in a fresh phase of art. A certain exotic quality in Cottet, the very quality that finds a magnificent sadness in the ceaseless mourning of Brittany, also responded to the picturesque fatalism of the Orient. The picturesqueness in truth is everywhere the appeal

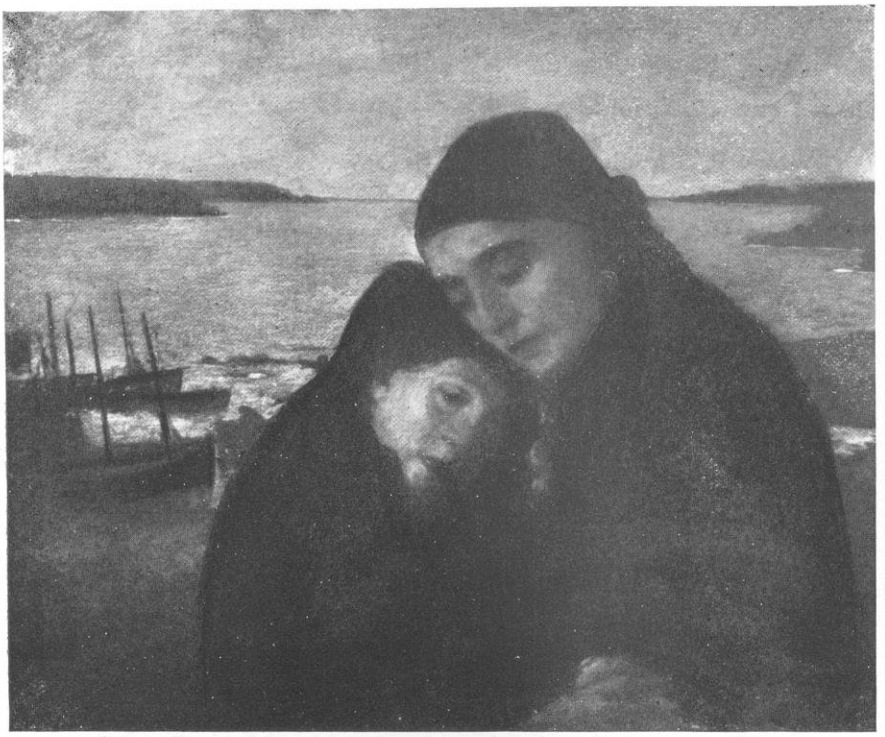


Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.

"A DAY OF MOURNING IN THE COUNTRY BY THE SEA:" FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES COTTET.

Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.

EVENING IN THE HARBOR OF DOUARNENEZ, BRITTANY: FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES COTTET.



Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.

TWO STUDIES OF "WOMEN MOURNING IN THE COUNTRY BY THE SEA": FROM PAINTINGS BY CHARLES COTTET.

Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.

"NIGHT IN THE HARBOR." FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES COTTET.

which life holds to this artist. He looks into the deep places in life and there in the profound shadows he finds the great primitive emotions, the tremendous forces that best stimulate his imagination, and through the vitality of these forces his vision is cleared and he sees the Truth!

Yet with all this capacity for being completely submerged by his subjects and their relation to life and its enigmas, Cottet has always been a searching student of technique. He has followed the methods of no school, seeking only to render his own medium fluent and responsive. He has painted out of doors with luminous beauty. Yet he is in no sense a worshiper of the "plein-air" ideal; he is an impressionist, yet he has never followed Monet, or tried to "improve" upon that artist's startling gift for allying science with art. Rather, Cottet's technique has sprung out of his own kind of art; it is intimate to his own purpose, to the end he wishes always to achieve. It is essentially the same, yet always varies for each subject; in other words it is "Cottet's method," which neither imitates nor seeks followers.

The men in France with whom Cottet is most closely associated are Lucien Simon, Réné Ménard, Aman-Jean, Jacques Blanche, etc.,—all individualists and united as such in the famous group known as the New Society. Among this group Cottet is especially sympathetic to the work of Lucien Simon. Although these two artists are essentially different in temperaments, they are closely allied as fearless, independent, sincere workers. Of the two, Cottet is the more subjective, he is always expressing his own interest, his own philosophies, what he thinks of life; while Simon is more objective, and you are immediately impressed by his extraordinary understanding of the intimacies of all conditions of life and his great genius in reproducing them.

Perhaps in no painting does Cottet so definitely assert his individuality as in the picture called "Mourning" reproduced in this article. In the beautiful contrasted lights and shadows of this canvas there is a sense of musical rhythm producing almost an impression of rich sound, as though an organ chord had been struck. In some of the larger canvases of this master of color where a more vivid note is introduced, this musical impression is intensified, and the intimate relation of the arts is revealed as few artists have ever had the power or the courage to do.

During the past six years, in the midst of his widely acclaimed success, Cottet has taken up the study of engraving in order that he may reproduce more satisfactorily in black and white his own work. After a careful study of this artist's canvases it is easy to

understand this desire to acquire intimately the technique of black and white. For one usually feels in his color work a keen appreciation of the values of black and white. It is as though he were painting always with a sense of the possibility of translating color into light and shadow naturally. And again in the black and white reproductions of his paintings there is also a suggestion of color. For after all, what is color but light in various relations; and for an artist to understand this, is for him to achieve seeming miracles. Strangely enough this understanding of light is the one thing the Japanese lacked in art. The science of elimination was theirs, the secret of suggested motion, the knowledge of the rhythm of color, the mastery of related spacing, but creating the illusion of light was a phase of expression unheeded by them.

The independence of Cottet is remarkable in a generation of artists so given to herding. To at once retain an immense respect for national tradition and art, to ignore the various eccentric trends of the times, to cultivate individuality instead of whimsicality, is a prodigious task for one artist to succeed in. It was only possible because Cottet was so essentially simple and natural that he continued in his own way; not through egotism, but because he was wholly sincere, wholly absorbed in genuine things. Happily for his success he never forced his talent, he never exaggerated his interest in any phase of life. His rich imagination, his profound philosophy were his sole source of inspiration, while his inherent honesty made necessary the development of a technique adequate to express his purpose. The result is one of the greatest individualists in modern French painting.

A COLONIAL CHAIR

HERE is a thing that pleaseth me,—this chair.
"It's old?" 'Tis many a year since it was made
By one whose labor cannot be half paid,
Because of love that gave a two-fold share.
Look on its lines, when have you seen more fair?
There's nothing here that's awkward, stiff and staid;
The builder worked as one of naught afraid,
Secure his goal, toward it did steadfast bear.

He's made a thing in every way complete,
As honest as its maker through and through.
Children and children's children here have found
A joy that, spite of time, keeps ever new;
A link that days and years have firmer bound
To all the past of actions good and true.

HORACE VARNEY.

THE PIXY: A STORY: BY MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

EN TREMAYNE rarely visited his son. They had quarrelled when Luke married what his father had termed "a wisp." The estate was more to Ben Tremayne than the "fancical leanings toward pink and white" of Luke. There was no appearance, so Ben thought, of a good family stock being carried on by a will o' the wisp. Now she was dead, however, a visit was a matter of decency, like a hearse and bearers. As Ben sat uncomfortably in his son's kitchen he shuffled his feet on the sanded floor and spat now and then in the little iron spittoon with its porcelain bowl. He gazed stolidly for some time on his son's bowed head as Luke sat opposite to him with his hands clasped between his knees.

"You be beaten low, Luke. You was never one to cope with women's whims. You was bound to take 'em serious. I allus told you so but you'd never listen. You was modeled for a bachelor and missed your calling, but it would have come to the same if you'd chosen a plain-featured woman with property to steady you."

Luke jerked his head.

"There was never whims," he muttered.

"You could never see wood for trees, my son. She was a passil of them," said Ben, "but they was gilded over with smiles and cossetings. She've brought you low at last. Her saucy life wasn't enough, but she've left you to tend yourself and with no heart to seek a suitable female."

Luke's head went up and his pale-blue eyes had a flash in them.

"I'm uplifted beyond all seeming," he said.

"Not by her death, I reckon?" queried Ben with a slight sneer.

"Iss!" answered Luke. "Even in the face of her death. Death can't snatch what ain't snatchable. It's not as big as—as—"

"Thy calf love, I suppose," said Ben roughly.

"No, nor yet as big as our happiness," said Luke. "It cain't rob me of what's been."

The older man took a pipe from his pocket and put it back again.

"Smoking do help my tongue a bit, but it ain't seemly in the house of mourning."

"Smoke away if it'll make thee think different o' she," said Luke. "Not but that she's beyond thy smearing."

"Death be oft times a g'eat release," said Ben in a kindlier voice. "Perhaps better things be ahead for thee yet, my son. The neighbors do well to call thee Hop o' my Thumb. You'm wonder-

ful small in body but you overcame Tom Curnow's bull at a pinch. I believe you dazed him with your funny eyes though neighbors say it was the strong heart in you. You was all right till you fell in with that girl. Her tripetty walk was a snare in itself, sure enough. You was mazed and I wonder you've not got a meaner nickname than Hop o' my Thumb in the village by now. It's not wholesome for any man to fall down and worship idols, especially if they be saucy chits instead of graven images."

"Husht! father," said Luke. "She be dead, mind."

A growl proceeded from the throat of Ben Tremayne.

"And you be childless," he cried, "and—and—bah! The property will have to go to strangers unless you get mazed a second time. Oh! you may smile. A chiel as 'ave been burnt once don't shun the fire. Don't you believe it. It's more than likely it'll get worse burnt next time. It makes me sick to think that you won't believe what all the village do mag over. If only you would it might cure you and leave your fancy free."

"The village!" cried Luke. "You ought to know by the tales you and me manufactured ourselves, for pastime, years agone, what village talk be worth."

"Them as had eyes could see," said Ben Tremayne severely, "and some of us have ears. Hedges and sand dunes ain't granite to fence off love whispers."

Luke stood up and drew himself to the full height of his five feet. He clasped his hands behind his thin neck and looked down at his father as he sat shuffling his feet.

"By Gosh!" he cried bitterly. "Is this the way to cheer a man as the Lord 'ave seemly felled? If what you say be true isn't it enough without jawin' over it and if it be false ain't you afraid of being struck dead?"

The old man peered anxiously into his son's face.

"Luke," he said, "own up. You know she was—"

Luke smiled at his father as he interrupted him.

"A winsome, witching maiden-woman, too good for any man among us to have come nigh, and neither you nor the Virgin Mary nor all the apostles put together could make me believe any other."

"You be a blasted fool," said Ben Tremayne irritably.

"I expect you be a bit 'sponsible for that, father," said Luke sadly. "Anyway I'm not such a fool as to believe evil of my lawful wife nor yet to listen to it sitting. If that's all as you can say of she let's talk of crops."

"Crops!" hissed Ben. "You'll have crops in plenty presently. Crops of scandal and worse to deal with. All this talk have under-

mined your prospects all over the place and her sudden death don't help appearances."

Luke's face paled.

"Her heart were allus wrong, the doctor said. Her sperrit wore it down. We was spared last words."

Ben shook himself as he stood up.

"They call you a ninney and well they may. They'll shun you for an unchristian feeling man as countenanced sin in his own wife."

"There's ninnies and ninnies," said Luke. "The biggest ninney be one as thinks himself one, and as for sin they as knows so much about its nature 'ad best baptize theirselves in its waters if they be as clean as she were."

"You've never shown man over this affair, Luke," said Ben, "for you never taught your woman her kneeling paces or felled her lover into the mud where he do belong."

Luke's face was very stern as he walked over to his father. He hit the table fiercely with his clenched fist as he looked down into Ben's face.

"Drop it," he said. "Father or no father, my fist will be in your face if you dare speak like that again. I've no cause to think of kneeling except to she, and I've done it to her, I'll allow, both living and dead. My business is with myself and not with no other. I know what she be to me. I've heerd her words to me and not the everlasting trumpets could din them out of my ears. Do you reckon me a white-livered fool what has never had her kisses or her love looks? I'm not mazed, father, but I'm buttressed, in a manner of speaking. I've had all as belonged to me and no gossip and no gibing nor yet no death nor hell itself can rob me of it."

"Iss!" cried Ben, stung to cruelty by the radiance he could not understand in his son's face. "That's just where you're a forthright fool. You *'ave* been robbed, right afore your eyes. You've had what belonged to you, sure enough, and that is shame. She've fooled you. She kept you quiet with them vows and kisses so that she—"

Luke sprang forward and clutched his father's two arms with his muscular little hands.

"My God! father!" he cried. "Have you never loved mother as you can talk like this 'ere?"

The older man stood up and shook himself free of his son's grip.

"Love!" he said, showing his teeth. "Don't talk so silly. We didn't used to jaw so much 'bout love when I were young. We got a fancy, when the primroses came out, and the cowslips and hare-

bells followed, for a comely lass as could make a light pasty and a good saffron cake and one as could see to the linen bein' darned and keep things a bit fittey in the house. All this gimcrack talk of love be nothin' but idle frenzy or a touch of liver complaint. It's unwholesome. No woman should be put first. It's bound to turn her constitution trickey. It's Scripture sense as she should be second to man. She was only a rib to start with, and by all seeming she be less than that in most men's reckoning."

The men started as a noise was heard overhead. Ben's face grew serious. He pointed to the ceiling.

"Who be up there?" he cried. "What's that tramping? Bean't she alone?"

"No!" said Luke.

Ben whistled a long, low whistle of alarm.

"Luke, my son," he whispered, "who be there? That be a heavy tread and masterful?"

"Sampson be there," said Luke quietly.

"Sampson Daniel?" cried Ben.

"Iss! him!" said Luke stolidly. "He've been there a good hour and more."

Ben came forward and towered over his son.

"This be worse nor devil's work," he said. "This be real serious. You paltry little worm, you. If the neighbors get to know this they won't never come nigh one of us."

"Let 'em keep away then," said Luke. "It's all the same to me. Neighbor's spite can't call back the dead nor yet kill the living as I can see. She and me never reckoned with it. We'd got enough to warm us outside such truck as that."

"You'm a measly son of Beelzebub," roared Ben. "I'd sooner have coffined you than cradled you if I'd know your disposition when you was born. You was allus for fairy tales more nor football and never cuddled up a pretty girl till you fell on that half Irish will o' the wisp as was partly eel and partly pixy."

Luke put his hands in his pockets and leaned up against the mantelpiece.

"You talk like a crazy, jealous son of Adam," said Luke, "and like a lonesome sour old bachelor."

Ben strode forward and stood with his legs apart and his hands in his trouser pockets as he faced his son.

"I thank heaven, Luke," he cried, "as I threw back the only fancy I've ever had in that line 'afore I married your mother. She wern't never molested with the fancical frenzy. It was a craze as come with the harvest moon and died with it but it sobered me for

life. I've reckoned it a madness ever since and tried to warn you but you wouldn't listen. I got over it same as I did the typhoid, and when I took your mother I took her, not only for better and worse but for steady ways and no woman's whimsies. She had to behave, and plenty of washing and cleaning sobered she if tantrums and moods came on."

"Poor mother," said Luke. "No wonder she were such a patient dear."

"I never gave she no chance to stamp on my feelin's," said Ben. "There was no time with ten of you, and you a delicate little devil we thought wasn't going to live. No woman 'ave put the heel of her dancin' shoe into my heart, my son, and made mincemeat of my constitootion." Ben shook first one leg and then another and stooped to knock a bit of dry mud from his brown leggings. As he looked up he sneered as he went on. "Every one knows as you couldn't call your bootlaces your own and was deceived and mimicked and mocked like the dolt in Bob Webster's fairy tales."

Luke's finger pointed to the door.

"I'm dead sick of this, father," he said sternly. "It's beyond bearin'. She only died last night and I be most dead yet." His voice had sunk to a hoarse whisper. "Jawin' ain't here nor yet there. Just leave me be. What is, is, and what isn't, isn't, and neither you nor me nor the neighbors can alter things. If my heart wasn't sore and my body tired I'd perhaps surprise you all with a truth or two. Not that you'd believe me 'cause, seemly, lies be easier to swallow and more refreshin', by all the signs."

Ben looked at the pale stern face before him.

"I'm going," said Luke's father, "but I'm casting you off, mind, and all the village shall know it before sunset. You make me sick with your feeble talk. It's like the chatter of white-faced curates and tea-drinking girls. No sap in it. You deserve all you've got. You'm just chicken-livered and soppy. Good-bye."

He banged the door after him.

Luke put the kettle on the fire and turned round as the door opened and Sampson Daniel came into the room. The two men's eyes met and then suddenly lowered.

Sampson took down his hunting crop from a peg near the door and was just taking his hat from a nail close by when Luke strode over to him.

"Sampson Daniel," he said, "you and me must place her in her box to-night. She shan't be touched by hired strangers."

Sampson clasped each end of his crop behind his head, which

appeared enormous because of the masses of dark, tight curls surrounding it. As he faced Luke his thin mouth was closed and his broad, tall, frame seemed strung to some muscular act. Luke smiled up at him drearily.

"She'd have had it so," said Luke softly.

Sampson never moved. He only looked down at the man who was speaking to him.

"I've no call," went on Luke, "to see different to she."

Sampson's arms dropped and he tried to speak. He jerked his riding-whip between his hands and it snapped in two.

"Good God!" he said at last.

Luke came nearer still.

"Sampson Daniel," he muttered softly. "I'd comfort thee if I knew how, but I'm sorely beset myself. I'm most gone in."

Sampson picked up one of the pieces of the riding-whip and twirled it in the air mechanically. It hit Luke.

"Pardon," he said.

"For what?" asked Luke.

Sampson pointed at the fallen whip.

Luke smiled feebly.

"Oh! that!"

"Luke," said Sampson. "I hate saints, allus did."

"Well, I can't say as I have any particular taste for 'em myself," answered Luke, "unless they happen to come unawares into the family. Mother were a bit that way inclined and I suppose you was thinking perhaps there'd bound to be a second," pointing to the ceiling.

"Good sakes, man, no!" cried Sampson almost smiling. "A pixy be most kin to a wild flower not to a saint."

Luke touched Sampson's arm.

"That's the first comforting phrase I've heard sin' she passed," he said. "It do belong, in a manner of speaking."

"She thought a pile of you, Luke," said Sampson moodily. "It be terrible hard on you."

Luke's eyes lowered.

"There isn't much pickin' and choosin' between you and me," said Luke slowly, "but of course there's lawful and unlawful. She were allus gamesome but sweet as lavender, as you do know."

"Iss! I do know," said Sampson.

"I was never a dancing chap," said Luke. "They only just saved me having troll feet, they say, so I missed what you fell on. She was that light on her feet she minded me of a dragon fly."

Sampson's teeth crunched and he squared his shoulders.

"I was never good at book learnin'," went on Luke, "and she got a lot of her fancies readin' all sorts. I was confined to fairy tales when I was a youngster and it spoilt me for solid readin'. I'd dearly have loved to dance. She was enough to set cripples doing the lancers in that pink muslin of hers and slippers fit for a fairy. I can see you two now spinning round like tops at Hollow's Feast." He hesitated a moment. Sampson's eyes were very bright and his mouth had relaxed a little. "When we went home that night," Luke went on, "I warmed up milk for her and she were like a child wi' joy and sprightliness. 'Luke,' says she to me, 'I wouldn't be no man if mugs of gold went with my christening.' Fancy she a man browbeating the world." Both men threw back their heads a moment. Sampson Daniel took hold of Luke's shoulder and turned him towards the light.

"Hop o' my Thumb," he said, "I believe thee's got a halo."

"What be that?" queried Luke. "I seem to know, but I can't rightly place it."

"By heaven! it's placed," said Sampson solemnly.

"I was never no great shakes at riddles," said Luke, "but she were splendid. She'd guess em' before you'd time to get 'em out of your mouth."

Sampson threw down the half of the broken hunting-crop.

"Luke," he said, "maybe I've made you a bit of a byword without exactly meaning to."

Luke folded his arms across his chest.

"No byword have ever come between me and she and nothing else counts."

Sampson's eyes were almost closed as he demanded curtly:

"Don't you want to ask me no questions?"

Luke smiled up into Sampson's face.

"Why, no," he answered quietly. "What about?"

"Good God!" said Sampson.

"Iss!" said Luke quickly. "There is just one. It come in my mind when father was talking here a bit since. I shall be rare and lonely in the evenings for things fall heaviest after dusk I reckon. Leastways they did after mother passed. You be a bachelor and I be a widower and both on us 'ave the same ideas about crops. Why shouldn't we live together and make a big thing in the farmin?"

Sampson gazed at Luke. At last he murmured:

"What a Hop o' my Thumb notion to be sure."

"She'd fall in with it," said Luke.

"Would she?" queried Sampson. "I don't see how you can tell that."

"I do knaw," said Luke. "Maybe she'll find either one of us easier if we be together, that is if her spirit was let travel homeward at times. She'd lots of fancies over these things, as, of course, you do knaw?"

"No," said Sampson, "that's your trail, not mine."

"Well," said Luke. "It be a rare comfort now. 'I'll come to you,' she said not long since, 'if I'm allowed, and I'll laugh in your ear if you be mopey.' In a manner of speaking I ain't tore abroad, except by neighbor's cackle, as I might, just because of what she said about coming back."

Sampson's face darkened.

"She'd perhaps only come to you," he said. "Others would be out of the reckoning. I've no truck with ghosts and such."

"Tain't a matter of ghosts," said Luke. "A pixy thing be a sort of spirit to start with and it seems to me, we're bound, one or both of us, to have a sign. If it's a fearsome one we'd best be together and if it's a gladsome one, as be very likely, she'd reckon on us to share it."

"They'd talk worse nor ever then," said Sampson.

Luke smoothed his straight hair from his forehead.

"They cain't make me what they think me, thanks be, nor you neither, and as for she, they've neither had the making nor the unmaking of she."

"They'll torment you if you've doubts at all," said Sampson. "Scandal fells same as a poleax."

"Doubts?" queried Luke. "Doubts of what? Heaven and sich? It 'ave never fretted me same as some. Of course, now it's a dwelling place for she, maybe I'll turn my mind more that way, but I've never questioned but all were for the best."

"I wasn't particularly thinking of heaven," said Sampson. "Some would doubt after the talk there's been lately."

Luke rubbed the sanded floor with the toe of his boot as he looked downwards.

"Some," he said scornfully, "would hit the breasts as fed 'em. I've memories enough to make their silly talk no more nor sheep's bleatin'."

"But they might tell you they'd proof," said Sampson watching Luke's face with keen eyes.

"Proof of what?" queried Luke.

"That I loved her!" The words were snapped out with a great effort.

Luke did not move or look at Sampson. He spoke very gently.

"Thee's given me the proof of that thyself," he said. "All

their chatter be but swine's gurgling in comparison. Haven't I seen her eyes fixed on thee and thy mouth closed like a trap against the kisses thee's wanted same as food and drink? No man worth callin' a man could do aught but feel a drawin' to a woman of her make and no man callin' himself a man could believe any ill o' she or beguile her into wrong-doing."

"Stop!" cried Sampson.

Luke looked up smiling.

"It's just because you knew the sweet grain of she and never took the winsome smile out of her face with fool's vanity that I'd dearly like to dwell alongside of you. I'm drawn to you like a brother, and Sampson and Luke, like Jonathan and David, must comfort one another because the love of a woman passes all understanding. No, mate, I've never had a doubt of either of you, never once. How could I? She allus told true."

"Iss!" said Sampson. His face was gray and the beads of sweat stood on his clean-shaven upper lip. "She allus told true."

"When shall it be?" queried Luke.

"I thought it was settled for Thursday," said Sampson shortly.

"Not the funeral," said Luke. "You and me."

Sampson gripped Luke's hand fiercely.

"To onces't," he said. "Thee shan't spend one night by thyself when she be gone—not one. She'd wish it so."

"Iss! mate! she'd wish it so."

THE CROSS-ROADS

AT THE cross-roads three travelers stood disputing. Said the first: "We must follow the road to the left." But the second cried: "No, let us turn to the right. That is undoubtedly the only way." And the third laughed at them, and exclaimed: "How foolish! You are both quite wrong! The road straight ahead of us is the proper one to take." They continued to disagree, and at last they parted, each a different way.

But when evening came, to their surprise they found each other at the self-same inn.

TO A STRANGER: AN INTRODUCTION

STRANGER, whom I meet today, do you realize that tomorrow may bring us near together as fellow workers or comrades? Though we have never met before it is all possible—the poetry of friendship, the music of love, the rich achievement of intimacy—and it is all possible for us.

One day sunders and another unites, and all relationships begin in the meeting of strangers. Therefore let us meet one another fairly, each willing to taste the flavor of the other personality.

If you have heard aught of me from others, put their thought of me aside when we meet, for it may be that I would not be to you what I have been to them. It may be that your eyes are clearer for a glimpse of my vision.

What I have heard of you I shall also strive to forget and embark upon unknown seas to discover a distant continent where God lives.

Let us begin, when we meet, to write the story of our acquaintance upon a fair white page.

If there is aught in me that pleases you, show me, I pray you, something of your pleasure. Let it shine as the sunlight upon a flower hitherto hidden in darkness.

Hide not the Truth that dwells in the house of your soul behind the shutters of Fear. Be yourself bravely, and surely you will inspire me to like heroism.

Despise me not if I reach out to you with both hands, for perhaps I need help, or perhaps I bring a gift. You cannot tell.

Come to me, if at all, without compromise or condescension, and let us meet with the grandeur of kings and the humility of beggars, for it may be that in the future we shall serve each other well.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

FRENCH "FLOWER SCHOOLS": A NEW IDEA IN PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION

COMPULSORY Education has been the slogan of American democracy. "All children must be educated in order that all citizens may be wise." And so in earnest and in haste have we been in making education *compulsory*, in forcing every child to grow up within four walls, that we have never stopped to think about what *kind* of education we should give these millions of little prisoners, or what relation they should eventually bear to the State—just *education*, that was all we asked for. Any kind, so long as it was compulsory.

And what we got was "any kind" or rather all kinds. Our truant officers have brought in our students, and the unthinking idle fadists of the times have flooded our schools with "topics" for study. Our children have been made to dance new steps one month, to practice new exercises another, and to study each and all new books that new school boards could devise, regardless of the life they were to lead, regardless of the interest of the State, regardless of the moral integrity of the nation. In fact our public school systems have been exploited for private interest and gain, until the schools have become clearing houses for mental, moral and physical hobbies, and a never-ending source of revenue for makers of books.

It is the exception for any school board to study the question of our nation's ideals, of the essential foundation for the progress of democracy, or the value of an education that might become a system of human evolution. Instead, we are graduating boys and girls incapable of self-support, with no purpose in their existence, ashamed of their parents, unrelated to our kind of civilization, and furnishing a certain percentage of the culprits of our Juvenile Courts.

So widespread is this condition that in spite of our national self-satisfaction, we are actually finally rousing to the fact that the *kind* of education is as important to the State as the *need* of it. We are growing to understand that we cannot flourish as a progressive nation, if we ourselves are creating undesirable citizens. While we are paying educational institutions to produce hoodlums and prisons to hold them, we cannot consider our school systems wholly wise and economical. So long as we are ashamed of work (which three-quarters of us are in America), our students will absorb false standards, and their lives will be vitiated by them. The foundation of a democracy is the proper adjustment of the individual to labor, that each may secure in return for work adequate well being and peace. To cut out the element of work in this union is to disrupt the whole foundation.

"FLOWER SCHOOLS": A NEW IDEA IN EDUCATION

WHAT we need in America, and everywhere else over the world, are schools through which our children pass as down a broad road, learning hourly the value of all human environment, mental or physical—a road free to all, with the refreshing winds of liberal ideas blowing over it, and the sun of honest thought rendering wholesome every fresh experience. This road should lead up to the high peaks of imagination, and down through the wide peaceful valleys of practical toil. The children's parents should sometimes join them on this road and walk with them along the way. Where rest and recreation are sought, a spring by the way should be fed from sources very high and pure and sweet. A part of the understanding gained by traveling this road should be the right place of work in the world, the development of character through true sympathy, the need of purpose as a spur to achievement. And there would be no shame in the hearts of the children who travel there, except for the incapable and the cruel.

A search for this road is being made by thinking people in all progressive nations. Not so much by the so-called educators, as by the men and women who know the value to the State of children rightly trained, who know in fact that it is to our children that we must eventually turn for all permanent progress, civic, spiritual or in art.

In America the seekers for this new road of learning are hoping to find it through the fields of manual training, out in the pleasant acres of summer vacation schools, in the gardens planted in vacant city lots; through every channel but the wholesale reorganization of their present system of exploiting schools for individual profit.

In Germany the need of education more closely related to the State is being felt in every city and in every rural community. And all over the Empire is being established a chain of Continuation Schools, in order that all workmen shall become skilled in their trade. These schools are most all compulsory, as the desire for excellent manual training is not a burning one among the workmen in the German Empire.

Although these schools will increase the earning capacity of the workers and the quality of the product, they will not touch the question of education in Germany as a whole, for they leave unsolved the terrific problem of idleness and incapacity in the upper classes. Also, actual progress in education involves, as a fundamental necessity, for the young the approach somewhere to the heart of life, keeping fresh and wholesome the spirit of youth by some sure contact with the great beatific shelter of childhood—Nature.

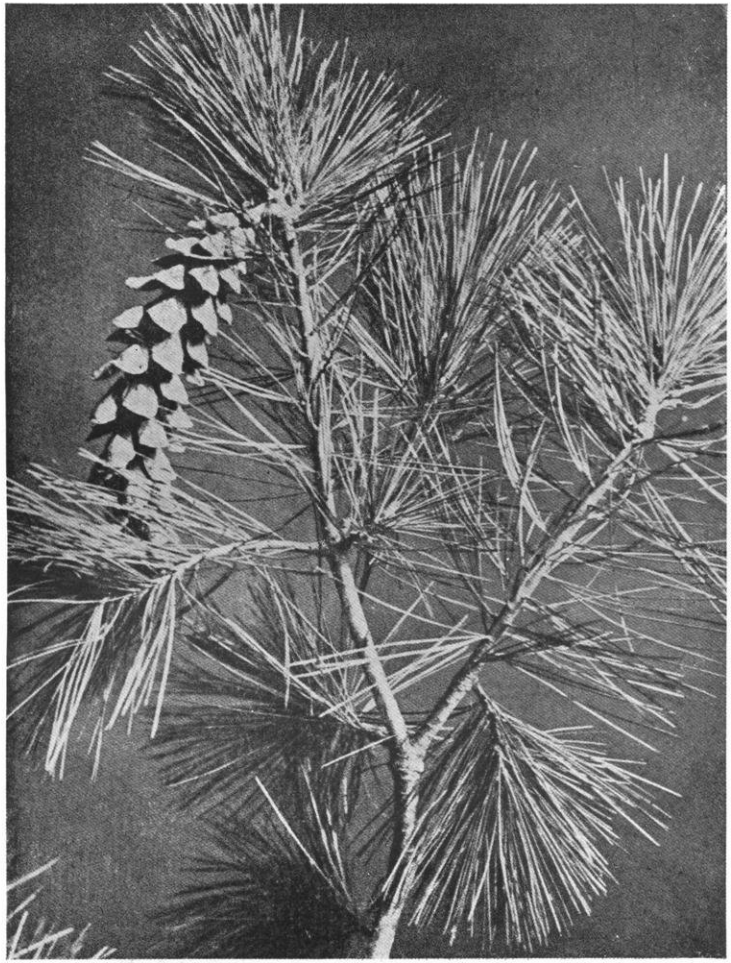
Belgium and France are wiser in their reaction from stilted

Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.

WHITE ROSES: A FRENCH
STUDY IN NATURAL DESIGN.

Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.

HYDRANGIAS: A REMARKABLE STUDY FOR THE WALL OF A FRENCH SCHOOL HOUSE.



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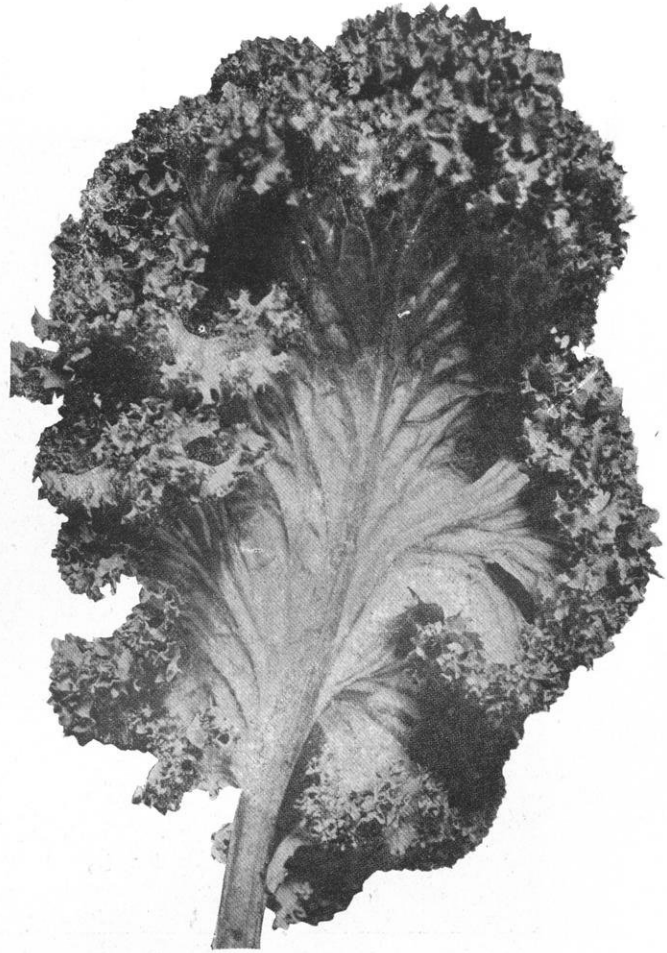
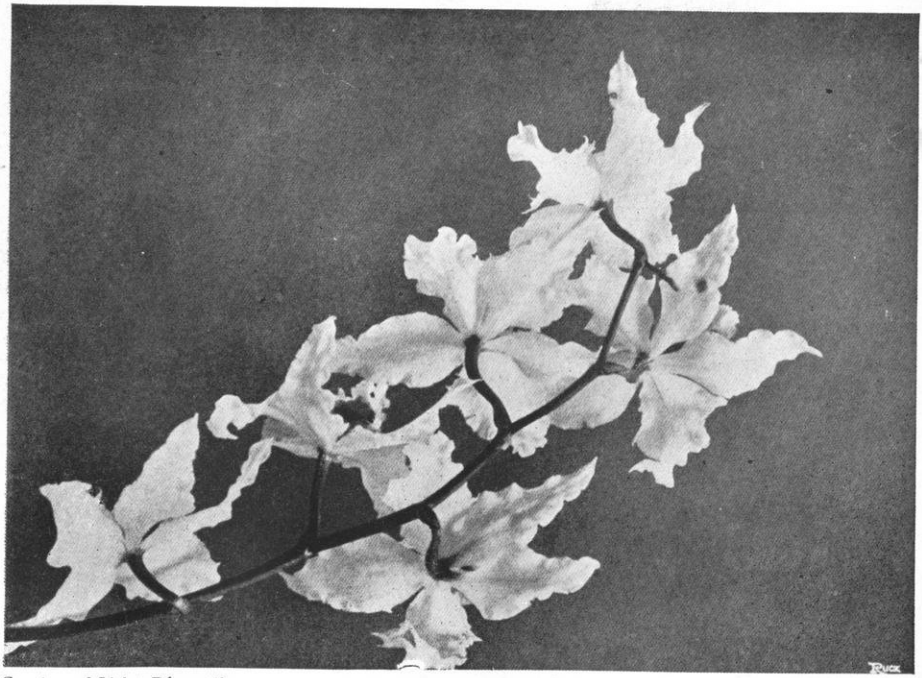
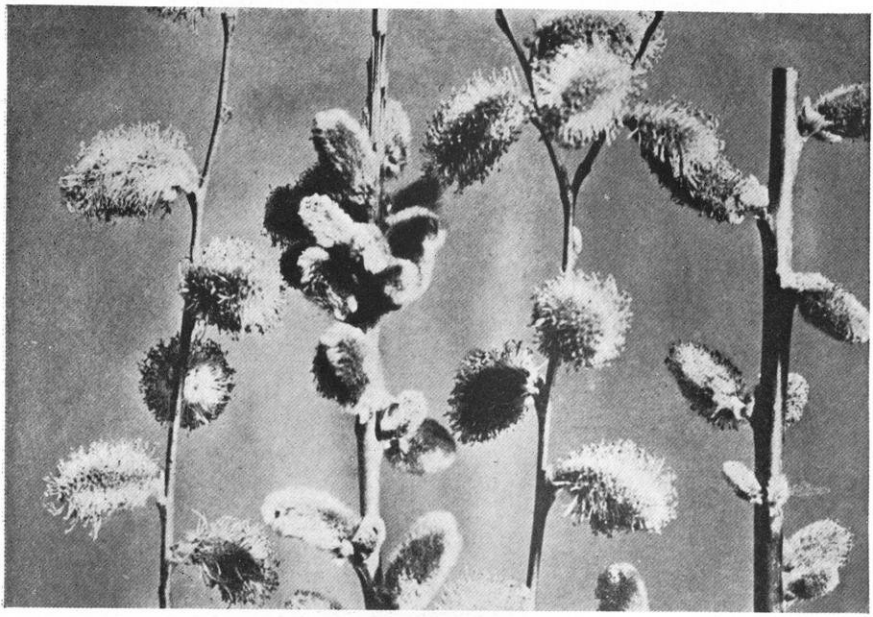


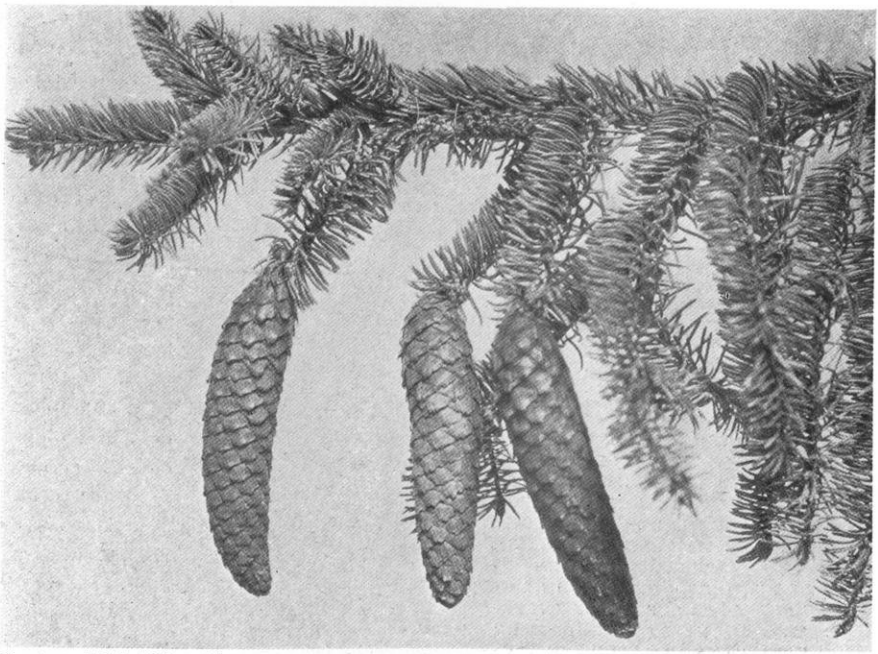
PINE BRANCH AND CAULIFLOWER LEAF: NATURAL STUDIES FOR CHILDREN PLANNING A SCHOOLROOM FRIEZE.



Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.

A BUNCH OF CYCLAMEN AND A SPRAY OF ORCHIDS: SHOWING THE PERFECTION OF UNCONVENTIONALIZED FLOWER DESIGNS.





Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.

PUSSY-WILLOWS AND FIR BOUGH: SUGGESTIONS FOR UNCONVENTIONAL FLOWER WALL DECORATIONS.

AN APPLE BRANCH, SUNFLOWER AND GARDEN BEANS: PRESENTING AN EXCELLENT ARRANGEMENT OF SIMPLE DESIGNS FOR SCHOOL STUDIES.

Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.

THESE THREE WIDELY DIVERGENT TYPES OF UNCONVENTIONAL DESIGNS GIVE ONE A VERY CLEAR IMPRESSION OF THE SORT OF WORK THAT IS BEING DONE TODAY IN THE "FLOWER SCHOOLS" OF FRANCE. IT IS THE EXCEPTION ANY LONGER TO FIND THE CONVENTIONALIZED FLOWER AND FRUIT DESIGNS USED FOR WALL DECORATIONS. CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT IN THE FIRST PLACE TO PLANT THE SEED, THEN RAISE THE FLOWERS AND THEN TO DRAW THEM EXACTLY AS THEY ARE IN NATURE. AND THE RESULT IS FULL OF INTEREST AND BEAUTY. MANY OF THE "FLOWER SCHOOLS" WHICH CANNOT AFFORD ELABORATE FLORAL DECORATIONS ARE ORNAMENTED WITH FRIEZES MADE FROM THESE QUITE UNCONVENTIONAL DESIGNS.

educational conditions, and in their desire to widen educational opportunity for all their little children, they are deliberately turning their faces back to Nature as the great instructor as well as the great healer of youth. They are seeking this wide new road of education through beautiful gardens often planted by the children themselves; through school houses fitted with flowers—real flowers growing in pots and vases, and painted flowers on walls and canvas. Through the length and breadth of these two nations, the new school idea is fragrant with flowers. Children are being taught botany in the most practical way, not only through books but out in little gardens where they learn the truth about much of life through their garden work. Flowers enter into the decorative idea in nearly all of these schools and dominate the art studies in the Government Schools.

IN FACT, through this wide and perfect intimacy with growing things, with nature, children are being trained not only in the practical detail of garden work, of flower arrangement in artistic design, but in knowledge and love of Nature, in the true appreciation of her claim as the mistress of all arts, and in the fine spiritual sympathy with all that is sincere, simple and beautiful in life. These children never prize their roses for the length of their stems, nor their friends for the length of their purses.

At the recent Belgian Educational Conference held at Brussels, Bruges and Antwerp, the most significant feature of the various meetings was the place given by the foremost educators of these two progressive countries to flowers in school life; not only in the decoration of the exterior and the interior of schools, but in all decorative ideals for school furnishings as a part of future educational progress.

The beauty of these three cities during the meeting of the Educational Conference was something well worth a visit to see. Each city seemed in perpetual bloom. In Brussels, beds of flowers had been planted about the roots of every tree; arches of flowers and vines had been thrown across the streets; flowers were set in profusion on every window-sill and trailed down from the roofs of the stations and municipal buildings. In Bruges, where the beautiful old streets border the narrow shaded canals, there were flower gardens all along the way, on tops of the houses, at the foot of the trees, and closely set at the water's edge. The Normal School at Bruges possesses an especially beautiful garden in which there are rare trees and flowering shrubs and beautifully laid-out garden spaces. This garden held a lesson for all people who visited the Conference, as it has held for some time for the students of the school. In Antwerp

a specialty was made of the decoration with cut flowers. Baskets of flowers were hung from every available projection, fountains were filled with flowers, basins of flowers were set about wherever there was a vacant space. Depot roofs were covered with flowers, balconies were draped with them, municipal buildings were banked with them. This natural, beautiful decoration of streets and buildings not only presented an unprecedented scene of beauty, but it surely suggested a moral lesson to adults as well as children. In teaching children thus to understand and cultivate flowers, involved in the lessons seemed to be the deeper one of love and respect for all the verities of life. To quote one of the lecturers at the Belgian Conference: "To understand and thus love flowers teaches children to understand that pity is as fine as duty." Also that "the health of the children will be improved through this interest in growing things, as the joy of the eye is an element of good health."

IT IS thus formally established in Belgium and France that schools conducted on principles in harmony with Nature's ordinances, in constant contact with Nature's supreme beauty, will take their place in the future among the commercial and professional schools. And it is hoped that in the bosom of such schools a child will develop that sensitiveness to impressions which in one of the school sessions Mr. George Auriol explained in a most charming story as follows: "I stopped one day before the work bench of a young jeweler's apprentice, a student of one of these flower schools. I noticed in his face a look of keenest interest and intelligence. As I was going for a walk, I asked permission to have him accompany me. In the midst of a beautiful flowered field, the boy and I knelt down beside a great gray rock. 'Tell me,' I said to him, 'just what you see on the surface of this rock.' 'I see,' replied the boy, intensely observant, 'the finest green moss, like smooth velvet, and near it a brown moss, the color of chestnut burrs. There is also a growth of beautiful orange color, and little flowers with blue curls, exactly the shade of turquoise.' Thus went on for some time, this little lad who had studied at the flower school, telling me the most wonderful story of the rock's surface. It was a fairy tale, so full was it of marvelous color and light."

In France The National Educational Society for the Development of Art in the Schools makes a special point of the moral effect on children of the study of flowers in school life. Particularly has study in the environment of flowers been found to stimulate the brains of the weak-minded and nervous child, and to render less depressed the constitutionally morbid. After scientific investi-

gation as to the actual physical effect of flowers on the development of children, this Society has ordered that where it is impossible to have the fresh-growing flowers and gardens for children, and even in addition to them in many of the schools, there should be placed on the walls flower friezes, so that practically all children should be to some extent surrounded by the beauty of Nature, and also that they should be taught to interpret the profound significance as well as to understand the actual beauty of flowers. In many schools the flower frieze is but supplementary to a closer study of Nature. In the more essentially rural districts of France the flower schools involve, wherever it is possible, the making of gardens and the study and arrangement of flowers.

In Coulounieix, for example, Madame Masset, a remarkable woman, though very simple in life and manner, has established a flower school according to her own ideas. "We are counseled," she says, "in our country schools to teach our children beauty in all its possible expressions, through books, pictures, sculpture; but I have found that my little pupils are neither old enough, advanced enough, nor alert enough to understand the masterpieces of great achievement. Most famous pictures and books have failed to interest them. On the other hand, I found that Nature never fails to awaken their enthusiasm. So we live and study close to her ample kindly heart, and our lives are filled with the beauty that the greatest artists cannot quite achieve."

MADAME MASSET encourages her pupils to bring every morning the flowers and leaves and sheaths of grain that they find on their way to the school. These are made the source of intelligent instruction, which eventually branches out to a survey of the art of the country, history and agriculture, and later the school is decorated with this bounty from land and garden and woods. Throughout the year this wise instructor finds her little pupils contented, healthy, industrious; smiling, she says, most of the time, whether they are playing or studying. Also she observes that they are full of kindness for one another, and for the little edge of the outer world that they know. They are not ashamed of their parents or ashamed of work or ashamed of happiness. What we are all seeking in life, contentment, sympathy and wisdom, the little school has found in abundance in the deep rich heart of Nature.

The most conspicuous flower school in Paris is under the management of Madame Friedberg. In this beautiful building, flowers are seen everywhere, on tables, in windows, vines clambering up the walls, and every year there is a flower festival held by the pupils,

where prizes are given for the best arrangement of baskets, bouquets, etc.

In many of the French villages, there are floral festivals under the patronage of the schools, with the result of an extraordinarily increased interest in the growing of flowers throughout the provinces. This means, of course, an increase in the revenue of the village peasants as well as in the joy of their lives.

Some of the clever mural artists in Paris are giving their attention to designing floral friezes for the schoolrooms. This is a matter of great interest to the poorer artists, and of great benefit to the schools. In Paris, as well as in the French village school, the practice has come about of filling vestibules with growing plants, and children are being taught to plant flowers and vines around the walls and fences of their recreation courts. In some of the larger school gardens, the children are being trained to divide their space for seed planting into "plants which rejoice, plants which nourish and plants which heal," following the formula of the famous Abby Lemire.

And the government in France has not remained inactive in this bringing of Nature to the children. It is supplementing in every way the work of the educational boards, it is establishing prizes for school gardens and enlarging the activity of the Art Departments of the schools to embrace the designing of floral decorations for school rooms. In every way it is recognizing as a public service, the advancement of the interest in flowers throughout the nation.

The French Department of Public Instruction as well as the Beaux Arts have announced their interest in the flower schools, and have shown their willingness to coöperate in the advancement of this floral work, while in Belgium the Minister of Science and Art has published a book, "The Ornamental Education of the School Room." This very valuable volume is divided into two sections: First: "Culture of Plants in the Class Room;" Second: "Culture of Flowers in the Recreation Courts and Gardens of the School."

The immediate result of this more intimate study and knowledge of flowers, especially in relation to mural decoration, is the appearance of a less conventional attitude in the use of flowers in design. The illustrations in this article are selected from a series of French floral designs to be used in the French schools. A greater consequence of this enlarged intimacy with Nature is what the French people call the moralization of the people. In France, too, it is believed that this growing love of flowers will greatly advance the cause of industrial art, which in recent years has so fallen behind the general progress of the fine arts.

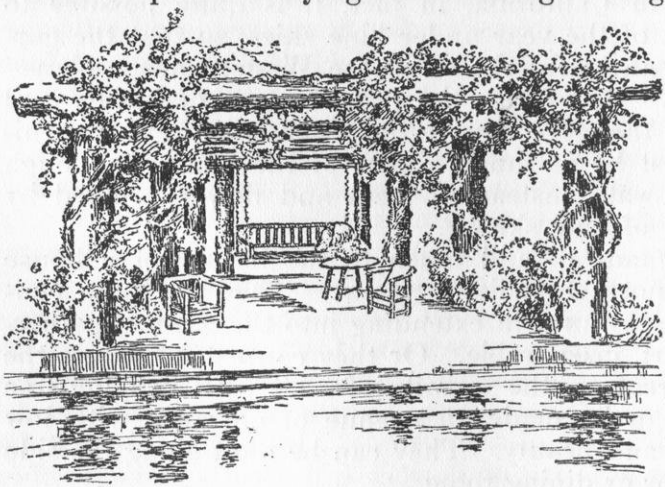
PERGOLAS: THE MOST PICTURESQUE AND PRACTICAL FEATURE OF MODERN OUTDOOR LIFE

IN THE old, old days a garden was a plot of ground where "simples" were raised, and from this homely need of the cottager sprang the garden of flowers for a king's delight, and "Pleasaunce" was written on the entrance gates. The winnowing of time has gathered the best of the cottager's and nobleman's gardens and united them, and the result is—gardens to *live* in! All through the West we see such "gardens-to-live-in" where people spend most of their waking hours and often their nights also. Under trees, pergolas, arbors are found the work-bench, study table, sewing room, nursery. Guests are welcomed in the garden rather than the drawing room, banquets are served in its lovely fragrant enclosure, dances are given on the lawn, wedding bells ring under rose-embowered pergolas.

The pergola has done much to bring about this new use of gardens, for under its living roof of vines, within its creeper-tapestried walls the work of life can be carried on. It gives the seclusion of a room in a most wholesome, sweet and fragrant way.

The pergola is the center of the garden whether it is in the mathematical center of it or in one corner. It is as it were the heart of the garden, through which pulsates the life, the joy, the need, the vitality of the garden's life.

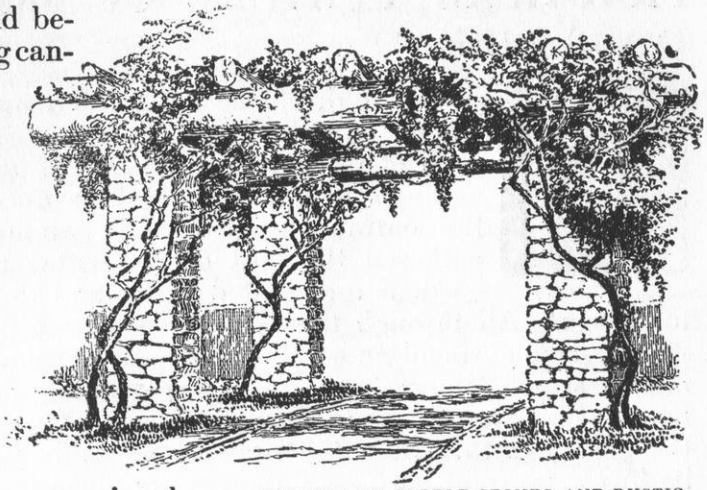
Jessamine and woodbine, wistaria and honeysuckle, surge over it and creep with unifying intent among the vegetables. The orderly patches of vegetables on one side are as a mosaic floor or Oriental rug for color, and are no longer relegated to distant or hidden lots. They add a phase of beauty to their task of usefulness, are close comrades with flowers, united to them by the arches of the pergola.



RUSTIC PERGOLA FITTED UP FOR OUTDOOR LIVING.

These vine-clad pergolas make ideal

lounging places, and beneath such sheltering canopies flourish lilies, azaleas, roses and many tender flowers too frail to live in the sun's full light.



PERGOLA OF COBBLE STONES AND RUSTIC.

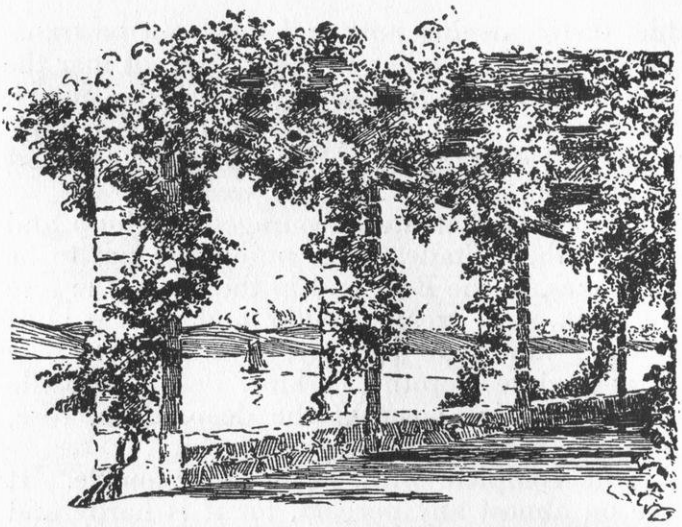
Italy knows much of such gardens, gardens that are the center of family life, whose paths are for the daily coming and going, not just the occasional visit, whose fountains play for household service as well as for the delight of eye, and whose grape-covered arbors are reception room, living room, dining room, kitchen.

Bocchi glowingly describes such Italian gardens and upon the walls of Pompeii are found paintings of pergolas, arbors, terraces, covered with vines and creepers, in the midst of gardens enclosed by reed fences, flower hedges, rows of fruit trees.

We may not have Italian skies that permit a yearly dwelling in the open, but in California we have conditions almost as favorable, and in the East we can snatch many halcyon days and weeks while winter is napping. In California, in fact, it is quite possible to spend the major part of the year under blue skies, so that the garden is fast becoming an essential part of the Western house plan—a large "living room" that forms the main feature of beauty and usefulness, and must therefore receive full attention in every architect's design. It must be as much a part of the house as though enclosed by wooden walls instead of trees and flowers, roofed by brown beams instead of blue skies.

Pergolas can be made to add much to the beauty of a house even when they are not actual living rooms. They can be a continuance of the house, as an arm extending into the garden, gathering it close to its heart, inseparable. Or they can extend across the face of the house, breaking the severity of wall with swaying line of vines. Or they can be made an avenue of entrance with low seats built in for rest and beauty. They can be built along the side and used as sun-parlor or dining room.

Pergola gateways are attractive when bowered by flowering



PERGOLA PORCH OF SPLIT STONE AND LOGS.

vines, and a driveway arched at the entrance with simple pergola has charm hard to excel.

A division or retaining wall can be redeemed from monotony by using it as one side of a pergola, constructing the pillars of brick if the wall is of brick, or of stone or concrete if the wall is of either material. The rafters can be of rustic or square-hewn beams and such treatment of a wall would have quite the spirit of cloister walks, and seats built in would heighten this monastic quality.

As to the materials to be used in construction of all pergolas, the resources of the immediate locality should be drawn upon in preference to all others. Stone piers built of cobble will be most suitable to one neighborhood, while split stone is better in another, and in some places it would be possible to have them of whole field stone.

Pillars of rough brick are decoratively valuable at times, terra cotta at others, cement at still others. They can be placed singly, in pairs or in groups to harmonize with the surrounding type of garden and house.

Turned wooden columns of classic design, either plain or fluted, are favorite supports for trellised roofs. Rustic pillars of cedar, fir white pine, cypress, oak, madrone, redwood, with girders of the same wood a trifle smaller in size, are unequalled for informal gardens.

Rustic is the most inexpensive material of which a pergola can be built, if it can be obtained with little cost of transportation, the square wooden supports coming next in order.

Satisfactory combinations are sometimes devised such as cement pillars and eucalyptus rafters and girders, stone supports with wooden rafters and trellis of various woods.

To preserve the true pergola form, to keep it from becoming an arbor, the trellis strips must not be put on horizontally between the

pillars—this is the chief distinguishing note and must not be transgressed. Vines may be draped from pillar to pillar and not mar the purity of type, or trellis strips may be placed against the pillars, parallel with them, for vines to clamber upon, and purity of style be intact, but the horizontal feature must not appear upon the pergola—unless you want an arbor.

As to the vines and creepers that are encouraged to climb and riot and take possession of their citadel, their number is not to be determined—but in all climes, in the East and in the West, the rose is ever queen. White, pink, red, cream, yellow and orange buds unfold and scatter perfume and color lavishly, wonderfully. The crimson rambler, pink and white Dorothy Perkins, Baltimore Belle of the blush pink clusters, Prairie Queen of the deep, deep, rose, Lady Gay, Alberic Barbier,—these are always satisfactory.

No garden seems quite complete without the honeysuckle. It can be allowed a space on almost any pergola, for it is hardy and adapts itself to East or West, Orient or Occident.

Jessamine more delicately leaved and with blossoms as sweet, Allegheny vine, even more lace-like in foliage and graced by delicate bells of white, the canary vine of yellow orchid-beauty, are unequaled for small, slender pergolas.

The gorgeous scarlet runner, showy cypress vine, accommodating clematis, silk vine, brilliant red trumpet flower may not be classed among the aristocrats of vines, but who would be without them? The morning glory whose blossoms open and close sensitively with the sun, mimicking the sunrise and sunset colors of the sky, will cover your pergola with green the first season, while you are awaiting the more leisurely growth of rarer vines. A little girl who has not had a morning glory flower to wonder at, to play with, is surely to be pitied. They make such wonderful hats for the big dolls, such dream dresses for the little ones. They serve as banquet halls for the Prince Bumble-bee, and where would a fairy sleep if not in one of these royal purple velvet chalices?

The wistaria, like most slow-growing vines, compensates for its dilatoriness by living to a good old age. There is no more satisfactory vine if heavy shade is desired, for after the first wonderful ethereal pendant blossoms have passed, then the foliage becomes dense, forming a green screen that effectively shuts out the direct sun rays. The trumpet-creeper, bougain villea, flowering grape, moonflower, form heavy sun screens as well as varied decoration.

The wild cucumber should be better known and appreciated, and also the bitter-sweet with its clusters of small sweet white blossoms of spring-like beauty, and its orange berries that break asunder

at the first frost and reveal scarlet fruit which hang together, orange and scarlet, even when snow outlines twig and branch. The hop with pale green pendant seed pods should be more in evidence in our garden as a decorative vine. The ornamental gourd is a quick-growing vine that can flourish verdantly while other vines are starting their slower climb, and its strange fruit can be put to a number of charming uses. The Dutchman's pipe is a vine whose curious flowers will repay cultivation.

As to the many virtues of the grape, they cannot be passed unnoticed. Grape vines grace a pergola as effectively as an arbor. Their clinging tendrils, fragrant blossoms, luscious colorful fruit and beautiful shapely leaves form a combination that make them a formidable rival of the rose, and in many gardens they have usurped the throne of this reigning queen, to the entire satisfaction of the garden kingdom.

The ivy will never be entirely supplanted, for its evergreen characteristic is too valuable a trait to remain unloved. It will cover the dividing wall that forms one side of a wall-pergola and hug closely the pillars, keeping intact the true form of them. Ivy, English or Japanese, or the American ivy known as Virginia creeper, are effectively used in combination with stone or brick pergolas.

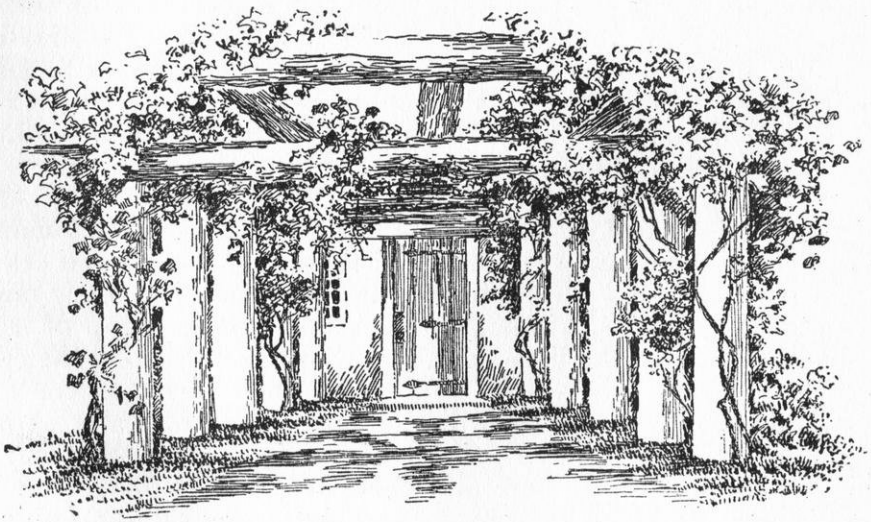
Gardens have changed, adapting themselves to the varying needs of man through era after era of his growth, and have now taken on the combined line of work and play, red and blue, making a wonderful royal purple, a perfect color, a fit color for this present noble race of kingly working people. Pergolas have also undergone a transformation, for in the beginning they were associated with formal gardens only. Now they are one of the chief factors for creating informality in gardens. They were once chiefly useful in forming sheltered lanes where kings and haughty ladies could walk in fragrant seclusion and undisturbed knit their brows over heavy affairs of state, or gentler thoughts of love. Or they formed bowers of rest, relaxation, pleasure for warriors between battles. Now they are being transformed through some divinely sensible necromancy into nurseries where our wee household kings and queens can crawl, run and play and grow strong in the vital sun and air. They make ideal outdoor nurseries, kindergartens, schoolrooms,—heap of sand in a shady corner for the little ones, a border of earth along the edge between the pillars where they may plant their own gardens and understand the miracles of growth and life, a pool of water at one end where they may wade or sail boats or raise a few little trout or goldfish, some low tables here and there where they may learn to "make things" and have their books and slates, and rugs and pillows

for the lounging and rest hour, when the mother tells tales of fairy and viking, hero and warrior.

Could any schoolroom be better ventilated? Can designer be found to excel the frescoes of roof and walls? And the floor is inlaid with bits of sunlight and shadow, the humming bird inspects the school, the thrush sings for it, and flowers bloom along its aisles. Ah, now is found the climax of a pergola's usefulness and beauty!

Children reared amidst such an environment are well prepared to enter the battle of life, whence only those of sound body and sane mind emerge victors. They have gained sturdy health of body, imagination and sympathy with all life, besides the absorbingly interesting one of their own—which is apt to be overemphasized. As their interest in flower, bird, insect life is developed, their outlook, their pleasures, their riches are extended boundlessly, for life's riches are measured by the number of things loved, not by the number of things owned or possessed.

The advice "Put money in thy purse" is not to be disregarded by adults, but of far more importance is the counsel that should be given to children: "Put beauty in thy mind." Such coin in the purse of their minds will never be exhausted, lavish spending of it will not impoverish them. Fortified with such genuine treasure they can roam the whole world over adding to their store with practised well-trained eye, beauty of flower and animal, mountain and ocean, of literature, of art and of mankind; nothing that is beautiful will escape.



THE COUNTRY FAIR AS AN EXHIBITION CENTER: THE STORY OF ONE HELD IN A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE STREET

HE success of any community depends upon the way the individuals making up the community work together as one man. For every service done for the good of the whole, the server himself reaps double harvest. Whatever tends to bring about unity of interests or pleasures in any community should receive unqualified support from every individual member of it. Concentration is as valuable for a neighborhood as it is for an individual. In the development of rural communities concentration of interests has brought about a system of education equal to a university extension course. The farmers who compete in friendly rivalry as to the number of bushels of corn or wheat that can be produced upon an acre are really teachers, in a way, in a practical agricultural course. For if deep plowing, careful fertilizing is proven by one man to double his crop, the next season finds every man in the neighborhood plowing deeper, fertilizing more, and so the standard for corn creeps up and up with each successive year. The standard of quality rises with that of quantity, and without realizing it perhaps the corn growers have begun a course in science.

The knowledge of the country has been as unequally distributed as its wealth, but (paraphrasing) the East now goes to the West and the West now goes to the East, and the best of both are indissolubly blended to the great good of both. Farmers are scientists, scientists are farmers, and this blending of interests and knowledge rounds out the fuller life of each.

The economic and social relations between city and country are becoming more friendly and therefore truer. The city has drained the country of its best men and left it impoverished, but it is now sending its best men back into the country again, for it realizes that without the country people cannot exist.

Mutual interests do much to bring people together. Pursuit of the same knowledge binds them also; but nothing can excel the cohesive quality of laughter. To say "We have laughed together" is to say "We are friends and understand one another." When employer and employed laugh together, become friends, then are the shoulders of all set to the wheel and progress assured. There should be more laughter in work, men should extend their playtime into their life's labor.

This is one of the great benefits of a country fair, that men can

bring the results of their year's work and laugh and play over it in friendly rivalry. Farmers have no carnival time in this country, no cessation of the monotonous round of work, unless we except the annual fairs. They need these occasions of relaxation that they may keep a more human relationship with their neighbors and be something else than toiling machines.

The country fair should not be a market place, but an exhibition center where every man, woman and child could take the result of their best work, products, inventions, whatever they have made or done that would contribute to the betterment of the community, and show it and talk it over together. It should be a stimulus toward better products, a spur to economic coöperation, a social carnival time.

EMERSON in an address before the Middlesex Agricultural Society spoke eloquently of the "large and noble" occupation of the men who till the soil. He said that in Roman days a man who by his valor saved an army was given a crown of grass as highest distinction. He thought that the Arval crown (crown of grass) should be given to the tillers of the soil for the lives of the whole world depend upon their efforts. He likened the planting of one potato that in six weeks would produce ten, to the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. He himself received the third premium of three dollars for his sage grapes, and one dollar for a "plate of pears."

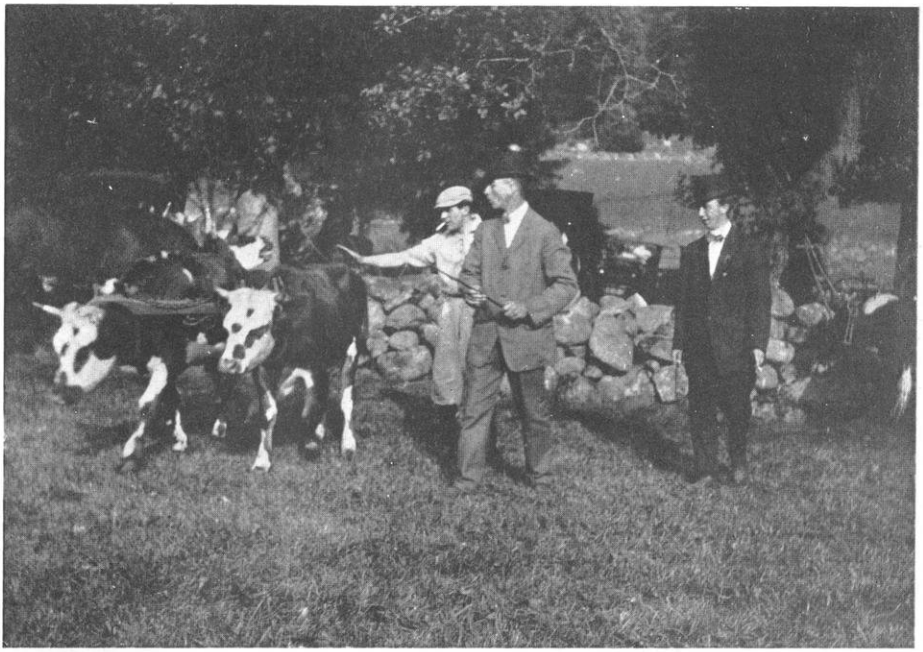
A little hamlet in Massachusetts held a fair last fall that proved beyond dispute the benefit which such gatherings are to the whole country side. There were no gate receipts, for the fair was held down the main street of the village, but every farmer had given one dollar to the prize fund, to be won back with compound interest if he were fortunate in having raised a melon larger than his neighbors or could show a fleeter horse or a better team of oxen.

Front yards were loaned for stands, fields were given over for the cattle displays, the church rooms held the women's fancy work, their cakes and jellies and flowers. Chairs, boxes and barrels were brought out for seats, trees flaunted leaves of brilliant colors, leaving nothing more to be desired in the way of decoration; yellow and purple flowers bordered the roadway and a wonderful canopy of blue was over all.

Women donned their freshest and best, men brought the rich products of their fields and laid them in colorful groups upon unhinged barn doors temporally placed upon boxes or barrels under the shade of spreading elms. Mammoth pumpkins filled the throne

THE GATHERING OF NEIGHBORS THE MORNING OF THE FAIR.

A SALE OF HORSEWHIPS BY A SPIRITED AUCTIONEER.



SHOWING OFF OXEN TO A POSSIBLE PURCHASER.

PRIZE TEAM OF OXEN ABOUT TO START PROUDLY HOME.

POPULAR CONVEYANCE FOR TAKING GUESTS ABOUT THE "FAIR GROUNDS."

COMPETITION OF DRAFT-HORSES IN THE MAIN STREET OF THE VILLAGE.

THE VILLAGE BAND, PLAYING BETWEEN EXHIBITIONS.

WINNING THE RACE FOR SINGLES. THE "TRACK" RUNNING ALONG THE VILLAGE STREET.

seat as it were, by right of their kingly size and color, and were gaudily attended by a court of golden squash, silver onions, scarlet peppers, pink carrots, blood-red tomatoes, purple beets and all the gay company of harvest land.

A clown turned "cart-wheels" before a hot-sausage stand, attracting dimes from hungry folk and giving generous sauce of joke and cheer.

Other stands displayed ginger ale and fresh cider, home-made candy, popcorn and peanuts. One man sold whistles and canes, another buggy whips and a woman displayed her "hand-painted" pictures and some pink stocking pincushions with forget-me-nots painted on them.

There were pleasant meetings with old friends, introductions to new babies, kindness and hospitality to the few strangers present.

VEHICLES of every description unloaded before the band stand, which was simply a group of kitchen chairs upon the grass in the shade of stately elms. One phaeton produced a man, his wife and baby, two children, a coop with a greatly excited fancy rooster, two red cabbages, a mammoth turnip, a peck measure of potatoes and a small bag of feed. A little boy with a wagon made from a soap box (unmistakably of his own construction) brought a huge pumpkin of his own raising labeled "Mr. Tommy Birch pompkin" which later in the day received the first prize.

"Singles" and "doubles" raced up and down the main street, for there was no other "track." Cattle and oxen were also led up and down this one avenue, passing slowly before admiring friends and neighbors.

Three spirited teams vied with one another in pulling heavy loads. A stone boat was loaded with stones, then men were added to the load until seventeen stood upon it; yet the splendid horses pulled it easily.

At four o'clock the band played the national airs and everyone began to gather together their children and turnips, their cows and their chickens. Crook-necked squash, huge beets, "Irish Cobblers," "Green Mountains," rosy apples, delicate cakes, crystal jellies were claimed by the lucky prize winners and presented to favored friends. A wagonload of exhibitors drawn by oxen proudly led away the prize donkey. Slow-moving oxen swung into the long road home—the fair that flourished but for a day was over.

But how far-reaching was the effect of it! How impossible to gather statistics as to the good that it did! How difficult to measure the inspiration that the meeting quickened in each life!

Men had talked together as they walked among the cattle, exchanging bits of wisdom gained by personal experience in the feeding and raising of stock. They had compared notes about rotation of crops, cream separators, spray for apple trees; talked over the country school, the coming election, the enforcement of rural laws, the need of better roads.

Women had exchanged receipts with friends who lived at a distance and seldom met except at the yearly fair, had told of labor-saving devices, simple methods of preserving, easier and better ways of washing, and had taken great pride and pleasure in the attainments of their children.

The picture of good-will, of loyalty, mutual helpfulness, universal good-nature, generosity, contagious happiness, the simplicity of it all,—no ugly criticism or jealousies as to prizes, but rejoicings and jokes and the rare carnival pleasure of it—will always be a treasured one.

And we wish that every community might have each year just such an unpretentious merry-making meeting, free from the vulgar side-shows, hawkers of useless articles, tricks of city sharps, ill-feeling and rivalry of the usual large county fair.

INVOCATION FOR A PLANTING

SPIRIT of the seed
Bless the hand that sows,
And when you are freed
Rise a rose.
To another birth
Waken now and smile.
Grace our bit of earth
A brief while.
In your little life haply we may know
God's joy when He watched His first flower grow.
Child of changing forms, shall I pass like you
Into something strange, beautiful and new?

PAULINE FLORENCE BROWER.

A NEW SPIRIT IN COLLEGE LIFE: "THE AMHERST IDEA": BY WALTER A. DYER

HE other day I heard one acquaintance of mine say of another, "Yes, he's a perfect ass, but he has a fine education." The words stuck in my mind, and I found myself thinking about them. An ass, I take it, is a man who fails to view himself and the rest of the world in the proper perspective. Now, if education doesn't produce a proper perspective and sense of proportion, what good is it? Can a man who is really educated be an ass?

My attention was recently called to another educated man who wears a Phi Beta Kappa key and earns a thousand dollars a year after ten years of hard work. What is the relation between his Phi Beta Kappa key and his salary, if any?

At this season of the year, when the schools and colleges are opening, and freshmen of both sexes are matriculating, when parents and friends are bidding God-speed to young hopefuls about to enter the so-called halls of knowledge, it is worth while pausing a moment and analyzing this thing we call education.

Let me announce at the outset what will shortly become obvious, that I am not an educationalist or a student of pedagogy. I managed to scrape through college after the fashion of the time, and I sometimes find a few unrelated crumbs of learning still clinging to me, but I lay no claim to scholarship. I am approaching this thing from the point of view of thousands of my fellow laymen, and I am talking with them, not with the doctors.

It appears that there are two kinds of higher education—cultural and vocational. The former aims to develop the student's mind, to familiarize him with the "humanities," to broaden his outlook on life, to increase his powers of analysis, understanding and appreciation; the latter aims to fit him for a trade or profession—for the actual bread-winning business of life.

Most of the State universities, with the possible exception of Colorado, are devoting their chief energies to vocational training. They aim to turn out doctors, lawyers, architects, dentists, all sorts of engineers and consulting experts, ready to take their places in the ranks of the specialists. Institutions like Cornell and Columbia differ but slightly from them, while Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, and most of the others have been more or less forced into line by the competition.

This is the trend of the times, and there is no opposing it. It is practical; it is useful. Also, it is materialistic to the last degree. The majority of young men are going to follow this course whether

we like it or not, and that is well. We need experts. But what about the minority? What about those who long for some of the softer things of life, the sweetness and light, the plain living and high thinking? At what fount of learning is their thirst to be quenched? Must every young man who goes to college be forced to fit himself for a vocation, regardless of his or his parents' tastes and desires? Must he be cast in a mold and labeled with a degree and converted into an intellectual machine with a utilitarian purpose?

What a hopelessly dull place this world will be when each of us is classified merely by the calling by which he earns his living! That is precisely what the vocational institutions are fitting us for.

NOW one reason for this tendency, I am afraid, is that the old-fashioned education has, in a large measure, failed. It has lagged behind the times. It has turned out scholars who are helpless in this twentieth-century America—Phi Beta Kappa men who will never earn more than a thousand a year. Worse than that, it has not given its graduates an adequate substitute for wealth-winning capacity, and therein lies its great failure. We can struggle along on slender means and laugh at the world if we only have that within our souls which is worth more than the practical training of other men, that we would not sell for all their money; but mere facility in translating difficult Sanskrit feeds neither stomach nor soul. It is this compensation which education ought to provide for those who wish it, but seldom does.

That this need is felt is evidenced by the widespread discussion that has been given during the past year to what has been generally called "The Amherst Idea." This idea was crystallized in nineteen hundred and ten by a committee of the class of eighteen hundred and eighty-five of Amherst College in the form of a memorial to the trustees. They presented the case ably and offered a plan by which Amherst and other small colleges might make and hold a place for themselves in the educational world, free from competition with the State universities and other heavily endowed institutions. The plan aims to increase the efficiency of the teaching force; to confine the instruction to what may be called the modified classical course, abolishing all undergraduate degrees save that of Bachelor of Arts; to attract only that class of students most likely to be benefited by such a course; to limit the student membership of the college, so that the most intimate relations between undergraduates and professors may be possible.

Those who desire to learn more about this plan may obtain a

pamphlet from Mr. E. Parmalee Prentice, thirty-five Wall Street, New York, which contains the text of the memorial together with some eighteen articles and editorials reprinted from the daily and periodical press which comment on the plan. Later articles appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for June, nineteen hundred and eleven, and in *The Dial* for June sixteenth.

Whether this project is adopted in full or not, it is a noteworthy indication of a reactionary movement in higher education which holds much of promise for the future. If Amherst and Williams and Hamilton and other small colleges foster this idea, they will be providing an opportunity for that sort of education most likely to serve the needs of a worthy minority of our young men. It is calculated to make not engineers, chemists, mining experts, but citizens, philosophers, statesmen, poets.

Now this plan is bound to fail of its purpose if it exalts mere scholarly attainment. Pedantry is as bad as utilitarianism, and there will be more useless Phi Beta Kappa men clogging the march of progress. A college of grinds will be the result, which will win the deserved contempt of men of force and action.

If, on the other hand, wisdom shall guide those who hold in their keeping the destinies of these colleges, they may succeed far beyond the fondest dreams of the Amherst committee. It will not matter then how glibly the student can translate his Homer, or how readily he can quote his rule of mathematics, but how fully he appreciates the meaning of history and science, and how thoroughly he comprehends the thoughts of philosophers and men of letters of all ages from Job to Emerson. In such a college, I trust, there will be no diminution of interest in athletic sports and those many outside activities that endear the memory of college years to the graduate more than the routine of the class room. But in such a college things of the mind and spirit will have an equal share in the interest of the students, not because they are prescribed but because they are made interesting. It will be for these things that the student will choose such a college. The midnight oil will burn as of yore, but not for the winning of high marks. The atmosphere of the institution, the spirit of college life will naturally include a love for intellectual banqueting. It may not be possible, but it is worth trying.

Pure scholarship is a false ideal. It inevitably engenders pride of the brain, which is not so different from pride of the flesh. Mental accomplishment may provoke admiration, but it does not enrich life. The learned pedant has always set himself apart from his fellowmen, but the man of broad culture becomes a leader of

men. Vocational training is also a false lead. Is money-getting and a man's work the chief end of life? If it is, it is simply because we have lost perspective, and our education is a failure. To devote one's early years solely to training for lucrative labor is a prostitution of the high art of learning. Surely, the culture that fits the human faculties to grapple intelligently with any and all of the complex problems of life as they arise is of greater value than training which teaches the brain or hands to do one type of work expertly.

The ideal education will take thought for the things of the spirit, for the nourishment of the soul. It will train minds to think, to reason, to probe for truth, to understand, to analyze, to correlate. It will train minds to wander through the fields of thought, where flowers grow and birds sing, and where abide those things that make life worth while. It will not send a man hot-foot along a beaten path toward a prearranged and unsatisfying goal.

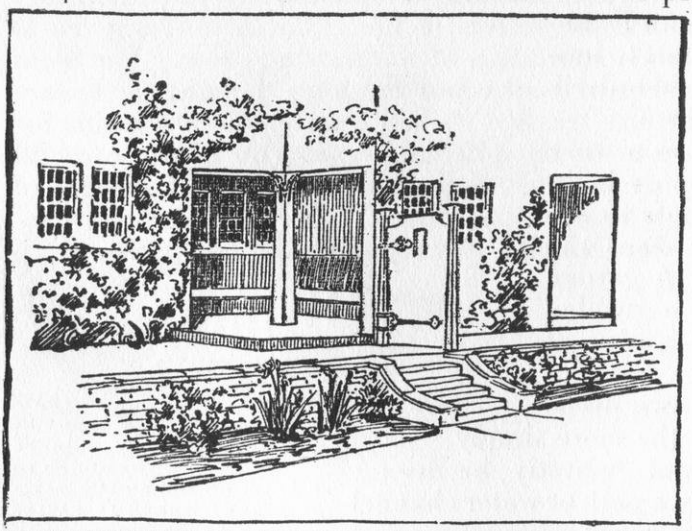
We have idealized work and activity and material achievement—idealized and idolized them. The man who owns an automobile is greater than he who knows Plato. We have become feverish and myopic. We work knowing not why. We earn, and know not how to enjoy. We are crude stubborn, uneducated. The world is too much with us.

But the man or woman who has learned in youth not how to read German but how to appreciate Lessing, *not how to classify a flower but how to understand growth,* is in a fair way toward happiness. They are the men and women of vision, of internal resource. To them all past history, all science, all philosophy and literature are the keys that unlock the secrets of life. To them it is given to dwell in the quiet spaces, spectators of the passing show. For them the sweet companionship of books and the long thoughts of leisure hours. And when life has reached its last quarter there remains for them not senile boredom or the piteous keeping up of the race till death, but a blessed period still, full of self-propagated flowers of the intellect, and the wondrous panorama of life seen through eyes that have learned to discriminate, to rationalize, to comprehend.

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

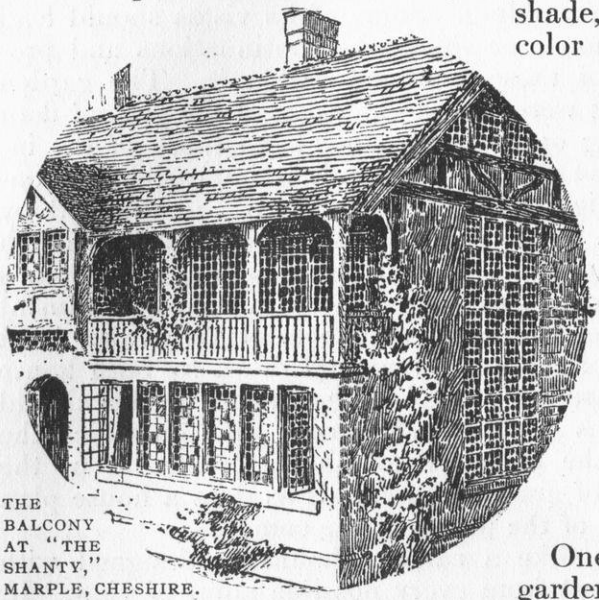
ROM the architect's point of view the garden is primarily a setting for the house. Its main lines should echo and none should seem to defy or run counter to those of the building. Some of its vistas should lead up to the house or should be continuations and prolongations of those arranged within it. The garden should, as it were, be an extension of the ground-floor plan of the house, adding open-air apartments to those of the interior. From the architect's point of view it is impossible to conceive the garden plan aright except as suggested and dictated by the house plan, and both house and garden must be just as much parts of one complete conception as must the ground and roof plans of the house. Just as the house plans must be a logical fulfilment of the conditions laid down by the site, so those of the garden must be the logical fulfilment of the conditions laid down by both house and site. In order to secure unity of result, house and garden should be thought out together as a whole. A garden plan on which the interior arrangement of the house is not shown creates in us the same suspicion of a lack of grasp of essentials as does a house plan which bears no indication of the points of the compass.

All parts of a garden, like a carpet, should be designed with consideration for their effect from every possible point of view. If, like some carpets, they must be seen from certain standpoints, and are a little unsatisfactory when viewed from any other, obviously complete success has not been attained. But primarily they should fall into graceful compositions and pleasing vistas when seen from the windows, or along vistas within the house, or approaching the house. If when looking out of a window one has an uncomfortable desire to move to the right or left or to stand higher or lower, some completeness in the whole has been lost.



SHELTERED SEAT IN THE ANGLE BETWEEN TWO WINGS OF A HOUSE.

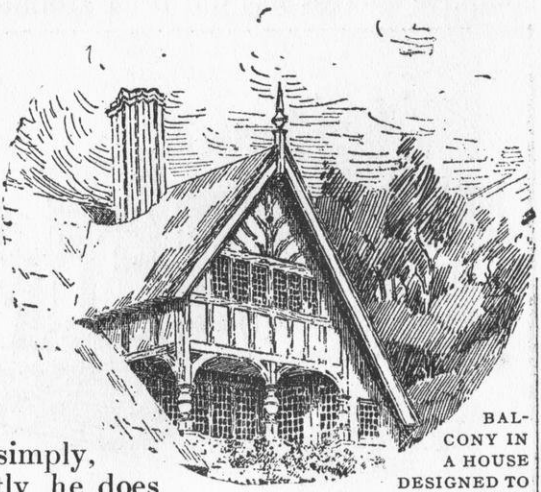
In designing a garden the architectural elements from which we have to produce our effects are as follows: enclosure, protection and shelter, seclusion, vistas, changes of level (terraces, sunken gardens, slopes, banks, etc.), mystery, arrangements of light and shade, proportioning of spaces, color schemes, grouping, introduction of water, contrasts. To these should be added architectural embellishments, such as statuary, parapets, terrace and other walls, ballustrading, temples, fountains, garden seats, summer-houses, pergolas, sundials, trelliswork, screens, gates, steps, arches and the treatment of water channels, tanks, ponds and pools, alcoves, arbors, courts and paving.



THE BALCONY AT "THE SHANTY," MARPLE, CHESHIRE.

One important function of the garden is to bring the house into harmony with its surroundings, to soften the contrast between the rigid and clearly defined lines of the house and the gentle, flowing, undulating freedom of the lines of nature. This cannot be accomplished by attempts to imitate the latter, but by an orderly and logical use of them.

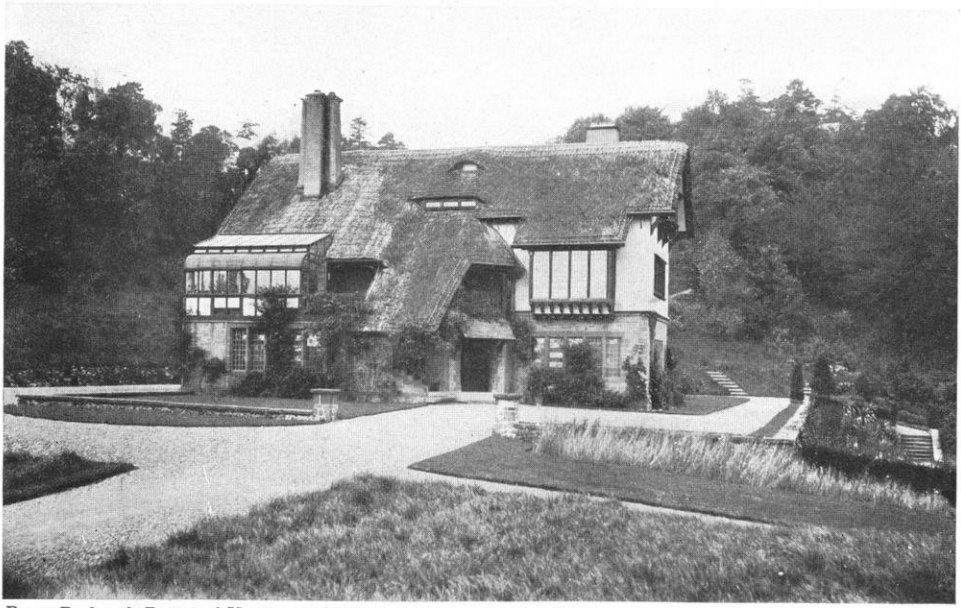
A garden should be a work of art and should glory in it. As soon as it attempts to appear artless it oversteps the bounds of true art. A garden is man's attempt to display and dispose the beauties of plants and flowers in the way best adapted to his own needs and advantage, and the more simply, straightforwardly and honestly he does this, the better. Thus, a path or water channel should take the most direct route from point



BALCONY IN A HOUSE DESIGNED TO BE BUILT ON THE ROMAN WATLING STREET WHERE IT PASSES THROUGH SHROPSHIRE.

Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

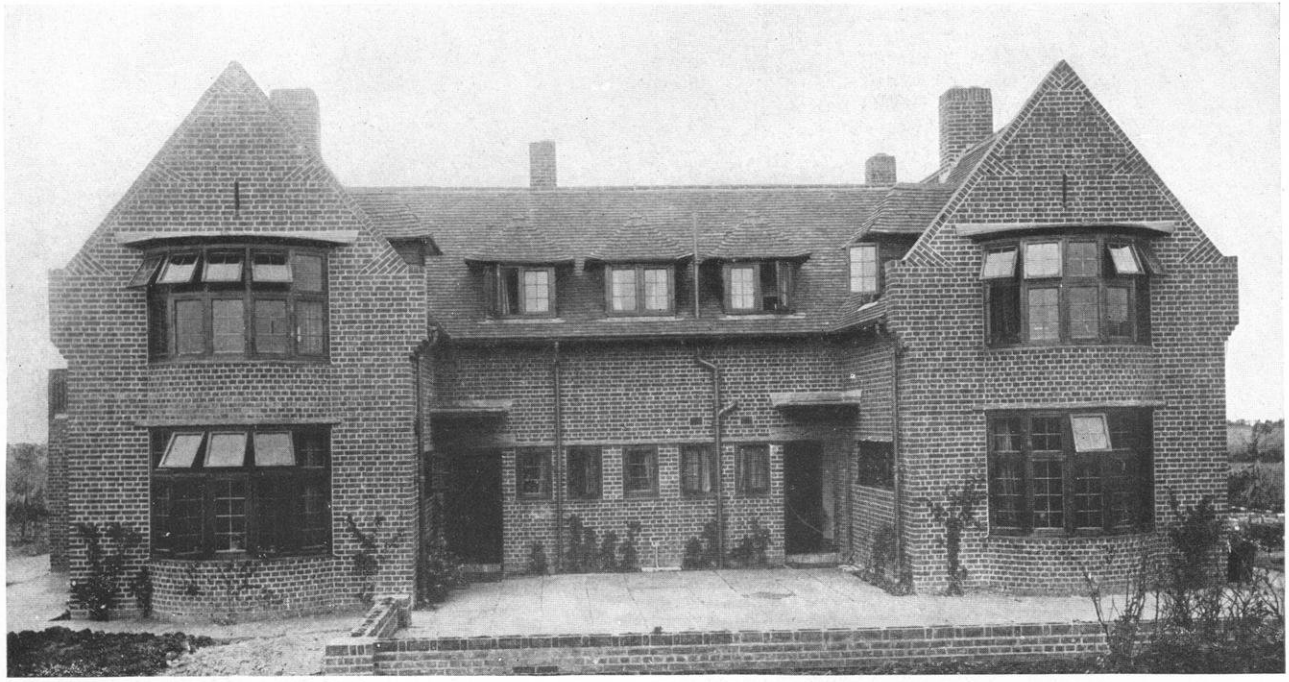
DETAIL OF HOUSE AT "WOODCOTE," CHURCH STRETTON, SHROPSHIRE, SHOWING CONSERVATORY ON SECOND FLOOR WITH TWO COVERED BALCONIES AND OUTSIDE STAIRWAY.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

NORTH SIDE OF "WOODCOTE," CHURCH STRETTON, SHOWING RELATION OF BUILDING TO GARDEN AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

MORE INTIMATE VIEW OF "WOODCOTE," REVEALING THE CHARMING BACKGROUND OF SLOPING HILL AND WELL-ARRANGED GARDEN.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

HOUSE IN SOLLERSHOTT, LETCHWORTH, WITH RECESSED TERRACE: A CHARMING PLACE FOR OUTDOOR LIVING IN WARM WEATHER.

Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

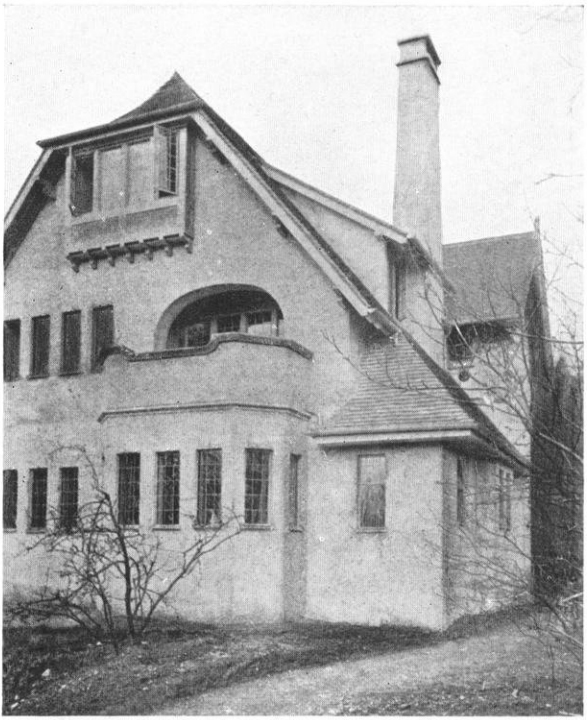
"LAVERNA," ANOTHER HOUSE AT LETCHWORTH, WITH INTERESTING PLACING OF LAWN AND SURROUNDING GARDEN.

THE GARDEN ROOM FOR SEMI-OUTDOOR LIVING AT THE "MANOR FARM," NORTON, HERTFORDSHIRE.

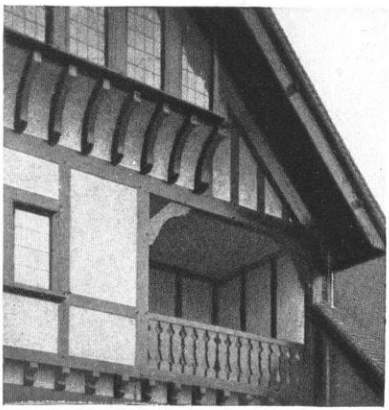
Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

"THE DEN" AT LETCHWORTH, SHOWING EXTREMELY INTERESTING ROOF LINE AND CONSTRUCTION, WITH ADMIRABLE PLACING OF WINDOWS.

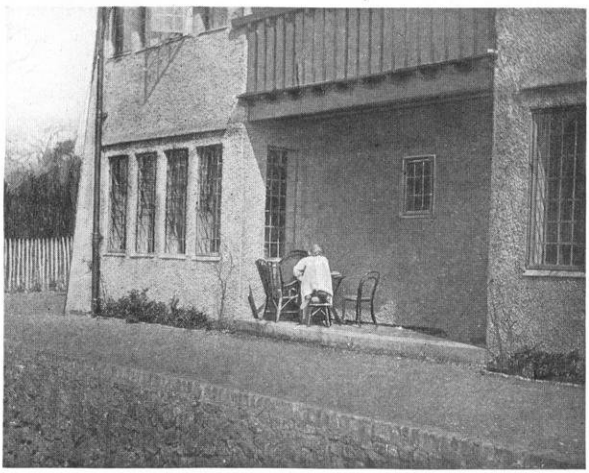
THE LIVING-ROOM IN THE "DEN," LETCHWORTH, WITH LARGE DOUBLE DOORS OPEN TO CONNECT IT WITH THE GARDEN.



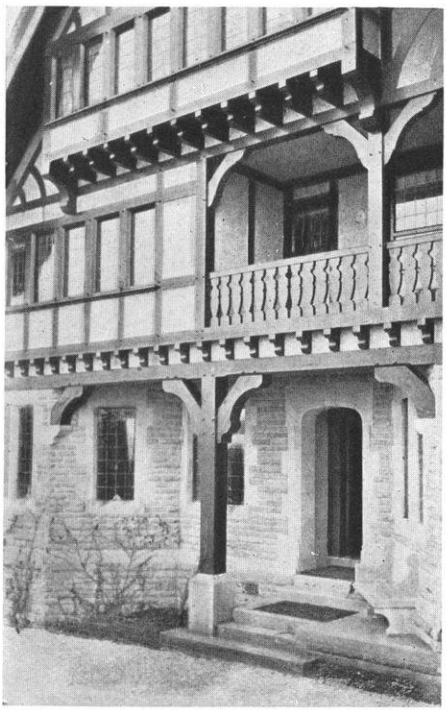
HOUSE AT CROYDEN IN SURREY, SHOWING BALCONY IN SECOND STORY.



RECESSED BALCONY AT "SOMERSBY," BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.

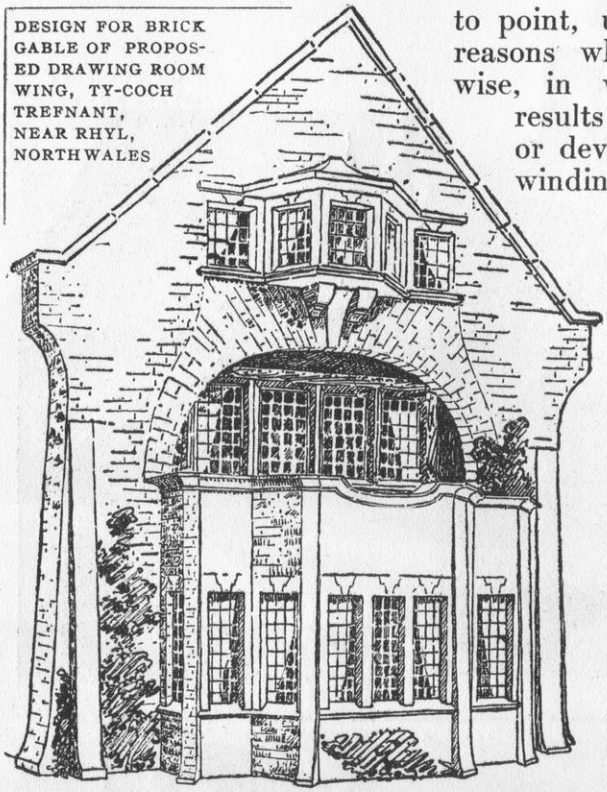


RECESSED PORCH IN "LITTLE MOLEWOOD," HERTFORD.



INTERESTING BALCONY IN "FARRINGFORD," BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE

Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.



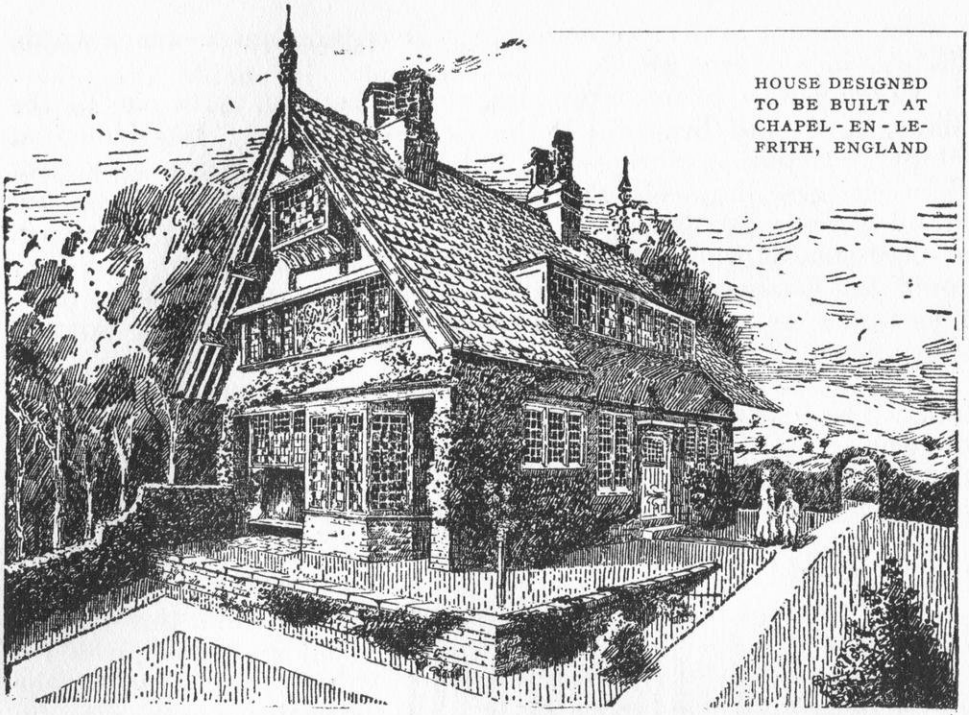
DESIGN FOR BRICK GABLE OF PROPOSED DRAWING ROOM WING, TY-COCH TREFNANT, NEAR RHYL, NORTH WALES

to point, unless there are obvious reasons why it should do otherwise, in which case very happy results may come from a sweep or deviation. But meaningless windings, wrigglings and meanderings in paths, watercourses or the margins of flower beds and grass plots produce a feeble and unnatural effect.

When it is necessary to secure easy gradients for a drive or path, or a level course for a water channel, or when there is an interruption in the form of a growing tree or natural mound, then a sufficient cause is given for whatever change in the direction of path or stream is likely to produce most charm in the result; but we are wrong when we attempt to make what has been *designed* appear as if it had *happened.*

For we never find causeless and meaningless lines in nature. The beautiful windings of a natural stream are not the result of chance or whim; there is nothing arbitrary about them; they are just as much the result of unswerving fidelity to inexorable laws as are the shape and outline of any chain of hills. They are the outcome of the falls and contours of the land, of the relative density and hardness of different soils and rocks and of many other determining conditions.

A garden may be artless; it may quite happily be a bit of wild nature. And a building may look very well when simply set amidst woodland or moorland, in a copse or field, with no attempt to soften the break between itself and its surroundings. We may even by our encouragement, by our planting and tending of the plants we admire, and by our discouragement of the coarser weeds, assist nature to bring our wild garden to perfection. If, however, we have a planned garden let us see that, like nature, we have meaning in every line. Let us see that it *is* a garden, a picture, a work of love,



HOUSE DESIGNED TO BE BUILT AT CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH, ENGLAND

Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

THE HALL, "WOODCOTE," CHURCH STRETTON SHROPSHIRE, ENGLAND

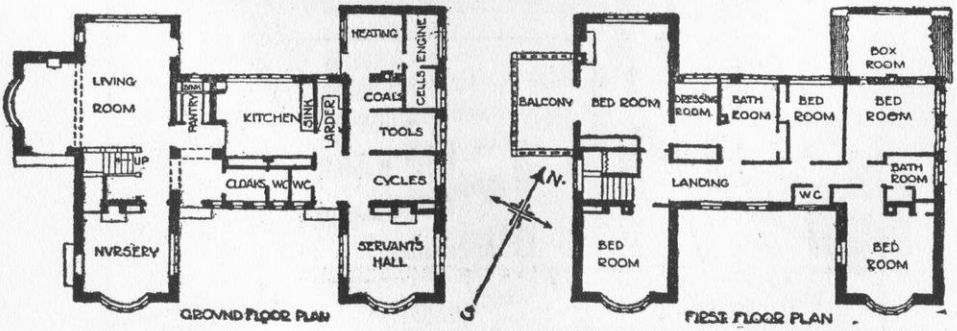
not an attempt to deceive or to ape. Deception never comes within the province of true art.

Coming now to our examples, it will be seen from one of the photographs how beautiful is the view south from "Woodcote" at Church Stretton in Shropshire, and how fine also is the view east. Between these, however, the outlook was shut off by a hillock and group of trees on the grounds. As the land fell rapidly to the east, a succession of walled terraces was created, so arranged that they could not be overlooked from the high road in the valley below, thus obtaining a privacy which had been lacking in the original slopes from which the terraces were formed.

The house has two principal rooms, the living room and the hall. The first of these, being the most important, has windows to the east, south and north, thus securing for it the finest views. For the hall the choice was between a south and an east aspect, and the balance of advantages seemed to be in favor of the south.

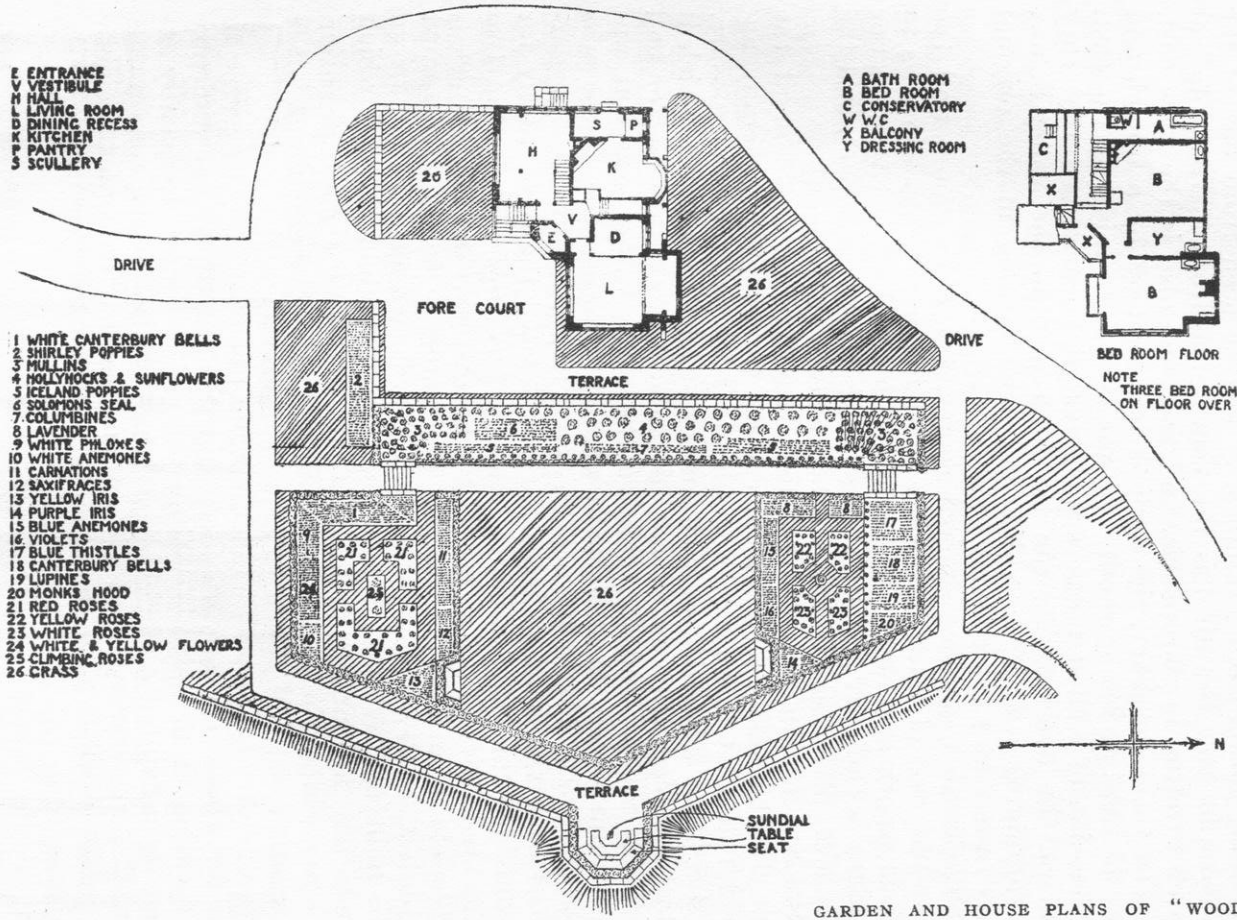
For the architect, a conservatory is a baffling problem at the best. In this instance it was necessary to obey the generally accepted rule that a conservatory should have a southern exposure. But I had no ground-floor wall on the south side against which it could be placed; this space was too valuable as a position for hall and living room windows. Hence the conservatory was put upstairs. But access to it without passing through the house was necessary, for it would have been quite impracticable for the gardener to use the main staircase. This created the opportunity for the outside staircase leading to the conservatory and to the two covered balconies shown in one of the accompanying photographs.

The charm of a view into the conservatory from the house must not be lost, however, so a long window was arranged in the frieze of the hall (marked X on the accompanying sketch) through which those sitting around the hall fire could look into the conservatory and see, behind the flowers, silhouetted against the sky with the



PLANS OF A HOUSE IN SOLLERSHOTT, LETCHWORTH.

RELATION OF HOUSE TO GARDEN



GARDEN AND HOUSE PLANS OF "WOODCOTE," CHURCH STRETTON, SHROPSHIRE, ENGLAND: DESIGN BY BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN.

sunlight streaming through them, the green leaves of the vine which was trained over the glass roof. The effect of this arrangement surpassed our hopes.

Now let us take our "architectural elements in garden design" in order, beginning with shelter and protection.

There is a growing tendency to live more and more out of doors, and this the architect should encourage by every means possible. In our English climate the days are comparatively few on which any but the more robust can sit for long absolutely in the open. So varying degrees of protection from the elements have been contrived, such as garden rooms, loggias, stoops, balconies, verandas, summer houses, porches, etc. Now on some days when we cannot sit entirely in the open, the protection of a wall of the house is all that is required to make us comfortable. At other times, in dry weather, we should be quite at ease in a forecourt protected on three sides like that shown in the plans and photograph of a house in Sollershott, Letchworth. In damp weather we could still sit on such a seat as that shown in my sketch for a house at Chapel-en-le-Frith in Derbyshire.

But when thinking out such a house as we should like to have, before making plans we should decide where we shall most value and use opportunities for open-air life—whether on the ground floor or on an upper story. In the latter case the pleasantness given by a sense of elevation, privacy and aloofness, coupled with the reduced risk of interruptions and intrusion, carries great weight with some people. On the other hand we are lazy creatures and like to have things made very easy for us. If a man can step straight out of his study onto a veranda or balcony and continue his work there, he will do so a dozen times a day; whereas he would remain shut up in his room all the while if, in order to get into the open air, he had to pass out indirectly through the hall. Often the mere provision of permanent seats has converted a little used loggia into a place where some one will almost always be found.

So our arrangements for open-air life must be very accessible to those for whom they are intended, and this constitutes one difficulty in providing them upstairs. Upper rooms are more frequently assigned to individual members of a family, either as their bedrooms or studies, than are ground-floor rooms, so that balconies are limited greatly in their usefulness by the fact that they are usually only accessible from private rooms.

As a rule, therefore, balconies should open out from a landing, though they may also be reached from the rooms.

Open balconies seem to have been very little used where they

have been provided in England, although in fair weather it is certainly pleasant to have no roof over one's head. This problem is satisfactorily solved by balconies like those of the houses at Croyden, Surrey, and at Ty-Coch Trefnant near Rhyl, North Wales, which have the advantage of providing both covered and uncovered floor space.

On the other hand many people always prefer a roof, yet do not wish to be shut in by walls on more than one side. To such as these, balconies similar to the one at "Laverna" in Letchworth seem most desirable, especially for sleeping in at night. Again, others like the greater privacy and protection of walls on two sides, as in the garden room at the "Manor Farm" at Norton, and in the balconie of the houses in Watling Street, Church Stretton, and of "The Shanty" at Marple. Then there are those who, feeling the need of still greater seclusion, would prefer balconies like those of "Farringford" and 'Somersby" in Buxton, or the arrangement between two bays as in "Little Molewood," Hertford.

Even greater protection is afforded when the garden room is formed in the internal angle between two wings of the house, as illustrated by the little sketch given here. It is a great convenience to be able to convert a whole room into a garden room at will by merely sliding back the ample doors into cavities in the walls, and leaving the place open to light and air, as shown in the photographs of "The Den" at Norton.

It may be asked, what has all this about garden rooms, stoops, loggias, balconies and verandas to do with gardens? It is merely that I like to call attention to the fact that there is often really no clear line of demarcation between being in the house or in the garden. We may include, if we wish, under the heading of "the garden" much that some would regard as belonging to the house.

Almost all the accommodation I have been speaking of would be conceded by all as coming properly under the heading of "the garden" if it were provided in summer houses and garden temples. Tending as I do to place it under the main roof of the house because I find it is more used and more available there, I would still emphasize its garden qualities, and include it in the garden, drawing such line as I do between house and garden at the point at which indoor life may be said to give place to outdoor life.

Before passing on to the other "elements in garden design" we have yet to include under "protection and shelter" how provision for open-air life may be made in porches and summer-houses. But this must be left until a following chapter.

THE BIRCH TREE: BY KATHARINE M. BEALS

"Most Beautiful of Forest Trees, the Lady of the Woods."—*Coleridge.*

IT IS the Birch tree that Coleridge calls the "Lady of the Woods." Another writer calls it the "Queen of the Forest," and with its silvery white bark, its delicate green leaves and slender drooping branches, it seems a survival of the fabled days when every tree was the home of a dryad or a wood nymph. Although so slender in appearance, it braves the bleakest storms and thrives at a higher altitude than even the pine.

In Lapland it is known as the "Only Tree," and grows within two thousand feet of the line of perpetual snow. It figures largely in the mythology of all northern countries and is regarded as symbolical of the return of spring.

Among the Greeks and Romans it was not a popular tree, in spite of the fact that the sacred books of Numa Pompilius, who is revered as the author of the Roman ceremonial law, were said to have been inscribed on the bark of the birch tree. These books were written about seven hundred years before the Christian Era, and according to Plutarch they were twenty-four in number. In the first twelve were recorded all the rites and ceremonies prescribed by the Roman religion; the other twelve were of Greek philosophy. After the death of Numa these books were buried in a separate tomb near him, and were accidentally discovered four centuries later. The fasces, or bundles of rods, carried by the lictors who preceded the magistrates of ancient Rome, were made of cuttings from the birch tree. These rods were used to clear the way for the officers, and were also symbols of punishment, which may account for the unpopularity of the tree.

Among the Norsemen the birch was dedicated to Thor, the God of Thunder and Storm, and was held to be a potent charm against death by lightning. The people surrounded their dwellings with birch trees, and any one taking refuge under a birch during a thunder-storm felt safe from all injury.

In Russia especially, the tree was held in the greatest veneration. It was the special tree of St. John the Baptist, and on the eve of St. John all the doors were hung with birch boughs. As late as the middle of the last century, just before Whitsunday all the villages and towns in Russia were decked for a festival, rows of birch trees were set up along the streets, and the houses both inside and out were garlanded with wreaths and boughs of birch, even the carts and railway engines being hung with garlands of green birch leaves. On the Thursday before Whitsunday, the villagers would go into the woods, and cut a young birch tree which they

proceeded to dress in the garments of a woman, and adorn with many colored ribands. Games were then played, songs were sung, and the youths and maidens danced around the tree. After the revel the tree was taken to the village and set up in one of the homes, where it was cared for until the following Sunday, when it was carried to a stream and thrown in together with all the garlands. This was done to propitiate the water-spirit, so that the streams would not overflow their banks during the spring rains. The Russian maidens on Whitsunday tie pieces of red ribbon onto the birch trees, in the belief that this attention will gratify the tree-spirit, who in return will protect them from witchcraft during the ensuing year.

THE Count de Gubernatis writes that when the peasants in Russia wish to invoke the aid of the wood deities they lay young birch trees in a circle, the tops all pointing inward; the spokesman stands inside the circle and calls three times; he then presents the request, which is only granted on condition that the one who proffers the petition promises his soul to the *Lieschi* or Spirit.

In Sweden there is a dwarf birch called *Lang Fredags Ris* or Good Friday rod; there is a tradition that once it was a large tree, but the rods with which the Saviour was scourged were cut from it, and ever since it has grown dwarfed and stunted.

Although Evelyn styles the birch the least valuable of forest trees it has many economic uses. In Russia, torches are made from the boughs. A lubricant is made from the wood which is used to oil the wheels of vehicles and machinery. A preparation of birch is said to be efficacious in cases of fever and erysipelas, and is used in Russians baths to induce profuse perspiration. A liquor is procured, by incision in the bark, which has all the virtues of salt without its astringency, and is regarded as excellent in tuberculosis. A tar or oil is obtained from parts of the tree which is used in the preparation of Russian leather. The wood is used for furniture and for ship building, and from it are made the wooden shoes worn by the peasants of Northern Europe. These peasants also make use of the bark, instead of slates or tiles, for roofs of their houses.

In England the May-poles, the chief feature of the May-day festivals, were according to several authorities always made of the birch tree. Birch boughs were used to deck the signposts and tavern doorways at the celebration of Midsummer Eve. The Yule clog, or log, which was used to illuminate the house on Christmas Eve was always made of a birch log, which had been carefully stripped of the bark and thoroughly dried. In Scotland, where the birch, or

"berk," is very popular, the proverb "As bare as a birk at Jule e'en" is in common use in referring to one who is exceedingly poor, and sometimes in alluding to baldness. The county of Berkshire in England is supposed to have derived its name from the number and extent of its birch forests.

Among the various uses of the birch tree its educational properties must not be overlooked, in spite of the present-day tendency to ignore them. John Coles, an English schoolmaster of the seventeenth century, writes that in the education of children both at home and in school "it hath an admirable influence," and on this account it was often called "make-peace." "Birchen twigs break no bones" is an old proverb which refers to the slenderness of the rods and their suitability for instruments of chastisement.

There is a German legend that tells, as a legend should, of a beautiful young girl, whose cruel mistress gave her a quantity of yarn which she must have spun into cloth at the end of three days. The poor girl who had never learned to spin, despaired of accomplishing her task, and straying into a wood she sat down under a birch tree to weep. Suddenly a woman clothed in pale green appeared, and inquired why she wept. She informed the girl that she was the spirit of the birch tree, and that in return for the attentions which the girl had shown she would assist her. She then took the maiden's hand and began to dance. For three days, they danced from sunrise to sunset without any fatigue, and so lightly did they step that not even a blade of grass was bent. At the end of the third day they stopped and the woman, filling the girl's pockets with birch leaves, vanished. When the girl reached home she found the yarn all spun, and instead of birch leaves, her pockets were full of gold pieces which enabled her to escape from her wicked mistress.

TO THE North American Indian, the birch is as the palm to the Arab. The wood is fuel. Of the bark are made all sorts of vessels and utensils. The buckets and pans that are necessary in making maple sugar are often of birch bark. The deep receptacles called modocks, that are used for gathering wild rice, the shallow trays in which it is dried and the fans used for winnowing are all of the same material.

The code of moral laws that was given to the Indian by the Great Spirit, after the flood, is said to have been inscribed upon sheets of birch-bark. These records were given into the keeping of five wise men and were carefully concealed. Every fifteen years they were examined, and if any evidence of decay was observed a new copy was made.

THE BIRCH TREE

The great triumph of the birch tree is the canoe. John Burroughs has called it "the design of a savage and the thought of a poet." It is the lightest and most graceful of water craft. A canoe weighing forty or fifty pounds is capable of carrying four persons and supplies for several days. Before the white man came to America, when the Indian wandered at will through the forests, from time to time the tribes assembled at the Great Falls to worship Manitou, the Mighty, and to present to him their requests. Sometimes Manitou with thundering roar would demand sacrifice, and then to avert famine or disaster the braves would choose the fairest of their young maidens and placing her in a white canoe filled with flowers would push the canoe from the shore and allow it to drift over the Great Falls bearing the precious burden into the arms of the Great Spirit.

The Blackfoot Indians have a legend which accounts for the black seams and ridges which appear on the white of the birch tree. One day when the wise Elder Brother of the tribe was going from camp to village, looking after the welfare of his little brothers, a great wind suddenly came up and it blew so hard that the Elder Brother could not stand before it. He caught at the weeds and bushes as he flew along, but they all gave way before the strength of the wind. At last he grasped a young birch tree, and although it bent to the wind it held fast. Elder Brother was blown this way and that, and rolled over and tumbled down, but the tree held firm. At length the wind subsided and Elder Brother was able to proceed on his way, but before he left he said: "This is a beautiful tree, it has saved me from being blown to pieces. I will put my mark upon it." So he cut characters in the smooth light bark with his stone knife telling the story of how the birch tree saved the life of Elder Brother.

In literature and in art the birch tree holds an enviable place. Many of the greatest landscape painters have introduced it into their pictures, while writers of both prose and poetry from Dryden to Tennyson have paid tribute to its beauty. Burns mentions it in his poems no less than thirteen times, and it seems to be especially associated with memories of his *Highland Mary*. In his masterpiece "To Mary in Heaven" he refers to the "fragrant birch" and he meets his "ain kind dearie" "down by the burn, where scented birks, wi' dew are hanging clear." American authors are not behind their English brethren in admiration for the birch tree, Lowell's "Ode to the Birch Tree" and Longfellow's allusions to it in his "Hiawatha" being the most familiar.

ONE-STORY CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOWS: PRACTICAL, COMFORTABLE, INEXPENSIVE, WITH EFFECTIVE TRELLIS

THE two Craftsman houses shown this month are planned for small families, to be erected as inexpensively as possible and yet have them substantial, and are designed for narrow suburban lots. Both houses are of cement plaster with slate roof, though the same plans can be followed using shingle for both the sides and the roof. The initial cost of cement is, of course, much greater than that of wood, but the durability of the former material, which eliminates the constant cost of repairs and which ensures greater age, more than makes up the difference in price. A house built of cement with slate roof and all outside wood of cypress should last at least a hundred years with practically no expenditure for repairs. If built of wood in the usual method, with cedar shingles for sides and roof, the first cost is of course less, yet every few years a new roof must be put on. The porch floors must be painted every year, and they must be constantly watched and cared for or the heavy rains and wet ground will cause them to decay and necessitate replacing.

If the houses were made with concrete foundations and cypress shingles, hand-split, put on with copper or galvanized nails, the cost would be more than if made of cedar, but the construction would be almost as durable as if of concrete. The hand-split shingles come 7 inches in width, are put on with 12 inches to weather, take any stain desired, but grow old with the help of the sun and rain to a beautiful silver gray which can hardly be improved upon by any stain. Ordinary sawed shingles turn a dull brown and grow darker and gloomier as they get older, for the sawing leaves a nap that quickly turns rusty-looking.

But by far the most satisfactory way to build these two bungalows, both as to beauty and permanence, is to make them as shown of cement and slate. The cement stucco is applied to heavy truss-metal lath nailed directly to the studding, the cement being applied to both sides of the metal lath. This wall will not crack, is impervious to dampness and a century of service will not injure it.

The veranda floors of both cottages are also of concrete so that no water can penetrate them, and cause unwholesome dampness. The pillars can be of concrete or rough hand-hewn rustic, as individual taste dictates.

All outside wood is of cypress, which can be allowed to weather to the soft gray it naturally takes, or a waterproof stain can be applied of any color. An occasional coat of oil will be good and will help to define the beautiful grain of this wood.

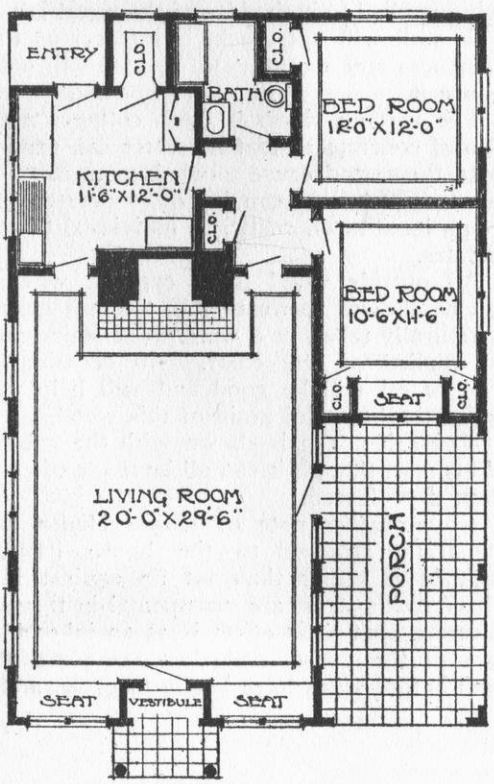
House No. 123 is shown with the gable of cypress, though it can all be made of cement if preferred.

A decorative note of simple charm is the trellis attached to the house itself, built in it rather than set up against it. These trellis strips are ornamental in themselves so that their effect is as an inherent part of the house, and they are pleasing even before vines have begun to grow, and

during the winter while the plants sleep they relieve the severity of the lines and give interest to the house. The very sight of the trellis against the house suggests vines, so though there are none in sight a homey sense is about the place such as is always associated with vine-clad cottages. The trellis effect can be carried out in a gateway entrance to the backyard: painted green, is most picturesque. Thus the need for privacy develops into a definite charm.

This permanent trelliswork is adapted with a pergola in a different way on each house. In No. 123 the pergola is small, merely a decorative entrance, but it changes the otherwise too abrupt approach to the door into a pleasant feature. When covered with vines which sway toward the trellis that is woven in and out with other vines, the whole front of the house is harmonious, and this trellis note follows around the side of the house and is emphasized again at the gateway.

In No. 124 the pergola extends across the whole front, making an outdoor room where a swinging seat can be suspended and where one can read or sew shielded from the street by heavy vines if desired. As to the vines to be planted for beauty or use, for annual or perennial growth, advice is given in the article on Pergolas on page 575 of this issue.



FLOOR PLA OF BUNGALOW NO. 123.

The floor plans of these two houses show a different arrangement of the same number of rooms, namely a large sitting room that is to be used as a dining room, also two bedrooms, a bathroom and kitchen. Ample closet space is allowed for both plans, and there are built-in bookcases and shelves and dressers in the kitchen.

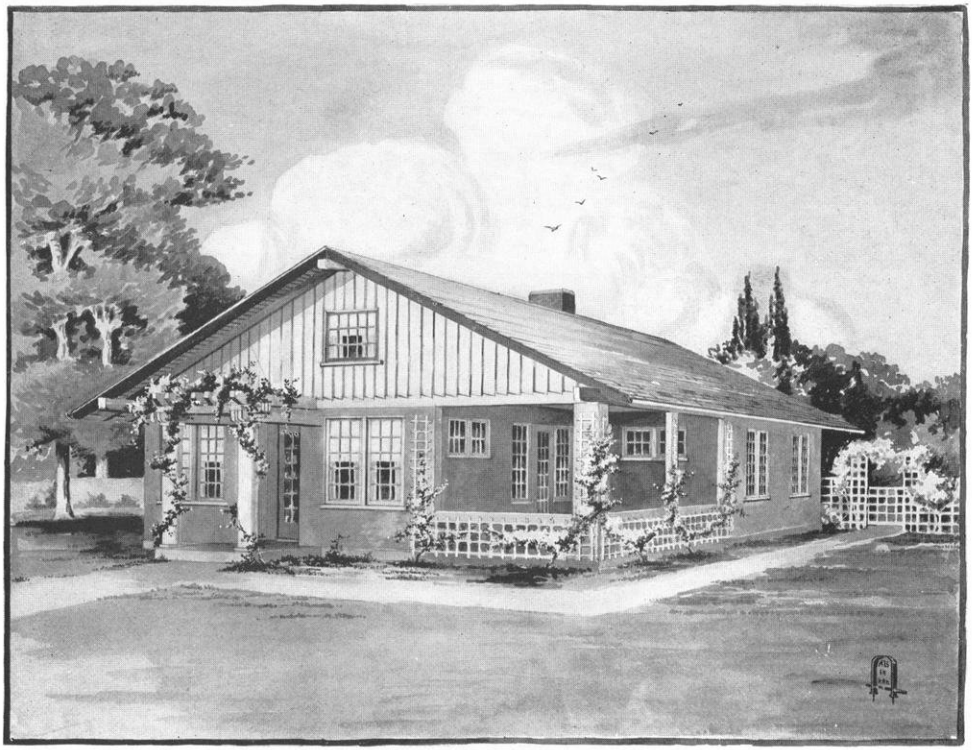
The interior woodwork can be of cypress or chestnut if the house is to be as inexpensive as possible, though oak is far wiser because it will allow of better treatment. A satisfactory flooring is maple, for its durability is well proved and its texture is of great beauty. When stained with vinegar and iron rust the color also is permanent, for this finish sinks into the wood and does not wear off like ordinary stain. The tone of a maple floor treated with vinegar and iron rust is rich, restful and harmonious to an unusual degree. The maple flooring, like every product that holds permanency as one of its qualities, costs more than other flooring. The price of maple is $50.00 a thousand, the comb grained pine is $54.00 a thousand, but the cost of laying the maple floor is considerably more. It comes bored for 16-inch joists, with ends and sides matched.

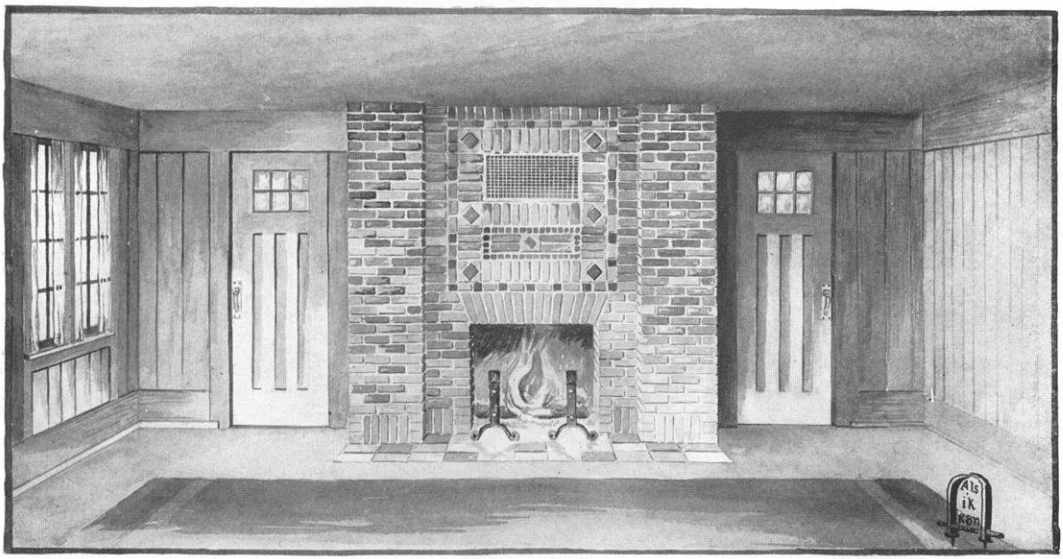
The large living room should have the maple flooring, even though the rest of the house must be of cheaper wood, for this will stand heavy and continued use better than any other inexpensive floorings, will require very little effort to keep in perfect condition, with no unsightly worn places marring the doorways.

The walls can be treated in a number of interesting ways. All the walls are of sheathing covered with different materials. Heavy prepared straw board can be put on over the sheathing in panel form and painted any desired color. It can be of plain body color with a stenciled border, and if put on properly will be waterproof, and therefore easily kept clean and fresh.

The bedrooms can be charmingly furnished in this way, painted to carry out the color scheme of the rooms. Beaver board can be used as panels, and as it comes in white, can easily be made any shade desired.

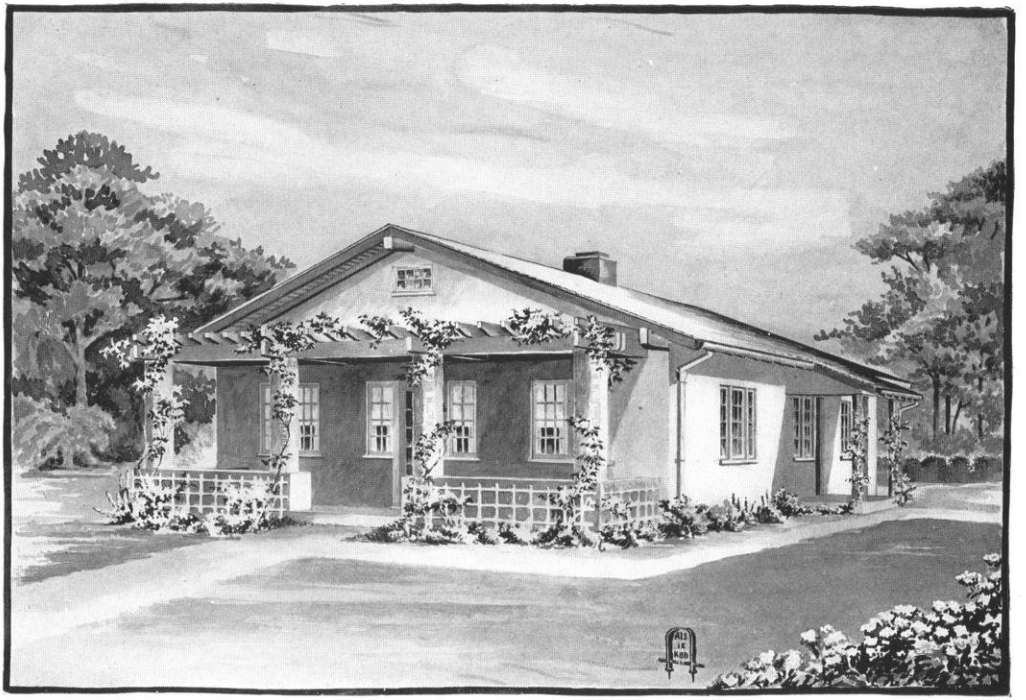
There are also many cloth coverings that can be put on over the sheathing, producing effects of beauty and distinction. Many of





A CRAFTSMAN ONE-STORY BUNGALOW (NO. 123), OF CONCRETE WITH CYPRESS GABLE: ESPECIALLY INTERESTING FEATURES ARE THE RECESSED PORCH AND USE OF LATTICEWORK.

FIREPLACE END OF LIVING ROOM.



CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE ONE-STORY BUNGALOW (NO. 124) WITH PERGOLA PORCH AND EFFECTIVE USE OF LATTICEWORK.

BEDROOM WITH CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE IN CONCRETE BUNGALOW.

these cloth or imitation cloth wall coverings are rich and durable, and the latter are easily kept fresh and clean by wiping with a damp cloth. Art Ko-na, Tapestrolea, burlap, canvas, Oriental importations of many textures, weaves and colors, plain and figured, can be used in numerous charming and eminently satisfactory ways. Rooms finished in such materials, with draperies for couch, doorway, table of plain soft-hanging fabrics, with a simple pattern embroidered or appliquéd upon them create an effect of harmony, richness and beauty difficult to improve upon.

These bungalows, built of cement and tile, destined to last at least a hundred years, finished inside with materials that give the greatest beauty, and fitted with Craftsman No. 1 fireplace-furnaces, furnish perfect examples of modern house-building. The crowning feature of a good interior is a perfect heating plant, and these fireplace-furnaces, the outgrowth of much experiment, consultation and labor, provide the maximum of utility and beauty with the minimum of fuel and work.

A house without an open fireplace seems lacking in one of the chief charms of a home; yet as it is usually only an adjunct of a furnace or other heating plant, destined to be used but occasionally in spring or fall, or as a luxury for the eye and not to meet an actual need in supplying heat, it has not been installed in every house as it should be.

But now that perseverance and science have succeeded in making a fireplace that combines and in fact exceeds the usefulness of a furnace and the pleasures of an open fire, there is no longer a need for underground cellars and complicated heating systems.

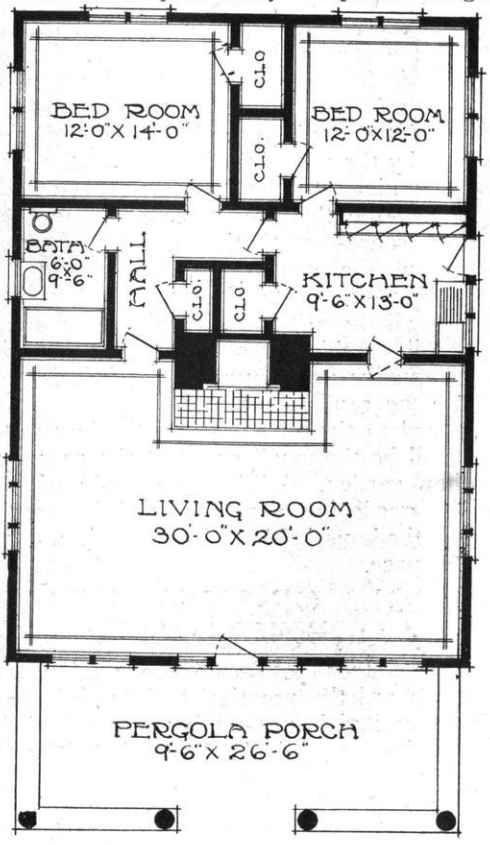
These fireplace-furnaces extract more heat from the fuel than is accomplished by any other method of heating, and are therefore a factor of home economy. Ninety-five per cent. of heat does *not* go up the chimney in waste as in ordinary fireplaces, and the same heat will warm several rooms instead of one.

Health authorities have long condemned the many hot water, steam and warm air systems that fail to furnish proper ventilation, as something too unhygienic. The Craftsman fireplace-furnace combines perfect ventilation and heating. No doors or windows need be opened to provide fresh air and thus create dangerous drafts, for the heating system itself furnishes full ventilation with doors and windows closed, automatically keeping an even temperature in all the rooms.

The capacity of fresh-air inlet of one of these fireplace-furnaces is 20,000 cubic feet per hour, and since the fresh air supply for each adult should be 3,000 cubic feet per hour it will readily be seen that fresh air is amply ensured for seven adults each hour. In the small houses planned this month the family is not supposed to consist of more than four or five people, so that there is more than enough fresh air constantly coming in, warmed and distributed throughout the house.

The question of economy is as thoroughly solved as that of ventilation, for there is no waste of fuel. Wood, hard or soft coal or coke will give out full heating possibilities, with no waste up the chimney, and the cost of installing the fireplace-furnace is less than many other forms of heating.

The design for such fireplace-furnaces can be as simple or elaborate as the purse or taste of the owner dictates. We have shown in the past many fireplace designs



FLOOR PLAN OF BUNGALOW NO. 124.

which with a little adjustment could be used for the fireplace-furnaces. The one illustrated this month is of tapestry brick with the copper ventilator installed in the panel as decorative feature, though such ventilators can be put on the sides out of sight if preferred. This fireplace is designed to burn wood only, so andirons are shown, but it can be made with the hearth raised a little, with bars instead of andirons if coal or coke is to be burned. Such raised hearths will also burn wood as well as coal and a full description of each of these styles of fireplace-furnaces can be found on page 316 of THE CRAFTSMAN for June, 1911.

These two designs have several distinct qualities that should recommend them to small families who wish to build in suburban locations. They are long and narrow, therefore suitable for the usual suburban lot of 50 feet in width and 100 or 150 feet or more in depth.

They are constructed with a view to eliminate cost of repairs, which is a great item of yearly expense with the majority of householders. This is also an important item if the house is ever to be sold, for no expensive repairs need be indulged in before it is in suitable condition for advantageous sale.

The interest given to the exterior of the houses by the use of the lattice and the distinction given to the interior by the wall covering, the threefold benefit of the fireplace-furnace—ventilation, beauty and economy, the condensed arrangement of floor plan—no waste of entrance hall room, cellar—all these items, carefully considered in detail, combine to make as cozy, beautiful, homelike and convenient a little house as anyone could want.

Added to the advantage of the house itself will be the small space at the rear for kitchen garden. With some study of intensive gardening, vegetables and flowers to supply the household can be grown in a very small space.

SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRIAL AND HOUSEHOLD ARTS

THE trend of modern education toward the practical training of boys and girls can no longer be denied, for one of the leading universities of our country is offering curricula in industrial and commercial arts, teaching and supervision of household arts, dietetics, house decoration, dressmaking, household management. Teachers' College, Columbia University, has recently created two technical schools devoted to the practical training of the youth of our land. One is the School of Industrial Arts and the other the School of Household Arts and the prime purpose of these schools is the training of men and women as teachers along these practical lines that they may from this center go out into all the highways and byways of our land and extend these useful courses of education.

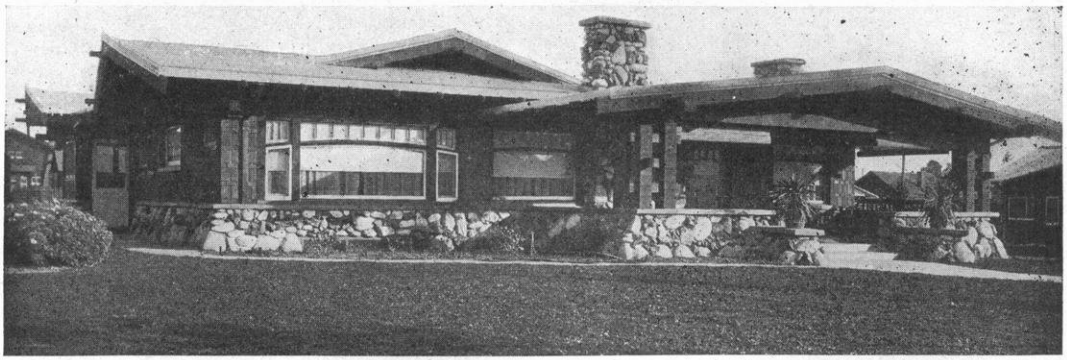
They are training women in such important fields as household management, house decoration, home cooking, dressmaking, costume design, millinery, dietetics, laundry management, nursery management, nursing, sanitary inspection. The young men receive careful training in cabinet and pattern making, wood carving, forge, foundry and metal work, drafting and design, ceramics, textiles, bookbinding, photography, etc.

Diplomas are not to be obtained by committing to memory and faultlessly reciting many chapters of textbooks upon these subjects. They are awarded for actual work accomplished with saw and hammer in shop, foundry, and forge, for proficiency in the cooking of meals, management of the home, knowledge of food values, skill in nursing.

Culture of mind was formerly the chief end of university life. A certain amount of familiarity with dead heroes and dead languages was acquired by the students; integral calculus offered no problems they could not solve; they were learned in the weight of planets and composition of the stars. But the problem of how to be of use on this planet, of how to become acquainted with the heroes of modern times, they knew nothing about. No weapons fitted for a battle with real life were put into their hands, no thesis on practical work had been prepared. They were graduated into the life of men and women with little knowledge of how to meet the demands of such a life.

Now, however, the training of body as well as mind is part of school life; a perfect all-round development of the students is accomplished. Boys and girls are sent out from the classroom well equipped for larger usefulness, and the well-trained hand and eye obey the command of a mind cognizant of the best that is known of old world and new.

CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW WORTH STUDYING

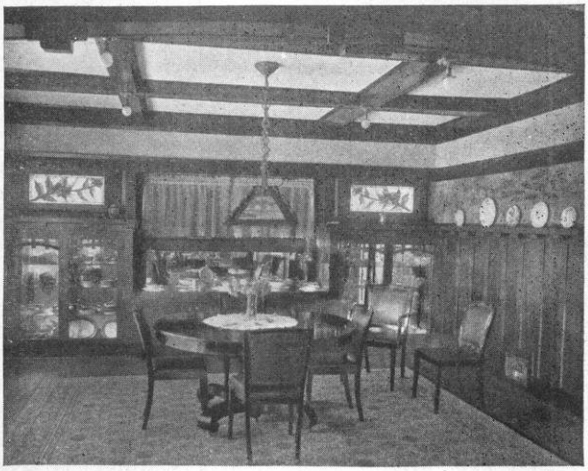


BUNGALOW IN PASADENA, CAL., DESIGNED BY EDWARD E. SWEET.

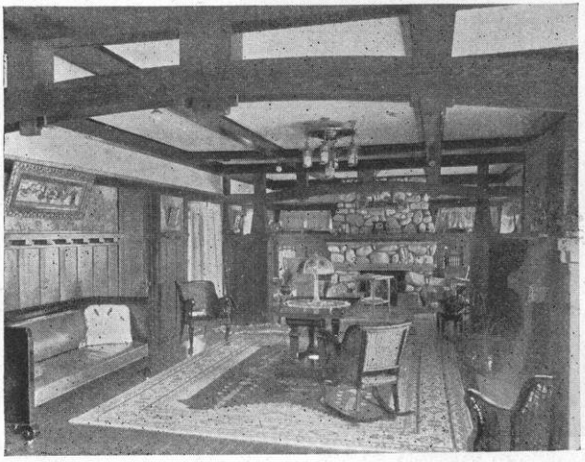
A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW OF STONE AND SHINGLE WORTH STUDYING, BOTH IN DESIGN AND INTERIOR FINISH

THAT it is wise to put new wine in new bottles cannot be doubted, and that it is the part of wisdom to put new architecture in new lands is also true. The West is not as yet put to the sad necessity of building houses in perpendicular form, "standing room only," on tip-toe to catch a bit of sun and air! They can assume a comfortable horizontal position, lounging at ease in the midst of gardens! The long low-sweeping line of roof of these charming bungalow-houses permits a beauty such as is often obtained in the "sheer" of a boat.

The accompanying photographs of a house built by Edward E. Sweet of Pasadena, California, at a cost of only $3,500.00 is an excellent type of the commodious, beautifully proportioned bungalows now becoming known as Californian—the new architecture of a new land. This building grows from a rock foundation quite as vegetation springs from the earth, the chimneys rising above it as large rocks occasionally lift their gray heads above the grass and flowers associated with them in the lawns of Nature's making.



DINING ROOM IN BUNGALOW.



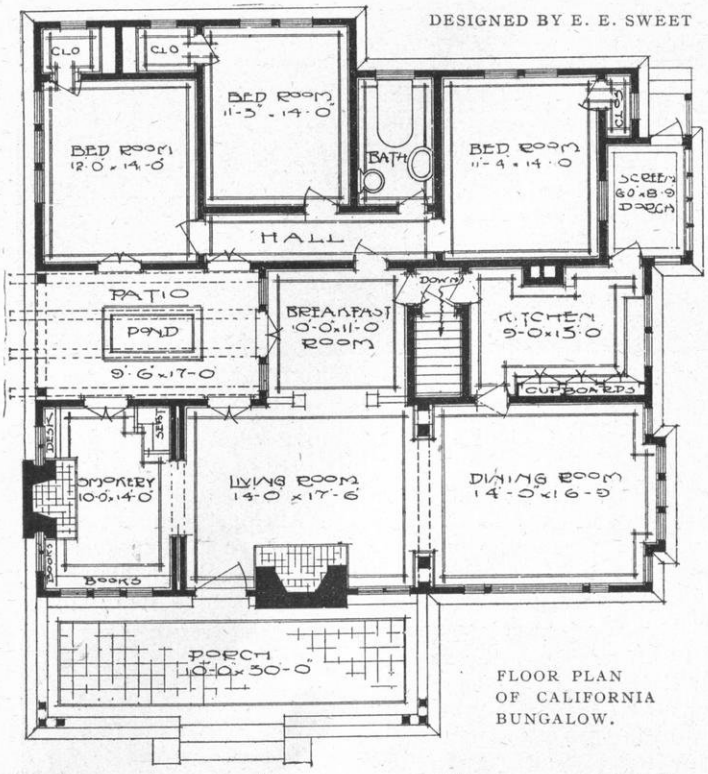
BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM.

The use of shingles forms a distinct decorative note; the beams and cobbles are handled in a most interesting way; the windows are pleasant spots placed happily in the composition, and the roof completes the whole in a satisfactory manner. Nothing jars, but every feature unites in forming a house of exceptional beauty.

The arrangement of the interior is no less satisfying, combining comfort, convenience, privacy, simplicity, yet creating a luxurious sense of space. The large living room with its reading table within comfortable proximity to the fireplace, a smaller room joined in

CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW WORTH STUDYING

DESIGNED BY E. E. SWEET



FLOOR PLAN OF CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW.

social manner to the larger room, with no sense of lonesome separateness, yet giving certain seclusion to the smokers or perhaps the young students of the household, suggest hominess, joy of family life.

A large dining room for the formal dinner, a cozy breakfast room just off the patio where glimpse of a pond can be seen, where perhaps a fountain plays or waterlilies grow, provides perfect dining room facilities.

The three bedrooms at the rear give quiet seclusion to sleepers, are within convenient proximity to the bathroom and have easy access to the patio.

This patio provides another feature of great interest, in its endless possibilities for the enjoyment of outdoor teas, moonlight nights, flowers, vines, fountains, hammocks.

The picturesque use of beams throughout the whole house and the harmonious repetition of the curve of them at the windows appeals to one as a unifying note of exceptional charm. The built-in sideboard and china closets in the dining room show that compactness is a phase of beauty if rightly understood and used. The interior finish of woodwork, the method of lighting, the polished floors add their distinct characteristics to the general effect of substantiality and charm.

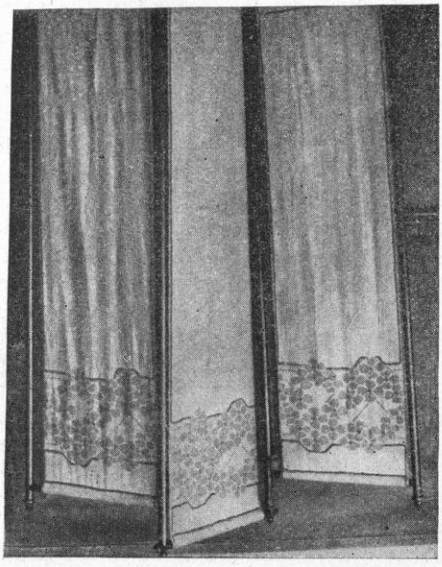
The color scheme of the exterior deserves especial consideration, for there are no sudden contrasts of positive color to disturb the eye. The concrete walk joins with the stone foundation, flows into it as one undivided tone. The green of the grass is caught again at the entrance palms and patio vines. The redwood beams and shingles are as one, and the glimpse of chimneys above the roof holds it all together with the foundation, binding the separate parts into a perfect whole.

The type of architecture is eminently suitable to the land, for it is low like the foot-hills about it, broad and substantial.

A SECOND VIEW OF $3,500.00 CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW.

A STUDIO MADE CHARMING WITH STENCIL WORK: BY HARRIET JOOR

IT was just a big, dreary, barn-like room when Esther and Jeanette first entered it, altogether empty save for a quaint chest of drawers and a long, gaunt blackboard that stretched drearily across the north end between two doors. But



SCREEN STENCIL DESIGN OF DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS.

there were two beautiful large sunny windows, and though the gaunt expanse of blackboard daunted the young house hunters, these windows and the fascinating chest of drawers, won the day.

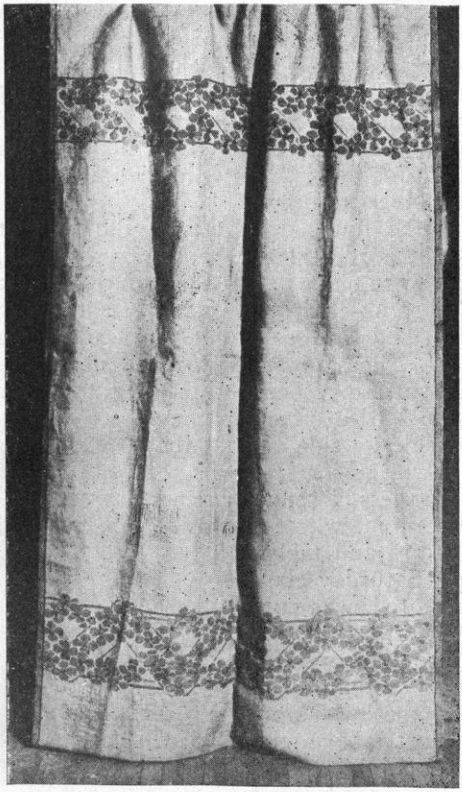
For this chamber was to be not studio only, but living room, library, and sometimes kitchen as well, for the two young teachers who were making a home together; and the light and air were their first consideration.

The blackboard, stretching its dreary expanse across the end of the sunny room, caused anxious thought, but it was finally covered with a straight strip of yard-wide cotton monk's cloth, in its natural gray color, and the cot-lounge, which in emergency also served as bed, was placed beneath, so that the pillows at the back reached up to the strip of monk's cloth. When some of Jeanette's flower sketches and pottery wall-pockets full of flowers and grasses were hung against the delicate tone of the gray cloth, the eye-sore was completely transformed into a comfortable, home-like nook.

As the walls were a dull yellow, the woodwork green, and the one piece of furniture painted black, the introduction of color into the room was a delicate problem. Dark blue was at last decided upon as the strong color that should be introduced in broken bits,—such as border designs for curtains and pillows,—while a soft, deep green was chosen for the other color note.

Then Jeanette designed a stencil-border of dogwood blossoms in a kind of lattice pattern, carrying the same thought out in three different widths, one measuring ten inches across its widest portion, one seven and one-half inches and one four inches.

As the two girls wanted all the light and air that was possible, sheer, cream-colored scrim was chosen to curtain the long windows,—the seven and one-half inch border being stenciled in a rich dark blue above the lower hem, while the four-inch border ran up the inner side and across the Dutch frill at the top. Oil paint mixed with benzine was used in stenciling these curtains to ensure their laundering.



STUDIO PORTIÈRE, WITH DOGWOOD STENCIL DESIGN.

DRAPERIES CARRYING STENCIL DECORATIONS

Cotton or domestic monk's cloth, fifty-two inches wide and in its natural color, was chosen for the couch cover, and across the front a two-inch hem was turned up on the right side and finished with a dark blue couching cord. The seven and one-half-inch dogwood border was then stenciled in dark blue above this hem. The ends of the couch cover were fringed to the depth of four inches and then finished with the blue mercerized cord.

For the four large square pillows, that stood in a row at the back of the couch, covers were made out of the square, loosely woven scrub-cloths that come in soft ivory shades, and can be bought for a few cents apiece. These Jeanette stenciled in a dogwood pattern, especially planned to carry out the lattice effect as they stood side by side against the wall.

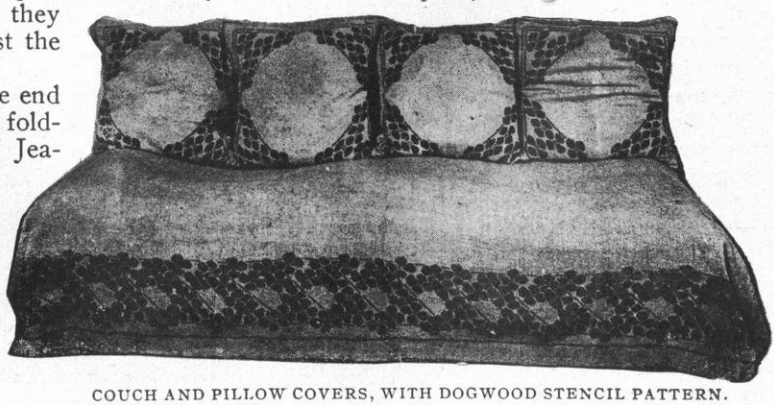
A doorless closet at one end of the room, where the folding chairs and tables of Jeanette's Saturday class were stored, was curtained away by a portière of natural colored burlap. Across the lower portion just above the eight-inch hem, the ten-inch border of dogwood was stenciled in dark blue, while a short distance from the top the seven and one-half-inch border was painted. Solid bands of dark blue, three-fourths of an inch wide, ran up each side of the portière, and these as well as the straight border lines of the design were outlined in green couching cord, while the blossom centres were all pricked out with green. A spasm of economy had led the girls to buy burlap for this portière instead of the more serviceable cotton monk's cloth; and they keenly regretted their short-sighted wisdom when the burlap began to grow limp and draggled.

A boy who was clever at cabinetwork made some little three-cornered hanging shelves for Jeanette in exchange for modeling lessons, and upon these Esther's cherished odd pieces were ranged, and Jeanette's blue and white china,—the cups swinging from brass hooks along the edge of the rounded shelves, and the little store of souvenir spoons twinkling along the lower edge where openings were cut for them.

But the piece of furniture of which the young householders were most proud was the cupboard for painting materials made of boxes.

Three Jonathan apple boxes, placed one above the other upon their sides, made the central section; while six other boxes of the same depth, but a trifle longer and broader than the apple boxes, were ranged three on each side, making the top of the cabinet a few inches higher at either end than it was in the centre.

After nailing them firmly together, and painting the whole thing black, Esther hung a green curtain before the improvised shelves, and when a big green and brown bowl full of pinky-brown hydrangea clus-



COUCH AND PILLOW COVERS, WITH DOGWOOD STENCIL PATTERN.

ters was set in the sunken portion, and ginger-jars bristling with brushes crowned the higher level, the little cupboard had a decided charm.

This stood in the corner that Jeanette called her "kitchen,"—the corner where she brewed her dyes, and stored her gas-plate and agate saucepans, and huge covered jar of clay. A piece of moss-green linoleum, three yards square, carpeted this section of the room, and a folding screen formed the kitchen "wall."

A GLIMPSE OF ONE CORNER OF THE STUDIO.

The frame of the screen had been found in a very dilapidated condition amid the debris of the lumber room in the basement, and the girls had strengthened it with screws, and rejuvenated it with a coat of black paint, and then made panels for it of linen crash. Each of the three divisions had the ten-inch dogwood border stenciled across the top; and as the crash was of the cheaper variety with a narrow white selvage, a half-inch band of the dark blue was stenciled along each selvage, running up and down the sides of the screen. The centers of the flowers were worked in satin-stitch in green mercerized cotton, and a green couching cord ran along the straight bordering lines and marked the long blue band at the sides.

A large green grass rug, as the cheapest thing that could be found in the right color, was bought for the central floor space. And as this rug could not be found without a border, and the stenciled decorations on curtain and cushion necessitated a plain, restful floor covering, the girls simply used it wrong side up, turning the painted border against the floor.

The long low set of drawers that had fascinated the young householders from the first, suggested, by its quaint proportions that a set of bookshelves be built above it, and at last after much searching a carpenter was found who made a roughly finished bookcase after Esther's plan.

The chest was twenty-seven inches high and fifty-six inches long, with a depth of twenty inches. The bookcase built above it extended across the entire length of the chest, and was forty-three inches high by nine inches deep. This left eleven inches of the top of the chest bare for a long, low shelf.

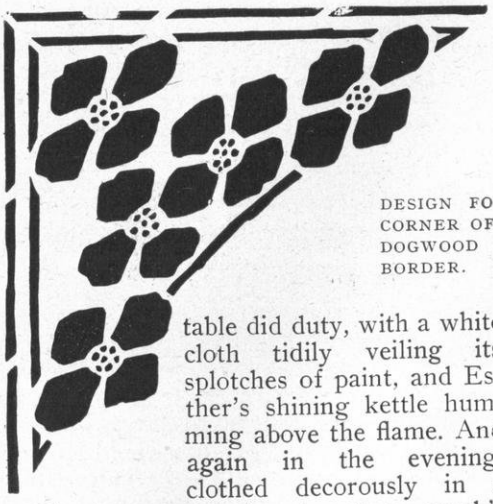
At the same time a twelve-inch double shelf, in which to store household supplies, was built from the southern window to the western wall,—and this as well as the bookcase Esther painted black to accord with the original set of drawers. Curtains of soft, deep green woolen stuff were then hung by tiny brass rings along slender brass rods before this long double shelf and before the bookcase.

Interesting jugs and vases, with their rich blues and greens and browns, were set above the bookcase, while a pair of quaint silver candlesticks were placed primly on the long low ledge, lifting slender tapers against the green drapery.

The shallow top shelf in the bookcase was also filled with little bowls of bright-hued pottery; but all the remaining space was given to books and magazines, and a warmer, sweeter atmosphere seemed to permeate their new home when the girls saw their old familiar books in red, and gold, and soft brown bindings, between the parted curtains.

A little later a strong chest was built for the studio, eighteen inches high by twenty inches wide, and forty-five inches long. This had a lid that lifted, and was designed to serve as a window seat, but was built sufficiently strong to stand, if need be, the wear and tear of a railroad journey, and was fitted with a lock and strong iron handles. Pillows, covered plainly with dark blue burlap and edged with a green couching cord, were heaped upon this improvised window seat.

For the hasty cup of tea when the girls came in wearied from teaching, the little square stand that held the tea-tray always served; but for more serious lunches and for Sunday morning breakfasts, the deal kitchen table that Jeanette used for a work



DESIGN FOR CORNER OF DOGWOOD BORDER.

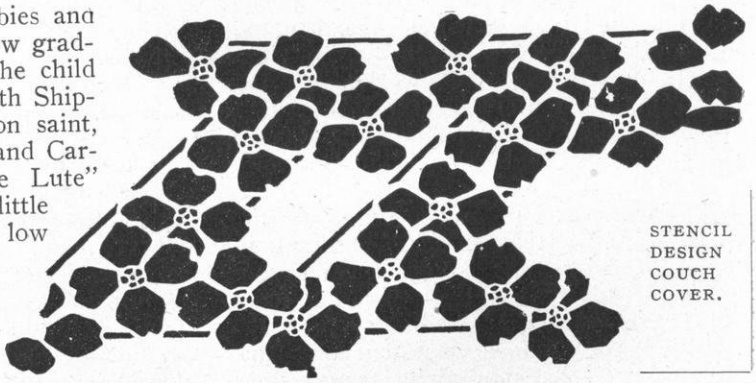
table did duty, with a white cloth tidily veiling its splotches of paint, and Esther's shining kettle humming above the flame. And again in the evening, clothed decorously in a cover of natural colored cotton monk's cloth, it served as reading and sewing table.

Esther's desk stood beside the eastern window, and above it were clustered the photographs and home-souvenirs that were most dear to the two pilgrims. But the corner that stretched beyond the desk was filled with pictures of babies and chubby little folk. It grew gradually to be known as "the child corner," of which Elizabeth Shippen Green was the patron saint, though the Baby Stuart and Carpaccio's "Angel with the Lute" shone out among the little ones of a later day. A low corner seat of boards nailed upon box-supports stood here, with a cushion and valance of green cloth. The pillows heaped upon it were left perfectly plain for the relief of an undecorated space between the two windows with their stenciled drapery. A stand covered with illustrated children's books stood temptingly near, and a few moments in the cosy nook, with Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc," or Eugene Field's "Child Poems," was the coveted reward of merit for Jeanette's little pupils.

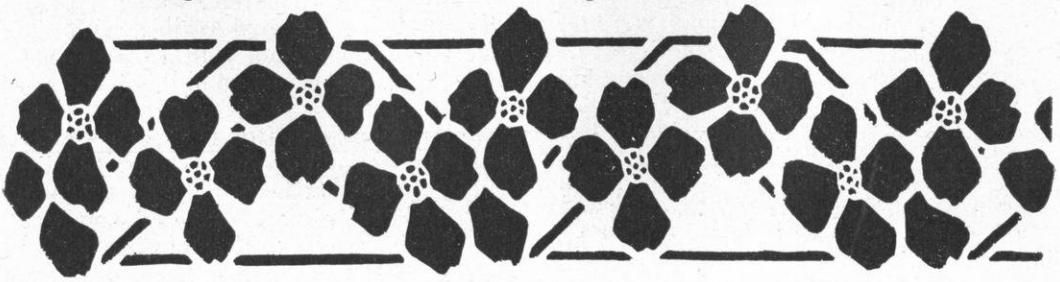
Both Esther and Jeanette were intensely fond of flowers, so the room was bright, from May to October, with wild flowers garnered on Sunday afternoon trips to the country; and when in autumn the flowers passed from the earth, seeding grasses and quaint seed-pods filled the big bowls and the pottery wall-pockets of Jeanette's making. Two of these hung above the couch, and one in each of the double windows, where the light could shine through the blossom petals or delicate swaying grasses.

Perhaps, after all, it was the gracious presence of books and flowers that gave the home-like touch to this simple studio.

WHAT form of furnishing has greater suggestive qualities than books and flowers? The very sight of them opens up new avenues of thought, new fields for the imagination to wander in, pleasant vistas into past or future with their joys of retrospect or anticipation. The familiar bindings with their magic titles remind one of the worlds of philosophy and romance that are always waiting with spiritual comfort and inspiration to invigorate or to charm; while the more fragile beauty of the flowers and grasses calls one with perhaps even more tempting invitation to turn the pages of the big nature-book outdoors whose fragrant old-new story is ever fresh to read.



STENCIL DESIGN COUCH COVER.



A WORD FROM THE FERN WORLD

"If you would make acquaintance with the ferns, you must forget your botany."

THOREAU.

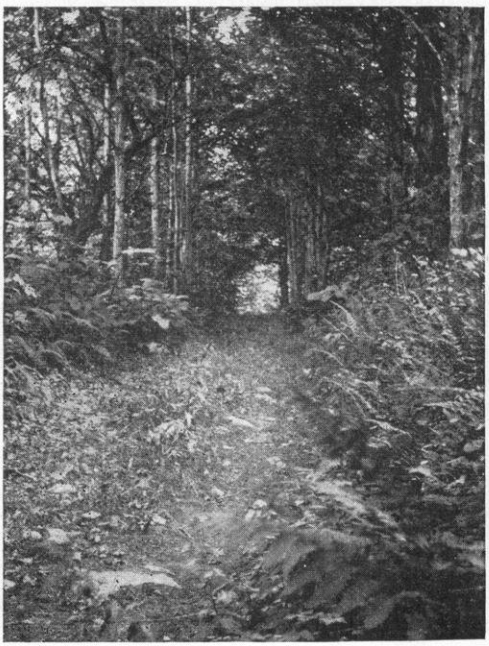
DID you ever search through dim aisles of the woods or along the margins of brooklets for the magic fern seed that if found and carried in the pocket would, for some delightful, unknown reason, enable you to walk invisible upon the earth? If not, then you have lost a joy that you should now try to recover, and even though lacking faith you fail to find the tiny charmed seeds, you would at least have found a new circle of friends and increased the richness of your life. But be wary in your search or you will see so many wonderful things and hear so many siren voices that you will be betrayed into forgetting what you went out to find!

Ferns are so beautiful that they have the power of making you a new creature, for a time at least. You see visions, and associating with them even for a day is an experience worth a fatiguing trip to the woods; for a fern, as well as

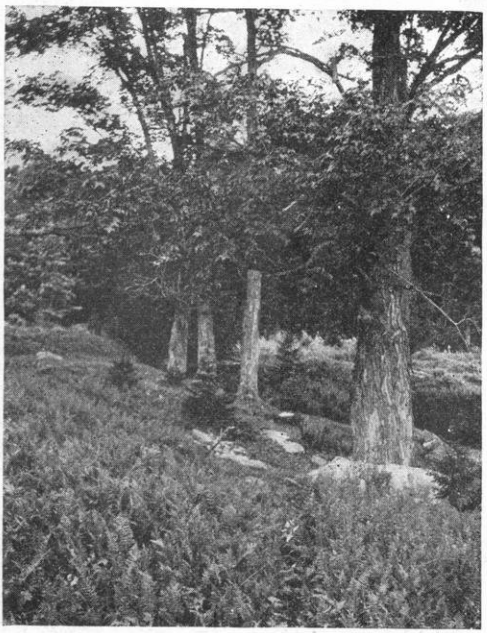
"Every little hedgerow flower that grows
And every little brown bird that doth sing
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit it holds the message unawares."

If you wish to keep close watch for the magic fern seeds, better have a large colony of them growing as near your doorway as possible.

Ferns do not need shade as much as they need a good, loose, rich soil composed of leaf-mold, turf loam, a little sand and some large rocks about, to lower the temperature of the roots, keep them moist and provide them food in the form of disintegrating limestone or other minerals. Sandstone and calcareous rock, as moss-covered as possible and full of cracks for the rock-loving ferns to find footing in, should be the basis of your fernery, though ferns will thrive in a rich loose soil without rocks. Bits of brick or small pieces of decaying wood can be mixed to advantage in any soil where ferns are to grow. The large Osmundas should occupy the more exposed positions, for they can bear the brunt of wind and sun, and protect the frail, delicate ones hovering under their sheltering fronds. Bracken, which is widely distributed and easily grown, will also prove a delightful curtain, shutting away too ardent sun rays or boisterous winds. It grows, as everybody knows, from two to three feet high in delicately fingered fronds, light, clear, tender green when young, then darker as it grows older,



FERN ROAD THROUGH VERMONT WOODS.



PASTURE LOT CARPETED WITH FERNS.

LADY FERNS IN THE BEECH WOODS.

forming perfect background for the other fresh light green ferns.

Ferns should be transplanted in the early spring if possible, and great care must be taken not to injure the fronds. They can be removed any time in July or August by cutting back the fronds and letting fronds and roots establish themselves together before the cold weather sets in.

An important item in fern culture is to see that the roots are well watered, but not the fronds—they must never be sprinkled. The best way is to let the water run gently from the hose placed close to the ground so that the soil slowly absorbs the water. Any application of water (except the rains which have prepared the atmosphere and therefore the ferns) will turn the fronds brown or wither them beyond repair.

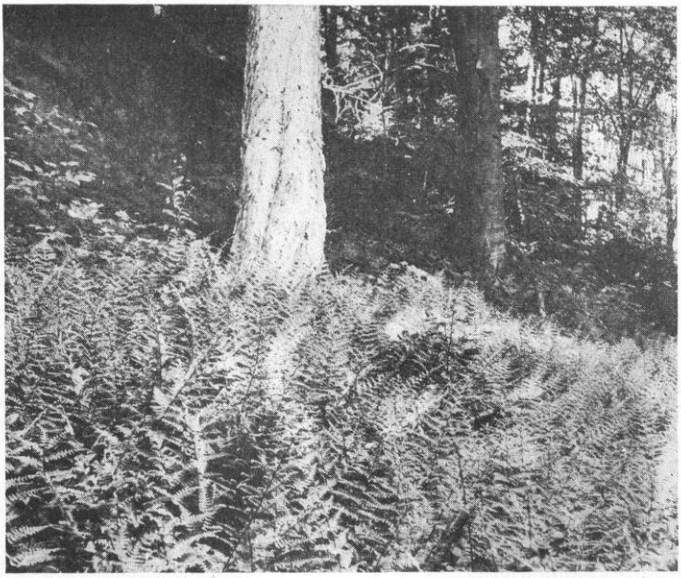
In building the fern garden it is well to grade the ground a little so that the rock ferns can be a little above the others, as is the natural way of them, and if possible let a little rill find its way down the gentle slope. If there is a shady glen, no advice need be given, for such environment requires no special preparation, but if one has to start with a level, open plot of ground it is good to roll as many large rocks as possible at one end of it, then some smaller ones, and fill in the interstices with soil well packed in. Plant bushes or trees for a background and partial shade, start Polypodium upon the rocks and Spleenwort, Walking Leaf and Wall-rue in the crevices, Osmundas, Bracken, Boston, Dicksonias on the outer edges, and Lady fern, Maidenhair, Sensitive Fern, Woodsias and many others, of which we will speak, in all the rest of the plot.

If it is not possible to have a fern garden you can at least cultivate a few of your favorites in boxes. The soil in boxes should be thoroughly sifted garden earth with a little sand and manure. A layer of small crumbling stones, cinders or bits of broken crocks or bricks must be put in the bottom of the box, then the soil pressed firmly down before placing the plants inside. Occasionally moisten the roots with manure water or soot tea. A little sun is good for them, though they will flourish well in a north window. Each spring the plants should be separated and other boxes started, other-

OPEN MEADOWS OVERGROWN WITH OSMUNDAS.

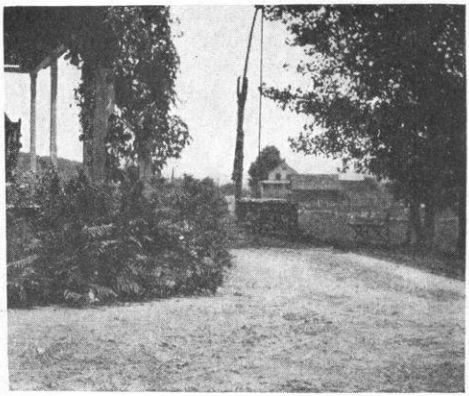
wise the root growth will become too dense and a luxurious growth of fronds be impossible.

It is doubtful if any fern can exceed the Dagger or Christmas fern (Polystichum acrostichoides) for all-round satisfaction. Its dark, shapely, polished fronds are evergreen, lending themselves charmingly to winter decoration. It is a hardy plant, easily cultivated, will thrive in sun or shade, in winter or summer. Picking a few fronds now and then for table decorations through the winter only helps its growth.



FERNS GROWING LUXURIOUSLY IN THE SHADE

In gathering this fern, or in fact any fern, never pick a fertile frond. In the first place, it will not keep fresh; in the second, the vitality of the plant and the possibility of future plants will be ruined. Florists sell only sterile fronds because of their better enduring quality. Someone should write a glowing plea for the preservation of our native ferns, one that will keep them from being exterminated. We owe so much of the beauty of our woods, pastures, fields to them; they add so much to the pleasure of our country walks that everyone should unite in protecting them. Thoughtless people gather great armfuls of them only to toss them aside carelessly when they begin to wither, or they tear the plants up by the roots intending to transplant them, abandoning them as impetuously as they snatched them from the ground.



FERNS HIDING THE FOUNDATION OF A COUNTRY HOUSE.

THE FLOWERING FERN FOUND IN OPEN MEADOWS.

Careful lifting of them from their native woods will not deplete their bower, and treasured in a city home they are a constant reminder of forest and stream. They silently utter "a living word" to every beholder that is good to hear. Nor does it injure them to gather many fronds to carry back to the city if only the sterile branches are taken. Examine each graceful leaf before picking and see if tiny brown seeds are

beading the under side of it. If you see the seed or spores, as they are called, or feel them with sensitive fingers, do not pick that frond, it will soon wither, be of no service or pleasure to you and will destroy the future plants. To exercise this care is a simple and a pleasant thing, and as a result a devastated trail is not left through the woods. It is the Christmas fern that has suffered most from thoughtless, ruthless hands, though the rule of saving the seed-bearing fronds applies to all ferns.

Next in the order of favorite ferns for cultivation is the Maidenhair (Adiantum pedatum in the East and A-emarginatum in the West). Perhaps no fern is more universally known and loved than this airy, delicately fingered fern of the fine, polished brown wire-like stem, and it is quite hardy, flourishing in garden or house, if a little understanding care be given it. The Maidenhair spleenwort (Asplenium trichomanes) grows well among the rocks of the garden fernery, as does the ebony and the green spleenwort (A-platyneuron and A-viride).

The climbing fern, a rarely beautiful plant growing by choice among the rocks, will stand transplanting, but because of its beauty it has been almost exterminated.

The Bladder ferns (Felix bulbifera and fragilis), the Walking Leaf (camptosorus rhizophyllus), several varieties of Woodsia's (Ilvensis and obtuso), Purple Cliff brake (Pellæa atropurpurea) all thrive well among the rocks of a garden and can be purchased from reliable florists or be transplanted from the hills.

The hayscented fern (Dicksonia pilosiuscula) so abundant in upland pastures throughout New England is the fern of which Thoreau says "Nature perfumes her garments with this essence.—She gives it to those who go a-barberrying and on dark autumnal walks."

It is dear to the memory of many men because when barefoot boys, as they brushed against it on misty evenings while driving home the cows through the pasture lot, it gave forth a perfume faint and sweet as if out of the dreamy haze of the evening itself.

The graceful, feathery, air-fronds of the Lady fern (A-Felix fœmina) with their clear green foliage and reddish stalks are also associated with many boyhood days, for they bordered the road to school, carpeted the beach woods, fledged the trout streams.

The bright green Polypody (Polypodium vulgare) that completely covers rocks or fallen logs with its velvety green mantle, is another universal favorite. Thoreau loved it and speaks of this cheerful little plant with charming appreciation. "The bare outline of the polypody thrills me strangely. Why is not this form copied by our sculptors instead of the foreign acanthus leaves and bays?"

It is hard to tell why it is so like a child, yet one cannot see a flourishing colony of them on some grim rock without smiling as one would smile if he saw merry children dancing and playing among the boulders. Yet in spite of this childlike tender appearance, it is a hardy little stoic, keeping its garments fresh and green throughout cold winter's reign and accommodating itself to little garden life as cheerfully as if in the wild forest of its choice.

The Osmundas must receive especial notice, for they are tall, vigorous, stately ferns suitable for almost any part of a garden. They are the showy ferns of summer pastures, where roots are kept moist in general cases by a luxurious growth of sphagnum through which the young, furry fronds or "fiddle-heads" have no difficulty in pushing up into the sunlight.

Ferns are cryptogamous (flowerless) plants, yet the Osmundas are often called flowering fern because the fertile frond is quite different in shape and color from the other leaves and is, therefore, wrongly referred to as the blossom. Its brown mass of spores have quite the appearance of a spike of rusty-colored composite flowers and add a fascinating decorative quality to the whole plant and also make it easy of identification. It is very satisfactory if used as a border for a walk or banked against the base of a porch or as background and shield for the more tender varieties of ferns and plants.

There are about forty kinds of ferns hardy enough to thrive in cultivated gardens that can be purchased at a florist's if one is not fortunate enough to be able to go through haunts of cliff, meadow or brook and transplant them.

Ferns are beautiful enough in themselves to warrant a fernshaw in every garden, yet a few of the delicate orchid, cloister-loving flowers that are to be found among ferns, set here and there and allowed to spread and thrive according to their own exquisite

laws of grace, fitness and beauty, will add much to the charm of the fernery.

The white star-like saxifrage would complete the delicate groups of the maidenhair, and the Mist Maidens are like the very spirit of them made manifest.

Partridge and wintergreen berries, oxalis, Yerba Buena, wood violets and countless similar flowers that keep close to the ground will make a carpet not only of suitable beauty but of great service, protecting them from the severity of winter and aiding materially in keeping in the moisture during the summer.

The orchid-like coloring and form of the Ladies' Slipper, Monk's Hood, Mission Bells, the individuality of the Pipsissewa, Indian Pipe, Beechdrops will add a distinct note of beauty and interest needless to dispense with.

Who can resist the poetical appeal of a harebell nodding its fair blue blossoms among the delicate fern fronds? Who would not be enriched by a few ragged true-blue fringed gentians? Flowers that will add cheerfully to the interest of the fernery are the white poppy and the yellow rock poppy that look like sun spots dappling the green. Columbines and Fairy Lanterns, the little Pyrola, wood-anemone, Wake-robins, Shooting-star should come and go in their unobtrusive way adding notes of grace to the large symphony that might be too severe without their sprightly presence.

THE MOTOR CAR FOR HYGIENE AND HUMANITY

IN these days of rapid scientific progress, all over the civilized world the old primitive giant, Horsepower, who for so many centuries has lifted the heavy burdens of his master, Man, is being steadily displaced by swifter and more efficient servants — Steam, Gasoline and Electricity. And with this change, more and more we find about us, instead of the horse, the omnipresent motor car.

Of the pleasure-giving qualities of the latter much has been said and written; its possibilities for the joys of country excursions and its significance in the development of rural life have given it a well-earned place in our affections. But there is another aspect of its usefulness which is surely of equal if not greater importance—and that is its value in the commercial and professional world.

Those of us who in the past have so often looked, pitying but helpless, upon some patient, long-suffering horse struggling under the heavy load which the march of civilization had condemned him to bear, cannot but feel thankful that the hauling of these huge wagons, drays and cars is at last being transferred to those natural mechanical forces which have been so skilfully harnessed to the chariot of the world. True, this happy substitution of power is by no means universal as yet, but it is steadily increasing, and when the reformation is complete we shall not only have scored a point for humanitarianism by relieving the beast of burden from his long-imposed slavery, but we shall also have gained along hygienic lines by the elimination of unpleasant stables and the establishing of more sanitary conditions in our city streets.

Then there is the usefulness of the motor car to the medical profession—for the physician as well as for the hospital. By these also, as private vehicle or as public ambulance, its value is becoming recognized and its use adopted. And surely many a citizen has been thankful for its service in cases of emergency, and many lives must have been saved by the swiftness of this modern steed.

Of course there will be cynical persons who point out that the motor car is of assistance to the doctor not only in bringing him to the aid of the sufferer but also in adding effectively to the number of his patients in the first place. But after all, are not practically all such accidents avoidable, the result of carelessness of chauffeur or pedestrian, or the reckless risk of the "speed maniac?" And is not this phase of modern mechanical achievement something which, rightly exercised and controlled, may contribute unlimited good to present and future communities?

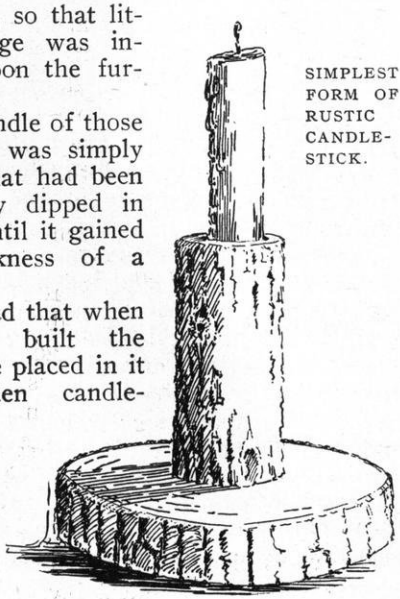
In the history of every race and nation we find this gradual and inevitable transition from the use of human and animal power to that of mechanical forces. First we find primitive man using his own strength and ingenuity in his crude building and transportation; then, later, he tames and harnesses the wild beast for his own service,—horse, oxen, camel or elephant as the case may be; and now the third stage is reached, when the beast of burden gives place to the swift and powerful couriers of mechanical invention.

MAKING CANDLES AND CANDLESTICKS FOR RUSTIC INTERIORS

THE primitive form of candles was small strips of bark, sticks of wood or hardened tendrils of a vine dipped in wax or tallow. Sometimes they were tied together in small bundles to give greater light and fastened with twisted wire or iron against the wall.

Rush lights were for a long time in universal use in palace and cottage, supplemented on gala occasions by torches or the light of open fires. The method of making them was simple enough. The common rush of swampy ground was gathered in the summer season, peeled carefully, leaving the white pith with but a thin layer of outer skin to strengthen it, then set aside to dry. Later on these dry rushes were dipped in grease, any kind that was procurable (with the exception of grease containing much salt) and hung up to dry. The holders for these primitive lights were much like our candlesticks as far as the general proportion was concerned, but the rush was held by a spring or "jaw" which took the place of a candle socket. As the rush burned it had to be pulled up an inch or more, requiring, therefore, constant attention.

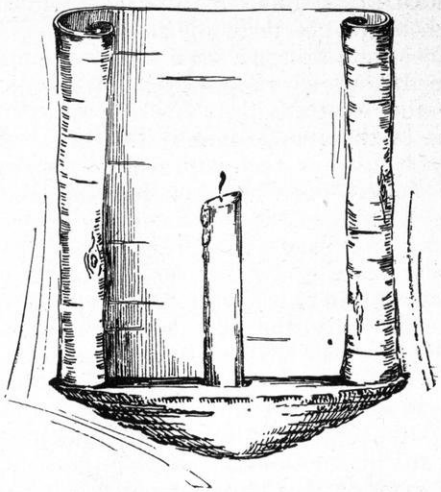
Sometimes the rush was carried about in the fingers, then laid upon table or chest with the lighted end extending over the edge. As soon as it burned to the wood it went out, so that little damage was inflicted upon the furniture.



SIMPLEST FORM OF RUSTIC CANDLESTICK.

The candle of those old days was simply a rush that had been repeatedly dipped in grease until it gained the thickness of a candle.

We read that when Solomon built the temple he placed in it ten golden candlesticks, "five on the north and five on the south of the Holy Place." And we know that the feast of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple is called Candlemas and that it is always celebrated with great pomp of lighted candles.



SCONCE OF BIRCH BARK AND FUNGUS.

No form of lighting has ever been invented that exceeds the candle for soft mellow glow, and the brilliant, dazzling electric lamp cannot displace our use of it for fête occasions.

Part of the romance of camping is in going back to the general use of candles, putting away the glare of gas and electricity; then why not also go back to the romance of making them and also the candlesticks? Why resign such pleasure entirely to our great-great-grandparents?

It would be great fun to experiment with our native rushes and see if we have lost the homely art of making one that will burn evenly. We could make candles out of bayberries, and any effort expended in this direction is amply rewarded, for they far exceed the candle of wax or tallow in steadiness and brilliancy of light, and while burning give forth a faint, sweet perfume.

The berries should be gathered in the fall, thrown in briskly boiling water and as fast as the fatty substance from them comes to the surface, it should be skimmed off and set aside. When congealed this waxy material is of a muddy green color, which, being again melted and refined, becomes a transparent, soft, green tone almost olive in hue. If the bayberries are not as plentiful as you would like, a small proportion of tallow can be mixed with them and this

combination results in a candle which smokes very little, which burns much longer than the ordinary ones and which does not run or drip down the side so much in hot or windy weather.

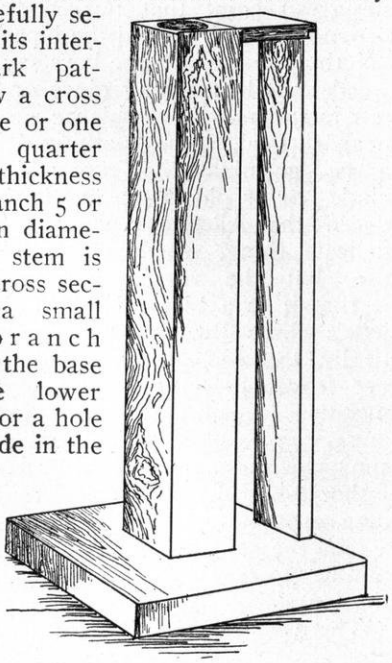
The wicks can be larger than the ones generally used in wax candles, and the dipping of them must be done by hand, shaping to a gradual taper with the fingers as they harden, twisting slightly if desired.

These candles make most acceptable Christmas gifts with the threefold value of inherent beauty, the fact that the hand of the giver is behind the gift, and that they can be made as a vacation pastime and laid away in advance of the exciting rush that always precedes this joyous celebration.

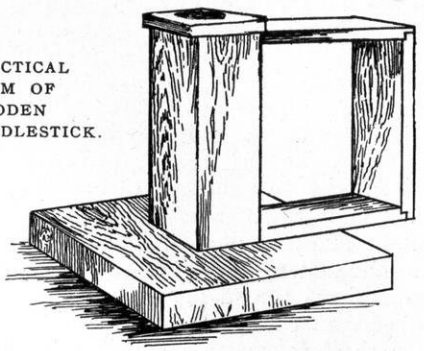
As to the candlesticks suitable for such home-made candles, which can also be made during the vacation, those of wood will perhaps be most satisfactory.

We are showing one of rustic, the proportions of which can be changed indefinitely to suit the size of wood obtainable or the taste of the maker. These can be made by the children and will prove to be suitable, useful and ornamental for the tents or bedrooms of camp life. They would look strange enough in a city house, but in the rough mountain camp fit in harmoniously with the surroundings and look much more at home than would elaborate ones of brass.

Candlesticks can be made of almost any wood, carefully selected for its interesting bark pattern. Saw a cross section one or one and a quarter inches in thickness from a branch 5 or 6 inches in diameter. The stem is simply a cross section of a small straight branch nailed on the base from the lower side of it, or a hole can be made in the



CANDLESTICK OF BURLED REDWOOD.



PRACTICAL FORM OF WOODEN CANDLESTICK.

base with an auger and the stem fitted snugly into it. A hole must also be made in the stem to hold the candle, using a bit the size of the candle. The edges must be cut or beveled a trifle, as shown in the illustration.

Long slender stems set upon rather small flat bases make quite attractive table candlesticks, especially if the shades be made of golden brown foliose lichens, or if brilliant maple leaves are twisted in and out of an open wire frame. These are but temporary, to be sure, but are quickly woven in and serve most charmingly on gala occasions for a decorative note.

Another simple candlestick can be made of inch-square strips of wood cut into desired lengths and set on a 4-inch-square base that is ½ inch in thickness. The charm of the design is in the right placing of the handle.

Two illustrations are given of such candlesticks, one rather tall with the handle in continuous parallel line with the stem, which gives it something of a monastic appearance. The handle must be dovetailed, and held in place with glue and small finishing nails. The second is made with a shorter stem and with the handle extended beyond the base so that it can be easily grasped and carried about. The thin glass bobèches can be used or a grease plate made of wood. Almost any bit of wood with interesting grain or burled redwood or maple, or the root of the horse chestnut (which is a rich green), will answer as material for such candlesticks. The corners must be rounded a very little, softened just enough to save them from being sharp or crude, and finished with a stain or simply oil, or allowed to mellow in their own way.

The hard shell-like mushrooms found in all parts of our country upon the boles of oak, spruce, birch and many other trees, can

be converted into charming sconces by inverting them against a wall and placing a bit of partially curled bark (in place of the mirror plate) back of them, as shown in the illustration. Holes can be bored in them to hold one candle or more if desired, for sometimes these rich red or brown mushrooms grow large enough to hold several candles in a row. These fungi can be found in many shades of brown from a light cinnamon to dark reddish brown, and are sometimes tipped or fringed with rich red or cream color. In form they vary from a shallow saucer-like flare to a deep conical shape somewhat like the hoof of a horse, but with every variation of form or color come new suggestions for use.

THE LOVELY ALLEGHENY VINE: ITS VIRTUES AND FAULTS: BY ARTHUR HAY

WHEN we first moved in Jane said: "Whatever else we have, we must have maidenhair vine over the front porch."

"What's maidenhair vine?"

"Oh, it's the sweetest, most delicate thing you ever saw, with leaves like a maidenhair fern. Mrs. Morris has it and it runs on strings all over everything, and when the sun shines through it's just like lacy embroidery. It has the dearest little flowers you ever saw, too, something like lilies-of-the-valley. It dies down in the winter, but the seeds sow themselves, so new vines comes up every spring."

"But what's its real name? There isn't any such thing as maidenhair vine in the florists' catalogues."

"Oh that's for you to find out. I believe some people call it 'mountain fringe,' but pretty nearly everybody I know calls it maidenhair vine."

And after a deal of trouble I did find out that what Jane wanted was Allegheny vine, *Adlumia Cirrhosa* according to the catalogues. So we got a little package of the wee black seed, fine almost as gunpowder, sowed it in a flat in February, and in May set out a score of sturdy little plants at the foot of the porch. With supreme confidence we stretched the strings and waited patiently for the little tendrils to take hold and clamber up.

But clamber is just what the obstinate little things wouldn't do. They grew and grew and flourished their tender green tresses in every breeze, but climbing on strings was the last thing they had in mind, though we laboriously twined them up as far as they would reach. They remained as passive as Mark Twain's turnip vines. Summer ripened into fall and we resigned ourselves to having a ribbon-bed of maidenhair fern with a wind-swept lyre of white string above instead of the cool green curtain we had hoped for.

But next spring when the returning sun had set the lawn aglow with crocus, out of the heart of each sodden clump crept little green tendrils, seized upon the weather-beaten strings we had neglected to pull down and climbed. How they did climb! They climbed all night and they climbed all day. By the first of June they were at the top of the porch, waving little fingers, seeking more places to climb higher. Then they reached out here, there and everywhere, joined hands and wove a lacy net, which the ardent sun strove in vain to penetrate.

In July came the flowers—tiny little pale-pink bells, like lilies-of-the-valley as Jane said—with a faint elusive fragrance. Then the seeds in pods like tiny peas. Millions of them strewed the ground about the roots.

"What a lot we'll have next year!" we said; but to make sure we spent hours after the frost had struck our curtain down, in shelling out more.

This spring we watched closely every little green point that pushed through the ground to see it unfold the biparted leaves. "Nothing doing," as the boys say. All ragweed or wild morning glory or other useless intruders. In confidence we sowed our hoarded seed. Also "nothing doing." Not a seed germinated. From which we conclude—or as old Æsop has it, *haec fabula docet*—that Allegheny vine is a charmingly delicate thing, worthy of more extended use, but the reason it doesn't get it is that it is a biennial which doesn't and won't climb the first year, climbs beautifully the second, and that except under favorable conditions as to shade and moisture (which we didn't seem to have on our porch, exposed to the blazing afternoon sun) it will not reseed itself. Another time I should buy the seed from a reliable seedsman, grow it as a fern the first year and as a vine the second, setting new plants from purchased seed every year at the base of the vines.

This year we have hyacinth beans on our porch.

ART NOTES

FRITZ VON UHDE: GERMAN PAINTER

FRITZ von Uhde, who is best known, in America at least, as a painter of religious subjects in realistic manner has recently died. As we study a little into his biography we find that like most workers who have achieved in the world he went through long periods of difficulty in his youth. When he first turned his attention to art he went to the Gymnasium at Dresden to study. He was unsuccessful, and then in 1866 he went away to become a soldier. Apparently this was little to his liking, for a year later he sought the opportunity again to take up art, and strove to gain the knowledge which he desired from such well-known men as Piloty, Dietz and Lindenschmidt. Although he worked hard he felt failure at his hand, and so two years after this he set out for Paris and sought Munkacsy, whom he found possessed the gift of opening his mind and developing his hand. His early work consisted almost entirely of landscapes and battle pieces. In later years he developed the interest in religious subjects and also delighted in painting his own sunny garden in which his daughters loved to stroll.

In speaking of his art Fritz von Uhde always laid special stress upon the fact that his painting had grown to be a sort of religion with him. His presentations of the figure of Christ were at once artistic and eminently human. In fact one recalls these pictures as having so much simplicity and beauty that nothing better can serve to illustrate the finest of what he strove to accomplish. From the start in his work he made every effort to release himself from the formality of the *atelier,* and tried always to give his portraits the soul of the individual.

In the winter of 1883 and 1884 there appeared his first religious picture, "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me." This was recognized at once as something far beyond a mere realistic painting of a phase of religion. The picture though realistic in detail was imbued with a deep religious significance. The artist himself said: "Before commencing this work I had begun to realize *how children follow the Spirit.*" And so in his paintings of the figure of Christ, von Uhde laid hold of the great spiritual image of Christ. He never represented Him merely in historical type. "In studying the problem of the painting of Christ's figure," von Uhde said, "I found it to be the painting of the great problem of life. To me He was the bringer of light to the darkness of the world. Many of the French artists wished to find the light in Nature. I wished to find the light within the figure that I was presenting. In Christ I grasped the embodiment of the outward and the inward light. I wished to bring things out of the darkness, as Rembrandt found all things through light."

How seriously von Uhde took up this problem of light in his religious painting is shown in his work. From the French and younger Germans he received the impression that they worked from the opposite point of view, in order to solve the problem. "It seems to me," he said, "that they have gone no further than Velasquez and Manet. To me these pictures in white have nothing to do with light. The one whom I honor most of all is Rembrandt. Rubens and Velasquez painted better than Rembrandt, but he was the greatest of all painters because he was most powerful humanly. His grasp of all things was from within out. He had something that surpassed all other painters—a great humanity. He is perhaps the only one who could have painted the Christ."

We now realize that von Uhde not only was the forerunner of realistic religious painting but at the same time a conservative who was willing to respect the traditions of his predecessors. In his death we have lost a great man who has painted the Christ so tenderly and humanly and affectionately that his pictures have reached the religious heart of an entire world.

SUMMER LOAN EXHIBITION AT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH

THE art lovers of Pittsburgh are fortunate this autumn in having an interesting loan exhibition comprising the private collection of Mr. Burton Mansfield of New Haven, Conn. Among the seventy-five paintings in oil, water color and pastel are works by Chase, Hassam, Ranger, La Farge, Whistler, J. Francis Murphy, Twachtman, Dessar, Abbey, Davis, Dewing, Homer, Inness and Sargent. Foreign art is represented by East, Mesdag, Clausen, Lenbach, Israels, Courbet, Stevens; the Barbizon school by Daubigny, Corot, Millet, and the early English landscape painters by Constable, Bonnington, Old Crome and Turner.

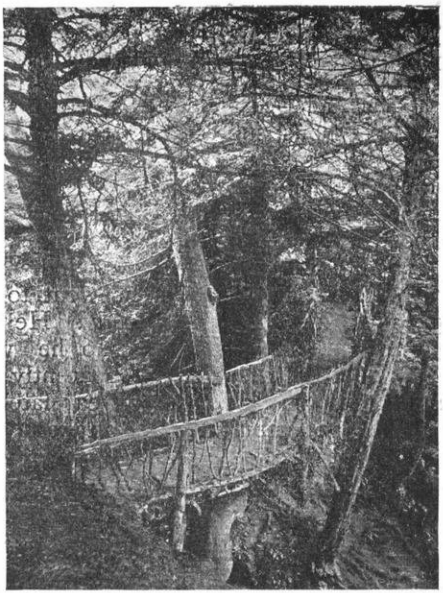
BOOK REVIEWS

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND IN THE NORTHERN COUNTIES: EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME

Illustrations reproduced from "The Gardens of England," courtesy of John Lane Company.

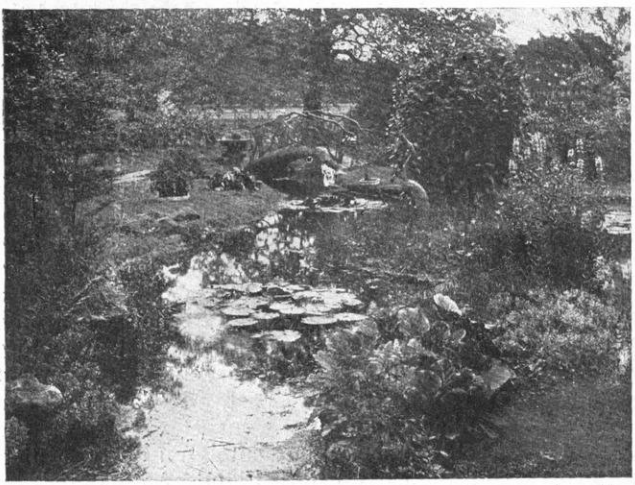
THOSE who are interested in landscape gardening as well as in the simpler phases of garden development will find a great deal to interest, much to admire and much to criticise in this book of English gardens. Landscape treatment predominates, but even where the work is carried out on an extensive scale one can glean innumerable hints and suggestions for adaptation to gardens of a less pretentious nature.

Practically all the views have been gathered from broad ancestral estates, old English halls, country manors, wooded parks and castles of historic date, and this fact no doubt accounts for a certain haughtiness, a certain traditional austerity which characterize the majority of the gardens shown. In many of them, in fact, formality is carried to the extreme. There are straight walks, geometrical flower beds with unswerving border lines, and topiaries whose trimly clipped yews and beeches show nature tamed and civilized to an amazing and almost unrecognizable degree. No doubt these latter products of the landscape architect's skill are highly gratifying to those who delight in carrying formality to its final limit. But those who prefer more untrammeled methods are sometimes irritated by shrubs and hedges whose lines, contours and attitudes are so reminiscent of the fashionable French poodle, and we turn with relief from the achievements of eccentricity to gardens of a simpler and more friendly type.



THE "DEVIL'S BRIDGE" AT CASTLE EDEN, DURHAM, ENGLAND.

For after all, in spite of the many arguments that have been advanced in defence of the formal garden, who can really give it a genuine and lasting place in the affections? No matter how great our admiration for the originality of its conception, the cleverness of its execution, the seeming completeness of its mastery of nature, has it not always something of aloofness, of dignified severity, of self-conscious satisfaction which, while inspiring our respectful awe, maintains too chilly an air for tenderness or love to thrive in? Does not the simpler garden, where leaves and blossoms seem to have been coaxed rather than coerced into place, appeal more to our sympathies and find a warmer corner in our hearts? And instead of an imitation of the formal Italian landscape, with pedestals and busts and ballustrades, with rigid borders or topiaries clipped with geometric precision, would not most of us prefer around our homes a friendlier, sweeter garden, where the flowers breathe in greater freedom and the vines trail more at will, and the paths wind with more intimate com-



THE JAPANESE GARDEN AT BROMBOROUGH HALL, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

whom this episode is recorded being Miss Duncan. But the early days of her life as a little girl on Washington Square, with money of her own and ample opportunity for self-development, is a phase of the story which could never have been taken from Miss Duncan's early struggles in California and in New York.

Again, further along in the story *Rose Carson's* attitude toward life, a certain large, fine simplicity without self-consciousness, a definite purpose to adjust life to her own philosophy, brings to mind most vividly the quality of character which Miss Duncan has developed in the last decade during her life in Berlin and Paris. Also the attitude of both the hypothetical *Miss Carson* and Miss Duncan toward their art is almost identical, except that Miss Duncan's art seems worth her absolute, limitless devotion to it, whereas the accomplishment of *Miss Carson* seems rather trivial and not quite convincing. You feel her personality is great and that she should do great things, but when she gives chapters describing the sort of dancing which captivates the world, it is very difficult to understand either her public or herself.

Throughout the book there is a valiant frankness, fearlessness, which possibly would only be employed with such a subject as E. B. Dewing has selected for this story, and yet one feels it to be somewhat bigger than this, as though the fine courage of it were a characteristic of the author rather than the heroine.

It is a book so far removed from the usual novel, so captivating in style, so like an actual growth of human personality that it does not subject itself to any of the ordinary rules of criticism, and it never fails of interest through all of the five hundred and five pages which the author employs for its development. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 505 pages. Price, $1.50 net.)

WIDER USE OF THE SCHOOL PLANT: BY CLARENCE ARTHUR PERRY.

AS Mr. Jacob A. Riis said recently, in speaking of settlement work, "its ultimate purpose is to develop the public school so that the teacher will take the place of the present settlement worker; so that the school will be a real democratic social center, a place devoted to the community of interests of the people."

Believing in this object, and having long regretted the widespread wasted opportunities of our public school buildings, it is immensely encouraging to us to learn from the facts set forth in the above volume that not only the educational authorities, but the children and parents themselves, are at last awakening to the possibilities for individual and social development through this long-neglected medium.

With the help of very interesting illustrations, statistics and other data, Mr. Perry has shown how wide and important in usefulness the school plant can be made, in addition to its regular functions. The utilization of the building for evening and vacation classes, for public lectures and entertainments, as an evening recreation and social center, for the development of school playgrounds, the organization of athletics. games and folk dancing—these are some of the aspect of the question which are presented.

It is worth noting, too, the increasing interest that seems to be accorded to technical subjects, the modern tendency toward the practical rather than the pedantic, toward studies that will fit growing boys and girls for the efficient performance of the particular trade, craft, or profession for which they seem to have most aptitude. For after all, it is only in this way that our educational system can hope to evolve happy and useful citizens.

The school extension movement is shown here only in its most successful aspects. There still remains much to be done, many latent possibilities to be developed, many disheartening difficulties to be conquered. But the present volume is a record of such significant accomplishments, such genuine progress, that it must surely serve, by its suggestions and facts, as an incentive to further efforts in a field of which the importance can hardly be overestimated. (Published by Charities Publication Committee, New York. 393 pages. Illustrated. Price, postpaid, $1.25.)

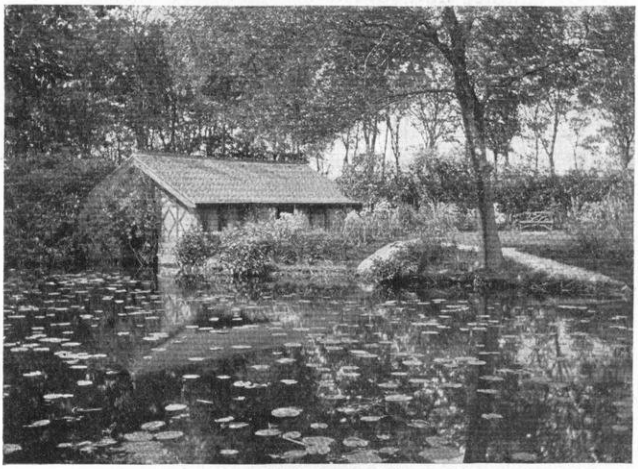
THE PRACTICAL FLOWER GARDEN BY HELENA RUTHERFURD ELY

EVERY book on gardening is of interest to one who wishes to make a garden, but the garden-maker cannot buy them all, much as he or she might wish to. In selecting, however, the necessary few, this book should not be omitted. It is full of practical advice, interestingly given, as to the raising of trees, as well as flowers, from

panionship through the shade of trees and bushes or beside the gleam of a little brook? And may there not, after all, be just as much skill and ingenuity required to work *with* nature and bring out all her possibilities of loveliness, as to force her into submission for the carrying out of some preconceived idea?

So we have chosen here for reproduction, from among these stately English gardens, four of a simpler and less conventional type. Of these, perhaps, the most romantic is the "Devil's Bridge" at Castle Eden, Durham, where the rustic bridge seems almost to have grown in place, in such perfect harmony is it with the trellised branches overhead. Very cool and picturesque is the miniature waterfall among the rocky ledges at "Sefton Park," Liverpool, while the island garden at "Lytham Hall," Lancashire, with the possibilities of the boathouse and the promise of the waterlily pads is equally delightful. And in the garden glimpse at "Bromborough Hall," Cheshire, we are reminded once more of the cleverness of the Japanese in their manipulation of small spaces with such charming results.

STEPPING STONES AT SEFTON PARK, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND



THE LAKE, LYTHAM HALL, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

In spite of the prevailing note of formality, there are many other gardens in the book that are rich in suggestions for those who wish to beautify their own particular corner of the old, brown Earth. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 136 plates. Price $3.00 net. 35 cents postage.)

RURAL HYGIENE: BY H. N. OGDEN, C. E.

IN dealing with this most important subject the author has presented the structural side of public hygiene rather than the medical, although not limiting his treatise to the health of the community at large. It is in no sense a medical work, rather it contains information which, if carried out, would do much to eliminate the need of medicine. The author concerns himself with the prevention of disease rather than with its cure. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 425 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

A BIG HORSE TO RIDE: BY E. B. DEWING

A very extraordinary tale is this recent book of E. B. Dewing's. It is written as though an autobiographical sketch of a famous dancer, and so vivid is the impression of the writer having gone through all these experiences and having found them of great interest to herself, that even where the book might lag in interest or seem overcrowded with detail, one unconsciously excuses the lapse from a realizing sense that after all the writer must be interested in what she herself has done.

There are times when the heroine of the story, *Rose Carson,* suggests something of the career of Isadora Duncan, both here in America and abroad, especially in the chapter where *Miss Carson* is summoned to St. Petersburg;—the only American dancer of

seed, and gives helpful suggestions as to bulbs of all kinds. It deals with "Some Green Things of the Earth," "Color Arrangements of Flowers," "Fertilizers," and there is one charming chapter on the "Wild Garden." It is profusely illustrated with photographs made from the author's own garden, which is ample proof that she writes from experience rather than theory. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 295 pages. Illustrated. $2.00 net.)

SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT: BY SCOTT NEARING, PH.D.

A glance through the table of contents of "Social Adjustment" would lead one to think that there was little in our whole complicated social relationship unknown to the author. He has left no aspect of this problem untouched, from child labor, low wages, dependence of woman, etc., to the decadence of American homes. And he has positive ideas upon educational remedies for "maladjustment," and legislative remedies for the same wrong condition. Though heavy with the statistics that seem necessary when dealing with such a subject, the book is full of interest and should do much toward clearing away the prevailing ignorance upon such vital subjects. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 377 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

THE DIGRESSIONS OF V: BY ELIHU VEDDER.

TO summarize the contents of this genial and portly volume, one can hardly do better than quote the author's own phraseology. Here we have, he informs us, "the quaint legends of his infancy, an account of his stay in Florence, the Garden of Lost Opportunities, return home on the track of Columbus, his struggle in New York in war-time coinciding with that of the nation, his prolonged stay in Rome, and likewise his prattlings upon art, tamperings with literature, struggles with verse, and many other things, being a portrait of himself from youth to age, with many illustrations by the author."

The book, which was written "for his own fun and that of his friends," has none of that solemn and dignified monotony which frightens most of us away from the average autobiography. On the contrary, it is told in a pleasant, chatty, reminiscent way, without any great pretense to literary merit or style and yet achieving a certain degree of both by the individuality of its expression. The kindly humor of it, the quaint touches of unexpected transitions from the serious to the trivial, the frequent anecdotes, the amusing sarcasm, the cheerful mingling of philosophy and wit, together with the variety and versatility of the illustrations, combine to produce a volume of friendly digressions which, especially to those who have known the author or followed his career, will prove full of interest and joy. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. 507 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $6.00 net.)

HOW TO UNDERSTAND SCULPTURE: BY MARGARET THOMAS.

SCULPTOR, student and critic should find much that is useful and interesting in this well-illustrated volume, which, as the author says, is "the production of an artist endeavoring to explain the technicalities of a beautiful and little understood art." And although a critical treatise rather than a history of sculpture, it will no doubt be a welcome addition to many a library as a book of reference as well as for general reading. (Published by G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., London. 168 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK: BY JACK LONDON

HERE is real adventure! No dove-tailed plot is this, fashioned upon imagined waters. Some few years ago Jack London and his wife decided to pull up stakes, leave their California ranch to grow as it might please, and attempt a voyage around the world in a fifty-five foot schooner. In his untutored, jerky, pulsing style, the author tells us all the joys and tribulations of this voyage, of the things he saw and did and of what he thought of them.

"The adventure was our idea of a good time," he says in "The Voyage of the Snark," "and was done for the fun of it." And he dedicates the book to his wife, "To Charmian, the mate of the *Snark*, who took the wheel, night or day, when entering or leaving port or running a passage, who took the wheel in every emergency, and who wept after two years of sailing, when the voyage was discontinued."

On the way from San Francisco to Honolulu they turned far out of their course in search of flying fish, and it was twenty-seven days ere they reached port. Surf riding at Waikiki beach interested the au-

thor extremely. The lepers of Molokai, the House of the Sun and stone fishing at Bora Bora he describes vividly. All the wild men of those parts he and his wife met and called "brother.'

Then to sea again, and no less an attempt than the Pacific from the Sandwich Islands to Tahiti, something that has gone unattempted since 1837. They sailed two thousand miles and were out of sight of land and ship for two months.

The Marqueses gave the Londons their share of excitement, and the Solomon Islands, inhabited by cannibals, did not daunt this little ship's crew, one of whom was a woman. But all things come to an end, and the Londons' voyage ended in Australia.

A real book—for the lover of travel and adventure—well recorded and set forth. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 340 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

THE MATERIALS OF THE PAINTER'S CRAFT: BY A. P. LAURIE, M.A., D.Sc.

THIS ample volume with its several colored illustrations records the history and development of painters' materials "in Europe and Egypt from earliest times to the end of the seventeenth century, with some account of their preparation and use." Among the topics treated are Pigments and Vehicles in Egypt, Pigments in Classical Times, Encaustic or Wax Painting, The Other Classical Medium, Wall Painting, Fresco Painting, The MS. of Theophilus, Cennino Cennini's Treatise, Illuminated Manuscripts, Lakes Used by the old Masters, Nature and History of Varnishes and History of the Oil Medium. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 385 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

CHATS ON OLD PEWTER: BY H. J. L. J. MASSÉ, M.A.

COLLECTORS of old pewter will no doubt find in this volume of Mr. Massé's much interesting and useful data. Not only does it include almost a hundred illustrations of unique lamps, candlesticks, eating and drinking vessels and other objects of general and household use, together with many chapters of historical and technical information, but it also contains a list of pewterers with their dates from 1550 to 1824, compiled from various sources, intended to enable the collector to date work by any maker of repute. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 415 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

AMERICAN ART ANNUAL, 1910-1911: EDITED BY FLORENCE N. LEVY.

AS a bird's-eye view of the progress among the arts and crafts of America during the past year, and as a collection of data and statistics on the work and status of the principal art and industrial schools and societies, the eighth volume of the "American Art Annual" contains much that is of interest and value, both to the professional and to the casual observer. In addition to the various articles, notes, school reports and other items of general and technical information, the book contains many excellent illustrations, reproductions of students' work in painting, sculpture and design, in metal and wood working, pottery, embroidery and other handicrafts. (Published by American Art Annual, Incorporated, New York. Profusely illustrated. 488 pages. Price $5.00 net.)

UNIVERSAL PEACE—WAR IS MESMERISM: BY ARTHUR E. STILWEL.

THIS is a little book concerning itself with the subject of Peace and War, and "Your Majesties, George, William and Nicholas," to whom several of the chapters seem to be intended as an appeal, to judge from their invocations. There seems to be a smattering of statistics, allusions and quotations throughout the pages of this book, but its lack of logical conclusion can be determined by quoting one of its statements: "If Universal Peace were established . . . the money now wasted on war would make poverty unknown, if the world would look for its inspiration in principle and not in matter, and if the national honor were guarded by right motives and not by Dreadnoughts." While Universal Peace aims at the betterment of the world through the recognition of the morality of the Peace movement it scarcely expects a time to come when there shall or can be no poverty. (Published by The Banking Publishing Company, New York. 179 pages. Price $2.00.)