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"MADONNA IN THE GARDEN;" FROM
A PAINTING, BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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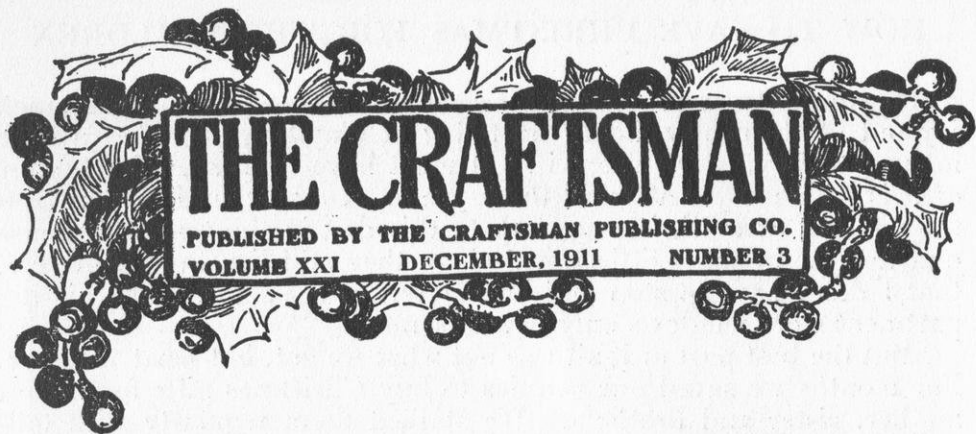
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HOW TO SAVE CHRISTMAS FOR THE CHILDREN: BY JACOB A. RIIS



DECEMBER at last is back again, "Old December" men say, and the almanac pictures him as a bent old man with a scythe, painfully gathering the harvest of the twelvemonth. Rather, if I had my way, I would show the best of all the months as a joyous child, sowing the seed of years yet unborn. For December is the month of the children, of the Child who upon the threshold of the dawning year holds out to the world the solace for all its sorrows, rejected often in scornful self-seeking, yet offered again and again with a yearning love which no refusal, no hardness of heart, has power to chill. And some day the world will listen.

They come trooping, the memories of many Yule-tides in the Old Town, as I write. It is a long time since, and two oceans lie between, yet I can hear across it all the peal of solemn bells that "rang in" the Holy Eve in the reverent hush of early twilight. I count the ticks of the clock as we children waited in darkness for the doors to be opened upon the shining glory of the "great room" with father and mother bidding us a Merry Christmas and joining hands with us in the dance around the tree. There are few such trees nowadays; at least so it seems to me looking back. Perhaps I am wrong. I hope I am, for I would that every child had a Christmas-tree like ours. There was not so much flitter gold and silver on it as I see nowadays; in fact there was none, which gave the green tree a much better chance, but there was a plenty of the little wax candles that haven't yet gone quite out of fashion, glory be! Red apples hung from the branches, and drums, and dolls that had been dressed by stealth when we children were not looking, or had been put to bed. Our toys cost but little. Good reason—they had to

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reach around to so many—but it seems to me we got quite as much joy out of them as children do today of playthings it takes a little fortune to buy, as we rated it. It must have been so, for the glow of it is with me yet after all those years. I own that I cannot pass the window of a Christmas shop to this day in the tenement-house quarters, or in some little town where they still live the simple life, that I don't have to stop and hug myself at the sight. The big department store windows only bewilder me.

But the best part of it all was not what we got, but what we gave. For months we saved our pennies to buy Christmas gifts for father, mother, sister and brothers. We stalked them regularly with toilsome stealth to find out what they needed—pens, paper-weights, thimbles and such like—and then the deep consultations with shopkeepers to see how far we could stretch our purses or shrink the budget to suit them, if we must. Shall I ever forget that bread-knife for mother in which I invested the first half-dollar I ever earned. It was the monumental achievement of my life. I hid it for two long, slow months at the bottom of my bureau drawer where mother probably saw it a score of times before the night when it was borne into her presence and accepted with glad cries of admiration and surprise. Blessed mother! A greater surprise was in store for her when, the next day, a ragged man called and inquired privately if it was all right for him to accept a silver eight-skilling from me. He was a tenant in the only slum tenement in the Old Town, and the meanness and squalor of his home had somehow offended my boyish soul, wherefore I took over the job of brightening their lives, with the distinct proviso that, before making Christmas happy for the children, he should clean up and set his house to rights—all with my eight-skilling, which was about five cents.

It was social reform upon a minute scale, but I remember that mother hugged us children tight as she told him it was all right, and that there were tears in her gentle eyes. I did not understand then, but I think I can read the meaning of those tears now, and it comes over me as I am writing that they have a message even for this distant day; for the mother-heart knows, and that which it has to tell never grows old or out of date.

THIS, then, is the message: that love is the gentle spirit of Christmas and that on no account must we do anything to grieve it. And since the message is for each and every one of us, what does it mean to the boys? This, first of all, that if you would make Christmas real, you are to banish every mean and selfish thought, throw it off and make a fresh start. You

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will never know how much brighter Christmas morning will be to you, till you have tried. If John was ugly yesterday, tell him you are not cross any more. If it was you, go quick and say you are sorry. For you are sorry, you must be, or else you are not keeping Christmas. It is not manly to harbor a grudge, and the meanest grudge is the one that comes of knowing that you were wrong, though you are trying to make yourself believe it was the other boy. *It is manly to own up, always.* When a team of public-school boys in New York won a trophy at a game they had been training for through the the best part of the year, and afterward came and gave it back with the explanation that they had won it by a practice that was against the rules and not exactly square, though only two or three of them knew anything about it, they did something far finer than if they had won all the games of the field that season. For athletics are meant to make men, and these were that, though they were boys in years.

When you were little, Santa Claus came down the chimney while you slept and filled your stockings. Now it is your turn to be Santa Claus, and you needn't mind the pack if the chimney is small, as chimneys are apt to be nowadays. A fine, square, manly boy is the very best thing father and mother could find in their stockings on Christmas morning. Nothing can make them half so glad. And, let me tell you how to make the chimney easy, if you stick a bit. Go and do something for someone else. Instead of thinking of what you are going to get tomorrow, give somebody something. It need not be anything that cost money—it is a great deal better if it doesn't. Suppose you give someone who needs it a lift. If it is only helping an old woman across the street, when she is afraid of automobiles because her tired eyes are not as quick as your young ones, or her feet either—that will do very well. But don't then go away and pat yourself on the back as if you had done something great. You haven't; you have just done the right thing and you have a perfect right to feel good at the recollection of the trustful way the old woman leaned on your young strength, and if it aids you in being always attentive and helpful to older folk it has done you more good than it did her, and your Christmas has been real to you.

I couldn't begin to tell you of the number of things you can do to make a Merry Christmas for yourself and for everybody around you, but if you watch you will be surprised to see how they lie all about, waiting to be done. And the doing of them makes a manly boy. It goes without saying that such a one never looks down upon another boy who has to work hard, while he doesn't. Perhaps he is better off in that than you think, for it is a wholesome thing for

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any boy to earn his living, provided he is not too young and does not have to give up school; honest work is always something to be proud of. I wish every boy who reads this might have the excellent chance of working at a bench and learning how to use his hands and his eyes, no matter how rich his father may be. He would be a much better man for it by and by. And suppose your working lad does wear patched trousers and a frayed coat. It is the boy, not the coat, that counts. If you could see the regiments of preachers, lawyers, teachers, merchants—yes, and two governors—that have come out of the barelegged brigade of boys the Children's Aid Society has sent out of the city's slums in half a hundred years to the free and open West, you would know what I mean by that. But there is another and better reason. He whose birthday we keep at Christmas was a poor carpenter's lad when he was a boy, and as a man he said that foxes have holes, and birds their nests, but he had not a place to lay his head, and yet he was heir to the glory of heaven for time and all eternity. So Christmas is a time to remember your poorer neighbor with a special tenderness because he has not had the chances you have had, which, when it comes to that, is his misfortune, not his fault. Only see to it that you use yours, and if you know of such a boy with whom you can share some of your pleasures in the holidays, that is your chance, or one of them.

AND now, what shall I say to the girls? You see, I was a boy once myself, and there I am on solid ground. When it comes to the girls—well, this much I know that every year from three or four girls' schools there come big boxes packed full of the most beautiful dolls which they have dressed for the children of my settlement in Henry Street. When they are all unpacked and set in orderly rows in a room that is kept carefully locked till Christmas Eve, they are the most bewitching beauty show I know. They are even better than the store windows I spoke of, and it is hard for me to get away from that room. And then on the great evening when they are given to the girls, if the friends who made them could only be there and see the look of utter happiness with which they embrace each her own, and walk away as if they trod on air—why, *their* Christmas would be made twice as happy, I know, and the reflection of the beauty and sunshine they sent into some of the dark tenements of the poor would lighten up their own homes, and everybody around them would feel it. And maybe they would not even then stop to think that it is the loving message of the Christ Child that has found its way into their hearts, and that that is why they are glad. Really, what more can I say to the girls except that I love them all

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and wish them the happiest Christmas they, or anyone, can think of.

But for their fathers and mothers I have a word I would very much like to say. Don't let us cheapen the holidays with too many and lavish gifts. They don't help, and sometimes they hinder. Let us keep the dollar-mark from our Christmas, whatever else we give up to it. And don't ever let us hear again a cross and tired woman say "I wish Christmas were over; how I shall manage it all I don't know." Christmas over! Why, we kept Christmas in our home for two whole weeks, and wished it would never be over. And as for managing—in every house there was a hearty welcome for every friend and no one thought of managing anything except to shake hands all around and be glad that we were alive, all of us. And I know that we children were happy all day long, if the only toy Santa Claus brought us was a monkey on a yellow stick.

Christmas is for all the children, the little ones who are children in years and the older ones whose hair may be frosted with silver, but who are still children in their hearts, as, thank God, we all of us are, though we sometimes seem strangely to forget. But it is all a mistake. As children we came into the world, as children we must go out of it into the presence of our Father, or He will not know us. He has said it himself. So let us make merry together when the bells ring out the glad tidings that Christ is born, not in the spirit of the rich fool who said "for tomorrow we die," but just because tomorrow we live, if we have really lived on earth. That is what the bells would tell us and that is their pledge, which we can only break by not being willing to believe it.

OR, WORSE, by shutting out their joy from some other soul, through the thoughtless selfishness that is the world's great sorrow. All through the city, in the homes of the poor, are wretched men and women on Christmas morning to whom the message of the bells is one of wrath and hate instead of love. They are the shop girls, and delivery men of the big stores who for weeks have been driven to the limit of their endurance and often enough beyond it, by the holiday rush that could be so easily avoided if shoppers would buy early, early in the month and early in the day. If there were no one to buy at night, the stores would not be kept open, of course. Every woman can make someone, whose life-work it is to minister to her needs, happier at Christmas by shopping early when the stores are not crowded. And every man can do his share by paying before Christmas all his little bills at the small stores where they live from hand to mouth, even if the big ones have to wait. I know a man who does that every year, and he is absolutely the hap-

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piest man of all my acquaintance, though he is what you would call poor.

Out in my garden where the flowers have just gone to sleep, knowing so surely that they shall wake again in the spring, three families of starlings live in little houses which I have built for them in the trees. For they are the beloved friends of my boyhood who have come here lately, how I don't know, and I am too glad to have them to ask many questions. They are the most human birds I know of; they stay by their nests all the year round, just like people. In the winter they eat at my table which I spread for them on the snow, and they pay me with their sweetest song. On the bleakest days when sunset touches the western sky with pale gold as with a promise that the sadness shall not last always, they come and sit in the tallest tree tops, close together, all the little spites and fights of the day forgotten, and I hear the sweet little whistling note that tells me they are care free and trusting and glad, however Jack Frost goes blustering through the land. One reason why I love the starlings is that they seem to me to be keeping Christmas all the year round. What if we were to do as they do: move up close and be friends all of us? Can anybody think of a happier holiday than that? And where then would be the strife and clamor that rings through the land; in business and in everything else? Why, with the last echo of the Christmas bells it would vanish as if it had never been, and peace and good will would abide. Then, why not begin it, right now, each of us where he stands? For the kingdom the bells tell us of is within us. We must bring it, or it will never come to earth.





LAGAE, THE SCULPTOR OF THE SOUL OF HIS RACE

BORN of peasant parents, Jules Lagae, the great Flemish sculptor, recalls with naïve tenderness his early days in the west of Flanders, the perfume of the yellow woods in autumn, the sound of the swallows nesting in the thatched roof. The days of his early apprenticeship with the maker of crude religious statues were hard. He knew nothing but grinding poverty, but as the peasant sculptor tells you these things, you know that the memories are dear to him, that his poverty and his struggles have been a part of the development of his gentle serene nature. Unconsciously, or consciously, he makes you feel that the fine sincerity of his work is the result of the early simple peasant life when he worked with the people, learning the hard facts of life at first hand, finding out the big truths through labor, labor which his great gift touched with vision.

After winning the Prix de Rome at the Academie des Beaux Arts in Brussels, Jules Lagae did the traditional thing for the artist of his day, he traveled and worked in Italy, but what of inspiration and development of technique his years in Florence may have brought him, it never for an instant undermined his staunch loyalty to his own country, and the fiber of his work was from the beginning vigorous, honest, direct, the very qualities which as a boy he had found essential to success in his homely peasant environment. Above all things his work is Flemish. He knows the soul and body of the Fleming. His work is a profound realization of the character which has built up a nation of successful merchants, inscrutable *réligieuses*, imaginative artists. Lagae finds the inspiration for his mature work in his own country, in the bishops, princes, artists, fishermen, and old peasant friends of his own land. He knows these people, as an artist, as a friend, as a student of human psychology. He is not separating humanity in his art into groups of rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant. His old fisherman reveals pride; his archbishop, humility; his peasant parents, dignity and peace; his Madonna, insight, courage, wisdom; his philosopher, sadness. His horses are the splendid strong animals of Flanders; just as his people have the virility, the sagacity which belong to a fighting nation close to the sea, to a people whose merchants are sailors, whose nobility, warriors.

There is no phase of the life of his native land that has not poured through the work of Lagae to immortality. He is as interested in commerce as in art, in the peasant as the prince, and the mother directs his chisel in the paths of beauty as swiftly and unerringly as the statesman. It is with him as with Rodin, art is dominated by one "central idea;" with Rodin it is the amazing current of life,

A SCULPTOR OF FLANDERS

creation; with Lagae it is Flanders, the people, the personality of his own land. He is not struggling to present the universal artist, the universal peasant; it is the Flemish imagination, the Flemish conscience, the Flemish power for good or evil which dominate his work, and in the presentation of the soul of his country, he is never turned aside with picturesqueness or poesy, reality alone quickens and directs his art, the reality based on great truths, on far-reaching vision.

WE HAVE grown a little afraid of the realist in art; we have confounded him with the materialist, and we have striven often to be fanciful as something finer than reality. But the truth in life, a vision of humanity in relation to the great realities, surely that is idealism of the highest sort. So direct, so final is Lagae's presentation of truth about humanity as he sees it, that the first glimpse of a group of his work leaves one startled. He is so devoid of pretense, of any effort to pique interest, he is so untheatrical in thought and technique that at first these silent effigies of life seem more the evocations of somber spirits than portraits of human beings. It is as though the fragments of the human pageant which Lagae has seen passing before him were showing through these works as through a clear glass. He tells us only what he has seen, lets us share with him the greatness of the spectacle.

It is not only in his portrait-busts that Lagae is the spiritual historian of his race. In his "Fisher of the Basket," in his silhouette of the poet Ladeganck, in his strange "Flandria," his work is a revelation of the towering hold this sea-land has upon her son, born of the soil. No man of virile art has ever seemed more intimately related to his own country than Lagae. Springing from the very earth, living close to it, he seems to have grasped the power to present the essence of his race in the stone which yields to the strength and heroic purpose of his vision. The secrets of life's fundamental laws seem his, and even in more elaborate decorative work his spirit of prophet and seer is present, touching with individuality the achievement which might have been merely classic.

And what more touching tribute to the vision of this man could be presented than the joy which he turned aside from monumental work for the nation to reproduce in his art the beloved images of his mother and father; his father arrayed proudly in Sunday blouse, his mother in peasant dress, with old-fashioned cape and bonnet, her one ornament the heavy peasant jewelry, probably an heirloom. The father, grave, restrained even at this greatest moment of life, the mother with pride showing through her sadness. Devotion is



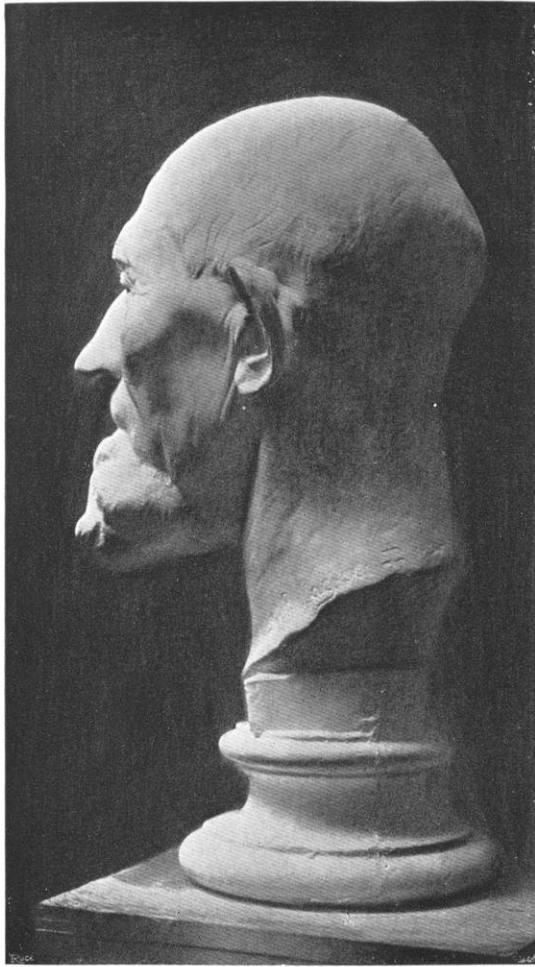
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"FATHER AND MOTHER:" FROM A PORTRAIT-BUST BY JULES LAGAE; MUSEUM AT CARLSRUHE.



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PORTRAIT-BUST OF M. LEQUIME: JULES
LAGAE, SCULPTOR: ROYAL MUSEUM, BRUSSELS.



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A FLEMISH FISHERMAN: FROM A
PORTRAIT-BUST BY JULES LAGAE.



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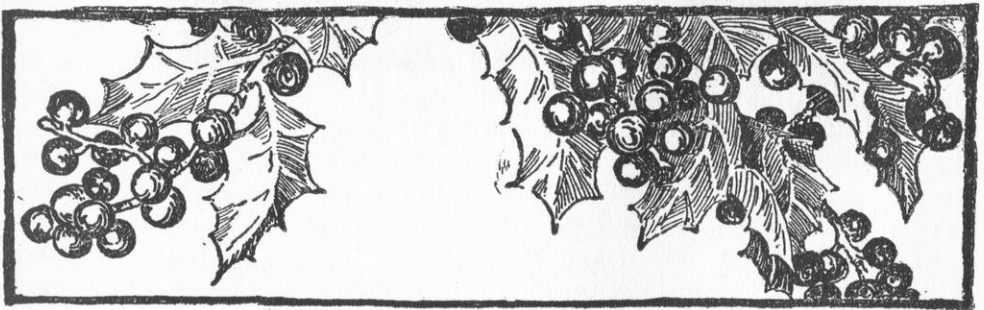
PORTRAIT-BUST OF THE ARTIST F.
CALLEBERT: JULES LAGAE, SCULPTOR.

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there, to the nation, to the church, to the son. The mother still holds her son, for she remembers the great artist as her little baby; but the father has lost his son, and has given him to serve his country in beauty, bravely, as he would relinquish him for war. And the son models the two splendid types of devotion reverently; the work is eloquent of filial love and respect. They represent to the artist at once parentage and national goodness. He is their son and also the man who erects through them a monument to the nation who bore them.

In his purpose to hold the nation in the grasp of his work Lagae never misses the opportunity to present in his portraits the character which is intimate to the individual and separate from the world. He sees, loves and reveals the essential characteristics of his dying friend Dillens, of the Abbé Gezelle, of the painter Callebert, yet in spite of his love for the individual he never escapes the hold his race has over his inspiration, his expression.

He is never touched with the need for allegory, his men and women are not symbolizing abstract virtues. You never seek his meaning; it is revealed with integrity. His people insist that you know and understand them, and through them one bit of the world. With what delicate sureness he touches the life of women, the young girl, eager, appealing, reticent; the woman, with rich heart and lavish hand; the older women searching the future for the young,—all of life he knows, loves, experiments with, and records with fidelity and kindness.

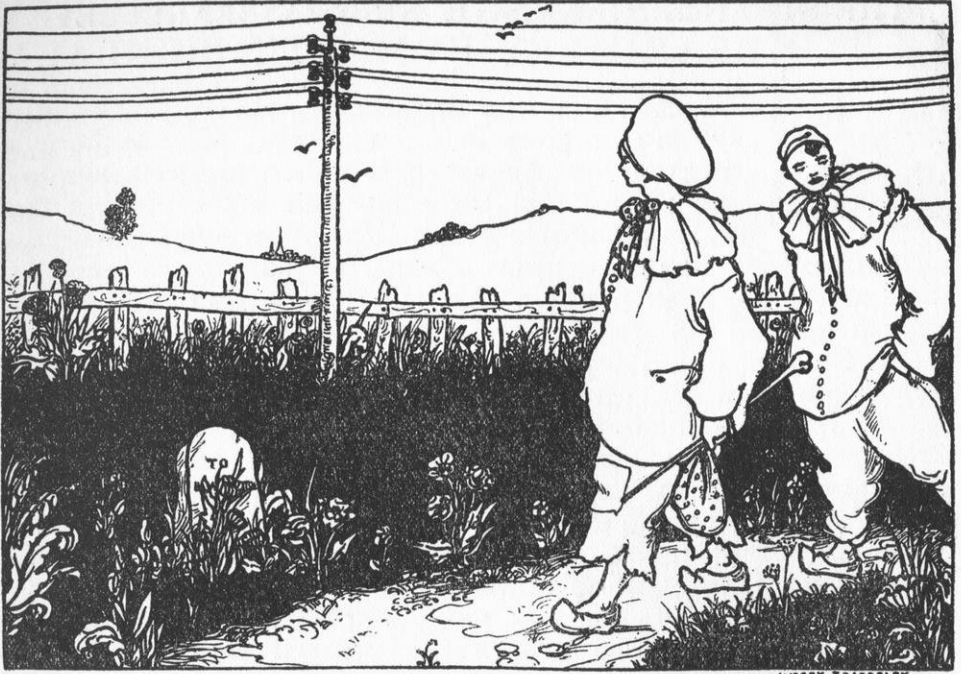




THE STRANGE GENIUS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY: BY MARTIN BIRNBAUM

ESSENTIAL facts in Beardsley's outwardly uneventful life can be given in a few words. He was born at Brighton on August twenty-first, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, three days before the birth of that other inimitable artist, Max Beerbohm. We have no particularly interesting facts about his parents or ancestry, but all his critics mention his surviving sister Mabel, the English actress, who was a rarely sympathetic and helpful comrade. When he was still a very young child, symptoms of tuberculosis and a genius which overflowed into many fields of artistic endeavor, appeared simultaneously. In eighteen hundred and eighty-three he was giving concerts with his sister in London. Shortly afterward we hear of him reading omnivorously, starting a history of the Armada, drawing clever caricatures of his masters at Brighton Grammar School, taking part in theatricals, drawing his first published sketches, and writing a farce which enjoyed the serious critical attention of the town where it was performed. He left school in eighteen hundred and eighty-eight and worked successively in an architect's studio and an insurance office. Although many pictures of an earlier date exist, his career as a professional graphic artist may be said to have begun in eighteen hundred and ninety-three, with the publication of Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur." In April of that year Joseph Pennell introduced the new illustrator in the first number of *The Studio*. From that time forward the story of his life is an inspiring and painful journal of a dying genius, working feverishly and searching in vain for a climate which would give him the strength necessary to complete his work. He died at Mentone on March sixteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, in the twenty-sixth year of his life, after having been received into the Catholic Church.

Beardsley was the most eminent of a group of men all of whom died while still very young, but who lived long enough to accomplish successfully something original and important in art or literature. They were all constantly associated with one another in their lives and work. Here we need only mention Ernest Dowson, for whose precious volumes of verse Beardsley made some of his happiest decorations; Charles Conder, the English Watteau, a romantic painter whose fans and paintings on silk are exquisite works of art; Lionel Johnson, a genuine poet and an important figure in the Celtic movement, of which William Butler Yeats is now the acknowledged leader; Leonard Smithers, their irresponsible publisher; and our own Josiah Flynt, or "Cigarette," as the tramps called him, who met the English-



AUBREY BEARDSLEY



AUBREY BEARDSLEY

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DESIGNS BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY
FOR "PIERROT'S LIBRARY."

THE STRANGE GENIUS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY

man before he too "passed on for keeps," in a little back room in the Crown Tavern, near Leicester Square,—“a back parlor pushed up against a bar.” The grim, tragic pathos of madness, drink and disease attaches to their names. Of them all, one alone died with a jest on his lips, and Oscar Wilde's tragic career overshadows the whole period. Fortunately, we still have Arthur Symons, whose sympathetic appreciations will always remain the starting point for all future studies of their lives and achievements; Will Rothenstein, the distinguished painter, who began his career by making the now famous series of portraits in lithography of his contemporaries; and “Max,” their incomparable caricaturist, who will remain forever young and a dandy.

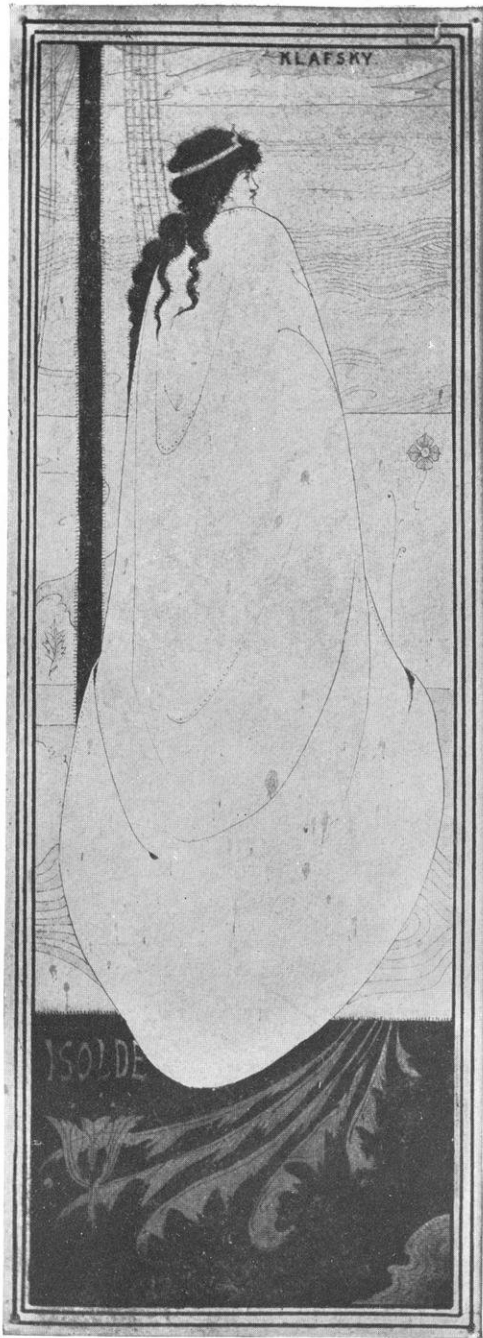
IT WAS Beardsley's ambition to be grouped with these men, not only as an artist, but as a writer, and in a measure he succeeded. To be sure, his literary efforts, consisting of a few poems and the fragment of a fantastic rococo romance, fill only one slender volume; but “Under the Hill,” which is a travesty of the Tannhäuser legend, has a unique flavor. The hand of the amateur is easily detected and the work is obviously influenced by the eighteenth-century Frenchmen, but you feel, as in the case of Whistler, that the writer was prodigiously talented and that he was on the threshold of complete mastery. His verses are highly polished and his prose is strange, exotic and artificial. It is the work of a sick prodigy who has intuitively absorbed all the secrets of French eroticism and is laughing at the shock he will give John Bull. He adored the art and literature of France, and his intimate knowledge of French *belles-lettres* amazed all his friends. Balzac was a great passion with him, and the works of Baudelaire, Verlaine, Gautier and Flaubert were his inspirations. Beardsley's romance, however, does not breathe the spirit of the great dramatists. Its extravagant atmosphere and the strange pageant of its characters can best be suggested by using Beardsley's own grotesque vocabulary: “Slim children in masque and domino, smiling horribly; exquisite lechers leaning over the shoulders of smooth doll-like ladies, and doing nothing in particular; terrible little pierrots posing as mulierasts, or pointing at something outside the picture; and unearthly fops and strange women mingling in some rococo room lighted mysteriously by the flicker of a dying fire that throws huge shadows upon wall and ceiling.”

Even this short quotation is enough to show that there is the same kind of fault and excellence in his designs and writings. One can best describe his genius as *maladif*. He cultivated a magical technique which could convert the most repulsive ugliness into a



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"A NOCTURNE OF CHOPIN:"
BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.



By Permission of A. E. Gallatin, Esq.

FRAU KLAFSKY AS *Isolde*, FROM A
DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

THE STRANGE GENIUS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY

strange, forbidding, fascinating beauty. Although he was essentially a great satirist, the common youthful error of starting out by scandalizing his native land tempted him to commit many extravagances. It is, however, not our province to find fault with him for having chosen, to a large extent, unsavory and unwholesome material, instead of subjects which breathe the May-time fragrance which one associates with Anglo-Saxon art.

His designs fall naturally into certain groups. Disregarding his efforts as an amateur, the first period extends to the year eighteen hundred and ninety-three, when "Le Morte d'Arthur" and three volumes of "Bon Mots" by English wits appeared, and the editor of *The Pall Mall Budget* commissioned him to draw illustrations of contemporary interest for that magazine. He had already been encouraged by Puvis de Chavannes and Burne-Jones, and the uncommonly appropriate drawings for Malory's romance were strongly influenced by the work of the famous Pre-Raphaelite. The "Bon Mots" drawings bear a superficial resemblance to second-rate Japanese prints. The following year the drawings for "Salome" appeared, and a few discerning critics realized that Beardsley had become a master of decorative graphic art. To quote from the excellent monograph by Robert Ross: "Before commencing 'Salome' two events contributed to give Beardsley a fresh impetus and stimulate his method of expression: a series of visits to the collection of Greek vases in the British Museum (prompted by an essay of Mr. D. S. McColl) and to the famous Peacock Room of Mr. Whistler in Prince's Gate—one the antithesis of Japan, the other of Burne-Jones." No designs like them had ever been seen before, and the irritated critics, mystified by genius, ignored his marvelous precise lines and decorative qualities, seized upon anatomical weaknesses in his drawing and certain obviously perverse features, and condemned him as the exponent of decadence. The attacks grew more virulent when the first volume of *The Yellow Book* appeared in April, eighteen hundred and ninety-four. Beardsley had already done other work—chiefly the ingenious title-pages and frontispieces for the "Keynote" series—for John Lane, who shares the credit of having discovered and encouraged him.

THE fury of the affronted art critics was followed by the rupture with John Lane, which resulted in the publication of *The Savoy*, by Leonard Smithers, in eighteen hundred and ninety-six, under Arthur Symons's literary editorship. In the same year, Smithers brought out what are considered by many admirers Beardsley's masterpieces,—the exquisite embroideries for Pope's "Rape of

THE STRANGE GENIUS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY

the Lock," and the extraordinary drawings, without backgrounds, for the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes. In eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, besides executing book-plates, miscellaneous drawings and cover designs,—notably the superb "Ali Baba," and the lovely "lines" which adorn Dowson's verses,—he illustrated the last-mentioned poet's charming pastoral, "The Pierrot of the Minute." In the year of his death there appeared a portfolio of photogravure reproductions of his bizarre illustrations for "Mademoiselle de Maupin," and the beautiful lead-pencil designs and initials for Ben Jonson's "Volpone," which constituted his last works. These showed unmistakable signs of possible further development, concerning which, however, it would be idle to speculate. In examining these works one is immediately impressed by the great variety of obvious influences which dominated him. Whistler, Ricketts, Mantega, Botticelli, Eisen, Walter Crane, the Japanese, the Silhouettists, etc., may be mentioned at random. No other artist of the first order was ever so receptive, and none ever attached himself to a particular tradition for a shorter time. He had hardly succumbed to some new influence before it became in its turn a mere passing phase of his development. You are constantly amazed by the variety of methods

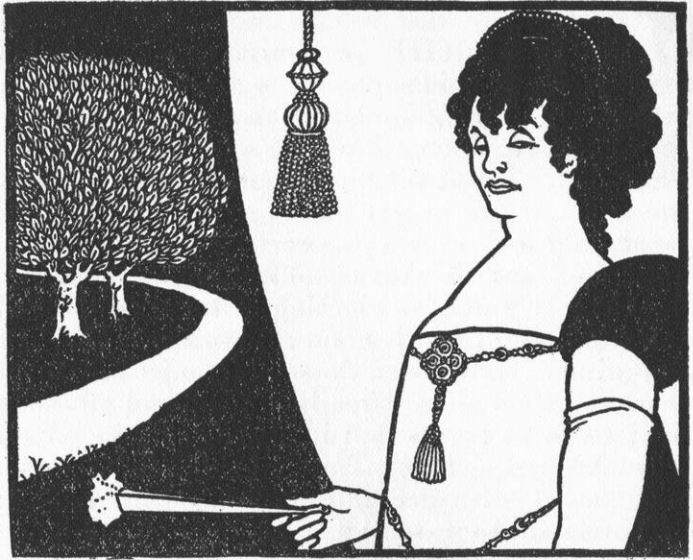
used by him during the same period, and by the range of his literary sympathies. He drew his inspiration from the most varied sources,—Pope, Ben Jonson and Edgar Allan Poe, Juvenal, Lucian and Aristophanes, Gautier, Dumas, de Laclos and Balzac, Wagner and Chopin. Now and then he introduced portraits or caricatures of friends and acquaintances into his drawings. Wilde and Henry Harland are seen in the



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COVER DESIGN FOR THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE YELLOW BOOK.

THE STRANGE GENIUS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY

frontispiece to John Davidson's "Plays;" the Latin Quarter Pierrot holding the hour-glass in Dowson's pastoral phantasy is Charles Conder; Max Beerbohm and Whistler appear in the "Bon Mots" grotesques; Réjane's mask was used by him again and again.



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REJANE: FROM A DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

KNOWING that he had only a few years of work before him, Beardsley was feverishly, incessantly working, and produced many hundreds of drawings in rapid succession. He was socially active, too, however, and loved fine clothes and rare clarets. He seemed determined to live his short life gaily, and always had time for his friends, because he worked chiefly at night, by the light of those long candles which he repeatedly introduced into his fantastic designs. His life, as revealed by his associates and by the strange, inconsequential letters which have been published, reads, indeed, like a morbid psychological novel by Arthur Schnitzler. The coterie of people who visited him in the somber Cambridge Street studio, furnished in black, and those who surrounded him at Dieppe, have only the kindest things to say about his engaging, persuasive personality and charming presence, and maintain that his pose served merely to hide the deep and fine serious feelings of a shy, earnest man.

The fact that his work continues to retain its stimulus for a new artistic generation, is sufficient excuse for this first exhibition in America. It is fortunate that it could be arranged at a time when Beardsley has ceased to be a fashionable craze or a topic for frivolous conversation. He is not an artist whom one can amusingly denounce or indiscriminately praise, but an acknowledged master of satire and decorative line, who taught graphic artists many new and important lessons, and practically exhausted the resources of his medium. He is an artists' artist, and, as Mr. Pennell wrote, "What more could he wish?"



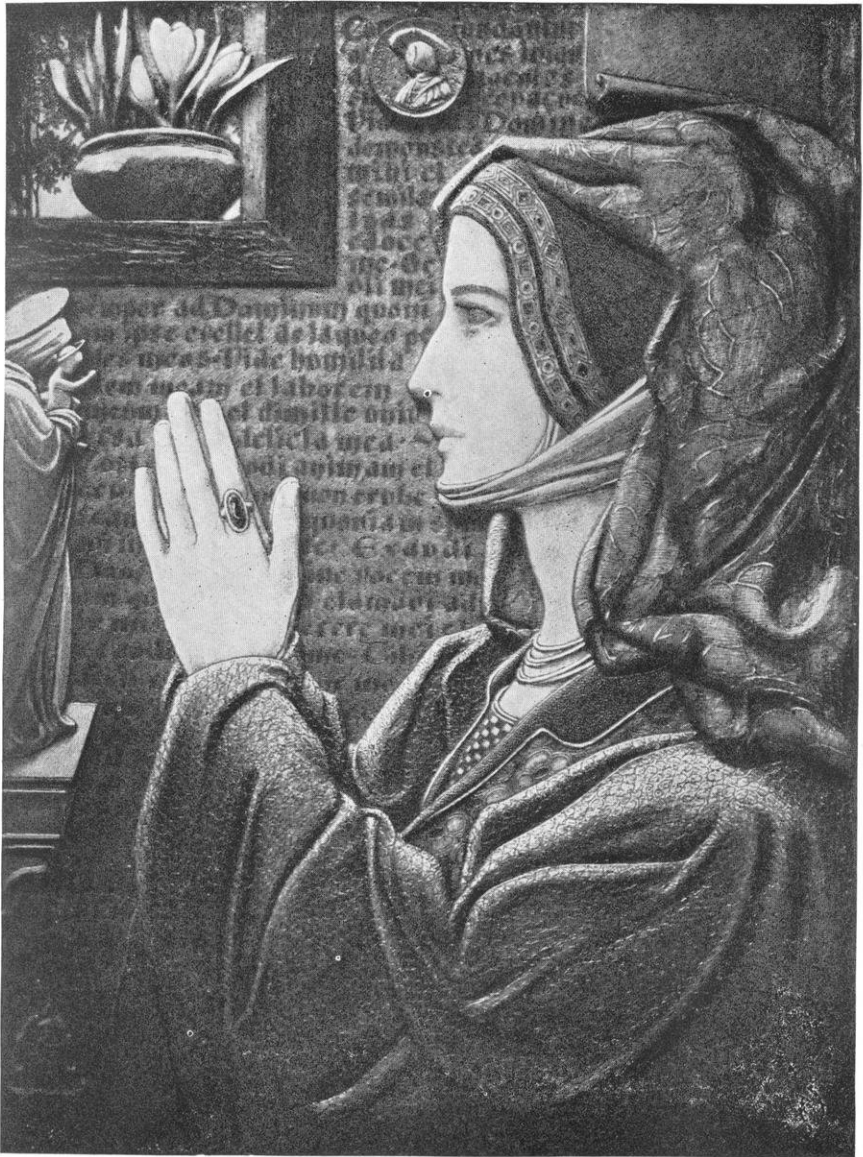
A NEW IDEA IN INTERIOR DECORATION: ILLUSTRATED BY W. F. CURTIS

IF THE pessimist can ever feel fully justified in his philosophy of negation, it surely must be when he contemplates the attitude of the modern world toward decoration. As a good pessimist, of course, he may not laugh, except perhaps in his sleeve, but when he listens to our everlasting talk of art and matters artistic and then looks about and observes our processes of overloading our houses, our clothes, our minds with absolutely meaningless decorations, he surely must have moments of gloating and satisfaction. For he at least does not protest that life is good and beautiful. He does not bluff. But we optimists, how often do we recognize our own limitations? And to what extent do we really understand anything about art and the great truth or truths that it presents? We have forgotten the actual original purpose of ornament in our houses and out of them. We are content with decorations which are excrescences, so hideous, so unrelated to essentials, so unbeautiful inherently, that a really artistic interior, dress, personality, comes to us as a rare and noticeable achievement.

Our house builders are no longer men who devise buildings intended to embody and show forth real purpose; our interior decorators seldom seek to make the details of their work a monument to their understanding of the intimate relation of comfort and need and beauty; the makers of furniture rarely consider the lives of the people who are to seek solace or peace or joy in using their handiwork.

On the contrary, we have become almost wholly artificial in our attitude toward decoration, and the real tragedy of this is not only that we must live in environments that are false and inartistic, but that in the development of such environments we reveal the fact that our lives too must be artificial and indirect. For in truth they are exactly what the environments suggest. The sincere character does not build up the artificial surroundings. And again the artificial surrounding does not develop the sincere character. From this it will not be difficult to see how tremendously significant it is to express the reality of our own lives in the environment which we choose. We cannot have the sort of houses and rooms and clothes that are the result of a clear understanding of life, a clear vision of truth, unless we have the vision. And sooner or later, without vision, in matters artistic as well as ethical, the people perish.

Perhaps the most amazing part of all this matter of futile inartistic decoration, is the fact that we seem to *want to have it*. We select endless useless ornaments ourselves, we treasure them in our homes, we give valuable hours to taking care of them. We cultivate a taste



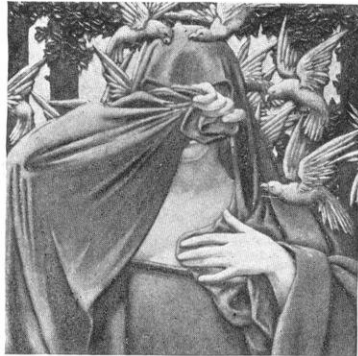
A DECORATIVE PANEL IN CARVED BURNED WOOD, BY WILLIAM FULLER CURTIS.



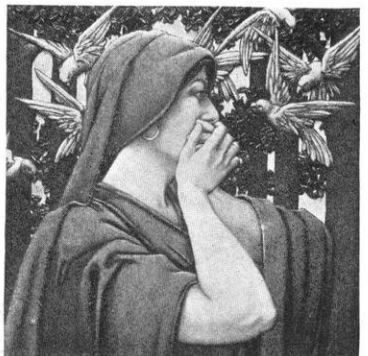
"THE GOLDEN DISH," FROM A CARVED
BURNED PANEL BY W. F. CURTIS.



HEAR NO EVIL.



SEE NO EVIL.



SPEAK NO EVIL.

DETAIL OF A CARVED AND BURNED FRIEZE BY W. F. CURTIS.



"ST. AGNES OF MONTE PULCIANI": CARVED AND BURNED PANEL BY W. F. CURTIS WHICH RECEIVED THIRD PRIZE OFFERED BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART IN 1902.



AN OVER MANTEL PANEL, CARVED AND BURNED BY
W. F. CURTIS: THEME SUGGESTED BY OMAR KHAYYAM.

DECORATING WOOD

TO CONCENTRATE attention upon the beauty of construction was the original purpose of architectural ornament. Today we use ornament to attract attention to itself. We apply it wherever it is least appropriate. We rivet and paste it on where it is out of harmony, and we only feel defrauded when we do not possess a great deal of it that is in no wise related to the structure. In the days of the old master builders, even the least experienced workman knew that fine carving attracted light, and that light made clear the purpose of the design. And so stone structures were carved, and at just the right angle to gather up all possible light, so that the decoration became a flowering out of the beauty of the construction. Today we have scarcely any comprehension of the value of light and shade, and decoration has become a symbol of our inability to construct well and our desire to hide the fact.

In the Middle Ages, and back in the very early days of the beginnings of civilization, decoration in the interior of houses was always for warmth and color. Rugs were hung at doors and windows to keep out draughts, and the old gray stone walls of the Mediæval castles were draped with tapestries, not only to hide the walls and to give a look of luxury, but because the women loved to weave into these tapestries their love stories and the histories of the great brave men they loved. There was need of color in the stone houses of the Middle Ages, for the people of those days had few windows and many enemies, and rooms were of necessity badly lighted. And so when the rugs were hung and the tapestries draped on the walls there was a great gain in comfort and in beauty and in happiness, and having achieved these, decoration was the result. Even here in America we still have the beautiful rugs that the Navajo women wove to hide the ugly bare floors of their huts.

But we have gone a long way from the first purpose of the rugs and the tapestries and brass pitchers and beautiful baskets. We have substituted for them ugly unsanitary carpets, hideous wallpapers and framed pictures without limit and merit. And just as we were humiliated in the days of our great-grandfathers because the beautiful beams of the old construction were revealed, today we are ashamed of the plastered wall, and the plaster is hidden by paper and the paper by pictures. The average housekeeper decides that she must have so many pictures for every wall in every room of her house. She does not select these to suit her taste or her house or her colors. It is a question of quantity and fashion. It seems as though this production of the inartistic and the ephemeral in decoration would continue as long as ornament is unrelated to construction. So long as it is meaningless, a fungus, it will also be inevitably an unnatural and unbeautiful thing.

DECORATING WOOD

for the worst of them in our children. We are envious of women who have more than ourselves. It is hard to believe that this is true, when it would not be at all difficult for us to develop simple interiors for our houses, exquisitely related to the construction of the building and beautifully expressive of the home spirit that we value. If in the very beginning of the building of the house we would decide to let every part of the construction reveal itself in all its possible beauty, we would find that ornament has grown in our homes of its own accord, and then in addition to this if we would limit ourselves to the use of decoration where we need color, a safe basis would indeed be established.

THERE is no limit to the decorative beauty that can be obtained in our houses by the right use of native woods in woodwork, finishings and furniture. Many of us have almost forgotten how beautiful the texture of wood is when the grain is really revealed and how many and wonderful the colors are which the woods hold as a secret because we have given so little understanding. If we handle wood so that the grain is developed instead of filled, so that every variety of wood shows completely its own beauty, we have the beginning of the most interesting decorative color scheme that a house could possess. How many of us, as we finish our houses, have tested the possibilities of the wonder of oak or chestnut, cypress or applewood, walnut or gumwood? We know these by name, but usually when they are employed in the making of furniture or in the finishing of a house, the grain is filled and the color is hidden, and we pretend that they are mahogany or cherry or some other silly fad of the hour. Yet all of the woods mentioned are inherently beautiful, and left to their own color devices are exquisitely decorative, especially when the furnishing and the furniture of the house are done in colors of Nature's own devising, in the browns and the greens and the dull reds that we see and love in the autumn woods.

The idea of adding to the native woods a decoration that would at once seem appropriate, intimate and interesting, has been worked out by Mr. William Fuller Curtis, reproductions of whose work illustrate this article. Mr. Curtis's work is all done on wood surfaces, the smoothest, most close textured woods possible. So simple, so original and so full of suggestion are his panels which we have had the opportunity of seeing that they at once suggested the idea of furnishing the keynote for interesting interior decoration. In many instances a single one of these carved and burned panels has suggested the whole color scheme for a drawing room, with all other pictures barred out. All the wall decorations, the carpets, heavy

DECORATING WOOD

draperies, the ceilings were related back to Mr. Curtis's study in gold and brown. If a further color note was desired it was furnished perhaps in the red of the books in the library, or the deep blues of the sofa cushions or the yellow and rose of the Oriental tapestries at the doors. Before going further into the ideas which Mr. Curtis's work has given for original and right decorations, his process will perhaps be of interest to our readers.

First of all, a sketch is made on the wood panel with an ordinary pencil. Then the designs are carved deep into the wood, so that the surface suggests a well-cut bas relief. Over this carved surface he uses the usual pyrographic tools, by which he secures many different tones and suggestions of colors. Before the burning process the carved surface is photographed, as the design is often lost when the burning begins. There is no color in these burned carvings, beyond the use of gold, which seems to fit in most harmoniously with the tones of the burned wood and the natural color and brings about an effect of original beauty, which while definitely modern, is Mediæval in sumptuousness. The alabaster tones which Mr. Curtis is able to get from burned surfaces is something little short of marvelous, and yet it is all done in browns and through the burning process. When finished the faces and hands of the subjects have the effect of old ivory and seem to have been modeled in high relief.

Although imaginative to a degree, Mr. Curtis's work is all done from models, and the costumes that he uses, if suggestive of Mediæval saints and angels, are always his own designs.



"THE ANGEL OF THE DARKER DRINK:" BURNED AND CARVED PANEL BY W. F. CURTIS.



SPANISH PEAK: A STORY: BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

THE Forest Supervisor dismounted and let his tired horse wander at will. He himself sat under a pine, looking over the tumbled wilderness lying north, south and west of the crags which uplifted on their mighty shoulders the granite dome of Spanish Peak so that it was a humble companion of the still more majestic mountains of the Main Divide—Conness, Hilgard, Lyell and the rest. From Spanish Peak one could look out upon more than a million forest acres.

Now and then, this loneliness was food for the Supervisor's very soul; he, too, had troubles and misunderstandings, as all others have, but after continual striving he had learned that sometimes one must lie still and listen.

After a while he lifted his head, looking to see where his horse had gone, and just then the horse, which had found a green half-rod by a trickle of water from the snows, led by that secret bond of good feeling that man and beast have felt at times these thousands of years, looked over toward him, listening to know if he were called upon, then turned back to his grass-blades.

Slowly, at last, the new-hearted Supervisor came back to his daily tasks. He saw over all the wild regions across which he was gazing, the onward course which material development must soon, very soon, pursue.

Civilization would take strong hold, would run out its living tentacles, and fill the mountains with new industries and with busy and thriving people. He saw in his thoughts the ancient shakemakers, with worn-out, useless froes, passing into oblivion as shingle mills came in to work up the waste. He heard the half-humorous turbulence of the cowboys leaving their ranges at last, in coming years, to thousands of tourists, whose tents and cabins crowded the mountain meadows of the High Sierras.

"If I told aloud such thoughts as these," he said again to himself, in that out-world sweetness and greatness by the ferns and blue gentians, on the rocks golden with pine pollen, "I should be in trouble at once, for someone to whom no visions ever whisper secrets of the years to come might hear of it and write me down somewhere in official files, not in anger but in stern pity, as a mere dreamer!"

Rested and renewed, he turned back to well-broken trails and the home cabin, still bending his mind to the problem of the Spanish Peak Lookout for the coming summer. Dead was the old mountain-man who had for years kept this lonely peak each sum-

SPANISH PEAK: A STORY

mer in as quiet self-forgetfulness and courage as ever inspired a weather-beaten old sailor watching the lighted lamp of his beacon high set above a rockbound coast.

When he died, alone, in his tent on Spanish Peak, and was laid to rest in a granite crevice of that stern old mountain, one ranger said: "For an old broken-down sheep herder, he was jest as fair-minded and honest as any man I ever knew. And he was peart as a robin, too."

The Supervisor, listening, replied with especial precision, using the official title: "Forest Guard Blaize was American born, of Huguenot stock on his father's side. Like John Muir he herded sheep a while in these mountains. Unlike Muir, who is the great prose poet of California, he had not one scintilla of ability to express himself, excepting to a very few people, at rare intervals. But he did his work here so well that the thought of him will make better men of the rest of us. I don't know where or when we can find anyone to take his place."

There the vivid and flashing little old man had lived till the end came, summering on his peak, wintering in his cabin somewhere among the yellow pines, and creating all about him his own atmosphere of simple and effective loyalty to the Forest Service. Twice a month, while he was keeping the outlook, Blaize had clambered cheerfully down from his peak to where some passing ranger had left his mail, and whatever supplies he needed. The rangers were busy, and had not much in common with the mountain dweller; when they noticed him coming down, they waved a careless hand, shouted a word of cheer and rode on their ways; but more often he had no glimpse of their passing.

At morning, and at night, he rang his telephone call for the main office, heard friendly questions, sent back his quiet replies, had his little requirements noted.

Blaize was the lone and responsible fire-guard of the whole vast region beneath his peak, searching it from daylight till dark with his marvelous eyes and his powerful binoculars. When a fire broke out anywhere, he was at once in closest relation to the work; he talked to the Office and to the rangers, reporting swift-changing conditions, telling them how best to reach the battle-ground, where to concentrate strength, and when to call up all the reserves. In crises his messages grew so terse, so strong, so full of leadership that they were obeyed as orders from a commander-in-chief.

How it relieved the anxious office when old Blaize at last rang up: "Only dead smoke now; the boys have tied their fire-lines together, this time for keeps!"

SPANISH PEAK: A STORY

And now the solemn forest-keeping outlook was empty and masterless; soon it would need another fire-watcher, and who should be sent? Another accidental find among the old-time mountain men, as Blaize had been? Plenty of fellows had come to the Supervisor and had asked for the chance—it seemed an easy place in which a broken-down old man could earn his living, much better than the poorhouse, or with struggling relatives down in the hot Valley. But not one who had offered himself was fit for the exacting work required.

It began to look as if the time had come when a young ranger must be sent to Spanish Peak, one who knew something of the work of other rangers and who could be kept on in winter, not cast loose as a mere summer guard was. "We must take a step forward in this matter, and make the fire outlooks more important every year," thought the Supervisor, still considering the available men. But who, on the whole force, would most completely rise to the situation? While not a man on the force felt exactly willing to try the job, they knew very well that some one of them might be ordered there any day. "It was fierce," said tall young Runyon. "No dances, nobody to talk to, nothing but mice and lizards."

Hen Rivas spoke right out on the matter. He was a slender and brisk little ranger whose Spanish-American parentage had given him soft and mellow tones behind which he concealed an Irish wit, and now and then something not distantly related to veiled insolence.

Jauntily Rivas remarked to the Supervisor, as they rode through the woods: "All the boys is anxious to go to Spanish Peak this summer. If you're thinking of sending me, Mr. Black, I'll resign the chance in favor of someone else."

"No one could possibly think of sending you there, Rivas," the Supervisor replied, with a chill finality which forbade further discussion, then or afterward.

One of the most faithful of district men began to be troubled by the situation as he felt it looming up ahead of the Forest. The Supervisor had once told the boys, as he remembered, that a fire outlook demanded a tremendous amount of courage, knowledge and loyalty to the Service. Then the Supervisor would want to pick out one of the very best of the men for Spanish Peak. And what first-class man could be spared from the work, anyhow, while the timber sales were going on, and through the long, hard fire season? Not Little Jo, or Ramsden, or gray-headed old Wilson, or Maine-woods Jack, or that tall red-headed Scotsman from Tuolumne.

SPANISH PEAK: A STORY

THERE the matter rested, till one day it happened that the Supervisor again climbed Spanish Peak; with him, this time, rode a young ranger. Tall, eager, sinewy, built for battle, with an excellent education and with budding capacities for speech and writing in years to come, this ranger had but lately come to California, and to the Forest. No one else had given much thought to the dark-eyed young Avery from Virginia, but for weeks the Supervisor had been sinking shafts and running drifts into him.

"I have read all those books, Mr. Black," he said: "Muir's mountaineering, Clarence King's and Stewart Edward White's, and the Whitney reports, and what the Workmans have done in the Himalayas. You have been lending me mountain books these six months, ever since I came up here,—and—how much more the mountains are than the ocean! How did these men come to understand the mountains so well? We ride through them, but we miss something—I don't know what. It would be worth a lifetime to get the secret."

"Avery," said the Supervisor then, "I can tell you how to learn what Muir knows without having to winter in a cleft of the Sierra rocks as Tom East once did. Will you pay the price? If so, you will have got something better than the treasures of a sunken galleon. I can show you how to get a poise, a strength, and an understanding of the mountains in one short summer that otherwise will hardly come to you in ten ordinary years. Will you try the cut-off trail, Avery, or will you stick to the beaten highway?"

The young man's soul flashed up into speech. "I do not exactly know what you mean," he answered, "but it seems to me that you are thinking of this outlook. It is a wonderful place, but why, why do you think of sending me here? Every other ranger is trembling in his boots lest he may be chosen."

"Is it a dreadful place, Avery?" said the Supervisor. "It seems to me like the very gate of heaven, and perhaps I can tell you why, later. But," he added, "I could not be hired to send any human being up here against his willing choice. If you come, Avery, it must be for the reasons that you wish it, and that I believe it best for the Forest."

Then the Supervisor sat down on Spanish Peak, by the weather-worn telephone shelter, with its newly repaired wires swinging outward and downward, held to the rock by lead pins. He showed Avery the whole vast expanse of forest-lands, from the greater battlements of the Sierra, past canyons and foothills to where the mists of the Valley hung above miles of vineyards. Inch by inch he unfolded to the young man the history, geology, botany, topography

SPANISH PEAK: A STORY

of this wonderful domain. There, Mount Whitney loomed up, a white triangle in the southeast; there the circle of extinct volcanoes that form the Minarets guard their mines of iron and copper. Very dark were the forests; very light and clear the domes and precipices of glistening granite; very deep the gorges through which wild rivers hastened on their way. Slowly, carefully, skilfully he unrolled it, like a new map, before the young ranger, marked it with names, gave it life of its own, linked it with science, traditions and forest-needs. "This," he closed, "is the land which belongs to Spanish Peak."

"It is more wonderful than I dreamed of," said Avery. "Almost I cease to envy the Workmans on those Mustagh glaciers."

"Avery," said the Supervisor at last, "it is like this: Our poor dead mountaineer who kept this outlook so long, was one who had conquered all the lesser passions, and had come into his own freedom of soul. You have done enough thinking to guess, dimly, what that may mean.

"I who tell you this," continued the quiet Supervisor, "knew Blaize intimately. Possibly I was his closest friend—next to these mountains. I speak of these things now to you, not to be told to others. He not only loved and knew these Sierras, in all their heights and canyons, but they so companioned him that he was never lonely up here, or anywhere else on earth.

"Often he sat on these rocks for half the night, a silent, a happy and a clear-brained man. You see, Avery, heaven had hidden somewhere within Blaize the creative imagination which so many otherwise useful men are sorrowfully without, but, denying him any sort of commensurate expression, had very slowly and painfully brought him home at last to this tremendous relationship with the mountains.

"None of us loved these Forests more than Blaize did," continued the Supervisor. "Indeed, he first suggested this outlook. We looked it over together; then he took up the work, simply to help us, as best he could, in fighting fires. He was very saving, and lived all winter on what he laid by in summer; but once, when our funds were low and the question of abandoning this outlook came up, he told me: 'I can live on fifteen dollars a month, and find something else to do next winter. Pay me that, and keep the old lookout going, for it's going to be a bad fire year.' Of course, I managed somehow without that, but it warmed my heart. That was our own old Blaize of Spanish Peak.

"I came to know him a little better each fire season," again said the Supervisor. "After I felt his entire freedom from cares,

SPANISH PEAK: A STORY

doubts, pains, angers and loneliness, I marveled more and more that he should still seem so near to our daily toil. But somehow he kept himself a living part of the Forest. I think that happened because of his real, though hidden, affection for men, his essential goodness, and his profound sense of right and wrong. He had mountaineered without human companionship for months, in fellowship with his Sierras, and they, his real intimates, had only brightened his ways of dealing with others when he came down where the rest of us lived.

"After I knew Blaize better, we sometimes talked over the telephone. He unconsciously taught me more than I can ever tell anyone. You know he broke down suddenly one night, and called me up. I started a ranger at once from the nearest camp.

"Then Blaize grew worse, and talked with me over the line, across that hundred miles of space, dropping his failing sentences into my ear, while that ranger from Dinkey was pushing on toward Spanish Peak.

"Just as sure of where he was going, and as contented over it, as any saint in the calendar, was Blaize that night. What our book-ignorant fire-outlook man said over the line, not merely took away from me all sense that his death up there was strange, lonely or terrible—it somehow made all forms of death seem very easy to meet, very simple, friendly, natural. After a little he was not, for Nature took him to herself."

Avery's eyes lit up. "I can understand something of that, Mr. Black," he answered. "Lots of people said it was a frightful thing for him to die up there alone, but you know Maine-woods Jack was the one who rode up from Dinkey. He reached the tent just at sunrise, about three hours after Blaize probably passed away. Jack said it seemed to him like going into a church, and that there was a smile like a baby's on the old man's face. He was all clean and ready—not huddled up at all—and he had thrown back the tent-flap, so that the morning shone in. Besides, one of the last things that Blaize had done, as Jack thought, was to carry out his sugar-box and open it, so that the wild creatures could have a feast."

"Yes, I know that too," said the Supervisor.

"But now, Avery," he went on, "let us come at once to the main point. You have ability and imagination. You can conquer yourself, and the lonesomeness here; out of it you alone of the thirty rangers of this Forest can get the John Muir kind of knowledge.

"But you will be sent here—if at all—for stern, untiring duty to the Forest. You must be fire-outlook man,—first, last and always.

SPANISH PEAK: A STORY

You will have instruments, and maps, and a mountaineer who knows every peak will stay here a fortnight. Then, if you choose, you shall try it, not to moon here, not to dream here, not to write poems here upon solitude, but to begin to live as Nature's own friend and master."

"I will, I will, Mr. Black," cried Avery, clasping the hand of the elder man.

"Then come with me, Avery," said the Supervisor. From the crest of Spanish Peak, down a smooth, narrow ravine, that dropped off into Kings River Canyon, they worked very carefully to a triangular shelf which ages before had been split across. Between the halves, in a deep crevice out of sight, all that was mortal of Forest Guard Blaize had been laid to rest in a rude coffin.

Standing on this shelf they looked down five thousand feet or more, and saw the sparkle of water-falls of streams that fell into the hidden depths of Kings River gorges. It did not seem to them as if such an exquisite and wonderful peacefulness, such a glory of perfect silence, had ever before gathered about one lonely mountaineer's grave. His name was cut in the glacier-polished granite and there the two men sat, thinking the same thought—how little a thing it is to die, and how great a thing it is to put one's very best into one's work, up to the last minute.

"Beats all," said one of the rangers, as the fire-season ended, "how much use that Spanish Peak outlook has been. If a green-horn like Avery can go into a country he doesn't know anything about, and get his points so as to be able to locate all his fires, down to the quarter-section, as Avery sure did, I guess that settles it."

"Settles what?" asked the Supervisor, who had turned up in time to hear this.

"Why, that—well, sir—that you might have sent anybody up there, just the same. Them fire-peaks ain't so difficult to run."

"Well, Robinson, please wait till Avery gets in, and we will hear what he has to say about Spanish Peak."

Instigated by the Supervisor, Avery appeared before a ranger meeting, armed with a map which showed in white, shades of gray and black, the areas within a hundred miles of the summit of Spanish Peak. The white spaces were where the outlook had full sweep to the surface of the ground. The grays showed where he could discover a fire only after smoke had risen. The black areas were hidden by other mountains, or were so deep in canyons that the outlook was useless.

Then Avery described his life, his work, his outdoor studies, his adventures during those four months. To the astonishment of

SPANISH PEAK: A STORY

everyone, except the Supervisor and old Ranger Willson, he ended with: "And I want to go up there again. It's altogether the best job on this Forest."

"I s'pose you read a lot, and so slammed it through somehow, after all," said low-voiced Rivas.

"Why, no," said Avery. "How could a fellow get to understand that big country if he wasted any of his daylight? I carried up a pack of cards, and pencils and notebooks and some of our regular camp-fire novels. By George! I found so much to think about, so much to look at, so many new things to do, that I never took the cards out of their box. I kept up my diary, and wrote letters home, but all the reading I did was for an hour before I went to sleep. And the trashy novels were pretty thin diet, away up there.

"Then, fellows, one day when I went down to the Spanish Peak mail box, I found that someone had left me several of Shakespeare's plays, such as 'The Tempest,' and some other books which exactly fitted into that hour at night.

"No, I am not exactly sure where they came from, but I made a rough guess. Happened my name was written in them, too."

Later, when he sat with the Supervisor, Avery said: "I tell you, Mr. Black, when one lives up there, everything in the whole big Universe comes around and asks you a question, and then comes back later to see what you think about it. You really have to dig up some sort of a reply. I half-believe that *Prospero* kept a fire-outlook while he was learning his spells. That, Mr. Black, was the best thing you gave me this summer."

"No," said the Supervisor. "The best thing was the chance to begin to live on Spanish Peak."





THE CHRISTMAS FIR: LEGENDS AND FACTS OF THE HOLIDAY TREE

"Oh, Fir tree green, Oh, Fir tree green, your leaves are constant ever."

ANY beautiful legends cluster round the fir tree that have sprung from the people's feeling of love for it, and of their yearly joy in it. Sweetest of all is the one relating how the Christ Child wanders over the earth on Christmas eve bearing a fragrant branch of fir in his hand, and wherever He finds a home with a bit of fir at the door or a little tree at the window (signs that he is loved and remembered), He touches that home with His gentle hand and blesses it. And as he passes by the cattle in the stables kneel in adoration, bees begin to hum and sing and the sheep march in procession to meet him.

Hans Christian Andersen with the imagination of a child who delights in personifying things, has told a story of a little fir tree—a story so full of human feeling that it has endowed the fir tree, for all who have read the story, with a special sense of personality. "Out in the forest stood a little fir tree" who took no pleasure in the sun, clouds or birds, for it was always wishing it was a big tree. When a hare jumped over it, it was as angry as could be, and trembled with rage because it was not big and strong. Even when it grew so large that the hare had to run around it instead of jumping over it, it grumbled with discontent. "Oh, to grow strong is the only fine thing on earth," it thought, and was so full of ambition to be the largest tree of the forest that it did not enjoy any of the beautiful things that it was surrounded with and that would have made it very happy if its heart had not been so disturbed with envy and dissatisfaction. The birds told it wonderful tales of cities where people were as numerous as the trees of the forest, and then the restless little tree grew more discontented than ever because it could not go to this strange place. One day when the snow lay thick upon the ground a man came and cut the tree down and took it with some of its companions to the city, and then began a series of adventures such as would have made any other little tree very happy. For it was admired and praised for its beauty, candles and bright ornaments and boxes tied with ribbons were hung on its sturdy branches, children danced round it and sang beautiful carols. After all its adventures were over and it found that the bright green of its branches had turned brown and that it was about to be made into faggots for the fire, it looked back over its life and saw that it had been full of joy and beauty, but that constant desire for something it did not have had blinded it to the beautiful things that it did have. Now that life was soon to be lost it realized that its precious days had been spent in complainings, rather than rejoicings,

“OH, FIR TREE GREEN”

that even the great honor of being chosen to hold Christmas lights and gifts had failed to please it.

THE fir is one of the most beautiful of the large coniferous family of trees. In youth its branches point upward, full of the ardor of life, eagerly aspiring, but as it grows older its long arms sweep to the earth with lowly genuflections, though its crown still retains the uplifted attitude of youth. But in every stage of its life it retains so attractive a symmetry that it is sometimes chosen for the central ornament of a large lawn. It is often confused with the spruce, but a glance at the cones will quickly enable one to identify it correctly, for the cones of the fir stand erect upon the branches, while those of the spruce are pendant.

The name of “fir” was originally given by our Scandinavian forefathers to the pines, than later on it was transferred to both spruces and firs. But modern botanists now divide the spruces and firs, placing the spruce in the genus *Picea* and the fir in genus *Abies*.

When we go to the forest or to the markets of a city in search of a green little tree destined to bear Christmas candles and ornaments and gifts, it is the balsam fir we choose, for it satisfies all our exacting requirements. It is almost known botanically as the “Christmas tree,” for when the carefully recording scientist states that the balsam fir grows to a height of fifty or sixty feet, that its wood is used for the manufacture of boxes, that its bark furnishes the balsam used in medicine and art, that its leaves are gathered for fragrant pillows, and that its foliage makes an excellent bed for hunters, they must also say “it is the Christmas tree of commerce.” The ancient Teutons used to celebrate the winter season by decking a little fir tree in bits of tinsel, flowers, toys, ornaments of various kinds, for to them it was a symbol of the glorious sun which they worshiped. The symmetrical spreading and raying of the branches of the fir reminded them of the sun that rose higher and higher in the heavens.





PROTECTING AND BREEDING WILD BIRDS: BY HARVEY WHIPPLE

WILD-BIRD farming is an engrossing pastime; it is also an expedient in agriculture. Whatever may be the incentive, the pursuit has so great an economic value that the Audubon societies have urged its charms upon the bird lover, and the Biological Survey upon the agriculturist. An example of what may be done in bird culture in a large way is being furnished us out in Michigan, near the village of Dearborn (which is an outpost of Detroit). Here two thousand eight hundred acres of land have been given up to bird attraction and protection, and it is, so far as we know, the most important work of its kind that has been undertaken in this country, and also the first large *individual* effort in the conservation of our native wild life, about which so many of us have liked so much to talk.

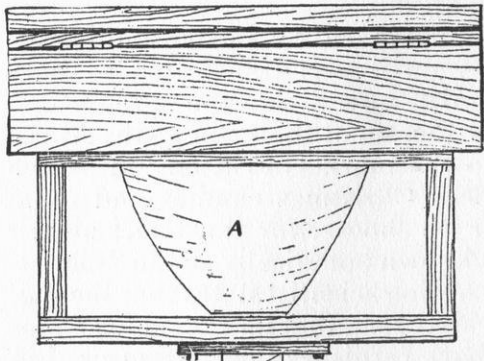


FIG. 1: AUTOMATIC FEEDING BOX: SIDE VIEW.

A IS HOPPER AS SEEN THROUGH GLASS WALL.

It has included the use of several hundred bird boxes, set up after a new plan, and a careful systematic winter feeding campaign with automatic feeding devices and shelter stations. Not the least item in the work has been a war on predatory animals, more particularly the domestic cat, for which there is a five-dollar bounty at the farm. Besides these there is a planting plan to add to the already abundant growth of the farm such tree and shrub life as is most likely to increase the bird capacity of the farm acreage.

Bird farming on the Dearborn estate of Henry Ford is carried on in a big way, and while very few will follow the example on anything like the same scale, this work will surely suggest ways and means which may readily be put to use on a big or a little scale. It has included the use of several hundred bird boxes, set up after

a new plan, and a careful systematic winter feeding campaign with automatic feeding devices and shelter stations. Not the least item in the work has been a war on predatory animals, more particularly the domestic cat, for which there is a five-dollar bounty at the farm. Besides these there is a planting plan to add to the already abundant growth of the farm such tree and shrub life as is most likely to increase the bird capacity of the farm acreage.

The greater part of the farm is under bird cultivation exclusively. It is practically self-supporting, providing food for the stock and the numerous employés, but it is doubt-

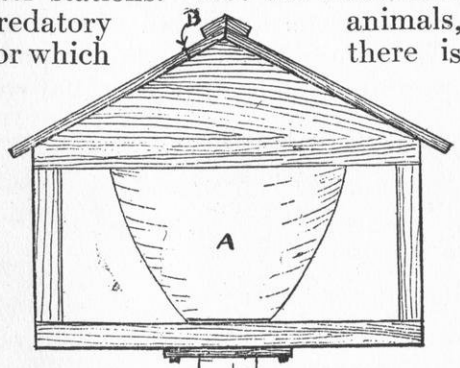


FIG. 2: AUTOMATIC FEEDING BOX: END VIEW

B SHOWS HINGE OF LID.

PROTECTING AND BREEDING WILD BIRDS

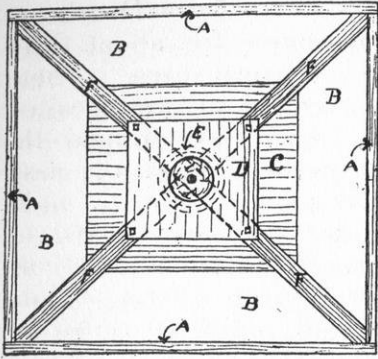


FIG. 3: LOOKING UP AT THE BOTTOM OF THE AUTOMATIC FEEDING BOX: A, LOWER EDGES OF WINDOW FRAMES: B, OPEN SPACES WHERE BIRDS ENTER: C, FEEDING PLATFORM: D, LOWER STRENGTHENING BOARD: POSITION OF POST AND BOLT INDICATED BY INNER CIRCLE AND DOT: DOTTED LINES AT E SHOW POSITION OF OPENING IN THE HOPPER ON THE UPPER SIDE OF THE FEEDING PLATFORM: F, DIAGONAL SUPPORTING STRIPS: THESE STRIPS ARE FASTENED SECURELY TO THE CORNERS OF THE FRAMEWORK, A.

ful if it supports— thus far—the elaborate bird protection work. Mr. Ford wants to increase the population of his farm and the surrounding country for his own gratification and as an example in the conservation of native wild life through individual effort.

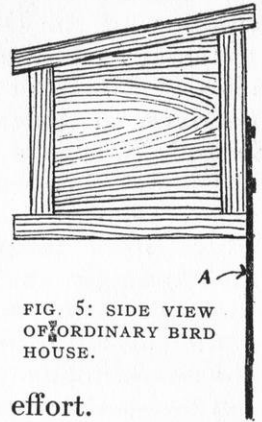


FIG. 5: SIDE VIEW OF ORDINARY BIRD HOUSE.

In the bird cultivation on the Dearborn farm the policy is to let the land alone. The thickets are being preserved; many of the old fruit bearers are left in the orchards; the Juneberry, the wild grape and the chokecherry are encouraged in the fence corners and hedges, and in great measure it is left to Nature to maintain her own balance. Such a

policy, under ordinary circumstances, does not appear to be consistent with good husbandry. In this instance the business is to husband the birds. Yet a similar policy, modified only in degree, is likely to be adopted

by farmers when it is discovered that an equitable division of the land with the birds increases the revenue by abating insect attack. For such birds, for instance, as are fond of the marketable cherry, there is the mulberry tree, the fruit of which ripens in cherry time and is preferred by the birds.

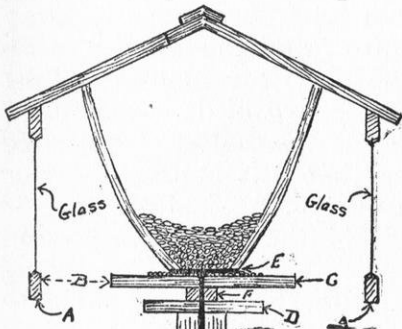


FIG. 4: CROSS SECTION THROUGH CENTER OF AUTOMATIC FEEDING BOX. THE VARIOUS LETTERS CORRESPOND WITH THOSE IN FIG. 3.

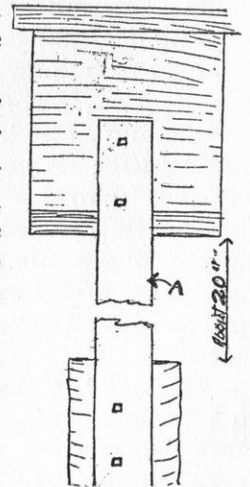


FIG. 6: BACK VIEW OF BIRD HOUSE.

The location of the farm is fortunate, affording a variety of advantageous conditions. It lies on both sides of the River Rouge, a slow-moving

PROTECTING AND BREEDING WILD [BIRDS]

tributary of the Detroit River, and extends north from Dearborn, stretching out along the stream's crooked course for about three miles. Much of the wooded and thicket-grown area is near the river, so that a supply of water is convenient to nesting sites. Several little rills—dry much of the year—supply water near the bird haunts in the seasons when it is most needed—when the nestlings cannot go for it themselves and their parents have to make many trips. To meet this same need, water has been carried by ditch through one extensive area of woods. Mr. Ford is now considering the matter of windmills to pump water into several sections of the farm, farther from a natural supply of water, so that they may be reclaimed for the birds.

One of the very small tributaries of the Rouge was dammed to enlarge a marshy district, which lies in the center of a large irregular triangle of low land bounded by two high roads and a high piece of heavy timber land. The existing wet area in the big triangle is already the home of mallards, rails and bittern, all of which nest there. The dam will make a marsh of probably thirty acres. Wild rice and wild celery will be planted, and every effort made to induce marsh and water-loving birds to breed there. One experiment proposed is the placing of barrels in the marsh with nesting material all ready for ducks.

The farm has rolling meadows, high sunny slopes, shady hollows, thick copses and several small patches of woods besides the larger wooded areas. There is a wide green ribbon of meadow on a circling slope toward the river, to which, on May days, the bobolinks come from miles around.

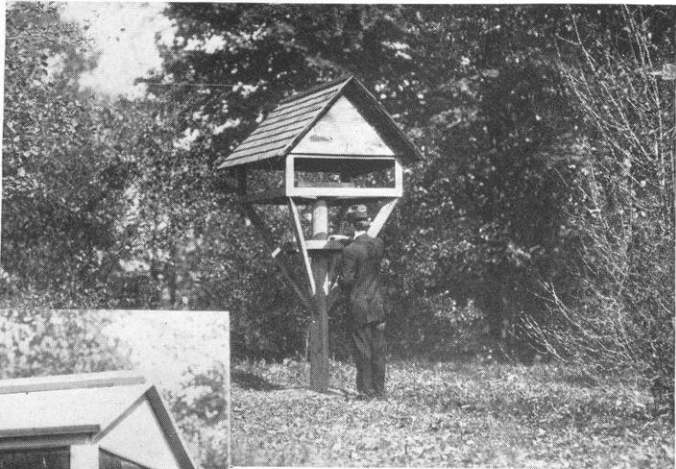
Quail already are abundant at the farm, and though this is an open season once more in Michigan, the birds are being carefully guarded. Mr. Ford offers liberal prices for live birds, particularly grouse and bobwhites. He is not considering the matter of imported game birds, as he seems to be convinced that it is better to devote himself to native species. The Department of Agriculture reports many attempts to stock various sections of the country with imported pheasants. These have not become so numerous anywhere as thoroughly to try out their relations with the farmer and with native birds.

EXCEPT the rather elaborate martin boxes with their numerous apartments, the bird houses are very simple affairs, such as almost any boy might make. The roof board, sloping to the front, hangs well over the edge of the box, protecting the little circular doorway which is high up under these eaves. There is no



A PICTURESQUE SPOT ON THE SOUTH BRANCH OF THE RIVER ROUGE WHERE NUMEROUS WATER BIRDS NEST AND FEED. THE RIVER ROUGE ON FORD FARM, A VALUABLE WATERING PLACE NEAR NESTING SITES.

THE FIGURE OF THE MAN SERVES MERELY TO SET OFF THE SIZE OF THE FOOD STATION WHICH HE IS REPLENISHING.



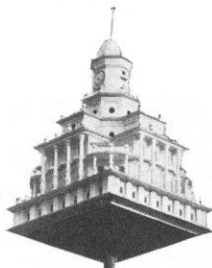
AUTOMATIC FEEDING STATION: SEED FOOD DROPS FROM HOPPER TO SHELTERED PLATFORM, ENCLOSED EXCEPT AT BOTTOM BY GLASS: SUET HANGS IN THE METAL MESH ON THE POST.

FOOD PLACED LOW IN PLAIN SIGHT OF BIRDS SOMETIMES TEMPTS THE FEEDERS TO INVESTIGATE THE FOOD TRAY WHICH IS SUSPENDED ABOVE IN A SHELTERED POSITION.

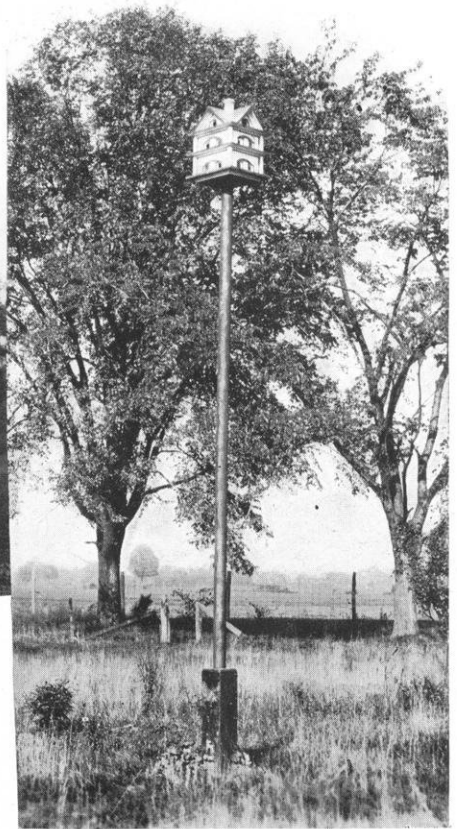


THREE MODEL FOOD SHELTERS ON THE FORD FARM, SHOWING A VARIETY OF WAYS THAT BIRD APPETITES ARE TEMPTED.

WRENS AND DOWNY WOOD-
PECKERS BOTH NESTED IN THIS
BOX DURING THE SAME SEASON.



A SMALLER MARTIN BOX: THE
PURPLE MARTINS CAME AND
LOOKED AT THIS BOX AND THEN
WENT AWAY: IT WAS FINALLY
OCCUPIED BY A PAIR OF WRENS.



ELABORATE APARTMENT HOUSE
FOR PURPLE MARTINS: NOTICE
WIRE FOR BIRDS TO ALIGHT
UPON: A COLONY OF THIRTY
DWELT HERE IN THE SUMMER
PAST AND RAISED YOUNG.



NESTING SITES OF TIED-UP BUSHES.

SHELTER OF RAILS PILED LOOSELY CROSSWAYS AND
THATCHED WITH STRAW OR GRASS.

WILD GRAPES FURNISH EXCELLENT FOOD FOR BIRDS.

PROTECTING AND BREEDING WILD BIRDS

perch at the opening. The English sparrow has a marked preference for the perch; therefore it is omitted. Bluebirds and wrens are using the boxes minus perches. At first most of the boxes were set in trees. This year they were removed to posts, being lifted above the post by a two-foot length of band iron which is bolted at the ends to box and post. There are two objects in the use of the band-iron. The cat will find it hard to reach the nest inside and the English sparrow, according to a generally accepted belief, will not like it because the box sways on its support in even a gentle breeze. In making most of the boxes, old, weathered boards rather than new have been used, the birds being shy about obviously new environment. There are about five hundred of these boxes among the trees in the vicinity of the bungalow, along the hedge above the bobolink meadow where the abundant Juneberries attract many birds, in high wooded places and in dells along the river; a few are in the thick of the woods and a very few—nearly all unused—in open spaces. A great many are set up on the edges of wooded places and along such fences as are supplemented by rank shrub growth.

Automatic feeding boxes used are of more elaborate construction. The type designed by Mr. Ford is about thirty inches square and sixteen inches high under the eaves. The bottom is open except for the platform on which the birds stand to feed. The sides are of clear glass. Inside, emptying on the platform is a hopper, holding about half a bushel of seed. This is filled from a hinged section of the roof. The grain rolls out on the feeding platform as rapidly as it is eaten. Only the bottom of the box being open, the birds enter there and are protected from wind and storm by the glass sides through which the food may be seen from the outside.

Seed used in feeding the birds is a mixture of wheat, millet, hemp and sunflower. With this oatmeal is used. The sunflower seed and the hemp are highly prized by many birds. In fact, hemp appears to be so satisfactory a food that the planting plan of the farm now includes a crop of wild hemp.

Fastened to the post which supports the feeding device is a pocket of metal mesh containing suet. This is in lieu of insect life for birds which depend largely upon an animal diet for which Nature makes small provision in winter. The suet is placed in the mesh so that large birds and four-footed animals cannot carry away large pieces. Beef fat and pork rinds are hung up elsewhere, this kind of food not being confined to the feeding-box post as a dispensary. Salt pork rinds have a restricted value, salt meat not being popular.

PROTECTING AND BREEDING WILD BIRDS

MR. FORD also proposes this winter to use the "feeding stick" made known to the bird-loving world by Martin Hiesemann in his "How to Attract and Protect Wild Birds," which is a description of the methods successfully employed by the great German bird protectionist, Baron von Berlepsch. The foodstick consists of a piece of branch eight inches long and about two inches in diameter, in one side of which three-quarter inch holes are bored to a depth of about three-quarters of an inch. These holes are filled with a food mixture made up as follows: White bread, dried and ground, four and a half parts; meat, dried and ground, three parts; hemp, six parts; crushed hemp, three parts; maw, three parts; poppy flour, one and a half parts; white millet, three parts; oats, one and a half parts; dried elderberries, one and a half parts; sunflower seeds, one and a half parts; ants' eggs, one and a half parts. To this dry food, when well mixed, is added one and a half times as much fat, either beef or mutton, which is heated. The food is put into the holes of the stick and it is then hung up near regular feeding stations. It is intended to be a tempting mixture to induce birds to feed regularly in one place where food is provided. The German bird protector also uses this mixture to coat branches of small trees in winter, where the birds may peck it off.

In addition to the automatic feeding box and suet, there is a type of shelter villa which has been much used by the birds. It consists of four corner-posts, connected by a strengthening framework, which supports a tight shingle roof. The little building stands about six feet high at the eaves. Under the roof a tray is suspended by wires or chains. Food is placed on the tray where it is sheltered from wind and storm. Because of the swaying motion of the tray on its vibrant hangers, the shelter is not often visited by English sparrows. Only lately still another type of shelter and food station has been put in use. It

has a large supporting post and two food trays, a small one—the cover of a cheese box—and a larger square tray. Over both, the shingle roof spreads a generous shelter.

There are other devices for sheltering birds and affording feed-



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.

NEW TYPES OF BIRD HOUSES NOW BEING MADE AT FORD FARM, FROM HOLLOWED LIMBS AND TREE TRUNKS: NOS. 1, 2, 3.

PROTECTING AND BREEDING WILD BIRDS

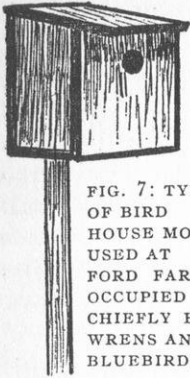


FIG. 7: TYPE OF BIRD HOUSE MOST USED AT FORD FARM: OCCUPIED CHIEFLY BY WRENS AND BLUEBIRDS.

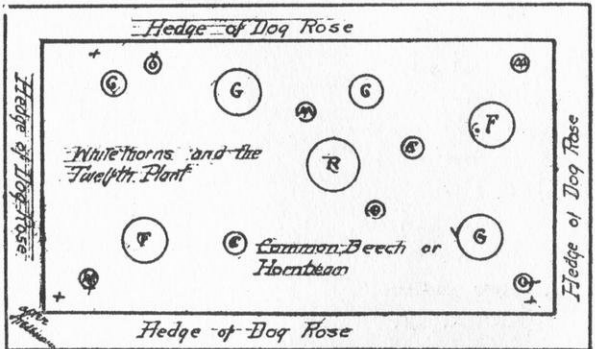
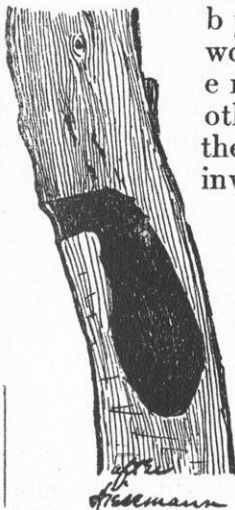
ing opportunities, such as piles of brush, which are left in the orchards and elsewhere, loose piles of small logs and branches with a thatching of straw, tepees made of poles and vines, and even boxes laid with the open side outward on stumps and on the ground. Food is sprinkled regularly around all such places. When the feeding of birds is once under way, it is important for success that the work be continued regularly and unfailingly. This is particularly true in winter. At the Ford farm the feeding continues regularly from the time the berries and insects begin to fail until these natural supplies are at hand again.

This tempts many birds to nest reasonably near the source of supply.

THE German bird protector learned after long study not only that many birds use the deserted nest holes of the woodpeckers in which to make their nests, because they afford peculiar advantages of seclusion and protection from storm,

LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF WOODPECKER'S HOLE: BIRD BOXES ARE BEING MADE ON THIS PRINCIPLE: SEE NO. 1.

but he also learned that certain birds use the holes made by one woodpecker, and other birds



BARON VON BERLEPSCH'S PLANTING PLACE FOR BIRD SHELTER. O, OAK; M, MOUNTAIN ASH; G, WILD GOOSE-BERRY; C, RED CEDAR; R, RIBES GROSSULARIA ARBOREUM; E, ELDER; F, FIR.

the holes made by other woodpeckers. By careful investigation of many woodpecker holes, as related by Mr. Hiesemann, the Baron learned the exact dimensions of the tree cavities made by the various woodpeckers and found them to be practically alike for the birds of a specie. Since making this discovery he has had sections of limbs and trunks of trees hollowed in precise imitation of the gourd-like cavity, and he has them in different sizes for the different birds which he desires to tempt to make their nests in them.

Boxes made out of tree trunks are not all of

PROTECTING AND BREEDING WILD BIRD

the woodpecker-cavity type. Other pieces of tree trunk will be bored out the greater part of their length with a plain round cavity and the open end partially covered by a board, screwed in place. These will be set up horizontally rather than with the cavity pendant as with the woodpecker boxes (see drawing Number Two). Still others will be made out of short pieces of trunk, with larger rectangular openings near the top, and covered above by a piece of board (see drawing Number Three). These will be hung up vertically.

Important among the trees which will be planted along the river and along the line of fences to add to the food supply are mulberry—white, Russian and Charles Downing varieties; Juneberry, barberry,—the exact variety of this has not been determined; juniper, Virginia creeper, mountain ash and bittersweet. Then there will be some conifers for windbreaks and to tempt the grosbeaks, the siskins and others.

Already there are probably ten times as many birds to the acre on the farm as anywhere else in the State—or *anywhere* on an acreage possessing like natural advantages. Jefferson Butler, president of the Michigan Audubon Society, in a two-hour walk at the farm on the morning of February twenty-second, nineteen hundred and eleven (the day cold, partly cloudy and snow on the ground) saw and recorded in his diary the following: eighteen bluebirds, five robins, three mourning doves, three quail, forty tree sparrows, two rusty blackbirds, eighteen bronzed grackles, two song sparrows, five downy woodpeckers, six white-breasted nuthatches, three flickers, two American sparrow-hawks, three marsh-hawks, one red-shouldered hawk, three chickadees, twelve crows. About the middle of October Mr. Butler estimated that among the birds frequenting the feeding stations near the bungalow in greatest number, there were fully a hundred myrtle warblers, fully as many song sparrows, a hundred and fifty juncos, two hundred goldfinches, a hundred tree sparrows, half as many vesper sparrows and forty white-throated and white-crowned sparrows. These are among the most valued friends of the farmers—those who have fully learned the birds' habits as weed destroyers. There were some field sparrows, numerous chickadees, white-breasted nuthatches and downy woodpeckers.

In the way of a further census Mr. Butler estimates that at this same season there were along the Rouge on the farm fully two hundred bronzed grackles, three hundred meadow-larks in the fields, half as many bluebirds and fifty jays—these besides robins, towhees, red-wing blackbirds, mourning doves, flickers and quail.

One of the most attractive spots on the farm is a beautifully wooded little glen, just at a bend in the river. Along this little glen,

PROTECTING AND BREEDING WILD BIRDS

in a space scarcely two hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, twenty-three pairs of birds were found nesting this year, among them these fifteen species: brown thrasher, catbird, goldfinch, song sparrow, field sparrow, chipping sparrow, mourning dove, yellow-billed cuckoo, towhee, yellow warbler, Wilson's thrush or veery, wood thrush, robin, cedar waxwing, American redstart. The variety is due partly to the fact that the upper slope of the wooded glen verges on open land—or partly open. Here grow many thorn-apple bushes, which make the best nesting sites because of the close, barbed twigs.

Just through the orchard and down a slope beyond the Butler cottage, the meandering course of the South Branch of the Rouge among stubs and thick shrubs, with wet marsh grown spots here and there, the American bittern has his home and feeds on frogs and crayfish, making his presence known now and then with his pumping or his stake-driving noises. Least bittern, too, made their nest nearby, but their eggs were washed out by a sudden flood of the stream. The black-crowned night heron dwells there, and the little blue heron. The spotted sandpiper nests in the locality and the kingfishers have their tunneled homes in the banks, where they are high. The solitary sandpipers must have nested there, too, because they were seen all through the nesting season, but their abode could not be discovered. A little farther, on some damp bottomland, overgrown with willows and scrubby bushes, the Maryland yellow throat nested this year and numerous warblers were there. Over in the big woods where there are some giant oaks Mr. Ford found that the great blue heron had chosen one of the largest of them all, an oak which must be more than two hundred years old, in which to construct its huge rough nest of brush.

Very little has been said definitely here of the benefits which the farmer may expect from the birds which he may induce to live near him. He need not look far for this information. In "Useful Birds and Their Protection," by Edward H. Forbush, ornithologist of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, he will find a wealth of information as to the dire results of bird extinction in and desertion of various localities, and he will have spread before him the testimony of numerous authorities that the birds do effective police duty on the farm, in the field and the orchard, the garden and the woodland. If then he requires further proof he may avail himself of the advice of the Department of Agriculture. The Biological Survey will send him pounds of bulletins, prepared after most careful research—all to the end that he may learn how much the birds are doing for him, how much more they would do for him, would he give them half an opportunity.

THINGS WE CANNOT AFFORD

- W**E cannot afford to depend upon any one person for counsel, comfort or love, nor can we afford to do without the several friends who would give us all these if we earned them by our loyalty.
- We cannot afford to sacrifice our consciences on the altar of a neighbor's opinion, or our individuality at the shrine of his desires, for each of us has but one problem whose solution is essential to success, one pattern only to be wrought out with pains, and that, his own.
- We cannot afford to lose the respect of acquaintances, or to have their good will with their pity. Pity is a doorway opening downward.
- We cannot afford to build up a house of petty power on the diplomacy of broken promises, for such weak foundation stones will cause the whole building to totter and perhaps to fall, burying the inmates in the ruins.
- If we are defamed by calumnies, misunderstood by those of vulgar thought, and doubted by those who are insincere, we cannot afford resentment. We cannot afford anything but compassion for those poor liars and dupes who must perish in their shame.
- If we are young, we cannot afford to do without the old whose harvest gives us the only seed we have for our own planting.
- If we are old, we cannot afford to do without the young, who may survive to achieve those things for which we have vainly striven.
- We cannot afford to succeed without making that success minister, in some way, to the lives of others. We cannot even afford to free ourselves from debt, if doing so involves dishonor.
- We cannot afford to hide our best thoughts and feelings, for fear of ridicule, and express only our poorer and weaker ideas, since what we repress we weaken, and what we express we strengthen in ourselves.
- We can never afford to be less than the persons we really are: For while, by hiding ourselves, we avoid enemies and a fight, so also, we avoid staunch friends of true adhesive power, and the glory of the victory.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.



VALUE OF MUSIC SCHOOL SETTLEMENTS IN CITIES: BY N. CURTIS

R. DAVID MANNES, the well-known violinist and Director of the Music School Settlement of New York, once told this little anecdote:

“From a quarter of the East Side where there was no music, came a little girl to study at the Music School Settlement. She had no talent and I do not think that any other musical institution would have taken her in; but we accepted her and when she was not successful with one teacher, we tried another. She loved music and so we felt that if she did not get on, it must be the fault of the teacher. She lived on the top floor of a tenement house filled with many poor hard-working people. You have no idea what that little soul meant in such a house. When she practiced after school hours, the neighbors listened while they washed clothes and did housework. Her mother said: ‘I am afraid that my child is disturbing our neighbors.’ But the neighbors sent word that they wanted the child to keep right on playing; they forgot they were working when she played.”

It was William Morris who said that art should be the expression of man's joy in his work. He meant that creative work into which a man can put his heart and which would seem to be the birthright of every individual. But the immigrant of the East Side who labors all day in the deadening mechanism of the factory, feels little of such joy. To the children of these toilers the Music School Settlement offers art that it may put a light into their lives and make work less crushing.

The Music School Settlement idea is now becoming a definite and far-reaching movement. Patterned on the parent school in New York, eighteen new music school settlements have sprung into life within the last year in different cities. That these schools all work for a common aim was proved last spring at a meeting held at the New York School when the representatives of the several organizations united in a federation of music schools and adopted a constitution. The fine spirit of coöperation which has characterized the work of the teachers in the original New York School binds all the schools in a united effort, though, of course, each organization must independently meet the needs of its own community.

The South End School in Boston works among the Polish and Russian Jews and Irish and Swedish immigrants, the North End School (for Boston has two) is in the Italian quarter. The schools in Brooklyn, Albany, New Rochelle, Pittsfield, Providence and the branch of the New York School opened this autumn in the Bronx have

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each their own differentiated circle of activity. The movement now extends even to the Pacific Coast.

The original New York School which began very modestly has now a building of its own at Fifty-five East Third Street in the Russian Jewish quarter. The aims of the Society of the Music School Settlement incorporated in nineteen hundred and three are best expressed in the words of the President, Mrs. Howard Mansfield: "The purpose of the Society, is to provide instruction at the least possible cost to the children of the East Side. Formerly such instruction as was available had been eagerly sought, often from teachers whose demands were out of all proportion to their ability. These children, being chiefly of foreign parentage, have an inherent love of music, and only those to whom music is a necessity can appreciate the part it plays in the lives of these people. While a small charge is made to all those who can pay, there are scholarships and free tuition where payment is not possible. Pupils with unusual ability are trained to become teachers in the school, and many of them have private pupils among their own people. In all the work of the Society the aim is to keep in close touch with the pupils and their families, and to take a keen interest in the life and development of each one who becomes connected with the School. The effect of this work can scarcely be overestimated."

On the staff of seventy-two teachers are professional musicians, volunteers from uptown and advanced pupils of the School. Lessons are given in the playing of the violin, piano, 'cello and double-bass; in theory, sight-reading and ensemble; in singing, sight-singing and chorus work. There are three orchestras composed of pupils, and a volunteer orchestra of adults which meets in the evenings. Half-hour lessons are given at twenty-five cents a lesson, and chorus-class instruction may be had for ten cents. Lessons in ensemble and sight-singing, as well as all lectures, are free. The work is thoroughly organized and the School is run with that system and precision which are a sure augury of success. Common sense and practicality are manifest in every department of the work. There are athletic clubs, a playground on the roof, and summer outings to woods and seashore as well as a two-weeks' holiday at the Vacation House in the country.

It is not the purpose of the Music School Settlement to train pupils into professional musicianship; the goal is to offer to the children of wage-earners an opportunity for interest in art and that development of the finer instincts of the child's mind and heart which music, when rightly taught, can awaken; also to bring this definite cultural influence into the daily lives and homes of the poor.

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Children who have nothing to do out of school hours but to play in the noisy streets of the East Side, are provided with practice rooms at the Settlement, where the influence of Bach and Beethoven replaces that of the hand-organ and the moving-picture show. That the children love the School and that the people of the East Side are alive to its benefits is proved by a waiting list of a thousand names, which shows that the school of eight hundred pupils is still physically incapable of meeting the ever-growing demand.

AT THE meeting for the confederation of the different schools last spring, many interesting anecdotes were told by the teachers—anecdotes so striking and touching that they brought the listener straight to the very heart of the work. One father wanted his little girl to have a violin, but he had no money to buy one. As it was spring, he did not need his overcoat, so he pawned it and bought the violin. The little girl became one of the best pupils of the School.

Then there was the son of a poor widow who also wanted money to buy a violin, so he slept on the floor and rented his bed to a lodger until he had saved enough money to buy an instrument and take lessons. He came to the School, went through the course and is now a professional. Then there was a poor German woman who, as she brought her little boy, announced: "I want Billy to have violin lessons and I am going to scrub floors to get the money and when Billy can play on his violin I shall be the happiest woman in all New York City."

It is not too much to say that nearly every child in the School is in some degree the center of some such sacrifice. We may well believe that the family of the child is gladdened by the result of the effort from the following story which graphically illustrates the effect of the School upon the home. One little boy who came was so happy after his first lesson that he went home and told his father that he wanted to give him lessons too. So the father got a violin and the little boy thus described to the teacher the evening sessions: "Father and I help mother to wash the dishes and then we get out our violins and have a fine time with our lessons. Father is getting on nicely;" and when the teacher asked, "Does your father practice?" the little Russian replied quickly, as though he could not understand such a foolish question: "For why should not a grown-up man practice when he has wanted lessons for long and now has them!"

The influence of the School which finds its avenue through music, is not confined to music alone. The parents have learned to trust the teachers and the workers who live in the Settlement

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building, and the difficulties in many a home have found adjustment and relief through the kindly help and advice of the School.

A talk with Mr. Mannes brings one to a fuller realization of the work which embodies many of the violinist's own ideas about the musical education of children, the relation of music to the people and what it can mean in the lives of the working classes from whom the great genius so often springs, as well as what it should mean in the lives of the rich who in this country have as yet little realization of music beyond the bought entertainment in opera or in concert hall. "I would like," he said, "to fill the city with so many good amateurs that *every house could make its own music.*" Mr. Mannes' sympathy with the people and his understanding of their needs have led him to cast aside stereotyped and conventional methods of teaching in the effort to inspire the child to seek from the very beginning not mechanical mastery of an instrument but what Mr. Mannes calls "the true heart of music."

"Now the way that I should like to teach a child," he said, "would be to begin with it when it is two and a half years of age. I should put either a fiddle or a piano in the room, *but no teacher.* I should say: 'Here is a toy; try to do something with it.' We put drums and other toys into a child's nursery; why not a fiddle? Let the child touch and handle the instrument; let him try to play on it by himself. Pretty soon the child will say: 'Will somebody please teach me?' I have found this to happen every time, and it would be the same way with sight singing, reading or any other kind of musical instruction. If we begin by saying, 'You must practice two or three hours a day,' we begin at the wrong end, for it is the compulsory and monotonous practice of five notes and scales that kills the love of music in a young child."

AT THE Music School Settlement, no children, not even those few of exceptional talent who are encouraged to make music a vocation are allowed to neglect their work in the public schools for their music. For Mr. Mannes believes that much of the egotism of the professional musician, the petty jealousies and the smallness of character are due to "the desire to attain at eighteen or twenty years of age that which is called Success, and which necessitates worship of the golden calf of art—Technique, during the very years that the child's mind is unfolding and that his interests should be broadly awakened instead of concentrated on technical proficiency in one field." In Mr. Mannes' opinion, a student will become a greater artist and a happier man if he spreads his technical training over a longer period of time and thus is able to attain

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through a more general education and a broader outlook a better and more normal manhood, mentally and physically. Mr. Mannes believes that the ideal artist should be imbued with the "Beethoven Spirit"—a reverence for his art as for a sacred trust,—and that music should never be degraded into mere egotistical self-expression, for he says, "Music seems to me the only religion common to us all and through this common religion we find in our own way our own individual and respective religions. It is one that has existed for people in every time and place. It must lead to something. There is a real need for music in our lives, a need for the protection that it gives us from the deadening influence of everyday work in a great commercial city." And there can be no doubt that the Music School Settlement work gives to the young ennobling interests, a dignified means of livelihood, brings joy into their lives and good influences into their homes, and thus benefits the whole community.

Mr. Mannes believes very strongly that the public schools, inspired by the example of the Music School Settlement, must come to realize more fully the value of the great developing influence of music and its stimulus to the imagination, for, as he says, "If it means a great deal to those who are rich and surrounded by beautiful things to have music in their homes, those who have only poverty have even greater need of it. And it is my hope that when this need is broadly recognized, the public schools all over the country will be open after school hours as centers of interest for all those who want to know more about the things that make life beautiful, such as painting, music and the kindred arts. The schools should be to the children a place which they really love, and to the people, a temple of inspiration."

Five years ago the writer of this article visited Hampton Institute in Virginia to attend the annual spring exercises. No one who has ever been to Hampton can forget the marvelous impression made by the singing of the negro students when that chorus of eight hundred voices unaccompanied by any instruments, chants in the untaught harmonies peculiar to the negro people the beautiful old plantation melodies, the slave songs which, like all really great music, were born of suffering and of aspiration and seem to be the expression of the very soul of the American negro.

ONE evening as we sat in the hall, Dr. Frissell, the principal of the School, announced that after the singing some of the visitors would address the students and a famous musician from New York would play to them. Then Dr. Felix Adler, who

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was present, told this story: There was once a negro named Douglas, who, like most of the negro race, was filled with a love of music. He studied the violin, went abroad and became a thorough musician. After the War when the negroes were freed he returned to this country filled with ambition and with love for his art. But he found that every door was closed to him; no orchestra would admit him because of his race, and so, crushed with disappointment, he was forced to earn his living by common fiddling. One day as he was passing through a crowded street in New York, he heard the tones of a violin floating out from a basement window. He stopped and listened. It was evidently a child's hand that drew the bow across the strings. At last, impelled by some strange inner attraction, he spoke to the mother of the little boy. Recognizing the talent of the child Douglas offered to give him lessons; then into the soul of that little white boy who was denied all larger opportunity for study, the negro musician poured his own soul, giving the child all that he had himself learned. Douglas died, but the little boy became an artist."—Dr. Adler paused at this place in the story and turning to the negro students who were sitting at the back of the stage in the hall, he said,—“That little boy will play for you tonight.”

Then Mr. David Mannes rose from the audience with violin in hand and stepped onto the stage. The hall was crowded with guests, many of them distinguished people from New York, Richmond, Boston and other cities. There was a hush as Mr. Mannes lifted his violin; he drew the bow across the strings, and turning with his back to all that company he faced the negro students whose eyes were fixed upon him with expectancy, and played to them. The act was so simple and sincere that tears stood in many eyes and it seemed to all of us as though the violin as it sang under the artist's fingers, strove to give back to the negro people the inspiration that the broken-hearted Douglas had given to the white child. The violinist's inspired playing that night seemed a prophecy of that larger act of retribution which has found form in the Music School Settlement for Negroes started by Mr. Mannes last spring.

The aim of the Music School Settlement Work for Negroes is threefold: the educational appeal to the negro through music, a peculiar talent for which is a distinct racial trait; the founding of a social center which shall produce a healthy moral environment and provide instructive recreation for the colored people, young and old; the preservation, encouragement and development along natural lines of the music of the negro, which is one of the most characteristic in this country.

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Mr. Mannes has found in Mr. David Martin a negro musician of good training who is eminently fitted to carry on the negro school under Mr. Mannes' supervision. In speaking of the need of such a school Mr. Martin said, "There are over a hundred thousand negro residents in New York City, many of whom have come here from the South for the same reason that the white settlers originally came to this country: to find freedom and a larger opportunity. But in New York, as elsewhere, the negro workman, no matter what his education or ability, finds himself shut out of nearly all trades-unions and may obtain only the most menial positions whose small salaries keep the race in pitiful poverty. To support a family both parents must go out to work and the children, left without proper care, pick up in the streets the qualities that make the negro, like any other man in the same circumstances, a burden, instead of a help to civilization. If the white child needs the Music School Settlement, how much more does his little dark brother need it!"

During the past few seasons music lessons were given experimentally at the Walton Free Kindergarten for Colored Children, where evening classes were also held for adults. Mr. Mannes went one evening to overlook the instruction. He found a negro wash-woman who had bent all day over her tubs, struggling with stiff fingers to bring tones from the piano. Mr. Mannes was touched at the earnestness of the woman and asked her why she had saved her ten cents each night to come for a lesson and what she hoped to do with her instruction. The woman's appealing look answered the sympathy in his voice. "If I could only play 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,'" she said, "I should be perfectly happy!"

The Music School Settlement Movement brings home to us the truth that art is not a luxury for the cultured few. The need of it lies deep in every human heart, often most deeply in the souls of those who live nearest to its message because they suffer much. Art is not merely a product of civilization, but a vital working factor in human evolution. And in America the Music Settlement, leveling barriers of race and creed, summons forth the higher nature of its future citizens by giving them the power of speech in what Mr. Mannes rightly calls "the common language of the soul—Music."

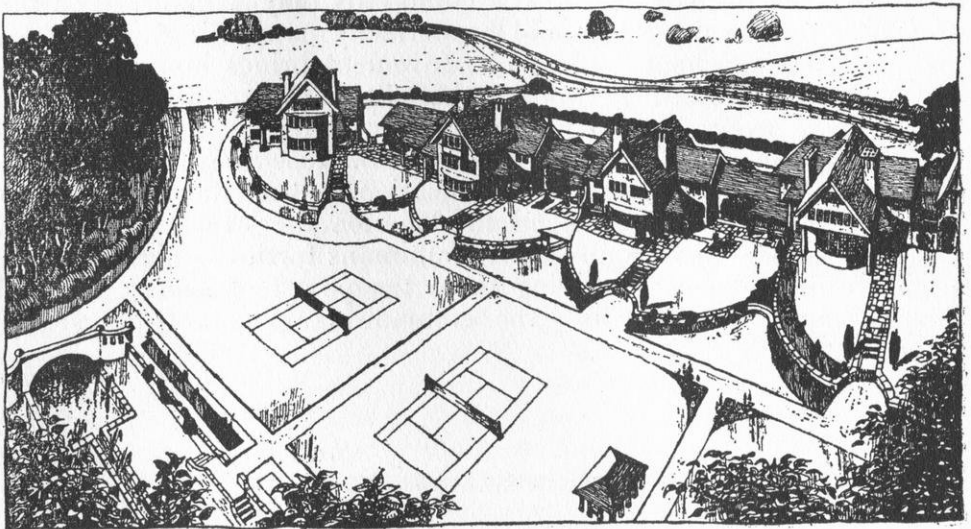


COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY

BEFORE we leave the subject of gardens, we must consider the question of fences or enclosures. That there must be a fence on every boundary we English seem unthinkingly to accept as inevitable. Even the joy we felt, as children, when we came upon a piece of open road which had not a fence on either side of it and the mental relief this gave to us, seem not enough to make us pause and ask ourselves "why," when we propose to erect a fence. Even when, in other lands, we find tracts of fenceless country, we seem scarcely to realize how much of the beauty of the landscape is due to the absence of fences. Of course, I have nothing to say against those fences which are rendered desirable by the differences between the systems of farming used here and in some other countries.

Roads which should be pleasant, sometimes even in our most aristocratic suburbs, are often made almost as dismal as those which pass between rows of unattractive cottages, by the erection of forbidding and unfriendly high fences. The depressing effect of many a row of cottages is more often produced by the fences that enclose the cattle-pen-like front gardens than by any other cause; not, of course, by the front gardens, but by their fences.

But surely the purely aesthetic consideration is a weighty element in this question. Fences cut up the landscape and tend to destroy its breadth and sweep. They sometimes do this to an al-



SKETCH A: SUGGESTION FOR A COMPROMISE IN ENCLOSING A GARDEN.

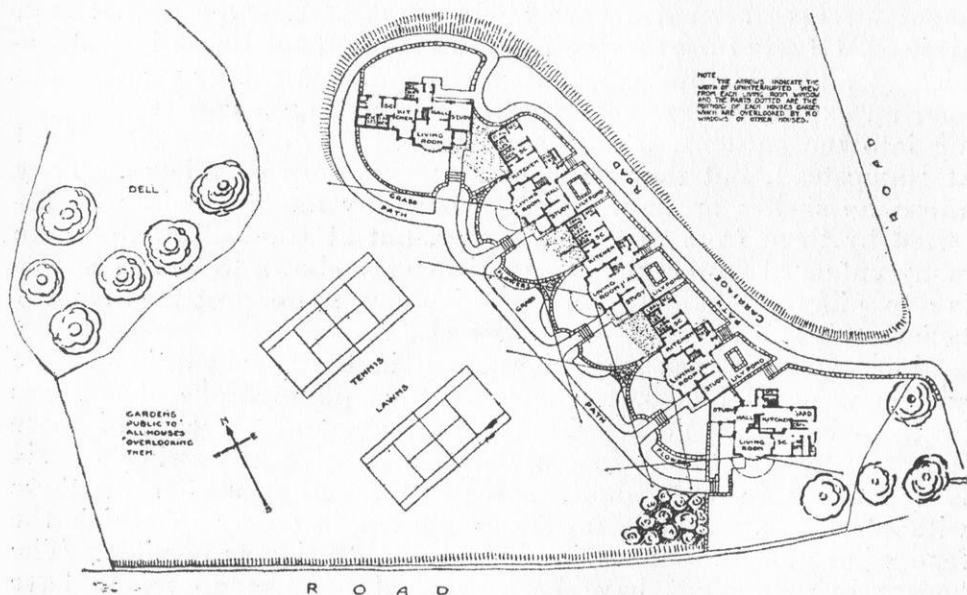
GARDENS, OPEN AND ENCLOSED



ROADSIDE COTTAGES SHOWN IN SKETCH A.

most intolerable extent in suburban districts. It is not that fences themselves are necessarily ugly; far from it. What would our pastoral scenes be without the hedge-row? Leafy lanes, winding between high hedges, are the glory of our southern counties, and who could contemplate with equanimity the loss of walled gardens? Also, privacy and seclusion are at times necessary to all of us. Boundary fences take the forms of quick-set hedges or are built of natural or artificial stones (including ferro-concrete), wood, brick, metal (generally iron), and basketwork and unlimited combinations of any or all of these. These fences are capable of much beauty, both natural and of design, but there is little doubt but that our æsthetic sense suffers from the too great profusion of them, almost everywhere. The suburbs of many American cities have risen in revolt

against the too great profusion of them, almost everywhere. The suburbs of many American cities have risen in revolt



PLAN B FOR SKETCH A.

GARDENS, OPEN AND ENCLOSED



SKETCH C: SHOWING GRILL IN GARDEN WALL.

against the fence and swept it away, with a gain in beauty which has been a revelation to us all. In many of these suburbs each house seems to stand in a lovely open park. But we in England must work tentatively toward this, and not, in the enthusiasm excited by this new idea, lose sight of any real benefits the fence has conferred or can confer.

If we only realized the great number of instances in which a hedge would answer instead of railings or a wall, and acted upon this, we should go a little way in the right direction.

The houses in Norton Way, Letchworth, are given here because a hedge has been substituted for the customary palings. This hedge, while forming a sufficient screen from the road for those in the house, does not shut out the passerby from all enjoyment of the gardens, for it is of Penzance briars and Dorothy Perkins roses and is in itself a joy to everyone. Still, the other photograph taken lower down the same road, and also given here, perhaps suffices to suggest how the whole road would have gained breadth of treatment had the fences been done away with altogether. One cannot help asking, "Of what use are the fences in front of the house in Rotherwick Road at Hampstead, illustrated here? Are they really more than an expensive *survival*?" They might keep a cow from straying into the gardens, if cows ever passed down Rotherwick Road at Hampstead, but they will not keep out dogs or thieves. They afford no shelter or screen. Some passerby might possibly be deterred by them from picking a flower, but at Hampstead there are many unfenced flowers which experience has shown to be less tempting to pilferers than are those which are more protected, and I believe this is a common experience elsewhere.

For any help that they may afford in the consideration of the artistic value of fences, we here give two photographs of cottages in Earswick near York, with their fences, and sketches of these same cottages without fences. We also give a drawing of six large houses in Sollershott, Letchworth, and a sketch of these without fences. I have purposely chosen instances in which the fences have been made as simple and unobtrusive as possible. The houses in Sollershott have been selected because no fences have here been erected *between* the gardens. I feel sure no one will con-



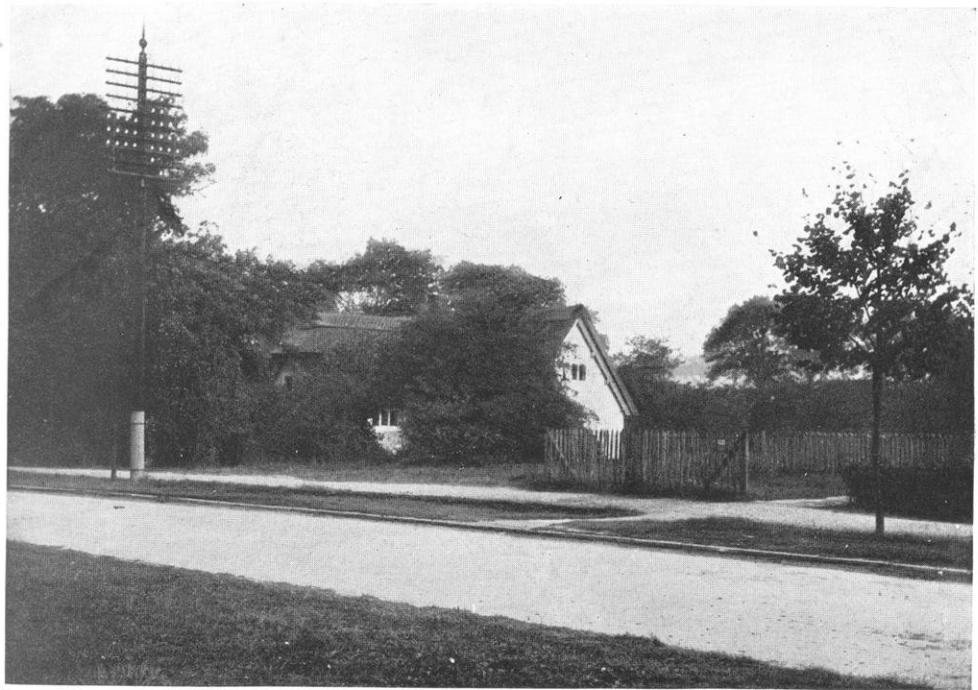
Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES IN ROTHER-
WICK ROAD, HAMPSTEAD, ENGLAND:
SHOWING SYMMETRY IN CONSTRUCTION.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

ADDITIONAL GROUPS OF HOUSES IN ROTHERWICK ROAD, DEMONSTRATING THE HARMONY OF EFFECT TO BE GAINED FROM WELL-CONSIDERED SYMMETRY.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects

HOUSE IN NORTON WAY SHOWING THE CONTRAST
BETWEEN OPEN SPACE AND FENCED GARDEN.
HOUSES IN NORTON WAY SHELTERED WITH HEDGES
IN PLACE OF FENCES.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

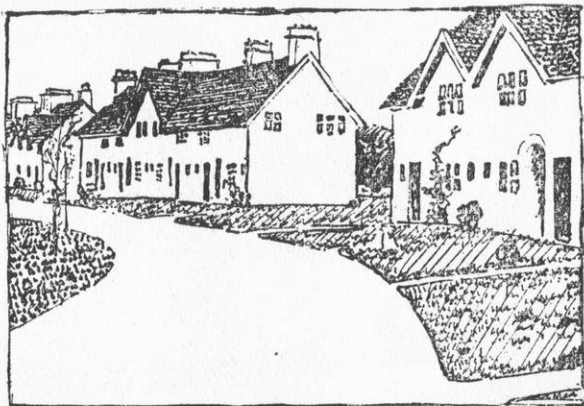


Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

ROWS OF COTTAGES IN EARSWICK, YORKSHIRE,
ENGLAND, WITH FENCES ENCLOSING GARDEN SPACE.

GARDENS, OPEN AND ENCLOSED

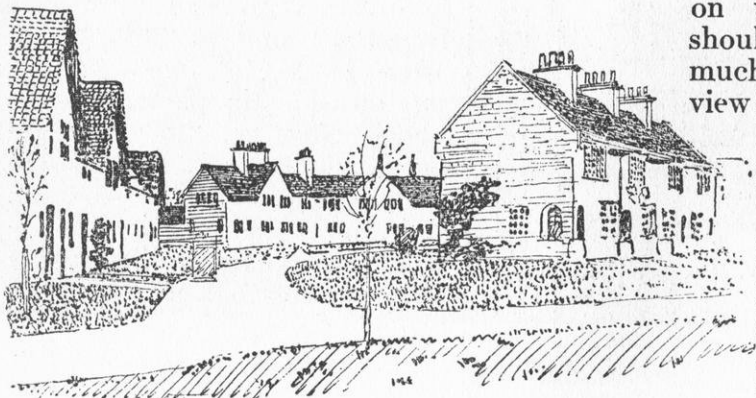
tend that the fences offer any æsthetic gain, whether they have utilitarian advantages or not. Do we think enough about whether these fences between cottage gardens have any advantages or not? In the rare instances in which they are dense enough and high enough to secure privacy, the obstruction they present to the outlook from the windows can scarcely be tolerated. In most instances they afford neither privacy, nor hindrance to thieves, dogs or children, and they effect no useful purpose beyond showing where one man's land begins and another's ends. For this purpose nothing which is an eyesore is needed; anything will suffice to show a boundary line, if it is desired.



COTTAGES AT EARSWICK, WITHOUT FENCES.

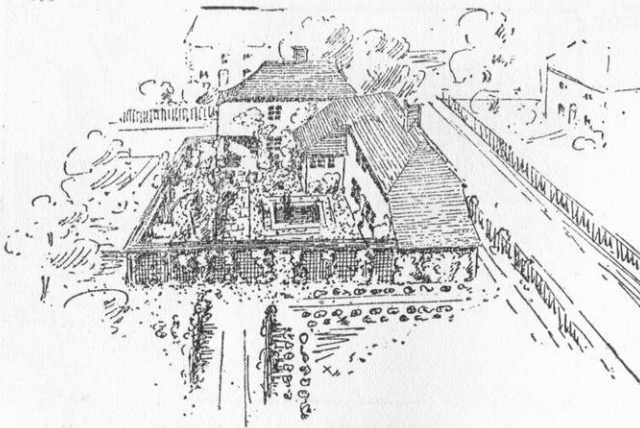
I also give here, in sketch A and plan B a suggestion for one of those compromises so dear to the Englishman's heart. In it no garden is altogether without privacy, though we have none of the customary closed-in effect. The parts of each garden dotted over on the plans are not overlooked by the windows of other houses besides the ones to which they belong. No window of any house looks across at those of another house, yet from each house an uninterrupted view is afforded of the sweep of the common gardens and the prospect beyond, the width of which sweep I have indicated by the arrows

on the plan. It should be noted how much wider this view is than it would have been with ordinary fences between the gardens, and that it is not in the power of the occupant of any house to grow or erect anything in his



COTTAGES AT EARSWICK, WITHOUT FENCES.

GARDENS, OPEN AND ENCLOSED

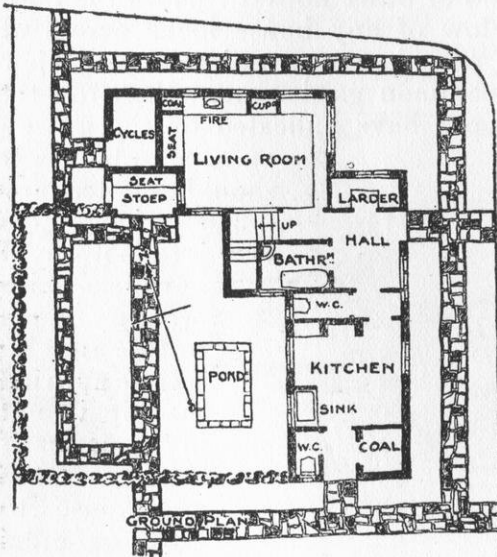


SKETCH D: TREATMENT OF A CORNER PLOT: PRIVACY WITHOUT HIGH WALLS.

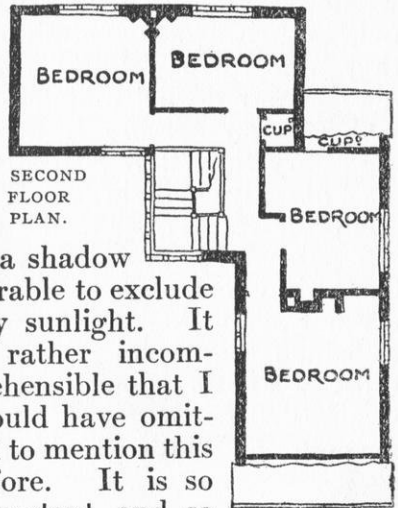
contrived on the road side of each house. Each of these courts is private to its own house and is not overlooked by any kitchen windows. A sketch of one is given here.

Further, these houses are planned (as are all others illustrating this series of articles) so that no projection casts a shadow over the window from which it is undesirable to exclude

any sunlight. It is rather incomprehensible that I should have omitted to mention this before. It is so important and so often leads to most serious modifications in plans. In the plans before us, the projection occupied by each living room casts a shadow, when the sun is in the south, over its kitchen window, and this will probably be welcome. Each house is brought forward beyond the one to the south of it, that the living rooms and studies may all have south windows.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN FOR SKETCH D.



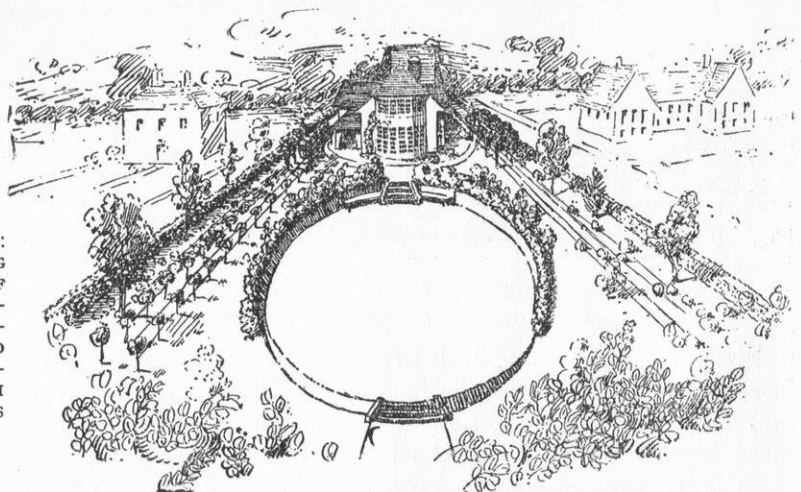
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

own garden which will curtail the scope of his neighbor's view.

Small yards and the necessary out-buildings are arranged between the houses so that the sides of the houses toward and the sides away from the road may all be equally nice, and that a little sheltered court may be

GARDENS, OPEN AND ENCLOSED

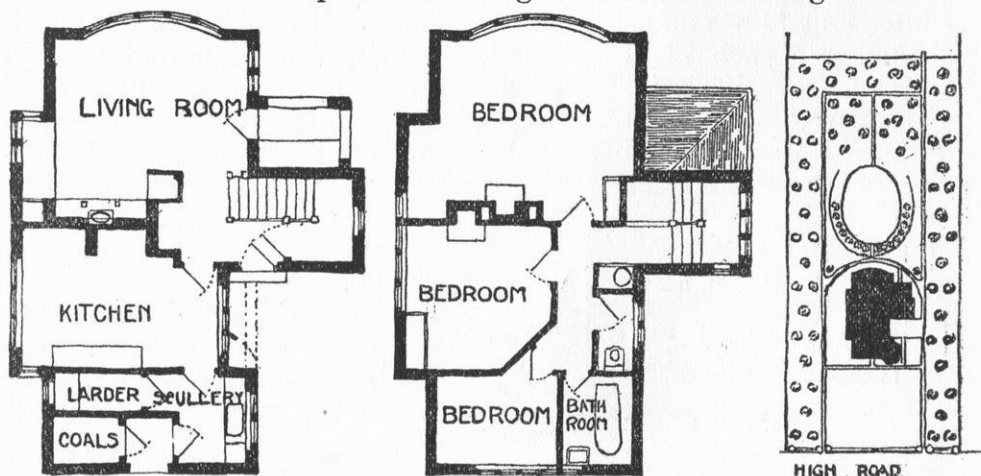
SKETCH E:
SHOWING
TREATMENT
OF A GARDEN
SANDWICHED
IN BETWEEN
TWO OTHERS:
METHOD BY
WHICH
PRIVACY IS
GAINED.



The sketch for these houses rather curiously happens to illustrate the fact that variety introduced for its own sake and with nothing to express will have no happier effect than has uniformity or symmetry in the exterior of a building which is not equally uniform or symmetrical within.

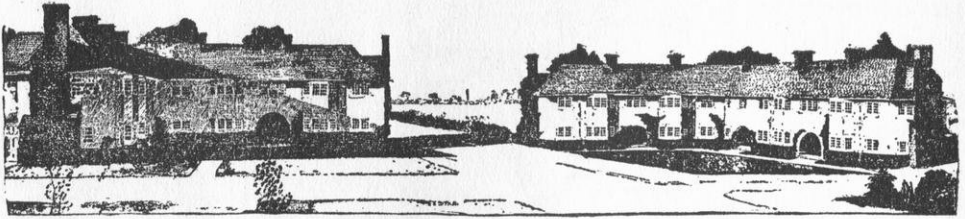
As this is merely an outline suggestion, all the houses in my sketch are based on one plan, and I have tried to indicate the fact that circumstances which would dictate differences in their interior arrangement would also influence the exteriors by arbitrarily making differences in the elevation. These belittle the whole effect and disparage the whole suggestion.

When we come upon a building with a row of large windows



PLANS OF DIFFERENT FLOORS FOR SKETCH E.

GARDENS, OPEN AND ENCLOSED

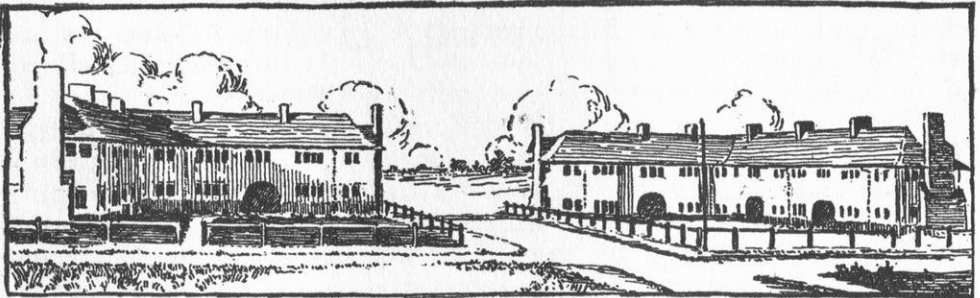


SIX HOUSES IN SOLLERSHOTT, LETCHWORTH, WITHOUT FENCES.

lighting a ball room, balanced by a corresponding row in a corridor, the artificiality and absence of dignity is instinctively felt. We feel the same thing when we discover that houses which are alike have been "tricked up" to look different from each other.

Where houses are to be alike, surely advantage should be taken of the opportunity to express this in balanced and restrained groups (such as we have in Sollershott, Letchworth, and in the three pairs of houses in Rotherwick Road, Hampstead). Where they are to be different, surely such differences in their outward appearance as are the logical outcome of interior differences, should be manifest. Our instincts seem to rebel as much against forced variety as they do against forced symmetry. We cannot imagine the builder of a Greek temple or of a Mediæval church attempting to conceal that the two sides are alike when they are not, or attempting to make the two sides appear alike if they really differ.

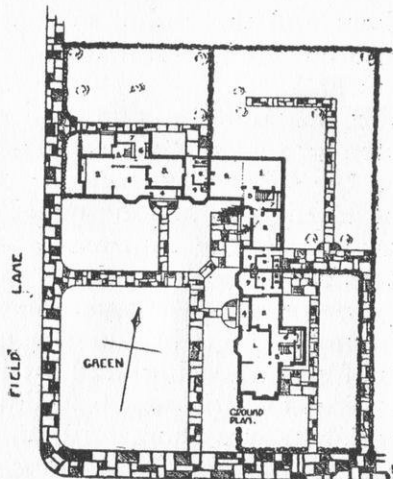
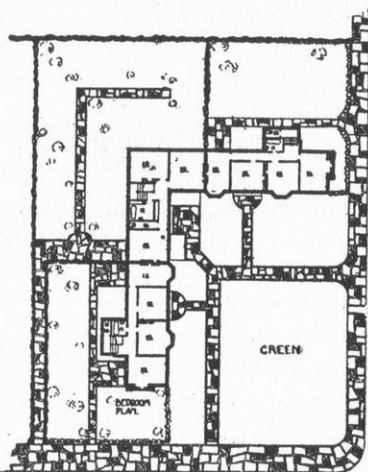
Ruskin, in trying to see how many windows all alike he could count before his patience gave out, in Queen Street, Edinburgh, pointed out how much it would enrich the lives of the Edinburgh people were each of these windows, first, beautiful, and second, different from its neighbors,—a work of art, an embodiment of loving care and thought. Obviously he was right; but may it not be that he was advocating what would now be, in many instances,



HOUSES IN SOLLERSHOTT, WITH FENCES.

GARDENS, OPEN AND ENCLOSED

an impossible ideal? To our incalculable gain, Mediæval builders have shown Ruskin's demands to be possible to a living traditional art. But all this has gone, and we have much work to do today, under



FLOOR PLANS FOR HOUSES IN SOLLERSHOTT.

conditions which preclude so high an ideal, but which we must still strive to render effective, while candidly acknowledging in the result of our work all the limitations under which we labor. If we do so and look around for help, we find designers who have valued above everything the beautiful, restrained and quiet effects which may result from uniformity and symmetry.

We also find that some of these designers value such effects so highly that they strive to produce them where they are not a natural expression, and to force conditions to which they do not apply into a semblance of quiet and restraint.

So comes that revulsion of feeling to which we are subjected when we go behind a terrace or crescent of houses apparently all alike, and there find, made permanent, that writhing of distorted building which results when the attempt has been made to compel differing accommodations to conform to a uniform front. It is obvious, for instance, that in a row of modern houses built by contract, or as a speculation for unknown tenants, we cannot hope to secure the charm and variety that Mediæval guilds have given us, and we are wise to attempt very unambitious and entirely unpretending effects of uniformity, striving for quiet dignity and sincerity.

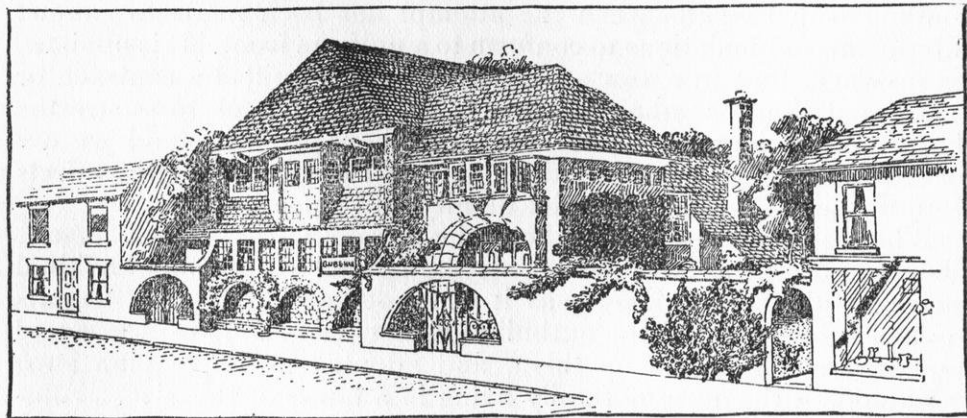
This has been my aim in the design for six houses in Sollershott. They were built as an investment; no special wishes of individual tenants could be considered, as it was not known who the tenants would be. I arranged the outbuildings between the houses to avoid spoiling any elevations by them, and adopted a simple plan such as would suit the average family living in a house of this size. Folding doors were placed between the two front rooms and between

GARDENS, OPEN AND ENCLOSED

them and the stairs, so that the tenants might throw all the space into one room when they wanted, or shut off the hall only, or have the hall and two separate rooms, just as they preferred or as occasion demanded. The group of houses was arranged around a common green, so that each house could have a good private garden on the side away from the green. In this position the fences might be as high as anyone could wish, and the total effect would be enhanced by the contrast between this enclosed effect and the openness of the green.

Some people argue that because the pleasure they experience from buildings in which symmetry is the most salient characteristic is of an unexciting kind arising mainly from the satisfaction of their critical faculties, such building is not of so high an order as is that which moves them with the fulness of joy and pleasure they feel, say, on entering Rothenburg. Are they always right in so arguing? Are not the symmetrical buildings of which this is really true, those which have been obviously laid out to secure symmetry before everything else? Surely very much of the beauty of Rothenburg is due to symmetry, but it is that unobtrusive and natural symmetry into which all building tends to fall in the absence of any reasons why it should not.

It is not that the occupants of a building ought not to suffer any inconvenience if this were for the general good and forfeit some personal gain and even happiness and health, were it for the benefit of the community they live in, or that it is only when we have *discovered* that an outside effect is inconsistent with inside propriety and reasonableness, that it affects us unpleasantly; it is that the whole spirit of the work which demands interior improprieties, or falsification of the facts, to produce exterior effects is wrong.



WORKMEN'S CLUB HALL AT ATTERCLIFFE, YORKSHIRE.

GARDENS, OPEN AND ENCLOSED

Work conceived in this spirit will never be really beautiful. Ruskin, when he said that uniformity was the last resort of feeble minds, was not suggesting that uniformity was always the result of failure of the inventive faculties. For variety, to be worth anything, must spring from one of three causes. It must either be the expression of differing conditions or of richness of imagination and thought, or of increased power gained as work proceeds,—a better way of doing a thing each time it needs doing again; a better way, mind you, not merely a different way, but an embodiment of progress and growth.

But we have strayed somewhat from our consideration of privacy and seclusion, and must return to it. We have discussed chiefly instances in which enclosure has entailed the sacrifice of possible broad effects, but broad effects are not the only ones to be desired. In some suburbs and in many towns and villages the charm of enclosed "places," squares and courts, and glimpses into these and into gardens, are welcome substitutes for more open effects, and more fitting to the conditions. Glimpses into gardens may only be such as there are through the gates of the hall at Attercliffe in Yorkshire, illustrated here, but we sometimes derive more pleasure from such a glimpse of partly revealed and partly concealed beauties, than we should were all fully open to us.

Many a garden owner would do a kindly act, without making any sacrifices, if he inserted in the high fence between his garden and the street, a grill such as I show in my sketch C; it might have shutters on its garden side to give complete privacy when it was desired. The owner might then (though perhaps incapable of any real appreciation of the "joys of sharing") have the pleasure of feeling that in this at any rate he shared his joys as far as he could without any loss to himself.

We give here two further suggestions for ways in which some parts of the gardens of houses on the customary suburban building plots may be rendered private without erecting those high walls which so often seem to thrust those inside them back upon themselves, as much as they prove a menace to the free use of the faculties of those outside them. One, set forth in sketch D and the plans of the house it illustrates, is for the treatment of a corner plot, and the other, shown in sketch E and the plans of the house it illustrates, is for a treatment of a garden sandwiched in between two others. In the former the house is designed with the special object of securing privacy in the garden; in the second it is necessary only for the land to fall slightly from the house for the realization of the same ideal on almost any similar plot.



DYNAMITE A CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE IN PEACEFUL PURSUITS

THE glittering vision of the Philosopher's Stone still sheds its gleam of rather sordid romance across the ages from the shadowy laboratories of the alchemists. We can picture the lives of these men crumbling in the vapors of their own crucibles, their good human dreams forgotten and wasting to dust, while their eyes strain blindly after the elusive secret which is to transmute base metals into purest gold. But out of their narrow and material quest has evolved the marvelous science of modern chemistry, and in the process they sought we find the symbol of another and far-reaching process which is making itself felt today in varying degree through all the departments of life. This new and modern alchemy is not a quest but a fact. But it is so widespread in its manifestations that it has as yet scarcely been formulated, but merely recognized in fragmentary glimpses. Yet on every side it is at work, transmuting the base metal of disruptive and destructive agencies into the pure gold of creative and constructive force. Thus the whole tendency of modern sociology is not to destroy, or even, except in extreme cases, to segregate, the criminal and disruptive elements of humanity, but to conserve, to reclaim, to utilize those elements. More and more are our penal institutions recognizing the fact that their real function is not to break and punish, but to save and reestablish, to turn out at last not outlaws branded for life, but men whose footsteps have been directed into the paths of economic usefulness—men who will work thereafter not against civilization, but with it. We are discovering that the crude exuberant forces which too often find expression through hoodlumism and crimes of violence are capable of being turned into productive channels.

Turning to other phases of the same general tendency—the half-glimpsed process through which the most diverse currents seem to be setting toward some remote ultimate good—we find the emulations of war slowly but surely supplanted by the emulations of commerce, patriotism merging into internationalism, competition making way for coöperation. Everywhere among the world's great nations, despite their bristling armies and frowning navies, a passionate belief in peace is spreading. Regardless of the overwhelming appropriations for national defense that apprehensive governments still think necessary, the people are preparing to beat their swords into plowshares.

Analogous to this tendency, in a minor way, is the rapidly increasing application of high explosives to industrial uses. To the

MAKING A FARMER OF DYNAMITE

imagination all the explosives, from the old-fashioned black gunpowder to its many modern rivals derived from nitroglycerine or guncotton, carry an instant suggestion of warfare and destruction. It was, indeed, for their death-dealing power that they first had value in man's eyes. Side by side, however, with their adaptation to military uses has gone their development along lines of industrial usefulness. In mining, quarrying and tunneling the pick and the drill would be almost futile without their aid. And now the farmer is discovering that these same devastating explosives possess amazing possibilities as orchardist and plowman. Especially is this true of dynamite.

WITH dynamite the farmer is restoring worn-out land, draining swamps, digging ditches and post holes, excavating cellars, setting out orchards, felling trees, removing stumps and boulders. Many notable tasks have been performed by this erstwhile warrior, that outclass the fabled accomplishments of Hercules.

For subsoil plowing dynamite is without a peer, for it breaks up the second and third strata of soil, permitting the roots of the plants to forage deep into the earth for the necessary food and water supply, and the greater the depth and spread of the root, the better is the bearing quality of the plant above ground. An ordinary plow seldom cuts the soil below a depth of six or eight inches, and a field plowed year after year at this depth gradually forms a crust underneath called "plow hardpan," which steadily becomes harder, so that the roots have increased difficulty in penetrating it, thus stunting the growth of the plants. Besides this, the soil being used year after year, only to the depth of six or eight inches, gradually becomes impoverished and requires renewing or "feeding," whereas if the plants could easily send down rootlets into the lower soil, the necessity of restoring the upper few inches of soil would be done away with. The breaking up of the "plow hardpan" allows the rain to sink deep into the ground instead of running off and carrying much valuable soil with it. Sometimes this hard undercrust holds the water until the land becomes "sour" and prevents the seed from developing. The Department of Agriculture has experimented with this important problem of subsoil plowing with dynamite, so also have many agricultural colleges and private owners of farms and all report wonderful results in the way of increased crops and in the restoring to usefulness of worn-out unproductive farms. They also report that when this plow hardpan is properly broken up, the surplus water that falls during the rainy season sinks down to the

MAKING A FARMER OF DYNAMITE

lower soils and thus obviates the necessity of installing expensive drainage systems.

Another important use for dynamite by farmers is in the setting out of orchards. The labor involved and therefore the expense in setting out an orchard when every hole must be dug with a spade has always been an important item in farm economics. But a few sticks of dynamite properly set and discharged will quickly do the work of many hours hard labor and also do it much better and at far less expense. A hole is bored into the earth with an auger, the dynamite is inserted, and the explosion not only digs the hole large enough to receive the young tree, but loosens the soil in all directions, thus allowing the new rootlets to become quickly established in their new quarters. Trees set the same day and in the same orchards in holes dug by dynamite or by spade show an almost unbelievable difference in growth and bearing qualities. An experimenter reports that three trees planted in dynamite-dug holes produced in three years between five and six bushels of fine peaches, and that the six trees planted from the same stock the same day in spaded holes bore practically no peaches at all, the leaves and fruit dropping off during the dry season.

Moreover, the explosion kills off all grubs and fungous diseases in the ground, and is much cheaper and quicker than the work done by muscle and spade. It is also useful in rejuvenating an old orchard. In California some orange growers set a deep blast between the rows of trees in the hot season when the ground becomes dry, and the drooping trees soon show new life and vigor because they are enabled to reach a new source of moisture. Farmers also cultivate their vineyards in this economical, labor-saving and most effective method with most satisfactory results.

IT IS no new thing to clear land for farming purposes by removing stumps or boulders with dynamite. Farmers have long disposed of tough gnarled old stumps by the simple process of boring a hole under them and exploding them with dynamite. This process also furnished him with well-split kindling wood at a very slight cost! From the *Hoosier Democrat* we learn that a professional blaster displaced and destroyed thirteen thousand, nine hundred and eighty-seven stumps in one season at an average cost per stump of twenty-six cents—a price impossible to duplicate by the use of axe and wedges.

But the subsoil plowing, tree planting, ditch digging, swamp draining, are comparatively new uses for dynamite, and are being investigated by almost every up-to-date farmer.

MAKING A FARMER OF DYNAMITE

A few holes bored down to the sand, gravel or clay bed beneath the swamp (it may be for ten feet or even thirty feet) and a heavy charge of dynamite exploded from the bottom will effectively drain swampy ground and make it the richest bearing field of the whole farm. A swamp of forty acres that has stood idle for years (used only for raising mosquitoes) having been drained by blasting a row of holes placed about thirty feet apart, is reported to have yielded sixteen hundred bushels of oats the first year and to have produced four crops of alfalfa per year since.

Ditches can be dug through swamps that are covered by water, through hard rock or soft soil by dynamite with less expense than by any other method, and with a minimum amount of labor. Holes are punched into the soft earth, a few feet apart, and a whole row of sticks discharged at once. So a ditch can be dug in a few hours. The flow of water is often enough to shape up the ditch without the use of a spade. Post holes can also be dug in this wholesale way, one explosion digging many holes so that much time and valuable energy is saved.

Thus we have seen dynamite, the destroyer, broken to the farmer's yoke and serving him as tractably as horse or ox. We have seen it, moreover, with the heave of its mighty shoulder applied to subsoil and hardpan, making lands productive which without its ministrations would have been almost valueless from an agricultural point of view. At dynamite's abrupt command we have seen the apple trees put out fresh blossoms, the orchards increase their yields. And this is the same substance which also serves the Black-Hand terrorist, the bomb-thrower, the wholesale assassin, and lends its giant strength to ten thousand engines of death and devastation. Perhaps, after all, the connection between these facts and the civilization-wide tendency toward the conservation and utilization of life's disruptive forces is not altogether fanciful.





CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS FROM WINTER'S GARDEN

IN TRACING the custom of decorating the church and home with green boughs, vines and flowers on Christmas day—a custom dear to many people in many lands—we wander through both Christian and pagan eras. The records disclose curious, interesting and beautiful facts and fancies of historical and poetical importance. Some writers see in this custom a yearly commemoration of Christ's entry into Jerusalem when the people waved pine branches as token of their rejoicing.

In Isaiah we read "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree and the box together to beautify the place of my sanctuary." Nehemiah commanded the people, on some occasion of rejoicing, to "go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees."

It seems strange that in spite of these authoritative quotations and incidents, the early Christians forbade the use of flowers and branches in their church, no matter what the occasion. The Puritans also denounced the use of flowers or greens as "vain abominations" for the same reason—namely, that the custom was said to be of pagan origin. "Trymning of the temples with hangynges, flowers, boughs and garlondes was taken from the heathen people, whiche decked their idols and houses with suche array" wrote Polydore Vergil.

The reason among the Druids for bringing in bits of evergreen from the woods and adorning the house is a most charming and lovable one—"The houses were decked with evergreens in December that the sylvan spirits might repair to them and remain unnipped with frost and cold winds until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes." How gracious a way of luring the shy, sweet wild-woods spirits into the homes of men!

The Druids with ceremonies of great solemnity used to collect mistletoe "against the festival of winter solstice." Only the oaks bearing mistletoe were sacred to this ancient order of men, and they made solemn processions to such oaks, a prince of the order cutting the mistletoe with a golden sickle. It is recorded that the people's reverence for the priests proceeded in great measure from the cures which the priests effected by means of this curious green plant of the pearl-like berries. It was collected thus ceremoniously by the Druids because it was supposed to drive away evil spirits. Sir John Colbatch boldly said that "it must have been designed by the Almighty for further and more noble purpose than barely

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS FROM WINTER'S GARDEN

to feed thrushes or to be hung up surreptitiously to drive away evil spirits."

BUT whatever the origin of decking our homes with holly, mistletoe or with branches of any green plant hardy enough to carry with it a hint of immortality by remaining fresh and green throughout the apparent death of the world during the winter—the custom is now well established, and who would willingly let it slip into oblivion! It would seem strange indeed not to welcome this child's festival,—the holiest festival of the year's calendar,—with fragrant boughs from the forest set at our doorways and windows and on our altars. It is a fitting and beautiful way to symbolize our love and worship of the One who made immortality credible.

Nature has set many a lovely plant in her winter garden of rich perpetual green, giving some of them an added charm of scarlet berry, or berry of blue or white or purple. Some have hardy, glossy leaves of wonderful shapeliness, some of them have fragrant needles, some exhale rare aromatic incense, some even put forth hardy flowers of glowing crimson or purest white.

Of those bearing bright berries that we can gather from the woods or fields to adorn our homes at this Christmas season, perhaps the general favorite in the East is the holly—in the West it is the toyon. These two glossy leaved bushes of the scarlet berries are too well known to need words in their favor. The mistletoe of the South and of the West should be mentioned in the same breath with these favorites, for they are closely associated in our minds. The "Lord of Misrule" and the "Abbot of Unreason" have claimed these white Christmas berries from the time of their first hilarious coronation day when fate was precipitated with surety upon the head of the maiden of their merry courts who was caught under the fruiting branch of their wand—the mistletoe bough!

The snowberry that holds large waxy berries through most of the winter is well known in both the East and the West and lightens dark corners of rooms in most decorative way, looking like miniature snowballs—that do not fade away at the approach of fire.

Barberries have won a well-deserved popularity as Christmas decorations, so also has the winterberry or black alder with its red fruit. Several of our thorn bushes show bright berries in the winter. The viburnums with black berries, the wild currant with small but pretty red fruit, the spindle tree with pink berries and the orange and red bittersweet can be obtained with a little search of open groves and sheltered pastures.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS FROM WINTER'S GARDEN

AMONG the evergreens whose beautiful leaves are polished to glossiest perfection by Jack Frost, are the magnolias, rhododendrons, mountain laurel, bay laurel, madrone. The pepper tree of the Southwest drips with red berries as well as sparkles with shining leaves. The checkerberry also combines red berries and polished leaves, though it is a tiny humble little plant compared to the showy pepper tree. Galax leaves are coming into favor, and deservedly so, for they are of the richest, glossiest dark green and bronze, and their heart-shaped surfaces are beautifully veined, a fine example of natural engraving.

As to vines with which to drape mantel, table and picture, the wild smilax of the South and the ground pine of the North cannot be surpassed, for they are charmingly graceful, retain their fresh color for a long time and have decorative qualities wherever placed.

The Christmas fern which grows quite universally throughout the country is another graceful plant that lends itself graciously to decorations of every nature. The winter garden shows nothing lovelier than the shapely green fronds of this fern, and it retains its rich green whether covered with snow or taken into the warm atmosphere of the home.

Besides all these green things that are to be had as reward of a walk in field or forest, are the evergreen trees of all kinds, the firs, spruces, arborvitæ, pines, hemlocks, whose balsamic fragrance add so much to Christmas cheer. The Christmas rose should be better known—should be made to bloom in our gardens as well as in Nature's garden.

Delicate mosses, lichens and little rock ferns can often be found on the sheltered side of rocks, that are as green as when summer holds sway over our land.

With such an array of green growing things to choose from, things full of sentiment, of dear associations, of rare beauty, why not give ourselves the joy of a search for them through winter fields and woods? Would not such a search be just about the best part of the season's merry making? Would we not be entering more into the spirit of Christmas by going out to meet it, as it were, by searching for these aromatic symbols of immortality and bringing them into our homes, rather than by unromantically ordering wreaths, vines and branches from the florist's?





TWO PRACTICAL FRIENDLY CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

"Small is my humble roof, but well designed
To suit the temper of the master's mind."

THE Italian poet Ariosto, in writing these words to be used as his house motto, has voiced a thought that ought to be the maxim of every home builder—"to suit the temper of the master's mind." That there should be a positive relationship of the outer and the inner life, a resemblance of one to the other in a true way, is generally conceded. For beauty should not try to hide behind the mask of ugliness; generosity should not try to assume the veil of miserliness; hospitality should not try to wear the cloak of inhospitality.

Man, whether he intends it or not, impresses his individuality upon his surroundings, for all lifeless things are fashioned into objects of worth or worthlessness by the force of human intelligence. When a man builds the house that is to be his home, it should be as much an expression of himself as is his face, revealing as faithfully "the temper of the master's mind."

The art of home building, like every other art, is born of love. Love of a home will prompt the beautiful shaping of it, will cherish and watch over every detail that goes to make up the perfect whole, will never weary in its effort to make "the outer things to be at peace with those within."

When men or women decide to build a home (unless they have architectural knowledge enough to be wholly independent of outside help), they generally search eagerly through the pages of magazines and books devoted to homemaking, hoping to find some design that corresponds with the shadowy one that has been vaguely forming in their own minds for some time. They are not looking for an inspiration, but for an embodiment, an outward and visible form of the fair dream of their own that

they know not how to objectify for themselves.

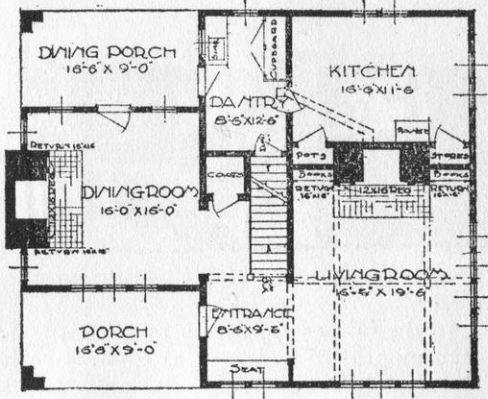
In the houses shown in *THE CRAFTSMAN* each month we endeavor to embody certain features essential to beauty and use, the important features for which every homemaker is seeking, the happy blending of which will create the quality of homeiness desired by whoever contemplates building. The usefulness of a house consists of the arrangement of the space enclosed within its four outer walls. Given four walls, the possibilities for the uniting or separating of the working and the aesthetic necessities of a house seem infinite.

In designing the Craftsman houses the floor plans receive first attention because it is from the two central factors of use and beauty that the remainder of the house takes its rise. The exterior is the outworking of the interior, the blossom, as it were, that reveals the inherent characteristics of the plant.

A STUDY of the floor plan of the first house shown this month, No. 125, will reveal a practical and satisfactory arrangement of rooms that will appeal to whoever desires to obtain a convenient and tasteful home. The approach to the living room is an especially interesting feature, for in addition to the recessed porch—which always gives a peculiarly cozy sense of an inner seclusion and comfort—is a little hall with an inviting window seat facing the rising stairway. Then, the first view of the living room is stamped with the genial welcome of the open fireplace and the convenient proximity of the well-chosen fireside friends—the books. A good book and a glowing hearth are closely associated in the minds of most home-loving people, and it is fitting that they should be allowed an intimate alliance in the plan of the house.

The convenient situation of the dining room in relation to the kitchen and to the living room, and the placing of the kitchen where the odors of the coming meal will not

TWO PRACTICAL FRIENDLY CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 125: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

be announced to waiting guests long before the feast is served, is in excellent keeping with the rest of the carefully considered arrangement of the house. A secluded dining porch is to be seen within easy access of the kitchen, so that during the summer months meals could be served there with little additional work.

We have chosen cement on metal lath for the construction of this house, for these materials have proven themselves to be both durable and inexpensive. Though the original cost is more, the continued necessity for repairs is done away with, which makes it cheaper in the end. The lines of this house, as projected from the floor plan, lend themselves especially to the use of cement or concrete, for they are essentially simple. Severe simplicity of line is always decorative, and any possibility of severity being carried to extreme is obviated by the use of vines, which, creeping or running freely, prevent a cold rigidity by the graciousness of their nature.

The roof is Ruberoid, of red or green, as preferred. The rooms on the first floor are finished in chestnut stained as desired, and the floors are of maple finished with vinegar and iron rust, which gives a rich tone to the whole room. The whole upper part of the house is finished in red gum and the floors are maple. The windows are double hung.

THE second house, No. 126, is developed in the same way—namely, the convenience of the floor plan being of first importance, and the exterior growing from it. Again we show a recessed porch, the pleasant arrangement of genial fire and friendly books, the kitchen well separated from the

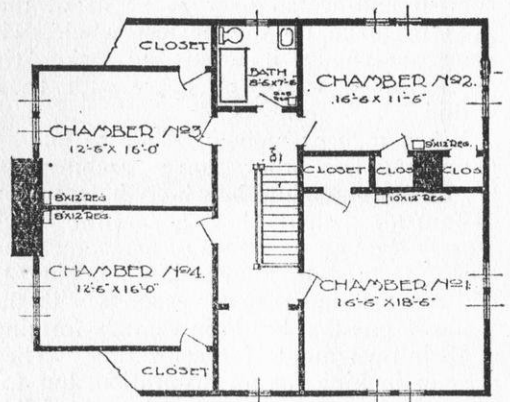
living room. The size of this plan and the dignity of contour suggested the material of which it is built. Split stone for the foundation, hand-split cypress shingles for the upper stories, and sawed red cedar for the roof. The finish of the first floor is of oak and the upper is of maple. The floors of this house are also of oak, which seems fitting for so permanent and large a house. The windows are double hung, as in No. 125.

We are showing an enlarged detail of the recessed porch that a better idea may be had of the beauty brought about by the use of the split stone as a building material. It gives a sense of permanence that is desirable in a home. It enables one to feel that his hearth is immune from the inroads of time, fire, cold. It carries the impression that his home is an impregnable castle, where no enemy to happiness can find entrance.

Lanterns have been placed on either side of the wide Dutch door as a note of cheer and welcome. Vines and flowers will be seen to advantage against the stone background, and the play of the two interesting forces of permanency and change, as illustrated by the stone and the pageant of the flowers, will afford endless entertainment and pleasure.

The most interesting features of both these houses are the fireplaces, for because of their notable construction they not only furnish the joy and delight of an open fire, but heat the whole house as well.

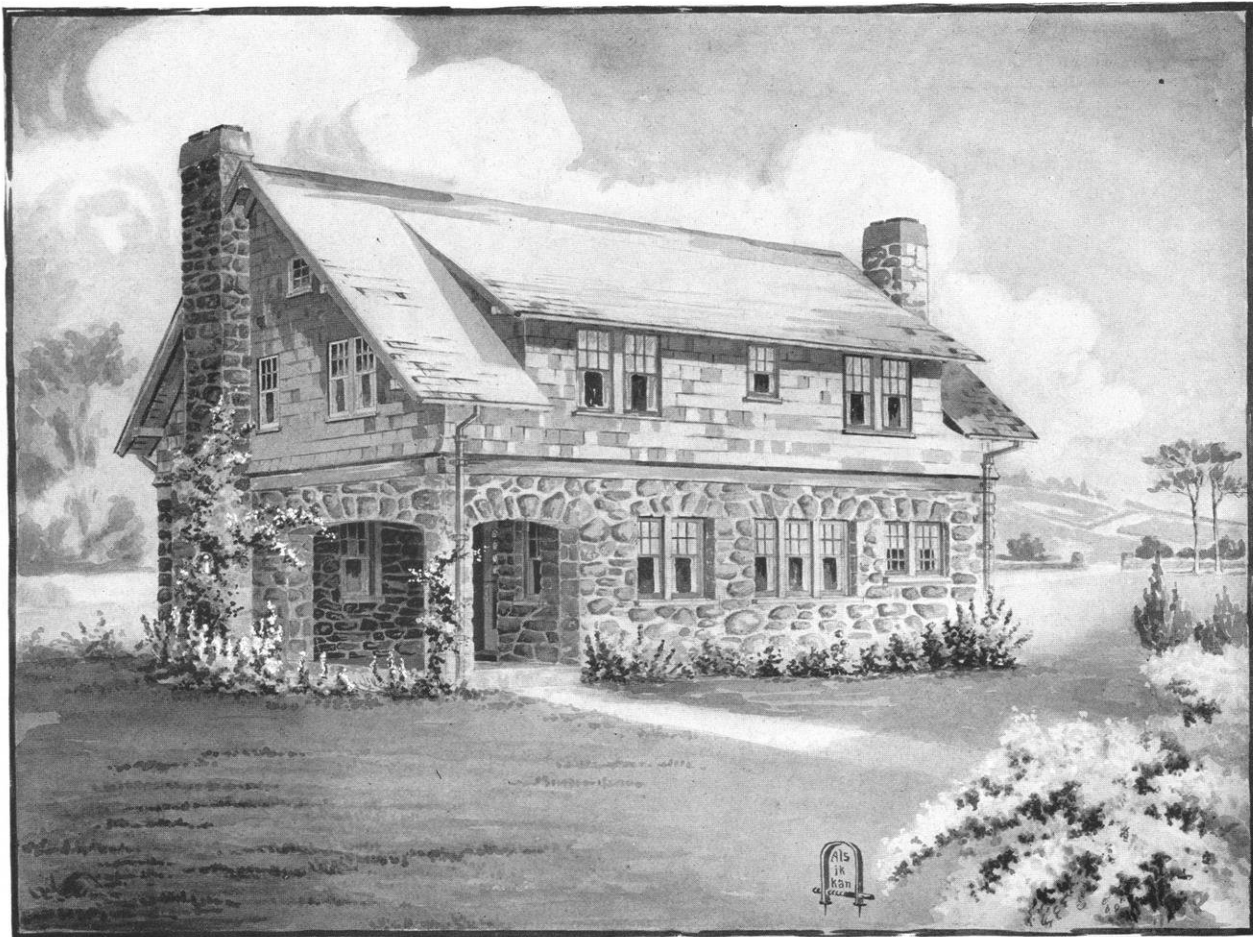
THESE fireplace-furnaces represent the culmination of modern heating invention. Their economy of fuel and simplicity of management would make them desirable



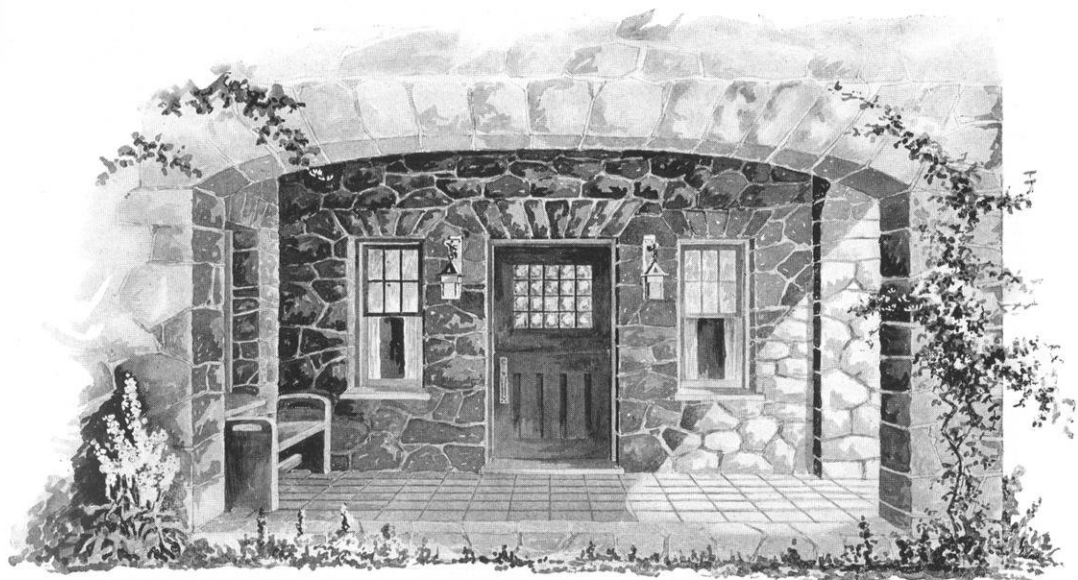
NO. 125: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



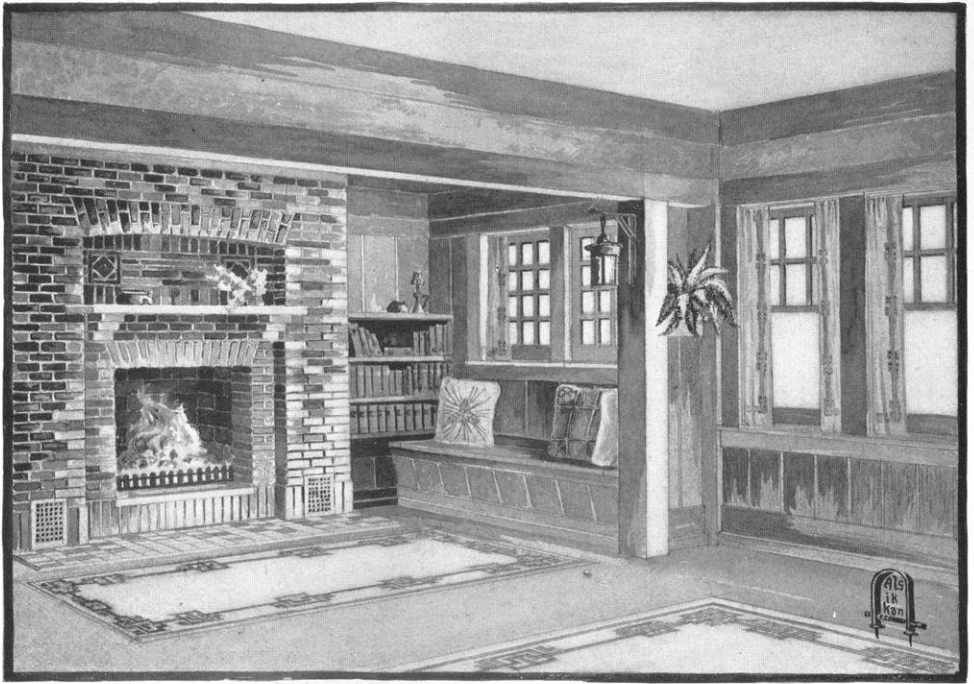
CONCRETE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NO. 125; SHOWING INTERESTING PLACING OF PORCHES AND CHIMNEY.



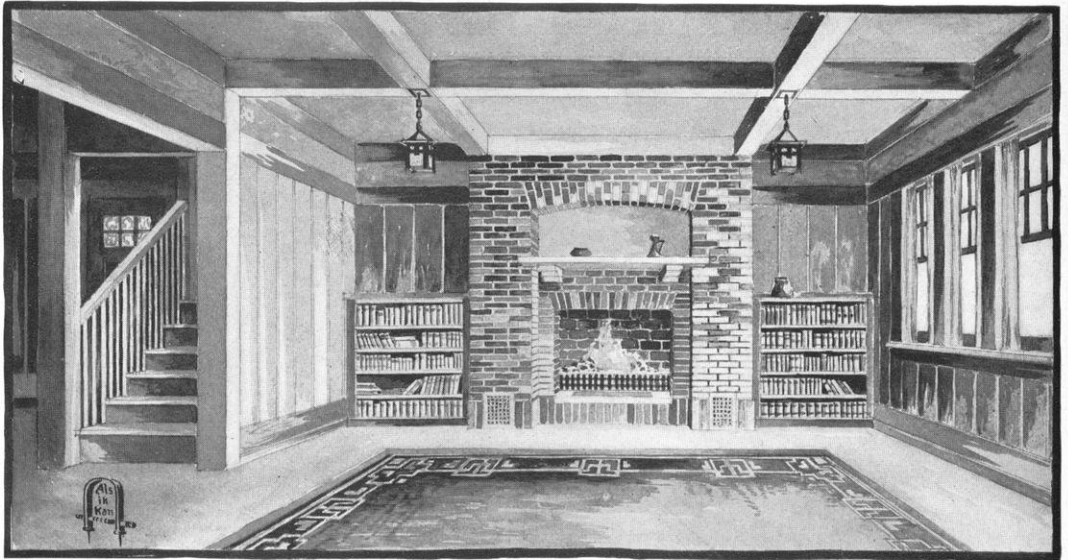
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NO. 126, OF FIELD STONE AND HAND-SPLIT
CYPRESS SHINGLES, WITH SAWED RED CEDAR FOR THE ROOF.



WE HEREWITH SHOW A DETAIL OF THE RECESSED PORCH OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 126: WE FEEL THAT THE ENTRANCE TO THIS HOUSE IS PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE AND CRAFTSMANLIKE: IT NOT ONLY GIVES A SENSE OF DURABILITY AND SECURITY, BUT IS PICTURESQUE IN ITS OUTLINE AS WELL AS INTIMATE IN ITS IMPRESSION: THE WINDOWS EITHER SIDE OF THE DOOR SEEM TO CONNECT THE LITTLE PORCH CLOSELY WITH THE INTERIOR, AND THE SEAT UNDER THE WINDOW AT THE LEFT GIVES A SENSE OF FRIENDLINESS, AS THOUGH VISITORS WERE HOSPITABLY RECEIVED FROM THE START: THE BRACKET LANTERNS CONTRIBUTE ALSO TO THIS SENSE OF HOSPITALITY, FOR WHETHER A GUEST COMES IN THE DAYLIGHT OR IN THE EVENING, HE IS SURE OF A BRIGHT, CHEERFUL WELCOME: ALL OF THESE THINGS ARE BUT DETAILS IN THE BUILDING OF A HOUSE, BUT EACH ONE ADDS A VERY REAL PROPORTION OF HOMELIKENESS TO THAT PROCESS OF MAKING A HOME WHICH WE CALL ARCHITECTURE.



See page 314.



See page 313.

LIVING ROOM IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 126; SHOWING FIRE-PLACE-FURNACE AND ATTRACTIVE LOUNGING AND READING CORNER.
 LIVING ROOM IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 125; SHOWING STAIRWAY AND PLACING OF FIREPLACE-FURNACE.

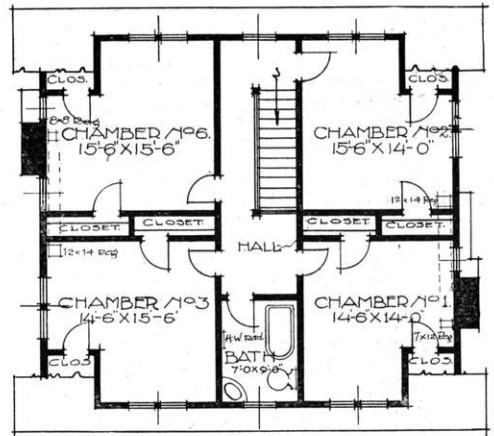
TWO PRACTICAL FRIENDLY CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

if they had no other qualities to recommend them. But their system of ventilation is so complete, so satisfying, that this feature might almost be said to be the prime one. The subject of ventilation for a house is a vitally important one, for on it depends the health of the household. The usual way of ventilating a house is to open doors or windows that the fresh air may come in and the devitalized air go out. This method creates uncomfortable, even dangerous, draughts, besides lowering the temperature of the room. The construction of these fireplace-furnaces provides a continuous inflow of fresh air, heated to a degree not above 150 degrees Fahrenheit.

The air sent into the rooms is warmed to wholesome degree—not heated with ordinary hot air—and is continually changing, so that one is not compelled to breathe injurious stale air.

The floor plans of these two houses show the heating plans as well. No. 1 Craftsman fireplace-furnaces have been installed in both houses—two in each house, for most people like to see a bright fire in the dining room as well as in the living room. Besides, these fireplace-furnaces give out so much heat that much of the year one is all that is needed to warm the whole house.

During the fall or spring, when only a little warmth is needed, a light wood fire could be built in either of the fireplaces, which would be sufficient to warm the whole house. In winter when the cold is severe either one or both of the fireplaces could be made to burn coal instead of wood. Because they will heat and ventilate with wood or coal equally well, any condition of weather may be met and easily controlled.



HOUSE NO. 126: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

In addition to the fact that a small amount of fuel can be made to heat a large house, is the item that no heat goes to waste in the cellar. The ordinary furnace set up in the cellar heats the cellar, which is not only a great loss of fuel, but is in fact a detriment in many ways.

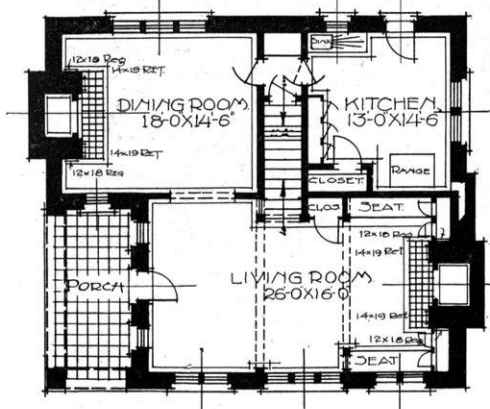
These fireplace-furnaces use every bit of heat generated in heating other rooms, which means a great economy of fuel during a season.

The price of installing two No. 1 fireplace-furnaces in the cement house No. 125 is \$280. In the stone house, No. 126, the cost of the two No. 1 furnaces would be \$293. This price includes the furnaces and registers, but does not include the bricking and piping. These prices can be figured out better locally.

The simplicity of installation is such that any man able to lay up a straight wall four or eight inches thick can place one in a house, and the cost is generally less than in the building of ordinary furnaces. It is impossible for these fireplace-furnaces to smoke—this one fact is worth great consideration.

Nearly everybody enjoys the beauty and the cozy sense of an open fire, and to have one that will be of the greatest practical service the while it satisfies the æsthetic demand ought to delight the heart of the man who is concerned in the economy of house heating as well as the woman who seeks to make of the house a cheery, attractive home.

The regulating device does away with the need of much watching, so that the labor of attending to the heating of a house is eliminated to a great extent. An even temperature is thus easily maintained.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 126, FIRST FLOOR PLAN: SEE PAGE 314.

A COTTAGE WITH MANY CHARMING FEATURES

A CALIFORNIA COTTAGE EMBODYING SOME EXCELLENT FEATURES: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

IN trying to determine what endows a house with that subtle quality known as "charm," we arrive at the conclusion that it is the happily balanced blending of two attributes—"dignity" and "graciousness." If we speak of a house as being "dignified," we mean that it is simple in construction, substantial, free from cheapening fretwork and ornament. Dignity carried too far might result in a severity that would be repellent instead of attractive, so the winning quality of kindness or graciousness must be in evidence. This can always be brought about by the use of vines: either the creepers that will hold close to the architectural lines of the house, or the more riotous vines that throw out independent sprays, thus breaking the square corners of the window line with a softening curve. The sharp angle of a porch or a roof that seems to be harsh or abrupt, when mellowed by the pendant tendrils or blossoms of a vine, appears full of grace.

A house covered with vines that loses a line here and emphasizes another one there has the fascination of an ably handled sketch. A sketch, instead of robbing a thing of important detail, enriches it by adding the all-important, creative quality of imagination.

In the photographs shown of this California house, these two qualities are happily blended, and well illustrate the beauty that can be obtained by simple lines, sketched in, as it were, by the kindly blossoming vines.

Although it is

comparatively plain in outward structural lines, this California cottage possesses far more than the usual charm. Much of its general attractiveness may be due to the fact that it is embowered in a profusion of roses and other vines, but even without such embellishment it would be an effective and comfortable little home. It has the appearance of being substantially constructed, as it is, and the color scheme is such as to form an excellent background for the flowers and vines. The interior is, if anything, even more attractive than the exterior. Unusually good taste is exhibited in the furnishings and decorations, and there are numerous built-in features of artistic design and workmanship that combine to create an inviting and homelike appearance.

In some respects this house suggests the California bungalow, but the resemblance is far too slight to justify its being so classified. The roof lines are reasonably regular, and the pitch of the roof is much more pronounced than that which characterizes the genuine bungalow. Unlike those of the bungalow, the finishing timbers are dressed and painted, instead of stained, and the outside chimney is constructed of evenly laid ordinary brick. The windows are mostly of the casement variety, with well-designed



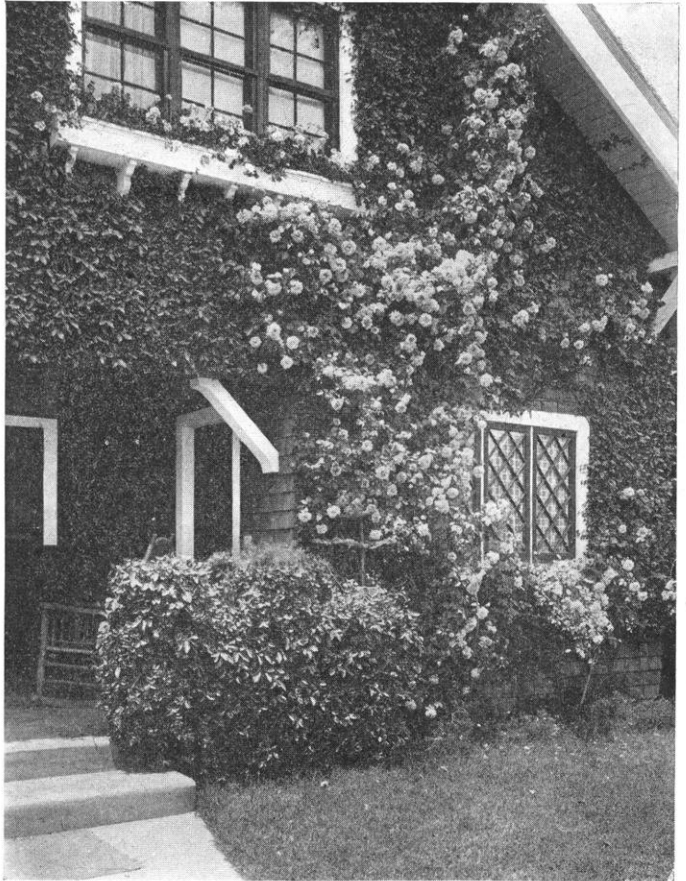
A CALIFORNIA COTTAGE OF INTERESTING DETAIL BUILT AT A COST OF ABOUT \$2,800

A COTTAGE WITH MANY CHARMING FEATURES

window-boxes beneath, and it is to their style and arrangement that the exterior of the house owes much of its claim to attractiveness. The siding is of shingles, stained a rich dark brown tone, and the trim is done in a light cream color.

The low ceilings and the several built-in features of the interior likewise suggest the modern bungalow, though somewhat more slightly. The house is a story and a half high. On the lower floor there are a living room, den, dining room, kitchen and servant's room, while on the second floor are two bedrooms and a bathroom. From the front porch a door leads into the den and another into the living room. The den constitutes a cozy retreat, being one of the most appreciated rooms in the house. Its walls on two sides are lined with built-in bookcases to a height of about five feet, and on one of the remaining sides of the room there is a full-length window seat. The woodwork is of Oregon pine, like that of nearly all the other rooms, finished to resemble weathered oak, and the plastered portions of the walls are tinted a light chocolate color.

The living room is roomy and at the



DETAIL OF FRONT ENTRANCE OF CALIFORNIA COTTAGE, SHOWING A PROFUSION OF CLIMBING ROSES.

same time homelike. A fireplace, constructed of artificial brick, occupies one end of it, with a double casement window and window seat on either side. A broad arch connects the living room and dining room, and at each side of the arch in the living room there is a built-in bookcase. The ceiling is beamed, and four individually suspended globes solve the lighting question in a delightful and unusual way. The woodwork is finished to resemble fumed oak, and the walls and ceiling spaces are tinted two shades of buff.

The dining room, one of the most attractively



DINING ROOM IN CALIFORNIA COTTAGE, WITH WINDOWS PLACED TO FURNISH EXCELLENT VIEW OF GARDEN.

A COTTAGE WITH MANY CHARMING FEATURES



VINE-COVERED WALLS AND CHIMNEY OF PASADENA COTTAGE.

furnished rooms in the house, possesses an excellent buffet, and across one entire end is an inviting window seat. From this seat a delightful view of the garden is obtainable through a series of four windows. The ceiling, as in the living room, is beamed, and the walls are also tinted buff, but the woodwork is treated to imitate Flemish oak. The floors of the dining room, living room and den are of hardwood.

The kitchen is of the so-called cabinet kind, and is a most convenient place in which to work. Its numerous cabinets, drawers and cupboards assure a

“place for everything,” and surely any housewife would take pride in keeping it in order. The woodwork is heavily enameled, and the floor is covered with linoleum.

This house, both inside and out, is an excellent illustration of what is possible in the creation of an attractive cottage home. The profusion of flowers, the well-kept grounds and the simplicity of the structural lines of the house combine to create an outside appearance that is all anyone of moderate means could desire, and the interior arrangement of built-in features, the color schemes, the furnishings and decorations have resulted in producing truly inviting rooms. The flat expanse of lawn fringed with flowers which increase in profusion near the house, gives a most attractive impression. It is as if the flowers of their own choice clustered and centered around the home. They seem to have gathered together for the purpose of encircling it with fragrance and protecting it with the power

of beauty. The house is located in Pasadena, California, and was built at a cost of about \$2,800, which is an astonishingly low price, when its comfort, convenience, size and substantial beauty are considered.



LIVING ROOM SHOWING FIREPLACE FLANKED BY TWO WINDOW SEATS.

NEW DESIGNS FOR METAL JEWELRY BOXES

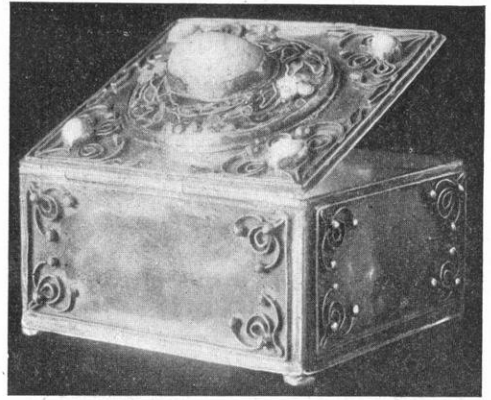
RICH DESIGNS FOR METAL JEWELRY BOXES: BY LILLIAN LESLIE TOWER

TECHNICALLY speaking, it is safe to regard the shape of a jewel casket as its working basis—a setting in which to place exquisite jewel effects. Therefore, whether the box shall be round, square, oval, oblong or many-sided is the first question to be considered, according to the theory of Miss Elizabeth Copeland, of Boston.

The next step is to create a design for the cover or top of the box, and this she regards as the center of the composition. In this same design there must again be a center, as this motive—whether it be a semi-precious stone or a bit of translucent enamel—is the keynote of the color scheme. It also determines the proportion of the remainder of the design.

Miss Copeland's boxes are simple in form—purposely kept so, for in this manner the eye is led without strategy to the points at which the jewels are set.

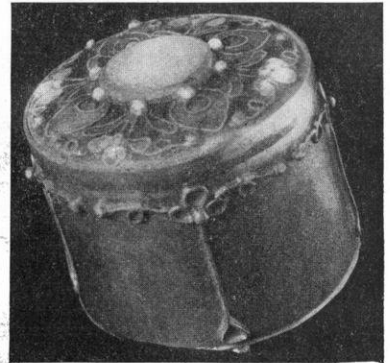
Silver is Miss Copeland's favorite metal. The cover of the box is made first. For this she uses a fine silver, 18 gauge, which she claims is better able to withstand the many necessary solderings. This is cut into the desired shape from a blank or flat piece of silver. In the center of this the setting is soldered, made from a narrow strip of silver, into which fits the center—usually a semi-precious stone which may have already been set in a piece of enamel. Thus center within center, building all the time, the worker will get an effect of height in that center, which will gradually lead to the



SILVER BOX WITH APPLIQUÉ ORNAMENT OF JEWELS AND METAL.

base of the cover. This must be flat on the edges to permit it to fit nicely or shut closely.

The sides of the box are cut into the right height and width—as the top—each piece



ROUND RING BOX CONVENIENT FOR USE ON A WELL-FITTED DRESSING TABLE.

being separate; as this, Miss Copeland affirms, is a more simple way of getting at the decoration, since each individual piece requires much soldering before the sides can

be placed in an upright position. These are held together by means of a strong iron wire and the solder is poured into each joint where the edges meet.

The body of the box is now ready to be put upon a flat piece of silver—20 gauge—cut in the same shape as the flat blank used for the cover. Again the body of the box is soldered



JEWELRY BOXES OF SILVER AND TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL.

THE JOY OF THE METAL WORKER



BOX OF SILVER REPOUSSÉ, WITH DECORATION IN OPAQUE ENAMEL AND PEARLS.

upon the base which completes the body.

The hinging is the next process, and for this a silver tubing is made and cut into the proper dimensions according to the size of the box. The clasp is hinged upon the front edge in order that the cover may be



INK WELL OF SILVER WITH ORNAMENT OF ENAMEL.

fastened closely, and this often allows for a tiny silver lock and key. Much finishing and polishing has to be done by hand after the box is practically completed.



JEWEL BOX FINISHED WITH CLOISSONNÉ ENAMEL.

The jewels and other forms of decoration are placed in their settings at the last moment. Miss Copeland often finds it advantageous to slightly oxidize the metal, which adds a more pleasing tone.

To a repoussé background, Miss Copeland frequently applies conventional designs in transparent pastes, thus obtaining effects which, brilliant and luminous, are comparable only with jewels.

THE JOY OF THE METAL WORKER

THERE is much room for a truly artistic feeling in design and execution in all branches of metal work. An artist should delight in joining the ranks of metal workers, should feel that his imagination and technical skill are of service here as much as though they were devoted to the painting of huge canvases. Integrity of labor will raise any craft to the rank of art if the worker puts full enthusiasm into his task. William Morris said that "Decoration is the expression of man's pleasure in successful labor," and that its office is "To give people pleasure in the things they must perforce use and the things they must perforce make."

The first pleasure of a metal worker is in making the design, and the second is in the actual bringing of it to perfection, the working out of it with tools, the concretizing of the vision. "Design," says Mr. Ashbee, "is that element in any art and craft by which the whole hangs together, first constructively, then æsthetically."

The technical skill, the craftsmanship, must be equal to the task of carrying out the design, if perfection is to be gained. As much pleasure can be derived from the hammering, enameling, oxidizing of a bit of metal work, jewelry, box or ornament, as can be experienced in making the first plan or design of it. Those who understand and enjoy the use of tools, find a greater pleasure in creating a beautiful article that is to be devoted to a purpose than in a personal use of the finished article.

And the pleasure in using a bit of metal work beautifully engraved or set with jewels is never ending. The object itself seems something to be preserved carefully, yet ceaseless use will not lessen its value or mar its beauty because of the enduring quality of the material. So the patient skill of a metal worker is compensated by the endurance of his finished work.

A USEFUL KIND OF EDUCATION

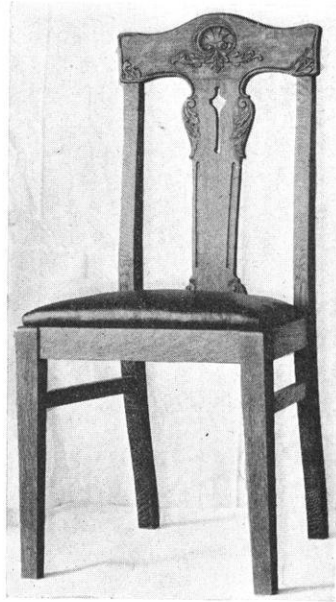
A USEFUL KIND OF EDUCATION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The illustrations in this article were designed and constructed by the boys in the Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio.

THOREAU desired to be able to make everything that he needed for his comfort with his own hands. He wanted to be equal to the task of housing himself, of making his own clothes, raising his own food and cooking it perfectly. He wanted to be self-sufficient, to be equal to any emergency, to be able to do whatever anyone could do. The ever-fresh and ever-enduring interest in the books of "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Swiss Family Robinson," the quality that has endowed them with the title "classics," is that they quicken everybody's desire to be cast away somewhere, anywhere, so that they can have the unequalled joy of exercising their own ingenuity, of trying out their own forces, of letting their imagination have the full sway that it desires, with the unhindered freedom to carry out all the glowing suggestions that it is continually making.

We see that this fine desire to be self-sufficient is stirring in the hearts of the boys and girls all over our country. Educators are endeavoring to give the young people the training that will enable them to be resourceful, capable, independent in any condition that life places them in. They are realizing that an education means a developing of body as well as mind. That the hands must be taught to carry out the desire of the mind.

The Technical High School, of Cleveland, Ohio, has succeeded in establishing a course of instruction that is well out with the vanguard in the new era of education. Its two immediate aims are: "(1) To prepare youth of both sexes for a definite vocation and for efficient industrial citizenship; (2) to help men and women already engaged in a vocation to better their condition by increasing their technical knowledge and skill." In a recently issued report of the school we read these words: "It finds its economical justifica-



WELL-PLANNED CHAIR, WITH RIGHT ORNAMENTATION in the bringing of greater industrial efficiency within the reach of the 96% of our population who never find beyond the high school an opportunity to fit themselves for a specific place and service in our increasingly complex civilization."

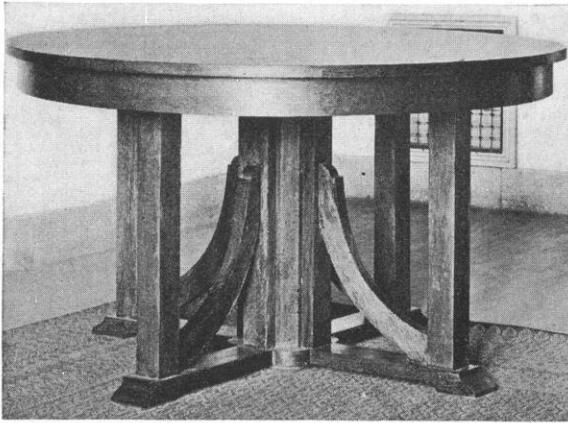
They begin with a general course in manual training, the use and care of tools, qualities of materials, the processes of their preparation, etc. In the school shop the boys are taught turning, cabinetmaking, pattern-making, foundry work, forging, etc.

The illustrations of furniture shown here are of articles both designed and made by the boys of this school, and no better proof of the benefits of manual training for boys could be offered. These tables, chairs, steps, davenport, are only examples of a few of the things that these high-school lads have



WELL-CONSTRUCTED DAVENPORT WITH HARMONIOUS FITTING.

A USEFUL KIND OF EDUCATION



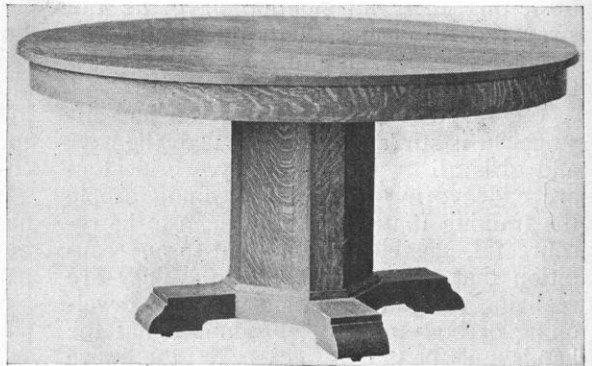
A DURABLE DINING TABLE WELL PROPORTIONED IN ALL DETAILS.

learned to make, but the proportion of them and the workmanship of them give an excellent idea of the thoroughness of their instruction. The designs for all articles are perfected in the designing departments by the boys themselves, the instructor only guiding and aiding them to carry out their own plans. Then, they are actually made in the various workshops which constitute the modern classroom.

A wise and practical course in domestic arts is in operation for girls. A girl first learns to make her own working equipment, such as an apron, holder, dishcloth, towels, from designs she has made in the art department. She gradually learns to make more and more difficult things up to the time of graduation. Then she makes her own well-designed and model graduation dress, and makes and trims her own pretty graduation hat. She leaves the schoolroom

with a practical knowledge of household chemistry, sewing, laundry work, dressmaking, millinery. She can cook, serve the food, and set the table properly for both formal and informal occasions, launder the table linen, make her own clothes, and economically, wisely, healthfully manage her own home, or, if she desires to make a profession of her knowledge, is amply prepared to do so.

Side by side, sharing equally with the training in practical things, are the courses which teach the lads and lassies better appreciation of the beauties of literature, art, music, making clear the relation of these things to practical life. The best works of English and American writers are given them to appreciate and understand, and a supplementary course in reading selected. A course in industrial geography gives the students a knowledge



SMALL TABLE FOR DINING ROOM OR LIBRARY.

of physical environment in so far as it governs the conditions under which they will live. Chemistry that will be of practical use, mechanical and free-hand drawing, etc., are included in the instruction of both boys and girls.

The basis of all the instruction is that the students be allowed the initiative as much as possible. They are to have, to a great extent, the joy that belonged to the "Swiss Family Robinson," the joy of being allowed to carry out their own ideas. They are encouraged to design the furniture that they want for their own use or as a gift to some member of their family, and are permitted to select their own wood and con-



LIBRARY TABLE WITH EXCELLENT PROPORTIONS AND FINISH.

A USEFUL KIND OF EDUCATION



COMBINATION BOOKSHELF, CABINET AND DESK.

struct the articles entirely themselves.

It is interesting to see how simple in line some of the chairs are, how excellent the proportion, how expert the workmanship and the results obtained by thus allowing full vent to a boy's native resourcefulness must be highly gratifying to their instructors. Every boy likes to make things, and when he is allowed to create his own things as he thinks fit, being helped or directed when necessary, rather than being forced arbitrarily to follow a given line, rule or mold, whether he sees a purpose in it or not, then he is being educated in a way that will not cease when the school term closes. For, if he be started on the right trail, he will joyfully follow it until he has discovered all the possibilities which lie in his own personal kingdom. He will be a discoverer of his own characteristics, quickly finding his capabilities and developing his natural resources as they never would have been developed if he had only been taught to carry out the ideas given him by other people.

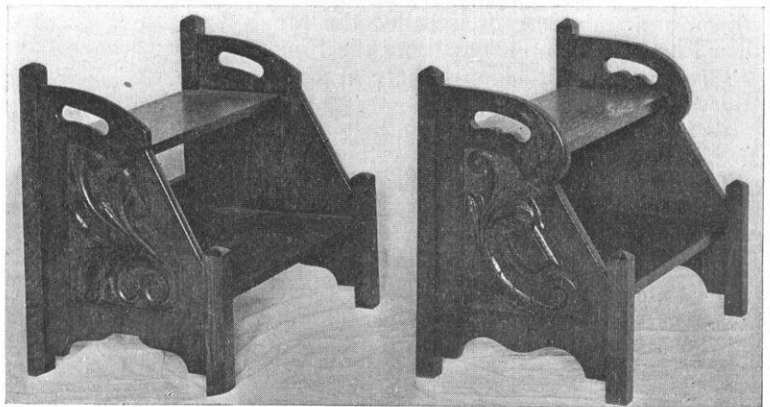
The great gift of imagination with which

nearly every child is endowed is being recognized as a valuable asset and is therefore being encouraged and developed instead of being crushed out by discipline or even by the cruel methods of ridicule practiced in days now past. The best counsel and advice are given, the knowledge of experienced workmen and instructors placed at their disposal. They eagerly seek to acquire all the information possible to obtain in the department they have elected to work in. But they are never taught, arbitrarily, to tread, or to try to tread, in a path they do not like or understand. Incentive is drawn out of them, not forced into them by compulsion.



LIVING-ROOM TABLE, WITH INTERESTING CARVING; DESIGNED BY EMIL WYDMAN.

That the students of this progressive Technical High School of Cleveland, Ohio, may have every opportunity to search out for themselves the best that has preceded them in their own chosen department, a well selected library is installed.



LIBRARY STEPS, SUGGESTING SWEDISH INSPIRATION.

POINSETTIA: THE CHRISTMAS "FLAMING STAR"

See cover design.

INTENSITY of color is to be expected in flowers from tropic lands, but in the poinsettia color has run riot, has burst through all bounds of expectation and flamed into a blaze of scarlet unparalleled among flowers. A poet need not call in the aid of his imagination in writing of this flower. He has but to set down the truth about it, and his words will be glowing enough.

When our land is covered with a white robe of snow, a bit of bright color is eagerly prized, and especially on Christmas Day we wish for a dash of color with which to brighten our joyous revels. No more satisfying flower for Christmas decoration has ever been brought within our reach than the poinsettia. A spirit of fire seems in some magical way to have become resident in this shrub and tipped each branch with a glowing flame. It covers whole hillsides in its native land, Mexico, with a color that is brighter even than the very best blossoms that we in the North have seen. It needs the moist air and burning rays of a tropical sun to perfect its color, yet even as we know it, grown in hothouses under the best conditions possible to give it, no other flower can approach it in color.

The scarlet petals that we call the flower are really but the bracts that surround the true blossom, which is small, yellowish, inconspicuous in every way. The scarlet bracts, in their native land, extend nine or ten inches on each side of the blossom in an irregular whorl, rayed from the center like a star. It is called the "Flaming Star" by the Mexicans because of its radiating form, and sometimes it is called the Mexican Flame Leaf, and sometimes the *Flor de Pasque* because it blooms there at Easter-tide.

It is a shrub that grows to a height of six feet or more, and the small yellowish terminal blossoms with their vermilion bracts spring abundantly from every branch, so that the bush in its prime is incredibly brilliant.

The poinsettia (*Euphorbia* or poinsettia *pulcherima*) was introduced to cultivation in our land by Dr. Poinsett, of Charleston, S. C., from whom it has received its name. It thrives best in the damp tropical and sub-

tropical Central America and Mexico. In these lands it wears the color of the sun that shines so intensely upon it, through all the variations of scarlet, vermilion and flame. It is grown outdoors in Florida and California, but never reaches the intensity of color it assumes in its native climate. It approaches the true flame color better in our hothouses, but is grown as a single, small little plant in a pot that can be carried about in the hand, bearing only a few blossoms, and is a sad looking little emigrant compared with the large, vigorous, showy bush of Mexico.

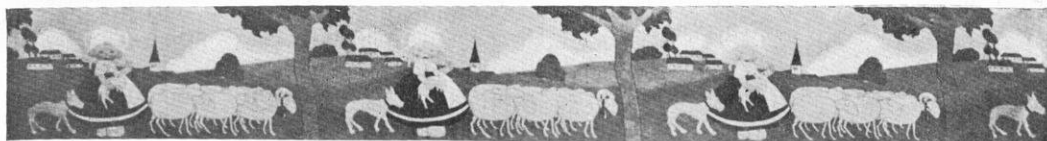
However, they are so beautiful, so rich in color, that we feel no lack in them, and eagerly desire them as decorations for our table, windows and churches. The poinsettia is never seen to better advantage than when used as a decoration for churches. Its warm, rich, glowing color lightens up the dark naves of a church in incomparable way. It flashes and flames on the altar among the candles as a thing alive. A bunch of them tied with long scarlet streamers of ribbon upon the wrought-iron gates of the altar are most effective and symbolical.

They are hardy blossoms and will keep their fresh color a long time after picking. They should be grown in a sandy soil and kept rather dry during the summer. In September they should be repotted and kept in a moist atmosphere, and where the full rays of the sun can fall upon them. After flowering let the plant dry off and it can then be held over until the next season.

The little pots of poinsettia, as we know them, make charming Christmas presents. They are becoming known as the Christmas flower and will in time reach a place among Christmas decorations that the Bermuda lily has reached in our hearts as an Easter flower.

As a decoration for the Christmas table they are unsurpassed. Their irregular star form, combined with the rich, warm glowing color that we all associate with the Christmas season, liven up the whole room as well as the table. When placed singly on the white cloth their scarlet bracts slash with a poniard clearness that is most effective.

Because of their lasting qualities they are becoming a dangerous rival of the red roses that have ever been so popular for Christmas presents. A box of them makes a brilliant gift.



"THE SHEPHERDESSES."

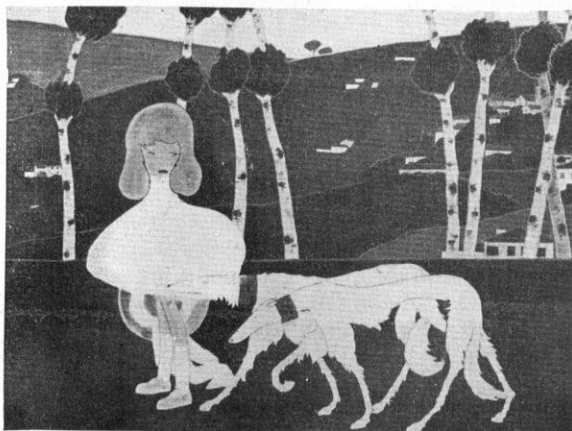
HUMOROUS DECORATIONS FOR THE NURSERY

MANY, many years ago, on an island in the Rhine, a palace was built and elaborately furnished by the special decorators of the king's household. It was adorned with priceless, somber tapestries, representing nothing more cheerful than the tragic marriage of Jason and Medea. Of course, it was quite possible that with some care and forethought other tapestries could have been found to use for ornamentation, as, for instance, the one depicting the marriage of Louis the Fourteenth, by Lebrun, with its graceful gay figures, its baskets of flowers, its ethereal colors; but somehow these royal builders never seemed to think of making the little palace on the Rhine island a gay or cheerful place. They were quite content to select such tapestries as fitted the wall spaces, regardless of the subject or good cheer.

And it was to this island palace with its sad decoration that the Comte de Noailles, Ambassador Extraordinary to the King of France, brought the little child Marie Antionette, Archduchess of Austria. It is difficult to picture a more sinister setting for this little child fiancée than the horrible domestic tragedy with which the walls

of her very sad new home were hung.

Today we have quite a different attitude about the decorating of our houses; we are not satisfied, at least some of us, simply to have rich tapestries, gold chairs, prodigiously big paintings; least of all, are we satisfied with such surroundings for our young people. We want the decorations in



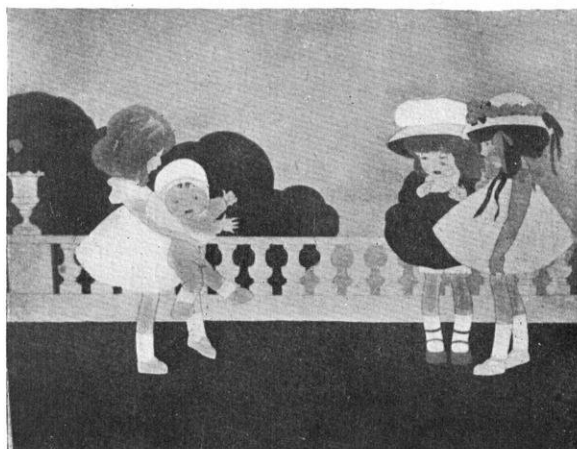
"LADY MABEL AND HER FAVORITES, DICK AND LELIA"

the rooms of our little folks and in the nursery artistically beautiful, cheerful, and we have even come to the point in these later days of asking that they may be also humorous. And why, indeed, should not a child have its first glimpse of that most important characteristic of the modern man

and woman, humor, supplied in nursery days in the pictures on the walls as well as in the pictures in the books? More and more we are occupied, not only with charm of color and elegance of line, but with the development of important faculties which have been more or less ignored in former days in childhood.

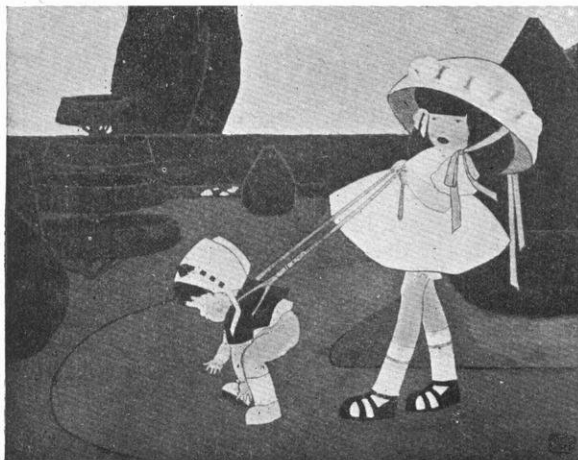
England and America, as all the world knows, are the paradise of childhood. Nurseries and rooms for young children suggest freshness, joy, amiability, amusement, and out of these we may hope for very definite results in the building up of the characters we crave for our nation's children.

In the last autumn Salon in France a matter of distinct interest was the



"THE PRESENTATION."

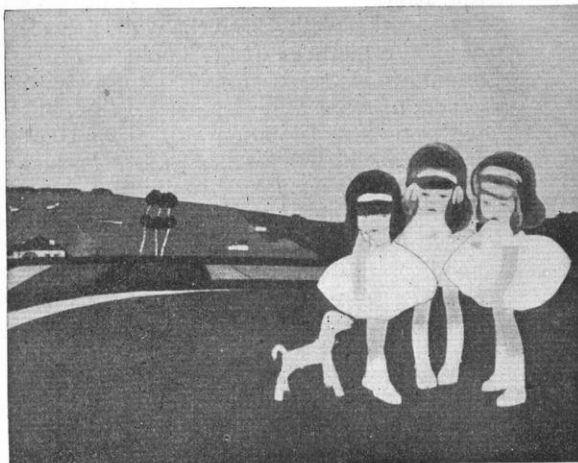
HUMOROUS DECORATIONS FOR THE NURSERY



"THE FIRST STEP."

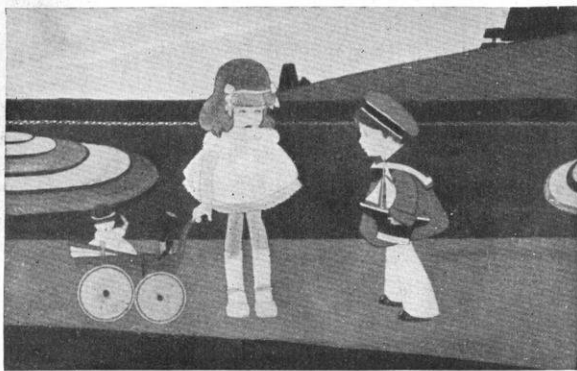
charming fitting up of children's rooms. It seems that the French artists—and Frenchmen love children—have followed in the wake of the Englishmen, and in the section for decorative art at that Salon some delightful studies were shown for humorous friezes and amusing gay panels for little French nurseries. Also children's furniture was to be seen; practical, really elegant and comfortable.

But nothing in the exhibition perhaps was so good or so significant as the water-color drawings shown by M. Jean Ray, whose work illustrates this article. M. Ray is an Italian, born at Pisa, though of French ancestry. He has lived all his life in Paris, and yet somehow his work, in spite of his Parisian chic, is very English in its simplicity and delightful humor. In these drawings of M. Ray, we



"THE LITTLE PRINCESSES."

find all the charm, grace, the naïveté and the roguery of childhood. In the beginning of his artistic career M. Ray was a member of the Salon des Humoristes—"Salon of the Humorists." After that he exhibited in many of the important exhibitions, conquering a wall space for his pictures practically wherever he desired it. But it is undoubtedly his early joy in humorous drawings that has brought about the delightful quality which has won our hearts in his nursery decorations. The most interesting of his drawings at the exhibit of the Salon were "The Shepherdesses," "The Princesses," "Lady Mabel and Her Favorites," "The Presentation," "My Two Twins, My Friend," and "The First Step"—all of which we have been able to present in the illustrations for this story.



"MY TWO TWINS, MY FRIEND."

Happily for the charm of his work and the value of it in the nursery, M. Ray does not caricature children. He is absolutely scrupulous and almost clairvoyant; he notes with the utmost care their strange little awkward attitudes, their grotesque gestures, their hesitating, inadequate motions. Whatever is comic he sets down for us, even to the queer little twists and whirls of their clothes. He seems to know by heart their laughter and their tears, their queer little expressions and their grimaces. Although these children designed by M. Ray make us laugh, it is with them, not at them, and always with the amusement they give us the sense of elegance and gentle breeding. In technique his designs are precise, almost dry. There is nothing complicated or elaborate. He desires evidently that the little eyes which are to see his work all about them shall not

THE INCREASE OF FARM VALUES

become fatigued in the understanding and appreciation of the decorations. In all his drawings there is a certain almost fairylike quality. He places his humorous little people wherever his heart desires to see them—in strange accidental countries, in unreal mountains, in playtime valleys. Some of the children in his designs suggest the most fascinating of the old Nürnberg dolls. Of later years, we find most of his subjects in the grand gardens of France, not because the gardens are grand, but because there is a humorous contrast between his naively young maladroit children and the magnificence of their surroundings. Nearly all his compositions are in flat tones, very clear, with the spacing beautifully distributed, almost classic in the contrast and adjustment of light and shade. The colors he prefers are blue, yellow and red. It is this very simplicity in M. Ray's drawings which so greatly adds to the charm of their presentation. He is not dramatic in technique, in subject, and the humor in every picture is inherent. He is never sharply witty, never satirical, but quaint and winning and almost heart-breaking in his understanding and joy in child life.

What a strange and interesting contrast to the lugubrious chamber furnished long ago for the little child queen of France! We like to think that the destiny of a mighty nation might have suffered some change if M. Ray had decorated the little palace on the island in the Rhine.

THE INCREASE OF FARM VALUES

OF great interest to those who are believers in the "back-to-the-farm" movement, are the reports recently issued by the Government as to the increase in farm values. They announce that the value of farms has doubled within the last decade, although their number has increased by only one-tenth and their acreage by one-twentieth.

The basis of this increase is said to be in the business prosperity of the country, brought about by the great crops and in the fact that there have been no great failures in the abundance produced. The increase in facilities for transportation of crops, the advent of the telephone and telegraph systems into farming communities, the more systematic methods of tilling the soil, help to account for much of this suc-

cess. The farmer is no longer imprisoned for the winter months, he can now keep in touch with the activities and progress of the world so that he is in a position to be envied rather than pitied. Because of the improved facilities for doing the work of a farm, he no longer is compelled to labor so cruelly. Science has taken a great interest in farming methods, the Government is actively engaged in lightening the farmer's important and difficult task of feeding the nation.

As the principles of the new methods of farming are being adopted quite universally, as its laws are being inculcated in the minds of the coming generation of agriculturists through schools, lectures, extension courses, there is every reason to believe that farm values may double again and again in the future.

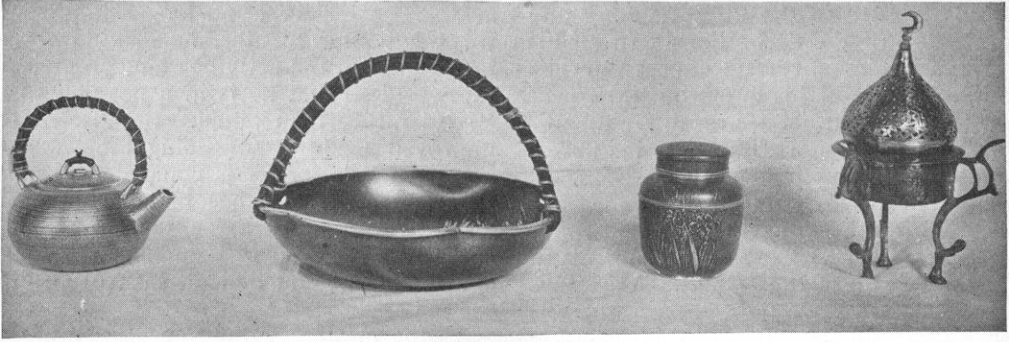
There is much food for thought in a perusal of the figures relating to the value of the farming land itself, the farm implements and buildings, the number of them and their rapid raise in value. The census reports as quoted below should prove interesting reading to the general public as well as the agriculturist.

The census bureau has announced that the total value of all farm lands, implements and buildings in the United States in 1910 was \$35,859,000,000, compared with \$17,357,000,000 in 1900. The number of farms in 1910 was 6,340,120, as compared with 5,737,372 in 1900, an increase of 11 per cent. The land increased from 835,092,000 acres in 1900 to 873,703,000 in 1910, or 5 per cent., but a larger increase, 15 per cent., is noted in improved acreage, which in 1900 was 414,490,000 acres and in 1910 477,474,000.

More conspicuous than the increase in the number and acreage of farms has been the gain in the improved values of farm property. The land in farms rose in value from \$13,051,033,000 in 1900 to \$28,383,821,000 in 1910, an increase of 118 per cent., and in the same period the average acre value of all land in farms rose from \$15.60 to \$32.50, or 108 per cent.

Farm buildings, which in 1900 were valued at \$3,556,514,000, were reported in 1910 as worth \$6,294,025,000, an increase of 77 per cent. Farm implements and machinery, reported in 1910 as worth \$1,261,817,000, and ten years previously as worth \$749,778,000, show an increase of 68 per cent.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM



ORIENTAL PEWTER AND BRASS CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

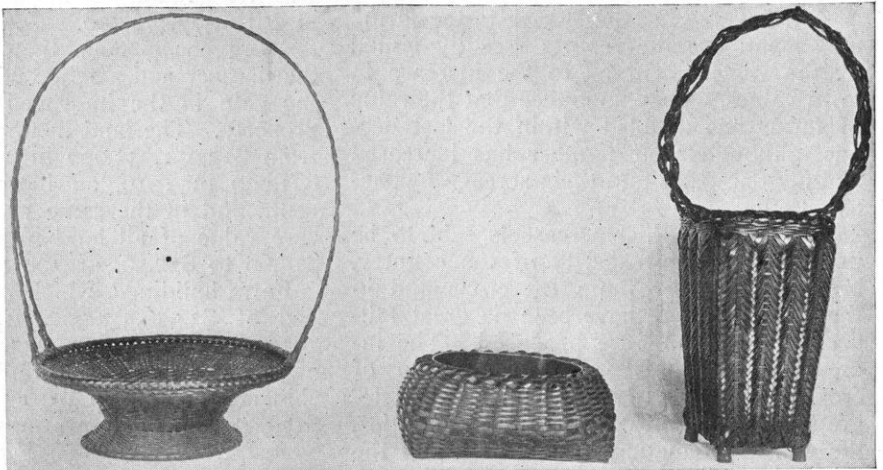
ONE WAY OF SOLVING THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM ARTISTICALLY AND ECONOMICALLY

THE annual joy of playing the delightful, fascinating, old, old game of impersonating kind fairies, generous gnomes or the jovial Santa Claus is, with the majority of us, a little dimmed by the apparently unalterable fact that we cannot give as choice, fine, rare a gift as we ardently desire. There is a dull pain in the heart because we are unable to give the friend who has so wonderfully enriched and sweetened the year just passing from the calendar (but never to pass from our memory), a gift expressive of our appreciation. We want to give something that is distinctly individualistic, something that carries an especially intimate recognition and understanding with it, something that is so intrinsically beautiful it will always remain an object of value to the friend. Then there are the members of the family, those who serve us or are served by us, acquaintances in distant lands, co-workers in the office, church, club, and, above all, our friends—the children.

But there is a happy way of dissolving the hard, "apparently unalterable fact" that has tripped up our desires so often—and the "way" is simply to "put money in thy purse"—a very

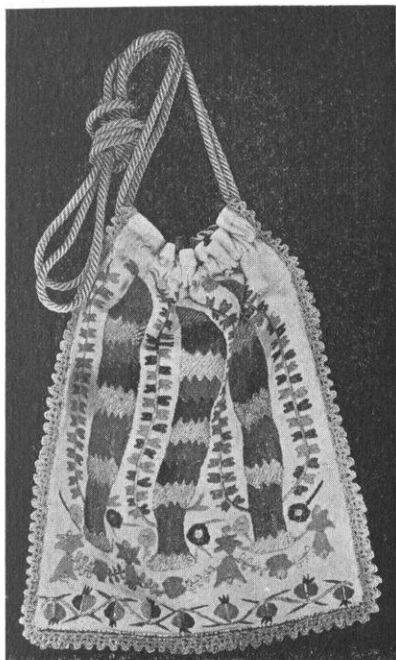
little of the precious green and gold and silver will do as medium of exchange—and go to a store that imports Oriental goods. It will be the next best thing to a trip abroad—even a little better, for our purpose—because every land seems to have a bazaar of its own in a friendly centering of interest.

The things displayed range from tiny, exquisite little things that might be regarded as amulets up to colossal carvings of wood and stone, impossible to send as a "surprise" to our friend without the service of a motor truck of high power! The range in price is equally great. There are counters full of clever toys that will delight the children of our land as well as they do those foreign little ones for whose sake they were invented. Pretty little things (there is excuse for using the condemned word "pretty" when speaking of the paper toys made for tiny Japanese children) may be chosen for so small a sum as one penny; some may be had for but five cents, some two for five cents, such as balancing butterflies and birds, tiny fans,



JAPANESE BASKETS FOR VARIOUS HOUSEHOLD USES.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM



A SHOPPING OR OPERA BAG MADE OF BULGARIAN EMBROIDERY AND FINISHED WITH GOLD LACE.

parasols, dolls, funny little animals, trick boxes, etc

Then, among the more expensive things may be found "good luck" baubles of various kinds, miniature ladies, gods and goddesses.

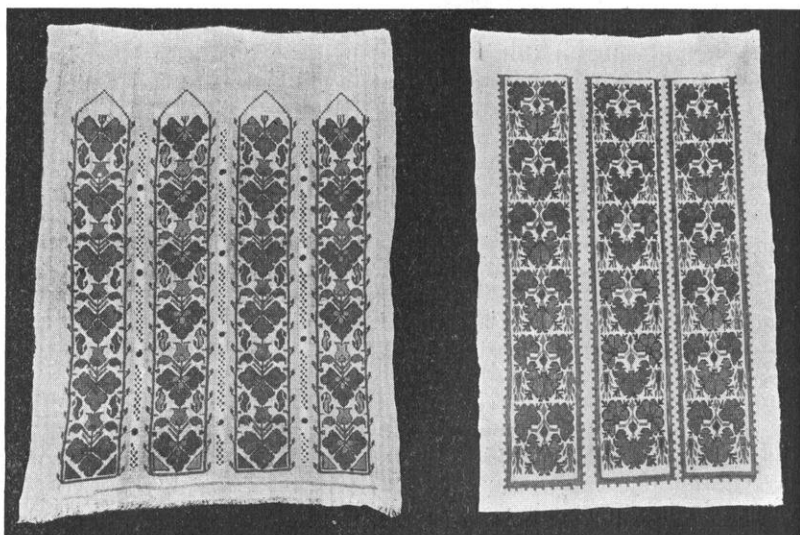
The most enchanting and captivating kimonos, lounging robes and evening coats are displayed, wonderful in color, design, workmanship. Some are of soft cotton crêpe, some of clinging silk, some are wadded in a snug, comfortable-looking way. Even smoking jackets for the men can be found, free from frivolous embroidery, warm and rich in color. Slippers for both men and women, to complete the joy of the possessor of a robe, are shown. Even the babies can have delicately thin or warmly wadded kimonos from Orient lands, for no man, woman

or child, of low or high degree, but can be outfitted with kimonos of suitable size, price, color.

Dame Fashion has set her capricious fancy upon bags of all kinds this season, and has devoted her crafty skill to producing bags for shopping, opera, sewing, laundry—for every conceivable use. Any woman's heart would be gladdened by the gift of a shopping bag made of the rare fabrics to be found in the various departments of an Oriental shop. Mandarin bands would make an excellent gift, for they can be converted into opera bags, hat or dress trimmings of charming originality. Bulgarian cloth of strange texture, interesting weave, can be purchased and wrought into useful, beautiful bags. Collar bags for the men can be made, or found ready-made, if preferred, of the Mandarin bands or Bulgarian squares or scarfs that are unique and delightful to give or to receive. These same Mandarin bands, Bulgarian scarfs and strips of Chinese and Japanese embroidery make excellent backs for the glass serving-trays so universally used.

Among the bags ready-made are to be seen Japanese Nikko leather, fancy pigskin, Chinese embroidered silk, India silk. Fascinating little purses and card cases are made to match these bags. Jade handles, tassels and cords of strange manufacture can be obtained by those who prefer to make the bag that they intend as a gift.

There are charming India linen table sets,



BULGARIAN TOWELS WHICH FORM INTERESTING MATERIAL FOR BAGS OR DRESS EMBROIDERIES.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM

tea cloths, table or dresser scarfs; also those made of Chinese and Japanese grass linen. Bulgarian scarfs of unique pattern can be used on table or dresser to excellent purpose.

Any woman would be delighted with one of the ravishing, witching, Liberty scarfs of rainbow, dawn and sunset colors, of delicate weaves and textures, crêpe, silk, chiffon. A bit of Maltese or Irish lace would be treasured to the end of a life and used over and over in many ways. Another gift that would never lose its charm and usefulness would be a carved ivory frame, a small round, oval or square one, to place on the dressing table or shaving stand, so that the face of the beloved one it surrounds will charm away the uninteresting moments we are compelled to devote before our cruel mirror. These are not expensive when their worth is considered, but if the purse be very well filled many beautifully carved ivory articles could be added to it, such as mirrors, brushes for the hair, coat, hat, even military brushes for the men, and powder and jewel boxes, shoe horns, buffers, paper cutters, parasol handles, etc. Carved ivory buttons that can be used on evening coats or on dressy hats or afternoon gowns would always give delight. Ivory hatpins are inexpensive and impart a distinction all their own to a hat.

And among the imported articles of jewelry that will always remain of service and add charm to a costume are the silver, jade, ivory, inlaid jeweled belt buckles, necklaces, bracelets, brooches, scarf pins, watch fobs, chains, fans, etc. Here one can select charmingly beautiful things that are "different" from the conventional ornament and therefore add a valued individuality to any toilet.

Those who are searching for a fine pipe for some fortunate man will be surprised at the array of beautiful ones shown. Meerschmied pipes of many shapes and sizes, with or without fancy boxes for them; "Admiral Togo" brier ones, porcelain ones—so many kinds and of so many prices that it is impossible to enumerate them all here.

Surely, if we were in doubt of what to give, we could not long remain in that uncomfortable attitude of mind if we walked through the rooms devoted to the vases and jars of all nations. Shippo bronze vases, vases of Cloisonné, jade, red glaze, porcelain, Satsuma, Damascus brass; and in with these vases and jars are beautiful incense burners

of many curious designs. From this department can be chosen a gift of suitable price, size, color, purpose, and every one of them is unusual in beauty, is individualistic and holds a rich and delightful atmosphere of its own wherever placed.

A novel gift would be a teapot or airtight tea caddy of Nakamura pewter, with a tea strainer or nut or cake basket of this same pewter. Some "real" Japanese tea, that is sold in fascinating Japanese caddies and boxes, would be acceptable gifts, with one of the many attractive teapots displayed in apparently endless variety and at an unbelievably low cost. A Japanese cotton towel for the serving tray is but fifteen cents, and completes pleasantly the gift of fine tea.

A tea basket for the traveler or unfortunate flat-dweller or semi-invalid would be acceptable.

Then, there are baskets for every use—to hold candies, flowers, plants, fruits, sewing, for the table, wall, porch. And there are lanterns, lamps, rugs, screens, pillow tops, curtains, fans, dishes, strange candied fruits, perfumes, incense sticks. In fact, our dollars can be spent to better advantage in an Oriental store than in almost any other way, for the articles are beautiful and interesting, hold a charm of their own, are full of the individuality we desire a gift to possess; and they are sent in the most attractive Oriental boxes, so that they claim the interest and affection even before they are opened.

A beautiful screen would be most welcome, not only because of its æsthetic value but because of its usefulness. One for the summer camp of the friend with whom the summer vacation was spent, one for the bachelor friend's quarters, one to be placed in the dining room before the kitchen door, one to serve as a fire screen.

Lanterns, long, round, square, oblong, of paper, silk, brass or bronze to be hung on the porch, in hall, bedroom, den, over the piano or reading table, would delight any householder. Some of the tiny ones make effective ornaments for the Christmas tree.

Oriental fabrics can be selected for sofa pillows of cotton or silk that would be an interesting foil for those of domestic workmanship. Rugs for the summer cottage or city mansion would solve the problem of what to give the home lover, and prices vary as notably as the sizes.

SOME PRACTICAL IDEAS FOR AMATEURS AS TO COMPOSITION IN PHOTOGRAPHS

THE success of a certain well-known American artist has been brought about, so it is said, by the compelling charm of his subjects, or, rather, by the way his subjects are placed upon the canvas. In one case, the subject of a picture of his which held the center of interest at one of the important exhibitions of the year, was a rock, a mullein and a tree. The subject was so simple it seemed as if it was no subject at all. And in the hands of a lesser artist it would perhaps have held no pictorial interest whatever. But the perfection of his art was shown in the way these three objects were arranged, the space allotted to each, the direction of their lines, the balance of the whole. To obtain the final harmony he covered no less than two hundred sheets of paper with quick sketches of the angular rock, upright mullein, curving oak, in different positions and sizes. He tried them in the foreground, middle distance and distance, in one corner then the other, high on the paper, then low, then in the center. He changed the proportions and the grouping until he obtained a rhythm, a balance, a harmony so perfect it could not be passed by unnoticed.

The quality of beauty in a photograph is an elusive one, but can be brought about by a right relation of lines and masses. What the right relation is cannot be determined by the beginner without some experimenting. True, it is often hit upon accidentally, but no photographer, be he amateur or professional, wishes to trust to erratic chance. A dependable knowledge is of all importance to the one who wishes to make a picture. Anyone can "snap" a thing that will possess a certain kind of interest, but to have it possess beauty is a far more difficult matter.

No amount of care is ever wasted when one is out for a beautiful picture, and though the process of getting the subject upon the ground-glass so that it is "composed" satisfactorily might become extremely tiresome for the photographer's companion, it is never so for the interested photographer himself.

Stepping a few feet forward or backward or to one side, the raising or lowering of the tripod, the adjusting of the focus so that

some foreground object of interest is brought out sharply and the distance made to take its place, seems but a useless waste of time to the onlooker; but it is from such seemingly small changes that perfection of balance is obtained.

Photographers depend almost entirely for beauty upon arrangement of forms; they have no color to help them out, though certain tones of light and shade will suggest color and in a technical sense be said to "possess color."

A straight line, like the line of the horizon where sky and ocean meet, the mast of a ship, an ascending line of smoke, a tall tree, has great esthetic value in a photograph, and should be watched for and incorporated whenever possible.

Next to the esthetic value of a line, is the arrangement of the masses. A large expanse of sky and a narrow strip of land, or the reverse of this proportion, is always better than when land and sky are evenly balanced. In the case of a tree reflected in the waters of a pool or brook, beauty of composition is brought about by devoting the larger part of the plate surface to the tree as revealed in its reflection in the water, or reversing this plan and having the tree itself the center of interest, and but a glimpse of it shown in the pool.

In the case of a rocky New England pasture that seems to contain great picture possibilities, but somehow looks barren when on the ground glass, you have but to wait until some animal—a sheep, cow, dog, bird or rabbit—enters the scene, and immediately the meaning of the pasture is fulfilled or revealed and a picture is obtained that causes one to hold the breath with delight.

As the only way to learn to draw is to draw and keep on drawing, so the only way for a photographer to obtain beauty in his picture is to try and keep trying to understand the laws of line, mass, proportion, spacing, rhythm, balance. Study to understand *why* a picture is beautiful, *why* one simple line is enough to fill a picture with wonderful charm, and another looks thin, meager, poor, unlovely. Study the best art wherever it is to be obtained; try to understand its laws, but never imitate them. Use the same law, but use it as a basis for your own imagination.

Many objects in a picture tend to confusion, so the art of elimination must be understood. Simplicity must be the keynote.

NEW GERMAN DOLLIES WITH PERSONALITY

The dolls illustrated in this article were designed and made by Marion Kaulitz; We have reproduced them from *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration*.

SO far as we know, dolls have mainly been regarded as the especial property of little girls. There have been instances, it is true, when a little boy was known to cherish a doll openly until he was old enough to realize the particular kind of disgrace he was placing on his manly head, and thereafter loved them shamefacedly in secret. There have also been little girls who hated them for their cold unresponsiveness to the tenderness latent in most maternal little hearts. But as a rule dolls have belonged to girls.

The dolls that have usually been loved the most have been the ones the little girls have had the longest — the first-born — quite regardless of form or feature, beauty or ugliness. As a matter of fact, there was not much choice, for there was very little variation in doll expression. Plainness of feature and ugliness of material in the rag or china babies were balanced evenly against the insipidity of expression and monotony of coloring of the finest wax or bisque "beauties," and the gorgeous brides, jolly sailor lads, befrilled little girls and infants in long clothes all wore the same expression of smiling vacuity, and were varied only in the



IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY WERE GOSSIPING color of eyes and hair and kind of dress. Hundreds of these dolls were made in Nürnberg at a time, and there did not seem



MEETING SHY NEW FRIENDS.

to be much chance for individuality. Now, however, real "baby" dolls are obtainable, and many a little girl has been delighted by having a baby who seemed just about to cry and who needed all the soothing and cuddling that only a potential mother knows how to give.

In Munich, too, more attention is being paid to doll individuality, and they are making dolls with such animated expression and suggestion of action that any little girl would love them at sight. The dolls we illustrate here owe their inspiration to Marion Kaulitz, of Munich, who has endowed these miniature ladies as



STARTING OUT TO VISIT OTHER DOLLY FRIENDS.



A JEALOUS DOLL FRIEND.

well as the little gentlemen with a charm that is quite in keeping with their quaint old-fashioned burgomaster, crinoline and peasant costumes. They look uncommonly alive, and one can almost see the chubby little man under the burgomaster hat strut as he leads his lady home from church. The two little mothers in the poke bonnets are so deep in the discussion of the virtues of their respective children that one can almost see their heads bob. The little peasants toddling to school seem to feel the importance of their mission, and surely one can read surprise on the faces of the three ladies who are listening to the news their friend in muslin gown and velvet bonnet has to tell.

It is not strange that these dolls of piquant individuality should have been conceived in the brain of a Munich artist, for the Germans, above all people, have always been most interested in whatever pertains to childhood. Christmas in Germany is especially the children's holiday, perhaps because of the Child whose birth it commemorates. A sparkling, glowing tree is trimmed in every home on Christmas Eve, whether there are children in the family or not, for at this season every man and woman is a child in heart.

There is undoubtedly much that is to be deplored in German art, architecture and interior decoration, but it seems to us that the people of the German nation may be forgiven much for the understanding of childhood that they possess, and the joy that the achievements of the old toy workers have given to little hearts all over the world. And now the spirit of the old Nürnberg toymakers seems to have been transferred to the artists who are beginning to do work of this nature with all the individuality and humor that the trained artist's hand can contribute.

REINDEER AND AUTOMOBILES

IT is true that the vicissitudes and joys of the passing years leave their sharp and varied impress upon our easily molded minds, yet there is a certain loyal quality about it that holds with childlike tenacity to something it has once loved. A child is always loyal to its first love. No matter how fascinating new stories are, it wants "The Three Bears" or "Puss-in-Boots" over and over and over again. An old doll or ball is not easily displaced in their constant little hearts, no matter how fascinating the new toy claimants. With unchangeable and unwearied persistency they cling to something that once pleased them.

We older children cling unwaveringly to the jolly Santa Claus and his fleet reindeer, and we see to it that his memory is kept alive in the hearts of the younger children. We go so far as to make the automobile wear his colors in our romantic minds. Santa Claus is supposed to take his heavily loaded pack from the shoulders that have so cheerfully borne it these many years and fill the capacious seats of a powerful touring car with its mysterious contents, destined for good boys and girls. Instead of calling out with jovial, rollicking, laughing voice, "Hurry up, Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen and Comet and Cupid and Donder and Blitzen," he steps jauntily to the front of his "car" and energetically turns the crank.

Though we love our mighty modern "car" and could not conduct a Christmas season without its aid, we cannot give up our allegiance to those swift-footed reindeer of romance! But we have plenty of room in our hearts for both. We will send our gifts by the dashing automobile and receive them from this same dependable courier. We will make use of its invaluable services in many ways—we really cannot get along without it—but we will surround it with the halo of romance. We will insist upon hearing the dancing and prancing steps of the reindeer over and above the whir of the flying wheels. The dextrous chauffeur will be Santa Claus, whether he likes it or not! And even though we know the gift will be delivered through the basement and up the dumbwaiter, we will "pretend" happily that it came over the roof and down the chimney!

CONVENTION OF PRACTICAL EDUCATORS

E DUCATORS, manufacturers and labor leaders all over the country have been much interested in the fifth annual convention of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education which met at Cincinnati, November 2nd, 3rd and 4th. These three widely different bodies of men met with the united purpose of devising a system of education for boys—our future wage-earners.

Representative men from schools and factories presented the problem from different standpoints in an attempt to put into practice some form of study by which the boy who has the irresistible economic pressure behind him can obtain an education enabling him to attain, step by step, greater knowledge and thus greater usefulness.

The helpfulness of evening schools was thought to be great, but their instruction, coming as it does after the end of a day's work, was seen to put too great a tax upon the boy's physical health, a tax so great that only the most rugged can stand the strain. Very few boys who wish to become proficient at some trade can spare the time for study from their earning hours.

Mr. C. McCarthy, former secretary of the Industrial Education Commission of Wisconsin, spoke of the advantages of the part-time day-school as compared with the evening school. He said: "I believe in the continuation school because it is an added force upon democracy. * * * We cannot allow our agricultural classes to become peasants as has been done over and over again in the history of the world, to the destruction and loss of nations. We cannot allow our artisan class to sink into city mobs as was done in ancient Rome. The cornerstone of industry as well as the cornerstone of democracy is the same. * * * The children who are working should be provided for, whatever else is done for those who are not. * * * We must make their work lighter and their ability greater. * * * We ought to be adding some touch of joy into the lives of our working boys and girls, * * * we cannot do it by the trade school. * * * We must do it out of the time of the manufacturer, and why should we not? The manufacturer has to invest in fine machinery * * * put capital in it * * * what capital will return greater results than that

making more efficient each human element?"

Professor Schneider, Dean of the College of Engineering, University of Cincinnati, in describing a course of instruction at this university, said: "The Coöperative Courses are planned to combine and coördinate theory and practice. The theory is taught in the University and the practice is obtained at the manufacturing plants of the city. Students in this course work alternate weeks at the university and at commercial shops. The classes are divided into two sections, which alternate with each other by weeks, so that when one section is at the University the other is at the shops. The length of the course is five years, the alternation being carried on eleven months of the year."

The subject of the high school was also brought up for discussion and its shortcomings pointed out. Mr. Pliny H. Johnson, principal of the Woodward High School, Cincinnati, said that though the public has invested a great deal of money in the classical high school, it benefits but about 4% of the people—ministers, doctors, lawyers and teachers—the remaining 96% receiving but little help. The vocational high school should furnish the boy with the broad field of experience that would show him what work or trade he is best fitted to do.

The Continuation School System was also presented, in which the boy is allowed by his employer (with no loss of pay) one-half day a week to be devoted to his general culture. Little enough, we may think; yet it relieves his mind from the stunting effect of monotony, spurs on his desire for better work, gives his mind food for much good thought, adds a joy to his ceaseless round of heavy work. "A continuation school looks after the life of a boy rather than after his living."

That industrial education should come under the control of the public school system, and not under the limited influence of the expensive private trade schools, is quite generally approved of by all who have attempted a solution of the educating of the vast majority of wage-earning boys. But just how to bring this about has been and still is the difficult problem.

As industry is now organized it is difficult for a boy to learn a trade and at the same time receive the general education he so much needs. A trade school conducted at the public expense seems to be a need of

CONVENTION OF PRACTICAL EDUCATORS

vital importance to every community. Mr. Pearse, Superintendent of Schools, said in part: "If we, as a nation, are to conquer new markets and win greater success in old markets, we must add preëminent skill of hand and artistic judgment and taste on the part of the worker to our already proven preëminence in the adaptation of labor-saving machinery."

The relative merits and practicability of part-time schools and evening schools were presented to the delegates and visitors at one session by noted educators, general discussions following the speeches. Another session was devoted to the subject of the vocational school and its necessity to the economic development of the United States.

The thought that was brought out in a talk given on this subject by Mr. F. E. Schwedtman, President of the Citizens' Industrial Association of St. Louis, was that the older nations had nothing to fear from us so long as we continued to send out our products in raw material only. He said that the millions of dollars of imported manufactured products which bear the label "Made in Germany" or "Made in France" was a mute testimony of our inefficiency. He stated that the life earnings of a properly trained mechanic are \$20,073 more than those of the untrained laborer, or \$10,531 more than the life earnings of the boy who picks up his trade. Then came the suggestion that if instead of exporting pig iron, steel billets and raw cotton, we should add to it skilled labor, and export sewing machines, dynamos and finished cotton goods, we would increase our revenues at least \$2,000,000,000 a year. Mr. H. E. Miles, chairman of the Industrial Education Committee, said: "We are coming to see a new relationship between our methods on the one hand and our fat bank accounts on the other. We have been capitalizing the brains and human efficiencies of the nation less than we thought, and the natural resources more. Our exports have been almost entirely of crude and semi-crude material—the product of mine, forest and farm—with only enough of labor in them to make them fit for ship's cargo. We have been exporting annually \$100,000,000 worth of copper in pig and bar iron, rather than \$200,000,000 of copper worked up into dynamos and fine hardware. We have shipped steel billets rather than linotype machines. We export cotton at 14c a pound with scarcely any labor in it; we buy it back from the thrifty Swiss, in fine

handkerchiefs, at \$40 a pound, all labor. For forty years Germany has had a thorough-going system of industrial education. * * * It reaches every child upon compulsion. It is more than a coincidence that in these forty years Germany has risen from a position of great poverty to great wealth. Is it not more than a coincidence that in these same forty years the United States has had no system of industrial training; that her laborers are restless and unhappy; that her shops are very short of work; and that the loss of wages due to enforced idleness will amount to hundreds of millions of dollars this year?"

The question of education was taken up from almost every standpoint—the methods suggested differing greatly—but all authorities agreeing on the great importance of speedily establishing some practical system. The American people are really awakened to the necessity of a better industrial and technical education, and to the belief that it should be conducted at the public expense. Several of the States have made splendid beginnings, Massachusetts in especial; and Wisconsin is likely to establish at once the Continental system fully Americanized.

Industrial education is rapidly coming under the control and supervision of our public-school system, which is eminently where it belongs. When perfected, a higher standard of living will be brought about, a higher quality of work produced, and a finer citizenship established.

Cincinnati has taken a notable stand in relation to the education of children. The voters say that no child of from fourteen to sixteen years of age can work unless at least four hours a week are given to his education. The manufacturers have also taken the same stand and declare that no child can be employed in their shops unless he devotes at least four hours a week to obtaining an education, and that these hours of study must come in the daytime and not at night after a hard day's work. The first query of a boy seeking work is: "Will you let me go to school half a day a week without loss of pay?"

Manufacturers are coming to see that the lack of an education is the cause of so many "misfit" workmen, and that such a condition is profitless in the extreme, not only to the workman but to his employer. Failure for both of them is certain unless the skilful hand be directed by a well-trained mind.

ALS IK KAN

BACK OF THE GIFT, STANDS THE GIVER

THE season of good cheer and good will is here again, and its value to us all must depend not upon what we receive, but upon the desire it wakes in our hearts to contribute to the world's well being. This does not necessarily mean concrete gifts—the things you buy in heated noisy shops to be delivered by weary messengers Christmas morning. That is only one phase of the Christmas spirit, and sometimes a very poor, sad one, indeed.

There are good gifts in the way of hopes, promises, good wishes. It is with these sorts that *THE CRAFTSMAN*'s heart is laden, and if it were possible for us to convert our hopes and wishes for our friends into actual gifts we would freshen and vivify life not a little in this great world which has given us our inspiration.

First of all, we would furnish throughout the country better architecture. We would have more beautiful homes, costing less money to support them, for we believe that every man who can earn his living should rest from the pressure of earning it in the sort of house that to some degree expresses his ideal of a home, that is inherently beautiful, simple, durable. The realization of our second wish would be, better education for the children—not more, but better. And saner schoolrooms for the education to be accomplished in—educational gardens, perhaps, instead of prisons. We would have all about us more happy children and fewer poor. We would see everywhere women more beautifully dressed with less money expended for clothes. We would have more books along constructive lines; fewer books written merely "to sell." All about us would be growing up a people interested in the development of their homes, until throughout the length and breadth of this land we would see in flower a higher, truer, more practical democracy.

Surely by this time our readers know that *THE CRAFTSMAN* is essentially a democratic magazine. That is why it believes that all art, all home-building, all furnishings for the home, all expressions of beauty should be absolutely and finally democratic; for the people, out of the heart of the people. That we will do what we can to help to realize this ideal during the coming year is perhaps

the greatest promise we are capable of making to our readers.

If we are to put this ideal of democracy, made up of right homes and right living, on the proper plane, we must consider these questions seriously; we must make sure that our homes are more beautiful, more friendly, less expensive; that the lives of all the people about us are more closely related to their homes, more the outgrowth of them, more inherent in them; we must make sure that our children are brought up in a home life that develops all the qualities that make the real democrat. In other words, the right home building and its development is one of the essentials of a truer, wider democratic spirit in this country. And this democracy which we shall hope for, which for centuries our race has lived and fought for, can only be accomplished through our homes and through our children. Herein lie the two great opportunities for real progress. We cannot accomplish what we have hoped by superimposing the ideals of democracy on national conditions that will not form the foundation. We must work from the inside out, from the homes and the children to the nation.

We hope that *THE CRAFTSMAN* may have its share in bringing into existence these good things which we have seen in our vision of a happy democracy, and we again wish our friends, new and old, a very Merry Christmas.

THE TORCH OF GREEN

A single branch of a tree sways past my office window, yielding to the mood of the wind with a grace that makes of it a sentient thing, the only sentient thing amidst the insentient, unyielding buildings all about.

As a background it has the barred and ever closed windows of a gambling den, but it beckons my thoughts unto itself and away from the sordid evil sight of the city lair.

It cares not for the dark presence of the den, but is forever clothed in fresh green, a torch of strength and beauty. As it nods and sways and flashes its torch of green, it makes me forget the sight of den, the noise of builders, the odors of cheap restaurants, and reminds me that "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

ART NOTES

THE NEW ART GALLERY OF THE
MACDOWELL CLUB OF NEW YORK
AND ITS UNIQUE FORM OF EXHIBITIONS

THE MacDowell Club of New York is completely and comfortably installed in its new quarters in the beautiful old Mendelssohn Hall Building. It is the first real *home* the club has ever had, and in the new rooms opportunity is afforded for the progress and development of the various significant works of the association. There is a large, homelike, attractive room where the Music Committee and the Drama Committee can have their meetings; there is a well-appointed businesslike room affording the utmost convenience and comfort for the business meetings of the club, which are many and important; there is a room for the secretary where the detail work can be carried on quietly and advantageously. And, best of all, there is a beautiful new art gallery, probably the finest single-room gallery in America; not only the finest, but perhaps also the largest. The fittings of the room, both lighting and colors, have been carefully thought out by the members of the Painting Committee, which counts among its earnest workers John Alexander, George Bellows, D. Putnam Brinley, Ben Ali Haggin, William Laurel Harris, Robert Henri, John C. Johansen and Paul Dougherty, a group of men not likely to go far astray in the adjustment and perfecting of an art gallery.

The opening of the new gallery has also signalized the opening of a new plan of art exhibitions. The gallery is thrown open to members and non-members alike for club exhibitions, which take the form of a long-cherished plan of Robert Henri. Every two weeks a new group of artists will exhibit. There will be not less than eight or more than twelve artists in each exhibition, and each group is self-formed—that is to say, each group is composed of men who want to exhibit together. They are their own jury and their own hanging committee, and if the exhibit is not a success, they are to blame. At least, there is no one else. The galleries are free, the only expense being the lighting of the rooms and the cartage of the pictures. The first exhibition, which opened November 2nd, was composed of the work of club members; some of the most significant artists of New York were included.

Among them were George Bellows with four canvases, D. Putnam Brinley with five, Robert Henri with six, Paul Dougherty with four, Jonas Lie with four, Ben Ali Haggin with three; John C. Johansen exhibited four; his wife, Jean MacLane, seven; and Irving Wiles showed five canvases, two of them most interesting and unusual heads. It is seldom that any one exhibition shows the work of nine more interesting painters. It is worth remembering that all of these paintings were hung on the line, all were beautifully lighted, and all were placed to the complete satisfaction of the artists. A more beautiful effect of color, light and shade has seldom been seen than was the presentation of these forty-three canvases the first night of the exhibition.

November second was also the housewarming for the MacDowell Club, and the general impression seemed to be among the artist members that no better gallery could be devised. The point of view was expressed during the week at the various art galleries in New York, that an important contribution in the way of opportunities for the beautiful showing of pictures had been made in this remarkable gallery which the MacDowell Club has placed at the disposal of the artists of America.

It is very interesting indeed to realize in connection with this gallery that there are no reservations. Any group of men who want to exhibit with one another can use these galleries if they make their application in time. And every man can have at least twenty-two feet of line space. Although this group plan of art exhibitions was only organized last March, the space is practically taken up now to the middle of next March. The group plan for art exhibits is what Mr. Robert Henri has had in mind for years. He has felt that there ought to be opportunity for every artist to be judged by the world, not by a jury of a few. It may not mean that more geniuses will be discovered; it will surely mean that every genius has a chance to be.

It seems in many ways as though the opening of this gallery is one of the most concrete realizations of Edward MacDowell's desire to affiliate the arts. Much has already been done by the MacDowell Club of New York for music, for drama, for literature; these three arts have been brought together, have been made to understand each other with a wider sympathy than was ever dreamed of before the launch-

ing of this organization. But until this season the artists have not had their right opportunity, and the opening up of the galleries with this splendidly democratic plan of Robert Henri's is perhaps the noblest presentation of the MacDowell idea that the club has yet had the opportunity of realizing. We shall hope from time to time to make mention of these group exhibitions, for we feel that they will be of the widest interest to artists all over the world.

MAURICE FROMKES AT THE FOLSOM GALLERIES

THE Folsom Galleries have opened their season with Portraits, Paintings and Pastels by Maurice Fromkes, individual examples of whose work have been shown from time to time in *THE CRAFTSMAN*. This is the most complete exhibition of Mr. Fromkes's work that New York has yet seen, including his work through the past summer. To the writer his more recent work seems to be in quite a new vein; it is partly of children, the loveliest examples being "The Little Chore Girl" and "Phyllis." It is rather wonderful what Mr. Fromkes has done in the ethereal quality given to the paintings of these very simple homely little children; the entire canvases seemed suffused with a golden light. The children are outlined in a very realistic, simple fashion. They are just ordinary, plain little girls with tight little braids, but what Mr. Fromkes has done is somehow to give you in these paintings the golden quality of childhood. He has not idealized his subjects, but he has presented them in a poetical haze, as it were, so that your heart warms toward all childhood. He has created not merely an interest in the individual subject, but in youth, and gives you the impression of the great truth that all childhood is really golden, that the Little Chore Girl has wonderful visions of happiness, a wonderful outlook into the most remote joys of life. He must have meant these things; it would be impossible for the onlooker to imagine them. It is all there, in the eyes and the heart of the children. "Phyllis" is even more beautiful, even more golden, and yet just the most ordinary little girl. She is wonderful because we know her visions, because through this painting we are enabled to see what youth sees, and what we had forgotten. Of course, there are other portraits, and they are very interesting as color studies. "The Blue Coat" is full of vividness

and picturesqueness. The portrait of Mrs. James H. Jackson is of gray age, but it carries a subtle suggestion of all the beauties that are possible to age, rightly understood.

In the pastels there is a most striking head of Miss Emily Grigsby, who is always being dramatically talked about on one continent or the other. The writer has never seen Miss Grigsby, and this portrait gives one the impression of very real beauty, of total absence of soul, and the quality of success in every line. Something very different and equally well handled is the pastel of Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin and child. Here one feels that unutterable thing which is mother love, the great tenderness, the great sweetness, and the devotion of the beautiful young mother to the helpless little baby. Among the many beautiful phases of mother love, the relation of the lovely young mother to her very little baby always seems particularly heart searching, and it is seldom expressed with more sympathy and sincerity than in Mr. Fromkes's sketch of Mrs. Haggin. It is interesting to rank Mr. Fromkes among the artists in New York who are doing the most profoundly touching and beautiful paintings of children.

"THE WONDER OF WORK:" BY JOSEPH PENNELL

THE Keppel Galleries showed through October a very remarkable collection of new lithographs and etchings by Joseph Pennell, called "The Wonder of Work." It is only a few years since Joseph Pennell was condemned by artists, critics and dealers because he had turned his attention to material subjects; great streets of buildings and iron-work construction seeming to claim his interest. And the people who had cared for his imaginative studies of fairy-like presentations of Venice and London feared for the permanent value of his work. As the matter stands today, it would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful, more complete, than Mr. Pennell's studies of New York, with his skyscrapers and unfinished bridges and constructive problems; his studies in Wilkes-Barre of the coal heavers, the coal breakers, the freighting of coal, the trolley lines and the mills. At Charleroi, Belgium, he has the lake of fire, and the gates and the workers; in Chicago he has the elevators, the tracks, the stockyards and the lake steamers. Even in Venice he has the final "sacrilege" of "Venice at work." In other words, he has

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made it clear that light and shade do not depend upon poetical inspiration, that rightly handled and seen with a vision they carry their own intrinsic beauty, and it is the most prodigiously imaginative men, the men with the farthest vision, who give us, in the tabooed subjects involving labor, the splendid results of the universal quality of beauty.

EXHIBITIONS AT THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY GALLERIES

BEGINNING November 6th, the Berlin Photographic Company will show an exhibition of paintings, drawings and lithographs by the famous English artist, William Rothenstein. A further notice of this will appear in the January issue. Mr. Birnbaum, who has charge of the exhibits of this gallery, tells us that following the Rothenstein exhibition will be a repeated Beardsley show from November 22nd to November 27th, and that the Beardsley drawings will be shown in Chicago in December; at the Albright Galleries in Buffalo in January. From December 4th to December 30th Charles Conder's pictures will appear in the Berlin Gallery.

THE Montross Gallery, New York, opened its season of 1911-1912 with a group of seventeen selected paintings by various artists. Except for the three pictures exhibited by Childe Hassam, which were painted in 1906 and 1908, this exhibit was a showing of some of the work done during the past two years by Hugo Ballin, Elliott Daingerfield, T. W. Dewing, W. L. Lathrop, Gari Melchers, Alexander Schilling, D. W. Tryon, Horatio Walker, J. Alden Weir and Henry C. White.

FOR three days early in November in the studios of J. & R. Lamb there was shown a historical mural painting of Washington with his officers in the fortifications of Brooklyn before the Battle of Long Island. This painting is intended for one of the important school buildings of Brooklyn, and was designed and executed by Frederick S. Lamb and his associates.

SOME of the results of the summer's work of the Summer Class of the Henri School of Art were shown at the school in a two-day exhibition in October. The sketches shown were all done in Nova Scotia.

AN exhibition of selected canvases by noted American painters was held during most of November at the Madison Art Gallery, New York.

REVIEWS

DEMETER'S DAUGHTER: BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

ALISON CLEAVE, in Eden Phillpotts' novel, "Demeter's Daughter," is the type of woman who endows life with material richness as well as spiritual splendor comparable only to Nature's own ways as embodied in the great daughter of the gods. Seemingly *Alison Cleave's* reason for existence is to give good gifts, to lavish all her great wealth of soul and body upon those who touch her life. She is without egotism, unconcerned as to the bigness of her gifts, unconcerned even as to the results of her lavishness. Her life is expended in gathering together and pouring out comfort, peace, success for those she loves, in suffering their woes, in diverting their sorrows to herself. She seems to stand a colossal figure on the great Dartmoor, her feet pressed close to the earth, her arms full of the abundant good things of life, her face sad, serene and menacing only when fate would touch her loved ones. In fiction she presents a figure without self-consciousness; she is not the self-sacrificing egotist, not only the devoted mother or the loyal wife,—always she seems absorbed in transmuting her strength and beauty of soul into joy and immunity from sorrow for those near her.

She is prodigal as Nature herself is prodigal. She is indeed Demeter's Daughter—the source of material well-being. She seems inherent in the wide moors of Dartmoor, their simplicity is hers, their somberness—and also their *tragedy*. For such lavish gifts as *Alison Cleave* offers to those about her, must mean the wide-reaching development in others of the weakness which receives, a weakness which grows until it exacts even beyond the gifts of Nature herself. *Alison Cleave* asks nothing of her children, of her friends but the opportunity of overwhelming them with her bounty. Of her husband she craved only what, to her, was the supreme gift, faithfulness. Not appreciation or sympathy, or that he should share her burdens or her generousities, not even love, but just faithfulness. That to her intensely narrow religious mind summed up the great return for all her gifts.

And, of course, *Aaron Cleave* forgot *Alison*, found their association a burden because of her one demand, fell in love with a sprightly Dartmoor neighbor and was cruel (as only the weak and pampered can be) when he found the slightest opposition where formerly his weakness had been made almost a religion. At the end he becomes morally, at least, responsible for *Alison's* death, leaving her to perish in one of the fierce floods that come with the rise of the Dart in springtime. The blackest of sorrow is hers, for her own children reveal to her their father's unfaithfulness, and the floods of the Dart in its wildest moods are no more cruel than the merciless fate that tears from her the sole gift that she has asked of life.

The story has the quality of fate itself, so inexorable is its progress to tragedy, so surely is mapped out the destiny of one who destroys in giving. There can be no other purpose in this novel of Eden Phillpotts' than to reveal the great unconscious immorality of prodigal devotion. More than opulence is demanded by life in human intercourse; justice is greater, and only a balance of generosity and firmness can secure the ultimate good of the human race. Demeter's Daughter pours out her gifts at the feet of men, and eventually the floods come and sweep them away, carrying the great goddess with them in the mad currents.

It seems Nature's way always to force the striking of the balance. You may only give mutually, and to stimulate generosity and goodness in others is essentially more constructive, more related to progress than the development of heedless beggars by unthinking prodigality.

It is hard, though, as one reads and re-reads, and loves and sympathizes with *Alison Cleave*, to balance her goodness against ultimate wisdom. Her unselfishness is so supreme, so childlike, so splendid in its self-abnegation, so naïve in its unconsciousness of results. To criticize, to regret it, is as though the rose were too sweet, the air too bracing, the sky too blue. *All* was the least this Daughter of Demeter could give to those about her. Yet in the end those she had loved best were least satisfied—her lifelong friend found destruction in his home through her, her children turned from her to new friends, her husband loosened her grasp upon him in the waters of Dart. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 348 pages. Price \$1.35 net, postage 12c.)

THE DANGEROUS AGE: BY KARIN MICHAËLIS

APPARENTLY the "dangerous age" for a woman is not youth, as for a man, but the twilight after maturity, when her body grows old more rapidly than soul and brain; and so a strange torturing confusion arises, for the soul no longer understands the changing body, and the body is out of harmony with the swift flights of the soul. In the bewilderment which ensues, the harassed woman grows "different," "queer," without right perspective, with wisdom in abeyance, often an overwhelming egotism is developed, born of self-interest.

Karin Michaëlis, the Danish novelist, has written with amazing sincerity and conviction of this dangerous age. So simply and inevitably is the story told (in the first person) that you are halfway through the book before you realize that you are seeing life with *Elsie Lindther's* distorted point of view. The frankness of the book is startling, but it is the sincere frankness of a woman indulging in self-hypnosis, an outlook without perspective. All of this woman's eager interested brain is taken up in vivid self-analysis. She leaves her husband and discards her lover. So self-absorbed has she become that neither one nor the other can satisfy her growing egotism, and so she decides that she will live alone in a "White Villa," where there is no possibility of human encroachment, and where she can think only of herself and her superiority. For a while she so hypnotizes you as well as herself that it seems quite reasonable that she should be tired of people and conditions and go away; but when you reach the middle of the book you are quite likely to wrench your mind clear from her enveloping egotism and discover that her isolation is but the satisfying of a very real form of vanity. She is indulging in a dramatic presentation of a temporary hermit impulse. And almost inevitably the hermit is an egotist, of that particular kind which has not sufficient personality to survive contact with the bludgeons of life. Being both superficial and physical, this self-imposed immolation does not last. The twilight period vanishes and the pleasant friendly lamps of night are lighted. Then two invitations are sent out, not, of course, simultaneously. They are of a complacent, self-satisfied order. The first is to her lover, whom she finally decides she will permit to come and have "one more

interview with her," perhaps to bid her a "final farewell." Some months later her invitation to the husband is sent out. She is gracious and kind; she is sorry for his loneliness and has relented.

And one after the other the blows fall swiftly, for the lover is in love again with youth, and the husband hesitatingly and shyly announces the approach of his second marriage.

Surely the growth of soul and brain in women after maturity should save them from the sad groping through the twilight years, those years which have grown to be recognized as the dangerous age. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 215 pages. Price \$1.20 net.)

MODERN AUTHORS' SERIES

UNDER this title are being published short stories and dramas, mainly translations from the works of modern authors—German, French, Swedish, Norwegian and Russian. So much of the foreign fiction, especially of the briefer sort, is virile, frank and human, as well as of high literary value, and good translations are on the whole so rare, that this series of small books should find a wide audience.

"Silence," by Leonidas Andreiyeff, translated by John Cournos, is a notable example of the dramatic quality which can underlie a short Russian narrative. The commonplace tragedy is so simply and yet so powerfully told that in these few pages you feel all the force of a relentless mystery which crushes the souls of three people.

"A Red Flower," translated from the Russian of Vsevolod Garshin, is the story of a madman, as graphic as it is brief. For some reason, perhaps the attraction of opposites, the abnormal has always possessed a curious fascination for writers and readers of every nationality and age, and madness is a theme which has had many interpreters. In this instance the simplicity of treatment is compelling, and the subtle transitions from the observer's to the maniac's point of view only serve to heighten the uncanniness of effect. Whether the author intended it or not, one feels behind the grotesque tragedy of the incident itself a haunting symbolism. The madman, with his fantastic theory, his struggles with a terror that existed only in his own brain, seems for the moment a composite embodiment of all the world's altruists, little and big—Quixotic knights tilting at windmills, self-appointed

martyrs suffering unnecessary torture in a mistaken cause. And the flaming symbol of their fanaticism, their self-set goal is—a red flower.

"Rabbi Ezra" is a story by Frank Wedekind, translated from the German by Francis J. Ziegler. In the words of *Rabbi Ezra to Moses*, his son, Wedekind has condensed a philosophy of love, marriage and eugenics. With a blunt kind of dignity, full of the metaphor of his race, the old Jew passes on the wisdom gleaned from his own experiences. In his reversion from unnatural "Puritanic" ideals, which held "the flesh" and "the devil" synonymous, and in his frank acceptance of natural truths, he voices something along the lines of modern thought which tends toward a saner balance between mind and matter, soul and body, the psychic and the physical.

"The Victim" is a glimpse of the underworld, by one of its victims—told by Frank Wedekind in a quiet, straightforward, unself-conscious way, as a child tells things—terrible in its truthfulness, tragic in its simplicity. It is dramatic without being in the least sensational. It discloses innocence in vice, good in evil, and in flashing its grim searchlight upon one woman's life out of many, it emphasizes once more a problem which our civilization has yet to face—and solve.

"The Grisley Suitor," also by Wedekind, and translated by Ziegler, is another instance of realistic handling and clever sketching of temperament; while back of the story one feels the ever-present conflict between will-power and fate, hope and despair, life and death.

By the same translator also is the English version of "Motherlove," a one-act play by August Strindberg, an unusual study of the human motives behind love and selfishness. (Published by Brown Brothers, Philadelphia. 32 to 41 pages. Price of each volume, 25 cents, net; by mail, 29 cents.)

THE SPELL OF EGYPT: BY ROBERT HICHENS

MR. Hichens has for sometime been recognized as a man who has something to say and knows how to say it. And when he leaves the sphere of the novel and turns to pure description, even those of us who as a rule care little for word-paintings of nature or local color for its own sake, must find in these pages some reflection, some golden afterglow of the spell that

Egypt held for him. For he has seen the Nile of today with its perpetual background of yesterday as an artist sees it; he has looked at history through the eyes of a poet and seen it live.

The book has no illustrations. It needs none. The author has put his words on paper as a painter does the color on his canvas, and as a picture makes its impression on the eye, so do his words reach the imagination. What he has seen and felt, you too see and feel,—minus, of course, the inevitable "lost motion" of the transition from reality to art, from writer to reader.

The publishers call it a "guide-book." But it is sympathetic rather than geographic; it has the definiteness of atmosphere rather than of fact. And that is just why one likes to read it. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 272 pages. Price \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents.)

**THE STORY OF FRENCH PAINTING:
BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN**

WE are realizing more keenly perhaps today than ever before, how closely interwoven are the varicolored threads of civilization, how correlated is the material and social and political existence of a nation with its artistic and intellectual life. And it is from this standpoint that Mr. Caffin has contemplated the development of French art. Examples from the work of various painters serve to render more graphic a discussion which is at once authoritative and interesting. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 222 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price \$1.20 net, postage 12 cents.)

THE RICHER LIFE: BY WALTER A. DYER

THOSE of our readers who have enjoyed the essays and allegories of Mr. Dyer's which we have published from time to time, will share our pleasure in seeing them again in their new form. It is comparatively rare for the short and somewhat serious essay to achieve such a wide appeal as these. Their author's fresh outlook upon life, his humorous appreciation of the incongruous phases of our civilization, his criticism of its shortcomings, his sympathy with its aspirations, the simple directness of his expression, and the pleasant sense of companionship you feel as he shows you how the world looks through his eyes,—all

these are qualities which may account for the popularity with which these contributions were received. Those who do not yet know them have a pleasure in store, and those who know them will find them quite worthy of a second reading. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. 229 pages. Price \$1.00 net, postage 10 cents.)

THE LURE OF THE GARDEN: BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THERE are few of us who have not felt, at some time in our lives, the "lure of the garden," the whisper of Nature in her most companionable mood. Those who have planted and tended, loved and lived in some green corner of their own, as well as the many who, alas, are gardenless, will find here this subtle charm translated into word and color, mass and line. Parrish, Guérin, Ivanowski and other artists have helped to illustrate Miss Hawthorne's charming text, and the result is an infinite variety of gardens, formal and informal, friendly and dignified, prosaic and romantic, spacious and cozy,—gardens, in short, for every taste and every mood. And coming at this season of the year, the book will no doubt serve as gift for many a garden lover. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 259 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price \$4.50 net, postage 28 cents.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Jim Hands." By Richard Washburn Child. Illustrated, 358 pages. Price \$1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Yzdra." By Louis V. Ledoux. 174 pages. Price \$1.25 net. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Poems. By Edward Hicks Streeter Terry. 53 pages. Price 50c. Published by The Biddle Press, Philadelphia.

"The Women of the Caesars." By Guglielmo Ferrero. Illustrated. 337 pages. Price \$2.00 net. Published by The Century Co., New York.

"Honey-Sweet." By Edna H. L. Turpin. Illustrated. 316 pages. Price \$1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Married Miss Worth." By Louise Closser Hale. Frontispiece. 299 pages. Price \$1.20 net. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

