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"COME, CHICK CHICK," FROM A PAINTING BY AGNES M. WATSON.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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VOLUME XXV — NUMBER 2

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All manuscripts sent to THE CRAFTSMAN for consideration must be accompanied by return postage. A stamped addressed envelope is the most satisfactory plan.

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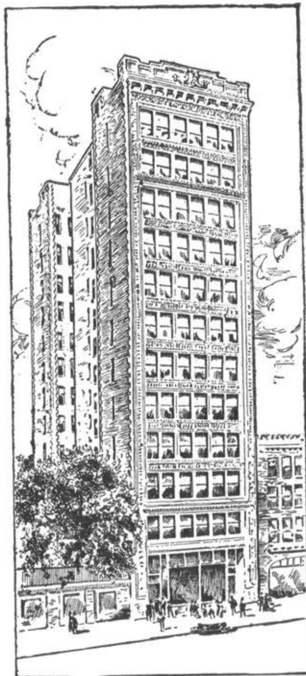
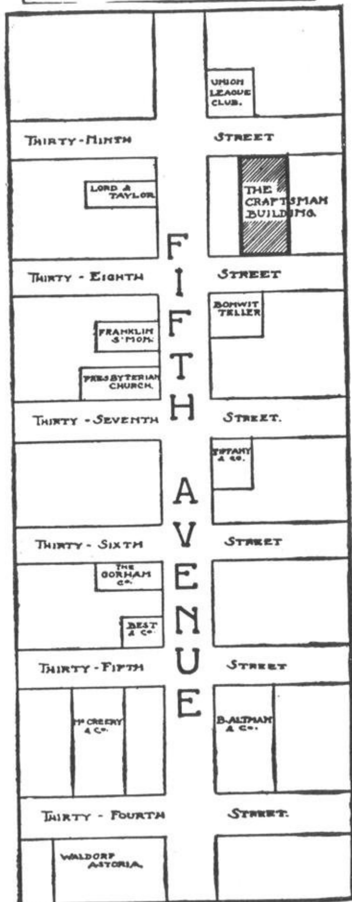
Of Immediate Importance to Manufacturers



THE 8th Floor of the new 12-story CRAFTSMAN BUILDING will be devoted to *"Building Materials and Construction"* exhibits in *The Craftsman Permanent Homebuilders' Exposition,*—the marketplace for homebuilders and home-lovers in the shopping centre of America (38th—39th Sts.—Fifth Ave.). Manufacturers and distributors of the following will exhibit on this floor (applications are invited for the few remaining spaces):

- **Cement**
- **Hollow Tile**
- **Concrete Construction Forms**
- **Metal Lath**
- **Brick**
- **Building Woods** (Cypress, Chestnut, Oak, Pine, Red Gum, Maple, etc.)
- **Wall Board**
- **Tile and Faience**
- **Flooring** (Composition, Tile, Cork, etc.)
- **Roofing** (Tile, Slate, Shingle, Composition)
- **Waterproofing** (Compounds and Coatings)
- **Fireplaces**
- **Hardwood Doors**



Map Showing Location of the New Craftsman Building in the Heart of the Fifth Avenue Shopping District

THE 7th Floor in the Permanent Homebuilders' Exposition is devoted to *"Interior Decoration."* Space on this floor has been sold more rapidly than on any other, and manufacturers of any of the following materials who desire space are urged to apply for it immediately:

- **Paints**
- **Stains**
- **Varnishes**
- **Enamels**
- **Flat Wall Finishes**
- **White Lead**
- **Wall Coverings—** Papers, Burlaps, Fabrics, etc.
- **Wood Panels for Wainscoting**
- **Parquet Floors**

THE 6th Floor in the Permanent Homebuilders' Exposition is given over to exhibits of *"Home Equipment,"* by which is meant chiefly the larger appliances that are essential to comfort and sanitation in the modern home. So far as possible these appliances will be shown in their proper home setting—in many cases in actual operation. Space on this floor is open to manufacturers of the following:

- **Heating Apparatus**
- **Plumbing Fixtures**
- **Lighting Equipment and Fixtures**
- **Wiring Devices**
- **Vacuum Cleaners** (Stationary and Portable)
- **Automatic Gas Water Heaters**
- **Water Filters**
- **Hardware**
- **Window Screens**
- **Ranges**
- **Refrigerators**
- **Kitchen Cabinets**
- **Incinerators**
- **Electrical Devices for the Home**

THE 5th Floor in the Permanent Homebuilders' Exposition is devoted to equipment for *"The Garden and Grounds."* The exhibits on

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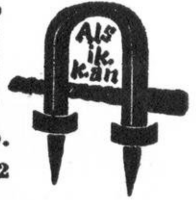

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VOLUME XXV NOVEMBER, 1913 NUMBER 2

THANKSGIVING AND THE AMERICAN FARMER: BY WALTER A. DYER

NOW that I have a farm of my own, and know what it is to pull through a bad season without losing heart, I can better appreciate the spirit that moved the Pilgrim Fathers—and Mothers—when, after a bitter struggle with savages and the stubborn earth, and facing the cruel severity of an old New England winter, they paused in the late autumn days to give thanks. I can vaguely guess how they felt. The harvest was meager, the future doubtful; but the labor was over, such corn as would grow was safely housed, the wild turkeys were fattening in the woods, there was enough on hand or in sight to keep body and soul together till another spring, God had spared their lives and steeled their hearts—let them give thanks!

Till another spring—there is where the hope lies. The seasons are appointed, and spring always returns. The case is never hopeless, for to the husbandman comes always a new seed-time; the battle for him is never wholly lost.

Up at Rockwalls in the Massachusetts hills we had a late freeze last spring which put an end to our hopes for an apple crop for this year. So we plowed and harrowed and fertilized and planted. But a long drought came in June and July. Our hay grew but slowly; our potatoes are not what we wish they were. The entries on the receipt side of our balance sheet are few and small. It was a bad season.

But somehow I cannot repine. The heat and burden of the day are over. There is hay enough in the barn for "Bob" and "Matilda;" there are potatoes in the cellar. We shall pull through somehow—till another spring.

Meanwhile, we have a little more time for fall plowing and planting winter rye. The apple crop should be all the better next year for the rest the patient trees have had. This winter we will cut wood and prune our trees, in February we will start our incubator, and it will be spring again before we know it. We mean to do great things—next spring.

It grieves me to see a discouraged farmer. With the seasons

recurring he should not lose heart. There will be more rain another year; there is always a chance just ahead.

Yes, it has been a "bad year." Throughout the Middle West the drought has been persistent. It has been estimated that the corn crop will be twenty-five per cent. below normal, and other crops are short. But this is only a temporary visitation. At the end of nineteen hundred and thirteen, in spite of it all, it can truthfully be said that never before in the history of our country has the American farmer had so much to be thankful for.

Never before has life been so attractive for the American farmer and his family. Each year finds him less isolated, more closely woven into the social fabric. Each year sees more rural mail delivery routes, more rural telephone and electric lighting wires, more interurban trolley service, more coöperative and rural betterment associations. The great mail order houses have done their share toward bringing comfort into country homes, and enterprising publishers of books and magazines are broadening their systems of distribution.

Never before has the farm press been so helpful or conducted on so high a plane. Wallace, Quick, and Collingwood have taken the places left vacant by Greeley, Bowles, and Dana as journalists with ideals.

NEVER before has so much attention been paid to the community life of the country. The Roosevelt Commission on Country Life stirred up that question, and now we have a number of organizations studying the problem of rural recreations, and the subject is being taught in some of our agricultural colleges. Life is to be made happier for the farmer's wife, and the farm more attractive to his children. Meanwhile the back-to-the-land movement is adding a leaven of culture here and there.

Never before have state and nation done so much for the farmer. The machinery of Government is being oiled for his benefit. A new Secretary of Agriculture is devoting a master mind to his needs, and a great Department is being turned into an educational institution to teach him how to make his farm more productive.

The Office of Farm Management at Washington has helped hundreds of farmers directly—more during nineteen thirteen than in any preceding year. The extension work in the South organized by Dr. Knapp has lifted whole communities out of the slough of despond. More free bulletins have been issued from Washington and the various State Experiment Stations this year than ever before; and these bulletins are no longer dull reports of scientific research, but manuals of practical instruction.

A commission visited Europe this summer to study the subject of

farm credits, with a view to making it easier for the farmer to borrow money to move his crops. Now, Professor T. N. Carver of Harvard, perhaps the leading economist of the country, has been called to Washington to study the broad and perplexing question of marketing, in order to help the farmer to dispose of his product to advantage.

Not only the National Government, but all of our States are engaged in this great movement. The agricultural colleges in Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, Colorado, and a dozen other States are rendering service such as to make our ancient classical institutions look to their laurels. The Farmers' Institutes and extension work in some of these States are being so completely organized that the "college" is being carried to the farmer in the remotest sections; and not alone better agriculture, but domestic economy, sanitation, and the beautifying of the home are being taught. Never before has this work been so complete and effective; the American farmer has received more and better assistance from his Government during nineteen thirteen than in any previous year since the first Thanksgiving Day.

And not only are the governments of States and the nation engaged in this great work, but here and there enlightened men of business have seen the wisdom of extending the hand of brotherhood to the farmer outside their gates. As examples, I will cite the Better Farming Association of North Dakota and the Hampden County Improvement League in Massachusetts.

The former organization was started by a group of Minneapolis business men who were wise enough to realize that their own prosperity depended directly on the prosperity of the farmers of the Northwest, especially in North Dakota, where the yield of wheat per acre had been steadily diminishing. So they set out to save North Dakota by teaching better farming methods. They sent Tom Cooper to Fargo, where he now directs a small army of agricultural missionaries in all parts of the State, and the North Dakota farmer is learning to rotate his crops, to plant alfalfa, to build silos, and to keep better stock.

EARLY this year some business men of Hampden County, Mass., who had been vouchsafed a similar vision met in Springfield and formed an organization with purposes like those of the men of Minneapolis. They have engaged experts to teach better farming and better living in the rural communities of the county, and are at work on practical problems of agriculture, coöperation, marketing, education, good roads, social service, and civic betterment, all for the good of the Hampden County farmer.

It is for such things that the American farmer—and with him all good Americans—should give thanks today. I have indulged in no statistics nor have I attempted anything like a comprehensive report; I have merely endeavored to indicate some of the reasons for thanksgiving, to substantiate my claim that the American farmer has never had greater cause to give thanks than in the fall of nineteen thirteen, at the close of a "bad year."

The day of "Reuben Hayseed" has passed. The American farmer is no longer an object of ridicule or of pity. He has come into his own at last as the most important citizen of the Republic. In him is our abiding hope as a nation. His is the head that should be held high, his the heart that should swell with the consciousness of true independence and indispensable service.

And so, as I look over my own stubble fields and fresh plowed land, my now leafless orchard and golden-brown meadows, I lift up my soul in thanksgiving that I have been permitted to join that great army of honest yeomen, who earn their bread in the sweat of their brows and call no man master.

Soon the Governor of the State will issue his thanksgiving proclamation, and it will be read in the churches. The day will be set apart, and in the city it will be observed as usual. The theaters and cafés will be filled, and men and women will eat, drink and be merry.

But up on the farm we shall know better what it means—we who have reached the end of a year in the open. The harvest is gathered; the earth is at rest. In the morning, I know, the alder swamp will be white with hoar frost, and in the afternoon the sun will set in orange splendor behind Mount Pisgah, pouring his glory over our hills and fields and low, white house. The chipmunks will scamper along our gray stone walls under the hickories; the Leghorns will go clucking to roost; "Bob" in his stall will whinny for an apple, and "Matilda" will come patiently home for the milking. Peace will settle down upon the land, and then—spring will come again. Let us give thanks!

CHICAGO'S DREAM OF CIVIC BEAUTY REALIZED IN THE SYMBOLIC MARBLE OF LORADO TAFT: BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

ITH the unveiling of Lorado Taft's "Spirit of the Lakes" in Chicago, the New World will acquire a great piece of purely ideal sculpture, a national symbol admired by critics as a marvelous work of art. The erection of this group of statuary, which is unsurpassed by any in the United States, will inaugurate the most comprehensive plan for civic beautification ever undertaken by an American city—a scheme made possible by the patriotic bequest of the late Benjamin F. Ferguson for the purpose of commemorating in bronze or marble, persons and events important in the history of our land.

"The Spirit of the Lakes," set in place on a broad grass plot of the South Side park system, symbolizes the Great Lakes, each of the five bodies of water being represented by a lovely feminine figure. At the top of the piece a clear, cool stream rises in the shell which Superior holds in her outstretched hands. As the water overflows the bowl, it trickles down into the shell held in readiness a few feet below by Michigan. The five maidens sit on a rocky foundation at heights corresponding to the relative elevation of each lake above sea level. Thus the miniature flood of fresh water falls from shell to shell, through Michigan, Huron and Erie, until it ultimately flows from the peaceful guardianship of Ontario to be lost in the turbulent rushing of the Saint Lawrence.

Mr. Taft has also recently been commissioned to design the "Fountain of Time," a huge marble statue which will be erected at the western end of the Midway Plaisance in Chicago, and which will be one of the central figures of the general decorative scheme. The completion of this group will require five years.

The purchase of the "Spirit of the Lakes" and the ordering of the "Fountain of Time" are the first active steps taken to carry out the articles of Mr. Ferguson's will. Interest on this fund provides thirty thousand dollars a year for the project, which is administered by the trustees of the Chicago Art Institute. With this sum available annually, the work should continue uninterruptedly according to Mr. Taft's plans until it is finished. Public money will be needed only for the superstructures of three bridges, the cost of which is as yet unprovided for.

This optimistic outlook apparently assures Chicago a stretch of marble parkway that will exceed in beauty all the sculptured boulevards of France and Germany. Furthermore, Lorado Taft, who for

years has dreamed of such an ideal undertaking, has dedicated the remainder of his life to the task, and will reserve all his skill for designing and building this group of civic statuary.

THE spot chosen by the sculptor and the Art Institute trustees for the realization of this dream in marble is the Midway Plaisance, a grassy parkway a mile in length and one thousand feet in width, connecting Washington and Jackson Parks, the two biggest public playgrounds on the south side of Chicago. During the brief period of the World's Fair, when the Midway received its name, temporary buildings and works of art showed the possible attractiveness of the location, and made the fakirs' booths along its length the favorite promenade of crowds of pleasure seekers.

Adjoining the Midway is the campus of the University of Chicago, covered with massive Gothic halls, ranking among the most imposing of all American educational buildings. The proposed sculptural decorations will consequently be an appropriate setting for this beautifully designed seat of learning.

The most conspicuous feature of the Midway at present is a grass-covered depression a hundred feet wide running the entire length in the center of the parkway. The South Park Commissioners have already planned to dig a formal canal through this low level to connect the lagoons of Jackson and Washington Parks, and the Ferguson scheme, as developed by Mr. Taft, assumes the existence of this body of water.

At three points the new stream will be crossed by ornamental bridges, symbolic of man's three fields of thought, religion, art and science. Two huge fountains, depicting the creation of man and his progress through the world, will stand at either end of the canal, while at half block intervals on each side, some distance back from the banks, will be erected one hundred bronze statues of historic leaders in religion, science and art.

The Bridge of Arts, the largest of the trio, will mark the center of the Midway and will be the heart of the entire scheme. Its roadway will be slightly broader than those of the other two, and the ornaments will be more elaborate. Life-size statues of many painters and sculptors, notably Michaelangelo and Raphael, will line both edges of the structure.

The Bridge of Sciences near the eastern terminus of the Midway, and the Bridge of Faiths near the western end, will be in keeping with the central figure, but will be smaller, with distinctive decorations. On these also will stand statues of pioneers in all departments of science, the greatest philosophers and the founders of

"THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKES," CHICAGO'S SYMBOLIC SCULPTURE, DESIGNED FOR THE SOUTH PARK BY LORADO TAFT.

THE UPPER FIGURE ON THIS PAGE IS A DETAIL OF LORADO TAFT'S "SPIRIT OF THE LAKES" REPRESENTING LAKE SUPERIOR: AS WILL BE SEEN FROM THE COMPLETE GROUP OF THIS PIECE OF SCULPTURE ON PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE, SUPERIOR DOMINATES THE FIGURES: A CLEAR, COOL STREAM OF WATER RISES IN THE SHELL WHICH SHE HOLDS IN HER OUTSTRETCHED HANDS: AS THE WATER OVERFLOWS THE BOWL IT TRICKLES DOWN INTO THE SHELL HELD A FEW FEET BELOW BY A FIGURE SYMBOLIZING LAKE MICHIGAN.

THE FIVE MAIDENS AS SEEN ON PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE REPRESENTING THE LAKES ARE GROUPED ABOUT THE ROCKY FOUNDATION AND THEIR POSITIONS CORRESPOND TO THE RELATIVE ELEVATION OF EACH LAKE ABOVE THE SEA LEVEL: THUS THE FLOOD OF WATER FALLS FROM SHELL TO SHELL, FROM SUPERIOR TO MICHIGAN, FROM MICHIGAN TO HURON, PAST THE SHELL WHICH ERIE HOLDS TO THE KNEELING FIGURE OF ONTARIO, AS SHOWN AT THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE: A FIGURE WHICH SEEMS TO SUGGEST A PROUD CARE OF THE GREAT GIFT OF NATURE ENTRUSTED TO HER CHARGE.

A LARGER DETAIL OF THE FIGURE OF ERIE IN MR. TAFT'S GROUP IN THE SOUTH PARK OF CHICAGO.

A SECTION OF MR. TAFT'S DESIGN FOR THE "FOUNTAIN OF TIME" WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN ORDERED BY CHICAGO: MR. TAFT IS SHOWN AT THE RIGHT, STUDYING THE DESIGN WHICH IS ONE OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF HIS LIFE.

A SECOND DETAIL OF THE "FOUNTAIN OF TIME:" THIS MONUMENTAL GROUP IS TO BE ERECTED AT THE WEST END OF THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE, ONE OF THE CENTRAL FIGURES OF THE WHOLE DECORATIVE SCHEME.

religions. All the figures will be modeled in Georgia marble of extreme hardness and close grain.

THE group to which Mr. Taft has now been commissioned to give his attention is the "Fountain of Time," which will stand out prominently against its green background where the Midway canal merges into the tiny lakes of Washington Park. It will show a great procession of humanity passing in review before a withered, marble figure of Father Time, a theme suggested by Austin Dobson's verses:

"Time goes, you say? Ah, no.
Alas, time stays; we go."

The troop of people pushing hither and thither along the path of life under the scrutiny of Father Time, all pressing toward certain goals, represents the several human ambitions. The unsubstantial and ephemeral nature of their existence is portrayed by waves of water closing over two figures, one signifying the fear of youth and the other the joy of old age in death. While the youth struggles to surmount the remorseless waves of eternity, the aged one complacently stretches out his feeble arms to welcome the end.

THE "Procession of Time," as the throng of individuals on the fountain is called, is as yet only a design on paper. The simple sketch, however, is solemnly impressive. Its quiet dignity and preservation of ideas in the mass awakens an almost sublime trend of thought that leads up to the edge of the infinite. When set in place on the Midway this imposing fountain will be eighty-two feet in length. Father Time with his twenty feet of height will rise above the other statues, which will be ten feet high, with the exception of one giant form in the center of the group reaching an altitude of fifteen feet.

The most artistic task for Mr. Taft's skill, included in the general plan is the "Fountain of Creation," a Greek legend of evolution in sculpture; this will extend at the eastern extremity of the canal. Twelve groups, composed altogether of thirty-six figures, ten feet in height, will symbolize the peopling of the earth. According to this theory of evolution, *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, the only survivors of the great flood, were dropped lightly on the summit of Mount Parnassus by the lowering waters when their frail craft had safely weathered the storm. Hastening to an oracle, they prayed for help in restoring the population. The goddess commanded that they cover their heads and throw the bones of their mother over their shoulders. Interpreting the oracle's order to refer to Mother Earth, husband and wife cast

stones behind them, and these immediately became animated, growing to the stature of men and women. In the fountain group, close to the water's edge, one sees first rough, boulderlike forms. Following from group to group, one marks how these shapes gradually assume human likeness and proportions, still groping vaguely as they emerge from the rock, until at last with a look of dawning consciousness, they are transformed into men and women, striving and yearning, yet filled with hope and ambition.

It is such qualities as these, such expression of spiritual aspiration through his materials and technique that mark Lorado Taft's sculpture, making it a fitting and significant adornment for a great city that is awakening to its possibilities for civic beauty.

THE GOOD GIFT

I THOUGHT I had forgotten you,
My old kind lover, with the true
Grieved eyes I saw unchangingly
Till years had built a peace for me.

But someone said, and sighed, last night,
Some little trivial thing and light
That you were used to say, and sigh,
When all the world was you and I.

And my smooth vacant peace was gone
Like a white mist the wind blows on,
Your true grieved eyes unchangingly
Watch the tormented soul of me:

The sharp repentances of old
That I was freed of, clutch and hold—
And all my being cries again:
"*Thank God! Thank God for the old pain!*"

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

RETURN OF THE MARKET PLACE: HOW IT HELPS THE HOUSEWIFE TO BUY DIRECT FROM THE FARMER: BY MURIEL MacDONALD

FROM the dawn of all history of which we have knowledge; from the days when men, just emerging from savagery, first began to see that the privations and burdens of life were lessened by the exchange of game, booty or the clothing and rude household utensils made by their women, the market place has been the heart of all communal life. It is a part of the very warp and woof of human existence, as old as the home itself, and no more to be displaced than the home is to be superseded or outgrown.

We all know the glamor of romance which hovers about this picturesque center of life among the ancients. We read in old histories of the market place in Jerusalem or in Smyrna or Damascus and before the eyes of the mind rises the haze of desert dust hanging about the caravans jostling into the great gate. We hear the shrill cries of street hawkers, smell the fragrance of glowing piles of tropic fruits, see the flash of jewels and the shimmer of rare stuffs in the tiny shadowy booths of the merchants and feel a twinge of curiosity at the passing of carefully guarded litters, from which the veiled women of the palace peer curiously at the free women of the people and look on for a space at the stirring life in which they have no part.

We read on long-buried tablets of stone of the market place in Babylon, where the good king Hammurabi sat and dispensed justice four thousand years before Moses was born. Plato makes us feel the stir of turbulent democratic life in the market place at Athens, where the ceaseless chaffering of buyer and seller was overborne by the voices of the greatest orators of all time, and where all business was suspended to vote on some weighty affair of state or to mark the fatal oyster shell that sent some fallen leader into exile. The market place of Rome, glittering with rich spoils and alive with the people of all nations, resounds again for us with the shouts of demagogues, the cries of the people for bread and game and the tramp of marching legions and we see there heaped up the food of a people and the spoils of a world.

And through the storm-tossed centuries of the Middle Ages the market place was the center of the slowly developing civic life. It was pitted against the castle in the long war between sturdy burgher and robber baron,—a war in which the men of the market place won because after all the life-blood of the nation is trade.

So it has been always. In the countries of Europe the sway of the market place is still unshaken. It has been shorn of all its political

significance and most of its oldtime gorgeousness, but so long as it serves as a meeting-place for those who produce the food of the people and those who must buy, the market place will still be vital in the life of the nation.

So inevitable is this that at last we are beginning to realize it even in this country. We have been young and crude enough here to feel that one of the strongest evidences of our wealth and importance was the power to withdraw from all the wholesome common things of life and to touch nothing that did not come to us at second hand. This feeling of ours, fostered by unexampled prosperity, grew until the sharp pinch of swelling prices upon shrinking incomes made itself felt even through our fatuous self-complacency, and we suddenly awakened to the fact that the second hand had become the third, fourth, fifth and sixth hands. We had turned our backs on the market place and we were paying the price.

THE world-wide rise in the cost of living has become a discouraging commonplace. We know now that it is simply the inevitable result of world-wide conditions, and that the only thing to be done is to adjust ourselves to them. Volumes have been written to show causes and suggest remedies; experiments without number have been tried, but in spite of this prices have gone right on climbing. They have climbed highest in America, because here we have yet to learn the first principle of true economy, which is to simplify things and so order them that the greatest return may be had for a given expenditure. We have gone crazy on organization, system, efficiency and what not, but so far have only succeeded in piling elaboration upon elaboration; spending a fortune to install a system of saving on a large scale, instead of reducing expenditure at the source.

In so far as the higher cost of living is the result of world conditions, we can no more interfere with it than we could sweep back a tidal wave. It is a phase of the mighty march of evolution. It is the next step forward from the era which introduced labor-saving machinery into every branch of industry and thereby readjusted man's whole relation to life, and we must accept it as such.

The world has been made over in the last half century. Nations have shifted, national and racial barriers have broken down, the immense and perfect organization of industry has gathered the strength of the land into the city, and the swiftness and facility of transportation has reorganized every branch of trade. We are facing entirely new and bewildering conditions in every walk of life.

But most significant of them all has been the removal of all industry and manufacture from the home. Production has become

wholly commercialized. Money has become the sole medium of exchange; the one thing needed and desired to put us in command of fate. What is the use of raising things or making them, we argue, when it can all be done by some huge commercial concern which can do it so much more cheaply and easily, and which places everything on the counter or brings it to our door? The only thing left to make is money, because it is necessary continually to spend money.

The change has been even more psychological than economic. It has confused and weakened all our ideals. This condition is not peculiar to this country, but our recent emergence from primitive conditions and our natural tendency to go to extremes has made it more evident here than anywhere else in the world, and most evident of all in the women.

When the hands of our active, energetic women were emptied of their natural tasks and industries; when the interest of the administrative and creative work formerly carried on in the homes was swept out of their lives, what could be more natural than that they should grow ever more restless, idle and extravagant? The pleasure was all gone out of housewifery because there was nothing about it really worth doing. With everything ready made and the little work that was left reduced to a minimum by ingenious labor-saving devices, what was more inevitable than that women should occupy themselves so wholly with other things that even the ordering of home affairs became a secondary matter.

WE all know the great industrial movement that has swept the woman of slender means out of the home into business life. For the wealthier woman who had no need to earn money there were endless interests and occupations before which the claims of the home sank more and more out of sight. If there were servants everything was left to them; if not, it was easier to board or do light housekeeping in an apartment and go out to meals.

When a whole nation of women come to regard this as the ideal life it is bound to have a pretty serious effect upon economic conditions. Fortunately the effect in this case was so serious that it followed the normal course of all exaggerations; it brought about the reaction.

For this reason the high cost of living so far as we are concerned has been a blessing, even though pretty thoroughly disguised. It got bad enough to set the women to thinking, and as the women have the spending of about ninety per cent. of the money in circulation in the United States, it meant something to have them take hold of the situation and decide to remedy it by the simple method of returning

to their old task of looking well to the ways of their household and doing it better than they ever did it before. In other words, they did exactly what women have done since the beginning of time,—took hold of existing conditions and made the best of them.

It was agreed by all the experts inquiring into the causes for the high cost of living, that the situation could be greatly relieved by simplifying the distribution of food products and establishing such direct communication between producer and consumer that it would be possible for the farmer to sell his produce directly to the people who would use it. That being the case, the women spent no time in theorizing. They saw no reason to wait until plans for elaborate and costly systems of city markets were perfected and methods of distribution revolutionized. Instead, they took their market baskets and went to market. Where there were no markets they clamored for them. They went to the farmers and induced them to clamor too. And as farmers and housewives represented the producer and the consumer of the great bulk of food supplies, it followed that when these two forces got together something was bound to happen.

What did happen was the restoration of the old-fashioned market place where farmers can drive in with their wagons full of produce and the women can go down in the morning with their market baskets and buy what they like. Both farmers and housewives argue that with the whole string of commission men, jobbers, wholesale and retail merchants, small grocers and peddlers eliminated from the transaction of buying and selling farm produce, the necessary result would be that the farmer would get a good deal more for what he had to sell and at the same time the housewife would pay a good deal less.

THE movement to restore the old market places and to establish new ones started about two years ago. The situation had grown so acute in New York that the women of the newly formed Housewives League took counsel as to what they might do to reduce the exorbitant price that was being paid for all kinds of food supplies. The only immediate solution seemed to be the transfer of their trade from the small up-town grocery and butcher shop to some public market which was supplied directly by the large jobbers who buy directly from the producers themselves and where the prices were stable and as low as they could be found anywhere in the city.

The women appointed a committee to investigate and report upon the markets of New York City. The report was brief and to the point. It said in effect: "We have found only two public markets in all the city at which the housewife can buy at retail, and only one of these, Old Washington Market, is of any practical use."

POTTERY MARKET IN MEXICO: IN DISHES AND VESSELS SUCH AS THESE, SELLING FROM THREE OR FOUR CENTS TO AS HIGH AS TWENTY-FIVE CENTS APIECE, PRACTICALLY ALL THE COOKING OF MEXICO, BOTH NATIVE AND FOREIGN, IS DONE.

THE FAMOUS SAN JUAN MARKET, MEXICO CITY, ONE OF SEVERAL GOVERNMENT CONTROLLED MARKETS WHICH HAVE DONE AWAY WITH THE MIDDLEMAN AND REDUCED THE COST OF LIVING TO WHAT SEEMS A MINIMUM IN THE CAPITAL OF THE SOUTHERN REPUBLIC.

UNLOADING THE VEGETABLES, FRUITS, HAY, FLOWERS AND OTHER PRODUCTS OF THE FLOATING GARDENS AT THE MEXICO CITY END OF THE VIGA CANAL: THEY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT EIGHTEEN MILES FROM THE ISLANDS OF XOCHIMILCO IN THE GREAT FLATBOATS SHOWN IN THE PHOTO.

A FAMOUS PUBLIC MARKET IN NICE, FRANCE, WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL ARCHITECTURAL BACKGROUND.

THE RETURN OF THE MARKET PLACE

In their search for a market the committee of women found that since eighteen fifty-four no new markets had been established in New York and five had been abandoned. The methods of distributing food supplies, while absurdly cumbersome, expensive and oppressive, had succeeded in centering all business in the hands of the commission men and jobbers who sold in turn to the long line of other commission men, wholesale and retail dealers, peddlers, hucksters and push-cart men.

At least there was one market left and the women determined to celebrate the discovery of that. A Market Day was appointed and two thousand housewives took their baskets and went down to the old market to buy their supplies and to demonstrate to the municipal authorities that they would patronize other markets if they had them.

The fame of the matter spread far and wide. People read in the newspapers of New York Market Day and with one consent women all over the country began to look for markets in their own towns. It was found that, with a few exceptions in the South and West, the situation in New York was duplicated everywhere.

Chicago had no market at all; in Cleveland, Buffalo and Detroit there were old markets, but these were obsolete, filthily dirty and given over to the hucksters and the poorest class of trade. In Milwaukee there was a farmers' market, but nobody knew about it and it was not patronized. Pittsburg had a very old market house, situated in a crowded neighborhood and most unsanitary. Bad as it was, the farmers had been elbowed out of it by the middlemen to such a degree that those who insisted upon selling their own produce had been put upon an upper floor in another building where no one could find them.

THE result of all this interest in public retail markets was a widespread determination to have them. The women kept at it persistently. The farmers joined in and, within a very short time, city officials and public-spirited business men were interesting themselves in bringing about so simple and successful a reform. It is hard to say which city or which part of the country led the movement, because markets seemed to spring up simultaneously everywhere. Oppressive marketing ordinances were revised, because when they came to be examined it was found that in many cases they seemed to have been drafted for the express purpose of keeping the farmer's wagon out of the city. What with stall rent, licenses and burdensome restrictions of all kinds, it was hardly worth while for farmers to take a trip to town with a lot of produce only to have things so manipulated by the middlemen whose interest it was to keep

them out that more than half the time they either sold out to dealers for any price they could get, or drove home again with full wagons and dumped their wares out to the pigs.

New Orleans had some of the most oppressive and obsolete of these marketing ordinances. The women investigated, then got to work, and the city officials acted at once on the report made by the Housewives League Committee of the City Federation of Women's Clubs. The women asked that markets be allowed to keep open all day; that vegetable vendors be allowed to sell all day long and in any part of the city, and that farmers might take their wagons to the old French market and sell directly to the consumers. The result was immediate and farmers and housewives were well satisfied with what they had gained. They did not stop with this, however, and plans are now on foot for the construction of two or three wholesale and retail model markets on a plan which will simplify and systematize the distribution of food supplies in New Orleans.

In Toledo, after a hot summer's campaign, the women have succeeded in getting a public retail market. On the day of opening the place was thronged with people at half past six in the morning, and the produce of the farmers disappeared as if by magic. Within an hour there was practically nothing left to buy and yet the people kept on coming until ten o'clock, only to be turned away with empty baskets. In Los Angeles the women succeeded in getting three retail markets established. The farmers were notified of the opening day and promised to come in full force. But the commission men and jobbers took a hand. Before daylight they were either at the farms or meeting the loaded wagons outside the city, turning them back when they could with threats of boycott or jeers at the project, and when they could not, buying the produce outright and transferring it to their own wagons. The women were there in thousands with their baskets, but very few farmers arrived. When the trouble was discovered the women took action. They called in the aid of their husbands and brothers and next day they sent motor trucks out to the farms to bring in the fruit and vegetables they wanted. They drove the speculators and peddlers out of the markets, where they could, and where they could not, they turned their backs on them and went home with empty baskets rather than buy of them. The result was that the farmers took courage and the street markets became an established institution in Los Angeles.

The same story could be told of many other cities. In Charleston the Old Slave Market, where master and mistress, attended by their slaves, went years ago to look after the marketing for the family, has been revived. It had been abandoned and was to be destroyed, but

the Civic Club saved it because of its picturesque associations and the housewives turned it to practical use. In Buffalo the women could not get a public retail market such as they wanted, so they themselves established a selling depot where butter and eggs bought at wholesale were sold at reasonable prices. In Kansas City the same problem was met by the same action, a depot of supplies run by the women themselves with the aid of the farmers.

PERHAPS the most successful of all these public markets is that opened in Orange, New Jersey. In this case it is a city market established on the main street, in an area as large as a city block. The whole thing was designed and organized by Mr. John McCarthy, Superintendent of Weights and Measures. He saw to it that the area was set aside by the city. He marked off the aisles and allotted the space. Then he notified the farmers around the Oranges that they could sell their produce direct to the housewives if they would comply with certain easy regulations. No rent was charged; each farmer might have the free use of a stall or space in the market to back his loaded wagon into and in which to display and sell his goods. The only conditions were that he should keep his own stall clean and should offer for sale nothing but what he had grown upon his own farm. Then all the housewives of the group of towns known as The Oranges were notified that they could purchase direct from the farmers on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

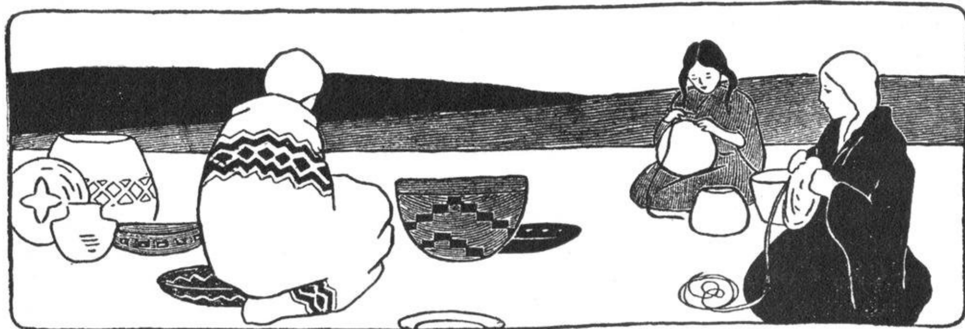
Almost immediately eighty-eight farmers in the immediate vicinity obtained licenses to sell their produce in the city market. The housewives came regularly, about two thousand of them on each Tuesday and Thursday and between three and four thousand on Saturday. It was worth their while, for they were able to purchase fresh, clean farm produce for twenty-five per cent. less than it cost before the market was established. The farmers had much better returns than they ever received from the middlemen and their sales satisfied them thoroughly.

So rapidly did the business of the new city market grow that one hundred and thirty of the local merchants of Orange signed a petition to the City Council to abolish it. But as thirteen hundred housewives and farmers sent in a counter petition to have it continued, the market is still flourishing and is visited weekly by men and women from other cities and towns that want markets of their own.

The interest in the subject is pretty conclusively shown by the fact that New Rochelle, Mount Vernon, Yonkers and other suburbs of New York City have sent representatives to observe the methods which have succeeded so well. Committees from Boston and Phila-

delphia have come on the same errand, and Oak Park and Evanston, suburbs of Chicago, have written for details. All that has been wanted apparently is a sound working model; the vitality of the whole market place idea will do the rest.

There have been scores of these markets started in cities, villages and towns all over the United States. Some of them have been successful; others have dwindled into nothing. But it is noteworthy that when they have dwindled it was because they were exploited for personal gain or sandbagged by dealers whose business they threatened. The idea of the Orange market seems to have solved the problem of the high cost of living, at least so far as farm produce is concerned. The women of Orange are certain that it has. This fact established, it is easy to prophesy what the women of other communities, fighting so hard for their market places and for a way to lower the cost of the food they buy, will do now. As for the farmer, he may be skeptical of the efficiency of the New Office of Markets established by the Department of Agriculture, and he may look skeptically upon the plans now rife in nearly all our large cities for establishing elaborate systems of terminal markets with wholesale and retail branches, but the old-fashioned market place, where he can drive in with his wagon and sell what he raises to the people who want the food, comes pretty close to being a solution of the problem which has made him send his sons and daughters to the city and wonder where he could find a purchaser for the old farm.



OUR HAPPY VALLEY: BY JACOB A. RIIS

HE summer wind blew over the field and something waved out there with a soft sweep and a sheen that stirred memories of the long ago.

"Polly," I said and set down my cup, "that looks like oats."

Mistress Polly followed my glance and nodded briskly: "My dear, it is oats;" and thus was an item of agricultural information imparted and clinched on Pine Brook Farm, which brought to my mind an ancient promise that I would tell what we did with the farm we found with such pleasurable toil two years ago. Sooth to say, I have not had time to redeem my word. It is not the only thing I have not had time for. The very day we took possession I got out my fishing-tackle and my gun, and set them in the corner where I could look at them every day. For the brook with sizable trout ripples among the pines at the foot of the next field; and partridges build their nests by the spring where we tarry to rest. The second summer is going fast, and fishpole and gun stand where I put them, untouched. I don't think that it is that I have lost the desire to hunt and fish—I hardly know. There are so many things that have got to be done first. And perhaps, after all—there is a new tenderness for all living and growing things when the horses come racing up through the pasture to meet you; the cattle crowd and push for their handful of salt and a pat and a word from their mistress; and when the robin builds her nest with perfect trust on the axle of the wagon, which happily we had no use for, while she hatched her young. Slashing off the branch of a pine in the fence corner, even if it *does* trouble the men carting home the hay, seems like assault and battery when that pine is your friend in whose shade you have sat listening to the soughing of the west wind through its branches. What companionship between you in those intimate hours! And when it comes to that, lifting a trout out of a stranger brook is one thing, betraying it under your own roof, as it were, distinctly another. I was told to put a trout into the well where there were earthworms; they even brought me two, taken at a spot, I know, where the sunlight sifts through overhanging trees upon the rippling, dancing waters of a little fall. Why, I could no more have shut those joyous little creatures in with darkness and living death in my well than I could lock a child in a dungeon, worms or no worms. Not I!

But there! I started to tell you of our farming and I land by the brook and under the pines. Don't think it is my daily practice; I meant what I said. There was a time when the life of a farmer beckoned as a placid sort of existence where one never had to hurry

to catch the edition and man was at peace with all things living and dead. Doubtless there are such farmers; but they are like the shooting stars: they go quickly and leave nothing behind. If I were now to describe a farmer's life, I should rather compare it with the hair-trigger existence a fireman leads in the city, with this difference that when the fireman does not work he loafs. The farmer never loafs; if he does, he is lost. There may, indeed, be times in the winter when he has some leisure, so I have heard; but I am talking of the men I know. He is forever dropping one thing he has barely begun to take up another that must be done first. There ought to be a special petition in the farmer's prayer: "Let me have grace to finish today that which I begin," were there any chance that it might escape being a hopeless mockery. At least a dozen tasks lie unfinished from my hands; all of which I took up with the determination not to let go till they were done; and they were all hurry jobs. But I had to stop building a milk-house to give the pigs more room. I had barely let them out of their enclosure when the hot nights came with an imperative demand for outdoor paddocks for the horses. Their fence was not completed when we had to speed hot-foot to the wood-lots and fence those in to save the cattle that were starving in the sun-parched home pastures. While we were doing this the water in our big well ran low and all hands had to turn in and make ready for the engineer who was coming to put in a pumping engine. That job was finished, for we had to; but to do it we had to drop haying, which we had barely resumed when we must needs turn to spraying, or be eaten up by potato bugs. The chicken yard stands unfinished since last year, but I expect to go at it next week. This is a list of just a few daily happenings. Any farmer who would be up and doing can extend it. Of course, he can sit down, fold his hands and fail, as he assuredly will, but we have no such intention. We are in it to make farming pay.

AND now let me go back and try to give a calm account of the experiences of these two summers. I was going to say connected, but that would be expecting too much. The farm we found and bought is somewhat over two hundred acres, of which about fifty have been under the plow—way under it I should say. As a matter of fact those ancient plowmen just tickled the surface, skipping gaily over all the stones. The rest of the place is either in pasture or sprout lands with young pines here and there, in little charming copses. Any New Englander will recognize the description. The big hill just back of our house is free from stones. It is said that the white man found the Indians growing corn there, and he kept

up the tradition till the hill would grow corn no longer. Then it was turned into grass and cropped till it was utterly starved. There are several other fields with excellent soil, but dreadfully run to weeds and witch-grass as the result of years of neglect; the neglect that has demoralized agricultural New England, and left a gray shadow on the land.

In the long ago the farm was known for its great hay crops. Its owners had to build the big barn bigger and yet there was not room; the hay stood in stacks outside. At haying time it was hard to drive between the cocks, so close did they stand in the field. Forty head of cattle stood in the stalls then, and the farmer had money in the bank. On winter nights the tramp of many young feet in the "long room" kept tune to the village fiddler's merry calls of "Change partners! Swing corners!" etc. Life was worth living then in the country. From our porch I can count five generous mansions fallen like our own, into decay, which in their unhonored old age stand and dream of their hospitable youth. Less than half a dozen skinny cows were left on our farm when we took it over, not counting as many more whose skeletons we found bleaching in the pastures, and two horses, one with its halter yet on its gruesome skull. It had died where it had fallen and been only half buried, a sad commentary on sentiment as well as thrift.

We paid three thousand five hundred dollars for the property. It had once been assessed at nine thousand dollars, but we paid all it was worth when we got it. Except for the old house there were no buildings worthy the name. They had either fallen down, or were making up their minds to do so. The timbers in the big barn were sound, but the siding hung in tatters. So we had to begin all over. There were five wells on the premises, but only one of them was worth anything, and that soon gave out. Besides laying in a full stock of wagons and agricultural tools, one working team, an extra horse and three or four cows to start with, we were compelled to build barn, sheds, hen-house, two tenant houses, and to drive at great expense a well to furnish a constant supply of water. We had the brook, but it was too far from the house and barns, and the drought, that seem to have become part of the annual programme of New England husbandry, made water supply a first consideration. We were lucky enough to strike a good flow at a depth of a hundred and thirty-four feet, but of course we had to have a pumping engine which we shall later make good use of to furnish power for the farm and for electric lighting, when we get to that, as one must for comfortable farm life.

I mention all this merely as a preliminary to the sad confession

that our budget which we had thought might mean an investment of as much again as the purchase sum, had, as it were, a fall. When we had put in four times as much as we paid for the property and were sighting the bottom of our purse all too plainly, we had just struck our gait as it seemed. We stopped at the fifth notch because we had to, having spent all our money; but then also we had a property and buildings that were worth while. I hear the cry of luxury—that we should have let the original buildings stand and improve the land. That plan would have been well enough, had the buildings *been* at all But, as I said, most of them were not there; they had long since fallen down. Also we wanted a home; that was distinctly a part of the venture. And the land was not neglected; it received its full share of attention. All our upper pasture has been fenced, and our herd has swelled into a dozen cows and heifers, besides a blue-blooded bull calf. Four good horses stamp in their stalls and the hog-lot has eighteen or twenty husky tenants, with more to come. Order has succeeded chaos and waste in the hennery. Even the electric light, when it comes, will not be all luxury. The grim ghost that stalks through the farmer's dreams is wrapt in fiery garments. Anything that can eliminate the surreptitious match counts as insurance. Against its comrade and ally, the felonious tobacco pipe, unceasing vigilance and the severest penalties must be the barriers, not always effective at that.

WE moved in on a Saturday. That evening our foreman went on a holiday, leaving the chores to be done in his absence by a neighbor farmer's boy. He hitched up the mare for us to take a ride and we rode gaily away in the gloaming, feeling quite like country folk out for a lark. Our troubles began when we came home and tried to unharness the horse. She was very patient with us and when we made to crowd the collar over her neck the wrong way she shook her head and tried to point out to us how to twist it, I remember. We got it off at length by dint of unbuckling every strap on the harness and letting it drop off. There were too many of them anyhow. I am firmly of the opinion that I could make a better harness myself, and simpler, much simpler. The halter was even worse. That had only one strap, but when that was unbuckled there were three openings, all equally tempting for the horse's nose, but they were all wrong as we tried them. When I thought I detected a sneer on the nag's face, I gave it up, and tied her with a rope around the neck, which is much better. We didn't feel quite so much like country folk when we shut the stable door, and it wasn't exactly a lark either.

For there, waiting for us, was a deputation of the well-diggers, whose boss had gone home without paying them, demanding their money. They were an ugly, drunken lot, who camped in an old shanty down the road, and we had been warned not to give them money, or they would not come back till the middle of the next week. We parleyed with them, went surety for the boss and sent them away with a gallon of milk, feeling that we had struck a blow in the cause of temperance and order. I was locking up for the night, when Polly beckoned me mysteriously into the dining room. The hired girl was there already, looking scared. On the table was laid out an arsenal of all the available weapons in the house, a meat axe, a Cuban machete and a shotgun with a broken lock. For my own gun there were no cartridges.

"They won't know it," said Polly resolutely as she handed it to me and armed herself with the machete. "We'll poke it at them from the window. Hear them yelling now! They have whisky down there, I know, and we shall all be murdered in our beds."

We barred the door and tiptoed upstairs, the hired girl bringing up the rear with the meat axe. Half a dozen times that night we listened, breathless, at the window when Sandy, our dog, barked at the moon, but no murderers appeared and the Sabbath dawned clear and bright.

Talk of its being a day of rest! The echo of our choreboy's departing footfalls was still in our ears when the cry arose "The cows are in the yard!" and the household turned out to block their way to the vegetable garden. While we were battling with them, we discovered that another enemy had circumvented us: the hens were already there, industriously scratching up our early peas. We fought them off somehow and were surveying the field of our victory when the calf came dashing around the corner, tail erect, the broken rope dangling from her neck. Flushed with victory, I met her half way. I wish I hadn't. My chief regret, as she disappeared over the hill into the landscape, was that she didn't take along the kick of utter exasperation which I tried to send with her. My heart was in it, if it *was* Sunday.

Our day of rest ended in a gale of shrieks and cackling when we went to separate the white from the brown Leghorns after they had gone to roost. I don't to this day know why we attempted it; it was one of Mistress Polly's strategies, and she knew. But when quiet had come again and we sat under the full moon looking out over the field and forest, listening to the peaceful sounds of the valley, to the whippoorwill in the distance, our hearts sang within us and we were glad that we were farmers.

THE drought that year lasted seven weeks. Not a drop of rain fell till the night after the last load of hay had been housed. We had been working under full steam with all the men we could get to put a new roof on the barn; one more day and we would have won. As it was—the gap was directly over the hay—well, let us forget it! All through that dry spell our potatoes stood and cried for water. The weeds didn't seem to mind it; the witch-grass flourished exceedingly. It belongs to a very vigorous tribe and is well represented on our land. We lost about two acres to it, were downright beaten; but on the other twelve we won. We should have lost the best half of them but for Polly's smudge-pots. She got the idea from California where we had seen them save orange groves by their use when Jack Frost came from the north. But I shall have to tell you how she did it and thereby won the respect of our neighbors who up till then had thought we were playing at farming.

You see, when the drought left us the night frosts took us up. There was no month in the summer of nineteen hundred and twelve that we did not have them. Corn and buckwheat on low lands were killed in a night. Our downhill potatoes suffered some; those higher up went free. Now, our prize potato field was at the bottom of a long slope where the tubers flourished exceedingly, until August twenty-ninth when the weather turned bleak and cold. It froze that night, but the potatoes stood it; the next night was worse and they were nipped. The sun of August thirty-first set in a steel-gray sky, hard and cold as November. Polly was worried; we stood to lose our whole crop. That evening she had a consultation with our foreman. You will have made out by this time that Mistress Polly is the farmer. In all matters pertaining to the soil I am just the chorus. I own that I loathe the very words spraying and cultivating, the two things that take the men away just when I have lovely stone fences to be set up, or a mud-hole to be drained and made into a fish-pond. That is the reason they leave me out of the councils about crops, and of this one I knew nothing till I woke up in the small hours of the morning and found the house deserted. Instinct led me to make for the brook field half a mile away. Long before I reached it I heard Polly's voice generaling her hosts within what seemed a huge fog-bank looming before me. Only when I touched the rim of it did I make out that it was a vast cloud of smoke hanging over the field like an immense umbrella. Within it and all along the edges of the field burned smouldering fires, fed with wet saw-dust and weeds. It was the fight of the orange groves over again, and it won. The sun rose upon a weary bedraggled crew, drenched to the skin, but

victorious. Jack Frost was beaten and gave it up. Enough potatoes came out of that field to fill half our cellar, and they saved the day.

That cellar had been the huge joke of the neighborhood, but I notice that there have been two or three attempts to copy it since. There was at one end of our farmyard an unsightly ruin, the foundation of an old cider-mill that had crumbled away. It was dangerous and we realized that we should have to fill it up or tear it down; in either case waste labor. But it struck me that with fourteen acres of potatoes out we should need some place to store them. So, instead of tearing down, I had the walls set up and of the old oak-timbers that lay about plentifully I constructed a framework to hold a roof which I built of rejected railroad ties, to be had for nothing. On top of it all I heaped up dirt and sodded it. When it was finished, I had at the end of the yard instead of a man-trap, a veritable cairn such as my childish fancy had played about in my Danish home. It was a distinct gain to the landscape, a sort of flag battery on which to fire the sunrise gun, or a place for Mistress Polly to issue her orders from. It hadn't cost a cent except for labor, and it could hold two thousand bushels of potatoes, safe from frost. The neighbors came around while I was building it and grinned. When they saw it finished they went away and imitated it for themselves. I hope they grinned then; I didn't, for the winter that followed was the mildest on record; no crust of ice or snow formed on my cairn. It rained, instead, without ceasing, and it rained inside as well as outside. My hill didn't shed the water worth a cent; it went right through. I am seeding it down now in the hope of raising a tight sod; if that doesn't keep out the rain we shall have to furnish umbrellas for our potatoes. The truth is my hill was built of loam, not of clay which was handy, had we thought of it. However, even as it is, we wouldn't know what to do without this hill cellar.

WE had had the chemical "sharps" over from the Massachusetts Agricultural College and found out that potatoes were our long suit. The soil was as though it were made for them; all but the rocks. Of them we have a full supply everywhere, but the brook field, which is our best, took the premium for stones. We tackled them with dynamite. It cost us three hundred dollars to clear six acres; it was deep plowing with a vengeance. You should see this land today. If killing frost comes in two weeks we shall have fifteen hundred bushels of potatoes out of it, if not more. And they were never higher in price. More than that, we have added six acres to the permanent wealth of the old Bay State and made mankind our debtors to that extent—all except the tax assessors.

They have got the thing twisted somehow. Since I got my tax-bill last week I have been thinking for the first time that there may be something in the single tax: because we have spent all our money in improving the property, our taxes are doubled.

At one of our neighborhood meetings to which I shall refer later, a successful farmer whose cattle, if they do not graze upon a thousand hills, swarm over a full score, attacked the improvidence and short-sightedness of the builders of the great stone fences that to me are one of the most attractive features of the New England landscape; and trod so hard on my toes that I took up the cudgel to his great astonishment. Those early fence-builders cleared their acres and put the stones where they would do the most good—then—and I cannot see that their descendants, who dealt with my potato field, did any better in scattering the rocks they took out over a two-acre pasture lot that "was no good anyway," where they will remain an eyesore and an injury to the end of time. Doubtless it would have cost more to have set them in rows; but I could not help comparing the utter slovenliness and unthrift, to which the farming of the last generation in New England too often bears w tness, with the evidence of order and system of which the old fences speak, and to the decided advantage of the stone age. I am not advocating the building of stone fences nowadays, but I am defending the men who did the best they could and cleared the way for us with modern stunts. I gathered six cart-loads of iron junk, worn-out wheels and discarded agri-cultural tools that lay scattered over the farm when we came, and that some of it had rusted, not been worn out, I knew from the time I have had teaching our men to take in the tools and house them. Even after we had built a shed for that express purpose they were prone to leave them out in the sun and rain, and are still, unless I get after them with a sharp stick. I long for a good deal more of the prim orderliness that built the big stone fences so solid and straight; and I have had no happier hours than those I have spent setting them up where they had fallen down. I built one myself to shield our garden against the north wind. Polly says it is crooked. The enemy did that, but I have planted woodbine all along it and we shall get the best of him yet. Maybe the day will come when I can sell my fences to the road-builder. It will not come till the last of my pastures is cleared. Meanwhile I am thankful to those early toilers for the pleasure they have given me. I even feel like one of their guild when my hands are covered with stone bruises and a couple of nails gone, and I am proud to belong.

So much am I a partisan of the stone fence that I should feel like a guilty wretch as I go stringing barbed wire on chestnut posts where

the exigencies of farming demand it, were it not for the utter moral depravity of the cows I am barring out. To see them ruminating under the big oak in the wood-lot, after a square meal, or coming for their salt in the evening, one wouldn't believe them to be such crafty, covetous creatures. Give them a hundred-acre lot to graze in, and they will make the circuit of the entire enclosure, first thing, to inspect the fence and find a loophole if possible. And if there is a place where they can squeeze through into a very desert with never a blade of grass, though they leave behind them pastures green and succulent, they'll do it. As with men, some of them are worse than others. Our Jersey will lead the whole herd astray. I have seen her actually dance a jig with malicious glee when I thought I had cornered her in a safe place, and she knew better. And no sooner was I out of sight than she headed her companions for mischief. To look at her you would think butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, she is that saintly of mien. Why, she actually crowded into the potato cellar and ate some green tomatoes she didn't want, I am persuaded on pure purpose to make our foreman's baby sick with her milk.

That was the day our team got mired. There is a pond in the orchard which in spring furnishes our mosquitoes and bullfrogs; in the summer it dries up. This was in September. The luxuriant green grass that grew upon it tempted the horses, and, before any one knew it, they were in up to the neck. It took our men hours to get them out, black from head to foot and much shaken. But after they were in the stable and washed down, I had a look at this black muck, the very existence of which we had all been unaware, and the next day a sample went up to Amherst with request for an analysis. Word came back that we had a mine of valuable fertilizer when slaked with lime—perhaps two hundred cart-loads. I am draining the pond now and when I have the stuff on the field, the spring in the bottom cleaned out and the mud-hole made into a fish-pond with red-finned yellow perch in, where we can cut ice in the winter, I rather think we shall be ahead on that deal, not to mention the good riddance to the mosquitoes.

(To be Continued.)

PUTTING THE GARDEN TO SLEEP: BY ALICE LOUNSBERRY

SLEEP is a necessity of the plant world. Repose, resuscitation are the great needs of Nature: without these her vitality is impaired, her usefulness minimized, her beauty gone past recovery. The natural sleep of the plant world is one of the most interesting phenomena. To watch a flower grow drowsy, droop its head, close its petals and slip off into the Land of Nod, is a sight which has quickened many a poet's pen.

Various flowers choose to nod, even to sleep during rain-storms or heavy falls of dew; because by closing their petals they protect their pollen from becoming damp and worthless. The leaves of many shrubs and trees fold together laterally and thus prevent the cold from striking them severely and keeping them in a state of shivering discomfort. It is not to be gainsaid that when just precautions are taken, plants enjoy real rest, periods of complete relaxation. Their strength is then renewed and they awake invigorated by their little dozing time. Innumerable are the illustrations of the natural sleep of plants, a fact of which only those blind to the miracles of Nature are unaware.

So intimate however, is now the connection of man with Nature that the mystery of her sleep has lost to him its sacredness. He not only has learned to appreciate the necessity of her hours of repose, but he lends his hand occasionally toward helping her to drop off into dreamland. The change that comes over Nature in the autumn of cold climates is the forerunner of her long, her inevitable sleep. And to make this repose as satisfying and free from danger as possible is now one of the duties of him who sows and plants that he may have the joy of a blooming garden.

In tropical and semitropical climates the sleep or resting period of the plant world is not as apparent as in places where frost and snow abound. There is never, in warm climates, a time when the branches of the trees are entirely bare of leaves because, even though the leaves ripen, detach themselves and fall to the ground in the same way that they do in the autumn of cold places, other leaves have been formed, and are constantly forming to take their places. In a subtropical climate, therefore, there are always going on at the same time the processes of the production of leaves and of their ripening and falling. For this reason life in a warm climate has its vein of monotony. It does not afford strong contrast between the seasons. There is a grim excitement in seeing the earth bare of verdure and the black boles of trees, often gaunt and fantastically formed, lifting themselves skyward. It is then that one is able to learn some-

A ROSE GARDEN WHEREIN THE STANDARDS ARE LEFT UPRIGHT AND BONNETED WITH STRAW AND MULCHED HEAVILY ABOUT THEIR BASE, A WHITE CARPET OF SNOW FORMING FOR THEM AN OVERCOAT MORE WARM THAN ANY WHICH MAN COULD DEVISE.

ROSES AFTER BEING BONNETED WITH STRAW AND MULCHED ABOUT THEIR BASE WITH COARSE MANURE: THE USUAL AND WELL KNOWN METHOD OF GIVING THEM PROTECTION FOR THE WINTER.

LEAVES AND COARSE LITTER ABOUT SHRUBS THAT STAND IN A SITUATION LIKELY TO BE AFFECTED BY ALTERNATE THAWING AND FREEZING AND YET WHICH IS NOT SUFFICIENTLY SEVERE TO REQUIRE HEAVIER PLANT COVERING.

A LAWN SO PROTECTED WITH LAYERS OF HAY AS TO PREVENT THE GROUND FROM BECOMING CUT DURING THAWING PERIODS AND THEREBY LOSING ITS SMOOTHNESS: THE EVERGREENNESS OF THE RHODODENDRONS HERE HOLDING FOR THE LANDSCAPE THE SUGGESTION OF LIFE AND BRILLIANCY.

FRONT AND REAR VIEW OF V-SHAPED BOARD PROTECTION BUILT TO FACE THE SOUTHEAST AND TO SHADE TENDER EVERGREENS FROM THE DAMAGING RAYS OF THE WINTER SUN: SUCH BOARD COVERING CAN BE READILY TAKEN APART IN THE SPRING AND SET UP FLATLY IN A PLACE OF STORAGE.

Courtesy of Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A GROUP OF SHRUBS PLACED SO AS TO FACE THE SEA AND DONE UP FOR THE WINTER IN BURLAP BAGS, MAKING THEM APPEAR LIKE A COMPANY OF GNOMES ON EERIE MOONLIT NIGHTS.

what of their individual construction, that the maples put on their branches at an angle of forty-five degrees; that the American elm separates its trunk like the spray of a fountain and that in the light and dark shadows playing over them there is color and much beauty. Nor is there in a tropical climate the delight of an unfolding spring, when from every twig tiny leaves unfold, crinkled and evanescent. The earth is then turned into an opalescent mirage, varied, delicate and appealing.

It is in the translucent spring days that life appears to have returned miraculously to the eyelids of Nature even as if she then uplifted her head and awoke, awoke from a sleep so complete as to have been likened to death. Those who know Nature well find a wealth of interest in her preparations to go into her long winter rest. They are made without commotion very gently and in a way showing obliviousness to all else.

THE wildlings at this season take care of themselves nobly. They deliberately, after having sown their seeds, drop off the leaves that have ripened; return the life fluids to their roots warmly held underground; harden themselves to the weather and fall serenely asleep. Those forms of nature that the gardener has pampered, providing them with luxurious, carefree living, frequently require on the contrary, a little help before they can doze so comfortably. They need to have a warm coverlet spread over their beds.

The trees, Nature's masterpieces, like the wildlings of the woods and fields, take care of themselves at this season unaided. Various shrubs, however, that are used for ornamental purposes about the house and lawn, sleep more soundly for a little warm protection about their base. This is especially true of shrubs planted in high situations where winds play about them fiercely and of those set within reach of the jaws of the sea or passably near its salt breath.

The old-fashioned strawberry shrub, *Calycanthus floridus*, with its quaint wine-colored flowers closely associated with an individual lingering fragrance, a shrub beloved by many, is seldom given any protective covering before the advent of winter. Yet it is one that should be well mulched about its base as soon as the cold weather is established. The many dead twigs that customarily project among the new sprouts and those that bud out with leaves in the spring are simply the result of a long uncomfortable winter. The shrub is more delicate than is generally thought. A warm mulch of manure about its base in the autumn saves this shrub from any great annual loss of wood, allowing it to grow large and robust. This condition also prevails with various magnolias, both the Japanese and native,

that are planted outside of their natural range. They may live without winter covering, struggle on in fact for years; but they do not live well, displaying their full vitality.

Naturally it is the alternate freezing and thawing that wreaks harm during the winter, the scorching of the winter sun followed by ice-storms. Even the great evergreen trees are marred by these conditions; and tender evergreens not well established are often wounded past redemption unless well fortified by a warm covering. So innumerable are the beautiful Japanese evergreens that have of late been added to those native that considerable thought should be expended on their individual treatment. The more delicate varieties pass through the winters very comfortably when a board protection, such as is herein illustrated, is devised for them, shielding them from the sun. It is rather a pity when such extreme measures are necessary because the evergreen beauty for which this race of plants is chiefly valued is hidden from view. Hardier varieties are therefore, especially in simple gardens, the more practical choice.

ROSES are shrubs that need the assistance of man as they make ready to take their winter nap; also they are whimsical in their demands. They have no wish to be covered up early, not before one or two nips of frost have helped to mature and to ripen their shoots; and they do not wish to be kept covered up too long. They wish to be freed from artificial warmth with the very first breath of spring. If these conditions are not fulfilled they show their chagrin by dying.

Various are the theories about the best method of covering roses to pass the winter and of course the practice of each is influenced more or less by the climatic situation of the shrubs. Different kinds of roses moreover, call for different kinds of treatment.

The hardy or hybrid perpetual class of roses should have for their comfort a light mulch at their base, of coarse manure put on in late October; in well sheltered places November fifteenth being sufficiently early. This covering should then be left undisturbed until spring when by digging it in about the base of the bushes it adds to the lightness of the soil. These roses do not need straw protection for their upper parts except in seaside gardens and places where the climate is severe. In many places they will even live without any winter protection although it has been definitely proved that their vitality is conserved and their bloom thereby improved by giving them such assistance. This class of roses is now generally pruned in the spring. It is customary, however, to take off, when preparing them for winter, all long and outspreading shoots which might

give the wind sufficient hold to sway the bushes, disturbing the firm placement of their roots in the soil. More rose bushes than not are injured simply because enough attention is not paid to their continued firm setting in the ground. The care of hybrid perpetual roses however is simple, and in most cases they are very hardy.

The roses classed as hybrid teas demand a warm covering for winter: teas or monthly roses one still heavier. Many growers hoe up mounds of earth about the base of such roses and fill in the trenches made by so doing with somewhat coarse manure. The tenderer roses should have the earth drawn up about them as soon as they have been touched by the fingers of Jack Frost and the mulch then placed in the trenches should be increased in depth as the season advances. The tops of teas and hybrid tea roses should be bonneted with straw or hay in the late autumn. This protection they require over and above that given to their roots.

Roses as standards need still again a different treatment in order to help them take their annual rest in safety. They are even more exigent than the teas. Where winters are rigorous the best plan is to take them up before the ground freezes and to lay them flatly in trenches two feet in depth and then to cover them with the soil taken out of the trenches. No protection for roses is as good as the soil itself. As soon as the ground is fit to work in the spring the standards should then be dug up and replanted. In well protected gardens it has been found that by wrapping the stems of standards with moss before covering them with straw they will pass, in standing condition, fairly well through the winters. The safer method, however, is to lay them in the trenches as described.

Evergreen branches are sometimes used to cover the mulch of rose beds and for this purpose are very desirable. It is unwise to use leaves for the purpose as mice make their home in them on cold winter nights and have no scruples about stripping the rose canes of their bark. The rose garden need not of necessity look ugly in its winter sleep. The quaint bonneting with straw, the spreading of the earth with fragrant boughs, the general air of neatness and repose that should be encouraged are not without special attraction.

AMONG old-time ideas that have been swept away is that all perennial plants are supremely hardy, requiring scarcely any care and being able to weather all conditions. Those who get from them the best results are far from treating them with complacent negligence. From September fifteenth on is the best time to separate the roots of the greater number of perennials and to transplant them into their permanent places for the following spring.

Phloxes, delphiniums, lilies, sweet-williams and other perennials can at this season of the year be separated so as to increase greatly their number and be transplanted without loss, even if done with the ordinary amount of care. Many people let them go uncovered over the winter and others find the loss in the spring much less if a light mulch is placed about their base as soon as the cold weather is established.

Especially this is true in seaside gardens. Often it is necessary in such places to cover all perennials and many shrubs, not only with litter, but with burlap bags over straw protection. First the mulch is placed about the roots, the plants then heavily covered with straw and the whole mass at length enwrapped in burlap, tied and staked firmly to the ground. When groups of shrubs are thus covered curious effects are gained which from a distance on moonlit nights appear as if a company of goblins were gathered together to hold council and to play with their own shadows elongated on the snow.

In every case of plant protection enough covering should be given to keep the roots from freezing; at the same time it should not be so heavy as to exclude altogether light and the circulation of air. Straw has long been thought the best material to cover the upper parts of shrubs, especially roses, since it facilitates these conditions, the circulation of air and the admission of light. In it there is not enough heat to injure the plants: it merely keeps them from feeling the sting of severe weather. Lawns in conspicuous places are frequently covered with hay as soon as the ground freezes. This is not done so much to assist the grass to live as to keep the lawn from becoming marred during thawing periods when even footprints leave on its soft surface an indelible trace.

Vines are also a class of plants that need a little attention before they slip off into their winter sleep. As soon as they have shed their leaves they should be pruned of all long sprouts likely to attract the wind and render their position in the earth unsteady.

Clematis paniculata stands at this season, really severe pruning which makes its growth more vigorous in the spring and prevents the vine from becoming too heavy for any slight, arborlike supports on which it may be placed. Such vines as Boston ivy, trumpet-creeper, Dutchman's pipe, honeysuckle and others, all hardy in nature, thrive admirably even when no care is given them in the autumn. The greater number of people attempt nothing further in their connection than to keep them free from dead wood. English ivy, however, and wistaria, in fact all of the more delicate vines, do infinitely better if a mulch of dead leaves and litter is charitably given to them before the final onslaught of winter.

PUTTING THE GARDEN TO SLEEP

THE garden as a whole should have its rest, its sleep, and it seems only fair to allow it to have this time not as something inevitable, taking things as they are found, but as an undisputed condition for which all has been made ready. The good gardener, in the autumn after pruning is done, the separating and resetting of perennials accomplished, bestirs himself to tidy up everything and to give the home grounds the appearance of absolute neatness. All the edges of beds and borders should be straightened, widened if desired. Preferably this work should be done as soon as the grass has stopped growing. The earth then hardens gradually and remains in good condition until the frost begins to come out of the ground. New flower beds and borders are also best made in the autumn, not however in a careless way, but seriously with the intent of their holding plants in the spring.

One of the most generally accepted rules for making a flower bed is that which directs that it shall be dug eighteen inches deep and filled to one-third of its height with well decomposed manure and the other two-thirds with strong, turfy loam that has been thoroughly cleansed. The top dressing should then be of fine soil. During the winter a bed thus made will sink and settle, its soil being the better able to hold firmly the plants that are set into it in the spring. Indeed the accepted method with most gardeners is now to work in the autumn as much as possible. This does not mean that hardy chrysanthemums, autumn blooming bulbs and the like are to be set at this season. These are essentially for spring planting. But the practice of gardening has reached a point where autumn work is favored in every instance where it is feasible. Moisture is more to be relied on at this season than in the spring when rains are frequently followed by prolonged summer droughts. Insects and pests have ceased from their mischievous labors. The snow when it falls makes a close winter coat more warm than any that the gardener can devise.

In the process of making a garden ready for its long sleep, the time when the gardener also takes his rest, it should not be forgotten to leave the stalks of a few sunflowers, coreopsis, zinnias, or other of the composites standing, brown, disheveled and untidy, utterly reckless as they may look, and lavish in the production of their seed. For even though the garden is about to sleep the birds have not all migrated and they still chirp their thankfulness at finding a trifling bit of food left for their morning meal.

THE MILLINERY SERPENT: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

N THE "*New York Times*" of September thirteenth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, one, Herbert Syrett, abuses the Audubon Society loudly and long for its effective efforts in destroying the millinery trade in feathers of wild birds. He also takes occasion to criticize the wife of President Wilson and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Wilson for their open expressions of sympathy with the Audubon cause. The real theme of his letter, however, is an effort to induce his readers to believe that the millinery feather dealers are the greatest bird lovers in the world and are anxious to increase the numbers of wild birds on the earth. This is the first time in history that such a statement has come to my attention and indicates the terrible straits in which the slaughterers of plume birds now find themselves. It is a case where the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be.

Any one who has journeyed afoot or by pack train through the desert regions of the southwestern portions of the United States is likely to have been entertained by the swift gliding movements of that feathered racehorse—the road-runner. It is quite probable, too, that he may have encountered specimens of the desert rattlesnake. There is a story which one frequently hears from the lips of the cattlemen, and to the truthfulness of which I believe some eastern travelers have attested, that the bird sometimes causes the death of the snake in the following remarkable manner. Finding the rattler dozing in a comfortable posture in the sun, the bird is reputed to gather cactus leaves and, approaching with some degree of stealth, to lay these carefully around its enemy until a complete circle is formed like a prickly row of bayonets. When the serpent rouses from its blissful lethargy its first movement is said to result in a pronounced discomforture, occasioned by the cactus spines sticking into the less armoured places of its skin. Infuriated with pain, it instantly strikes with open mouth, only to find that it has bitten off more trouble. Again and again the frantic reptile lunges madly in all directions until in the end the spot becomes a confused mass of dead snake and cactus leaves, and over it all floats the faint odor of the vainly-expended venom.

Back in the early eighties it was discovered that a big industry in the feathers of wild birds lay coiled, like a gigantic serpent, in the very midst of our national life. With its head raised high in air, it cast its glance in every direction across our country. Its eyes were of gold, and when its gaze swept along the coast of Maine, myriads of birds left their ancestral nesting island and, as if by magic, came in boxes and bales straight to the mouth of the huge reptile, whose

head rested among the storied buildings of lower New York. But this was no ordinary serpent. A few hundred thousand birds shot down in the prime of life did not satisfy its appetite, and the dirge of the helpless young dying on the pebbly beaches, wafted on every gale that blew from the north, meant nothing to its dull and senseless ears. Gloatingly it turned toward the south, and wherever men caught a glimpse of those golden, gleaming eyes they rushed forth to torture and to kill until, mingled with the sand of our beaches, there lay rotting the bones of one of our choicest heritages—the wild bird life of the open seas.

IN the swamps of Florida word was carried that the great New York millinery trade was bidding high for the feathers of those plume birds which gave life and beauty to even its wildest regions. It was not long before the cypress fastnesses were echoing to the roar of breech-loaders, and cries of agony and piles of torn feathers became common sounds and sights even in the remotest depths of the Everglades. What mattered it if the tropical birds of exquisite plumage were swept from existence and the feet of the outcast white man, the negro and the Seminole slipped in the blood of slaughtered innocence, if only the millinery trade might prosper—if only the serpent might gather more fat on its sides!

But the trade was not content to collect its prey only in obscure and little-known regions, for a chance was seen to commercialize the small birds of the forests and fields. The warblers, the thrushes, the wrens, all those little forms of dainty bird life which come about the home to cheer the hearts of men and women and gladden the eyes of little children, commanded a price if done to death and their pitiful corpses shipped to New York.

One might go farther and give the sickening details of how the birds were swept from the mud flats about the mouth of the Mississippi and the innumerable shell lumps of the Chandeleurs. How the Great Lakes were bereft of their feathered life, and the swamps of Kankakee were all but rendered silent. How the white pelicans, the grebes and the wild water-fowl of the West were butchered and their skinned bodies left in pyramids to fester in the sun. One might recount stories of bluebirds and robins shot on the very lawns of peaceful citizens of our eastern States in order that the feathers might be spirited away to glut the never-satisfied appetite of the milliner.

Taxidermists, who made a business of securing birds and preparing their skins, found abundant opportunity to ply their trade. Never had the business of taxidermy been so profitable as in those days. For example, in the spring of eighteen hundred and eighty-two,

some of these agents of the feather trade established themselves somewhere along the New Jersey coast, and sent out word to natives of the region that they would buy the bodies of freshly-killed birds of all kinds which might be procurable. The various species of terns, which were then abundant on the Jersey coast, offered the best opportunity for profit, for not only were the birds found in vast flocks, but they were comparatively easy to shoot. Ten cents apiece was the price paid, and so lucrative a business did the shooting of these birds immediately become that many of the baymen gave up sailing pleasure parties and became gunners. These men often received as much as fifty or a hundred dollars a week for their skill and prowess with the shotgun.

It was not surprising that at the end of the season a local observer reported: "One cannot help noticing now the scarcity of terns on the New Jersey coast, and it is all owing to the merciless destruction." Never have birds been worn in this country in such numbers as in those days. Ten or fifteen small song birds were often seen sewed on a single hat.

IN eighteen hundred and eighty-six, Dr. Frank M. Chapman, the ornithologist, strolled down to the shopping district of New York City on his way home from his office late two afternoons in succession, and carefully observed the feather decorations on the hats of the women whom he chanced to meet. The results of his observation, as reported in "Forest and Stream," show that he found in common use as millinery trimming such highly-esteemed birds as robins, thrushes, bluebirds, tanagers, swallows, warblers and waxwings. He discovered also bobolinks, larks, orioles, doves and woodpeckers. In short, he positively recognized the plumage of no less than forty species of our best known American birds. In commenting on his trip of inspection, Dr. Chapman wrote: "It is evident, that, in proportion to the number of hats seen, the list of birds given is very small; for in most cases mutilation rendered identification impossible. Thus, while one afternoon seven hundred hats were counted, and on them but twenty birds recognized, five hundred and forty-two were decorated with feathers of some kind. Of the one hundred and fifty-eight remaining, seventy-two were worn by young or middle-aged ladies, and eighty-six by ladies in mourning or elderly ladies."

This was in a period when people seemed to go mad on the subject of wearing birds and bird feathers. They were used for feminine adornment in almost every conceivable fashion. Here are two actual quotations from New York daily papers of that period, only the names of the ladies are changed: "Miss Jones looked extremely well in white

with a whole nest of sparkling, scintillating birds in her hair which it would have puzzled an ornithologist to classify," and again, "Mrs. Robert Smith had her gown of unrelieved black looped up with blackbirds; and a winged creature so dusky that it could have been intended for nothing but a crow, reposed among the curls and braids of her hair."

Ah, those were the halcyon days for the feather trade! Now and then a voice cried out at the slaughter, or hands were raised at the sight of the horrible shambles, but there were no laws to prevent the killing nor was there any crystalized public sentiment to demand a stopping of the unspeakable orgy, while on the other hand riches yet lay in store for the hunter and the merchant. Against such fearful odds, where was the man who dared assail this legalized traffic in the feathers of slaughtered birds? Where was the adventurous Jason who should slay the dragon?

IN February, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, the Audubon Society was organized for the avowed purpose of fighting the feather trade, and never, for one moment from that day to this, have the bird lovers of the country ceased to regard the dealers in bird feathers as the greatest enemy to wild bird life. The Audubon Society has fought this trade in every nook and corner of the country and, though always meeting with the stoutest resistance, has never for an instant yielded a concession. In the words of Kipling, their motto may be said to have been, "Cry no truce with jackal men."

At first the Audubon Society did little but publish literature calling the attention of the public to the appalling destruction that was going on about us. The wholesale milliners glanced at these circulars, shrugged their shoulders and smiled deprecatingly.

Slowly the public began to take an interest in this propaganda, but the wholesale feather dealers went smilingly on with their work of sending out thousands of circulars to the four corners of the country, inviting all men to kill birds and thereby reap their share of the golden harvest. But the bird lovers were increasing in numbers, and their influence in legislative halls began to be noticed. One State after another, at the earnest solicitation of the Audubon workers, began to pass laws against the killing of native birds, and tens of thousands of women were signing the Audubon pledges that they would wear no more feathers, and especially would they decry the use of the plumes known as "aigrettes."

Then things began to wear a serious aspect in the minds of the feather merchants. No humane appeal could reach this class of men, but the fact that their business was beginning to suffer was a

subject for serious consideration; so they put their heads together and the word was soon passed that an announcement would shortly be made to the reading public which would refute the statements of the bird lovers who claimed that "aigrettes" were taken only from parent birds while the helpless young were left in the nest to starve.

The cactus needles of the Audubon Society had begun to prick and the serpent was coiling to strike. It lunged in the form of a statement that egret plumes were not taken from slaughtered birds but were picked up from the ground in the "domestic egret farms" of far off Tripoli. This was a mistaken stroke, for the absolute falsity of the statement was quickly proven and the triumph of the Audubon workers sang louder than ever before. State after State now quickly followed the example of their pioneer sisters, and the "Audubon Law," which made it illegal to kill non-game birds, was before long printed in the statute books of nearly every State in the Union.

Then came the latter-day efforts to stop absolutely the sale of the feathers of native wild birds, and how the wholesale milliners have fought these efforts! In the committee rooms in the Capitol at Albany, I have faced in debate forty of these men at a time, who, with the shrewdest lawyers that money could hire, had journeyed thither to stem if possible the rising tide of public indignation which now demanded the stamping out of this nefarious traffic. At one of these hearings they maintained that if the bill then pending should become a law, twenty thousand poor women would be thrown out of employment in New York City alone. Yet a few weeks ago, when I faced these same people again in conference and put the question to them "How many employees did the New York Anti-feather Law actually throw out of employment?" they reluctantly admitted "Not over *twelve*."

THERE has been much disturbance in the cactus thicket of late, for the hideous giant reptile that has fattened upon the life blood of myriads of mother birds, has been thrashing madly about in its frantic efforts to combat the stinging, smothering effect of a tremendously grown public sentiment. In nearly all the large centers of population the feathers of birds for millinery purposes have been made contraband, and now Congress has passed a law absolutely prohibiting the importation of the feathers of wild birds into this country except for scientific purposes. The effect of this will be to save the lives of untold numbers of birds in the uttermost parts of the earth, for the whole world has of late been raked, as with a fine toothed comb, to collect materials for hat decoration. Milliners

admit that this blow will so injure their trade in feathers that it will not pay to handle the few they can now get in the United States, and styles will accordingly be changed.

In regard to the long and bitter fight in Washington, the following quotations from an editorial appearing in a July issue of the *Warheit* (*Jewish Truth*), a paper read by virtually all the large feather importers and wholesale feather merchants, will throw an interesting sidelight on the struggle:

"The war that is being waged now to save the birds of the nation is not a local issue, but a national one.

"There are two groups of men struggling now at Washington before Congress. One group is the old organization of importers and traders of feathers and plumes, who have made millions from the destruction and the slaughter of the birds of the country, which were our pride, our joy, our blessing.

"This group of men who want to exterminate the birds of the woods and of the fields and of the sea and of the mountains, have no arguments, no reason, no right, no justification, no conscience, except the arguments, the right, the reason, and the conscience of their pockets. And with money, they purchase the souls of lawyers and politicians to help them to crush the people in its wishes and will.

"And there is another group of men, scientists, explorers, naturalists, humanitarians, and patriots who are struggling for a law to protect the birds, to save the life upon wings.

"The first group which is struggling against the birds, against nature, against humanity, against the people, are a few Jewish tradesmen and their hired Jewish lawyers.

"The other group who form a voluntary avant-guard of the people, have no personal interest or designs or motives. They are struggling only for the higher ideals of humanity.

"And we, from the *Warheit,* as citizens of America and children of the Jewish race, again declare and protest that the Jewish people is heart and soul in this struggle, not with the Jewish tradesmen and importers, but against them, and with the men and for the men who are struggling to preserve and perpetuate the birds of the woods everywhere and forever.

"As Jews, we do not want that Jews should fight as a lobby for the selfish interest of the few against the interest of all, the wishes of all and the best aspirations of all."

The long struggle to end the bird feather trade in the United States is rapidly drawing to a close. The bird protectors have always gathered strength from the very beginning of this struggle and the milliners have always lost their fights. And now at last deserted even

by the great influential Jewish organ, the *Warheit,* they have little to hope for.

Here and there sympathetic adherents still cry out occasionally. As for example, the writer in the *Times* whose most truthful statement by the way runs in this wise: "At this time it would seem the (feather) trade as a whole has not a single friend or sympathizer among press or public." Such faint outcries as his are but indications of the last squirming movements of the dying reptile. The surreptitious killing of birds for their feathers will continue in places, and occasionally milliners will take a chance on selling plumage contrary to law, but the big, open, wholesale, shameless traffic can no longer continue. Soon the raven and the coyote will find rare pickings in the cactus thicket.

THE BLUE GENTIAN

(See Cover)

THE sky kissed the earth in consolation; for its flowers were faded, their reds, yellows, purples and pinks overridden by the grim drear of brown. The sweet, soughing plaint of the wind was long since spent: its will now was determined and it played roughly among things dead. The crust of the earth, no longer mellow, was dry and finely crumbled to dust. It covered the coat of the stranger, who traveled the highway, causing him to blink his eyes.

For these and for other reasons perhaps the sky kissed the earth in consolation.

As the traveler lifted his eyes his footsteps halted. Beside him the tangled grass of the bank was pale, even colorless, yet stirring through it was the magic of a slight flutter and a glint of color more blue than that of the bluebird's wing. It was the spot where grew the blue gentian.

No other flower bore it company. Alone it had crossed the borderland of frost and for the traveler it changed the sad look of his surroundings into those regal and appealingly sweet. He sat down to rest and his heart beat with joy, his pulses quickened and his brain grew clear through the nearness of the flower that had held the blue of the sky when the earth was kissed in consolation.

FARMS FOR THE CITY POOR: AN EXPERIMENT IN WHICH AGRICULTURE IS USED TO BETTER HUMANITY: BY ANNET ROYAARD

IN the little village of Frederiksoord in the Netherlands the Agricultural Benevolent Institute is making an effort to assist its indigent population to reclaim the waste moorland of the north country. The effort and the manner of its doing is of more than passing interest.

The founder of this Institute, General van den Bosch, retired about the year eighteen hundred and eighteen from the East Indian Army, and settled down in his native country. Far from leading a life of inactivity however, he devoted himself to philanthropy. Struck by the wretched plight of the number of unfortunates who were hopelessly struggling for an existence in big cities, he conceived the noble plan of assisting them to reclaim the extensive moorlands lying idle; and so of giving them a chance to become honorable self-supporting members of society. Notwithstanding the many endeavors already on foot to relieve the poor, the ideas of General van den Bosch met with approbation and support. A larger field of labor it was held would undoubtedly stem the tide of poverty, and no better plan could have been devised than the cultivation of these sandy moors, merely waiting for willing hands to assist them to yield their rightful increase.

Backed up by many influential people, the scheme made good headway. On the first of April, eighteen hundred and eighteen the Agricultural Benevolent Institute was established. A Board of Trustees was appointed, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands consenting to become President, with General van den Bosch as Vice-president. It was hoped that in thus drafting the surplus population of the overcrowded city into the open country, where their labor was needed, distress and poverty would vanish like snow before the sun. This was the grand ideal of our General, and he strained every nerve to overcome the obstacles which, in common with every project, lay about his path. It is entirely due to the clever forethought of the founder that the Institute from its commencement, down to the present day, has been based upon such lines that its history is one continued success. The stream of human beings who have cause to hold the name of General van den Bosch in the deepest reverence flows on in an ever-widening current. All honor indeed to the name of him to whom it has been vouchsafed to raise the sinking proletarian to the dignified ranks of self-supporting farmers.

The board of trustees, who undertook the management of the Institute, raised sufficient funds to make a start, and, thanks again

to the indomitable will of the General, these were speedily forthcoming. The first few acres of land were purchased in due course, and laborers' cottages were erected.

AT the instigation of the General, the Institute established bureaus all over the country, each being under its own management. Their office was to gain susbcribers in the several districts, the minimum subscription being about five cents per week, entitling the subscriber to propose the admission of one family to the Institute. These bureaus, it was calculated, would be the means of creating a perpetual source of income, while at the same time they would keep the Institute before the public eye. As a matter of fact, the Institute derives a considerable regular income from the activity of these bureaus. In each locality there are invariably persons found willing to undertake the local management.

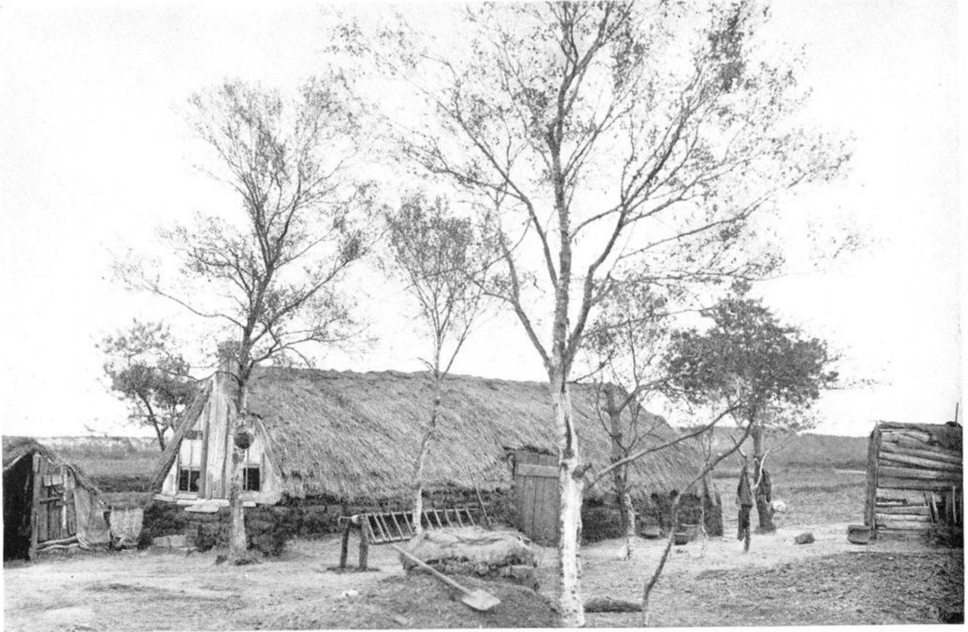
As soon as a branch bureau has contributed the sum of three hundred and twenty-eight dollars it has the right to send a family to Frederiksoord, the Headquarters of the Institute. As a rule such a family arrives in an utterly destitute condition. At Frederiksoord they are given a clean, airy cottage, containing three or four rooms, ready furnished. A plot of ground is attached to the cottage, so that the mother of the family may grow vegetables for her household. Clothes are also provided, and a certain amount of provisions until the ground has produced its first crop. Then these supplies are stopped. And if, as is more often the case than not, the poor neglected bodies require medical aid, both doctor and nurse are ever at hand. The father is set to work at once, for the tilling of the ground, and the planting of thousands of seedling pine trees keep numerous hands at work, and there is always room for another pair. The newcomer is mostly unused to this working in the fields, and naturally requires a certain amount of training. The standard of wages at Frederiksoord, at this writing, is about eleven cents per hour. For rent and medical attendance (doctor, nurse and medicines) the Company deduct about twenty cents from the man's earnings. If the remainder of his wages is insufficient to keep his family, which is usually the case, the Company grants a yearly allowance, which varies according to the family's needs.

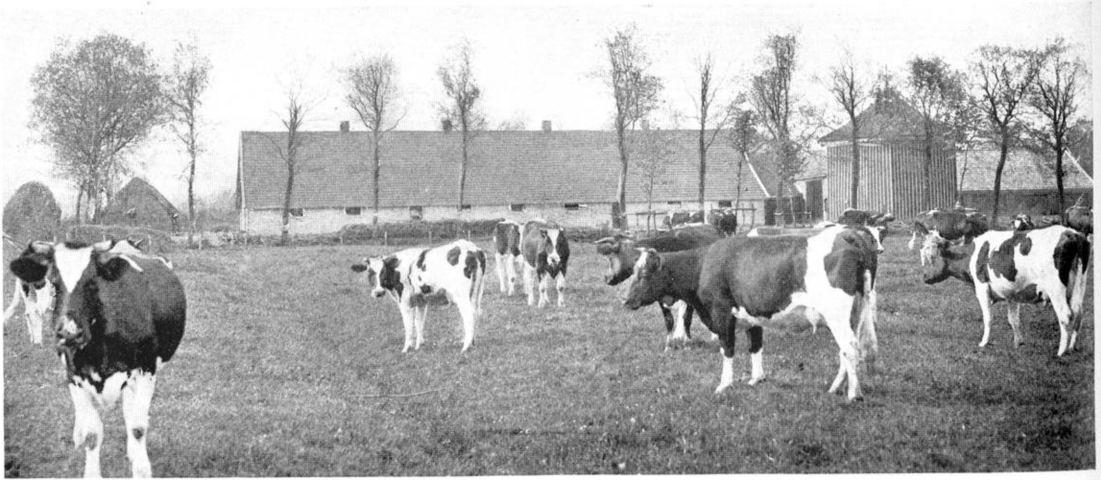
The man is henceforth known as a Colonial, and his family as a Colonial family, in order to distinguish it from the family of the Free Farmers, to which estate the Director of the Institute raises the Colonial as soon as he considers him sufficiently competent.

The advancement from Colonial to Free Farmer includes the obtaining of a farm consisting of something over six acres of land,

THE HOTEL AND DIRECTOR'S HOUSE AT FREDERIKSOORD: A SPACIOUS AND COMFORTABLE BUILDING IN WHICH GUESTS VISITING THE MOORLANDS ARE HOSPITABLY RECEIVED AND FROM WHICH THEY LEARN MUCH THAT IS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE SETTLEMENT.

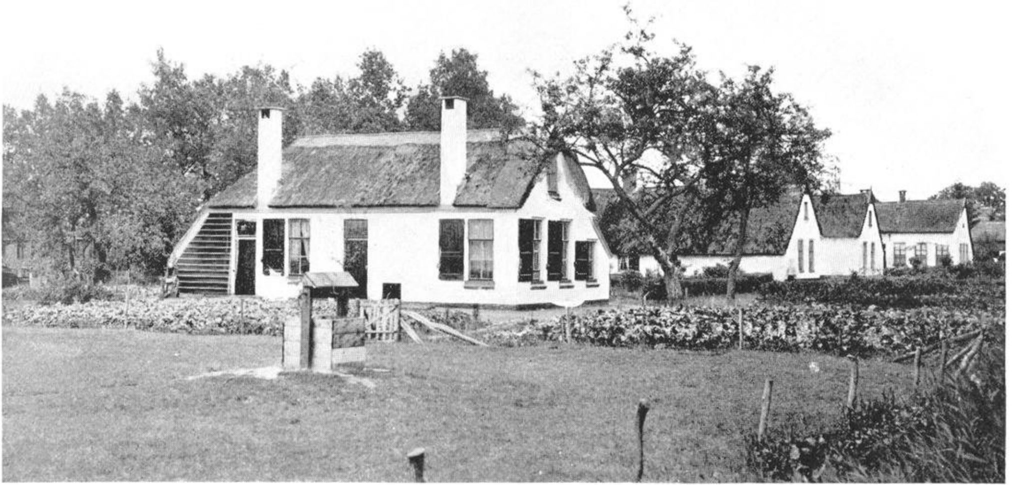
A GLIMPSE OF THE STERREBOSC, STAR-WOODS: THE NOBILITY OF THE TREES, THEIR FRAGRANT BREATH AND THE SENTIMENT OF STRENGTH AND REPOSE FROM WHICH THE FOREST IS NEVER DISASSOCIATED HAVE PLAYED A PART AT FREDERIKSOORD IN ASSISTING MANY DESPONDENT SOULS TO REGAIN HOPE AND TO MAKE THEMSELVES USEFUL TO MANKIND THROUGH CONSTRUCTIVE LABOR.





A HUT INDIGENOUS TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD BUT NOT ON THE COMPANY'S ESTATE: A NATIVE DWELLING HOUSING INDISCRIMINATELY BOTH MAN AND BEAST.

MILCH COWS ON ONE OF THE FARMS OF THE ESTATE WHICH SHOW BY THEIR AIR OF CONTENTMENT THE GOOD CARE THEY RECEIVE AND THE HEALTHFULNESS OF THEIR CONDITION.



A COLONIAL'S COTTAGE AT FREDERIKSOORD: ITS DISPOSITION BELONGING TO SOME BRANCH BUREAU AS SOON AS IT HAS CONTRIBUTED A SUM SOMEWHAT LESS THAN FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS: THE FAMILY THAT THE BUREAU CHOOSES TO SEND TO THE COTTAGE IS CALLED A "COLONIAL FAMILY."

MANY ACRES OF LAND DURING THE LAST SIX YEARS HAVE BEEN CULTIVATED ON THESE FORMERLY BARREN MOORS: THE WORK HAVING BEEN MADE POSSIBLE BY THE USE OF OXEN BRED ON THE ESTATE.

DEPICTING THE DISTRESSED PLIGHT OF A FAMILY, UNABLE TO GRAPPLE WITH CITY CONDITIONS ON ARRIVING AT THE SETTLEMENT: THE CHILDREN EVEN GIVE NO EVIDENCE THAT JOY AND GAIETY STILL ABIDE IN THE WORLD.

THE SAME FAMILY AFTER A YEAR SPENT IN A COTTAGE PROVIDED BY A BRANCH BUREAU: THE COW AND SHEEP ARE HEREIN JUSTLY INCLUDED AS MEMBERS OF THE GROUP.

upon which will be grown potatoes, oats, barley, rye, etc. to serve as support of the family by the sale of the crops.

For his farm and lands the Free Farmer pays a yearly rental of from twelve dollars to sixteen. The Company also supplies him on credit, with whatever may be necessary for tilling the ground and any other material he may need. He is further given a cow, the price of which he must pay off by instalments of at least one dollar and a half per annum. After he has paid off four dollars, the Company gives him a bonus of one dollar as a further inducement.

The milk he can sell to the Company's dairies, at market price, which makes another little addition to the family income. Thus we see how, step by step, the poverty-stricken man who arrived at Frederiksoord with barely a shoe to his foot, gradually climbs up the industrial ladder until he rises to the rank of the promising Free Farmer. His energies have been aroused, and he cultivates his bit of land with all possible zeal, and he has the satisfaction of seeing his children gaining in health and strength.

AN idea of the extent of this work may be gathered from the fact that there are no less than five Government Schools on the estate. Here, under the supervision of qualified teachers, the children are prepared for their future careers. The boys, if showing special aptitude, may follow the course at the Agricultural School, the gift of General van Swieten, in memory of his only son who died at the age of fifteen. This school, which is considered one of the best of its kind in the Netherlands, may also be attended by paying pupils, the school fee being sixteen dollars a year. The boys of the Institute, after having received their elementary education, must go up for an admission examination for the preparatory course of the Agricultural School; a year later, they must pass the admission examination to the school itself.

If a boy does not possess the requisite capacity, the Company takes care that he is trained to earn his living in another way. In conjunction with the Company, there are basket works, where the young people may be thoroughly trained for the trade. The articles manufactured, which range from the simplest basket to the most elaborate veranda furniture, are afterward put on the market at current prices. At the Industrial School at Steenwyk, the young people can be put to any other trade for which they evince a special inclination.

The girls may also be brought up to whatever work they seem best fitted, and the Company is considering the erection of a school of Cookery and Domestic Science, as soon as funds permit, so that the

girls may receive the best possible training for cookery and domestic service.

Should a schoolteacher come across a promising pupil who gives evidence of teaching powers, he or she will be sent to the Normal School at Steenwyk, where again the Company lends its assistance in the matter of school books.

Protegées of charitable institutions are also admitted by the Company, in which case a contribution of forty cents a week is asked. These children are boarded out with either a "Colonial" or "Free Farmer" family, and are entitled to the same privileges as the other small members of the family. Neither money nor care is spared to develop them into able workers. And when their training is completed, and they come to take leave of the Director, the best testimony to the healthy influence of the Institute is the gratitude which is manifested by the tone of their voice and their beaming eyes, as they look forward with happy confidence to the world before them, endowed with the necessary training and the consciousness that in steady application to their work the true pleasures of life are to be found.

AND for the parents who are left behind, provision is always made where this may be necessary. For the widow or widower there is always a corner available in the Home for Aged Parents—"Rustoord II," where under the supervision of a capable married couple, they may pass the remainder of their life in peace and quietness. Each inmate has a trim little room to himself, the furniture consisting of a comfortable bed, armchair, table and tea or coffee tray. There is a common dining and smoking hall, and a parlor for the women.

For the married couples there are the pleasant cottages of "Rustoord I," with a patch of ground in front and a bit behind which may be cultivated by the old man. These married couples receive about sixty to eighty cents a week, while the occupants of "Rustoord II" receive fifteen cents a week pocket money. On the children rests the moral obligation to contribute whatever they can spare to the support of their parents. Meeting an old couple in one of the lanes in the shady woods of the estate that now adorns the once bare lands, the light which passes over their faces as they speak about what the Company has done for them tells more eloquently than words, the good work that is being accomplished.

The management of the four departments of Frederiksoord, Wilhelmsoord, Wilhelminaoord and Boschoord has been entrusted to a director (at present Mr. G. van Leusen) who is assisted by a sub-

director and secretary, while there is an extensive staff of clerks to handle the administrative departments. Each household has a heading in the books of the Company. All this entails much labor.

The Company owns four large farms and hundreds of cows. After supplying the institute with milk, the rest is churned into butter and sold for the benefit of the Company.

Still at Frederiksoord there is moorland left open for improvement and numerous applications for admittance; money only is lacking for an extension of this work appealing strongly to many Americans out of respect for their Holland forefathers.

THE AFTER HOUR

"WHAT is your gift?" The Angel asked,
"Ye who have spent your days—"
One offered him, with answering shout,
A little wreath of praise,
And cried, "Behold! I made men glad
With potent roundelays."

Another showed a raiment rich
In that great after hour,
And said, "I disciplined the race,
I bent them to my power
I ruled—they served God well, through me
And wrought for me my dower."

A third of gentler mien and gait
Made answer languidly—
" I used my wealth for culture's sake
More beautiful to be—
Naught have I but a polished joy—
Smooth offering to thee."

The Angel threaded ranks of souls
With eyes of finest fire—
" What else, ye children of new life,
New hope and new desire,
What else is brought me from dead days
To wake my living lyre?

THE AFTER HOUR

A murmur of dumb anguish sped
  Through those wide ranks unblest,
And then a woman sere and sad
  Made answer for the rest,
" Little we have to offer thee,
  And much to be confessed!

" Behold us soiled and pitiful,
  And hunger-stung and mean,
And know the labor of our days
  Was but to keep life clean,
To fashion children of flesh,
  To toil unheard, unseen.

" To till the field, to swing the crane,
  To guard the switch at night,
With briefest rest to soften care,
  And with the first gray light
Rough-handed to begin again,
  An old and ugly fight.

" We were not spared for any dream
  Of a diviner deed;
Our strength was spent ere it was given
  To meet love's present need—
Into this life we bring no gift
But hearts and hands that bleed."

With one hot glance of joy and pride
  The angel shouted, "Lo!
It is a gift of mighty worth
  Albeit ye did not know—
And God Himself no greater gift
  Than such strong love can show!"

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

MARY ELLEN'S THANKSGIVING: BY LUCRETIA D. CLAPP

IT WAS the day before Thanksgiving and Mary Ellen sat before the window of her little sitting-room, looking out across the brown stubble of the yard. She was a tall, middle-aged woman, with a sallow skin and pale coloring of hair and eyes. Her hands, strong and capable, bespoke a life of unremitting energy. Just now, however, she sat in a strange inaction, which was not broken by the sudden sound of a step coming around to the side door. It opened presently and Sarah Ann Lloyd stood on the threshold.

"I thought I'd jest run over a minute an' see ef there was anythin' I could help 'bout," she began, then paused uncertainly as her eyes took in the quiet figure by the window. "Why—why you ain't sick are you, Mary Ellen?"

"No I ain't sick. You'd better come in Sarah Ann and not stand there in the draft."

Sarah Ann closed the door behind her and sat down in the rocking-chair. Her small narrow face wore a questioning look.

"I didn't know but what you'd hev your hands full gittin' ready fer tomorrer. You allays do so much."

"Well I ain't," Mary Ellen answered. "There ain't anythin' to be done as I know of. I ain't goin' to hev any Thanksgivin', Sarah Ann."

"You ain't goin' to hev any Thanksgivin'! Why, Mary Ellen Lewis, whatever are you a-sayin'?"

Mary Ellen carefully ran her finger along the seam of her skirt, then she looked up almost defiantly at her visitor.

"I'm sayin' jest this—there ain't goin' to be any Thanksgivin', leastways not here in this house. I'm jest sick o' it all. Ev'ry Thanksgivin' year in an' year out, ain't I chopped citron, seeded raisins, cut up punkin an' made cranb'ry sauce an' roasted turkey, an' then jest set down an' et. This year I'm goin' to let other folks do the seedin' an' choppin' an' bakin'. I'm goin' to hev one day to do jest as I please. I ain't goin' to do a mite o' work either."

Sarah Ann Lloyd sat huddled up in the rocking-chair in a dumb amazement. She was about Mary Ellen's age, little and meek and smooth-haired.

Against the gray background of the November morning the little sitting room looked bright and pleasant. A fire glowed in the air-tight stove. The table was covered with a red cloth and one or two old-fashioned prints looked down from the walls. There were turkey-red curtains at the windows, and on the braided rug before the fire an

old cat purred contentedly. Out of doors the fires of autumn had smouldered and burned out upon the hillsides and they rose now, sere and brown beneath their drift of leaves.

Sarah Ann timidly grasping the arms of her chair looked about her in bewilderment, as if the old accustomed familiarity had suddenly given place to a new strangeness. Into her own patient acceptance of life there had come no possible hint of change. Looking off sometimes between the gap in the surrounding hills she had pondered on the alien world that lay beyond, but her thought held in it no rebellion, only a dim wonder. Mary Ellen sitting before her seemed an embodied spirit of revolt.

"I tell you, Sarah Ann," the latter was saying, "I'm jest sick to death o' goin' along in the same old tracks, one year no diff'runt from the ones thet's gone before. Never gettin' anywheres 'cept to meetin' twice on Sundays, an' prayer-meetin' in between, an' once a year cookin' an' eatin' a Thanksgivin' dinner, when I dunno 's I've got such a lot to be thankful fer, after all!"

Sarah Ann gasped.

"An' I can tell you too, Sarah Ann Lloyd," Mary Ellen leaned forward her voice filled with repressed excitement, "there's somethin' more to livin' than jest what's shut in here between these hills."

"Well I guess I can't quite sense it all;" her visitor rose to go. "It'll seem kind o' queer not havin' any Thanksgivin' tomorrer," she added wistfully. She had always been used to eating her Thanksgiving dinner with Mary Ellen. The latter followed her to the door.

"Well for my part I'm goin' to do jest as I'm a mind to all day. An' I guess it'll be the first time, too."

She watched Sarah Ann as she went on down through the little sloping backyard, between the trailing pumpkin vines and the little straggling bushes of red chrysanthemums.

"Sarah Ann!" she called after her. But Sarah Ann did not hear. She hurried along the familiar path to her own home, striving in the dim background of her mind for a readjustment of the old conditions.

Mary Ellen stood for a few moments in the doorway, looking off at the gap in the encircling hills. Far beyond lay a life of which she had but dreamed—a life wherein her ardor of spirit had gone ahead of the plodding body. But now the chill of November was in the air, and the smell of death and decay; all the heavy weight of the fall of the year. She turned at last and went back into the house.

All the rest of the morning she sat at the window. It was very still. Scarcely a soul passed along the road.

"I s'pose they're all in the kitchen, bakin' an' fussin' fer tomorrer," she said to herself grimly.

MARY ELLEN'S THANKSGIVING

For the greater part of her life Mary Ellen Lewis had been an integral part of the village world. Her father dying when she was little more than a child, she and her mother had given up the homestead in the country and come into town. And here she had grown to her staid, middle-aged womanhood; its people her people, its ways her ways. She lived alone now, save for Balthasar the cat, in a small house near the end of the village street. The place was a miracle of neatness and cleanliness.

"There ain't a better housekeeper in the village than Mary Ellen Lewis," the neighbors were wont to say from the spotless shelter of their own hearth-sides. But none of them ever dreamed that underneath the layer of Mary Ellen's practical everyday life lay a stratum of romance; a youthful idealism that remained hidden even long after Youth itself had passed. Not even Sarah Ann Lloyd so much as guessed its presence, and Mary Ellen herself seldom had time through the plodding hours to feel below the surface of things.

Life in a village community is usually a thing of long memory, but somehow the intervening years had served as a garment to cover gradually the recollection of a certain young man who had come suddenly into Mary Ellen's dreaming girlhood and then passed as suddenly out of it. Fortunately for Mary Ellen it had been of too brief moment for her to become as it were, set apart in her neighbors' eyes as one "disappointed in life." The seeds of gossip which might have flourished in a more delicate atmosphere died in the common practicality and hard work which filled Mary Ellen's days.

But on this November morning she sat in her cheerful little sitting room in a very passivity of inaction. At noon she got up and went out into the kitchen and set out her own dinner and Balthasar's, then carefully washed the dishes and put them away. Along in the afternoon she took out her crochet work and sat down again at the window. The cat purred, the stove sent out a grateful warmth, while out of doors the chill of the coming night settled down about the bare fields and the brown slopes of the hills. When it grew dark Mary Ellen carried Balthasar out to the little shed adjoining the kitchen, then she fixed the fire and with a sense of unwonted weariness lay down to sleep in her little bedroom off the sitting room.

It was early the next morning when she opened her eyes with a remembrance dim at first of what day it was. Slowly it came over her, but with a strange detachment of surroundings. She seemed to see the big country kitchen of her father's house; the deep stone fireplace with its oven of bricks; her mother's figure moving about from pantry to table. There was the great Indian pudding; the savory odors of roasting turkey and goose; the long row of cranberry,

pumpkin and mince pies, and she herself, a little girl in a blue and white checked apron, seated in one corner of the fireplace seeding raisins into a yellow bowl.

She dressed slowly. Out of doors there was a white rim of frost everywhere. The air held a keen sharpness. She could see the smoke pouring from her neighbors' kitchen chimneys. It rose in the frosty air as if in tribute not only to the year's plenty, but to all the bountiful harvests of the past.

All through the morning Mary Ellen felt the sense of aloofness. She could not remember the time when she had taken no part in the preparation of Thanksgiving dinner. She had always kept up the tradition even after she was left alone. Her mother's best damask tablecloth, kept only for "comp'ny," was always brought out, together with the best dishes. And there was Sarah Ann and usually some other guest.

Now as she glanced about the little house there seemed nothing for her to do. It was clean and in order everywhere. For the first time in her life she had the feeling of one whose accustomed tasks have come suddenly to an end, and with a disquieting sense of loss rather than any joyous freedom.

"There's old Mis' Bascom. I s'pose she's goin' over to Maria's fer dinner. She ain't ever missed bein' invited nor goin' 's long 's I recollect," Mary Ellen spoke half-aloud. "It does seem kind o' queer fer me not to be wore most to a thread fer fear the cranb'ry ain't goin' to jell or thet the turkey stuffin' ain't jest right. I s'pose it's 'cause I ain't ever been used to it that I notice not havin' anythin' to do. But I don't care—I'm a goin' to do jest as I please fer once."

At noon Mary Ellen set out her meager dinner on the kitchen table. As she ate her cold meat and potatoes and drank her tea, she could see Sarah Ann in her best dress with her white collar pinned together with an old-fashioned hair brooch, sitting opposite her, as had been her wont, eating her Thanksgiving dinner with prim and delicate precision. The cat came up to her and rubbed against her skirts. She poured out a saucer of milk for him and set it down by the stove and he lapped it up eagerly, to the singing accompaniment of the tea-kettle.

All through the afternoon Mary Ellen sat in her chair beside the sitting-room window. A hush as of the Sabbath rested over everything. There was no sunlight; only a gray-white sky and a frost-bitten earth. No one came in—not even Sarah Ann, although this latter fact was rather contrary to her expectations. Every now and then she took up her crocheting, but for the most part she sat quiet, with idle hands.

The November afternoon passed on to early twilight. Lights had begun to peer forth from her neighbors' windows when Mary Ellen heard the sudden sound of wheels coming along the road. They stopped as they drew near, then steps came around the house and there was a knock at the side door.

Mary Ellen got up to open it.

"Good evenin', Mary Ellen," a man's voice greeted her out of the dusk. "It's Enos Williams an' I've brought ye some comp'ny."

Mary Ellen peering out into the deepening shadows could just see the man's outline and that of a smaller figure beside him.

"Jest you wait 'till I can git a light," she began hurriedly. When she came back from the kitchen holding the smoking lamp high in one hand, the two had stepped inside the door and she recognized Enos Williams, one of her neighbors.

"Whatever—" she began, but Enos interrupted her.

"I was down to the station when the train pulled in an' dropped this here passenger. He didn't seem to know nobody but said he'd come from up country somewhar's, an' was lookin' fer you. I said I didn't b'lieve you was lookin' fer anybody, but that I was comin' down your way an' he could climb in along o' me. Some o' your ma's folks I reckon?"

Mary Ellen's gaze was fastened on the child before her. She seemed too bewildered to speak. Enos turned once more to the door.

"Well I'm in a good deal o' a hurry, so I guess I'll hev to be gittin' along. The train was more'n eight hours behind or he'd 'a' got here in time to help eat one o' them Thanksgivin' dinners o' yourn, Mary Ellen. But I guess he ain't too late fer some o' the leavin's anyway. I told him I reckoned you wan't used to boys," he called back as he went around the house.

Mary Ellen closed the door and stood looking down once more at her guest. Her look was bewildered and her hands trembled a little. He could not have been more than twelve years old—a quiet, thin little figure with serious child-eyes.

"I guess I don't quite understand," she said at length, then something in the clear gaze bent upon her made her pause. She looked sharply at him.

"What's your name, child?"

"David."

"David what?"

"David Holt," he answered.

Mary Ellen sat down in the rocking-chair. Her accustomed mask of austerity gave place to a strange new look.

"Who—who sent you?" she persisted.

"My father. He's dead, but he told me I was to come to you. He's been dead an' buried more'n a week. We didn't hev no folks—my mother's dead too—but I staid with some o' the neighbors 'til they said they guessed I'd better be comin' along. There's a little money. He said mebbe you'd be willin' to keep me 'til I got old enough to work. Do you think you'll want me?"

Mary Ellen did not answer. The voice seemed speaking to her from out a long-gone past. In place of the boy before her she saw the figure of a man. Out of doors was the same November landscape, and within the glow of the firelight.

"Good-bye, Mary Ellen," she heard again the tones of his voice, "it may be I'll be comin' back again some day."

That was all, but in the Novembers that followed one after the other, Mary Ellen heard always the echo of that voice and those words until at last even the echo died away in the distance.

And now. Her eyes came back to the child before her. After the silence of years David Holt had come back to her almost in the flesh. He wished her to have the ordering of his child's life. And in that fact, to Mary Ellen lay no sting of bitterness. It was as if she were being permitted to step back once more into the hopes and dreams of her young womanhood; to find some long dormant instinct stirred at last into a newly-awakened maternity.

She got up suddenly from her chair.

"I don't s'pose you've hed a bite to eat hev you?" She stood looking down at him with kindly though unsmiling eyes.

"Yes, I hed a little, but it wasn't much like Thanksgivin'."

"Well you come right out here in the kitchen an' I'll set you out some bread an' milk. That's 'bout all there is in the house tonight. It ain't seemed much like Thanksgivin' to me neither!"

David looked about him. The fire glowed. The lamplight fell softly on the red table-cloth and curtains. The cat had come up to him and stood gently rubbing himself against his knee. There was warmth and mellowness throughout the little room.

"You've got a real pleasant home, ain't you," he said.

. . . .

The next day Sarah Ann Lloyd coming around the side path of Mary Ellen's house, in the crisp frostiness of the early morning paused an instant at the sitting-room door, then went on out to the kitchen.

"Fer the land sakes, Mary Ellen, whatever are you a doin'?" She stopped short on the threshold.

A great fire roared up the chimney and the air was filled with warm smells of spices and stewing pumpkin and cranberry. A row of pies all ready for their filling stood on the table. David with a blue

and white checked apron tied around his slim little neck, sat seeding raisins into a yellow bowl. Mary Ellen mixing and measuring looked up, a spot of color in either cheek.

"We're gettin' ready fer Thanksgivin'," she announced triumphantly.

"But—why Mary Ellen, Thanksgivin' 's past," Sarah Ann meekly expostulated.

"I'd like to know what diff'runce it makes if 'tis," Mary Ellen answered sharply. "I guess folks don't need to hev jest one special day to give thanks in, do they?"

A little later Sarah Ann rose to go. As she went down the path Mary Ellen's voice reached her once more.

"Sarah Ann," she called shrilly, "I want you should come over an' eat Thanksgivin' dinner with us tomorrer."

"I should be pleased to come, Mary Ellen," she answered; then she went on down between the trailing pumpkin vines and the little bushes of red chrysanthemums.

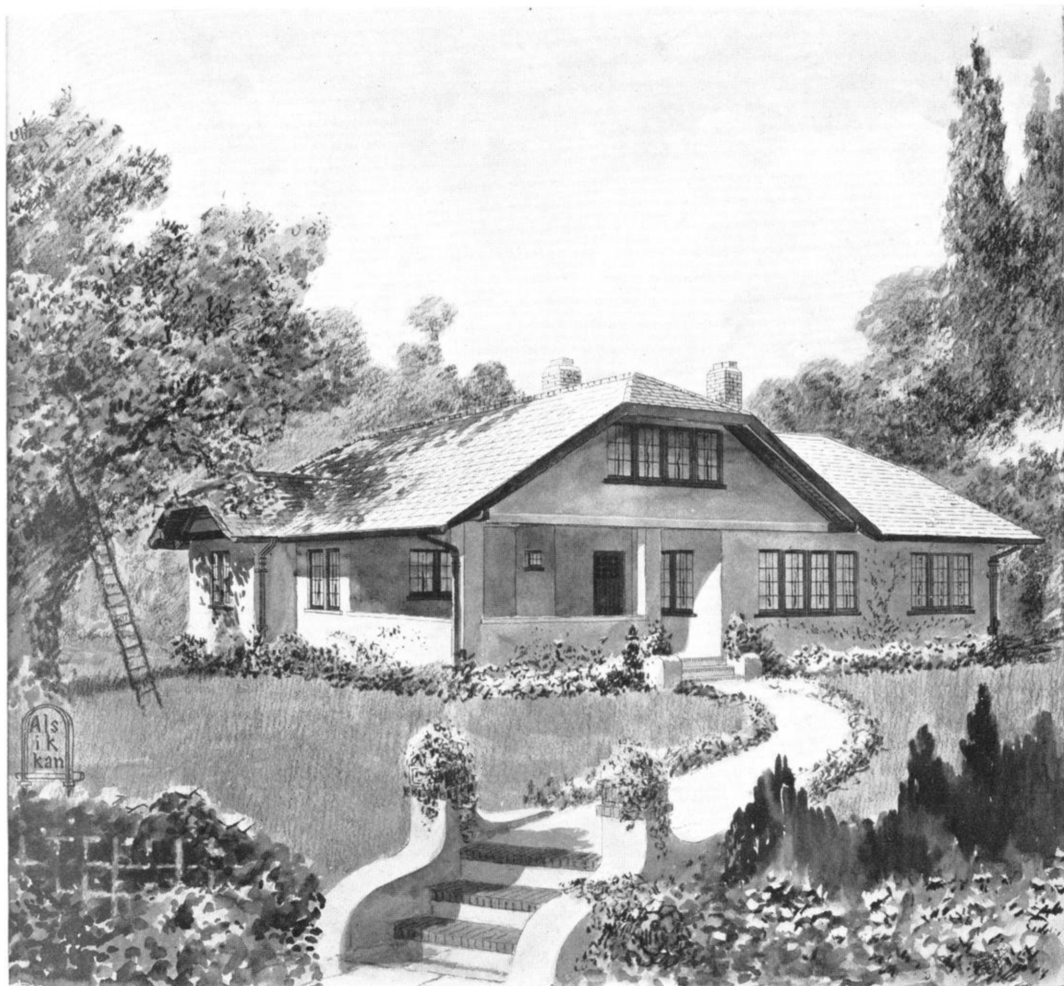
CRAFTSMAN HOMES SPECIALLY PLANNED FOR THE COMFORT OF CHILDREN AS WELL AS PARENTS

"IF you ever intend to build," wrote a friend of ours when describing in another publication the making of his bungalow home, "look up the work of Gustav Stickley, of New York, architect and editor of THE CRAFTSMAN. It is from his magazine that I got the idea for our house."

Naturally we were pleased to read this appreciative statement, to know that its writer was not only satisfied with the home which our plans had helped him to evolve, but eager to have others profit by our experience and aid. And it is just such fragments of friendly comment as this that make us realize the feeling of personal interest and sympathy with which our readers regard the magazine—particularly those who have drawn from its pages practical help and encouragement in the materializing of their long-cherished home plans.

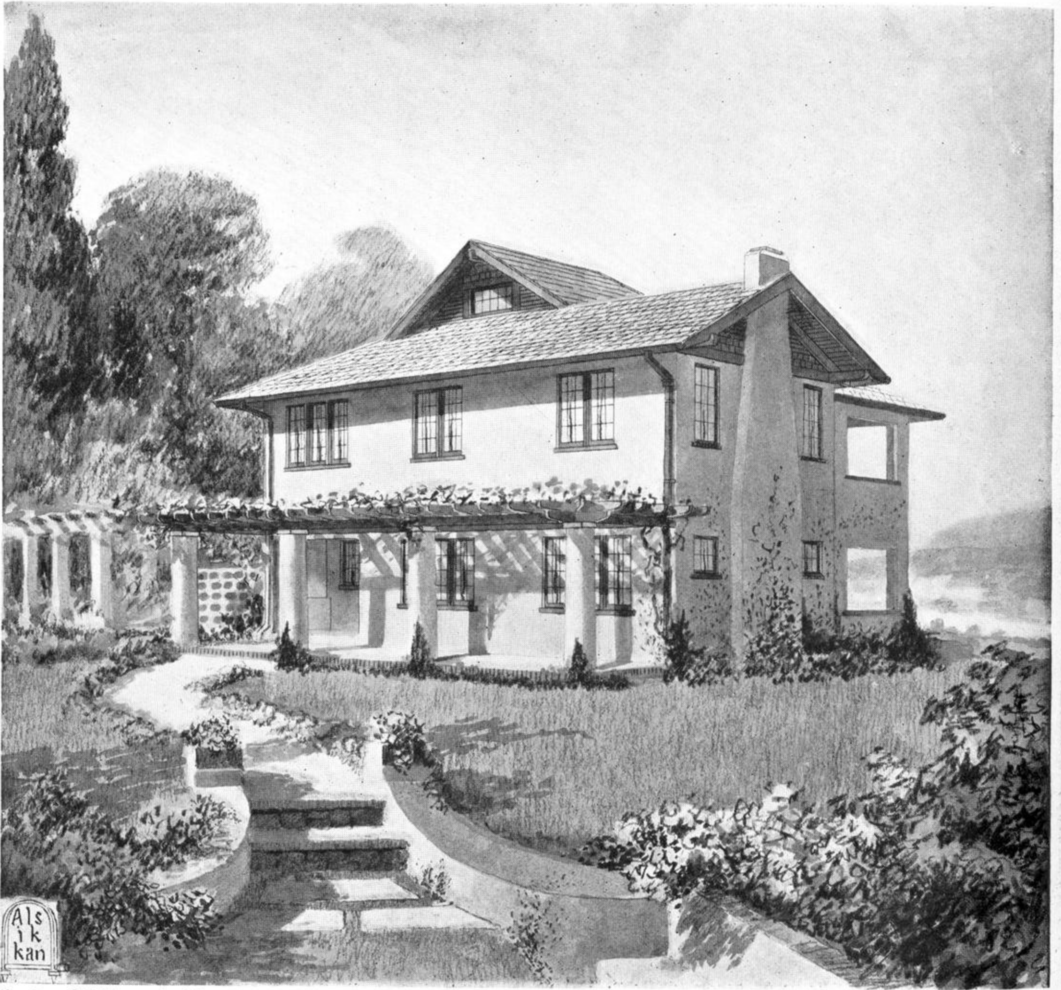
Moreover, such words of

CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 173: PLANNED FOR THE COMFORT OF CHILDREN AS WELL AS PARENTS.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN STUCCO BUNGALOW NO. 173: A SUBURBAN HOME WITH EIGHT ROOMS AND A BIG SHELTERED PORCH, PLANNED ESPECIALLY FOR A FAMILY WITH SEVERAL SMALL CHILDREN.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

A TWO-STORY CRAFTSMAN HOUSE (NO. 174) WHICH, IN ADDITION TO THE EIGHT MAIN ROOMS, HAS THREE PORCHES, A PERGOLA AND A SLEEPING BALCONY: THE INTERIOR IS ARRANGED FOR A FAMILY WITH YOUNG CHILDREN AND ONE MAID.

commendation remind us of the standard of usefulness that we must live up to; they make us realize that, while the house designs presented each month in THE CRAFTSMAN must be sufficiently varied and adaptable to meet different tastes and conditions all over the country, they must still be planned as closely as possible to the actual needs of family life. They must be given as much careful, individual thought and study as though each one was destined for some particular family with definite limitations and desires. Only so will their scope of service prove as wide and their application as efficient as we intend.

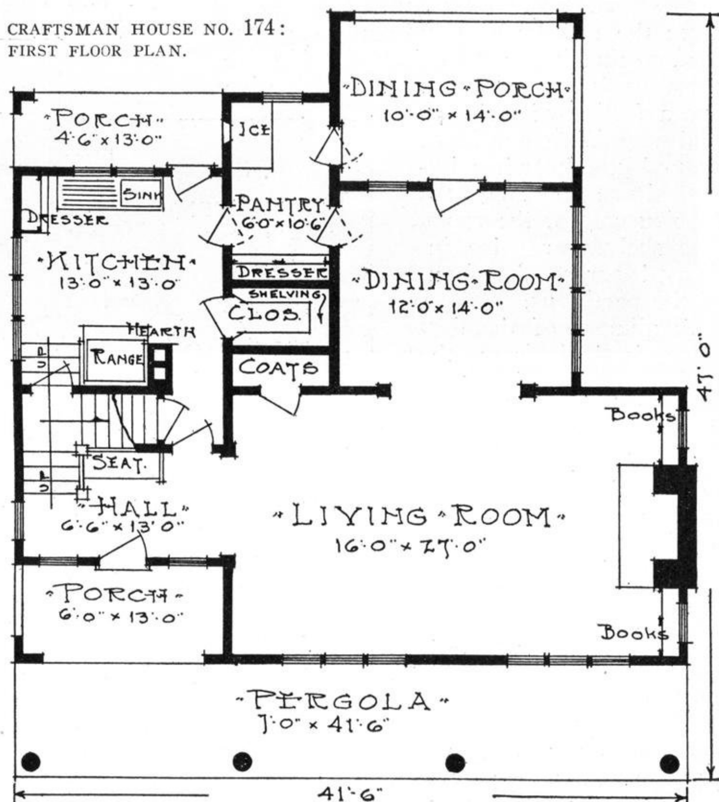
It was with these reflections that we approached the designing of this month's houses, and worked out the general scheme and details of the plans. We had in mind the needs of families with several small children, whose parents desire houses that will provide adequately, yet not extravagantly, for the comfort of both themselves and the little ones. This implies large and homelike living rooms, bedrooms for parents and children that will be convenient for both, and a nursery where the youngsters can play and to which they can have ready access from out of doors without disturbing the older folk in other parts of the house. And as some people may prefer such an arrangement in a one-story bungalow, to eliminate stair-climbing and simplify the work, while others may want their bedrooms on the second story, with perhaps accommodation for a maid, we have worked out designs along both these lines—each of them unique and practical, as a study of the plans will disclose.

We are showing first the bungalow, No. 173. It will look best, of course, in the country or on a suburban lot with plenty of garden space around it, and being comparatively low-roofed it should be built only near houses of a similar type. The irregularity of outline—the result of planning the rooms for a maximum of light and ventilation—makes a rather interesting exterior, for the nooks and angles of the walls and the shadowed recess of the living porch break up the sides of the building pleasantly, giving the place an air of cozy seclusion from whatever point it is seen.

The walls are stucco on metal lath, and the roof is covered with composition fireproof shingles, a combination of materials that is always attractive when harmonizing colors are chosen for the roof and trim. In this case we would suggest shingles of a soft grayish green, the same color for the door and window trim and other exposed woodwork, white sash, and a warmer note of terra cotta in the cement floors of the porches, and in the brick chimneys and steps.

The entrance to the house is well sheltered by the recessed living porch, with its stucco columns and parapet and protecting roof. This porch, by the way, may be glassed in for the winter if the bungalow faces south or east, and will thus form a roomy sun parlor where the children can play or the older folks rest, read or sew.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 174: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



From this porch the front door opens into an entry, with a light coat closet on the left. And as this entry is not shut off by doors from the living room, it shields the latter from draughts and gives a sense of privacy while permitting the visitor to have a welcoming glimpse of the living and dining rooms. Moreover, it enables one to pass from the front door through the passage to the bedrooms, nursery and attic without going through the main living rooms. This will prove especially convenient for the children, as they can run with their playthings indoors and out, from nursery to porch or garden, without disturbing their parents or any guests who may happen to be in the living room.

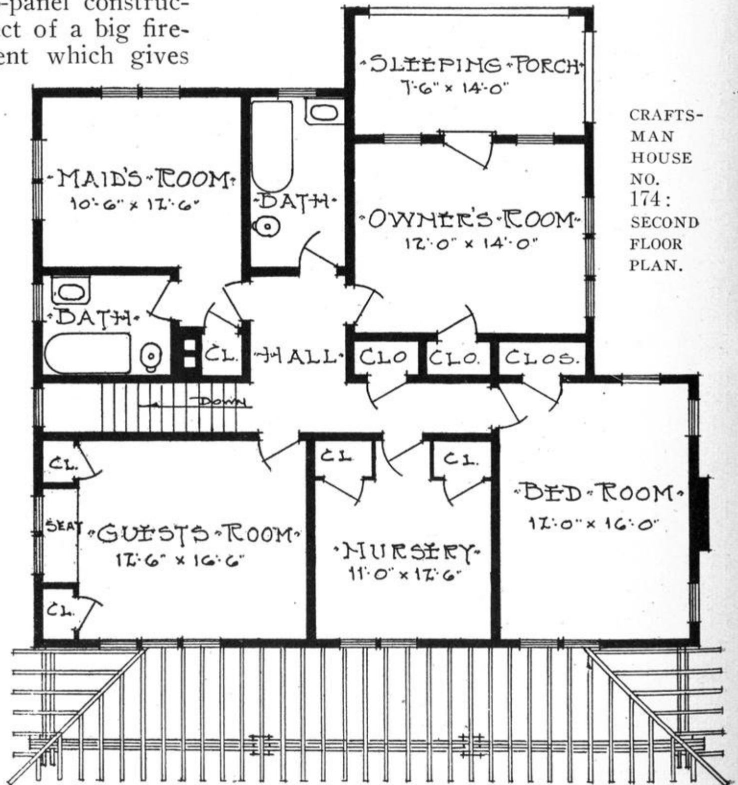
This living room is somewhat unusual in arrangement. In the front is the wide group of casement windows, while beneath the smaller group on the left a window-seat is built, screened from the entry and hall by post and panels, as shown. The rear of the room is lighted by a couple of casements overlooking the back garden, and the left wall is filled by the fireplace and built-in bookshelves on each side. This part of the room is separated somewhat from the rest by post-and-panel construction, so that it has the effect of a big fireplace nook—an arrangement which gives one a feeling of seclusion and special comfort around the hearth without destroying the spaciousness of the room. Bookshelves are also indicated across the front of the partitions.

A glimpse of the fireplace is had from the dining room, which is so slightly separated from the living room that it seems almost a part of it. Here again one finds wide window groups overlooking the garden on two sides, while at the rear one passes through a well equipped pantry to the kitchen. The latter is particularly light and convenient, and in addition to its built-in dresser in the corner it is provided with a large closet having a window in the back wall. Nearby the stairs descend to the cellar, and in the space above them is a closet opening from the dining room.

It will be noticed that a sheltered corner is afforded between the service porch and the outside wall of the nursery, and in this spot may be planted such flowers as need protection from sun and wind.

The other side of the bungalow is given over to the sleeping quarters, which are effectually shut off from the rest of the plan. The owner's room is in front, reached from the central hallway, and opening out of it is the baby's room, which is also accessible from the hall. The bedroom for the other children is at the rear, and next to it is the bathroom, with the guest's room on the other side and the nursery close by. In this nursery is a low window-seat made with the lid hinged in two sections so that the children's toys can be kept inside. Another large toy closet is provided opposite the nursery, and a linen closet also opens from the hall.

A point worth noting in this grouping of the rooms is the way in which plenty of light and cross ventilation has been en-



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 174: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

sured. All the rooms in the bungalow except the pantry, nursery, baby's room and bathroom, are arranged in the corners of the building, so that they have windows on two sides. And even the exceptions just mentioned have good-sized windows, and the doors are so placed that ventilation will be an easy matter.

The staircase on the left leads to the attic, which will prove a light and roomy place for storage, as it runs from the front to the back gable as well as into the gable on the right, and is provided with wide groups of casements. In fact, if the owner wishes to keep a maid, and all the downstairs bedrooms are needed for the family and guests, one or more rooms may be finished off upstairs.

THE second house, while it provides much the same accommodation as the first one, is quite different in arrangement, being two full stories high. Here again both in size and contour the building lends itself to some form of concrete construction with shingled roof, although brick walls and slate roof can be substituted if the owner prefers. A southern exposure will prove the most favorable, as this will ensure the morning sunlight for the dining room and dining porch, while the living room, having windows on three sides, will get the sunshine from one direction or another practically all day.

While the house is very simple in design, it is saved from severity by the pergola extending across the front, the recessed entrance porch, the service and dining porches and sleeping balcony at the rear, and the tall outside chimney, all of which give interest to the exterior.

From the long pergola, with its cement floor and pillars, one steps onto the sheltered porch and into the open hall. Just opposite the door is an inviting seat built into the angle of the staircase, and windows in the front and side walls make the hall cheerful and light.

On the right is a wide opening into the living room, at the farther end of which one has a pleasant glimpse of the open fireplace with built-in bookshelves on each side and small casements high in the wall above. The front of the room is broken by wide window groups, and if small-paned casements are used they will prove an attractive feature of the interior construction. In one corner of the room, not far from the hall, a coat closet is provided, and nearby is the opening into the dining room. Through this opening and the glass door at the rear is presented a vista of the dining porch and garden beyond. In fact, the rooms are so arranged that from almost any point one has a sense of well planned distances and well balanced wall spaces.

The dining room will seem almost like a sunroom, with its long window group on the right and its rear wall filled by glass door and casements. The dining porch, which is enclosed by a parapet, is nearly as large as the dining room, and like the latter is separated from the kitchen by the pass-pantry which is fitted with dresser and ice-box. This ice-box can be filled from the service porch, as shown.

The kitchen, which is 13 feet square, has windows on two sides which give plenty of light at the range and sink, and in addition to the dresser in one corner there is a good-sized closet with shelves. The cellar stairs are reached from the small passageway that connects the kitchen with the front hall, and a practical feature of the plan is the staircase, which has a half-way landing accessible from both hall and kitchen.

The uses to which the various upstairs rooms are put will depend upon the size and needs of the family. The owner will probably prefer to occupy the back bedroom which opens onto the sleeping porch, and this room, with its plentiful windows and glass door, should prove a very attractive place. If the back of the house faces north or is exposed to very cold winds, it may be advisable to use a solid door instead of a glass one between the bedroom and sleeping porch.

A cheerful bedroom for the children will be the one in the right-hand front corner, for it has windows on three sides. The little central room with the two closets may be used as the nursery, or as a bedroom if necessary, while the room on the left will be a pleasant one for guests.

The maid's room is at the rear, and there are two bathrooms, both accessible from the hall. Light, cross-ventilation, closet space —all these have been provided for, so that the whole upper story may be as comfortable and convenient as possible. And, as in most Craftsman plans, the details of the layout may be varied to meet different requirements—but such points can be taken up with our architects personally when the owner is ready.

THE SUMMER HOME OF WILLIAM A. POTHIER, AT SEA GATE, CONEY ISLAND, DESIGNED BY CHARLES M. SUTTON.

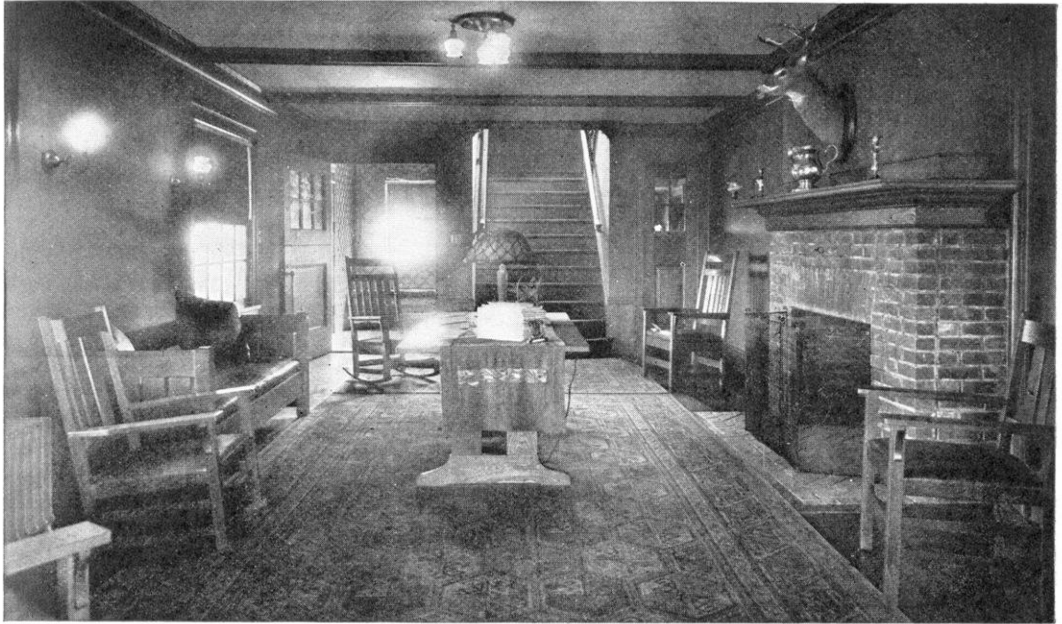
A SEASHORE HOME FROM CRAFTSMAN INSPIRATION

WHEN the hot sultry days of a New York close in upon Manhattan Island, imprisoning the city and its dwellers within walls of heat, then begins the general exodus of the wealthier inhabitants to the cool haunts of mountain, lake and shore. Many, however, even of the well-to-do folk, must be left behind; their work needs them, and the only respite they can find from the mental strain of business and the physical oppression of the climate is in a couple of weeks' vacation and a few Saturdays and Sundays at some nearby resort.

Some of the city workers are able to transfer their home life to a summer cottage, far enough from the city to be restful and airy, yet near enough to permit travel each day between office and home. Thus wife and children can enjoy the healthful freedom of outdoor life all through the long summer, while the commuters are refreshed by an invigorating breath of nature, morning, evening and week-ends.

Just how and where to secure a comfortable, accessible and not too expensive sum-

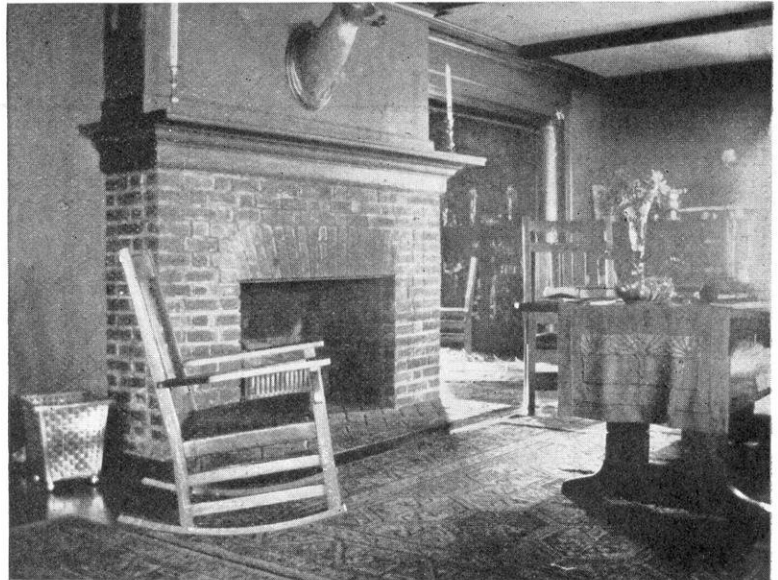
ALCOVE IN THE OWNER'S BEDROOM, WITH CUSHIONED WINDOW-SEAT ARRANGED ABOVE THE LOW RADIATOR.



THE LONG LIVING ROOM, WITH OPEN FIREPLACE AND CRAFTSMAN FURNISHINGS—A PLACE FULL OF HOME-LIKE COMFORT AND CHARM.

mer home is a question that requires much individual thought and careful planning. A number of fortunate New Yorkers have solved the problem by building for themselves upon the breezy shores of New York Harbor, bungalows and cottages where they and their families may find refuge from the city's heat, and at the same time be within easy commuting distance of their work in the heart of the metropolis. And among these colonies of seaside retreats, perhaps few afford such interesting architectural glimpses as that at Sea Gate, Coney Island. One of the most interesting cottages of this resort we are showing here—the home of Mr. William A. Pothier, designed by Mr. Charles M. Sutton, architect.

Some time before the building of this cottage, its owner had set his heart on having a summer home at Sea Gate, not only because its wind-swept spaces are within full view of the harbor and ocean, and readily accessible by boat from New York, but also because the community itself is unusually desirable from many standpoints. Sea Gate has a special charter which enables its residents to keep up a high standard of architecture and sanitation, and a spirit of



DETAIL OF LIVING-ROOM FIRESIDE, WITH ITS BRICK MANTEL AND HEARTH.

ONE CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM IN THE POTHIER HOUSE, SHOWING CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE.

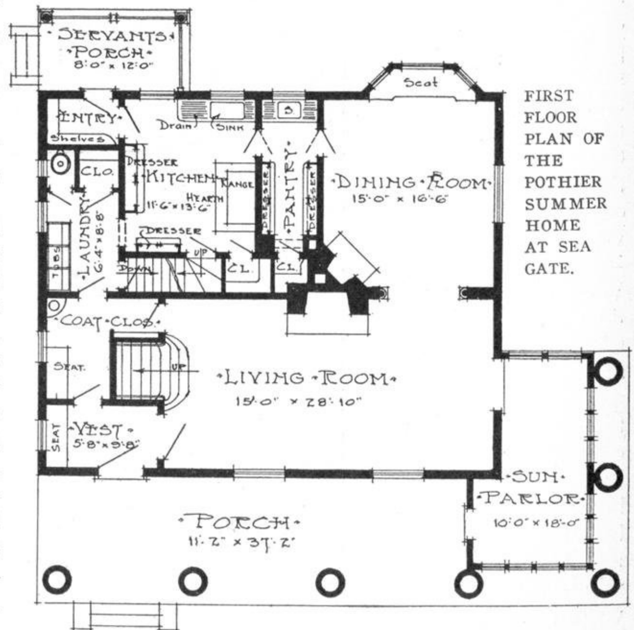
coöperation among its people naturally results.

Realizing these advantages, Mr. Pothier bought a triangular plot of land near the end of the island, and in 1911 began the building of his summer home which is illustrated on these pages.

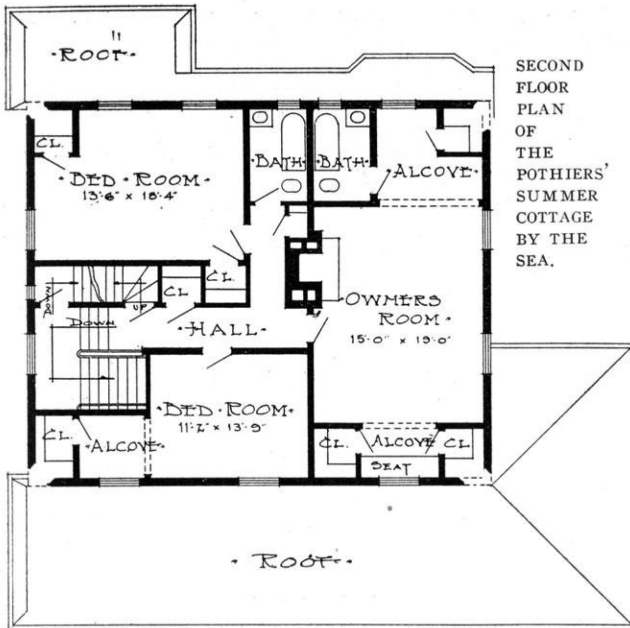
The general type of construction which he had in mind was the old-fashioned farmhouse, with hipped roof, dormer windows and long porch—the sort of house that would suggest by its simple but inviting exterior the generous spaces and hospitable comfort within. He wanted a big living room and open fireplaces, sturdy woodwork, roomy porch and sun parlor, and he wanted the plans and details worked out along Craftsman lines. He had long been interested in Craftsman architecture and all it stood for, and had dropped in many a time at the Craftsman office to look over designs and draw from them whatever suggestions might help him in the evolution of this summer home. Finally he gave his architect a general idea of what he wanted, and Mr. Sutton worked out the plans which we are reproducing here—plans that are well worth studying.

As the photograph of the exterior shows, the construction is very simple. Above the concrete and brick foundation, the walls are covered with heavy white cedar shingles, stained a light green, which in time will grow silvery under the action of the keen salt air. The shingled roof is a darker green, and a contrasting note is furnished by the porch floors, which are dull red cement marked off into squares. Cement pillars are used, left in the natural color, and brighter notes of scarlet, brown and green are added by the flower-beds around the base of the porch and beside the well kept lawn.

The entrance is especially interesting, not only on account of its convenience, but also for its somewhat unique decorative quality.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF THE POTHIER SUMMER HOME AT SEA GATE.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF THE POTHIERS' SUMMER COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Through the Dutch door one steps from the porch into a vestibule, which like the porch has a dull red cement floor. The light plaster walls are covered by pale green latticework that has the effect of bringing across the threshold a suggestion of the out of doors. A seat is built in beneath the window, and on the wall opposite the front door hangs a quaint brass Colonial lantern fitted with electric light.

Opening out of this vestibule is one of the most practical and step-saving features of the whole plan—a big L-shaped coat closet—practically a small room—built beneath the staircase, between vestibule, living room and laundry, and fitted with seat, wash bowl, coat and magazine racks.

The living room is a long, hospitable-looking place, with windows that overlook the porch, and a glass door that leads out to a sun parlor floored with red cement, furnished with a few simple brown rugs and willow chairs, and protected when necessary by removable screens and sliding windows.

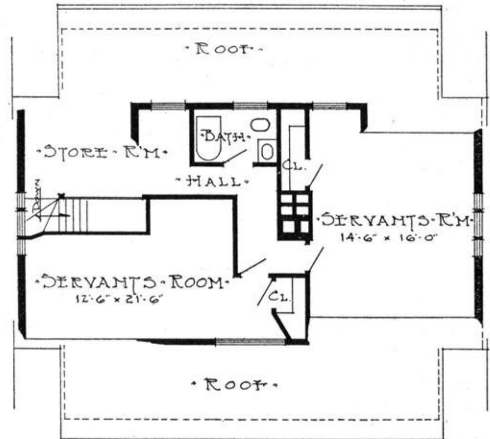
In the living room, on each side of the entrance to the sun parlor, is a built-in bookcase with diamond panes, and in the long wall near the dining-room opening stands the wide brick chimneypiece with its brick hearth.

The dining-room fireplace, which is of wood and dull green tiles with a hearth of brick, is built across the adjoining corner of the dining room, and as the bedroom fireplace is just above, the chimneys are carried up together, as shown on the plans. In the bay at the rear of the dining room is a comfortably cushioned window-seat, and china cabinets are built in on each side of the other window.

These two big rooms, like the staircase, are finished in chestnut, and in order to give the wood a certain lustrous quality a little gold-bronze powder was dusted into the stain before it was applied. Throughout, the woodwork has been very simply handled, and its sturdy lines and mellow finish are in keeping with the Craftsman furnishings. The walls are covered with a light, golden-brown "oatmeal" paper, and brown is the prevailing color note, lightened, of course, by contrasting touches in the fabrics and fittings. In the dining room is a frieze of tapestry paper that repeats the browns, greens and buffs of the furnishings.

A long narrow serving pantry is arranged between dining room and kitchen, and fitted with sink, dressers and shelves—in fact, one of the most satisfactory points about the house is the generous shelf and closet spaces which have been provided without sacrifice of needed room.

The kitchen is especially well equipped and is finished in cypress, and from here one can pass through the laundry and coat closet to the front door, or through the rear entry to the servants' porch. The



PLAN OF THE ATTIC AND SERVANTS' QUARTERS.

small service yard is enclosed by a trellis—a necessity on that breezy island, to prevent the ocean winds from blowing one's wash away.

Later on, when the house next door is finished, the Pothiers are planning to build a pergola that will link their home more closely with the grounds, and give a touch of garden privacy. It will be of such materials and design as will keep it in harmony with the neighboring building.

On the second floor are three conveniently planned and comfortably equipped bedrooms and two baths. The white enameled woodwork (of whitewood), the simple furniture and rugs, the well placed windows that let in all possible light and air, make this floor unusually attractive. One of the most interesting features of this plan is the practical way in which these windows have been arranged, so that every part of the interior is swept by breezes, no matter what the direction of the wind—an important consideration in a summer home in this locality.

As a glance at the plan will show, the owner's bedroom is particularly spacious and inviting, for it extends the full depth of the house, contains an open fireplace, a private bathroom with a mirror-door, and a little alcove at each end of the room. One of these alcoves is fitted with writing desk and chair, the other with a window-seat covered with flowered crétonne cushions and built above a low radiator. Deep-shelved closets are provided on each side. The room is furnished in mahogany, and the color scheme is pale green and rose—the wall-paper being light green with a narrow frieze of roses, and grass rugs being used on the floor.

The smaller bedroom in front is papered with pale yellow, and rag rugs of yellow, white and green are used here. The alcove with its roomy closet and convenient writing table adds to the space and convenience of the room.

The other bedroom, which is somewhat larger, is papered in pale mauve, and the rag rugs show mauve, white and green. In fact, throughout the whole floor the color schemes are light and dainty, and with the white woodwork they help to give the rooms that atmosphere of coolness and space that is especially desirable in a summer seaside home.

In the attic are the two servants' rooms, and here the woodwork is cypress, poplar being used in the attic bathroom. All through the house double floors are used of North Carolina pine stained a golden brown, which adds to the cheeriness of the interior.

On every hand, from cellar to attic, one finds evidence of that practical forethought which is so essential to the planning, building and equipping of a successful home. The ample closets, for instance, with their convenient fittings; the sturdily built, well fitting windows; the low hot-water radiators that are placed beneath the windows to save wall space; the three bathrooms which, though thoroughly sanitary and convenient, have been so economically finished that they cost no more than two somewhat more elaborate ones would have done; the arrangement of the cellar, and the way in which its sewage pipe has been given a dip of about 45 degrees to prevent the water from ever "backing up"—these are some of the details which indicate how much careful thought and work the architect has devoted to the planning of the Pothiers' cottage.

It is interesting to note that most of the houses at Sea Gate seem to have been designed and built in the same thorough spirit as the Pothiers' seashore home. The prevailing note everywhere is one of great architectural simplicity, which is especially in keeping with the surroundings. In fact, this little colony is well worth a visit from those who are interested in this type of suburban homes.

BOOKS ON JAPAN THAT WILL INTEREST STUDENTS

THE Japan Society is frequently asked to recommend a short course of reading so that one may understand something of Japan and the Japanese civilization. The following short books are suggested in the order given:

"Intercourse Between the United States and Japan," by Nitobe.

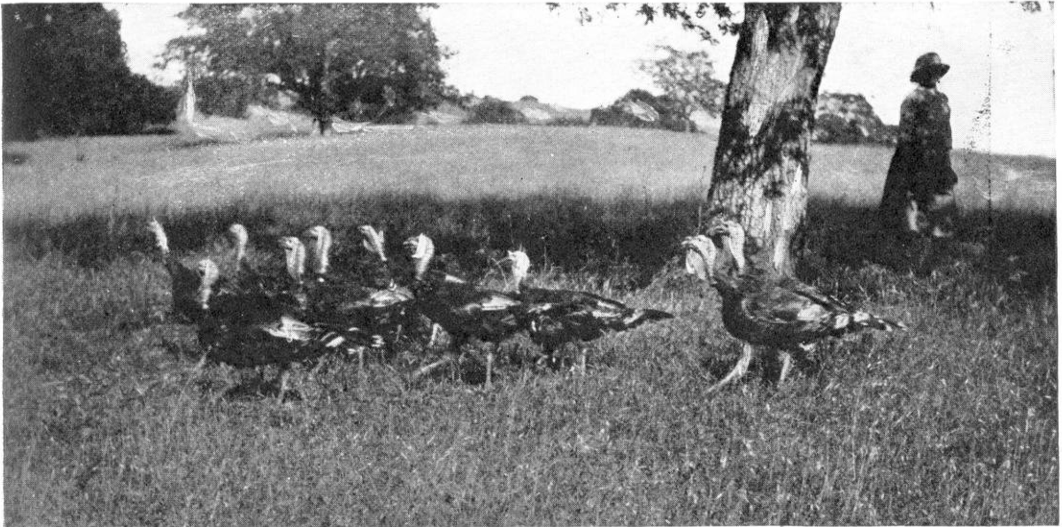
"The Japanese Nation," by Nitobe.

"Ancestor Worship and Japanese Law," by N. Hozumi.

"Political Development of Japan," by Uyehara.

"Japan—An Interpretation," by Hearn.

It has been said of Hearn that from no other writer can one get so true and noble an impression of all that is best in Japanese art, poetry and civilization.



LENNIE DRIVING THE FLOCK OF THOROUGHBRED MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS TO A PLACE OF SHADE AND SHELTER.

"A THANKSGIVING BUSINESS:" BY ELOISE ROORBACH

THREE girls born in Mississippi—reared in luxury that endowed them with soft, helpless white hands, a knowledge of dancing steps and becoming ways of dressing their hair, suddenly found themselves adrift upon a world that demanded hard practical work in exchange for the food, shelter and dress necessary to keep them alive. A magazine containing an article upon the fabulous wealth earned by the "simple and easy" process of raising chickens fell into their hands. They bought more of the literature, consulted poultry books of all kinds, spent hours figuring out possible profits, and at last with what they felt to be a calm, unbiased comprehension of the whole subject, they put on the khaki bloomers and heavy boots of a California rancher and began to climb the long, steep and difficult ladder of success by the process of chicken raising. After six months of travel and investigation of various sections of different States they decided upon a bit of a ranch near Morgan Hill, a small town in the heart of the lovely Santa Clara Valley, California. They named their ranch "Crystal Spring Turkey Ranch," for their intention was to concentrate finally their energies upon turkeys, having thanksgiving in their hearts and "a market in sight."

They began with ten hen turkeys and one gobbler; the second year, even after selling many, they had forty hens and four gobblers as stock; the third year they kept fifty hens and five gobblers. All the others were sold when the market was high and when it declined the herd was turned loose upon the range. In spite of large losses from chill, incubator troubles, etc., they made so great a gain that the third year found them in possession of eight hundred turkeys and with several pages of their bank-books well balanced and comforting to look upon.

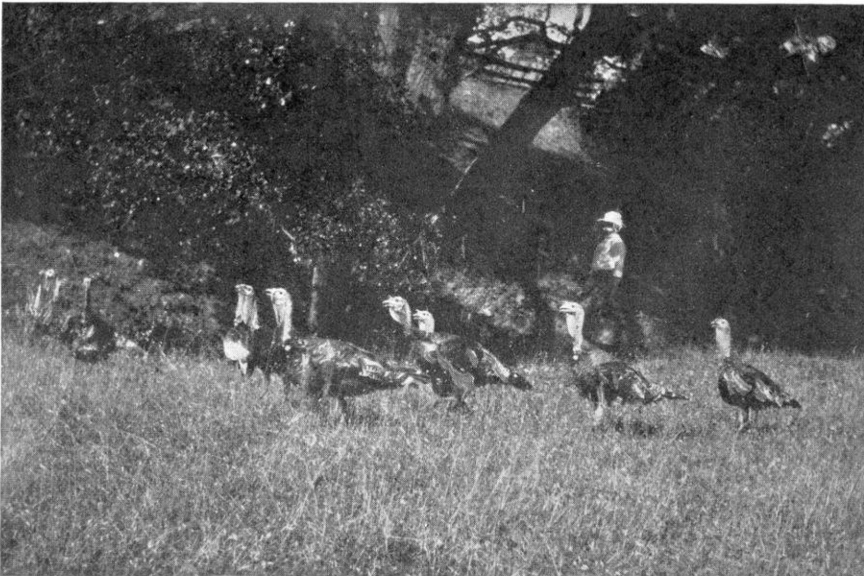
Though all three worked and consulted together yet each had some special duty. Clara managed the nine ducks (hatched under hens as a starter) with such skill that the second year found her the owner of sixty layers. These White Indian Runners were fed on bran mash, "mids" and corn meal, and when ready for the oven had cost on an average fifty cents each. She found that they had paid well, that the feathers brought good prices, but that the greatest profits resulted from the sale of the eggs. "Mary Jane," a floppy-eared puppy, was trained to help keep the procession of one hundred and twenty-five runners in line. She would also drive the turkeys and hens away from the feeding ground of the ducks—not a turkey or a hen could sneak even one bite of food when "Mary Jane" was around, and she never willingly left those irresponsible ducks alone for a minute.

To Olive belongs the credit of the money-making chicken department, the bookkeeping and business management generally, running the distillate engine in the incubator house, the setting of broken legs and wings, sewing up of wounds, ministering to

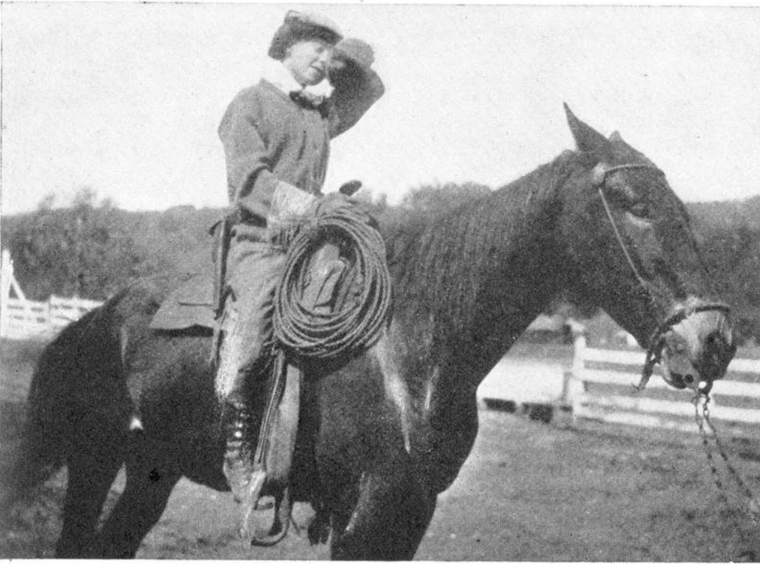
SCATTERING THE GRAIN IN THE GRASS AT FEEDING TIME, ONE OF THE LEAST PROBLEMATIC OPERATIONS OF THE TURKEY-RAISING BUSINESS.

the sick, the crop bound. Former experience in nursing now proved to be a most valuable asset and saved the "Company" many a loss, and therefore many a dollar.

To Lennie's care is due the flock of eight hundred turkeys—all thoroughbred Mammoth Bronze—that she is now in the third year of caring for, having sold hundreds in the markets. She says that each turkey costs on an average seventy-five cents to raise and sells at from three to four dollars. She has sold many pounds of feathers at forty cents a pound and many dozen eggs and young chicks to neighboring ranchers. The young "poults"—all incubator nurslings — were fed on the yolks of hard boiled eggs at first, then given chopped alfalfa, young onions and kale (of which they are ravenously fond) and a very little cracked grain. When the young turkeys are three months old, the real fun of the whole undertaking — the herding — be-



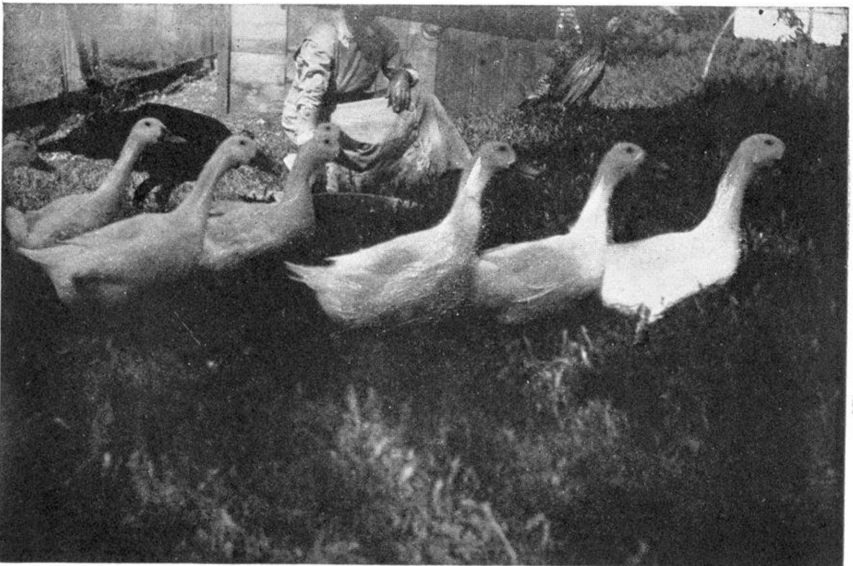
AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY THE TURKEYS AS WELL AS LENNIE RESPOND TO HERDING TIME.



LENNIE ON HER PONY WHEN ABOUT TO DRIVE HER LUDICROUSLY OBEDIENT FLOCK TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.

gins. Lennie takes a lunch, a book, a pencil and pad, a shotgun to keep away coyotes, and drives the turkeys (which obey her in the most ludicrous but praiseworthy way) over the rounding hills of the Santa Katherina Range, that her brood may pick up the dried seeds of that useful little plant alfileria, the round nourishing seeds of the Burr clover, grains of wild oats, sandwiched in with grasshoppers and many other insects. In the fall, when her flock is of larger growth, the turkeys are driven under the oaks and allowed to feed on the acorns, which are very fattening. This turkey shepherd wanders with her flock over the "Company's" range of five hundred acres, and on beyond over a tract of one thousand acres, belonging to a friendly neighbor. These long days are spent in study, in the reading of good books, in letter writing, also in preparing lectures on poultry raising to be given at farmers' institutes or agricultural schools. While her mind is being filled with the beauty of hills and skies, with practical knowledge of useful things, her body is growing strong, supple, tireless, and her heart is full of joy in her work and thanksgiving that she dared venture into the land that is kind to whoever comes to dwell in it outfitted with faith, courage and capacity for hard work.

The usual markets for the sale of poultry were not satisfactory for the sale of the "Company's" specialized products, so Lennie discarded her bloomers, donned street costume and went from door to door in San José, Palo Alto, Los Gatos and several other surrounding towns, offering her wares. And she generally succeeded in getting an order for a regular delivery of turkeys; for they were so fat, tender and well dressed that knowledge of her wares was spread around from friend to friend, bringing her more orders than she was able to fill.



WHITE RUNNERS AS THEY FILE WITH TURKEY DIGNITY PAST THE FEEDING TABLE.

Naturally there were many conflicts with trying conditions which only brought out unsuspected ingenuity, developing quick judgment and a vast fund of common sense. The "Company" soon found out that young turkeys were prized by coyote, skunk, badgers, hawks and wood rats to such an extent that the enemies would make stealthy raids, risking their lives nightly in search of them. They would sneak down from the wild canyons far back in the hills, jump over the fence or dig under the doors and escape with so many of the turkeys, ducks and chickens that they became a very serious menace to the business. Finally the girls taught the turkeys to roost on a fence so high that they were just beyond the reach of "Br'er Coyote," who would distractedly jump his highest in a vain endeavor to reach the coveted meal. But he could catch and hold on to so many drooping tail feathers that the poor turkeys were a sorry sight marching about in their peculiarly pompous way with but one or two ragged tail feathers waving sadly aloft! Something had to be done. So for a while the girls put their bed down in the ravine where the turkeys roosted and slept with a double-barreled shotgun on one side and a rifle on the other. They also trained dogs to help guard their stock, set traps and put poison where the enemy would find it, and the turkeys would not. But the best trick of all proved to be the tying of little bells around the necks of a few gobblers. A tinkle of tiny sleighbells caused the puzzled enemy to vanish at top speed! The "bell turkeys" soon became used to their useful baubles, and the coyotes have never yet dared venture to face a flock patrolled by that mysterious sound.

It is interesting to watch one of the girls hover around her nurslings with motherly care, to see her make pets of them; with the hose, sprinkling the flock in hot weather; driving them under the shelter of boughs she had built for them and kept well watered so that it might be cool and inviting, climbing nimbly upon the roosts so her "babies," which could not be induced to leave her a minute, might catch the trick of perching. She was their only model, to her they looked for food and instruction in polite deportment!

It is good, too, to see these girls, lariat over the saddle, mount their pony and away after the coyotes with vengeance in their hearts. It is stimulating to watch them saw lumber and nail it briskly into brood boxes and shipping crates; to see them train a dog or bake a pan of biscuits equal to the best to be had.

Thus have they fought their way to success, by their own courageous efforts.

LENNIE, "MARY JANE" AND THEIR FEATHERED CHARGES IN THE SHADY MEADOW: A TYPICAL SCENE.

FIG. 8.—GROUP OF REED AND RAFFIA BASKETS: THE LARGE FLAT ROSE BASKET IS GREEN WITH A CONVENTIONALIZED ROSE DESIGN WORKED OUT IN THE BORDER IN DULL ROSE COLOR.

PINE-NEEDLE BASKETRY: A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN AMERICAN HANDICRAFT; BY EDNA CAIN

BASKETRY is a craft which appeals perhaps more than any other to the nature-lover, for its woodland origin remains unconcealed in texture, materials, and in workmanship however finished. It retains always the poetic suggestion of a bird's nest, Nature's most exquisite bit of craftsmanship. This quality of the basket combined with its varied utility makes it a particularly welcome decoration in houses where the structural woodwork is made the keynote of harmonious effects in color schemes and furniture. And basketry, like pottery, adds to a room just that needed decorative touch which helps to complete a gracious and homelike atmosphere.

The art of basketry goes back to the primitive handicrafts. It has been practiced in varying forms in every country and age. With this fact in mind, American craftsmen should be especially interested in the pine-needle basketry evolved in this country several years ago by Mrs. M. J. McAfee. Developed through her sense of beauty and fine workmanship, her work presents a rare and charming example of native craftsmanship.

This pine-needle basketry is a permanent gain to our handicrafts, and provides a most interesting opportunity to develop a form of basketry distinctively American in materials and treatment. It possesses beauty of form and texture, is extremely durable, and never loses the rich coloring and the balsamic odor which carry with them a remembrance of forest aisle and woodland fragrance. The pine-needle basket above all others brings a sense of the "out of doors," because no varnish or dye is used in its making. And having an innate loveliness, it is at home wherever well made and well

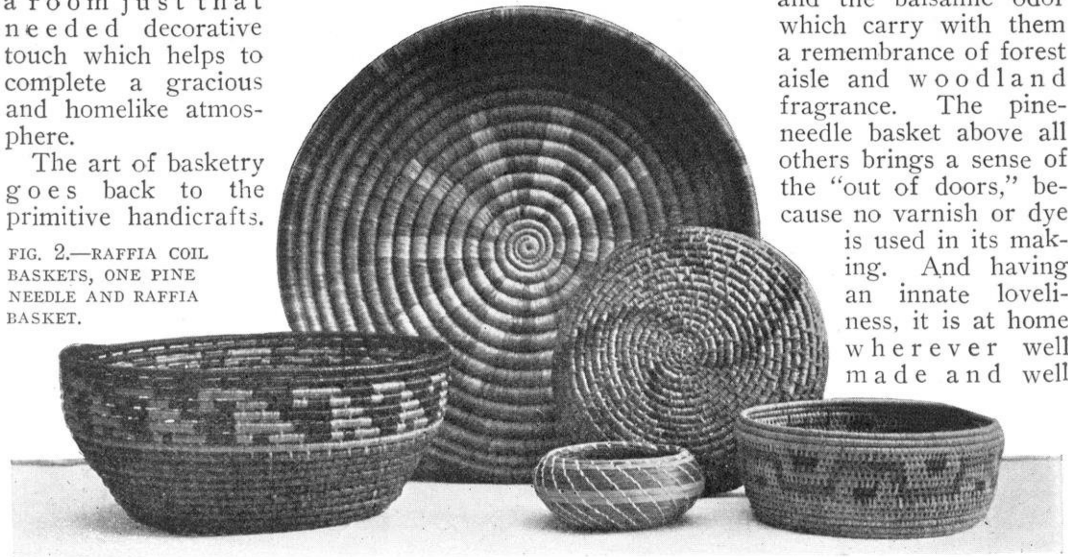


FIG. 2.—RAFFIA COIL BASKETS, ONE PINE NEEDLE AND RAFFIA BASKET.

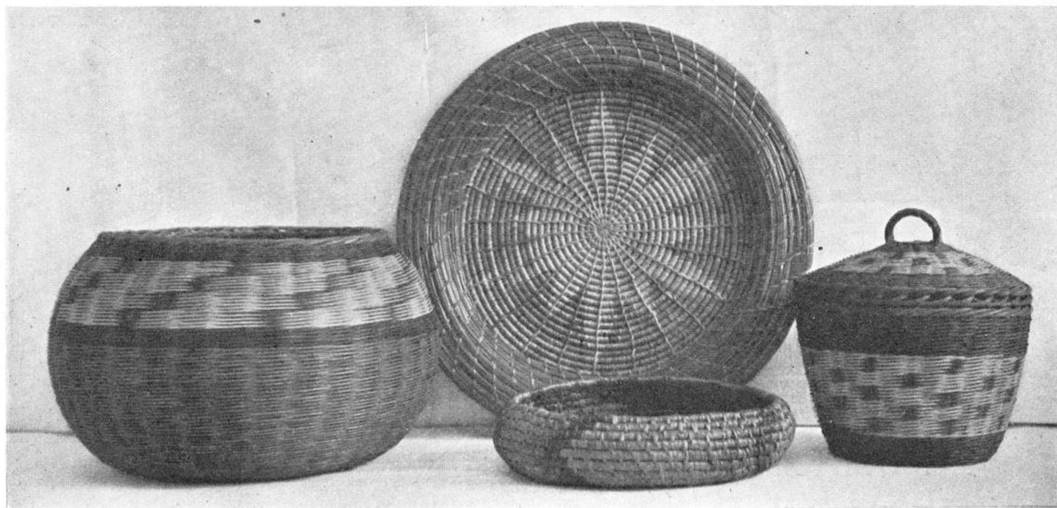


FIG. 1.—TWO REED BASKETS, A RAFFIA COIL BASKET, A PINE NEEDLE AND RAFFIA COIL PLAQUE.

chosen furnishings are found—whether in simple Craftsman interiors or in rooms where polished mahogany, dim tapestries and rare porcelains denote the taste of the collector.

Any phase of industrial art which is expressive of a people or a locality is evolved from local materials adapted to meet a special need, and this is true of the pine-needle basket. It had its real beginning in the stress of war times, when Mrs. McAfee sought some material out of which to weave a hat that might replace her father's worn-out headgear. Pine needles were chosen and held together with the last spool of thread the family possessed. In later years an interest in basketry revived the memory of this experiment, and pine needles were employed for the weaving of baskets. The results were so interesting that Mrs. McAfee devoted all her artistry to the perfection of her craft. Mrs. McAfee, who is nearly seventy-five years old, has found in this work both personal joy and success—a fact which should encourage her countrywomen to develop other crafts affording profitable employment and opportunity for self-expression.

Perfect pine-needle baskets exhibit workmanship as painstaking as that habitual with the Japanese. A sense of color harmony and of form is essential in the worker —and the wide range of colors is such that no two baskets are alike. A knowledge of the first principles of design, as in all handicrafts, is valuable, and leads to freedom of expression. The basket is shaped with the fingers as the sewing pro-

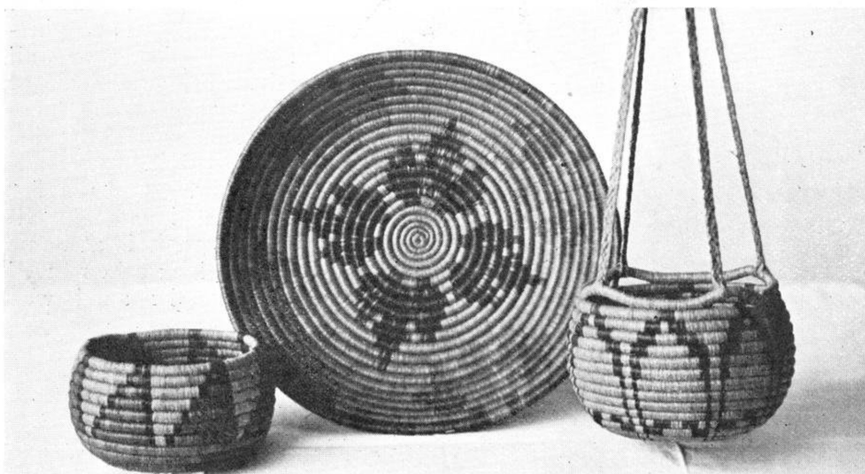


FIG. 7.—BASKETS OF RAFFIA COIL: THE FLAT BASKET HAS GRAPE LEAF DESIGN IN GREEN AT CENTER, BUNCHES OF GRAPES AROUND THE EDGES, THE GENERAL COLOR EFFECT BEING GREEN AND PURPLE: THE HANGING FERN BASKET IS IN SHADES OF GREEN, WITH HANDLES OF PLAITED RAFFIA.

ceeds, and it is important to have in mind at this time a definite shape, or better still to have made in advance a full-size drawing of the proposed design.

The accompanying illustrations show the technique of pine-needle basketry as well as the beauty of the finished product. Number 1 shows the first four stages of a basket with raffia used as the sewing material. Number 2 illustrates the method of beginning a lid when a pine cone is used for a handle. The beginner, however, will find it less difficult, in sewing the coil, to use strong linen or cotton thread. After sufficient skill has been acquired in handling the pine needles, raffia or manila may be employed, the latter materials being better suited than thread to the texture of pine needles.

The coil stitch, familiar to makers of grass baskets, is usually employed in pine-needle basketry. The more elaborate stitch shown in the basket at the extreme left (Figure 8) is possible only after great proficiency is attained. The lines of sewing which radiate from the center form an important decorative feature, and care must be exercised from the beginning to space the stitches evenly, as the slightest irregularity results in an effect of crudeness. It is also most important to insert the pine needles in the coil so that the smooth or polished side is toward the outside of the basket. The coil must never be twisted but must lie flat around the basket. The natural sheen and coloring of the needles present an unbroken surface only through observance of these details.

FIG. 5.—GROUP OF PINE-NEEDLE BASKETS, THE CENTER ONE SHOWING THE MILLET FODDER BAND.

As no dye is used other than that to color the sewing materials harmonizing with the needles, the beauty of the basket depends on the workmanship and the selection of colors. Nature-loving craftsmen find delight in the wide range of pine-needle colors running through tones of green and brown and which are fixed in the needles by the simplest curing processes.

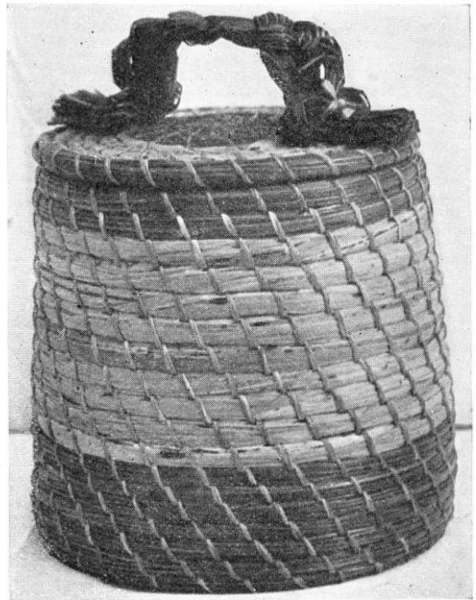


FIG. 3.—A PINE-NEEDLE BASKET WITH DECORATIVE BAND OF MILLET FODDER WOVEN IN: HANDLE OF PLAITED PINE NEEDLES.

The finest and most durable baskets are made from the needles which fall from the long-leaf pine tree of the South in autumn, cured and ready for use; but the needles may be gathered at any time and cured by exposure to the weather for a few weeks. The well-matured needles turn a

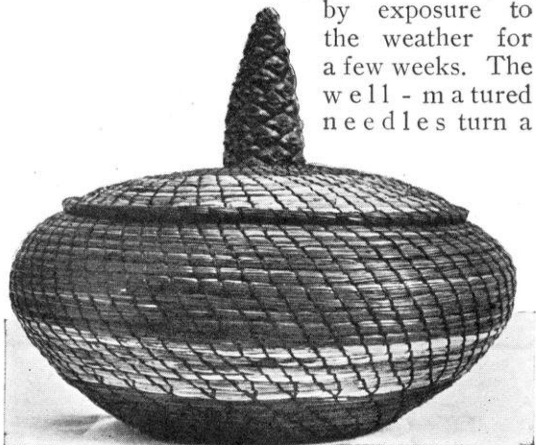
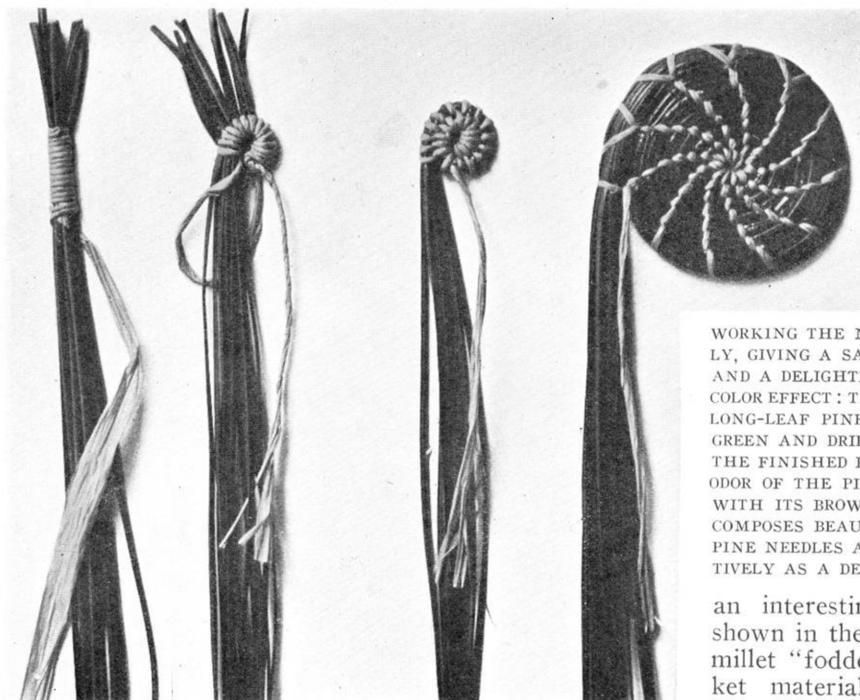


FIG. 4.—PINE-NEEDLE BASKET WITH BAND OF MILLET FODDER AND A PINE CONE FOR HANDLE OF THE TOP.



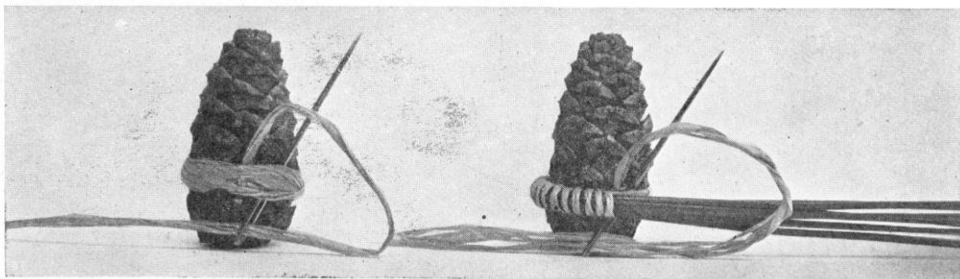
NO. 1.—THE BEGINNING OF A PINE-NEEDLE BASKET: THE SEWING IS DONE WITH RAFFIA AND A VALUABLE DECORATIVE EFFECT IS GAINED WITH THE VARIED STITCHES: THE BEAUTY OF THE FINISHED BASKET DEPENDS UPON WORKING THE NEEDLES SMOOTHLY, GIVING A SATINY SURFACE AND A DELIGHTFUL BURNISHED COLOR EFFECT: THE NEEDLES OF THE LONG-LEAF PINE ARE GATHERED GREEN AND DRIED IN THE SHADE, THE FINISHED BASKET HAVING THE ODOR OF THE PINE: MILLET FODDER, WITH ITS BROWNISH RED COLORS, COMPOSES BEAUTIFULLY WITH THE PINE NEEDLES AND IS USED EFFECTIVELY AS A DECORATIVE BAND.

darker brown than is seen in the younger ones, and through selection a wide range of shades may be obtained. Green needles cured in absolute darkness retain a beautiful soft green color.

In beginning a basket the brown needles should be dipped in hot water and wiped dry immediately; the green dried needles are similarly treated except that cold water is used. During the process of basket-making they are wrapped in a damp cloth. Various examples are shown, in the illustrations, of the use of pine cones as handles for the basket lids. These cones should be gathered before they are open; often a group of two or three may be secured.

In Figures 5, 6 and 7, which illustrate typical examples of pine-needle basketry, an interesting decoration is shown in the bands woven of millet "fodder," another basket material discovered by Mrs. McAfee. When grown especially for basketry it should be planted in poor soil, as the growth is then finer and the colors richer. It begins to change color in July and presents a rich array of yellows, reds and browns. As the desired colors appear, the millet should be gathered and dried in the shade. This millet, or sorghum cane, seems to combine with pine needles in texture and color more happily than any other material; but in every locality there is an abundance of lovely native grasses which can be utilized.

Mrs. McAfee has employed her knowledge of design and color harmony to produce some interesting variations of the familiar raffia and reed basketry. In raffia coil she has worked out conventionalized fruit and flower designs.



NO. 2.—SHOWING METHOD OF BEGINNING THE LID FOR A PINE-NEEDLE BASKET WHERE A PINE CONE IS USED FOR THE HANDLE.

A VARIETY OF DESIGNS IN PAUL REVERE POTTERY.

THE STORY OF PAUL REVERE POTTERY

A SHORT time ago it was my pleasure to attend a series of meetings in New York, called for the purpose of considering whether the $35,000,000 annually expended by private individuals for philanthropic purposes was well spent. So large a question naturally could not be settled by a small body of people, however intelligent and sincere, in the course of three days; moreover, since the individuals contributing the money were apparently not represented at these conferences, the expenditure would remain unaltered.

The fact which most impressed itself upon me during the meetings was that nearly every speaker conveyed the impression that somebody somewhere was doing things all wrong, and that something radical ought to be done about it. To see us all sitting there, troubling about other people's business, was a sad thing. I do not mean by this that we should not have wide sympathy; but sympathy is not enough. Reform, like charity, should begin at home, and if we would better social or industrial conditions the best plan is not to offer a remedy to our neighbor but to find a way

FIRING PAUL REVERE POTTERY.

A LUNCHEON TABLE SET WITH PAUL REVERE POTTERY.

of actually applying it ourselves. This is what the Paul Revere Pottery is doing.

After ten years' work in one of the North End institutions, the phase which typified the lowest valley of my experience was the uninteresting and unbeautiful drudgery visioned in the simple sentence, "I'm going to work," often uttered by the fourteen year old girl no longer compelled to go to school.

Are modern conditions such that order, beauty and happiness of daily living cannot be part of the shop as well as part of the home? My friends and I believed not, and therefore, five years ago, we determined to prove it for ourselves.

We decided to develop an industry in such a way that financial success would accompany attractive working conditions and agreeable surroundings. We chose pottery. In this business one does not have to create a demand; the need of dishes will exist so long as it is necessary for the human race to eat. The kind of dishes to be supplied is therefore the question, and we chose to consider it from the point of view not merely of "fitness for purpose" but of "beautiful fitness."

At least one sixth part of every day is spent at the table. Surely this time should be passed in a pleasant environment, for it is then that busy people meet socially, and there should be no jarring note. With these facts in mind we decided to make dishes which could be used in the modest or in the luxurious home and which should have beauty of form, color, texture and design.

We were fortunate in finding an artist-craftsman who was willing to devote all the knowledge of trained mind and hand to the creating of shapes and decorations fitted to fulfil the desire of those who wished not

SOME PARTICULARLY INTERESTING SPECIMENS OF THE POTTERY.

only dainty fare, a craftsmanlike table and beautiful linen, but dishes which would add the completing touch to the sought-for harmony. Pieces made with such an end in view cannot be hurried; but that is no drawback, for possession which is too easy leads to a certain carelessness of attitude toward the article so obtained and thence to the curse of wastefulness because it is "so easy to get another."

We started our little industry in the cellar of a private dwelling, and today our plant occupies the first floor and basement of a house under the shadow of the old North Church where Paul Revere's signal lanterns were hung, and opposite the green turf and ancient elms which shade the resting places of some of Boston's first citizens in Copps Hill Burying Ground.

Our pottery includes the usual necessities—clay bins, sifting, grinding and clay-pressing machinery, wheels, drying closets, racks innumerable, a whirler for mold work, tables for painters, a color mill for grinding glazes, benches for dipping ware and—most important of all—a good kiln. The utensils include vessels for glazes, modeling tools and painting materials, while the items which appear oftenest on the expense account are packing materials, clay, cones, fire brick, fuel, chemicals, "repairs on kiln and machinery," plaster for molds, and stilts. But equally important though less tangible factors in the work are the personal interest and craftsmanship that go into the making of Paul Revere pottery.

IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT STUCCO: RALPH L. SHAINWALD, JR., A.M.

THE ease with which stucco lends itself to artistic treatment, has tended toward a precocious development that has been harmful. The trouble is that a stucco job which at first appears to be an artistic gem, gradually develops flaws which may finally overshadow the original beauty.

What is the cause of the "checking" and "hair-cracking?" Is it superficial, or is it hidden in the physiochemical composition of cement? Much valuable study has been devoted to the external treatment of stucco, but few have stopped to question its internal composition. Let us therefore study some inside facts of stucco mortar.

The subject is an interesting one and the conclusions startling. Who would have thought, for instance, that cement acts like wood: swelling up on wetting and contracting on drying? But this is proven by careful measurements.

A. T. Goldbeck, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, showed this in experiments described in the *Engineering Record* of July 8, 1911 (page 45). His researches were confirmed by Prof. A. H. White, working independently in the University of Michigan and published in the *Engineering Record* for July 15, 1911 (page 73). Both of these gentlemen proved scientifically and conclusively that mortar and concrete expand on wetting and contract on drying, the action keeping up for years.

In some cases the amount of expansion (due to wetting) was as great as that due to 100 degrees increase of temperature. This is a startling fact, when it is remembered that concrete expands with heat just as much as iron does. The strains due to wetting and drying are therefore very severe and come quickly and repeatedly. It is not difficult to see why this should be such a serious source of cracking.

It is fortunate that only the cement is affected, the sand remaining practically uninfluenced by moisture. Therefore lean mortars are much less affected than rich ones: a 1:3 stucco when moistened expands much less than a 1:2. But as Professor White says, "If a stucco is lean enough to avoid cracks water will go through it freely, and if it is rich enough to keep out water it will crack."

In Italy, where stuccos have been used for centuries, masonry walls were thick and waterproof in themselves. Cement was made from pulverized natural rock, and lean stucco mixtures were a matter of economy. The passage of ages has developed comparatively little checking in the Italian stuccos. But today, in America, Portland cement is cheap, walls are thin and climate severe, so that rich mixtures have been used in the attempt to get cheap waterproofing. The result is excessive hair-cracking.

It is, of course, true that a 1:2 stucco is more waterproof than a 1:3, but it is very much more liable to crack. On the other hand, a 1:3 stucco properly applied is safe from cracking, though very porous. This, then, is the dilemma which confronts the constructor: how to make stucco lean enough to avoid cracks, yet non-porous

enough to keep out water. The problem has been solved by the use of a 1:3 mortar in conjunction with an effective waterproofing compound.

The leanness of the mortar prevents cracks, and the compound makes the mortar waterproof. This gives absolutely reliable results both as to permanency of surface and permanency of waterproofing, and is in every way more satisfactory than asbestos or patented stuccos which do not positively prevent checking and are never entirely waterproof.

Practical experience has corroborated the laboratory in showing the need for lean mixtures, but as is frequently the case, we did not see the everyday facts in clear light until science opened our eyes. For instance, it has long been known that excessive trowelling of a floor, etc., should be avoided. Now we understand that the trowelling worked the particles of cement to the surface, making a rich mixture which cracked for the reasons above mentioned.

Some years ago an architect was building a stucco home for himself. The contractor ran short of cement and asked permission to use a leaner mixture. This was permitted for the back of the house where it wouldn't be noticed, but the richer mortar was insisted on for the rest. To the surprise of every one, the back wall is still flawless, while the front of the house is full of hair-cracks.

It must be emphasized that with a lean mortar, the permanency of the waterproofing compound is a very important point, as the stucco is exposed to beating storms. That class of compound using stearates, oleates, resinates or other soapy material as a base, gradually washes out under prolonged action of water which slowly but surely dissolves even stearate of lime. A permanently waterproof stucco is dependent on using a compound that is absolutely insoluble and unaffected by the elements. Bituminous waterproofing products belong to this class and compounds have been developed which are miscible with water yet become absolutely insoluble after the mortar has set. This result is obtained by emulsifying the bitumen, which then mixes with water as easily as milk does (milk is an emulsion). But when the mortar sets, it de-emulsifies the bitumen, which then becomes as insoluble as a milk spot. (Butter is de-emulsified milk and is not miscible with water.)

Bituminous materials so prepared give a very high degree of permanent waterproofing. They are absolutely unaffected by salt air, brine, running water, boiling water and ordinary chemicals. Weight for weight they give four times the efficiency of soap compounds, yet they actually strengthen the mortar instead of weakening it and because of the lack of all harmful action the amount of compound is not limited to 2 per cent. If desired 10 per cent. or more may be incorporated in the mixture and the waterproofing effect correspondingly increased. In this way a factor of safety may be secured which is as important in waterproofing as in other branches of engineering. It then becomes possible to waterproof under guarantee a cellar 50 feet below tide level, by means of a three-quarter-inch interior mortar facing.

Bituminous materials also lubricate the mortar, enabling a very lean mixture to be trowelled easily and compactly. They also retard the too rapid drying out of the stucco.—(Courtesy of *Architecture*.)

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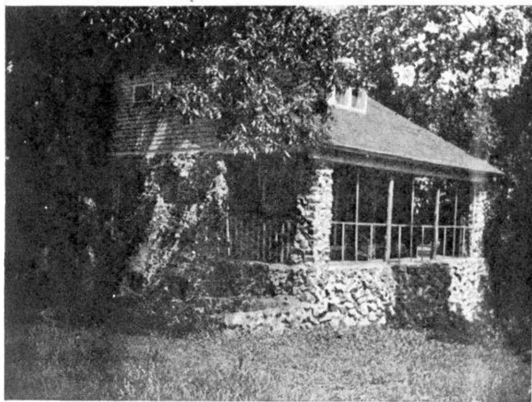


HOUSE OF MR. HARRY L. SMITH, DESIGNED BY THE OWNER, WHO WORKED ON AND SUPERINTENDED THE CONSTRUCTION.

A LITTLE HOUSE ON A HILL BUILT IN FRIENDLY INTIMACY WITH THE TREES: BY CLARA GRABAU WARNS

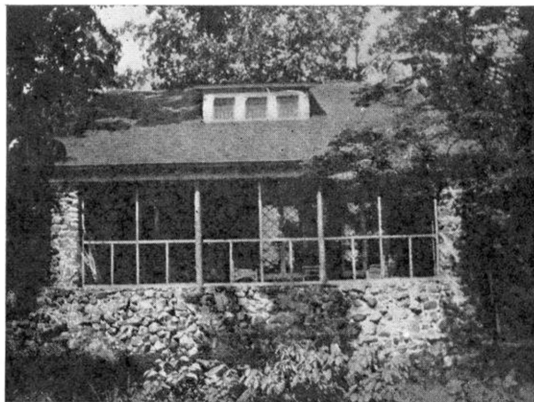
IN the early days of this country's history it was not unusual to see here and there, on hillsides, among trees or out on the plains, distinctive little houses that seemed essentially to belong to the landscape. The pioneers were forced to provide their own shelter and had to make use of whatever material lay at hand—the logs of the forests, field stone, if it were plentiful, or failing these, even the clay of the site was utilized.

The pioneer had little time for dreaming, yet often his home was an expression of a, perhaps unconscious, dream of shelter, a haven in a troubled existence. In those days a home was a vital thing, and had to be of staunch sturdy construction, affording the utmost resistance to attacks of the elements, and human and animal foes. Later, when the population became greater, and the need of protection was not so urgent, the homes became more superficial in construction, and followed fashions rather than the needs of the people who were to occupy them. Nowadays, however, some of us are beginning to turn back to first principles, to feel the urge of the pioneer spirit in homebuilding, and here and there, as in former years, are seen homes of individuality, structures that express their owners' needs and conform to the landscape of which they are a part.

In the West the pioneer spirit in homebuilding has long been manifest; in the East it is also beginning to show itself, and the people are awakening to a realization of the interest and comfort of living in homes absolutely suited to their needs and tastes.

The little house shown here was built by Mr. Harry L. Smith, a New York artist, who turned to first principles in the construction of his home. The idea was one of slow growth, as it should be, and many changes and eliminations were made before the exact expression was found for the little home that Mr. Smith had dreamed of building for his mother and himself. Mr. Smith had had the advantage of architectural training, and so was enabled to draw his own plans and thus be sure that his conception of the house would find the exact form that he wished for it.

The site selected was on a rolling hillside in New Jersey, about a mile south of the village of Stirling, Somerset County, and perhaps fifteen miles from Craftsman Farms. All the work was done by Mr. Smith, or under his supervision, and the only labor employed was that of some Italian workmen who lived not very far away.



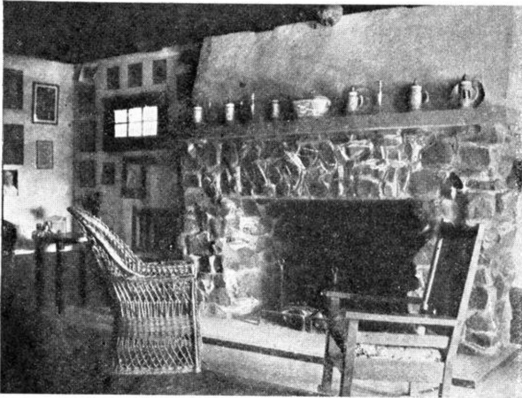
VIEW OF STONE FOUNDATION AND RECESSED PORCH.

These men had been accustomed in their native country to build houses without plans, and they received all their instructions verbally.

The stones for the foundation and lower story were gathered from the nearby fields, and were laid up in light-colored cement, with here and there a stone projecting, in order to give variation to the treatment of the exterior walls. The upper half-story is of clapboards, painted yellow; the roof is shingled and all the window frames are painted white. Owing to the kind of labor employed the house has been long in building, and although it has afforded adequate

shelter for many happy vacation days during three summers, there are still a number of essential details to be added.

A deeply recessed porch, with a cement floor, extends all the way across the front of the house and is sheltered by the roof of the upper half-story. Heavy columns of field stone laid up in cement support the roof at either end. At one side a flight of



LIVING ROOM WITH STONE FIREPLACE.

stone and cement steps will afford access to the porch. The foundation has been built high for a country cottage, but this was done in order to afford space for windows large enough to admit plenty of light to the big cellar, which is intended eventually to be used as a workroom. Around the porch will be built a wide field-stone parapet, and the porch floor is to be finished by a layer of red tile.

The floor plans are extremely simple, containing only three rooms and den on the first floor and a large attic on the half-story above. Two long French windows open directly from the porch into the large living room, which is the most important and also the most interesting room in the house. At the right, as one enters from the porch, has been built a massive field-stone fireplace, large enough to hold huge logs. The hearth is made of cement in the natural color laid out in squares. At either side of the fireplace are tiny small-paned windows set high in the wall, under one of which a built-in seat is to be constructed. A heavy wood mantelshelf supplies a setting for some old china heirlooms. The walls are plastered, rough finished and untinted, and the many pictures hung obviate any look of bareness. The wood used for the interior is pine, stained brown, except for the doors and baseboard, which are of chestnut and cypress.

At one end of the fireplace a stairway leading to the upper story is to be built. This will have a square landing a few steps up, where the stairs will turn, and in the angle thus formed a built-in seat will be placed to face the fire.

A little later Mr. Smith hopes to be able to make the living room still more interesting in treatment. He is planning to put a high wainscoting of oak around the walls, and to add a frieze that will depict various scenes of the neighborhood. He does not want these pictures idealized and has a plan for carrying them out that does not entail any especial artistic ability. He will take photographs characteristic of the nearby landscape; for instance, scenes in a neighbor's farmyard, probably the old church at Basking Ridge, in whose yard Betsy Ross is supposed to be buried, or any other picturesque place that is significant to the neighborhood. These photographs will be enlarged to the width of the frieze, and painted in colors to add a bit of decorative quality and also to render the photographs more lasting.

Thus the decoration of the walls will be definitely related to the house. It is an idea that can be carried out almost anywhere, and there should never be any temptation to repeat it exactly for any other house, for every setting can hold its own suggestion for wall decoration. The panels are to be framed with strips of dark wood, leaving each a separate picture.

Directly back of the living room a projection in the floor plan shelters a den, fitted with a built-in couch possible to use as a bed. At the left of the living room is a cozy bedroom with two casement windows, one overlooking the porch and one on the side of the house. Back of the bedroom is the kitchen, which may also be reached from the outside by a flight of steps leading up from the side of the house. This room is most compact in arrangement and is rendered cheerful by two long windows that extend to the floor. A built-in kitchen cabinet occupies the space between the bedroom door and the flight of rustic steps that lead to the upper story. The kitchen is small, but is therefore an easy place in which to work, as there are no long stretches of floor space for weary feet to tread.

The upper story has as yet not been partitioned off into rooms, but arrangement

has been made for curtaining spaces that may be used for bedrooms. This part of the house is lighted by a cluster of three small windows set in a dormer and a larger window at each side of the house. All the windows are casement, opening out, set with small panes.

It is not possible to reproduce the floor plans of the house, as Mr. Smith drew up only rough sketches which were often changed and destroyed immediately upon being used. For this reason he feels that the house grew rather than was built.

When the plastering was to be done it was impossible to find an experienced plasterer to do the work, so Mr. Smith had to instruct the workman hired in the use of his tools. Later on when even this help failed him both he and his mother plastered part of the walls themselves. So much of the work was done at odd times and by varying kinds of labor that the exact cost of the construction was not obtainable, but it was most moderate for the charm and comfort that have been captured for this summertime home among the hills.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH: BY FRANCES BOWMAN

THE average country church is producing little that is likely to appeal to people who have not already formed the church-going habit. New members are not coming; young people are not held; attendance is falling off, and the church is not meeting the needs of the community.

The church has failed to do what its members have done in other departments of life. The farmer has discarded his old-fashioned tools for modern labor-saving implements; the housekeeper has her vacuum-cleaner, bread-mixer and modern ways of doing work; the country merchant depends largely on his advertising to help his sales, and is fast imitating the city merchant in disposing of his stock in trade. Yet the country church which was formed eighty or a hundred years ago is doing business on the same old plan. The church program is identical with that of past years with a possible young people's society, which is usually an exact copy of the old folks' prayer-meeting.

A young theological student, a man of vision, came as a candidate into our little country church one summer Sunday. As he looked over the order of service he decided to change the anthem. Consequently he requested the choir to sing it for the second number and to sing a familiar hymn just before the sermon. Of course he didn't realize that it was an unwritten law handed down from past choir generations in our church that the anthem should be sung directly after the collection had been taken and just before the sermon. Neither did he realize the fearful consequences which were sure to come to one who tried to dictate to the choir. He preached a splendid sermon. It was free from dogma and creed, and emphasized right living and the power of the love of Christ to transform the life. The keynote of his message was love and service.

At the conclusion of a business meeting held after the evening service, a deacon, a man of stern Calvinistic views, domineering and narrow, informed the minister that the church had voted against him. He said: "The choir won't stand for any change in their program, and we don't want to hear so much about love. We want the terrors of the law."

It's the "terrors of the law" that is closing many a small church's door. It is driving people into lodges and social organizations in the smaller places. It is compelling the thinking people to stay away from church service. For the country church congregation is made up largely of two extremes: A few refined, thoughtful, progressive people, and that larger class who are ignorant, dogmatic, intolerant, and who are fearful that every new idea and method is a direct blow to destroy the church.

Now it is a serious thing in a small community to offend the church. Consequently when a man in his own mind comes to think that he is not sure endless punishment awaits the sinner; that he is not sure that Christ Jesus and God the Father Almighty are one, and that he does not believe in total depravity or the fall of man, he would better keep his thoughts to himself. There is a choice of two ways before him: He can keep on attending church service where he will be urged to believe many things which he does not consider necessary to the Christian life; or, he can leave the church and become forever branded as an unbeliever, an atheist, and an infidel.

That is one of the problems, perhaps the most serious in the country church. How

can it be solved? How can the church meet the demands of these two extremes? Isn't it possible for the country church to emphasize Christian living and good deeds more than catechisms and creeds, so that the man of honest doubt could worship with the church? And isn't there more than one route toward the great end that we are all striving to reach? And couldn't the right kind of a country minister lead, or persuade, or teach his people to be tolerant of other people's views?

The success of a country church is largely dependent on the minister. How unfortunate, then, that so many country pulpits are occupied by men of narrow religious opinions, men who are afraid of new ideas, modern thought, and up-to-date methods, a product of the sixteenth century thought preaching to a twentieth century audience. A half century ago the minister was looked up to as the intellectual leader of the community. Now with our Rural Delivery mail, bringing us daily communication with the world, our free institutions of learning, and easy access to large cities, many of our country people are as well educated and informed as the clergy. The minister should realize this and make his church attractive by its modern-day spirit. Yet the typical country minister clings persistently to the ancient truth held so sacredly as "the word." The truth is still the same, but it needs to be presented in a modern garb in order to make it helpful to our present-day needs. In our church on "Child Labor Day Sunday" we had an old-fashioned doctrinal sermon on the "Fall of Man." At another time the subject which had been announced as especially helpful to young people was "The Beauty of Holiness." The people were hungry for bread; they received a stone. It is often thus in country pulpits.

The country church ought to be the dynamic life-giving force of the community, efficient in her achievements, lofty in her ideals of service, and willing to give up many of her narrow old-time ways in order to become a fearless leader in the broad possibilities presented by the problems of the day.

In our large towns and cities, sectarian barriers are falling off, and the spirit of religious toleration and union of denominations is growing. This movement to bring about the whole-souled Christian union of the smaller churches into one large institutional church with an able minister and a working congregation, willing and eager to put new methods and ideas in the place of old ones and prove their worth—this is what the country church needs. Yet it may not always be advisable to give up a denomination.

In Whiting, Iowa, a town of only seven hundred people, a new institutional church building was recently dedicated. It cost thirty-five thousand dollars and is the only one of its kind in the State. Under its roof are four institutions, a library, clubrooms, gymnasium, and sanctuary. It is under the direction of the Congregational church, yet it has the support of the community. Such an institution in a small town where there are two other strong churches is worth the careful attention of all who are interested in the country church problem.

In one country church the minister planned a unique lecture course. He prevailed on the village doctor, an old man who had always lived in the community, to lecture on the "Right of the Child to Health." He asked the village lawyer to lecture on "Civic Rights." A successful farmer gave a practical talk on "Farming," and the closing lecture was called "Father's and Mother's Night," and every father and mother was urged to tell how the church had helped them and how it could be made more helpful. The people came in crowds to these lectures. They knew they would hear something practical. Light refreshments were served and usually there was something attractive in the line of good music each evening. Everybody enjoyed the social hour. It helped the minister to draw large crowds to his Sunday services and many people eventually united with the church.

The country church should train its boys and girls to love rural life. Give them a knowledge of birds and animals and grasses and flowers and the history of their own locality. The boys in the Sunday school need a gymnasium and a playground. They need the help of a Boy Scout organization. The girls need the society of Camp-Fire Girls, with its wholesome motto, "Work, health, and love." They both need a clubroom where they can meet to play games, have music, read good magazines and talk over their life plans with the minister or some competent representative. The happiness and moral education of the children and youth rests largely with the church. Will she rise to her great opportunity?

In every country community there are good farms and homes, and progressive, cultured people; yet they lack library facilities, clubrooms and an opportunity for clean wholesome recreation. Can the church supply these conditions? It is a modern problem and should be solved in the spirit of love and toleration.

The Knights of the Round Table told the story of a dwarf who used to go about the Court of King Arthur, carrying a drawn sword and imploring the Knights to cut off his head. He seemed a helpless creature and not much attention was paid to his crazed desire. At last he came to the noble Sir Gawain and said, "Gawain, do you love me?" "Why, yes," replied the knight, "you know I love you. Tell me how I can show my love." "Take this sword and with it cut off my head," was the answer. Sir Gawain shrank from the deed, but the dwarf was so persistent that he finally consented, and with a blow cleft the head clear off the body. And lo! as soon as the earth was touched out of the little deformed dwarf sprang a graceful, strong knight who went forth to do noble service for God and the world.

In a small degree the country church finds its counterpart in this legend. In its narrow limitations it holds the promise of the greatest usefulness, a germ of life from God that no killing can destroy. And when Sir Gawain's sword in the form of modern practical Christianity has stricken it down, lo! there will rise a beautiful church whose mission it will be to instruct its people, improve their conditions, and bless and heal and save a sin-sick world in the name of its great leader, Christ.

AGRICULTURE IN PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOLS

A REMARKABLY interesting pamphlet has just reached us from Washington, containing the reprint of an article on the above subject by Dick J. Crosby, specialist in agricultural education at the Government office of experiment stations. Mr. Crosby starts with the amazing statement that *more than two thousand public high schools in the United States are now teaching agriculture;* whereas sixteen years ago there was not one. There are also several hundred State and private colleges, public and private agricultural schools and private high schools in which instruction in this subject is given. This growth of facilities for teaching agriculture, it appears, has been most rapid in the last two years.

"The instruction in agriculture in public high schools," says Mr. Crosby, "is becoming almost as varied in character as that in the agricultural colleges. It now includes the work of the classroom, the laboratory and shop, the field and garden, and the community in which the high school is located.

"The length of time devoted to agriculture varies from one semester to four years, but the tendency is undoubtedly toward a four-year course, particularly in high schools receiving State aid for agriculture.

"In the four year agricultural course it frequently happens that the first year is devoted to a general course in agriculture, the pupils using one of the elementary textbooks, of which there are now a dozen or more adapted to the different geographical regions of the country. When this plan is followed the other three years are usually devoted to the principal divisions of agriculture, with the use of textbooks on special phases of the subject, supplemented by lectures, bulletins and reference books."

The importance of laboratory and field work seems to be recognized, for, according to Mr. Crosby, nearly all schools are providing as liberally for apparatus and equipment as their financial means will permit. "In the well equipped high school in which agriculture, home economics and farm mechanics are taught," he states, "it is the usual thing to find about three laboratories, one devoted to agriculture, another to home economics and a third to shop work. In the agricultural laboratory it is not unusual to find some equipment for work in soils and crops, some for dairy work and possibly a little for work in horticulture."

Regarding the instruction in agronomy, the specialist states: "The apparatus for soil work usually includes soil tubes, balances, thermometers and considerable chemical glassware, besides microscopes, which are also used for work in farm crops. In addition there are frequently collections of soils, seeds and farm crops, appliances for testing seeds, and some provision for water and gas on the laboratory tables.

"The laboratory work in soils and crops

includes, usually, a number of exercises in soil physics, the mechanical analyses of soils and some experiments in pots with soils, fertilizers and plants.

"The crop work is frequently carried on out of doors to a larger extent than in the laboratory, especially where arrangements can be made for carrying on the work throughout the growing season. School gardens are quite common in connection with high schools, corn breeding plats are maintained by a number of schools, and demonstration plats are not uncommon. A few schools have raised pure-bred seed corn to sell to the farmers of the community.

"The laboratory and field work in animal husbandry," continues Crosby, "usually consists of judging exercises involving the use of the tapeline and score card upon animals owned by neighboring farmers. This work also frequently involves the study of stable facilities for farm animals and the criticism of barns and other structures for beef and dairy cattle, swine and poultry.

"If horticulture is made a feature of the instruction in agriculture, there are not infrequently a small greenhouse, a hot-bed or two, a cold frame, and some facilities for gardening. Many schools make provision for exercises in grafting and budding fruit trees, and some of them have small nurseries of seedling apple and peach trees, which have been grown by the students for practice purposes.

"The laboratory or greenhouse work in horticulture includes not only grafting and budding but seeding, pricking out, potting, and scoring and judging fruit.

"In the rural engineering phases of instruction there is usually some drainage work, irrigation in semiarid regions, and shopwork. The field work in drainage includes some practice in surveying, planning, and laying out drains, and occasionally in laying drain tile on school farms. In irrigation there are instances where high school students have put in water systems complete from the making of plans to the distribution of water over the plats.

"The shopwork as carried on in many of the schools up to the present time savors too much of manual training exercises in city schools, but there are some schools in which formal exercise work, such as the making of joints, tenons, dovetails, and the cutting of gears and threads, has been reduced to a minimum; in which the making of useful articles for the farm, like gates, fences, and small buildings, has taken the place of cabinetwork and patterns for the foundry; where the work in the forge shop includes the making of rings, hooks, clevises, and other useful articles, and the repair of farm machinery, instead of fancy-work for exhibition purposes; where the pupils learn to put in waterworks, plumbing, concrete walks, and foundations; where they make small greenhouses, lath houses, and cloth houses for horticultural work, and actually erect some of the buildings needed by the school.

"A new conception of high schools is growing apace with the development of vocational courses in these institutions. People are coming to see in them possibilities for service to all members of the community, to the students in the school, the parents at home, the young people who have left school, and the teachers in neighboring elementary schools.

"Boys' and girls' club work has been successfully conducted and supervised by the teachers of agriculture and home economics in public high schools. These teachers have also performed useful services by visiting rural schools and helping the teachers in them to give instruction worth while in nature study and elementary agriculture.

"Wherever the teaching of agriculture in high schools has been taken seriously, wherever suitable equipment and capable teachers have been provided, the schools and everyone connected with them, have been benefited; the attendance has increased; the school work has assumed a more businesslike air, as if it dealt with the realities of life, with real problems instead of imaginary ones; and the relations between teachers, pupils, and parents have become closer and more sympathetic.

"The boys in school have gone about their work more cheerfully; it has seemed to them worth while—a part of the business of life—and they are less anxious to get away from it 'to begin doing something' as the boys used to say. They stay in school longer; many boys in the agricultural courses are older than those in the other courses—boys who would be going out to swell the ranks of incompetent, half educated, half waged labor if it were not for the appeal of this new scientific and businesslike approach to this oldest but least understood human occupation.

"Agriculture, if well taught in the high schools, dignifies an ancient occupation and

exalts the home and homely duties; it develops in the boys a thoughtful and studious attitude towards a great business which is likely soon to occupy many of them in the serious affairs of making a home and a living for themselves; it trains them to think and speak more accurately, but to be less dogmatic; it 'holds the mirror up to nature' and teaches those who hold 'communion with her visible forms' to understand her 'various language.'

"High schools in which agriculture is something more than a new textbook subject, in which it reaches out to the surrounding homes and farms for its problems and illustrative material, soon acquire a hold and exert an influence upon the community such as other schools have never been able to get. The people come to know the school better and are loyal to it. They have a feeling that it is theirs, that it is worth while, and they go deeper into their pockets to support it. They see it is educating their sons—not for some allurement in the distant future, but for life in the world today, in the home neighborhood, in another State, or wherever they go. Moreover, they feel that the school is a school for everybody—of educational, social and pecuniary benefit to all.

"To these people it is not so important that a new subject has been added to the curriculum as that the school has changed front. Instead of trying to educate a select few for high professional positions, it is endeavoring to make a better people and a better land."

HOW GOOD SHOULD A HOME BE?

"THE ordinary home should be very much better than the average detached habitation as it exists in this city today, and I believe that it will be—that it will be the sort of home in which the clerk, the skilled mechanic and the little shopkeeper may enjoy all the substantial comforts of clean, attractive shelter, family and individual home privacy indoors and out, and an abundance of light, air, and sunshine; it will be somewhat larger than the present average, yet will still be small and compact; in short, it will provide all the physical essentials of the larger and costlier homes of the most favored suburbs, including the elements of beauty, not only in itself but in its surroundings. It will still be a little house, or perhaps a little bungalow, but it will be a complete home, not a poor makeshift, as at present. In enumerating the essentials, I have purposely omitted the porch.

"When every house faces its own little beauty-spot of private ground, the family will sit out in what is now, but will no longer be, the disreputable rear. The too-public street front porch which, if at all roomy, shuts out needed sunlight from the interior, will dwindle to a simple little hood or storm canopy over the entrance. An open terrace paved or floored, shaded by trees, will be porch enough. In rainy weather the living room, amply windowed on three sides, will be quite as comfortable as the average porch. Mosquitoes are hardly a city pest, and the flies must go; we shall then enjoy our summer breakfast al fresco, unprotected by a roofed and screened enclosure.

"The painted, wooden tinder-box type of house must go, and with the increasing cost of lumber is going; but not rapidly enough.

"In design, both inside and out, the ordinary house should, with all its enforced inexpensive and straightforward simplicity, be as good as the skill of our best architects can make it—not the ugly, stereotyped product of the mere builder.

"This condition can be changed, and our city planning enthusiasts must do all they can to change it. Of what avail are fine parks, boulevards, and sculpture midways, if the masses of the people dwell in the midst of ugliness? And ugliness is unnecessary; beauty costs more, it is true, but not much more.

"Just a word to the manufacturers and merchants of wall-papers, to the makers of furniture and so-called draperies. Please stop pouring a flood of ugly and superfluous things on a misguided and helpless public. At least half of your figured wall papers are ugly, a lot more uninteresting, and even your plain papers crude or over-strong in color. Your slickly varnished furniture, with its cheap machine carving, its foolish imitation of weak 'period' styles, does not belong in the home that ought to be the average in this progressive city. Your so-called lace curtains, hanging from window-top to dusty floor, catching the soot and dust of a grimy city, add to the 'white woman's burden,' and give no recompense in beauty or real use.

"Let department-store managers show the average humble citizen and his wife

how a real, not a make-believe, cottage can be furnished with the essential, the simply beautiful, and, above all, the durable and the economical; show these hundreds of thousands of people that they may enjoy good colors and good forms in their humble homes. Cease making the old, familiar excuse that the public wants the ugly things of which you now sell such quantities.

"The first essential of the real home is a suitable piece of ground on which to build it. The more the housing problem is studied, the more evident it becomes that it is, at the bottom, a land problem. The first requirement of home-building—a site large enough to insure an abundance, not only of light and air, but of sunlight, agreeable outlook, privacy from one's neighbors and home playground and ground possibilities—is becoming more and more difficult for the average man of moderate means to secure under present land conditions in our large cities and more desirable suburbs. Even in our smaller cities and towns, this problem is evidently a troublesome one."

(Courtesy of *Book News*.)

ALS IK KAN

THE OPENING OF THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING

I FIND that it is with a mixed feeling of delight and sadness that I am sending out my first message to my friends from the new Craftsman Building—delight that we are here, established in our new quarters, high up from the great city's noise, with fresh air and sunlight and good winds from the river, and I suppose so far as sadness is concerned that the realization of any dream always brings the inevitable contrast between the first great desire and the lesser achievement. When I first thought of this building and conceived the idea of establishing a home-building center in the heart of New York, I felt a tremendous enthusiasm for the plan, a delight in what it seemed to me I should be able to accomplish. The possibility seemed so important and the opportunity so significant that I could not see the difficulties and I would not let myself believe in those that were presented to me. But now that the Craftsman Building has materialized, and as I continue to arrange for floor after floor of the twelve-story structure, to fit and finish and furnish the floors in which I am presenting the products of the Craftsman Workshops, to make fresh and beautiful the stories in which the home-building exhibitions are to be placed, to design and to make all the furniture and fittings for the new Craftsman Restaurant, to arrange and fit up new offices for the magazine and all its departments, to plan to enlarge the architects' quarters and opportunities, I find that I am not merely launching one movement in one building, but practically starting many different enterprises which could easily comprise separate big business establishments. Because of this and because I want every department to be perfected before my friends come to see me, I have decided to postpone the general opening of the entire building to November tenth.

The first three floors in which are displayed the work of my shops were opened here Monday, October sixth, and the presenting of this part of my work to the public, the kind things that my friends have said and the good cheer that has come to me during these first few days at the Building, have really given me courage to feel that the enterprise, as a whole, will bring to the people who care for home development in America, somewhat of the pleasure and profit that I have had in my mind in planning the development of the Home-Building Exhibition.

I want especially in this editorial to speak of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine. We feel that never before have we had such an opportunity to be of service to our subscribers as we have today in the new building. The Magazine has of necessity always stood for the advancement of the true home spirit in America. When I first began to publish it thirteen years ago my whole purpose was to create a periodical that would advocate at all costs simple and beautiful living both for the nation and the individual. And I feel here in its present quarters, surrounded by the Home-Builders' Exposition, in contact with people whose aim in life is to make the home of America the ideally democratic environment of which we have all dreamed, that the future of the Magazine must realize, not only the ideal that I have had for it, but the ideal that the cultivated American public has established for the Magazine they desire in their homes as a part of the education of their children. We intend to make the publication even more practical in the future than it has been in the past. I do not mean by this that it will be any less beautiful in its ap-

pearance, that we will not continue to present the work of the men and women of genius throughout the world; but I do feel that all the movements for social service which are now flourishing on both continents must be expressed in my Magazine and advocated there to the best of my ability.

As I have so often said in these editorials, the object of the establishment of this Building is that we may be of greater service to those of our friends who turn to us for advice in the building of their homes, in artistic and literary matters, as well as the more practical phase of shopping. For the comfort and convenience of those who visit us we are arranging large and commodious rest rooms, which will furnish an opportunity for reading, writing, making appointments, having packages delivered and the various conveniences that are usually to be found only in one's own home or in an expensive hotel. Also we shall establish a bureau where shopping advice will be furnished to strangers in New York or to Craftsman subscribers who have not time to visit the city. We want throughout this Building that our friends shall feel that every service which we can render is theirs, whether they are in town with us or far away.

As soon as we are settled and have a little time, we intend to enlarge our Craftsman Service even beyond what we have already stated, and we shall establish a Craftsman Club which we feel will be the greatest use and comfort to those visiting New York. Indeed, as we look into the future, past the achievement of our Craftsman Building, there seems to be no limit whatever to the things which the Craftsman Movement can accomplish in adding to the comfort and we trust, the happiness of those who are even remotely interested in or related to it.

I am going to ask any one who reads this editorial to bring it to the notice of our friends that we have postponed the opening from October twentieth to November tenth. We know that many of our friends are coming to visit us at that date and we want our home ready and beautiful to receive them. Any interest or joy that our visitors may get from the building and all that it will hold for them will only in a small way compare with my happiness in welcoming them to our new Craftsman home, and I should feel very badly indeed to have this change of date interfere with my meeting and extending the hospitalities of the building to the Craftsman friends. This is the last opportunity that I shall have of inviting you to be with me on the opening day and I feel that I cannot say heartily enough how much I shall appreciate your presence or any word of Godspeed on that occasion.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE NEW AMERICAN DRAMA: BY RICHARD BURTON

AT a time when the drama is more generally discussed, better understood even than ever before in America, the volume entitled, "The New American Drama," is particularly welcome. It is written by a man understanding well his subject, not writing merely as a casual observer of the plays of the day, but as one having given the history and meaning of the drama unbiased attention from its beginnings until the present time of its presentations.

The drama, Mr. Burton believes, and the belief is an outcome of a review of its Colonial and Revolutionary history, has entered into its third and most independent period in this country, as illustrated by the so-called new or modern American plays. For this phase of modernness Mr. Burton is optimistic, owing largely to his complete understanding of every phase of the subject.

Mr. Burton believes that the offering of plays in book form is of good to the theater, since it fosters a calm and uninfluenced perusal, permitting an unbiased judgment of them as pieces of art and literature. He deplores the practice, however, when the motive underlying the change of literary form is prompted by commercialism rather than creative impulse. It is not enough to see on the stage a story acted, even though burning with the happenings of modern life, unless the story in itself is a well built up piece of literature, and its acting a clever conception of dramatic art. Such demands happily are spreading among the people. The Puritan prejudice against the playhouse, one having held immense sway, is practically exhausted. People of independent judgment are giving their aid to the advancement of dramatic schools and leagues, eager to regain the drama as an important part of letters and to acknowledge the theater as an educational force,

necessary to the civic development of city and town.

Although the drama for special reasons has fallen into line with letters slowly, it is now, in its best examples, responding to the demand of the generation for reality and for a representation of life not far removed from modern knowledge and observation. The improved technique of our playwrights has also done much to rid the stage of artificiality.

Mr. Burton's book is particularly interesting for the sidelights it throws on the playwrights of the day and the methods they have used in their respective successes. Moreover, it is valuable for the clearness and simplicity of its style and for the division of its chapters into important branches of the subject. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 277 pages. Price $1.25.)

A STAINED GLASS TOUR IN ITALY: BY CHARLES HITCHCOCK SHERRILL

"A STAINED Glass Tour in Italy" is the most important book yet issued on this subject of plentiful interest, albeit little comprehended. To understand something of the meaning of stained glass, however, adds greatly to the pleasure of the traveler visiting the countries in which it is still to be found.

The author does not go out of Italy for his subject matter. He treats of Italian glass of the Middle Ages, when the country was divided, as it were, into separate fatherlands, and before united Italy had been given birth. The stained glass of this time bespeaks characteristics and motives diverging as widely from each other as do the traits of Venice and Rome, Florence and Bologna and other opposing cities of this wonderful land. Indeed, in Italy the study of stained glass can be better pursued than in either France or England; for while war and earthquakes, alteration and other causes have wrecked many examples of fine early work, there still remains more to interest and in a state of better preservation than is to be found elsewhere.

With the introduction of stained glass decorations from the Orient, works having the peculiar quality of admitting light through color, much the same effects were gained for windows as had been given to walls by pictures and mosaics. Much of history and individual association, even of romance, is besides made known to those who in their travels take heed to the stained glass of the country, especially that of a land so versatile and compelling in its beauty as Italy. The present volume should interest craftsmen as well as tourists. It is written non-technically, is clear in style and of an accuracy which is unquestionable. (Published by John Lane Company, London and New York. 174 pages. Well illustrated. Price $2.50 net.)

HEIDI: BY JOHANNA SPYRI

THE delightful story of "Heidi" ranking among the classics of German child literature is issued in a new holiday edition, the text being translated by Helene S. White. To German children the story is well known and the little *Heidi* as much beloved as either *Hänsel* or *Gretel*. In fact, none who reads the book can help loving the whimsical little girl, living with her old grandfather in one of the huts of the higher Alps and who in every step of her life gives cheer and joy to those less fortunately placed than herself. The old grandfather, *Goat-Peter,* who tends the goats *Swanli* and *Bearli,* besides a little sick girl *Klara* and members of her family whom *Heidi* met when she went out into the world, are among the personages of the book appealing to the affection of all readers and particularly to children. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 433 pages. Illustrated in color. Price $1.50 net.)

SONS AND LOVERS: BY D. H. LAWRENCE

"SONS and Lovers" is a story of intimate family life in one of the mining towns of England. It accentuates the coming together of two people in marriage, depicts the children born to them, following in turn their lives until they also become lovers of men and women. It is a story of brutality and passion, brightened by the finely interwoven thread of a mother's love. The grinding mill of life and the unexpectedness of its turnings are in the book, working always toward inevitableness. The son *Paul,* peculiarly his mother's own, is, through congenital influences, a remembrance of her early love for her husband and her present hatred of him, a being intensely introspective, controlled by

mother-love, desirous of his full manhood, yet never able to feel for long the holding power of love. Brute and mystic, his love for his mother remains, although through weakness of nature he cannot endure the agony of seeing her die slowly, and increases therefore her dose of morphia. The characters of the book are convincingly built up and well sustained, but the indecision and weakness of *Paul,* his inability to arrive, give a purposeless flavor. One reads it to know these people and to know them with every minutia of intimate detail; one pries into their very souls and asks in the end: "Of what avail has it all been?"

"Sons and Lovers" in its recital of the realities of certain types of life does it very well. It is not a book that would be of any particular service to young readers. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 517 pages. Price $1.35.)

THE SOUL OF MELICENT: BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

"THE Soul of Melicent" relates the tale of one of the supreme and august passions of the world, the love of *Melicent* and *Perion de la Forêt.* And never has this mediæval story of a great love been more exquisitely told, more highly tuned to the best impulses of nature. It shames the pettiness of little loves into unspeakable oblivion. For such love as *Melicent* had for *Perion* endured all suffering; surrendered the things that women hold dear; cast aside degradation as the bite of a tiny fly: the love of *Perion* for *Melicent* shaped his destiny; kept him waging warfare in her behalf for many weary years.

Other notable characters in the book are *Demetrios,* the great heathen, with whom *Melicent* bartered for the life of *Perion;* and *Ahasuerus,* in whom is typified the Jew wandering through all ages and literature. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 216 pages. Illustrated in color. Price $1.50 net.)

PRACTICAL TYPOGRAPHY: GEORGE E. McCLELLAN

A UNIQUE book and one useful to proof-readers as well as to those active in setting up type in pursuance of the regular printer's business is presented under the title, "Practical Typography." In reality the book is a series of lessons dealing with the practice of printing, from the beginning of knowledge of individual letters to their various combinations in artistic form. It is moreover a book that will be recognized for use in the schools wherein printing is included in the curriculum. It is put up in loose-leaf style and contains sixty-three exercises. Its sincerity and usefulness of purpose can be unhesitatingly commended. (Published by the Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Illinois. Price, postage prepaid, $1.50.)

TWENTY CENTURIES OF PARIS: BY MABEL S. C. SMITH

THE title of this book, "Twenty Centuries of Paris," describes tersely its subject matter. Paris is presented as it passes from its earliest barbaric period, kaleidoscopically, until it appears as the bewildering, fascinating city, enriched by many scars and hailed today as one of the greatest of European capitals.

Romantic legends, incidents of history and the story of the elements that have worked toward the development of Paris are moreover set forth in such abundance and in such elaboration of detail that even the veteran lover of the city finds abundant food for refreshed thought and interest. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. Illustrated. 399 pages. Prices $2.00.)

EARLY ENGLISH WATER COLOR: BY C. E. HUGHES

"EARLY English Water Color," a handbook in the series of "Little Books on Art," gives to the student, likewise the lay reader, innumerable facts and scraps of information likely to help him in the traditional understanding of the craft. The illustrations of this small volume are also helpful. (Published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago. Illustrated. Frontispiece in color. 194 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

THE HEART OF THE DESERT: BY HONORÉ WILLSIE

THE wonder, glory and the magic of the desert, throbbing with life and color, form the background of the story, "The Heart of the Desert." From beginning to end it is besides a love story and one so impelling that race traditions, ancestral law, human prejudice and the like

fall before it vanquished and overcome. Yet in the end when the great decision enters as the climax of the story, the decision of a luxuriously reared young girl to marry an Indian, cultivated and educated, the reader is glad; since he too has lost his prejudice while following to a successful conclusion the purposeful methods of the lover. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 313 pages. Colored frontispiece. Price $1.25 net.)

THE HEADQUARTER RECRUIT AND OTHER STORIES: BY RICHARD DEHAN

THE twenty-three stories that go to make up the volume entitled "The Headquarter Recruit and Other Stories" have each and all the charm of the story teller's art. They have besides plot and good characterization and are sufficiently diverse in interpretation to suit the moods of many. In telling these stories Mr. Dehan shows himself to be a good craftsman, having technique as well as the inspiration to use well his material. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 359 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

HERALDRY FOR CRAFTSMEN AND DESIGNERS: BY W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE

THE book on "Heraldry for Craftsmen and Designers" is one in a series of technical handbooks dealing with artistic crafts. And to those seriously interested in heraldry it is particularly worth while. In its information it is trustworthy, a high standard of craftsmanship being also upheld. Design is accentuated as an essential part of all workmanship, the principles of art and heraldry are entered into conscientiously. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 426 pages. Price $2.25 net.)

THE SUPER RACE: BY SCOTT NEARING

"THE Super Race" sets forth as its problem the evolving of mankind to his highest point of capability through the selection of species even as has been done with plants and animals. Bernard Shaw says: "We must replace the man by the super man." We must go farther and replace the race by the super race.

Negative eugenics should be exercised to prevent the unfit from mating and perpetuating unfitness; positive eugenics should be exploited to induce the fit to combine with fitness and to give to the next generation offspring of increased development.

Mr. Nearing believes that America has better opportunities to provide a super race than other nations, one of the reasons being that women are here fairly well emancipated, a fact which causes them to lead in individualism. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 89 pages. Price 50 cents.)

THROUGH ENGLAND WITH TENNYSON: BY OLIVER HUCKEL

TO spend three months of the summer in the places of England associated with Tennyson, a volume of his poems in one hand, a pad and pencil in the other, would develop in almost any one the wish to perpetuate the experience. So it was with Oliver Huckel, and as a result, his book, "Through England with Tennyson."

A work similar in purpose has never appeared. Those who love Tennyson and his country as well as those who may yet fall under his spell will find it an admirable guide to the innermost regions of the wellsprings of life and sentiment that moistened the Laureate's pen. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 249 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.00.)

GOVERNMENT REPORT ON EDUCATION

"REPORT of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ending June 30th, 1912" is a large volume dealing exhaustively with the subject of American education and also treating of various educational systems in other countries that have been found to have about them some elements particularly worth while. The current criticisms of the public schools which in the last year have been numerous and overpowering not so much from the standpoint of laymen as from that of teachers themselves, are herein either "justified" or shown to be fallacious. The work has been compiled with difficulty because of a lack of means for collecting statistics promptly. Its purpose is commendable. (Washington Government Printing Office. 647 pages.)