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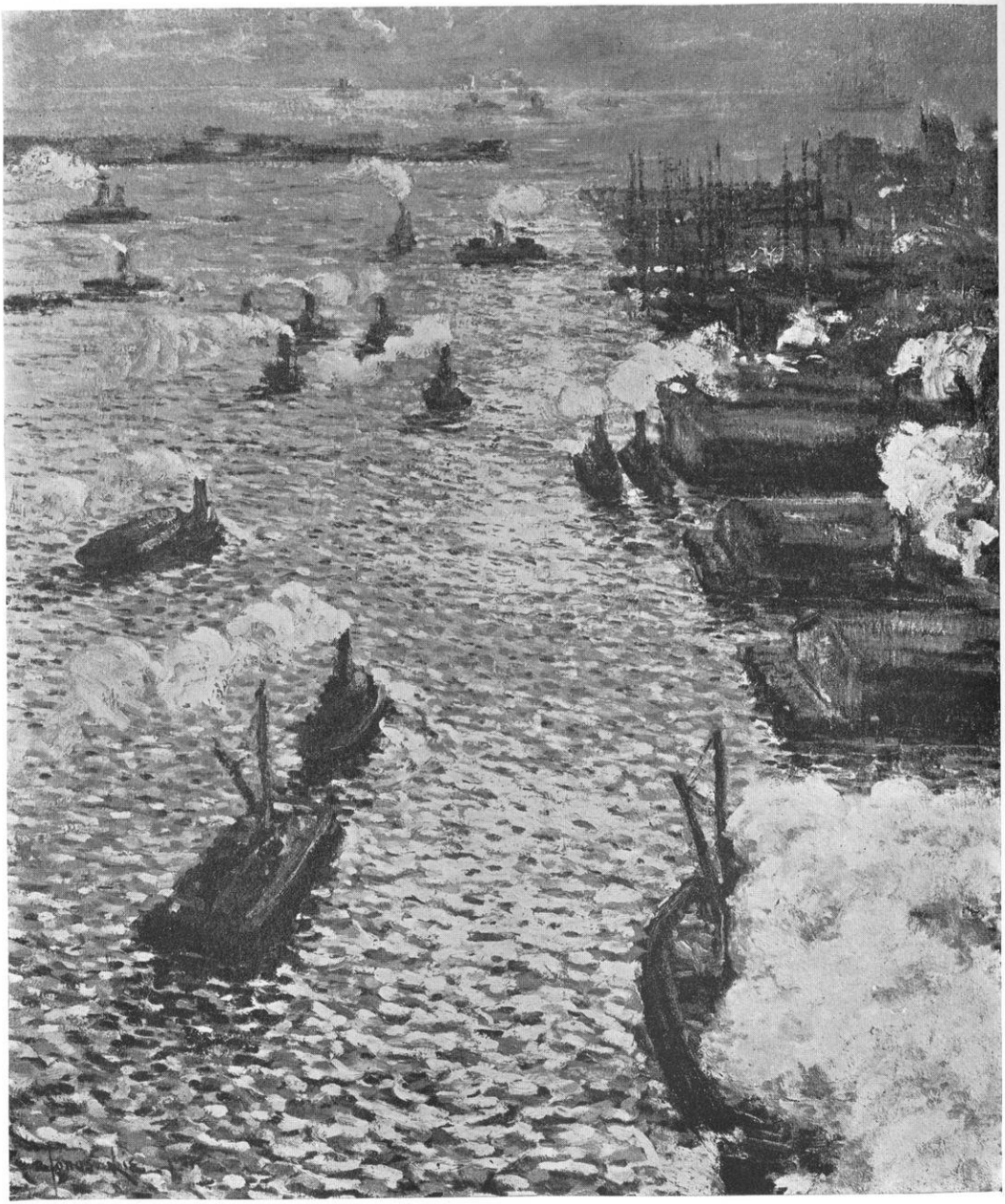

See Page 455.

"FROM THE BRIDGE": FROM A RECENT PAINTING BY JONAS LIE.

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THE CRAFTSMAN
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VOLUME XXI JANUARY, 1912 NUMBER 4

HIGH DAYS AND HOLY DAYS: BY WILLIAM L. PRICE

HRISTMAS time again! And we have but laid aside the tools of summer work, trimmed our lamps for the long nights, counted up the gains and losses of the year; the loss of outworn things, the gain of fellowships. The old year just going, silent and sorrowful to death, when the new year breaks, the days of our efforts grown shorter, the shadows of eternal night drawn near, when the world is waked by Christmas bells, and a new year is born. But is there, I wonder, any old year, or any new year? Is there any death or birth? Perhaps these throbbings of the year are but the pulse beats of eternal life,—our dyings and our livings but the sleepings and wakings of eternal quests.

And these Christmas trees, this holly and this mistletoe, why do we hug them to our hearts and straightway go out bearing gifts, if our tree be but a sprig of cedar and our gift a smile?

Those old-time heathen who invented Christmas, with its birthday of the hope of the world, felt the terror of death approaching, saw life dropping with falling leaf, shed senile tears with setting suns and shortening days, made bloody sacrifice to dying time, and fiercely clutched the twigs of trees that did not die—holly, pine and mistletoe. They held them up as charms against the dying year that it should not die, piled high the yule fire on their hearths, gathered together, first in fear of death and then in hope of life, set up the green tree within their halls, heaped high the flaming hearth sun, drank deep at sign of lengthening days, and clasping hands in fellowship gave praise and gifts that the demon of the dying year had passed them by. And so they made Christmas in the land,

made Christmas the birth of Christs and not the death of years, glorifying the unending approach of good out of departing evil.

But what do we with Christmas? What fears and hopes fill up the year's ending for us? What holidays do we make for ourselves and our children? Too often our fears are for the small things we shall receive and our hopes for the larger beneficence of a formal day of gifts and gorges. We moderns make no new symbols, we only unhallow the old. In the name of Science, which is the handmaid and prophet of mysteries, we deny all mystery, we depeople the wood and stream of dryad and of nymph, the rustling wind among the reeds wafts to our ears no more the pipes of Pan, we deny Pan because we no longer see the God within the beast. Dryad and nymph have fled because our life also has lost touch with the myriad phasing life around us.

We bring dry gifts in our hands at Christ's birth-time because we deny the Christ births of our daily lives; in denying that two crossed sticks could raise up the hearts of men, we also deny that the life of which it is a symbol can raise up lives of men.

Oh! we of little sense, as well as little faith! We who have denied the multi-symboled gods of old in the name of unity, we now deny that unity when we deny the mystery of life that runs through all. You who hold to Christmas as a mere set day of gifts, gifts mostly a burden to giver and a nuisance to recipient, you whose Thanksgiving Days are appointed by a President who merely hasn't the initiative, not to appoint them, you who observe Fourths of July, and Washington's Birthdays, as mere cessations from toil, what should you know of Holy Days? What poetry, what symbols make joyous your hearts with their dawn and hallow their departing hours?

How long I wonder will it take us to find out that "The life is more than meat and the body more than raiment?" How much longer shall the besotted god of things pollute the temples of our lives? That god of things that squats ever in the temple of art, befouling the very birthplace of man's soul, beguiling even the artsman into strange blasphemies of "art for art's sake," exalting gain, —self gain, above service.

WHAT Christmas stories have we to tell our little children, whose laughter at the sweet myth of St. Nicholas is but the echo of our own bitter laughter at all things unseen and hallowed? If it be that our lives are so full of the flesh of material things that the spirit of art, the mystery of self-consciousness, the unspeakable awe of this life that pulses under our every touch in all things touchable, no longer bidding us think and talk in parable and myth of

those things too real to be set down in the ledgers of our stupid knowledge, then our lives have gone astray and all our swelling boasts of progress are but dead echoes rumbling among the tombs and the deserted temples of our souls.

Why those old, savage, idol breakers of the North who still clung to the belief, that but for the green trees of winter, the spring would not come again, had eyes that saw more than ours and souls that answered in poetic phrase, in symbol and in holy myth the questing of their eyes.

It almost makes one fear that progress has been in vain, that wealth is a curse, that it were better to be poor as the Irish peasant is poor, that there might be fairies on our hearths and poems in our hearts; one is almost tempted to wish that knowledge and comfort, wealth and invention be all swept away, and that we be forced like the poor Japanese to make our beauty out of tinsel and paper, of split bamboo and crude earth, almost we must begin to think poverty a blessing when we look upon life with the eyes of our souls.

But He whose birthday, like the birthdays of all the heroes and saviors of the world, has always been in the day of lengthening hours, said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven." So now when Christmas comes, when we have given our banal gifts, our bought toys and the machine-made symbols of our Christ spirit, let us watch the children, see what they do, see what the toys mean to them so long as they hold together.

They play with them; and what is play? imagery, poetry, reality. Is the toy horse no more than painted wood? Is the doll only sawdust and sham? Listen to your children talk to them, look at the intense reality of unspoiled lives, whole because imaginative; why that doll nestling to your little maid's slim bosom is almost more alive to her than she is to you. It is to her a symbol, while too often your child is only a fact. And until you can play as the child plays, you shall have no holy days; until you shall choose the simple, your life shall be cluttered up with the complex.

We have found out that we can make many things, that life can be filled to overflowing, to the swamping of our souls with the dear-bought prodigality of our mechanic age. Some of you think that the whole trouble is that things are not evenly divided, while others think that out of poverty alone can grow all the virtues.

It is but the "Lo, here is Christ, Lo, there is Christ" of those other days, forgetting as they forgot that the Kingdom of God is within us. It is within ourselves that we must seek the answer to our quest. We may give each other liberty, we only can give our-

selves freedom; freedom from the bondage of things, freedom to the hallowed glory of things moved by the life within them; freedom to that world of realization that dawns on those from whose eyes the veil of sordid materialism has been withdrawn.

THINK of the exquisite life of those Japanese who, in the joy of the blossoming year, write poems and hang them on the trees, not primarily that others shall read, but that they shall express what others may read and so share their joy; and all those others must pay in an answering joy that bids them seek also the flowering branch.

But what do we know of the joy of spring, the glory of summer harvests, the sweet winey airs of autumn, or of the lightened belt and set teeth of old earth's winter time that carries her through the lean moons of the year, what does that mean to us? Our days are but days and our nights, nights, while to our children they seem the million formed miracles they really are. Until we have learned to choose simplicity and mystery, instead of complexity and mere explanations, which really explain nothing; until we can take knowledge for our handmaid, and not our master, until we can weave fables and draw symbols from our daily life, we shall not really live, and our Christmases and holidays shall remain the dreary year beats of our humdrum pilgrimage.

Until then we shall have no art, for art is interpretative symbolism, and it is the people and not the artists who must supply the life out of which vital symbols grow.

We shall have no real holidays, since they are the spontaneous and general recognition of a poetic concept of life, and have no place in materialism.

And we shall not really become as little children or know them and their mystic life, or play with them, or give them any love that is more than blind instinct. Oh! my fellow men, have we not played our dreary game of make-believe long enough? Do the stupid counters of our dismal playing really satisfy? Is it not time we turned from things, to the meanings that lie back of things; and time to discard such things as have no meaning in their possession, or joy in their making?

Can we not this Christmas Day listen to the call of the ages? "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden." Can we not determine as soon as may be to throw aside such work as corrodes and such things as confuse, and turn to the inner life, demanding from ourselves the recognition of the artist and the poet who sleeps within the meanest of us? Let us work a little

harder at our play and play a little harder at our work. Let us make more holidays, and more days holy, by gilding the dross of necessary things with the Midas touch of imagination which is only poetic realization!

And when we take account of stock let us look back to last Christmas and count the gifts of friendliness the year has brought to us, new friends found, old friends better known, the green of hope that carried us through the winter of despair, the sweetness of love teaching us to forget the bitterness of toil and disappointment. Holly berries for the blood of fellowship, mistletoe for hallowed gaieties, the mystic gifts of life hung round about the green tree of promised springs, the Christmas tree!

ECCE HOMO

I AM the clear cry in the wilderness;
The still small voice that gives the spirit power
That too am I; the fragrance of the shower
Breathes my rich blessing and my will to bless;
I am the pine tree laboring in distress
Uprooted by the tempest of an hour;
The meek vine hiding in the sylvan bower
I tremble, tremble at the wind's caress.
I am the beggar and the almoner.
Who looks upon the ocean or the star
Has sight of me; across the sky, blue-spanned,
Forevermore is heard my garment's stir;
I am the daisy by the pasture bar;
The heavens in the hollow of His hand!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE IRISH PLAYERS IN AMERICA: THEIR PURPOSE AND THEIR ART: BY ANN WATKINS

A FEW weeks ago there came to a New York theater the famous little company of Irish Players from the Abbey Theater in Dublin, here on their first visit to America. They had played in Boston and in Washington with marked success, but the attitude toward them of the average New York theater-goer and also of several of the dramatic critics, was at once amusing and mortifying in its utter lack of comprehension. Fortunately there were enough people who were able to appreciate their rare and delicate art and the wonderful truth and subtlety of the little Irish sketches they put on, to give them fairly good houses at each performance, but taken in the large sense they proved to be caviar to the multitude.

To audiences accustomed to the glittering elaboration of the conventional Broadway production, it meant a radical change of viewpoint to appreciate the simplicity of the stage settings, which were confined to the fewest of absolutely necessary accessories. The thing apparently that hurt the feelings of the hand-fed critics who obediently chronicle the showy triumphs of the syndicate productions was the lack of what one of them termed "clean-cut histrionic methods." As a matter of fact, the very cornerstone of the singular and compelling charm of these artisan players is that they have no histrionic method whatsoever. They have temperament that is like a flame, sincerity that halts at nothing in the portrayal of conditions and characteristics that to them are a part of their own life, and magnetism that fairly hypnotizes any audience sufficiently receptive and sympathetic to respond to it. They speak with rich, soft inflections that reveal new possibilities of beauty in spoken language and that is as different from the conventional stage imitation of the Irish brogue as music is from discord, and in strong or tragic situations their power sweeps out like a tidal wave. But the critics speak truth in one sense; they make absolutely no effort to obtain effects either by studied gestures or tricks of elocution, so their methods can hardly be termed histrionic.

The plays they put on were those of the new school of Irish writers whose work represents such an important phase of the Nationalist movement in Ireland,—William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, J. M. Synge, T. C. Murray and others. Most of them were vivid little sketches of Irish life, thrilling with its age-long sorrow and inextinguishable mirth; some founded on the old heroic traditions of this fiery and fascinating Celtic race, and others upon the little everyday happenings which reveal the infinite complexity of the

Irish temperament. They did not act these in the ordinary sense of the word; they *lived* them so keenly that even an American audience felt, if it could not quite understand, the glow and quiver of that throbbing life. Only once did they miss fire, and that was when they attempted a Bernard Shaw play which was as foreign to them as the subject of the play was to the experience and genius of Shaw himself. In this play alone—an extravagant drama of life among Western American cowboys,—the players were as ill at ease as American actors would have been in attempting to portray the characters by Lady Gregory or Mr. Synge. But in their own plays they fully bore out the contention of a noted English critic that this unpretentious group of Irish actors has succeeded in attaining to a degree of dramatic art such as has not been seen since the palmy days of the Comédie Française.

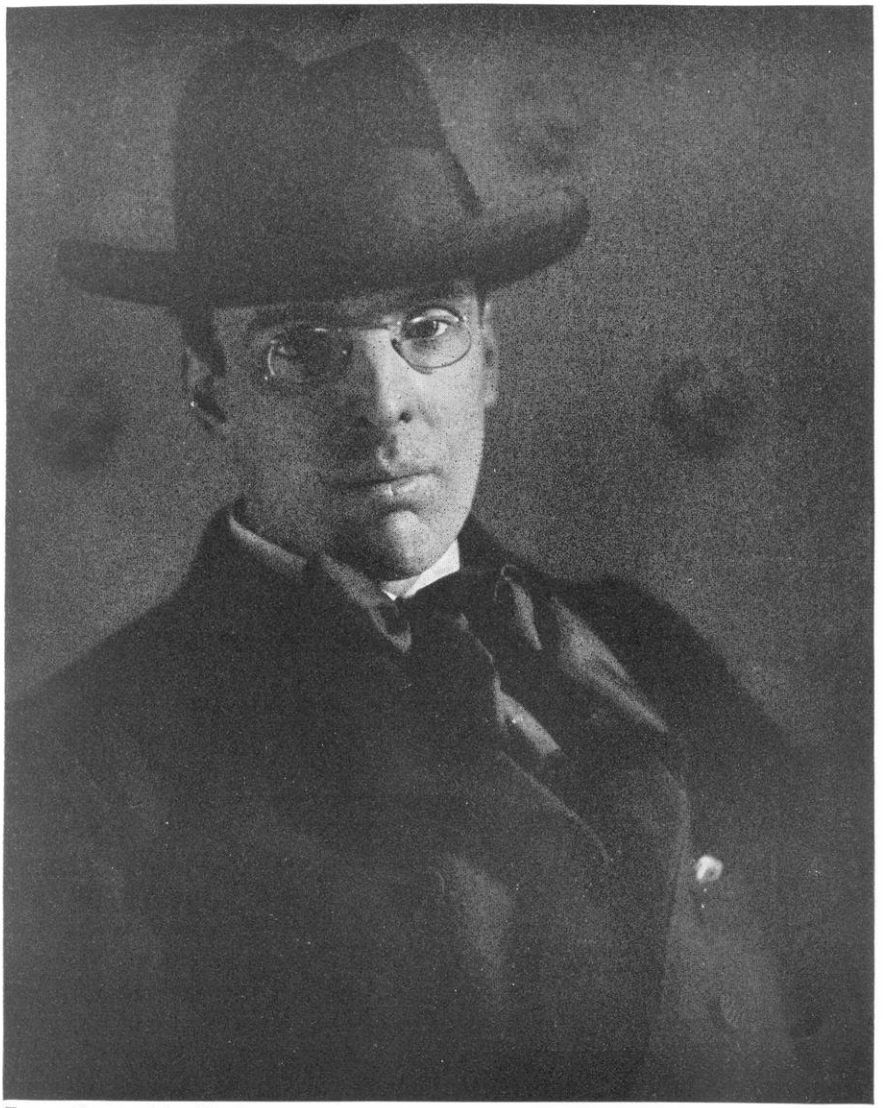
TO UNDERSTAND the spirit and meaning of the work of both playwrights and players, we must go back about twenty years, to the beginning of the new epoch in Ireland. We have always known in a casual way of the struggle of the Irish to preserve their nationality. We have heard echoes from the other side of the unending fight for home rule; of rebellions and uprisings and of the passionate clinging to all things that are truly of the soil. And we have had ample evidence in this country of the energy and resourcefulness of the transplanted Irishman, especially in politics. But few of us have known of the wealth of Irish literature, music and art that has lain buried for centuries in ancient manuscripts, or has been handed down by oral tradition among the folk in remote country places. We know that, six centuries ago, the relentless suppression by the Statute of Kilkenny of all evidences of Irish nationality drove the Irish language and the old heroic traditions alike into hiding, but few outside of the stricken island realized that they were cherished all the more sacredly because of the passionate resistance to the power of the conquerors, and that in many places the people still held to the old beliefs of nature worship and still thought in the ancient Gaelic tongue.

The rich and vivid language that sprang from this welding together for centuries of the natural Irish thought and the enforced English speech, and the treasures of folk-lore to be found in every peasant's cabin, offered a field for the reaping to such men as William Butler Yeats, Edward Martyn, Dr. Douglas Hyde, George Moore and the others of that famous group who set on foot in eighteen hundred and ninety-four a movement to restore and preserve the ancient Gaelic tongue and also to create a modern Irish literature

that should show forth the inner national life of the people. For some time this movement to recover and reëstablish the literary identity of a nation was confined to the efforts of the Irish Literary Society to get the Gaelic tongue accepted and taught in the schools; to publish books and poems in the ancient language and to translate into English the old legends and traditions of Ireland. But there was another phase, made inevitable by the literary rebirth, and that was the dramatic representation, first of the romantic and heroic events of history, then of the strange and exquisite fancies which grow like flowers in the rich soil of the Celtic mind, and lastly, of the strange, baffling temperament of the Irish people of both yesterday and today.

The time was ripe for the development of a new and vital dramatic art. There was plenty of material, for Mr. Yeats and his colleagues had been writing plays as well as poems and books, and in eighteen hundred and ninety-nine the plan of the Irish Literary Theater was formed by Lady Gregory, William Butler Yeats and Edward Martyn. They dreamed of establishing an Irish National Theater, but at first it seemed impossible to get Irish actors to produce the plays. The only Irish actors had become practically denationalized in England and America, and knew no more of the subtle savor of Irish life than if they had been foreign-born. Therefore the founders decided that for three years they would experiment with English actors imported to Dublin to give the conventional stage representation of Irish plays. At the end of that time they were convinced that the country would support the project of establishing a purely national drama and would make it a part of the national life. This much accomplished, the next step was to get Irish players who would give the true interpretation to the plays that were springing up everywhere.

LIKE all great and vital movements, this one received its first impulse from sheer necessity. The primary cause of the change was that the promoters of the Irish Literary Theater had no money to pay their English players. So, taking courage from the fact that the plastic and volatile Irish temperament lends itself naturally to dramatic representation, they gathered together from among the young working men and girls of Dublin a few who had given evidences of unusual imagination, intelligence and a natural gift for acting. Dramatic training they had none, but the writers of the new plays knew exactly what they had in mind and trained the actors to express that and nothing more. And the actors, being utterly and blessedly unsophisticated, did exactly as they

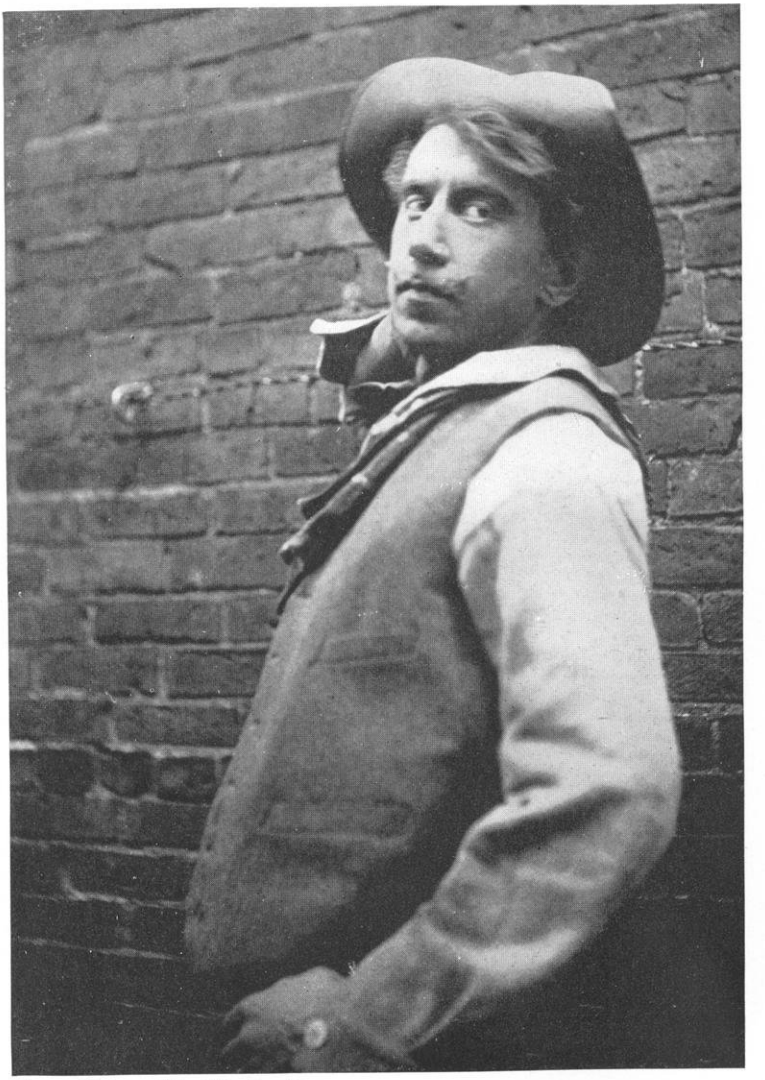


From a Photograph by Alice Boughton

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS: IRISH POET AND DRAMATIST AND ONE OF THE INAUGURATORS OF THE IRISH LITERARY THEATER

From a Photograph by Alice Boughton

SARA ALLGOOD AS *Nora Burke* IN
"THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN."



From a Photograph by Alice Boughton

FRED O'DONOVAN AS *Blanco Posnet* IN BERNARD SHAW'S PLAY OF "THE SHOWING UP OF BLANCO POSNET."

From a Photograph by Alice **Boughton**

LADY GREGORY, WRITER OF IRISH DRAMA
AND MANAGER OF "THE IRISH PLAYERS."

were told. It was not difficult, because they only had to be natural and to give free rein to the mood inspired by the play, but the work seemed endless before Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats were ready to pronounce it good. Week after week these young people, after working hard all day in shop or factory, came in the evening to rehearsal and simply did their best to make alive and real the plays which either caught them up to the heights of fantasy or else mirrored their own life and their own people. They were not paid because there was no money to pay them. They did the work for the pure love of it and for the glory of God and their country.

Two years after the little company was gathered together and molded into shape, an English woman, Miss Horniman, leased the old Abbey Theater in Dublin and gave it to them for a term of years. This was their great chance and they made the most of it. Playwrights and players gave their work for nothing; one friend or another helped to make costumes or paint scenery, so they started the winter hopefully with a capital of forty pounds. Fortunately it was a hobby of the managers to use as little scenery as possible and to make each costume do multiple duty, so ten or twenty pounds paid the expenses of quite a long run. By the end of the first season they had made enough money to give an infinitesimal salary to one or two of the chief players, who gave the most time to the theater and worked the hardest. Also the manager sent the players out to the villages where small dramatic societies had been started, thus realizing their dream of spreading the dramatic movement over Ireland.

Then success began to come in generous measure. From the very first these young actors did right instinctively because they never had learned to do wrong; they imitated no one because they had seen no one to imitate; they made few gestures and kept very still upon the stage because they were not naturally given to movement or gesture in the affairs of daily life. And they gave full value to the literary quality of the plays, both because they appreciated it themselves, and because, as Mr. Yeats once said, "In the speech of the Irish country people who do all their thinking in Gaelic, the words themselves sing and shine."

When the players were taken to London, after a season or two in Dublin, they did more to create among the English people a genuine appreciation of the artistic power that had so long lain dormant in Ireland, than has been accomplished by any other phase of the Irish Revival. Since then they have played an annual season at the Court Theater,—that shabby old playhouse which has come to be known as the home of all things daring and radical.

SUCH is the story of the Irish Players. The plays themselves are even more a part of the literature of Ireland than of the budding drama. Taken as a group, they give a picture of vividly picturesque life and thought as seen from every angle. Each one of the group of playwrights most intimately concerned in the Irish Revival seems to have marked out his own definite line of research and action and to have established his own viewpoint. For example, William Butler Yeats is the poet *par excellence* of the strange fantasies that embody the ancient beliefs and legends of the countryside, where remnants of an almost vanished paganism still linger among the Catholic traditions of later centuries. Therefore the majority of his plays are as far removed from daily life as the "Morte d'Arthur" or the "Nibelungenlied." So delicately imaginative are they that it is almost better to read, by the light of the inward vision, of supernatural beings and heroic days than it is to see them acted by mere men and women on the stage. These plays have all been put on, and successfully, but it is hardly within human power to visualize the strange unearthly beauty of "The Land of Heart's Desire," where the new-married bride, full of dreams and vague longings for beauty, is witched away on May Eve by a child of the fairy people. And in "Countess Cathleen," even the rare dramatic art of these players is strained to the utmost in the endeavor to realize the haunting horror of the famine-stricken land and the fiendish subtlety of the two demons who came in the guise of merchants to buy human souls in return for bread. The tragedy of "Deirdre" comes closer to human passion and human woe, but even that grows dim through the mist of the ages. The hero light glows around the head of *Cuchulain* as he closes with his unknown son in mortal combat "On Baile's Strand," but we see it only when we close our eyes, and it is only with our inner ears that we hear the thunder of many wings as the enchanted birds fly away to "The Shadowy Waters," bearing with them the sister of the king.

Lady Gregory writes of the people in the markets and villages of the west country,—people she has known and ruled and mothered all her life. Most of the little one-act sketches that have come from her pen are pure comedy, for, as she says herself, her young colleagues give enough tragedy to the story of Ireland. She alone out of them all has grown old enough to laugh. And it is delicious and inextinguishable Irish mirth—this laughter of hers. Her people talk in the pure Galway dialect, with the rich Gaelic idiom underlying the English words, and the Galway dialect is a thing to remember as one of the joys of life. She touches upon all phases of Irish life and character; upon the desperate national struggle that lies

behind the escape of the political prisoner in the "Rising of the Moon," and upon the childlike enthusiasm and imagination, as well as the impish humor, that first gives poor "Hyacinth Halvey" a character that no saint could live up to and then insists upon his maintaining it through all his efforts to be wild and reckless. She makes you laugh until the tears come with the irresistible Irishism of the two old paupers in "The Workhouse Ward," who quarrel fiercely, yet elect to stay there and go on quarreling rather than be separated, and she thrills you to the core with pride over the fierce loyalty of the two poor women who stand in the dawn at "The Gaol Gate," waiting for news of a beloved prisoner, and then burst into passionate rejoicing because the man who is all the world to them has allowed himself to be hanged rather than give information against the neighbor who committed the crime for which he suffered. In this poignant little play Lady Gregory does not laugh, but she sings a song of triumph over Irish honor and courage.

BUT to Mr. J. M. Synge alone belongs the forceful and relentlessly truthful presentation of what Mr. Yeats calls "the folk imagination as it has been shaped by centuries of life among fields or on fishing grounds." His people talk a strange musical language, as remote from English as if the words were in a foreign tongue, and one never hears from them a thought that is of today and not of yesterday. There is humor in plenty, but the tragedy of a hard and precarious existence lies so close to the surface that it is never quite hidden. The "Riders to the Sea" is pure tragedy, and incidentally it is one of the greatest plays in the English language. The core of all its strong and terrible simplicity lies in the lament of the old woman who has seen the sea take away her husband and her six strong sons. When the last one is brought in dead she ceases her lamentations, for the peace of utter despair has come to her. "They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me," she says quietly. "I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises and they hitting one and the other. . . . They're all together this time, and the end has come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul and on Michael's soul and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch and Stephen and Shawn and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of everyone is left living in the world."

It is hard to see why there should have been so many denunciations of "The Playboy of the Western World." In a way it is

broadly humorous, but it is neither sarcastic nor brutal. And it turns the searchlight upon the simple hero-worship and kindliness, as well as the cruelty and changeableness, of the Irish peasant. A frightened, haggard young chap comes to a western village, hiding from justice because, in a moment of unconquerable rage, he has slain his father. He tells his story pitifully to the people who give him shelter, explaining that he had been browbeaten all his life until at last he had turned. The inflammable Irish imagination is instantly fired by this great and strange crime and, to his utter amazement, the boy finds himself the hero of the community, because, as one man puts it, "bravery's a treasure in a lonesome place, and a lad would kill his father, I'm thinking, would face a foxy divil with a pitchpike on the flags of hell." All goes merrily until the father, having been only stunned instead of killed by his son's blow, turns up, bent on vengeance. But the boy has been reconstructed by the admiration of his neighbors. He is cock of the walk now and in the end the two go off together rejoicing, the old man for the first time really proud of his son and the son self-respecting for the first time in his life. The subtlety of the Irish viewpoint is shown when the boy, goaded to desperation, actually attacks his father again and apparently kills him. The people turn in an instant upon the murderer, and the girl he is in love with sums up public opinion by saying: "I'll say, a strange man is a marvel, with his mighty talk; but what's a squabble in your back yard, and the blow of a loy have taught me that there is a great gap between a gallous story and a dirty deed."

NEVERTHELESS this much-talked of play of Mr. Synge's seems less significant than either "The Well of the Saints" or "The Shadow of the Glen." In the former, where a blind man and his wife have the sight restored to them by water from a sacred well and find that the world is not all they pictured it in their days of darkness, it is hard to imagine anything more exquisite than the complaint of the old man when reference was made to the "grand day" that he was cured. "Grand day, is it," he says, "or a bad black day when I was roused up and found I was the like of the little children do be listening to the stories of an old woman, and do be dreaming after in the dark night that it's in grand houses of gold they are, with speckled horses to ride, and do be waking again, in a short while, and they destroyed with the cold, and the thatch dripping, maybe, and the starved ass braying in the yard?"

And the loneliness of the young wife of an old man is poignantly expressed in "The Shadow of the Glen," where *Nora* says: "I

do be thinking in the long nights it was a big fool I was that time, *Micheal Dara*, for what good is a bit of a farm with cows on it, and sheep on the back hills, when you do be sitting looking out from a door the like of that door, and seeing nothing but the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again, and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees were left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain."

It is dangerous to begin to quote from these plays because the strange, haunting charm of them is so compelling that it is hard to know when to stop. The glory of the written word, however, endures where the spoken word has faded from the memory and these Irish plays will endure and delight future generations with their pictures of deep feeling and homely life long after the gallant Irish Players have spoken their last lines.

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD

"O LORD, O God, take pity on this little soft child. Put wisdom in his head, cleanse his heart, scatter the mist from his mind and let him learn his lessons like other boys. O Lord, thou wert thyself young one time; take pity on youth. O Lord, thou, thyself, shed tears; dry the tears of this little lad. Listen, O Lord, to the prayer of thy servant and do not keep from him this little thing he is asking of thee. O Lord, bitter are the tears of a child, sweeten them: deep are the thoughts of a child, quiet them: sharp is the grief of a child, take it from him: soft is the heart of a child, do not harden it."

—Extract from the Irish play "The Lost Saint," by Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE.

EVERGREENS: THEIR DECORATIVE VALUE AND HOW TO PLANT THEM

IT IS to the evergreens that we look for the enlivening of the winter garden, and they can be depended upon to furnish most pleasing variety of form as well as color during the somber icy months when other members of the vegetable world are sleeping. The beauty of the delicate tracery of deciduous trees that fringe so wonderfully the frozen earth is appreciated to the fullest when complemented by dark masses of evergreens, for they act as a foil in form and color to the silvery gray network of twigs and branches. When evergreens, either the flowering shrubs or the coniferous species, are planted around the base of a house they seem to surround the home with a warm living green that valiantly holds at bay the severities of winter.

A group of small silver or golden blue, light green or purplish dwarf evergreens against the background of a dark rich pine or cedar hedge, makes a delightful note of color even in the summer, but is especially brilliant when newly fallen snow powders lightly the graceful plumes.

These hardy, cheerful, stoical plants are growing rapidly into public favor because of their ornamental value as well as their usefulness. A judicious sprinkling of them among deciduous trees adds greatly to a garden's variety at all seasons, and no formal grounds are complete without them. A hedge of cypress, cedar, hemlock or arbor-vitæ around the space allotted to the vegetables affords an excellent shelter from cold winds, and vegetables raised in such an enclosure will be ready for the table several weeks in advance of those raised in an open field. A group of them makes a decorative screen that effectively shuts out a too intimate view of a neighbor's back door or one's own stable or garage.

The fine foliaged junipers, hemlocks, yews and retinosporas are often used for formal hedges around drives and garden plots, and when planted against a house unite it æsthetically with the ground. The prostrate habit of the Mugho pine makes it of especial service near a house or on a terrace. Several of the dwarf junipers are well adapted for use on banks and terraces or as borders because of their pendulous, trailing tendencies. Smaller species of all kinds are in demand for formal or informal groups in joining the larger trees in close association with the ground.

Experienced horticulturists generally recommend evergreens that are native of America. Next to these come the ones from Japan, for because of the similarity of climate imported Japan stock thrives well with us, while those from Europe seldom live longer than twenty-

five years, though they are so beautiful and irresistible that they are used extensively in spite of the brevity of life.

PROFESSOR SARGENT, whose word is authority for all tree growers, says that there are only nine species of conifers which can be depended upon to grow to a large size and remain in perfect beauty. These are the white and red spruce (Picea alba and P. rubra), the white, red and pitch pines (Pinus strobus, resinosa and rigida), the red cedar (Juniperus Virginiana), the American juniper (Juniperus communis var. Canadensis), the arbor-vitæ (Thuya occidentalis), the hemlock (Tsuga Canadensis). The evergreens that have stood severe tests are all native Americans.

Other hardy evergreens well worth planting are the pines, Norway, Korean, lace-bark, small flowered (Pinus resinosa, Koraiensis, Bungeana, parviflora, the spruces Douglas, Engleman and Oriental (Pseudotsuga taxifolia, Englemanni, Orientalis), the Japanese arbor-vitæ (Thuya Japonica), the firs Cicilian, Nordmanns and Veitch (Abies cilicica, Nordmanniana, Veitchii) and the Japanese yew (Taxus cuspidata). It is important that the botanical names are given when ordering, because of the wide misuse of the common names of the evergreens.

The retinosporas, sometimes called Japanese cypress, are extensively used when color contrasts are wanted and for window-boxes, vases, hedges. They are hardy little things, thriving in most soils and have a pyramidal habit that endears them to decorators.

Among the flowering evergreen shrubs the rhododendron is perhaps the chief favorite. Its large glossy leaves would win our admiration even though it failed to put forth the beautiful white, pink, rose and violet blossoms in such profusion. A close rival of this effective shrub is the mountain laurel, which in addition to the dark shapely glossy leaves that make it so valuable for winter effects, bears a wealth of delicate white and pink blossoms which make the May garden worth a long and tiresome journey just to see. The azalea has this same admirable habit of retaining glossy polished leaves of summer green during the icy winter season, and then covering itself with innumerable charming blossoms in the spring. These three shrubs are especially popular for use around a home, because of their brightness in winter and their fragrance and beauty in spring.

Another favorite evergreen is the box, whose usefulness has been known and appreciated for many years. Visions of old-fashioned gardens come with the sight of it, and the smell of it recalls memories of home to the minds of a great many people. It grows so slowly that it will almost remain as when set out for years, which is a most

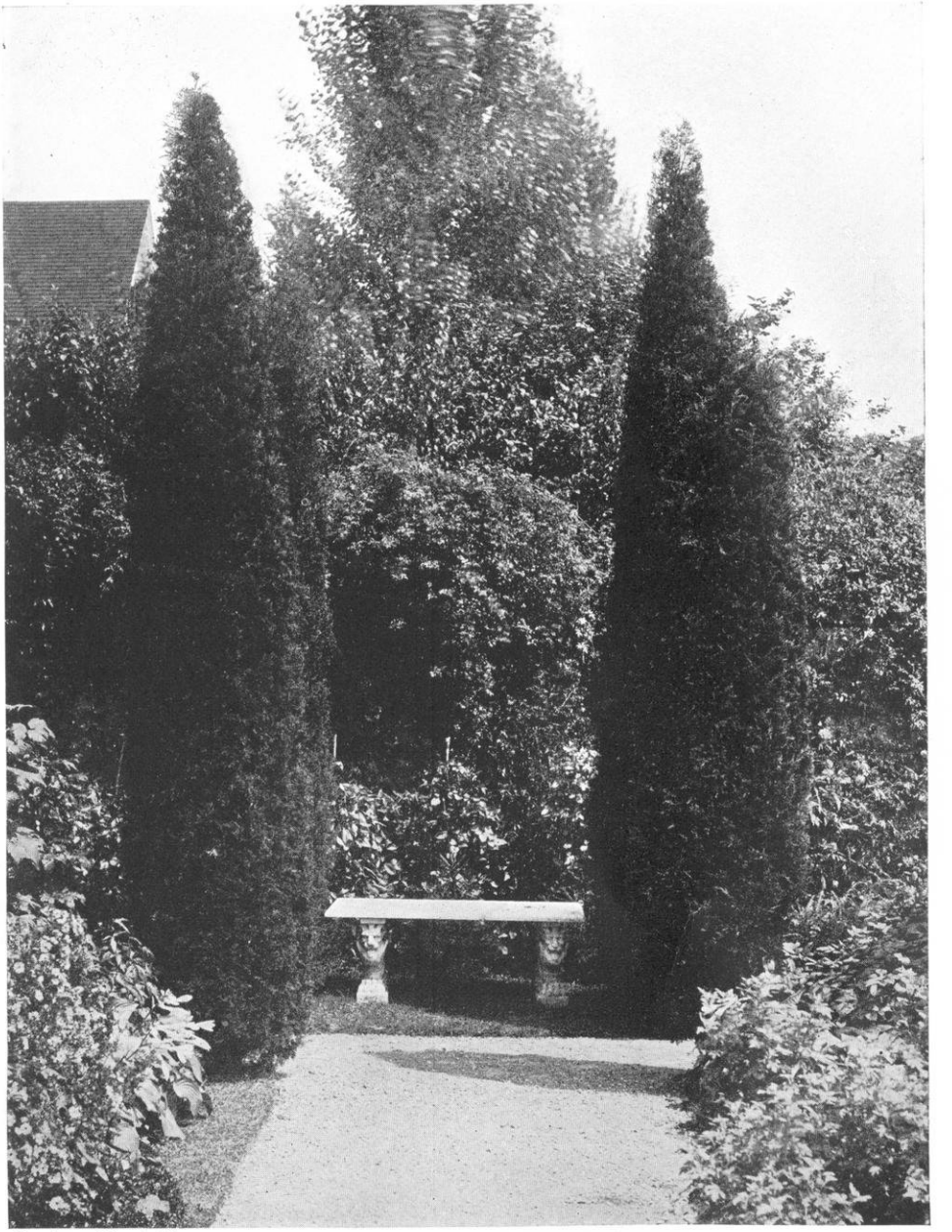
satisfactory trait from the landscape gardener's point of view. In formal effects for gardens, public buildings, window-boxes, etc., it is unsurpassed, for its compact little form, composed of rich dark green glossy leaves, is extremely decorative.

Several of the Mahonias can be depended upon for steady green and bronze colors. The Leucothoe's leathery bronze, oblong leaves are worthy a place in a winter garden; so are the Japanese and the English holly, the Daphne of prostrate form with its small fragrant flowers of May time, and the bayonet-leaved yucca and the privet.

THERE are two favorable seasons for the transplanting of evergreens, the first is in the early spring—April or May—when the soil is warm enough for the roots to begin growth at once. The next best season is in August or September, the tree having time to establish the new root growth before the winter sets in. The root system of evergreens is compact about the base of the tree, so that the problem of transplanting is simpler than with deciduous trees. By digging a deep circle with a long nursery spade close round the tree the roots may be lifted with the earth still clinging to them. The native soil left undisturbed about them is a great help in the transportation as well as the transplanting, for by wrapping the ball of earth with burlaps the roots are thoroughly protected from injury and will not dry out quickly. Evergreens can be transplanted any month in the year if a large enough ball of earth is left around them to protect the roots.

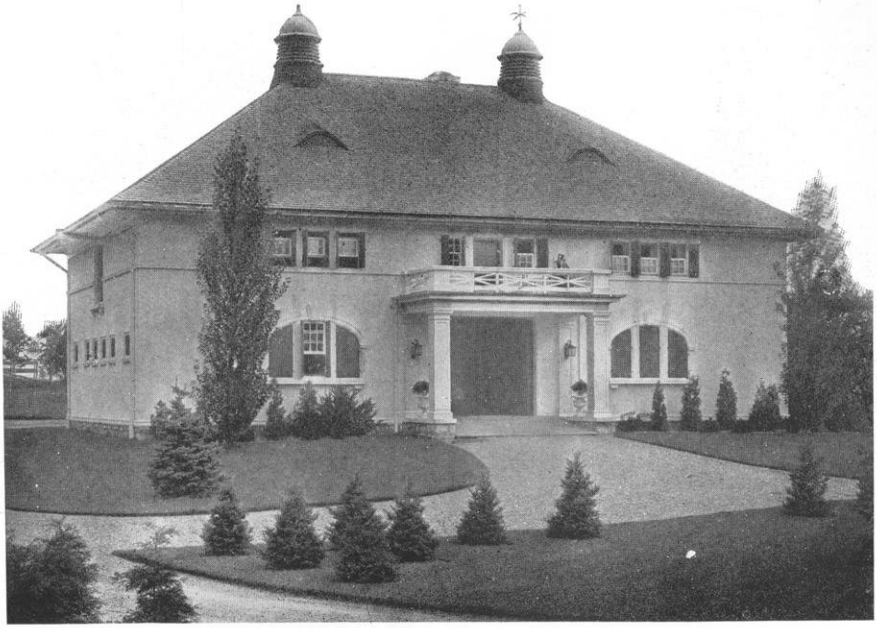
After they are planted in new quarters it is important that a mulch be placed around them to imitate as closely as possible the forest floor carpeted with needles to which they are accustomed. This thick carpet of manure prevents the moisture from rising out of the ground except through the trees.

Pine, spruce and juniper evergreens will stand almost any amount of cold weather and be little the worse for it. The thermometer can record thirty degrees below zero and these hardy plants will not mind it in the least, but an alternate thaw and freeze will prove their undoing. The sun causes the leaves of the evergreen to "transpire," so if the roots are frozen they cannot supply the leaves with moisture enough to compensate for the amount they give off on a warm thawing day, and they turn brown or yellow, the rich green of the foliage assuming a disconsolate rusty tone. Clipping the trees in the early spring will remedy this unfortunate condition, unless the tree has been killed outright, which sometimes occurs if the alternate frost and thaw has been very marked. Most evergreens will stand a very thorough clipping if done in the early spring before the new growth



Courtesy of Lewis Bros.

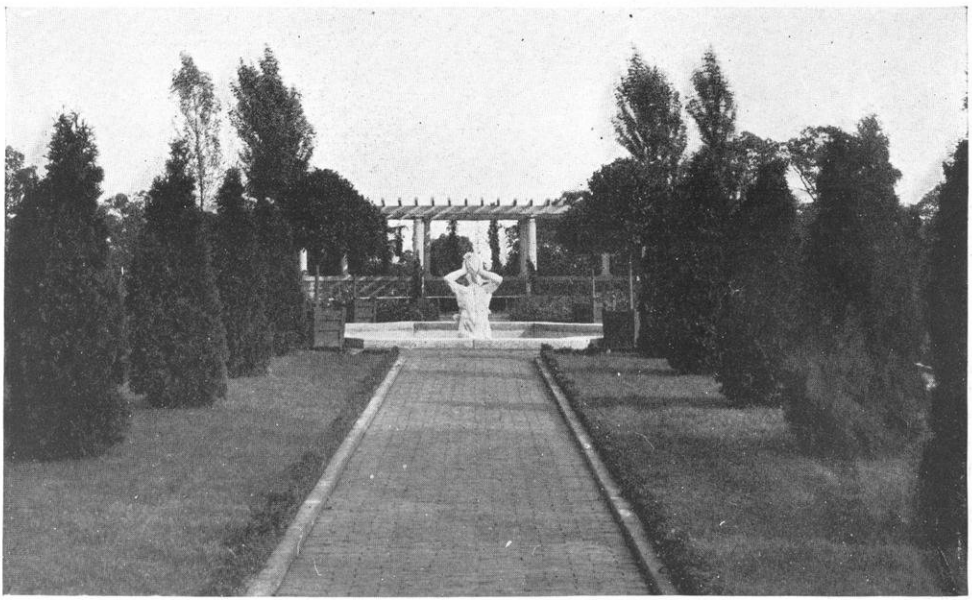
DECORATIVE EFFECT OF COMMON RED CEDAR IN PLANTING A FORMAL GARDEN.



Courtesy of Lewis Bros.

WHITE SPRUCE ON THE POINT, AMERICAN ARBOR-VITÆ AGAINST THE BUILDING, AND THE INDIVIDUAL SPECIMEN COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE.

THE MASS AGAINST THE HOUSE IS DWARF IRISH JUNIPER, SHEARED RETINOSPORAS IN VARIETY AND GOLDEN ARBOR-VITÆ.



Courtesy of Lewis Bros.

A MASS OF LARGE WELL-DEVELOPED EVERGREENS, CONSISTING OF KOSTER'S COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE IN THE CENTER, WHITE SPRUCE AT THE LEFT, NORDMANNS FIR AT THE RIGHT AND A BACKGROUND OF HEMLOCK.

FORMAL GARDEN PATH BORDERED WITH PYRAMIDAL ARBOR-VITÆ.

Courtesy of Lewis Bros.

A MASS OF RETINOSPORA AT THE CORNER, IN THE VARIETIES OF PLUMOSA, SQUARROSA VEITCHII AND FILIFERA: DWARF SPECIES, NEVER GROWING HIGH ENOUGH TO SCREEN THE WINDOWS.

begins. Fine grained evergreens should be pruned a little when they are set out, being careful, of course, not to injure the symmetry of the tree. The pruning should be done with a knife instead of shears, for a sharp knife will make a cleaner cut.

When planning the tree planting on large estates, the benefit of windbreaks should be taken into account, and arrangement made, if possible, for one near the house. Cold frames installed on the lee side of a closely planted windbreak will materially hasten the garden's bearing time, and windbreaks make a delightful shelter for a winter's walk, where those of the household not hardy enough to endure a vigorous buffeting of wind can promenade in comfort. The birds will adopt the hedge for their winter's quarters, especially if small trees are set in front of the tall ones, for there they will have quite an extensive runway under the trees that form into protecting tents when laden with snow.

The red cedar is an excellent tree for screens or windbreaks. It will aggressively resist strong winds from the ocean, so is in great favor near the seaside and on high bluffs. There are many varieties, differing greatly in color, ranging from deep rich green to silvery blue. Norway spruce is also well liked as a hedge plant for by trimming it becomes very dense. The white spruce can be pruned and clipped and governed until it makes a wall of green almost impenetrable by the winds.

When a single tree is destined to occupy a conspicuous space on a large lawn the Nordmanns fir is often chosen, for the symmetry and majesty of its growth, its shapely horizontal branches and the density of its dark green foliage make it eminently suitable for so conspicuous a position. A close rival of this fir for special planting is the white pine, for it is a large broad rapidly growing tree and ages with picturesque individuality. Being a native of America it is one of the hardiest and most satisfactory of all the evergreens and whoever loves a pine is sure to appreciate this beautiful tree.

Effective borders for a driveway are obtained by combining several varieties. For instance, close to the drive could be the smallest evergreens, such as the box, then dwarf junipers, hemlocks, retinosporas interspersed with rhododendrons, laurel or azaleas, then the larger trees, such as the pines, cedars, hemlocks, spruces. Tall lilies can be planted throughout such a group; their white, pink or yellow blossoms need no finer setting. Other flowers, such as asters, cosmos, chrysanthemums, will thrive and blossom during the summer among such a group of evergreens, adding the riot of color we love in the sunny season, yet in no way interfering with the vigor and beauty of our winter friends the evergreens.

EDUCATION WITHOUT BOOKS: BY DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN (OHIYESA)

T IS commonly assumed by the more advanced nations that the untutored peoples have no well-considered system of instruction for their young. Technically this may be allowed, in that they have no schoolhouses, no books, no regular school hours. Broadly speaking, however, it is far from true. I still recall vividly my own early education, and I can say for the North American Indians that their physical training was thorough and intelligent, while as to the moral and spiritual side of their teaching, I am not afraid to compare it with that of any race.

It is understood that I am *not* speaking of the Indian of today, but of the original North American, when I affirm that he taught his children both by example and precept, but with the emphasis upon the example, as is the logical and effective method. He conceived the art of teaching as, first and foremost, the development of personality, and the fundamentals of education as love of the "Great Mystery," love of nature, love of country and people.

Under the love of nature, he inculcated a brotherly feeling for the animal creation, the appreciation of beauty, of music, poetry, and eloquence; under love of country, fidelity in friendship, and respect for family and ancestry.

In order to fit himself for the highest enjoyment of life, the Indian youth set about body-building rather than house-building. He perceived that if he built fine houses, he must shut out nature, and he preferred to build the body and to be inseparable from nature. He read in nature the "Great Mystery," and in simplicity an abiding strength. He believed that prudishness or false modesty breeds evil, but in true modesty with plain speaking he recognized a genuine safeguard of virtue.

Since the essentials of well-being are peace for the soul and health for the body, and since no material abundance can satisfy a disturbed spirit, the basis of all efforts at teaching must inevitably be toward the establishment of a spiritual equipoise. Second only to this comes the development of a perfect body, the external evidence of a gracious spirit. The Indian believed that this body should be able to defy the elements, rather than be dependent upon shelter and abundance. The provision of bodily comfort and luxury, which appears to be the main business of civilization, he despised, as tending to undermine the courage and vitality of the race.

To us it would seem that the white man has built his civilization upon a principle not far removed from the ethics of the gambling den; he calls it *competition*. In other words, each man stakes

his powers, the product of his labor, his social, political and religious standing against that of his neighbor, to gain—what? To gain control over his fellow-workers, and the results of their labor.

The philosophy of the Indian was socialistic and at the same time individualistic. Earth, the All-Mother, was free to all, and no one sought to impoverish or enslave his neighbor. Unlike the modern, he seriously undertook to live his religion and carry his rules of life into practice.

The spiritual teaching of the child was very simply and faithfully carried out in every detail. The mother was especially entrusted with this, the most sacred of all duties, and she anxiously and thoughtfully laid the foundation of its education before her child was born. Alone in the solitudes with nature and God, she carried her holy burden, and in seeking for her unborn child the impress of the Unseen, she herself became abundantly supplied with strength and faith.

When at last she received the little body in her arms, she bent all her energies to direct the unconscious spirit toward its real maker and father. In the most natural, the simplest way, she established her child's sense of a vital relation with the Unseen, beside which all else is as nothing. From these earliest attempts of hers, it gathered that an awe-inspiring Something, very powerful, but very good and kind, must not be offended.

"Hush, hush, my child! Listen, hear the birds sing to Him! Hear His voice in the waterfall! The trees are whispering of their Maker!" True, the infant is not yet able to speak, but the mother is on the watch to forestall the dawning intellect with this precious faculty—the love of the "Great Mystery!" The Indian child thus learned that it is sweet to be alone with Him; that it is the true medicine for pain and restlessness; that it gives patience, strength, endurance. Silence and solitude are the fertile soil in which there springs up the perfect flower of religious reverence.

MEANWHILE, the child's grandparents were not idle or neglectful. Their oft-told legends and tales inspired in his breast the love of heroes, pride of ancestry, and devotion to country and people. They were old and wise; they had lived and achieved; and in them the Indian recognized the natural and truest teachers of the young. The long winter evenings were the time for learning folk-lore, and those traditions which had their roots in the past and led back to the source of all things. The subject lay half in the shadow of mystery; therefore it had to be taken up at night, the

proper realm of mysticism. The mind was not only enlarged and the imagination stimulated by these old legends, but they furnished the best of memory-training, as the child was required to remember and repeat them one by one before a critical household audience.

There was usually among us some old man whose gifts as a story-teller and moralist spread his fame far beyond the limits of his immediate family. In his wigwam, at the time of the winter camp, the children of the band were accustomed to gather with more or less regularity. This was our nearest approach to a school of the woods, and the schoolmaster received his pay, not only in gifts of food and other comforts, but chiefly in the love and respect of the village.

For the instruction of the boy in manly arts his father was responsible, although uncles and other relatives assisted, and the womanly training of the girl, of course, devolved upon the mother. The pupil was frequently called upon to meet some reasonable test of progress, thus leading by degrees to actual feats of hunting on the boy's part, and skilled housewifery on that of the girl. The earliest play in each case was almost entirely imitative of the life of their people, reproducing that life in little, and becoming a sort of school. On this mimic stage the serious pursuits, and even the solemn ceremonies of the tribe, were acted with much spirit and painstaking detail.

Inspired by the examples thus kept ever before him, the boy very early developed ambition as a hunter. Admittedly he inherited something of this, but far more the hunting exploits daily recounted in his hearing had sunk deep into his mind. At four or five years of age, as soon as his grandfather had strung his miniature bow, he stepped boldly from the teepee into the forest at its doors, eager for his first great adventure. In his heart he dreamed of overtaking a moose or bear, while in sober reality he was hunting the smaller beasts and birds, for practice and to verify the instructions received in babyhood. At this period he adhered strictly to what he had been told, but later on began to make his own discoveries and to think for himself with the confidence of the born explorer. The rabbits, the squirrels, and the birds were to him tribes of little people, with much wisdom and cunning of their own, against which he must match his wits in the contest for life. At the same time, he learned in the cradle to respect the unplumbed intelligence behind their dumbness as something *wakan* or mysterious, and dimly hoped to gain from them supernatural information. In his eagerness to come in closer touch with these woodland folk, the little fellow often forgot how long he had been from home, and how far he had wandered.

By the time he was ten years old, he had become an independent hunter and fairly adept in the arts of self-preservation and defense. He was then able to bring in small game to his mother, and each time he did so he was praised and encouraged to further effort. He cooked for himself when hungry, and developed wonderful ability to find his way at night, on the unbroken plain, or in the depths of the forest. His own account of the discovery and pursuit of his game was compared point by point with those earlier hunting stories that he had learned by heart, thus making every detail clear and definite in his own mind.

One of the earliest things he mastered was the language of foot-prints. He was taught that the habits of every animal may be learned, its very mind read, by intelligently following its trail. The season of the year, the time of day, the sex and age of the animal in question, all these affected the problem, which was to determine whether he was at play or in flight, in pursuit of his mate, or merely roaming in search of food. The answer must decide how far the hunter should pursue that trail.

He also learned thoroughly the characteristic manœuvers of the animal he was hunting, the detours or circles made before lying down, which vary with the different tribes, such as moose and deer. These larger animals he began to hunt when he was about twelve years old. At fifteen, if strong and well-grown, he was considered fit to go upon the buffalo-hunt or the war-path.

With all this, his physical development was by no means neglected. All the boys of a village met daily for athletic sports, such as swimming contests, jumping contests, climbing trees, and running races. There were mock fights, games of ball, and various other games, in which the boys were often supervised by older youths, and thoroughly instructed in the art of reserving their strength so as to win in a long-continued struggle. Their "staying power" is still one of the strongest points of the Indian athlete.

The boy was accustomed to rise at daybreak, when game is readily met with, and weather observations may be taken. One can also travel best during the early part of the day. Therefore the Indian slept early, unless on duty for a night watch, or for scouting.

During the period of growth, or what we might call his "school days," he was given the harder portions of the meat, and made to chew his food thoroughly, while the tender meat and the soup or broth were reserved for the old people. He was warned against drinking too freely of water, especially in long-distance running. Thus the body was kept lean, lithe and symmetrical—the ideal of manly beauty as exemplified in these "Greeks of the forest." After the

coming of the horse into primitive life, the boy was early trained to ride, swim and handle him.

THE education of the girl was conducted along distinctively womanly lines by mother and grandmother, and she was as carefully prepared for her duties as the boy for his. Even though she was not expected to be a hunter, woodcraft and nature study were, next to religion, the basis of her training. All the edible and medicinal herbs, roots and berries had to be accurately learned, together with their favorite haunts and proper time of gathering. The family life of the birds and smaller animals, even of the insects, was lovingly studied. She was taught that all things grow in pairs, and that the main business of life is parenthood.

Beginning with her dolls and their miniature teepees and garments, the little woman learned all the domestic arts, the sewing, embroidery, preparation of food, fetching of wood and water, and finally the most difficult lessons of all, those of tanning and dressing skins and making and pitching the teepee itself. Perhaps it was as well for her future content in life that no book lessons took precedence of these, or in any way detracted from their dignity and importance in her eyes. She early learned that the comfort and peace of the household were in her keeping, and she cheerfully accepted the trust.

It will be seen that our education was primarily religious, and after that mainly vocational, concerning itself directly with the necessary business of living. In these fundamentals the Indian himself was quick to perceive its superiority over the education urged upon him by the white man, who so far surpassed us in material conquests and in technical culture.

Our work in the fine arts was crude and primitive, yet not without value, as the dominant race is now beginning to discover. Songs of simple and appealing cadence were a part of life from babyhood onward. The very cradle songs inspired to brave deeds the miniature warrior, or encouraged womanly aspirations in the maiden.

Painting and carving were applied by our men to purely decorative and symbolic as well as useful ends, and our women developed a rare instinct for color and form in their art handicrafts—the wonderful basketry, blankets and pottery produced by different tribes, as well as in the embroidery which they lavished upon their garments and other belongings.

Having touched upon our prenatal, religious, historical, vocational and artistic training, it remains to speak of that social education in which, strange as it may appear, the "untutored savage"

often puts civilized man to the blush. Silence and modesty of demeanor in the young, reverence for elders, and general family decorum, were surely more characteristic of the Indian children of my day than of the average American household. Rudeness toward strangers, and especially toward the poorly dressed, the old or unfortunate, so commonly observed on the streets of every town, would never have been tolerated among us. Our rules of courtesy in the matter of salutations, visits, the taking or offering of food, and the like, were strictly observed, profanity or "slang" was unknown, intercourse between the sexes was closely guarded, and the whole fabric of our etiquette was more binding than written law.

In one further respect the Indian child under the old régime was unquestionably superior to the white child or to the product of the white man's schools—that is, in the courage which comes only with complete self-reliance, and the power of independent initiative that is after all a certain test of education.

IN THE OLD APPLE ORCHARD

IN THE Spring she laughed to see them—snow-white blooms upon the bough,
As they fell, a May-time snow-storm, thick as fall the apples now.
Oh the wonder of the orchard, cool and fragrant with the fruit—
This is Arcady in Summer, and the world's alarms are mute.

Far away the City thunders, and Life surges like a stream;
Here are afternoons of rapture, silence and a golden dream.
I am coming when they call me—Summer and my Summer maid—
Oh the wonder of the orchard, full of shadows and of shade.

I am going to the glory of the quiet orchard aisles,
Where the burning sun is vanquished—there is sun in her bright smiles:
We shall gather fruit and wisdom for the cheerless Winter days;
As we loiter in the orchard with its dim mysterious ways.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

EVERETT SHINN'S PAINTINGS OF LABOR IN THE NEW CITY HALL AT TRENTON, N. J.

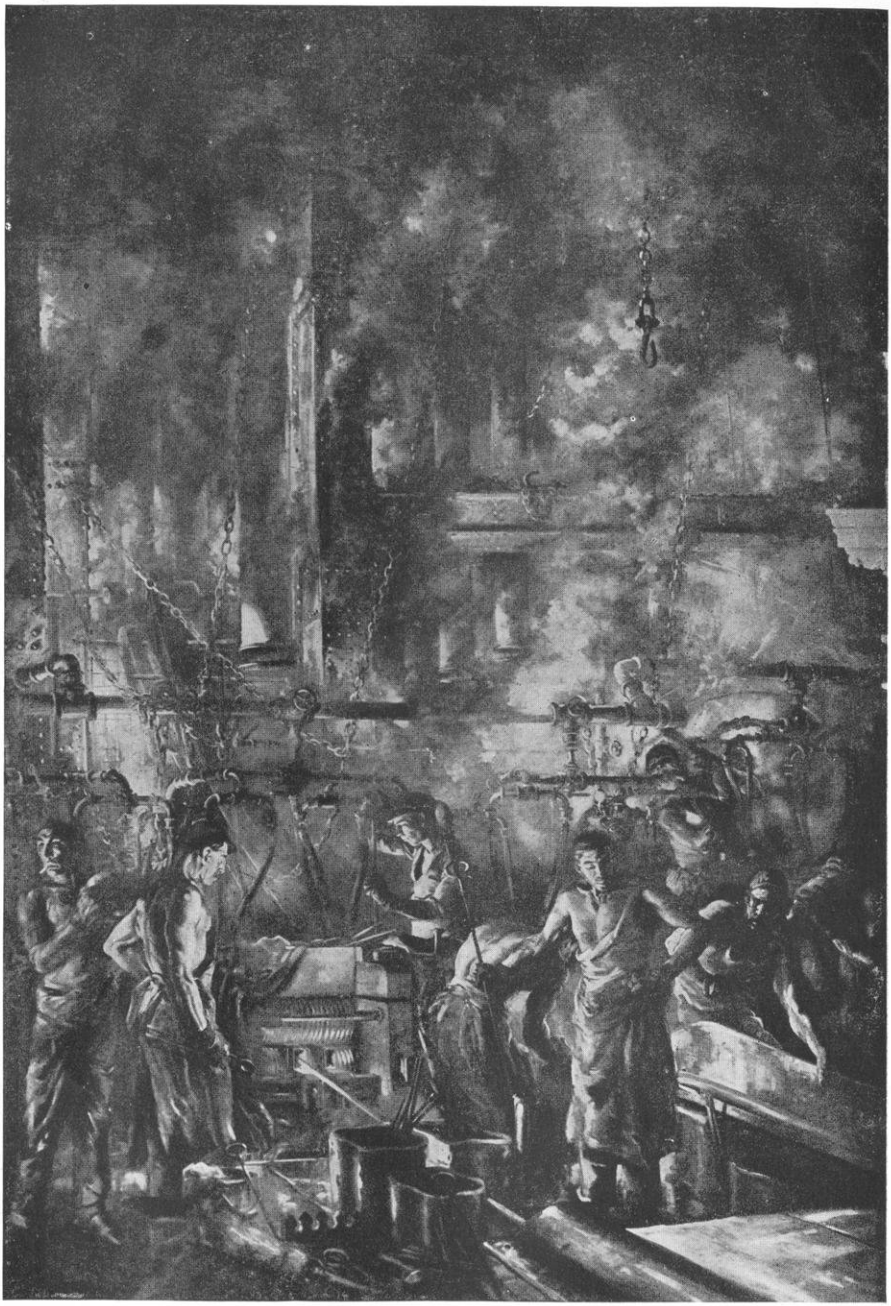
THE relation of art to life is the essential idea in Everett Shinn's decorations for the Council Chamber of the new City Hall at Trenton, New Jersey. Through all ages great art has been the expression of this relation, and has interested us because it was our means of knowing how people with great imagination saw life. Through painting and music and sculpture and poetry we have been able to follow the great men's vision of truth. And so far as we can understand from the history of art, that phase of it which has not shown an intimate relation to life has eventually evaporated, presenting to us during a fleeting existence the impression of lovely buildings without foundation. The fact is that there can be no real lasting interest in art that is not related intimately to life, for without that relationship the *reason* for art vanishes, in spite of the various temporary dilettante schools of the makers of pretty symbols. The purely decorative thing cannot survive, for the soul of the human race rests all its interests, its needs, its power of achievement upon the great fundamental truths of existence. There is nothing permanently great that is not an expression of these truths, and yet more often than not the fine presentation of truth is called revolutionary, anarchistic. Of course, it is called many "worse" things, too, by the people who are ignorant as well as fearless.

The figures in the great panels which Mr. Shinn has painted for the Trenton City Hall must unquestionably be ranked with that phase of art which is related to life. These panels represent the special industries of Trenton. They are tremendous in size, forty-five feet long by twenty-two feet high, and there is not from the height to the depth, from one great width to the other, a single suggestion of insincerity, artificiality, or the painting for pure decoration's sake.

The subject of the left panel shows men working in the colossal steel mills. At the right the men are equally energetic in the vast pottery works. Because these studies are realistic, because blood courses through the bodies of the workers, because the dignity of the workmen is the dignity of men and not of supermen, critics say that they are wholly modern, and admire them as a *new* phase of art. But as a matter of fact, they really represent an art of decoration that is as old as the ages, the art based on truth, and inherent in it.

The preparations for these decorations were long and arduous, and they were characteristic of Everett Shinn, whom of all our painters is perhaps the most ardent worker, the most tireless student.

WALL OF THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN CITY HALL AT TRENTON, N. J., SHOWING THE PLACING OF EVERETT SHINN'S MURAL DECORATION, DETAILS OF WHICH ARE SHOWN ON PAGES 380 AND 381.



PANEL BY MR. SHINN; SUGGESTED BY THE MEN AT WORK IN THE ROEBLING STEEL WORKS AT TRENTON, N. J.

MR. SHINN RECEIVED INSPIRATION FOR THIS DECORATIVE PANEL FROM THE POTTERY KILNS OF HARRY MATTOCK, TRENTON, N. J.

WILLIE CLEGG, FROM A SKETCH BY EVERETT SHINN OF ONE OF HIS MODELS FROM THE ROEBLING STEEL MILLS.

Before a brush was touched to the canvas, Shinn spent six months living alternately between the Roebling Steel Mills and the pottery kilns of Harry Mattock at Trenton. There he sought what the painter calls "atmosphere," and other people call knowledge. And he saw the things about him, not from a point of view of an artist, but from the point of view of a man—a distinction that is important. For many of the modern artists have lost the expression of manhood in a maze of mysterious affectations. They no longer see men and women, but see lines and colors and forms that may be turned into compositions that are admirable for purely artistic, and that is abstract, reasons.

If that cultivated and unreal sight be truly the sight of an artist, then Shinn, in painting these decorations, was not an artist. I am inclined to believe that he was something greater.

WHAT he has shown of these factories is what any truthful man would have shown us. He went to them to know them. He put his hands to levers to feel the pull of them and their give, he listened to the roar of furnaces, braved their white heat wafted like revenge through their opened doors, felt the force and delicacy of steel monsters, felt the exhilaration of victory over stubborn steel and malleable clay, felt the glorious pride and force of the skilled artisan. When he got back to his studio he was like a charger with the smell of gunpowder still in his nostrils. He knew that while a statesman can make or break an empire, he cannot bend an iron bar. The men who can *do that* first treated Shinn with indifference. He was to them only "an artist fellow from the city." Later they learned that he was also a man. At first they helped with a little contempt for his ignorance in the technicalities of their trade, but later eagerly and honestly.

And what has pleased Shinn most in this work is the fact that Willie Clegg, Ben Cruger and Stevens, the foreman of the testing machines at Roebling's, have absolutely approved of his decoration. They were models for it at his studio, and their portraits are to be pointed out by following generations of Cleggs and Stevenses and Crugers.

Willie Clegg's six feet of brawn upset the dainty portrait of a lady of Fragonard's time in Shinn's studio. He was a bull in a china shop—but he taught Shinn how to wipe a joint and bantered him because he had put a leather apron on the wrong mechanic. The painter made that correction and others that were suggested. There is not a faulty detail in the work, thanks to Willie Clegg's advice. The machinery represented is exact, the proper workmen do their

proper tasks. That is as the conscientious Meissonnier would have done it. But the Frenchman's superficial photography is not here. Shinn's photographic accuracy was incidental, that which he really wanted and that which he really got was the spirit of the places, the spirit of the work, the human dignity of it.

His decoration over the rostrum of the Council Chamber is to be a constant reminder of the active life of Trenton, of its industry and its ambition. It shows an inferno of heat, of vibrant lights and darks, of dancing shadows, of men who are men and demons at once. Each figure of the composition is Mephistopheles, joyful and masterly, before his particular fire. The whole is a riotous harmony, played by quick, active muscles, and fast-moving wheels, still one moment, tense or relaxed the next. Here is the work of Trenton and here must be the play of Trenton—the life of its people. No one may doubt that. Shinn is authoritative, and while he has painted here, a particular place, a seeming hell, he came to it from the outside and brought in with him, as all the workmen do, a ray of sunshine and of happiness and permitted it to remain there, as all the workmen do. He tells of the joy of work and of the joy of relaxation. He tells a story that is complete.

Decorators tell me that the obvious thing for Shinn to have done was to have painted Washington crossing the Delaware. That historical incident has done much for the fame of Trenton and certainly when Washington crossed the Delaware that cold winter's night, and rid the city of a boisterous band of drunken Hessians, he did much for old Trenton. But old Trenton, as Shinn says, is not contemporary Trenton, and that one night that added so much to the fame of General Washington and to the fame of Trenton has done little toward the growth of Trenton or even the survival of it.

"What the Council Chamber should laud in an American city hall and should commemorate," Mr. Shinn said to me in his studio recently, "is not past glories but present ones. The towns that look ever toward their pasts are lost towns.

"If the Mayor in the City Hall of Trenton were to say every day to his constituents, 'Washington once crossed the Delaware on a very cold night to conquer Trenton,' they would believe him but a poor mayor. Why does this not apply to the walls of the City Hall, and more especially so, in fact, for the ideas expressed on the walls of the City Hall are permanent, and the Mayor in the City Hall is not permanent.

"And blind Justices weighing their inevitable scales are so common, they have come to mean nothing. No, I think the thing to picture in the City Hall is the grand and glorious work that makes

the city and the City Hall possible. Keep that before the men that sit in the Council Chamber and you keep the interests of the city ever before them."

I HAVE said that Shinn spent six months studying the subject of the composition. He spent as much as that again in studying the conditions of lighting and placing under which it was to be shown. The method he employed is new to the world of decoration. He built a small model that is an exact replica of the Council Chamber down to the last bench. Into this he placed the sketch for the mural painting. And then with an arrangement of lights reduced so that they would exactly resemble the effect in the City Hall under daylight and artificial light, he worked out his color scheme. The result was perfect, for since the big mural painting has been placed in its final position it has not been retouched.

It is impossible fully to appreciate Everett Shinn's achievement in these mural decorations, which he has made the apotheosis of labor, without calling to mind, in brilliant and picturesque contrast, his beautiful work suggestive of Watteau and Fragonard. Indeed, Mr. Shinn has been called the Watteau of America, and although his lovely coquettish ladies and picturesque amorous gentlemen are after the manner of Watteau, yet they very definitely show an American spirit, and are done with masterly modern technique. Undoubtedly the most beautiful Georgian decorations in America have been done by Mr. Shinn, and done with the greatest interest and delight, for an enchanting quality of this artist's work is the very genuine versatility which he has been able to achieve. His ponderous men doing their terrific work before the fires of the great factories in Trenton are no more real and enjoyable to the artist than the fragile women with white wigs and high-heeled slippers and background of flowers that Mr. Shinn has placed in some of the more elaborate old-world houses of America. Again, in addition to these two phases of his art there is the greatest artistic excellence to be found in his portraits of modern people and in his sketches of daily life, both here and in Paris. In fact, the art world has grown to expect Mr. Shinn to present with distinction whatever has touched for the moment, his glowing, forceful imagination.

FLOWER OF NOON: BY EMMA BELL MILES

LTHOUGH there had been for years a continual sly threading of the trails that led to his place of business in the woods, Harmon Ridge had never during his lifetime had so many guests as today. Most of the folks now gathered in the best room of the log house were voluntary strangers to its door. Women were coming and going clad in garments of hastily donned and ill-matched colors, with here and there a black waist, hat or skirt. Susan, the wife of Clifford Ridge, and old Mrs. Bivins were distinguished by whole costumes of the appropriate hue; the latter not through any peculiar depth of feeling, but because, having no kin of her own, she made a point of attending all the burials of the countryside, and for expediency had long since cast all her outer garments into the same pot of funereal logwood.

In the tidy kitchen Harmon's young housekeeper had not changed the steel-gray gingham she had worn the day before. She was occupied with straightening the dead man's accounts, which she had kept for two years. Fan Walton was a strongly built, energetic girl, standing firm in her broad shoes and breathing deeply as she worked. She always experienced a faint shock of surprise on the rare occasions when she faced a mirror, at not finding herself beautiful.

From under eyelids swollen with loss of sleep she looked up as a tall, sunbrowned young mountaineer stooped through the doorway.

"I've cut you a quantity of wood and killed them chickens for dinner, Fan," he said. He came forward and laid one hand on the table at which she was seated; his tone became almost pleading as he went on. "Now you let me start dinner for ye. You're werried out. My dad was cook for his company all through the war, and he learnt me how. I bet I can beat you makin' dodgers."

"I bet you can't," she replied; but putting away her book, she watched him deftly blow up the hearth-fire with a turkey-wing and hang a kettle over the blaze.

"I reckon," he continued presently, coming up the cellar-way with a pan of potatoes, "that's why Mr. Ridge always liked me to tend the still for him; I could generally git water to bile without burnin' it. Well—I got to look out for another job now. I'll never work for a man I like better. I do wisht I'd a-been there when—when—the rev's took him, instead of haulin' corn. Maybe if there'd been two on gyuard it wouldn't have ended that way."

She caught her breath with a great sob. "Oh, Byron!" There was something tragic in the cry that freed itself from her strained throat. "He was so good!"

The boy nodded without looking up from his potato-paring;

the pathos of her position, or as much of it as was known to him, smote him to the heart. But Fan, impatient with herself for the moment's weakness, turned quickly, and rolling up her sleeves on her firm shapely arms, mixed a creamy mass of meal and buttermilk and began manipulating it into dodgers. They remained silent and busy until Grandma Bivins' shrill voice announced her entry: "Looky thar, Bar'n—that colt's a-gwine to break ever' one o' them crocks!"

The pretty, petted sorrel sprang back in a well-simulated panic at the wave of Fan's dish-towel, and an instant after was stretching an investigative nose toward the window again.

"Truelove's restless today," explained Fan as she patted the oval pones into their oven nest. "Take a chair by the door, Mrs. Bivins. I hate to shut the colt up, for I know how she feels."

"I'll go turn her in the pasture," said Byron as he put the potatoes in the pot.

In the barnyard, a half-dozen men sat around upon inverted feed-buckets, the chopping-block, the ash-gum, the bales of clapboards riven to roof the old barn—anything rather than go in the house before the activities and lamentations of the womenfolk had come to a standstill. A certain cautious restraint was perceptible in the conversation here, an edging around the subject that was inevitably the center of interest to all, of which circumstances forbade direct mention.

". . . That's a powerful fine orchard. Might' near all Limbertwigs, ain't they?"

"Harmon Ridge took as good keer of his land as he did of his team."

"I never seed a better quartered colt than that one Bar'n Standifer's a-leadin' yonder. Her dam was a fine pacer."

But no one asked in so many words how much Harmon Ridge was worth or who would inherit the property.

In the lane three men conferred a little apart from the others; Absalom Ridge, the deacon of the Borden Springs church; Clifford, justice of the peace at Belview, affable and prosperous beneath due decorum; and with them the preacher, properly punctilious and punctiliously proper, as befitted the master of ceremonies. In the mountains a funeral sermon is seldom preached in seed-time or harvest; it may await for months the convenience of the family connection. Clifford urbanely offered the front rooms and ample porches of his house for the purpose; but Absalom, loth to relinquish the one bit of prestige life had granted him, insisted that his church should be the chosen site.

The preacher agreed. "Let 'em all bring a basket and spread dinner on the ground, Brother Ridge, and afterward protract the service into a praise meetin'."

Clifford yielded the point with admirable grace, perhaps feeling that he could afford to. "That announcemint will bring out a good crowd."

"Then," continued the preacher, "how 'bout havin' it the third Sunday in next month? All crops 'll be laid by again' that time, and I haven't got no appointmints for that date." He cut a fresh chew of tobacco from the plug offered him by Clifford, and went on dolorously: "It's a hard thing to be called on to preach the funeral of a man that never made any profession of faith. I'd rather be called on for any other duty of the ministry than that."

"Hit's hard; yes," agreed Absalom sympathetically. "I'm afeared the one consolation you can set before our sorrowin' family is the fact that not one of us ac-chilly *knows* anything about pore Harmon's faith."

"You might jist mention," interrupted a new voice, "that he was honest as the open day, and the best-hearted friend a man ever had in time o' need."

They all jumped around, and came face to face with Byron; but ere they could frame a suitable reply he had passed on, the sorrel following. The very presence of Harmon's helper was embarrassing to the justice and the deacon, reminding them that the brother whose large well-knit frame and lionlike flow of beard now reposed beneath a sheet on the rude scaffolding had served the devil and defied the law for the past ten years.

Yet as they halted, staring at each other, those two suddenly remembered the warm-hearted, wayward boyhood of the rover—the brightness of his blue eyes, the reddish-brown cowlick that swept down over his forehead in correspondence to some unruly twist in his nature. After all, in those far-off days, of what had Harmon been guilty except just being himself? Only his earth-born strength had affronted the careful propriety and thrift of the one, the saintly demeanor of the other. Slowly and in silence they walked toward the group under the tree.

Indoors, the wives, under cover of putting the house in order, essayed an examination; but the attempt failed dismally as closet after closet was found to be already immaculate.

"I wonder if she does keep things like this all the time; or did she take 'n hustle everything straight because she knew folks would be in?" whined Absalom's wife, Marzela, between her prominent yellow teeth.

"Do you reckon he was prepared to go?" continued Marzela, piously. "I hoped, seein' he' lingered on for some days after—his injury, that he'd profess religion at the 'leventh hour—repent, and believe, in time. I even tried to git Absalom to ride over and talk to him; but he's always had trouble when he tried to git pore Harmon to think of his soul, and there was only them three days left of the dark o' the moon to plant in."

"The fact is we didn't none of us have any idy it was so serious; we would a-come, but we didn't look for the end so suddent; it come on us a awful shock." Susan began to weep in a ladylike fashion, rocking to and fro in the easiest chair.

The company had recourse to Scripture texts.

"And I know in reason," she continued presently, "that Harmon himself didn't expect it neither; 'r else he'd a-left some kind of a—will." There seemed some thought behind the speech which it was not advisable to put into words.

"He always thought so much of N'omi and Paul; he was good to all the children, but them two was his favor-ites." Marzela had awakened tardily.

The two women eyed each other for the first time with frank hostility. But Susan, feeling the necessity for making common cause against the enemy, resumed tearfully: "I wouldn't want to ask *her* anything about the 'last hours,' but Lucy, maybe, 'll know when she comes."

"Why ain't Lucy here, do you reckon?"

"She'll be here to set up," a neighbor volunteered. "She told me as I come on that she had been obliged to wash today; but she 'lowed to git here tonight."

"Late, I expect," said another, "for she'll have to carry that heavy baby. And she's been a-settin' up, her and Fan, ever since—it happened."

A low voice sounded from the doorway, and at least eight earbobs swung as one.

"Come to dinner," Fan Walton bade them quietly, "and please bring out four chairs."

From early candlelighting the house was full. And then, led on by those first comers, the whole gathering began covertly to watch Fan. Whatever she did was commented on. Sometimes when she passed there were whispered conversations; again an uneasy silence fell. Strange glances followed her through the doors, and when she was gone the subdued conversation began to fly back and forth. At last she caught the words, "He never would trust a bank, but—"

The significance of that phrase did not burn its way through her heavy thoughts until after she had quit the dimly lighted rooms and gained the quiet of the dark kitchen porch. Then, her noble strength deserting her suddenly, she dropped on the bench beside the crocks and churn; her cheeks burned in the darkness, and her mouth straightened to a hard line of suffering.

On the front porch Byron, half asleep after days of work and nights of watching, was stretched out with someone's saddle for a pillow, when he became aware of a point of light too low for a star, and sat up.

"Some of 'em pokin' about tryin' to find out something 'at's none o' their business," he decided, and roused himself with an effort. Visions of a lantern overturned in the hay hurried his feet across the lot. But it was no curious stranger; it was Fan, with her arms round Truelove's neck, crying as though her heart would break.

"Fan," he whispered, coming up, "don't—don't grieve so. . . . He was sure one good man; but he died about as he'd have chosen to,—all alive and hearty, and hard at work. He didn't suffer but a few days. He'd much rather have gone this way than—behind the bars. He took his chance—"

She put out a work-hardened hand without speaking, and he led her to the piled hay in the midst of the wide shadowy spaces.

"What did you come out for?" he asked, seating himself below her. "I fed everything. You ought to git some sleep."

"I wanted to get shut of all those folks," she answered, dabbing at her eyes with her apron. "Not you, Byron—you know they all talk so much. Oh, they're so—dirty! They shall not have Truelove, and the old man's team that he had so long, and the Durham heifer he raised: I'll kill the poor pets first!"

He nodded broodingly. "Fan—I don't want to push myself, but—you know what you told me oncet. If you still feel so—as soon as you can get consent o' your mind to let things loose here, why, turn 'em over to these folks. I want you to come to me. My house is a poor place—a poor home for a girl like you; but oncet you give me the right I'll make 'em careful what they say."

She shivered, and dropped her face into the cup of her palms.

"You're a dear boy, Byron. I could leave any time; but I—I don't know yet what I'm going to do. I want these folks out of the house, and I feel as if *he* does too . . . "

Byron was slow in replying. At last he said, "Well—I'll be around, Fan, any time you need me."

In the house the night wore on; the lamp burned strangely in

the thick, drowsy air. The watchers seemed gradually to lose their individual characteristics, appearing neither young nor old,—like a row of images, presences vaguely unfriendly to each other and to the dead, they sat silent and grave, their shadows motionless on the wall. And still most of the men remained without, sitting on the steps, murmuring to each other in the desultory fashion of mountaineers; for death and birth are matters on which only women can bear to look.

"Mamma," whispered the young girl fresh from the Select Academy, "did you notice how short that Miss Walton's dress is made?"

The justice's lady nodded ponderously. "I wouldn't call it immodest exactly, but it don't, today, show a proper respect."

"What I want to know," intoned Marzela, solemnly, "is what she's a-*doin'* in this house all the time, day and night."

"You know she wouldn't let none of us feed the stock, nor do about in the house. It looks as if—"

"It does!"

". . . She might know we'd think strange of hit."

"Don't you?" The speaker addressed Lucy directly.

The dead man's only sister had just come in. She was a small, worn, faded woman in blue calico, nursing her baby in a corner. Lifting her red-rimmed eyes, she answered from a kind of remoteness, as if rapt in sorrow: "Don't I what?"

"Don't you think strange of this Fan Walton bein' here?"

"No, I don't," she replied with more spirit. "I'd certainly think stranger if he'd a-lived here all these years without nobody."

"Well," said Marzela, "we 'lowed you might maybe know something about her."

"I know she took care of him like a own sister. I couldn't a-done better if I'd a-been here all the time."

"Well, but hit don't look right—a young thing like her. I'm surprised at you, Lucy, upholdin' such a—arrangemint."

"I'm surprised to hear all o' you'ns, that couldn't come about whilst brother Harmon was down and hurted to see how he was conductin' his house, come in now and take it all out on a defenseless gal!" cried Lucy. Then, remembering the presence of death, she rose hurriedly and carried her drowsy child out of the room.

The two in the barn looked up as the big doors swung a little apart, and Lucy glided like a mouse into the shadows which the lantern's rays only made more gloomy.

"I laid my baby on your bed, Fan, and come to see why you wasn't in it," she said in her gentle monotone.

"I can't sleep," protested Fan; but she accepted gratefully the homespun shawl her friend had brought, and wrapped it round herself and Lucy as they both rested on the hay. "We better go get them folks something to eat."

"I set it on the table afore I come out. You go to bed," said Lucy.

"I can't. . . . I can't think what I ought to do. I'll tell you and Byron how it really is . . . "

But a disturbance in the stalls had called the boy away. He found the stable overcrowded, and as he led the stamping intruders out, but few of Fan's words reached his ear—scraps of which he could make nothing:

". . . And I thought I should like it better here,—all quiet, with a whole house and farm to myself. I like to get out in the patch with a hoe—I like to make bread and wash clothes. So I wrote to him, and he said he'd be so glad to have me with him again. . . ."

When he passed a second time Lucy's arms were round the girl, and Lucy's voice was saying: "He was the best brother I ever had. If he hadn't helped me I don't know what we—"

From the house came the long strains of "Away Over in the Promised Land." He distinguished the preacher's "lead" and Clifford's bass, and Grandma' Bivins' quavering "high tribble."

"I can leave it all to them—I can make my way," Fan was reiterating. "But he wouldn't have wished that."

"Then tell them, honey; tell all the folks," counseled Lucy.

"He didn't want it known here, because he always meant to wind up his business and take me away. But he put the day off too long."

"Well, if I was you I'd stay right here," said Lucy. "I always thought there was something—and I know in reason they would of too, if they wasn't already eat up with suspicions. You'll be obliged to let it be known."

Byron approached the pair under the tentlike shawl.

"I've got three or four o' them strangers roped in the sheds," he told them. "I think they'll be quiet now." He sat at the women's feet, drooping over the lantern.

"Byron," said Lucy, "Fan's just told me something that makes a difference all 'round—"

"Hush," he bade her softly. "She's might' near asleep."

And so resting, they remained silent through the night.

At last the gray dawn glimmered against the smoky lantern; the watch was over. Lucy and Fan awoke, and went back to the kitchen to get breakfast.

Afterward a little procession filed across the fields, Grandma Bivins warning each member not to break the line lest he be next to die; and Harmon Ridge was laid in the good earth's embrace under soughing cedars of his own planting.

Immediately upon the closing of the grave, a clatter of harness-chains and much whoa-ing round the stable announced the general departure. But after each neighbor had spoken his farewell with a murmured phrase of gracious feeling for the family, Lucy looked out of a window and made mild eyes of surprise.

"Why, there's Clifford and Absalom and all their folks still waitin' round. They've corkussed and plotted and talked out there for I don't know how long."

"I thought they was gone long ago," said Byron. "Why, they're all a-comin' back to the house!"

Fan re-set the chairs in the strangely vacant-looking best room with a sinking heart that asked no questions. If it must come now, she would face it.

"Miss Walton," began the justice, clearing his throat, "we got a matter to bring up that we think needs namin'. If you—as you know all the house, and brother Harmon's ways, probably better than anybody else—if you can find—find—that is—unearth the money he left, you know—why, we'd be prepared to offer you a liberal amount of it—a share, in short."

The girl addressed lowered her eyes for very shame of his confusion. What a roundabout way he had taken to accuse her! She answered, "I don't believe he had any such amount as you all think."

She looked up. The silence was startling.

The next words were a veiled threat; they came from Absalom. "But we'd like to know what you—a young woman alone in the world, and without a home—propose to do? We cain't leave you here. And there's certain facts, if—if a heap o' people was to tell about 'em, might not sound well—might not be the best start for a young gal that's got her living to make, in fact!"

"In that case"—Fan lifted her head proudly, and faced the room-full—"I expect I had better stay right here."

"Why—!" If they had held their breath, they caught it now, hard. "You don't imagine you can hold this farm against the man's own blood and kin, do ye?" Clifford had not intended to

go so far today; but neither had he looked to encounter such confident opposition.

"And Harmon not cold in his grave!" gasped Marzela.

"Don't anger her," whispered Susan pacifically behind her black veil. "I do believe she knows where the money's at."

"Can't you explain yourself—tell us what claim you've got on the estate, anyway?" probed the questioner, his eyes troubled with an uncertainty that was growing in his mind. "It ain't possible that—air you—a relative?"

Fan sprang forward with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, throwing out her open palms. "God's my judge!" she cried in a clear ringing voice. "Can't you all see?"

And in her strong features, her firm neck and square-set shoulders so like those on which they had looked their last an hour ago through the glass of a coffin, they read the answer.

Byron was not the only one present whose heart leapt at her stand. At bay before them all, so young, brave, sweet, she stood, telling in a few words the story of her upbringing in the other valley. The blue of her eyes became brighter as she talked; she shook her head a little, and her rough reddish-brown hair came loose and swept down over her forehead in an unruly wave.

They did not ask to see the papers of evidence; not one but was glad to conceal discomfiture and mortal offense as inconspicuously and hastily as might be, on the road home.

"Well, I'm glad for ye, honey," was Lucy's parting word. "I'm a pore hard-run widder woman, but I'd rather have a niece like you than a share in what brother Harmon left. Now, run over to my house as often as you can, for you'll be lonesome."

"Don't say that, Lucy." Fan took the toil-worn hand and held it. "You come back tomorrow. As you say, I'll be lonesome; and I know *he*'d rather you'd be with me than anybody else. So you and the children bring this chap—" she stroked the baby's tow-colored head—"and move in with me, and help take care of the place and things. We'll keep 'em just as they was left—" A shade of her grief filled her eyes, and she turned away.

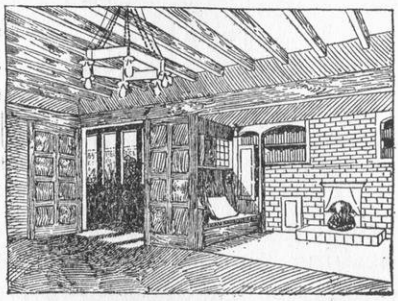
Byron was outside, drawing a bucket of water for the sorrel. Seeing Fan at the window, he came and folded his arms on the sill.

"Well," he said, "I reckon you won't need me any more." The depth of his voice, the entreaty in his eyes, made her think twice of the words, though he tried to speak them lightly. "Not any more—ever."

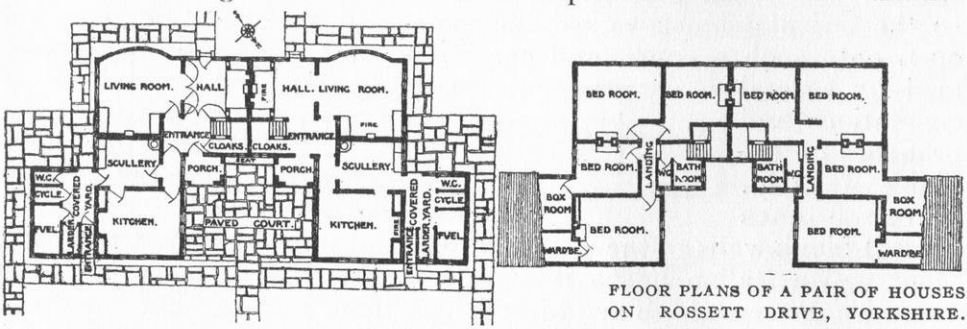
She laid her hand on his head. "Why, Byron," she answered, "I'll need you more than ever now."

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

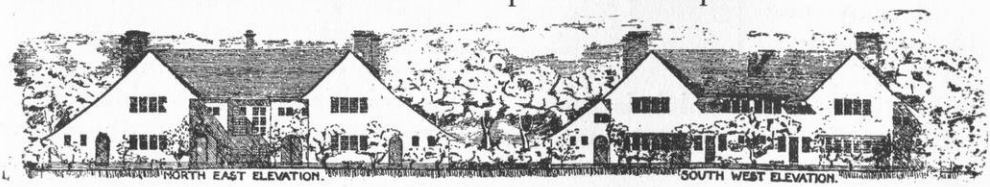
THE progression from gardens to courts, quadrangles and closes is a very natural one, as there is no point where it can be definitely said that one begins and the other ends. English people would gain a great deal in the beauty of their surroundings if they more frequently realized the pleasures the court effect is capable of giving them, and they might in this way learn the secrets of the fascinations that a court may hold. In many a tiny space where the attempt to create the feeling of a garden has been a miserable failure, a court effect of considerable charm might have been secured. Not that the smallest garden may not be very bewitching, but it is also true that very often tiny gardens which look cramped and seem to draw attention to their own restrictions might have been made to appear almost spacious and to possess a welcoming appearance. As courts they might have some real use, while as misfit gardens no one feels tempted to tread in their diminutive paths or to pause and rest in them a moment. Still, in England we do come across courts possessing the real feeling. Many of the courts and "quads" of Cambridge and Oxford have it, and the Inns of Court in London are conspicuous examples.



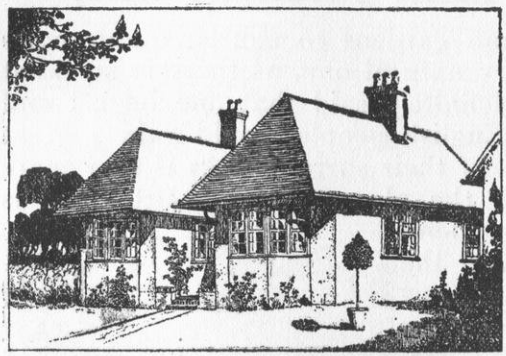
GLIMPSE INTO COURT OF HOUSE AT ROSSETT DRIVE.



FLOOR PLANS OF A PAIR OF HOUSES ON ROSSETT DRIVE, YORKSHIRE.

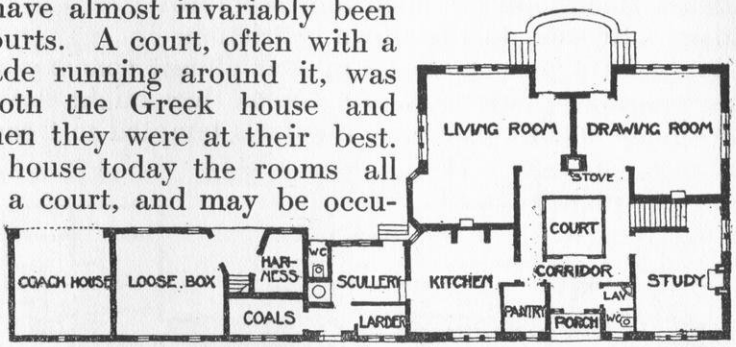


ELEVATIONS SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF HOUSES ON ROSSETT DRIVE.

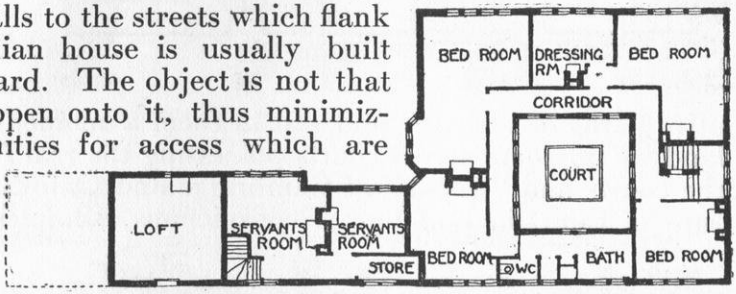


ONE-STORY BUNGALOW AT LETCHWORTH SHOWING EFFECT OF SMALL COURT SURROUNDED ON THREE SIDES.

In old-world towns we here and there find a forecourt front garden which has a quiet serenity that even the rushing, hooting motor car seems unable to disturb. Breadth of treatment is demanded in these gardens, and the whole space should be grass grown or flagged or tile paved, except where it is broken by some seat, fountain or sundial, or where beds of flowers, from which creepers spring, fringe it. Tubs and boxes with bright green trees in them may be arranged symmetrically, or a flashing pool of water can be in it, like a set jewel. How many of such courts one sees in Italy, France and Germany. The houses of the Levant have almost invariably been built around courts. A court, often with a graceful colonnade running around it, was the center of both the Greek house and Roman villa when they were at their best. In the Oriental house today the rooms all open onto such a court, and may be occupied by several generations and branches of the same family. These houses present blank walls to the streets which flank them. The Italian house is usually built around a courtyard. The object is not that the rooms may open onto it, thus minimizing the opportunities for access which are afforded to thieves and marauders by openings in the walls on the sides toward the streets, which is the object less civilized nations have for building in this way, but to secure protection from the hot sun, as the courts are naturally cooler than the streets. The English inn in olden times was built around a courtyard in which

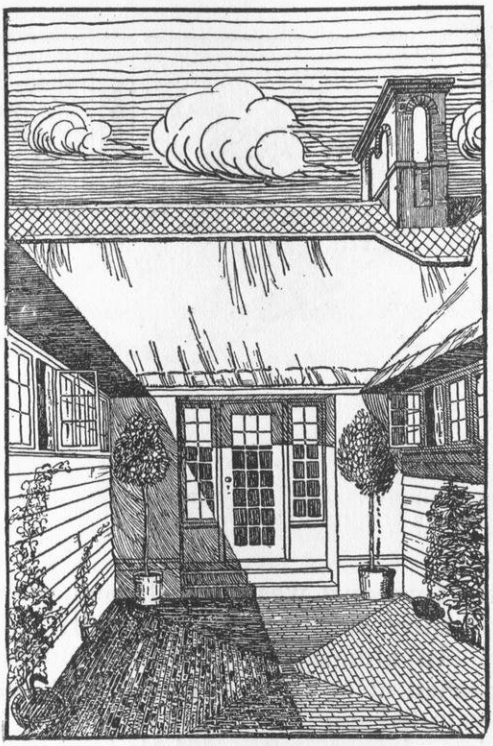


FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF LETCHWORTH BUNGALOW.

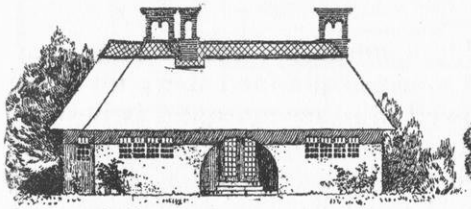


SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF LETCHWORTH BUNGALOW.

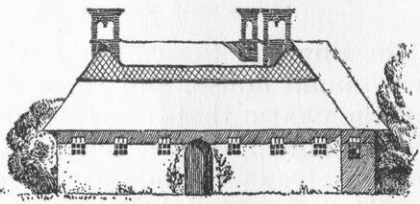
horses were saddled and from which the stage-coach started out. Around such a courtyard a wooden gallery ran, onto which the rooms on the chamber floor opened and from which all the busy life in the courtyard below could be watched. If the buildings of a Mediæval castle were not numerous enough completely to surround the courtyard, curtain walls were built to fill in the intervening spaces and thus enclose a wholly protected space. After the necessity for the court as a defensive provision had passed it was often retained, as we see it at Haddon. The main block, with its wings of the characteristic Elizabethan and Jacobean mansion, partly surrounded a forecourt which was completed by parapet walls. If the house was not planned with projecting wings, but was straight in front,



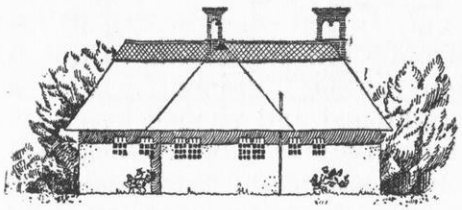
COURT IN BUNGALOW ON GARTH ROAD, LETCHWORTH.



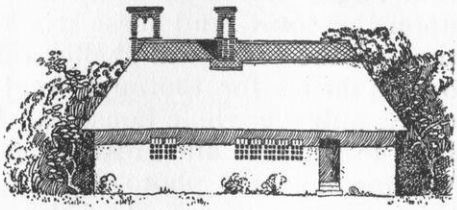
SOUTH ELEVATION



NORTH ELEVATION

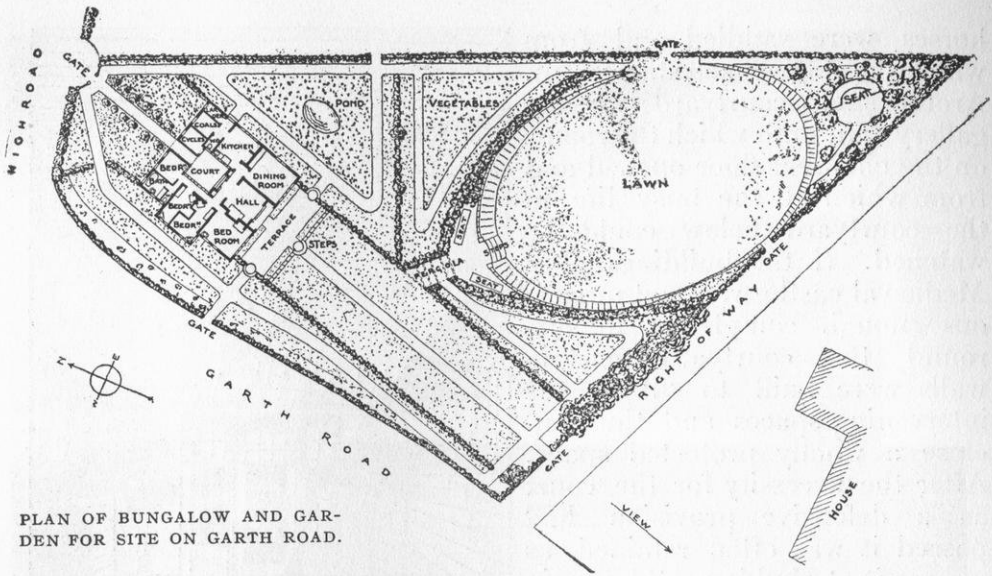


WEST ELEVATION



EAST ELEVATION

FOUR ELEVATIONS SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF GARTH ROAD BUNGALOW.

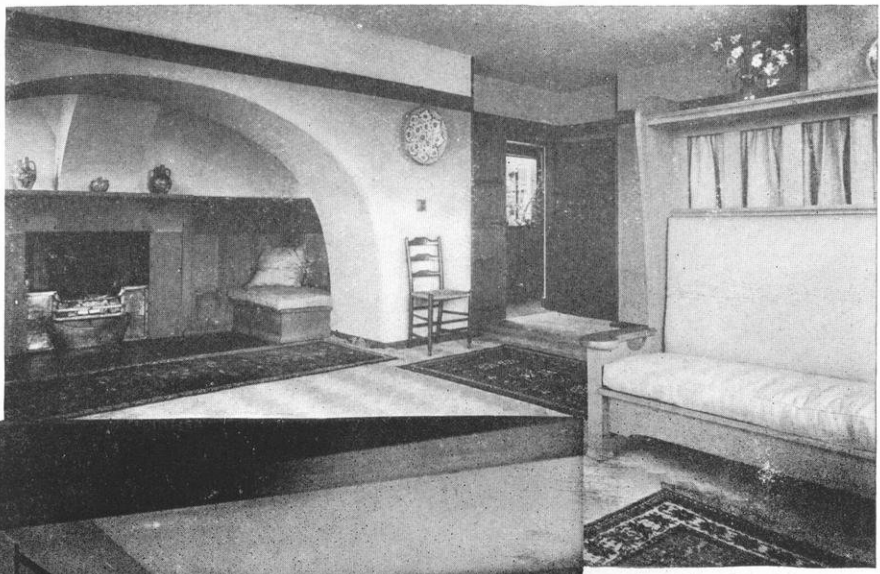


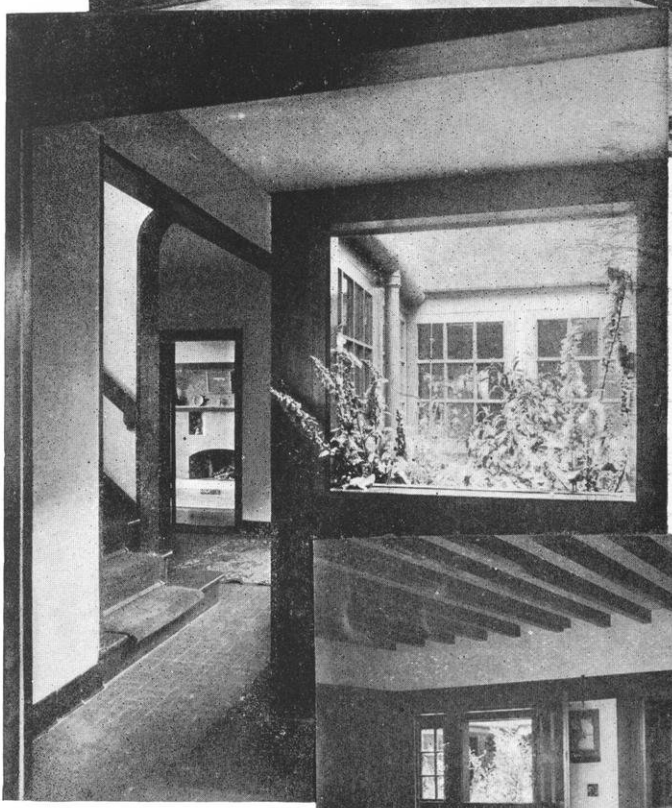
PLAN OF BUNGALOW AND GARDEN FOR SITE ON GARTH ROAD.

the forecourt was still retained, even though it had to be surrounded on three sides by parapet walls.

In almost all lands, the cloistered walks in the precincts of a cathedral or those forming parts of monastic buildings, run around secluded courts. Most large public buildings of our own and past times have courts, and their power to give the calm and peace appropriate to almshouses, which should be havens of rest for aged poor, has given us some of our most cherished architectural treasures.

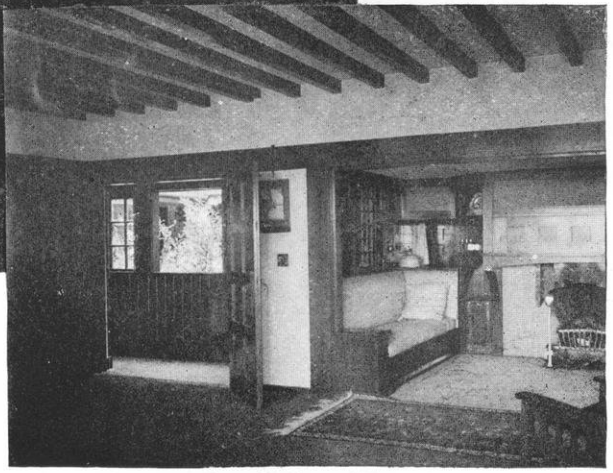
But in England the court is seldom made the center of a comparatively small house, and yet if it were so planned it would grant much of the charm that it has bestowed in other ages and is bestowing in other lands. But if this is to be, the court must not be built, as it is in Italy, to exclude as much sunlight as possible, but so as to "trap" all the sunlight possible; it must be where we can sit in the open air and sunshine, yet protected from cold winds. We may also have very large doors and windows opening from our rooms upon the court, and these windows may be left open nearly all the time as the court will shelter them from wind and storm. Endless opportunities for thorough ventilation can be obtained by such a court, and the whole house can be brightened and vivified by allowing the sunlight and fresh air to enter. To give a better idea than was given in the photographs used to illustrate the third article of this series, of the effect of the court upon the house at Northwood near Stoke-upon-Trent, I have had three other photographs taken



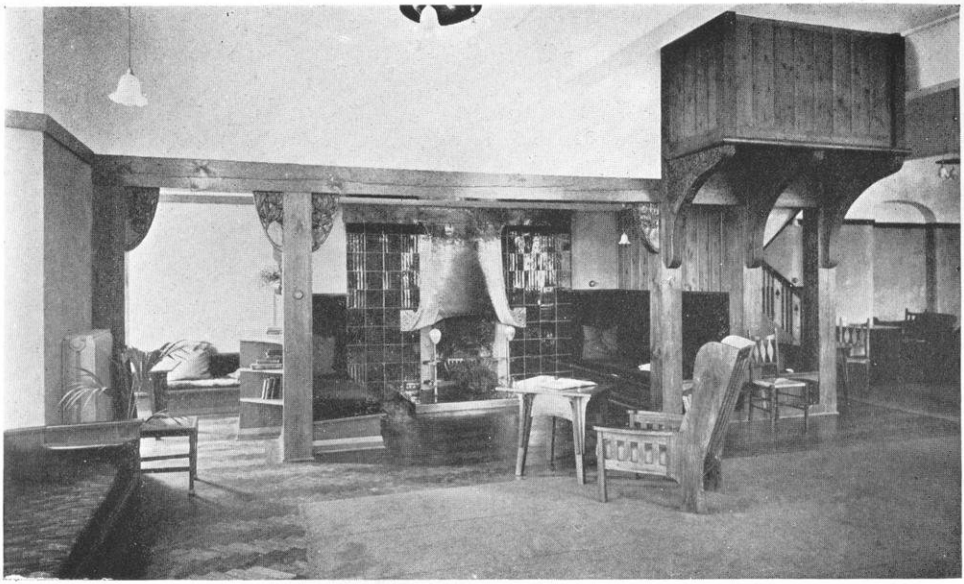


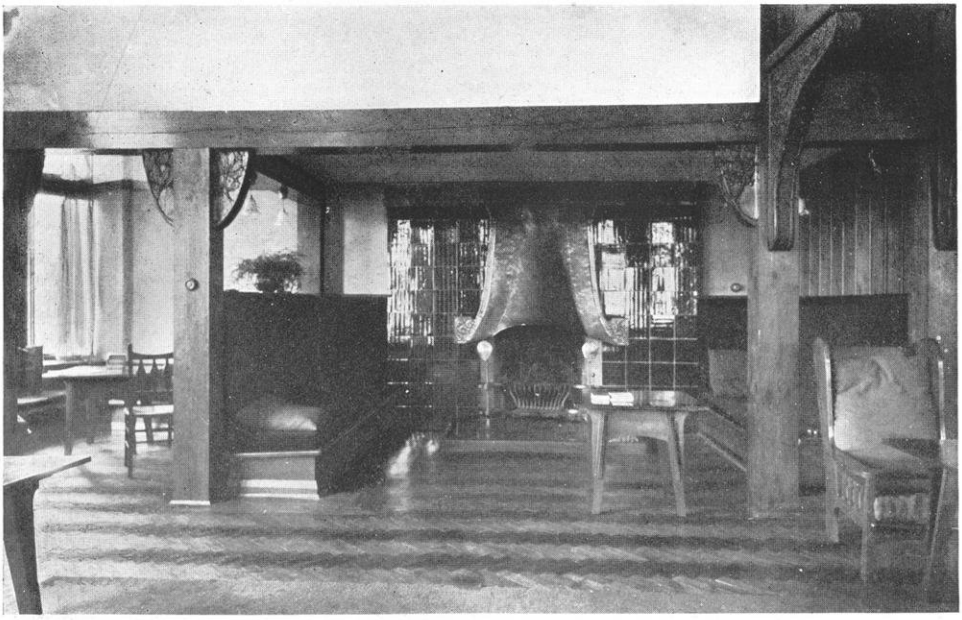
DIFFERENT ROOMS AT NORTHWOOD, STOKE-UPON-TRENT, ENGLAND, SHOWING RELATION OF COURT TO THE ROOMS: THE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS LIVING ROOM, THE PICTURE BELOW GIVES GLIMPSE OF COURT AND CORNER OF LIVING ROOM.

PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS RELATION OF COURT TO HALL AND STUDY, AT NORTHWOOD, STOKE-UPON-TRENT.



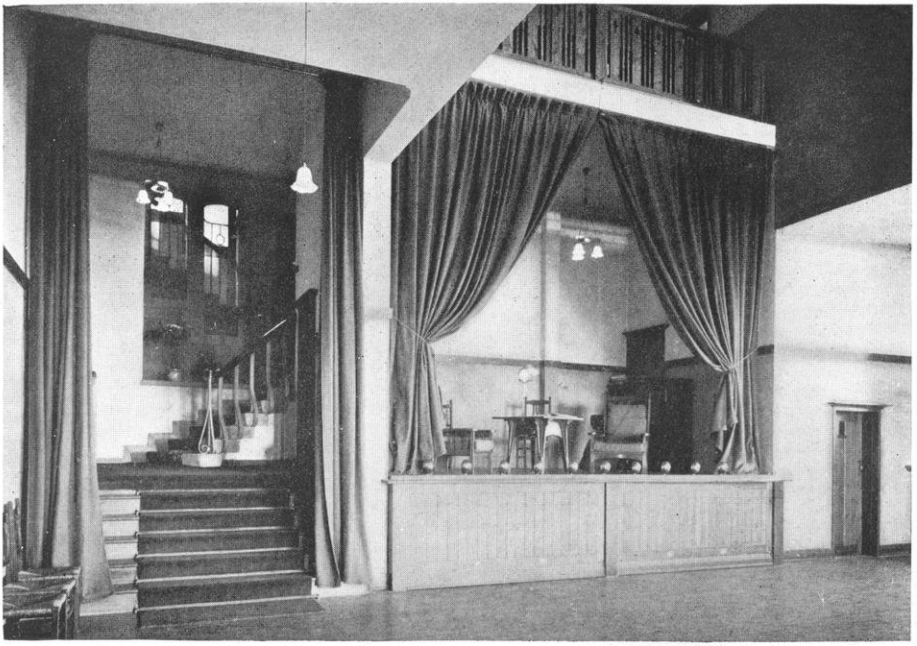
Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.





Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

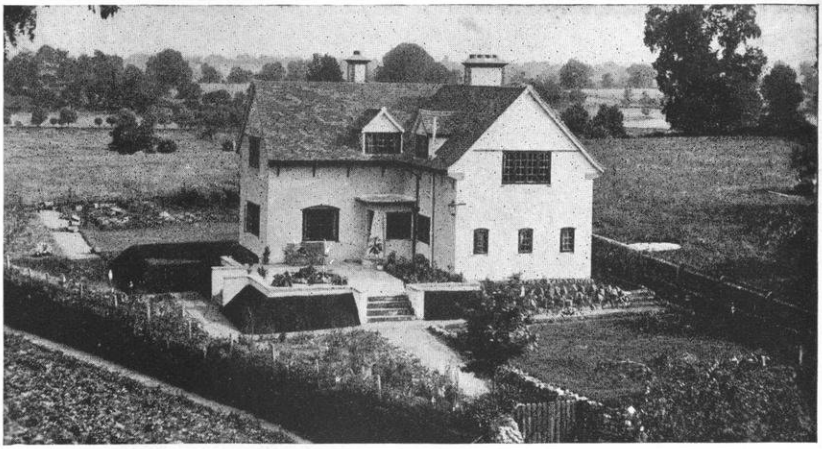
TWO VIEWS OF THE LOUNGING ROOM AT THE ROCKSIDE HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND.



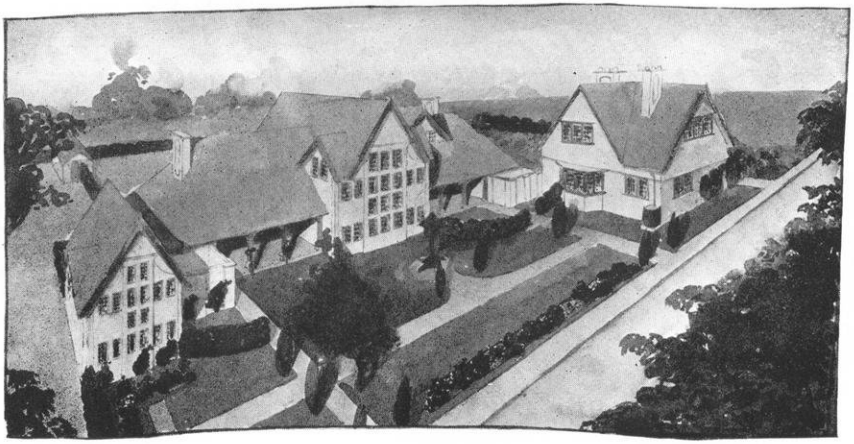
RECREATION ROOM AT ROCKSIDE, SHOWING STAGE AND STAIRCASE LEADING TO LOUNGING ROOM.

ONE OF THE BEDROOMS AT ROCKSIDE, SHOWING INTERESTING SIMPLE FITTINGS.

HOWARD HALL AND GIRLS' CLUB AT LETCHWORTH, ENGLAND: BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

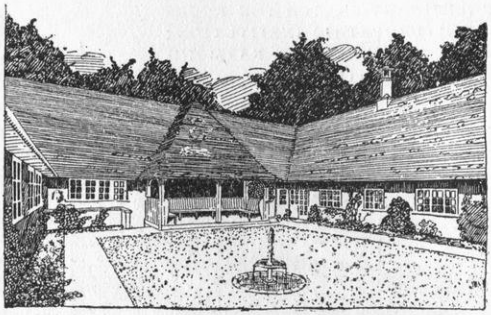


"HAYGROVE COTTAGE," NEAR BRIDGEWATER, SOMERSETSHIRE, SHOWING FORECOURT: BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

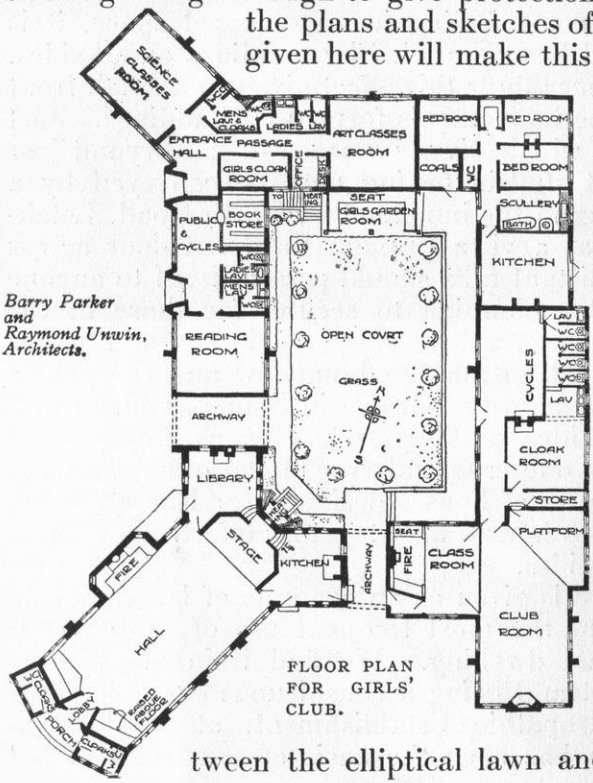


PRELIMINARY SKETCH FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS' HOUSE, AT BOTOLPH, CLAYDON: BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

and reproduced here. Even where the size of the house dictates that such a court shall be very small, it is often amply worth while. The courts in the houses near Stoke-upon-Trent, at Letchworth and at Rossett Drive in Yorkshire, illustrated here, the former by photographs and the two latter by plans and sketches, are none of them much more than twelve feet square, yet they are great boons. If a really small house is to be built in such a way as completely to surround a court, it must, of course, be a bungalow. There would not be enough rooms to occupy two floors. In some respects, too, the bungalow form has advantages for such a house, one being that it affords a better opportunity for ample sunlight to reach the court, also avoiding a "well-like" effect, while the building is high enough to give protection from wind. A glance at the plans and sketches of the Letchworth bungalow given here will make this clear. Before leaving the consideration of these plans and sketches, perhaps they should be used to illustrate a point in garden design which has not yet been raised,—namely, that when in the outlook from a house there is something it is desirable to shut out, sometimes this may be more effectively done by introducing something comparatively small, fairly near the windows of the house, than by relying entirely on the planting of trees at a distance from the house. In the instance under consideration, the pergola placed over the communicating path between the elliptical lawn and the lawn in front of the



COURT IN GIRLS' CLUB, SEE TOP PICTURE ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

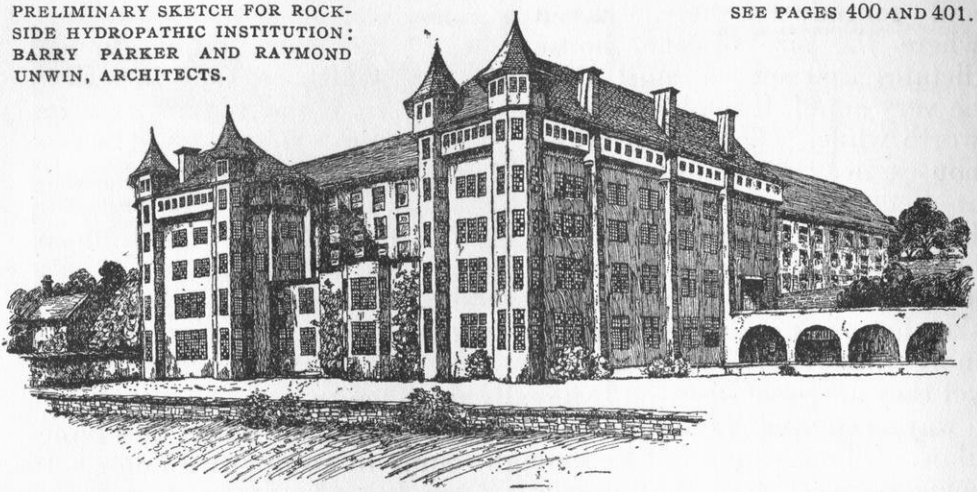


Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

FLOOR PLAN FOR GIRLS' CLUB.

PRELIMINARY SKETCH FOR ROCKSIDE HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTION: BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

SEE PAGES 400 AND 401.

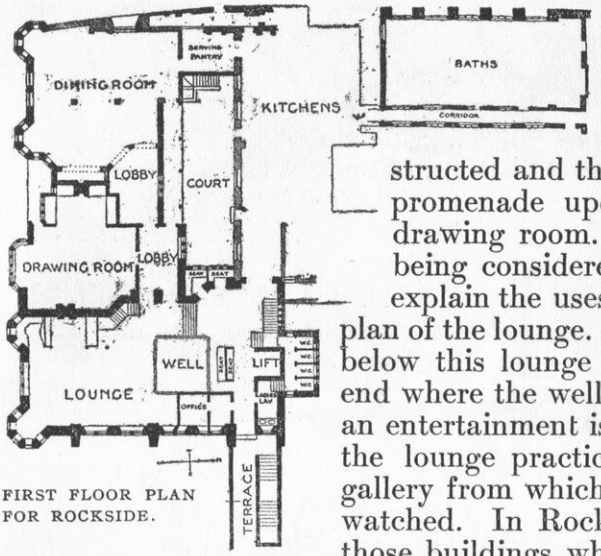


bungalow, fairly effectively shuts out the other house shown on the drawing, which so detrimentally obstructs the view from the bungalow.

To secure a desirable court feeling in an enclosed space, it is not necessary that it should be surrounded by buildings on all sides. As I have said, one sometimes finds this effect given to a small front garden even where only one boundary is formed by buildings. Just as by a landscape picture which gives no sense of a "beyond" or "way out," an unpleasant shut-in feeling may be conveyed by a court. To avoid this feeling in the bungalow in Garth Road, Letchworth, it was arranged that a vista through the front door across the hall and away to the distant hills should present itself to anyone entering the court. Similar planning to secure, for those in the court, a hint of what is beyond, will be observed in all the illustrations given here. The sketch of another bungalow and the photograph of the forecourt of Haygrove Cottage in Somersetshire (both shown here) may give an idea of the effects of enclosing a small court on three sides in the one case and two in the other, and the plans and elevations of a pair of houses designed for Rossett Drive may suffice to show how two houses may together effectively enclose a forecourt on three of its sides.

The house at Haslemere is given as an example of larger houses planned around courts, but the most frequent use of the court is in some form of communal dwelling. We find it in many large hotels; the Savoy in the Strand being a conspicuous example.

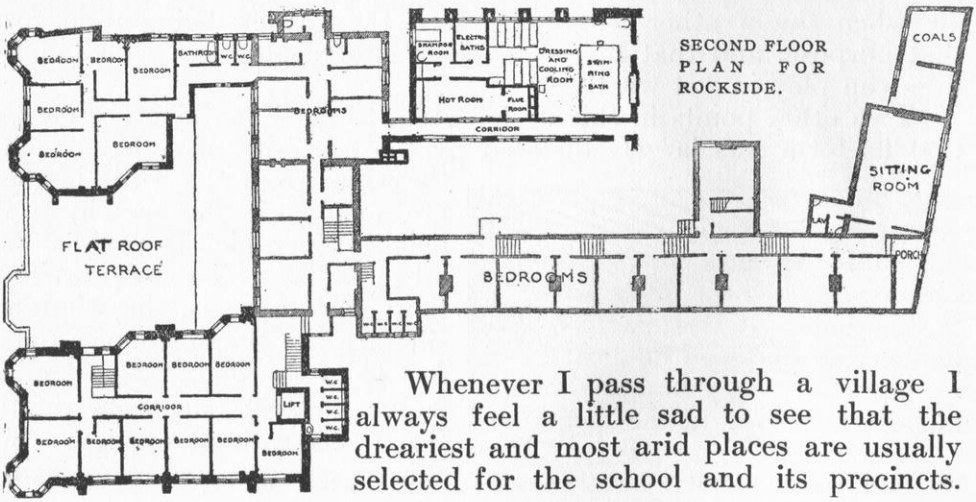
In the Rockside Hydropathic Establishment, at Matlock, in Derbyshire, the court idea has been the basis of construction, but



FIRST FLOOR PLAN FOR ROCKSIDE.

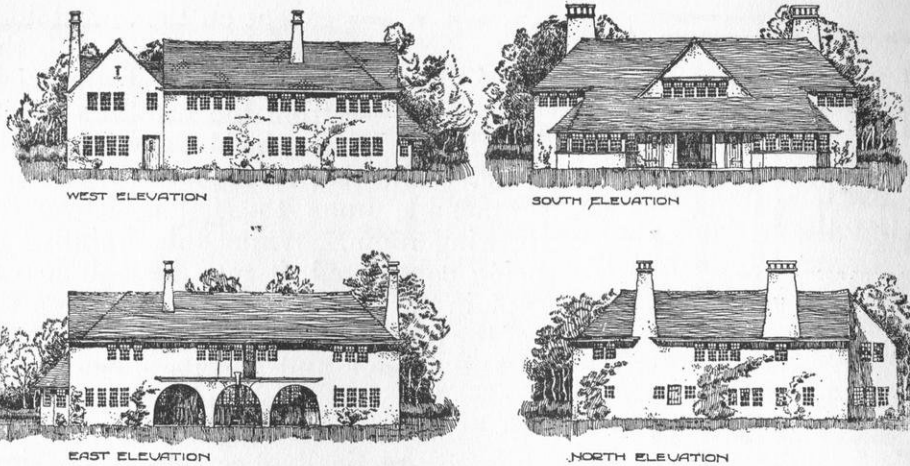
except on the lowest floor the court is open to the south, so that the view from the windows on its north side may not be obstructed and that there may be a pleasant promenade upon the flat roof over the drawing room. While this building is being considered, it may be well also to explain the uses of the well shown on the plan of the lounge. The recreation room is below this lounge and has its stage at the end where the well is placed, so that when an entertainment is being given on the stage, the lounge practically becomes a spacious gallery from which the performance can be watched. In Rockside we have another of those buildings which have been furnished and decorated from designs made by their architects.

Schoolhouses in towns may well be designed around four sides of a courtyard; not around a playground, but around a court in which teaching could be carried on in the open air almost all the year round, immune from outside intrusion, distraction and interruption. I suggest this for a town school, because I think a school out in the country could receive a still more open treatment. My design for the elementary schools at Botolph Claydon in Buckinghamshire may furnish some suggestion.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN FOR ROCKSIDE.

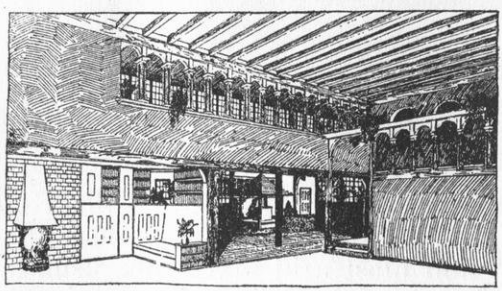
Whenever I pass through a village I always feel a little sad to see that the dreariest and most arid places are usually selected for the school and its precincts.



ELEVATIONS FOR HOUSE PLANNED FOR SITE AT HASLEMERE, SURREY.

This surely should not be. The schoolhouse and grounds should be one of the brightest spots in the village, yet seldom will you find any windows in a village that have so dreary an outlook as have the schoolroom windows. Of course, this is partly due to playgrounds, and one wonders, need the schoolroom windows necessarily overlook these dreary wastes of asphalt or gravel? It will be seen from my preliminary sketch for the Claydon schools that the suggestion was to let the schoolmaster's house and the school buildings surround on three sides a garden upon which all their principal windows looked, and that this garden should be entirely open to the high road on which the school stands; that loggias are provided so that lessons may be given in the open air when the weather will not permit the garden being used for that purpose, and that there may be sheltered places in which children can play in wet weather.

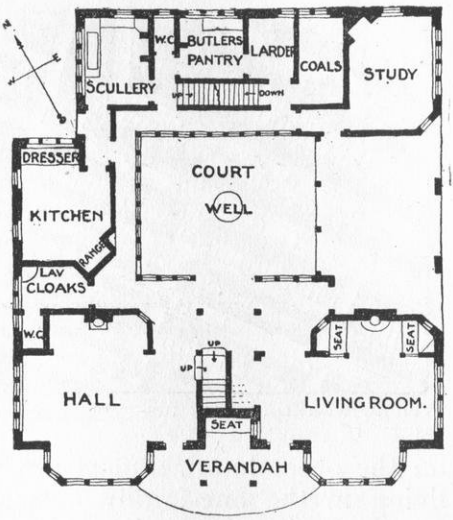
Two other points in this design seem to need comment. One is that its form was largely dictated by the necessity of collecting all the water from the roofs in the tanks shown in the sketch, at a height from which it would flow into the lavatories by gravitation; the other is, the window sills are not the customary four feet from the floor. It seemed to me a rather barbarous practice to have them so high. In this I was supported by eminent



DETAIL OF HALL IN THE HOUSE AT HASLEMERE.

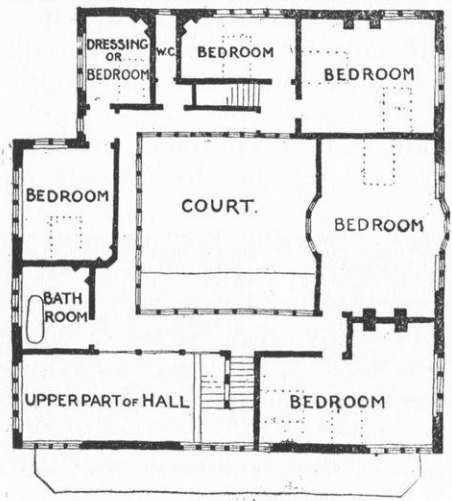
educationalists who had come to the conclusion that the gain in mental alertness and cheerfulness where it was possible for children to see out of the schoolroom windows far outweighed any loss that might result from the distraction.

In the Howard Hall and Girls' Club at Letchworth we have an instance of small public buildings designed for differing purposes, but arranged to form one group, each building completing the other, and this accomplished by the adoption of the courtyard idea.

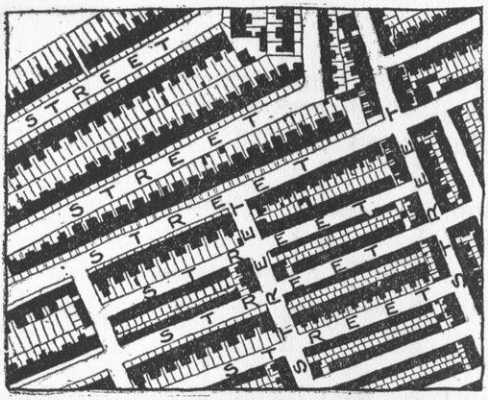


FIRST FLOOR PLAN FOR HOUSE AT HASLEMERE.

Sir Christopher Wren in his great plan for rebuilding London after the fire, adopted a system of dividing the whole area into blocks, each block having a court in the center, as in the gridiron plans for American towns. Unfortunately, however, there is no evidence that he conceived anything for these beyond the arrangement of show fronts toward the streets, the back elevations toward the courts being left to take care of themselves, and no attempt made to render the courts pleasant or comely. The position held in Wren's time was, that if a front elevation for a building fitted in with the current architectural ideas, it mattered not what unsightliness resulted in the back. Few ideas have been responsible for more ugliness in the world than this, and it is perhaps only recently that we have begun to seriously think about making all sides of a house equally attractive. Perhaps this is easier to accomplish in the buildings around a college quadrangle, which, after all, comprise chiefly one- or two-room tenements, than it is with a number of separate houses around a quadrangle, each with its own scullery, coal place, ash place, baths and lavatories. Still, I can imagine the



SECOND FLOOR PLAN FOR HOUSE AT HASLEMERE.

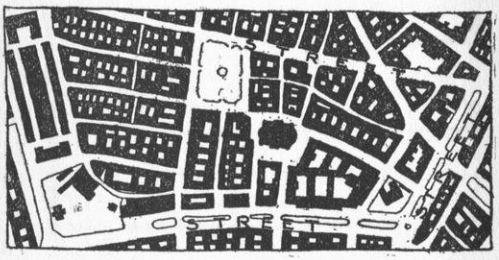


TYPICAL WORKING-CLASS DISTRICT IN ENGLISH TOWN.

designer of tenements today claiming that it would be easier to accomplish this with larger houses.

Tenements and flats on the Continent are almost always planned around courts, and working people in Continental towns scarcely know the one-family house. They are housed in tenements almost entirely; eighty per cent. of the families in Berlin live in two rooms or one. English working people, on the other hand, almost always have the enormous advantage of living in the one-family cottage. Still, row upon row of these, forming mile after mile of street upon street, have produced district upon district, the dreary monotony of which can scarcely be equaled. I give here plans of typical working-class sections of German and English towns.

The tenement dwellers in Berlin may be said to have some advantages over the English workingman who lives in one of these rows of cottages, though they are advantages which by no means give compensation for the detraction from family life, and the loss of something more nearly approaching a home which the English workingman may enjoy. The Berliner's dwelling may more frequently be near where he works, preventing the enormous waste of time and energy expended on the daily journeys to and from work. Even if the tenement only looks out onto a court, when the occupants have descended the staircase and passed out of the court, they may be at once in a beautiful wide, light street, close to everything, whereas the dweller in the row of cottages might have to traverse miles of the mean streets I have described. Dwellings, even if only tenements, built around a court, have another advantage which in these days of motors is being increasingly appreciated. The court provides a comparatively safe place for children's play, for which the dweller in an English working-class suburb has no equivalent. The children of



TYPICAL WORKING-CLASS DISTRICT IN GERMAN TOWN.

these workmen have only the street with all its danger, noise and dust as a substitute.

I feel that in the quadrangle of one-family cottages may lie the solution of some of the problems which have been presented, and that by means of this plan we may combine some of the advantages of the English and Continental systems of housing the working classes. I would have swings and sandpits and similar delights in the center of such quadrangles. There might always be trees and grass and flowers as a substitute for the macadamized expanse of the streets, and the adoption of this idea would lessen the length of the streets required.

Modern motor traffic has by its dust, smell and noise rendered life almost intolerable in a house on a main road, and this alone may compel the consideration of some such plan as I suggest. Again, surely the streets would themselves become pleasanter, just as they are in Oxford and Cambridge, from the glimpse into courts the wayfarer has each time he passes an open gateway. But the fuller consideration of this must be left until the next article.

THE COURT IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

ALL along the Pacific Coast and down through Mexico, the court or patio is a significant feature in domestic architecture, more important and valuable even than the wide verandas and pergola porches. Our Western life is more and more an out-of-door life. People are living near green trees and lawns, breakfasts and teas are eaten where flowers bloom, near the sound of fountains and where fresh winds blow. The modern architect realizes that wherever the climate will permit he must arrange for outdoor living, and wherever space will allow there must be the inner court where outdoor living can be made not only beautiful, but secluded. We have grown at last to know that a home is not merely walls and roof, but a place to live in beautifully and healthfully, and the more open space the home furnishes, the more hygienic the life is bound to be. As yet the widespread use of the court or patio has not reached the eastern edge of America. We are beginning, however, to think toward it intelligently, and it is bound to come, in spite of our climate, in spite of the fact that certain months of the year it could only be used as a playground for children, or as a beauty spot for the eye. We are growing in the East, as in the West, in artistic appreciation, as well as in our demands for more essential home qualities in our houses.

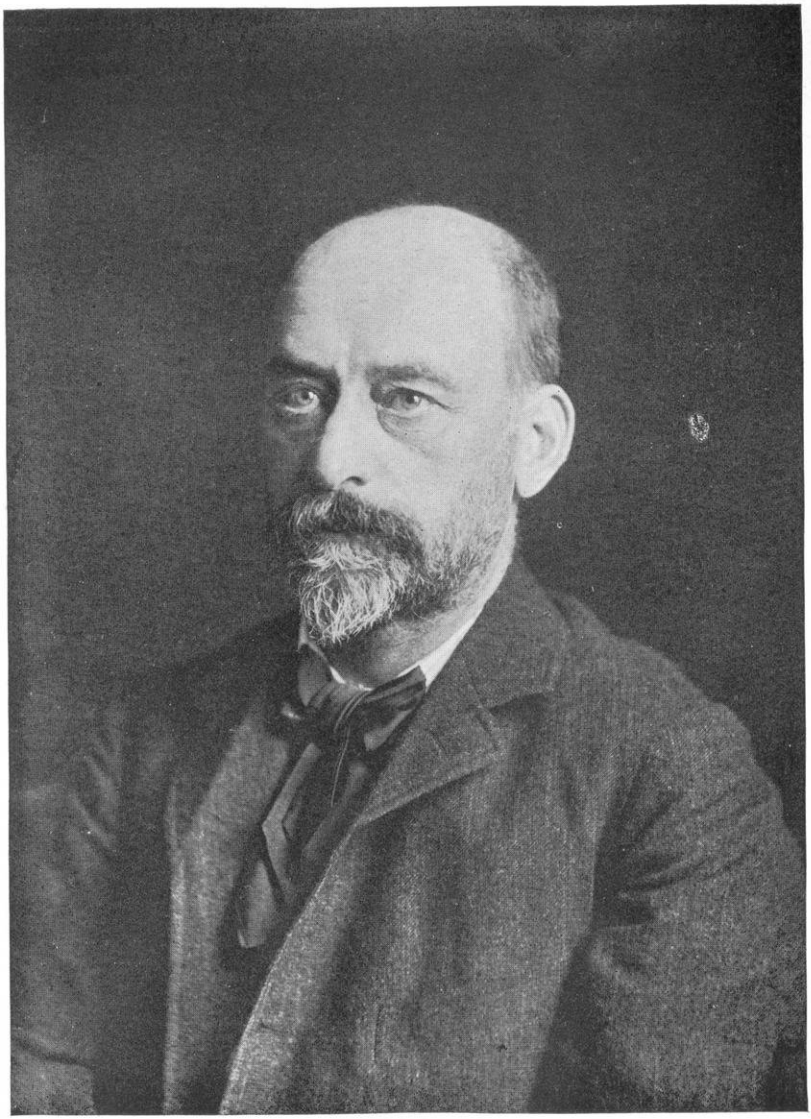
MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND GIFTED WIFE

AURICE MAETERLINCK and his gifted wife are both very much in the eye of the world this winter,—the one in literature and the other in music. Mme. Maeterlinck (Georgette Le Blanc) is now in America, for the first time, and in Boston she is to sing *Mélisande* in Debussy's opera, the score of which is Maurice Maeterlinck's beautiful and famous play "Pelleas et Mélisande." When this opera was first written Mme. Maeterlinck was very anxious to create the title rôle, but it had already been promised to Mary Garden, and somehow the matter was adjusted so that Mary Garden sang it. Perhaps to console his wife, perhaps for the sheer artistic joy of it, Maurice Maeterlinck, shortly after the Paris production of "Mélisande" produced the entire opera in the beautiful old garden surrounding his French palace. In this presentation his wife sang the leading rôle. Maeterlinck did the stage management, and only the chosen few of the Continent of Europe were admitted to the wonderful performance.

Maurice Maeterlinck, poet, dramatist and writer of beautiful prose, has recently come afresh into public notice as the winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature for nineteen hundred and eleven from the Swedish Academy. It is especially satisfying that this prize should have gone to Maurice Maeterlinck, as it is only a year ago that he refused to be "crowned" by the French Academy because his "coronation" would have involved the renunciation of his Belgian citizenship and the transferring of his allegiance to the French Republic, and although he lives in France much of the time in a wonderful Mediæval castle, he chooses to remain a Belgian subject. How much courage it would take to refuse to become a member of the French Academy to satisfy his patriotic pride is perhaps a little difficult for us to understand in America, for in Europe it is the final honor for different men of stupendous achievement.

Maeterlinck's popularity the world over has become so established that we have come more or less to take for granted his greatness. We almost forget how versatile is the expression of his wide and profound understanding of life. An interesting example of this recently came to the writer's notice. A young Canadian who spends a few months in New York every year writing stories, really earns his living far up in Canada with a bee farm. His inspiration for undertaking this work was from Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee." It is rather significant that a man who is a recognized idealist, dreamer, poet, should on the other hand present in the heart of his dreams such profound realities, such striking truths as Maeterlinck succeeds in doing in practically everything he writes.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND HIS GIFTED WIFE (GEORGETTE LE BLANC).



MR. H. P. BERLAGE, THE MOST FAMOUS OF MODERN ARCHITECTS IN HOLLAND, AT PRESENT LECTURING IN AMERICA.

H. P. BERLAGE, A CREATOR OF DEMOCRATIC ARCHITECTURE IN HOLLAND

E HAVE been living in a material age. Our ambitions and our philosophy have been essentially materialistic. For some time, however, a trend away from materialism has been gaining momentum, and curiously enough this movement has not been advanced to any extent, or indeed understood, by our spiritual leaders in philosophy, art or religion. It would seem as though the search for Wisdom in the spiritual content of Nature, resembled the search for Happiness; those who have sought after the Goddess herself have missed, while those who have only obeyed her ancient laws have been granted her precious gifts.

Archæologists sought to find the Spirit of Beauty, the Fine Art of Architecture, in the records of those great peoples who have known and pictured her, but each road has led only to a new signboard, another direction and evidences that we have been going in a circle. For two score years, however, mostly in those countries where commercial progress has necessitated accurate thinking, men have looked soberly at this building art and questioned whether it be not of first importance to look after the integrity of its practice, to take it from the draughting board into the shop, and out under the sky, and to make it again the true art of building. Also with this came vital interest in things made with the hands, desire to know how they were made and of what: with insistence that they be made honestly and earnestly and with proper respect for the material of construction, however humble. From this democratic soil there have arisen many structures of a constructional, practical and businesslike character which seem to embody many qualities of common merit.

Now come our poets as prophets of a new era and tell us that in this earnest, wholesome movement lies the living soul of a new art, potential with beauty and vibrant with the wonder of our times.

In the city of Amsterdam by the North Sea has lived a man, an architect who has builded earnestly, thought deeply and loved the tools and materials of his art: H. P. Berlage, Nickolas' son, with hand and heart close to the common wood and clay and stone, has come to understand their natures, and the wisdom of this understanding is the knowledge of the art of architecture. He has come to America to show us what he has seen in his native land, to see with us the beauty of what is at our very hand, and to exchange greetings with those who in shop, in the field, or in the office, believe in their work, hate the sham, and strive to ennoble both the method and the product of their calling. Mr. Berlage is today the foremost architect in Holland.

FOLK-MUSIC OF AMERICA: FOUR TYPES OF FOLK-SONG IN THE UNITED STATES ALONE: BY NATALIE CURTIS

THIS article does not pretend to treat exhaustively, scientifically or analytically of folk-song in America. Our country is richer than many of us know in diversity of folk-music and there are other branches of song than those mentioned in this sketch. The present aim is merely to call attention to four types of folk-music in the United States. The first, the aboriginal song of the American Indian, will be treated at greater length than the others because it is music as absolutely apart from any other in the world as is the race itself from all other races. The second element of American folk-music to be considered—the song of the American negro, while bearing traces of African origin, shows marked influence of contact with the white race and is therefore a product peculiar to the negro in America.

The third, the ballads of the "Mountain Whites" of Kentucky and Georgia, are transplanted relics of the British Isles, recalling the Anglo-Saxon origin of most of the early colonists. The fourth, the song of the Western cowboy, reflects a phase of characteristically American life now rapidly passing away. All four of these types of folk-music are rich in suggestiveness and offer opportunity for valuable research and fascinating study.

Long before the white man chanced upon these shores, there sounded in forest, desert and prairie the song of the American Indian, the music of a race that once peopled the entire continent, representing different types of culture and various grades of development. That in a few centuries we should have all but annihilated this race, as well as the noble indigenous beast, the buffalo, which was so large a part of the Indian's sustenance, seems in sober judgment a most appalling fact. But that is not all: From the life of those Indians who still exist, we have systematically endeavored to crush out all form of natural and racial self-expression. We have tried to shatter the red man's religion and destroy his art and his music. We have done all this well-meaningly, because we have held that the only type of civilization worthy of the name is that which we have ourselves evolved, and that to be civilized, the individual, be he of the Orient, of Africa, or of the American desert—must conform, irrespective of climate, environment or inherent race tendency, to all semblances of Caucasian thought and mode of life.

Yet the native song of the Indian, so sternly forbidden in years

past by Government and missionary authorities, has been hard to kill. It is a vital part of the Indian's nature, and is interwoven with nearly every act of his life; it is the voice of his religious aspiration (the strongest element in Indian character) and the language in which his fathers communed with the unseen world.

IT IS almost impossible for civilized man to conceive of the importance of song in the life of the simple American native. Our primitive Teutonic ancestors would surely better have understood it. No doubt their heroes were lauded in song, their epics chanted and their prayers intoned in music that was the speech of the racial heart and of the tribal fireside. The unwritten literature of the American Indian is preserved in ritual of poetry and music and faithfully transmitted from one generation to the next. To destroy the song of the red man is to break the mold into which much of the thought of the race has been cast. Fortunately, owing to an awakened interest in the music of the aboriginal American, some of the opposition to Indian songs has been withdrawn, and we are realizing in the eleventh hour that instead of wiping out all vestige of the native life we should help the Indian to leave to humanity at least the record of his art and thought.

The Indians' conception of song is most interesting. The Dakotas say: "Two are the kind of songs: songs made by man, and songs that come in dreams or in visions through the spirits from *Wakan-Tanka*—the Great Mystery. Of the first kind there are songs made by the mind of man to please the ear. Then there are songs to express feelings, and to rouse feelings—songs to stir men to brave deeds, to give strength in battle, and songs to make strong the heart to meet danger, grief and death.

"Songs of the second kind come from *Wakan-Tanka* and are *wakan*, holy, apart. All songs that are holy, that belong to sacred rites and ceremonies, that have power to work wonders, that go with healing are of this kind: for holy rites, wisdom and healing are from *Wakan-Tanka*.

"Everything that has life has spirit as well as fleshly form. All things have *nagi*—soul. Rocks and animals have the power to appear in the form of man, and to speak to man in dream or in vision. It is from *Wakan-Tanka* that they have power and wisdom.

"So are the songs of two kinds: songs made by man, and songs given by *Wakan-Tanka*, the Great Power that is not to be understood."

It is difficult and dangerous to generalize in speaking of Indians, as the tribes differ widely in culture and development. Yet it may

be said that the song that comes to a man in a dream as a gift of greater spiritual forces (a childlike and poetic explanation of the creative power of genius) is usually the peculiar property of the man who dreamed it. It is his own song and no one else may sing it unless with the permission of the owner. Such a song is supposed to have great power; power to invoke divine aid, to protect the man from evil, and often to heal. A man may give his song to another as a gift of value and in dying he may bequeath it, even as we would bequeath tangible possessions. Often a dream or vision with its accompanying song has meant the origin of some fraternity or order.

Among the Indian tribes whom I have known I have been struck with the simple and ordered dignity of Indian life and with the fact that for the red man there is always a time and place for all things, and that every act must have its rightful season.

CEREMONY, usually religious and often of unconscious dramatic and poetic beauty, marks the advent of the newborn child into the life of the tribe, the development from youth to maturity, the career through life, and the final disposition of the body when the soul has fled. For every ceremonial there are appropriate songs. Indian songs are thus of great variety and number, all with their special purpose. Each fraternity, lodge, social or religious order, has its particular songs which are readily recognized by their form. Songs belonging to certain ceremonies or seasons may never be sung at any other than the proper time. But popular songs, love songs, gaming songs, warrior songs, dance songs—these may be sung by anyone whenever appropriate. With some tribes, songs are consciously composed and among the Pueblos of the Southwest there are village bards famed for their ability to "make songs."

It is with song that games are played, that children are lulled or waked, that corn is ground, and that the round of everyday tasks is usually performed. To anyone who has passed through the deserts of the Southwest the yodeling refrain of the Pueblo Indian returning with laden burro from his cornfield, or the melodious call of the Navajo shepherd herding his flock, makes one realize how free, spontaneous and natural is that song-impulse in man, which we, through the crystallization of highly civilized and often artificial living, have somehow lost.

To our ears, as to those of the early colonists and Western pioneers, the Indian music sounds peculiarly "barbaric." The average American or European is accustomed to certain set musical periods

and to intervals dictated by the prevailing major and minor modes of European music. The intervals in Indian songs are strange to us, the manner of singing different from our own, and the incisive rhythm is often harsh and highly syncopated with drum beats and rattle. The unaccustomed ear follows with difficulty the peculiar forms of Indian songs. Yet to the Indian these forms are most definite. There is conscious as well as unconscious art in Indian music, and certain types of Indian songs, notably those of the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest are, from the standpoint of primitive music, highly elaborated, with introductions, varying verses, choral refrains and codas.

That Americans appreciate and like the syncopated peculiarities of "barbaric" music is proved by the prevailing type of modern American popular song—a manufactured article, it is true, but one that has captivated the American people and has come to be regarded as a typical American product,—the "rag-time" song of the theater and the street.

The origin of "rag-time" is, of course, traced directly to the American negroes,—a primitive race of marked musical ability. Yet the rhythmic peculiarities of "rag-time" are also characteristic of Indian music. It is not impossible that prior to the removal of the Southern tribes to Indian Territory, songs of the Indians were heard by the Southern blacks; but however this may be, the incisive beat of this sharply rhythmic type of music may be found in both races to be due to the close association of song with the movement of the dance.

THE song of the American negro in its purity is a musical expression of great intrinsic beauty. It reflects all phases of the life of this transplanted race and is often filled with an intense emotional quality natural to expect in the music of a people held in bondage, whose souls found outlet in song. The slave songs with their childlike and submissive pathos show how the negro found consolation in religion—the religion offered to him by his white masters and adapted by him to his own needs—how he dreamed of heaven as a lasting release—and projected his thoughts into a world of naïve and touching spiritual aspiration. No one who has heard the blacks sing: "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Had, Nobody Knows but Jesus," or the wonderful song, "Oh Freedom Over Me," can fail to recognize the emotional power of this music.

Though there is fluent and always good-humored charm in the melodic outline of the negro songs and an irresistible pulse in the rhythm, there is still a third element of peculiar interest in this

music of the American negro,—its harmony. The American negroes possess what has been called the "harmonic ear." Though utterly without training, the negroes improvise alto, tenor and bass parts to their songs with entire ease and a whole negro chorus will spontaneously break into harmony of real interest to the musician as well as of beauty.

In the tobacco factories of the South and in the fields I have heard ignorant negroes who seemed nearly related to their primitive African progenitors sing four-part harmony of a richness and charm truly amazing. This harmonic talent of the negroes is strikingly in evidence at Hampton Institute, the industrial school for negroes and Indians in Virginia. There a chorus of eight hundred negro students sings without accompaniment and in faultless pitch throughout an evening, chanting in the untaught harmonies peculiar to the negro, the old plantation songs of the past generation. It is safe to say that Hampton has done more than any other single influence to keep extant the negro music in its purity.

Once when I was visiting Hampton there was present a musician from Europe. He asked me who trained the chorus. I said, "Nobody trains the negroes, their singing is natural." He said, "I don't mean who trains their voices or teaches them tone-production; I mean who teaches them their parts—and trains them to sing together?" I repeated, "Nobody." He said, "That is not possible! I have never heard finer choral singing." I said, "If you do not believe me, ask Major Moton, the negro leader who starts the chorus in each song." Major Moton answered as I did. The musician was amazed. "How do you do it?" he asked. The negro answered, "I don't know *how* we do it—we *just sing*, that's all." And we agreed that a people who could "just sing" as these did and improvise harmonies of such simple and natural beauty certainly possess a distinct musical gift, probably capable of rare development.

It seems a poetic justice that the language of the banished Indian should echo in the names of the mountains, towns and rivers of this country, and the song of the enslaved negro form the basis of the American popular song throughout the United States. Both races have left their impress.

THOUGH our nation, through the great influx of foreigners, is a composite reflection of many nationalities, yet in the mountains of Kentucky and Georgia and Eastern Tennessee still live people of pure Anglo-Saxon blood. They are the direct descendants of the early settlers and they have lived for many gen-

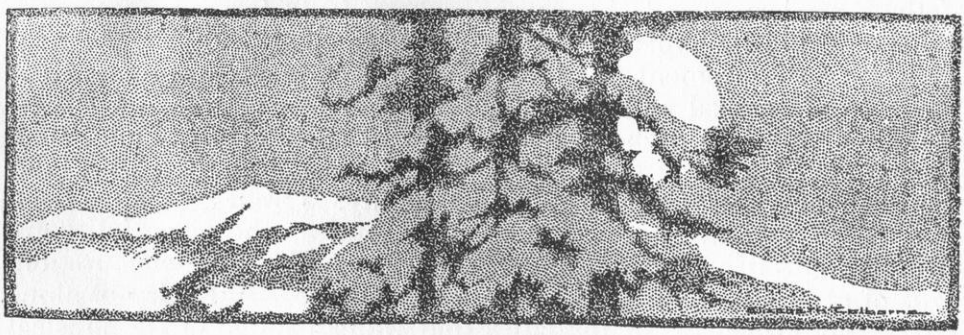
erations utterly remote from the progress of the rest of the world. These people still sing the ballads of England, Ireland and Scotland; the task of recording these songs and comparing them with the originals in the old country is well worth the serious application of a student of folk-lore. The writer of this article was asked some years ago to undertake this work, but was unable at the time to do so; since then and quite independently a collection has been made, which I had the pleasure of seeing in manuscript. It is hoped that it may be published, for careful investigation might bring to light many interesting facts concerning this purely Anglo-Saxon music in America. The ballads may have undergone some modifications through their sojourn in America; and on the other hand, because of the entire aloofness of these "Mountain Whites" from all contact with change, the songs, as sung by them, may be more faithful to the originals brought many generations ago from the old country, than are the same ballads as sung in the British Isles today.

The Western "cow-puncher" is not usually considered a person of musical sensibilities, but he, too, has his song to while away hours of solitude and to add conviviality to an existence barrenly monotonous except for its element of adventure. The cowboy songs, though by no means always original compositions, have been so influenced by life in the open that they have taken on a certain wild freedom, characteristic of the singers. The "Hi-Yi!" and "Yip! Yip!" of the call to the cattle often form stirring refrains of ballads which would look bald and crude in print; yet when sung by the cowboy on the "range" these songs have a strange lilt, a reckless dash, and sometimes a haunting melancholy that suggests the long and lonely vigil of the "night-herd." I have heard "Oh, Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee" droned in solitude in a way to call vividly to mind the lurking coyote.

We have seen that there is folk-music in America, yet the mass of the American people has perhaps been truly termed unmusical. We should hardly expect the descendants of the Puritans—who held art to be an allurement of the senses, and beauty a temptation of the devil—to be blessed with the gift of spontaneous song! Yet Boston has one of the best orchestras in the world and the Bostonians look upon their Symphony concerts as a part of general education and attend them with an almost religious fidelity. Orchestras have been founded in several cities in the United States, choral societies are springing into life, and throughout the country there are encouraging signs of at least an effort toward musical culture. But it is not alone by the established art of the cities that we can judge of the musical

impulse of a nation: a true estimate would surely seek its data among the people. The tremendous influx of foreigners brings with it to some extent the musical influence of the old world in folk-song as in blood, but song dies on the lips of the factory worker and machine laborer. If we were to ask the average American if the people in this country sing, he would be apt to answer "we have no time." This is, indeed, the real cause of the absence of music in the American home. And the reason why we have "no time" is clearly apparent even to a casual European visitor, as was proven last year by the words of Feruccio Busoni, the great pianist. Last season for the first time he traveled across the continent to the Pacific Coast. After his return he said: "I see now why there is not more art in America. When I journeyed day after day over this vast continent, mile upon mile through the plains, hour after hour over the deserts, I saw what an enormous undertaking Americans have before them in developing the natural resources of so mighty a land—I understood this nation as never before. How can you be expected to have art now? That must be a later growth. To settle, develop and govern such an expanse of country is a task great enough to take all the energy and genius of your people for generations. How can it be otherwise?"

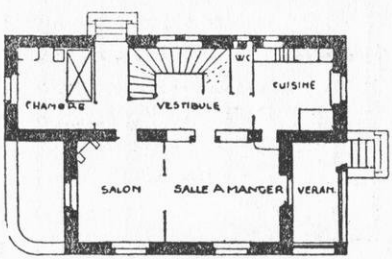
Yet in the future, when the seething stress of our young life is over and continuity shall replace the restless and constant change incident to our rapid growth today, a great genius may arise—perhaps in the big, free West—to reveal in art the keen creative character of the American mind. He will doubtless be a true product of all that has gone before him in the making of a nation; and if he be a musician, the flower of his genius—even as musical history has shown in other lands—may be rooted deeply, though unconsciously in the folk-music of his native country.



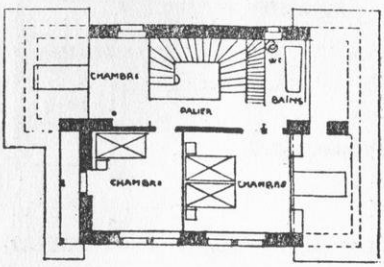
MODERN SWISS HOUSES FOR PEOPLE OF MODERATE MEANS

FROM the beginning of days when man sought to shelter himself from the tragedies of the seasons and the hostilities of living beings, the question of the satisfactory habitation has been one of preëminent importance. Of course, at the beginning, æsthetic considerations were not entered into at all. It was safety and peace that the first rude homes were expected to furnish. And, as a matter of fact, this early ideal of the aboriginal architect is not at all a bad one for us to keep in mind; for what we really should still expect from our homes is safety and peace first of all, and then if we can consider their harmonious relation to other houses and æsthetic satisfaction to ourselves, why, so much the better. But we have gone a long way from any insistence upon peace and comfort in our homes, and not only does the average successful architect, but the average builder of any sort of a house, consider first of all the matter of decoration. The building is more often than not regarded merely as so much space and opportunity for ornamentation. This is as true of the working people's house as it is of the palace, with the difference that in the latter case the ornamentation is apt to be interesting and placed on an appropriate background, whereas in cheaper houses ornament is inarticulate and unrelated to the overburdened surface which carries it.

The difference in purely æsthetic conditions that would result from the wise consideration of peace and comfort in homes, is something that would be monumental in result. More often than not real art is not brought about by an intense desire to cultivate art, it is frequently merely the result of doing in a right wise way the essential things. Surely the early Egyptians in their marvelous mural friezes had little thought of art. They were interested in contemporaneous history and in color. Our own Navajo Indians did not weave their wonderful baskets and rugs and model their beautiful potteries to produce an Indian art, but because all these articles were



VILLA A: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

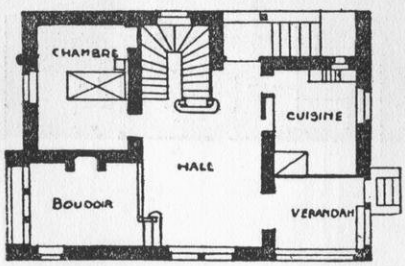


VILLA A: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

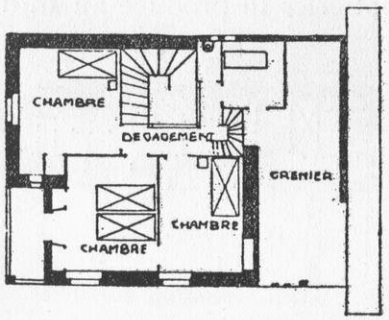
essential for the comfort of their daily lives, and it pleased the eyes of the people who made them and used them to have them in right outlines and proportions and ornamented with colors that gave the craftsmen and their friends a sense of joy. In fact, it is very difficult for us to get far away from the close relation of art to life, and from the utter absurdity of considering decoration apart from utility, as a thing having itself intrinsic value.

The essential quality of a reasonable architecture is that it should be logical, that the house should be appropriate for the times, for the climate, for the inhabitant, for the political and social conditions of the age. And these universal rules apply to temple or cabin, to palace or workingman's bungalow. It is absolutely necessary that forms should be adjusted to existing necessities; and through the utilization of such opportunities as are afforded by meeting conditions, in a large proportion of chances beauty will result. How absurd it is here in America for us to make our railway stations like Greek temples, our simple country homes like French villas, our shops like Egyptian tombs. They are neither beautiful for us, nor convenient. They do not bring us comfort or peace; they are an excrescence on our kind of existence. And as they are neither suited to climate nor needs, regardless of the durability of their architecture, they must sooner or later pass away. All of which shows lack of judgment and lack of understanding of true economy. No style of architecture has ever achieved permanent expression that was not absolutely suited to the desire and need of the people creating it. The method of wall construction, the slope and kind of roof, the use of pillars or porticos or pergolas, all must be evolved from necessity of meeting changing weather, of utilizing materials indigenous to the country and furnishing opportunity for living in line with the development of civilization, or at least fully expressing the civilization in which it is developed.

Practically all over the world today there is a call for homes for



VILLA B: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



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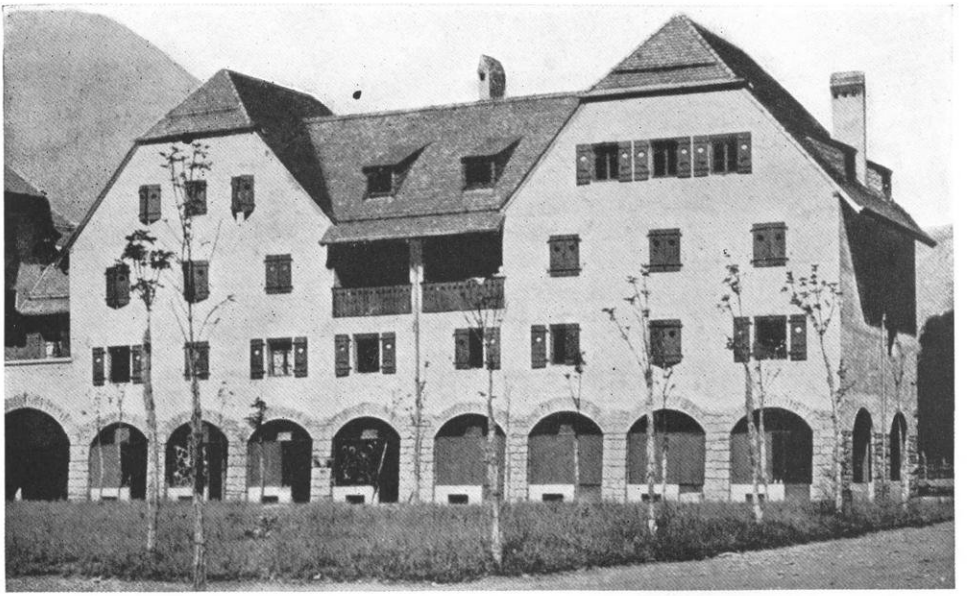
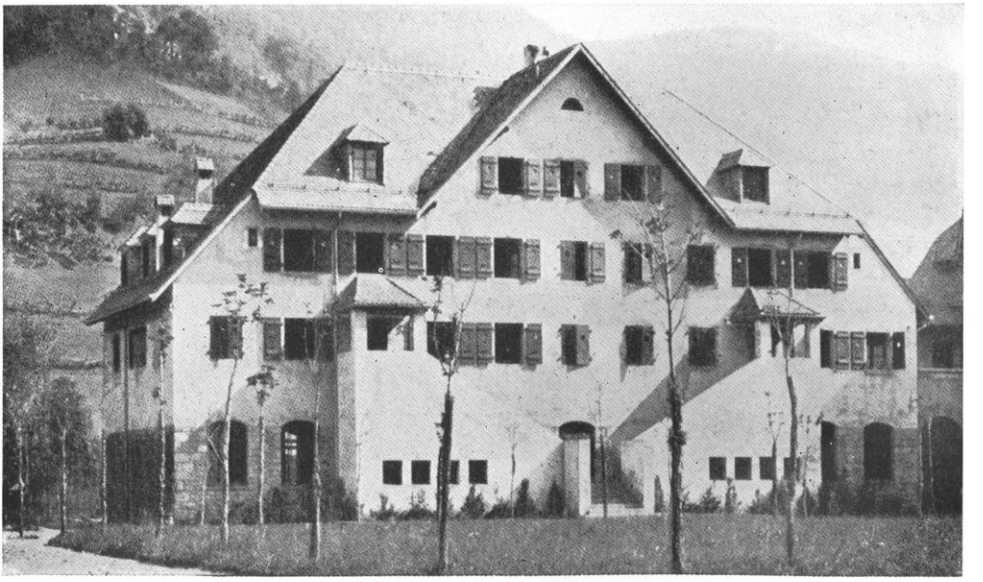
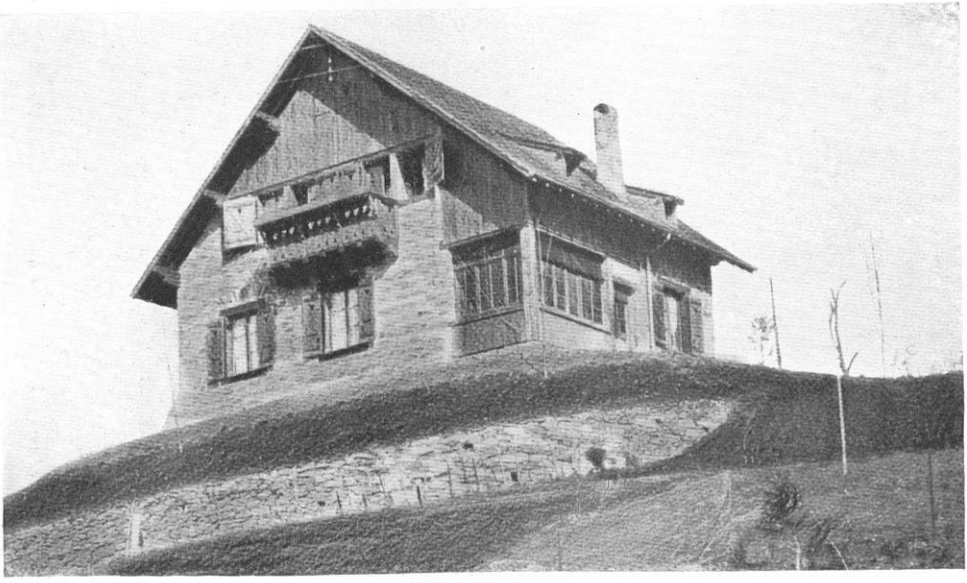




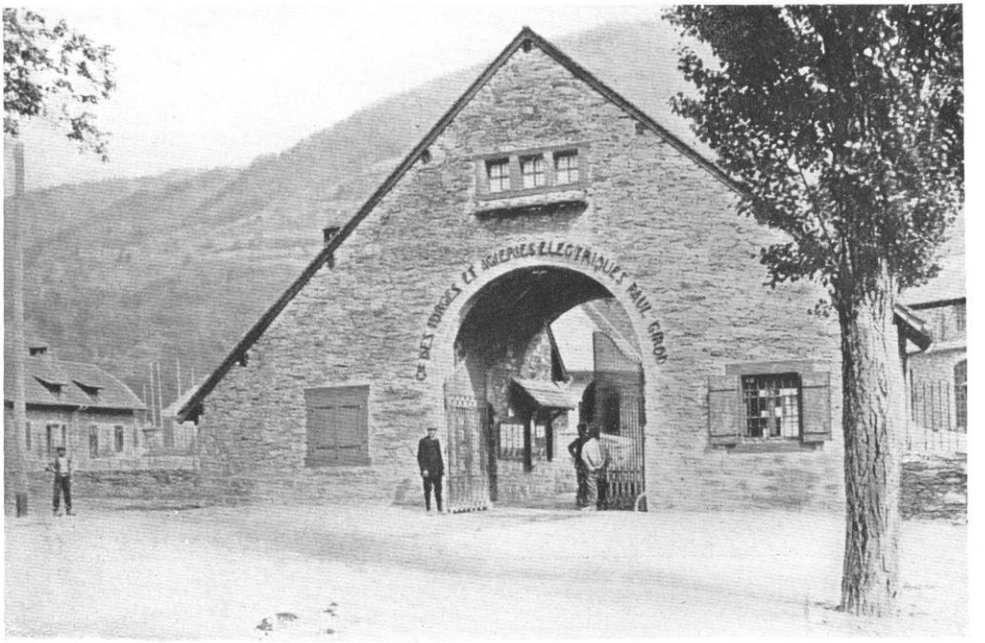
TWO STYLES OF COÖPERATIVE HOUSES FOR LABORING MEN, BUILT AT UGINE, SAVOY; DESIGNED AND BUILT BY MAURICE BRAILLARD.



Maurice Braillard, Architect.

VILLA A: BUILT FOR PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE: FOR FLOOR PLANS, SEE PAGE 421.

VILLA C: MODERN FRENCH DWELLING FOR PEOPLE OF MODERATE MEANS: FOR FLOOR PLANS, SEE PAGE 427.



Maurice Braillard, Architect.

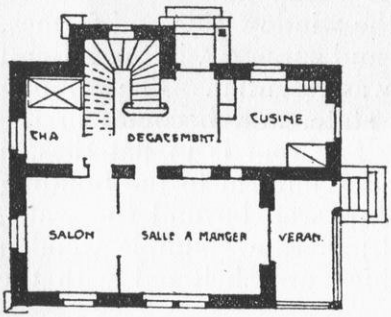
VILLA B: DESIGNED FOR PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE OF INTELLIGENCE AND MODERATE MEANS. SEE FLOOR PLANS, PAGE 422.

ENTRANCE TO THE FACTORY GROUNDS AT UGINE.

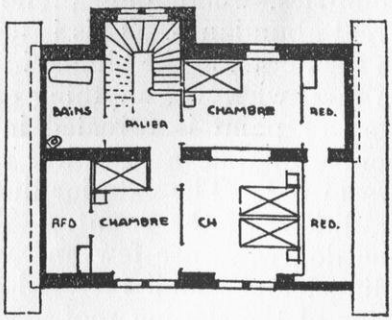
STAIRWAY TO BE FOUND IN VILLAS A AND C, SHOWING INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION AND FITTINGS.

the business people. In other words, for the working people of our present kind of commercial civilization. This is especially true in America, but it is also true in France, in Germany, in England, and to a smaller degree in Oriental countries. There is an increasing class of people of moderate incomes, of more than moderate intelligence, having the desire for as much comfort as life can furnish them in order to make interesting and possible the long hours of business enterprise. In many instances, especially among the professional classes, these working people have as much education, even culture, as the richer idle class, and in order to gain the mental and spiritual satisfaction that they crave in life, it is necessary that their houses should be sanitary, comfortable and æsthetic, usually to be accomplished with the great handicap of a close study of economy. In the far West of our own country, we are meeting this situation in the building of beautiful bungalows. There are no houses that have ever been built at moderate cost that are more comfortable, more interesting in color and outline, more adjusted to the needs of the people, more suited to the lives of a commercial civilization. It is the exceptional bungalow that means expense and the average one is more economical than much of the dreadful "Early Garfield architecture" with which the suburbs of the East are made hideous. In England the smaller house is being built by such men as Barry Parker, Raymond Unwin, C. F. A. Voysey, perhaps a little more expensively than our own bungalows, but suited to the lives of much the same kinds of people, the cultivated professional working men and women.

In Savoy they are beginning to build what they call workingmen's villas, as well as the coöperative laboring men's houses. The villas usually cost from three to five thousand dollars, which is not large as houses go on the Continent. The cost of the coöperative houses depends largely upon size and material, and unfortunately we have no definite way of reckoning even the average expense.



VILLA C: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



VILLA C: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

MODERN SWISS HOUSES FOR WORKING PEOPLE

The illustrations for this article are all taken from the work of a Swiss architect, M. Maurice Braillard, of Geneva. The houses shown are typical of the best modern domestic architecture in Europe, and although still cheaper houses than these are being built, they are perhaps not as satisfactory in the long run as those in which more expense is put in actual material. These villas have been built by M. Braillard for manufacturing society in Savoy and are occupied by the superintendents and foremen; the large coöperative house is used by the laborers. In both classes of architecture M. Braillard has studied carefully to adapt the form of the building to the lay of the land as well as to the occupation of those who will inhabit them. He has proved that it is quite possible to develop modern architecture that can be perfectly adjusted to the aspects of the country. Nature seems everywhere hospitable and it is only necessary to recognize her individuality and to study her ways in planning houses to find that she will render of her own accord the most appropriate environment for the most modern type of building. In this Savoy country where there is so much storm and snow it is necessary for the roofs to be long and sloping in order that snow and rain should glide from them as soon as possible, avoiding even the little weight that might come upon the flat roof. For the same reason, inclemency of weather, the masonry is particularly staunchly placed, and the houses are held down to the earth by the strongest arms of stone or cement work.

The materials employed in these houses were all furnished from the adjacent country. It was at hand ready for the service of the workmen, and not only was the expense of bringing in materials saved, but the added charm of materials which belong to the country was gained in the architectural effect. The masonry is of split stones taken up when the foundations were dug. The least possible amount of mortar and lime were used. Outside of stone, the principal element of construction in this house is, as in all mountainous countries, wood, pine preferably, as it is cheap and to be had in great abundance. This is to be seen in the window-sills and frames, in the doors, in the blinds, in the porches and supports, in the rafters; in fact, wherever anything except stone was essential. The priming coat of paint is revealed in its natural state, and becomes in the course of time a beautiful red surface. The roof is in flat tiles, a warm red. The exterior lines of the house conform to the building traditions of the country; the roof extends well beyond the walls, the doorways are few and well designed,; there are simple wooden blinds, and small recessed balconies which are sheltered with the edge of the sloping roof.

The result is exceedingly picturesque, and although modern in development so far as comfort is concerned, all the local traditions which make for beauty of line and proportion are carefully followed. The interior arrangements of these villas are intelligently planned to meet the needs of the busy people who occupy them. In the villa B the living room and dining room are replaced by a vast hall, where in the evening hours and holidays the members of the family can gather together and have most intimate and charming soirées. From one end of this long hall the stairway leads to the chambers above. In the villas A and C, which are a little more important and luxurious, the arrangement of the first floor separates the dining room from the living room and there is a delightful veranda at the end of each. There are three bedrooms on the upper floor and but one on the lower floor.

The two elevations of the coöperative house for laboring men are extremely interesting. It is built of concrete with stone foundations, and wooden balustrades and blinds and a red tile roof. The detail of this construction is well worth careful study. It will be seen that there is not a superfluous line, not one inch of surface used for pure decoration, and yet the effect of the stone arches which support the building and furnish a sort of cloister entrance, the sloping roof of red tile, the pretty colored blinds and the recessed porches protected by the tiled roof, furnish an ensemble which is picturesque in the extreme. Although these coöperative houses are large, their proportions are so perfect that there is a sense almost of a single villa in the completed building. The windows are especially well arranged, and whether the little blinds are open or shut, the spacing effect of the windows is artistic. The mountains which form the background for this coöperative dwelling furnish a beautiful environment whether yellow in spring, green in summer or brilliant in the fall. The house always seems sheltered and protected.

The single interior which we are able to furnish shows the curving stairway in villas A and C; the capping of the newel-post with the wrought-iron lantern is suggestive of our own Craftsman interiors, and is extremely simple and beautiful. We are very sorry not to have an opportunity of showing our readers how practically and charmingly these houses are furnished, for naturally, the interiors reveal more closely the individuality of the owner, both in the finish of the woodwork and of the furniture which is displayed. It is with the greatest pleasure that we have been able to present this group of modern French houses, which supplements so beautifully the bungalow and Mission architecture in the West, and the Craftsman homes which are gaining so wide a foothold in the East.

THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE? BY WILLIAM GRAY PURCELL AND GEORGE G. ELMSLIE

N ARTICLE by Alfred Hopkins, with numerous illustrations, made under the above caption (the question mark is ours), appeared in a recent number of *The Outlook*. Not only the statements made in this article, but the point of view which it suggests, is so wide of the truth, that it should certainly not secure, unchallenged, the wide reading that publication in such a magazine gives it. Such a statement concerning architecture as a fine art in America will be accepted by thousands of thoughtful readers as an authoritative analysis of the real condition of this art, and it would be a great misfortune if the vague ideas of the general reader should become fixed in an attitude so mistakenly optimistic as that which pervades Mr. Hopkins' writing. The absurdity of the article in question may be put at once on a plane of kindergarten simplicity, with reference to what architecture is, by directing the attention in a casual way to the photographs of buildings used as illustrations, which the author considers indicative of our ability to express in the architectural art the normal characteristics of our people.

One of the buildings is the new Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New York, pertinently described as an adaptation of the Basilica of Constantine in Rome; another is the Military Chapel at West Point, an adaptation of definite historical Gothic forms, developed about a thousand years later. No elaborate proof is needed to suggest to the average mind that a people cannot express themselves at one and the same time in the architectural forms of both Rome and the Middle Ages. Forms more diametrically opposed, in emotional and spiritual essence, cannot be imagined. As an expression of real traits, these forms are as different as an automobile and an Egyptian dahabiyeh. The two could not have synchronously arisen from a single people. Architecture is now generally recognized as an intimate expression of the times which gave it birth. It is a better index of the people than their exploits in war or politics. One may read Rome, perfectly, in her architecture, or understand the Middle Ages under the shadow of a great cathedral. We may know of the glory that was Greece, through her marble crowned Acropolis.

Now in what way do the "Gothic" Chapel and this "Roman" railroad station exemplify an American Renaissance? They do not. History repeats itself, and these buildings, so far as their *architectural forms* are concerned, exemplify that period in the Italian Renaissance, when Sansovino could copy literally the forms

he went to Rome to pilfer,—a period of architectural decadence. Incidentally, may we refer to Penrose, when he says in the introduction to his great work on Athenian Architecture, that his one regret in giving to the world these wonderful Grecian forms, was that they would be at once seized upon, and made base use of, as an appliqué to buildings of another breed under other skies and in other ways of life. Compare with this attitude, our Sansovino, raking over the ruins of Rome, for scattered parts of what *was* architecture, to dress up his buildings,—without which they would doubtless have been interesting. As an illustration of this possibility, consider the Palazzo Cornaro in Venice, and the Palazzo Albergati, Bologna—these buildings show very well, in the latter, a decadent art, stultifying the native Italian power to build, and in the other the same power to build giving itself almost free expression.

LET us consider for a moment another luminary in this American Renaissance, the building for music at Bar Harbor, Maine. It will be observed that so far we have been architecturally both of Rome and of old France, and now this building announces that we are Greeks! It is noticeable that in these "Greek," "Roman" or "Gothic" buildings we are not a multiplex people, expressing ourselves at once with Roman splendor, Greek beauty and Mediæval romance and mysticism, but clever groups of us assume a conceit. This day we will be Romans, tomorrow Greeks.

Considering another aspect of this building, let us quote the article: "The contrasted wall spaces with the open loggia of the columns are in perfect proportion." Now what does this mean, this "proportion" that we hear so universally used? Is it a rule, or a guide for doing things right? Where is it to be found,—in the Greek work? If so, is it at archaic Paestum, at titanic Olympia, or at splendid Athens? We see the proportions changing with the varying temperaments of the Greeks. Where shall the norm be placed, and who could presume to decide? As a matter of fact, the word "proportion" has no meaning as a vital attribute in any art, to say nothing of architecture. It is universally used by dilletante in their critical appreciations, to cover their lack of power to discern that region in the quality of a true art work into which no critic may ever enter. What is significant and meaningful is *balance* and *rhythm*, and our "Greek" music hall has neither; true Greek art was alive and vibrant with both.

The bareness, poverty and negation of this whole idea of fixed proportions, as an element of beauty in a structure, is at once made

manifest, when we stop to consider that the minute and precise relationships in Vignola's "Five Orders of Architecture" are real, if at all, for but one instant, and from a single ideal viewpoint. As the beholder departs from this ideal point in observing a real building, the myriad relationships and values pass through infinite mutations, which no mind could possibly reduce to set systems or formulæ. Vignola would needs be rewritten for every six inches that one may move.

Adding scrap by scrap to our far from orderly picture of what the Greek mind was, we now know that the Greek temples were resplendent with gorgeous color; and it is interesting to note that this music building is probably the first where even a timid effort has been made to recall this color factor in Greek work. This color was far more important to the eye of the beholder than the delicate adjustment and workmanship of the structure itself, which were largely a matter of feeling. It is suggested that the reader ask himself whether the image he has in mind of what is Greek, reckons with this color effect. If his idea of Greek architecture is not a form *and* color idea, is it Greek at all?

In another fundamental conception our music building fails to approximate the Greek standard claimed for it. It presents to the average American no idea of the purpose of the building. According to the system of thinking which this building exemplifies, it might serve equally well as a bank, a town hall, a United States Post Office, or a Christian church; and buildings similar to this music hall may be found performing these functions in any of our larger communities. For where in this design does the reader feel the compelling power of music? The plucked lyre of the Greeks has passed. The orchestra is now a part of our intellectual and emotional life.

For anyone who is familiar with the Parthenon, and the civilization of which it is the culmination, this "perfect Greek design" may be dismissed with a single question as to whether in spirit or in fact any suggestion of the Greek mind is to be found in the remarkable treatment of the wall surfaces flanking the loggias? "Refined and highly studied?" Refined it doubtless is, and scholarly it is; but dead,—as dead as is the Greek language.

"ARCHITECTURE is the need and power to build." It centers in the very soul of the race, not in the buildings of antiquity, nor in the minds of a few wise men. What *was* architecture always has grown, evolved,—out-sprung from the social fabric of a nation. The great masterpieces of the archi-

tecture of all times have been the least personal and the most racial. Thus, if we would find the evidences of what is to be the great architectural art of America, we must look not to those things which we import, but to those things which we cannot import, and therefore accomplish with amazing vigor. The Italian historian, Ferrero, when he visited America last year, was not interested in our importations, and found in them no evidence of the virile race he came to study and later trenchantly to analyze. He said that the most significant expression of our architectural life was a sleeping car.

Another expression of our need and power to build is our great office buildings, these marvelous steel cities, for which all our architects and our critics have been apologizing until within the last few years. They are a new thing under the sun,—American architecture. The tragedy is that we do not leave them alone to show what they are, but must be covering them with all manner of incidents of form that brazenly give the lie to their materials, their magnificent structural system and their use. For years our renowned architects have bent every effort to make these buildings look like what they are not. They have tried to make twelve-story buildings look like six, and six-story buildings like three, anything to avoid the appearance of height, which is their most inspiring aspect. Our "best designers" continue to degrade the inherent right of materials to speak for themselves, giving us stone cornices in tin, cast concrete to imitate cut stone, terra cotta wrapped around steel to simulate the various forms of masonry, and in every field violating the normal wholesome use of building materials. Just now this same false effort is directed toward securing clever grouping of parts, horizontally and vertically, toward making a "composition" instead of an organization,—a real building,—architecture.

But the tall office building has become a great architectural landmark, in spite of the interference of those who should have been the first to see its inherent power. And the day is coming when the American office building will be considered on its own inspiring merits. In various parts of the country there are now a few of these buildings, treated in a normal and rational manner. Most of them, however, belie this need and power to build which we have, and of which we should be so proud,—denying in their every appearance, their structures and their use,—ignoring utterly the fundamentals of architecture. Considering this building farther, it does not appear that those in the upper floors of the building can have anything in common with those in the lower floors, because the architectural story told by the two parts of the building

is so radically different. For we must remember, that, *when use does not change, form does not change.* This is a universal law, and must be so recognized. Now what do we have in the upper stories? Something very grandiose and splendid, doubtless. There appears to be a little touch of humor in the interlarded sixteenth story, and what, oh, what, takes place in the attic? Why cannot we be frank, and wise, and bold, and tell what is going on from pavement to roof? Why all this troubled machination to conceal, to belie and to stultify? The general reader should remember that this building is built of steel, and the steel framework does not become larger toward the top, as would appear, for evidently the architect had a terrific time to enclose something up there, but just what it was, is not evident. It is also suggested that the architectural arrangement of the building, which apparently gives an extra measure of light, air and sunshine to those in the upper stories, who are doubtless well supplied, is the reverse of what would naturally be expected in a wisely planned and arranged building. But one may not leave a great building of this kind, with a word of negation. Here is power; here is science, riches and skill and imagination; in other words, a great American enterprise shines forth in the regal bigness of this building.

THIS discursive comment on the "American Renaissance" is ventured into simply to help indicate, the more clearly and in a few words, the real nature and attributes of the finest of the fine arts; and to indicate also in what way the turning of the balance may be induced, so as to give America, fair and far-flung, an opportunity to triumph with materials in the way that has been witnessed at ever-recurring periods in the history of human kind.

Our social fabric is the architectural matrix; likewise our emotional content; the splendor of our spiritual enrichment; and our great now-forming commonwealth, with its world of moving material things, sum and substance of our commercial life.

The need and power to build is architecture.

Surely the need is *now.*

Surely the need is *here.*

And with overwhelming certainty is the power.

As a people we are practical optimists in all the arts but architecture, and in this art we are the most utterly gloomy pessimists, full of wretched forebodings, and given over to despair. Our buildings bear witness.

It is but a few years since a president of the American Institute of Architects declared in his annual address that he dreaded the

day when the creative impulse of the American architect would be given free play.

We give our painters liberty to paint the face of Nature as they see it. We give our sculptors liberty to bring forth "sermons from stones." We give our musicians liberty to interpret the wonderful domain in which they move. We give our architects liberty to interpret into living things of beautiful usefulness, all our needs, our hopes, ambitions, dreams?

No. We give them liberty to copy, venally copy the noble work of other ages, designed for other uses under alien skies, and then call it the American Renaissance!

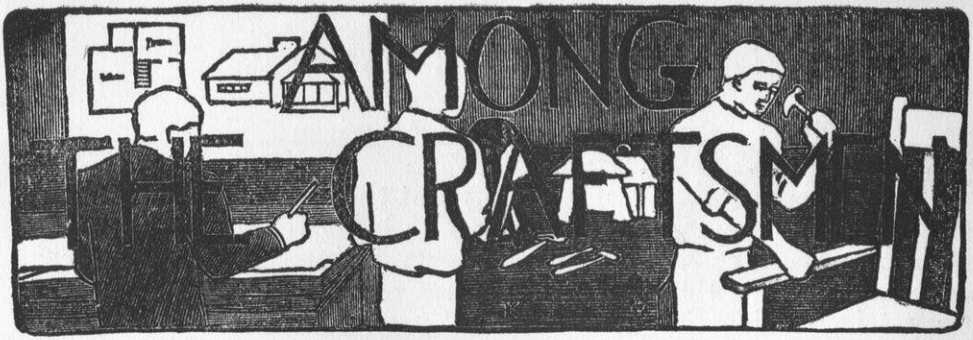
Mr. Hopkins says, "To Italy the student, whether decorator, painter, or architect, must still go for his inspiration of things beautiful, for the detail studies which make up the finished technique of his trade, as well as for the analysis of broad lines and general principles of composition." This is a cruel joke, a parody. Creative power in any field of activity is indigenous to the soil. Witness Tolstoy, Wagner, Abraham Lincoln! Where did the Greek go for inspiration? Where did the Hindoo go? Where did the Chinese go? Where did the cathedral builders go? Are we poorer than these?

What antiquity has for us is inspiration, and while nourishing in our hearts the wholesome spirit of emulation for the glory of past achievement, we should have such controlling respect for the integrity of our own natures and the God-given creative impulse that copying architectural motifs should appear strange to us, and as cheap and contemptible as plagiarism in literature.

The creative faculty of the mind and soul of the American is marvelous. Untrammeled by tradition, he has seized upon the needs and materials at his hand, with a fecund imagination. His magic touch has called forth new organisms of compelling impressiveness and moment:

The harvester, the automobile, the color press, the aeroplane, the steel skeleton-construction, grain elevators, railroad trains, mile-long shops, a myriad growth of things built—a wonderhouse of new forms, American minted. Surely here is no Renaissance, and cannot be; but a virgin field for a great democratic architecture, its technique already in process of development.

"Others may praise what they like;
But I, from the banks of the running Missouri,
praise nothing in Art or aught else,
'Til it has well inhaled the atmosphere of this river—
also the Western prairie scent,
And fully exudes it again."



TWO CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSES: WITH FIREPLACE-FURNACES

WHEN the word "home" is spoken or read, the picture that passes before the mind is generally of some cozy little house with vines clambering over it, flowers encircling it, trees in the yard, a little orchard nearby, perhaps, and, above all, an open fire with the members of the family gathered around it, chatting of the events of the day, plotting wonderful things for the future, reading aloud, telling stories or sitting quietly and letting the leaping flames and floating smoke and singing logs bear the mind to the delightful land of day-dreams and hopes and memories.

Even though we were brought up in apartment houses heated with steam or hotels verdant with rubber palms, or in little town houses heated with "base-burners," some such vision of a cozy little house will spring to our mind at the thought of home.

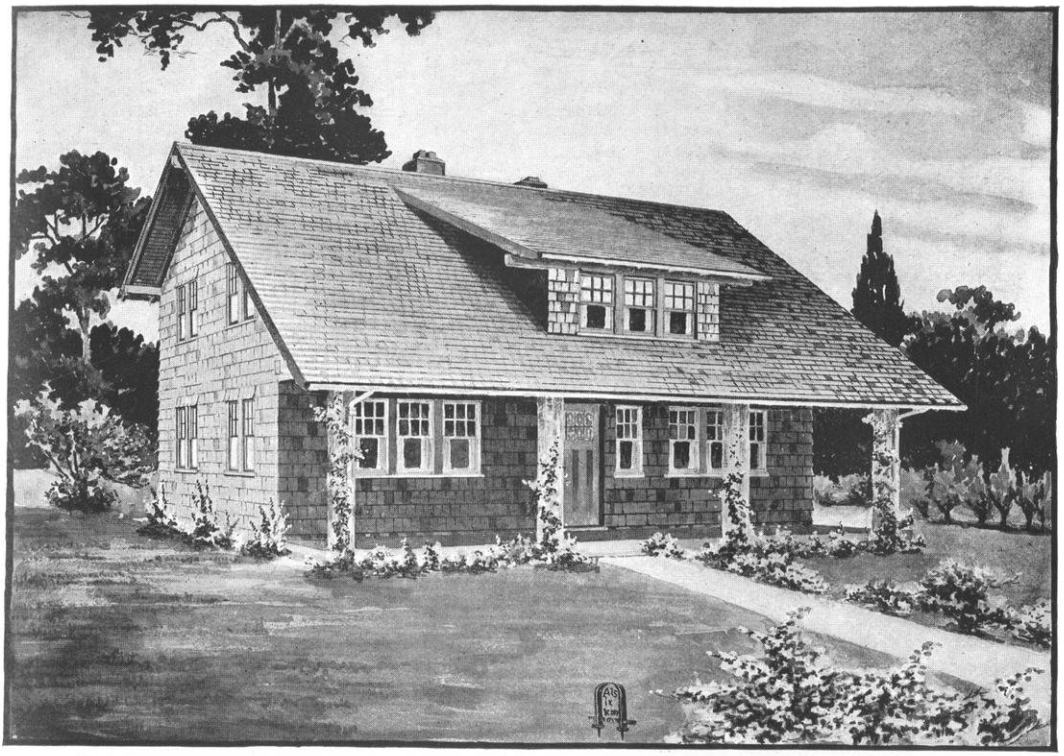
THE CRAFTSMAN has always had a home as object when designing a house, whether for country, village or city, one that would abide pleasantly in men's and women's hearts and minds, though they travel the whole world over, dwelling in many lands and in gorgeous palaces. We are showing this month two cozy, homelike, little dwellings that can well mold the mind into a permanent remembrance of home. Their plans and lines are extremely simple, and they are convenient and comfortable. A study of the upper and lower floor plan of the first house, No. 127, will show that no space has been wasted and that the proportions of the rooms have been so arranged that there is a sense of roominess hardly to be expected from the cozy appearance of the exterior. Such a house providing four bedrooms and bath upstairs, large living room, dining room, kitchen and hall downstairs, besides commodious closets on each floor, will be sufficient for quite a family. A view of the dining room of this little home is shown with vista of stairway through the wide door leading from the hall. At the side of the stairway is a good-sized closet for coats. A view of the living room is given that includes the decorative use of a high seat between the windows and low bookcases. As this seat faces the open fire, it will prove especially comfortable for pleasant hours, reading with the light from the windows directly over the shoulder and at the same time the fire near adding its note of cheer and comfort.

This house is built of shingles with double-hung windows. No particular shingle is mentioned, because there are several kinds equally suitable, and the decision as to selection is governed almost always by the available wood of the locality. They can be hand-split or sawed, of cypress, cedar or redwood, as preferred. The pillars that support the porch are of rustic, squared so that the curve of the tree is kept as rounded corners. A pillar hand-hewn in this way is extremely suitable for shingled houses.

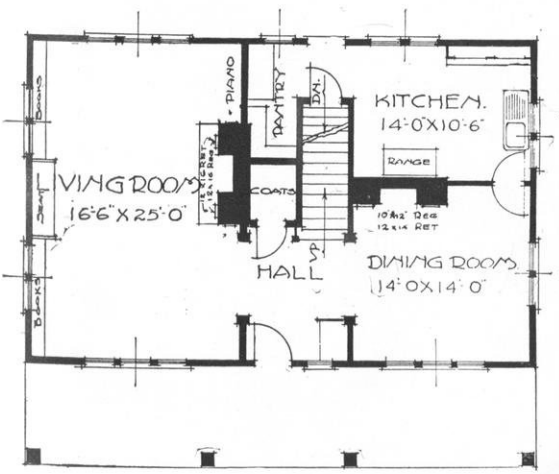
The interior trim is also left to be decided upon by the necessities or advantages of the locality in which the house is to be built. As to the floors, we generally suggest maple, because it can be so easily and satisfactorily finished with vinegar and iron rust. At the present time it is cheaper to lay the floor of maple than of Georgia pine, which is so often used.

THE second house, No. 128, is similar to No. 127 as to the general size and effect. It has one less bedroom and the lower floor is differently arranged, but equally convenient. We show one view of the sitting room with a large settle drawn up before the fireplace and low bookcases under the windows. The tops of these low bookcases make excellent places to set a jar of flowers, a work basket or magazine.

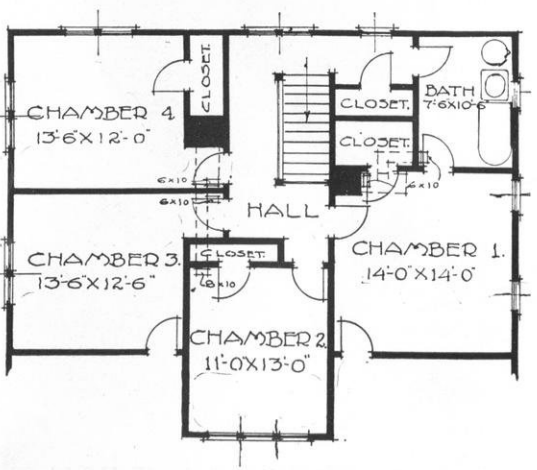
This house is also of shingles with dou-



CRAFTSMAN SEVEN-ROOM SHINGLED HOUSE: NO. 127.



HOUSE NO. 127: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



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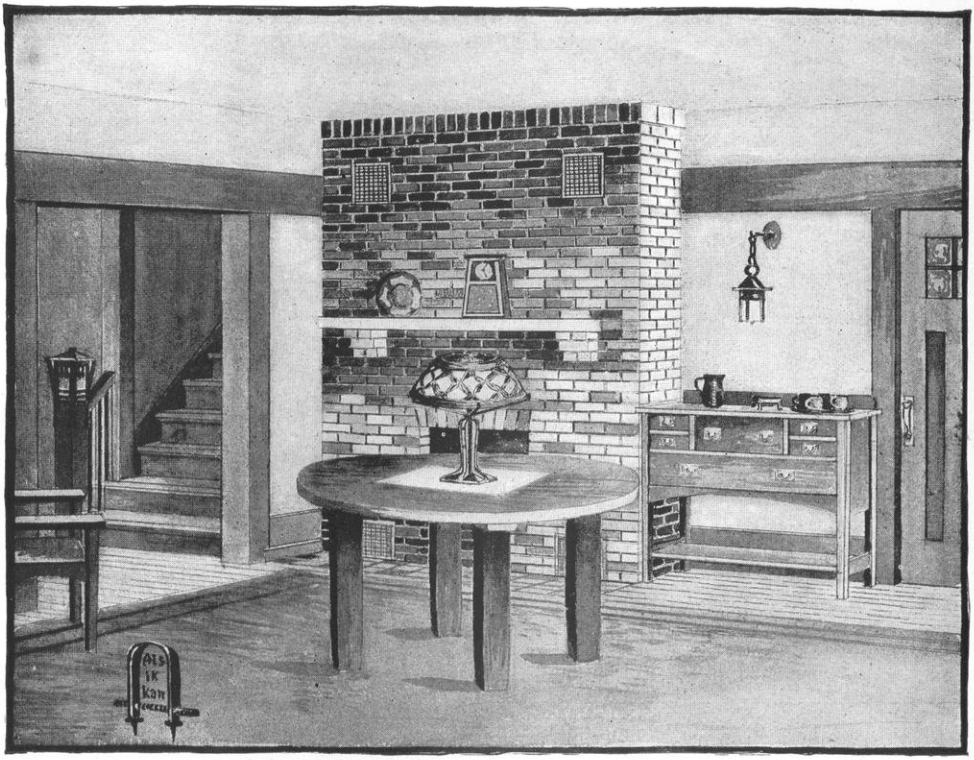
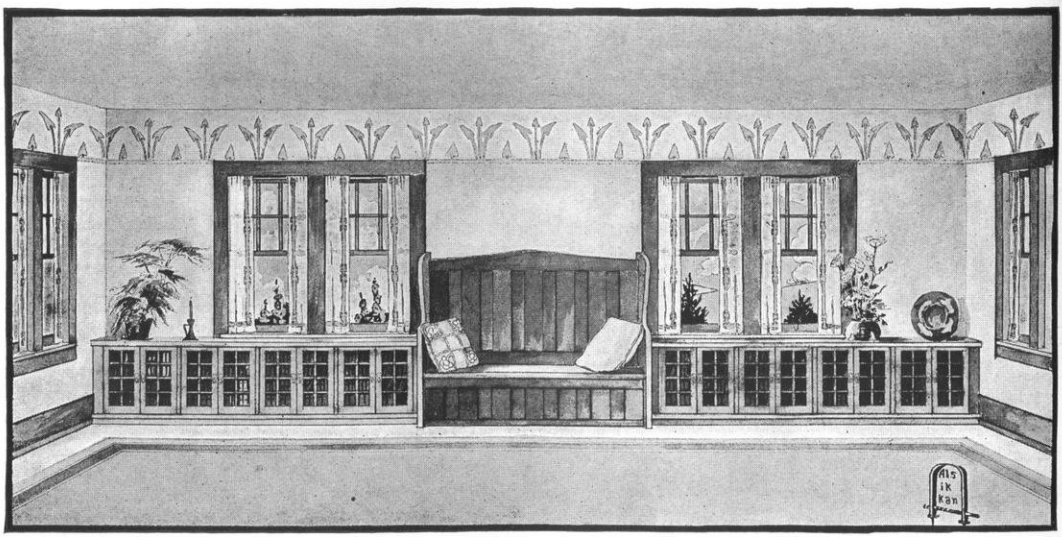
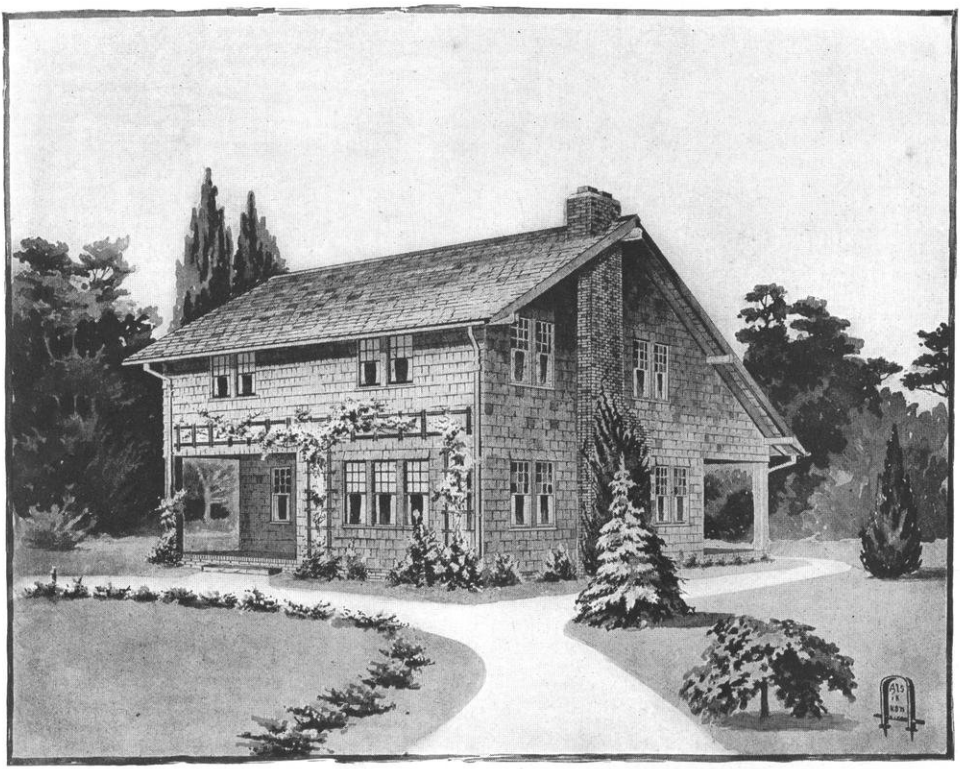


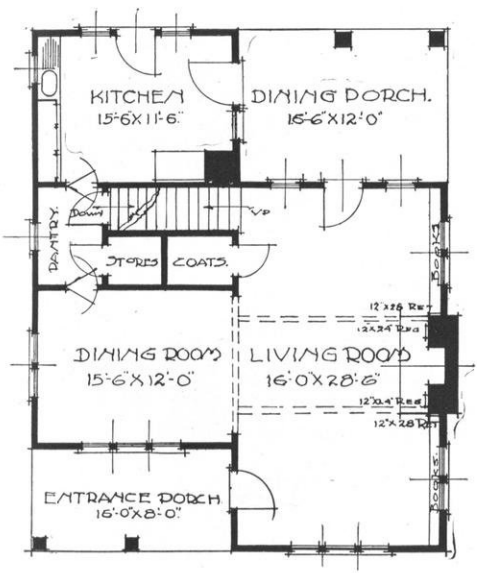
DINING ROOM AND STAIRWAY IN HOUSE NO. 127.



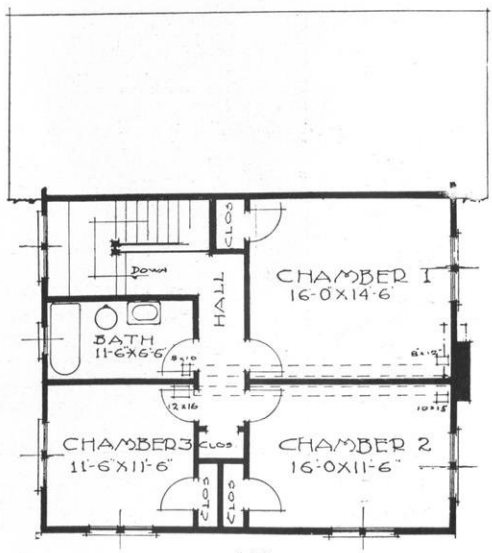
ONE END OF LIVING ROOM, FACING FIREPLACE IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 127; FOR EXTERIOR SEE PAGE 437.



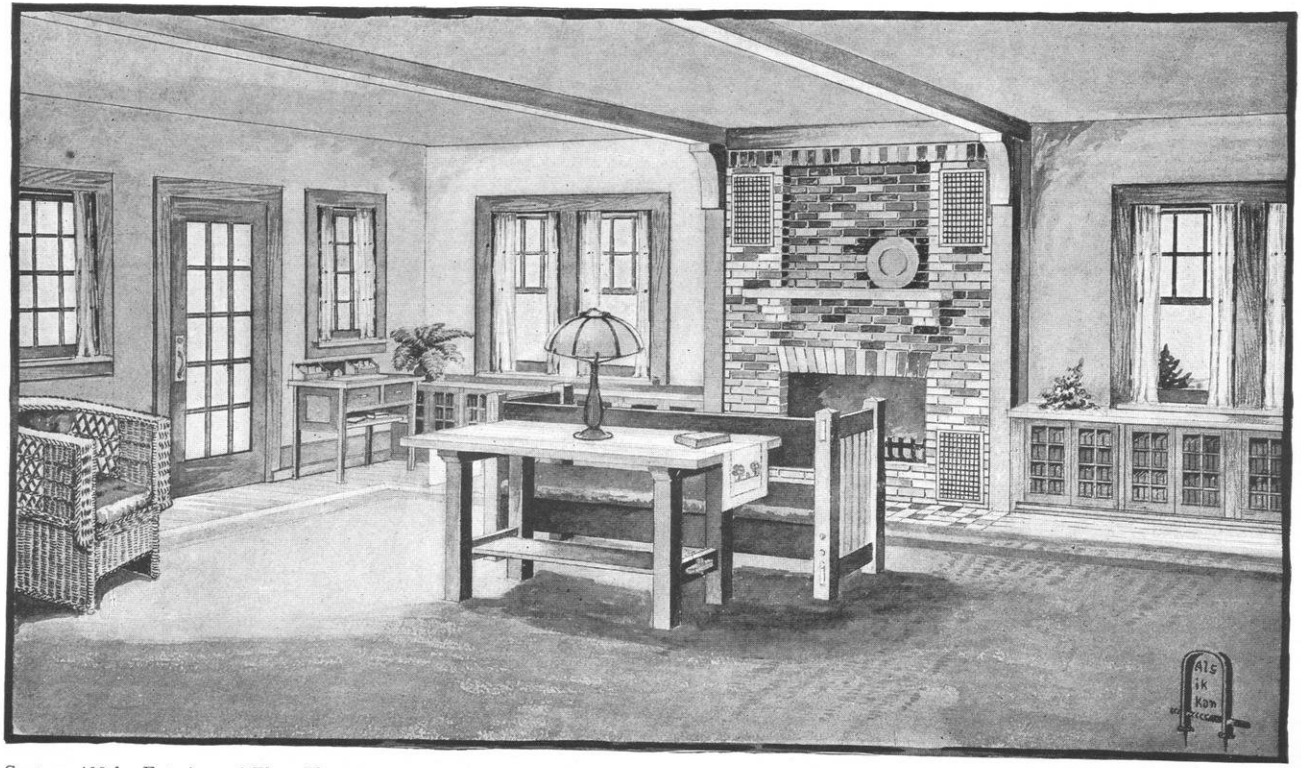
CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE, WITH TWO RECESSED PORCHES: NO. 128.



HOUSE NO. 128: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



HOUSE NO. 128: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



See page 439 for Exterior and Floor Plans.

LIVING ROOM IN SHINGLE HOUSE NO. 128: SHOWING FIREPLACE-FURNACE AND CRAFTSMAN FITTINGS.

ble-hung windows, recessed porch and brick chimney running up the outside of the house. A distinguishing feature is the placing of the trellis up both sides of the windows and across the full face of the house. This not only serves as a staunch support to vines during the summer, but adds decorative interest to the house in the winter. A trellis is always vibrant with the suggestion of vines, though no vine is visible, so as it decorates the house with its chain of squares, it also holds promise of blossoming vines to come. A few evergreens planted nearby help to bring about a sense of geniality and freshness.

In both houses there are fireplace-furnaces. The cordiality of an open fire, so beloved by all, will serve as a cheery welcome to the guest or member of the family and at the same time efficiently heat the whole house. People love to give and to receive hospitality, and there is no greater aid or abettor of hospitality than a glowing fire. An open fire has generally been considered a luxury, something to be added to the indispensable furniture. But since we have discovered that the two can be installed as one, it is possible to have at the same time the pleasure of an open fire, as well as a comforting furnace.

The glowing logs or bed of coal has hitherto served almost entirely as an æsthetic element of a home, for the major part of its heat was lost up the chimney. But as we now make them, every particle of heat is saved, diverted into other rooms. At the same time it regulates the incoming and outgoing currents of air so that the house is perfectly ventilated without the necessity of opening doors and windows now and then to let in the fresh air and drive out the vitiated air, thus creating dangerous draughts and cooling the house unnecessarily. The fireplace-furnace sends out a constant current of warmed air (not the lifeless hot air of some furnaces), so that it is a most wholesome way of heating a house. It is also most economical, for a very small amount of fuel will, if thus carefully directed, heat a large house. A furnace as ordinarily installed in a basement loses a vast amount of heat by warming the basement. This is detrimental, for it is neither needed nor wanted there. The expense of digging a large basement in which to put a heating plant is also saved.

The expense of installing these fireplace-furnaces is less than in most heating systems; so, combined with the great saving of fuel, they prove to be a most economical way of warming a home. A light fire of wood can be made in the early fall or late spring days or chilly summer evenings, and when the winter season sets in a steady bed of coal can be maintained, for these fireplace-furnaces will burn wood or coal equally well. They are supplied with a regulating device so that it is comparatively little trouble to attend to them, fuel added morning and night being the chief amount of attention needed. The ashes drop into the cellar through an opening in the floor, thus little dust escapes into the room when filling or shaking them.

One furnace in each of these homes will be sufficient to heat the whole house, and all the trouble of keeping up a fire by making many trips down into the basement is thus avoided. So one can have a fire that satisfies the eye as well as warms the body, round which to gather with a book or merry tale or earnest talk.

These two little houses thus embody many of the requirements of an ideal home. They are not large and rambling, but snug and compact. Yet by careful planning they are sufficient to house in comfort a moderate-sized family. There is a bit of ground for a garden or lawn, opportunity for vines over window and porch, and creepers at the chimney. Wide windows, ample porches, generous closets, large rooms conveniently placed, making the housework as light as possible, are provided. The construction is so simple that the cost of building will be reduced to a minimum, and by the installation of the fireplace-furnaces the cost of heating is also reduced to a minimum. The graceful lines of the exteriors and the comfort of the interiors of these two little houses should endear them to those desiring a modest but complete little home.

The walls of the rooms may be treated as the individual taste of the owner may desire. A stenciled border may be run around the plastered wall, or they could be covered with some of the many beautiful wall fabrics now to be had at a reasonable cost.

They can be painted with a dull finished paint that is easily kept fresh and clean, or papered in some plain soft tone. Japanese cloth paper is decorative in its effect for the texture is pleasing and it comes in colors that harmonize well with Craftsman or any other interior furnishings.

NO. 1: 9-ROOM BUNGALOW, COSTING $3,700.

SOME CALIFORNIA BUNGALOWS: BY C. A. BYERS: DESIGNED BY E. E. SWEET

COMFORT is perhaps the first thing that most home builders consider, for unless a house is comfortable or "homey" it is no home at all—only a place to stay in as little as possible, not a place to live in, to grow old in. The matter of building a house that is comfortable is entirely a personal one, but its beauty, the æsthetic feature of it, is a matter of civic interest that concerns the whole community. The question of "our duty to our neighbor" comes up then for consideration. If our neighbor builds a house that is dignified, simple in line, substantial in every way, with a well-kept lawn and a profusion of blossoming plants all about, he has rendered us a great service. Not only has he enhanced the value of our property and that of everyone's on the whole street, but he has given us something beautiful to look at and an inspiring ideal to live with. Though our own home be the acme of good taste and comfort our joy in it would be greatly marred if whenever we looked out of our windows we saw the pretentious, ornate house of a near neighbor, with monstrously ugly hedges clipped to resemble dogs, or hens upon a nest, with purple flowers against a gabled and turretted and "gingerbread" red house. We are really helpless in the hands of our friends and neighbors more than we realize in the important matter of environment. So when the time comes that our long desired home is actually to be built, when the "ways and means" problem has been solved, when the location has been decided upon, then comes our opportunity to add to the beauty of the village, town or city or country in which we have decided to build our house.

And because the house that we construct will contribute a weight of beauty or ugliness to the whole community, we should take all care that it adds to rather than detracts from the worth of the neighborhood.

NO. 2: 6-ROOM BUNGALOW, COSTING $3,600.

SOME NEW CALIFORNIA BUNGALOWS

NO. 5: 7-ROOMS, COSTING $3,100.

Our home will help constitute the environment of our neighbors, for we cannot possibly build for ourselves alone.

It is always inspiring to see what other home builders have accomplished in the important matter of beautiful homes. Even though the new home eventually be utterly unlike any plan studied, yet the contemplation of good designs is a great help, and often furnishes unexpected suggestions.

No other style of inexpensive home has maintained its popularity so unfailingly as the bungalow. Home builders everywhere realize its universal adaptability, and are as much interested today in the development of the bungalow style as they were when it was first introduced. Other styles of inexpensive homes are constantly appearing, but none of them have thus far succeeded in eclipsing or even equaling it. The much advertised quality that makes the bungalow so readily adaptable to individuality is probably chiefly responsible for its continuous hold upon popularity, but whether or not this is true, the fact nevertheless remains that every home builder can be easily interested with photographs and descriptions of new examples of bungalow building.

The photographs reproduced herewith illustrate a number of very attractive bungalows that have just been built in California. They are excellent specimens of the modern type of bungalow, representing the result of carefully studied development, and possessing the usual bungalow characteristics. All of them were designed and built by Edward E. Sweet, of Los Angeles.

NO. 4: 8-ROOM BUNGALOW, COSTING $3,150.

Illustration No. 1 shows a nine-room bungalow built at a cost of $3,700. The floor plan contains living room, dining room, smoking room or den, breakfast room, kitchen and four bedrooms built around a court or patio. In the center of this attractive feature there is a small fish pond surrounded by ferns. The remainder of the

floor space of the patio is of concrete, and the comfortable seats of rustic design make it an excellent open-air lounging retreat. All of the rooms are reasonably large for a house of this kind, and a number of built-in features, such as bookcases, window seats, writing desk, buffet, as well as the fireplaces in the living room and smoking room, combine to make the interior most comfortable and convenient. The woodwork in the principal rooms is fumed oak and the floors are hardwood. The exterior is made attractive by a low flat asbestos roof of interesting line, two massive chimneys and other masonry of well-selected cobblestones and clinker brick and a spacious front porch that is floored with cement. The house is furnished with a basement and is heated by a furnace.

Photograph No. 2 illustrates a six-room bungalow that represents an expenditure of $3,600. The rooms are, living room, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms and a sleeping porch. This is indeed an ideal little home, both in surroundings and workmanship. The charm of the exterior is due mainly to the interesting roof lines, including an ingenious suspension of the porch roof by chains. The siding is of cedar shingles, stained dark green, and the masonry is of clinker brick. This house is heated by a furnace, and besides this the living room contains a large fireplace of clinker brick.

The picture of house No. 3 shows an eight-room bungalow that was built at a cost of $3,500. It contains living room, dining room, kitchen, maid's room, three bedrooms and a sleeping porch. The foundation is built of cobblestones, and the massive chimney and half-length veranda pillars also furnish an excellent example of their use. The siding of the house is of cedar shakes spaced in an unusual manner, stained a rich brown, and the roof is shingled. In the living room is an excellent fireplace built of cobblestones.

Photograph No. 4 shows a comparatively inexpensive eight-room bungalow, the cost of construction having been but $3,150. In this house there are living room, music room, dining room, breakfast room, kitchen and three bedrooms. The foundation is of cobblestones and clinker brick, and the siding and roof are of shingles. There are fireplaces in the living room and dining room.

No. 5 is a very attractive seven-room bungalow that cost but $3,100. The rooms are living room, dining room, breakfast room, kitchen and three bedrooms. This is an excellent little home for such a moderate outlay of money. The roof, which is of asbestos, has interesting lines, and the masonry, which is concrete, is of well-studied proportions. The woodwork is stained a dull green tone and this combined with the white pillars, chimney and white roof, makes an effective color scheme. One of the admirable features of this bungalow is a rear pergola porch that is furnished for outdoor lounging. There are fireplaces in the living room and dining room, and built-in bookcases, and window seats aid in making the interior inviting and comfortable.

The prices of the bungalows described in this article range from $3,100 to $3,700. They are all substantially constructed, and,

NO. 3: 8-ROOM BUNGALOW, COSTING $3,500.

although they are located in California, where the winters are mild, they ought to be satisfactorily duplicated in any part of the United States for approximately the prices named here. Variations in the cost of materials in different localities will naturally produce some changes in the figures, but the fluctuations should not be great.

The chief advantage to be had from the study of house plans is that of suggestion. Sometimes the mind needs the stimulus of a fine idea to enable its imaginative faculties to advance into new realms. Sometimes the presentation of a poor idea will incite the mind to a clever adjustment, and an entirely new and satisfactory plan may be evolved from the nucleus of the weak or inefficient one. An idea for an original and beautiful home may come to one and appear as a veritable inspiration until set down in the rigid lines that must be prepared for the builders to work from. Then its impossibilities and faulty proportions will be revealed in all their disappointing truthfulness.

So it is always helpful to study what others have accomplished in the art of home building, and experiment for oneself, trying new or adapted plans until the design is carefully perfected. They must be set down on paper so that all their strength or weaknesses may be clearly seen, and where an enthusiastic imagination cannot so easily lead one into bogs of disappointment.

REFINISHING BRASS OR COPPER: BY THOMAS PARKER

ARTICLES made of copper, brass or bronze, after being formed by casting, spinning or hammering in the factory, go to the finishing department to get the necessary "finish" as it is termed in the trade.

There are many finishes, but few can be successfully made at home. Polished finishes are next to impossible, as they require power and machinery to do properly.

Polishing is but a process of reducing rough surfaces to smooth, by a series of operations such as filing, grinding with emery or other abrasives and the use of buffing wheels, made of discs of cotton, run at great speed. Each operation using a finer grade of cutting material than the preceding one. If a highly polished surface is examined under a microscope, it will show numerous scratches, the finer the scratch the higher the polish. Our advice is, do not attempt a polished finish at home.

Old brass or dull brass can be successfully done at home as follows: Take the work apart if possible and boil it in strong soda water (ordinary washing soda). This will remove all grease and old lacquer. Rinse well in hot water, then scour with emery and enough oil to make a thin paste, any common machine oil will do. Wash the work free of dirt and oil in a large shallow pan, with benzine or gasoline. Be very careful as they must not be used near a flame. Daylight is best for this, unless one has electric light.

Use a second lot of benzine, as the work must be free of grease or the lacquer will not flow evenly or adhere to the work. Dry off in hardwood sawdust if at hand, or use plenty of rags.

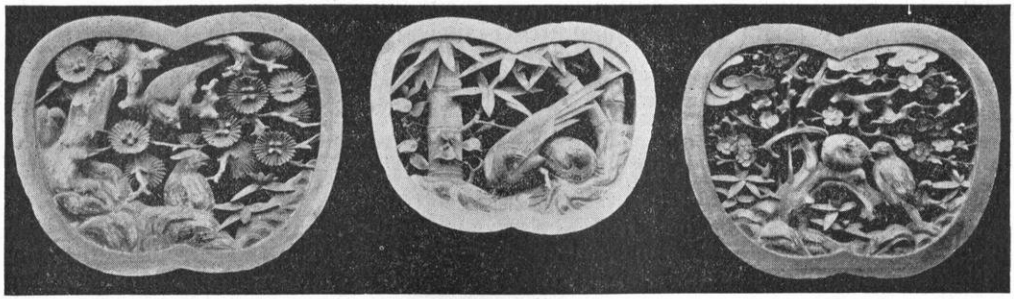
Lacquer with a camel's hair brush about one inch wide. Experiment a little on the small parts, as it is no easy matter to do a good job of lacquering. Slightly warm the work to free it of moisture and sweat and then use your brush with a slow even stroke, never rub hard, and keep the brush well filled with lacquer. Place the work where it will keep warm for a short time and it will bake hard. Handle as little as possible while warm, as it will show finger marks.

Lacquering is simply varnishing and to clean it with the everyday scouring powders ruins it. The best way is to go over it lightly with a soft dry cloth and at long intervals a cloth moistened with clean water. When lacquered articles need more than this to make them look good, the lacquer is worn off and needs renewing.

A good lacquer can be made from shellac thinned with alcohol, but it can be had at nearly all color merchants ready made.

Brass andirons, especially those of Colonial pattern, look well finished old or dull brass, and must be lacquered to preserve the finish, unless one wants to clean them regularly, a rather tedious job.

Hammered copper articles take on beautiful colors if scoured to remove grease, then heated over stove or flame. Care must be used with large flat pieces, as they will warp if heated unevenly.



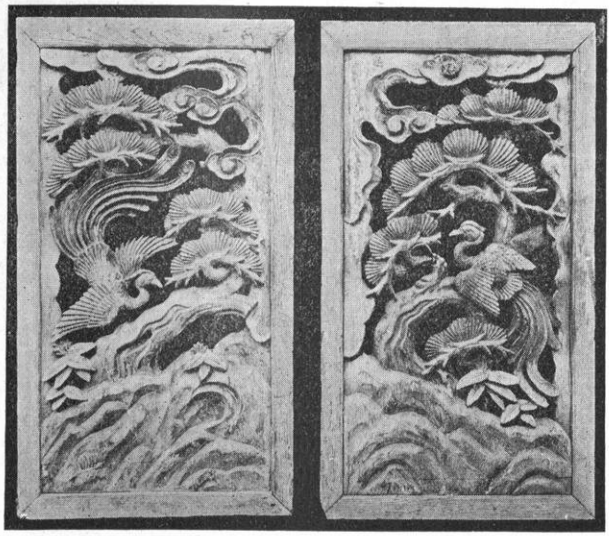
BIRD RAMMA, ATTRIBUTED TO HIDARI JINGORO

"A SHEAF OF RAMMA" (JAPANESE WOOD CARVING): BY BUNKIO MATSUKI AND FREDERICK W. COBURN

WOOD for many centuries past has been a favorite sculptural material of Japanese craftsmen, and upon no part of the temple or human habitation has more skill and taste been exercised than on the *ramma* or perforated transoms which usefully help the ventilation of the house and, as architectural features, accentuate the passage between two rooms or between exterior and interior. These panels, executed with hammer and chisel, often to extreme delicacy and expressive vividness, have only in comparatively recent years been appreciated or even known in the Occidental world. Even now it would not be difficult to discover plenty of highly intelligent people who have no idea of the meaning of the word.

A first important display of *ramma* was made in New York in 1902 and was hailed with enthusiasm by a few discriminating connoisseurs. About the same time the Boston Museum of Fine Arts acquired an admirable group of them, some of which have since been very effectively used in decorating the Japanese garden and galleries of the new Museum building. In the past few seasons many more *ramma* have also been shown at exhibitions and sales in our larger cities and not a few of them have been bought by well-to-do collectors who have in some instances placed them most appropriately as panels over doorways in their own residences. Their artistic value, when discriminatingly employed in the American house, may be very considerable. Nothing from Japan is more certain to please even the Philistines. Because the *ramma,* with its combination of decorativeness and naturalism, and particularly with its freedom from glaring inaccuracies or distortions of perspective, looks to the American less odd and "outlandish" than some other artistic creations of the Far East, it has already gained marked popularity with the rank and file of collectors, and has encountered a vogue which will probably go further yet.

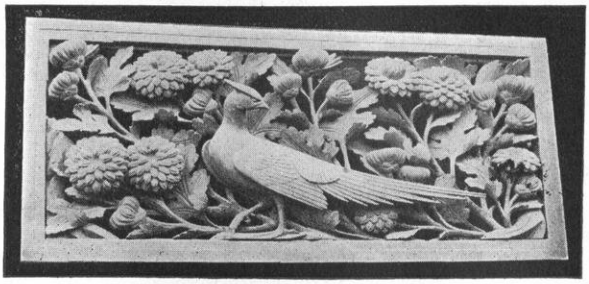
This branch of sculpture in wood, interesting though it is, is not to be accounted as one of the major arts of Japan. The art of the *ramma* is associated with no such voluminous literature as has gathered around Japanese painting, print-making and metal work. Its creations, unlike those of the potter were rarely if ever signed, so that attributions are often mere guesswork. A few familiar traditions, to be sure, are connected with the name of Hidari Jingoro, the greatest of all carvers, left-handed, according to repute, so lazy (ex-



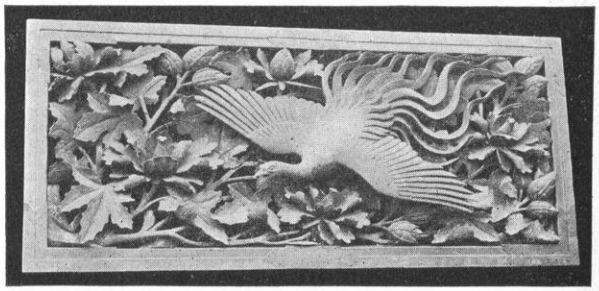
CARVINGS FROM A SHINTO TEMPLE.

cept when working to win his inamorita's favor) and yet so prolific, if we are to credit all the works ascribed to him, that he seemingly must needs have been a genuine Japanese Briareus, a monster of a hundred hands.

Jingoro lived in the early part of the Tokugawa period. He practiced an art which had its somewhat obscure beginnings in the rich, sumptuous life of the island empire when Kamakura was the capital and when all the arts were encouraged by a pleasure-loving court and nobility. The making of *ramma* appears to have developed rapidly even amidst the incessant disturbances of the Ashikaga, when a stern feudalism was fastened on the nation. It was practiced extensively throughout the Tokugawa *shogunates*. Of late years the workmanship had declined, along with many others of the ancient arts of Japan, and of the comparatively few *ramma* now produced most are hardly worth noticing.



HOWO BIRD AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS: ATTRIBUTED TO JINGORO: IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

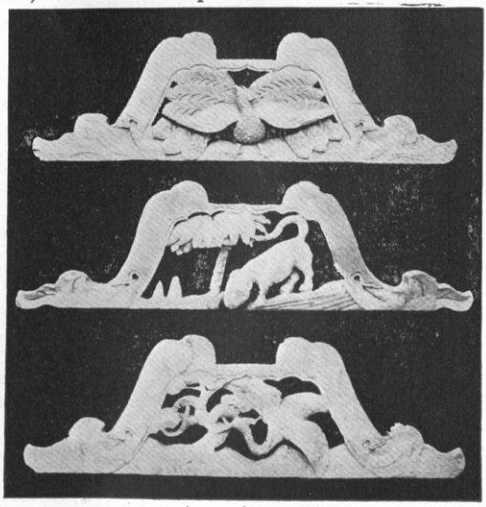


HOWO BIRD AND PEONIES: ATTRIBUTED TO JINGORO: IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

Throughout the historical development of these wood carvings the temple *ramma* have differed from the domestic *ramma* in being, as would be expected by anyone familiar with the Japanese character, far more sumptuous and elaborate than the more modest wooden panels which were deemed sufficient for adornment of the citizen's domicile. The austerity, as luxurious Occidentals are inclined to regard it, of the home life of Japan is reflected in the *ramma* designed for the houses even of the well-to-do.

A complete pictorial history of the rise and fall of the art cannot be presented from examples of the art that have come to this country. *Ramma* of the Kamakura period are very rare even in Japan. They may be seen only in certain temples of Kamakura, Kioto and Nara. Of Ashikaga workmanship, however, several very good pieces are here. A notable one, of swirling wave design, somewhat weather-worn in places but exquisitely modeled, is in the collection of J. Templeman Coolidge, Jr., Boston. Two *ramma* of the same period, more conventional in design and execution, but of equal rarity, are in American private collections. One of these represents a pair of sea fowl among the waves; the other a lion among bamboo stalks. Color played an important part in their original attractiveness.

To Jingoro, just mentioned as the greatest of all Japanese wood carvers, are attributed three very noble *ramma* brought to the United States about a decade ago, each depicting a pair of birds amidst characteristic foliage. The artist is recorded to have worked on various temples about 1620. The three accompanying examples may have come from his hand about this time. They are, at all events, the equals, perhaps the superiors, of any of Jingoro's *ramma* in Nikko. They represent the apogee of the art, its technical perfection. After the first



KAIROMATA (FROG'S LEG) RAMMA: PYRAMIDAL WOOD CARVING OF ASHIKAGA PERIOD.

RAMMA WITH WAVE MOTIVE: ASHIKAGA PERIOD: IN THE COLLECTION OF J. TEMPLEMAN COOLIDGE, JR.

years of the Tokugawa came the greater elaborateness which finally resulted in degeneration.

Nine other very remarkable *ramma* also attributed to Jingoro (three of which are shown in illustration of this article) came originally from an old temple at Ishin-den in Ise. They now adorn the studio of Sir William Van Horne, Montreal, whose Oriental collection is of extraordinary comprehensiveness and catholicity. Each panel of this series represents the sacred howo bird in a characteristic attitude among the national flowers. On one of them appears the name of the craftsman who repaired the frame, in 1636. The carvings themselves were produced probably about 1580.

The complicated exquisiteness of which the Japanese wood carver was capable is well illustrated in a triad of *ramma* from a votive shrine. The little Buddhist angels among the dragon folds and foliage are very cunningly wrought. The manner of execution is not one which connoisseurs prize quite so highly as the broader, more monumental work of the earlier masters of the art; it is, nevertheless, extremely competent.

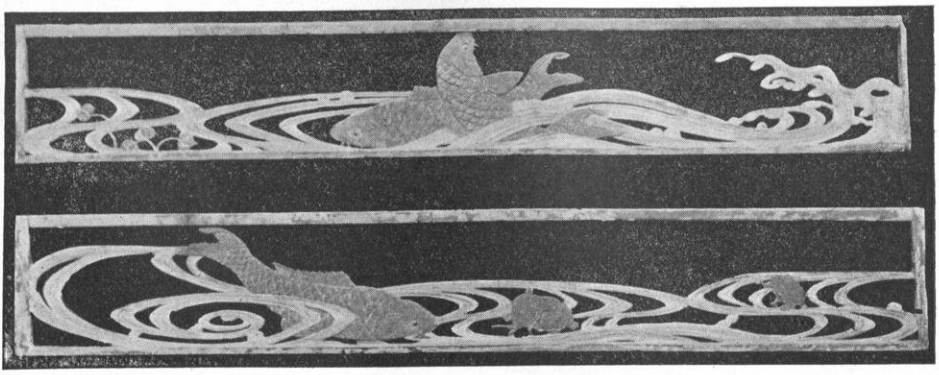
The panels that were anciently carved for Shinto temples represented a variant from the usual type of *ramma*. They were never painted, the wood weathering to an exquisite tone, compared, in Oriental imagery, to "magnolia flowers in the moonlight." A pair of Shinto panels in an American private collection are not precisely severe or ascetic, but are obviously of a more archaic character than the *ramma* from Buddhist temples.

The old-time *zaski ramma,* or drawing-room carvings, were, as has been indicated, much simpler and less ambitious than the pieces designed for shrines and temples. Two panels depicting carp disporting themselves in the waves follow a favorite motive of the wood carvers. These are of the early seventeenth century. Another part of domestic *ramma,* of the late seventeenth century, follow landscape designs. Though they are comparatively unpretentious, they seem veritably great masterpieces compared with much Western wood carving intended for important places.

Palace *ramma,* especially in the middle Tokugawa period, sometimes more nearly approached those of the temples in splendor. The designs, as in two fine examples here illustrated, were often very elaborate and involved, though in excellent taste.

Differing somewhat from the other wood carvings in shape and function are the so-called *kairomata* (frog's leg) *ramma.* These are of triangular shape, taking their place between beams over the cornice. Three of them, of the middle of the fifteenth century, in simple and effective pattern, display sacred birds and a lion.

Fascinating as the *ramma* are wherever found, they need to be seen in their proper surroundings to be fully appreciated. That means in the precincts of several famous temples. The traveler in Japan is invariably directed by the guide-books to the *ramma* and other wood carvings at Nikko. These, however, though interesting, are by no means the best specimens extant. If one place, indeed, were to be selected where



the *ramma* may be viewed in its perfection of technique and expression, that place is the Nijo Palace, Kioto, containing the greatest masterpieces of the Toyotomi period. Elsewhere, too, among temples and palaces surviving from old Japan wonderful *ramma* abound. Most of these will continue to stay where they are. A few more *ramma* may from time to time cross the Pacific, but, on account of an awakened feeling among the Japanese people as regards their own artistic treasures, the opportunity for Americans to acquire these wood carvings will come less and less frequently in the next few years.

ROUND LANTERN OF BAMBOO AND GAUZE PAINTED WITH DESIGNS OF VARIOUS FLOWERS OR DECORATIVE LANDSCAPES.

THE JAPANESE ART OF DIFFUSED LIGHTING

IN our extravagant expenditure of nervous force we have almost exhausted one of the chief sources of our joy and health—that of sight. We have spent with lavish disregard of consequences, to the utmost of our ability, until we are now brought to the point where we realize that we must conserve our precious inheritance or else find it exhausted beyond the possibility of restoration.

Modern inventive genius has applied itself industrially to the production of light and still more light, seemingly unsatisfied with the really wonderful results that have been obtained. Not content with making a light so intense that one is almost blinded by an accidental glance at it, with almost diabolical cleverness it has been set spinning and flashing and dancing erratically about, until it would be little wonder if nervous prostration became an almost universal disease of city dwellers.

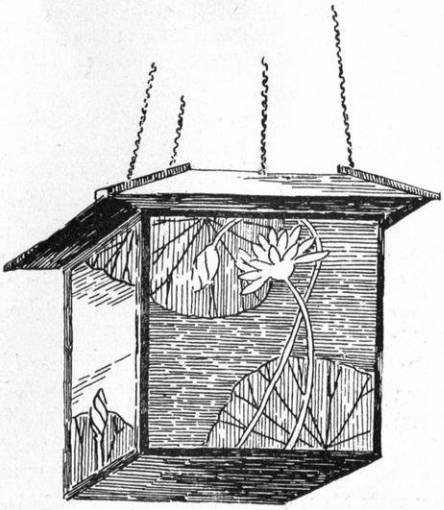
There is little effort made to imitate the steady diffused light of day, but a great deal of energy spent in arranging dazzling pyrotechnical displays that remind one of the Aurora Borealis. Though such an electrical exhibition is wonderfully beautiful, it would soon lose its charm for us if we were unable to turn away from it now and then and rest our eyes.

In our endeavor to guard eyes and nerves against the constant shocks from the glaring, restless lights that we cannot escape we try to blunt our sensitiveness. Now it is very necessary that our finer forces become keener, more sensitive, more alert than they are, rather than blunted or benumbed, and therefore we should endeavor to protect ourselves wherever possible.

We are apparently helpless as far as the lighting of streets, theaters and public places is concerned, but there is nothing to prevent our creating a haven of quiet and peace in our homes where we can rest, regain poise and recover our strength.

The Japanese have demonstrated the possibility of lighting a room by means of diffused light in a charmingly æsthetic and practical way. Their inventiveness has been applied to producing a steady, soft light that penetrates a room as effectively as daylight, yet without a dazzling sun or several minor suns hanging startlingly about the room!

Several rooms lighted in this satisfying manner have been on exhibition recently in New York, and as visitors stepped into them from a room lighted in the impertinent, assertive, glaring fashion adopted by Ameri-



SQUARE LANTERN OF WOOD WITH LOTUS DESIGN PAINTED UPON RICE PAPER.

OVAL LANTERN OF WROUGHT IRON LINED WITH RED SILK.

cans in general, tense nerves relaxed, strained eyes became rested, and unconsciously a sigh of contentment and satisfaction was given.

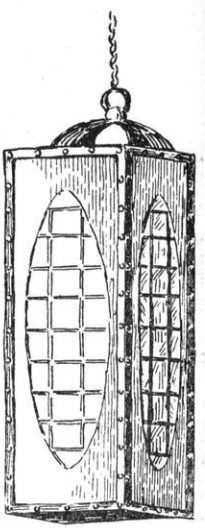
The illumination of the room was not to be traced to one brilliant spot of white light intensified to a degree unbearable to the ordinary eye. The incandescent lights instead of being crudely, almost cruelly in unmistakable evidence, were hidden behind beams and screened with soft-toned silk or creamy rice paper.

In one of the rooms the lights were inserted in hollow beams with latticed openings before each arc light. These openings were square or oblong in shape, backed by tightly stretched cream silk or oiled paper that toned but did not materially diminish the light. The grill work of the lattice was in regular squares and in panels of various proportions, or in a combination of large and small squares. In every case they were extremely simple, the purity of proportion being depended upon for beauty. There was nothing elaborate or costly about any of the rooms, but because of the rare good taste and judgment displayed they were inspirations for all home makers. A bedroom lighted in this invisible way, with rose instead of cream silk, would be a refreshing and satisfying novelty. A sitting room with pale yellow silk, or a dining room with bright yellow silk, before the arcs would give quite an effect of sunlight and be decorative in a most attractive way.

In the rooms that were exhibited small grills (some of them not more than 6 inches square or as an oblong 6 by 9 inches) were inserted in the casement of the windows and doors, thus serving the double purpose of ornament and lighting. Lanterns were hung here and there from the beams or at a doorway or from the side walls that incorporated the general scheme of color and shape.

Japanese lanterns can be had of so many shapes, colors and materials that any woman who wishes to illumine her home by this method of concealing the lights will have no difficulty in finding a lantern to correspond with any desired plan. For instance, if the grills are in squares, square lanterns can be had to hang over the reading table or in the hallway. The one shown in the illustration accompanying this article is of wood with a simple design of lotus leaves and blossoms painted upon rice paper. But lanterns of similar shape made of brass or copper can be purchased if preferred. As to color, the display in Oriental stores seems limitless, and it will be a strange room indeed that cannot be fitted with a lantern that blends harmoniously with the prevailing tone.

If the grills used in screening the lights be oblong in shape, then an oblong lantern like the one shown will be suitable. The one from which this drawing was made was of copper with a lining of silk. These lanterns are made with either four or six sides, one of which opens as a door, and the silk may be made of any shade desired. Round lanterns of split bamboo, plain or lacquered, covered with a light gauze cloth, paper or silk, stenciled or printed or painted by hand, are shown. Oval lanterns of wrought iron lined with silk can be had for the hall, porch or reading table; they can be hung with chains or stood upon the three little iron legs that will raise them slightly from the table. Besides these shown are many, many others of admirable design, so that there can hardly be a place in any house that some one of them will not be just the one needed. Either electric light, gas or candles can be burned in them, so that their range of usefulness and fitness is wide indeed, extending from the entrance hall throughout the whole house.



COPPER LANTERN WITH COPPER GAUZE OR SILK STRETCHED BEHIND THE GRILL: ONE PANEL OPENS AS A DOOR SO THAT A CANDLE CAN BE EASILY INSERTED.

ALS IK KAN

LABOR'S ILLUMINATING MOMENT

"IT is like a bolt from the blue," was the startled comment of more than one labor leader when told that the McNamara brothers had pleaded guilty to the charges of dynamiting and wholesale murder for which they were being tried in Los Angeles. But it would seem that to the rank and file of organized labor the confessions must have been more like one of those sudden and terrific lightning flashes which sometimes reveal to the nighttime traveler in a strange land the whole aspect of the surrounding country, the direction of the road which he is following, and the pitfalls and precipices by the way. Unionism, following too blindly and confidingly at the heels of its leaders, was undoubtedly in no small danger of being diverted from its goal into the morass of terrorism and anarchy.

It was this blind response to leadership which made the average unionist accept the accused McNamaras as martyrs to the cause, rally to their aid with passionate enthusiasm and hard-earned dollars and dimes, and echo the cry: "Not the McNamaras, but organized labor is on trial." With the same amazing faith he accepted the grotesque and monstrous fiction of a capitalistic plot to railroad innocent men to the gallows in order to strike a blow at unionism. He even listened without mirth to the theory that General Otis had himself blown up his *Times* building, murdered twenty-one of his employees, and placed a bomb under his own house, simply that suspicion might rest on the hated unions. It was a striking example of "class consciousness" spurning the limitations of common sense.

But when all this elaborate structure of unrealities, to the erection of which he had contributed so unquestioningly, was brought tumbling about his ears by the confession of the defendants, the average trades-unionist, thus rudely awakened from his dream, must surely have opened his eyes very wide. It was natural, of course, that he should experience an instant and violent revulsion of feeling toward the guilty brothers whose case he had so unmistakably championed, and it was reassuring to note the unanimity with which the labor press denounced the crimes and repudiated the criminals. Detective Burns himself declares that "nine-tenths of the total membership of the labor body in this country was absolutely out of sympathy with and opposed to the course of action pursued by the McNamara brothers," and dispatches from Los Angeles tell us that Judge Bordwell received hundreds of telegrams from labor organizations in all parts of the country urging him to punish the self-confessed criminals to the limit of the law. Labor, tricked into believing them innocent and then betrayed by their confession into the appearance of having condoned their crimes, was not slow in giving voice to its resentment. "They are even greater traitors to the cause of humanity than Judas Iscariot or Benedict Arnold," exclaims one angry labor leader, and from no quarter have we heard a voice raised in justification of their methods. "Even the bitterest enemy of organized labor will hesitate before charging that the two hundred thousand of men and women who compose the organized labor movement of this country had knowledge of the guilt of the McNamaras, or that the leaders of the labor movement indorsed the committing of the terrible crimes to which the McNamaras have pleaded guilty," affirms Charles H. Mayer, president of the United Mine Workers of America.

Granted that neither the rank and file of organized labor, nor even a major portion of its leadership, had cognizance of the McNamaras guilt prior to their confession, there remains, nevertheless, the evidence that an insidious and disastrous element was working in the dark toward a position of dominating influence in the labor movement. "I am guilty, but what I did I did for a principle," says one of the brothers, and the other declares that he had dedicated his life "to the work of building up unionism," and "what I have done I have done in the belief that circumstances justified me in all my actions." This principle, apparently, involved the theory that the interests of the union are paramount to the interests of the community, and that murder, arson and the destruction of property are permissible methods of enforcing union demands. It is obvious that this "principle," however they might define it, did not originate in the minds of the McNamaras. Who were behind them? is a question to which the answer will probably be forthcoming before very long. But in the meantime we know that John J. McNamara had at his disposal from the treasury of the Structural

Iron and Bridge Workers' Union a special fund of $1,000 a month, and that a country-wide campaign of dynamiting has been waged against the Erectors' Association, a body of employers with whom the Iron Workers' Union was at odds. That this campaign was vigorously managed may be inferred from the record of more than a hundred explosions during the past six years. Just how widespread among the labor leaders was the knowledge of this inner "dynamite ring" has not yet been revealed, but the theory that the McNamaras are to be regarded merely as two criminals acting entirely independently of their associates is absurd in the face of it. The one fact that they had to look elsewhere than in their own pockets for the money with which to finance their crimes disposes of that. Equally untenable, of course, is the theory that unionism as a whole countenanced the fighting of its battles with dynamite. But the fanaticism which prompts such actions is peculiarly insidious, and had not the light been let in when it was no one can say how far the infection might have spread.

Unionism was in undeniable danger of becoming satisfied with narrow and selfish ideals. The following incident told by Hutchins Hapgood affords a somewhat extreme but significant illustration of the peculiar system of ethics which has been crystallizing under cover of unionism.

"When I was in Chicago some years ago I knew a murderer—a man who killed many persons, in particularly brutal ways. He had been brought up in labor union circles, but was no longer a member of any union. He told me about his crimes coolly. Thinking that his lack of feeling was complete, I asked him if he had ever worked as a strike-breaker. At first I thought he would kill me. But he controlled himself, and then remarked that he might be bad, but he was not bad enough for that."

If this perverted sense of values is to any degree representative, then there is need of a revolution in labor thinking. It is this inflamed sense of class loyalty which gives the advocates of "direct action" and terrorism their following. And, however, small the following may be, the fact that it exists at all calls for straight thinking on the part of the unions—thinking along broader lines than those mapped out by leaders who would put the cause of the union before the cause of labor, and the cause of labor before the cause of humanity. In our national politics the day of blind and bitter partisanship is passing. Is this benighted spirit to be allowed to take refuge in unionism?

Capital, having acquired by union and organization an abnormal and dangerous power, is now submitting, however reluctantly, to a process of regulation. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law is gradually bringing it to terms, and the Interstate Commerce Commission and the various State legislations are taking a hand in the good work. And we have learned in the case of capital that power, however great, ceases to be a serious menace when it is compelled to work in the open, under the searchlight of publicity. But organized labor still shirks responsibility and blinks the fact that a labor trust would be no less a menace than a money trust. Unionism should not be willing to become an industrial Tammany Hall, its affairs ruled in secret by little oligarchies. As more than one student of the movement has pointed out selfish disregard for a public at large has been the weak spot in unionism. In spite of the vast power the unions possess, they remain, in a legal sense, irresponsible bodies. They are not incorporated. Let them incorporate under the laws of the several States. Let them qualify the un-American and undemocratic fetich of class loyalty with a broader sense of social responsibility. Let them recognize the fact that monopoly in labor is as pernicious a development of class selfishness as is monopoly in capital. Properly incorporated, with full publicity as to the use of their funds in matters touching the public welfare, they could lend inestimable aid to economic progress.

The voters of the country have begun to awaken to the fact that they have chiefly themselves to blame for the evils of bossism and machine rule. The same truth confronts the members of labor organizations, each individual member realizes his personal responsibility toward the organization, instead of leaving questions of policy and control for the leaders to settle. They must recognize and join in the "back to the people" movement—the leaven which is leavening our national and State politics.

These are a few of the things which must have occurred to labor during the heartsearching which followed the first sick shock of the McNamara confessions. To

all of us as individuals have come moments of illumination when we perceived as in a sudden white light the trend of our thoughts, our actions or our desires. If organized labor has experienced such a moment, it may almost be said that the *Times* building was not blown up in vain.

YOUR OWN VEGETABLE GARDEN WILL HELP TO SOLVE THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

THERE has been so much talk recently about the high cost of living and so much sad experience in coping with said cost, that there is no little interest attached to a solution which has recently been given of these difficulties by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the pure food expert and chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. Dr. Wiley thinks that the great reason for high living and the great mistake we are all making in suffering this condition is living in the cities. He contends that "the normal life is the country life, that the man who makes his home in the country may enjoy the natural physical benefits of good air, good food, good water." Furthermore, that he reaps the spiritual benefits of beautiful surroundings and neighborly conditions. "I firmly believe," said Dr. Wiley, "that the way to solve the pure food problem, the congestion problem, the child problem, the labor problem, not to mention a few others, is to get back to the land. No man, woman or child should live in any place where it is impossible to possess an individual plot of earth, a garden, as one of the natural and inalienable rights of every human being. The best way to make sure of your food supply is through this garden. No one can raise the price of your living if you are raising your own vegetables."

In answer to the suggestion that there were certain advantages furnished by cities that could not be gained in the country, and that it was mainly these advantages that brought people together in metropolitan life, Dr. Wiley replied: "There are certain so-called advantages in city life. These include schools, sanitation, well-paved and clean streets, modern methods of lighting, social centers, such as libraries, concert halls and theaters; but there is no reason why all these excellent things should not be incorporated into the life of every rural community. There is no reason why people should not have gardens and the control of food products in conjunction with comfortable living, and if city people could get into the country and live there as comfortably as in the city, they would not only be much healthier themselves but would raise the standard of health among rural people.

"As for the gaieties of city living," Dr. Wiley continued, "again there is no reason at all why each country settlement should not furnish its own social center. Country dwellers have always been noted for their spirit of neighborliness and of good fellowship. All that any country town needs is enterprise enough to weld its little social units into a harmonious whole,—a clubhouse or a schoolhouse into which village life could center. And then having established a cheerful social surrounding, why should not each man living in the country own at least a quarter of an acre of ground of his own, no matter where his business is? In this territory he can take care of a small vegetable garden nights, mornings and Sundays, and with the help of his family, raise all the vegetables they will eat the year round, even having some to sell. In addition to this he can grow fruit trees, and with a little more land and labor, he can keep a cow and hens. In this way he not only gains health and happiness and understanding of life, but he makes himself free from the extortionate charges of the middlemen for many of the necessities of life. He is solving for himself the problem of fresh pure food."

Dr. Wiley further explains that of course he does not mean that cities should go out of existence. He believes that they have a legitimate function as centers of exchange for banks and clearing houses and shops, but he says they are not suited to the location of homes, or of productive industries, with their thousands of employees who must live near the places where they work. "I hope," he says, "to see the passing of ordinances in all the great cities forbidding the location of manufacturing plants within their borders. Then the business firms will be compelled to move into the country, and the working men and working women will follow. If the manufacturers only realized it, they would profit themselves by such a move. Rents are lower in the country, water power cheaper and more plentiful, and there is so much more space. Even the rates of transportation need not be increased."

Of course, it would not be sufficient for these people merely to live in the country unless there was the sort of enterprise that made living there interesting and practicable, and also unless their minds were directed into channels of right living. If factory people are to get the benefit of country living, they should be made to understand that nothing is more conducive to health and economy than gardening. It solves more problems than any other undertaking toward which the human mind can be turned.

In addition to the schoolhouse as centers of social activity, there is the motor car which is now possible for many farming communities. We all understand that it is not possible to take human beings away from social opportunity and give them nothing in place of it, and expect happiness, that men and women will sacrifice more for the opportunity of interesting social intercourse than for any other benefit that may come to them, spiritual or physical. And the only way in which rural life can be made feasible and successful is to so develop the social side of it that personal happiness will be added to the opportunities of good living and good health, rather than one exchanged for the other.

ART NOTES

ROBERT HENRI'S PAINTINGS OF MONHEGAN ISLAND AT THE MACBETH GALLERY

MOST unexpected is the exhibition which Robert Henri had during the latter part of November at the Macbeth Gallery. We are accustomed to think of Mr. Henri as a painter of the picturesque active splendor of modern Spain, of extremely individualistic portraits, of delightful types of children in Holland, and all sorts of interesting characters in New York. We have realized that a sea scene by Henri possessed rare quality of surging wave and fleeting clouds, and that he knew how to make one feel the moonlight quality of country nights and the gentleness of remote pasture lands. And yet we had never closely identified him with outdoors,—except, of course, in his philosophy which is always fresh and wholesome and sane, a philosophy with oxygen. And so, in spite of all that we have known of the versatility and the completeness of expression which Robert Henri is capable of, we found ourselves surprised at the recent exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery, which was given over entirely to outdoor scenes, paintings which were done during the summer months at Monhegan Island, up on the roughest edge of the coast of Maine.

These pictures were really divided into three groups: marines, wood scenes, and barren stretches, each one seeming a complete vividly expressed presentation of some one of nature's moods, as if the painting had been done swiftly (not hurriedly); you felt that Mr. Henri had learned to know his medium so thoroughly that he used it unconsciously, as one uses words in speaking, or as a great pianist uses the keyboard. It was as though these wonderful impressions of nature had poured through this subtle receptive individual and had found their way to the canvas almost without visible consciousness, as De Pachmann gives you Chopin, or as Fritz Kreisler reveals the Gothic dreams of Bach.

The paintings are all done with the utmost simplicity,—not the scantness of a meager mind, but with that extraordinary simplicity which among the Japanese we call elimination, and which is nothing more nor less than the finely trained capacity to see through and beyond futile detail, gathering up and representing the essentials of character in people or nature. I know of no artist in this country who has developed this quality of elimination to greater degree than Mr. Henri. He has gained the power of shutting out absolutely from his vision all that could obstruct or mar, and from his palette all that would hamper the canvas.

At the first glance at the pictures at the Macbeth Gallery, until one began to understand and enjoy, there was almost a sense of bareness. But this was only for a moment. And then one realized that it was born of one's usual standard of picture-making. We had gone there prepared for elaborate landscapes, and the usual "recipe" pictures, so that a second or two was required for the reconstruction of a point of view that would admit the fullest understanding. And then came the great delight of the sympathetic appreciation and enjoyment of each of many, many moods through which the marvelous Maine coast presents itself. Fortunately, there were no other pictures in the gallery, and also fortunately, the small paintings were separated from each other by rather large frames so that one could turn from the

boisterous pounding of the heavy incoming tide against the great rocks, to the most mellow, pervasive twilight, without the slightest sense of confusion. Each painting seemed to hold within itself a complete personality, or I should rather say the complete personality of one mood, and each mood a presentation of enthralling beauty. There was no hesitation in the use of the most vivid color, of the blackest shadow, of the pearliest tint. There was prodigality of beauty just as there is at times in nature.

It is extraordinary to what extent the boundary line between the realities of physical nature and the illusions of art are obliterated in this work of Mr. Henri's. After the first few moments you were hardly more conscious of the brush and paint than if some great master of English were describing to you the wonderful scenes, with such charm and magnetism that words and voice were forgotten. And all of this bigness of effect and beauty were accomplished in a series of very small paintings, no one of which carried a melodramatic note, no one of which stood away from the others and demanded applause.

As we said before, it is the first time Mr. Henri has fully occupied the field of outdoor painting. And even to those who demand most sincerely and heartily the reminiscent note of Diaz and Daubigny, he must bring conviction as to his purpose and methods, and joy in his achievement.

THE PRESENTATION OF JONAS LIE'S DEVELOPMENT IN PAINTING AT THE FOLSOM GALLERIES

MANY of our readers will recall an article presenting the work of Mr. Jonas Lie in detail, which was published in THE CRAFTSMAN for February, 1907. Those who were interested in it will remember that it embodied a strange northern imagination. In these canvases were pictured wild storms and the flights of mysterious birds against black skies, and there were cliffs of unknown lands. The work was full of the mysterious imagery of the man whose imagination was stirred, and yet not related to life. It was a very interesting and stimulating expression of art, but there seemed to be no suggestion of further reach of achievement in it. It was as though all that this man had to say was embraced in the development of one side of his spiritual insight.

In a recent exhibition of Jonas Lie's work in the Folsom Galleries, we found, to our astonishment, that this powerful imagination has been harnessed to the great facts of life; that whereas the canvases which are shown today are as strong, as imaginative, as vivid, as individual as the former work, they are presenting scenes which we know. The walls of the galleries revealed the results of probably many long walks in and about New York. We saw that Mr. Lie had been studying Brooklyn Bridge, which has been a serious inspiration to a large group of men; that he had been along the New York water front; that he had been watching men at the beginning of their day's labor and at the end of it; that he had seen the wharfs of New York in sunlight and in fogs; that he had noticed the great crowds on the bridge and the keeping in order of the great bridge for the crowds; that he had enjoyed the changes of the great shadowy city in every kind of weather. But most interesting of all, one realized that somehow Mr. Lie, perhaps through the experience gained from his work, had been seeing deep into the great fundamental facts of life. He has become a scientist as well as a poet. His bridges rest on solid foundations and they are splendid mathematical constructions. The water in the harbor and on the rivers about the city flows over vast unknown tracks of supporting earth, and the steamers and the little ships on the current of the water rest there securely, and yet from time to time you feel the sense of their movement on the undulating surface. In other words, the vital forceful construction of earth itself seems to underlie the imaginative beauty which Mr. Lie now puts into his painting. It is as though he had organized all the various phases of his intelligence, as though imagination and fact, poetry and science had been brought into perfect harmony in his more completed and beautiful comprehension of the power of his art to express the great truths of life.

We have the good fortune to reproduce in our frontispiece this month a painting by Mr. Lie, which was recently exhibited at the MacDowell Club, New York. This seems to express most fully and convincingly the kind of painting which we have aimed to describe, an art that is at once imaginative and actual.

EDWARD WILLARD DEMING'S PRESENTATION OF INDIAN SUBJECTS AT THE SNEDECOR GALLERY

AN interesting very recent exhibition at the Snedecor Gallery presented the paintings and bronzes of Mr. Edward Willard Deming. We have often spoken of Mr. Deming's work in THE CRAFTSMAN, and have felt the profoundest admiration and the closest sympathy for the quality of his art. He is a student of Indian life, a careful, conscientious observer, a sincere recorder of the ways of their history and picturesque qualities. And with all these practical details as a foundation for his art, he has also the quality of imagination which is stimulated toward this one romantic race of America. Mr. Deming feels the legends and traditions and customs of the Indians as this vanishing race itself has felt them. In a poetical mural decoration for Mrs. C. C. Rumsey he has painted the spirit of the water. At a first glimpse there is only the sense of the warm mist over the pearly blue lake, and then, slowly creeping from the mist, as mythological figures are forever creeping from the mist of tradition, is the wistful outline of the water goddess, pale, fragile, etherealized. In all his Indian work, whether his figures are in the war dances, at prayer at sunrise, or placating the gods of the underworld, Mr. Deming is seeing and painting as one having a vision of the fundamental truths which were religion to these people. And one feels in his painting of nature the same subtle understanding of her spiritual moods that he portrays when he presents the little known and beautiful mysteries of Indian religion.

Perhaps no one has more exquisitely revealed the first blush of dawn, the mystery of moonlight, the changing gray of twilight, the tragic depths of loneliness in the first daybreak in woods and prairies. It does not matter in these essentially poetical delineations of nature whether the figures which relate them to life are the old tribes who have so long inhabited the western edge of the continent, or the animals which are now almost extinct. Each live thing in the scope of Mr. Deming's art is bathed in his rare and subtle power of relating life to nature and encompassing both with the mystical charm which nature gives in her strange silent moments.

At this exhibition of Mr. Deming's there were several studies for the Harriman decorations which Mr. Deming has just completed. These are painted in a very high key, perhaps higher than one would feel in the actual instance and surroundings of the Indian life. And yet the tone does not so much seem to render overpoetical the delineation as to suggest a certain subtle phase of life which was inherent in Indian character, and which might have escaped in the more blatant tones of harsh contrasts which are often so possible to find in the West. In any case, Mr. Deming has chosen the lighter key for all his recent Indian decorations, and as these decorations seem to grow more and more to express the mystical side of the Indian life, one cannot but feel that this artist has chosen wisely in selecting the tones which have for him unquestionably the value of symbolism.

Happily in the Indians which Mr. Deming has so loved and has so faithfully portrayed, he takes no cognizance of their existence as a modern disorganized race. He tells us only of the Indian as a free spirit, of the men who led their lives according to their own impulse and religion. And he shows us as a result of this freedom, beauty of physique, sincerity of religious attainment and standards of right social intercourse. The Indians as we see them today are but one little edge of a civilization to which they do not belong, and from which they will eventually drop away, except as they grow weak enough to become absorbed. In any case, they have no significance either to historian or artist. Whereas the race from which they descended, the once rulers of the continent, were men of joy and spiritual contentment, of personal dignity and beauty, and of wise simplicity of existence. These are the things Mr. Deming is recording from day to day, recording with sincerity and artistic significance, both in his mural decorations, his easel pictures and his bronzes.

THE SECOND EXHIBITION OF GROUP PAINTINGS AT THE MACDOWELL CLUB

THE second exhibition of group paintings at the MacDowell Club was shown from November 16th to November 28th. The following artists were represented: John W. Breyfogle, Leon Dabo, Charles Hopkinson, Edward Adam Kramer, Elmer Livingston MacRae, Jerome Myers, Henry Fitch Taylor and Allen Tucker.

One realized in this exhibition, as in the first, the splendid opportunities offered to American artists in this beautiful exhibition room at the MacDowell Club. A better arrangement and hanging of the canvases could not be imagined. And each artist in turn expressed his complete satisfaction with the pictures hung and the way of hanging them. With but a single exception, that of Mr. Kramer, the groups were broken up for more effective display—occasionally two canvases by one artist; but there was apparently no effort made to keep the "single man exhibition" feeling.

Among the most noticeable pictures were two by Henry Fitch Taylor, "Shifting Clouds" and "Morning on the Meadows"—beautiful, clean fresh canvases with daylight and wind and sunlight in them. Mr. MacRae's work also merited very special notice. Again and again one returned to the delightful brilliant sunlight marine, "In the Surf," where the figure of the lovely child and the blazing light over the water seemed to be the consummation of one impulse toward brilliancy. "The Little Pilgrims" also was full of fresh color and frank enjoyment in subject and technique.

As for Mr. Jerome Myers' paintings, each one in turn gave a sense of fresh apprehension of the extraordinary art of this man of simple quiet canvases. How well he understands city life, how beautifully he makes you see the joy in the hearts of his ragged little children, as well as the grief in the souls of the somber aged, was shown in his six paintings which really form a record of his insight into the realities of life and the beauties that are hidden deep in some seeming sad realities. Mr. Myers knows children well, as Whitcomb Riley knew them. He knows how humorous they are, and what tender pathos there is in all the humor of childhood whether it is rich or poor. He knows in fact how evenly the joy of chilhood is distributed, how much the very poor child has; how little, sometimes, the rich. For luxury can do little for children, who demand only the opportunity and freedom to express all that they hold in their own little hearts. You can but leave them free to develop the world of gaiety and sweetness that lies within them. And so when Jerome Myers gives you a whirlwind of joy in a group of little ragamuffins who are dancing or swinging or playing in some somber slum, if you know life and childhood you know that he is right, that he is not sentimental, that he sees profoundly, and presents beautifully what really exists.

PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS AND LITHOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN AT THE GALLERIES OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

THE Berlin Photographic Co. followed the exhibition of Aubrey Beardsley's drawings by an extremely interesting showing of paintings, drawings and lithographs by William Rothenstein. Perhaps we cannot do better in speaking of Mr. Rothenstein's work than to quote from an appreciation of his paintings and drawings by Mr. J. B. Manson, which was printed at one time in *The International Studio*. Mr. Manson says:

"Rothenstein's distinction lies not in any triumph of technique; his work is great, not because it is glazed better than other painters', not because it shows an admirable use of *impasto*, not because it rivals Rembrandt's or emulates Manet's but because it is an intense expression of deep human emotion, and because it is fundamentally sincere. It has that simplicity which is an essential characteristic of really great art, and which only a great artist can obtain.

"It is from the moods and feelings—often called commonplace—of contemporary life that Rothenstein has drawn his inspiration. All his work is the realization of the poetry which is inherent in human life wherever its fundamental qualities find spontaneous expression. He has a spirit of self-abnegation which in itself is the highest expression of personality, and any personal peculiarities (which nowadays masquerade as personality) are lost in his absorption in his subject. He becomes, as it were, and for the time being, the thing he is painting. By this means he obtains a complete understanding of the soul that is in matter, as in people, and he is enabled to give to his work that feeling of inexhaustibleness which is of Nature itself."

OUT OF TOWN EXHIBITIONS

IN the Albright Gallery of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy was recently held the Seventh Annual Exhibition of Selected Water Colors by American artists and also a showing of paintings by J. Alden Weir. During December a number of water-color paintings by H. Anthony Dyer were exhibited in the same gallery.

BOOK REVIEWS

JENNIE GERHARDT: THEODORE DREISER'S SECOND NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE

"A Book of Humanity" is the subtitle of Theodore Dreiser's recent novel, "Jennie Gerhardt." Perhaps without meaning to, Mr. Dreiser has made a very interesting and subtle distinction between humanity and society. Evidently to present humanity truly and feelingly is in his mind a matter of understanding, sympathy, imagination. And without comment he seems to lead you to believe that this is a much more worth while occupation than to write of the little doings of society. For as Mr. Dreiser must know and as we all know, in the last analysis, society is but the crust which convention forms over humanity. And but little is known or understood of real humanity except as the crust is sometimes broken, through tragic upheavals, through the fire and the flood of sorrow and wretchedness. "Jennie Gerhardt" is unquestionably a more finished production than Theodore Dreiser's first novel, "Sister Carrie," and yet one still sees in the English papers and hears from the English critics the widest appreciation and sincerest understanding of the big quality which made "Sister Carrie" a book of international importance. William J. Locke, while in America, asked the writer why he (Locke) did not hear more in our literary circles of Theodore Dreiser. "In London," he said, "we consider 'Sister Carrie' the most significant American novel that has come to us. I do not mean," he continued, "of course, that it is the most perfect presentation of American life, because I do not know American life. But I am sure that it is as sincere an understanding of human conditions as could be presented of any life."

The plot of the story of "Jennie Gerhardt" is laid in Chicago, as was that of "Sister Carrie," a Chicago which Mr. Dreiser knows by heart. Eventually the story touches New York and foreign lands, but the bigness of its development depends upon the environment which Mr. Dreiser knew as a young man and boy. In "Jennie Gerhardt" as in "Sister Carrie" you have essentially the Teutonic type of woman. It is the old world Teuton who though transplanted has still the overwhelmingly feminine quality, the gentleness, the maternal instinct, the need of love and guidance. Both women led the unconventional life, not through love of unconventionality or display, or the dramatic phase of life, but through that far greater need, affection. In both instances there is almost always suffering in the lives of the women, and in the life of the bigger woman, *Jennie Gerhardt*, there is of course greater suffering. It is quite extraordinary how in this recent story, utterly without the sharper lights of melodrama, the deeper sympathies of the reader are illuminated. One reads from page to page with a certain dry-eyed sorrow, that the more flamboyant tragedy would not win. And the whole book is logical, the psychology true, and the sorrows which result from opposing society worked out with inevitability. The tragedies which come to *Jennie Gerhardt* are not those inevitably of her own temperament, except as tragedy must always follow weakness; they are rather the tragedies which come where society is not recognized quite heartily enough and bowed before quite humbly enough. In no part of her life was this kindly, friendly, conscientious woman other than unselfish, helpful, tender, devoted. But not having the dominant qualities which would force into channels of self-satisfaction the events of her life, others of less goodness were able to control her, while she in the long run alone paid for the wrong done to herself. And yet perhaps it is scarcely fair to say that she alone paid, for the man who put her out of his life for the sake of greater self-satisfaction slowly disintegrated from the time that her unselfish influence left his life, and the woman who forced the separation of *Jennie* from the man whom she loved, also disintegrated, as supreme selfishness and self-satisfaction must disintegrate. In fact, the development of every character is the development which a knowledge of human motives alone could make possible. These men and women progress or retrograde according to the very essentials of their own character. Mr. Dreiser does not build up puppets and talk through them and play with them, putting in their mouths risqué conversation which has no relation to their environment, but which means an appeal for the public and flamboyant advertising for the publisher. The people in this little book, the good, hard German father, the overworked, heartbroken German mother, the man of wealth, and with the deterrent weakness of inherited wealth, the working girls and the sad children,

each one lives or dies through inherent characteristics, inescapably driven by inherited traits. Not only are the characters worn by contact with the hardness of life, but by contact with each other. It is indeed a presentation of real humanity, a closely woven, beautifully rounded, sincerely told story of the lives of very real people. The writer of this review has read the book twice without finding a false note. The emotion left is a sense of knowing life better and of seeing the great things of life more clearly, the same feeling that was evoked by the reading of Balzac's Comédie Humaine. And it is literary art of a high order that not only enlarges your knowledge of the fundamentals of life, but your vision of what such fundamentals should be. (Published by Harper & Bros., New York, 433 pages. Price $1.35 net.)

THE LIFE OF JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER: BY E. R. AND J. PENNELL

ANYONE who still doubts the genuineness of the appreciation which has been steadily growing in professional and amateur circles around Whistler's unique art must surely find conviction in the fact that there has just been issued the fifth edition of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's delightfully written and generously illustrated story of the life and work of this much applauded and much criticized genius. The present volume is a complete revision, with much new material and many fresh illustrations.

Those of us who have already pored over the pages of one of its predecessors will welcome in the fifth edition another opportunity to freshen our memory on a subject which has always seemed as inexhaustible as it is interesting. Whistler enthusiasts who knew the book in one of its earlier forms, need no reminder of the wittily reminiscent biography, with its word-pictures of serious and amusing phases in the life of the versatile, loved and despised practitioner of the "gentle art." They will recall, too, the lavish reproductions of oils and watercolors, sketches and etchings, which make the book a source of endless interest and inspiration. To the student of art, whose aim is to interpret the facts, fallacies and beauties of life in terms of color, mass and line, these examples of inimitable composition and daring technique will carry many a lesson of artistic sincerity. And to the student of human nature, who discerns, behind the mask of conscious or unconscious poses, that strange thing we call the soul; who finds, in spite of whimsicalities and surface eccentricities, the qualities of logic and consistency, and who sees, through the guise of egotism and bitterness, the persistent courage and loyalty which is ever battling for an unpopular conviction—to such a one the book, its subject and the achievements that it illustrates will always hold significance and charm. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 432 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $3.50 net.)

THE FRUITFUL VINE: BY ROBERT HICHENS

THIS novel by Robert Hichens gives us further proof of his powers of description and analysis. The scene is laid in Rome among the fashionable life of today, and the theme is the spiritual conflict of a childless woman whose barren home contrasts so bitterly with the richer life of her friends.

The first part of the book seems almost to drag, with its descriptions of the people and events, lit up by clever but superficial dialogue. And yet you realize that it is only the prelude to action, the lull before the storm. And the storm comes, slowly but inevitably, when the Italian lover and his impassioned wooing breaks in upon the monotony of the woman's life and changes its course. The author has looked deep into the hearts of men and women and seen many things. He is a keen student of human nature, and his people, as the story develops, become very real characters, not mere puppets on a painted stage. They are tormented by all the doubts and questionings of modern existence, lashed by the uncompromising whips of circumstance, moved by all those inward and outward forces which combine to make life a complicated affair. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 521 pages. Frontispiece in color by Jules Guerin. Price $1.40.)

SOUTH SEA TALES: BY JACK LONDON

THERE are some themes that need no elaboration in the telling. The facts themselves are so forcible that the mere statement of them in simple prose is quite enough to stir one's interest, horror or sympathy, as the case may be. The very quietness of their setting forth seems to emphasize their verity. Perhaps the greatest mastery of this directness of expression is found in Russian short fiction, but some of our

own authors have also achieved it. Jack London is one of them.

The stories gathered together here under the title of "South Sea Tales" are typical of London's work, both in material and handling. The most inventive imagination could hardly conjure incidents more full of terror, scenes more amazing or grotesque. Nature is pictured in her most relentless moods, and human beings seem akin to ninepins, set up by Life and knocked down in the swift game by Death. In the lives of these South Sea people the tragic and the gruesome are so frequent that they become almost commonplace. And these things are told in the fewest possible words, in the shortest possible sentences, with the least waste of verbal energy. London has no "style;" and yet the very lack of it seems in itself to constitute one. For his plain words and his plain way of using them seem best fitted to the tales he tells. He has chosen, consciously or unconsciously, the medium and technique that belong to his subject, conveying the impression he seeks with the least possible friction. And after all, is not this true art? (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 327 pages. Color frontispiece. Price $1.25 net.)

THE ESSENTIALS OF A COUNTRY HOUSE: BY R. A. BRIGGS, F.R.I.B.A. ARCHT.

AS illustrations for what he considers the essentials of a country house, Mr. Briggs has given us here over fifty plates including exterior and interior views and floor plans of English country homes. Most of them are rather pretentious, some of them are homelike and charming, and all of them have something of interest to anyone contemplating the building of a home. Mr. Briggs voices not a few sentiments with which we are in accord. For instance, "A house should not be a museum for vulgar display. Much rather aim at simplicity and dignity." On some points, however, he betrays an optimism that we cannot share, as when, in speaking of wall coverings, he informs us that "the patterns of modern papers are generally good." As to the style, —while high literary quality is not expected in a technical book of this sort, still one cannot help feeling that a little more editing would have resulted in more readable text. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 88 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $3.00 net.)

THE OLD CLOCK BOOK: BY N. HUDSON MOORE

MANY centuries have passed since mankind evolved a method of marking the flight of time, and there have been many variations in the nature of the chronological conscience which has recorded, for his convenience, joy or mortification, the passage of those precious and often wasted hours. There seems to cling, therefore, a certain poetical as well as technical interest around the history of clock-making. In this book by N. Hudson Moore we find an infinite variety of timekeepers, old and new, with an account of the development of the industry. Clock makers and collectors will find it full of useful information, and the last few paragraphs on "keeping clocks in order" will no doubt be helpful to every housekeeper. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 162 pages; 104 illustrations and list of English and American clock makers. Price $2.40 net.)

THE CHANGING CHINESE: BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, PH.D., LL.D.

READERS who are interested in the problems which China is confronting today, and in the relation of the evolution of the yellow race to modern civilization, will find this book by Professor Ross both readable and enlightening. It is very different from the superficial account of the average traveler. While graphic in its descriptions and full of the flavor of the picturesque, its chief value lies in the serious standpoint from which it is written. As the author bases his conclusions not only upon modern theories of sociology, but also upon personal observation and experience, his book has sufficient authority to make it of international and interracial significance. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 345 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $2.40 net, postage 18 cents.)

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS

THOSE of us who remember our first discovery of this portly volume upon the library shelf, and the youthful shudders of delight with which we pored over its legends in prose and verse (in spite of the parental injunction "not to read ghost stories so near bedtime"), will find in this new edition an old friend with a new face. The colored illustrations supplied by the imagination and brush of H. G. Theaker emphasize the fantastic gruesomeness of the

tales, and confront us once more with those mysterious witches, specters and demons, terrified villagers, strutting cavaliers and squires and adorable dames who linger in the background of our memories of earlier years. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 546 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.00 net.

THE WIDTH AND ARRANGEMENT OF STREETS: BY CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

PEOPLE are beginning to realize the important and definite relation which the right sort of environment bears to the development of the best economic and social conditions. This "Study in Town Planning," by Mr. Robinson, should therefore prove useful to all who are concerned in the many-sided problem of the making of streets. The author reinforces his arguments with numerous photographs which add to the value of a practical and interesting text. (Published by The Engineering News Publishing Company, New York. 186 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

GREAT ENGRAVERS: ALBRECHT DÜRER HIS ENGRAVINGS AND WOODCUTS: EDITED BY ARTHUR M. HIND

IN addition to an introductory note on Dürer and his mediums, and a complete chronological list of his line-engravings, dry-points, etchings and woodcuts, this little book contains sixty-five reproductions of the work of the great engraver. These plates, which represent chiefly mythological and biblical subjects, are interesting examples of the conscientious and skilful technique and the love of finely wrought detail which characterized Dürer's work. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 65 cents. Price 80 cents net.)

TRAVELERS FIVE ALONG LIFE'S HIGHWAY: BY ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

IN Bliss Carman's introduction to these five tales, he lays stress upon the quality of sympathy which every story needs in order to make its appeal,—the power to touch our hearts by its kinship to our own experience, to our own feelings, by its share in the common joys and sorrows of humanity. And certainly this simply written book, with its quaint characters and its mingling of the commonplace and the unique, has much of the quality he speaks of, although it can hardly lay claim to literary greatness. (Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston. 199 pages. Price $1.25.)

THE BRITISH MUSEUM: ITS HISTORY AND TREASURES: BY HENRY C. SHELLEY

THIS, as its subtitle informs us, is "A View of the Origins of that Great Institution, Sketches of Its Early Benefactors and Principal Officers, and a Survey of the Priceless Objects Preserved within Its Walls." The book, which is of technical and general interest, seems to be authoritatively written, and will no doubt prove a useful historical record of one of England's most valuable possessions. (Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston. 348 pages. Illustrated. Price $4.00.)

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF ORIENTAL RUGS: BY G. GRIFFIN LEWIS

IMPORTERS, collectors and others interested in the subject of Oriental rugs will find here a volume of varied and technical information, profusely illustrated with photographs, color plates and sketches. Among the topics discussed are the cost of rugs, the tariff upon them, dealers and auctions, antiques, "advice to buyers," the hygiene and care of rugs, materials, dyes, weaving, designs and symbolism, and the identification of rugs. Much space is also devoted to the classification of rugs of various countries. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 327 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $4.50 net.)

FOUR MONTHS AFOOT IN SPAIN: BY HARRY A. FRANCK

THE traveler who already knows his Spain will probably find many familiar scenes and reminders of his own experiences in these amply illustrated pages, and for the reader who voyages only in imagination the book will serve as a "magic carpet" to carry him, in spirit at least, to this picturesque corner of the Old World. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 370 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS: EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY TEMPLE SCOTT

MR. Scott has delved into many volumes, old and new, and from them has compiled what is apparently a very comprehensive and sympathetic review of what literature has said about literature,—from St. Augustine to Richard Le Gallienne, with a goodly company of writers between. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 241 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

THE VALUE OF GOOD TOOLS

TOOLS serve to give man a greater mastery of nature and powerfully augment the usefulness of the hand, from which they no doubt have been modeled. When primitive man wanted to strike a blow harder than he could strike without hurting his hand, he picked up a stone about the size and shape of his clenched fist, attached a rude handle to it, representing his forearm and thus invented the first tool—a hammer. Then he sharpened the stone slightly and it became a crude hatchet and also a very powerful weapon of defense. To increase the power of his grasp he invented nippers and the jaws of a vise. His hand really became the model for almost all his tools, and as he learned to handle the tools the sensitiveness and delicacy of his hands increased. "The entire history of man," says Reitlinger, "if examined carefully, finally reveals itself in the history of the invention of better tools."

All mechanical aids of our wonderful system of industry can be traced to the simple fundamental forms suggested by the hand or by the teeth, for the saw and file are but adaptations of the teeth, for the more efficient tearing and ripping of heavy and tough materials.

As man increases the power and cunning of his hand by the use of tools, the fiber of his mind undergoes a change also. It takes a well-trained mind to direct the hand ably, so it also becomes sharpened, strengthened as it endeavors to command the hand. Thus the use of tools develops the whole man, the mind and hand together gaining fineness, alertness, accuracy, sensitiveness, and a vital relationship is established between the two. Herbert Spencer says that every instrument of observation is but an artificial expansion of our senses, while the tools and machines constitute an artificial development of our limbs.

Love of a good tool is almost a universal trait in both boys and girls, even though they have little knowledge of their use. A row of them placed in orderly way upon a wall or in a chest attracts the interest of almost everyone. Desire is aroused in the heart for a better understanding of them, and for a knowledge of their uses. A man who does not like the "feel" of a good steel hammer, to test the balance of it, to drive a nail squarely home with it, is an exceptional man.

Manufacturers report a marvelous increase in the demand for cases of tools, those useful in tinkering about a home; they say that business men who formerly never cared for tools are buying these home kits, that they are finding great pleasure and relaxation in making things for the home, small pieces of furniture, a shelf, repairing things generally and keeping the home in perfect running order.

One reason for this increased interest in the use of tools is that the benefits of manual training in schools are being discussed and put into practice more widely than formerly, so that the subject is being brought closer to men's attention. Because the boys are clamoring for a set of tools, the fathers have also become more interested.

Nowadays if the boys are given a case of tools to experiment with or for their instruction in manual schools, they are not second or third rate tools, but the very best of their kind, such as genuine mechanics own. And this is an important step in the right direction, for if a skilled mechanic cannot turn out a good piece of work with a poor tool, how much less can a boy who has had little experience in handling a tool? If you give a boy a poor piece of wood and a poor saw—how could he possibly make a craftsmanlike joint? The most skilled of workmen would have difficulty in constructing a piece of good furniture unless their materials were good.

If a boy is given a work-bench such as are on sale in large hardware stores, it will be outfitted with the best tools on the market, for it is realized that he should start with the best, be given every advantage and no unnecessary handicaps. The arrangement is such that every tool is exposed, which teaches orderliness of mind and motion. The tools can be found with no loss of time, used and returned to position naturally, as the easiest place to put them, and the boy thus consciously and unconsciously acquires an accurate, orderly and masterful command of mind and hand.