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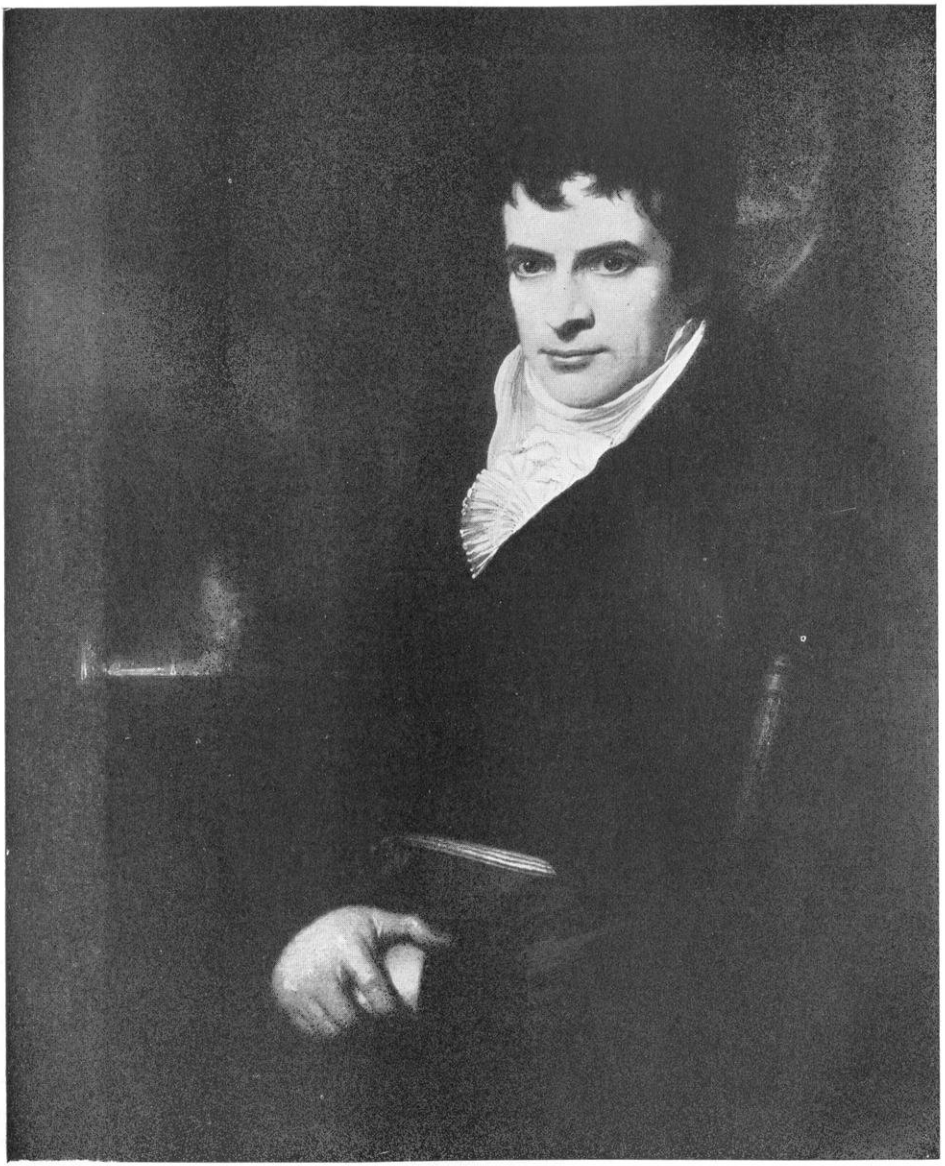

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ROBERT FULTON: BENJAMIN WEST, PAINTER.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVII NOVEMBER, 1909 NUMBER 2

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THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XVII NOVEMBER, 1909. NUMBER 2

A VISIT WITH EDWARD CARPENTER: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD

OME years ago, Edward Carpenter came to America to visit Walt Whitman. It was the visit of a disciple to a master, for in the utterances of the rugged pioneer who had plunged boldly into a realm of thought so ancient that it seemed new to modern understanding, and had brought back with him so many uncut gems of truth, the younger poet and philosopher had found the spiritual leadership that his own mind craved. And the record of that visit has the sound of deep calling unto deep, for two fellow travelers had met, and both had gone so far along the road which led to their common goal that the trivial things of life fell away into nothingness before the large simplicity of their association. Nevertheless, this record had another and lighter side than the philosophy common to both men, for it gave with equal directness the pleasant everyday happenings, the little personal characteristics, that show Whitman the man as well as Whitman the poet, and to this we are indebted for the most delightfully human picture of him that is to be found in all the literature written about his strange and powerful personality.

To give an equally clear and vivid picture of Carpenter himself would require not only equal breadth and simpleness of viewpoint, but an art as great and sincere as his own. The man who can depict with sympathy and comprehension all sides of his subtle individuality has not yet been found, and we must turn to his own books for an understanding of his large and sane philosophy of life. Through his books and through his public utterances Carpenter the philosopher is well and widely known; but the man himself, living as he does practically in seclusion for the greater part of the time, seems to shrink away from public knowledge, and little is known of him, especially in this country. In England a slender, frail-looking man, clad in loose clothes of thin gray wool, occasionally appears on the lecture platform in London or in some one of the provincial cities, and in a quiet, almost diffident way, says things which make people think. Then he vanishes again, and is next heard of in Rome or in Venice, or possibly in his own home among the Yorkshire hills,

and the British public is left for a time to digest his utterances and to read his books if they want an explanation of them.

Therefore, desirable as it was to a member of the editorial staff of THE CRAFTSMAN to meet Edward Carpenter and learn from personal observation what manner of man it was who had written "Civilization: its Cause and Cure" and "The Simplification of Life," the possibility of doing so seemed at first very doubtful. Some of his friends in London were sure that he was in Italy; others thought he might be either at home or in any part of England, going about his work in his usual quiet way, unheralded and unadvertised. But at last I had the good fortune to meet an erratic, interesting genius named Joseph Clayton,—himself a brilliant writer and an incorrigible iconoclast who has hard work to make a living because in his books and review articles he cannot resist the temptation to poke incisive fun at the little tin gods of English political life. Naturally, he and Carpenter are close friends, and he exerted himself in my behalf so kindly and energetically that it was not long before I received a friendly letter from Carpenter himself, asking me to come and see him at Millthorpe if at any time during the summer I happened to be in that part of the country.

MILLTHORPE is a little hamlet perched on one of the Yorkshire hills, not far from Sheffield. To reach it one has to leave the Scotch express from London at Chesterfield and drive six miles into the open country. The drive alone is worth a journey to the north of England, for the road winds its irregular way through one of the loveliest regions in the kingdom. I had had an idea that Yorkshire was bleak and stern, with wide desolate moors and granite-ribbed hills, but this part of it at least was a fair and smiling land, with great rolling green hills clothed with oak, elm and fir trees, yellow grain-fields and velvet-turfed meadows covered with sleek cattle and placid sheep. The irregularly shaped fields and pastures, outlined and divided by trim green hedgerows, were as perfectly suited to the contour of the land as if the whole countryside had been laid out by some mighty landscape gardener, and here and there a group of gray stone buildings among the trees showed the presence of a comfortable and substantial farmstead. It was just the environment to appeal irresistibly to a man who had traveled far and wide, and who wanted to live tranquilly and happily amid surroundings so beautiful and in air so invigorating that mere existence became a joy. It was a country in which the simple life could be lived in its perfection, but the choice of it showed the taste of an epicure who had

experienced all that civilization had to offer him and had come through it to the peace that lies on the farther side.

At last the carriage pulled up a hill and stopped before a stone cottage half buried in a garden,—a cottage built after the northern fashion with long, straight lines, very narrow eaves, and absolutely no attempt at decorative effect. The rigid lines of the granite walls were softened in places by a gracious drapery of vines, and a luxuriant growth of flowers and shrubs screened it almost to the roofline, but that was all. At the gate I was met by a young man who greeted me hospitably and invited me into a room that seemed a combination of kitchen, dining room and living room. It was not large, and it was very homelike and comfortable. A kitchen stove built into the big chimney had an open grate in front, from which glowed a brisk fire of coals; a couple of flatirons stood on end before it, and a tea kettle bubbled invitingly on top. In the corner nearest the stove stood an open cottage piano, its top strewn with sheets of music, and the dining table, which took up all the middle of the room, was spread for afternoon tea. Two other side tables and several plain chairs completed the furnishing of the room. Somehow it was all just as I had expected,—simple, homelike and pleasant; no attempt at austerity, no striving after ultra-simplicity, but just a plain, hard-working living room that was used and evidently enjoyed all the time.

The young man who had met me was George Merrill, who lives with Carpenter, and keeps the simple bachelor establishment in spotless order. As far as I observed during my brief visit, he was general manager in every sense of the word,—being cook, housekeeper, gardener, and withal a most congenial friend and companion to the philosopher-poet. He explained that "Edward" was busy just then with another guest, and that Captain Carpenter (the poet's brother) and his wife, who were staying there for a time, had not yet come in from their walk, but that tea would be soon ready, and then everybody was sure to be on hand.

BUT in a moment the door of the study opened, and there stood the man I had come so far to see. Dressed in his customary loose gray flannels, and with his gray eyes, hair and beard, he looked at first like a slight gray shadow of a man, but a second glance revealed the wiry strength and perfect poise of the lithe, slender body; the healthy flush under the clear brown skin that told of much outdoor life and exercise, and the depth and luminousness of the quiet eyes, with their kind, steady, inquiring gaze. He looked spiritual, but not at all ascetic; and neither in dress nor manner was there the faintest trace of pose. He did not even wear the far-famed sandals.

As he stood there, the man was a picture that would have gladdened the heart of Whistler, but it was very evident that he did not know it, and would have been extremely annoyed and embarrassed if anyone had suggested it, even by a look. He shook hands cordially, but without effusion, and the firm friendly grasp of his hand accorded well with the frank kindliness of his eyes.

Then the others came in,—Captain and Mrs. Carpenter, who both interest themselves deeply in social questions, and take an active part in the life of Millthorpe when they are there, and an earnest-eyed young man, who was clearly a fervent admirer and follower seeking counsel of his chief. The fat brown teapot was at once transferred from the stove to the table, about which we all gathered in the pleasantest and most unconstrained companionship. By the time the steaming, fragrant cups were passed round, and everybody had taken a share of the thin brown bread and butter and big strawberries fresh from the garden, the brisk, light chat of the tea table was well under way. Carpenter himself took little part in it, throwing in a question or a comment now and then, but for the most part listening quietly to what the others had to say. But when tea was over he turned to me with the air of one remembering a duty, and asked me to come for a walk in the garden.

It was such a pleasant, roomy, old-fashioned English garden, with wide stretches of turf, long grassy walks, and big clumps of flowers and shrubs growing much as they pleased; all set high on the hilltop, and commanding a magnificent view of hills and valleys that lay rich-colored and peaceful under the deep blue sky, with its slowly sailing clouds. As we paced up and down the walk, Carpenter himself opened the conversation by asking me about THE CRAFTSMAN and its editor, and the work we were trying to do in America, seeming much interested in what I told him of the national life that is slowly shaping itself in this country.

FROM that, the talk drifted naturally to social conditions in England, touching lightly here and there, but not going very deeply into any branch of the subject. My host did not exactly care about being "interviewed" after the American fashion, and it was evident that he had no theory to expound and no lesson to impart for the benefit of the public, but spoke as an impartial spectator of men and events; one who watched with interest all the significant things going on in the world, but seldom found it necessary to take an active part in shaping them. Although one of the leading socialists of the world, Carpenter apparently has no close affiliation with any one of the many branches of the socialist party. His attitude is

A VIEW OF THE KITCHEN DOORWAY OF THE HOME OF EDWARD CARPENTER AT MILLTHORPE, IN THE YORKSHIRE HILLS, ENGLAND.

FEEDING THE CHICKENS IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN AT MILLTHORPE.

EDWARD CARPENTER'S HOME IS A STONE COTTAGE, HALF BURIED IN A GARDEN.

rather that of friendly interest in all, and he seemed to feel that each group in its own way was doing some work toward the end for which all alike were striving, and that mistakes and dissensions did not count, the main thing being that each group of theorizers or social workers contributed its full share toward arousing the healthy discontent that made men think. As to his idea concerning the possible outcome he had little to say, but that little was decidedly optimistic. In spite of all the turmoil and unrest of the times,—indeed, largely because of it,—the active desire to bring about better social conditions was growing ever firmer and more coherent and ever more widespread. During the present period of transition, he said, all efforts seemed in themselves chaotic and more or less futile, but none could tell when the whole movement would of itself crystallize into the shape that it must take in the great scheme of things. The labor movement, he felt, in spite of its many blunders, was gaining strength and steadiness every day, and the socialist movement was coming more and more to know what it wanted, and how the desired reforms might be brought about. He was inclined to attach the greatest importance to the present agitation for woman suffrage, which he declared was the most vitally significant movement of the present age, for it meant the enfranchisement of fully half of the human race,—an enfranchisement that must come before society will admit the right of all to equal privileges and to the opportunity for economic independence. To him the work of the suffragists and the labor movement stand side by side, and women and working men alike are struggling and suffering because the progress of the race demands that they shall win their freedom, and so help to free the whole social order from the bondage of present conditions.

SPEAKING of the causes which had contributed toward the world-wide desire for better things, he pointed out that not only was our Western civilization in a state of unrest and upheaval, but also the Eastern, and declared that in his opinion the signs of the times pointed to a general fusion, and therefore to a profound modification of modern thought and life all over the world. This modification had its beginning when the simple and deeply spiritual philosophy of the East began to touch and tranquillize the restless objectivity of the West, and to be quickened in turn by the active aggressiveness of the dominant race of today. With our present facilities for the interchange of thought, and with all peoples alike in a restless, inquiring and receptive mood, the fusion must inevitably be swift, and out of the blending there will surely spring a nobler and purer civilization.

Then he asked about America and the status of the socialistic, labor and suffrage movements here, smiling with quiet amusement at the good-natured indifference of the general American public toward all three. Nevertheless he predicted that America would be in the van of the nations experimenting with new social conditions, because America now is the great smelting pot of the world, and out of the thousand heterogeneous elements in her chaotic civilization there must ultimately spring a national spirit strong and aspiring enough to take a leading part in shaping the future of humanity.

To a tentative question about his ideas of life, he answered that he himself was living every day the life that he thought healthiest and best; because it was close to the soil, free from the complexity of artificial demands and occupied with useful work. He regards the ability to do some form of manual labor thoroughly and well as the first essential in a natural and healthy life, and he said simply that he himself worked with his hands, not from any theory about it, but from necessity, and that he lived among workingmen because he liked them and they were his friends, accepting him without reserve as one of themselves.

So the pleasant desultory chat went on. I wish it were possible to give his own words as we strolled up and down the paths or sat on a bench overlooking the valley, but the talk was very fragmentary, glancing and wavering here and there through a maze of questions and answers, with an occasional lapse into friendly silence. To give the mere sense of it, as I have done, robs it inevitably of its ease and sparkle, but to attempt a record here of what he actually said would be akin to drying and pressing a flower. I asked if I might take a photograph of him, but he hastily changed the subject, and was so evidently reluctant to pose that I refrained from producing my camera. He thought I could not possibly want a photograph of him, but if THE CRAFTSMAN wanted one for publication, why couldn't the photograph printed in the magazine in October, nineteen hundred and six, serve the purpose? Recollecting the picture in question, and mentally comparing it with the man before me, I admitted that a better one could not possibly be taken, so we compromised on the possibility of finding about the house a few snapshots of the domestic life at Millthorpe.

THEN the earnest-eyed young man again claimed the poet's attention, and I went back to the living room, where Mrs. Carpenter was playing Mendelssohn and "George" was busily ironing a tweed skirt that she had got drenched in the rain. The tea things were cleared away, and the ironing sheets were spread out on

the dining table, conveniently near the stove. I made my appeal for any stray photographs that might be brought to light, and Mrs. Carpenter good-naturedly hunted through all sorts of receptacles for any that might be left. Photographs are not plentiful at Millthorpe, but at last she found two or three and a piece of paper to wrap them in. But there was no string. "Never mind," said "George," bringing his iron down with a thump on a refractory wrinkle in the hem of the skirt. "I'll tell Edward to get one when he comes in."

As a revelation of the simple life, this was sufficiently staggering to an onlooker, but when the gray-haired poet came slowly up the steps, looking more tranquil and remote than ever, he was promptly sent into his study to hunt for the string. At his nod of invitation I followed, and while he routed a vagrant and disreputable piece of twine from its lair in his table drawer, I swiftly took stock of the room in which had been done work that affected the whole course of modern thought. It was as "homely" and as "livable" as the living room adjoining, and as irreproachably kept, but of luxury there was none at all. A well-worn work table, two or three chairs, and some shelves of books were all the furnishing it had, yet I never saw a room which more completely carried out its owner's ideas of life.

As he walked with me to the garden gate where my cab waited, Carpenter said suddenly and a little diffidently: "I think it was very good of you to come so far and take so much trouble just to see me. I have enjoyed your visit very much, but tell me, why did you come?"

There were a number of reasons why I had come, but to give any one of them would have sounded like "gushing,"—a thing I did not need to be told he detests. So I said simply: "I came chiefly because the editor of THE CRAFTSMAN told me to come. You see, your books have been something of a help and an inspiration to him in the work he is trying to do himself, and he wanted to know just what kind of a man you were when one saw and talked with you in your own home."

His look of embarrassed diffidence deepened a little. "That was very kind of him," he said. "Give him my regards and tell him I should like much to meet him personally." Then his whole face broke into a grin like a mischievous schoolboy's. "So that was why you came," he said triumphantly, "because you would have got a wigging if you hadn't."

THE HUDSON-FULTON MEMORIAL ART EXHIBIT IN NEW YORK: BY NATALIE CURTIS

HE Hudson-Fulton Celebration in New York has perhaps no more valuable feature than the Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City. In the words of the catalogue, the exhibition consists of a "great loan collection divided into two parts—one commemorative of the age of Henry Hudson and the country under whose auspices he entered the river which bears his name, and the other of Robert Fulton and his predecessors in this country. In both, the intention has been to confine the exhibition to works of art." The collection of Dutch paintings which represents the first section of the exhibition —that devoted to Holland—has never been equalled in this country. The pictures might well be called masterpieces in that they represent each master at his best. It is an astounding fact that all these paintings belong to America, being for the most part the property of private individuals. Perhaps with the increasing trend of democratic ideas, and the growing public spirit of our rich men, these great pictures may in time come to belong to the people through the ownership of museums and public institutions. The present exhibition of one hundred and forty-five paintings includes no less than thirty-four pictures by Rembrandt, twenty by Frans Hals and five by Jan Vermeer of Delft, while works by Jan Steen, Pieter de Hooch, Nicolaes Maes, Gabriel Metsu, van Ruisdael, Cuyp, Hobbema, Kalf and others make the walls ably representative of the Dutch school in all its branches of portraiture, landscape, genre, animal and still-life pictures. No one should neglect to profit by the unusual opportunity so generously offered at this time by the city and by American men and women, and the visitor to the Museum is urged to read the scholarly treatise by W. R. Valentiner which prefaces the catalogue.

The Hudson-Fulton Celebration has stimulated an interest in the history of New York and in the country that first colonized Manhattan Island and the banks of the Hudson. During the Middle Ages the Netherlands were second only to Italy in culture and civilization. Their proximity to the sea, their position on the Rhine and on waterways had made the Low Countries a trading post for the commerce of Europe and the Orient. The arts and manufactures of the Dutch were famous and had their part in the industrial development of England, whereas in political ideals of popular rights and liberties the Netherlands were ahead of continental Europe and were surpassed only by their insular cousins across the Channel. A certain element of democracy had developed through the importance of artisans, manufacturers and craftsmen; the sturdy and thrifty burgher

Loaned by Mr. M. C. D. Borden to the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Art Exhibit Held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"LUCRETIA STABBING HERSELF": REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, PAINTER.

Loaned by Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson to the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Art Exhibit Held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

WILHEM VAN HEYTHUYSEN:
FRANS HALS, PAINTER.

Loaned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener to the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Art Exhibit Held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"THE PHILOSOPHER": REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, PAINTER.

Loaned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art to the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Art Exhibit.

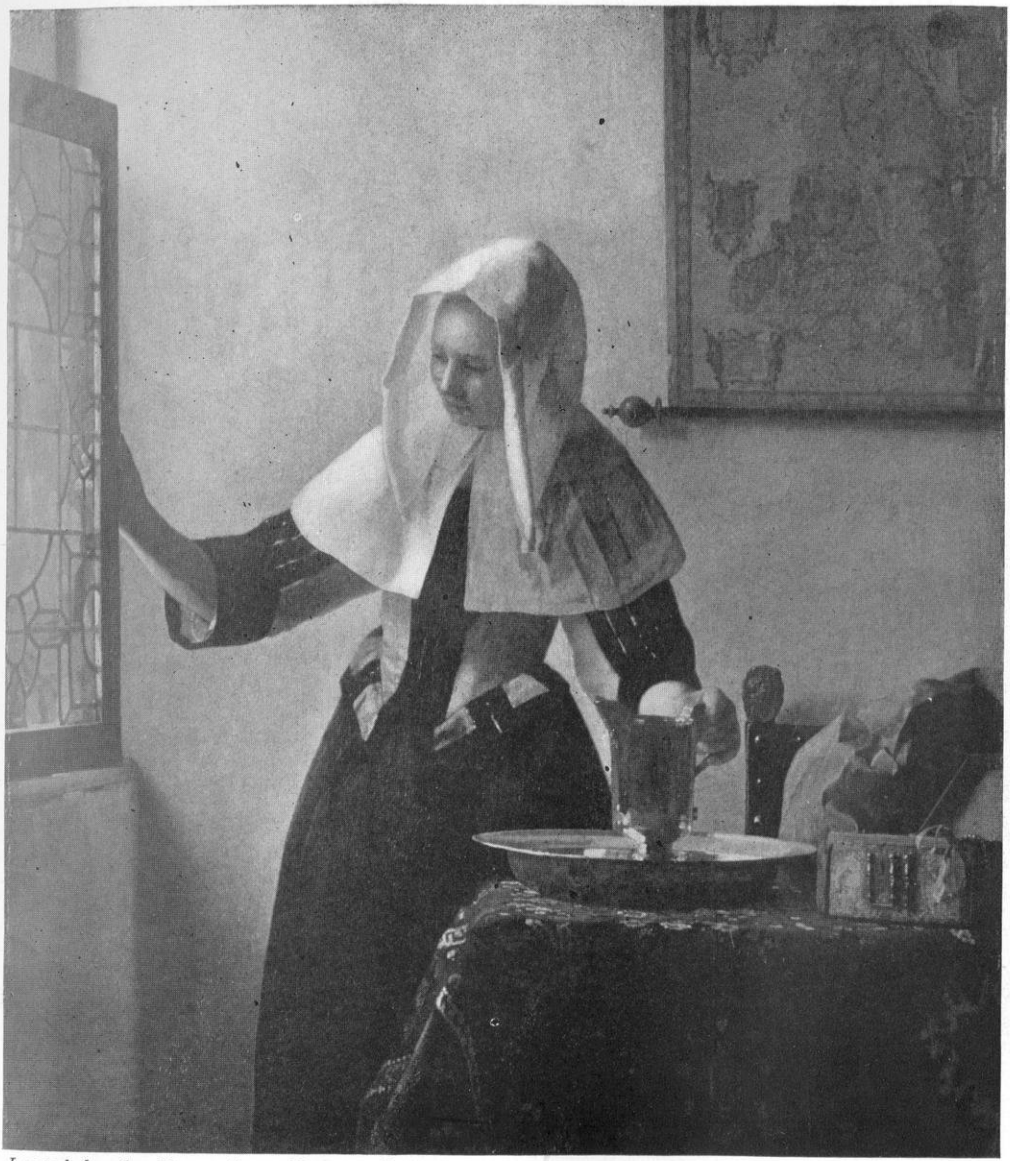
"THE FOREST STREAM": JACOB VAN RUISDAEL, PAINTER.

Loaned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener to the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Art Exhibit Held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"KERMESSE": JAN STEEN, PAINTER.

Loaned by Mr. Wm. T. Blodgett to the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Art Exhibit Held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"CAVALIERS AND LADIES":
PIETER DE HOOCH, PAINTER.



Loaned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art to the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Art Exhibit.

"GIRL WITH WATER JUG": JOHANNES VERMEER, PAINTER.

From the Hudson-Fulton Celebraton Art Exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

COLONIAL DESK OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY OF DESIGN AND FINISH.

class, the craft-guilds and merchant-guilds were the bulwark of the prosperity of the Netherlands. The wide commercial and maritime ventures of the Dutch brought them into touch with strange and differing peoples, and developed in them a certain open-mindedness. This sober and practical folk listened readily to the new doctrines of the Reformation, and their tolerant spirit made their country the asylum for the religiously oppressed of almost all Europe. Though the Dutch settlements in the New World were established simply as trading colonies, though New Amsterdam remained thoroughly Dutch until Dutch rule gave place to English, though the city long showed the influences of its founders—yet the little town very early in its history came to hold settlers of various nationalities, including, besides the Dutch and English, Germans, French Huguenots, a small group of Jews, and a number of negro slaves, afterward freed. The heterogeneous population of New York today carries out on gigantic scale the early cosmopolitan character of the city—a cosmopolitanism that was partly induced by the common-sense ability of the Dutch, who made New York from the first a practically successful colony, and by the avowed spirit of tolerance, which (in spite of Peter Stuyvesant and the Quakers) still made the New Netherland a worthy offspring of the Old.

RUSKIN says that a nation writes its history in its art. At the time of the greatest development of Dutch painting, the northern provinces had attained political liberty from the torturous despotism of Spain; the sway of the Roman church had yielded to greater independence of thought, and the awe and splendor of Catholicism had been replaced by the democratic simplicity of the Protestant faith. All this we see reflected in Dutch art, with its preference for the actual rather than the visionary, for the homely rather than the heroic. This Protestant spirit in art finds its sublime expression in what Dr. William Bode calls the "master-stroke" of Rembrandt, the painter's effort to bring the Bible into common life and to paint for the people of the Low Countries Christ's message of compassion and salvation to the lowly. It was Rembrandt's inspiration to make the Bible seem tangible and vital, and the presence of Christ a daily reality.

Mr. George Moore, the English art critic, in his book called "Modern Painting" says, "At the end of the sixteenth century the first painters of the great Dutch school were born, and before sixteen hundred and fifty a new school, entirely original, having nothing in common with anything that had gone before, had formulated its æstheticism and produced masterpieces. * * * No longer do

we read of miracles and martyrdoms, but of the most ordinary incidents of everyday life. * * * " And again, contrasting Dutch with Italian art, he says, "One art is purely imaginative, the other is plainly realistic." Dutch art is, indeed, widely human; the Dutch studied and painted their own families and their everyday neighbors, they found pictures in every phase of life, and they were the first to speak, as it were, in the dialect of the people.

It is the towering genius of Rembrandt van Rijn, in whom Dutch art finds its greatest expression, that instantly confronts the visitor to the New York art museum. The walls seem aglow with the luminous panels and canvases of this master, whose realism penetrates deeper than appearances, seeking not flesh and blood alone, but also the very soul, giving the spiritual as well as the actual life of every subject. To know Rembrandt in his greatest scope we must, of course, have seen him in his home, and also in the galleries of Dresden, Cassel and Berlin, and in the National Gallery of London. However, the portraits and studies now exhibited in New York show the master in all stages of his development from the earliest picture of himself (lent by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan) to the last great self-portrait, formerly in the collection of Lord Ilchester and now owned by Mr. Henry C. Frick of New York. To the art critic and the *savant* must be left all comment on these paintings from the standpoint of the artist. Only an artist can hope to bring intelligent and discriminating praise or criticism to great art. The layman can but offer an appreciation.

Surely no one can look unmoved on the justly famed last self-portrait of Rembrandt. It was painted in sixteen hundred and fifty-eight, during the dark period of the artist's bankruptcy and social disgrace. Already an old man,—acquainted with sorrow through the early death of Saskia, his first wife, and his first three children, Rembrandt had seen favor ebb and friends grow cold, while success waned; his creditors had claimed (albeit justly, we may believe) what was left of the fortune that his genius had won and that had slipped through his fingers in generous and prodigal expenditures. He had seen his art treasures, his collections and his library sold under the hammer for a few florins. Yet in this picture he faces the world with grave, self-possessed majesty,—the steady eyes, the heavy strength of the face, the glow of the gold-colored gaberdine seeming to set ill-fortune at naught. With everything swept from him but his palette, he lifts his brush, claiming the supreme consolation of the artist,—the painter's consciousness of power in his art. It is as though he said to Fate, "You may do your worst, yet here I shall live, for all time master of Myself;"—as though this brilliant canvas declared that even the darkest adversity cannot put out the light of genius.

THERE are other self-portraits in the exhibition—some six out of the hundred or so left by the painter; Rembrandt was fond of using himself as a model for the working out of artistic problems and experiments. At the Museum many types of men and women move from the shadows of Rembrandt's canvases, alive in the strange lightings which were the study and triumph of the master, and in which he wrought his most powerful external effects. It would be impossible here to enumerate all the personalities shown through Rembrandt's genius. Here, for instance, is "The Savant," a student gazing down upon a bust of Homer, which his hand reverently caresses. Dr. Bode has said of Rembrandt's chiaroscuro that it is "the art of making the atmosphere visible," and in this picture Rembrandt would seem to have made visible more than the actual atmosphere—even the atmosphere of thought. The beloved young wife of the painter, familiar to all who know the European galleries, the fair-haired Saskia who died so early,—she, too, is here; while a portrait full of grave poetic charm shows us Hendrickje Stoffels, the faithful companion of Rembrandt's later life, his second wife. On the walls of the Museum are the famous "Gilder," and the "Noble Slav;" two fine Jewish heads (one called "The Philosopher," both probably models from the Jewish quarter in Amsterdam where Rembrandt had his house); the "Marquis d'Andelot," "The Sybil," "Lucretia," and the beautiful and thoughtful "Portrait of a Young Painter." All these and many more attest to the varied power of him who was master of Dutch art in all its forms—in religious subjects, in genre, still life, portraiture; in drawings, in the marvelous etchings which in old age had all but cost him his sight, and in the glorious paintings which place among the immortals this miller's son of the little town of Leyden.

Preceding Rembrandt chronologically and next in fame stands Frans Hals, the genial and mighty painter whose best years were passed at Haarlem. With singular skill in contrast the Museum has hung near Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Young Painter" one of the best pictures by Hals in the exhibition—the "Portrait of an Artist." The broad and powerful brush strokes put before us an honest open-hearted Dutchman who looks as though he might have painted like Frans Hals himself, with just such fluent power, such frank brilliancy and sweep, such laughing good-humor and hearty fellowship with life. To Hals has been ascribed the dignity of having given to portraiture its pronounced development in Dutch art; so modern are his methods that painters today have humorously called him "The Father of Impressionism." The twenty paintings at the Museum show the master at different periods of his long career.

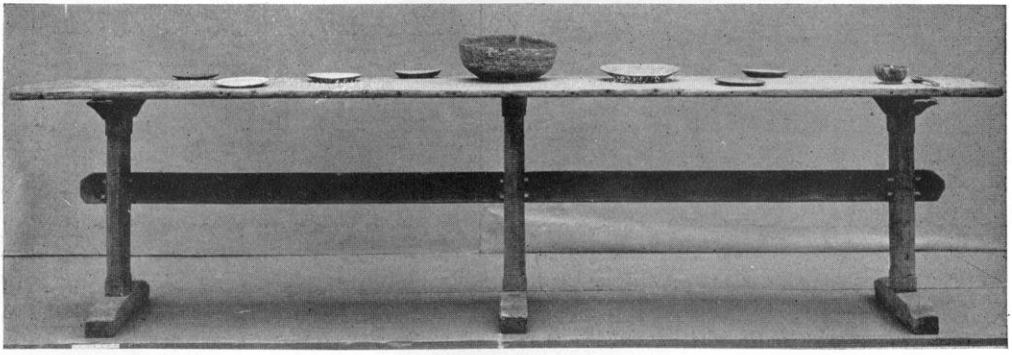
Let us now all too briefly consider the landscapes and genre pictures for what they tell us of life in the Netherlands. Here are winter scenes—the long bleak winter of the northern provinces—with their frozen canals and gay sledding parties; summer landscapes (Cuyp, van Ruïsdael and the great Hobbema) with their country roads, their bit of Haarlem forest, their dunes and canals, showing us the placid restfulness of the flat country beneath the rolling masses of shifting clouds that are so characteristic of Dutch skies. To paint what they daily saw, to recreate with an almost pious care the scenery of the country they loved—this was the greatest triumph of the Dutch landscape painters, who rank today as among the greatest in the world.

The genre pictures represent typical scenes of Dutch life—the thatched villages and their peasants, painted with broad satiric humor by Jan Steen;—the taverns with their noisy laughter and the humbler pathos of the poor. Here again are bits of intimate domestic life; and not least in importance are the soldiers who had become such familiar and picturesque figures in the Netherlands through the long struggle with Spain. We are given, too, an insight into the refinements of Dutch society—the elegant ladies and cavaliers at cards (Pieter de Hooch), the "Lady with Lute," the "Lady with Guitar," and the "Music Lesson," by Johannes Vermeer of Delft,—pictures which tell us of Holland's culture in the art of music. That out of the thirty-six genuine Vermeers in existence there should be five in this collection is a source of congratulation to America. The refinement and delicacy of perception, the restraint and beauty of color and the strong artistic individuality of this artist have given to Vermeer in latter days a place after Rembrandt and Frans Hals, as one of the greatest masters of the Dutch school,—a school of national and democratic realism.

We read today unmoved the carp of an art critic of the last century who complains that Dutch art chooses subjects wholly unworthy as compared with the religious spirit and the idealism of Italian art. We of the twentieth century have long since ceased to relegate art solely to the realm of the ideal,—we also welcome it for giving us the truth of things as they are, knowing that it is for the genius to show to us of duller sense the realities of Nature and of Life. We cannot do without true art of every school to fill humanity's differing needs. Certainly through Rembrandt, who pierces to the heart of things and makes the soul shine through the flesh, who gives us such wealth of spiritual beauty in everyday life, we may learn in art something of that which we hear so much about nowadays,—"the religion of humanity."

From the Hudson-Fulton Celebration ***Art*** *Exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of* ***Art.***

SILVER DESIGNED BY NEW YORK CRAFTSMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: THE BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF DESIGNS ARE WORTHY OUR CONSIDERATION.



From the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Art Exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

TANKARDS DESIGNED BY AMERICAN COLONISTS: THE WORK OF NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND ARTISANS.

TABLE MADE BY EARLY COLONIST, THE OLDEST PIECE OF COLONIAL FURNITURE ON RECORD.

WE PASS from the Dutch exhibit to the three rooms devoted to the art of the American Colonies. Here we are struck at once by the fact that any young community planted in the wilderness, whose whole effort must be to support life and establish industries among conditions of great hardship, can scarcely be expected to bring forth any other art than that devoted to making beautiful the necessities of life. Though the walls of the American exhibits are hung with pictures by such well-known American artists as Copley, the Peales, Benjamin West and Robert Fulton, it is the display of craftsmanship in these rooms which most interests the visitor whose mind is still filled with the splendor of the paintings in the Dutch exhibit.

Chief in importance among the industrial arts represented are cabinetmaking and silversmithing. The exhibition rooms are divided into three periods of Colonial development in these arts; the first room is devoted to the seventeenth century, the second to the eighteenth, the third to the nineteenth. One may see the history of American furniture from sixteen hundred and twenty to eighteen hundred and fifteen, tracing the evolution of the "high-boy" from the simple chest, and that of the stately cabinet-top secretary with secret drawers from the humble box with slanting cover in which writing materials were kept in early days. The most interesting objects in the seventeenth-century room are the carved oak chests in which the Pilgrims and Puritans packed their possessions on their first voyages; while the nineteenth-century room is distinguished by the beautiful work of the famous New York cabinetmaker, Duncan Phyffe, whose simple, graceful furniture reflects the Empire style of France.

Not all of the furniture lent to the exhibition was made in the Colonies; some of it was sent to the Colonists from Europe or brought over by the settlers themselves. Yet much of it has typically American design and calls to mind the stories our great-grandmothers told of the itinerant cabinetmakers who used to visit remote districts to make from their rustic customers' own trees (previously seasoned) whatever furniture was required in the isolated households.

The idea of thus immortalizing literal "family trees" by converting them into chairs and tables is no less quaint because impelled by economic necessity. We may imagine how humorously dear such bits of furniture must have been to the children of the household who in old age could look over their spectacles at the time-honored pieces, recalling the primitive farm in the wilderness and the old ash or maple under which they used to play.

All the silverwork in the exhibition is the product of American craftsmanship; much of it is from Boston, where among the names

of other silversmiths we find that of the famous Paul Revere; a large collection of it is from New York State and bears the signature of both Dutch and English artisans. It is interesting to see how apparently instinctively the craftsmen of the humble Colonies sought simplicity of form and motive. Indeed, one is struck throughout the exhibit by the element of refinement and good taste, the absence of display, and the dignity of line and curve that characterize Colonial workmanship.

ONE interesting feature of the eighteenth-century room is an interior wall from a Colonial house, with fireplace and cupboards. The wall is of paneled wood and was preserved intact by the owner of the house, with the intention of inserting it in a modern dwelling. The Museum has placed before the wall the high-backed chair and the stiff cane couch of the period, and has given brass andirons and fender to the fireplace. In the quaint cupboard is a collection of American glass,—Pitkin glass made in Connecticut at the end of the eighteenth century and Stiegel glass from Pennsylvania; a string of glass beads is historically interesting because manufactured in Jamestown, Virginia, for trade with the Indians. On the wall of this section of a Colonial room hangs a framed "Family Record" worked in worsted, giving the births of the many children who blessed some Colonial household; we learn on reading the record that it is the "Sampler of Charlotte Pierson, aged thirteen years." There are many other homely little touches that bring the daily life of the vanished centuries before us. Though much of the furniture exhibited is the product of New England and of other Colonies, the association is so near that these suggestions easily conjure up a vision of old New York,—the New York of the Battery, of Broad Street, Pearl Street, Wall Street and Maiden Lane,—a quiet country town, which though first Dutch and then English, long held the social and industrial elements of both nations. As we look at New York today, the Colonial period seems so remote that it is hard to realize how few have been the years that have seen such great changes. Not a trace is left of the little gable-roofed town,—the green *bouveries*, the grazing kine, the windmills have long since vanished from "Mana-hatta;" and as we think of the dark narrow canyons leading from lower Broadway, with the skyscrapers towering on every side, it seems impossible to believe that those very streets once held the homes of the scrupulous Dutch, who in the old country washed even the outside of their houses three times a week!

It seems hardly fair to look at the early American paintings of the exhibit with the overwhelming impression of the Dutch masterpieces

fresh upon us. Yet we must feel a wondering admiration for the fact that the little Colonies, struggling first with the wilderness, then with French and Indian foes, and then with the mother country, could so early in their history have brought forth any paintings at all. By far the most numerous of the portraits shown are those by Copley, and of these perhaps the most important is the painting called "A Family Group," lent by D. Maitland Armstrong. The Peale portrait of Washington lent by Thomas H. Kelly is of historic value; but, of course, the place of honor in the exhibition is given to the famous portrait of Robert Fulton by his friend and master, Benjamin West, which hangs at the end of the nineteenth-century room, over a beautiful old American mantelpiece loaned by Fulton's granddaughter. The painter has given to the great inventor an expression of intense, searching thought which must evidently have characterized the face of Fulton. The burning glow of the eyes shows that here is indeed genius, and it is with particular interest that we look upon the portrait at this time, when all America—through New York—honors the achievement of this famous man.

On the whole, the many portraits hung above the Colonial furniture in these three rooms may be said to complete the picture of Colonial times by showing us the Colonists themselves. These paintings add the last touch of interest to an exhibition arranged with singular clearness of purpose and effect. The display of early American industrial art forces us to realize that in spite of our rapid growth and progress we can scarcely be said to have improved upon the excellence of design in the craftsmanship of those old times when life and manners were simple. Abnormal luxury had not then exaggerated household requirements, destroying good taste, whose distinguishing mark must always be *simplicity*, whether enforced by necessity or adopted by choice.

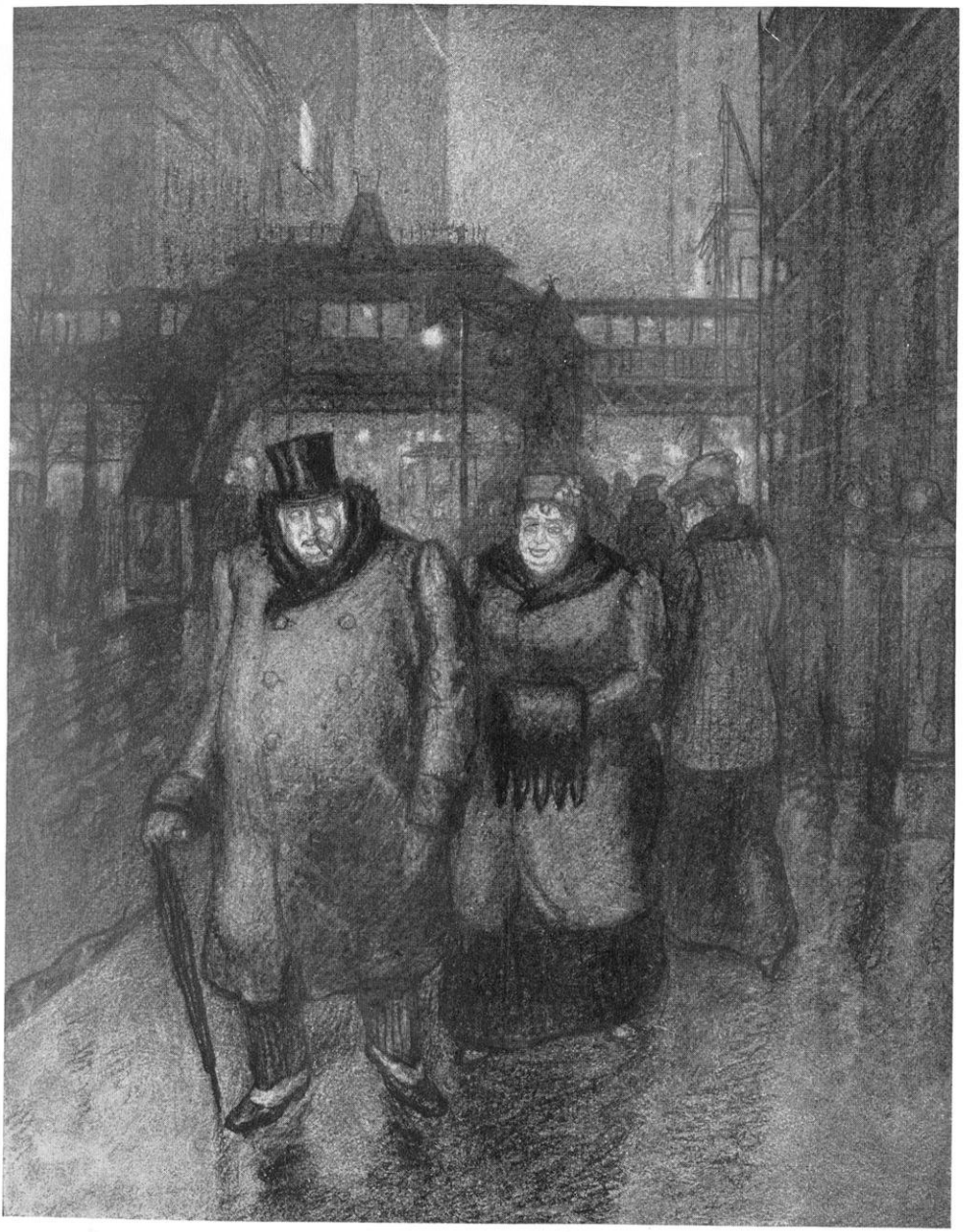
However interesting the American rooms may be, the dominant impression that the visitor carries from the Museum is that of the truly remarkable exhibition of Dutch art. The privilege of viewing in one collection so many masterpieces can never be forgotten. It must be an artistic event in the life of every American visitor who cannot go abroad. The exhibition teaches New Yorkers to be proud of their historic link with the sturdy, daring little country that could bring forth an Erasmus, a Spinoza and a Rembrandt,—thrifty, industrious and self-reliant Holland, honest alike in art and in religion, the mother of the town that was once New Amsterdam, and is now one of the greatest cities in the world. This exhibition will last until about the end of November.

UNDERCURRENTS OF NEW YORK LIFE SYMPATHETICALLY DEPICTED IN THE DRAWINGS OF GLENN O. COLEMAN

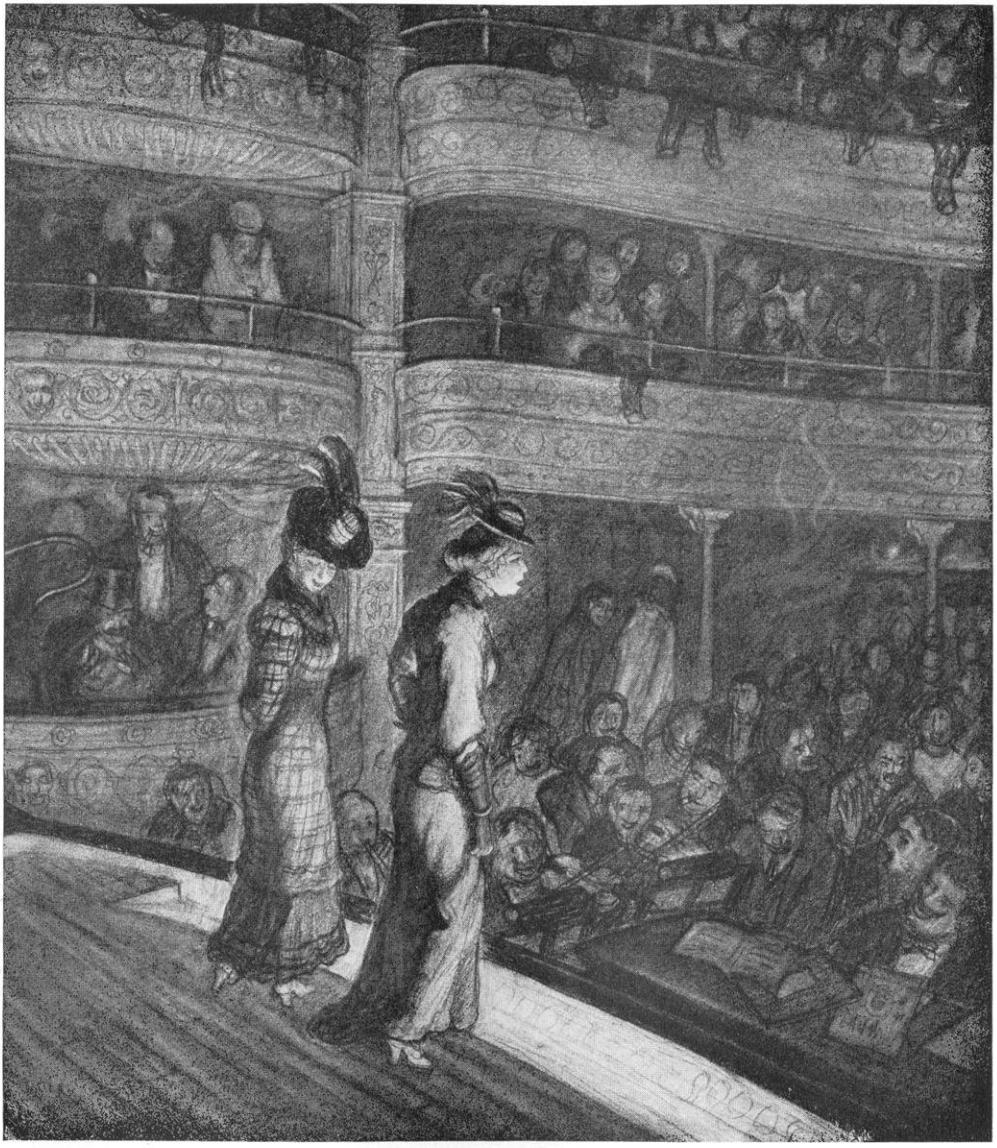
HERE are only seven plots in the world, the novelists tell us, and all stories and plays are variations or combinations of these themes; there are only five compositions for pictures; history is a repetition of a series of events, and there can never be a new emotion. It sounds like rather a discouraging prospect until one reflects that of all those who look out upon this cut and dried existence, no two people see quite alike or see the whole truth of it. The eternal novelty of life lies in the infinity of possible points of view; the way the neighbors take it. It is from the point of view of the author that we see the play, read the book or look at the picture; from their point of view that we talk with our friends. Each has his own particular eye-glass, his little lens ground with an infinitesimal difference from all the other lenses, through which he views life at a particular angle. None of them tells us anything new in itself, but each shows us a new way of looking at life, and what it means to him. These meanings are new truths to us and go to build up the sum of truth and understanding in our attitude toward life. This is not to say that art inevitably should have an educational purpose behind it, yet it ought to stimulate not only the senses to a better appreciation of line and form and color, but also the soul and the imagination to a higher appreciation of the beauty of life.

Consequently, when an artist appears with a definite and individual point of view it seems to us an occasion for gratitude. He will loan us his lenses, so to speak, and show us the meaning in something that we have perhaps passed by blindly a hundred times. Mr. Coleman, whose drawings illustrate this article, has a rare understanding of New York and the people that form the undercurrents in the vast river of its population. He has drawn them quite impartially, seeing them apparently with the level eye, neither exalting them by sentimental pity nor patronizing them as ignorant and weak. He has represented them in this series of pictures, enjoying the pleasures in their lives which, regardless of poverty and pitiable surroundings, average about the same as those in the lives of all other classes of persons. They are all human beings, and the truth of his observations of them and their surroundings gives to his work an historical value aside from the artistic worth.

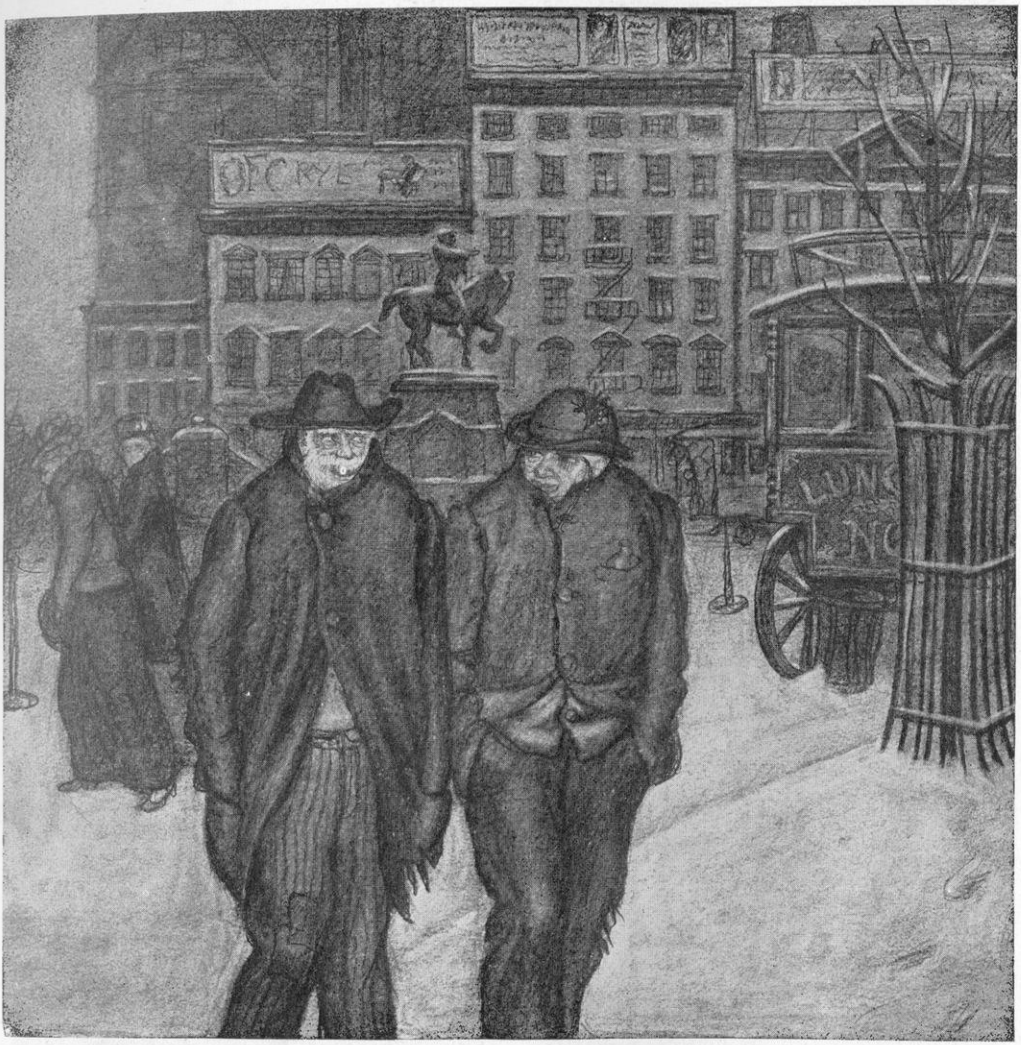
Every great workman of all ages, in every branch of art, has contributed at least a part of his genius to preserving the history of his own times, either directly or unconsciously representing the leading events in the social, military or political life. This, Mr. Coleman



"FORTY-SECOND STREET": DRAWN BY GLENN O. COLEMAN.



"AMATEUR NIGHT ON THE BOWERY":
DRAWN BY GLENN O. COLEMAN.



UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK:
DRAWN BY GLENN O. COLEMAN.

"THE SHOP GIRL AT HOME":
DRAWN BY GLENN O. COLEMAN.

has done in his group of drawings, "Scenes from the Life of the People," a series of impressions and annotations upon life that register the old eternal relations between human beings, seen against the background of the moment.

EVERYONE familiar with New York knows Forty-second Street at the hour when the buoyant, excited crowd throngs out from the theaters. This is the moment of the first picture. It is not raining, but the air is full of moisture and the pavement shines under the lights. From the midst of the crowd the artist has selected two Jews. It is not chance that they are there; every night they are on the street, the fat, smug couple, taking their pleasure. A hundred like them have already passed and a hundred others might emerge from the crowd. The theater has been satisfactory, the damp air comes refreshingly against their faces. They are conscious of their warm coats, of the softness of the fur on their collars. The woman falls to thinking of the restaurant to which they are going, and the final gratification of supper and the blended perfume of food and wine. The excitement of the color and music of the theater have died away and she smiles complacently to herself in the midst of her satisfaction with life, but the stimulation is still at work in the senses of the man, growing sluggish now with approaching age, and he looks back across his wife at the young woman who has just passed them, alone. She, too, looks back, but not at him, more at the woman who is smiling complacently; at the feather on her hat, the evident prosperity. Pleasure has not come her own way as yet tonight.

So much are they a type, and theirs the typical pleasure of the street, that the two seem to be the leaders of a procession marching in due order from the pleasure of the theater to the pleasure of the restaurant. The artist makes no comment on the scene. There is much beauty in the composition; the arch of the elevated station and the play of lights, as there always is in New York street scenes, but in the background of the picture lies the tensity, the vast suggestion of the entire city. It is our entrance to all New York. The sky, arching over the city, is vibrant with pink reflection of the electric lights; the roar of the elevated, the buzz of the trolleys and the honk of motor horns ascend like an exhilaration. All New York stretches beyond, the wilderness of deep, narrow streets, the mass of people, beneath a mesh of lights.

"Amateur Night on the Bowery" has perhaps more beauty of composition than the drawing called "Forty-second Street," but here also, with wonderful force of presentation, we get the sense of the

cheap theater, the rough audience in which the scum of almost every race on earth is presented. Amateur Night is the revival of an old custom originated sixty years ago, when the managers used to try out aspiring actors on Friday night, a proceeding which caused so much amusement to the company that the theaters saw money in it and, charging the regular admission, threw open the stage to any amateur with professional ambitions. When the performance became tiresome the audience shouted loudly for the "hook," a formidable weapon manipulated from the wings, that removed the bore from the stage. One feels in the picture the good-natured grins of brutal amusement, the embarrassment of the girl who has forgotten what she was going to say, the effort of the other to appear quite at ease, to brazen it out somehow. Above in the balcony is the eager audience who has caught sight of the "hook" approaching the unconscious pair, and is pressing forward to see the comedy denouement.

ANYONE knowing the characteristic types of people that loaf about the different squares in New York, will have little difficulty in recognizing in the third sketch a quick impression of the south end of Union Square. This is the direct thoroughfare from the West Side to the Bowery, whither the figures are hasting. It is a cold, snappy day. The air is exhilarating, clean and wholesome. The two "bums," their hands deep in their ragged pockets, their heads sunk in their collars, feel the exhilaration of it. The man who posed for the figure on the left is an old printer and a good one. In the winter, during the rush work of the Christmas season, he gets a warm job in a printing office; in summer he goes to the docks where there is always a cool breeze blowing across the piers. In the off-season he tramps about with his pal and finds life equally good, no matter which way he takes it. He may have shoveled a little snow somewhere the morning of the picture, and so, full of joy of living, he and his pal are moving on to a beer on the Bowery. Behind them a woman, passing down Fifth Avenue, looks at the two shabby figures crossing the square. She has no conception of their pleasure and of what makes it. She looks at them half-pityingly because they are ragged and it is cold, and half-scornfully that men should come to such a pass.

"The Shop Girl at Home" is the most dramatic of these drawings. Here the artist represents the girl at the most critical moment in her daily life, the little dramatic pause, tense with possibilities, between the day's and the evening's excitement. This girl is made for pleasure, to enjoy all the obvious delights of life. She wants no

part in the sordidness and misery of it, so she goes to the department store with long hours and small pay, to be an onlooker at the pageant that winds continuously between the counters. There is light, color, perfume, and "style," her goddess. Every morning she leaves the grayness behind to become a spectator of the joy of life, but at night she comes back to it again. She is an alien figure standing there, miles away from the labyrinth of dark, ill-smelling rooms at the top of the narrow, wooden stairs behind her, from the children squabbling at the end of the passage that leads to the little court in the center of the tenement. On the steps beside her the ragged little sister plays with a bedraggled kitten. The kitten and the child are weazened and old. They have accepted existence as it has been thrust upon them. But not so with the shop girl; her blood is ardent and her body full. She is drawing herself forward out of the grayness; the white lights are on her face. She buys herself cheap imitations of what women who have beauty in their lives are accustomed to wear, because she, too, is seeking the beauty of life, and these are "the prettiest things she knows." The artist has drawn her as she is, sparing no voluptuous detail, no commonness, no vulgarity. She is an eager, round-limbed little huntress among the shadows of life. Shall she go forth or shall she wait, both the lure and the hunter, to seize the first pleasure that passes in a guise that she understands? She feels herself an alien. Even in her thought she has thrust the sordid life behind her, yet she accepts it as her background, and is inseparable from it.

In these four scenes the characters are so closely woven into their environment that each becomes the expression of the other, and whether on Forty-second Street or the East Side the presence of Mighty Manhattan is always felt throbbing behind the particular setting of the picture. The drawings evince subtle satire rather than caricature. The artist works without comment. He is too absorbed in grasping the underlying connection between all life, and in portraying a phase of America, a transition, a step in the making of the country. He sees the sordidness and vulgarity in it, but with a vision of truth that gives the scenes the dignity of a rightful place in the scheme of existence, and changes them from isolated happenings in the lives of unimportant people to chapters in human life and documents of the country's growth.

THE DESTRUCTION OF AMERICAN FORESTS: OUR LOSS AND OUR COMPENSATION

AS SAMSON found honey in the lion's carcass, so perhaps may we, in contemplating the wreckage of noble forests that form part of our legacy to coming generations, hope to find something of sweet and compensating savor even under the ribs of that desolation. Face to face as we now are with the material penalties of having sacrificed our woodlands wholesale to the blind greed of the axe and the devouring maw of forest fires, we are ready to recognize and accept the obviously expedient principles of conservation and reforestation. But even while learning this physical lesson we may have unconsciously crossed the threshold of another truth, one which has its spiritual and æsthetic no less than its material aspect. In the very spectacle of the devastation which we have wrought or permitted, with all its sordid accompaniments, there lurks a reminder that in life, as in art, beauty and satisfaction are born only of economy.

If no amount of reforestation can restore to their original estate the magnificent pine forests of northern Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, neither, with a timber famine menacing, can the countryside continue to bear its mushroom growth of meaningless and impermanent frame habitations in lieu of its legitimate crop of homes. If we cannot restore the unparalleled forests of black walnut which clothed the bottom lands of Indiana and Illinois, neither, let us believe, can we ever again fill our houses with furniture as ugly, ornate and insincere as the worst that the famous "black walnut period" produced. In short, our native woods are becoming too scarce, and therefore too valuable, for us longer to degrade them to wasteful and unlovely uses. With this enforced respect for their materials we may not unreasonably hope to see our house-builders become home-builders, and our furniture-makers once again animated by true spirit of craftsmanship rather than by zeal for commercial exploitation. For it seems to be only when the value or the scarcity of materials compels economy in their use that the craftsman gets his best results—a fact which finds analogies throughout all of life.

Thus it is a commonplace of knowledge that wherever Nature, like an overindulgent mother, supplies man's every material need without demanding any effort upon his part, there her human children lag behind their less pampered fellows not only in spiritual and mental development, but even in purely physical achievement. Not in the tropics, but in the temperate zones, has civilization borne its richest fruit. In those opulent regions where the earth nourishes him of her bounty without preliminary tilling, and where the problems of cloth-

ing and shelter are reduced to their simplest terms, man, although thus relieved of his physical burdens, does not urge to the front of the procession in the great march of human progress. Instead he loiters and dreams, soothed by the contentment of his senses, untouched by the salutary spur of necessity which has urged the race forward on its blind upward climb throughout the ages. Necessity, it seems, is the mother not only of invention, but of the spiritual vision which enables us to know beauty and to worship it.

IN A sense the forest may be regarded as the basis upon which all our material wealth rests. If our water-sheds were stripped of their forest coverings which check and regulate the distribution of the rainfall the resultant floods would soon render our greatest rivers unnavigable and our fertile lands would be largely reduced by erosion to barren wildernesses. It is therefore no easy thing that we demand of the spirit of optimism when we ask it to see light as well as darkness emanating from our present forest problem. Nor is this to be achieved by blinking the facts of the case—facts which even in their baldest presentation loom staggeringly large.

Within the last year or two the nation has been shocked into understanding that its natural resources are not "boundless," "limitless," and "inexhaustible," as we have been in the habit of grandiloquently describing them. Cold statistics compiled by our leading authorities on forests, mines, soils and waterways have made it clear that even the stupendous natural wealth with which Nature has endowed this country is perceptibly and swiftly shrinking before "the great American method" of doing business. This method seems to be to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs in order to realize more quickly and easily on the eggs already in the nest. This, perhaps, is one reason why the American people pay more for bare living than any other people ever paid before. The method is best illustrated, as well as most disastrous, in its application to the forests. By a wanton system of lumbering which wastes more trees than it uses and at the same time so litters with "slash" the woods through which it cuts as to leave them veritable fire-traps, we are depleting our forests at about a hundred billions of feet of timber a year, a rate which, it is estimated, will wipe out the last of our forests in little over a quarter of a century. Nor can we shirk our share of the responsibility for this state of affairs by decrying the "greed" of the lumberman. In the final analysis it will be found that the blame belongs quite as much to the ignorance and indifference of the general public. We should remember, moreover, that each year the fire losses in the United States by the burning of buildings and their contents amount to nearly

a quarter of a billion dollars, and that the timber thus burned is just as much of a drain upon the forests as if we burned the trees as they stood. The tremendous amount of wealth wiped out annually by actual forest fires—the result of carelessness—is not so easily reduced to exact figures.

Of course, as soon as the public perceived the logical sequel of this short-sighted looting of the public treasure-houses, it began to busy itself with the discussion of remedies. Even after the horse is stolen, the other livestock and the fodder may be saved by putting a lock on the stable door. Hence we have the conservation movement which many regard as the most important development under the Roosevelt Administration. But so far has the destruction of our woods already gone that reforestation must play an important part in this movement. At the same time there is wholesome discipline in remembering that no amount of tree-planting will restore what we have destroyed, though it may serve to mark the scars of our devastating methods, and to ward off their material penalties. We have played the prodigal with our natural resources and we have to reckon with the husks. No amount of belated appreciation will restore to us one of those "big trees" (sequoia gigantea) which from the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains had begun to watch the procession of the centuries before Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, and which were still green and growing when felled to meet the needs of our vandal civilization. Nor will the adoption at the eleventh hour of scientific and businesslike methods of lumbering undo the havoc that has been wrought among the redwood tracts of the Coast Range, where the biggest saw-mills in the world are devouring the world's most majestic forests. Until lately, the method of cutting the redwoods was so destructive that it not only completely ruined the forests but incidentally wasted half of every tree.

TURNING from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast, the ruined seaboard flats of Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas add another chapter to the story of our ruthless and short-sighted exploitation of Nature's bounties. Here the misdirected energy of our turpentine gatherers has destroyed the forests of maritime pine which under the different treatment would have been one of the most valuable and permanent sources of income on our southwest coast. By blundering methods which lose nine-tenths of the available turpentine from each tree, leaving the killed timber to fall and rot where it grew, they have reduced the region to an aching desolation of miasmatic swamps and sandy wastes. In France similar forests planted by hand on similar sandy stretches of coast, are so managed

as to yield a steady and profitable harvest of turpentine, firewood, mine props, charcoal and wood alcohol, without suffering any reduction from year to year. But even this is an inadequate and expensive substitute for the original woodland laid out by the inspired carelessness of Nature's hand. As somebody writes of artificial forests in Germany: "One realizes that there are, in fact, pine gardens as orderly as cabbage fields, and as well tilled and cared for as a market garden."

Nowhere in the world can we find forests to duplicate those that we have destroyed or decimated—the limitless woods of primeval pine in Wisconsin and Michigan, the miles of huge white oaks in western Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri and Arkansas, and the splendid forests of black walnut which made famous certain sections of Indiana and Illinois. But it would seem that the very lavishness of these natural resources helped to make us an unappreciative people. We cannot build or create beautifully without a true appreciation of our materials, and where those materials are too plentiful such appreciation is rarely found.

Thus we did not get our bad architecture or bad furniture until the increasing output of the big saw-mills made it a commercial desideratum to force the sale of lumber. Then began the period of ugly and characterless frame houses, with their boxed-in architecture and their gingerbread decorations. Architects thought, not in terms of architecture, but in terms of lumber. Our overabundant and easily worked pine created its own system of wastefulness and ugliness. It paid the mills not only to supply the normal market but to create and foster an artificial demand for their products. Lumber became such a bargain that we wasted it in miles upon miles of unnecessary board sidewalks and in flimsy makeshift houses, thrown together until the builders should be rich enough to erect in their stead other frame houses newer and larger and equally ugly. These houses were not in any true sense an expression of the common people, but of the great saw-mills and the commercial system they represented. While timber was so plentiful and so cheap it did not seem worth while to give much attention or thought to how it was used. Later the people were to begin to find themselves architecturally through the pressure of new economic problems.

WHAT art we had in building and cabinetmaking belongs to a period before the era of the great saw-mills. Thus the old Colonial houses, whether of wood or of stone, possessed both beauty and durability, for when these were built lumber had not become a drug on the market. The builder still used his wood with a wholesome appreciation of its value in terms of labor, and he con-

sequently sought to avail himself of its utmost possibilities both of beauty and of permanence. The same fact is reflected in the furniture made in this country during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, which by its thorough craftsmanship, its usable beauty and its economy of material stands as a reproach to the furniture-maker of today.

The ledger of our forest accounts, then, may be said to balance up somewhat as follows: *On the debit side*, we find that the unintelligent exploitation of our forests has already carried us across the threshold of a timber famine into conditions which must be long endured before they will be even partially remedied. Thus the only considerable hardwood forests of virgin growth remaining in the country today are those of the White Mountains in the northeast and the Southern Appalachian chains. We have destroyed our hemlocks for their tan bark as we once destroyed our noble hordes of bison for the robes they wore. By erosion resulting from the loss of our forests the country is losing more than one hundred square miles of good soil annually—the sediment due to this cause carried by the Mississippi alone in a single year amounting to more soil than will be moved in the entire process of excavating the Panama Canal. *On the credit side*, we find that these facts have shocked the nation into a sense of responsibility toward, and therefore truer appreciation of, what remains of its forest heritage. The wasting and burning may be regarded as the price—exorbitant and terrible, but demanded—of this appreciation. As a result public opinion has rallied behind the work of the forestry bureau, with its far-reaching programme of conservation and reforestation. But from the very nature of this work, we must wait long for its fruits. And in the meantime the soaring price of lumber is teaching us another national lesson. For the high price of materials is one of the most potent discouragers of cheaply-conceived, impermanent architecture and trashy and undurable furniture. Forced to recognize the value of wood, we begin to use it in a way to do justice to its inherent beauty and quality. As we have already suggested, some of the results of this changed attitude toward our commonest building material may be so far-reaching that it seems almost fanciful to point them out. But it is obvious that a growing appreciation of the beauties and right uses of a material so essential to the building of American homes must make itself felt as an important factor in the development of our national architecture. And when once we begin to strive for sincerity and beauty in our houses, which should be in a sense the outward symbols of all that is happiest and tenderest and most significant in the lives they shelter, our feet are already set on the paths of spiritual growth.

ARTHUR STREETON: AN AUSTRALIAN PAINTER WHO HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEMS OF ART IN HIS OWN WAY: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD

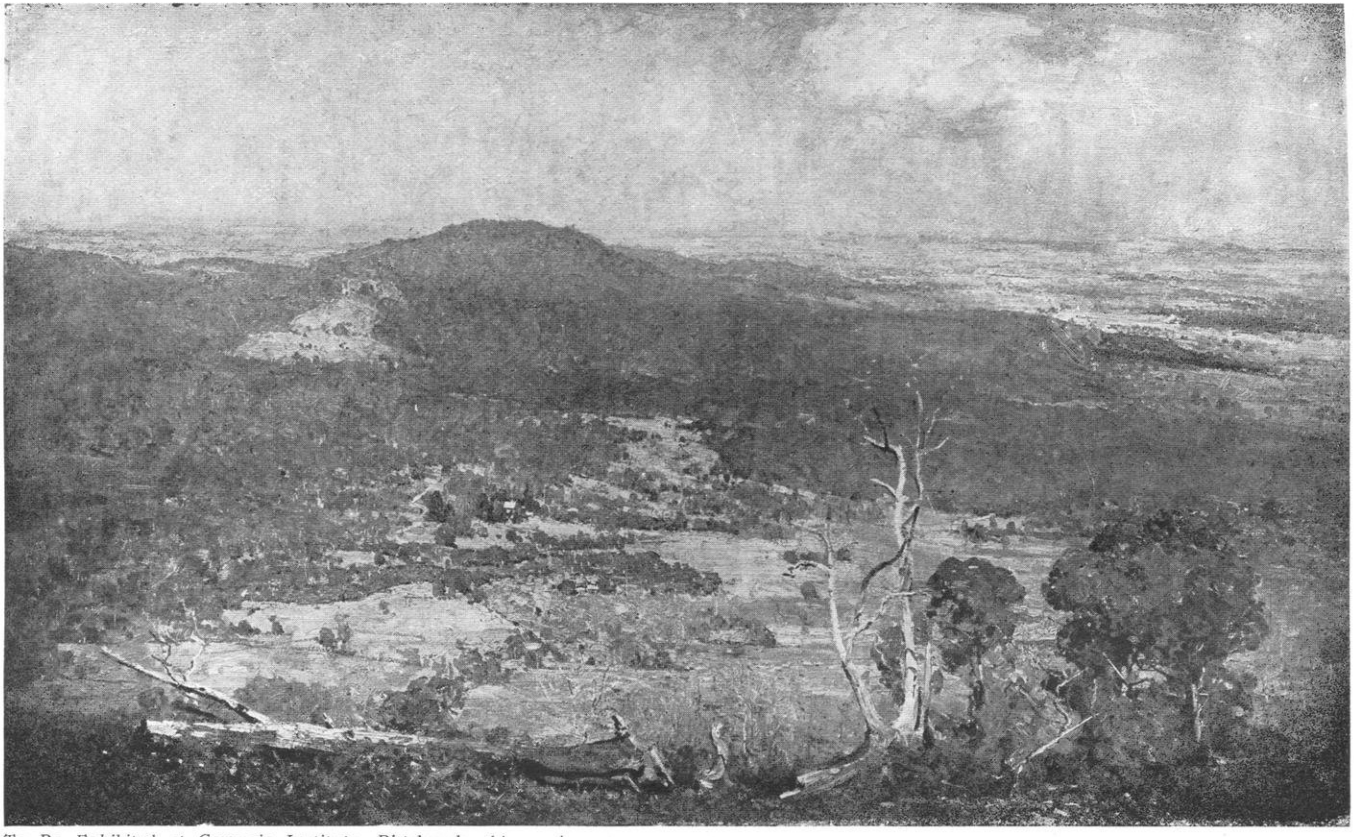
IN SPITE of our worship of tradition, and our belief in academic training and the infallibility of long-established methods, we are beginning slowly to realize that the man who goes directly to the heart of things and does his work in the way that seems best to him, regardless of what others have done, is the man who most surely attains to vigorous and convincing expression of his thought. And when a man has grown up in a new country, where civilization is still more or less in a formative stage, and where each problem, whether social, political, or artistic, must be grappled with at first-hand, he has the best possible chance for developing all that he possesses of capability; for if he be denied the culture that comes from close personal association with long-established traditions and with the heritage left to the world by the thinkers and workers of the past, he is also freed from the pressure of the overwhelming influences that so often cramp, as well as direct, the freedom of individual expression.

A significant example of the effect of work done under such conditions and in a new country far removed from the great art centers of the world, is found in the landscape painting of Mr. Arthur Streeton, a young Australian who is making his influence felt even among the strong men who now form the revolutionary group in London art circles. Mr. Streeton's work, while more or less uneven,—as is usually the case with self-taught men,—always commands attention, because of the artist's frank and forceful seizure of the salient characteristics of his subject, and a method of treatment that seems to go straight through the medium he employs to the soul of the thing he is striving to represent. One feels that here is a man who has lived much in the open, and who has a close kinship with Nature and a deep understanding of her moods. Whether he is painting the wide quiet spaces and mellow southern coloring of his native Australia, or the gorgeous hues and golden summer sunlight of Italy, or the watery gray-blue skies and sedate opulent landscape of England, one receives the impression that the picture has been done swiftly and in the open,—that the artist has set up his easel near the spot which he pictures on his canvas and in striving to represent the scene that lay before him has put himself into such harmony with it that he has imprisoned in his colors the very soul of land, sea and sky. Every one of his pictures, no matter where painted, is full of light and air,

and its fresh and brilliant coloring is harmonized by the atmosphere, precisely as the colors in nature blend under the influence of the great unifier,—light. Arthur Streeton sees things somewhat in the same way that Sorolla does, and in the majority of his pictures you feel strong sunlight, the blowing of clean winds, and the movement of water under blue sky. While he falls willingly into the soberer moods of English landscape, and paints it with the most sensitive appreciation of its staid, low-toned beauty, the greater part of his work shows a natural affiliation for the warmth and sunshine of the south, and his most brilliant canvases are those painted either in Australia or in Italy.

THE fact that Mr. Streeton is almost wholly a self-taught man is due to one of those priceless opportunities for development that so often come under the guise of an apparent limitation. During his most impressionable years, he had almost no opportunity of forming his standards by the study of great paintings, for he was born and grew up in Melbourne, and during his boyhood was trained for the business life that finds most favor with an ambitious, energetic lad who has his own way to make in a new country. But he had other ambitions, and a certain power that was seeking for expression. When a lad of sixteen, he joined the night class of the Melbourne Art School, where, after his day's work was done, he found a chance to draw pictures. In this way, he received some sound training in drawing from casts, and also from life, that gave him experience in handling line and form, and also grounded him in the principles of perspective; and there his art education stopped. Yet he felt sufficiently sure of himself and of what he wanted to do to give up business when he was only nineteen years old, and to devote himself to painting, working out after his own methods the technical problems that confronted him, and striving only to express as clearly and truthfully as he could the beauty which he saw all around him. Working in this way, it was natural that he should do most of his painting in the open, and this meant that he never had to outgrow the habit of depending upon the carefully adjusted lights of the studio and the striving for effects after this or that manner, but drove directly at the things he wanted to express, which were air, light and the wonderful colors of land, sea and sky seen under the full glow of the southern sun.

By dint of hard work and unwavering sincerity in expression, the young artist slowly learned a free and fluent use of his medium; mainly because he was intent always upon the scene he was trying to depict, rather than on the manner of using his brush or laying on



To Be Exhibited at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, this coming season.

"AUSTRALIA FELIX": ARTHUR STREETON, PAINTER.

"SYDNEY HARBOR": ARTHUR STREETON, PAINTER.

Reproduced by Permission of the Right Honorable Russell Rea, M.P.

"TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, ON A MISTY AFTERNOON IN WINTER": ARTHUR STREETON, PAINTER.

"VENICE, GRAND CANAL FROM THE PALAZZO FOSCARI": ARTHUR STREETON, PAINTER.

of his colors. Of course, there were hard times and many discouragements, but year by year he gained a firmer grip on his art and wider recognition from his countrymen, until in eighteen hundred and ninety-two he felt strong enough to send a picture to the Paris Salon. The result furnished an impetus which he is feeling yet, for the picture was not only accepted but was hung in a place of honor and given honorable mention,—the first time that such recognition had ever been extended to an Australian. Five years later he left Australia and went to England, not because he had exhausted the possibilities of his own country, but because he felt that it was time to turn to the older civilization and to seek the wider opportunities that are to be found in the home country, which is the Mecca of the colonial-born. But on the way he stopped for several months in Egypt, reveling in the white hot glare of the African sunshine, and in the tawny hills and plains, accented with dashes of barbaric color; finally resuming his journey with a store of new pictures and sketches which formed a valuable record of growth and experience.

IN ENGLAND the struggle began all over again, for the British mind is slow, conservative and eminently self-satisfied,—not at all given to the approval and encouragement of strong rugged young colonials who have hewn out their own ways of working, regardless of the schools. But men like Arthur Streeton are not easily defeated, and although commissions were few and exhibitions uncordial, he worked doggedly ahead, always true to his own convictions, and always painting what he saw in exactly the way he saw it. So gradually he gained a hearing. His pictures found place in the Paris Salon, and appeared more and more often at the provincial exhibitions held in England, and at last London woke up to the fact that here was a strong man, doing honest and vital work. The doors of the Royal Academy and the New Gallery were opened to him, also Guildhall, the Royal Society of British Artists, and the new English Art Club. He visited Venice, and gave his own virile and unhackneyed interpretation of the world-famed and much-painted palaces, churches and lagoons of the Queen of the Adriatic. He saw modern Venice with the delighted appreciation of the outlander who has long dreamed of her glories and has just found his dreams realized in objective form. And again he swiftly transferred to canvas what he saw, as undisturbed by the golden visions of Turner and the subtle harmonies of Whistler as he was by the hard, glittering color and merciless architectural details of Canaletto or Zeim. Working always quickly and on the spot, and dashing his colors on the canvas with big free brush strokes, he caught the very spirit of Venice

as she is today,—with all her opulence of color, her vividness and gaiety. He saw the buildings in the mass, and he grasped the general effect of the cream and rose tints of marble, the soft gray of time-worn stone and the sparkle of blue-green waters lapping against the steps of the palaces,—all bathed in the somnolent splendor of the summer sunshine. As the result, his Venetian pictures had a marked success in the International Exhibition in Venice, and he returned to England with wider powers and a surer grasp of the thing he was trying to do.

And in England he found that it was no longer difficult to command attention, for the vigorous sincerity of his work had begun to receive its just meed of consideration and respect. An exhibition of his work at the Alpine Club last spring made a strong impression, because for the first time it showed the full scope of his power and versatility. Here were pictures from Australia, Egypt, Italy, and England,—each canvas vital with the life and atmosphere of the country which had inspired it, and all alike evidencing the insight and honesty of the painter.

THIS year he received a gold medal from the Salon of the Société des Artistes Français for a large picture which he calls "Australia Felix," and another canvas entitled "Sydney Harbor" attracted much attention at the New Salon in the Champ de Mars. Both pictures are reproduced here, and the illustration of "Australia Felix" is all the more interesting to Americans because Mr. Streeton has been invited to send the picture to the next exhibition held at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. This will be his introduction to the American public, and it is safe to predict that he will find cordial appreciation and understanding, because he is so closely akin to the men who are doing strongly individual work in our own country. The picture shows great quiet spaces, full of the warm haziness of the southern atmosphere that in the distance takes on a tone of rosy violet instead of the blue of northern climes. Huge wide-flanked hills with softly rounded lines enclose a rich valley of farm lands, dotted with buildings here and there, and other valleys and plains stretch to the far distant horizon. The bronze-green of the heavily timbered hillsides throws into strong relief the lighter tones of the fields, and a sharp accent is given by the bare trunks of the dead trees in the foreground,—trees which seem to have risen directly in front of the artist's easel as he sat on the brow of the hill looking over mountain and valley. The coloring of the whole picture is warm, sunny and mellow,—a glow but not a glare of sunshine. It is a rich and pleasant land, as yet unspoiled by the civilization which it befriends and also dominates.

The other Australian picture, "Sydney Harbor," shows the same breadth and freedom of treatment and the same dignity and simplicity of interpretation. There is a wide, quiet stretch of water, with low-lying hills beyond, veiled with the violet haze that allows only a suggestion of the city that covers their slopes. Even the buildings nearer to the foreground become almost a part of the landscape, and the steamers and cruisers lying at anchor in the bay and the little fishing boats skimming about give hardly more than a suggestion of human life and industry to the peace and serenity of the scene.

Mr. Streeton's English mood is shown by the picture of "Trafalgar Square on a Winter Afternoon,"—a picture painted for, and owned by the Right Honorable Russell Rea, M. P. Veiled as it is in a pale gray mist, broken here and there by shattered rifts of light which are reflected in pale gleams from the wet pavement, it is the very essence of London in winter. The whole picture is a study in grays, and its coloring is most tender and elusive. The fountains seem almost a part of the silvery mist, and the tall slender shaft of the monument appears to float above the earth rather than to rest upon its base of solid stone. The confused mass of ghostly buildings beyond looks like the city of a dream, and the only thing that brings us back to reality is the tide of life pouring through the streets and the solid mass of masonry in the foreground at the left. It is a picture to which one turns again and again, so full is it of tenderness, mystery and harmony of tones.

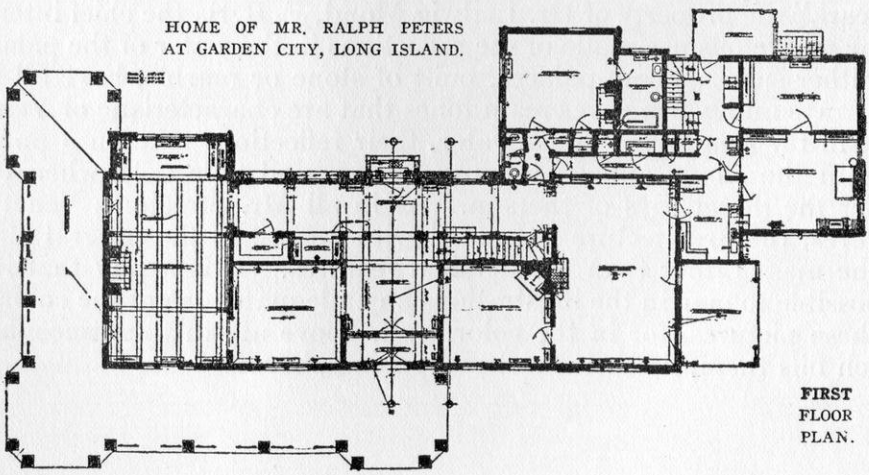
The Venetian pictures are painted in a different key. They show the same breadth and simplicity of treatment, and the same broad, swift brush work, but they seem fairly to radiate the light and color which fills them. In the view of the "Grand Canal from the Palazzo Foscari," the property of Dr. Ludwig Mond, F. R. S., the chief interest is the marvelous use made of the reflections in the water of the palaces on either side. These palaces, built of stone or marble, have all the soft grays and warm rosy cream tones that are characteristic of Venice and, in the opalescent green water, their reflections take on a purple tone in the shade and a shimmer of rose and pale gold when cast under the direct rays of the sun. As in all Mr. Streeton's Venetian pictures, the architecture is treated with an eye to the general effect in the mass rather than the detailed features. It is a pity that it is impossible to give in the illustrations any adequate idea of the coloring of these pictures, for in the color, and, above all, in the atmosphere which fills them, lie their most compelling charm.

COUNTRY HOUSES DESIGNED BY AYMAR EMBURY WHICH EXPRESS THE MODERN AMERICAN SPIRIT IN HOME ARCHITECTURE

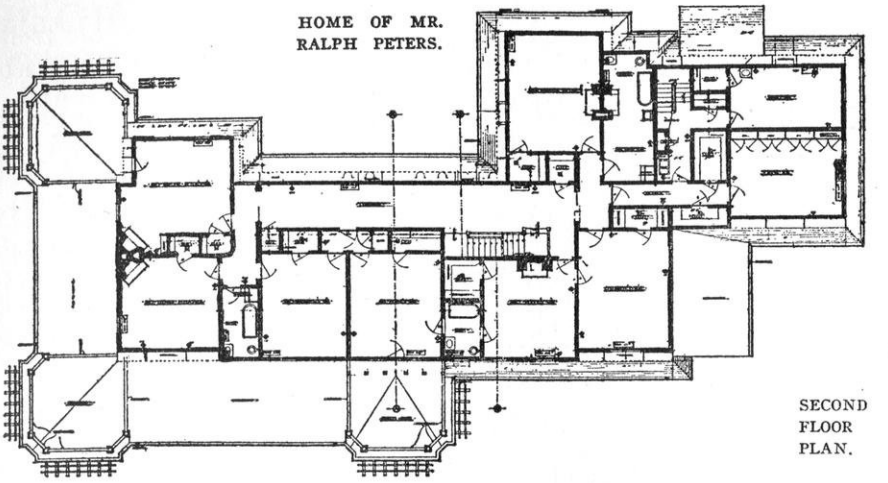
CIVILIZED man is a home-loving creature, and so much of that which is vital to his life is associated with his house that any touch of the formal and impersonal in its architecture seems out of place and bad in design. A dwelling house must be something more than an exhibition of the skill of an architect. It must express something of the warmth of the relations between those that it shelters, of their natural affection toward the house and of their connection with those who preceded them; their forebears, who have, or might have found the house homelike, according to the standards of their day. For in building a house we must "build for antiquity as much as for posterity." Mr. Joy Wheeler Dow, in his book "American Renaissance," under the chapter head of Ethics, sums up these immaterial considerations in building the house by saying: "It must presuppose, by subtle architectonic expression, both in itself and in its surroundings, that its owner possessed, once upon a time, two good parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on; had, likely, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, all eminently respectable and endeared to him."

One of the salient features of Mr. Aymar Embury's work is, then, its ethical correctness. For every example of it, the small country cottage or the elaborate suburban residence, has about it the air of a house whose walls have looked long upon happiness. Supposedly, this is to be attributed to the clever use of natural settings, suggestions of older work, generous lines and a good use of repetition, but one is

HOME OF MR. RALPH PETERS AT GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



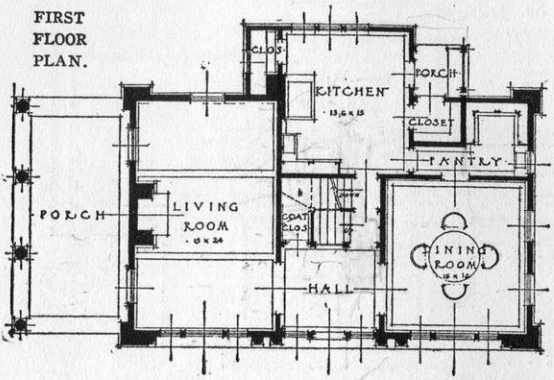
HOME OF MR. RALPH PETERS.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

inclined to think it is not traceable to things so definite but rather to a certain point of view, the architect's particular interpretation not more of the subject of house building than of life. The houses are unusually suggestive of people. The walls seem to have grown up about an already established home, as though in designing them the architect had used transparent mediums and watched, as he built, the goings and comings of an imaginary family within. Mr. Embury states his architectural theories by the brief explanation that "a house ought to look as if the people liked to live in it," and apparently this simple theory is adequate to produce some charming domestic work.

But, as with all simple expressions of the principles that lie behind good work, they are the result of a great deal of observation and thinking, which Mr. Embury has embodied in a book called "One Hundred Country Houses." The text, illustrated by modern examples of American architecture executed by architects from all parts of the country, contains much interesting matter on the history of American architecture and the planning and arrangement of country houses and gardens.

The first two illustrations of Mr. Embury's work accompanying this article show the front and rear view of Mr. Ralph Peters' residence at Garden City, L. I. The house is a low, rambling structure, adapted from the Dutch style. The lower story is of terra cotta blocks, a material that Mr. Embury often uses, covered with buff-colored stucco. The second story is of hand-split shingles, painted white; the trim of the house is also white, with window blinds of dull green, and the roof, one of the most beautiful and interesting features, is of dark brown. The windows have old-fashioned small panes, and the lightness and charm that these always give the house is helped



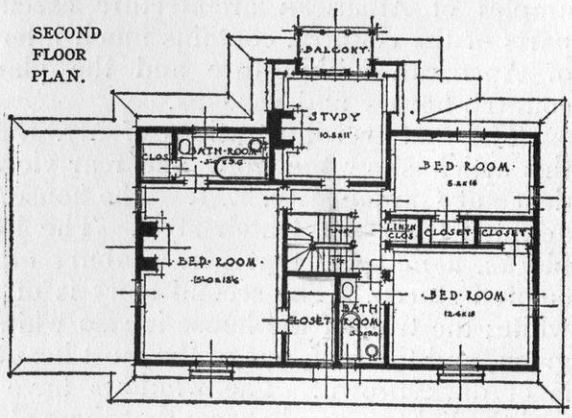
HOME OF MR. J. C. BULL: TUCKAHOE, NEW YORK.

out by the use of trellises and the light railings above the door and around the corners of the porch roof.

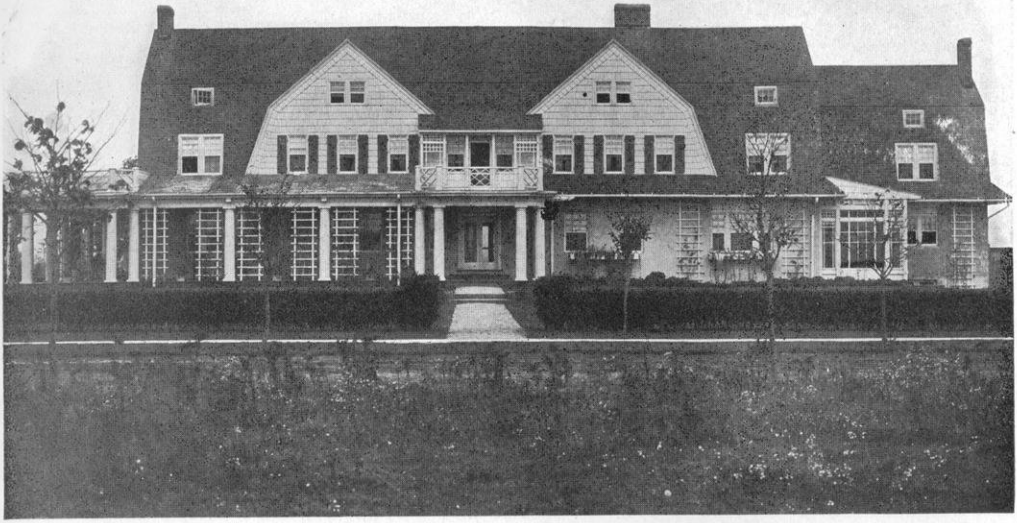
The second view of Mr. Peters' house shows the building as seen across the rear from the left. Although the structure gives the effect of lightness, almost of daintiness, that one finds usually only in smaller buildings, it is really of impressive size. In the center of the rear of the structure is a very attractive double gable, the larger repeated by one of smaller proportions, varied with a three-cornered blind at the peak. The house is trimmed at the eaves with a heavy molding and a row of shingles laid at right angles to it, which, in the two front gables, saves the awkward abruptness of the contrast of the white against the dark brown roof.

The house is entered through a vestibule that leads into a long hallway extending through to the rear. At the extreme left is the living room, and the dining room, with a glassed-in breakfast porch opening from it, occupies the corresponding position on the other side. These two rooms are connected by a long corridor running across the rear of the house, which is furnished like a room and lighted by so many windows that it is practically a long sun parlor. The ell contains the kitchen, large pantries and a bedroom and bath. In spite of the fact that the house has been but recently built, it seems to belong as much to the ground it stands on as do the trees about it, and its many pillars rise as naturally and gracefully.

The cottage belonging to Mr. J. C. Bull, of Tuckahoe, N. Y., is very attractive in design and coloring. The treatment of the first story with stone piers at each end and columns and

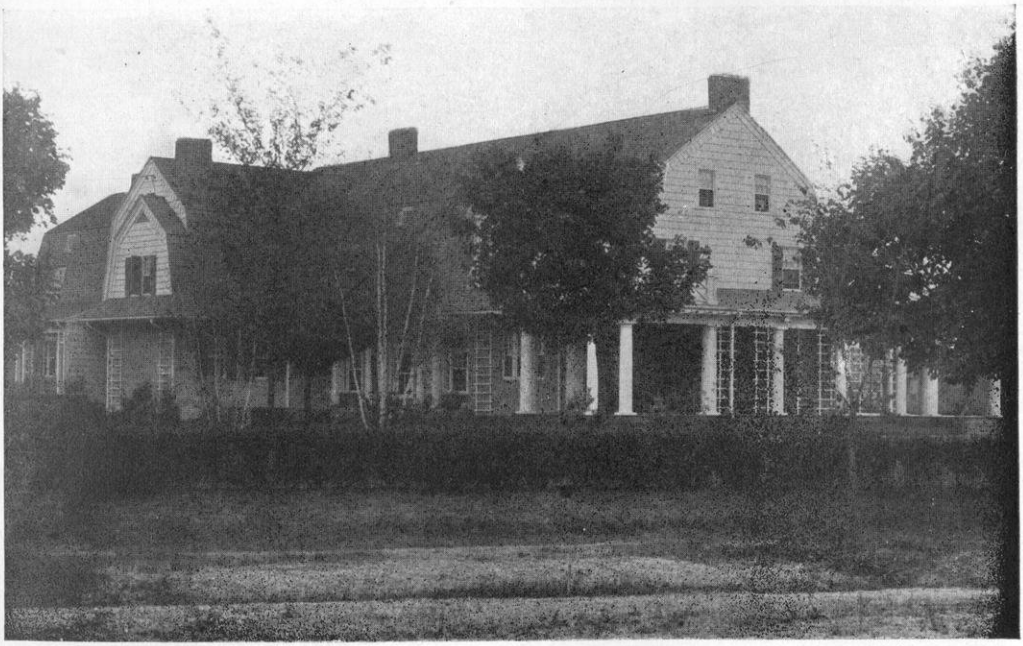


HOME OF MR. J. C. BULL.



Aymar Embury II, Architect.

HOME OF MR. RALPH PETERS, GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND, SHOWING ENTRANCE AND PORCH.



REAR VIEW OF MR. PETERS' HOUSE, LOOKING ACROSS THE GARDEN.

Aymar Embury II, Architect.

MR. J. C. BULL'S COTTAGE, TUCKAHOE, NEW YORK: SHOWING INTERESTING MODIFIED COLONIAL EFFECT.

Aymar Embury II, Architect.

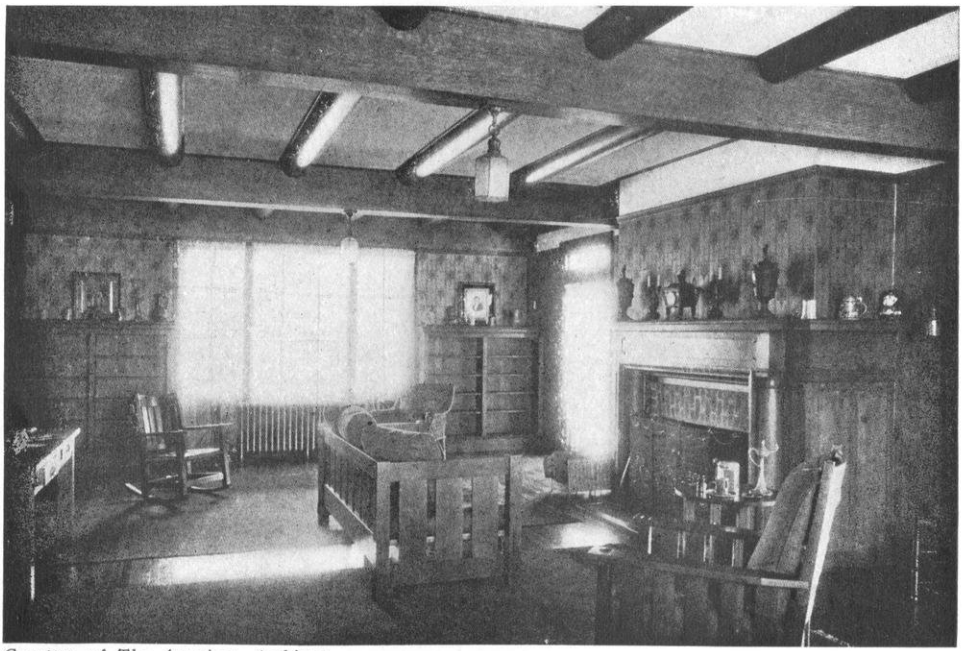
HOME OF MR. HENRY S. ORR, GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND: AN EFFECTIVE USE OF WHITE SHINGLES AND BUFF STUCCO.

Aymar Embury II, Architect.

HOME OF MR. DOUGLAS Z. DOTY, BOUND BROOK, NEW JERSEY: RELATION OF ROOF TO WINDOWS IS SINGULARLY INTERESTING.

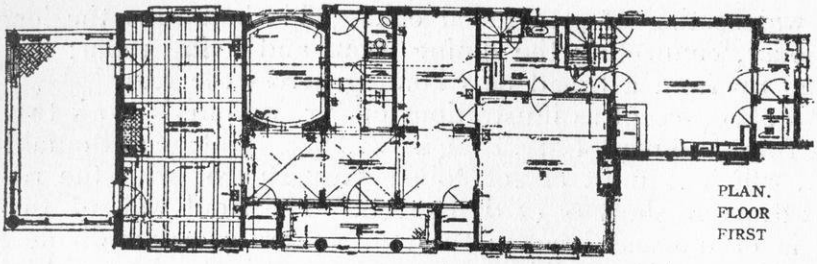
REAR VIEW OF MR. DOTY'S HOUSE.

LIVING ROOM IN MR. ORR'S COTTAGE.



Courtesy of The American Architect.

LIVING ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF MR. PETERS.



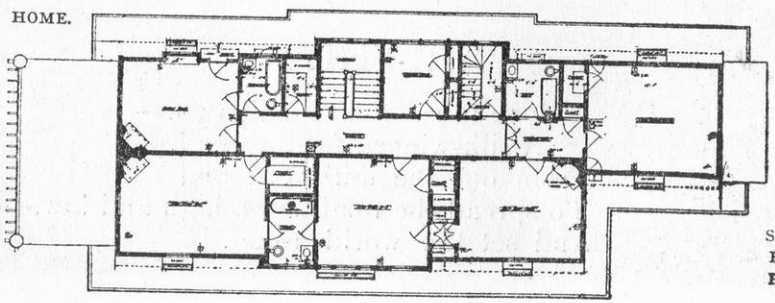
PLAN.
FLOOR
FIRST

HOME OF MR. HENRY S. ORR:
GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND.

glass between, making practically the whole south side of glass, gives bright and cheerful rooms, and, with the brick panels beneath, makes a most unusual and delightful wall. The second story of the house is covered with hand-split shingles, painted white. The roof is dark brown. The use of little trellises about the windows, rising from flower boxes on their sills, is a beautiful and also practical arrangement, shading the windows and giving a soft outline against the roof. Upon entering the house we come into a large square hall but slightly separated from the living and dining rooms, and the pleasantness of these rooms can easily be imagined from the many windows that are in the wall of the house. The interior plans are compact and convenient, both up stairs and down, with ample supply of closets and pantries.

The cottage built for Mr. Henry S. Orr at Garden City, L. I., is an attractive structure of white shingles and buff stucco over terra cotta blocks. The house has a third story so that the roof is high in proportion to the rest of the house. The expanse is broken by the two oval windows at the gable ends, and small curved dormers on the sides. The windows on the front of the second story are set in, with deep window sills and on the first story are made very picturesque by the use of old-fashioned outside shutters instead of blinds. The entrance to the house, with wide seats on either side, is especially attractive and harmonious as an approach to the hall, which is finished with a

MR. ORR'S HOME.



SECOND
FLOOR
PLAN.

high wainscoting of gray-toned oak. This hall runs the length of the house, connecting the dining room and living room; the stairs leading up from a broad dais landing across the rear.

We also present as illustrations of Mr. Embury's work two views of the front and rear of Mr. Douglas Z. Doty's cottage at Bound Brook, N. J., which is built of soft-toned gray stucco, with the roof and very attractive shutters of dull green. The front wall of the lower story is of unusual beauty; the four square pilasters divide it into graceful proportions. The center of interest is the door with a group of square lights, emphasized by the transom and long side-light. On either side is a group of windows with window boxes beneath. The windows are of different lengths, but a balance is effected between them by the use of a lattice behind the box on the right. The evergreens in front of the porch and in the boxes give the necessary weight to the lower part of the wall and balance the shadow of the roof above. This symmetrical arrangement is kept from being stiff by the little shingled projection at the right. The rear view shows a wooden porch at one corner with attractive wooden lattices. The porch depends largely for its beauty on the grace of the structural features.

The two interiors shown are from Mr. Orr's cottage and Mr. Peters' house. The first is in brown-gray and buff. The walls are hung with buff-colored grass cloth, the plaster repeating the color in lighter shade, and the woodwork, ceiling beams and furniture are of gray-toned oak. The second is also of oak, but deep brown in color. The bookcases are built in and the chimneypiece is beautifully paneled.

All of the houses are particularly noticeable for beauty of design. In every case they are so thoroughly suited to the landscape that they seem to have always been a part of it, and beyond this, the walls show an artistic composition of rare interest. Mr. Doty's house is a most obvious example of this almost pictorial arrangement of space, color and shadow. The result is that each wall has the unity of a picture, and the whole house, no matter from what aspect, presents a charming appearance.

AIR-SHIPS

I love to see the air-ships go,—
A silk-winged fleet abroad,—
From out the milkweed pod
To spread the road-news, high and low,—
And set the world a-nod.

THE NATIONAL QUALITY OF THE MUSIC OF FINLAND: BY MARIA O. MIELER

LTHOUGH the feelings of the human heart, which music expresses, are generally the same in every nation, yet they are in individual cases considerably modified by different influences. It cannot surprise one, therefore, that, for instance, the love songs are especially sentimental in one nation, more passionate in another, playful in a third, melancholy in a fourth, and so on. The peculiar character of the popular music of a nation seems to be greatly determined by the geographical conditions and historical evolution of the country, as well as by the customs and occupation of the people.

Finland, often called the land of a thousand lakes—a land of quiet woods and wide lonely fields, of meditation and melancholy, a land of snow and ice, is also a land of poetry and song, and like all the great nations in history, Finland has its own epic. It is called the "Kalevala," or the "Dwelling of the Sons of Kaleva," a poem of sublime inspiration, which Dr. Max Mueller placed on a level with the Niebelungen Sage and the Iliad. The strong and wise heroes in "Kalevala" possess the magic gift of song and win their victories through the divine power of music, which is considered as the very voice of God.

Of an entirely different stock than the Germanic tribes in northern Europe, the Finns belong to one of the many variations of the Mongolian race, which includes the Tartars, Turks, Magyars, the Chinese and the Japanese. The ancient Finns had the northern love of music and their God of Music, Vainamoinen, is even more picturesque than the Greek Orpheus. When Taara, the Old Father, created the world, the legend runs, everybody was mute and unhappy. When Vainamoinen saw with sorrow this condition, he made a golden harp, "Kantele," and descending from the clouds, found a resting place on a flourishing hill of Taara and began to sing and to play. The whole world assembled and listened eagerly to the divine songs and music. The wind playing with Vainamoinen's gray beard and with his gorgeous garment, reproducing the whisper of the songs. The sunshine looked into his eyes and learned to spread the light and warmth. The birds learned all the trills from his harp, while the little lark flew higher and higher in its musical ecstasy, telling the world about the beauty of life and song. The solemn pine woods and birch trees learned the mysterious and powerful chords which accompanied his majestic song. And even the wild animals mastered a few sounds of his harp, each of them choosing and remembering those tones that pleased them most. Close at his feet knelt a heroic youth and a lovely maiden with their fair souls open like

precious chalices to receive all the divine sounds. When the inspiring song was finished Vainamoinen presented to them his golden harp, which should increase their wisdom and happiness. Unfortunately, the poor fishes, who also had gathered with all the others, had forgotten to put their ears out of the water, therefore they were only able to imitate the movements of Vainamoinen's mouth in singing.

The Finnish harp, "Kantele," the invention of which is attributed to Vainamoinen, is an instrument of five strings tuned g, a, b, c, d. Not every nation possesses a complete scale; that is, a scale extending to the octave. We use at present three different scales, viz., the chromatic scale, the major scale and the minor scale. The musical scale varies in different nations, having in some instances more intervals, in others less; in others, again, one or more intervals in relation to the tonic, different from those of our system. Some of the oldest Finnish folksongs are restricted to five tones, and in these five tones vibrates the soul of the whole nation, and these songs still resound in all hearts and tremble on all lips. Like all northern peoples, the Finns are predisposed toward minor keys; other elements of exact definition and easier analysis being intervallic and rhythmic, the latter found especially in the national dances.

THE influence of the Swedes on the development of Finland began in the twelfth century, when Christianity was forced upon them, and has never ceased entirely, though Sweden had to cede Finland to Russia in eighteen hundred and nine. Now Russia, though under solemn pact to permit liberty of language, education and religion, is engaged in stamping out the last vestiges of nationalism in music as in all the other arts.

The development of music as an art in the modern sense began in Finland near the close of the last century. The fundamental work was started by Frederic Pacius, a German, born in eighteen hundred and nine in Hamburg, who was called to be the professor of music at the University of Helsingfors. He gave Finland, which he recognized as his native land, its national hymn, "Oi, Maamme"—"Our Land" and he is also the composer of the solemn and beautiful hymn, "Suomis Song." Both of these national songs express the love of the people for their country, and their faith and hope for a happy future.

As is the case in the evolution of all modern arts, the Finnish music was for a time dominated by other nations, Italian, French and German influences, and the musical mannerisms of these were impinged upon the work of the Finnish composers, regardless of the national characteristics of the Finns. Carl Collan, who composed the well-known "Vasa March," Gabriel Linsèn and Martin Vegelius

are those whose compositions are largely based upon the German style.

Fortunately, a specific national type of composition finally has begun to assert itself, and the composers of true Finnish music are now creating in accordance with the peculiarities of temperament and the emotions of the people, and naturally their productions are different from the music evolved under the influences of foreign inspiration. They have built their creations upon the basis of the Finnish folk-song, the true product of the people, and the result is that they are producing melody which expresses naturally the heights and depths of the quality of the nation itself.

The most prominent composer, the man on whom all young Finland has set its hope, is Jean Sibelius, born December eighth, eighteen hundred and sixty-five in Tavastehus. He is the true son of the people, and is remarkable because of the productivity as well as originality of his talent. Although a pupil of prominent Germans like A. Becker in Berlin and C. Goldmark in Vienna, he, as few others, has achieved in his work the expression of the typical character of the nature of Finland and the national individuality of the Finns. He is the real creator of the Finnish Voice in the Chorus of the Nations. Entirely independent in feeling and following only his genius, his purpose is to widen the limits of the expression of the beautiful in music. As the master and leader of musical young Finland, even more intimately than the poets and painters his great symphonic poems paint episodes from the "Kalevala," and in his suites for the orchestra is the peaceful, deep and melancholy beauty of Finland. Jean Sibelius is supported by the state, and so, entirely untroubled by material cares, he devotes his genius to the uplifting of the musical life of his native land. Besides the works mentioned he has composed two symphonies, symphonic poems, quartettes and quintettes, a sonata, numerous slighter pieces for the piano, and many inspiring songs, such as "Ingalill," "Black Roses," "But My Bird Is Long in Homing," etc.

Very popular as a writer of songs is Oscar Merikanto, born in eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, whose songs, "Pai, Pai, Paitaressu," a charming lullaby, "Miksi Laulan," and many others, deserve a wide recognition. He has composed also an opera, "Pohjan Neiti," which has brought him the genuine admiration of his countrymen.

The tendency to introduce into the art of music the national color, we find also in the works of Armas Jarnefelt, born in eighteen hundred and sixty-nine. Lyric beauty and rich expressive instrumentation mark his compositions. His symphonic poem, "Korsholm," was last year played by the New York Russian Symphony Orchestra. As a musician, as well as the founder of a Philharmonic Orchestra

in Helsingfors, R. Kajanus receives the gratitude of his country. One of the younger composers who follows the wake of J. Sibelius, is Erkki Melartin, born in eighteen hundred and seventy-five, who has become famous through songs of infinitely charming melancholy and poetical conception. C. Flodin and Selim Palmgren are also doing important work in the development of Finnish music, the latter as a composer of brilliant piano pieces.

There is much original power and beauty in this new Finnish music; but perhaps in order to understand and appreciate it thoroughly one should know something of mythology and of the life of the people; certainly to those who understand, it takes its place with the real creative music of modern times,—strongly inspired, free from imitation, characteristic of the fearless, vivid, vital nation in which it was born.

Its melodies are like the stirring winds of the north and suggest the sparkling atmosphere of the mysterious aurora borealis. To the Finns both sadness and joy are but opportunities to express power and heroism, and their music voices the beauty of a people sensitive and sympathetic to all the great forces of Nature.

LIFE

A shadow here, a shadow there,
A little sunshine everywhere;
Today, great joy: tomorrow, care.

A throb of love, a thrill of hate:
A long, long waiting at the gate
For dawns that break an hour too late.

And yet a splendid round: a strife
That man may win who dares the knife
And plays the game—the game of life.

—C. M. Garrett.

TREE SURGERY: A LESSON IN THE CARE OF TREES ALONG SCIENTIFIC LINES

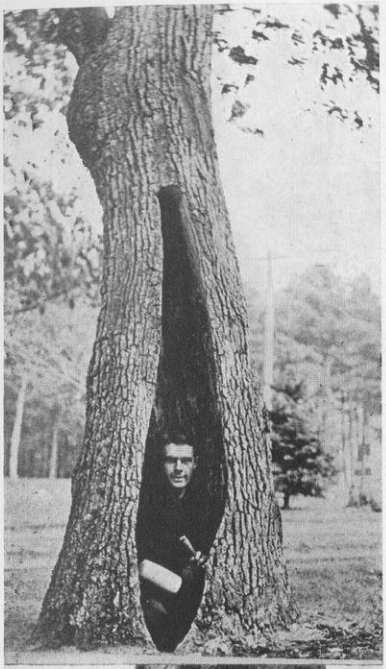
IT HAS been said that trees touch upon immortality, and it is certain that they do not die of age, but of diseases resulting from decay, which, if proper methods were used, could be easily cured and in many instances entirely prevented. To many of us the immortality of trees has long been a conscious if unexpressed sentiment, and in the later years of life the knowledge of the destruction of the old homestead itself might seem less unendurable to our homesick grown-up hearts than to discover the loss of some well-remembered tree, associated with youth, pleasure, romance,—a symbol of imperishable beauty and strength. It is not merely the pleasure to be gained from the shade of the tree or its ornamental qualities which causes the average village to fence in its one "big tree," to protect it from injury, to warn merry thoughtless lads that jack-knives must be folded in its friendly presence. It is something finer and nearer approaching reverence, this love of the particular old tree which has looked down upon the growth of the town for a century or more, and spread its sheltering arms in kindly blessing over many generations of the dwellers therein. It practically becomes a village heirloom, a municipal treasure. Children play in its shade, and their children plight troth in the moonlight sifting through its branches. The pall bearers who weep over a comrade's death rest there for a last memory of his presence. And the mother remembers her first love message as she passes there to escape the sun on that wonderful day when she bears home in her arms the baby from the christening at the little church. The father is there at her side, and together they look across their new wee friend with misty eyes. The old tree rustles her leaves sympathetically; she knows by heart all their joys, and if there are sorrows for them in the future she has no wish to prophesy them. Thus it is easy enough to see why we of village memories think so tenderly and lovingly of the "big tree," for it has through centuries grown to epitomize the life of our village, and all the sentiment and history of the town has brushed by its stout old trunk.

I remember a wonderful old Balm of Gilead which led a noble, serene existence at the edge of a Hudson River town, born before Hudson's day. It stood at that point of the village green where three roads crossed, but so long had it dominated that section of the country that streets and towns were named after it. "Balmville" had grown up at its feet, and Gilead Road led out from the main town to the mountain edge, and all roads from far and near carried a sign-post "To Balm of Gilead." It was the oldest landmark in the country.

About its roots a grass plot had been cultivated and the plot was fenced in from the profanation of heedless strangers. On great days of celebration, like the Fourth of July and Election Day, a flag-pole was run up beside the tree and the stars and stripes fluttered through its branches. The minister himself was not spoken of with greater reverence, or the memory of the absent with greater affection. What fragrance dropped from the early blossoms, what balm in every breeze that blew down from the branches.

It is possible only through such a love and reverence for the old trees that we begin to appreciate this new scientific discovery which nurses the young and protects the old of the tree world with the same thought we are accustomed to associating only with the care of human beings. The value of tree surgery lies not only in the fact that it can restore the old, but that it knows the evil ways of all the enemies of the young and middle aged. And yet with all that is being accomplished we know that the science is only in its beginning, and that undoubtedly the possibilities of its usefulness will spread from the preservation of the individual tree, those loved and needed personally, out to the care of all the old and sickly trees, particularly throughout the big private estates, where vast acres of timber are regarded as a financial asset.

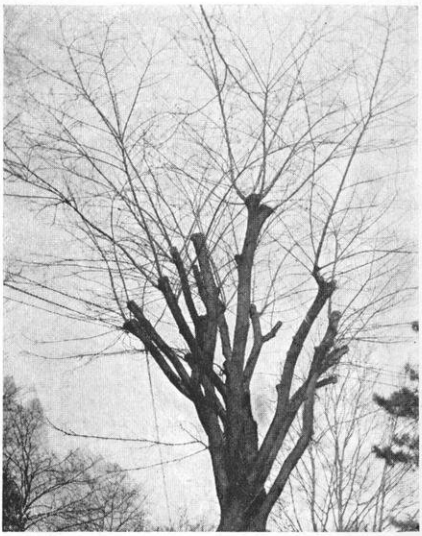
Our purpose, however, is especially to awaken an interest in all invalid trees, young and old, large and small, and then to express briefly and accurately some methods of treating them, so that those interested may be able to establish in their own garden "tree clinics," and do private home surgery wherever it is practicable. It would be well first of all to understand the construction and growth of trees that we may know their weaknesses and the kind of especial care which must be taken in order to preserve them. Roughly speaking, the parts of a tree may be characterized as follows: The root, the trunk and the crown. It is the root, of course, which absorb the moisture and mineral substance from the soil. The trunk is perhaps the most interesting part of the tree, for it is here that the real growth occurs, and it acts at the same time as a passage for the food from the root to the crown, where it is digested and passed back to and through the cambium, a film of growing tissue which completely envelops the roots, trunk and branches of a tree, and with the exception of the leaves and a few other tissues, is the only part which is really alive. The sap wood and heart wood are respectively beneath the cambium toward the pith of the tree, and when once decay has gone through the break in the cambium layer, its progress is swift unless stringent measures of care are taken, The crown is the upper part composed of the branches, leaves and fruiting bodies. Repro-



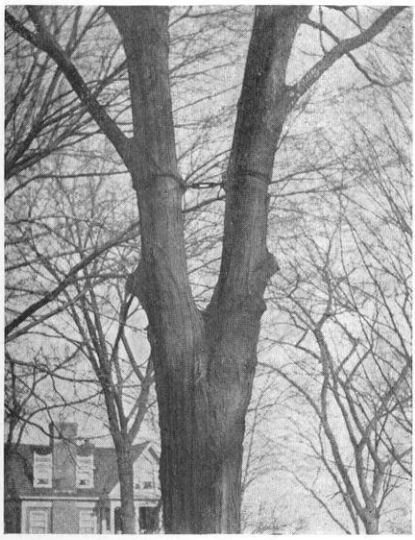
CLEANING A DISEASED CAVITY IN AN OLD TREE WITH CHISEL AND MALLET.

EXCAVATED TREE, WITH CAVITY READY FOR FILLING WITH CEMENT.

TREE FILLED WITH CEMENT PROPERLY ROUNDED SO THAT BARK WILL EVENTUALLY GROW OVER THE CAVITY AND ENTIRELY HIDE THE EVIDENCE OF EXCAVATION.



AN EXAMPLE OF TREE BUTCHERY, RESULTING IN SLOW DEATH.



IMPROPER WAY OF SUPPORTING LIMBS, RESULTING IN STRANGULATION.

LIMBS OF TREES PROPERLY SUPPORTED BY IRON BARS HELD BY BOLTS AND WASHERS, INSTEAD OF BANDS AROUND THE BRANCHES.

duction occurs here, and it is here also that many of the enemies to tree life make their onslaught.

On every healthy growing tree a great quantity of dead wood collects, and in the course of time branches break off or bark peels away and leaves openings for insects, fungous diseases, frosts, etc., to do their damaging work. It is therefore necessary that these dead limbs be not neglected or given a chance to fall off of their own accord. They should be cut off immediately, in the following manner and for the following reasons: The cut should be made as closely as possible to the contour of the tree; stubs should not remain, for they prevent the new bark from spreading rapidly over the wound, and unless this new bark does spread quickly decay is bound to occur. A further preventive is that of dressing all the cuts with coal tar or a drab lead paint, until the wound has a chance to heal. Other limbs that should be removed in the same manner are the less healthy ones that cross those which would be strong if given the chance. Crossing limbs are bound to chafe.

Still another cause for pruning comes when we are aware that some of the roots of the tree are damaged, which is sometimes caused by grading the soil, thus burying the roots too deep, or by frost or drought. In this case the trees should receive pruning at the crown, because when any considerable number of roots are injured sufficient moisture to supply all the twigs cannot be obtained, and the sun and winds evaporate more water than the tree can afford. Here a thinning out of the branches will restore the balance between the roots and the crown, giving the former an opportunity to regain their health and strength.

TOO heavy a limb that is, one too heavy for the supporting trunk, may cause trouble by breaking off at an undesirable spot and leaving a jagged wound that will never heal. Limbs of this sort should be supported by iron bars running to other branches. Great care must be taken here that neither the supporting nor supported limb is injured, a calamity sure to occur if bands are clasped around them to hold the bars, for these bands will choke the tree exactly as would a collar around the neck of a growing animal eventually choke it. The method from which no harm can come is that of boring a hole completely through the limbs, taking care not to split them, and then using a bolt and washer to hold the bars. In cases where the limb to be supported is extremely heavy it is recommended that several bolts and bars be used in order that the strain may be distributed and splitting prevented when the tree sways with the wind.

There is nothing more injurious to the life of the tree than a cavity, for in it fungi breed and decay spreads rapidly. When one is found the proper course of cure is simple, consisting of the cleaning out of all decayed and diseased tissues until nothing but sound wood remains, and after coating the purified cavity with tar filling it with the best grade of Portland cement, laid in wet, over wires and rounded to the contour of the bark, thus giving the cambium a chance to grow over it. This process requires considerable skill and it is better to leave such work to the hands of tree experts.

Some of the diseases to which trees are subject are as follows: Poisoning, injuries from heat and cold, abnormal food and moisture supply, mechanical injuries, fungi and insects, none of which is incurable; for by proper pruning, filling cavities and scientific nurturing, almost any tree, no matter how diseased, can be saved. Consider the recent dying of the chestnut trees. This was caused by the growth of fungi peculiar to the chestnut, and from which there evolved a species of spore which was blown through the air, sometimes for miles, until alighting on a wound—often a very small one—on another chestnut, started its decay, and this new growth of fungi in turn spread its emissaries of disease until all the chestnuts within a radius of perhaps twenty miles were either dying or dead. Had people but known it or taken the trouble to consult some of the many and proficient tree experts, thousands upon thousands of these chestnut trees might have been saved. It is true that no absolute means of controlling this disease is known, but tree experts have found that by cutting off the diseased twigs or by cleansing the cavities in which the fungus has grown, and then subjecting them to a wash composed of copper sulphate, the tree will be benefited and no spore will come from it to hurt the other chestnuts. It is essential, of course, that once a tree has been treated it should be watched closely for a long time to see that no new growth of fungus appears.

THE insects which make such war upon our trees are divided into three classes; the leaf-eating, the sucking and the boring, and the method of combating them is different for each class. Leaf-eating insects, such as caterpillars, etc., are best destroyed through poisoning their food, and this is done by spraying the leaves of the tree with chemicals that accomplish the desired killing, yet do not, at the same time, injure the protoplasm of the tender growing leaves. A mixture of arsenate of soda and acetate of lead (two to eight pounds to fifty gallons of water) so combined that the arsenic becomes insoluble in water, is perhaps the best spray known, and it may be used in any reasonable strength. In doing this it is best to

use such a sprayer as permits the moisture to fall upon the leaves in the form of a mist, thus spreading the tiny particles of poison all over the surface. Never use an amount sufficient to drip from the leaves.

With the sucking insects it has been found that a spray of some oily preparation that will not damage the foliage of the tree is best, something which will cover the insects with a film and suffocate them. The boring insects which do the most damage bore into the bark and wood where spraying will not affect them. A wood borer may be killed by running a soft wire into the hole until the larva is pierced. Or if carbon bi-sulphide is squirted in and the hole stopped up the liquid will become a gas and the larva suffocated. The bark borers work in the cambium and are very likely to girdle the trees. The shot-hole borer is so called because of the many holes made in the bark by the adult beetles as they emerge. When such holes appear, the damage has been done, and the affected trees should be cut down as soon as noticed and burned immediately. Such trees cannot be saved, and after the first holes appear the beetles continue to come out and fly to other trees. Thus hasty action is necessary to destroy the beetles in order to save the surrounding trees. The borers are not apt to attack sound, healthy specimens.

Tree planting and transplanting is a subject for exhaustive study and should not be attempted, except in rare instances, by any but the expert. Aside from the difficulty of the work and the delicacy required to do it, there is the question of suitability to consider. One must be something of a landscape artist in order to get the tree in such a place as will show it to best advantage and at the same time make it an added decoration to the landscape, regardless of the point of view from which it is seen. Again, a knowledge of botany is essential, for it is the soil that acts as arbiter of the kind of tree that can be planted successfully, so greatly do the amounts of moisture and mineral substance required by the different sorts of tree vary. The planter must therefore know the habits and needs of the trees with which he is working. This holds good also in the matter of transplanting. Often a tree that was in perfect condition at one end of an estate, when moved to another will not thrive, no matter how skilfully the transplanting has been done.

This brief outline of some of the things that may happen to the beautiful old trees surrounding our country homes, which give them their dignity and their homeliness, may interest many and lead to the taking up of the study of the care of trees in earnest or, if there be not time, to the employment of men to whom the care of trees is a business and whose success is dependent not upon the mere giving of advice, but upon actually saving diseased and dying trees.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WORK

"I HAVE thought of fitting the interior of my home with walnut wood," a woman recently said to an artist-builder. "Do you advise me to use it? For I do not want to put too much money into anything that is likely to go out of fashion." And the artisan shuddered. "To think," he said, "that there should be such a thing as *fashion* in a wood so beautiful and durable as walnut, that a woman's interest in it should hinge on whether or no others would think it in style or pronounce it the fashion, and that she should stand ready to discard it whenever their ignorant opinion should change! How can a woman," the man continued, "fit up her own home other than in accord with her own taste, her own personal appreciation of beauty and comfort? And having achieved this, or even the vision of it, how could she let her purpose hinge on whether someone else agreed with her, or fancied something different? What relation have other people's houses to hers? She would not permit anyone to dictate to her a fashion in children or husbands or religion, then why in a home, which according to her theory should be the blessed abode of all three? It is difficult to imagine a more artificial or absurd idea than that fashion could create or destroy anything intrinsically beautiful, and fashion cannot even exist where there is an appreciation of the value of work. Walnut wood, for instance, is an appropriate, permanently beautiful fitting for a room, or it is the reverse. Its beauty cannot be intermittent."

And the man's argument in regard to wood applies with equal force to architecture, furniture and every final piece of handicraft which enters into the process of home fitting. It is, in fact, true of all of life. If you understand the truth about beauty and then labor to express it, you have discovered the secret of right, happy living. And what one or a dozen people think about some new trivial departure along eccentric lines can no more affect the life of the woman who has learned to see clearly, to live consistently, than the gay chirp of a spring robin would make her decide to model her home after the cross section of a nest. The achievement of beauty in architecture, in home fitting, is too fundamental and vital a matter to be affected by the chirping of robins, or neighbors. It is the expression, or should be, of all the supreme impulse toward reasonable beauty which a human being is capable of. Imagine a fashion about the material symbol of spiritual development,—and a home is this or nothing. But to appreciate beauty fully one must labor to produce it. It is not enough to recognize it. It is necessary to coöperate with Nature in making it possible.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WORK

AS WE have so often said, it is the work which creates to meet a need, creates sincerely and as vitally as possible, that is responsible for practically all permanent beauty, outside of that in which Nature herself is the craftsman. But there is much to be understood in connection with the word work, which most of us have never taken into consideration. Work, especially in America, has come to mean the ignominious, arduous performance of duty, to be accomplished in a state of coma, to be finished swiftly, to be forgotten. And of itself, without purpose or interest, work can, as a matter of fact, become not only a deadly menace to development, but a system of personal demoralization for commercial results, so that, as is often done, to recommend work in a wholesale way to take the place of play, and this to people who do not know how to work, or to insist that work intrinsically is of value without relation to results, is to lessen the appreciation of the right use and beauty of labor, and to render any argument in its favor open to just criticism.

The plea which THE CRAFTSMAN wishes to make is for intelligent labor which meets a practical need and which is also productive of beauty; which is wiser than play because it includes the element of play and yet leads to results; is more lasting in effect than work unrelated to life because it is the result of enlightened purpose, and thus is a part of general progress. What we plead for is discriminating labor, not mere slavery or unthinking play. It is productive work beyond mere financial returns that we believe will carry the final benefit for the human race. And in the products of this sort of work there is not likely ever to enter the question of fashion; for fashion is born of the swift-moving, unthinking machine which produces for sales only; it has no relation to life; it has no desire to have such a relation; its purpose is to hypnotize intelligence for financial returns. But the woman who has woven her own rug and the man who has built furniture suited to his own home will not be apt to take seriously the dictates of fashion. These people have gone beyond such artificial discriminations. They have created beauty through their own effort, and the handiwork which is the result they regard as a permanent asset in the interest of their lives.

At present in this matter of work American people rest under the great disadvantage of having permitted themselves to take a somewhat artificial unthinking point of view. We have lost the knowledge of what a stupendous force work is and should be in the development of the individual, and we have forgotten the great lessons of restraint, concentration and discipline which work, and work only, can teach the youth of a land. We have established among us that awful blight, the non-working aristocracy, actually far worse than any European aristoc-

racy; for in Europe, at least the idle people have duties to state and estate, to army and navy, and in a feeble way to Society, duties which apparently do not exist for the wealthy class in America. Thus the rich man in this country who has neither profession nor business is idle; and all that is left is to substitute play for work. The almost inevitable result of this artificial existence is a scorn for labor, because there is an absence of understanding of its vital significance to nation and individual.

Not only have we created this futile idle class and allowed it to flourish, but we are continually exploiting it in our literature and in our press, until throughout our civilization there is springing up a totally false point of view toward the intrinsic value of work. The girl in our factories, in our shops and in our village homes largely has one standard of gentility (tragic word), and this is idleness. The mother may work, but not the daughter. Pretty widely throughout America our young women are ashamed of housework, ashamed to cook or to sew or to care for the small members of the family. A girl may be weak and silly, even unamiable, but somehow she establishes herself satisfactorily in her own mind as a social success if she is also *useless*. An ignorance of vital domestic conditions and her own inability to cope with them she somehow characterizes in her own mind as "being a lady."

AND with our boys it is not so very different. To do errands, to help in any way about the house, to perform any kind of manual labor, at home or in business, is esteemed unmanly and vulgar. The mother says of her daughter, perhaps to her, "Anna is so refined; she does not like work." And the father says of his son, or perhaps to him, "My boy wants to make something of himself besides a common workman." Thus we encourage our children to regard labor as "common," beneath their consideration, when in nine cases out of ten intelligent work would be the one method by which daughter and son would secure essential mental, moral and physical growth.

But as yet mothers and fathers in this nation do not see clearly the tremendous truth about work. As a matter of fact, they are not quite thinking it out; they have perhaps in their own youth slaved too much, worked too hard without a purpose other than a livelihood. Their only memory of work is in connection with hardship and as an unsatisfactory process of earning food and reaching old age. Not having stopped to consider the fact that there is always the use and abuse of good, they reason from their own unfulfilled experience with labor that it will be better for their children to live idle lives (which

in truth is a thousand times more disastrous). Where they have been poor their children shall be rich; where they have worked for themselves, others shall work for their children. And it proves how little they really think that they are willing to pass on to any other than their own what has seemed to them the slavery of labor. They have not reasoned out that the essential thing is to better conditions which have hurt them, rather than to merely spare their own children from suffering. Of course, it is all selfish, illogical and unthinking, and yet this attitude of mind obtains all over our country, in the average middle-class American household, and spells disaster both for parents and children. For to release children wholly from their obligations to life is to breed lack of discipline, lack of sympathy, a desire for success without effort, for achievement without purpose and a scorn of realities. This tendency must eventually kill romance, degrade affection and create false ethical standards.

The beauty of service, which the truly great of all ages, from the time of Christ until today, have realized, is lost sight of in this atmosphere, and there is no recollection apparently of the fact that to serve others without money and without price was once reckoned a fundamental of Christianity. Today the supercilious attitude toward labor and toward those who labor has become one of the most stupendous disintegrating forces in all Protestant religion. While we pursue the worship of our idle rich, we fail to realize that in the first place it was service without money which was really the foundation of all aristocracies. Those who ranked preëminent in a community achieved the distinction because they served others and refused all compensation. In the very beginning of kingdoms the king himself was made the chief of the people because he had chosen to serve them, to think for them, perhaps to battle for them without reward. Today, even, the crown worn by the King of England bears the motto *ich dien* (I serve), a pathetic echo from those faraway times when the workers were exalted and the drones forgotten or obliterated. But so perverted have we become that today it is the drones who wear the insignia of achievement, while those who serve truly and unselfishly are often without honor.

AND yet if the mothers and the fathers of this country would look the matter squarely in the face, work would once more become a title of dignity, associated with beauty and happiness. The very children themselves would see to this if left unhampered, for when not restricted with undiscriminating rules children know, or crave to know, the delight of work. The very plays of natural children are invariably adaptations of real things to their own little

ways and means. Normal little girls adore being in the kitchen and are enchanted to wipe real dishes or pat an actual pie into shape, while to make one side of a grown-up bed or sweep, with a baby brush in hand, a real room where grown-up people live, are among the real joys of childhood. The smallest tots will work for their dollies, dressing them, putting them to bed, making their tiny clothes and arranging busy practical lives for them. All this is the very normal instinct of childhood which gets its joy out of actualities. It has no modern standards for separating its little life into work and play, frowning at one and happy in the other, and is only hurt and grieved when the average mother, as is usually the case, heedlessly but persistently endeavors to kill this instinct for play-work, and to offer instead instruction in that fatal estate of "being a lady." The busy, happy little personality must be taught that it must sit still, keep away from the kitchen, take no part in the daily routine of making the home pleasant, have no knowledge whatever of the value of mutual service, in order to grow up into a stilted, artificial, undisciplined person without much happiness or usefulness in life.

Picture what a child would gain if taught that all the small home tasks had a relation to real joy in life, that it was a significant pleasure to do some work for mother or father, brother or sister, until unconsciously the duties and tasks of the ordinary household became a symbol of the sympathetic dependence of the family and their need of mutual service. Of course, a child would not be taught these things in words; indeed, it would not be necessary. It would all be evolved by the wise attitude of the mother in developing the child's natural instincts and in fostering a love of simple home conditions.

And the boy who wants to build a house or paint a fence or "play pretend" in a shop, he, too, should be allowed all possible freedom for the development of these instincts and for the turning into right channels his joy in the play which relates to interesting work. It seems reasonable that such a boy would have a better physique, a wider intelligence, a saner understanding of real happiness than the one whose chance in life is back of a bank window or idling in a law office to acquire that interesting but anomalous position known as the "American gentleman."

In the public schools, where the majority of *city* children, at least, secure practically about all the instruction, spiritual as well as mental, which is likely to come their way, the attitude toward work is even more deplorable usually than in the home. The unacknowledged aim of the average metropolitan schools seems to be, in actual instruction as well as in the personal point of view of the instructor, to insist upon the degrading quality of work and the necessity of be-

longing to the professional classes to achieve happiness. The word mechanic in these schools is a term but little above some opprobrious epithet, housework something to "rise above" or to ignore. The boy whose father wears a blouse learns to hide the fact; the girl whose mother cooks and washes for her comfort blushes if her companions realize that she is associated with such humiliations in her home life.

Apparently, our schools are planned to create and foster a leisure class, out of harmony with our democratic institutions. Thus children after leaving school face life without the least comprehension of our national ideals or the real meaning of the word liberty. It is quite appalling if one thinks into the inevitable result of the sort of instruction we are giving most of our future citizens, which is preparing them for idle lives without means of support in their idleness.

WHAT do we intend to do with all these children whose natural instinct for labor we have destroyed and whom we have trained to a false standard of society, in no wise preparing them for success in professional channels, or in the least permitting them to understand the truth about the wide fields of usefulness from which they have been withdrawn? As a matter of fact, we are already beginning to feel the result of our fake attitude toward labor in the state of unrest and idleness in our cities, which is constantly making for an increase of poverty and crime, daily becoming more difficult to cope with, and which is due wholly to our ignorant, foolish attitude toward "common work." And this must continue until we teach our children both at home and in the schools that the ability and willingness of all men and women to earn their own living is the patent of their right to life itself. And they should not only be taught the necessity for each individual citizen to earn a living, but their preparation should be such that their means of livelihood would be the best, most valuable work which their taste and capacity would render possible. Once having passed the barriers of ignorance and resentment, this would be a simple process, and it would do more in actual practical results than all the social betterment workers, the settlement groups, the college philanthropic societies, the sincere socialists and rabid anarchists the world over.

For there is in truth but one way ever to achieve social readjustment, and that is by way of the children, through the homes primarily, and the school, secondarily but more definitely. Such a work cannot, however, be done in a desultory, whimsical fashion. There must be appreciation of the fundamental necessity for the change and a definite purpose to bring it about. You cannot empty a lake, even a small one, with twenty different kinds of pretty engraved

spoons. You have got to dig a channel and it has got to be on the right incline, and you have got to see to it that the channel has a broad, unencumbered outlet. Equally you can't change hurtful wide-reaching social conditions by a dozen pretty theories; not at least while a great deep-seated wrong continues to prevail. Children do not need more pictures of Greek architecture on the walls of their schools, more pretty songs as they march reluctantly to the classroom, more knowledge that there are "fashions" in play, fashions in homes, fashions in furniture, fashions in courtesy; rather they need from the start to be taught the *truth* about *work*, and all of this great vital far-reaching truth which is possible to bring to them, and which modern civilization is developing a set and fell purpose to ignore. If in the planning of our public-school work a year's time were given to boys and girls to learn the right relation of work and life, to appreciate the value of using their hands dexterously, of controlling their hands with their brains, to understand without thought of shame the right and wrong of human relationship, to speak the truth, to respect instruction because it is worthy instruction, there would be at least an honest start in the right direction for those who in a few years will become our helpers or our rivals in the effort to reëstablish social life on a higher level in America.

Unhappily for our national pride, America is largely responsible for this unutterably foolish, harmful point of view toward work, which has created in this country a class distinction, based wholly on wealth and idleness. And strange, almost unbelievable as it is, we are cultivating so wide an envy of this class that we are actually placing idleness before our children almost as a national ideal. There is but one remedy for this demoralizing condition, and that is the establishing of a *new ideal of work*. We must set before the youth of our land a standard of labor that realizes the utmost beauty, permanence and interest. If we have permitted ourselves as a whole to grow to hate or to despise work, we must do our children the justice of rehabilitating labor in their eyes, and this cannot be done without ourselves appreciating all that work means physically and ethically. We cannot hope to create an ideal born out of the present prevailing management of our sweatshops and mines,—a standard blotched and blackened in places by our own greed or lack of honest human sympathy. But from the beginning, before school days are thought of, our children can be taught to understand their intrinsic right to all real beauty and joy which life holds; but which they may only realize through their own individual purpose as laborers.

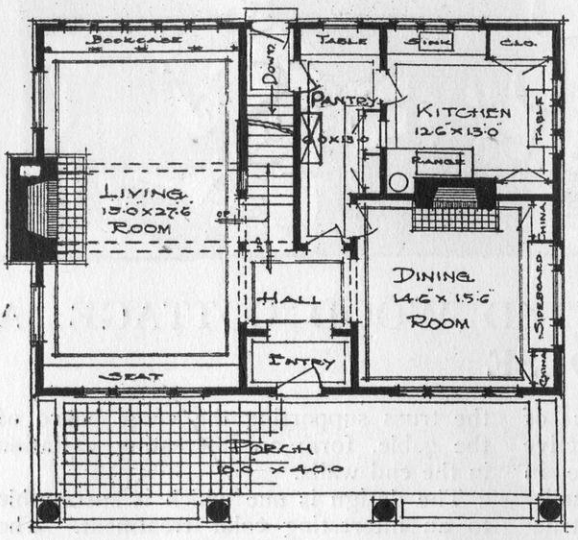
A WELL-CONSTRUCTED WOOD COTTAGE: A ROOMY CEMENT HOUSE

WE are publishing in this issue of THE CRAFTSMAN an attractive house in cement, and one in wood that illustrates unusually well the Craftsman principles of construction. Few people realize how much the durability of a wooden building depends upon the way in which it is built. The method of putting on the shingles or clapboards has as much to do with their lasting as the quality of the wood. There must be no opportunity for moisture to collect upon the walls of a wooden house, it must be possible for it to run with facility from gable to foundation.

This little cottage, ideal for the seaside, but adapted also to suburban or country building, is covered with rived shingles which, because they are split off from logs, have the fibers of the wood smooth and round, and consequently shed the water naturally and more easily than a sawed shingle. Because they are split by hand they are almost twice as expensive as the ordinary shingles, but used for siding will last more than twice as long. Where the windows are not sheltered by the overhanging roof they are protected by springing the shingles out over the head of the windows into the form of a hood which acts as a watershed, and prevents the rain and moisture from lodging about the casements. The proportions of the sloping roofs, the dormer and the porch are excellent and pleasing, while the blending of the stone and brick in the chimney and the truss supporting the verge board of the gable, form an interesting variation in the end walls.

The design is one which is susceptible to an interesting color treatment. The shingles may be left to take on the silvery gray color of driftwood, which is natural to them under the action of the weather, or they may be given a wash of diluted sulphuric acid which will slightly burn the surface to a dull brown and do away with the period of obvious newness by giving an acquired look of age and wear to the shingles. In either case, the field stone, which varies greatly in color, will blend well into the background of the house; and the red of the brick, which is gradually introduced into the stone toward the gable, will add its color to the roof, which may be stained a dull green or red, and will give a touch of brightness to the landscape.

The interior is very compactly planned. The living room with its big stone fireplace occupies one whole side of the house. The ceiling shows two of the heavy structural beams. At the rear end of the room is a low bookcase and at the opposite end a long, deep seat is built in beneath the windows. The dining room, as shown in the drawing of the interior, contains a built-in sideboard with a cupboard, and a china closet on either side. The stairs lead up from the rear of the hall, which is practically a part of the living room. Note the opening with a lattice frame which makes an attractive setting for a pot of

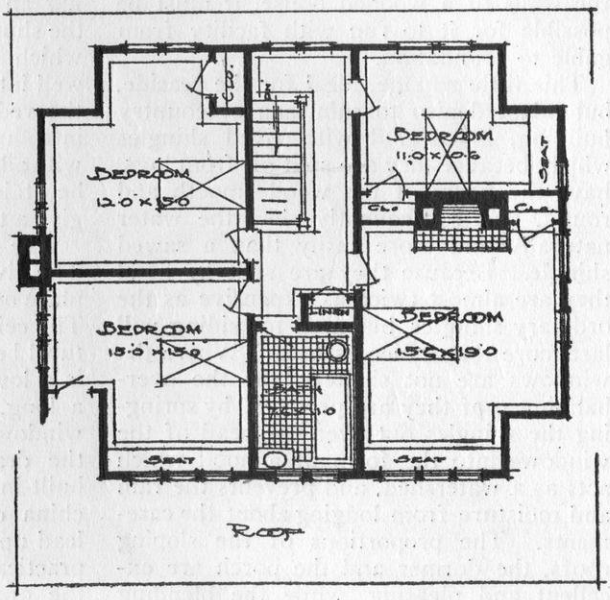


WOOD COTTAGE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

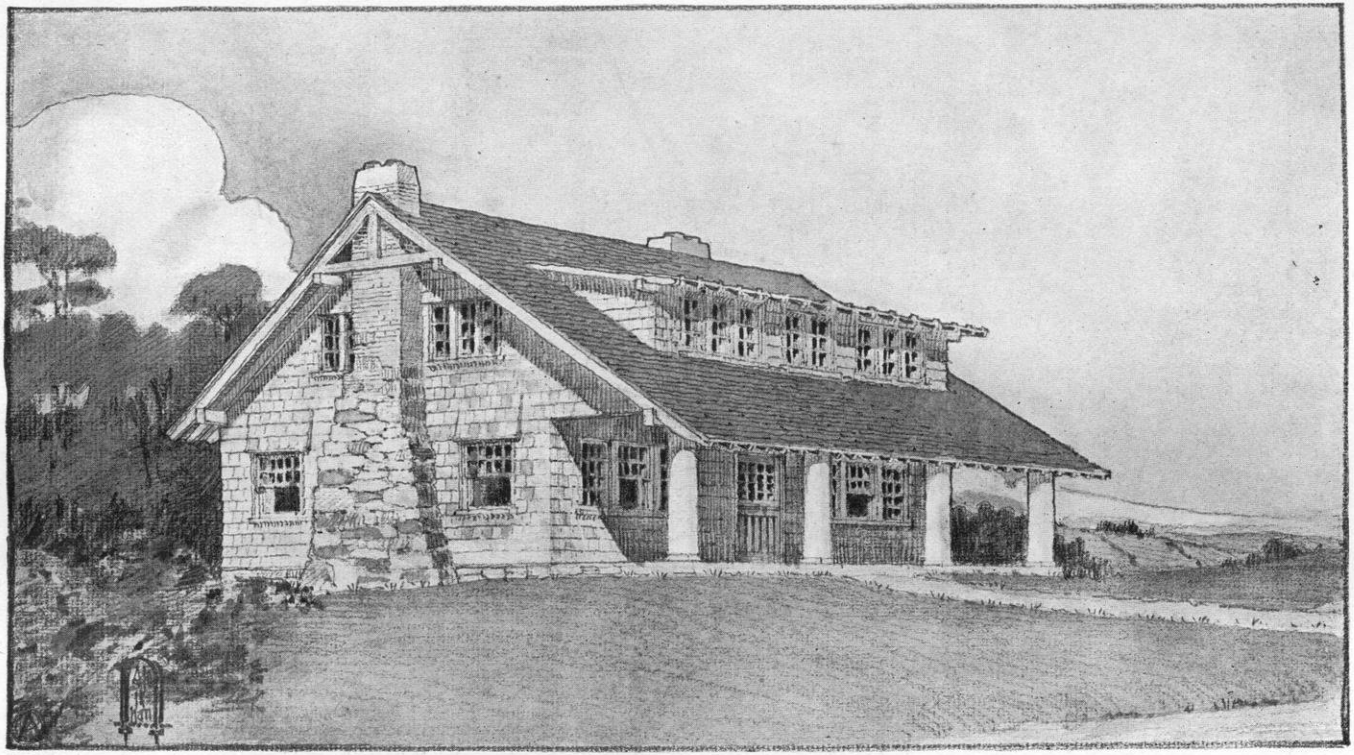
flowers. At the foot of the stairs a door is seen which opens into a rear hall, connecting with a large and convenient pantry. The kitchen is well fitted with closets and a big dresser, and has also the convenience of a shelf, a sort of stationary dumbwaiter beside the range which opens by two small doors into the dining room, so that the hot dishes may be pushed directly through from the kitchen. Upstairs the floor space is divided into four airy bedrooms, with a bath at the end of the hall. This is as comfortable a little house as we have published for some time, simple in plan and in design and gracefully proportioned within and without.

THE second house is of cement with long, sloping roofs of shingle or slate, in which dormers are broken out to give the necessary height to the chambers. It is strongly constructed upon truss metal laths, and every care has been taken to avoid possibility of leakage. The cement is brought close about the windows; the sills are the only part of the casings which are left uncovered, and they are sloped so that the water does not stand upon them. The windows themselves are well grouped, to break the monotony of the wall into pleasing spaces, an important consideration in a plain cement house, which, more than any other sort of house, depends upon the size and shape of its windows for decoration. The woodwork is of chemically treated cypress which will blend with any coloring that may be selected for the cement.

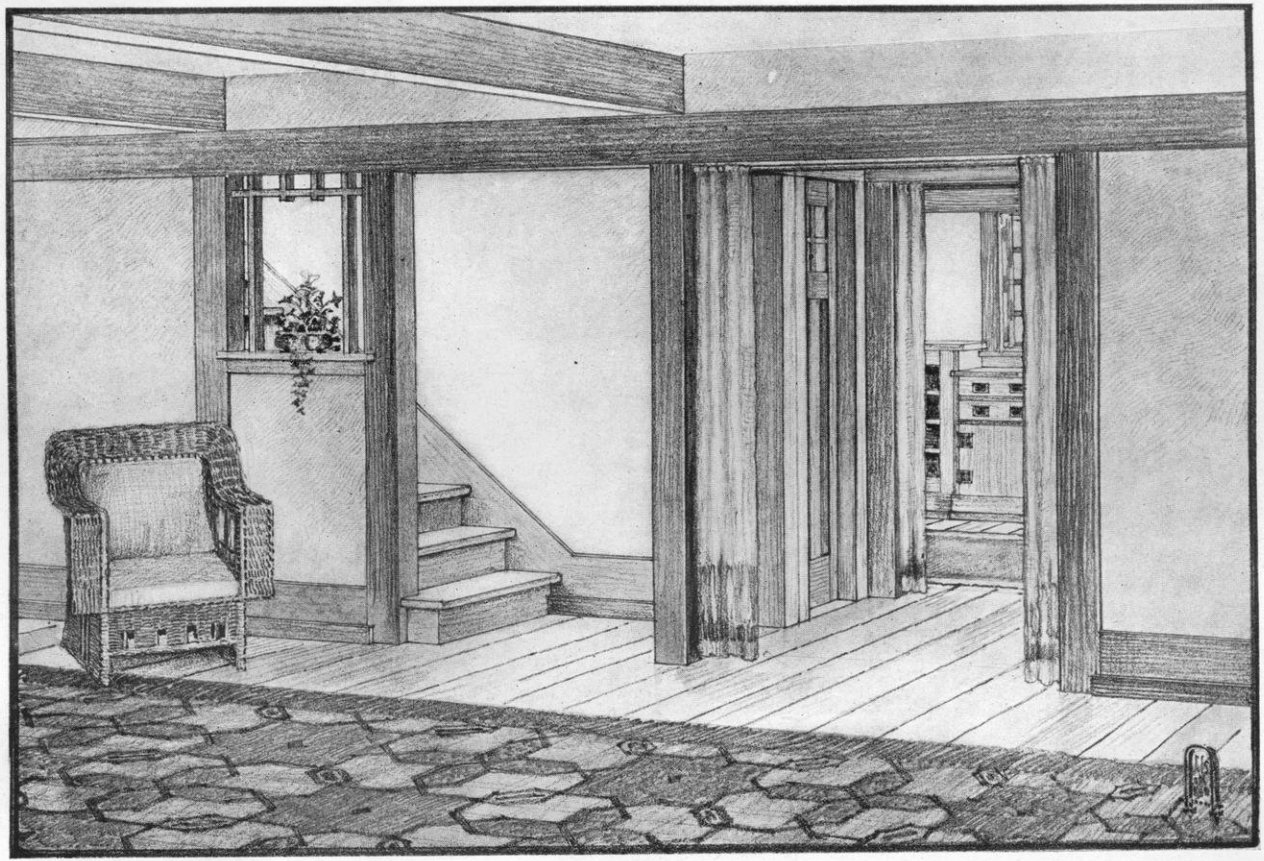
The plans show the interior of the house to be very roomy and airy. The chambers are fitted with ample closets, and are well lighted with large windows, both casement and double-hung. All over the house the interior work shows many attractive features, and in every direction the eye falls



WOOD COTTAGE: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

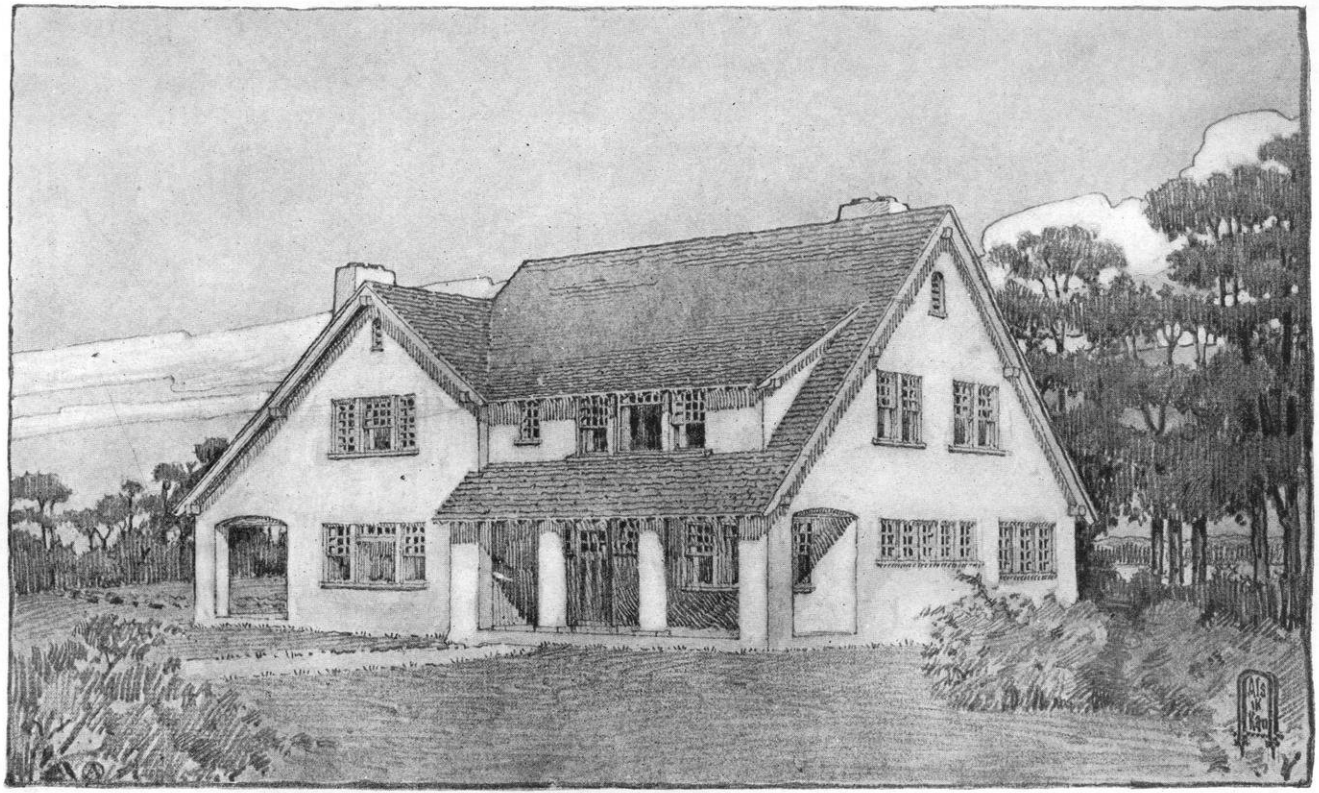


A SMALL CRAFTSMAN WOOD COTTAGE, SUITED TO SUBURBAN OR COUNTRY LIFE: ATTRACTIVE EXTERIOR FEATURES ARE THE LONG ROOF LINE, THE PLACING OF WINDOWS AND THE PICTURESQUE CHIMNEY.

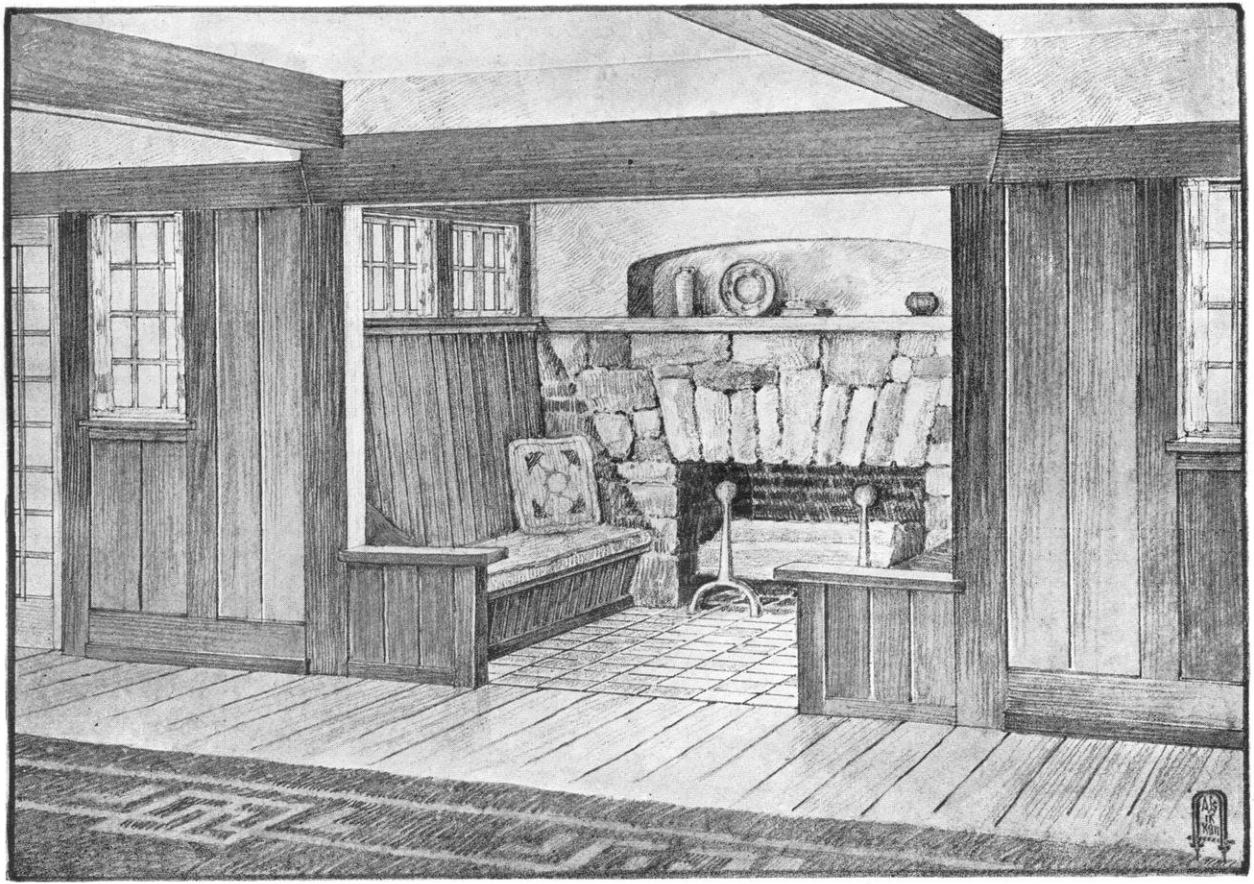


See page 192 for floor plans.

WOOD COTTAGE: LOOKING FROM LIVING ROOM OUT TO STAIRCASE AND KITCHEN.

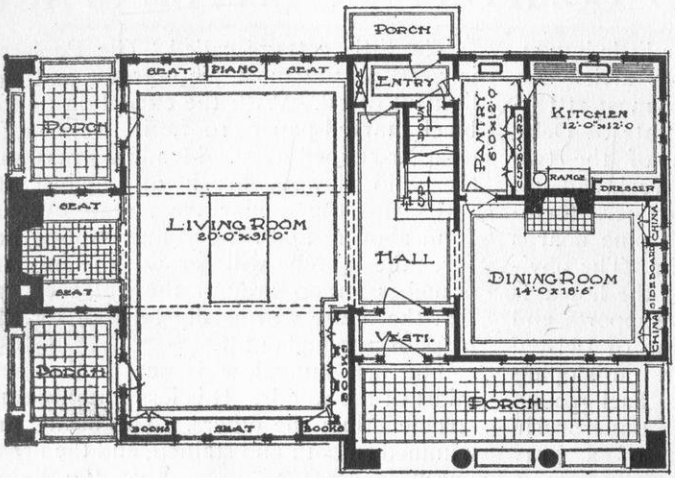


ROOMY CEMENT HOUSE: A MOST DURABLE STRUCTURE WITH BEAUTY OF LINE AND FINE HARMONY IN RELATION OF DETAIL.



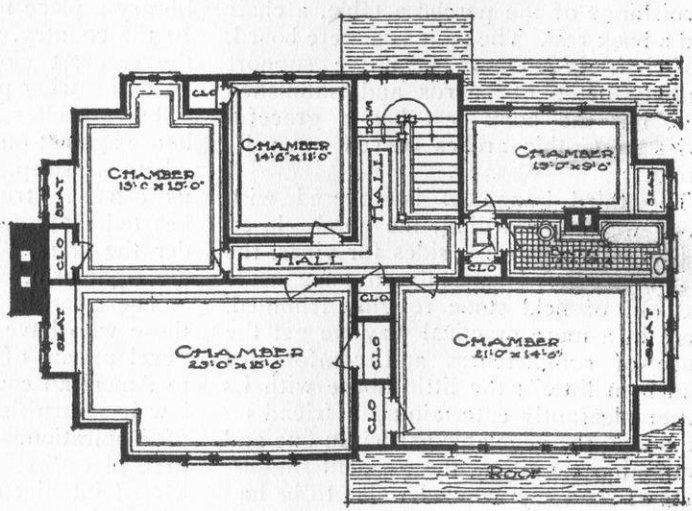
For floor plans see page 197.

FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM OF CEMENT HOUSE, WITH CHIMNEY OF SPLIT FIELD STONE AND A ROUGH TILE HEARTH: ON EITHER SIDE ARE SETTLES WITH WAINSCOTED BACKS.



CEMENT HOUSE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

upon some interesting variation of the walls, a piece of well placed wainscoting, a bit of color made by shelves of books or a picturesque window with a seat beneath. Indeed, the amount of furniture that is built into the house will make quite a difference in the expense of furnishing it. In the kitchen there is a long dresser and a sink fitted with drip boards. A sideboard, flanked by china closets, is built into the dining room beneath the group of five small casements. The living room shows several seats and book shelves, but the most attractive feature is the deep inglenook, which runs out between the twin porches that connect with the room by means of long French doors. The chimneypiece, as the interior shows, is of split field stone with a rough tile hearth. On either side are two long settles with high wainscoted backs, splayed out a little for greater comfort. The thick board shelf has an alcove back, the curve of the arch repeating that of the porches outside. The ceiling within the nook is lower than that of the living room and is dropped to a level with the top of the heavy lintel across the entrance, adding a greater air of seclusion to it. Two casement windows above each seat give a pleasant reading light and make it a delightful spot for an hour's rest in the middle of the day. But in the winter twilight when the fire, playing over the warm tones of the woodwork and the soft varied colors of the stone, blends them into vibrant shadow, and glints here and there upon a bit of metal above the chimneypiece, or upon the brighter colors of cushion and pillow, the inglenook becomes truly the heart of the house, in itself something to make the evening's home-coming the anticipation of the day. The interest of the home centers here, happily.



CEMENT HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

SUMMER BUNGALOWS IN DELAWARE, DESIGNED TO AFFORD COMFORT IN LITTLE SPACE

THE originals of the five little bungalows illustrated in this article are standing in one of the most attractive portions of the State of Delaware. With the exception of the two larger cottages they are for week-end use and were designed by the owners themselves. The first is of rough pine boards stained brown with white trim. The obvious simplicity of the body of the house is relieved by the rustic porch supports and the curving lines in the railing of twisted withes. The second is built on sloping ground against a charming background of leafy trees and thick underbrush. The body of it is plaster of a gray color; the chimney, which suggests a cozy fireplace within, is built of field stone. The top of the chimney shows an interesting variation in chimney building; it is of plaster held together on the outside with sticks, after the fashion of a crow's nest. The roof and porch hood have not been painted but left to take the stain of the wind and weather, so that in the winter the house is as little noticeable against the bare gray trees as when it is half hidden with summer greenery. There is something delightfully suggestive in the furnishings of the porch; a table, a chair and a book rest. The table is a mere board, the chair is a most primitive support roughly made of boards and unfinished logs, but the book rest has a graceful series of Gothic arches carved upon its supports.

The third bungalow is covered with broad weather-boarding, the porch closed in by rustic trellis-like sides for vines, the roof is of tarred paper, the chimney inside and out of field stone roughly trimmed. Here in a more practical way we get the sense of completeness and comfort, of "much in little"; the little house with its owner pleasantly entertaining a friend on the porch, the vegetable garden in fine and flourishing condition, the pleasant suggestions of shadowy wooded walks to be had for the seeking, and in all probabilities a delightful neighbor near by.

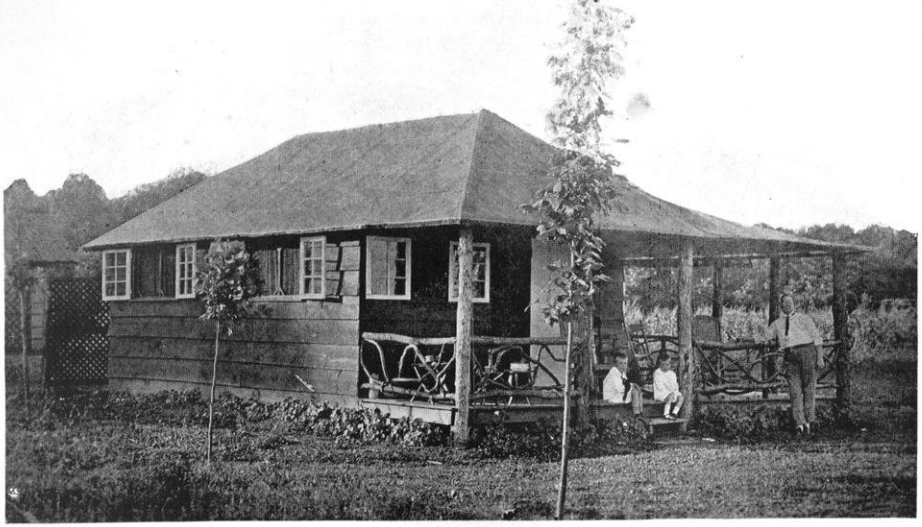
The little cottage called "The Poplars" is perhaps the most picturesque and delightful of all. With the exception of the black tarred-paper roof, it is a soft, weather-stained gray. Meadow grass and the wild flowers brush up against its walls and the poplar trees lean over it from above. Soon the young sapling before the porch will grow up and its branches droop around the entrance, so that the house will hardly be seen for the mass of green about it.

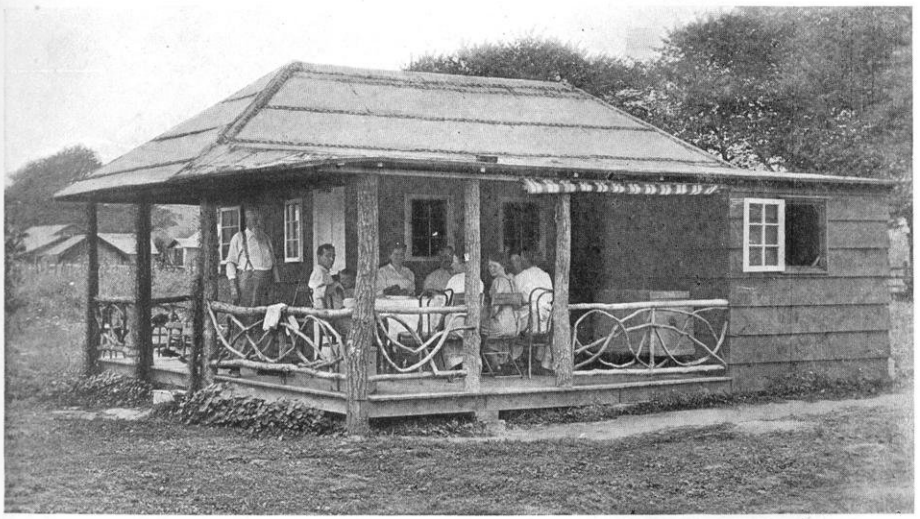
The last bungalow is set in the very midst of the woods. It is less roughly constructed than the others. The beams are trimmed smooth and stained, and the broad porch is screened in so that the living space is practically divided into rooms and porch.

To the people who really love the life of the country and the woods, "to rough it," these little bungalows will unfold the many pleasures that they afford their owners. It is not necessary to have a large house and an elaborate menage to enjoy the country, indeed they are a drawback, a barrier of artificiality, a limitation upon freedom of thought and action. In the city our house is our refuge from noise and turmoil, our library a place for rest and quiet thought. In the country, the woods themselves are the securest cloisters, their clean, sweet aisles insuring perfect peace. The house is but a shelter from the storms, the store house against our material needs, the place where we sleep, although for that, most of us can say truthfully with the simple-hearted philosopher of Syria sleeping under the stars, "The pillow I like best is my right arm."

There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have followed the rather slow development of an architecture adapted to American country life that the bungalow has furnished a most valuable source of inspiration. It was designed in the first place in Eastern countries for the life of intelligent busy people, whose existence is a practical one and whose aim must of necessity be as simple as is con-

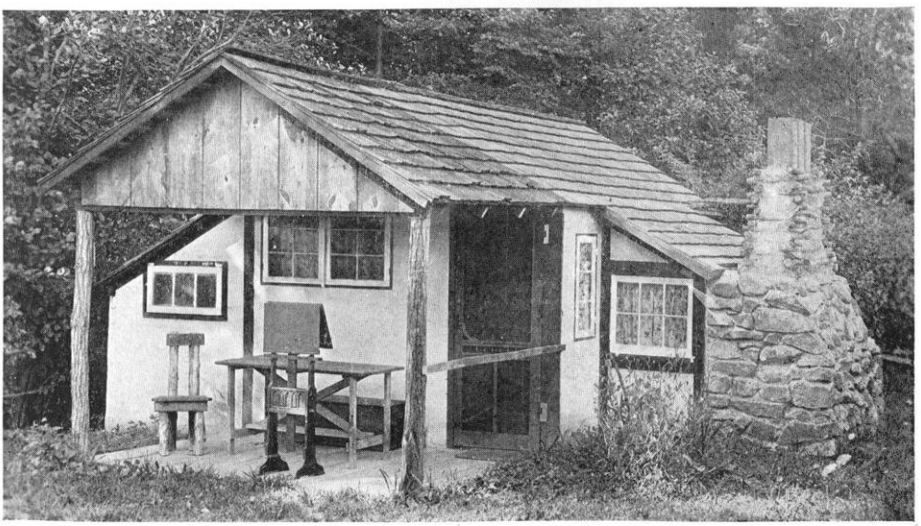
A DELAWARE BUNGALOW OF ROUGH PINE BOARDS STAINED BROWN WITH WHITE TRIM: NOTE THE SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION RELIEVED BY RUSTIC PORCH SUPPORTS AND THE RAILING OF TWISTED WITHES: THE CASEMENT WINDOWS ADD A DECORATIVE TOUCH TO THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE, AND THEY ARE PLACED HIGH TO FLOOD THE LITTLE ROOMS WITH LIGHT: AN EXCELLENT MODEL FOR LOGS OR CEMENT CONSTRUCTION.





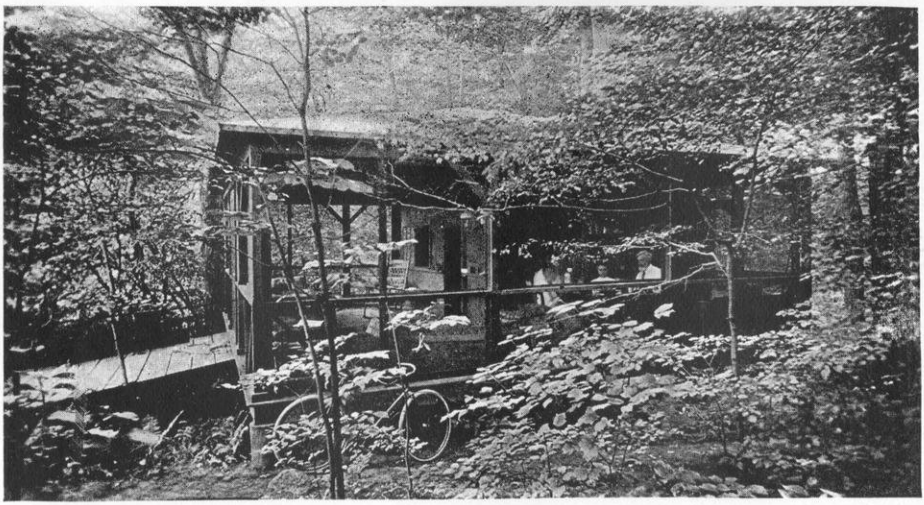
SIDE VIEW OF THE ABOVE BUNGALOW, SHOWING THE USE OF PORCH AS AN OUTDOOR LIVING ROOM AS WELL AS AN ADDED PICTURESQUE QUALITY AS TO THE GENERAL APPEARANCE: THE ROOF OF TARRED PAPER IS AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION FOR AN INEXPENSIVE BUNGALOW: THE SIMPLICITY OF THE STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE WOULD HARMONIZE CHARMINGLY WITH ANY PRIMITIVE SURROUNDINGS.

BUNGALOW OF GRAY PLASTER WITH SHINGLED ROOF AND RUSTIC PORCH SUPPORTS: THE ROOF AND PORCH HOOD ARE NOT PAINTED, BUT LEFT TO WEATHER: THE CHIMNEY OF FIELD STONE IS A PICTURESQUE ADDITION TO THE TINY COTTAGE: FOR SO SMALL A HOUSE THE WINDOWS ARE EXCEPTIONALLY WELL PLACED: THE SLIGHT EXPENSE OF BUILDING WOULD MAKE THIS COTTAGE PRACTICABLE FOR A COUNTRY PLACE FOR WEEK-ENDS ONLY.



THIS BUNGALOW IS COVERED WITH BROAD WEATHER-BOARDING: THE PORCH IS CLOSED IN WITH RUSTIC TRELLIS SIDES FOR VINES: THE CHIMNEY IS OF FIELD STONE ROUGHLY TRIMMED, AND TAR PAPER COVERS THE ROOF FOR WARMTH AND SECURITY FROM RAIN: A HOMELIKE NOTE IS GIVEN IN THE FLOURISHING VEGETABLE GARDEN AT ONE SIDE OF THE HOUSE AND THE NEAT LITTLE PATH DIVIDED IT FROM THE FLOWERS.

THIS COTTAGE IS CALLED "THE POPLARS" AND IS PICTURESQUELY SITUATED: MEADOW GRASS AND WILD FLOWERS BRUSH UP AGAINST THE WALLS AND THE POPLAR TREES LEAN OVER AND SHELTER IT FROM ABOVE: WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE BLACK TAR-PAPER ROOF, THE LITTLE HOUSE IS A SOFT WEATHER-STAINED GRAY, WITH WHITE CASEMENT TRIMMINGS: AN ENCHANTING SPOT FOR WEEK-END VISITS.



CUDDLED BACK IN THE VERY HEART OF THE WOODS THIS BUNGALOW RESTS: IT IS A LITTLE LESS PRIMITIVE IN CONSTRUCTION THAN THE OTHERS: THE BEAMS ARE TRIMMED SMOOTH AND STAINED AND THE BROAD PORCH IS SCREENED IN SO THAT THE LIVING SPACE IS PRACTICALLY DIVIDED INTO ROOMS AND PORCH: IT SUGGESTS A LONGER RESTING TIME THAN A WEEK-END VISIT.

sistent with comfort and attractiveness. And although it has gone through many changes in the readjustment to Western ideas of comfort and beauty, fortunately it has not lost in the transition its original fundamental purposes of furnishing space without elaboration, beauty without extravagance and comfort for the least expenditure of time and money.

Of course, there is a wide range of variation shown in the evolution of the bungalow in this country. In some of the Adirondack camps it has grown into an elaborate structure, with a second story added and many sumptuous details of finish and ornament; while in the Delaware week-end or summertime buildings, illustrated in this article, it has diminished into something scarcely more than a shingled cabin, yet even here holding to the better idea of space and to the suggestion of outdoor living on the wide porches. For every bungalow is designed always with the view of outdoor living or else it is not a self-respecting bungalow. The country homes in America which are essentially an outgrowth of the bungalow, and yet emphatically adapted to our ideas of home life, have grown almost into a definite type of native architecture, so completely have they responded to the realities of the life of the vast majority of American people and this type of architecture, which we almost think of as new, aims not only to provide space for the unencumbered existence which sensible people have grown to demand, but it is adding to its inherent picturesqueness every sort of sane material comfort. And in addition it is also bravely facing the servant problem by seeking to reduce the amount of housework without essentially lessening the actual beauty of the house interior; rather adding to it, in fact, by insisting that, for the first time in the history of our domestic architecture, we shall present right structural line and well thought out color schemes in the interior of our homes, and insisting upon simplicity with beauty.

BUILDING A SUMMER COTTAGE

TO build satisfactorily in the spring it is necessary to begin to plan one's summer house early in the winter, because there are so many things to talk over and to change and readjust before the final "perfect house" is evolved. To meet this condition THE CRAFTSMAN is planning to publish in the December issue two small cottages along entirely new lines of construction. They will be very simple and inexpensive. The one-story cottage we hope to be able to build with detail perfect for less than $1,000; the larger one-and-a-half-story cottage we shall endeavor to keep under $1,500. Cement will be used in both buildings, with all the timber construction exposed. Although inexpensive, these buildings will be absolutely hygienic in every detail, and so finished on the inside, through the use of cement, as to do away absolutely with the possibility of injury from moisture or cold, insects or small animals. And though simple and inexpensive, it is our purpose to make them beautiful, durable and permanent.

In presenting them in the December issue every essential part of the construction will be clearly set forth, not only in the article but by detail drawings which will present various significant features of the structure as well as the interior fittings, which will also be included in the initial expense. An accurate mill bill will be given which may be used in ordering all of the material. We wish to present these houses so that they can be built without further consultation with architect or builder, in order that the man or woman desiring a permanent and economical summer home can arrange with country carpenters to do the work. In this way attractive buildings can be secured at the initial cost, resulting not only in satisfactory dwellings but in a good investment.

HOW PERGOLAS ADD TO THE APPRECIATION AND ENJOYMENT OF OUTDOOR LIFE

AMERICANS have been accused of making prisoners of themselves in their own houses, of living as much as possible indoors, using porches and garden as mere decorations, ignoring the blessed use of sun and wind as health- and beauty-giving factors of life. In England and on the Continent one feels that every inch of ground not given up to the cultivation of the necessities of life is made lovely, or left lovely, for the happiness of the people. There are gardens for all, rich and poor, and all live out of doors every possible moment. But in America our available garden space has been often neglected, and still more often converted into that unpractical, formless, loveless thing known as a backyard.

Slowly, however, we are growing away from this term of reproach, and in the West especially we are adjusting our homes, our gardens, our porches to outdoor living. Our appreciation of the possibility of the use and beauty of the pergola has done much to awaken a change of heart toward outdoors, for pergolas furnish the seclusion of a living porch at the same time that they gather together the winds and the sun for the benefit of those who have grown to appreciate the lure of outdoor life. In southern California, where the climate is mild and people live more continuously in the open, the pergola has reached its highest development. At first it was usually combined with the architecture of the house and was built of the same material. More recently, however, a number of changes and modifications have taken place in its design and it is more and more separated from the house and made a feature of garden architecture which is the manner of its use in Italy.

Although the greatest number and most enchanting variety of pergolas,—wood, Japanese in effect; stucco, after the feeling of the old missions; stone, suggesting the old Greek marble gardens, are found all along the coast and interior of California, the simpler kind are no longer considered a novelty in the scheme of Eastern home building. We find them seriously considered by all the more original of our younger Eastern architects and landscape gardeners, sometimes in place of porches, again as a shelter to a pleasant walk or as a separate structure to serve in place of the old-time musty, insect infested summer-house. But in whatever way they are used, they all tell the same story of our increasing love of outdoor life and desire to enjoy intimately the natural beauty about our houses and in our gardens.

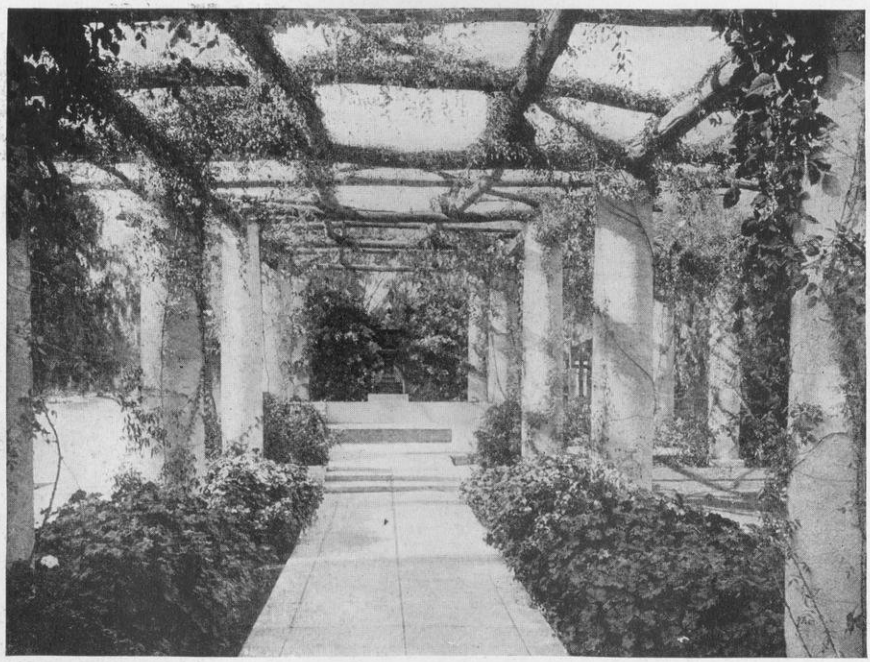
The following illustrations are taken from some beautiful California pergolas of various shapes and materials. The first and second photographs illustrate the rustic pergola of a California hotel of mission architecture. The uprights and crosspieces are of eucalyptus timbers, unsawed and undressed. The framework is covered with grape-vines and climbing rose-bushes, and many hanging baskets are used along its length. One side opens upon the lawn, while the other is hedged almost to the top with luxuriant shrubs and brilliant flowers.

In the pergola of the next illustration the uprights are of undressed eucalyptus timbers. One of the most beautiful features of this is the feathery quality of the vine which covers it, emphasized by the fern-like foliage of the row of pepper trees bordering the street. This pergola is very long, running practically around two sides of the garden. At the corner, the floor is raised by one or two steps, making a little summer-house commanding a view through the aisles of the pergola and across the garden that it includes. The use of the vines, which conceal the base of the pillars and also act as a screen from the street, adds a great deal to the beauty and attractiveness of this garden porch.

The fourth photograph shows a more elaborate and formal arrangement with a fountain at the end. The pillars are of

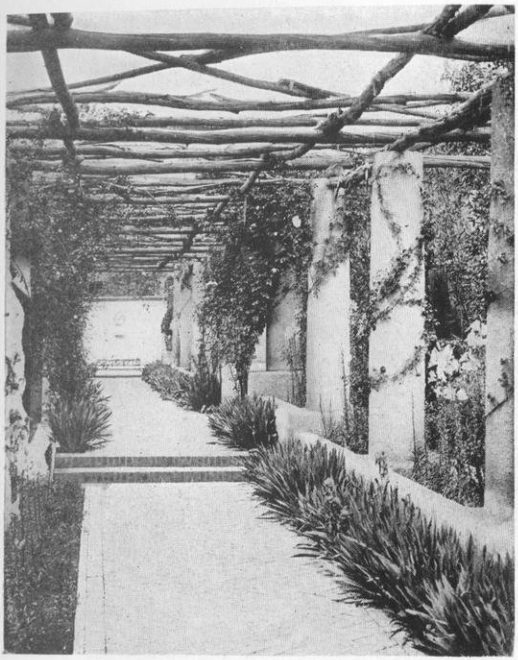
A RUSTIC HOTEL PERGOLA IN CALIFORNIA OF EUCALYPTUS WOOD COVERED WITH GRAPE VINES.

PERGOLA FITTED UP WITH ARMCHAIRS AND SWINGING SEATS FOR A SUMMER LOUNGING SPOT.

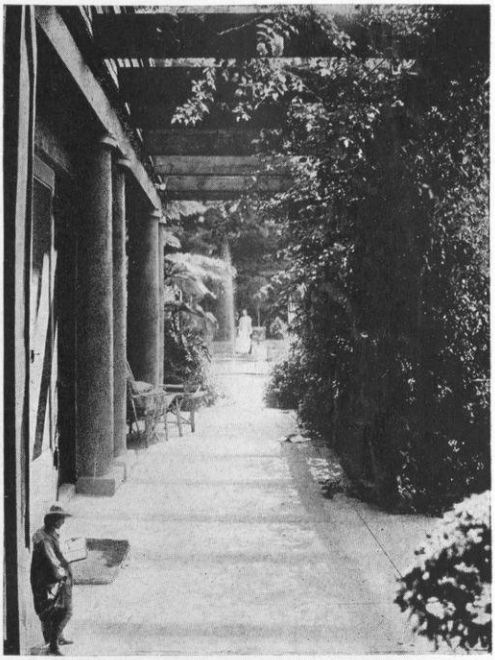


PERGOLA OF EUCALYPTUS TIMBER AND CEMENT, SHELTERING TWO SIDES OF A GARDEN.

CONCRETE PERGOLA LEADING TO A FOUNTAIN COVERED WITH CLIMBING ROSES AND BORDERED WITH GERANIUMS.

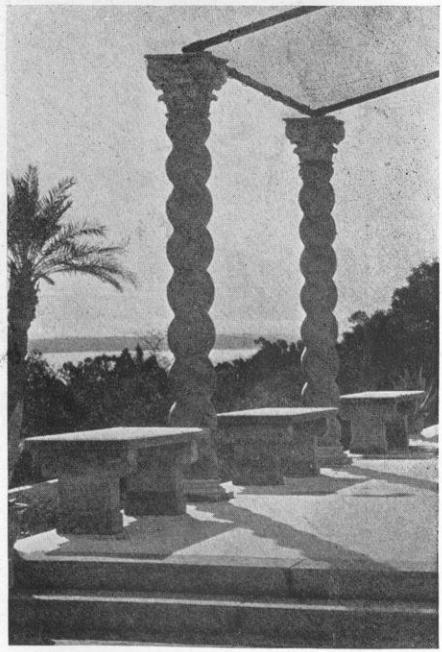


CONCRETE AND RUSTIC PERGOLA: ATTRACTIVE APPROACH TO THE HOUSE.



PORCH PERGOLA EMBOWERED IN ROSES, USED AS SUMMER LIVING ROOM.

A PORCH PERGOLA OF WOOD WITH MASSIVE CEMENT PILLARS.



PERGOLA OF A FORMAL GARDEN, SUGGESTING GREEK INSPIRATION.

DETAIL OF WOOD PERGOLA, SHADING A GARDEN PATH: JAPANESE CONSTRUCTION SUGGESTED: PICTURESQUE LANTERNS ARE HUNG AT INTERVALS.

concrete, of graceful proportion, supporting the framework of peeled eucalyptus. This is built over a cement walk bordered with scarlet geraniums, and leads from the side entrance of the house out into the garden. The delicacy of the vines used emphasize rather than hide the proportions of the structure, and the use of color and the arrangement of the fountain raised and backed by shrubbery, make this one of the most ideal illustrations of pergola construction.

The fifth photograph shows a pergola similar in design to the preceding one, but this is built almost against the side of the house instead of extending into the garden. This, too, contains a fountain at the end, the flowers between the pillars grow up from a sort of box effect which is very attractive, and the row of irises which edge the walk, give it a wonderful beauty in springtime. Another pergola is constructed against the side of the house with concrete pillars arranged in pairs, the cross-beams stained to match the woodwork of the house. This is completely embowered in roses and is little more than a porch with a pergola roof.

The next illustration shows the structure used as a distinct garden feature. It is built of timbers similar to those used in the house and stained to match. It follows the shape of the letter L, the photograph showing one of the wings, and forms a sort of cloister about the garden. The upright pieces are 8 x 8's. They are ten feet in height and set eight feet distant from each other. The crosspieces are 2 x 8's while two 4 x 6's run parallel lengthwise across the top. Bracing timbers extend from either side of the uprights to the girders that support the crosspieces. Small lanterns of glass and bronze are hung from the girders of the pergola and at night, when lighted, give a very delightful effect.

The last photograph shows a small pergola which is really the porch of a concrete house. The pillars are of cement and very large, the crosspieces are of Oregon pine stained to a deep brown, and climbing rose-bushes furnish the shade for the rustic seats within it.

The beauty of the pergola depends chiefly upon the vines and flowers that surround it, for, without these, no matter how graceful its proportions, it has little charm in itself, and it should be remembered that its use, first of all, was for a walk, a sort of laymen's cloister where a man might enjoy the beauty of his vine and fig tree and at the same time find a spot for peaceful thought. Great care should be used in placing it, especially when it is detached from the house, for, without an obvious reason for being, the pergola is a rather foolish piece of architecture and many sins have already been committed with this most attractive garden accessory, because the fact has been overlooked that the pergola has a meaning.

But once satisfactorily placed so that it seems to creep out from the house or lead to the woods, or shelter a walk, it may become a most useful as well as picturesque addition to the scheme of garden development. It should not be too heavily draped with vines except in a country where the sun must be almost wholly shut away. Otherwise the shafts and splashes of sunlight drifting down between leaves or through parted vines add much to the beauty one has grown to expect of a pergola. Whether attached to the house or placed at the end of a garden, after the vines are well under way a pergola forms a most delightful summer lounging place, a playhouse for children or a sewing room. With this in view it is wise to remember the blossoming fragrant vines in planting about the framework in spring; roses, honeysuckle, grape-vines, will vary the beauty and fragrance from June to October. For sheer color the woodbine should claim at least one supporting pillar.

Practically every building material is suitable for use in pergola construction, marble, wood, cement, stucco, and tree branches for rustic effect. Wood is most effective used after the manner of the simple Japanese construction.

A LESSON IN MAKING FILET LACE: BY KATHARINE LORD

THE modern tendencies in decoration toward simplicity, directness and frank avowal of construction find congenial expression in the primitive forms of Filet lace. The decorative possibilities of Filet are almost unlimited, while the fact that the character of its foundation harmonizes particularly well with the lines that are found most practicable in much of the present-day furniture and architecture, makes it a valuable medium for the decoration of household textiles. The lace known in modern times under the general name of Filet was one of the important steps in the evolution of lace. The earliest "laces" so called were more properly drawn work, often combined with embroidery. Threads were drawn out of linen, or merely forced apart and sewn over to form a square netting upon which the pattern was then worked. This form still obtains in Russia and in many of the Mediterranean Islands and in Madeira, and to the casual observer appears not unlike the Filet with netted ground. A little later a loose net was woven on a loom or frame, and this method, too, is still used in some parts of Southern Europe. Last of all the knotted net was invented, beginning, to quote an old Italian pattern book, "with a single thread and increasing a stitch on each side until the required size was obtained." This net, made with practically the same knot as the fishnets of earliest times, was a very important step in the evolution of lace making, since it marked the transition from forms of embroidery, or working with thread upon a textile ground, to lace proper, a fabric constructed directly from a single thread. This lace was made in large quantities in France and Italy in the Middle Ages, and was known by many names, Lacis, or darned netting, Punto Recamato a Maglia Quadro, Point Conté, Opus Filatorium, and others. Siena was an important center for its manufacture and sale, and it was sometimes known as Siena Point. The plain net unornamented was much used for bed furniture, curtains, and other large pieces, and was called variously Réseau, Rézel or Rézeuil. Colored threads and those of gold and

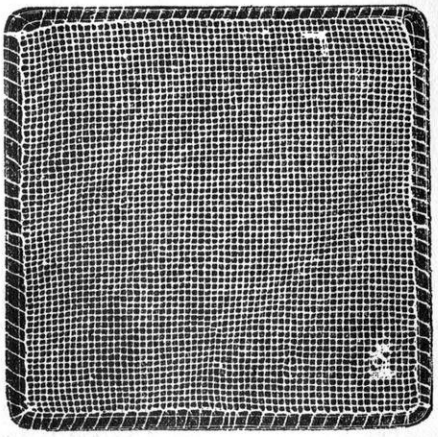


FIGURE ONE: FRAME OF WOOD OR HEAVY WIRE ON WHICH THE NET IS SEWED.

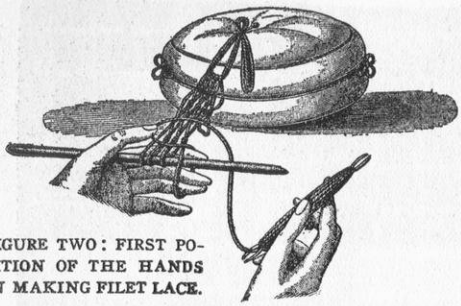


FIGURE TWO: FIRST POSITION OF THE HANDS IN MAKING FILET LACE.

silver were often introduced in the pattern, and are still used in Russia, and beads and knots were sometimes used to decorate the thread of the groundwork itself.

The purest and most beautiful form of the lace, however, was that made in Italy during the sixteenth century, and consists of the plain square-meshed net, with the pattern worked in two stitches only.

In the early nineteenth century there was a revival of Filet lace under the names of Filet Brodé à Reprises and Guipure d'Art and a new form was made in which the designs were superimposed upon the net, rather than worked into it. Large threads and needle point forms were carried transversely across the mesh, the square character being ignored and as far as possible concealed. These forms, developed in the search for novelty and sensation which mark so much of the work of that period, are quite lacking in the beauty and distinction of the earlier examples of the lace and are unworthy of the attention of the modern craftsmen.

The making of Filet is not difficult. When the simple knotting is once learned, as it may be from the following directions, a little practice will enable one to work with the absolute evenness and accuracy necessary for good results. The net is made in the hand, using a peculiar flat shuttlelike needle, on which the thread is wound, and a mesh-stick, flat or round, over which the stitch is knotted and which determines the size of the mesh. When the net is completed it is sewed into a frame of wood or heavy wire (Fig. I) and the pattern is darned in with a blunt-pointed needle. The net is made in the following manner. Make a loop of tape or heavy thread and pin it to a cushion fixed firmly on a table, to a chair back, or any firm object. Or it may be a piece of heavy tape with a loop at each end, one large enough to pass around the instep, and a smaller one at the other end of a tape long enough to allow the left hand to rest in a comfortable position on the knee. In either case the loop into which the first stitches are made is technically called the "stirrup." Into this loop or stirrup, tie the end of the thread which has been wound upon the needle. Take the mesh stick in the left hand, holding it horizontally with the thumb in front, the index finger behind, and the other fingers falling slightly below it. Take the needle in the right hand and bring the thread down over the mesh stick, then up behind the mesh stick and the index finger, making a loop around the second and third fingers. Bring the thread down on to the front of the mesh stick again and hold it there with the thumb, and bring the thread

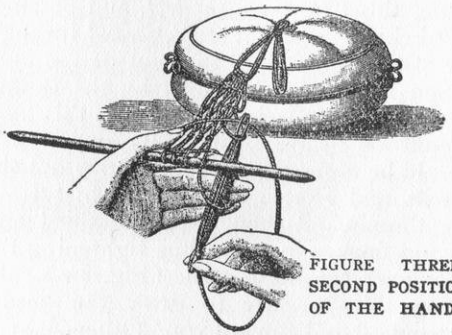


FIGURE THREE: SECOND POSITION OF THE HANDS.

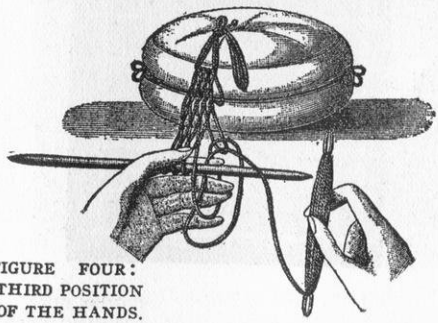


FIGURE FOUR: THIRD POSITION OF THE HANDS.

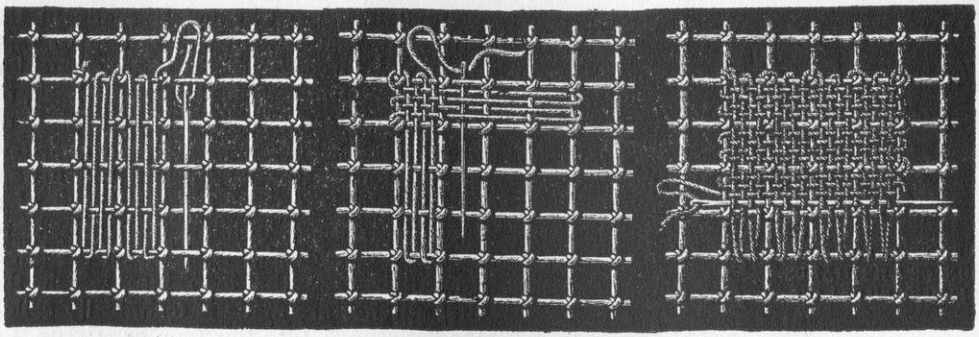


FIGURE FIVE: THE CLOTH STITCH IN WHICH THREADS ARE WOVEN IN BOTH DIRECTIONS.

down again behind the fingers (Fig. II). Now pass the needle up through the loop around the second and third fingers, entering this loop *from the left*, and passing, *first* behind the mesh stick, *second* through the stirrup, and *third* in front of the loop which is being held down by the thumb (Fig. III). It is important that this loop should be large, so that its upper side should be *above* the stirrup. Draw out the needle and release the thread, first from the thumb and then from the third and second fingers in turn, thus tightening the knot over the mesh stick (Fig. IV). In doing this be sure to draw the needle downward and toward you. Otherwise the knot will tighten too soon—and a large stitch will be formed instead of one exactly fitting the mesh stick. Repeat this process, making two stitches into the stirrup. Then pull out the mesh stick, turn the work over and proceed as before, except that the needle now passes through the stitches already made instead of through the stirrup. Net one stitch into the first of the two stitches made in the stirrup and two stitches into the second. Withdraw the mesh stick again, and again net one into every stitch until the last, into which you always net two. Continue to increase in this way until the requisite number of stitches is obtained for the square. Then net one row plain, and decrease by netting one stitch into the last two stitches of each preceding row. The plain row should have one more stitch than the number required for the square.

In making insertion or any oblong piece of net, you work as for a square until you have two more stitches in the row than are required for the width of the oblong. Then work alternately one row decreasing at the beginning by putting one stitch into two and one row increasing at the end by putting two stitches into one, until the necessary length is obtained. Finish by decreasing as for the second half of the square. To make edging either make a plain insertion, buttonhole the outline desired and then cut out, or begin as for the square, net until the number of meshes for the narrow part is obtained. Then net alternately a row increasing at the end and a plain row until the greatest depth of point is obtained, then turn and work back leaving one loop unworked each time until the narrow part is reached once more. The first method is capable of more variations. By the second method only a Van-

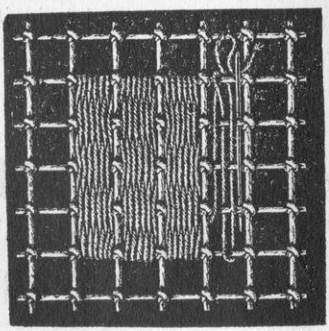
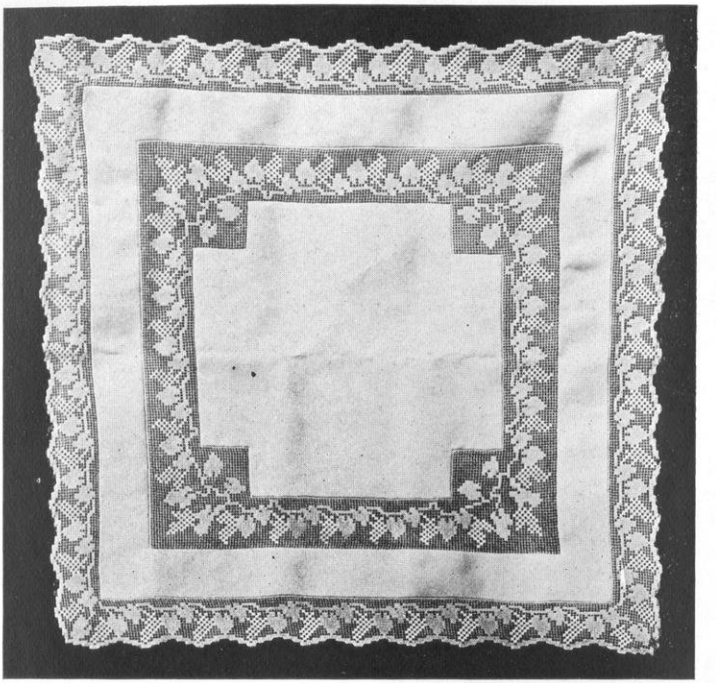
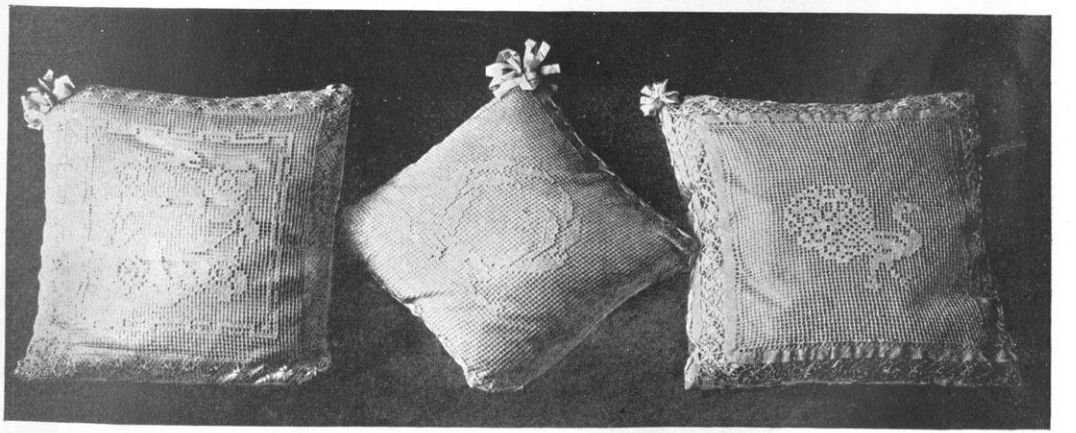


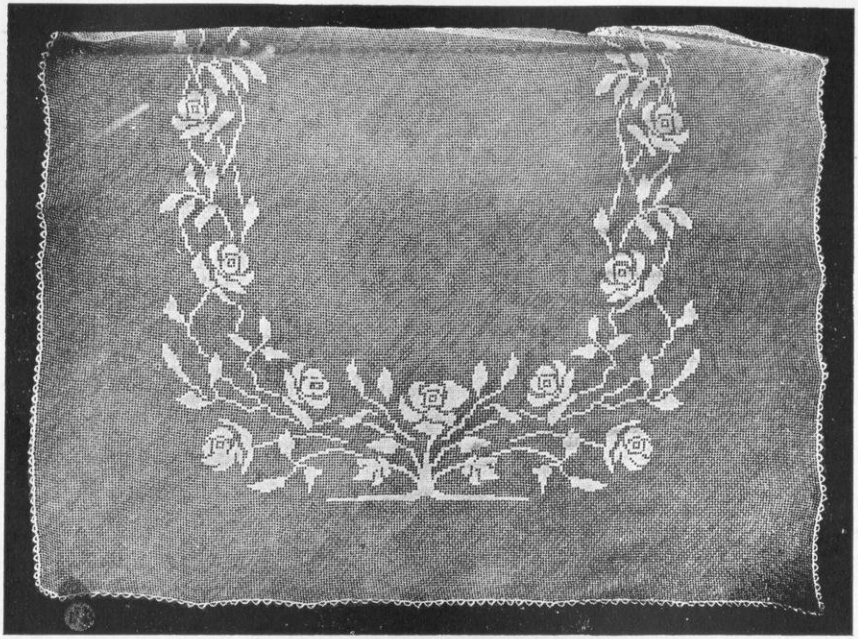
FIGURE SIX: DARNING STITCH.



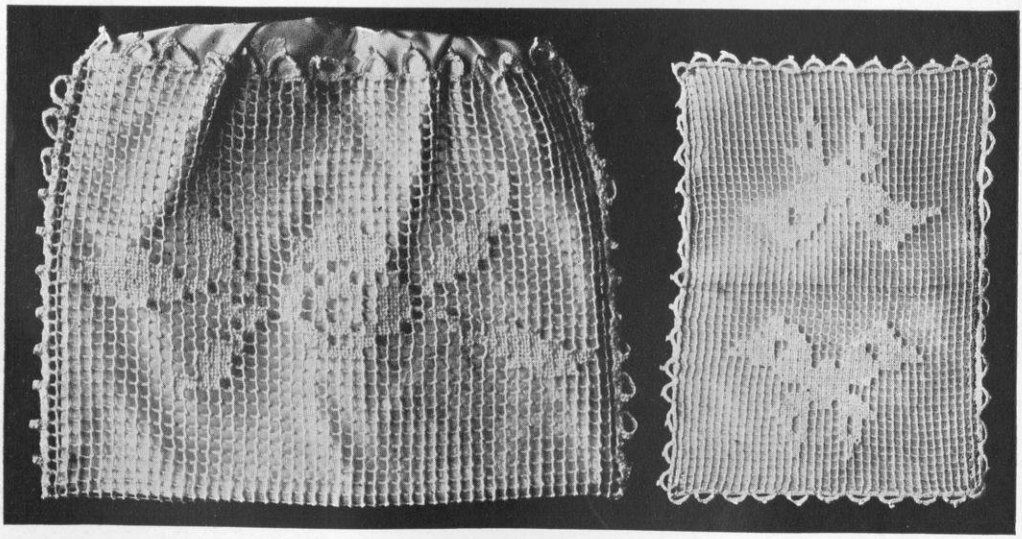
A TEA CLOTH OF FILET LACE MADE AT GREENWICH HOUSE HANDICRAFT SCHOOL: DESIGNED BY KATHARINE LORD.



PILLOW COVERS OF FILET LACE MADE AT GREENWICH HOUSE HANDICRAFT SCHOOL.



CURTAIN MADE FOR MRS. E. H. HARRIMAN AT GREENWICH HOUSE HANDICRAFT SCHOOL: DESIGNED BY KATHARINE LORD.



OPERA BAG AND CARD CASE OF MODERN COARSE FILET LACE: DESIGNED BY KATHARINE LORD.

dyke proceeding by single squares may be obtained. When the net is completed it must be stretched in a frame, which may be, for a large piece, the ordinary adjustable wooden embroidery frame, or for smaller pieces, the wire frames made for the purpose. Very small pieces are sometimes sewn to flexible cardboard. In either case care must be taken to stretch the net with absolute accuracy. The method of working has left the net stretched cornerwise, but if the mesh stick has been used properly, each mesh is a perfect square, and a judicious stretching gives the net its natural square shape.

Before beginning to put in a pattern the design should be studied carefully so that the threads may be woven to the best advantage without retracing the steps and with as few knots as possible. The end of the working thread should always be attached to a knot of the mesh and where it is necessary to piece the thread a weaver's knot should be used. The working of the pattern should be done from right to left. At the end of each row of meshes worked over, the thread should be carried twice around the thread of the mesh. This is not always done, but produces much firmer and better edges to the pattern. There are two stitches, the cloth stitch (Fig. V, a. b. c.), in which threads are woven in both directions as in cloth, and the darning stitch (Fig. VI), in which the threads are woven under and over, all in the same direction. The latter stitch gives a heavier effect and is useful in giving light and shade. It will readily be seen that in cloth stitch there should be two threads or four threads in each direction. Two will usually be found sufficient. In the darning stitch a sufficient number of threads should be used to fill the meshes well. For cloth stitch always use the same size thread as that used for the net. The same size should be used for the darning stitch as well, when it is combined with the cloth stitch. When the entire pattern is done in darning stitch, as sometimes is done for large simple geometrical designs, a longer thread may be used, and especially if a very heavy effect is desired. Embroidery stitches worked transversely across the squares of the meshes are to be used very sparingly if at all, as they destroy the real charm of Filet, which lies in its frank use of the square construction. The pattern is sometimes outlined with regular outline stitch used in embroidery, but this, too, to my mind, savors of concealment of construction, and takes away from the distinction of the pattern built on the squares.

The designer for Filet has before him a most interesting problem. He has two or three values in which to work—the open mesh, which serves both for background and deepest shadows, and the two values of the cloth stitch and darning stitch, the latter for the high lights. The limitations as well as the possibilities of the tiny squares should be carefully studied, and the size of the mesh fixed upon before the nature of the design is determined. Naturally, with a very small mesh more complicated forms may be used than with a larger mesh where broad and simple forms should be used.

In many of the Mediæval and Renaissance pieces, the human figures depicted are wonderfully lifelike. We find the personages of Greek mythology, some with all the grace and lightness of the wonderful figures of the Greek potteries and reliefs. When one remembers that these figures are so depicted with the limitation of the square unit, it makes doubly valuable to the student of design the study and comparison of such pieces as are found in museums and private collections.

The limitation of the squares is not so great as will at first appear to the novice. The craftsman who proposes to make designs for Filet, or even to adapt and copy, should provide himself with section paper, which may be had in various sizes, from four to eighteen squares to the inch, according to the size of mesh desired. When the space to be filled has been measured off, sketch the design freely over the squares as if on plain paper, placing the units properly and getting the general proportion and balance established before giving any attention to the squares. When

this is done it will be surprising how readily the roughly sketched forms can be "squared up." Practice will, of course, tend to make even the first sketch follow the lines best adapted to the eventual squaring. The designer who also understands the execution of the work will have the advantage of making more practicable designs. A little experience will soon show one that designs which are much broken take much longer to execute and are really less effective than those which have a good proportion of unbroken lines of squares, while on the other hand letting into the design lines or points of light plays an important part in the grace and vivacity of the design.

The purposes for which Filet lace is appropriate are many. It may be made in fine thread and used in trimming linen dresses or those of the rougher and heavier silks, as the rajahs and pongees.

WHAT DRAWING IS: BY BOLTON COIT BROWN

ON account of its being used in two or three different senses, the word drawing is not at all well understood. Sometimes it means reproducing visualities—copying the model. Sometimes it means visualizing ideals, either pictorial or as in abstract design. As these two meanings of the word stand for polar opposites the first thing intelligent art criticism must do is to clear the ground of this confusion. I say, not drawing criticism, but art criticism. For since art is what I am interested in, I want to distinguish between drawing which is art and drawing which is not. The only way to do this is to look at the drawing of men about whose artistry there is no doubt, and see what is its character.

A man draws for one of two things: either his aim is to depict an existing physical object—as the camera does—or it is something else than this. The American populace of today seems to think the first aim is that of artists, and that work resulting from this aim is art. They confuse the meaning of the word drawing with the word art. But looking to the work of great artists, who are in the final authority, do we find it agreeing with this idea? No. We do not. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Turner, Hokusai—not one of these men drew photographically. Their aim was something quite different. What was their aim? Let us see.

A mere exact representation of a physical thing is, of course, simply a copy of an appearance. It involves none of the mental powers which distinguish artists. It, therefore, is not art. For art is an expression of ideas.

A copy of a physical thing must result in a representation of that thing. Whereas a drawing that tells the artist's ideas is not re-presenting anything—for these do not exist outside his head—but is presenting what is not physical at all—viz., thought.

Between physical things and mental things there is always this infinitely wide difference, that the first is always an individual specimen, whereas the second is always a generalization—a type. The mind—and the larger the mind the better it does it—arranges all its stores, that is, all its memories of sense-impressions, in classes and categories. And these come forth in consciousness as composite memories, or types, or ideas,—whatever name you choose.

In fact, the mere act of recognition, in a bundle of ocular sensations, of, say a hickory tree, is possible only by bringing into consciousness for comparison a type, a preëxisting mental property built up out of the overlaid impressions of all previously-seen hickory trees. And therefore when the specimen before us is no longer present, what we remember of it is largely made of the points wherein it agrees with the type, so that it practically blends with and becomes a part of that composite idea.

And what is true of a hickory tree, as a whole, is equally true of a hickory leaf, or of the butt end of the stem, or of the upper side of the butt end of the stem—

it is true, in fact, of the entire universe of which we have sensuous knowledge. It is true not only of organic units, such as trees and leaves, but of qualities and properties such as roundness, squareness, straightness, redness, flatness, shadiness, sunniness, singleness, complexity, etc., ad infinitum. These are ideas. They are composite memories of sense impressions. Drawing that presents these ideas is art.

Of course, drawing has of itself no necessary connection with representation of external objects at all. Here I draw a circle and there I draw a square. It is drawing and it is art. It represents an idea—the idea of a circle and of a square.

Exactly in the same way is all drawing by artists an expression of ideas. Millet never copied a peasant. His pictures are full, not of peasants, but of Millet's ideas of them. Greek sculpture owes its greatness to this principle. It is pure thought —nothing else. Every mass is an abstraction, every line is a generalization, every curve is a universal curve. It is a purely mental product—pure art.

Yes, it is completely true,—the saying that in his art what the artist expresses is himself. In fact, what am I as a spiritual entity but a bundle of ancestral and personal memories—that is, of ideas? Nothing. But, though self-expression makes a man's work art it does not make it important art unless the man himself is important. However truly he expresses himself, his work is no more than he is.

In art, draughtsmanship is a purely intellectual power. Take it in Michael Angelo, for example. It has nothing to do with depicting an external model—something it never dreams of. And this great artist's mind is the same as your mind or mine, only bigger. The essential principles are identical. In art all power, as is all other human power outside man's mere beef,—is of the intellect.

And what is the mark of intellect? It is this: to observe one's sensations accurately, to group them by characters which are essential, and to subdivide these groups by finer and finer differences in the sensation. This means self-knowledge, self-discipline and self-control. Expressed in drawing, the result is art.

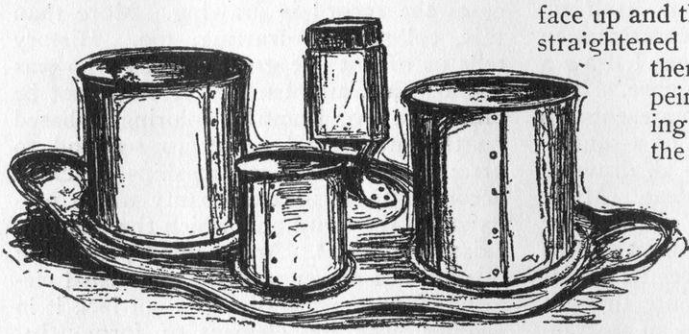
In conversation, Whistler said to me, though I thought it rather trite: "There is no such thing as painting without drawing: it is all the same thing." Of course. Why not? How could it be otherwise? Whether the movement of the hand is recorded by a pencil or a paint brush is certainly a matter of indifference. In both cases the record is drawing. More than this, coloring is drawing, too. History tells us of not one great colorist who was not also a draughtsman. It could not be otherwise; for beautiful coloring is based on the intellectual power to see and to arrange chromatic relationships in exact accord with an idea of beauty which preëxists in the mind and which the painting exists to present. And a mind possessing this kind of power over the one visual element of color naturally does not lack it in dealing with the element of form. Indeed, even if we suppose to exist the case of a person with a color-gift alone, he would be helpless to express it unless he could draw. For serious color demands that tones be distributed over a surface with an exactness which implies a firm mental grasp of spaces, and an accurate laying of tones into these spaces,—that is to say, it demands the same powers as does draughtsmanship.

Coloring is a question of brains—simply —just as drawing is. In either case, the degree of excellence is simply the measure of the mind back of it. Mental power is shown by the ability to think, which is to see relationships among ideas. The wider, the more nearly universal the relationship observed, the bigger is the mind.

Said Ruskin fifty years ago, "No person trained to the superficial execution of modern water-color painting can understand the work of Titian or Leonardo; they must forever remain blind to the refinement of such men's penciling, and the precision of their thinking." It is delightful to find a critic, even if we must go back half a century to find him, who knows and says that Titian's color is based on "precision of thinking."

LESSONS IN PRACTICAL METAL WORK AND CABINETMAKING

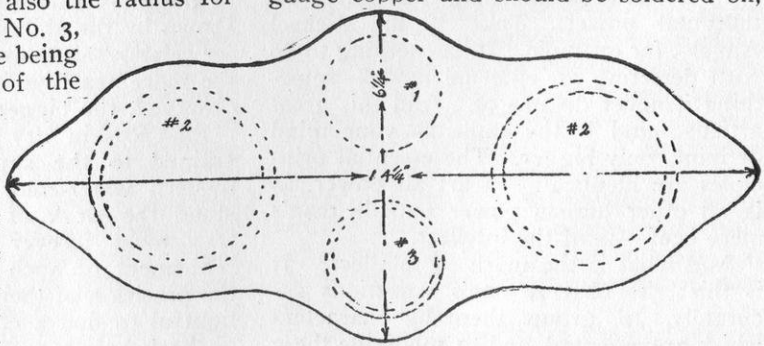
FOR the lessons in metal work this month and next, we have selected articles that would be suitable as Christmas gifts, for half the pleasure of Christmas giving is the preparation of the season's tokens. Anyone who loves books will find the metal book-ends useful either for holding the overflow from the shelves or for keeping books in temporary use; and some conveniences for smoking are quite useful in the household.



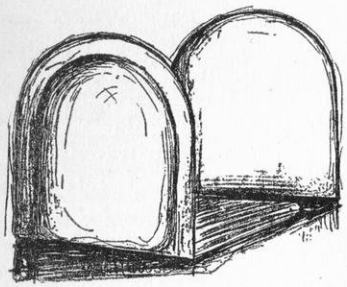
A SMOKING SET OF COPPER.

The smoking set, as the drawing shows, comprises a tray, a match holder, ash receiver and cigar holder. The tray is made of copper, No. 18 Brown & Sharpe gauge, cut after the pattern shown in the diagram. It is 14¼ inches in length and 6¼ inches in the widest part. The circles should then be described upon it with a compass in the fashion that the dotted lines indicate. Circle No. 1 is described on a radius of 1¼ inches, which is also the radius for the outside circle of No. 3, that of the inner circle being 1 inch. The radii of the circles on diagram No. 2 measure 1⅝ circles on diagram respectively. We now have a plain sheet of copper cut in the shape of the diagram and described with four sets of circles. Laying this upon a piece of lead, with a blunted chisel and a hammer, force up the copper between the dotted lines to the height of about ¼ of an inch. This makes a ridge which holds the cups in place. the single circle has its whole area raised nearly into a hemisphere, which allows the match holder to be riveted to its surafce. After the circles have been raised, the piece should be turned face up and the surface between the ridges straightened with a wooden mallet, and then hammered with the ball-pein of a hammer. Then turning the copper face down again, the handles of the tray should be bent up until there is room for the fingers to be placed beneath, and raised after the fashion of the small circle. The entire edge is also bordered by a ridge made in the same way as the circular cup holders.

The match holder consists of a box-shaped piece of copper large enough to allow a box of safety matches to slip in easily. This should be riveted to the band of copper which supports the holder from the tray. This band is simply a strip of No. 14 B. & S. gauge, cut with tapering ends and bent according to the sketch. The ends are then riveted to the tray. The bottom, cut on the same pattern as the tray, should be cut from No. 20 B. & S. gauge copper and should be soldered on,



WORKING DESIGN FOR TRAY OF SMOKING SET.

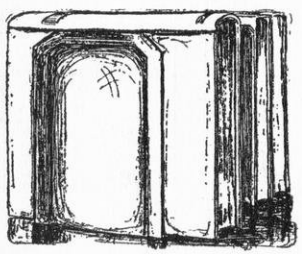


ENDS OF A METAL BOOKRACK.

using a soldering iron. The three cups are also made of No. 20 B. & S. gauge copper and are respectively 2 and 3 inches in diameter. They are riveted to form a cylinder, and the bottom is soldered on. The edges of the cups are slightly turned out.

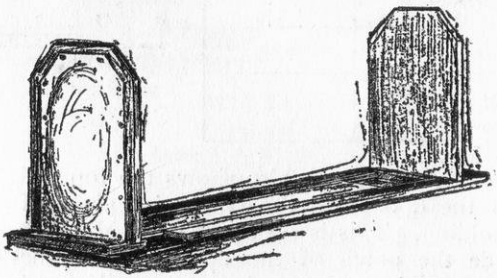
Both styles of book-ends are made of No. 18 B. & S. copper. The pattern, when it is cut out, is simply bent in the center. The half which is to slide under the books is perfectly flat. The end which comes against the books is hammered out with a blunted chisel to the depth of ½-inch, just as the small circle was hammered in the smoking set. A backing of No. 20 B. & S. copper is then soldered to the upright half and the edges are filed and rubbed with emery cloth. This is very simple to make and very effective when done. If before the back is put on the convex portion of the end is placed over a mandrel and hammered, and the flat border left smooth, a very decorative effect is obtained.

The woodwork for the book rack No. 3 is ⅜ of an inch thick, the end piece is mortised to the bottom. This tenon must also be heated and glued in place. The corners of the upright piece are cut off or, if desired, may be rounded, and the sheet of copper follows the contour of the wood, leaving about a 1-inch margin around the sides. It is cut long enough so that it may be bent as shown in section No. 5 on the working drawing. The surface should be hammered and the copper then attached by copper tacks to the wooden upright. The sliding bookrack is on the style of a tongue and groove. One of the bottom pieces is cut as shown in section No. 6. The other is cut down to fit, having a tongue on each side, and these slide into grooves cut lengthwise of the grain in the other piece.



SECOND BOOKRACK.

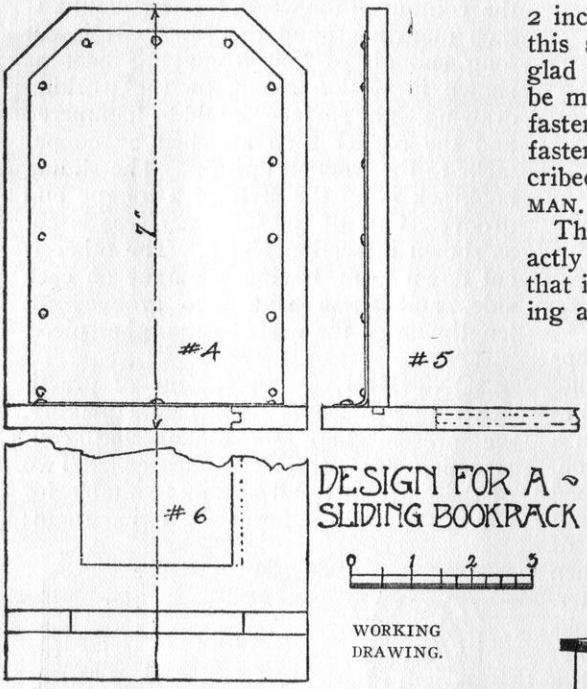
CONTINUING our lessons of practical instruction in cabinetmaking, we present here the detail and construction of three bookcases. Two of these are of usual size and suitable for use in the average library or living room;



THIRD BOOKRACK.

and the third is smallller but equally useful because planned to hold books such as dictionaries, reference books, etc., which are too large for the usual bookcase, unless laid flat in the center of a lot of upright books, thus giving an appearance of untidiness. This case, however, is constructed for just such books to be laid in flat and the slanting top will do nicely as a place on which to open them.

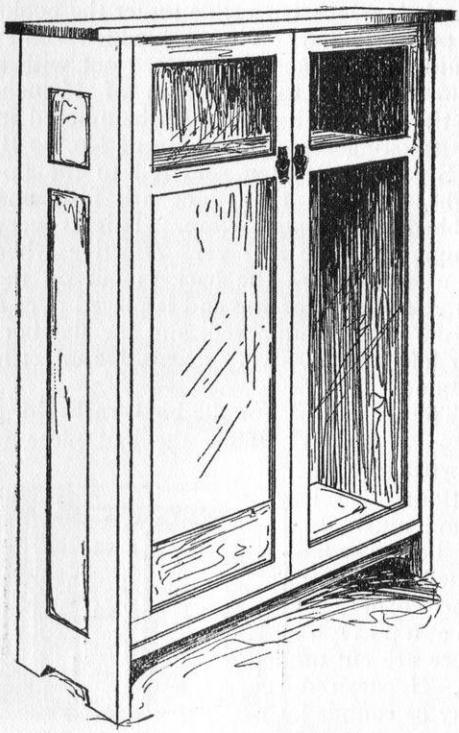
Bookcase No. 1 stands 60 inches high, is 43 inches wide and 14 inches deep. It contains one stationary shelf and three loose shelves. The top is of 1⅛-inch quarter-sawed oak, as are the stiles and rails on the front and sides. The panels of the sides are ½-inch thick. Reference to the front view and sectional view will show the method of construction for this case as well as for the greater part of book-



WORKING DRAWING.

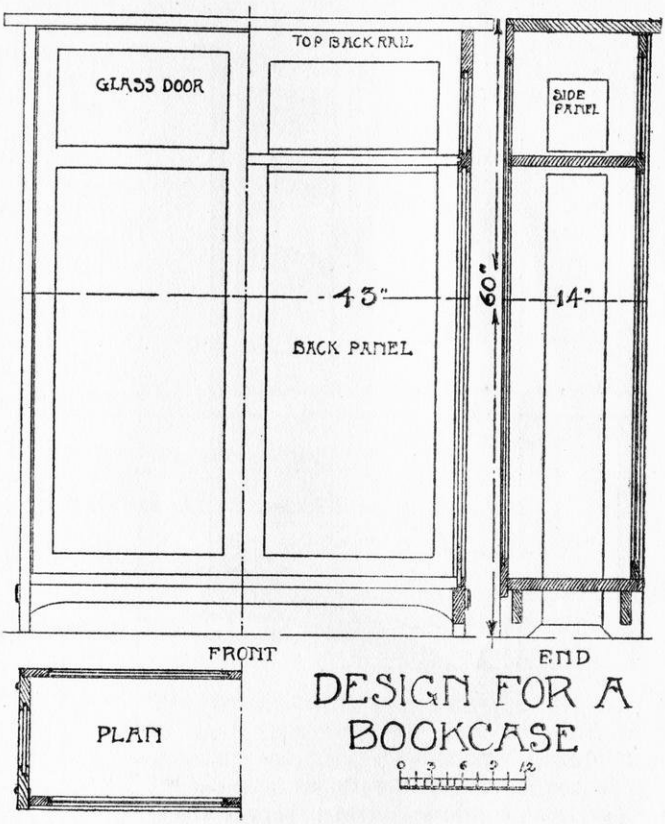
case No. 2, which also shows the top rail of the door with the triangular piece of molding. This is set against the glass inside the notch of the upper rail of the door, and continues down the stiles and across the bottom rail, holding the glass firmly. In detail No. 2 also note the small amount of space between the groove and the stile. This space is left to allow for the expansion of the panel, and should be left always in furniture construction of this sort. The door jamb is also shown in detail in No. 2. This extends across the top and down the sides of the case, but does not run across the bottom; in its place a small block of wood about 1 inch by 2 inches is tacked to the bottom against which the doors rest when closed. Butt hinges are used and these are countersunk into the jambs of the side and the edge of the door and fastened with screws. The loose shelves are held in place by metal pegs set into the side stiles (see detail No. 1), two on each side of the bookcase, one set 2 inches from the doors and the other 2 inches from the back. Where pegs of this sort are not obtainable we shall be glad to furnish them, or wooden ones can be made to take their place. The top is fastened on with our regular "dumb-bell" fasteners, which we illustrated and described in the last issue of THE CRAFTSMAN.

The second bookcase is made along exactly the same lines as is the first, except that it has a drawer at the bottom extending across the whole width. A back rail is also added to this piece, to which is fastened the bottom of the bookcase proper. Three loose shelves are contained in this case, but it has no stationary shelf. The sides are of one solid piece of oak, 12 inches wide, 1⅛ inches thick and about 47 inches high; this is furnished with a 1-inch thick top making a total of 48 inches in all, which is the entire

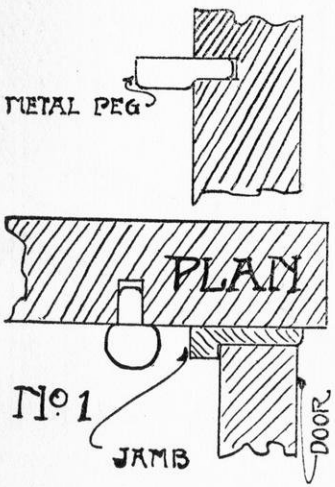


BOOKCASE NUMBER ONE.

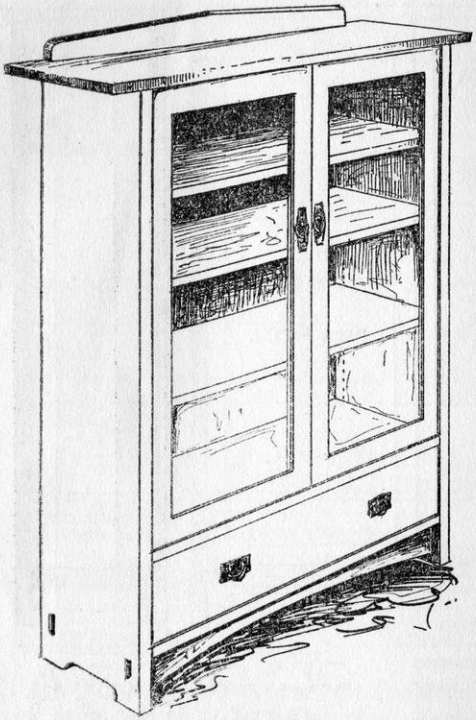
height of the bookcase. It is 36 inches wide and 12 inches deep. Detail No. 3 shows the construction of the drawer. The two sides and the front are of oak into which are set the back and bottom of chestnut, ⅜ of an inch thick, which is used because oak so thin is apt to warp. On the upper side of the bottom of the bookcase and midway between the sides, are run two cleats directly from the front to the back, and a third is attached to the center of the bottom of the drawer. As is shown in detail No. 3 these three cleats form a running track for the drawer, which is supported in the center instead of at the sides, as is usually the case. In both of these bookcases all joints are mortised and glued, screws being used only to fasten the back paneling to the case. At the bottom of the second bookcase mortises are made for the tenons of the bottom supports, and dowel pins are run through the edges of the sides.



The construction of the smaller bookcase is similar to that of the other two, the only difference being in the slanting of the top and the addition of four posts. Paneling is used at the back and on both sides, with 2-inch stiles and a 3-inch rail at the top and bottom. The rear posts are notched to admit the back, but the side stiles are set into grooves cut in the posts. A strip runs along the top and is set into the notch formed by the back and the slanting top coming together. Both of the shelves are stationary and are notched out around the posts, but supported by cleats running across the panels. The posts should be slightly beveled at the bottom, otherwise they are apt to splinter unless the bookcase is handled with the utmost care when moved about. As may be seen in the illustrations, there is a curved under rail across the bottom of this case, the tenons of which are run through mortises in the post and fastened with dowel pins.



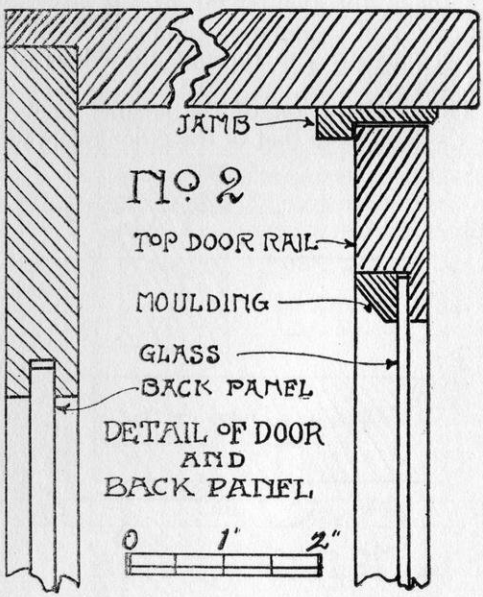
DETAIL NUMBER ONE.



BOOKCASE NUMBER TWO.

The construction is greatly strengthened by the use of this rail which serves the further purpose of relieving the severe straight lines of the piece. Much of the charm of plain furniture lies in just such subtle structural effects, and close attention to these details make all the difference between beauty and crudity. For example, the edges and corners of the top of this bookcase are softened by chamfering, which leaves a slightly beveled edge instead of one that is sharp and crude, and the introduction of a very slightly curved line in just the right place, as seen in the rail and in the back at the top, lends a grace that forms an important part of the distinctive charm of the piece. As will be noted, the only decoration that is used in connection with this furniture lies in the emphasizing of certain structural features, such as the mortise and tenon, in the designing of such necessary adjuncts as door and drawer pulls, and in the proportions and finish of the piece itself. This extreme plainness displays to the best advantage the natural beauty of the wood, and not the least pleasant part of the task set for himself by the amateur cabinetmaker is the selection of wood that in texture and grain is fitted to give the greatest amount of interest to the piece. The beauty of the furniture is so closely related to the beauty of the wood that it is worth while to devote special study not only to its selection but also to the methods of finishing that will develop to the utmost the natural qualities of each separate wood. We have published again and again in THE CRAFTSMAN the methods of finishing that we use in The Craftsman Workshops, but the home worker will find the most comprehensive of these articles, and therefore, the one that is best for reference, in the magazine for July of this year. This article describes the leading characteristics of all our native woods that are suitable for cabinetmaking, and gives, in sufficient detail to serve as a basis for experimenting, the method of finishing that we have found most desirable for each one.

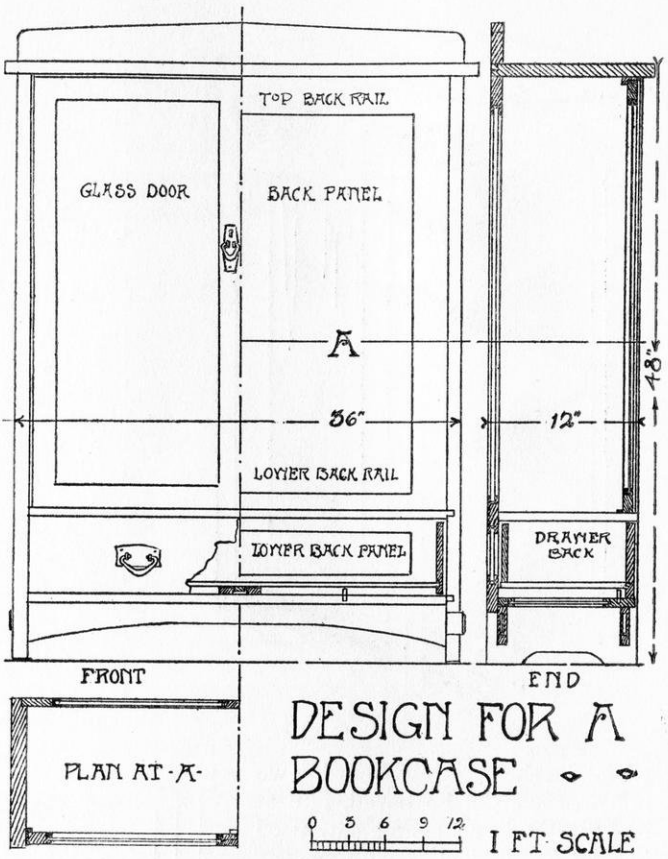
As to the decorative structural effects



DETAIL NUMBER TWO.

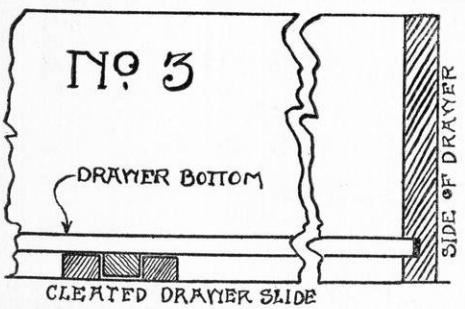
we have alluded to, it will easily be seen that in no case are these features to be introduced when they are not an actual and necessary part of the construction of the piece. While we emphasize to the full, the decorative effect of the tenon, key or dove-tail, we never use them for ornament alone.

WE have received several requests from subscribers who did not take up the cabinetmaking in its primary stages with us, asking us to make the drawings a little more in detail, and this we shall do from now on in order that the late beginners may have the same advantage from these lessons as the more advanced students. We have also been requested to explain for beginners the meanings of certain technical expressions we are constantly using, such as mortise, dowel pin, jamb, rabbit, etc., and in the future from month to month we shall explain the technical expressions we use in each article, and when the word implies an operation, to show how this operation is performed.

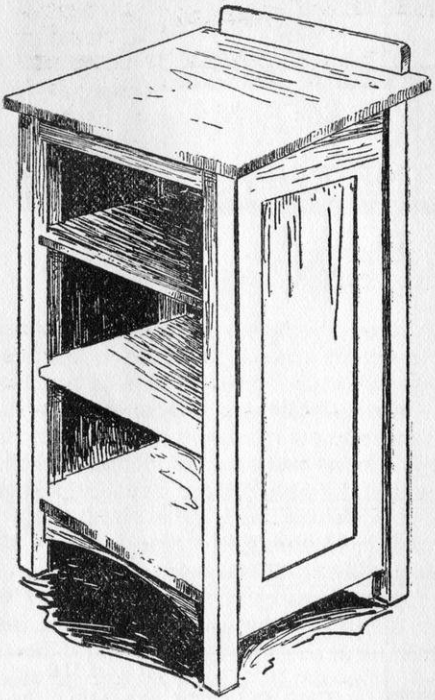


DESIGN FOR A BOOKCASE

In the foregoing article we have several times spoken of mortise. A *mortise* is a square or rectangular hollow or hole made in a rail or stile to hold the tenon of some stile or rail. Where the tenon (which is explained in the following paragraph) goes only partly through the piece of wood, the mortise is naturally nothing but a hollow, deep enough to receive the full length of the tenon. After measuring the length, width and thickness of the tenon, draw on the piece of wood to be mortised a square or rectangle of the size of the width and thickness of the tenon, and then within the area enclosed in this square or rectangle bore holes from one end to the other of a depth a trifle over the length of the tenon. Usuing a chisel, gouge out the wood until the mortise is complete. In cases where the tenon is long enough to necessitate a mortise running entirely



DETAIL OF DRAWER



BOOKCASE NUMBER THREE.

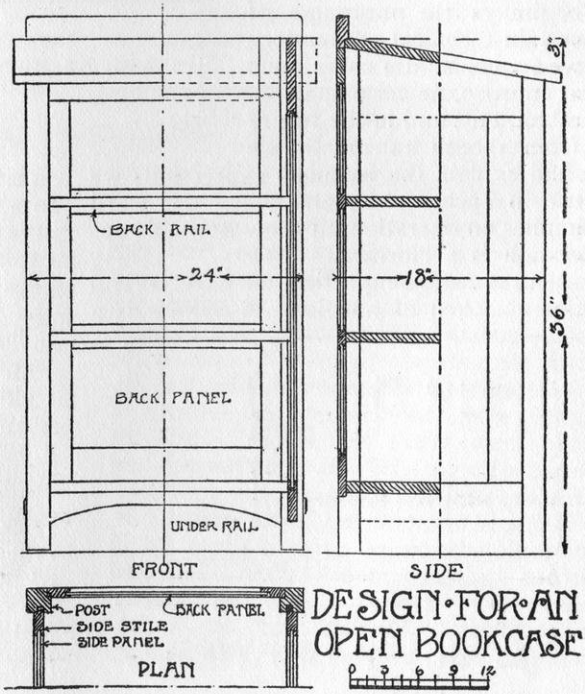
through the joining board, two holes only need be bored, one at each end, and a keyhole saw used instead of a chisel.

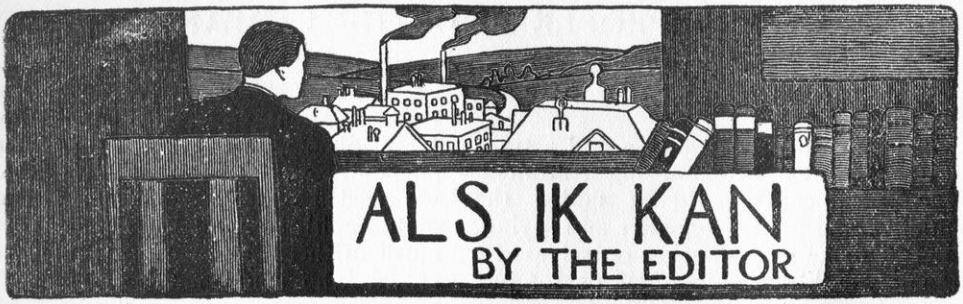
A *tenon* is that part of a rail or stile which projects into or through another stile or rail, forming a joint. Where the tenon runs entirely through the mortise it should be made long enough to project ⅛ or ¼ of an inch beyond the outside edge of the mortise. At the back of the tenon (the end of the visible part of a stile or rail) there should be a shoulder, the width of this being ⅜ or ¾ of an inch at the top and bottom and about ⅛ of an inch at the sides.

Dowel pins are round bits of wood, usually about ⅜ of an inch in diameter and are used to drive through the mortise and tenon. When using this form of joining (the tenon, mortise and dowel pin) all three should be glued together. The dowel pin itself may either be made on a turning lathe or, better still, be bought at some cabinetmaking shop where these pins are made by machinery. This is a case, where the machine-made article is distinctly an improvement on the hand-made.

A word about gluing here may not come amiss. Before gluing, all joints should be warmed, for the heat opens up the pores of the wood, and the glue, soaking in, forms a firmer and less easily breakable joint. If the wood be cold the chances are that the glue, which is always used warm, will be cooled too quickly and set before it soaks into the wood.

The word *groove* explains itself, for a groove in cabinetmaking is precisely the same as a groove anywhere else. It is sawed out with a circular saw or cut out with a chisel. If the home worker takes sufficient interest in his work to purchase a good equipment, he will find a rabbit plane very convenient.





THE PEOPLE AND THE PAGEANT

FOR the first time since she has grown up and been acknowledged as one of the great cities of the world, New York has given herself a vacation, taken a week off, as it were. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent to adorn her for the merry-making, and famous people all over the world have been invited to come and share her holiday, admire her good clothes and listen to a recital of her virtues. She has evolved naval parades and land pageants in her own honor; she has beseeched her shops and schools to close their doors that "all the people might participate in the festivities." Her elaborate programme closed with a "Carnival Night." In fact, everything was done from start to finish that committees and money could do.

There seemed to be but one drawback in the festival week, namely that intrinsically the people had no part in it. It was *for* the people, not *of* them. They were the audience, not the players. And just how in the nature of things can one conceive of a national festival in which the people actually had no part? To be sure, there were twenty thousand people in the parade on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth, when the "History and Growth of New York Were Set Forth." But the people who paraded were committees and societies who were asked to by the Committee, and uninterested, unenthusiastic individuals who were paid to dress up in clothes which made them self-conscious and awkward on the gaudy, shaky floats. That it was not a festival of the people was self-evident. because all this showy, expensive pageant found not an echo of response in the heart of the sidewalk crowds. It was not real, and instinctively and unconsciously the spectators knew it wasn't real, and no one cared. In no instance could one find that anywhere the people were a real ingredient in the Celebration. What had they to do with welcoming the guests or in the speechmaking? They were debarred from the Opera House; they were warded off from the grand stands. As a whole, they seemed orderly, good-natured and bewildered, constantly looking for pleasure which had been promised them and which they could not find; contributing nothing, as they had been made to feel outsiders.

It is rather a pathetic thing for a great city to imagine that she can order the spirit of play as she can packages of fireworks; that she can make a nation gay by press-agent work; that she can create enthusiasm by electricity and commotion, and that a few conventional made-to-order parades of committees and boats and unimaginative floats can take the place in the people's minds of real merry-making of which they themselves are an intrinsic part. In all this celebration one was constantly reminded of the stern parent who said, "My little boy shall love me or get a licking." The people who got up the pageant apparently had but one thought, that so far as possible it should be a money-maker for those interested, that where there was not money there should be prestige. There was a big gallery play of what was being done for the people,

because it was necessary to have an audience.

In no one instance can we find a trace of the common people being consulted. None of them thought of taking the initiative and getting together and saying, "Let us make merry among ourselves; let us enjoy a little holiday; let us for our own sake and that of our children relive for a brief time those far-away romantic early days, that we may better appreciate the valiant spirit of the men who opened gateways for civilization to enter." None of them brought forward their children and said, "We want ourselves to be a part of this festival that we may learn lessons of heroism, that we may gain permanent standards of national achievement." Architects and builders were not called upon to contribute their gifts in designing and constructing the floats which were to tell the history of the times. Artists were not consulted in planning costumes and in suggesting beautiful color schemes. No one said a word to any musician anywhere throughout the land to the effect that his advice would be valuable in suggesting appropriate and beautiful music to precede or to follow certain historical events; no poet's heart was made glad by the order of a pleasant lyric or sonnet setting forth the reason and purpose of all this display and expense. As a matter of fact, we turned our backs on all the tremendous opportunity to achieve beauty which the people of the nation have to give gladly for a celebration of this kind.

A group of artists who were witnessing the comic tragedy of the tottering floats and the inappropriate music and the unalive people who played their mercenary little parts in the parade, recalled the days of the old guild festivals in Belgium, in Holland, in Flanders, guilds of artists and artisans, themselves creating the pageants, with the court painter often master of ceremonies and every man of ability and every woman of beauty adding their quota to festivals of the people and for the people. Surely, such pageants as we read of in those Mediæval days never passed through silent streets of curious, indifferent people, held in line by stout policemen and revolting epithets. Not but what we needed policemen and possibly some of the epithets. But the real difficulty is much further back than the unmanageable crowd who could not quite understand what it was all about, why they were there, or why they could not be in the midst of it. It has its source way, way back in the sorrowful fact that through the development of certain qualities in our civilization we have lost the knowledge of *how to play*. As a matter of fact, the opportunity to play has largely been taken away from us by just such performances as the Hudson-Fulton Celebration. We have been forced back into a listless, indifferent audience, instead of being allowed to become a part of the merry-makers themselves. Little by little we have grown to feel that all merry-making must be done for us, by people hired to do it, and that all the part we need play in it is to applaud or to criticize. The drama of the nation has become utterly separated from the people. The music of the nation belongs to the opera companies, to orchestras, to concert halls. We have forgotten how to sing. Our poetry, what little we have produced, belongs to a few publishing houses. We have forgotten romance. And all this, as we have said, comes about through that terrible separation between expression of joy and the watching of the expression. We have grown to think that it is undignified to express joy, that it is only fine and elegant to observe it quietly. And so the state of affairs which existed in this "Memorial" week is an absolutely logical outcome of a very general attitude which exists throughout the country. In America we scorn the player as we do the worker. Only the self-contained observer seems to merit our approbation.

Perhaps the very worst side of all this unnecessary and unreal celebration, this "festival" without the people, was the attitude of the press, which, either failing or refusing to understand the truth, poured

forth pages of gushing preliminary announcements of what was to be. The people were informed that they would see the "greatest naval parade that the world has ever known;" that they would see a "street pageant such as has never before been prepared for a city to enjoy," that everything that could be conceived of would be furnished for the pleasure and profit of the people gathered together. Then, after the parades had paraded dully by and the pageants had passed sadly away and the people had strolled home indifferently (those who understood, a little cynical, those who did not, much bored) the papers came out with flourishing records of the wonderful thing that had happened, how the "cries of joy burst from the throats of thousands, resounding from one end of the city to the other," where, as a matter of fact, there had been a little handclapping and some screams from people who got in the way.

What, indeed, has happened to us as a nation, that we should permit ourselves to be led out "to play" with a halter around our necks? Are we so far from the nursery days of history that absolutely our play instinct has vanished, or is it the mercenary quality of American civilization which renders it impossible for us to approach anything but "market day" without feeling ill at ease and restlessly out of place? Are we wholly losing our simplicity and sincerity in our fearful competitive drill as money-makers? Are we as a whole letting ourselves sink into the passive uncreative state of an audience whenever we move away from the "ticker" or the desk?

It is a banality to state that every widespread growing tendency in a country can be traced to some deep-rooted inherent wrong. And if today we are a nation whose holidays must be under organized police control, whose pathetic efforts to play result in utter boredom or horse play and hysteria, it may be interesting to ascertain what kind of civilization we are expressing in this tragic demoralization whenever we have opportunity for rest and joy. We seem to have moved a long, long way from the original purpose of a holiday, which in the old Anglo-Saxon meant a holy day, a day of rest and pleasantness.

And, alas, what was true of New York during the Hudson-Fulton Celebration is becoming more and more generally true of all our national "festivities," even of those which are world-wide and ages-old in interest. What of joy and of peace have we left in Christmas, in Fourth of July? Is anything of the original significance felt today in that old, most romantic of festivals, Thanksgiving, the day made sacred by the celebration of the home instinct of a nation? There may still be in the hearts of a few old, old fathers and mothers, of ancient spinsters and aged bachelors, a homesick memory for the real days when Thanksgiving meant bringing the family together joyously from city and country, of happiness in talk of the past and the future; but to the most of us, and to practically all children, it has become a day merely of feasting, without reverence for its inception or without memory. To the average housewife it has grown into one of the many regular burdens of the calendar, when uncongenial relations must be brought together, when a miracle of work must be accomplished. Naturally, in place of happiness there is boredom, born of isolated selfish interests and lack of mutual human sympathy.

Thanksgiving has become a sacrifice to tradition, and Christmas is but little better. The latter has come to be a time when our interest is divided between feasting and gifts, and so sordid is the point of view that both the presents we make and the presents we receive are usually an equal disappointment to us. The one illuminated spot in the midwinter holiday is the joy of the unsophisticated child, and here is a toast to every one of them left in our conventional land. For the real Christmas, believed in and heartily loved, is the splendid true romance of two worlds, for it touches the heart of the child spiritually as well as humanly. And it is a

world-wide sadness that the selfishness and ungoverned greed of grown-up folks should have been allowed to encroach in such a heedless way upon this beautiful festival, one of the most hallowed memories of childhood. Do we realize that in taking from our children their right to happy picturesque holidays (holy days) we are robbing them of a heritage of thoughts which will leave barren or meager many a rotrospective hour of later years?

As for the "Fourth," the greatest American national holiday—that day formerly so sacred in village life, when the reading of the Constitution brought tears to the eyes of the people, when their honest poor little celebration stood as a memorial to their great heroes, the statesmen who had launched the nation into existence, when the few small skyrockets were sent up into the air as a symbol of better days to come, of greater advancement, of perpetual growth for the nation—it is scarcely necessary to say more than that today the more intelligent of our citizens are beginning to legislate against it as a devastating nuisance.

It is worth considering to what extent we are responsible for this deplorable attitude toward sincere and simple pleasures. But then, if we can place the responsibility is there any hope amongst us of a readjustment of conditions? Or are we building our nation too remote from right lines for possible improvement? For it, at least, seems as though the purpose of our life had grown to be a disregard, as a non-essential, of anything that does not purpose financial returns. Thus, our celebrations are left in the hands of a powerful few, for along that road lie opportunities for greater graft. Our very holidays, so we are told, are often granted in order that railways and public entertainments may profit, and all our picturesque ceremonies that were formerly based upon sentiment, from Easter to christening day, have grown to be an opportunity for bartering gifts. Our Christmas has become a clearing house for old presents, and Thanksgiving Day an opportunity to establish a satisfactory social balance. "What's in it for me?" is our sprightly national attitude toward public celebrations and private ceremonials. We crave gain without adequate labor, and all the thought and force of our lives we are largely willing to give toward this end. It has been cynically said that Thanksgiving would take on a new lease of life if prizes were given for the best dinner party, and that Christmas would turn over a new leaf if Wall Street tips were concealed in the fragrant balsam boughs.

And yet, the whole matter, it seems, could be readjusted by so simple a condition as individual sincerity. No societies or committees would be needed, not a regulation or a rule, no readjustment of poverty or riches, no revolution or social cataclysm, neither conservative nor radical would be banished, no brother would be asked to depend upon brother or parent upon child. It would be just for each human being to face life individually with sincere purpose. The desire to be a part of what is true in life would solve the whole question.

NOTES

THE National Arts Club showed its interest in the Hudson-Fulton Celebration by collecting together numerous paintings, old prints and engravings presenting the growth of the city from the advent of Henry Hudson to the present day. Turning to the right, as one entered the gallery, first appeared a series of engravings with Dutch texts, showing the inhabitants and animals native to New Netherland in 1609. The pictures were enlightening to say the least. There was a stalwart family of savages idealized to an extent that put James Fenimore Cooper to shame, for they radiated in deportment and expression the culture and intellect of several centuries of European civilization. The most noticeable example among the fauna of the new country was a unicorn.

These surprising illustrations were completed by an interesting collection of Indian relics taken from and about New York.

The Colonial period was represented by old maps and drawings of Colonial days and a fascinating collection of engravings. A particularly striking one showed the city of New York in the distance. In the foreground two youths were evidently enjoying a pleasant day in the country, in a shady spot that now would be in the vicinity of Chambers street. They are sitting picturesquely under a tree, which the artist, with charming irrelevance, caused to be a palm.

The Revolutionary period contains some interesting old documents and pictures of the stirring events previous to the Revolution, with illustrations and remarks concerning them from the newspapers of foreign countries. There was also a copy of the Royal Gazette from 1783.

The period from 1809 to the present day gave us one exceedingly comforting thought, that the traffic on Broadway in 1855 was not one bit better managed than it is today. A color print depicted a series of most hair-raising catastrophies, occurring or about to occur, in front of P. T. Barnum's famous museum, and the title beneath led one to suppose that such stirring events were common at that time. In the background a six-horse team attached to the big sleigh which used to replace the Fifth Avenue 'bus in winter, appears to be in paroxysms of terror. A horse attached to a cutter containing a lady and gentleman had also become terrified and was shying and snorting in an alarming fashion. The lady, very unwisely, was trying to jump from the sleigh. At the right, two gentlemen were running to her assistance and losing their hats in the excitement. We should say that this warranted a busy day for the Broadway reporters and, undoubtedly, would result in someone writing a letter to the *Times* about the congestion, but the title of the picture was simply "A Scene on Broadway." There was a very interesting collection of drawings by Felix Darley, drawn for the *American Art Review* between the years 1846 and 1849. They were in illustration of the Legend of Sleepy Hollow and were very interesting in execution. One of the particularly noticeable exhibits was a collection of old bandboxes covered, as was the custom, with wall paper. It is an interesting fact that it is only from these old bandboxes that we have any record of the older fashions in wall-paper.

Modern New York was represented in a series of pictures by well-known painters of the city, and drawings and plans for municipal improvements. The exhibition showed a great deal of care and careful preparation, and was well worth visiting.

THE National Society of Craftsmen have sent out their first cards for the season, inviting the public to an exhibition and sale in modern craftwork. The keramic display was noticeable. Mrs. Leonard exhibited a beautiful platter in dull green and green-blue and Miss McCrystle, of Chicago, had a particularly graceful and well-decorated tea set. Mr. Callowhill's luster work ably represented the Boston contribution. Miss Wakeman, of Cos Cob, Conn., had a very attractive pottery vase, of which the lower thirds were dark blue, and near the top was a broad band of a lighter shade with deer represented in a misty white.

There was some fairly attractive bronze work, particularly two little bells modeled in the form of dancing maidens. The upper parts of their bodies formed the handle and their filmy skirts, held out on either side, made the dome of the bell.

The silver work, although attractive, was particularly expensive, out of all proportion to the cost of material and labor involved. It was mostly of the plain hammered variety, without decorative design. The shapes were graceful,

and the designs suggested the Colonial period in silver.

There was some good work in bookbinding, and the needlework exhibit was very interesting, especially the dainty pieces of neckwear done in teneriffe and tatting. The rugs were very interesting in color and pattern.

The jewelry case showed some use of imagination. It is encouraging to see how much our jewelry has improved during the last few years. The American handicrafts seem to maintain a higher level in modern jewelry than almost any other nation. One noticeable piece was a pendant of two herons in flight, their bodies framing an oval of pink quartz. The chain was of silver links, varied here and there with bars of delicately colored enamel. There was also a handsome necklace composed of disks of abalone shell of very fine color and polished so smoothly that they were as effective as black opal. The use of abalone has been a valuable addition to the jewelry of the craftsmen.

We are always interested in these exhibits, but we feel that the prices which are asked for the work are almost always unreasonable. Of course, handwork is more beautiful and, justly on account of the time and skill required, is more costly to produce. We do not feel, however, that the products can, as a rule, command the prices asked, and this means discouragement to the craftsman and the public.

THE Fine Arts Department of Columbia University is arranging for an interesting course of public lectures upon "The Technic of Art," to be given at Havemeyer Hall on Monday afternoons at 4.15. The lectures will be illustrated with specimens and experiments. The first four lectures will be by Professor Charles E. Pellew upon Practical Dyeing, and will be followed by lectures upon paints and pigments, practical art metal work and other subjects of special interest to craftsmen. The lectures are free, and no ticket or registration is required. The dates and subjects of Prof. Pellew's lectures are as follows: Monday, October 18th, Dyeing of Cotton with Modern Dyestuffs; October 25th, Tied and Dyed Work; November 8th, The Preparation, Dyeing and Adulteration of Natural Silk; November 15th, The Preparation and Dyeing of Imitation and Artificial Silk.

PRACTICAL courses in handicraft dyeing, both elementary and advanced, are also being arranged for this winter at Columbia University, under Prof. Pellew's direction, in connection with the Department of Extension Teaching. Last year the subjects taught included not only dyeing of cotton, wool and silk yarns and fabrics, but also the dyeing and finishing of raffia, artificial silk, leather, feathers, etc., tied and dyed work, stencil work and batik, and other topics quite outside the ordinary work of a dyeing laboratory.

IN August, 1909, THE CRAFTSMAN published an article on pageantry in America, called "The Drama of Democracy." It was profusely illustrated with photographs of the Coburn Players in Percy MacKaye's "The Canterbury Pilgrims," and also of the Westchester County Pageant, which took place last May in Bronxville. The latter pictures, which were extremely interesting as a permanent expression of the beauty of the Pageant, were also significant as examples of achievement in photographic art. By some oversight these pictures were not credited (as was our purpose and would have been our pleasure) to the artist who took them, Mrs. Orrin Sheldon Parsons, through whose kindness THE CRAFTSMAN secured the opportunity of using them. As Mrs. Parsons not only knows the country where the Pageant took place, but also the history, and the people who were the actors therein, of necessity her pictures were of very great human interest as well as valuable in their artistic and pic-

turesque expression. We regret very much our failure to credit the photographs individually to Mrs. Parsons.

"ONE Hundred Country Houses" is the title of the book recently compiled by Mr. Aymar Embury II. It contains one hundred beautiful plates representing specimens of modern American architecture by architects in different parts of the country. The illustrations are prefaced by an introduction upon the historical development which has preceded what the author calls the new American architecture. He begins his introduction by a quotation from the Mediæval architect Villard d'Honnicart, whose sketch books, which have been preserved, are full of notes like this, "Here's a good tower; if it were changed thus: I could use it for my church." All architectural design, he continues, has been built up from the study of old architecture modified to meet the requirements. From time to time, both here and abroad, art writers have bewailed the fact that America, a land unfettered by tradition and unhampered by the monuments of a dead past, has not developed an original and characteristic architecture. Had we descended from the aboriginal Americans such an architecture might have come to pass, but unfortunately European traditions came to us with our European blood. It can hardly be said, however, that we failed to create a new style. Our Colonial style, although it relates to the Renaissance in England, is truly independent. In the architecture of today historical styles are being employed, modified and modernized to suit conditions. The results show a certain relation to the parent styles which enables one to classify them under certain heads, the New England Colonial, the Classic Revival, the Japanesque, etc., but they really compose a single modern type of architecture. The hundred examples of country architecture selected are treated in groups under the head of the style that is most strongly suggested in their contour, and the book closes with two interesting chapters upon the garden and the considerations preëminent in planning the house.

The book is the result of thorough investigation, and the examples and descriptions of the various styles would be of great interest and value to anyone who is contemplating building a home. The houses are of various sizes from the small country cottage to the large residence, and each one is a gem of its kind. The work of this young architect, of which one or two examples appear in the book, is exceedingly interesting and peculiarly brilliant in design. We have found it of such interest and promise that in this issue of the magazine we have reproduced several of his houses accompanied by an article upon the work that he is doing. ("One Hundred Country Houses." By Aymar Embury II. Illustrated. 264 pages. Price, $3.00 net, postage 30 cents. Published by The Century Co., New York.)

IN "The Story of New Netherland," William Elliot Griffis has given us a book that is compiled from carefully collected data, which, quite apart from the interest it will hold for the seeker after historical facts during the time of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, is a work of distinct importance and one that will fill a gap in the records of what is known of the birth and growth of the American nation. Mr. Griffis contends that "most of the grotesque stories about the Hollanders in New Amsterdam grew up in later times, long after Dutch ceased to be spoken in America. Then their geographical names were corrupted, and a luxuriant crop of mythology, like fungus, gave the funny fellows their chance."

The book is the result of earnest research and study during long years lived among descendants of the early Dutch settlers in America, and Mr. Griffis says that he is indebted to many archivists for his facts, and quotes a list of authorities

at the end of the volume. It is written in an easy, flowing style, history interspersed with anecdote and stories of the early Dutch settlers, together with some of their myths and beliefs and those of the Indians, and it makes interesting as well as valuable reading. ("The Story of New Netherland, The Dutch in America." By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated. 292 pages. Price, $1.25 net. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.)

"THE Danger Mark," by Robert W. Chambers, furnishes us with a realistic study of a heroine who is a dipsomaniac. Will the public never tire of the mental, moral and physical struggles of drug-takers and hereditary drunkards? There seems to be so much similarity in all the soul experiences of those that Mr. Chambers dissects to make a Roman holiday. We wonder what has become of the author of "The King in Yellow," that ghostly fantasy and entrancing piece of imagination that made one's blood run cold and one's hair stand on end for no reason at all, apparently; and of "The Maker of Moons" and of "Lorraine" and of the other charming tales of the Franco-Prussian war. We find less stirring the society of sensualists, beautifully gowned and immaculately tailored. Charming and well-bred they may be and, undoubtedly, well served up, but when one comes to the third course of their emotions and desires one craves the salt of rationality and common sense. Mr. Chambers has so great a gift of story-telling and can so well project himself into his characters and make them so vivid and magnetic, and he has proved himself, in times past, to have such a deep vein of originality and invention, that this repetition of plot and types seems unworthy the man's inherently great gift. The story is, however, well told, and will make a few hours pass pleasantly. ("The Danger Mark." By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell. 495 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

"THE Care and Feeding of Children," by L. Emmett Holt, M.D., LL.D., is a little book for mothers, and nurses outside of institutions, and has proved one of the most valuable of all books of reference upon the general care of young children. It is now in its fifth edition, revised and enlarged, and contains all the latest information that science has contributed to nursery hygiene. To those who are not already familiar with it we will say that the author has endeavored not to alarm the mother by acquainting her with all the possible diseases that her child may have, but has confined himself to endeavoring to keep her eyes open to matters which are her chief and direct concern. It is the needs of the well child, not the sick one, which mainly have been considered, because it is the well child that, in most cases, is left to the care of nurse or mother. The little volume contains an exhaustive account of the care of infants and their feeding, and the diet of older children, as well as a miscellaneous collection of information on hygiene. It is compiled in the form of a catechism and is a most convenient reference book, brief, clear and comprehensive in statement. ("The Care and Feeding of Children." By L. Emmett Holt, M.D., LL.D. 195 pages. Price, 75c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

"OPEN Country," by Maurice Hewlett, is not along the usual line of this clever English word master. *Senhouse,* the vagabond, who appeared in "Half Way House," is again the principal character, but Mr. Hewlett makes the mistake, we think, of drawing him too much in detail, for instead of getting a happy impression of a delightfully artistic creation as we did in "Half Way House," we encounter a clear-cut picture of a man too eccentric, too inconsistent, too peculiar to seem at all real, and what is worse, we feel that this *Senhouse* is not real to Mr. Hewlett himself. The story, as a story, is not to be taken seriously

nor do we think such was the author's intention, inasmuch as its action appears to be only an excuse for *Senhouse* to write long letters (a difficult form of reading) outlining and expounding a philosophy none too novel. The style is Mr. Hewlett's developed to the "nth" power, and here lies the cause of our plaint. Mr. Hewlett's clever sayings and epigrams, when given not too often, are extremely amusing, but when, as in this book, they fall close upon each other, the result is a blurred impression, and the reader finds it impossible to pleasurably remember any of the many that interested him at the moment he read them. ("Open Country." By Maurice Hewlett. 322 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)

"THE Melting Pot," by Israel Zangwill, has been staged with fair success before New York audiences, but it is not essentially an acting drama, although there are intensely dramatic situations here and there throughout it. The hero is a young Jewish composer who has escaped the Russian slaughters and has come to America. To him the country is, in actuality, the immaculate ideal that inspired its founders; the meeting ground of freedom for all who are suffering oppression. The young Jew carries it farther and sees the America of today as God's vast crucible, amalgamating the nations to produce a mighty race of justice-loving heroes. It is good to be reminded now and then that we do owe our existence to an ideal as noble as this, and to realize that it is the force of this ideal which, in spite of every violence, still somehow illumines the country. The words in which Mr. Zangwill makes his young Jew remind us of it are burning and prophetic. The piece has a high literary quality, but it lacks humor and action to make it a successful stage drama. ("The Melting Pot." By Israel Zangwill. 200 pages. Price, $1.25. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"SKETCHING Grounds" is a unique and interesting book whose purpose, as set forth in the preface by Alfred East, R.A., is to show the influence of a favorite landscape upon an artist's work. We are shown how Constable was influenced by Dedham Vale, and how the hills that surrounded Titian in his youth worked upon his art. The varying influence of a beautiful spot upon different people is shown, too, and we are made aware that if a half-dozen men were engaged in sketching the same place, each picture would show quite a different result, and there would be an individual point of view expressed in each man's work. The book is crowded with illustrations of the various beautiful spots drawn by artists well known as the painters of those special localities, and there are interesting descriptions of the localities done by the artists themselves. Such a compilation will undoubtedly be of interest to the art student, for he will be brought in touch with regions that have proved inspirational to others, and which may prove stimulating to him. ("Sketching Grounds." By Charles Holme. Illustrated in color. 252 pages. Price, $3.00, postage, 35 cents. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

"MENTAL Hygiene": "A Talk on Relaxation": "The Point of View," by Alice Katherine Fallows. Among the crafts there is one which we can least afford to overlook and which, in the long run, gives strength and purpose to all the others. This is the craft of living. The three little books in review are by Miss Fallows, the daughter of Bishop Fallows, one of the inaugurators of the doctrine that life is not what we find it, but what we make it. Each book is full of common sense and helpful suggestions. Their dainty binding of red and gray adds to the attractiveness of a bedroom reading table and they are of a size to be easily caught up in moments of weariness when the pressure of daily life bewilders us and we need

to be reminded "to stop and see if we are not doing everything fifty times—forty-nine in our mind and once actually." (Mental Hygiene": "A Talk on Relaxation": "The Point of View." By Alice Katherine Fallows. 38, 36 and 38 pages respectively. Price per volume, 35 cents, net. Published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.)

"DECORATIVE Glass Processes," by Arthur Louis Duthie, is a book published in the Westminster series. It has been Mr. Duthie's work to bring together in one book all of the various methods of glass decoration. Like all other books of the Westminster series, "Decorative Glass Processes" is extremely simple and practical, and is well illustrated throughout with reproductions of some of the best pieces of glass decoration in the world, and of the instruments used in staining and cutting and embossing the glass. Another feature which makes it interesting to the layman is the glossary in the back, where are given the definitions of all the technical terms used in decorative glass work, permitting one to read the book with the same interest and understanding as the professional glass worker would. ("Decorative Glass Processes. By Arthur Louis Duthie. Illustrated. 262 pages. Index and glossary. Price, $2.00. Published by D. Van Nostrand Company, New York.)

"MARTIN Eden," by Jack London, is a significant work inasmuch as it represents the author's partial return to the direct and vigorous style which made such books as "The Sea Wolf" and "The Call of the Wild" remarkable. The story is of a young sailor, uneducated and perhaps a brute in many ways but possessed of imagination, who, for the sake of a none too interesting girl of higher caste, educates himself and strives to reach her social position. Personally we find the hero much more charming in his primitive state, for as he progresses mentally and socially there is the faintest suggestion of his becoming "neither fish nor fowl." Again we feel that the great possibilities in Mr. London as an author lie in the fields of his most intimate knowledge. ("Martin Eden." By Jack London. 412 pages. Price $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"ILLUMINATED Manuscript," by John W. Bradley, is a late addition to the "Little Books on Art" series brought out under the editorship of Cyril Davenport. Chapters 1 and 2 are taken up with explanatory matter to prepare the reader for an understanding of the thorough description of the different branches and schools of illuminating and illuminators. One of the most interesting chapters is that devoted to the rise of national style, for here we are shown the distinguishing marks of the different manuscripts on view in the museums, and it should arouse our interest enough to inspire us to a more or less careful study of this most engaging art. ("Illuminated Manuscript." By John W. Bradley. Illustrated, with frontispiece in color. 290 pages with bibliography and index. Price, $1.00. Published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.)

"THE Architectural Directory and Specification Index" has just been brought out in its ninth edition and contains in compact form a list of prominent architects all over the country, the architects of the Board of Education, the architectural societies and organizations of the world, the architectural schools, the names of the principals in the building departments of large cities in the United States and Canada, and much other information of particular interest. The most notable feature is the directory of periodicals which contains the names of those that are prominent in the architectural field, giving their subscription price and the date of issue. ("The Architectural Directory and Specification Index." 212 pages. Price, $3.00 net. Published by Wm. T. Comstock, New York.)